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AND THE

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF THE BUFFALO.

DURING the next session of Congress a strenuous effort should be made by all people who have a respect for things American, to induce the Government to acquire and care for all the remaining specimens of the Ameriean buffalo, now alive and not in zoological collections. Lists printed in the past few years seem to show that there are in this country somewhat less than 1,000 head of buffalo in private hands. These should be purchased by the Government, which should also set aside certain reservations for their care, and dividing the buffalo up into small bunches, should have them placed in these different farms and bred there with the same care that, for example, is exercised in the horse breeding establishments of Franee. Scattered through the old buffalo range are many Indian reservations occupied to-day by different tribes, and from several of these reservations the Government should purchase sufficient territory to pasture a herd of from sixty to sevent-five buffalo and to provide for their increase for twenty or twenty-five years. It is probable that four townships, an area of twelve miles square, would be ample for each such reservation, including the growing of whatever hay might be required for the herd. This land could undoubtedly be bought from the Indians at a price far less than the Government price. Land could be selected of little value from the agricultural standpoint, but excellent for pasture. The expense of fencing such pastures would be an important item, while the help needed to care for the animals would be a slight one, since four men would be enough to attend to eaeh farm. There would have to be a few horses, houses for the hands to live in, and in summer perhaps additional hands would be needed to put up a stock of hay; but it is altogether probable that this putting up of hay would have to be done but once in several years.

It may not be easy to induce Congress to appropriate the money for sueh a purpose. Congress has very little sentiment about it. It rather prides itself on being sternly practical. Nevertheless there is no body of men in the world so quick to respond to public sentiment as Congress, and if the public really wants the buffalo to be preserved—and it is clear to those who have given much thought to the matter that they can be preserved only in this way—Congress will very promptly respond to that wish; but the public must show that it has a wish in the matter.

A committee recently appointed to urge this matter includes the following names: Caspar Whitney, Outing; Hamilton W. Mabie, Outlook; Richard Watson Gilder, Century; Melville Stone, President Assoeiated Press; Grover Cleveland, Prineeton, N. J.; Dan Beard, Recreation; George Bird Brinnell, FOREST AND STREAM; Frank N. Doubleday, editor World's Work; Charles D. Lanier, editor Country Calendar; Clarke Howell, Atlanta Constitution; Howard Eaton, Guide and Ranchman; John Muir, California; W. E. Palmer, San Francisco; Henry Van Dyke, Princeton, N. J.; Homer Davenport, cartoonist, and wild animal farmer; Hamlin Garland, novelist and lecturer.

The first question to be faced in all this matter is this: Does the public wish to have Ameriea's largest land mammal pass wholly out of existence, or is it worth while for the Government to spend some money to preserve this species for future generations? It is a question of sentiment, not a question of getting back the dollars and cents invested. It is a question of re-establishing a species. The buffalo breed freely in confinement; there are half a dozen different stocks to draw from for breeding purposes; there are millions of acres of forest reserve which after proper laws have been enacted and enforced, so that the Government property within these reservations shall be respected, will form immense game parks as well as forest reserves. It is perfectly possible for the Government within the next twenty-five or thirtty years to rear on these suggested farms enough buffalo to stock permanently the different forest reservations in the country so that the buffalo may be left to themselves and need never become extinct.

It is our belief and the belief of many other people who have given careful thought to the matter, this is something well worth doing. We have reason to know that President Roosevelt is heartily in favor of it, and we know that many Congressmen are also in favor of it. But after all, in the last analysis the question as to whether anything shall or shall not be done rests with the people of the country. Do they think that it is worth while that this should be done?

The largest herd of buffalo is that belonging to Michel Pablo, a mixed-blood Indian residing on the Flathead Reservation. This herd, numbering not far from 250 head, is what is left of the old Allard-Pablo-Jones herd and has long been ranged on the Flathead Indian Reservation. This Reservation is soon to be thrown open, the Indians are to be allotted lands in severalty, and the surplus lands to be thrown open to settlement by the whites. When the reservation is thrown open Pablo will no longer have any land on whieh to range his buffalo, and so will be obliged to get rid of them—to sell them alive or dead. This herd, therefore, will be soon thrown on the market and can be bought for a very moderate price. They should be bought by the United States and places provided in which to keep them.

We should be very glad indeed to hear from any of our readers who may feel an interest on this point.

NOW THAT in this country we have reached a stage where we cannot devise and develop plans for the systematic restocking of game grounds with quail and other birds, the subject is one of constantly growing interest. Our chief obstacle to enterprise in this field has been the interference of the laws forbidding the export of birds from one State to another. The legislation of the year 1905 is characterized in an encouraging degree by a recognition of the need of such stocking enterprises and of the necessity of permitting the taking of live game for the purpose. The Minnesota law authorizes the game commissioner to secure by purehase or otherwise, and exchange specimens of game birds, game animals or game fish with the game commission or State game warden of other States for breeding purposes. A like provision is made by several other States. Thus the Missouri section permits the State game and fish warden, upon application from the game and fish warden in corresponding office of any other State or Territory, to procure and transport to such officer live specimens of the game animals or birds of Missouri to be used for propagating purposes. This opens the way to what might very well grow into an extensive system of transfers of live game from one State to another. Conducted under the direction of the commissioners, there would be no danger that the dealing in live game would be perverted into a market traffic.

There is manifest also an extension of the privilege of keeping and selling live game for stocking purposes. In Massachusetts, for example, a new clause of the law relating to possession in close season provides that "any person, firm or corporation holding a permit from the commissioners on fisheries and game may sell or have in possession live quail for purposes of propagation within the Commonwealth."

THE Tennessee Game and Fish Protective Association has been organized, with Col. Joseph H. Acklen, of Nashville, State Fish and Game Commissioner, as its head, and having vice-presidents to represent the interests of East, Middle and West Tennessee. The purposes are the promotion of sportsmanship, protection of game and fish, and the introduction of new species. The association, which is incorporated, has an extended list of influential citizens as charter members; and we may look for substantial results from the movement. Tennessee is one of the latest of the States to take up in a systematic way the conservation of the game supply, and under the efficient direction of Colonel Aeklen an excellent beginning has been made. Game protection is growing in popularity throughout the State. The wide distribution of the members of the new association indicates that it is not a local movement. To the native quail has been added the ring-necked pheasant, and Commissioner Acklen reports that the introduced game gives promise of proving a valuable addition to the feathered resources of the State.

THE Audubon societies have been signally successful in securing the enactment of their law for the protection of song birds in most of the States. Now that the National Assoeiation of Audubon Societies has taken up the important enterprise of giving the sea birds a like immunity from pursuit, the public response to its appeals for funds as the sinews of war should meet a generous response. There is no lack of money for the purpose if only the aims and efficient methods of the societies can be brought to the notice of those who would gladly contribute to carry on the work. In another column is printed a statement by President William Dutcher, in whieh is indicated the very practical methods it is proposed to adopt to put an end to the senseless bird slaughter; and we bespeak for the Association a generous financial support.

SOME months ago we recorded the establishment of a public park system for the city of Wymore, Neb., as a result of the enterprise and intelligent foresight of Mr. A. D. C. MeCandless, one of Wymore's citizens, who is well known to the readers of our columns as the author of several sketches of shooting experiences in the grouse country of Cherry county. It is a pleasure to note that Wymore has made acknowledgment of its indebtedness to Mr. McCandless. In grateful recognition of his public service as the founder of the park system and for his liberality to and care of the parks the City Counеil has named the principal one of the pleasure grounds McCandless Park.

THE angler in Chautauqua county, N. Y., who may happen to hook a maskinongé under twenty-four inches in length must immediately return it to the water "without unavoidable injury." That is to say, he must perform a miraele; but the law requires him to do it, and let us hope that he will find a way to obey the law.

MR. R. B. MARSTON, editor of the Fishing Gazette, of London, has invented and patented artificial flies of whieh the bodies are made of celluloid, and they are said to be very killing imitations of the natural insect. The Canadian Postmaster-General has promulgated a notice that celluloid is regarded by the postal authorities as an explosive. Does this bring Mr. Marston's flies under the ban of the law which forbids fishing with explosives?

SPORTSMEN visiting Florida have complained loudly of the non-resident license system whieh requires a separate license for each county one may shoot in, with a fee of $10 attaching to it. This necessitates the taking out of several lieenses for a cruise in the Indian River or on the Gulf coast. An endeavor was made this year to change the law, so that there might be one general license valid anywhere in the State, but the Legislature has re-enacted the house provision retaining the single county feature.

THE State of Missouri has come back into the Union again. For some years it was an alien province; that is to say, it made aliens of the rest of us by decreeing in Legislature assembled that no non-resident might hunt within its borders. Thus to make aliens of the citizens of the rest of the country was to make an alien of itself. But under the new and more stringent law, any person, wherever he may have had the fortune to be born, may hunt in Missouri on payment of a fee of fifteen dollars. This is not coming all the way back into the Union, but it is as far as many of the other States have got with their non-resident laws.

OF the late Alonzo Davenport, the famous hunter of Heath, Mass., it is told that he ran down and captured a fox as a condition of obtaining his bride. If that stunt were a common condition precedent many of us would have to go without the girl.

AN international exhibition of hunting trophies will be held in Vienna in 1908. Prinee Heinrich Liehtenstein is the president of the committee of organization. America will doubtless be represented with credit; certainly from Alaska we can contribute the largest moose (or as called in Europe, elk) heads known.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

We Three in Canada.

WITH the cool breezes of an early summer twilight sweeping before it the heat of the day, three of our party gathered on the veranda of the boat club to enjoy that fleeting period 'twixt day and dark so well known to tourists on the Sound. Our trip had taken us across the now tranquil water to a famous watering place, and somewhat weary, we sat dreaming. Memory, that omnipresent companion of man, pressed us all into her service, and retrospection, lazily defined in the curling smoke from our cigars, presented to each a different panorama of experiences.

Ted Barmore, his feet dangling over the railing in the corner, related how he had wooed and won the fair young woman whom we were all to meet the next night at the regatta promenade. Ted told how he had gone down to the Indies a bachelor in his yacht Crest, alone, save for a chum. Under the most romantic circumstances he met a girl acquaintance, and with less form than the telling had run off and got married.

Reg, our stroke in the races, was full of his spicy yarns of former regattas, and talked till he got tired. One incident recalls another in a peculiar way that stories have, and that, with the dreamy atmosphere, set me thinking. My thoughts wandered back to the summer before, and I noiselessly reviewed my first married vacation. Ted noticed my silence, and told me to bring it out.

"I hardly know where to start," I answered slowly, for through the gathering haze the all too short sojourn stretched itself out before me as if painted by unseen hands. "Please don't mind my dreaming a little as I proceed, for you know, boys, I was rather sentimental about then. We were on our honeymoon, and it really was quite romantic. In the long winter evenings of the preceding courtship we all got our heads together and mapped the thing out. We talked it over and over just as though we didn't know that, after all, the angel would settle upon the ways and means in that calm and positive manner used by a woman of ninety-five pounds in arranging affairs for a man twice her size.

It was quite a novelty in the line of vacations, and more of an experiment until proven to be a huge success. You see, it was much more fun than going off to a hotel, moping around with a crowd of people, all dressed up, and then returning home with hardly enough coin to pay fares from Grand Central to Brooklyn.

Our family is not a large one, but it is interesting. You have not yet had the pleasure, boys, so I'll tell you who they are. The Scribe is just an every-day, hard-working sort of newspaper man, and if I do say so, with a pretty good knowledge of the country, picked up during several years of hoeing corn and potatoes, driving cows and swinging a scythe on a big hill farm in Vermont.

The Angel is that petite little wife whom you are to meet to-morrow night at the dance—small, lively, wide-awake, usually ready for anything that promises fun, and very anxious to learn as much as possible from nature's school.

The Baby is sister to the other, and has been away from her teething ring and rattle some eighteen years or more, but still young in spirit and only too glad to gratify a longing of years to become a scout or trapper and handle a gun.

So, one cool morning in June, at Quebec Junction, N. H., you can imagine us climbing on a train that will land over the border and some miles into the interior of Canada around 6 o'clock in the evening, if nothing shrould happen. We made ourselves comfortable in the one passenger car that the train boasted, shook hands with each other, very solemnly wishing good luck on our journey. Until then it had been a business trip for the Scribe, and even the beauties of Crawford Notch and the nice treatment at Fabyans the night before had been gazed at with a commercial eye. Even the concert in the sitting room at Fabyans Cottage the previous evening by the Bates College Glee Club failed entirely to drive dull care away. But the last line of copy had been dispatched with no return address on it, and a look of joy overshadowed our faces as a pocketful of lead pencils were solemnly buried in a little grave beside the railroad just before we started on the real vacation.

Our actions were so suspicious that two Frenchmen who were in the car, the only occupants besides ourselves, decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and went ahead into the baggage car, no doubt feeling they had left three escaped lunatics behind them. We didn't care what they thought, so long as they left us. As soon as the train got fairly away from the station, with its gaping crowd, we indulged in a war dance, closing with a yell that would do credit to a Sioux, and brought the conductor, or seemed to, for just then he appeared for our tickets and promised to drop us at our station, which we will call Camp 6.

This train on which we were fast leaving civilization, deserves mention as being the slowest, the most accommodating and having the most gentlemanly crew of any train on which yours truly ever rode. It makes the 108 miles between Quebec Junction and Lime Ridge, Canada, in just six hours and thirteen minutes—that is, when it is on time—and its return trip over the same road in eight hours and thirty-five minutes. It carries everything in the line of freight or passengers that comes its way, has a crew of six men, every one of whom seems to think it devolves upon him in particular to be as hospitable and entertaining as though he owned the train and the passengers were guests.

We were introduced to them all by the conductor, and there was hardly a minute of the journey when one of them was not on hand to point out the interesting things along the road. The Angel and the Baby rode part of the way in the engine cab, and got their eyes so full of cinders that they could hardly see. We got out to pick wild strawberries at the siding as the engine backed off to some sawmill. Lunch was eaten at Beecher Falls—Vermont, New Hampshire, or Canada, whichever you choose—for we left the train at the depot in Vermont, went over to the hotel in New Hampshire and admired the hills of Canada as we ate, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded the Baby not to wade across the Connecticut River on our way back to the train.

A few rods from the station we stopped at the Custom House, where a pleasant old gentleman who represents the Canadian Government came aboard and passed our traps without any unnecessary fuss. Then we steamed ahead into Canada; that paradise of sportsmen and lumbermen, and were in a new country altogether, where sawmills, lumber camps and log cabins were passed for miles. Then of a sudden we would stumble into a little village, brave in its newness and white paint, with its little Catholic church and listless hotel. The girls got down on the station platform to stretch out the cramps, and I presume the rurals who gathered about thought they were dressed pretty plainly for folks traveling.

But even the slowest and most pleasant of journeys will come to an end at last. We had passed St. Malo and Camp 4, and some distance beyond the latter drew up at a 10-foot platform, standing solitary in the woods. Our heavy trunk was rolled off, and we alighted, shook hands with the entire crew, and waved our handkerchiefs at them until the train had puffed away in the distance. We were all alone, and after staring at each other for a few minutes in silence, looked about. The old, tumble-down platform, built years before, when some one decided to cut lumber there and then changed his mind, was without accommodation of any kind. There was not even a roof; aside from the one train a day that passed by, there was no one within twenty miles of Camp 6, so for the next fourteen days we faced our own society.

The trunk was our only baggage, and we were soon making preparations to hide it somewhere in the woods, for we had no intention of carrying it with us some ten miles into the forest. It was unlocked, and three queer-looking, rubber-covered bundles, fitted with shoulder straps, were lifted out, followed by three smaller bundles, each of us taking one. Then we hid behind as many trees, and the squeals and exclamations and giggles that came from the direction of the Angel and the Baby startled the chipmunks for a mile. The Scribe was silent, as became the head of the house, and emerged shortly wearing a look of peace, blue overalls, jumper, wide rimmed hat and tennis shoes. From the trunk he fished a double-barrel light shotgun belonging to the Angel; a pocket rifle, the property of the Baby, and a sturdy .38 Winchester that had been his companion in many mountain journeys and lonely camps.

The guns had hardly been put together, when the girls, if girls they were any longer, appeared on the scene. There was little about their exterior appearance to indicate their feminity; dressed alike in blue overalls, white canvas jumper, hat of the same material, and red tennis shoes. While they might have created some sensation on Fifth avenue, they certainly did look very pretty, and, most important of all, thoroughly in keeping with the grand woods in which we stood.

But it was half after five, and night would soon be upon us in a country strange to all but the one who would mind it the least. So we put our civilized clothes into the trunk, which was hidden behind a huge pine some distance from the platform, and struck off for the first night's camp before we should reach our destination on Trout Lake. We all had a pack on our back, and were soon traveling rapidly and silently, Indian file, dodging drooping boughs, skipping little rills, the girls now and then shying as some wild animal ran at our approach into the haunts of nature but seldom disturbed by man.

For a long time we were mute, the Scribe with thoughts of the trail, the girls still awed with that feeling so common to those who find themselves in the wilderness for the first time, the vagary that makes it seem as though the great forest were some mighty cathedral, too sacred for noise and laughter. The birds and frogs, the treetoads and trees, were as old friends to the Scribe, but uncanny to the Angel and the Baby, who at first shunned them as queer. The packs soon grew pretty heavy, and I guess each one wondered if it would be generous to offer to divide with the rest, and the absent liniment that had been forgotten grew precious by thinking of it.

When a little more than half the distance had been traversed between Camp 6 and Trout Lake, the Scribe gave a sigh of relief, and announced that it was time to strike camp for the night, and you can wager there was no kick coming from the girls. Our simple preparations were soon under way, and a giant hemlock tree, uprooted by some terrific gale, formed a most convenient ridge pole for our tent. While the Scribe cut the necessary wood, the girls busied themselves with the supper. A dozen or more hemlock branches laid against the side of the big trunk, made a good frame, on which were laid leafy branches, the whole acting as a wind shield and more or less waterproof roof. The place was quickly furnished by scraping out the old leaves and putting in a quantity of pine boughs, over which we laid our rubber and woolen blankets.

The exercise soon brought color to the cheeks of the girls, who were ravenously hungry and quite ready to eat the simple meal prepared from the pack. The Scribe noticed this with a quiet smile, for it meant a lighter bundle for him on the morrow. The repast seemed to revive the lost voices, and praise and admiration of the splendid woods mingled with appreciation of the ingenuity of their guide, so melted his heart that he cheerfully consented to cut the firewood necessary for the night. Drowsiness that could not be shaken off compelled all of us to seek our blankets, and in a few moments we were sleeping that calm, dreamless slumber that comes nowhere else on earth but on a bed of boughs far out in God's wilderness.

Twice during the night did the Scribe get up to throw wood on the fire, but neither of his companions stirred, and just as the night gave way to a rose-tinted dawn, he stole forth for half a mile into the woods. A long, slender maple pole was soon trimmed, to which he fastened a short trout line. Then, as the sun's rays stole over the treetops, he cast a wriggling angler lightly into the largest hole of a winding little brook that gave every promise of an ample breakfast beneath its rippling surface.

There is no need to tell about the sport of such fishing, for depending as we did upon nature for our food, the old-fashioned pole, string and hook were quite enough to yank them out. Of course, it was not at all poetical, but it was businesslike, and served the purpose well. In less than ten minutes the Scribe had thrown away his green pole, and was dressing six large speckled beauties. The sun was just lighting up the camp beneath a hillside, when the noise made in getting a frying pan out of the pack aroused the Baby, who shouted merrily to the Angel. Both were much surprised to discover that they had passed a comfortable night in undisturbed slumber, and also that the exercise of the previous day had not made them lame. A good rubbing of their faces and hands with a wet towel which the Scribe had wrung out of the brook, completed their toilets in a shorter time than they had ever done it in the city, where all conveniences were at hand. Then the remains of the evening's repast, with the trout on the side, put us all on the road to the lake in high spirits.

The end of the level land had been reached by that time, and the five-mile climb that would land us at the summit was begun. We were far more noisy than on the day before, and the Angel stopped every few minutes to gather a lichen or wild flower, but as the rest of the procession showed no inclination to wait for her, she caught up, with many exclamations of delight at the beauties that each step revealed. We did not hurry, but often stopped to rest and admire the denizens of the woodland, so that it was past 11 o'clock, when, high up in a little hollow of the hills, Trout Lake lay before us.

Completely enraptured by the beauty, the peace and the grandeur of the scene that lay stretched like some fairyland before their wide open eyes, the two girls, and even the Scribe, who was supposed to be used to such things, stood minute after minute, until a dozen had passed away, silently blessing the thought that had brought them there. About a mile and a half in length by three-fourths wide, it shimmered in the glistening rays of the sun, a clear crystal, rock-lined, limpid depth of absolute purity. In some places the jagged rocks rose to a height of twenty or more feet, while in others the shore sloped gently to a grassy water's edge.

At the northern end of this beautiful bit of fresh water, and some three rods from a rolling greensward shore, stood a little log cabin, quaint in its rough, homely outlines. It had been built several years before by a trapper, who made it his home, but abandoned it some three summers before our advent. It had not been occupied in all that time, except by rovers like curselves, who, from the city, perchance, wandered into the wilderness, and for a week or so lived close to nature's heart.

We immediately took possession of the cabin, and with some weary sighs, unloaded our none too light burdens. The cabin was furnished with two bunks, a table and two stools, and had a wide stone fireplace in the side opposite the opening which once had contained a door, long since sacrificed by some one needing dry firewood. It was a very plain little structure, modest to an extreme, perhaps fifteen feet high and as many feet square. From the open doorway, we stood in a group and gazed, fascinated by the scene that lay before us, the bright green woods circling the edge of the glistening gem from whose surface the big, bright orb of day reflected his rays but none of his heat. The Baby's benediction of "Peace be within thy walls" seemed unnecessary, for it looked as if nothing but peace could find a dwelling in such a chosen spot.

There was no time then to admire the bountiful splendor of the Almighty, which that day held us

almost spellbound. We had brought nothing with us in the line of provisions but pepper and salt and a bag of Indian meal, which latter had been the cause of so much grumbling. When we left Portland, it weighed 40 pounds, but during the march through the wooded hillside, notwithstanding that it was being consumed, it had grown in weight until the Scribe was ready to swear it weighed at least a ton. We had met with much opposition from our Brooklyn friends, who thought we should starve if we did not take a four-horse wagonload of supplies, and declared it their intention of starting a relief expedition. We felt secure that we would not go hungry long, and also that there was no more danger of our being found than there was of the North Pole, for, like the general of historic fame, we had burned our bridges behind us, and at once began to keep house.

The Scribe started off for a meal of trout, while the girls began those feminine touches which convert a waste into a habitation, and which put the cabin in condition for our stay. The Baby pulled the old boughs from the bunks and threw them into the fireplace; she brought water from the lake to rinse the bunks and the walls and floor of hard-packed earth. A broom, constructed from a hemlock branch, was her only assistant. The Angel went some distance into the woods and cut some soft, feathery pine with which she made rude beds. Both worked with so much zeal that when the Scribe returned with a string of trout, the cabin looked as clean and homelike as could be wished for. We all ate a record dinner of trout and meal flapjacks, and then slept away half the afternoon, breathing the invigorating pine air, fresh from nature's factory, and enjoying more solid comfort than one could take between city walls in a whole week.

It was the Angel who at length aroused us with a remark which will ever associate itself with Trout Lake, we heard it so often there: "I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm hungry." Out of her bunk she climbed, and attacked a cold trout on the table with so much relish that we hastily joined her, and the last one melted away like so many dewdrops before the morning sun. After this the Scribe expressed opinions freely on the only part of camp life which he never did and never will like, the cutting of firewood. But after the Baby had told him how much she admired his powerful form and enjoyed the artistic way that he sank his ax into the wood, and the Angel had told him how handsome he was when flushed with hard labor—he got his steel and started off quite cheerfully, admiring in turn the subtle persuasion of the fair sex. The Angel followed with her gun over her shoulder in quest of small game, but with visions of grizzlies and elephants in her mind, while the Baby, whose ambitions did not soar so high that afternoon, rambled off fishing.

For some time the only sound was the whack, whack of the Scribe's ax, which lasted only until four armfuls, or enough to last for the night, had been cut, when down he sank on the slope overlooking the lake, meditating on matters in which city newspapers shared no part. He had not time, however, to frame the structure for a day dream, when a shot echoed through the woods from Angel's gun, followed almost instantly by another, and after a moment's interval by two more; then something actually woke him up. It was the sound of Angel's voice, calling to him by the name she used in the old courting days, and in a note that for once in his life entered him in a race at top speed. There is plenty of big game in these Northern woods which it is not safe to try to bag with No. 6 shot, and with his rifle in hand, he rushed up the hill in the direction of the disturbance at a speed that none of his associates in the city would have given him credit for possessing. Up the hill in the rear of the cabin he ran, and scrambled for a mile or more before he spied the object of his search—the Angel, her gun still hot, standing at the foot of a giant poplar, looking anxiously into the thick leafy top.

She seemed to be uninjured, and he seated himself to catch the breath the hill had stolen before he investigated the animal the Angel assured him was as big as a bear, and which she had shot at four times without effect. She had come to the wise conclusion that she would not stir it any more until she knew something of what it was. Man-fashion he did not tell her, but silently admired her grit in not running away. He then pointed it out to her, and after a well-directed shot from the rifle, which she borrowed from the Scribe, her first game, a big hedgehog, came crashing down. She insisted on dressing it alone, and that finished, started for camp as proud as ever a Napoleon was, but constantly shifting "her meat" from one hand to the other, the Scribe consigned to lugging the guns. Her cup of joy was full, when she found the Baby had returned with a nice catch of fish, and saw her as she stalked into camp as big as life and more than natural. The Baby took a huge interest in the first game, and guessed it to be everything between a moose and a muskrat before she was finally told that it was a homely old hedgehog. It was soon done to a turn over a sizzling hot log fire, and never was meal more enjoyed than then.

After supper we started a series of evening concerts that lasted as long as we were in the woods. And our voices, soprano, contralto and bass, in town not looked on as more than ordinary, sounded wonderfully sweet as the echoes reverberated in the pale moonlight. We sat thus telling stories and singing, the Scribe pulling steadily at his faithful corncob filled with a choice mixture brought from the Notch. We sang all the old songs we knew, accompanied by the ripple of the waves, as Trout Lake swashed the rocks at our feet. Then we retired to slumber in those pine-filled and scented bunks, nothing in the world to disturb the tranquillity that good food, hard exercise and fresh air made for us.

Just as the first rays of the sun stole over the treetops the Scribe was awakened by suspicious sounds from the bunk opposite, and he opened one eye cautiously just in time to see two dainty figures disappearing through the doorway, and he smiled significantly as he surmised their intentions. As he lay there half awake, he pictured to himself a big rock by the edge of the lake overlooking a wide ledge in clear view some eighty feet below where a natural shelf rose precipitously about twelve feet out of the water. The Scribe had heard the girls declare that to be a dandy spot for a dive, and he bethought himself of two fairies poising lightly on the brink, bathed in sunlight, innocence and grace personified; he could see them shoot downward straight as arrows, and disappear. Then two heads glistening and dripping almost instantly reappeared only a few feet apart as they started for the shore, using those long strokes that a good swimmer employs when in a hurry. The Scribe was up and off for the morning meal of fish by that time, yet he shivered as he remembered the times he used to dive off that very ledge into the same spring, where, if the human body is to be trusted as a thermometer, the temperature is at least forty degrees below zero. Hunger finally drove him back to the cabin, only to find the Angel and the Baby busy before a cheery fire and as sunny as though there were no cold spring in existence.

If I should try to give a detailed account of the two short weeks that we spent so comfortably at Trout Lake, the larger part of it would necessarily be about our appetites, for they were next to insatiable. Brook trout, lake trout and black bass, horned pout and eels, with hedgehodgs and squirrels for a change, hoe cake, johnnycake and flapjacks and all the rest, I must not forget strawberries for dessert, formed our menu for those fleeting, sunny, merry days. And what may seem strange, to look back upon it, we never once grew tired of the diet nor yearned for anything more. Our only regret was the fact that everything must come to an end, and that the time was so short to consume the good things to be had for the getting.

Of course, we did other things than eat; we gathered spruce gum and ferns; we took long rambles through the avenues of trees that stretched interminably on three sides of the cabin. We fished where fish are plenty, and twice had the opportunity to see deer drinking in the moonlight at the edge of the lake. Once we caught a glimpse of a bear, but could not get within range.

We climbed trees and swung among the branches like veritable children of the woods. About a mile away from the lake we discovered a pond warm enough in which to bathe; we soon became excellent marksmen with rifle and revolver, and evenings we made the echoes bring back the music of our songs and hymns.

We were as happy and as free as birds, but, you know yourselves, boys, vacations have a way of drawing to a close all too soon, and it was with a deep and heartfelt regret that we packed up one evening for the return to the world of books and men early the next morning. There was a queer, homesick feeling in our hearts, as we made our way slowly in the bright sunshine of the morrow, headed for Camp 6. We walked the entire distance in leisure, and with far less fatigue than we had experienced on our way out. It was 10 o'clock when we reached the old, tumbledown platform that served for a station and dragged our trunk from its retreat, reclad ourselves in garments more showy and far less comfortable, and after packing it up again, sat down solemnly to wait for the train. It was past 11 when it crept into view, steaming slowly and emitting smoke like a big factory chimney. Our friends of the train greeted us with zest, and we settled ourselves in such a manner that people would not wonder if we had ever worn clothing before. We succeeded well enough so that when we reached Fabyans at 4:30 in the afternoon, we did not create any undue attention as we walked to the hotel.

The big house was open for the season by that time, for it was two weeks since last we were there, and many visitors had arrived meantime. All hands managed to pass a very jolly evening, but awoke the next morning realizing sadly that our picnic was over until the next summer. And as our train wound down through the Notch, the Scribe opened the window, took one long, backward look, pulled in his head, and with a tremendous sigh, reached to the rack above him for a bundle of New York dailies that were awaiting him at Fabyans. With a pencil borrowed from an old gentleman across the aisle, he was soon equipped, and with a quizzical look at two demure appearing ladies opposite him, once more began work. NELSON SNOW.



NATURAL HISTORY



Asiatic Deer in the Zoological Park.

THE already large collection of Asiatic deer in the New York Zoological Park has recently received an addition of an important and very rare species.

By the steamer Mesaba, there recently arrived from Burma via London, a pair of the extremely interesting Burmese thameng, or brow-antlered deer (*Cervus eldi*) of Lower Burma. Specimens of this species have been sought by the Zoological Society for the past three years, and this acquisition was made possible only by the placing of an order by the Duke of Bedford for ten pairs, which justified William Jamrach, of London, in sending a man to Burma, spending a considerable sum on nets and services, and in making a capture of twenty-three animals. The price paid by the Duke of Bedford for his specimens was $750 per pair. The two specimens which recently arrived, and also another female which is to arrive in July, are all the gift of Mr. William Rockefeller, who previously presented to the Zoological Society the entire herds of red deer and fallow deer.

The Burmese thameng is about as large as the Virginia deer. Its antlers are of unique form. The brow tine sweeps very far forward, almost parallel with the upper line of the face, then makes a slight curve upward. The main beam grows backward in exactly the opposite direction, then swings outward and upward in what is very nearly a semi-circle. The points are few in number, but the shape belongs exclusively to this species.

The two pairs of Barasinga deer from India in the collection are at this time very noteworthy. Their summer coat is of a bright golden yellow color, the brightest to be found on any deer—not even excepting the Muntjac.

Besides the deer of the Rusa group and those of the Wapiti group, the Barasinga are very conspicuous. The largest of the two bucks has now antlers in the velvet, which have attained a length of twelve inches, and they are of the same bright tan color as the pelage. This interesting deer inhabits northern India, and in many respects is a strong reminder of our mule deer. These two species resemble each other, not only in size, but in horn architecture.

It frequently happens that the antlers of the Barasinga possess a double bifurcation on each beam, which is so characteristic of the mule deer.

The female altai wapiti of the Asiatic deer collection recently gave birth to a fawn, but owing to a mistake of nature, the animal failed to survive. Inasmuch as this is the first instance of the breeding of the altai wapiti on this continent, the loss of the fawn is particularly to be regretted. It was spotted in the same manner as fawns of the American wapiti.

A Cotton Tail Freak.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the most curious freaks of nature ever seen in these parts, was captured near here recently, in the form of a common gray rabbit, but in such a garb as to make it almost unrecognizable as such.

Aside from its ears being rather smaller than ordinary, it is much like any other "cottontail," except for the extraordinary covering of long hair. It has a covering of fine, silky hair, of a lead color, just the color of an ordinary maltese cat, somewhat wavy and four to five inches in length, falling each way from the line of the backbone like that of a yak. This hair is so thick and long as to completely cover up the natural rabbit fur, except a small patch around the tail and a portion of the head; but the natural fur can be found all over its body by parting the long hair and looking closely. It is the size of an ordinary rabbit, but the thick, long and wavy hair gives it the appearance of a thick-bodied animal like the raccoon or possum, and makes it appear the size of a large possum. It has the ordinary "cotton" tail. Remove the head, legs and tail, and no one could even guess what animal it had tried to be without parting the hair and seeing the rabbit fur underneath. It has more the appearance of an angora cat than anything else; but investigation shows that there are none of these animals within miles of where the rabbit was killed, so that it is hardly a plausible theory that it could be a cross between one of these animals and a rabbit. It is on exhibition in one of the show windows of town, and attracts much attention.

If any FOREST AND STREAM reader can give any light as to the probable identity of this queer animal, we would be glad to hear from him.

EMERSON CARNEY.

[This is a form of diseased pelage, of which examples are reported from time to time. For many years the FOREST AND STREAM had in its office just such a cottontail rabbit as is described—a rabbit with the long coat of a Yorkshire terrier. Rabbits seem prone to curious dermal outgrowths, of which the horns often reported on rabbits from Kansas and Nebraska are examples. The frequently quoted crosses between cat and rabbit, and cat and coon, do not exist in fact. They are beasts of myth; but many folk tales are told about them. The Morgantown rabbit was plain rabbit, but with an unusual coat.]

HUNTINGTON, L. I., June 24.—A fine specimen of a copperhead snake, that rarest of all the snake kind on Long Island, was killed at Long Swamp yesterday by Surveyor Carlos S. Dillon. Without warning the snake raised up its head near Mr. Dillon, flattened out and was ready for fight. Mr. Dillon killed it. The snake was about forty inches long and was found to contain thirty eggs, each as large as a robin's egg.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"TO AN angler the pleasures of the rod and reel are far reaching, and have no boundary save when the mind ceases to anticipate and the brain to remember. * * * The fish in the pipe-smoke has been as active as was the fish in the water, and afforded as fine a play. My reel has clicked as merrily in the half-dream as on the rod in the long ago."—A Nelson Cheney.

A Plea for the Sea Birds.

THE passing of the buffalo and wild pigeon is a forceful commentary on the indifference of the people of those days. Are the people of this generation showing any greater degree of interest in the wild life of the present day, much of which is rapidly decreasing in numbers? Few people realize how near the gulls and terns of our coasts came to extinction during the last decade, when fashion decreed that the snow-white plumage of these beautiful denizens of the beaches was necessary for millinery ornamentation.

A simple proposition, in fact a public duty, is now before the American people: Shall the sea birds be preserved for future generations? Unfortunately this class of birds gather in colonies during the breeding season, and are thus in greater danger than the wild bird that breeds singly. Plume hunters can still kill them as in the past, when large colonies on our seaboard were destroyed in a single season. Another method of extermination is egging; this is quite as fatal as killing the birds. There are yet small colonies of sea birds on the coasts and large inland lakes of the country which will serve as a nucleus, and may, by the greatest care and watchfulness, repopulate our country with these birds. If this desirable result is to be achieved, action must be taken at once by the public; it will not do to neglect the matter another season, or our children will say of us, what we now say of our fathers, regarding the buffalo and wild pigeon: When you had the opportunity to save the sea birds you did not do it, and we are deprived of a part of our heritage. The sea birds can only be saved by placing at each colony, during the breeding season, an energetic, faithful and fearless warden who will stand guard during the three months when the birds are brooding their eggs. The part the public can take in this great economic and æsthetic movement is to supply the necessary funds. The National Association of Audubon Societies, an incorporated body, will do the administrative work.

During the present breeding season this Association has forty such wardens employed; but this number should be increased to at least three hundred men, in order to fully guard all of the remnants of colonies that once existed. The public are urged to join the National Association, the membership fee being $5 a year, all of which sum is used in bird protection work, as the executive officers of the society contribute their services without compensation.

The seashore without the sea birds would be like a garden without flowers, or a landscape without trees. Unless active measures are taken now to prevent this disaster, it will surely come; then, reader, it will be too late to do more than grieve. This is not a duty you can delegate to your neighbor, it belongs to you; will you help save the sea birds, or will you see them vanish? To your descendants you are responsible.

WILLIAM DUTCHER,
President N. A. A. S.

Notes from the Rangeleys.

UPPER DAM, RANGELEY LAKES, Me., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the recent hot spell the water here has become too warm on the surface for trolling, and that mode of fishing is about over until the fall. Fishing has been very good here this spring, and some very large fish, both trout and salmon, have been taken.

This is my first trip here in five years, and I find the appearance of the lakes much improved by the falling down of the dead trees around the borders. Many trees were killed when the level of the lakes was raised for water storage a number of years ago, and for many years these ghosts of trees lined the shores in great numbers.

Five years ago salmon were rarely caught in the two Richardson Lakes, but now salmon seem to be as plentiful almost as trout, and to have increased greatly in size. It is a well known fact that fish weighing in the neighborhood of 20 pounds are often seen in the late fall under the mill at the Upper Dam. However, the record size caught is, I believe, only a little over 13 pounds, but this record will not stand for long.

Salt water smelt introduced into these waters a number of years ago have thrived wonderfully, and occasionally reach the size of a pound in weight, and by some are considered better eating than trout or salmon. They, however, can only be caught when they come to the Dam in the early spring to spawn, and then only by means of a net, for they do not seem to take to the hook. Their chief excuse for living, however, is to feed the salmon and trout.

Deer and larger game seem to be on the increase, owing undoubtedly to Maine's very good game laws. From all reports the game laws are respected much more than they were ten or fifteen years ago. Protection came too late for the poor caribou, and their name is but a memory here now.

To me it seems strange that mountain lions, or, as they are locally called "Injun devils," are not more plentiful here. There certainly would be good foraging for them. They, like the wolves which were common here once, seem to have departed with the advent of settlers. Well, we do not miss them, for in the deep snows here in February and March they would soon get away with the deer.

It is a mistaken idea which some people have that catamounts will attack only fawns and does, for I have seen large bucks which have been killed by them. While hunting in the Sierra Nevada Mountains last summer I came on the yet warm carcass of a particularly fine buck. He evidently had been lying down on the side of a very steep hill when jumped upon by the cat, and he must have made a great fight of it. I followed the evidences of the conflict up hill for about a quarter of a mile, for bushes, grass and earth were torn up and thrashed around as if a small-sized landslide had taken place. His hide was scratched in long strips where the cat had raked him fore and aft. His neck was not broken nor could I find a mortal wound except where his entrails had been eaten into. This was all the cat had eaten, but I supposed he would return and finish him off at his own convenience. P. W.

[We know of no evidence that the mountain lion, panther or cougar, has ever been found in Maine. A few years ago FOREST AND STREAM took up this question and went into it quite fully, trying to get some tangible evidence of the occurrence of this species so far east. None was forthcoming. Mr. George A. Boardman was interested in this matter during the many years of his residence in Maine, but wrote us only a short time before his death that he had never succeeded in finding any. On the other hand, in a list of the fauna of the Saint Croix published in 1899 and 1900, in his memorial volume, *Felis concolor,* the cougar, is given as well authenticated. It is probable that this may have been from old lists, not revised up to the date of Mr. Boardman's latest information.

On the other hand, Mr. Manly Hardy, a naturalist, and more than that a fur buyer for many years, said in FOREST AND STREAM in October, 1904, that so far as one was able to ascertain there never was the real live panther in Maine. Mr. Hardy's definition of the term "Indian devil," as used in Maine, is an interesting one; it "is any animal seen or heard in the woods, that the person seeing or hearing can't tell what it is."

Mr. Hardy has taken a great interest in this matter and has run down a multitude of stories bearing on it; when traced to their sources all of them proved false. The late David Libby, of Newport, Me., well known to old readers of FOREST AND STREAM under the name "Penobscot," feels certain that he once shot at a panther. His good faith cannot be doubted, but he himself said that he did not see the animal very clearly and missed, and as Mr. Hardy puts it, "It is unreasonable to suppose that in all these years only one mountain lion has been in the Maine woods, and Mr. Libby is the only hunter that has seen one. Hunters and guides in the bordering Province of New Brunswick ridicule the idea of panthers there. And this reminds us that a year or two ago a contributor sent us a story of an adventure in Maine in which the hero, by a magnificent feat of coolness and courage, rescued the heroine from a ferocious panther. The climax gave a splendid thrill, but fidelity to the truth of natural history forbade the printing of the story.]

Mother Care.

BESIDES the combativeness of many creatures—ordinarily meek and mild—when they have young, there is the deeply interesting and curious question of ruse practiced on behalf of the young. I think it is Mr. J. Otho Paget, one of the chief authorities to-day on fox-hunting, who holds that an old vixen fox will sometimes, to save her sore-pressed cub, cunningly cross the line of scent, and so draw off the hounds till the huntsman discovers the mistake. Jesse, in the chatty book called "Gleanings from Natural History," notes a statement to the effect that "when a hind hears the hounds she will allow herself to be hunted, in order to lead them away from her fawns." I have no experience in the matter, and cannot say whether the statement is safe or not. But I have had experience in regard to the ruse of both the partridge and the wild duck on behalf of their young. As regards the partridge, mother and father will often collaborate to cheat the intruder, man or dog, and lure him away from their young. Last summer I was within a very few feet of treading on a little family of partridges crouching on some rough ground. As I crept about the field, watching a cuckoo trying to palm off her egg on some small birds, so that she might provide her future child with a comfortable home, a pair of partridges suddenly bounded up almost in my face. They flew off a little way, then dropped to the ground and dragged themselves and cried out in agonized tones, as though they were wounded birds, and I had only to go and pick them up with my hand. But I knew this ruse, and looked down, and there were the chicks, just out of the shells. I remarked on the striking likeness of these partridge chicks in general coloration to partridge egg shells. The same fact struck a friend of mine lately in regard to the lapwing chick and the lapwing egg shell. Does natural selection come in here, too? Is it a sort of unconscious ruse of nature's, by which those partridge chicks which most closely resembled, in the distant past, their egg shells tended to survive, while those not resembling the shells (that harmonize with their surroundings fairly well) tended to attract the notice of enemies and so be wiped out in the struggle of life? In any case, granting the harmony, the belief is again borne in upon one that behind this matter there must be mind. Here, in the case of the partridge, male and female show almost equal affection and anxiety, though, as with the mallard (which resorts to a very similar ruse), I have noticed that the mother is the more anxious and bold of the two.—J. G. Cornish in Cornhill Magazine.

Where Have they all Gone?

ST. PAUL, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is a clipping from a St. Paul paper, June 4, 1864:

"From the firing of guns all over town early yesterday morning one would have supposed an Indian attack was on. Immense numbers of pigeons were flying over, most of them only a few feet from the ground. Every man and boy who had a gun was peppering them from his dooryard. A number got several dozen without leaving their premises. A great many were killed with stones and clubs."

If, instead of nesting in the trees reasonably close to human habitations, the passenger pigeons had nested in the swamps of the far north, they might be with us to-day. Yet no satisfactory theory has been yet offered for the vanishing of the millions of these birds off the face of the earth. The slaughtering that went on at the nesting grounds did much to thin them out; but other causes have been put forth for their total disappearance.

Destroying game at the breeding places in the far north, it is stated, is prevented by the multitudinous and pestiferous mosquito. In the marshlands, where the geese and ducks breed, the mosquitoes hold undisputed sway, and not only does man refuse to enter the forbidden domain, but egg stealing and bird-eating animals give the region a wide berth. The wildfowl accordingly rear their families in peace, and when the icy grasp of Jack Frost begins to glaze the lakes and ponds, the birds move southward to open waters.

So, at least, in the far north the sportsman is beholden to the pesky little native of New Jersey for preserving the balance as far as wild geese and other fowl are concerned. There is providence in all things upon this earth, and while we along the Atlantic border fight the mosquito de novo with kerosene, these little denizens of the swamp are acting as game wardens for us in the far north CHAS. CRISTADORO.

Fish and Water Temperature.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

IN a recent convention with one of my friends whose chief recreation is found in the use of the fly-rod, he mentioned a few facts which, although not entirely new to all readers of FOREST AND STREAM, will prove interesting to many of them. He had been reading my article on the use of the sunken fly, printed in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 25, and found in my account of the manner in which I employed a large Prince William of Orange fly in a deep, dark pool on the Indian River, N. S., something that corresponded with an experience he had on a famous trout stream not long ago.

The river was, on account of recent heavy rains, more than "bank full," the water extending back into the undergrowth sometimes several rods. Of course, the rapids, as such, were hardly visible, great masses of water tumbling down over the submerged rocks in a wild, angry current; as for the pools they were entirely characterless, for they spread out into miniature ponds and were very deep; their surface, moreover, was covered with flecks of foam and small drift stuff which had floated away from the shores.

On putting his hand into the water, he found it was almost icy cold, the temperature not having risen very much since the great masses of snow in the woods had melted and the frost had come out of the ground, where its presence had tended to keep the little trickling rills which flowed into the river almost as cold as if they had been passing over ice.

This condition of the river was hardly calculated to raise his hopes very high, as far as fly-fishing was concerned, at any rate. But he was on the river for trout, and, being there, he of course determined to make the attempt to entice some of the spotted beauties from their lurking places in the depths of the pools, using the fly only, for he is one of the chosen few who disdain the use of the bait at all seasons. "Drowning angle worms was not to his taste," he said, and he believed that with the fly he could pick out enough fish to make a small creel at any rate.

But after covering the best pools with patience and perseverance that is known only to the angler, he found to his disgust that surface fly-fishing was almost barren of results, a few small trout only responding to his blandishments.

After an hour or more of unsuccessful efforts to rise the heavy fish, which he knew must be in the pool, during which period he changed his flies frequently, and offered as great a variety as possible, he adopted new tactics, and putting in a couple of good-sized, highly-colored flies, he threw them out into the middle of one of the largest pools and permitted them to sink well down into the water, recovering them with short drags of a foot or more in length, such as is used in salmon angling. At the second or third cast he found himself fast to a heavy fish. "It was the sunken fly they wanted," he said, "and I humored them to the best of my ability, but every fish I landed was as cold as if just taken from the ice."

That the temperature of the water has much to do with the success of the fly-fisherman; and, not only that, but with the play of the fish also, I have proved one more than one occasion, particularly in salmon fishing, and the fact has been established beyond question by the observations of scientific anglers on the other side of the water.

I have before me a report of experiments in this direction made by Mr. A. Harper, of Brawl Castle, Scotland. He conducted a series of investigations regarding the temperature of the water and its effect on salmon angling in the River Thurso, from which he drew the following conclusions.

The blood of the salmon is always about one degree warmer than that of the water in which the fish is moving; 33° may therefore be taken as the minimum temperature of the blood—in fresh water at any rate.

An abnormally high temperature of the river water is fatal. Mr. Harper gives a table of sea and river temperatures taken by him during the months of March, April, May, June and July, which tend to show that the ordinary sea temperature is the most healthful for salmon. From his figures it would appear that the "sea during those five months had a range of 12.8°; from 39.9° in March, to 66.6° in July. For the month of April the means of both sea and river were nearly identical, being respectively 44° and 44.7°, and during that month it not infrequently happens that more fish are killed with the rod on the Thurso than during the whole of the rest of the season."

Mr. Harper further says, "That from 44° to 48° is the best temperature for the fish, is proved by the fact that when the water stands between these two degrees, old and stale fish take the fly more freely than at any other time throughout the spring. In May, June and July the ascending fish find themselves in water 12° or 14° warmer than that they have felt in the sea, which accounts for the inferior sport obtained during these months."

Texas Tarpon Fishing.

TARPON, Tex., June 19.—Tarpon fishing is now in full swing, and following is the catch for this date (one day): J. M. George, San Antonio, 13; F. H. Reed, Oklahoma City, 15; J. E. Cotter, Tarpon, 4; F. W. Chesebrough, New York, 9; H. E. Smith, New York, 3; J. R. Wainwright, Pittsburg, 22; Major L. E. Campbell, Denver, 3; Mrs. L. E. Campbell, Denver, 4; Chas. E. Gast, Pueblo, Col., 2; Joe Curry, Tarpon, 1; total, 77. J. E. COTTER.

GAME BAG AND GUN

Across the Clearwater Range of the Bitterroot Mountains.

(*Concluded from page* 495.)



R. L. IN CAMP COSTUME.

THE next day we corralled the horses bright and early and set out on a long and hard climb. Twice we got lost that day, and right there we had a typical example of the slipshod way of cutting and blazing trails. The old trail led over a ridge to the left and was lost in a high meadow. Retrailing then we discovered our path to the right somewhere in a burned woods. It would have been so simple to cut through the old trail and mark a nearby tree with an arrow. As I said before, the trail to Fish Lake is an old Indian trail and runs like all Indian trails of that country, along the high ridges. That served the redskins a double purpose; in the first place the high ridges became free of snow earlier than the valleys, and in the second place they afforded greater safety when on the warpath. We had been told that in 1877, when General Howard pursued the Nez Perces over the Lo-Lo, the Indians watched him from the heights, while his soldiers were digging trenches and breastworks in the valley. From Lo-Lo Pass the one trail runs via Lo-Lo Hot Springs to Missoula and another continues along the highest crests of the declining chain of hills. "We could have killed every soldier had we found it to our advantage to do so," declared one of the Indian chiefs.

Of course there is a lot of disorder among the pack horses when you come to halt. That is, you do everything but halt, for the spirit of unrest is with the horses. Some stray away down the mountainside, others more ambitious pursue a trail of their own, while still others with an inherent sense of cussedness, try to separate from their packs by wedging against a set of trees or low hanging branches.

This particular trail carried us through burned forests, over high ridges, finally into a place called Two Lakes. To our right was a high, long drawn-out saddle that we had to make at its most inconvenient spot. Otherwise it is not passable, and thus forces the wayfarer to make for the valley and then take to height again. Such is the nature of the beast.

We soon found that it was impossible for us to reach Fish Lake and therefore it was decided to camp on the other side of the high saddle. This camp was named Camp Nash, after our illustrious companion, the Hon. Bill. Deservedly is this spot remembered by his name, for here Bill had an extravagant experience.

A storm threatened after we had finished our meal and so we decided to put up a tent. Into this we all got and adjusted our mattresses, bags and blankets. The best place, or rather the best one to all appearances, we left to Bill Nash, but fate was against him, and it happened this way. The open ends of the tent we had covered up, the threatened south end tightly, and the opposite one partly so as to admit fresh air. As a further protection against draught from his side, Bill's flap of the sleeping bag was fastened up against it. But this night was not made for slumber, for in the dead, vast and middle of it a storm broke loose, such a one as you only find in the mountains. The rain came down in torrents, and as the wind in the cañon often shifts, our airhole became a regular fountain.

The sharp thunder rolled and rumbled, sounding echos here and there; radiant lightning lit up the tent for moments. The sleepers tightened up in their blankets with a sigh or gap and the instinctive desire to remain indifferent.

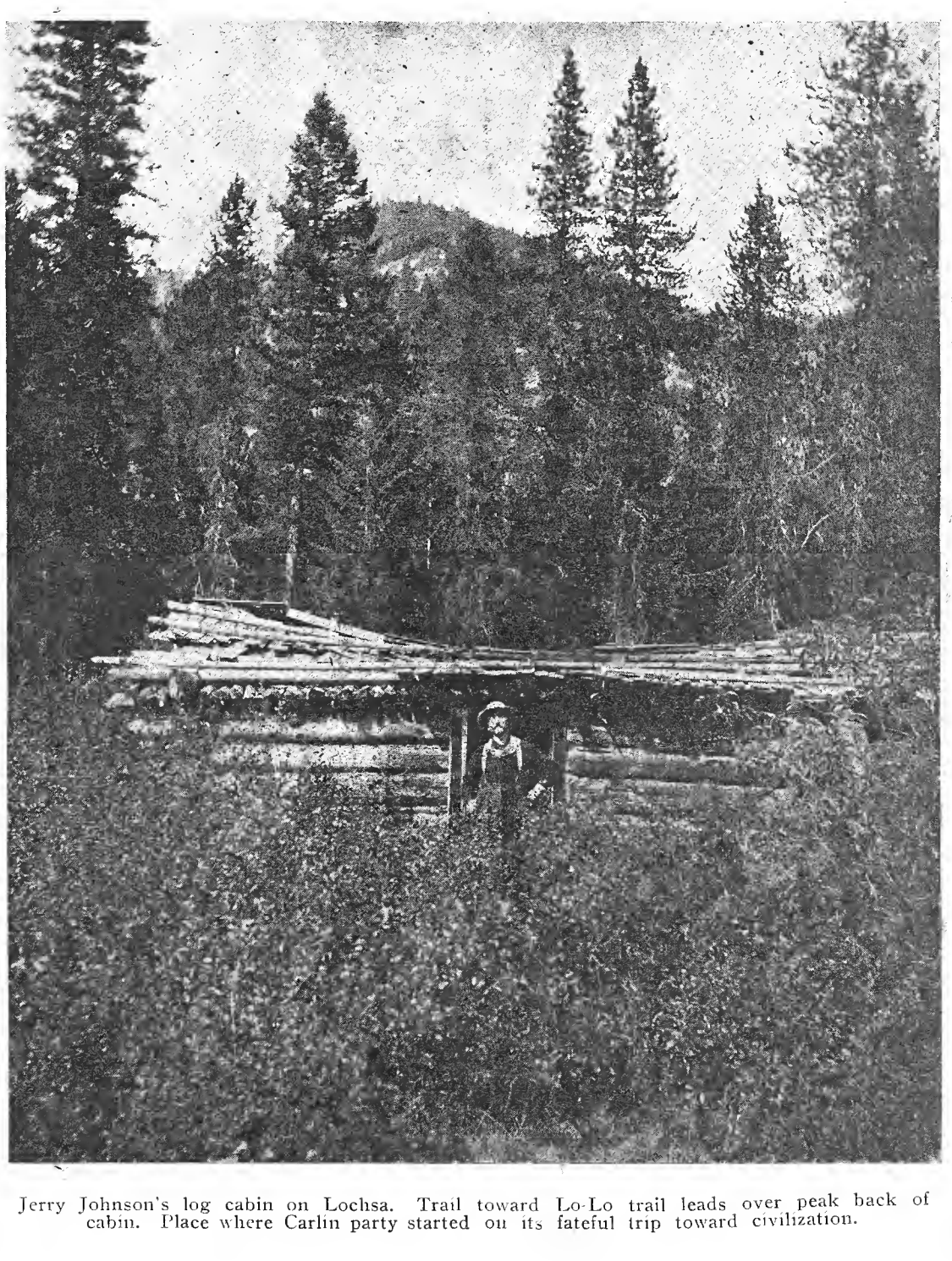
All of a sudden there was a yell. "Help-up!" it yelled out of Bill's sleeping bag. "Some one pull me out of here, you're losing a good man!" Bill's predicament was singular. Being directly under the air vent he got the first dose, and when he commenced to shift and turn around he made the opening larger, while the flap served as a first-class water chute. Bill was hot and that helped him from catching cold, and when I saw him the other day he told me that he does not think much of that kind of jokes.

The following morning, a bright and sunny Sunday, we followed the trail to Fish Lake, our goal for first permanent camp. It was a short ride of two and a half hours that brought us to the high point from where we could see the lake. A magnificent view opened up before our eyes, a panorama of sublime beauty. Deep at the far end of the valley glistened the long looked-for lake. Beautiful meadows filled the floor of the valley and patches of spruce and balsam were scattered in between.

With the assistance of glasses we made out two camps, one of white men and the other an Indian tepee.

Far over to the east loomed up Graves Peak, and somewhere over north, in among the multitude of peaks, must be the Lo-Lo trail of Lewis and Clark fame. One must possess the pen of Clarence King in his "Mountaineering in the Sierras" to describe the wonders of that landscape. It is a queer experience one has with really big impressions of that sort. To photograph them does not mean to reproduce. The artist's trained eye seems to forsake him here, or else paint and canvas will not yield to the task. Words come a little closer, but best of all is your mind's eye and the memory. There you ride again hour after hour striving for the high points in your trail. Around windfalls and over them winds the pack train until finally you reach a point where the woods get thinner and you bring up against the brink of a cañon. That's a time when life is worth living. So we rode down into the deep cañon, and when we came out near the camping ground we had a good mess of foolhens, a thing not to be sneezed at at any time.

The inhabitants of the nearby tepee turned out to be Tom Broncheau, an old Nez Perces and a friend of one of our party. That same day we lived high, for when we came back from our first day's fishing expedition with filled creels, preparations for an elaborate meal had commenced. Bob's ax had skillfully hewn slats and stakes for a table, which was in the course of erection, and the Herr Director had a beautiful fire going, while juicy elk steaks awaited the moment to be put in the frying pan.



Jerry Johnson's log cabin on Lochsa. Trail toward Lo-Lo trail leads over peak back of cabin. Place where Carlin party started on its fateful trip toward civilization.

In due time we sat down, and as father Homer says, "Gladly raised the hands to the meal festively prepared." 1897 Mayflower, water, sugar and lemon juice toddy à la Bill Nash, punk à la Bob, mountain trout, elk steak, fried onions and potatoes, coffee. Can you beat that? You bet not. When we were home again we had a ten-course dinner with all the tassels belonging to it, but it did not begin to line up with that Bitterroot Mountain affair.

It was an idyllic camp and an ideal one. The next day we had deer, the following elk, but the third had the big surprise for us.

During the day some had built a smoke house and jerked elk; now near dusk all had found their way back except Bill Nash and Paddie. But with the last rays of day gently floating down into the valley there appeared the two mighty Nimrods; Paddie with the bear's hide and Ragged Artillery lugging in the hams.

They were greeted with great deference, and after the usual drink of welcome were made to tell the story. Bill said it was simple. They had run on to the bear and killed him. But that wasn't Paddie's version. "You know," he said, between munching and chewing, "Ragged Artillery always said when he'd run into a bear he'd hit him in the neck, and by jimmina crickets, that's precisely what he did. We were working down our way into that cañon over across there, and when we thought we were down we found it had a false bottom. So down again we went, climbing over rocks and windfalls. We were just cooning a log when I sees a something coming along over another log. 'Bill,' says I in a whisper, 'there's a bear.' With that he sees him and up quietly with his rifle. Now Mr. Bear comes along over that log, but Bill waits on account of the buckbrush; finally he had a good aim, bang it said and the bear was off the log. We sneaks up and Bill says, 'He's dead, stick him, Paddie.' But thinks I he's playing possum maybe, and reach down and tickles him with the rifle in the nose. But when he didn't mind that I goes down and sticks him."

This narrative was accompanied by Bill's nods and dry cough. "I hit him where I aimed at and that did the business," he said. Have you ever noticed that the people who do things best in this world are the least to talk about it.

Before leaving this great camp we had the pleasure to meet a number of good people. There was a Mr. Brown from Philadelphia, who rode in from the Lo-Lo with a party, then came the three United State Forest Rangers, E. M. Clark, James Stuart and J. Dunham, who, as we know, had been fighting forest fires, which, by the way, were burning now near our trail. This meeting at Fish Lake was remarkable inasmuch as there were at one time sixteen people, or one more than a year's aggregate so far. The trail saw no white man before 1860 or 1870, and none traveled through there regularly up to two years ago.

It was night after supper when the rangers and Tom Broncheau came over for a friendly call. We sat around the camp-fire, that lit up the faces of our friends and visitors, while their bodies seemed to belong to the great unclassified all around us. Brightly shone the stars; no light, no warmth, simply to give the deep azure blue sky depth. But our camp-fire burned, furnished warmth and kept the frost away, while the floating smoke of the pipes put us in that peculiar mood for listening. It was Tom Broncheau and Jim Stuart, both Nez Perces, whom we had asked to tell us about the country and their people. Tom, in his even undisturbable tone, told us of his migrations and hunts, of the pemmican of old, and the bitterroot and Indian tea. He spoke of the days when the red children of the Great Spirit went over the Lo-Lo as far as Wyoming. That night he also spoke of Chief Isaac and his lost mine and how he and Jerry Johnson tried to find it again. James Stuart, too, proved to be a man of thorough information, especially with regard to history and folk-lore of his people.

The camp-fire blazed up and sent its light away into the branches of the spruces; near it only the faces of listeners were visible, while in the uncertain light the figures were swallowed up by the background.

Finally came the parting from our beautiful camp. The improvised smoke house was taken down and the jerked elk meat put away in some kajacs. We had been cautioned that the trail would be pretty bad, but our previous experience dispelled belief that it could be worse than what we had been over. It was another illusion, for the other piece of trail awaiting us was by all odds the worst of any. For miles we had that game of jackstraws in the shape of whole forests of large polepine burned and fallen over. It was simply incredible, and small wonder that we got lost twice that day, once temporarily and the last time for good. A diligent and business-like investigation the next day showed how it had happened. Riding through Lost Knife Meadows, a beautiful, cool spot with abundant water and vegetation, and about half way between Fish Lake and our intended next camp, Bear Grass Mountain, we had kept on traveling east instead of turning sharply to the left. It is indeed a peculiar feeling to be lost in a few hundred miles of wilderness, but we made the best of it. "If we are lost boys," said Billy Kettenbach, "this is not the worst place we could have picked out." And so it was. The day spent in retracing and finding the point of deviation was put in usefully and successfully in fishing and hunting. The next day's close brought us to Bear Grass Mountain, but here we were cheated out of game on account of a complication of obstacles, for in this camp we formed a practical but highly unpleasant acquaintance with forest fires and barely evaded another one with a snowstorm.

The first day had been strangely unsuccessful. Every one of us had seen many fresh tracks of elk, bear and

deer. The solution was furnished after dark when the sky was lit up with a raging forest fire directly below us. During the day the wind must have driven the smoke through another cañon. An investigation was started and we found out to our dismay that there were not one but three fires approaching our camp. There was nothing to do but hold out until morning, and that we did, fortunately the horses were corralled. That night was a peculiar one. From where we slept we could see one of the fires and every once in a while the wind would send over a whiff of the resinous smell of the burning timber.

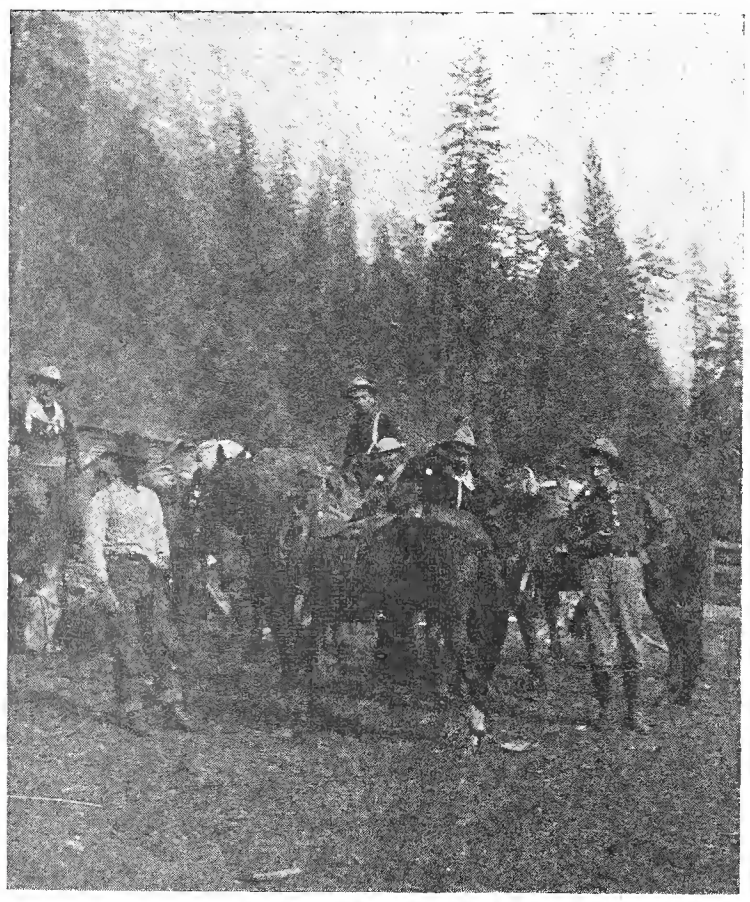
It was 4.30 when I woke up. Was it possible that the smoke could obscure the sun? That was not the cause, but then—. Then Bob woke up and saluted the day with a few of his highly ornamental epithets. "No," he said, "it isn't the fire, but look over there yonder and see what's coming." The wind blew in sharp, short jerks, heavy ice cold drops commenced to fall. "And what is that queer looking air that hangs over the mountains to the south like a dirty tarpaulin." "Snowstorm," said the guide laconically.

No time was lost that morning, and before 8 we were on our way to Johnson Hot Springs. "It is not very far, and once there we will be as safe as in God's pocket," quoth Bob.

So we rode on. Somewhat in a hurry, too, and with a strong feeling of uncertainty. If the snowstorm, which apparently was raging along the Craigs, should overtake us before we reached the Hot Springs there would be a possible delay of a week or more.

"They are shifting the scenery," said the Big Chief, "and I'd like to be in a sort of permanent camp before the curtain goes up."

But it all was not meant for the close of an act, merely a transformation on the open scene, for about 11 o'clock I espied a most welcome blue spot in the skies west of us, about the size of a silver dollar. That thing elaborated on itself until it became a sort of patch, and then



At Syringa Post-office, Aug. 22. Last station in civilization. An irrigated patch on the Clearwater where fruit is grown.

expanded with laudable energy into a deep blue sky. What a change that made in the landscape, not to mention in our own feelings.

That same day, afternoon, we rode into camp at Jerry Johnson's cabin, after having forded the Lochsa above the mouth of Hot Springs Creek.

Here we found company, Dr. Bryan and Mr. Wilford Allen, of Pullman, Wash., Mr. Richie and Mr. Bergen. These gentlemen invited us over into their commodious and comfortably situated camp, where we had a smoke with Mr. Bergen, who "set 'em up" to a cigar; sure enough a cigar. It made a profound impression on us.

Two days were spent resting up, bathing and fishing, and then on a Sunday morning began our long ride toward the Lo-Lo trail.

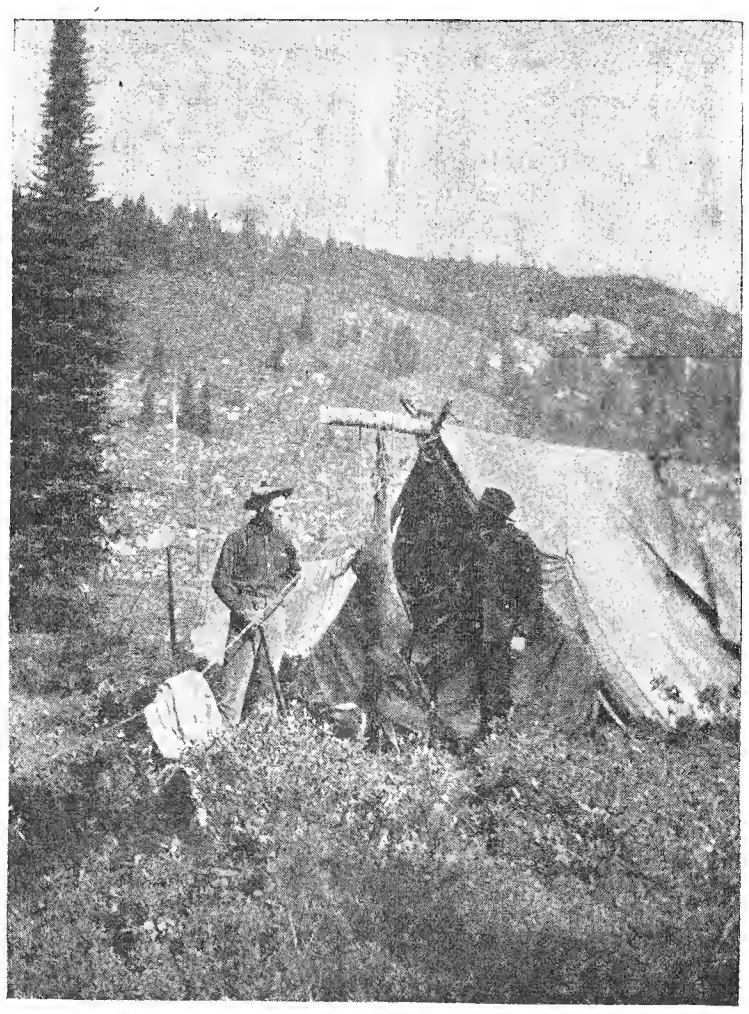
That day's march cannot be effaced from my memory. Climbing the steep mountain side we reached the high plateau and from there we could see away, away over deep cañons and a mass of peaks, the mountain saddle where the Lo-Lo was said to run. So far the trail only existed on a map little reliable, and we rode along through this perfect desert, following the guide who trusted his memory so that the occasional blazes only served as a sort of verification of his judgment. It was so intensely quiet that your voice sounded as out of a megaphone. But all things come to an end, even cañons and mountains, and soon making a sharp turn east we found ourselves on a clean cut, well blazed trail.

"Boys, we are on the Lo-Lo!" shouted Bob, and so it was. We were in the footsteps of Lewis and Clark, on the same trail over which traveled that dauntless band of men, who helped to find the natural boundaries of the United States.

At first water we went into camp, and when night came we counted six or seven big forest fires across the Lochsa country that we had traveled over. Two days later we forded this stream the last time, and soon came to Packer's Meadows, a beautiful meadow embedded in the foot hills near the Idaho-Montana State line. So we had reached our last camping ground and to-morrow was to be our last day in camp. The last meal was being prepared and then we squatted down to partake of the final effort of the Herr Director.

"Bob, where is the syrup can?" some one asked. "The last time I saw her she was hanging up on the ground."

The meal finished we corralled the horses, packed up our personal belongings and then, leaving the camp in



First fresh meat at camp, Fish Lake. Wm. F. Kettenbach and Robt. Willoughby, Guide.

charge of the Herr Director, Bob and Paddie, we rode out toward civilization.

Half a mile from camp we came upon the newly established State line of Idaho and Montana. A plain stone monument marks the spot and blazed bearing trees give the date.

By 1 o'clock we had the first signs of civilization. First a long corral, then a few heads of cattle on pasture, pretty soon some log houses, and then we knew that we had reached the upper Lo-Lo springs. The cows seemed a wonderful sight to us, but our admiration had no bounds when all at once we discovered two little children playing.

Of course it is ludicrous that a month and a half of the life in the wilderness should make one gaze with wonderment upon these articles of creation, but the fact remains that these children's voices sounded like heavenly music to us.

Not far away greeted us Lo-Lo Hot Springs Hotel, where hold out mine hosts Herman and Alvin Gerber. The hotel is a rustic affair, being the main building of a group of log cabins, bath houses, stables, general store, etc., all scattered along in a picturesque little cañon on the left bank of Lo-Lo Creek. While the hotel lacked some of the essential features of a hostelry, that defect was amply made up by the attentiveness and cheery manner of the two brothers. Indeed we were treated royally, which was the more remarkable as we had hardly enough money to pay our bill. But that was a matter of small import with Herman. On the contrary, if we needed money we could have it, besides, he would accompany us to town the next day and see that we were duly taken up at Missoula. At supper time we all assembled in the dining room, and I confess it was a funny feeling to sit down on a chair and eat off a table with a genuine tablecloth on. We also had had a tablecloth in camp. On the march it had served as a pack cover, and in camp the cleaner (euphonistically speaking) side was turned up to mark a tablecloth. A chemist would have been able to trace all bills of fare on it. Grease spots, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, syrup and beans had left their marks upon it.

The next surprise was our bed. A closed in room, with a whitewashed ceiling is no fit place to sleep in anyhow. You don't hear the whispering of the leaves, the gurgling of the waters, nor do you see the moon or the stars.

Late the following afternoon we reached Missoula, after a ride of forty miles, grimy, dusty and tired. Our clothes were left behand in Lewiston, so we sent our corduroys to the tailor, although the taxidermist would have been the proper person to take care of them. The bathtub and the barber chair, together with some new underwear and shoes, wrought wonders and soon we thought ourselves on the road to recovery from the wilderness. But that was a delusion, for when Albert and Bill Nash walked along the street I heard one citizen of Missoula say to another one "Wild West," and the other one "Yes, wild and woolly." But that was not the end of it, for when we passed a saloon one of the outhanging patrons comprised his views in the one word, "Prospectors."

Prospectors, that indeed is the limit; grubstaked prospectors from the Black Lead!

In the meantime, with the kind assistance of Mr. McLeod, of the Missoula Mercantile Company, we had been successful in raising money, and now planned a grand reception for our companions of the pack train. My, my, how they looked, I can't say that I was ashamed of them, for they were all too good fellows to be ashamed of under any cirmustances, but they did look just a little bit tougher than I thought possible. Bob's eagle-like proboscis stuck through the dust on his face like a mountain ridge when the snow melts away. But most of it came out in the wash.

At 8 in the evening the house served the best it could afford, and for the last time the boys were together. Mr. McLeod was our guest, representing his home city. Of course speeches were made, not the "I-don't-know-what to-say" kind, but sportsmen's expressions of satisfaction and good fellowship. For the last time Bob gave us the song of the "White Starched Shirt," and as the hours drew nearer that ended our common experience a faint undercurrent of sorrow at parting crept in. It was a wonderful experience, this ride of 400 miles through the wilderness, with our camps, hunting and fishing expeditions. None of us will ever forget it nor the good fellows that were with us.

So we waited on the platform of the depot at Missoula for the North Coast Limited. It almost felt like a funeral; there we were going to go back in our corduroys, high-tilted, leather-banded hats, only the bandanna had given way to a red necktie.

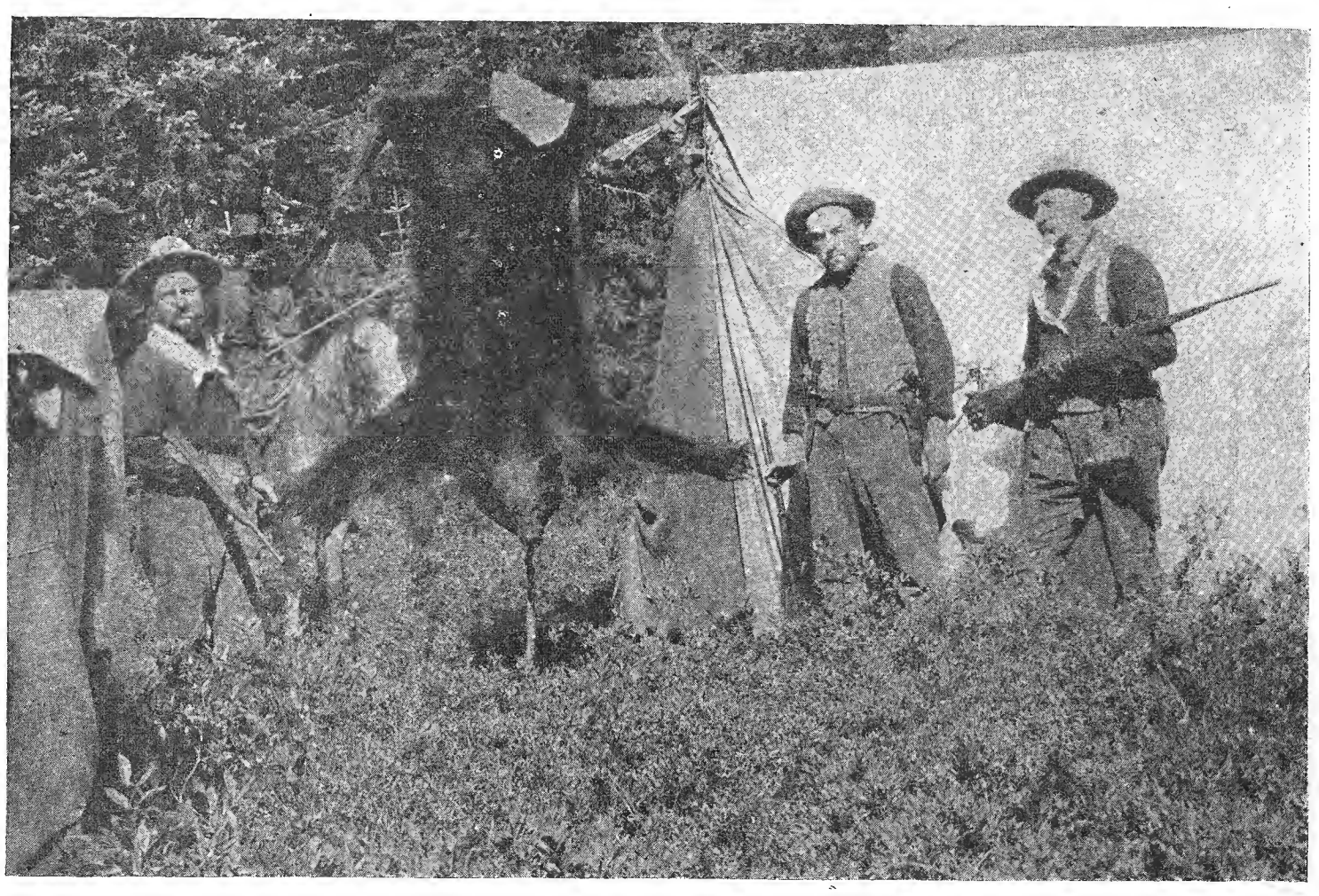
There, far away, the shriek of a whistle and the glaring headlight of the fast approaching train hove in sight. "Look ahead, Bob," said Billy Nash, "and see whether the trail is blazed."

That allusion was too much for Bob, one great big tear rolled over his cheek when he said, "I do hate to see you boys go." And then followed a great hugging and kissing just as though we were a lot of girls out of a boarding school.

But I am not ashamed to tell it; rather did we feel highly honored by this spontaneous outburst of affection. "All on board," called out the conductor; slowly our palace on wheels glided out into the night and soon the last faint view of our friends was swallowed up in the dark.

When we turned in for the night I took the "sky parlor," for Bill Nash declared that he was done climbing, and before going to sleep to the rhythmic clatter of the wheels, there passed before my eyes again these wondrous pictures of peaks and cañons, deep forests or burned tracts, there appeared again Fish Lake, its silvery waters, and over there our camp held what comforts the wilderness could offer; there rose up visions of our pack train, of the Lo-Lo trail of bear, cougar, elks and deer; all that and vastly more of which I have endeavored to tell a part to you, my kind and patient reader.

RICHARD LIEBER.



NASH'S FIRST BEAR.

Richard Lieber. Paddie the Hostler. W. T. Nash. Albert Lieber.

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Reminiscences of a Dog Trainer.

WEST POINT, Miss.—Imagine a beautiful country, eamed with narrow, fertile valleys, bordered by low ills, whose sides are grown up to sedge grass, plum nickets and sassafrass saplings, with here and there a ea patch or sorghum, also small bodies of woodland ow and then, and the reader will have a very fair idea f the country where, twenty odd years ago, Uncle Nat Jesbitt and the writer located to do our winter's raining.

Having been entertained at the beautiful and hositable home of that gifted Mississippian Pious Jeems, was due to his kindness and courtesy that we were so leasantly situated in a section of country abounding ith quail.

Remote as we were from the railroad (having only vo mails per week), and the town consisting of a few ross-road stores, we soon became acquainted with any congenial spirits, some of which have remained ietime friends.

It was our custom after supper to gather at the ores, where the evening was spent in having a good me. Looking back now, I wonder at our being able walk all day long and still be able to enjoy a social vening after our tramp; but we did, and such a thing s complaining of being tired was unthought of.

Training dogs in those days was a more serious matr and attended with much greater physical labor than t the present day.

Now a trainer gets on a horse, takes out a brace of ogs for a half hour to an hour's run, attended by a agon to haul the dogs, a driver, and often an extra an to help. When the "workout" is finished, the ainer hies himself to town, leaving the dog wagon to me in at leisure, and the assistant to put up the dogs.

Uncle Nat and myself had no such snap. Routed ut of a cold morning to dress in a room without fire, y the time it was good light, we were eating our reakfast, after which we cleaned the kennels, exercised few dogs that might require it, and were then ready r our day's work. This meant taking a dog each nd striking out for an all-day hunt, our objective point ften being ten miles or such a matter away. It was unt out and hunt back, always on foot, and as we elieved in those days in killing plenty of birds to a g, we were loaded with shells when we started, and ill heavier burdened with game on our return, for ere was abundance of quail everywhere, though we d some favorite spots where they seem to us to be ore plentiful than others.

Many an evening at sundown we have come out on the public road ten miles from home, and with dogs t heel, in swinging stride walked the distance quickly, ating our supper by lamp light, feeding and caring for e dogs when done, adjourning afterward to the store r an hour or two before we were in a humor for bed.

One of our diversions evenings at the store was to old kangaroo court, and much sport it afforded us. mong our many efforts in the way of amusement was laying ghost occasionally on the negroes. One night he ghost, who, by the way, was very fleet of foot, with efloured face and flowing robes, surprised a negro reacher at a particularly lonesome place in the road. he preacher gave one glance of horror, and with a oud "woof," started up the road at his best pace, the host right behind him. The race continued until ant of breath compelled the preacher to sink gasping n a log by the roadside. The ghost took a seat by im. The preacher edged to the far end of the log, he ghost hitching along after him. It was pretty ark, but the white face and sheet of the ghost were ot hard to see.

Finally, the ghost addressed the preacher, remarkng, "We come some, didn't we?" The preacher rolled is eyes in mortal terror, and replied, "Yes, Gawd, an' oon as I gets mah bref, Ise gwine to go some mo'." nd he did.

We tried possum hunting at times. Just imagine ramping all day and then going out possum hunting ntil midnight. We did it, with the only result that here was an increase in our appetites.

One morning I proposed to Nat that we go down to he old Rogers field, where I had been told birds were ery plentiful and a good open country. Nat agreeing, ve started after breakfast, laying our route through oe Reeder's field, where we always found four or five evies of birds.

Nat was hunting a black and white setter puppy, by Dash III—Countess Vesta, owned by Luther Adams, nd I had a red Irish setter. The dog Nat had, which as named Fred, was the most remarkable roader of unning birds that I ever remember to have seen. High-headed always, it for him only required to cross he scent of birds, no matter how much they had fed ver the ground, when up would go his head to the ody scent, and then at a gallop he would dash up and ocate them. Often when they kept running I have een his body turned so he was going sideways, while is nose was pointing to the running birds like a needle o the pole. So fierc was his onset when he went up o his game, one who did not know him would have elieved he would flush them, but he had no intention f doing so. I always believed that his swooping down s he did on running birds had the tendency to alarm hem so they quit running and hid, for I always noticed t was seldom that he failed to get them pinned the first vild dash he made, and if the first failed, the second vas almost a certainty.

It is strange that we do not see this class of work t the present day. Possibly the habits of birds have hanged so it is not possible; but I would like to see old Fred, or many other dogs I can call to mind, give n exhibition on running game and locating it.

We did not hunt the birds close that we found in Reeder's field, as it was convenient to home. In the Sadler place, the Irish dog pointed a bevy. Fred could not be seen, so we put the bevy up, each bagging a pair. The bevy split, part going in a thicket, the balance over a hill. In the thicket we bagged a couple of birds, and followed the others over a hill. The slope on the far side was covered with sedge grass, and sticking up about half-way down was the black head of Fred. The scattered birds from the bevy we had flushed had lit all around him, we putting up and killing several before we flushed the bevy he was pointing, out of which we scored another brace each. This bevy went to a piece of woods behind us, so we did not follow them. At noon we crossed the Pontotoc road and swung back toward the Rogers old field, arriving there about the middle of the afternoon.

To hunt a dog all day in those days was customary, and our dogs were as eager to hunt as at the start. When we had gone but a short distance in the field—which consisted of many hundred acres which at one time had been in cultivation, but now turned out to grow up in sedge grass and thickets except the branch bottoms which were still in cultivation, the fertile soil producing fine crops of corn and peas—the dogs found the first bevy. This bevy, when flushed, crossed to the opposite hillside and lit in the open in the sedge grass. In going to it we flushed another bevy, which took the same course and lit a little further on. Such an abundance of quail I never anticipated, or expect to see again. The dogs made point after point, until we were surfeited with the sport, and decided to trudge homeward.

Crossing a high hill covered with sedge, the dogs pointed. We walked up to flush the birds, deciding not to shoot, when up darted a woodcock, which Nat knocked over. A little further on the dogs pointed another, which I killed. Further hunting discovered others, until we had added to our bag a dozen longbills.

Leaving the field, we took the road, distributing a mess of quail here and there as we wended our way homeward past the farmhouses, until we had disposed of all our surplus birds. Arriving home, we found supper waiting us, after which we fed the dogs and made all comfortable for the night. Then we walked down to the store and related to our friends an account of the delightful day we had enjoyed.

While we had enjoyed to the fullest a rare day of shooting, we had also given both dogs, which were being finished up in retrieving, the experience that they needed to make them the useful sort. In those days we had better retrievers than is possible now, as they had more opportunity to learn.

Our method was to order the dog to retrieve from where he remained steady to shot, without rendering him any other assistance than a motion in the direction where we had marked the bird down, after finding which the dog came to us on a gallop, sat up and delivered the bird to us at the place where we had fired the shot.

A bolting dog in those days was unknown, because a dog got an opportunity to hunt all he desired, which removed all inclination to bolt. It is a mistaken idea that the dogs of the present day are any different in this respect (at the time their training is begun) from what they were then; the difference is in the method of training.

A number of years ago J. B. Stoddard came into the neighborhood where I was training, and secured an assistant of mine, who began working for me when a mere boy, to help him manage some bolting dogs. Stoddard had five, which bolted every time he took them out. He led them into the field on chain. He brought the chain back. The dogs came in when they got ready, for they bade him good-by the moment they were turned loose.

Stoddard turned the five dogs over to my man. In a week he brought three back to Stoddard following at heel behind his horse, carried them out in the field, showed that they were stanch enough to flush birds to their points, steady, and would back. Another week put the other two in the same shape, accomplishing in two weeks what Stoddard failed to do in the best part of a season. So much for the old methods versus the new.

W. W. TITUS.

Points of View.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The point made by Mr. Flint Locke is one that was needed, and that gives a valuable hint to some of the contributors to FOREST AND STREAM. FOREST AND STREAM. has some charming correspondents, of whom we can scarcely have too much. Cabia Blanco, Lewis Hopkins, Charles Francis Holder and such writers, who tell us something unmixed with egotism, are always delightful. But the man who imagines, because he feels a new emotion at sight of nature's wonders, that he has discovered a new species of the genus homo, and who uses nature only as a background upon which to portray his own superfine sensations is a bore. FOREST AND STREAM prints too much fine writing of that kind; and its editorial comment upon Mr. Locke's article entirely misses the point.

There is something fascinating in the stories of pioneer days, when the hardy settler journeyed into the trackless West to make a home for himself and his family, without other provision for their support than his rifle and well-filled bullet pouch and powder horn; and when he brings down a buck, a bear or a buffalo you rejoice with him in the bounty of the wilderness. But the man who slaughters one of those magnificent creatures, not from any necessity, but to demonstrate his own superiority over a brute and to bring home a hide or a head in proof thereof, is, to say the least, not more heroic than the savage Dyak headhunter. The savage head-hunter creeps through dense tropical jungles, at night and alone, into an enemy's village, armed only with a knife, to take the head of a man, his equal in power and cunning. The civilized head-hunter betakes himself in a sleeping car to the home of his victim, armed with a high power magazine rifle, employs a guids to lead him to the spot, point out the game and stand by while he assassinates an inferior creature safely at long range.

The savage himself prepares his trophy by stripping it clean to the bone. Our hero resorts to a taxidermist, who takes the gruesome relic, cleans off the gore, extracts the sunken eyes, inserts the painted glass, and almost re-creates the fires of life, for which work of art our hero assumes the credit. But who shall say that, as a specimen of nature's divine handiwork, it excels the glistening white skull mounted upon the lintel of the Dyak hut? The difference, as the editor of FOREST AND STREAM would say to Mr. Locke, lies solely in "the point of view." Our critical editor reverts to the primitive man for his model of ethical and æsthetical excellence; the Dyak is, therefore, the better model. According to his philosophy, Solomon was not wise, but simply old. His "point of view" was too far removed from that of the primitive savage to be worthy of consideration. From this "point of view" the editorial strictures upon Mr. Locke's logic seem to be unanswerable; and the editor's system of ethics to be as accommodating as it is uninspiring.

R. B. STIMSON.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., June 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My college mate and very dear friend Charles Hallock, Esq., whom you well know, sends me a copy of your June 17 issue, with its first article on "The Sport of Hunting," marked to express, I suppose, his sentiments on a subject about which we have a friendly difference, and as the subject is of wide interest and importance, affecting the conduct even of our President, and as its discussion is in a line with your work, will you allow me to make my observations upon it through the medium of your always readable pages?

The writer of the article in question assumes that the objection to killing wild animals in sport arises from the objector's "organic decay," from individual dogmatism and from "the declining appetites" and mature age. But, in this assumption, he goes directly counter to one of the most firmly established principles of Darwinian evolution. It is a great law of nature set forth by Darwin, Haecket and other leading scientists with wonderful significance, that the individuals of each animal species, including man, pass normally in reaching their maturity through all the preceding forms and phases, alike physical and mental, that their ancestral tribe in its evolution has passed through. Human beings, the same as all others, begin with a single cell, pass in the embryo stage through the adult forms of the animals below them—mollusk, fish, reptile, amphibian and lower mammal—and after their birth, through all the stages from the animal up that the human race has passed through. As infants, they go on all fours and utter only inarticulate sounds; in boyhood have their anthropoid stage of climbing trees and indulging in all manner of monkey tricks; arrive later at the period of savage superstitions and a savage's delight in the use of weapons and in killing other creatures; and only in their full maturity reach the stage of the highest civilized humanity, that of love for all God's creatures and of finding their highest enjoyment in the pursuits of peace.

Now, each of these stages is healthy as a transition stage—no evolutionist denies that, or "views it contemptuously"—but what he does assert is that each one is normally left behind as fast as the one above it is entered upon. There are some abnormal individuals, however, who stop in their growth all along the way, some at one place and some at another, and who never get to the highest one of their adult species, a shortcoming which is known to science as "arrested development." When it takes place before birth the result is human monsters; when in infancy, idiots; when at the boy stake, practical jokers; and when at the savage and half-civilized stage, the criminals, fighters, superstitionists and animal killers of civilized society.

The hunter's instinct, therefore, instead of being in our day the characteristic of the perfected man, is simply a case of arrested development, meaning thereby not that its possessor is undeveloped in his whole nature—for it is well known that one taste and one faculty may stop in its growing, while the others go on to maturity—but that the special part of him which takes delight in hunting is an arrested part; and while its gratification was all right ages ago, at our ancestral stage, as savages, and is right now among savage tribes and perhaps in half-grown boys, it is what the fully civilized man ought now to have got beyond, or at any rate, ought now to repress.

On the other hand, if science is right in this matter, and, as you see, my argument here is based on science rather than on sentiment, then the opposition to hunting for sport, instead of being the result of "organic decay" in civilized man, or "individual dogmatism," or of "declining appetites" coming with age, is, rather, the result of man's organic growth, is the attribute not only of the individual, but of the race, and is the manifestation of his evolved appetites—is "the verdict" to which the evolutionary as well as "ethical weathercock" through all the ages has been pointing.

A few words about its relation to nature. Of course, as your writer says, "the killing of wild animals is a racial instinct implanted in man by nature," and as he again says, "nature has implanted in our nature the capacity to hunt and kill with pleasure." But this is no defense, either ethical or scientific, of its indulgence now, no ground for asserting that "to denounce man as he exists naturally is to denounce the Omnipotence which gave him birth." There is no vice or crime which nature and Omnipotence have not implanted in us the capacity for, none which somewhere in the past they have not made a virtue, not even robbery and murder. Men are continually falling into the mistake of supposing that nature is a fixed condition, and that because an act has been natural and right at some stages of development and amid some surroundings, it must therefore be natural and right at all stages and amid all surroundings.

The very word, nature, however, means not what has been or is, but, as the future participle of *nascor,* that which is about to be, or about to have birth, is a word of progress, of evolution, of an ever better coming state. To know what is truly natural and Divine, therefore, we must look not into the past, or wholly into the present, but forward to see that toward which things are tending. The really natural man, the one who conforms in the highest degree to nature's laws, is not the savage finding his pleasures in the pursuits

of savagery—that is, for one of them, in hunting and killing—but the most advanced civilized man, finding his pleasures in the pursuits of civilization and in the activity of what is highest in his own human nature, the one who has conformed to Tennyson's counsel:

"Arise and fly
The reeling faun, the sensual feast.
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

I have based my argument thus far on science alone, but it has also its side of sentiment, and of a sentiment not apart from science, but which science justifies and includes. It is a fundamental principle of Darwinism that all animals on the earth are of one primal stock; that all life, from that of the lowest monod up to that of lordliest man, is one life, a spark of the Infinite Life; consequently that we are all relatives, "distant relatives," to be sure, as Mark Twain said when he wept at the tomb of Adam, "but still relatives," and to take away in sport the life of any creature, that which is its most precious possession—what is it, even from the scientific point of view but a form, one form, even if not the worst, of robbery and murder?

Then as regards sport, manly sport. Your writer speaks of those who have "disliked to hunt" as "effeminate men," "timorous souls," those "who among the Indians of our day are rated as squaws and treated accordingly." But I cannot see what manliness there is in a person's going out into the woods armed with all the protections and appliances of modern art and invention to kill a creature which has only its own bodily powers for its defense and escape, or how any man of culture and sensibility can find pleasure in giving any creature pain. All honorable sport implies some equality between the parties engaged in it, and some willingness on each side for the encounter. Even the lowest street urchins cry out against the bully who assails a boy smaller than himself. But what equality is there between a hunter with his repeating rifle, invented and made for him by some other man, and a bird or innocent deer, or even a Colorado bear equipped only with its wings and feat and teeth? Last Feb. 22 four stout men, armed with guns and accompanied with four large dogs, passed my door on their way to celebrate the birthday of "the Father of their Country" by shooting out in the woods little chipmunks six inches long, and they called it sport! Well, it may be, as your writer says, "the vagary of the sewing circle, the overfed stomach and of advanced senility" to have no sympathy with such killing; but to my mind it is a vagary which is manliness itself as compared with the virility of six feet of hunter and a Winchester rifle against six inches of squirrel and a set of teeth. In the days of the cave-dweller, when killing was needed for food and defense, and when man had reached only that stage of development suited for it, there was some equality between the parties—the cave-dweller on one side with only his club, and the cave-bear on the other with only his claws. And let the defender of killing now go forth similarly matched, and we of "the sewing circle, the over-full stomach and advanced senility" will look complacently on the encounter and will not say one word against any sport in it that the hunter so armed may be able to find.

True it is, as your writer says, that "every age has had its groups whose forces were against what is, whether what is was government, society, science, religion, creation or ordinary peace of mind." But this fact only justifies the opponents of hunting. It is the method of all progress. The whole of our race cannot be in the advance. A few, to start with, rise up in every department of life through whom the forces of evolution manifest themselves; a few who first catch the fuller light and the larger view. It is so now with regard to the treatment of animals. In past ages such persons were put in prison, burned at the stake, tortured on the rack for their forwardness by their slower fellow men. Now they are only called names—"effeminate," "squaws," "timorous souls," "theorists," "dogmatists" and the like. But by and by, in spite of the ridicule and persecution, other men rise up and join them on the same level, and eventually the great majority of men take the larger view, see the brighter light and do honor to the once despised leaders,

"For Humanity sweeps onward,
Where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas
With the silver in his hands.
Far in front the cross stands ready
And the crackling fagots burn;
But the hooting mob of yesterday
In silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes
Into History's golden urn."

All this I write, as my friend Hallock knows, not as an attendant of "the sewing circle," or devotee of "afternoon tea and cake," but as a lover of nature and of out-of-door sports and of a rough-and-tumble encounter now and then with out-of-door forces. But I find the camera a better means of getting acquainted with nature than the shotgun, and a finer pleasure in winning the favor of animals than in winning their fear—more satisfaction in the song and live motions of birds and beasts, always so full of poetry and grace, than in their silence and motionless death, always the dreariest prose. And when I want a real test of the manhood that is yet left in me amid even "the senilities" and "organic decay" of seventy-three years, I find it grandly with my yacht out on the river, lake and ocean in an encounter, generally alone, with the foaming wave, the mad tempest and the lightning-armed storm-cloud, an encounter where surely the risk and strength are not all on one side, and where victory brings to the conqueror no cruelty and to the conquered no pain.

I like your paper, FOREST AND STREAM, because it includes in its field these finer sports, which involve no killing—is a weekly journal not only "of the rod and gun" but of the camera, sail and oar. I know well the Sugar Island on the beloved St. Lawrence River that you say in the paper before me is to be the scene of the canoeists' meet this present summer—can testify to its being a most delightful place. I hope that more and more of your readers will rise up to the pleasures of which canoeing is a type. And my ain in this article has been to show that it is the lovers of such pleasures, rather than the lovers of hunting, who occupy the viewpoint of our latest science and our truest manhood, and on the other hand, that it is those who find their sport in killing animals that are cherishing what the writer I have criticised calls "the point of view of an ash heap"—the ash heap in our human nature of old, burnt-over troglodyte appetites and tastes.

JOHN C. KIMBALL.

GREENFIELD, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thoreau has said: "If anything ail a man, so that he does not perform his functions, if he have a pain in his bowels even—for that is the seat of sympathy—he forthwith sets about reforming the world." To a certain extent the above would seem to apply to two members of the great FOREST AND STREAM family—Brothers Flint Locke and Stephen P. M. Tasker, Their argument against the killing of game does not prove that it is wrong to kill wild animals for sport, but that their own personal opinions have changed, and that they have come to consider it wrong. Could their argument be inculcated into the mind of every individual in this country, how long would it be before we would become the prey of every land and property-grasping country on the face of the earth? This doctrine may seem irrelevant to the one advanced by them, but such an argument as theirs looks like a step toward the element which would dispense with an army and navy, because these instruments of government might some day be the cause of somebody getting killed.

It would seem that it would be an unfortunate day, indeed, for our country, should its citizens come to one mind that the killing of wild animals must cease. It is well known by those who are at all familiar with the subject, that living game is a far more difficult proposition for the marksman to hit than is the artificial target. The movements of game are more erratic and less machine-like than are those of artificial targets, because the game is endowed with natural cunning, and can think; but the artificial targets have neither cunning nor thought.

As I have said before, in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, the ability of a nation to retain its individuality and independence, depends absolutely upon its ability to defend itself. History proves this. The ability of a nation to defend itself in these days depends upon the ability of its citizens to shoot and hit the target! It must seem that a nation whose people are expert marksmen on animated targets must be superior in warfare to those who have had practice only on inanimate targets. The proof of this is right before our eyes to-day. The Japanese had absorbed knowledge and practice in this respect in their war with China, when their targets were living men, and they are demonstrating to-day the result of that experience in the magnificent manner in which they have thrashed Russia. The Japanese can shoot straight—the Russians can't.

Now we don't want to wait and get our practice on the living men of an enemy. We can utilize time to advantage by putting our wild animals up, under wise game-law restrictions, as targets. It is no hastily arrived at conclusion on my part to say that I believe it to be a duty we owe ourselves to propagate game purposely that we may kill it for sport and profit. Not financial profit, but the return in good marksmanship, which practice gives, on living things.

Should vivisection be discontinued, and the valuable knowledge which results therefrom be thrown overboard because somebody happens to be shocked by the flow of blood, and the look of suffering in the tortured animal's eyes? It is tough to look upon, I admit; but there is not one-tenth of the suffering caused in the hunt as there is in vivisection. We do not butcher our domesticated animals for the sake of inflicting torture, nor have we a fiendish desire to be cruel. We kill them for food. We can use our wild animals to better advantage than this, and it is my opinion we do.

The return we receive in seeking game with rifle and gun is in becoming acquainted with new scenery and surroundings; in different food and congenial companionship round the camp-fire; renewed health and vigor, and, above all, in that proficiency of marksmanship which makes for the protection of home and fireside, saves our country from the haughty and arrogant grasp of robber nations, and from other national humiliation, because more eloquently than words it proclaims, "Hands off!"

To call President Roosevelt "an educated bulldog," simply proves the unfitness of the Massachusetts official who did so for the position he holds. The sentimental donkey who would bray such an asinine opinion to be world simply proves that "fools are not all dead!"

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

WHITNEYVILLE, Conn., June 18.

Breeding Game Birds.

BOSTON, Mass., June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The by-laws of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association require that a meeting of its board of management be held as often as every three months, and accordingly a meeting was held on Monday evening with President Hinman in the chair. While no formal action was taken, many of the members being away, several matters looking toward future work were informally discussed. Mr. A. B. F. Kinney brought a report from Worcester that Professor Hodge now has eight little chick partridges in his aviary, which was pleasant news. The Association is much interested in the Professor's experiments in raising ruffed grouse in captivity. In fact, this has appealed so strongly to the bird committee of the Association that a few months ago a donation of quite a sum of money was voted to Professor Hodge to aid him in carrying on this line of work.

What will be the ultimate result of his efforts no one can say, but if it should be shown that partridges can be propagated in large numbers it will be a great boon to the sportsmen of all those States where the ruffed grouse is *the* game bird, as it certainly is in Massachusetts.

The writer has been told that quail (Bob White) have been hatched and reared in very considerable numbers in confinement. If any of your numerous readers can furnish full particulars of such rearing of quail it would be greatly appreciated, not only by your correspondent, but by a host of others.

Mr. Louis Morse, of North Attleboro, succeeded in raising a number hatched from eggs he secured last spring, but I believe only three reached maturity.

Mr. Wright, an enthusiastic sportsman of Rockland, Me., whom I visited in 1894, told me he had hatched both quail and partridge eggs and had been able to keep the chicks several weeks, but they eventually sickened and died. One quail he had laid sixty-two eggs in a single season. Whether Mr. Wright has been continuing his experiments since I saw him I do not know.

Mr. Cyrus A. Taft, of Whitinsville, informs me that he and his friends are so well pleased with the experiment they tried in putting out quail last December that they will try it again the coming winter. He says it is necessary to start in with the first snow and locate the birds and tole them to the feeding boxes. This he does by scattering chaff along between the spot where he finds the birds and the box. After the quail once find the feed they will come to look for it every day. CENTRAL.

Alcohol in Gunnery Practice.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The use of alcohol as an economic agent in army and navy service is being much discussed in military circles in the effort to determine what factors have most contributed to Japanese success in the Orient. Will you, therefore, permit an occasional contributor of yours, who claims the honor of putting up (in 1874) the first prize offered at a Creedmoor competition, to intrude herewith his ipse dixit?

From all the cumulative testimony which critical investigation has been able to procure, it would seem that the Russian efficiency was most seriously impaired by the service of the old-time grog ration, which was primarily given out to inspire courage, but whose value, if any, was more than counterbalanced by causing inaccuracy of aim in firing. There can be no doubt that alcoholic stimulants not only quicken the heart action, but blur the vision. Note the eyeball inflamed by spirits, how suffused it is with blood, and say if the aim of the piece can be accurate under such conditions? Mark the cardiac rhythm when the arteries are surcharged, and say if a heavy sea is not more steady than the human breast against which the gun is pressed?

It used to be an open secret at the butts in long range rifle shooting that the best shots were made after inflating the lungs by a long-drawn breath; and, although in naval gunnery the weapon is not in contact with the body in a way to be affected, there can be no doubt that the eye which directs the range finder, and the hand which presses the electric button to effect its discharge, are both pathologically disordered and deranged when put out of normal by an exciting agent.

C. HALLOCK.

Ontario Deer Winter Mortality.

JOHN KELLY, of Lindsay, tells the Watchman Warden, that he saw a thousand dead deer during the past winter while bush ranging in the French River district for a Saginaw firm. The habit of the deer is to keep to the runways and browse along them, but in this long, severe winter, the fodder close to the runways gave out, the deer could not travel through the deep snow, and then the animals starved. "I have traveled the woods a good deal in winter," said Mr. Kelly, "but I never saw such a depth of loose snow, nor such mortality among the deer before. I came across their dead bodies everywhere. Often they had waded out into the deep snow toward other trees, and overcome by weakness, sank down and died where they were. The lumbermen saved hundreds of deer. Hunger drove the animals right up to the camps, where they were not molested, but allowed to feed at the haystacks. I never saw a lumberman try to hurt one of them, but have often seen deer lying beside the stack chewing their cuds. This treatment and the horse feed littered along the cadge and draw roads have been a great help to the deer. Sometimes, however, even that help came too late. I have seen where deer had come across the oats left where horses had been fed in the snow. The starving deer had eaten the remaining oats, but died on the spot, because the big feed of grain was too much for it."

Quebec Moose Reports.

AYLMER, Que., June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following extract of a letter from Mr. Halstead Scudder, Mineola, N. Y., June 3, 1905, may be interesting to your readers: "I personally saw last fall on the Maganasippi River and tributaries twenty-nine moose, and a gentleman I had with me, who was north six weeks longer than I, saw fifty-seven. We have carefully preserved the game on our territory, and the killing has been limited to six or seven bull moose a year."

On June 9 Mr. Archie McLean, lumberman of the township of Eardly, P. Q., reported to me that he had traveled timber limits on the Kipawa country with two men for two months and they say that during that time they had seen at least 150 moose. He (Mr. McLean) is an old bushman, and he says that he never saw anything like it in his life.

The moose, red deer and bears are very plentiful in the counties of Ottawa and Pontiac, including the Height of Land. The latter is a very good country for caribou. The game laws, as will be seen by the attached letter, has not been amended last session. N. E. CORMIER,
Provincial Game Warden and Fishery Overseer.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.



An Outing in Michigan.

MONTHS of pleasant anticipation and a week of active preparation, found me quite ready to board the evening train of the Pennsylvania line on Aug. 5, in company with a friend whose destination was the same.

As the morning dawned, we found our train arrived at Reed City, in what had formerly been the heart of the pine forests of Michigan ere fire and ax had swept all away. We were interested in noting the great changes made in this section of the State since last over the route years ago, and ere we anticipated, found ourselves in Petoskey, with its steady population of about 5,000 augmented to over 10,000 by the influx of summer visitors. It has become quite an important business place, as the source of supplies to the villages and summer resorts of quite an area. Our train circled around the beautiful Little Traverse Bay, upon whose entrancing shores are located Bay View, Menonaqua, Roaring Brook, Wequetonsing, and Harbor Springs, with their pretty summer homes of thousands overlooking the waters of this charming bay, and having reached the last-named, then returned to Kegonac, near Bay View, and then northward, passing Round Lake, small, but pretty, the head of the chain of lakes that constitute the famous "inland route," and in a few minutes we were at Conway, our destination, and our train sped onward toward its terminus at Mackinaw City, while we were gathering our belongings and having them sent, my friend's to his summer lodge on the south shore of Crooked Lake, two and a half miles distant, and mine to Conway Inn, pleasantly located on the shore at the head of the lake, where I had engaged quarters for the season. From the porch one gets a fine view down the lake. On the right are the neat cottages of Messrs. Jewell and Anspaugh, of Cincinnati, and on the rising ground further back the Lake Home Hotel, and farm of the veteran Hastings, who was one of the pioneers of this region—then the handsome point covered with natural forest growth of maple, beech, birch, balsam, cedar, mountain ash, and a few lordly white pines. This is known as Cincinnati Point, having been purchased about twenty years ago by a party of Cincinnati gentlemen on recommendation of Captain Barnes, and upon which the club built six small cottages, which they and their successors have occupied every summer since. They also have a commodious dining hall and good boat house. Beyond the point are located several neat summer houses, with the woods in the background. On the left is moored a family houseboat, which is occasionally towed to other localities. Beyond this the neat cottage Wildemere, belonging to Mr. Stallman, of Columbus, O. Further along a picturesque log house in a cedar grove at the mouth of the pretty trout brook known as Town Line Creek; then, after an interval of another half mile, come in view the nearest of the row of pretty summer homes that occupy the entire lake front up to the steamboat landing at the village of Oden.

Looking beyond Oden, a distant view is had of Ponshawaing and thence across to the eastern shore of rising ground, with a few cultivated farms. Across from and beyond Oden is seen the large island of that name, the only one in the lake, the southern extremity of which is near the mouth of the Minnehaha, a famous stream for trout, and whose headsprings are some five miles distant in the hills, and following from thence the southern shore eastward about a mile, is found the outlet of Pickerel Lake. This outlet has been dredged so that small steamers and launches can easily go through. Between Crooked Lake and Pickerel Lake is this handsome thoroughfare of about a mile and about midway is a small oval pond of deep water, and quite well noted as a good fishing place. Pickerel Lake is quite a handsome body of water, almost entirely framed in wooded shores, and about one and a half miles by three in extent. Cedar Creek flows in at its eastern extremity, and is a good trout stream. From the head of Crooked to the head of Pickerel Lake is a good eight miles.

Crooked Lake is five miles long by two and a half miles in width at its widest part, about opposite Oden. Its outlet is Crooked River flowing northeasterly from near Ponshawaing by a very devious way through the forest some six or seven miles until it debouches into Burt Lake near the mouth of the famous stocked trout stream known as Maple River, and about two miles from the handsome Colonial Point Hotel on the northern shore, and about three miles from Sager's Buckeye House on the westerly shore, and about six miles from the Columbus Beach resort and Indian River Village at the foot of the lake. Burt Lake is over nine miles long and five miles at its greatest width, and is a very charming body of water, with generally high wooded shores, and is a famous resort for many from Columbus, Ohio, Pittsburg, Pa., and other localities. Its outlet is the Indian River, which, after five miles' run through the good duck marsh, discharges into Mullet Lake, the largest of the chain, and which is about twelve miles long and about five miles at its greatest width, and has a number of noted resorts on its beautiful shores, which are in the main, forest-covered, with here and there a cultivated farm. At the foot of the lake, where it debouches into the Cheboygan River, excellent bass fishing is found, as well as in the river which runs through about seven miles of attractive country, and after receiving the waters of Black River, the outlet of Black Lake, is quite a respectable river, emptying into the south channel of the Straits of Mackinac, at Cheboygan.

The appearance of the country through which this chain of lakes and connecting rivers pass, together with the fact that Round Lake is separated from the eastern extremity of Little Traverse Bay by sand dunes of only a half mile, indicates that all of both Emmet and Cheboygan counties that is north of this valley must have been an island at some time. The trip through—known as the inland route—by the regular little steamers Topinabee and Charles D. is very entrancing, and is well worth taking. A boat leaves the Oden pier every morning during the season, and goes through to Topinabee on Mullet Lake in time for dinner, and meets the boat there that started from Cheboygan at same hour, and after dining, each boat returns, reaching destination at 6 o'clock in the evening, thus affording an opportunity for passengers to transfer and go through, or to return by same boat. Many take this charming recreative trip several times during the season, and unite in extolling the beauty and variance of scenery of lake and river.

The best lake for fishing is Mullet, and the next best is Burt. In Crooked and Pickerel lakes the fishing is only fair, except for small varieties, although occasionally some good bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel are the reward of the persistent fisherman.

Having ascertained that to hire a rowboat would cost $2.50 per week, and as my outing would cover about ten weeks, I concluded that I preferred to have one of my own and be more independent, and had therefore scanned closely the advertising pages of FOREST AND STREAM to determine which to select. Having had considerable experience years ago with my canvas boat Wanderer, accounts of cruises in which were given in your pages, I was inclined to the advertisement of the King Folding Canvas Boat Co., and having sent for a catalogue, finally ordered a 11-foot special, with oars and single paddle and named Wanderer, to be sent by express to Conway, and two days after my arrival there it came to hand, and was soon put up and in the water and found to be quite satisfactory. During my ten weeks' stay, I was on the lake nearly every day, and would row with ease from six to twelve miles; and for a change of exercise would run ashore at some woodland road or path and walk from three to five miles, enjoying thus to the fullest extent the scenery of both water and land. Among the cottagers about the lake were a number of Cincinnati acquaintances whose invitations to call were frequently accepted, and an hour was thus often passed in pleasant converse and reminiscence. Twice every week the necessity of a barber required a row over to Oden, and then a stroll in that vicinity was always a pleasant episode. Nearby is a famous orchard that produces the finest and fairest of choice apples, and so prolific was the yield that they were sold at 20 cents per bushel at the orchard, or 25 cents delivered within two to three miles, and were shipped in carloads barreled. It is asserted that the hardest and best fruit is produced by grafting on the stock of the native mountain ash. During the season the two good-sized hotels at Oden were well filled with summer guests, and the wharf was active with launches and rowboats, starting out and arriving from different directions. The New Oden was discovered to be on fire at about 11 o'clock one night near the close of the season, and notwithstanding every effort made to save, was totally destroyed. It will undoubtedly be rebuilt in readiness for the coming season.

There is almost daily a good sailing breeze on Crooked Lake, and very frequently the wind comes up very strong and somewhat unexpectedly, and with its wide sweep causes considerable commotion, and the white-capped waves are very much in evidence. I was caught out on several occasions when it required hard pulling to make any progress against wind and waves, as the Wanderer was so light—55 pounds—and drew so little water, but by keeping her well headed up she rode the waves like a duck and shipped no water whatever. Occasionally I would vary the exercise in good weather by taking my single paddle, and after putting a sandbag in the bow for ballast, would seat myself astern and spend a couple of hours in paddling, Adirondeck style, from one side, with occasional change over, somewhat to the surprise of those who had never seen it done until then.

The water of this lake is clear and cold, and numerous are the spring rivulets that feed it. There are beds of water plants in several localities that afford habitats for fish and anchoring places for the still-fisher, and are almost always well occupied. Launches of many kinds are getting quite numerous, nearly every cottager having one for rapid transit, and for towing their rowboats when out on fishing excursions, and on fine days the lake has quite a gala appearance. Mine host Blackmer, of the Conway Inn, has quite a fleet of good row and sailboats for rent, and hardly a day passed but there came parties from Petoskey to spend a while upon the water in rowing or fishing. Another great attraction is the supply of pure and cold water obtained from numerous flowing wells that have been driven at both Conway and Oden, and is so much prized that it is taken in quantities to Petoskey and elsewhere, and the sign "Conway Spring Water Used Here" is not uncommon in the cities on the G. R. & I. line at restaurants and hotels. It is said to be absolutely pure, and is certainly very fine, and as cold as should be drank; and the amount that runs to waste would be greatly appreciated could it be piped to some city where it could be used in place of yellow Ohio River water.

I was asked to accompany a couple of gentlemen on a trip to Black Lake, southeast from Cheboygan, to be gone a week or ten days, during the latter part of August, and being ever ready for adventure or exploration into unknown localities, I gladly accepted their invitation. We took the early morning train to Oden, and there embarked on the steamer Topinabee, and were soon meandering through the crooked ways and the wild scenery of the tortuous Crooked River, enjoying every rod of the devious trip of from six to seven miles through to Burt Lake, and were then soon steaming up to the dock at the beautiful Colonial Point, and thence across to Sager's, having in the passage a handsome view of this fine body of water and its changing shores, and then a rapid run to Indian River Village in time for a very good dinner at the Alcore. After dinner we engaged Mr. Shafer with team and double-seated spring wagon and started on our thirty-five mile ride across country to the head of Black Lake, or, as named on some of the maps, Cheboygan Lake. At Indian River is the mouth of Sturgeon River, augmented near by the waters from Little Sturgeon River, and which are noted trout streams, and easily accessible. Our road northeasterly across the sandy pine barrens or plains soon brought us to the crossing of Pigeon River, a goodly stream, which empties into Mullet Lake, near to where debouches the Indian River, and has enjoyed the reputation of being prolific of trout and also for an occasional grayling. It certainly had an inviting look, and we regretted that we had not time to give it a trial, especially so inasmuch as neither of our party had ever had the good fortune to fish for or take a grayling. We passed on, but at least one of us made a resolve to visit the locality at some future time, and give it a fair trial.

For some miles our route was over sandy soil, with only gray pines to be seen, until, having crossed one or two promising looking trout streams flowing toward Mullet Lake, we entered a rolling country with fine hardwood timber, and with here and there a cleared farm; and after passing en route a couple of small hamlets which in due time will unquestionally be good towns, as the country becomes more settled, we reached the flourishing little city of Onaway, a railway town, just at dusk, and stopped at one of the hotels for supper for ourselves and team, and then continued our journey to the little hotel at the head of the lake. On inquiry, we found that a firm of wealthy lumbermen had rented the place outright for two weeks, and with their families and friends it was filled, to the exclusion of any others, and we could not be accommodated. Somewhat discouraged, we drove back to where the cross road ran parallel with the lake, and drove westerly until, coming to a lumber camp, we made inquiry, and were told that a Mr. Stewart, who had a farm near the lake, about a mile further on, might take us in, and arriving there at about 9 P. M., we finally induced them to do so, and during our stay of three days were much pleased that our lot had been cast with these pleasant people. The next day was spent on a nearby stream known as Stony Creek fishing for trout, and with fair success. A game of whist in the evening swiftly passed the time, and was followed by a good night's rest.

Next day, we took a boat and did some trolling and more exploring about the lake, catching some fish and enjoying the scenery. The following day we pulled down to the foot of the lake, and stopped for dinner at the neat log hotel kept by Mr. McKinnon and situated between where Black River enters and also makes its outlet. Here we found quite a number of fishermen guests, who had made very good catches of pickerel, wall-eyed pike, bass and perch. We engaged the little gasolene launch that is run in connection with the house, to take us with rowboat in tow to a point about five miles up on the northerly side of the lake, where we fished for a time, with poor luck, as the bass were not biting, notwithstanding that many were seen, some of good size. We caught some pickerel, and then went on an exploration tour of the shore and strolling through woods roads and paths at various points, and gradually worked down and returned to the hotel for a late supper. Next day we had the launch take us up to Stewart's landing, and we got our luggage and bade our hosts good-by, with assurances that they would be glad to have us come again; and went back to McK.'s and spend the afternoon in exploring the outlet.

The day following, a party of four having been brought in from Cheboygan, we arranged with the driver to return with him, and enjoyed very much the trip of fourteen miles down the Black River Valley, which we found entirely cleared up and occupied by prosperous farmers, with good buildings, and whose orchards were loaded with fine-looking apples. We passed Long Lake, about midway, which has a good hotel, and has been well-stocked with bass, and is bound to be quite a resort. Its outlet runs into Mullet Lake. Arriving at our destination, we put up at the New Cheboygan Hotel, remaining until 8 o'clock next morning, and then embarked on the Charles D. of the Inland Route Line, and steamed up the Cheboygan River, enjoying the scenery of this interesting waterway all the way through to Mullet Lake. Our trip through Mullet was very enjoyable, the high wooded shores and beautiful points being interspersed with an occasional farm and hotel and cottage pleasantly located, all adding to the attractiveness of the varied scenery. Parties angling from boats took pride in holding up for view their strings of fish, and withal the time swiftly passed, until our arrival at the wharf at Topinabee. Here we disembarked for dinner at the hotel, charmingly located, and tree-embowered, and then re-embarked on the steamer Topinabee, now making its return trip. We enjoyed the scenery throughout Mullet Lake, and Indian River, and then re-entering Burt Lake, passed on, and again through Crooked River, arriving in due time at Oden, and thence by train to Conway, well satisfied with our tour.

While the season was still open, in September, a party of five planned for a day's trouting up the Minnehaha, and taking our lunches along, we pulled four miles down the lake to the mouth, and then up the winding course of the river for about a mile to "the head of navigation," and leaving our boats, separated

and went to different points upstream, some taking one side and the others the opposite. Some distance up and we strike a clearing, where a party has a herd of about two hundred Angora goats, that appear to thrive on the browse found in the forest, and which return regularly to the ranch every evening and perch picturesquely on the stumps about. Further up, the cedar thicket is left behind, and the stream passes through a hardwood district easier to traverse. Returning, near dusk, upon comparing notes, we found about fifty trout of the legal limit of seven inches and upward had been retained, as the result, and the tired party were glad to again take boat and row back to the inn, where a good supper refreshed, and an evening at whist and pinochle entertained until retiring time. At breakfast the trout were nicely served, and all felt repaid for their exertion. At the hotel during the greater part of the season was a pleasant company, hailing from Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania, several of whom had made this their resort for years. It was my first season here, and as it proved a panacea whereby I escaped asthmatic hayfever, with which I had been afflicted the three preceding seasons, I arranged for storage of my boat and fishing equipment, and engaged quarters in advance for the next season, and on Oct. 15 took train for Cincinnati, after having had a very enjoyable outing.

E. S. WHITAKER.

CARTHAGE, Ohio.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, Mass., June 24.—Mr. C. A. Taft has just returned from a trip to Rangeley, where he says he found the fishing good. He tells me that Rangeley Lake is proving more prolific of fish for the last two seasons than the other big lakes. He succeeded in landing a 7½-pound salmon and a number of smaller fish.

Admiral J. K. Cogswell and wife, in company with Mr. Wm. A. Pierce and wife, of Portsmouth, N. H., enjoyed an outing of ten days at this lake and took fifty-eight salmon besides twenty-one trout, saving only as many as they wished for the table. The ladies of the party took several fish from 3 to 4 pounds in weight.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Halleck, of New York, have been taking their share of salmon, Mrs. Halleck securing one that weighed 4½ pounds. Miss Sophia M. Freedman, of Boston, with Gard Hinckley, guide, had the good fortune one day to net a 3¾ and a 5-pound salmon. Another Boston lady, Mrs. W. K. Corey, with Eben Harnden, guide, took a 4½-pound salmon. An automobile party from Newton, Mass., that has been doing the lake region, consists of Frank E. Stanley and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George Hall and E. M. Hallett and wife.

Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Malden, mentioned in a former letter, continues to enjoy the fishing, and has made a computation from the records by which he finds that seventy-four fish entered give a total weight of 284 pounds, an average of 3⅞ pounds each.

Mr. J. J. Brigham, of Springfield, Mass., with E. Hinckley as guide, has taken a 6½-pound salmon.

Several successful Boston anglers are Mr. Samuel O. Lunt, C. A. Hubbard, H. H. Chandler, Alexander Jackson, G. T. Howard and two sisters.

Dr. C. W. Packard, of New York; Prof. Wm. A. Packard, of Princeton, and Dr. Charles A. Packard, of Bath, are enjoying their annual outing.

Ed. Grant's stories and good fly-fishing are drawing many to Kennebago and Beaver Pond. In one of the parties at Grant's are some half dozen police captains and inspectors from the Hub. Just out from these camps is V. F. Prentice, of Worcester, with his guide, Bert Herrick. Charles W. Porter, of Lynn, has just gone into his camp at Dodge Pond, accompanied by his daughter and her husband, Mr. L. M. Atherton, of Boston.

Anglers from many cities are moving from point to point among the score or so of favorable locations made easily accessible by the extension of the railroad to Oquossock.

Our old friend, Hon. H. O. Stanley, who deserves to be remembered with gratitude by every devotee of the rod, has visited Moosluckmeguntic Lake. Mr. Clement R. Hoopes, of Philadelphia, takes home a 9-pound salmon with smaller ones. Billy Soule has had my esteemed friend, Col. C. E. Billings, of Hartford, at Pleasant Island camps for several days, and right sorry I am not to have been there at the same time. His visit calls to mind a few delightful days at Billy's two years ago, while the genial Colonel was there. A 7-pound salmon will give the guests something to talk about, and the Colonel something to recall with pride.

A 6½-pounder fell into John Fraser's net. Minnows prove more tempting than worms just now. As usual, when the Colonel left Billy's he made for Tim Pond, where trout, though not large, are never scarce. Two skillful fishermen from Brattleboro, Vt., W. H. Childs and C. W. Dunham, have taken a good number of trout from B Pond with flies. Some of your readers know this pond is accessible from Middle Dam and from Lakeside on Umbagog Lake. At Square Lake two Boston anglers are Messrs. W. E. Blodgett and N. A. Norcross. This resort is in great favor with anglers of eastern Maine. Many guests are there now from Houlton, Caribou and Bangor. Mr. McClellan, of Newark, N. J., recently had a novel experience on Cross Lake Thoroughfare, the result of which was when he returned with his guide after a day's fishing he had something besides fish to show, viz., a large lynx. A lad thirteen years of age, son of Dr. Boone, of Presque Isle, recently took a 6-pound square-tail from Square Lake, one of the favorite resorts in Aroostook county.

From Kineo, the "dramatis personæ" are somewhat changed, but the events are the same as for the last few weeks, the only difference being that fly-fishing is now the prevalent method. The Snyder and Mead party in a stay of ten days at Mr. Snyder's camps recorded 150 trout.

Messrs. F. W. Tufts, J. B. Thomas, F. B. Allen and J. L. Sneckner have been the representatives of New York anglers. Dr. F. H. Jenckes, of Woonsocket, R. I., has taken togue weighing 8 and 10 pounds. Several Bostonians, Messrs. John Riding, George C. Brooks and H. E. Raymond, members of the Moose River Reform Club, have had good sport, taking many large trout and togue.

Mr. C. W. Whiting, of Holyoke, and Mr. Lawson Ramage, of Monroe Bridge, have been to Cancongomock Stream where they got a good string of brook trout weighing from 3 to 4 pounds. They report seeing many moose and deer. They came so near one big bull moose they said they could have touched him with a fly-rod.

Mr. F. G. Crane, of Dalton, and Mr. H. A. Francis, of Pittsfield, have gone into the woods on their annual camping trip. Other visitors are Thomas F. Stoddard and bride, of Cohasset, Mass., on a honeymoon trip; J. W. Whepley, of Washington, D. C.; C. P. Russell, of Greenfield, Mass., and Mr. J. F. Russell, of New York; also A. F. Hanson, of Boston, and Fred S. Parker, of Bedford.

Another lake in high favor with the few who have visited it in years gone by and which is likely to become more widely known in the near future, is Onowa. From its waters Wm. A. Bradley, of New York, has recently taken a laker of 13 pounds.

CENTRAL.

Fish and Fishing.

After Salmon and Ouananiche.

EARL GRAY, Canada's new Governor-General, like his predecessor, the Earl of Minto, is quite a sportsman. In fact, there have been very few Governors of the Dominion, in recent years, who have not at least been followers of Izaak Walton. All, with the possible exception of the Earl of Aberdeen, made the acquaintance of some of Canada's salmon streams, while Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise, and Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, were skillful anglers. Few of them ever tempted the ouananiche, however. This is what Earl Gray proposes to do next month. First, he intends to have a few days' salmon fishing with Mr. Price, of Quebec, and early in July will try his hand for the first time upon the leaping ouananiche. On his way to Lake St. John, His Excellency and party will stop over at Lake Kiskisink as guests of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, to enjoy the hospitality of the beautiful club house there, and the splendid trout fishing in the adjacent waters. The invitation of the president of the club, ex-Governor Chamberlin, of Connecticut, was extended for him to His Excellency by Gen. W. W. Henry, United States Consul at Quebec, who will probably accompany the vice-regal party to the club limits and look after their comfort on behalf of the president and members of the club.

All the members of the Metabetchouan Club who were in camp some time ago have returned home, fully satisfied with their sport, which was of a very high order this spring.

The same report as to the quality of the fishing comes from nearly all the northern waters this year. Mr. A. W. Hooper, of Boston, killed a number of trout between 3 and 5 pounds in weight in the early part of June on the limits of the Nonantum Fish and Game Club. He reports that the early fishing above and below the new dam at the outlet of Lac des Commissaires was very good, and that he also killed very heavy fish in Big Ear Lake.

Lake Edward is so much the vogue this year that there are nearly fifty guides out at present upon the lake and surrounding waters with angling parties, all of whom are having good sport, the usual proportion of 4 to 6-pound fish having already been reported.

Mr. Walter Scott, of the Quebec Bank, Quebec, has been giving the lie to the indolent anglers who excuse the ease with which they take the big trout of Lake Edward with trolls and bait by the plea that it is not possible to catch them in any other way. Mr. Scott spent an evening in fly-fishing on the lake last week and returned to camp with a dozen beauties in his creel.

Salmon fishermen are hurrying down to their rivers on receipt of telegrams from the guardians to the effect that the fish are in the rivers. The height of the water in the early part of the month induced the belief that the fishing would be fairly early this year, and this has proved to be the case in most of the rivers. The nets are doing remarkably well along both coasts of the gulf, too well perhaps for the good of the rivers and of angling with rod and line, and salmon is cheaper on the Canadian markets at present than it has been for some seasons past at this time of the year. Montreal dealers quote it in their circulars at fourteen cents per pound.

Salmon Fishermen en Route.

Mr. Walter Brackett, of Boston, and Mrs. Brackett passed through Quebec on the 16th inst., en route for their camp on the bank of the Ste. Marguerite. Mr. Brackett was joined here by Mr. Hooper, who is sharing his salmon fishing this year.

On the branch of the same river fished by the Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club, several members, including Mr. Gard. Lyon, of Oswego, N. Y., are in camp, and at latest advices from the stream, were daily expecting the arrival on the river of other members, including Senator Proctor and the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Several members of both the Ristigouche and Cascapedia salmon clubs are already on their respective rivers, but the list of names has not yet reached me. Nor have any reports as yet of the nature of the fishing.

The commodious and elegant camp of Lord Mountstephen at Grand Metis, and the splendid fishing of the Metis River, which have been shared in past years by so many different members of the royal family of England, are at present being enjoyed by a party of New York financiers, including Messrs. John W. Sterling, H. E. Gawtry, George R. Sheldon and J. C. Bloss.

The first steamer crossed Lake St. John to the ouananiche fishing grounds of the Grand Discharge on June 20, the day upon which the Island House was opened for the accommodation of anglers. I have been told briefly that the fish in the Discharge are very plentiful, but that no very large ones have yet been taken. This fishing ought to be at about its best by the time that these lines appear in print. Dr. Watson, the well known Boston surgeon, and Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham have taken up their summer residence in their fishing camp by the side of the Grand Discharge. Among the first of the casual visitors this season to the Discharge was Mr. Geo. Donaldson, of Harrisburg, Pa., counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Salmon River Possibilities.

Considering the many unsatisfied demands for salmon fishing that come from every part of the United States and Canada, it has rather surprised me that there has been so little comment upon the Maine salmon proposition contained in the letter of March 15 last addressed to FOREST AND STREAM by Dr. Robert T. Morris, of New York. Do not the American anglers of means, who have sought in vain for salmon fishing in Canadian waters, realize the opportunities which the doctor has brought to their notice? Personally, I am unacquainted with the rivers to which Dr. Morris refers, but I have friends who know at least some of the streams in question, and I know enough of the general plan proposed by the doctor, and of the satisfactory manner in which a somewhat similar one has worked in the case of well known Canadian waters, to feel perfectly satisfied that there is "a good thing" in both speculation and salmon fishing, in the suggestions of Dr. Morris.

For the sake of emphasizing let me briefly recapitulate the contents of his letter. He tells us that the first six rivers to the west of the St. Croix River in Maine are all natural salmon streams, and that a few salmon ascend as far as to the dams every year still, in spite of sawdust and slabs. As an illustration of the fact that the country has been lumbered so thoroughly that the mill properties can now be bought at rates which would allow salmon fishermen to take charge of both the mills and the streams, the doctor declared that he had the offer of one mill property, together with control of all of the salmon water and several thousand acres of culled timber land that will become valuable again, for about $20,000.

He tells us that he would have seized the opportunity himself, were it not that he has so many other interests that it would have been impossible to give the time to the development of this stream.

For those who are totally ignorant of the character and cost of salmon fishing—like the party who recently wrote to a friend in Canada asking for a list of salmon rivers for sale, and saying that a party of his friends, twenty-five in number, desired to buy one at once so that they could erect a camp on it in time for the fall fishing—$20,000 may seem a good deal of money. To anglers who know something about salmon fishing and its present cost, the sum mentioned will appear quite moderate, even without the value of the land and mill and growing timber. Mr. J. J. Hill pays $3,000 a year for the lease of a river that is so far away from Quebec down the Gulf of the St. Lawrence that he goes down to it in a steam yacht. I have a friend in Quebec who pays $2,500 a year for a defective title to the fishing of another river, which he has not been able to visit for some years. As much as $25,000 in one case and $30,000 in another have been paid for single pools of the Ristigouche. Close upon $9,000 annually is received by the Government of Quebec as rental of only a portion of the fishing in the Grand Cascapedia; and a single share in the Ristigouche Salmon Club, carrying with it the fishing of only one rod, has a market value of from $10,000 to $12,000. I know a Boston angler who has refused an offer of $75,000 for the riparian rights to the fishing of a river controlled by him.

Outside of the Penobscot there is scarcely a river in the United States that can rank to-day as a first-class salmon stream. The rivers referred to by Dr. Morris—one of the leading authorities on the subject—can be made excellent salmon streams. I know what protection has done for certain Canadian rivers—the Jacques Cartier, the Murray and the Ste. Anne des Monts, among others—and I know that what has been accomplished upon this side of the international boundary, can be done just on the other side of it, too, under the conditions mentioned by Dr. Morris.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Charles Hallock which recalled this matter to my attention. Mr. Hallock has knocked about the neighborhood of the rivers in question quite a bit since 1859, and appears even more enthusiastic about the matter than the doctor it. He tells me that he has eaten salmon out of the Dennys River all summer long, and no longer ago than 1898, and that he also knows something of the other five rivers referred to.

There are many men of wealth and affluence paying inordinate sums for Canadian salmon fishing, who might, at a comparatively small cost, control excellent fishing of their own after a few years of protection; and such opportunities can be had upon both sides of the international dividing line. But I know of no present proposition to compare with that of Dr. Morris, and it is sincerely to be hoped that a few men of ample means will be found to come forward and undertake the great achievement of restoring these streams to their original beauty and value and of accomplishing so desirable a project of rescue and rehabilitation.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Capt. Gregg's Shark Story.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was greatly interested in Captain Gregg's shark story, told in your issue of June 24. That is a true story. I know it, because I have heard it, with thrilling variations, ever since I first went to sea, in 1848. I believe in survival of the fittest, and the story that has lasted as well as the one in question must be true. Besides, I have met scores of men who had been eye-witnesses, also a great many who had turned the identical grindstone. For further proof I have seen the very jackknife myself. It had had some half a dozen new blades and several new handles, but it was the same knife all right. Tell us another one, Captain Gregg. How are you off for weather in New York? We have a surplus here, hot and moist, but the fish bite well. TARPON.

Texas Tarpon.

TARPON, Tex., June 15.—The one-day tarpon record is now held by Mr. L. G. Murphy, of Converse, Ind., who, on June 13 (Tuesday), succeeded in bringing to gaff twenty-four. The tarpon catch to date for this place is 960. J. E. COTTER.

The Spirit of It.

SALMON fishing is indeed a passion, and the appetite once implanted almost invariably grows rapidly to the end on the very little indeed that it nowadays has to feed upon. Look at that otherwise sensible person, standing midway in the gelid Tweed (it is early spring or latest autumn, now the only seasons when there is a chance), his shoulders aching, his teeth chattering, his coat-tails afloat, his basket empty. A few hours ago, probably, he left a comfortable home, pressing business, waiting clients and a dinner engagement. On arriving at his "water," the keeper despondingly informed him that there is "nae head (shoal) of fish," although at the utmost "there may be a happenin' beast." But in his eagerness and ignorance he knows better than the keeper, and there he is at it still, in his seventh hour. The wind is in his eye, the water is in his boots, but Hope, the charmer, lingers in his heart. To many this is a marvel, considerably greater than that which Byron stated and explained:

"Though sluggards deem it but an idle chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair
The toilsome way and long, long league to trace,
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated ease can never hope to share."

For surely it is still more marvellous that men should quit not only their easy chairs, but their native element, in pursuit of something which they very seldom obtain, and which is to be got at home for a twentieth part of the money and no trouble at all. It has been maintained, though not perhaps in cool print, by men of sense and sobriety, that the thrill of joy, fear and surprise (nowadays surprise is the predominant emotion) induced by the first *tug* of a salmon, is the most exquisite sensation of which this mortal frame is susceptible—whether he comes as the summer grilse, with a flash and a splash; or like a new-run but more sober-minded adult, with a dignified and determined dive; or like a brown-coated old inhabitant, with a long pull and a strong pull, low down in the depths. But this is a satisfaction with which the angler must often dispense; and after having toiled all day and caught nothing, he turns, soaked and shivering, to his hut, seeing in his mind's eye his disapproving wife, his unanswered letters, and especially his vacant chair at the board of the friend whose good opinion and better dinner he has recklessly forfeited. For a moment the inclination seizes him to say with Touchstone in the forest, "When I was at home I was in a better place." But it is but for a moment, and then follows a complete reaction. Everything he sees or tastes near the riverside seems better than better things at better places—bad whiskey than the best claret, braxy mutton than the choice of Leadenhall, the conversation of an unintellectual boatman than the best *mots,* and the repose on the pallet of straw sweeter than often visits beds of air or down. Come how it may, come it does, that the memory cherishes and chuckles over the discussions, the jokes, the incidents of times like these through many dreary years, when multitudes of things, doubtless much less worthy to fade, have been utterly forgotten.—Quarterly Review.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

THE Board of Fishery Commission met at Bellefonte Hatchery on Tuesday and received Commissioner Meehan's report of the work done by the Department for the six months ending May 31. According to the report a vast volume of work was accomplished. From Dec. 1 to June 1 there were hatched and distributed from the five hatcheries 145,157,918 fish, with probably several millions more eggs hatching after that date. From all appearances, at the end of the calendar year the output will exceed any year in the history of fishculture in Pennsylvania, and exceed by many millions the best efforts of any other State last year. Of the fish hatched and distributed the last six months 124,079,000 were whitefish, lake herring, wall-eyed pike, and blue pike; 8,950,000 pickerel, 8,800,000 brook and lake trout, and 3,326,900 shad. The remainder were fish transferred from one water to another. The shad were hatched from eggs gathered by the United States Bureau of Fisheries, and in the Terresdale hatchery, under a joint agreement between Pennsylvania, New Jersey and the United States, each doing a share of the work. The United States withdrew on June 1 and subsequently Pennsylvania, with the co-operation of New Jersey, hatched about 1,000,000 shad, which are not included in the above figures.

The fish wardens were as vigilant and active as the superintendents of hatcheries. During the six months they made 202 arrests and secured 185 convictions, and the imposition of fines amounting to $3,920. Seventeen cases were discharged and seventeen defendants went to jail, nine in lieu of payment of fines. A number of cases were appealed to the county courts during May, and are as yet undecided. One case which went against the Department in a county court has been appealed to the Superior Court.

Of five cases appealed from the lower to the Superior Court during the year 1904 two have been decided, and both in favor of the Department of Fisheries.

For the first time in the history of fishculture pickerel have been hatched at the Wayne County hatchery, and the Department has apparently completely succeeded in rearing frogs and breeding therefrom. The success was achieved by Superintendent William Buller.

Preparations are being made for greatly increased work next year. Extensive repairs are being made to the Corry hatchery, and about two dozen nursery troughs are to be constructed. About thirty trout ponds, 36 feet by 15 feet, are to be built at Bellefonte, besides about fifty nursery troughs. Six trout ponds, a large-mouth black bass pond and a frog pond have been built at Wayne. A large pond for Oswego bass is projected, and between fifty and seventy-five nursery troughs are to be built. At Torresdale there will be built this summer two large ponds and at least ten nursery troughs. The nursery troughs named each have a capacity of from 20,000 to 30,000 small fish.

The Board of Fishery Commission on hearing the report of the work accomplished in hatching fish, unanimously adopted a resolution expressing its high appreciation of the services rendered by the various superintendents. The Board also confirmed the appointments of William Haas and W. H. Safford as superintendents of two of the three new hatcheries authorized at the last session of the Legislature.

Vermont Fish and Game.

SHELDON, Vt., June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is some months since I sent you any fish and game items. It is perhaps just as well, as your space has been taken up by younger correspondents who look on us "old fellows" as old fogies. We may have forgotten more about these subjects than they will ever know, though it may be hard to make them believe it. If we could only get these young friends to take up the experience of our lives as we arrive at the end, it would in many instances be of benefit to them. But no. They must get the experience themselves and in after years arrive at the point where we were long before. It makes us smile to hear them come out with, to them, some new fact, one that we have known all about for years.

As for general items of fish and game here in northern Vermont, we would say that some good catches of trout have been made in waters where there is no sawdust. Very many of our best trout streams are now but a thick solution of water and sawdust, and the shores a mass of rotten, reeking, disease-breeding filth. How long will our Board of Health allow this? Typhoid fever is in many localities becoming a more common disease than consumption ever was, and it will continue to increase until this contamination of our waters is stopped.

Deer are to be found in every neighborhood, and also fox hounds that have learned to run deer, though the local game wardens are thinning out the numbers, and will continue their good work until the owners of these dogs learn to keep them confined during the spring and summer months. Most of the does seen are barren, which is caused by being run by dogs when heavy with young.

The cold, wet season will undoubtedly make the crop of ruffed grouse a short one. So far we have seen but very few broods of young grouse. Saturday we found a grouse sitting on a nest of twelve eggs, a most unusual circumstance for this season of the year, June 17.

We saw numerous coon and mink tracks in that vicinity, also fresh bear signs, and also saw an old moose track. A caribou has been seen in the Diggings woods in Lamoille county.

Public opinion is gaining ground in this State in favor of more stringent laws for fish and game protection, and at the meeting of our next Legislature there will be more stringent laws passed to help on the cause of fish and game propagation and protection. STANSTEAD.

Some Big Fish.

WHAT is the record for big fish taken with rod and reel? There are some data of recent exploits. At Key West, Fla., Feb. 26, 1905, Maj.-Gen. H. C. Merriam, U. S. Army, retired, took with rod and reel a sawfish which was 14½ feet in length and weighed 420 pounds. The time taken to subdue the fish was 2½ hours.

Another notable Florida capture was that of a shovel-nose shark by Mr. Thomas Henry Burchell, of New York, at Palm Beach, in March, 1903. As told in the Palm Beach News of the following day, this was the story:

"Something remarkable occurred off the pier yesterday, which was the spectacular catching of a shark with rod and reel by Mr. Thomas Henry Burchell, of New York. The shark weighed nearly 600 pounds, and measured 8½ feet. When the fish first took the hook Mr. Burchell thought it was a jewfish, and he worked to get it in, but had to go from the pier and worked with it as far as the Styx and back again, playing the line in and out. The line was only 21-strand, and great skill was used in handling the line, which was considered by the large gathering on the beach one of the finest pieces of work ever seen. It just took 70 minutes to land the fish, and it was then perfectly dead from overwork. Mr. Burchell's reel has a 70-pound drag attachment, which was a great aid in tiring the shark. It is not necessary to say that this is the first time a fish of that size has ever been caught with rod and reel. There were 150 people watching the exhibition."

Mr. Burchell himself adds these particulars: "I believe this was the biggest catch on record without the assistance of a boat. The shovel-nose was hooked at the extreme end of the pier, which is 1,006 feet long, and worked in and finally landed on the beach about 500 feet from the pier. The line was a Cuttyhunk 21-thread, tarpon rod and Julius Vom Hofe reel, 600 feet, with Rabbeth handle drag. The Styx mentioned in the article is a small village about one-fourth of a mile up the beach from the pier. The shark was landed in one hour and ten minutes, completely played out. Weight about 600 pounds; eight feet six inches."

In September of the same year Mr. H. C. Dodge, of this city, while fishing off Plum Island, with rod and reel, and 15-thread bass line and gut-snelled hook, hooked a six-foot shark in fifteen fathoms of water, and, after playing it thirty-five minutes, brought it in close to the boat where Capt. Lee Beebe got a noose on its tail and towed it ashore.

American Fisheries Society.

APPLETON, Wis., June 7.—The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held July 25, 26 and 27, at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., a cool and comfortable summer resort. The place of meeting, aside from being historic, affords a quiet place, giving full opportunity for discussion of the various subjects brought up before the Society. The objects of this Society are "to promote the cause of fishculture; to gather and diffuse information bearing upon its practical success, and upon all matters relating to the fisheries; the uniting and encouraging of all the interests of fishculture and the fisheries, and the treatment of all questions regarding fish, of a scientific and economic nature."

GEO. F. PEABODY, Secretary.

Black Bass vs. Bluefish.

COMMENTING on a recent claim that there is no fish so lively and full of gameness as the bluefish, a fresh-water angler writes:

It is quite true that the bluefish is lively, and as the Sun says, the angler who gets hold of him may think he has the devil by the tail. But it is also true that with relatively strong tackle, the angler who gets a river black bass of the small-mouth variety will, perhaps, think the devil has him.

It cannot be admitted that the bluefish exceeds the black bass in gameness. Here are some facts: August, 1900, off Fire Island, a ten-ounce rod, with 400 feet of line, landed bluefish after bluefish, each weighing from 4 to 6 pounds. The rod was of split bamboo, by a well known maker, all gaffed within five minutes of hooking. September, 1890, at Black Jim's Eddy, near Narrowsburg, on the Delaware River. The same angler who landed the bluefish, using split bamboo rods by the same maker as the one who made the rod with which the bluefish were landed, had two rods smashed and ruined by two small-mouth black bass. The rods used were five-ounce and the fish leaped and were seen and weighed about 2 pounds each, not over that.

Each of these bass took out over 100 feet of line, and then came toward the boat, faster than the reel could recover the line. Then there was a leap and a shoot and surge that broke the rod where the tip was jointed to the second section. Note that tackle relatively lighter brought bluefish to gaff, and that relatively heavier tackle failed to land either of two black bass.

The hook used in taking the bluefish was relatively heavier, as the teeth and bony mouth of the bluefish make a stronger hook relatively imperative. But the size of the hook has no bearing on the question of the relative strength of the fish.

Chicago Fly-Casting Tournament.

THE Chicago Fly-Casting Club will hold an international fly and bait-casting tournament on Aug. 18 and 19. Fly and bait-casters throughout the world are earnestly invited to attend this tournament Contestants will find every effort made to arrange contests in conformity with those forms of casting with which they are familiar.

Among the events scheduled will be long distance fly, delicacy fly and distance and accuracy fly, together with long distance bait (½ ounce weight), distance and accuracy bait (½ ounce weight), and delicacy and accuracy bait (¼ ounce weight), and a large number of prizes will be awarded.

The rules of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will prevail but exceptions will be made, where deemed advisable, in behalf of visiting anglers—the desire being to make this tournament as nearly representative as possible of expert angling at large and suggestions from anglers contemplating attendance at the tournament are earnestly requested and will receive careful consideration if received in time.

The tournament is open to either representatives of clubs or unattached individuals. A nominal entrance fee will be charged in each event. Handsome souvenirs, illustrated, historical programmes will be provided, and no expense will be spared to make this the most successful tournament in angling annals.

All anglers contemplating entering the tournament and all clubs proposing to send representatives, are urged to communicate at the earliest moment with the secretary, B. J. Kellenberger, 52 St. Clair street, Chicago, Ill.

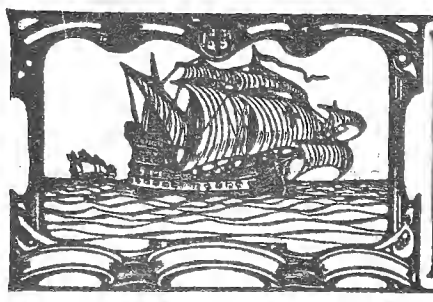
Pennsylvania Fisheries Association.

ONE of the very active concerns in Pennsylvania is the State Fisheries Association of Pennsylvania. It is composed of representatives of fish protective associations, rod and gun clubs and of the bodies affiliated with fishing and fishculture in Pennsylvania. At its annual meeting in Bellefonte, Center county, on June 21 and 22, besides visiting the State fish hatchery near Bellefonte and fishing, the Association transacted a large amount of very important business, which, if carried out by the various clubs and organizations, will render the present admirable fish protective laws even more widely enforced. The most important action taken was a resolution, recommending each county organization to request the Commissioner of Fisheries to appoint at least three of its members special fish wardens for the county in which the organization is located. Also that each member of said organization do pledge himself to report to the wardens named any case of violation of the fish laws, which he may observe and to appear as a witness before the justice of the peace after warrants have been served on the offender.

It adopted another resolution to recommend the county clubs to work for the passage through the next Legislature of an act empowering the Commissioner of Fisheries to designate small mountain streams in trout counties as nursery streams in which it shall be unlawful ever to fish.

Mr. Hallock on Swift River.

THE Messrs. Hitchcock handsomely entertained the veteran sportsman, Charles Hallock, on Tuesday last at their home by the riverside, on the occasion of his first outing in these parts after his long absence in California. Vernon Hitchcock took the active old gent (he was the founder of FOREST AND STREAM as long ago as 1873) with his trout rod through the difficult intricacies of the Swift River gorge, which forms such a notable feature of our rugged landscape, while Hitchcock, pere, prepared a 1 o'clock menu of beefsteak, fried trout, hot coffee, cold spring water and Porto Rico cigars, against their home returning. A large number of fingerlings rewarded these expert anglers' quest, but only a regulation few were basketed, the individual counts being generously merged in the common score. Meanwhile, Vernon's record still holds to the fore. Mr. Hallock's vigor holds out well, and his comrade insists that he scrambled over the marginal rocks between the trout pools like a village school boy, in a way that would shame the professional mazumas. We all feel like giving this old-timer a warm welcome on his annual visitations to the home of his ancestors, several generations of whom are buried in Goshen and Plainfield.—Northampton Gazette, June 17.



YACHTING



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JULY.

1. Atlantic, Havens cup No. 2 and Underwood cup.
1. Bristol, ocean race.
1. Beverly, club.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
1. Knickerbocker, cruise.
1. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
1. Seaside Park, ladies' cup races.
1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race.
1. New Rochelle, annual.
1. Boston, club, Marblehead.
1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
2. New Rochelle, cruisc.
3. American, annual.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
3. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
3. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.
4. Lakewood, Gardner cup.
4. Atlantic, open.
4. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, power boat races.
4. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
4. Edgewood, club.
4. Wollaston, club championship.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
4. Seaside Park, club.
4. Hampton Roads, cruise.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. races.
4. Beverly, sweepstake.
4. East Gloucester, club.
4. Hartford, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
4. Sea Side, club.

5-12. Atlantic, cruise.

7. Eastern, cruise.
8. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
8. New York, Glen Cove, cups.
8. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
8. Wollaston, club championship.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
8. Edgewood, club.
8. Quincy, M. Y. R. A.
8. Rhode Island, cruising race.
8. Seaside Park, club.
8. Beverly, club
8. Corinthian, club.
8. Unqua Corinthian, Williams cups.
8. Riverside, annual.
8. Sea Side, open.
8. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
9. Canarsie, open.
9. Morrisania power boat race.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, ocean race.
11. Lakewood, series race.
12. Seaside Park, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
15. Royal Canadian, club.
15. New Rochelle, club.
15. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
15. Seaside Park, club.
15. Country Club, Detroit club.
15. Edgewood, club.
15. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
15. Keystone, club.
15. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
15. Beverly, club.
15. Boston, cruise.
15. Corinthian, club.
17. Edgewood, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
18. New Brunswick Y. R. A. regatta, Prudence Island.
18. East Gloucester, club.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhole Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22. Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22. Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
22. Unqua Corinthian, Molineux cups.
22. Corinthian, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, power boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.
29. Seaside Park, open.
29. Edgewood, club.
29. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
29. Hampton Roads, cruise.
29. Rhode Island, cruising race.
29. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
29. Beverly, club.
29. Corinthian, club.
29. Boston, club, Marblehead.
29. Indian Harbor, annual.
29. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.

FLEETWING NOW A MISSION SHIP.—Within a short time three famous yachts have been purchased by religious societies and converted into mission ships. The last to make the change is the famous old schooner Fleetwing, which vessel was purchased by the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and she will be used to do temperance and missionary work among seafaring people. Some time ago the schooner yachts Coronet and Wanderer were acquired by the Holy Ghost and Us Society of Shiloh, Me. This society will not work among our seamen at home, but will make long cruises to foreign lands.

* * *

Y. M. C. A. CHARTERS YACHT.—The New York Young Men's Christian Association has organized several classes on nautical training. In order to give the members practical experience a yacht has been chartered through Messrs. Macconell & Cook. Each class will be given a cruise along the coast of several weeks' duration. The boat chartered is the schooner Amazon, which was built at Bayville, L. I., in 1899, from designs by Mr. W. M. Walker by Mr. M. Wright. She is 90ft. waterline, 108ft. over all, 21ft. breadth and 10ft. draft, and was built for Mr. J. C. Abbey.

Restricted Class for Lake Michigan.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Macatawa Bay Y. C. is doing its utmost to further good, wholesome racing classes suited to the waters of Lake Michigan. I inclose a copy of our 21ft. restricted class, based on the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. 21ft. raceabout class, with additions and restrictions tending toward a more seaworthy boat with better accommodations. Starting with the wider type of less displacement, we have found the raceabout type weighing 5,900 pounds, with easy wholesome lines and fine bow; the fastest as well as the most seaworthy boat for our waters—which are rather unprotected. The seas are sometimes large and long, but often short, and steep, and choppy. Under which conditions these boats have always beaten the 21ft. cabin class actual time, although carrying 200 or more feet less sail.

The class has been adopted by the Lake Michigan Y. R. A. and accepted by the Milwaukee Y. C. as a substitute for their previous raceabout class. In the two clubs are at present eleven boats, the latest addition being Hobo, one of the American Y. C. one-design class brought West by Commodore Hompe, of the Macatawa.

For the good of the sport we wish to do everything possible to promote this class and lead as many as possible away from the dish-pan sieves of the 21ft. cabin class—a boat entirely unsuited to Lake Michigan, and of no use anywhere except for racing.

To promote interest in the class, a magnificent silver trophy has been presented to the club for this class by ex-Commodore Miller, M. B. Y. C., for which a series of three races will be sailed each year on points. The cup will be the property of the boat winning three series, the races being open to all boats of this class on the lakes.

FREDERIC L. BAXTER, Treasurer.

Definitions and Limitations of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association 21ft. Raceabout Class.

Type.—A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat of the ordinary shape, with fair cabin accommodations.

Double hulls, hollow keels, double rudders, bilge boards, metal fin keels are prohibited.

Bow.—A square-ended, snub-nosed or square-sided bow is prohibited. The beam, measured on deck at a point midway of the forward overhang, shall not exceed 45 per cent. of the greatest waterline beam. The deck line shall not run at a greater angle with the center line than 35 degrees.

Length and Overhang.—The over all length shall not exceed 35ft. The length of the load waterline, with full equipment but without crew aboard, shall not be more than 21ft. nor less than 20ft.

A boat originally eligible for this class, which has been sailed at least one season, shall not be barred merely because of a natural lengthening of her load waterline of not more than 6in.

Neither forward nor after overhang shall exceed 8ft.

Load Waterline Beam.—The beam at the load waterline in keel boats shall be at least 7ft., and in centerboard boats at least 7ft. 9in.

The load waterline beam at a point 1ft. aft of the forward point of waterline shall not exceed 30 per cent of the greatest waterline beam.

Freeboard.—The minimum freeboard shall be 20in. for the minimum beams above specified. A reduction of 1in. in the freeboard will be allowed for every increase of 4in. in the beam over the minimum. The freeboard shall be measured from top side of covering board to the surface of the water. Any excess of freeboard over the minimum required may be deducted from the required height for cabin trunk.

Cabin and Cockpit.—The cabin trunk shall be at least 7ft. long, with a minimum width of 60 per cent. of the greatest beam of the boat, a minimum height at forward end of 7 in., and at after end of 9in.; with flat and vertical sides.

Cabin shall have a door, transverse bulkhead at after end and two transom berths at least 6ft. long.

The cockpit shall be above the load waterline with scuppers draining outboard.

Displacement and Draft. For centerboard boats draft shall be not less than 3ft. for at least 5ft. length of keel.

A boat having a draft of more than 4ft., exclusive of centerboard, shall be considered a keel boat.

All boats shall weigh, when rigged and equipped, but without crew aboard, not less than 5,900 pounds.

The affidavit of the designer shall be accepted as evidence of the weight of the boat. If through protest, the weight of a boat shall be questioned, the Race Committee, to whom the protest is made, shall cause such boat to be weighed or displacement figured under the supervision of the measurer, who shall see that nothing is on board when the boat is weighed, except what these rules prescribe, and that the boat is in every way in a normal condition. The cost of weighing shall be paid by the owner if the weight is found to be less than 5,900 pounds; otherwise it shall be paid by the person making the protest.

Scantling, Planking and Construction.—The keel, stem, frames, house and deck-beams shall be of oak or its equivalent in strength.

The frames shall be not less than 1 sq. in. section; deck beams not less than 1 1/3 sq. in. section; house beams not less than ¾ sq. in. section.

The maximum spacing of the frames and deck beams shall be 9in. between centers.

The planking, including deck and the side of the house, shall not be less than ¾in. thick; the top of house shall not be less than ⅝in., finished.

Deck clamps and bilge stringers, of yellow pine or its equivalent in strength, shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross section of 4 sq. in. for at least one-half their length.

Diagonal steel straps of at least ⅛ by 2in. section, shall be worked across over the deck beams from shear strake on one side to shear strake on the other, crossing just forward of mast, and running as far aft as possible, securely fastened at each end and to every deck beam.

Hanging and lodging knees shall be worked about main beams at mast, after end of cabin, after end of cockpit, and at transom.

A steel or bronze rod of at least ⅜in. diameter shall be worked just aft of mast from deck through keel, with diagonal steel or bronze braces at least ⅛ by 2in. section from deck beams to bilge stringers, the whole to form a truss to support deck and frame at mast.

Sails.—Only mainsail, jib or staysail and spinnaker may be used. The actual sail area shall not be over 600 sq. ft., and not more than 480 sq. ft. shall be in the mainsail. The measurer shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured and, previous to measurement, the owner shall cause distinguishing marks to be placed on the spars as follows:

On the mast at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail; on the boom at the clew of the mainsail; on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail.

No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the measurer. The inner edges of the bands shall be the limits of the sails.

The actual area of the jib shall be measured.

Wide flat spars, or any method to gain extra sail without measurement is prohibited.

Spinnaker boom shall be carried on the mast when in use. The distance from mast to end of spinnaker boom when in position shall not be more than 15ft.

The spinnaker sheet shall not be carried forward of the head stay nor outside of the leeward shroud. The forestay shall remain fixed at both ends during a race.

Equipment.—There shall be carried in racing an anchor weighing at least 35 pounds; not less than 30 fathoms of ½in. rope; bucket, pump, compass, fog horn, lantern and five life preservers or life buoys.

Crew.—The crew shall be limited to five persons, including the helmsman who must be a Corinthian, and not more than one shall be a professional.

Existing Boats.—Any cabin knockabout or raceabout in existence or in process of construction on January 1, 1905, complying with these restrictions as to cockpit, over all length, weight and sail area, may race in this class.

The Elvira and Madcap, of the Macatawa Bay Y. C., shall not be barred from this class for failure to comply with the restriction as to weight.

Boston Letter.

PURITAN UNDER HAMMER.—The old cup defender, Puritan, now a schooner, built by Lawley in 1885 from designs of the late Edward Burgess, is to be sold at auction in Boston on Tuesday, her owner, Mr. C. H. W. Foster, having purchased a houseboat. Puritan is in very good condition, having been thoroughly overhauled at Rockland, Me., two years ago.

EASTERN Y. C. CLASSIFICATION.—Classes have been arranged and prizes determined upon for the Eastern Y. C. special series of open races, to be sailed on July 3 and 4 and Aug. 8. The boats are to be measured under the new uniform rating rule. As all the 22-footers would not fit in one class under the new rule, a special class is made for them by combining the two into which they would measure. The same thing was done for the 18-footers. The 22-footers will come in a class to be known as N-O, over 25ft. and not over 33ft. rating. The 18-footers will come in a class known as O-P, over 18ft. and not over 25ft. rating. It is understood that the 22-footers will rate from 31 to 33ft. under the rule, and the 18-footers will rate about 22ft. The largest class in these races will be Class M, over 33ft. and not over 40ft. rating. This is the regular classification under the new rule. The prizes are considerably larger than previously offered, and are calculated on this account to interest owners of the Y. R. A. classes in the special races. The prizes are as follows: Class M, $60, $30 and $20; Class N-O, $50, $25 and $15; Class O-P, $50, $25 and $15. There will be no first prize unless two or more boats start in a class, no second unless four or more start, and no third unless seven or more start. The boats are allowed one man for each 200 sq. ft. of sail.

ENTRIES FOR HALIFAX OCEAN RACE.—The Eastern Y. C. has received nine official entries for its ocean race from Marblehead to Halifax, starting Aug. 21. Several more entries of large yachts are expected. Those received are as follows:

Schooner Invader, Roy A. Rainey, Larchmont Y. C., 95ft. waterline.

Schooner Corona, A. F. Luke, Eastern and New York Y. C., 86ft. waterline.

Schooner Undercliffe (aux.), F. L. Clark, Eastern Y. C., 68ft. waterline.

Schooner Agatha, W. S. Eaton, Eastern Y. C., 46ft. waterline.

Yawl Vigilant, Stephen Peabody, New York Y. C., 86ft. waterline.

Sloop Mineola, William Ross Proctor, New York Y. C., 70ft. waterline.

Sloop Doris, S. Reed Anthony, Eastern Y. C., 56ft. waterline.

Sloop Gloria, James Ross, Royal Cape Breton Y. C., 49ft. waterline.

Sloop Dorel, G. L. Batchelder, Eastern Y. C., 30ft. waterline.

At the suggestion of New York yachtsmen a class will shortly be offered in this race for the large auxiliaries. It is said that Idler, Vergemere and Invincible are ready to enter.

THREE-MASTED SCHOONER HOUSEBOAT.—The three masted schooner Lillian Woodruff, which was purchased some time ago by Mr. C. H. W. Foster, of the Eastern Y. C., has been made into a houseboat, and left Chelsea, where she has been fitting out, for Marblehead last Thursday. There has been built a long house extending from the quarter-deck forward, in which there is full head room from the deck level. It contains several rooms which will be used by Mr. Foster and his family. Although the superstructure has been raised, the schooner still carries her full rig. Her owner expects to make occasional cruises along the coast in her.

EDITH SOLD.—Mr. C. D. Wainwright has bought the 40ft. auxiliary cutter Edith from Mr. W. Starling Burgess, of the designing firm of Burgess & Packard. Power was installed in Edith two years ago, and she has been used since as a houseboat. Edith is of English design, the lines being by Ratsey & Co. She was built by D. J. Lawlor at East Boston in 1880.

WAIF CHANGES HANDS.—The 33ft. sloop Waif, owned for a number of years by Mr. C. D. Wainwright, has been purchased by Mr. J. W. Dodge and Mr. Dexter Wainwright. A seven horsepower engine has been installed and Waif will be used as a houseboat at Marblehead, making occasional cruises.

SEAWANHAKA BOATS TRIED.—The two Seawanhaka cup challengers, Manchester and Tunipoo, were given a trial off Manchester on last Saturday. The air was light and more or less fluky. The boats were together nearly all the afternoon, but there appears to be some difference of opinion as to which had the better of the argument. Manchester was sailed by Messrs. R. D. and Reginald Boardman, while Tunipoo was sailed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, who designed both boats. They will be shipped to Montreal Tuesday, where the trials will be continued.

NEW WRINKLE IN MEASURING.—It is said that a new

wrinkle is being used to get the best of measurers. This is said to be in the use of oil spread on the hull at the fore and aft points of waterline measurement. It is said that in this way as much as four inches can be gained on a 22-footer on account of the grease repelling the water. It is not known that any specific charges have been made of such practice, but it is known that the official Y. R. A. measurer is very particular about the 22-footers.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

British Letter.

THE 52FT. CLASS.—Class racing began on May 27 with the regatta of the Orwell Corinthian Y. C., at Felixtowe, Harwich, when the four 52-footers which will represent the class during the season all took part in a plain sailed race in a light breeze and smooth water. The fleet includes Moyana, designed by Mylne for Mr. J. W. Lenchars, in 1903; Maymon, a Fife boat, built last year for Mr. S. Butler, and two new boats, Britomart, another Mylne effort, for Mr. W. P. Burton, to replace Lucida, and the Herreshoff Sonya, which is the property of Mr. Turner Farley, a new-comer into the class. Of course great interest centered in the performances of Sonya and Britomart, but it was unfortunate that the Herreshoff boat was handicapped through having to carry a solid mast, as she sprang her hollow spar the week before, and the new one had not arrived from the States. The course gave a short turn to windward to the first mark, a reach to the second, a reach back to the first mark, and a short run to the line. Three rounds were sailed, or twenty-four miles in all. Moyana, the oldest boat of the fleet, was first at the start, and remained at the head of affairs throughout, though hard pressed by Britomart at the close. Sonya was second boat in the short beat on the first round, but even so ought to have been passed by Britomart, which met her on the starboard tack, but was put about by the Herreshoff boat because she could not come around herself owing to a yawl which was at anchor. As soon as sheets were checked, however, Britomart went right away, and hunted Moyana all around the course, while Sonya and Maymon had a race to themselves. Moyana finished 24s. ahead of her younger sister, and both were some three minutes ahead of the other pair. Sonya beat Maymon by 15s. Maymon has a new skipper this season and is probably not yet doing her best, but there is little doubt that Moyana has been much improved by having half a ton of lead taken off her keel, and a new suit of canvas would make her a more formidable opponent for the others than she already is. Sonya's appearance is certainly not pleasing. Her high freeboard, straight sheer, short overhang and boxy counter are the very reverse of graceful, while it seems already apparent that her designer has allowed himself to be unduly fettered by the elements of the rating rule, and has sacrificed speed to obtain large body, small girth and great sail spread. Sonya stands up to her stuff well, and holds the other boats to windward, but directly sheets are eased she throws a quarter wave and drops back.

On June 3 the four boats met again in the Channel race from Southend to Harwich. It was a paltry day at the start, but the breeze came later on and Maymon led the fleet to victory. Britomart showed great speed on a reach, and romped through Moyana's lee, but Sonya lagged behind as soon as she got on an easy bowline, finishing up a bad last. In justice to her, it should be stated that she was still carrying a solid mast, although, as she was even then stiffer than any of the others, it is difficult to account for her poor performance on that ground alone. That hollow spars are by no means an unmixed blessing, has already been abundantly proved. The 52ft. class has had further proof thus early in the season of the unreliability of these spars, and their race on the opening day of the Royal Harwich Y. C. regatta was deprived of much of its interest owing to Britomart's mast showing such signs of weakness that Mr. Burton deemed it advisable to withdraw her from the race soon after the start. Sonya was absent, having her new spar fitted; so the contest was limited to a duel between Moyana and Maymon. In a hard-sailed race the old Mylne boat kept ahead of last year's crack and won by about half a minute. Moyana's victory was probably due to good judgment at the start, she carrying a sharp-headed topsail, whereas Maymon started with a jackyarder, which she had to shift.

On June 6, the second day of the Royal Harwich, the weather was so dirty that the race was abandoned.

On June 12 the Royal Corinthian Y. C. gave a race for the 52ft. class at Port Victoria. Only Moyana and Sonya started, the former winning by about 1½m. Of the four races sailed, Moyana, a boat in her third season, and with an old suit of sails, has won three first prizes, and the next oldest boat, Maymon, one. Up to date, therefore, the new boats have not done anything startling, but it is too early yet to form any definite opinion as to their respective merits. It is a pity that hollow spars are not barred by legislation; they are a mischievous innovation, adding enormously to the expense of racing, and the spars are apparently no more reliable now than they were when they were first introduced; in fact, the tendency to reduce their diameter seems to have increased their weakness. Unfortunately the saving in weight is so great that if one boat has a hollow mast, the others are bound to follow suit; but if they were disallowed altogether, the difficulty would be gotten over, and much needless expense saved.

THE BIG HANDICAP CLASS.—Neither the New Thames nor the Royal London Yacht Clubs gave any river matches this year; but the big class, as usual, made its debut in the races from Southend to Harwich, which are organized in connection with Harwich regatta. Seven boats started, but progress was very slow at first, as they had but little wind and a strong tide against them. It was a curious day's sailing, for the 52-footer Maymon which started 5m. after the big boats, reached Harwich half an hour before White Heather, the smaller class being able to cheat the tide by working along the edge of the sands. White Heather, which was scratch boat, sailed well, but failed to save her time from the Fife yawl Rosamond, the scratch boat taking second prize. During the winter White Heather has had her keel deepened, which has stiffened her considerably. She is also in charge of Charles Bevis, who had the 52-footer Maymon last year, but who is really a "big ship" man, and this change will mean a great deal for the handsome yawl, which was never done justice in her first season. At Harwich, in a fresh breeze, White Heather went remarkably well, and fairly disposed of Brynhild and Valdora. The big schooner Clara carried away her maintopmast, but she was out of the running. The old 40-rater Creole, now in her sixteenth season, sailed in a manner worthy of her very best days. She was fourth boat home, and had the honor of leading the modern Fife yawls Rosamond and Moonbeam, the schooner Sunshine, of 118 tons, and the yawl Betty. Creole held a better wind that any boat in the fleet, except Valdora, and for such an old stayer to be beaten only 1m. per mile by the big modern yawl White Heather, a boat three times her tonnage, speaks volumes both for the old Watson craft and for the way she was handled. The second day at Harwich came to nothing on account of the bad weather. On June 9, when the Royal Thames had its river matches, from Southend the weather was still so bad that only White Heather and the schooner Clara started in the big race. The yawl was soundly beating Clara, but she went the wrong course, and was thrown out of the race. The next big event is the Nore to Dover race of the Royal Thames Y. C. on June 17.

CLYDE REGATTAS.—The opening races of the big Clyde yacht clubs have been much interfered with by the weather, rain, calms and storms doing much to mar the sport. The Roval Clyde was, perhaps, more fortunate than the other clubs. However, the early part of the season is frequently unsettled as regards weather in Scotland, but it is expected that the Clyde fortnight will be a great success this year, owing to the stiffening the Scotch contingent will receive from the fleet of six big vessels entered in the race of the Royal London Y. C., from Cowes to the Clyde on June 22, and the quartette of 52-footers.

E. H. KELLY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

EELIN SOLD.—The British cutter Eelin has been sold by Mr. F. L. Rodewald. New York Y. C., through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones to Mr. C. W. Gillett, of Chicago. Eelin was designed by the late A. E. Payne and was built at Southampton, England, in 1899. She is 84ft. over all, 58ft. 6in. waterline, 15ft. 8in. breadth and 11ft. draft. The boat will be used on Lake Michigan in the future.

NECKAN SOLD AND LAVINAN CHARTERED.—The steam yacht Neckan, owned by Mr. Joseph S. Whiteside, has been chartered by Messrs. Macconell & Cook to Mr. R. S. Marvin, of the Columbia Y. C. The same agency has sold the 75ft. gasolene yacht Lavinan for Mr. G. W. Cook, of Philadelphia, to Mr. George Deming, of Cleveland. She is being placed in commission and will be taken to Mr. Deming's place, on Pamlico Sound.

CLUB BOOKS RECEIVED.—We are indebted to Mr. Geo. A. Cormack, Secretary of the New York Y. C., and Mr. Geo. R. Branson, Secretary of the Columbia Y. C., for copies of their club books.

THREE STEAM YACHTS CHARTERED.—Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have made the following charters: The steam yacht Sultana, owned by the estate of J. Montgomery Sears, to Mr. C. Oliver Iselin; the steam yacht Columbia, owned by Mr. J. Harvey Ladew, to Mr. Walter G. Ladd, and the steam yacht Sagamore, owned by Mr. Howard Barnard, to Mr. R. Livingston Beeckman.

STEAM YACHT CRESCENT SOLD.—The steam yacht Crescent, owned by Mr. George Rose, has been sold through the agency of Mr. Henry J. Gielow to Mr. Elziar Baillargeon, of Quebec.

VERITAS LAUNCHED.—The high speed launch designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. Alexander Stein, Indian Harbor Y. C., was launched from Montell's yard, Greenwich, Conn., on Thursday, June 22. She is 56ft. 10in. over all, 54ft. 4in. waterline, and 7ft. breadth. Veritas is of light construction and has three water-tight compartments. The engine was built by James Craig, Jr., and is of 250 horsepower. When the boat is in condition it is expected she will do about 30 miles. Veritas will make her début in the Indian Harbor Y. C.'s power boat races on July 4.

SALES AND CHARTERS.—Auxiliary ketch Kamoor has been chartered by Harrison B. Moore, Atlantic Y. C. to Mr. Hunter Wyckes, New York Y. C., through the office of Stanley M. Seaman.

Cape catboat Hobo has been sold through the same agency by Mr. R. S. Peabody to Mr. W. B. May, New Rochelle, N. Y.

The steam yacht Orienta, chartered by the Panama government, left for Colon, Panama, on the 12th inst.

Knickerbocker Y. C.

College Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, June 24.

THREE of the one-design power boats raced twice over a 4-mile course on Saturday, June 24. No. 5 won, and No. 4 was second. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 5, A. L. Kerker	5 11 10	0 38 10
No. 4, J. C. Schaefer	5 11 15	0 38 15
No. 9, J. Sulsbach	5 13 15	0 40 15

Brooklyn Y. C. Ocean Race.

SIX boats will surely start in the 250-mile outside race from Gravesend Bay to Hampton Roads for the Brooklyn Y. C.'s cup. The start will be made at 10 A. M., on Thursday, June 29, and it is expected that all the boats will reach their destination by July 3. The official entries, issued by the Regatta Committee, follow:

Regular Ocean Racers.

	Length.
Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington, Jr., New Rochelle, sloop	27.7
Mopsa, F. C. and W. S. Sullivan, Harlem, cutter	35.9
Anna, C. L. Johnson, Chesapeake, yawl	36.5
Tamerlane, Frank Maier, New Rochelle, yawl	38.0
Bonito, Haviland Bros., Brooklyn, sloop	39.0
Lila, R. D. Floyd, Newark Bay, yawl	40.0

Club Classes.

Wayward, Colonel David E. Austin, Brooklyn, schooner	68.0
Gaviota, G. C. Gillespie, Brooklyn, yawl	55.0
Sunshine, S. S. Fontaine, Brooklyn, schooner	45.0
Perie, John Lewis, Brooklyn, sloop	39.0

The sailing directions governing the race follow:

Start—One gun; preparatory, 9:50 A. M.; time of start ocean race fleet, 10 A. M.; time of start club classes, 10:10 A. M. Race will not be delayed on account of lack of wind; gun will be fired and race started, even if boats cannot sail.

Course—From Gravesend Bay to Willoughby Spit, Hampton Roads, Va. Yachts may pass to sea by any channel, leave lightships on either hand, excepting Cape Charles light vessel No. 49, and light vessel on tail of Horseshoe No. 46, which must be left on the starboard hand.

Starting line—Between White Anchorage Buoy and committee boat.

Finish Line—Off Ripraps (Fort Wool). Marked by anchored vessel carrying black ball in daytime and three blue lights vertical at night. (See chart furnished by committee.)

Finish—Yachts must pass close to station boat and report to watchers the name; also, skippers are requested to take their own time of crossing; 75th meridian time will be used both at start and finish.

Anchoring—Yachts may enter any port and anchor, if necessary, through stress of weather.

Abandoning Race—Captains are requested to at once notify the committee upon reaching port, if they have abandoned the race. Wire Hampton Roads Y. C., Norfolk, Va.

Two Club Classes—Boats under 50ft. racing length and boats over 50ft. racing length.

Club Class Racing Length and Allowance—Racing length: The length over all plus one-half the overhang. Allowance: Gravesend Bay Association table; no allowance for rig. Distance for calculations, 250 miles. Boats in cruising trim.

Pilots—No paid pilots or navigators allowed on any yacht. After passing finish line, watchboat will put a pilot on board to take vessel into the enchorage behind the Spit. High-water mooring June 29, 11 o'clock.

Log—Captains must keep a log containing entries made at least every four hours, giving course, distance sailed, weather and time of passing prominent objects. Copy of this must be handed to committee within twenty-four hours after completing race.

Protests—Protests must be made in writing six hours after the last boat is in.

Numbers—Will be furnished by committee.

Inspection—Boats must be at Brooklyn Y. C. anchorage not later than noon, June 28, for inspection and measurement.

The Hampton Roads Y. C. are making great preparations for the visiting yachtsmen, and on July 4 a large regatta will be held.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor—Saturday, June 24.

LIGHT weather conditions ruled in the first of five races to count on the class championship of Gravesend Bay, which was held under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C., on the afternoon of Saturday, June 24. Twenty-three craft started, and the winners were Bobtail, Lizana, More Trouble and Beta. Sandpiper scored a sailover. The class honors of the year go to the boat securing the greatest number of points in the series, one event of which is given by each of the prominent clubs on the bay. A craft gets one point for starting and one for every competitor defeated.

According to the new rule of rating all boats launched prior to Jan. 1, 1905, are entitled to time allowance resulting from their racing measurement, others being figured at the limit of their respective classes. Only the new Class Q boats on Gravesend Bay are thereby obliged to compete without allowance. This state of affairs makes rating measurement quite necessary for the accurate determination of the different positions obtained on corrected time.

Trouble is being experienced in securing accurate data of the old boats, whose lines are not available, displacement figures being the greatest stumbling block. Several incidents have cropped out to aggravate the difficulty even when designs have been at hand. In more than one case the length of waterline and the consequent displacement when afloat have been found to differ materially from results aimed at by the architect. No two measurers' figures seem to agree. Until absolute rules are laid down for the work, trouble will continue to exist, and corrected times be more or less uncertain and incomplete.

In the light S. wind, blowing at the start of the first championship race, there was much luck in getting away, which, no doubt, has some effect on the showing of the different boats. The victory of More Trouble in Class Q, however, was clean cut in every way. She passed Cockatoo II. on the second round of the course, when both were reaching, again demonstrating herself to be a wonder on that point of sailing.

More Trouble beat Cockatoo II. by exactly 2m. in a little over 7½ nautical miles. Ojigwan was third boat, 4m. 1s. away from the leader. Saetta was defeated by 4m. 26s., while Quest was 5m. 53s. away. Of the old Class Q boats Ogeemah sailed an excellent race and should get second place on corrected time. Miss Judy, crack of 1904, made her first appearance after alterations, with poor success. Edgar F. Luckenbach's Bobtail had no difficulty in winning in Class N from Vivian II., and Lizana carried off the honors in Class P, sailing on almost even terms with the larger Bobtail throughout the race.

The regular Association courses were covered, leaving marks to port. All classes sailed the first three legs, the first being from Sea Gate to Ulmer Park, the next from there to the Marine and Field Club and the third from the last named mark to a boat anchored off Fort Hamilton. There was nothing but reaching on this part of the journey. From Fort Hamilton Classes Q and under went to Sea Gate, which many of them made in one long close-hauled board. The larger racers went across the channel and turned the bell buoy off Craven Shoal, more reaching being their lot. The next race to count on the championship will occur at the Marine and Field Club on July 22. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:50.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 52 01	2 47 01
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 54 52	2 49 52
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue	Did not finish.	

Corrected time of Bobtail, 2.46.54.

Sloops, Class P—Start, 3:05.

Lizana, D. S. Wylie	5 52 38	2 47 38
Anona, Menton Bros	6 07 44	3 02 44
Bonito, Haviland Bros	6 25 35	3 20 35

Corrected time of Lizana, 2.43.12; Bonito, 3.16.43.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:10.

More Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 55 34	1 45 34
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	4 57 34	1 47 34
Ojigwan, George E. Reiners	4 59 35	1 49 35
Saetta, George H. Church	5 00 00	1 50 00
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 01 27	1 51 27
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	5 04 04	1 54 04
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	5 08 31	1 58 31
Mary, Max Grundner	5 11 19	2 01 19
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	5 14 12	2 04 12
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	5 16 30	2 06 30
Careless, Richard Rummell	5 18 00	2 08 00
Karma, J. C. Erskine	5 24 02	2 14 02
Ianthe, F. W. Robertson	Did not finish.	

Sloops, Class R—Start, 3:15.

Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern	5 19 50	2 03 50

Sloops, Class RR—Start, 3:15.

Beta, Snedeker & Camp	5 40 28	2 25 28
Gamma, A. H. Platt	5 42 19	2 27 19
Delta, J. J. Mahoney	5 57 34	2 42 34

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s three days' racing which commenced on Thursday, June 22, was rather spoiled by trying weather conditions. There was a fair list of entries, but showers, paltry airs and thunderstorms made the racing anything but conclusive or satisfactory.

The Race Committee, composed of Messrs. Henry H. Landon, Clinton H. Crane, Howard C. Smith, Victor I. Cumnock and Francis G. Stewart mapped out a very complete and interesting pragramme, and had the weather favored a little the series would have been the most satisfactory given on the Sound this season.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.

The first of the three days' racing was spoiled by a vicious thunderstorm that broke in the midst of the race. Five classes were provided for, and four filled. There were sixteen starters, and all but four finished.

Boats in the 30ft. class and the one-design 30-footers covered a 7¾-mile triangle twice, a total of 15½ miles. A triangle of 6⅝ miles was sailed over twice by the raceabouts. The same course was covered once by the 15-footers. At the start the wind was about N.E., and very light. The first leg was a reach, the second a beat and the third a reach.

The warning signal was given at 1:45 from Vice-Commodore Matherson's steam yacht, Lavrock, which was used as a committee boat.

When the 33-footers were sent off at 1:55, Nike was in the lead and the other three followed, as named: Mimosa III., Regina and Snapper.

Nautilus led her six rivals over the line, when their signal was given at 2 o'clock. Then came Atair, Cara Mia, Alera, Phryne, Minx and Carlita.

The breeze was dropping fast, and the raceabouts and 15-footers barely had steerageway when their respective signals were given. Nora led the raceabouts across, Mystral was next, while Opossum brought up in the rear. Imp showed the way to Chipmunk.

Nike was leading Mimosa III. at the end of the first round, while Nautilus was ahead of Phyrne, which boat had moved into second place.

The thunder squall that had been making for some time broke as the larger boats started on the second round. It came out of the N.W. and made things lively for a time. Phryne and Mystral were the only boats that did not lower away everything during the squall. These two boats set reefed mainsails and kept going.

After the squall it was very flat. The wind finally came in from the S.E., which gave the boats more windward work. Later it shifted again to the S.W., from which quarter it blew with more strength.

The 15-footers finished first with Chipmunk leading. Imp was beaten 2m. 19s.

Nike was the next boat to finish, she beat Regina 1m. 25s. The other two boats in this class did not finish.

Phryne won in the N. Y. Y. C. one-design class, defeating Alera by 29s. The latter boat has done well this season, finishing every race well up with the leaders. It seems difficult for her to get a first, although she has a number of second prizes to her credit. Mystral beat Nora 35s. Opossum did not finish. The summary:

Sloops, 33Ft. Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 15½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nike, V. I. Cumnock	5 18 23	3 23 23
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	5 19 48	3 24 48
Regina, F. G. Stewart	Did not finish.	
Snapper, S. C. Hopkins	Did not finish.	

N. Y. Y. C. 30Ft. Class—Start, 2:00—Course 15½ Miles.

Nautilus, Addison and Wilmer Hanan	5 22 30	3 22 30
Atair, Cord Meyer	5 20 28	3 20 28
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	5 20 17	3 20 17
Alera, J. W. Alker	5 19 49	3 19 49
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	5 19 20	3 19 20
Carlita, O. Harriman	5 21 55	3 21 55
Minx, Howard Willets	Did not finish.	

Raceabouts—Start, 2:05—Course 13¼ Miles.

Nora, Adrian Iselin 2d	5 14 09	3 09 09
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	5 13 34	3 08 34
Opossum, T. M. Raborg	Did not finish.	

Seawanhaka One-Design 15Ft. Class—Start, 2:30—Course, 6⅝ Miles.

Imp, Stephen L. Landon	5 01 19	2 31 19
Chipmunk, T. S. Young	4 59 00	2 29 00

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

The second day was spoiled by the light and baffling airs. Two of the "seventies" started which added a little more to the interest of the event. The winners were Mineola, Nike, Minx and Rana. Okee and Opossum took sailovers as they had no competitors in their respective classes.

The courses were as follows:

Course No. 1.—From the starting line N.N.W.½W. 4¾ miles to and around Red Spar "B 24½" thence E.½N. 2⅛ miles, leaving buoy off the Cows on the port hand, thence E.N.E. 2¾ miles to and around Red Spar "C 20½," thence S.S.W. 5¾ miles to the starting line, distance 15⅝ nautical miles, all marks except the Cows to be left to starboard.

Course No. 2.—From the starting line N.N.W.½W. 2¼ miles to and around mark boat No. 1, thence E.N.E. 2½ miles to and around mark boat No. 2, thence S.S.W. 3 miles to the starting line, distance 7¾ nautical miles, all marks to be left to starboard.

Course No. 3.—From the starting line N.N.W.½W. 2¼ miles to and around mark boat No. 1, thence E.½N. 2⅛ miles to and around mark boat No. 3, thence S.S.W. 2¼ miles to the starting line, distance 6⅝ nautical miles, all marks to be left to starboard.

The 70-footers covered course No. 1. The 33-footers and the N. Y. Y. C. one-design boats sailed over course No. 2. All the other boats went over course No. 3.

None of the boats were sent twice over the courses, as was the Race Committee's intention, as they were barely able to get around once.

It was 2:10 when the "seventies" got away with Mineola slightly in the lead. Mr. Frank Bowne Jones sailed Mineola, while Mr. Clinton H. Crane was at the wheel on Virginia. Mr. Maxwell intended starting Yankee, but the wind was so light that he was unable to get from his anchorage at Glen Cove to the starting line at Lloyd's Neck.

The wind was N.W., and it was a beat to the first mark. Mineola made a big gain on this leg and rounded nearly 7m. ahead. On the second leg spinnakers were set to starboard. The third leg was a reach, as the wind had shifted to the S.W. Mineola won by 26m. 50s., which gives one an idea of how absolutely unsatisfactory the racing was.

In the 33ft. class Nike repeated her performance of the day before and won handily, beating Tito by a good margin. Mimosa III. came in third.

Dahinda, nicely placed, led the other seven starters in the N. Y. Y. C. one-design class over the line. She held her lead until the last leg, when she struck a soft spot, and there lost the race to Minx. While in the doldrums she was passed by Minx and Alera. Minx won by 6s. from Alera, which boat was 9s. ahead of Dahinda. Cara Mia was 1s. behind Dahinda.

This proved a lucky day for Mr. Howard Willets, as both his entries took firsts. In the N. Y. Y. C. one-design class his boat Minx won, and Rana, another craft that flies his colors, got a first in the raceabout class. Nora was second and Mystral was third.

Okee and Opossum had sailovers, and Imp and Chipmunk were not timed. The summary:

Sloops, 70Ft. Class—Start, 2:10—Course, 15⅝ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, W. Ross Proctor	5 08 55	2 58 55
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 35 45	3 25 45

Sloops, 33Ft. Class—Start, 2:15—Course, 7¾ Miles

Nike, V. I. Cumnock	4 52 36	2 37 36
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	4 58 40	2 43 40
Regina, F. G. Stewart	5 00 30	2 45 30
Tito, C. Sherman Hoyt	4 57 02	2 42 02

N. Y. Y. C. 30-Footers—Start, 2:20—Course, 7¾ Miles.

Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr	5 02 05	2 42 05
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	5 01 56	2 41 56
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	5 02 06	2 42 06
Nautilus, Addison and Wilmer Hanan	5 03 52	2 43 52
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	5 03 31	2 43 31
Atair, Cord Meyer	5 05 51	2 45 51
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	5 03 45	2 43 45
Minx, Howard Willets	5 01 50	2 41 50

Raceabouts—Start, 2:25—Course, 6⅝ Miles.

Nora, Adrian Iselin, 2d	4 57 00	2 32 00
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	4 58 26	2 33 26
Rana, Howard Willets	4 56 15	2 31 15
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker	5 09 47	2 44 47

Sloops, Class P—Start 2:30—Course, 6⅝ Miles.

Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt	Not timed.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 2:30—Course, 6⅝ Miles.

Opossum, T. M. Raborg	Not timed.

S. C. Y. C. 15-Footers—Start, 2:35—Course, 6⅝ Miles.

Imp, S. L. Landon	Not timed.
Chipmunk, T. S. Young	Not timed.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

Saturday's racing programme embraced practically all the Sound classes, as it was the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s annual regatta. There were forty-two starters, and the winners were: Yankee (subject to decision of protest), Nike, Snapper (sailover,) Neola II., Cricket, Vaquero II. and Rogue.

The wind was light from the S.W., and the boats went once over the triangles. The first leg was a run, the second a reach and the third a beat.

The rules stated that in the annual race all helmsmen should be amateurs. Another clause read as follows: Should a winning yacht in the annual race have been manned by a Corinthian crew, the club will present a Corinthian crew prize to each member of that crew, and to the owner of the yacht a prize handsomer than the usual class prize.

In the 70ft. class Mineola was sailed by Mr. Addison Hanan; Virginia, by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, and Yankee, by her owner, Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell. The 70-footers were sent off at 1:55, and the start was a very equal one. Balloon jib topsails were broken out as they crossed and spinnakers were soon set to port. At the second mark Mineola and Yankee came together. Mineola had established an overlap on Yankee before reaching the mark, and there was a call for room which was not given, and Mineola hit Yankee's starboard quarter. No damage was done, but both finished flying protest flags. Yankee wins by 1m. 4s. subject to the Race Committee's decision on the protest. Virginia finished 14m. 50s. behind Yankee.

Nike took her third consecutive win in the 33ft. class, beating Mimosa III. 1m. 36s. In the light weather that has prevailed the past three days Nike has proven herself too smart for Mr. Park's newer production. Mimosa will show up better when she gets more wind. The other two starters in this class were disqualified.

Snapper had no competitor in the 27ft. class, and was forced to take a sailover.

Neola II. distinguished herself in the New York Y. C. one-design class by winning her first race. Carlita was second, Nautilus third and Alera fourth. Neola II. beat Carlita 22s. Nautilus was 10s. behind Carlita. Alera wins the series prize in this class and Phryne, Minx and Neola II. tie for second, and third places. Ibis fouled Nautilus and was disqualified.

Cricket beat Jolly Roger 47s., but Mystral gets the series prize. In the Larchmont one-design class Vaquero won. The summary:

Sloops, 70Ft. Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 15⅝ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, W. Ross Proctor	4 31 04	2 36 04
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	4 32 18	2 37 08
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr	4 45 54	2 50 54

Sloops, 33-Footers—Start, 2:00—Course, 7¾ Miles.

Nike, V. I. Comnock	4 35 50	2 35 50
Tito, C. S. Hoyt	Disqualified.	
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	4 37 26	2 37 26
Regina, F. G. Stewart	Disqualified.	

Sloops, 27-Footers—Start, 2:00—Course, 7¾ Miles.

Snapper, F. S. Page	4 55 08	2 55 08

N. Y. Y. C. 30-Footers—Start, 2:05—Course, 7¾ Miles.

Minx, Howard Willets	4 47 36	2 42 36
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr	4 43 57	2 38 57
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	4 42 38	2 37 38
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	4 46 39	2 31 39
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	4 40 38	2 35 38
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	4 41 10	2 36 10
Carleta, O. Harriman	4 41 00	2 36 00
Alera, J. W. Alker	4 41 58	2 36 58
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 42 31	2 37 31
Adelaide II., P. H. Adee	4 44 48	2 39 48
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	4 43 30	2 38 30
Ibis, O'D. Iselin	Disqualified.	

Raceabouts—Start, 2:10—Course, 7¾ Miles.

Rana, H. Willets	4 34 25	2 24 25
Nora, A. Iselin, Jr.	4 35 30	2 25 30
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	4 37 04	2 27 04
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker	4 32 57	2 22 57
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	4 35 43	2 25 43
Cricket, M. Willets	4 32 10	2 22 10
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	4 38 38	2 28 38
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins		

Larchmont 21-Footers—Start, 2:15—Course, 7¾ Miles.

Vaquero, William Stump	4 40 40	2 25 40
Houri, J. H. Essen	4 43 52	2 28 52
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	4 43 15	2 28 15

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 2:20—Course, 7¾ Miles.

Heron, John Le Boutillier	Not timed.
Opossum, T. M. Raborg	Not timed.
Okee, J. F. Mahlstedt	Not timed.
Rogue, A. B. Alley	5 08 47 — 2 48 47
Kenoshi, R. Mallory, Jr.	Not timed.
Chipmunk, F. S. Young	Not timed.

Seawanhaka One-Design 15-Footers—Start, 2:25—Course 6⅝ Miles.

Imp, S. L. Landon	Not timed.
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	Not timed.
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt	Not timed.
Nit, F. D. Davey	Not timed.
Kid, A. E. Tower	Not timed.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, June 24.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 364th regatta on June 24, starting from its club house. During the morning there was practically no wind, and the boats were unable to get to the line at the usual starting time, 1 P. M. The race was, therefore, postponed until 3 o'clock. At this time a very light wind came in about S.W., and gradually hauled a little to the S. of this.

The 21-footers, in which class there were six entries, were sent over a short course, going first to Bird Island and then across to Scraggy Neck buoy No. 8, and then home. Terrapin, last year's champion, got a good start, and at first drew away from the rest of the fleet rapidly. Mr. Crane in his new boat, Amanita III., after staying with the Terrapin for a short distance tacked off to the Wing's Neck shore, while Terrapin and the other boats stood across to the Marion shore. When the boats came together at Bird Island buoy, which marked the windward point of the course, the Terrapin was only a short distance ahead of Amanita III., and the new boat gradually gained on last year's champion until she succeeded in passing her a short distance from the finishing line, winning by 44s. This is only Amanita's second race, and Mr. Crane is certainly to be congratulated upon having won it. Barnacle, which won on the Saturday previous, maintained her reputation as the slowest boat in the bay in light weather and finished 11m. behind the leader.

The 18ft. one-design class, in which there were only two entries, Margaret, and the new addition to the class, Wanderer, were sent to Bird Island and back. Margaret won by about 2m.

In the 15ft. one-design class there were also only two entries, both of which were sailed by ladies. Miss Dabney, in Fiddler, won. The judges were Messrs. Charles Whittemore and L. L. Dabney. The summary follows:

21-Footers—Course No. 16, 8⅝ Miles.

Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 02 44
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 03 20
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 06 47
Arethuse, Ezra R. Baker	2 06 59
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 09 41
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 13 38

18-Footers—Course No. 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Margaret, W. O. Taylor	1 50 40
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 52 53

15-Footers.

Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	0 58 32
Jub Jub, Miss Eleanor Stockton	1 02 14

Old Mill Y. C.

Jamaica Bay—Sunday, June 25.

THE first association regatta was held under the auspices of the Old Mill Y. C. on Sunday, June 25. The winners were Baby Roger, Diana, Bill Nye, Boozie, Charlie D., Naome and Florodora. Boats measuring over 17ft. covered a course from the bulkhead, just off the club house, to and around the Red Spar buoy off Barren Island and return. The smaller craft sailed a triangular course from the starting line to a stakeboat off Howard's Landing, thence to a mark off the main channel and back to the starting point, twice around. The summary:

Class A, Cabin Sloops—Start, 2:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Marion	4 20 30	1 40 30
*Baby Roger	4 20 40	1 40 40
Kismet	Did not finish.	

*Wins on corrected time.

Class B, Cabin Catboats—Start, 2:50.

Diana	4 30 02	1 40 03
Lulu	4 36 25	1 46 25

Class C, Open Catboats Over 20ft.—Start, 2:55.

Bill Nye	4 32 20	1 37 20
Kathreen	4 34 45	1 39 45
Sirene	4 37 15	1 42 15

Class D, Open Catboats Under 20ft.—Start. 3:10.

Boozie	4 33 10	1 23 10
Vision	4 39 00	1 29 00

Class E, Sharpies—Start, 3:15.

Charlie D	4 32 20	1 17 20
Alert	4 33 30	1 18 30
Clyde	4 35 30	1 23 30
Free	Not timed.	

Class G, Launches—Start, 3:15.

Naome	4 23 30	1 08 30
Laura	Not timed.	

Class H, Launches—Start, 3:20.

Florodora	4 41 30	1 21 30
Lottie M.	4 42 00	1 22 00
May	Did not finish.	

Hudson River Y. C.

Hudson River—Sunday, June 25.

THE thirty-first annual regatta of the Hudson River Y. C. was sailed on Sunday, June 25. Three classes filled, and there were fifteen starters. The start was made off the club house foot of West Ninety-second street. The first mark was off Weehawken on the Jersey shore, and the second mark was up the river near Fort Lee, thence back to the starting line. All the boats covered this 5-mile triangle twice, making a total of 10 miles. The wind was fresh from the N.W., making the first leg a beat, and the other two reaches. In the cabin sloop class Hope withdrew and Rea finished alone. We're Here beat Nora 4m. 34s. in the class for auxiliaries.

Victory made a good showing in the class for launches, and at the end of the first round had the race well in hand. She beat Anaconda, the second boat, 2m. 20s. corrected time. The summary:

Cabin Sloops.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Rea, H. Cammerden	1 29 00	4 18 20	2 43 20	2 43 20
Hope, A. Usberg	1 30 00	Did not finish.		

Auxiliaries.

We're Here, Dr. P. Ernst	1 55 00	3 26 00	1 31 00	1 31 00
Nora, J. G. Robinson	1 56 00	3 42 10	1 46 10	1 35 34

Launches.

Anaconda, B. J. Foss	1 48 40	3 08 10	1 19 25	1 19 25
Victory, J. G. Pratt	1 47 10	3 05 50	1 18 40	1 17 05
Jess, H. Tucker	1 45 35	3 51 55	2 05 00	2 01 55
Amaranth, Frank Totten	1 48 00	3 09 40	1 21 40	1 21 18
Liberty, C. H. Frerichs	1 50 45	3 16 35	1 25 50	1 25 30
Sadie Sharp, Thos. Weiss	1 45 50	3 24 20	1 38 30	1 38 00
Indra, J. McJames	1 46 55	3 51 55	2 05 00	2 03 22
Edith, Henry Roth	1 46 55	Did not finish.		
Wanderer, J. Ludwig	1 45 10	3 16 30	1 28 20	1 26 10
Little Em, S. Lueder	1 45 40	3 29 00	1 43 20	1 43 10
Bertha, J. Abrahams	1 46 32	3 19 10	1 32 18	1 31 28

Rhode Island Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, June 17.

THE annual ladies' day club regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. was held in a stiff S. breeze that necessitated single reefs at the start, although the wind moderated before the finish. The entries were few in number and several withdrawals were caused by breakdowns. The winners were Pandora, Micaboo and Elizabeth.

The new 30ft. cat, Wanderer IV., owned by Messrs. H. J. and D. W. Flint, made her first appearance and presented a fairly good showing, although she had not been tried out sufficiently to stand any chance in a race. The parting of a side stay in the second round caused her withdrawal from the race. The old cat, Emeline, finished first in the class, but was disqualified for not carrying a racing flag, and the prize went to Elizabeth. Little Rhody started in the 25ft. sloop class, but was disabled and obliged to withdraw. Pandora had a walkover in the first class, finishing soon after her only opponent had completed the first round. The summary:

36Ft. Sloops—Start, 2:10:15—Course 14 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pandora, K. Knight	6 07 00	3 56 45
Saracen, E. A. Robinson	Not timed.	

25Ft. Sloops—Start, 2:14:15—Course, 14 Miles.

Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	5 13 25	2 59 10
Cindy, A. F. Lewis	5 36 43	3 22 28
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	Disabled.	

30Ft. Cats—Start, 2:24:15—Course, 14 Miles.

*Emeline, W. J. Rooks	5 13 45	2 49 30
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	5 15 05	2 50 50
Mblem, G. E. Darling	5 17 55	2 53 40
*Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	Not timed.	
Wanderer IV., H. J. and D. W. Flint	Disabled.	

*Disqualified—no racing flag.

F. H. YOUNG.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Saturday, June 17.

THREE of the 15-footers raced over the inside course on Saturday, June 17. The wind was a little W. of S. Sabrina won. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	4 50 15	1 40 15
Fly, W. Emlen Roosevelt	4 53 20	1 43 20
Chipmunk, T. S. Young	4 54 29	1 44 29

Rhode Island Notes.

BRISTOL Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—The circulars for the forthcoming ocean race for the Bristol-Montauk cup have just been issued by the Regatta Committee of the Bristol Y. C. The race will start at 5 P. M. Saturday, July 1, and the event is open to all yachts under 31ft. length waterline, measured without crews aboard, and enrolled in any recognized yacht club. In brief, the requirements are as follows: All yachts, of whatever rig, will race in one class for a specially designed silver cup to be known as the Bristol-Montauk cup, which will become the property of the owner of the winning boat. Second and third prizes will be given if the number of starters warrant. Suitable pennants will be awarded to all yachts that complete the course.

The race will be sailed under the racing rules of the Bristol Y. C., and the yachts will be so measured and rated for time allowance. In addition to the time allow-

ance as thus determined, all yachts, except those of the most pronounced racing type, will receive an arbitrary handicap, to be fixed by the Regatta Committee.

All entries are to be made in writing on blanks furnished by the committee, and must be received not later than June 24, to enable the yacht to receive the full handicap to which it is entitled. Yachts should be presented for measurement either Saturday, June 24; Friday, June 30, or before 9 A. M., Saturday, July 1. No boat will be allowed to start which has not been measured or has not presented a satisfactory certificate of measurement.

Each yacht will be allowed to carry only the sails allowed by club rules for that rig, and shall not have on board more than one man for each 5ft. of racing length or fraction thereof. Each yacht must carry a moderate cruising outfit, but no tender need be taken. The course will be from starting line off the club house, down East passage, to and around black buoy on Great Eastern Rock about 1¾ miles east of Montauk Point, leaving mark to starboard, and back to starting point by same course, a total distance of 88 nautical miles.

The time of all yachts will be taken from the starting signal. All entries should be addressed to Wallis E. Howe, Secretary Regatta Committee, Bristol Y. C., Bristol, R. I.

F. H. YOUNG.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

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Secretary—H M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
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Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Across Nova Scotia in Canoes.

(*Concluded from page 463.*)

Fish were scarce below the dam, so we spent some time taking photographs and inspecting the "fish ladder" built to allow fish to pass up stream, all the while keeping a sharp lookout up stream for the missing members of the party. H. N. T. had found by telephoning to Liverpool that the Senlac was due to arrive at 2 A. M. the following morning and the last train left at 3 P. M. this afternoon. Two o'clock came and still no sign of them, and we commenced to feel anxious, remembering their previous misfortunes in the rapids and the difficult one they had to pass just above us. We made up our minds to hike back along the shore with paddles and poles to see what had become of them. First, however, we loaded the boat and duffle on the flat car by the mill so that it would go on down to Liverpool that afternoon, and while the Scribe was shacking the last of the stuff down from the canal embankment Arthur ran up to the dam to take one last look for the others. A few minutes later his mate, putting the finishing touches to the things on the car, was interrupted in his work of wedging the sloping ends of pulp logs under the boat, by a shrill "coo-e-e" from the skipper, and looking up, saw with a great relief the missing two disembarking at the end of the canal.

From that moment all was bustle. A short three-quarters of an hour was all the time we had to load the rest of the stuff on the car and get some lunch. Chocolate had come in very acceptably during the few hours previous, tobacco also, in warding off the pangs of hunger. A camp site was found under a clump of pine trees on a slight rise beside the track and water was gotten from the brook, a short distance below. Time did not admit of an elaborate lunch, but we baked cornbread, and made tea, sharing the former with some of the residents of the village who gathered around to see the fun.

Enthusiastic comments were made about the cornbread, and we got our first scraps of news of the outside world we had been away from so long. They told us of a great disaster in New York Harbor—the loss of the General Slocum by fire, killing some nine hundred people. Carl asked about the fate of Port Arthur, and learned that it was still holding out. The Scribe asked the present price of pig iron at Pittsburg, but this was too much for them.

After a jolly lunch and hearty farewells to our brief acquaintances we were called hastily off by the whistle of the ridiculous little locomotive standing with the train a short distance down the track. This train was made up of two flat cars, a baggage van and a passenger coach, the latter a metamorphosed trolley car set on railroad trucks—we traveled on the flat car with our belongings. We went jolting off with shrill toots of the engine, across wooden trestles spanning ravines, through deep gorges and pine forests, following first the creek and then the Liverpool River, which we picked up again a mile or two below. Just as we crossed the river on a rough log trestle we caught a glimpse of a magnificent view up stream. The gorge above was very rocky and deep, the current dashing down the narrow, steep channel and under the bridge; far up stream, about a half mile away, was a high fall, the entire volume of water tumbling through a narrow space with high rocks on either shore. This was one of the finest bits of scenery we had run across, and a person would be repaid by taking the short trip up from Liverpool just to see this spot. In fact, the entire ride all the way was a continuous panorama of fine views punctuated by quaint, picturesque villages, where the jovial conductor kept the train waiting while he chatted with his friends. Milton proper, about two miles below the mill, was a lumber town, with piles of lumber stacked about everywhere, and the river full of sawlogs. We saw several booms and log jams on the way down which confirmed the warning Louis had given us, namely, not to try to reach Liverpool by boat. One or two boats were anchored in the stream below the bridge at Milton, the fishermen trying for grilse. This used to be a famous place for them until the sawmills and the pulp mills ruined the sport with their refuse.

At Milton the conductor collected sixty cents from the crowd as the cost of the private car. Shortly afterward we were running into Liverpool, the harbor lying smooth and peaceful under the afternoon sunlight, its two lighthouses on either side of the outer roadstead standing white against the dark green of the rocks and woods. We arrived there at 4 o'clock and set about carrying our boats and duffle over to the river, so as to drop down a quarter-mile to the steamboat dock. Charles O. kept watch over things in a little cove beside the drawbridge, while the other three ruffians went up into the town to the post-office and sent letters and telegrams to our various families, announcing our safe arrival out of the wilderness. This duty done, we returned to Charles O., and, leaving a small boy to watch our possessions, although with some misgivings as to "*quis custodiet ipsos custodes*," we crossed the drawbridge to a little store on the far side and had ice cream all around to celebrate our return to civilization. We also bought a few food supplies, among them onions—at last. This reminded us that we had saved a few onions the Scribe had secured at the Indian Gardens until too late to use them, a matter of great chagrin to the Philadelphia contingent.

Returning to the boats we put out into the stream and paddled vigorously (on parade) down past the various wharves to the steamboat dock. This was deserted and quite high out of the water, making it necessary to hoist our duffle up a steep stone embankment. We had decided to keep next to nature as long as possible, and no one wanted a civilized supper that evening, so we sorted out the duffle, taking only the cooking tools and dope bags, and leaving the rest by the dock. Then dropping into our canoes, we paddled across stream to a high, rocky slope, topped with pine trees and evergreens, overlooking the harbor entrance. The Scribe unlimbered his camera and took some photographs of the beautiful view seaward. It was shortly before sunset, and the ruddy light tinted the white sails and lighthouse, and threw deep shadows from the huge rocks clustered around the shore at the base of the slope. On a point of rocks extending out a short distance into the harbor was the skeleton of an old wreck, and we had no trouble collecting an ample supply of drift wood for our last camp-fire. The shores around the harbor were heaped with sawdust to a point far above the waterline, making a very curious beach, although soft and clean. This sawdust was responsible for the ruin of the fishing in that part of the river, below the lumber and pulp mills.

We very quickly had our camp-fire started and set about cooking our last supper. The Scribe had charge of the long expected dish of friend onions, and everyone hovered around the fire in anticipation of the feast, appetites whetted by the fragrant aroma. Unfortunately, in his anxiety to have them just right, the Scribe over did them slightly, so that the best results were not secured. We baked two batches of cornbread in anticipation of our vigil on the steamboat wharf until the boat arrived, which we had learned would be some time early the following morning.

After a hearty supper we cleaned things up leisurely and sat around the camp-fire until twilight, when we packed up the bags and embarked again for the steamboat wharf. The tide had gone down considerably, and we had to dodge the sunken rocks and the sawdust shoals until we got out into the stream, and there we encountered long, smooth swells rolling in from the sea, which swung the boats easily up and down as we paddled slowly across. The whole western sky close down by the horizon was a deep ruby color, and somewhere out in the water to seaward of us somebody was playing an accordion, and singing. Sounds carried very distinctly across the water, and we could hear laughter from the direction of the lighthouse, possibly half a mile away, and from somewhere up in the town came sounds that resembled a merry-go-round or a hurdy-gurdy. We slipped in ghostly fashion close up under the steamboat dock in the half light, our voices echoing strangely among the piling, and dragged our boats one after the other up on the inclined gangway, which sloped down to within four feet of the water. Our boats left the water for the last time here, and we pulled them up under the lee of the warehouse on the deck, and stacked all our duffle underneath them.

We had not yet been able to find the exact time of sailing on the Senlac, so the four of us decided to ramble up through the town and look up the steamboat agent. This we proceeded to do, after returning a borrowed tin bucket to a housewife at the shore end of the dock. We were an uncouth looking crowd as we strolled through the main street of this pretty little town, and some of the more respectable looking citizens regarded us with suspicion. H. N. T. had ventured up into the town just before leaving for the supper camp, and had had numerous encounters with dogs who resented his appearance. An attractive looking drug store furnished soda water for all hands, and we spent some time looking over the things for sale. Arthur bought a costly bit of jewelry, showing the Nova Scotia emblems, but had the misfortune to lose it later on. The Scribe laid in a supply of English cigarettes at a neighboring tobacconist, as Arthur's supply of Rameses II. had been exhausted. We then ran across the town constable resplendent in uniform, badge, and a strong English accent, who finally located the steamboat agent in a saloon, learning from him that the boat left at 2 A. M. Tuesday. We had before us the prospect of a cheerful wait somewhere during the next six hours, and as all hands vigorously opposed any idea of stopping at a hotel, we returned to the dock, finding a stiff breeze blowing in from the sea, almost uncomfortably cool.

We sat around and talked for a while and then unpacked our sleeping bags and turning our canoes over so as to shelter us from the wind, we crawled into the bags and were quickly asleep. About 11 o'clock in the night Arthur and the Scribe, who were sleeping the sleep of the just under the Mic-Mac, were awakened by somebody roughly turning the canoe over. With the quick instinct that comes of close contact with nature, both sleepers were instantly wide awake, and discovered the startled face of the agent peering down on them. He had been spending *his* time in the convivial company of his cronies at the café, and was evidently just a little uncertain of himself by this time. The apparition, therefore, of two apparent corpses, hidden underneath a boat on his dock, was thoroughly alarming to his befuddled wits. We quickly reassurred him that we were not "dead ones," and he invited us inside the warehouse to make ourselves comfortable until the boat came along, a couple of hours later. This we did, and again slept soundly on the hard boards of the warehouse floor, being awakened about 3 o'clock by the whistle of the boat. Turning out at that time in the morning was a very painful operation, as we were pretty stiff and and sore from our exertions of the previous day, and fairly drugged with sleep. We managed to get our things together, however, and haul them aboard the boat in the gray light of the early morning, cold, hungry, dirty, unshaven, and generally uncomfortable. The constant paddling had made the joints of our fingers very stiff and cramped, and our feet were still wet from the day's work. We hastily bundled our things down to the cabins assigned to us and turned into a civilized bed for the first time in a week. It seemed a bit strange at first, but it was not long before we were sound asleep, and we finished out the rest of the night comfortably.

We rose in time for a hearty breakfast the next morning, and found the boat making slow progress through a dense fog, which kept with us all the way to Yarmouth. This trip around the South Shore occupied a day and a half—lost time, we thought, but we found clear weather at last on the run back to Boston over night from Yarmouth via the S. S. Prince George. Arrived at Boston our party lost no time in disembarking, and after passing customs inspection went their various ways—the two captains to work, and the two fishermen to Plymouth, there to have a try at the bass and trout for a few days.

[The author of "Across Nova Scotia in Canoes", Mr. Hollinshead N. Taylor, of 308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., has very kindly consented to answer any queries that our readers might wish to ask regarding the trip. A letter addressed to Mr. Taylor will receive his prompt attention.]

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division—4934 Edward Polasek, New York city; 4935, George Willing, New York city; 4936 A. C. Hagerty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 4937 William F. Hagarty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 4938 C. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa.; 4941 George F. Busch, New York city; 4943 Charles L. Hancock, Trenton, N. J.; 4944 Robert Andruss, New York city; 4948 Charles A. Tracy, Bordentown, N. J.; 4949 Richard Rank, Kingsbridge, N. Y.; 4952 George G. Brower, Bordentown, N. J.

Central Division—4939 C. C. Edwards, Rome, N. Y.; 4940 George B. Montgomery, Buffalo, N. Y.; 4942 Lee Richmond, Rochester, N. Y.; 4945 Arthur R. Selden, Rochester, N. Y.; 4951 H. H. Cummings, Jr., Rome, N. Y.

Eastern Division—4946 Arthur W. Blunt, Providence, R. I.; 4947 Charles H. Northup, Providence, R. I.; 4950 Louis W. Boutelle, Providence.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division—Charles M. Van Kleeck, New York city, by E. T. Keyser.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.
Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Mass.—New England Schuetzenbund.
Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines.—Iowa Rifle Association annual meeting.
Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.

Union Sportsmen's Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The rifle team of the Union Sportsmen's Club, of Brooklyn, met and defeated the well-known team of the Tanawadeh Outing Club, at Scarsdale, New York, on Saturday last.

After a series of defeats during the last two years the Union Sportsmen's Club has finally gotten together a team that will be dangerous in any event they enter.

Under the able guidance of the captain and coach, Wm. E. Tufts, the team has developed from practically green men into a first-class rifle team. The scores were as follows:

Union Sportsmen's Club.		Tanawadeh Outing Club.	
Lodge	114 1-5	Hanf	93 4-5
Dalton	103 1-5	Gillen	124 4-5
Dumont	145	Ridder	105 3-5
Harper	90	Case	106
Tufts, captain	139 4-5	Stepath, captain	144 3-5

In addition to winning a cup from the Tanawadeh Club, Mr. Lodge won a Marble hunting knife, Mr. Tufts a paddle and Mr. Dumont a medal for the high score.

Mr. Humphreys acted as referee, and Mr. Nammack as field marshal, and through their valuable assistance, the affair was expedited in a most satisfactory manner.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

SATURDAY, June 24, was a busy day, and our range was productive of some good scores, Major Eddy in particular putting up a 50-shot total of 425 out of 500 points with the military revolver. The small-bore rifle shooters put in a good afternoon's practice, but few scores were turned in.

Mr. Henry D. Merrit, the well-known expert trapshooter, visited us, and catching the rifle and revolver fever, has joined with us. If he handles the single bullet gun as well as the scatter arm, he will make some of our regulars hustle to keep at the head of the line. The following scores were the only ones which our secretary secured during the afternoon:

Revolver, 50yds.—Maj. Wm. F. Eddy, .38 military, 84, 85, 83, 87, 86—425; Arno Argus, .38 officer's model, 73, 78, 83, 89, 78; A. C. Hurlburt, .38 officer's model, 77, 87, 83; W. C. Pixley, .38-44, 67, 73, 67.

Revolver—Military Count—50yds.—Wm. F. Eddy, 47, 49, 48, 48, 48; A. C. Hurlburt, 45, 47, 49; Arno Argus, 43, 45, 48, 49, 45.

Rifle on 50yd. Pistol Target.—C. H. Jefferds, Jr., .32-20, 88, 89, 91.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 4.—Dickey Bird national team contest of the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo., of whom entry blanks and conditions may be obtained.
July 4.—Montclair, N. J., Gun Club silver shoot. Edward Winslow, Sec'y.
July 4.—Owego, N. Y., Gun Club all day shoot. Philip S. Farnham, Sec'y.
July 4.—Castleton Corners, S. I.—Castleton Gun Club shoot. J. A. Howard, Sec'y, 140 Nassau St., New York.
July 4.—Jeffersonville, Pa.—Penn Gun Club 100 target match and sweepstakes.
July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; $50 in cash.
July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, See'y.
July 4.—Brockton, Mass.—Montello Gun Club shoot. H. Windle, Sec'y.
July 4.—Syracuse, N. Y.—Messina Springs Gun Club target tournament. F. N. Potter, Mgr.
July 4.—Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. H. Burr, Scc'y.
July 4.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fourth tournament, under auspices of Mannington Gun Club. W. C. Mawhinney, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va., Gun Club annual tournament. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. W. A. Murrell, Sec'y.
July 11.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot.
July 11-12.—Eufala, Ala., Gun Club tournament. C. M. Gammage, Sec'y.
July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club seeond annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
July 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—John Wright's merchandise shoot; added money. John Wright, Mgr., 318 Broadway, New York.
July 12-13.—Manning, Ia., Gun Club second annual amateur tournament. R. A. Rober, Sec'y.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—Betterton, Md.—Malone's eleventh annual summer tournament; $200 added. J. R. Malone, Mgr., 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.
July 17-18.—Charlottesville, Va.—Charlottesville and University Gun Club sixth annual money and merchandise shoot. G. L. Bruffey, Mgr.
July 22.—Rutherford, N. J.—Tournament on grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club.
July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot. H. W. Dryer, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association fourth annual tournament.
Aug. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mountaineers' Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-19.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournamcnt. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 22—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; $1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.
Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Silver shoot of the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will be held on the afternoon of July 4.

E. J. Burns, Secretary, writes us that the Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club will hold a tournament on Sept. 4.

The tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association will be held on Aug. 8-10, instead of Aug. 29-31, at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Mount Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club has started actively again, and welcome visitors to their club shoots, which are held on Wednesday of each week.

The New London, Ia., Gun Club will hold a shoot, Oct. 3-5, to which there is a pleasing attraction in the way of $500 added money. Dr. C. E. Cook is the Secretary.

The Owego, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club announces a shoot for July 4, commencing at 9 o'clock. Targets, one cent. Shooters are cordially invited. Mr. Philip S. Farnham is the Secretary.

The phenomenal run of Mr. W. R. Crosby, 419, on Wednesday and Thursday, at the Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament, at Canton, O., was a phenominal performance. But is it not proof that modern ammunition, guns and skill are too good for the old 16yd. mark?

C. L. Morrison, Secretary, informs us that, "The Mountaineers' Gun Club will hold a tournament on Lookout Mountain on Aug. 15 and 16 next. The tournament will be held on the same grounds on which we held our shoot two years ago. The mountain being 2,500 feet above sea level it will ensure a cool and enjoyable occasion, and we are expecting a large attendance."

Mr. Hugo Brugmann, 62 Reade St., New York, writes us that: "We inclose you herewith proof sheet of programme of our tournament, to be held July 22, on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J. Our hope is to revive that old organization. The writer has donated the money for the prizes to help the shoot along, and from all indications we should attain our purpose."

Twelve events, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 entrance, constitute the programme offered by the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club for their shoot on July .. Totals, 190 targets; entrance $15.50. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Six high average prizes, of which first is $5, will be given to amateurs shooting through the programme. Guns and ammunition, shipped to the Secretary, C. L. Kites, 416 Main street, will be delivered on the grounds free.

The programme of the tournament given by the Interstate Association for the Albert Lea, Minn., Gun Club, Aug. 2-4, has a similar programme for the three days, namely, one at 10, six at 15, two at 20 targets, and one at ten pairs. To each event, $10 are added. Entrance $1, $1.50 and $2. Targets, 2 cents. Aug. 1, practice day. Class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, sent care Henry A. Morgan, Albert Lea, will be delivered on grounds free.

Mr. Geo. Borst has donated a cup for competition under the auspices of the Rochester, N. Y., Gun Club. The first contest took place on Wednesday of last week. Conditions, 25 targets; re-entry contest; moneys divided 50, 30, and 20 for second, third and fourth. A win, the highest score each day, scores one point, and the greatest number of points determines the winner. Ties score a point each. The contests will take place on each Wednesday to July 26, inclusive, except that the shoot of July 5 will be held on July 4.

The programme of the Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club amateur tournament, July 4, has a total of 160 targets, total entrance $16. The events are at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, and one, the merchandise event, open till 5 o'clock, is at 12 targets, 18yds. rise, entrance 50 cents, re-entries 25 cents; prize $10. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Rose system. To club members, highest average, Mullerite medal. Open events, high average, $25 gun and ammunition, prepaid, sent care of the Secretary, Dr. C. H. Burr, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge if received on or before July 1.

The tournament, at Thomasville, Ga., July 4, will be held under the auspicies of the Cracker Gun Club, whose officers are W. S. Brown, President; C. W. Cooper, Secretary and Treasurer, and A. M. Watson, Theo. Titus, J. W. Peacock, H. W. Hopkins and C. W. Cooper, Board of Governors. A State five-man team match between Florida and Georgia will be a feature. Conditions, $50 per team, $25 added, 100 targets, three or more entries to fill. The other events at 10, 15, 20 and 50 targets, $1, $1.50 and $2 entrance, $5, $7.50 and $10 added. Medals and merchandise prizes are devoted to special awards.

The programme of the Boiling Spring Gun Club shoot, at Rutherford, N. J., July 22, provides seven events in the forenoon, six at 20 targets, $2 entrance, and one a consolation event at 25 targets, entrance $2.50; and five special all-silver prize events in the afternoon, each at 10 targets, 75 cents and $1 entrance; class shooting. Ten per cent. of forenoon programme set aside for average money. Rose system governs purses, 4, 3, 2 and 1. Targets 2 cents. Lunch and coffee free. The managers are Messrs. Hugo Brugmann and Jay F. Dayton. The forenoon programme begins at 10:30. Afternoon programme at 1:30.

Nine events constituted the programme of the Aquidneck Gun Club tournament, to be held at Newport, R. I., July 28-29. On the first day events 4, 5, 6, and 6, 7 and 8, total respectively 50 targets, which are merchandise prizes. Events 7, 8 and 9 are also a team sweepstake. Distance handicap. Shooting begins at 11 o'clock. There are ten events on the second day, three of which, at 50 targets, are a merchandise shoot, and three, at 50 targets, are the team contest. Shooting begins at 1 o'clock. The merchandise prizes represent a cash value of $160. Guns and shells shipped to the Secretary, J. S. Coggeshall, No. 9 Ayrault street, will be delivered free on the grounds.

Mr. John S. Wright announces that he will hold an all-day shoot on the grounds of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, on Kaiser's Farm, July 12, commencing at 10 o'clock. There are eight events on the programme, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance 70 eents, $1, $1.40 and $1.75 entrance. Totals, 150 targets, $10 entrance. No. 2 is merchandise prize shoot, handicap allowance. Nos. 3, 4, 7 and 8 also are handicap allowance, and have a total of $16 added, the latter being contingent on twenty entries. To reach the grounds, take Kings County Elevated to Crescent St. Station, thence by hack to the grounds. Lunch furnished free to shooters.

It appears there is trouble brewing in connection with the decision to abolish pigeon shooting at the Hurlingham Club. A large number of shooting members threaten to resign, and legal proceedings are contemplated. The contention of the oldest shooting members of the club is that the recent resolution is ultra vires, as the club was originally formed for pigeon shooting, and the rules state: "The club is instituted for the purpose of providing a ground for pigeon shooting, polo, and other sports." On the other hand, the members who voted in the majority for the abolition of pigeon shooting say that the legality of their action cannot be questioned, as the resolution was passed by the necessary two-thirds majority according to rules. The resolution does not come into force until the end of the year, and by that time some way out of the difficulty may be discovered.—Shooting Times.

Mr. J. R. Malone's eleventh annual summer tournament, to be held at Betterton, Md., July 11-14, like many of its predecessors, is designed to combine an outing by the sea shore with trap competition. To reach Betterton from Philadelphia, take steamers at Pier No. 3, S. Delaware Ave., foot of Market St., 7:30 A. M., Sundays 8 A. M.; night boat at 5 P. M., except Sunday. July 11 is preliminary practice, eight events, alternately 10 and 15 targets, 50 and 75 cents entrance. July 12, there are twelve events, eight at 15 targets, four at 20 targets, entrance $1.30 and $1.40. Five 20-target events, $1.40 entrance, and a five-man team race, 50 targets per man, entrance price of targets, constitute the programme of the second day; $20 to first, $10 to second, $5 to third, and a handsome gold medal to high individual score. July 14 has a programme similar to that of July 12. Added money, $150. Competition open to all. One cent for each target thrown during the three days will go to a special purse for the amateurs who shoot through the programme and do not win their entrance. The surplus, after reimbursing for the actual losses of the amateurs, will be given to the high guns, one money for every $10. Sliding handicaps, 16 to 20yds. Tournament Committee, L. J. Squier, H. E. Lupus, J. W. Chew, and L. S. German. Mr. J. R. Malone is the manager.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., June 24.—To-day was the regular contest, June event, for the members' silver cup. Mr. H. F. Holloway was the winner, score 38, plus 12 handicap, 50.

On July 1 the club will shoot for a Charles Daly gun, and on the afternoon of July 4, the club will hold a silver shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	50	Targets:	25	25	50
P Cockefair, 2	18	23	42	E Winslow, 4	12	..	37
G Porter, 4	24	..	39	C H Hartshorn, 12	..	13	45
C L Bush, 2	22	22	47	H F Holloway, 12	18	..	50
G Boxall, 4	18	20	47	A F Connett, 8	..	..	43

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Rochester Gun Club Tournament.

ROCHESTER, Ind., June 15.—The tournament held here Tuesday was a great success from every point of view. There were fifty-eight shooters present, and all went home feeling well repaid for their trip to this city.

The club will have money in the treasury now, and will use same to improve the grounds, so that visitors at the next shoot will be the better entertained.

As the tournament came to an end many expressed themselves as wishing that the shoot would last over another day, as they were so well pleased with the courteous treatment received at the hands of the good people of Rochester.

The lake and the fishing it afforded was much enjoyed, and many of the shooters spent morning and evening on its waters casting for the wary bass.

Rochester boys were not in form, and most of the prizes went to the visitors. The best shooting by amateurs was that of Evert Brown from Rensselaer, as he made 182 out of 200. Hugh Clark, of Wabash, was next with 177 and Kit Shepardson, of La Grange, 176.

In the professional list there were T. Bill Crosby with 193, Chas. Young, Springfield, O., 186, and W. D. Stannard, Chicago, and Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, O., 180 each.

As a side issue, E. Tripp, E. Brown and S. Anderson had a match with Anderson, the winner.

There will be a rush for Rochester, when the next tournament is announced.

Castleton Gun Club.

THE appended scores were made at the monthly shoot of the Castleton Gun Club, at Castleton Corners, Staten Island, on Saturday, June 17. The day was all that could be desired for this sport, and although the attendance was not large, those who were present seemed to enjoy themselves. The next shoot will be held on the Fourth of uly. Shooting will begin at 10:30 A. M. There will be prizes for several of the events; targets 1 cent each; visitors will be cordially welcomed. The ground is located at Casleton Corners, and is reached by Silver Lake trolley line from St. George, Staten Island. Scores:

Evcnts:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	25	25
F L Hadkins	7	10	9	8	8	9	8	17	..	..	..
L A Scofield	8	7	8	7	6	7	7	20	20	20	15
G Scawood	9	6	9	8	5	8	6	14	17	18	14
H Howard	..	..	..	9	7	3	5	23	18	23	21
Bayler	..	..	..	..	3	1	3	14	13	15	14
E Malsbury	..	..	..	..	3	5	6	10	10	13	..
E Houseman	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	11	..	..	..

Mount Kisco Gun Club.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y., June 21.—The scores made at the club shoot to-day are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	25
Sutton	14	14	14	24	15	13	14	24
Gorham	14	14	14	..	..	14	..	23
Betti	14	14	15	23	15	14	14	23
Dunn	12	12	..	22	13	12	12	22
Rae	12	12	13	21	12	12	12	20
Wood	12	10	12	..	12	12	12	..
Bright	12	13	13	22	..	13	..	23
Dunn	14	11	12	..	..	..	..	..
Fay	12	12	13	..	12	12	12	21
Rae	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mrs Wood	..	12	12	..	..	12	..	20
Sutton	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Mrs Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 22.—Our club gave one of our midsummer barbecues to-day, and while the attendance was very good, very few were willing to try their hand at the trap. Every one was delighted with the spread, and were unanimously in favor of having several more before the season closed.

The following scores were made, with Mr. Jas. I. Johnson in the lead with 47 out of 50, winning the Hunter Arms trophy for the week. He has won it more times than any other member, and now holds it for the best record made last season.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Johnson, Sr.	50	47	Johnson, Jr.	50	35
Barrett	50	43	Celiko	50	21
Gowan	50	43	Ferrall	25	19
Whitaker	50	43	Parker	25	18
Ellington	50	41	Barnes	25	11

R, T. G.

Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League.

GRAFTON, W. Va., June 21.—The third regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League, of West Virginia, was held to-day, on the grounds of the Grafton Rod and Gun Club, at Blueville Park, and was participated in by thirty-five sportsmen from the various clubs of the league.

The day was very cloudy and lowering, with very bad light and frequent rain squalls, making the shooting difficult and clean scores very scarce.

The Peters silver loving cup, emblematic of the five-man team championship of the League, was won for the month by the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of Morgantown, with the Fairmont Gun Club a close second.

The Laflin & Rand silver loving cup, emblematic of the individual championship of the League, was won for the month by Mr. A. H. Donally, Fairmont Gun Club, with a score of 19 out of 20.

The Webber shooting jacket for high expert average, was won by Mr. E. H. Taylor, with 80.6 per cent. Amateur averages were won by the following League members: First high average, W. N. Dawson, Recreation Rod and Gun Club, 96.3 per cent.; second high average, John M. Cobun, Recreation Rod and Gun Club, 85.1 per cent.; third high average, T. A. Neill, Fairmont Gun Club, 80.6 per cent.

The next tournament of the League will be held July 4, on the grounds of the Mannington Gun Club, and programmes may be had on application to the secretary of the Mannington Gun Club, Mr. W. C. Mawhinney.

The Mannington Gun Club has secured new grounds, and is now installing an additional trap, and will have two in commission throughout the day. They now expect to trap twelve to fourteen thousand targets, and entertain sixty to seventy-five shooters. A special feature of this shoot will be the raffling off of a high grade Young gun. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
W H Dawson	175	151	J Phillips	140	110
J M Cobun	175	149	J C Long	140	102
T A Neill	175	141	D P Fitch	140	98
B S White	175	139	H D Heckman	140	95
A B Donally	175	139	W B Stuck	140	92
G A Long	175	138	L J Walker	140	72
E F Jacobs	175	135	J Merrifield	120	96
G M Lilly	175	128	C L Torrey	120	87
E H Taylor	175	141	J O Neely	105	53
L C Jones	175	115	J McCool	90	53
J F Leachman	175	112	C R Phillips	85	65
W C Mawhinney	175	84	F Coogle	85	61
W E Price	155	120	F Amos	50	39
A R Warden	155	111	H M Leps	50	25
H Gaines	155	102	R H Powell	35	24
W H Bailey	155	99	A M Musgrove	35	21
H L Hibbs	140	119	McGill	35	17
R Carnahan	140	113			

Team contest:

Recreation R. & G. C.		Fairmont G. C.	
Capt Price	20	Lilly, captain	20
Cobun	18	Donally	21
Dawson	23	Phillips	20
White	23	Neill	24
Jacobs	20—104	Merrifield	20—102
Mannington G. C.		**Grafton R. & G. C.**	
Long, captain	22	Warden, captain	18
Carnahan	18	Leachman	16
Phillips	20	Stuck	19
Torrey	17	Bailey	15
Heckman	19— 96	Gaines	21— 89

League individual championship race, 20 targets per man: Donally 19, Dawson 17, Long 15, Gaines 13.

ELMER F. JACOBS,
Sec'y-Treas. M. V. S. League.

Atlantic City Tournament.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—There were forty shooters who participated in the different events of the Seashore Gun Club on June 22-24. The weather was bad during the whole three days. On June 23 it rained all day.

On the first day Mr. W. S. Smith, a member of the Ligonier Gun Club, of western Pennsylvania, won a handsome cup, donated by the Seashore Gun Club. Councilman Edward S. Johnson was high man for the day.

On the second day, Councilman Johnson won a gold medal donated by the club, and was again high man. Mr. William Loder, of Egg Harbor, N. J., won the Hunter Arms Co. medal.

On the third day, Councilman Johnson was again high. Mr. Chas. Mink, of Philadelphia; Mr. C. L. Aurmack, of Vineland, N. J., and Mr. D. Hacket, of the Seashore Gun Club, tied for the beautiful loving cup presented by Councilman Edward S. Johnson. The cup is emblematic of the championship of the State of New Jersey. In the shoot-off, Mr. Aurmack and Mr. Hacket again tied. In the final shoot-off, Hacket won.

The shoot was held in front of the Speedway Hotel, which is located about one hundred yards from the Board Walk, and was an ideal spot for a tournament. The local shooters turned out well, considering the weather.

There was a noticeable absence of paid professional shooters. The trade representitves present were Messrs. G. F. Hamlin, T. H. Keller, Jr., and Frank Lawrence. The latter rendered the management valuable assistance in handling the shoot.

June 22, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	Broke.
E Johnson	13	17	18	12	18	21	10	16	20	14	159
C L Aurmack	12	13	19	11	16	21	11	16	23	12	154
A W Burnham	11	17	16	9	13	17	12	14	..	..	...
D Hackett	12	12	21	9	17	11	8	13	19	11	133
S Collins	10	11	18	10	14	18	9	16	20	13	139
W S Smith	9	19	15	12	18	23	..	..	..	..	...
*J Evans	11	10	21	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dieter	13	13	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
*Chas Herold	9	11	13	11	..	10	10	12	21	7	...
B Stewart	7	12	18	11	15	20	12	14	20	14	143
Chas Mink	13	14	18	10	18	15	11	12	24	10	145
*H Keller, Jr.	10	13	18	8	17	19	15	14	17	10	141
J Price	9	10	19	11	16	20	13	18	18	14	148
T Parker	9	..	..	6	12	12	7	..	15	..	...
J N Hutchins	12	16	21	11	16	18	..	..	..	..	...
Dolan	..	..	..	12	6	..	..	10	..	..	...
Budd	..	..	..	..	10	15	21	9	14	18	9
H Johnson	..	..	..	..	10	14	18	10	15	19	..
F McDonald	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	7	7	13	8
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	9	13	19	..
Marrow	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	11	8	..	..
C C B	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	13	..	..	..
Tallman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	19
Frantz	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	10	14	5
Cella	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	9
H Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Van Kirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

*Targets only.

June 23, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	Broke.
Aurmack	13	16	16	9	17	18	8	14	17	12	140
J B Stewart	11	17	20	13	18	21	7	..	..	..	107
*G F Hamlin	10	11	11	4	12	..	..	..	9	7	47
E Johnson	13	18	19	13	11	25	12	15	24	14	160
Chas Mink	12	17	17	10	19	22	12	10	21	13	153
N Long	13	20	21	14	14	21	14	9	21	9	156
D Hackett	14	14	24	12	13	19	12	12	16	8	144
J W Budd	10	17	18	11	14	19	..	11	..	..	101
J E Kirk	13	15	23	12	18	24	9	9	..	..	123
*Keller	11	12	17	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	48
Marrow	7	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
*Herold	7	10	14	9	8	18	6	9	13	8	102
R E Scherrer	11	19	22	9	16	23	10	9	17	10	146
Price	10	12	9	..	..	..	14	13	..	13	71
Hutchins	..	14	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
*M Gill	..	..	12	9	12	17	9	..	16	13	88
Parker	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	7	..	6	17
Garrigues	..	..	..	..	10	20	..	..	..	..	30
N Johnson	..	..	..	..	16	24	10	12	19	..	81
Frantz	..	..	..	..	5	17	2	..	10	..	34
Lodor	..	..	..	..	13	20	10	15	16	11	85
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	11	..	24
Marcus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	11
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	25
Willis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	13
Tallman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12

No. 8 was at 10 pairs.

June 24, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	Broke.
F McDonald	8	8	18	10	9	17	8	11	13	7	109
R E Scherrer	11	17	20	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	60
Mink	13	20	23	12	16	22	12	16	18	13	165
D Hackett	13	17	21	12	12	22	13	17	20	14	161
Aurmack	11	18	20	13	13	22	11	12	16	11	131
Ed Johnson	15	18	24	13	16	21	14	19	23	15	178
Price	11	10	13	11	12	21	..	..	..	8	86
Gill	12	17	13	9	11	12	9	14	18	11	136
Parker	8	..	..	5	12	..	11	14	..	..	50
Richards	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
H Johnson	..	17	16	13	18	21	14	18	22	13	152
Marrow	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Cella	..	..	..	..	13	..	7	12	18	..	50
Frantz	..	..	..	..	5	12	10	11	18	12	68
C C B	..	..	..	..	13	22	12	..	24	..	71
Maxley	..	..	..	..	12	11	8	16	19	13	79
Herold	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	17	11	45
Delaney	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	14	..	30

Fairbury Gun Club.

Fairbury, Ill., June 21.—Yesterday the Fairbury Gun Club held another one of their popular shoots, and indeed it was very well patronized. The shooters came to shoot, and they shot through with very few dropping out. This may be accounted for by a change that was made in the divisions of money. The programme specified three moneys, but that was changed to the Chicago system, that of putting all the winners on an equal basis.

This division seems to pleasc all, especially if there is average money. In this particular case there were three prizes, though not very large ones, and this stimulated the three best shots to what turned out to be a hot race. Ide Harris ran the whole 200 shots to a finsh with but eight "goose eggs," while Mr. Blumershine finished with but nine.

Cadwallader finished with 95 per cent. and McDonald came next with 184. Stauber and Clark Harris both finished with 90 per cent. Young Harris will soon be as good as the "daddy," as he made a run of sixty-five straight.

The grounds used were the infield of the race track. Nothing could improve it, save the absence of the trees that loom up in the background. The club is not large, but its officers and working members constitute a force that can handle a shoot well. The refereeing, scoring, cashiering and management all passed off in the best of order.

Those present were H. W. Cadwallader, Ward Burton and W. Tramp Irwin, manufacturers' agents; Ide Harris, Clark Harris, F. J. Moran, Ed. De Moss, T. D. Karnes and A. Brown, of Fairbury; A. R. Smith, Goodwine, Ill.; Jack Neal, Rantout; August Ferris, Crescent A. J. Stauber, Streator; R. D. Keene, Watscka; A. M. Duncan, Eureka; H. L. Bloomershine, Washington; E. R. Bube, El Paso; Ayde Hayes, Eureka; T. J. Fortier, Piper City; C. A. McDermand, Bloomington; H. Rosalens, Gilman; W. C. Blumershine, J. W. Hart, W. H. Morgan, J. M. Pratt, Mr. Wood, and O. E. Crouch, members of a new club at Colfax. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	15	at.	Broke.
I Harris	10	10	13	10	14	19	14	10	14	10	10	18	15	10	15	200	192
Smith	9	7	15	10	13	17	14	8	13	8	10	19	15	7	12	200	177
Cadwallader	9	10	15	10	15	19	14	10	14	10	9	18	14	9	14	200	190
Neal	8	9	14	9	15	19	14	9	13	9	9	17	11	9	10	200	175
Ferris	7	8	13	9	15	16	13	7	13	9	6	16	14	9	11	200	165
Stauber	9	9	15	8	15	18	12	8	15	9	10	19	15	10	9	200	181
Keene	8	6	13	9	13	18	14	7	13	7	9	13	15	7	12	200	178
Duncan	9	6	13	7	15	12	13	9	14	10	10	..	13	7	..	...	...
H Bl'ms'ne	9	10	13	9	15	19	14	10	15	10	10	19	15	9	14	200	191
Hayes	9	7	9	10	12	15	13	8	12	8	8	19	15	9	12	200	171
C Harris	10	8	13	10	14	16	15	6	13	10	10	20	15	10	11	200	180
Fortier	9	8	10	8	13	14	15	7	12	9	10	..	..	9	..	...	...
McDermand	9	9	12	10	14	18	13	9	15	7	10	20	15	9	14	200	184
Rosaleus	8	10	12	10	13	17	10	9	11	9	9	20	13	8	11	200	169
W Bl'ms'ne	8	9	12	7	14	17	..	..	..	10	9	..	9	..	..	...	...
J W Hart	8	12	8	10	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
J M Pratt	4	11	11	5	9	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Moran	..	6	12	9	12	12	10	10	10	8	8	12	8	12		...	...
Wood	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	10	..	...	...
E DeMoss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	6	..	...	...

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The scores made at the shoot of the Limited Gun Club, June 16, are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	20	15	15	15	15
Comstock	9	14	13	8	14	14	7	13	13	14	13	11	14	14
Smoke	10	11	12	9	12	12	10	13	13	17	13	12	14	14
Phillips	9	13	14	10	15	15	10	14	14	15	14	9	13	11
Partington	10	14	15	10	13	14	9	14	11	18	14	13	14	14
McCaffrey	8	12	15	8	12	14	10	14	9	17	9	10	15	11
Habich	9	11	15	7	10	13	9	13	9	16	11	10	9	13
Cooper	9	14	12	8	12	11	10	12	12	16	13	13	13	11
Parry	9	13	15	9	13	12	9	12	15	17	14	12	13	12
Tripp	9	13	15	9	13	14	10	14	11	15	10	12	15	11
Clark	9	13	13	10	12	11	10	15	15	18	12	12	11	15
Michaelis	9	12	12	9	13	11	10	11	11	18	15	13	14	10
Short	5	12	12	9	13	14	10	12	12	16	11	12	14	14
Long	8	14	13	10	14	14	9	14	12	18	12	14	14	14
Jack Snipe	9	10	10	9	12	10	5	9	8	19	13	8	10	11
Houser	7	14	11	7	13	12	10	14	12	17	14	12	12	13
Moller	9	12	11	7	14	13	7	14	11	18	12	11	12	13
Wildhack	8	11	15	8	11	13	10	13	13	19	11	13	13	13
Finley	9	13	12	10	15	11	10	11	12	15	10	..	..	..
Young	9	15	15	9	15	15	10	15	15	19	15	14	15	14
Kirby	10	14	15	9	14	12	8	14	7	19	13	11	13	13
Smiley	..	..	14	8	12	13	10	14	10	19	11	10	14	10
Littler	..	..	13	10	13	13	8	14	13	16	10	11	14	11
Voris	..	..	13	10	13	13	8	14	13	16	10	11	14	11
Dietrich	..	..	13	9	12	13	7	14	13	18	14	13	13	12
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	7	12	12	7	..
Gregory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	11	17	12	11	..
Troy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	9	..	..	..	..
Slow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	15	11	..	..	..
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	16	..	..	..
Seilken	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	18	12	15	13	12
Leib	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	18	9	..	..
Deschler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	13	12	..	..

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., June 22.—Among the successful shooters at the regular club shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club was W. D. Pardoe, of Princeton, who won high amateur average with the score of 59 out of a possible 65 targets. He also won the fob and a sterling souvenir spoon of the Bound Brook Gun Club.

Mr. Keller, Jr., made a straight in the second event.

Mr. Martin won the Shakespeare fishing reel and a pair of pictures:

Mr. Nicol won the loving cup, handicap, in the second event. Mr. Bishop won the badge.

The club cups were won by Dr. Pardoe, first; Mr. Martin second, and F. K. Stelle third.

The event for the Hunter Arms Co. medal was an interesting event, and was won by F. K. Stelle.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	Broke.
Nicol	5	8	6	6	9	11	45
Keller, Jr	8	10	9	9	8	11	56
W D Pardoe	9	9	9	9	9	14	59
Bishop	9	8	9	8	7	13	54
Martin	7	..	..	7	..	..	..
Bidwell	7	5	..	4	8	..	..
Stelle	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mrs Pardoe	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Dr Pardoe	..	..	9	..	..	..	..

Club shoot for three cups:

	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Martin	12	12	24	Pardoe	5	21	25
Stelle	8	12	20				

Hunter Arms Co. medal, 20 singles: Martin 14, Stelle 15, Pardoe 18.

Ten pairs:

	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Martin	10	25	35	Pardoe	7	32	39
Stelle	**10**	**30**	**40**				

Bradford Tournament.

BRADFORD, Pa.—This is a list of all shooters at the Bradford Gun Club tournament, June 21 and 22.

Mr. Glover won the cup awarded to high two-day score, professionals. Mr. P. Kelsey, Pittsburg, Pa., won the first high average money, $25. Mr. J. T. Atkinson, New Castle, Pa., won the second high average money, $15; Mr. J. Nelson, Gerard, Pa., won the low average money, $10.

Rain fell both days, and the number of shooters participating shows the amount of interest that shooting has in this section. The event was a successful one, and no dissatisfaction appeared. The visitors were treated to a trolley ride to the famous Bock City, in the mountains, and at 10 in the evening sat down to a banquet at the Option House. Mr. Frank J. Collins, of Bradford, acted as toastmaster.

L. E. Mallory, Jr., of Bradford, was third high amateur.

Totals at 165 targets for the two days follow:

	June 21.	June 22.	Total.		June 21.	June 22.	Total.
Bowers	137	153	290	Wheeler	143	137	280
S T Mallory	136	139	275	Dolly	153	142	295
Stuart	134	135	269	Stoops	136	146	282
Ellsworth	133	143	276	Miller	122	142	264
Glover	155	157	312	Bollerd	126	141	267
J R Elliott	145	157	302	Hammond	141	149	290
Squires	140	149	289	Busch	125	127	252
Stevens	150	155	305	Denniker	149	146	295
Garland	134	120	254	P Kelsey	155	163	318
Hull	135	138	273	A B Kelley	150	146	296
Pringle	150	143	293	Andrews	132	134	266
Conneeley	140	147	287	Benton	103	...	...
Hoey	141	129	270	Sizer	156	149	305
Russell	130	125	255	Nobles	135	135	270
Mallory, Jr.	151	160	311	Atkinson	159	157	316
Mallory, Sr.	126	122	248	Fleming	146	150	296
C N Brown	119	110	229	Bozard	147	150	297
Stancliff	141	148	289	Kennedy	120	101	221
Morris	104	108	212	Field	126	...	...
Nichols	117	100	217	Farnum	130	129	259
Gunzburg	135	139	274	Lay	145	153	298
E W Kelley	134	140	274	Crittendon	115	...	...
Butterbaugh	137	134	271	Store	136	136	272
J Conley	149	...	...	H R Elliott	145	134	279
Quinn	137	...	...	Crandall	125	...	...
Snow	153	149	302	Anderson	127	...	...
Kramer	143	151	294	Speer	151	...	...
Eberhardt	122	...	...	Stackpool	139	...	...
Baird	140	...	...	Phillips	130	132	262
Nelson	94	81	175	Root	..	146	...
Hart	145	151	296	Turner	..	141	...
H E Brown	134	143	277	Daniels	..	136	...
F D Kelsey	147	150	297	Mason	..	150	...

New London Gun Club.

NEW LONDON, Ia.—The eleventh annual tournament, June 20-22, passed very satisfactorily, the weather being good and the attendance fair. Barto won the invitation on a score of 100 straight, including tie. Burmister won the grand target handicap on 50 straight. Gilbert won the third day handicap on a straight score. Thus all the handicaps were won on straight scores.

Garrett was high amateur and Klein second. Taylor was entitled to be, as he had a good lead, but the load he was shooting was entirely too stiff for him, and after leading every one for the first two days, he was forced to drop back on account of too much powder. The next shoot will be held here Oct. 3, 4, 5, and $500 will be added in cash. C. W. Budd will again manage, and the amateurs that are in this section will have a good chance to get even, as everything will be in good cold cash, and should prove an attraction.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	Total.		1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.
Burmister	163	171	181	515		16 47	17 50	19 44
Burnside	179	182	181	542		19 49	20 44	19 49
Garrett	188	187	192	567		20 50	21 45	21 47
Klein	184	192	188	564		20 49	21 48	21 47
Gilbert	189	191	195	575		22 50	22 48	22 50
Dauthett	165	174	164	509		.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
Lord	175	170	169	514		18 48	19 39	.. ..
Borden	180	187	...	343		19 46	19 48	.. ..
Roll	184	191	184	559		20 38	19 44	18 44
Cook	149	163	151	463		17 46	17 47	18 ..
Waddington	180	184	165	529		19 44	18 48	18 44
Taylor	190	195	176	561		20 47	21 48	21 47
Young	189	191	183	563		20 45	20 44	21 44
Ridley	172	189	182	543		18 48	19 47	19 48
McDowell	176	177	174	527		19 45	18 46	18 46
Barto	180	188	184	552		18 50	21 46	21 42
Dove	166	185	180	531		16 44	.. ..	.. ..
Hale	177	184	....	361		.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
Smith	..	...	...	...		16 47	.. ..	.. ..
Sator	..	...	...	...		.. ..	18 44	.. ..
Wagner	..	...	...	...		.. ..	18 45	.. ..

Fayette Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 23.—At the regular weekly meeting of the Fayette Gun Club, of this city, on yesterday afternoon, just twenty-four shooters participated, not so bad for a city of this size; but then that number is only a fair average attendance every week, and say, they begin to shoot at 3 P. M. and shoot the programme through, and then wish more shells were obtainable. In the gathering twilight a squad will be on the line making good their efforts to beat the other fellows.

The shoot yesterday, a miss-and-out for a fine knife, was interesting. Every shooter present, twenty-four, lined up and shot in turn, and to miss meant to leave the platform amid the cries of the crowd present. This event proved to be quite spirited, and was finally won by Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, who had to fail to miss just 19 times before he was left alone for the presentation speech, which accompanied the knife.

The fourth of the series in the contest for the Parker gun was shot, and the standing of those who have finished the first 100 of the 300 which comprises the series, is given as follows:

Parker gun contest, standing of those who have finished first 100:

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
W Henderson	99.25	J Offutt	95.25
V K Dodge	98.25	G B Kinkead	94.75
F C Bell	97	T C Rush	94.5
R H Smith	97	L B Shouse	94.5
J G Denny	96.75	G J Stoll	93.75
Wilgus Luxon	96.75	A J Hagan	93.25
J Q Ward	96.5	L Fieber	92.25
W J Drummy	96.25	T B Satterwhite	92.25
R R Skinner	95.5	W M Rennick	90.5

MONK.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 17.—The 100-target handicap, $2 entrance, resulted as follows:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Broke.
Lord, 16	21	21	w.		...
F P Stannard, 17	23	14	19	23	79
Weinsberg, 18	21	23	21	24	89
Wilcox, 16	19	19	21	22	81
C P Zacher, 17	21	16	20	20	77
Davis, 17	19	17	18	20	74
Myrick, 18	13	16	19	22	70
Engstrom, 17	16	19	18	20	73
Webb, 16	11	12	13	16	52
Tracy, 16	16	17	22	19	74
Richards, 16	22	14	w.		...
Bowers, 16	11	w.			...
Hicks, 16	17	18	18	22	75
A W Morton, 17	20	17	15	22	74
Fitzsimmons, 16	13	14	11	19	57
Adams, 16	17	19	16	21	73
Dr Morton, 17	22	15	15	16	68
Sprynre, 16	8	w.			...
Lovell, 17	16	24	16	23	79
Hess, 17	21	24	19	18	82
Steerberg, 16	16	21	21	21	79
Bellman, 17	12	19	16	16	63

Weinsberg, first, $6.80; C. C. Hess, second, $5.10; Wilcox, third, $3.40; F. P. Stannard and Lovell, fourth, 70 cents; C. P. Zocher, fifth, 70 cents.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—The weather on June 24 was fine, though a trifle too warm for very active exercise. There was a good attendance of shooters and spectators. Among the visitors were Harold Money, who always makes a bee-line for the club grounds when in Cincinnati, and Capt. du Bray, who was present for the first time in many weeks. These gentlemen are on their way to the G. A. H.

In the Schuler prize shoot Roll was high in actual breaks with 45, Linn second with 43.

Supt. Gambell is expected to arrive home early next week, and will be here to take charge at the July 4 shoot. The boys will be more than glad to see him next Saturday.

The scores:

Schuler prize shoot, 50 targets, added target handicap: Bullerdick (10) 41, E. Altheer (19) 36, Roll (3) 45, Linn (5) 43, Money (0) 45, Andrews (9) 35, F. Altheer (13) 31, Ackley (22) 20 Farmer Jones (6) 35, Williams (0) 40, Keplinger (8) 32, Tuttle (5) 34, H. Oscamp (0) 37, Medico (2) 35, Jones (0) 33, Du Bray (0) 33.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

The third annual tournament of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, O., was held on June 20. The day was extremely hot and threatened rain all the forenoon, which affected the attendance, which was much below what had been expected. However, about one hundred people, including several ladies, were at the grounds, and thirty shooters took part in the programme events. The programme called for eight events at 15 and four at 20 targets; a total of 200, with entrance at the rate of 10 cents per target; money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Chas. F. Miller, treasurer, and M. K. Huffman, assistant secretary, did the office work in a way which pleased the shooters. Capt. George C. Rohrer was squad hustler.

H. Lockwood and W. Oldt were matched against each other for the day, the former winning by 5 targets, with 169 to 164. Lindemuth shot in his usual good form, breaking 93 out of 100. G. Hodapp, president of the club, is a new man at the game, having started in less than a year ago. He shoots in excellent form, and promises to make one of the best shots in the club. Capt. Ben Downs, of Springfield, usually a stayer, was suffering from rheumatism and was forced to stop after the third event. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Cain	15	14	18	14	15	20	14	15	16	15	13	18	200	187
Rhoads	14	14	20	13	13	18	14	14	20	15	15	17	200	187
Faran	14	13	19	15	14	19	13	13	19	14	14	17	200	184
Oswald	14	13	17	10	14	18	15	15	20	13	14	19	200	182
Trimble	12	12	19	11	14	18	15	13	20	15	13	19	200	181
Peters	14	14	19	14	15	14	13	12	16	14	13	19	200	177
McConnell	13	13	18	12	13	19	14	14	19	10	14	17	200	176
Barker	12	14	17	14	14	16	14	14	17	11	13	17	200	173
Kirby	14	15	15	12	14	14	13	11	19	14	14	17	200	172
Poole	13	13	17	11	15	16	12	13	20	10	13	16	200	169
Lockwood	12	12	18	15	14	17	12	10	18	13	13	15	200	169
Alkire	14	12	16	12	10	17	14	14	15	11	12	16	200	164
Oldt	12	14	15	14	14	15	14	10	19	10	12	15	200	164
Carr	13	11	17	9	11	11	8	11	18	14	12	13	200	148
Lewis	15	14	18	13	14	20	14	14	17	..	..	..	150	139
Karnehm	..	..	17	13	13	17	..	8	19	14	14	18	155	133
Hanauer	12	10	17	11	13	18	12	13	18	..	..	..	150	124
Lindemuth	15	14	18	15	12	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	93
Smith	14	12	18	14	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	88
Smythe	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	15	13	15	14	100	83
Hodapp	15	10	16	14	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	81
Frank	11	11	18	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	100	79
Starke	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	18	9	11	14	100	77
Ike	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	16	10	12	12	100	75
Anderson	10	14	13	1	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	74
Izor	11	14	17	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	66
Potter	9	10	16	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	43
Downs	13	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	37
Matthews	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	17	35	25
Wertz	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	12

Phoenix Gun Club.

The first annual tournament of the Phœnix Gun Club was held on June 21 and 22, and was a decided success in every way. The club has only been in existence a few months. The officers and members deserve great credit for the way in which they carried through their initial tournament.

The club owns grounds within a couple of blocks of the principal hotel.

The programme consisted of twelve events, at 200 targets; entrance $20; money divided 50, 30 and 20, on the first day. Nine events at 150 targets, entrance $15, same division of money; and the matches for the five-man teams and for the individual championship trophies.

In the office were J. D. Poorman and Mrs. G. W. Morgan. Their work was done to every one's satisfaction. Miss Poole, sister to Mrs. Morgan, was the official scorer. These ladies are daughters of the well-known shooter, Wm. Poole, of Springfield, and must inherit their love of the game, as they are enthusiastic over everything relating to trapshooting, and Mrs. Morgan makes an ideal cashier.

The trade was represented by R. L. Trimble, J. R. Taylor, H. N. Kirby and Mr. McNeil.

The first day was very hot and uncomfortable. Stan. Rhoads was high gun with 191. A. H. Hill and R. L. Trimble second on 188. A. W. Kirby third, 185. The scores:

June 21, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
R S Rhoads	14	15	9	15	13	18	15	15	18	15	14	20	200	191
A H Hill	15	15	16	15	14	17	14	14	19	15	15	19	200	188
R L Trimble	13	14	20	15	13	18	14	15	19	14	13	20	200	188
A W Kirby	14	14	20	14	14	19	14	14	19	12	14	17	200	185
F Alkire	12	15	19	13	15	19	12	13	19	15	14	14	200	180
H H Good	14	11	19	15	12	17	15	13	18	14	14	18	200	180
H N Kirby	14	13	19	14	13	18	14	12	17	11	14	16	200	175
J Karnehm	14	14	17	13	13	17	10	14	20	14	13	19	200	178
D Karnehm	14	11	19	13	14	18	12	13	18	14	10	18	200	174
Brubaker	12	13	14	14	13	18	15	13	18	12	13	16	200	171
Losh	11	11	18	14	11	15	12	12	14	12	13	15	200	158
McConnell	..	..	..	15	14	20	11	15	17	13	19	17	150	131
Batdorf	..	..	16	13	13	11	..	..	..	12	11	19	120	95
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	20	12	15	15	100	88
Foley	..	..	..	13	13	16	14	11	15	..	..	..	100	82
Shields	..	..	..	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
Busch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	20	20
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	15	10

June 22, Second Day.

The second day was cool, a much better day than Wednesday. A strong wind nearly all day made the targets soar, and fooled several of the shooters. Thirty shooters took part in the programme events, Rhoads being high gun with 142 out of 150. Trimble second, 139; A. W. Kirby, third, 138, and A. H. Hill fourth, 137.

The team race for a silver cup, and the championship of Logan, Union, Champaign, Clark, Shelby, Madison and Miami counties, was won by De Graff with 200 out of 250. Troy Gun Club second with 195. The individual cup, emblematic of championship of same counties, was won by Holding with 47 out of 50. Holding was also high man in the team race, breaking 49, making 96 out of 100 targets in the two races. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
R S Rhoads	15	12	18	14	15	20	15	14	19	150	142
R Trimble	15	14	18	14	14	16	14	15	19	150	139
A W Kirby	13	15	19	14	13	18	15	12	19	150	138
A Hill	12	14	17	12	14	20	14	14	20	150	137
F D Brubaker	10	9	14	14	13	15	10	12	18	150	135
H Good	14	15	17	11	15	16	14	13	17	150	132
W Poole	13	11	20	14	11	19	15	11	15	150	129
McConnell	13	12	18	12	15	13	14	14	16	150	127
D Karnehm	15	9	15	10	14	20	13	14	16	150	126
D W Smith	10	14	17	11	11	16	12	11	17	150	119
Batdorf	11	11	14	13	9	18	13	12	18	150	119
J H Smith	10	11	15	8	15	17	11	12	16	150	115
J Karnehm	13	12	19	13	11	17	9	..	15	135	109
W L Augspurger	13	7	12	10	8	14	13	13	17	150	107
H P Runyan	10	11	12	7	10	14	10	11	16	150	101
G E Lockhart	9	9	17	10	13	13	11	10	..	130	92
Shafer	12	12	15	8	10	16	9	9	..	130	91
C Bell	14	15	14	15	13	19	..	..	..	100	90
Brunner	10	14	14	12	13	..	..	..	18	100	81
R Neer	11	12	18	..	..	17	..	..	..	70	58
Redinbo	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	19	50	44
Busch	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	16	50	38
B Downs	9	11	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	50	37
Ernst	..	..	..	14	14	11	..	..	..	50	39
Losh	..	..	17	..	..	17	..	..	..	40	34
Ryan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	35	28
Long	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	..	..	35	25
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	35	23
Holding	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	20	19
Rairdon	..	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	17

Team contest, five-man team championship, 50 targets:

De Graff G. C.			Troy G. C.		
H Good	19	23—42	Thompson	22	21—43
H Hill	21	21—42	O W Smith	21	20—41
G Long	22	19—41	Augspurger	20	19—39
G Brunner	19	21—40	A W Ryan	19	19—38
G Lockhart	19	16—35	Haines	15	19—34
	100	100—200		97	98—195
Springfield G. C.			**St. Paris G. C.**		
Neer	25	20—45	Losh	18	21—39
Jaek	22	22—44	J Karnehm	21	17—38
Poole	17	23—40	Brubaker	19	19—38
Shafer	15	18—33	Batdorf	18	20—38
Strong	16	16—32	Balentine	14	20—34
	95	99—194		90	97—187
Urbana G. C.					
Holding	24	25—49	Koehle	15	11—26
Poysell	19	18—37			
Guard	15	15—30		89	79—168
Hovey	16	10—26			

Individual trophy shoot, 50 targets: Holding 47, Neer 45, Brubaker 43, D. Karnehm 41, C. Smith 41, Ryan 41, Thompson 41, J. Karnehm 40, Haines 39, Augspurger 39, Losh 39, Brunner 38, Poole 37, Shaffer 32, Batdorf 21.

Notes.

At the medal shoot of the Welfare Gun Club, Dayton, O., good work was done. The medal was won by C. H. Cord after a hot contest, five shoot-offs being necessary to decide the winner.

Most of the members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O., got their fill of shooting at the tournament, and only five took part in the medal contest on June 21. Wm. Oldt won the medal after shooting off a tie with Miller and Carr.

At the shoot of the Greenville, O., Gun Club, on June 19, Ed. McKeon captured the Class A medal with 41, making his third consecutive win in the series of twenty contests for prizes. This places him in the lead with W. Kirby for the gun which is offered as first prize. In Class B, Limbert and Hartzell tied for the medal.

A very good attendance marked the shoot of the Dayton, O., Gun Club on June 23, eleven men taking part. Craig was high gun, with 125 out of 150. Cord did some good work, breaking 90 out of 100.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, June 24.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the second series. McDonald and Goetter tied for Class A trophy on the good scores of 24 and 25. T. L. Smedes won Class B on 23, and George won Class C on 19.

In the Dupont cup shoot which followed, Dr. Meek, Eaton, McDonald and Keck all tied for Class A on 19 out of 20. T. L. Smedes won Class B on 17 and George Class C on 13.

After the cup shoot was finished, T. L. Smedes and Dr. Reynolds captained two teams formed by choosing sides. In the first match, Dr. Reynolds' team won by 3 targets. In the second match Smedes' team won by 5 targets.

The day was an ideal one for target shooting, being pleasantly cool and but little wind. Good scores resulted. Out of sixteen shooters in trophy event, only four broke less than 20, and two of those made 19 each, while twelve made 21 or better.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	20	25	Targets:	10	10	10	20	25
Kampp	7	9	10	18	23	Geotter	..	9	7	16	24
Horns	9	8	7	15	21	T L Smedes	..	9	7	17	23
Dr Meek	9	10	10	19	23	A Smedes	..	9	..	18	18
Thomas	10	10	10	17	23	G O Smedes	..	..	7	..	..
Eaton	9	9	8	19	23	George	..	..	10	13	19
Dr Reynolds	6	10	..	16	19	Litt	..	..	7	..	..
Davis	8	10	10	18	21	Keck	..	..	..	19	23
McDonald	9	9	10	19	24	Ditt	..	..	..	15	12
Ford	..	..	..	14	23	C Einfeldt	..	..	..	15	23

No. 4, Dupont cup. No. 5, trophy.

Team shoot, Dr. Reynolds and T. L. Smedes captains:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
T L Smedes	7	6	Dr Reynolds	7	9
Dr Meek	8	10	McDonald	10	9
Eaton	7	9	Davis	8	10
Geotter	7	7	C Einfeldt	9	7
Kampp	7	7	A Smedes	10	5
Ford	8	8	George	8	7
	44	47		52	47

In Other Places.

At the shoot, given by the Missoula, Montana, Gun Club, Richie won the Woodworth-Ward medal, an event at 15 singles and 5 pairs. He also won a point on the Bell and Vincent spoon.

The regular shoot of the Furgus Falls Gun Club was held Saturday last.

The Blue Ribbon Gun Club, Flint, Mich., has elected A. L. Jones, President; Fred Kitchen, Vice-President; H. J. Shatto, Secretary; Frank Meyers, George Sherer and H. Alexander, Handicap Committee.

The Paducah, Ky., Gun Club held a shoot Thursday last, the medal being won by Ambrose Mercer after a shoot-off with Weille and Beyer.

H. G. Thomas made 49 out of 50 at the Bluefield, W. Va., shoot. The members have improved very much since the opening shoot.

W. D. Stannard met with the North Side Shooters at Milwaukee, Sunday last. He donated a silver cup, for which a contest will be held July 4. On June 25 the return match with the Parker Gun Club will be held.

On July 16 the North Side, Milwaukee, Wis., Gun Club will hold its seventh annual tournament.

The Cleveland, Ohio, Gun Club had a wet day to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary, which occurred June 17. The Willow Lake Rod and Gun Club has been formed at Belleville, Ill. The officers are: President, Jacob Bollman; Vice-President, Fred Liehmert; Secretary, Charles Rubleman; Treasurer, Henry Peters.

The Cedar Springs summer resort is now quite popular as a shooting place. Last week the members of the Eaton, Ohio, Gun Club spent the day at this point. They were accompanied by families and friends.

The Swansea Gun Club, Belleville, Ill., held its first shoot on the new grounds, Sunday, June 25.

At last Sunday's shoot at the St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club grounds Wood won the Bazille trophy. The Holmes trophy went to Figge who shot out Karmirsky on the shoot-off.

On the shooting days set apart by the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club the public are invited to be present, either to shoot or to look on.

The Janesville, Wis., Gun Club will hold a big tournament open to all shooters in Southern Wisconsin on July 3.

When the Infallible Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., met last, William Hines scored another win for the Weed trophy. This club will hold a shoot July 4, at which time some valuable merchandise prizes will be put up.

The prize for which the Columbus, Ohio, Gun Club will contest with a series of twenty-six shoots will be an $80 double hammerless trap gun. The first shoot will be held June 30 and every week thereafter for six months. Just as soon as the new grounds are complete there will be an opportunity for practice daily.

While Dr. A. B. Langshane, an enthusiastic member of the Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club, was arranging the trap for their tournament, he was badly hurt by being struck in the forehead with the trap arm.

The monthly shoot of the Lexington, Mo., Gun Club was held Wednesday at the club grounds. D. O. Heathman was the trophy winner with 23 out of 25.

Columbus, Ohio, Gun Club will give a shoot on July 4. Interstate rules will govern, and the targets will not be thrown over 50yds.

An interesting team shoot was held at Port Gibson, Tenn., June 13, the home team winning over Hermanville. Sam H. Bagnell won prize for best individual score.

On Tuesday last at the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, the new Illinois Athletic Gun and Rifle Club was organized. William F. Church is President, and Chas. F. Zeller Secretary. There will be rifle and revolver ranges constructed at the new club house.

The Celestial Gun Club met last evening at the headquarters in Pekin and adopted a constitution and by-laws, including handicap rules. The membership is increasing, and some good shoots will be held in the near future.

The members of the Austin, Texas, Gun Club chose the cool of the evening for their gun club meets, as the time for meeting is 5 P. M.

F. A. Noland, of the Fond du Lac, Wis., Gun Club, is high individual. On July 8 there will be an exhibition shoot at which Herman Hirschey will show what may be accomplished with the shotgun and rifle.

There was a team shoot last Sunday at Menominee. The Milwaukee clubs were defeated by the home boys, 297 to 284. The Menominee team has issued a challenge to any team in Wisconsin or Michigan to shoot a race consisting of five or ten men on a side.

The Creston, Ohio, Gun Club has been incorporated with $200 capital, O. C. Robinson, J. H. Smith and others are the incorporators.

The Bloomington, Ill., Gun Club will hold a tournament on July 4. They are holding regular shoots that are well attended.

The Langton Gun Stock Company, Peoria, Ill., will enlarge their plant and have increased facilities for turning out gun stocks.

Down in Indiana the report of the shoot held by the Crown City Gun Club, Dunkirk, Ind., comes thus: "At the regular shoot, held Friday, it was impossible to get the scores. The secretary stated that he was being watched by the entire club with a view of making him keep it a secret. It has leaked out that the members who shot were ashamed of the word 'Lost!' which was recorded on the score card with great frequency during the afternoon.

The thirteen members were all present last Friday, when the Crescent Club, of Belvidere, Ill., held its annual outing at the Big Slough. George Rose set up a good dinner, as well as supper, and all spent the day shooting targets.

That the Omaha, Neb., Rod and Gun Club will soon have a club house is now assured. One hundred men have subscribed $5 each. The State fish hatcheries has placed 50,000 young bass in the lake.

At a meeting held in Hazlewood, Pa., last Friday a new gun club was organized with 26 new members. It will be known as the Greater Pittsburg Gun Club, the officers being, B. J. Hamm, President; W. H. Johnson, Secretary; J. G. Douglas, Treasurer. Shooters joining before July 1 can get in as charter members for $3. It is the intention to make the accommodations and equipment of this club the most complete and attractive of any in that part of the State.

At the annual meeting of the Niles, Michigan, Gun Club, the officers elected are: President, W. C. Cantrell; Vice-President, Fred Zimmerman; Foreman, H. Wertz; Secretary and Treasurer, Gordon Ullrey. It is the intention of the club to hold several tournaments this season.

Hans Carstensen, of Exira, Ia., visited Elkhorn, and there won the first prize in a shooting contest.

A business meeting for the members of the Iola, Kansas, Gun Club has been called with the intention of bringing together all the gun clubs of the surrounding towns for a contest.

The Grinnell, Ia., Club last Thursday journeyed to Brooklyn, and there defeated the home team in a club contest. With ten men on a side, each at 50 targets, the score was 361 for Grinnell and 354 for Brooklyn.

The gun clubs of Neodesha, Altoona, Benedict and Fredonia, Kansas, are now engaged in holding team shoots, scores: Neodesha 89, Altoona 88, Benedict 83, Fredonia 76. This was the way the teams finished last time they met for a contest.

The Owosso, Mich., Gun Club were put to the necessity of postponing their shoot for last week on account of the grounds being overflowed.

At the Des Moines, Ia., shoot the gun club will put up loaded shells as prizes.

For the old Peoria, Ill., Gun Club "Tramp" Irwin purposes to get the use of the race track for trapshooting.

J. J. Erding, Plainview, Wis., won the loving cup, losing but 10 targets out of 150. W. A. Schultz, of Tomah, won second with 133. The shoot for the La Crosse Chronicle cup did not fill, and Winona won by default.

Dr. N. G. Yagley, who made a record of 48 out of 50 was high man at the Red Lion Gun Club, York City, Pa., on Thursday last. The club proposes to hold a tournament soon.

The Sunny Side Gun Club, of Cambridge, Ind., will hold a shoot each month of the summer.

It is good news that comes from Grinnell, Ia., as the club is conducting team shoots. F. M. Card team won the last race with 226 to 211. Waddington, a traveling man, made high score with 63.

Ottawa, Ill., Gun Club awoke from the winter slumbers and held a shoot on last Saturday.

The Houghton, Mich., Gun Club have received their loving cup. This has put the boys on their mettle, and they are now oiling up their guns, getting ready for much shooting.

George Hughes, of Fonda, one of the oldest men in the shooting, made a good showing at the Sioux Falls meeting.

At the annual meet of the South Dakota State Sportsman's Association there was a good attendance of cracks. The State trophy was won by Dave Nelson, of Alcester, with H. G. Taylor, the noted State crack, second. Gilbert missed two for the day.

The gun clubs of Lancaster county, Pa., have formed a league for trapshooting purposes, viz., The Bob White, of Lancaster; Pequea, of Willow Street; Excelsior, of Columbia; Elizabethtown and Christiana. John F. Andrews, of Strasburg, was chosen President, and Geo. W. Westorf, of Elizabethtown, Secretary. The opening shoot will be held June 24, on the Bob White grounds.

The South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., defeated the Parker Gun Club, of same city, in a contest by the score of 212 to 189. On June 25 there will be a return match on the Parker's range at Lyton Park.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 21.—In the first contest for the Borst cup to-day, 25 targets, handicap allowance, re-entries unlimited, high scores to count a point, and in case of a tie, each tie in high score to count a point, the result was as follows:

Borst, Shoemaker, Stewart, Sterling, Adkin and Stoddard each scored a point.

	Score.	Hdcp.	Total.		Score.	Hdcp.	Total.
Coughlin	12	7	19	Weller	19	4	23
Rickman	10	6	16	Leader	18	4	22
Borst	19	6	25	Stewart	24	1	25
Shoemaker	18	8	26	Stoddard	18	6	24
Adkin	20	2	22	Sterling	17	8	25
Clark	18	2	20				
Re-entry:							
Leader	18	4	22	Rickman	17	6	23
Weller	19	4	23	Rickman	18	6	24
Weller	20	4	24	Coughlin	15	7	22
Weller	17	4	21	Stoddard	19	6	25
Weller	20	4	24	Adkin	24	2	26

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y., June 17.—The second monthly shoot of the Warwick Gun Club was held on Friday, June 16. There was a strong wind blowing across the platform, making high scores impossible. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	10	25	25	25	*	10	*
Stever	8	9	15	19	13	14	6	10	8	15	21	19	3	9	0
Ogden	10	14	17	8	13	15	7	13	9	17	20	19	4	8	3
Ackerson	7	14	16	8	10	13	8	10	7	15	..	..	0	..	2
Rogers	8	9	18	6	13	15	7	10	5	15	..	..	..	..	..
Coe	4	9	16	7	8	..	9	13	8	19	..	..	2	..	3
Hendrickson	5	8	12	2	8	10	3	5	8	16	..	..	..	..	..
Wood	9	13	..	6	11	14	..	..	9	22	..	..	..	..	..
Tims	7	10	..	10	11	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stever	..	..	12	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kendig	..	..	..	6	8	..	3	..	..	11	..	..	1	..	5

*Events Nos. 13 and 15 were miss and outs.

JOHN B. ROGERS.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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Ohio Trapshooters' League.

CANTON, Ohio.—The Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament was held on June 13-15. Fine weather favored the competition.

The sensational feature of the tournament was the brilliant performance of Mr. W. R. Crosby, who broke 419 without missing, of which 158 were run on Wednesday and the remainder on Thursday.

The ten high amateur guns for the tournament were Upson, 476 out of 500; Snow, 474; Foltz and Volk, of Toledo, each 470; Cabut, of Massillon, 468; Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., Rhoades, of Columbus, and Gault, of Barbeston, 467 each; Alkire and Haak, 465.

June 13, First Day.

The weather was ideal, one hundred and three contestants took part. The ten high guns of the first day, amateurs, 180 targets, were Upson, Cleveland, 172; Hulshizer, Newark, 171; Gault, Barberton, 169; Volk, Toledo, 168; Foltz, Toledo, 168; Burns, Cleveland, 167; Ewalt, Youngstown, 167; Spangler, Dayton, 167; Snow, Cleveland, 167; Ahlers, Cincinnati, 166.

The four high professionals to-day were C. A. Young, of Springfield; W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; F. Riehl, of Alton, Ill.; R. Trimble, of Covington, Ky.

J. W. Lee, of Portage County Gun Club, Kent, O., won the Press-Post trophy. Hulshizer, of Licking County Gun Club, Newark, Ohio, won the Ohio State Journal trophy. Events 10 and 11, are Ohio State Journal cup. Event 12 is the Press-Post trophy.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	15	15	25		
Lothamer	17	18	14	19	17	18	17	17	17	14	14	23	235	183
E M Young	15	14	14	18	20	18	15	18	12	13	12	22	235	190
Bucher	14	16	18	14	11	17	16	8	13	14	13	22	235	185
Haak	16	18	19	20	17	15	19	20	19	13	13	20	235	209
C J Schlitz	19	18	18	19	18	16	17	17	17	13	11	23	235	206
Santemeyer	13	18	18	19	18	17	15	20	14	13	14	21	235	200
Scott	14	17	19	16	16	19	17	15	15	14	14	23	235	199
Stilson	16	17	17	15	19	16	16	18	19	14	11	20	235	198
Ledgett	18	16	13	18	15	18	17	14	17	..	..	..	180	146
Stout	17	19	14	17	17	19	20	16	16	14	13	25	235	207
Kirby	16	16	18	14	18	17	16	16	19	14	13	23	235	200
Gross	16	19	19	16	17	17	17	15	17	14	14	22	235	203
C A Young	19	20	17	18	19	20	18	18	20	14	14	23	235	220
Rhodes	16	18	17	20	19	20	19	19	18	15	12	24	235	217
Orr	16	20	15	19	18	18	14	17	19	15	13	21	235	205
Murphy	14	20	16	19	15	18	15	17	19	12	14	24	235	203
Kiefe	20	18	14	18	16	20	18	17	17	12	11	24	235	205
King	17	18	18	18	16	20	16	20	19	13	13	23	235	211
C C Smith	19	18	20	20	17	18	18	19	15	14	15	23	235	216
Andrews	16	19	15	15	18	20	15	14	15	..	..	..	180	147
W D Shafer	17	17	19	20	19	19	19	16	17	12	13	24	235	213
Chamberlin	18	16	17	20	16	17	17	17	19	14	15	24	235	210
Baker	14	19	12	19	15	18	14	17	15	..	..	..	180	143
Battenfield	19	17	18	20	20	18	19	16	16	14	11	23	235	211
Squiers	14	18	17	17	15	18	17	17	14	..	..	..	180	147
Ahlers	20	16	18	18	18	19	19	19	19	12	13	21	235	212
Trimble	20	20	19	19	19	18	19	18	16	..	..	..	180	168
Atkins	20	20	17	17	17	17	16	18	18	12	13	23	235	208
James	17	16	18	19	15	18	15	14	20	13	14	22	235	201
J L Schlitz	12	15	14	11	17	15	18	17	12	11	13	22	235	177
J A Smith	17	19	18	19	17	19	16	20	17	14	14	23	235	212
Winn	19	18	17	17	18	18	19	16	16	13	14	22	235	207
Egley	19	18	17	18	19	17	15	17	16	10	13	24	235	203
Crosby	18	20	18	20	19	19	18	19	18	14	14	25	235	222
Barnett	16	13	18	20	16	16	16	17	18	14	15	22	235	201
Riehl	20	18	20	20	18	16	18	20	19	13	13	23	235	218
R H Smith	18	14	17	18	14	15	16	13	14	15	14	17	235	185
Hulshizer	20	18	19	19	19	19	20	19	18	15	15	24	235	225
Latham	19	18	18	17	17	18	17	19	18	14	14	22	235	211
Sheldon	16	18	18	17	16	18	17	19	19	14	12	24	235	208
Upson	19	19	18	20	17	20	19	20	20	14	13	23	235	222
Saffold	15	15	17	18	19	14	15	16	16	12	13	22	235	192
Flick	18	18	17	19	19	18	20	18	18	15	12	25	235	217
Bibbee	19	20	18	19	16	19	18	20	16	15	14	24	235	218
Speary	16	18	18	18	17	20	18	17	17	14	14	11	235	208
McCune	16	16	16	19	17	19	14	16	16	13	14	21	235	197
Lee	18	19	18	16	16	14	17	19	19	15	14	25	235	210
Snow	17	19	16	18	19	19	19	20	20	13	15	21	235	216
Burton	14	17	15	17	16	18	18	19	14	12	12	23	235	195
Renner	11	16	13	17	11	16	9	11	13	12	10	19	235	148
Dadsworth	12	19	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	59
Cabut	17	20	18	20	18	20	19	16	17	14	14	22	235	214
Ted Brown	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	70	41
Gilchrist	16	20	15	17	13	16	17	17	18	..	..	..	180	149
Windolph	12	19	17	15	17	11	19	16	15	12	13	23	235	189
N H Brown	16	16	16	17	19	19	20	18	17	15	14	..	210	187
Beck	18	18	18	17	16	17	15	18	17	..	..	..	180	124
Ewalt	17	19	19	20	18	19	18	17	20	14	14	23	235	217
Vietmeyer	16	19	19	17	19	18	19	15	19	14	15	23	235	203
E G N	15	18	16	19	13	19	19	16	18	14	13	22	235	202
Watson	15	16	19	15	19	19	19	20	18	13	14	24	235	211
Bower	19	18	18	17	18	19	18	18	15	12	15	24	235	211
Seaborn	18	18	19	19	18	19	19	16	18	15	13	20	235	212
Waoner	17	18	19	16	19	19	18	20	17	14	13	23	235	213
Bradley	18	15	16	16	14	17	17	16	18	15	13	21	235	194
Gault	19	18	20	19	19	19	19	18	18	15	14	25	235	223
Lucky	19	18	19	15	20	20	18	18	17	15	12	24	235	215
Johnson	15	17	15	19	18	18	19	18	17	15	13	25	235	209
Rike	17	16	18	19	19	14	17	15	19	..	..	..	180	154
Heikes	16	14	16	17	20	18	20	16	18	15	15	23	235	208
Spangler	17	20	17	19	18	19	20	20	17	12	15	23	235	217
Cain	16	16	16	18	17	19	18	18	16	12	14	23	235	198
Miller	13	15	16	17	14	18	18	13	15	..	..	..	180	139
J H Smith	12	16	14	17	14	19	18	18	16	11	11	25	235	191
H E Smith	16	18	15	14	18	17	19	19	16	15	8	24	235	199
Webster	18	18	16	17	14	18	17	20	12	15	14	23	235	202
Ward	15	16	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	61
Chamberlin	19	19	19	19	16	19	18	17	15	14	13	22	235	210
Foltz	19	18	18	19	18	20	20	17	19	14	14	23	235	219
Volk	18	20	18	18	18	20	18	19	19	14	13	24	235	219
Call	17	17	18	18	19	19	16	18	18	15	15	19	235	209
W W W	19	16	17	15	19	19	17	14	16	..	..	..	180	152
Root	15	19	19	17	17	18	18	17	15	..	..	..	180	155
Kramer	16	19	17	16	15	17	20	18	17	..	..	..	180	155
Mack	14	15	18	18	18	18	14	17	16	..	..	..	180	148
Ducommon	18	16	14	15	17	17	17	19	17	..	..	..	180	151
Dover	17	19	17	17	19	15	14	18	17	13	11	22	235	199
J K W	16	15	15	15	18	16	17	19	19	..	..	..	180	150
Trew	12	19	15	14	16	19	18	16	16	12	13	25	235	185
Snyder	18	12	17	11	16	16	17	18	13	9	13	19	235	179
Freeman	13	12	11	12	11	12	12	16	8	8	10	17	235	142
Hull	14	16	18	14	17	17	16	18	17	13	12	24	235	196
Burns	17	20	15	18	19	20	19	20	19	15	15	24	235	221
Crane	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	19	18	16	..	..	100	89
Ryland	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	18	18	17	14	13	130	114
Strang	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	20	55	43
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	19	55	38
North	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	30	21
A F Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	21	40	35
Guest	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	23	55	50

June 14, Second Day.

The weather was delightfully pleasant. The redoubtable veteran, Mr. R. O. Heikes, won the L. C. Smith cup, emblematic of the championship if Ohio. He made a straight score of 50.

The Sportsmen's Review trophy, a two-man team contest, was won by Orr and Hulshizer, of Newark.

High amateur guns for the day: Rhoades, of Columbus; Haak, of Canton; Gault, of Barberton, Filtz, of Toledo; Snow, of Cleveland; Cabut, of Massillon; Upson of Cleveland; Alkire, of Williamsport; Hulshizer, of Newark; Johnson, of Kenton; Volk, of Toledo. High expert gun for the day was W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill. High consecutive run, Ellis Haak, of Canton, 102. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Lothamer	16	16	15	19	15	18	15	17	131
E H Young	13	18	16	19	16	19	19	18	138
Becker	12	17	13	16	17	18	15	18	126
Haak	18	18	20	20	20	20	18	20	154
C J Schlitz	19	20	19	18	14	16	13	19	138
Santmeyer	16	19	17	16	17	16	14	16	131
Scott	17	18	14	19	17	18	18	19	140
Stilson	20	17	18	19	17	20	15	14	140
Hopkins	16	19	19	18	18	17	17	17	141
Stout	15	16	16	20	19	19	18	18	141
Kirby	17	18	19	18	18	18	17	19	143
Gross	17	20	19	20	18	15	17	17	143
C A Young	18	19	20	20	18	20	20	20	155
Atkinson	20	17	19	18	18	20	18	19	149
Rhoades	19	19	19	20	20	20	19	19	155
Cabut	18	20	19	19	17	20	20	19	152
King	18	16	18	18	19	19	20	19	152
Murphy	19	17	20	18	17	19	18	18	146
Keefe	18	19	16	20	18	19	19	19	148
Orr	18	18	19	17	17	20	20	19	148
C C Smith	16	19	17	20	20	20	16	20	148
Baker	16	19	17	18	..	..	..	..	...
W D Shafer	20	19	17	19	17	16	20	19	147
Hull	18	17	18	20	18	16	16	18	141
Battenfield	19	19	18	19	19	20	17	17	148
Squiers	14	19	18	18	17	15	18	18	137
Ahlers	19	20	16	19	18	17	19	19	147
Trimble	19	19	19	18	19	18	20	18	150
Alkire	17	19	17	20	20	20	18	19	150
James	18	18	20	15	18	18	18	14	139
J A P	15	15	18	16	16	18	17	16	131
J A Smith	18	20	19	19	17	20	18	18	149
Pocock	14	18	14	16	18	18	17	16	131
Ewalt	19	18	17	17	18	20	19	19	147
Crosby	19	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	159
Barnett	19	17	18	19	17	17	18	17	142
Riehl	18	17	15	19	19	15	20	18	141
R H Smith	16	19	18	15	19	14	18	16	135
Hulshizer	20	19	19	18	20	18	17	19	150
Latham	17	18	17	19	19	19	17	15	141
Sheldon	18	20	19	19	19	17	18	19	149
Tryon	18	20	20	20	20	19	16	19	152
Saffold	17	16	18	17	17	18	18	18	139
Raven	16	16	19	19	20	18	20	17	145
Bibbee	19	20	18	16	..	..	..	..	...
Speary	19	18	19	19	..	..	..	..	...
Dover	16	18	16	17	17	20	14	19	137
Lee	19	18	16	18	20	18	18	20	147
Snow	20	20	18	19	20	18	20	18	153
A F Miller	17	18	20	17	8	16	16	17	129
Renner	7	10	11	11	13	12	9	12	85
Ryland	18	15	17	19	18	19	16	17	139
Gilchrist	18	18	15	17	13	17	18	16	132
Ducommon	16	17	18	18	18	19	19	18	143
H N Brown	17	18	19	17	17	18	20	18	144
Kramer	19	18	19	16	16	18	16	19	141
Mack	19	18	17	17	16	20	17	19	143
Vietmeyer	19	17	18	19	18	19	18	19	147
E G K	16	15	20	17	16	18	18	19	139
Watson	19	19	20	19	20	19	20	18	154
Bower	19	19	19	18	19	15	18	20	147
Call	20	19	19	20	17	19	20	20	154
Wagoner	16	20	20	18	19	17	18	18	146
Bradley	19	16	19	18	17	19	16	19	143
Gault	20	20	19	18	19	20	19	19	154
Lucky	19	19	19	17	18	20	18	19	149
Johnson	20	19	18	17	17	20	19	20	150
Cain	20	19	17	19	17	18	18	17	145
Heikes	16	18	19	17	19	17	19	20	145
Spangler	19	18	19	18	18	15	19	18	144
Miller	11	15	14	17	17	18	16	15	123
Rike	18	17	14	18	19	18	20	20	144
J H Smith	14	17	14	17	18	18	19	20	137
Dunn	16	16	18	19	..	..	..	..	21
H E Smith	17	17	17	17	15	18	19	18	138
Webster	19	17	20	20	17	18	20	18	149
Cumberland	18	20	18	18	17	18	18	18	145
Volk	18	19	19	17	20	19	18	20	150
Foltz	20	19	20	20	18	19	20	18	154
Burns	18	18	17	19	19	18	16	17	142
Deedrick	10	14	17	11	15	16	9	14	106
Winn	16	19	18	14	16	..	..	..	...
Bartner	13	18	14	13	13	17	16	16	120
J L S	19	18	19	18	14	16	10	19	133
Roots	18	17	19	18	13	17	20	18	140
W W W	15	18	16	14	16	11	17	17	124
J N W	17	15	17	14	16	17	19	17	132
F Smith	17	19	15	15	..	..	..	..	...
Winona	17	16	18	20	..	..	..	..	...
Santemeyer	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Gross	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Fogle	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

June 15, Third Day.

Columbus won the five-man team race, the prize of which is the shooting and fishing trophy. The members and scores of the columbus team were Wessler 42, Alkire 47, Cumberland 39, Rhoades 45, Young 41; total, 214. Each shot at 30 singles and ten pairs. A Cleveland team, Upson, Latham, Snow, Sheldon, Doolittle were second with 208; Dayton team, 207; Akron, 203; Newark, 192; Canton, 191; Cleveland No. 2, 190; New Berlin, 159.

Ten high amateur guns for the day were Johnson, of Kenton; Alkire, of Williamsport; Snow, of Cleveland; Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa.; Volk, of Toledo; Call, Upson, of Cleveland; Heikes, of Dayton; Webster, Wagoner, of Akron.

Five high expert guns for the day were Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; C. A. Young, of Springfield; Trimble, of Covington, Ky.; Riehl, of Alton, Ill.; Vietmeyer, of Chicago.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Volk	20	19	19	20	19	18	18	19	152
Foltz	18	19	19	20	17	18	19	18	148
Arndt	8	8	5	13	16	12	9	13	84
C Miller	14	17	15	18	14	17	14	14	123
Stilson	17	14	19	19	16	18	16	18	137
Vietmeyer	19	20	20	19	18	18	18	17	149
E G N	19	17	20	19	17	20	19	18	150
Watson	19	20	19	18	20	20	16	19	151
Bower	17	20	18	19	18	19	18	20	149
Call	19	20	18	20	20	18	17	20	152
Kirby	16	19	18	18	18	13	14	18	134
Gross	20	17	19	18	16	19	17	16	142
A C Young	20	20	19	19	19	20	20	20	157
Atkinson	18	19	19	18	20	20	20	19	153
Rhoades	19	18	18	19	20	20	16	20	151
Keefe	16	16	19	20	19	20	17	14	141
Cabut	19	19	19	18	18	20	19	19	151
Orr	18	16	19	19	17	19	16	15	139
Murphy	..	..	..	..	18	17	20	19	...
King	..	..	..	..	18	20	18	17	...
C C Smith	16	15	19	20	16	19	17	20	142
H N Brown	17	18	15	19	18	18	17	19	141
W D Shafer	16	18	18	17	20	19	17	15	140
Chamberlin	16	19	19	18	19	19	19	18	147
Snow	20	20	19	20	18	20	19	18	154
Battenfield	20	19	18	17	18	19	20	20	151
Squiers	15	19	17	16	16	16	18	17	134
Ahlers	18	18	15	17	16	19	20	18	141
Trimble	19	18	19	18	19	19	19	20	151
Alkire	20	20	20	20	20	18	20	17	155
James	18	13	16	18	16	16	16	8	121
J A P	17	18	14	16	16	16	19	17	133
J R Smith	18	17	19	20	14	17	18	20	143
Pocock	18	17	13	19	17	17	16	18	135
Doolittle	17	20	20	19	19	18	18	17	148
Crosby	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	160
Alex	18	16	18	18	15	17	19	18	139
Riehl	20	18	19	19	20	17	17	20	150
Hulshizer	18	16	17	19	17	19	17	20	143
Latham	19	18	18	15	19	18	20	19	146
Sheldon	17	19	14	17	18	18	19	19	141
Upson	20	20	19	20	19	20	17	17	152
Saffold	18	16	17	19	19	19	19	18	145
Hopkins	18	16	17	17	15	16	18	18	135
Cain	19	20	15	20	19	20	20	18	151
Heikes	20	19	19	19	18	19	20	18	152
Spangler	18	17	18	13	19	19	19	19	142
Stout	18	19	17	18	18	18	17	16	141
Rike	18	18	16	18	20	18	18	18	144
J H Smith	13	16	19	18	17	19	19	20	149
Sheets	14	10	14	17	..	..	..	..	...
H E Smith	20	18	16	16	18	19	15	12	134
Webster	18	19	19	20	19	18	19	20	152
Cumberland	20	19	18	19	18	17	20	19	150
Renner	15	12	13	9	12	11	10	10	92
Snyder	17	15	19	16	18	15	17	17	134
Trew	16	14	16	17	17	19	14	19	132
W W W	17	18	17	16	15	15	14	9	121
Harpham	8	14	15	14	13	16	10	15	105
Lothamer	18	19	16	18	17	19	20	20	147
E H Young	16	16	17	18	13	16	16	16	128
Becker	18	15	17	19	17	14	14	18	132
Haak	20	19	17	17	19	18	19	19	148
C J Schlitz	16	18	16	18	17	18	13	14	130
Wagoner	20	19	20	19	19	19	18	18	152
Bradley	20	18	19	17	15	13	16	14	132
Gault	18	17	18	18	18	18	17	20	144
Lucky	17	19	20	20	19	20	17	18	150
Johnson	20	20	20	18	20	18	20	20	156
Kramer	17	19	18	18	17	17.	16	20	142
Burns	17	19	17	20	19	19	19	20	150
Mack	17	17	18	19	17	20	18	19	145
Dunn	16	20	19	19	18	18	19	12	141
Mennez	..	..	..	..	15	16	17	19	...

The Rocky Mountain bear grinned. "I certainly do miss Roosevelt," he replied, peering from behind a boulder. "And why do you?" asked the lean bobcat. "Oh, I guess it's because he happened to miss me when he was here."—Chicago Daily News.

Fisherman's Luck.—"How many fish have you caught?" "Not one." "I thought you said you had a blanked fine mess." "Oh, I was speaking of my line."—Town and Country.

Grand American Handicap.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 24.—Herewith is a complete list of regular entries, together with the handicaps as allotted by the Handicap Committee, for the sixth G. A. H., at targets. You will find 305 in all.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

Name	Address.	Yards.
Alkire, Frank,	Williamsport, Ohio	18
Atkinson, J. T.,	New Castle, Pa	19
Anderson, Mark,	Knox, Ind	18
Anthony, J. T.,	Charlotte, N. C	18
Arie, Mark,	Thomasboro, Ill	17
Apgar, Neaf,	New York, N. Y	18
Adams, C. B.,	Rockwell City, Iowa	19
Akard, William,	Fairplay, Mo	17
Atchison, M. E.,	Giddings, Texas	18
Bower, W. C.,	Sewickley, Pa	16
Burnside, Guy,	Knoxville, Ill	17
Budd, C. W.,	Des Moines, Iowa	19
Burmister, John,	Spirit Lake, Iowa	16
Blinn, Chas. P.,	Boston, Mass	16
Brady, Edward,	Newbern, Tenn	18
Boa, John S.,	Chicago, Ill	19
Brown, Everett,	Pleasant Grove, Ind	18
Barto, J. B.,	Chicago, Ill	18
Butler, Frank E.,	Nutley, N. J	16
Britton, O. F.,	Indianapolis, Ind	17
Binyon, Claud E.,	Chicago, Ill	17
Bellman, Charles,	Pullman, Ill	16
Bell, James W.,	Indianapolis, Ind	16
Burnham, H. O.,	Lowell, Ind	17
Brooking, W. T.,	Funk, Neb	16
Barriball, C. H.,	Chicago, Ill	16
Bisdee, F. O.,	Shelbyville, Ill	16
Borden, H. J.,	St. Louis, Mo	19
Bennett, R. R.,	Pittsburg, Pa	17
Barber, R. R.,	Paullina, Iowa	16
Bindley, Jr., E. H.,	Terre Haute, Ind	15
Buckingham, F.,	Terre Haute, Ind	16
Blunt, J. A.,	Greensboro, Ala	16
Bird, E. W.,	Fairmont, Minn	16
Brown, William,	Hebron, Ind	16
Burnes, R. N.,	Cambridge, Mass	16
Comstock, H. A.,	Indianapolis, Ind	16
Cooper, John W.,	Indianapolis, Ind	16
Clark, Chas. S.,	Rochester, N. Y	16
Clapp, C. B.,	Moberly, Mo	17
Carson, C. W.,	Chicago, Ill	17
Clark, Will R.,	New Paris, O	17
Crosby, W. R.,	O'Fallon, Ill	22
Carr, Harry M.,	Dayton, Ohio	16
Clark, Hugh M.,	Wabash, Ind	18
Caldwell, J. H.,	Springfield, Ill	16
Coe, E. B.,	Nesbitt, Miss	17
Cook, A. B.,	Weir, Kans	16
Cook, C. E.,	New London, Iowa	17
Clements, George,	Pine Bluff, Ark	16
Connor, A. C.,	Pekin, Ill	18
Clay, W. H.,	St. Louis, Mo	18
Coleman, John W.,	Cincinnati, O	16
Cunningham, F. B.,	St. Joseph, Mo	18
Call, Burton,	Montpelier, Ohio	18
Cadwallader, H. W.,	Decatur, Ill	18
Calhoun, J. F.,	McKeesport, Pa	18
Cole, Bayard,	Thomson, Ill	16
Crawford, James,	Terre Haute, Ind	16
Curry, Ed.,	Terre Haute, Ind	16
Connerly, R. H.,	Austin, Texas	16
Connerly, F. T.,	Tustin, Texas	16
Dupont, Eugene,	Wilmington, Del	16
Dupont, E. E.,	Wilmington, Del	16
Dupont, Alexis I.,	Wilmington, Del	16
Dupont, Jr., Victor,	Wilmington, Del	16
Dupont, 3d, Victor,	Wilmington, Del	16
Durston, A. H.,	Syracuse, N. Y	16
Darton, Geo. H.,	Portland, Me	17
Darton, W. B.,	Portland, Me	17
Dickman, E. C.,	Indianapolis, Ind	17
Deschler, L. G.,	Indianapolis, Ind	15
Dunnill, B.,	Fox Lake, Ill	18
Dunnill, H.,	Fox Lake, Ill	19
Dreihs, Chas. F.,	Cincinnati, O	16
Edwards, D. A.,	Union City, Tenn	16
Edwards, H. T.,	Union City, Tenn	16
Ewing, J. G.,	Wilmington, Del	16
Eastburn, John W.,	Fowler, Ind	16
Eck, George,	Chicago, Ill	17
Erb, Jr., Frederick,	Lafayette, Ind	18
Elliott, J. A. R.,	New York, N. Y	20
Elliott, David,	Kansas City, Mo	18
Fleming, L. B.,	Pittsburg, Pa	18
Faurote, F. M.,	Dallas, Texas	20
Fuller, Frank G.,	Chicago, Ill	17
Foltz, F. E.,	McClure, Ohio	16
Faran, James J.,	Cincinnati, Ohio	16
Fanning, J. S.,	Jersey City, N. J	20
Farrell, J. W.,	Muncie, Ind	16
Flick, John A.,	Ravenna, O	16
Failey, B.,	Terre Haute, Ind	16
Finley, Charles,	Indianapolis, Ind	16
Flinn, A. S.,	Wabash, Ind	17
Felger, O. A.,	Grand Rapids, Mich	18
Forbis, M. H.,	Muncie, Ind	16
Gilbert, Fred,	Spirit Lake, Iowa	22
Gleffer, H. W.,	Pittsburg, Pa	17
Gleason, Edward F.,	Boston, Mass	17
Garrett, John W.,	Colorado Springs, Colo	20
Glover, Sim,	New York, N. Y	20
Gross, D. D.,	West Jefferson, Ohio	17
Gardner, Ira C.,	Chicago, Ill	16
Gregory, B. E.,	Zionsville, Ind	16
Godeharles, Fred A.,	Milton, Pa	16
Greene, Jay D.,	Avon, N. Y	16
Gephart, Bert,	Green Hill, Ind	16
Gottlieb, Christopher,	Kansas City, Mo	18
Gillespie, E. N.,	Freeport, Pa	16
Graham, J. R.,	Ingleside, Ill	19
Graham, E. S.,	Ingleside, Ill	17
Gallup, E. P.,	El Reno, O. T	18
Gooden, F. M.,	Trinidad, Colo	16
Galt, H. A.,	Barberton, Ohio	16
Gragg, E. N.,	Lowell, Ind	16
Hirschy, H. C.,	Minneapolis, Minn	20
Horsley, Wm. E.,	Terre Haute, Ind	16
Hatcher, A. M.,	Bristol, Tenn	19
Heikes, Rolla O.,	Dayton, Ohio	20
Hoon, Will S.,	Jewell, Iowa	17
Humpfer, Jos. L.,	Hammond, Ind	16
Heyl, A. B.,	Cincinnati, O	16
Hughes, J. M.,	South Milwaukee, Wis	20
Holding, Edw. W.,	Urbana, Ohio	18
Hawkins, J. M.,	Baltimore, Md	20
Huff, Walter,	Macon, Ga	20
Horn, Herman O.,	Hale's Corners, Wis	16
Habich, Gus,	Indianapolis, Ind	15
Hubby, T. E.,	Waco, Texas	19
Hanagan, D. A.,	Chicago, Ill	16
Heer, W. H.,	Concordia, Kans	21
Hearne, W. G.,	New York, N. Y	17
Hightower, J. W.,	Americus, Ga	17
Hardy, A. H.,	Lincoln, Neb	18
Harris, I. C.,	Fairbury, Ill	16
Henderson, Woolfolk,	Lexington, Ky	18
Hershey, J. M.,	Carmel, Ind	16
Huddelson, J. C.,	Trinidad, Colo	16
Hensler, Max E.,	Battle Creek, Mich	17
Hoover, John B.,	Rochester, Ind	16
Isaman, G. E.,	Hastings, Neb	16
Jeffers, H. H.,	Shelbyville, Ind	17
Johnston, Chas.,	Chicago, Ill	16
Johnson, K. P.,	Kenton, Ohio	17
Jarvis, W. B.,	Grand Rapids, Mich	17
Kirby, H. N.,	Urbana, Ohio	17
Kirby, A. W.,	Greenville, Ohio	18
King, A. H.,	Pittsburg, Pa	18
Keck, C. T.,	Chicago, Ill	15
Knopf, Ed. G.,	Sandusky, Ohio	16
Kidder, F. L.,	Paris, Ill	16
Kelsey, F. D.,	East Aurora, N. Y	18
Klein, R. M.,	Spirit Lake, Iowa	18
Krache, Joseph,	St. Joseph, Mo	16
Lord, F. H.,	La Grange, Ill	17
Latham, T. W.,	Monroeville, Ohio	17
Lawrence, Edward P.,	Lincoln, Ill	16
Lloyd, J. T.,	Pine Bluff, Ark	17
Lewis, George S,	Fulton, N. Y	17
Lee, H. V.,	Landness, Ind	16
Loud, A. W.,	Duluth, Minn	16
Le Compte, C. O.,	Eminence, Ky	19
Loring, R. E.,	Marseilles, Ill	16
Lyon, George L.,	Durham, N. C	17
Lyon, Arthur,	Durham, N. C	17
Littler, Joe,	Matthews, Ind	16
Layman, Neil,	Des Moines, Iowa	16
Money, Harold,	New Haven, Conn	20
Mermod, A. D.,	St. Louis, Mo	18
Mallory, F. E.,	Parkersburg, W. Va	17
Morrison, J. L. D.,	St. Paul, Minn	20
Marshall, T. A.,	Keithsburg, Ill	18
Mosher, Geo. A.,	Syracuse, N. Y	16
Markle, W. P.,	St. Louis, Mo	16
Markman, F. W.,	Toledo, Ohio	16
Maust, B. B.,	Nappanee, Ind	15
Miller, Geo.,	Hamilton, Ind	16
Moine, Louis,	St. Joseph, Mo	16
Mullan, Charles, A.,	Brook, Ind	16
Meaders, Andrew,	Nashville, Tenn	16
Merrill, Richard,	Milwaukee, Wis	18
Mackie, Geo. K.,	Scammon, Kans	17
Moller, Gus,	Indianapolis, Ind	16
Michaelis, Joe,	Indianapolis, Ind	17
Moore, S. H.,	Indianapolis, Ind	16
Miller, Frank,	Berwyn, Neb	17
Manning, W. J.,	Morrisonville, Ill	16
Maxwell, Geo. W.,	Holstein, Neb	17
Malone, B. S.,	Kempton, Ind	16
Morgan, Joseph R.,	Indianapolis, Ind	15
Magill, Chas. S.,	Jacksonville, Ill	17
Merrick, F. H.,	Huntington, W. Va	16
McKelvey, J. A.,	Hockessin, Del	16
McKinnon, M. R.,	Chicago, Ill	16
McMurchy, H.,	Fulton, N. Y	19
McGee, W. H.,	Kansas City, Mo	17
McKinley, Wm.,	Ogden, Ill	16
McLouth, C. A.,	Oil City, Pa	17
McDaniel, B. F.,	Converse, Ind	16
McDaniel, W. A.,	Converse, Ind	16
McMillan, R. S.,	Tilden, Ill	16
McDowell, A. P.,	Adair, Iowa	18
Noel, John,	Nashville, Tenn	16
Neal, Elmer E.,	Bloomfield, Ind	17
Orr, Jesse,	Newark, Ohio	17
Parry, T. H.,	Indianapolis, Ind	17
Painter, George E.,	Pittsburg, Pa	19
Pontefract, John W.,	Pittsburg, Pa	17
Park, J. T.,	Brook, Ind	16
Peek, C. H.,	Remington, Ind	17
Powell, O. B.,	Hickman, Ky	15
Pelters, Frank D.,	Mt. Clemens, Mich	16
Pierstorff, F. L.,	Middleton, Wis	16
Powers, C. M.,	Decatur, Ill	21
Peirce, R. L.,	Wytheville, Va	19
Phellis, C. W.,	Mechanicsburg, Ohio	17
Patterson, H. R.,	Des Moines, Iowa	16
Rhoads, R. S.,	Columbus, Ohio	19
Richardson, A. B.,	Dover, Del	18
Robinson, Harry L.,	Shawneetown, Ill	17
Randall, Ernest A.,	Portland, Me	17
Riehl, Frank C.,	Alton, Ill	18
Riley, T. D.,	Louisville, Ky	17
Rose, Chas. S.,	Wabash, Ind	16
Reid, L. H.,	New Paris, Ohio	17
Ramsey, J. C.,	Manito, Ill	16
Rohrer, Joe,	Colorado Springs, Colo	17
Roll, Geo. J.,	Blue Island, Ill	18
Ryan, Michael,	Hebron, Ind	16
Rupert, G. G.,	Decatur, Ill	16
Stevens, Henry H.,	Roselle Park, N. J	18
Skelly, J. T.,	Wilmington, Del	17
Stone, Fred A.,	New York, N. Y	17
Sconce, Harvey J.,	Sidell, Ill	20
Saucier, R. E.,	New Orleans, La	18
Steenberg, Geo. H.,	Chicago, Ill	16
Sheldon, John G.,	Telluride, Colo	17
Sowle, F. J.,	Angola, Ind	17
Shumack, H. A.,	Muncie, Ind	16
Snow, Harry L.,	Portland, Me	17
Stillwell, Mac,	Crawfordsville, Ind	16
Stroh, Henry,	St. Louis, Mo	16
Sherwood, F. T.,	Bedford, Ind	16
Smith, George,	Bedford, Ind	16
Squier, L. J.,	Wilmington, Del	18
Smith, C. C.,	Wellsville, Ohio	16
Seymour, B. O.,	Grand Forks, N. D	17
Storr, E. H.,	Baltimore, Md	18
Stephens, C. R.,	Moline, Ill	16
Spencer, A. C.,	Muncie, Ind	16
Sawyer, J. B.,	Wilkinsburg, Pa	16
Shogren, E. B.,	Chicago, Ill	16
Snell, Hugh A.,	Litchfield, Ill	16
Sutton, H. A.,	Montmorenci, Ind	16
Swihart, D. M.,	Eaton, Ohio	16
Shafer, E. D.,	McConnelsville, Ohio	16
Snow, F. H.,	Brooklyn, Ohio	18
Snyder, E. J.,	New Paltz, N. Y	16
Stauber, A. J.,	Streator, Ill	18
Smiley, Joe,	Matthews, Ind	15
Stipp, J. B.,	Bedford, Ind	16
Spicer, Chas. B.,	St. Louis, Mo	18
Switzer, A. W.,	Runnells, Ia	16
Scranton, L. G.,	Weir, Kans	17
Shepardson, Kit C.,	La Grange, Ind	18
Stannard, W. D.,	Chicago, Ill	19
Tripp, E. H.,	Indianapolis, Ind	17
Taylor, H. G.,	Meekling, S. D	19
Trimble, R. L.,	Covington, Ky	18
Thomas, J. S.,	Pleasant Hill, Mo	16
Tolsma, A. S.,	Detroit, Mich	18
Thorpe, Charles A.,	Geneva, Neb	17
Townsend, W. D.,	Gregory, S. D	18
Tosetti, O. L.,	Chicago, Ill	16
Tuttle, C. A.,	Anaconda, Mont	17
Upson, D. A.,	Cleveland, O	19
Verbarg, Fred,	North Vernon, Ind	16
Voris, Edward,	Crawfordsville, Ind	17
Vietmeyer, H. W.,	Chicago, Ill	17
Volk, George,	Toledo, Ohio	18
Vanee, A.,	Capron, Ill	16
Vaughn, G. G.,	Selma, Alabama	16
Veach, Wm.,	Falls City, Neb	18
Washburn, W. W.,	New Richmond, Ind	16
Wildhack, W. A.,	Indianapolis, Ind	16
Willerding, Al.,	Evansville, Ind	18
Waters, Hood,	Baltimore, Md	18
White, Edward G.,	Ottawa, Canada	17
Willard, Lem,	Chicago, Ill	18
Wood, P. C.,	Detroit, Mich	17
Wise, Nelson,	Noblesville, Ind	16
Wade, L. L.,	Nacogdoches, Texas	19
Wilson, Alva,	Kansas City, Mo	16
Watson, H. C.,	Sewickley, Pa	18
Watson, D. L.,	Terre Haute, Ind	15
Winesburg, A. A.,	Chicago, Ill	17
Williamson, G. G.,	Muncie, Ind	16
Wilson, M.,	Rochester, Ind	16
Wile, I. M.,	Rochester, Ind	16
Ward, P. C.,	Walnut Log, Tenn	18
Ward, Guy,	Walnut Log, Tenn	16
Worden, Jr., John,	Dallas, Texas	15
Webster, W.,	Columbus, Ohio	16
Young, J. S.,	Chicago, Ill	17
Young, Chas. A.,	Springfield, Ohio	21

Springfield Shooting Club.

QUITE a number of shooters turned out at the practice shoot of this club on the afternoon of June 17. A hard wind blowing interfered with the shooting, but some good scores were made. Shooters were present from Somersville and Tompsonville, Conn., besides our local shots. During the afternoon 1,365 targets were trapped. The club prize put up at each shoot (a hunting coat this time) for high gun in a 15-target event was won by Chapin. The three club prizes and Peters cup contest are to be shot for during the season. Added target handicap in cup contest, and in the prize event the shooters are divided into classes. Prizes of equal value. Scores in these events follow:

Event No. 6, 15 targets, club prize of a hunting coat—Chapin, 13 (2) 15; Le Noir (scratch) 12; Finch (scratch) 12; Janser, 9 (3) 12; E. H. Lathrop, 9 (3) 12; Douglass (scratch), 11; Collins (scratch), 10; Hawes, 6 (3) 9.

Event No. 7, 25 targets, Peters cup contest—Snow (scratch), 24; Douglass (scratch), 21; E. H. Lathrop, 18 (3), 21; Hawes, 17 (3), 21; Hawes, 17 (3), 20; Le Noir (scratch), 20; Chapin, 16 (3), 19; Finch (scratch), 17; Cheesman (scratch), 16; Coats (scratch), 15.

Event No. 8, 25 targets, three club prizes, classes A, B and C—Snow (A), 21; Le Noir (A), 19; Douglass (A) 19; Finch (A), 18; Cheesman (A), 18; E. H. Lathrop (B), 17; Hawes (B), 17.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	25	25	10	15		
Le Noir	9	9	9	..	9	13	20	19	9	14	130	111
Finch	7	5	10	..	7	12	17	18	10	..	115	86
Snow	8	7	6	..	9	12	24	21	..	..	105	87
Cheesman	5	5	9	..	7	..	16	18	..	..	90	60
Douglass	..	..	5	6	..	11	21	19	..	..	85	62
E H. Lathrop	..	..	7	8	..	9	18	17	..	..	85	59
Arnold	..	..	6	..	9	..	20	21	6	..	80	61
Hawes	..	..	..	..	..	6	17	17	..	..	65	40
Henry	4	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	11	55	37
Chapin	..	..	..	8	..	13	16	..	..	..	50	37
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	7	..	25	17
Coats	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	25	15
Janser	..	..	..	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	25	14
Gesner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	10
											MISFIRE.	

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 17.—Dickman won the Peters badge. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	20	20	20	20	20	
Finley	24	22	20	23	22	16	19	20	16	15	..
Lederer	23	23	22	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sherrick	9	12	11	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hearshy	24	24	24	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Habick	20	21	18	22	24	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	20	11	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	21	19	..	..	..	16	18	19	15	15	..
Gregory	23	..	..	..	..	18	17	19	16	15	17
Anderson	17	..	..	..	..	16	17	14	15	15	..
Steele	16	..	..	..	..	14	15	10	..	..	..
Dickman	..	24	23	24	24	18	17	19	18	17	..
Pfefflin	..	..	23	..	..	18	18	15	18	16	14
Moller	..	18	21	22	..	7	11	10	18	15	..
Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	20	18	17	18	15	..
Dixon	..	20	20	20	..	16	17	16	15	10	..
Michaelis	..	2	25	..	..	17	18	18	17	18	..
Morris	..	20	17	16	..	16	14	10	13	12	..
Lawrence	..	22	..	..	..	18	17	18	12	18	..
Craig	..	..	..	..	..	18	17	12	11	5	..
Wande	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	16	17	17	..
Southern	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Young	..	24	..	..	..	19	17	17	16	14	..
Dougherty	..	13	..	..	..	10	17	11	..	..	..
Wise	..	21	25	20	..	18	16	16	..	..	..
Leib	..	23	..	..	..	12	15	..	..	..	..

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

System Run Mad.

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Oh, isn't it great to be "up to date"
And live in this year of grace,
With a system and place for everything,
Though nobody knows the place!

We've an index card for each thing we do
And everything under the sun;
It takes so long to fill out the cards
We never get anything done.

We've loose-leaf ledgers for saving time,
The Lord knows what they cost,
When half our time is spent each day
Hunting for leaves that are lost.

Stenographers who spell like h——
And make us swear and cuss,
When we are not dictating to them,
Why, they are dictating to us.

And sectional this and sectional that,
(We'll soon have sectional legs);
I dreamt last night that I made a meal
Of sectional ham and eggs.

I dreamt I lived in a sectional house,
And rode a sectional "hoss,"
And drew my pay in sections from
A sectional "section-boss."

Oh, isn't it great to be "up to date"
And live in this year of grace,
With a system and place for everything,
Though nobody knows the place!

Reduced Rates to Baltimore.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account International Convention United Society of Christian Endeavor.

FOR the International Convention United Society of Christian Endeavor, at Baltimore, Md., July 5 to 10, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Baltimore, at greatly reduced rates, from all stations on its lines east of and including Pittsburg, Erie and Buffalo.

The rate from New York will be $6.30, Newark, N. J., $6.10, with corresponding reductions from all other points.

Tickets will be sold on July 3, 4 and 5, good for return passage leaving Baltimore until July 15, inclusive. On payment of $1 to Joint Agent at Baltimore an extension of return limit to August 31 can be obtained.

Tickets via Philadelphia permit stop-over within limit, if deposited with the ticket agent at Broad Street Station.

Special excursion tickets are on sale every Saturday and Sunday from Baltimore to Washington and return at rate of $1.25 for the round trip. These tickets are good for return passage until the last train Sunday night, affording ample opportunity for delegates to visit the National Capital.—*Adv.*

Toilet Powder.

There is no toilet article in the selection of which greater care should be used than a toilet powder.

In these days of imitation and substitution, there is so much of inferior goods on the market that it is necessary to be continually on one's guard. Be sure to insist upon a trade-marked product of recognized merit. With toilet powder, as with most other lines of goods, it is safer to trust an old established house with years of experience and a reputation for making only the best. Mennen's Toilet Powder is a trade-marked article, which has for years been recognized by physicians as the best preparation made. The absolute purity of its ingredients and the exercise of the greatest care and skill in its manufacture have given the product of the Mennen Company a quality of uniform excellence. That is why your physician recommends it.

All first-class dealers carry Mennen's Toilet Powder, and will supply it if you insist. It is supplied by the Government for both Army and Navy.

So far as genuine realism is concerned, the Boer War at Brighton Beach is a great success. The field covers twenty-seven acres, ten of which are devoted to military and native camps. The arena is backed by a finely painted scene, representing the Drakensburgh Mountains, with the quaint Boer homesteads and churches in the foothills. These form a background for a most realistic reproduction of two of the most decisive battles of the Boer war—the Boer victory of Colonet and the surrender of Cronje at Paardeberg. In these battles eight hundred British troopers, veterans of the contest they now rehearse, and three hundred and fifty Boers, led by the commanders whose names are found in history, take part.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE COYOTE.

THE coyote used to be a characteristic feature of the plains. In the old days of the buffalo he was often a cheerful, friendly, not to say impudent, companion of the traveler, but of late years, since the white men have come into the country, have destroyed the old-time food, and replaced it by a multitude of other, strange but not less palatable, animals, his nature has somewhat changed. He has become modest, almost shrinking, and the unthoughtful people who catch a glimpse of him as he slips out of sight with head hung low and tail depressed are apt to call him "sneak." But who, we should like to inquire, would not shun observation, if he knew that every man that he encountered stood ready to throw a charge of shot, or half a dozen bullets at him?

Among the new inhabitants of the West the coyote can hardly be called popular. He is an athlete—of small size it is true, belonging to the midget class—yet keeping himself constantly in the best of training and thus requiring an abundance of food. If he does some good by a faithful destruction of mice, ground squirrels, gophers and prairie dogs, he does much harm by killing the game birds and breaking up their nests and by destroying domestic fowls, lambs, pigs and calves. There are many places in the thickly settled West where it is impossible to raise turkeys on account of the coyotes.

Of all the wild animals of North America the wolves—which are only wild dogs—are the most intelligent, and of the wolves the coyotes are by far the smartest. The old-time trapper appreciated their wisdom, for he saw them do many curious things. But long before the trapper had come the Indian had already acknowledged the coyote's cunning and had invested him with an atmosphere of mystery, had come to regard him as sacred, and considered him as possessed of supernatural power, almost a god.

The Biological Survey has recently been investigating the coyote in its economic relations, and the results of this inquiry have been published in a bulletin by Mr. David E. Lantz. The dozen species of coyotes which extend from Mexico to British America have all of them similar characteristics, and, as a rule, what is true of the habits of one will be true of all the others, subject only to special conditions of environment, which may give those of one district greater or less wisdom than those of some other section. In many parts of the well-settled West coyotes are still abundant, and notwithstanding the fact that bounties are offered by the States and often added to by the ranchmen of certain localities, the number of coyotes on which bounties are paid fluctuate but little from year to year. In Kansas from July 1, 1903, to June 30, 1904, bounties were paid on 19,514 coyotes.

The paper referred to has in it much that is interesting. Mr. Lantz, however, appears to have overlooked the very good chapter on the coyote which appeared in the volume of the Boone and Crockett Club entitled "Trail and Camp Fire." The various methods of destroying the coyote, such as poisoning, trapping and running with dogs are briefly alluded to, but by far the most interesting point brought out by Mr. Lantz is that the prairie coyote does not willingly jump over a fence more than thirty inches in height. It is well known that the coyote is a good climber, and that he can squeeze through a very small hole, but it is perfectly easy to understand that the animals brought up on the plains may not jump a fence of very moderate height, just as in old times we used to be told that an antelope would not jump a two-foot fence. On the other hand, we have seen an antelope which had become accustomed to a fence, sail over one four feet high with the grace of a deer.

In Cape Colony, Africa, it was found that for a year or more a fence of wire netting two feet six inches in height served to keep out the jackals from the inclosed flocks. In the same way years ago the coyote, with his usual suspicion, would not crawl under an ordinary barbed wire fence. It took only a short time, however, for both the wild animals named to become accustomed to these fences, and when they found that they were harmless—were not traps—they crossed them without the slightest concern. Mr. Lantz gives accounts of a number of simple and inexpensive fences which may be used to keep out the coyoes, and the Survey's experiments will be continued.

Extermination of the animal is difficult, while fences are extremely expensive, and we venture to predict that for quite a term of years our old friend the coyote will continue to trouble the ranchman and stock raiser of the West.

AFRICAN GAME PICTURES.

THE astonishing progress made within the past few years in reproducing scenes of nature by photography is familiar to us all. It is nothing uncommon now for photographers to capture on the dry plate the wildest and most unapproachable creatures, and for these photographs to be reprinted for the benefit of a tremendous public that never has the opportunity to see the animals in nature. Examples of this are so numerous that it seems almost invidious to mention any particular one; nevertheless Mr. Wallihan's "Camera Shots at Big Game," Mr. Herrick's "Home Life of Wild Birds," and Mr. Chapman's extraordinary contribution to the natural history of the flamingo may be named as noteworthy examples of what has been done in this branch of the photographic art—or of nature study, whichever one may please to term it.

This work has by no means been confined to America. In Great Britain books are constantly coming from the press, which contain half-tones of greater or less excellence, showing the birds and mammals of those islands in their native surroundings, and some of these books are very charming. It was reserved for Germany, however, to make the most striking contribution to literature of this description.

For a number of years Mr. C. G. Schillings has been engaged in collecting specimens of the African fauna for museums of central Europe. He has brought back splendid collections, including some species and subspecies hitherto unknown, and it is said that through his efforts not less than seven of the museums of central Europe have been greatly enriched. Not content with what he had already done, Mr. Schillings, on his last trip to Africa, carried with him a large photographic outfit, including telescopic cameras and flash-light material. It was his purpose to supplement the superb collections that he had made by a series of pictures of the living animals in the big game country of Africa, and to give true pictures of the animals of the wide treeless plains, the tangled jungle and the silent forest.

In many cases it was impracticable to approach these animals near enough to secure effective pictures with an ordinary camera, but his telescopic lense, effective at a great distance, gives clear detail of a multitude of the operations of the daily life of these wild creatures. Here we may see the zebra, the antelope and the gnu feeding undisturbed on the plains, the giraffe cropping the foliage from the trees, the elephants tearing off the branches and the rhinoceros drinking at the water hole. The animals of the open plain and the daylight presented fewer difficulties than the carnivorous animals of the forest, where light is much less and where often the exposure had to be made at night and by flash-light. With this method also Mr. Schillings was very successful, though at the cost of many weary nights' watching within a zareba of thorn bushes; nights which sometimes yielded nothing or again gave some splendid picture which repaid this hunter without a gun for all his toils.

It is difficult to speak with moderation of the interest and scientific value of these photographs, which show the animals in their natural surroundings and give the circumstances of their daily lives. No written description can tell the story so well as a picture, and there is much to be learned from these of Mr. Schillings. One of his photographs shows a giraffe and two elephants which, during the three weeks that Mr. Schillings saw them, seemed to be constantly together. The gnus and the zebras are also constantly found together, and frequently appear on the same plate. The picture of the elephants and the giraffe, besides its interest as an example of the association of different species, with its context, seems to indicate that these African mammals are as local in their habits as are those of North America.

Within a few years many of the species which Mr. Schillings has photographed are doomed to become extinct, and we shall have of them only a few museum specimens, melancholy caricatures of the beautiful creatures whose innumerable hosts once covered the wide African veldt. But in the photographs are found representations of these animals in life and in nature, which will help to preserve forever the memory of what these species actually were.

THE AMERICAN HANDICAP.

THE Interstate Association's Sixth Grand American Handicap at Targets, held in Indianapolis last week and fully reported in other pages, was one of the most remarkable events in the trapshooting annals of America. The meeting was record breaking, both as to the number of participants and as to the scores made. The entries numbered 352, and of these 335 actually took part. The Handicap was won by a score of 99 out of a possible 100; and there were several scores superior to the 96, which was the best achievement in 1904. Thus the winning scores of former years were the losing scores of this year.

The growth of the Handicap has been phenomenal; and yet it has been only what we might have looked for, when we consider that the enterprise has been under the auspices of such powerful trade institutions and has been promoted by talent of a very high order. The competition, moreover, is one which has appealed to the very best class of shooters; the annual lists of competitors have been representative of the type which has given the sport of trapshooting its high place among outdoor recreations. As conducted by the Interstate Association, trapshooting is a gentleman's recreation; and we use the word gentleman in its best sense, not necessarily denoting wealth or poverty or social exclusiveness, high or low, and least of all that caddishness which sometimes manifests itself as a mistaken substitute of the characteristics we all recognize as those of a true gentleman. The meeting at Indianapolis last week, both in the participants and in the gathering of friends and spectators, was of a complexion which reflected the highest credit upon trapshooting, and one result of the success of 1905 will be further to popularize a sport which is growing in public favor by leaps and bounds.

The list of entries shows that the Handicap is truly national in scope; competitors were present from all parts of the country, from Maine in the East to California in the West, and from Minnesota to Louisiana. It was a notable assemblage of the shooting talent of the continent.

POLAR exploration still holds out its lure. Commander Robert E. Peary has come to New York with his new ship, the Roosevelt, built especially for work in the far North, and in which in a few days he will set out for another effort to accomplish the undertaking which has baffled the adventurers of centuries. The new expedition has been planned for with much care, and the ship and the equipment of the party embody the fruits of Colonel Peary's extensive polar experience. The vessel has many peculiarities of construction which it is believed will fit her for the work. A wedge-shaped bow, raking stem and a form of side which cannot be grasped by the ice are features of the model. The bow is filled in almost solid where it meets the impact of the ice; the rudder post is strongly reinforced to prevent twisting, and the rudder is so arranged that it may be lifted out of the water to prevent damage by ice. The short bowsprit can be run inboard when the ice of high elevation makes this desirable. Bow and stern are heavily armored, and screw tie-rods bind the ship together. From New York the Roosevelt will proceed to Sydney, C. B., for coal, thence to Davis Straits, along the west coast of Greenland through Melville Bay to the Whale Sound regions and Cape Sabine, where the Eskimo contingent will be taken aboard; thence through the Kennedy and Robeson channels to the north shore of Grantland. From there the party—three white men and the Eskimo sledge drivers—will start about the 1st of February, 1906, on a dash to the Pole.

THE sport of hunting, whether it be a trip to a remote wilderness in pursuit of big game, or an afternoon's quail shooting on the home farm, is an experience of so many varied and complex elements, that no one of its constituent phases may rightly be singled out as that which always constitutes the attraction, the enjoyment or the pleasurable recollection. For this reason no one who has not himself been a field sportsman can write of field sports intelligently, or concerning them express views based on an information which would give his views intelligence or importance. What some of the writers of the day who denounce sport and sportsmen actually know about the things and the men they discourse upon amounts to about as much as the old writers on witchcraft actually knew about the simple and inoffensive girls and old women they denounced as witches.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Putting the Sally in Commission.

IT was that best of all hours in the hotel on the Halifax, when weary with the day's doings and satisfied as to the inner man, we gathered in the smoking room to burn our nightly incense to Lady Nicotine, and tell of the day's sport.

Good times and many of them we sportsmen have, but the only time and place where every effort is crowned with perfect success, and all is exactly as we wish it to be, is that witching hour in the cozy corner, when the easy chair and pipe is lulling mind and body into that beatific attitude of charity to our brother sportsmen which permits us to believe wonderful stories, and tell even more wonderful ones.

Marvelous stories, for years past, have been told in that same snug little smoke-dimmed room, for it is near one of the most celebrated fishing grounds of all the East Coast of Florida; but this year the stories of good times began with "Last year," or "Year before last," instead of "This morning" or "This afternoon," for the oldest inhabitant said, as he invariably does when elucidating: "That it was the worst winter he had ever known as to weather and sport."

If it was not the unprecedented rush of northern visitors that carried so much northern weather to Florida last winter, no one knows what did it. We guessed at it many times, with this guess leading. The day had been cold and windy, with only an occasional glimpse of sunshine, but every one had been out, shivering and trying to fish. "Nothing doing" was the unanimous report, so no man was the envy of another.

"It's played out," said one disgusted sportsman. "They have caught all the fish. I have been over half the State and fished as industriously as a cormorant, and haven't caught, in the whole time, what I had thought I could catch in one day."

"Well, you see, we have never had anything like this before," said the hotel-keeper. "Three weeks ago ice formed on all still water, and dead fish floated down the creeks and rivers in shoals. Not since early in December has our water been in condition to fish. Now last winter it was different, for at this time you could catch all the fish your boat would carry anywhere about here, on the right tide."

"Explanations like that are what is going to cause me to assault some one before I leave here," said another of the party, as the landlord left the room. "I am constantly assured that the conditions for sport were perfect here last year, year before last and year before that, and for many, many years past; but now, when I have schemed, planned, devised and maneuvered for years to get a few weeks off from business to enjoy a real good 'time of my life' fishing trip, and am having about as much comfort as an arctic explorer, and less sport, and am entertained on all sides with accounts of how delightful it was last year, year before—ad infinitum—with a grand chorus 'we never did have it so before' following each such song, I get mad. If things do not improve soon, I am going to Canada for the rest of my vacation, where I can shiver with a clear conscience."

"Well, gentlemen, it is unusual," said the Colonel, an old-timer. "I have spent many winters here, and this is the worst in all my experience. What is your experience, Professor?"

"Nine years at this place, and no such winter or fishing have I seen in all that time," was the testimony of the Professor. "Of course the fish are not always fulfilling the exaggerated expectations you fellows bring down here with you, but in past years I have seen sport here that ought to satisfy any one. By the way, Colonel, our friend the Doctor will be here Friday, and when he puts the Sally in commission, we will have fish coming in."

"He will get them if any one can," said the Colonel. "He has fished the old historic Halifax at this point for eighteen years, and knows—as few men—the water and the way."

"The poor old Sally has shed tears of oakum until every seam is open," said the Professor. "I threw a handful of sand into her to-day, where she lay under the house, and it poured through in streams. There will be a bit of work to do to make her seaworthy, and I hope all will lend a hand. The Doctor is a most delightful Kentucky gentleman, who appreciates a kindness, and reciprocates when the opportunity offers."

"That is true," assented the Colonel with conviction. "We must all lend a hand where we can to get the Doctor afloat. He is one of the best fellows in the world."

Not generally of a suspicious nature, I nevertheless fell to speculating, while preparing for bed an hour later, upon a significant look that passed between the Colonel and Professor while singing the praises of their friend, and urging all to lend a hand in getting the Sally afloat, and concluded, like Fritz, to, "Look me oudt a leetle bit alretty."

Friday came, as did the Doctor, "and the next day it snowed," or at least felt as though it could, if low temperature were the only essential. The Doctor proved a delightful addition to our party, and when the norther blew itself out, after giving us a week of discomfort, he was in the class heretofore monopolized by the Colonel and Professor.

We grumbled and longed for good weather, through that dreary week of cold wind and colder rain; but there was many a pleasant hour round the fire in the smoking room, that will be long remembered by all. The Colonel, Professor and Doctor played much solitaire. The Professor would manipulate the cards, and—in base ball parlance—the Colonel would "root" for the Professor, and the Doctor would lay magnificent wagers against their success, while many of us, and at times all, would share the fun, and lend a hand.

Then from a wonderful store of interesting adventures and experiences one or another would entertain us with stories. One never to be forgotten afternoon, the Professor unpacked and exhibited to us his unsurpassed collection of fishes of the East Coast, done in oil. An ardent and successful sportsman, the Professor had made several cruises, extending from the upper Halifax as far down as Key West, taking specimens with his own rod, and transferring them to canvas—wonderfully true to life—with all those delicate and elusive tints and shades which no artist ever sees who depends on subjects procured otherwise.

The first attempt of the sun to shine brought us, en masse, to the front porch to welcome it. Rather anemic, and lacking in ardor was Old Sol, but in any condition he was more than welcome.

"We must now prepare to put the Sally in commission," announced the Doctor.

"Yes, yes!" said the Professor. "Pipe all hands to man the Sally and clear for action. Everybody must get in on this game and share the glory."

Again I noticed the significant glance pass between the Professor and Colonel, and determined to watch with care for the explanations which I felt sure would be forthcoming in the near future.

Bill, the colored man of all work, who stood leaning on his ax gazing in hopeless dejection at the small pile of wood cut, and the great stack awaiting his ministrations, was the first one actually mustered in.

"Where can I get a man with a horse, to haul the Sally down to the water, Bill?" shouted the Doctor.

"I don-no, suh," said Bill, dropping the ax, and strolling in to the porch.

"I told the Doctor that you and Tom could drag her down for him," said the Professor, "but he says it might hurt your back, as you are getting along in years, and he would not let you take any chances now you are getting old."

"Who, me? I gittin' old?" straightening up and squaring his shoulders. "W'y, Doctah, you ain't been list'nin' to somebody tellin' tales on me, is you? Whah is dat boat? Dis you show her to me, and pint out de spot you want her put. I 'low I show you if I is too old to tow a little old yawl boat dat little way. Neb min' 'bout Tom," he protested to the Professor, who was now shouting for the other sable assistant, "I kin haul the Doctah's boat, widout Tom or anybody else to help me."

So wrought up was Bill, by what he considered a reflection upon his physical condition, he positively declined to allow any one to assist him, until assured by the Professor that Tom was only wanted to push behind to ease the strain and prevent him from pulling the boat asunder if an obstruction was encountered.

Half hour later the Sally lay at the water's edge, and the vindicated Bill and exhausted Tom sat by on a log fanning themselves and recovering breath. A little later the Doctor and Professor descended upon the Sally, carrying two empty boxes, a lot of oakum and caulking tools. Seating themselves upon the boxes they lighted cigars, and to all appearances proceeded to enjoy themselves, but showed no disposition to actually commence operations upon the Sally's repairs.

Watching from a safe distance, I at last saw a young man of our party approaching along the water edge. The gentlemen at the boat were so interested in conversation they did not see him until he accosted them. Diving down, they each snatched up oakum and tools.

"Yes, yes," said the Professor. "Fine day indeed, I was just telling the Doctor that we would have to wait until some of you who really knew something about boats came along and showed us how. We want to caulk her, you see, and neither of us know how to go about it."

"If you will twist one strand of oakum for me, and show me how to hold my wedger, I believe I can do it all right, without troubling you," said the Doctor, making awkward motions with first one and then the other hand in which he held his tools.

Five minutes later—minus coat and collar—the expert was pounding oakum into gaping seams for two voluably appreciative gentlemen, who had never, so they earnestly and repeatedly assured him, seen any one so skillful. So appreciative were they that not until compelled by complete exhaustion did the young man leave off work, and stagger, weak and trembling, to the house, and more than half the work was done.

Exhausted by the exertion of superintending this work the two elderly "Tom Sawyers" sat resting and smoking until another victim appeared. Him they appealed to for an opinion as to whether or not they should have soaked the Sally before proceeding to caulk her, and begged him to be so good as to examine the work done (neglecting to tell him it was not their own) and tell them if it was done right, and if not kindly show them the right way. When the slaughter of this innocent was completed, the Sally was ready for tar, and with fresh cigars lighted, the two amiable gentlemen in charge sat at ease waiting for a fresh victim.

"What's up?" inquired a man living nearby, who had just landed from his boat and strolled down to see what was going on.

"The Sally, upside down," said the Professor facetiously.

"Ready for her tar, ain't she?" he said, drawing near and looking the boat over.

"Well, I don't know" said the Professor hesitatingly.

"No!" said the Doctor in the most positive tone. "She does not need tar."

This statement of the Doctor's started a spirited discussion which continued until the newcomer had convinced the Doctor and Professor that it would be eminently proper to give the Sally a good coat of tar. So gracefully did they yield to his eloquence, and superior knowledge, that they not only admitted the necessity of tar as he urged, but went so far as to allow the gentleman converting them to donate the tar, lend them his bucket to heat it in, and his brush to apply it with. I saw that they were on the eve of surrendering completely, and allowing him to put the tar on for them, but before this beatific condition of mind had fully developed, the man was called away. The afternoon being well advanced, the two weary laborers concluded to call it a day and quit, and although I had caught but few fish, I felt fully repaid for my day on the dock, from which point of vantage I had observed—thus far—their method of putting the Sally in commission.

It was pathetic to hear the Doctor and Professor relate to the Colonel, who had been absent all day, the story of their strenuous labors, and it was a beautiful exhibition of loyalty to hear the Colonel's (apparently) perfectly sincere expressions of sympathy.

Work was resumed early next morning, and the vindicated colored man was once more the victim. The Colonel had proffered his services, and was on hand with his box and cigar. There was no waiting for some one to happen along.

"Bill!" shouted the Doctor, as soon as they had settled comfortably.

"Yas, suh," said Bill, dropping his ax, and trudging down to where they sat. "Heah I is, w'at kin I do fo' you, Doctor?"

"Why, Bill," said the Professor, "the Doctor, Colonel and I cannot decide whether it would be best to tar the Sally or not, and we have agreed to leave it to you. Examine her carefully now, and see if you think it would really be the best thing to do."

For a moment it looked as though Bill would surely have a fit, he was so overcome by the honor done him; but recovering himself, he proceeded with the air of a physician examining and diagnosing a patient, to examine the boat, even going down on his knees and peeping under to see the inside of her, while the three dignified gentlemen waited his decision in interested silence.

His thorough and exhaustive examination having qualified him to speak advisedly upon the important matter, he proceeded to render his verdict with a judicial air, embellished with every high-sounding word in his vocabulary, to the effect that a coat of tar would be an advantage to the Sally. So grateful were the three friends to him for settling the vexed question for them, that they became immediate and enthusiastic converts to his opinion, and as a reward allowed him to build the fire, heat and apply the tar, commending and complimenting until he had used the last drop, which was only after the boat had received an entire second coat, besides several extra touches along the newly caulked seams.

As nothing further could be done until the tar dried, I felt it a safe time to pay a visit to the committee in charge. They received, with becoming modesty, my compliments upon the quality and quantity of work done, but assured me, with great cheerfulness, that the worst was yet to come, as the bow and stern seats were both broken, and would need some repairing, if not renewing.

"We cannot get a carpenter," the Doctor explained, "and have no tools but a dull saw and broken hatchet, and only heavy heart pine plank to work with. I do not know what we will do."

I did not know myself just what, or whom, they would "do," but had seen enough of their methods of doing to have no fears as to their entire ability to meet this emergency. Determined to know whom they would not do, I concluded to make no more visits to the Sally's dry dock, until the work was completed.

Believing that the next day would be the best of the show, I was early on the dock. The three friends soon appeared, carrying some bits of plank, and the tools they had described as their whole available stock. These they placed carefully upon the ground and, lighting up, proceeded to smoke and rest.

They had been sitting around for some time, when suddenly, as though moved by a common impulse, they sprang up, each one snatched up materials or tools, and ranged themselves around the boat, which still lay bottom side up. I was at a loss to account for this sudden show of activity, until I discovered two young men approaching. The trio around the boat were, to all appearances, wholly unaware of their approach, and when they drew near and accosted them, showed only polite surprise and preoccupation.

"Yes, I guess it will be best for me to go to the store and try to find some men," said the Doctor, as though continuing a conversation.

"That is the only thing to do," said the Colonel, as though adding a last word to a lengthy argument.

"Going to launch her?" said one of the newcomers.

"Oh, no!" said the Doctor, "we want to turn her over to mend some broken seats."

"Well, why don't you turn her?" inquired the other young man.

The three friends shook their heads and smiled, as though mildly protesting against ill-timed levity, and the Professor said: "Get about three good men, Doctor, and we can put her over all right."

"Three men beside yourselves to turn that boat?" said the first young man. "Why, my friend and I can turn her by ourselves."

The three older men laughed good-naturedly at this extravagant statement, and the Doctor laid down the hammer and nails he had been holding and made as if to start on his quest for assistanee.

I got busy just then with a fish, and when again at leisure to resume espionage of the boat repairers, was not surprised to see that the young men had been allowed to make good their boast, and the Sally lay right side up.

"Your kindness is only equalled by your magnificent strength, young gentlemen," said the Doctor as they stood recovering breath.

"Indeed, yes," chanted the others in grateful chorus.

"And now," said the Professor, as the young men picked up their coats, under the delusion that they had done all that could reasonably be expected of them, "how would you proceed to measure this plank to make new seats. We have figured it every conceivable way and it puzzles us completely."

A little later the two shorn Samsons—one at the bow, and the other at the stern seat—were hard at work practically demonstrating the hard problem (which they had tried in vain to explain to the trio), while the three friends, with freshly lighted cigars, sat by admiring and frankly commending their skill.

The seats duly marked out, and the young men cordially thanked, the trio now frankly admitted that not one of them could use a saw well enough to saw a straight line, and again began to diseuss the advisability of sending off for help. Instead of taking to their heels, and not so mueh as looking back, the young fellows began to offer suggestions and advice, and in three minutes they were again at work, with dull saw and maimed hatehet, repairing the broken seats. What else could they do with such kind, appreciative and helpless gentlemen as the three friends.

That evening after supper, when we all gathered in the smoking room, the Doctor announced: "Owing to a little assistanee kindly given by our friends to-day, we are able to announce that the Sally will be ready for launching by to-morrow afternoon." We all applauded, with the exception of the two friends who had rendered the "little assistance." They—over a lamp in the eorner, with a borrowed needle—were lending each other little assistance in opening blisters on their hands.

Bright and early the next morning the three friends resumed (the farming out of) their work. Venturing a little too near, after it all appeared completed, I had the honor of hunting up, putting in shape and properly attaching in position, a twenty-pound stone for anchor. It was very thoughtless of me to admit that I knew where there was a suitable one, after the Doetor had suggested that one was wanting, and I am thankful to say I made no useless fight against fate, after the admission was made, but found and fashioned it with all the expedition and skill of whieh I was master.

When we gathered for dinner the launehing of the Sally was announeed for 2 P. M. Everybody attended and lent a hand to set her afloat, the three friends consistently continuing to the last their role of aiders and abettors by word of mouth alone, and without delay or aeeident to mar the oeeasion, the Sally was duly launched.

As soon as she floated, the Doctor and Professor sprang aboard, and the Colonel took up his position at the water's edge. The Doctor pounded the gunwale with an oar and sang lustily; the Colonel shouted and clapped his hands vigorously, while the Professor—using the tin bailer as a tambourine—did a stunt that would have been the envy of a high-class burnt-cork artist. It was all funny enough to make even the men with unhealed blisters laugh, and we wished that the three dignified performers had other boats to launch.

That night in the smoking room, the amiable Master of the Sally, in a few well chosen words, apparently sincere, returned heartfelt thanks to all, assuring us that never before in the twelve years he had owned her, had he had less trouble and labor in putting her in commission. To whieh the Colonel added, sotto voce: "Nor more, if the whole truth be told."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Belle the Beauty Killed.

BELLE THE BEAUTY, the splendid Russian wolfhound who had long been an attraction at Staak's saloon, at Ninety-sixth street and Columbus avenue, was killed yesterday by Policeman Snyder, who, with many others, thought that the dog had gone mad. Apparently she had not.

Belle became the mother of nine fine little puppies yesterday. Leaving them snug in a champagne case, she ran up stairs to the barroom, barking noisily. The crowd, frightened at her show of excitement, fled to the street. The dog ran out, too. The bartender also ran out, locking the doors to balk thieves.

Belle, after running about a while, tried to get into the saloon again to see her babies. Failing, she barked frantically and began tearing at a door with her long teeth. Snyder ran up and with two shots made the little puppies orphans.

Half an hour later the puppies were drowned to save them from starvation. Then the crowd that had shouted "Mad dog!" acknowledged that they felt ashamed.—New York Times.

A Friendly Hunt for Indians.

I STARTED on Christmas morning, 1878, from the camp of our cavalry troop on Wolf Creek, sixty miles west of Camp Supply—Fort Supply it is now—in the Indian Territory. I was sent out to hunt up the different bands of Indians who were west of this, hunting. There were no buffalo in the country and these Indians were reported to be starving, and I was told to send all I could find into Camp Supply, where they could get rations, then they could go home.

It was thought that this trip would take me about eighteen days to make, but I managed to string it out to about six weeks before I got home again. I found a band of Comanches on my way home and attached myself to them, making an excuse to our officers that I wanted to see that this chief did go home; any excuse was better than none at all, and mine went. I got no court-martial for disobeying orders, but did get a blowing up from my eaptain.

I started on this trip with a young northern Cheyenne Indian as a companion, but he deserted me while we were in the cañon of the Canadian River; he was afraid of a big band of Pawnee Indians I was then hunting for. I told him the Pawnees would not molest him while he was in my company, but he still thought they would, so I told him to take the trail home; he was of no use to me anyhow, I would rather go alone.

I had a Springfield rifle and two Colts pistols. I took an extra horse with me instead of a pack mule, the horse would follow and not have to be led or driven. I knew every foot of this eountry and needed no guide; that was why I had been sent. We first traveled about west, then in a day or two turned southwest. I wanted to send in any Indians I found in this country, then strike the Canadian River up near the Adobe Walls. I expected to find the Pawnees and other Indians up there. We would start each day about sunrise, travel about thirty miles, then go into eamp, get our saddles off, stake our horses out and eook supper, then spread down one of our saddle blankets to lie on, eovering ourselves with the other two and using the saddles for pillows.

This young Indian spoke very good English for a Cheyenne, and when we had been out several days and were now almost in sight of the Canadian River, we were riding along one afternoon when the Indian, pulling up his horse, said, "Look! Heap antelope over there, you see them?" I saw them now, but had not he called my attention to them I should not have noticed them at all. We were not going in their direction; they were off to our left, on the side of a small hill, or rather a high roll in the prairie, off which the grass had been burned lately leaving a black surface, and I estimated them to be 1,200 yards away.

I had not had my rifle long; our Springfield carbines had lately been taken from us; they did not carry far enough; the Indians had better guns and could get behind sand hills and stand us off. I had given my carbine up when it was called for, without any regret at losing it. I would not give ten eents a dozen for them and use them to shoot with; they might be worth more as scrap iron. I was never quite sure of being able to hit an object smaller than a barn door or a hay stack with it, but with this rifle I could hit what I aimed at.

In the twenty years that I was in the cavalry I had had about all the guns that the Government put out to try us on, about a dozen different ones from first to last. They were continually expcrimenting with guns—good, bad and worse ones—but they never thought to give us a Marlin or Kennedy, we might hit something with them.

I should have had a .45-90 Marlin of my own long sinee, but I would not be let carry it; I might hit an Indian with it; I would if he got in my road less than a quarter of a mile away.

The last gun I ever had must have been sent us by mistake; it was the Hotchkiss carbine. While I never tried to split a ball on a knife blade with it (that can be done easier in story books than it can anywhere else), nor did I ever snuff any candles with it (I have done that with a pistol, and so can anyone if they try). I could lie face down at 500 yards and make 23 or 24 out of a possible 25, then repeat it with the next five shots. The target reports of Troop F, Fourth Cavalry, for the year 1884 at Fort Lowell, Arizonia, will tell, if they still exist, whether I could or not.

But the antelope are waiting to be shot all this time. I had forgot all about them. I drew my rifle out of its ease on my saddle, put a load in it and put the sight up to 1,200 yards. The antelope were not that far off I now thought, but I had found out that the rifle dropped above 500 yards; how much it would drop at a thousand I did not know.

"No good; too far; you can't shoot," the Indian told me.

"You wait, maybe so I can shoot. You look now." I took steady aim, at the whole bunch, of course, then fired. The antelope stood still for a minute then began to run around, and next disappeared across the rise they had been on.

"You shoot one," the Indian says.

"Did I hit him?"

"Yes, me see him. I go get him."

"No, you stay here. I want to see how far; you come when I say come."

I had no tape line but we had been drilled to estimate distances, and I could guess them very closely now. Riding off what I thought was a hundred yards, I might have made it two or three hundred and got through with it sooner, but I wanted to be sure. I called the Indian down, then let him stop there while I rode another hundred, and at the end of the tenth hundred I was still sixty yards from the antelope. I'll allow that sixty for possible errors, I thought, and call it a thousand yards; it is not a foot less.

I had hit the antelope in the flank and the ball had not gone clear through; it had no doubt ranged forward or it would not have killed him so soon, but I had no time now to hunt for it. The river was still several miles away and it was down in a cañon. I might have to hunt an hour for a place to get down to it. I cut off the hind quarters, leaving the skin on. The Indian wanted to take all, but I did not want to overload my pack horse; I might have to jump these horses over rocks to get down to the river. I knew that cañon pretty well now.

"How far you shoot?" the Indian asked.

"Half mile," I told him. That was as near as I could tell him. He knew nothing about feet or yards.

"How far your gun shoot all the time?"

"Two miles, maybe, no more."

It would not, but those Northern Cheyennes had to be kept down where they were now by force. They belonged up in Nebraska and were always trying to get up there again. They had gone only a year ago and we had had to go after them; and I wanted this young fellow to have a high opinion of the distance I could "shoot" if I had to shoot at them again.

We got to the cañon an hour before sunset and struck it not a hundred yards from a place where I could get down into it. The descent was like a giant stairway; there were regular ledges of rocks, each about five feet wide and about two feet above the next one below. We led our horses down, jumping first on each step ourselves, then letting the horse follow. I went first and had the Indian bring up the rear, the pack horse between us. I did not know if he would follow here without being driven, but he did. Getting down on the floor of the cañon we rode about a mile straight across to the river and went into camp along with some men and a wagon. They were down here from Kansas after cottonwood sprouts to plant timber claims. They had a two-horse wagonload of them now, about 5,000 sprouts they said. These sprouts were a foot or two high and not many of them larger than a lead pencil. They grew here in the sandy soil and can be pulled by hand. A thousand could be got off an acre.

I found a few lodges of Cheyennes and gave them their marching orders. I had already turned several bands of Indians that I overtook going west and told them to go into Supply and get chuck-a-way. The Indian ate about half of what venison we had brought with us for his supper, he would most likely have eaten more had we brought more. I told him to eat it all. I did not want it.

He left me the next day and had to depend on his Springfield carbine for his rations on his way home. If he could not do better shooting with it than I could, and I don't think he could, he went home hungry.

Next day we kept on up the river and about noon I met the second white man I had seen since I had left the troop. This man told me where the Pawnees were likely to be found. I had to laugh at the first man I had met. I gave him a bad scare. We saw him early in the forenoon of the day before, we were riding west then across a level prairie when we saw him a mile or more away, coming east.

He saw us, and turning around, went back at a gallop. I wanted to speak to him, so leaving my pack horse and the Indian, I went after him. I rode a horse that was not in the habit of letting cow ponies run away from him. I let him out now and the cow pony might as well stop; he did. The man, seeing that I was going to overtake him, got off his pony and getting behind him threw his Winchester over the saddle. I was going to have a fight. I was about 500 yards from him and pulled up. I began to swing my hat in a eircle to my right. "D— a man," I thought, "who ean't tell an Indian from a white man fifty feet away. Why don't he go back east and stay there?" Some of these fellows had Indian on the brain and were expecting to meet one or a dozen ten times a day.

The man came from behind his pony now and mounting him started to meet me. "I thought you were Indians," he said, when he came up to me. "Is not your companion an Indian?"

"We both are. He is a Cheyenne, I am a Comanche, but we are not on the warpath now. There are plenty of Indians out here, but most of them are as harmless as we are. Don't run when you see an Indian. It would be labor thrown away on that pony of yours, and you will only let the Indian know that you are afraid of him. Let him come up. It will do no harm, though, if you keep your Winchester where you can get it when he does come up."

Late in the afternoon to-day I saw a smoke rising among a bunch of trees across the river, and as I was now within a few miles of White Deer Creek, there might be Indians here.

I tied my pack horse here, then rode across toward the smoke. There were bushes on that side near the water, and a path had been cut through them lately, but a squaw had not cut it, I knew that. They may be cowboys, I thought, but there were no cattle in this part of the cañon. I followed the path into the camp in among some post oaks. A big fire was burning and a dozen saddles lay about, while every tree had halters, bridles, or lariat hung on it, but not a man was in sight.

"Hello, the camp!" I called out, but got no answer.

"These are no cowboys," I said. "I guess I know what they are. I don't need them," and turning around I got out of that. I had made up my mind now that they were "rustlers," that is, horse and cattle thieves.

I got to White Deer Creek where it falls into the Canadian River, just before dark, and could see the Pawnees' camp-fires ten miles away up this creek. It was too far to go after dark, so I went into camp here, gathered a big lot of dry wood from the drift piles, and got supper after I had started a big fire. I expected to have a visit from those rustlers before morning, but I need not stand guard. My horse would do that and notify me when they came.

I had a hammer-headed sorrel horse which looked as if he hardly knew enough to eat when hungry, but his looks belied him. I never had a more intelligent one. I had been riding him for four years and rode him another year after this, and then turned him in only because I was leaving the troop. I had taught him to do about everything except speak, and he would try to do that sometimes, when I sat in camp talking to him. He and I had put in each winter for the last four years going it alone, as we were doing now. For the first two I had him with me along with a band of Comanches on their hunt. The past two winters we had not sent details out with most of these bands, but our troop had watched them from a central eamp, while I had been kept going alone most of the time carrying dispatches or watching the Indians. I was sent because I knew the country, but I need not have gone alone, I could have got as many men and any particular man I asked for, but I would

not have them. I wanted to go alone; then if I took a notion to go where I had not been sent, after I had been where I had been sent, I went there. I had no men to look after and see that they did not get lost.

This horse had a trick that I had not taught him. It was of more use to me, though, than all I had taught him. When in camp this way. I tied him out on fifty feet of rope, taking care that he always could reach me where I slept; and if anything alarmed him he would walk over to me and punch me with his nose, then if I did not get up soon enough to suit him, he would catch some part of my clothes in his teeth and shake me; then when I had got up and said, "All right, Billy," he went to grazing again.

In the daytime, if I wanted to know if everything was all right in camp, I just looked at the horse. If he was quietly grazing everything was all right. If he stood with his ears stuck forward, something was coming. No rustler could get into our camp and he not know it. I would know it soon after he did, and the rustler would know that we knew it as soon as I could reach my rifle. But I slept undisturbed to-night, no rustler came.

The next morning I rode up to the Pawnee camp. The whole tribe was here. A sergeant of our regiment, but who belonged to a different troop from mine, and ten of his men were here as an escort. I had a written order for him telling him to take his Indians home, and gave it to him, then told him about the rustlers' camp, warning him to look out for his horses. He did not, though, and on his way home, when in camp in the cañon fifteen miles from the rustlers' camp, he lost part of his horses and mules. He took his men and a party of Indians the next day, and went where I had told him the camp was. The camp was there all right, but his horses and mules and the rustlers were not, they had left.

Leaving the Pawnees I came down as far as my last night's camp. I had now sent off all the Indians I could find in this upper country. There were just two ranches at that time on the Canadian River in a distance of about 100 miles, and they were eighty miles apart. It is probably thickly settled now; it ought to be, for it is a beautiful country. One of the ranches was just across from the mouth of White Deer Creek. I wondered why the Indians let it stay there. I think I found out why. The men were probably carrying on a trade with the Indians that the Government knew nothing about. I crossed over to his place to take a look at him. He had a general store, most of his goods, though, were of the kind that only an Indian wants, or at least gets. He generally wants the earth.

"Have you any fire water?" I asked.

"No, he dare not sell it here."

I knew that, did I not? I knew it and I also knew that they sold it right along, but I did not say so. I did not want it and hardly ever used it. I would not use it here if it were given to me. I had need to keep my wits about me when out this way. I only asked him to see if he would sell it. Had he any tobacco? Yes, he had plenty of that, and brought out the kind that Indians buy, long, flat plugs of natural leaf; they use it to smoke. A cowboy would not have it; he wants black navy. I got a pound of tobacco for any Indian friends I might meet.

The man began to question me now. He wanted to find out who I was. I might be a spy on him; he seemed to suspect me. I looked to be a cross between a soldier and a cowboy, I wore very little of the uniform, only a blouse and a blue vest. Was I with those Indians up the creek yonder?

"No, sir. I have nothing at all to do with them, just now."

Was I out here on duty, or just hunting?

"A little of both, I have been sent out here to look around, and I also spend some time hunting. I have a sort of a roving commission and can suit myself in what I do."

Was I an officer in the cavalry? He saw that I had a cavalry horse and saddle and probably noticed that I had one too many pistols for an enlisted man. I had two, and that gun in the saddle did not prevent me from being an officer. Most of our men carried a gun when in the field.

"No, sir, I am not. While I would have no particular objection to being one, the War Department has. At present I am only a sergeant. How much do I owe you, sir," I asked him.

"Nothing, sergeant; you are welcome to the tobacco, and I might let you have a bottle of Hostetter's Bitters if you care for it. I have some."

"No, thank you, sir, I don't like them very well." And I left.

These bitters are but little else than whiskey under another name. I had known them since when a boy, about 1852. I had worked for old Dr. Hostetter in the first little laboratory he ever had, on what is now Penn avenue, in Pittsburg. He put out there in a year about as much of them as his successors now put out in two hours. Since then I had drank them in New York, saw them in San Francisco, ran across them in Honolulu, met them again in Valparaiso, Chili, and going ashore at Hobart Town, Tasman's Land, found them there. They had got pretty well around the globe and now they reminded me of home. They had turned up here again on the Canadian River to cure the Indians of chills and fever.

Next morning I kept on down the river, making easy marches each day and camping early. It was the middle of winter, but there is very little winter here unless a norther is blowing; the nights even were not cold.

There were plenty of deer in the cañon here, and when I had got farther down I began to pass through large herds of cattle. They did not belong here, but had been driven in off the prairie to the south of this. The grass had all been burned and they had to be sent in here to keep them from starving. The deer had come in for the same cause. I had plenty of rations and would not shoot deer to feed wolves; I would sooner shoot the wolves. I met them from time to time, the big timber wolf, but he kept out of range, I was at war with him. Late in the afternoon I noticed several Indian lodges about two miles below me; they were the first I had seen since starting to come down, the ones I had met on my way up had obeyed my orders and had gone home.

I was riding through a big bunch of cattle and saw a number of deer among them quietly feeding with the cows. Getting off my horse I shot two of them, taking care not to hit a cow. The deer were so close to some of the cows that had I not had confidence in my rifle I would not have fired at them. Letting them lie here I kept on down to the Indian camp and found them to be Cheyennes. Had they been Comanches I would not have found these deer where I did, the Comanches would have had them long ago, but these Cheyennes were too lazy to hunt unless they were hungry. I sent them up after the deer; then seeing a ranch just below rode down to it. The ranch was just being built and was the only one in here below the one at White Deer Creek. The men were complaining about the Indians; they did not want them here.

"They won't be here longer than to-morrow morning," I told them. "I'll send them off."

"Did I think I could make them go?"

"I am here to make them go. I don't need to think about it at all. They will go. Don't fret."

I wanted forage for my horses, they had a pile of corn in the ear at the ranch and told me to help myself. I took enough for night and morning, then went up to the Indian camp and told them to go in to-morrow. The head man wanted to wait a day or two and hunt deer, he said.

"No. I told him it is not good. You go in to-morrow, I stop and see."

I knew about how anxious they were to hunt deer, when they let the deer come to camp hunting them. They wanted to stay here and beg beef if they could, if not then steal it. They were not lying awake at night studying how they could get deer; they let the deer get close enough to bite them, then wait for someone else to shoot him.

I camped with the Cheyennes that night. I was a Comanche, but they did not know it. I did not have my feathers on, though I had them with me in a buckskin bag in my saddle pocket; I always carried them. They were about three inches long, each feather half white and half black, the Comanche colors. They were tied with a buckskin string that had some figures on it. A Comanche would look at these if he did not know me, then say, "Wano"—[Bueno]—very good. I was not a counterfeit; I spoke their language, and nearly every Comanche knew me now as Cabia Blanco—White Pony, the name they had given me. The feathers, had I put them on now, would have had the same effect on those Cheyennes that a red rag has on a bull. The Cheyennes and Comanches don't love each other a little bit.

I got the Indians started next morning, then kept on by myself and camped at night just where a trail crosses the valley. It ran north and south and was called Custer's Trail. He may have made it; he was down here more than once. I left the valley on this trail next morning. I meant to go north now and go into Supply. I debated with myself whether to take this trail or keep on south and go on into Reno by way of the Wichita River. I had not been given any orders as to what route I should take going home, and I thought I knew why. The captain probably thought it would not be worth while. If the route he laid out did not suit me I would take my own. He had given me so many orders in the past four years that I had not obeyed but always had a good reason why I did not obey them, that he had about quit giving me orders. He was so kind as to tell me at one time that he might as well give my horse our orders as give it to me.

"Yes, sir, but you generally get your object accomplished if I don't carry out the orders to the letter," I told him. "That, I think, is what we are both here for."

I camped that night on a small creek on the trail and got up next morning to find it snowing hard, and I started to look for timber. I knew where to find it. Just before I had got to it about noon, I saw a smoke rising out of a cañon on my right a mile away, and went for it at a gallop. There would be Indians there. A big band of Comanches was in camp down there, and I was at home now; it might snow now until it got ready to stop. I need not stay out in it.

I got down into the camp, and riding up to the chief's lodge got off my horse, took the rifle off the saddle, piled it on a pack at the lodge door, then taking off my pistols laid them on top of it. I was a friend here and must not go into that lodge with arms on; the squaw would carry them in for me. A squaw now came and took my horses, she would get their saddles off, then stake them out; I need not look after them unless I chose, if I staid here a month.

I looked now to see if the chief had a stick or piece of brush across his door. If he had, he did not want any of the band in here. I would not try to go in, but he would soon get that stick out of the way. It is only a sign that he is at his meals or is busy. He would not keep a stranger out. There was no stick, and pulling the flap aside, I walked into the lodge. The chief was seated on the floor eating his dinner.

"I have come to see my brother," I told him.

"My brother is very welcome. Let him sit down and eat."

I sat down and ate. The chief was going west. He had not got the order.

"I have been to the west as far as the Adobe Walls. There are no buffalo in all that country. I have looked and seen it. But the Great Father has meat for his children at Camp Supply. Let them go there and get it."

He said that he had plenty of meat in camp now, his people were not hungry; they generally were not. If there was nothing else to be got the white man's cattle were here; and if I were to find them killing a beef I would not kill my horse trying to get to them in time to stop them. I might do as they do when they see a friend doing wrong, "look the other way."

The chief did not want to break camp until the weather moderated.

"Any time is good," I told him. "There is plenty of time. I will stop and go in when my brothers go. I am in no hurry."

In a day or two the weather cleared up, then we started and got into Supply in two days. Here the chief got beef on the hoof, he could kill it himself. He got flour also, but no sugar or coffee. I got what I could buy of that for them. The commissary here was an open one, a soldier could buy anything they had here at the cost price without an order. A citizen could buy nothing, and if a soldier were caught buying anything for a citizen he would be court-martialed; but there was no law to prevent me from buying stuff and giving it to these Indians. That commissary officer certainly knew that I did not want fifty pounds of coffee and 150 pounds of sugar for myself. I might have drawn all the rations I wanted for myself here on my traveling order, a paper I carried to tell who I was and what I was doing out here alone; but Troop I of ours was stationed here and they piled all the rations and forage on my pack horse that I would take on him.

We pulled out again now, and two short marches (we were in no hurry now, or else one march would have done it), took us to a big turkey roost called Sheridan's Roost. Here we went into camp and the chief proposed to stop here and hunt turkeys. He had an old muzzle-loading shotgun that looked as if it had been new about the year 1800, but it must have left a blacksmith shop. I think that is where it had been made, the maker had forgot to put his name on it. Later than that, as it was a percussion lock, it had been probably given to the chief by some white man to get rid of the gun and the chief at the same time. The stock had been broken and mended with rawhide.

I went after turkeys with a rifle and got two in a small park by creeping up on them through the brush to where they were feeding. We kept on next day and at last got to Fort Reno, and went into camp across the river from the post. Then I and the chief went over to see the commanding officer, the chief to beg chuckaway (anything that can be eaten is chuckaway) while I wanted to report my return.

I should have done that to my captain, but had an idea that if I reported to this commanding officer here he would tell me to get these Indians out of this, they were not wanted here. That is what he did tell me, and his orders went, he ranked the captain. He said I seemed to be able to do more with these Comanches than some others could, for me to go home with them and see that they got there in some reasonable time. He did not want them ranging all over the country, he said. I took them to their reservation now, taking our time about going to it also. Then we held a dance to celebrate our safe return home again.

I could not strike up any more excuses to keep me out here longer now; I had about exhausted them all, so I went home to Fort Reno and reported to the captain and got a blowing up from him. He wanted to know if I thought that when he sent me out last Christmas he had sent me to stay all summer.

CABIA BLANCO.

Touring the Adirondack Lakes.

IF you would hear of the pleasures of Adirondack touring you must prepare for eulogy and not for apology, for the Adirondacks suffer not by comparison with all the master works of nature. Our Canadian border is studded with many a sylvan lake and trackless forest. The mountains and wilderness of our great West are wild and grand and the charm of our Sierra Nevadas is never exhausted. Nature's beautiful scenery lures the traveler into the wilds of Oklahoma or delights him as he seeks refreshment in the orange groves of Southern California. The woods of Maine with their myriad ponds and rugged camps fascinate the man who loves to rough it, roaming in a wilderness far from civilized restraints. But the great body of us cannot avail of such enjoyable outings; we can but read and think of them with longing.

There is a field, however, for the realization of the peculiar pleasures of the woods, accessible to the busy people of the East, a field free from the primitive inconveniences which delight the hardy, but which deter the many from seeking the enjoyments of woods life. Marvel not when you hear that this field is in the famous Adirondack region of New York State. If you are ignorant of the charms of Adirondack touring, you but belong to the vast majority. Touring the Adirondack lakes in a guide-boat is the best substitute we have for the various pleasurable outings famed in song and story. Nay, it is more than a substitute, for it has an individuality about it which makes the trip attractive even to those who can indulge in what the world calls better things. And but a brief few days is required, so that the trip can be compressed into the busy man's fortnight of vacation.

The Adirondack Mountain region is remarkable for the diverse characteristics of its eastern and western sections. The eastern half is filled with lofty mountain peaks, rising in rugged outline from the valleys that lie amid these surrounding barriers. Loftier ranges aspire in vain to equal the magnificence, the impressive grandeur, of the range about Keene Valley. The western section, so unlike the eastern, is a high plateau, dotted with innumerable ponds and pretty lakes, joined by the intertwining of winding streams and little rivers.

It is in this lake region of the west that the guide-boat comes into use, for long distances can be traversed almost entirely by water. A chain of lakes so well adapted for touring is rarely formed. The trip is not a journey to a distant point. The lakes lie in circular location, so that the tourist may start from where he may and reach always the starting point, seeing new country at every turn. The whole lake section is embraced in three distinct circles. All three can be covered easily in less than two weeks, making one continuous trip of about 212 miles.

Let us accept an imaginery starting point, and let it be Blue Mountain Lake, for more attractive spot and one more convenient to the trip could scarce be found. There is a station at Racquette Lake, reached by the New York Central lines, where a small steamer is boarded that continues the journey through Racquette Lake and thence through Utowana and Eagle Lakes to Blue Mountain Lake. At one of the hotels about this lake we may be accommodated for the few days that are useful for resting and for becoming acclimated and making various preparations. Another way to get to Blue Mountain Lake would be by the Adirondack division of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to North Creek, whence, by the famous North Creek Stage Route, we drive through thirty miles of a beautiful wilderness, to the country of Blue Mountain.

But it matters as little how we get there as it does whether we start at Blue Mountain Lake or at some other lake in the circle. If we do, however, make this lake our starting point, it will be enjoyable to go in by the stage route and out by the boat, or vice versa. Then a day can be given to climbing Blue Mountain, from which a splendid view of the lake region is attainable, and all this time is most enjoyably spent, without reference to the trip before us. A good guide must be procured. The guides are members of an association. They may be engaged at the rate of $3 a day, besides their board and lodging. The guide furnishes the guide-boat without extra cost. The best arrangement calls for one guide for each member of the party, thus allowing two people to each boat, although two people may accompany a single guide with but slightly less comfort.

From Blue Mountain Lake, a start is made by a six-mile drive, with the boat along on the wagon, to Long Lake, to the dock at the Grove House. Put the boat in the water here, yourself and luggage in the boat, and you are off for the water trip. Long Lake is twelve miles in length and empties into the Racquette River. Mid-day should find you midway upon the lake, traveling north. Lunch is eaten from the pack-basket, as it is best to push on rapidly through this thinly settled country. You should get eight miles up the Racquette River by nightfall, where the guide shoulders the boat for a mile and a half on land, around the falls, to the Racquette Falls House. This is the only house within a ten-mile radius and affords a welcome haven for the first night out.

The second day takes us to the famous Saranacs. Let us not go into too much detail. We turn east across the foot of Upper Saranac Lake, row through Round Lake and the length of Lower Saranac. Nightfall overtakes us here, and we may find it convenient to stop at one of the hotels in the village, a short distance back of the lake. The Ampersand at the head of the Lake welcomes us, if we care for its magnificence.

If time allows, an interesting diversion for the next day may be arranged by leaving our boat behind and taking the train to Lake Placid, where we may hire a boat, explore the lake and climb Whiteface Mountain, to enjoy the commanding view of far away Keene Valley, and of the high range of the Adirondack Mountains. Lake Placid is one of the most beautiful of all lakes, and its neighboring heights command the grandest of mountain views. All of the high eastern peaks, including that noble trio, Haystack, Skylight, and cloud-splitting Marcy, and the rugged slides and lofty summits of the Gothics are unveiled by the uplifting clouds. If we do not need to hurry, we may well spend a couple of days at Lake Placid.

Upon returning to Lower Saranac Lake, place the boat upon the early train for Paul Smith's Station, and from there drive four miles over to the St. Regis Lakes in time for breakfast. A big day's journey is in prospect, so row quickly through the beautiful St. Regis Lakes and through Lake Clear. Here you will be met by a team and a boat-wagon, for which you must telephone ahead from the St. Regis Lakes. Four miles of an excellent road leads to Saranac Inn, at the head of Upper Saranac Lake. After dining here, board the Lake Steamer, for it is nine miles down the lake to Wawbeek Lodge, and advantage may well be taken of this quicker method. Wawbeek Lodge is at the foot of the lake just above where you first saw the lake two days before, on the way to Lower Saranac. Consequently, at Wawbeek Lodge the first circle of lakes is completed. Now branch off to the west upon a three-mile carry to the Racquette River, and follow it about eight miles toward Big Tupper Lake. A friendly farm house offers a night's rest, a welcome shelter indeed, for forty-seven miles has been traveled since dawn.

The next day is spent in rowing through the wild waters of Big Tupper Lake, the roughest lake in the whole region, in laboring under the short rows and longer carries at the end, and finally reaching Little Tupper Lake where it is necessary to spend the night. Here a kindly hospitality may be offered at the cottages of Mr. William C. Whitney; there is no other settlement within a half day's journey. The following day is pretty well taken up with getting back from Little Tupper to Long Lake by a route, due east, of lakes and carries. A five-mile carry must be made upon this trip, and lucky you are if you can get a wagon to help you out. At Long Lake is completed the second circle, in the wildest, least settled section of the Adirondacks.

From Long Lake the course lies southward, through Forked Lake and Racquette Lake, into the historic Fulton Chain, which is reached by a row of four miles in and out of the mazes of Brown's Tract Inlet. With carries between Lakes, proceed from Eighth Lake to Fourth Lake, where the night should be spent. The scenery of Big Moose Lake which is reached about noon the next day is so unusually beautiful that it will repay one to rest here a half day, preparatory to a long jaunt homeward. Doubtless there are prettier lakes than Big Moose, but we know not where to find them in this whole western half of the incomparable Adirondack mountains. The trip home by way of numerous ponds, stretches due east, to Racquette Lake. Well does memory recall the trip from Big Moose Lake to Racquette Lake. One of the carries is three miles long, over a mountain, and through a woods so thick that the boat can scarcely turn between the trees. Fallen logs to climb over and swamps to wade through add spice to the monotony of the carry. It is doubtless late when you finally reach Racquette Lake, and it may be well to board the steamer for Blue Mountain Lake, whence the start was made some eight days before.

Dry reading to the uninitiated is such a narravite. But does it not suggest some new ideas for vacation time. A man will take more kindly to such a trip than will a woman, although the gentler sex by no means find it a hard earned pleasure. No man who wants the real benefit of the trip should avoid the initial understanding with his guide that he intends to do his share of the work. Half the rowing and half the carrying are to be his share. The Guides' Association has established horse carries, and it is expected that they will be used. Almost every long carry has upon it a boat-wagon and team. This is a great convenience to the traveler, although it adds to the expense of a somewhat costly trip. Perhaps ten to twelve dollars a day may be an outside estimate of the expense from start to finish of the tour of the lakes. So much is this Adirondack region patronized by tourists that all of the hotels have separate houses for the accommodation of guides, who pass through for half rates. Not so with the tourists. We recall entering the beautiful dining doom of Saranac Inn, in our mud-stained clothes and flannel garb and feeling quite at home, so used are the guests to the unconventional attire of tourists.

A hint or two as to how to prepare for the guide-boat trip may not be amiss. To be unburdened, carry no clothing excepting perhaps a woolen sweater. The guide's pack-basket is taken along to hold little articles, a few compact provisions for emergencies, and a few yards of rubber or oil-cloth sheeting to throw over one's self in case of rain. So conveniently are the hotels situated among the lakes that articles likely to be needed may at the start be mailed to hotels en route, self addressed and marked "to be called for." It is very important that hardly anything else should be carried along excepting a small kodak. Better leave everything else behind, but by all means carry a kodak.

There are numerous trips a little different where luggage is necessary. If the intention were to camp out, stopping a few days at each of various places, or to spend time in fishing, it would be necessary to carry more baggage. Fishing in the Adirondacks is not much pleasure late in the season; June is the last month for good fishing. And fishing on a touring trip is only availed of by those who have much time. Camping may be enjoyable, but it is much apart from touring and would be only a hardship if not an absolute impossibility, where there is so much ground to cover. It is because camping is unnecessary in the Adirondacks that our trip is so admirably adapted to afford pleasure to those who do not wish too much to rough it. However, every method has its advocates, and each may suit himself.

H. C. G. BARNABY.

NEW YORK CITY.

EXPENSE incurred in a trip actually made by the author, starting Saturday morning and returning the following Saturday evening—one man and guide:

Guide	$24
Hotel bills	28
Boat carries	20
Carriage rides over carries	6
Extras	7
	$85

The cost would be greater if a circle were not completed as the guide would have to be paid for his time and the carries in returning.

The distance covered was 215 miles, of which 128 miles was traveled by rowboat and we carried our boat twenty-five miles. Of the balance, we used horse carries for twenty-seven miles, the steamer on Upper Saranac for nine miles and the railroad from Lower Saranac to Paul Smith's for twenty-six miles.

T. C. G. BARNABY.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

The Ice Run Out.

WHEN I reached Rosedale most of my revolver cartridges—.38-40—had been used up in practice, of which some river tales had made me feel in need. My companions were individuals about whom there might be said to exist, as the judge says in an excise case, a "reasonable doubt." They were perfectly friendly with me, but with each other they were on vicious terms of intolerance. They agreed to separate at Rosedale, but the boat was in both their names. The Medicine Man had no money, and complained to me that the Gambler had beaten him in purchasing the boat at Paducah. The Gambler was reticent in regard to the deal, saying that it was a matter of business with him, as an explanation of the Medicine Man's open accusations. The Medicine Man claimed to have furnished the money which went into the boat and its furnishing. This was denied by the Gambler. It was at Rosedale, when I learned these details, that I heard some further things in regard to my companions. My notes heretofore were superficial as regards the hearts of the river people, and all that I knew of them were fragments of the "home" and of the "present." I had not been close enough to any of them to get their confidence, and hear the details of their plans. They would talk freely in response to questions, but not spontaneously—Mrs. Haney told me she had a hundred dollars or so on her boat, but she was uneasy the moment she spoke of her past life, and of her family she said nothing. I had to learn weeks later that one of her daughters was a noted river girl of the most independent and bravest sort—a girl adapted to her environment of river pirates, desperadoes and storeboat folks. No river man, drunk or sober, would venture to impose on that daughter of Mrs. Haney. She was of the Amazon type, of which type many stories are told regarding their taking unloving husbands by the nape of the neck and slack of the trousers to throw them overboard.

However, I was getting an insight of river life, traveling with a gambler and a confidential medicine man. So I went up town at Rosedale and bought a box of cartridges and kept my revolver handy on my hip during most of the next two weeks, because appearances indicated the wisdom of the precaution. It was a mile up town, most of the way along a levee, on one side of which was a lumber yard and a public highway was on the other. I bought the cartridges of Rice, a burly big man, who said he couldn't see much of interest for a man to write about there. Two minutes later he was pawing the air vehemently as regards politics and negroes.

The Gambler wanted to get into a game of cards in town, and half an hour after going up he located the "club room." Finding that it was a swell affair he invested $15 of his $90 in a new suit of clothes and bought a No. 14 celluloid collar with an opening in front like a "policeman's solid comfort." As his neck was four inches long, and a No. 11 collar would have surrounded it, the weather beaten cowboy was a remarkable looking "swell" to say the least.

"What do you think of this?" he asked me, kicking out one bony leg in its flapping cover. I said, truthfully, that it changed his appearance marvellously, after the river corduroy garments. He bought a hat, too, and went jauntily up town to the club to make an impression. He succeeded.

In the meantime the river ice was coming. Day by day we heard that the ice flow out of the Ohio had come down to Hickman, New Madrid, Memphis, Helena and Friars Point. It was a remarkable thing to know that a vast mass of broken ice was swooping down the river hundreds of miles up stream, but would inevitably come to Rosedale. The cabin boaters ran into the eddies, and hugged the banks, tying in, and studying the drift, trying to make out whether the stuff would strike the boat heavily enough to damage it. We did as the others did. Our boat was run into a sort of pocket, into which the drift could not come.

The river was rising steadily, and each morning we took in the slack of the lines, and pulled the boat further into the pocket, and were finally safely sheltered among some small tree tops, over submerged brush. In mid stream a snaky line of drift gradually widened into a wonderfully broad mass of timber, brush and other flotsam. This was flecked with white—the advance of the ice. It was awe-inspiring to see the amount of ice increase hour by hour, and know that it would continue to increase to an unimaginable fleet.

On the afternoon of Feb. 1 there was a cessation of the drift flow, scarcely any appearing. Night came on with the river almost clear. I wondered if it was the end of the pack, and felt disappointed, thinking the ice which had been tearing coal barges and steamboats loose of the upper river must have melted. I went to sleep early that night. Toward morning I was awakened by a dull roar. It was a strange sound, broken by intervals of sharp rasping noises while the boat quivered and jarred heavily at times.

Only half awake I did not know what was the matter, The sounds were not ominous to me, and I soon went to sleep. Later one of my mates awakened me by stepping over my hammock, going to the stern of the boat. He said something in a low voice and the Medicine Man answered by springing out of bed. Thereupon I struggled out of the canvas hammock bag and went to the stern to see what was the matter.

A gray mist was over the river, and the gloom of night enshrouded all but the near scene. The surface of the water was slightly luminous, and the down-stream current was only twenty feet distant. On this we could see gray masses darting past, while in the eddy were whirling chunks equally gray and ghastly. The air seemed dragged by the floating stuff, for we could feel currents as though the jagged onrushing surface was tearing the still atmosphere. We took a look at the side of the boat, whence came the scraping noises and found that the stuff was banked against it, but not dangerously. Returning to bed we awaited daylight, which came an hour or so later.

A marvellous change had taken place. The gray mass was a river full of ice. It reached almost from bank to bank, and, because the mass was involatile, the spectacle was one of irresistible power. Hard, grinding, gloomy and rushing on at the rate of six miles an hour, I can imagine no more impressive spectacle than this of the running ice in the Mississippi. The sounds it made were thunderous. There were constantly appearing evidences of the terrific force being exerted. Trees went by which had been torn in two. Fragments of barges and cabin boats were visible from the bank with the naked eye. Moreover, the edges of the ice cakes were rounded off and the rims forced up so that they were saucer-shaped on top.

Out in the center of the floe there were visible the effects of the awful crushing to which the whole mass was being subjected by its own power. The edges of ice cakes heaved up and vast beams sometimes were cramped and made to stand on end like logs in a broken jam.

Tragedy was there, too. We were told that an old fisherman had started to cross the river up the stream a few miles on the previous night. After a time his cries were heard off Rosedale, and still more cries. Apparently he was being carried down stream. He disappeared and, although we were at Rosedale for many days afterward, no word came from him. The cabin boats, four of which were seen passing in one day, may have contained the corpses of whole families for all we knew. Many a river man has lost his life in the Mississippi ice and drift—and no one knew the difference until the buzzard-mangled corpse was found thrown up on a sand bar, if it was known at all.

There was one break in the flowing of the ice which lasted several hours. It was then said that the "ice had sunk," but it resumed, with the size of the cakes larger and the steadiness of the flow more regular. With the second mass fine logs began to appear close to the bank, and the Medicine Man turned drifter for a time, catching a few logs which he swung in by means of a small rope and a skiff. A short, lean and sharp wedge tied to the rope was driven into the top of the log and then violent rowing toward the shore brought the log slowly to the bank, where it was tied to other logs or to big ropes. I helped get a couple of logs in this fashion, and found the work exceedingly exciting, for at times the ice crowded around us, and once nearly swept us against the side of a cabin boat, threatening to crush our skiff.

The cabin boat belonged to a widow and her daughter. She had been a widow nearly ten days, and she was penniless. The boat was only a foot clear of the current, and every once in a while a projecting log or cake of ice would pound along the boat in a fashion that was frightful. The Medicine Man and I, having escaped, rowed up past the boat in an interval of open water, going to our boat. We had little more than landed when there was a scream from the landing below, and ten seconds later half a dozen of us were fighting to save the widow's cabin boat from the ice that a shift in the current had hurled against it. We succeeded, and when a lull came, towed the boat up to a safer eddy.

A trapper had left a little boat in charge of the widow with injunctions to sell it if possible. The little boat was fifteen or sixteen feet long and seven wide, but it was a

substantial affair and dry. The price asked for it was $15. The minds of the two with whom I was stopping were a unit on one question—they were sure they must separate or something would happen. The Gambler was losing money playing craps, and the Medicine Man didn't have a dollar. One day they were wrangling, for there was nothing else to do. Their voices and temper kept getting up and up until the Gambler was on the point of leaping at his partner when there was a hail by two men from the bank. Instantly the row quelled. The two men were invited to enter. One was florid, thick-set and blue eyed; the other was dark, thin and Hebraic.

"Hello, boys!" they greeted. "Thought we'd come down and see the ice—right sharp up yere on the bank."

"Come in and warm," invited the Gambler, and they came in.

A little talk about the ice followed, and then the Jew drew a pint flask from his pocket.

"Take a smile," he said. My partners smiled. Soon they emptied the flask, and then the Jew drew a dollar from his pocket.

"I want it filled up again," he said. The Medicine Man seized the bottle and the dollar eagerly, and started for the rear of the boat. The florid man followed closely, while the Jew edged toward my shotgun which was standing in a corner. The Medicine Man went to the stern, jumped into the skiff and pulled rapidly to a big whiskey boat which was anchored there by connivance, for it was a "dry town." close to the shore a hundred yards down stream. He returned in a few minutes with the bottle full and drank heartily. Then came a surprise which took the breath of the three of us river men.

"Do you know, gen'lemen," the florid man said, "I'm dep'ty sheriff here—my name's Hunter, an' I was sent yere to 'rest you fellers fer sellin' licker. We 'lowed you all was a whiskey boat, an' we 'lowed to catch you, we did. An' didn't we do hit slick. Look a-yere! Yere's mah gun, a forty-five—"

"Hell!" said the Gambler, who had recovered himself. "We all has guns, too."

With that he drew his revolver and twirled it on his thumb and fingers as he talked.

"Do you s'pose you all'd ketched us if we'd been lickerin'?" he asked. "Look at these gray hairs—I'm from Indian Territory, I am."

With that he twirled the gun some more, and shoved it into his pocket again. He had created an instant and vivid impression. The deputy sheriff and his friend watched the revolver go out of sight with a breath of relief, and fell to talking about the suspicions which our appearance had roused up town. After a time the visitors went up the bank and then the Gambler turned on his partner.

"If that had been in Indian Territory they'd nailed you the minute you took the bottle."

"Just think of it," the Medicine Man exclaimed with a shudder, "we'd gone to the fahm, shore."

The experience seemed to breed a further feeling of unrest and distrust in the two. The Gambler determined to break loose and he bought the little cabin boat from the widow. He moved all his things on to it, and took the big skiff as well. When he was gone the Medicine Man said to me:

"I'm glad of hit! I ain't felt safe at all for weeks. I know that Gambler. You hearn him tell how he was gone from home for ten years? Well, that was after he'd killed a man down in Georgia. He killed him with a pen knife. I tell you he's a bad man. Why, up to Paducah on this yeah trip, jes' foh we started, we was into a hotel when the landlord had reason to suspect that man. The landlord took a gun and come up to ouh room an' he aimed at that Gambler.

"'Ah'm gwin to kill you all!' the landlord said, an' with that the Gambler ducked under an' run in on the landlord an' grabbed that revolver out of his hand. The landlord he turned jes' white. The Gambler jes' stepped back a minute, then he give the gun back to the landlord an' said:

"'Take yer gun,' he said. 'Now shoot ef you all want to.'

"Well, sir, that landlord he 'pologized, an' the Gambler havin' just been insultin' to hisn's wife, too. I tell you that Gambler is a bad man."

The Gambler told me that he had escaped from a jail in Georgia by means of a key which he whittled from an elm chair splint. With another condemned murderer he reached a mountainside, and followed a run or brook to escape the trained bloodhounds which were put on their trails in the morning. Night after night, for two weeks, they traveled by the North star, when they could see it. One night they traveled under the clouds. In the morning they made camp in dense brush, and when daylight came they found themselves in the place they had left on the previous evening. They had walked all around a mountain in the dark, and happened to make camp within a few yards of the one of the day before.

They stole chickens and ate green corn and picked fruit for their sustenance. Once, early in the evening, they ventured to hail a negro cabin and purchase a little corn pone, but they never ventured to show their faces by a fire-place. They traversed a third of Georgia, crossed all of Tennessee and finally entered Kentucky, having spoken to but one person in over two weeks, and did not travel a mile by daylight.

In Kentucky, the native State of both men, the two separated and went to work as farm hands. At the end of the summer a "smart Aleck" deputy sheriff came and asked the Gambler's employer numerous questions. The employer came to the hired man and said:

"If you all hain't done nothin' stay right yere," the man said to the Gambler, "but if you all's done some meanness down in Georgia you all betteh cl'ar out. I got a brother ten-mile away—you all and me'll go to hisn's place."

"I call that kind of a man a true, honorable person," the Gambler said to me. "I said I'd have to cl'ar out. I sent word to mah partner to hike, and I went down to my boss's brother's, and then I lit out for Texas. I lived in Brownwood, Tex., two years, and old Bill Adams, who was sheriff there, began to ask me if I'd like to go to Kentucky? I knowed he suspected me of some meanness and I started that night, but he got me next day out to a place where my brother was working. I was with him three days, and then I got him drunk. He let me pull my freight, being good natured when he's drinking. Adams he wasn't sure about me anyhow, and he was going to let me go without a chase, but I had an uncle who said to him:

"'Hc—he! You all ain't so smart after all—let a man what's wanted for a hanging crime git out like that!'"

"I'd only been gone twenty-four hours then, and there was twenty Texas rangers in town that day. Well, Adams set them after me. I was as good as gone back to Georgia. I hadn't any horse; it was sandy and prairie. They could a followed my track at a gallop, but it come up a rain, and while it rained I walked. The water washed my tracks out, and in three days I made eighty miles. I tell you, I've thanked God for that rain many a time since then. Why they'd taken me back to Georgia in no time, if it hadn't been for that storm, they shore would. I was in Indian Territory eight years, and then I staked a lawyer and come clear on a new trial in Georgia."

The Medicine Man and I awaited the passing of the ice for what seemed an age—seven days in all—and then we started down the river with the boat, while the Gambler in his little tub came along, for company's sake. The Medicine Man wasn't enthusiastic about the company. He said over and over again that he hoped the Gambler wouldn't get to liquoring, for if he did something would surely happen. We floated for Arkansas City, and reached it after dark, rowing nearly three miles down the long eddy above the city, lighting our way by an acetylene gas lamp which was in my outfit. The lamp threw a brilliant light, and as we came in sight of a cabin boat, half a mile or less from the post office, great commotion was discernible thereon. They waved a lantern at us.

"Hullo!" they screamed.

"Hullo, yourself!" was our answer.

"What are you, anyhow?"

"Cabin boat, huntin' a landing."

"Huh! Thought you was a lost steam packet—come in yere."

We ran in, and were boarded by the three men from the green cabin boat which we had seen up the river at Scrub Grass Bend. They were overjoyed, we weren't.

"Now we'll have some goose shooting—" they began at once to me. It was late when they finally got out, and we turned in. In the morning we dropped down to a cabin boat town and had a view of Arkansas City, of gambling and man-killing fame. A levee, a couple or three steam sawmills, some brick buildings, many wooden ones, some distant negro cabins, a rag town for levee workers, and a couple of acres of logs in rafts were the conspicuous features of the place. I went after my mail and found what I went after. Then I took a stroll around to see the place. It differed little from Helena, except that it was smaller and that the white population was a little grimier in appearance on the average—and well they might be, if the stories one picks up about this river town's life are true.

Here we waited a couple of days. The weather was cold and the wind blew bitterly cold. We visited around at the cabin boats, and one night—the last there—we went to Crites' photograph boat and had a musicale. Probably it was as remarkable as most river musicales. Crites played a violin, the Medicine Man played a banjo, Crites' assistant played a guitar and I played a mouth organ. There were no gaps in the music which other instruments could have filled. It was a wonder that the levee didn't roll in on us. The Gambler was up town somewhere, we didn't know where, nor did we care. About 10 o'clock there was a rap on the door and then in came the Gambler. He had an ugly leer on his face, and he gazed over the outfit with ironical amusement. I offered him my French harp, and he said "Hell." Crites offered him the violin, and he seized it angrily, and then sat down on a proffered chair with a twitch. He yanked the bow down the strings with a rasping jerk, and sent it up with a gentler inflection. Then he fell to playing, a fragment of one of those Indian Territory operas which he had learned when he was a troupe fiddler. Gradually the notes grew softer, and as they became gentler the player's face lost its ugly, drunken leer. In half an hour he was sociable and sleepy. We started for our homes.

The Gambler's boat was fifty yards distant, and ours only half as far. When we stepped out doors we found the gale sweeping down over the city, and my gas lamp showed that our boat was riding the eddy safely. The Gambler's, further out, very close to the current, was bobbing on the wavelets. Out on the river we could hear the rasping chop of waves, flung up in the current.

"It's an awful night," the Medicine Man remarked, and Crites said it was more than awful. The Gambler staggered into his skiff, seized the oars, and we entered our skiff. My lamp was most useful then, for our boats were dark, and invisible on the water, which was the more gloomy on account of the distant electric lights. We found it difficult making our boat, for the wind flung the skiff toward the current in a fashion that required our skill and strength to overcome. We boarded our boat finally, and then I turned my light on the Gambler's little craft so that he could see to get to it. I watched him run alongside, make fast and climb aboard, and then turned to enter our boat. As I did so I turned the light toward the Gambler's little craft to take a farewell glance at it. I caught a flicker of the gas light on the boat, and though I noticed that the position of the boat seemed to have changed, I supposed it had simply swung on its anchor line and gone a little further from us.

The Medicine Man and I went to bed and the Gambler to one of the wildest adventures it is possible for a river man to have and survive. When we awakened in the morning the Gambler's little tub was nowhere in sight. It was rather late, and the day was so clear and the river so smooth, the wind having laid, that we presumed the Gambler had run in shore. We looked up and down the wharf and saw that the boat was not there. Then we shouted over to Crites' boat and they hadn't seen the boat since dark of the night before. The postmaster hadn't seen the Gambler up town, nor had any cabin boaters seen him that day. We wondered if the boat had sunk. The Medicine Man was inclined to hope that it had, and the Gambler with it.

Having nothing else to do we pulled up our own anchor and started on down the river toward the "Sunny South," about which the Medicine Man was growing more and more enthusiastic.

"We'll go to Lake Providence and to Vicksburg," he said. "There's money down thataway, they shore has hit."

We went around Yellow, Georgetown and Rowdy bends, I scanned the trees under the caving banks, thinking to see the wreck of the Gambler's boat, but my glasses did not reveal anything till we came to the chute of Island 82 Here we saw a bit of craft moored to the left bank of the chute. As we drifted past, without recognizing it, a man darted out of the boat and untied. It was the Gambler and his boat. He shoved out to us, and tried to speak. He was wild-eyed, and so hoarse that his voice was a whisper. He was sallow, and he trembled from head to foot violently. He went to bed on our boat, and hours later he was able to tell his story.

He had boarded his boat safely enough, and struck a match to light his lamp. Then he took a drink of whiskey and sat down to undress. He was in his underwear when he noted that the boat was joggling a good deal. The rocking of the boat increased in violence, and at last he looked out the front door to see what was the matter. He found himself looking into a dense, black gloom.

"Where's them electric lights?" he asked himself, and then, by way of answer, he saw a distant white haze above a few white sparks. His anchor, on a taut line, had worked out of the mud and he was a couple of miles from the city, his boat pitching in the waves of a freezing gale. With that he grabbed up his whiskey bottle and drained it to the last drop, then got into his skiff, bare headed and in cotton underwear, tied a line to the cabin boat and to the skiff and began to row.

He didn't know how long he rowed, but the first he knew he heard a roar louder than any previous ones of waves and growing louder. With a dismay he saw that he was being driven into a caving bank, among the gray snags of a thousand plunging trees. One jabbed at the skiff and this the man seized.

"I shore thought the strain would pull me in two," he said. "Hit pulled my wrist till hit swolled up now."

The cabin boat was swung into a sort of dead water, and eased the strain somewhat, and then he took a turn around the branch he had gripped and went to bed, from which he was routed at intervals by the scend of drift hitting the sides of his craft. In the morning he dropped down to the chute, and tied in there, a sick man. Now he was with us again. "And he's liable to die with us, too," the Medicine Man said privately. "It'd be jes' my luck to have him dic on to my hands. I had a woman die on to me one time when I was in the lower river. It just seems though I can't have no peace nor comfort no more. I wish I'd gone down the river now, stid of down that chute."

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Deity of the Woods.

LOOK! ye young men and maidens! summer girls and vacation ramblers! collectors of autumn leaves, and all who love to rove in the by-paths and recesses of the forest. The earth is full of beauty! Go forth and see. It is our own fault if we fail to appreciate its charms.

Even the laborer who works in the public and private parks ought to get enjoyment out of his shovel. Thereby he learns to be content with his lot. He will have no "grievances." He makes the best of his occupation while it lasts; and should he see an opening at any time to higher grades of employment, he looks forward to the realization, as the hopeful in this life look forward to the promised joys hereafter. He receives a perennial uplift from the whispering leaves and waving branches around him, and draws lessons from their falling and unfolding.

Woods reflect the character and features of the Creator just as the handiwork of friends who love us, be they maiden, wife or mother, reflects the spirit which animates their deft and busy fingers and lights up their kindly faces with pleasant smiles. Soulful expression of regard—in color, pattern, lines of usefulness, and suggestion—are they not exquisite? Did we but notice a moiety of the natural beauty around us we would dwell consciously in the Creator's presence all the time. We are bound to discover in due course that the God of Nature is the God of Love. Otherwise we shall flinch when he shakes the earth with tremors and splits the clouds with his lightnings. We shall "have fear where no fear is." The "works of the Lord are glorious and mighty in operation." Those who trust in Him can always feel the warmth of His sympathetic hand, even when the grip is painful.

It is because we are drawn to nature's heart, to the Deity of the Woods, that we are moved to plead for forest reservations. Men who undertake to "subdue the wilderness" are apt to destroy more than they can restore or compensate for. They may, indeed, enhance the beauty of a circumscribed area like a public park by artificial embellishment, but it is always at the expense of larger plundered or devastated areas. If we denude the mountain sides in wanton avarice, we may reap no small advantage for a season; but a grievous reprisal comes when the floods destroy the cultivated low lands and fill up the navigable waterways and harbors. Could men but learn to respect, not only the deities of the woods, but the rights and claims of the many lesser denizens, furred and feathered, who occupy their leafy precincts, they would become conservative by impulse and inoculation, and not continue to wantonly destroy.

Then, forsooth "would all the trees of the woods rejoice!"—Ps. 96:12.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

PLAINFIELD, Mass.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

NATURAL HISTORY

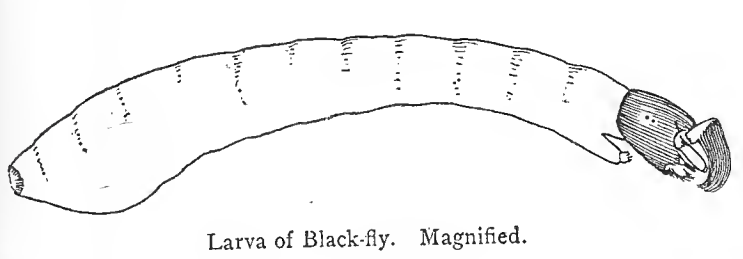
Familiar Insects.—I.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

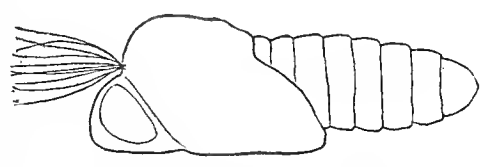
Black Flies.

TO A LARGE proportion of the readers of this journal the black fly is only too familiar as an insect that has made life a burden when otherwise it would have been a delight. In this article I want to tell something of its life-history and of an experiment in destroying it in its breeding grounds.

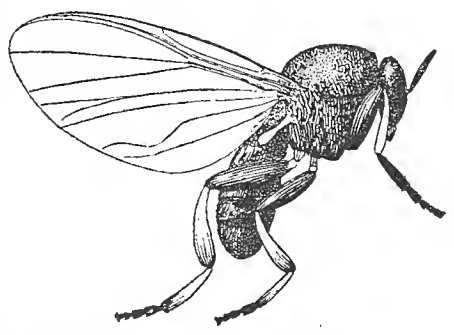
Like most other insects the black fly goes through certain stages of life which are commonly referred to as transformations. These stages are first the eggs, second the larva, third the pupa, and fourth the adult. The eggs are laid upon rocks in the rapids of small streams, especially at the edges of the water ripples. They are laid in the shallowest places and are especially likely to be deposited where the water runs in a broad sheet over a large expanse of flat rock. Soon after being laid the eggs hatch into larvæ, which have the curious ability to spin a silken web over the rock to hold them in place in the running water. The surface of the rock is often thickly matted by this web with millions of small blackish larvæ entangled in its meshes. They continue to develop for several weeks before they change to pupæ, after which they soon change again to adult flies. These flies are often so abundant that as one writer has said, they "drive the fisherman out of the woods, torment the cattle in the pasture, and pester the farmer in the field."



Larva of Black-fly. Magnified.



Pupa of Black-fly. Magnified.



Black-fly. Greatly magnified.

From the point of view of reducing the numbers of this pest the fact that they usually develop in any region only in comparatively limited areas in sunny parts of small streams is of great importance. If the larvæ can be destroyed in their breeding grounds, the appearance of the flies will, of course, be prevented.

Some two years ago, when my official position was that of entomologist at the New Hampshire College Experiment Station, I undertook, with the aid of my assistant, Mr. A. F. Conradi, to determine whether the suppression of black flies in a region favorable to the experiment was practicable. The locality chosen was the Dixville Notch region in New Hampshire. This was peculiarly favorable for such an experiment, as it is a comparatively small area, surrounded by mountains over which no flies from other localities would be likely to come regularly. Much of this inclosed region is occupied by a beautiful lake.

A reconnoissance of the general locality showed that the black flies which for many years had been a serious pest to summer visitors, were breeding in abundance at the wasteway connected with the dam and in a small brook which led from the Notch toward the river.

After the determination of these breeding places the problem became that of finding some practicable method of destroying the larvæ in the water. Two ways of doing this were tried; in the places where there were broad, flat rocks on which the larvæ were developing they were swept away by stiff brooms, a method which was effective to a very general extent; where sweeping was not practicable a small quantity of an oil heavier than water, such as is manufactured for exterminating mosquitoes under certain conditions, was applied. This oil proved very effective in destroying the larvæ. The chief objection to its general use is the danger of injury to fish, but in very many localities black fly breeding places may be found where the oil may be used to advantage by temporarily diverting the small stream from its regular channel until the oil has flowed away.

A record of these experiments may be found in Bulletin 112 of the New Hampshire Experiment Station, which may be had by applying to the station at Durham, N. H. It seems to me that they show that great relief from the annoyance of black flies may readily be obtained in many localities in most northern regions. It should be easier to exterminate black flies than it is to get rid of mosquitoes.

We quote from Bulletin 112, referred to by Mr. Weed:

"Upon his arrival Mr. Conradi made a careful survey of the entire locality, finding no flies breeding in the swiftly-running shaded streams along the mountain sides, but finding vast numbers breeding in the shallow, sunlit waters at the wasteway from the lake and in two or three other places. His notes upon the first experiment with the oil treatment are as follows:

"'At the wasteway, near the lake dam, where the stream is approximately five feet wide, one-third of a gallon of phinotas oil was applied at 4 A. M., June 22. The effect was at once noticeable. At 2 P. M., the same day, most of the larvæ were dead, while the remainder were sluggish. On the afternoon of the next day, the conditions were carefully investigated, and all the larvæ were found to be dead, not only where the oil was applied but for ten feet or so ahead as well.

"'The oil was applied by simply pouring it over a shingle, thus scattering it somewhat. It sinks and rises and lingers long about the place. Stones in the water picked up forty-eight hours after the application had a thin film of oil still on them.'

"When Mr. Conradi reported the results of his trip, it seemed to me that the problem was in part at least solved, the chief perplexing feature being the possible deleterious effect upon fish of the application of the oil in quantity. From the similarity of the breeding-places he found to the one I had been observing, it occurred to me that a little work with stiff brooms in sweeping free the masses of larvæ, and then catching them down stream on wire netting stretched in the water might be helpful where the oil could not be applied. Accordingly, I sent to Dixville Notch a barrel of phinotas oil and a supply of stiff stable brooms. When these arrived Mr. Conradi went again with specific directions as to the use of the brooms and the application of the oil, especially in the latter case, as to the effect upon fish life. He found that the sweeping method was entirely practicable and offered in some breeding grounds, a simple means of destroying the pests. He also found that in a brook three feet wide, where in June the flies were breeding in vast quantities, and in which he had poured one gallon of phinotas oil, the young stages of the flies had been killed off for a distance of one-eighth of a mile from the place of application. As regards fish, he found that they swam rapidly down stream as soon as it was applied, and apparently were able to escape with no evil results to themselves.

"Shortly after the treatment the adult black flies became so scarce that the hotel manager discarded the smudges which for the past twelve summers had been in daily use for the protection of the guests.

"The Phinotas Chemical Company, New York city, furnished in the spring of 1904 two grades of oil for experimental use. One is called soluble oil, and the other is the insoluble oil used last year. On mixing with water the differences between the two are readily seen. The former mixes at once, while the latter sinks to the bottom and gradually rises. I tried both sorts in the water at the outlet to the college reservoir, where the black fly larvæ were abundant. Both appeared to be effective in killing them, but further experiments are necessary to determine which is the better. Very likely under some conditions one may be better, and under others, the other. It is probable that the insoluble oild would be less likely to injure fishes.

"It is unlawful in this State to kill fish by the use of any poisonous substance. Consequently care must be taken in the use of oil against black fly larvæ. An amendment to the law by which town authorities might exterminate the black flies on their breeding grounds is desirable. There need be little if any injury to fish, through an intelligent use of the oil remedy. With the sweeping method there is no danger whatever."

Pleading for the Buffalo.

From the New York Times, June 30.

FOREST AND STREAM declares that "during the next session of Congress a strenuous effort should be made by all the people who have a respect for things American to induce the Government to acquire and care for all the remaining specimens of the American buffalo now alive and not in zoological collections." Execution of this plan would require the setting aside of several tracts of wild land in the Indian reservations, each large enough to support from sixty to seventy-five of the animals. The cost of fencing would be considerable, and each park would have to be guarded by about four men, employed the year round. The buffalo are now on the very verge of extermination, and the lives of those in private hands, as was recently shown by the Ranch 101 episode, hang by the slenderest of threads. The largest herd, of about 250 animals, is owned by Michel Pablo, a mixed-blood Indian on the Flathead Reservation, who is soon to lose his range by the opening of these lands to settlers, and he will then have to sell his buffalo, alive or dead, for what he can get. As FOREST AND STREAM admits, the question is wholly one of sentiment. The buffalo is of no practical commercial value, and its fitness for longer survival in the wild state was long ago thoroughly disproved, while in domestication or semi-domestication the cost of its maintenance will always be far beyond any possible money return. It is, however, a creature legitimately interesting in various ways, all legitimate, and there is no doubt that the country can well afford for many years to come to utilize in the preservation of a few hundred of these distinctively American mammals the amount of land requisite for showing them in an approximation to their natural condition. A good deal of sloppy nonsense has been written about the "ruthless" warfare that in ten or fifteen years robbed the plains of countless herds, to the very small profit of a very few men, but it really was a piece of bad and stupid business, to say nothing of its moral and sentimental aspects, and the display now of a little intelligent regard for the survivors of the massacre, a little consideration for the pleasure and instruction of our successors in the land, would be a seemly manifestation of regret for the irreparable. The buffalo had to go under the working of a great natural law of which the reckless hunters were only the unconscious instruments of application, but we can get around this law, in a small way and for a short time, just as we get around others of its kind—in seeming, that is—and to do so would be diversely creditable to the country.

The Great Horned Owl.

OAKLAND, Cal., June 19.—I know of no source of information more satisfactory than the FOREST AND STREAM in its own particular field. In the multitude of its readers are to be found manly sportsmen of the highest class, whose knowledge is for the most part derived from their own experience. It is true that even the experts differ sometimes on quite important matters. See the clink of steel-shod poles and Old Angler on artificial salmon hatching, and I have never forgotten nor quite forgiven the wag who some years ago wrote in such glowing terms of the edible qualities of the glossy ibis; but for all that the evidence deduced, either editorially or from contributors, is usually so intelligent and minute that the reader has no difficulty in arriving at conclusions that are at least satisfactory to himself. Therefore when I wrote the owl letter of inquiry I felt fairly sure it would elicit a satisfactory solution to the whole matter, and I was not disappointed—the editorial furnished the general details required; Mr. Hardy, who, with his amiable and gifted daughter, I rank with the most reliable of your contributors, gave his personal experience; and Mr. O. H. Hampton, a very interesting incident of their surprising strength that came under his own observation.

The conclusions are that while there is no larger owl in the sections under discussion than the great horned species, he is capable of deeds of strength that can hardly be surpassed by any bird of his weight, and must be able to fly away with a load as heavy as himself.

FORKED DEER.

A Ruffed Grouse Eats a Snake.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., June 27.—Mr. Arthur Chapman, of Doylestown, Bucks county, Pa., is an experienced naturalist who has hunted ruffed grouse and quail for thirty-five years. Mr. Chapman has often examined the crops and gizzards of game birds.

On one of his shooting trips in early autumn he shot several pheasants, the stomachs of which he examined and was surprised to detect in one the remains of a reptile. Concerning this unexpected food of the bird named Mr. Chapman in a letter to the undersigned says:

"Finding the snake in the crop of the pheasant was so unexpected that it has been easily remembered. The snake was one of the little green fellows about eight inches in length. There were no visible signs of decomposition, it was intact with the exception of about an inch below the head and then for the space of another inch it had been pinched or mashed, the same as would have resulted from pounding between stones. I have always been of the opinion that the bird killed the snake, as it had every appearance of life, excepting as above stated."

B. H. WARREN.

An Old Cock Partridge in Charge of a Brood.

WHILE trout fishing a few days ago I started a flock of young partridges (ruffed grouse). As soon as they began to fly the old one attacked me, as usual, but I was very much surprised to see that the bird in charge of the flock was a very large old male. There could be no mistake, as he was very near me, without a bush or tree between us. He strutted round me with tail spread and neck ruffs erected till the young had time to hide. I have seen flocks of young partridges for sixty years, but this is the first case where I ever saw an old cock in charge of a brood. Whether the hen had gone to a club meeting or to play bridge whist is more than I know, but she certainly was not with the chicks.

M. HARDY.

Just Plain Rabbit.

SOME hunters there are ,of the superfined and dudish sort, who deny to the rabbit any position among legitimate game animals; and there are others who, while grudgingly admitting rabbits to the list, seem to think it necessary to excuse their concession by calling them hares. I regard all this as pure affectation and nonsense. I deem it not beneath my dignity and standing as a reputable gunner to write of the rabbit as an entirely suitable member of the game community; and in doing so I am not dealing with hares or any other thing except plain, little, every day plebeian rabbits—sometimes appropriately called "cotton-tails."—Grover Cleveland, in Independent.

"NO MUSIC is so sweet to the angler's ear as the whir of the reel, for it announces not only the triumph of his individual skill in tempting the fish to forget their habitual caution, but it promises the pleasure of, and the happy issue to, the coming contest."—Henry P. Wells.



GAME BAG AND GUN



At Dawn with the Capercailzie.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was on a short hunting trip after the capercailzie a couple of weeks ago, and, as it might interest some of your readers, will write a short account of it. The capercailzie, or tiur as it is called here, is found all over Norway, where there are large areas of pine woods, even in the interior of Lapland I have found them very plentiful, in the valleys. Their numbers have, however, in the last few years diminished rapidly, especially in the more settled portions of the country. The open season is now besides the fall shooting, two weeks in the spring—May 15 to 31—and then only for the male bird. This spring shooting of the male is a rather peculiar way of hunting, and by hunters who know the tricks, is enjoyed very much, although there is much hard work and roughing it in connection.

The capercailzie has certain spots called "lek" or play-grounds where he retires in the spring to mate. These play-grounds are used year after year, and as long as there are any birds left in the district and the trees not chopped down, will keep using the same place.

The play-grounds are generally located on the edge of a marsh, where there are some large, scraggy pines, away back in the woods or mountains, away from people and civilization. Early in the season the birds, as a rule, play on the crust of the snow, strutting like a turkey cock with tail spread fan-shape and acting in a very dignified manner. Later, when the snow is gone, they generally choose the limb of a pine tree.

It is during the "play" the hunter, who knows the tricks, has the "bulge" on the wary old rascal. The "play" is in three periods. (1) The "knepping"—sounding like rapping a pencil sharply against the teeth. The bird is then very alert. (2) The "klunck," which follows immediately after the "knepping," and sounds like pulling the cork out of a bottle. (3) The "sawing," a hissing sound lasting six to eight seconds, and not very loud, during which the bird shuts his eyes and seems completely deaf.

The hunter generally hears the "knepping" first and advances carefully until the "klunck" is heard, which is the signal for him to run, as a rule, three steps, while the bird is "sawing." When the "sawing" is over he must stand perfectly still and not move as much as a finger or, when near the bird, look at him, as he will notice even the winking of the eyes. In this manner the hunter can approach very close, right underneath the tree sometimes in which the bird sits, and by putting the hand on the trunk the whole tree can be felt to be quivering from the bird's motions.

The above will give a little idea of the mode of hunting, only it is not so easy as it may seem. There are many things to contend against, the rippling and gurgling of the streams and brooks are a great source of trouble, as the bird cannot be heard for any distance, or you may strike a bird who knows a "thing or two." He will give the "klunck" and then stop to listen, while you innocently advance thinking everything all right, but you will soon find out your mistake.

The hen that coyly trips around in the brush is probably the worst of all, as her warning "zok" will make her lord and master depart in a hurry.

I have a certain place up in the mountains, far from any settlement, and where I am pretty sure of not meeting any rival hunters. Here the cock repairs to fight and court the favor of the fair ones. To this place I generally go, when the season opens, and have a little hunt by myself. The 15th of May this year found me at sundown as usual under the big pine, where I've made camp for the last few years, gathering firewood, chopping down some fir boughs for a bed, and making things shipshape generally.

After having a cup of coffee and a bite to eat, it was getting dusk, so I took the gun to have a look around. (The birds come to their places about dusk and "play" till dark, at the first streak of dawn commencing again.) I had gone about 300 or 400 yards when the faint "knepping" of a bird was heard. It was very difficult to locate the direction, but thought I had him on a ridge a short distance off, in which direction I walked carefully until the "klunck" was heard, when the stalking commenced—three long steps at first and later, when nearer, only two. I knew he was not far away, but by this time it was getting pretty dark and I could not catch sight of him to save my life, so I started crawling on all fours. This crawling in the dusk is by the way a rather dangerous proceeding when there are other hunters around who might be stalking the same bird and by mistake send you a charge.

A little distance ahead was a big stump for which I was aiming, thinking when I got there to take a good observation. The play was very puzzling; sometimes very plain and then again faint; but I knew the bird was right by and as I came to the stump I laid the muzzle of the gun up on the edge. It happened, however, to slide a little and scrape against the bark, when up rushed a big capercailzie and disappeared in the darkness before I had a chance to shoot. He had been sitting right on the other side and was probably an old fellow, as they are not so loud voiced as the youngsters. I made a bee-line for camp feeling rather "hot," but a cup of mountain coffee, black and strong, followed by a pipe, soon smoothed down my ruffled feelings.

As daybreak would come about 1 A. M., there was no time to sleep, so I lay dozing and smoking by the fire until the first call of the ptarmigan cock was heard and the first faint streaks of dawn showed in the east. After a bite to eat the start was made in the opposite direction from last evening, along a ridge bordered on one side by a marsh. I had not gone far before a bird was heard, very faintly at first, but presently I got the direction of it and started running, three steps at a time, and had not gone far when I suddenly caught sight of him against the sky, sitting on the branch of a big pine with head and neck extended swaying slightly up and down. Aiming low along the barrels—it being too dark to see the lights—the trigger was pressed, and at the report he came to the ground with a gratifying thump—a nice fellow tipping the scales at a good 10 pounds.

After hanging him up in a tree I proceeded in quest of more but without success, and was back to camp about 3 A. M., when it felt very cozy to crawl into the reindeer-skin sleeping bag, for the night was cold, thick ice forming on every water puddle.

I woke up about 8 o'clock with the feeling of being cooked and found out that I was lying right in the sun, which was shining out of a sky cloudless and blue as it only can be in the mountains. During the day I went over the ground thoroughly and found by the droppings that there were quite a number of birds.

At dusk I was at them again, stalking one who "played" very irregularly, stopping sometimes five minutes at a time and acting mean all around. The result was that it got so dark it was an impossibility to see him, although standing right close by.

It is strange how difficult it is to see such a big bird, when it is a little dark. If he can't be gotten against the sky it is almost useless to look for him. He was sitting there still when I left for camp with the resolve of coming again in the morning, and when I came around again about 1 A. M. he was going like clock-work. When within fifty yards he was heard to fly up, but immediately began again and kept on for a few moments, when a rush of wings was heard and he came flying toward me, giving me a pretty side shot that sent him down like a load of bricks.

He proved a little smaller than the first, weighing about nine pounds. It was something unusual for him to fly off so early in the morning, but he was probably chased by some old fellow who did not want any young ducks around putting on airs. As there now were two birds besides sleeping bag and gun to tote, I decided I had had enough, and, after a bite to eat, started to do the ten miles with a railway station at the end of it. CHR. G.

HAMAR, Norway.

Points of View.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it;
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

—As You Like It.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Recently your correspondent, Cecil Clay, urged that it would be good to flush or start something to arouse the entertaining contributors to FOREST AND STREAM.

In my opinion Flint Locke, in your issue of June 10, has put up quarry worthy the attention of the best men in the field.

Alluding to antagonistic criticisms of President Roosevelt's sportsmanship, Flint Locke, very commendably sees in them an attack upon the most conspicuous representative of modern sportsmen. Flint Locke does not keep to the main track constantly, but is inclined to caper and break at intersecting trails or cross-scents. Nevertheless he is bellowing on the right course and very likely a little encouragement will send forward the pack in full cry,

"Crook-kneed and dew-lap'd, like Thessalian bulls."

"But," says Flint Locke, "one's point of view changes, and now I question seriously the moral right of man to kill without necessity any other living creature." This right to kill, is then, the essential question for discussion, and it is a very old problem.

For the purpose of argument I side with F. L.; even to going a step farther to say that there is no morality in killing any creature—without necessity. Necessity is the only warrant. Define necessity and you have the humane principle.

Adversely, point to point, I oppose his stand that it is "fantastic hypocrisy to demand the enactment of stringent laws for the preservation of game in order that we may have always something to kill."

I can cite nothing of more antiquity, nor more generally accepted, than Scripture, giving man dominion over all the earth. Lord of creation, he has subsisted by destroying life, as far backward into the abysm of time as we can trace history or tradition. While man is the most destructive of animals, I do not believe it possible for any animal to subsist without preying upon or destroying other animals. Even the herbivorous must destroy plant life and animal organisms. Whether it is more immoral to destroy an elephant than a microbe let some one determine.

It would seem that this is one of the immutable, inexorable laws of nature.

The natural world in its entirety is an inconstant condition, or state, of perpetual dissolution and recreation. Where man, with his destructive instincts, attributes and powers desires, he can and does obliterate anything and everything endowed with life. Just as the civilized usurpers of North America could, with little effort, exterminate the pitiful remnant of the great throngs of buffaloes, or the last of the American Indians, so, by united effort, the powerful element of organized mankind might destroy any other order of animals, including his own.

But man may be constructive and productive as well as destructive. It is certain that he can restore nothing once extinct, but he can and does, by proper methods, encourage, multiply and increase whatever he wishes, under ordinary natural conditions.

It seems to me that the chief virtue of civilized man, his distinguishing trait above the barbarous, is the degree to which he labors to restore something of that which he destroys. He may do this through the selfish desire to protect himself, but it implies forethought for the future and often care for his posterity, or his estimate of what may be of benefit to his family, his country or the world.

Where man has found other animals of service to him he has domesticated, reared, and improved them in certain of their qualities. Some of our animal friends have been cherished and protected since the first glow of enlightenment and humanity. Whether Romulus and Remus were or were not suckled by the she-wolf, the Senate and people of Rome, in the full glory of their power (or the full power of their glory), honored the female canine with statue and monument, and with the credit of nurturing the founders of the great republic. If the Romans did not extend protection to the wolf tribe, by the enactment and enforcement of laws, perhaps they domesticated some of them and passed down to us some good dogs. If they did neither I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman.

Many creatures die that men may subsist; many men die that other men—or animals—may survive. In the eternal alternation of life and death, as to types or individuals nature seems passive, indifferent, unconcerned. Forests that have been centuries in reaching grandeur and strength, together with animals in myriads, are swept away by conflagration in a few hours. The floods, famines, pestilences—all devastating agents of nature, are unpitying, implacable, indiscriminate. If a man is caught in a forest fire, or if he is inundated by the Mississippi, he may be Christian or pirate; he may pray in Latin or lingo. To save himself he must make tracks rapidly or swim like a cork. If he perishes, neither fire, flood nor nature give a token of regret. No; the fire roars in triumphant indifference, the waters boom on, insolent and invincible. Nature does not send him a stick of driftwood when she has forests to burn.

Fine sentiments are fine things. Snug churches with sky-piercing steeples are often, perhaps, quite harmless; but there is neither virtue nor policy in man's deceiving himself with fancies and superstitions where they are constantly disproven by material and tangible evidence. This clouds his best faculties. Law and legislation become more and more wonderful. Pity it is that it is not less so, but somewhat simpler. In this connection, it may be fantastical hypocrisy to enact game laws, but the very best thing the sportsman can do is enforce the preservation and protection of game and fish, and, above all, forest reservation and kindred measures as best he may. Heaven help the country that is completely tamed and laid off into square fields and town lots, but let me live in some other.

As to the "Heroic Pose" that's a false scent. Let the real man be proud of manly achievements and honest trophies. Pride is not a bad thing. It depends upon the man. One may be proud of slaying a deer or two or a wild beast. Such achievements often require more commendable zeal, exertion and energy than the doing of smart tricks in a thousand other matters. If President Roosevelt's critics would go upon a bear hunt, even they might be no more ferocious than they now are. I have known bear hunters, who, after finding a bear, were about the least ferocious people I ever saw. They had fine guns, too, which they sometimes mislaid or dropped in their solicitude to restrain their ferocity. But I agree with Flint Locke, to the extent that I consider the glory of killing things greatly reduced by modern engines. I would rather have hunted deer with Robin Hood than with the meat hunters of 1900. I would rather have gone to war with the knights of King Richard than with the victorious Japanese this year. Modern engines of destruction are infernal machines. Gunpowder is an attribute for the devil and belongs in hell. It smells of brimstone.

The problem as to man's moral right to kill wild animals is rapidly adjusting itself. In a score or so of years there will be no game animals worth powder outside the limits of such parks or refuges as can be wrested from vandalism—incorporated and independent. The sportsmen of California, like those of other parts of the world, are little more than vandals, destroying angels of civilization. They are degenerating into hordes of petty poachers, the greatest of whom haunt summer hotels in the mountains and the least of whom dynamite fish and shoot turtle doves and robins. The latter class delights in trespassing upon private lands, or in lying in ambush near springs and water-holes to assassinate small creatures. The heroic day of Kit Carson and Fremont was a little less glorious than the era of Daniel Boone or Lewis and Clark. Rifles should be prohibited where railroads are established, and no guns should be allowed within 500 miles of a city restaurant, unless as auxiliary to settling a bill.

Railroads advertise and exploit the game as if it were part of their stock in trade or equipment. The inns and hostelries for summer tourists do the same thing. Newspapers and sporting journals lend themselves as a purely business policy to the inevitable period. There are those who ridicule every attempt at game and fish protection with the worn phrases—"there will be game and fish when we are dead," "forests will flourish after we are gone," and any amount of such venal logic.

All of the above mentioned commercialists must either trim their sails or suffer in their turn. The consequences are obvious and inevitable. The rifles of many sportsmen rust in their racks, or in the junk shops. The guns are following faithfully, the large bores rustiest. The

.56 express, the .44 and buckshot have essentially left our field to the .22 peashooter and mustard-seed shot. Doves, robins, peewees and snowbirds! Truly it is a shame to deprive the people of that which is theirs. Game laws are monarchical and tyrannical. They are made so that the sportsman can get the game away from the people. Tolerate fools and dunces, but there is no creditable reason why they should govern the United States. This is a supremely optimistic declaration.

The journals of the rod and gun twenty years hence will be devoted to the maintenance of forest reservations, if there are any, game refuges and protection, the encouragement of parks, public and private, wild animal and bird propagation, the establishment and improvement of lakes, ponds and waters for fish; and the supervision of wild birds and all the numerous creatures that make nature worthy praise and a land habitable to enlightened or unenlightened people. Without such journalism to encourage and support the right kind of legislators and laws, let us all go to Germany and look at the Emperor's parks, or reside near the zoological gardens in London or New York.

I live in the sequestered shadows of the Shasta Mountains, where there is little left to shoot and little to fish for. I therefore sometimes discharge words and toss bait at random.

Yours, without qualification,

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California, June, 1905.

Fresh and High Game.

IN the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, George K. Holmes writes:

"The epicure goes to certain high-priced hotels and restaurants, where he pays well for the birds which he says have at once that peculiar gamy flavor and tenderness which he can get nowhere else, but he rarely knows that such game has, by order of the steward, been retained in storage until it has become partially decomposed and has an odor before cooking which would prevent many people from eating it if seen and smelled in this condition."

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Tennessee Game for Tennesseans.

HON. OVERTON LEE, of Tennessee, writes of the new game law of his State, which requires game dealers to be licensed:

"Honest dealers will strongly favor this feature of the law, but it will naturally be opposed by those who have made it a practice to collect our game in cold storage and ship it to the Northern and Eastern markets. What has tended more than anything else to deplete our State of game is exportation from the State. The underlying principles upon which our game law rests is the preservation of our game for the benefit and use of our own citizens. This can never be effectively accomplished until such restrictions are thrown around dealers in game as render the violation of our non-export law well-nigh impossible. The license is a wise step in the right direction, and has proved more effective in other States as a restriction upon export than any other class of legislation. It enables the department and the various wardens to 'get a line' on those who are handling our game, and in this way to better confine its sale to our own people and not permit it to be shipped to the great cities of the East and North, where prices obtain that our people cannot afford to pay.

"The evil of exportation of game from Southern and Western States to the Eastern markets has grown so great of recent years as to cause serious alarm among the well informed. A great game trust, with headquarters at Chicago and branches throughout the South and West, seeks to control the game supply for the rich cities of the North and East and to evade the non-export laws of the different States, every device that money and able legal talent can secure is employed. Some States have, in the hope to stop a traffic that threatens to soon entirely destroy all their game, passed laws absolutely prohibiting the sale of any game even within the State. This is wrong in principle. Game is the property of the people of the State and should be preserved for their use and benefit. The rights of the consumer within the State should be considered and respected.

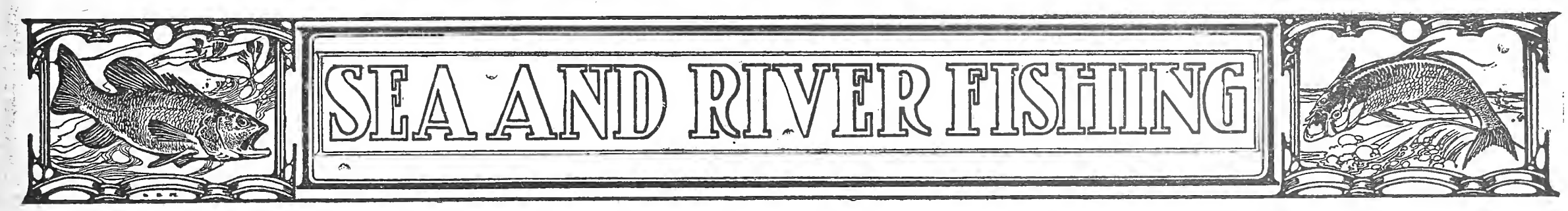
"The principle upon which our Tennessee game law is framed is the preservation of our game for the use of Tennesseans, and by confining its sale exclusively to the home market, our own people are enabled to obtain it at reasonable prices. The price of game, like any other article, is what it will bring in the highest market less the expense of getting it there and commissions for handling. Not many years ago quail, our principal game bird, could be bought at from five to ten cents each, but after the trust took charge the price rose to twenty-five cents, and so great was the Northern demand, where the price is forty and fifty cents, that local consumers found it difficult to obtain any quail in the home market. The profit to the game dealers is so large that they take long chances to evade the non-export law. All sorts of ruses are resorted to. Game is often shipped out of the State marked rabbits or domestic fowls. In a recent case at Chicago a shipment from Tennessee was marked eggs, and in another, as I am informed, the skins of rabbits were stuffed with quail to conceal the real nature of the shipment."

Sportsmen of Northern Iowa to Protect Fish and Game.

SPORTSMEN of the State who visit Clear Lake and vicinity yearly have formed a club for the protection of game birds and fish of Clear Lake. Several rumors which might be called facts have come to the attention of sportsmen as to the matter of the slaughter of ducks now nesting about the lake shore. Many fishermen are also using young bass for bait, which is against the law, and should be prevented. The club has raised a fund and undertaken to stop all such illegal work and to bring about the prosecution of guilty parties. Deputy Fish Commissioner Waterbury, of Nora Springs, Ia., heartily approves of the acts of the club, and has been at Clear Lake investigating the situation. It is most sincerely hoped that he can bring about some change that will protect our native game.

Iowa has only a few lakes in the northern part as compared with the large number of lakes in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Many people from Des Moines and other parts of the State go to these small lakes each season, and they could be made much more valuable to the citizens of the State if some little attention would be paid to the regulating of hunting and fishing. It is hoped that other clubs like this one formed at Mason City will be formed at Okoboji, Spirit Lake, Swan Lake and others, so that many of the sportsmen who now go to Wisconsin, Michigan and the West may remain in our own State.

H. P. BAKER,
Forester Iowa State College.



The Record Salmon.

The Story of How we Saved Him.

"WELL, yes, he's a noble fish, and I guess about the record salmon for this season anyway, but what's puzzling me is how you managed to save him in all that riot of wind and water," said a veteran in the group of fishermen about me as I laid out the big fish on the grass before the camp.

"Come inside about the fire-place, for I'm drenched with spray, and I'll try to describe what happened."

So you, my readers, if you are interested, had better draw up, too, and get the story while it's fresh and (to so critical an audience) has retained at least some suspicion of probability in the narrating.

I must go a little into preliminaries to get you in touch with the situation. The fishing had been good, unusually good, but it was by trolling entirely, and though some very fine fish, both trout and salmon, had been taken, yet many of the party at the Upper Dam were, by preference, fly-fishermen and had been longing for a week to get at the connecting stream between the Great Lake and Upper Richardson and try a cast for some of the grand fish that would assemble there if the water ever dropped to the proper pitch.

But it was a hopeless wait. With a favorable wind for towing, boom after boom of logs was brought down the Great Lake and an immense quantity collected above the dam, with fifteen or more large booms still to come. The gates were all up and a night and day crew constantly sluicing, with the result that the river below the dam was a raging torrent of white water and logs, where not even a salmon could have held his own a minute without a power anchor. So as that was the only water easily accessible for the purpose, fly-fishing under such conditions was, naturally, impossible.

Consequently every one had to resort to lake trolling, if he wished to fish, and if it was rather *infra dig* for some of the more eminent exemplifiers of the art, it was nevertheless Hobson's choice—that or nothing.

The Upper Richardson was the favorite rendezvous for trollers, both because it was right at hand and again because the logs after passing the dam and river were collected there in booms for towing to the Middle Dam. About these booms, which were right off the mouth of the river, the fish congregated in large numbers for feeding on the grubs and worms from the logs, and preparatory to running up into the quick water when they could get the chance.

The trolling therefore in the lake, outside of and quite close to these booms, was bound to be prolific in results, and it was. Good fish, four, five and even six pounds, were by no means rare and the favors were pretty fairly distributed, but no one had actually captured anything very unusual, till the Bemis steamer one day brought in an applicant for honors, whose general air and equipment instantly suggested the genus *novus homo* in a pronounced degree.

He arrived by the afternoon boat and after supper gave us a very elaborate exploitation of the scientific as well as practical methods of successful angling. It was not an opportune occasion for inaugurating a kindergarten, but the array of past masters in the art, to whom he was addressing his theories, listened courteously but without audible comment, and all unconsciously, with the usual results when "Fools rush in, etc.," he got into very deep water, tangled up, so to speak, in his own tackle. It is hardly necessary to say that in the next half hour he succeeded in thoroughly convincing his listeners that he "knew an awful lot of things that weren't so," and the display of his rod and tackle outfit when he started out next morning dissipated any lingering doubt on the subject that might have weathered the night.

If his pretensions had been characterized by even a trace of modesty, or toleration for others' opinion, I think he would have readily been forgiven his absurdities of theory; but his unbounded conceit was repelling to any attempt at well intended suggestion, consequently no one offered advice relative to his projected programme for the day. Well, to accord him simple justice, perhaps he did not need it. However that may be, he came back to camp four or five hours later with a magnificent 8-pound salmon and three smaller fish, one a 5¼-pound trout. It was evidently a legitimate capture and accomplished, as was subsequently known, within the observation of the occupants of another boat who were trolling over the same water, and, except in handling the boat and net, his guide had no part in it.

The astonishment and chagrin of the P. M.s aforesaid was really pathetic. Their facial expression was very eloquent of their thoughts. The loss of prestige as authorities on the art piscatorial, with the ruthless annihilation of their pet dogmas, was humiliating and unbearable, and must be regained by an effort heroic, otherwise, as the irate Queen of the Gods soliloquized in an equally trying situation, "If my purpose now falters, who henceforth will supplicate Juno, or bow at her altars."

The N. H., however, was wonderfully self-possessed. He exhibited but very pardonable and moderate enthusiasm, and still less of braggadocio, received the congratulations of the lesser lights with a rather well-assumed air of conscious merit, announced that he had accomplished his purpose satisfactorily, should return to New York immediately, and departed, as he had come, by the afternoon steamer that day, having been in camp just twenty-four hours. At the evening symposium, the *rechaufement* of this incident was the one topic, naturally, and the resultant consensus of opinion of professors and laymen alike, might have been entered on the records as a general proposition to which all could subscribe, thus:

Any novice may possibly rise and hook a salmon (and it's the proverbial luck of tyros to fasten on to the big ones); but the handling, fair killing and capture of a powerful fish, whether with light or heavy rods, is never a matter of chance or accident (trust the wiles and vagaries of a big salmon to avert that climax), but of patient, experienced skillful method. I have a well grounded suspicion that the N. H. was masquerading. If I am correct in that, his portrayal of an assumed character was sublime.

But to get back to that fish I left laid out on the grass. For two or three days after this incident it was very uncomfortable weather. The wind was easterly and northerly most of the time and it was cold, wet and dispiriting. The few of us who ventured to leave the cosiness of the fire, didn't desert it for long at a time, and very few fish were taken.

On the third day, as we returned from the lake, I said to my guide: "I'm infernally tired of lying about camp so much, and to-morrow we'll put in the whole day, whatever the weather, go up to Mill Brook and try the trolling about the head of the lake. Have a luncheon put up and we'll start breakfast."

By 6:30 next morning we got off. The sky had cleared, but it was cold and the wind northwest. With the gates up at the dam for five successive days, such a volume of water had come down river that the pitch of the Upper Richardson Lake was fully six feet above its usual level. This rise of water had floated old logs, windfalls, dead timber and the indescribable debris that line the shores of a lake in a densely wooded country, and the east wind of the preceding days had driven it far out into the lake and well clear of the usual fishing grounds. The change of wind into the northwest was now driving it all back, and it would interfere seriously with the trolling, unless we struck directly across the lake and worked the windward shore.

This plan was open to two objections—it would take us five miles out of our direct course to Mill Brook, and if we crossed we should eventually have to recross probably in a heavy wind, if it should come on to blow as hard as it seemed to promise at that time. So to avoid unnecessary risks I decided to hug the leeward shore, trusting we should reach the head of the lake and shelter, before the wind increased.

As far as we could see up the lake, the water was littered with great patches of the floating driftwood that was rapidly breaking up and singling out for our entertainment a little later. It was anything but pleasant attempting to troll in that tangle, but by dodging and cutting corners we got over about three miles of the course without having my tackle hung up more than twenty times with the necessity of backing up to free it. I had not struck a fish thus far and the prospect, with the ever-increasing wind and snags, was dismal.

We had been running about fifty feet off shore and a little quartering to the eye of the wind, whose force was so strong that Twitchell had quite enough to do to keep us off the rocks, and the seas dashing against the sides of the boat were drenching us with spray. It had grown somewhat warmer as the day advanced, but the wind was chilly and the water decidedly cold, and everything considered, the weather conditions were not exactly ideal.

This, however, did not annoy us unduly, but the snags did. We were on excellent fishing ground that had not been visited much of late, and that should ordinarily have afforded good sport.

The disappointment of encountering such a bar to success as these derelicts offered, did not diminish as my allowance of patience ran out, but I kept on trolling and fighting the driftwood while Twitchell fought the wind and sea. Twitchell is not an athlete of celebrity, is a little undersized, but muscular and wiry, particu-

larly good at the oars, possessed of good judgment, and is remarkably quick to act in emergencies. Half a mile further on we succeeded with some trouble in making a landing under the shelter of a point, got the water out of our boat, had a short smoke and a council of war.

Retreat found no advocate—instead, we concluded to abandon fishing for the time being and push on for the head of the lake as rapidly as we could. We had two miles more to cover and worked the passage with oars and paddle and unhampered by the troll, at a little better pace, but not much. A mile an hour for the two of us was as good a record as we could make with that fearful sea and wind dead ahead, so with some narrow escapes from ramming by those submerged floating terrors, and a barrel of water in the boat from shipped seas, we finally ran into Mill Brook Cove and under the lee just before noon.

Great Scott! but wasn't it a welcome relief to get out of that hurricane. We found some dry stuff, got a good fire going on the ledge at the mouth of the brook, partly dried out our clothes, warmed up the coffee and had lunch. I put together a light fly-rod that I had brought along, and went to casting for trout, for which this is a famous rendezvous. I didn't accomplish much, however, it was not at all a good day for fishing, and the time—mid-day—was the worst that could have been chosen. Toward evening, especially if the wind should subside, would be much better, although, as it was, half a dozen small trout (¾ to 1 pound) rewarded my efforts. All of these I returned alive to the water. We should not need them, provided we made camp that night, and there was neither apology nor excuse for killing them.

Meanwhile, the return trip was occupying our thoughts. The wind tempest had not abated at all and the voyage would be very rough and wet, and as to what other elements of mischance might be thrown in to give it plenty of incident, we could only speculate. It would be a wise precaution to give ourselves ample time to make the run in daylight, or if the boat should come to grief, to find the land trail through the woods and reach camp before dark, and we adopted it. As we rounded the point of the little bay and got a view ahead down the lake, we discovered, much to our satisfaction, that the wind had driven the driftwood well ashore and that, for a mile or two at least, by keeping off eight or ten rods we should have comparatively clear water, and though it was a forlorn hope, I put on a fresh minnow and let out the trolling line. There was no need now of working the oars to propel the boat. Twitchell used them to direct the course and be ready to give way quickly should a big sea threaten to board us astern. By keeping a sharp lookout against swamping, we ran down two miles to the point where we had landed coming up, with some degree of comfort. Here we had to round up a bit to weather the point, bringing the wind on our quarter for a moment, and the boat in the trough of the sea.

It was ticklish business, with great risk of swamping, but Twitchell was equal to the occasion and handled the oars so well that we quickly rounded off before the wind again without accident. I had had no signal from the minnow since we left the head of the lake and thought I would reel in and see if it was spinning well, when a rapid glance ahead showed that we were running into a lot of driftwood. That settled the fishing for me, and I said to Twitchell: "It is perfectly useless to try for a fish any longer. We couldn't land one in that inferno ahead, except by a miracle, if I could raise him, and I'll just reel in and quit for to-day."

"I guess it's the only thing to do," said he, "but it's too bad to go in without a fish, after such a stiff day's work as this, and we the only boat on the lake that has dared to face the music."

"I feel a good deal that way myself. It's only half past two, we're nearly half way back and have plenty of time to spare. We'll make a landing here and tie up for an hour and the wind may decrease, in which case we'll go to fishing again with some small show of a strike."

"Good idea; let's do it."

I had just twisted around to straighten out the rod and make the line run free in reeling in, when there came a sharp, quick strike at the troll, that sent a thrill through me like an electric shock, and instantly the reel was screaming like a calliope.

"No snag this time, Twitchell, it's a fish sure. Come about into the wind quick and put to sea if you can."

"All right, I'll try."

"Remember those derelicts to leeward, and push her into the wind for all you're worth. It's our only hope or chance."

He just nodded assent and, leaving him to manage the boat, I gave my whole attention to the fish. The line had suddenly slackened and I was reeling in very fast, but I couldn't feel the fish and knew he must be running up on me. I doubled the speed and in three seconds had him in hand again, and to my unspeakable joy, I saw from the angle of the line that he was deep down and making out into the lake.

He swam slowly with a strong steady movement, entirely unchecked, though I had a good strain on him, and knew he was securely hooked. His occasional jig-jig on the line indicated a good sized fish and an ugly one.

What I had hooked was something of a mystery, though from the vicious strike he made, I should have thought it was a salmon, except that he didn't leap, and it is my experience that nine out of every ten, either landlocked or sea salmon, will leap when they first feel the hook. Then again a salmon is as much more alert and agile than a trout as "lightning is quicker than a six ox team," to use the local vernacular. Of these characteristics my fish had thus far given no indications, but if it was a salmon, I should very soon be relieved of any doubt about it. My greatest interest for the moment was not so much in the species, but as to whether he proposed to choose the open water or the snag area for the battle ground.

Every foot of advance now was a remove from the lurking perils behind us, and I said to myself: "Keep up that pace and direction three minutes more, old man, and if this treacherous sea doesn't swamp or capsize us, we'll give you the fight of your life."

"How do you size him up?" from Twitchell.

"Salmon, I suspect, but acting queerly—we'll mighty soon know—6-pound fish anyway—probably better."

The suspicion was growing on me every second that he was a very much heavier fish than I had stated to Twitchell, and visions of the long struggle to come before I could hope to land him, if ever, flashed through my brain, with a numerous following of pessimistic forebodings in their train. I was mentally running over the pros and cons and debating the outcome with myself, and it is strange what singular association of ideas brings to mind, especially in moments of excitement and peril, the most incongruous and often frivolous subjects. I recalled the old deacon's fight with the bear, with only a clasp knife for a weapon, and the long odds against him, and his fervent appeal to Deity: "If you won't help me, O Lord, don't help the bear," and thought I'd rather like to have known the deacon.

I also wondered if, with the line-up of the forces in this fight, it was quite fair to the salmon for me to invoke the aid of the powers supernal. There was the salmon and his mighty allies, the gale, the angry sea, and the driftwood, arrayed against a well-trusted greenheart rod, Twitchell, my Fidus Achates, and myself. To be sure there were two intelligences against one for the salmon, but the preponderance of the combinations of natural and physical forces was immeasurably in his favor, under present conditions—but possibly superior strategy might modify the too effective interference of wind and sea, and more nearly equalize the rush lines.

Then I fell to speculating as to whether the rapidity of transitions of thought would ever be measured in time space, and what was the connecting link that brought such ideas to mind, when the attention was supposed to be intently fixed in a diametrically opposite direction.

Through these ramblings I know my attention never left the fish that I was distinctly conscious of every tremor and move, and on the alert for any change of tactics.

The salmon had zigzagged about during my soliloquizing (which hadn't probably occupied two minutes), but his general course was still out into the lake. He had 100 feet of line out, but I couldn't recover an inch of it. In fact, I had all I could do to hold him to that, while keeping the line taut all the time. Presently he came to the surface, but did not show himself. Instead he turned tail and made a quick dash right for the boat.

I was on my feet in a second. I could not have helped it had the danger of capsizing in that sea been ten times as great. I *must* stop or circumvent that rush, and I couldn't do it sitting. Throwing the tip well back of my head and working the reel very fast, I prevented his getting a slack line on me, but there was no such thing as stopping him and, as he was heading, he would pass directly under the boat, which was broadside on to him.

If he had had any sort of a show to do it, Twitchell, who was as keenly alive to the risk of breaking the rod as I was, would by two or three sharp quick strokes have sent the boat a length ahead and averted the danger, but the handicap of wind and sea was too heavy. He attempted it and gained a couple of feet. I swung the rod hard astern with every ounce of strain I dared put on it, swerved the fish a little from his course and just as he passed under the boat, quickly threw the tip across and to the other side of the stern, thereby doubling the line under the boat, and instantly the line was clear.

I dropped into my seat and breathed more freely. As the fish passed under us I got a glimpse of a silver side and knew then for a certainty that it was a salmon, and also a very large one. This latter discovery was not particularly comforting, for my regret would be all the more harrowing if I should fail to land him. Twitchell couldn't have seen him from his position and I was glad that he did not. My nerves were on about the same tension as my leader, but I felt that I could hold myself together to the finish, if Twitchell didn't get rattled. He was not likely to do so, but the sight would not act on him as a sedative, when the fish should show himself.

The latter had sounded again after passing the boat and was now to leeward and directly astern of us, making shoreward, and for that infernal driftwood, which was, however, 200 feet away. Oh how I longed for plenty of clear sea room. Only give me that and then let Æolus loose all his war dogs if he had any left, I wouldn't have asked for quarter if they had driven us high and dry on the rocks. I think we would have saved our fish even then, but the irreparable disaster of fouling the line in one of those floating windfalls, some of whose branches might extend twenty feet under the surface, and from whose entanglement there was no escaping, was enough to induce heart failure in a graven image.

Well, speculation as to the future and the overture to the opera ended abruptly right there, and the business proper was on for certain.

With one of those glorious mad rushes that only a salmon can make, he spun a hundred feet off the reel in a twinkling, and six feet into the air went a magnificent 12-pound salmon.

I lowered the point of my rod instantly as he made the leap and he was back in the water again without having broken away, and tearing along on a limited ticket right up the wind.

Twitchell expended some precious breath in one exultant shout, but got down to work again in a second. There was intense suppressed excitement in his eyes, as we exchanged glances after that leap, but a most reassuring do or die determination about the mouth that was both eloquent and prophetic of his staying qualities.

But the salmon was not allowing anything to call off my attention for a moment from himself. He occupied the center of the stage just then, and proper respect for royalty was not only expected and demanded, but was most willingly accorded, since it was surely up to me to keep on as good terms with him as he would permit—at least for the present.

There was no doubt that he would have it all his own way for some time yet, but every minute the struggle was prolonged multiplied the contingencies that threatened from every quarter, and I must force the fighting with all the tactics at my command, and prevent, if possible, any attempt at sulking to renew his wind and strength. It was now twenty-five minutes since I struck him and, though he had been under a heavy strain all this time, and had never rested for a second, he was apparently as fresh as when he started in.

He had got down deep in the water again, moving very slowly and jigging at the line. I threw my wrist back sharply, bringing the line up very taut and struck the butt of the rod four or five quick light blows with my knife handle. I could feel the vibrations run through the rod, and the fish seemed to be aware of some sensations out of the ordinary, for he started like a shot out of a catapult, made a short, sharp rush, another fine leap, was down and off again like a motor car on a long run, ending with still another leap, and then he sounded. Down into the depths he went, but now my innings was commencing, and he had to work so hard for every foot of line I reluctantly gave, that he yielded to the heavy drag and slowly rose to the surface again thirty feet away from the boat. He rested, rolling in the heavy seas, for just one breath, during which time I fancied he was looking us over critically and especially taking in the position of the boat. Whether his conclusions were reached by logical deduction from his observations, or by a sudden impulse, he had evidently perfected his plan of campaign instantly; for, scorning any sparring for wind, he was off again like a bullet, without a sign of warning, heading shoreward and *straight for the snags.*

Well, the gage was thrown in my face then for the combat *à l'outrance.* Reach that "Devil's Hop Yard," as Twitchell had christened it, he never should, if the rod and the guide stood by me. I felt as sure of one as the other. Both had been often called on in critical situations and had loyally responded and, though we were facing the hardest combination of opposing forces we had ever encountered, with very desperate chances of success, yet the trio would accept the challenge.

Twitchell had meaneuvered so well that we were fully a hundred yards off shore and 200 feet outside and to windward of the nearest snags, which extended from the leeward shore about a hundred feet out into the lake. But how long could he keep that welcome gap open? His arms and wind had been severely tried in the last half hour, and the violence of wind and sea had not abated a bit. Game as he was, there was still a limit to his endurance. Never mind, the limit hadn't been reached yet and we would cross that bridge when we came to it—meanwhile to head off this rush for the snags.

I had the salmon close hauled with about thirty feet of line out when he started, but though I snubbed him hard, the best I could do was to hold him down to a hundred feet when he stopped. He didn't leap nor did he sound. The sharp work of the last five or six minutes was telling on him and he was getting tired.

I told Twitchell to let the boat drift slowly astern while I recovered my line and got closer to the fish, but to be prepared to check it instantly if occasion required, and in this way I picked up what line he had run off, holding him so hard that he couldn't get a foot nearer the snags. He was more submissive for the moment and inclined to sulk, but though it seemed rather unchivalrous to take advantage of the noble fellow's momentary weakness, I couldn't afford to let up a particle and he must be kept going.

I had discovered a little while back that telegraphing him produced a decidedly enlivening effect, so I sent him another and more imperative message.

Then ensued a series of gymnastics, hand springs, trapeze work, and ground and lofty tumbling, lasting five minutes of continuous performance, during which the now half-frantic fish was on all sides and everywhere about us, and culminating in a flurry of fireworks, one more rush and another grand leap.

After that he was pretty well done up. Without giving him time for a breath, I had Twitchell run a little quartering to the seas and row farther out into the lake. This was a very rocky wet trip for a few minutes, but it materially widened the gap between us and the snags. It didn't take very much persuading to make the salmon follow the boat, so I had him close reeled when we came up into the wind again. It was now evident that within another ten minutes we would secure him, if ever.

The most critical moment of all—the netting—was close at hand, and how that very delicate and hazardous operation was best to be managed had been occupying my thoughts for some time. It was taking too big a risk for me to attempt to manage the rod and the net too. It would have been an easy task with a smaller fish in quiet water and I had often done it, but with the boat pitching and careening as it was, and a large and powerful fish to control and guide, my handling the net was too hazardous to be thought of, especially as in that wild sea it would be jeopardizing everything for me to get on my feet, where alone I could work both rod and net to any advantage, if at all.

On the other hand, how was Twitchell, whose prerogative it naturally was, to do the netting. He would have to drop the oars to do it, and leave the boat to take care of itself, which meant that she would almost inevitably broach to, with an infinite risk of swamping.

I was between Scylla and Charybdis and, whichever of the two not very inviting alternatives I adopted, I should be likely, when regrets were unavailing, to wish that I had chosen the other. I was satisfied that we should have but one chance to secure the salmon. The first attempt to net him would be successful or totally disastrous. There would be no second chance.

Now I had seen a good many fine fish lost through bungling and unskillful work in the netting, when there was no excuse for it. Twitchell was unusually good at this work—quick and at the same time deliberate and sure, and I determined on this plan:

I would allow the salmon all the time I dared to give and, unless forced to it by some unforeseen happening, not attempt to net him until he was thoroughly drowned. Twitchell should keep the boat's head right in the eye of the wind, and just hold her from going astern. When I should give the signal that the opportune moment had come, he was to drop both oars (leaving them to swivel alongside the boat) seize the net, quickly pass it under the fish, lift him aboard, recover his oars, and right the boat. I calculated that if he was equal to the occasion and the dire necessity, he would execute this programme in just *five seconds,* in which time the boat's head would not fall off enough to bring her into the trough of the

sea. I explained my idea to him, including the time limit.

"I think I *can* do it all right—and I know I *must*," he said, "but I'd give a month's wages if the salmon was safe in the boat."

Meanwhile, the salmon was moving slowly about fifteen or twenty feet from the boat, and not more than three feet down in the water. I doubled the rod on him once more and he came to the surface and allowed me to float him along on his side toward the boat within easy reach of the net. Twitehell's eyes begged for the word, but I shook my head. He had still some reserve strength, and though the suspense was agonizing, we must wait. He was motionless, except for the seas, for the space of a minute, then rolled over lazily and went down, but not very deep.

I rapped him up lightly once more, and off he started dragging forty feet off the reel and just breaking water at the end of the rush. I had a very heavy strain on him and with wrist and reel forced him back, though resisting half way to the boat. Then, cautioning Twitchell to be ready for the word, I reeled him steadily a dozen feet more and then his great heart broke and he gave up.

I drew him gently alongside, nodded to Twitehell, and in less than the allotted time the grand old monarch was at last safe in the boat.

The boat's head fell off the wind a point or two during this maneuver and a sea struck us diagonally across the bows, sending a shower of water over us and careening the boat very suggestively, but we smiled in derision.

What had we longer to fear! No tempest or waves could wreck us now—for we carried Cæsar.

With tired muscles, but with such dignity and pomp as our battered condition and the very general humidity of surroundings would permit, we bore him in triumph down the lake, with a quiet repressed elation of soul befitting the grandeur of the storm, the battle and the stanch old warrior; while the shrieking of the gale, the roar of the surf and the moanings of the bowed forests chanted his requiem in a sublime symphony of nature's minor chords.

It was a red-letter day that we shall never either of us forget, for we are never likely again to encounter so large and gamy a fish under all the tremendously exciting perils and uncertainties that made this capture so memorable to us.

It was fifty-five minutes from the strike to the finish, but, considering that the rod was a 9-foot, 7-ounce greenheart casting-rod and that the weather conditions and general obstacles could hardly have been worse, it was a quick kill. W. E. S.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Salmon in Mid Summer.

Now most anglers have noticed that in the hot months of summer the salmon rise far from freely, and do not begin to give such play as they do early in the season, when the water is very considerably cooler.

In those warm days, they are lethargic to a degree, and if they are finally persuaded to take the lure, they do it in a listless manner, indicative of an indisposition to make much, if any, exertion; in fact, I have found it difficult at times to move a fish even when dozens were lying in the pool before me; they settled to the bottom and remained quiescent, no matter how patiently I worked my lure above them; and I have arrived at the conclusion that the stale salmon, those brown, spotted fellows, which have been in the river a long time, refuse the fly, not because they are over-cautious, but because they have become thoroughly inoculated with laziness, imbibed from the high temperature of the water in which they are living, for I have invariably found on thrusting my hand beneath the surface of the pools that it felt almost tepid to the touch. It may not always be indolence that keeps them aloof from the angler, but it frequently is, I am quite certain.

Unaccountable Vagaries.

Like other anglers, I have time and again seen salmon playing even in midsummer, leaping above the surface of the water, and having no end of romping. I was once traversing in a boat a small lake, which was the headwater of a famous salmon stream; in this lake the fish passed the summer months in very considerable numbers. On this occasion the skiff was lightly propelled by my guide, so lightly that the surface of the water was agitated but very little; but, although we moved so quietly we seemed to have aroused from their slumbers the salmon in the depths below.

Rushing to the surface, they darted high in the air and fell heavily back into the water, so close to the boat sometimes that the water was splashed in our faces. Dozens there were, and they were leaping and darting about as if they had all been seized with a sudden craze; but as for accepting my lure, they showed no inclination for it whatever, and I offered them a good variety of flies, both surface and sunken. In addition to these, I rigged on a phantom minnow, such as our British cousins use in salmon trolling, and trolled back and forth for an hour or more, but to no purpose.

The surface of the water was warm, but probably in the depths of the lake it was cold, and this perhaps accounts for their activity and sportiveness on that midsummer day.

Early Fish Give Little Sport.

I have already stated in FOREST AND STREAM that neither trout nor landlocked salmon give the angler such sport early in the spring or just after the going out of the ice as they do later in the season when they come to the feathered lure.

One would suppose that, hungry as they are, and keenly active in the pursuit of their prey they would, when hooked, struggle as vigorously as they do at other times; but such is not the case, without being actually benumbed, they do not offer to put up as gamy a fight as they do when the fervid rays of the sun have somewhat heightened the temperature of the water, and rarely at that early season come to the surface for the fly. I say rarely, for I, like every other angler, have seen the time when good trout fishing with the fly was obtained when the water in the lake or pool in which we were fishing was barely above the freezing point.

A Case in Point.

Forty or more years ago I, with two of my friends, made an extended pedestrain trip through the White Mountain country. It was then quite early in June and, of course, there was some snow left on the north sides of the mountains and in the ravines, and in the depths of the forest, for there were forests of timber there in those days of considerable size.

During this tour we traveled through the region which lies northwest of Berlin Falls, passing through Randolph, Jefferson, etc., to the Franconia Iron Works; thence we moved southerly through the notch until we reached that extensive range of interval land through which flows Baker's River and other streams of considerable size. Through this beautiful section we moved in an easterly direction, until we reached the then little hamlet of Thornton; from this point we ascended the Mad River, which was in those days an ideal trout stream full of rushing rapids and large, deep pools, the water being as bright and sparkling as is that of your typical mountain brook. This beautiful river we ascended until we reached an isolated farm away in the wilderness, not far from the headwaters of the river.

At this farm we learned that a trail had been partly blazed out across the mountains in a northerly direction, and in a spirit of adventure we started on what proved to be a most arduous undertaking, the crossing of the mountains, burdened as we were with knapsacks, shelter tents, cooking utensils and all the other impedimenta the camper-out has to transport in an outing in the forest. The trail over the mountains was very imperfectly blazed, and if we had not been provided with a compass we might easily have gone astray. But we plodded on persistently, climbing sheer cliffs, sliding down into ravines, swarming over windfalls and ledges which often seemed to offer insurmountable obstacles to our progress. We finally, however, succeeded in reaching the open country on the other side of the mountains, arriving at a point on the road about a half mile from the old Willey House, of landslide fame.

From this point we moved on until we reached that other magnificent trout stream, the Wild River, which we descended until we reached Gilead on the Grand Trunk Railroad, at which place we took the train for home.

Yes, that was a long tramp, one which taxed all our strength and endurance to complete; but we were full of enthusiasm and rather enjoyed the hardships we were called upon to endure. It was while crossing the mountains by the rough trail I have named that we had an experience in trout fishing such as we had never before enjoyed, and for that matter I doubt if either of us has, since that time, had a similar one.

A Wild Trout Preserve.

We had descended into a basin, in the heart of the mountains in which lay the most beautiful little lake imaginable. I call it lake, although it could not have been a half mile in length or breadth. A mountain tarn would be the more proper expression. This small body of water was shut in by high cliffs, which sprang sheer from its borders on all sides.

In the forest on the north shore and among the ledges considerable drifts of snow were still lying. The water was icy cold, and instead of being of a brownish color, which one would expect in such an environment, seemed green almost to the verge of light blue; it was an absolutely perfect water, just as one would find in a huge spring.

Ever and anon we noticed ripples on the surface, caused by breaks of fishes which we believed to be trout, and thinking it might be possible to have a trout supper that night, we selected a suitable spot for tenting, and in a very brief space of time camp was arranged and we were ready to try our luck with the trout. We soon found, however, that fishing from the shore was entirely impracticable, for the forest extended down to the water's edge, and our prospects for a fish supper seemed to grow less bright; but, after a few moments' thought, it occurred to me that one or two of the dead trees, which stood near the shore, could be utilized as a raft, and soon our short-handled axes were making the chips fly right merrily.

The trees were felled, cut into suitable lengths and put into the water, where they were bound together with withes and a stout line we always carried with us, and then our rude craft was ready for the work we had laid out for it. Upon this raft was spread one of our shelter tents to prevent the trout, which we might catch, from falling between the logs, for we had no landing net; and stepping aboard with fly-rod in hand, accompanied by one of my friends, who had cut a long pole with which he was to push us about, I began casting. It is to be remembered that the water was almost icy cold, and its surface had not been heated for the reason that the rays of the sun, except during midday, had but little opportunity to fall upon its bosom. Under such conditions surface fly-fishing would seem to to be almost futile. But the trout were feeding on the ephemeridæ, which were then numerous, and when one of the delicate little insects fell upon the surface of the water it was instantly seized, not with the break the trout usually makes in capturing its insect prey, but by a quiet "sucking in," as it were, during which the fish caused hardly a perceptible ripple.

Slowly and very quietly we moved along the shore as far out as the length of the pole would permit, for the water was very deep, and I offered my feathered lures, which consisted of a grizzly-hackle and a gray-palmer. That was probably their first introduction to the artificial fly the trout in that sequestered lake had ever received, and at my first cast I hooked a pair.

Now, fishing from a raft such as ours was requires no little gymnastic effort, for the logs were not very firmly fastened together, and they often rolled beneath my feet. An accomplished river driver would probably have had no difficulty in keeping a secure footing, but I am free to confess I slipped and floundered a good deal before I succeeded in hauling my trout upon the canvas covering.

I did succeed, however, and the fish were put *hors de combat* in a trice to prevent their leaping overboard; and what beauties they were! Not far from ten inches in length, and as gorgeously colored as any that were ever seen in nuptial dress. "Good!" exclaimed my companion, "there's two for supper, anyway."

"Yes," I replied, "and we'll have some more, although I confess I hardly expect to do much in such deep, cold water as this."

Our raft was again set in motion, and in a few moments I successfully landed another pair, and before our craft was headed around for camp, I had a dozen or fifteen as beautiful fish as angler ever looked upon. They were not large, their average weight hardly reaching three-fourths of a pound, but they were high colored, plump and well conditioned.

This incident shows that the rule I have tried to lay down at the beginning of this paper in relation to the conditions of the water affecting surface fly-fishing is not an infallible one, and most anglers have, no doubt, met with exceptions to it in some of their outings.

The Maine Association.

THE meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association at Mountain View Hotel on Rangeley Lake, June 28, was largely attended. The Fish and Game Commissioners, Hon. L. T. Carleton, Hon. E. E. Ring and Hon. J. W. Bracket, came in early. President C. A. Judkins was ably assisted in carrying out the details of the meeting by the efficient secretary, E. C. Farrington, of Augusta, who had taken great pains in arranging the trip. Among those who won prizes were Commissioner Carleton, who secured a steel rod for the largest salmon; Henry Whitman, of Augusta, second prize, 100 yards silk line. The president's prize, a steel rod for the largest trout, went to Gen. Selden Connor, of Augusta. The first and second ladies' prizes were won by Miss M. J. Haley, of Lewiston. The double prize, for trout and salmon, was won by A. R. Jennings, of Fryeburg. The children's prize fell to Master Fred Jones, of Augusta. Bert Herrick took the first guide's prize, Edward Lowell the second, and Frank Harris the third. Three members of the Governor's staff in attendance were Hons. C. A. Blanchard, of Wilton; George D. Bisbee, of Rumford Falls, and T. S. Burns, of Westbrook. There were many other prominent sportsmen of the State, some of whom were W. E. Berry, superintendent of hatcheries from Winthrop; D. L. Cummings, of Houlton, proprietor Squaw Lake Camps; M. C. Morrill, of Gray; Dr. F. W. Kinsman, of Augusta; Hon. F. G. Kinsman and party, Hon. C. L. Andrews and party, also of Augusta; E. M. Blanding, secretary State Board of Trade, and game warden of Bangor. In fact, every city and most of the large towns were represented by well known citizens and their families.

On Monday afternoon the commissioners held a meeting and adopted the following regulations: "Kennebago Stream shall be closed from the foot of the first falls to a point opposite the boat house of the Oquossoc Angling Association to all fishing, except fly-fishing, from July 1 to May 1 of the following year." In the evening the association known as the Inland Fish and Game Wardens' Association, held a meeting which was attended by the wardens from different parts of the State who had come to attend the meetings of the Sportsmen's Association. The president of the Wardens' Association is D. L. Cummings, of Houlton; F. M. Perkins, of Bradley, and W. T. Pollard, of Foxcroft, are the vice-presidents, and Mr. Blanding is secretary. The objects of the organization are to promote acquaintance and mutual aid among the members and the advancement of the proteetion of fish and game. CENTRAL.

An Anglers' Correspondence Circle.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So much real pleasure have I had from chance correspondence with anglers in this and other countries, that I could wish for all of the Waltonian brotherhood an equal gratification. To this end I suggest the formation of a correspondence circle, national or international, as may seem best, to include all those who follow the example of the apostle of old and go a-fishing.

Collectors of various things have something of the kind, so I am told, and find both profit and pleasure from it. Why not fishermen? The details of such a circle could easily be worked out, and perhaps others besides myself have thought of it. Their opinions would be interesting to readers of your columns.

In the belief that fishing acquaintances as well as fishing friends are the pleasantest we make, and in the hope that the "Petri Heil" of the hearty German angler may one day be as familiar to English ears as it is to those of his own race, I am Cordially yours,

JOHN D. WHISH, Secretary.

Black Bass in Texas.

TO ANSWER a correspondent, Mr. Charles Hallock states that the western limit of the black bass, which is more frequently called trout there, is found in Texas; and he adds that these fish do not seem to be caught west of the ninety-eighth meridian in any other State. They are not found in the Rio Grande, but are said to be abundant in Devil's River, which flows into the Rio Grande from Texas through a mountain region. They are also numerous in the Sabinas, which empties into the Rio Grande from Mexico some distance above Laredo, and in Toyah Creek, which is west of the Pecos and some fifteen miles of the town of Toyah, on the Texas Pacific Railroad. It is a very fine stream, with many large and deep pools. The Enchanted Lake, on Toyah Creek, used to be a famous fishing place twenty years ago, Mr. Hallock says. In 1883-'85 he was employed by General Manager Hoxie, of the Missouri Pacific, to write up the resources of the Lone Star State, and he found the native fish quite considerable of an asset, including mountain trout, *S. iridea*, as well as catfish and bass.

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The Log of a Sea Angler.

The Tuna Season.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "BIG GAME FISHES," "ADVENTURES OF TORQUA," ETC.

IT is a question whether angling or archæological research is the most fascinating. On the way across the San Clemente Channel, Mexican Joe revealed to me a secret—he is the oldest inhabitant and has lived on Santa Catalina Island forty odd years. It appears that one Cabrillo, a captain of Cortez, discovered the fair island, so far as the Spaniards were concerned, in 1542 and named it. He found it inhabited by a sturdy race having canoes which held twenty men. In 1602 the islands were again discovered by Viscaino, who renamed them. The historian of the latter, Torquemada, left an account of the natives he found in possession; declared them to be worshippers of gods, and described a certain temple to the god Chinigchinich somewhere up in the mountains; but where? Mexican Joe confided to me that he thought he could find it just as Bob on the outer reef swore by all the gods that he would show me the robalo, and I fell into the illusive trap.

I have been on the quest of Chinigchinich ever since. When I am on the turquoise waters, fishing with Mexican Joe or some other delight-giver of these summer seas, I really believe I am on an angling trip; but the fishing is merely a subterfuge; I am roaming up the cañons that reach from the sea to the upper range, or scanning the winding rivers of verdure from the little bays upward, thinking of Chinigchinich and his temple, that, according to Joe and Torquemada, stood somewhere just over the divide or between the bend of some distant cañon.

I have more than a fondness for the St. Lawrence River. Between Quebec and the mouth of the Saguenay, the land rises in a splendid slope to the Laurentian Mountains—the oldest hills in this fair land. Near at hand they are clothed in green, but the peaks and ridges eight and ten miles ahead, are a most beautiful blue, an ineffable tint or tone that has no color name. When I first saw it, the pleasure in the anticipation of reaching it was a delight; but as we sailed on, I found that this glorious blue was a thing dreams are made of—was a fantasy of distance. There they stood, mountains garbed in all the glory of color, ever beckoning, and as I sailed on and on, I never gained an inch on these mountain Lorelei, new peaks and ranges, assuming the splendid tone always ahead, alluring, enticing nereids of color which drew one on and on into the very heart of this land of dreams.

Every land has this fetich. It is some big fish, some rare flower, some radiant gem, some forgotten ledge of gold or silver, and at Santa Catalina, at least to me, it is the temple of Chinigchinich; and I am breaking no confidence between Mexican Joe and myself when I enter in this log the expectation that some time when trolling by the rocky cliffs, he or I will sight it, perhaps stumble upon it after the quest of many years.

Orizaba is one of the highest peaks of Santa Catalina, 2,200 feet or so in height; and at its base, in a cañon formed by two of its divides, lies one of the fairest bays on the island. It is on the north coast, and consequently the lee, and off its shining sands we rounded to and cast anchor. According to Joe, it was in the very center of the best fishing, and the wildest views on the island reached away from the anchorage. Our tents were pitched under some cottonwood trees, and from it I could hear the love notes of the innumerable quail up the cañon, see a bald eagle circling in upper air, while the azure sea, here clear as crystal, smooth as a disk of steel, stretched away to the mainland, thirty miles distant, over which rose the snow peaks of the Sierra Madre. The bay faced the channel, nearly always smooth, a lee being formed by a rocky point which extended out two miles above. It was a singular fact that this point and the rocks of Avalon Bay, four miles to the south, formed the limitations of the tuna fishing ground; in other words, all the tuna are taken here.

We sent the men down to Avalon for the daily mail, and now had the luxury of papers, with the delights of civilization, in camp, and yet its charm of isolation. The third day Joe hailed us from the beach and pointed to the channel. Something had happened. There was no wind, the sea was perfectly smooth, yet an area covering possibly twenty acres was lashed into foam as though some submarine force was at work.

"Tunas!" shouted Joe.

"Tunas!" echoed up the cañon, and two anglers ran down the beach, tumbled into the boat, and shortly were running out of the little bay, one in the launch, and one in the rowboat—a division of chances. The tuna is a large mackerel, and a world-wide traveler. On the Pacific he comes inshore in May or June to feed upon flying fishes and squids, driving the former into the open bays, rounding them up with the skill of a general. In ten minutes I could hear the roar of waters, then the flying fishes began to go by, over and under the boat. Then, ah, then, the reel spoke, as I had rapidly paid out my line and had 60 feet out by the time we reached the school.

The maddened fishes were chasing a large school of flying fishes, and the roar and foam came from their rushes along the surface in pursuit of the game, and now and then one went hissing into the air to turn gracefully and drop into the sea of foam. The tuna took the bait in a rush and tore 200 feet of line from the reel so quickly that I hardly missed it, then bore down and jerked the rod with powerful blows—zip-zip-zip—with a tension that told on the thumb pressing upon the leather pad, and took all feeling out of it. Such a brake with an ordinary fish is a deadly thing, but it was a bagatelle to this fish, that gathered in the line by feet and yards. In vain did I brake it with the left hand, pressing the line upon the cork grip, making two brakes, and with the patent drag, three. Despite this, zee-zee-zee went the line, always going, and the boatman backing the launch after the fish and using his oars to keep me face to it.

Nearly four hundred feet were taken by the tuna before I stopped it; then it turned and came up like a rocket, swirled at the surface of the clear blue water, and dashed around the boat to head out to sea, towing us in a straight line, as though holding a course. I now gained thirty or forty feet by an herculean effort, and broke its course, forcing it to sulk again down somewhere in the heart of this great rift in the Santa Catalina Channel, really a vast cañon between the lofty island and the mainland. Now the tuna turned in, towing us at a four-mile-an-hour gait, and carried the boat determinedly inshore, while I pumped and lifted, reeled when I could, and all the time that seeming miracle was being enacted—a fish of unknown size towing a heavy boat by a 21-thread linen line 350 feet in length.

An hour slipped away, then another, and the launch was being towed in a circle and the tuna was 250 feet away, and apparently as strong as ever. My companion had lost a fish, and now rowed by, advising me to "go in and win!" How cheap is advice to the looker-on. Three hours slipped by, and I was still contemplating the space below, while that untamed steed still fought and swam. I soon found that when I rested, the fish gained twice as much, and the only way to end the game would be to fight to a finish without cessation. This was apparently easy, but to the angler who has been holding a dead weight on his left arm for three hours, and pressing his right thumb against a leather pad all that time, it is a forlorn outlook. But I rallied, and by mere good fortune brought the fish to the quarter. My boatman was about to gaff it, when it stopped struggling, rolled upon its side, dead, and was gaffed and hauled in, a fine fish that weighed 150 pounds. There was but one conclusion to so sudden a termination to the battle—the tuna had died of heart failure, and I have seen several such endings. I have had a fish struggling and fighting with a fierceness that threatened rod and line, at least 200 feet away, suddenly stop and doubtless die of the over-exertion. I have had the good fortune to take large fishes of many kinds, but for hard fighting and persistency, force and strength, I award the palm to this, one of the largest of the bony fishes.

The tuna presented an attractive appearance as it lay on the canvas; about six feet in length, trim as a privateer, well proportioned, of the bonito type, body stout, tail powerful, a little row of finlets between the sharp dorsal and the caudal, the side fins short, the eye bright and beautiful, jaw powerful, silver belly—altogether a most striking and attractive creature.

"Tunas mighty uncertain," quoth Joe, as he rebaited my line. "Sometimes they strikes in in May, then in June, and sometimes they jest about give the island the go-by."

"You mean they sometimes don't come at all in numbers?"

"That's it," replied Joe. "I dunno where they come from, but most of the men think they go out to sea and to deep water off the Cortez Bank, some sixty miles to the southwest; but I've caught them in winter, and some are around all the time."

"Once," he continuted, "I was sailing a big boat from the island to San Pedro, and was trolling with a big hand-line with a red rag as bait. All at once the boat stopped, a big tuna had stopped her, as though she were anchored, and we were running before the wind at that."

Joe was baiting my hook as he spoke, and the delicate line was a source of wonderment to him. The hook was a No. 7, the line a 600 21-thread Cuttyhunk, the rod a 12-ounce greenheart, built to order, 8½ feet long, light, supple, but strong enough to lift a sulking fish. I had a leader 8 feet long, longer than the fish, so that it would not chafe off on the finlets when the fish was boring down; the bait was a big flying fish, 12 inches in length—the natural food of the tuna at this time.

There were half a dozen boats fishing now; two or three were fast to tunas and being towed hither and yon. Later I had other strikes and missed several. Upon examining the bait I found that the tuna had struck at the large black eye of the flying fish and crushed the head.

This was a remarkable day for tunas. An acquaintance, Mr. Wood, of Los Angeles, hooked a fish early in the morning and played it seven hours. He is a powerful man, but he never reeled the fish within sight in that time, and wisely gave it up. I had passed a few minutes before, and he was then five miles offshore, holding the road that formed a perfect curve, his wife sitting by him, anxious and excited; the boatman, Harry Elms, keeping the craft stern to the fish, which was slowly but steadily towing them out into the channel. Word had been passed to Avalon, and various parties came out to see the man who had fought the "unknown" seven hours. One carried him some lunch, and everything was done to aid the heroic angler; but he had just recovered from the grippe, and the struggle was beginning to tell on him, and at the end of seven hours, indifferent to advice, he handed the rod over to Elms, a strong, sturdy fellow, who, being absolutely fresh, thought he could bring the fish in in a short time. But they had under-estimated the strength of this fish, as, despite the lifting and pumping, the hours melted away, and the big fish towed the gamy boatman out to sea. Ten hours from the strike, Elms was alone in the boat, hoping that he could still wear out the fish, but the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth hour passed, and counting the turns in and out, it was estimated that he had been towed two miles an hour, or nearly thirty miles, and ten miles directly out into the channel. A sea had picked up, and Elms now found that he could gain by lowering his rod when the launch fell into the hollow of a sea, then by holding hard the next sea would lift the fish, and in this way he could gain a foot or two.

I doubt if an angler ever had a more strenuous struggle, and at the end of thirteen and a half hours, Elms found that he was gaining, and fourteen hours from the strike he shouted that he could see the fish. Several launches were lying by him, and as it was manifestly impossible for him to gaff the fish and hold the rod, an angler offered his services, and was put aboard.

The tail of the fish now appeared at the surface; the fish was boring down head first. The gaffer leaned down and struck home, but the hook did not take; it scraped along the surface, alarming the fish, which gave a mighty rush, broke the swivel and disappeared, after having worn out two men. Such is fisherman's luck. From the size of the tail, those who saw the fish that was played fourteen hours fairly with a rod, believed it to have been a 600-pound or more fish. The fight doubtless killed the tuna, as the steamer Falcon passed a very large fish floating on the surface near the fishing spot the following day, doubtless the same tuna. A large reward was offered for the fish when the news was reported, and various launches went in search of it; but the sharks dined on the great unknown that made the gamiest fight ever recorded on these happy hunting grounds.

The best tuna fishing is in the large bay at Long Point. Inshore lies the white sandy beach, and from it reaches away the verdant river—the cañon rising to the Cabrillo Mountains—while along the shore rise rocky cliffs in reds and greens; the water, deep, in marvelous tones, reflecting the vagrant cloud flecks and the rocks and mountains, is filled with life. Fanciful shapes of jellyfishes, some minute, others giants, with long trains; while inshore and skirting the rocks are the wonderful hanging gardens of the sea. Not a breath of wind disturbs the surface, and in the morning, as the sun rises, this sea of delights takes on tints and colors indescribable and impossible to reproduce. If the waters could speak, what tales they would tell of savage life, of the galleons and packets of the Conquistadores of Cabrillo, Cortez, of Viscaino, Drake, Monterey and many more; and somewhere up there, in a deep cañon, overgrown, perhaps, by chillocothe, wild lilac or ironwood, is the temple of Chinigchinich.

I fancy I can see it as the launch moves slowly on, and I turn to Mexican Joe and ask him if he has ever hunted in that particular cañon. Joe laughs, and then my rod is jerked into the water. Zeeee-zeeeee! and I am in the toils of the leaping tuna. I hooked this fish at once, and it towed me four miles, once up the coast to Long Point, then down to Avalon, where it was gaffed.

Never had such a tuna season been known, and it is sufficient for this log to give some of the most striking incidents in the season's catch. On July 3 I went out with Col. C. P. Morehouse and sighted tunas to the north. We thought a heavy sea was breaking on the Long Point rocks, but it was a school of tunas. We both had strikes at the same time, and both saved our fish. As it was manifestly impossible to play them from the same boat, we separated, and in an hour had both tunas aboard—150 and 130 pounds. The fish bit rapidly as we made a turn about the school, and in a short time we took two others. It was a strong temptation to see how large a bag we could make, and we agreed that we could have broken the record for numbers for a given day then and there; but we broke the record in theory only, not wishing to waste the splendid fish, and not being able to use more than we had, which were in demand by the local taxidermist. We tried casting for them, with success, on another day. The tunas were not leaping, but were swimming in schools over the bay in a form like ducks swimming, with one in the lead. I found we could reach within thirty feet of the school and cast ahead of them. Evidently they thought that a flying fish had alighted among them. There would be a swirl of waters and the reel would give tongue as the frightened fish dashed deep into the channel, dispersing the school.

Those placid waters were the theatre of strenuous sport. Here I took the first large tuna, an 183-pounder, at the time the largest taken with a rod and 21-thread line. My boatman was Jim Gardner, an Englishman, who developed very clever qualities as gaffer and angler. This fish towed us ten miles, and in the fourth hour towed us straightaway four miles; during this latter period I was nearly beaten. I had fought the fish with all the strength at my command for three hours, and the continued drag on my left hand and arm began to produce violent palpitation of the heart, and gradual weakness. When the fish was not fighting or attempting to plunge, it was towing the boat by 200 feet of delicate 21-thread line, and after three hours and three-quarters I realized that I was *in extremis*, while the tuna appeared to be as strong as ever. I remember I endeavored to distract my attention from the fish, and as it towed me steadily to fix in my mind upon some foreign object, as I appreciated that the heart fag was to some extent the result of mental excitement consequent upon the struggle and the peculiar and unique tactics of this particular fish, it having repeatedly charged the boat on the surface, then, turning and rushing away when ten feet distant, a magnificent performance, a spectacle to arouse enthusiasm; but when repeated time and again I found that it wore on my nerves. I knew I had big game, and the fear that one of those rushes would end the play was disquieting. I thought of the temple of Chinigchinich, looked at the graceful outlines of the mountains; I even counted slowly in a vain effort to reduce the beating of my heart, but it was all useless; that strange pull, that strange vibration, coming up the line, the unknown fish towing us with unabating strength, forced itself deep into my mind and imagination, and twenty minutes before the end I expressed the opinion to Jim, quietly but positively, that the tuna had me, in what is known in sporting parlance as "on the run."

I had been fighting this fish steadily for nearly four hours, and collapse was staring me in the face. I felt that I had reached the limit of endurance. My arms were numb and my heart was giving all the symptoms of failure, and I remember, despite my agony of mind and body, that it occurred to me that it was an interesting physiological study, this effort to beat down the extreme exhaustion of the body. Whether it was the invocations of my gaffer behind my shoulder, or the encouragement of some friends who were following in a launch, or the desperate shame of failure before the lookers-on, I do not know; but in some incomprehensible way, I pulled myself together and again bent to the reel; and the splendid fish, ever circling the boat, came slowly in. It seemed an eternity; then we saw the full and complete outline of the fish for the first and appreciated the cause of the struggle; then, tell it not in Gath, the reel stopped. It was one of the best reels in the world—an Edwin Vom Hofe—but so great

had been the strain that the line had sunk into the coil and clogged; human power could not move it. Imagine the situation; its horrors! Walton might have sighed and quoted *Culpam pœna premit comes,* believing that he deserved it for attempting to kill so game a fish. But my boatman was not of this timber, far from it. He swore in vigorous English; he conjured all the gods in many tongues; he rose to the occasion, while I breathless, winded—but this is not a confesional, only the log of a lucky sea angler who proposes *"Credo quia impossibile est,"* as the motto of sea anglers, for it was the impossible that happed. My last rally had demoralized the tuna, which swam slowly around, giving me time to hold the rod and overrun the reel several yards and reel it in again, and again the tuna began to come in. It reached the quarter, and as it was slightly tipped upward, I saw again the full outline of its splendid proportions against the blue water; then my boatman gaffed it.

Exactly what happened, no one knows, but the big gaff pole splintered in his hands at the tremendous bounds of the fish, and the tuna took fifty feet of line before I could stop it. Keyed up to the highest degree of excitement, I reeled vigorously, and in a few moments again had the tuna near the quarter, and held it while Gardner gave it the congé. The gaff slipped beneath it; a jerk, a struggle which enveloped gaffer and angler in foam and spray and flying scud, and the big head was held a moment hard against the rail, I standing with shortened line ready for the rush that might come, the gaffer grim, blinded with spray, his arms jerked beyond endurance. But the game was ours, the splendid creature in silver and yellow hung quivering as we stepped on the rail, bringing it down to the water's edge, and Gardner slid the tuna in, where it beat the boards with such ponderous blows that I fancied that it might stave the craft, while we doffed our hats and gave a rousing cheer over the victory. At this time, it was not supposed possible to take so active a fish with rod and reel and a 21-threat Cuttyhunk line; consequently the catch of 183 pounds was a notable one, and it was this fish, and the unsportsmanlike conditions of fishing at the island which caused me to suggest the Tuna Club. The splendid fishes of the region, yellowtail, white sea bass and others, were being slaughtered by the ton. I had seen boats go out with five or six hand-lines rigged out astern, and return with forty or more fish none less than 15 pounds, running up to 25, each with the game qualities of a salmon. It was a shameful sight, as most of these fishes were fed to the sea lions and sharks. How to stop it was the question, and I conceived the idea of an appeal to the innate sense of fair play that is found among fishermen. I suggested the Tuna Club, "for the protection of the game fishes of Southern California," and a constitution and by-laws that would permit only the use of lines up to 24-thread and light rods, and conditions that every angler must land his own fish. Some of the best-known anglers in the country joined the club, and I was honored with the presidency. The result was remarkable. The example of these gentlemen was so potent that hand-lines were abolished, and I doubt if one can be found in use at Santa Catalina to-day. The boatmen will not permit their use, as it disqualifies their patrons from the prizes of the Tuna Club tournaments and records. With a rope-like hand-line, a 25-pound yellowtail can be landed in a minute or two; but with a rod and thread-like line, from 9 to 21, it is a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes, and 50 per cent. of the game escapes. Thus overfishing is practically impossible, and much more sport is obtained. The result is that to-day the waste of these fine game fishes is practically stopped.

To further still emphasize and make popular rod fishing, I suggested an annual angling tournament, to begin May 1 and end Oct 1, offering valuable prizes of rods and tackle, medals and cups in various classes to anglers who took the largest fishes of various kinds with the light rods and fine lines specified by the by-laws of the Tuna Club; and that few, if any, of the thousands who fish at Santa Catalina to-day take any of the game fishes found here unfairly or in any manner other than one that appeals to the highest sportsmanlike feeling, shows what the combined influence of anglers can accomplish. Nowhere in the world does a higher standard of sport hold than on the tuna grounds of Southern California. It happened that it was my suggestion as far back as 1886, that a tuna could be taken with a rod, and I was often laughed at for suggesting it, and while I did not take the first tuna, I took the first large one—a fish which in vigor and virility I would match against any tarpon it has been my good fortune to hook. I have never seen a tarpon that I could not kill in thirty minutes by continuous fighting, though I believe there are such fish; yet this tuna fought me four hours, towed a heavy boat, an engine and two men ten or twelve miles, the oars of the boatman being held against it, and sometimes pulled, to prevent the fish from towing us out to sea. There have been larger tunas taken since, but I venture to say that none of them when fairly hooked as this fish was, made a better fight. Size, in my belief at least, does not indicate fighting qualities. The hard-fighting tunas are the medium-sized fishes, and this holds with tarpon, amberjack, yellowtail, and others. I have taken yellowtails up to 45 pounds, but a certain 17-pounder gave me more trouble than all the giants.

The account of the catch of the big tuna created much excitement, and as we rowed into Avalon to weigh the fish, the little town came down to give us welcome. Late in the afternoon I strolled down to the rock where a crowd of people were still admiring the big fish, and some young women, descendants of Ananias, bravely having their pictures taken standing by its side, rod in hand. Jim was rehearsing the catch, and a tenderfoot was listening with bulging eyes at the yarn, not even questioning the fact that the tuna towed the boat forty miles and leaped fifty feet into the air. Among the observers were reporters and correspondents, and I later saw myself pictured playing this leaping tuna—at least thirty feet in air. Another account in a magazine pictured me calmly swimming and playing the tuna. The Associated Press telegraphed the story all over the world, and the members of the peaceful sea anglers association in London received the account the next morning in the papers and marveled at the big things in America.

As the tunas continued biting, we have devoted ourselves to this sport, and I find that about one tuna is taken for every twenty strikes. Newcomers—and they are here from various parts of the world—almost invariably miss the fish, due, I believe to excitement. They strike too quickly, or not quickly enough, and miss the psychological moment. I have fished with a number of anglers, or watched them, and having been in the toils myself, worn, as General Gordon said in one of his fights, "to a frazzle," hence could enjoy the trouble of other victims. Yesterday I was a guest on a friend's launch, and stood in the bow, where I could see the tunas coming up astern. Evidently they would see the bait thirty feet distant, and two would charge it on the run; their fins, near the surface, often tossing the water high in air. I would notify the angler, then would come the strike—zip ze-e-e! and that there is tuna fever as well as the buck variety goes without saying. I noticed one young angler who became so nervous that he could not face the stern, could not watch the tuna as it came racing at him; so he turned back to, and as I shouted, "Here he comes!" he would turn all kinds of colors and strike, and the fish would pass on with fifty feet of line in tow.

Tuna fishing has an element of danger. I saw a man brought in this afternoon almost in a state of collapse, and he was assisted to his room at the hotel; the tuna had been caught, but had laid him low. Before the victim recovered, he was waited on by a committee of the Tuna Club, who presented him with the little blue button of the club, that certified that the wearer had taken fairly with rod and reel and 24-thread line or less, a 100-pound tuna. The committee reported that this did more to revive him than the physician, who fortunately was his partner on the trip.

Last night I was trolling for tunas near the rocks with Col. Morehouse, when, just at dusk, the tunas dashed in, chasing a large school of flying fishes, which rose all about us, some going over the boat, one striking me under the ear, so nearly knocking me out of my seat that Gardner, the gaffer and boatman, caught me. I had my revenge. Gardner hooked on the fresh bait that had selected me as a target, and I had a strike a few minutes later, but lost the fish.

Tuna fishing may be followed up to 8 o'clock at night with success, but later the fishes see the line, due to the remarkable phosphorescence; at least the biting stops when the phosphorescence is at its maximum display. The spectacle of large tunas dashing through this liquid fire is a marvelous one. Every motion is a blaze of light, and in Avalon Bay from the topmast the sight was one to be remembered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lake Hopatcong Fishing Association.

THE fishing at Lake Hopatcong has been getting poorer and poorer every year, owing to the Fish Commissioners failing to stock same, and no one else taking an interest in it. The property owners and inhabitants around the lake have decided to form a club, to be known as the Hopatcong Fishing Association, the object of which is to either buy fish for stocking purposes, or to start a hatchery. They have an idea that by starting a small hatchery at the lower end of the lake, where the water runs into the Rockaway River, that they can secure enough fish to stock the lake with little expense. A meeting was held at the summer home of Mr. W. C. Hespy, on Saturday night, June 24, and an organization effected. Mr. Salto was elected president, E. C. Ross vice-president, G. Reinberg secretary and W. C. Hespy treasurer. The sportsman element was well represented and the outlook is promising. The dues will be $10 a year without any initiation, and the membership is expected to reach 100 at least.

Most of the people frequenting the lake as well as property owners, are very enthusiastic over the plan, and it is believed that great good will come therefrom. An effort will be made to induce the next session of the Legislature to change the fishing law, which is now open May 20, to not earlier than June 15, as all fishermen report that what bass they are taking are full of spawn, and it is believed this early fishing and fishing through the ice has done much to deplete the fish in this lake.

It is to be regretted that the Fish Commissioners have not taken more interest in keeping this lake stocked, as it is the prettiest spot within 100 miles of New York, lying, as it does, in the mountains at an elevation of 986 feet above the ocean, and within an hour's ride of New York. The lake is about sixty-three miles in circumference and has a great many beautiful homes erected on its shores, and the water is pure spring water and probably the best adapted to the raising of bass of any in this locality.

A Telephone Fishing Appliance.

AN English paper reports that a Norwegian has invented a telephone by which the noise made by fish in the depths of the sea can be heard. The instrument consists of a microphone in a hermetically sealed steel box. It is connected with a telephone on shipboard by electric wires, each sound in the water being intensified by the microphone. The inventor asserts that with its aid the presence of fish, and approximately their number and kind, can be recognized. When herrings or smaller fish are encountered in large numbers they make a whistling noise, and the sound made by codfish is more like howling. If they come near the submarine telephone their motion can be distinguished. The flow of water through the gills produces a noise similar to the labored breathing of a quadruped, and the motion of the fins produces a dull rolling sound.—Richard Guenther, Consul-General, Frankfort, Germany, May 15, 1905.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

The Joke was on the Joker.

"IT was early in June," said the story-teller of the party, "and the bluefish had not begun to run from the outside. Several wagers had been made as to who would land the first bluefish of the season, and we were all on the *qui vive.*

"It chanced one fine morning that a number of us decided to go for a sail on the bay, the party including a well known Scotch member of the club familiarly known at 'Hot Scotch,' and a prominent German physician dubbed by his fun-loving associates as 'that fool Dutchman,' and many were the jokes played at his expense, particularly by his Highland friend.

"On this particular occasion, however, the 'Dutchman' turned the tables on 'Hot Scotch' in a way ever to be remembered. After sailing about a bit, several lines were thrown out in the hope of luring the first bluefish. The Scotchman, ever on the alert for mischief, seized on what he thought was a favorable opportunity to play a joke, and quietly hauling in the 'Dutchman's' line, fastened to it an Apollinaris bottle about ten feet from the spoon, giving the line a smart jerk as he let go.

"'There, you Dutchman, you've got a bite,' he cried. The latter, unobserved, had watched the whole proceeding, and said not a word. A moment later, however, he cried out that he had a fish on his line, and promptly accepted the Scotchman's derisive wager of $10 to the captain of the boat and a wine supper for the crowd that such wasn't the case. Then we all smilingly awaited his discomfiture.

"When he hauled in the line, however, we were all astonished to discover a fine bluefish—the first of the season—well hooked, and to see its captor fairly bursting with laughter. He had felt the fish hooked almost the instant that his line, with the bottle attached, was cast back into the water.

"Needless to say, our German friend won every wager on the event and has since been looked upon by his fishing comrades as a man never again to be trifled with."

P.

The Arbutus Lake Park Trout Waters.

NEWCOMB, N. Y., June 26.—The other day I had the pleasure of visiting the preserve of Archer M. Huntington, known as Arbutus Lake Park Preserve, situated in the town of Newcomb, county of Essex. The camps, superb in every particular, and most beautiful beyond description, are on the north shore of Lake Arbutus, one of the most beautiful lakes in the whole Adirondacks. While roaming over his vast domain one day last season Mr. Huntington chanced upon a small brooklet filled with speckled trout, and the thought came to him that the habitation of the trout might be materially improved. He thereupon engaged a noted surveyor and soon ascertained to his great delight that his theories were well founded. A large force of men were engaged during the winter, the brush, shrubbery and old logs were removed and burned. A beautiful road was built, ten dams were erected, and the result is to-day that there are ten most beautiful lakes, vieing in beauty with nature's own productions and not distinguishable from them, which seem to have grown up like a mushroom in the night time. When Mr. Huntington again visits his preserve and sees the beautiful improvements that have been made, he will find that his ideas have happily materialized, and that he is the fortunate possessor of an earthly paradise.

Mr. Huntington has shown a way by which the whole Adirondacks may be clothed here and there with artificial lakes, enhancing their beauty and giving unlimited fishing grounds. C. A. BISSELL.

Trout and Black Bass Near New York.

RECENT reports from points on the Erie railroad and branches, including the New York, Susquehanna & Western R. R., and Wilkes-Barre & Eastern R. R., concerning trout and bass fishing give the following records: Trout—at Woodbury, N. Y., eighteen were taken in one day in Woodbury Falls Creek, the largest weighing a pound, and the lot averaging ¾ pound. In Shohola Brook and Halfway Brook at Shohola, Pa., there were catches of twelve and sixteen, the largest a pound and the average ¾ pound. In Boushoux Creek, at Lordville, one angler took twenty-five, averaging ½ pound, the largest a pound; and in Sands Creek, at Hancock, the best day's score was of twenty-nine running on the average of ½ pound.

Bass fishing has been good at Greenwood Lake, Sterling Forest station; in Mombasha Lake, at Monroe, N. Y. From Twin Lakes, at Parker's Glen, Pa., the biggest fish taken was 3½ pounds, and twenty averaged 1½ pounds. Narrowsburg, Lordville and Hawkins, N. Y., report good catches from the Delaware River.

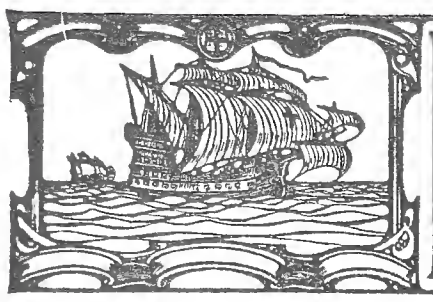
Canadian Trout Fishing.

MONTREAL.—There is no brook trout that will bear comparison with those to be caught in Lake Superior, and the streams running therein. The best trout section that I have been able to hear of nearer than that is in Otter township, near the Mississagua River, where the surveyors said that in every lake and stream brook trout were to be found. I have fished the bass lakes south of there, and know them to afford phenomenally good fishing. There is also good brook trout fishing on the Menjamagosippi River running into the Timagami Lake system. That, however, is pretty far back. The nearest all-rail route to good trout fishing is from Nemegos Station. That, however, is considerably more than 100 miles from Toronto. L. O. ARMSTRONG.

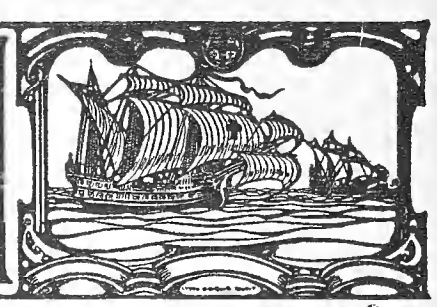
The Fly in the Ointment.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 1 is a very readable story entitled "We Three in Canada." Attention is called to it editorially, at the top of the cover, as "An Unique Outing." And yet the writer calls brook trout "speckled beauties."

Goshallfishhooks! Is there anything unique about *that?* I certainly thought that *that* threadbare abomination, with some others, had been long ago placed upon your *index expurgatorius.* Am I wrong? J. L. K.



YACHTING



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JULY.

5-12. Atlantic, cruise.
7. Eastern, cruisc.
8. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
8. New York, Glen Cove, cups.
8. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
8. Wollaston, club championship.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
8. Edgewood, club.
8. Quincy, M. Y. R. A.
8. Rhode Island, cruising race.
8. Seaside Park, club.
8. Beverly, club
8. Corinthian, club.
8. Unqua Corinthian, Williams cups.
8. Riverside, aanual.
8. Sea Side, open.
8. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
9. Canarsie, open.
9. Morrisania power boat race.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, ocean race.
11. Lakewood, series race.
12. Seaside Park, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
15. Royal Canadian, club.
15. New Rochelle, club.
15. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
15. Scaside Park, club.
15. Country Club, Detroit club.
15. Edgewood, club.
15. Bensonhurst, Bellows challcnge cup.
15. Keystone, club.
15. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
15. Beverly, club.
15. Boston, cruise.
15. Corinthian, club.
17. Edgewood, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
18. New Brunswick Y. R. A. regatta, Prudence Island.
18. East Gloucester, club.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhole Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22 Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22 Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
22. Unqua Corinthian, Molineux cups.
22. Corinthian, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, powcr boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.
29. Seaside Park, open.
29. Edgewood, club.
29. Knickerbocker, cne-design power boats.
29. Hampton Roads, cruise.
29. Rhode Island, cruising race.
29. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
29. Beverly, club.
29. Corinthian, club.
29. Boston, elub, Marblehead.
29. Indian Harbor, annual.
29. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.

Brooklyn Y. C. Ocean Race.

THE Brooklyn Y. C.'s long distance race from Gravesend Bay to Hampton Roads is the second race of this character to be given this year for small craft. The race was scheduled to start on Thursday morning, June 29, and at 10 o'clock on that day five boats started on their long sail of 250 nautical miles down the coast.

Thc restrictions governing the race barred all boats of over 40ft. length on deck, and the requirements were made so as to prevent any but substantial and seaworthy craft participating. Time allowance is based on over all length and each boat receives 8s. a foot per mile.

The following is a list of the boats, together with their particulars and crews:

Lila, designed by Small Bros., built in 1905 by Reed & Adams, Boothbay, Maine; 39ft. 10in. over all; 30ft. waterline; 13ft. breadth, and 5.4ft. draft. Scratch boat allows all the others time. Crew—Owner and skippcr, Richard D. Floyd, Newark Bay, Y. C.; Robert Schaler, Frank Muller, A. G. Green, Clinton Gilbert and A. B. Thompson.

Tamerlanc, designed and built by L. D. Huntington, Jr., New Rochellc, 1905; 38ft. 2½in. over all. Receives 28m. 33s. time allowance. Crew—Frank Maier, owner and skippcr, New Rochelle Y. C.; T. F. Day, J. S. F. Kerr, John Robinson, Leonard Kent and a paid hand.

Bonito, designed by T. E. Ferris, built in 1899 by J. J. Driscoll, Brooklyn; 37ft. 2in. over all; 25.8ft. waterline; 11.5ft. breadth, and 5.3ft. draft. Receives 1h. 3m. 33s. time allowance. Crew—John Haviland, owner and skipper, Brooklyn Y. C.; Walter N. Beiling, Fred H. Beiling, H. Cook, C. Curtis and a paid hand.

Mopsa, designed by the late Edward Burgess, built by George Lawley & Son, South Boston, Mass., 1888; 35ft. 2½in. over all, 27.5ft. waterline, 9.5ft. breadth and 6.5ft. draft. Receives 2h. 8m. 33s. time allowance. Crew—F. C. Sullivan, owner and skipper, Harlem Y. C.; W. S. Sullivan, F. S. Sullivan, E. J. Martin and Jerome Monks. No paid hand.

Gauntlet, designed and built by L. D. Huntington, Jr., New Rochelle, 1905; 27ft. 10in. over all, 22.1ft. waterline, 10.2ft. breadth and 5.5ft. draft. Receives 6h. 40m. time allowance. Smallest boat in the fleet. Crew—L. D. Huntington, Jr., owner and skipper, New Rochelle Y. C.; James D. Sparkman, Montgomery H. Clark, Robert N. Bavier and F. D. Le Count. No paid hand.

The five small craft are competing for a valuable challenge trophy offered by the Brooklyn Y. C. Arrangements were also made for larger club boats and five boats were entered. They were as follows:

Wayward, schooner, Colonel David E. Austen, Brooklyn Y. C.

Gaviota, yawl, G. C. Gillespie, Brooklyn Y. C.

Sunshine, schooner, Commodore S. S. Fontaine, Brooklyn Y. C.

Nomad, sloop, W. L. Sawyer, Brooklyn Y. C.

Charlotte, sloop, Elmer M. Mount, Brooklyn Y. C.

Last year the Brooklyn Y. C. held a race from Gravesend Bay to Marblehead, a distance of 330 nautical miles. A number of boats entered, and they were favored with such remarkably fine weather that a record run was made. Not wishing to cover the same course this year, the Brooklyn Y. C. decided on a southern route. The most suitable place to finish such a race was at Hampton Roads, and the members of the club at that place offered special inducements for the Brooklyn men in the shape of race and cups. This is the first time that northern and southern yachting organizations have been brought together, and the outcome can not help but be greatly beneficial to the sport.

The Brooklyn Y. C. was favored again this year with good weather for its long race. For three days before the start the weather had been ideal and a fine steady N.W. wind has prevailed. It was feared that it would shift and go to a less favorable quarter for the boats going south. These fears were groundless, however, and on Thursday morning, when the crews turned out, the wind was still from the N.W.

The start was made off the Brooklyn Y. C. house in Gravesend Bay. The Race Committee, composed of Vice-Commodore A. C. Soper, William B. Griffin, George E. Reiners and F. W. Bradford, were on board Mr. E. T. Hatch's schooner Nokomis. At 9:50 the preparatory was given, and at 10 o'clock the little craft were started. Lila, the scratch boat, crossed 20s. after the gun, followed 10s. later by Mopsa. Tamerlane was the third to get away 40s. after the gun. Gauntlet was next, 1m. 40s. late, and she was followed by Bonito.

The yawl Anna, owned by Mr. L. C. Johnson, of the Chesapeake Bay Y. C., was to have started. She had left her home port and was proceeding north, but head winds had delayed her so much that she was unable to reach Gravesend Bay in time.

At 10:10 the larger boats were started. Gaviota crossed 1m. 8s. after the signal, with Wayward 15s. behind. Sunshine was next, followed by Nomad and Charlotte. The boats' official times were all taken at 10 o'clock, as it was a one gun start. The actual starting times follow:

Challenge Cup Competitors—Lila, 10:00:20; Mopsa, 10:00:30; Tamerlane, 10:00:40; Gauntlet, 10:01:20, and Bonito, 10:01:30.

Club Class—Gaviota, 10:11:08; Wayward, 10:11:23; Sunshine, 10:12:18; Nomad, 10:12:30, and Charlotte, 10:12:34.

In the run down the coast the participants encountered head winds and a slow passage resulted. The yawl Tamerlane finished first at 11h. 53m. 30s. on Sunday, July 2. The yawl Lila was the second boat to finish. Mopsa was third and Bonito was fourth. No word has been received from Gauntlet as we go to press. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
	July 2, A.M.		
Tamerlane, Frank Maier	11 53 30	73 53 30	73 24 57
	July 2, P.M.		
Lila, R. D. Floyd	5 20 50	79 20 50	79 20 50
Mopsa, F. C. & W. S. Sullivan	7 01 15	81 01 15	78 52 42
Bonito, Haviland Bros	7 06 50	81 06 50	80 03 17

Arrival of the Gregory.

From The Yachtsman.

TOO LATE for the race which she would in all probability have won, Mr. Lewis Nixon's motor yacht Gregory has arrived at Algiers. Owing to her having been detained for the arrival of gasolene fuel at the Azores, the Gregory arrived much too late for the Algiers-Toulon race, for which she was entered. In all probability she will run over the course—although, in our opinion, such a procedure is somewhat in the nature of a post-mortem argument. Meanwhile, the usual sheaf of Russian rumors are to hand, and it is said that the Gregory will at once proceed to Sevastopol, and that several similar boats will be at once built to the order of the Russian Admiralty.

The Gregory is 90ft. long, with 11ft. 5in. beam. Her draft is 4ft.; and with two sets of 300 horsepower motors she gets a speed of twenty-two knots. She was built to Mr. Nixon's designs by the Standard Motor Construction Company of America.

Captain Loose, who was in charge of the Gregory during her voyage, gave the following account of it to a representative of the Matin:

"The departure took place on Jan. 5. During the first twelve hours the weather remained fine, and an average speed of twenty knots was maintained, but on the morning of Jan. 6 a southwesterly gale sprang up, and, the sea becoming increasingly rough, the boat was closed over, the anchors were thrown out, and the vessel allowed to drift.

"For four days the Gregory drifted. By the time the storm had passed over everything had been swept from the bridge by the waves and the masts were broken. It was impossible to go on, and the captain consequently returned to New York.

"The second departure took place on Feb. 8. After forty-eight hours' sailing the Gregory was again caught in a storm and was swept into the current of the Gulf Stream. Again the masts were broken, and again the vessel had to be allowed to drift. The anchors and boats were lost and four barrels of oil had to be used in calming the waves.

"The gasolene receptacles on the bridge were so repeatedly beaten by the waves that they at last began to leak and the gasolene invaded all parts of the ship to such a point that it became dangerous even to strike a match. The odor of the gasolene was almost unbearable and the faces of nearly all on board were soon swollen. Eight days out from New York the Gregory arrived at the Bermudas.

"On March 1 the voyage was resumed, under a somewhat heavy sea, but with weather conditions otherwise fair. The sea, however, rapidly became rougher, and ultimately one of the cylinders of the motor broke. This necessitated a return to Bermuda, which was left again on March 19.

"The Azores were reached on April 4, after another terrible storm had been passed through. The provision of gasolene, however, was exhausted, and there was nothing left for it but to await a supply from Lisbon. The sojourn at the Azores lasted thirty-six days, Ponta Delgada being left on May 10. Henceforward the weather was fine, and the Gregory accomplished the 1,400 miles to Algiers in seven days. The captain declared that he would not undertake another such journey for $10,000."

Boston Letter.

SPECIAL CLASS FOR 22-FOOTERS.—It has been decided by the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. to allow the 22-footers to race in their original classification on waterline length in the special open races of July 3 and 4 and Aug. 8. That is, the yachts will compete as a class among themselves, while still competing in the regular rating classes for cash prizes for yachts of all types. For the 22-footers, racing as one class, a special cup has been offered. It was found that the 22-footers measured into the largest of the three rating classes provided, from 33 to 40ft. and would have to race with 35-footers and 30-footers, which the owners of the 22-footers objected to. As the boats built since the first of the year would have to assume the limit of the class, it is likely that they would have to allow yachts of much greater waterline length, and they would also have to give allowance to the older 22-footers. All of this was objected to by the owners of the 22-footers, so the arrangement was made as stated above. This will satisfy the owners of the 22-footers and at the same time will give the committee an opportunity of studying the effect of the new uniform rule as affecting yachts of different types.

NOVEL RACE AT HULL.—Announcement has been made that the Boston Y. C. will give a race for 18-footers and 15-footers sailing in one class, off the Hull station on July 9. This race will be decidedly novel and will, no doubt, furnish much amusement for those who take part as well as for the spectators. Upon signal the boats will be obliged to anchor near the committee boat, lower and furl mainsails, securing them with four stops, and unhook jibs, placing them in the standing rooms. Upon the second signal the boats will make sail and cross the starting line, leaving tenders secured to the anchor roads. After sailing part of the course yachts will leave one man in their tenders, and after another mark has been turned, will return and pick the men up again. They will then proceed to finish the course, but in crossing the finish line must do so stern first. After crossing to the satisfaction of the committee, each yacht must go to its tender and make fast to the anchor road, lower and furl sails the same as at the start. Thence, leaving one man on each boat, the other two will proceed to the club float, one man rowing, where one member of the crew will light a cigarette with wax tapers furnished by the judges. All conditions must be complied with to the satisfaction of the committee. It is also announced that the position of the committee boat may be changed at the finish. The committee consists of Messrs. T. E. Jacobs, H. J. Thayer, John L. Amory, H. S. Potter, C. W. Cole and J. J. Souther.

It has also been announced that the following series of lectures will be given at the Hull club house: July 28, illustrated talk on "The United States Life Saving Service," by Arthur K. Peck; Aug. 5, "Historic American Yachts," illustrated, by Winfield M. Thompson; Aug. 12, "Charts and Navigation," by Capt. George W. Eldridge.

EASTERN Y. C. POWER BOAT RACES.—The Motor Boat Committee of the Eastern Y. C. has issued its circulars for power boat races to be held during the season. The dates are as follows: July 4, Aug. 18, Aug. 26 and Sept. 2. Three special open races will be given on July 27, 28 and 29. The Gay cup will again be competed for this year by boats under 40ft. over all.

The classes for automobile boats, under the classification of the American Automobile Association, follows:

Class A, boats not over 26ft. length waterline; Class B, boats over 26ft. and not over 32ft. length waterline; Class C, boats over 32ft. and not over 40ft. length waterline; Class D, boats over 40ft. and not over 50ft. length waterline; Class E, boats over 50ft. and not over 65ft. length waterline.

The following are the classes for launches:

First class, all over 50ft. rating; second class, all cabin boats and boats with standing awnings over 21ft. rating, and not over 50ft. rating; third class, hunting launches and open boats over 21ft. rating, and not over 50ft. rating; fourth class, not over 21ft. rating.

INVADER NEARING COMPLETION.—The 95ft. schooner Invader, building for Mr. Roy A. Rainey, of the New York Y. C., is nearing completion. She has been painted and the joiner work is now going in. She will be ready for the water in a few weeks. Messrs. Wilson & Silsby are at work on her sails. These sailmakers are making suits for Bethulia, Lina, Vigil, Peregrine and the three Rochester defenders for the Canada cup. New sails have been shipped to Cleveland for the schooner Priscilla, and sails are being made for Southern Cross and Verande.

MANCHESTER Y. C. DATES.—Championship races of the Manchester Y. C. will be held off West Manchester on July 5, July 15, Aug. 1, Aug. 22 and Sept. 5. The remaining dates for the sailing tender classes are July 8, July 22, Aug. 5, Aug. 19, Sept. 4 and Sept. 20.

LAUNCH BY SMALL BROTHERS.—Messrs. Small Brothers have designed a 16ft. launch for Mr. Stanley F. Eldridge, owner of Mattakeeset. The 18-footer designed by this firm for a Chicago syndicate, will be shipped from Marblehead this week. A 16-footer, designed for a Detroit yachtsman, was shipped last week.

DISPATCH SOLD.—Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold his fast cruising launch Dispatch to Mr. H. J. Perkins, of Boston. She is 35ft. long and has a four-cylinder engine of 24 horsepower. She has a speed of about 15 miles.

SANDERLING CHARTERED AND SCRAPPER SOLD.—Messrs. Burgess & Packard have chartered the 22ft. knockabout Sanderling, owned by Mr. F. A. Brown, of Beverly, to Mr. Lawrence H. Armour, son of Mr. W. A. Armour, of Kansas City. Mr. Armour will use her at Marblehead. The same firm has sold the 18ft. knockabout Scrapper, owned by Mr. A. P. Loring, to Mr. Harold I. Sewell, of Porto Rico, who will use her at Bar Harbor.

JUBILEE MOVED.—The 90-footer Jubilee, owned by Gen. Charles J. Paine, which has been in Lawley's basin since 1894, when she was under sail for only a short time, was towed last week to the new yard of Messrs. Burgess & Packard at Marblehead, where she will be hauled out. Her plates forward have been slightly started, but beyond this it is believed that her hull is in good condition.

BINNEY-DESIGNED POWER BOATS.—Mr. A. H. Davenport's cabin launch Merlin was launched at Lawley's last week and was made ready for the trip to Squirrel Island, where she will be used principally by Miss Alice Davenport, who entertains parties of young people almost daily during July and August. A working launch is now being built from Mr. Binney's design. This boat is for Mr. Dudley L. Pickman, who will use her in the South as a general utility boat on hunting trips. The wheel will be placed in a well to insure minimum draft. It has been announced that the 60ft. cruising yacht Naoma is owned by Mr. George M. Bonney, of Boston.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SEVENTY-FOOTERS TO RACE WITH AMATEUR CREWS.—Mr. W. Ross Proctor, owner of Mineola, has received a challenge from Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., owner of Virginia, for a match race, both boats to be handled throughout by amateur crews. The challenge has been accepted and the date of the race, together with the conditions governing it, will soon be announeed. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who is commodore of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., will handle Virginia and Mr. Clinton H. Crane will act as mate. Mineola will be in charge of Mr. Addison G. Hanan and his mate will be Mr. Frank Bowne Jones.

CRUISING LAUNCH FOR CHARLES M. GOULD.—The cruising launch Columbine, built for Mr. Charles M. Gould from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, was launched from the yard of the builder, Mr. Robert Jacob, on Saturday, June 10. The boat is of wooden construction and is splendidly put together throughout. She is 46ft. 6in. over all, 42ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. For a length of 25ft. admidships the sides of the hull have been carried up and by this means full head room is gained below for that distance. The boat's accommodations are quite liberal. The owner's room, whieh is 10ft. 6in. long, is forward. Just aft is a lavatory. Then comes the galley and engine room. Further aft is the main cabin, 8ft. long. The cockpit is 10ft. 6in. long. Columbine is fitted with a 15 horsepower engine which drives her at a speed of 12 miles. Her tanks are of sufficient capaeity to give the boat a cruising radius of 600 miles. Electricity is used for lighting.

MAYFLOWER AND PRISCILLA NOW AUXILIARIES.—The two old Cup defenders, Mayflower and Priscilla, have both been fitted with gas engines. Mayflower is owned by Mrs. E. M. Barber and was equipped with a 25 horsepower engine. Priscilla is owned by Commodore George H. Worthington, of the Cleveland Y. C. Her engine is of 75 horsepower and was built by Mr. James Craig, Jr. The engine drives the boat at a speed of nine miles.

LLOYDS' BRITISH YACHT REGISTER.—Lloyds' register of American yachts is the only accurate and eomplete record of American yachts ever published. The Lloyds register of British yachts is even more complete, if such a thing were possible. This year the work appears in a larger and more convenient form. This work will be found indispensable to all yachtsmen who wish to keep posted with the sport abroad. There should be a eopy in every yacht club on this continent, as it is too valuable a reference book to be without. Copies may be had from Lloyds Register of Shipping, 15 Whitehall street, New York, for $7.50.

SALES AND CHARTERS.—Dr. Edward Reynolds, of Boston, Mass., has sold the auxiliary yawl Thora through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman to Mr. J. P. Donovan, of New York. Thora is a centerboard boat 45ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 12ft. 6in. breadth and 4ft. 9in. draft. The same agency has sold the launch Vigilo for Mr. W. B. May to Dr. R. S. Peabody, of New Haven, Conn.; the sloop Whitby for Mr. Edward Swann, of New York, to Mr. Julius Steffens, of Vailsburg, N. J., and chartered the auxiliary yawl Alga for Dr. A. R. Starr, of New York, to Mr. F. R. Ryder, also of New York.

LAW FOR YACHT OWNERS.—Judge Thomas, in the United States District Court in Brooklyn, handed down on June 7 a decision in a libel brought by Mr. Robert Jacob, owner of a shipyard at City Island, against the sloop yacht Nellie. In water adjacent to Mr. Jacob's yard the automobile launch, Miss Swift, was launched Nov. 13, while a short distance away the Nellie lay at anchor. A high wind came up that night, the Nellie dragged her anchor, and the next morning was found on the starboard side of the Miss Swift, which had sunk at her moorings with a hole in her side. It was testified that the Nellie was without any person on board, but was in charge of a man by the name of Hansen. Judge Thomas held that it was the duty of Hansen and therefore chargeable against the boat to provide for the safety of the yacht. In granting a decree for the libellant, Judge Thomas says: "Care, diligence, observance of the rights of others are demanded of the owners of vessels at dock or anchor."—New York Herald.

LITTLE RHODY WINS BRISTOL Y. C. RACE.—Little Rhody, the sloop owned by Commodore C. F. Tillinghast, of the Bristol Y. C., won the 88-mile race from Bristol to Montauk Point and return. This is the second long distance in which Little Rhody has participated and twice she has come in a winner. Last year Little Rhody won the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean race from Gravesend Bay to Marblehead. Seventeen yachts started in the Bristol Y. C. race and twelve finished. Bambino, owned by Mr. L. Grinnell, of New Bedford, finished first but lost the race on time allowance. The sloop Priscilla, owned by Mr. W. S. Wood, of Fall River, got second prize.

PURITAN SOLD FOR JUNK.—Puritan, the yacht that successfully defended the America's Cup in 1885, was sold at auction in Boston on June 27 to Messrs. O'Connor Brothers for $4,025, and will be broken up for junk.

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay—Tuesday, June 27.

The first of the season's three races for the 30ft. cats of the Edgewood Y. C. for the Possner cup, a perpetual challenge trophy, was sailed Tuesday afternoon, June 27, and Scatt was the winner on time allowance. Five boats were entered and the race was a close and exciting one, although owing to a shift in the wind the eight-mile course chosen gave only free sailing for the whole distance.

The feature of the race was the rather remarkable performance of Wanderer IV., the new boat designed by Mr. C. C. Hanley for the Flint Brothers. Just after the preparatory gun, Wanderer IV., which was about leaving the elub wharf for the starting line, got tangled up in a sharp squall that swept over the bay, and the ensuing delay made her 3m. 45s. late in getting over the line. With this handicap she made a great race, finally catching the fleet and leading for the last mile, crossing the line 31s. ahead of Scatt. She had to give the others an allowance of about 2m., and so lost first place.

The Possner cup was won last year and is now held by Mblem. Two more races will be sailed to determine possession of the trophy for another year. The cup must be won three times in different years by the same boat under the same ownership to become a permanent possession. In each race the winner scored 100, the second boat 50, the third 25, and all others that finished 15. The summary follows:

30Ft. Cats—Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	4 39 02	1 29 02	1 26 59
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint	4 38 31	1 28 31	1 28 31
Mblem, G. E. Darling	4 42 42	1 32 42	1 30 39
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	4 43 33	1 33 33	1 31 30
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	4 42 07	1 32 07	1 31 48

Boston Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, July 1.

A CLUB race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, July 1, in a strong S.W. wind and choppy sea. The race between the 22-footers was particularly interesting, only 7s. separating Nutmeg and Tyro at the finish. It was Nutmeg's first win, and she did it on the windward leg, after Tyro had got the start. Had it not been for a scrap between Tyro and Medric II., however, it is likely that Nutmeg would not have finished first, as Tyro had been fast overhauling her off the wind. Bat led all around in the 18-footers, and Vera II. did the same thing in the 15ft. class. Chewink IV. won by a good margin in the first rating class and Carma II. had lots to spare in the second rating class. The summary:

Class E, 22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 11 53
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 12 00
Medric II., H. H. White	2 12 22
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber, Jr	2 15 11
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 15 15
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	2 15 38
Clorinda, Cheney and Lanning	2 18 05
Medric, George Lee	2 21 13

Class I., 18-Footers.

Bat, Adams Bros.	2 21 21
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 25 55
Bonitwo, G. H. Wighman	2 26 58
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	Disabled.

Class T., 15-Footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg	2 04 02
Nibelung, A. P. Loring	2 05 52
Little Misery, C. Loring	2 09 30

Second Rating Class.

Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	2 05 25	1 53 34
Opitsah III., W. S. Whitney	2 18 30	2 18 30
Tunipoo, C. A. Corley	2 26 52	2 24 06
Aspenet, G. W. Remick	Withdrew.	

First Rating Class.

Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr	2 07 21	2 07 21
Myrtle, T. W. Souther	2 17 23	2 09 47
Jingo, G. B. Doane	2 17 29	2 10 51
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	2 26 02	2 22 34
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	Disabled.	

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor—Saturday, July 1.

THE second race for the Underwood trophy, Classes P and above, and the first for a new cup, presented this year by Rear-Commodore E. B. Havens, for Classes Q and below, were held at the Atlantic Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, July 1. A fine S. breeze and good courses made excellent sport. Vivian II. won among the larger boats, thereby securing a leg on the Underwood trophy. Bobtail got the first race held on June 10. The new Class Q creation, Saetta, scored the first leg on the Havens cup. Both trophies have to be won three times by the same owner for permanent possession. In a scrap among the old Class Q boats, Trouble beat Wraith.

The courses sailed by all classes took them across the channel, where there was a good sea running. This feature, in connection with a strong breeze, caused several mishaps. Lizana lost her bobstay and bowsprit, Cockatoo II. came very near doing the same. Mary had her rudder disabled, and More Trouble lost the top to her forward hatchway. All of these boats withdrew.

The feature of the day was the work of Saetta. She defeated Quest over a 12¾-mile course by 5m. 18s. Vivian II. defeated Redwing by 53s. elapsed time and 2m. 41s. corrected time.

All of the boats sailed the first leg of the course together. This was from Sea Gate to Craven Shoal Bell Buoy, which proved a reach. From the first mark the racers in Classes P and above went out to the bell buoy to the northward of West Bank Light and home, covering the triangle twice, an aggregate distance of 11¾ miles. The other boats went from Craven Shoal to the can buoy of Swinburn Island and home, all but the old Class Q creations doing the distance three times for a total of 12¾ miles. The old boats went over the course but twice, a total of 8½ miles. The second leg for all the contenders was a beat, and the third a reach. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class P and Above—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 00 52	1 55 52
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue	5 01 45	1 56 45
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	Did not finish.	
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	Disabled.	

Corrected time of Vivian II, 1.54.04.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:10.

Saetta, George H. Church	5 26 53	2 16 58
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 32 16	2 22 16
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	Disabled.	
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	Disabled.	

Class Q, Special—Start, 3:15.

Trouble, W. A. Barstow	5 02 45	1 47 45
Wraith, Cavin Tompkins	5 06 57	1 51 57
Mary, Max Grundner	Disabled.	

New Rochelle Y. C.

New Rochelle, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 1.

THE annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C., was held on Saturday, July 1, and the thirty-five boats that started enjoyed the most satisfactory and conclusive racing of the season. The courses were of good length, and the wind was of sufficient strength to make good time over the triangles possible. The courses selected were as follows:

No. 1.—From the starting line, N.E. by ¾ E., 2⅝ miles to and around red gas buoy off Scotch Caps, thence S.S.W.¼W., 3⅛ miles to and around the black spar buoy off Prospect Point, thence N.W. by N. 2 miles to and around the stakeboat at the starting line, leaving all marks on starboard hand.

No. 2.—From the starting line, E. by N., 4 miles, to and around Buoy A (black and white stripes) off Parsonage Point, thence S. by W.¼W., 3½ miles to and around the stakeboat at the starting line, leaving all marks on starboard hand.

The 33ft. sloop and New York Y. C. 30ft. class sailed Course No. 1, twice around; distance 15½ nautical miles.

The 27 and 22ft. sloop, raceabout, and Larchmont 21ft. classes sailed Course No. 2, once around; distance 11½ nautical miles.

The boats in classes R and S sailed course No. 1 once around; distance 7¾ nautical miles.

The preparatory signal was given at 12:05, and at this time the wind was light from the S.W. It was hardly an ideal racing day, as the sky was overcast, indicating rain, which, however, did not materialize.

Classes K and L did not fill, so the first boats to start were the 33-footers, at 12:20. Mimosa III. crossed slightly in the lead of Alert, her only competitor. Balloonjibs were broken out smartly on both boats. Alert picked up a little, as the S.W. wind commenced to freshen. The wind began to free a little, and spinnakers were set. Alert nearly ran by Mimosa III., but the latter boat rounded the Scotch Caps buoy a little in the lead. The wind had now freshened enough to kick up a little slop of a sea that killed Alert with her full bow. Mimosa III. had just the conditions she wanted, and she dropped Alert fast. It was a close fetch to the second mark, and Mimosa III. rounded well in the lead. The third leg was a spinnaker run. The boats were timed at the first round as follows: Mimosa III., 1:27:30; Alert, 1:30:55.

The wind had now shifted to the E. of S., and the boats were just able to carry ballooners by sheeting them well aft. On the second leg the boats had a little windward work, and it was necessary to make two hitches to fetch the mark. The wind had lightened a little, and Alert did better; but Mimosa III. was far enough ahead to save her time and win easily. Balloonjibs and spinnakers were carried on the run home, and Alert made another small gain on this leg.

Mimosa III. sailed a beautiful race, and was splendidly handled throughout. She not only defeated Alert, but got away with the New York Y. C. one-design boats in a surprising manner. Whenever Mr. Park's boat gets any kind of a breeze of wind, she will prove a very slippery customer.

At 12:25 nine of the New York Y. C. 30-footers started, with Banzai in the lead. She was followed by Alera, Phryne, Cara Mia, Maid of Mendon, Nautilus, Minx, Dahinda and Neola II.

Balloonjibs were carried, and when about halfway down the leg, spinnakers were set. Phryne had a nice lead at the first mark, and appeared to have the race well in hand. At the end of the first round the boats were timed as follows: Phryne, 1:32:50; Banzai, 1:33:28; Nautilus, 1:33:54; Alera, 1:34:03; Dahinda, 1:34:40; Minx, 1:35:07; Neola II., 1:35:35; Maid of Mendon, 1:35:44; Cara Mia, 1:38:35.

Phryne rounded the first mark on the second round in the lead, but something went wrong aloft, and it was some time before her working jib was set. By the time things were straightened out, Nautilus was on top of her and took the lead. From that time on it was all Nautilus, and the Hanan boys won by 1m. 3s. from Phryne. Banzai was 25s. behind Phryne. Dahinda was fourth. Maid of Mendon was hopelessly in the rear, and did not finish.

In Class P, the 27ft. sloops, Thelema ran up a nice lead on Rascal and won by 3m. 32s. Dorothy won in the Larchmont 21ft. class from Houri by 2m. 9s. Vaquero withdrew.

The competition in the raceabout class was close, and the eight boats that started afforded some interesting racing. Tartan beat Mystral by 43s., and Nora by 53s.

There wer five starters in Class Q. Paumonack beat Nimbus III. 6m. 41s. Kenoshi was third. Hamburg won in Class R, beating Ace 3m. 13s. Arizona withdrew. Dod took a sailover in Class S.

The race was well handled in every way. Mr. G. P. Granbery, Chairman of the Race Committee, was on the tug Glen Cove, which was used as the committee boat. The summary:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 12:20—Course, 15½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	2 40 56	2 20 56
Alert, J. W. Alker	2 43 51	2 23 51

N. Y. Y. C. One-Design, 30-Footers—Start, 12:25—Course, 15½ Miles.

Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	2 35 40	2 30 40
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan	2 53 18	2 28 18
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	3 19 54	2 44 54
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	2 48 38	2 23 38
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 19 24	2 54 24
Banzai, N. D. Lawton	2 49 03	2 24 03
Nautilus, Addison and Wilmer Hanan	2 47 35	2 22 35
Minx, Howard Willetts	3 59 24	2 34 24
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	Did not finish.	

Class P, Sloops—Start, 12:30—Course, 11½ Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	2 25 38	1 55 38
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 29 10	1 59 10
Snapper, F. S. Page	2 33 08	2 03 08

Larchmont 21Ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 11½ Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 34 54	2 04 54
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 37 03	2 07 03
Vaquero, W. Stump	Did not finish.	

Raceabouts Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 28 02	1 53 02
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 32 08	1 57 08
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	2 29 34	1 54 34
Cricket, M. Willetts	2 34 30	1 59 30
Nora, A. Iselin, 3d	2 28 55	1 53 55
Howdy, J. Mercer	2 37 45	2 02 45
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	2 28 43	1 53 45
Rana, Howard Willetts	2 34 04	1 59 04

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 12:40—Course, 11½ Miles.

Nimbus III., H. C. Outwater	2 53 57	2 13 57
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	2 55 00	2 15 00
Opossum, T. M. T. Raborg	3 21 47	2 41 47
Paumonak, F. B. Currier	2 47 16	2 07 16
Kenoshi, R. Mallory	2 54 24	2 14 24

Sloops, Class R—Start, 12:45—Course, 7¾ Miles.

Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr	2 12 48	1 27 48
Hamburg, N. Goldschmidt	2 09 35	1 24 35
Arizona, G. A. Gory	Not timed.	

Sloops, Class S—Start, 12:50—Course 7¾ Miles.

Dod, D. E. Dealey	2 41 24	1 51 24

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, June 17.

THE ocean race of the Corinthian Y. C. from Marblehead to Isles of Shoals and return, on Saturday, June 17, was a great success. The thirty-five starters were sent away shortly before 8 in the evening, and twenty-nine of these yachts finished early the next day. Conditions were somewhat fluky, but this only added interest to the race, as the leaders were constantly changing. The schooner Redskin III. led the fleet by a long margin at the outer mark, White Island, but on the beat back in a S.W. wind, the 35-footer Cossack caught and passed her. In Class B there was a close race between the 25-footers Sally VII. and Seboomook. Sally VII. finished first, making the fastest time of any boat over the course; but she lost to Seboomook on corrected time. Medric II. was the winner in the 22ft. class. She was sailed with good judgment, and at one time led the entire fleet. Carina II. won in Class D. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cossack, H. C. Morss	14 16 16	13 16 20
Redskin III., R. L. Pond	14 54 17	14 54 17
Hilda, S. C. L. Haskell	18 31 16	16 22 50
Diana, F. R. Bogardus	Not timed.	
Nokomis, Dr. L. R. G. Crandon	Not timed.	

Class B.

Seboomook, B. A. Smith	14 03 00	13 29 23
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	14 00 23	14 00 23
Jingo, G. B. Deane	14 54 20	14 03 55
Mattacheset, S. H. Eldgres	17 22 08	14 34 03
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder	15 28 58	15 12 10
Alpha, A. F. Leary	16 07 17	15 16 52
Myrtle, Souther & Holt	16 09 00	15 18 35
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	15 31 50	15 31 50
Ida J., J. J. Healy	Withdrew.	
Al Kyris, A. M. Moody	Disabled.	

Class C.

Medric II., H. H. White	14 11 31
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	14 21 04
Clorinda, C. D. Lanning	14 29 30
Setsu, S. W. Lewis	14 29 45
Athlon, H. H. Walker	14 37 00
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber	14 54 21
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	14 56 11
Urchin, John B. Greenough	15 09 10

Class D.

Carina II., C. B. & H. S. Wheelock	16 53 07	16 02 28
Heralda, Chadwick & Carret	18 38 31	16 06 34
Sea Fox, John G. Alden	18 41 53	16 09 56
Sally IV., H. R. Starratt	17 12 52	17 12 52
Margaret, G. C. Vaughn	18 10 04	17 19 23
Pamaho, Christie & Keepers	18 56 20	17 35 18
Jauanita, Arthur Schofield	19 02 10	17 41 08
Quill II., John F. Quill	19 03 55	17 42 53
Calista, Henry Davenport	18 56 12	18 05 33
Kit, H. B. Whittier	18 44 24	18 34 16
Marion III., Dr. E. W. Gahan	Withdrew.	
Cricket, James Raymond	Withdrew.	

Saturday, June 24.

A club race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 24, in a light and somewhat fluky S.W. breeze. It was intended to sail this race under the classification of the new uniform rule, but as the only class to fill was Class Q, in which there were two entries, the 22-footers and 18-footers were taken in under their original classification. In the 22-footers, Rube was first across the starting line, followed by Tyro and Medric II. Chewink V. pulled up through the fleet and led at the first mark. On the windward leg Tyro, by good judgment in picking out the wind, went into first place, and held it to the finish. In the 18ft.. class Hayseed II. was first at the starting line, but she had trouble with her sheets and Moslem II. went into first place, holding it all around the course. In class Q, Margaret was a winner by a good margin, but the result on corrected time was not announced, as Margaret had not been measured.

The summary:

Restricted 22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 40 20
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber, Jr	2 44 22
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 51 35
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 53 15
Medric II., H. H. White	2 53 34
Setsu, S. W. Lewis	2 54 08
Medric, George Lee	2 55 50
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	2 57 50

18Ft. Knockabouts.

Moslem II., B. D. Barker	1 49 24
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	1 52 20
Otter, A. D. Irving	1 53 24
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	2 08 15
Moslem I., John Tyler	2 13 21

Class Q.

Margaret, George C. Vaughn	1 46 40
Carina II., C. B. and C. H. Wheelock	1 57 42

Bristol Y. C.

Narragansett Bay—Saturday, July 1.

THE spring open regatta of the Bristol Y. C., postponed from the previous week on account of a lack of wind, was sailed Saturday afternoon, July 1, in a good S.W. breeze. There were eleven starters in four classes, the number of contestants being reduced to some extent by the fact that the Bristol-Montauk ocean race was to start at 5 P. M., and took a number of boats that would otherwise have participated in the afternoon regatta. The winners were Priscilla, Echo, Qui Vive, and Scatt.

In the 30ft. sloop class Priscilla had a good contest with Sigma III., winning on time allowance. In the 21ft. knockabouts Echo had a sailover. Qui Vive won easily in the 18ft. knockabout class, and Scatt won handily in the 30ft. cats, putting up a good scrap with Emeline. The summary:

30Ft. Sloops—Start, 1:43.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Priscilla, W. S. Wood	2 02 53	1 58 14
Sigma III., L. L. Lorillard	2 00 02	2 00 02

21Ft. Knockabouts—Start, 1:49.

Echo, Thomas Brown	Sailover.

18Ft. Knockabouts—Start, 1:52.

	Elapsed.
Qui Vive, C. Fletcher	2 16 13
Wawaloam, S. Metcalf	2 20 57
White Cap, Miss Thurber	2 22 45
Mahogany, Howe Bros.	2 39 32

30Ft. Cats—Start, 2:00.

Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	2 09 41
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	2 10 39
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	2 13 55

Cottage Park Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, June 24.

A CLUB race of the Cottage Park Y. C. was sailed off Winthrop on Saturday, June 24. The wind was light and fluky, and the contest in the sailing class was unsatisfactory. Rosalie got the start, but Katrina soon went into first place and held it, closely pushed by Medora. Katrina finished first, but lost to Medora on corrected time. In the power boat class, More Whiz won a close race from Alice. The summary:

Sailing Yachts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected
Medora, Wm. Oberg	1 38 19	1 32 19
Katrina, Geo. F. Paine	1 36 57	1 32 57
Rosalie, F. C. Hight	1 45 54	1 34 54
Frances, R. Gardner	2 00 03	1 51 03

Power Boats.

	Elapsed.
More Whiz, L. F. Noble	1 15 58
Alice, Wm. M. McMilan	1 16 38
Margaret, C. Hurlburt	1 21 32
4-11-44, Wm. Bartlett	1 21 43
Anita, H. F. Cook	1 28 18
Spook, W. Cogswell	1 28 26
No. 13, F. R. Pratt	1 29 25
Jewel, Ed. Souther	1 37 21
No. 39, Wm. Colley	1 43 33

Wollaston Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, June 24.

AN interclub race between the Wollaston, Quincy and Squantum Yacht Clubs was sailed under the auspices of the Wollaston Y. C. on Saturday, June 24, in a light S.W. breeze. In Class A, Harriet, an old-time Y. R. A. champion finished first, but lost to Wawenock on corrected time. In Class B, Eclipse was first to finish, with Marvel only a few seconds behind, and Marvel won on corrected time. In Class C, Primrose finished first but lost to West Wind on corrected time. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wawenock, Coombs and Seymour, W	1 27 57	1 03 00
Harriet, A. A. Lincoln, Q	1 25 30	1 03 22
Whisper, F. Fowler, S	1 37 14	1 10 00

Class B.

Marvel, I. Whittemore, Q	1 28 45	1 05 27
Stranger, F. E. Dawes, W	1 31 12	1 06 59
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane, Q	1 30 14	1 07 04
Eclipse, G. F. Sawyer, S	1 28 11	1 07 31
Josephine, F. H. Smith, Q	1 30 35	1 07 32
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins, Q	1 29 29	1 07 47
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson, W	1 31 34	1 07 59
Hustler, H. W. Robbins, Q	1 36 11	1 12 15
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop, W	1 38 13	1 12 43
Idler, W. H. Shaw, Q	1 36 05	1 13 31
Harold, A. B. Robbins, W	1 45 05	1 23 12
Dentzia, A. L. Baker, W	1 49 13	1 26 06

Class C.

West Wind, W. M. Chase, W	1 54 12	1 12 59
Primrose, C. H. Jones, S	1 52 29	1 23 22
Peacock, F. Gardner, W	1 59 24	1 25 59
Miji, M. M. Cannon, Q	1 56 09	1 27 02
San Toy, R. Hendrie, W	2 17 00	1 47 53
Eleanor, W. A. Bense, W	2 52 29	2 15 00

Lynn Y. C.

Lynn, Mass.—Saturday, June 24.

A CLUB race for sailing classes and power boats was given by the Lynn Y. C. on Saturday, June 24. The wind was very light, from the S. W., not enough for the sailing classes, but it was ideal for power boat racing. In the first power boat class Kazardy was home first by a long margin, but lost to Edith M. on corrected time. In the second power boat class Aspirant was first across the finish line, with Mogul second, but Niobe took first on corrected time. In the one-design class Winniahdin got the start and led all over the course. In the handicap class Lobster got the start and led all around, but lost to Theorem on corrected time. The summary:

First Class, Power Boats.

	Elapsed	Corrected.
Edith M., Fred Young	1 47 05	1 03 32
Kazardy, Edwin F. Winkley	1 37 00	1 28 35

Second Class, Power Boats.

Niobe, E. E. Winkley	1 46 05	0 32 25
Aspirant, Howe and Twombley	1 42 24	0 32 40
Jennie M., Grover	1 55 40	0 33 20
Admiral, Wesley Hall	1 45 45	0 39 55
Mogul, Neal Morrison	1 43 25	0 45 05
Wym, Neal Morrison	1 55 00	0 45 40

One-Design Class.

Winniahdin, James Spratt	1 09 30	. . . .
Haymaker, William Johnson	1 11 08	. . . .
San Toy, William Redlon	1 13 30	. . . .

Handicap Sailing Class.

Theorem, Eugene Taylor	1 08 42	1 02 42
Za Zar, T. C. Foster	1 12 30	1 03 30
Lobster, William Murphy	1 03 57	1 03 57
Trump, Russell Bros.	1 21 18	1 06 18

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 1.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. held a club race over inside courses on Saturday, July 1. Two classes filled, and six boats started. There was a good sailing breeze from the S.W. In the 33ft. class Nike won, beating Regina, the second boat, 1m. 50s. Sabrina beat Chipmunk in the 15ft. class by 2m. 11s. The summary:

Sloops, 33Ft. Class—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nike, V. I. Cumnock	4 57 40	1 52 40
Regina, F. G. Stewart	4 59 30	1 54 30
Tito, Colgate Hoyt, Jr.	5 03 31	1 58 31

Sloops, 15Ft. Class—Start, 3:10.

Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	4 12 04	1 02 04
Chipmunk, T. S. Youngs	4 14 15	1 04 15
Imp. F. L. Landon	4 15 01	1 05 01

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass., Saturday, June 24.

ONLY two classes filled in the club race of the Winthrop Y. C., sailed off Winthrop on Saturday, June 24. The wind was light and fluky and the best work of the yachts was not brought out. In the 25ft. class, Hermes won by a good margin. Lady Fair, in the 21ft. class, broke down, and Opeechee had things all her own way. The summary:

21Ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opeechee, F. P. Gilmore	1 50 05	1 48 05
Lady Fair, W. F. Brown	Disabled	

25Ft. Class.

Hermes, C. H. Hervey	1 32 32	1 32 32
Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 37 02	1 37 02
Alpha, Ben Wells	1 52 25	1 42 25
Natorus, C. O. Whitney	1 52 45	1 42 45

Cohasset Y. C.

Cohasset, Mass.—Saturday, June 24.

IN the club race of the Cohasset Y. C., sailed Saturday, June 24, the wind was so light that the 17ft. class could not get across the starting line. Aztec won easily in the handicap class. The summary:

Handicap Classes.

	Elapsed.
Aztec, A. Burrage	1 01 00
Sea Gull, A. E. Richardson	1 06 55
Selma, H. B. Cousens	1 07 02
Lassie, S. N. Ripley	1 12 05

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Eastern Division—John J. Haley and Richard E. Clapp, both of Dedham, Mass., by F. Brodbeck; Edward P. Davis, Boston, Mass., by F. Brodbeck; Sydney P. Sargent, West Medford, Mass., by J. H. Darrah; S. S. Hargraves, North Andover, Mass., by Marcus Butler; John F. Alter, Frederic W. Houston, B. E. Horne, Ralph W. Sawyer, Frederick Butler, H. M. Roope and J. J. Buckley, all of Lawrence, Mass., and all by Marcus Butler.

Atlantic Division—Edward F. Maloney, New York city, by A. Kumke; F. Sebring Slifer, Glenside, Pa., by M. D. Wilt.

Northern Division—C. W. Farran and P. H. Le Seuer, both of Smith's Falls, Canada, and both by J. Cam Douglas.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. W. A. Murrell, Sec'y.
July 11.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot.
July 11-12.—Eufala, Ala., Gun Club tournament. C. M. Gammage, Sec'y.
July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
July 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—John Wright's merchandise shoot; added money. John Wright, Mgr., 318 Broadway, New York.
July 12-13.—Manning, Ia., Gun Club second annual amateur tournament. R. A. Rober, Sec'y.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—Betterton, Md.—Malone's eleventh annual summer tournament; $200 added. J. R. Malone, Mgr., 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.
July 17-18.—Charlottesville, Va.—Charlottesville and University Gun Club sixth annual money and merchandise shoot. G. L. Bruffey, Mgr.
July 22.—Rutherford, N. J.—Tournament on grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club.
July 22.—East Rutherford, N. J., tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Address Hugo Brugmann, Rutherford, N. J.
July 24-25.—Winnipeg, Man.—Industrial Exposition Annual. J. A. Lindsay, Sec'y.
July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Crescent Gun Club shoot, New Bethlehem, Pa., July 11 and 12, is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Mr. O. E. Shumacher.

The programme of the Manning, Ia., Gun Club offers good competition, and has $100 in cash and $110 in trophies and merchandise added. G. A. Rober is Secretary.

The Parker Gun Club will give an all-day shoot at their grounds, Meriden, Conn., Monday, Sept. 4, 1905. H. L. Carpenter is the Secretary.

The annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition will take place in Winnipeg on July 24 and 25.

Owing to our going to press on Monday this week several reports of shoots are of necessity deferred.

BERNARD WATERS.

Jackson Gun Club.

THE following are the scores of the shoot of the Jackson Gun Club:

June 20, First Day.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
B Scott	160	154	Wilson	140	118
P C Woods	160	147	Schuman	160	144
W Rennick	160	128	Tolsman	160	141
G B Stanley	160	128	Porter	160	128
N E Hubbard	160	140	Rhodes	70	53
M Hensler	160	144	Behling	85	29
J E Reid	160	139	De May	150	98
Phellis	160	146	J Schumacher	20	13
Boa	160	152	White	150	101
Ott	160	153	Crosier	40	36
Taft	160	92	Bernard	130	92
Hyndman	160	121	Monroe	20	12
Watts	160	136	Veitmeyer	160	124
Albin	160	147	Harris	50	42
Jarvis	160	144	Le Compte	160	138
Brown	160	71	Klein	125	82
A R Hensler	160	137	Carson	110	92
Gaylord	160	129	Sutton	110	94
Rosevear	160	129	Francisco	50	33
Gilkeson	135	108	Osman	110	99
Magel	85	55			

June 21, Second Day.

B Scott	170	156	Tolsman	170	153
P C Woods	170	149	Wilson	170	152
Wm Rennick	170	142	Porter	165	134
Schuman	170	147	Stanley	75	57
N E Hubbard	170	150	Finletter	100	78
Le Compte	170	153	Ford	105	81
C E Alban	170	141	Marks	120	103
Dr Taft	170	125	Dr De May	105	82
Watts	170	146	Sayers	90	56
Crosier	100	85	J B Shoemaker	90	69
Jarvis	170	154	Cloverdale	15	6
Hyndman	170	130	Lyons	15	8
A B Hensler	170	145	Worden	50	32
W H Osman	170	152	Colwell	30	13
Harris	170	128	Fitzsimmons	120	73
M Hensler	170	157	Gilkeson	75	64
J E Kerd	170	143	Carpenter	100	78
Phellis	170	151	Eddy	85	50
Boa	170	161	Sanderson	65	54
J R Ott	170	158	Gibson	55	20
Sutton	55	37	Carson	50	39

H. B. CROSIER, Sec'y.

Lancaster County League.

THE first shoot of the Lancaster County League of Gun Clubs for a cup presented by the Peters Cartridge Co., took place on the grounds of the Bob White Gun Club at Lancaster, Pa., on Saturday, June 24. This cup is to be shot for during the season of 1905 by teams of five men, shooting at 25 targets each. The five clubs participating in the first shoot were Elizabethtown, Atglen, Columbia, Pecquea, and Bob White. After the team shoot there were several sweepstake events shot, which were participated in by many of the local and out-of-town gunners.

Elizabethtown, Pa., Gun Club Team—Shissler 22, Westafer 23, Cable 21, Kersey 22, Gouchnauer 18; total 106.

Atglen, Pa., Gun Club Team—Feiles 17, Benner 23, Mattson 23, Williams 21, Wilson 20; total 104.

Columbia, Pa., Gun Club Team—Kline 21, Hoffman 13, Gundle 19, Stevens 19, Jamerson 17; total 89.

Pecquea Gun Club Team, Lancaster, Pa.—Clark 18, Anderson 20, Prube 22, Leamon 17, Mylin 11; total 88.

Bob White Gun Club Team, Lancaster, Pa.—Reese 19, Plein 16, Anderson 17, Barr 18, Kruger 21; total 91.

Rochester Gun Club Handicap Shoot.

THE following are the scores made in the second contest for the Borst cup on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club last week:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
*Weller	21	4	25	Stoddard	17	6	23
Coughlin	10	8	18	Sterling	15	8	23
*Rickman	19	7	26	Stewart	23	1	24
*Borst	19	6	25	Clark	18	2	20
*Skutt	20	5	25				
Re-entry scores:							
Coughlin	11	8	19	Sterling	13	8	21
Coughlin	18	8	26	*Sterling	23	8	31
*Stoddard	20	6	26	Clark	21	2	23
Sterling	12	8	20	*Stewart	24	1	25
Sterling	13	8	21				
Back scores:				Skutt	20	5	25

*Win points on cup.

The Grand American Handicap.

THE sixth Grand American Handicap, held under the auspices of the Indianapolis Gun Club, had much in the way of pleasant and important significance. It was a complete success in itself, as to the conduct of it, from start to finish. It was a record-breaker in respect to the number of entries, the excellence of the competition as shown by the large number of averages which exceeded the 90 per cent. mark, by the enormous number of targets thrown, by the general interest evoked in both a local and national way, and by the large and fashionable attendance which graced the club house and grounds daily to witness the contests.

The mammoth competition progressed smoothly from start to finish. It began at 9 o'clock on Tuesday, and ended at 5:45 on Friday, the dates being June 27-30. Every event was finished, though some carried over from one day to another. So smoothly and progressively did the great shoot move from one event to another that it seemed to be a matter which, once started, would run itself without any supervision whatever. But the very smoothness was in itself the true index of the master minds which were the powerful governors. There were two chief factors which conduced to intelligent and smooth action, namely, the management was thoroughly organized in every detail, and had expert assistance in every department, and the grounds were equipped completely for comfort and for competition. The manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, had provided for every possible contingency. He had special talent in every department, regardless of price, men who did things instead of furnishing excuses why it was not possible to do things, hence there was a perfect co-ordination in every department to make a success of the complete whole.

By the system of squadding, the immense number of contestants were handled with the same ease that obtains at a regimental drill in the regular army.

Five Blaekbird club traps and Blackbird targets furnished the mechanical features of the competition. They worked admirably. Indeed, had they not done so, it would have been a physieal impossibility to have completed the programme within the dates fixed upon. The total number trapped during the four and one-half days of the tournament amounted to the enormous total of 184,500 targets. On the Grand American Handicap day, 45,280 targets were thrown. The total number thrown last year was 152,300.

The manner of handling the shooters at the firing points to expedite the action and to establish equity was that devised and used by Mr. Shaner, the manager, last year, which is officially described as follows:

"Five automatic traps will be used, and five different events will be commenced at the same time, one respectively at each trap. The total number of qualified contestants will be divided into five sections, as nearly equal in number as possible, and a section will be started at the same time at each trap. After all members of a section have finished competing at their trap, they will pass on to the next trap and compete there, and so on, until they have competed at each of the five traps.

"For example: Say we have 200 entries—40 squads of five men each. Divide the 40 squads into five sections and it would make 8 squads to eaeh section. Squads 1 to 8 would compose first section. Squads 9 to 16 would compose the second section. Squads 17 to 24 would compose the third section. Squads 25 to 32 would compose the fourth section, and squads 35 to 40 would compose the fifth section. These sections simultaneously would be started at Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 traps respectively. After all squads of a section finished competing at a partieular trap, their entire section would pass on to the next trap and compete there, and so on, until they had competed at the entire five traps."

With the perfect equipment, good weather, and perfect management all long-distance records in target throwing were smashed. In this connection, it is proper to mention that the trapping interests came conspicuously to public attention at this tournament in an unpleasant manner. As already mentioned, the Blackbird trap and targets were used. As completed and put on the market by the manufacturers, that trap is a perfect mechanism, and is forthwith ready for full service in target throwing. The man in charge of the traps, as the representative of the Indianapolis Gun Club, added an unimportant spring to each trap, which he considered an advantage, to secure easier pulling. Mr. Paul North announced that this improvised spring was an infringement of one of his patents, and that he contemplated getting an injunction against the club, restraining them from using the spring in the tournament. This caused some apprehension, in a general way, that by the injunction the shoot would be stopped. Rumor and facts were, however, at variance.

The club did not seem to be alarmed, or to be obsequious. Mr. North later announced that as an accommodation to the club he would permit the use of the springs through the tournament, and no longer. Nevertheless, the springs were not really needed at all. They were removed voluntarily. They were no part of the traps. Without them everything progressed as smoothly and serenely as was becoming to a delightful June day, when birds sang sweetly and flowers bloomed peacefully. Nevertheless, many of the contestants thought the incident was far-fetched and unpleasantly gratuitous, perhaps no more than a tempest in a teapot, yet a teapot much out of plaee.

Many members of the Indianapolis Gun Club, particularly the officers, were present most of the time, and were alert to lend a helping hand, to give the old friend and the new cordial greeting and attention, to listen with interest to what improvements could be made, if such were possible, and to promote the general success unselfishly by word and deed.

The level, broad grounds, vividly green, with a light bespangling of beautiful June wild flowers, were a delight to the eyes, besides being complete in every mechanical detail. Roomy tents on each side of the club house afforded comfortable seating room for the spectators. A large tent was specially devoted to restaurant purposes, and gave most satisfactory service at reasonable prices.

The list of skilled men who did the work of the G. A. H. is quite large in number. Nearly all are trained specialists. First, there was the manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, who, as an officer and masterful expert, was supreme ruler of the shoot, adding new honors to the many already won. The fact that this record-breaking tournament ran from start to finish without a flaw, carried with it its own just praise. To accomplish this great work, Mr. Shaner was busy all day, and nearly all night, for as one day was finished all the clerical work had to be prepared for the next.

The assistant manager was Mr. Clyde Osborn, of Indianapolis, who did excellent service.

The cashier, Mr. F. C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., handled the moneys with the grace, expedition and accuracy for which he is a long-time justly famous.

The hard-working and affable compiler of scores was Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, who is thoroughly proficient, and who has held the same position in Mr. Shaner's staff in prior years.

The assistant compiler of scores was Mr. E. C. Reed, of Pittsburg. The following clerks assisted:

Mac Stillwell, Crawfordsville, Ind., and T. D. Stevenson, R. W. Bailey and H. J. Wocher, of Indianapolis, Ind.

The following is a list of the trap crews:

No. 1 Trap.—J. A. Martin, referee; scorer, F. M. Shafer; squad hustler, E. R. Holdson, all of Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 2 Trap.—Referee, A. L. Ballweg, Indianapolis, Ind.; scorer, Glem M. Forbis, Muncie, Ind.; squad hustler, M. W. Socwell, Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 3 Trap.—Referee, D. C. Morris, Indianapolis, Ind.; scorer, Geo. H. Kerr, Bridgeport, Ind.; squad hustler, F. A. Gregory, Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 4 Trap.—Referee, Matt Harris, Muncie, Ind., and scorer, George George; squad hustler, Dillen Hacker, both of Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 5 Trap.—Referee, J. E. Bombarger, and scorer, John Pratt, both of Indianapolis, Ind.; squad hustler, Len. Shepherd, Cincinnati, O.

The weather was delightfully pleasant and favorable for competition and out-door enjoyment during the four days. It was of June's best—clear and warm, tempered by balmy breezes. The good weather signified much to the competition. An interruption, however brief, would have seriously disturbed the programme. Even under the favoring conditions, the skill and energy of the management were taxed to the utmost to conclude the programme within the four days. Events of the first, second and third days were carried over, but as a whole, the programme was finished promptly on time.

A matter of general interest was that concerning where the G. A. H. would be held next year. There were other cities which manifested a desire to give their keys to the Interstate Association. But no city can well bid for the greatest of trapshooting events if it is not prepared to offer better than Indianapolis can offer; and it is extremely difficult to offer better than the best.

The Indianapolis grounds are sixteen acres in area, level, with a background of trees in the far distance. They are complete in every appointment for target throwing and for comfort. They are pleasing to gaze upon.

The hotel accommodations are ample and excellent. The transportation is practically from the door of the hotels to the gate of the club grounds. The club members are active and skillful, with high standards of sportsmanship for guidance, and there is a trained staff available in and about Indianapolis for manning the five traps efficiently. Also Indianapolis is a railroad center. Taken all in all, the foregoing in its entirety is a hard proposition to surpass. Indeed, it is not an easy matter to surpass it in any one of its details.

Mr. J. W. Bell, the secretary, was busy as a beaver in the ammunition house, with stacks of ammunition about him to dispense to all purchasers. The only restriction was that the purchaser must name the kind he wanted. The management, being impartial, declined to name the ammunition, and a legend on a conspicuous sign gave notice to that effect.

The G. A. H. was won by Mr. R. R. Barber, of Paullina, Ia., with a score of 99, a record-breaker for this event. He is a shooter of rare nerve and skill.

The first G. A. H., in 1900, had 74 entries. It was won by Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., with a score of 91.

In 1901, there were 75 entries. It was won by Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., with a score of 95.

In 1902, 91 entries; it was won by Mr. C. W. Floyd, of New York, with a seore of 94.

In 1903, 192 entries, 180 starters; it was won by Mr. M. Diefenderfer, with a score of 91.

In 1904, 318 starters; it was won by Mr. R. D. Guptill, of Aitkin, Minn, with a score of 96.

As shown in the introductory to the Grand American Handicap, the advance in skill and odds have been so great that the 22yd. mark is practically prohibitive. The winning scores of previous years would have been smothered by higher scores this year, and would have been tail-enders in the money.

June 26 was a practiee day. There were five events of 20 targets each. Messrs. J. S. Boa and F. M. See scored 99. A number of others were close up in score totals. One hundred and eighty-eight participated in the practice.

June 27, First Day—Sweepstakes.

Delightful weather made the day pleasant to those who shot or did not shoot. The sky was cloudless, with gentle, intermittent breezes.

The programme of the first day consisted of ten events each at 20 targets, $2 entrance, $25 added, no handicaps; manufacturer's agents or paid representatives shot for targets only. Two hundred and eighty-four participated. The most diligent competition and long hours failed to complete the day's programme. The competition was not suspended till darkness supervened and the view was obscured. Part of the latter half of the programme was carried over to the next day. When the total of 200 had been completed, Mr. W. R. Crosby had seored 199, Fred Gilbert 194, Mr. L. H. Reid, of New Paris, O., had tied Crosby in the first five events with 99, but Crosby had run nine events straight, missing his only target in the first event.

The averages of the contestants were of a high order, showing a general improvement over prior opening day records.

Of the amateurs, Mr. C. A. Powers was high with 194. Messrs. W. Akard, Fairplay, Mo.; F. E. Foltz, McClure, O.; W. Henderson, Lexington, Ky.; F. D. Kelsey, the New York State champion, were 192 each.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
A H King	17	14	18	19	20	20	19	20	17	19
G E Painter	16	20	17	20	17	20	19	19	18	20
H W Gleffer	16	19	15	15	17	18	19	18	17	15
J W Pontefract	16	10	18	16	12	18	15	16	16	17
R R Bennett	19	15	19	15	18	18	16	19	17	19
A A Winesburg	19	15	18	17	20	10	15	17	17	16
H R Patterson	16	18	18	18	19	19	18	17	14	18
A W Switzer	17	17	16	17	18	17	16	19	19	13
Neil Layman	16	15	15	18	17	18	16	14	14	18
D D Gross	20	17	14	18	16	18	18	19	18	18
J Burmeister	17	20	17	15	13	17	16	16	14	19
Guy Burnside	19	14	19	17	18	18	19	19	19	18
R Klein	18	17	20	17	19	20	18	18	19	20
F Gilbert	19	19	20	20	20	20	20	18	20	20
W R Crosby	19	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
C W Budd	19	20	19	17	20	20	19	20	18	19
B F Cole	19	18	18	19	16	17	19	20	19	16
F C Riehl	17	19	16	19	17	17	18	19	17	14
H E Taylor	..	17	19	17	19	20	17	20	20	19
C O Le Compte	20	19	18	17	20	18	19	19	20	19
J Barto	20	18	20	18	18	19	19	18	18	19
D A Hanagan	17	19	19	19	20	19	17	17	14	18
E S Graham	17	19	20	17	18	20	18	19	19	18
C E Binyon	18	18	20	17	19	17	18	19	18	16
D T Holland	16	15	15	16	16	20	15	18	14	19
J A R Elliott	16	17	19	16	19	17	17	17	18	15
W G Hearne	13	20	20	17	20	20	20	18	18	20
Geo Eck	15	20	20	17	20	19	18	19	17	15
J S Young	15	17	17	18	18	20	19	18	17	19
F E Mallory	17	18	18	16	17	18	15	17	16	18
E W Gillespie	18	17	16	17	15	15	17	19	14	17
A J Stauber	20	18	18	18	19	20	20	16	18	17
F Pierstorff	15	19	19	15	16	19	19	19	16	16
J C Ramsey	19	15	19	15	18	18	19	19	16	17
F H Lord	16	17	18	19	16	17	13	18	16	16
A P McDowell	16	16	18	13	20	16	20	19	16	18
Hugh Clark	17	17	19	19	20	17	20	19	17	20
G H Steenburg	16	16	18	18	17	18	17	18	18	15
A H Durston	16	16	18	17	17	19	17	19	19	19
J A Sheldon	18	17	17	20	17	17	17	16	12	18
F Alkire	15	16	20	18	17	20	16	18	19	19
L Squier	17	19	16	17	18	16	18	18	16	16
H H Stevens	19	17	18	18	19	19	20	18	20	18
L B Fleming	18	18	20	18	15	18	18	17	16	18
A B Richardson	16	20	18	20	19	19	19	20	20	20
F M Faurote	17	17	19	18	19	19	20	19	19	19
J W Garrett	20	18	18	20	17	17	19	18	17	17
J M Hawkins	18	18	18	18	19	19	20	20	18	19
E P Lawrence	19	16	17	19	17	20	17	19	18	18
H C Hirschy	20	20	20	20	17	18	20	20	19	19
A W Lord	18	14	16	20	20	20	19	19	17	15
E W Bird	15	18	17	19	16	18	19	19	17	17
N Jackson	18	17	17	18	18	19	18	18	17	16
B O Seymour	15	16	19	18	18	20	20	19	18	19
F Conover	20	18	20	19	19	19	18	20	18	17
Tom Keller	15	16	18	15	18	18	16	16	17	14
John Worden	15	17	18	18	20	16	16	17	18	19
P C Ward	18	15	18	17	20	19	19	13	19	20
Guy Ward	19	19	18	16	18	18	18	19	19	18
Ed Knopf	19	17	19	17	17	17	17	16	16	19
J T Atkinson	20	16	18	19	19	19	19	19	20	19
C B Adams	19	18	19	20	18	20	20	16	19	20
Col Anthony	19	18	16	18	19	19	18	19	19	18
Geo A Lyon	20	19	18	19	18	20	19	17	18	19
C B Clapp	19	18	18	15	19	20	18	18	18	18
F B Cunningham	17	19	20	17	19	20	17	18	17	19
A D Mermod	17	19	17	18	18	20	18	18	19	20
Chris Gottlieb	17	15	20	19	18	20	18	20	18	17
Ed O'Brien	18	19	20	17	20	19	19	19	18	18
N Wise	19	16	19	19	17	20	17	20	19	17
Tom A Marshall	19	16	19	16	19	18	20	18	19	17
Robt Skinner	17	16	17	20	20	18	19	19	19	17
Frank Stanton	17	14	18	18	13	18	17	20	19	17
Ben Scott	17	19	18	16	18	20	16	18	15	18
J Hightower	18	18	19	17	15	18	17	18	17	18
C A Young	19	18	19	20	20	20	18	20	19	20
W Henderson	19	19	19	19	18	20	19	20	20	18
Dave Elliott	16	16	16	15	19	17	19	16	17	14
H N Kirby	15	17	19	17	13	17	16	19	15	17
C C Smith	19	16	20	17	19	19	20	20	18	19
L I Wade	20	16	18	18	20	20	20	20	19	19
H W Cadwallader	17	17	18	19	18	20	19	19	17	16
Walter Huff	16	20	17	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
L Z Lawrence	19	18	20	19	19	19	19	16	20	20
Dick Linderman	19	17	17	17	16	19	16	20	17	16
Dan Bray	19	18	16	19	20	20	19	18	20	19
Wm Veach	20	20	17	19	20	19	15	19	20	19
W T Brooking	19	17	15	17	18	18	18	20	18	19
Capt A H Hardy	17	15	16	18	18	19	18	18	20	19
D A Upson	20	15	19	20	19	20	18	20	17	19
C W Phellis	18	18	20	17	17	17	19	20	19	20
J A Blunt	15	19	18	18	18	17	17	17	17	17
E C Houser	16	15	17	19	18	15	14	18	15	14
J S Fanning	19	20	19	17	20	20	20	19	18	19
R O Heikes	19	19	16	19	20	17	18	16	16	17
J L D Morrison	18	19	18	19	19	19	19	19	20	20
W H Heer	19	18	20	20	20	19	20	20	18	19
R Merrill	19	16	19	18	19	19	18	19	19	15
C M Powers	20	20	19	20	18	20	19	20	19	19
E A White	18	17	19	18	17	19	18	19	17	20
C W Hobbs	17	17	18	19	15	18	14	17	16	18
F D Peltier	19	16	18	18	19	20	17	18	16	20
A S Flinn	19	16	19	19	18	17	20	18	18	17
Chas Dreihs	12	18	18	17	18	18	16	20	19	16
O F Britton	19	20	19	18	17	19	16	13	19	19
T H Parry	18	19	15	16	18	18	19	18	18	18
Ed Voris	20	16	17	18	20	19	17	20	17	..
J W Cooper	13	15	18	14	16	..	..	..	..	..
E H Storr	19	18	19	15	20	20	19	20	19	20
H L Snow	20	18	19	20	17	19	17	18	18	19
C H Dayton	20	17	19	18	18	18	17	19	18	19
E A Randall	17	18	17	19	20	18	15	20	17	16
A J Fisher	17	17	17	13	10	18	14	15	14	18
W B Dayton	13	17	17	19	17	20	16	19	20	18
Neaf Apgar	18	18	20	18	18	17	19	20	18	19
J W Eastbury	18	13	16	18	16	17	18	18	14	18
F M Gooden	19	10	19	15	18	19	16	19	15	16
J C Hudelson	16	16	18	16	18	17	14	18	16	17
F H Moore	11	13	15	11	14	..	..	15	16	..
W C Bower	17	18	17	18	15	19	19	19	18	18
H C McMurchy	20	18	18	15	19	18	19	20	18	19
Ed Coe	18	19	17	17	18	16	20	18	17	19
Ed Brady	18	18	18	19	18	18	18	18	18	20
H Edwards	20	15	17	20	12	14	18	18	18	18
Geo S Lewis	16	17	17	16	17	18	17	18	14	20
F M See	17	19	20	17	17	18	18	18	19	15
E J Snyder	12	13	14	15	16	16	11	16	14	17
Geo A Mosher	17	17	15	19	17	..	17	..	..	..
E D Rike	18	18	15	14	15	18	15	19	20	18
J R Graham	18	19	19	19	18	19	16	18	15	20
O Tosetti	18	12	18	19	18	17	18	19	19	17
Geo Roll	18	18	18	20	18	20	20	18	19	17
Lem Willard	18	14	18	20	18	19	17	18	19	18
W D Stanway	19	18	17	18	20	15	15	20	19	20
L G Scranton	17	19	16	17	14	20	17	20	16	13
A B Cook	16	14	15	14	14	16	17	15	12	11
J T Kelly	18	19	16	18	17	20	17	18	18	18
Fred A Stone	18	17	18	16	16	17	16	20	16	15
Dr E F Gleason	18	19	17	19	20	19	17	18	17	14
Dr Carson	19	16	18	18	20	19	18	18	19	18
R N Burnes	15	17	13	13	17	17	10	15	17	15
J S Boa	18	20	20	20	18	19	19	19	20	18
J W Keefe	19	17	19	20	19	17	16	18	18	19
H M Carr	15	12	17	16	14	14	13	17	15	12
S M Glover	17	17	17	17	17	20	18	..	..	18
H J Borden	19	18	16	20	17	20	18	17	19	18
J H Hutchings	17	18	16	15	17	17	16	16	16	12
M E Morin	16	17	15	17	13	17	18	19	16	16
B E Gregory	18	15	19	17	19	19	16	17	15	16
M Arie	17	20	17	18	19	19	20	19	20	19
A A Bowen	20	20	18	16	19	20	19	18	18	17
J A McKelvy	13	17	12	18	17	18	18	16	16	17
J M Hershey	16	17	16	20	17	16	15	19	17	16
F E Butler	18	15	14	16	18	19	8	12	14	19
O T Lewis	17	17	19	19	18	16	17	17	17	16
Hood Waters	19	15	20	17	16	17	17	18	16	19
E L Haak	17	18	18	18	20	20	18	20	19	17
W H Beecher	14	12	14	15	15	16	17	19	14	16
Ralph Trimble	20	17	19	19	17	18	17	19	19	19
S S Adams	18	13	13	19	19	18	17	18	20	20
B Johnson	19	16	17	18	16	19	18	18	16	18
F A Godcharles	19	18	16	16	18	18	14	16	19	18
Gus Moeller	18	20	16	15	18	19	17	16	17	18
Joe Roher	17	18	19	19	19	19	17	18	19	19
Alex Tolsma	15	14	19	19	18	16	19	19	15	17
W H Clay	17	18	16	18	18	17	16	18	20	18
Wm Akard	18	19	20	20	20	20	20	17	20	18
J S Thomas	18	19	18	18	18	19	18	20	20	20
Geo R Mackey	15	15	16	17	14	17	20	15	17	18
H W Vietmyer	16	14	15	12	16	18	13	16	14	19
D F Fairley	13	15	19	14	16	19	18	16	14	17
W F Booker, Jr	18	17	18	17	18	17	19	16	13	19
W E Horsley	17	14	18	17	18	20	14	17	18	18
T D Riley	15	17	18	16	18	15	14	12	18	15
C A McLouth	17	17	15	18	17	18	19	16	13	17
Burton Call	20	17	16	16	18	17	20	18	18	20
Ed Curry	18	18	16	14	11	15	13	13	14	15
C W Hart	19	18	20	19	19	20	19	20	17	17
Geo Clements	20	18	20	15	16	18	20	19	19	18
J T Loyd	18	18	17	15	18	17	14	19	17	16
C N Olney	18	16	17	17	17	19	14	15	15	16
A M Hatcher	20	16	18	18	18	19	18	16	19	19
R L Peirce	19	19	18	17	15	18	18	19	16	18
H C Watson	17	17	20	19	17	20	18	19	20	20
T S Bibbee	18	19	19	19	17	19	19	19	19	17
R E Loring	18	20	15	17	19	15	20	18	18	18
J H Kramer	18	15	15	16	15	19	18	18	15	17
H Sconce	19	19	19	20	17	19	17	19	20	19
F H Snow	19	19	19	15	18	20	18	19	20	19
W S Hoon	15	19	20	19	20	19	10	20	20	17
R R Barber	18	18	11	19	19	20	19	19	19	20
L W Foley	20	19	20	18	20	18	18	20	19	19
F A Weatherhead	19	18	19	19	19	16	16	18	16	19
F G Fuller	18	17	20	18	18	18	17	18	18	18
H A Snell	16	16	17	14	17	19	15	18	17	19
J H Caldwell	16	16	17	15	16	17	11	14	12	16
W J Manning	18	18	19	19	18	16	19	18	20	19
F O Bisdee	15	16	17	15	15	16	13	17	17	18
D P Moore	16	16	19	14	17	19	18	16	18	16
W Webster	20	19	18	18	19	18	17	16	17	18
A H Hill	18	18	17	17	17	20	15	15	17	16
E W Holding	18	18	17	20	16	19	17	20	19	18
C H Peck	18	20	19	20	19	18	16	18	20	17
Chas Johnston	13	14	18	14	16	18	17	17	14	17
Joe Littler	17	17	17	15	19	19	14	15	18	17
Jos Smiley	18	13	18	18	17	20	11	15	20	18
J J Farren	19	20	19	17	18	17	10	20	20	19
J W Coleman	18	19	20	16	18	16	18	17	20	20
H O Barnman	19	18	19	20	18	18	18	19	18	19
J C Harris	19	16	17	19	19	19	18	16	16	15
F H Merrick	19	14	15	15	17	14	14	19	17	18
Wm Lea	18	17	19	17	17	14	20	18	18	19
E M Cragg	17	18	17	19	19	19	20	17	18	19
Wm McKinley	19	16	18	19	14	13	15	17	11	13
C C Grere	17	12	16	16	17	16	16	16	14	16
J Krache	16	18	16	18	19	17	19	17	15	16
F Miller	16	16	17	18	19	18	17	18	19	18
T E Hubby	19	18	18	19	20	20	19	19	19	16
R J Jackson	13	17	18	16	16	13	17	18	18	18
F T Connelly	18	17	15	16	19	20	15	18	14	17
E F Fosgood	19	17	19	16	18	16	18	18	19	16
R H Connelly	19	17	20	17	18	20	20	20	18	17
W J Spangler	18	17	16	16	20	17	16	19	18	20
J A Crawford	16	13	16	10	15	16	14	14	15	7
H Feidner	17	17	17	15	16	18	18	18	18	16
Arthur Lyon	18	18	18	18	19	16	17	17	17	17
J D McConnell	18	19	19	14	19	20	20	17	15	20
Geo Maxwell	19	20	20	18	19	19	20	19	15	20
C A Mullen	15	16	18	15	19	20	20	17	16	15
M J Weber	19	18	16	18	18	18	17	15	17	19
D L Humpfer	19	14	18	17	15	19	17	19	16	19
J D Greene	15	18	19	18	17	19	17	16	19	20
R P Johnson	17	20	17	15	19	20	20	19	16	20
Al Willerding	19	19	19	16	18	20	20	16	17	19
L Moine	16	14	14	14	15	19	16	17	18	18
H O Horn	15	18	14	16	16	18	17	13	16	19
C M Peters	19	16	15	15	19	17	17	16	16	17
C R Stevens	15	16

Kit Shepherdson	17	18	19	20	19	19	16	17	14	19
Geo Premo	17	17	18	18	18	17	19	18	16	17
W H McGee	15	18	19	19	19	20	18	16	18	19
Max Hensler	19	18	17	12	18	18	17	18	15	15
R S Rhoades	18	18	18	20	20	20	16	16	19	18
Joe Michaels	16	15	16	17	16	13	20	17	17	15
Frank Pragoff	17	16	19	16	17	16	16	17	16	16
John Brook	16	12	14	14	15	14	14	12	13	13
F T Sherwood	16	15	16	13	17	17	16	12	13	16
H Dunnill	15	16	20	18	19	18	20	19	16	18
F D Kelsey	19	20	19	20	19	20	19	19	19	18
B Dunnill	18	19	18	20	19	18	17	19	14	17
W D Townsend	17	19	17	17	18	19	19	16	17	19
C Thorpe	18	18	19	19	16	17	15	20	16	17
A W Kirby	16	13	18	15	15	19	12	16	15	16
C W Venable	17	17	19	18	18	18	19	18	20	18
E Watkins	19	19	17	17	17	19	19	19	16	19

June 28, Second Day.

The programme of the second day provided two trophy contests, the Preliminary Handicap and the State team event.

The Preliminary Handicap was at 100 targets, unknown angles, $7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns; $100 added. The handieaps were the same awarded in the Grand American Handicap. In addition to first money, the winner received a trophy, value $50, that amount being deducted from the net purse to purchase same. The number of moneys was determined by the number of entries.

The State team event was for amateurs only. Each team consisted of five contestants, bona fide residents of the same State. One hundred targets per man, 500 targets per team; $35 entrance per team; targets included; no handicaps; high guns. The number of moneys was governed by the number of entries. In addition to first money, the members of the winning team each received a trophy presented by the Interstate Association. No penalty entries were accepted.

The left-over programme of yesterday was completed to-day.

Owing to the great number of entries and the crowding of the programme from yesterday's postponed events, the Preliminary Handicap started later in the afternoon, and was completed only to the sixtieth round. Each contestant, therefore, had forty more targets of the Preliminary Handicap to shoot at on the following day. An event of the day was the dusting of the 213th target, which ended a run of 212.

The weather was delightful—clear, comfortable, with gentle breezes.

The Preliminary Handicap was won by Mr. R. R. Barber, of Paullina, Iowa, a newcomer in the Grand American Handicap, and a shooter of rare skill. He broke 98 out of 100 from the 16-yard mark, for which, by way of popular approval and appreciation, he received hearty applause from all present. Messrs. Wm. Veach, of Falls City, Neb., and K. P. Johnson, of Kenton, O., were second with 97. Messrs. C. M. Powers, J. L. D. Morrison, St. Paul; C. O. LeCompte, Eminence, Ky.; S. Young, Chicago, and Ed. Rike, Dayton, broke 96 each.

The division of the purse in the Preliminary Handicap, was as follows:

The 98—R. R. Barber, received $159.

The 97's—Wm. Veach and K. P. Johnson, received each $135.

The 96's—C. M. Powers, J. L. D. Morrison, C. O. LeCompte, J. S. Young and E. D. Rike, received each $79.50.

The 95's—H. C. Hirschy, G. E. Painter, E. O'Brien, A. B. Richardson, F. D. Kelsey, F. A. Weatherhead, G. L. Lyon, L. G. Scranton, B. T. Cole and R. H. Concrly, received each $25.40.

The 94's—J. W. Garrett, J. S. Boa, H. W. Cadwallader, L. Foley, A. J. Stauber, H. C. Watson, Dan Bray, Mark Arie, E. F. Gleason, J. L. Orr, Frank Foltz and J. S. Thomas, received each $15.90.

The 93's—M. E. Atchinson, Ben Scott, O. F. Britton, A. H. Durston, J. J. Faran, J. A. Flick, H. L. Stumpfler, F. L. Pierstorff, W. Henderson and G. J. Roll, received each $15.90.

The 92's—W. R. Crosby, F. Alkire, L. B. Fleming, J. B. Barto, Burton Call, K. C. Shepardson, D. Linderman, H. O. Burnham, C. B. Clapp, W. S. Hoon, G. Maxwell, B. O. Seymour, A. A. Brown, Eugene Dupont, F. M. Dooden, Chris. Gotlieb and C. A. Young, received each $8.30.

In this event there were 307 contestants. The scores:

Preliminary Handicap.

	Hdc.	Total.		Hdc.	Total.
W R Crosby	22	92	J T Skelly	17	91
F Gilbert	22	91	Fred A Stone	17	80
W H Heer	21	89	J A Sheldon	17	90
C M Powers	21	96	F J Sowle	17	70
C A Young	21	92	H L Snow	17	83
J A R Elliott	20	87	B O Seymour	17	92
F M Faurote	20	91	L G Scranton	17	95
Jno W Garrett	20	94	E H Tripp	17	85
J S Fanning	20	90	C Thorpe	17	w.
Sim Glover	20	88	J D McConnell	17	87
H C Hirschy	20	95	Ed Voris	17	w.
R O Heikes	20	89	H W Veitmyer	17	68
J M Hughes	20	87	E G White	17	89
J M Hawkins	20	81	F Praghoff	17	81
Walter Huff	20	86	A A Wineburg	17	w.
H Money	20	85	C W Hart	17	91
J L D Morrison	20	96	J S Young	17	96
H Sconce	20	88	J A Prechtel	17	90
J T Atkinson	19	91	C M Peters	17	85
C B Adams	19	86	Wm Lee	17	78
C W Budd	19	88	Geo E Bartlett	17	89
J S Boa	19	94	E T Haak	17	91
H J Borden	19	87	Ed Rike	17	96
H Dunnill	19	89	C H Miller	17	w.
J R Graham	19	90	W C Bower	16	89
A M Hatcher	19	83	Jno Burmeister	16	84
T E Hubby	19	w.	C P Blinn	16	71
C O LeCompte	19	96	F E Butler	16	72
H McMurchy	19	89	D M Swishart	16	78
G E Painter	19	95	Geo Schwartzkopf	16	90
R L Pierce	19	85	W T Booking	16	86
Stanley Rhoades	19	90	A Olsen	16	90
W D Stannard	19	89	F O Bisbee	16	82
H G Taylor	19	91	R R Barber	16	98
D A Upson	19	90	A A Bowen	16	92
L I Wade	19	90	J A Blunt	16	87
F M See	19	87	E W Bird	16	86
Ed O'Brien	19	95	Will Brown	16	87
Frank Alkire	18	92	R W Burns	16	71
Luther Squire	18	w.	H A Comstock	16	87
H H Stevens	18	89	J H Kramer	16	85
L B Fleming	18	92	H M Carr	16	w.
A B Richardson	18	95	O T Lewis	16	87
Ed Brady	18	89	J H Caldwell	16	83
E Brown	18	80	A B Cook	16	69
Joe Barto	18	92	Geo Clements	16	87
Hugh Clark	18	88	Jno W Coleman	16	88
A C Conner	18	89	B T Cole	16	95
W H Clay	18	89	J A Crawford	16	77
F B Cunningham	18	84	Ed. Curry	16	75
Burton Call	18	92	R H Connerly	16	95
H W Cadwallader	18	94	F T Connerly	16	90
J F Calhoun	18	79	A H Durston	16	93
B Dunnill	18	89	C F Dreihs	16	84
E F Fasgood	18	84	E DuPont	16	92
Dave Elliott	18	81	E E DuPont	16	88
Mark Anderson	18	91	A F DuPont	16	82
O A Felger	18	87	Victor DuPont, Jr.	16	78
A W Kirby	18	84	V DuPont, III	16	74
A H King	18	86	J G Ewing	16	80
F D Kelsey	18	95	F C Tuttle	16	80
R Klinc	18	88	W E Keplinger	16	76
Alex Mermod	18	84	W I Spangler	16	90
T A Marshall	18	91	D J Warner	16	89
R Merrill	18	90	H T Edwards	16	90
A P McDowell	18	78	M J Weber	16	87
Col Anthony	18	89	R J Jackson	16	w.
F C Riehl	18	90	M L Stith	16	w.
Geo Roll	18	93	Frank Foltz	16	94
Neaf Apgar	18	85	J J Farron	16	93
L Foley	18	94	C W Venable	16	90
M E Atchison	18	93	Jno A Flick	16	93
E H Stow	18	89	B F Failey	16	w.
F H Snow	18	90	A P Smith	16	90
A J Stauber	18	94	Chas Stephens	16	83
L B Lawrence	18	91	C N Otney	16	w.
Kit Shepardson	18	92	D P Moore	16	93
Ralph Trimble	18	91	F A Godcharles	16	88
Alex Tolsma	18	88	J D Greene	16	85
W D Townsend	18	w.	W E Morin	16	87
Geo Volk	18	85	E N Gillespie	16	85
Wm Veach	18	97	F M Gooden	16	92
Al Willerding	18	88	H A Galt	16	87
Hood Waters	18	89	E N Gragg	16	89
Lem Willard	18	89	Wm Horsley	16	86
H C Watson	18	94	J L Hampfer	16	93
P C Ward	18	86	D J Holland	16	91
Ben Scott	18	93	H O Horn	16	89
Dick Linderman	18	92	D A Hanagan	16	85
F A Weatherhead	18	95	I C Harris	16	91
Dan Bray	18	94	J M Hershy	16	w.
Mark Airy	17	94	J C Hudleson	16	86
Wm. Akard	17	91	W F Booker	16	w.
Guy Burnside	17	89	C C Gere	16	77
Dr. O. F. Britton	17	93	S S Adams	16	82
C E Binyon	17	w.	Ed G Knopf	16	86
H O Burnham	17	92	T N Jackson	16	82
R R Bennett	17	86	Joe Krach	16	82
H W Gleffer	17	85	E P Lawrence	16	90
Dr Carson	17	83	H V Lee	16	74
J W Pontefract	17	76	A W Loud	16	91
E B Coe	17	84	R E Loring	16	83
J H Hutchings	17	w.	Geo. Premo	16	89
G H Darton	17	87	Neil Layman	16	85
W B Darton	17	88	Geo A Mosher	16	81
W H Beecher	17	79	W L Stroughton	16	75
Geo Eck	17	83	F W Markman	16	89
F A Fuller	17	89	Geo Miller	16	88
Austin Flinn	17	88	L Moine	16	90
Dr C B Clapp	17	92	C A Mullen	16	88
Dr Gleason	17	94	T S Bibbee	16	88
D D Gross	17	88	J W Keefel	16	83
E S Graham	17	88	W J Manning	16	87
W S Hoon	17	92	Frank Stanton	16	88
W G Hearne	17	91	Bert S Malone	16	w.
J W Hightower	17	88	F H Merrick	16	88
Max Hensler	17	w.	J A McKelvy	16	86
H H Jeffers	17	w.	M R McKinnon	16	83
K P Johnson	17	97	J M Speary	16	82
W B Jarvis	17	86	B F McDaniel	16	84
H M Kirby	17	78	W A McDaniel	16	67
F H Lord	17	86	R S McMillan	16	76
T Latham	17	82	John Noel	16	87
J T Lloyd	17	78	J T Park	16	90
Geo O Lewis	17	85	F D Pelter	16	90
Geo L Lyon	17	95	F Pierstorff	16	93
A Lyon	17	78	H R Patterson	16	87
F E Mallory	17	90	C W Hobbie	16	84
Geo K Mackie	17	85	J C Ramsey	16	85
R R Skinner	17	79	J A Sell	16	83
F Miller	17	80	H Fendner	16	85
Geo Maxwell	17	92	G H Steenburg	16	86
C S Magill	17	81	A G Fisher	16	74
W H McGee	17	w.	A Hill	16	84
C A McLouth	17	90	H Stroh	16	77
E E Neal	17	85	F T Sherwood	16	82
J L Orr	17	94	Geo Smith	16	73
T H Parry	17	88	C C Smith	16	85
W R Clark	17	..	Tom Keller	16	82
C H Peck	17	80	A C Spencer	16	81
C W Phellis	17	90	H L Sinnott	16	90
B Johnson	17	88	E B Shogren	16	78
E A Ramsdall	17	91	H A Snell	16	87
T D Riley	17	74	A W Switzer	16	86
L H Reed	17	90	W Webster	16	87
Joe Roher	17	88	O L Tosetti	16	77
Guy Ward	16	88	E D Shaffer	16	83
A Wilson	16	89	W A. Wildhack	16	88
J S Thomas	16	94	N Wise	16	87
E J Snyder	16	89	E P Gallup	18	63
O B Powell	15	88	E D Holding	18	90
Jno Worden	15	86	A H Hardy	18	87
C T Keck	15	70	Chas. Gottlieb	18	92
B B Maust	15	87	W Henderson	18	93

The State Team Event.

Seventeen teams entered the State team contest. Five were from Illinois, three from Pennsylvania, two from Indiana and Ohio respectively, and one each from Maine, Missouri, Iowa, Colorado, Michigan and Nebraska.

The competition narrowed down to a contest between the Ohio and Illinois teams, which were quite evenly matched, and which smashed targets in expert form. Ohio won out by one target, with a score of 474 nearly a 95 per cent. performance.

The members of the Ohio team were Messrs. Orr, Rhoades, Upson, Snow and Alkire.

The members of the Illinois team were Messrs. Graham, Willard, Dunnell, Sconce and Powers. Messrs Sconce and Snow were high men on their respective teams with 97. This event was started about mid-day.

This contest evoked keen interest and warm competition. There is no doubt but what next year will bring forth a large entry to compete in it. For a first contest of this kind as an Interstate Association event, it was a pleasing success. It is a noticable fact that in the team contest many of the members fell far below the usual individual averages. The scores:

State team shoot:

Illinois No. 1.					
J R Graham	19	20	18	19	20—96
Lem Willard	16	17	20	17	19—89
H Dunnell	20	19	20	19	17—95
H Sconce	20	19	19	20	19—97
C M Powers	19	19	20	19	19—96—473
Maine.					
H L Snow	20	18	20	13	18—89
G H Darton	18	16	14	16	19—83
E A Randall	20	18	19	18	15—90
A G Fisher	17	16	15	12	12—72
W B Darton	18	16	20	17	19—90—424
Illinois No. 2.					
Geo Eck	19	14	15	18	13—79
O L Tosetti	20	15	19	19	15—88
D A Hanagan	16	17	17	19	17—86
Dr C Carson	19	18	17	18	20—92
E S Graham	19	16	18	19	19—91—436
Pennsylvania No. 2.					
F A Godcharles	16	17	18	18	17—86
R R Bennett	17	19	20	18	14—88
J W Pontefract	17	15	17	15	15—79
W Bowers	19	17	17	18	18—89
H W Gleffer	20	16	19	16	15—86—428
Indiana.					
Hugh Clark	19	15	19	19	19—91
Mark Anderson	20	17	20	20	19—96
E E Neal	18	16	16	12	18—80
K C Shepherdson	16	18	19	17	16—86
Ed Voris	18	17	17	17	14—83—436
Ohio.					
J Orr	20	20	19	19	18—96
Stanley Rhoades	20	17	20	18	18—93
D A Upson	20	18	19	20	18—95
F H Snow	20	20	20	19	18—97
F D Alkire	18	18	19	20	18—93—474
Chicago.					
C Binyon	18	20	18	18	18—92
J Young	19	18	18	18	16—89
J Barto	20	19	20	17	18—94
Geo Roll	18	19	19	20	18—94
B Dunnill	18	17	20	16	18—89—458
N. C. R., Ohio.					
E D Rike	17	16	19	18	18—88
H A Galt	15	12	16	9	13—65
W I Spangler	18	17	18	17	18—88
E Watkins	19	19	18	19	18—93
K P Johnson	16	14	17	18	18—86—420
Missouri.					
Alex Mermod	18	18	19	18	18—91
Dr C B Clapp	19	19	20	13	18—89
Wm A Kard	20	17	19	19	19—94
J S Thomas	19	16	20	18	19—92
W H McGee	19	17	17	18	19—90—456
Iowa.					
R Kein	20	18	20	17	20—95
F A Weatherhead	20	20	20	18	18—96
L Foley	20	20	19	17	15—91
W S Hoon	20	18	20	18	19—95
R R Barber	19	19	19	18	19—94—471
Illinois No. 3.					
A C Conner	17	14	18	19	20—88
M Airy	19	20	18	19	20—96
C W Venable	19	19	15	16	19—88
Wm McKinley	15	15	19	14	15—78
A P Smith	19	16	19	16	19—89—439
Pennsylania No. 1.					
A H King	19	19	20	20	15—93
G E Painter	19	15	19	18	20—91
J T Atkinson	18	20	20	18	20—96
L B Fleming	19	17	18	16	19—89
J F Calhoun	18	12	15	17	14—76—445
Colorado.					
J C Hudleson	17	15	17	15	15—79
Joe Roher	20	19	17	17	19—92
Jno W Garrett	20	19	19	19	19—96
F M Gooden	17	16	18	14	18—83
J D Sheldon	19	18	15	16	19—87—437
Indianapolis of Indiana.					
O F Britton	19	17	17	18	19—90
T H Parry	20	19	18	20	19—96
C H Peck	20	17	19	20	17—93
Joe Michaelis	18	14	19	14	17—82
E H Tripp	19	17	17	19	16—88—449
Michigan.					
Ben Scott	18	16	17	18	19—88
O Felger	20	19	18	17	15—89
W F Jarvis	18	16	18	16	18—86
Frank Peltier	19	17	19	19	16—90
A Tolsma	18	17	14	13	15—77—430
Illinois No. 4.					
M McKinnon	17	19	15	16	16—83
Chas Johnson	17	13	17	15	14—76
Chas Barriball	18	16	15	13	14—76
I Gardner	20	18	19	13	20—90
C Bellman	14	17	17	13	18—79—404
Nebraska.					
D Bray	19	17	20	17	17—90
Dick Linderman	20	18	17	19	19—93
Wm Veach	20	17	19	19	17—92
W D Townsend	20	18	18	15	20—91
A Olsen	20	17	18	19	19—93—459

The Grand American Handicap.

June 29, Third Day.

The weather again was warm and pleasant.

A few squads had not finished their G. A. H. competition on Thursday, so that a small part of the G. A. H. was carried over to Friday morning.

The great event of the tournament, and also the great event of America in the matter of trapshooting competition, was the programme event of to-day. The conditions were: Open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles; $10 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns, $200 added. The division of the moneys was based on two places for each ten entries or fraction thereof up to 250 entries and over, which number was allowed fifty moneys, divided as follows: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 per cent; eight more received 2 per cent., and thirty-six more received 1 per cent, thus covering the fifty places.

Regular entries were made on or before June 17. Penalty entries were $15, and could be made up to 5 o'clock of June 28.

The Grand American Handicap this year was won without a tie, and thus, in a way, was devoid of the spectacular finish of last year between Messrs. R. H. Guptill, of Aitkin, Minn., and W. M. Randall, of Telluride, Colo. But on the other hand, the scores were higher. Last year's winning score was beaten by several of this year's contestants.

The judgment of the tournament committee placed the seasoned leaders, Messrs. W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert, at the back mark, 22yds., and this was a manifestation of the official as well as personal judgment in which they are held as superior masters of the shotgun. Three were on the 21yd. mark, namely, Messrs. W. H. Heer, C. M. Powers and C. A. Young. Thirteen were on the 20yd. mark. Twenty were on the 19yd. mark, and sixty-two at the 18yd. mark. There were 335 contestants.

Mr. R. R. Barber, winner of the Preliminary Handicap, was winner of the Grand American Handicap. He made the excellent score of 99, a record-breaker in this event. At the end of the 80th round, Mr. Burton Call of Montpelier, O., had 79, and by breaking his remaining 20 straight, he could have tied the winner. But the breaking of 20 straight in the great event is a rare feat, and not even the most expert has any assurance of accomplishing it. Mr. Barber received $319.50.

Four tied on 98, thereby demonstrating that the winner was in hot competition. The 98s were Messrs. Russell M. Klein, W. Akard, B. Cole and T. S. Bibbee. They received $239.60 each.

The 97s, F. Alkire, A. B. Richardson, Al Willerding, Mark Arie, W. G. Hearne, J. A. Flick and Ben Scott, received each $91.30.

The 96s, M. Anderson, J. S. Boa, G. E. Painter, H. G. Taylor, L. I. Wade, F. H. Snow, A. J. Stauber, George Volk, Wm Veach, C. W. Hart, J. W. Hightower, Geo. Maxwell, E. G. White, F. E. Foltz, J. D. Greene, H. A. Galt, E. N. Gragg, J. T. Park, E. Schwartzkopf, Burton Call and J. B. McCrory, received each $35.10.

The 95s, H. C. Hirschy, J. L. D. Morrison, H. McMurchy, L. Foley, H. C. Watson, E. E. Dupont, Bert Gephart, F. L. Pierstorff, J. S. Thomas, A. Olesen, Geo. Premo, J. S. Fanning, E. W. Holding and W. Henderson, received each $31.95.

The 94s, W. R. Crosby, R. O. Heikes, J. B. Barto, M. E. Atchison, L. Z. Lawrence, H. O. Burnham, Geo. Eck, D. D. Gross, W. S. Hoon, K. P. Johnson, Joe Michaelis, C. W. Phellis, Joe Rohrer, J. T. Skelly, H. L. Snow, B. O. Seymour, L. G. Scranton, J. A. Prechtel, W. C. Bower, Eugene Dupont, J. W. Eastburne, C. C. Smith, F. A. Weatherhead, Guy Ward, Andrew Meaders and J. S. Young, received each $3.80.

Thus the 94s were in the money to a slight degree, while the 93s were not in the money at all. And yet it is but a few years since 93 was considered an excellent performance.

In view of the great progress which has been made in recent years in target shooting, the general activity in it throughout the United States, and the large number of trapshooters who can score 90 per cent. or better to a certainty under average conditions, we venture to make some suggestions to the Interstate Association concerning the situation. The success of the Interstate target tournament programme is proof that it was admirably devised. From their first target tournament till the present time, there has been no particular need of a change; but there are so many shooters now who can score nearly or quite 100 per cent., a special event for that class would undoubtedly be a great attraction to the programme. It should be as different from the G. A. Handicap event as possible, and should be arranged to try out thoroughly the experts in the competition. We would suggest 150 targets per man, 18yds. rise, all at scratch, high guns, use of both barrels. Since some States have abolished live-bird shooting at the traps, and in others it is waning, trapshooters have had no opportunity at the traps to use both barrels. Their use at 18yds. would permit the shooter to utilize the full capacity of his gun to the extent of two shots as in live-bird shooting. At present, tournaments do not permit the use of but one barrel. The champion shot is thus cut out of one-half of his gun use, and hampered in his display of skill. It would enlarge the competitive field and introduce a contest among the giants of the tournaments. It also would utilize the shotgun to its full capacity.

To give such an event proper dignity as a championship event, only those trapshooters who have shown superior skill should be eligible. For instance, only those who had won a high average at an open tournament in the eighteen months prior to the Grand American Handicap, and were in the money in that event, in any year, should be eligible. With fifty or more winners in the G. A. H. this year, and the high average winners through past months, there was quite enough material to insure the success of a championship this year, on the lines suggested. With the conditions so radically different from the G. A. H., a championship contest would not mar or conflict with that event in the least. It would determine which are really the best shots, a matter which is now indeterminate under present conditions.

As the G. A. H. programme is now constituted, it could not be added to it; for Mr. Shaner is taxed to the utmost, even with his rare skill and energy, to carry it through from start to finish. But it could be substituted for the Consolation Handicap, an event which was of use when the programme was first devised, but which is now redundant, which is the stake of least interest, and which is insignificant in value when compared to a genuine championship tryout on the lines herein suggested.

Aside from the friendly yet earnest competition for first honors in the G. A. H., the sensational feature was the presentation of the cups. This was the climax to the long and chivalrous struggle for victory. The presentation covered a broader scope than in prior years, for there was the State competition, which had a trophy significance, an event which was the first of its kind in the Interstate programme. There also was the novel presentation of two cups to one contestant, the winner of the Preliminary Handicap and the G. A. H., Mr. R. R. Barber, of Paullina, Iowa.

Shortly after midday on Friday, in front of the club house, with a large and appreciative audience of ladies and gentlemen keenly interested in the ceremony, Mr. Irby Bennett, president of the Interstate Association, made the presentation address. He pos-

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: **U. S. Cartridges excelled all others**

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sesses oratorical powers of a high degree, and held his audience from start to finish. He touched briefly on the great work and high purposes of the Interstate Association, the progress it had made, the great assistance rendered by the Indianapolis Gun Club members as individuals and as a club, and for which he tendered thanks in behalf of the Association, and the appreciative manner in which the event had been adorned by the presence of so many gentlemen and beautiful ladies. He called attention to the excellence of the competition, in which the records of all prior G. A. H. scores and entries had been broken; the praiseworthy team competition and the phenomenal achievement of Mr. R. R. Barber in winning a double victory, the Introductory Handicap and the G. A. H.; and the gentlemantly class of shooters who made the greatest of tournaments possible. No salient point was left untouched, yet each point was treated briefly and clearly and graciously. The team trophies were presented first. Mr. Barber, who is as retired and modest in private as he is redoubtable in competition, felt somewhat overwhelmed by so much public honor. He was called upon for a speech, but Mr. Bennett explained that only by the most assiduous attention to the competition could the Consolation event be finished, therefore it was essential that the ceremony be made as brief as possible. Mr. Bennett's speech was accorded hearty applause. Mr. William Armstrong thereupon mounted the box which served as a rostrum, and in behalf of the Indianapolis Gun Club, of which he is an officer, he thanked the shooters for their generous support of the great tournament, the Interstate Association for their magnificent work, and concluded with some words of just praise bestowed on Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the manager, and called for three cheers for him, which were heartily given. In the brief time that Mr. Armstrong was speaking, he demonstrated that he is a vigorous and tactful orator.

After the cheers had subsided somewhat, there were earnest calls for "Shaner" and "speech." Mr. Shaner quickly responded by thanking them for the honor, and explaining that the exigencies of the competition were pressing at that moment to such a degree that time for a speech was not to be spared, and that in behalf of the Interstate Association he was present to show how a tournament should be run, and would have to proceed accordingly, which evoked more hearty cheers. The whole incident displayed the genuine good fellowship accorded the winners, the workers and the two managements, the Interstate Association and the Indianapolis Club.

As a whole, the handicaps as awarded by the committee, Messrs. E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis, Ind., Chairman; Lem. Willard, Chicago, Ill.; F. E. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va., P. C. Ward, Walnut Log, Tenn; Frank Alkire, Williamsport, O., were accepted as good; but there was a few individual exceptions to this acceptance, as there always has been and probably always will be.

Of those who demurred, their greatest objection was against the handicap allotted the winner, Mr. Barber, whose distance was 16yds. However, it should be borne in mind that no handicap committee can know the ability of all the shooters in the United States. Even if they knew all of them, they would not consider that a shooter, however good in private or ordinary competition in public, if not seasoned by campaigning, could perform near the maximum in the G. A. H. A glance at the scores will show that numerous other shooters of known excellence were on the 16yd. mark, and, had any one of them won, there is no doubt but what the same kind of criticism would have been uttered. Some one must win, and in a handicap whose scope takes in America, the one is quite likely to be "a dark horse." All the "dark horses" do not win, but each year brings out such a formidable aggregation of them that they are not a negligible quantity in the competition.

The records of the G. A. H. show, however, that the well-known experts are too heavily handicapped. With the continually growing odds due to the greater number of entries, the generally higher average of the scores, and the general increase in public knowledge concerning all the technical points of the competition, 22yds. is too far back for any shooter to stand and compete against the skill and odds of the present day, even if such back marksmen are the invincible Crosby and Gilbert.

The competition, in the matter of skill, was marvelous in its excellence. The targets were thrown a full 50yds. and perhaps a bit more. Ninety per cent. and over was quite the rule, though the poor ninety per cent. man now is in need of the tearful plea for protection from the 100 per cent. man, that the 80 per cent. man so feelingly uttered in his own behalf not many months ago.

A distinct feature of wonderful skill was that exhibited by Messrs. G. W. Maxwell, of Holstein, Neb., and J. A. Flick, of Ravenna, O., each of whom are one-armed shooters. The former scored 96, the latter 97. Their performances would seem to indicate that an extra arm is superfluous.

Mr. Barber, the winner, used Winchester shells, Dupont powder and a Lefever gun.

The beautiful Fred A. Stone Scarecrow cup, donated by Fred A. Stone, of the "Wizard of Oz Company," was won by Mr. W. G. Hearne, representing the Marlin Fire Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn. It was for the best professional score in the G. A. H. It is a massive, valuable cup, beautifully designed. Mr. Hearne has been in the professional class only a few months, and in that time has come rapidly to the front in competition. The cup was publicly awarded at the club house on Thursday evening, by Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Hearne received hearty and unanimous congratulations. The scores:

	Yards Rise.	1st 20	2d 20	3d 20	4th 20	5th 20	Total.
W R Crosby	22	17	19	20	19	19	94
Fred Gilbert	22	18	17	20	19	17	91
W H Heer	21	18	18	19	19	18	92
C M Powers	21	18	16	20	20	19	93
C A Young	21	19	17	19	18	19	92
J A R Elliott	20	17	17	18	17	17	86
F M Faurote	20	20	18	17	19	17	91
J S Fanning	20	19	19	18	20	19	95
John W Garrett	20	18	17	19	18	19	91
Sim Glover	20	19	18	19	17	17	90
H C Hirschy	20	20	19	19	17	20	95
R O Heikes	20	20	20	20	18	16	94
J M Hughes	20	17	18	18	15	10	78
J M Hawkins	20	14	19	20	19	20	92
Walter Huff	20	19	19	18	17	18	91
Harold Money	20	16	18	19	17	14	84
J L D Morrison	20	19	18	20	18	20	95
H J Sconce	20	19	19	19	17	19	93
Ed O'Brien	19	20	17	20	18	18	93
F M See	19	15	17	18	15	16	81
J T Atkinson	19	19	19	17	18	17	90
C B Adams	19	19	18	18	18	18	91
C W Budd	19	17	16	20	17	19	89
John S Boa	19	19	20	20	19	18	96
H J Borden	19	14	17	17	17	18	83
H Dunnell	19	17	19	18	18	17	89
J R Graham	19	16	17	13	18	19	83
A M Hatcher	19	16	19	19	16	17	87
T E Hubby	19	w					
C O Le Compte	19	17	19	19	17	18	90
H McMurchy	19	20	19	17	19	20	95
G E Painter	19	20	18	20	18	20	96
R L Peirce	19	18	17	18	17	19	89
R S Rhoades	19	18	18	18	19	18	91
W D Stannard	19	16	17	19	19	20	91
H G Taylor	19	19	20	18	20	19	96
D A Upson	19	20	18	20	17	17	92
L S Wade	19	19	19	20	19	19	96
D Linderman	18	19	18	19	16	19	91
Dan Bray	18	17	19	19	18	18	91
Frank Alkire	18	17	20	20	20	20	97
L J Squier	18	17	15	w			
H H Stevens	18	17	20	17	20	19	93
L B Fleming	18	18	17	20	19	19	93
A B Richardson	18	19	19	20	19	20	97
Ed Brady	18	19	17	17	20	18	91
Everett Brown	18	16	17	19	17	15	84
J B Barto	18	19	20	18	18	19	94
H M Clark	18	17	19	20	17	20	93
A C Conner	18	19	16	19	13	..	
W H Clay	18	20	20	18	18	17	93
F B Cunningham	18	17	16	18	16	18	85
Burton Call	18	20	20	19	20	17	96
H W Cadwallader	18	19	17	20	17	17	90
J F Calhoun	18	19	19	19	16	20	93
B Dunnill	18	18	20	18	18	18	92
Fred Erbe, Jr	18	15	19	16	19	w	
Dave Elliott	18	17	17	20	19	17	90
Mark Anderson	18	18	19	20	20	19	96
O A Felger	18	17	16	18	17	20	88
Chris Gottlieb	18	15	19	16	19	17	86
E P Gallup	18	18	18	17	20	18	91
E W Holding	18	17	19	19	20	20	95
A H Hardy	18	19	19	18	19	17	92
W Henderson	18	20	19	18	19	19	95
A W Kirby	18	18	18	20	17	20	93
A H King	18	17	19	18	17	15	86
F D Kelsey	18	19	18	18	19	18	92
R M Klein	18	20	19	20	20	19	98
T A Marshall	18	14	18	19	18	18	87
A D Mermod	18	17	18	19	19	19	92
R Merriil	18	17	20	19	19	18	93
A P McDowell	18	17	19	20	17	17	90
J T Anthony	18	18	18	19	18	18	91
F C Riehl	18	16	17	20	19	15	87
Geo. J Roll	18	18	18	19	19	19	93
Neaf Apgar	18	18	19	19	17	20	93
L Foley	18	20	20	19	18	18	95
M E Atchison	18	18	19	20	17	20	94
E H Storr	18	17	18	18	18	15	86
F H Snow	18	20	20	19	19	18	96
A J Stauber	18	19	18	20	20	19	96
C B Spicer	18	9	16	14	17	11	67
K C Shepcrdson	18	18	17	20	18	14	87
R L Trimble	18	19	19	17	17	18	90
A D Tolsma	18	w	16	17	18	w	
W D Townsend	18	17	19	18	17	17	88
G Volk	18	20	20	20	17	19	96
Wm Veach	18	18	19	20	19	20	96
Al Willerding	18	19	19	20	19	20	97
Hood Waters	18	19	19	18	18	19	93
Lem Willard	18	19	17	20	16	20	92
H C Watson	18	18	20	18	20	19	95
P C Ward	18	18	20	20	17	18	93
L Z Lawrence	18	20	18	17	19	20	94
Mark Airie	17	20	18	20	19	20	97
Wm A Akard	17	20	20	19	20	19	98
Geo A Bartlett	17	18	18	20	19	17	92
Guy Burnside	17	18	16	18	16	17	85
O F Britton	17	18	17	20	18	19	92
C E Binyon	17	18	16	19	20	19	92
H O Burnham	17	19	19	18	20	18	94
R R Bennett	17	16	18	18	18	18	84
H N Gleffer	17	15	19	19	13	11	74
C W Carson	17	14	19	16	18	15	82
J W Pontefract	17	16	16	18	16	17	83
E B Coe	17	19	18	19	17	16	89
C W Hart	17	19	20	19	18	20	96
Geo H Darton	17	19	18	19	16	18	90
W B Darton	17	18	15	20	20	19	92
E C Dickman	17	20	17	20	15	19	91
Gec Eck	17	19	18	18	20	19	94
F G Fuller	17	20	17	19	17	19	92
A S Flinn	17	18	14	19	16	17	84
C B Clapp	17	19	19	18	20	15	91
E F Gleason	17	19	18	19	17	17	90
D D Gross	17	17	20	19	18	20	94
E S Graham	17	16	18	17	16	18	85
W S Hoon	17	19	17	20	19	19	94
W G Hearne	17	20	19	20	19	19	97
J W Hightower	17	19	18	19	20	20	96
M E Hensler	17	w	16	19	15	w	
H H Jeffers	17	w	16	15	w		
K P Johnson	17	18	20	18	18	20	94
W B Jarvis	17	16	15	18	15	15	79
H N Kirby	17	17	19	20	18	17	91
F H Lord	17	18	18	15	17	18	88
T W Latham	17	17	16	20	19	18	90
J T Lloyd	17	19	17	18	17	19	90
G S Lewis	17	18	20	18	19	18	93
G L Lyon	17	20	18	17	19	18	92
Arthur Lyon	17	19	15	18	19	17	88
F E Mallory	17	18	16	20	19	18	91
G K Mackie	17	15	16	19	18	18	86
Joe Michaellis	17	18	20	20	17	19	94
Frank Miller	17	19	17	17	17	17	87
G W Maxwell	17	20	20	19	19	18	96
C S Magill	17	18	16	18	14	15	81
W H McGee	17	20	16	17	19	18	90
C A McLouth	17	19	18	18	17	16	88
E E Neal	17	20	18	15	18	17	88
Jesse Orr	17	18	16	18	20	19	91
F H Parry	17	15	19	16	18	20	88
W R Clark	17	20	19	18	19	15	91
C H Peck	17	16	19	18	14	17	84
C W Phellis	17	18	19	19	18	20	94
H L Robinson	17	18	15	16	18	17	84
E A Randall	17	19	16	19	20	17	91
T D Riley	17	13	20	17	15	14	79
B Johnson	17	17	16	19	17	19	88
Joe Roher	17	19	17	20	19	19	94
J T Skelly	17	18	20	19	20	17	94
Fred A Stone	17	17	13	16	17	15	78
J G Sheldon	17	20	18	17	17	19	91
F J Sowle	17	18	16	19	12	16	81
H L Snow	17	18	20	18	20	18	94
B O Seymour	17	19	18	18	20	19	94
L G Scranton	17	20	18	19	19	18	94
E H Tripp	17	w					
C A Thorpe	17	17	18	18	19	19	91
J D McConnell	17	19	17	16	13	19	84
Ed Voris	17	20	17	17	14	16	84
H W Vietmyer	17	14	15	17	15	15	76
E G White	17	19	19	19	20	19	96
J A Prechtel	17	18	20	20	18	18	94
A A Winesburg	17	w	16	17	16	17	..
J S Young	17	18	20	20	20	16	94
E F Haak	17	18	18	18	19	18	91
E B Barker	17	20	w	17	17	15	..
C M Peters	17	20	16	19	20	10	85
E D Rike	17	18	18	18	18	16	88
W C Bower	16	19	18	19	19	19	94
J Burmister	16	19	17	18	16	14	84
C P Blinn	16	14	14	15	14	13	70
F E Butler	16	13	14	14	12	13	66
C Bellman	16	18	15	19	17	17	86
J W Bell	16	18	18	18	16	18	88
W T Brooking	16	20	19	19	18	16	92
C H Barriball	16	15	10	15	13	15	68
F O Bisdee	16	17	17	14	15	18	81
R R Barber	16	20	19	20	20	20	99
F Buckingham	16	17	18	19	17	18	89
J A Blunt	16	20	17	19	18	18	92
E W Bird	16	18	18	16	18	19	89
Wm Brown	16	17	17	17	19	15	85
R N Burnes	16	18	15	18	16	13	80
H A Comstock	16	18	14	14	15	19	80
W E Keplinger	16	17	18	17	14	13	79
F C Tuttle	16	14	14	14	15	13	70
H M Carr	16	17	16	13	11	12	69
J H Caldwell	16	18	12	15	17	18	80
A B Cook	16	15	13	19	14	17	78
Geo Clements	16	20	19	19	14	19	91
J W Coleman	16	18	18	18	18	20	92
B Cole	16	20	19	20	19	20	98
Jas Crawford	16	16	11	17	11	15	70
Ed Curry	16	16	18	16	17	15	82
R H Connerly	16	17	20	18	18	17	90
F T Connerly	16	18	18	18	17	20	91
A H Durston	16	20	20	19	17	17	93
C F Dreihs	16	19	16	17	20	18	90
Eugene Dupont	16	19	19	18	18	20	94
E E Dupont	16	17	19	19	20	20	95
A I Dupont	16	14	17	18	17	16	82
Victor Dupont, Jr	16	14	16	15	12	9	66
Victor Dupont III	16	14	9	16	16	17	72
H F Edwards	16	18	17	17	17	16	85
D A Edwards	16	19	16	17	17	15	85
J G Ewing	16	18	18	18	16	17	87
J W Eastburn	16	18	19	19	18	20	94
F E Foltz	16	20	18	20	20	18	96
J J Faran	16	15	17	w	18	16	..
J W Farrell	16	18	18	19	18	17	90
J A Flick	16	18	19	20	20	20	97
B Failey	16	20	18	13	14	17	82
C Finley	16	14	16	20	13	16	79
J C Gardner	16	18	18	19	18	18	91
B E Gregory	16	17	17	15	18	18	85
F A Godcharles	16	15	19	13	16	18	81
J D Greene	16	20	20	19	19	18	96
Bert Gephart	16	20	19	19	20	17	95
E N Gillespie	16	20	18	17	18	19	92
F M Gooden	16	19	19	18	16	18	90
H A Galt	16	18	20	19	20	19	96
E N Gragg	16	19	20	20	18	19	96
W E Horsley	16	15	16	18	11	13	73
J L Humpfer	16	18	17	18	18	18	89
C W Venable	16	19	18	16	18	20	91
H O Horn	16	18	19	16	16	18	87
D A Hannagan	16	18	19	15	16	19	87
J C Harris	16	18	15	18	19	17	87
M Hershey	16	18	17	17	17	17	86
J C Hadleson	16	17	19	19	15	19	89
J B Hoover	16	19	19	19	18	15	90
G E Isaman	16	14	w	w	15	10	..
Chas Johnston	16	19	18	18	18	14	87
E G Knopf	16	17	20	16	15	16	84
F L Kidder	16	18	14	18	17	11	78
Jas Krache	16	18	18	15	19	17	87
E P Lawrence	16	20	15	13	20	17	85
H O Lec	16	18	14	16	15	11	73
A W Land	16	17	18	19	19	19	92
R E Loring	16	18	15	16	16	18	83
J Littler	16	17	14	14	16	17	78

N Layman	16	18	20	18	20	16	92
W P Markle	16	12	10	10	10	13	55
G A Mosher	16	19	19	15	18	17	88
F W Markman	16	17	17	w	17	14	..
Geo Miller	16	18	16	20	17	18	89
L Moine	16	19	15	15	15	18	82
C A Mullen	16	19	19	17	18	17	90
A Meaders	16	19	19	18	19	19	94
Gus Mocller	16	19	17	18	19	19	92
Frank Stanton	16	16	17	19	18	18	88
W J Manning	16	20	18	16	17	17	88
B S Malone	16	17	16	17	18	17	85
F H Merrick	16	16	18	18	19	15	86
J A McKelvy	16	20	w	..	15	18	..
M R McKinnon	16	19	16	17	16	11	79
J M Speary	16	17	19	18	16	20	90
B F McDaniel	16	16	13	17	18	14	78
W A McDaniel	16	14	16	13	18	15	76
R S M Millan	16	18	14	w	16	19	..
John Nocl	16	17	18	18	17	17	87
J T Park	16	19	19	20	18	20	96
F D Pelters	16	18	17	19	16	15	85
F R Pierstorff	16	20	18	19	20	18	95
H R Patterson	16	16	19	18	20	20	93
T S Bibbee	16	20	19	19	20	20	98
J C Ramsey	16	17	20	18	20	16	91
Michael Ryan	16	19	19	19	16	15	88
G Rupert	16	19	20	16	18	20	93
G H Steenburg	16	15	14	18	18	15	80
H A Shumack	16	15	13	13	12	15	68
Mac Stilwell	16	15	15	16	15	14	75
H Stroh	16	17	16	19	15	14	81
F T Sherwood	16	17	13	20	13	18	81
Geo Smith	16	15	13	12	17	14	71
C C Smith	16	19	18	18	19	20	94
C R Stephens	16	16	17	18	12	11	74
A C Spencer	16	16	17	16	18	13	80
J W Keefe	16	15	17	19	17	17	85
E B Shogren	16	15	16	19	14	17	81
H A Snell	16	16	16	19	20	18	89
H A Sutton	16	17	18	16	17	16	84
D M Swihart	16	w					
E D Shafer	16	18	20	19	17	15	89
E J Snyder	16	17	14	18	18	18	85
J B Stipp	16	18	19	15	20	16	88
A W Switzer	16	16	15	15	20	15	81
J S Thomas	16	18	20	20	18	19	95
O L Tosetti	16	16	18	17	17	19	87
A A Fisher	16	13	12	14	19	14	72
A Vance	16	17	20	20	19	17	93
H Fiedner	16	18	19	19	17	14	87
A H Hill	16	19	17	19	19	17	91
W A Wildhack	16	17	19	18	17	18	89
N Wise	16	20	16	19	17	19	91
Alva Wilson	16	19	18	18	20	18	93
G G Williamson	16	18	19	18	18	18	91
M S Wilson	16	16	18	19	20	19	92
J M Wile	16	19	18	17	19	15	88
Guy Ward	16	10	20	20	19	16	94
W Webster	16	16	15	20	19	18	88
F N Jackson	16	16	17	18	18	19	88
E H Brindley, Jr.	15	16	18	18	19	17	88
R R Skinner	17	19	18	18	15	17	87
Gus Habich	15	17	18	18	18	19	90
B B Moust	15	20	17	15	18	17	87
J R Morgan	15	15	15	11	15	18	74
C T Peck	15	16	15	16	16	12	75
O B Powell	15	19	19	18	14	20	90
Joe Smiley	15	11	15	15	18	15	74
D L Watson	15	14	16	15	11	16	72
John Worden, Jr.	15	17	14	16	18	15	80
E F Fosgood	18	w					
Ben Scott	18	18	19	20	20	20	97
F H Conover	18	18	17	20	18	12	85
Logan Ballard	18	18	14	17	18	18	85
F A Weatherhead	18	19	19	18	18	20	94
G Schwartzkopf	16	18	19	19	20	20	96
C E Walker	16	18	16	17	18	14	83
B F Hamilton	16	18	15	17	19	13	82
S B McCrory	16	19	19	20	19	19	96
E Watkins	16	17	18	19	20	18	92
W E Sherman	16	15	18	19	19	17	88
M L Stith	16	14	w	w	w	17	..
M J Weber	16	18	17	17	14	16	82
S S Adams	16	19	14	9	w	17	..
W L Stranahan	16	20	18	18	15	16	83
A G Bowen	16	19	19	19	18	18	93
A P Smith	16	20	18	18	19	16	91
N L Linnett	16	20	19	18	18	17	92
Geo Premo	16	19	20	18	19	19	95
A Olesen	16	19	18	20	19	19	95

June 30, Fourth Day—The Consolation Handicap.

After the conclusion of the G A H., and the four sweepstake events of the morning programme, the Consolation Handicap was begun. It had 183 entries. The winner is Mr. J. T. Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa. He tied with Mr. C. E. Binyon, of Lowell, Ind., on 99. In the shoot-off, the scores were Atkinson 18, Binyon 16. Thus they were first and second respectively.

Both gentlemen were nervous when they began the shoot-off, but Mr. Atkinson pulled himself together the quicker and won.

Mr. Atkinson used Peters ammunition.

The division of the purse in the Consolation Handicap was as follows:

First, 99—J. T. Atkinson, $95.50.

Second, 99—C. E. Binyon, $85.95.

The 98's, W. S. Hoon, L. B. Fleming and A. Oleson, received each $66.80.

The 97's, C. M. Powers, E. W. Holding, C. W. Hart, R. R. Barber, F. D. Kelsey, L. H. Reed, Dan Bray, R. H. Connerly, G. Rupert and W. T. Brooking, received each $24.80.

The 96's, L. J. Wade, W. Henderson, Wm. Akard, Geo. Maxwell, A. P. McDowell, G. J. Roll, J. S. Thomas, F. G. Fuller, E. F. Gleason, J. L. Orr, F. Stanton and E. A. Randall, received each $18.30.

The 95's, H. C. Hirshy, J. B. Barto, R. M. Klein, O. A. Felger, A. D. Mermod, F. C. Riehl, E. H. Storr, A. W. Loud and Geo. Bartlett, received each $9.55.

The 94's, J. L. D. Morrison, J. S. Boa, W. H. Heer, F. Alkire, Walter Huff, H. C. Watson, J. R. Graham, R. S. Rhoads, W. D. Stannard, B. Dunnill, B. T. Cole, A. H. Hardy, R. Merrill, G. H. Darton, W. B. Darton, C. B. Lamme and W. Webster, received each $1.10.

The scores of the Consolation Handicap follow:

	Hdc.	Total.		Hdc.	Total.
W R Crosby	22	93	Geo W Maxwell	18	96
J S Fanning	21	84	R L Pierce	18	85
Fred Gilbert	21	92	C W Phellis	18	93
H C Hirschy	21	95	R S Rhoades	18	94
R O Heikes	21	89	Joe Roher	18	92
J L D Morrison	21	94	J G Skelly	18	92
Jno S Boa	20	94	H L Snow	18	82
W H Heer	20	94	B O Seymour	18	90
H McMurchy	20	93	L G Scranton	18	89
C M Powers	20	97	W D Stannard	18	94
G E Painter	20	92	D O Upson	18	93
A H King	17	87	E G White	18	93
R R Bennett	16	82	C W Hart	18	97
H H Gleffer	16	87	Ed O'Brien	18	92
J W Pontefract	16	78	J T Anthony	17	88
H G Taylor	20	90	Neaf Apgar	17	93
L I Wade	20	96	W C Bower	17	81
C A Young	20	92	Ed Brady	17	91
T Alkire	19	94	R R Barber	17	97
M E Atchison	19	93	Hugh M Clark	17	w.
J B Barto	19	95	A C Conner	17	93
F M Faurote	19	89	H H Clay	17	88
Jno W. Garrett	19	92	F B Cunningham	17	89
Sim Glover	19	89	H W Cadwallader	17	91
E W Holding	19	97	Eugene Dupont	17	w.
J M Hawkins	19	w.	E E Dupont	17	w.
Walter Huff	19	94	O A Felger	17	95
W Henderson	19	96	B Dunnill	17	94
R M Klein	19	95	B T Cole	17	94
H Moncy	19	w.	D Elliott	17	88
F H Snow	19	92	J D Greene	17	91
A J Stauber	19	91	L B Fleming	17	98
Wm Veach	19	93	J A Flick	17	92
H C Watson	19	94	A H Hardy	17	94
L Z Lawrence	19	93	A W Kirby	17	90
F A Weatherhead	19	87	F D Kelsey	17	97
J T Atkinson	18	99	Chris Gottlieb	17	87
C B Adams	18	92	Geo Premo	17	93
Wm Akard	18	96	A D Mermod	17	95
C W Budd	18	91	A Meaders	17	89
H J Borden	18	91	R Merrill	17	94
H Dunnill	18	91	A P McDonald	17	96
Geo Eck	18	87	F L Piersdorff	17	93
D D Gross	18	91	F C Riehl	17	95
J R Graham	18	94	L H Reed	17	97
A M Hatch	18	85	Geo. J Roll	17	96
Will I Hoon	18	98	H H Stevens	17	89
J W Hightower	18	90	E H Storr	17	95
J P Johnson	18	92	R C Shephardson	17	91
C O LeCompte	18	98	E H Tripp	17	88
R L Trimble	17	93	J W Coleman	15	90
J S Thomas	17	96	R H Connerly	15	97
C A Thorpe	16	82	F T Connerly	15	92
W D Townsend	17	92	C F Dreihs	15	87
Hood Waters	17	91	H T Edwards	15	82
Lem Willard	17	91	D A Edwards	15	86
A Olsen	17	98	A S Flinn	16	86
Dick Linderman	17	93	Ira C Gardner	15	91
L Faley	19	93	Fred A Godcharles	15	92
Dan Bray	17	97	E N Gillespie	15	82
L Ballard	17	79	E G Knopf	15	86
E D Rike	17	w.	Edw P Lawerence	15	86
Guy Burnside	16	93	A W Loud	15	95
C E Binyon	16	99	Geo Miller	15	92
C B Clapp	16	93	Gus Miller	15	87
Will R Clark	16	90	M R McKinnon	15	w.
E B Coe	16	w.	F D Petters	15	88
Geo H Darton	16	94	G Rupert	15	97
W B Darton	16	94	Geo H Steenburg	15	85
F G Fuller	16	96	A Vance	15	87
E F Gleason	16	96	Nelson Wise	15	93
E D Graham	16	93	W Webster	15	94
H N Kirby	16	92	C W Hobbie	15	88
F H Lord	16	90	H L Sinnott	15	w.
T W Latham	16	92	F Stanton	15	96
Geo S Lewis	16	92	F C Tuttle	15	75
Geo L Lyon	16	92	W E Keplinger	15	72
Arthur L Lyon	17	91	J W Keefe	15	90
F B Mallory	17	w.	A G Fisher	15	w.
Geo K Mackey	17	90	F N Jackson	15	91
S H Moore	17	89	A G Bowen	15	88
W H McGee	17	93	W J Spangler	15	w.
T A Marshall	17	91	Jno Warden	14	90
Jessie Orr	16	96	J D M Connell	16	92
T H Parry	16	91	C B Lamme	16	94
H L Robinson	16	92	Jno Burmister	15	85
E A Randall	16	96	W T Brooking	15	97
R R Skinner	16	92	E W Bird	15	87
Ed Voris	16	91	R N Burnes	15	85
H W Veitmeyer	16	85	H M Carr	15	82
J S Young	16	91	A B Cook	15	79
Geo E Bartlett	16	95			

The scores in the sweepstake events of the forenoon were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20
E D Rike	17	19	20	17	16
Joe Barto	20	18	19	20	19
R M Burnes	18	18	20	17	15
W D Darton	20	17	19	19	17
J D Greene	18	19	18	20	19
D A Upson	19	19	17	19	20
W S Hoon	19	19	19	19	18
S Rhoades	19	19	20	19	20
C Gottlieb	19	16	18	19	19
A S Fisher	15	14	17	13	12
L R Pierce	16	16	19	18	15
Geo L Lyons	16	20	19	19	20
Geo H Darton	20	20	19	18	19
C W Budd	19	18	18	17	19
H G Taylor	19	20	20	20	19
A P McDowell	15	18	20	19	16
Dan Bray	20	19	20	19	17
D Linderman	19	18	19	16	18
Guy Burnside	19	17	19	18	16
J S Boa	17	19	17	20	20
Jno Burmister	19	17	15	13	17
R Kline	20	20	20	20	20
F Gilbert	20	20	19	20	20
H H Stevens	19	18	20	18	18
F A Weatherhead	19	20	18	15	16
T H Parry	19	16	18	20	18
H L Sinnott	17	15	18	17	14
H McMurchy	19	20	19	19	20
G E Bartlett	17	17	18	20	18
W T Booking	18	18	20	18	18
G K Mackie	19	18	19	18	17
J T Skelly	20	17	17	18	20
A Olsen	20	18	17	19	19
Geo Roll	19	19	20	19	17
R H Connerly	20	19	20	20	17
F T Connerly	19	15	18	17	14
Wm Veach	20	20	18	20	19
Ed Voris	19	19	14	19	20
H C Watson	18	19	20	19	17
L Z Lawrence	18	18	19	20	19
O A Felger	20	18	18	19	15
Arthur Lyon	20	18	18	19	15
F A Godcharles	17	19	20	18	19
C W Hart	19	19	17	19	18
H W Cadwallader	19	19	19	19	20
C W Phellis	19	20	20	19	19
J T Atkinson	19	17	18	20	20
F D Alkire	18	18	20	20	18
H C Hirschy	20	20	18	19	19
Geo Miller	20	17	15	19	15
D Dunnell	17	19	19	19	20
W Webster	17	19	20	18	19
J W Keefe	17	16	20	19	19
Neaf Apgar	18	20	17	18	19
J L Orr	17	17	17	19	15
C B Lamme	14	17	19	18	18
W R Clark	17	19	18	18	17
F B Cunningham	18	16	15	18	20
E D Graham	19	20	17	19	19
B Dunnell	19	20	18	19	20
F Stanton	16	18	16	14	18
C Dreihs	19	18	18	w.	16
F D Kelsy	20	18	19	19	19
J D McConnell	18	20	19	17	19
Alex Mermod	18	20	19	20	19
Robt Skinner	14	19	15	19	19
B T Cole	18	19	20	19	18
Joe Roher	19	19	20	19	18
W H Clay	20	17	20	17	17
Dave Elliott	15	17	18	20	16
Kit Shepherdson	19	18	20	19	12
Geo Eck	17	19	19	19	19
J S Young	20	20	19	18	19
E W Holding	19	18	19	20	18
A W Loud	20	18	19	20	16
F N Jackson	18	18	16	17	18
B O Scymour	18	20	18	19	19
Jno A. Flick	17	18	19	19	16
Ed G Knopf	16	19	18	18	18
W H McGee	19	19	20	20	20
C H Steenberg	20	14	18	18	19
H L Snow	20	16	17	18	18
Lem Willard	19	18	17	16	19
R R Barber	20	18	20	20	19
A C Connor	20	19	19	20	16
A Vance	18	18	17	17	17
L G Ceranton	18	18	20	19	20
H M Clark	16	20	19	17	18
F D Peltor	14	17	20	19	19
H L Robinson	17	16	19	18	17

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20
W J Spangler	16	20	19	20	17
Hood Waters	19	19	16	19	17
F H Lord	20	19	15	15	15
E H Storr	18	19	19	19	19
Col Anthony	19	16	16	16	19
Walter Huff	20	20	19	19	19
W R Crosby	19	20	20	20	20
J W Hightower	20	18	20	18	19
C B Adams	18	18	19	18	19
W H Heer	17	20	19	19	18
H Money	19	20	18	20	16
E P Lawrence	17	20	18	18	19
Jno W Garrett	20	20	19	19	16
C A Young	19	19	17	20	19
H N Kirby	17	18	19	19	16
A W Kirby	19	19	19	20	19
D D Grass	19	19	18	20	19
L H Reed	20	17	19	20	19
A J Stauber	20	18	20	18	18
Ed Brady	19	20	20	20	19
M E Atchison	20	18	20	19	19
F M Faurote	19	20	19	19	19
J S Thomas	19	18	18	19	19
R O Heikes	20	20	19	18	18
A H Hardy	18	19	19	18	18
R Trimble	19	18	16	18	18
H T Edwards	17	18	20	14	14
D A Edwards	17	16	16	18	19
A Meaders	19	16	19	19	20
J L D Morrison	20	20	20	20	20
Wm Akard	19	20	19	20	19
J M Hawkins	19	20	19	19	20
F C Riehl	19	18	18	18	19
Ed O'Brien	20	19	17	20	19
E H Tripp	18	18	20	19	18
A M Hatcher	19	17	20	17	17
R Merrill	19	18	18	18	18
H M Carr	18	17	18	14	18
W Henderson	20	19	18	20	19
W C Bower	17	17	17	19	19
A H King	18	19	20	19	18
G E Painter	19	16	20	20	19
H W Gleffer	18	15	16	17	13
J W Pontefract	18	15	15	17	16
R R Bennett	15	17	14	17	17
L B Fleming	18	19	14	19	19
C B Clapp	19	18	17	19	19
C M Powers	18	20	19	19	20
F Pierstorff	17	18	20	19	20
Geo Maxwell	19	20	19	20	20
H J Borden	18	18	19	19	17
F E Fuller	19	17	18	18	20
M R McKinnon	12	14	17	18	15
T Latham	19	19	19	18	17
W D Townsend	20	20	18	20	19
C Thorpe	19	20	15	17	19
J C Gardner	19	17	17	19	18
J E Graham	19	18	17	19	18
A S Flinn	18	16	20	17	18
C O LeCompte	20	19	20	20	19
E A White	18	18	20	17	20
Gus Moeller	18	17	17	17	18
G A Lewis	17	18	18	18	18
E N Gillespie	15	18	20	17	19
S H Moore	16	15	16	16	17
Geo Premo	19	19	19	16	18
W E Keplinger	9	11	14	15	12
E E Dupont	18	19	18	16	17
F C Tuttle	18	16	14	13	13
W D Stannard	19	19	17	18	18
N Wise	19	19	20	20	18
A G Rupert	17	16	20	19	18
L Foley	18	17	20	19	18
Jno Worden	13	17	18	16	17
E W Bird	20	15	18	19	15
C W Hobbie	17	16	18	16	17
K P Johnson	20	20	20	18	20
J S Fanning	20	20	19	20	17
Dr Gleason	18	19	19	18	19
F E Mallory	18	19	19	19	18
A B Cook	13	18	16	15	12
Sim Glover	18	20	19	17	19
E A Randall	19	19	19	19	20
Jno W Coleman	17	19	19	18	20
H N Veitmeyer	15	16	12	w.	
L Ballard	14	19	18	17	19
T A Marshall	17	18	20	15	19
C E Binyon	18	20	18	18	19
F H Snow	17	18	18	17	18
A G Bowen	18	18	17	18	18

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

OUR practice shoot on the afternoon of June 24 drew out thirteen shooters, and it being an exceptionally favorable afternoon for shooting, some very good scores were made, Snow averaging the highest with 67 2-3 per cent. In the prize event at 15 targets for half a dozen photographs, Parsons won with a score of 15. He succeeded in breaking 13, and having a handicap allowance of 3 targets, won out for him, with Douglass close behind with 14 from scratch, and Le Noir, Kites, Snow and Chapin all tied on 13. Any one wishing one of these photographs must apply at once, so Will says. The other two contests, one for Peters cup and the other for three club merchandise prizes, are to be shot for during the season, added target handicap in the cup contest, and in the contest for merchandise prizes the shooters are divided into classes A, B, C, 60, 70, 80 per cent. Prizes of equal value in each class. Scores in these three handicap events follow:

Event No. 4, 15 targets, weekly prize, half dozen photographs:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Parsons	13	3	15	Snow	13	0	13
Douglas	14	0	14	Cheesman	9	3	12
Le Noir	13	0	13	Bradford	8	3	11
Chapin	10	3	13	Hawes	3	3	6
Kites	13	0	13				

Event 5, 25 targets, Peters cup contest:

Snow	23	0	23	Chapin	17	3	20
Cheesman	21	0	21	Le Noir	20	0	20
Douglas	20	0	20	Kites	14	0	14

Event No. 6, 25 targets. three club prizes: Class A—Cheesman 21, Douglass 20, Le Noir 20, Kites 19, Snow 19. Class C—Chapin 16, Bradford 8.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	15	25	25	15	10	10	10	15		
Snow	..	9	9	13	23	19	14	..	..	..	..	100	87
Le Noir	9	..	9	13	20	20	..	..	9	..	..	95	80
Cheesman	7	7	..	9	21	21	..	..	7	..	..	95	72
Chapin	5	7	8	10	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	95	63
Kites	7	..	8	13	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	85	61
Bradford	..	..	..	8	..	8	4	4	4	6	..	85	34
Parsons	..	8	..	13	..	..	13	10	7	6	..	70	57
Douglass	..	..	..	14	20	20	..	..	..	..	..	65	54
Andrews	2	2	4	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	45	14
A Misterlsy	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	..	..	2	40	8
Hawes	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	7	4	..	..	35	14
L Misterlsy	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	4	..	25	12
E Misterlsy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	7	25	9
												MISFIRE.	

Consolidated of Connecticut.

NORWICH, Conn., June 27.—The fifth tournament of the Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut took place on the grounds of the Norwich Shooting Club to-day. The day was pleasant, but a strong breeze from the northwest played havoe with the scores. Trade representatives present were G. M. Whhler, J. H. Brimley, and E. B. Thompson.

The officers of the C. G. C. are: President, H. J. Mills, Bristol; Vice-President, Dr. W. J. McElligott, Waterbury; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, So. Manchester.

The local committee having charge of the arrangements was composed of J. A. Mitchell, W. H. Gates, I. P. Tafft, and Willis Austin, and the events were worked off rapidly. About 9,350 targets were thrown.

The team shoot was interesting, and eight teams of five men each participated. Rockville came in first, with Norwich a close second. The office end was handled in a very efficient manner by Mr. J. H. Gould, of New Haven.

The team scores were as follows, 20 targets each man:

Rockville—Moore 16, White 12, McMullen 20, F. Metcalf 15, H. Metcalf 19; total 82.

Norwich—Olcott 19, Noble 16, Mitchell 15, Tafft 15, Richards 15; total 80.

Willimantic—Prest 18, Edgarton 18, Laramie 16, Ockford 15, Bugbee 9; total 76.

New Haven—Mack 18, Hepburn 13, Lines 15, Kelly 17, Savage 12; total 75.

New Britain—Higby 11, Langdon 16, G. Finch 16, Barnes 11, Reynolds 17; total 71.

Waterbury—Hart 14, Hall 15, Dreher 17, McElligott 14, Geddes 12; total 72.

Hartford—Rowe 12, Fernside 11, Colt 15, Libby 14, Newick 12; total 64.

Bridgeport—E. Finch 15, T. Stirling 13, S. Sterling 11, Beers 12, Seery 13; total 64.

Total scores: Rockville 392, New Haven 387, Willimantic 380, Waterbury 379, Norwich 362, New Britain 357, Hartford 351, Bridgeport 319.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Schorty	190	166	Hall	165	142
H Metcalf	190	162	Kelly	165	142
G Finch	190	162	Hart	165	129
Wheeler	190	161	Draher	165	124
Mullen	190	161	Lines	165	119
Prest	190	160	McElligott	150	117
Reynolds	190	160	Savage	150	113
Richards	190	158	Laramie	140	114
Manson	190	156	Ames	140	91
Mason	190	154	Colt	135	105
Dr Moore	190	151	Newick	135	100
F Metcalf	190	148	Libby	135	91
Edgarton	190	147	E Finch	130	105
Langdon	190	142	Beers	115	78
Hepburn	190	143	Seevy	115	76
Fenton	190	143	Post	100	65
Mitchell	190	141	Bristol	95	57
Tafft	190	137	S Sterling	85	47
Olcott	190	136	Wasselman	85	56
White	190	134	Barnes	80	59
Gates	190	132	Geddes	75	59
W Jordan	190	126	T Sterling	65	42
Wells	190	120	Cranston	50	27
Dudley	190	115	Ashton	35	22
Strong	190	113	Connors	35	18
Muir	190	91	Higby	35	17
Rowe	175	133	Wright	40	19
Bugbee	175	123	Moore	15	7
Fernoide	175	115	Cavee	15	11
Mack	165	142			

Hudson Gun Club.

FOLLOWING are the scores made by the Hudson Gun Club June 25. The day was fine, and some good scores were put up, Schorty, Staples, Cocklin and Gille being well to the front. Summary:

| Events: |

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1905.

VOL. LXV.—No. 3. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

"Atte the leest, he hath his holsom walk, and mery at ease, a swete ayre of the sweete savoure of the meede flowres that makyth hym hongry; he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth thyr brodes; wyche me seemyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters and fawkeners and foulers make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely thenne is there noo man merrier than he is in his spyryte."—Dame Juliana Berners, 1496.

THE AUDUBON BIRD LAW.

THE Audubon Society has been working for a number of years to secure the adoption by the several States of a uniform law for the protection of birds other than game. To gain the end the Society began in a sensible way by classifying the birds into three divisions—the game, the song and insectivorous, and the species which because of their harmful character may be classed as vermin and are legitimate objects of destruction. The game birds, so designated, comprise the Anatidæ, or swans, geese, brant and ducks; the Rallidæ, or rails, coots, mudhens and gallinules; the Limicolæ, or shore birds, plover, snipe, etc., and the Gallinæ, or wild turkey, grouse, prairie chicken, pheasant, partridge and quail. The game birds thus defined, a simple form of law was drafted providing that no other birds than those classified as game, or those denominated vermin, might be killed. As to what species should come under the head of outlaws, there is wide difference of opinion. The English sparrow is universally conceded to be undeserving of protection. As the laws read, every man's hand may be against the sparrow, but it nevertheless thrives and multiplies and makes itself a nuisance and a destroyer of its betters. Crows, hawks and birds of prey are for the most part unprotected. Some birds which are carefully protected in the North are outlawed in the South; this is true of the bobolink, everywhere cherished in the Northern States for his attractive ways and musical song, but in the South, under the name of ricebird, detested and warred upon because of his destructiveness to the rice crop. As an interesting comparison we list the States which have adopted the Audubon law, either wholly or in part, and designate the several species which in each State are thought to be undeserving of protection. The list of thirty-four States is a tribute to the good work, wisely planned and persistently carried on by the Society, and in particular by its Secretary, William Dutcher, of this city. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that the results attained have been due to the personal activity of this one man, who has devoted himself to the cause with an enthusiasm and a perseverance of which the whole country is reaping the benefits.

Arkansas, 1897.—Excepted: Crows, blackbirds, hawks, owls, eagles and other birds of prey.

California, 1905.—Excepted: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, duck hawk, great-horned owl, bluejay, house finch.

Colorado, 1903.—Excepted: Sharp-shinned hawks, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, duck hawks, great-horned owls, pinon jays, magpies, bluejays, eagles. Doves are included in game birds.

Connecticut, 1901.—Excepted: Crows, great-horned owls, and hawks other than the fishhawk.

Delaware, 1901.—Excepted: Red-wing blackbird, purple grackle. In 1905 a law was enacted giving one-half of all fines to the Audubon Society.

District of Columbia, 1901.—Excepted: Crows, Cooper's hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, great-horned owl.

Florida, 1901.—Excepted: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, great-horned owl, crow, ricebird, meadowlark, jackdaw and butcherbird. Robins and doves classed as game.

Georgia, 1903.—Excepted: Great-horned owl, sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, crow, lark, crow-blackbird, jackdaw, ricebird. Doves classed as game.

Illinois, 1899.—Excepted: Crow, crow-blackbird or chicken hawk. Doves classed as game.

Indiana, 1891.—Excepted: Crows, hawks and other birds of prey.

Kentucky, 1902.—Excepted: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, great-horned owl, crows and crow-blackbird.

Louisiana, 1904.—Excepted: Cooper's hawk, duck hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, great-horned owl. Crows and crow-blackbirds can be shot on own premises if destroying crops. Doves classed with game birds.

Maine, 1902.—Excepted: Common crow and the hawks and owls.

Massachusetts, 1901.—Excepted: Crow-blackbirds, crows, jays and birds of prey.

Michigan, 1905.—Excepted: Blackbirds, crows, Cooper's hawks, sharp-shinned hawks, great-horned owls.

Minnesota, 1903.—Excepted: Blackbirds, crows, sharp-shinned hawks, Cooper's hawks, great-horned owls.

Mississippi, 1904.—Excepted: Cooper's hawk, duck hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, owl, jaybird. Crows and crow-blackbirds may be killed by owner on his own premises. Doves classed with game birds.

Missouri, 1905.—Excepted: Cooper's hawk, chicken hawk, goshawk, sharp-shinned hawk, great-horned owl, crow.

New Hampshire, 1901.—Excepted: Crows and hawks. Eagles are protected by special section.

New Jersey, 1901.—Excepted: Reedbirds, blackbirds, crows, Cooper's hawk, goshawk, sharp-shinned hawk, duck hawk, great-horned owl.

New York, 1901.—Excepted: Crow, hawk, crow-blackbird, snow owl, great-horned owl.

North Carolina, 1903.—Excepted: Owls, hawks, crows, blackbirds, jackdaws, ricebirds. Dove, robin, meadowlark and chewink are classed as game birds.

Ohio, 1902.—Excepted: Chicken hawk, Cooper's hawk, blue hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, crow, great-horned owl. Ownes can kill blackbirds any day except Sunday. Doves classed as game birds.

Oregon, 1903.—Excepted: Crows, bluejays, horned owl, butcherbirds, magpies.

Pennsylvania, 1905.—Excepted: Bluejay, kingfisher, Cooper's hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, goshawk, duck hawk, pigeon hawk, great-horned owl, crow. Doves, reedbirds and blackbirds are classed with game birds.

Rhode Island, 1900.—Excepted: Hawks, owls, crows, crow-blackbirds, on own land. Fishhawks protected.

South Carolina, 1905.—Excepted: Cooper's hawk, duck hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, great-horned owl. Crows may be killed on premises if destructive to crops. Ricebird, blackbird and dove classed with game birds.

Tennessee, 1903.—Excepted: Great-horned owl, sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, crow, crow-blackbird and turkey buzzard. Doves, robins and meadowlarks classed with game birds.

Texas, 1903.—Excepted: Hawks, crows, buzzards, blackbirds, ricebirds, owls.

Vermont, 1902.—Excepted: Blue heron, bittern, loon, crow-blackbird, jay and birds of prey.

Virginia, 1903.—Excepted: Owl, hawk, eagle, crow, crow-blackbird, ricebird. Robins classed with game birds.

Washington, 1903.—Excepted: Chicken hawks.

Wisconsin, 1901.—Excepted: Crow, sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, owl (*Ulula cinerea*), blackbirds.

Wyoming, 1901.—Excepted: Magpies.

THE CHESTNUT'S CROWN.

THE rounded crowns of the giant chestnut trees are white now with a forest of blooms which a few months hence shall yield a rich brown fruitage, eagerly sought for by the ruffed grouse, the squirrel and the small boy. We are accustomed to talk of the change of the seasons, of Christmas and New Year's, and of the days when the sun crosses the so called "line," but is there, in all the year, an event which more clearly marks the culmination of things in nature than the coming of the chestnut blooms?

Long ago the vegetation started and grew and flourished and became rank, and when the chestnuts bloom it is at its greatest luxuriance. Spring wildflowers and June roses have blossomed and gone. The hay fields, which have billowed and bloomed all through the early summer, have now begun to fall before the mower, and half shorn, are dotted with rounded cocks of hay, sources of mingled pleasure and anxiety to the farmer, and objects for the artist to rave over. Wheat fields are yellow and ready for the binder, but the corn not yet half grown, waves its brilliant graceful leaves in the sun and seems to increase in height from day to day.

The birds, returned from their migrations, built their nests, laid their eggs and reared their young, which now have left the parental home and started out in the world to fend for themselves. The robins with spotted breasts, the gray young cow buntings, the streaked chippies have been seen hopping over the lawn, at first insistently calling for food in the wake of their parents, but by this time quite independent of help. Birds are beginning to grow silent, for the moulting season is near.

In the tall grass and the cattails of the marshes along the river the broods of blackbirds are beginning to come together in flocks, anticipating the ripening of the tall wild rice, which for a few weeks in August and September shall furnish food to them and to the yellow reedbirds, and at low water over the fallen vegetation and the little patches of bare mud along the shore, the mother railbird may be seen leading her half-grown brood, soon to be able to use their wings and to flap away before the gunner, whose boat invades their reedy solitudes. In many a marsh the young wild ducks are half-grown now, though still for the most part down-covered, and in the woods and swamps the chicken partridges, as big as quail, are able to make strong flights, while the old mother flutters along in front of the disturber with seemingly injured wings and failing strength. The broods of swallows have already begun to resort to the telegraph wires, where for a month now they will be seen in constantly increasing numbers, until at last some morning we shall wake up and find that the last of the swallows has taken its southward flight.

The blooming of the chestnut trees marks the end of the year's growth. From this time on there will be months of ripening, of preparation for the harvest, but the season of increase has passed, and each year when the chestnuts bloom, we may say to ourselves that this is the beginning of the end. The season has reached its prime, its very highest point, and, like the man who during some year of his life is in his most perfect physical condition, and then begins to run down hill, so, with the bloom of the chestnut trees begins the decadence of the vegetation of the year.

J. G. MORRIS.

OLDER readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and especially those interested in yachting and duck shooting, will learn with sincere regret of the death on June 30 of Mr. Jacob G. Morris, of Easton, Md. Mr. Morris was one of the old guard of the FOREST AND STREAM contributors and had been a subscriber to the paper since its foundation.

He was born at Fountain Green, near Philadelphia, Nov. 5, 1835, but lived at his father's home "Magnolia," near Tacony, on the Delaware, until 1867, when he moved to Maryland, where he had since resided. He was devoted to all field sports and was a remarkably successful all-around sportsman. He was a fine shot, both at upland game and wildfowl, and was exceedingly well informed as to the habits of the latter as they are found in Chesapeake Bay, where he had shot them from boyhood. He was a thorough yachtsman and probably one of the best amateur racing sailors of small boats in the country. He was one of the charter members of the Riverton Yacht Club, of Riverton, N. J., and later was vice-commodore and secretary of the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Club, owning and sailing the yawl Cora. He was a member of the Philadelphia Skating Club and Humane Society, and of the Maryland Board of Agriculture, one of the oldest organizations in the State. Mr. Morris had always lived the life of a country gentleman, having few interests outside of his horses, dogs, boats and guns. He was especially interested in the breeding of Chesapeake Bay dogs, and his strain of retrievers is known over much of the United States.

Under the pen-name of "Sinkbox" Mr. Morris contributed occasional articles on yachting and duck shooting to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and when the volume "American Duck Shooting" was in course of preparation he lent its author most kindly aid, and his name is frequently mentioned in its pages. His writings were always straightforward and to the point, and his wide experience gave a high value to whatever he wrote.

Mr. Morris was a kindly, simple country gentleman who had a very large circle of warm friends. His passing away is genuinely regretted, not merely by these, but by many another who knew him only from his writings.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Early Morning on Little River.

THE day began very early, as it was but half past two on a summer's morning when I carefully closed the squeaking door and stole away. For some time I had tip-toed about the house, awaking pandemonium in my efforts to dress and quietly fortify the inner man against faintness until breakfast time. Outside it was dark as Erebus after the lighted room, and as I had come home but the night before and had not learned the lay of the land, my first adventure came as I tacked around the corner of the front verandah under the open windows of mother's room, for I ran squarely a-foul the low wire netting with which she had guarded her young flowers from lawless dogs and cats, and with a suppressed exclamation and a terrible clatter, rod, creel, waders, and I went down in an ignominious heap amid promising sweet Wiliams and four-o'clocks and petunias. No word from above, however, and no damage to the old rod or to my old bones, as with great care I steered a wide course around the poor broken flowers, outside the great elms, and squared away toward a bridge two miles up the road.

The luxury of a summer day is spread through all its twenty-four hours, and these last hours before the dawn have a charm all their own. Deep sleep lies upon everything, and the gentle stirring of the soft air is the breath of sweet slumber. Sounds from miles away faintly catch the ear and every little rustle near-by quickens the sense. Under the village trees it was black, but beyond, in the open, the yellow road stretched away and was lost over the rise beyond. The cool night breeze was laden with the scents of wood and meadow, and the old-fashioned gardens—the fragrance of new hay, sweet odor of honeysuckle and that of late blooming syringas. Here along the wall ran a wild tangle of grape vine yielding its delicate perfume, beyond a thicket of young pines whispered with balmy breath, and further on came the greeting in the pungent odor of sweet fern—that secret delight of boyhood, before one has burned incense at the altar of Latakia and Perique. How clear this early morning air! Along the tops of the northern hills lay the faint gray edge of the day that was beyond, and up in the eastern sky burned those constellations that are so strange in summer—brave Orion, the "stormy Hyades" and the "diamond necklace of the Pleiades." Higher still blazed great Jupiter.

One must always drink at the cold spring that bubbles up in the alders above the road, and then comes the wood that reaches up the valley to the meadow below the bridge. This is enchanted land. Now and then to the quick ear comes the faint sound of some ripple of Little River, which the Indians called Apaguang. Time was when all pertaining to the red man found ill favor with our fathers, and it is not easy to win back those old names that were lost with all their woodsy flavor. Our Geological Survey friends have set their seal upon Little River and there is no escape. Deep in this wild tangle of laurel is a warm, sunny slope where, one May day, Web and I lay in perfect silence more than an hour in order to get a glimpse of certain tawny-coated, wicked-eyed little imps that lived in a terribly odorous burrow dug in the sand. By now they are scouring around these hills and woods learning much wickedness from their wily fox mother. For in all this region not a turkey "gobbles" or "quits," much to the annoyance of thrifty souls, but, alas! not greatly to the sorrow of certain lovers of sad-faced "hound dogs!"

Little River leads a quiet and gentle life, flowing between many hills down a valley mostly wooded, with here and there a reach of fine green meadow. Its waters are unvexed by any dashing torrent or any work of man more serious than an occasional small saw-mill. Moreover, when the water is just right and the day and hour nicely chosen, with due consideration of the change of the moon and the glare of the sun, one possessing the proper spirit and knowing where to try his luck, may now and then catch a trout in Little River. Indeed, a few weeks earlier the dean of the fishing fraternity of our village drove up stream one morning when the Red Gods were making medicine and returned later in the day with a basket well filled with beauties—not one under half a pound. Now, this kind of thing, like the discovery of a litter of young foxes, should not be made public, but the news did leak out and a wild zeal for fishing possessed the village below ours. Web told me that every morning for some weeks, and particularly on Sundays, a procession of teams of all kinds carrying men of all kinds came up from the lower village and hurried off up the valley, and all through the afternoon these same teams, less sprightly and containing men in all conditions, straggled homeward. But the reports of catches were vague and uninteresting. The effect upon the fish, however, was demoralizing, for when, a few days previous to my morning. Web and Edgar—mighty fishers before the Lord, who possess the confidence of the finny tribe of our valley—ventured to pay their addresses to the inhabitants of well known retreats for trout along the river, their approaches were treated with scorn, and they returned having met with the luck of those grand fishers of old who labored all night and caught nothing.

It is a good plan to begin at the bridge, for there is a good pool, then a stretch of meadow and then a mile of woods in which the water lies just right. I do not know a prettier stretch of water for fishing nearer than the White Mountains, if one is not particular about catching fish. It was when I reached the edge of the woods that "the rosy-fingered Dawn, the Daughter of the Morning," appeared in her radiant glory over the northeast hills. A robin chirped, then another, then a jay screamed high on the hillside, and soon every thicket and all the trees were alive with song. Every bird was awake—robins, song sparrows, vireos high in the trees, warblers of various kinds, and here in a near laurel a Quaker-garbed catbird was pouring out his glad song in mad ecstasy. Only in the woods does daybreak come thus, and all these wild creatures see and are a part of the wonder of each dawn. 'Tis a pity the voice of man is not pitched in tune with the great chorus. The best he can do is to go a-fishing and be thankful deep in his heart that he is allowed once in a long time to listen to the glad voice of nature. How long the concert lasted I do not know, for I was enchanted; but after a time the woods became more quiet and from the softened chorus sounded the one voice of all that is to me the sweetest—the veery's. Gradually all other singers became silent, as if to listen to this divinest voice. The charm of those liquid spirals of song—those silver chimes—is indescribable. All the sweetness and purity and fragrance and mystery of the life of the woods seems to find its utterance in the voice of this brown-coated singer. It ever casts a spell over me and fills me with thoughts and feelings that cannot be expressed because speech is too poor. It is a song of exaltation and nothing mean or unworthy can abide with it. * * * With the ceasing of the song there was a splash in the shallow water under a fern bank and the briefest glimpse of a brown, furry little creature scurrying away into the brush. Had the spell been over him, too?

Artemus Ward, of blessed memory, once suggested that an occasional funny story improved a comic paper. The same wisdom might suggest that a fish or two might not be out of place in this fishing sketch. This is true, and there were a few fish that might be mentioned as we pass along. But it is proper to confess that neither skill in the practice of angling nor much knowledge of its science and art are mine. In a very humble spirit, with hook and line and a few fresh worms, I am made glad if I catch two or three good trout, and to capture a dozen of the royal beauties is such wild luck that I am filled with dread lest disaster be imminent. Careful working of the pool under the bridge yielded one horn pout. This was doubtless intended as a joke by the river gods, for that pool is a good one, and I have taken pretty fish there. As for the rest of the river my mind recalls a thousand incidents that make the morning's tale, but two only need be mentioned.

My veery was hidden in the thick hemlock that crowns the high bank over Deacon David's Deep Hole. Standing in the ripple above the hole, I listened to his song, and my little friend in brown fur was listening by a tiny brook that tumbles down from a spring high up in the Deacon's pasture and winds through the narrow meadow to find its way into the Deep Hole. This is the place where trout live, and things did conspire that morning to mark the pool afresh in my memory. A lusty worm went sailing away down under the bank into the deep water, and it proved a sore temptation to the Queen of the Deep Hole. She played the game as a queen should play, but it was all too short for her and soon she lay on a green turf under a wild rose bush. There never was a more beautiful trout. Not a blemish of color or form appeared on her perfect body. Her length was just a foot, and she weighed, upon reaching the house, ten ounces, and she was a perfect specimen of a noble race—a very queen. To have taken her life seemed a sad mistake. Though advancing years bring a keener regret, when fortune brings to any rod a particularly beautiful fish or my gun takes the life of some happy creature in feather or fur, still the passion for rod and gun also becomes keener.

I laid the fair creature carefully away in moss and fern with a wild rose for a garland and waded on. Below was the fallen trunk lying across the stream. Along the snowy covering of this narrow highway one cold day last December we followed the dainty track of a red fox as he crossed from Woodchuck Hill to Boardwine. The pool above gave nothing, but some distance below in a widening of the water came a vigorous bite. There was no doubt whatever that I had hooked the grandfather of the whole race of trout in Little River. I bravely guessed his weight, for all the strain I dared put on my old rod failed to bring him nearer. What dreams of triumph and vanities of pride will possess one at such times. Nothing like this trout had been caught in the river this season, though fish of two pounds and more had been taken within the memory of man. There was a wild rushing back and forth in the pool, and it was keenly exciting for a while. The yielding came, however, and then I could take in line. I worked my way back to a shelving bed of pebbles, and here in a short time I landed a very pretty bass. Well, a bass is hardly in the trout class for beauty, and all that is clean and sweet in a fish, but he is a sturdy little ruffian and to play this one was a joy. I had to forgive him for not being a trout, even though he had put vain thoughts into my mind. He was twice as heavy as my trout.

There were other trout—three of them—and two other bass, and goodness knows how many idiotic, pot-bellied dace I hooked and threw back. But the other trout were smaller and only moderately exciting in their antics. Before I realized that the sun had come well up over Woodchuck Hill the morning whistle down the valley was calling the busy villagers to their day's work and I had reached the Gulf. This is an awful place. Dense laurel hedges it thickly on both sides, and the water is deep, the bottom rough and slippery and strewn with great boulders, so that the unwary angler is very apt, like Archie Moncur's "waestrel," in the final issue of his dissipation, to "gang plunk; aye, juist plunk!" And it was breakfast time—I had no doubt whatever about it—so here I left the cool water and gathered fresh moss and ferns and roses, made a clean bed in my creel for the fish and was soon home, bathed and eating breakfast as a man should eat.

It will be many moons before I have another hour or two on Little River. October may bring a day with the partridges and quail over Potash Hill way, and it is our custom on Christmas morn to start a fox in Salt Rock Woods, but though both these occasions give a certain fulness of life it is going a-fishing that fills my cup completely.

Pacha.

IN the spring of 1870 I was in Paris, pursuing my studies. At the outbreak of the war most students, who were old enough, volunteered, and the old Dutch-Flemish fighting blood, inherited mostly from my mother's side, asserting itself, I did like the rest. It would take the whole of this paper to relate the vicissitudes, struggles, privations and sufferings of all kinds we went through, for the whole campaign was bungled, when after the terrible fighting at Balan and Bazeilles (Sedan) we were taken prisoners. I had two prospects before me: Give my word of honor not to fight any more during the war, when they would let me go home; or imprisonment in a North German fortress. Neither pleased me very much, and then and there I began to cudgel my brains for a means of escape. I asked permission to accompany a squad of stretcher-bearers and surgeons going over the field to search for wounded, and as surgeons were in great demand, they gave their consent to the lieutenant doctor.

We gradually went toward the River Meuse, the borders of which are covered with trees and undergrowth, and, watching my chance, I slipped in a clump of bushes. The others thought, I presume, that I was either caring for a wounded or in search of one, and paid no attention to my absence for the time being. As it grew darker I crawled farther in the brush and hid myself. Hearing something rustle, I cautiously peered through the branches and saw a beautiful Arab horse, saddled and bridled, not thirty paces from me—I watched him for quite a while, thinking the rider was nearby, and finally ventured toward him. He seemed glad to see me; I spoke to him, and patted him, and we got acquainted. Horses, as well as men, suffered terribly in that campaign, and he was very thin, but as far as I could see, unharmed. I led him lower down the bank toward a place where there was some grass and browse, took off his saddle and bridle, and tying him with the reins and some rope I found in the holsters, gave him a chance to feed and lie down to rest.

The plan was to get away from there before daylight as far as possible. The moon came up at about 1 o'clock, and we started away from the battlefield, keeping as much as possible under cover. At daylight we were three or four leagues away, up stream, always close to the river bank. That night I heard horsemen approaching, and Pacha either winded or heard them long before me, and I was afraid he would answer the other horses if they called. I covered his ears and eyes with my coat, all the time speaking soothingly to him, and four hussars passed us within twenty paces. I thought it was all up with me, but they rode on, never suspecting anything.

The goal was Belgium by the safest and least frequented roads toward Bouillon (Belgian Ardennes). I was getting pretty hungry, and following a country road came to a little farm house. I boldly went to the door and explained that I wanted something to eat for my horse and myself. Fortunately I had enough money with me to see my way through until I could wire home. The farmer received me kindly, for those people naturally sympathized with our misfortunes, and he satisfied our wants. After telling my story—for his good, honest, frank face inspired confidence—he advised me to take all the superfluous officer's trappings from the saddle and bridle and leave them with him, also my uniform, and gave me a full suit of clothes of one of his sons, promising to send the whole to me when times were calmer and opportunity afforded, which he did. Dressed in the garb of a farmer I was comparatively safe from capture by prowling hussars, and after several narrow escapes I succeeded in slipping through the Belgian pickets and arrived safely at Bouillon, where I had been before and had friends. Both my horse and myself needed rest, and writing home I told my people I was safe and sound on Belgian soil, and would proceed in a few days, by easy stages, home, saying nothing of my (?) horse.

After a week's rest I started, taking six days, and arrived home on a Saturday morning. Riding in the courtyard and, dismounting, the first person I met was my father, who was never demonstrative and kept cool under all circumstances. He was glad to see me and shook my hands, but it took nearly five minutes to disentangle myself from the embraces of mother and sisters. When finally I could turn around, father, who had a keen eye for good horseflesh, was walking around Pacha sizing up his good points.

"Julius, where did you get that horse?"

"Captured him from the Prussians."

"The Prussians have no Arab horses."

"Must have captured him themselves from the French."

"Hum! Hum! it is doubtful!"

However, he stopped his inquisition then and there and rode Pacha afterward as much, or more, than I did. I told him the true story a few days later, but I am not altogether sure until this day that he ever took much stock in it, he had been a soldier himself. Pacha was a splendid Arabian stallion, about seven years old then, and must have belonged to a French officer of the Algerian contingent; his master was killed or wounded, and the horse wandered away, as hundreds of others did on that bloody field. He had all the sterling qualities of the Crud, but we never could break him to buggy or carriage, and, after a few ineffectual efforts, desisted.

As a saddle horse he was simply perfect. A peculiarity of his was when let run in the large orchard he would go all by himself through the movements of an Arabian fantasia, charging full-tilt and stopping abruptly, raising on his hind legs and apparently in sheer exhibition of animal spirits. I presume he was bred by an Arabian sheik and trained in his youth, and afterward sold or captured in a "razzia." There are some of his descendants at home and in the surrounding country yet, and the most have some of his qualities.

Nobody having ever claimed Pacha, I kept him, and he died on the place after many years of usefulness, one of the noblest horses, both in form and disposition, it has been my good fortune to possess.

JULIUS THE FOX HUNTER.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXXII.

Fremont—IV.

(*Continued From Page 382, Vol. LXIV.*)

KEEPING on down Snake River, sometimes in its valley, sometimes, to avoid bad traveling, keeping back on the hills, the party went on. There was little to record of the journey, except general descriptions of the country, and the streams and places passed. The Indians seemed poor, and without any idea of providing for the future.

Before long the Grand Rond was passed; and soon after this the party entered the timber, through a part of which they were obliged to cut their way.

When the missionary station, occupied by Dr. Whitman, was reached, it was found that he was absent on a visit to the Dalles of the Columbia; but here were seen a party of emigrants—men, women and children—all in good health, and living largely on potatoes, which were even then raised here of good quality and in some quantity.

All the trading posts in the Oregon country were still controlled by the Hudson's Bay people, but all received Fremont cordially and helped him on his way. They crossed John Day's river, the Des Chutes, called by Fremont, Rivière aux Chutes. At the Dalles was a comfortable settlement: "Two good-looking wooden dwelling houses, and a large school house, with stables, barn and garden, and large cleared fields between the houses and the river bank, on which were scattered the wooden huts of an Indian village." Here the party again divided, Fremont leaving a part of his people at the Dalles, with Carson, while he and Mr. Preuss went on down the river by canoe.

The new mode of travel seemed very delightful to men who had been for months journeying on foot and on horseback over a rough country. It seemed very pleasant to float along down the broad stream, camping from time to time to build their fires, and cook the fat salmon, and potatoes and coffee, which they had, with bread and sugar—luxuries to which they had long been strangers. It was a motley group, but a contented one. Three Indians assisted in paddling the canoe, while the commander of the expedition, the German Preuss, the Frenchman, Bernier, and the colored man, Jacob, floated onward to the sea. Fremont's eagerness to reach Fort Vancouver led him to travel during a part of each night; and for the greater part of the voyage they had beautiful weather, made good progress, and enjoyed the wonderful scenery. They were now in sight of the splendid Cascade range, and of the towering peaks of Mount Hood, St. Helens, and later, Mount Rainier. As they passed on down the river the hills grew lower, and presently, one night, they heard the noise of a sawmill at work on the bank, and camped not far from Fort Vancouver. Here, Dr. McLaughlin, the executive officer of the Hudson's Bay Company for the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, received the travelers with that courtesy and hospitality for which he was so well known, and concerning which all those who passed through the region in early days spoke with so much gratitude.

About the fort were many American emigrants, some of them in a more or less destitute condition, but all of them supplied with the necessaries of life by the kindly Hudson's Bay officer, who allowed them to pay for what they had by their labor.

From Dr. McLaughlin Fremont procured three months' provisions, and through his kindness was enabled also to secure men and boats to transport these provisions up the river to the camp of his main party at the Dalles. The return journey was slow with the laden boats, for they were obliged to cordelle the Mackinaw along the shore, being unable to overcome the swift water by their oars.

Fremont was much impressed by the appearance of two barges of the express from Montreal, which he met coming down the river, and the system and rapidity with which the boatmen effected the portage and passed their boats over the cascades, is spoken of in terms of high praise. These boats, it appears, at that time carried the express of the Hudson's Bay Company to the highest navigable point of the north fork of the Columbia, whence it was taken by an overland party to Lake Winnipeg, and there divided, a part going to Montreal and a part to Hudson Bay. Very likely this is the route spoken of by Ross Cox, who made such a journey nearly thirty years before, when, however, it was in the nature of an exploration and not of a traveled route.

From the Dalles it was Fremont's purpose to go south, on the west side of the Cascade range, as far as Klamath Lake—by Fremont written, Tlamath Lake; thence south to the reputed Buenaventura River, which is said to empty into San Francisco Bay; thence across the desert to the Rock Mountains, opposite the headwaters of the Arkansas River, and there, crossing the mountains, to follow down the Arkansas to Bent's Fort, and so back to St. Louis. Much of this region was then quite unexplored, and certainly had never been passed over by a surveyor. To make this trip at the beginning of winter, the party consisted of twenty-five men, with 104 mules and horses, and a few California cattle, to be driven along as food for the company.

After leaving the Dalles, Fremont's whole party were occupied in making the necessary preparations for the start into this new region. Horses were purchased, provisions accumulated, all unnecessary baggage cut out and left behind, and the little wagon which had hitherto carried the instruments given to the mission. The howitzer, however, was to be taken with them. Here a Chinook Indian, nineteen years old, who had expressed a desire to see the whites, was permitted to join the party.

They started Nov. 25 and followed along the plateau on the east flanks of the Cascade range, and so on the western side of the Fall River. The weather was cold and the streams frozen along the edges, while snow lay on the ground. When the sky cleared superb views were had of Mount St. Helens, Hood, Rainier, Jefferson and other mountains of what is now called the Presidential range. The weather grew colder and the road more rough, it being over volcanic plains, often interrupted by deep gulches or stream valleys. They were now passing through the country of the Nez Percé, the Cayuse and certain tribes of Diggers, and heard from their Indian guides more or less alarming accounts of the fierceness and treachery of the Indians before them. Dec. 10 they reached Klamath Lake, and saw smoke arising from different points about it. Here, for the purpose of encouraging their guides, who evidently felt very shaky about the local Indians, and alarming the latter, Fremont caused the howitzer to be fired with a shell, and tells that "the bursting of the shell at a distance, which was something like a second fire of the gun, amazed and bewildered them with delight. It inspired them (the guides) with triumphant feelings, but on the camps at a distance the effect was different, for the smokes in the lake and on the shores immediately disappeared."

The next day Fremont set out to look up the Indians, and before long came near to a village from which two people were seen advancing to meet them.

"We were surprised, on riding up, to find one of them a woman, having never before known a squaw to take any part in the business of war. They were the village chief and his wife, who, in excitement and alarm at the unusual event and appearance, had come out to meet their fate together. The chief was a very prepossessing Indian, with very handsome features, and a singularly soft and agreeable voice—so remarkable as to attract general notice.

"The huts were grouped together on the bank of the river, which, from being spread out in a shallow marsh at the upper end of the lake, was collected here into a single stream. They were large, round huts, perhaps twenty feet in diameter, with rounded tops, on which was the door by which they descended into the interior. Within, they were supported by posts and beams.

"Almost like plants these people seemed to have adapted themselves to the soil, and to be growing on what the immediate locality afforded. Their only subsistence at this time appeared to be a small fish, great quantities of which, that had been smoked and dried, were suspended on strings about the lodge. Heaps of straw were lying around, and their residence in the midst of grass and rushes had taught them a peculiar skill in converting this material to useful purposes. Their shoes were made of straw or grass, which seemed well adapted for a snowy country, and the women wore on their heads a closely woven basket, which made a very good cap. Among other things, were parti-colored mats about four feet square, which we purchased to lay on the snow under our blankets, and to use for tablecloths.

"Numbers of singular-looking dogs, resembling wolves, were sitting on the tops of the huts, and of these we purchased a young one, which, after its birthplace, was named Tlamath. The language spoken by these Indians is different from that of the Shoshonee and Columbia River tribes, and otherwise than by signs they cannot understand each other. They made us comprehend that they were at war with the people who lived to the southward and to the eastward, but I could obtain from them no certain information. The river on which they live enters the Cascade Mountains on the western side of the lake, and breaks through them by a passage impracticable for travelers, but over the mountains to the northward are passes which present no other obstacle than in the almost impenetrable forests. Unlike any Indians we had previously seen these wore shells in their noses. We returned to our comp, after remaining here an hour or two, accompanied by a number of Indians."

As many persons have been since that time, Fremont was much impressed by the attractions of Klamath Lake, and he stopped here a short time to rest his animals. From this point on there were no maps, and practically nothing could be learned of the country from the Indians, although they drew rough maps in the effort to direct the explorers. The road before them was hard and difficult, much of it through heavy forest, made hard to travel by fallen trees, and by snow, which was constantly growing deeper. After two or three very laborious and most uncertain days, they came suddenly to the edge of a precipice, from which they could look over into a green and sunshiny valley below, partly filled by a great lake, which, from its appearance, Fremont called Summer Lake. It stands so on the map to-day. The descent from the mountain was a difficult one, but at last a way was found. It was impossible, however, to reach the shores of the lake, on account of the deep mud. However, streams of good water were passed at sufficient intervals. They had now left the forest behind them, and their fuel consisted of willow twigs and sage brush. A little further along another lake was approached, called Lake Abert, after Colonel Abert, who was then chief of engineers. The water of this lake, however, was very bad. Everywhere about this lake were signs of Digger Indians, and about this time they came upon a broad trail over which horses had passed. Most of the country was sterile, and as they crossed the mountains, from the watershed of these lakes, they found snow a foot deep.

While crossing a sage brush plain, riding along over the snow, the party suddenly came upon an Indian camp, consisting of two huts, open at the top, and loosely built of sage. As they approached them the Indians rushed out, and scattered to the hills, but a woman, carrying two children, was captured, and, screaming with terror, brought to the camp. She was at last soothed, and induced to answer inquiries. These were Diggers, no doubt Piutes, of some one of the desert tribes.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Begin Now.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorials, from time to time and in communications from your correspondents there is emphasized the wisdom of taking regular periods of rest, vacations of substantial length.

The appeal is addressed to the class most in need of suspending for a while the strenuous life—the busy, pushing, successful men who work with hand or brain, or both. The basis of the advice is usually, and wisely, founded on reasons hygienic, utilitarian, etc. I wish in a few words to emphasize a phase of the question that only the older of your readers are in a position fully to realize, and I assume that your readers are mostly men enjoying, in some degree, the love of the "wild," the camp, the stream, the forest, the sea.

We will assume the case of a typical American lad. He leaves the family roof tree with little impedimenta, but with a high determination to succeed in life. He plunges into the fierce competitions characteristic of modern life. In his earlier years of struggle he takes no thought of genuine relaxation. Perhaps semi-occasionally, when the bow is unstrung, he looks back to the days of joy in boyhood when, tasks being done, he hied him away to the trout brook, or to the brier-infested field after the wary quail. Heaving a sigh he resolves some day to get a rod and gun and have a bit of the pleasures of long ago. Alas! the resolution fades with the morrow. The zest for gain resumes its sway. The years, ten, twenty, thirty, pass. The purse is now plethoric to bursting. The rod and gun, of superb quality, are now purchased and a visit made to some choice stream or cover. The first few hours on the hillsides or wading the boulder-strewed stream evolve a touch of the old enthusiasm; but this wanes by jumps as the long unused muscles cry in loud protest against serving as of old. The laboring heart thumps at the throat its angry disapproval, and the spirit, no stronger than the flesh, relaxes, its fires die down, and the victim, surprised, irritated and disappointed, looks back with wonder that he ever found so much enjoyment in such diversions. Has he not these many years in his day dreams pictured himself enjoying day after day in uninterrupted happiness just such sport as this fair morning affords? Has he been hugging to his heart a vain delusion for half a lifetime? His open-eyed reason asserts itself and says, "You fool! you think for a score of years to cramp the spirit and deny the healthful demands of the body in the mad race for wealth that you can now renew your wholesome youthful zest and enthusiasm as you would don a new garment? Can you eat your cake and have it? Don't you realize that you are a prematurely old man? Had you been wise with each recurring season you would for a time have withdrawn from the artificial life to the natural, renewing the joys and delights of youth, building up your abused and neglected body, and allowing your asphyxiated soul to revive and expand amid the countless glories of God's undesecrated temples."

Sadly does our victim of the over-strenuous life realize now the force of the old, old story that nature never fails to exact the penalty for violation of her laws. From this poor picture of ever recurring experiences the reader may easily draw the moral: Work by all means, but play also, and do not postpone the latter until some indefinite future time. Begin now, this year, to give your body and soul their God-given rights. Hie away to the mountains, stream or sea. If slim of resource with a bit of canvas make you a pack for the back, or with a few boards build a sufficient boat. Sleep under the stars, eat of your own gathering; and, your whole being renewed and rejuvenated, return to the scene of your labors strengthened in body and sweetened in spirit.

ROEEL.

Trained Foresters in Demand.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 27.—The demand for foresters is increasing rapidly both for State work and with private owners. Many States now have forest commissioners, and several of them have State foresters. A trained forester at $2,400 a year and two assistant foresters at $1,200 each are wanted by California. Wisconsin wants an assistant forester at $1,500, Indiana a forester to take charge of its State reserve, and Washington offers $1,800 a year for a trained forester. In many other States the advisability of creating the office of State forester has been under discussion this year, and it is only a matter of a few years when such an official will be considered a regular part of an efficient State government.

The demand for foresters by private timber owners is growing at a still more rapid rate. During the last twelve months seven of the Bureau of Forestry force have left to take up work with such owners, and four have accepted public positions—two with Massachusetts, one with Connecticut, and the fourth with Ontario, Canada. A number of other requests from private owners cannot be met because men are not available. The year before there were less than half as many applications for trained men. But the demand for trained specialists in this line has only begun.



NATURAL HISTORY



Dark Foxes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Smithsonian Institution has lately issued a pamphlet (No. 1405) by Chief Factor Hudson Bay Company, R. MacFarlane, on mammals collected and observed in the northern Mackenzie River district. In this, speaking of red, cross, silver and black foxes, he says: "The natives consider the foregoing as belonging to one and the same species (the common red fox), an opinion generally, but not universally accepted by naturalists and collectors; and while it is just probable that the different varieties have occasionally been found among the litter of a red fox mother, yet I have been for a long time of the opinion that there must have been originally two distinct and well-defined species of the North American red fox, the pure red and the pure black (*Vulpes fulva* and *V. nigra*) and, as a matter of fact, there still exist many of the former and some of the latter throughout the entire region under review. I also firmly believe that sexual intercourse between a male and female red fox invariably results in the production of only red foxes. I am equally satisfied that similar results always follow cohabitation between a male and a female black fox. In the course of many years' trading of fox skins, I have observed perhaps every possible degree of variation between the practically perfect typical red fox and the same description of the black form. These varieties between the two are easily accounted for, as a consequence of the natural commerce which exists between the sexes during the annual seasons of copulation."

As the Mackenzie River district, of which Mr. MacFarlane wrote, contains a larger proportion of dark foxes than any other territory known (Chief Trader Bernard R. Ross setting the proportions at six-fifteenths red, seven-fifteenths cross and two-fifteenths silver and black) it may seem presumptuous for one who probably has not handled one dark fox where he has handled hundreds to question his statements; still, having probably handled as many red foxes as he, and having observed them closely for over sixty years in a territory where the dark bear a very small proportion to the red, I am obliged to believe that the natives to whom he refers are correct, and that he himself is mistaken.

I believe, and think I can prove, that a black fox is due to melanism and that the various crosses are due in some cases, as he states to the crossing of these melanistic individuals with the pure red, but in others are the result of partial melanism.

Mr. MacFarlane speaks of white wolves being more plentiful in some sections, gray wolves in others, and black wolves in others, but he does not intimate that they are of different species. He also speaks of black beaver and black muskrats being taken, but he does not give his views as to the origin of them.

All naturalists and most other people know that there are albinos of many varieties of both animals and birds. In some cases these reproduce perfect albinos, and in others, by crossing, partial albinos. I have known a pure white doe to have two pure white fawns; I have seen three white mink taken in different years from the same place, which would be strong evidence of reproduction. Now albinism is just the opposite of melanism. Why is it not just as reasonable to believe that two red foxes may have a black cub as that two black crows may have white young? I have in my collection nearly thirty entire or partial albinos of birds; I have a white crow taken near Portland, Oregon, which was one of three pure white young crows, the parents being black; I have a swallow, white as snow, whose parents I know were of the normal color; I have myself seen three coal-black northern hares, also a coal-black red squirrel, and a good many black beaver and muskrats, also a number of coal-black raccoons. In fact, black muskrats and raccoons are often quoted separately on price lists of furs, though not one ever thinks of either being a separate species.

Why cases of albinism should be found oftener in some kinds of birds than in others, is as yet unexplained, but it is a well known fact. The same is true in melanism. There are so many cases of entire or partial melanism among rough-legged hawks that for a long time the black form was considered by ornithologists as a separate species under the name of *Archibuteo sancti johannis* to separate it from *Archibuteo lagopus*. I believe the same is true of mammals. In handling deer skins by the thousand I have never seen a black one nor one which approached that color, but I have seen white, or partially white deer by the score. On the other hand, in handling hundreds of thousands of muskrat, I have seen many black and but one pure white one and one other with a small portion of white. Mr. L. M. Turner, in his report upon animals in Alaska, makes particular mention that where there is the largest proportion of black wolves there is also the largest proportion of dark foxes. He gives the proportion of silver and black foxes in Alaska as one in five hundred, and of cross as one in seventy-five to one hundred. Here in Maine, where we do not get one dark fox in a thousand, we have a much better chance to judge correctly as to melanism than can be had farther north, where dark foxes are more abundant. I know surely that there may be both silver and cross foxes in the same litter, as when I was a boy my father had and raised two cross and a silver taken from the same den.

While I believe that a pair of black foxes may have young of the same color and that crosses may do the same, still I firmly believe that both originate from the common red just as white crows do from black ones, and that often the abnormal strain of blood is confined to one individual. While in some cases there is but one dark fox in a litter, in some cases there are more. Something over fifty years ago my father bought six foxes taken on Swan's Island (then called Burnt Coat Island). Of these one was a silver and five were black. Some two or three of the black were very fine skins, the others of a more slaty color. Now my father had bought almost the entire catch of the island for years before and did the same for years after; as far as I knew he never got another of either black, silver or cross from that island or from any other island near it. These foxes were all shot in winter and probably of one litter. I distinctly remember the skins, as we kept them over summer and the care of keeping them free from moths devolved upon me. I will add that my father did not buy another dark fox that year from any part of the State.

Some sixty-five years ago my father obtained a permit from Colonel Black, of Ellsworth, Me., to go to the outer Duck Island to kill foxes. Some years before Colonel Black had placed a pair of black foxes upon this island. There had been no foxes upon the island and those were under the protection of the light keeper. As far as known none of these or their offspring had been killed. There was snow on the ground, so that every track could be seen, my father and his companion had a good fox hound, and the island is quite small. They were on the island several days and shot three very large cross foxes, but did not see nor hear of any black or red. The reasonable supposition is that the original pair was dead and that these crosses were bred from them.

In Maine the larger part of all the dark foxes I ever knew taken were taken quite near the seacoast. I have known of more being taken on Mt. Desert Island than upon any space ten times its size inland.

My father used to buy a great many more cross than silver or black, while my experience has been exactly the reverse. I have to-day looked over my books and found in one year over 3,300 red foxes shipped and only one silver and no cross. My experience has been that I would occasionally get a dark fox from some place far inland, where I had bought the larger part of the catch for years, and never get another or a cross again taken anywhere near there. What is noticeable is that a large proportion of all the dark foxes I have seen were foxes of the year. In the Far North, where the proportion of dark foxes is quite large, I have no doubt that the strain of blood is kept up by mating with those of like color, but here, where they are very rare, it is very seldom that two are taken near each other for years, and then they seem to be from the same litter.

We occasionally have here what we call "mongrels," foxes of a color between a cross and a red; also what are known as "Sampson foxes." These look like a red fox which has been singed all over. I have seen a silver Sampson and a Sampson cross. We know positively that both mongrels and Sampsons are from red foxes. Why is it not more reasonable to suppose that the different shades of dark foxes are produced in the same way than to suppose that they have wandered down here hundreds of miles from the north?

I once bought a pure white fox taken near here and one season bought three which were about one-third white. Two of them I know were from the same litter. I have bought several foxes of a chocolate color, and once saw one which had all the ends of the hair, except on tip of tail, coal-black, while the inside fur was red. If all these various colors are born of red foxes, why may not what black and cross we have, been produced in the same way?

In the Far North we have the polar white fox; next the blue fox (I have never heard of their mixing, although in some cases they are found on the same ground). Next we have a region where the dark foxes predominate, but there are red among them; as one goes south the proportion of red increases, till south of Maine the black is extremely rare and the southern gray begins, a separate species which does not mix with the red. The kitt fox of the West is a separate variety and is not known to mix with other species. The fact that neither kitt, gray, white, nor blue intermix is strong presumptive proof that foxes' like wolves, are in the north inclined to melanism in a greater degree than farther south, and that finally the wolves all merge into the gray and the foxes into the red. It is a certain thing that in Maine our dark foxes are born here and do not come from any black blood to the north.

Skunks, which by fur buyers are graded into black, half-stripe, narrow-stripe and white or wide stripe, are a very close parellel to foxes, which are classed as black, silver, cross and red. Often when from eight to ten skunks are taken from the same den, all these different colors can be found among them. While no two unselected lots from any section would be likely to grade alike, still the proportion of colors of a lot taken in Maine east of the Penobscot would be not far from (in a lot of twenty), one black, three half-stripe, seven narrow and nine wide stripe. A lot from between the Penobscot and the Kennebec, which lies only fifty miles west, would show a larger proportion of dark, and this increases as they are taken farther west. I have never handled any skunk taken west of Maine, but a collector of furs in northern New York used to tell me that his collections averaged fully half black or half-stripe. Now it is indisputable that the same set of parents produce all four grades, and also that the proportion of colors varies with the section. Not only this, but skunk sometimes produce nondescripts just as foxes do. I once bought a prime, fully-furred skunk which had the stripes brown instead of white, and I have had several whose stripes were tinged with pinkish magenta.

MANLY HARDY.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Wapiti and Red Deer Cross.

From the London Field.

SUCH facilities have been afforded of late years for the transport of large game animals from one continent to another, and the method of capture and treatment en route is now so well understood, that the presence of a herd of wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*) in an English deer park or Scottish deer forest no longer gives rise to much astonishment. Many experiments of the kind have been made with varying success. In Germany, so long ago as 1888, a wealthy manufacturer of Berlin, owning an important shooting near Luckenwald, imported a small herd of these animals (known as elk in America and Canada, where the true elk is called moose) and turned them out in his forest. Here the following year, seven of them were successfully stalked and shot, one of them having a head of fourteen points. In Thuringia a year or two later several were turned out by Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg. The object of such importation was a desire to improve the size and weight of the red deer, with which it was hoped the wapiti would interbreed, and it is known that such interbreeding did actually take place.

In 1893 there were at least two importations of wapiti to England; there may have been others which were not reported. Mr. C. J. Leyland, of Haggerstone Castle, Beal, Northumberland, received a herd of eleven, and Sir Peter Walker, of Osmaston Manor, near Derby, introduced a herd of twenty (fourteen hinds and six stags), providing them with an extensive range surrounded by a high fence. It is of this last-named herd that we are now enabled to give some particulars. On their arrival in this country in 1893 the animals varied in age from one to three years. They were captured in or near the Snake River Valley, Lake Idaho, by Mr. W. H. Root, of Laramie, Wyo., in the following manner:

In the fall of the year the deer "bunch up" or collect together to pass the winter, and are pursued by the hunters on snowshoes in the spring, when, the snow being soft and wet, the animals sink deep at every footstep, and may then be overtaken. Those first captured are roped on the forelegs, and then others are pursued, caught, and hobbled in the same way, so that sometimes a distance of a mile or two may separate the first caught from the last. At length, when the requisite number has been obtained the animals are conveyed on sledges to the ranch. Those consigned to Sir Peter Walker had to be transported 110 miles to the railway by which they were taken to New York, whence they were transported by the White Star Line to Liverpool, and thence to Ashbourne, Derbyshire. This was in October, 1893. By Feb. 1, 1895, three of them had died, it was said, from a disease akin to liver-fluke in sheep. The remainder of the herd were then moved from the front of the manor to their original pasturage near Copse Hill, and, the ground there being more elevated, their condition improved.

At the present time, however, only four of the original herd are left, and the last one that died having been submitted to the inspection of Capt. T. Aulton, veterinary surgeon, of Derby, he found, on a post-mortem examination, that death was due to a tapeworm (*Tænia marginata*) which infested the intestines in large numbers.

Although so few of the original herd now survive at Osmaston, the result of interbreeding with the red deer has been satisfactory, and at the present time, as the owner informs us, there are fifty-six hybrid deer surviving. One of these hybrids which was killed last year weighed 29st. 9lb., and carried good antlers, which resembled those of a red deer rather than a wapiti. No doubt good feeding had much to do with the weight. The food usually supplied at Osmaston is oats and peas, with beans occasionally for a change, and sometimes locust beans. In the spring they are given a moderate supply of dried acorns, which, being somewhat astringent, are effectual to prevent scouring. Throughout the winter months they get hay. It may be added, that for the purpose of carrying out the experiment of crossing, the red deer selected were of Irish descent, and were imported from Ireland in September, 1896.

Bird Rookeries in the Gulf of Mexico.

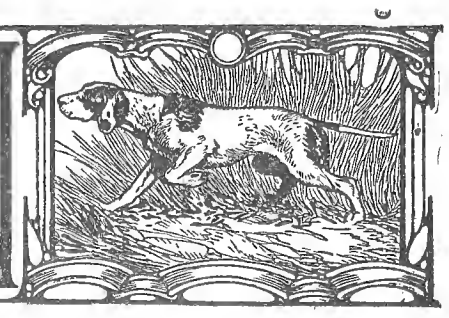
MR. FRANK M. MILLER, President of the Louisiana Audubon Society, has recently returned from a tour of inspection of the bird breeding islands in the Gulf of Mexico. These islands, which from time immemorial have been great resorts for seafowl, have within the past few years become also resorts for eggers, so that the colonies have been constantly broken up and the birds driven away. Louisiana now has a good bird protective law and every effort is being made to enforce it.

During Mr. Miller's excursion, he found a small colony of laughing gulls on Sundown Island, but Martin Island Key, long famous as a breeding island and somewhat further from Pass Christian was found to be without birds, owing, as is stated, to the depredations of the crew of the schooner Alpha, of Ocean Springs, Miss. On the other hand, several islands in Morgan Harbor were found to have plenty of birds on them, although here also a schooner from Mississippi was seen and suspected of depredations. On one or two other islands birds were found breeding in great numbers—gulls, terns, man-of-war birds and pelicans—but on the other hand, many rookeries have been robbed by Mississippi vessels, it is alleged, and the birds driven away.

It is clear that much work still remains to be done in the way of watching the islands of the Gulf coast, but the Louisiana Audubon Society is heartily in earnest and will do its best. Much work is needed in the way of educating the people of adjacent States to a point where they will do their best toward protecting the islands of the Gulf.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Points of View.

OSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The oints of View" published in recent numbers of REST AND STREAM have interested me very much, rticularly that one from the pen of Mr. John C. mball.

While it was presented as a quasi scientific argument, was confined to the scope of the faddist. Mere astion or reference is not science.

t is quite a common occurrence in argument that nan, wedded to a fad by the association of years, and mental trains of thought limited accordingly by long bit, comes to believe firmly that his pet idea is a versal fact. Time invariably refutes him.

he main point of view presented by Mr. Kimball is follows: "It is a great law of nature set forth by rwin, Haeckel, and other leading scientists, with nderful significance, that the individuals of each anil species, including man, pass normally, in reaching ir maturity, through all the preforms and phases, e physical and mental, that their tribe in its evolun has passed through. * * * As infants, they go all fours and utter only inarticulate sounds; in boyod, have their anthropoid stage of climbing trees and ulging in all manner of monkey tricks; arrive later the period of savage superstitions and a savage's ight in the use of weapons and in killing other atures; and only in their full maturity reach the ge of the highest civilized humanity, that of love for of God's creatures and of finding their highest enment in the pursuits of peace." That applied solely physical and mental development, not moral.

respectfully submit that the learned gentleman has apprehended Darwin and Haeckel, and others, and t he has read into their writings some ideas which not be found in them. If there are such ideas in se authors' works, I would be very glad to know ere in them they can be found. They cannot be duced.

On the contrary, those authors describe in detail the rciless, incessant and world-wide destruction which taken place in past æons, is taking place and unubtedly will take place while there is life, animal or etable, on the earth. They are histories of destrucn and reproduction.

n civilization, man takes to agriculture from neces, not from choice. The animal life on the earth insufficient to supply his necessities, hence he must ive sustenance from other sources or perish. But civilization, man's instincts are not changed in the st. Agriculture and civilization denote a radical nge of environment, not a change of human nature. erefore man likes to go hunting when he can.

hat civilization has eliminated superstition is condicted by the success of hordes of palmists, astrolers, fortune tellers, card readers, etc., which flourish t in our great cities where intelligence is at its hest, but where money is most abundant and there- more available for the rapacious maws of the rlatans. The wearing of charms, amulets, etc., is common alone to savages. But his citation conning superstition is irrelevant.

t will afford me much gratification if Mr. Kimball l designate just how much civilization has done to nge human nature from what it was. Also, if the hest enjoyment is in the pursuits of peace, what is significance of the civilized wars, our national wars luded, whose destructiveness far exceeds anything petrated by our savage ancestors?

Man reverts to the environment of savage life with mptness and delight. He gains health and strength such life far surpassing the potency of the doctors' trums. Such life is in accord with his true nature, l his true nature is that inherited from his ancestors, from that faulty code thought out by the parlor losopher, who, by the beneficence of civilization, not, neither do they spin.

o join the killing of wild animals equally with roby and murder as a capacity of man's nature is to og and pettifog the question and argue unfairly. eying upon each other is a trait of many different cies to-day, and man himself is a victim to the needs many species. The tiger uses him for food on optunity, as do some other species. Yet the tiger is a killer from malice. He acts and lives according his nature as it came to him from creation. Yet re is no doubt but what some tiger who has lost teeth might hold that teeth were not fashionable as the fox hold concerning tails once upon a time.

o pursue and kill wild animals was and is a pleasure l a necessity of man's nature. Without the power l passion for the chase man himself would have been erminated long since. Thus such pursuit was and benefit to the human race, both in respect to obning a food supply and protection.

Robbery and murder are harmful to the human race. ev have always been so regarded. They are conered as being the worst of offenses and are accorded worst punishment. On the contrary, prowess in chase is a theme of song and story.

he meaning of the word nature is not now as limited Mr. Kimball. Its meaning is as understood now by glish-speaking peoples. Peoples make their own guage to express their own ideas, and a word is nged in meaning, rejected entirely, or coined to et the needs of the present. But human nature is dependent on a word.

Mr. Kimball makes the mistake of dealing with nature if it were a thing apart from man, something so dct that he can contemplate it without being involved nself. As a matter of fact, man is a part of nature te as much as is any other form of life, animal or getable.

That Mr. Kimball can study nature best with the aid of a camera is much as if he were to declare that he could study mankind merely by gazing in his own mirror. To me it seems that is a very narrow view of nature which is obtained via camera. If we accept it as the true view, then no one had a true view of nature before the camera was invented. No one has a true view now who views without a camera, and yet there are many very good people who do not own cameras, and who do not care for them.

Nevertheless no camera gives a true view even as a view, because the perspective, owing to the convexity of the lens, is always distorted, and such things as colors, variable expression, etc., all so essential to the beauties of nature, are impossible with the camera. Yet that perhaps is emblematic of the camera faddist's point of view.

When a man reaches the stage of life wherein he can study and enjoy nature with a camera, he should not deceive himself with the declaration that such idea is a universal concept. It is a personal idiosyncrasy merely. There are groups of faddists innumerable who, by assurances to each other of each others' excellence and worth, come to believe that they and their fads are true and universal; but fads and faddists come and go quickly without any marked effect on life or jolt to the world, while human nature and all nature remain the same forever. If all the freaks and fancies had been tagged to human nature according to the dictum of the heads which were in a stage of arrested development, or over-development, or hollow, human nature at the present time would be a motley exhibit indeed. Nature is all right as she is. JAMES H. DOUGLAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I never was a sportsman (except in deer and fox chasing) I may have a "point of view" your various correspondents have not taken.

Now why not look at killing of wild animals from the view point of facts, as they are? Admit fully that abstractly, and from the viewpoint of pure reason all killing of any wild animal, not for some purpose of use, or by necessity is *abstractly* cruel? Is there any other conclusion to be reached by any process of pure reason? I think not.

But the world does not, never has, nor do I believe it ever will, be guided by pure reason, nor should it be in practical directions. Even mathematics is not a science of pure reason, when we come to use it; if it were, I would not remember so much of conic sections in matters wherein I have had use for it, and have utterly forgotten how to arrive at the "least common multiple."

Now there is no denying the fact that there are, and have been, thousands of men of the kindliest, tender hearts, men of "Uncle Toby's" type, who were most ardent sportsmen. I need only cite one most eminent example—the late Hon. Felix R. Brunat. The man who staid far in the front in the bloodiest battle in the Civil War, aiding and succoring the wounded, who unshrinkingly performed the most revolting offices of field hospitals, who took his life in his hands and visited the camp of the Modoc "Captain Jack" after that treacherous scoundrel had murdered General Canby, under a flag of truce; and whose whole life was one of self-sacrifice. How can we say that such a man was "cruel"? Or remember the late General Bristow, who left us the noblest example of official purity and honor, not merely in act, but in thought?

What is the use of ratiocination that would stamp such men as cruel?

What breed of men stand higher for all the best attributes of kindly manliness than the English country gentlemen of the true type, and who are keneer sportsmen?

It may be amusing to trace out (or imagine we are doing it) how such men and such a race of men can enjoy "killing things," but guessing matches at that teach nothing, and solve no problem, while the fact proves a lot. So it seems to me to be the reasonable thing to settle down to it being a fact that killing wild animals for the pleasure given cannot be cruel *per se* when such men do it.

I fancy that Mr. William H. Avis wrote of "the tortured animal" in a vivisection in a lack of exact knowledge of how vivisections are conducted. All physicians I have talked with have said that they never saw a vivisection when the animal was not rendered insensible to pain. It is evident that the operator would not have the animal squirming from pain, while operating. I think that in cases of vivisection of the brain, an anesthetic cannot be used, as the brain functions would be interfered with, and that in such cases cocaine (I guess that is the agent) paralyzes the nerves in the scalp, which is then cut off, and the drilling of the circle of holes in the skull is almost painless.

I think it probable that (being a layman) I have not got all the details correct, but I know I am near enough for a layman, and for my brother laymen I also know that for heartless cruelty, the ravings, in entire ignorance of what they are shrieking about, of anti-vivisectionists are doing great work for Satan, and his tail must wag itself crooked whenever he reads anti-vivisection literature.

As for the fellow who called President Roosevelt "an educated bulldog," he wrote that the lady whose neck vertebra were crushed in a chase after a tame deer was "served exactly right"; in self-sufficient ignorance of the fact that the deer was safely in its stable before the hounds were loosed, and that it was the deer's trail that was chased.

However, to one who knows the noble, affectionate, but indomitable character of the true bulldog, it is no insult to call President Roosevelt one, as I know of no animal which comes as near our honored President. But, of course, an "angel" is not expected to know the disposition of bulldogs, nor the customs of a "carted" deer chase. WM. WADE.

North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., July.—Curator Herbert Brimley, of the State Museum, has returned from a visit to the little known lakes in eastern North Carolina. There are five of these, three being in Jones and two in Onslow county, and all are remarkable. Tradition says that all these were once great beds of sphagnum, moss and peat, and that during very dry seasons this was burned, in the depression water settling, coming in not from streams, for there are none flowing into the lakes, but from the surrounding country. Mr. Brimley says the stories as to this mode of formation of the lakes appear to him to be well founded, for upon examination he found the sand which covers the bottom of the lakes to be the finest he ever saw, and he is convinced it is sand which was blown upon the beds of sphagnum by gales of wind during the course of many years and which has made the bed of the lake of infinite smoothness. The water is extremely shallow in these lakes and one can wade out a great distance, at 200 yards from the shore the water not being more than neck deep. The lakes are several miles in width, and one of them has to be waded in order to get at the most important one of the number. In one lake there is a large colony of Florida cormorants, the most northely one known of this species, there being said to be another in a county in the extreme southeastern part of North Carolina. Secretary Gilbert Pearson, of the Audubon Society, who visited the lake in question not very long ago, counted 150 nests of the cormorant, and allowing two old birds and three young to each nest, there are 750 in the colony, which, Mr. Brimley thinks, is a very close estimate. These lakes mark also what may be termed the northern limit of the alligator, and some of these saurians are of great size, almost as large in fact as the biggest in Florida. The alligators keep a very close eye upon the cormorants, particularly the young ones. On one occasion Mr. Brimley was standing waist deep in the wonderfully clear water of one of the lakes on the lookout for alligators, rifle in hand, when he saw a young cormorant swimming some fifty yards from the shore. He then saw the eyes of an alligator suddenly appear, not even rippling the water, some yards astern of the cormorant, which was about three-fourths grown. The alligator, taking the bearings of the bird, sank and then the eyes reappeared, this time only half a dozen feet astern, again sank and in a moment there was a tremendous upheaval of the water, like an explosion, and in the midst of which appeared the big head of the alligator, who, in a gulp or two, took down the struggling cormorant.

Mr. Brimley found that the young cormorants occasionally fall from their nests and that the wily alligators keep on the watch for them in such a case. Of course it is but seldom that they get the grown ones. Mr. Brimley cannot give an idea, he says, of the number of alligators in these lakes. He shot one nine feet in length, after quite an adventure. He had waded out some distance, there being no boats, and was standing motionless when he saw the eyes of an alligator. He fired and struck; the animal sank but reappeared and he shot it again. Then it sank and did not reappear and he had to perform the task of wading out toward it and feeling for it with his feet, not knowing whether it was dead or alive; a very uncanny proceeding. To his great satisfaction he found it dead and brought it in. It was found that the bullet, penetrating his skull, had at its exit torn out a place as large as one's fist.

Mr. Brimley says that at the angles these alligators present for shooting a bullet has to be put into a very small mark to kill, as otherwise he thinks even the highest powdered bullets would glance. The killed alligator is nine feet in length and the skin is now being prepared for mounting in the museum, Mr. Brimley being a very accomplished taxidermist. He fired at the alligator which was swallowing the unlucky cormorant, but thinks he missed it, the conditions for shooting being bad, as he had to look at the scene through narrow spaces between cypress knees and trunks of those trees. He shot but failed to get an alligator over twelve feet in length, judging from the distance between the eyes. He says it was a monster, by far the largest he has ever seen anywhere in this part of the country.

In the southeastern counties, not far from Wilmington, there are many alligators which attack cattle and hogs not infrequently and which have been known to attack people. Seventeen years ago one of them crawled upon a causeway on a turnpike and attacked a horse which was being driven to a buggy, in the buggy being a young man and young woman. The young man had a heavy revolver and he met the alligator at close quarters, it requiring five shots to finish the latter, which, it is said, was eleven feet in length and of great girth.

Curator Brimley was accompanied on his visit to the lakes by State Entomologist Franklin Sherman, the latter collecting many insects while Mr. Brimley applied himself to alligators and snakes mainly. Two very large specimens of the cotton-mouth moccasin were shot and brought here. This snake is as deadly as the rattlesnake, though its fangs are not so large. In parts of North Carolina it is called the "swamp lion," and people declare that it will attack persons who venture into the thick swamps, known locally as "pocosins." Deer hunters tell me that early in the autumn they have had, on a number of occasions, to shoot these snakes in self-protection, and declare that the snakes advanced upon them fearlessly. This snake has a tail as blunt as that of any rattler and a very large head.

Curator Brimley has completed the work of mounting and exhibiting the specimens of the beasts and birds of North Carolina, which fill one of the halls in the notably fine museum here, the latter being not even approached by anything in this country south of Washington, and no other State except perhaps two having a collection com-

parable to the one it contains. The variety of both birds and animals takes a wide range, all the way from the pelican to the golden eagle and the parrakeet, and from the harbor seal to the beaver. One of the cases which attracts much attention contains eagles, very life-like in pose, and with all the accessories carried out with marked faithfulness of detail. Another represents a scene in the life of a large family of opossums. This also is in every way admirable. Fine examples of the buffalo, the elk and the panther tell of the time when all of these animals were numerous in North Carolina. The last record of the buffalo in the State is about 1780, and the last of the elk about 1810, while only a few panthers now remain, these being entirely in the wildest mountain regions.

To return to the lake territory visited by Mr. Brimley and Mr. Sherman, it may be said that it forms part of the great game preserve. The lands in which the lakes are set contain 57,000 acres outside of the lakes themselves, and all is held upon lease, for the hunting privileges, great numbers of deer, ducks, etc., being killed by the sportsmen who have the land lease from the owner, the Bryan family of Newberne. In one of these lakes there are fish, while in the others there do not appear to be any, though there is no reason why they should not be fully stocked. At one time all this property was owned by the State and the lakes were what were known as "swamp lands," some years ago an effort being made by a Raleigh sportsman to buy some of them at a fixed price per acre.

Lake Ellis is the property of James A. Bryan, but the other lakes belong to the State, or rather to the State Board of Education, and under a peculiar provision which gives that Board the title to all the swamp lands. Twenty years ago Mr. Bryan planted Lake Ellis in rice, but there was a failure and the signs of cultivation now show only in the ditches, which are themselves under water. The water in Lake Ellis appears dark because the bottom is of humus. Great Lake is the clearest of all, the bottom being of snowy sand. The fish are in Lake Ellis, though every part of the latter can be waded except a few of the ditches. These lakes form one of the finest inland hunting preserves in the South Atlantic States, and the bags of ducks made there last winter were large enough to gratify any sportsman.

The outlook for game during the coming season in North Carolina is very good indeed. June was a favorable month for young partridges, and good broods were brought off. The Audubon law is found to be working excellently well, and the dissemination of literature regarding birds has stimulated knowledge on the part of farmers. Dogs are among the greatest destroyers not only of young partridges but of the eggs of that bird, negro families in the country always having at least one dog, which lives very largely upon what it can pick up anywhere in its region. But the number of country negroes is very rapidly diminishing, as they are deserting entire neighborhoods in some cases and going to the towns, sawmills, etc., and in a very great many cases drifting northward, allured by labor agents, so that the danger from their dogs to the birds grows less and less.

At the State poultry farm at Raleigh, which is under the management of Mr. J. S. Jeffreys, a pheasant hen has brought off a fine brood of her young of her own raising. The little birds are so artful in secreting themselves that not even a trained eye can discover them in the grass about their homes, though their mother is not particularly timid. Usually, in fact invariably here, the eggs of pheasants are hatched by hens, but in this case Madam Pheasant wanted to show that she could look after her own affairs, and so far she has been very successful.

Good news continues to come from the shore bird rookeries on the North Carolina coast, particularly of those of the terns, not far from Beaufort, in which Mr. Gilbert Pearson is so much interested. Later in the year Governor Glenn and the writer intend to have a look at these rookeries, upon invitation which Mr. Pearson has given, and will make the trip in the Audubon patrol boat, which is in commission, and which has done good service this year. Later another of these boats will be built.

Supervising Game Warden John W. Upchurch, of Raleigh, who during the past two years has done such excellent work in the way of bird protection in two-thirds of the State, has been laid up with rheumatism for several weeks and is just now getting on the road again. The writer had the pleasure of nominating Mr. Upchurch to Governor Aycock for this position, and has always felt that by this nomination and the Governor's prompt appointment a great service was done both for bird lovers and to birds, notably partridges and song birds all over Notrh Carolina.

FRED A. OLDS.

An Arkansas Outing.

AFTER many hot and weary days in the valley of the Arkansas River, on a day in July, accompanied by my wife and our two children, Harry and Leo, I went to my farm in the Ozark Mountains, where the air is pure and cool, the water is cold and sparkling, and fruits of all kinds are in luxuriant abundance. And how cool and quiet the evenings were. The house sits up on the hill and at the northwest corner of the porch bubbles up one of the finest springs in Arkansas. On our first evening we sat upon the porch and listened to the whippoorwill, as he gave his strange and thrilling notes, while away across the valley on the far mountain top a great owl gave his weird cry of "Who-who! Who-are-you?" and the insects sang and buzzed and the cool breezes of the mountains fanned and lulled us to drowsiness.

What a night's sleep one gets in such surroundings, and how refreshed we were in the morning. We began to get our fishing tackle in shape for the gamy bass that lurk and lie in the crystal pools of White River. There were squirrels, too, in the mountains and valleys. We had a fine pack of fox hounds, or at least were part owner of them; and the foxes were abundant back a few miles from the railroad. One fine evening, after a rain, I took Harry, who is an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, out with me to have a fox chase. The nine hounds comprising our pack were in fine shape, and we went some two and one-half miles west of the little town of Brentwood, to a spot were a cyclone had torn the timber down some three years before. When we were just at the edge of the wilderness the hounds picked up a trail and worked it for an hour, when they lost it. Going around north the dogs became scattered, when Spot, a fine young hound, and another named for William J. Bryan, struck a warm trail and were soon gone out of hearing into the cyclone-torn timber. Riding around a point of the mountain and out on to a ridge, we could just hear a faint sound of these two hounds and two more that had joined them. But they were coming our way, and soon all the pack were off like the wind to join them. Shortly the entire pack were coming up the mountainside in full cry, and a great race it was. We were eagerly straining our eyes for a glimpse of the fox, when he crossed the opening like a gray streak, and right behind him, silent as the grave and straining every nerve, was Bryan fully 200 yards ahead of the pack. But almost before we had time to turn our horses to follow, the pack swept by. Circling a few times around the mountain side the fox started again to cross the open space, when Bryan, about midway of the small clearing, overtook him and our chase was over. He was a fine gray fox, but only lasted one hour, after the dogs had him on the run.

We had many more chases during the two months we spent in the mountains. One night we started early in order to reach this place, where the foxes, wild cats and other wild animals congregate, and soon had a fox on the run; and in about two hours he went to earth. When we reached the place, Jim, one of my dogs, was not there. We dug out the fox and then went out on top of the mountain, and, stopping our horses, could hear Jim away down in the jungle; and by the way he gave tongue we knew that he had something up a tree. The other dogs all went to him at once, and when we got there we found up in the tree the largest bob cat I ever saw. But no sooner did he see us than he began to come down, and, leaping when twenty feet off the ground, made his escape. He was forced to take to another tree in about a mile and tried the same tactics, but the dogs were too quick for him and soon he was a dead cat.

We spent many pleasant days fishing in the cool waters of the west fork of the White River, pursuing the gamy small-mouth black bass that abound in that stream. And when tired of fishing and following the hounds, we found squirrel hunting as good as any one could wish. The crops of nuts and acorns for the past two years have filled the mountains around Brentwood and Winslow with squirrels, and they furnish sport at all times. There is one thing about the squirrels that I observed: For more than two months Harry and myself killed from one to three or four—never killing any more than could be used for food—and of all this number there was not one that we could call a fox squirrel. They were all gray squirrels. I returned there in October and made three short hunts and killed thirteen squirrels, and six of them were very large fox squirrels. Where did they come from?

One other thing I did, I found a bee tree. One evening while resting by some water in the woods, I noticed some bees coming for water and going immediately away as soon as they had their fill. I soon got the direction they took, and going a short distance found them at work, going in and out of a hole in the top of a large black oak. I cut the tree the next day and got a fine lot of honey.

Last but not least of my experiences, I ran close on to a panther, and was scared out of my wits, as I had neither dog nor gun, and it was late at night. I had to go a mile to get home, and this through a cornfield. The panther kept up the noise but did not come any nearer to me, so far as I could tell. It is a great mystery where this panther came from. It has been in that vicinity for the past six months, and while it can be heard almost every night somewhere in the neighborhood, very few people have seen it.

But my story is getting too long. The good the outing did my family and myself is almost beyond computation. The transposition from the heat and dust of the town to the cool shade of the mountains, where the breeze is always cool, where the water—as pure as it is possible for water to be—bubbles from the earth and goes tumbling over the gravel bed of the rivulet on its way to the sea, and where orchards are laden with the finest of fruit, where everything combines to make glad the heart is, in my judgment, a better place to spend the summer than in any fashionable summer resort. In the country you can take life easy, you can rest from your labors and fill your lungs with the pure ozone of the mountain air and return home with your vitality increased and your nerves strengthened to begin again life's battles.

J. E. LOUDON.

ARKANSAS.

Cats vs. Birds.

BOSTON, Mass., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our good friend, Professor Hodge, has created quite a commotion in Worcester by killing off some of the felines that frequent the neighborhood of Clark University. It seems Mrs. H. B. Green, of Hawthorne street, missed her pet kitty named Bud, and, calling at Dr. Hodge's house, reported the fact to Mrs. Hodge. Afterward she went to the University to look for Bud, and later secured an interview with the Professor, but was unable to get any trace of her pet. So, with a woman's tenacity of purpose, she called on Dr. Hall, the president. Not satisfied with the information she had obtained, Mrs. Green took the matter to her lawyer and called up the police office, and at last, called on the agent for the prevention of crulty to animals, who promised to investigate some of the stories he had heard from several persons about losing their kitties.

Professor Hodge advised Mrs. Green to put a collar on her cat, if she wanted to keep one, remarking he thought "she had better keep a dog." It seems since Dr. Hodge lost a couple of his partridges there has been something like an epidemic among the cats that have been meandering about, and the Doctor does not deny his knowledge of what has become of some of them. But he claims the right to protect his property against what he terms "stray cats."

On being asked his opinion, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney said the experiment Dr. Hodge is making is of interest not only to the whole State, but to the world, and, in his opinion, a "few cats" should not be permitted to frustrate his attempt to raise grouse in captivity.

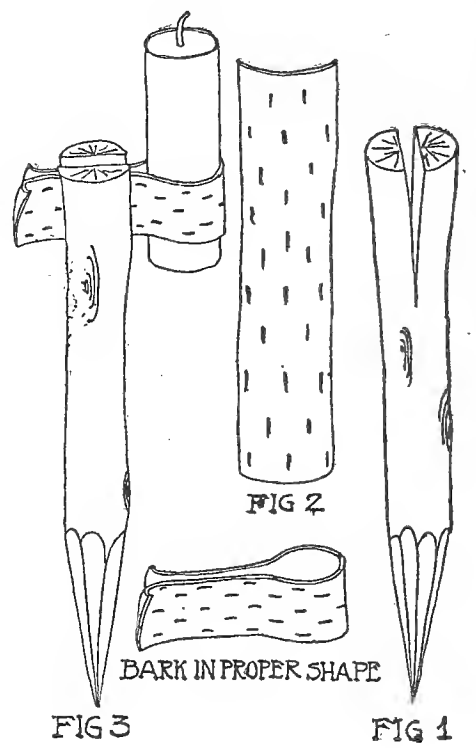
If he were raising chickens or ducks, he said, and they were killed by cats or dogs he would resort to such means as he saw fit to exterminate them and protect his property. That roaming house cats are among the worst destroyers of bird life is a well known fact, and the man who shoots one of them saves many birds. They often go on a regular hunt over the farmer's mowings and into his wood lot, and it is pretty sure death for any young robin, quail or partridge that comes within line of vision. It is a question open to argument on both sides whether cats do not kill more birds than foxes do. Dr. Hodge's crusade against wandering felines should be productive of good in the preservation of bird life.

CENTRAL.

A Handy Candlestick.

THE hunter of experience has learned that an oil lamp or lantern is bulky and nine times out of ten leaks out and runs over his duffle. A large number have come down to the candle, which never leaks and does not take up much room. It furnishes enough light for one's tent, as little light is necessary.

The folding candle lantern is very good, but if it should break or be lost the birch bark candle-stick is the next best thing. This candle-stick can be made in five minutes.



It can be made in almost any part of a forest, as birch bark can be had at almost any time. The construction is as follows: Cut a stick about one foot long and one inch thick. Split one end down two inches and sharpen a point at the other end, as shown in Fig. 1. Then pry off a piece of birch bark two inches wide and four inches long, as in Fig. 2. Bend the bark to the size of the can and slide it in the split stick, and your candle-stick is made. It is then stuck in the ground in any part of the tent desired. The longer the stick the higher the light will be.

E. M. JOHNSON.

The Adirondacks.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, N. Y., July 3—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you like news from the Adirondacks I will state the latest and most important item: The sun shines! June was a drencher. A hotel man who makes observations, says about twelve inches of rain fell in June. Many agree that they never saw this lake so high. In consequence the fishing has been only fair. But the law of compensation holds; there are more trout left for later comers.

I like your plan of publishing a series of articles about cheap summer homes. They make for the strengthening of the work of our national life, the family. Hotel life in the cities breaks that up too much. The summer trend to the country should set the other way. Push the cheap house idea. Permit also a suggestion. Prospective builders can save expense for enlargement as needs increase by erecting higher buildings at first.

It costs no more to roof two floors than one. The siding costs but little more when the building is made one and one-half or two stories instead of one, and the capacity is doubled. Rooms above can then be finished as needed.

Four new cottages are erected here this season—some quite elaborate. At Eagle Lake, connecting with this a new club house, boat house, and many improvements greet the visitor to the golf grounds. Cottagers and some hotel guests are coming in, and more to follow.

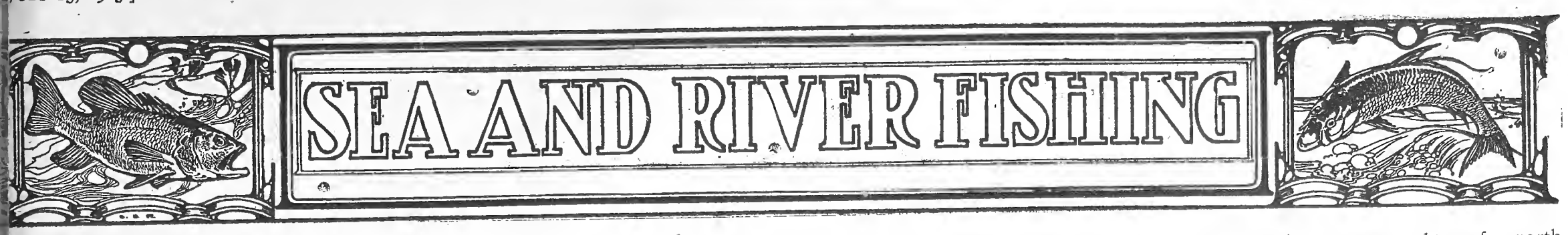
JUVENAL.

Vermont Notes.

SHELDON, Vt., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since my last letter to you I have had, through the kindness of one of your old subscribers and occasional correspondents, Mr. H. A. Noyes, of Hyde Park, several delightful outings in the "Digging's Woods," which are situated east from Hyde Park. We made some good catches of trout, and saw numerous game signs. We not only saw deer, ruffed grouse, woodcock, etc., and if I know beaver tracks, we saw such tracks in one locality. These woods are very extensive and contain miles of alder tangle swamps. The streams are no place for the dude fisherman to visit.

Do cats possess the sense of direction? A lady in Sheldon last winter gave to her son, who resides in Wales fifty-five miles distant, her house cat, which was a household pet. Pussy remained for a time quietly at her new home, until the last of January, when she disappeared and a few weeks later turned up at her old home here in Sheldon. This journey was made during a season of extremely cold weather and snow storms. It is needless to say that the cat will remain at her old home during the remainder of her days.

STANSTEAD.



Jugging on the Mississippi.

I DON'T know as this can be classed as game fishing; it when the water was clear and low and the channel tfish were hungry it was very exciting sport, which my younger days I often indulged in with the keenest joyment. But it is too hard work for an old man, d our great river has been so thoroughly drained by e market men with their bait and trammel nets, trot es and drag seines, it promises very uncertain rns now.

About thirty-five years ago I was so unfortunate as be obliged to remain a month at Hamburg, Calhoun unty, Illinois, a small landing some fifty miles north St. Louis, containing two trading stores, whose chief les were tobacco, sugar and calico, and about a dozen wellings. To this day this country is designated as e "Kingdom of Calhoun," owing to its isolated and culiar condition. While the surrounding territory is ry populous and fertile with all the usual facilities of siness and intercourse, this is isolated by being unded on the east, west and south by the Mississippi d Illinois rivers.

It is a long narrow strip of hilly land, thereby unted for the usual agricultural products, sparsely poputed by the old-timers, who have always exhibited the reatest antipathy to the negro, not one of whom has en allowed to locate there, and they even object to eir traveling across their district. Formally this untry was heavily timbered and its chief products ere cord wood and the best oak barrel stuff and railad ties that were carted to the river landings and ated to St. Louis; but these trees were cleared out venty-five years ago, and the hills being well adapted r fruit culture they introduced numerous orchards, d now export large quantities of our Ben Davis or Red Missouri" apples. Up to ten years ago the Kingdom of Calhoun" did not contain a telephone, legraph or express office, and to-day has no railroad, hile the bounding countries are netted with them. either does it afford any game fishing streams or kes. For this reason, having nothing to do but wait r the slow tow of a heavily loaded barge of machinry up the river, I grew very weary until I thought of gging, for which the stage of the Mississippi was articularly favorable at that time.

It will be understood, as the name implies, that this port simply requires a dozen or so of corked jugs to he handle of each of which is secured a stout cotton ine about No. 36 three feet long, and a catfish hook aited with almost anything from old meat to spoilt heese rind. Marketmen generally use tin cans or dry white pine floats for this purpose. I found this tackle t one of the stores and from that time until my deparature I supplied free of cost all the town of Hamburg with the finest channel catfish, which, by the way, s excellent eating, especially for people who enjoy buffalo or even "Dutch" carp. "German" is too respectable a name for this contemptible class of the finny ribe.

To illustrate the details of this sport I will give an account of one of my most successful trips, explaining hat for fast and comparatively easy work it is best for ne to be accompanied by a helper, but not being inclined to the companionship of any of the loafing natives, a brier root was enough company.

Taking my skiff, I rowed up the river about three miles, then baiting the hooks, I dropped the jugs across he channel about twenty-five feet apart and dropped behind waiting results. In calm weather, when the water is smooth, a one-pounder will bob the floats perceptibly and larger ones will yank them around at a lively rate, but it requires a big fish to sink them for more than half a minute, and another thing is that the game seldom escapes; once hooked, they are there for good.

I had only had time to pipe up and regain my wind after the arduous exercise of rowing until the fun commenced. A jug bobbed, and after it I went, pulling in about a three-pound catfish. By the time the hook was rebaited and thrown back into the water, two jugs were jumping around, so the sport was growing exciting and somewhat laborious.

This continued for about an hour, while I was floating down stream, securing more than a dozen fish of from two to fifteen pounds, when something surprising occurred. One of the jugs went down as a black bass takes a cork. Presently it appeared some distance away, sliding rapidly over the water. Grabbing the oars I put after it, running bow on and jumping to the front only to see it sink quickly and scoot off under the surface. Again and again I went for it with the same results. Noticing that the disappearances were growing shorter, which indicate that the cat was getting tired, as well as myself, I rested, while the fish still kept going with less efforts until the float was nearly stationary. Then I quietly paddled alongside and grabbed it with both hands, when down it went with a rush that caused the boat to take a tub of water and pull me nearly overboard.

Talk about your game fish—my experience with the rod and throw line is that the cat pulls more and dies harder than any other fish of equal size. When a boy I caught an eight-pounder at noon and carried it upon the bank, as I was afraid to string it with our bass and crappy, where we could hear if flopping around for some time. Nearly five hours later, when well started home, my elder brother, finding our big fish apparently dead and covered with dirt and leaves, walked out on the fallen treetop to wash it off. As soon as he gave it a swish in the water, it suddenly revived, pulling him into the stream; and although he was an expert swimmer and had it by the gills, it escaped, to our great disappointment.

To resume. Seeing that the job was rather difficult for one person, I used more caution, so as I grabbed the jug again and gave the line a quick turn around the oar lock and sat down until my game was completely exhausted, then dexterously pulled him aboard. The scale weight was 70 pounds.

By this time the floats were badly scattered, and being below my port I began gathering them in, when my only two-gallon float went down like a flash, and although I stood and closely scanned the water in all directions for about fifteen minutes, it never appeared. The fish must have been a whopper.

Formerly we had some very large fish of this class. Nearly fifty years ago a market man caught one I saw at Quincy, Ill., that weighed 220 pounds. It is very exceptional now to hook one over half this size.

S. E. WORRELL.

As to Pompano.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you or some of your readers kindly tell me something as to the fish pompino, or pompano? It is on the market here, San Francisco, quoted retail at $2 per pound. I bought two pounds in January at fifteen cents per pound and found it a very fine fish. It is thin, as broad and as long as a man's hand, small, blunt head, very little waste in dressing, comparatively free of bones as fish go. Is silvery white on the belly and gradually shades on the sides to a dark gray or bluish black at the back. In taste, texture, flavor, etc., it is as fine a fish as I ever ate. By some people it is called the "butter fish." But others tell me it is not the butter-fish of the Atlantic. I have consulted dictionaries and encyclopædias, but such as I have gave me no light as to the pompano or pompino. What I did find under the head of "butter-fish" did not seem to apply to the fish I am curious about. One authority said the flesh of the butterfish was not in high esteem. Here, however, the pompino is considered the *bonne bouche* of the finny tribe by gourmets and epicures. The price for years here has run between 50 cents and $1.50. The dropping to 15 cents last January was on account of an extraordinary catch. Within a few days, however, the price went to 35 cents, and has now got up to $2.

A fresh fish that will command $2 gold for sixteen ounces avordupois at a seaport must have other merit than rarity or scarcity. I found a man (professional) who said he used to get pompino from Pensacola Bay, at New Orleans restaurants, and that they were considered a luxury there. His pompino dinner began with a Swiss ess followed by turtle soup and sherry; then a salad, then the pompino and fried potatoes, with a red wine, closing the luncheon with fruit, black coffee and a cigar. His description of the fish corresponds with mine except that he said those in the New Orleans market were from six to twelve inches long. I have never seen any here longer than six inches. These come from southern California seas around San Diego, San Pedro and the Catalina Islands.

Also please tell me whether there are any true turbot in American waters. I often see the turbot spoken of in English papers as something evidently superfine. My encyclopædia says that what is known in this country as spotted turbot is New York plaice. Soyer, in one of his stories anent the Crimea, speaks of clout, or knotted turbot, "a peculiar kind of turbot found in the Black Sea, leaving the inference open that there are several kinds of turbot, all of excellence.

Goodholme declares Spanish mackerel to be the choicest of all fish, "perhaps." I used to think that the small-mouth black bass of Michigan and other Eastern States waters were the finest table fish in existence, with mountain trout second on the list. But I hear people dispute my claim as to the bass being superior to turbot. I was practically raised on black bass and for many a one did I troll from a catamaran on Detroit River and Lake St. Clair, and I might be prejudiced in their favor on that account. I have eaten all kinds of salt and sweet water fish on the Pacific coast, and I must say that I found the pompino a delectable morsel, I and a friend making a dish of them—the *pièce de résistance*—at an Italian table. That is, the auxiliary dishes were Italian—the vegetable soup, chicory salad, Italian bread (white), mashed potatoes, stuffed French artichokes, stewed calf's head, were all from Italian recipes, and winding up with Swiss cheese, California fruits and a champoreau. The beverage was California dry Sauterne, a bottle between the two of us. That menu, including the two pounds of pompino, cost $1.30 all told. This was at a modest Italian restaurant in the fish market district. The cooking was perfect. At the swell restaurants and grills it could not now be duplicated for less than $10 or $15, that, of course, including champagne. So I feel that buying pompino in San Francisco at 15 cents per pound was the seizing of one of those opportunities that so rarely present themselves. I had previously looked upon pompino with longing eyes, but deemed it a sin to expend upward of half a dollar a pound for them. That 15-cent day is a red letter one in my diary of gustatory experiences. It certainly was a superb luncheon. I have paid 50 cents a pound here for Lake Tahoe and Truckee River trout and did not consider that excessive.

But I do want to know more about the pompano—its scientific name, habits, natural history, etc., and will thank anyone who will gratify my curiosity through FOREST AND STREAM.

A gentleman tells me that he has eaten pompano in New York city which he had purchased under the name of butter-fish at ten cents per pound. They were the true pompano, he said, but were to be had so cheap because very few people appreciated the excellence of the fish. He said they sometimes were caught as far north as Connecticut, having evidently taken an excursion or exploring trip up from Florida or Caribbean waters. The public, he said, were not educated up in the merits of fish, or there would be more discrimination shown, and the wealthy would be making such a demand for pompino as to keep the price way up.

In my investigations in quest of knowledge as to pompino I ran across the word "pompilos" in Ainsworth's. Pompilos was defined as "a kind of fish which swims with its belly upward."

In the Century Dictionary I find "pompilus," (from the Greek, meaning a fish that follows ships), "a genus of stromateoid fishes: same as centrolophus."

The said dictionary also contains "pomfret" (apparently corrupted from the equivalent Portuguese "pombo" or "pampo"). "In the East Indies a fish of the genus Stromateoides, distinguished from the other stromateoids by the restricted lateral branchial apertures. The white pomfret is *Stromateoides sinensis,* having no distinct free spines between the dorsal and anal fins, and the caudal lobes sub-equal. It is highly esteemed for its flesh. The gray pomfret is *Stromateoides cinereus,* which has free truncated spines before the dorsal and anal fins, and the lower caudal lobe much longer than the upper; young specimens are called silver pomfrets."

There is seemingly some connection of pompino or pompano with pomfret, pombo, pampo, pompilos and pompilus. Are any of your readers able to trace it through? I've heard sailors who have been in Chilian waters speak of a fish called the pampanito down there, and from their description it corresponds with the California pompino. Pampanito, however, appears to me to be more of an Italian word than Spanish, but as the other words are apparently of Greek and Portuguese derivation, they are all suggestive of the Mediterranean, and I've an idea that the pompino may be a well known fish in Italy and other Mediterranean countries, but under a different name now. It is, seemingly, a fish that belongs to tropical salt waters, and the seas immediately contiguous to the north and south, sallying forth, perhaps, periodically, in schools from their natural geographical habitat in a spirit of adventure to foreign waters.

Since writing the foregoing I was told by the clerk of a fish stall that twenty years ago a pompino was caught in Monterey Bay, California, that weighed 12 pounds (192 ounces), and that the fish was sold to the Mercantile Lunch, in San Francisco, for $25 spot cash. I have had no opportunity, before this writing, to attempt to get this story corroborated, though I have no reason to doubt it, and tell it here to show that the pompino may grow into a goodly-sized fish. The same clerk told me that nowadays the pompino that could more than cover a man's hand is a *rari avis.* He could not explain the discrepancy in the sizes of twenty years ago and of to-day, except that, possibly, the fish were being fished out too closely. He also says that the pompino and the so-called butter-fish, are two different fishes, and should not be confounded, although they look alike.

I have written to Dr. D. Starr Jordan, ichthyologist of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, for information, but in the meantime I should like to hear from your readers in the Southern and Atlantic States as to what they know about pompino. I shall take pleasure in reciprocating in a like manner any time in the future.

WM. FITZMUGGINS.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Since my former letter as to pompino I have continued my search for knowledge as to this high priced fish, and got a clue in Good Housekeeping which, in an essay on the preparation of fish, spoke of the pompano. The spelling made a difference, and going back to the dictionaries and encyclopædias I found some interesting information in the Century on the pompano. Evidently that is the correct spelling, although in the market reports of the San Francisco daily papers it is spelled habitually with an "i" instead of an "a". Some people say there isn't much in a name, but in this name the spelling of it sent me off on a sort of wild goose chase for information, and caused me to consume considerable midnight oil in pouring over ponderous tomes, and spreading much writing fluid over white paper in making memoranda or penning questions as to the identity, habits and history of a fish. My bump of curiosity had got fevered, and nothing but facts and truth would allay the fever. But no harm is done if it all results in somebody being made more wise as to pompano. "You must have pompano on the brain," said a friend to me who was witness of my efforts at the library to get at the information. I admitted that I had, and that I would not be cured of the malady except by knowledge. So I am feeling better to-day after having found a few remarks on pompano in the Century. That authority says the name is applied to "the fish *Stromateus fiatola.* A cangaroid fish of the West Indies and South Atlantic and Gulf States, *Trachynotus carolinus,* attaining a length of eighteen inches and highly esteemed as a food. * * * The name also extends to other members of the same genus as the ovate, round or short pompano, *Tovatus,* of tropical seas (and north as far as Virginia), and the glaucous or long-finned pompano, *Tovatus glaucus,* of tropical seas (and north as far as Virginia or Lower California). In Florida along the western coast of Florida, a geroid fish, *Gerres olisthostoma,* specifically known as the Irish pompano. In California, the *Stromateus simillimus,* quite different from the fore-named, and is closely related to the harvest fish, and to the butterfish or dollar-fish." Anyway, that establishes a standing for the pompano with me.

In the Young Folks' Cyclopædia I am told that the pompano is common in the West Indies and in the South Atlantic and Gulf States, is eighteen inches long, has a

blunt nose, and is bluish above and silvery or golden on the sides. Also, that the California pompano is a different kind of fish, abundant on the Pacific coast in the good old summer time, seldom more than a foot long, and is blue above and silvery below. That it is also a good food fish, and that its name is derived from the Spanish pampano.

I am told by a fisherman that pompano weighing one pound have been caught as far north as Point Arena, 39th latitude, but not often, and that their usual habitat does not extend in the Pacific further north than Monterey. That it is periodically abundant in the Mexican seas and the Gallapagos Island waters. He insists that it is the most delicate and finely flavored of all salt water fish.

At any rate, I have discovered this: That the pompano is to be found in the Pacific Ocean along the shores of the Americas between latitudes 40 north and south—from Cape Mendocino south to Valparaiso, but at these extremes the fish appear only periodically, and are thus migratory; that most of the pompano taken are less than a pound in weight and more usually under eight inches in length, but that now and then one is taken that has a phenomenal length or weight, the latter not exceeding 12 pounds, and the former not in excess of eighteen inches. I am also more than ever inclined to the opinion that the word pompano is of Portuguese origin, and came from the Mediterranean, or Latin, country salt waters, or possibly from African Atlantic (Canary Islands and Gulf of Guinea) waters. That there is a large fish known as the pompano, at least larger than the California, my conclusion having been arrived at from the name pampanito, that being the name for the California pompano in Chilian and Peruvian waters. According to my etymology, pampanito is an Italian diminutive of pompano, signifying little or small pompano. This would mean that Italian sailors or fishermen recognized a fish in the American Pacific similar to a fish that they knew in the Old World waters, but of smaller size, and named it accordingly.

There is a passage in a version of Horace which reads:

> "Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
> If ever to our bays the wintry blast
> Should drive them in its fury from afar."

That would indicate that the turbot and char were driven at times into, for them, strange waters by rough weather. From what I can learn, the pompano does not make its appearance in north California waters through stress of storm—on the other hand, it is more likely to return to, or hang close to, equatorial waters.

It is said, too, that often schools of the true Spanish mackerel appear in California waters, the schools having evidently crossed the Atlantic from the European waters, "rounded the Horn," and came up north on an exploration trip.

I believe that the migration of birds and animals has been held as a mystery, and perhaps that of fish should be held so, too. Perhaps the almost total disappearance of cod from Norwegian waters may be accounted for in the surmise that in an instinct for self-preservation the cod have found a new habitat in some other portion of the briny world. Did they, too, like the Spanish mackerel, send out scouting or exploring parties, from time to time, for ages past, to discover and keep in touch with possible seas or depths or banks of refuge? Did they have a Columbus or Vespucius?

To what submarine champlains does the lordly salmon retreat after its annual migrations to its fresh water breeding streams? What "grazing" or feeding resorts—where it accumulates such rich fat, phosphorus and color, making it such a food for man that "mullet or thornback cannot please me more"—has it in the saline depths or marine wildernesses?

Do the salmon, in their migrations, have, like the geese, leaders that know the currents and the barrens and can safely pilot their schools in their great annual and semi-annual journeyings?

Those are the questions that come to me as I stand upon the summit of Telegraph Hill and gaze around upon San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate and off out to the grand old Pacific and think of the myriads of finny denizens of the salty deep.

WM. FITZMUGGINS.

There are in Atlantic waters several pompanos, the best known being the common pompano (*Trachinotus carolinus*)—"trachus," rough, and "notus" back; "rough-backed"; and *carolinus* from Carolina. Jordan and Evermann in "Fishes of North and Middle America," describe it: "Color bluish above, silvery or slightly golden below; pectorals and anal light orange shaded with bluish; caudal and upper portion of caudal peduncle with bluish reflections. Length 18 inches. South Atlantic and Gulf coasts of United States, ranging north to Cape Cod on sandy shores, very common southward, rare or accidental in the West Indies and in Brazil. The most valued food fish in our southern waters, its flesh rich, firm and delicate, superior to all others of its genus or family. On the Pacific coast it is scarcely known as a food fish, perhaps from its scarcity."

The California pompano is a different fish, the *Rhombus simillimus*. We quote the same authority: "In color it is bluish above, bright silvery below; fins punctulate; anterior lobes of dorsal and anal dusky-edged. Length ten inches. Pacific coast of the United States, Puget Sound to San Diego; abundant in summer, especially about Santa Cruz; highly prized as a food fish, its flesh being rich and delicate."

In his new work, "A Guide to the Study of Fishes," Dr. Jordan refers to the *Rhombus simillimus* as "the dainty California poppy-fish, miscalled Pampano." This spelling "pampano," by the way, is used in the "Guide" as the more correct form; the name is from the Latin pampano, a grape leaf, referring to the broad body of the fish.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Wifkins—I believe that dog of mine knows as much as I do.
Bifkins—Huh! I've seen smarter dogs that that.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, Mass., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At Cottage City of late some visitors have been taking bluefish, while others have had good sport in catching perch in Farm Pond. Rev. E. F. Clarke, of Taunton, is high line among the latter, taking ninety in one day's fishing. At Nantucket bluefishing is exceptionally good for the time of year. A party that went out in a dory from Siasconset one day returned with thirty-four, which is considered very good luck. Boats going out from the various resorts on Buzzard's Bay bring in scup, squeateague and tautog, and some anglers have taken bluefish off the "Ledges."

But few people are aware that there are good brooks for trout in almost every town of the State, and in many towns there are several. There are a number of brooks within ten miles of the Hub from which have been taken fine strings of trout, but only a few know anything about them.

From personal observations, a study of county maps, and from conversation with citizens in various parts of the State, I place the number of streams which to-day should furnish good sport for the trout fisherman at a figure well up in the hundreds. The work of stocking, done the past two or three years by the commission, has helped a small fraction of them a little. I believe that is all that can be said and keep within the truth, and it is no reflection on the present board nor on the former chairman, the late Captain Collins, of blessed memory.

The one only hatchery in the State capable of rearing fingerlings—that at Sutton—has been taxed to the utmost. Commendable efforts have been made to develop the resources at Hadley in the direction of raising fingerlings, but without success, and this year matters have been made worse by the building of a reservoir on the stream for a water supply of the town. Apparently, then, there is no hope whatever for any increase in the output from the State hatcheries. Why should not Massachusetts have a United States hatchery? If there is any good reason the writer would be glad to learn what it is.

There are regions in Massachusetts that offer inducements for the angler and hunter from outside our borders. One such tract has been recently secured by a syndicate, of which Mr. Miles Roberts, of Wall street, New York, is president, which has bought some thirty farms in Tolland, including about 4,000 acres of land and a beautiful lake 1,500 feet above sea level. Most of the land is covered with forest, which, with proper treatment, will continue to add to the attractiveness of the preserve and will eventually become a source of income. The stockholders are chiefly sportsmen of New York, Brooklyn, Yonkers and Plainfield, N. J., who as an organization, will control the hunting and fishing and other privileges. On the lake shore is a commodious club house.

This is not the only instance where the possibility to get sport with rod and gun has been the chief attraction in bringing within our borders men of large means. All must admit that in the twentieth century it is a short-sighted policy that would neglect the full development of fish life in our ponds and streams, or animal and bird life in our covers.

The recent visit to Kineo of ex-Governor John F. Hill, of Augusta, and Hon. William T. Haines, of Waterville, has revealed facts concerning the opening of a new railroad route to Moosehead Lake by the extension of the Somerset County Railway from Bingham. There is no doubt in the minds of close observers that the extension is to be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. By the new route a saving of not less than four hours will be made in the time from Boston to Moosehead. This means that a man may leave Boston in the evening and reach the lake in time for breakfast next morning—returning, he can leave the lake by an evening train and breakfast next morning in Boston. It is also expected to result in quite a reduction in the expense of the journey. Messrs. Hill and Haines have large interests in forest lands and have in mind, no doubt, the lumber interests to be benefited, as the extension will pass through some forty miles of virgin forests, which are now practically inaccessible. The road was extended to Moxie Pond for lumber purposes. A second section is under construction and bids are opened for the third, leaving only a final stretch of about fourteen miles to be provided for.

It is said that the building of this cutoff means the construction of another large hotel on the opposite shore from Kineo—a project which several capitalists have had in mind for some time. Two eligible sites have been talked of, one at Sand Bar Farm and one at what is known as the Calder place. At either of these places there will be room for the building of cottages or camps for families and parties, which it is believed will find plenty of occupants. Such an expansion of accommodations will mean, in the near future—perhaps in two or three years—a great increase in the number of anglers, and the question whether the fishing will hold out with the number of fishermen twice that of to-day is a very important one.

Is it possible to keep up the supply in the lake when twice as many fish are taken? The writer believes it can be done if the winter fishing is cut off entirely and the work of stocking is greatly increased, but not otherwise. While many old-time visitors may choose to go over the same route they have traveled for years, and thus get the delightful ride on the lake from Greenville to Kineo, the majority of those from outside the State will be likely to avail themselves of the new and shorter route, and there will inevitably be a very great increase in the number who will visit Moosehead. Kineo will, however, continue to be a powerful magnet with its old patrons, and need not fear competition.

Several guests at Kineo have derived pleasurable excitement from seeing a bull moose swimming in the lake. Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Jenckes, of Woonsocket, R. I., with James Findlay as guide, who were on the lake in a canoe, approached the animal near enough to caress his shaggy back with their fly-rods before driving him ashore. When he reached terra firma it did not take him long to make a break for the forest.

Fly-fishing is reported prime, and among those enjoying it are: Frank H. Green and wife and Rev. A. H. Fish, of New York; W. E. Hodgman, of Yonkers, N. Y.; Judge and Mrs. C. W. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Grant and James Donaldson, of Salem, Mass.; Messrs. H. L. Moorehouse and A. K. Beach, of Bridgeport, Conn., and Rev. L. K. Storrs and Elias J. Bliss, of Brookline, Mass., and many others.

As has been his custom for several seasons, Judge Charles Allen, of Boston, is making Kineo his place for summer recreation. The resident physician, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., of New York, has arrived and will soon be joined by his family.

Morris and Richard Williams and two friends from Philadelphia are making the Allegash trip. Messrs. F. A. Schermerhorn and Lenox Smith, of New York, made Bangor in their yacht, Freelance, and have had a few days' fishing at Moosehead.

At North Pond (Belgrade Chain), South Smithfield the fly-fishing is ahead of previous seasons. Four boats one day brought in 300 bass taken on the fly. Four new camps have just been completed and several parties from New York have secured quarters for a sojourn of several weeks. Boston is represented now by Messrs. Lester Monks and C. D. Winter. Mr. M. H. Hardwick, a Boston artist, who has been visiting Mr. H. B. Austin, of Phillips, reports finding good bass fishing in Lake Webb in Weld.

By a typographical error in my last letter I was made to speak of good salmon fishing in Lowell. It should have read Lovell, which is a town with several lakes in eastern Maine within a short distance of the White Mountains. There are further reports of salmon ranging from 6½ to 10½ pounds each taken since my last letter was written from Kezar Lake. From Eustis a very fair buckboad road of thirteen miles (the writer once walked it after 5 P. M.) takes one to Round Mountain Lake, and a gem of a place it is. Trout may be taken in the lake or in Alder Stream. Blanchard Pond, a couple of miles or so distant, affords trout fishing. The proprietors, Messrs. F. R. Morse and R. J. Jackson (joint owners), of New York, are passing part of the season there, as is the usual custom.

The Messenger party, Mr. E. M. Messenger, of Winchester, and son, and Mr. F. W. Winn with wife and daughter have recently returned from Round Mountain and bring reports of good fly-fishing at the lake, where they passed a couple of weeks.

The Bean party, of Lowell, F. S. Bean and wife with Joseph Peabody and W. H. Wight, have just come out from Tern Pond bringing along a fine box of trout to distribute among their friends. At the Birches Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Steele, of New Haven, have taken Sans Jean Cabin, and with them are R. O. Watkins and son, of Waterbury, Conn.; Herbert Moore and Russ Spinny as their guides.

Henry C. Kennedy and family, of Brooklyn, are at Camp Bijou, which they have occupied several seasons.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Stevens and Miss Hayes, of Concord, N. H., have occupied Sunset Camp for a month with Dan Heywood as their guide. Other camps are occupied by well known visitors from many cities of Maine, Massachusetts and New York.

Mr. F. R. Whall and wife, of Boston, are in clover at Camp Ellis of Bald Mountain camps, this being a honeymoon trip. Mrs. Whall has taken her first salmon, a 3-pounder.

CENTRAL.

Commercial Breeding of the Snapping Turtle.

NOT long after the artificial propagation of certain sorts of fish became an established commercial success people began to talk about breeding of terrapin and of frogs. They have been talking about it ever since, but so far, we believe, nothing more has been done in the matter than to collect living terrapin to put them in an inclosure and keep them there until the proper time came for marketing them. The State of Pennsylvania has made some experiments in frog breeding, the results of which have not yet been announced.

While we here in America have been doing a great deal of talking, the patient, energetic and successful Japanese have been doing things in many directions, and one of these directions has been the successful cultivation of marine and fresh-water animals. For some years the artificial culture of shell fish, eels, certain fishes and a snapping turtle have been carried on successfully, and so profitably that all these industries have become thoroughly established on paying bases. All of these are not new, for the culture of the oyster at Hiroshima and of algæ in Tokyo Bay have been carried on for hundreds of years. Incidentally a very great number of Japanese in recent years have taken up the study of biology as applied to many of these creatures and their investigations have helped to push forward these matters to success on the commercial side.

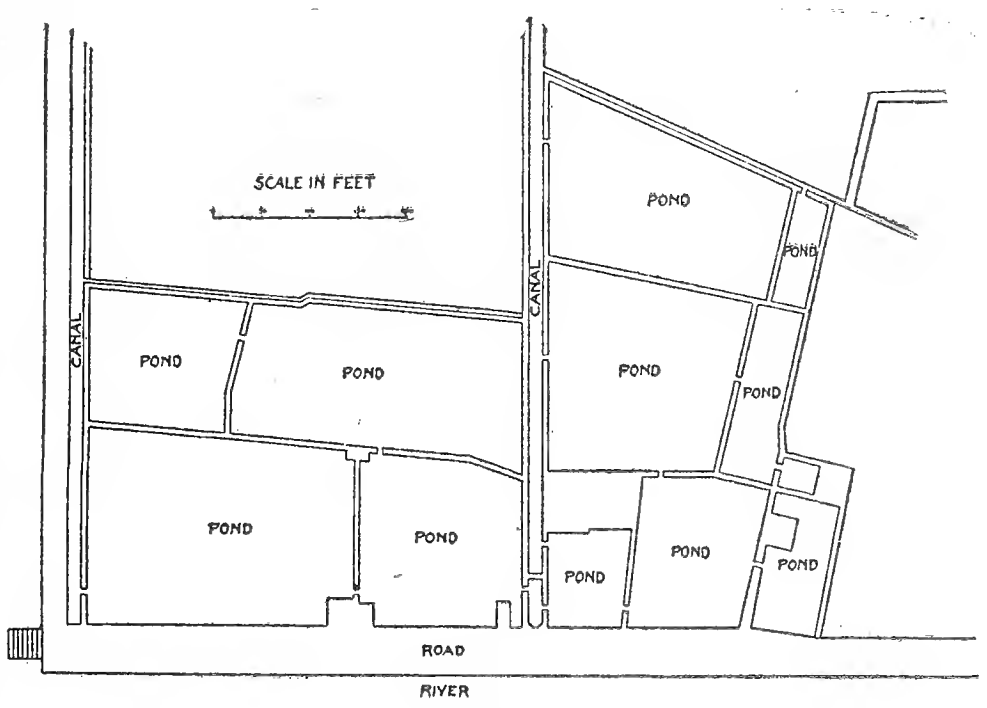
Before the International Congress of Arts and Science held at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in August of last year, an interesting paper on the subject was read. It was by Dr. K. Mitsukuri, who occupies the chair of Zoology at the Imperial University, Tokyo, Japan, and contains so much information that it has been printed by the Bureau of Fisheries in Washington. Dr. Mitsukuri discusses the artificial propagation and rearing of gold fish, carp, eels, mullet, salmon and trout, besides a number of shell fish, but to our view the subject that has the most interest for America is the business of turtle raising. The species dealt with is a soft-shelled tortoise, known in Japan as "suppon," the Latin name of which is *Trionyx japonicus*. This business has been pushed to a point where it is extremely successful, and it would seem that the methods employed in the culture of this species might be perfectly applicable to the diamond back terrapin. Of the propagation of this species Dr. Mitsukuri said:

The place occupied among gastronomical delicacies by the diamond-back terrapin in America and by the green turtle in England is taken by the "suppon," or the snapping turtle, in Japan. The three are equally esteemed and equally high priced, but the Japanese epicure has this advantage over his brothers of other lands—he has no longer any fear of having the supply of the luscious reptile exhausted. This desirable condition is owing to the successful efforts of a Mr. Hatori, who has spared no pains to bring his turtle farm to a high pitch of perfection and is able to turn out

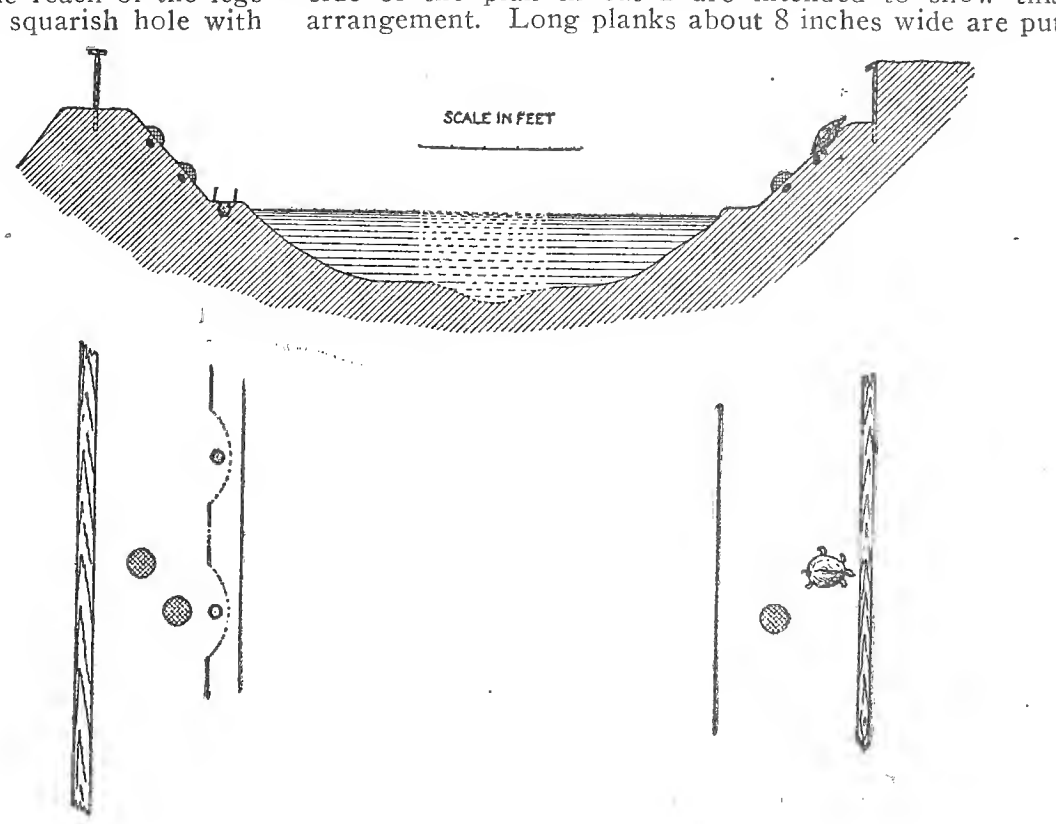
tens of thousands of these reptiles every year. As his are, so far as I am aware, the only turtle farms in the world which are highly successful, a description of his establishment and methods will, I think, prove interesting and serve as a guide to those who may have similar undertakings in view. In passing I may remark that I have known Mr. Hattori these twenty years and have spent a number of summers on his original farm, collecting, with his kind consent, ample materials for my studies on the development of Chelonia. In return, Mr. Hattori is kind enough to say some of the facts and suggestions I have been able to give him, based on my embryological studies, have been of service in carrying out improvements.

The Hattori family has lived a long time in Fukagawa, a suburb of Tokyo, which lies on the "Surrey" side of the Sumida River, and which, having been originally reclaimed from the sea, is low and full of lumber ponds, and until recently of paddy fields. The occupation of the family was that of collecting and selling river fishes such as the carp, the eel, and the crucian carp, and of raising gold-fishes, in addition to the ordinary farmer's work. As far back as in the forties of the last century, the high price commanded by the "suppon" seems to have suggested to the father and the uncle of the present Hattori the desirability of cultivating it, and this idea, once started, seems never to have been lost sight of, although lying in abeyance for a long time.

In 1866 the first large turtle was caught, and from then on additions were made by purchase from time to time, so that in 1868 there were fifteen, and by 1874 the number reached fifty, which were all very healthy, with a good admixture of males and females. In 1875 these were placed in a small pond of 36 tsubos,* with an island in the center which was intended for the turtles to lay eggs on. They, however, seemed to prefer for this purpose the space between the water edge and the outer inclosure; hence, to suit the tastes of the reptile, the pond was hastily modified into a form very much like the one in use at the present day. That year over one hundred young were hatched, but, unfortunately, they were allowed to enter the pond in which the adults lived, and all but twenty-three of them were devoured, making it evident that some means were necessary to protect them from their unnatural parents. Thus was gradually evolved the present system of cultivation.



CUT 1.—Plan of a turtle farm.



CUT 2.—Plan of pond.

In general appearance a turtle farm is at a first glance nothing but a number of rectangular ponds, large and small, the large ones having a size of several thousand tsubos. The ponds are undergoing constant modification, being united or separated just as need arises, so that their number may vary considerably at different times. Cut 1 gives the plan of the Hattori turtle farm at Fukagawa as at present laid out. There pass through the farm two small canals which communicate on the one hand with the river across the road, and on the other with the ponds, so that the water can be drawn into, or emptied from, each of them at will.

All the ponds, whether large or small, are constructed very much on the same plan. They are limited on their four sides by plank walls, the top of which may either be on the level of the ground (see the right side of the section, cut 2) or may be more than a foot above the ground when two ponds are contiguous (the left side, cut 2). In either case the plank wall has a cross plank of some width at right angles to it on its top, and is also buried some inches in the ground. The former arrangement is, of course, to prevent the tortoises from climbing over the wall, and the latter to prevent them from digging holes in the ground and making their escape in that way, while at the same time it serves to exclude the moles. On the inner side of the plank wall there is more or less of a level space, and then a downward incline of 3 or 4 feet. At the foot of this incline and directly around the water's edge there is another level space which enables people to walk around the pond. From the edge of the water the bottom of the pond deepens rather rapidly for a space of some three feet, and there reaches the general level of the bottom, which is about two feet below the level of the water. The greatest depth of a pond is about three feet and is always toward the water gate by which the pond communicates with the canals. The bottom is of soft, dark mud, several inches thick, into which the tortoises are able to retire to pass the winter.

On a turtle farm one or more of the ponds is always reserved for large breeding individuals, or "parents," as they are called. The just-hatched young or the first-year ones must have ponds of their own, as must also the second-year ones; those of the third, fourth, and fifth years may be more or less mixed.

*One tsubo, an area 6 feet square, is the unit in the measurement of small land surfaces.

In order to give a connected account of the raising of tortoises, we might begin with a description of the pond for large breeding individuals, or "parents," and with an account of egg-laying and hatching.

The "parents' ponds" does not differ in any remarkable way from the general plan of a pond given above. Usually one of the largest ponds is chosen, and it can be distinguished from the others, because one or two of its slopes are usually kept up very carefully, while the other slopes or those of other ponds are apt to be worn by rain and wind and to become rugged. These well-kept slopes are invariably on the warmer sides, where the sun pours down its midsummer rays longest, and are carefully worked over in the spring so that the tortoises will find it easy to dig holes in them. In the breeding season these sides are seen to be covered with wire baskets which mark the places where the eggs have been laid.

Copulation takes place on the surface of the water in the spring. Egg deposition begins in the last part of May and continues up to the middle of August. Each female comes out of the water and wanders about a little, while on the banks of the pond in search of a suitable locality in which to deposit eggs. Having finally chosen a spot, with her head directed up the bank she firmly implants her outstretched fore-feet on the earth, and during the whole operation never moves these. The process of egg deposition, which takes altogether about twenty minutes, may be divided into three portions occupying about the same length of time, namely: (1) digging a hole, (2) dropping eggs in it, and (3) closing the hole. The digging of the hole is done entirely with the hind legs. Each with its nails outstretched is moved firmly from side to side—that is, the right foot from right to left and the left from left to right, and the two are worked in a regular alternation, while the body is swayed a little from side to side, accompanying the motion of the legs. The force put in the lateral pressure of the feet is so strong that the earth that has been dug out is sometimes thrown off to a distance of 10 feet or more, although the largest part of it is heaped up around the hole. Digging seems to be continued as long as there is any earth within the reach of the legs to be brought up. The result is a squarish hole with the angles rounded off, and although its size differs with the size of the female, it is generally about 3 to 4 inches across at the entrance, with the depth and width inside about 4 inches or more. When digging is finished eggs are dropped from the cloaca into the hole, which naturally lies just below it. The eggs are heaped up without any order, but, there being no chalazæ, the yolk is able to rotate in any direction, and the blastoderm, having the least specific gravity, always occupies the highest spot of the yolk in whatever position the egg may happen to be dropped. The eggs are generally spherical in shape, although sometimes more or less oblate. Their diameter is in the neighborhood of 20 millimeters, the largest being as large as 24 millimeters, the others smaller according to the size of the females. The number of eggs in one deposit varies from 17 or 18 to 28 or more, the smaller individuals producing the smaller number.

When the eggs have all been deposited, the turtle's legs are again put in requisition, this time to fill up the hole, which is done by alternate motions as before. The earth about the hole is used at first, but search is made for more loose earth for a little distance, as far around as the legs can reach with a slight motion of the body either to the right or left without moving the front legs. Toward the end of the process the loose earth is trampled down. When the hole is well filled up to the level of the ground, the turtle turns around and goes immediately down into the water, not casting even one backward glance.

I have noticed an interesting contrast between the behavior of *Trionyx* and of *Clemmys* during the egg deposition. If one wants to watch a *Trionyx* depositing eggs, one has to crawl on all fours behind the plank wall of the pond and peep through a hole, being careful not to show himself. The moment the snapping turtle sees anyone, it stops in whatever part of the egg-laying process it may be engaged and plunges straight into the water. Utterly different is the behavior of *Clemmys*. When once it begins the process of egg-laying it is never deterred from carrying it out, no matter how near or how boldly one may approach. Whenever I watched a *Clemmys* working away in the direct midsummer rays with its carapace all dried up and with its eyes alone moist. I could not help comparing it to a slave of duty fulfilling his fate with tears in his eyes. What causes such a difference of behavior in the two species? What is its significance? What difference in the nervous system corresponds to it?

The traces of a spot where the snapping turtle has laid eggs are (1) the two marks made by the forepaws holding on to the earth during the whole operation, and (2) a disturbed place some distance back of the line of the forepaws where the hole has been made. The three marks are at the angles of a triangle. I have noticed a very interesting fact in regard to these traces. When a young female is depositing her first eggs, she is very clumsy, the hole being badly made and the filling in of it very imperfect, so that often a part of it remains open. Old females are extremely neat in their doings, and one can determine at once the age and size of the female by the skill displayed and by the distance between the three marks of egg deposition. This shows that although the elaborate actions necessary in egg laying must be, in the main, due to instinct, each individual has to add its own experience to the inherited impulses and is able thus only to accomplish the desired end with perfection.

In Hattori's farm a person goes around the "parents' pond" once a day or so and covers up with wire baskets all the new deposits made since the last visit. Each cover basket may be marked with the date if necessary. This covering serves a two-fold purpose—the obvious one of marking the place, and in addition that of keeping other females from digging in the same spot. When hundreds, or even thousands, of these baskets are seen along the bank of a "parents' pond," it is a sight to gladden the heart of an embryologist, to say nothing of that of the proprietor.

The hatching of the eggs takes, on an average, sixty days. The time may be considerably shortened or lengthened according to whether the summer is hot and the sun pours down its strong rays day after day, or whether there is much rain and the heat not great. It may become less than forty days or more than eighty days. By the time the last deposits of eggs are made in the middle of August, the early ones, which were laid in May or June, are ready to hatch; and inasmuch as if small tortoises that have just emerged from the eggs are allowed to get into the "parents' pond" they are devoured by their unnatural fathers and mothers, a special arrangement has now to be put up to prevent this. The left side of the plan in cut 2 are intended to show this arrangement. Long planks about 8 inches wide are put up lengthwise around the edge of the pond, leaving perhaps 1 foot margin between them and the water. The two successive planks are not placed contiguous, but a space of about 3 feet is left between every two, and closed by a bamboo screen put up in the shape of an arc of a circle, with its convexity toward the pond. Thus the slope or the bank where the eggs have been deposited is completely cut off from the pond itself. In the center of every pocket-like arched space made by a bamboo screen an earthenware jar is placed with its top on the level of the ground, and some water is put in it. This elaborate arrangement is for the reception of the young tortoises, which, as soon as they break through the egg shells—those belonging to the same deposit generally coming out at the same time—crawl up to the surface of the ground by a hole or holes made by themselves, and go straight down the incline toward the pond, as naturally as the duckling takes to the water. They are stopped, however, in their downward hydrotaxic course by the planks put up, as stated before, around the pond, and they crawl along the length of the planks and sooner or later drop into the jars placed in the recesses between every two planks. A man going around once or twice a day can easily collect from these jars all the young hatched since the last visit.

The young just hatched are put in a pond or ponds by themselves and given finely chopped meat of a fish like the pilchard. This is continued through September. In October *Trionyx* ceases to take food, and finally burrows into the muddy bottom of the pond to hibernate, coming out only in April or May. The young are called the first-year ones until they come out of their winter sleep, when they are called the second-year young. At first the same kind of food is given these as that given to the first-year young, but gradually this may be replaced by that given to older individuals, namely, any fish meat or crushed bivalves, etc. Figure 2, plate I., shows a lot of the second-year young in August. From the third to the fifth year, inclusive, the young need not be kept in ponds strictly according to age, but may be more or less mixed, if necessary. The young of these years are also the best and most delicate for eating and are the ones most sold in the market. In the sixth year they reach maturity and may begin to deposit eggs, although not fully vigorous till two or three years later. How old these snapping turtles live to be is not known. Those 1 foot and more in length of carapace must be many years old. The

following table gives the average size of the carapace and the weight of the young:

	Length in centimeters.	Breadth in centimeters.	Weight in grams.
Just hatched	2.7	2.5	...
First year	4.5	4.2	23
Second year	10.5	8.8	169
Third year	12.5	10.5	300
Fourth year	16.0	13.5	563
Fifth year	17.5	15.1	750

One of the most important questions in turtle farming is that of food supply. The profit depends largely on whether a constant supply of healthful food can be obtained cheaply and abundantly. In the Hattori farm chief dependence in this respect is laid on the "shiofuki" shell (*Mactra veneriformis* Deshayes) which occurs in enormous quantities in the Bay of Tokyo. These shells are crushed under a heavy millstone rolled in a long groove in which they are placed, as shown in Fig. 2, plate III. Other kinds of food given are any dried fish scraps, silkworm pupæ, boiled wheat grains, etc.

A curious part of the ecological relations of a turtle pond is this: It would be supposed that putting other animals in the same pond with the snapping turtles would be detrimental to the welfare of the latter, but experience has proved just the contrary. It is now found best to put such fishes as carp and eels in the same ponds with the turtles. The reason, I am told, is that these fishes stir up mud and keep the water of the pond always turbid, and this is essential to the well-being of the turtles, as is proved when the messmates are taken out of the pond. Dirt and mud then settling down, and the water becoming clear and transparent, the turtles, which are extremely timid, will not go about searching for food, and thus very undesirable results are brought about.

The business of turtle raising has thrived well. When I first became acquainted with the turtle farm, now over twenty years ago, it was a small affair with only a few small ponds, and the eggs hatched out in one year were, all told, not much over 1,000. Now the enterprise embraces three establishments: (1) The original farm at Fukagawa, Tokyo, now enlarged to 7 acres; (2) the large farm at Maisaka, near Hamamatsu, province of Totomi, over 25 acres, whither the main part of the business has been transferred; and (3) the second farm in Fukagawa, about 2 acres in extent. These three establishments together will yield this year (1904) about 4,100 egg deposits, which means 82,000 eggs, counting 20 eggs to a deposit on an average. Probably 70,000 young will be hatched from these, and deducting 10 per cent. loss before the third year, there will be about 60,000 "suppon" ready for the market in three years. The turtles sold in a year in Osaka, Tokyo, Nagoya, and a few other towns weigh about 2,000 kwan (= 16,500 pounds), and are worth about 6.50 to 7.50 yen (1 yen = $0.50) per kwan.

There are several minor turtle farms besides those mentioned above, but as they are all modeled after those under Mr. Hattori's management, they need not be described further.

Fly Fisherman vs. Sea Angler.

IT is interesting and often amusing to note the calm complacency with which the devotee of one kind of angling asserts its superiority over all others, and I have often, when discussing such matters with one of my friends, been almost unable to keep a sober countenance when he, with a metaphorical hand-wave, brushed into contemptuous insignificance methods of recreation which have charmed some of the master minds of the world.

"Salmon and trout angling," exclaims a bass and squeteague fisherman, "not any in mine, if you please. I've tried them, and I give you my word, I never had such a beastly time in my life. I was invited by a friend who had a salmon stream in Canada to come up and try my luck with him, and in a weak moment I accepted his invitation, got up an outfit, split bamboo salmon rod, a 150-yard oiled silk line, big reel, casting lines, fly book and flies that cost me all the way from $5 to $20 a dozen and all the other accessories that are deemed indispensable, and we started for the north.

"Well, my friend talked salmon, breathed salmon, and for aught I know, dreamed salmon from the moment we stepped on the train until we arrived at the river. Now, when I go fishing I like to take solid comfort; I go for recreation, for all the sport I can get out of it. I like to sit comfortably in my boat and take my bass or squeteague in a quiet, gentlemanly way, and when the fish are not biting I can enjoy my cigar in peace and refresh myself occasionally with a bottle of Bass' ale or Milwaukee beer which repose comfortably in a box of pounded ice beneath my seat or in the cuddy. Yes, sir, that's solid comfort.

"When we arrived at our first tenting-place I was just simply fagged out, for we had come in on an old buckboard over the roughest road imaginable for a half dozen miles or so, and at the end of that road we had to take shank's mare for a couple of miles through the woods; that was the roughest tramp I ever took in my life, and I never shall forget it.

"All the way through the woods we were followed by an endless drove of mosquitoes. Now I thought I knew something about mosquitoes, for I made their acquaintance in Jersey many years ago, but all that I ever saw in that remarkable mosquito breeding ground were not a patch on those hungry brutes in Canada.

"I had my rod case in one hand during that tramp and with the other I slapped and fought and rubbed and scratched, and though I killed hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the fiends they streamed out behind me in as many more thousands like the tail of a comet, and my friend assured me it wasn't an extra good day for mosquitoes at that.

"By dint of perseverance and endurance I reached the camping place. Yes, it was a pretty enough spot, the tent having been pitched by the guides by the side of a large basin in the river which my friend called a pool, although it was not my idea of a pool, for the water seemed alive in every portion of it, moving around in it in all kinds of whirls and eddies.

"Above it were two or three cascades or whatever one may please to call them, my friend said they were rapids, and I guess he was right, for the water came tumbling and roaring down over the rocks in a way that was decidedly rapid.

"The place was picturesque all right, for on both sides of the river were huge, rocky cliffs which towered up higher and higher until they became veritable mountains.

"It didn't take my friend long to set up his rod and get his tackle ready, and while our men began to make preparations to get supper, he went up to the head of the pool and began casting, while I sat down on a boulder nearby and watched him. I thought I wouldn't fish that day but wait and see how it was done, for I hated, mortally, to have the guides know I was a tenderfoot. I had a feeling that the way I swore at the mosquitoes during that long tramp had not given them a very high opinion of me as a starter, for somehow those fellows have a way of sizing up a man in very short meter, and so I allowed I would not try to do much salmon fishing until I saw how the trick was done. There's no mistake he handled that big rod with consummate skill, and he cast his fly all over the pool, which was seventy-five feet wide at least, just as easily as I could throw out a fiddler crab or menhaden bait for striped bass.

"While I sat on that boulder watching my friend, and, I am free to confess envying the skill with which he handled his rod, I discovered an entirely new sensation. Now, discovering a new sensation is often a good thing. Old Nero tried it and lots of other duffers after him have tried it, and there's a host of fellows in New York to-day who are actually aching to realize something new in this line, but a little of the kind I had will go a condemned long ways.

"I had heard or read somewhere about black flies, but my entomological experiences had never before enabled me to make the acquaintance of those little insects; but when I sat down on the boulder I had an introduction to them which was far from formal. I felt a burning sensation behind my ears, on my neck, and on my forehead just below the rim of my hat. I say burning sensation, and preachers have told us about heaping coals of fire on one's head, but I swear to you I felt as if some chap was rubbing live coals all over my head and face, and when I put up my hand to rub one of the burning places I found it was smeared with blood, the black flies had sampled by venous fluid, and no mistake.

"I jumped up and began rubbing my face and neck with my handkerchief, and when I removed it it was thoroughly stained. Just then one of our men who had been watching my gyrations, approached me with a box of ointment in his hand which he advised me to rub on my face, neck and hands.

"'What it is?' I inquired, looking at the box rather suspiciously.

"'It's fly poison,' he replied, 'rub a lot of it on and they'll not bite you any more; it's made of tar, pennyroyal and oil,' he added.

"Well, I smeared myself with that flamboyant smelling stuff, and the flies kept away from me; they couldn't stand the odor, but I had to. To drown the smell I filled my pipe and lighted it, but I couldn't quite overcome the perfume of the 'fly pison.'

"I sat down again and watched my friend, for barring a greasy feeling on my hands I was, in a way, beginning to feel comfortable. Suddenly, as he was dragging his fly from a distant part of the pool, I saw his rod bend and then his big reel gave a shriek and I knew he had hooked a salmon, and a good fish it was, too, for it was soon leaping and cavorting around for all the world like a barracouta; the fish seemed to be in a dozen places at once, and in the air about as much as in the water.

"My friend played him skillfully, and it was nearly a quarter of an hour before one of the guides succeeded in gaffing it. It was as bright as silver, which showed it was 'fresh run,' as my friend said, whatever that meant, but it weighed only ten pounds. It didn't seem to me nearly as strong as would be a bass, kingfish or barracouta of equal weight. We had some of that salmon for supper, and it was the real thing, and no mistake, altogether different from a salmon that has been kept on ice a month or two—such as we get in our markets.

"That night I was lulled to sleep by the howling of mosquitoes in the tent, by the rush and roar of the rapids, and the hooting of a big owl in the trees nearby. I say lulled to sleep; I should say I was kept from going to sleep a long time by these sounds. On the following morning I set up my rod, and rigged my tackle, attaching to my casting-line one of my handsomest and most costly flies, for I wanted to do the liberal thing by the fish, and, selecting a favorable point, I began casting, imitating my friend in all his movements as well as I could, and I flatter myself I was rather an apt pupil, for I succeeded in placing my lure where I wanted to. Somehow I got the right drag and I thought I was getting on swimmingly, although I had not raised a fish. But if I was all right in my front casts, I wasn't in my back ones, for the first thing I knew my fly was hitched high up in a tree and it was hitched so firmly I couldn't pull it down without breaking my casting-line, which I disliked to do, and to free it I had to call one of our men who was preparing breakfast and he, to release my fly, was obliged to climb the tree. I will say right here that I kept one of our men busy climbing trees during the few days I was on the river.

"Well, to make a short story of it, I didn't kill a salmon; in fact, I din't kill much of anything in the fish line except a few measly sea trout, none of them over a pound in weight.

"No, sir, no salmon or trout fishing in mine, if you please, give me the deep blue sea, where the mosquitoes, black flies and those other little fiends, the midges, cometh not, where there are no trees to bother one in his back-cast and where, when he hooks a fish, he has a chance to play it in good, deep water, without being obliged to wade out to one's armpits, or to race down a river chasing a salmon, stumbling over rocks and boulders and barking one's shins every now and then by way of additional excitement. I don't think there's any comparison between salt and fresh-water fishing, and give me the salt every time."

"But think of the deadly monotony of it," replies the fly-fisherman, remonstratingly.

"Monotony, nothing!" exclaimed the other. "What is there monotonous about fishing for striped bass from the rocky ledges all along the coast, casting the bait far out into the boiling surf and fighting a fish that is game to the finish. I tell you a 10 or 15-pound bass gives just as good sport, yes, better than does a salmon of the same size. It's true, he doesn't leap like the other, but the barracouta does, and lots more of the fish which are found in the sea. Why, there's nothing monotonous about still-fishing for bass and squeteague from a boat, even, for one has the ocean all around him, a vast body of water which has ever varying moods and changing conditions; why, its color even is changing all the time; there the lungs are filled with the purest ozone ever vouchsafed to man, and when the fish are biting freely the angler has all he wants to attend to. No, sir, I'm a salt water fisherman every time, and I'm not alone in my devotion to the sport, by a long shot. Here, see what a celebrated English writer says about bass fishing," he continues, taking a book from the shelves and opening it. "This is what Mr. G. A. Thring says about it:

"'Bass fishing has a decided fascination. It is most fascinating, perhaps, when indulged in from the rocks, but it is not unpleasant in a boat on a breezy day. There is another aspect in its favor. It is a healthy sport and one without many of the disadvantages of other pursuits. It needs no wading—a frequent cause of rheumatic troubles. It needs no rain and showers, dear to the soul of the trout and salmon fisher, but dangerous to his lungs. Bright sunshine, fresh sea air, and plenty of ozone are its chief associations. Truly, it is an ideal sport for the worn-out man of business and the jaded city hack.'"

"That's all right," replies the fly-fisherman; "while I admit that the striped bass is a gamy fish well worth the following, I still deny that the ordinary run of salt water fishing from a boat begins to compare with the sport derived from the use of the fly, and your own author says so, too," he exclaims, quoting from the book which the other had been reading, for this is what he maintains:

"From a sportsman's point of view sea fishing is generally either wearisome or monotonous. It is wearisome to tack up and down all day with a line lazily dragging outside the boat, even though the day be fine and the air refreshing; it is monotonous when at last the right locality is found, to pull in the line incessantly with one or two fish attached to it every time. Indefinite slaughter is unpleasant and unworthy of the true sportsman."

"No, my friend," he continues, closing the book, "give me my fly-rod on the wild mountain stream where even the water rushing over the rapids sends out a music surpassing any that dear old Beethoven ever wrote. The ever-varying scenery, the picturesque hills, cliffs and ravines, the constantly changing moods of the perfume-laden forest, the flowers, the songs of woodland birds, and last and perhaps best of all, the capture of the beautiful trout with the feathered lure and delicate tackle. As you say, there is no comparison between the two, and, as for writers, I can quote dozens to your one. That grand and devout angler in his most entertaining book, 'I Go a-Fishing,' says:

"'You must have quick ears to hear any sound when either C. or Dupont throw fifty feet of line on the lake, for they use light rods, and there is an absolute perfection of beauty in the curves described by their lines. Now and then the sharp rise and swirl of a trout may attract your attention for an instant as one or another strikes him, but go on thinking while we go on fishing. If, indeed, you be an angler, join us and welcome, for then it is known to you that no man is in perfect condition to enjoy scenery unless he has a fly-rod in his hand and a fly-book in his pocket.'

"As for the poetry of fly-fishing, here is what F. E. Pond says in 'Fishing With the Fly':

"'It has been said that the angler, like the poet, is born, not made. The genuine angler is almost invariably a poet, although he may not be a jingler of rhymes—a ballad-monger. Though, perhaps, lacking the art of versification, his whole life is in itself a well-rounded poem, and he never misses the opportunity to cast his lines in pleasant places.'

"And here is what Dr. J. A. Henshall says in the same book: 'The charms of fly-fishing have been sung in song and story from time immemorial by the poetically gifted devotees of the gentle art, who have embalmed the memory of its æsthetic features in the living green of graceful ferns, and the sweet-scented flowers of dell and dingle, and in the liquid music of purling streams. The fly-fisher is a lover of nature, pure and simple, and has a true and just appreciation of his poetic side, though he may lack the artist's skill to limm her beauties or a poet's genius to describe them.'

"Why, man, there's a whole library that supports me in my views," continues the fly-fisherman; "here is what David Foster, the author of the 'Scientific Angler,' says: 'The roving disciple of the rod wanders up to the head of the river, into the heart of the mountains, sometimes cheered by the pleasant converse of a few true men and honest anglers like himself; often alone with nature in her fairest or wildest loveliness. Solitary or social, his appreciation of all the sweet charms of wild nature is keen and lively.'

"And here is an extract from a letter lately received from an old angler who knows as much about fish and fishing as any other man: 'For real enjoyment give me the stream well stocked with trout from one-half to two pounds in weight, along the banks of which I can pursue the sport with light tackle and small flies; every turn of the stream displaying a different picture; here a foamy rapid, there a long, quiet reach, broken only by boulders near which lie the big fellows whose capture depends largely on my knowledge of their habits, my judgment as to their taste in flies, and my skill with rod and reel.'"

Now, both fly-fisherman and sea-angler are right each from his own point of view; while it is true that fishing with the fly on forest lake and mountain stream appeals more strongly to all that is æsthetic in our natures, the man who casts his lure on the bosom of the mighty ocean finds in many ways as keen enjoyment as does the other. All men are not constituted alike, and it is fortunate that this is the case, for were it otherwise the world would be monotonous, indeed.

To him who has the time and means at his disposal which will enable him to seek the princely salmon in the far north, or even the beautiful spotted trout which in-

habit our lakes, rivers and brooks nearer at hand, his tastes are, as a rule, gratified only in their pursuit. But the anglers are comparatively few who can become lessees of salmon streams or spend one or two weeks in trout waters, and the great majority find their recreation—and it is a blessed thing they can do so—in a day's sport now and then among the gamy bass, the beautiful and sprightly squeteague, the strong and dogged fighter, the pollock, the crafty and powerful tautog, and other fishes which are found in great abundance all along the Atlantic coast where they are easily accessible and free to all.

E. A. SAMUELS.

The Log of a Sea Angler.

The Tuna Season.

(Concluded from last week.)

I fished to-day with Mr. Dennison, of Philadelphia, the opening of the Tuna Club tournament. There were prizes of rods for anglers and boatmen, for the first tuna of the season. Jim's boat was on the ways, and in a weak moment we took another and smaller one, though a good-sized yawl. I had a strike off our cañon, and never enjoyed a play so well. The fish, while powerful, was not a Hercules. I was fishing with a 21-thread line, and a jointed light greenheart rod, my yellowtail outfit. I wished to try the experiment. It detracts from my pleasure to know that I have the advantage, which the fish should have. This tuna was caught fairly, and by the watch I brought him to gaff in just forty minutes. I know this well, as it was the last token I had from a valued timepiece. The tuna played on the surface like a bonito, did not sulk, and was a splendid picture of activity. As I brought it to the quarter, Mr. Dennison went forward to give me full play, and Gardner gaffed it cleverly and slid it into the boat. The next I knew, I was treading water. I have an indistinct recollection of seeing the fish bend, leap into the air, land on the gunwale, tipping the boat and capsizing her. I was standing in the stern at the time overhauling my line, ready to hold the fish if it should attempt escape, and the boat literally dropped from beneath me. I began to tread water and my head did not go under, so I merely stood in the water, holding my rod and laughing at the extraordinary suddenness of the change of scene.

But we were nearly a mile offshore, and our tender, a large launch, was six hundred or one thousand feet away, lying off to clear the line and not frighten the fish. I hailed her at once by waving my hat. At that precise moment the new engine refused to work. The boat had gone down stern first, shot up into the air, covering the water with the varied articles of the angler—rods, oars, gaffs, boxes of tackle, pies (lunch) and many articles which spread out over the smooth surface. The boat as it shot up, fell over on to my companion, who, as Gardner and I righted her, called that he could not swim, and, as any helpless man would, threw his arms about the bow, clinging to it, which had the effect of rolling the craft over and over. He was also handicapped with an overcoat, while I was weighted down by thick corduroy hunting suit and leggings. It was very evident that my companion was in a bad plight. The boat would not hold three of us, continuing to roll over despite the efforts of Gardner and myself; so I suggested to the boatman that we turn her bottom up, get the helpless angler on it, flattened out, and that we try the swim to the launch and assist in bringing her up.

This we carried into execution, or, rather, I did. I noticed that Jim was not very active; but there was not much time to think, so I turned the boat over and we pushed Dennison on to the bottom and found that he was all right and could float by not moving. The tuna had passed out of my mind, and as we struck out for the launch, I was thinking of the main chance of reaching it so handicapped; but we could swim, and Dennison could not, so it was the only thing to do. Gardner had been a professional swimmer before he became a tuna gaffer, and I was fairly at home in the water; and had we been dresssed for the swim, it would have been an easy matter. Exactly how far we swam, I do not know. I remember I was very weary, and that I experienced a decided sense of relief when a shout came over the water and I saw the launch had started and was coming to pick us up. The launch had slowed down, and was not fifty feet from me, when my boatman's wife, who was on the launch, screamed that her husband was drowning. I stopped swimming and turned around. Far away I could see Dennison's form on the bottom of the yawl, but Jim had disappeared. I knew that he was a perfect swimmer, and there was but one conclusion—sharks—and as I started to swim back, I fully expected to see the dun-colored shapes that I had always scorned, and whose courage I despised; but up out of the depths came an apparition, Gardner's head.

"What's the trouble?" I shouted, swimming toward him as quickly as possible.

"All right, sir; I've got the tuna," he replied, then disappeared suddenly, as though jerked from below, while the loud screams of his wife again came from the launch.

I was amazed, and could hardly believe that Gardner could have held the gaff through all the excitement; but up he came, and now alongside, I saw that he held the gaff, on which was hooked my lusty tuna that three times jerked this plucky gaffer down out of sight. The fish evidently would run ahead, turn and bore down, hauling the boatman down several feet, a performance at once sensational and extraordinary, but one that did not disturb the serenity of the boatman in the slightest. At my offer of assistance, re replied, "I'm all right, sir," and struck out with his right hand in a lusty stroke, dragging the struggling fish.

I reached the launch first, and well exhausted, hung to the rope thrown me; but when the men attempted to haul me on board they could not accomplish it; my corduroy suit was like lead, so I hung a few moments, when I was gradually hauled aboard. In the meantime Gardner had seized a rope thrown by his wife, and now threw his legs about the propeller and rested. I leaned down while the men held me by the legs, and when Gardner lifted up the tuna I ran my arm into its mouth, grasped it firmly by the gills, and gave the word; the men hauled me by the legs, and I the tuna, which I dropped in the cockpit, where it flung itself about as though perfectly fresh. We then hauled Gardner aboard and ran alongside the yawl and threw a line to my plucky companion, who had insisted, in answer to our constant shouts, that we save the fish before picking him up, when he learned that Gardner had it. A line was thrown him, which he made fast about his waist, and by this he was brought through the water and up the side of the launch. The boat was then picked up, while a fisherman who had rowed out began to gather the wreckage, which was now spread over several acres of the channel. This accomplished, we started for shore. We were hardly underway, when I thought of a fine rod and valuable reel now at the bottom of the bay, with other things. At that moment Gardner reached down and discovered a hook that was fastened to his trousers. To the hook was attached a line, and the launch being stopped, Gardner hauled in nearly six hundred feet of a 21-thread line, attached to which was my rod and reel that had been down to the bottom of the bay. In the flurry the hook had become detached from the tuna and had caught in Gardner's clothing, and he had towed it as well as the fish.

The tuna weighed but 95 pounds. I hangs on my study wall, a silent partner in one of the most remarkable fish stories it was ever my fortune to hear of, much less be a party to, and it is an excellent illustration of the cleverness and pluck of California boatmen and gaffers. How many men would have held a bleeding tuna a mile out in a channel where sharks were known to be in evidence around the tuna schools; held a fish powerful enough to drag a man under water. Not many, I venture to say. This realistic angling drama made Jim famous. The story was telegraphed far and wide, and I learned from a friend that he read a graphic account of the affair, doubtless with embellishments, in Paris the following day.

From these accounts it may be assumed that many tunas have been caught; but up to date but forty men wear the blue button of the Tuna Club, showing that they have taken a 100-pound fish. This does not mean that the fish do not bite well, as hundreds have been hooked and eluded the lure in skilled and untutored hands. There is a charm about this strenuous sport difficult to explain. The soft winds, the cool air in summer, the splendid blue of the Santa Catalina Channel, the contrast of rock and sea, the perfect calm of the bay, the romance of the island, all combine, perhaps, in making the chase of the elusive tuna one of the most interesting of pastimes. In the evening, when the moon rises out of the sea, I stroll away from camp, climb the side of the cañon by one of the many sheep trails, and reaching the divide, look down on the silent summer sea; then turn and trace the dark, winding cañon that reached up to the distant mountains like a great sinuous snake. Somewhere, perhaps not far away, is the old temple. I may stumble upon it some time by merest accident. Then I descend and join the group around the camp-fire, the men barbecuing wild goat over the coals for *chili con carne,* and I ask Mexican Joe if he thinks the temple is up the cañon, to which he replies, "It's up there somewhar." I must find that temple.

C. F. HOLDER.

Ouananiche.

DURING the first few days of the ouananiche fishing this season in the Grand Discharge, anglers were somewhat incommoded in the pools immediately below the *grande chute* by the number of logs which were being run through the rapids. The water was fortunately high enough to allow of speedy driving by the river men, and before the last of June the drive was practically over. It is gratifying to learn that the fish are running larger this year in the Discharge than for the last two or three years, which certainly showed quite a falling off in size. Mr. George Donaldson, of Harrisburg, Pa., had very good sport there some dags ago, and his fish were of very fair size. Several 4 and 5-pound fish have been taken by local sportsmen, and the guides and Island House people are at present having a pretty busy time.

Ouananiche are certainly not as capricious as the salmon of the sea in their choice of artificial flies. One angler assures me that the fish in the Grand Discharge rose to almost every fly which he offered them in the first day or two of July, and he tried about half the flies in his book, of which he had quite a goodly array. This is more than can be said for salmon, even when they are in good rising humor. Yet I have often had days on the Discharge when it was difficult to coax the ouananiche with any kind of a fly at all. Sometimes they will take the professor or coachman or brown-hackle or grizzly-king as readily as the most beautifully tied salmon fly. At other times they are fastidious enough to want a Jock-Scot, a Durham-ranger or a silver-doctor, or to refuse to rise at all. This is why I always counsel friends and visiting anglers who talk or write to me about the Grand Discharge to be sure to have a few good standard salmon flies of various sizes with them. For fishing in the heavy water where the largest fish usually lie, and where the best of the sport is to be had when a fish is hooked, a No. 3 or 4 hook is none too large, though in quieter places, and when the weather is hot and the water clear, the fly can scarcely be too small, and one of the largest fish which I have seen killed in the Discharge—an 8-pound ouananiche—was taken on a No. 8 hook. Then, too, a General-Hooker or B.-A.-Scott fly is as good as a Jock-Scot, but it must be very small.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Gut Crop of 1905.

MESSRS. S. ALLCOCK & CO., LTD., report that the gut crop last year, 1904, was the smallest produced for the last twenty-five years, consequently prices were advanced, but the present crop, 1905, is less than the average, and, stocks being low, prices for raw material have advanced. As regards the heavier classes, the supply is the smallest for the last dozen years.

Edward Carver's Heroism.

ASBURY PARK, July 8.—It is always a source of much greater pleasure to me to tell the FOREST AND STREAM family that there is much doing and great things in prospect than to write of monotony and disappointment. June always gives us the best of our striped bass fishing, and the month closed, has been rather disappointing. While some very fine fish have been taken, still the summary is not great.

Kingfish are very scarce. Of the hundreds of rods fishing each day, I do not think it exaggeration to say that a half dozen fish in a week would total the entire catch. This, when compared with experiences of past years, is most remarkable. A few weakfish are being taken now from the piers and also from the beach. It is a little early to expect good catches at these points, as August and September usually give good results. Barnegat is hardly up to the standard as yet; some bluefish, however, are in the bay and they always give a zest to fishing, no matter where found.

In the absence of so much of our old-time glory many of the fraternity now turn their attention, when the sea will permit, to off-shore fishing. Of course this is not to be attempted without a skillful surfman, but when conditions are favorable the reward is great and will be much in vogue now until late in November. We always have our fishing and sailing yachts; but your true angler cares but little for the sport to be had on them, as the motly throng always aboard savors not of his kind of sport.

To those, however, who delight in sailing only, the opportunity offered is superb, and this season the swift yacht Ivanhoe, owned and sailed by Capt. Frank Pierce, is now in commission. She is from the fleet of the New York Y. C. flyers, and is a beauty. I had the pleasure the present week of being a guest on board for a cruise, and cannot say too much in behalf of ship and crew. A most pathetic incident, however, marred the close of the sail. When we were about one and a half miles from the anchorage, a young lady (whose name by request of the mother I withhold), slipped over the yacht's stern, and but for the heroic effort of Mate Edward Carver must have been lost. So rapidly was the yacht threshing through the water that a full quarter of a mile was gone over before assistance could reach the thoroughly exhausted girl. It is a pleasure to record heroism of this type. The brave act will ever stand a bright monument to the credit of Edward Carver in the estimation of all who witnessed his valorous deed.

LEONARD HULIT.

A Turtle Trade.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A more or less regular visitor at the port of Erie each season is the schooner Bertha Wallace, Capt. A. Winne. She is only 35ft. over all and 11ft. beam, and hails from Port Clinton, Canada. Her only cargo is of turtles that are carried in a squirming mass down in the hold. She made her first voyage for this season a week ago, being later this year than usual, as the turtles are rather scarce yet, Captain Winne says, but he expects to do better from this out. He only had 2,800 pounds this time.

These turtles are caught in traps set in a marsh behind Long Point, Canada, nearly opposite to Erie. The traps are much like fish nets and are baited with fish. Captain Winne has often as many as sixty traps set. They have to be watched as carefully as an animal trap. The captain has been in the business now for thirty-five years; he is a full cousin to Postmaster-General Wynne, though he spells his name a little differently.

The turtles he brought over this time would not average more than 9 pounds each, though a few of them weighed 20 pounds. The largest one he ever brought here weighed 60 pounds. It was kept in Erie to furnish soup for the patrons of one of the hotels.

These turtles, when they arrive here, are turned over to a fish company, which ships them all over the country, a good many of them going to a company in Ohio that then ships them East.

To unload the turtles, a man gets down among them in the hold, then seizing each one by its tail, never by its head, he gives it a quick fling that lands it always on its back on the dock; here another man, taking a new tail-hold, throws it into a box, which, when it is full, is nailed up and shipped right off.

There is no duty to be paid on these turtles; they seem to have been forgotten when the last tariff was made up They are not even protected here in the United States, at least not in this State, though the frogs are.

CABIA BLANCO.

Bluefish vs. Black Bass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article under the above title reversed admits of some adverse criticism. If your fresh-water angler tries the blues on "relatively" light tackle I do not think he will make the unfavorable comparison he does, again. Why should the fighting quality of a fish of 4 to 6 pounds, caught with a rod of 10 ounces, and line evidently 18 or 21-thread, be judged when such implements are used and the fish gaffed in five minutes? The time consumed in boating him savors strongly that "horsing" him was resorted to, and suggests that the same method was used upon the black bass, naturally resulting in the demolition of the two rods. The relative resilient power of rods of equal quality is not judged in the usual percentage ratio; for instance, an eight-ounce rod is more than twice as strong as a five-ounce rod; a ten-ounce rod in the hands of an angler has five times the strength of a four-ounce rod used with the same skill as the lighter one. A bluefish weighing from 3 to 6 pounds and (I have frequently found a 3-pound fish to fight harder and longer than a 5-pound fish) caught on a four or five-ounce rod, and nine-thread line, will give as pretty a fight as any fish that swims, perhaps barring some varieties found on the east coast of southern Florida. I will venture to say, that the bluefish will play the same havoc in shorter time than the bass did, when he put the rod out of business, if the same tackle is used. Weight for weight and size for size the black bass is not in the same class with the blue. Let Mr. —— try the blues on a bass rod and line and reel and if he has anything left worth bringing home of his outfit, that his skinned knuckles will admit of carrying, I shall be surprised after his black bass experience.

C. T. POND.

Texas Tarpon.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received a letter from my friend, Mr. Robert E. Farley, the well known taxidermist of Tarpon, Tex., describing some fishing that they have had down there lately. He says the fishing is such as it never was before, all records having been broken.

In one day fourteen sportsmen landed 118 tarpon. One of them landed twenty-four, quitting at 4 o'clock. This is the greatest tarpon catch on record. Some years ago an eastern gentleman fishing at Boca Grande, Fla., landed twenty-two fish in one day, and the greatest previous record for Aransas Pass was made last year by Mr. Edward Cotter, who landed eighteen in one day. The gentleman who now holds the world's record is a Mr. Murphy, of Indiana. I fished with him at Aransas Pass some three years ago. He is a fine fellow and a thorough sportsman, and in spite of his years can handle as many big fish in a day as anyone I know. He fought in the American Civil War and lost an eye in the service. I wrote you once about the splendid tussle he had with a six-foot two-inch tarpon, and told how the fish jumped six times to a height of twelve feet. I was close alongside of his boat at the time and stopped fishing to view the struggle.

The Spanish mackerel have been slow in going into Aransas Pass this year, but the jewfishing has been good, one man having landed in a half day seven of these fish. Mr. Farley does not say how large they were, but I know they run very heavy down there. You may remember that nearly three years ago I broke the world's record on jewfish landed with rod and reel by taking at that place a 450-pound specimen. Mr. Farley says the sharks are very bad in the Pass this year, being encouraged to go there by the number of crippled tarpon that escape the sportsmen or that are turned back after being beached. Mr. Farley favors beaching all tarpon and letting them lie there so as to discourage the sharks, for he thinks the supply of tarpon is practically unlimited.

I have business that will take me to Texas several times this summer, and I expect to be able to run down to Aransas Pass with one of my sons in the near future. If I have any good luck I shall tell you and your readers about it. J. A. L. WADDELL.

A. J. Stone Explorations.

FROM the press of the American Museum of Natural History has just been issued a limited edition of a folio publication of over fifty pages which is singular for its beauty, and interesting for the purpose which it serves. It is intended as an acknowledgment by the Museum of the generosity of those whose liberal contributions have made it possible for Mr. Andrew J. Stone to attack the zoological problems of the Northwest. The Museum wishes to make known more generally the scientific results that have attended Mr. Stone's efforts, and hopes that the example given of achievements gained through a combination of men ready to help with a man ready to do may result in the organization of other expeditions to other lands. The subscribers to the Stone Exploration Fund numbered less than twenty-five, but 100 numbered copies of this brochure have been issued and distributed to the subscribers to the fund, to men who, though not subscribers, have in one way or another given assistance to the expedition, and to those especially interested in the work which Mr. Stone set out to perform. The paper is fully illustrated by photographs of Arctic mammals, Arctic scenery and Arctic men. Of the latter four photographs of Eskimo, facing four photographs of Loucheux Indians—the northernmost red men on this continent—are especially interesting. Photographs of Grant's and Osborn's caribou, of the giant Alaska moose, and of various northern bears adorn the large and beautiful pages.

Early in 1901 steps were taken by friends of the Museum to provide a fund for the systematic prosecution of Mr. Stone's work in the North. This project was largely the thought of Mr. Madison Grant, Secretary of the New York Zoological Society, and of the Boone and Crockett Club, and through his interest in the matter and his energetic efforts in its behalf pledges were received for annual contributions sufficient to carry through these explorations for the period of three years.

The present paper gives an account of these explorations so successfully conducted by Mr. Stone.

Fishing in Erie Harbor.

ERIE, Pa., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hook and line fishing in Erie harbor was never better than it is this season. Large strings of fish are caught every day both from boats and from the channel piers. The largest fish I have seen for several years here was taken by a dock laborer with a rather crude outfit of hook and line; it was a maskinongé measuring twenty-seven inches. I did not have a chance to weigh it, but estimated it at 40 pounds.

The fish pirates that have spoiled the fishing time and again are being watched closely by the new harbor master; he has been given the fish warden's office in addition to his own, and he proves to be the right man for the place. He gives Misery Bay an examination every day or two, and has found a number of nets this season. His last find, a few days ago, was a large net and a long night line, both of them set in the bay. Some of the nets that he has found and destroyed have the names of fish companies here stamped on the floats and sinkers. The companies claim that these nets have been stolen from them. They could easily have been stolen by anyone so minded, but the companies when they missed them should have reported it. That would have cleared them of all suspicion.

An old man, an amateur fisherman, was arrested a few days since for using several hooks on a night line instead of one hook. This is a rather common practice here. I noticed several different men last season using these gangs of hooks, strung on the line, one above another, but I did not consider it to be an offense grave enough to be reported, while the nets and night lines are. But if Harbor Master Jordan keeps up his good work—and he will—the nets will have to go. CABIA BLANCO.

New Publications.

Last Winter's Forestry Congress.

IN January there was held at Washington, D. C., a meeting quite extraordinary in character and of especial interest to all Americans. This was the meeting of the American Forest Congress. It was attended by a great number of delegates and others, of whom the most important was the President of the United States, who delivered an address on "The Forest in the Life of a Nation." There were present also experts in all branches of forestry, as well as in all those trades and interests likely to be especially affected by the preservation or the destruction of the forests.

It is but a few years since the foresters stood alone, while the lumbermen, the miners, the railroads and other industries especially interested in lumber and timber took absolutely opposite points of view as to forest treatment and were bitterly hostile to the foresters on forestry questions. Happily they understand each other better now, and realize that what is for the advantage of one interest is also for the advantage of the other. It is understood now that the forests must be preserved for their use to man, and not simply on sentimental grounds. On this basis all can cordially work together.

The sessions of the Congress, which was held under the auspices of the American Forestry Association, extended over four days. They dealt in a broad way with a number of subjects—the importance of forestry to the nation in respect to agriculture, irrigation, the lumber industry, the grazing industry, the railroads and the mines, and closed with a discussion of what should be the forest policy of Nation and of State.

A short time after the adjournment of this Congress, the Federal Legislature passed a law transferring the care of the Forest Reserves from the Secretary of the Interior to the Secretary of Agriculture, following which there came into existence on the 1st of July, 1905, the Forest Service of the United States, which is described in the address given at the Congress by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the United States. The passage of such a law has long been desired by all who were best informed on forestry matters.

While it is impracticable to give any general notion of what was done at the Congress, it is certain that it accomplished much good. It was summoned to establish a broader understanding of the forest in its relation to the great industries depending upon it, to advance the conservative use of forest resources for the present and future needs of these industries and to stimulate and unite all efforts to perpetuate the forests as a permanent resource of the nation. It may fairly be said that the Congress contributed largely to these good ends by bringing about a still better understanding between people whose ideas in the past have been very diverse. It brought together from all parts of the country experts and business men, no one of which we fancy left the Congress without having added something to his knowledge and having become broader in his views. And of the delegates who, at the close of the sessions, dispersed to their respective homes, carrying with them the memories of this Congress and its proceedings, there are few, we venture to say, who have not become missionaries to spread the doctrines advocated by the Congress and the American Forestry Association over the length and breadth of the land.

The American Forestry Association has recently published a large volume containing the full proceedings of the Congress, and it were greatly to be wished that this volume, which is very inexpensive, might have a wide circulation.

Recent Scientific Papers.

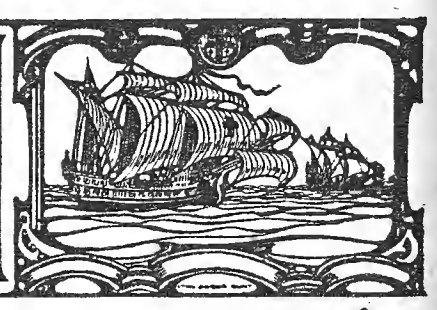
AMONG the papers extracted from the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, and recently sent out, are several which, though quite technical, are of much interest to naturalists. One of these is an illustrated account of the "Ants of the Bahamas, with a List of the Known West Indian Species," by William Morton Wheeler. Notes as to the life habits of a number of the species are given.

Mr. Oliver P. Hay has two papers on fossil turtles, discussing the groups *Toxochelyidæ* and *Amphichelydia*. Several new species of fossil turtles are described, and there are remarks on the origin and relationship of the suborders, superfamilies and families of the Testudines. Besides many cuts in the text, a chart is given expressing the author's views as to the descent of the turtles from Permian time.

Bulletin No. 2, of the Connecticut State Geological and Natural History Survey, contains a preliminary report on the "Protozoa of the Fresh Waters of Connecticut," by Prof. Herbert William Conn, Ph. D., of Wesleyan University. It is illustrated by thirty-four beautiful plates.



YACHTING



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JULY.

12. Seaside Park, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
15. Royal Canadian, club.
15. New Rochelle, club.
15. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
15. Seaside Park, club.
15. Country Club, Detroit club.
15. Edgewood, club.
15. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
15. Keystone, club.
15. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
15. Beverly, club.
15. Boston, cruise.
15. Corinthian, club.
17. Edgewood, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
18. New Brunswick Y. R. A. regatta, Prudence Island.
18. East Gloucester, club.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhole Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22 Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22. Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
22. Unqua Corinthian, Molineux cups.
22. Corinthian, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, power boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.
29. Seaside Park, open.
29. Edgewood, club.
29. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
29. Hampton Roads, cruise.
29. Rhode Island, cruising race.
29. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
29. Beverly, club.
29. Corinthian, club.
29. Boston, club, Marblehead.
29. Indian Harbor, annual.
29. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.

Log of Gauntlet in B. Y. C. Race.

From New York to Hampton Roads, Virginia.

BY JAMES D. SPARKMAN.

THE contestants in the race from Coney Island to Hampton Roads, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C., started on Thursday, June 28, in their long race down the coast.

Five little vessels responded to the starting signals, a fairly good showing, but not up to expectations. The measurement rule barred a number of yachts with records for speed and seaworthiness, but no rating rule has ever been devised that is perfect, and on the whole it worked fairly well, three new boats having been built under it during the winter, Tamerlane, Lila and Gauntlet, the first two being yawls about 30ft. waterline and 40ft. over all, while Gauntlet was designed to get the maximum allowance, her dimensions being 27ft. over all, 22ft. waterline, 10ft. beam and 6ft. draft.

The start was made promptly at 10 o'clock in a light N.W. wind, tide ¾ ebb. The boats crossed in the following order: Lila, Mopsa, Tamerlane, Gauntlet and Bonita. Off East Bank the wind backed to S.W., making a beat to the Hook, which was passed at 11.30, Bonita leading and Gauntlet last, about ¼ of a mile astern. At this point we are well within our time allowance. Wind shifted to W. by N. Set ballooner at noon and chose watches. At 1 o'clock wind backed again to S.W. Headed off shore; course, S by E., good, allowing for leeway and set of current. At 4 o'clock tacked ship and took in topsail, wind freshening. Sloop Nomad and schooner Sunshine, which started 10m. behind us, are about 2 miles dead to leeward; the rest of the boats are closely bunched 3 miles ahead. Barometer 30.10 and shows no drop for S. wind.

Too rough to do much cooking. Coffee-pot trying to do a jig on the stove, so had to lash it to stove pipe to keep it right side up. Wind dropped about 10 o'clock, leaving a nasty slop of a sea and remained calm all night.

Friday, June 29.—Barnegat Lighthouse bearing W. about 7 miles. At daylight the fleet was hull down ahead of us. We are now 50 knots from the start—a poor showing for 20 hours—but the conditions are most unfavorable. A nasty head sea bothers us, but does not seem to affect the larger boats so much. At noon, the wind increased to 10 knots, and we are able to head S.W. or about 3 points to leeward of our course. Gauntlet was nicknamed "Virginia Creeper" early in her career, and the name seems to fit. For a boat 22ft. waterline, however, she has done well, and is dry and comfortable under all conditions, the crucial test for offshore work.. Atlantic City abeam at 4 o'clock. Wind much stronger, and sea making up. Took in topsail at 5 o'clock. Sunshine is hull down astern of us.

Saturday.—At midnight we made a long board off shore, and on the next inshore tack, picked up Five Fathom Lightship 20 miles to sea. Wind fresh and sea

moderate all night. We are taking to the routine of watches very kindly, and the relieved watch never loses any time in turning in, but seldom gets an uninterrupted watch below. Cooking is the most strenuous job on board, as it is almost impossible to keep things on the stove, and out of the question to set the table, so we have to hold our grub in our laps in true forecastle fashion. A few hours of fair wind and smooth water would be very welcome. In fact, a shift from any quarter would help, as it has been end on for 48 hours. Passed close to and hailed Fenwick Shoal Lightship. They reported that they had seen nothing of the racers, which means that they probably passed in the night and are a long way ahead. The man who answered our hail looked as if he hadn't been ashore for months, and acted as if he had forgotten how to talk; all we could get out of him was a nod or shake of the head. About sundown we passed through a big fleet of fishermen anchored a long way off shore. There were twenty-four schooners in the fleet, and the dories were out miles from some of their vessels. We learned from them that two of our boats had been seen early in the morning, which puts them about 16 hours ahead of us.

Sunday.—Wind moderated during the night, but held from same quarter. Passed Winter Quarter Shoal Lightship at 5 A. M. Weather overcast, with occasional rain and wind squalls. This is the fourth day out, and we look like a lot of Cape Horners, no one having shaved since we started. At 10 A. M., wind much stronger and sea heaviest we have yet had. Steamer passed close aboard, bound south, and a torpedo boat destroyer bound north. We are directly in the steamer track, which is further in shore than we want to be, as our plan has been to keep from 20 to 30 miles off looking for easterly slants, but they have failed to materialize thus far. About 4 o'clock we sighted a sloop ahead, and by 6 were near enough to make her out to be the Nomad. Hog Island Light bearing S.W. by W. 8 miles—seas very heavy and Nomad making bad weather of it. By 8 o'clock wind and sea had both increased, and we decided to heave to under reefeed mainsail. By daylight it moderated, and a few hours later dropped almost to a calm, but could not set light sails for fear of slatting and chafing them to shreds. Gauntlet proved herself to be an exceptional sea boat, and during the worst of the blow, the sea, which was very high and irregular, never broke over her bows.

The last of the ice disappeared yesterday. I forgot to note it in the log, although it is the most serious thing that has happened yet. No more cold drinks, and we have to butter our bread with a spoon. We hope to get a square meal to-day, however, as it is flat calm and sea smooth, save for a heavy ground swell which does not bother us. Hog Island Light is still in sight, which means that we have made absolutely nothing since yesterday P. M. O. D. steamer passed us this morning headed S. This is the second time that we have seen the same boat, and hope she has reported us.

Late in the afternoon, after laying becalmed all day, a light S.W. breeze sprang up and gave us a little lift, and at 5 o'clock we made Cape Charles (Shore) Light.

Toward evening the wind veered to S.E., and for the first time in five days gave us a favorable slant. Cape Charles Lightship was passed at 7:40, and a fair tide and wind enabled us to cross the finishing line 5 hours later—the last boat in our class, but ahead of two much larger boats in the class above. After grounding twice in an unsuccessful attempt to get into the Hampton Roads Y. C. anchorage, we gave it up and anchored off Old Point about daylight.

Much to our disappointment, we learned that the others had finished many hours ahead, but had had more favorable conditions, and the winner, Tamerlane, had sailed about 100 miles less than Gauntlet, whose log showed over 400 knots. Tamerlane stood even further to sea than we, got the slant we were looking for, and her skipper is to be congratulated on his clever win. She was designed and built by Mr. L. D. Huntington, Jr., who also designed and built Gauntlet for his own use.

We realized after the second day of head wind that we were out of it, as a 22ft. waterline boat is too small a craft to be driven to windward fast against a head wind and sea, but our crew, consisting of Mr. L. D. Huntington, Jr. (owner), Montgomery H. Clark, R. N. Bavier, Frederick Le Court and the writer, kept her going for all they were worth night and day, and with the exception of the amateur cook, it is doubtful if any of us had more than 16 or 18 hours' sleep during the five days we were at sea.

Newport 30-Footers.

THE first race of the season between the Herreshoff Newport 30-footers was held July 2, and the Loretta, owned by Mr. Oliver Harriman, was beaten for the first time by Mr. Pembroke Jones' Carolina, which, for several reasons, has been the champion of the Newport "thirties." The owners sailed their boats, and with Mr. Jones in Carolina was Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr.

The course was a short one, a run up the bay of about 4 miles, and a beat back, and the two contestants kept close together until they hauled on the wind, when they parted company, and Carolina soon took the windward position and the lead. She reached the finish line a winner by a half minute. The event was a match race, for a cup to be paid for by the loser.

BENSONHURST Y. C. CLUB HOUSE OPENED.—The new Bensonhurst Y. C. club house, on the shores of Gravesend Bay, was formally opened on Saturday, July 8. A large number of yachtsmen and lady guests visited the station during the afternoon and were enthusiastic about all that they saw. In the evening a vaudeville entertainment was given. The club membership limit has now been reached and every department seems to be in a prosperous condition.

CAPE MAY Y. C. OFFICERS.—The Cape May Y. C. elected the following officers on July 4: Com., J. Wesley Allison; Vice-Com., Christopher Gallagher; Rear Com., J. Clifford Wilson; Sec., Adam Suelke; Treas., William K. Holman.

British Letter.

END OF EARLY RACING SEASON.—The departure of the big handicap class on June 22 in their race from Cowes to the Clyde marks the termination of the first part of the yachting season. Rosamond and White Heather have been the most successful boats in this class, their improved form over that of last year being the result of slight altcrations and a change of skippers. Rosamond has taken four first prizes; White Heather two first, one second and one third; Brynhild one first and one second; Clara one first; Creole three seconds and one third, and Valdora and Moonbeam one second each. Valdora has fallen off this year, but she will probably come to the front again before the season is out. Whitc Heather would probably have had another first prize had she not mistaken the course in the river match of the Royal Thames Y. C., in which case Clara—the only other competitor—would have been without a winning flag. In the smaller handicap class Gauntlet, the scratch boat, has suffered the penalty for being the best kept up and most smartly sailed boat of the fleet, by being handicapped out of it. Viera has won three first. Sonya a first, three seconds and a third, and Indema one first, one second and a third. Why Gauntlet should have to allow her sister ship, Indema—built in the same year and designed by the same designer—over 13½min. from the Norc to Dover is a puzzle, as also is the allowance of 6min. 14sec. which she had to make her over the short course at Dover two days later. As Gauntlet has apparently not won a single prize this season it is high time her penalties were considerably reduced, as the object of handicaps is to put all boats on a level. The surprise of the past fortnight has been the remarkable improvement in the Herreshoff 52ft. rater Sonya. Since shipping her new hollow mast she has won three first prizes out of four starts, and has proved herself to be a better boat than any of the others, with the exception perhaps of Moyana—when sailing to windward. She is also very fast when running dead, but with a beam wind, or a quarter wind, she is not so fast. Her first race after shipping the new hollow spar was under the burgee of the Royal Corinthian Y. C. at Port Victoria on June 10 (not June 12, as I stated in my last letter). Her sole opponent was Moyana, and in a long turn to windward the British boat beat her by more than 3min. In the run back Sonya picked up the leader to some extent, but was beaten by over 1½min. Since then, however, she has started three times and won three first prizes, and the improvement in her form may be put down not so much to the hollow mast as to the position of the crew, who have been sitting well forward and getting her tail out of the water a little. It was feared at one time that Sonya would desert the class for the Kiel regattas, but fortunately her owner, Mrs. Turner Farley, changed her mind, and all four of the 52ft. class have left in tow for the Clyde where they will have a fortnight's continuous racing. Both Sonya and Moyana will have new suits of sails by Lapthorn & Ratsey. It will be interesting to see whether the American boat will do as well or better to windward under the flat sitting British sails than she did under the more baggy Herreshoff canvas. She is so stiff that there is some talk of taking off some of her lead so as to make her faster in light weather. If this is done, however, it will hardly be until after the Clyde Fortnight, and during the races her true form will probably be found. At any rate, there will be sufficient data to go upon to decide whether such an alteration is advisable. If Sonya keeps up her winning mood it will be a feather in the cap of the supporters of our rating rule, for she certainly conforms more closely to its requirements than any of the other boats. She has more body, more draft of water and her overhangs are by no means excessive. Moyana should be much improved with new sails and close racing is looked forward to with the four boats. Britomart has not apparently found her trim yet. She, like Sonya, has been handicapped through having to carry a solid mast for some time. Maymon is not going so well as last year, which is probably to be accounted for by the fact that she has changed skippers, and the new man, who has for many years been in charge of larger vessels, has not yet quite settled down to her.

THE RACING.—The New Thames Y. C. had its river matches on June 14, the course being from the Lower Hope, just below Gravesend, round the Mouse Lightship and back to Gravesend, for the big boats and 52-footers, and round the West Oaze Buoy and back for the small handicap class. It is an obsolete course, but the New Thames stick to it because their club house is at Gravesend. White Heather was first home, but Rosamond took first prize on the handicap, and Creole the second. The course gave a beat to the lightship and a run back. Britomart was an absentee in the 52ft. class and Moyana gave up soon after the start through some of her gear giving out. In a hard beat to windward Sonya, although making a bad start, caught and passed Maymon and reached the weather mark 7min. ahead of her. Maymon picked up 6min. in the run home, but Sonya scored a well deserved victory. Indema and L'Amoureuse won the prizes in the small handicap match. The next races were those of the Royal Thames Y. C. from the Nore to Dover. The racing was quite spoiled from lack of wind. White Heather and Brynhild won the prizes in the handicap for yachts exceeding 100 tons. Rosamond was winner in the second handicap, and Viera and Indema took the prizes in the small handicap. In the 52ft. class Sonya was fortunate in getting a clear start, after which she ghosted away from the others and won easily, Maymon being second, some 10min. later. On June 19 the Royal Thames had a race for the big boats from Dover to Calais and back, and for the 52-footers and small handicappers over the Dover course. Brynhild, Creole and White Heather took the prizes in the cross-channel race; Sonya fairly flogged her class beating to windward in a short jump, though it is said she was disqualified for finishing the wrong side of the mark boat. Britomart was second, after having led most of the day. Her long overhangs stopped her in the jump to windward and Sonya beat her 2min. in the short beat from the South Foreland to the line. In the match from Cowes to the Clyde six boats started in a jackyard topsail breeze, viz., the yawls White Heather, Brynhild and Valdora, the cutter Merrymaid and the schooners Adela and Norlanda. As they beat down the west channel toward the Needles Brynhild was leading and Valdora second. The course is not a very long one, just over 500 miles, but the winds are fluky and capricious off our coasts at this time of year, so that the race will probably occupy some days.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP RACE.—The race from Dover to Heligoland, which was started on the same day as the Royal Thames matches from the Nore to Dover, suffered in the same way from lack of wind. There was a capital entry of a dozen fine vessels, including several American yachts. Navahoe was scratch, the other starters being the yawls Satanita, Ailsa, Therese, Lethe and Formosa, and the schooners Hildegarde, Endymion, Clara, Susanne, Fleur de Lys and Sunshine. The yachts were all brought up off the Goodwin Sands in a flat calm until after dark, when a strong westerly breeze sprang up and they squared away with a fair wind. Navahoe was first boat to finish, but Susanne won first prize by time. Therese second, Navahoe third, and Sunshine fourth. Navahoe did the course in 36h. 28m. 32s.

COWES TO CLYDE RACE.—After an extremely dreary passage of five days the racing in the handicap match from Cowes to the Clyde was brought to a finish on June 27. In every case the weather is reported to have been of the most unfavorable kind, especially after making the Longships. From the start wind was a light sailing breeze from southeast, which held more or less true to the Land's End. White Heather was soon ahead, the last of her rivals to be lost sight of being Valdora, which was left between Portland Bill and the Lizard. After leaving the English Channel the prevailing airs were northeast and northerly with great stretches of calms. White Heather was off the Isle of Man on Monday morning, and there she had a good slant to Portpatrick, but subsequently the airs fell away, and after being hung up under the Holy Isle she took eighteen hours to do the remainder of the course—about thirty miles. Brynhild and Valdora were a great deal together on the passage, and were next in order to White Heather. The timings were as follows:

Mr. Myles B. Kennedy's yawl White Heather (scratch), winner of £100 cup	8 00 16
Dr. J. Douglas Kerr's yawl Valdora, 3d prize, £20 cup	12 33 17
Sir James Pender's yawl Brynhild	12 29 13
Mr. R. Young's cutter Merrymaid	3 29 50
Mr. Claud T. Cayley's schooner Adela	3 35 08
Mr. F. Milburn's schooner Norlanda, 2d prize, £40 cup	5 18 13

E. H. KELLY.

Rhode Island Notes.

NEW YACHT CLUB STATION.—The New Prudence Island station of the Rhode Island Y. C. was appropriately opened with a housewarming party on the evening of July 3, and a large assembly of members and guests attended the affair. A vaudeville programme furnished the evening's entertainment, and a Dutch luncheon was served. About forty vachts of the club fleet were anchored off the station during the evening. The new club house is 52 by 32ft. in size with an ell 25 by 24ft. It is two stories in height, and a handsome building situated on rising ground about 100ft. from the north shore of the island. The lower floor of the main building is given up to a club room, a large dining hall and a smaller private dining room. The second floor has a good-sized hall, a ladies' dressing room and five sleeping rooms, while the ell contains the kitchen and pantries and steward's quarters. A verandah 12ft. wide surrounds those parts of the house that front on the bay. The Prudence Island station will make an attractive stopping place for visiting yachtsmen who go to the upper part of Narragansett Bay.

NARRAGANSETT BAY Y. R. A.—On July 17, Monday, the week of open racing of the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. begins with the Edgewood Y. C. open regatta, that club entertaining the visiting yachtsmen in the evening. The Tuesday racing will be an Association regatta off Prudence Island, and the Rhode Island Y. C. regatta will be sailed over the same course on Wednesday. The following day there will be a team race between the Rhode Island and Sachem's Head fleets, with an entertainment for the visiting club at the Prudence Island station in the evening. The Fall River Y. C. racing will be on Friday and the Bristol regatta on Saturday. All the week's racing, excepting the team race on Thursday, will be open to the yachts of any recognized club, and large lists of entries are expected.

F. H. YOUNG.

CLASS Q BOATS AT LARCHMONT.—The first race for the Bellows Challenge Cup for class Q, in which each club on Gravesend Bay is allowed to enter its best performer in a series of three events, was down to occur under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C. on Saturday, July 8. It was postponed until Thursday, July 27, because of threatening weather conditions at the time for the start. The struggle for the same trophy, which was scheduled to be sailed on Saturday, July 15, has been called off for the present to allow the new class Q creations to go up the Sound for Larchmont race week. W. H. Childs' More Trouble, George H. Church's Saetta, F. J. Havens' Quest are to enter for the series prize offered for the class. George E. Reiners' Ojigwan is also almost sure to be in the fray. Hendon Chubb's Cockatoo II. will not compete up the Sound, her owner planning to be out of town. The new boats have proven fast in work on Gravesend Bay and there is much speculation among local yachtsmen as to how they will do at Larchmont.

AUXILIARY SLOOP FOR ALLEN PINKERTON.—The new sloop built from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow at Mr. Robert Jacobs' yard, City Island, was launched during the latter part of June. She was built for Mr. Allen Pinkerton and is 51ft. over all, 36ft. waterline, 13ft. breadth and 3ft. 7in. draft. A 7½ horsepower Buffalo engine is located under the cockpit floor. A very considerable amount of internal room is obtained under the cabin house. The companionway leads directly to the main cabin. The owner's stateroom is forward on the starboard side and the toilet room is on the port side opposite. Just forward is the galley and forecastle.

REDWING SOLD.—The racing sloop Redwing has been sold by Rear Commodore J. B. O'Donohue, of the Bensonhurst Y. C., to Mr. Arthur H. Whitney, of the Shelter Island Y. C. Redwing is one of the Bar Harbor 30-footers designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co.

Bristol Y. C. Ocean Race.

THE Bristol-Montauk race of the Bristol Y. C., which started at 5 o'clock, Saturday, July 1, was an unqualified success, and the winning of the handsome Bristol-Montauk cup by Little Rhody, winner of the Lipton cup in the Brooklyn Y. C.s ocean race from Gravesend to Marblehead last year, was another notable success for that fast little sloop. The course was from Bristol to Montauk Point and return, a total distance of 88 miles, and the race was open to all boats, of whatever rig, not over 31ft. waterline.

There were seventeen entries, and all but one of these started, the contestants being as follows: Wanderer IV., cat, H. J. and D. W. Flint, Edgewood Y. C.; Uarda, sloop, J. A. Buffington, R. I. Y. C.; Bambino, sloop, L. Grinnell, New Bedford Y. C. and Bristol Y. C.; Micaboo, sloop, W. R. Tillinghast, R. I. Y. C.; Sachem, sloop, F. B. Thurber, Bristol Y. C.; Little Rhody, sloop, Com. C. F. Tillinghast, Bristol Y. C.; Priscilla, sloop, W. S. Wood, Fall River Y. C.; Petrel, sloop, A. E. Johnson, R. I. Y. C.; Cindy, sloop, A. F. Lewis, R. I. Y. C.; Woronoco, yawl, C. Laflin, Edgewood Y. C.; Skraeling, sloop, H. L. Willoughby, Conanicut Y. C.; Comfort, yawl, K. Wood, Bristol Y. C.; Cornelia, sloop, E. Kimball, R. I. Y. C.; Ethelka, sloop, A. N. Read, R. I. Y. C.; Emeline, cat, W. J. Rooks, R. I. Y. C.; Christopher Columbus, schooner, M. D. Peck, Washington Park Y. C..

The principal trophy was the Bristol-Montauk cup, won by Little Rhody. A valuable second prize went to Priscilla, and a special prize, called the Newport cup, for the Bristol Y. C. boat making the best actual time over the course was taken by Bambino.

The event was favored by good weather and the sixteen boats got away with a fine start at 5:20 P. M. All the way down the East passage, out beyond Newport, it was a dead beat to windward in a moderate full sail breeze, which held steady and true. There was also about an hour of flood tide to buck, and out by Beaver Tail the yachts encountered the usual jump sea, caused by the tide running out against the seas. It was a beat out to Point Judith and from there the skippers could fetch on a close-hauled reach nearly to the outer mark. On the return, the boats had a quartering run as far as the Dumplings, opposite Newport, and then a straight run down the wind to the finish line.

According to the arrangements, the matter of rounding the outer mark, the black buoy about 2 miles E. of Montauk, was left to the honor of the skippers, but later the committee decided to go out there, and did so in the launch 20th Century. They arrived some time after the leaders, however, and then was unable to show lights indicating the position of the buoy. As a matter of fact it was not expected that any of the boats would get there before daylight, but Bambino arrived in the vicinity about 2 A. M., and wasted about an hour in a vain search for the mark in the darkness, finally giving up and starting back. Nearly as much time was lost by Little Rhody, but she finally rounded the mark after the committee boat arrived. This caused some question as to whether Bambino would not have won on corrected time, had she not been delayed, but it was found that the difference in the time lost by the two boats was not enough to overcome the allowance.

Little Rhody had the same crew that sailed her to victory in the Marblehead race last year. On the homeward run she made the distance from the Dumplings to Bristol in 1½h., an average speed of close to 10 knots an hour. In this half of the race she gained immensely on all the boats except Priscilla, which picked up 8m. 13s. on Little Rhody.

Every boat entered was given the usual time allowances according to sailing measurements, and in addition the committee arranged an arbitrary handicapping system, by which the more modern boats had to allow those of older type liberal time. In the handicapping, Little Rhody, Bambino, Priscilla, Micaboo, Skraeling, Emeline and Wanderer IV. were scratch boats, and others received additional allowances of from 15 to 55m.

Only three boats failed to finish, these being Christopher Columbus, Petrel and Wanderer IV., the latter being disabled early in the race. Bambino, the first boat in finished at 8:41 A. M., Sunday, Little Rhody arriving about 37m. later. All conditions considered it was a fast race. The Regatta Committee in charge of the race consisted of E. H. Tingley, W. E. Howe and W. S. Almy.

The summary follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Rhody	15 58 24	14 38 48
Priscilla	16 26 47	15 04 43
Bambino	15 21 00	15 06 37
Skraeling	17 37 00	15 41 30
Ethelka	17 40 55	15 44 32
Micaboo	17 35 10	15 48 11
Sachem	18 13 55	15 53 25
Comfort	19 00 25	16 49 35
Woronoco	19 56 03	17 27 15
Cornelia	17 52 15	17 37 15
Cindy	20 07 31	17 40 19
Emeline	19 07 38	18 04 29
Uarda	24 50 30	.. .. ..

F. H. YOUNG.

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, Lond Island Sound—Saturday, July 8.

ON Saturday, July 8, the New York Y. C. sailed its races for the Glen Cove cups, off Station No. 10, at Glen Cove. Five classes filled, and there were twenty-five starters. The winners were Katrina, Mineola, Mimosa III., Phryne, and Cricket.

The club was fortunate in having enough breeze to sail so satisfactory a race. The morning was depressing enough, from the racing man's viewpoint, as there was little prospect of a breeze and the air was heavy and hazy. About noon a little air came up out of the S. by E., and gradually gained strength. By half past 12 the Race Committee, consisting of Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, H. DeB. Parsons, and Franklin A. Plummer, were sufficiently encouraged to signal courses.

The 70-footers and the schooners were sent from the starting line off Prospect and Mott's points, N.E.⅛N. to a mark off Woolsey's Reef, on the Connecticut shore, nine and one-quarter miles; thence S.W. by W.⅜W., six and one-eighth miles, to a mark off Parsonage Point, and then back home, S. by W.⅜W., three and seven-eighths miles, in all nineteen and one-quarter nautical miles.

All the others were sent from the same starting line to and around the gas buoy off Scotch Caps, three and a half miles, and return, going over the course twice. It was a broad reach for the big boats to their first mark, then a close reach to the second and a beat home. The smaller craft had a run down wind across the Sound, and dead in the wind's eye returning. These points of sailing held over both circuits of the course.

At 12:25 the schooners got away. Katrina led over the line. Her only competitor was the smart appearing cruising schooner Latona. It was a broad reach to the first mark, and big reaching sails were in order. Katrina had a very easy time of it with Latona, and won by 24m. 56s.

The 70-footers came in, as usual, for most of the attention, and the onlookers saw some rather pretty maneuvering before the start. Barr had Mineola going fast when she crossed, Yankee was to windward and a couple of seconds ahead, but she was dead. Both had ballooners set, and it was a luffing match from the very start. The Maxwell boat, being to windward, was the inshore craft, and her rival worked her well into the beach off Prospect Point. At this time there was a call for room from those on Yankee, and the request was not complied with. Yankee bore away, and her balloonjib swept over Mineola's topmast backstay. Mineola drew ahead and kept inshore, and Yankee held her course. Both boats set spinnakers and headed down for the first mark, where Mineola had a lead of over 4m. It was really a close fetch to the second mark had the wind held true, but it was patchy, and Mineola took two hitches to get around. A tow also interfered with her, and the second mark she was only 3m. ahead.

The next leg was to windward, and Yankee made a substantial gain. Mineola crossed 1m. 36s. ahead of Yankee, and both boats displayed protest flags as they swept over the line.

Mimosa III. and Spasm sailed a good race, and both beat the New York Y. C. one-design boats over the course. Mimosa III. beat Spasm on corrected time almost 5m.

Fifteen of the New York Y. C. 30-footers started at 1:10, this being the largest number of these boats that has started in any one match. Nautilus was nicely berthed at the start, but got over a shade before the gun and was recalled. Atair was first away, with Phryne next, Dahinda third and Banzai fourth. It was a free run to the mark, and some carried spinnakers to port and some to starboard. It was a beat back, and at the end of the first round Phryne was leading Oriole by 5s. Banzai had moved into third place, and Neola II. was fourth. Phryne increased her lead on the second round, and won by nearly a minutes. Banzai finished third. Phryne wins the cup offered by Commodore Bourne in place of the regular club prize.

The four starters in the raceabout class had a good match, and Cricket won by 1m. 11s. from Rana. The summary:

Schooners—Classes C and D—Course 19¼ Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Katrina, J. B. Ford	12 55 20	4 00 03	3 04 43
Latona, Henry C. Eno	12 55 59	4 19 24	3 23 25

Corrected time of Katrina is 2.58.31.

Sloops—Class H—70-footers—Course 19¼ Miles.

Mineola, W. R. Proctor	1 02 00	3 46 39	2 44 39
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	1 02 00	3 48 15	2 46 15

Sloops—Class N—Start 1:05—Course 14 Miles.

Mimosa III., T. L. Park		3 44 29	2 39 29
Spasm, E. D. King		3 45 23	2 40 23

Corrected time of Mimosa III: 2.35.43.

N. Y. Y. C. One-Design 30-footers—Start, 1:10—Course 14 Miles.

Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	3 47 31	2 37 31
Atair, Cord Meyer	3 51 13	2 41 13
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthric	3 56 49	2 46 49
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.	3 51 04	2 41 04
Adelaide II., G. A., & P. H. Adee	3 59 09	2 40 09
Linnet, A. T. French	3 51 14	2 41 14
Oriole, Lyman Delano	3 42 48	2 32 48
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	3 45 58	2 35 58
Minx, Howard Willets	3 47 38	2 37 38
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 48 56	2 38 56
Banzai, N. D. Lawton	3 43 34	2 33 34
Nautilus, A. G. & H. W. Hanan	3 49 34	2 39 34
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	3 41 55	2 31 55
Pintail, August Belmont	3 53 12	2 43 12
Ibis, O'Donnell Iselin	3 52 15	2 42 15

Raceabouts—Start, 1:15—Course 14 Miles.

Circe, E. Townsend Irving	4 10 13	2 55 13
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	4 11 18	2 56 18
Cricket, Macy Willets	4 17 19	2 52 59
Rana, Howard Willets	4 09 10	2 54 10

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay—July 4.

THE second Possner cup race of the Edgewood Y. C. 30ft. cats was sailed July 4 in a fair southerly wind. There were only three entries, Wanderer IV. being out for repairs, and Elizabeth not being in racing condition.

The course was a dead beat to windward and a run home, and the race was sailed in quick time. Mblem won on time allowance, Emeline leading across the finish line by 55s., thus tying Mblem and Scatt for first place in the two races. The summary:

Start, 11:10—Course, 12½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Mblem, G. E. Darling	2 14 50	3 04 50	3 02 06
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	2 13 55	3 03 55	3 03 55
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	2 18 34	3 08 34	3 05 50

Club Regatta, Narragansett Bay—July 8.

THE postponed ladies' day celebration of the Edgewood Y. C. took place Saturday, July 8, and included canoe racing and a dance in the evening, in addition to the regatta that was the principal event of the occasion. The feature of the regatta was the racing of the 30ft. cats, for which the contest was the third and final race in the season's series for the Possner cup. The Flint brothers' new boat Wanderer IV., gave a splendid exhibition of sailing and ran away from the others, leading her nearest rival at the finish by 6¼m. She had to give an allowance of more than 5m., but even then was winner by a comfortable margin. Mr. George E. Darling's Mblem was second, on corrected time, thus scoring a percentage for the three races that gave her the cup. Elizabeth was disabled and had to withdraw. The total percentages of the contests in the series were as follows: Mblem, 58 1/3; Wanderer IV., 50; Scatt, 46 2/3; Emeline, 30; Elizabeth, 5. The last-named boat, it should be stated, only finished in one race of the series, and Wanderer IV. only sailed twice.

There were three other smaller classes, making a total of fifteen starters. The other winners were Sylph, Netor and Modox. The start of the 30-footers was about the scrappiest that has been seen around here in a long time. Emeline and Wanderer IV. fought for position with such determination that a bad collision was narrowly averted and Mblem was also close aboard, with the other two not far away, so that the five went over the line in a bunch. There was a stiff single-reef breeze from the S. that held steady throughout. The 30-footers had a beat to windward and return, twice over, and the smaller classes sailed a triangular course. The summary follows:

30Ft. Cats—Start, 2:50—Course, 16 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint	5 57 14	3 07 14	3 07 14
Mblem, G. E. Darling	6 05 21	3 15 21	3 10 01
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	6 03 29	3 13 29	3 11 27
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	6 07 47	3 17 47	3 12 27
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	Disabled.		

Special Class Cats—Start, 2:52—Course, 11 Miles.

Sylph, W. R.Taft	5 19 05	2 27 05	2 21 41
Shadow, E. R. Johnson	5 20 53	2 28 53	2 28 53
Sybl, E. F. Caton	5 27 01	2 35 01	.. .. ..
Hattie, C. H. Hull	5 29 04	2 37 04	2 29 49

21Ft. Cats—Start, 2:54—Course, 11 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nector, R. F. Linderman	5 04 53	2 10 53
Trinket, Burgess & Olsen	5 10 13	2 16 13

15Ft. Cats—Start, 2:58—Course 3½ Miles.

Modox, H. Possner	4 06 00	1 08 00
Sprite, G. B. Smith	4 11 15	1 13 15
Don, T. B. Langdon	4 21 40	1 23 40
Seamory, H. Scattergood	Did not finish.	

F. H. YOUNG.

American Y. C.

Milton Point, Long Island Sound—Monday, July 3.

THE annual regatta of the American Y. C. was sailed on Monday, July 3, and it was quite the most unsatisfactory regatta of the season, owing to the entire absence of wind. The racing was of the most languid description, and perhaps the less said about the match the better, as few of those who participated wish to be reminded of it. Of the forty boats that started only five were able to finish.

The course for the larger boats was S.W.¼S., 2¾ miles; thence E. by S., 3½ miles, and then N.W. by N., 3⅛ miles, a total of 9⅜ miles.

At 2:35 Yankee and Mineola were started with the Maxwell boat in the lead. Captain Barr has returned from Kiel, where he left the schooner Atlantic, and was sailing Mineola. The wind was E. when the boats got away, and very light. Yankee rounded the first mark a couple of minutes ahead of Mineola. On the second leg the wind changed to S.W. Yankee held her lead until the boats were on the home stretch, when Mineola went into first place and crossed the finish line a winner by over 8m.

Nike was the only boat to finish in the 33ft. class. Nautilus beat Neola II., the only other boat to finish in the New York One-design Class, by 8m. 27s. The summary:

Sloops—70ft. Class—Start, 2:55—Course 9⅜ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, W. R. Proctor	6 25 30	3 30 30
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	6 33 42	3 38 42

Sloops—33ft. Class—Start, 3:05—Course 9⅜ Miles.

Nike, V. I. Cumnock	7 33 40	4 28 40
Memory, H. M. Raborg	Did not finish.	
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	Did not finish.	

New York Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 3:10—Course, 9⅜ Miles.

Nautilus, A. G. & H. W. Hanan	7 52 53	4 42 53
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	8 01 20	4 51 20
Banzai, Newbury D. Lawton	Did not finish.	
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	Did not finish.	
Alera, A. H. Alker	Did not finish.	
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	Did not finish.	
Minx, Howard Willets	Did not finish.	
Atair, Cord Meyer	Did not finish.	
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	Did not finish.	
Linnett, A. T. French	Did not finish.	

The following boats also started:

Larchmont 21ft. Class: Dorothy, Houri, Vaquero.

Sloops, 27ft. Class: Thelema, Rascal.

Raceabouts: Rascal II., Rana, Mystral, Busy Bee, Pretty Quick, Invader, Jr., Howdy, Cricket, Tartan.

Sloops, Class Q: Paumonak, Rogue, Montauk, Okee, Nimbus II., Opossum.

Sloops, 18ft. Class: Ace, Hamburg, Dot.

Larchmont Y. C.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound—Tuesday, July 4.

THE Larchmont Y. C.'s annual regatta, held on Tuesday, July 4, attracted the largest entry list of the season. Forty-nine boats competed, and the winners were: Katrina, Mineola, Memory (sailover), Mimosa III., Neola II., Jolly Roger, Vaquero, Rascal, Montauk, Ace and Hamburg.

The schooners and 70-footers went twice over a 15½ mile course, with turns at Captain's Island and Mott's Point. The wind was S.W. The first leg was a reach, the second a beat, and the third a free reach.

At 12:05 the schooners were started. Katrina crossed in the lead of Kiwassa, and was never headed. It is unfortunate that more owners of cruising boats do not follow the example set by Mr. James L. Ford, and race their boats. Race committees are always ready to offer prizes in special classes, and all that owners have to do is to show a willingness to start.

Yankee showed the way to Mineola, in crossing at 12:10, although Captain Barr had his vessel in the weather berth. Ballooners were carried down the first leg. Yankee led at the first mark by over half a minute, but on the second leg she got mixed up with a tow of barges, and she lost steadily from that time on. At the end of the first round Mineola had a useful lead of about 2m. On the second round the wind was more fluky, and Capt. Barr sailed his boat with such skill that he finished 6m. 5s. in the lead.

There were three starters in the 33ft. class. Regina did not finish and Mimosa III. had no difficulty in disposing of Nike. At the end of the first round Mimosa II. led by about 2½m., but on the second round she made her greatest gains, and won by over 14m.

Like the 33-footers, the New York one-design boats sailed twice over a 10¾-mile course. It was a great day for the Hanan boys. Mr. Addison Hanan sailed Neola II. and brought her home a winner. Nautilus, the Hanans' own entry, got second. Banzai was third and Cara Mia fourth. Then came Minx, Ibis, Alera and Adelaide well bunched.

The raceabouts went over an 11-mile course, and the only champion Jolly Roger came in a winner, beating Invader, the second boat, by 17s. Rascal II. was third, Nora fourth and Tartan fifth. There were twelve starters in this class, an unusually large number.

Vaquero crossed the finish line a winner in the Larchmont 21ft. class with almost a minute to spare. Houri was second.

In Class P, Rascal sailed a one-sided race with Thelema, winning by over 6m.

Class Q showed a good list of entries, there being six all told. Montauk came off with first honors. Grasshopper was second.

Ace trimmed Louie Bell, the only other boat to finish in Class R. Hamburg won easily in the special class.

Schooner Class—Start 12:05—Course 31 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Katrina, J. B. Ford	5 34 18	5 29 18
Kiwassa, L. J. Callanan	6 10 19	6 05 19

Sloops—70ft. Class—Start 12:10—Course 30 Miles.

Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	4 20 39	4 10 39
Mineola, W. R. Proctor	4 14 34	4 04 34

Yawls—Class N—Start 12:15—Course 21½ Miles.

Memory, H. M. Raborg	5 12 08	5 02 08

Sloops—Class N—Start 12:15—Course 21½ Miles.

Mimosa III., T. L. Park	4 39 42	4 24 42
Regina, F. G. Stewart	Did not finish.	
Nike, V. I. Cumnock	4 52 04	4 37 04

N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. One-Design Class—Start 12:20—Course 21½ Miles.

Nautilus, Addison & Wilmer	3 40 06	3 20 06
Banzai, N. D. Lawton	3 53 23	3 33 23
Lahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 00 03	3 40 03
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 56 00	3 36 00
Neola II., George N. Pynchon	3 38 47	3 18 47
Alera, J. W. Alker	4 02 21	3 42 21
Phryne, Harry Maxwell	4 09 53	3 49 53
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 01 08	3 41 08
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	4 08 53	4 48 53
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	4 01 07	3 41 07
Minx, Howard Willets	4 01 02	3 41 02
Adelaide, Adee Brothers	4 01 25	3 41 25

Raceabout Class—Start 12:25—Course 11 Miles.

Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	3 50 33	3 25 33
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	3 34 11	3 09 11
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecher	3 33 54	3 08 54
Nora, Adrian Iselin II.	3 35 39	3 10 39
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	3 38 11	3 13 11
Rana, H. Willets	3 41 10	3 17 10
Tartan, G. L. Pirie	3 37 44	3 10 44
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	3 53 58	3 28 58
Circe, E. T. Irvin	3 55 56	3 28 58
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	3 35 25	3 10 25
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	3 38 39	3 13 39
Cricket, J. Macy Willets	3 42 26	3 17 26

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start 12:30—Course 11 Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 51 17	3 21 17
Vaquero, M. Stump	3 49 36	3 19 36
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 50 29	3 20 29

Sloops—Class P—Start 12:30—Course 11 Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	3 42 06	3 12 06
Thelema, A. L. Black	3 48 17	3 18 17

Sloops—Class Q—Start 12:35—Course 11 Miles.

Montauk, G. P. Shelton	3 54 08	3 19 08
Opossum, T. M. T. Raborg	4 07 41	3 52 41
Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt	4 08 36	3 33 36
Grasshopper, Harold Pryor	3 57 16	3 22 16
Wa Wa, Geo. B. Robinson, Jr.	Did not finish.	
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	4 06 05	3 31 05

Sloops—Class R—Start 12:40—Course 11 Miles.

Louie Belle, J. T. Williams	4 21 40	3 41 40
Ace, R. N. Bavier	4 07 16	3 27 16
Dod, D. E. Dealy	Did not finish.	

Special Class—Start 12:40—Course 11 Miles.

Hamburg, M. Goldsmith	4 04 18	3 24 18
Mist, R. P. Clark	4 11 55	3 31 55

Erie Y. C.

THE Erie boats that went to Buffalo to take part in the races held on July 3 and 4 did very well. In the 21-mile handicap race, sailed on the morning of the 4th, an Erie boat finished first, and another one second out of the three Erie boats that were entered.

The course was a triangle of 21 miles, in a wind blowing about 10 miles an hour out of the S.E. The first leg was 9 miles to Seneca Shoal, then 4½ miles to Waverly Shoal gas buoy, and from there to the finish. Fourteen yachts took part in this race. But just about the time the first ones were finishing, the wind died out and a number of the slower boats were held becalmed in sight of port for nearly two hours.

I only give the time of the two winning Erie boats, have no authority to report the Buffalo club's races. Some resident of the Bison City ought to take interest enough in his club to do that; the FOREST AND STREAM columns are open to him, I guess, if he chooses to use them.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Annette	9 35 00	12 45 00	2 39 00
Clytie	9 35 00	12 47 30	2 57 30

The Annette, Captain C. E. Beyerl, is a new boat, this being his first race. The Clytie, Captain Ralph Gardner, is an older one and a few feet longer than the Annette.

Some of our largest boats left on Saturday night to take part in the races at Buffalo on the 3d and 4th of July. The trip to Buffalo will be a race in itself, as a silver cup has been offered to the boat getting there first. The following boats were the ones that were to leave, others may have concluded to go later: Iris, Clytie, Coquette, Annette (a new boat), Viking and Gytannie.

CABIA BLANCO.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 8.

FIVE of the 15-footers raced over a 7-mile course on Saturday July 8. Sabrina won, beating Fly by over 2m. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	4 42 40	1 32 00
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt	4 45 02	1 35 02
Imp, F. L. Landon	4 46 03	1 36 03
Grilse, G. D. Robb	4 46 20	1 36 20
Chipmunk, T. S. Young	4 47 00	1 37 00

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, July 1.

THE Beverly Y. C. had a fresh breeze from the S.W. for its third race of the season, which was its 365th Regatta. There was but one entry in the 30ft. class, Young Miss, and as the event was the first championship of the season, she sailed over the course alone.

In the 21ft. class, there were six entries. This class was sent to Bow Bells, then across the Bay to Scraggy Neck Buoy No. 8, and then home. On the beat to the windward mark, Radiant again did surprisingly good work, and when off Bird Island was the leading boat. Barnacle caught her at this point, and gradually drew away, until she had a lead of perhaps a minute at the windward mark. On the reach across the bay, she increased this somewhat and won by about 3m. Mr. Crane's new boat, Amanita III., again proved her ability as a runner. She was a good ways behind Radiant at the windward mark and made up but little on the reach, but on the run home she gained rapidly, and finished in third place just 1s. behind Radiant. Terrapin, last year's champion, took fourth place.

In the 18ft. one-design class, there were four entries. These boats were sent first to Bird Island Buoy No. 13, then across the bay to Scraggy Neck Buoy No. 8, and then home. Mr. Emmons in his Hindoo won, and the second place went to Jap.

In the 15ft. one-design class, there were only three entries, and these were all sailed by ladies. These small boats were sent twice around the triangle formed by B. Y. C. Buoy No. 2, Mosher's Rock Buoy, and the starting line. Miss Dabney, in Fiddler, won by 1m. 30s. The judges were Messrs. Howard Stockton and Charles Whittemore. Times in detail follow:

30-Footers—Course 2, 19½ Miles.

	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 44 30

21-Footers—Course 12, 13⅝ Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 07 59
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 11 15
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 11 16
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 12 42
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 14 24
Arethusa, Ezra R. Baker	2 14 36

18-Footers—Course 16, 8⅝ Miles.

Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 42 55
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 44 20
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 48 25
Margaret, W. O. Taylor	1 48 32

15-Footers—Course 20, 6½ Miles.

Fiddler, Miss G. M. Dabney	1 36 45
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 38 15
Jub Jub, Miss Eleanor Stockton	1 38 15

Tuesday, July 4.

The Beverly Y. C. sailed its 366th regatta, starting from its club house on July 4. The event was an open sweepstakes, and the entrance list was gratifyingly large. For the first time in the history of the club two modern racing sloops participated in its races in Buzzards Bay. These were the 51-footers Humma and Shark. As both boats draw over 10ft., and require considerable room for maneuvering, the owners preferred not to start them off the club house. Mr. Whittemore, the judge of the day, therefore got into a launch and went down the bay to B. Y. C. Buoy No. 1, and started the big boats from this point.

Humma opened out something of a lead on the beat down the bay, and the Shark proved somewhat the faster runner. On the run home, she nearly caught her antagonist at one point, but Humma managed to get away again and win by a small margin.

Mr. Whittemore's Young Miss was again the only thirty to come to the starting line, and finding no rivals, she did not go over the course.

In the 21ft. class there were six entries. The race proved a very interesting one for all of them. The wind was from the S.W. of moderate strength. At the very start, Mr. Baker and Mr. Crane started excitement by getting into a mixup in crossing the line. Mr. Baker took the doutful position of running down the line until he left Mr. Crane not sufficient room to pass on the right side of the buoy. This obliged Mr. Crane in Amanita to tack and come back to the line again, thus losing considerable valuable ground. Barnacle crossed on the off-shore end of the line, and stood from there straight across to the Marion shore. All of the other boats made a series of short hitches under the Wing's Neck shore before taking the long tack across the bay. Radiant held to the Wing's Neck shore longest, and this probably accounted for her poor position at the finish, for the wind hauled slightly to the westward. The boats came together again in a bunch off Bird Island, and at this point they were in the following order. Terrapin, Barnacle, Amanita III., Illusion, Arethusa and Radiant. They maintained this order to the windward mark, which was Bow Bells Buoy, and then all set spinnakers for the run home. Amanita III. showed her extraordinary powers as a runner, and passed Barnacle, but could not catch Terrapin. Terrapin won by 1m. 53s., thus giving the commodore his first victory of the season.

The 18ft. class, in which there were four entries, were sent first to Scraggy Neck Buoy No. 8, then across the bay to Bird Island, and from there home. Jap, Margaret and Wanderer apparently lost track of the starting signal, for they all started 5m. before the class should get away. Mr. Emmons in his Hindoo alone waited for the proper gun, and thus he won the race. In spite of the fact that the other three boats started before him, they finished after him.

In the 15ft. one-design class there were four entries sailed by ladies, and two by boys. Maurice Richardson, Jr., took first place in his Banzo, and Miss E. Stockton defeated the other ladies, taking second place with her Jub Jub. The judges were Messrs. L. S. Dabney and Charles Whittemore. The times in detail follow:

30-Footers—Course 2, 19½ Miles.

	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	.. .. ..

21-Footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 11 36
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 18 30
Arethusa, Ezra R. Baker	2 16 40
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 10 03
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 08 10
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 12 14

18-Footers—Course 17, 8⅝ Miles.

Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 48 47
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 50 25
Margaret, Wm O. Taylor	1 50 10
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 50 15

15-Footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 41 31
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 39 52
Compress, P. E. Weld	1 41 41
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 36 25
Jub Jub, Miss Eleanor Stockton	1 38 49
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	1 39 35

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich, Long Island Sound—Tuesday, July 4.

OF the twelve starters in the motorboat races given on Tuesday, July 4, by the Indian Harbor Y. C., there were three debutantes, namely, Dixie, Argo, and Skeeter. Argo and Skeeter were both designed and built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co., Consolidated, and are equipped with Speedway Engines. They won easily in their respective classes. Lucania, Jr., won in the cruising class. Mr. F. L. Kramer won in the Knickerbocker one-design class.

The start was off the Indian Harbor Y. C.'s house, and the course was from there to and around the bell buoy off Lloyd's Point and back, 14 miles. This course was covered twice. The boats in the cruising class went over an 18½-mile course, and the Knickerbocker one-design boats covered 5½ miles.

On the first round Argo covered the 14 miles in 34.53 and Dixie 35.20. On the second round Argo's time was 34.11, which was still better. Dixie went wide of her course on the second round and got hung up on Hen and Chickens Reef. She lost her rudder, but just how serious her other injuries were could not be ascertaincd. She was towed to Astoria for repairs.

Argo performed splendidly, and she covered the entire course in record time. The 28 miles were covered in 1.09.04, which is at the rate of 27.97 miles an hour. Each mile was done in 2m. 28s.

In the second class Skeeter and Challenger met for the first time. Challenger allowed her competitor 14m. 31s., and she was unable to save her time. Skeeter won with minutes to spare. She averaged 22.93 statute miles over the entire course. Challenger averaged 24.13 miles.

Narquisi was protested by Lucania, Jr., in the cruising class for leaving the buoy off Greenwich Point on the wrong hand. Narquisi was disqualified, and the race went to Lucania, Jr.

The race was well handled by Mr. Wilmer Hanan and Judge Charles E. Simms.

The names, owners, length and ratings of the boats follow:

First Class—Course 28 Nautical Miles.

	W. L.	Rating.
Dixie, E. R. Thomas	30.11½	93.08
Argo, C. L. Seabury	60.05¼	96.52

Dixie has a S. & M. Simplex engine, 8 cylinders and 119.44 horsepower.

Argo has a Speedway engine of 175.01 horsepower.

Second Class—Course, 28 Nautical Miles.

Skeeter, E. J. Sehroeder	43.11¼	74.85
Challenger, W. G. Brokaw	39.07	88.35

Skeeter has a Speedway engine of 61.06 horsepower.

Challenger has a S. & M. Simplex engine of 119.448 horsepower.

Fourth Class—Cruising Motorboats—Course 18½ Miles.

Ele Bee, Louis Newman	34.00	32.22
Narquisi, A. C. Cooper	43.62	41.60
Lucania, Jr., W. J. Hewlett	....	42.04

The timings follow:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
First Class.			
Dixie	2 30 00	Disabled.	
Argo	2 31 08	3 40 12	1 09 04
Second Class.			
Skeeter	2 40 00	4 04 15	1 24 15
Challenger	2 54 31	4 14 00	1 19 29
Fourth Class—Cruising Boats.			
Em Bee	3 15 00	5 57 49	2 42 49
Narquisi	4 47 14	5 51 48	2 04 34
Lucania, Jr.	3 48 29	5 53 01	2 04 32
Knickerbocker One-Design Boats.			
No. 12, M. E. Connolly	3 55 00	4 27 48	0 32 48
No. 6, J. E. Brown	3 55 00	4 28 19	0 33 19
No. 9, J. C. Sulzbach	3 55 00	4 29 33	0 34 33
No. 1, F. L. Kraemer	3 55 00	4 27 15	0 32 15
No. 10, W. H. Gassert	3 55 00	4 30 15	0 35 15

Atlantic Y. C. Cruise.

First Squadron Run—Larchmont to New Haven.

ENTHUSIASM is one thing and actual result another. At the annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. this year the necessity of having a cruise, which event had been omitted for the past two seasons, was presented in forcible manner and half a hundred boat owners assured the officers that they would enter their craft. Eleven boats, including the flagship Rheclair, were all that assembled at the rendezvous at Larchmont on Wednesday afternoon, July 5. To the credit of those present, however, it should be said that all started in the races in cruising trim incidental to the first squadron run to New Haven, which began on Thursday morning.

It was late when the yachts left for the Connecticut town and consequently a fresh breeze would have been necessary in order to make the long run in good season. The wind was light and from the E. nearly all the way down the Sound bringing hard close-hauled work. A little while before the finish it hauled slightly toward the S., making eased sheets possible.

The Herreshoff sloop Irolita was the first to finish the run to New Haven. Lasca was the next to cross the line of the easterly breakwater and proceed to Morris Cove. The yawl Phantom was the only other craft to end the journey before nightfall. Vivian II., was taken in tow by the Regatta Committee tug Catherine Moran, while the yawl's Arela and Selnada, the sloops Bobtail and Nymph and the schooner Fennella straggled in to anchorage during the evening. The schooner Kiwassa put in to Stamford and did not join the fleet again.

Irolita won the prize going to the sloop or yawl making the best corrected time for the run, and Lasca got a similar trophy offered for schooners. Bobtail won a prize for a special with Vivian II. Irolita and Lasca also scored on the prizes to be given to the sloop or yawl and the schooner winning the greatest number of runs on corrected time. The summary of the first day follows:

Sloops and Yawls—Start, 9:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Irolita, E. Walter Clark	6 03 00	8 33 00
Phantom, H. G. S. Nobles	6 53 30	9 22 30
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	Not timed.	
Nymph, W. C. Towen	Not timed.	
Arela, Clarence H. Eagle	Not timed.	
Selnada, J. Fred Ackerman	Not timed.	
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	Did not finish.	
Schooners—Start, 11:00.		
Lasca, Robert P. Doremus	6 12 35	7 12 35
Fenella, John G. Meehan	Not timed.	
Kiwassa, J. L. Callanan	Did not finish.	

New Haven to New London—Friday, July 7.

Fog held the boats at anchor until a late hour on Friday, and the run to New London was consequently delayed. When it was finally started actual times were taken because of the light wind blowing and the inability of the boats to stem the tide running by the easterly breakwater which was used as one end of the line. Fenella did not start with the other craft, being kept at anchor awaiting supplies. The yawl Sayona, which joined the squadron at Morris Cove, and the yawl Arela proceeded to New London under power.

At the start the boats had to stand out across the Sound because of the easterly head wind still blowing. Later, this shifted toward the south, enabling them to lay courses to the terminus of the run. In the sailing instructions Faulkner's Island, Cornfield and Bartlett's Reef Lightships were ordered left to port. Before any of the boats got to the finish of the 40-mile journey the fog shut down thicker than that of the morning. Irolita was the first to finish off the bell buoy at Sarah's Ledge. Lasca was the second craft to feel her way through the fog. Phantom made by the wrong side of the committee boat. After a risky search in the thick conditions by the Regatta Committee tug, Vivian II., Selnada and Nymph were found near together and towed into the harbor. Bobtail was met on the way and also given a line. It was late when anchors were lowered for the night and everyone was disgusted at the conditions encountered, but glad that no serious results had occurred.

Irolita again won the sloop prize for the run and Lasca that for schooners. As on the first day, they both scored for the series prizes. The summaries follow:

Schooners.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lasca, R. P. Doremus	12 01 05	6 45 55	6 44 10
Sloops and Yawls.			
Irolita, E. Walter Clark	11 21 09	6 32 50	7 11 41
Phantom, H. G. S. Nobles	10 40 58	7 19 20	8 38 42
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	10 24 20	Not timed.	
Nymph, W. C. Towen	10 39 05	Did not finish.	
Selnada, J. Fred Ackerman	10 52 45	Did not finish.	
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	10 24 00	Did not finish.	

New London to Shelter Island—Saturday, July 8.

A thick fog and light wind made it impossible to hold any kind of a run across the Sound to Shelter Island on Saturday, and many of the boats were towed into Deerings Harbor. At a late hour on Saturday night the flag officers were considering the advisability of disbanding the cruise at Shelter Island.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, New York Bay—Monday, July 3.

THE first race for the W. H. Childs perpetual challenge trophy was held on the afternoon of Monday, July 3, under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C. Victory came to the organization offering the trophy through the splendid work of its representative, More Trouble, which defeated the Atlantic Y. C. boat Saetta, by 2m. 10s. for the 12-mile course. Under the conditions governing the competition, which is open to all recognized yacht clubs, two representatives may come from each organization all sailing in one class on time allowance according to the rules of the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay. Only boats in classes M and under are eligible. The trophy goes to the club whose boat wins in a single race, subject to ehallenge at any time with the proviso that not more than three struggles may be held in any one season. The winning boat gets for permanent possession a miniature of the trophy, which is of itself a valuable souvenir.

In the first raee the Bensonhurst Y. C. entered the class Q boats More Trouble and Ogeemah, and the Marine and Field Club, as challengers, the Class Q creation Quest and the Class RR boat Beta. The Brooklyn Y. C. nominated Ojigwan, one of the new Class Q boats and Sandpiper, a Herreshoff flyer, rating in Class R. The Atlantic Y. C. named the Class P craft Lizana and the Class Q boat Saetta, while the New York C. C. was to depend on the Class Q boats Miss Judy and Karma. Of these entries Lizana broke her bobstay shackle just before the start and Sandpiper and Karma did not appear.

The course selected led from the start off Ulmer Park across the channel to the black can buoy off Fort Wadsworth, thence to buoy No. 7 about a mile and a quarter to the S. of West Bank Light and home. In the S. breeze blowing the first leg was a reach, the second a fine and very long windward journey and the third another reach. Saetta led around the first mark, but on the windward leg More Trouble forged ahead and maintained the advantage until the end. The summaries follow:

Classes M and Under—Start, 3:05.

	Finish	Elapsed.
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 42 55	2 37 55
Saetta, George H. Church	5 45 05	2 40 05
Ojigwan, George E. Reiners	5 51 55	2 46 55
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	5 56 4$	2 51 40
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	5 57 25	2 52 25
Quest, F. J. Havens	6 03 57	2 58 57
Beta, Snedeker and Camp	Did not finish.	

Corrected time of Ogemah, 2:41:13.

Tuesday, July 4.

Rear-Commodore J. B. O'Donohue, of the Bensonhurst Y. C., has this year offered a large silver loving cup for boats in classes P and above to be won outright by the craft scoring the greatest number of points in three races, all competing in one class on time allowance. One point is given as a premium for entry and one for every yacht defeated. The first race for the trophy was held on the morning of July 4. Four boats started, and the winner proved to be Lizana, which beat Bobtail (first craft to finish) on corrected time by 5m. 58s. for the 9½-mile course.

The boats were sent away at 10:10 A. M., in a light southerly breeze. It was a reach to Craven Shoal buoy. After rounding this mark windward work was in order. The wind picked up after turning the buoy and from then on blew at wholesail strength. The last leg was a reach to the start off Ulmer Park, on which ballooners were carried to port. The summaries follow:

Classes J and Above—Start, 10:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	12 15 05	2 05 05	1 54 22
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	12 10 23	2 00 23	2 00 20
Anona, S. E. Vernon	12 24 17	2 14 17	2 09 20
Vivian II., Menton Bros.	12 21 32	2 11 32	2 11 32

Riverside Y. C.

Riverside, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 8.

THE Riverside Y. C.'s annual regatta unfortunately fell on the same day as the New York Y. C. races at Glen Cove, and this kept most all the larger craft away. There were only sixteen starters in the Riverside match, and the participants were not afforded very interesting racing, as the wind was light and fluky from the S.W. Eleven classes were provided for, but only five filled.

The Race Committee made up of Messrs. C. T. Pierce and T. E. Ferris, was on board Commodore Starr's flagship, the yawl Genevieve. The start was made off the Little Captain's Island gas buoy. The raceabouts and 22-footers covered a 14½ nautical mile course, with marks at Center Island and Matinicock. The yawls Memory and Sakana sailed this course the reverse way.

The raceabouts were sent away at 1:55, the order of the line being Kenoshi, Invader, Jr., Nora, and Rascal II. It was a reach to the first mark, a beat to the second and a spinnaker run home. Invader, Jr., won, and Nora was second. Rascal II. did not finish.

At 2 o'clock the 22-footers were started. Montauk was first away, followed by Heron, Okee, Paumonak, and Opossum. Montauk held her lead and won by almost a minute from Paumonak, the second boat. Okee was third and Opossum withdrew.

Fannie did not finish in the 18ft. catboat class, and Louie Belle covered the course and got the prize.

In the special match race the yawl Sakana won after an inconclusive contest.

Two motor launches owned by Messrs. C. H. Voorhees and E. D. Hurlburt raced over an 8-mile course, and the former won by 2m. 40s. It was an ideal day for racing motor boats.

The wind was so light that some of the boats did not finish until after sundown.

The summary:

Raceabout Class—Start, 1:55—Course 14½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kenoshi, R. Mallory, Jr.	6 44 39	4 49 39
Invader, Jr., Roy N. Rainey	6 09 35	4 14 35
Nora, Adrian Iselin 2d.	6 11 09	4 16 09
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	Did not finish.	

Sloops—22ft. Class—Start, 2:00—Course 14½ Miles.

Montauk, G. P. Sheldon	6 28 22	4 28 22
Heron, J. Le Boutillier	6 32 52	4 37 52
Okee, J. F. & J. A. Mahlstedt	6 32 27	4 32 27
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	6 29 18	4 29 18
Opossum, T. M. T. Raborg	Did not finish.	

Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 2:05—Course 10 Miles.

Louie Belle, John Williams	7 04 45	4 59 45
Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	Did not finish.	

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:05—Course 10 Miles.

Cob, J. Steffens	7 03 38	4 58 38

Yawls—33ft. Class—Start, 2:55—Course, 14½ Miles.

Memory, H. M. Raborg	7 52 22	4 57 22
Sakana, R. S. McCreery	7 37 15	4 42 15

Special Launch Raee—Course, 8 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
———, C. Voorhees	2 41 55	3 53 15	1 11 20
———, E. D. Hurlburt, Jr.	2 41 50	3 55 50	1 14 00

Knickerbocker Y. C. Power Boat Race.

THE first long distance power boat race to begin in this country will be given under the auspices of the Knickerbocker Y. C., of College Point, L. I. The course is from College Point, L. I., to Marblehead, Mass., a distance of 280 nautical miles. The start will be at noon on July 22. The first prize is a $250 cup offered by Mr. T. F. Day, and the second prize will be a $100 cup given by the Knickerbocker Y. C.

The conditions governing the race state that all boats eligible must be seaworthy vessels less than 40ft. over all. The entries are as follows:

Yacht and Owner.	L.O.A. Ft.	In.	L.W.L. Ft.	In.	Beam. Ft.	In.	Draft. Ft.	In.	Designer.
Aranca, Arnold Schlaet	36	0	33	7	10	6	3	0	E. B. Schock.
Coyote, Harold Wesson	32	6	32	0	4	10	1	3	E. H. Godshalk & Co.
Highball, R. Hutchison	31	6	29	6	6	9	2	3	Small Bros.
Embee, Louis Newman	38	9	34	6	9	0	2	4	Small Bros.
Woodpile, Alfred L. Lincoln	31	6	29	8	8	0	2	0	Small Bros.
Blink, C. W. & C. T. Estabrook	40	0	36	0	8	0	2	6	Swasey, Raymond & Page.
Viking, S. W. Wilder	38	0	35	0	8	0	3	0	Burgess & Packard.
Yeddo, Stanton M. Smith	32	0	..	..	8	0	..	..	C. D. Mower.
May, A. A. Low	38	0	36	6	9	0	3	0	G. L. Stelz.
Aquilla, Allen H. Chase	39	11½	36	8	8	5	1	10½	W. H. Hand.
Gilssando, F. L. Andrews	39	0	35	9	9	0	3	6	Read Bros.
General Bumps, Paul D. Irwin	28	0	26	6	6	8	1	2	R. B. Clark.
Talisman, Wm. Saville	32	8	29	9	8	7½	2	10	Murray & Tregurtha Co.
Spindrift, C. P. Chapman	40	0	38	0	9	0	3	6	C. A. Downer.
Nahma, W. Ernst Smith	36	5	34	5	9	0	2	5	Edgar B. Hammond.
Igniter, C. A. Mezger	32	0	29	0	8	6	2	6	Arthur D. Ferris.

Columbia, Chicago and Jackson Park Y. C's Interclub Regatta.

Chicago, Lake Michigan—Tuesday, July 4.

THE Columbia, Chicago and Jackson Park yacht clubs held a joint race on Tuesday, July 4. There were twenty-six starters and the winners were as follows: Anita, Mildred, Smuggler, Illinois, Areadia and Mintoa. Vanenna, Nomad, Junita and Fawn had no competitor in their respective classes and were forced to take sailovers. A heavy wind prevailed throughout the race, and a shift more to the westward made all the legs reaches.

In the 25ft. class Cyma nearly captured the race on corrected time. Phineas lost her mast in an unusually hard puff, so Smuggler and Gloria were left to fight it out in the 30ft. class. Illinois distinguished herself by not only winning in her class, but also by taking another leg in the Thomas H. Webb cup for yachts from 18ft. to 30ft. waterline.

Of the five starters in the cruiser class there were three withdrawals. Mr. G. H. Atkin had no trouble winning with his smart little ship Minota. The race in the 21ft. class was such a failure that the afternoon event for these boats was abandoned.

The Race Committee, composed of Messrs. Charles E. Kremer, Chicago Y. C.; F. A. McFarland, Jackson Park Y. C.; W. L. Shepard and Edward S. Balcom, Columbia Y. C., were on board Commodore Marshall D. Wilbur's steam yacht Marcia. The summary follows:

20Ft. Class—Start, 10:30.

Anita	1 36 07	3 06 07	3 06 07
Cricket	2 00 00	3 30 00	3 30 00

25Ft. Class—Start, 10:30.

Mildred	1 15 02	2 45 02	2 36 52
Cyma	1 08 53	2 28 53	2 37 43
Sinner	1 40 01	3 10 01	3 06 05

30Ft. Class—Start, 10:35.

Smuggler	1 11 28	2 36 28	2 28 36
Gloria	1 37 17	3 02 17	3 01 26
Phineas	Dismasted.		

35Ft. Class—Start, 10:35.

Illinois	12 42 32	2 07 32	2 07 32
Widsith	1 34 58	2 59 58	2 56 58
Prairie	Withdrew.		

35Ft. Yawls—Start, 10:35.

Arcadia	12 45 21	2 10 21	2 09 34
Naiad	1 00 56	2 26 56	2 22 11
Kayashk	1 09 30	2 34 30	2 32 18
Sannis	1 40 30	3 05 30	2 59 15

Cruiser Class—Start, 10:30.

Minota	12 56 08	2 26 08	2 26 08
Vixen	1 42 11	3 12 41	3 06 30
Hattie B.	Withdrew.		
Jeanette	Withdrew.		
Halcyon	Withdrew.		

21Ft. Class—Start, 10:35.

Sprite	Did not sail course.
Quien Sabe	Broke Down.

55Ft. Class—Start, 10:40.

Vanenna	12 28 13	1 48 13

45Ft. Schooners—Start, 10:35.

Nomad	2 10 00	3 35 00

65Ft. Yawls—Start, 10:10.

Juanita	12 47 57	2 07 57

25Ft. Yawls—Start, 10:30.

Fawn	2 15 00	3 45 00

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor—Tuesday, July 4.

NINETEEN craft started in the open regatta given by the Atlantic Y. C. on the afternoon of July 4. A splendid breeze blew throughout the event. The winners proved to be Vivian II., Anona, Cockatoo II., Wraith and Beta. The feature of the day was the victory of Cockatoo II. in Class Q. This new creation sailed an excellent race after a good start, wasting no distance in useless tacks and making every leg a winning one. She beat Saetta by 2m. 27s. for the 7½-mile course. More Trouble was just beaten out at the finish for second place by 3s.

Boats in classes P and above sailed a course from the starting line off the Atlantic Y. C. to Craven Shoal buoy and thence to the bell buoy three quarters of a mile to the northward of West Bank Light and home, covering the journey twice. The first leg was a reach, the second a beat and the last a reach home. The other competitors covered the usual Association course, leaving all marks to port. It was a reach to Ulmer Park, a fine spinnaker run to the Marine and Field Club, another reach to Fort Hamilton and a beat home. The course, covered twice, aggregates 7.62 miles. The journey taken by the larger creations was approximately 11.75 miles.

Lizana broke down early in the race, having trouble with her bobstay. Ogeemah lost her throat halyard on the second round. There was some dissatisfaction expressed by owners of old Class Q creations not in the Atlantic Y. C., because of not being notified of a separate start for the older boats. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 05 11	2 00 11
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 06 53	2 01 53

Sloops, Class P—Start, 3:05.

Anona, Menton Bros.	5 13 22	2 08 22
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	Disabled.	

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:10.

Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	4 14 08	1 04 08
Saetta, Geo. H. Church	4 16 35	1 06 35
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 16 38	1 06 59
Ojigwan, Geo. E. Reiners	4 17 55	1 07 55
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	4 18 33	1 08 33
Careless, Richard Rummell	4 23 47	1 13 47
Karma, J. C. Erskine	4 26 25	1 16 25
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	Disabled.	

Class Q, Special—Start, 3:15.

Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	4 28 55	1 13 55
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 35 31	1 20 31
Mary, Max Grundner	4 37 38	1 22 38

Sloops, Class RR—Start, 3:20.

Beta, Snedeker and Camp	4 39 42	1 19 42
Gamma, A. H. Platt	4 41 21	1 21 21
Delta, J. J. Mahoney	4 44 18	1 24 18

VICE-COMMODORE OF THE ATLANTIC Y. C. RESIGNS.—The resignation of Vice-Commodore Frederick D. Underwood, Atlantic Y. C., has been tendered and it will be acted upon at the next meeting of the club's trustees.

* * *

BELLE HARBOR Y. C. IN COMMISSION.—The Belle Harbor Y. C., that was organized last winter, went formally into commission on July 4. The club is now occupying its handsome new home at Belle Harbor, L. I.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

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Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.

Jamaica Bay, L. I.—Sunday, July 2.

IN a fresh S. E. breeze the first Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. regatta was sailed on Sunday, July 2. The starters covered the Jamaica Bay Y. C. courses.

Kismet won in Class C by nearly 3m. Baby Roger protested, but the protest was not allowed. Psyche was the only starter in Class E, and she took a sailover. Ariel ran away from Lizzie Green in Class H, and won by 28m. 36s. Boozie won easily by 7m. 19s. in Class K. The summary follows:

Class C—Start, 3:04—Course 12 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kismet	5 07 31	2 03 31	1 49 05
Baby Roger	5 09 24	2 05 24	1 52 03
Annie Arundle	5 13 56	2 09 56	2 09 56

Class E—Start, 3:08—Course, 12 Miles.

Psyche	5 40 00	2 32 00	2 32 00

Class H—Start, 3:14.

Ariel	5 43 58	2 29 58	2 23 23
Lizzie Greene	6 05 59	2 51 59	2 51 59

Class K—Start, 3:18—Course, 8 Miles.

Boozie	5 47 04	2 29 04	2 25 46
Pauline B.	5 51 05	2 33 05	2 33 05
Rival	5 55 10	2 27 10	2 34 58
Kathryn	6 00 40	2 58 40	2 43 01

Class L—Start, 3:20—Course, 8 Miles.

Ethel and Rita	5 47 10	2 27 10	2 23 55
Saturday Night	5 37 23	2 17 23	2 17 23

Class O—Start, 3:24—Course, 10 Miles.

Florodora	4 41 30	1 17 30	0 45 13
Jennie Lee	4 41 57	1 17 57	0 50 55
Arastria	4 28 35	1 04 35	0 53 11
Alva	4 56 21	1 32 21	0 54 26
Viking	4 25 10	1 01 10	1 01 10
M. E. W.	Disqualified.		

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, Delaware River—Tuesday, July 4.

THE Riverton Y. C. sailed its forty-first annual regatta on Tuesday, July 4. Four classes filled, and there were nineteen starters. The wind was light from the N.E. at the start, but later hauled to the S. and freshened.

Sea Gull won in the catboat class, and H. McIlvain Biddle won in the one-design class. In the jib and mainsail class Dorathea finished in first place. The launch races were held in the afternoon. There were five starters, and It made the fastest time over the course. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 10:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sea Gull, Lee Cook	12 40 37	2 00 57
Priscilla, P. S. Clarkson	12 50 00	2 10 00
Carolyn II., C. C. Rianhard	12 50 15	2 10 15
Fiona, John Perkins	12 57 25	2 17 25
Gertrude, G. W. Holloway	Withdrew.	

One-Design—Start, 10:45.

No. 3, H. McI. Biddle	12 46 00	2 01 00
No. 2, H. B. Hills	12 50 07	2 05 07
No. 7, E. W. Crittenden	12 55 03	2 10 03
No. 6, John H. Reese	12 57 00	2 12 00
No. 4, J. O. S. Davis	1 00 43	2 15 43

Jib and Mainsail—Start, 10:50.

Dorathea, C. S. Somervell	12 58 14	2 08 14
Tadpole, H. L. Stockman	1 02 07	2 12 07
Argument, R. E. Russell	1 07 20	2 17 20
Pumpkin, J. C. W. Frishmuth	Withdrew.	

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Emma D.	3 00 00	4 13 00	1 13 00
P. D. C.	3 23 48	4 20 11	0 56 23
It	3 44 44	4 37 39	0 52 55
Society II.	3 21 50	4 39 48	1 17 58
Pooie	3 46 00	4 41 47	0 55 47

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

Bay Shore, Great South Bay—Saturday, July 8.

TWELVE boats participated in the first open race of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., held on Saturday, July 8.

The Lighthouse cup was won by Arrow. Cornelia, the only other starter, withdrew.

Arrow has won for two years, and if the craft wins again, Mr. Macy will be owner of the handsome $500 trophy.

The cup was offered by J. Campbell Smith five years ago. Mr. Smith's Amy Foster won the cup the first year, H. O. Havemeyer's Electra the year following, and for two seasons past Arrow has been the winner.

The wind was light throughout, and the winners in the other classes were: Emla II., Elleen, Skip, and Hope. The summary:

Class Q.

	Finish.
Emla II., F. A. Williams	3 30 56
Hop A Long, Peter W. Hyde	3 37 33
Dolphie, W. Dick	3 35 12
Medler, W. Candee	3 41 15

Class H.

Ellcen, Ed. R. Bleccker	4 10 55
Left Star, R. McCune	Withdrew

Class N.

Arrow, R. Macy	3 50 19
Cornelia	Did not finish.

Class AA.

Skip, C. Chichester	3 50 40
Wanderer, O. J. Wilsey	3 55 47

Class V.

Hope, Ed. Fitzgerald	3 41 44
Grace R., J. H. Rue	3 44 50

Gloucester City Y. C.

Gloucester City, Delaware River—Tuesday, July 4.

FOURTEEN launches and sailboats started in the open race of the Gloucester City Y. C., held on Tuesday, July 4. The winners were as follows: Estella S., St. Cecilia, Anton, Harry B. and John Brennan. The summary:

5-Horsepower Boats.—Start, 1:45.

Estella S., F. George	2 33 00
Wizard, J. H. Schrufer	2 41 00
Neola, J. Carter	2 50 00

1½-Horsepower Boats, Start, 2:00.

St. Cecilia, E. Schofield	3 13 00
Louise, C. Brown	3 15 00

3-Horsepower Boats—Start, 2:45.

Anton, F. George	3 46 00
Mike, J. Fleming	3 46 01
Catherine C., J. Casnet	Disabled.
Dodger, D. McCauley	Disabled.

Third Class Duckers—Start, 2:15.

Harry B., H. Brown	3 46 00
Baby Ruth, C. Dunley	3 46 02
Martha C., A. Henry	3 49 00

Fishing Skiffs—Start, 2:56.

John Brennan, J. Brennan	4 12 00
Flying Annie, H. Quinn	4 20 00

Washington Park Y. C.

Narragansett Bay—July 4.

THE mosquito fleet of the Washington Park Y. C. held a race on the afternoon of July 4, and the Lottie defeated the other six 15-footers over a triangular course, winning a silver cup. The summary:

Start, 3:27.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lottie, S. Williams	4 44 00	1 17 00
Hesperus, A. Potter	4 46 30	1 19 30
Annette A., F. Killian	4 52 00	1 25 00
Bluebell, P. Clark	4 52 45	1 25 45
The Tom, R. L. Ward	4 54 00	1 27 00
Awina, E. F. Clarke	4 55 00	1 28 00
Chub, A. Bliss	4 59 00	1 32 00

F. H. YOUNG.

Newport Y. C.

Narragansett Bay—July 4.

THE Newport Y. C. held a catboat race on the afternoon of July 4, for prizes offered by the city of Newport, which was one of the most successful given in some years. Thirteen boats were entered in the four classes. There was a good wholesail S.W. breeze and the boats made good time over the triangular course, the marks being at Bishop's Rock and off the North Dumpling Rock. The winners were Madge, Thyrsa, Restless and Vesper II. The summary:

First Class—Start 1:18.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge, Borden & Wilson	2 46 00	1 28 00	1 26 57
Annie, Westall	2 48 42	1 30 42	1 30 42

Second Class—Start, 1:21.

Thyrsa, Kimber	2 42 53	1 21 53	1 21 53
J. A. C., Minckler	2 48 50	1 27 50	1 26 29
Wind Cloud, Booth	Did not finish.		
Restless, Peckham	2 59 14	1 35 14	1 34 32
Gem, Chase	3 05 08	1 41 58	1 40 58
Ruth, Sullivan	3 05 53	1 40 43	1 40 43
Ida May, Batten	3 07 25	1 43 25	1 42 16

Fourth Class—Start, 1:27.

Vesper II., Plummer	2 50 58	1 23 58	1 23 34
Malard, Wetherell	3 02 58	1 35 58	1 35 04
Vesper, Fraser	2 53 41	1 26 41	1 26 41
Secret, Haas	Did not finish.		

F. H. YOUNG.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.
Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Mass.—New England Schuetzenbund.
Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines.—Iowa Rifle Association annual meeting.
Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

OUR Fourth of July all-day shoot was well attended and greatly enjoyed by the members who took part. Shooting was done from 12yds. with pocket revolvers to 200yds. with rifles. Many of the men indulged in simply practice work, but the following recorded the following scores:

Revolver, 50yds.: Arno Argus 88, 84, 87, 79, 75, 93, 83, 82, 84, 80, 75, 84; William F. Eddy 82, 90, 80; William Almy 88; A. C. Hurlburt 81, 80, 87, 83, 79, 84, 81, 80, 80; W. C. Pixley 67, 73, 67.

Pistol, 50yds.: Wm. Bosworth 92, Wm. Almy 89, Fred Liebrich 68, 65, 63, 64, 62.

Revolver, 50yds., military target, possible 50 points: Arno Argus 50, 47, 46, 47, 46, 45, 47, 47, 46, 47, 46, 46; Wm. F. Eddy 47, 50, 46; A. C. Hurlburt 47, 47, 47, 45, 45, 47, 45, 48, 47.

Rifle, 50yds., 20yd. Standard pistol target: H. Powell 85, 85, 82, 80; B. Norman 80, 80.

Rifle, Standard target, 50yds.: Frank L. Vaughan 71, 64, 63.

Rifle, 25yds., German ring target, possible 250: W. Bert Gardiner 236, 237, 237, 235, 232, 233, 234, 236, 231, 236.

Rifle, German ring target, 200yds.: A. B. Coulters 183, 199, 179, 214.

Interest in the club is increasing steadily, and good men are gradually learning that we have a snug place to shoot, and are taking up the sport.

Saturday, the 8th, was a hot day, and very little regular shooting was done, excepting by the team men. Major Eddy kept pace with the temperature and shot some excellent scores, his 97 establishing a new 10-shot record for our range. The following scores were recorded:

Revolver, 50yds., Standard—Wm. Eddy, .38 military, 91, 89, 90, 97, 80; A. C. Hurlburt, 82, 85, 84; Arno Argus, 77, 76.

Pistol, 50yds.—Wm. Almy, .22 cal., 89, 91, 90, 90.

Revolver, 50yds., military count, possible 50—Eddy, 50, 50, 49, 50, 47; Hurlburt, 47, 47, 47; Argus, 44, 46.

Rifle 50yds., on 50yd. Standard pistol target—C. H. Jefferds, Jr., .32-20 repeater, 84.

The Seventh at Bisley.

THE Seventh Regiment rifle team, N. G. N. Y., was defeated by the Queen's Westminster volunteers, at Bisley, Eng., on Friday of last week, in competition for the Sir Howard Vincent shield. The defeat was on the narrow margin of ten points. The totals were, Westminster 1490, Seventh, 1480.

The weather was fine and favorable for good scores. The match was shot with the most scrupulous observance throughout by the contestants. The scores:

Seventh Regiment, Individual.

	500	600	800	1000	Total.
Crall	69	65	66	64	264
McAlpine	69	63	66	63	261
Short	62	68	61	60	251
Beach	64	60	62	62	248
Suydam	64	57	68	49	238
Meyers	64	56	58	40	218
Team totals	392	369	381	338	1480

Westminster Volunteers.

A S Fulton	68	63	69	62	262
R Fulton	68	62	64	67	261
Goble	62	61	67	59	249
Tyrrell	69	61	65	52	247
Hall	60	64	63	58	245
Sheppard	60	58	61	47	226
Team totals	387	369	389	345	1490

Remington Gun and Rifle Club.

ILION, N. Y., July 4.—Rifle match, 200yds: Warner, rest, 221; offhand, 73. Lee sporting rifle special prize.

Rifle, 200yds., rest 3 shots, first prize $5 in gold; Lancaster 219, J. Tomlinson 216, Woodward 214, Brown 213, Hubbard 210, Jackson 208, Hendrick 207.

Rifle, 200yds., offhand, 3 shots, first prize $5 in gold: Hubbard 74, Brown 71, Woodward 69, Hendrick 69, J. Tomlinson 64, Jackson 62.

Rifle, .22 caliber, 5 shots, first prize, cigars: Warner 111, Brown 94, Comstock 94, Douglass 77, Excell 75, R. H. Tomlinson 74.

Pistol, 5 shots: Warner 96, R. H. Tomlinson 56, Lancaster 48, Brown 45.

Brown, first red flag, rest; Brown, last red flag, rest.

Warner, first red flag, offhand; Hubbard, last red flag, offhand.

Rifle Notes.

A prize shooting contest for cash prizes at the Badisches Volkfest, to be held at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, New York, July 16 to 23, is announced. Competition is open to all. Any .22 rifle allowed. Any sights, telescopic included. Ten prizes, ranging from $15 to $1. Two best tickets to count. Premiums, first five best tickets, $5; second, $3; third, $2. Shooting begins at 11 o'clock A. M. Joe Fueger, Mgr.; Wm. Rosenbaum, Shooting Master.

Applicant—I see your advertised for a floorwalker, sir. Manager—Yes. Have you had any experience in that line? Applicant—Two pairs of twins, sir.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Ohio Riflemen.

THE June medal shoot of the Twin Valley Rifle Club was held n Jesse Johnson's woods three miles south of West Alexandria. he medal was won by Chas. W. Matthews on a score of 44 out f 48. The shooting was offhand, 100yds., 4 shots. The medal as won by J. Johnson in December, January, February and May. bner N. Clemmer was the winner at the March and April ntests. At the June shoot J. W. Lesher and J. Johnson were econd, with 43 each. Following the medal contest came the -shot match for money prizes, shot in five 4-shot events, posble 48 in each, possible total of 240. G. W. Izor won with a tal of 222, his best 4-shot score being 46. This match was won April and May by Jesse Johnson with 222 and 223.

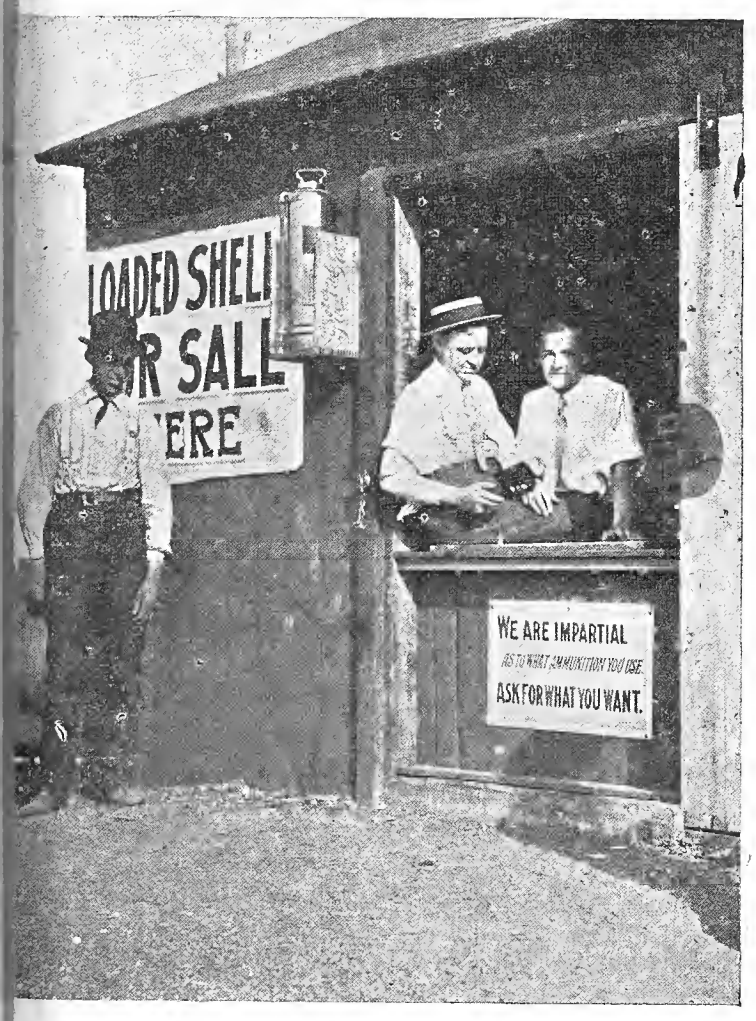
The Outing Rifle Club, of W. Milton, O., has a fine range and large membership. The officers are W. S. Kessler, President; has. Chase, Secretary. Their shoots are at 100yds. offhand and 0yds. muzzle rest.

The Outing Rifle Club, of W. Milton, held their tournament n July 4. The wind blew a gale all day and interfered with e scores as well as the comfort of those in attendance. The oot was at the military range on Stillwater River, and all conests were at 200yds., offhand and rest, any rifle and sight exept telescope. Five money prizes in each event, 3 shots, posble 30. In the offhand match first prize was won by D. W. nes, 23; second, H. Amett, 18; M. F. Hampton, 16; Dr. H. . Pearson, 15; J. C. Anderson, 10. The muzzle rest match had irty entries. Five prizes, 3 shots, possible 36. W. F. Jay was igh with 31. J. A. Vore and W. E. Pearson tied for second n 29. J. F. Liddy, C. A. Getzandiner, John Spitter, Dr. H. R. earson, 27 each, D. W. Jones 26, W. Schwartz 25.

The July con est for the Gratis Township Rifle Club's medal as well attended. A strong wind during the greater part of e day cut down scores materially. In the offhand match at 0yds., 4 shots, possible 48. Jesse Johnson tied with G. O. hismer on 42, and in the shoot-off the former scored a center , while Chrismer scored 11. Johnson stands well in the list winners of other clubs, but this is the first time he has ptured the medal of this club. Other winners of the medal re: January, C. Glage, 45; February and June, M. Pence, 46, ; March, J. W. Lesher, 46; April, G. O. Chrismer, 45; May, I. tiver, 47. The usual five events of 4 shots each, possible 48, ossible 240 for the 20 shots, followed. Five money prizes in ach event and four prizes in the aggregate scores. Winners of e aggregate prizes were J. Johnson, 217. He also won first in e first and third events with 46 and 46. Second, G. O. Chrismer, 5; J. W. Lesher, third, 211; G. W. Izor, third, 206. In the secnd event J. W. Lesher and G. W. Izor took first and second ith 45 and 45. In the fifth event Lesher and F. Chrismer took econd and third on 44 and 44. In the fourth event A. U. lemmer took first with 45, G. O. Chrismer, second, with 43.

The monthly cup contest of the Dayton Sharpshooters will be eld on July 20 and is open to members only; 200yds., muzzle st, 5 shots, possible 120. Adolph Schwind is the present holder the cup having won it in May and June with scores of 108 nd 104. On the same day matches, offhand and muzzle rest, ill be arranged, open to all, with money prizes, and the best ots from W. Alexandria, Eaton, Lewisburg, W. Sonora, Englewood, and W. Milton will compete.

The Fourth of July shoot of the Englewood Rifle Club was eld on their own range for cash prizes and the medal. The nditions were 100yds., 4 shots, Standard American target, center



Mr. J. W. Bell, I. G. C. Secretary, in charge of ammunition at G. A. H. Mr. Bell is at the left in window.

, possible 40. Few center shots were made, and the scores were w owing to high wind. Lester Leiber won the medal in his st four shots with 36. He was also high for the day scoring 8 out of a possible 250 for twenty-five shots. Kerr was second gh with 177 out of a possible 260.

The weather conditions were ideal at the June medal shoot the Outing Rifle Club of W. Milton. The club proposes to ect a house and put in concrete pits for the targets on the range st across the Stillwater River from the town. The offhand atch, first and second prize medals, 100yds., 4in. black center, shots, possible 48, was won by D. W. Macy with 42. The secd prize medal was won by John Spitler after shooting off a tie 40 with Pres. Kessler. J. C. Anderson was also in the tie, t could not remain to shoot off. Bench rest match, 200yds., n. center, 8, 9 and 10 in the black, 5 shots, possible 50, for prize edal and club championship. D. W. Macy was the winner on score of 48, equaling A. Kessler's winning score of March 22. he two scores were similar in work, three 10s and two 9s each. each also, the 10s could be covered with a silver quarter and e two 9s with a dime. The champion list of the club is as llows: February 1, J. W. Cussino, 44; Feb. 22, S. Macy, 45; arch 22, A. Kessler, 48; April 26, J. Spitler, 50 (a perfect score); ay 10, W. F. Jay, Jr., 47. Winners of the offhand contest first ize medal are: Feb. 1 and 22, Dr. H. R. Pearson, 34, 36; arch 22 and June 28, D. W. Macy, 35, 42; April 26 and May 24, . H. Kerr, 45, 43; May 10, Paul Bridenbaugh, 44.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a tice like the following:

Fixtures.

ly 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—John Wright's merchandise shoot; added money. John Wright, Mgr., 318 Broadway, New York.
ly 12-13.—Manning, Ia., Gun Club second annual amateur tournament. R. A. Rober, Sec'y.
ly 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
July 12-14.—Betterton, Md.—Malone's eleventh annual summer tournament; $200 added. J. R. Malone, Mgr., 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.
July 17-18.—Charlottesville, Va.—Charlottesville and University Gun Club sixth annual money and merchandise shoot. G. L. Bruffey, Mgr.
July 18.—Sistersville.—West Virginia Gun Club. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.
July 22.—Chicago, Ill., G. C. tournament. C. P. Zacher, Secy.
July 22.—East Rutherford, N. J., tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Address Hugo Brugmann, Rutherford, N. J.
July 24-25.—Winnipeg, Man.—Industrial Exposition Annual. J. A. Lindsay, Sec'y.
July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.



Indianapolis Gun Club House.

Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot. H. W. Dryer, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association fourth annual tournament.
Aug. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mountaineers' Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-19.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 18-19.—Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo, N. Y., tournament.
Aug. 22—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
Aug. 26.—Newport, R. I.—Mullerite Gun Club on grounds of Aquidneck Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; $1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Auburn, N. Y., G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club all-day shoot. H. L. Carpenter, Sec'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.
Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Messrs. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs., announce their annual Labor Day tournament, Sept. 4, at Auburn, N. Y.

The Montclair, N. J., Gun Club has suspended shooting during July and August, owing to the absence of members. The next shoot of the club will be held on the first Saturday in September.

The Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League of West Virginia will hold their next shoot at Morgantown, W. Va., on the grounds of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, Aug. 8 and 9. The first day will be League day; the second, Club day.

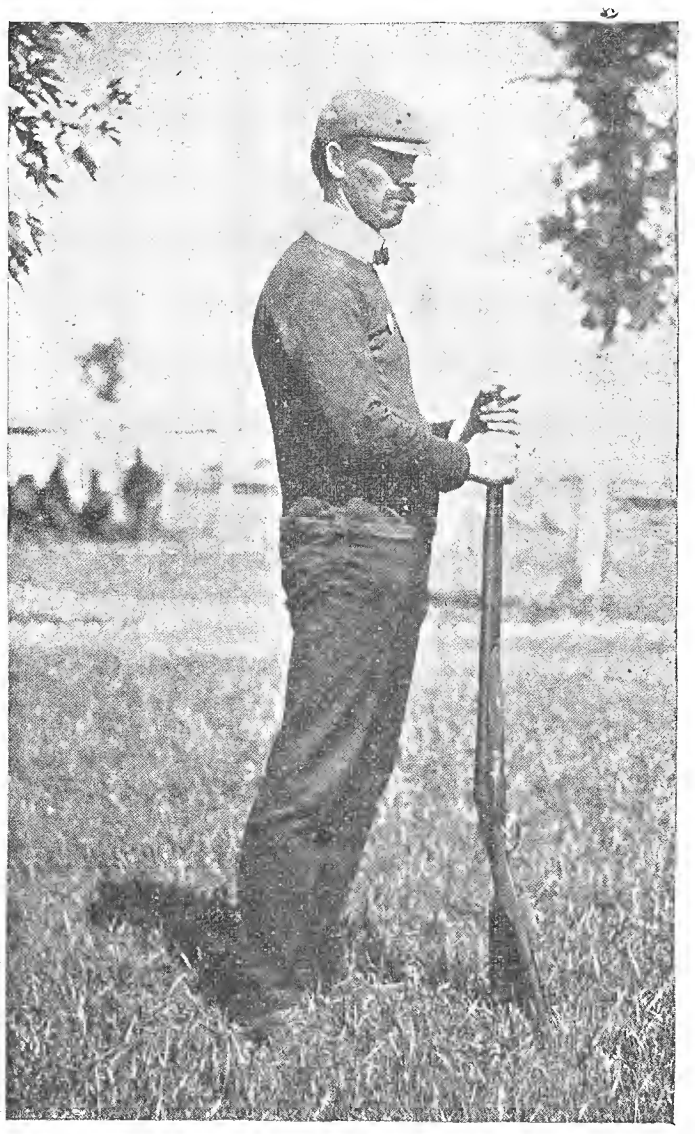
Mr. A. A. Schoverling writes us as follows: "All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club on the grounds of the Aquidneck Gun Club of Newport, R. I., on Saturday, Aug. 26. Full particulars from Mr. P. H. Powell, Newport, R. I., or A. A. Schoverling, secretary, 2 Murray street, New York."

The Chicago, Ill., Gun Club announce a tournament for July 22. Fourteen events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1, $1.50 and $2. High averages $10, $7.50, $5 and $2.50. Class shooting. Targets, 2 cents. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock. No bang, no 0, unless a fair target is refused. Address all communications to the Secretary, C. P. Zacher, 221 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

Mr. E. H. Taylor was high professional at the tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, July 4, held on the grounds of the Mannington Gun Club. He scored 140 out of 175 targets. First high amateur average was won by Mr. C. P. Kinney, 159 out of 175; second, J. F. Phillips, 155 out of 175. The League five-man team contest for the Peters trophy was won by the Mannington team, with 107 out of 125.

The opening tournament of the West Virginia Gun Club, Sistersville, W. Va., July 18, has a programme of fourteen events, each at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance. Totals 210 targets, $21 entrance. At the conclusion of the sweepstakes, there will be a five-man team race, 25 targets per man, for the team championship of the Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League. The high individual score will constitute the individual championship. At this meeting an association, to be known as the Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League, will be formed, and it is desired that the clubs of Steubenville, Martin's Ferry, Wheeling, McMechen, New Martinsville, St. Marys and Parkersburg will send representatives, and teams if possible. Shooting will begin about 9:30 o'clock. Rose system will govern.

A clay target has been invented in England. It is described as being similar to the ordinary clay target, but hollowed, so as "to contain a bunch of bright-colored worsted, to which a small weight is attached, and this is kept in its place by a small card disk. When the clay bird is struck by the shot the weight at once drops to the ground, and the colored wool plainly indicates the exact distance from the shooter at which the bird is killed. As a test of skill and to obviate the disadvantage which arises when ordinary clay birds are used, and the gradual slackening of speed facilitates hitting them, the lawn over which the clay birds are projected from five traps in the usual way is divided by three semi-circular boundaries, so that the birds when hit must fall into one or other of the intermediate spaces, and those which fall nearest to the shooter score the highest number of points." The colored wool stuffing recalls the feather filled glass balls of the ancient Bogardus and Paine days, when to break the glass ball was to make the feathers fly. Or, the Best tin pigeon days, few but merry, in the '80s. The tin pigeon was so constructed that a piece of tin, held by a flange to the underside of the target, and



Mr. R. R. Barber, of Paullina, Ia., winner G. A. H. and P. H., 1905.

attached to the rim of it by a chain, fell out and hung pendulously when the target was hit, then bringing the target to the ground promptly. This new idea thus is one which was obsolete in America years ago.

BERNARD WATERS.

Kingston Gun Club.

KINGSTON, N. Y., July 4.—The Kingston Gun Club shoot was held to-day, seores are appended:

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10	Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10
Moore	7	13	12	10	..	..	T Mahoney	4	8	..	..	..	..
Short	9	12	10	7	7	9	Strong	4	11	11	9	..	..
Minard	9	12	10	6	6	8	Weed	3	9	8	7	..	..
E J Snyder	9	13	13	13	10	8	W Hasbrouck	6	12	13	9	..	..
Cook	7	12	8	..	..	..	B Lawrence	7	7	7	..	..	..
Layton	8	9	12	9	..	..	W Weston	8	13	..	..	..	..
Cassidy	5	12	9	10	..	..	Slater	9	14	14	..	..	..
N DuBois	7	9	10	8	..	..	L Hasbrouck	7	12	..	..	..	..
Kenyon	5	10	6	10	6	8	J Panzerella	5	5	..	..	..	..
Myer	5	6	8	8	7	7	J Carpenter	7	9	..	9	..	..
A Johnson	9	7	..	..	6	8	Logan	..	7	..	..	..	..
C Hume	8	11	10	12	7	6	Van William	..	..	..	9	..	..
J Schaffer	9	12	13	11	7	9	Freer	..	..	..	4	..	..
Floyd	6	12	13	11	8	8	Smith	..	..	..	..	9	9
Boice	6	..	..	..	..	..							

No. 3 was a 12-man team match, between New Paltz and Kingston. Each man shot at 25 targets:

New Paltz Team.		Kingston Team.	
Snyder	22	Schaffer	18
Hasbrouck	14	Hume	21
Du Bois	18	Smith	21
Strong	18	Short	14
Cassidy	14	Johnson	20
Layton	17	Myer	8
Weed	16	Waston	19
Slater	23	Kenyon	13
Hasbrouck	14	Minard	10
F Slater	18	Lawrence	8
Moore	21—195	Freer	16—168

Druggist (to little girl customer)—Did you say pills, miss? Little Girl—Yes, sir, please. Druggist—Antibilious? Little Girl—No, sir, but Uncle is.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 1.—Handicaps apply in events 5 and 6 only, and should be added to these scores. The contest for the Daly gun, postponed from June 10, was run off to-day, Mr. C. L. Bush being the winner with scores of 21 and 25—events 5 and 6—with an added handicap of 2 targets or a total of 48.

Some three other events—not here recorded—miss-and-out, each for a prize of a box of shells, were won by Howard, who shot in very good form the entire afternoon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	25	25
G Boxall, 2	9	11	8	13	21	13	17
C L Bush, 1	8	14	9	12	21	25	..
G Porter, 2	7	7	8	11	18	15	11
E Winslow, 2	9	8	9	8	15	15	..
G Howard, 1	9	13	10	14	22	21	24
P Cockefair, 2	..	..	9	9	24	18	17
I S Crane, 2	..	..	9	11	18	16	..

July 4.—Some seven events were run off to-day, Nos. 2, 3 and 5 being for silver prizes. Some seventy dollars' worth of prizes were distributed among the contestants, every one getting something. Event No. 1 was won by Bush with a clean score of 23 breaks to his credit. Event No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles, was won by Howard, who took first prize, one dozen after-dinner coffee spoons, the second prize going to Batten, who took home a soup ladle. Bush and Cockefair tied for third place, Bush winning out in the shoot-off and getting a half dozen oyster forks, and Cockefair a box of shells. Event No. 3, 15 targets straightaway, scratch, Bush and Howard tying for first place, Bush and Holloway and Cockefair tying for third place. On the shoot-off (event No. 4) Bush and Howard tied again, Holloway winning third place and a silver meat fork and Cockefair taking a box of shells. Bush and Howard now tossed for position, Bush winning first place and a set of individual butter knives, Howard taking a silver berry spoon. In Event No. 5, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicaps, Messrs. Moffatt, Boxall and Holloway all scored 24, with Howard and Bush tying for fourth place. In the shoot-off (event No. 6) Moffett broke 14 out of 15 and won one dozen teaspoons, with Holloway a good second, he winning a gravy ladle, Boxall coming a third and getting a cream ladle. The shoot was voted a great success by all present.

Event:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	15	10	25	15	25
F W Moffett, 2	18	19	11	10	24	14	18
P H Cockefair	20	21	13	8	18	..	22
Chas L Bush	23	21	14	10	22	..	23
G F Howard, 1	17	24	14	10	22	..	..
Geo Boxall, 4	21	19	12	..	24	11	20
Geo Batten	17	22	11	..	20	..	..
E Winslow, 2	15	20	9	..	15	..	..
H F Holloway, 4	14	18	13	10	24	12	..
J T Howe, 7	..	..	..	..	21	..	14

Handicaps apply only on events Nos. 2 and 5.

July 8.—The club held its closing shoot to-day, it having been determined not to keep the grounds open during the summer, as so many of the members leave town for the summer months.

The opening shoot will be held the first Saturday in September.

The best shooting was done by Bush (if we except Jack Fanning, who was present, and shot along with the boys), with Allen a good second.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
A R Allen	21	..	21	21	22	..
C H Hartshorne	15	..	17	11	17	18
C L Bush	20	23	23	22	22	24
W T Wallace	19	..	20	17	18	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
P H Cockefair	..	16	21	20	22	22
E Winslow	..	..	18	18	21	17
J S Fanning	..	..	..	..	25	24
Dr Allis	..	..	..	..	14	15

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North Branch Gun Club.

NORTH BRANCH, N. J., June 24.—Ten Eyck scored a second win on the trophy donated by the Hunter Arms Co.

Twenty singles, use of both barrels:

W H R	01011011001111001001—11
H B Ten Eyck	10111110111111111111—18

Ten pairs:

W H R	10 10 00 10 11 11 10 10 11 10—12
H B Ten Eyck	10 10 10 10 11 10 10 11 11 10—13

Ten-bird sweeps:

Purcell	8	7	5	10	4	6	..	4
Ten Eyck	8	9	8	7	10	9	7	..
W H R	9	7	9	8	10	8	6	5
W J Woolverton	6	5	9	10	8	4	..	..
J S Bunn	..	..	6	5	9	..	..	..
T J Flick	..	..	3	5	6	..	..	..

H. B. TEN EYCK, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., July 1.—The following scores were made to-day on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Brugmann	21	22	20	21	19	24
Nott	14	18	21	17	..	..
Lanerhaus	..	..	..	10	9	15	11

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Osgood	..	..	..	..	19	19	17
Terrill	..	..	..	..	13	15	..
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	16	..

July 8.—The scores made at the shoot to-day, were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25
Nicol	11	16	14	11

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25
Lanerhaus	..	18	16	15

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., June 30.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of this city, held its thirteenth regular weekly shoot of the season at Recreation Park this afternoon, and had out a very nice crowd, ten shooters shooting through the programme. The weather conditions were very fair, and some pretty fair scores were chalked up, as scores go in our club.

The club shampionship gold medal was won for the week by W. N. Dawson, with a general average for the entire programme of 91.8 per cent. The officer's goblet handicap, 20-targets base, was won by W. Evans Price, shooting at 22 and getting 19. The scores:

Events:	1	2
Targets:	15	25
Cobun	11	21
Barthlow	14	19
White	13	..
Jacobs	14	21

Events:	1	2
Targets:	15	25
Price	14	20
Sivey	11	22
Miller	8	16
Dawson	14	23

Officer's Goblet:

Cobun	18	15	Price	22	19
Barthlow	20	17	Sivey	19	16
White	19	16	Dawson	18	16
Jacobs	22	18			

Event No. 4—Club team race, 5-men, 15 targets per man:

Cobun, Capt	13	Price, Capt	12
Dawson	14	Barthlow	14
White	13	Christy	10
Sivey	13	Crumbine	4
Miller	8—61	Jacobs	14—54

July 7.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of this city, held its fourteenth regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park this afternoon with nine guns and several visitors out, and had a very enjoyable shoot. During the afternoon a regular business meeting was held, and committees for our two-day tournament, on Aug. 8 and 9, were appointed.

The club championship gold medal was won for the week by Jno. M. Cobun with an average of 80 per cent for the entire programme. Mr. Cobun also won the officers' goblet handicap for the week, with a score of 17 out of 20 shot at. This event was a tie between Mr. Cobun and W. E. Price, Cobun breaking 17 out of 20 and Price breaking 17 out of 19 and Cobun winning out in the shoot-off by a score of 19 to Price's 14. The scores:

Event No. 1, 15 targets—Christy 12, Barthlow 12, Jacobs 11, Wiedebusch 4, Sivey 9, Cobun 11.

Event No. 2, 25 targets—Christy 22, Barthlow 16, Wiedebusch 20, Sivey 16, Cobun 19, Price 19, Stewart 13, Jacobs 18.

Event No. 3—Barthlow shot at 20, broke 16; Jacobs, 18, 14; Wiedebusch, 20, 6; Sivey, 19, 16; Cobun, 20, 17; Price, 18, 17; Stewart, 20, 12.

Tie for officers' goblet shot off between Cobun and Price: Cobun, 19 out of 20; Price 14 out of 18.

Event No. 4—Club team race, 4-man teams, 15 targets per man:

Cobun, Capt.	13	Sivey, Capt.	13
Barthlow	10	White	9
Wiedebusch	10	Christy	9
Jacobs	14—47	Sutherland	7—38

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas.

Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League.

MANNINGTON, W. Va., July 4.—the fourth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League was held here to-day on the grounds and under the auspices of the Mannington Gun Club, and was attended by fifty-one sportsmen from the various clubs of the league and from the Wheeling, McMechen, Pittsburg and Sistersville.

This shoot inaugurates the new grounds of the Mannington Club, and they are a decided improvement over their old grounds and should boom the game to the limit in this city. Two traps were used, and about 8,500 targets were trapped during the day. The programme was completed by 3:30 o'clock.

First high average (amateur) was won by C. P. Kinney, with a score of 159 out of 175 shot at. Second high amateur average was won by J. F. Phillips with a score of 155 out of 175 shot at. High expert average was won by Mr. E. H. Taylor with a score of 140 out of 175 shot at.

The Peters silver cup, emblematic of the League team (five men-25 targets per man) was won for the month by the Mannington Gun Club with a score of 107.

The Laflin & Rand silver cup, emblematic of the Individual League chompionship, was won for the month by Mr. Jno. F. Phillips with a score of 17 out of 20 shot at.

The next regular shoot of the League will be held on the grounds of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, at Morgantown, W. Va., on Aug. 8 and 9, the first day being League day, and the second day club day. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
C P Kinney	175	159	J M Cobun	120	94
J F Phillips	175	155	J A Barthlow	120	89
Ed O Bowers	175	151	T A Neill	120	87
R Carnahan	175	149	A W Gump	120	75
W R Dougan	175	148	R Williams	120	69
W A Wiedebusch	175	143	T C Murphy	120	67
G A Long	175	141	J D Barnes	120	66
A R Warden	175	141	J F Leachman	105	87
Jno Merrifield	175	140	T B Wylie	105	72
E H Taylor	175	140	H D Algyre	105	71
West	175	140	C N Mockler	105	49
E. F. Jacobs	175	137	E W Halfast	105	29
K L Hibbs	175	134	Frank Coogle	85	64
W E Price	175	133	W N Dawson	85	64
B F Colpitts	175	132	Jno McCool	85	48
Frank Amos	175	129	S F Sheakley	85	43
G A Lilly	175	127	J O McNeeley	70	49
H. Heckman	175	126	C L Torrey	70	50
A H Donally	175	124	L S Neely	70	38
L C Jones	175	120	McGill	70	45
J C Long	175	119	R A Painter	55	42
L J Walker	175	112	Mason	55	16
H Gaines	175	104	C R Phillips	50	37
W B Stuck	175	103	Kearns	50	22
E C Wiedebusch	175	87	H A Christy	35	20
E J Donigan	140	92			

League team race:

Mannington Gun Club.		Fairmont Gun Club.	
Long, Capt.	25	Wiedebusch, Capt.	21
Carnahan	23	Lilly	20
Heckman	21	Merrifield	20
Wylie	21	Phillips	25
Dougan	17—107	Weill	18—104
Recreation Rod and Gun Club.		Grafton Rod and Gun Club.	
Price, Capt.	19	Warden, Capt.	20
Cobun	20	Leachman	14
Dawson	18	Stuch	14
Barthlow	21	Gaines	17
Jacobs	24—102	Walker	19—84

Individual League Championship, Laflin & Rand Silver Cup, 20 targets per man.

G A Long	15	E F Jacobs	16
J F Phillips	17	A R Warden	16

ELMER F. JACOBS,
Sec'y-Treas. M. V. S. League.

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

THIRTY-FIVE shooters attended the July 4 tournament of this club, held on their grounds at Red House Crossing. It was an ideal day for shooting, and some very fine scores were made. Shooters were present from Leominster, Hartford, New Haven, Somerville, Conn.; Northampton, Westfield, Greenfield and Pittsfield, while the club members turned out in goodly numbers. During the day 4,100 targets were trapped. The six merchandise prizes put up for amateurs shooting the entire programme of 190 targets, were won as follows: First, $5 gold piece, Frederick Le Noir, of local club; second, trout rod, Archie Cooley, of Somers, Conn.; third, half-dozen photographs, William McMullen, of Somerville, Conn.; fourth, box of cigars, Melvin Hepburn, of New Haven; fifth, box of cigars, Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, of South Manchester, sixth, $1 worth of shaves, W. H. Snow, of local club.

Following are the averages of those shooting the entire programme of twelve events:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Le Noir	190	171	.900	Bradley	190	153	.805
Cooley	190	169	.889	Gates	190	146	.763
McMullen	190	169	.889	Kites	190	144	.757
Hepburn	190	165	.868	Arnold	190	132	.694
Dr Moore	190	163	.857	Dr Newton	190	130	.684
Snow	190	161	.847	Coats	190	108	.568
Cheney	190	159	.836				

Following are scores by events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	10	20	25	10	20	25	10	15	10		
Le Noir	9	15	18	8	16	22	8	20	22	9	14	10	190	171
Cooley	10	13	19	8	18	23	9	16	23	9	13	8	190	169
McMullen	9	14	17	9	17	24	10	16	22	10	13	8	190	169
Hepburn	7	11	19	9	15	25	9	16	22	9	14	9	190	165
Dr Moore	9	15	16	7	16	24	8	15	22	9	13	9	190	163
Snow	9	13	19	8	15	19	9	18	20	9	15	7	190	161
Cheney	8	15	15	8	18	21	10	15	21	9	12	7	190	159
Bradley	9	9	16	6	17	20	8	17	21	9	12	9	190	153
Gates	6	10	16	8	15	19	6	16	21	10	12	7	190	146
Kites	7	5	15	6	12	18	9	16	22	8	12	10	190	144
Arnold	7	8	12	5	14	17	9	12	20	9	12	8	190	132
Dr Newton	4	12	15	7	15	17	6	11	16	8	7	10	190	130
Coats	4	8	8	8	16	12	7	14	12	8	7	2	190	108
Jordan	6	14	16	9	12	23	8	17	23	7	9	..	180	144
Fowler	..	4	9	4	11	12	2	9	16	6	7	..	170	80
Anderson	8	11	13	7	18	19	8	17	17	..	..	..	155	118
Cheesman	9	11	16	10	15	..	7	13	..	8	..	7	125	96
Gayler	..	..	18	8	..	18	6	18	23	7	..	..	120	98
Dallyn	6	14	17	7	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	72
Weatherhead	..	11	14	8	15	17	5	..	..	..	..	..	100	70
Chapin	..	11	..	7	12	..	5	10	..	..	..	..	75	45
Rowley	4	6	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	28
Delancy	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	7	12	5		55	40
Fredett	6	7	12	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	29
Walker	6	5	10	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	25
Prouty	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	..	..	5	..	45	13
Talmadge	..	..	..	1	9	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	40	13
Robbins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	2	35	15
Maynard	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	..	..	..	..	30	22
A Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	5	20	9
L Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	15	8
Hills	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	7
Cross	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	10	5
O Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	4

MISFIRE.

Rochester Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 28.—In the second contest for the George Borst cup, to-day, the Rochester Rod and Gun Club shoot resulted as follows:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
*Weller	21	4	25	Stoddard	17	6	23
Coughlin	10	8	18	Sterling	15	8	23
*Rickman	19	7	26	Stewart	23	1	24
*Borst	19	6	25	Clark	18	2	20
*Skutt	20	5	25				
Re-entry scores:							
Coughlin	11	8	19	Sterling	13	8	21
Coughlin	18	8	26	*Sterling	23	8	31
*Stoddard	20	6	26	Clark	21	2	23
Sterling	12	8	20	*Stewart	24	1	25
Sterling	13	8	21				
Back scores:							
				*Skutt	20	5	25

*Wins points on cup.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—There was a good attendance on July 8, and the work done was fair, but not up to the average in several cases. The weather was cool and pleasant, with very good light. Five men made full scores, including their handicaps. Among these was Ackley, who shot more as he used to.

The balance of the series for the Schuler trophy shoot will be over No. 1 set of traps. This series closes on Sept. 9. The club has been presented with a beautiful bronze figure by Hon. Thos. A Logan, which will be known as the Ackley trophy, and placed in competition immediately after the Schuler contest is ended. It is one of the handsomest and most valuable trophies which has been presented to the club for a long time.

Gambell did good work to-day in the team race, missing only 2 out of 50. Capt. A. W. du Bray is still in the city, but will soon start on a long trip.

The tournament committee is busily at work on plans for the coming event, and promises one or two surprises, and not unpleasant ones, for those attending.

Mr. J. G. Dikeman, of Somerset, Ky., was a visitor at the grounds to-day. He is secretary of a flourishing gun club in Somerset, consisting of twenty-five members, and says a tournament will be held this fall, probably the latter part of September. The day's scores:

Schuler prize shoot, 50 targets, handicap allowance: Peters (8) 50, Bullerdick (9) 50, Davies (13) 50, Falk (16) 50, Ackley (26) 50, Herman (4) 49, Maynard (7) 48, Roll (5) 47, Barker (2) 46, Gambell (3) 46, Baldwin (17) 46, Du Bray (14) 46, Faran (1) 45, Ahlers (3) 44, Hesser (0) 43, E. Altheer (13) 43, Lytle (16) 43, F. Althcer (7) 38, Block (2) 40, Linn (4) 36.

Team race, 50 targets:

Gambell	24 24—48	Ahlers	18 20—38
Barker	20 25—45	Peters	23 24—47
	44 49—93		41 44—85

The attendance at the Fourth of July shoot was good, over fifty members and visitors being present. Sliding handicap was used. All started at 16yds. in the first event. Those shooting into first money go to 19yds. in the next event; second money men to 18, and third money to 17. Go back to 16yds. if they do not get into the money.

Shooting began at 1:25, and the programme was finished at 5 o'clock, 3,080 targets having been thrown. A very strong wind blew all day, causing the targets to duck badly, and the scores suffered. Rain stopped the sport for a few moments. Faran was high with 138. Barker second with 133. Penn third with 132. The shoot was in charge of Supt. Gambell, with Secretary Davies in the office. The totals:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Peters	160	127	Sundy	160	94
Dick	160	102	Barker	160	133
Ahlers	160	119	Du Bray	120	81
Penn	160	132	Lytle	160	68
Harig	160	127	F Altheer	160	101
Faran	160	138	Colonel	120	35
Krehbiel	160	97	A	60	28
Linn	160	107	Medico	100	66
Maynard	160	131	Nye	80	56
Bullerdick	160	128	Herman	100	79
Pohlar	160	131	Conrad	100	74

Notes.

The Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, gave a shoot on July 4, which proved to be one of the best it has ever held. Eighteen shooters took part in the various events. The programme consisted of ten events at a total of 170 targets, shot on the Jack Rabbit and per cent. plan. Some good scores were made in these events, in spite of a strong wind. Cain was high with 161 out of 170. N. Watkins second with 158. Craig third with 156. E. Watkins fourth, 154. Welsh broke 89 out of 100. Practice and sweeps filled the time until dark, but scores were much lower.

At the regular medal shoot of the Welfare Gun Club, Dayton, O., Monbeck and Cord tied on scores of 25 or better, and after three shoot-offs, the former won. C. H. Cord was high man at practice, breaking 69 out of 70. Shooting at 10 pairs, Cord broke 16, and Watkins 19.

The Advance Gun Club, of Dayton, held a very enjoyable shoot on July 4, thirteen men taking part. The scores were much below the average, owing to the high wind. E. G. Middleton was high gun with 56 out of 150. J. Schaerf second with 52 out of 100. The sport consisted of seven 25-target events.

About twenty of the best shots in the State took part in the shoot held at Mt. Sterling, Ky., on July 4. The championship event, at 50 targets, was won by W. G. Green, of Maysville, with a score of 48. The prize was a silver cup valued at $50. The prize for high average, a silver loving cup, was won by W. Henderson, of Lexington, with a score of 228 out of 245.

Sixteen shooters attended the handicap shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club. McVeigh, Pocock, and Ong were high with 50 each, including their handicaps. Doolittle, Pocock and Burns tied for high gun in actual breaks on 45. Alex. second with 44. The ribbon winners were: Class A—Doolittle, Pocock, and Burns first; Wallace, second. Class B—Alex. first; Saffold second. Class C—Tobey first; McVeigh second. Class D—Ong first; Riley second.

On July 3 the Greenville, O., Gun Club held its regular weekly medal handicap. In Class A, McCaughey and Baker tied on 37 out of 50 from 17yds., the former winning the shoot-off. In Class B, Huddle and Hartzell tied on 36 from 14yds., and in the shoot-off the latter won. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler (Annie Oakley) are visiting at the Oakley home in Darke county, and Mr. Butler was a guest of the club. He shot in the practice events, scoring 138 out of 150. E. R. Fouts has been away for several weeks, and the members gave him a hearty welcome on his first appearance. A high wind accounts for the low scores. Baker broke 74 out of 100, Hartzell 77, Ayers 67, and McCaughey 77.

At the weekly shoot of the Springfield, O., Gun Club, Wm. Poole was high man with 119 out of 125, and won the medal. Snyder was second with 115, and tied Poole in the last 100 targets, each breaking 95.

Ten members were on hand for the weekly shoot of the Dayton, O., Gun Club. Four 25-target events were shot, Hendrickson being high gun with 84. Barnes made the best score, breaking 24 in the second event, missing his third target. In order to increase the interest of the members, the club should offer a medal or trophy of some sort at its weekly shoots.

At the regular handicap medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, on July 5, a new name was added to the list of winners of the medal. This was Carl, the young son of Phil Hanauer, who won the medal last August and again to-day after a hot shoot-off with some of the best shots of the club. Six members qualified with scores of 25 or better. In the first shoot-off, Oswald, Miller and Craig dropped out. Barr dropped out in the second, and in the third Hanauer broke 5 to Cain's 4, and won. One-half the series of 32 contests for the medal will be shot on July 12, and the members should be on hand. Four 15-target sweeps were shot after the medal race. Oswald was high gun with 56. Mack second with 55. Oswald was high gun for the day with 94 out of 100 shot at. Cain second with 93. Carl Hanauer shot at 72 and broke 62.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., July 1.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second series. Keck, Dr Meek and Hicks tied for Class A trophy on 24 out of 25, while T. S Smedes won B trophy on 25 straight. N. S. Birkland won C trophy on 24 out of 25.

In the Dupont cup shoot, which followed, Hicks won in Class A on 20 straight. Dr. Reynolds won Class B also on 20 straight. George won Class C on 19. The day was a perfect one for trap shooting, and twenty-one shooters lined up for the occasion. The scores were good, as out of the twenty-one shooters only four did less than 20, and two of those did 19, two going 25 straight and five making 24:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	10	15	10	10
Thomas	17	21	18	..	9	10
Keck	19	24	..	..	9	9
Meek	18	24	10	12	10	10
Dr Reynolds	20	24	8	..	7	9
Birkland, Sr.	16	24	..	..	8	9
Kampp	18	19	..	..	6	9
Davis	19	22	..	..	10	10
Hicks	20	24	..	..	10	10
Horns	17	22	..	..	6	8
Eaton	17	23	7	..	8	8
McDonald	19	22	8	13	8	6

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	25	25	10	15	10	1
George	17	23	..	..	8	1
Birkland	15	23	..	..	4	
T S Smedes	15	25	..	..	4	1
Stone	17	19	..	..	4	
Bryson	11	16	..	..	5	
Geotter	16	21	9	..	8	
Ditt	15	12	..	..	..	
A Smedes	18	23	..	..	..	
Seymore	17	22	9	12	..	
Fraunholz	20	25	..	..	..	

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

Event No. 1 was Dupont cup. Event No. 2 was the trophy contest.

Team shoot, Thomas and Eaton Captains:

Eaton's team—Eaton 9, Hicks 9, Geotter 9, Saymore 10, Dr. Reynolds 6, T. L Smedes 9, A Smedes 5; total, 57.

Thomas' team—Thomas 7, Dr. Meek 9, Keck 9, Davis 10, Birkland, Sr., 9, McDonald 5, Birkland, Jr., 7; total, 56.

July 4.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day. Ten events of 10 targets each were shot off and in each event some member won a fine pocket knife. In case of a tie they drew for the knife, and the lucky man was barred against further competition, thus insuring all of the knives to be distributed to different men.

The day was exceedingly windy, causing the targets to soar and dip in a decidedly puzzling way. Still, some very good scores were made. The afternoon passed off very pleasantly, and all had a fine time except Mr. Davis, who tied for a knife about six times and was beaten in the draw every time—and he needed a knife, too.

July 8.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the second series.

In the trophy event Eaton won on a straight score of 25 in Class A, while Lord, a visitor, tied the score.

In Class B, Dr. Reynolds and T. L. Smedes tied on 21, while George won Class C on 22.

In the Dupont cup shoot which followed, Thomas, Keck and Hicks tied for Class A on 19 out of 20. T. L. Smedes won in Class B on 18, and George in Class C on 15.

The day was a fairly good one for target shooting, only a little wind and pleasantly cool. Attendance fairly good.

Honors were even in two team races captained by Dr. Meek and Eaton. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	20	15	Targets:	25	25	20	15
Lord	25	19	19	11	George	22	15	19	..
Thomas	24	19	16	14	C Einfeldt	19	12	14	..
Dr Reynolds	22	16	19	12	T L Smedes	21	18	16	10
Dr Meek	22	17	14	11	Ostendorf	14	9	..	10
Johnson	21	14	11	11	Goetter	21	15	..	..
McDonald	21	18	19	12	Hicks	22	19	..	14
Stone	19	15	15	11	Kannonberg	..	12	..	6
Keck	20	19	16	..	Drinkwater	..	..	..	5
Davis	21	19	19	14	Morall	..	..	..	14
Eaton	25	19	17	14	A Smedes	..	..	..	11
Winesberg	25	16	16	12	Miss Davis	..	..	..	11

No. 1 above was the twelfth trophy. No. 2, the Dupont cup.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

HERMAN HORN, of the Holes Corners Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., was a participant at the G. A. H.. We do not see his name among the winners. Yet he had one sure prize that is his for keeps. Just before starting on the trip he was united in wedlock to Miss Jesse Meyrose, who accompanied him. He will in the future have the assistance of her advice in the shooting line, as she is herself a crack shot.

Abe Franks, of Memphis, Tenn is pegging away with about the usual 90 per cent. At the last meet of the gun clubs, W. J. Abston, with a handicap of 10, won the pitcher.

There are many people in the cities of Montana who are much interested in trapshooting. There are a number of these gentlemen in Anaronda, and they were delighted with some experts who lately visited their city.

A new improved trap was tried at the Anna, Ill., tournament on July 4.

It is all well enough to hold a regular tournament in the south on July 4; but it seems that in the north they are nearly all failures, as shooters spend that day with their families picnicking.

Now and then we notice that a gun club puts in electric pulls, but, as a rule, they are growing scarce.

At the West Point, Ia., Gun Club shoot Dr. C. W. Roberts broke 46 out of 50, and Charles S. Bryens 44.

John J. O'Bram, of the Park Trapshooting Committee, of Buffalo, N. Y., announces a meeting of their club hereafter on Friday instead of on Saturday.

E. H. John won the shoot held by the Mauga Gun Club, Sterling, Ill., on last Thursday.

Mr. H. C. Williamson, secretary of the gun club Iola, Kansas, received a very pretty medal donated by a prominent gun company, as a reward for the best shot.

The next meet of the Missouri League of Trapshooters will be held at Carthage, Mo., in August.

The newly organized Gun Club at Aberdeen, S. D., is progressing finely. E. V. Campbell lately made a straight 15. C. D. Pehis only lost one.

There is shooting at the Taylor Park, Freeport, Ill., on Friday of each week, to which the public is invited.

Shooting members of the Illinois Athletic Gun Club have elected officers, and among other very important matters, have chosen O. Von Lengerke as captain of the trapshooting. This means that there will be something doing in the shotgun line.

Jack Cullison was high gun at the Multnomah Gun Club, Portland, Ore., on Sunday last with 92 out of 100. There is much interest being taken in the coming northwest tournament.

The third annual tournament of the Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club will be held at the club range July 20 and 21. Dupont will give a cup for high average.

The Marquette, Mich., Gun Club will hereafter hold shoots regularly, and many special attractions will be offered during the season. Grounds open for practice at all times. The newly elected officers are: President, Robert Harnes; Secretary, J. E. Brotless; Treasurer, F. G. Jenks.

John Boa was the attraction at Jackson, Mich., where he gave a daily rifle exhibition during the shoot held there last week.

Hutchison, Kan., Gun Club is now officered as follows: Will Allen, President; Dr. Van Leonard, Vicepresident; G. T. Rankin, Secretary and Treasurer; O. H. Guy, Field Captain.

The Osage City, Kan., Gun Club will purchase a new automatic trap and make some very necessary improvements at the shooting park.

The clubs at Montan, Mancelona and Travers City now have each one of the new clay bird automatic traps.

There is a new club at Fontanel, Iowa. Members, viz., John Brawdy, E. D. Branhill, E. D. Walsworth, E. E. Winn, Will Welscher, G. D. Keating, J. W. Emmers, Nels Jensen, Clyde Knauf, W. J. Lovenz, George Hulbert, Frank Hulbert, Chas. Juddith, John Knouf, C. H. Clongie, N. W. Gibson, Frank Sears and C. F. Jarvis.

The N. C. R. Gun Club, Dayton, Ohio, is now booming. After having secured the next State shoot, they are now after the G. A. H.

There were thirty-four shooters who took part in the tournament held at Appleton, Minn. Those who made the highest scores, shooting at 320 targets, were: A. E. Close 267, Jones 261, Quiglon 258, C. M. Minert 250, J. Grady 249. Among the low scores was that of George E. Gray, the well-known dog trainer.

The Plainview, Minn., team, composed of J. J. Erding, W. N. Mills, R. Mills, A. J. Fricke and F. T. Dickerman, won the badge contest held at Minnuska on Wednesday last.

Mr. Ferd Drey, of Brainerd, Minn., has been elected treasurer of the State Gun Club. He is a good shot and deserving of any honors bestowed upon him.

Hess and Welnowski, of Nantichoke, Pa., won the Powder trophy, in competition with teams from Scranton and Wilkes-Barre clubs; score, 86 out of 100. They won first in the opening sweep with a straight score.

The El Paso, Tex., Gun Club will in the future hold shoots on Saturday, which will enable more of the shooters to attend than on the former day.

At the regular shoot of the Urbana, O., Gun Club there were seven men present. In the county contest the eight highest scores will count. Mr. Holding, in shooting for a badge, made the most excellent score of 49, 49 and 48 in three times try at 50.

The officers of the reorganized gun club at Houghton, Mich., are: A. D. Edwards, President; Michael Messner, Jr., Secretary; William Parsons, Samuel Bryant Jr., and R. S. Tewarth, Directors.

A movement has been started that will consolidate the Mason City and Clear Lake, Ia., gun clubs. One of the objects is that of watching game law violators. Any such who are caught will be punished by the combined club.

Joseph Michaelis sprang a surprise on the shooters at the tournament held by the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, when he captured the Grand Hotel cup with a score of 46 out of 50. Dr. Britton, the oldest man in the game in the State, was high for general average, 915 per cent.

The Lookout Mountain, Tenn., Gun Club held its second shoot on the old College grounds, last Wednesday.

The Keystone Gun Club, Bluefields, W. Va., has made some extensive improvements to their grounds quite recently, which include a shooting stand and storage room for the targets.

The annual meeting held by the Asheville, N. C., Gun Club resulted in the election of the following officers: T. C. Coxe, President; Dr. S. W. Battle, Vice-President; J. D. Carrier, Secretary; H. T. Adicks, Jr., and Ford Rutledge, members of the Executive Committee.

Dr. William Buck, of Eaton, O., made a perfect score of 50 while shooting for the Cartridge Co. trophy. William Dunlap and James Clark were hot contestants.

J. J. Rachoe, Faribault, Minn., won the gun club trophy with a straight 25.

The tournament held Tuesday last at Harris, Ia., was well attended, and proved a success.

At Oleton, Pa., last week, when the West Branch Rod and Gun Club was holding its practice meet, and not being successful, it was suggested that some of the ladies present try their skill. Mrs. North scored 1 out of 2, and Miss Martha Rearick scored 3 out of 4. This is very remarkable, as it was her first experience.

The Menominee, Mich., Gun Club is keeping up regular practice, and there will be a very creditable showing by this club when the July tournament comes off.

Another new gun club is that of Wabeno, Wis. Officers: A. J. Tipler, President; Jake Bradley, Vice-President; M. J. Dickinson, Treasurer; Dr. Hubbard, Secretary.

The Western circuit of shooting events will be a grand one, starting with the Indian shoot, then Colorado Springs, and the Trinidad, Colo., and then comes the Interstate Western Handicap at San Francisco. Several of the traveling men will make the circuit.

The tournament held by the Groesbeeck, Tex., Gun Club was a success. F. M. Faurote won professional high average; 258 out of 275. The individual championship medal held by Capt. L. E. Ross, of Corsicana, was again captured by him with a score of 47 out of 50.

Messrs. M. R. Bower, J. M. Barnett, Adam Wolfe, and William Alexander, of Bloomfield, Pa., have each won the medal twice, and it now remains to be seen who can win it a third time and thus become permanent winner.

The club house used by the Taylor, Tex., Gun Club was destroyed by fire. It occurred at about 1 o'clock in the morning, and therefore the origin is likely to remain a mystery.

There are some clever shots at Spokane, Wash. The champion three-man team is composed of Jack Forbes, T. B. Ware and E. J. Chingren. However, Ike Dornberg won the medal at the last meeting, scoring 93 out of 100; but T. B. Ware and E. F. Chingren were but one behind. These men will all be heard from at the Portland, Ore., big tournament.

Many of the shooters who were present at the G. A. H. last week were made sick by the water used at the club grounds. Some of the Western boys are sick abed, viz.: C. C. Gere, Urbana, and H. H. Cadwallader, Decatur.

Ben Scott, of Grass Lake, Mich., won the honors at the Michigan State shoot at Jackson. In the merchandise event Ponto Wood, of Detroit; H. E. Hubbard, of Battle Creek; M. Hensler, Iowa, and G. R. Wilson, of Detroit, were winners. In the team shoot, Battle Creek was first with 68, Detroit second, 67, and Jackson third, 66, each out of a possible 75.

There will be semi-weekly shoots held at Iowa City, Ia., by the members of the gun club. There are some good marksmen in the club, and some fine records will be made before the season closes.

It would fill a book with a thousand pages could the ifs be printed that have been told their friends by the G. A. H. contestants during the past week.

The Rose system and the Jack Rabbit system were both used at the shoot given by the Tarentum Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., July 4.

The Mt. Clemens, Mich., Gun Club is being reorganized, and will be incorporated. Good club rooms will be provided.

Members of the Gem Township Gun Club, near Aberdeen, S. D., report that there will be a wholesale slaughter of bird dogs, as the dogs are permitted to run the country over, destroying chickens and the eggs.

Last Sunday, at Des Moines, Ia., there were good scores made. Waddington was high with 95 out of 100.

Messrs. Henry Neville, E. Ashford, John Schuster, Theodore Willebrand, A. McLeod and M. Schneider, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., are interested in organizing a gun club.

The Celestial Gun Club, of Pekin, Ill., held their shoot last Sunday. Some new members were taken in. As the club is being run on an economical basis, it bids fair to last for many years. Ed. Bolander was noted for his rapid improvement.

There will be 500 targets shot at by the members of the Deadwood, S. D., Gun Club during this season, and prizes will be awarded in classes for the highest scores.

J. W. Lee, Kent, O., made a "clean sweep" at Lake Brady last Thursday, as he captured all the three trophies put up for competition.

The annual spring tournament of the Berea Gun Club, Elyria, O., was held Saturday. There were thirty-two marksmen present. La Grange won the team shoot, 199 out of 250. Berea No. 1 second, 194. Elyria third, 186. Powers and Brock made the high individual scores in team shoot.

Clarksville, Ia., will hold a shoot July 25 and 26. Many of the experts have signified their intention to be present. Fred Whitney will attend to the office.

At the second shoot of the Landa Park summer contests, held at Taylor, Tex., Capt. Gilstrap lost the medal—and to a lady, Mrs. Topperwein, with a score of 23 out of 25. Mrs. T. will hold the medal until July 9, when the next shoot will be held.

Manager Fred H. Wallace is making a great effort to make this series now in progress at the Cleveland, O., Gun Club the best ever attempted. The rules adopted are self-imposed handicaps. Many of the prizes are handsome loving cups.

The Rugby Gun Club, of Grand Forks, N. D., offers a reward of $10 for information concerning the person who shoots with a rifle at the screen which is used at the target traps.

The Sturgeon Rod and Gun Club, the membership of which includes over one hundred glass workers of Elwood and Alexandra, Ind., will spend the next eight weeks on the shores of Long Lake. The club has camped here for the past four years.

Pleasant Valley Gun Club, Youngstown, O., will hold a two-day shoot at De Groff, on Aug. 8 and 9.

The Paducah, Ky., Gun Club held a shoot Thursday, at which Armstrong won the club medal.

At the shoot held at St. Paris, O., last Thursday, the team contest resulted as follows: De Groff 200, Troy 195, Springfield 194, St. Paris 187, Urbana 168. Holding made 49 out of 50, and was high individual.

The West Duluth, Minn., Rod and Gun Club held a shoot Saturday last, and the secretary reports some enthusiasm and poor scores. This club is new, so plenty of time for improvement.

The West Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., has now a new automatic trap, which will be the means of putting more life into its members.

The Findlay, O., Gun Club held a meeting Friday night, and effected a reorganization. Among the reorganizers were Al. Barton, Dr. J. C. Tritch, Dr. I. H. Truce, Charles Steen, Ott Marvin, Sherman Abrams, Joseph N. Schaffer and Thomas Lang. Mr. Lang is one of the State cracks.

The Hoisington, Kans., Gun Club has forwarded a petition to the Governor, asking that John Lemon be appointed a deputy game warden.

The Omaha Rod and Gun Club will build a club house at Courtland Beach. It will cost about $2,000.

The Owego, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club will make an exhibit at the county fair, to be held Sept. 12 to 15. There will be live game and fish, together with all kinds of game, also all styles of guns. This exhibit will be placed in a large tent, and will be given with a view to interest the whole county in the protection of game and fish. Truly a very worthy object.

There was a merchandise shoot at Red Oak, Ia., July 4, that was a side attraction for the celebration. It was much enjoyed by the shotgun artists. The prizes were generously donated by the business men.

The Capital Gun Club, of Little Rock, Ark., held a practice shoot on their grounds last Tuesday. John M. Pemberton and E. G. Welles will contest soon for the State championship.

The Freeport, Ill., Gun Club has now two fine hunting pictures that are to be given as prizes at the shoot.

The Meriden, Miss., Gun Club has been reorganized, with W. Perry, Jr., President; B. Frebleman, Vice-President; A. J. Teter, Secretary; W. W. Cocke, Field Captain; C. W. Powtheres, Referee. There will be a tournament held on their grounds, together with a barbecue, July 28 and 29.

Walla Walla will hold the next State tournament given by the Oregon Sportsmen's Association. A committee was appointed to draft a new constitution and present it to the next annual meeting. The committee consists of M. F. Sheard, of Tacoma; E. E. Ellis, Seattle; Thomas B. Ware, Spokane; P. J. Holohan, Wallace, Idaho, and Maurice Abrahams, of Portland. One of the changes suggested is to permit outsiders to compete for money.

Mason City, Ia., Gun Club will hold a tournament July 31 and Aug. 1. Programmes will be issued in due time.

Chicago Trapshooters' Association.

THE programme of the Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament, at the Watson Park grounds, Furnside, Chicago, Aug. 17, 18 and 19, 1905, is as follows: No handicaps; all stand 16yds.; $500 in cash for averages; $100 each day to seven high averages, $20, $18, $16, $14, $12, $10, $10; $100 to six high averages for the three days, $25, $20, $18, $15, $12 $10; $100 to eight low averages for the three days, $15, $15, $15, $15, $10, $10, $10, $10. Ten 20-target events each day. Money divided, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Total entrance, $20. Professionals and manufacturers' agents will shoot for targets only. Programmes will be ready about Aug. 1, and can be had by addressing Secretary E. B. Shogren, 940 First National Bank Building. Fred H. Lord and E. B. Shogren, managers.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The regular shoot of the Analostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., was held June 29. Twenty-five members participated. Uncle Billy Wagner, the veteran of the club, was present, and although shooting a strange gun and shells other than his regular load, made a good showing. Jos. H. Hunter, C. S. Wilson, John Coleman, Dr. Taylor and others performed in good shape. Following are the scores made during the afternoon:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Jos Hunter	175	146	Wolfe	55	32
Wm Wagner	135	120	Hinch	50	18
Jas Green	85	60	Coleman	50	42
Miles Taylor	80	71	Dr Taylor	45	37
Ficklin	75	54	Pushaw	45	21
Wilhite	70	48	Brown	40	35
C S Wilson	65	56	Paton	40	28
Willis	60	44	Jones	35	19
Krusen	60	31	Watson	20	15
Waters	60	35	Moss	25	15
Baker	55	46	McClenahan	25	12
Barr	55	43	Monroe	25	15
McKelden	55	42			

This shoot ended the first series for the club trophies, which was shot under the added bird system. Mr. W. R. Baker won the first prize, a handsome loving cup presented to the club by the Peters Cartridge Company. Mr. Baker is a new member comparatively, but one of the best field shots in the city, a famous turkey hunter from old Virginia, and a leader at trap work. He scored in actual breaks out of 250, 194, and received 25 added birds, which gave him a total of 219.

Dr. Wm. C. Barr, who won the second prizes—the Hunter Arms Company medal, which was carried over from last year—scored 195 targets, and received 22 added birds, which gave him a total of 217. Dr. Barr shoots a Parker ejector, and although he is not old at the game, makes all of the boys hustle.

Miles Taylor won the third prize, an Upthegrove trapshooter's jacket. He scored 198 targets and received 18 added birds, which gave him a total of 216.

Dr. Taylor and his "pump" scored 187, and his added birds increased his score to 214.

Mr. Wilhite scored 183 and received 29 added birds, making his total 212. He disposed of his gun and shot "any old gun" he could borrow the last few contests, and if it had not been for this perhaps there would have been a different story to tell.

Dr. Wolfe is one of our new shooters, and if he had got off right in the initial contest, he would no doubt have landed among the winners. He only scored 6 birds out of his first 25, and this handicapped him. As it was, he finished with 139 breaks, and his added birds gave him a total of 206.

The added bird system was adopted with the expectation that it would equalize the shooters and bring out a large attendance, especially of the beginners. Only six took part in all of the contests. It is very evident, however, that had all the members participated, almost all of them would have made a good showing. The club adopted 88 per cent. as a basis. The club contests were at 25 birds each week—250 for the series. If a shooter scored 22 targets, he received no added birds; but if he scored 21, he received 1 bird in the next shoot; 20, 2 birds; 19, 3 birds; 18, 4 birds; 17, 5 birds, and so on.

The next series will be shot under the sliding handicap system, and the members will be divided into three classes—A, B and C. The winner in each class will go back one yard for every time the trophy is won.

Following are the detailed scores of the first series:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Baker	18	25	21	24	18	24	18	24	24	23	219
Barr	18	25	21	21	21	25	19	24	19	24	217
Miles Taylor	20	22	22	21	21	21	25	21	23	20	216
Dr Taylor	20	24	16	25	15	25	21	22	21	25	214
Wilhite	18	25	20	23	19	23	18	24	24	18	212
Dr Wolfe	6	25	21	21	25	21	19	25	23	18	206
Nalley	..	14	22	..	22	24	24	22	22	..	...
C S Wilson	11	..	25	25	20	..	..	25	22	25	...
Ficklin	..	19	16	23	..	..	25	25	17	25	...
Brown	..	..	..	19	24	21	22	23	19	23	...
McClenahan	3	21	23	24	13	21	..	..	20	..	...
Coleman	..	..	..	23	17	23	25	21	..	23	...
B Wilson	21	23	15	..	25	23	..	..	..	..	...
McMichael	6	12	25	16	..	..	..	25	..	..	...
W H Hunter	..	17	25	..	..	14	25	..	..	..	...
Hogan	..	21	20	..	22	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bauskett	23	16	25	..	22	..	..	..	18	..	...
Draper	11	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

July 5.—The Analostan Gun Club held an all-day shoot on their grounds, near this city on the Fourth of July. The morning hours were taken up with practice events. The afternoon was given up to sweepstake shooting. The programme consisted of eight events, comprising 140 targets. Some of the members claimed that the targets were easy, but the scores, especially of the veterans at the game, do not bear out the assertion. Mr. J. B. Brown, won high average for the day, and John Coleman and Miles Taylor tied for second average. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Brown	13	17	12	17	14	17	13	18	140	122
Coleman	12	17	12	18	9	16	13	16	140	113
M Taylor	11	15	12	16	13	17	14	15	140	113
Craig	11	11	8	13	12	16	13	15	140	99
C S Wilson	10	15	11	10	13	17	9	9	140	94
Barr	12	17	11	16	11	15	..	..	115	82
W Hunter	9	18	14	13	7	..	..	11	115	72
Baker	11	..	12	15	9	..	8	12	110	67
Jos Hunter	..	..	..	15	14	15	12	18	90	74
Bauskett	9	..	8	..	..	..	14	13	60	44
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	17	55	42
Nalley	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	14	55	39
Peyton	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	15	55	41
Dr Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	8	16	..	..	35	24
Pushaw	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	35	22
D Orrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	35	20
Hedrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	20	10
Willett	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9
Krusen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	20	4
Draper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	15	3

After the sweepstake events were finished, the members present shot for the club trophies. There are three of these, and the members are divided into three classes, A, B, and C, and the contests will be shot under the sliding handicap system. Following are the scores in the first event: Brown 23, M. Taylor 22, Coleman 20, Orrison 19, Bauskett 19, Jos. Hunter 19, Dr. Taylor 17, Green 16, Wagner 16, C. S. Wilson 16, Pushaw 15, Nalley 14, McClenahan 10, Hedrick 12, Draper 6.

The members shoot at 25 targets in the trophy shoots.

The following members shot up their back scores in the trophy events: Coleman 23, Brown (17yds.) 22, Wagner 20, Peyton 19, Jos. Hunter 17, Green 14, C. S. Wilson 14, D. Orrison 8.

SECRETARY.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., June 29.—The Berks County Trapshooters' League was organized to-night at a meeting of delegates representing the gun clubs of Berks county, of which this city is the center. Charles Miles, of the South End Gun Club, of this city, was elected president, and Ed. H. Adams, of St. Lawrence Gun Club, secretary. A tournament committee, composed of Arthur A. Fink, of the Spring Valley Shooting Association, as chairman; Harry Weidner, of the Independent Gun Club, and Charles H. Adams, of St. Lawrence, was elected and instructed by the chair to arrange for the League's first county shoot, the date and club grounds to be selected at the next meeting of delegates on Aug. 3. Two handsome trophies were presented to the new League by Lafiin & Rand and T. H. Keller, and will be the individual and team championship trophies in the semi-annual county tournaments. The delegates were delighted in receiving these gifts, and the donors are heartily thanked by the League members.

Allentown, Pa., June 26.—The Allentown Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot to-day at the Duck Farm, Griesemersville, high scores resulting although the weather was bad. The old trap, which is about to be replaced, behaved splendidly.

In the monthly medal shoot Howard Schlicher won the gold and Morris Desch the silver medal. Schlicher's shooting was the feature of the day. In former events, with 65 targets to shoot at, every one was hit. His brother, Charles Schlicher, also did some phenomenal shooting.

The scores made in the medal shoot were: H. Schlicher 25, M. Desch 23, F. J. Steicher 21, W. B. F. 14, Wm. Ludwig 19, O. H. Acker 22, C. Schlicher 23, A. W. Knauss 16, Wilson Desch 20, W. Frantz 17, Wolfe 14.

Howard C. Schlicher, to-day's medal winner, has purchased the stock and fixtures of the Duck Farm Hotel from W. C. Miller. Being very popular with the sportsmen of that section, the Duck Farm shooting grounds and hotel are bound to become the center of the shooters of Lehigh county.

Manayunk, Pa., June 29.—In a match of 50 targets between George Springer and Mark Devine, yesterday, at Thompson's Park, the former won by 15 targets, breaking 39 out of his 50, while Devine broke only 24.

Event N. 1, 10 targets: Rivel 6, Boob 8, Metzgar 6, Detrich 7, C. Boob 9, Springer 9.

Event No. 2, 5 targets: Devine 4, Boob 2, Springer 1, Shetsline 4, M. Devine 5, Wolfinger 1.

DUSTER.

South Framingham Gun Club.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., July 4.—The shoot was one of the most successful ever held by the club. The officers worked diligently for comfort of the visitors and the success of the event. An interesting feature was the work of Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett. He did some wonderful rifle shooting.

The club house was prettily decorated in red, white and blue. A committee of ladies occupied and served refreshments in one portion of the building. The members were: Mrs. E. A. Fuller, Mrs. Al Hall, Mrs. F. P. Hewins, Mrs. A. H. Rice, Mrs. Chas. Grant, Mrs. Paul Randall, Mrs. Arba French, Miss Lola Kittredge, Miss Lizzie Kittredge and Miss Emma Cook.

High gun in the professional clas was W. H. Heer, 147 out of a possible 150; Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett second, 135, and Gilbert M. Wheeler, third, with 121.

The amateurs Ray and E. F. Cavicchi with 140 tied for first place; G. A. Finch, second, with 136, and F. Churchill, third, with 134.

The Fitchburg Gun Club won first money in the team shoot with a score of 131, Watertown was a close second. The scores: Fitchburg Gun Club, 131; Watertown Gun Club, 128; Derryfield Gun Club, 123; Neponset Gun Club, 122; South Framingham Gun Club, first team, 121; Needham Gun Club, 112; Boston Gun Club, 107; Haverhill Gun Club, 105; South Framingham, Gun Club, second team, 97.

The officers of the South Framingham Gun Club are: President, F. P. Hewins; Vice-President, Frank Underhill; Secretary and Treasurer, Theo. F. Rice, and Captain, A. E. French.

The total individual scores for the men shooting in ten events, 15 targets each, is as follows:

Heer	150	147	Richardson	105	55
Bartlett	150	135	Stanett	150	112
Wheeler	150	121	Fay	150	115
Finch	150	135	Brown	150	110
S Darton	150	125	Fisher	90	42
Mason	90	65	G H Bowen	150	121
Churchill	150	134	W C Goss	150	132
Cavicchi	150	140	Clark	150	98
Linfield	105	88	Howe	150	127
Underhill	150	121	Temple	150	121
L E Isham	150	124	Allen	150	120
Fuller	150	104	Hatch	150	86
Lincoln	150	115	Spofford	150	119
Staples	90	76	Buckman	150	112
Prouty	150	111	Jones	150	105
Kirkwood	150	122	Woodward	150	124
Williams	150	100	Hibbard	150	133
Dean	150	122	Comer	150	125
Edwards	150	132	Allison	150	121
Dunning	150	121	Atwood	120	94
Ed Adams	150	96	Rogers	120	84
Raymond	150	93	Parker	90	43
Rabb	135	114	Cook	120	97
Wadsworth	150	117	Grauman	120	78
R S Bowen	150	99	Hasson	120	94
Smith	150	130	Henry	150	109
Perley	150	121	Muldown	150	120
McCabe	150	91	Bryant	150	89
Elmer Reed	150	130	Childs	150	108
Eugene Reed	150	118	Wilber	150	96
Bingham	135	114	L A Ishan	90	56
Cutter	150	130	Daniels	105	64
Wilder	150	133	Albro	45	15
Converse	150	128	Fenton	120	97
Roy	150	140	Flower	60	35
Rice	150	101	Sanbourn	60	45
Randall	150	112	L S Adams	90	61
Hewins	150	114	Searls	45	31
Wm Bowen	150	107	Glidden	75	38
Hall	150	113	Miller	150	117

F. P. HEWINS.

Bloomington Tournament.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., July 4.—All who were in any way interested in the success of the tournament scheduled for this day were disappointed. They saw the dark clouds and watched the rain descend. It lasted nearly throughout the day.

The club had expected a large crowd, it being a holiday; but in that they were disappointed. Many of their own members had cares that kept them at their business places. The traveling men turned out all o.k. They came during the night or the day previous. They were John Boa, Frank Riehl, W. H. Cadwallader, Tramp Irwin and Ward Burton. Chan. Powers came also and shot through, rain or shine. I think this will prove to all clubs that July 4 is the poorest day that can be selected for a tournament.

Frank Riehl shot extra well. It was his day. He likes stormy weather. His score of 95 per cent. is great.

Powers lost 25, and still was easily high.

The Bloomington club is well fixed for giving a shoot, and their club events are well patronized by the members. The grounds will be enlarged and fitted up well for the State shoot that is set for here for next year. The hotel accommodations are very fine. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Riehl	14	15	13	15	14	19	15	15	15	15	12	15	13	200	190
Cad	14	13	13	14	14	17	13	11	14	15	13	13	11	200	171
Crothers	11	12	13	10	13	16	13	14	11	13	15	14	13	200	168
Boa	12	14	14	14	12	18	14	13	10	11	15	15	13	200	175
Powers	12	14	13	13	11	18	14	13	13	11	14	13	15	200	174
McDermand	9	10	12	12	14	16	10	12	12	13	12	14	11	200	157
Leary	10	5	..	..	11	18	15	13	13	13	12	12	12	170	129
Bender	11	9	12	8	8	17	12	11	13	13	11	11	12	200	148
Boettger	8	10	9	9	12	12	13	7	10	9	11	12	13	200	135
Vandervort	12	12	14	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	105	87
Gray	11	12	11	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	51
Imig	..	14	11	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	50
Sykes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	10	11	..	60	49
B Bender	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	10	..	45	26

Enterprise Gun Club.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., July 4.—The all-day tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club was favored with delightful weather. The out-of-town guests were A. J. Buck, A. B. Henshaw, A. P. Swearer and Charles West, Monongahela; J. B. Cullen, Bellevernon; C. S. Crawford, C. Moore and R. L. Aubrey, Brownsville; J. Prigg and J. M. Prigg, Washington, and G. E. Hull, Pitcairn.

Twenty-two men participated in the regular and special events. Twelve shot throughout the regular programme for prizes. Those winning prizes were: First, umbrella, J. F. Calhoun; second, gun case, A. B. Henshaw; third, revolver, C. Moore; fourth, blouse, C. S. C.; first low gun, box of cigars, R. L. Aubrey; second low gun, 50 shells, Davis; third low gun, 50 shells, J. M. Prigg. There were seven prizes in all, four for high guns and three for low guns. The official score, 150 targets, follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Calhoun	12	12	13	12	15	13	14	14	15	14	134
Henshaw	13	12	11	14	13	15	12	14	14	14	132
Moore	12	13	13	14	11	14	14	13	14	11	129
C S C	12	14	14	12	10	14	10	10	12	14	122
Buck	13	14	13	13	12	12	11	12	12	8	120
Noel	11	12	12	12	12	12	10	11	13	12	117
Cullen	11	11	14	11	10	13	13	12	12	10	117
J Prigg	7	12	12	10	13	13	8	13	13	12	113
Snyder	11	12	14	13	10	11	9	13	9	9	111
J M Prigg	10	10	12	12	13	11	9	9	11	11	108
Davis	11	10	12	11	11	7	11	11	8	10	102
Aubrey	9	7	10	13	10	10	8	12	7	8	94
West	..	..	10	10	13	12	12	11	11	12	91
Byard	..	..	..	11	9	11	9	13	10	9	80
Hull	..	7	9	14	12	9	11	13	12	..	87
Swearer	9	9	12	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	57
J Hale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	6	24
W Hale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	15	41
Irwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	11	35
Good	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	9	31
Crow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7
Bradshaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa.—July 4 was a sportsman's day par excellence. For trapshooting, the conditions were perfect. The sky was clear, there was a cool breeze stirring, and all conditions were favorable for shooting.

It being a holiday, not so many of our shooters were out, but those who did attend had a very pleasant time, and enjoyed themselves.

Saturday, July 8 the club will start a series of five shoots of 50 targets each for a silver loving cup, presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. The boys are all taking great interest in these shoots, so we expect some exciting contests in the next ten weeks.

Following are the scores made July 4. Event No. 8 was a handicap for Leffingwell's "Art of Wing Shooting," presented by Mr. Geo. Elliott. All other scores were shot without handicap.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	25	15	10	10	25
Weiss, 3	5	..	22	7	5	8	..	18	..	8	..	..
W Maurer, 0	10	9	..	..	10	8	10	21	..	..	..	..
Sandt 6	2	4	10	3	4	5	..	21	..	5	4	11
Elliott, 3	8	5	11	5	7	7	..	14	13	4	3	..
Ketchner, 6	7	..	..	2	..	4	6	18	..	..	..	..
Markley, 0	10	7	..	10	8	7	9	20	14	7	8	22
Heil, 2	8	..	..	8	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..
Coken, 6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Richard, 2	2	..	..	5	..	..	..	20	..	..	10	..
J Maurer, 0	5	10	..	..	9	9	7	19	..	..	..	..
Ivey, 4	5	..	..	6	5	..	5	24	..	..	4	..
Genther, 2	8	8	12	9	..	4	6	15	..	..	..	..
May, 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
*Breininger	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	3	..

*Visitor. W. R. IVEY, Fin. Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., June 21.—The worst possible weather conditions were in evidence at Wellington to-day, it raining incessantly from start to finish, and what would have proved to be one of the most social shoots turned out very nearly the opposite.

Most of the shooting was done from the door of the house, easily a distance of 25yds., and considering, the scores were good. Dr. Gleason somewhat excelled the rest at this game, and in fact at all distances. It was his day, the honor score in the match and high average all coming his way.

Chas. Worthing started out well, but a drenching was not on the programme for him, so an early train found him as a passenger. Scores:

Targets:	10	10	25	25	15	15	Av.
Frank, 19	7	10	20	..	9	8	.720
Worthing, 17	3	12	..	..	..	..	.750
Burns, 18	5	11	16	16	8	8	.640
Kirkwood, 20	7	11	16	17	7	5	.630
Gleason, 21	8	10	22	21	12	13	.860
Sadler, 16	6	7	18	18	6	7	.620
Blinn	7	7	..	..	..	..	.700
Woodruff, 17	6	6	..	..	8	..	.571
Owen, 16	6	8	..	..	..	..	.700
Bon, 18	6	5	..	..	..	..	.550
Frost, 16	5	..	..	14	8	8	.538
Edmunds, 16	5	6	..	..	..	..	.550

Infallible Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—At the Fourth of July shoot held by the Infallible Gun Club at their grounds a very enjoyable time was had by those who attended. Among the number of out-of-town guests who attended were Sim Glover and Mr. F. E. Butler.

Mr. Bozard won the handsome silver trophy given by H. D. Kirkover, Jr., for high amateur average. Gilbert Dietzer was high man in the merchandise event. The scores are as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Bozard	160	147	Rhodes	60	42
Sim Glover	160	144	Weiber	60	45
McArthur	160	142	Sully	40	23
Ed Reinecke	160	140	Wm Kurtz	40	29
Frank Butler	160	133	McDonald	40	30
Parker	160	124	Jolley	40	27
Cox	160	118	Smith	40	20
Farnam	160	116	G Dietzer	25	21
Teal	160	115	McLeod	25	18
A J Black	140	112	Story	25	18
Hines	100	81	U S Dietzer	25	15
Bryant	120	102	Hahn	25	14
Wilson	100	82	Eberle	25	14
Dr Wooten	60	47	Sperry	25	13
Phil Bernhard	60	46	Burgwardt	100	81
Dr Burke	60	48			

E. J. McL., Sec'y.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 29.—Our weekly shoot was pulled off with only one squad present. It was a fine afternoon for target practice, and some good runs were made. Mr. Johnson dropped only 3 targets in 85, making one run of 35 and another of 43.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Johnson	85	82	Gowan	50	43
Barrett	75	67	Barnes	50	17
Walters	75	65	Celiko	25	17

R. T. G.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

At the Grand American Handicap tournament held in Indianapolis, June 27-30, R. R. Barber, an amateur from Paullina, Ia., won this the greatest shooting event of the year with the magnificent score of 99 out of 100. He also won the Preliminary Handicap with a score of 98 out of 100, and made a run of 157 straight. Mr. Barber, who is the Togo of the shooting world, used Winchester factory loaded shells, as did several other of the winners. Mr. Barber's performance, and the run of 212 straight made by W. R. Crosby, who also used Winchester factory loaded shells, speak volumes as to their uniformity and splendid shooting qualities.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, representing the Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., used the regular Grade C. Marlin repeating shotgun at the recent G. A. H. at Indianapolis. He broke 97 out of 100 targets, and was high professional, thereby winning the Fred A. Stone "Scarecrow cup." The Marlin Fire Arms Co. will send their Marlin Experience book to applicants who inclose three stamps.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. P., Easton, Pa.—Can the captain of a gun club which shoots under American Association rules, change the trap (which was throwing a 30yd. target) to a 45yd. target at any and all shoots of the club, even though the majority of the shooters present want a 30yd. target? Ans. The captain of a gun club can do so under American Shooting Association rules, if those are the official rules of the club. The A. S. A. Rule 7, Sec. 1, governing this point is as follows: "All traps must be adjusted to throw the targets a distance not less than 40yds., nor more than 60yds." A 30yd. target is child's play.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Pennsylvania Special as a Time Saver.

A New York broker received a message just before the close of the Stock Exchange requesting his presence in Milwaukee as early as possible the next day. From the other end of the telephone wire he learned that the Pensylvania Special leaving downtown at 4 P. M. would deliver him there before noon. He boarded the Cortlandt Street Ferry at 4 P. M., arrived in Chicago at 8:55 the next morning, after a comfortable night enroute, and reached Milwaukee at 11 A. M.

The opportunity to purchase in fee simple a thousand acres of land in the county of Gaspé, Canada, is one that should appeal to many an American reader. The country is one of great beauty, has excellent fishing, and used to have fine big-game hunting near at hand. The advertisement is certainly worth investigating.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

A WASTE OF MONEY.

THE Committee on Legislation of the New York Citizens' Union has been investigating the cost of Albany legislation. There were introduced last winter 2,600 bills, of which 760 passed both houses and became laws. Of the whole number of bills 1,720 were of strictly local character. There were ninety-nine bills to amend the Forest, Fish and Game law, and many of these were of the local class. Governor Higgins has pointed out that it costs $750 to pass a bill; these ninety-nine, relating to fish and game, then cost $74,250, a sum which the committee considers an inordinate expenditure. It suggests that the Commissioner of Forest, Fish and Game might better be given the power to change the open and close season for game rather than waste legislative time and money. The committee is right. To spend $74,250 for tinkering with the fish and game laws is stupendous folly. Better than giving the Commissioner power to change the seasons would be the strict and severe letting alone of the seasons, to stand as they are for a half century. The local changes, when it is considered that they cost the State $750 each for enactment, are not worth the public money spent for them. Take this example, an amendment of Section 59 to provide that bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish may not be taken with tip-ups "in that portion of Canandaigua Lake beginning at the edge of the swamp on the west shore of the head of the lake, and running thence northerly along the west shore about one hundred rods to Hazel Dell cabin, thence southeasterly across the lake to a buttonwood tree just north of the large land slide, and about forty rods north of the Sunny Side dock, thence southerly along the west shore of the lake, to the edge of the swamp, thence westerly, following the edge of the swamp to the place of beginning."

If the "buttonwood tree just north of the large land slide" should tumble down, the law would be undone, and the $750 it cost would have been spent in vain.

COL. W. F. SANDERS.

WEEK before last there passed away at Helena, Mont., Col. Wilbur F. Sanders, a pioneer of the West who, in many ways, had left his mark on his State, which he helped to make, and on the time in which he lived.

Born in Cattaraugus county, New York, in May, 1834, he was successively school teacher, lawyer and soldier in the Civil War. Ill-health obliged him to leave the service, and in 1863 he went to Montana, where he became a lawyer and miner. During the stirring days of the early mining camps, when for a time law and order were mere traditions and the rifle and the revolver of bandit, gambler, ruffian and bad man ruled the camps, Wilbur F. Sanders, made desperate by the outrages of the time and place, with some other law-abiding souls, organized the Vigilantes of Montana, whose story has more than once been told, but best—so far as we know—by Mr. Langford in his "Vigilante Days and Ways." By his courage, his coolness and his knowledge of the law, Colonel Sanders stood foremost among the Vigilantes and became a terror to evildoers; and after a short but bitter fight his organization succeeded in putting the lawless element to flight. Active and successful in his profession and in politics, he became a leading figure in the Territory and in the State. He was United States Senator from 1890 to 1893, he was president of the Historical Society of Montana for twenty-five years, he stood foremost ever for good work and for good things.

Most men have views as to the qualities which go to make up the best American citizen; the type of man whom we should wish to see imitated and emulated by the young men of to-day, and there is practically unanimity as to these ideals. First among these qualities come honesty, so thoroughly ingrained that there never can be question as to whether a thing is right or wrong, never a mental argument as to whether a little yielding may not rightly be made to expediency. Courage comes next, a devotion to the right so strong that no public clamor, no persuasion of friends, no temptation of any sort, save that supplied by reason, can sway the man; and joined to this courage a love for justice, together with a chivalrous sympathy for weakness which will lead its possessor to take up the cause of the friendless or oppressed and to battle for his rights with the earnestness that the able lawyer exercises in behalf of his wealthy client. Near to these comes perseverance, a dogged determination to carry through to the very end a task undertaken, to fight for it in the face of difficulty and discouragement, but to carry it through, even though the completed work may show failure as a result. If to this be added a good mind, keen intelligence, ready wit, education and the long experience that comes with a full life time, we have a mental and moral equipment which should carry a man to great heights in his profession, in the estimation of his friends, and in service to his fellows and to his country.

Wilbur F. Sanders possessed all these qualities. An uncompromising friend of truth and honesty, a brave man, a good citizen, a splendid lawyer, and a politician of the best type, against whom no evil word was said, even in politics, he set up a standard for Montana and for his country that we may all point to as one to be imitated.

GYMNASTICS.

THE Birmingham Daily Mail reports a lecture by Dr. Walter Jordan on the subject of "Fatigue," although the real theme was hostility to gymnastics. Professor Muirhead, of the Birmingham University, who acted as chairman, indorsed the lecturer's strictures by declaring that "gymnastics were the most exhaustive and demoralizing kind of exercise that could be engaged in, and that he had suffered from the exercise himself and knew what it meant." This was qualified afterward to mean that gymnastics are a brain as well as a muscular exercise, and to indulge in it could not be regarded as a rest for the student.

The learned Professor did not know, or else ignored it if he knew, that the powers of the mind for soundness and vigor are dependent on the powers of the body, and that during the formative period of growth, exercise is an essential to their best development. His reasoning, too, was faulty, inasmuch as his universal conclusions were drawn from his own personal experience. Many people find gymnastics repugnant to them, some from indolence, some from physical unfitness to engage in them; yet it is self-evident that to consider the whims and infirmities of the habitual croakers as a standard by which to measure what is good or desirable for all mankind is the extreme of absurdity.

The great improvement in the physique of men and women since the general adoption of gymnastics in their many forms, is in itself a material refutation of the strictures uttered by the men whose ideals are the passive and the effeminate.

That gymnastics may be harmful when indulged in to excess, or when there is organic weakness which incapacitates one for active exercise, there is no doubt; but the same may be said of everything else of value in life.

A sound mind in a sound body is a precept good in the past, present and future, and both are to be attained only by the development which comes from physical culture, whether derived from work in the gymnasium, or work fishing, rowing, shooting, or indeed sawing wood.

BIRD AND CAT.

IT has been recorded in our correspondence columns that Professor Clifton F. Hodge, of Worcester, Mass., having succeeded in raising a brood of ruffed grouse, has found himself confronted with the very homely problem of the domestic cat. Other difficulties have been overcome, but in the cat the partridge breeder has met his match. It is no wonder that, his birds having succumbed to the rapacity of the marauding cat, Professor Hodge should advocate the German system extensively adopted of waging municipal war on the pest. Baron von Berlebsch, the German scientist, who has written a book on the protection of birds, declares that outside of buildings and the home the cat is a wild beast. Many German cities have adopted this view, and acting on it have undertaken systematic plans of cat extermination. Hamburg, for example, according to Baron von Berlebsch, has for certain periods, maintained 300 cat traps every night, and in a year has destroyed 30,000 cats. Other cities have like records; and Professor Hodge urges that American towns should engage in the enterprise. Speaking, after several years of observation of the relations between the supply of cats and that of birds, Professor Hodge is quoted as saying:

"I have given much attention to the subject, and I am firmly convinced the cat is the worst enemy the bird has. Not excepting the severities of winter, scourges of disease which might prevail in bird families, heat of an unusual summer, and all other enemies of bird life combined, the cat is the arch-fiend of them all, and stands at the head of the list as the destroyer of bird life. This has become a matter of national consequence, and demands the attention of people of cities as well as people of the country."

This estimate of the destructiveness of the domestic cat will be sustained by the facts which are within the common knowledge. In the garden, on the lawn, in the fields and thickets the cat is the unrelenting scourge of the birds. The aggregate of killing is enormous. If there be anything in the protection of birds as allies of man in his everlasting contest with the insect plagues, the diminution of the cat tribe, which is all the time fighting on the side of the insects, is of far greater importance than is usually accorded to it. Professor Hodge has not overstated the case.

FROM New York to England in an hour—that is a travel achievement open to anyone who cares to improve the opportunity. At the Brooklyn Bridge take a trolley car for Flatbush, or an elevated Brighton Beach train. At Church avenue change to a car going east and leave the car at Rugby. This is a stretch of old farm lands, plotted off into streets and building lots, but still for the most part meadow. Lie down on the grass and look up in the blue and watch the skylarks mounting and descending, and hear them sing. Under such conditions as those at Rugby one who has known the bird in its home across the sea might very readily persuade his fancy that he was back in England with the larks on the downs.

IN a consideration of "Trawlers and Fly-fishers," the Boston Herald exclaims: "With what fine, superior scorn—as of a fluting wood-thrush for a quacking duck, a lyric poet for a Grub-street hack—does the consummate angler for trout or salmon regard the man who catches fish solely for the market."

Does he? If he does, why does he? What reason is there for regarding with fine superior scorn the man who catches fish solely for the market? The fisherman, who makes a business of taking an "intermitting succession of skates, dogfish, cod and haddock," is no more to be regarded with scorn by an angler who is at the same time a man, than is the farmer who hoes corn, the carpenter who saws boards, the lawyer who draws briefs, or the shoemaker who cobbles shoes. Of course, no one may say with what feeling—whether of scorn or envy—an individual fly-fisherman may look upon the toiler of the sea, but fly-fishermen, as a class, have no such foolish sentiment. Why should they?

THE Massachusetts authorities are making war on the mill owners who pollute streams with sawdust. Several prosecutions have been instituted this summer, the deputy game wardens winning, and many more are to follow. As some of the streams affected are among the best trouting waters in the State the results of the vigorous campaign will be of decided advantage to the fishing interests. The old notion that a stream of water was created for the express purpose of carrying off mill and factory waste has been so deeply ingrained that it is not easily overcome; but the Massachusetts mill owners are now in a way to gain instruction, which, as it costs something substantial, is likely to be heeded and remembered.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Spring in the Adirondacks.

SPRING in the Adirondacks is doubtless a laggard. She advances with as great a reluctance as winter retreats, and seems loth to touch the trees with the first vernal tints, or free the ground from the iron bonds of frost; but when the ethereal colors of opening buds at last clothe the mountain slopes, how radiant then is the face she turns toward sanguine May skies! It is the flush of youth seen again on an aged, rugged cheek, and the shy, retiring and frequently capricious moods given way to at this season only serve to make more alluring those tender moments that grow longer and sweeter as she draws near the serene maturity of summer. Laving the roots of gnarled cedars that so often line their shores, and held, as it were, in the arms of wooded hills and mountains, lie the Adirondack lakes; and what can be more satisfying or restful than a wilderness lake, breathing forth the fragrant mists of early morn, and mirroring the last pale glow of sunset. "It is the earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature." We cannot interpret with greater beauty the significanee of such a creation than in the remembrance of these lines, and once having taken nature by the hand how firm and true is the clasp of her fingers! She is constant in the beginning; constant until the last, changing, and yet changeless. "Nature and man," says the same author quoted previously, "some prefer one, others the other. But that is all 'de gustibus.' It makes no odds at what well you drink, provided it be a well-head."

Thus we go through life seeking well-heads—perennial fountains where our thirst may be quenched and our beings renovated with a crystal draught that perchance flows from some elysium. Certain influences and certain creations all differently affect, exalt and convey spiritual intimations to various mentalities, benefiting them accordingly—administering large or small portions as the case may be. But it is a beneficent provision of nature that the greater amount we are able to assimilate into a secular existence, the more completely does her sublime power advance us to revelations of eternity. The influence of the wilderness and relationship of mountains have ever seemed especially ennobling, and draws one with surprising vigor away from follies and trivialities, planting instead those things that time will not be likely to vitiate or the changing currents of years wash away. When we return to their environment after an absence and feel the old intimacy steal through our veins like a tempered aboriginal instinct; when the forest grows vernal with fresh lustrous foliage and the lakes reflect the sky's deep azure, we experience a natural felicity that emanates not only from the reality, but from those potent invisible forces ever lurking behind it.

The love of angling is innate, and the long-famed piscatorial history of the Adirondacks has caused the fly-rod to bloom abundantly, where it is as well known a symbol of the spring season as the wake robins holding their delicate heads above the leaves, or the witch-happel blossoms flecking the woods with snowy tints. Moreover, where the waters are still uncontaminated by the introduction of black bass or pickerel, it often brings to net many of those crimson-sided, thick-set, native trout, whose lurid coloring and game qualities make them worthy of the highest admiration. And the more intimate our acquaintance becomes with any form of sport the deeper is our appreciation of its intrinsic values, and we find in it something that expands new pleasures instead of contracting them, which is so often the case with many recreations that suffer from the vicissitudes of years, or are swallowed up in monotony and indifference.

To be abroad in the late afternoon or evening of a mild May day, on some sequestered woodland lake where the trout are rising well, results in not only the replenishing of the awaiting creel, but of the awaiting mind, for even the angler must have some dry land in his thoughts if he would save himself from drowning in the limitless ocean of existence. Moreover, if he is wise, he will embrace the present with heartfelt thankfulness and give himself over to the natural unstained chastity of his environment, or, as Thoreau says, "Both for bodily and mental health court the present; embrace health wherever you find her. * * * There is divinity in the wilderness; we see it, hear it and feel it, if we but open the doors of our spiritual temples and let its omnipotent breath flow through and permeate every crack and crevice that perchance is dusty or neglected. Nature moulds human character with a serene and lofty precision, if we will but allow her the opportunity of doing so. Yet how many will have only the roof of their earthly habitation to shelter them."

It is always agreeable after two or more days of wet, sober weather, to discover those signs that foretell a clear-up, and such a change is especially welcome on a fishing trip, when the angler, who has been wrestling with confinement, at last regains his freedom, and hastens to seek out some favorite haunt in expectation of making up for lost time. Thus our anticipations were at the high-tide mark one moist spring afternoon as we glided over the unbroken surface of West Pond, and descried those lurid streaks breaking through the dull horizon that appeared at welcome as the relaxation of a tempestuous brow and advanced our hopes with regard to the prospect of a fine clarified evening.

At the lower end, replenished by many new born rills that fed and swelled its current, the inlet poured an amber stream into the pond, flowing out over a wide expanse of shallows, and here, evidently lured by its wild, cold flavor, the trout had congregated—a discovery two long-tried fishermen had made the day previous, and who, braving the rain, were rewarded with a splendid catch. The "Veteran" therefore decided to go directly to this spot, and if the fish were still there we might expect some good sport, and perchance find a contingent of big trout waiting to seize the first blue-jay, Parmacheenee-belle or professor that floated temptingly over their heads. Once, a man, whom I had known but a few moments, asked me with rather scornful intimation, I thought, how large the trout were which my father and I caught in the Adirondacks. I gave him the average weight and named the largest we had taken that season, feeling a trifle wrathy within at the tone of his inquiry, whereupon he remarked: "Oh, you ought to go farther north and fish for salmon or sea trout; they absolutely spoil any one for trout fishing."

"Well, I would never care to go further north, then," replied I, rather curtly, no doubt, "for to have my appetite impaired with regard to trout fishing would be a loss that I should deeply regret," and so our piscatorial conversation came to an end.

As we neared our destination the vibrant, mellow-peeping of shad-toads, hidden in the slushy marshland depths bordering the shore, fell pleasantly on our ears, and a fish broke with an enticing splash just opposite the mouth of the inlet, sending a circle of eddying waves across the water's surface, where still forms of vaporous clouds might be seen reflected, while in ephemeral mists they kissed the rain-soaked cheeks of the surrounding hills. I cannot refrain from eulogizing the atmosphere, which warm and moist, seemed laden with subtle influences that appeared to inspire the woodland songsters along shore with fresh melody, and made the strains of hermit thrushes even more serene and liquid than usual. And there is no bird perchance, whose song is better adapted to its environment, or whose habits harmonize so completely with forest solitude, unless it be some other member of the same family as the wood thrush or veery. Our Highland bard and essayist, to whom every nature-lover's homage is due, pays this thrush many a beautiful tribute and eulogizes the quality of his voice with a vividness that is almost equal to the reality. His description can only be compared with what Thoreau says of the wood thrush, which, "though heard at noon, there is the liquid coolness of things drawn from the bottom of springs." Occasionally one hears the latter in the Adirondacks, but the other is by far the most plentiful, and when from the shadowed wilderness depths its strain rings out on a summer evening, we are wont to imagine that it is the sylvan lute of Orpheus, searching for his lost Eurydice.

A fine Scotch mist had been falling as we walked over the mile "carry" which led through the woods to the pond; but now it seemed to be quite dispelled, and before commencing to fish, we doffed our raincoats with a sigh of relief. At last reaching the chosen ground, Wallace let the boat drift, and we began casting over the mirrored waters some fifty yards or more from shore, and above where the inlet entered the pond.

"Perhaps all the big ones have moved out to deeper water," the "Veteran" remarked and made a cast on the opposite side of the boat; but just as the flies gently struck the water, a pound fish leaped clean into the air like a crimson bow, and sunk from sight with his dearly bought morsel holding him fast. Every time he caught even a fleeting glimpse of the net Wallace endeavored to slip under him when he came up apparently played out, there would be a fresh struggle with flying spray and foam, and occasional flashes of his brilliant sides; but the firm experienced hand that held the rod was at last victorious, and thus the afternoon's sport opened with a flourish. After this first catch, it waxed fast and furious, and fortunately there were not many black flies, mosquitoes or other winged torments to disturb us, and therefore our full attention could be given to the enjoyment of playing and landing each fish in turn. Neither before nor since do I remember having witnessed such a scene of trout gayety; on every side they jumped and disported themselves, little and big ones alike, as though the moist atmospheric conditions were conducive to aerial performances and also to their appetites, for certainly they did not demur over seizing a modest Rube-Wood or gaudy blue-jay, but every fly seemed congenial to their palates, until too late they discovered their mistake. Some of the large pound or two-pound trout, as they gracefully cleaved the air, made my heart go through similar antics, and finally as one broke water near the boat I was able to place a cast directly over the swirl, and up he came again with a rush. The line flew off the reel at a rapid rate, but having struck hard, I trusted the hook would do its work, and so let him take out a good bit, when suddenly the tension relaxed and with a triumphant splash my finny warrior made his escape.

"Oh! he's off," I ejaculated, slowly reeling up and feeling as if I had not eaten anything for a week—the sensation most anglers experience, I imagine, on losing a fish which they fully realize was a noble specimen of his kind. The "Veteran," however, even if he did laugh at my wailings, also encouraged me with the idea that there were probably others who could rival the lost prize in weight and fighting propensities, and just then his surmise was proved correct, for out came the twin brother of the former and swallowed his hand-fly. Watching the brisk struggle which now ensued, I let my own flies drift idly, holding the rod across my arm in a rather careless manner, when a seething boil, directly alongside the boat and a sharp, sudden jolt on the line, scattered previous disappointment to the winds and no doubt drew from me some excited exclamations, for alas! I am not destined to accept such moments as these, without word or sign. Like lightning he bolted under the boat, then out again and streaked across the water, giving one wild bound into the air and striking with a loud slap on the calm, glazed surface, changing its placid aspect to one of turmoil. This time, however, the Seth-Green—which fly it was that had tempted him to strike—held firm, deeply imbedded in his horny jaw, and after fighting vigorously for some five minutes or more, he gave in and was landed without mishap, much to my satisfaction.

"They're coming pretty fast," murmered Wallace, as he unhooked one trout and prepared to net another. "Just look at that!" he added, for as the "Veteran" reeled in his fish, a second one followed up the trailing flies, and lunged at them, hooking lightly, but unluckily breaking loose again. It is amusing as well as interesting to note the different manner in which trout will attack an artificial fly. Some take it, generally the big ones, with a surging rush from beneath, or make a savage leap, striking as they go down, which latter method affords a most attractive and inspiriting sight, and usually signifies a well-hooked fish. Again, those of medium size and very small ones, will attack with similar vim and determination, while as often they will follow the fly, toying and nudging it with leisurely playfulness, taking good care, however, not to strike hard. There were plenty of these delayers in our vicinity, but their inability to swallow the flies was made up for by the glorious onrush and subsequent capture of fish whose game qualities remained apparent from first until last, and whose color and beauty was a feast for the most fastidious angling eye.

As had been prophesied by the aspect of the horizon earlier in the afternoon, the sun at last came out, warm and delicious. It was as if Helios had lifted back his beamy cloud helm and exposed the full radiance of his glowing features. The whole landscape, dripping and clearcut after the rain, was suddenly bathed with a melting luminous haze, while through the mists overhead broke great azure lakes of the unstained sky beyond. Seeing the light strike on the glistening poplars and other trees that lined the shore brought to mind a golden thread of mythology which Ovid has woven into his choice, rich verse. Phaëton, who drove his father's chariot and fell through "fiery ambition o'ervaulting itself," had sisters, so it seems, who weeping at his downfall were transformed into poplar trees, and thus the poet memorizes the incident:

> "But yet they weep; and in the Sun their tears
> To amber harden, by the clear stream caught,
> And borne, the gaud and grace of Latian maids."

If the birds had been bubbling over with song before the sun made its appearance, their vocal powers seemed now to be redoubled, and vireos, scarlet tanagers, thrushes and warblers poured forth an unceasing chorus, while a broad-wing hawk, wheeling high above the treetops, gave out, at intervals, wild whistling screams. Not soon after landing a fair-sized trout, I lost one through over-anxiety to save him, and of course as he kept down and weighed heavy on the rod, I bitterly surmised he was larger than any that had been hooked previously. The lost fish, however, is invariably summed up as the "biggest of all," and floats in astounding proportions before the disconsolate angler's mind's eye. Whereas, in reality, its size is probably far from extraordinary.

All afternoon scarcely a breath of wind or fluctuating zephyr had dappled the pond's surface in our vicinity, and it lay as smooth and undisturbed as a sheltered pool, which made casting a delight, and displayed the rising trout to advantage. The warm, humid sunlight might have somewhat curtailed the number of hungry fish, however, had it struck directly on the water, where we were located, but, fortunately, the shadows stretched dark and cool along the west shore, and on our way back we kept well within the limits of their shade. Trolling the flies, while the "Veteran" continued to cast, I had a sharp strike, which was repeated several times until the rod tip suddenly bent and quivered, while some distance behind the boat, hooked to the fly, a pound fish broke water. This is a favorite trick of the rainbow trout and landlocked salmon, both of which as a general rule fight close to the surface. I have known instances where the maneuvers of the former were so wild and uncontrollable after being hooked that they appeared almost demented, and in careering over the water have rushed against the boat

and knocked themselves off. The salmon likewise often exhibit remarkable gymnastics, and once while fishing we had one leap into the boat and land dexterously in the bait pail. The trout I had on now, however, was less obstreperous and sulked a good deal, keeping down, but waking up if he chanced to observe the approaching net, until at length I succeeded in tiring him out. After this we caught one or two more, and then reeled up and put our rods aside, thoroughly content with the afternoon's catch, which numbered just twenty fish.

How hallowed are those moments that precede the setting of the sun! As we bent our steps homeward through the quiet woods, I saw its red-gold orb glinting between the trees and illumining their delicate leaves with a mellowed brilliancy of declining day. The beams, moreover, have a clarity and youthfulness that tells of the year's nativity. At this hour there is also a peace, a breathless quietude which makes the tumult and struggle of existence seem far removed, and enfolds us in a similar tranquillity. But, who can interpret the Spirit of Solitude in the wilderness? It is subtle and overpowering, for as it starves with a sense of unutterable loneliness, so does it replenish with infinite nutriment, and make absolute the bond of natural affinity to the earth's creations.

"O solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep,
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.

But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet sweet the converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee."

PAULINA BRANDRETH.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXXII.

Fremont—V.

(*Concluded from Page 48.*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY found them traveling through the desert, over a rough, sandy road. The next day they reached a field of hot springs, the vapor from which was visible a long way off. Fremont was growing uneasy. He had very little idea where he was. There appeared to be no game in the country, except hares, though occasional signs were seen of sheep and antelope. His animals had begun to die, and he felt the necessity of proceeding with great caution. Because of the uncertainty of water for his animals, he formed a plan of exploring the country in advance each day, and leaving the main party behind. On Jan. 10, a beautiful lake, some twenty miles broad, was seen from the top of a ridge, and they proceeded toward it. On the way, herds of mountain sheep were seen on the hills, where they came on a little stream about a miles from the margin of the lake. They found a broad Indian trail following the shores of the lake to the southward. This was followed for a short distance, and then ascended another precipice, against which the water dashed below, and it was very difficult to get the howitzer along this trail. Mountain sheep in numbers, and ducks, and some fish were seen, and the party passed the pyramid which rises out of the lake and gives it its name. The last of the cattle driven from the Dalles was killed for food. On Jan. 15 a few Indians made their appearance about the camp, and one of them was persuaded to come into it. It was difficult to communicate with him; but from what he said, it was inferred that at the end of the lake was a river, which subsequent investigation showed, ran into the lake, which has no outlet. Here, to the great delight of the white men, the Indians brought in fish to trade. Fremont calls them salmon trout, and says that they were from two to four feet in length. They appeared to form the chief food of these Indians, who, Fremont says, hold the fishery in exclusive possession. And who are different from the "Digger" Indians so frequently spoken of in crossing the desert. It appeared that these Indians were in communication either with the whites or with other Indians knowing the whites, for they possessed some articles of civilized manufacture.

The party now followed up the stream running into Pyramid Lake, traveling along toward the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They were on an Indian trail. And hoped soon to find the Buenaventura River, for which they had been looking. Columns of smoke rising over the country at intervals made them sure that the Indians were notifying each other that strangers had come into the country. Their animals were growing thin and weak; their feet were much worn away by the rocks, and many of them were lame. Fremont decided, therefore, that he must abandon his course to the eastward, and must cross the mountains into the valley of the Sacramento River as soon as possible.

Keeping on southward along the mountains, they crossed streams issuing from them which tempted them to try for a pass; but the heavy snows which appeared to lie on the mountains induced the leader to keep on further southward. Jan. 24 an Indian came into the camp, and offered the strangers a little bag of pine nuts, which they purchased from him. They also gave him some presents; and as nearly as they could understand his signs, he promised to conduct them to the opening of a pass, of which he knew. From here on they constantly saw Indians, all of whom traded pine nuts to them, and all were armed with bows and stone-pointed arrows. The level of the country appeared to be growing higher, and the snow grew deeper. They put one of their guides on a horse, but he was evidently unacquainted with the animal, and did not even know how to guide it. Soon they entered the range, and having left the desert country, found a country well timbered, and which appeared to produce considerable game. They climbed to the head of the stream, passed over a ridge, and saw from the summit a sunless country where there was evidently grass. Here the Indians were wearing snowshoes, and accompanied the party, running around them, and swiftly and easily traveling over the snow. They appeared to have no idea of the power of firearms, and thought themselves perfectly safe, so long as they kept out of arm's reach.

Descending on the head of this next stream, Fremont learned, before he had gone very far, that this was merely the head of another stream running eastward into the Great Basin, and that they had still to cross a great ridge before they could reach Pacific waters.

The Indians here had heard of a party of twelve white men, who two years before had ascended the river and crossed to the other side; but this was done when it was summer time, and there was little or no snow to oppose the passage; and at present the Indians declared it could not be done. Nevertheless, they agreed to furnish a guide to take the whites as far as possible. Provisions were now getting low, and consisted chiefly of peas, a little flour, some coffee, and a quantity of sugar. It was on this day, Jan. 29, that the howitzer, which had been dragged so far, was finally abandoned. On Jan. 31 they continued to climb the mountains among the snow. Indians kept visiting them in greater and greater numbers, and from all most discouraging accounts were heard of the possibility of crossing the range. An old man told them that if they could break through the snow at the end of three days they would come upon grass, which would be about six inches high; and here Fremont decided to attempt the passage, and to try to reach Sutter's ranch, on the Sacramento. Preparations were made, therefore, to face the cold of the heights, and clothing was repaired and put in order, and a new guide was engaged, who was also fitted out with special reference to the hardships likely to be met with. A dog that had been with them for some little time was killed, and this, with a few rabbits purchased from the Indians, gave the party a strengthening meal.

When they started, the snow soon became so deep that it was absolutely necessary that a road should be broken for the animals. This was done in systematic fashion, and for several days they advanced by very short marches, but without meeting any obstacles greater than the depth of the snow. Sometimes the lack of feed at the end of the day's march would render it necessary to send back the animals to feed at some point on the trail just passed over, where there was good pasture. Two or three days of this hard work was very discouraging. However, Fremont's energy never faltered. He and Carson and Fitzpatrick, on snowshoes, went ahead, reconnoitering in all directions, and trying to pick out a good road; and on Feb. 6 they reached a peak from which they saw the valley of the Sacramento; and Carson recognized various natural features which he had not seen for fifteen years.

The difficulties of travel for the horses was so great, and the hillsides so steep, that many of the animals found the greatest difficulty in getting along themselves, and could not carry their loads. Sledges were made, therefore, on which the men drew the baggage over the snow; but of course this made progress very slow indeed. The hunters went out to look for game, but found none. On the 9th it began to snow, and the wind and snow filled up the trail that had already been beaten, so that it was again impossible for the horses to go along. Fremont ordered Mr. Fitzpatrick to make mauls, and to open and beat a road through the snow, by which the animals could be brought along. Meat, which for some time had been unknown in the diet of the travelers, was now supplied by the flesh of another dog, and that of a mule.

Happily, during all this time the weather had not been very cold; though at night the thermometer sometimes fell nearly to zero, the days were uncommonly warm, and the snow melted fast under the sun. While this relieved them of suffering, it made travel still more laborious.

It was on Feb. 20 that they camped with the animals that were left, and with all the material of the camp, on the summit of a pass in the dividing ridge, about a thousand miles from the Dalles, whence they had started. The prospects of the descent were not promising. Before them were rough mountains, among which lay deep fields of snow; but shortly after they started on their way, they heard the roll of thunder, and looking toward the valley saw a thunder storm in progress. As the sky cleared, they could see a shining line of water leading toward another broader and larger sheet; and in these they recognized the Sacramento River and the Bay of San Francisco. Yet so frequent had been their disappointments during their wanderings through the rough mountains that they hardly dared to believe that they were at last to penetrate the warm, pleasing country, where they should be free from the hardships and exposures of the last few months. This night they killed a mule for food, and again the next night. Feb. 23 was their hardest day, for they were forced to travel along steep and slippery mountainsides, where moisture, snow and ice, together with the tough evergreens of the mountain, made walking difficult and wearisome; but on this night a storm showered upon them rain and not snow. The men, exhausted by the labor of travel and by the lack of food, were beginning to lose strength and courage.

However, now they were constantly descending. The thermometer was just about freezing, and they had left the Sierras behind. The green grass was beginning to make its appearance. The river was descending rapidly, and growing larger. Soon they came to deciduous trees and a warmer atmosphere. The country was covered with growing plants, and the voices of singing birds were heard in the summer air. They were still killing the horses for food.

Fremont now believed that the main difficulties of the road were over, and leaving Fitzpatrick to follow slowly with the main camp, he started ahead with a party of eight, intending to reach Mr. Sutter's house as soon as possible, and to return with provisions and fresh animals for the party. Fitzpatrick was left in command of the others, with instructions to bring on the animals slowly, for all were very weak.

But they were not yet out of their troubles. For much of the way the river ran through narrow cañons, and the travelers were obliged to clamber along the mountain side, over a road rough and almost impassable for their enfeebled live stock. However, at their camps they found grass. As they went on they were obliged to leave their animals behind, and Fremont left his favorite horse, Proveau, which could no longer keep up. One of the men started back to bring the horse, but did not return until the second day, when it was apparent that his mind was deranged. This day Mr. Preuss, who had gone ahead, did not appear at night, and his absence caused much anxiety. The next day they met some Indians, and kept on down the river, still continuing their search for the lost man. They came upon tracks of Indians, little piles of mussel shells and old fires where they had cooked. On March 4 they came on an Indian village, where they found houses, and near each one a store-house of acorns. In the houses were basketfuls of roasted acorns, and although the Indians had fled, the travelers supplied themselves with this food, leaving various small articles in payment. In a village not far below three Indian women were captured. They were much frightened, but encouraged by good treatment offered food. This night Mr. Preuss came in, very weak from starvation, but not otherwise in bad condition. He had subsisted on roots, ants, frogs, and had received some acorns from Indians whom he met.

At the next village Indians were found wearing shirts of civilized manufacture, and then they came to another and larger village, where the people were dressed more or less in European clothing. Here was a man who could speak Spanish, a vaquero in the service of Capt. Sutter, whose fort was but a short distance away. At the fort Fremont was met by Capt. Sutter, who gave him a most cordial reception, and a night of enjoyment of all the luxuries that he had so long been without. The next day, with fresh horses and provisions, Fremont hurried back to meet Fitzpatrick, and brought in the rest of the party. The second division had had a hard time, having lost many animals; so that of the sixty-seven horses and mules with which they started to cross the Sierras, only thirty-three reached the valley of the Sacramento. The beef, the bread, and the salmon, which Fremont brought, put heart into the starving men, and before long they had reached a permanent camp not far from Sutter's fort.

Capt. Sutter had come to California from the western part of Missouri in 1838-39, and had settled in the Sacramento valley on a large grant of land received from the Mexican Government. Though he had at first had some trouble with the Indians, he succeeded, by his judicious treatment, in converting them into a peacable and industrious people. They did practically all the work of the ranch, and were paid in shirts, blankets and articles of clothing. The soil was fertile, and its yield ample. Cattle and horses were abundant. He had a number of mechanics, who made whatever he needed.

The blacksmith of Fremont's party, desiring to remain in California, was here discharged, as were also four others of the party. Derosier, one of the best men in the outfit, the one who a few days before had gone back after Fremont's horses, wandered away from the camp and never returned.

On March 24, the party having recovered from the suffering endured in crossing the mountains, and being now once more strong, set out to continue their journey. An ample stock of provisions had been secured, and a fresh supply of animals, consisting of 130 horses and mules, and about 30 head of cattle, had been secured. An Indian herder was furnished by Capt. Sutter, to look after the stock, a great part of which was absolutely wild. From this point it was purposed to go south, up the valley of the San Joaquin, to a pass at its head. Thus, they were to move southeastwardly to reach the Spanish trail, which led to Santa Fe. Following this trail through the desert, they would be sure of water, even though sometimes the journeys were very long, and might reach the Rocky Mountains somewhere opposite the southern extremity of the Great Salt Lake. Their southward journey was delightful. Fremont speaks in terms of enthusiasm of the flowers they met with, of the beautiful groves of oaks, the songs of the birds, the sweet odors that perfumed the air. Elk and antelope were in great abundance, and the horses were so numerous that the travelers feared for the safety of the wild stock they were driving with them. On April 7 they crossed the divide between the headwaters of the San Joaquin and the Tulé Lakes. The passage brought with it more or less of a change in climate, and a distinct change in surroundings. Indians were met with constantly, and most of them seemed well disposed. As they lowered their altitude, after passing over the divide, the way became more rough, though the feed for the animals was still good.

On April 13 they met an Indian from the mission near the Pueblo of Los Angeles. He told them much about the country, and as it lay on his road, agreed to accompany them for two days to point out the way to them. As they crossed some low spurs, which gave a view of a desert to the east and north of them, their guide pointed to it, saying in substance, "On those great plains there is neither water nor grass—nothing. Every animal that goes out upon them dies." At length their kindly and good-natured guide was obliged to leave them; but before doing so, he pointed out the way to them. On this day they saw a number of antelope among the hills, and on the day following, several deer. Their guide, from an elevated point, had shown them land marks where they might expect to come upon the Spanish trail, and then he started off toward his home near the sea coast. The following day they came upon the trail, which greatly encouraged them. Here was a road to travel on, and a course to follow. Often the distances would be great, but at least they were not wintering in the desert, with no notion of

what next would come to them. They found, however, that the description of the trail was very different from the reality. Sometimes, where they expected to find water, there was none. At other points, large streams flowed where they had been told that no water was to be had.

Fortunately Fremont's party was ahead of the annual Santa Fe caravans, which insured them good grass at the camping places. They had not gone far before they met parties of Mohave Indians, who seemed friendly enough; but on the day following, two Spaniards, a man and a lad, came into camp telling of their party of six having been attacked by Indians, about eighty miles beyond the encampment. They had with them about thirty horses, and were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, who had previously been in camp and seemed friendly. The horse guards—the two who had just come into Fremont's camp—drove their animals through the attacking party and escaped with their horses, which they had left about twenty miles behind on coming to Fremont's camp. When the white men came to the place where the horses had been left, it appeared that the animals had been driven off by Indians. Carson and Godet, with the Mexican Fuentes, started after them; but in the evening the Mexican returned, his horse having given out.

"In the afternoon of the next day a warwhoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise, and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed us, that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and toward nightfall entered the mountains, into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses, and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses disclosed them to the Indians. Giving the war shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the number which the four lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar, barely missing the neck. Our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttering a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountainside she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion. Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned and cut up, for the Indians, living in mountains and only coming into the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef, and several baskets containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins indicated the presence or expectation of a considerable party. They released the boy, who had given strong evidence of the stoicism or something else of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object and numbers, considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown moutain, attack them on sight without counting numbers, and defeat them in an instant—and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat, it was Carson and Godet who did this—the former an American, born in the Boonslick county of Missouri; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis—and both trained to western enterprise from early life."

A little later the party came to the place where the Mexicans had been attacked. There were found the two men of the party, both killed by arrows; but of women there was no trace, they having evidently been carried away. Journeying onward, making short marches and some that were very long, they kept on along the Spanish trail. May 4—the longest journey of all, between fifty and sixty miles without any water—the skeletons of horses were constantly seen along the trail. "Hourly expecting to find water, we continued to press on, until toward midnight, when, after a hard and uninterrupted march of sixteen hours, our wild mules began running ahead, and in a mile or two we came to a bold running stream—so keen is the sense of that animal, in these desert regions, in scenting at a distance this necessary of life."

The next day was spent in camp that the animals might rest and food. Indians were about them constantly, and apparently tried to steal their horses. They were very bold and insolent, but the whites bore it all, being unwilling to be drawn into a fight. These were the same people who had murdered the Mexicans; they were bare-footed and nearly naked; the men were armed with bows and arrows, each carrying a quiver of thirty or forty shafts. The arrowheads were made of clear, translucent stone, and Fremont says, "Shot from their long bows are almost as effective as a gun shot." A chief came into camp, and declared his confidence in himself and his people; and his belief that they could destroy the white men, merely on the ground that they were many, while the whites were few. The Indians were seen hunting lizards, which they dragged from a hole by means of a long stick hooked at the end. The next day they followed the party, and promptly picked up every animal that was left behind to rest and feed. That night one of the best men, Tabeau, was killed by an Indian, having been shot with arrows not far from the camp. These Indians did not appear after this day. A day or two later the party met Jo Walker, the trapper, who now became guide for the expedition. With him were eight Americans, who, having started with the Spanish caravan, had heard that a party of white men were ahead, and had left the caravan and overtaken the explorers. On the way they had an encounter with the Diggers that had troubled Fremont, and killed two of them.

May 23, they reached Sevier River, a tributary of the lake of the same name. Here they were obliged to ferry themselves across, in boats made of bundles of rushes tied together and bound to poles. Here, too, Badeau, a good man, was killed by accident; he dragged toward him a gun by the muzzle and the gun was discharged. Not far beyond they reached Utah Lake, which Fremont imagined to be the southern end of Great Salt Lake. He was much puzzled, however, that the northern end of the lake should be a saturated solution of salt, while the southern end was fresh. It does not appear to have occurred to him that these were two different bodies of water.

Having crossed the mountains, to the valley of White River, he reached, on the 3d of June, what he calls the winter fort, a trading post belonging to Mr. A. Roubideau, on the principal fork of the Uintah River. On the 7th, they found themselves on the verge of Brown's Hole, a name well known to all old-timers in the west; and thirty years ago one of the greatest game countries in the world. Here, mountain sheep were found, and some killed. Two or three days later, buffalo were killed; and we may imagine the delight with which the travelers found themselves once more back on the range where fat cow was to be had. From here they went north into the Three Parks, traveling in pleasant weather through a country well watered, where grass and wood were to be had, and where buffalo, antelope and elk were hardly ever out of sight. On June 14, they were in New Park, now called North Park, going southward up the Platte River. A day or two later they came upon parties of Arapahoes and Sioux, and the camp was full of Indians. On June 22 they crossed the mountains, and found themselves on the headwaters of the Arkansas. A day or two later they were present at a fight which took place between Utes and Arapahoes. The Ute women urged the white men to take part in the fight; but they felt that it was no concern of theirs, and were quite uneasy lest they themselves should be attacked. They kept traveling, and before night had put fifteen miles between themselves and the Indian village, and fortified themselves. They were now traveling rapidly down the Arkansas, meeting Indians constantly. Among these were a large village of Pawnees, who received the white men "with unfriendly rudeness and characteristic insolence which they never fail to display whenever they find an occasion for doing so with impunity." The Pawnees, indeed, seem always subject to the animadversion of the early traveler.

The party journeyed down the Arkansas for nearly 300 miles, and on the last day of July reached the little town of Kansas, now Kansas City, on the Missouri. Fremont's second journey was over.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

Wiles of the Medicine Man.

UNTIL we got to Greenville, Miss., a week later, the Gambler was on our hands. He was coughing night and day, and it was the long, rasping cough of a weak-lunged man. He had broken down a wiry constitution by riding the cattle range for many years, living months in the open air, sleeping with a blanket over him and a saddle under his head—his cheeks and his complexion betrayed the presence of lung weakness—hence the remark of the Medicine Man that we were likely to have a man "die on us."

We drifted down stream. On the second night we came to the big store boat, a 90-footer, run by a man named Young—a tall, long-armed individual who had a numerous family on board his boat, mostly children. He called his boat the Sunny South, although he was an Ohio river man. Once before he had dropped down as far as Greenville, but he did not know or like the lower river. The up-stream man has a horror for the lower reaches of the stream. "The further down you gets the wusser it is on this yere ole stream!" men said frequently. But to this the Medicine Man always gave the lie at the first opportunity. To his mind, the south was always pictured as a land of luxury and of ease. If the wind was cold, he said the south had nothing like that. Of poverty there was none, and one could "live like a gentleman down there." The Gambler had never been down the river before, but the Medicine Man had made several trips. Now that he was sick, the Gambler blamed the Medicine Man for the rosy picture he had painted of the river life.

"You call this easy living!" the Gambler burst out one day as we lay waiting for the Young boat to start down stream with us, "I'm double blest if this wind ain't colder right here than it is in Ohio!"

So it seemed on some days. The wind was a chill, moist breeze when it swept down from the north. It seemed as though the weather was as blue as the gang. We were in Rowdy Bend, at Gaine's landing. The storeboat man, with the natural propensity to get all he could out of every one, prevailed on the Medicine Man to stay with him. He had a log raft, caught by "drifting," which he wanted to get down to Greenville. The crew of his boat, consisting of a grown son and two boys, and himself, were not enough to handle the 90ft. craft and the $60 worth of logs. He wanted us to stay with him "for company's sake." We remained. I got some ducks as they flew over some low willows to a lake half a mile up stream, and saw countless other birds. In wet or foggy weather, I presume Rowdy Bend to be as good a place for duck shooting as one would wish for. On the river, it is noted among the cabin boaters.

One curious phase of the Medicine Man's character came out when he moved his boat down to the storeboat, and tied outside of the raft. Young asked him to move down to help look after the raft. We moved down in a wind storm, and tied up outside the raft, where the waves swept us against the logs in a way that made the boat pound as though falling to pieces. But it was an accommodation to the storeboat man, for we were handy in case the raft got to weaving or otherwise needed our care. We ran lines and hauled lines and tied lines for hours one day, as the exigencies demanded, our boat breaking the waves from the raft like a wave-break.

Young came to Gaine's landing and found that pecan nuts were selling at from 1 to 3 cents per pound. He began to give 5 cents in trade, and in two weeks he had put on about 9,000 pounds of them. On top of his boat were bones, iron, ropes, bottles and other junk which he and his sons had gathered along the stream. He was going to Greenville, where he would take a tow up to Evansville, from which port he hailed. Everything was salable or buyable, and the size of his boat gave him an opportunity to carry anything he wanted to take, whether railroad iron or a cotton gin works. "Tradin' makes me feel high-steppy, like a blind hoss!" Young said, speaking of his business.

We left the landing on Sunday, Feb. 14. The resolution to start was made in true river fashion, on the spur of the moment.

"Hit looks pretty to-day, don't hit?" the Medicine Man remarked.

"Yassir, yassir," Young replied, nasally; "be a good day fo' floatin'. I 'low we could."

"I'd like to," the Medicine Man said.

"Mout's well. Hay, you boys—we're goin' to pull out—watch them lines now!"

With that, there was a great to do. The store boat had ropes leading to logs, stakes and anchors. They were gotten in and coiled down on the roof of the big cabin boat. The raft was untied, too, and our boat was run in on the starboard side of the big boat, and the Gambler's ran along the same side and fastened just astern of ours. The Gambler took possession of the Medicine Man's bed, and coughed and sputtered by turns. We made quite a fleet—the long storeboat, our own craft and the Gambler's, with the 100ft. raft floating nearby. The raft was kept independent, manned by two boys. The other three boats were handled by a great oar on the port side, and a rudder at the stern. The oar was a 45ft. sapling, and the rudder a still longer one. A stroke of either required eight steps on the part of the oarsmen, and a stroke seemed to have no effect upon the great mass of stuff, amounting to dozens of tons. It was galley-slave work, handling those sweeps. Nevertheless, we worked out of the eddy, and the storeboat man, at the rudder, used the wind and the current and the crew to such good purpose that we were soon floating away down stream with the "wind jes' a-ca'min' pretty" and the water showing only faint ruffings at intervals.

As we came down the lower end of Rowdy Bend, the Medicine Man called my attention to a caving bank 30 rods distant.

"There's the greatest institution in the South," he said. "See that hole, walled with bricks?"

There was a cavity in the bank which looked like a big bottle with a small opening at the top and coming to the shape of an egg-end at the bottom. It was 25ft. deep apparently. Nearby was the ruin of a fine plantation.

"I ain't a river rat all the time," the Medicine Man said. "I clean cisterns for a reg'lar occupation. I clean a cistern for $5, and many's the day I've cleaned four or five. That's why I like the South. Them old planters is easy money. My cistern cleaner is a bucket, on the end of a long, folding handle. I poke the bucket down into a cistern, the plunger hits the bottom, and a cork comes out the top of the bucket. That lets the air out, and a valve at the bottom of the bucket lets the dead leaves, dust and dirt what's in the bottom come up into the bucket. When I lift the handle, the water shuts the valve and I pull the dirt off the bottom of the cistern to the surface. One bucketful, in warm weather, will show them plantation men they ought to have their cistern cleaned—Gee, but it does smell! Everybody down here has to drink out of cisterns in the summer, and they don't like to have the smell. They pay $5 quick. But cistern cleaning isn't what it used to be. Italians have got so they clean cistern for a dollar. I tell you it ain't right to let them foreigners come yere like this. They spoils business."

The Gambler said that the trick of the cistern cleaning trade was to take a few buckets full off the bottom, and then hit the plunger on the side, instead of the bottom. The water that was caught in the bucket half way to the bottom of the cistern was sweet and lacked the cistern smell, compared to the water and dirt from the very bottom. On producing the bucket full of sweet water, the planter would be satisfied, and would pay the $5 without a murmur.

We dropped down the river for two days, the wind preventing us from going far each day. The Medicine Man wanted to drop in at Luna, but he got past the landing before he knew it, so he wanted to get to Greenville. Making a landing with the boats was a remarkable operation. Young had a handy line nearly

half a mile long. It was 1¼in. rope. Instead of rowing the boat inshore, when it was desired to make a landing, Young sent a couple of boys in a rowboat toward the bank, dragging the end of the handy line. The boys ran ashore, and took a turn around a tree-stub, or half a dozen saplings, and then took half hitches with the end of the rope around the line, fastening it securely. This done they jumped away a few yards, while the whole weight of the boats came on the little line and whipped it up taut. The boat end of the rope was fastened around two bulkheads with four or five turns made criss-cross. The old boatman slacked the line, as the strain increased almost to the breaking point, and the current swung the boats ashore, broadside to, into some eddy chosen by the appearance of the land from a distance of a mile or so. The rope smoked and screamed and frayed where it dragged on the posts in a manner that was most entertaining to the Medicine Man, river rat that he was. It was a new idea to him. He thought of getting a handy line for his own boat, as a saving-of-work measure, but he forgot it when we reached Greenville.

We came into Greenville with a rush. We discovered the town across a point, and sight of it caused Young to make up his mind to land. He sent the handy line ashore, and we were thrown in on the starboard side, threatening to crush our cabin boats against a caving bank. The Medicine Man and I shot our boat clear, while the Gambler created a mighty fuss getting his little shack out. The Medicine Man and I went on down with the current, and found an eddy above Greenville, where we tied in for the night.

There had been hungry times on the boat. The flour was nearly all gone, in spite of rigorous economy. We had only a little salt pork, and not enough other stuff to make a meal from when we reached the landing. The first thing the Medicine Man and I did was to go down to a restaurant and get a meal of Gulf of Mexico oysters. The price was high, but there were plenty of the oysters, considering that we had eaten what was left of our grub before going to town.

Greenville was another behind-the-levee town, but a much neater looking one than any of those we had stopped at above. Neat houses, streets laid out in rectangles, and the atmosphere of prosperity were conspicuous.

In the morning we bought temporary supplies after walking around a while in order to get the lay of the land as regards stores and their prices. No one is more careful than the river man in finding the best bargains a town affords. We found Nolen's store, and were surprised at the low prices. Our few purchases made, we walked back up the levee toward our boat, which was moored in one of the stone-lined eddies above town, where the river's eating into the bank has threatened the existence of the city.

We had gone to the upper cabin boats with which the waterfront of Greenville is lined, in and out of the water, when the Medicine Man exclaimed: "There's the Fines' boat!" It was a little green craft, and on our going down to it, we found Mr. and Mrs. Leon Fine, of Dixon, Ill. Perhaps no more interesting couple was on the Mississippi River at that time. Fine was a painter by trade. Neither he nor his wife had ever been a hundred miles from their own home town when the Rock River, flowing past their home, suggested that they go traveling. They had heard of a cabin or houseboat, but never had seen one. They talked with Fred Watermans, Fine's Partner, and Mrs. Watermans. They decided to go on a cruise down the river to the Mississippi and perhaps go as far as St. Louis. They built a cabin boat from an idea they had formed of what cabin boats were. It was simply a shallow box, with a cabin on it. The forward and rear decks of the boat were not a part of the boat box. It was so small that the men could lift it out of water and carry it around the dams known to be down the Rock River. They got it ready in a barn, put it on a wagon, carried it to the river and launched it in the presence of a great crowd. The boat was christened Dixon with a bottle of wine, and the four floated down stream to where they were going to put in the supplies, stove and other things. Suddenly it was discovered that the bottom was more than half full of water. The craft was hastily run ashore and hauled out. Instead of the slanting end boards of the hull having been flattened off, just the corners of the boards pressed on the bottom of the boat, and the water poured through the joining. This was remedied by putting in the boards properly and caulking them. The dry pine swelled, and thereafter not a drop came in, not even when the wind drove waves up on the overhanging decks in the wide lower reaches of the Mississippi, for the doors fitted like weather-stripped windows. In this craft, which was not 12ft. long by 6ft. wide, inside measurement, the two couples traveled to Memphis, Tenn., whence the two Watermans turned toward home, having seen enough of the world. The Fines kept on down the river.

They met the Gambler and the Medicine Man, and as Mrs. Fine had a voice much better than is usually heard at the river bank, the four gave a concert and made some money that way. Then the Medicine Man got Fine to sell some medicine, and he made more money at this than at painting. Fine traveled, working at towns for the money he needed. Mrs. Fine kept a diary of her experiences, and of the wonderful things she had seen—"awful big steamboats," St. Louis with its "houses" so much larger than anything they had ever seen, and finally the negroes of the plantations.

"We don't want to go home yet," Mrs. Fine said. "We want to see some more, but if we have to go home from here, we will not complain any. We are just common country village folks. We never expected to go anywhere. We don't expect to go anywhere again. But if we never do go anywhere, we'll feel contented for the rest of our lives. You can imagine what it was like to us, to all of a sudden be transported into a new and different country—to go somewhere and see something we had never seen the likes of before. It seems just like a dream."

The Medicine Man and I got a quart of oysters, and Mrs. Fine cooked them into a delicious stew, with which we celebrated the Medicine Man's fortieth birthday—a day that was otherwise very gloomy for him.

"My!" he exclaimed. "Forty years old! It seems only like yesterday when I was a little boy. I don't want to be old. They ain't no fun in being old." However, the stew and the banjo and French harp music afterward cheered him up, and we went to our boat feeling much more jovial than at any time since leaving Arkansas City.

It was said in Greenville that that is a "farming" country. Groceries and manufactured ware were cheap and of good quality. But owing to the fact that "farming" referred to cotton growing almost exclusively, there was a condition of affairs notable there as throughout the lower valley of the Mississippi. Eggs, butter, milk, vegetables and other farm produce were most expensive. The whites raised cotton, and a few negroes supplied the home-grown "market stuff." I found a negro market gardener a few miles above Vicksburg who was taking advantage of his opportunities, with the result that he was growing rich supplying the city with vegetables, for which there was a steady and increasing demand. I did not hear of a white man who realized the fact that there is money in some of the cotton regions on the Mississippi to be made raising chickens and farm produce as well as in raising cotton. Cotton is at once a very great blessing to the South, and a blinder as well. If a couple of the dozen negroes who tend the cotton fields or each of the great plantations were put to work on two acres of garden patch, the plantation owners would live on better provender, or at least would get the table stuff at a quarter of the expense.

On Monday, Feb. 21, we got some supplies, and at noon the Medicine Man and I pulled out into the stream again. The Gambler's thanks to the Medicine Man for taking care of him for days consisted of a cussing for bringing him down the river on such a jaunt. The Medicine Man looked back on Greenville from a distance of a mile and said:

"I'm glad I ain't there any more. Now I can get some money. We'll watch for some place where we can sell some medicine. There's a log camp down here somewhere. I must make some medicine. I got to work now. I supported that Gambler all the way down the river, and I'm sick of that."

He went to the bow of the boat, and lifted a plank in the deck. He took from the hold a bushel of bottles that would hold a pint or more and lugged them to the stern of the boat, where he put them in a wash boiler filled with water from the river. The bottles were of all descriptions, round and flat, and of various colors, from clear white to a pale green and dark brown. Into the boiler he dumped some concentrated lye, and stirred it in with a stick.

"Now I got to make the medicine," he said. He had an old five-gallon lard can in which we had been washing our clothes for weeks back. He rinsed this out and filled it full of water, which he let stand for an hour "to settle it." Into the water he dropped a broken bitter apple, and stirred in the pieces thoroughly. Then he burned a pound of sugar in a frying pan—burned it black, and then washed the pan in the lard can. It changed the water to a molasses hue.

"Now ain't that a pretty medicine?" he asked.

The bitter apples cost 40 cents a dozen, the sugar 10 cents, and the water the trouble of dipping it out of the stream. The total cost of 4½ gallons of the stuff was less than 15 cents. To this must be added the cost of the bottles. Half of them had been picked up on the sandbars, and the other half purchased of Young for 2 cents each. The corks were also garnered on the sandbars, and along the river banks.

The bottles, having soaked in the lye, were rinsed out and allowed to drain out. Some were discarded because the sun had "cooked the dirt into them," and some because the label would not cover the dirt that still remained inside where the customer could see it. The Medicine Man's pride was a "line of patent medicines"—two dozen bottles of a much advertised cure. He filled them first, and corked them tightly, and then got out some labels. The labels were pink in color and had the picture of a smooth-shaven man wearing a high hat and a dress suit. The label read:

ZA-MI-A-YA BITTERS.
The Great BLOOD AND NERVE TONIC.
A POSITIVE CURE

For Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Stomach Troubles, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Sick Headache, Malaria, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, Nervousness, Skin Disease, Salt Rheum, Scrofula and Neuralgia.

Price, $1 Per Bottle.

Address: J. W. CARPENTER, Benton, Ill.

This is not an exaggeration—it is copied literally from one of the labels which I have before me. The Medicine Man said of it: "Now that's a good label. It catches a man every time. Blood and nervous disorders, stomach, liver and kidney complaint, malaria and headache—why, dod blast it, a man's just got to have some of them things down in this climate. I tell you that's the best label I ever saw. That Carpenter, he's an old-timer. He's my father-in-law. He thought that label up, and I don't b'lieve there ever was a better one. We used to sell this medicine together. We worked every town in Arkansaw—had a 60ft. circus tent. We'd go to a town, and give a reg'lar play. I'd fiddle, and he'd fiddle, er play the banjo. The crowd would come into the tent, and then we'd give 'em a talk. Talk 'em right up good. Pretty soon they'd go to the drug store—you see we had to have a drug store sell our stuff, else they wouldn't stand for us. We'd give a druggist ten cents a bottle for selling it. We cleared $25 in some towns. In other towns we'd strike a big trade, and sell all the bottles we could buy—would have a hundred dollars to show for a day's trading. You see that $1 sign? Well, we worked the best bluff you ever saw on that. We offered the medicine for 50 cents just to introduce it. That fetched them. They were getting it for half-price, and they always do like that. We said we were introducing it, and that when it was put on sale regularly, it would cost $1 a bottle. It was just bully the way they come up to that.

"I tell you my father-in-law was a schemer, he was. I expected to meet him or hear of him down here some where. After we'd get our money in, we'd blow it—oh, my! but we went on some awful drunks. He got so he wanted to go right down into the yellow fever country to sell the stuff. It'd been all right—we'd been selling yet, only he wasn't satisfied. He had to go making the medicine without any acid into it in the middle of the summer. Of course it soured, and we staid too long into one place. The bottles begun to blow up—pop went the corks. Luckily for us they was a cyclone hit that Arkansaw town when it did. It lifted our tent, just about the time visitors was expecting to come in on us. Me an' him was drunk when the tent come down, and we didn't know them men was coming, but a feller told us. We went down Black River into a skift—didn't have a bloody dollar, nor a bottle with us. Then we hit another town, and we built a boat out of packing boxes—rattiest cabin boat you ever saw. We was into that when that sleet storm come two years ago. The sleet got so heavy on the roof she capsized, and we had to go out on the bank. We was there all night, in that sleet without even our pants. I punched him, and then he'd punch me. Then we'd lie on our backs and hold our feet in the air, they was so burny with the ice on the ground—four miles from the nearest house—Law! Law! That was a night. Me and him parted soon after that. I worked south, and he hit for old Kaintuck. Gracious! there's a lumber camp! Let's make it! I'll raise a stake there!"

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Instructions for Life-Saving from Drowning.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are so many lives—about 1,200—lost every year by drowning in the United States that might be saved by a knowledge of how to act in cases of emergency, that we are constrained to request you to publish our summer bulletin of advice. First, do not go out in any pleasure boat of small or large dimensions without being assured that there are live-saving buoys or cushions aboard sufficient to float all on board in case of an upset or collision, or festooned with life-saving ropes.

Second, with a party, be sure you are all properly and satisfactorily seated before you leave the shore—particularly so with girls on board. Let no one attempt to exchange seats in mid-stream, or to put a foot on the edge or gunwale of the boat to change seats, or to rock the boat for fun. This, by rollicking young people, has upturned many a boat and lost very many lives every year. Where the waters become rough from a sudden squall or passing steamers never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, and keep cool until the rocking danger is past. If overturned, a woman's skirts, if held out by her extended arms, while she uses her feet as if climbing a stairs, will often hold her up while a boat may pull out from the shore and save her. A non-swimmer, by drawing his arms up to his sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair-climbing or treading water with his feet, may hold himself up several minutes, often when a single minute means his life, or throwing out the arms, dog fashion, forward overhand and pulling in, as if reaching for something—that may bring him help, may at least keep him afloat till help comes.

Third. In rescuing drowning persons, seize them by the hair or the collar, back of the neck; do not let them throw their arms around your neck or arms. If unmanageable, do not strike them, but let them drop under a moment until quiet, then tow them in to the shore. If unconscious, do not wait a moment for a doctor or an ambulance, but begin at once; first, get the tongue out and hold it by a handkerchief or towel to let the water out; get a buoy, box or barrel under the stomach, or hold them over your knee, head down, and jolt the water out, then turn them over side to side four or five times, then on the back, and with a pump movement keep their arms agoing from pit of stomach overhead to a straight out and back fourteen or sixteen times a minute until signs of returning life are shown. A bellows movement pressure on the stomach at the same time is a great aid if you have help. Of course you will at first loosen collar and all binding clothing. Let some one at once remove shoes and stockings, and at the same time rub the lower limbs with an upward movement from foot to knee, occasionally slapping the soles of the feet with the open hand. Working on these lines our volunteer life-savers have been successful after two hours' of incessant manipulation, but are generally successful inside of thirty minutes. Spirits of ammonia to the nostrils, or a feather tickling in the throat, often helps to quicken, but we rarely need anything more than the above mechanical means. Use no spirits internally until after breathing and circulation are restored, then a moderate use of stimulants or hot tea and a warm blanket or bed is of the first importance.

The U. S. Volunteer Life-Saving Corps has distributed several thousands of its illustrated "Rescue and Resuscitation Cards" through its life-saving members, and, per mail, it will furnish them to anyone on receipt of the cost of postage and mailing tube, five cents. But if any of your readers will cut out this article from your paper and study its instructions and carry it with them, they will be able to meet any emergencies that may occur upon the waters.

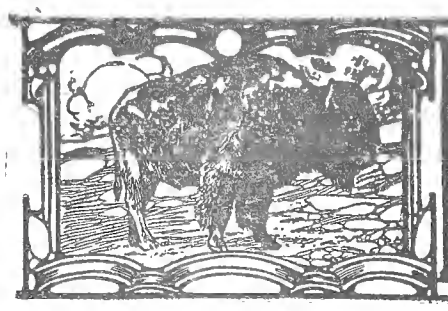
Whenever, in any State, or any waterways, where people gather for swimming or boating, three or more expert swimmers will form a volunteer live-saving crew, we will furnish them, free of expense to them, life-saving buoys and flags and signs to designate their station, and button and badges to denote their official positions, and also boats and medicine chests where needful, containing all remedies to resuscitate the drowning at half their cost.

For the Board, Very truly yours,

J. WESLEY JONES,

President and General Supt. of the U. S. V. L. S. C.

General offices, where all inquiries for information of life-saving work or information of life-saving crews in any State may be addressed, 63-65 Park Row, New York City.



NATURAL HISTORY



A Cute Curlew.

NEW YORK, July 10—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just come back from a hunting trip to the Rocky Mountains, and though I failed to get the bear I was looking for I had some good fishing, and saw a number of things that were of great interest to me. Among these was the nuptial strutting of the dusky grouse and of the fool hen, both of which performances were new to me. I was interested, too, by something told me by one of the natives who came into our camp one night, carrying a bird with him which he called a female willow grouse, the bird being a female dusky grouse. He dressed it at our camp, and I was sorry to see that it was full of eggs, one of them about ready to be laid. The man said that he had gone out to get a bird for a sick member of his family, had come upon this bird strutting on a log with dragging wings and expanded tail, and, supposing from its actions that it was a male, had killed it. He said that if he had known it to be a female he would not have shot it.

Coming back over the prairie we passed by many little ponds about which there were waterfowl of one sort and another, a few ducks, but many waders, and among them avocets and curlews.

We are all aware that many of the sandpipers, like some of the grouse, feign injury for the purpose of leading enemies away from their nests and young, and most of us, I think, at one time or another of our life have been deceived by these simulated injuries and have followed the parent, making its effort to draw us away from its young a successful one.

Not far from a pond which we passed, I saw a very large sickle bill curlew alight on the ground and stagger about, and then rising on the wing, take a short flight. As the bird flew, I noticed something moving on the ground near it, and at once recognized this animal as a kit fox, which was pursuing the bird. The bird took a short flight, and the fox made a swift rush after it, and as it lowered its flight, sprang into the air in the effort to seize it. The bird was a little too high for the fox, and seeming frightened by the attack scaled on a little further, and then once more came down nearly to the ground, and the fox again made a swift rush toward it, but before reaching it the bird fluttered forward once more and again escaped. This continued for a long distance, until finally the bird and the fox were quite a distance from me; so far, in fact, that I could not have told what either was. When they passed out of my sight the curlew was still coming down near to the ground every few yards, and the fox was still making rushes and trying to seize it. On the edge of the pond which we passed a few moments later, stood another curlew, apparently not interested in the proceedings at all. It seemed clear to me that the curlew was occupied in toling the fox away from its nest or its young, and certainly the bird appeared to succeed admirably and to be wholly deceiving the fox. J. J. W., JR.

Zoological Park's New Bird House

THE new bird house, which has just been opened in the New York Zoological Society's Park, is a beautiful building and admirably adapted to the uses for which it is intended. There are abundant room, light and air, the cages are large, and arrangements have been made to have the houses full of growing plants, so that the birds' surroundings will be very natural in appearance. The building consists of two large halls built in an L, one of which is sixty-five feet long by fifty feet wide, its greatest height being thirty-six feet. The roof is of ribbed glass, so that the building is really like a great conservatory, and when filled with the plants and vines, the effect will be very beautiful. There are no less than thirty-four large windows in the hall, besides which a large part of the roof can be raised at one end so that there will never be any lack of air. The exhibition cages which line the halls are very large, from nine to twelve feet in height and from four to eight feet square. Each is provided with a separate drinking cup and bathing basin fed by individual water pipes. The central perches are small trees.

In the middle of the great hall is a flying cage thirty-six feet long, fifteen feet wide and about twenty feet high. In it is a large bathing pool, fed by a fountain, the depth of the water varying from 1½ to 4 inches. Besides the indoor cages are nineteen outdoor cages in which the hardier birds may be kept all the year round. The total number of cages in the building is eighty. The mesh of the cage wire is as large as possible, consistent with the size of the birds confined in the cage, and wherever it is possible the wires are vertical and horizontal, thus interfering as little as possible with the spectators' view.

As in some of the other buildings at the Zoological Park, the doors of the cages are all at the back, and open into a keeper's passage which extends around the entire building. This arrangement adds much to the convenience of feeding and watering the birds and cleansing their cages, and enables the keepers to get at them without disturbing visitors who may be in front of them. Dumb-waiters running from the cellar carry supplies to the upper floors, and a tunnel leading from without into the cellar enables needed material to be brought by cart or wagon into the building, and refuse to be carted away without being seen. At the north end of the building is the Curator's office, and above this a glass roofed laboratory. At the south end of the building are rooms for keepers and for feed, and above these other rooms which may be used as hospitals or as breeding places.

Although the bird house already holds many interesting and beautiful birds there is yet room for many others. One of the large halls has been called the parrot room because it will be largely devoted to the most beautiful birds of this class,: yet it is not intended to attempt to bring together a very large series of parrots, which, however great their beauty, are so noisy as to make them disagreeable to many people.

An effort will be made to secure a large and typical collection of North American birds, and already Mr. Beebe has secured a very considerable representation of our more familiar birds. In one cage may be found such beautiful native species as the bobolink, the orchard and Baltimore orioles, the scarlet tanager, rose-breasted grosbeak, red-winged blackbird and others of our bright plumaged but familiar birds. Another is occupied by birds hatched this year but now of full size, such as robins, brown thrashers, catbirds and a number of other species familiar to all bird lovers.

The bright colored finches from Africa and other distant lands will, no doubt, attract more attention from the uninformed public than our own more soberly colored species, which, to many of us, are so interesting because more familiar, and because they are native birds. These old-world species are of all sizes and shapes and colors, and are so curious and beautiful that each one would well pay careful study. The beautiful Japanese robin, a relative of the English robin redbreast, but not of our robin, is one of the notable exotics here. Its soft gray plumage is charmingly variegated with red and yellow, and, unlike most birds of brilliant plumage, it has a beautiful song. Foreign birds are here in great numbers—all that we have heard of and many that we have never heard of before. The central flying cage is to be occupied by little ducks, among them our own teal, the garganey teal of Europe, a tree duck from the Philippine Islands, which is much like one of those that enters the United States from the south, a pair of young flamingos, terns, a skimmer or two, some rails and foreign gallinules. These terns have an odd and interesting history. Some years ago Mr. Beebe went south to visit certain bird rookeries on the Virginia coast and brought back with him a number of eggs of terns, gulls and skimmers. Some of these eggs, put in an incubator, hatched out, and the birds were reared by hand and now seem to be well and as contented as can be. The skimmer, with his curious bill, the under mandible of which projects three or four inches beyond the upper, has taught himself lessons of captivity and feeds here without difficulty.

In the bird house there are a great multitude of doves and pigeons, some of them no larger than a sparrow, others almost as large as a hen turkey—the crown pigeons. Some are dressed in the dullest, soberest gray, others—the fruit pigeons—brilliant with an iridiscence which shines like metal. The odd blood-breasted dove from Luzon, in the Philippines, bears in the midst of the white feathers of its breast a curious drop-shaped spot of deep crimson which fades away at the edges and looks precisely as if the feathers were stained with blood, so as to remind one a little bit of the old-time pictures of the pelican, which was supposed to nourish its young on blood drawn from its own breast. The plumed dove from northwestern Australia very closely resembles a quail in appearance and in habit. Its life is spent almost wholly on the ground.

Among the many recent arrivals of East Indian birds are two concave casque hornbills, singular for the size of their bills and heads, and for their general ungainliness.

Of birds interesting to sportsmen there are the francolins, pheasants, tinamous and the curious horned screamer. A pair of these birds are very striking. They stand high on the legs and except for feet and bill remind one somewhat of the geese to which they are allied. They are from South America. One species lives in the swamps and lagoons of Argentina. Though not web-footed they swim readily enough, and though rising from the ground slowly and with difficulty their powers of flight are great and they are fond of soaring in spiral circles to great heights, almost disappearing from sight. A curious characteristic of this bird is that its body seems to be covered under the skin by a thin layer of air which, when the skin is pressed, causes an odd crackling noise to be heard. From the loud cry which the birds utter they are called screamers, and some of them bearing on their wings strong sharp spurs or horns have been called horned screamers. When tamed and associating with domestic fowls they are said to be useful in protecting them from the attacks of hawks.

Far from the screamers, both in the zoological system and in the land which they inhabit, are a pair of black-footed penguins from the coast of South Africa. They are small birds, not larger than a duck, black above and chiefly white below, sitting and walking absolutely upright and holding their flippers—wings—a little out from their body. They walk with something of the waddle that may be seen in the gait of a man of extraordinary fatness. In diving for food they do not enter the water head first, but fall off the shelf or rock on which they are standing, striking the water on the breast and at once disappearing diagonally under it in search of food. The wings are the chief means of progression under the water, and little bubbles of air seem to rise constantly from the body. After coming up out of the water the birds shake themselves and erect their feathers, which, as they stand on end, look not in the least like feathers but like coarse hair. There is a curious similarity in actions and in appearance between these birds and the seals.

Over in the ostrich house are a number of other new and larger birds which are interesting. Of three cassowaries one is said to be from the extreme north cape of Australia, another from the Island of Ceram, near New Guinea; there are also two young emus from Australia, the first young ones, we believe, that the Society has had.

The cassowaries live in the forest and the emus in the open grassy plains. Both are large birds and yet they are very different in color and in general appearance. The emus are grayish, while the cassowary is almost black, with highly colored wattles on his neck and a tall helmet of horn covering the head. As in most of the birds in which the breast bone, or sternum, lacks a keel, the wing has almost disappeared in both birds, but on the other hand they are tremendously swift runners, and if cornered have a very good idea of defending themselves by means of their tremendously strong feet, the toes of which are armed with large hard claws which might deal a very serious wound.

Mr. Beebe, the Curator of birds at the Zoological Park, is devoted to his work and gives unending time and thought to the study of the collections in his keeping and to the improving of their condition. It is interesting to see that of the birds under his charge a considerable number seem to know him, and on his appearance to hurry to the bars of the cages in the hope that they may receive a word or a touch of attention. Much may be hoped for in the way of an increased knowledge of our birds when the time shall come for breeding the species confined here. This will be one of the matters undertaken when the work of the Park is further advanced. There is here a wide field for investigation and study.

Fooling a Fox.

HAMAR, Norway.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in the FOREST AND STREAM a short time ago on "The Imitation of Animal Sounds," reminds me of an experience I had some three years ago with a fox.

It was early in the spring, one evening about dusk, I was sitting by a clearing in the woods waiting for the flight of woodcock, when suddenly I heard the short bark of a fox a short distance off. I slipped into the gun the two B.B. cartridges which I always have along when hunting, and waited for him to appear. He seemed to be passing by, however, when the thought struck me to try and fool the cute fellow. Stooping underneath a pine I did my best to imitate the death cry of a hare, repeating it two or three times, and ending with a despairing wail.

The barking had stopped and everything was still and silent until I commenced to think the trick was not going to work, when I caught sight of the fox sneaking along the edge of the clearing, and when right opposite me he came out into the open and sat down within twenty yards, looking around as though to say, "Where the deuce is that hare?" I watched him for a while, and he seemed completely unconscious of danger until the gun ended his chicken stealing days forever.

It was an old dog fox, and the skin about worthless, but it makes me grin yet to think how completely fooled he was. CHR. G.

In the Pittsburg Zoo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN the Highland Park Zoo Pittsburg has probably one of the finest public zoological gardens west of New York, and the city authorities are adding to it every summer. The thousands of visitors that take in the show every Sunday were given an exhibition on last Sunday that was not down on the bills. The two polar bears began a fight and kept it up for ten minutes, tearing each other, while the keepers dare not go near them to separate them. At last the smaller of the two bears whipped his big brother, who returned to his cage, refusing to be seen again all day. The park is doing its share to prevent the buffalo from becoming extinct. They have three buffalo in it now, and Howard Eaton, an old Pittsburg man, who has a ranch at Medora, N. D., has given them two more, a bull and a cow, that are expected to arrive every day now. CABIA BLANCO.

Elk Antlers in Growth.

AT A social meeting of the Royal Society, recently held at the rooms of the Society, Burlington House, London, Mr. H. Irving showed an interesting series of photographs of deer antlers. The animal chosen for photography was a full-grown elk or wapiti. The first picture showed the animal on the second day after he had cast his antlers; and every two weeks thereafter, during the four months of the antlers' growth, pictures were taken. One of the last pictures shows the velvet hanging from the horns in strips, and the last of all shows them clean, hard and white.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
346 Broadway, New York.

Please send me.....FOREST AND STREAM Coin Cards to distribute to friends.

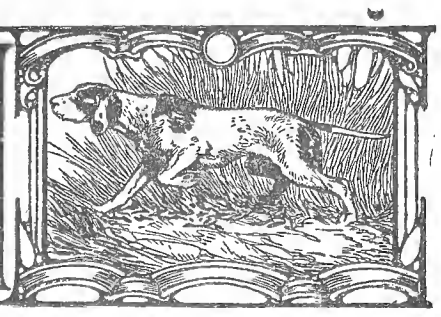
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GAME BAG AND GUN



A Kangaroo Hunt.

BUT a short time after my arrival in Melbourne, Australia, I fortunately made the acquaintance of a party who owned a sheep run, at the foot of the Australian Alps. So soon as he discovered my love for field sports he gave me a cordial invitation to accompany him, on his return home, and enjoy a kangaroo hunt, which he would get up for my delectation. I promptly accepted his kind offer and impatiently waited until he had finished the details of selling his crop of wool and purchasing supplies for his run, to last for the ensuing twelve months. In a few days we started with the wagons, filled with provender, etc., and passed in the vicinity of the famous Fern Tree Gully. We camped over night but a short distance from this noted locality, and my host and self cantered through the whole of it. I had seen and admired a number of these trees, in the public squares of Melbourne, but the conglomeration of them at this far-famed locality fairly astounded me. About noon on the following day we passed a small wayside tavern where I had my first interview with the white-backed piping crow. The landlord had a pet one, which flew about the premises, and when its master called it it perched on his shoulder, while he walked out into an adjoining inclosure, where he sprinkled several handfuls of grain. The crow immediately fluttered off to the fence and began to call for the members of its species, which dwelt in the neighborhood. In a very short time quite a large flock had assembled which quickly devoured the grain, while the pet showed his gratification by sundry highly pitched notes, resumed his perch on his owner's shoulder, and accompanied him back to the house. Singular to relate, but a short time subsequently, while passing along the streets of Sydney one evening, I caught the sound of something whistling "Sherman's March Through Georgia," and tracing it to a barroom I entered, and at the cost of a glass of ale, learned from the bar-maid that several years previously a panorama of the American war had been exhibited in the city, and the music caught the town and very naturally nearly every one was whistling it, consequently the pet white-backed piping crow caught the tune and had whistled it regularly ever since.

The sheep run was located at the foot of the Australian Alps, along the slopes of which it was my host's intention to introduce me into the process of kangaroo hunting. His first movement was to dispatch several of the natives in his employ to hunt up a posse of their fellow countrymen to serve as beaters, and as this would take several days, he proposed that I should go with him on one of his customary visits to one of his shepherds on an outlying run. We accompanied the wagon, which took out stores to last for several weeks. On our arrival I was surprised to find that the shepherd's sole companions were the collies, which assisted him in the care of the flock. His abode consisted of a small shanty, which could be lifted on to a wagon and moved as the occasion required. The intelligence of the collies was amazing. They seemed to know just what was expected of them and attended to the care of the flocks with all the skill and judgment of a human being. Finding everything in good order we made but a short stay with the shepherd, and hurried back to headquarters, anxious to commence our foray on the kangaroos.

The morning after our return the native contingent began to arrive, and by nightfall the entire posse, numbering about fifty, put in an appearance, consequently early in the forenoon of the following day we started to climb the slopes of the mountains, and by noon arrived in the vicinity of our game, as war scouts, who kept a small distance in advance, hurried back and reported to us. A temporary camp was formed and all the preparations completed for a foray early on the following morning.

We were away betimes, going directly up the ascending land for about a couple of miles, when we turned sharply to the right, and after proceeding some little distance secreted ourselves in the undergrowth and feverishly awaited the appearance of the game, which would be driven in our direction by the natives, who were slowly advancing in a semi-circular cordon, thus forcing the animals into our immediate neighborhood. My host and myself were located some distance apart, and the scheme was to compel a greater portion of the game to pass through the space between us. I had impatiently awaited its appearance for some time, when my attention was caught by a flash of brownish color, but a short distance to my right, and I was taken by surprise by the appearance of a pair of lyre birds, busily engaged in scraping quite a depression in the ground, similar to those formed by our common barnyard fowls. My attention was so completely fixed by the actions of the birds that I became oblivious to my original purpose, when I was startled by a continuous thumping approaching in my direction, which caused a responsive action under my ribs and frightened the birds, so that they immediately disappeared. Instantly becoming watchful, I did not have long to wait before I spied a small group of kangaroos, which were evidently the advance guard of the throng, bounding along in full sight, but too far away to insure a sure shot.

In spite of my anxiety to begin a fusillade I concluded to wait for an opportunity which would insure a successful termination. I did not have to remain quiet but a very short time before my locality became fairly alive with fleeing marsupials. Fortunately for me, my host got in the first shot, which caused the throng of thoroughly frightened animals to swerve in my direction, giving me an excellent opportunity to single out a sure shot, about every time that I pulled the trigger. By making a firm stand against what I thought were precarious shots, I pulled the trigger six times, while the game were flying past me, and managed to gather up three red and two great kangaroos, as the result of my broadside. I had just finished dragging my game into a heap and was congratulating myself on my good fortune when my companion put in an appearance, accompanied by three natives, carrying one red and two great kangaroos, which made his bag. In a short time a number of other natives joined us, who shouldered my portion of the game and we tramped back to our camp much pleased with the result of our sport.

After our return I was entertained by an exhibition of boomerang throwing by the natives, and completely taken aback by the dexterity of a young colonist, who far exceeded the aborigines in the dexterous handling of this singular weapon. At his request I stood alongside of him while he cast one from him, and was forced to make an expeditious side movement in order to escape being struck by it on its whizzing return.

The next morning we moved our camp several miles along the foot of the hills and started the scouts out to hunt up a fresh instalment of game. Early in the afternoon two of them returned and reported the discovery of an emu's nest but a comparatively short distance away, and I accompanied them to it, not for the purpose of plunder but simply to make an examination of it and its surroundings. On our near approach the male bird sprang up from the nest and ran away, thus verifying what I had read, that the male performs the duties of incubation. After closely inspecting the nest, which contained eleven dark green eggs, without disturbing it or its surroundings, we withdrew and left the male to resume his assumed duties.

On our return to camp we found that a majority of the scouts had returned and reported that there was a strong probability of making a good drive on the following morning, as they had found quite a number of indications of game in the neighborhood, besides seeing several speciments.

We hurried off early the next day to the blinds, which had been selected for our concealment on the previous day, and anxiously waited for the appearance of the kangaroos. My patience was not severely tested, as in a short time a batch of black wallabys put in an appearance and gave me an opportunity of getting four shots, three of which were successful. Making so good a beginning caused me to imagine that I would make a heavy bag during the drive, but I was much mistaken, as my volley frightened the game off in the direction of my friend, and I only succeeded in dropping one great kangaroo during the remainder of the drive. I had just finished gathering up my game when my friend turned up with four great kangaroos and one black wallaby as his booty, and we returned to camp thoroughly satisfied with the result of our hunt.

The next day saw us at the homestead and I began to make preparations for my return to Melbourne when my host informed me that on the following morning he would furnish me with an interview with a duck bill (*Ornithorhyncas paradoxurus*) as the finale of my visit. No one but a natural history enthusiast can imagine my feelings at this announcement, and I freely acknowledge that for the remainder of the day my actions would have convinced anyone that I was somewhat mentally unbalanced. After spending a restless night we started early the next morning on about a mile's ride in order to reach a small creek which was the habitat of the duck bill. A brisk canter soon brought us within about a hundred yards of the spot frequented by the animal, when we dismounted, tied our steeds to some overhanging branches, and stealthily crawled down the banks of the rivulet until we reached a screen, which was formed by weaving together the foliage of numerous living shrubs. Hastily handing me his binoculars and pointing out the nook where the animal usually made its first appearance, my friend wished me success and hurried away leaving me in a somewhat discomposed state. Hastily bracing up I leveled the glasses on the nook and impatiently awaited developments. In a short time there was a series of small ripples and a pair of maudibles gradually appeared followed by the body of the animal, which seemed about eighteen inches in length and of a dark brown color. It immediately began dabbling with its bill along the muddy margin of the stream, evidently in search of aquatic insects, until it approached within about thirty feet of me, when an incautious movement on my part caused an immediate disappearance of the animal, much to my annoyance and sorrow. After waiting for some time for the reappearance of the frightened animal I gave up my vigil in despair and hurried back to my friend, breakfasted, bade him farewell, and started for Melbourne much pleased with my trip.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

AN amusing anecdote illustrating Chinese politeness is told in "Chinese Life in Town and Country," recently published by the Putnams: "A Chinaman, wearing his finest gown of silk, called at a house where he happened to disturb a rat which was regaling itself out of a jar of oil standing on a beam over the door. In its flight the rat upset the oil upon the visitor, ruining his fine raiment. When the host appeared the visitor suppressed his rage and said: 'As I was entering your honorable dwelling, I frightened your honorable rat, and while it was trying to escape it upset your honorable jar of oil over my poor and insignificant clothing. This explains the contemptible condition in which I find myself in your honorable presence.'"

"OH yes, he's quite an enthusiast. He goes in for things in real earnest."

"Yes, if some one were to send him on a wild goose chase he'd speak of himself afterwards as a sportsman."—Philadelphia Press.

Game Protection.

THE Year Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1904, which has just come from the Government Printing Office, contains a review of game protection in 1904, by Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the Biological Survey. Of the game law decisions of the year, he writes:

"Rarely, if ever, have so many important questions in game protection been decided in a single year as in 1904. Eleven game decisions of more or less general interest were rendered by the higher courts in Arkansas, California, Colorado, Georgia, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska and New York. In Arkansas the provision absolutely prohibiting non-residents from hunting in the State was held by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional in so far as it interfered with land owners hunting on their own premises (State v. Mallory, 83 S. W., 955). In Illinois an equally important license decision was rendered by the Supreme Court of Illinois in the case of Cummings v. The People (71 N. E., 1031). In this decision the right of the State to discriminate against non-residents was also sustained, and in addition it was decided that lands owned or rented as game preserves were not farm lands in the meaning of the law, and hence owners and tenants were not entitled to hunt without a license. The Colorado decision (Hornbeke v. White, 76 Pac., 926) upheld the constitutionality of the game law of 1899. This case, the first game case in the State ever carried to the Court of Appeals, involved the possession of 300 deer hides, and resulted in a vindication of the authority of the State to maintain its title in the game and to prescribe the conditions under which game should be killed or held in possession.

"Two important decisions were handed down in Minnesota, one sustaining the right to prevent trespass on private land used as a duck pass (L. Realty Co. v. Johnson, 100 N. W., 94), the other considering the question of excessive fines (State v. Poole, 100 N. W., 647). In the latter decision a fine of $10 to $25 for each bird illegally in possession was held to be not excessive, even though the minimum fine for the possession of 2,000 ducks would amount to $20,000.

"The Supreme Court of Nebraska likewise handed down two game decisions, one holding, among other things, that a fine of $5 for each prairie chicken unlawfully in possession was not excessive (McMahon v. State, 97 N. W., 1035), the other that the provision of the game law authorizing confiscation of guns and other hunting paraphernalia was unconstitutional in so far as it permitted such property to be confiscated without due process of law. (McConnell v. McKillip, 99 N. W., 505.)

"Two adverse decisions were rendered in New York, one by the appellate division of the Supreme Court in a case involving the possession of thirty-six snow buntings (The People v. Cohen, 86 N. Y. Supp., 475), and the other by the Court of Appeals, finally dismissing the case against the Arctic Freezing Company (The People v. Bootman, 66 N. E., 1113). The latter had been before the courts since 1901 and had attracted widespread attention on account of the large fines involved. The main question at issue was whether the State law applied to game imported from other States. The court held that, although the law in force at the time the seizure was made did not apply to imported game, nevertheless it was competent for the State to enact such a law. This has already been done in chapter 141 of the acts of 1902.

"During the calendar year 330 mammals and 271,342 birds were imported into the United States under permit. Among the mammals were eleven beaver from Canada and 106 squirrels from Europe. Of the birds 232,617 were canaries, 942 pheasants, 3,568 quail, 1,043 other game birds, and 33,172 miscellaneous species. Among the last-mentioned species were several from India seldom brought to the United States, a horned screamer and several other rare species from South America, and a Somali ostrich (*Struthio molydophanes*), the first ever brought to this country. Two shipments of fifty Madagascar weavers (*Foudia madagascariensis*) are also of interest, as they belong to a species which might become injurious should it once gain a foothold in this country.

"Several entries, both of eggs and birds, show the progress of efforts to stock covers with foreign game birds, chiefly pheasants, partridges, quail, capercailzie and black grouse. The total number of eggs imported was 2,858, of which about 660 were those of partridges and the remainder those of pheasants. Among the consignments of game birds was one containing 192 Hungarian partridges, destined for South Carolina. In spite of repeated attempts, the introduction of the European partridge into the United States has not yet been satisfactorily accomplished, and experiments with eggs are not more successful than with birds, less than 50 per cent. of those imported in 1904 having hatched. The importation of Chinese quail for market purposes in California was practically stopped early in the year by the enforcement of a provision in the State law prohibiting the sale of these birds. Two shipments of Mexican quail, one for California, the other for Bowling Green, Ky., also deserve mention. By far the most interesting game birds imported, however, were about 100 capercailzie and twenty-five black grouse. These birds were liberated on Grand Island, Mich., which a private corporation is converting into an important game preserve. This experiment marks a notable step in the introduction of the capercailzie into America, and its result will be watched with even greater interest than that made by the Fish and Game Commission of Ontario in 1903.

"The interest in private preserves continues to increase in all sections of the country. The record of the year shows the establishment of at least twenty-five private preserves in a dozen or more States. In California, par-

ticularly, ducking grounds are in great demand, and the number of preserves has increased rapidly in recent years. In southern California, where suitable grounds are scarce, artificial ponds have been constructed and lands overflowed in some cases to make conditions more attractive to the birds.

"The movement toward establishing State game refuges and parks received added impetus in several Eastern States. In Indiana the forest reserve at Henryville was stocked with Mongolian pheasants. In Minnesota some 20,000 acres of land in St. Louis county north of Lake Superior were given to the State by act of Congress of April 28, 1904. This reservation, while primarily for experimental forestry, may in time become a forest, fish and game preserve. In New York the Legislature fixed the boundaries of the Catskill Park and set aside all lands now owned by the State within these limits. In pursuance of the policy of restocking the Adirondack Park, it made an appropriation of $500 for the purchase of beaver, and seven of these animals were obtained as a nucleus for future colonies. Better success is anticipated than in the case of the moose, which have already disappeared, although liberated only a year or two ago. The herd of twenty-two elk introduced in 1901 has increased to about 200.

"Progress in the mtater of Federal game refuges was quite as marked as that in the case of State parks. On Pelican Island Reservation, Florida, established in 1903, conditions were unusual. The pelicans arrived at the reservation early in the season and began to nest on two small flats adjoining the main island, but in February a storm destroyed many of the eggs and young, and the birds left the reservation early in the spring. In November, however, they returned in considerable numbers and began nesting as usual on the main island, where they are guarded by a warden and are protected by the State law. A second small reservation comprising Breton, Old Harbor and Free Mason islands, off the coast of Louisiana near the mouth of the Mississippi River, was set aside by order of the President on Oct. 4, 1904, as a game refuge and breeding ground for birds. Large numbers of ducks resort to these islands in winter and certain species of terns breed there in spring and summer. A bill to create a game refuge in the Wichita Forest Reserve was favorably reported by the Committee on Public Lands of Congress and passed the House of Representatives on Dec. 12. A few weeks later it passed the Senate, and on Jan. 24, 1905, became a law. This is the largest game refuge of the kind in the United States. When the general bill authorizing the President to establish game refuges which has been pending before Congress for two years or more is finally passed, similar refuges will undoubtedly be established in other forest reserves in the West."

The California Bear Lingers.

According to the newspapers, July 4 last was the hottest day experienced in San Francisco in thirty-four years. The hot wave got here from the Golden Gate yesterday, the thermometer reaching 120 degrees Fahrenheit at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It declined rapidly after sun-down, however, and between midnight and break-o'-day of this morning, it was necessary to cover with woolen blankets! That's one beauty about this climate—no matter how hot it gets in the day time—the nights get so cool that refreshing sleep can always be indulged in, and one arises recuperated. Snow banks are in sight on the peaks 2,000 feet higher than the camp. Our Fourth of July lemonade was cooled by snow from one such a bank. And by the way consider a Fourth of July dinner in the high altitudes of the Sierra Nevadas, the menu of which included roast spring lamb, broiled mountain trout, boiled new potatoes, young onions, mulled claret, white strawberries, ice cream, black coffee, Grenoble walnuts (California grown), cigars!

On Monday I started on a horseback trip to Gold Lake and Gold Valley, going by way of Gibraltar (note the nomenclature), Poker Flat, Deadwood, Solomon's Temple, Monte Cristo, Fir Cap, etc. Most of this is a high, wild, rough country where the bears count more in the population than do the human animals. I have lost no bear, however, and if any exciting ventures crop out from the trip, they will not be of my creation or seeking.

Speaking of bears—that reminds me that that is about the only big game left in some large portions of California. In the past fifteen months I have traveled over a considerable area of Butte, Nevada, Plumas and Sierra counties, and what struck me most forcibly was the almost total absence of game except bear. Bear, if anything are getting more numerous, bruin being almost common, while deer, once very plentiful in the ridges and ravines of the region named, are quite scarce. But of this I may write in more detail some time in the future. At present I am on a mineral campaign, but look forward on its completion, to a season on the beach, sniffing the briny breezes of the Pacific and subsisting on pompano, stuffed artichokes and alligator pears. That's my dream of the future.

For the now, it is the strenuous life of the mountains (including encounters with woodticks, mosquitoes, fleas, gnats, buck-flies, etc.), with a big share of the simple life in the way of bacon and beans for sustenance, because there will not be much time for hunting or fishing before the autumnal equinoctial storms drive me out of the mountains. WM. FITZMUGGINS.

Propagating Quail.

BOSTON, July 16.—In a recent letter I spoke of the efforts of Mr. Louis E. Morse, of North Attleboro, in breeding quail. He has considerately written me giving details. He hatched thirty-three chicks and raised ten to full-grown birds. Seven of these through carelessness escaped. He made the mistake of putting broods of different ages together and the older ones killed the younger ones. Thus fifteen of the thirty-three were lost otherwise than by natural death. He says he considers them very hardy birds and comparatively easy to raise.

"If I can raise ten," he says, "it proves it can be done." He has turned over to the State the three birds he had left. Considering the fact that he was almost a green hand at it he thinks the result very encouraging, and expresses the hope that the State will some day be able to hatch all it needs to keep the covers well stocked. The writer hopes he may hear from others who have facts touching the breeding of quail.

Mr. Morse writes that deer are quite plentiful in his section, as many as eight having been seen within a month. He had the pleasure of seeing a fawn two weeks ago, which stood for more than five minutes and watched the automobile go by on the State road. A short time ago a doe became entangled in a wire fence and was killed in Malden. A gentleman residing in West Newton reports seeing a deer there recently. One has, in fact, been klled by a train within the limits of Boston. This occurred last week in West Roxbury. There is no question that deer are multiplying quite rapidly in all sections of the State.

Mr. George M. Poland, of Wakefield, tells me that a young man in his town a few days ago came upon a brood of ten young partridges within a short distance of the village. Many similar reports seem to indicate that this has been a very good breeding season and gives promise of a good number of partridges in the covers the coming fall. About the quail there is more uncertainty. There are, doubtless, more in the State than there were a year ago at this time from the fact last winter was less severe than that of 1903-4. No one, however, expects to find them numerous this season. CENTRAL.



The Tarpon.

DR. THEODORE GILL prints in the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collection, a paper on "The Tarpon and Lady-Fish and Their Relatives." The family of Elopids, to which these belong, is, says Dr. Gill, one of the most remarkable of the families of fishes, yet comparatively little is known of the habits of any of the species. "Very much has been written about the tarpon, but most of it has been of a personal or subjective nature and not about the fish itself." The family of the elopids has four living species, which belong to two very distinct groups, which are usually considered the only genera—*Elops* and *Megalops*. The genus *Elops* contain two species, the wide-ranging *Elops saurus,* and the localized *Elops lacerta,* of the Congo and western Africa.

"The *Elops saurus* is common in the open sea along the coast of the southern United States, and is best known as the ten-pounder, though it has received many other names. The accepted name was current at least as early as the seventeenth century, for Dampier, in his 'Voyages to the Bay of Campeachy,' for 1676 records (p. 71) 'ten-pounders' among the fishes (including tarpons, parricootas, etc.) he found in 'the lagunes, creeks and rivers.' 'Ten-pounders,' he adds, 'are shaped like mullets, but are so full of very small stiff bones, intermixt with the flesh that you can hardly eat them.'"

Of the genus *Megalops* two very distinct forms are known—so distinct indeed that they have been referred to different genera— the *Megalops cyprinoides* of the Indian Ocean and northern Australia, and the *Megalops atlanticus* or celebrated tarpon of America.

We quote Dr. Gill's description of the tarpon:

The tarpon (*Megalops atlanticus*) has an elongated fusiform shape; the forehead slightly incurved (rather than straight) to the snout; the chin projects and is obliquely truncated; the dorsal (with twelve rays) is on the posterior half of the body, nearly midway between the ventrals and anal; its free margin is very sloping and incurved and its long hind ray reaches nearly to the vertical of the anal; the anal (with twenty rays) is about twice as long as the dorsal and falciform; the caudal fin has a very wide V-shaped emargination. The scales are in about forty-two oblique rows. It reaches a length of about six feet—sometimes more.

The oldest form of the name seems to have been tarpon; such is the guise it has in Dampier's "Voyages to the Bay of Campeachy" in 1675, and in Roman's "Concise Natural History of Florida" (1775). Dampier found that "the fish which they take near the shore with their nets are snooks, dogfish and sometimes tarpon. The tarpon," he says, "is a large scaly fish, shaped much like a salmon, but somewhat flatter. 'Tis of a dull silver color, with scales as big as a half-crown. A large tarpon will weigh 25 or 30 pounds. 'Tis good, sweet, wholesome meat, and the flesh solid and firm. In its belly you shall find two large scallops of fat, weighing two or three pounds each. I never," continues Dampier, "knew any taken with hook or line; but are either with nets, or by striking them with harpoons, at which the Moskito-men are very expert." Such are the ideas of the fish gained by Dampier in its southern resorts. How different they are from those now prevalent in the United States will appear hereafter.

The name in most general use is tarpon and this may be considered to be the literary and accepted phase. *Tarpum* was also an early form, but is now obsolete. Along the Texan coast *Savanilla* is still in general use, but is gradually being superseded by tarpon on account of the influence of anglers. The apt descriptive name *Grande-écaille* (pronounced grandykye and meaning large-scale) was given by the French settlers of Louisiana. Other names of still more limited use are silver-fish (Pensacola), and jewfish (Georgia and parts of Florida). Jewfish it shares with many other fishes, and another fish of Florida, a gigantic Serranid, is better known by the term. Silver-king is a euphemistic designation. Caffum is a name current in the island of Barbados.

The tarpon may be briefly defined as a littoral fish of warm American seas often entering into rivers and acclimated in some inland lakes.

The boating excursionist along some favored shore of Florida or Texas during the spring and summer months at least—perhaps during all but the winter months—may be startled by the sudden projection from the water of a silver-like mass, which, after describing a low arch, will splash into the water again at a distance of maybe twenty feet from the starting point; that mass is the tarpon, or the "silver-king." Florida and Texas are the States in whose waters the fish is most frequently seen, because there most looked for, but its range extends far beyond those coasts in all directions. In summer wanderers visit the north as far as Massachusetts, where large individuals of the "big-scale fish," as they are there called, are "taken every year in traps at South Dartmouth" in the "latter part of September"; southward they may be found in Brazil and sporadically in Argentina. Around all the islands of and in the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico schools may be met with. Further, immigrants have found their way into rivers that enter into the tropical seas, and the Lake of Nicaragua has long been famous as the home of the species.

Being essentially a warm water fish, it is only in the warm months that the tarpon is to be found at its northern and southern limits. On the approach of cold weather it retires toward the tropics. Along the southern Floridian coasts some "appear in February, increasing rapidly in numbers in March, April and May"; in Texas, "early in March." At first they refuse the bait but "during the latter part of May and in June" bite freely. "About the first of December" they "disappear entirely" from the Texan waters. In the tropical seas they may be found always, and about Tampico, in Mexico, their "season is from Nov. 1 to April, the time when the tarpon practically disappears from Florida and Texas."

The tarpon is sensitive to sudden changes of temperature and especially to cold, and to such changes it is sometimes subject in its northern range. During a cold wave which invaded Florida toward the end of January (26-27) 1905, according to a letter of E. J. Brown in FOREST AND STREAM, "the tarpon especially were affected by the cold." There were brought to "Lemon City between forty and fifty tarpon which had been so benumbed by the cold as to be easily speared by parties who were searching for them. The largest fish was in length seven feet one and three-quarters inches, girth thirty-nine and three-quarters inches, weight 194 pounds. Several others were nearly this size. * * * The tarpon were salted, to be sent to Key West market, where there is a ready demand for them."

That the tarpon is a most active fish may be inferred from its form, which is especially adapted for swift and enduring action. Its life is spent in the enjoyment of its power and in pursuit of food; a carnivorous fish, it preys "eagerly upon schools of young fry, or any small fish that it is able to receive into its mouth, and in pursuit of which it ascends fresh water rivers quite a long distance." The schools of mullets contribute largely to the great fish's supply. Such it attacks by darting upon them and generally seizing them tail foremost. Its frequent leaps into the air, like those of the salmon, seem to be mostly in sportive manifestation of its intense vitality and not for food or entirely from fear. C. F. Holder tells that one leaping tarpon "fell headlong" into a "boat, passing through the bottom"; that another leaped over man and boat; and that still another sprung up to the "deck of a steamer" and "fell headlong into a passenger's lap." Other wonderful tales are told of the activity of the tarpon. According to Holder (at second hand from another), a fish made an "initial leap of twelve feet" and followed this up "with six leaps all equally high." The same observer believed that "the ordinary height a tarpon leaps is from seven to eight feet." While leaping, its gill-covers are frequently spread out and its blood-red gills visible. Withal it sometimes goes into very shallow water and seeks out a quiet nook in which it may rest, "perfectly stationary," for quite a long time.

The life history is very imperfectly known, but it does not appear to breed at any place along the continental coast of the United States, for none except large individuals have been recorded from those places most resorted to by anglers. For a very long time one of 30 pounds weight was the smallest obtained in Florida and one of 11 pounds in Texas. It apparently demands a temperature and conditions which the reef-forming coral animals require and sheltered brackish or fresh water for oviposition. In such localities about Porto Rico, in February, 1899, Evermann and Marsh found not eggs, but very young, and there "it evidently breeds." Thirteen fry, "2.25 to 3.25 inches" long, were collected at Fajardo; at Hucares, "in the corner of a mangrove swamp" in "a small brackish pool of dark colored water," "entirely separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, four from 7.5 to 11.5 inches long were seined." The smallest previously known was about nine inches long. All these are probably the young of the first year.

The very young or larvæ will doubtless be found to be,

like those of Elops and Albula, elongate ribbon-like animals of translucent and colorless texture, with a very small head and small fins. They are probably so transparent that their eyes alone are apparent in the water unless a very close examination is made. The youngest of the specimens (2.25 inches long) observed by Evermann and Marsh, were probably not long before developed from the larval condition. Such are the little fishes to be looked for as the very young of the great tarpon.

Most of the large tarpons caught along the coasts of Florida and the Southern States have attained full maturity; of such the length is about six feet, and the weight approximates 100 pounds; they are probably nearly or over three years old. Growth, however, is continued in some much beyond the average, one of 383 pounds, it is claimed, having been harpooned.

"The silver-king is the greatest of game fishes." So declare Evermann and Marsh, and they echo the belief of many. Volumes and countless articles in periodicals have been devoted to detail of its excellencies. Its activity and gameness are proportioned to its size. The northern salmon affords tame sport compared with the "silver-king." Those of the average full-grown size (six feet long and 100 pounds in weight) are caught in numbers with the rod and line; one weighing 223 pounds closes for the time the record of feats with the rod, and it took the captor "three hours and a half before it was brought to gaff."

The tarpon is now considered to have little or no edible value. It has, indeed, been declared by Schomburgk to be "considered a delicate eating" in Barbados, and in the United States has been experimented with occasionally; one (W. H. Burrall) who did so in 1874, declared (in FOREST AND STREAM, II., p. 324) that it was very palatable, but his taste was exceptional. It has been frequently tried since but rejected for the table. An effort was made on one or two occasions in Massachusetts when considerable numbers had been caught, "to find a market for them," as at New Bedford, "but the people did not like them, owing to the toughness of the flesh."

Holder's negro oarsman aptly replied to the suggestion that it was "the finest looking fish in the world." "Yes, Sa, hit looks fine, so does hay. I'd rather eat hay dan tarpon, yes, Suh, I would." It is truly, as Holder remarks, almost the only great game fish "which is utterly scorned as a food fish." Dampier's opinion, expressed in 1675, and that of some Barbadians, has not been adopted by modern gourmands. It is "full of numerous small bones, which is a great inconvenience," says Schomburgk. In almost all cases where it has given anything like satistion the fish was of small size, and the truth may be that small ones are tender and savory but large ones coarse and tough, like overgrown individuals of other species. The results of unprejudiced judgment are still wanting.

It may be recalled here, however, that the Indian congener of the tarpon, the ox-eye (*Megalops cyprinoides*) is, according to Saville Kent, as well as others, "highly esteemed for food," and in the Malay archipelago, where it likewise abounds, it is cultivated in tanks after the same manner as the milkfish, *Chanos salmoneus*.

Far from being sought by the fisherman for the market, the tarpon is detested by him. "The Pensaeola seine fishermen dread it while dragging their seines, for they have known of persons having been klled or severely wounded by its leaping against them from the seine in which it was inclosed. Even when it does not jump over the cork line of the seine, it is quite likely to break through the netting before landing." Nevertheless, even a dead tarpon yields some compensation for the trouble he gives. There is quite a demand for its great beautifully silvered scales, some of which may be as large as a lady's palm. They find customers who are willing to pay as high as from five to twenty-five cents apiece, and they are made up in various ways to attract the winter visitors to Florida.

A species congeneric with the tarpon, but not very closely related, is the *Megalops cyprinoides* which, indeed is the type of the genus. It is a less slender fish and the outline of the back and head is different from that of the tarpon; further, the dorsal fin is not so far backward, that fin and the anal have more rays (dorsal, 19 to 21; anal, 24 to 27), and the proportions of all the fins are more or less different. The size, also, is never so great as in the giant tarpons, for it rarely, if ever, attains to a length of more than five feet.

Like the tarpon, the Asiatic fish readily accommodates itself to fresh water. According to H. S. Thomas (1897), in India "they acclimatize very readily to fresh water, and grow fast," and also breed, he was told, "in ponds." The natives, too, "are fond of keeping them in ponds."

They are more prone to associate in schools or shoals—that is, close together like herring—than the tarpon, especially when young. Thomas came "across them coming up an estuary in a shoal, and it was like hauling in mackerel; and they run about the same size. There was a fish on as fast as ever you could get your line in the water. But the fun was very short-lived. It was in midstream, and they were all past the boat in a very little time." Thomas took them "on a May-fly and a Carnatic Carp-fly." In "thirty minutes," "on a light trout-rod," he "took six of three-quarters of a pound each, lost four among weeds, and had one fly bitten off. Some of them sprang a foot in the air, and all fought well."

The fame of the tarpon has, in recent years, been reflected on its eastern relative and the lesser species has found advocates for its pursuit as a game fish. "Enthusiastic anglers disposed to initiate" angling for it as for the American fish are referred by T. Saville Kent (1897) to the Badminton Magazine for 1895 for information. "There can be no doubt, in the writer's opinion," that the Australian fish, popularly known as the ox-eye herring, possesses "the most conspicuous potentialities for sport," and "would yield equally exciting sport on the same lines." Unlike its American relative, too, there might be the after satisfaction of seeing it on the table for, according to Kent, the ox-eye affords "most excellent eating." In India, it is raised to some extent for the table in tanks.

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Newfoundland Notes.

AMERICAN anglers have been arriving at various points along the railway line during the last two weeks. The fishing reports received indicate that the sport is very good among the ordinary sportsmen who arrive—we get the usual mixed assortment. Some of them are disappointed if the fish do not leap into their baskets, others are pleased if they get an odd salmon or grilse or a creel of sea trout. There is still another class who imagine they have prescriptive right to certain pools and resent as an intrusion the advent of other sportsmen to interfere with them. We have been cursed for years with this class. They have the idea that the rivers and barrens are a private preserve and that they themselves ought to have exclusive rights. Still they do not pay one cent for licenses, rentals or individual advantages of any kind, and yet they talk and write a lot of rubbish about the fishing deteriorating and look askance at others who have just as much right as they have, and profess to regard them as trespassers. And, as a rule, these are the men who haggle with the guides over a few cents, or the remnants of the canned provisions. A worthy British General now gathered to his fathers, came regularly for years, and had the very best pools for his own exclusive rod. A couple of years ago he caught on the Upper Humber 300 salmon and grilse, and yet he decried the sport in the British sporting journals. He positively became indignant when some other sportsman "trespassed" on the pool that he had come to regard as his own personal preserve. According to the Western Star, a newspaper published in the midst of the fishing country, Sir Bryan Leighton has now donned the mantle of the late British sportsman and assumed the role of detractor-in-chief. I do not say this of my own personal knowledge, but give you the following clipping from the Star that seems to convey that idea:

"Sir Bryan Leighton, who is now on the Codroy River, has written the Halifax Chronicle that the outlook for the season's fishing on that stream is most unpromising, and that the fish caught there at any time are of a small run. We may say, not for Sir Bryan's information, for he knows his statement to be an evasion of the truth, that Codroy River affords the besh fishing in the country, and if he calls a 32-pound salmon a small fish, we would advise him to take out a fishing license for whales. We do not appreciate cheap holiday men coming here and, through avariciousness, try to monopolize a whole river and send misleading statements to the outside world, thus preventing gentlemanly tourists from coming among us. If Sir Bryan finds fault with Mr. Murray for fishing at South Branch, Codroy, he certainly is not aware that Mr. Murray owns five acres of land in that vicinity, whereas Sir Bryan owns not one inch of the soil. If he were to go fishing on the Tay River, in Scotland, he would have to pay dollars for the cents that he is paying in this country. We want tourists who will not belittle us, and to the right class we will give every encouragement to come among us."

Complaints are coming in from all sides that the rivers are being poached and netted. The matter has been brought to the notice of the authorities, and they have issued strict orders to the wardens to put a stop to the practice, and bring the poachers before the magistrates. The time has come when the Fisheries Department will have to reorganize our whole game system, and put it on a similar basis to that which obtains in other countries. While there is, and will be, legitimate fishing in plenty for thousands of rods in this island, yet if through ignorance or indifference the rivers are allowed to be poached and polluted the fishing will be ruined, although I believe that even with all our carelessness and indifferenee the fishing cannot be totally destroyed. W. J. C.

Waterproofing Silk Lines.

NOT long ago I referred to some experiments I had made in attempts to waterproof soft braided silk lines. Up to that time I was not very well satisfied with the results, but since then I have used several silk and linen lines saturated for a brief time in a solution of paraffin and benzine, and am quite sure they have been improved somewhat, or at any rate no harm was done.

An angling friend has suggested that I did not soak the lines long enough in the solution, but he believes that if they are soaked in it for twenty-four hours, then dried slowly, results should be quite satisfactory. This seems plausible to me, in view of the action of the lines so far tried after saturation for a half hour or more.

I have fished in salt water with a small braided linen line saturated for half an hour in benzine and paraffin a month previously, and which seemed to be perfeetly waterproof when used immediately after drying, but which became wet through after using a short time. Subsequent use of this line surprised me, for it seemed to be improved a good deal, although when drawn through the fingers none of the paraffin came off the surface as at first. In long casts little water came in on the line when it was reeled in, and it would lie on the surface like a feather until strain was put on the bait. And although the business end of the line would get wet after continued use, it did not swell badly, as before treatment, nor did it seem to stick to guides and tip.

A favorite line of raw silk, used on a casting-rod, was also treated and used during a week's fishing. This is a very soft line, size "H," and soaked up water like a sponge before treatment. Since then, however, it shows some improvement—almost as much as the linen line referred to above. Fishing in waters in which there was considerable vegetable growth, either suspended in the water or on the surface, it did not seem to pick up matter to clog the top or guides. Altogether, there seems to be some merit in the treatment. At any rate, it seems that if paraffin and benzine will waterproof tents and the like, why will the solution not be good for fishing lines? As an example, I have a triangular awning which was originally used merely to shade my tent from the sun's rays. It is common bleached muslin, or sheeting. It was treated more than three years ago as an experiment. It turned water then like a duck. Within a month it was used again in camp. As it was suspended tightly between three trees, and also guyed between all corners, after a heavy downpour of rain a barrel or so of water was caught in it and held until the weight was too much for one side or the other, when most of it would run off. But none of the water came through this thin muslin, which had alternately been carried in a wad in the bottom of duffle-bags, folded, whipped by the wind, etc., until one would think it little better than a sieve. Still, it is as soft and pliable as when it came from the store.

After the appearance of my previous communication on this subject Mr. J. E. Hindon Hyde sent me a small piece of a braided linen line that the manufacturers had waterproofed with a preparation on which he has secured a patent. He claims his preparation will not rot either silk or vegetable fibres, and will withstand the action of the holoid salts contained in salt water. The line from which the bit sent me was cut had been submerged in Long Island Sound for six weeks, but he said he could not find that it had been injured thereby. It seems softer than an enameled silk line of equal size, and an examination shows that the waterproofing preparation penetrated to its core. I understand that the manufacturers have experimented with this line until they are satisfied with it, and that it will be in the hands of jobbers within a short time. It will be put up in coils on cards bearing two fishes, the trade-mark of the manufacturers, who do not sell lines in their own name, as they market all of their goods through the jobbers.

The braided silk lines called Saline, and sold under the trade-mark mentioned during the past year, are also treated under Mr. Hyde's patent, and were used in fresh water with success. Quite recently Saline enamel finish silk lines for use in salt water have been made, and it is my good fortune to own one. The claim of its makers, that it is absolutely unaffected by any alkaline substances, and will stand the ocean water as well as fresh water, is a very strong one, but after using one of these lines for a week I like it very much. Mine is size "H," and it was used in salt water where there was much vegetable matter. Water does not affect the line at all, unless it improves it in casting. It is more flexible than an ordinary enameled line, picks up no foreign matter, and runs off the reel smoothly without balling up. One thing I have noticed is the extreme sensitiveness of this line, the strike of a fish being communicated to the angler's hand very plainly through it. I hope it will wear well, for a line as small as this, which can be used in salt or fresh water, should prove to be a treasure. PERRY D. FRAZER.

The Sea Trout at Home.

WE have read so much of sea trout in the rivers where they go to spawn and around the mouths of rivers whither they follow the smelts in the season of anadromy, that the student of ichthyology will really enjoy a new sensation when salient facts regarding his marine life and sea habits are presented for his edification. For such in abundance we of the FOREST AND STREAM are indebted to Edward Hickson, of the Intercolonial Railway, at Moncton, N. B., Canada, as they appear in the following resumé which were submitted with permission to print.

MONCTON, N. B., July 7, 1905.

Charles Hallock, Esq.:

Your very interesting letter of the 4th is at hand. A few days ago I mailed you a letter from Mr. Sydney Des Brisay, an educated fish merchant of Petit Rocher, on the Baie de Chaleur, in which Mr. Des Brisay said that, in his opinion, the habits of the large sea trout caught in and which frequent the Baie de Chaleur were much the same as those of the salmon. He also said they caught large sea trout, 8 pounds weight sometimes, in the lobster bait seines when catching bait in the early spring.

I have proved for your satisfaction, therefore, as well as in previous letters, that sea trout go to sea. First, by the fact that we have caught trout as large as 8 and 9 pounds far from the rivers in which these trout spawn. We have caught them at the mouth of Bathurst Harbor in May, large flabby trout, whose flesh is white when cooked, proving that they have not been long out of the rivers where they spent the winter. These trout come to the mouth of Bathurst Harbor and go up the Nepisiguit River feeding, as they go on the spring run of smelts which are going up that river, and all other rivers on the south side of the Baie de Chaleur, to spawn in the fresh water. There are two or three other rivers, which empty into the bay near the Nepisiguit, viz., the Bass River, the Millstream and the Nigadoo, and into the mouths and up as far as the head of the tide of each of these smaller rivers the smelts go, and also with the smelts and feeding on them go the large sea trout. Mr. Venning asserts that these trout, which feed on the smelts at the mouths of these rivers, belong to and have come down the river for that purpose. This is not a fact, for such trout are never caught in any of these rivers, and, on the contrary, they come from the sea with the smelts, and go away again with the little fish (smelts), still feeding on them. They also feed on small herring and herring spawn along the coasts, and it is while feeding on these that they are caught in early May in the lobster seines. As stated, the Nepisiguit River is one easily studied, and for that reason I quote it in particular. Twenty-one miles from its mouth there is a big fall which prevents any fish, salmon or trout, going up any further. There are trout, both sea trout and river trout, below the falls, but never a one of over 3 pounds. As Mr. Venning says, the trout which belong to the river come down to its mouth, and when the inhabitants are fishing smelts through the ice in the winter they also catch some trout, and an occasional grilse. These trout have spawned and moved down river. They play around the head of the tide, and may or may not go to sea. In June, when fishing for salmon at the Pabineau Falls, eight miles from the mouth of the Nepisiguit, we can catch river trout in the deep holes around the falls. They take bait generally, and most of them are white when cooked (at this time of year), and I do not much care for them for food. Later in the season they get fatter and are good for food. In July and August there is a run of bright sea trout which average perhaps a pound. These trout may be caught all along the river as far as the big falls (twenty-one miles), and are beautiful, clean silvery fish, with flesh as red as that of a salmon.

With all these things considered, where do the large

sea trout which appear in the early spring with the smelts and feeding on them come from? My opinion is that these trout have recently been released from the large Newfoundland and Labrador rivers, where they were imprisoned by ice, and as soon as released they have gone out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, struck the spring run of smelts and herring, and followed them into the Baie de Chaleur. No doubt, they are joined by thousands of their brethren from the Baie de Chaleur rivers, particularly the large rivers like the Cascapedia, Pabos, etc., on the north shore of the bay. These are, therefore, the trout which we find feeding on smelts and herring spawn in May and early June.

When the fresh run salmon come into the Baie de Chaleur during the latter part of May and all through June, large sea trout are found among the schools of salmon. These trout do not come into the Nepisiguit anyhow. Whether they go into the Restigouche, Cascapedia, Pabos and other large rivers of the bay I am not quite certain, but I do not think they do, for none are caught in the Restigouche anyhow, the only large sea trout caught in lower Restigouche in the spring are the ones which were feeding on the smelts, some of which may have come down that river, and some of which may have come down that river and some of which may have come up from the sea with the smelts. Certainly none of these big trout go up the Nepisiguit, although they are caught in the salmon nets four miles on each side of the entrance of the river. Some of these big trout are large enough to mesh in the salmon nets. Now, whether these which are caught thus are some of the same schools which were feeding on the smelts a few weeks before, or whether they are another lot I would not like to say. They are certainly more fat and plump—splendid big fellows as silvery as the salmon, with small bright red spots showing through the silver of their sides. They are also first class food, although some of them are not quite as pink as a salmon. Wherever these trout belong to they certainly do not spawn in any river within fifty miles of the place in which they are taken in the nets, and they appear to come directly from the open sea with the fresh run of salmon.

These facts being proved, we have the big sea trout, 8 and 9 pounds in weight, caught in the open bay. Then we have trout almost as large but different altogether in appearance taken far up the Nepisiguit, sixty and eighty miles from the mouth, and which trout never go to sea, but spawn and live on the upper reaches of the river. Three were caught last year at Indian Falls, fifty-two miles up river, which weighed in the aggregate 18 pounds. There is just as much difference between these two kinds of fish as there is between a landlocked salmon and a fresh-run salmon from the sea.

But again the fact remains that when sea trout have been in a river for several weeks they lose their silvery appearance and develop color very much like that of the brook trout. What conclusion can we come to therefore? You can draw it as well as I; better, in fact, for you have studied the subject more thoroughly. I have not the slightest doubt about what you say regarding sea trout depositing their spawn in the Godabout River, where the tide ebbs and flows, and covers up the spawn. Salmon would do the same thing. If a salmon comes into a small river to spawn and is stopped by a dam she will spawn below the dam, even if the tide comes up to that point. They do it in the Millstream, if they are not netted or speared before they have spawned. Whether the ova would mature is another thing. If the tide only came up, leaving running water most of the day, they would mature all right, I think.

All the same, it is the nature of both salmon and sea trout to deposit their spawn in clear fresh running water.

EDWARD HICKSON.

On Fishing Gut.

A paper on fishing gut read before the members and friends of the Gresham Angling Society by the hon. sec., Mr. F. E. Eldred.

I THINK no discussion would be complete without some reference to the little animal, to whom we, as anglers, are so much indebted; for, in spite of various materials which have been tried, nothing so good as silkworm gut has been found to take its place. Its life history may be briefly given as follows: The silkworm moth lays a number of eggs, from 250 to 300, on the leaves, generally mulberry, which are to form the food of the grub when hatched. These eggs, which somewhat resemble spiders' eggs, are hatched by the sun's heat, and when the grub emerges it is about a quarter of an inch in length, and looks like a small black worm. It at once commences to feed, and in from eight to ten days it casts its skin and assumes a grayish color. This operation over, it continues to feed, and in five or six days it moults a second time, and after five more days, moults a third time. In the intervals between these processes it grows considerably, and when it moults for the fourth and last time, it has grown to be from one and a half to two inches in length, and is now a perfect caterpillar. Ten days later it searches for a convenient place where it can form its cocoon, and for this purpose it mounts upon, and attaches itself to, twigs by a number of fine filaments of silk.

Naturally, in the silk and silkworm gut-producing districts of Spain and Italy, every care is taken to assist the little creature, both in providing it with food and shelter, and in forming for the caterpillar layers of branches and twigs to which it can attach its cocoon. It is at this point that further development is arrested if it is to produce silkworm gut. If, however, it is to produce silk, it is allowed to form its cocoon, which it does by spinning around itself an oval-shaped dwelling; this operation takes four days. When the cocoon is finished it smears the inside with a silky kind of gum from its spinnerets. This hardens, and its house is made waterproof. During the whole operation of forming its cocoon it is gradually undergoing a change, and this change continues until it has become a more or less rounded ball, somewhat elongated, and covered with a smooth, shell-like skin. It is to all appearance dead, and is now termed a chrysalis. If left to itself, in about ten days it changes into a moth, and works its way out of its cocoon by ejecting from its mouth a liquor which dissolves the gum lining its dwelling, and then with its head and hooked feet it pushes its way through its silky envelope, and emerges as a perfect moth, and thus the cycle of changes is complete. It is curious to note that the animal never dies—only a series of metamorphoses go on, by which, apparently, distinct forms of life are assumed.

Now, to return to the stage where its development is arrested, if it is to produce silkworm gut, and to us, as anglers, the most interesting. As most of the silkworm gut is obtained from Spain, Murcia being the center of the industry, it would perhaps be as well to follow the *modus operandi* which obtains there. The worms are bred by the country people in their cottages, consisting of but two rooms on the ground floor. This industry is the sole occupation of the villagers near Murcia, and while some of them breed the worms, others perform the initial stages in gut making. A number of bamboo rods are tied together by the breeder, in order to form a bed from twelve to fifteen feet long by four feet wide, and raised about a foot from the floor of the room. On this bed are spread the worms, which are fed five times daily with mulberry leaves. Great care is taken to pick out all sickly worms, in order that only good, sound gut may be produced.

When the worms are ready to spin the cocoon, they creep upon branches of trees which are placed over the bed. They are taken off these branches, and are killed by being put into vinegar, in which they remain for six hours, after which they are thoroughly washed in clean water. Girls take the worms from the water, break them in half with their fingers, exposing the one, two, or three yellow sacs which each worm possesses. This is a delicate but very sickly operation, and great care is necessary in the handling of the worm. The ends of each sac are taken between the thumb and finger, and gently but firmly pulled out as far as the sac will go without breaking, considerable skill being required in drawing to keep the now elongated sac and contents as round as possible. The ends of the sac are secured, and the gut and its envelope placed so that they may dry and harden. Each strand when dry has a yellow appearance, the color being due to the surrounding sac, its shape being more or less round, and tapering more or less according to the care taken in drawing from one end to the other.

It is interesting to note that, even in worms of the same size, there is not the same number of sacs, some worms possessing one, others two or even three sacs.

The strands, tied up in bundles, are now turned over to the finishers, and their first operation is to remove the outer skin or sac which surrounds the gut proper. This is done by steeping or boiling the gut in water, to which is added some soap and soda. The skin is then easily removed by drawing through the fingers. The color is now a dirty white. It is now washed several times in clean water to remove all traces of soap and soda, and then bleached. This bleaching process may be performed by damping and exposing the gut to the action of sunlight, or it may be chemically treated. The former process is the slower but the more natural and the safer way, though from inquiries which have been made, it is asserted that in the hands of a skillful operative no injury is done to the gut by adopting the chemical method.

It has now a rather dull, certainly by no means a shiny, appearance, and it is, from an angler's point of view, quite a question whether it would not be better to omit the polishing process altogether. This polishing is performed by rubbing each strand (held by the teeth and hand) with wash-leather. It is now sorted according to length, strength, and thickness into the various qualities, an operation requiring very great experience and judgment. It is now tied up in hanks of one hundred and made up into bundles of one thousand or ten thousand, and is ready for export. It is usually classified thus: Refina, very finest; Fina, fine; Regular, of a medium thickness; First and Second Padron, thick; Marana, Imperial and Hebra are very thick and strong, suitable for salmon fishing. All the above are undrawn, that is, they have not been through a drawing-plate to level them.

Drawn Gut.—In order to level the thicker, and to make finer the finer qualities for the market, the strands are drawn through steel plates, or even through minute circular apertures in precious stones set in the drawing-plate. This makes the strands perfectly parallel throughout and perfectly round, at the same time compressing and slightly elongating them. Thus gut of any desired fineness is obtainable.

Staining.—This process is performed by the action of chemicals, and the question is what chemical can be used to give the desired shade, and at the same time not injure the gut. In order to produce a neutral or slate color pounded logwood is steeped in water, to which is added a small quantity of copperas, but great care and skill are required or the gut is spoiled.

The Keeping of Gut.—Opinions on this are very much divided, and it would be presumpuous on my part to suggest, as some anglers do, that all gut should be discarded at the end of the fishing season, and a new lot obtained at the commencement of another. Personally, I have found that gut if properly stored—that is, placed where the light is excluded and where the temperature is even—will keep for several years without undergoing much diminution in strength.

Tying.—Into the question of knotting I do not propose to go, beyond remarking that whatever knot is used it should be as neat as possible, and that the cast should be tested knot by knot and then in its entire length with such a strain that it is estimated the gut should bear.

I desire to express my great indebtedness to Messrs. Allcock & Co., for their kindness in assisting me, and especially for the loan of such fine samples of gut in the raw, preparatory, and finished stages.

The Discussion.

In the discussion which followed much useful information was elicited, and the following questions were proposed. In order that definite information might be given in answer to these questions, it was agreed to adjourn the discussion, and after various authorities had been consulted, and a number of chemical, physical and microscopical experiments had been performed, the following results were obtained:

1. Does drawing injure the gut?

Drawing, when performed by an experienced workman, injures the gut very little, but it tends to produce a liability to fray with usage. It decreases the diameter, but it is found that taking strands of equal diameters the undrawn will support no greater weight than the drawn. In the undrawn sample the surface is smoother, as may be seen by comparing specimens of drawn and undrawn gut under the microscope. Minute roughnesses are visible on the surface of the latter, and these roughnesses become accentuated in use, and small fibres peel off, thus weakening the gut as the diameter decreases. These roughnesses are to some extent got rid of by polishing the gut, and this should be done by rubbing in one direction only, that is, with the fibre. This polish, however, is just one of the things anglers do not require, as polished gut undoubtedly scares the fish. The principal reason why undrawn gut is not so dependable, size for size, as drawn, is that inferior qualities of undrawn gut are often drawn, and appear to possess, except to the experienced eye, the same characteristics as undrawn gut.

The only remedy which the angler has is to purchase from firms which will guarantee that the quality is of the best. If this be done one may now and then get a weak cast, but the chances of this happening are minimized. It is the falsest economy to buy inferior qualities, in this, as in most things.

2. Is it not a fact that nearly all, and all the finer sizes are drawn?

From inquiries made of one of the largest gut importers in the world, there is no doubt whatever that nearly all the finer, and all the finest casts are made up from drawn gut which has passed through the drawing-plate a greater or less number of times. However, casts can be, and are, made from 6x drawn gut which will support a dead weight of one pound without breaking. A cast with less breaking strain than this would, in the hands of a skillful angler, be sufficiently strong to kill a trout of two or three times this weight.

3. Does boiling, to rid it of its sac, injure the gut?

This depends largely on the manipulator. In the hands of a skillful workman no injury whatever results.

4 and 5. Is the gut fibrous or homogeneous? Has it a second skin?

Transverse and vertical sections placed under a high-power microscope show conclusively that the only skin gut has is the skin of the sac, and this is only seen in the raw article. Microscopic investigation further shows, as one might expect from the evidence of frayed gut, that gut is fibrous, and not homogeneous throughout. The fibres, however, are very fine, and do not appear to be of any great length.

6. Does staining injure the gut?

The evidence on this point is that staining does more or less injure the gut, but in the hands of a skillful man this injury is reduced to a minimum. To show how careful one must be a prominent manufacturer volunteered the information that through some carelessness on the part of one of his employees over £200 worth of gut was spoiled.

7. Which colored gut is the least visible to fish, for example, trout?

There is no doubt whatever that gut which most approximates to water in color is the least visible to the eye of man, and probably to that of a fish. This color is a very light blue-green.

White gut when placed floating on clear water has a whiter appearance, where the water and gut touch, than gut of a neutral tint.

8. Does gut deteriorate with keeping?

Definite information on this head is fortunately forthcoming.

Gut can be kept several years if stored in a temperature of about 60 degrees Fahrenheit in a room from which the light is carefully excluded, but it seriously deteriorates if kept in too warm a place. Mr. Allcock says: "You need not discard gut unless worn out by use. Keep it in wash-leather in a drawer in your bedroom."

Whether soaking in certain preparations tends to increase the life of gut or not I am not prepared to assert or deny, as I have no experience on this point. I have tried soaking in glycerine, but I have not given it a sufficiently long trial to enable me to speak with certainty either one way or the other.

Commenting on Mr. Elder's lecture, Mr. R. B. Marston writes in the Fishing Gazette:

"With reference to the keeping qualities of gut, Mr. J. W. Martin, the fishing-tackle maker, sent me recently an old tin box containing flies on gut, with the maker's note referring to them, made over seventy years ago. I tested some of the gut, and it is perfectly sound, and the flies and hooks are as good as when made. The secret is that they have been all this time in an almost air-tight tin box in a dry desk, where the owner had put them about 1830 and forgotten them. I must refer to the flies again presently, but it is interesting to find gut keep good so long. I agree with Mr. Eldred that light seems to be prejudicial to gut, but damp and dust are worse. I think the best gut I ever saw was some unbleached gut, which evidently had never had the outer skin or sac removed by pulling between the nails, as described by Mr. Eldred—it came off as a brittle brownish skin, and left the gut exactly like threads of the purest colorless glass. Can no manufacturer put some gut like that on the market?

"I remember being told by the manufacturer at the time that unless the gut was bleached there would be no market for it. It seems to me that this is a case where trade traditions stand in the way, and the consequence is that anglers have to resort to coloring the gut with ink or other dyes in order to get rid of the effect of the bleaching. Consequently the gut is rendered more or less opaque, whereas if unbleached it resembles nothing so much as colorless water. Several firms now claim to have gut manufactories in Spain. Can they not get over some best gut in all sizes before any bleaching has been done, and also before any skin has been removed?

"If the skin peels off when dry, as it did in the samples sent to me, there is absolutely no difficulty about that, and no soda or soap is required—anything caustic must dull the natural transparency. Probably I shall be told I know nothing about the requirements of the gut trade, to which I shall reply that if gut is naturally transparent and colorless to bleach it and dye it shows the trade do not understand the requirements of anglers.

"I think it is probable that gut was originally manu-

factured for purposes which have nothing to do with fishing—possibly for use in surgery, where its transparency was found to be a drawback, and so bleaching was resorted to. If I could afford the time I would go to Spain to see if my theory is not correct—namely, that nothing but trade requirements stand in the way of our getting gut which is as transparent as colorless crystal, which is, of course, the ideal thing."

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, Mass., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For those who like a combination of salt water fishing and sea bathing there is no place in Massachusetts, in my opinion, that goes ahead of Nantucket. This summer there is added interest from improvements making in the harbor. The visitors enjoyed what was to most of them a novel sight the other day when the fishing steamer Waquoit brought in seventeen large swordfish averaging from 200 to 300 pounds each. The crew reported them in great numbers in the vicinity of Block Island and Noman's Land. Large numbers of bluefish are being caught. A party that went out in the catboat Winona one day took twenty-eight, and a couple of amateur fishermen in a dory returned with thirty-one, averaging 10 pounds each.

At the Cliff bathing beach there are 400 bathhouses, and there is an instructor in swimming whose services may be obtained. A fine combination for healthful recreation is thus afforded by the facilities for both bathing and fishing.

Several cases of fish having been poisoned in ponds have been reported this season, and quite recently a report has come from Wendall, on the railway line to Hoosac Tunnel, that some one has been placing lime in the trout brooks of that region. Quantities of lime have been found and dead trout near by. We have laws enough to meet such cases, but the difficulty is in getting the evidence needed to convict the offenders. It is important that sportsmen in sections where such outrages are committed spare no pains to bring the perpetrators into court. Spite toward trout fishermen is probably the motive that led to the use of lime.

If reports from Becket are to be credited, our State has received a visit within a few days from a genuine turkey buzzard, such a bird having been recently shot on the Whitney place in that town. It is said that not more than half a dozen of the species have ever been killed in Massachusetts.

Among the many ardent devotees of sport with rod and reel (and with line and sinker as well) in Boston is our assistant postmaster, Mr. M. C. Millin. His favorite resort is Bear Island, in Lake Winnepesseeogee. He says that is the best point for fishing in the whole lake. A short time ago he returned from a short trip with a number of very fine bass to show to friends who were skeptical.

The numerous school camps for lads and young men in Maine and New Hampshire are now in full swing. Many young men are there learning the secrets of woodcraft and getting a touch of the life of the woods, in connection with nature studies. In the country there are said to be more than a hundred such camps, and they should furnish a host of recruits to the ranks of the intelligent sportsmen to whom those interested in the protection of fish, animals and birds must look for aid in the near future. We need the young men in the army, ready to step into the places made vacant every year; yes, in fact, every day. Only yesterday the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association lost a valued member, Mr. Gain Robinson, the well known lumber merchant of Springfield. Within a few months life members—J. Montgomery Sears and Charles E. Sanborn—have died.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Eaton and their daughter opened their house at Belgrade, Me., July 1 to hold a house party for the holiday, and remain for a few weeks. In August they will occupy Mr. Eaton's elegant shore place at Clifton.

Hon. F. W. Dallinger, of Cambridge, with his family has taken possession of his cottage in Lovell, Me., where he can enjoy his favorite pastime taking salmon from Little Kezar Lake, or trout from some of the available streams not far away.

In a letter just received from Col. C. E. Billings, of Hartford, referring to my report of his taking a 7-pound salmon while at Billy Soule's camps on the Cupsuptic, he says: "It is all true and more might have been told." He reports taking a number of trout—the largest 3½ pounds—besides the twenty-five he took up at Cupsuptic Falls one day, and "we had them for dinner," he says, and "my thoughts went back to the time when you and I were there two years ago, and I wished you were with us then." He says he and Mr. Chapman during the ten days spent at Tim Pond after leaving Billy's, averaged a catch of some more than 100 trout a day each, 90 per cent. of which were "returned to their native waters."

While some of the guests at the hotels and camps having become for the time being satiated with fishing, are taking to the golf links, many of them are keeping their guides busy rowing them out to fishing grounds, and the ranks of the anglers are recruited every day by newcomers.

As a rule, the fly-fishing slacks off before the middle of July somewhat in the big lakes, but still-fishing is to be had all summer. There is no difficulty in raising trout to the fly in Kennebago nor Tim Pond all summer, and in several of the lakes reached from Eustis, and, I have no doubt, the same is true of certain waters in every section of northern Maine.

Mr. W. F. Kingsbury, of Randolph, had the remarkable luck to land a 11½-pound salmon recently at Upper Dam pool. To an angler from Lowell is credited a catch of eighty-three trout and four salmon in one week, while a Bostonian took a 7-pound and a 4-pound salmon on the afternoon of his arrival. W. W. Coolidge and wife of Salem, and Mr. H. C. Denison, of New Bedford, have taken salmon in good numbers.

Mr. Fred R. Cornell, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has joined Mrs. Comee and her friends in their new cottage. One of the guests is Mrs. A. W. Robinson. Mr. Robinson is an ex-president of the Megantic Club and is an honorary member as well as vice-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. Among the sportswomen of the east Mrs. Robinson stands very high. Her latest exploit was achieved last fall when, on a hunting trip with Mr. Robinson in the Megantic preserve, she killed a handsome buck and a 400-pound bear. Mr. Comee has christened his cabin the "Rouge-et-Noir," and the many friends of the host and hostess will find a hearty welcome within its portals.

Gen. E. C. Farrington, who has been an ardent angler as well as hunter from boyhood, remained to enjoy the sport for several days after the meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Damon, the Fitchburg bridal couple, have had excellent luck, Mrs. Damon taking a 6½-pound salmon. They had Bert Herrick as guide.

A Boston party, consisting of Mr. J. W. Stewart and several friends, had the good fortune to see a big bull moose on Kennebago Stream besides taking plenty of fish.

Mr. Clarence W. Fisher with Mrs. Fisher, of North Attleboro, is passing his twenty-eighth season at the lakes. Mr. Thomas A. Bassett and several friends from New Haven and Bridgeport, Conn., are at Bald Mountain Camps for the summer. Mr. John S. McLean, daughter and maid, of New York, have taken Munyon Lodge for the season. For twenty years Mr. McLean has had George Thrasher as his guide, and he is with him this year.

In a Fitchburg party several well known families are represented by Mrs. Edward C. Crocker and her niece, Miss Mildred G. Sears, of Cambridge, and friends from Providence.

Dr. George H. Payne, president, and E. A. Phippen, of Boston, secretary of the Megantic Club, with several other members have just returned after passing a couple of weeks at Big Island Pond and other points on the preserve.

Mr. Hugh G. Brown's camp, the Mayflower, has been occupied by him and his brother, J. C. Brown, and wife for several days. Mr. Brown is to have a new steamer for his personal use.

Arnold and Crosby ponds have just received a planting of 20,000 landlocked salmon from the State hatchery at Winthrop. A new trail is to be made soon from the foot of Big Island Pond to Arnold, thus doing away with the one via Massachusetts Bog. Scores of old friends will recognize the names of these old-timers now at Upper Dam—J. C. Dougherty and wife, of Syracuse; E. F. Van Dusen and wife, of New York city; J. S. Doane and wife, Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and R. N. Parish, of Connecticut.

At Grand Lake Stream Prof. Wm. Lyman Underwood, of Belmont, is engaged in adding pictures to his wonderful collection of landscape views and snapshots of birds and animals. Here also a New York artist, Louis Akin, has been dividing his time between the use of brush and palette and that of the rod and reel. CENTRAL.

Fish and Fishing.

New Brunswick Salmon Rivers and Fish Culture.

KNOWING as much as I do of the difficulties attending the successful control of fishcultural operations, especially when conducted under Government management, I am far from admitting such excessive results from them—at least as they were carried on in Canada during the first years of their history—as were originally claimed for the science. But this does not prevent me from cheerfully acknowledging the debt of gratitude which the fisheries of the Dominion of Canada owe to the operations of the Government fish hatcheries. It was, perhaps, only natural that there should have been serious mistakes in connection with the introduction of the practical working of the science into Canada, which, after all, was not so many years after it had outgrown its experimental stage, and the early disappointments, disagreements and fault-findings experienced by some of those to whom we are indebted for earliest efforts in its behalf, have not apparently disposed them too favorably toward it.

It is perhaps of more importance to the future of the fisheries than some of us may at first sight imagine, that the value of our existing fishcultural operations should be publicly discussed with the utmost fairness and frankness, since, while the amount of money expended upon them is far too large to be uselessly thrown away, it would be little less than a public disaster to close the hatcheries because of reckless criticism and unfounded argument, if they are really doing the work which is now claimed for them.

My reference, in FOREST AND STREAM of May 20 last, to the official report of one of the New Brunswick inspectors of fisheries, which clearly showed that "the salmon supply of some at least of the rivers of New Brunswick" was not decreasing, was, to my surprise, taken exception to by your very interesting and very versatile correspondent, the "Old Angler," in such a manner as to indicate that he is at present as much opposed to the continuance of fishcultural operations in Canada as he was in favor of them some time ago.

Now, while there is something to be said upon both sides of the question, the "Old Angler" has, now, nothing that is good to say of the science which he so strongly urged upon the attention of the authorities some years ago. His incomplete figures, as I shall presently show, are so selected and presented as to convey impressions very wide of the actual facts; while against his authorities—Messrs. Malmgren and Whitcher—who recommended a discontinuance of fish breeding operations as a Government work, I might cite the equally competent foreign authorities—Dr. Frank Buckland, of London, and the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington—besides many local authorities, whose practical knowledge of the subject and whose good faith he will not venture to question. While upon this matter of local authorities, allow me to introduce the "Old Angler" to the following official recommendations made to the Government of Canada in 1869 by Mr. W. H. Venning, then fishery inspector for the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, an officer in whose judgment there is reason to believe that the "Old Angler" has every confidence, and whose advice to the Government in this important matter was no doubt largely responsible for its adoption of Mr. Wilmot's system of fish hatching, since he was also appointed, in company with Mr. Whitcher, to visit and inspect Mr. Wilmot's hatchery at Newcastle, Ont., and presented a most favorable report upon it. Upon the third page of his 1869 report to the Minister of Fisheries, Mr. Venning wrote: "The results produced in the hatching house at North Esk, described in my last report, and those in the piscicultural establishment at Wilmot Creek, in Ontario, prove beyond a doubt the perfect success with which millions of fish eggs can be artificially hatched, and point to a speedy and cheap mode of increasing our fisheries to an unlimited extent, by restocking rivers now deserted, and introducing fish into streams and lakes adapted to their habits and sustenance."

In 1873 Mr. Venning wrote to the Minister: "Fish-culture has been so successful, and has produced such beneficial results in other places that I cannot but recommend every facility and encouragement to its introduction in our Provinces. The complete success of Mr. Wilmot's operations in Ontario, and of Mr. Holliday's on the Moisie, leads me to hope that similar establishments may be conducted in each of the Lower Provinces."

In 1878 Mr. Venning wrote: "The only remedy I can suggest (for the falling off in the salmon supply through overnetting, etc.) is the extension of artificial hatching." And later in the same report: "Everywhere, except where artificial culture has arrested the decrease, the salmon fishing is in the same danger."

In the same year Mr. Venning warned the authorities that the salmon fisheries of the St. John River must become extinct unless the weirs and seines were done away with.

The same efficient officer pointed out in 1886 that he expected to see a steady decrease in the catch of future years unless the excssive fishing was curtailed. The fishing was not to any appreciable extent curtailed. And yet there has been no decrease in the catch, that of the two last years reported being in excess of the year in which the warning was issued, while in the course of the sixteen years which have since elapsed, the average catch has been 1,565,727 pounds in the Province of New Brunswick, against 1,268,855 in 1886. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the "steady decrease" foreshadowed by the inspector of fisheries for that Province was only prevented by the beneficial results of the fish hatcheries for which he had so eloquently pleaded. Without this constant supply of artificial aid to the comparatively few spawning salmon which were permitted by the poachers, net fishermen and others to reach the upper stretches of the rivers, the almost total extinction of the salmon anticipated by Mr. Venning must have become an accomplished fact. Year after year we follow him in his annual reports to the Minister, faithfully pleading the cause of the fish. The number of the nets, he frequently says, is excessive, and out of all proportion to the number of salmon ascending the rivers. The effects of this excess had long been seen, he says, and were becoming more and more evident. Vainly did he urge, time and time again, that since it was apparently impossible to limit or reduce the number of nets, there should either be a shortening of the season, or a lengthening of the weekly period (from Saturday night till Monday morning) during which the nets have to be taken up. Again we find him saying: "With the excessive fishing that has been done since the opening of the Intercolonial Railway but few fish reach their spawning beds. Of these a large number are killed before spawning. The powers of those that remained to multiply fall short of the annual drain made on the diminishing stock. In former years, before railways made it easy to reach our rivers, but little angling was done. After the netting season closed those fish that escaped the coast and river nets had only a few poachers and adventurous anglers to fear; these having no market for their catch, contented themselves with what they required for food on their visits, and the few they could carry home unspoilt. But since the advent of railways has made the headwaters of our rivers easy of access, angling has been pursued on an extensive scale, and poaching on a still larger scale, up to the last of October, and sometimes until the fish have finished spawning. The facilities offered by railways for the exportation of illegally caught fish are so great that no vigilance on the part of officers can do more than make an occasional seizure, while large quantities are annually exported."

Who will say that in view of all these discouraging circumstances the devoted inspector was not fully warranted in anticipating the very worst possible results, or that the total destruction of the salmon fisheries has not been averted by the operations of the hatcheries? What other beneficent agency could have preserved them? The views of numbers of practical men might be cited in support of this belief in the good work done by the fishculturists of the Dominion. Mr. Sheasgreen, writing in 1888 in regard to some of the New Brunswick rivers, says: "When the enormous drain upon our salmon fishery is considered—the almost endless number of nets from the mouth of the bay to the rapids—which are year by year doing a remunerative work—along with the facts that the waters are abounding with parrs, smolts and grilse—it points to the conclusion that artificial hatching is the feeder that keeps up this supply, and is one of the greatest boons and benefits that can be granted to he fishermen of any river; certain it is that the natural sources could not supply the enormous demand—men of all opinions agree in this—and I may here add that the uniform good catches of fish for the past five years are now convincing the most skeptical of fishermen that the artificial breeding is most beneficial as supplementing the products of natural-laid ova with millions of healthy, artificially-bred fry, which are the surest safeguards against the depletion of our waters of these most valuable fish in future years."

What Figures Show.

I have said that the "Old Angler's" incomplete figures have been so selected and presented as to convey impressions very wide of the actual facts. The most deliberate determination to prove that fishculture in Canada was a failure could not have been better accomplished than by

the selection and presentation of the incomplete figures furnished by the "Old Angler." There are available for purposes of fair comparison, the official returns of all the salmon reported to have been taken in New Brunswick waters during the last thirty-five years. The total of the catch during the whole of this period was 54,372,850 pounds, or an average of 1,553,714 pounds per annum. The largest catch on record was in 1874 and amounted to 3,214,182 pounds. The smallest was in 1881 and amounted to 620,461 pounds. Now, for purposes of comparison, the "Old Angler" persistently bases the condition of affairs, so far as the supply of salmon in the New Brunswick rivers is concerned, upon the yield of the most exceptional year in the whole recorded history of salmon fishing in that Province. Could anything be more unfair or unreasonable? The excuse for this selection is the statement that this was the year in which the hatcheries were built. But no explanation whatever is made as to the very remarkable exceptional catch of that year, nor yet of the facts that neither during that year nor yet for some few years afterward could the hatcheries possibly have had any influence upon the output of adult salmon; and that because of a series of mishaps in connection with some of the hatcheries, which prevented them from being fullly operated for a few years, it was foretold by Mr. Wilmot, in one of his reports, that he did not look for any results of consequence from the output of the hatcheries until 1882, when he did anticipate quite an increase in the catch. Mr. Inspector Venning's report for 1882 admits the increase in that year from 620,461 pounds in 1881 to1,065,118, an increase which the official figures show has been more than sustained in every succeeding year up to the present time, with the single exception of 1883, when the catch temporarily fell to 784,,622 pounds, several of the guardians claiming that the low water in the rivers accounted for the small run of fish. In any case, the take of the next year, which showed an increase of nearly 50 per cent., proved that the small catch of 1883 was not due to a steady gradual decrease in the number of fish frequenting the coasts and rivers. And it would be quite as fair to take the catch of the year preceding that date—1881—as the basis of the salmon supply in New Brunswick waters, and in fact very much fairer, than to utilize for the purpose, the figures of 1874. The total catch of 1881 was the smallest on record, namely 620,461, or less than half what the same rivers produced last year. But as my only desire in this discussion is to endeavor to arrive at scientific facts, and, moreover, as I have no pet theory to support and no taste whatever for juggling with figures, I beg to submit for the consideration of those who are prepared to take a calm and dispassionate view of this whole matter, a yearly statement of the annual catch of salmon in New Brunswick waters, for as far back as the official records go. I will merely premise that I shall be glad to accept any correction that any of my readers may be able to make in these figures, for though they are as nearly perfect as I can make them, it is barely possible that some very slight errors may have crept in, for in some instances, calculations have had to be made, such as reducing the amount of fish in barrels to pounds, while for the year 1869 numbers of fish were in some instances given, and in these cases, lest I should appear to have striven to make the catch in those pre-hatchery days seem smaller than it really was, I may explain that I allowed an average weight of 20 pounds to each fish, which will certainly be admitted to be sufficiently large. The output was as follows:

	Pounds.		Pounds.
1869	1,136,160	1887	1,356,307
1870	1,499,187	1888	1,224,340
1871	1,608,496	1889	1,139,779
1872	1,599,977	1890	1,093,545
1873	2,853,722	1891	1,345,170
1874	3,214,182	1892	1,430,118
1875	2,996,551	1893	2,484,190
1876	1,005,427	1894	2,280,462
1877	1,593,297	1895	2,079,395
1878	1,763,772	1896	2,651,825
1879	1,636,342	1897	1,383,680
1880	856,155	1898	1,199,967
1881	620,461	1899	1,255,110
1882	1,065,118	1900	1.235,350
1883	784,622	1901	1,436,230
1884	1,110.745	1902	1,456,175
1885	1,407,598	1903	1,300,540
1886	1,268,855		
Total for 35 years			54,372,850

Aiming only at arriving at a correct estimate of the result of the fish hatchery operations in New Brunswick, I will not ask those who are following the discussion of the matter to base their opinions upon the return of the catch in 1881—the year prior to that in which the promoter of the hatcheries, Mr. Wilmot, looked forward to the evidence of appreciable results from their operations, since he showed that it was only in 1877 that they commenced to work satisfactorily—though it would be much more fair to do so than to take the exceptional product of 1874 as any indication of what the waters of New Brunswick were in the habit of producing prior to the operation of the hatcheries, especially as it will be seen by the figures given above that two years prior to that exceptional year the output was less than one-half of what it was in 1874, while two years after it, and long before it was possible for any result from the hatcheries to manifest themselves—namely in 1876—the product of New Brunswick's waters in salmon was less than one-third of the output for 1874.

An examination of the annual returns printed above will show that the average product of the New Brunswick rivers for the last thirty-five years, including the period before the work of destruction had brought about the ruinous results which the fishculturists sought to overcome, has been 1,553,714 pounds. For the first period of five years, from 1869 to 1873 (both years inclusive), the average catch was 1,739,508 pounds per annum. In the decade following, namely, from 1874 to 1883 (both years included), there was an average catch of 1,553,592 pounds. For the next ten years, namely, from 1884 to 1893 (both years inclusive), the average catch was 1,386,064 pounds, while the last ten years, 1894 to 1903 (both years inclusive), show the gratifying average of 1,627,873 pounds—quite an increase, as comparison will show, from that of the decade in which is included the famous exceptional yield of 1874. The "Old Angler" has frequently declared himself, and very correctly so, too, that it is incorrect to form any hasty conclusion as to the supply of salmon from the result of a single year's catch, and as the thirty-five years for which we have the official figures before us naturally divide themselves into periods of five and ten years, it cannot be fairly denied that taking the average yield of these various periods—than which no more reasonable method of gauging the fluctuations in the annual catch of salmon suggests itself—it is as unfair as it is incorrect to claim "that as artificial culture has increased in New Brunswick, the catch of salmon has decreased." On the contrary, there is a small —but in view of the frightful destruction of this fish still unfortunately permitted—a gratifying increase in the catch of the decade just ended, over that of the ten years in which the first of the hatcheries was built.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Pennsylvania and Southern New York.

SAYRE, Pa., July 15.—The fishing in this section has scarcely been worth mentioning for the past four weeks. As a matter of fact, strictly first-class conditions have not prevailed at any time since the season opened. Plenteous rain, and occasional destructive storms have combined to keep both trout streams and the rivers hereabouts in a high and roily condition; and as a result the catches that usually win a flaring headline in the daily papers have been few and far between.

Some of the local grounds along the Susquehanna have yielded a few bass despite adverse fate, and local bass anglers are at present anxiously waiting for the water to subside in order to really test the supply of bass and pike. Several local anglers have enjoyed an occasional day's trout fishing on some of the streams in the vicinity of Richford, Speedsville and Slaterville, which were productive of a few nice trout. But on the whole, and surveyed from a local point of view, the season has been below the average. What the season may later afford depends very largely upon the weather. At Lake Carey, a few hours' ride from Sayre via Lehigh Valley Railroad, good bass, pike and perch fishing is now being enjoyed along with many of the pleasures incident to ideal surroundings.

M. CHILL.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Prof. Muller's Tame Whales.

HERE is a hot weather story from the Bangor Commercial. It reads like a product of the fertile fancy of Virgil Eaton, editor of the Bangor Daily News:

PORT-AU-BASQUES, Newfoundland.—Not the least of the triumphs of modern scientific methods in man's utilization of natural resources is forecasted in the brief announcement just received from the Balena whale fisheries to the effect that Professor Muller has succeeded in domesticating a herd of fifty sulphur bottom cow whales and has perfected an apparatus for milking the mammoth cetaceans.

The yield of milk from the full-grown whale is from five to seven hogsheads a day. The milk is fresh and sweet, and peculiarly rich in nutritive and medicinal qualities. It is much thicker and richer than the best Jersey milk, and possesses a peculiarly pleasant and distinctive flavor which those who have tasted it pronounce superior to any known product of the lacteal variety. Chemical analysis has shown that the milk of the sulphur bottom whale is rich in those same fats and proteids which give to codliver oil its value as a remedial food.

Professor Muller's experiments with whales, which have been carried on in comparative secrecy for several years, have resulted in many remarkable discoveries in the lines of utilizing the different parts of the huge carcasses which have hitherto gone to waste.

He has devised a process for curing and preserving the tons of meat which has always been considered worse than valueless. This meat, which compares favorably in texture and flavor with the average beef, will soon be put upon the market. The company has assurances that it will find ready sale in the West Indian islands and other tropical countries which now depend for their meat supply on the South American jerked beef.

Professor Muller has invented and patented a process for making leather from the intestines, pleural sacks, heart coverings and other internal membranes of the whale, which, when tanned and finished, is of greater durability and finer texture than any known leather. Beside its superior quality, the whale leather furnishes single pieces of much greater dimensions than it is possible to procure from any other animal. It is possible, according to the inventor, to obtain from the intestines of a full-grown sulphur bottom a strip of leather nearly 300 feet in length and 3½ feet in breadth. From the pleural lining a piece of leather twenty-five feet in diameter can be obtained.

Processes for grinding the mammoth skeletons into bone meal for fertilizer and of converting the gristle and cartilage into glue and like products are among the minor inventions of the expert, who has secluded himself for the past five years at the little fishing village and turned his attention to the study of whales.

But by far the greatest triumph yet attained by the erudite Professor lies in the domestication of the cow whales. Like all scientific men, Professor Muller would rather conserve than destroy. The whales are still abundant in Newfoundland waters, but under the old system of killing them for their oil and casting the carcasses adrift, it was a question of only a few years at most when they would become so rare as to make their pursuit unprofitable. It will now be for the financial interest of whalers to capture the young whales and keep them alive because of the promise of richer reward from the dairy products than can be realized in their destruction.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the infinite care and patience which it has required to tame the whales. The whale, as every school boy knows, is a warm blooded animal of the mammalian group, more nearly related to the seal and walrus than to the fish. The whale at times displays a high degree of intelligence and reasoning from the analogy of the seal. Professor Muller, several years ago, made up his mind that the difficulties in the way of domesticating the largest of all animals were only those which arose from the unwieldy size of the subjects.

The Professor looked about until he found a suitable inlet, a salt water lake about an eighth of a mile across, giving on the sea a narrow strait about fifty feet across. He arranged a gateway of iron bars by which the inlet could be completely closed. Late in the fall about two years ago a herd of whales was sporting in the offing, and it was noticed that there were a number of young heifers in the herd. By careful work ten of these heifers were separated from the main herd and coaxed and driven through the strait into the lake.

Then began the work of taming them. They were watched and studied until their favorite kind of food was learned. This was a peculiar kind of kelp or rock weed which grows in abundance in about twelve fathoms of water off the coast. Large quantities of this rock weed were gathered and stored near the Professor's headquarters at the upper end of the inlet.

Twice a day this food was put outside, where the young whale heifers could get it. Within a month they had learned to come to the feeding place for their meals. Within another month the creatures were quite tame and a name was given to each one. Gradually the cetaceans learned to respond to their names, and after six months of training could be summoned from any part of the inclosure.

The problem of teaching them to permit the operatives to milk them was a more difficult one. An apparatus was devised to do the work, but when an effort was made to try it there was trouble at once. It was necessary to drive the whales up on the flats at low water to do the milking, and it has been this part of the work which has absorbed the attention of the Professor for more than a year.

Patience in the face of all discouragements with a determination to succeed finally conquered. The first captives learned gradually to go of their own accord to the milking ground. The herd has been increased a few whales at a time until it now numbers fifty, and it requires the services of a staff of sixty men to carry on the daily milking.

Just what the plans of the company are is not generally known, and none of the officials will say. It was learned on good authority, however, that as soon as the dairy experiments in the way of butter and cheese making are complete, and the canning plant is ready the herd will be driven down to an inlet on the Maine coast, which has been fitted for a pasture. There the dairy will be established permanently.

Experiments have been made recently in permitting several of the tamer cows to go outside the inlet. These experiments have been peculiarly gratifying. In every instance the cow has returned, indicating clearly her preference for domestic life, and on two separate occasions cows of the herd have brought back with them strange companions. The strangers are now thoroughly domesticated and have become valuable members of the herd.

If, as is now believed, the whale milk is of rare medicinal value and proves to be a palatable substitute for the nauseous cod liver oil, it is easy to see the possibilities which lie in the new industry of whaleculture. The butter and cheese products are said to be of exceptional delicacy.

July Days in California.

JOHNSVILLE, Cal., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see another interesting item anent the pompano and hasten to apprise you of it. Pompano is not worth its weight in gold, but is a whole lot rarer. The item I refer to is a despatch from Capitola, California, dated July 2, and says that the biggest run of pompano in fifteen years had just occurred there; that the Italian fishermen sold their catch at the beach at 25 cents a pound, realizing $250, and that by the time these delicate fish would reach San Francisco they would possibly retail at $1.00 a pound.

I shall, however, for the present content my palate and appetite with trout at a cost only of the trouble and patience to cast a line in the streams and lakes in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Trout fishing in these mountains is not all what it is cracked up to be, as there are long stretches of river which are barren of trout, but now and then a section is found in which they are plenty. The lakes generally are fine grounds, but there is complaint this year from many points that the trout are unusually afflicted with parasites.

Lake Tahoe, however, is yielding its usual fine specimens of its speckled beauties, and the globe-trotter whose fortune it is to include Lake Tahoe in his itinerary always has a happy surprise in store for him at the hotels in the resorts along the lake. It is the serving to the guest of a single goodly seized trout, expertly cooked by a chef, the excellence of the fish and the perfection of the cooking thereof causing fond memories to linger long after the tourist has left Lake Tahoe.

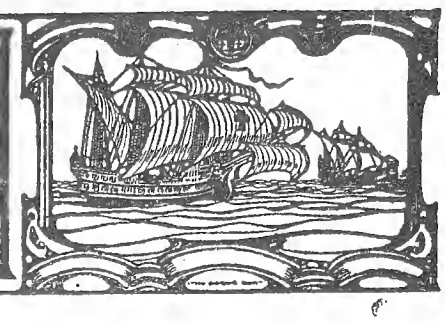
But as soon as I make a "stake" in the mines—I am out on a prospecting trip—I shall go down to Monterey or Santa Catalina, and "fill up" once more on pompano. At present writing I am situate in a little old mining camp, at one mile's altitude above sea-level, to which I had come for mail and fresh supplies. The inhabitants are just getting over the Fourth of July celebration. They are mostly of foreign extraction—Italian, Slavonian, Greek, etc.—and were quite zealous in the celebration, especially the Italians, who always remember that this country was the discovery of "Christopher Columb'." An American, who was most enthusiastic, had his cause for rejoicing based mostly upon the outcome of the fight at Reno, on July 3, between Hart and Root. He had picked the winner. When he returned to his placer mine in the gulch on Eureka ridge on Friday, he was minus many an ounce of good dust as the result of "whooping it up" for his favorite.

WM. FITZMUGGINS.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*



YACHTING



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JULY.

19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhole Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22. Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22. Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
22. Unqua Corinthian, Molineux cups.
22. Corinthian, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, power boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.
29. Seaside Park, open.
29. Edgewood, club.
29. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
29. Hampton Roads, cruise.
29. Rhode Island, cruising race.
29. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
29. Beverly, club.
29. Corinthian, club.
29. Boston, club, Marblehead.
29. Indian Harbor, annual.
29. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.

AUGUST.

1. East Gloucester, club.
1. Morrisania, cruise.
2. Seaside, club.
3. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
4. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
4. Shinnecock Y. C., association.
5. Shelter Island, annual.
5. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
5. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
5. Knickerbocker, cruise.
5. New Rochelle, cruise.
5. Squantum, club.
5. Rhode Island, cruising race.
5. White Lake, open.
5. Seaside Park, power boat.
5. Royal Canadian, club.
5. Chicago, club.
5. Edgewood, club.
5. Shinnecock, association.
5. Wollaston-Squantum, inter-club.
5. Beverly, club.
5. Corinthian, club.
5. Huntington, annual.
6. Morrisania, ladies' race.
6. Larchmont, club.
6. Lakewood, Cleveland, club.
7. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Marblehead, open.
7. Old Mill, open.
7. Sachem's Head, club.
8. Eastern, M. Y. R. A., open.
8. Seaside, power boat races.
8. Sachem's Head, club.
9. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Seaside Park, club.
10. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
10. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
10. New York, cruise, rendezvous cups, Glen Cove.
11. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
12. Beverly, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
12. West Hampton. C. C., association.
12. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
12. New Rochelle, long-distance race.
12. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
12. Seaside Park, Sewell cup.
12. Canada's cup races, Charlotte.
12. White Lake, power boat races.
12. Chicago, club.
12. San Francisco, cruise.
12. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
12. Sunnyside, Toronto, commodore's cup.
12. Bridgeport, annual.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual.
12. Rhode Island, cruise.
13. Rhode Island, cruise.
13. Manhasset Bay, club.
14. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open.
14. Boston, club, Marblehead.
14. Jamaica Bay, club.
15. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open.
15. East Gloucester, club.
15. Sachem's Head, special.
15. New York, Astor cups.
16. Seaside Park, club.
16. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
16. Bristol, open.
17. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
17. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
18. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
18. Shinnecock, ladies' race.
18. Eastern, power boat races.
18. Bristol, club.
18. Galveston, annual.
19. Hugenot, annual.
19. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
19. Northport, annual.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
19. Wollaston, club.
19. White Lake, open.
19. Chicago, cruise.
19. Moriches, club.
19. Quantuck, club.
19. Beverly, club.
19. Corinthian, club.
19. Galveston, annual.
20. Brooklyn, club.
20. Middletown, power boat races.
20. Lakewood, Cleveland, club.
20. Galveston, annual.
21. Eastern, ocean race.
21. Sachem's Head, club.
24. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
24. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
25. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
25. West Hampton C. C., ladies' race.
25. Sea Side, club.
25. Beverly, sweepstake.
26. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
26. Eastern, power boat races.
26. New Rochelle, club.
26. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
26. Hampton Roads, cruise.
26. Rhode Island, annual.
26. Country Club of Detroit, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
26. Royal Canadian, club.
26. White Lake, open.
26. Moriches, association.
26. San Francisco, cruise.
26. Corinthian, club..
26. Hempstead Harbor, annual.
26. Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup.
26. Sunnyside, Toronto, Commodore's cup.
27. Larchmont, club.
27. San Francisco, club.
28. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
28. Jamaica Bay, open.
28. Chicago, club.
28. Sachem's Head, club.
29. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
29. East Gloucester, club.
31. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open.
31. New Bedford, open.
31. Beverly, club.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.': LONG DISTANCE POWER BOAT RACE.—The conditions governing the Knickerbocker Y. C.'s power boat race from College Point, L. I., to Marblehead, Mass., are as follows

Prizes.—First prize, a $250 cup, presented by the Rudder Pub. Co.; second prize, a $100 cup, presented by the Knickerbocker Y. C. The Knickerbocker Y. C. will also present a souvenir cup to the owner of each launch that finishes within 24 hours of the first boat.

The officers of the Eastern Y. C. have very courteously placed at the service of the participating launch owners their anchorage, landing and house at Marblehead, and will arrange a series of power boat races, to take place on the days following the arrival of the racers, to which the visiting craft are invited to enter.

Conditions.—The race is for cruising boats, not exceeding in the greatest length 40ft. This measurement to be taken on deck, and to include projecting ends, either at bow or stern.

A cruising boat is one that is built for and is used for cruising. Must have stationary cabin house, not standing roof or canvas covered. Cabin must be water-tight and capable of resisting a sea; must contain sleeping, cooking and general living accommodations for crew.

Propelling Power.—A motor or engine operated either by gasolene or kerosene. The motor to be of the explosive type.

Crew.—To consist of not less than four persons; one of these may be a paid hand. No paid navigators or pilots allowed.

Equipments.—Boats must carry fuel in fixed tank or tanks and not in cans. Amount of fuel optional. Drinking water and stores sufficient for five days. Two anchors and rodes, side-lights, life-preservers, compass, charts, lead-line, etc.

Rating and allowance will be calculated under the rules of the American Power Boat Association.

Course.—From off College Point, Long Island, through the East River, Long Island and Block Island, Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds, around Monomoy, up Cape Cod and across Boston Bay to Marblehead. Distance, 280 nautical miles.

Entries.—All boats must be measured and rated before starting. No unrated boat will be allowed to start. All entries will be accepted subject to an inspection by the committee.

Protest.—No protest covering eligibility will be accepted unless made in writing 24 hours before the start.

Rejection.—The committee reserves the right to reject any entry if in their judgment the boat is not a bona-fide, seaworthy cruising craft.

Inspectors.—The following have been appointed inspectors, and have the committee's authority to inspect and pass upon the eligibility of boats: Mr. George J. Stelz, measurer of the Knickerbocker Y. C.; Mr. J. H. McIntosh, measurer of the Columbia Y. C., and Mr. E. W. Graef.

Inspection.—Upon an owner notifying the committee that he desires to have his craft inspected and rated, an inspector will be sent to examine and report upon the boat. Plans of boats designed to be built for the race can be submitted to the committee for their approval.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.—Mr. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Fleet Captain New York Y. C., has issued for Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, General Orders No. 2 relative to the cruise. They are as follows:

The squadron will rendezvous off station No. 10, Glen Cove, on Thursday, Aug. 10.

Captains will report on board the flagship at 5 P. M.

The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

Friday, Aug. 11, squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.

Saturday, Aug. 12, squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.

Sunday, Aug. 13, at New London. The squadron will dress ship at morning colors.

Monday, Aug. 14, squadron run, New London to Newport.

Tuesday, Aug. 15, at Newport. Astor Cup races. In the evening the squadron will illuminate.

Wednesday, Aug. 16, squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Thursday, Aug. 17, squadron run, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.

Friday, Aug. 18, at Marblehead.

Saturday, Aug. 19, at Marblehead. Eastern Y. C. regatta.

The preparatory signal for squadron runs will be two guns fired in rapid succession by the flagship and the display at the foretopmast head of the code letter "P" over the signal, indicating the next port. The start will be made promptly one hour later from a line previously established by the Regatta Committee, at which time the preparatory signal will be hauled down.

The date and place of the races for the owl and gamecock colors will be announced later.

The Regatta Committee will issue instructions for the runs from port to port, and for the other racing events.

The flag officers' cups will be sailed for during the cruise.

Captains are requested to supply their vessels with New York Y. C. night signals.

Captains and their guests will be welcome on board the flagship at all times.

Particular attention is invited to the changes in the club routine and to the rearrangement of the signal code.

THE HOUSEBOAT CEAIR.—Mr. Charles M. Blydenburgh, of Riverhead, L. I., has had built at Dimon's shipyard the houseboat Ceair, which was designed by himself, and she contains many original ideas. She was put together under his supervision, in the strongest manner possible, and of the best materials. One of its most striking original features is a long overhanging bow, which is cut back so far that one will be able to step upon the beach without the use of docks or attendant skiffs. Ceair is 12ft. wide, 35ft. long and 7½ft. high. She is being built on the Mississippi River style, with a 10ft. stern paddle. She will be propelled by a 10 horsepower gasolene engine. Four staterooms, each with two berths, a dining and reception room, a kitchen and motor room are provided for. The forward deck is 8 by 12ft., the after deck 6 by 12ft., each covered by an awning. There are four windows on each side of the cabin house. The craft will be christened Ceair, a most appropriate name, indeed—and Mr. Blydenburgh and his family expect to "take lots of it" during the coming months in cruising about Peconic and Gardiner's bays and through the canals to the Great South Bay.

AMERICAN TURBINE FOR GERMAN EMPEROR.—According to German sporting papers, the Kaiser is having a turbine motor boat built at an American shipyard. The turbines are said to be of an entirely new design, invented by a German-American of the name of Grabart Sellin. It is asserted that these turbines will revolutionize the building of such craft. The yacht will be 78ft. long. Her engines will be 3,000 horsepower, and she will have a speed of nearly 60 miles an hour.—New York Sun.

WARRIOR ARRIVES.—The twin-screw steam yacht Warrior arrived at New York on Sunday, July 9, from Marseilles via Gibraltar. She was one of the last vessels designed by the late George L. Watson, and was built last year at the yards of the Ailsa Shipbuilding Company, at Troon, Scotland. She is 282ft. over all, 238ft. 4in. waterline, 32ft. 6in. breadth, and 14ft. 3in. draft. Her tonnage is 1,097.80. On the passage over Warrior averaged 14 knots, which is two knots below her average speed. Captain McLean is in command, and she has a crew of forty-six men.

MINEOLA-VIRGINIA MATCH RACE.—The amateur match race between the two 70-footers, Mineola and Virginia, will take place off Oyster Bay on Wednesday, July 26. Both boats will be sailed and manned throughout by amateurs.

VEGLIA PURCHASED BY AN AMERICAN.—Mr. George W. C. Drexel has purchased the steam yacht Veglia from the estate of Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild. Veglia is a steel screw steam yacht 248ft. over all., 31ft. breadth and a draft of 18½ft. She was built at Glasgow in 1895 by David W. Henderson & Co. from G. L. Watson's designs for Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, and belonged to the port of Trieste.

CLUB BOOKS RECEIVED.—We are indebted to Mr. J. Q. Litchfield, Secretary and Treasurer of the Lake Winnipesaukee Y. C., for a copy of their club book, and to Mr. Everett Paine, Secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead.

COURIER AND LOUISE CHARTERED.—The steam yacht Courier, Mr. B. F. Keith, owner, has been chartered for the season to Mr. James W. Friend, through the office of Henry J. Gielow. The same agency has also chartered for the season the 76ft. motor yacht Louise, Mr. Donald McNeil, owner, to Mr. Walter Herrick.

THE RACE FROM CHICAGO TO MACKINAW.—The next important event in yachting circles at Chicago will be the race from Chicago to Mackinaw. The race starts at 2 o'clock July 29. There is a larger number of entries than there were last year, when there were ten starters, the record time being 37h. 40m., made by Vencedor, which boat beat out Vannena for first prize by 4m. 40s. actual time. In addition to the boats which sailed last year it is expected that the new yawls, Juanita, Arcadia and Delight, will enter, and with Mr. Gillett's schooner Uncas, there will be at least fifteen starters.

NEOLA II. SAILED BY HER OWNER.—Credit was given to Mr. Addison G. Hanan for having sailed the New York Y. C.'s one-design boat, Neola II., to victory in the race at the Larchmont Y. C. on July 4. This was not correct and the boat was sailed in that race, as in all others, by her owner, Mr. George M. Pynchon.

VANDERBILT CUP FOR MOTOR BOATS.—Commodore W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., has presented a cup to be raced for in the latter part of September. It is for motor boats driven by international combustion engines. The race is to be run without time allowance, on the Sound. The distance will be 100 miles, and the only restrictions are that the boats must be propelled by international combustion engines. The exact date of the race will be announced later.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Larchmont Y. C.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

RACE week at Larchmont is the most important series of events given on Long Island Sound. This year the racing commeneed on Saturday, July 15, and will continue for one week, Sunday excepted. The Sound racing fleet has been augmented by the entry of a number of the crack Gravesend Bay craft. It is seldom that the Gravesend Bay boats partieipate in the racing on the Sound, and this year the visiting craft will add much to the interest of the matches.

The big boats are conspicuous by their absence, the 70-footers being the only craft of any size to participate. On one day Mira, a 37ft. waterline boat, was the largest craft to start. This state of affairs tells only too plainly that racing in the big classes is dead.

First Day—Saturday, July 15.

To the casual observer Saturday was a perfect racing day, but those who participated in the match found that the fresh N.W. wind that held throughout the race had many soft places, and that, besides being puny, failed to hold true. These conditions put some of the laggards well up with the leaders in some instances, a place they really did not deserve, and in other cases it militated against some fast boats and clever skippers, whose craft should have won. It was a pleasant, but a trying, racing day, and all the skill of the skippers and crews was required to make any kind of a showing.

The course for the larger craft was from the starting line off Hen and Chickens, to Parsonage Point buoy, thence to Weeks Point buoy and back to the starting line, distance 9¾ miles. The 70-footers covered this course three times, making a total distance of 29¼ miles. The 40ft. sloops, the 33ft. sloops and yawls, and the New York Y. C. one-design boats covered the course twice, a distance of 19½ miles. All the other craft went over a 10½-mile triangle. The first leg of all courses was a close reach, the second a spinnaker run, and the third a beat.

The 70-footers got away at 11:40, with Mineola in the weather berth. Mineola increased her lead on the first two legs while reaching and running, but when it came to the turn out to windward it was another story. Mineola with her long gaff and big jackyard topsail cannot sail on a taut bowline as well as the Maxwell boat. At the end of the first round Mineola was leading by 4m. 50s. On the second round the Maxwell boat had cut the lead down to 2m., and at the finish she was only 46s. behind. Yankee's gains had been steady and marked, but were not sufficient to even make the outcome a question.

Mira had no competitor in her class, and sailed over the course alone. She has a most perfect suit of sails this season, and it is too bad she has no one to sail with. Acushla was entered against her, but did not start..

Memory and Sakana were the only starters in the yawl class. The racing between these boats was close enough to have some interest. Memory won by 1m. 56s.

In Class N it was more of a procession than a race, and Mimosa III.'s win was too easy to be interesting. Regina was second, a long way behind the leader, and Bobtail, one of the Gravesend Bay boats, was a poor third. It must be said in Bobtail's favor that she is essentially a light-weather craft, and the fresh breeze was a little too strong for her.

The New York Y. C. one-design boats were sent away at 11:50, and all carried full sail, except Phryne, which boat had one reef tied down, and she suffered in consequence on the first round. As she started around the second time it was shaken out.

The N. Y. Y. C. boats were well bunched around the starting line, and as there were fourteen of them the maneuvering was highly exciting. Alera was first away, followed by Phryne, Nautilus, Banzai, Neola II., Atair, Cara Mia, Maid of Mendon, Oriole, Dahinda, Pintail, Ibis, Adelaide, and Minx, as named. Alera held her lead to the first mark, but on the next round Mr. Addison Hanan had his spinnaker drawing on Nautilus before most of the others had theirs on deck, and made a useful gain. Nautilus did not take the lead, however, until the windward leg, and her owner, sailing his boat in peerless style, put her in the lead which she held from that time on.

At the end of the first round Nautilus had a nice lead. Alera sailed by Jimmie Alker, was also doing good work, and she was dangerous all through the race. On the second round Nautilus lost her spinnaker. In getting the sail in at the second mark, one of the paid hands let the halliard go, and the sail came down on the run and went overboard and under the boat. After vain efforts to save the sail, it was cut adrift in order to keep in first place. This accident caused sufficient delay to allow Alera, Phryne and Atair to come up and almost pass Nautilus. She, however, held first place, and finished a winner by just 30s. Alera was second, Phryne third and Atair fourth.

Eleven boats started in the raceabout class, and after a closely contested race. Tartan won. Nora was second, 4m. 17s. behind. Mystral was dismasted. She was towed into the harbor. No one was hurst. Howdy did not finish.

Of the four starters in Class P, two finished. Rascal disposed of Snapper easily, and won by a big margin.

Thelema beat her only competitor, Firefly, by nearly 10m. in the special 27ft. class.

The Class Q boats were a feature, and More Trouble distinguished herself by winning in conditions under which she is not supposed to perform advantageously. Saetta slipped home in second place. Quest was third and Ojigwan fourth. The other four entries in this class were all Sound boats, and were all handsomely beaten by the Gravesend Bay boats.

Dorothy won in the Larchmont 21ft. class, and Kenoshi trimmed Wawa, her only other competitor in the Indian Harbor one-design class.

In the 18ft. class Ace won and Omoo was second. Fannie ran away from Fritter in the Milton Point 15ft. one-design class, and Gloomy Gus finished alone in the Horseshoe Harbor one-design class.

The summary:

Sloops—70ft. Class—Start, 11:40—Course 29¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, W. Ross Proctor	3 09 08	3 29 08
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	3 09 54	3 29 54

Sloops—40ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 19½ Miles.

Mira, Charles Lane Poor	2 52 57	3 07 57

Yawls—33ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 19½ Miles.

Memory, H. M. Raborg	3 14 34	3 29 34
Sakana, Robert McCreedy	3 16 30	3 31 30

Sloops—33ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 19½ Miles.

Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	2 58 34	3 17 34
Regina, Francis G. Stewart	3 13 12	3 28 12
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	3 25 04	3 40 04

Sloops—N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 19½ Miles.

Nautilus, A. G. & H. W. Hanan	3 07 37	3 17 37
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	3 08 07	3 18 07
Phryne, Harry L. Maxwell	3 08 16	3 18 16
Atair, Cord Meyer	3 08 19	3 18 19
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 10 15	3 20 15
Pintail, August Belmont, Jr	3 11 23	3 21 23
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr	3 12 38	3 22 38
Oriole, Lyman Delano	3 15 29	3 25 29
Banzai, Newbury D. Lawton	3 15 35	3 25 35
Adelaide II., Adee Brothers	3 16 00	3 26 00
Minx, Howard Willets	3 16 17	3 26 17
Ibis, C. O'Donnell Iselin	3 16 32	3 26 32
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	3 17 39	3 27 39
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	3 19 40	3 29 40

Raceabout Class—Start, 11:55—Course, 10½ Miles.

Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 01 28	2 06 28
Rana, Howard Willets	2 05 05	2 10 05
Nora, Adrian Iselin, 2d	2 05 55	2 10 55
Pretty Quick, A. Bryan Alley	2 09 52	2 14 52
Circe, E. T. Irvin	2 09 53	2 14 53
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	2 10 07	2 15 07
Cricket, Macy Willets	2 10 11	2 15 11
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	2 11 05	2 16 05
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 11 40	2 16 40
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	Dismasted.	
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr	Did not finish.	

Sloops—27ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 10½ Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 12 50	2 12 50
Snapper, F. S. Page	2 31 48	2 31 48
Maryola, Howell E. Sayre	Did not finish.	
Montauk, D. K. Sheldon	Did not finish.	

Sloops—27ft. Class—Special—Start, 12:00—Course, 10½ Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	2 22 38	2 22 38
Firefly, G. P. Granberry	2 32 28	2 32 28

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 10½ Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 20 57	2 20 57
Adelaide,	2 32 28	2 32 28
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 30 02	2 30 02
Follette, L. R. Garcey	2 23 49	2 23 49

Sloops—22ft. Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 10½ Miles.

More Trouble, W. H. Child	2 19 09	2 14 09
Saetta, G. H. Church	2 25 53	2 20 53
Quest, F. J. Havens	2 26 22	2 21 22
Ojigwan, G. E. Reiners	2 27 33	2 22 33
Heron, John Leboutillier	2 32 54	2 27 54
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 35 08	2 30 08
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	2 38 20	2 33 20
Opossum, T. M. Raborg	Did not finish.	

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course 10½ Miles.

Kenosha, T. Mallory	2 41 07	2 31 07
Wawa, G. B. Robinson	2 49 19	2 39 19

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 10½ Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	2 47 16	2 37 16
Omoo, P. L. Howard	2 50 14	2 40 14
Mist, R. P. Clark	3 07 40	2 57 40
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	Did not finish.	

Milton Point One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 10½ Miles.

Fannie, C. O'D. Iselin, Jr	3 40 46	3 30 46
Fritter, W. E. Iselin, 2d	4 12 00	4 02 00

Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course 10½ Miles.

Gloomy Gus, L. H. Ryley	3 28 44	3 18 44
Quinsigamond, H. A. Woodward	Did not finish.	

Second Day—Monday, July 17.

There were fifty-three starters in the second day's racing, and all but three finished. The winners were Mira (sailover), Mimosa III., Cara Mia, Rascal, Thelema, Tartan, Vaquero, More Trouble, Kenosha, Quinsigamond, Fritter, Dod and Ace.

The light S. W. air that blew in fitful puffs in the morning strengthened when starting time came, and the boats had a good sailing breeze throughout the race. It was a very hot wind, but a very welcome one.

The Maxwell family was not represented in the racing, as neither Yankee or Phryne were on hand. Mineola having no competitor in the 70ft. class, remained at anchor all day in the harbor.

Mira had been promised a competitor and started, but she had no one to race against. It is very disappointing to her owner to go out to the line each day with his boat in racing shape and have no competitor, particularly when Effort, Dorwina and Katonah are all in the harbor. These boats are all old rivals of Mira's, and are racing boats with the possible exception of Katonah, yet they will not start. Mira sailed twice over an 11½ mile course alone. Mimosa III. and Regina her only competitor covered the same course. The first leg was a spinnaker run, the second a beat and the third a close fetch. Mimosa III. had an easy time with Regina and won by a big margin. It is very sportsmanlike of Mr. Francis G. Stewart to continue to race his boat Regina against Mimosa III., when he knows he has little or no chance of winning. Alert and Nike seemed to have pulled out of the racing for good.

Fourteen of the New York Y. C. one-design boats gave the best racing of the day. Banzai was first away followed by Cara Mia, Nautilus, Alera, Neola II., Pintail, Atair, Dahinda, Maid of Mendon, Minx, Oriole, Ibis, Adelaide and Linnet. It was a 6-mile run to the first mark, and Nautilus soon worked out a useful lead. She rounded a series B mark by mistake and lost some time thereby. When she finally squared away on her course again a number of the bunch ran by. This mistake cost Nautilus dear, and after having the race well in hand, she finished in sixth place. Cara Mia and Banzai were particularly well handled by their owners and finished first and second respectively.

There were only two starters in the 27ft. class and Rascal won easily. These boats went twice over a 5½-mile course. At the end of the first round Rascal led by nearly 5m., and she won by 8m. 20s.

Thelema repeated her performance of Saturday in the 27ft. special sloop class, and defeated Firefly by 6m. 15s.

Tartan beat her nine competitors, as usual, but the racing in the raceabout class was of a high order. Rascal II. got second and Cricket third. Pretty Quick was sailed by Ned Horton, one of the well-known Marblehead racing men. Mr. Horton had never raced at Larchmont before, nor had he ever sailed Pretty Quick previously, yet he managed to bring her home in fourth place.

Vaquero had an easy win in the Larchmont 21ft. class. Houri was second.

Four of the Gravesend Bay boats started in the 22ft.. sloop class. More Trouble got away in the lead and won the race by a good margin. Saetta was third and Ojigwan third.

Kenosha again won in her class, beating both her competitors easily.

Gloomy Gus withdrew in the Horseshoe Harbor one-design class and Quinsigamond finished alone.

Fritter defeated Fannie easily. Dod finished alone, as Clutha withdrew. Ace beat Hamburg in the 18ft. sloop class.

The summary:

Sloops, 40ft. Class—Start, 11:35—Course, 23 Miles.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mira, Charles Lane Poor	3 08 58	3 33 58

Sloops, 33ft. Class—Start, 11:35—Course, 23 Miles.

Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	3 28 21	3 52 21
Regina, Francis G. Stewart	3 47 11	4 12 11

Sloops, New York Y. C., One-Design 30-Footers—Start, 11:40—Course, 15½ Miles.

Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 28 17	2 58 17
Banzai, Newbury D. Lawton	2 41 46	3 01 46
Atair, Cord Meyer	2 43 44	3 03 44
Oriole, Lyman Delano	2 45 38	3 06 46
Minx, Howard Willets	2 46 28	3 06 28
Nautilus, H. W. and A. G. Hanan	2 46 46	3 06 46
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	2 47 28	3 07 28
Pintail, August Belmont, Jr	2 50 01	3 10 01
Maid of Mendon, W. G. Guthrie	2 47 27	3 07 27
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	2 50 46	3 10 46
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr	2 50 52	3 10 52
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	2 51 27	3 11 27
Adelaide, Adee Bros	2 52 27	3 12 27
Linnet, A. T. French	2 52 58	3 13 58

Raceabouts—Start, 11:45—Course, 11 Miles.

Tartan, G. L. Pirie	2 07 46	2 22 46
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	2 09 45	2 24 45
Cricket, Macy Willets	2 11 58	2 26 58
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 14 06	2 29 06
Circe, E. T. Irvin	2 14 20	2 29 20
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	2 14 37	2 29 37
Nora, C. O'D. Iselin	2 15 07	2 30 07
Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr	2 15 24	2 30 24
Rana, Howard Willets	2 15 37	2 30 37
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 16 38	2 31 38

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 11 Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 16 24	2 26 24
Maryola, H. E. Sayre	2 24 45	2 34 45

Sloops, 27ft. Class, Special—Start, 11:50—Course, 11 Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	2 16 31	2 26 31
Firefly, G. P. Granberry	2 22 46	2 32 46

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 11 Miles.

Vaquero, Dr. W. Stump	2 19 50	2 29 50
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 24 24	2 34 24
Dorothy, L. C. Spence	2 25 59	2 35 59
Folette, L. G. Gracey	Withdrew.	

Sloops, 21ft. Class—Start, 11:55—Course, 11 Miles.

More Trouble, W. H. Childs	2 20 05	2 25 05
Saetta, G. H. Church	2 25 32	2 30 32
Ojigwan, G. E. Reiners	2 27 17	3 32 17
Quest, F. J. Havens	2 27 48	2 32 48
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	2 43 39	2 48 39
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 43 41	2 48 41

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:00—Course 11 Miles.

Kenosha, T. Mallory	2 59 53	2 59 53
Owatanna, George Lauder, Jr	3 02 30	3 02 30
Wa Wa, G. B. Robinson	3 10 22	3 10 22

Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Quinsigamond, H. A. Woodward	4 04 28	4 04 28
Gloomy Gus. L. H. Riley	Did not finish.	

Milton Point One-Design Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Fritter, O. Iselin	3 44 53	3 44 53
Fannie, C. O'D. Iselin	4 03 07	4 03 07

Sloops, 15ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Dod, D. E. Dealey	3 56 28	3 56 28
Clutha, J. L. Mitchell	Did not finish.	

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	2 48 14	2 48 14
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	2 49 45	2 49 45
Arizona, C. W. Kear	3 24 20	3 24 20

Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup Races.

Rye, Long Island Sound—July 10, 11 and 12.

THE third series of races for the Manhasset Bay Challenge cup given this year by the American Y. C., were held on the above dates. The holder of the trophy attracted less interest than the previous two. The reason for this was because the defending club gave little or no publicitiy to the event, and few beside those directly interested knew even when the races were to be held.

The races this year were for class N boats, and as there were few speedy craft of this size available, it was only natural there were but few challenges. It was suggested that the size of boats eligible be increased to admit the new New York Y. C. one-design craft, and had this been done there would have been many more entries, and the races would have aroused the interest they did the first year, 1903.

The three boats, Mimosa III., Alert, and Nike, that participated in the series this year enjoyed some fine racing, and they were fortunate in having clear weather and fresh breezes on all three days.

The races were in charge of three particularly competent men. Mr. George A. Cormack represented the American Y. C., and Mr. Walter G. Kerr represented the Manhasset Bay Y. C. These two selected a third man, Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell, a member of the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C.

All three of the boats were designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., and Alert and Nike have participated in all the races that have been held for the cup since it was donated. Mimosa III. is the latest boat of the trio.

First Race—Monday, July 10.

A windward and leeward course was selected for the day, in accordance with the requirements. The starting line was off Government buoy A, off Parsonage Point, to a mark off Mr. Howard Gould's private dock at Port Washington, L. I., and return, a distance of 8 miles, which was covered twice. The wind was fresh from the S. by W., making the first leg a beat. The starting signal was given at 1:10, and all three boats crossed on the starboard tack. Mimosa III. was first away, with Nike 3s. behind. Alert crossed 16s. behind Mimosa III.

Mimosa III. and Nike were sailed by their owners, but Alert was handled by Mr. George A. Corry, who had never sailed the boat before. Mr. Corry is an amateur of abilitiy and he deserves great credit for the way in which he sailed Alert in all three races.

Alert went about on the port tack immediately, but was soon put back to starboard. The tide was running ebb. The starboard tack was held by all three boats until they were well on the Long Island beach. Mimosa III. was turning out to windward like a witch, and in the prevailing conditions the other boats were clearly no match for her. A couple of hitches when near the mark sufficed to bring the boats around. The times for that leg follow:

	Start.	Weather Mark.	Elapsed.
Mimosa	1 10 00	1 58 35	0 48 35
Nike	1 10 00	2 01 30	0 51 30
Alert	1 10 00	2 02 38	0 52 38

Mimosa III. had gained 2m. 55s. on Nike, and 4m. 3s. on Alert.

Spinnakers were set to starboard. Mimosa III.'s crew got their sail on the smartest, but she was sailing with her regular crew. Alert gained 13s. on her two opponents on this leg. On the run Nike smashed a part of her gaff jaws, but temporary repairs were made which enabled her to keep on. The following table gives the time for the second leg:

	Weather Mark.	Leeward Mark.	Elapsed.
Nike	2 01 30	2 37 45	0 36 15
Mimosa III.	1 58 35	2 34 50	0 36 15
Alert	2 02 38	2 38 40	0 36 02

Mimosa III. increased her lead on the second windward leg, and she was in a class by herself. The race was between Alert and Nike, and it proved to be a very interesting one. Nike has had 1,000lbs. of lead taken from her keel and is sailing in fine form. The times for the second windward leg follow:

	Leeward Mark.	Weather Mark.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	2 34 50	3 23 45	0 48 55
Nike	2 37 45	3 32 45	0 54 49
Alert	2 38 40	3 33 37	0 54 57

Spinnakers were set to port this time. Shortly after rounding, something parted aloft on Mimosa III., and her spinnaker came down on the run. It was soon reset, however, and less than five minutes had been lost in making repairs.

Alert gybed over and set her spinnaker to starboard when nearly down to the finish. Nike also gybed over, but did not again set her spinnaker. The times for the last leg follow:

	Weather Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	3 23 45	3 58 41	0 34 56
Nike	3 32 45	4 08 02	0 35 28
Alert	3 33 37	4 07 40	0 34 03

The summary, start, 1:10:

Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	3 58 41	2 48 41
Alert, James W. Alker	4 07 40	2 57 40
Nike, Victor I. Cumnock	4 08 02	2 58 02

Second Race—Thursday, July 11.

Mimosa III. won the second race of the series, which was sailed twice over a triangular course of 9¼ sea miles.

The wind was S.W. by S. and squally. At times the boats had all they could swing to. Fast time was made over the triangular course, which was as follows: From the buoy of Scotch Caps, thence to Matinicock, thence to Mott's Point and back to starting line.

When the boats were started at 1:25 the tide was running ebb. Alert got the start, Nike was second and Mimosa III. last. In the reach to the first mark Alert moved very fast, and Mimosa III. was only able to make up 10s. on her. The times for the first leg were, start, 1:25:

	Matinicock Point.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	1 49 45	0 24 45
Alert	1 49 55	0 24 55
Nike	1 50 25	0 25 25

To the second mark it was a long and a short leg, as the wind had gone more to the S. Mimosa III. again showed her splendid windward qualities and made useful gains. Nike sailed in such good form that Alert was unable to lose her. The times for the second leg follow:

	Matinicock Pt.	Motts' Pt.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	1 49 45	2 18 25	0 28 40
Alert	1 49 55	2 24 40	0 34 45
Nike	1 50 25	2 25 20	0 34 55

It was a broad reach to the home mark, and Mimosa III. made a slight gain of 15s. This table gives the times for the third leg:

	Mott's Pt.	Scotch Caps.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	2 18 25	2 46 10	0 27 45
Alert	2 24 40	2 53 00	0 28 20
Nike	2 25 20	2 53 40	0 28 20

On the second round the wind went back to its original quarter. On the first leg Mimosa III. made another gain of over a minute. The interest again centered in the contest between Nike and Alert. The times for this leg were:

	Scotch Caps.	Matinicock.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	2 46 10	3 10 50	0 24 40
Alert	2 53 00	3 18 55	0 28 55
Nike	2 53 40	3 19 45	0 26 05

The second leg was a beat with the wind dead on end. Five minutes is what Mimosa III. gained on this leg, and Alert and Nike had their hardest tussle of the day. The times follow:

	Matinicock Pt.	Mott's Pt.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	3 10 50	3 41 50	0 31 00
Alert	3 18 55	3 55 20	0 36 25
Nike	3 19 45	3 56 25	0 36 40

Mimosa III. does not go so smartly with checked sheets, and on the last leg she lost 13s. in the lightening of the wind. The times for the last leg:

	Mott's Pt.	Scotch Caps.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	3 41 50	4 13 07	0 31 17
Alert	3 55 20	4 26 24	0 31 04
Nike	3 56 25	4 27 35	0 31 10

The summary follows, start, 1:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	4 13 07	2 48 07
Alert, James W. Alker	4 26 24	3 01 24
Nike, Victor I. Cumnock	4 27 35	3 02 25

Mimosa III. beat Alert 13m. 17s., and Nike 14m. 28s. Alert beat Nike 1m. 11s.

Mimosa III. now has 6 points, Alert 4, and Nike 2.

Third Race—Wednesday, July 12.

Three straight is Mimosa III.'s record in the series of 1905. The last race was over a windward and leeward course. The wind was from the S.S.W. and freshened as the race progressed, until

it was blowing hard and there was a lump of a sea on. The tide was ebb.

The start was made at 1:40, off Scotch Caps. The weather mark was the buoy off Mott's Point. Once around, 8 miles. The course was covered twice.

Mr. Clinton Work sailed Nike in the absence of Mr. Cumnock. Four seconds after the whistle Mimosa III. was across. Nike was next and Alert last, well behind. All were on the starboard tack as they went over, but all took the port tack as the wind freed a little. Mimosa III. simply lost her two rivals on the wind, and the race was hers from the start, as had been the other [illegible] matter.

Nike split tacks with Alert and went off on her own hook; but this move proved a blunder and she lost thereby. The times for the first leg follow, start, 1:40:

	Weather Mark.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	2 26 38	0 46 38
Alert	2 32 22	0 52 22
Nike	2 35 00	0 55 00

Mimosa III. overstood the mark, but she had plenty of time in which to make blunders. She gybed at the mark, and after rounding gybed her boom back to port and set her spinnaker to starboard. Alert was next around, and Nike well behind. The times for the leeward leg:

	Weather Mark.	Leeward Mark.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	2 26 38	3 00 48	0 34 10
Alert	2 32 22	3 05 08	0 32 46
Nike	2 35 00	3 08 20	0 33 20

Mimosa III. and Alert held the port tack after hauling on the wind and benefited, as it was backing to the W. Nike again went luck hunting, and experienced the usual misfortunes when on such expeditions. Nike made better time on this leg than Alert. The times for the leg:

	Leeward Mark.	Weather Mark.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	3 00 48	3 52 40	0 51 52
Alert	3 05 58	4 03 25	0 58 17
Nike	3 08 20	4 05 40	0 57 20

On the run back to the finish the wind was coming in heavy puffs, and those on Mimosa III. took in their spinnaker, in order to avoid a possible accident. As she neared the New York shore the wind let up a little, and her spinnaker was reset. The times for the last leg were:

	Weather Mark.	Leeward Mark.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.	3 52 40	4 25 32	0 32 52
Alert	4 03 25	4 36 08	0 32 43
Nike	4 05 40	4 39 05	0 33 25

The summary, start, 1:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	4 25 32	2 45 32
Alert, James W. Alker	4 36 08	2 56 08
Nike, Victor L. Cumnock	4 39 05	2 59 05

Mimosa III. beat Alert 10m. 36s., and Nike 13m. 33s.; Alert beat Nike 2m. 57s.

The following is a record of the races held since the cup was put up for competition:

Series of 1903.	Points.
Alert, James W. Alker, Manhasset Bay	22
Marion, F. W. Brigham, Shelter Island	19
Oiseau, Harry L. Maxwell, Indian Harbor	14
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach, Bensonhurst	13
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park, American	11
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb, Atlantic	9
Enpronzi, Roy E. Rainey, Larchmont	7
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen, New York A. C.	3
Series of 1904.	
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park, American	8
Alert, James W. Alker, Manhasset Bay	7
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach, Bensonhurst	4
Nike, Victor L. Cumnock, Seawanhaka Corinthian	3
Series of 1905.	
Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park, American	9
Alert, James W. Alker, Manhasset Bay	6
Nike, Victor L. Cumnock, Seawanhaka Corinthian	3

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass—Tuesday, July 4.

AN open race was given by the Corinthian Y. C. off Marblehead, on Tuesday, July 4, for rating and restricted classes, in which there were forty-four starters. The breeze was S. at the start, but was S.E. outside, and the boats that were sent to the S. mark had no windward work. Meemer was first to get away in Class M, but Setsu took the lead soon after the start and held it to the finish. Opitsah III. led all the way around in Class P. In the 22-footers Medric had the start at the windward end of the line. All the boats at this end went in under the shore. Tyro crossed at the leeward end and stood across to Cat Island, catching the S.E. breeze first and taking the lead. At the outer mark she was followed by Chewink IV. and Medric II., and this order was maintained to the finish. Bat started away first in the 18-footers, while the others were hung up at the line in a mix-up, and she led all around the course. Vera II. took her usual win in the 15ft. class. In the special handicap class Tabasco won by a good margin. The summary:

Class M.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 52 12
Cossack, Henry A. Morss	1 58 48
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgdon	2 03 42
Louise, E. McWilliams	2 05 10
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder	2 06 34
Kit, H. B. Whittier	2 19 38
Class N.	
Setsu, S. W. Lewis	2 02 20
Jingo, G. B. Doane	2 05 52
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster	2 08 35
Myrtle, T. W. Souther	2 16 42
Owaissa, Walter Kelley	2 26 20
Class P.	
Opitsah III., Dr. W. F. Whitney	2 03 04
Carina II., C. B. & C. H. Wheelock	2 06 31
Sally IV., H. R. Starratt	2 13 10
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	2 15 24
Sea Fox, John A. Alden	2 25 49
22-footers.	
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 56 52
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 00 46
Medric II., H. H. White	2 01 24
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 02 53
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	2 03 21
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 05 18
Urchin, John Greenough	2 07 53
Medric, George Lee	Withdrew.
Clorinda, Cheney & Lanning	Withdrew.
18-footers.	
Bat, Charles F. Adams, 2d	1 41 42
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 42 55
Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	1 44 30
Otter, A. D. Irving	1 44 43
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 44 51
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr.	1 45 58
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 46 04
Aladdin, A. & G. P. Keith	1 48 10
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	1 48 35
Moslem, John Tyler	1 48 49
15-footers.	
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 43 37
Cigarette, Dr. Morton Prince	1 44 21
Nibelung, Miss E. G. Loring	1 45 59
Little Misery, Caleb Loring	Withdrew.

Special Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tabasco, W. H. Hollander	1 15 35	1 15 35
Muleykeh, Misses Fabens.	1 17 56	1 17 11
Tartar, W. D. Quiner	1 26 32	1 26 32
Crusoe, Miss Fabens	1 29 18	1 27 02
Gee Whiz, W. H. Quiner	1 20 25	1 20 25

Saturday, July 15.

The third championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, July 15, in a fresh N.W. breeze. In the 22-footers Nutmeg was first across the starting line, but Tyro had the weather berth, and she took the lead soon after the start, holding it to the finish. Medric I., in this class, was dismasted at the outer mark. In the 18ft. class, Hayseed got the start and led all over the course. Nibelung won handily in the 15ft. class. In Class M, Chewink IV. got the start and led to the outer mark, but Cossack beat her out on the windward leg and took the race. It was all Carina II. in Class Q. The summary:

22ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 39 39
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 40 20
Medric II., H. H. White	1 41 22
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 41 47
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber	1 42 08
Peri II., Morton Prince	1 44 35
Medric I., Geo. Lee	Disabled.
18ft. Class.	
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 15 13
Otter, A. D. Irving	1 16 56
Moslem, B. D. Barker	1 17 32
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 18 07
Fritter, A. P. Loring	1 23 15
15ft. Class.	
Nibelung, E. G. Loring	1 26 20
Little Misery, Caleb Loring	1 29 20
Cigarette, Gordon Prince	Disabled.
Class M—Handicap.	
Cossack, H. A. Moss	1 27 25
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber	1 30 47
Setsu, S. W. Lewis	1 59 24
Class Q—Handicap.	
Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	1 11 43
Sea Fox, W. L Carlton	1 28 30

Eastern Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Monday, July 3.

THE first of a series of three special open races of the Eastern Y. C., was sailed off Marblehead on Monday, July 3, in a very light and fluky breeze from the S.W. It was so light at the start that the boats drifted across the line. They were sent into the wind, S.E., for the first leg, but before they had been long sailing, the wind hauled to S.W., and they laid the course. The breeze later fell again, and the yachts drifted toward the finish line, only eleven crossing out of about thirty-five starters. In Class M, Meemer got the start and led her class over the whole course. In Class N-O, Kit got the start, but soon after, Tyro took the lead and held it. Mirage II. got the start in Class O-P, but the little Lynn Y. C. one-design 15-footer Winniahdin went out ahead in the light air and was first across the finish line. The summary:

Class M—Over 33ft. and Not Over 40ft.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, B. C. Nickerson	3 44 06
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	4 04 03
Cossack, H. A. Morss	4 27 07
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	4 28 23
Rube, H. L. Bowden	4 58 03
Class N-O—Over 25ft. and Not Over 33ft.	
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	3 55 44
Medric II., H. H. White	4 54 49
Peri II., Morton Prince	4 58 54
Class O-P—Over 18ft. and Not Over 25ft.	
Winniahdin, S. Watson	4 48 22
Bat, Adams Bros.	4 54 06
Boohoo, R. Boardman	5 03 53

Clorinda and Louise in Class M, and Hayseed II. in Class O-P, withdrew. Others did not finish within time limit of one-half hour after sunset.

Tuesday, July 4.

The second in the Eastern Y. C. series of special open races was sailed on Tuesday afternoon, July 4. In this event what started out to be good racing was spoiled by falling breeze. All classes were given a short course, 4 miles to windward, to the S.E. mark, and return, and in a dead on end beat to the outer mark, there was as pretty a contest as one could wish to see; but on the last half of the course, the wind fell and kept hauling to the southward, thus spoiling all that the leading boats had accomplished. In Class M, Meemer had the best of the start in the weather berth, and she sailed a beautiful race to the windward mark, beating handily the Bar Harbor 31-footer Cricket and the Y. R. A. 30-footer Chewink IV. When she was held up by the sinking breeze on the homeward course, she was passed by the schooner Redskin. Cricket was given first place on corrected time in this class, but it has since been learned that Cricket had assumed greater length than Meemer, and the latter is now believed to be the winner. In Class N-O, Medric II. got the start, with Rube second, Tyro third, and Chewink V. fourth. These four boats had a pretty race all the way out, Rube turning the outer mark first, closely followed by Chewink V. and Tyro. With a larger spinnaker than the others, Chewink V. led the class across the finish line, with Tyro second and Medric II. third. A protest was entered against Chewink V. for carrying her larger spinnaker, the 22-footers having agreed to race as a class within a class, all using spinnaker poles of uniform length. Upon this protest will be decided Chewink's place, although Medric II. is at present credited with first on corrected time. Class O-P got away with Boo Hoo, Hayseed I., and Bat, 18-footers, at the head of the bunch. Boo Hoo led across the finish line, with the 25-footer Carina II. second; but Carina II. is credited with first on corrected time. In the following summary all yachts not credited with corrected times, have not been measured:

Class M—Over 33 and Not Over 40ft.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cricket, H. M. Sears	1 45 08	1 37 00
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 40 11	1 37 25
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgdon	1 45 28	1 40 06
Rorel, George L. Batchelder	1 49 14	1 41 57
Cossack, Henry A. Morss	1 41 55	. . . .
Kit II., H. B. Whittier	1 57 10	1 52 14
Redskin, H. L. Pond	1 38 08	. . . .
Louise, E. McWilliams	1 44 31	. . . .
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 50 01	. . . .

Prizes, $60, $30, $20.

Class N-O—Over 25ft. and Not Over 33ft. Rating.

Medric II., H. H. White	1 47 46	1 40 40
Setsu, Talbot & Lewis	1 49 00	1 43 38
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 50 00	1 44 58
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 47 36	. . . .
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 44 06	. . . .
Urchin, John Greenleaf	1 49 54	. . . .
Peri II., Morton Prince	1 48 10	. . . .
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 48 06	. . . .
Myrtle, T. W. Souther	1 49 56	. . . .
Clorinda, Cheney & Lanning	1 49 26	. . . .
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	1 40 35	. . . .
Jingo, G. B. Duane	1 48 27	. . . .
Medric, George Lee	1 48 18	. . . .

Prizes, $50, $30, $15. First three only measured.

Class O-P—Over 18 and Not Over 25ft. Rating.

Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	1 45 46	1 25 13
Aspenet, E. W. Remick	1 53 03	1 26 37
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 46 20	1 28 26
Aladdin, Arthur Keith	1 46 46	1 29 19
Hayseed I., H. L. Bowden	1 46 40	1 30 17
Bonitwo, G. H. Wrightman	1 45 54	1 30 55
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 47 51	1 31 09
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	1 46 57	1 32 15
Boohoo, R. Boardman	1 45 36	. . . .
Bat, Adams Brothers	1 45 55	. . . .
Myrmidon, J. F. Noble, Jr.	1 46 35	. . . .
Theorem, Twombley Brothers	2 01 44	. . . .
Aurora, Pigeon Brothers	1 49 20	. . . .
Winniahdin, James Pratt	1 50 14	. . . .
Moslem I., John Tyler	1 48 54	. . . .
I, 17	1 47 39	. . . .
Baggarah	1 55 58	. . . .
Sally IV., H. R. Starratt	1 46 25	. . . .
Nibelung, Miss E. G. Loring	1 53 15	. . . .
Sea Fox, John G. Alden	2 01 44	. . . .

Prizes, $50, $25, $15.

Power Boats—Tuesday, July 4.

THE power boat races of the Eastern Y. C. sailed on the morning of July 4, were not as successful as desired. There were only six entries all told, and one of these took a sailover. Essex, a first-class boat, sailed with the third-class boats. In this class the first three boats finished in the same positions they started. It started last and Weewin fourth. The summary:

Second Class.

	Elapsed.
Highball, Richard Hutchison	1 35 55
Third Class.	
*Essex, E. G. Young	1 02 40
Omeomi, G. Whittier	1 07 43
Little Egypt, C. F. Lyman	1 13 13
It, Howard Haskell	1 13 45
Weewin, G. G. Whitney	1 16 08

*First class boat.

The average speed per hour was: Essex, 11.51 miles; Omeomi, 10 63; Little Egypt, 9.87; It, 9.76; Weewin, 9.46; Highball, 7.52.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, July 8.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its three hundred and sixty-seventh regatta from its club house on Saturday, July 8. The event was the first Corinthian race of the season—that is, the first race counted for the championship of the club.

The weather was somewhat thick all the morning, with a light breeze from the S.W. At 1 o'clock, the hour for starting, the wind had increased somewhat, so that at times there was a wholesail breeze. Throughout the afternoon, it maintained its direction fairly constant from the S.W., but its velocity varied greatly, often falling to a very light breeze, and again breezing on in sharp puffs. Fog came with the wind, and during much of the afternoon it was impossible to see one-quarter of a mile.

In the 21ft. class, Quakeress appeared for the first time, but as Illusion did not turn up, the number of entries was the same as it has been throughout the season. Commodore Dabney's Terrapin took the lead shortly after the start, and maintained it throughout the race. The contest for the other positions, however, was often in doubt and afforded good racing. At first Quakeress was in the second place, but she left the other boats and stood on a long tack over to the Marion shore, and when she met the bunch again off Bird Island, she was in fourth place. Barnacle and Amanita III. had a close race all the way to the windward mark, in which Barnacle finally won and rounded the buoy a short distance ahead of Amanita. From the windward mark the boats reached across the bay to Scraggy Neck buoy No. 8, and during this reach Amanita got away from Quakeress and Barnacle drew away slightly from Amanita. On the run home the chief excitement was furnished by Amanita and Quakeress. These two indulged in several luffing matches, which carried them often dangerously near the rocks. Here Quakeress had the advantage, for she draws much less water, and she finally secured the windward position and seemed sure to take third place; but Amanita got a puff just before reaching the line, and beat Quakeress by 2s.

In the 18ft. one-design class there were four entries. These boats were sent first to Bird Island and then across the bay to Scraggy Neck Buoy No. 8, and then home. Margaret finished first, 24s. ahead of Wanderer, who had a lead of over a minute over Jap.

The 15ft. one-design class was sent to Bird Island and back. There were seven entries, and Maurice H. Richardson, Jr., took first place with his Ranzo, beating Miss Dabney in Fiddler by 29s., and Miss Dabney beating F. W. Sargent, Jr., by only 55s.

The race was distinguished by the appearance of a new class, the fifth class cats. Several times during its history the club has had entries from this class, but for a year or two none have appeared. Last Saturday four of the Cataumet one-design catboats, commonly known as the Cataumet Pups, abandoned their usual practice of staying in their own harbor, and came down to the club for a race. The boats were all sailed by amateurs, but the skippers were not all members of the club, therefore, the race was more in the nature of a self-arranged brush than a formal contest. Mr. Frank Paine, Col. C. J. Paine's youngest son, won in his Water Baby, beating Minnow, which was sailed by Mr. George Nichols, of New York, by 40s.

The judges were Messrs. L. S. Dabney and Charles Whittemore. The times in detail follow:

21-footers—Course 12—13⅜ Miles.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 08 27
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 10 06
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 12 10
Quakeress, Wm. F. Harrison	2 12 14
Radiant, C. M. Baker	2 15 15
Arethusa, Ezra H. Baker	Did not finish
18-footers—Course 16—8⅝ Miles.	
Margaret, Wm. O. Taylor	1 43 08
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 43 33
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 45 11
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 46 19
15-footers—Course 18—8⅜ Miles.	
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 34 34
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 35 03
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 35 58
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	1 37 41
Compress, S. M. Weld, Jr.	1 38 51
Jub Jub, Miss Eleanor Stockton	1 39 05
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 39 06
Fifth Class Cats—Course 19—6½ Miles.	
Water Baby, Frank Paine	0 49 44
Minnow, A. H. Eustis	0 50 24
Mullet, F. A. Eustis	0 52 23
Folly, John Jeffries	0 52 58

Knickerbocker Y. C.

College Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 8.

THE third series race of the Sea Skunks was held on Saturday, July 8. A 7½ sea mile course was covered by the seven boats that started. The wind was light and the water smooth. Mr. F. L. Kramer won, and Mr. A. L. Kirker was second. The summary, start 4:30 P. M.:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 1, F. L. Kramer	5 15 03	0 45 03
No. 5, A. L. Kirker	5 16 12	0 46 12
No. 6, F. E. Brown	5 17 30	0 47 30
No. 11, S. H. Mason	5 18 07	0 48 07
No. 9, J. Sulzbach	5 19 10	0 49 10
No. 8, E. P. Sands	5 19 12	0 49 12
No. 12, M. E. Connolly	5 20 00	0 50 00

Saturday, July 15.

MR. A. L. KERKER'S one-design power boat ran on a rock and injured her propeller in the race held on Saturday afternoon, July 15, for the Sea Skunks. Mr. J. J. Cassidy's boat won, and Mr. F. L. Kramer's boat was second. The wind was fresh from the N.W., and the water was lumpy. The summary:

	Elapsed.
J. J. Cassidy	5 34 25
F. L. Kramer	5 37 19
E. P. Sands	5 39 12
S. H. Mason	5 39 15
J. Sulzbach	5 39 84
A. L. Kerker	Disabled.

Bayside Y. C.

Bayside, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 15.

THE Bayside Y. C. held a club race on Saturday afternoon, July 15. There were six starters in two classes, and all the boats went over an 8-mile course. The wind was strong from the N.W. The summary:

Dories—Start, 3:13.

Rubber, A. C. Andrews	4 45 00
Easy Mark, H. Lee	4 50 03
Ivy, E. G. Story	4 53 13
Torpedo Boat Class—Start, 3:25.	
Kangaroo, H. Wigans	4 42 00
Imbree, Leo Bugg	4 43 30
Runaway, H. L. Hill	4 47 00

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound—Saturday, July 15.

ON Saturday afternoon, July 15, five of the 15-footers raced over an 8-mile triangle in a strong N.W. breeze. Sabrina won and Imp was second. The summary, start, 3:11:

	Elapsed.
Sabina, C. W. Wetmore	4 31 30
Imp, S. L. Landon	4 34 30
Chipmunk, T. S. Young	4 35 04
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt	4 37 04
Grilse, B. G. Weeks	4 37 10

Annual Cruising Race, Macatawa Bay Y. C.

THE annual Lake Michigan cruising race of the Macatawa Bay Y. C. 21ft. raceabout class, which was held Sunday, June 11, proved to be a most exciting and sporty contest. The first five boats finished the 20-mile run with only 2m. between them, and the last craft of the fleet was but 5m. behind the leader.

The course was from the piers at Grand Haven, finishing between the piers at Macatawa, a distance of 20 miles. The regular Lake Michigan Yachting Association raceabout rules were in force, with the exception that balloon jibs were permitted and the regular crew limit of five was removed. For those who are unacquainted with this class, I might say that it is based on the Long Island Sound raceabout class, with restrictions and additions as developed on Lake Michigan at Macatawa—the principal changes being some additional strengthening in construction and self-bailing cockpits and cabin accommodations. They have proved fine all-around boats, and remarkably fast.

The morning of the race was cold and foggy, with half a gale from the W.N.W. Grand River was in flood, brown and turbid, carrying trees and driftwood, with a six or seven mile current swirling out between the piers. When it reached the lake and encountered the N.W. sea, it kicked up an awful rip, which made maneuvering for the start a very ticklish affair. In fact, there wasn't any maneuvering. Although a two-reef breeze, all carried full canvas, as the wind promised to hold well aft.

The starting gun was fired at 10 A. M., and the fleet went over the line in the following order: Elvira, Colleen and Hobo near the pier. Madcap, Zeta and Snipe well out in the Lake. Colleen was the first to set her ballooner, followed quickly by the others. With a 30-mile wind and a following sea, they jumped ahead when the big jibs filled.

At 10:30 the Twin Sisters, a solitary pair of sand hills, were abeam, showing about 4 miles had been passed. Here Elvira was in the lead, while Madcap had worked into a close second and was leading the windward division. Colleen was third, with Hobo astern and to leeward. Snipe was about even with Hobo, but well out in the lake. Zeta was astern of Snipe. Madcap now attempted to set her spinnaker, but no sooner was it broken out than her pole snapped in the middle, and she was obliged to take it in again.

Then a dirty, cold fog came sweeping in and blotted out the shore line, so for some time we steered by compass. Before long the wind shifted a point to the N., and it gradually cleared. Snipe was now seen to have her spinnaker set and managed to keep it up by virtue of a stout pole. She began to pull up rapidly on the rest of the fleet. Her example was followed by Zeta and Colleen, and then by Hobo and Elvira.

Colleen and Hobo now began to jump up on the leaders. With two men on the spinnaker poles, and spinnaker and balloon as hard as iron, they were fairly leaping through the seas. When the wind and sea came together, would come a dizzying, roaring rush, with a wave either side the bow, nearly covering the men on the pole. It hardly seemed possible for the spars to stand the strain.

The wind came stronger and stronger, and before long, with a crash Colleen's spinnaker pole went up in the air. It was quickly secured and the remaining 10ft. piece put out again, with three of the crew to hold it down. At the same time Elvira's pole broke, and she was compelled to take in her spinnaker.

At 11:10 the entrance to Port Sheldon rushed past through a smother of foam, seeming to disappear astern as soon as sighted. Half of the race was run.

Hobo was now closing up on Colleen's weather inch by inch. Elvira and Madcap were slowly dropping behind without the pull of their spinnakers. Snipe was coming up. Hobo attempted now to get Colleen's wind, but the latter luffed from under, with spinnaker slatting and banging, and took a position on Hobo's weather. She couldn't hold it with her crippled wing, however, and Hobo slowly drew into the lead. For a few minutes it looked as though she would not hold it, when her peak halyard was seen to let go. The crew of Colleen were jubilant, but soon sobered down when they saw her skipper go aloft and secure it. This was one of the prettiest bits of seamanship in the whole race.

As the lighthouse at Macatawa grew plainer into view, the wind began to come in angry squalls, lifting the tops off the waves and making the boats fairly jump from under with a creaking and straining that seemed sure to take out the sticks. Nearing the piers, it was seen that there would be some lively work at the finish. Colleen and Snipe were approaching the line on even terms, with the latter further out and to windward, but the former in the inside position for rounding the pier. On board Colleen every man made ready for the gybe of his life. About 200ft. from the pier Snipe took in her spinnaker and gybed over. Colleen hung on to everything, and gybed with all sails standing, letting spinnaker, sheet, tack, balloon and all fly as the boom slashed over and squeezed in between Snipe and the pier just two feet ahead.

When we had time to look back, we saw one of Snipe's men bobbing up and down in the big combers at the mouth of the channel. He had gone overboard on the gybe. He seemed to be swimming strongly, and Elvira rushing past next, threw him a life buoy. He was picked up a minute later by the life-saving crew, none the worse for wear.

We now learned why Snipe had squeezed us so at the pier. It was her main sheet man who had gone overboard, helped by an extra big sea. He had hung on to the sheet, and dragging through the water at a 10-mile clip, had pulled in the boom till she wouldn't bear away. Her skipper was unaware he had lost his man, and shouted to "Let go the main sheet," which he obediently did, in a breaking sea.

Madcap finished 29s. behind Elvira. These two boats did remarkably well, cnosidering they did not carry spinnakers.

The following is the list of boats and the time, start, 10 A. M.:

	Finish.
Hobo, A. W. Hompe	12 27 00
Colleen, A. Baxter	12 27 30
Snipe, R. W. Irwin	12 27 30½
Elvira, D. C. Miller	12 28 00
Madcap, C. W. Baxter	12 28 59
Zeta, E. E. Dryden	12 32 00

Hobo wins the C. M. Camburn cruising cup, and holds the record time for this couse, 2h. and 27m. A. B.

New Rochelle Y. C. Race, July 15.

Echo Bay to Stratford Shoal Light and Return.

THE second annual race to Middle Ground Light and return, a matter of 66 miles, brought out a fleet of ten starters, boats of all rigs, sailing in one class, and rated for T. A. on he basis of W. L. length, plus one-half overhang at 10s. per foot per mile.

The race was a reach both ways, with the exception of a short leg to windward between the South and North buoys on Stratford Shoals, and the wind free enough to enable the boats to carry ballooners on both legs.

The idea of having the start and finish at the home port was an excellent one, and might well be adopted for some of the longer races.

The wind at the start was fresh N.W., and Thora crossed the line first, overlapping Escape. Off Milton Point, after a sharp luffing match, Escape took the lead, and at Stamford Light had gained about one-quarter of a mile on Thora and Fleetwing, with the rest of the fleet one mile astern, closely bunched and sailing a very even race.

The wind held true all the afternoon, with the leaders in the same relative positions. At 8:28 Escape luffed around the red buoy to the south of the light, followed by Thora at 8:34, and Fleetwing about 10m. later. Thora rounded close to the light instead of standing on to the northerly buoy, which disqualified her, her owner having misunderstood the instructions.

After 9 o'clock in the evening the wind moderated, but freshened again about 10 o'clock, and at midnight the leaders were off Norwalk Islands, Escape still in the lead.

Fleetwing rounded second, and the catboat Nymph third; the others too far astern to be distinguished.

Escape finished at 3 A. M., the first boat to complete the course. Following is a summary of the race:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nymph	3 21 45	3 42 45	12 12 45	9 51 45
Escape	3 20 15	3 00 35	11 40 35	10 20 35
Susie	3 20 45	3 54 15	12 34 15	10 34 15
Thora	3 20 00	2 55 30	11 35 30	10 49 30
Fleetwing	3 21 05	4 21 01	13 01 01	13 01 01
Kismet	3 20 30	9 25 00	18 05 00	14 23 00
Gaychen	3 21 03	9 42 00	18 22 00	14 51 00
Grace	3 21 00	10 01 30	18 41 30	14 58 30
Io	3 21 00	9 43 00	18 23 00	15 25 00
Katharine	3 20 30	10 13 00	18 53 00	15 27 00

According to the committee's time, Nymph was first, Escape second, Susie third, and Thora fourth, but protests have been entered against Nymph, Susie and Thora for not rounding buoys at outer marks, which made a saving of 1¾ miles of windward work in a light breeze.

Hartford Y. C.

Hartford to Fenwich—Saturday, July 4.

THE long-distance power boat race given by the Hartford Y. C. on Saturday, July 8, was a great success. The course was from Hartford to Fenwich, 46.06 miles. The weather was cloudy, and the boats encountered a head wind and a lumpy sea.

The Race Committee was made up of Messrs. C. H. Symonds, chairman; F. A. Law, N. C. Brainard, John MacFadyen and Joseph Merritt.

The winners were: First Division—Rita, first and Swastika second. Second Division—Iris first, and Ruth second. Autoboats—Flip first and Fantana second.

Some of the boats ran very close to their rating. Three boats with a difference in starting times of 53m. 36s. in one case, and 1h. 23m. 12s. in the other, over the first boat, finished the 46 miles within 16s. of each other.

It showed also that a cruising boat should be measured in cruising trim, as she cannot make her rating if measured light and loaded down for a cruise before starting in the race.

The time of the autoboats was slow, as Flip and Fantana both had their engines installed the night previous, with no time to tune up. The actual time of Flip was 11m. less, as she was delayed that time after her starting gun was fired.

Columbia, of which so much was expected, failed to make good, and withdrew, disabled within sight of the finish line.

The particulars of the boats follow:

First Division.

	Sailing Length.	Handicap.
Rita, C. D. & A. D. Francis	26.08	.....
Swastika, A. H. Brooks	34.05	1 23 12
Jessie F., J. F. Foster	36.02	1 36 48
Second Division.		
Caprice, W. H. Kinney	29.09	0 38 36
Iris, J. E. Cowbishaw	31.03	0 53 36
Ruth, E. S. McAll	31.06	0 56 40
J. O. S., T. H. Smith	47.07	2 43 25
Auto Division.		
Rocket, D. S. Morrell	58.05	3 22 08
Flip, C. H. Holmes	60.00	3 26 24
Fantana, Hubbard Motor Co	68.03	3 46 39
Columbia, F. E. Dayton	70.00	3 50 12

The times were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rita	10 00 00	4 14 20	6 14 20
Caprice	10 38 36	5 11 05	6 32 29
Iris	10 53 36	4 14 36	5 21 00
Ruth	10 56 40	4 36 00	5 39 20
Swastika	11 23 12	4 14 35	4 51 23
Jessie F.	11 36 48	4 54 18	5 17 30
J. O. S.	12 43 25	4 49 35	4 06 10
Rocket	1 22 08	Did not finish.	
Flip	1 26 24	4 43 05	3 16 41
Fantana	1 46 39	4 48 50	3 02 11
Columbia	1 50 12	Did not finish.	

Quincy Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, July 8.

THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed off the club house, Hough's Neck, on Saturday, July 8, in a wholesail breeze from the S.W. In the 22-footers Rube got the start and led all over the course. In the 18ft. class Nicknack got the start, but Hayseed soon went into the lead, and was leading at the end of the first round. On the second beat to windward, Bonitwo went out ahead and led to the finish. Zaza II. did about all the leading in the sailing dory class. Stranger got the start in the Cape cats, with Argestes second. On windward work, however, Marvel took the lead and she held it during the rest of the race. The summary:

Class E—22ft. Cabin Yacht Association.

	Elapsed.
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 45 46
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 47 19
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 49 17
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 49 49
Clorinda, Cheney & Lanning	1 51 27
Medric, George Lee	Disabled.

Class I—18ft. Knockabout Association.

Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	1 17 01
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 17 50
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 17 51
Aladdin, Keith Brown	1 19 29
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 20 10
Moslem, John Tyler	1 22 42
Little Miss, B. S. Permar	1 27 08
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	Disabled.

Class X—M. R. D. A. Class.

Zaza II., Gordon Foster	1 27 51
Bessie A, J. R. Hodge	1 28 26
X 12	1 28 38
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	1 29 49
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey	1 30 59
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	1 31 18
Spray, H. T. Wing	1 31 25
Barbara, Blancy & Wardwell	Withdrew.

Class D—Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, I. W. Whittemore	2 01 50	1 21 54
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 04 46	1 23 45
Stranger, Dr. F. E. Dawes	2 05 15	1 23 45
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 02 41	1 25 04
Josephine, F. H. Smith	2 05 31	1 26 01
Noturus, C. O. Whitney	2 05 48	1 27 26
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	2 07 16	1 27 33
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	2 07 12	1 27 43
Saltair, C. C. Collins	2 12 56	1 38 16
C. C., George Carey	Withdrew.	
Tomahawk, S. W. Leighton	Withdrew.	

Saturday, July 15.

IN a race for Cape cats given by the Quincy Y. C. on Saturday, July 15, Argestes was first across the finish line, but lost to Marvel on time allowance. There was a strong N.W. breeze. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	1 07 04	0 40 26
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	1 06 50	0 41 41
Josephine, F. H. Smith	1 08 07	0 41 47
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	1 08 28	0 42 40
C. C., G. H. Carey	1 11 13	0 44 31
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	1 15 25	0 49 19

Columbia Y. C.

South Boston, Mass.—Saturday, July 8.

THE second interclub race between boats of the South Boston, Winthrop and Columbia yacht clubs was given by the Columbia Y. C., on Saturday, July 8, a fresh S.W. wind prevailing. Violet won in Class A. Early Dawn finished first in Class B, after having started five minutes late, but lost on time allowance to Alpha. Marion won easily in Class B, but was protested by Poor Boy, which finished second. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Violet, H. J. McKee	1 39 40	1 19 19
Thialfi, Dr. Soule	1 43 09	1 21 29
Melca, J. Embree	1 53 25	1 26 15
Hilda, S. L. Haskell	1 44 47	1 28 23
Tourist, Vemanan & Stebbins	1 49 30	1 29 20
Rival, W. J. Nickerson	1 52 40	1 35 30
Grandee, A. H. Baker	2 10 55	1 41 15
Chieftain, John E. Holland	2 09 23	1 49 13
Lotne, Wm. Garrett	1 59 12	Disqualified.

Class B.

Alpha, A. F. Leary	1 30 45	1 10 35
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	1 28 55	1 13 55
Hevnes, C. A. Heaney	1 40 25	1 16 28
Mistral, Geo. Hannon	1 40 05	1 18 04
Arbutus, W. L. Young	1 38 55	1 18 35
Emma C., F. D. Perkins	1 43 00	1 21 40
Abrash, M. L. J. Girdany	1 49 25	1 23 05
Janice	2 05 30	1 24 26
Minerva, Walter Shaw	1 46 37	1 26 28
Laura N., —. Nickerson	1 58 35	1 27 55
Nancy Hanks, Geo. W. Lane	1 52 22	1 32 13
Kit, H. B. Whittier	Disabled.	

Class C.

Marion, J. Gahan	1 39 50	1 17 50
Poor Boy, Jas. Jerry	1 53 42	1 19 37
Elf	1 58 11	1 21 12
Owaissa, Walter Kelly	1 50 45	1 23 35
Unome, C. H. Lothrop	1 56 40	1 30 16
Echo, W. A. Purdy	Withdrew.	
Magdalene, Geo. Nash	Withdrew.	

Wollaston Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, July 8.

A CLUB race of the Wollaston Y. C. was sailed in Quincy Bay on Saturday, July 8, in a moderate S.W. breeze. Eclipse won in Class A, Sheila in Class B, and Alpha in Class C. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, Geo. Sawyer	1 14 30	0 54 08
Marguerite, F. L. Groce	1 16 36	0 55 32
Harold, E. B. Robbins	1 18 48	0 55 55

Class B.

Sheila, F. L. Hewitson	1 22 13	0 58 38
Goblin, Roy Lothrop	1 24 44	0 59 14

Class C.

Alpha, E. F. Drew	1 30 08	1 00 07
West Wind, Wm. Chase	1 36 38	1 05 25
Peacock, F. Gardner	1 46 41	1 13 26

Tuesday, July 4.

A CLUB race of the Wollaston Y. C. was held in Quincy Bay on Tuesday, July 4, in a light E. breeze. Sheila won in Class and West Wind in Class C. Mischief won easily in the motorboat class. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson	1 43 25	1 19 50
Marguerite, F. F. Groce	1 46 46	1 24 42

Class C.

West Wind, W. M. Chase	1 55 45	1 24 32
Peacock, Frank Gardner	1 57 42	1 27 57
Alpha, E. F. Drew	2 04 15	1 34 34

Motor Boats.

Mischief, Henry Nelson	0 51 07	0 27 53
No Name, A. T. Barstow	1 05 26	0 29 16
Sober, A. C. Bryant	1 01 59	0 31 26
Esther, G. W. Topham	0 59 26	0 33 52
Norma, A. C. Gardner	1 12 00	0 33 58
Curley, C. W. Dill	1 05 51	0 39 07
Endymion, A. T. Nichols	0 54 47	0 39 47
Juniata, W. H. Bean	1 10 57	0 40 52
Puff, J. F. Merrill	1 15 57	0 41 49

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

South Boston, Mass.—Saturday, July 8.

A HANDICAP club race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed off City Point on Saturday, July 8, in a strong S.W. breeze. In the first class Sentinel was first by a big margin. In the second class a very close race was sailed between Reveille and Supero. In the first class of power boats Schemer won and Davie won in the second class of power boats. The summary:

First Class—Sail.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sentinel, Geo. R. Crawford	0 54 20	1 09 20
Myth, Jas. T. Powers	1 08 49	1 13 49
Triton, T. J. Kelley	1 05 05	1 17 05
Grace, David Byford	1 16 46	1 19 46
Flirt, A. Dalrymple	1 21 56	1 24 56

Second Class—Sail.

Reveille, J. McAuliffe	0 56 42	1 01 42
Supero, A. Le Forte	0 57 01	1 02 01
Cresceus, J. Shaw	0 58 29	1 05 29
May M., G. Magunseen	1 06 07	1 08 07
Sporty, J. Mitchell	1 21 00	1 24 00

First Class Power Boats.

Schemer, C. E. Paget	1 06 48	. . . .
Jessica, P. F. Higgins	Disabled.	

Second Class Power Boats.

Davie, J. Alexander	1 14 27	. . . .
Rutch, J. Devine	1 15 30	. . . .
Progress, J. Kovar	1 24 10	. . . .
Mabel, Geo. F. Barry	Did not finish.	

Lynn Y. C.

Lynn, Mass.—Saturday, July 8.

A RACE for sailing boats and power classes was given by the Lynn Y. C., on Saturday, July 8. In the first class Essex had things practically all her own way. In the second class of power boats Admiral was the first to finish, but lost to Edith E. on time allowance. Winniahdin won, as usual, in the one-design class of 15-footers. The summary:

First Class Power Boats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Essex, E. G. Young	1 14 27	0 57 09
Edith M., J. F. Moore	1 53 47	1 10 14
Vim, J. Boyle	1 58 16	1 17 06
High Ball, Hutchinson	Not timed.	
Kazardy, E. E. Winkley	Did not finish.	

Second Class Power Boats.

Edith E., F. Mink	1 38 48	0 24 38
Admiral, W. Hall	1 37 42	0 31 52
Jennie M., Grover	1 55 02	0 32 42
Niobe, E. E. Winkley	1 54 21	0 35 41
Aspirant, S. Howe	1 46 58	0 37 18

One-Designers.

Winniahdin, Spratt	1 09 14	. . . .
Haymaker, Johnson	1 12 12	. . . .
San Toy, Redlon	1 13 45	. . . .

Highland Beach Motor Boat Races.

Navesink Highlands, New York Lower Bay—Saturday, July 15.

OWNERS of motorboats who live in the vicinity of Highland Beach, N. J., arranged for a series of motorboat races for Saturday, July 15. The winners were Anna, Greylock, Edith and Dream. The courses were laid out in the Horseshoe. The summary:

Class 1—Boats Under 17ft.—Course, about 2 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anna	2 33 21	2 43 19	0 09 58
Waikihi, H. McVicker	2 33 18	2 44 35	0 11 17
Outing, J. H. Bush	2 33 22	Withdrew.	

Class 2—Boats from 18 to 24ft.—Course, about 4 Miles.

Sea Robin, W. McCullom	2 55 00	3 14 30	0 19 45
Greylock, F. Freund	2 20 00	3 14 45	0 19 30

Class 3—Boats 24ft. and Over—Course, 5 Miles.

Edith, John Cornwall	3 22 00	3 41 00	0 19 00
Gertrude, Peter Cornwall	3 22 00	3 42 30	0 20 30
Clara B., W. Johnson	3 22 00	3 44 00	0 22 00

Class 4—High Power Boats—Course, 15 Miles.

Dream, Charles Peterson	4 58 00	5 03 33	1 05 33
Ludo, McKenzie Brothers	Disabled.		
Flying Dutchman, Chas. Peterson	4 58 00	Disabled.	

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay—July 15.

THE 30ft. cats of the Edgewood Y. C. sailed the first race in the series for the Ford cup, Saturday afternoon, July 15. This is a challenge cup for the class, offered by Mr. Henry Ford. It is to become the permanent possession of the winner of the three races unless challenged for within one year. The boats will score on the percentage system, as in the Possner cup races.

The first race was a fine one, there being a stiff single reef breeze from the N. that sent the five boats over the 16-mile windward and leeward course in fast time.

Wanderer IV. gave another fine specimen of sailing, and won handily by more than 7m. actual time. She has a new sail that seems to make an improvement even over her work in the previous week's race. Scatt lost so much time in laying to to put in another reef that she was hopelessly distanced, and withdrew. The summary:

Start 2:50—Course, 16 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint	6 04 05	3 14 05	3 14 05
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	6 12 06	3 22 06	3 16 46
Mblem, G. E. Darling	6 13 45	3 23 45	3 18 25
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	6 11 42	3 21 42	3 19 39
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	Withdrew.		

F. H. YOUNG.

Unqua Corinthian Y. C.

Amityville, L. I.—Saturday, July 15.

THE Unqua Corinthian Y. C. held a club race off Amityville on Saturday, July 8. A fresh W. wind held throughout the match, and the eleven starters all covered an 11-mile course. The winners were Aleen, Skip, Cecil, Grace R. (on corrected time), and Florence. The summary:

Class A—Sloops—Start, 2:00—Course 10 Miles.

Aleen, E. F. Bleeker	4 08 51	2 08 51
Ccuree, J. C. Curlcy	4 09 28	2 09 28
Lone Star, F. R. Macqueen	4 11 49	2 11 49

Class F—Catboats—Start, 2:05—Course, 10 Miles.

Skip, C. W. Chichester	4 12 53	2 07 53
Wanda, O. J. Wilscy	2 13 32	2 08 32

Class H—Catboats—Start, 2:10—Course 10 Miles.

Cecil F., E. P. Foster	4 19 22	2 09 22
Lora C., H. P. Walters	4 27 20	2 17 20

Class G—Catboats—Start, 2:20—Course, 5 Miles.

Grace R., J. H. Ruhe	4 26 36	2 11 36
Margaret, Roger Minton	4 25 30	2 10 30

Class G—Catboats—Start, 2:20—Course, 5 Miles.

Florence, Edgar Ruhe	3 31 00	1 11 00
Nightowl	3 38 00	1 18 00

Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. Ocean Race.

Rockaway Inlet to Sandy Hook Lightship and return—Sunday, July 16.

NINE yachts started, and eight finished in the ocean race given by the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. on Sunday, July 16. The course was from can buoy No. 2, Rockaway Inlet, around Sandy Hook Lightship and back to the finish line off the Jamaica Bay Y. C. The race was for first and second class sloops. The wind was light from the S.E. Class A boats were sent away at 10:35, and the other class 5m. later.

It was a broad reach out of the Inlet, a beat to the lightship and a run home. Rough Rider carried away her topmast in rounding the lightship and Cornelia broke the jaws of her gaff.

Cornelia won in Class A and Anne Arundel won in Class B. The summary:

Sloops—Class A, 30ft. to 40ft.—Start, 10:35—Course 20½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pathfinder, Com. B. F. Daly	3 35 00	5 00 00	5 00 00
Kismet, William M. Mills	3 24 00	4 49 25	4 25 49
Cornelia, D. S. Van Wicklen	3 16 00	4 41 00	. . . .
Ianthe, W. Robeson	3 17 05	4 42 05	. . . .

Sloops—Class B, 20ft. to 30ft.—Start, 10:40—Course, 20½ Miles.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Stormy Petrel, Clifford Eagle	5 19 00	6 39 00
Emma L., Christopher Lemmers	3 49 50	5 09 50
Rough Rider, W. A. Maxwell	3 38 00	4 58 00
Anne Arundel, Isaac Owens	3 28 50	4 48 50
Nip, Charles Cooper	Did not finish.	

Cottage Park Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, July 8.

A RACE for sailing yachts and power boats was given by the Cottage Park Y. C., off Winthrop, on Saturday, July 8. In the sailing class Katrina won easily. In the power boats the feature was the close race between Alice and More Whiz. Anita won in this class on time allowance. The summary:

Sailing Yachts—Course 6⅞ Miles.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katrina, George F. Paine	1 17 50	1 13 50
Evelyn, Horace Waite	1 20 35	1 17 05
Medora, Wm. Oberg	1 23 20	1 17 10
Rosalie, F. C. Hight	1 28 11	1 17 11
Idler, H. Floyd	Withdrew.	

Power Boats.

Anita, H. F. Cook	1 26 50	1 13 40
Alice, Wm. M. McMillan	1 15 08	1 15 00
Margaret, C. Hurlburt	1 16 40	1 15 24
More Whiz, L. E. Noble	1 15 40	1 15 40
No. 13, F. R. Pratt	1 30 47	1 17 37
Lucinda E., A. Perley Morse	1 38 12	1 18 56
4-11-44, Wm. Bartlett	1 26 20	1 20 00
Spook, W. Coggswell	1 35 03	1 27 47
Jewel, E. W. Souther	1 46 10	1 36 21
Ruth, Jr., Crawley	Withdrew.	
No. 39, Wm. Colley	False start.	

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, July 15.

A CLUB race of the Winthrop Y. C., was sailed off Winthrop on Saturday, July 15, in a strong N.W. breeze. In the 25ft. class Noturus finished a long distance ahead, but lost on time allowance. Evelyn had things easy in the 21ft. class, after Opechee had withdrawn. Wink won in the Crystal Bay class. The summary:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Noturus, C. O. Whitney	1 12 30	1 02 30
Rambler, Shirley Brooks	1 09 34	1 04 34

21ft. Class.

Evelyn, H. Waite	1 17 08	1 11 08
Opechee, F. P. Gilmore	Withdrew.	

Crystal Bay Class.

Wink, G. D. Bussey	1 30 23
Scout, Bloomfield Brothers	1 22 05
Domino, A. B. Freeman	1 24 07
Yankee, F. N. Atwood	1 31 39
Aspinquid, A. E. Whittemore	1 33 07

Annisquam Y. C.

Annisquam, Mass.—Saturday, July 15.

A CLUB race of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed in Ipswich Bay on Saturday, July 15, in a stiff N.W. breeze. Quakeress and Lynx took sailovers. Ventus II. got the start in the 15-footers and led all over the course. Teaser won easily in the dory class. The summary:

21-footers.

	Elapsed.
Quakeress, Harris Hammond	1 35 40

15-footers.

Ventus II., Keith Pevear	1 15 07
Princess, J. P. Prince	1 20 30
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 21 00

Dories.

Teaser, R. Russell Smith	1 14 29
Nisam, D. H. Woodbury	1 23 55
Little Tin, Donald Howes	1 29 26
Crescent, R. C. Barnet	Did not finish.

Half-Rater.

Lynx, Fred Cunningham	1 17 57

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

SUGAR ISLAND MEET, AUG. 4 TO 18, 1905.

ARRANGEMENTS will be made to furnish members and guests of the American Canoe Association with transient lodgings at headquarters, where a cot, blankets, toilet accommodations, soap, towels, etc., will be provided at $1 per night. Beds will be ready at 10 P. M., and must be given up at 7 A. M.

It is expected that an illuminated canoe parade will be held one evening during the meet. Members are requested to bring their paper lanterns, decorations, etc., as it is earnestly desired that all canoes at the meet should be in line. Mr. W. S. Abbott, of Gananoque, has a full line of Japanese lanterns, umbrellas, flags, etc., at reasonable prices, full information concerning which can be had from the Camp Site Committee.

The proprietor of the camp store, George A. Ryan, of Gananoque, has arranged to have a supply of home-cooked cold meats, such as corned beef, ham, tongue, sausage, etc., and a good assortment of fresh fruits, vegetables, ice cream and soft drinks for sale at the camp store. Orders will be taken for anything not in regular stock.

There will be a barber in attendance at the camp on Wednesday and Sunday mornings, with whom appointments can be made. Address C. T. Munroe, Gananoque, Ont.

All members who intend coming to the meet are requested to communicate with Frederic Andreas, Chairman Camp Site Committee, 1 Broadway, New York City, so that sites may be assigned to them. Full details, with prices of floor and tent rentals were published in FOREST AND STREAM of June 17, 1905.

Time-table of the steamer Valeria, subject to change:

Leave Gananoque	8:10 a. m.	3:30 p. m.
Stop Sugar Island	8:35 a. m.	3:55 p. m.
Arrive Clayton	9:20 a. m.	4:40 p. m.
Leave Clayton	10:30 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Stop Sugar Island	11:15 a. m.	7:15 p. m.
Arrive Gananoque	11:40 a. m.	7:40 p. m.

Time-table of the Gananoque Inn launch, Louise, subject to change:

Leave Gananoque	6:00 a. m.	5:00 p. m.
Stop at Sugar Island on signal		
Arrive Clayton	7:20 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
Leave Clayton	8:00 a. m.	7:00 p. m.
Stop at Sugar Island on signal		
Arrive Gananoque	9:20 a. m.	8:20 p. m.

Time-table of the American Canoe Association launch, Rob Roy:

Leave Gananoque	6:30 a. m.
Stop Sugar Island	7:00 a. m.
Arrive Clayton	8:00 a. m.
Leave Clayton	8:30 a. m.
Arrive Sugar Island	9:15 a. m.

The launch will then be available for charter during the day, and make trip to Clayton in the afternoon if required, returning and leaving Sugar Island at 6 P. M., arriving at Gananoque at 6.30.

A. C. A.'s 25th Anniversary.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The forthcoming camp of the American Canoe Association at Sugar Island, in the St. Lawrence, convenes one day after the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Association's organization, i. e., Aug. 3, 1880, at Crosbyside, Lake George. It would be a mighty pleasant thing to celebrate the rounding out of the first quarter century of the A. C. A. at camp, and if enough of the old guard and new members are on hand on the 3d of August this year, I respectfully suggest that some suitable action be taken. I know of several who will be in camp ahead of the opening day. J. K. HAND.

A. C. A. Membership.

STAMFORD, Conn., July 15.—New Members Proposed.—Atlantic Division: William Stark, Jr., Kingsbridge, N. Y. city, by F. W. Lohr; William H. Conrad, Beverly, N. J., by F. P. Jones, Jr.

New Members Elected.—Atlantic Division: 4952 George G. Brower, Bordentown, N. J.; 4954 Stanley B. Rose, Trenton, N. J.; 4955 Charles F. Ash, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 4956 J. Harry Kennard, N. Y. city; 4960 Ralph T. Wilson, N. Y. city; 4974 Fritzz O. Augustin, N. Y. city.

Central Division: 4951 H. H. Cummings, Jr., Rome, N. Y.; 4953 Deloss M. Rose, Rochester, N. Y.; 4958 Harry D. Hildebrand, Pittsburg, Pa.; 4959 Jens G. Schreuder, Edgewood Park, Pa.

Eastern Division: 4950 Louis W. Boutelle, Providence, R. I.; 4961 Francis W. Nichols, Jr., Boston, Mass.; 4962 Newton O. Porter, Newton, Mass.; 4963 John W. Hall, Wellesley, Mass.; 4964 Harold F. Bryant, Wellesley, Mass.; 4965 J. Wells Farley, Boston, Mass.; 4966 George H. Peckham, W. Medford, Mass.; 4967 Albert J. Walkling, W. Medford, Mass.; 4968 Richard C. Smith, Medford, Mass.; 4969 Frederick H. Field, Medford, Mass.; 4970 Edward A. Friedrich, Arlington, Mass.; 4971 J. William Williams, Jr., Medford, Mass.; 4972 J. Arthur Lewis, W. Medford, Mass.; 4973 Stanley P. Wyatt, W. Medford, Mass.

Western Division: 4957 Douglas Bradley, St. Louis, Mo.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.
Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Mass.—New England Schuetzenbund.
Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines.—Iowa Rifle Association annual meeting.
Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, July 2. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Hasenzahl was champion for the day with the good score of 227. Payne was high on the honor with 66 points. We were very much pleased at having Mr. F. M. Garden, of the Willow Rifle and Gun Club, as a visitor at our range to-day. He spent a pleasant afternoon, but regretted very much at not having brought his rifle with him. The scores:

Hasenzahl	227	225	221	220	217
Payne	219	219	215	213	209
Hofer	219	211	211	205	205
Nestler	215	214	211	206	205
Freitag	210	208	204	201	199
Roberts	210	208	201	200	198
Odell	196	191	187	185	169

Badisches Volkfest.

DURING the festival of this society in Harlem River Park, 127th street, and Second avenue, this city, there will be prize shooting, in which rifles fitted with telescope sights will be allowed without restrictions, but only .22cal. cartridges can be used, as the park is in the heart of the city. There will be ten cash prizes on the 18-ring target, best two tickets to count, and three premiums. Shooting will commence at 11 o'clock, Aug. 23.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE regular shoot for July was held in Union Hill Park on the 7th, and should have been more largely attended, considering the fact that it was the occasion for competition for the national marksman's badge. Louis P. Hansen, the veteran match rifleman of Jersey City, was the winner, with the good score of 83 out of the possible 100 points at 200yds., offhand, on the Standard American target. The scores follow:

National Marksman's Badge Shoot.

L P Hansen	7	6	7	10	10	10	10	7	7	9—83
A Hubalek	8	8	10	7	7	7	9	8	9	8—81
O Smith	8	10	10	9	6	7	8	7	9	7—81
O Smith	8	10	10	9	6	7	8	7	9	7—81
George Schlicht	10	6	7	8	6	10	9	8	6	9—79
Richard Gute	8	8	9	10	8	6	6	7	8	8—78
C Bannear	5	4	9	6	7	9	7	4	8	8—67
Barney Zettler	6	6	7	7	7	8	9	6	8	w
H Fenwirth	8	0	9	6	10	7	6	w		

Ring Target, 50 Shots.

George Schlicht	23	21	20	23	22	23	24	25	17	19—217
	23	24	20	24	20	21	24	22	21	22—221
	22	24	18	25	22	23	19	20	24	22—219
	24	21	22	22	23	19	22	24	22	21—220
	24	21	22	22	23	21	22	18	20	24—217—1094
A Hubalek	23	19	21	16	24	21	23	17	21	18—202
	23	19	22	18	24	21	18	25	23	22—215
	20	20	19	20	23	23	22	18	24	24—213
	19	22	25	21	23	16	24	21	24	19—214
	22	19	24	21	22	17	20	22	23	21—211—1055
L P Hansen	21	25	24	18	14	22	15	20	16	21—196
	22	19	17	22	23	20	22	17	23	21—206
	18	19	13	19	22	22	23	16	23	22—197
	23	15	20	23	16	19	24	24	20	23—207
	23	24	23	21	25	23	24	21	21	21—226—1032
Barney Zettler	23	17	23	23	20	19	16	19	24	18—202
	17	23	19	18	15	22	19	17	19	22—191
	15	21	23	20	20	20	23	22	24	23—211
	19	19	23	21	17	20	20	18	20	17—194
	23	22	22	16	20	17	20	23	24	23—210—1008
H Fenwirth	16	18	14	24	16	21	15	22	15	23—184
	23	14	23	22	22	21	15	18	24	16—198
	20	20	21	18	22	12	16	18	23	23—193
	20	16	14	18	14	19	19	21	20	20—181
	14	21	22	17	12	22	22	20	20	17—187— 943
Richard Gute	23	21	17	18	23	17	19	19	20	5—183
	22	19	18	23	22	23	22	16	24	21—210
	21	24	22	24	20	23	21	w		

Ohio Rifle Notes.

Jess Johnson, of W. Alexandria, is doing great work this season. At the July shoot of the Jackson Township Rifle Club he won the medal for the third time in succession, and it is now his individual property. The club will put up a new medal. Johnson's score was 44. A. N. Clemme second with 43. The conditions are 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, possible 48. Mr. Johnson led in the contests of the Dayton Sharpshooters in May and June. He wears the medal of the Gratis Township Rifle Club, won the Twin Valley Rifle Club's medal three times this year, the Preble County Rifle Club's medal in March, and was high man in the 20-shot events of the Twin Valley Rifle Club in April and May. All were 100yds., except that of the Sharpshooters, which was 200yds.

Capt. C. B. Winder, Inspector of Rifle Practice, on General Dick's staff, O. N. G., did some remarkable work at the Newark, O., rifle range. Sergts. Steiger and Orr, of the Newark Infantry Company, scored for him. He fired 26 shots at 800yds. range, scoring 24 bullseyes and two 4s. Twenty of the bullseyes were in succession. The score was 128 out of a possible 130.

On the rifle range of the Second Regiment at Urbana, O., Capt. C. B. Winder made what is believed to be a world's record, and certainly a most remarkable exhibition of rapid fire markmanship. He fired six shots at different targets at the 500yds. range in 20 seconds, scoring 6 bullseyes, a perfect score of 30. He fired one more shot than the army regulations require shall be fired in 30 seconds.

The Ohio deer hunters' associations are getting ready for their annual reunions, to make up parties for the usual big game hunts. These reunions will take place at Sidney, Greenville, Overlook Park, Eaton, Lewisbury, and will probably wind up at the Dayton Sharpshooters' king shoot in October. Wm. Orth, of Dayton, is going out again this year, and says that a new region for moose and deer has been opened up by a new railroad running from Toronto into the northern Canadian wilderness.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

THE hot spell and extra work for our members resulted in an attendance principally of the "regulars" at the shoot July 15, and nearly all the men fell below their usual holding.

After finishing the Wilmington-Providence match, a little practice was indulged in with the following results:

Revolver, 50yds.—Walter Freeman, .38 officer's model, 88; Wm. F. Eddy, .38 military, 74, 73, 74, 73, 83, 75; A. C. Hurlburt, .38 officer's model, 79, 76.

Military target (Creedmoor).—Eddy, 45, 45, 45, 45, 48, 46; Hurlburt, 45, 44.

Pistol, 50yds.—W. H. Freeman .22, 91, 91, 91, 93, 91, 90, 79, 89, 91, 90, 91, 84, 91, 84; Wm. Bosworth .22, 87, 86, 94, 82.

Rifle, 50yds (Standard 2in. black).—Sterry K. Luther, .22, with 'scope, 87 (record).

Rifle, 25yds. (25-ring target).—C. H. Jefferds, Jr., .32-20 Winchester repeater, 201.

Walter Freeman has joined the revolver section, and after sighting in his new officer's model, found time to shoot an 88, and will apparently get into the 90s in a short time and hold the six-shooter as well as he does his long-barreled pistol.

Wilmington vs. Providence.

TEAM match, 100-shot, 5-men teams, 20 shots per man at 50yds. on Standard American target. Signed targets to be exchanged for shooting match scores. July 15, 1905.

Providence, R. I., Team.

William Almy, .22 S. & W. pistol	91	89—180
Walter H Freeman, .22 S. & W. pistol	91	84—175
Arthur C Hurlburt, .38 Colt officer's model	81	86—167
Arno Argus, .38 Colt officer's model	87	79—166
Wm. F. Eddy, .38 Colt military	65	80—149—837

Wilmington, Del., Team.

H B McCollum, .22 S. & W. pistol	89	90—179
F G Rutty, .22 S. & W. pistol	82	84—166
T W Keithley, .22 Remington Pistol	83	82—165
E J Darlington, .22 S. & W. pistol	80	84—164
W H Brown, .22 S. & W. pistol	69	76—145—819

Providence team led by 18.

The Plattdeutsche Annual.

THE thirty-first annual festival and prize shoot of the Plattdeutsche Verein, owners of Union Hill Park, New Jersey, is being held in the park this week, the exact dates being July 20, 21, 22, 23, and also on the 27th, next week, beginning at 1 o'clock P. M. each day. An attractive programme has been prepared, with numerous cash prizes. On the ring target the highest prize is $25 cash, with eighteen prizes in all, and three cash premiums for most rings during the festival. There are ten prizes on the bullseye target, highest $15, and three premiums for most bullseyes. Trophies will be given winners in the trophy and Zettler trophy matches. All of these are open to all comers. The team match, open to five-man teams from any organized society or club, has ten cash prizes, highest $25. A club can enter more than one team, its members shooting their scores any time during first four days of the festival.

Regret General.

IN rifle shooting circles in this city many expressions of regret have been heard in relation to the sad accident which occurred at the Sea Girt ranges on Saturday last, in which a marker lost his life. This is the first accident of its kind that has occurred on these ranges in all the years they have been used, and sympathy is expressed on all hands for those in charge as well as for the family of the marker.

Another Indoor Shooting Club.

JAMES A. HAUCK, JR., and a number of other young Brooklyn men have organized a shooting club, and are making arrangements for holding weekly practice shoots throughout the winter months on the 25yd. indoor ranges of the Zettler Bros., 159 West Twenty-third street, Manhattan.

The Zettler Annual.

THE Zettler Rifle Club, of this city, has fixed the dates for its annual outdoor prize shoot. This will be held in Union Hill Park, New Jersey, Sept. 27 and 28. The club's president, Gus Zimmerman, with his family, is now in Europe, and the club did not wish to hold its annual festival until his return. So far as his friends have heard, Mr. Zimmermann has not been doing as much rifle shooting as usual while abroad, evidently because no important matches have been held over there so far.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 20-21.—Grand Forks.—North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association. C. A. Hale, Sec'y.
July 22.—Chicago, Ill., G. C. tournament. C. P. Zacher, Secy.
July 22.—East Rutherford, N. J., tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Address Hugo Brugmann, Rutherford, N. J.
July 24-25.—Winnipeg, Man.—Industrial Exposition Annual. J. A. Lindsay, Sec'y.
July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
Aug. 1.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—First day, Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Second day, club day. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot. H. W. Dryer, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association fourth annual tournament.
Aug. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mountaineers' Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-19.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 18-19.—Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo, N. Y., tournament.
Aug. 22—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
Aug. 26.—Newport, R. I.—Mullerite Gun Club on grounds of Aquidneck Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; $1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Aug.31.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Auburn, N. Y., G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club all-day shoot. H. L. Carpenter, Sec'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.
Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Dayton, O., G. C. tournament; $100 added.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The merchandise shoot, first of its kind or any other kind arranged to be held on the Boiling Spring Gun Club ground at Rutherford, N. J., in many moons, will take place on Saturday of this week. Address Mr. Hugo Brugmann for programme.

The trapshooting tournament to be held at Capon Springs, W. Va., Aug. 3-4, will begin at 3 o'clock P. M., each day. The programme consists of three events at 10-targets, $1 entrance, and one event at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, targets extra, 2 cents.

In the 5-man team race, held on July 13, the second day of Malone's eleventh annual summer tournament, the Baltimore Shooting Association's team No. 1 won with a score of 234 out of a possible 250, over a 93 per cent. gait. The members were Messrs German, Lupus, Storr, Hawkins and Malone. Mr. German scored 50 straight.

A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y-Treas., writes us under date of July 13 as follows: "A new gun club has just been organized to be known as the Palisade Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J. Mr. H. W. Bissing is President, Mr. Carl Richter is Vice-President and Mr. A. A. Schoverling is Secretary-Treasurer. This club will shoot on the well known grounds of the North River Gun Club the first Tuesday of each month beginning Aug. 1, and tournaments will be held on the last Thursday of each month."

The programme of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association amateur tournament, July 20-21, at Grand Forks, provides ten events on the first day, each at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, $5 added, and one event, a 4-man team shoot, at 25 targets per man; $6 per team, $10 added. There are ten events on the second day, eight at 15 targets, one, the State championship, at 25 targets and one at 20 targets. The annual meeting will be held on the first day at 8:30 P. M. Rose system sliding handicap. Shooting begins at 9:30.

At the Interstate Association tournament, given for the Menominee, Mich., Gun Club, July 12-13, a special incident was the breaking of 100 targets by a squad of five, the members of which were Messrs. Hirschy, Crosby, Host, Kaufman and Loud. Each made a 20-straight. Mr. H. Hammersmith won the League championship event with a straight 25. The amateur general average was won by Mr. Guy Deering with 380; second, Mr. W. H. Schultze, 374; third, Mr. A. Molle, 371. Professionals, Messrs. H. C. Hirschy and W. R. Crosby tied for first with 391; second, Mr. C. A. Young, 387; third, Mr. R. O. Heikes, 386.

We have heard some gossip concerning the short flight of the targets at the recent G. A. H. To settle the matter, we wrote concerning it to Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association, and he replied as follows: "The targets in the recent Grand American Handicap contest were thrown as near to 50yds. as possible to do so, and this applies to all five sets of traps. Each morning I went down the line with Mr. Clark, Superintendent of the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds, and saw to it that all traps were set to throw the regulation 50yds., and this means 50 measured yards—no guesswork about it. I have always been a firm advocate of a 50yd. target (when others have advocated 40 to 45yds.), and I am quite sure that I would have noticed it if the targets were short of the regulation distance."

The fifth annual tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, Aug 16-18, has a voluminous programme. On the first day there are ten events, of which nine are at 20 targets, $2 entrance; the tenth is at 50 targets, $1 entrance, for the individual championship of Canada. The programme for the second day is similar, except event 10, at 50 targets, is the Grand Canadian Handicap, and event 11 is the 2-man team championship. The third day is also similar in nine 20-target events; the tenth is the Mail trophy 5-man team event; the eleventh is the 8-man team championship. The corresponding 20-target events each day, that is No. 1 of the first, No. 1 of the second, No. 1 of the third day, and so on, constitute 60-target events, which have trophy prizes. There are high averages each day. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. The competition is open to Canadian amateurs, who are members of an affiliated gun club. Targets, 2 cents. Agents and non-members, "targets only." Rose system. Surplus moneys added. Guns, ammunition, etc., forward express prepaid to Geo. Easdale, care Ketchum & Co., Ottawa, Ont., will be delivered on the grounds free. Reduced rates over many roads, all enumerated in programme, for which address the Secretary, George Easdale.

BERNARD WATERS.

Manning Two Day Tournament.

MANNING, Ia., July 15.—The Manning Tournament was a decided success. The attendance was large, far beyond the expectations of every one who was here.

Manning is favored by good railroad facilities, is centrally located and has good hotel accommodations. The management of the shoot is more than pleased with the attendance and assures the shooters that they will put up a better programme next year for their annual tournament.

Professional shooters here were F. H. Lord, from La Grange, Ill.; Mr. Borden, of Lincoln, and W. A. Waddington.

We had some of the best amateurs in this part of the country present at our shoot, such as Harry Taylor, of Meckling, South Dakota Railroad; Barber, winner of the Grand American Handicap, from Paullina, Ia.; Russell Kline and John Burmeister, of Spirit Lake, Ia.; R. L. Slimmer, Clarksville, Ia., T. M. Farney, Baxter, Ia.; Fred Vermilya, R. Adams, C. Talbott, H. Petty, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Anderson, Dr. Brooks, W. W. Talbott, R. Talbott, all from Audubon, Ia.; Dr. and Mrs. Haughawat and Joe Kantsky from Ft. Dodge, Ia.; Mr. McDowell, Mr. Henkle, Thos Baker and Mr. Burger from Adair, Ia.; H. Baughman and E. Auen from Breda, Ia.; B. Hart, N. Olgon, and F. Ruhs from Ross, Ia.; H. Auen from Arcadia, Ia.; Mr. Handy, Mr. Johnson and C. F. Drier from Portsmouth, Ia., and H. V. Fenstra, Arcadia, Ia.

July 12, First Day.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Jno Burmeister	200	174	McDowell	200	180
R Kline	200	175	Henkle	200	180
R L Slimmer	200	181	Tom Baker	200	175
R R Barber	200	192	Burger	200	153
H Taylor	200	194	Bangham	130	97
W A Waddington	200	195	Huffmann	200	172
F H Lord	200	169	Breckenridge	75	48
Borden	200	190	P Ohrt	200	146
G A Rober	200	160	E Auen	100	75
Reed	200	134	H Auen	150	114
Fred Vermilya	200	177	O Heinze	150	124
Adams	200	178	B Hart	100	69
C Talbott	200	166	N Olson	100	66
Wilson	200	173	Brooks	200	146
Anderson	200	174	Wm Handy	180	156
H P Grundmeier	200	152	Johnson	160	122
Dr. Haughawat	100	75	Drier	160	135
Joe Kantsky	200	181	H V Fenstra	65	51
Mrs. Haughawat	200	138	J Frahm	150	104
C F Hinze	200	166	W W Talbott	100	71
R Talbott	65	50			

The special event on the Ithaca gun was pulled off with twenty entries. E. Taylor and R. R. Barber tied on a straight score of 25 each.

July 13, Second Day.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Jno Burmeister	200	167	Anderson	100	86
R Kline	200	194	McDowell	100	98
Slimmer	200	181	Henkle	100	91
Barber	200	194	Baker	100	91
Taylor	200	197	P Ohrt	200	156
Waddington	200	189	Hoffmann	200	167
Lord	200	175	Brooks	50	36
Reed	200	187	Talbott	50	38
Vermilya	200	187	C F Hinze	200	166
Adams	100	86	Burger	35	27
C Talbott	200	182	Petty	135	122
Wilson	200	176	Frahm	85	63

On the second day, Mr. Barber and Mr. Taylor put on their shooting clothes and smashed targets as though they wanted to smash them all, Mr. Taylor's straight run being 164 and Mr. Barber's 119.

The special event on the Stevens gun was pulled off with ten entries, and Mr. Taylor won out with a straight score of 20.

High professional average was won by W. A. Waddington with a score of 384 out of 400; second professional average was won by Mr. Borden with a score of 380 out of 400. The silver cup, donated by the E. I. Dupont Co. for high amateur average, was won by Taylor, also the Smith badge for longest run at targets. The Mulleritc badge was won by H. Hoffmann for best score of Manning club members.

High amateur average, H. Taylor, score 391 out of 400; second, R. R. Barber, 386 out of 400; third, R. Kline, 369 out of 400; fourth, F. Vermilya, 364 out of 400; first low average, P. Ohrt, 302 out of 400; second low average, G. A. Rober, 326 out of 400.

Manning has held a tournament that they can feel proud of. Every thing worked well. Weather was good; a little too warm, but the shooting went on just the same. The club hereby extends thanks to all shooters that were present, to the sporting press, the firms that had representatives present, and everybody that helped to make Manning's shoot the second largest that was held in the State of Iowa this year.

G. A. ROBER, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

LEBANON, Pa., July 11.—The Keystone Gun Club, which has a membership of 200, held an election of officers for the ensuing six months, at which President Francis H. Reinoehl was defeated by Chief Engineer McAdam for re-election. The officers elected are as follows: President, Frank W. McAdam; Vice-President, James Horgan; Secretary, H. U. Dettra; House Committee, James P. Gates, J. H. Spayd; Captain, Monroe Rapp; Treasurer, W. H. Bollman; Steward, Warren Reinoehl.

Ashland, Pa., July 8.—Over 2,000 men saw the shooting match between Pechtel, of Ashland and Bodman, of Locustdale, here to-day for a purse of $300. The latter won by 10 birds to 9.

Shamokin, Pa., July 8.—A pigeon match for a purse of $200 was shot at Edgewood Park to-day between L. A. Erdman and Samuel Foust, this place, the former winning by killing 6 birds to 4 for his opponent.

DUSTER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J.—July 15 being a nice day for trapshooting, several outsiders came and took part in the interesting programme of the Bound Brook Gun Club. The day being just right for trapshooting, several good scores were made. Sim Glover did the best shooting, only dropping two targets out of the 50. Dr. Gardiner did some fine shooting, 112 out of a possible 120 shot at.

The first event for a mug was won by Dr. Talbot, of Newark. The second was won by Dr. Lucky, of Plainfield, and the last two events were won by Hadkins, of Tottenville.

The third was for a cup, and the fourth a gold medal of a very pretty design.

An extra event for a solid copper cup with silver handles and base was next shot for, and was won by Mr. C. Van Nuis, of New Brunswiek on a score of 25 straight.

These were all handicap events and the shoot-offs were very interesting. The club cup and medal was won by Dr. J. B. Pardoe.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	at.	Broke.
Notts	9	7	8	7	20	65	51
Dr Gardiner	9	9	9	9	23	65	59
Dr Lucky	7	9	4	8	20	65	48
Sim Glover	9	10	9	10	..	40	38
Dr. Talbot	9	9	10	8	22	65	59
Hawlett	9	5	5	9	18	65	46
Van Nuis	9	8	7	10	25	65	59
Carbender	7	9	7	8	..	40	31
Hobbs	7	9	7	8	..	40	35
Bidwell	..	6	..	2	..	20	8
Hadkins	..	..	8	9	22	45	39

Club race for club cup, 25 targets:

	Hdcp.	Br'ke.	T't'l.		Hdcp.	Br'ke.	T't'l.
Martin	6	12	18	Pardoe	2	23	25
Stelle	4	16	20				

Medal 20 singles, 10 pairs: Martin 32, Stelle 31, Pardoe 40.

F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., July 15.—The scores made at the South Side Gun Club shoot to-day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4		Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25		Targets:	25	25	25	25
Osgood	15	15	18	21		F Ehrlich	..	19	21	..
Lanerhaus	11	11	11	14						

Doubles, 10 pair: Ehrlich 13, Lanerhaus 8.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., July 15.—Events 4 and 5 were the Hunter Arms Co. medal.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	25	25		Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	25	25
Eick	9	10	11	17	19	..	..		Richter	12	15	10	21	20	..	..
Hearne	7	14	13	21	23	..	..		St. John	5	6	9	12	16	15	21
Jap	6	10	11	13	15	..	..		Cocklin	7	10	8	18	20	..	..
Truax	7	10	13	17	22	..	..		Osterhout	5	5	8	..	..	..	..
Staples	11	12	11	22	19	..	..		Hans	..	..	7	9	17	19	..
Williams	10	12	12	18	17	19	18		Wynne	..	..	5	11	15	17	..
Foster	10	12	9	17	19	..	..		Patina	..	..	..	..	13	14	20
Greiff	11	12	12	20	22	19	..		Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	19	..
Grinelle	10	11	12	20	20	20	21									

J. L. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Lawrence Gun Club.

LAWRENCE, Mass., July 8.—The invitation shoot of the Lawrence Gun Club, held at the club grounds July 4, proved very interesting to the few gunners and friends that assembled at the club house. The fact that it is considered a misdemeanor to shoot an eagle, or the fact that the game warden was present, was the only thing that spared a few of these honored birds from the guns of the baked clay smashers; but later in the afternoon the music from their band drifting across the field on the light breeze, added a new charm to this finest of American sports and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent in spite of the intense heat.

A trespasser was discovered crossing the grounds in the form of a huge green snake, was hotly pursued by the captain, seized by the tail and hurled into that vast blue vault above, when lo! a report from the president's gun and the green form vanished into the endless blue even unto eternity, much to the amazement of the spectators.

The first prize was easily captured by Dr. Niles, of Davers. The treasurer of the club, Hamel, succeeded, after borrowing the president's gun, in making good for second place, thereby most graciously according third place to the president.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	at.	Broke.
E H Langdon	6	12	7	10	8	11	8	10	100	72
Dr. Niles	9	14	9	12	9	12	8	10	100	83
Kelley	3	10	7	6	..	..	..	..	50	26
Hall	9	13	7	10	6	10	8	10	100	73
McDonald	4	8	5	8	6	8	6	9	100	54
Piper	6	9	8	9	3	10	7	15	100	67
Miller	0	6	6	11	..	..	..	..	50	23
Parkhurst	5	10	6	11	7	9	9	9	100	66
Hamel	7	11	7	10	9	11	7	12	100	74

R. B. PARKHURST, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 12.—A stiff wind, with consequent very hard targets, made difficult shooting. The weather was fine and pleasant. The shoot was managed by Mr. John Wright. The scores, owing to very hard targets, are low:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	15	20	25	10	15	20	25
Glover	14	13	15	18	7	9	13	20
Apgar	16	12	16	18	8	12	17	21
Swan	11	10	11	18	7	12	..	..
Welles	15	11	11	19	9	10	17	21
Dr Sergeant	16	12	13	22	6	10	13	16
Bennett	9	6	11	14	7	11	..	..
Hopkins	17	11	15	22	10	13	17	21
Williams	15	8	18	21	6	11	..	..
Butler	14	11	16	15	8	10	17	19
Lockwood	..	..	..	18	10	8	15	19
Gillam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 12.—The fourth contest for the Geo. Borst cup to-day resulted as follows:

Stewart	21	1	22	Skutt	16	5	21
Weller	16	4	20	Borst	16	7	23
Gardner	18	7	25	Stoddard	18	6	24
Re-entry scores:							
Stewart	19	1	20	Weller	20	4	24
*Skutt	22	5	27	Weller	20	4	24
Skutt	15	5	20	Borst	17	6	23
†Skutt	22	5	27	*Stoddard	21	6	27
Back scores shoot.							
Skutt	19	5	24	*Stoddard	22	6	28
Skutt	19	5	24				

*Wins point on cup. †Wins point on back score.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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Interstate at Menominee.

THE Interstate Association tournament at Menominee, Mich., July 12 and 13, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club, was an unqualified success. Sixty-five different shooters took part the first day, of which number fifty-four shot in all events, and sixty-one took part the second day, fifty-four again shooting through. Two sets of traps were used, and 23,050 targets were trapped during the two days of the tournament.

Few gun clubs are as conveniently located as is the Menominee Gun Club, its shooting grounds being on the shore of Green Bay, within 100yds. of the court house and just one-half of a block from the main street of the city. In fact, when you step from the rear entrance of the National Hotel, one of the leading hotels of the city, you are on the shooting grounds proper. The visitors were one and all loud in their praises of the fine location. There is hardly another shooting ground like it in the country.

The first day of the tournament passed off in a very satisfactory manner, and the fine scores made were a credit and satisfaction to all concerned. There was also a good attendance of spectators, and the day could not have been more perfectly adapted to the purpose had it been made to order. A feature of the day's shooting was the 100 straight made in event No. 7 by squad No. 5, composed of Messrs. Hirschy, Crosby, Host, Kaufmann and Loud. Each man broke his 20 targets, and the squad was loudly applauded at the finish. Among the amateurs Mr. Guy Deering was in first place for the day with 190 out of the 200 shot at; Mr. W. H. Schultze was second with 188 and Messrs. Geo. Premo and A. Molle tied for third with 185. Mr. W. R. Crosby was high manufacturers' agent with 197, Mr. H. C. Hirschy being second with 196 and Mr. C. A. Young third with 195.

Nearly all the men who took part the first day were on hand for the second day's events. The weather conditions were excellent, with the exception of a heavy shower of rain during the shooting of events Nos. 9 and 10, which somewhat delayed the wind up. A feature of the day's programme was event No. 10, known as the championship event of the League of Gun Clubs of Wisconsin and Upper Peninsula of Michigan, a trophy valued at $50 being given by the League to the member making the highest score in this event. Mr. H. Hammersmith was the winner with a straight score of 25. Among the amateurs Mr. Guy Deering was again in first place with 190 out of the 200 shot at; Messrs. W. H. Schultze, A. Molle and R. F. Babcock tied for second with 186, and Messrs. W. W. Barr and F. Mellins tied for third with 183.

For general average among the amateurs Mr. Guy Deering was first with 380, Mr. W. H. Schultze second with 374 and Mr. A. Molle third with 371. Messrs. H. C. Hirschy and W. R. Crosby tied for first place among the manufacturers' agents with 391, Mr. A. C. Young being second with 387, and Mr. R. O. Heikes third with 386.

During the progress of the tournament Mr. H. C. Hirschy had a straight run of 159, and Mr. W. R. Crosby one of 140. Mr. R. O. Heikes also had a straight run of over 100.

The cashier's office was ably handled by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, assisted by Mr. F. H. Siefken, and winners of money received the amounts due them with twenty minutes after the last gun was fired each day.

Messrs. Carl Moore and Fred. S. Foster rendered valuable assistance in keeping the tournament working smoothly, and Messrs. Robert A. Kane, President; W. W. McQueen, Secretary, and A. A. Juttner, of the local club, made every person feel at home.

The scores of both days follow:

July 12, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	at.	Broke.
R L Trimble	11	20	16	20	17	18	20	20	18	21	200	181
L H Fitzsimmons	13	9	19	17	20	18	17	16	18	21	200	170
E G Brazleton	11	18	18	18	19	18	17	17	19	24	200	179
Chas Coon	11	12	18	16	17	11	..	..	..	..	115	85
D Merckle	12	17	17	17	17	16	17	16	19	24	200	175
C W Budd	14	18	20	18	19	20	20	19	18	25	200	191
R O Heikes	15	19	20	19	20	19	18	18	20	24	200	192
Thos Montanebo	12	14	16	17	17	18	13	13	14	19	200	173
W J Reinke	14	13	17	19	17	16	16	17	20	25	200	174
Jos Kelly	10	18	16	18	17	17	18	18	19	19	200	170
T A Marshall	12	19	18	18	18	19	20	20	17	18	200	169
W D Stannard	15	19	19	19	19	18	20	20	18	21	200	188
B E Jussen	13	19	18	19	20	18	18	18	18	24	200	185
G C Foster	9	17	17	13	15	13	16	15	..	..	155	106
C E Bennett	13	20	20	16	16	18	17	17	18	20	200	175
C A Young	15	17	19	20	20	20	20	20	19	25	200	195
F Vandreil	15	12	18	12	18	16	17	19	19	22	200	168
G L Deiter	12	12	16	16	16	16	19	15	13	12	200	157
E C Vought	13	20	17	19	18	19	19	18	18	22	200	183
E Yahn	14	19	20	18	19	18	14	16	19	23	200	180
H C Hirschy	15	18	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	23	200	196
W R Crosby	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	19	19	24	200	197
F Kaufmann	12	18	18	16	20	18	20	16	18	20	200	176
E J Host	11	17	17	17	19	19	20	17	20	20	200	177
A W Loud	13	17	16	18	18	18	20	19	20	21	200	180
Geo Premo	13	19	19	18	18	19	20	19	19	21	200	185
R A Kane	15	16	18	17	20	18	18	20	18	20	200	180
H Hammersmith	14	19	19	19	19	18	18	17	19	20	200	182
A Gropper	11	18	18	14	16	15	15	11	10	14	200	142
L E Woessner	9	13	13	16	18	14	12	12	18	15	200	140
W B Jarvis	14	19	19	19	17	15	18	17	18	23	200	179
P Woog	13	16	17	18	19	16	18	15	17	..	175	149
H W Vietmeyer	10	17	18	15	15	15	16	16	19	20	200	161
A A Juttner	14	14	15	19	19	17	15	18	14	17	200	162
C L Clough	13	19	16	17	14	14	16	18	16	22	200	165
C E Henshaw	13	14	19	18	17	16	18	19	16	21	200	171
A Molle	15	18	20	17	20	14	20	20	18	23	200	185
R F Babcock	15	19	17	17	18	18	17	19	17	23	200	182
W Darling	11	11	16	17	17	16	18	19	18	19	200	162
D Lightbody	13	13	20	11	13	15	18	15	16	17	200	161
J A Bottkol	12	18	18	16	17	15	19	18	18	24	200	175
W W McQueen	15	16	19	18	16	15	19	20	18	23	200	177
W Krenke	10	17	19	19	18	16	19	17	16	22	200	173
H L Drews	11	18	18	15	19	17	17	15	17	21	200	179
J F Wolfe	14	15	15	18	17	17	19	20	17	22	200	174
O B Sonsthagen	13	17	17	17	17	18	15	16	18	23	200	171
G S Hamilton	11	19	20	15	20	17	18	18	14	19	200	171
D Swan	14	17	15	16	16	..	17	15	16	20	180	146
G H Burlew	13	17	16	17	17	18	17	18	17	21	200	161
Ed Nowack	10	16	15	18	16	17	19	16	17	22	200	146
J F Wolfe	14	19	18	16	17	17	16	16	18	23	200	175
H L Drews	15	18	18	20	20	15	16	19	19	19	200	179
W W Queen	12	18	17	17	16	17	19	17	17	22	200	172
Dan Swan	13	17	18	20	18	18	16	17	19	24	200	180
G S Hamilton	11	15	18	18	18	20	16	17	16	15	200	164
J J Reardon	8	18	17	17	15	11	14	16	17	10	200	153
D Merkle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	15	19	23	85	76
Harry McKenney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	17	18	85	69
W Kronke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	20	15
J A Bottkol	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	25	17
Walt Black	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	25	20

July 13, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	at.	Broke.
R L Trimble	14	20	19	19	19	18	20	17	18	24	200	188
L H Fitzsimmons	14	18	17	19	16	15	17	18	19	21	200	174
E G Brazleton	12	18	15	20	18	18	17	19	18	20	200	175
Chas Coon	13	17	16	17	14	17	11	18	15	18	200	156
E Yahn	13	20	19	19	18	19	18	18	16	22	200	182
C W Budd	14	19	20	20	18	16	18	19	17	21	200	182
R O Heikes	14	20	20	17	20	20	20	20	20	23	200	194
Jos Kelly	12	19	19	18	19	15	17	17	20	24	200	180
W J Reinke	15	18	16	19	18	18	18	18	19	21	200	180
Thos Mortambo	12	16	17	15	13	12	17	14	18	17	200	151
H C Hirschy	15	20	19	20	17	20	19	20	20	25	200	195
W R Crosby	15	20	19	18	20	19	20	19	20	24	200	194
F Kaufmann	12	18	16	17	18	17	19	18	18	17	200	170
E J Host	13	18	18	19	14	18	16	18	18	23	200	175
A W Loud	13	18	18	20	16	19	18	15	16	22	200	175
T A Marshall	14	19	16	16	18	17	18	18	14	21	200	171
W D Stannard	14	19	18	20	19	17	20	17	20	18	200	182
B E Jussen	14	16	18	20	17	17	18	19	18	20	200	177
G C Foster	12	18	17	17	17	17	13	16	16	19	200	162
C E Bennett	12	19	19	17	18	17	17	15	18	17	200	169
H W Vietmeyer	14	17	19	19	16	16	16	19	17	20	200	173
G H Burlew	11	16	15	19	17	16	16	12	16	..	175	138
A A Juttner	12	20	13	17	18	12	15	13	16	19	200	155
O B Sonsthagen	12	18	17	19	16	14	17	16	18	18	200	165
W W Barr	13	18	19	18	19	20	17	18	19	22	200	183
W B Jarvis	13	19	18	18	15	18	19	19	17	23	200	189
G W Mason	11	18	17	17	17	13	16	15	16	19	200	159
W H Schultze	14	18	19	19	20	19	19	19	17	22	200	186
F Melins	14	19	18	19	19	19	18	18	18	21	200	183
Guy Deering	15	20	19	20	19	19	20	19	18	21	200	190
C A Young	15	20	19	20	19	18	19	20	18	24	200	192
E C Vought	12	15	18	19	13	19	19	15	18	21	200	169
G L Deiter	9	14	19	19	16	15	12	13	18	17	200	152
Geo Vodra	13	15	20	17	16	16	15	16	16	24	200	168
R Benthold	11	19	14	18	18	17	18	15	11	17	200	158
C A Straubel	12	14	16	17	19	12	..	..	..	..	115	90
Ed Thomas	12	19	18	18	17	16	20	16	15	17	200	158
P Brown	15	19	17	19	16	17	15	14	18	18	200	168
Dan Duck	15	17	18	18	18	16	17	17	17	16	200	169
W F Kasson	13	18	17	18	17	17	18	17	19	18	200	172
C E Henshaw	13	15	16	19	19	18	17	15	15	23	200	170
A Molle	14	20	15	20	20	18	19	20	18	22	200	186
R F Babcock	14	20	20	19	18	18	17	17	19	24	200	186
W Darling	8	13	16	17	14	18	11	17	14	21	200	149
D Lightbody	12	15	17	11	15	16	17	14	14	20	200	151
Geo Premo	11	17	19	18	19	18	16	19	18	24	200	179
R A Kane	14	20	20	19	19	18	18	15	17	21	200	181
H Hammersmith	13	20	18	16	19	17	19	18	17	25	200	182
A Gropper	8	15	16	17	14	13	13	13	11	18	200	138
Ed Nowack	11	17	18	19	17	17	16	17	13	21	200	166
W H Schultze	14	20	18	19	19	19	19	18	19	23	200	188
G W Mason	12	18	17	13	18	17	17	18	18	22	200	170
F A Nolan	11	16	19	18	18	17	18	13	14	21	200	164
F Melins	12	18	16	18	18	20	14	19	17	21	200	172
Guy Deering	13	19	19	20	20	18	20	19	19	23	200	190
W F Kasson	15	11	15	18	18	18	15	16	18	16	200	170
Dan Duck	13	13	15	17	20	17	19	17	18	22	200	168
P Brown	14	16	14	17	18	16	17	17	15	24	200	168
J Goslin	13	18	18	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	95	78
A W Clark	12	16	18	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	57
J Aubin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	17	15	..	60	51
S D Woodward	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	19	45	34
R C Fiester	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	14	..	40	30
Ed Perrizo	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	14	..	40	28
R Benthold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	25	19

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16.—The Analostan Gun Club of this city has commenced its second series of trophy shoots for the season. The members are divided into three classes, A, B and C, and the contests are conducted under the sliding handicap system; that is to say, every time a shooter wins he goes back one yard in the next shoot. The club has adopted as trophies a ten-dollar gold piece in each class. Following are the scores for the last three shoots; the members shooting at 25 targets:

Shoot July 1:

Class A—Barr 24, Coleman 23, Brown 22, M. Taylor 20, Wagner 20, Peyton 19, Jos. Hunter 17, Orrison 8.

Class B—Green 14, C. S. Wilson 14, Dr. Wolfe 14.

Class C—Pushaw 12.

Shoot July 8:

Class A—Brown 23, M. Taylor 22, Barr 21, Coleman 20, Orrison 19, Wilhite 19, Bauskett 19, Jos. Hunter 19, Wagner 16, Baker 17.

Class B—Failing 17, Dr. Taylor 17, Green 16, C. S. Wilson 16, Wolfe 16, Nalley 14.

Class C—Pushaw 15, Hedrick 12, McClenahan 10, Draper 6.

Shoot July 15:

Class A—M. Taylor 23, Bauskett 22, Barr 21, Wilhite 21, Peyton 19, Brown 16, Jos. Hunter 16, Baker 15.

Class B—Dr. Taylor 19, Green 12, Wolfe 12.

Class C—Pushaw (15yds.) 12, McClenahan 10.

SECRETARY.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., July 14.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club held its fifteenth regular weekly shoot this afternoon at Recreation Park, with nine guns out.

With this shoot the club completes the first half of the season of 1905, and it so far has been a very successful and enjoyable season, in which the club has paid off all of its indebtedness. The club now has leased one Legget trap, and owns one club blackbird trap, a complete set of expert traps and a good comfortable club house with board walks, score boards and all the equipment necessary to run a successful shoot and its club shoots.

Preparations are almost complete for our two-day shoot on August 8 and 9, when we expect to entertain from 60 to 75 shooters, members of the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League and other sportsmen of neighboring towns and cities.

The club elected to-day its fortieth member since its organization on Aug. 13, 1903, and in that time it has lost but one member. The club championship gold medal was won for the week by Elmer F. Jacobs, with an average for the entire programme of 81.3 per cent. The officer's goblet handicap was won for the week by W. N. Dawson with a score of 18 out of 19 shot at. The scores:

Event No. 1, miss-and-out—Sivey 4, White 4, Barthlow 3, Cobun 17, Jacobs 6.

Event No. 2, 25 targets—Sivey 21, White 22, Barthlow 17, Cobun 20, Jacobs 20, Geo. F. Miller 15, Deusenberry 17.

Event No. 3, handicap:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Sivey	19	13	Geo F Miller	20	9
White	21	13	Deusenberry	20	16
Barthlow	20	16	Dawson	19	18
Cobun	19	10	Kraus	20	8
Jacobs	21	17			

Event No. 4, club team race, four men, 20 targets per man:

Cobun, Capt.	13	White, Capt.	13
Jacobs	18	Dawson	18
Barthlow	16	Geo F Miller	15
Deusenberry	18—65	Kraus	8—54

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas.

Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 7.—Herewith are the scores of the recent Northwest tournament. On account of the fact that the weather was very bad during the shoot, scores were not up to the general average, and in fact the association has grown so large that it has become incumbent upon the directors of the association to re-arrange the system of shooting for the various trophies. A committee was appointed to make a new set of rules governing the association in the future. It is expected that in all future tournaments, the committee will arrange to have all events to consist of 20 birds each, and also to allow all shooters to participate in the money events. The present constitution and by-laws of the association allow only sportsmen in the association territory to participate and inasmuch as there are a number of shooters from the middle west and east that would like to attend, the management should be re-arranged to allow them to shoot, except of course for the trophies which belong to the association.

The committee which was appointed to arrange new rules governing the association, consists of the following: W. F. Sheard, Tacoma; T. B. Ware, Spokane; J. P. Holohan, Wallace; E. E. Ellis, Seattle; M. Abrahams, Portland.

The new officers of the association, which were elected, are as follows: President, S. B. Kershaw, Walla Walla; Vice-President, J. P. Holohan, Wallace; Second Vice-President, W. F. Sheard, Tacoma; Third Vice-President, T. B. Ware, Spokane; Fourth Vice-President, Sam MacDonald, Harrington; Secretary, J. Smails, Walla Walla; Treasurer, J. C. Scott, Walla Walla.

Directors: H. A. Snells, Anaconda; Otto Fuedner, San Francisco; Capt. Thompson, Vancouver, B. C.; A. P. Bigelow, Ogden, Utah; D. H. C. Watkins, Hoquiam, Wn.

The next annual tournament will be held at Walla Walla, Wash., and the club have probably the finest grounds on the coast, being perfectly level and with a clear sky back ground. Mr. Sheard won high average at our recent shoot on an average of 90 per cent., which is considerably under his regular gait, but all the shooters shot below their general average, simply from the fact that the back ground was very poor and it was raining continuously for three days during the shoot, otherwise, if it had been sunlight, the scores would have been much better.

A. J. WINTERS, Sec'y, S. A. N. W.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, Brooklyn, July 11.—There was a strong wind. There was a good attendance.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Schorty	12	15	14	14	11	14	12	12	12
Glover	11	12	12	7	12	13	9	..	..
Ont	9	10	12	9	10	9	14	12	11
Martin	13	12	12	12	13	15	12	..	..
Rierson	3	7	8	6	9	12	7	10	11
Voorhees	7	10	7	13	11	8	..	..	..
Dryer	9	5	4	10	7	7	7	..	..
Weiskotten	6	3	5	8	4	..	..	..	..
Bergen	7	11	14	7	8	..	..	..	..
Duster	10	11	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Guhring	..	..	13	13	8	7	10	..	13
Schleimann	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kroeger	..	..	10	11	11	9	10	13	..
Varuna	..	..	9	11	13	14	..	..	..
Fender	..	..	7	8	..	12	..	..	..
Raynor	..	..	..	9	7	6	..	..	..
Suydam	..	..	..	13	10	12	11	..	..
Slavin	..	..	..	5	7	5	..	..	..
Kelly	..	..	..	11	15	12	14	..	..
Hans	..	..	..	12	12	10	11	12	13
Scheverling	..	..	..	12	12	10	9	12	13
Scully	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

July 15 was some warm; Gambell's thermometer climbed to 90 in the shade. On the firing line the boys perspired, but stuck it out bravely, and some of them smashed a whole lot of mud saucers. Peters was high gun in actual breaks in the Schuler contest with 46. Pohlar second with 45. Gambell broke 47 out of the 50, but was not shooting his score to-day. Gambell got a shooting fit on and made a run of 42 straight. Ackley is getting ready to start for the Soo on the 17th, where he will put in the hot spell, fishing. Faran has left the city for a two weeks' trip. Williams is once more with us, and his score was not the lowest by a number of points.

The boys are beginning to talk tournament. The tournament committee promises good things. The idea is Mr. Luther J. Squier's, and was given a trial at the Wawasett's annual tournament last May. It proved entirely satisfactory, inasmuch as every amateur who shot in all the events received his entrance back. A prospectus of the shoot will be ready for mailing about the second week in August. Programmes will be ready Sept. 1.

Schuler prize shoot, 50 targets:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Peters	4	46	50	Pohlar	1	45	46
Andrews	12	39	50	Faran	2	44	46
Keplinger	14	38	50	Steinman	3	43	46
Harry	24	26	50	Jack	9	37	46
Risley	35	15	50	Herman	1	44	45
Maynard	5	44	49	Barker	2	42	44
Jones	11	38	49	Harig	2	41	43
Williams	7	41	48	Myers	15	24	39
Bullerdick	5	42	47	Falk	11	25	36
Lytle	19	28	47				

Team match, 50 targets:

Hesser	44	Faran	38
Gambell	42	Maynard	39
Bullerdiek	40	Pohlar	40—117

Team match, 50 targets:

Gambell	45	Peters	45
Barker	43— 88	Hesser	46— 91

Team race, 50 targets:

Gambell	42	Peters	43
Barker	44— 86	Hesser	48— 91

Ohio Notes.

At the regular shoot of the Springfield, O., Gun Club, Wm. Poole won the medal with a straight score of 25. Downs and Schmidt second with 22 each. Poole was also high gun for the day with 89 out of 100. Foley second 88. Snyder third, 86. The club's regular shoot will be held on Fridays for the balance of the season.

The De Graff, O., Gun Club will hold a tournament on July 20 at which clubs representing Clark, Madison, Union, Champaign, Shelby, Logan and Miami counties will be present. The individual and five-man team cups for championship of above counties will be shot for. Capt. Ben Downs, of Springfield, speaks the truth when he says that "everybody was pulling for him to win," meaning Prof. Heikes, at the G. A. H. Rolla Heikes is deservedly popular among both amateurs and professionals in all parts of the country, and he had the sincere good wishes of every shooter that he would continue to break 'em after he had smashed his first 60.

The members of the Dayton clubs are recommended to practice shooting at doubles by a press writer, because of the fact that the State shoot will be held there next year, and that in shooting for the Phellis trophy, such practice will stand them in good stead. The Phellis team trophy is shot at 50 singles per man, no doubles. The Shooting and Fishing team trophy was formerly at 30 singles and 10 pairs, but this rule was changed nearly two years ago, and that trophy should now be shot for at 50 singles, although the old rule prevailed at this year's State shoot.

The Cleveland Gun Club's matinee shoot on July 8 was not largely attended. Some members are out of town and others have not wholly recovered from the Fourth. Five silver cups are in competition, one being donated by each of the following firms, and two being given by the club: Dupont Company, Austin Cartridge Company, Scribner & Loehr Company. To-day's shoot was the third in the series, and Riley and Hastings tied on full scores of 50, including their handicap. Pocock was high in actual breaks with 45. Conditions are 50 targets, added targets as handicap. Preparations are being made for the Labor Day tournament, at which cash and merchandise prizes will be given.

The attendance at the regular shoot of the Dayton Gun Club was better than for a long time. Ten 25-target events were shot. Oswald finished high gun with 172 out of 200. Carr second with 171.

Twelve members took part in the regular handicap medal shoot of the Greenville, O., Gun Club, on July 10. In Class A, McKeon won the medal with 46. Limbert won in Class B with 44. Gilbert and Wolfe second with 28 each. McKeon defeated Kirby in a 100-target race, 83 to 78.

A little missionary work done by a shooter at Portsmouth, O., has resulted in much good. Interest has been reawakened, and the club now has over fifty members, among them a number who give promise of becoming good ones. The club will be represented at the Cincinnati Gun Club tournament in September.

The Forest Gun Club, of Upper Sandusky, O., will hold its first tournament in September. The dates will be given later. Contests for both amateurs and professionals will be held, and the club expects to offer inducements which will insure the presence of some of the best shots in the country.

The Dayton Gun Club will give a two days' tournament on Sept. 4 and 5. Added money $100 for the five high averages shooting entire programme. No one except trade representatives will be allowed to shoot for targets only.

The Pleasant Valley Gun Club, of De Graff, O., has decided to call off their tournament advertised for Aug. 9 and 10, as it would follow too closely the shoot given on July 20.

Good sport, as usual, was had at the regular shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, on July 12, several of the members bringing their families with them and making a picnic of the occasion. The medal event was first shot off, and was won by P. Hanauer with a score of 25, no one tying him. C. Smyth was second with 24. The medal stays in the Hanauer family another week, with the chances about event that Carl Hanauer will win it again next week. To-day's contest was the sixteenth of the season, and sixteen more will be shot, the last one on Nov. 1. Chas. F. Miller, who has won the trophy for the past two years, is in the lead, having three wins. Ed. Cain and W. Oldt have each two wins to their credit. The balance of the day was devoted to sweeps, of which nine were shot, each at 15 targets, 50 cents entrance, three moneys. D. D. Gross was high with 124 out of 135. E. Cain second with 121, and H. Oswald third with 113. James McConnell shot in the medal race and broke 25 straight.

In Other Places.

The shoot at Portland, Ore., was better attended this year than any previous meet. We have a list of names comprising twenty-two squads, and are sorry that they do not give addresses in full so that same could be published in our columns, as such an array of western shooting talent was never previously assembled.

The Meshawaka Gun Club, South Bend, Ind., is doing itself proud, as per individual scores. M. M. Clark secured prize at the last shoot with 36 out of 50. The county treasurer, Hunberg made 9 out of 10.

The Leighton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club, the city's crack social organization, last week furnished the club room with three leather cushioned rockers, each costing $25, and two leather cushioned couches, each of which had cost $16.

The Juvenile Gun Club at Brenham, Tex., is keeping up the interest and holding shoots that will keep the boys in good practice. Next to the last shoot held Guy Chishold and Albert Tucker tied, on the shoot-off Tucker won, and then he won it again in the regular contest. The cup, which was generously donated by a powder company, will become the property of the one who wins the most times during the year.

Mr. Schaerbelie was the high gun at the Pastime Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., with a 25 straight.

At the last meeting of the Detroit, Mich., Gun Club, Clyde Sipe was elected to fill vacancy as president. Regular shoots are held Sunday at Hubert's Ten-Mile House, at Royal Oak.

Many of the July 4 shoots were not reported, but some of the best held were those where merchandise prizes were awarded. One of the clubs adopting this line was that of Le Mars, Ia.

At Memphis, Tenn., A. H. Frank, Jim Canale and W. H. Joyner, shooting at 300 targets, only lost 8, Joyner making 99. Memphis has some extra fine shots.

The Northern Allegany Rod and Gun Club has placed 100,000 pike and same number of trout in Flannigan's Pond. This should find a responsive chord in all club organizations. It is only by a united effort that the lakes can be kept stocked with game fish.

Messrs. Charles Keer, George Harvey, and Samuel Clark, of Middletown, O., were guests for a day of the Hamilton Club.

Harry Brinsmade, Frank G. Miller, Dave Krott and Frank Le Fever comprised the committee who had charge of the last shoot held by the Defiance, O., Gun Club.

There was quite an array of shooting talent at the July 4 shoot at Bloomington, Ill., viz.: John Boa, Frank Riehl, H. W. Cadwallader, Ward S. Burton and W. Tramp Irwin. The weather was stormy, and the entertainment thus was not the feature promised.

Pictures make good prizes for members of a gun club to contest for. Such has been adopted by the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club.

The following members of the Princeton, Ill., Shooting Society were in attendance at the Davenport, Ia., tournament: C. G. Cushing, J. F. Wagner, Judge R. M. Skinner, Clarence H. Delano, A. Oppenheim, Dr. William Keller and Harry Burr.

Dayton, O., is making a bid for the next G. A. H. Should this place be selected, there would be a good time assured, as good meals and the best of street car service would be at hand. What is much needed is an amphitheatre.

The Florence, Neb., Gun Club held a shoot last week. Harry Lane and George W. Craig were the leaders, and they were aided by some of the Omaha good shots who were present.

The Raleigh, N. C., Gun Club held a very enjoyable event at Cameron Field on Saturday last. The club was out in full force, and with their twenty-five friends and invited guests, enjoyed an "old-time barbecue." The roast had all the added refreshments that heart could wish.

The social feature of gun club meets demand the attention of tournament promoters. For instance, will all please take notice that all the visiting shooters at the shoot held at Tomah, Wis., were well entertained at a grand ball, given in their honor by the united efforts of the Tomah sportsmen. The social feature should be entered into by all the clubs throughout the country.

There will be "something doing" at the town of Paris, Ill., as a gun club will be organized there in the very near future.

The club at Janesville, Wis., is spreading out, the new name adopted being the Badger Gun Club. There will be a shoot in August that is destined to be one of the largest ever held in the west, if planning will bring that end about. There are a number of good clubs in southern Wisconsin to draw from, and there will be shooters present from all parts of the State if a date chosen does not interfere with the Indian shoot.

The Shoot Slow Gun Club, St. Joseph, Mo., is coming on in a not "so very slow" order. Last Sunday, Wade and Schultz tied for first place with 23 out of 25. On the shoot-off at 10 targets, Wade won.

You would not think that the great shooter you meet at many of the tournaments, and who works so hard trying to beat "T. Bill" Crosby, was written up in his home paper as "Dude" Gilbert. Oh, yes, he was a "dude" in his home town when in his teens.

The East Side Gun Club at Racine, Wis., has sold its club house to the Business Men's Outing Club, and the same will be improved and an athletic park will be fitted up.

One of the handsomest programmes issued during the midsummer was that of the late shoot held by the Martinsville, Ind., Gun Club. It was printed on deckle-edged paper of the finest quality. We appreciate the one sent us, as there were only 200 printed.

At Haidley, Idaho, the gun club has ordered a supply of targets and with the new magazine traps will keep the guns popping during the summer.

Some of the powder companies have donated many cups to the gun clubs throughout the country.

Shooting at the South Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, Mr. Fraser and T. M. Drought averaged 95.4 out of 90 targets, and in the shoot-off Mr. Drought won.

Herman Hirschey was by special request delegated to shoot at the friendly meet of the Fort Atkinson and the Janesville, Wis., trap shots. Mr. Hirschey is heralded as the holder of the live-bird championship.

And now comes a report from a full-fledged newly organized gun club in the great Sunflower State. The following members were enrolled at Augusta, Kans.: H. Hamblett, R. W. Stephensen, J. D. Robson, E. R. Mooney, J. A. Grant, F. A. Garvin, H. A. Hill, J. T. Marsh, R. A. Sisco, T. E. Carter, E. Safford, R. C. Ruland and E. S. Withrow.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 15.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the second series. Dr. Meek, L. Thomas and W. Einfeldt tied for Class A trophy on 24. Dr. Reynolds, Stone, Horns and L. L. Smedes tied for Class B on 21, while George won Class C on 22.

In the Dupont cup shoot W. Einfeldt won in Class A on 19 out of 20. T. L. Smedes won Class B on 18. Ostendorf won Class C on 15.

In the Hunters Arms Co. trophy shoot at 10 singles and 5 pairs W. Einfeldt tied with L. Thomas in Class A on 19. Stone won in Class B on 17. Ostendorp Class C on 14.

The day was a favorable one for trapshooting, there being little wind and plenty hot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	20	10	10	Ditt	9	..	10	5	1
Dr Reynolds	21	16	16	6	9	Targets:	25	25	20	10	10
Dr Meek	24	16	18	10	5	Kampp	21	..	13	9	9
Thomas	24	19	18	6	10	Horns	21	..	15	9	7
McDonald	23	15	18	7	10	Einfeldt	24	19	19	10	10
Stone	21	17	14	8	10	T L Smedes	21	15	18	..	8
Eaton	21	16	16	9	9	A Smedes	17	10	16	..	10
Gould	20	16	13	4	9	Ostendorp	16	14	15	..	6
George	22	..	14	6	8	Lasure	14	..	16	..	..

No. 1 is trophy event. No. 2 is Hunter Arms Co. trophy, 10 singles and 10 pairs. No. 3 is Dupont cup.

Team shoot.

McDonald	6	Meek	8
Thomas	10	Einfeldt	10
Stone	10	Eaton	7
Dr Reynolds	10	T Smedes	9
Gould	9—45	A Smedes	9—43

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., July 12.—J. A. R. Elliott, accompanied by Mr. E. B. Thompson, visited the grounds of the Boston Gun Club to-day, and after donning shooting togs, etc., proceeded to show just what a trapshooter can do in the way of breaking targets at 21yds. or 16yds., nothing made any difference, 29 out of 30 at the former distance in the prize match being a sample of what shooting was going on.

Dr. Gleason, with his gun stock done up like a broken limb in splints, managed to tie, though it necessitated a 79 out of the last 80 to do so, but we are always expecting something wonderful from the Doctor, and very seldom it is that he fails at least to help out in some way or other.

A. H. Baker, of Brockton, one of the old stand-bys paid us his yearly visit, and with strange gun, etc., proceeded to liven matters not a little and showed that he had lost none of the old skill that was in evidence at the time of his old side partner "Servy." Rule, Frank Blinn and Carver all got into the honor class, with the latter leading just a trifle.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	25	25	Av.
Frank (19)	9	13	11	9	10	13	10	14	15	19	..	.848
Bell (20)	8	14	13	8	9	10	10	12	11	..	..	.791
Baker (19)	9	11	13	10	12	12	8	12	..	..	..	.828
Rule (18)	10	15	15	7	10	11	10	14	12	..	..	.858
Blinn (16)	7	10	14	9	13	13	7	14	12	..	..	.825
Carver (16)	6	14	11	9	13	12	7	10	7	18	19	.869
Elliott (21)	..	14	14	..	15	14	9	14	12	21	23	.938
Gleason (21)	..	11	13	..	13	11	9	15	15	24	25	.938
Muldown (16)	..	..	..	..	12	12	6	9	11	..	..	.714
Taylor (16)	..	..	..	..	..	8	3	5	4	10	11	.390
Temby (16)	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	4	3	11	9	.352
Dickey (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	..	21	..	.800
Nye (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	.760
Kirkwood (20)	10	14	13	9	15	12	9	14	..	18	..	.877

Merchandise prize match: Elliott (21) 29, Kirkwood (20) 27, Blinn (16) 26, Carver (16) 25, Gleason (21) 24, Muldown (16) 24, Baker (19) 24, Frank (19) 23, Rule (18) 21, Bell (20) 19.

Thirty shooters assembled at the Boston Gun Club grounds July 8 to inaugurate a series of shoots for the cup donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. Good scores were hardly in evidence for various reasons, but enthusiasm was up as usual to concert pitch, and the crowd was kept in good humor by the ludicrous scores at times. W. H. Heer was a welcome visitor and seemed to be the only pebble to find them, but after starting good, was forced to give up, a previous injury to his face making shooting exceedingly painful. A future visit to the grounds will now be looked forward to and straight scores will be the rule on that day.

High average for the afternoon was taken care of by one of the home club, though there might have been another story told if "Jimmie Climax" had not got some iron targets in his last event.

Roy, with 38 (wholly out of sorts with himself for such a score) had no trouble leading in the prize match, Blinn or Kirkwood with 34 being next in line with Churchill and Gleason with 33 in third position.

Every one now waits for their next chance, hoping for good conditions, and as the next shoot will be held at the Middlesex Sportsmen's Club, it is needless to say that the traps will be in finest kind of trim for good scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	25	Av.
Climax (16)	12	14	13	14	11	14	16	10	..	.832
Heer (16)	14	14	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	.900
Straw (17)	7	7	12	8	8	8	8	9	..	.536
Miller (17)	8	8	14	9	7	6	14	11	..	.616
Edwards (16)	..	..	..	9	11	9	13	9	..	.637
Frank (19)	11	11	11	9	8	10	14	12	..	.688
Roy (19)	12	8	13	11	12	11	15	10	..	.736
Allison (19)	12	13	10	12	9	8	10	8	21	.693
Rule (19)	9	11	10	10	6	7	14	..	..	.609
Worthing (19)	7	8	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	.583
Churchill (18)	12	9	12	11	8	11	14	10	..	.696
E Cavicchi (18)	10	8	12	6	8	6	13	12	..	.600
H Cavicchi (18)	10	7	6	9	9	7	11	12	..	.568
Kirkwood (19)	15	15	14	13	7	13	14	15	23	.860
Burns (18)	10	9	7	7	5	9	14	11	18	.600
Temple (19)	..	..	..	11	7	4	7	9	9	12	.491
Blinn (16)	..	..	..	..	9	11	9	14	13	18	.705
Adams (16)	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	13	..	.755
Harlow (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	.533
Muldown (16)	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	8	12	9	..	.587
Smith (19)	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	8	11	8	19	.622
Buffalo (18)	..	..	..	10	11	8	..	9	..	..		.633
Baker (16)	..	..	..	..	6	10	15	..	..	..		.620
Gleason (20)	13	15	13	12	14	8	11	..	21			.792
Bryant (16)	10	5	..	..	4	8	11	..	13			.480
Temby (16)	..	..	..	..	3	2	6	6	..			.261
Philbrook (16)	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	..	..			.440
Taylor (16)	..	..	..	..	3	3	5	10	..			.323
Dickey (16)	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..			.457
Carver (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	12	..		.620

Laflin & Rand Powder Cup Match; distance handicap:

Roy (19)	12 11 15—38	Miller (17)	7 6 14—27
Blinn (16)	11 9 14—34	Allison (19)	9 8 10—27
Kirkwood (19)	7 13 14—34	Rule (19)	6 7 14—27
Churchill (18)	8 11 14—33	E Cavicchi (18)	8 6 13—27
Gleason (20)	14 8 11—33	H Cavicchi (18)	9 7 11—27
Frank (19)	8 10 14—32	Straw (17)	8 8 8—24
Baker (16)	6 10 15—31	Bryant (16)	4 8 11—23
Muldown (16)	10 8 12—30	Philbrook (16)	9 6 7—22
Smith (19)	11 8 11—30	Temple (19)	4 7 9—20
Burnes (18)	5 9 14—28	Taylor (16)	3 3 5—11

Malone's Tournament.

THE eleventh annual tournament given by Mr. J. R. Malone, of Baltimore, was held at Betterton, Md., July 12, 13 and 14. Shooting at 200 targets on the first day, Mr. E. H. Storr broke 192 and was high. Messrs. L. German and W. Foord tied on 187 for second. On the second day, Mr. German was high with 96; Mr. Storr, second, with 95 out of 100.

The five-men team race was held on the second day. Mr. Storr was high on the third day with 193 out of 200. Mr. J. M. Hawkins was second with 188. The scores:

	First Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Second Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Third Day. Shot at.	Broke.
Storr	200	192	100	95	200	193
German	200	187	100	96	200	183
Foord	200	187	100	93	200	178
Hawkins	200	184	100	91	200	188
Lupus	200	183	100	93	200	181
Squier	200	182	100	89	200	168
England	200	179	100	91	...	...
Clark	200	176	100	87	...	...
Hunter	200	174	...	...	...	...
Miller	200	168	100	85	200	176
McHugh	200	166	100	82	...	...
Kirk	200	166	...	...	...	...
Gifford	200	165	100	92	...	...
J Malone	200	164	100	89	200	172
C Malone	200	163	...	...	...	...
Dixon	200	162	100	71	200	158
Sampson	200	161	100	78	200	165
Silver King	200	155	100	82	200	169
Chew	180	125	100	68	...	...
Simon	150	131	100	79	...	...
Hartlove	150	124	100	75	...	...
Atwell	110	81	...	...	...	...
Bowen	165	132	...	...	...	...
Mordecai	95	67	...	...	...	...
Banks	...	...	100	86	...	...
Tydings	...	...	100	79	...	...
Pohlman	...	...	100	86	...	...

Team race, 5-man, held on June 13:

Baltimore Shooting Assn. No. 1.		Rising Sun, Md.	
German	25 25—50	Alexander	24 24—48
Lupus	24 24—48	Miller	22 25—47
Storr	25 23—48	Kirk	23 22—45
Hawkins	23 24—47	Gifford	23 21—44
Malone	21 20—41—234	England	20 21—41—225
Wilmington, Del.		**Prospect, Balt.**	
Banks	24 24—48	O G O	22 22—44
Foord	24 24—48	Adams	22 21—43
Squier	23 24—47	Pohlman	19 19—38
McHugh	16 22—38	Regester	22 16—38
Hartlove	19 18—37—218	Monath	21 16—37—200
Baltimore Shooting Assn. No. 2.			
Silver King	23 21—44	Mordecai	20 14—34
Sampson	20 22—42	Dixon	21 12—33—189
Chew	18 18—36		

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., July 8.—The Independent Gun Club held the first of a series of five shoots for the Laflin & Rand cup presented to the club. Mr. E. Markley was high man with 48 out of 50, he having run his last 34 straight. There was a small attendance on account of a thunder storm just about the time to start the programme. The next shoot will be held July 22, when we expect a good crowd of shooters.

Event No. 3 was a handicap for trophy. Handicap in parenthesis. Below are scores made July 8:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	50	15	25	Targets:	10	10	50	15	25
Markley (0)	8	..	48	11	22	Heil (2)	..	..	39	..	..
W Maurer (0)	8	9	43	..	..	Ivey (4)	1	..	23	..	..
J Maurer (0)	8	..	42	..	..	Miller (2)	7	..	33	..	19
Elliott (6)	..	..	34	8	22	Richards (2)	..	..	39	..	..
Sommers (2)	7	8	39	..	..						

W. R. IVEY, Sec'y.

"Now," chortled the amateur Sherlock Holmes to his lady partner, "it is easy to see that gentleman yonder is not married." "Pray, how can you tell?" "By his neglected air; his frowsy appearance. No woman would let a man go about like that. His coat lacks two buttons, you perceive, and he is not brushed." "Still," said the lady, "he is married." "You know him, then?" "I am his wife."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Automatic Weedless Hook advertised by Mr. Chas. P. Krus, of Chicago, should prove a most useful device for the angler who fishes in the quiet waters of Western and Southern lakes, ponds, bayous and streams. We all know how constant is the danger of getting one's hook among the weeds, and how much care, time and patience is required to free it and to save the hook and line. These annoyances would seem to be avoided by Mr. Krus' device, which we should certainly suppose to be well worth investigating by every angler who fishes in weedy waters.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

SOME PRIMITIVE PLANT FOODS—I.

WE are accustomed to speak of the Indian as a hunter, to think that his food consisted solely of flesh, and that he lived purely on the products of the chase. This impression is very far from true. The Indian—like man everywhere except in the Arctic regions—is an omnivorous creature, and while he may subsist chiefly on flesh he also greatly relishes vegetable food. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the aboriginal tribes of North America were cultivators of the ground. The popular idea that the Indian was a nomad wandering from place to place and never camping twice in the same spot arises from an entire misconception of facts. We have been told for years by the newspapers and other equally ill-informed authorities that the Indians were wanderers, and we have come to believe that this was true. It was not. The Indians lived in very large measure in permanent villages, near which they had their cultivated fields, and which they occupied for the greater part of each year. At certain seasons special absences—more or less protracted—were necessary for the purpose of hunting some particular game or of gathering some special sort of wild roots or fruits.

This permanency of habitation was true even of some of the tribes inhabiting the semi-arid plains who depended for support on the buffalo, and to-day, one who visits one of the plains tribes and asks the old men how their fathers used to live will everywhere receive the same answer. They will say that they used to grow corn, beans, squashes or pumpkins, and tobacco, and that besides this they gathered an abundance of wild crops which gave them a certain amount of vegetable food all through the year.

Of the Iroquois we are told that the crops they harvested were so large that they frequently had in their storehouses two or three years' supply of corn, beans and squashes. The Pawnees, occupying the arid West, like the Delawares of the moist sea coast, stored their crops in great pits dug in the ground which they lined with mats, and in which their corn was perfectly preserved all through the winter, or until the supply was exhausted. Very different was the situation of the Cocopahs inhabiting the desert away to the southwest. They scraped aside the rocks that covered the dry mountainside and, uncovering a little soil, planted there a few hills of corn and squashes, carrying on their backs from the distant spring the water which should moisten the ground to cause the seeds to sprout and to refresh the plants until the crop matured, and when it was gathered they at once consumed it.

Within the memory of living men, and while there were yet buffalo in abundance, the Western Indians of many tribes continued their primitive culture of the stubborn soil. The Pawnee women used to hoe their corn with hoes made from the shoulderblade of the buffalo lashed to a wooden handle, and about the same time the warlike Cheyennes were planting their little cornfields on the Little Missouri River.

We know that in early days, when wooded Minnesota was much farther from the center of things than Alaska is to-day, the Indians of that territory planted little crops of corn, loosening the soil, either with hoes purchased from the traders or with the hardened sharpened branch of a tree. Their fields were small, from a quarter of an acre to an acre in extent, and produced a small corn the ears of which were from three to eight inches long, and which was chiefly consumed green as roasting ears. A part of the crop, however, was boiled on the ear while green, cut from the cob and dried in the sun to be kept for winter use. Boiled with meat it made a nourishing and palatable dish. There was no food more delicious, and none better to work on than dried corn and buffalo meat.

Over the whole of North America, wherever the climate permitted it to ripen, corn was cultivated by the Indians and constituted an important part of their subsistence. Loskiel, who in the eighteenth century wrote interestingly and at great length of the Indians among whom the United Brethren worked, enumerates no less than twelve methods employed by the Indians in preparing their corn for food. A concentrated form of nourishment much employed when traveling on the warpath, or where it was necessary to go swiftly or with light loads, was citamon, an interesting analogue of the pemmican used in old prairie travel. Pemmican consisted of pulverized dried meat mixed with melted fat, but, as those will remember who have read the old works of travel in the Northwest, or even those "Trails of the Pathfinders," which have recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, there was another sort of pemmican made of the puverized flesh of fish also mixed with fat. Citamon, on the other hand, was finely pounded cornmeal mixed with powdered maple sugar, and then packed in a sack so tightly that the air could not enter it. While pemmican was purely a flesh food, citamon was wholly vegetable.

It is well understood that the Indians had discovered the art of making maple sugar long before the coming of the whites, and that they taught first the French in Canada and later other white people how to manufacture sugar and syrup from the sap of the maple tree. They used not only the sap of the hard or sugar maple but also that of the soft or white maple, though of the latter much more sap was required to make a given quantity of sugar. In the western country, even out on the plains, sugar was made by Indians from the sap of the common box elder tree.

A JULY SUNDAY.

"O DAY most calm, most bright," apostrophized George Herbert, Izaak Walton's friend, when he sang of the Sunday of the England of his time; and the picture called up by the line is still a grateful one. The ideal has not changed with the centuries that have intervened. One who would celebrate Sunday in verse or prose would still hail it as the "day most calm." But no such conception of Sunday could possibly be drawn from the current records of the day as given in the newspapers of the next morning. As there described, Sunday is anything but a day of calm. Here, for an example, is a partial list of the happenings of a July Sunday, as told by a New York paper on the Monday following:

Two white women and two white men were shot in a race riot of whites and negroes in a New York street.

A Princeton student was drowned in the surf at Coney Island. Two bathers were drowned in Jamaica Bay. On the St. Lawrence River a steam yacht collided with a skiff and a seventeen-year-old boy of Clayton was drowned. A woman was drowned in Nassau Lake, near Albany, by the capsizing of a skiff. Two boys were drowned in the Belle River, at Memphis, Mich.

Lightning caused a $60,000 fire in Tennessee. A Riverside, Conn., electric car loaded with passengers bound to a ball game was struck by lightning; no one was hurt, but the phenomenon was interpreted as an omen of Divine displeasure, and the party went home by the next car without attending the game. A Detroit trolley car smashed a wagonload of people returning from a drive in Belle Isle Park, injuring nine persons, two fatally. In New York city a trolley car ran down a sixteen-year-old girl and crushed her feet, one of which had to be amputated. A five-year-old boy lost a foot while playing with a trolley car on a side track; and a whole line of cars was held up by the visit of the stork to a trolley car, until an ambulance came and removed the mother and boy baby to a hospital.

In Philadelphia a retired banker committed suicide. In an Ontario village an Indian recluse was found dead in her home, beaten and strangled, and the officers set out in pursuit of the suspected murderer.

In Chicago several hundred Greeks made a rush to the polls to vote for church officers, and many were injured in the crush. In the Union Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church of Brooklyn the Rev. Joseph Stiles preached, armed with a writ of the Supreme Court restraining the trustees from interfering with him.

Five performers in a Coney Island fire-fighting show were badly burned by a premature explosion of powder; the audience was not perturbed, taking it to be a part of the show. Near Harrisburg, Pa., eight men were blown to pieces by a premature explosion of a dynamite blast. At another place a dynamite explosion wrecked a dam.

A Newark, N. J., man was accidentally shot in the leg by a friend. At Meriden, Conn., a woman was shot in the back by a seven-year-old niece; the child was playing with papa's revolver, and did not know that it was loaded.

A "rabid" dog on the Williamsburg Bridge created great excitement by snapping at everyone who approached it, and frightening horses so that they ran away. A policeman shot it to death, and for a wonder did not kill a human being before killing the dog.

And so the record runs. This is by no means all of it; but enough has been quoted to illustrate how disquieting is the story of Sunday as told on Monday. Its character thus indicated by the news columns of the press, a July Sunday in 1905 is the furthest possible remove from the "day most calm" sung by Herbert. And not less far removed is it from the actual Sunday of to-day. The current chronicle of disorders, drownings, burnings, explosions, collisions, shootings and other casualties in the news columns of the day after is in no sense a true picture of the day. The press concerns itself with the unusual in nature and the abnormal in human nature. Of the mountain peak in reposeful majesty it makes no note; the avalanche or the volcanic eruption command the attention of the world. The peaceful repose of a people on Sunday is not news; it has no place, or but secondary attention in the columns of the Monday paper.

AFRICAN GAME PICTURES.

IN a recent issue note was made of the remarkable pictures of African game secured by a German collector, C. G. Schillings—pictures which were then characterized as being the most striking contribution to the literature of this subject. From the volume containing the results of Mr. Schillings' work we have reproduced some of the most noteworthy pictures for the illustrated supplement of to-day. They are of extreme merit, because they show in a way never before equalled the actual home life of the creatures of the African jungle.

Some of the views, as that of the lioness about to spring on the calf, were secured by tethering a calf or an ass or a goat as bait to attract the beasts of prey. In other cases, as with the picture of the lionesses at their drinking place, the work was done under absolutely natural conditions, and these are to be regarded as the greater achievements. It was exciting sport, all of it, each new shutter snapped a triumph.

"With beating heart," writes the author, "I watched the giraffe coming closer to the water and to my hiding place." Of the nerve-trying onrush of the elephant here shown, he tells us: "Only the death-plunge of the mighty bull saved us at the last moment from imminent danger * * * otherwise we would have been crushed by the twenty-five enraged giant beasts." "Indescribably great was my joy when I succeeded one night in catching on the plate three old lionesses drinking at the brook." And again, of the night photograph of the rhinoceros: "I never dreamed that I would be fortunate enough to show on one plate, at a few feet distance, a female rhinoceros and young, at her watering place in the night."

These are achievements far surpassing in interest and gratification the simple stalking of game or lying in wait for it to kill it. The world is indebted to this German camera-hunter, and it is to be hoped that his success and the rich prizes he has won may be inducements to others to undertake a like work in the same field.

THE many friends of Dr. Barton W. Evermann, Chief of the Division of Scientific Inquiry and Ichthyologist of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed Curator of the Division of Fishes, United States National Museum. He still retains his connection with the Bureau of Fisheries.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

On the Desert.—I.

PETE was a good partner, and would stay by you, no matter how far you went; but he was unfortunate, in that he was always finding things that would not amalgamate. That Chink, his pet, was one; the next was a geological and ethnological professor from some university up San Francisco way. Now one would think that a professor of those things would know all about the common things of life that are within the knowledge of every man. But that professor didn't—not he. I don't know what all he did know, but I know a few things that he didn't know.

He could look at a formation and tell you, offhand, how old it was, but he did not know that the moss grew on the north side of the rocks. He could tell you about the formation of a contact and how a true fissure vein was filled, but he did not know that gold was where you find it. He could look at a queer-shaped butte and tell you it was cut that way by erosion, but he didn't know a prospector's monument from an Indian water sign. He could look at a piece of rock and give you its book name, but by the same look he couldn't tell the sulphurets in it from free gold; he had to make a fire assay or acid test. If the sky was overcast at night when he camped, he did not know enough to cut a notched stick and point it in the direction the sun went down, so he could get his bearings in the morning if it proved to be cloudy. He knew all about rattlesnakes, the book kind, but he didn't know that the little sharp-toothed gray desert "sidewinder" can strike quick and hard without coiling. He did not know enough to coil a hair lariat about his blankets at night, nor take his shovel and scrape away a smooth place for his bed in a clump of turkey foot cactus to prevent a snake getting at him. He could lie on his back and call all the big stars by their first names, but he couldn't come within two hours of the time of night by the big dipper. If water was scarce, he did not know enough to strain to-night's dish water through a gunnysack and save it for morning, then strain it again for the burros; if there was no water to spare, he did not know enough to dry wash the dishes. He knew enough to fill a book about things that were of no use to a man, but what he didn't know about everyday things on the Colorado desert would fill two. Why, he did not even know that on leaving one water hole he must always carry enough to do him to the next one and back, in the event that he should find the second one dry. That is how Pete came to find him, and if he hadn't found him there would have been a vacant chair in geology and ethnology.

We were chloriding out in the Chuckawalla Mountains in Southern California, and were camped at Chuckawalla Wells, about forty miles west of Ehrenberg, on the Colorado River; you can locate it on the map. By "we" I mean Paystreak Crawford, Chloride Sam, Pete and myself, same old crowd that was up on Barley Flats, where the Chinese cook saw his first grizzly. We had been partners for years, and hereafter when I say "we" I mean the four of us, unless otherwise specified. That five-inch seam of hematite ore, some of it going a dollar a pound, proved to be wedge-shaped, but with the wrong end up, and we worked it out before the snow in the higher mountains shut us in. We didn't do so bad, though, for the summer, cleaning up altogether about a hundred ounces of gold. When the snow fell to such a depth that the burros began to paw it away to get at the forage, we packed for home. Now, our "home" as we called it, was the Desert of the Colorado, a strip of country about 250 miles long and 100 miles wide, lying just west of the Colorado River, and from Death Valley on the north to the Mexican line on the south, where it is joined by the Cocopah Desert, but the junction point is invisible, and the same desert extends on down through the Peninsula of Baja California, as far as one cares to go. Some time I will tell you about that unsurveyed country that "God made in His anger and forgot," for I know it. Many is the night that I have held to a burro's tail as I plodded across its broad mesas. Trust a burro every time to avoid cactus and rattlesnakes. A country where the bighorn sheep is making his last stand.

Pete had gone to Salton, eighty miles, for a supply of grub. Why Pete went instead of one of the rest of us was only a little detail of camp life. The night before we had played cut-throat seven-up, winner drop out and the last, loser, to go. Paystreak and I had dropped out, and the finale was up to Sam and Pete; Sam had five to go, and turning a jack and holding the ace of trumps, Pete was due to make a 160-mile trip across the desert.

On his way to Salton, Pete found the Professor at Dos Palmas, the first water hole six miles out from the railroad. The little oasis gets its name from two big date palms. How they came there no one knows. Chemihueva Joe, an Indian ninety years old, says they have always been there, and he was there before the white man came. Dos Palmas is on the old Taos trail that was traveled before Madoc, the Welshman, discovered America, and that was 350 years before Columbus sailed. Fifty years ago, the old Butterfield stage route followed the Taos trail, then the railroad crossed to the south, and the trail was abandoned save for a few prospectors and Indians.

The Professor was camped at the spring, and Pete saw him as soon as he turned the last clump of bean mesquite. He wore blue goggles, was dressed in buff khaki, had laced leather boots to match, a tan-colored hat and "neglijay" shirt with buff tie. He was clean and neat, and had two little forked sticks in the ground and a third across the top, on which was swung a dinky nickle-plated teapot about six inches above the tiny smoky blaze of some green twigs.

"A stranger and a pilgrim," said Pete, as he swung from the back of old Nig, our big, black burro. Now a prospector is the most generous person on earth; he will split his blanket with you and divide his last half pint of water; but when he meets one of those fellows that carries a scatter load of knowledge of everything under, on and above the earth, he is a bit gun shy. Pete camped about fifty yards away, but before he unsaddled he took his six-shooter off the horn and buckled it about his waist. In the mountains or desert, you know, you can't afford to let trouble get the drop; you must always see it first. But a little while afterward, Pete got ashamed of himself, dropped his gun on his pack and hummed "Oh, where is my wandering boy?" as he kicked up some dead sage roots for his fire. The Professor saw him at it and came over.

"Good evening," says he.

"Howdy," replied Pete, who said the Professor looked him over until he saw the tooth brush in his jumper pocket, then he introduced himself and held out his hand. He was young, big and husky, stood straight up and down, and used only his feet and legs when he walked.

"Is that the way you do?" he asked, as Pete jammed his old coffeepot down on the blazing roots and turned to drop some slices of bacon in a frying-pan. "I have been trying for an hour to boil tea water, but the green twigs do not burn."

"Yes, I see your fire," said Pete; "it's an awful purty scene in a picture, but it won't do for a hungry man. Your supper is likely to run into breakfast time. The sand around here is full of dead sage roots, that make a quick, hot fire."

Pete learned that the Professor intended spending a couple of months on the comparatively unknown desert studying the formations and paying particular attention to the Indian hieroglyphics.

"What's that?" asked Pete. "Indians are mighty apt to catch anything a white man has the minute they are exposed, and they have diseases of their own; but I never heard of 'em havin' that." Pete had a good poker face, and one could never tell when he was "joshing" or in earnest. The Professor went on at length to cast a light on Pete's ignorance:

"Oh, you mean picture writin'. Why, there's a lot of it up at Corn Springs, and some around Chuckawalla. You can find it around the water holes, where there is a smooth face of granite. They cut 'em with jasper or chalcedony chisels; you can find bits of their tools lying around. Indians nowadays can't read the writin', though old Jose, a Chemihueva Apache, will set down in front of it for an hour at a time and then tell you that one bunch of pictures says where the next water is; another tells of a battle, and another bunch of criss-crosses, stands for a lot of men on horseback wearin' steel clothes and carryin' spears, bows and swords." The Professor was certainly interested, and asked a lot of questions, as he pulled a little bottle from his pocket and began bathing red blotches on his hands and face.

"What's the matter?" asked Pete.

"Mosquitoes. Millions of them around my camp, but they do not seem to bother here."

"No, only 'round the water; that's why I camped here."

The Professor moved his things to Pete's camp and boiled the tea water on the sage root fire. Pete said that when he got through unpacking and looking for things it looked like he had come out to start a trader's store—canned goods all around, and dried beef.

"Who told you to bring dried beef on the desert; somebody with a grudge?" asked Pete.

"Dried beef is very nourishing, and takes up very little space," replied the Professor.

"Yes, but to eat it, you've got to have a four-horse team to pull a big water tank along. 'Ceptin' whisky or brandy, it is the worst thing you could carry. Take my advice, and chuck it to the coyotes." But the Professor only laughed, and then Pete kept still and let him do the talking.

"This is Monday," said Pete the next morning. "I am going in to Salton to send my order. I will leave my burros here and come back. My grub will be out Tuesday evening on the freight. I will go in after it, pack and come back here to camp and pull out on Wednesday for the long hike. You'd better stay here and wait for me."

"No, I will go on to camp and tell them you are coming."

"I've come across sundry shapes of things that were once men and thought the same. You'd better wait." But again the Professor laughed.

"I have a good map of the country and the waterholes."

"You laugh because you do not know—just as you laughed last night at my ignorance of those square meals pressed into the little tablets and the women's and babies' food that you've brought along. Now, I know, but will not laugh. Your map is so much worthless paper. The desert has never been explored or measured thoroughly by men who knew how to draw a map. I know what your map is. It shows a little dot on a wavy line that stands for a cañon and the dot stands for water. You will find dozens of cañons, all looking alike, and your tongue will be hanging out before you find the one with the water. The next water is at Cañon Springs, twelve miles; if you leave there you had better leave your address and the names of your next of kin in a can at the water, where I can find it. It is sixty miles from there to Chuckawalla Wells with one water between, and I've known tenderfeet to go stripped, stark crazy in eight hours without water."

But the Professor packed and went on, and it was Thursday night before Pete saw him again.

Pete had left Cañon Springs, and was nearing Dry Camp, about three miles above Big Clay Butte, when a file of burros came stringing out of the brush of a greasewood-covered mesa into the big wash. Pete recognized them at once as the Professor's. They were thirsty, there was no denying that; so Pete tapped his water kegs and gave each a gallon, but did not camp for noon. He roped the bell burro, and leading him passed on up the trail. The sun had just dropped behind the 12,000-foot peak of old San Jacinto, ninety miles to the west, when he neared Coyote Holes. His jaded burrors stopped, threw up their heads, and with their long ears forward, gazed across the flat dry waste covered with greasewood and cacti. Pete's eyes followed theirs, and saw a man, bareheaded, stripped to the waist, his limbs covered with shreds of khaki trousers, his bare feet and body blistered in the sun and bleeding from many lacerations by thorns. He was waving his arms and uttering hoarse, inarticulate sounds as well as his cracked, swollen and protruding tongue would permit.

"Poor devil; I told him so, and now I reckon he knows," said Pete, as he hurriedly undid a cinch rope, made a running noose, coiled it and started toward the Professor. It is a peculiar fact that men unused to the hardships of the desert become temporarily insane from thirst, strip themselves and go racing across the country. Some will run from rescuers and fight like tigers before they will submit to succor, while others will be as inert as a sick animal. Pete saw the type of madness with which he had to deal and took no chances. He gave chase to the running, staggering man, and as he neared him, the Professor turned, his bloodshot eyes blazing. Pete made a quick cast, the noose settled, was drawn taut, and the arms pinioned. He was then half led and half dragged back to the burros, lifted into the saddle and taken on a half mile to a broad sandy wash. There Pete laid him in the shade of an ironwood tree and scooped a shallow hole in the sand with his shovel. This hole was soon half filled with cool, sweet water. There was the Professor's camp, not over 200yds. away. He had run all over that very spot, dying from thirst and water within eighteen inches of him. Even coyotes had been there, scratched a hole, watered and gone on; yet he did not know. That was how it was discovered, and is now known as Coyote Holes. An underground flow or seepage from a mountain range ten miles away, and the times when one cannot obtain water there are rare.

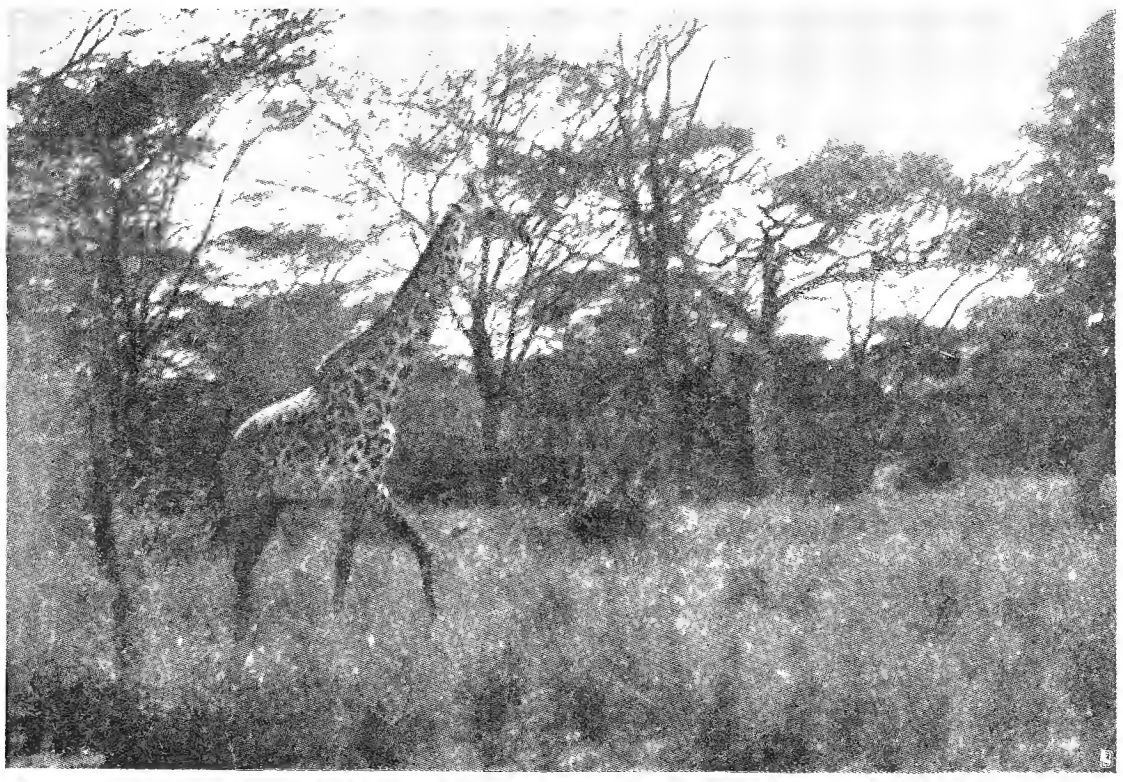
Pete poured a few spoonfuls of water down the cracked and swollen throat, and then thoroughly soaked a rag and laid it across the parched lips and tongue. This he repeated every minute, owing to the fever, and it was not long until the swelling subsided. Then Pete scooped a long, narrow hole in the sand and laid the Professor's body in the water, but holding his head so he could not drink. Gradually the fever left the body as the thirsty pores drank up the water, and reason slowly returned; but as yet the Professor could not speak intelligently. Before night he was sufficiently recovered to realize that he must drink a little at a time, and when made to understand that, he was left with a canteen of water while Pete attended to the burros and himself. All the Professor was allowed that night was a pan of thin, rolled oats gruel. Luckily among his "women's fixin's" he had a jar of cold cream, and with the aid of Pete, he rubbed it all over his body. The next morning he was able to wear clothes and eat. "I dug holes here for hours, but could find no water," said he.

"You missed the channel," said Pete. "Instead of digging up and down the wash you should have cross-cut, and even then, if you did not know, you would miss it. The bedrock is uneven, and the water settles in long, narrow pools. I don't know why the water is right here; fifty yards above and you won't find water for miles, and a hundred yards below, it is the same way.

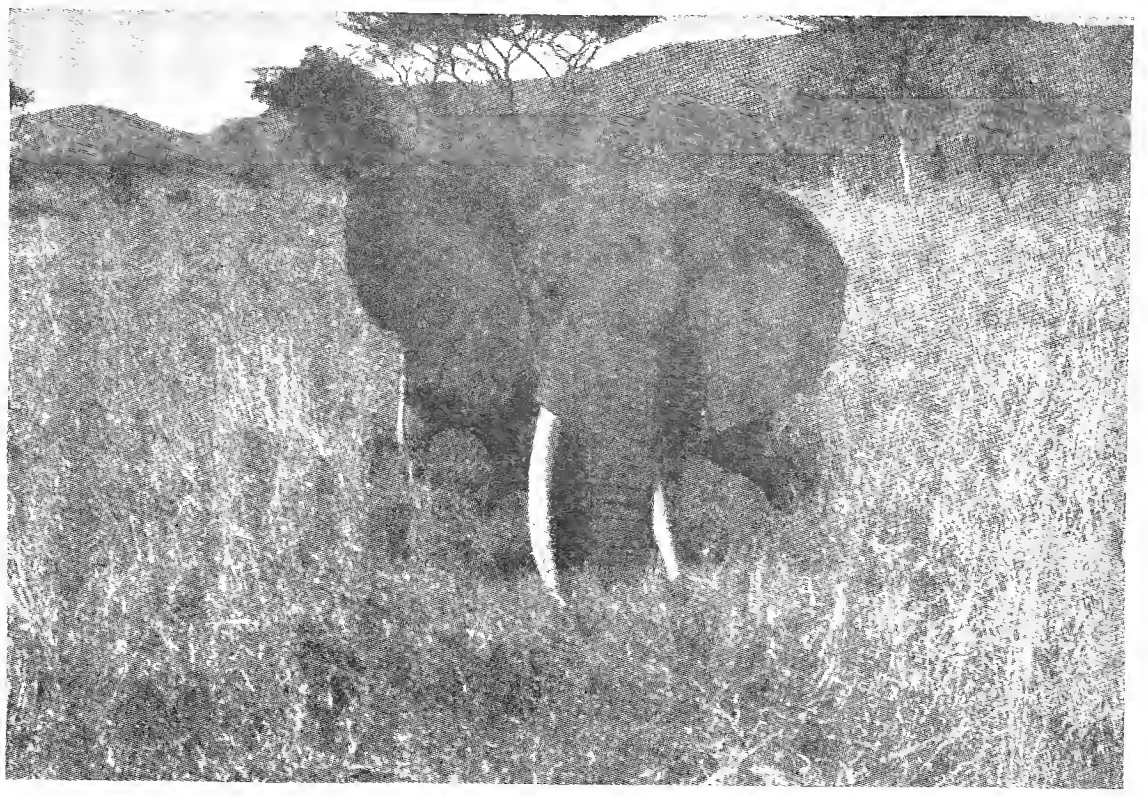
"I had ten gallons of water when I started from Cañon Springs, two five-gallon cans in canvas bags; but the straps of one bag broke or pulled off, and the can burst on the rocks; then the pack saddle turned, throwing off the other, and it had a hole knocked in it. The burro was behind, and I did not know it until he came racing up with the pack saddle under him.

"Do you mean to say that you did not have those water aparajos cinched on? Professor, I'll have to lasso you again and tie you on the saddle."

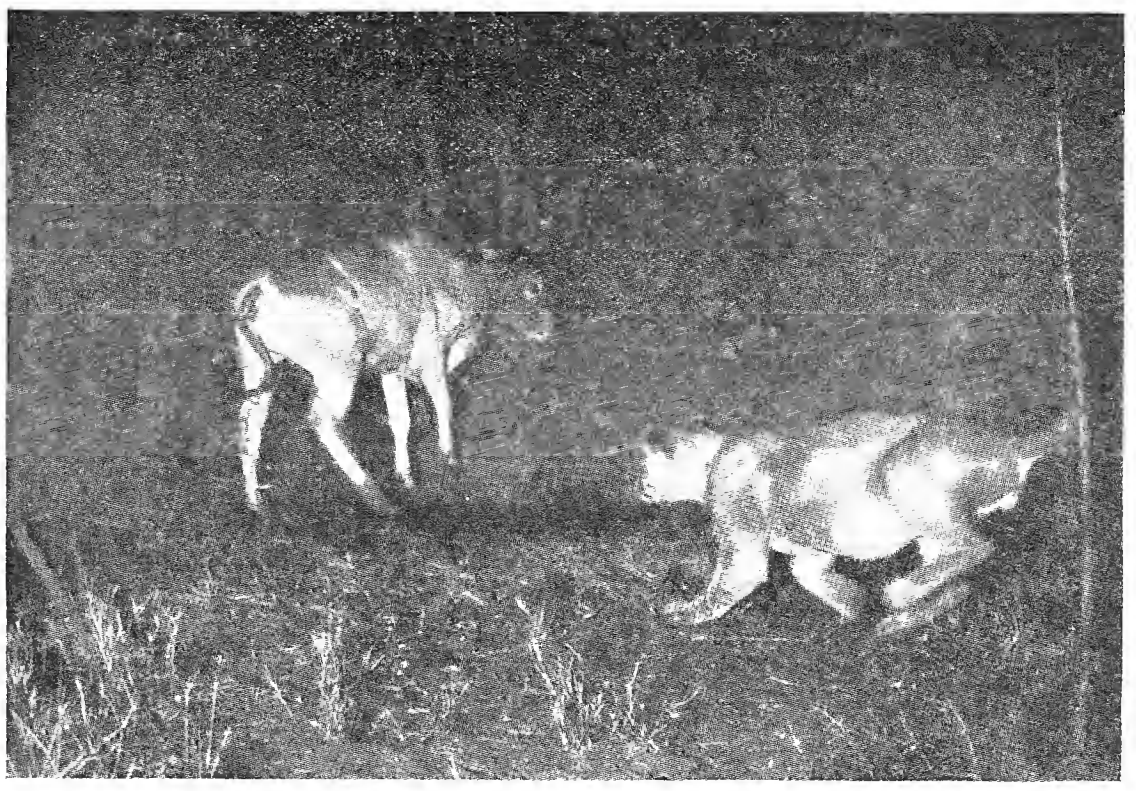
"The last thing I remember was scooping a hole that I thought was my own grave, but all the time I was praying for life at the bottom."



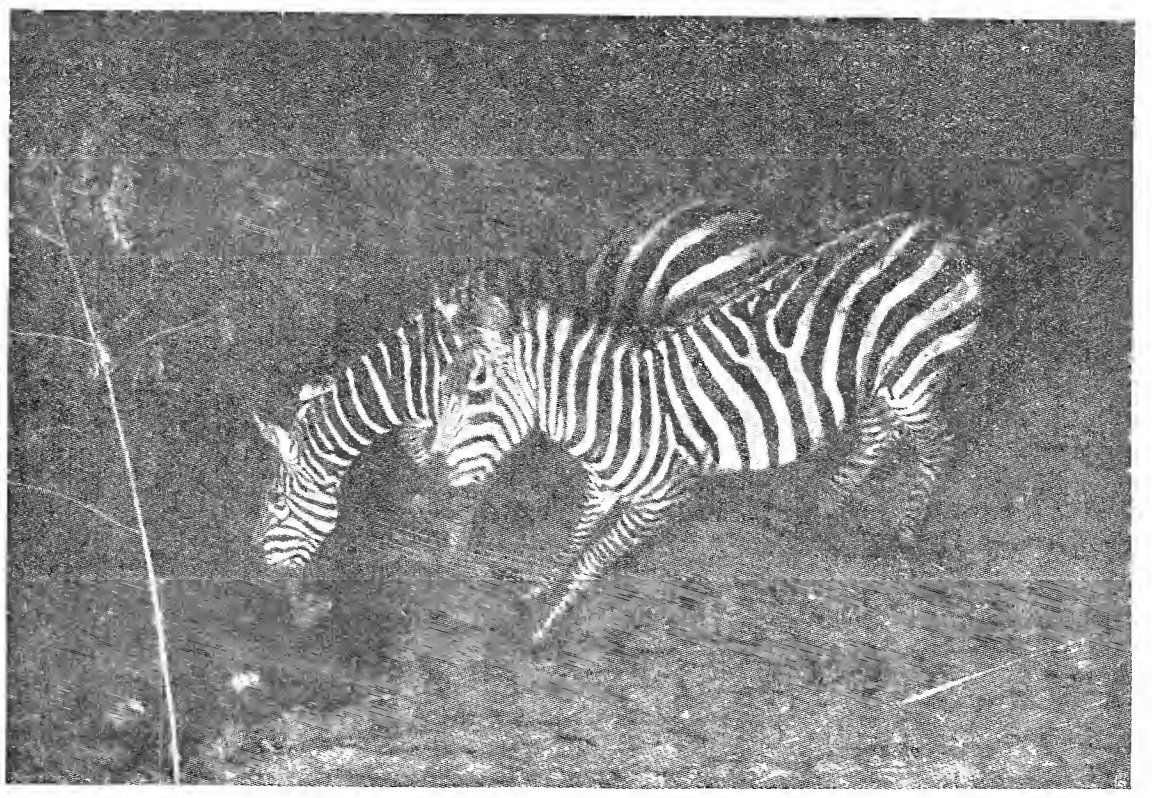
I—GIRAFFE COMING TO WATER.



II—PLUNGE OF A WOUNDED BULL.



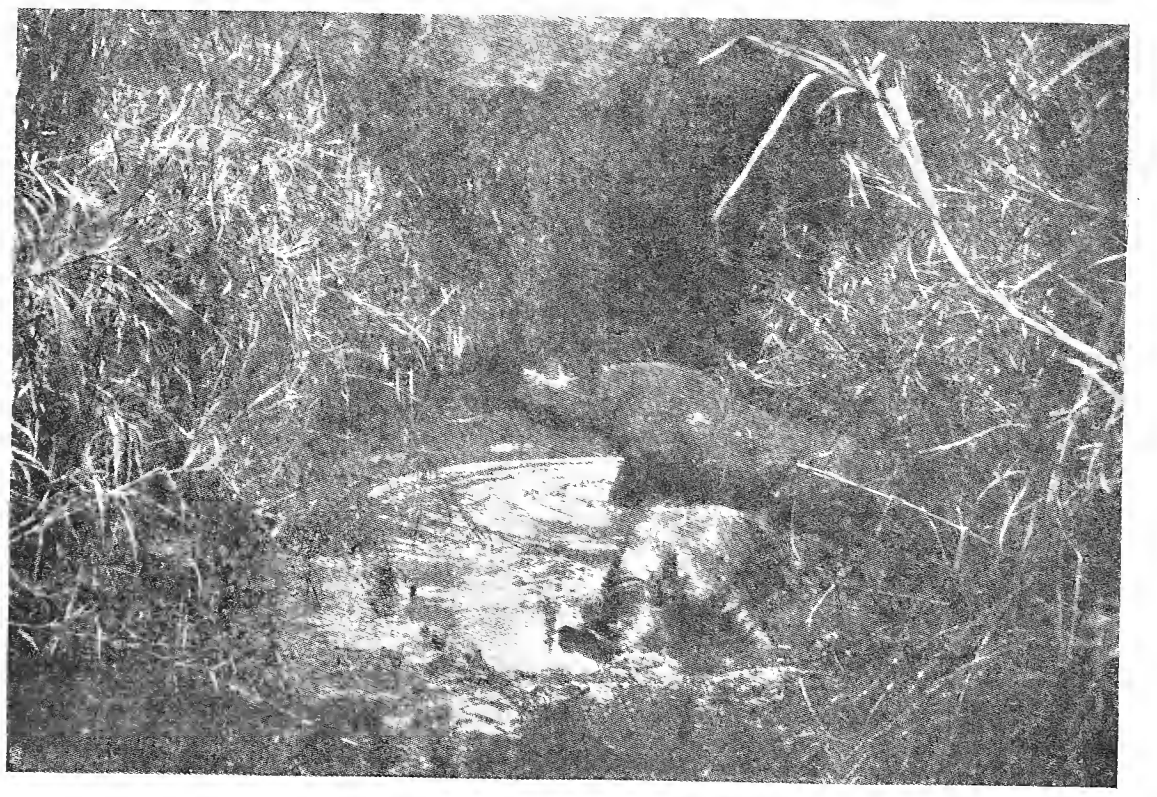
III—LIONESS ABOUT TO SPRING ON TETHERED STEER.



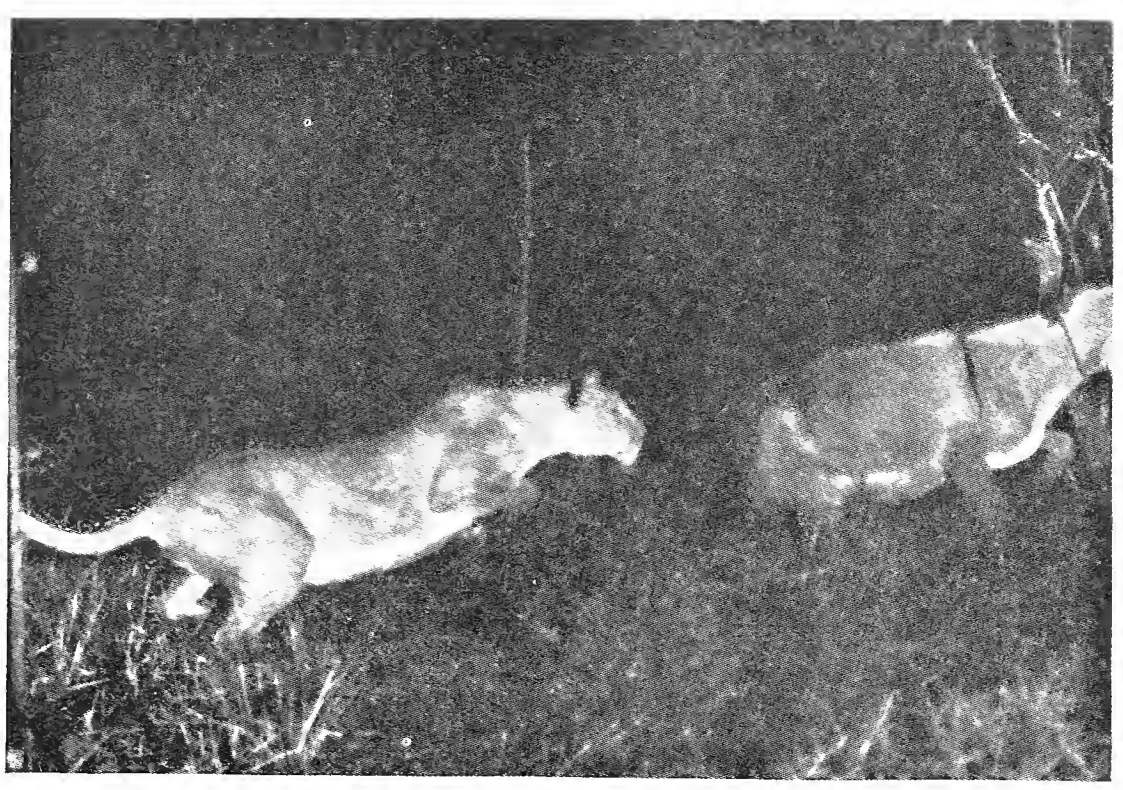
IV—ZEBRAS SCENTING LIONS AT DRINKING PLACE AT NIGHT.



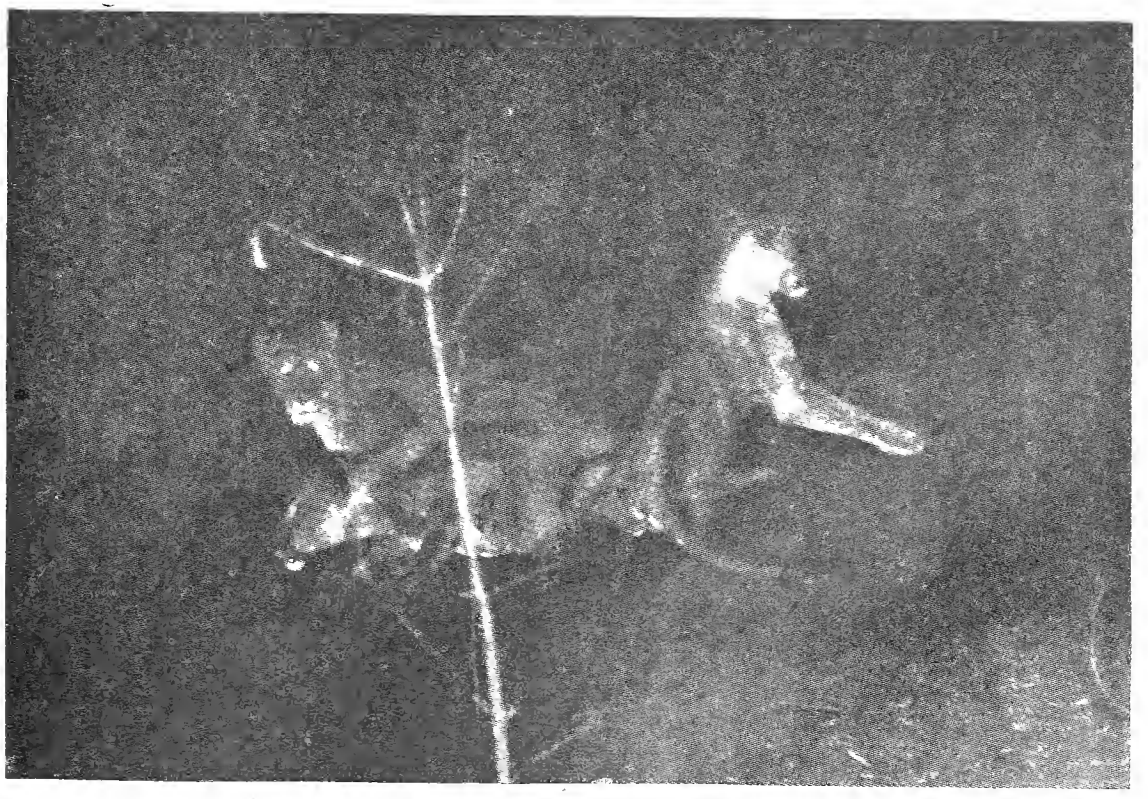
V—RHINOCEROS AND YOUNG AT DRINKING PLACE AT NIGHT.



VI—RHINOCEROS IN THE BATH.



VII—LIONESS SPRINGING ON A TETHERED ASS.



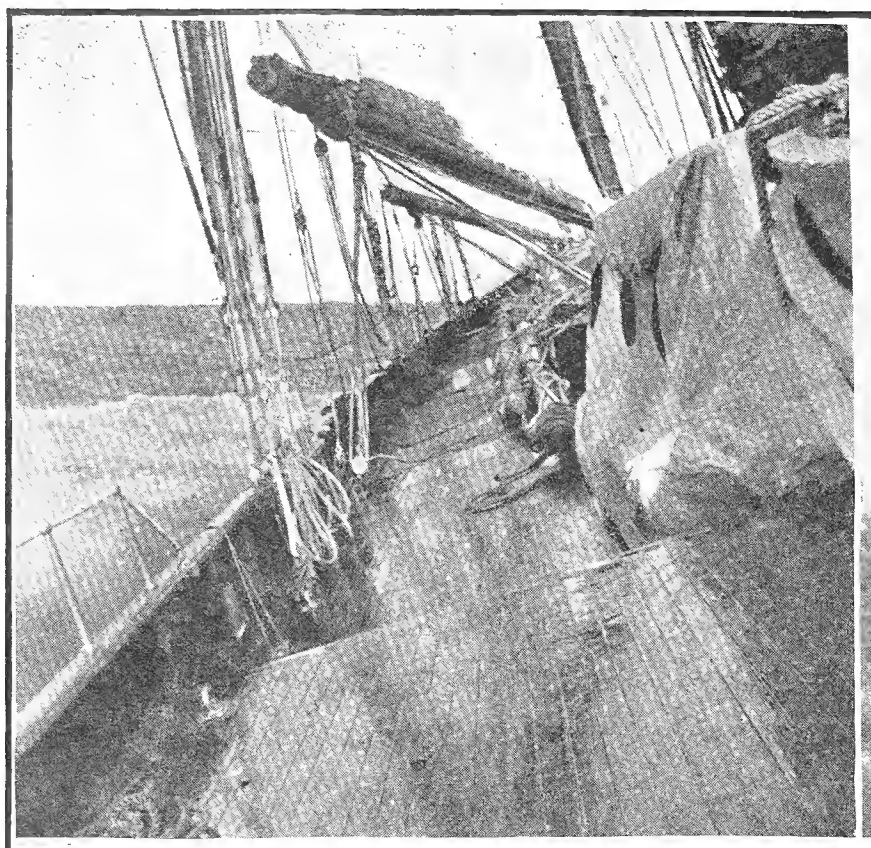
VIII—THREE OLD LIONESSES DRINKING AT THE BROOK.

Photographs by C. G. Schillings.

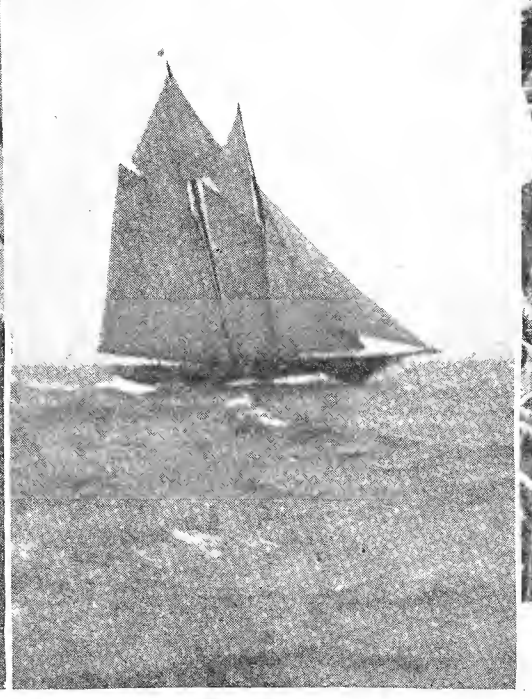
PICTURES OF LIVE GAME IN AFRICAN WILDS.

Here reproduced from "Blitzlicht und Buchse."

The Lee Deck in a Gale of Wind.

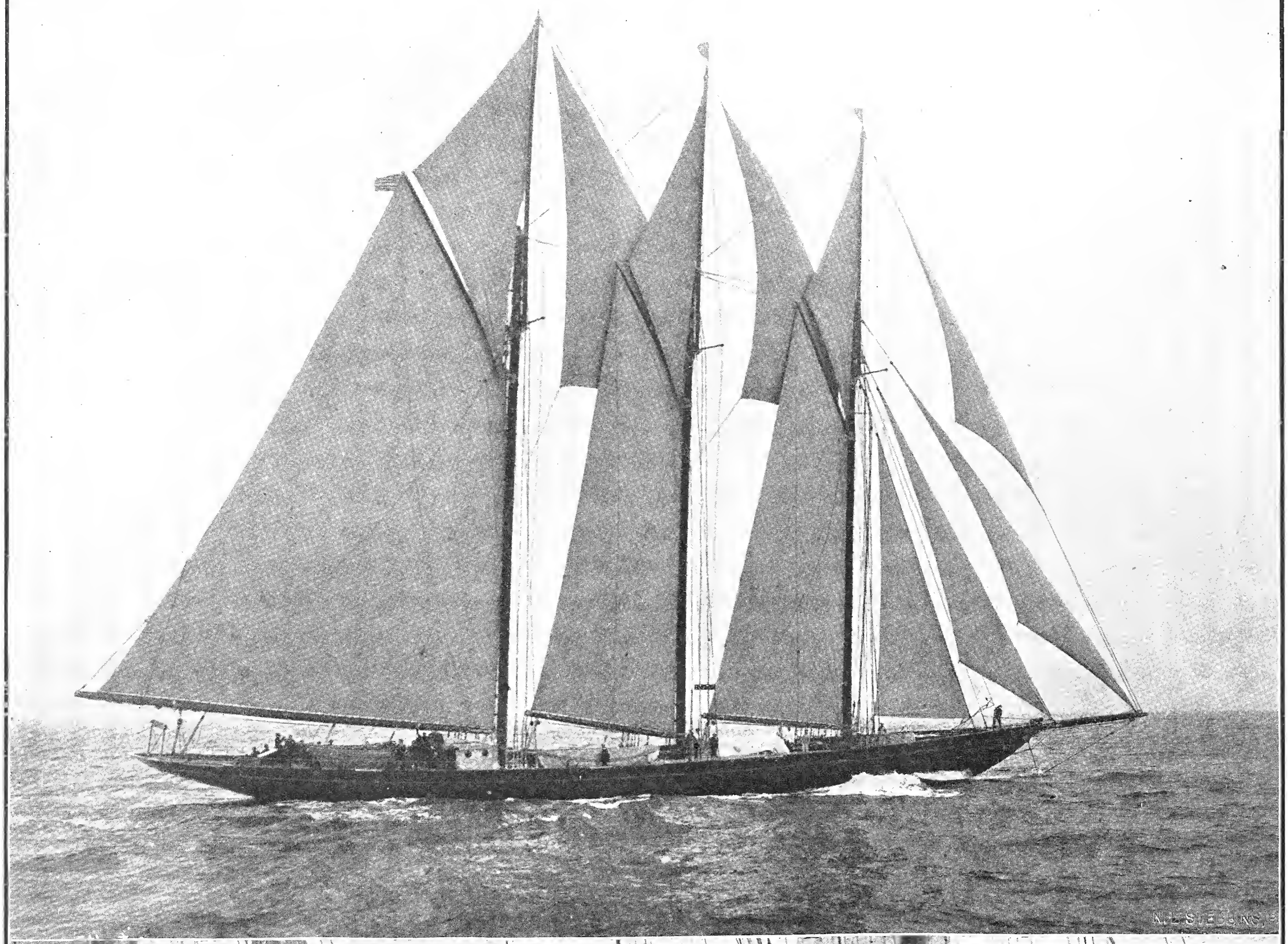


Hamburg on the Weather Quarter.

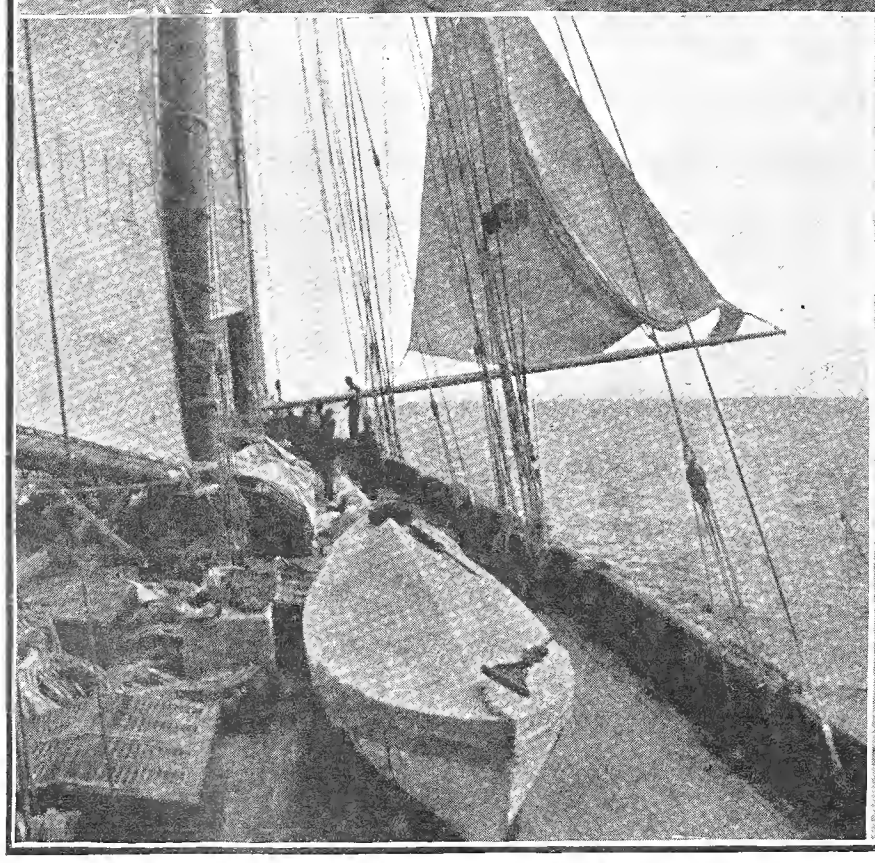


The Weather Deck in a Gale of Wind.





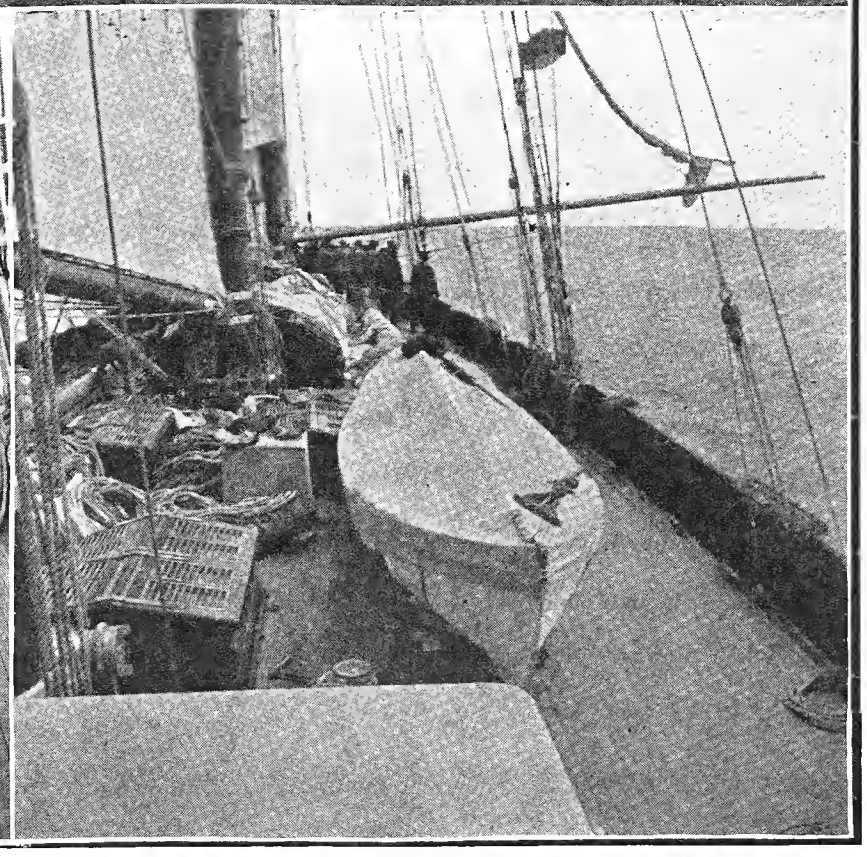
Breaking Out the Spinnaker.



The Mascot.



In Calm Weather.



ATLANTIC

Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

The smaller pictures were taken by Mr. Frederick M. Hoyt on Atlantic during the race for the German Emperor's Ocean Cup.

They reached camp the evening of the second day after that, the Professor stiff, sore, his flesh as tender as a baby's, and Pete talked to us worse than he did to the Chink every time he saw us grinning at the stranger, who did not know on which foot to limp.

E. E. B.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Camping in the Mississaga Region

It would be difficult to find a wilder and less explored region than the land for 200 miles along the shores of the Mississaga River. A canoe trip down that river starts north of the watershed at Winnebago, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and thence runs south to Lake Huron. A few miles after leaving Winnebago, which is absolutely wild, not having even a single settler's shack, a great forest reserve of 3,000 square miles is reached. In this reserve no one may build (unless it be a fishing and hunting camp), and no clearing of the timber can be done. Only the ripe timber will be cut, and that under the supervision of Government officials. For 200 miles there is no habitation along the river. Then, a few miles before reaching beautiful Lake Waquekobing, an odd settler's house can be seen from the banks. Half of these are now deserted as the wild country has been found to be hardly fit for agriculture. Our illustration on page 101 is a typical bit of forest and stream in that Mississaga region, which for boldness of outline and infinite variety of scenery is unexcelled.

The camp in the picture is at the spot at the Narrows of Lake Minnesinaqua, where that peculiar fish, the red pike of the Mississaga, and the great *Salvelinus namaycush* abound in greater numbers than anywhere else on the route. On either side of the river the country is absolutely unexplored, except such exploration as was necessary in running the boundary line of the great forest reserve. A day's journey by canoe beyond the reserve will bring the tourist to Aubrey Falls, 165 feet high, and then follows swift water, in which fifty-nine rapids are "run" in one day. This feature above all others is destined to make the Mississaga canoe trip popular. Another most important feature of this great trip is that its beginning is taken direct from the railway train at the upper end, and the train is again easily reached at the other end. There is no weary poling up stream, except a short day's paddle up the Winnebago to its source at the commencement of the trip. A further great consideration, particularly to the men who are putting on weight, is that the portages are comparatively easy. There is never more of this work than is sufficient to give variety to the day's occupation.

Lewis Wetzel's Flintlock.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has recently been received at this place what is perhaps one of the most interesting relics of pioneer days in existence, and is the property of Mr. H. Maxwell, historian and editor of the Morgantown Chronicle. It is the old rifle used by the great scout and Indian fighter, Lewis Wetzel, with whose exploits all who are interested in pioneer history are familiar. It is the rifle which was carried by him in his solitary raids through the Indian country. The arm remains as it was when he used it except that the flint lock has been replaced by a percussion lock. The barrel is now forty-two and a half inches in length, but has probably been cut off at the breech at the time of making the change to the percussion, and with its great clumsy full stock would seem now to be a very burdensome weapon to carry through the woods. The initials of the great scout, L. W., can be plainly seen on the barrel, and there is a very noticeable gash cut in the barrel which it is said was done by the tomahawk of an Indian at the time Wetzel had a hand to hand encounter with one of the three Indians which he killed at one time in a running fight.

This was the gun which the Indians declared was always loaded, owing to the fact that Wetzel had learned to load his gun while running at full speed, and was thereby able to wipe out several pursuing Indians in a single race. We do not know that this feat was accredited to any other of the early-day Indian fighters, and considering the weight and length of the gun, the manner of loading and the nature of the race, when chased through the woods by savages, it was indeed a feat which excites our admiration.

Born about 1764, Wetzel came upon the stage of action right in the thickest of Indian hostilities in what is now West Virginia, where the Wetzels moved in 1772. When his father was killed by the Indians in 1787 Lewis and his four brothers swore eternal vengeance on the Indians, and the life of Lewis especially was thereafter devoted to the execution of that vow. He has well been called the "Boone of West Virginia," and we West Virginians feel more than a passing interest in his life and exploits. Many incidents of his life are recorded, but no doubt others which have never been written would fill a large volume of most interesting reading. One story will serve to show the fearless man he was.

In 1786 the Indians became so troublesome in the neighborhood of Wheeling that a subscription was made up and $100 was offered to the man who would bring in the first Indian scalp. A company of about twenty, among whom was Wetzel, started early in August to invade the Indian settlements to inflict punishment upon them for their depredations. The advance scouts discovered a camp of Indians far too numerous for them to attack. A consultation was held and an immediate retreat was determined upon. During the conference Wetzel sat upon a log with his gun resting across his knees. When the party started in hasty retreat they noticed Wetzel still sitting on the log, and asked him if he was not going along. He said he had come out to hunt Indians, and now that they were found he was not going home like a fool with his fingers in his mouth. He said he would take an Indian scalp or lose his own. All their arguments were unavailing, and they left him, one man in a wilderness surrounded by an enemy vigilant, cruel, bloodthirsty and of horrid barbarity.

After he was left alone he started on his stealthy hunt to find a savage or a small party which he might successfully attack. Not until late the next day did he find what he was looking for. A smoke was discovered, and going toward it he found a camp, but it was tenantless. It contained two blankets and a small kettle which he knew to be the camp of two Indians who were doubtless out on a hunt. Concealing himself nearby he awaited their return, intending to kill them as they slept. About sunset one of them returned with a deer on his shoulder and set about preparing supper; soon the other came in, and they ate their supper, but about 9 or 10 o'clock one of them wrapped his blanket about him, shouldered his rifle and took a chunk of fire in his hand, doubtless with the intention of watching a deer lick.

Of course Wetzel was disappointed but waited in the hope that the absent one would return before morning. He waited until the birds announced that morning was near at hand, then he crept to the sleeping Indian, killed him with his knife, scalped him and set out for home, where he arrived one day after his companions. He claimed and received the reward.

We have a peculiar feeling of reverence as we handle the old weapon, and think of the wild savages who were sent to the "happy hunting ground" by the great scout, and of the great unwritten and unknown history in which it played some part in the long ago. This rifle and a pipe are the only relics of Lewis Wetzel that are known to exist. The pipe is the property of Mrs. Cranmer, widow of the late Judge Cranmer, of Wheeling. The gun became the property of Mr. Maxwell in 1881, and in September of the next year was placed on exhibition at the Fort Henry Centennial. It was left in Wheeling for exhibition, and the flood in February, 1884, washed away the building it was in and all trace of the gun was lost. It has long since been given up for lost, but now, after twenty-one years, it has again come to light, and has been restored to its owner at this place.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Lake Tahoe.

SACRAMENTO, California.—Lake Tahoe was a distinct disappointment. Not as to scenery; "grand," "wild" and "rugged" are merely pygmian attempts at description. Walk in any direction whatsoever and down to your ankles you bog in soft lush, sweet-smelling pine needles, gum leaves, and other flora covering the earth with a carpet more exquisite of design, more velvety of pile than ever grew in loom of Turk, or Persian, or Daghestan. The woods fairly shout aloud the "call of the wild." More than once, dog-like, I threw myself upon the pine needles and rolled upon my back, kicked up my legs and writhed and twisted in wanton exuberation upon my belly. It took me back to my boyhood days among the red hills and tall pines of Georgia, when "we young 'uns" proudly fashioned rough sleds, and, in lieu of ice and snow, tobogganed joyously down the needle-covered hillsides.

The lake: did you ever hold a real blue diamond under an arc light and drink in its liquid violetness? That's Tahoe; a giant cup of distilled violet juice nestling in the peaks and crags of mountains whose empurpled heights are as a cup rim. Half a mile deep, twenty miles and better long, a dozen miles wide—mayhap more. I am a poor hand at statistics when the aroma of the wilderness invites my senses. Every step we took—the Novitiate and I—we found new material for camera. Precious moments we squandered on sundry flashing and bright-eyed chipmunks. The Novitiate discovered—all unassisted—a pair of scolding, chattering gray squirrels, who, saucy as magpies, skurried from their tree-home to within a few feet of her picture hat, described by a glib-tongued milliner as a "poem in autumn shades," and curving their radiant tails into living interrogation points, seemed to ask: "What in thunder do you wear a squirrel-nest on your head for, anyway?" A single step off the veranda of our tavern and into the depths of uncivilized nature we plunged. And the tavern at Tahoe—as meet in a land where appetite attains full growth every three hours—proves to be no mirage of the desert. The Blisses, two grown generations and a younger one already well started—have long owned miles of timber land surrounding Tahoe, having purchased much of it from the original Indian owners. Many of these latter linger about, adding to the picturesqueness of the scenery.

They—not the Indians—first broke into this Arcadian preserve with lumbering ox-team; the "mule-skinner" displaced the ox-driver. The latter has now given way to a powerful narrow gauge, equipped with pretty, wide-open, observation cars, whose destination is that truly marvelous place of rest and recuperation and recreation—the Land of Nowhere. The road arrives at its destination by way of the Truckee, a river without childhood or youth—born full-grown of its blue-eyed mother, Lake Tahoe. Lumber was the object of the elder Bliss. When you alight from the Union-Central Pacific "Overland Limited" at Truckee you need no Baedeker to learn that you are in a lumber camp.

It's fifteen "pipes" to Tahoe City—a "pipe" is a mile, that is, if you don't loiter on the way and don't "smoke up" too vigorously. The run up from Truckee to the place in the woods where nature assumes sway, is made in an hour and a half, and the leaving time is "any delightful old time" that will get you there in season for a piping good dinner with silver trout—not à la maitre d'hotel, but camp style—as the pièce de résistance. There was a congestion of "overlands" on the main line the morning we arrived, and a trivial delay on account of a "hot box." We could not get our trunks transferred, and, would you believe it, that charming conductor (the Novitiate's language) just held his train, United States mail and all, till that precious baggage was safely run to cover. This accommodating official cheerfully discharges the duties of chief baggage agent, train dispatcher, express agent and messenger, brakeman and train man; he finds time besides to answer hundreds of questions of curious passengers. And the way these Blisses and their hired help dismiss the title "Mr." and get down to "Buck" and "Harry" and "Tom" made one really feel that he was in a lumber camp where men were "sized up" on their merits, whether in blue denim or black Tuxedo.

When visitors began to invade Tahoe City beyond its power of accommodation, the Blisses built a modern caravansary, placed it in the hands of a competent manager and continued their simple lives in their simple homes in Tahoe City, pursuing their old calling of "sawing wood" and converting it into that silence which is golden and passes current at all commercial and savings banks.

Of course, reader mine, you have already seen that Tahoe could not have been altogether disappointing, but we had journeyed from far-off Colorado, over the great snow-covered divide, for the purpose of toying with some of those masterful specimens of *Salmo tahoensis, Salmo clarkii* or *Salmo henshawii,* and no amount of scenery, bracing air, or well prepared dinners could console us. Our case of willowy rods, tried and proved true over many waters, our new Vom Hofe, our carefully tied and more carefully tested leaders were to avail us nothing. The "Novitiate," whose inoculation with the serum of things wild was not yet complete, consoled herself with a second portion of "sure enough" ice cream and admonished me "not to cry, little boy, don't cry."

Was the season over? No. Had the trout quit biting? No. Were none being taken? Yes, indeed; the fisher folks of the village were coming in daily with boats laden. Then why not hire a boat and do likewise. Oh, that was the rub. Hand-line fishing has no charms for me, and everybody tells me this is the only possible method of connecting. Just imagine substituting for light, springy lancewood, delicately balanced reel, light yet strong cuttyhunk and leaders capable of standing the severest strain any leader ever stood; imagine, I say, discarding this sort of toggery for three or four pounds of electric light cable, wound round about a double-crank windlass of the "old oaken bucket" brand, and a hook capable of yanking an eighteen-foot South American caiman clean to Kingdom Come without turning a hair. Wouldn't that disappoint you—and jar you a bit, too? I once helped turn the crank of a pile driver for the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., but they paid me $3 per day for the use of my portion of the aforementioned jackass power. No, I side stepped, sunfished and bucked at the proposition of derricking those silver kings from the depths of Tahoe with a telegraph line.

Yet, tons, aye a hundred tons of these royal Tahoe trout are taken—slaughtered seems to be the meet expression—every season by the mercenaries who patrol the deep waters and ply their trade ruthlessly. It is work with these rough, hardy fellows; I decided it would have been work for me. Hence the disappointment. Again, I have personal and private ideas about the manner of my final taking off. I should no more care to die an ignominious death than to lead such a life, and would not a Tahoe trout—a truly blue-blooded piscatorial Castilian of the bluest extraction, gasp with added anguish at the thought of being gibbeted out of his native element like a common malefactor? To fight the good fight, to pit skill against skill, that were one thing; to murder in cold blood, ugh? So I journeyed to one of the score of small lakes within five to a dozen miles of Tahoe City and had some rare sport with the pretty little brook trout which so plentifully abound. Of these one may keep taking till the limit is had. Nor is there danger of waste—you always find other guests to help you digest them.

A strange thing about the people one meets at Tahoe; they remain strangers no longer than it takes bread to rise—good humor and good cheer are in the atmosphere. But I am digressing from the main issue which was to give others the benefit of my experience, so that those who later fare Tahoeward may profit.

There is a smiling and blond Scandinavian at Tahoe. The blood of Vikings most likely courses in his veins, but he is a good fellow "for a' that an' a' that." He is Chris. Nelsen, Commodore Nelsen if it please you, captain of the staunch little steamer Tahoe, which makes a daily trip of some seventy miles around the lake. "Chris" has charge of a flotilla of rowboats, hence knows the regular habitués of the lake. One of these is a Californian, resident in Chicago, Mr. William Kent, of a charming and quite ambitious bungalow on the shores of the lake; also a serviceable launch.

A couple of years ago, according to "Chris", Mr. Kent made up his mind that he could take these kings of all trout on light rod and light spoon troll in the right water with the right spoon, under right conditions. "Chris" has frequently acted as Mr. Kent's boatman and displays photographic evidence of the prowess of the latter in the shape of three handsome fellows of 9, 9½ and 3¾ pounds, all taken before one July breakfast just off the Point, which is not more than one-quarter of a mile from the tavern. The "cut-throat" (*S. clarkii*), "pogy" (*S. henshawii*), and silver trout (*S. tahoensis*), are all one, so one of the fish sharps at the hatchery in Tahoe City told me. Their apparent differences is the result of merely local conditions; personally I had not the opportunity to study them very extensively in life. Some of the attachés of the local hatchery insisted that the scientific name of the Tahoe trout is *Salmo mykiss,* but Dr. David Starr Jordan, in his invaluable "American Food and Game Fishes," states that the latter fish is only encountered in the waters of Kamtchatka. The same authority has catalogued the silver trout as *Salmo tahoensis,* and I am willing to let it go at that. What's in a name, anyhow, if the trout fights like a thoroughbred?

The principal thing—at Tahoe—is to entice him from his depth of one, or two, or three, or more hundreds of feet, or fathoms, or find him when he is surface feeding and take him on light tackle. Mr. Kent has done this; so has another certain enthusiast, a lawyer of San Francisco, Mr. Archie Treat. In trolling, as near as I could learn, Mr. Kent uses a steel salmon rod, a Kentucky reel, bass size, a light cuttyhunk line and a red-star spinner attached to a selected nine-foot leader. He trolls with two such rigs, crossing the butts and resting them under each leg. I understand the spinner was weighted with the equivalent of a Rangeley sinker No. 5. The troll follows the boat at about sixty feet.

There is much local testimony anent the stirring fights that this lure led Mr. Kent into last summer and the summer preceding. When the silver trout strikes he does it so emphatically that it's dollars to horseshoes you'll imagine you are snagged. And the fight that follows is a battle of both endurance and skill.

The only other successful manipulator of light tackle so far known to the people of Tahoe is Mr. Treat. Mr. Treat got his ideas from Mr. Kent and then went him one better. I am going to try the Treat method when I can revisit Tahoe. I have great faith in it from the fact that that veteran angler, rare good fellow and globe-trotter, Judge D. C. Beaman, of Denver, has tried it repeatedly and always successfully. But for my limited stay

at Tahoe I should have sent to San Francisco for the spoon so successfully used by Judge Beaman on the big Mackinaws in Twin Lakes, near Leadville, Col. This is a western device known as the Golcher spoon, so-called after the inventor, an enthusiastic sportsman of San Francisco. For the benefit of those who have not seen it I may say that the No. 4 spoon is about two inches long and one inch wide; it is of copper, brass or silver. The ends are concaved in opposition; to one end are attached two hooks, to the other a ring into which the leader loops. There is no swivel. The spoon does not revolve; as it is drawn through the water it darts off first at one tangent then suddenly at another, just as we have often seen a wounded herring, roach or young bluefish do. The Golcher spinner must be weighted to sink it a few feet.

Both Mr. Kent with his red-star spinner and Mr. Treat with his Golcher outfit were signally successful and, like true sportsmen, they are willing that others shall profit by their genius and industry. Already I know of several local anglers now "laying up" to have a try at the new method. If it prove equally efficient in the hands of the newcomers as in those of the pioneers it will surely mark an epoch, a new departure in trout fishing at Tahoe, and soon one may count on seeing anglers from every point of the compass in valiant combat with the silver kings of Tahoe's icy depths. The trout run in size from a pound to 30. The season for fishing begins in June and is best from then till the middle of August, but good even in early September. Open season on Tahoe is peculiar. On the Nevada side of the lake the law gives one the right to fish from April 1 to March 15, the California law runs from April to October, though one may not fish in the waters contiguous to Placer and El Dorado counties, California, till June 1. Nevada supports no fish commission and does nothing to help California protect the fish. Last year California placed in the lake about 1,000,000 fry and about the same number the year before.

It is estimated that the market fishermen send to the city markets each year no less than 100 tons of trout. Those who follow their vocation in Placer and El Dorado counties evade the law by filling their tanks in May and waiting till June 1 to ship. Of course, this could not be done without connivance, and it should be stopped.

One thing the tourist to Tahoe is not slow to learn; these professional fishermen view him with contempt, regard him as an interloper come to rob them of their vested rights. Few, if any of them, will take a stranger out in their boats. One young man told me that he earned $17.50 in a single day last summer, and that his average for four months was $175 per month.

Now that Governor Pardee has signed the game and fish law limiting a single day's catch of trout to 25 pounds or fifty trout, it remains to be seen what these market men will do. But they are less blameworthy, in my opinion, than the fellow who kills just for the sake of killing. California public opinion is waking up on the subject of game preservation, and the pot hunter, the pot fisherman and game butcher are beginning to read the handwriting on the wall.

Speaking of pot hunters and sporting gents—not sportsmen, if you please—to what class does this fellow of whom I was trustworthily told the following, belong: He came to the tavern one summer from San Francisco. He said he was fond of angling and spent hours on the lake daily. Each day he shipped a big box of fine trout to the city. Did he offer a trout to a fellow guest or have one cooked for himself? No, indeed, and thus meanness proved his petard. A shrewd fellow guest took the trouble to have him looked up in the city and, lo, our enthusiastic angler turned out to be a well known fish commission merchant in the California market. That was a combination of sport and spondulics for fair, wasn't it? By going to work early and fishing late I can see how it would be possible for a business gent to make a thrifty dollar or two over and above his vacation expenses and at the same time earn the reputation of being a "devilishly enthusiastic angler." But the California public are rapidly being educated up from this sodden and sordid spirit. J. D. C.

The Upper Mississippi Forests.

AITKIN, Minn., July.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time last winter I wrote you of the Government giving permission to the lumbermen to raise the water in Itasca Park two feet in order to float their logs. The sequel of such permission is now in evidence. Many thousand acres of the Upper Mississippi Valley are under water. For nearly nine months past the lumbermen of the upper woods have been storing every drop of water they could hold by damming the outlets of various lakes. The United States Government aids in the work with its four great reservoirs at Sandy, Pokagema, Leech and Winnebegoshish lakes. In these lakes hundreds of square miles of water are held to a depth in some cases of ten or twelve feet. This makes what they call a driving head for carrying the logs to Minneapolis. There is the claim that the Government reservoirs are for the purpose of supplying water for navigation purposes below St. Paul and for the prevention of floods, but in the case of the floods it works the wrong way. In very dry seasons it works all right, but in very wet seasons it results in just such disastrous floods as are now on. If this country were well developed and a rich farming community this condition would be remedied very quickly; but the country is poor and ill-developed on account of repeated floods, while the lumber barons own the State and apparently the United States Government as a side property. So complete is their control that not a county paper in all the line will so much as hint that the operations of the loggers have anything to do with the conditions. The commercial clubs of all the small towns and even Duluth and St. Paul hold indignation meetings and send committees to investigate the Government reservoirs and the flooded districts, but let anyone so much as hint that the lumbering operations are to blame and the fire of their enthusiasm goes out in a cloud of steam as quickly as if a Niagara had been poured upon them.

If the Government wanted to do so, it could easily prevent the damage to this lower country by cutting canals across the bends of the river at various places and increasing the carrying capacity of the stream. One canal of nine miles in length would relieve fifty miles of river. A tax of a few cents per thousand on all the lumber the river carries to the mills in a single season would pay the cost, for indeed the traffic is something wonderful. From the time the April sun first opens the way to navigation till November closes it again, there is one almost continuous string of logs rushing on to the grasping mills. In canoeing about, one often has to wait some time for an opening in the logs sufficiently wide to force a canoe through. The controlling of the floods is directly in the hands of the Secretary of War, and through him the President, as by ordering all waters out of the reservoirs until such times as the carrying capacity of the river is overtaxed, it would be possible to hold absolute control of the flood. A reverse order brings a reverse of result.

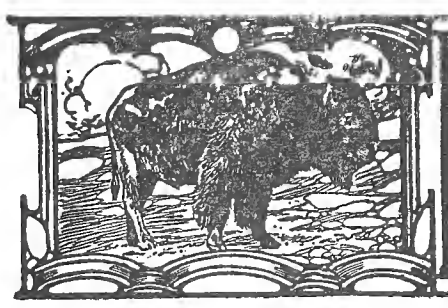
Cruising about over the flooded district one sees cattle and horses grazing from the tops of the tallest grass half up their sides in water. There are many timothy meadows where the tallest heads just reach the surface of the water. Others were covered entirely out of sight. One farmer, whose farm was entirely covered and who had water in his house, took the roof off his log barn and using part of the house as material raised it one story higher and lives up there. Another queer thing was sprinkling the streets in the town of Aitkin when perhaps one block away the same street would be two feet under water, and there was water in some of the houses. It is a curious mixture of sunshine and flood, smiling weather and treacherous waters, and puts one in mind of Byron's "Mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." The property lost is not so great as one might expect from such a flood, as the farmers are not wealthy as a rule, but such as they had it was their living and their opportunity. There are some fine properties, however, devastated. Nor is the loss confined to the farmer; the local lumbermen lose heavily by reason of scattered logs, closed mills and lumber damaged by water. One firm, Hodgeden & McDonald, who, aside from their lumber business, had sought to develop the country and had cleared much land, lose heavily all round. One field of oats in particular of a hundred acres or more, which was as fine a field as I remember ever to have seen and just getting green across the entire field when the flood came, would now make a fine place to hold a rowing regatta. Gyde, the stave mill man, is also said to be damaged $5,000. But these people are in no stress. It is the poorer people, whose labor has been the source of all the wealth of the community who, losing a few dollars, lose their all, who are the real sufferers.

If the traffic on the river is of sufficient importance to allow its continuance in the face of the damage done, it is of enough importance to pay a log tax equal to the damage done or at least enough to pay a goodly part of the expense necessary to increase the carrying capacity of the river.

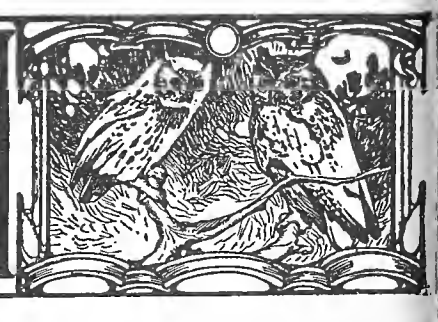
Since the prairie chickens (pinnated grouse) have been almost driven from the prairies of western Minnesota and Dakota by excessive shooting, they have adopted the marsh lands of this section as their home. About fourteen years ago the first of them were seen here, according to Mr. Kempton, local game warden, and since then they have gradually increased until this spring their booming could be heard in any and all directions, morning and evening, through April and May and up until the beginning of the flood, after which time I have heard nothing of them, but I suppose the old birds will come back after the water recedes.

Of young birds I think there will be none. The burrowing animals of the wood are all drowned out and woodchucks, skunks, porcupine, mink, muskrat and others can be seen in all manner of curious places. I saw a woodchuck adrift on a piece of plank the other day and immediately my bulldozing instinct took possession and I paddled up to it and raised my paddle as if to strike, and shouted. The chuck did not leave his plank and start to swim as I expected, but simply stood his ground (plank) and showed his teeth. I then bombarded him with small pieces of bark. At this I read his thoughts by his expression as being, "You have the advantage, Mister, but I can't help but say you are a contemptible rascal for thus abusing me," and I left him his bit of plank and departed. Yet I doubt if the lumber companies who have their eyes fastened on the last pine snag in Minnesota would have done as much.

This is said to be the record flood in point of duration, and only lacks a few inches of being the record for height. Ten days after the last drop of rain fell and eight days after the water stopped rising it has only fallen two inches. A glance over the records of the past show that it is not the times of greatest rainfall that greatest floods occurred. E. P. JAQUES.



NATURAL HISTORY



A Feathered Joker.

THE yellow-breasted chat reaches the northern limit of his range in central New York. He is found there only in favored localities and is not a common bird as in New Jersey and from thence southward. Probably this accounts for his being held in superstitious awe by some of the people. An amusing incident was brought to my notice last summer. Two laborers were engaged in cleaning out an old ditch in one of the back meadows. They were close to the boundary of the field which was marked by a rail fence overgrown by vines and bushes. About noon I observed that while one well polished shovel still showed the presence of a red-shirted workman, the other was missing. The disappearance of Conners, the best ditcher between the lakes, caused me no little concern, for the sluice was flooding half an acre of corn land and needed immediate repairs. I went over to the red-shirted man with the question:

"Scott, where is Conners?"

Scott's grin was bounded only by his ears as he answered: "Pat's quit the job and you'll have to get another man."

"No!" I exclaimed. "You must be joking. He was all right this morning. Why did he quit?"

Scott leaned on his shovel and explained. "There's a bird in the bushes yonder. He's not much bigger than one of these 'ere sparrers, but he's a hull circus. Pat's as full o' superstition as an egg is o' meat, and he was scart. 'That's no canny bird,' says he, 'tis the divil come to harry me.' Bimeby he couldn't stand it no longer. He clum' out of the ditch and went home, vowed he wouldn't stay and work where the critter was, not if all the saints was in the medder to keep off the evil eye. That's him now."

I listened attentively as a chat began his medley of squawks, whistles, caws and clucks from the nearby thicket. It was a remarkable performance, for the bird used his powers of ventriloquism and his notes seemed to come from a distant tree, from the ground, and indeed from every place except the right one. The racket only ceased when I abruptly approached his hiding place.

"Well," I said laughing, "is that all? That's only a chat, Scott. Sometimes he is called the yellow mockingbird."

"Mockingbird," commented Scott "I've seen mockers out in Missoury where they're common as chippies, and they kin sing, too, but this feller's smart. Wait a bit and he'll do some of his stunts."

Although annoyed over the defection of Conners, I felt a lively interest in this low comedy actor, the chat, and strolled down by the fence. Of course, he saw me, although he was hidden, so I quietly seated myself under a tree and awaited developments. In five minutes his curiosity got the better of his caution and he followed full-tilt from tree to tree just to let intruders know that this was his bailiwick. Finding that I paid no attention to his sharp "quit, quit," he settled himself on a limb and entertained me as long as I cared to listen, Except for a few rapid trills and a clear, flute-like whistle, there was nothing musical in the performance. It was a mixture of weird, uncanny noises including a peculiar creaking sound like the turning of a rusty hinge. He was decidedly good to look at with his neat figure, quick movements and bright yellow waistcoat, but when he launched himself from a tree and came over our heads in jerky flight with his legs dangling, I could think of nothing but the parti-colored clown at the circus who essays the high jump along with the other acrobats. I was satisfied from his behavior that the nest was not far off, so after a little I began to search for it. From a chat's point of view, it was an ideal nesting-place. Wild blackberry, elders and sumac made a dense thicket on both sides of the fence. It was almost impossible to penetrate into the mass overgrown as it was in many places by vines, but I persevered and, regardless of scratches, made a careful search of the whole line. I found nothing. Twice in the following week I went over the ground, foot by foot, with the same result. The male bird was constantly about the place. How he jeered as he watched me tearing my way into the jungle! Clearly he had a purpose in his vigil. Was the nest really there, or was he fooling me into that belief to better conceal its location? I saw the female several times but she slipped in and out of the thicket without giving any clue to the mystery. At last, I gave it up, and left the chats to their housekeeping. In the press of work I quite forgot the birds until the harvesting of the hay commenced.

In order to reach the meadow from the farm buildings, it was necessary to pass through a narrow lane. This opened into the field near the lurking place of the chats. Max, the big black setter, followed the men ranging through the bushes and tall grass. At a point in the lane about five rods from the meadow, he ran into a clump of bushes at the side of the track. Out he came again instantly with two enraged chats pecking and diving at him, flapping about his eyes, and using all the bad language in the chat vocabulary. At the same moment the four youngsters which somewhat resembled young bobolinks, fluttered out of the bushes and took refuge in the nearest tree. The dog's discomfiture was amusing. He made no attempt at defending himself but scudded down the lane with tail and ears drooping exactly like a sable gentleman when caught in the act of robbing a henroost. The chats pursued him for some distance, then returned to their brood. A moment's search in the bushes revealed the clumsy nest in the crotch of a small tree.

It may be a futile matter to compare a bird's mental processes with our own, but it would be interesting to understand the motives actuating the chat's behavior in this instance. His home, as I have related, was safely hidden at some distance. A cuckoo or brown thrasher would have simply used more slyness in concealing his presence and would have avoided the point where the

men were at work. The chat seemed to boldly court their observation. Was he performing a parental duty by drawing the attention of the intruders to himself and away from his offspring, or was he excited by the unusual audience, and being conscious and indeed vain of his powers, was he displaying them to the best of his ability?

M. E. COLEGROVE.

Birds from Over Sea.

ONE day late in May, 1893, while passing near the old Block House in Central Park at its northern end, I came across two boys who had just taken a nest from a tree. Its contents consisted of three fledglings within a day or two of flight. The old birds were hovering near making their piteous protest to this cruel vandalism.

Much to my surprise they were European goldfinches. I bought the youngsters and started to see how they could be returned to their solicitous parents. The fork that they had been taken from was high, and the nest was badly torn. I was no longer young enough to climb, while the tree was slender. I brought them home and succeeded in rearing all three, setting free two of them when strong enough to look out for themselves, some weeks later.

The third, a male, I kept for his song a couple of years and then turned him loose. These goldfinches are increasing slowly, breeding each year in the Park as well as in the surrounding country. I have noticed them with our own goldfinches on two occasions, and in each case they were male birds, two in one flock of natives, one in another. That they were males only is easily explained, as a thousand males of any species of old-country song birds are imported into the United States, to one female, excepting those isolated cases where an estate is stocked, when presumably even numbers of both sexes are ordered.

The bird importers buy only the male birds for their song, so that the female of any foreign bird is a rarity in our land, excepting the starling and skylark. The male must perforce seek his mate among our own birds of a kindred species. This, in time, is likely to give rise to some rare hybrids by form, color and song, puzzling many a naturalist not in the secret.

Between Pelham Bay bridge and Bartow, two years after the episode of the goldfinches, I noticed an English chaffinch perched on a low branch by the roadside. The bird, a male, was quite tame and seemingly alone, though there were song sparrows and an indigo bird close by. He allowed an inspection at short range, leisurely retreating as I walked up to him. Very likely this was an escaped cage-bird or some one's pet turned loose.

The following summer we moved from New York city into a park near one of the small towns of Westchester. This place was partly wild, having woods on two sides of it and a meadow on the third, while the front faced the highway. Native birds were numerous. One spring morning I heard a clear mellow whistle perhaps a hundred yards from my door coming from the edge of the woods. Now we were quite familiar with the whistle of the orchard and Baltimore oriole, the unrivaled strains of the wood thrush, the loud carol of robin redbreast, and ringing cadence of the Wilson thrush dwelling amid the skunk cabbage in the swamp hard by. But these notes belonged to none of them, yet they seemed familiar enough.

I racked my brain for a solution of this puzzle, when light dawned and I knew who the singer was before he came into vision—an English blackbird. Sure enough it was, black body, yellow bill and yellow slippers, sitting on a stone wall evidently trying to attract the attention of a robin whom we suspected to be a lady. Why not? They were first cousins, and a blackbird from abroad is a black thrush, as the robin is the red-breasted thrush. They both resented my attentions to their courtship, flying deeper into the woods where I lost sight of them. Two or three more times that summer I heard that blackbird, which, as carpenters were making much noise putting up new buildings nearby, seemed to prefer an old-fashioned garden a quarter of a mile away which we sometimes passed. I looked for a nest but could not find it, though I felt sure that it was somewhere in this vicinity, as the robin was with him.

Later in the same season, among a flock of English sparrows in Bronx Park, I saw a bullfinch. I thought he had probably escaped from the Park aviary, as it was the only specimen of the bird I have ever seen at large.

So much has been said lately in FOREST AND STREAM about the starling I will only add that after the ubiquitous English sparrow it is the most common of all the foreign birds here. There are large colonies of them in Mt. Vernon, Yonkers and New Rochelle; in fact, they are to be found all over Westchester county. There have been several importations of the English larks for the purpose of stocking country places, notably one on Long Island and a second in New Jersey. These birds, like the starling, have stood the winters well, and their worst enemy so far has been the field mole, which broke up some of their nests in New Jersey.

One summer, when on the Maine coast, I purchased a South American cardinal from a retired sea captain. The bird could imitate a robin to perfection, though he dwelt longer on the last notes, drawing them out with a tender sweetness more akin to the rose-breasted grosbeak. He was very tame, and I kept him until the following spring at my home in the park. One day he, too, was allowed his freedom. For a couple of weeks he remained in the vicinity, being seen and heard every day. At first quite tame, he gradually became wilder, and at last disappeared.

Besides the cardinal I have caged at different times most all the best foreign songsters, turning loose at varying intervals the following, all males: English song thrush, blackbirds, Japanese robin, linnets, sky and Russian shore lark. This last bird I bought of a Russian sailor, constructing for it a round cage twenty inches in diameter and three feet high, having a thin piece of light blue cloth across the top instead of wire, for a double purpose—to represent the sky and prevent hurting my captive, who proved the most untamable bird I ever possessed. His song was as wild as himself, weird notes that reminded one at times of a seagull's cry and at others of a plover's call. The kindest treatment for a year made not the slightest difference in its behavior. Its nature was so untamable it seemed cruel to keep it longer. I had taken the cage to the edge of the meadow and the moment the cloth was lifted the wild creature sprang straight up and away on its powerful wings till a height was reached enabling it to overlook the surrounding country, then it made a bee-line for the Sound and Long Island, and in a moment was beyond my vision.

Each of my other pets showed characteristics peculiarly its own. The Japanese robin, a very restless bird, when liberated flew into a neighboring apple tree in full bloom, and at once proceeded to give each petal a hurried examination. Being a native of the land of the chrysanthemum and cherry blossoms, no doubt this was his habit at home. He stayed in the tree perhaps five minutes and was all over it, and probably would have stayed longer if a Baltimore oriole, which resented having a stranger in a tree he considered his own personal property, had not noticed him and made a savage attack at the Jap, who left instanter.

At different times I possessed two English song thrushes. The first one was an ancient bird when he came to me and died soon after, just as the mating season was on. As I wanted one of our own thrushes, a Wilson, to study his ways, I mounted the dead bird on wires and used him as a toller in a trap cage. In half an hour I had a male Wilson, which a year later was returned to his own woods. The second thrush was allowed to leave early in May, just after our wood thrushes had arrived. While it is a larger bird than ours, its habits are much the same, though it is not so shy, so I hoped it would mate with a bird of this species.

My European linnets (I had a pair) were peculiar in so much that they could not bear a separation. In the house I had occasionally given them the run of the room. The male would go hopping around on the floor with the female behind him, the two never more than six inches apart. When at large, the male, followed closely in his first flight by the female, flew to a bush a short distance away, lighted on it, rested for a moment, and then hopped down to the ground, commencing to scratch about in the leaves for all the world as our handsome fox sparrow does in March when on his northern migration. I watched for some time as they gradually moved off on the ground, and in their usual order of going; a little couple, bright, cheery and entertaining, and as his notes grew fainter and fainter to my listening ears, I wished them good cheer in the new country now their own.

W. WARREN BROWN.

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

Warden Guy M Bradley.

THE cause of bird protection in Florida has just received a severe blow in the death of Guy M. Bradley, a warden of the Audubon Society at Flamingo, Fla. Mr. Bradley had charge of the Florida Keys and was earnest in his efforts to put down plume hunting and the destruction of the bird rookeries. On July 8 last he attempted to arrest a poacher on Oyster Key and was killed by the poacher. Walter Smith was arrested for the crime, and taken to Key West, where he was committed to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury, which does not sit until next November. While evidence to convict the slayer of the warden of murder in the first degree is not to be had as yet, the National Association of Audubon Societies has engaged Mr. L. A. Harris, one of the best criminal lawyers in the State, to assist in the prosecution, and no stone will be left unturned to bring the man to justice.

During his trip to Florida last November Secretary William Dutcher saw Bradley and traveled about with him from key to key in the Association's steam launch Audubon, which was in charge of the warden. At that time Bradley said that his life was in danger and that he was likely to be killed at any time by the lawless element with whom he had to do. This belief, however, did not affect his action in any way, and he was steadfast in the performance of his duty.

Mr. Bradley, who was about thirty-five or forty years old, was especially adapted to the work in hand, for he possessed a strong constitution, abundant energy, and indomitable courage. A thorough woodsman and perfectly acquainted with the country, he could tramp more miles in a day, carry more of a load and do more work than most men. He was a quick and good shot, and it is believed that the man who killed him must have shot him from behind. The plume hunters and poaching negroes of that region are a lawless and desperate class, and while they have had a wholesome respect for Bradley and his rifle, there is no doubt that he was in constant danger from them.

Guy M. Bradley leaves a wife and two young children. His parents are still living.

Of Mr. Bradley, Mr. William Dutcher, Chairman of the A. O. U. Committee on the Protection of North American Birds, said in his report for the year 1903: "Our warden in Monroe county, Mr. G. M. Bradley, has been continuously employed since the last report, during which time he has cruised hundreds of miles along the coast and among the keys where thousands of birds still breed. He has also patrolled on foot the swamps where boats could not penetrate. He has every part of the territory under his care posted with warning notices, and has watched and warned many boatloads of cruising tourists and hunters. Many visits have been made to the city and island of Key West, which is in Monroe county, although over seventy miles from his home. His excursions have extended as far north as Chokoloskee, on the border of Lee county, sixty miles away, and eastward his patrol has extended to Key Largo. There is no doubt that it is well known in all that district that a deputy sheriff is continually on the lookout for game and bird law violations, and the moral effect is excellent."

In the same year Messrs. A. C. Bent and Herbert K. Job, members of the A. O. U., sent in a report to Mr. Dutcher, in which they said: "You are certainly fortunate in your selection of wardens for the protection of this inaccessible region, and it will be hard to find better men for this work than Bradley and Burton, and again the Bradleys have the reputation of being the best rifle shots in that vicinity."

In his last annual report, that for the year 1904, Mr. Dutcher says: "Warden Guy M. Bradley is employed by the year and is continually cruising in the launch Audubon among the keys and islands at the extreme southerly point of the State or else is patrolling on foot the swamps and everglades in that wild section. He covers some hundreds of square miles. Frequent reports are made of his travels, with notes about bird conditions. It is impossible to give the details in a public report, but the committee are satisfied that the results achieved are most excellent. The warden writes that there are no less than nine nesting places—rookeries—within ten miles of his home. With the exception of the Cuthbert rookery, these have not been disturbed. Formerly they were shot out and robbed of eggs quite often by pleasure parties, pot hunters and plume hunters. The section is a most interesting one."

A friend writes of him: "I have always considered Bradley as one of the most ideal men I had ever met; he was so strong and fearless and seemed capable of almost anything requiring those qualities. It does seem as if death always picks off the best, and his death in this way is one of the saddest things I have heard of for a long time. * * * By his death it would seem as if that whole section was doomed to a serious setback."

A Colorado Beaver Colony.

NOT a few interesting observations have been lately published on colonies of beavers which in recent years have taken up their abode close to the homes of man. Maine has its beavers which are protected, the Adirondacks have been stocked in one or two places, certain portions of New Jersey have been occupied by escaped beavers, which we believe have run over into Pennsylvania. Most interesting observations have been made in Colorado and Montana.

One of the latest from Colorado is by Mr. Edward R. Warren, who recently before the Washington Academy of Sciences read a paper on certain beaver dams in Gunnison county, Colorado.

In this district the Slate River is a clear mountain stream, at an elevation of nearly 9,000 feet. Several dams and a few lodges have been in existence for some years, but in 1902 some very extensive new work was noticed further down stream. So large, indeed, was this work that, in order to arrive at an estimate of its extent and general effects on the valley, it was necessary to resort to surveying. With the exception of a couple of dams all the recent work is on the south side of the river, the land on the north side having been raised above high water mark and converted into a meadow—now covered with willows—by the labor of the beavers in past years. The lower dam is seventy-six feet in a straight line, but is curved twice, so that it is really larger; it does not quite reach the left bank, where there is a subsidiary oblique dam some distance down of about twenty feet in length. The effect of these two dams is to maintain deep water on the left side of the stream; and they head up the water for more than a couple of hundred feet, thus forming a pool which is inhabited by a large colony of beavers. The second dam, which is about 350 feet from the first in a straight line, is nearly 100 feet long, and extends right across the stream, which flows over the north end. It heads up the water for a distance of nearly 500 feet. Some 200 feet above this dam is a large lodge, formed, in the usual manner, of mud and logs. Some 170 feet above this dam is a backwater, across which are two dams, one new and the other old, the former being about twenty feet in length by eight feet in width, and mainly composed of mud. Other dams also occur in the neighborhood.

All the dams are constructed of willow, although further up stream the beavers have used spruce brought down from the mountains by avalanches. The author of the paper finds it difficult to assign an object for this extensive damming of the stream, especially as there are only three lodges in the district. It is suggested, however, that the main idea was to afford a large extent of deep water in which the beavers might swim in safety beneath the ice in winter; but this does not explain the necessity for such a large flooded area, in which, with the exception of the ditches, there would not be much water of the required depth, although nearly all would be available for the numerous muskrats of the district. Possibly the beavers had to work out the capacities of the valley by actual experience, and found that the shallow flooded areas are failures. It is satisfactory to learn that in Colorado beavers are protected by statute, and although the law may not be enforced so strictly as might be desirable, yet it is quite sufficient to deter people from molesting a colony so near a town as is the one on the Slate River.

The author discusses also the food collected by the beavers. The paper is illustrated by maps and beautiful photographs.

Dovekie in North Carolina.

ON several occasions recently we have noted the occurrence of the dovekie (*Alle alle*) on the North Carolina coast on the outer beach of Currituck Sound. The first of these, which we recall, was picked up nearly twenty years ago by John Doxey, a local gunner of Poplar Branch, in Currituck county. Much more recently Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson recorded the finding of one or more specimens on the beach in northern North Carolina, and this year, in January, 1905, a living specimen was picked up on the beach near the Currituck Shooting Club, North Carolina, half a mile south of the life-saving station. The specimen was sent to Mr. John E. Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., and is now in his collection.

Audubon's Birds.

WE are informed that Mr. Fred H. Boardman, Minneapolis, Minn., has a complete set of seven volumes of the smaller size of "Audubon's Birds of America," colored. The set is in perfect condition and is bound in half-morocco. It formerly belonged to the late George A. Boardman, of Calais, Me., and thus has a peculiar interest for all ornithologists. Of course these books have long been out of print, and their precise value is uncertain. Anyone who is sufficiently interested in the subject should apply to Mr. Boardman, whose address is 537 Andrus Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Wild Ducks of Erie Harbor.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a good many years, during the season when the law would not allow me to shoot ducks, and when I was in some parts of the West where the ducks were not protected, but I would not shoot them then when they ought to be protected, I have made the ducks and their ways a close study, but it remains for me this spring to "meet up" with a duck that seemed to act differently from any I have before seen. At the eastern end of Erie harbor and just to the left of the breakwater is a small bay covering about 200 acres, that goes under the name of the mud flat. The water only averages about three feet in depth. Misery Bay, a larger and deeper one, is just across the main channel from it. The ducks use the shores of Misery Bay for their nests, and use this mud flat for a feeding ground. I have counted as many as forty of them on it at one time, though generally there are not half as many.

I have a small boat landing on the shore of this mud flat, and out from shore about sixty yards have a three-foot section of a pine log anchored to a sunken box of stone. I use the log to moor my sailboat to in the summer season; but I won't need it this year; the ducks can have it. For a night or two after I had put my boat in the water this spring the harbor thieves paid it a visit and stripped it of its sail, halliards, gaff and boom. They left me the mast because I had it fastened in, and the rudder was secured to the floor with a lock and chain; they left it also. The jib sheet I did not happen to have on. The monetary loss is not so great, only the cost of the canvas, about 200 feet, and the halliards. The sail and everything about the boat I had made myself, but they have prevented me from having any use of the boat this year. I have forgotten all about my pet duck.

These ducks began to come over here in less than two weeks after the close of the season, and in a short time they became quite fearless of us. They will paddle around now within a few yards of where I stand watching them.

One of the first to come was a male redhead, that looks to be a year old. He did not begin to feed, but took up his station on my anchor buoy, where he would stand motionless for hours at a time. I at first took him to be a lookout for the other ducks, which were feeding, but soon noticed that he would often be there alone. He generally comes about 9 o'clock in the morning, stays until noon, then returns about 2 o'clock and does not often leave before sunset.

When he first began to come, if I showed myself on the beach he would swim off a few yards, then return as soon as I was out of sight, but he soon quit that and now does not take any notice of me at all.

When I saw that I would be likely to have him as a visitor all summer, I began to think of some way to feed him, and getting a small shallow wooden box that was nearly water-tight, I filled it with soaked bread and scraps of boiled beef and tied the box to the log. He went to work on it as soon as he came that morning; and the other ducks finding it also, they soon emptied it. I refilled it next morning and they cleaned it out again. Then that night the box was stolen, so I quit; but I sometimes carry our stale bread and drop it on the water around his perch. That seems to work as long as no wind is blowing.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Domestic Hunting Cat.

PLAINFIELD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been to me an interesting pastime to make a list of the *ferœ naturœ* which our head barn cat brings in from the hunting field; and as it is not only an evidence of its marked ability as a feline marauder but of the varied fauna of the country, I think it worth placing on the minutes of your Natural History Department. It comprises the following varmints: Two rabbits, several robins, and other birds, chipmunks, red squirrels, barn rats, field mice, house mice, moles, one star-nosed mole, frogs, several green and brown grass snakes, and a checkered adder. The catch has been considerably increased since the fields were mowed. I have not found any bats or barn swallows in the collection, although both are to the manor born and bred. Neither have I observed any woodchuck, trophies which are tough subjects for any but a trained dog.

This cat's name is Theodore Thomas, from its musical talent, and its upper register comprises the gamut of all the roofs and ridgepoles of fourteen connected buildings (which would have a hard chance in case of fire). It is a composite creature, a combination of Manx, Angora, Maltese and Tiger. Among its hybrid progeny there are to-day on our farm three tailless half-grown kittens of tiger stripe pattern, two Maltese grown females without tails, a black and white grown female with two-inch tail, and three tiger-stripe kittens with full length tails. The collection would win at a cat show.

I will mention incidentally in the interest of natural science, that Maltese, Angora and Manx or rabbit cats, have been bred in this township for seventy years at least. As long ago as 1847 there was a pure white strain of fluffy Angora, but it has since been merged into side varieties and complexions. The real thing would command a good price from pet stock fanciers.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Postscript, July 24.—Do not fail to add to the list of game caught by our cat one full-grown young woodcock.

C. H.

The Wild Life.

MR. ALDEN SAMPSON, student, traveler, big-game hunter, and recently Game Preserve Expert of the United States Biological Survey, has recently printed an 80-page pamphlet, entitled "Three Essays on the Wild Life." These papers, which were read before the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia in 1904 and 1905, are entitled I., "On Thought Transference by Scent and Touch," II., "A Deer's Bill of Fare." III., "The Establishment of Game Refuges in the United States Forest Reserves." The three are dedicated to John Muir, "whose genius, patience and endurance have revealed for our enjoyment the wisdom of the forest." In the first paper Mr. Sampson discourses very pleasantly and acutely of the senses of touch and smell, and on the mental sensations called up by these senses. The aim of his essay is to bring his readers into closer contact with other creatures sharing organic life with us.

"The Deer's Bill of Fare" gives a freely annotated list of the plants on which the deer feed, and the enumeration of these plants and the writer's comments on them are certainly very interesting. Yet we can hardly agree with all that he says. He more than once refers with a seeming contempt to the cow which eats "grass" as contrasted with the deer which feeds largely on herbs and shrubs, and intimates that the food of antelope, elk, mountain sheep and mountain goats consists chiefly of grass. We fancy that this difference is more imaginary than real. The cow in its "grass" diet may include a hundred different plants, and, as is very well known, it eats the leaves of trees and their tender twigs just as horses do. We know too little about the food of wild ruminants to generalize very much about them.

It is not safe either to measure the tastes of animals by the human taste, for we all recognize that what we may like may be very distasteful to certain other animals. The tendency to personify the mammals, the birds, the reptiles, and even the fishes has come to be part of the popular natural history of the day, and need not be discussed further than to say that it will run its course and die a natural death.

The paper on "The Establishment of Game Refuges" holds much information of worth and appeals especially to all the FOREST AND STREAM family, and all three essays are scholarly and interesting.

Chapman on the Flamingo.

MR. FRANK M. CHAPMAN has already given us a great deal of information with regard to the breeding habits of the flamingo, for he is the first man who has carefully studied these birds on their breeding grounds for a considerable length of time. It is true that Mr. C. J. Maynard and Sir Henry Blake something more than twenty years ago had an opportunity to see these birds on their breeding grounds, but they were not able to spend much time with them, although they did correct the erroneous impression as to the manner in which the flamingo sits upon its nest. In 1904 Mr. Chapman spent a week studying a flamingo colony consisting of about 2,000 nests. In all this 2,000 nests there were but two which contained two eggs. All the others contained a single egg or a single young one. The nests, as is well known, are built of mud, rising but a little distance—from five inches to thirteen inches—above the ground, the diameter at the top is from twelve to fourteen inches, and the top of the mud pile is hollowed out a little to receive the egg. It is evident that long continued rain storms would tend to break down these nests, and Mr. Chapman states that during his visit continued heavy rains flooded the ground on which the nests were placed and every nest became an islet, while numbers were submerged.

When the egg is hatched, the young bird is covered with white down and has a bill which is straight. At the age of one month the bill begins to show a bend, at the age of two months it is quite a little bit bent, and at the age of four months almost as much bent as in the adult. The young birds are so strong and so well able to take care of themselves that as soon as they are out of the egg they will leave the nest under the stimulus of fear. Persons interested in birds should not fail to secure copies of Mr. Chapman's paper, which is printed in the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XXI., pages 53 to 57.

The Great Auk.

MR. JOHN E. THAYER has recently purchased for the Thayer Museum at Lancaster, Mass., a specimen of the great auk (*Plautus impennis*). The specimen, which was once the property of Gould, the naturalist, is said to be the best, or one of the very best specimens, in existence. It was purchased in 1838 from Gould for Viscount Hills' Hawkstone collection, which was later sold to Mr. Beville Stanier, and when he determined to sell, it was purchased through Roland Ward for the Thayer Museum.

Besides this specimen, the Thayer Museum has recently secured three eggs of the great auk, all of which came from the collection of Mr. Robert Champley, of Scarborough, England. Of these three, one was purchased by Mr. Champley in Paris, while the other two came from the collection of ten eggs discovered in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons more than forty years ago. Four of these were sold at Steven's salesroom, London, July 11, 1865, and brought from £29 to £33 per egg, or not far from $150 apiece. Great auk eggs, as is well known, are usually 4⅜ to 4⅞ inches long, and from 2⅞ to 3¼ inches broad, and are white or yellowish in color, beautifully marked with black or brown dots and blotches. Sometimes these are more or less evenly distributed over the whole egg, at others they are collected chiefly at the larger end.

A Colony of Martins.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Justice of the Peace Creelman, of the Borough of Wilkinsburgh, a suburb of Pittsburg, has a colony of purple martins on his place that he has been making a study of for the past fourteen years. He has had built a two-story and attic house for them, and they have occupied it each season for that length of time. There are porches around the house for the purpose of giving the old birds a chance to take their young out for an airing. They have twenty-eight young birds at present and are now preparing them to take their annual trip south. They leave on the 27th of August each year, never going a day sooner or later, and return on the first of every April.

Previous to their return each year a single bird, an envoy, comes on a few days in advance, seemingly to inspect the house, as that is what he does do. Then he returns south again and in a few days the whole family arrives.

Each of the seven pair of birds have a suite of two rooms. One of them they use for a nursery for the young birds. The colony never increases in size, the young of the previous year being sent out to the world by their parents the following spring to hunt up quarters for themselves.

CABIA BLANCO.

Hybrid Wild Duck.

IT is a well known fact that the hybrids among different species of ducks are not very uncommon, and in Grinnell's "American Duck Shooting," a list is given of the species which have been known to breed together. Mr. Ruthven Deane, in the last Auk, has noted the recent discovery of a hybrid between the shoveler and the blue-winged teal, the specimen now being in the possession of Mr. James P. Catlin, of Ottawa, Ill. The bird was killed by a keeper of the Green Wing Gun Club on their preserve along the Illinois River last April. It is smaller than the shoveler—about midway in size between that and the teal. The bill is like the shoveler's and the plumage partakes of the characters of both species. Mr. Deane points out that every specimen of hybrid duck that has ever come under his eye was a male bird, but draws no conclusion from this fact. It is to be remembered that the plumage of the male bird being so much more conspicuous than that of the female, an unusual combination of characters in the latter sex might escape observation much more easily than in the male. Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Me., has in his collection a number of hybrid ducks.

Placer Mining in Alaska.

A VERY large number of persons engaged in mining will feel a deep interest in Bulletin No. 263 just issued by the United States Geological Survey, which deals with "The Methods and Cost of Gravel and Placer Mining in Alaska," by Chester Wells Purington. The work fills more than 275 pages and is very fully illustrated by maps, diagrams and photographs. It discusses the conditions of placer mining in Alaska, prospecting, water supply, the various methods of mining together with their appliances, the quality of the gold, labor, lumber, fuel, roads, freights, customs and many other subjects a knowledge of which is essential to the miner, but important and interesting to one who is merely a traveler in or student of the Arctic Province, which for the last few years has proved so important a possession to the United States. Very many books have been written about Alaska; at first general works like Hallock's "Our New Alaska," but more and more tending toward the consideration of special subjects. Of these Mr. Purington's work on placer mining is the latest and perhaps the most useful.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Horrible Experience.

I WAS in the woods driving along a lonely road when my attention was attracted by the peculiar action of some birds excited over something in a small pile of brush.

Alighting and securing my horse, I approached the spot to investigate the cause of the commotion. I soon found it to be a large snake of the deadly rattler species. Securing a long pole I attacked the snake.

My first blow inflicted no injury, owing to the brush which protected it, but seemed to arouse and anger the snake, which immediately left the brush heap and advanced upon me. A more horrible sight no one could imagine than that presented by the enraged reptile.

Its eyes—a pair of bright sparks—almost seemed to reach to where I stood, they flashed so. Its hisses were loud and continuous, while the buzz of its rattles kept time with every movement. I had read that the rattlesnake was sluggish and moved slowly, but this vicious reptile advanced upon me as fast as I could retreat, keeping my face to it. I was backing off with pole raised watching an opportunity to deal an effective blow, and at last believing it had come, prepared to do so with all my strength when to my horror I found my weapon entangled in the limbs of a tree overhead, while in my blind terror I had backed up against a large brush heap that prevented further retreat.

My situation was one of deadly peril, and there was but one possible chance of escape. Summoning all my strength I leaped entirely over the snake. It struck at me as I did so, narrowly missing me.

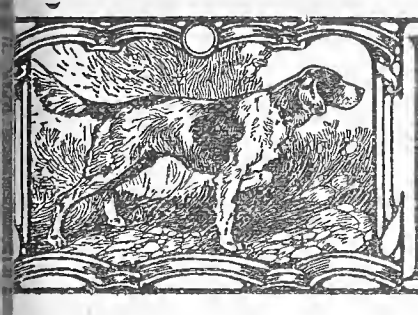
Immediately securing another weapon I turned on the snake, which had followed me, and knowing it to be a fight for life, began raining blows upon it, but through excitement and fear could not succeed in disabling it. It steadily advanced for twenty or thirty steps in spite of the blows rained upon it, then—apparently in a frenzy of rage—it made another rush, and as I stepped hastily back I tripped and fell full length, catching my foot under the root of a tree fast and firm. In its rush the snake passed over my body and only checked itself within a few inches of my face. Its eyes burned me, and the terrible odor which an angry rattler emits, made me deathly sick.

I was helpless and completely at its mercy. In fascinated horror I lay wondering at the rapidity of its movements as it assumed the deadly coil preparatory to striking. I wished that its venomous bite might be instantaneously fatal, my imprisoned foot pained me so. Then seeing the snake was about to strike, I closed my eyes and waited. An instant later and it came—a shock, and a stinging sensation upon my throat—and I awakened to find the sheet twisted around my feet and the blanket wrapped around my head and neck, and to vow I never again would eat sardines, cheese, pickles and mince pie at late bed time. One such dream will last a man a long time.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

N. B.—With apologies to Mr. Gregg.

The American in the corner of the non-smoking first-class carriage insisted on lighting his cigar. The indignant Britisher in the other corner protested, and protested in vain. At the next station he hailed the guard with hostile intent; but the placid American was too quick for him. "Guard," he drawled, "I think you'll find that this gentleman is traveling with a third-class ticket on him." Investigation proved him to be right, and the indignant Britisher was ejected. A spectator of the little scene asked the triumphant American how he knew about that ticket. "Wall," explained the imperturbable stranger, "it was sticking out of his pocket, and I saw it was the same color as mine."—London Chronicle.



GAME BAG AND GUN



The Point of View.

AITKIN, Minn., July.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I ve been reading with some little interest your corre- ondence on the "Point of View," but it does not seem me that the case demands such scientific splitting of irs as has been indulged in by both sides, though I ink it is the first discussion I ever read where my mpathies were on both sides of the question. Man is hunter of necessity and by instinct, and hunting for ort after the necessity has been eliminated is but the turn of the man to farm, shop or office after the neces- y for doing so is past, or even the repairing to shop, ld or office where his grandfathers earned a fortune st to experience what his ancestors experienced before m. After that it is a mere matter of how the sport is nducted. Men are supposed to be educated, and to un- rstand that new conditions prevail, and that there are nes, places and conditions where shooting game would criminal. A man hunting for sport is supposed to ake good use of his kill or cause it to be turned to some eful purpose, otherwise the killing would be purely anton. If a man returned to the shop where he had de a fortune at wagonmaking and made a wagon just r amusement it would be wanton to destroy it just be- use he did not need the money it would bring.

There is a little too much sentiment and not enough nse mixed in with this subject. The man who went far o the wilderness and killed two bull elks he did not ed, and could not care for (with ink), some time ago, d then went into raptures over the beauties of nature, ed too much of the former, while in the latter he was holly lacking. The people who made such a howl over e killing of a buffalo for a barbecue recently are much e same. Why is it worse to kill a buffalo than a beef? is not supposable that the killing was to be done in a rticularly brutal manner. The men who breed and care the animals may safely be left to take care of that. It much safer than in the hands of the collection of indi- luals without occupation who have taken up the fad prevention of cruelty to animals. The protection of ng and game birds for the purpose of maintaining an uilibrium is a very important matter, but abolish guns d their users and we should soon be eaten up by the ds. Take from man the power of making guns and two centuries he would be getting his precarious livell- od by the chase again, and hunting with a club at that. e gun has been the great civilizer. While I do not nk it at all necessary to have game to practice our diers on, I do think the instinct for firearms has much do with the making of a soldier. Neither do I think l men are less liable to enjoy a gun than young men ly as their infirmities make them so. Some men have t spots, but usually the first opportunity finds them ming strong again. Watch "Flint Lock" and I think u will see him afield the first of the season, and I could most insure him to do nothing to be ashamed of.

E. P. JAQUES.

Massachusetts Game Breeding.

BOSTON, Mass., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* om a town not twenty miles from Worcester a friend ites that a few days ago he saw where a brood of quail d been hatched out in the middle of a hay field. The st had been left a few days before the farmer cut the ass. Another man reported seeing one covey, and my formant feels confident there are many broods we don't ar about, and further, "we hear them calling all about," having heard no less than three different birds the day wrote to me. This is in a town where great pains were ken to feed the quail last winter, and our friend is ieh gratified by seeing tangible results. He reports prospects for partridges good.

am in receipt of a letter from far-away Iowa, from a . Gay, who says he now has seventeen birds eighteen ys old, which were hatched under a hen. He says he lost but one quail of the brood..

A friend writing from Springfield, says: "I think I n safely say there will be more partridges this season n for the past three." He declares that it has been a endid hatching season. He has seen numerous broods, l the chicks are now well grown. A friend of his put four separate broods in a walk of not more than 300 ds. "If we can only prevent the snaring and marker- of these birds," he says, "there will be good part- ge shooting this fall." He speaks encouragingly also but woodcock, and is of the opinion that the number t breed here is increasing. He is confident the birds eding here move on before our hunting season begins, if they are as plentiful north of us "we should have e good shooting on them." He tells me that quite umber of quail came through the winter all right, and presses the hope that sportsmen will refrain from oting them this season and see that they have plenty food next winter, and the result, he thinks, will be an rease in their numbers.

The writer of the letter is well known among the rtsmen of Massachusetts, and his opinions are based careful observations. From all sections the informa- n obtained thus far is on the whole favorable as re- ds partridges in our State. Some of our gunners tell the young grouse are now as large as full-grown il.

Essex county, first of the Massachusetts Bay colony to settled by the Puritans, seems to have become one of best game regions in the State, especially for pheas- s (if they may be classed as game birds), and deer. earn that the latter are quite numerous in several sex county towns. It is reported that on a farm in nvers, near the boundary line of Topsfield, the deer ve destroyed several acres of farmer Wakefield's cab- ges. As he has been unable to frighten the deer away, he has requested a deputy game warden to consult with the commissioners as to means of getting rid of the deer or recovering damages. The law in Massachusetts providing for payment of damages in such a case is patterned after that which provides for damages caused by dogs, and provides that one of the selectmen make an examination and estimate the loss, but if the damage is more than $20 the estimate must be made by more than one man.

Fortunately for our commissioners they are not annoyed by having to make awards. In this respect they are more fortunate than the Maine commissioners, who, by the way, have found their duties in such cases very annoying, and the system in vogue there has been the cause of no little friction between them and the farmers. The farmers of this State got what they asked for in the deer law, as they are very apt to do, and so far as the writer is informed, are entirely satisfied with it, although it involves no little red tape to secure cash for damage done.

CENTRAL.

Shooting Preserve Rights.

In Chancery of New Jersey, Simpson vs. Moorhead, Syllabus.

1. When a lessee assigns his lease, and delivers possession of the demised lands to his assignee, he may not subsequently intrude upon them and against the assignee's prohibition occupy them for their only use.
2. Where lands subject to ebb and flow of tides, are usable only for shooting of ducks and other game, intrusions day by day upon such lands for the purpose of shooting will be enjoined. The injury suffered by the owner, in the lessening the quantity of game, increasing the danger of accidental shooting, and interfering with his exclusive shooting rights, is not adequately remediable in damages.
3. The title to the belt of land lying at high water mark within the tidal waters of the State and thence out into the sea or river, so far as there can be any ownership of lands, was originally in the State of New Jersey, in its right as sovereign.
4. Where such lands have been reclaimed by the riparian owners by excluding the tide water therefrom by erecting a bank, the title thereto becomes vested in the reclaiming owner, under the local common law of this State as declared in the case of Gough vs. Bell, 3 Zabr., 624.
5. If his lands can be identified, the title of the reclaiming owner is not taken from him by the breaking of the banks which exclude the tide water from the reclaimed lands and the admission of the tide water, whether the submergence be for a long or a short period.

Grey, V. C. (Orally). This is quite an interesting case. The complainants are a number of gentlemen who have associated themselves together for entertainment and sport, in a gun club, and have acquired in their private capacity the ownership of some uplands, and also of some considerable quantity of banked meadow, lying in the county of Cumberland. They complain that the defendant Moorhead comes upon their lands, of which the meadow part is largely overflowed by the tide at certain portions of the day, and guns for birds which come on the meadow and on waters thereof, and for birds flying over the same, thus interfering with and depriving the complainants of their land, subjecting them to loss by reason of the lessened quantity of game; and also to the danger of accidental shooting from the increased number of gunners on the lands, and they allege that the defendant declared his purpose to continue so to shoot on their lands and intends so to do. They pray that he may be enjoined from hunting, gunning, shooting, fishing on the said lands or the waters thereof, and from entering thereon for any purpose whasoever during the term of the complainant's ownership thereof.

The defendant files no answer, but presents affidavits in which he submits his rights and claims, and on them makes a very strenuous argument that no preliminary injunction ought to go in this case.

The lands described in the bill consist of * * * lands which have been either conveyed or leased to the complainants giving them the right of shooting, fishing, etc., some of these were assigned by the defendant himself to one of the complainants, and by him jointly to the other complainants. * * *

It is claimed that the terms of these leases, formerly held by the complainant, were mere licenses of a privilege of gunning and fishing; but they are not so expressed in the executed written lease.

The defendant also claims that though he assigned them they are not lawfully assignable, and therefore the complainants have no right. On looking at the leases I find they are not mere conferences of privileges. The word of grant used is "lease," and that is sufficient to pass a term in the lands demised. It is true the leases do mention a purpose for which the lands may be used, but they do not prescribe that that shall be the only use to which the lands may be put, and the effect of the leases is to pass title for a term of years in the lands themselves.

So far as the challenge made of the assignability of the leases is concerned, the rule, I believe, is quite well established, that unless a lease of lands expresses on its face a limitation of the power of the lessee to assign it, or to sublet the lands demised, the power to assign or to sublet during the term, goes to the lessee.

The complainants insist that the defendant not only intruded on the lands which he had assigned to the complainant, Mr. Simpson, but that he has persistently declared that he intended and had a right so to do. * * * Even yet it is argued for him that he has a right to go on these very assigned lands, because the tide ebbs and flows over them. His declaration of his future purpose is in conflict with his claim of right in the premises. At this time and for the next few months, the only value of these lands will be the privileges of duck shooting upon them. The defendant has without right exercised this privilege and has insisted he had a right to exercise it for himself and his friends. If he is permitted to do this, the complainants will be subjected to additional danger of accidental shooting, to the lessening of the quantity of game on their lands, and to the loss of that which they bought from the defendant himself, the right to possess the demised premises free from the defendant's intrusion. They ought not to be left dependent upon the grace of the defendant, who argues that he has a right to intrude, but at present does not think he will do so. He may again change his mind and conclude to assert his claimed right to go upon lands under tide water, even if he has himself sold leases of them which passed to the assignee the right to their exclusive possession.

It is, I think, clearly shown, that as against the defendant, the complainants have an established right during the terms of the leases assigned to them by the defendant, to possess and enjoy for all purposes the meadow lands described in these leases. The situation when the bill was filed, exhibited an intent on the part of the defendant to insist on his right to intrude continuously day after day on the lands assigned by him, and to shoot ducks and other game thereon, now in season.

The injury suffered by the complainants is within the class called irreparable, for which they cannot recover adequate damages at law. To be irreparable, it is not necessary that the money loss shall be so great that it cannot be repaired. The loss which the complainants will suffer is not probably of great money value, if the computation be limited to the value of the ducks and other game which the defendant will take. But the acts which he says he has a right to do will deprive them not only of the ducks he may shoot; it will increase the danger of the sport, invite further and other intrusions, deprive the complainants of the exclusive possession of their property, and will indirectly tend to defeat the whole investment in their sporting club house and adjacent lands, for if the defendant and his friends may go there at will so may everyone else.

The question which has been very interestingly argued here, touching the ownership of the reclaimed meadow lands lying subject to the flow of the tides, and the effect of subsequent submergence, etc., or any other question challenging the complainant's ownership and right of possession, cannot be raised here by the defendant under the peculiar circumstances of this case. The defendant himself is the grantor of those privileges and rights to the complainants which he now disputes. He cannot be heard to deny the effect of his own deed. It is inequitable that he should be permitted to do so, and I cannot see that it lies with him to raise any question at all affecting the title or possession of the lands which he passed by assignment of his leases to the complainants.

The counsel for defendant contends that the lands leased by the owners of the meadows have been suffered to go out to the tide, and that this submergence re-establishes the State's title to those lands, and justifies all persons in going as they please upon the tide waters which may cover such lands. * * * It seems to me to be unquestionable, that if the lands be once reclaimed, the title to such lands remains in the several reclaiming owners, whether the tide water afterward overflows them or not. * * *

Some of the proofs address themselves to the question of the title of the private owner, outside of the bank which he has erected. The defendant's counsel claims that the complainants have no right to exclude the defendant from the shore or "guard" which lies between the bank by which the owner has reclaimed, and the bed of the tidal stream. I think this is correct. Wherever the line of the bank of the reclaimed land is, that is the line of the private ownership. Whatever privilege of removing mud, etc., for the bank the owner may take outside of the "guard," without interference from the State, does not give title. He has himself put the limit of the line to which his title runs, by his reclaiming bank. If he has been accustomed to exercise a privilege outside of the bank, to take mud to maintain the bank, that is not reclamation, and gives no title or exclusive right of possession enabling him to exclude other people from the "guard." The line of the ownership of the reclaimed land is the line of reclamation. No injunction should go against the defendant, prohibiting him from going upon the "guard" outside of the meadow bank.

Summer Protection for Woodcock.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an interesting article in FOREST AND STREAM a few months ago by A. K. Fisher, the scientist, attention was called to the danger of extermination of some of our migrating game birds, especially the woodcock and the wood duck that are fast disappearing. The beautiful plumage of the wood duck, called by Audubon the handsomest duck in America, makes it very attractive and much sought for by all gunners.

Were it not for the protection of the vast wildness of the North, where they go to breed, and the impenetrable canebrakes of the South, their winter hiding place, the woodcock would indeed have a hard chance to survive, as there are but two or three States in the South where they are protected at all. Shooting at both ends of the line is like burning the candle at both ends. Under these conditions there is but little wonder that they are fast disappearing.

Massachusetts stands at the front in regard to game protection. It was one of the first to abolish summer woodcock shooting. It took years to enlist public sentiment and get laws through the Legislature against summer woodcock shooting. Two weeks a year was all we could gain at first, and some years we could not get that, but gradually the close season was moved forward from July 1 to Oct. 1, where it stands to-day. It was a long, hard fight against the man who shot the half-grown birds to sell, as well as against those who bought them. Only by persistent efforts against adverse conditions and even threats of personal violence were the existing laws formed and maintained. The pioneers in this crusade

were all true sportsmen. If we could eliminate the element of selfishness, it would be very easy to save our fast disappearing game, but it is the old story of selfishness.

Prohibiting the sale of game was a hard blow to the market gunner and practically put him out of business, and also has saved many thousands of birds that would otherwise have been shot for the market. If our sportsmen friends of the South would give the migratory birds a close season during a part of their winter sojourn with them it would be of mutual benefit to the sportsmen of both North and South, as they could send us more birds in the spring and we could return them more in the fall.

We know there are a great many true sportsmen in the South as well as in the North who are not so selfish as to wish to see the birds exterminated, either in this generation or the generations to follow. The influence of FOREST AND STREAM against the sale of our game birds and the founding of the Audubon Society for the protection of our song and insectivorous birds has been the salvation of a large multitude of our feathered friends.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

BOSTON, Mass.

Game Protection and the F rmer.

THE year book of the Department of Agriculture for 1904 contains a paper by Dr. T. S. Palmer on some benefits the farmer may derive from game protection. Of the direct financial returns from the game Dr. Palmer writes:

"That the game on the farm has a money value is not always recognized, or, if so, seldom receives due consideration. Rabbits, quail, grouse, and other game taken during the open season afford not only an important addition to the table, but may save considerable expenditure for other meat. The value of this game is, therefore, not merely the small amount it would bring in cash or in provisions at the country store, but rather what it saves in the cost of other meats; and it is greatly to the advantage of the landowner to utilize the game upon his own table instead of disposing of it at the store. It is true that without game laws a small number of rabbits, quail, or other resident game might be retained on a farm of sufficient extent. But on many farms the stock would soon be depleted, and in the case of migratory game adequate protection both northward and southward is necessary to enable anyone to secure birds in abundance, and this protection can be had only through the medium of State laws.

"Under some circumstances the game on the farm may be made to yield a higher cash return by utilizing it in other ways than for market or for the table. In the case of quail, dead birds are worth from $1 to $3 a dozen, but live birds for propagating purposes may easily be sold at $5 a dozen. In fact, in 1904 the demand for live quail was so great that some sales were effected at $10 a dozen, and even at this rate the supply was entirely inadequate. With the increasing scarcity of game it is more than probable that the demand for birds for restocking covers will show a steady increase. At present a supply of from 100,000 to 200,000 a year would probably be required to meet needs for this purpose; and there is no apparent reason why this demand should not greatly increase in the future. Still better prices may be obtained by the farmer if instead of selling the dead game for market or disposing of the live birds for propagating purposes he will lease hunting privileges on his farm. These privileges may be rented by the day or by the season, and may be accompanied with charges for board and lodging, the use of a team, or the time of a boy to act as guide, and will thus net a very profitable return. If the number of birds killed be limited, to prevent the stock from being permanently reduced, such leases may be continued almost indefinitely.

Indirect Benefits.

"Reference has just been made to the demand for game for propagation. With the increase in private preserves and game protective associations it is probable that such demands will be greatly extended in the future, not only in the case of quail, but of other birds as well. The raising of game birds in captivity has not yet been reduced to a practical basis in this country, except in the case of pheasants, but that such will be the result of experiments now being made is scarcely open to question. In a few cases quail, prairie chickens, mallards, wood ducks, and wild geese have been satisfactorily propagated, and during the past season, in at least one instance, ruffed grouse were successfully raised in captivity. It is claimed by those who have experimented along this line that prairie chickens and pheasants can be raised with no more trouble or loss than turkeys. When methods have been perfected so that some certainty will attend such efforts the members of the farmer's family may find in this branch of game protection a new and profitable source of income. With pheasants ranging in price from $3 to $15 or $20 per pair and wood ducks from $15 to $25 per pair it would seem that even with the special care required better returns might be received than from ordinary investments in poultry raising.

"Indirectly the systematic protection of game and fish may be the means of developing resources which will greatly benefit the farmer. Visitors who come to hunt, fish, or spend their vacations not only bring considerable sums of money into the State, but furnish employment of various kinds. They require board and lodging which can often be had in country homes to the advantage of the boarder as well as the owner. Their presence may also provide increased home markets for poultry, eggs, butter, milk, and other farm products and may render possible the maintenance of improved railroad and telephone service in outlying districts. A striking illustration of these conditions may be found in the case of Maine. In 1904 the license fees collected from non-residents who visited the State to hunt big game amounted to $25,365. The reports show that 1,942 guides were registered, who were employed altogether 87,785 days, and earned at a fair estimate $3.50 per day, or a total of $307,247.50. Two years ago the commission of inland fisheries and game made a careful investigation of the number of non-residents who visited Maine outside of the seaside resorts and the amount of money which they spent in the State. These figures showed that in the summer of 1902 the number of non-resident visitors was 133,885, that their presence gave employment to 1,401 men and boys, and to 2,564 women and girls, whose wages amounted to $267,934. The amount spent for railroad fares and incidental expenses was not reported, but the expenditures for board alone amounted to $1,371,201. The permanent financial benefits thus derived by the State from non-resident travel has been summarized by Senator W. P. Frye, as follows:

"'In all times of business depressions and distress, financial panics and consequent unemployment of labor, so seriously affecting the country, the State of Maine has suffered much less than any other State in the American Union, mostly, if not entirely, due to the large amount of money left with us by the fisherman, the summer tourist, and the fall hunter—the seeker after change, rest, and recreation.'

Some Practical Illustrations.

"Several plans have been devised for bringing farmers into closer touch with sportsmen and increasing the practical benefits which the former may derive from impartial enforcement of the game laws. Of these plans three may be mentioned to illustrate the different methods of reaping the benefits of game protection.

Illinois.

"Under the name of the Rockford Township Farmers' Association an organization was effected in 1901 in northern Illinois for the purpose of mutual protection against indiscriminate hunting on farms owned or rented by the members. The constitution and by-laws are very simple. By one of the by-laws each member is required to post notices in five or more conspicuous places on his land prohibiting hunting or trespassing, and by another to interview any person found hunting on the premises whenever it is possible, and in case such person persists in hunting after being warned, to go before the nearest justice of the peace and cause a warrant for trespass to be issued against the offender. Each member retains the right to grant to any person the privilege of hunting on his farm in his company, and undertakes to promote the strict enforcement of the game laws of the State.

"The association has now been in existence for four years and numbers about 75 members. It has had under its care from 12,000 to 15,000 acres of rich farming land lying north of the town of Rockford, Ill. This land is rolling prairie planted in wheat, corn, oats, and orchards. The association has been remarkably successful in carrying out its objects. Unauthorized hunting has been stopped, not only on the farms, but also along the highways. Prairie chickens and quail are increasing in numbers and non-game birds are abundant. The members are personally interested in the increase of game birds on their premises, and guard their bevies of quail with jealous care. As an instance of this feeling it may be stated that one of the members, on being asked whether game was increasing on his place, replied that he now had a large bevy of quail, and added that he valued them so highly as insect destroyers that he could better afford to have his chickens killed than his quail.

"At the outset some trouble was experienced in having the lands properly posted. Difficulty was also encountered in apprehending and convicting trespassers on account of the time the complainant had to take from his work in case of an arrest, and the additional discouragement caused by frequent failure to convict or small fines. In 1899 a provision was incorporated in the Illinois game law imposing a fine of from $3 to $15 for hunting with dog or gun on the lands of another without permission. It also became the duty of the game wardens to enforce this law. Each county in the State has a game warden, and with the telephone system now extended in all directions from Rockford the members can communicate at a moment's notice with the local warden. Convictions have been secured with more certainty, and these have had a beneficial influence in deterring illegal hunting. The change in the law has required less active work on the part of the members in posting their lands and following up offenders, but it has enabled the association to carry out its objects so much more effectively that the members feel that they have a personal interest in the game law and are heartily in sympathy with a strict enforcement of its provisions.

North Carolina.

"The North Carolina laws prohibiting shooting on another person's land without permission of the owner, to which reference has already been made, were first enacted in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Not until recently, however, have the full benefits of these laws been realized. Within the past fifteen years a system of leasing has been inaugurated, which seems to meet with considerable favor, as it secures to the owner a substantial financial benefit. These leases have been most numerous in the north central part of the State, in the counties of Davidson, Forsyth, Guilford, Moore, and Randolph. It will be sufficient, by way of illustration, to describe the system as applied in Guilford county. The county comprises 680 square miles, a little more than one-half the area of Rhode Island. It contains two important towns, Greensboro and Highpoint, and its total population in 1900 was about 40,000. The farms average about 100 to 200 acres in extent. The principal crops raised are wheat, corn, cotton, fruit and vegetables. Quail and rabbits abound nearly everywhere; in fact, quail are probably more abundant in this part of the State than in any other section of the country east of the Mississippi River. This condition is due in part to the present state of agriculture and the acreage in woodland or thicket, which furnishes excellent cover for the birds. At present about 150,000 acres, or more than one-third the area of the county, are under lease for private game preserves. These preserves do not interfere in any way with the cultivation of the land or the rights of individuals. In most cases they have not resulted in the restriction of the ownership of the land to a few persons, nor has there been any attempt to restore the land to its original wild condition; but, on the contrary, every encouragement is given for its cultivation, while in some cases cowpeas are freely distributed by the lessees for the purpose of improving the soil and at the same time affording better food for the birds. These preserves vary in size from a few hundred to 12,000 or 15,000 acres each. They are sometimes controlled by one or two individuals, though more frequently by several persons associated together for the purpose. Comparatively little land is bought, but nearly all is held under lease. An arangement is entered into whereby the owners of adjoining farms agree to permit no hunting on their land, except by the lessee or his friends during the open season, and the lessee either makes a cash return for the hunting privilege or agrees to pay all taxes on the property. The ordinary tax rate outside of the towns averages about 7 cents per acre, and the amount paid for rentals varies from 5 to 10 cents. Some leases are good for only one year, others for five or ten years, with the privilege of renewal.

In the case of one of the earliest of these preserves, near Highpoint, the lessee owns no land, but leases nearly 12,000 acres on a cash basis, and his annual disbursements for rental alone reach $1,200. More than one-third of the total real-estate tax of the county outside of the towns is now paid by hunting leases, and, in some cases, in which a special township school tax has been imposed, this is also paid by the lessees. In other words, the farmers, by merely keeping trespassers off their lands and joining their neighbors in leasing the hunting privileges to certain individuals or associations, are relieved entirely from their real-estate taxes or receive an equally large or even a larger amount in cash each year. Sometimes the lessees hunt very little or perhaps not at all during the season, in which cases the owners may for a year or more enjoy immunity from hunting as well as from taxation.

"The satisfactory working of the North Carolina plan will doubtless cause it to be adopted in other States. As a simple and comprehensive method of meeting the conditions resulting from the ever-increasing number of hunters and the growing scarcity of game it has much in its favor. It has the advantage of permitting the sportsman to enjoy his favorite pursuit, at the same time protecting the game from excessive slaughter, and it relieves the farmer from the annoyances to which he is often subjected by unprincipled or inconsiderate hunters. Finally, it brings a substantial return to the owner for the use of the hunting privileges of his land, and thus equalizes the obligations between the farmer and the sportsman."

In the Northern Adirondacks.

IT was in the fall of 1904 that three hopeful hunters started on an overland trip for the great park region of the Adirondacks, in quest of deer and incidentally any other game that might be found in that region. The party consisted of Owen Johnson, Frank Wilder and the writer.

We established our camp some 10 miles north of Loon Lake. Deer were quite numerous, but the hunting was difficult, owing to the dryness of the woods. Fortune did not favor our efforts to any great extent for the first few days, although Owen did succeed in killing one deer. The next day was election, and proved to be a lively one for me. I did not run for office, but I did run for deer. About two inches of snow fell during the night, and only a hunter knows what possibilities it brings. I was first to discover the snow, and rousing the others, hastily prepared for the hunt. Taking a small lunch and making sure I had plenty of cartridges for my repeater, I started out alone for whatever luck might come my way. The weather was ideal; high clouds hung thick overhead, effectually shutting out the sun and the temperature just above freezing, made a fine tracking snow, and not a breath of wind stirring. Traveling a southwesterly course, I had gone about a mile from camp when I sighted a large deer, which, having seen me first, was making for cover at a lively rate. I immediately formed a resolution to capture that identical animal, or follow him until night and started to carry it out. I had heard that a man will out-travel a deer in an all-day race. Taking the track I found, my game had made a bold run for about a mile, nearly straightaway before halting in a dense growth of underbrush, out of which I heard him hastily depart at my approach. Different tactics were now adopted by him, and I was obliged to keep close on his trail, which purposely led under large clumps of evergreens that had caught the snow, leaving no track. This trick was easily met by rounding the whole bunch and taking the track where he came out.

Many were the dodges this wily old chap tried in order to lose himself, a favorite one being to back-track himself for a short distance then make a tremendous leap sidewise, into a clump of bushes or a large patch of grass. But after about three hours of this cross-tag, evidences of fatigue began to show in his signs, and I caught an occasional glimpse of his fine figure as he would take a fresh start always now from his nest. He would make a run and gain on me, walk a short distance and then lie down with his eyes on his back track. Resting as long as he dared, he would leap about ten feet direct from his nest. This race was kept up until about 1 o'clock, when I saw an opportunity of outwitting my game by anticipating his hiding place and half-circling him, forcing him from cover across a meadow, where I hoped to get a fair shot.

Not having fired before, my plan worked and he came from cover like a rocket, making for the heavy timber across the meadow. My repeater spoke three times, the last shot bringing him down just as he was entering the timber on the other side. I was very glad the chase was over, and discovered it had warmed me up somewhat, and that my lunch was small indeed.

Preparing my game and hanging him up consumed nearly an hour. It then suddenly dawned upon me that I had been traveling without consulting my compass which I now discovered had been left in camp. However, not knowing the direction to camp, the compass would not have been of use. How was I to get back that night? Only one way—back-track myself.

After traveling for about a mile, I was making a

big cut-off, when in passing some old pine tops a large fawn scudded from behind them into the jack pines near. I wondered how a fawn could make so much noise in getting through the brush, when to my surprise and delight I came across a track that I instantly recognized as that of a bear. I thought it good fortune to be on a fresh bear track; for of all the game in that region, I especially wished to get a bear. Not knowing so much about bears then as I did two days later, I started out after him at my best pace, and could soon hear him as he tore through the brush which he seemed to have a special liking for. I shortly discovered that the bear was more favorably built for brush traveling than I, and as long as he insisted on staying in it, my chances for sighting him were very slim indeed. But the race went merrily on. Finally, however, he left the brush to enter a tangled tamarack swamp, and all his movements were plain, and some of his tactics were identical with those of the deer I had so successfully followed, all but the side lunges. At one place he began at the top of a fallen tamarack, which was several feet from the ground, and started to travel its length; when near the middle the loose bark slipped off and he fell broadside into the slush and mud, leaving great nail marks on the log where he tried to save himself.

Presently I discovered that darkness was fast approaching, and I felt that I would not see camp that night. Taking a last look at that track, I wondered if man could out-travel a bear. Standing on a log I viewed the situation. Everywhere fallen tamarack caused by the terrible fires that swept that country the preceding seasons. Knowing no difference in directions, I struck for the most open looking country. Meanwhile it had grown dusk, and by the time I was fairly out of the swamp, the darkness was complete, excepting that I could distinguish objects on the snow. Expecting nothing but to lie out all night, I thought I might as well build and maintain a good fire, as in that way I could get some much-needed rest. I gathered a large heap of pine needles, which heap I suspect is now the favorite nest of some mouse or chipmunk, for look as I did through all my pockets I was unable to find a match. The only thing then was to move on, as it was already getting cold; and after traveling over a ridge about half a mile, I came across two parallel strips of tall grass, which told me it had been an old toll-road. Thinking that by following this trail I might come to some shelter, I followed it for perhaps a mile, where it branched off and was lost. Looking to my right, I thought I discovered the outlines of a roof covered with snow, and going there, found an old logging camp; but fire had made ruins of all the buildings except what had evidently been the office.

This seemed to have been recently fitted up, as the door was barred on the inside and the place was deserted. A window in the end was nailed on the frame inside, and as I thought the situation warranted my getting in if possible. I pushed in the sash and crawled in. I was delighted to find a stove, wood, cooking utensils and provisions, and also noted that the cabin was well located near a small lake, where I procured water, but it was only after a half hour or more of groping that I found matches. I thought then that my cup of good fortune was certainly full. Making myself comfortable, I decided to take up the bear trail the next morning, and so lay down on the straw bunk to rest.

The first break of day found me on my back-track to where I had left the chase the previous night, but soon after dawn I sighted bruin's nest, where he had passed the night among the soft branches of a fallen balsam; but on sighting me he beat a hasty retreat. I took up the chase, trying to cut off his retreat. Although I rushed the bear all day, his only sign of weakening was that his feet began to bleed. But just before darkness I came upon him, and with two well-aimed shots made him mine.

After spending the night in the same cabin, I immediately started for our camp, and reached it about 3 P. M. I found that my companions were very much worried about me after my second night's absence and had sat up all night firing guns and keeping a fire burning. The luck my friends had I will tell another time.

J. P. FLETCHER.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

Apropos of the foregoing are these notes on the bear, written by a Maine hunter who has had large experience with the animal: Sportsmen and hunters find it a difficult business to hunt the bear, although it abounds in all the vast unimproved wilderness of our State, as well as the border settlements, and is not only unprotected by our laws but is even considered outlawed and has a bounty placed upon its head, making it the lawful prey to everybody at all times and places.

If the poor beast strikes out into the open country to find food to appease his hunger the first person who sees him or even sees his track sounds the alarm, and at once scores of men are after him with all sorts of weapons, and if he escapes back into the forest it is by his own shrewdness and not the fault of the tumultuous crowd of humanity. The poor creature is hunted to the death if possible.

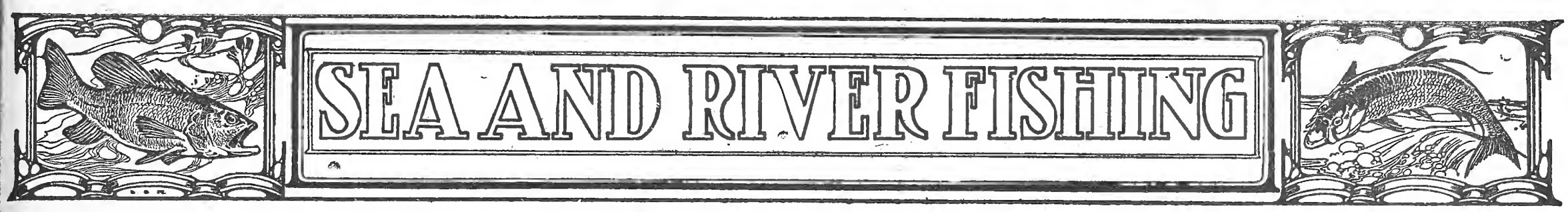
But bruin is no chicken nor tenderfoot; he is a tough customer, and most of those who hunt him find him so. He can creep through the dry brush with the least noise and calculate chances with the greatest precision possible, besides being a creature used to a rough life. He will go where no herbivorous beast would dare to go, creeping through pucker brush and rabbit salid and the most dismal swamps, and winding and outwitting his biped pursuers and getting away with the most "cold lead" of any animal.

It is not always deep snows that drive him to his den, but the scarcity of food will have the greatest influence. There is no set time of year that all bears go at once to their long winter home; neither do they always go back to their former den, but are governed much by circumstances. Sometimes they find a more comfortable chance to house up and sometimes find companions who seem to invite them to share their winter quarters with them.

They do not seem to be fastidious as to the lodging-place. A turned-up tree root, or a hollow log or standing tree is acceptable; or more commonly a cave in a ledge under or above the earth, in some solitary mountain in the deep recesses of the forest where no other creature will stay. In such a lonely, dismal spot the bear sleeps away the long, cold eastern winter.

Do we think bears are diminishing—growing less year by year? Well, no; not in Maine. They appear to hold their own wonderfully, and about as many are killed each year.

We respect the old fellow for his tenacity of existence in spite of his weakness for mutton, corn and apples, and forgive all his shortcoming and overdoings.



Fly and Bait-Casting as a Game.

ONE of the commonest remarks heard by those who attend fly and bait-casting tournaments comes from anglers who watch but do not take part in the contests. If asked to do so they will admit that they love to fish and do fish whenever they have an opportunity, but express more or less ignorance concerning the fine points of casting for record or for prizes. If urged to try their skill they object to "making a show" of themselves, as they say. Some of them can never be induced to take part in any competition that is more or less public, and they say with more or less truth that fishing is one thing, but tournament-casting quite another.

With the object of making tournament-casting a school of instruction for anglers, and teaching anglers to handle their weapons with greater skill, clubs have from time to time been formed in various places, and tournaments held. Despite these facts there is a class of anglers who cannot be induced to take part, because of the publicity they dread and seek to avoid. They will look on and learn the little that is possible from watching others cast, but they will not take part in the events.

In view of these facts I wish to point out a few others for the benefit of anglers everywhere, and will attempt to show them how they may obtain valuable practice at a minimum expense of money and preparation.

Fly and bait-casting can be made a game, just as lawn tennis, golf or batting and catching a ball are, but with this exception—that it can be played by one person as well as ten, although at least two persons are needed to keep up the interest and make casts comparative. I hope other anglers will agree with me in this matter, and will take up casting as a game or pastime, for I can assure them that it is a very fascinating one in which a great deal of experience of real value in angling can be gained.

Granted that any angler who wishes to go into this pastime for his own amusement and benefit is the possessor of a rod, a good reel and a suitable line, let us cast about for an equipment. In the first place, it will not be difficult to find a bit of water entirely suitable for the purpose, but if this is not obtainable, a lawn, field or pasture will do, and some of the most enjoyable casting I have ever had was on smooth ice or a light fall of snow. With this in view, the game can be made one for all the year.

If there is a lake or small stream handy, a place can be selected without much difficulty, so that one can cast with the sun at his back or side, and in a direction so that the prevailing wind for the season will also be at his back or side, preferably the former, as it is discouraging at times to try to cast continuously against a fluky wind. If there is a little boat house dock or float handy, use it for your platform, and lay out the course alongshore, where the water is shallow. The marks can be made in a dozen different ways, but the following method is simple and will answer every purpose. To begin with, procure a tape 100 feet or more in length. Then, wading in the shallow water, stretch a line from the casting platform to a stake fifty yards or more distant, and you are ready to set the marks. For this purpose a number of sticks will answer. The assistance of a friend on the platform will be handy. Let him hold the tape, and reeling off fifty feet, push the first stake in the mud alongside the line and distant just fifty feet from the edge of the platform. The top of the stake should be at the surface of the water, although this is not a matter of much moment, as one will seldom foul the stake while casting. This stake should be provided with a square or round bit of plank that will float, to be used as an accuracy buoy. An air-tight tin can or a corked jar will serve the same purpose, however.

Set the next stake at fifty-five feet, and the others every five feet, unless you do not wish to be so exact, in which case marks every ten feet will serve. Another buoy should be moored to the sixty-foot stake, and it will be well to employ two more, at seventy and eighty feet respectively. At first the extreme mark need not be more than 130 feet distant, but in order to be able to closely measure the work you will do and you gain through practice, it would be well to put stakes at least every ten feet up to 150 or even 160 feet. And in order to calculate the distance rapidly while casting, mark the stakes in some manner to distinguish one from another. A bit of board nailed on the top of a stake and numbered will be the best plan, or the ninety-foot mark can be daubed with red, the 100-foot mark white, the 110-foot stake blue and so on, so that one will soon know the distance by the color of the nearest stake. Various schemes may be employed to prevent counting the distance from the beginning, stake by stake, for each cast made.

Now you are ready to begin. All the accessories to the game are at hand save the weight to be employed. For bait-casting it is the custom at the present time to use either soft rubber frogs or wooden weights. The frogs are specially made for this purpose, and are fitted with a ring at the nose, but no hooks. The wooden weights vary, but perhaps the best form is in the shape of a bullet, with a ring or small eye at the butt end. Some are made with an upholstery tack in the nose to keep them point on. As silk lines will wear out and part in time, and one's enthusiasm often runs away with his caution, his bill for frogs may in time become somewhat like Bill Nye's expense account for razor strops when he began to shave himself. The next best thing is to whittle an old rubber eraser down until its weight is just a half ounce (or a quarter ounce). A bit of some heavy wood, like bethabara or hickory, if rounded and elongated, makes an excellent weight, but it must be borne in mind that longer casts can be made with smooth, dense weights than with rubber frogs, and one must not imagine that he is doing better work with his weights than are the expert tournament-casters with their soft rubber frogs, although weights are fair enough, since they are used in some tournaments, but not all. The line should be reversed on the reel often, to prevent excessive wear on the free end.

For the benefit of beginners a few words in relation to casting may not be amiss. In the first place, stand as near the water level as possible and do not try to cast from an elevation, merely seeing that there is nothing immediately behind you to catch the line and perhaps break a tip. Face the line squarely, with the feet spread a trifle. Grasp the rod close up to the reel with the right hand, with the thumb on the spool. Drop the tip of the rod until it is lower than the knees. Turn the rod over until the reel axle is vertical, and see that the line lies entirely in the guides, and does not touch the rod at any point in its whole length. Let a little line out, so that the frog or weight is eight to ten inches from the tip. Hold it perfectly still until you see that the hand is in its proper place and the line free from kinks. Then impart a swaying motion to the bait—gently, like the pendulum of a clock, forward and backward, and when it is on its forward swing, raise the tip, so that the weight will begin its upward and backward sweep without any jerky motion. It must be stopped and started forward without touching the water or the platform behind you, and at the same time the pressure on the spool is decreased but never entirely taken off. At first it will be best to use little force in the forward sweep of the rod, and to aim at a spot less rather than beyond fifty feet, letting the bait describe a high curve and move slowly. The height of the curve may be increased without additional force by letting the line slip a trifle just as the forward curve begins, but if the cast is to be made with some force, the line is not released until it is well up on the forward sweep. In no case should the tip of the rod be lowered below the waist line in the forward curve; in fact, it should stop exactly in line with the unreeling line, and should be stiff enough to be rigid at that time, as vibration of the tip serves to stop the line from running freely through the guides.

At first the inclination will be to let the spool take care of itself during the cast, and to stop it short after the weight strikes the water. With a good reel, however, it is possible to thumb the line quite forcibly throughout the cast, increasing the pressure as the weight approaches the water, the reel spinning freely even under pressure. This requires practice, of course. Some reels have friction devices or drags capable of adjustment to prevent backlashing. Whatever is used, however, it will be found best to have the reel always the same, so that one may devote his efforts toward eliminating the personal error, and depend on his own skill rather than upon mechanical means.

After the beginner has found that he can cast fifty feet or more four times out of five without trouble with the reel, he should try five casts at the fifty-foot buoy and note the result. Then he may aim for higher marks, putting a bit more force into his casts, and lowering the trajectory of the weight. Most of the force is put into the cast just as the forward sweep begins, but the line is not released so soon as when a high trajectory and less force is desired. More care, however, is necessary to stop the rod without tip vibration, and to prevent backlashing. Nor should the spool be too full of line. A very good way to decide just how much line to use is to wind the favorite line on the empty reel, then over it wind a cheap cotton or other line, as a dummy. When enough of the dummy line has been wound on to fill the spool two-thirds or three-fourths full, cut the line, unwind it on the grass, and when both lines are off, wind the coarse line on the spool and the fine line over it. A braided silk line of H size will give the best service at first, but better work may be done after a little while with a regular tournament line, quite a bit smaller than H. Enameled lines will not answer at all for this style of casting.

It is well to combine a series of casts for distance with say five each at two or three buoys, and especially when two or more persons cast together. Keeping score will prove very interesting and at the same time show how much improvement all are making. Little contests

can be arranged, and altogether the pastime is one that few dyed-in-the-wool anglers will tire of.

If it not possible to obtain water where the marks may be staked off, as described, because of deep water, a rather heavy line can be made to serve the purpose almost as well. Round cork floats can be obtained from dealers in commercial fish nets, or hollow rubber balls can be used, in any event the numbers to be painted thereon. It will then only be necessary to stretch the buoyed line from the casting point out, and the outer end can be made fast with an anchor-line and a stone. In some respects this would be a better plan, as the buoys can be kept clean and the numbers fresh, while mischievous small boys might carry it away or damage it if it is left afloat all the time.

For casting on a lawn, numerous marking devices might be suggested, as stakes, marked lines, etc., but if a long tape is available it will prove more satisfactory, since its readings will be exact and no estimates need be made.

Casting on the snow or ice has peculiar fascinations for the angler who grows weary of the long winter months and impatient to test new rods and tackle, and in some respects it is eminently satisfactory. as good casts may be paced off and marked. The exercise is sufficient to keep one's circulation up except on the coldest days, and one who practices casting throughout the winter will take still more interest in fishing than he ever did before.

The remarks set down above will apply to fly-casting as well as to bait-casting, with necessary qualifications. In fact, any angler who dislikes to "make a show of himself" in public tournaments can try his skill in some field or on some little stream where he may be sure no one will disturb him; but if he wishes to fully appreciate the pastime, let him invite some close friend to go along, so that they may cast, one against the other, and my word for it, there will be a third, or a fourth party the next time, and before many trials are held some place nearer home will be selected, perhaps the women folks invited to try their skill, and the "game" become better understood than it seems to be now. It is peculiarly adapted to trials in which women may take part, and no angler who takes wicked pleasure in poking fun at his wife for being awkward with rod and line in fishing should fail to see that she becomes more familiar with rod, reel and line in practice casting. She may become an expert as soon as he does, too. PERRY D. FRAZER.

The Ladyfish.

IN the current issue of the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Dr. Theodore Gill describes the ladyfish (*Albula vulpes*), an interesting species best known to anglers in Florida. Of it Dr. Gill writes:

"It is found in almost every tropical sea, but it is not confined to such for individuals not a few extend their wanderings quite far beyond the tropical zone, occasionally even roaming northward to Massachusetts. It attains a length of from a foot and a half to three feet and a weight of about three to ten pounds, but the average is far below the maximum mentioned.

"Notwithstanding its wide geographical distribution, it is in truth a shore fish and seeks its food close to the shore or on muddy or sandy flats where shellfish—especially small bivalve shellfish—most abound. When the flood tide begins and 'up to full tide' is the select time for feeding, and 'flats in water varying from a depth of eight to ten inches,' a choice place for hunting for food. "As the fishes feed in such shallow water, their heads go down and their tails come out of the water, and as they work in shorewards their dorsal fins cut the water, and the sunlight is reflected from their silvery sides.' The actions of the fish thus seen have suggested to some the name 'grubber.'

"There is a beautiful correlation between the fish's food and the structural means for assimilating it. The dentition as a whole is quite peculiar—unlike that of any other animal. The bony roof of the mouth is closed in by the juxtaposition of the parasphenoid and pterygoid bones and covered with roundish molar teeth and the floor of the mouth has opposed teeth so that the fish is well provided with the means for crushing the shells which it takes; externally is provision for finding and rooting them up in the projecting conic snout, which is so prominent as to have suggested one of its early names —*Conorhynchus,* or cone-snout.

"A favorite region for the discharge of procreative duties is the Gulf of California. There the young may be found in immense quantities and they are 'often thrown by the waves on the beach in great masses.' But so different are those young from the mother fish that they would not be recognized by the casual observer. They are 'elongate, band-shaped, with very small head and loose, transparent tissues.' In the water in fact their eyes alone are visible. Gilbert tells that 'from this condition they become gradually shorter and more compact, shrinking from three or three and a half inches in length to two inches.' Then their form becomes much like that of maturity and from that stage they grow regularly till the proportions of ripe age are attained. Having at length shrunk to almost half the length of the longest esunculoid stage and acquired a roundness and compactness of body as well as shape of the adult, it starts anew in growth and continues till the size and other characteristics of the adult are attained. The history of the metamorphosis of the species is quite as remarkable as that of the butterfly. With diminishing length, with increased compactness, the myotomes or muscular folds grow closer together and less obvious, the dorsal fin and, to a less extent, the anal become better developed and advance towards the middle, and innumerable minor or, rather, less evident changes accompany such until the adult form in miniature is obtained.

"One of its haunts is the waters of Biscayne Bay and those extending some sixty miles further south,' and by residents of that shore it 'is not known to be found anywhere' else. There probably, at least, it is angled for as much if not more than elsewhere and is quite generally regarded as the gamiest fish that swims. There near Miami, August Thomas (1903) verified to his own satisfaction the verdict of the neighborhood. He approached a school, as is generally done, in a boat with a guide.

"'Your guide works the boat toward them carefully, for they are as timid as a deer, and once frightened are very difficult to approach. When within fifty or sixty feet, which is as close as it is possible to get without frightening the fish, you cast the bait to a spot in line with the direction the fish are working, and not nearer then twenty or thirty feet to them. The bait is one of the shellfish upon which the fish feed, and it must be absolutely fresh.' This bait must be allowed to 'lie immovable until the fish find it. The first indication is a slight nibble, for they are not vigorous biters, and they must be hooked, for they rarely hook themselves.'

"At length one is hooked. Then commences the sport. 'From three to five hundred feet of line is taken out on the first rush, and this is often repeated twice or even three times, making from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet of line in all that is taken out in this manner. When these bursts of speed are over it is fight, fight, fight, every inch of the way to the boat, the runs growing shorter as the fish fails. When at length he sees the boat the mighty struggle comes, but not having strength to make a dash, he circles about the boat at a distance of from ten to twenty feet, often making the circuit half a dozen times—when he finally comes alongside, belly up, he is dead—died as he had lived—dead game—and may be lifted into the boat with safety by the guide.'

"Fishes may be caught 'from November to April, but it is at its best in December.'

"There is much diversity of opinion respecting the culinary characteristics of the ladyfish. Thomas thought that 'as a table fish they have few equals, either planked or broiled.' Goode, 'from personal observation testified that its reputation is by no means a false one.' In the Bermudas, too, 'where large schools are taken' and where it is known as the bonefish or grubber, it is considered 'a most excellent food fish.' Others, however, hold it in little esteem. Goode himself tells that along the southern coast of California where it is 'found in some numbers,' on account of 'its beautiful color it sells readily, but it is not especially esteemed as a table fish.'

"But it is by all with common consent exalted as a game fish. The celebrated angler, Henshall, in 1884, declared that, of all the fishes he had caught in the Indian River inlet 'a bonefish of about 3 pounds gave more real sport than any of the others.' He found that it 'fights in the water and in the air like the black bass, but mostly in the air—a silver shuttle.'"

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Plenty of Bait.

THE hand-line fisherman of the Maritime Provinces are getting all the fresh bait they need at the present time, for not in years have herring been as plentiful as they now are; all along the Nova Scotia coast from Sydney, C. B., southward come reports of enormous schools of these silvery little fish; in fact, so abundant have they been, great quantities have been carted on the land to be used as a fertilizer, the fishermen obtaining all they need at twenty-five cents a barrel.

At Lockport they have been so numerous seining them had to be discontinued, a single boat capturing as high as eight barrels at a haul. Such an abundance as this is very encouraging in view of the fact that in recent years this bait has been so scarce, freezers have been erected by Government and private enterprise to preserve the small stocks which were obtainable. These herring are not as large as those obtained early in the spring—large fish, indeed, are they sometimes, attaining the size of a small shad and chiefly caught at night by seines which are allowed to run out astern of the fishing vessels, being carried out and distended by the tide, which has no little movement even in deep water—but these inshore herring are in good condition, and in addition to their value for bait are a pan fish of considerable attractiveness.

If it is a fact that the enormous schools of herrings which formerly thronged the Atlantic coast are to be restored to us permanently, it is not among the impossibilities that the mackerel, one of the most toothsome of all the marine species, may again find its way back to our waters. Until now a good supply of herring bait has been considered a *sine qua non* by "bankers" and other deep-sea fishermen, but in consequence of the scarcity of this bait American fishermen, particularly those of Massachusetts, have in recent years found a substitute which seems to possess all the merits of the other and is obtainable in almost inexhaustible quantities. In the failure to obtain herring dependence has been made on the luscious clam, but the new bait,

The Launce or Sand Eel

not only entirely supersedes that lure but has proved an exceedingly valuable acquisition.

Prof. George Brown Goode, in describing the lant or sand eel, says:

"Of all the small species of fishes occurring in the North Atlantic there is probably none more important to man than the lant—launce, as it is called in Europe. Although it is never used for food in this country, it is of great economic importance, since it constitutes one of the chief articles of food for the codfish, the halibut and other flesh-feeding species such as the bonito, bluefish, squeteague, flounder and mackerel. They swim in immense schools at the surface, and frequently imbed themselves in the sand, where they often remain above the low water mark when the tide is out. Why they do this is not well understood, for in their habits they are wanderers, sometimes appearing in immense numbers at certain points upon the coast and disappearing as rapidly as they come. With their sharp noses and slender muscular bodies they have little difficulty in imbedding themselves in the soft sand several inches deep. Captain Atwood has also recorded some curious observations concerning the manner in which these fish, with their sharp snouts, penetrate through the stomach of the codfish which has eaten them, into the walls of the body and there become encysted in the flesh, forming hard, black masses which are very inconvenient to the fishermen because they dull their knives which they use in dressing the fish before drying them."

The sand launce is also a favorite food of the salmon, in which fish they are very often found, particularly those which are taken in nets in the tideways and along the shores; in fact, I have found the little eels in the stomachs of fresh-run salmon in rivers quite a distance from the sea.

The Cod is a Wanderer.

But few persons realize how great a wanderer the cod really is; in fact, the general belief seems to be that it is local in its habits, and having selected an abiding place, is content to remain in it and not rove to any considerable distance away, but such is not the case, for the cod traverses great stretches of the briny deep almost, if not quite, as freely as does the bluefish, pollock and other of the more restless species. Several instances have recently come to my knowledge which show conclusively how wide a wanderer it is and how far it travels in a short space of time. In the latter part of June, in the present year, a very large cod was captured by a fisherman a few miles to the eastward of Liverpool, N. S.; it was an unusually heavy fish, being nearly six feet in length. On being dressed there was found imbedded in the walls of its stomach a large cod hook such as is used by the fishermen of Georges Banks. To this hook was attached a portion of a trawl line a the end of which was a swivel, such as is used on those fishing grounds; this was scoured bright by having been rubbed or dragged on the bottom of the ocean by the cod in swimming about, and the line must have been parted at the swivel by the great weight of the fish. The cod had not fallen away in flesh in the least degree, which shows that the hook was swallowed within a very short time, for with such an obstruction in its palate it could not have taken much of any food or even capture any of the fishes upon which it preyed. Now, the nearest point on Georges Banks to the place where the cod was landed was at least from ninety to one hundred miles, and the fish must certainly have traveled that distance if it had come in a perfectly straight line, which is entirely improbable.

As another illustration of the roving habits of the cod I will state that a vessel was wrecked on or near Cape Sable, on the southern extremity of Nova Scotia, and among the articles lost in the wreck was a lady's watch upon the case of which were engraved the initials of the owner's name.

Now the cod with all its other peculiarities has the curious habit of picking up and swallowing any metallic or shining object it discovers on the bottom of the ocean.

A few days subsequent to that on which the wreck occurred a cod was captured in Margaret's Bay, fifteen or twenty miles southwest of Halifax, in whose stomach was found the watch which had been lost over one hundred miles away.

The Lobster is also a Great Traveler.

Now, while we may believe that a free-swimming fish like the cod can easily traverse long distances, one would hardly suppose that such a usually slow-moving creature as the lobster would be much of a wanderer, but that it is not the stay-at-home crustacean it is generally supposed to be has been proved beyond a doubt. In a recent issue of the Bangor (Me.) News I find some exceedingly interesting facts in relation to the habits of the lobster, a portion of which are well worth reprinting here.

According to the account given, about 400 lobsters were tagged at Wood's Holl and liberated by the United States fisheries officers. They were put out in the waters of Vineyard Sound about three years ago, in as nearly as possible the exact locality in which they were originally captured, and they were tagged with little copper tags, chiefly to ascertain how often these crustaceans change their shells.

Before the officers liberated any of the tag-bearers they issued notices, which were sent broadcast among the fishermen along the Atlantic coast, informing them of the purpose for which the lobsters were tagged, and asking their co-operation in carrying out the experiment. The fishermen were asked to send all the tag-bearing lobsters they caught to the hatchery station, and they were furnished with blanks which they were requested to fill out, giving the circumstances attending the capture of the lobsters.

Whether or not the lobster is migratory was a question which it was hoped the experiment would settle for all time, but most important of all was how often the lobster sheds its shell.

While there seems no good reason why these crustaceans should not crawl or swim from one region to another, proof was lacking that they do so until this experiment of tagging them was made, when it was definitely ascertained that they often make long journeys. The proof was furnished by a lobster fisherman on Long Island who was on the look out for lobsters bearing the station tags. He was the first to report having caught one in his traps. He found the lobster one morning about a month after it had been set free. This lobster was kept alive and sent to the Wood's Holl station as requested. So far as the Commissioners could tell there had been but a slight change, and that was the growth of the captive.

In a short time another of the tag-bearers was taken near the western end of Long Island, nearly one hundred miles from the point where it was set free. Subsequently many others were taken in the same region and in the vicinity of Block Island. None were caught to the eastward of the point where they had been liberated and the experiment seems to prove that the tag-bearing lobsters had all started south immediately after being put into the water.

Fifteen days after the last lot of lobsters were put into the waters of Vineyard Sound one of them was caught just fifteen miles from the point where it had been liberated, showing that it had traveled at an average speed of one mile a day.

Within a year after the tag-bearers were liberated more than seventy-five per cent. of the total number were heard from, and in almost every instance they were all found to the westward of Wood's Holl and from five to two hundred miles away from the spot where they were dumped into the Sound.

The fact that none of the lobsters were found north of Cape Cod has been a source of surprise to the Commissioners, for they believed sooner or later some of them would be caught by the fishermen who set pots along Cape Cod Bay shore and at Plymouth.

Lobsters are plentiful in the waters north of Cape Cod, but they undoubtedly belong to another tribe and so do not mingle with those which inhabit the waters south of the Cape and along Vineyard Sound.

These experiments, so far as determining the habits of these denizens of the deep, were a success, for they seem to prove that lobsters hatched south of Cape Cod do not go around to the northward of the Cape, and further that lobsters from Vineyard Sound wander down along the coast and probably spend the winter in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream.

Some Large Sea Trout.

One of my correspondents sends me the following clipping from the Fredericton (N. B.) Herald: "Mr. John W. Fairley returned yesterday from a fishing trip to Boiestown, bringing with him five trout, the aggregate weight of which was 25 pounds. The largest of the lot tipped the scales at 6¾ pounds. Mr. Fairley caught them in the Southwest Miramichi, near Boiestown, and has every reason to be proud of his success."

In commenting on this item my friend says: "These were the so-called sea trout on their way up to the headwaters of the river after leaving Indiantown at the mouth of the Renous River, the smelts having spawned and gone back to the estuaries. The sea trout of Restigouche, Jacquet, Charlo and other rivers on the north shore are now leaving the tideway and making their way up river. A party from St. John which annually fishes the Escuminac on the Quebec side of Restigouche, was too late this year, they found that the sea trout had all gone up stream.

Apropos of sea trout, is it not surprising that your Federal and State Commissioners, while destroying good fishing waters east and west by planting in them the hideous and worse than useless German carp, which have been a curse wherever introduced, have made no effort to introduce the *Salmo trutta*, or sea trout of the British Isles, which is so good a fish for the table and so gamy a one for the angler. Can you not induce your friends to direct the attention of the powers that be to this matter?" My friend further says:

"Preceding your article in FOREST AND STREAM is a chapter from 'Hallock's Fishing Tourist,' with which I fully agree. As an old angler I would rather see the salmon wiped out than the brook trout. I have had all the thrills that the salmon can give the angler, having caught them from eight to forty-five pounds on all our great rivers, but for real enjoyment give me the stream well stocked with trout."

Yes, my friend and Mr. Hallock are both right, and if the choice must come between losing the salmon and trout angling, the first named would have to go. While salmon angling is one of the grandest sports vouchsafed to man, it does not appeal to the poetic, the æsthetic feeling as does that which comes to one who follows the smaller yet equally gamy denizens of the meandering brook or the mountain stream or lake.

Let us hope that both will be left to us; we have none too many game fishes worth the striving for, or which can be taken with that most delicate lure—the artificial fly—and all of us should do everything that lies in our power to preserve these the grandest and the most beautiful species we have.

The Susquehanna Bass.

SAYRE, Pa.—Susquehanna River fishing conditions have rapidly bettered during the past week, and within the last two days fishing tales have increased in dimensions and numbers. On the 19th inst., between Athens and Sayre, Ben Stone took from the Susquehanna seven black bass and as many pike, using lamprey eels for bait. Rhinebold, Fletcher and one or two other local river fishermen report excellent bass and pike fishing within two miles either way from Sayre. About one and one-half miles from Sayre, toward Owego, the Susquehanna spreads out a broad, fine bit of water, free from riffles and flowing smooth, from which some splendid bass and pike are being taken, the size of the latter fish running unusually large at this point. Following the river down past Ulster, where a number of notable bass grounds are to be found, and on through to Wyalusing and below, the bass fisherman should find plenty of good sport from now to the end of the season. The fame of Wyalusing seems to no wise diminish in the estimation of anglers who like fishing for the sake of the sport and who have no desire to turn an outing into a society function. There is sufficient of the ruggedness of primitive conditions about Wyalusing and its allurements that directly appeals to the man who likes to fuss about in old clothes and wear a slouch hat on the water when the sun swings high overhead. And perhaps better than all else the bass are in the waters at Wyalusing, and when the conditions are right the fish are to be had in plenty.

Not a few local anglers have this season gone to North Fair Haven, on Lake Ontario, and recently they have had exceptionally good luck, Messrs. Pieffer and Utter having caught plenty for themselves and friends at their last trip there, July 15. Pickerel, pike, perch, bass and an occasional maskinongé are the fish chiefly taken. Boats, bait, tackle and all necessary furnishings conducive to the angler's comfort and peace of mind are obtainable right at the water's edge, so that it is a comparatively easy matter for the novice to get into right fishing relations at North Fair Haven, and it is not all fishing to fish at that sequestered lakeside haunt. The far vistas of water reaching away to the horizon's edge and every now and then whipped into waves that break and shatter upon the shore with splendid energy, afford an inspiration and an uplift that inland waters fail to offer. Watermanship, and the fishing that requires live attention, are here to be learned.

From Cayuga Lake an occasional line advises that at Union Springs and at Cayuga village bass, perch, pickerel, pike and maskinongé are being taken in numbers very nearly, if not quite, up to the standard of former years at this time of the season. Outfitting at either of the above points gives easy fishing within range of all modern conveniences when one's fishing togs are off.

At the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake conditions are not normal yet, and the bass fishing is not praiseworthy. The June flood that literally swept the university city off its feet played havoc with game fishing interests, although it afforded many citizens an opportunity of going into their front door yards and grappling enormous carp from among the submerged rose bushes and flower beds. As the season advances the bass angler may get some pleasant sport a little distance north of Ithaca on the east side of the lake. M. CHILL.

Fish and Fishing.

Shipwrecked Salmon Fishermen.

SOME of the salmon fishermen who recently returned from the rivers on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence were treated to an experience which was altogether outside of their programme. On their way up to Quebec, on board the very excellent new steamship Aranmore, the vessel ran upon rocks near Sheldrake, and as it was feared that there might be some delay in getting her off again, a steamer which was doing lighthouse duty for the Government upon that bleak and dangerous coast, was telegraphed for and took the passengers off, landing them, however, upon the south side of the Gulf, at Gaspé. Reports from the rivers are still incomplete, but many of the fishermen had fully average luck, and some of them much better than the average. Senator Proctor, who was fishing the Ste. Marguerite, was too early for the best of the sport, and left for home with only one fish to his credit. The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, who was a little later on the same water, had excellent success, killing between a dozen and a score of fish, averaging over 18 pounds each in weight. The fish were more plentiful than for many years past. Lord Grey has also returned from his fishing excursion to the Cascapedia, where he enjoyed very fine sport, killing some seventeen salmon, some of very large size. He will shortly fish some of the Anticosti rivers as Mr. Menier's guest.

Ouananiche Still Plentiful.

Ouananiche are still reported plentiful in the Grand Discharge, and a number of very good catches have been had during the last few days. Most of the anglers who have fished there so far in July have been Americans. Most of their fishing was done in the rapid waters of the Discharge, and this fishing ought to be good for some time to come yet, before the fish take to the middle of the lake. Many of them have ascended the rivers tributary to the lake on the north side, and thither no doubt they will be followed by visiting fishermen who usually select the months of August and September for their canoeing and camping trips up the Peribonca, the Mistassini, the Ashuapmouchouan or some of their feeders. Since the setting in of the exceptionally hot weather of early July, the most killing flies are those which are tied in the small sizes, and these are what I am now recommending my friends to take with them into the Lake St. John country.

It will probably pay anglers and campers visiting this territory during August and September to take kodaks with them, for an unusually large number of moose, caribou and other game have been seen in the woods this summer, and are liable to be met at any time. The beneficial effects of protection have nowhere been more forcibly demonstrated than in this part of the country, where so many prosecutions have been taken, and so much careful detectival work and guardianship done by the officials of the Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Boardman, editor of the Railroad Gazette, New York, has been a guest of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, and has also gone to Lake St. John for ouananiche fishing.

Death of General Dashwood.

A friend sends me a marked copy of a paper containing a notice of the recent death, in the Isle of Wight, of General Dashwood, a well known English angler, who has fished in both Canada and Newfoundland for many consecutive years, since his first voyage across the Atlantic, as a young officer in the British army, in 1862. A book, descriptive of his sport, was published by him in 1871, under the peculiar title "Chiploquorgan," which is the Indian name, in the Milicite dialect, for the crooked stick on which the kettle is suspended over the campfire, and which is held by the red men in superstitious regard. He was, from all accounts, a most successful sportsman, though he boasted but little of his luck, and was rather given, on the other hand, to minimize the opportunities for sport in the lands visited by him, thus drawing down upon himself the intense hatred of the Newfoundlanders, many of whom go so far as to say that he was actuated by a desire to keep rival sportsmen out of the country. Be this as it may, however, there is no doubt at all that he did a real service to that country in pointing out the necessity of a proper system of fish and game protection.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

An Adventure with a Tarpon.

ON Saturday morning last, at Johns Pass, R. D. Jackson, M. L. Stoner and W. L. Straub, all well known and at least two of them reliable citizens—for this is no "yarn"—were fishing for tarpon in a good-sized dory taken on a cruise for such purposes. The tide was going out strongly, and they anchored the boat to save work. Jackson occupied the oar seat, Stoner the middle and Straub the stern seat, all facing the stern and watching their lines lying out with the tide, Straub with his feet sticking out over the stern.

Jackson got a strike, and, with a whizzing of the reel and whistling of the rushing line, his tarpon leaped high in the air about fifty feet to the stern of the boat. He gave a full view—a good, fair-sized tarpon, probably five and a half or six feet, and weighing probably 100 pounds. Stoner and Straub started to reel in to avoid tangles, when the crash came. In a seemingly incredibly short space of time after the tarpon splashed into the water again a cloud of spray and a gleam of silver flashed up about three feet away and came over the boat's stern. So terrific was the speed and lightning-like the apparition that Straub could not even throw up a defensive arm. He received the monster fish full and fair and went backward down into the boat as if felled by an ax, his feet and legs still upon the stern seat, the tarpon lying partially between them and partially upon his body, thrashing furiously.

It was all over in a moment, the tarpon flopping over the side of the boat, throwing Jackson's hook as he went, and disappearing almost as he came. Straub was decidedly down and out, and when raised up by Stoner was found groggy, but not seriously injured. One ankle and leg were battered and bruised considerably, and his left side and head so banged that he was entirely out of business for the rest of the day.

Of course, as in all escapes, the danger lay in what might have been. The tarpon came up so close that it was in a vertical position and struck its victim broadside. If it had come up further off and struck him head on—100 pounds of fish at the terrific speed behind that pointed head would kill a stronger than the Times man. Or, if it had come from one side Straub would have gone out of the boat instead of into it, and in his dazed condition very possibly could not have stemmed the tide. Or, if the other boat—a light skiff—had been in use, it must certainly have been capsized with all hands.

The adventure is related at some length here, not to make conspicuous any names, but because it was a very remarkable occurrence, and one that, unless fully explained, could hardly be credited by our readers who are in no wise acquainted with the sport of capturing the giant tarpon or silver king.—St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.

Tarpon Breeding in Florida.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your July 22 number an article on tarpon states that "the tarpon does not appear to breed along the continental coast of the United States." On the Gulf Coast of Florida, from Cape Sable to Tampa, there are numerous creeks where tarpon spawn, and where, until the freeze of 1894-5, all sizes of young fish could be seen in schools—fish from 1 to 25 pounds. These young fish are found in either fresh or brackish water.

In 1891 a party of six, with guides, on two sloops visited Surveyor Creek in February, and fished for tarpon. We went up the creek in small light-draft boats until in the narrow part of this creek and saw fish from 10 pounds up. They would take no bait, but since then with spoons they have been caught as small as 5 pounds.

The writer of the article of July 22 estimates that a tarpon attains the weight of 100 pounds in three years. If such is the case, how is it that at the same season we find in the same section tarpon of 1, 3, 10, 25, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 pounds? I do not believe that a 100-pound fish attains that weight in ten years.

In the Myakka River there were hundreds of fish killed by the Dec. 27, 1894, freeze and left all along its banks, and they were of all sizes. I saw them myself. This river has just begun to contain a few tarpon, and it has been ten years.

The last freeze killed a few there which were all under-sized. These fish are not frozen, but a strong, cold norther blows out of this shoal stream most of the water, leaving only that in the deep pools, which is chilled to about 50 degrees and causes them to float, and thus they die and are with the incoming water blown ashore and are food for buzzards and eagles.

C. A. D.

Camp Candlestick.

TORONTO, Ont., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have used a candlestick such as that described by E. M. Johnson in FOREST AND STREAM of July 15, for years when camping. When birch bark is not available a piece of paper answers equally well. Soldiers in camp use a bayonet stuck in the ground, the socket, which passes over the muzzle of the rifle, forming a socket the right size to hold a candle. J. J. B.

A PLANT of 30,000 salmon fry has been made in the Courtney River, on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, B. C.

ONE of the bequests in Joseph Jefferson's will was of a Kentucky fishing reel to Grover Cleveland.

The Kennel.

Iowa Field Trial Association.

THE announcement and entry blanks of the Iowa Field Trial Association may be obtained by addressing George C. Cooper, Secretary, Lock Box 55, Des Moines, Ia. There are three stakes provided, the Derby, the All-Age and the Subscription.

The Derby Stakes, for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1904. Entries close Aug. 1, 1905. Purse $300, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent; $10 forfeit; $10 for starters.

The All-Age Stake is for setters and pointers which have not won first place in any open stake in any previous year. Entries close Aug. 1, 1905. Purse $300, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent; $10 forfeit; $10 for starters.

The Subscription Stake is for setters and pointers. Open only to dogs that have won a place in competition in field trials. Nominations to be made on or before Aug. 1, 1905; $10 forfeit; $15 additional to start. Purse, the forfeit and starting fees, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

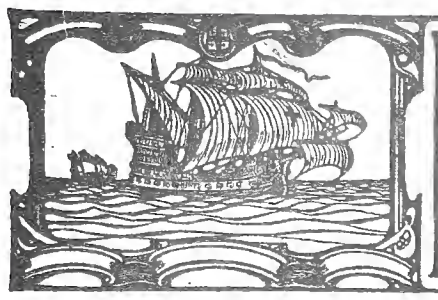
The trials begin on Aug. 15, near Grand Forks, N. D. The week following, at the same place, the North Dakota Club will hold their field trials, and will offer $800 guaranteed purses, and a subscription stake.

This should appeal to the industrious trainers, the ones who are in search of business and reputation instead of for trouble or ease, or both.

The famous and excellent field-trial judge and handler, Mr. W. W. Titus, has consented to act as judge.

An Expensive Rabbit.

A NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., man who visited Stroudsburg, Pa., last week, anticipated the rabbit shooting season, and for killing one rabbit paid to Squire Joseph Evans $21.75.



YACHTING



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JULY.

26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, power boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.
29. Seaside Park, open.
29. Edgewood, club.
29. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
29. Hampton Roads, cruise.
29. Rhode Island, cruising race.
29. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
29. Beverly, club.
29. Corinthian, club.
29. Boston, club, Marblehead.
29. Indian Harbor, annual.
29. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.

AUGUST.

1. East Gloucester, club.
1. Morrisania, cruise.
2. Seaside, club.
3. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
4. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
4. Shinnecock Y. C., association.
5. Shelter Island, annual.
5. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
5. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
5. Knickerbocker, cruise.
5. New Rochelle, cruise.
5. Squantum, club.
5. Rhode Island, cruising race.
5. White Lake, open.
5. Seaside Park, power boat.
5. Royal Canadian, club.
5. Chicago, club.
5. Edgewood, club.
5. Shinnecock, association.
5. Wollaston-Squantum, inter-club.
5. Beverly, club.
5. Corinthian, club.
5. Huntington, annual.
6. Morrisania, ladies' race.
6. Larchmont, club.
6. Lakewood, Cleveland, club.
7. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Marblehead, open.
7. Old Mill, open.
7. Sachem's Head, club.
8. Eastern, M. Y. R. A., open.
8. Seaside, power boat races.
8. Sachem's Head, club.
9. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Seaside Park, club.
10. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
10. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
10. New York, cruise, rendezvous cups, Glen Cove.
11. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
12. Beverly, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
12. West Hampton. C. C., association.
12. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
12. New Rochelle, long-distance race.
12. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
12. Seaside Park, Sewell cup.
12. Canada's cup races, Charlotte.
12. White Lake, power boat races.
12. Chicago, club.
12. San Francisco, cruise.
12. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
12. Sunnyside, Toronto, commodore's cup.
12. Bridgeport, annual.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual.
12. Rhode Island, cruise.
13. Rhode Island, cruise.
13. Manhasset Bay, club.
14. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open.
14. Boston, club, Marblehead.
14. Jamaica Bay, club.
15. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open.
15. East Gloucester, club.
15. Sachem's Head, special.
15. New York, Astor cups.
16. Seaside Park, club.
16. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
16. Bristol, open.
17. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
17. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
18. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
18. Shinnecock, ladies' race.
18. Eastern, power boat races.
18. Bristol, club.
18. Galveston, annual.
19. Hugenot, annual.
19. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
19. Northport, annual.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
19. Wollaston, club.
19. White Lake, open.
19. Chicago, cruise.
19. Moriches, club.
19. Quantuck, club.
19. Beverly, club.
19. Corinthian, club.
19. Galveston, annual.
20. Brooklyn, club.
20. Middletown, power boat races.
20. Lakewood, Cleveland, club.
20. Galveston, annual.
21. Eastern, ocean race.
21. Sachem's Head, club.
24. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
24. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
25. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
25. West Hampton C. C., ladies' race.
25. Sea Side, club.
25. Beverly, sweepstake.
26. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
26. Eastern, power boat races.
26. New Rochelle, club.
26. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
26. Hampton Roads, cruise.
26. Rhode Island, annual.
26. Country Club of Detroit, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
26. Royal Canadian, club.
26. White Lake, open.
26. Moriches, association.
26. San Francisco, cruise.
26. Corinthian, club..
26. Hempstead Harbor, annual.
26. Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup.
26. Sunnyside, Toronto, Commodore's cup.
27. Larchmont, club.
27. San Francisco, club.
28. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
28. Jamaica Bay, open.
28. Chicago, club.
28. Sachem's Head, club.
29. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
29. East Gloucester, club.
31. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open.
31. New Bedford, open.
31. Beverly, club.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
1. Beverly, open.
2. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
2. Eastern, power boat races.
2. Larchmont, club.
2. Edgewood, open.
2. Knickerbocker, cruise.
2. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
2. Rhode Island, cruising race.
2. Seaside Park, championship.
2. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
2. Wollaston, cruise.
2. Chicago, cruise.
2. West Hampton C. C., open.
2. Sippican, open.
2 Beverly, club.
2. Corinthian, club.
2. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
2. Nova Scotia, Wenonah cup.
3. San Francisco, cruise.
3. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
3. Detroit, Country Club series.
4. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., open.
4. Seaside Park, open.
4-6. National Power Boat Carnival.
4. Chicago, club.
4. Cobweb, open.
4. Ponoquoque C. C., association race.
4. Beverly, open.
4. Corinthian, handicap.
4. Norwalk, annual.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Wollaston, club.
4. San Francisco, cruise.
4. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta.
5. Country Club (Detroit), cruise.
5. Chicago, club.
6. Country Club (Detroit), club.
6. Chicago, club.
7. Country Club (Detroit), club.
8. Sea Side, power boat races.
9. National Power Boat Carnival.
9. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
9. Bristol, open.
9. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
9. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales Cup.
9. Chicago, club.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Beverly, club.
9. Corinthian, club.
9. Boston, club. Hull.
9. San Francisco, interclub.
9. Larchmont, club.
9. Corinthian of San Francisco, interclub.
10. Rendezvous, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
10. Bristol, open.
10. Middletown, power boat races.
11. Detroit, sweepstakes.
16. Knickerbocker, power boat races.
16. Royal Canadian, club.
16. Chicago, cruise.
16. San Francisco, cruise.
17. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
24. Morrisania, open.
24. San Francisco, cruise.

Manchester Wins Seawanhaka Cup Races.

MANCHESTER, the American challenger, representing the Manchester Y. C. in the races for the Seawanhaka Cup, sailed on Lake St. Louis, defeated the Canadian defender Alexandra in three straight races.

The first race was sailed in a 15-knot breeze three times over a four-mile windward and leeward course. Manchester beat Alexandra by 3m.

In the second race Manchester won by 2m. 52s. This race was over a triangular course, and the weather conditions were very much the same as those of the day previous.

The third and deciding race was sailed in a heavy wind, and Manchester won by 9m. 37s.

A full account of the races will appear in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

K. Y. C.'s Long Distance Power Boat Race.

Four of the twelve boats that started in the Knickerbocker Y. C.'s Long Distance Power Boat Race from College Point, L. I., to Marblehead, Mass., finished and eight withdrew on account of the very bad weather encountered.

The start was made on Saturday, July 22. The preparatory signal was fired at 11:50 and at noon the boats started. The first ten boats crossed the line within 42s. of the gun, and the other two within 1m. 32s. The starters crossed in the following order:

No.	Rating.	Time Allowance.
7 May	39.90	4 19 00
3 Em Bee	32.22	11 17 58
4 Woodpile	34.50	9 20 11
8 Aquila	44.10	1 31 42
15 Igniter	29.25	14 57 46
2 Highball	37.27	6 21 08
11 Talisman	27.96	16 44 19
9 Glissando	32.83	10 37 56
6 Yeddo	32.54	10 57 46
5 Blink	46.80	Allows.
1 Aranca	28.65	15 47 42
10 General Bumps	29.5	14 36 32

At the time of the start the wind was S.W. and the water was choppy. Everything indicated a shift of wind to the E., and it did go to that quarter on Saturday night. The following is the order and time which the boats passed Gangway Buoy, which is 7¼ knots from the start:

5 Blink	12 50 00
7 May	12 51 50
8 Aquila	12 52 15
9 Glissando	12 55 40
1 Aranca	12 58 45
2 Highball	1 00 00
3 Em Bee	1 00 35
4 Woodpile	1 00 35
15 Igniter	1 00 35
6 Yeddo	1 00 40
10 General Bumps	1 07 10
11 Talisman	1 08 11

Igniter was the first boat to quit. She broke her thrust and retired. When five miles off New Haven May smashed her clutch and she was backed all the way into New Haven. Em Bee ran into Stonington, while Yeddo and Highball put in to Block Island. Aranca ran in to Newport and General Bumps broke her gasolene pipe and in some manner managed to get into Cotuit. Woodpile retired at Cottage City.

The conditions changed for the worst on Saturday night and the boats had to buck an easterly storm. The weather continued bad all through Saturday night, but the wind moderated on Sunday afternoon.

The owners of the four boats that finished—Talisman, Blink, Aquila and Glissando—deserve great credit for going over the Shoals and around the Cape under the prevailing conditions, and we are inclined to believe that had they realized how bad it really was they would have waited for the weather to moderate.

In any event, it was a splendid test of the boats and their engines, and they will probably never be called upon to undergo so severe a strain again.

The Regatta Committee, composed of Messrs. O. H. Chellborg, Harry Stephenson and A. E. Potter, were on board the old schooner Ramona, which was used as a judges' boat. The committee had an uncomfortable night of it Sunday rolling around in the heavy ground swell.

Talisman, the first boat to finish, crossed the finish line on Monday at 9:24:56, having made the 280 miles in 45h. 24m. 56s. Talisman had a light northeast wind down Long Island Sound to Plum Island. Between Block Island and Point Judith the sea began to roughen. From Point Judith to Gay Head the boat met a heavy northeast wind and cross seas.

Blink was the second boat to finish, crossing the line at 5:31 Monday. She was 8h. 6m. 4s. behind Talisman. Aquila was third and Glissando fourth. The finish times follow:

Talisman, William Saville	9 24 56 A. M.
Blink, C. W. Esterbrook	5 27 10 P. M.
Aquila, Allen H. Chase	7 30 08 P. M.
Glissando, Frank L. Andrews	7 30 12 P. M.

Talisman wins first prize and Glissando wins second prize on time allowance.

The following are the crews and the clubs from which the different boats entered:

No. 1, Aranca (unattached—Arnold Schlaet (owner), Gerald A. Cooper, Harwood Wakeman, Chas. Forsberg.

No. 2, Highball, Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead—Richard Hutchison (owner), W. V. Polleys, A. C. Larkin, C. W. DeMott.

No. 3, Em Bee, Columbian Y. C., New York—Louis Neumann (owner), George L. Macdonald, Allan F. Macdonald, James G. Worrall.

No. 4, Woodpile, Hingham Y. C.—A. L. Lincoln (owner), C. M. Scudder, W. W. Cook, H. D. Farrar, C. E. Barber, Geo. W. Stetson.

No. 5, Blink, Boston Y. C.—C. W. Estabrook (owner), Arthur B. Raymond, W. G. Miller, P. A. Jerguson.

No. 6, Yeddo, Tappan Zee Y. C.—Stanton M. Smith (owner), W. H. Aspinwall, Leland M. Burr, Joseph Van Vleck.

No. 7, May, Knickerbocker Y. C.—A. A. Low (owner, not on board), A. Wassman, Frank Shippers, George Robinson, Joseph Garcia, James Hunter.

No. 8, Aquila, Providence Y. C.—Allen H. Chase (owner), Robert Steer, Chas. F. Tillinghast, G. W. Searle.

No. 9, Glissando, Fall River Y. C.—Frank L. Andrews (owner), Walter E. Noble, Horace Hathaway, William Hiseox, William Lancashire.

No. 10, General Bumps, Riverton Y. C.—Paul D. Irwin (owner, not on board), Walter Page, C. A. Godshalk, Harold Wesson, R. B. Clark.

No. 11, Talisman, Boston Y. C.—Wm. Saville (owner), Arthur E. Colchester, Cyrus Ferris, Raymond W. Ferris, John K. Saville.

No. 15, Igniter, Jamaica Bay Y. C.—C. A. Mezger (owner), Arthur D. Francis, I. B. Owens, Walter Francis.

A Book on Gas Engines and Launches.

THE Forest and Stream Publishing Company issues a neat volume entitled "Gas Engines and Launches," by Francis K. Grain, M. E., which will be sure to meet with a hearty welcome among the legion of power boat men. This volume is a collection of the articles written by the author and published from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM, revised, enlarged and illustrated. It is the only work of its kind intended strictly for the marine gas engineer who does not care to trouble his brain with arithmetical problems or a too learned discourse on the subject. The first pages of the book give a very clear explanation of the internal combustion engine, then follows a description of both two and four-cyle types of engines with explanatory illustrations by the author. From these we are carried along with descriptions of the different parts and their functions. A few pages are devoted to launches in general, with some very good practical advice to the would-be purchaser of a power boat. One of the best features of the book is the matter following, which is a very clear and concise description of gas engine troubles in general, their cause and how to remedy them. This little volume contains a vast amount of practical knowledge boiled down in a small space and written in terse, every-day language, all technicalities being avoided. The author's long practical experience in all branches of the manufacture of gasolene engines and launches has enabled him to incorporate in these pages just the exact knowledge wanted by amateurs, and every page of the entire work holds one's interest to such an extent that the reader will hardly be content to lay down the book until it is read through. The book contains 125 pages, and is just of the right size to fit the pocket. It furnishes the amateur power boat man with a whole lot of good advice and wrinkles at the small cost of one dollar.

British Letter.

RACE FROM COWES TO THE CLYDE.—The handicap match promoted by the Royal London Y. C. from Cowes to Hunter's Quay, Clyde, which started on June 22, was a very long drawn-out affair, lasting over nearly five days. The winds were light throughout and for the most part baffling, and the sailing was consequently tedious in the extreme, yet the handicap worked out uncommonly well, for the difference between the six boats on corrected time was just over three hours—a very small matter when it is considered that the course is about 530 miles of coasting. The scratch boat, White Heather, which led throughout, was the winner, and some idea of the softness of the breeze may be gathered from the fact that she carried her jackyard topsail from start to finish and took ten hours to cover the last twelve miles of the course. The schooner Norlanda won the second prize by time, and the yawl Valdora, which kept Brynhild close company all the way, took the third prize. The corrected times of the prize winners read as follows. White Heather (winner), 8.0.16; Norlanda (second prize), 8.44.43; Valdora (third prize), 9.18.57; the times of the others being Adela, 9.39.48; Merrymaid, 10.56.0, and Brynhild, 11.2.3.

THE RETURN MATCH.—The big handicap class which finished their Clyde racing at the regatta of the Royal Clyde Y. C. on July 8, started from Hunter's Quay at 7:45 P. M. the same evening on the return match to Cowes under the auspices of the Royal Clyde and Royal Northern Y. C.'s. The same six boats were entered, but only five started, as Brynhild had towed away to the south the previous evening. The start was made in a light S.W. breeze which gave the yachts a beat through the fairway to the open sea. When darkness fell White Heather was leading with Valdora second, Merrymaid third and the schooners bringing up the rear.

THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT.—Not for many years has the Clyde been favored with such a large and representative fleet of racing yachts as has been the case this year. The success of the meeting has been in a great measure due to the presence of the big handicap class and the 52-footers from the south, but in addition to these factors many other things have contributed to the success of the fixture, and the weather has been for the most part summerlike and perfect. Irrespective of the six handicap boats which raced round from Cowes and the four 52-footers, there is a fleet of over sixty yachts belonging to the Clyde district, and the appearance of the Firth when all the matches were in progress was accentuated in the extreme. The big handicap class was made up of the six boats which came round from the south of England, the three 65-footers, Zinita, Ouda (formerly Tutty) and Carina, Vol-au-Vent and Nixie. In eight races sailed White Heather took three first prizes, Valdora and Adela two each, and Zinita one.

The doings of the 52-footers have naturally been followed with the greatest interest. Three of the boats are of Scottish design and build and the fourth boat—the American Sonya—had done so well in the last three races sailed in the south of England that she had scored three first prizes. Maymon had undergone some alterations to her keel, her draft being increased by six inches, and both Sonya and Moyana were supplied with new suits of sails by Lapthorne & Ratsey. The effect of new canvas on Moyana was to place her at the head of the fleet. Out of ten races sailed the prizes have been distributed as follows: Moyana, six first; Maymon, three firsts and two seconds; Britomart, one first and seven seconds, and Sonya, one second prize. It is only fair to state that Britomart was well placed for another first prize on the opening day at the Royal Largs regatta when she sprung her mast and had to give up. This makes her the most consistent performer, for an accident only robbed her of what would have otherwise been her race. Had she won she would have been able to fly nine flags—two firsts and seven seconds—for ten starts. Moyana—the oldest boat in the fleet—has already won nine first prizes this season, or twice as many as any of the others, and this is spite of the fact that she sailed her first races under an old suit of sails. Maymon undoubtedly feels the loss of her last year's skipper, C. Bevis, who is now in charge of White Heather, and it can now scarcely be doubted that she owed her position at the head of the fleet last year to his superior handling. If Moyana continues to keep her present form, and there seems no reason to doubt it, the fact must be faced that our designers have come to the end of their tether as regards the present rating rule. It seems to be clear also that the Fife boat Magdalen, built in 1901 and which simply swept the prize list that year, would prove a far faster boat in anything of a breeze than any of the present fleet. She would simply drown them in a sea, she was so beautifully stiff and buoyant, and would in all probability win more prizes than any of the others in anything except very light airs. Unfortunately she never belonged to a British owner and has been sold to Italy.

Sonya's collapse is almost unaccountable unless her trim has been lost. She appears to be stiff but not fast, the others are fast but not stiff, and when the wind pipes up enough to press the Scotch boats Sonya shows to better advantage, but in light and moderate breezes she does not come up to their standard of speed. Perhaps some slight alteration in trim will help her.

DECLINE OF THE IRISH REGATTAS.—For many years past there has been a distinct falling off in the interest shown by yacht owners in the three big Irish fixtures at Belfast, Kingstown and Queenstown. The last named place, which possesses a beautiful racing course, has been neglected by the regular racing fleet for some time, although the Royal Cork Y. C., under whose burgee the south of Ireland fixture is held, is the oldest yacht club in the United Kingdom. The regattas of the Royal Ulster at Belfast and of the Royal Irish and Royal St. George Y. C.'s at Kingstown have also suffered severely the last five or six years and are shorn of almost all their former glory. So bad has this state of affairs become that the Royal Irish has decided to abandon its two days' fixture this year, and the dates have consequently been cancelled. It should be stated that the Royal Irish and Royal St. George take charge of the Kingstown fixture on alternate years, and this year happens to be the turn of the former club. It is a great pity that such a time-honored fixture should be allowed to lapse, but the cause is distinctly traceable to the disappearance of the first class raters and 65-footers. The big handicap boats will in all probability hurry off to Dover and Ostend, and although it has been suggested that the place of honor might have been given to the 52-footers which are showing such excellent sport, this is surely too much to expect, as these little ships are only one stage removed from the small fry. Besides the experience of the last few years has shown that the 52-footers are not particularly desirous of taking part in the Kingstown fixture. The presence of the big handicap boats and the quartette of 52-footers would have been sufficient justification for the continuance of the regatta, but the Ostend fixture has had the same effect on the Irish regattas as Kiel has had upon the Clyde Fortnight, and the attractions of the popular Belgian seaside resort have hitherto turned the scale in its favor. Fortunately for Belfast and Kingstown there is plenty of yachting and yacht racing to be had out of the local classes, which increase yearly in popularity, but Cork harbor is not so fortunate, and it is to be feared that nothing short of a revival of pure class racing will restore the faded glories of the once famous Irish regattas.

HOLLOW MASTS.—The frequency with which these spars give out and the general unreliability of the spars supplied to our fleet of 52ft. raters shows that there must be something radically wrong with their construction. It also shows how ill-advised the Yacht Racing Association were not to pass a rule barring them, as they are quite unnecessary and are very expensive. However, the time has gone by now to do away with them because they have unfortunately come into very general use, and the only thing to do is to make sure that the spars supplied are what their makers claim for them—lighter, stiffer and stronger than the solid masts. It is a pity that no British firm has taken up their manufacture, for at present yacht owners are entilrely dependent upon what they get from American makers and have no knowledge as to how they are constructed. This much is certain, that the spars supplied to the 52-footers are not what is claimed for them. Sonya has already had two, so has Britomart, and her second one was reported sprung on the Clyde. Moyana has had trouble with hers. Gauntlet, an ex-52-footer, was dismasted on July 1 in quite a moderate breeze, and I am not at all sure that this was not her second mast this year. The reason for these constant mishaps seems to be that the spar makers have reduced the diameter of the masts to a dangerous extent. When Magdalen came out in 1901 she was the first British rater to carry a hollow wooden mast. Hers was a beautiful stick. It certainly looked big enough in diameter for a 65-footer, but it was light, stiff and strong, and never gave the slightest trouble. That spar must have been at least 30 per cent. larger than a solid one, but it did not stop her, and did not lose her prizes (as do the more modern ones) by giving out at critical moments. If hollow masts are to be kept in use they must be made more reliable, because, in addition to minor accidents, there is always the great danger to the crew of a falling spar, and this danger should be reduced to a minimum.

E. H. KELLY.

The Sailing Rules.

When my approaching boat you see,
And I'm close-hauled and you are free—
The right of way belongs to me.
Art. 17 (A).

But if close-hauled both vessels sail,
Port tacks to yield must never fail,
For, always, starboard tacks prevail.
Art. 17 (B).

When both our boats are free, and find
Upon their opposite sides the wind,
The port-side boat must drop behind.
Art. 17 (C).

But if, while both our boats are free,
On the same side the breezes be,
The windward boat avoids the lee.
Art. 17 (D).

And when the winds blow up abaft
And fill your vessel's sails from aft,
You must avoid all sailing craft.
Art. 17 (E).

Now, when these regulations say
That either boat shall keep away,
The other on her course must stay.
Art. 21.

Lastly, this rule remember well!
When steam, or "power" you see (or smell),
Stick to the course your're on like—wax!
Art. 20, 21.

E. G. BENEDICT.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SALES AND CHARTERS.—The steam yacht Cloelia has been sold by Mr. Edward Swann, of New York city, to Mr. Cornelius McLean, through the agency of Messrs. McConnell & Cook. The same agency has chartered the sloop yacht Banshee to Mr. Henry S. Daltenheim, and has chartered the sloop yacht Rita, owned by Mr. Wallace F. Durant, New York Y. C., to Mr. Gladstone Fassenden, of Stamford, Conn. This agency has also sold the gasolene launch Phoebe for Mr. Raymond S. Porter to Mr. Harry Mabie, of New York. The sloop yacht Wapiti has been chartered by Mr. W. T. Douglass to Mr. William Leslie.

TEMERAIRE WINS FIRST TRIAL RACE.—The first trial race for the selection of the challenger for the Canada Cup was sailed on Saturday, July 22, and Temeraire defeated her two rivals. She was designed by Mr. William Fife, Jr. The first race for the Canada Cup will be sailed on Aug. 12.

HANDICAP RACE FOR NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. YAWLS.—In order to make a race, at least five boats must start with the full intention of completing the course. The course to be as follows: From the starting line off Echo Bay to the red can buoy (The Cows) off Shippan Point, leaving same on starboard hand, thence to the black spar buoy "E 1" off Week's Point, leaving same on starboard hand, thence to starting line, finishing in opposite direction to the start. All Government buoys to be left on proper side. Course may be reversed at discretion of Regatta Committee; same will be indicated by flag Y of the signal code displayed on committee boat. If course be reversed the turning marks must be left to port. Race must be finished within ten hours from starting signal.

Warning, a white flag, to be displayed at 10:30 A. M.; the preparatory, blue Peter, 10:35; the start, one red ball, 10:40. Boats are to be in cruising trim with full equipment and dinghy; dinghy must be large enough to carry crew and need not be towed. Crews to be amateur; one paid hand allowed, but he must not touch the wheel or tiller.

The race will be sailed as a handicap race, the handicaps to be announced by the chairman of the Regatta Committee at the club house at 9 o'clock on the morning of the race, July 29. Entry list will close on Friday, July 28, at 9 P. M., at the club house.

The probable entries are: Escape, Friendship III., Thora, Tamerlane, Fleetwing, Adelaide, Cavalier, Pohtasuch and two or three others.

DINNER TO CREWS OF TAMERLANE AND GAUNTLET.—The New Rochelle Y. C. will also give a dinner to the crew of Tamerlane, winner of the ocean race to Hampton Roads, and also to the crew of Gauntlet.

OLD BOAT LOSES HER IRON KEEL.—The long looked for accident which was predicted many years ago by the opponents of outside ballast has at last occurred. A boat in the New Rochelle harbor, of ancient vintage, lost her iron shoe, weighing about 500 pounds, and the loss was not noticed until some time afterward by her owner. It seems that the bolts rusted off between the wood and iron keels, but the loss of the shoe did not cause her to leak any more than usual.

SLOOP SUZETTE SOLD.—Dr. C. A. Herter, of New York city, has sold his sloop Suzette to Mr. A. D. Claflin, of Boston, through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman. Suzette is a keel boat, designed by Mr. Arthur Binney, and built by Lawley in 1901. She is 55ft. over all, 36ft. waterline, 11ft. 8in. beam and 7ft. 6in. draft. Dr. Herter is using his new 40ft. waterline sloop built for him the past winter by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. The same agency has also sold the sloop Marjorie for Capt. W. T. Benson, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Tracy Grey, of New York city. She is a shoal-draft, centerboard boat built by Van Zandt, of Atlantic City, in 1902. She is 35ft. over all, 28ft. waterline, 13ft. beam and 2ft. 10in. draft. She has been fitted out at Toms River and her new owner is now using her in Jamaica Bay.

AN UNFOUNDED RUMOR.—We find the following in the Yachting World of July 6: "Early this week one of the New York daily papers published a statement that Sir Thomas Lipton had decided to issue another challenge for the America's Cup. The further details gave it that Mr. Alfred Mylne had been commissioned to design the challenger which would be known as Shamrock IV. We are authorized by Sir Thomas Lipton to state that there is no truth whatever in either of these reports, and to say that for some months past no move whatever has been made on his side regarding another race in the future. Sir Thomas is quite content in the present state of affairs to sit still and await developments."

CLUB BOOK RECEIVED.—We are indebted to Mr. A. G. Mansur, Secretary of the Lake Champlain Y. C., for a copy of the club book for 1905.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

South Boston, Mass.—Saturday, July 22.

A CLUB race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed in Dorchester Bay on Saturday, July 22, in a light S.E. breeze. Alcyone won in the first class by a good margin. Reveille finished first in the second class, but lost to Rebel on time allowance. Luella won in the first power boat class, and Erma in the second power boat class. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First-Class Sailboats.		
Alcyone, F. W. Coombs	1 08 01	1 13 01
U and I, A. Leach	1 14 50	1 19 50
Second Class Sailboats.		
Rebel, D. E. Noonan	1 05 10	1 05 10
Reveille, J. McAuliff	0 58 52	1 05 52
Cresceus, J. Shaw	1 09 00	1 07 09
Supero, A. Le Fort	1 35 00	1 07 35
Fantee, C. Payzant	1 10 40	1 10 40
May, M. G. Magueson	1 08 42	1 10 42
First Class Power Boats.		
Luella, J. W. Reardon	1 06 37	1 06 37
Schemer, C. E. Paget	1 11 08	1 11 08
Neisbo, J. O'Brien	Disabled.	
Second Class Power Boats.		
Erma, J. W. Timmins	1 10 38	1 10 38
Davie, J. Alexander	1 14 02	1 14 02

Annisquam Y. C.

Annisquam, Mass.—Saturday, July 22.

A CLUB race of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed in Ipswich Bay on Saturday, July 22, in a light S.E. breeze. In the first class Quakeress won easily. In the 15-footers a very close race between Ventus II. and Princess was won by the former. Teaser won in the dory class. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Large Boats.	
Quakeress, Harris Hammond	1 17 37
Tedesco, W. M. Pear	1 26 56
15-footers.	
Ventus II., Keith Prevear	1 25 33
*Princess, J. H. Princess	1 28 55
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 29 38
Dories.	
Teaser, H. Russell Smith	1 34 54
Crescent, R. C. Burnett	1 36 27
Little Un, Donald Howes	1 39 44
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	1 43 37

*Disqualified.

Larchmont Y. C.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

Third Day, Tuesday, July 18.

THE third day of race week was given over to the launch and rowing races, the swimming matches and the water sports. The programme was a most complete one, and all the events went off smoothly, much to the satisfaction of the committee in charge and the hundreds of spectators present.

Fourth Day, Wednesday, July 19.

The racing on the fourth day commenced in a light W.S.W. breeze, and the last boats to finish encountered a stiff N.W. squall, which was the only one of the week. The winners were Yankee, Mira (sailover), Mimosa III., Memory, Dahinda, Tartan, Rascal, Dorothy, Quest, Orion, Ace, Kenoshi and Fritter.

The 70-footers Yankee and Mincola went twice over the 15½-mile course. The first leg was a broad reach, the second a beat and the third a close fetch. Every one who saw the start of the 70-footers were lost in admiration for the way in which young Harry Maxwell sailed Yankee. He out maneuvered Captain Barr in Mineola at the start and outsailed him all during the race. This contest was one of the closest that boats in this class have ever sailed, and it was regarded as a very satisfactory and conclusive test of the two boats.

Yankee crossed almost with the signal, which was given at 11:40, and Mineola came along 28s. later, moving slowly. Balloon jib topsails were carried at the start, and later the wind freed enough to set spinnakers. Yankee increased her lead slightly on the run to the first mark. After rounding, the boats held in toward the Long Island beach on the starboard tack. The wind had gone more to the W. The skippers of both boats carried No. 2 jib topsails at first, but smaller ones were substituted later. Mineola made the change first. As the wind freshened. Yankee gained, and at the mark off Mott's Point she was leading by nearly a minute. Mineola cut down Yankee's lead on the reach across to the Southwest stakeboat and she was only half a minute behind at the end of the first round.

The westerly shift in the wind allowed spinnakers to be carried on the first leg of the second round. Yankee gained if anything on this leg and on the beat to the second mark she more than held her own. There was little or no change in the boats' positions in the reach across the Sound, and Yankee won by 43s. elapsed time. Mineola allows her 11s., so that she won by 54s. corrected time.

Mira was again without a competitor in the 40ft. sloop class. She again took a sailover, which assures her of the series prize. When running down before the wind with light sails set the little catboat Fannie, owned by Mr. C. Oliver Iselin's young son, got in the way and Mira's main boom struck the little boat's mast and capsized her. Master Iselin was accompanied by a capable paid hand who looked after the boy until they were picked up. Mira gave all the assistance she could, and her owner greatly regretted what seemed to be an unavoidable accident.

The 33-footers, Mimosa III. and Regina, sailed twice over an 11½-mile course. At the end of the first round Mimosa III. was leading by nearly 14m. Near the end of the race Regina encountered the first of the squall that had been making and her mast snapped off near the deck. She was towed to Oyster Bay, her home port, by the steam yacht Sylph's power tender. Mimosa III. was left to finish alone.

At 11:50 Neola II., well placed, led the twelve contenders in the New York Y. C. one-design 30ft. class over the line. Banzai was second, Ibis third, Dahinda fourth and Nautilus fifth. In the 6-mile run to the first mark the boats strung out considerably. Nautilus was first around the leeward mark, but on the next leg she did not do well, and finished next to last. Dahinda and Banzai had the best of it on the windward work and finished first and second respectively. Dahinda beat Banzai 1m. 37s. Oriole 1m. 48s. and Pintail 3m. 16s.

The raceabouts made almost as good a showing as the New York Y. C. one-design boats, there being eleven starters in the class. All finished, except Mystral, which boat fouled a mark and withdrew. The invincible Tartan again led her rivals across the finish line. She beat Nora, the second boat, 2m. 58s. Her big gains were made on the second round. Invader, Jr., was third and Rana fourth.

There were four starters in the 27ft. sloop class. Thelema gave Rascal a fair race although the latter won. Maryola and Montauk were left way behind. Dorothy had a comfortable win in the Larchmont 21ft. class.

More Trouble lost her first race of the series in Class Q, and had to be contented with third place. Quest won and Saetta was second. Both boats were designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow.

Orion and Dipper, two of the old Seawanhaka knockabouts, raced in a special class. Dipper had trouble with her rudder and was finally towed into the harbor. Orion went over the course alone.

Gauntlet won on corrected time in the 18ft. sloop class, although Ace pushed her hard for first place.

The 15ft. Dod, and the Horseshoe Harbor boat Quinsigamond got mixed up in the squall and had their sails torn. They were towed into the anchorage.

Kenoshi had another easy win in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Fritter won in the Milton Point class, and Vava, the only starter in Class V, did not finish. The summary:

Sloops, 70ft. Class—Start, 11:40—Course, 31½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	3 42 24	4 02 24
Mineola, W. Ross Proctor	3 43 07	4 03 07

Sloops, 40ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 23 Miles.

Mira, Charles Lane Poor	3 52 30	4 07 30

Sloops, 33ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 23 Miles.

Mimosa III., T. L. Park	3 29 40	3 44 40
Regina, F. G. Stewart	Dismasted.	

Yawls, 33ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 23 Miles.

Sakana, Robert McCreery	Withdrew.	
Memory, H. M. Raborg	3 52 54	4 07 54

Sloops—N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. One-Design Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 15½ Miles.

Neola II., George M. Pynchon	2 55 21	3 05 21
Banzai, N. D. Lawton	2 50 44	3 00 44
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	2 58 16	3 08 16
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	2 49 06	2 59 06
Aleoa, A. H. and J. W. Alker	2 55 48	3 05 48
Nautilus, H. W. and A. G. Hanan	2 58 25	3 08 25
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	2 54 24	3 04 24
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 54 12	3 04 12
Pintail, August Belmont, Jr.	2 52 22	3 02 22
Atair, Cord Meyer	3 00 38	3 10 38
Oriole, Lyman Delano	2 50 55	3 00 55
Minx, H. Willets	2 53 29	3 03 29
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	2 56 37	3 06 37

Raceabout Class—Start, 11:55—Course, 11 Miles.

Nora, C. O'D. Iselin	2 26 17	2 31 17
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	Withdrew.	
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	2 28 42	2 33 42
Circe, E. T. Irvin	2 32 20	2 37 20
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 32 47	2 36 47
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 36 55	2 41 55
Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr.	2 38 52	2 43 52
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	2 37 24	2 42 24
Cricket, M. Willets	2 33 59	3 38 59
Rana, H. Willets	2 29 56	2 34 56
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 23 19	2 28 19

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Maryola, H. E. Sayre	2 40 18	2 40 18
Thelema, A. E. Black	2 34 31	2 34 31
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 32 33	2 32 33
Montauk, G. P. Sheldon	2 48 07	2 48 07

Larchmont, 21ft. Class—Start, 12,00—Course 11 Miles

Houri, J. H. Esser	2 44 40	2 44 40
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 41 53	2 41 53
Folette, L. J. Garcey	2 45 22	2 45 22
Vaquero, William Stump	2 45 38	2 45 38

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 11 Miles.

Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 42 43	2 37 43
Saetta, G. Church	2 37 09	3 32 09
Quest, F. J. Havens	2 36 18	2 31 18
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	2 37 41	2 32 41
Answer, D. Abbott	2 45 50	2 40 50
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	2 54 30	2 49 30
Heron, P. Le Boutillier	2 50 40	2 45 40
Ojigwan, G. E. Reiners	2 41 06	2 36 06

Seawanhaka Corinthian Knockabout Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 11 Miles.

Orion, T. M. Hill	2 49 59	2 44 59
Dipper, H. H. Van Rensselaer	Disabled.	

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	3 08 19	2 58 19
Mist, R. P. Clarke	3 15 44	3 05 44
Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 01 10	2 51 10
Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	3 01 19	2 51 19
Arizona, G. W. Kear	3 27 26	3 17 26

Sloops, 15ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Dod, D. E. Dealey	Withdrew.

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Kenoshi, T. Mallory	2 51 20	2 41 20
Wa Wa, G. B. Robinson	2 59 25	2 49 25

Milton Point One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Fritter, O. Iselin	4 00 12	3 50 12
Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	Capsized.	

Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Quinsigamond, H. A. Woodward	4 19 01	4 09 01

Catboats, Class V—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Vava, G. T. Barton	Withdrew.

Fifth Day, Thursday, July 20.

The largest boats to start in Thursday's race were the New York Y. C. one-design 30-footers. There was no class for the 70-footers, and as Mimosa III. was without a competitor, she did not start.

The wind was light from the N. W. at the commencement of the race, but gained strength as the day progressed, and then petered out toward the finish.

The New York Y. C. boats went twice over the 9¾-mile course, a total distance of 19½ miles. These boats were sent away at 11:40. Nautilus went over the line just on the signal in a fine berth. She was followed by Banzai, Cara Mia, Neola II., Oriole, Pintail, Maid of Mendon, Atair, Alera, Ibis, Adelaide II., Minx and Dahinda. Nautilus had her spinnaker drawing in short order and worked out a big lead on her rivals. At the first mark she was a long way ahead. On the reach to the next mark she was passed by Cara Mia, Neola II. and Banzai. It was a beat to the third mark, and Nautilus did not do well, as she was handicapped by a wretched mainsail. Cara Mia led at the end of the first round and was never headed. Neola II. made a strong play for first place, but could not do better than a second. Banzai was third and Nautilus fourth.

At 11:45 Rascal II., showed the way over the line to her nine competitors in the raceabout class. She was followed by Pretty Quick, Rana, Tartan, Nora, Mystral, Cricket, Invader, Jr., Circe and Busy Bee. These boats went twice over the 5¼-mile course. Nora was lucky and slipped home a winner with a 4m. margin over Rana. Mystral was fourth and Pretty Quick fifth. It was fluky and Tartan did not have her share of luck as is shown by her position. Rascal had an easy time with Maryola in the 27ft. class, and the race was anything but interesting.

Dorothy took another first prize in the Larchmont 21ft. class, and Thelema defeated Firefly in the 27ft. special class.

In the 22ft. class More Trouble found her pace again and took another first prize. Saetta was second and Quest third. Mr. J. H. Mahlstedt, owner of Okee, one of the Class Q boats, was knocked overboard on the second round, but was picked up without difficulty.

Kenoshi won out again in the Indian Harbor one-design class and Owatana was second. Kenoshi wins in this class with the greatest consistency and mainly because she is so well handled.

Ace took another first in the 18ft. sloop class with her usual regularity. Hamburg was second.

Fritter had an easy win in the Milton Point one-design class. Dod took a sailover in the 15ft. class. The summary follows:

Sloops—N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. One-Design Class—Start, 11:40—Course, 19½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 28 07	3 48 07
Banzai, N. D. Lawton	3 32 41	3 52 41
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	3 29 36	3 49 26
Nautilus, H. W. and A. G. Hanan	3 34 05	3 54 05
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	3 27 41	3 47 41
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 46 15	4 06 15
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	3 46 50	4 06 50
Pintail, August Belmont, Jr.	3 37 37	3 57 37
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	3 37 38	3 57 38
Oriole, Lyman Delano	3 36 48	3 56 48
Minx, H. Willets	3 42 35	4 02 35
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	3 49 11	4 09 11
Atair, Cord Meyer	3 35 40	3 55 40

Raceabout Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 11 Miles.

Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	2 11 56	2 26 56
Rana, Howard Willets	2 07 36	2 22 36
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 10 08	2 25 08
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 12 01	2 27 01
Nora, Adrian Iselin 2d	2 03 36	2 18 36
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	2 09 31	2 24 31
Cricket, Macy Willets	2 13 53	2 28 53
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	2 11 28	2 26 28
Circe, E. T. Irvin	2 15 45	2 30 45
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 14 31	2 29 41

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 11 Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 13 47	2 23 47
Maryola, H. E. Sayre	2 21 30	2 31 30

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 11 Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 18 10	2 28 10
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 17 19	2 27 19
Vaquero, Dr. William Stump	3 18 05	3 28 05
Folette, L. G. Gracey	2 34 28	2 44 28

Sloops, 27ft. Special Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 11 Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	2 13 33	2 23 33
Firefly, G. P. Granberry	2 21 50	2 31 50

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 11:55—Course, 11 Miles.

Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 35 47	2 40 37
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	2 07 56	2 12 56
Ojigwan, G. E. Reiners	2 29 34	2 34 34
Quest, F. J. Havens	2 12 26	2 17 26
Saetta, G. H. Church	2 09 27	2 14 27
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	2 38 18	2 43 18

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Kenoshi, T. Mallory	2 38 04	2 38 04
Owatana, G. W. Lauder, Jr.	2 42 20	2 42 20
Wa Wa, G. B. Robinson	2 44 32	2 44 32

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	2 40 09	2 40 09
Mist, R. P. Clark	2 50 19	2 50 19
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	2 41 12	2 41 12

Milton Point One-Design Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Fritter, Oliver Iselin	3 27 15	3 27 15
Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	3 41 20	3 41 20

Sloops, 15ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Dod, D. E. Dealey	4 05 00	4 05 00

Sixth Day, Friday, July 21.

Friday was perhaps the most unsatisfactory day of a very unsatisfactory week in so far as the weather was concerned. There were forty-five starters, and the winners were Minx, Rascal II., Rascal, Houri, More Trouble, Kenoshi, Ace, Fritter and Dod.

The wind, what little there was of it, was from the S.S.E, and as the boats had little more than steerage way at the hour scheduled for starting, a postponement was made. At 12:10 the wind had strengthened slightly, and the New York Y. C. one-design 30-footers, the largest class to start, were sent away. Nautilus did not start, so that left but twelve boats in the class. Banzai was first away, followed closely by Neola II. They were followed as named by Minx, Cara Mia, Ibis, Oriole, Pintail, Dahinda, Alera, Atair, Adelaide II., and Maid of Mendon. On the reach to the first mark Neola II. held a little S.W. slant and ran out ahead, and when the first mark was reached she had a nice lead. The wind having shifted to S.W., made the second leg a beat. The mark off Week's Point proved hard to reach, and the boats that went way under the Long Island beach did better and were around first. Neola II. lost her advantage on this leg through ill luck. It was a spinnaker run to the finish line, and the boats that went well off to the eastward got favorable slants and reached up to the finish line fast. Minx, a boat that had been out of the running got a big jump on the others and came in a winner. Cara Mia was second. Neola II. pushed Alera hard for third place and finished only 10s. behind her. The Regatta Committee very wisely stopped these boats at the end of the first round, as there was little prospect of their being able to cover the 9¾-mile course a second time.

The eleven starters in the raccahout class managed to cover their 5¼-mile triangle twice. Nora was first away closely chased by Mystral, Tartan, Busy Bee, Rascal II. and Rana. Rascal II. chased puffs and managed to benefit by the ones she was lucky enough to reach. She finished an easy winner. Cricket was second and Rana third. Tartan again had more than her share of ill luck and did not show up to advantage.

In the 27ft. sloop class Rascal again trimmed Thelema easily. Houri, unusually well handled, managed to beat Vaquero and Dorothy, her old rivals. The race between these boats was a hot one, and they hung on to one another from start to finish.

Ojigwan got the start in the 22ft. class and worked out well into the lead. This boat has not done well at this meeting, and every one wanted to see her plucky owner capture at least one race. She was not headed until after the first round, and while she was trying to get out of a soft spot four boats passed her. More Trouble managed to keep in what little wind there was, and she again came home a winner. Saetta was second and Quest third.

Kenoshi performing as consistantly as usual finished in first place as is her almost invariable custom. Wa Wa, her only competitor, was left far in the rear.

Ace proved too smart for the two competitors in her class and took another first. Hamburg gave her a fair run for first place, but was never dangerous.

The two little catboats, Fritter and Fannie, found it tedious work covering the 10½-mile course. Fannie withdrew and Fritter finished alone.

Dod was fortunate enough to have a competitor in this race. All the week she has been forced to take sailovers, but Pyogha turned up in time to give her a race and incidentally to get beaten. The summary:

Sloops, N. Y. Y. C., 30ft. One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 9¾ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Minx, Howard Willets	4 08 48	3 58 48
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	4 09 08	3 59 08
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	4 09 39	3 59 39
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	4 09 29	3 59 29
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 10 11	4 00 11
Pintail, August Belmont	4 10 27	4 00 27
Banzai, N. D. Lawton	4 10 23	4 00 23
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	4 10 42	4 00 42
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	4 17 44	4 07 44
Oriole, Lyman Delano	Did not finish.	

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 10½ Miles.

Nora, C. O'D. Iselin	4 24 21	4 09 21
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	4 23 40	4 08 40
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	4 33 02	4 18 02
Circe, E. T. Irwin	4 27 41	4 12 41
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	4 37 01	4 22 01
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	4 25 46	4 10 45
Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr.	4 26 48	4 11 48
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	4 12 53	3 57 53
Cricket, Macy Willets	4 15 48	4 00 48
Rana, H. Willets	4 21 21	4 06 21
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	4 21 23	4 06 23

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 10½ Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	4 15 01	3 55 01
Thelema, A. E. Black	4 28 13	4 08 13

Larchmont, 21ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 10½ Miles.

Houri, J. H. Esser	4 27 45	4 07 45
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	4 30 09	4 10 09
Folette, L. J. Garcey	4 32 14	4 12 14
Vaquero, William Stump	4 29 13	4 09 13

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 10½ Miles.

More Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 24 36	3 59 36
Quest, F. J. Havens	4 29 09	4 04 09
Saetta, George Church	4 26 33	4 01 33
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	Withdrew.	
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	4 33 11	4 08 11
Heron, P. Le Boutillier	4 37 25	4 12 25
Ojigwan, G. E. Reiners	4 34 57	4 09 57

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 10½ Miles.

Kenoshi, T. Mallory	4 39 04	4 09 04
Wa Wa, C. B. Robinson	4 58 59	4 28 59

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 10½ Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	4 37 07	4 07 07
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	4 38 20	4 08 20
Mist, R. P. Clark	4 41 39	4 11 39

Milton Point One-Design Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 10½ Miles.

Fritter, O. Iselin	4 50 53	4 20 53
Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	Did not finish.	

Sloops, 15ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Dod, D. E. Dealey	3 02 37	2 32 37
Pyogha, R. A. Mahlstedt	3 30 45	3 00 45

Seventh Day, Saturday, July 22.

The fresh N.E. wind that blew at the start of Saturday's race gave promise of a fine race, but it let up before the boats got around the course the first time and the day turned out to be an unsatisfactory one from the racing man's standpoint after all.

The 70-footers Yankee and Mineola met for the third time during race week, and Mineola won by 17s. after a very well-fought match. A collision occurred when near the eastward mark, and both boats finished with protest flags flying.

The 70-footers went twice over the 15½-mile course. They were started at 11:40, and Barr got the best of the jockeying on the line. Yankee crossed 20s. behind Mineola. Harry Maxwell handled the boat, and in the 6-mile beat to the weather mark he clearly outsailed Barr and more than made up what he lost at the start. After two tacks, Yankee crossed Mineola's bow and she rounded the weather mark 1½m. in the lead. With the wind N.E., it was a run to the buoy off Mott's Point, but when off the entrance to Glen Cove the wind, which had been dropping, suddenly shifted to the S. and Yankee nearly gybed before the sails could be shifted. It was then a reach to the mark, and Yankee rounded almost 2m. in the lead. To the Southwest stakeboat it was a broad reach and balloon jibs were broken out. At the end of the first round Yankee was leading by 4m. 15s., and as the wind was very light and baffling, it was thought that the race would be stopped then. The Race Committee sent the boats around a second time, and it was on the second round that Mineola made a gain that gave her the race.

On the beat to the outer mark Mineola stood off toward Long Island and Yankee made the mistake of going toward the other shore. Mineola got a favorable southerly slant and ran by Yankee. When Mr. Maxwell got this new wind he held close-hauled along the Long Island shore with Mineola ahead and to leeward holding a similar course. When the mark was dead to leeward the boats squared away and set spinnakers for the mark. Yankee ran up on Mineola and was passing her when Mineola came into Yankee, nearly forcing her boom over on her topmast backstay. Mineola's bobstay chewed up Yankee's taffrail and then the boats squared away for the mark, which Mineola rounded slightly in the lead.

It was a long leg and a short one back to the Mott's Point mark, at which point Mineola had a lead of just over a minute. Spinnakers and balloon jibs were in order for the run home and Yankee gained fast. Mr. Maxwell worked out on Yankee when near the finish line and tried to get Mineola's wind but she was too far ahead and she crossed the finish line a winner after a sensational race. Both owners have filed protests with the Race Committee.

In the class for 33ft. yawls, the next largest boats to start, Memory won, as usual, but by a comparatively small margin. Sakana was the second boat, 48s. astern. The wind was too light for Escape to perform at her best. These boats went once over the 11½-mile triangle, as did Mimosa III., the only starter in the 33ft. sloop class.

Minx gave a repetition of her performance of the day previous and finished a winner over Banzai by 1m. 23s. in the New York Y. C. one-design 30ft. class. Ibis was third and Alera fourth.

Busy Bee distinguished herself by winning in the raceabout class. She has not been doing very well and her victory came as a surprise. Invader, Jr., was second, 51s. behind. Tartan was third, a long ways behind the first two boats.

Vaquero won in the Larchmont 21ft. class by 5m. 10s. Folette was second boat. Houri and Dorothy sailed a dead heat and another race will be necessary to determine who shall have third place.

In the 27ft. sloop class Rascal beat Maryola badly.

Firefly turned the tables on Thelema in the special 27ft. sloop class, and after her repeated defeats, came home a winner by a big margin.

Quest won in the 22ft. class, and Answer, one of the old Massachusetts Y. R. A. 18-footers, came in second. Saetta was third, and More Trouble fourth.

Orion and Dipper, the two Seawanhaka knockabouts, had another match race, and the former won by 3m. 18s.

In the 18ft. class Ace has proven to be a wonderful little boat in the hands of her owner, "Bob" Bavier, who has developed into a remarkably clever boatman. She won again, beating her six competitors handily. Ace has started six times during race week and has taken five firsts. Ace is one of the New Rochelle one-design boats.

Kenoshi did not start in the Indian Harbor one-design class, so Wa Wa and Owatana both had a chance for a first prize. The latter won easily.

In the Manhasset Bay one-design class Arizona won, beating Pup. The latter boat's red sails are most conspicuous, and this is the first time she has raced this week.

Dod was again without a competitor in the 15ft. sloop class, as were Fannie and Vava in their respective classes. All three took sailovers. The summary follows;

Sloops, 70ft. Class—Start, 11:40—Course, 31 Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	4 23 49	4 43 49
Mineola, W. Ross Proctor	4 23 21	4 43 21

Yawls, 33ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 11½ Miles.

Memory, H. M. Raborg	3 31 41	3 46 41
Escape, George Matthews	3 34 01	3 49 01
Sakana, Robert McCreedy	3 32 29	3 47 29

Sloops, 33ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 11½ Miles.

Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	3 32 11	3 47 11

New York 30ft. Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 15½ Miles.

Banzai, Newbury D. Lawton	3 27 55	3 27 55
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 31 44	3 41 44
Oriole, Lyman Delano	3 42 43	3 52 43
Minx, Howard Willcts	3 26 32	3 36 32
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	3 37 31	3 47 31
Nautilus, A. G. and H. W. Hanan	3 35 40	3 45 40
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr	3 39 20	3 49 20
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	3 29 52	3 39 52
Atair, Cord Meyer	3 37 37	3 47 37
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	3 34 59	3 44 59
Pintail, August Belmont, Jr	3 37 41	3 47 41
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	3 31 42	3 41 42
Adelaide, George E. Adee	3 38 57	3 48 57

Raceabout Class—Start, 11:55—Course, 11 Miles.

Circe, E. T. Ervin	3 36 12	3 41 12
Nora, Adrian Iselin, 2d	Not timed.	
Cricket, Macy Willets	Not timed.	
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	3 22 37	3 27 37
Pretty Quick, A. Bryan Alley	3 35 07	3 40 07
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	3 31 50	3 36 50
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	3 21 46	3 26 46
Rana, Howard Willets	3 35 05	3 40 05
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	3 35 15	3 40 15

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 35 31	3 35 31
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 35 51	3 35 51
Vaquero, William Stump	3 29 49	3 29 49
Folette, L. J. Garcey	3 34 59	3 34 59

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	3 33 14	3 33 14
Maryola, H. E. Sayre	3 41 10	3 41 10

Sloops, 27ft. Special Class—Start, 12:00—Course 11 Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	3 33 25	3 33 25
Firefly, G. P. Granberry	3 18 17	3 18 17

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 11 Miles.

More Trouble, W. H. Childs	3 30 36	3 25 36
Saetta, G. H. Church	3 23 37	3 18 37
Quest, E. J. Havens	3 18 42	3 13 42
Ojigwan, George E. Reiners	Did not finish.	
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	3 41 44	3 36 44
Answer, Donald Abbott	3 19 42	3 14 42
Heron, P. LeBoutiller	Did not finish.	
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	3 45 39	3 40 39

Corinthian Y. C. Raceabout Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 11 Miles.

Orion, G. G. Hill	3 46 02	3 41 02
Dipper, H. H. Van Renssalaer	3 48 20	3 43 20

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 44 44	3 34 44
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	3 45 56	3 35 56
Omoo, P. L. Howard	3 45 43	3 35 43
Mist, R. P. Clark	3 51 40	3 41 40
Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington, Jr	3 52 38	3 42 38
Mayita, Harold Douglas	Not timed.	
Pandora, C. V. Mills	Not timed.	

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Wa Wa, G. B. Robinson, Jr	4 07 23	3 57 23
Owatana, George Lauder, Jr	3 55 28	3 45 28

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Arizona, G. L. Cory	3 33 55	3 23 55
Pup, T. Ratsey	3 36 02	3 26 02

Sloops, 15ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Dad, D. E. Dealey	3 26 48	3 16 48

Milton Point One-Design Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr	3 36 44	3 26 44

Catboats Under 15ft.—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Vava, G. T. Barton	3 37 14	3 27 14

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, July 22.

THE fourth championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, July 22, in a light S.E. breeze. In the 22-footers, Chewink V. got the start and led all around the course. In the 18-footers, Otter was first across the starting line, but was soon passed by Moslem II., which led to the finish. Carina II. won easily in Class P, handicap. In Class M, handicap, Chewink IV. had the best of the start over Cossack, and pulled away on the beat to windward. Cossack gained off the wind and passed Chewink IV. on the last leg and won. The summary:

22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber	2 19 48
Medric II., H. H. White	2 22 09
Medric I., Geo. Lee	2 22 57
Peri II., Morton Prince	Withdrew.

18-footers.

Moslem II., R. D. Barker	1 59 00
Fritter, A. P. Loring	2 03 52
Otter, A. D. Irving	2 05 59
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	2 07 23
Moslem I., John Tyler	2 00 15
Cuyamel, R. L. Pond	2 15 21

Class P—Handicap.

Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	2 28 40
*Margaret, G. C. Vaughn	2 33 30

*Not measured and allowance not figured.

Class M—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cossack, H. A. Moss	2 19 45	2 19 30
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber	2 20 04	2 20 04

Boston Y. C.

Annual Cruise—Marblehead to Five Islands.

THE most successful cruise ever held by the Boston Y. C. was that which was started from Marblehead on Saturday, July 15, and ended at Five Islands, Me., on Saturday, July 22. The best of racing weather was had for the port to port runs, and the contests in all classes were full of ginger. There were from 27 to 33 contestants in the racing runs, and in the special open race at Five Islands on Friday there were 44 starters, including the launch classes, the latter being composed mostly of boats owned along the Kennebec River.

It was upon invitation of Commodore E. P. Boynton that the members of the club be his guests at Five Islands that the Sheepscot Bay resort, where the club has a station—established by Vice-Commodore Boynton—was chosen as the objective point. The cruising yachtsmen had plenty of attention at other places, however, as they were the guests of Mr. J. Fred Harvey, at Newcastle, N. H., of the Portland Y. C., at Portland, and of the Kennebec Y. C. at Bath, Me.

For the racing runs, the squadron was divided into the following classes: First class, schooners, yawls and sloops over 45ft. over all; second class, schooners, yawls and sloops 37ft. 6in. and not over 45ft. over all; third class, schooners, yawls and sloops less than 37ft. 6in. over all. Prizes for the port to port runs were awarded by the Regatta Committee.

Saturday, July 15—Marblehead to Gloucester.

On Saturday, July 15, the fleet made rendezvous at Marblehead, off the club station, and at 2:15, the starts were made on the short run to Gloucester. In addition to the racing yachts, there were several steam yachts and launches and sailing yachts which did not race. There was a strong breeze from the N., which held steady, and the yachts made fast time. In the first class, Elaine got the start, but was passed by the big scow Golden Rod, which beat her into port by over 3m. On corrected time, however, Elaine took first prize. In the second class L'Aiglon got the start and led to the finish. In the third class Mildred II. was away first, but was passed by Kit, which was the first yacht of the squadron to cross the finish line. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elaine, A. W. Chesterton	0 56 35	0 50 14
Goldenrod, G. E. Bruce	0 53 00	0 53 00
Shiyessa, Alfred Douglas	1 05 00	0 58 39
Magnolia, E. P. Boynton	1 25 00	1 17 00

Second Class.

L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgdon	1 02 30	1 02 30
Opah, W. C. Lewis	1 08 45	1 06 53
Apache II., L. C. Wade	1 09 55	1 08 33
Myrtle, F. W. Souther	1 08 05	1 08 05
Conomo, J. A. Tower	1 11 10	1 09 08
Quill II., John Cole	1 13 25	1 09 41
Omar III., Bacon & Bogardus	Started in wrong class	
Al Kyris, A. M. Moody	Disabled.	

Third Class.

Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 04 30	1 04 30
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 05 00	1 05 00
Gringo, W. H. Brown	1 11 20	1 08 56
Jack Rabbit, W. H. Bradbury	1 10 20	1 09 03
Aladdin, Keith Brothers	1 15 00	1 11 09
Widow III., H. W. Friend	1 13 45	1 12 28
Pamabo, Ernest Keefers	1 15 05	1 12 31
Clique, V. C. Dwyer	1 19 00	1 13 52
Sue, T. W. Powers	1 19 12	1 14 05
Harelda, J. G. Carret	1 19 20	1 16 08
Single Life, D. N. Foster	1 19 10	1 17 15
Gadfly, C. W. Chapin	1 29 00	1 26 26
Mildred, C. Hartshorn	1 32 40	1 29 28
Hermes, W. F. Colburn, Jr	1 38 51	1 35 39
Thea II., C. W. Whetler	Withdrew.	
Pet, Walter Burgess	Not timed.	

Sunday, July 16—Gloucester to Newcastle.

On Sunday, July 16, the squadron raced from Gloucester to Little Harbor, Newcastle, near Portsmouth, N. H. The wind was a bit light in Gloucester Harbor when the start was made, but was of good strength outside. It was S.W. from Eastern Point to Cape Ann, and from there to the finish it was S.E. The 25-footer Sally VII. joined the fleet in this run, sailing in the first class. She got the start in her class and led the fleet to the finish line. In the second class Jingo, Ulala and Opitsah V. were bunched at the start. By good judgment Opitsah V. got the best of the incoming breeze and established a lead on the class, which was kept to the finish. Mildred crossed the starting line first in the third class, but Kit got the lead before passing Dog Bar breakwater, and held it to the finish. There were thirty starters in all. In the evening the yachtsmen were guests of Mr. J. Fred Harvey at supper at Hotel Wentworth, which was followed by a concert. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shyessa, Alfred Douglas	6 22 09	5 13 45
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	5 42 44	5 42 44
Magnolia, E. P. Boynton	7 30 37	6 05 07
Elaine, A. W. Chesterton	7 11 42	6 21 40
Goldenrod, G. E. Prince	6 40 27	6 37 02

Second Class.

Opitsah V., S. H. Foster	6 04 06	6 00 18
Al Kyris, A. M. Moody	6 14 44	6 07 08
Ulala, W. H. Winship	6 32 55	6 13 55
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	6 20 53	6 20 53
Jingo, G. B. Doane	6 26 11	6 22 23
Omar III., Bacon and Bogardus	6 47 24	6 24 54
Opah, W. C. Lewis	6 37 32	6 26 17
Conomo, J. A. Tower	6 51 38	6 29 08
Myrtle, T. W. Souther	6 47 20	6 36 05
Quill II., J. T. Cole	7 46 59	7 08 59
Idella, D. B. Amsden	7 37 04	7 10 28

Third Class.

Clique, R. K. Dyer	7 00 45	6 20 05
Grayling, F. C. Moseley	7 13 26	6 32 46
Gringo, W. H. Brown	7 11 36	6 45 20
Kit, H. B. Whittier	6 48 57	6 48 57
Jack Rabbit, W. H. Bradbury	7 15 02	6 54 42
Thea II., C. N. Whetler	7 35 46	6 55 06
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	6 59 52	6 55 48
Clitheroe, W. L. Dean	7 30 25	7 06 01
Pamaho, Ernest Keepers	7 26 12	7 09 56
Sue, J. W. Powers	8 18 27	7 29 39
Ruth, H. C. Hartshorn	8 19 50	7 31 02
Widow III., H. W. Friend	8 12 11	7 31 31
Mildred, F. H. Coleman	8 18 19	7 37 39
Hermes, C. B. Leighton	Did not finish.	

Monday, July 17—Newcastle to Portsmouth.

On Monday, July 17, the squadron run was from Newcastle to Portland. The wind was S. W. and moderate until after Wood Island was passed, the yachts carrying spinnakers and balloons. Then it shifted to the E. and died out, afterward coming in from the S. In the first class the yachts started in a bunch, with Sally VII. in the weather berth. The starts were postponed 30m. to enable Goldenrod and Redskin, which had grounded in Little Harbor, to get out. Sally VII. held her lead only a short time, when she was passed by Goldenrod, which led the fleet into Portland. In this class, Magnolia won on time allowance. L'Aiglon was first across the starting line in the second class, with the whole class well bunched. Opitsah V. took the lead soon after the start, but was passed by Alkyris and L'Aiglon. Alkyris, breaking down, L'Aiglon held the lead until the wind headed them, when Opitsah V. proved the best wind hunter and led her class across the finish line. Mildren II. got the start in the her class across the finish line. Mildred II. got the start in the finish. Cliquc took first on corrected time. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Magnolia, E. P. Boynton	8 58 20	7 07 35
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	7 53 44	7 11 14
Elaine, A. W. Chesterton	7 57 38	7 15 08
Goldenrod, G. E. Bruce	7 23 08	7 23 08
Redskin, R. E. Pond	7 35 44	7 31 19
Shyessa, Alfred Douglas	8 26 29	7 35 09

Second Class.

Opitsah V., S. H. Foster	8 13 35	7 58 35
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	8 26 27	8 01 27
Jingo, G. B. Doane	8 27 35	8 02 35
L'Aiglon, E. W. L. Collins	8 20 16	8 05 16
Conomo, J. A. Tower	9 09 14	8 14 14
Alkyris, A. M. Moody	8 19 03	8 19 03
Idella, R. B. Amsden	9 27 31	8 27 31
Myrtle, F. W. Souther	9 09 35	8 29 35
Opah, W. C. Lewis	9 03 59	8 33 59
Omar III., Bacon & Bogardus	9 25 40	8 45 40
Quill II., J. F. Cole	Not timed.	

Third Class.

Clique, R. K. Dyer	9 05 32	8 38 57
Thea II., C. N. Whetler	10 06 36	8 40 51
Pamaho, Ernest Keefers	9 53 20	8 51 12
Kit, H. B. Whittier	8 53 51	8 53 51
Jack Rabbit, W. H. Bradbury	9 39 05	9 01 52
Gringo, W. H. Brown	9 28 58	9 02 23
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	9 24 52	9 08 45
Grayling, F. C. Moseley	Towed in.	
Mildred, C. A. Coleman	Towed in.	

Tuesday, July 18—Portland to Bath.

On Tuesday, July 18, the squadron sailed from Portland to Bath, the finish of the racing run being off Pond Island, whence the yachts were towed to Bath by launches of the Kennebec Y. C. There was a fine breeze from the S.E., the yachts reaching all the way. There were thirty-three starters in the racing classes. At the start the wind was so light that some of the yachts had hard work to reach the line. In the first class Sally VII. was across first, and led to Cape Small Point, where Redskin passed her and led across the finish line. In the second class Quill II., Alkyris and Jingo were across the starting line together, the rest of the class being handicapped. Opitsah V. caught the new breeze first and was soon so far ahead that the other boats could not catch her before the finish line was reached. Idella won in this class on time allowance. Thea II. got the start in the third class, but Kit got through Whitehead passage first and led to the finish, thus leading her class on all the port to port runs. First place in this class, however, went to Gringo on time allowance. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	4 12 20	3 43 38
Redskin III., R. L. Pond	4 08 20	3 47 32
Shyessa, Alfred Douglass	4 42 22	4 11 04
Black Hawk, C. E. Gibson	4 38 58	4 12 52
Goldenrod, G. E. Bruce	4 20 59	4 20 59
Elaine, A. W. Chesterton	5 31 00	5 06 54
Magnolia, E. P. Boynton	5 43 16	5 17 10
Diamond, Gowing & Moore	5 59 19	5 20 10

Second Class.

Idella, B. D. Amsden	5 16 57	4 30 12
Conomo, J. A. Tower	5 03 42	4 32 32
Opitsah V., S. H. Foster	4 37 26	4 37 26
Myrtle, F. W. Souther	5 10 12	4 39 02
L'Aiglon, E. L. Collins	4 39 06	4 39 06
Jingo, G. B. Duane	4 59 31	4 40 59
Alkyris, A. M. Moody	4 44 04	4 44 04
Opah, W. C. Lewis	5 05 01	4 46 19
Omar III., Bacon & Bogardus	5 19 20	4 48 10
Bobs, R. T. Holt	5 09 47	4 54 12
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	5 03 20	5 03 20
Cirrus	5 45 00	5 13 50
Quilt II., J. F. Cole	6 05 47	5 24 14
Nansett	6 03 16	5 32 14
Howa, J. E. Jordan	6 26 16	5 55 06

Third Class.

Gringo, W. H. Brown	5 40 13	5 02 49
Kit, H. B. Whittier	5 12 17	5 12 17
Pamaho, Ernest Keefers	6 06 44	5 22 30
Grayling, F. C. Moseley	5 45 42	5 27 00
Mildred, C. A. Coleman	6 29 52	5 43 07
Gobbo, L. H. Soulc	6 08 15	5 43 18
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	5 53 46	5 44 25
Banshee, Ed. Woodman	6 17 00	5 45 50
Thea II., C. N. Whetler	6 39 10	6 08 00
Sirocco I., F. Sawyer	6 44 27	6 28 52

Wednesday, July 19 was spent at Bath, where the visiting yachtsmen were entertained throughout the day and evening by the Kennebec Y. C. On Thursday, the fleet proceeded at will to Five Islands, some being towed through Back River, while others sailed down the Kennebec and up Sheepscot Bay. A complimentary dinner was given by Vice-Commodore Boynton in the Casino, and there was a ball in the skating rink in the evening. There was also an illumination on shore and through the fleet.

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Friday, July 21—Special Open Race.

On Friday, July 21, a special open race was sailed off the Five Islands station of the club, cash prizes being donated by Vice-Commodore Boynton. In conjunction with this race there was a race for power boats under the auspices of the Kennebec Y. C., and the total number of starters was forty-four. The wind was light from the S.W. Sally VII. got the start, and held the lead on the beat to the first mark, but Goldenrod passed her on the two reaches, holding her lead on the second round of the course. Sally VII. won on time allowance. In the 22ft. class Nutmeg and Opitsah V. sailed a very close race. Nutmeg was the leader, however, from the start. In the second class Alkyris got the start, with Myrtle and L'Aiglon close behind. L'Aiglon took the lead and kept it to the finish, while Alkyris and Myrtle swapped turns at second place. The lot finally fell to Alkyris. In the third class Gringo took the start, with Kit close behind. Gringo led on the windward leg, but Kit beat her on the two reaches to the starting line. Gringo again took the lead on the windward leg and again Kit beat her out on the two reaches, finishing first, but losing to Gringo on time allowance. Brunhilde, Eleanor and Buffalo were the winners in the power boat classes. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	1 24 06	1 18 36
Goldenrod, G. E. Bruce	1 21 57	1 21 57
Shyessa, Alfred Douglas	1 30 49	1 26 19
Redskin III., R. A. Pond	1 34 54	1 32 44

Class E—22-footers.

Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 32 06	. . ..
Opitsah V., S. H. Foster	1 34 50	. . ..

Second Class.

L'Aiglon, E. L. Collins	1 31 13	1 30 03
Alkyris, A. M. Mody	1 34 05	1 32 15
Myrtle, T. W. Souther	1 34 30	1 32 50
Omar III., Bacon & Bogardus	1 42 13	1 36 43
Bobs, R. T. Holt	1 38 53	1 37 23
Opah, W. C. Lewis	1 42 04	1 39 54

Third Class.

Gringo, W. H. Brown	1 37 21	1 31 01
Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 37 00	1 33 10
Banshee, Ed. Woodman	1 41 49	1 37 49
Marmee, P. Y. C.	1 49 19	1 41 39
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 42 09	1 42 09
Pamaho, Ernest Keefers	1 52 47	1 44 47
Grayling, F. C. Moseley	1 59 00	1 50 00
Nokomis	2 03 23	1 57 33

Class A—Cabin Launches.

	Elapsed.
Brunhilde, S. R. Dow, B. Y. S.	0 58 47
Juanita, Dr. L. D. Shepard, B. Y. C.	1 02 50
Usona, A. W. Childs, P. Y. C.	1 05 23
———, Roy Welch, K. Y. C.	1 05 39
Ardelle, R. H. Bowers, K. Y. C.	1 31 06
Cora E. II., Foote Bros.	1 37 12
Thoma, W. H. Crocker	Did not finish.

Class B—Open Launches.

Eleanor, Rice Bros.	0 39 36
Roxy, Com. E. W. Hyde, K. Y. C.	0 46 40
———, B. W. Morse, K. Y. C.	0 58 37
Carlos C., F. Purrington	1 10 42

Class C—Under 26ft.

Buffalo, A. G. Fisher, K. Y. C.	1 08 48
Anunn, W. W. Meek, K. Y. C.	1 11 24
———, Pinson, K. Y. C.	1 13 17
Iona, H. H. Bonnemon, K. Y. C.	1 13 31
Oriole, Clifford Lee, Jr., K. Y. C.	1 14 21
Josephine, C. F. Norris	1 21 40
———, C. A. Chase	1 22 42
Dart, Joe Biggin	1 23 10
Gypsy, H. H. Kimball, K. Y. C.	1 23 25
Laurel, S. L. Hern, K. Y. C.	1 25 12
———, Addison Jones	Did not finish.

On Saturday morning, July 22, the fleet was disbanded at colors.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, July 15.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 368th regatta off its club house on Saturday, July 15. The event was the second Corinthian race of the season.

During the previous week, Buzzard's Bay had been suffering from a continuous blow from the S.W., and Saturday morning the wind was still in this direction, of great velocity, but the clouds seemed to indicate that a change was coming during the morning. The wind hauled steadily to the W., and then to the N., until 1 o'clock, the hour for starting, it was due N.E., very puffy, and of perhaps about 12 miles velocity.

The 51-footers Humma and Shark were started off Beverly Y. C. Buoy No. 1, because of the difficulty of maneuvering them off the club house. By special agreement they were allowed 2m. to cross the line, but in spite of this fact, both got to the line at the same time. Shark was to the windward, with her sheets well off, heading on her course down the bay. Humma, just before the start, was a short distance behind, with her sheets trimmed a little closer. She was, however, traveling much faster than Shark, and just as the latter reached the line, Humma poked her bowsprit up by the weather counter of the Shark, attempting to force a passage between her and the stakeboat. It was impossible, however, for Shark to get out of the way, and Humma was therefore obliged to run on to the stakeboat, which she did, scaring the judge and the newspaper reporters very considerably. Shark at once hoisted a protest flag and the two ran down the bay together. When she came back, Humma had a lead of about 2m. The judge, however, disqualified her on account of her striking the stakeboat. At the request of Mr. Emmons, her owner, the case has been appealed to the full Regatta Committee.

The smaller boats, the 21-footers, were the first to get away. These boats were sent first to Dry Ledge, then down the bay, to Scraggy Neck Buoy No. 8, then back to Dry Ledge, and from there home. The boats got away well together, but soon split up on their beat across the bay. The wind was very variable in direction and gradually diminished in force, so that the boats that stood up on the flats had the best of it. Mr. Crane's new boat, Amanita III., did excellent work, and after turning the last mark had what seemed to be a safe lead. When about half way home, however, the wind died out entirely, and the order of the boats was practically reversed, Mr. Crane, who was leading, taking next to last place, and Arethusa, which was last, taking first place. This was made possible by the fact that the rear boats seeing that the leaders had run out of the wind entirely, were able to sail around this calm spot and finish just a short way ahead of those who had shown them the way all day.

The 18-footers were sent first to Dry Ledge, then to Abiel's Ledge and then home. This was a very short course, and they finished before the serious changes in the wind took place, therefore their race was the most satisfactory of the day. Jap won by the small margin of 9s., and all the other boats finished within 2m.

The 15-footers were sent over the same course as the 18-footers, but since they started later, they naturally sailed slower and had a less satisfactory race and were very much spread out at the finish. Ranzo won and Mr. Weld in his Compress was second home, but was disqualified for fouling Fiddler. The second place went to Vim. In spite of the fact that Fiddler broke her gaff in the foul with Compress, Miss Dabney was the first of the ladies to finish, and Miss Williams came next in the Fly. The judge was Mr. F. A. Eustis. The times in detail follow:

46-Footers.

Humma, R. W. Emmons, 2d	Disqualified.
Shark, F. L. Ames	. . ..

21-Footers—Course, 13, 12⅜ Miles.

Arethusa, Ezra H. Baker	2 21 09
Radiant, C. M. Baker	2 21 39
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 21 51
Amanita, III., Joshua Crane	2 22 13
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 23 02

18-Footers—Course 21, 5¾ Miles.

Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 05 14
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 05 23
Margaret, Wm. O. Taylor	1 06 14
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 06 53

15-Footers—Course 21, 5¾ Miles.

Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 14 19
Compress, S. M. Weld, Jr.	1 17 58
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 20 28
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 23 14
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	1 24 36
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 25 38
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 28 02

Compress was disqualified. Fiddler broke her gaff.

Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.

Week of Racing—July 17-22.

THE annual meet of the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. this year was thoroughly successful in every way, and the fine open regattas provided some excellent sport, although in the first two events the light winds precluded any excitement. The cruising fleet of the Sachem's Head Y. C. spent the 19th and 20th in the bay, as the guests of the Rhode Island Y. C., at its Prudence Island Station, and a team race between the two clubs on the 20th, while not really a part of the Association series, formed a prominent feature and gave the best racing of the week.

First Day, July 17—Edgewood Y. C.

The opening regatta with the Edgewood Y. C. was a rather slow affair, owing to the very light wind. For the most part it was practically a drifting match, although about two-thirds of the boats were able to finish within the time limit. There were twenty-seven entries in the ten classes. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 3:17—Course, 15 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sigma III., L. L. Lorillard, Jr.	7 09 29	3 52 29
Priscilla, Wood Bros.	7 51 32	4 34 32

25ft. Sloops—Start, 3:19—Course, 15 Miles.

Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast,	8 02 10	4 43 10
Egret, L. Fales	8 07 04	4 48 04
Pinafore, W. B. Frost	Did not finish.	

21ft. Sloops—Start, 3:21—Course, 15 Miles.

Oriana, F. Pardee	Did not finish.
Qui Vive, C. Fletcher	Did not finish.

18ft. Dories—Start, 3:23—Course, 11 Miles.

Edith, N. M. Otis	5 51 10	2 28 10
Marian, A. Greene	6 16 40	2 53 40
Ruth, E. Kettlety	6 17 30	2 54 30
No. 13, C. E. Otis	Did not finish.	

30ft. Cats—Start, 3:35—Course, 15 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mblem, G. E. Darling	7 34 07	3 59 07	3 56 02
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	7 36 10	4 01 10	4 01 10
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	7 57 02	4 22 02	4 18 57
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint.	Did not finish.		

25ft. Cats—Start, 3:37—Course, 11 Miles.

Shadow, E. R. Johnson	7 44 40	4 09 40	4 09 40
Hattie, E. M. Hull	7 15 04	4 38 05	4 30 54
Sylph, W. R. Taft	8 13 20	4 36 20	4 31 32

21ft. Cats—Start, 3:39—Course, 11 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Trinket, Burgess & Olsen	7 01 36	3 22 36
Netor, R. F. Lindeman	7 06 48	3 27 48

18ft. Cats—Start, 3:41—Course, 11 Miles.

Ingomar, J. Whitehead	6 53 11	3 12 11
Iota, B. Franklin	Did not finish.	

15ft. Cats—Start, 3:43—Course, 11 Miles.

Modox, H. Possner	6 43 20	3 00 20
Arab, Wood	Did not finish.	
Seamory, Scattergood	Did not finish.	
Don, T. B. Langdon	Did not finish.	

18ft. Launches—Start, 3:45.

Unique, J. Whitehead	6 28 05	2 43 05

Second Day—July 18.

The second race was the open Association regatta, sailed over the Prudence Island course of the Rhode Island Y. C. This was also a light-weather affair, but made a fairly good race, and all the boats finished. There were only fifteen starters in six classes. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 2:47:15—Course, 16 Miles.

Sigma III., L. L. Lorillard, Jr.	5 25 31	2 38 16	2 38 16
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	5 33 04	2 45 49	2 40 16
Priscilla, Wood Bros.	5 42 04	2 54 49	2 50 10

25ft. Sloops—Start, 2:49:15—Course, 8 Miles.

Egret, L. Fales	4 41 43	1 52 28	. . ..
Pinafore, W. B. Frost	5 04 43	2 25 28	. . ..

21ft. Sloops—Start, 2:51:15—Course, 8 Miles.

Oriana, F. Pardee	4 35 32	1 44 17	. . ..
Grace, E. Catlin	4 37 00	1 45 45	. . ..

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:59:15—Course, 16 Miles.

Mblem, G. E. Darling	5 47 35	2 48 20	2 45 12
Wanderer IV., Flint Bros.	5 44 39	2 45 24	2 45 24
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	5 50 56	2 51 41	2 48 33
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	5 57 21	2 58 06	2 58 06

21ft. Cats—Start, 3:03:15—Course, 8 Miles.

Ingomar, J. Whitehead	4 48 31	1 45 16	. . ..
Iota, B. Franklin	5 17 38	2 14 23	. . ..

15ft. Yawls—Start, 3:07:15—Course, 8 Miles.

Riviera, N. G. Herreshoff, Jr.	5 04 49	1 57 34	. . ..
Coquina, S. Herreshoff	5 05 51	1 58 36	. . ..

Third Day—July 19.

The third event of the series was the nineteenth annual open regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. It was marked by about all the varieties of weather that Rhode Island is capable of furnishing, and the racing skippers had a vigorous experience. Two sharp thunder squalls came during the progress of the race, alternating with a season of fair sailing breeze and several spells of almost flat calm. The wind shifted to all points of the compass. The first squall was a black one, and for ten or fifteen minutes the wind blew a gale and the rain descended in torrents, but there were no serious accidents, and only three of the twenty-two boats entered withdrew from the race. Several boats met with minor mishaps, and young Nat Herreshoff was capsized, but righted his boat and finished the course. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 2:12—Course, 16 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	5 58 20	3 46 20	3 40 57
Sigma III., L. L. Lorillard, Jr.	5 53 45	3 41 45	3 41 45
Priscilla, Wood Bros.	6 03 40	3 51 40	3 47 01

25ft. Sloops—Start, 2:14—Course, 16 Miles.

Skraeling, H. L. Willoughby	6 13 30	3 59 30	3 59 30
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	6 16 42	4 02 42	3 59 33
Egret, L. Fales	6 24 30	4 10 30	4 02 14
Pinafore, W. B. Frost	Finished wrong side mark.		

21ft. Sloops—Start, 2:16—Course, 8 Miles.

Mistral, yawl, D. Thurber	3 59 30	1 43 30	1 43 30
Grace, E. Catlin	4 04 05	1 48 05	1 46 46
Kildee, F. Herreshoff	4 18 00	2 02 00	1 56 53
Oriana, F. Pardee	Did not finish.		

18ft. Sloops—Start, 2:18—Course, 8 Miles.

Cayenne won, time not taken. Wawaloam, Metcalf Bros., did not finish.

Dories—Start, 2:20—Course, 8 Miles.

Edith, M. N. Otis	5 10 30	2 50 30	. . ..
Ruth, A. E. Kettlety	Did not finish.		

15ft. Yawls—Start, 2:34—Course, 8 Miles.

Coquina, S. Herreshoff	5 25 45	2 51 45	. . ..
Riviera, N. G. Herreshoff, Jr.	5 34 45	3 00 45	. . ..

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:25—Course, 16 Miles.

Mblem, G. E. Darling	5 59 45	3 35 45	3 32 39
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	6 12 15	3 48 15	3 45 09
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	6 11 35	3 47 35	3 47 35
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint	6 20 30	Finished wrong.	

21ft. Cats—Start, 2:28—Course, 8 Miles.

Ingomar, J. Whitehead	4 49 30	2 21 30	. . ..

Fourth Day—July 20.

The fourth race of the week was the team event between the Rhode Island and Sachem's Head yacht clubs, and it was the feature of the week, although it had no connection with the Association series. Fourteen boats were entered, nine from the Rhode Island and five from Sachem's Head, one of the Rhode Island boats, the sloop Sachem, breaking down and withdrawing. The result was based on average sailing lengths and average times of the boats that finished, the Sachem's Head fleet, in this way, although smaller in number, but larger in average size, having to give an allowance of 20s.

The race was for a club cup presented by Commodore Rogers, of the Rhode Island Club, while Commodore Peck, of Sachem's Head fleet, offered two cups for the boats making the best elapsed time, regardless of size. Lady Mary finished first by 6m., and Wanderer IV., which sailed as a sloop, beat out the fast Sachem's Head sloop Possum by 13s., all the prizes thus going to Rhode Island. A short 8 mile course was sailed, and as there was a rattling W. breeze, the race was a fine one all through. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lady Mary (R. I.), Whitman & Ingraham	11 37 30	1 27 30
Wanderer IV. (R. I.), Flint Bros.	11 23 43	1 33 43
Possum (S. H.), E. C. Seward	11 23 46	1 33 56
Priscilla (R. I.), Wood Bros.	11 24 42	1 34 42
Adelaide (S. H.), E. R. Newell	11 27 00	1 37 00
Sigma III (R. I.), L. L. Lorillard, Jr.	11 27 30	1 37 30
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	11 28 14	1 38 14
Mblem (R. I.), G. E. Darling	11 28 44	1 38 44
Little Rhody (R. I.), C. F. Tillinghast	11 32 06	1 42 06
Micaboo (R. I.), W. R. Tillinghast	11 32 52	1 42 52
Kittiwynk, (S. H.), C. B. Wyckoff	11 37 04	1 47 04
Midge (S. H.), R. Deming	11 38 46	1 48 46
Grilse (S. H.), F. M. M. Milliams	11 49 22	1 59 22

Fifth Day—July 21.

The fourth Association regatta was held with the Fall River Y. C. in Mount Hope Bay, on Friday. There was a good S. wind, that did not amount to much, however, until nearly an hour after the start, so that it was another day for the light-weather boats. There were twenty-seven entries in eight classes, and of the winners, six were scratch boats. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 1:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sigma III., L. L. Lorillard, Jr.	3 21 57	1 46 57	1 46 57
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	3 30 01	1 55 01	1 51 01
Priscilla, Wood Bros.	3 36 29	2 01 29	1 58 09

25ft. Sloops—Start, 1:38—Course, 11½ Miles.

Skraeling, H. L. Willoughby	3 35 38	1 57 38	1 57 38
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	3 43 09	2 05 09	2 03 14
Egret, L. Fales	3 49 27	2 11 27	2 05 51
Pinafore, W. B. Frost	4 04 59	2 26 59	2 20 33

21ft. Sloops—Start, 1:41—Course, 11½ Miles.

Oriana, F. Pardee	3 42 29	2 01 29	2 01 29
Mistral, yawl, D. Thurber	3 49 28	2 08 28	2 07 21
Echo, T. Brown	3 57 31	2 16 31	2 10 23
Trio, R. W. Zuill	Disabled.		

18ft. Sloops—Start, 1:44—Course, 11½ Miles.

Cayenne, B. D. Howe	4 03 37	2 19 37	2 19 37
Wawaloam, Metcalf Bros.	4 14 28	2 30 28	2 28 07

30ft. Cats—Start, 1:47—Course, 11½ Miles.

*Mblem, G. E. Darling	3 45 42	1 58 42	1 56 20
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	3 46 16	1 59 16	1 56 54
Wanderer IV., Flint Bros.	3 44 18	1 57 18	1 57 18
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	3 50 35	2 03 35	2 03 35

*Protested and disqualified.

25ft. Cats—Start, 1:50—Course, 11½ Miles.

Olivette, J. Dessart	4 14 16	3 24 46	. . ..

21ft. Cats—Start, 1:53—Course, 11½ Miles.

Ingomar, J. Whitehead	4 09 14	2 16 14	2 16 14
Sally, F. Drapean	4 15 19	2 22 19	2 18 29

Launches 21ft. and Over—Course, 10 Miles.

Neon, N. G. Herreshoff, Jr.	3 02 27	1 00 27	0 51 07
Unique, J. Whitehead	3 24 14	1 22 14	1 12 24
Elizabeth, E. Fournier	3 22 44	1 20 44	1 13 34
Ponemah, —. Lunan	3 15 41	1 13 41	1 13 41
Ina, J. Wilkinson	3 20 57	1 18 57	1 17 37
Mary Ann, C. Danielson	3 25 23	1 23 23	1 18 31
G and M, J. Crosson	Did not finish.		

Sixth Day—July 22.

The concluding Association regatta, held with the Bristol Y. C. on Saturday, was, from all points of view, the best of the series. There were thirty-seven entries, and the number of starters would have been more than forty had not several of the boats been delayed by the light winds early in the day, and thus were unable to reach Bristol until after the start. The event was favored by the best wind of any in the series, a stiff S.W. breeze coming up just before the start, and for good sport the race was the best of the week, unless the special team race of Thursday be excepted. The fast sloop Lady Mary was badly defeated by the Newport 30-footer Hera, and in the 30ft. class, Sigma III., which boat had a long lead, lost the race by carrying away her bowsprit when about half way over the course. The starts were exceptionally pretty ones, and in nearly all the classes there was good racing. The summary:

36ft. Sloops—Start, 2:10—Course, 11 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hera, J. A. Garland	4 15 57	2 05 57	1 59 54
Lady Mary, Whitman & Ingraham	4 23 06	2 13 06	2 13 06

30ft. Sloops—Start, 2:13—Course, 11 Miles.

Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	4 31 43	2 18 43	2 14 54
Priscilla, Wood Bros.	4 36 14	2 23 14	2 20 02
Sigma III., L. L. Lorillard, Jr.	4 47 41	2 34 41	2 34 41

25ft. Sloops—Start, 2:16—Course, 11 Miles.

Skraeling, H. L. Willoughby	4 35 50	2 19 50	2 19 50
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	4 43 16	2 27 16	2 25 06
Egret, L. Fales	4 56 56	2 40 56	2 35 15
Hilda, W. E. Howe	4 58 34	2 42 34	2 36 29
Pinafore, W. B. Frost	5 00 24	2 44 24	2 37 55

21ft. Sloops—Start, 2:19—Course, 9½ Miles.

Oriana, F. Pardee	4 28 59	2 09 59	2 09 26
Kildee, F. Herreshoff	4 35 04	2 16 04	2 11 33
Grace, E. Catlin	4 35 38	2 16 38	2 14 23
Comforter, Buffum	4 38 55	2 19 55	2 19 28
Mistral, yawl, D. Thurber	4 41 28	2 22 28	2 20 59
Trio, R. W. Zuill	4 43 50	2 24 50	2 23 21
Miladi, E. D. Pearce	Did not finish.		

18ft. Sloops—Start, 2:22—Course, 9½ Miles.

Cayenne, Howe Bros.	4 48 40	2 26 40	. . ..

15ft. One-Design Sloops—Start, 2:25—Course, 9½ Miles.

*Wenonah, H. Wetherell	4 41 04	2 16 04	. . ..
Minnow, H. F. Lippitt, Jr.	4 44 22	2 19 22	. . ..
Hope, R. C. Colt	4 47 32	2 22 32	. . ..
White Cat, Miss M. Thurber	4 50 32	2 25 32	. . ..
Qui Vive, Fletcher Bros.	4 52 02	2 27 02	. . ..
Wawaloam, Metcalf Bros.	4 52 08	2 27 08	. . ..

*Protested for fouling.

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:30—Course, 11 Miles.

Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint.	4 40 44	2 10 44	2 10 44
Mblem, G. E. Darling	4 49 33	2 19 33	2 15 34
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	4 49 43	2 19 43	2 15 44
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	4 49 37	2 19 37	2 18 46

21ft. Cats—Start, 2:36—Course, 9½ Miles.

Ingomar, J. Whitehead	4 50 07	2 14 07	2 09 03
Gloria, F. P. Howe	4 55 04	2 19 04	2 19 04

Dories—Start, 2:45—Course, 4¼ Miles.

Edith, M. N. Otis	4 19 33	1 34 33	. . ..
Manon, A. Greene	4 22 28	1 37 28	. . ..
Ruth, E. Kettlety	4 22 39	1 37 39	. . ..
Slippery Elm, C. B. Rockwell	4 23 52	1 38 52	. . ..
No. 13, C. E. Otis	Did not finish.		

Launches—Start, 2:53—Course, 4¼ Miles.

Ina, J. Wilkinson	3 35 04	0 42 04	0 42 04
Unique, J. Whitehead	3 43 46	0 50 46	0 50 03

F. H. YOUNG.

Harlem Y. C.

City Island, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 22.

THE Ladies' Day races of the Harlem Y. C. were held on Saturday, July 22. Four classes filled, and there were sixteen starters. The wind was light from the S., and the boats covered inside courses. The summary:

Sloops, 33ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Bedouin, W. J. Fowler	2 04 00
Anna, William Strouse	2 07 00
Widgeon, Newton Brothers	2 34 00
Wave, W. J. Smith	Withdrew.
Catharine, T. E. Proctor	Withdrew.

Sloops, 22ft. Class.

Wahneta, J. Delaney	2 14 00
Uncas, E. F. Mandels	2 16 15
Loretta, Scherer and McKenna	2 15 45
Romance, W. Williams	2 22 15
Innocence, W. Lindeman	2 33 30

Sloops, 18ft. Class.

Tammany, Com. Huhlfeld	2 15 50
Viking, L. F. Selfert	2 34 30
Petunia, C. W. Canfield	Withdrew.
Elf, A. T. Valentine	Withdrew.

Sloops—15ft. Class.

Skylark, T. P. Bates	1 22 00
Sole, F. L. Fitch	1 22 00

Eastern Y. C.

Annual Cruise—Marblehead to Bar Harbor.

THE annual cruise of the Eastern Y. C. from Marblehead to Bar Harbor, starting Saturday, July 8, was quite successful, although there were not as many competing yachts as last year, and the yachts did not hold together as long. At times light weather also proved a handicap, but those who went through the cruise to the finish had a most enjoyable time. A number of steam yachts accompanied the fleet, which swelled the numbers of the little squadron.

Saturday, July 8—Marblehead to Gloucester.

Thirteen yachts crossed the starting line in the first day's run, from Marblehead to Gloucester, on Saturday, July 8. There was a moderate S. E. breeze, giving a close reach to Halfway Rock and a broad reach from there to the finish. In Class B of schooners, Chanticleer went over the starting line first and in the weather berth, but Corona caught her before half the course was sailed, and led the fleet into Gloucester Harbor. This class was started last, the usual rule of starting the smaller classes first being followed. In the schooner classes, D and E, Agatha was away first, with Hope Leslie close behind and to weather, followed by Bancroft C. Davis' new schooner Vision. Agatha went out ahead at first, but Hope Leslie caught her on the broad reach and was first in at the finish. In the classes for sloops and yawls, Dorel got the start, followed by Doris, the others being bunched. Doris took the lead before Halfway Rock was reached and led these classes to the finish. In the evening there was an entertainment on board Mr. Charles Hayden's steam yacht Wacondah. The summary:

Schooners—Class B.

	Elapsed.
Corona, Arthur F. Luke	1 03 39
Chanticleer, John F. Harris	1 10 19

Schooners—Classes D and E.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hope Leslie, Laurence Minot	1 17 55	1 15 45
Agatha, William S. Eaton	1 24 13	1 17 50
Vision, Bancroft C. Davis	1 34 24	1 20 55

Sloops and Yawls—Classes K, L, M and N.

Doris, S. Reed Anthony	1 41 21	. .. ..
Wasp, Gordon Dexter	1 20 13	1 18 36
Heron, Walter I. Badger	1 31 05	1 20 30
Louise, E. McWilliams	1 35 31	. .. ..
Katharine II., F. W. Rollins	1 40 44	. .. ..
Halcyon, H. W. Peabody	1 41 15	. .. ..
Takitcasy, J. F. Appleton	1 41 50	1 34 02
Dorel, George L. Batchelder	1 41 52	1 26 24

Doris probably wins.

Sunday, July 9—Gloucester to Isles of Shoals.

On Sunday the squadron raced from Gloucester to the Isles of Shoals. The wind was from S. by W. to S.W., and all hands carried spinnakers after passing Cape Ann. In the big schooner class Corona got the start and she had no difficulty in leading Chanticleer to the finish. She was the first boat in, going steadily up through the smaller classes after she had started. In Classes D and E, schooners, Agatha was first across the starting line, followed by Vision, Hope Leslie and Undercliff. Greater length counted in the long off-wind stretch, and Hope Leslie went to the fore, finishing first, with Undercliff less than 3m. behind her. In Classes K and L, Wasp got the start, followed by Doris and Gloriana. In these classes size again counted, Doris being first to finish. She was pushed hard by Gloriana, sailed by Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, and the race between the two was very close. Gloriana stuck to the larger sloop all the way, and finished only 34s. behind her, while two minutes behind Gloriana was the other 46-footer, Wasp. In Classes M and N, Dorel was again first across the starting line, followed by Louise and Heron. Here Heron had a chance to show what she could do, and she crossed the finish line nearly 6m. ahead. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Corona, A. F. Luke	2 54 51	. .. ..
Chanticleer, J. F. Harris	3 02 01	. .. ..
Schooners—Classes D and E.		
Hope Leslie, Laurence Minot	3 30 55	3 25 50
Undercliff, F. L. Clark	3 33 42	3 26 03
Agatha, W. S. Eaton	3 36 40	3 18 56
Vision, B. C. Davis	3 45 55	3 08 37
Sloops—Classes K and L.		
Doris, S. R. Anthony	3 32 10	. .. ..
Gloriana, Gordon Abbott	3 32 44	. .. ..
Wasp, Gordon Dexter	3 34 46	. .. ..
Sloops—Classes M and N.		
Heron, W. I. Badger	3 45 50	3 16 27
Louise, E. McWilliams	3 51 39	. .. ..
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder	4 00 30	3 17 35

Monday, July 10—Isles of Shoals to Boothbay Harbor.

Eleven yachts started in the racing run from the Isles of Shoals to Boothbay Harbor. The breeze was light from the S.W., and the run was a long one. Corona again took the lead at the start of the big schooners and led all the way. She did not lead the fleet to port, however, as this honor fell to Athene, the 70ft. sloop. In Class D of schooners Hope Leslie had the start of Undercliff, and led to the finish. In Class E, schooners, Agatha took the start, followed by Vision and Simitar. Agatha led across the finish line, but was given a good race by the smaller Vision. In Classes K and L of sloops, Wasp was across the starting line first, followed by Athene, Gloriana and Doris. Athene soon went out ahead in these classes, leading them and the entire fleet to the finish. Gloriana again beat her younger sister, Wasp. In Classes M and N, Dorel again got the start, followed by Heron and Louise. Heron was again in her element and crossed the finish line a winner by a big margin. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Corona, A. F. Luke	8 25 32	. .. ..
Chanticleer, J. F. Harris	8 45 43	. .. ..
Schooners—Class D.		
Hope Leslie, Laurence Minot	9 44 57	9 32 39
Undercliff, F. L. Clark	10 27 31	10 14 39
Schooners—Class E.		
Agatha, W. S. Eaton	10 39 28	10 03 36
Vision, B. C. Davis	10 49 34	9 33 56
Simitar, G. A. Suter	10 43 55	. .. ..
Sloops—Classes K and L.		
Athene, W. O. Gay	8 45 08	.. .. ..
Doris, S. R. Anthony	9 16 18	.. .. ..
Gloriana, Gordon Abbott	9 21 16	.. .. ..
Wasp, Gordon Dexter	9 36 30	9 27 26
Sloops—Classes M and N.		
Heron, W. I. Badger	10 16 42	9 17 16
Louise, E. McWilliams	11 00 03	.. .. ..
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder	11 04 21	9 37 34
Katheryn II., F. W. Rollins	Withdrew.	

Tuesday, July 11—Boothbay Harbor to Mark Island.

On Tuesday, July 11, the squadron raced from Boothbay Harbor to Mark Island, in Penobscot Bay. The wind was S.W., but was so light that only the larger yachts could be timed at the finish of the long course. Corona again had things all her own way and led the fleet by a long margin, on account of holding the breeze longer. Athene was first in the sloop classes, but was so closely pressed by Doris that it is supposed the latter will win on corrected time. The summary:

Schooners—Class B.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Corona, A. F. Luke	6 35 52	6 35 52
Chanticleer, J. F. Harris	7 58 48	7 55 22
Sloops—Classes K and L.		
Doris, S. R. Anthony	8 08 35	7 46 29
Athene, W. O. Gay	8 04 13	. .. ..
Wasp, Gordon Dexter	8 15 31	8 09 06

On Wednesday, July 12, the fleet proceeded at will to Dark Harbor, Islesboro, where the day was spent.

Thursday, July 13—Islesboro to Bartlett's Narrows.

On Thursday, July 13, the squadron raced from Islesboro to Bartlett's Narrows, through Eggemoggin Reach, in a strong S.W. breeze. Corona, in the big schooner class, continued her winning performances and won easily from Chanticleer, leading the fleet by many miles. Hope Leslie sailed in Class E of schooners and finished first, but lost to Vision on corrected time. Agatha, which was second to Hope Leslie at the finish, was also second on corrected time. In Classes K, L, M and N, Athene was first in, but her position on corrected time will not be known until later. Of the three 35-footers, Heron was first to finish, but Dorel was rewarded for her good work on starts by finishing within a minute of the white boat and beating her on time allowance. The summary:

Class B—Schooners.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Corona, A. F. Luke	2 29 49	2 29 49
Chanticleer, J. F. Harris	2 40 33	2 38 10
Schooners—Classes D and E.		
Vision, B. C. Davis	3 25 11	2 47 47
Agatha, W. S. Eaton	3 11 07	2 53 23
Hope Leslie, Laurence Minot	3 07 48	3 01 43
Sloops—Classes K, L, M and N.		
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder	3 39 05	2 56 10
Heron, W. I. Badger	3 38 11	3 08 48
Louise, E. McWilliams	3 43 54	. .. ..
Athene, W. O. Gay	2 42 36	. .. ..

Friday, July 14—Bartlett's Narrows to Bar Harbor.

On Friday, July 14, the squadron made the last run of the cruise, from Bartlett's Narrows to Bar Harbor, in a moderate S.W. breeze. There were only eight competitors, and Corona, as usual, led them to the finish line, again winning from Chanticleer. In Classes D and E of schooners, Hope Leslie was first to finish in a very close race with Undercliff. Vision was somewhat behind these two, but as she is also somewhat smaller, she was ahead of them on corrected time. In Classes M and N, Heron had things about her own way, and raced to the finish many minutes in the lead. The summary:

Class B—Schooners.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Corona, A. F. Luke	3 06 59	3 06 59
Chanticleer, J. F. Harris	3 18 48	3 16 20
Schooners—Classes D and E.		
Hope Leslie, Laurence Minot	3 42 37	3 36 21
Undercliff, F. Clark	3 43 02	3 35 10
Vision, B. C. Davis	3 56 46	3 18 15
Sloops—Classes M and N.		
Heron, W. I. Badger	4 00 47	3 30 32
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder	4 17 28	3 33 17
Louise, E. McWilliams	Withdrew.	

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, July 22.

THE Y. R. A. open race of the Winthrop Y. C., sailed on Saturday, July 22, brought out the biggest fleet of the season, fifty-seven starters in all. There was a moderate breeze from the S.E., and the racing was generally good. In the 22-footers, Rube got the start and led all over the course, although the work was very close at times. In the 18-footers, Mirage II. got the start, but Bat soon came into the lead from the middle of the bunch and kept it to the finish. The largest class was the Cape cats. In this class Marvel was in the best position at the start, but lost time by a foul with Thelga. In spite of this, she went out to the fore again and was first in at the finish. L'Aiglon, after a hurry sail over night from Five Islands, had an easy win in the first Boston Bay class. In the second Boston Bay class, Fantasy won, after a close race with Sentinel. Scout was an easy winner in the Crystal Bay class. Hattie won in the 15ft. class, and Zaza in the dory class. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 17 47	. .. ..
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 19 24	. .. ..
Class I—18-footers.		
Bat, Adams Brothers	1 28 00	. .. ..
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 29 23	. .. ..
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 30 00	. .. ..
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 31 41	. .. ..
Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	1 31 50	. .. ..
Aurora, F. L. & R. W. Pigeon	1 32 03	. .. ..
Class D—Cape Cats.		
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	1 26 43	1 24 48
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	1 29 08	1 27 44
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	1 37 30	1 33 09
Thelga, L. E. Crosscup	1 36 24	1 33 56
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	1 29 12	1 26 20
Tomahawk, S. W. Leighton	1 33 52	1 33 46
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	1 30 00	1 26 49
Noturus, C. O. Whitney	1 30 30	1 29 14
Josephine, F. H. Smith	1 30 02	1 28 03
Saltair, C. C. Collins	1 40 30	1 37 52
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	1 36 56	1 35 07
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	Disabled.	
Class 1—Boston Bay Y. R. A.		
L'Aiglon, E. L. Collins	1 15 42	1 02 36
Alpha, Jenkins & Leary	1 19 20	1 05 13
Rambler, S. F. Brooks	1 24 12	1 07 46
Wawenoc, Coombs & Seymour	1 26 50	1 07 50
Emma C., F. E. Perkins	1 28 13	1 10 59
Marion III., E. W. Gahan	1 27 51	1 12 31
Owaissa, Walter Kelley	1 35 32	1 16 28
Thialfi, W. Soule	1 32 45	1 17 34
Rambler, E. W. Sargent	1 42 04	1 24 15
Class 2—Boston Bay Y. R. A.		
Fantasy, Sawyer & McDermitt	1 31 22	1 12 13
Sentinel, George H. Crawford	1 32 46	1 15 09
Scamper, Tewkesbury & Byron	1 36 25	1 16 45
Evelyn, Horace Waite	1 52 54	1 32 35
Harriet, A. A. Lincoln	Disabled.	
Class 3—Boston Bay Y. R. A.		
Opeechee, F. P. Gilmore	1 39 14	1 16 00
Miji, M. M. Cannon	1 53 18	1 30 48
Georgia, H. B. Skates	2 15 10	1 50 13
Crystal Bay Association.		
Janice, John A. Doull	1 43 28	. .. ..
Celia, Herbert G. Flinn	1 40 29	. .. ..
Scout, Bloomfield Bros.	1 34 50	. .. ..
Domino II., A. B. Freeman	1 38 11	. .. ..
Wink, G. D. Bursey	1 41 47	. .. ..
Yankee, F. W. Atwood	1 43 29	. .. ..
Aspinquid II., A. G. Whittemore	1 49 26	. .. ..
Handicap, Class A—Winthrop Y. C. 15-footers.		
Hattie, L. T. Harrington	0 50 34	. .. ..
Madeline, George A. Nash	0 50 47	. .. ..
Elf, R. S. Wells	0 51 32	. .. ..
Class X—Y. R. A. Dories.		
Zaza, Gordon Foster	0 49 44	. .. ..
Barbara, Blaney & Wardwell	0 50 45	. .. ..
Frolic II., W. D. Torrey	0 50 54	. .. ..
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge	0 51 00	. .. ..
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	0 51 20	. .. ..
Spray, H. T. Wing	0 51 33	. .. ..
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	0 52 32	. .. ..
Khaki II., L. H. Brown	0 53 28	. .. ..
Spider, A. G. Besse	0 57 02	. .. ..
Dolphin, L. J. Magrath	Capsized.	

Scamper protested Sentinel in Class 2 for not leaving the first mark on the port hand.

Marine and Field Club.

Bath Beach, New York Harbor—Saturday, July 22.

THE second of five races to count on the championship of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, July 22, under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club. Eighteen craft started in the different classes. The winners were Vivian II., Cockatoo II., Careless and Delta. Four of the new Class Q creations were at Larchmont, thereby robbing the race of much interest and giving Cockatoo II. an easy victory. J. B. O'Donohue's N. Y. Y. C. 30-footer Tobasco made her initial start, but proved to be in poor racing trim and withdrew after the first round.

The regular association courses were covered, leaving all marks to starboard. Classes P and above went from the start off the Marine and Field Club at Bath Beach to a stake boat moored off Ulmer Park, thence to a mark off the Atlantic Y. C. at Sea Gate. From there the journey led to Craven Shoal bell buoy, thence to Fort Hamilton and home. The first leg was to windward in the S.E. breeze blowing. The second proved a reach with ballooners carried to starboard. From Sea Gate to Craven Shoal a good spinnaker run was in order. A reach brought the boats to the Fort Hamilton mark, and a few short windward hitches ended the journey.

Boats under Class P covered practically the same course with the exception that instead of going out to Craven Shoal, a leg from Sea Gate directly to the fort was taken. This proved to be a broad reach on which some carried spinnakers. The longer course, covered twice, aggregated about 10 miles, while the inside journey measured 7.62 miles. The third race to count on the championship is scheduled to occur under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 5. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	4 48 57	1 43 57
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	4 52 18	1 47 18
Sloops, Class P—Start, 3:05.		
Lizana, D. T. Wylie	4 55 11	1 50 11
Anona, Menton Bros.	5 03 32	1 58 32
Tobasco, J. B. O'Donohue	Did not finish.	
Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:10.		
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	4 32 17	1 22 17
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	4 42 05	1 32 05
Class Q, Special—Start, 3:10.		
Careless, Richard Rummell	4 44 50	1 34 50
Spots, R. C. Veit	4 46 29	1 36 29
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 46 53	1 36 53
Mary, Max Grundner	4 47 20	1 37 20
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	4 50 49	1 40 49
Ianthe, H. H. Robertson	4 56 29	1 46 29
Karma, J. C. Erskine	4 57 09	1 47 09
Sloops, Class RR—Start, 3:15.		
Delta, J. J. Mahoney	5 04 09	1 49 09
Gamma, A. H. Platt	5 04 45	1 49 45
Beta, Snedeker and Camp	5 05 43	1 50 43
Alpha, Holcombe and Howell	5 07 07	1 52 07

Island Heights Y. C. Ocean Race.

Island Heights, N. J., to Atlantic City, N. J.—Saturday, July 22.

SEVEN boats started in the ocean race from Island Heights, N. J., to Atlantic City, N. J., given by the Island Heights Y. C., and all but one finished. Agnes withdrew off Barnegat Light.

The distance is 54 miles, and the wind was light from the N.E. Sybilla wins on corrected time, but she has been protested by Yankee for not leaving a buoy on the proper hand. The protest was decided in favor of Sybilla. The visiting yachtsmen were entertained by the members of the Atlantic City Y. C. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Sybilla	6 47 14	1 42 01	5 55 31
Yankee	6 47 25	1 52 08	6 05 55
Quakeress	6 49 00	2 06 55	6 36 51
Stroller	6 51 00	2 22 14	6 44 34
Mabel	6 47 59	2 05 22	7 17 23

Agnes withdrew.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Saturday, July 22.

A CLUB race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 22, in a light S.E. breeze. There was a fine race in the 18ft. class, Again winning by only 10s. In the handicap class Nautilus won by about a minute. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Again, S. B. Goodspeed	2 16 02
Menace, H. Hunt	2 16 12
Asprey II., A. R. Train	2 18 27
Handicap Class.	
Nautilus, Roy	2 22 35
Bub, Atwater	2 23 30
Random, Dickinson	2 35 55
Fantistic, Glory	2 37 25

Knickerbocker Y. C.

College Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 22.

THE fourth series race of the Sea Skunks was held on Saturday, July 22. The boats covered a 7-mile course. The wind was light from the S.W. and the water was smooth. No. 8, E. P. Sands, and No. 9, J. Sulzbach, did not get across the line until 2m. 21s. and 2m. 9s., respectively, after starting gun. The other three boats were over the line within 20s. of the gun.

The summary, start, 4:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 5 A. L. Kerker	5 12 00	0 37 00
No. 1 F. L. Kraemer	5 11 45	0 36 45
No. 8 E. P. Sanas	5 18 15	0 43 15
No. 9 J. Sulzbach	5 18 30	0 43 30
No. 2 C. Coughtry	5 14 18	0 39 18

Squantum Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, July 22.

A HANDICAP club race for members only, was sailed by the Squantum Y. C. in Quincy Bay on Saturday, July 22, in a light E. breeze. Eclipse was far ahead at the finish, but won by only 9s. on corrected time. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, G. F. Sawyer, Jr.	1 24 56	1 24 56
Zoe, F. J. Stewart	1 32 05	1 25 05
Mingo, Dr. C. B. Locke	2 01 30	1 36 30
Whisper, F. N. Fowler	1 46 23	1 39 23
Primrose, Fred Kolb	1 54 40	1 42 40
Aurora, Hamilton Flood	1 58 30	1 43 30
Alpha, Hinckley & Drew	1 58 30	1 44 30
Blossom, T. Smith	2 01 00	1 46 00
San Toy, C. J. Hendrie	2 08 30	1 48 30

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Amendments.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In accordance with Article XII of the Constitution, the following amendments will be offered at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association, viz.:

Article VI—After "appropriated" in sixth line add: "They shall appoint auditors to examine and certify the correctness of the accounts of the Secretary and Treasurer of the Association, and the Pursers of the several divisions."

Article VII—Strike out on page 9 (1905 Year Book) all after "A" on eighth line to and including "Governors" in ninth line.

Article VIII—Strike out all after "rank" in ninth line, to and including "accounts" in eleventh line.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
A. C. A. 47.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW APPLICATIONS.

Atlantic Division.—John W. McConnell, New York city, by L. Reichert; John H. Adams, New York city, by F. Andreas; Stephen C. Singleton, Jr., Wilmington, Del., by F. G. Furman.

Central Division.—H. G. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y., by C. P. Forbush; Richard H. Templeton, Buffalo, N. Y., by H. R. Ford.

AN interesting and well authenticated shark story comes from Boca Grande. The men on the Scotch yacht Mingary, which sailed from there Tuesday, caught a bonnet-nose shark sixteen feet long, dragged him ashore and cut him open. They found in his stomach an eight-inch saw file attached to the handle and a 2½-foot grate bar from the furnace of a steamboat. Captain Lester, who brought up the report, says that he has seen many queer things taken from sharks' stomachs, but he never before knew one to feed on scrap iron.—Punta Gorda (Fla.) Herald.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.
Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Mass.—New England Schuetzenbund.
Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines.—Iowa Rifle Association annual meeting.
Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.
Sept. 1-10.—Annual out-door championship of the United States Revolver Association. J. B. Crabtree, Sec'y, Springfield, Mass.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

THERE was a large attendance at the monthly cup shoot of the Dayton (O.) Sharpshooters on July 20. Among the visitors were: J. Johnson and A. U. Clemmer, W. Alexandria; G. W. Izor, Germantown; P. Rhinehart and C. W. Matthews, Lewisburg; G. R. Loudenbach, Sidney; H. W. Duchtler, Toledo, and Chas. Chase, W. Milton. Good work was done throughout the afternoon. The event of the day, the club cup, 200yds., muzzle rest, 5 shots, possible 120, was won by Chas. W. Sander with 107. John Beaver and G. R. Decker tied for third place, and in the shoot-off the former won, 23 to 22. Adolph Schwind and John Rappold tied on 96, and after two shoot-offs, Schwind won, 24, 23 to Rappold's 24, 19. Gus H. Sander was second in this match with 99. In the muzzle rest, free for all match, at 200yds., 3 shots, possible 72, there were 75 entries. G. R. Decker and Adolph Schwind tied for first in 65; A. U. Clemmer, 65; G. H. Sander, 62. Offhand match, 200yds., 3 shots, possible 75: P. Rhinehart 69, J. Johnson 66, A. U. Clemmer 60. The next regular shoot will be on Aug. 24. It was announced that the next great Hunters' reunion would be held on Sept. 14. There will be, besides the game targets, the usual cup and free for all muzzle rest and onhand matches.

It is reported that Capt. C. B. Winder, inspector of rifle practice, O. N. G., one of the best rifle shots in the world, was seriously injured on July 20 by jumping from a fast Pennsylvania Railroad train at his home in Woodstock, west of Marysville, O. Capt. Winder had been on duty at Camp McKinley, Newark. He received word that a new daughter had arrived at his home. As there was no other train, he took the limited, which makes no stop at Woodstock. He was unable to induce the conductor to either stop or slow down, and jumped while the train was at full speed. He is said to be in a serious condition. Capt. Winder won high honors at practice at Sea Girt, and in the international shoot in England last year.

The new 100yd. range of the Dayton Sharpshooters' will be ready to use at the Hunters reunion on Sept. 14.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, July 16. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with 224 points. Freitag was high on the honor target with 65 points. Mr. Freitag shot in fine form, and went away above his usual average. It was a pleasure to note the frequency with which the flag came up for 25s in his scores, and it is needless to add that the old gent himself was much elated over it. The thermometer registered 96, and things were just sizzling. The scores:

Payne	224 222 219 217 211	Hasenzahl	215 212 211 208 199
Roberts	223 221 208 207 196	Trounstine	175 171 156 ... ...
Freitag	218 217 212 207 206		

The light attendance to-day was possibly due to the excessive heat.

United States Revolver Association.

JULY 18.—The annual outdoor championship meet of this Association will be shot September 1 to 10, inclusive. We hope to be able to hold contests at Portland, Boston, Springfield, New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Pine Bluff, San Francisco, and the contests will be for both national and State honors.

J. B. CRABTREE.

Rifle Notes.

The King's prize was won by Armorer Sergeant Comber, of the Second East Surrey Regiment, with a score of 315, at the meeting of the National Rifle Association, Bisley, Eng., July 22.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
Aug. 1.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 5.—Richmond Valley, S. I.—Team match between the Aquahonga and Castleton gun clubs.
Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—First day, Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Second day, club day. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot. H. W. Dryer, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association fourth annual tournament.
Aug. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mountaineers' Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-19.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 18-19.—Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo, N. Y., tournament.
Aug. 22—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
Aug. 26.—Newport, R. I.—Mullerite Gun Club on grounds of Aquidneck Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; $1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Aug. 31.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Auburn, N. Y., G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club all-day shoot. H. L. Carpenter, Sec'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.
Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Dayton, O., G. C. tournament; $100 added.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

At Richmond Valley, S. I., on Aug. 5, the Aquehonga and Castleton gun clubs will engage in a team match.

The programme of the Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament, to be held on Aug. 17-19, is published elsewhere in our columns this week.

In a ten-man team contest at Media, Pa., July 22, for the Winchester trophy, the Media team won. The scores were: Media 394, S. S. White 401, Camden 376. Each man shot at 50 targets.

After his strenuous work in connection with recent tournaments, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association, is enjoying a much needed rest in the comfortable quarters called Rainmakers' Camp.

Mr. Chas. G. Blandford, Ossining, N. Y., announces that he will be pleased to send a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the New York State Sportsmen's Association to residents of New York State who apply for it.

The Newton, N. J., Gun Club and the Montclair Gun Club will shoot the fourth team match of the North New Jersey League series, at Montclair, on Saturday of this week. The trophy is a fine silver cup, value $75. Other contests are on the programme for that day.

The five-man team contest at the West Virginia Gun Club tournament, held at Sistersville, July 18, was won by the Union Gun Club of St. Mary's, with a score of 107 out of a possible 125. Mr. T. S. Bibbee won highest average, with 197 out of 210. J. M. Speary, second, 193. Ed. O. Bower, third, 189.

On the grounds of the Highland Gun Club, the Highland Club defeated the Narberth, Pa., Gun Club in a ten-man team contest, in the Winchester trophy No. 2 series. Each man shot at 50 targets. The scores were: Highlands 339, Narberth 250. The Hill Rod and Gun Club, of Chester, Pa., lost by default.

The Shooting Times of recent date states that "In view of the fact that the Hurlingham Club has decided to discontinue live pigeon shooting, Mr. Corrie Grant, M. P., has given notice to ask the Home Secretary whether he will promote legislation next session in order to extend the Cruelty to Animals Act to wild creatures kept in confinement and released for the immediate purpose of being hunted or shot."

In the second of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League series for the Dupont trophy, three teams contested on the Clearview grounds, Philadelphia. It was a ten-man team contest, but the Florists' had six absentees, therefore scored only 25 out of the 50 targets allowed to a vacant place on a team. The Clearview team was first with a score of 442 out of a possible 500; Meadow Springs second, 408; Florists, third, 309.

The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' third tournament has a programme of twelve events on the first day, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets; entrance $1, $1.50, $2 and $2.50; $6, $7 and $10 added. Event 9, 25 targets, is the L. C. Smith badge event, 16yds., use of both barrels. On the second day there will be twelve events, of which eight are at 15 and four at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2; $7.50 and $10 added. Handicaps 15 to 18yds. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Rose system. Ship shells to Drake Hardware Co., Carthage, Mo. The dates are Aug. 10 and 11, and the place is Carthage, Mo. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.

The programme of the Interstate Association tournament given for the O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 16-18, at Schmelzer Shooting Park, provides twelve like events each day, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets; entrance $1.50 and $2; $5 and $10 added. Luncheon will be served on the grounds each day. Targets, 2 cents. Aug. 15, afternoon practice. Rose system, 7, 5, 3, 1. Amateur averages, $5 and $3, first and second. Manufacturers' agents' high average, a loving cup each day. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. An open special event, 25 pairs, $2.50 entrance, $50 added, will be shot on one of the tournament days. "Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, care of Schmelzer Arms Co., Kansas City, Mo., will be delivered to the shooting grounds free of charge."

The constitution of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, Article IV., Section 2, is as follows: "Any shooter will be eligible to compete for any prize offered by this Association, that is a member of this Association, a bona fide member of a club or association that is also a member of this Association, and he shall have been a member of said club or association and a resident of the State one month prior to the time fixed for the State shoot." The foregoing conflicts with Article XIV., Section 1: "The Dean Richmond cup shall represent the club State championship. Conditions governing same to be as follows: One or more teams of three men each from any club which is a member in good standing of the Association. 2. Each member of a team to be residents of same county in which the club is located. * * *" In Article IV. it will be noted that no exceptions are made. In Article XIV., paragraph 2 conflicts with Article IV. Paragraph 2 also recognizes the Dean Richmond trophy as a county shoot instead of a State shoot. We would be very pleased to know any just reasons for the county limitation. In a State shoot, a county limitation is absurd. Bona fide membership should be the only restriction as to club members' eligibility.

BERNARD WATERS.

National Team Shoot.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 22.—We append herewith list of the winning scores made in the Dickey Bird national team shoot, July 4:

District No. 1, lying east of a line drawn along the eastern boundary of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama—Kane Sportsmen's Club, Kane, Pa.

District No. 2, lying west of a line drawn along the eastern boundary of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, and east of the Mississippi River—Middleton Gun Club, Middleton, Wis.

District No. 3, lying west of the Mississippi River, and east of the eastern boundary of Montana, Wyoming, Utah, and Arizona—Shakopee Gun Club, Shakopee, Minn.

District No. 4, lying west of the eastern boundary of Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Arizona—Santa Ana Gun Club, Santa Ana, Cal.

The Shakopee Gun Club leads the procession with a score of 300 straight. The team is composed of Dr. H. P. Fischer, Kopp George, Jos. C. Linhoff. This club accordingly gets the extra 5,000 Dickey Bird targets. Had they shot over a Dickey Bird autotrap, they would have received 15,000 targets. We offer this score for the team record for three men, shooting 100 targets each in regular consecutive events.

The following ten clubs made a total of 2,914 out of 3,000 targets, thirty men shooting: Shakopee Gun Club, Shakopee, Minn.; Adair Gun Club, Adair, Ia.; Hastings Gun Club, Hastings, Colo.; Hollis Gun Club, Hollis, Kans.; Brenham Gun Club, Brenham, Tex.; Corsicana Gun Club, Corsicana, Tex.; Dawn Gun Club, Dawn, Mo.; Fort Worth Gun Club, Fort Worth, Tex.; Kane Sportsmen's Club, Kane, Pa.; Santa Ana Gun Club, Santa Ana, Cal.

The average score for these ten clubs was 97 per cent. We think that all the sportsmen in the country will agree with us that these scores are remarkable, and we do not believe they have ever been equalled, or that they will be excelled for a long time to come. It shows what we started out to prove, i. e., that Dickey Bird targets are good breakers. The event has attracted a great deal of attention, and the contest was participated in by a large number of gun clubs from Maine to San Francisco, and from St. Paul to New Orleans. We are so well pleased with the result that we contemplate making it a regular feature for the Fourth of July club shoots.

W. S. DICKEY CLAY MFG. CO.

K. & K. Tournament.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 20.—We held an invitation Jack Rabbit tournament this afternoon with eight 10-target events and one 20-target handicap event, entrance price of birds at 1 cent, and prize, a $4.50 dress suit case. In this event G. A. Brown, of Seneca Falls, won in a miss-and-out from nine ties on 20, breaking 11 straight.

We had thirty-two shooters present, and all had a good time. The shooting was difficult, but Mr. R. G. Wheeler, of Jamesville, was in such form that he broke 97 out of 100 in the programme, and G. H. Mann, of Syracuse, broke 94 out of 100.

We expect a large attendance at our annual Labor Day tournament.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:		10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20
R G Wheeler	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	20
C J Dalley	10	10	8	7	7	9	9	8	20
F G Millard	9	4	7	9	8	8	6	5	20
Kennedy	8	9	8	8	8	8	6	6	20
Carpenter	7	5	6	8	6	8	6	6	20
C L Frantz	7	7	10	7	8	6	..	..	..
E A Wadsworth	7	7	8	7	7	8	8	9	19
C W Brown	6	6	7	8	8	7	..	..	..
Geo A Brown	7	8	8	8	10	7	9	5	20
M C Smith	8	9	8	9	8	5	8	..	..
L Kingsley	5	8	8	6	9	9	9	..	..
Geo C Kirk	7	7	7	6	8	8	8	..	..
H Conners	8	8	8	7	8	7	7	7	20
H W Smith	8	6	9	8	7	7	8	..	..
G E Nearing	6	5	6	6	5	8	7	..	..
C Cottle	9	7	9	7	6	8	7	7	..
J Cottle	8	6	8	5	8	7	7	7	..
Dorman	6	5	7	8	4	4	8	4	..
De Groff	6	10	9	5	7	3	8	..	..
Hookway	..	9	10	8	6	7	8	7	20
Mann	..	9	10	9	7	10	9	10	20
Helmer	..	10	7	6	8	8	8	7	..
Stickle	..	2	5	3	4	8	5	4	..
Lamphere	..	6	8	6	8	6	8	9	..
Traver	..	7	9	6	8	8	9	6	..
Mason	..	..	..	..	6	6	3	..	..
McCarthy	..	4	6	4	5	4	..	..	..
Post	6	4	8	4	5	..	..	..	..
R Brown	..	4	..	6	8	7	..	..	..
Fedigan	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Knox	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Knapp	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

KNOX & KNAPP, Mgrs.

Powders and the G. A. H.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been reading the powder advertisements in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, and am somewhat at sea. My perplexity is caused by conflicting claims of powder performances at the Grand American Handicap. I don't see how different powders could have won the same prizes as claimed, unless the prize winning shooters alternated their powders and used first one and then another in their shooting, or else mixed different powders when they loaded their shells. This is something I never knew a shooter to do willingly in shooting a match of any sort, and certainly I should not think it would have been done in a contest of such importance as the Grand American. At the same time I confess to a curiosity to know how we are to harmonize the conflicting statements about the records of the several powders. Are there any official records to throw light on this?

WILLIAM APPLEGATE.

[The matter of the winnings relatively of the Dupont and Ballistite powders at the recent Grand American Handicap, June 27-30, has been called earnestly to our attention, particularly by the letter above. We have examined the Interstate Association official records of powders, guns, etc., pertaining to the point in question, and from them we extract the following statistical information: In the Grand American Handicap there were 73 men in the money, instead of 64, as has been represented. Of the 73 winners, 40 used Dupont powder, or nearly 55 per cent. of the winners, and their total winnings were $1,710.50, or over 53 per cent. of the purse, $3,200.20. Of the 73 winners, 13 used Ballistite, or nearly 18 per cent., and they won a total of $619.95 out of the purse of $3,200.20, or a fraction over 19 per cent. Dupont powder won the Preliminary Handicap, the Grand American Handicap, the Consolation Handicap, and the five-man State championship, thus winning all the trophies. There is no such thing as a "prize" officially known in the Grand American Handicap at Targets. There are purses, moneys and trophies only. Of the total of 184 winners in the three handicap events, Dupont had about 100 and Ballistite had 26. The official records of the Interstate Association are the only authoritative records on this subject.]

Somersville Gun Club.

SOMERSVILLE, Conn., July 22.—This afternoon at the regular practice shoot of the Somersville Gun Club we had a good attendance of regular and visiting shooters. J. S. Fanning, of New York, made us his first visit, accompanied by Messrs. Kites, Le Noir, Cheesman and Lathrop, of Springfield, Mass; Messrs. Quinn and Smith, of Enfield, not to mention Henry and Finch, of Thompsonville, who, however, are both regulars and members of our club, were also on hand.

The afternoon was fine, and some 1,600 targets were trapped. Quite a number of sweeps were got up, and several ties were settled by shooting miss-and-out from the 24yd. mark. The following are the scores made, not including the miss-and-out events:

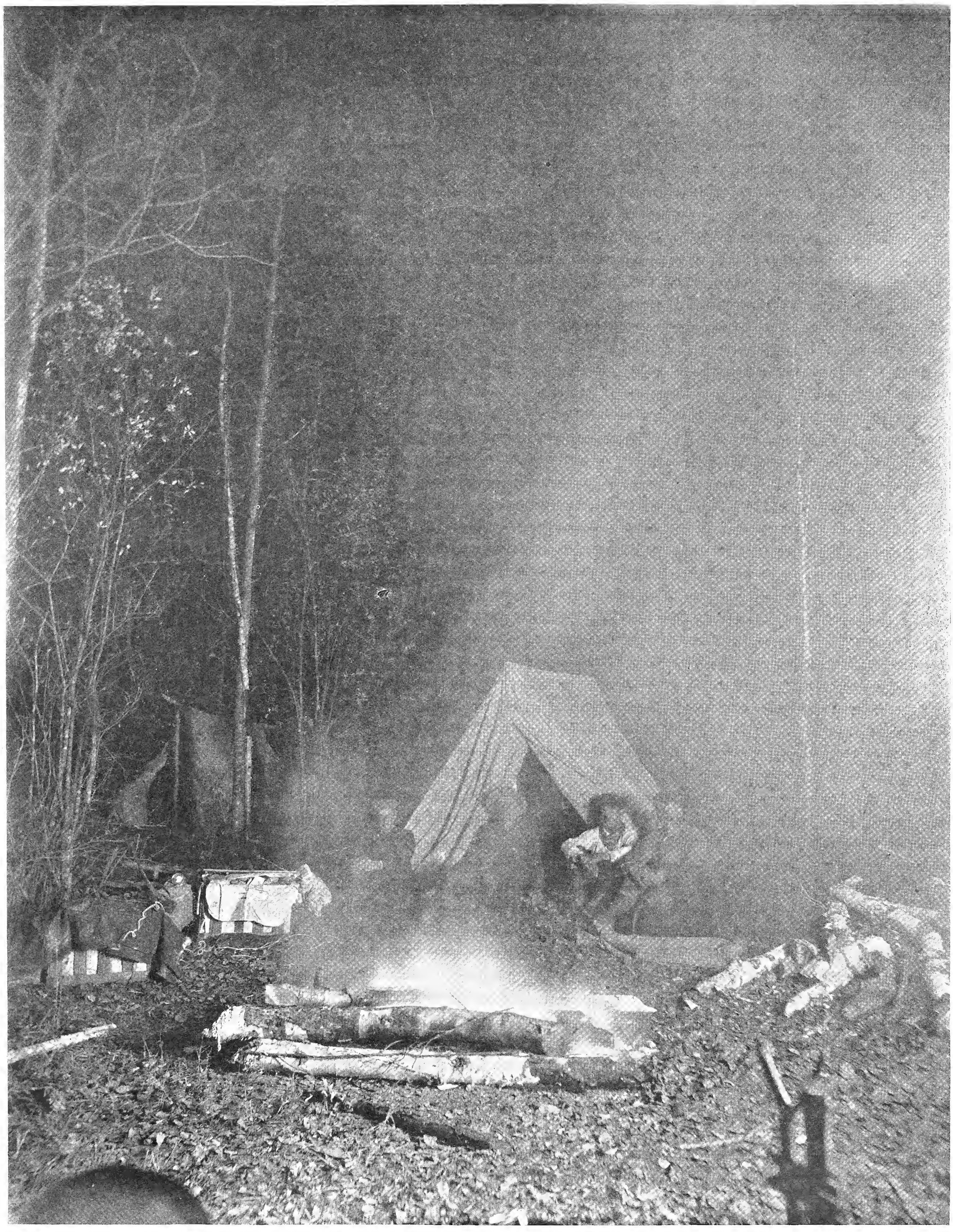
	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Fanning	125	115	92	Henry	125	88	70
Finch	175	151	86	Quinn	65	45	69
Le Noir	125	105	84	Connor	50	34	68
McMullen	150	124	83	Lathrop	100	63	63
Cheesman	100	77	77	Smith	50	30	60
Cooley	150	114	76	Wells	50	28	56
Arnold	125	95	76	C Pease	20	11	55
A Pease	65	49	75	Lamphear	25	3	12
Kites	125	92	74	Dimock, Jr.	10	1	10

A. M. ARNOLD, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

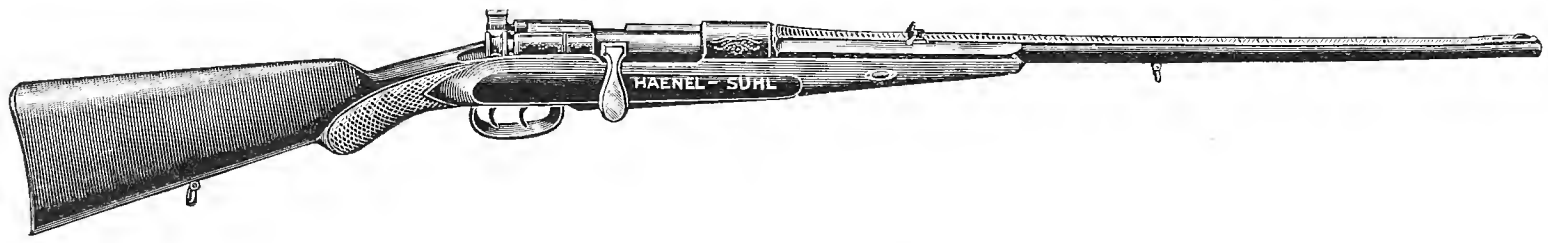
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 22.—The Peters badge was won by Mr. Hann. The eight events shot to-day were each at 25 targets, as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Anderson	20	22	20	21	..	..	..	..
Hunter	24	21	24	21	21	22	..	..
Michaelis	22	23	22	23	20	23	..	..
Morris	17	17	14	21	16	17	24	..
Parry	22	23	20	23	24	16	..	..
Harrod	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Finley	24	23	24	24	..	..	..	..
Moore	22	24	24	23	..	..	..	..
Wands	24	19	15	22	21	23	24	..
Tripp	19	20	25	25	23	24	25	22
Dixon	20	24	22	21	..	..	..	..
Smith	20	19	19	23	20	..	..	..
Leib	19	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hann	22	22	19	19	..	..	..	..
Moller	15	13	16	12	19	21	21	..
Mrs Hann	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..



CAMPING IN THE MISSISSAGA REGION CANADA.

MANNLICHER
(HAENEL)
REPEATING RIFLES



9 M/M	26 OR 28 INCH BARRELS	$50.00
8 "	No. 1, 24, 26 or 28 " "	40.00
8 "	No. 2, " " " " "	30.00
8 "	No. 3, " " " " "	25.00
8 "	CARBINES	20.00



ONE SHOT OF THE 8 M/M RIFLE DID IT

Luger Automatic Pistols and Carbines, 765 and 9 m/m. Adopted by the United States and received a Grande Prix in St. Louis.

PRICE - - $25.00

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A. H. FUNKE, 83 Chambers Street, New York

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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West Virginia Gun Club Tournament.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., July 19.—What proved to be one of the best little one-day tournaments ever held in this vicinity took place yesterday on the new grounds of the West Virginia Gun Club, this city. The new quarters are located at Paden City Park, about fifteen minutes' ride by trolley.

The weather was ideal for the sport, except a little warm, and all present seemed to enjoy themselves, and were glad that they were present.

Those participating were as follows: T. S. Bibbee, Elba, O.; J. M. Speary and C. W. Decker, Marietta, O.; T. A. Neill, Fairmont, W. Va.; E. F. Jacobs and B. S. White, Morgantown, W. Va.; C. J. Mowry, Cole D. Bolard, Jr., J. H. Ellsworth, J. D. Dinsmoor and E. R. Smith, St. Marys, W. Va.; C. P. Kinney, Dr. H. S. West, R. L. Hibbs, G. W. Bayles, McMechen, W. Va.; Doc Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.; R. R. Carnahan, Mannington, W. Va.; Dr. L. J. Walker, Grafton, W. Va.; Dr. Edwards, Portsmouth, O.; H. H. Stevens, New York; Ed. H. Taylor, Fairmont, W. Va.; Walter Clark, Dr. E. L. Boone, W. M. Snodgrass, S. R. Wells and D. B. Potts, New Martinsville. The locals were represented by Ed. O. Bower, J. G. Wolfe, Judge J. H. Strickling, and Dr. Jas. R. Stathers.

The trade was represented by Messrs. H. H. Stevens and Ed. H. Taylor. Mr. Stevens had the misfortune to break the firing pin of his gun during the early morning, making it necessary for him to shoot the right barrel, which accounts for his low score. Mr. T. S. Bibbee won high average by breaking 197 out of 210. J. M. Speary followed closely for second place with 193, and Ed. O. Bower, third with 189.

The team championship went to the Union Gun Club, of St. Marys, with the very creditable score of 107 out of 125. The locals were short one man for their team, but being eligible for the individual championship, entered the four and "copped" the prize, Dr. Jas. R. Stathers running his 25 straight.

The Dupont Powder Co., through their representative, Mr. Ed. H. Taylor, presented the new organization, the Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League, with a very handsome loving cup, to be contested for from time to time during the year 1905. The Union Gun Club team from St. Marys were the first winners, and the cup will be forwarded to them as soon as received. The writer of this report desires, on behalf of the members of the above organization, to thank Mr. Taylor and his company for the very handsome cup, and to assure them of our hearty appreciation.

Tabulated scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
T S Bibbee	14	14	13	12	15	14	15	15	14	14	15	13	15	14	197
J M Speary	11	14	15	13	14	15	15	11	15	13	14	13	15	15	193
Ed O Bower	14	14	12	15	14	13	14	15	13	14	14	13	12	12	189
C W Decker	13	11	15	12	12	13	14	12	15	13	14	12	14	12	182
T A Neill	15	12	13	13	13	15	14	13	10	12	13	12	12	14	181
C J Mowry	14	11	13	12	12	13	14	12	12	12	14	13	13	13	178
D Bolard, Jr	15	12	13	14	12	10	13	12	12	14	10	14	14	12	177
J H Ellsworth	12	14	13	13	9	13	12	13	12	14	13	12	15	13	177
Cole	12	14	10	14	14	10	11	14	11	11	13	14	13	14	175
Ed H Taylor	11	11	15	15	12	14	11	13	13	11	11	13	11	13	174
E Jacobs	13	12	14	12	9	14	13	13	11	14	13	10	14	9	171
J D Dinsmoor	14	10	13	12	13	13	14	13	12	13	12	10	12	10	171
E R Smith	13	12	13	13	11	12	14	11	11	7	10	14	10	13	164
H H Stevens	14	14	12	11	12	8	13	12	9	7	12	12	13	12	160
J G Wolfe	7	11	12	13	11	11	10	12	6	7	10	9	14	13	146
C P Kinney	11	12	14	10	14	13	15	12	15	13	15	13	..	..	...
Dr H S West	10	12	14	12	13	15	14	13	13	13	13	11	..	..	...
R L Hibbs	11	13	11	11	9	15	13	15	12	12	13	12	..	..	...
G W Bayles	11	12	11	11	9	12	15	14	12	14	11	13	..	..	...
Doc Smith	10	9	14	12	12	11	8	10	13	11	10	11	..	..	...
Dr Edwards	12	14	11	12	14	11	13	14	12	14	14	13	11	..	...
R R Carnahan	12	12	12	12	13	14	14	14	14	15	14	14	..	..	...
Dr L J Walker	10	11	10	14	13	13	8	13	13	14	9	..	..	..	...
B S White	13	14	15	12	13	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J H Strickling	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	12	10	11	11	10	12	10	...
D B Potts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
S R Wells	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	...
W M Snodgrass	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dr E L Boone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
Walter Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	...

League team race, 25 targets per man:

Union G. C., St. Marys.		McMechen, W. Va., G. C.	
Cole	20	Kinney	23
Ellsworth	20	Hibbs	20
Dinsmoor	22	West	21
Mowry	23	Bayles	19
Bolard	22—107	Doc Smith	16— 99
New Martinsville G. C.		**West Va. G. C., Sistersville.**	
Snodgrass	12	Stathers	25
Hobbs	20	Wolfe	22
Clark	21	Bower	20
Potts	16	Strickling	16— 83
Boone	15— 84		

About 6,000 targets were trapped.

The trap worked perfectly. Gee, what a whopper!

Mr. Bibbee says our new grounds are all right, but that we are too far from water.

We are dictating this report to a lady stenographer, so cannot tell you what Tom Neill called our trap when it was breaking targets.

C. W. Decker, of Marietta, never said a word all day. Just sawed wood.

It was a warm bunch from St. Marys, and they took our cup.

The McMechen squad shot a steady clip all the way through. They would have shown up better in the team race, had it not been that they hurried it along so as to catch a train.

Bower claims to be the engineer of the only gun club on earth that own their own trolley line, to say nothing of the blackberries.

Ellsworth had a bad half hour in event 5 or he would have been near the top.

Roy Carnahan got a bad start, but wound up like a house afire.

J. G. Wolfe had his gun in the factory for repairs, but shot through the entire programme, shooting a different gun in each event. He says he will not do it again.

Harry Stevens, the genial representative, looked a little blue when his firing pin broke, but his face was all smiles when shown the blackberry patch.

Judge J. H. Strickling was much pleased with his first tournament scores, and is ready to challenge his old friend W. M. Snodgrass, of New Martinsville, for a race for big money.

Dr. Jas. R. Stathers arrived at the grounds just in time to enter for the team race, his professional duties keeping him at his office nearly all day. Twenty-five straight for individual championship is not bad. Here's to you, Doc.

W. B. Woodruff was the "candy" when it came to handling the cashier's office. Everything was figured up ready for settlement in five minutes after the last shot was fired. There are a lot of good cashiers over the country, but don't overlook our Bill.

This tournament would not have been anything like a success without Doc Smith, the genial Doc, from Wheeling. He stole a march on us, however, and was using a pair of large yellow glasses a long time before it was discovered. Hereafter the management reserves the right to reject entries where the contestant is to wear yellow glasses.

Lack of time prevented the meeting for the purpose of organizing the League to be known as the Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League, which should be held as soon as possible. From present indications, the following clubs will be represented: Wheeling, McMechen, New Martinsville, Sisterville, St. Marys, Marietta, Parkersburg and Portsmouth. Talk the matter up, boys, and let's get together.

Charlottesville-University Tournament.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—The tournament of the Charlottesville and University gun clubs had scores as follows:

July 17, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Storr	17	17	17	19	19	19	19	17	17	19	180
Dennis	19	18	18	17	15	17	16	17	18	16	171
Scott	15	15	14	17	9	16	16	15	15	18	150
Winfree	18	17	17	15	18	15	15	16	13	16	161
Dinsmore	14	16	18	14	15	17	18	16	14	11	153
Anthony	19	16	20	16	16	17	15	14	17	19	169
Bruffey	18	17	17	17	14	16	18	15	20	16	168
Loyd	18	12	16	19	18	18	17	14	17	17	166
Silling	17	17	19	16	17	15	16	17	14	16	164
Moore	13	16	16	18	13	12	15	18	17	15	154
George	16	15	18	14	16	18	17	19	20	14	167
Tompkins	12	17	11	15	15	9	17	12	..	11	...
Carroll	18	9	14	17	15	15	12	16	16	14	146
White	12	12	14	11	14	12	16	11	..	13	...
Dawson	18	16	11	12	12	14	18	15	17	16	149
Gaw	17	16	10	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	...
Grant	11	14	13	14	14	11	11	12	7	10	98
Baskerville	15	12	17	12	18	13	16	18	16	17	154
Sampson	16	14	14	19	16	16	14	16	14	13	152
Burgess	14	15	17	10	13	17	14	17	18	17	151
Elliott	20	18	19	16	18	18	19	16	19	18	181
Peyton	..	..	13	13	16	14	15	20	17	14	...
Hawthorn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	15	...
Rea	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	...

July 18, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total.
Storr	19	20	18	20	18	18	17	19	149
Dennis	16	15	16	17	19	15	16	17	131
Scott	19	16	19	15	15	14	14	11	123
Winfree	17	17	18	20	15	19	18	17	141
Dinsmore	14	15	15	11	14	12	11	15	107
Elliott	18	19	17	16	17	18	16	15	136
Anthony	14	16	19	19	16	18	20	18	140
Bruffy	15	16	15	18	12	15	16	17	124
Tignor	13	13	14	13	14	11	14	13	105
Carroll	14	17	16	14	16	20	16	16	129
Loyd	17	16	18	16	15	14	18	16	130
Sampson	17	17	17	9	16	11	13	18	118
Baskerville	16	18	16	17	16	16	17	12	128
George	19	19	16	16	17	18	15	19	139
Grant	8	10	10	8	14	10	15	10	85
Burgess	17	16	17	10	17	15	10	17	...
Harrison	..	17	17	16	14	17	18	15	...
Tompkins	..	11	10	9	4	..	..	..	...

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

THE practice shoot of this club, held on their grounds at Red House Crossing, on the afternoon of July 15, drew out sixteen advocates of the scatter gun. The wind, as usual, blew a gale, but some good scores were made. T. H. Keller, Jr., of New York City, was the guest of the club, and shot fairly well, considering he used a borrowed gun, his tried and trusted gun being at home.

In the prize event, for a trout rod, a 15-target event, added target handicap, E. H. Lathrop won the prize, breaking 13 out of his 15, which, with a target allowance of 2, made him the winner. He is only sorry, he says, that he won't have a chance to use the rod this year, the trout law being now on.

The Peters cup contest and the contest for three merchandise prizes, are to be shot for throughout the season, ten shoots in all. Added-target handicap in cup contest, and in the merchandise race the shooters are divided into three classes, A, B, C, 60, 70 and 80 per cent., according to their shooting.

Scores in the three handicap events follow:

Semi-monthly prize, 15 targets:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Lathrop	13	3	15	Kites	11	0	11
Chapin	11	3	14	Boughton	7	4	11
Le Noir	14	0	14	Cheesman	10	0	10
L Misterly	10	4	14	Andrews	6	4	10
Snow	13	0	13	Collins	5	3	8
Kimball	9	4	13	A Misterly	5	3	8
Cady	8	4	12				

Peters cup contest, 25 targets:

Jordan	24	0	24	Chapin	16	3	19
Le Noir	22	0	22	Kimball	13	5	18
Snow	20	0	20	Andrews	12	5	17
Lathrop	17	3	20	Cheesman	17	0	17
Kites	19	0	19	Cady	12	5	17

Three merchandise prizes, 25 targets, three classes, A, B, C: Class A—Snow 22 Jordan 21, Le Noir 21, Kites 19, Cheesman 17. Class B—Lathrop 18. Class C—Cady 14, Kimball 13, L. Misterly 9.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	10	10	10	15	25	25	10	25	25		
Kites	..	..	..	6	..	..	11	19	19	5	18	23	135	101
Cheesman	11	..	7	..	..	..	10	17	17	8	22	..	130	92
Jordan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	21	..	24	18	100	87
Kimball	..	10	..	6	..	3	9	13	13	..	..	..	100	54
Cady	..	7	..	7	..	4	8	12	14	..	..	..	100	52
Le Noir	..	..	12	..	9	..	14	22	21	..	..	..	90	78
Snow	..	..	..	..	9	..	13	20	22	..	..	..	75	64
E H Lathrop	..	..	..	..	8	..	13	17	18	..	..	..	75	56
Andrews	..	9	..	7	..	..	6	12	..	7	..	..	75	41
Chapin	..	..	9	..	7	..	11	16	..	..	..	..	65	43
Collins	6	..	7	..	..	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	55	22
L Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	9	8	..	..	50	27
Keller, Jr.	4	8	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	25
Carraher	4	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	50	20
A Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	25	11
Boughton	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	15	7

MISFIRE.

Chicago Trapshooters' Association.

CHICAGO, July 17.—We made the announcement in FOREST AND STREAM about a month ago that we would again use the Chicago division of moneys at our coming tournament, on Aug. 17, 18 and 19. As we have had many requests to use at our next shoot what many would term an "old-fashioned shoot" by dividing the moneys on a percentage system, we have therefore adopted the percentage division.

Our programme will consist of ten 20-target events each day, with a total entrance of $20. The money will be divided 35, 30, 20, 15 per cent.

We are going to give $500 in cash for averages, with $100 each day to the seven high averages and $100 to the six high averages for the three days, and $100 to the eight low averages for the three days.

No one will be handicapped; all will stand at 16yds. Of course the professionals and manufacturers' agents will be extended the usual invitation to come and shoot for the targets only. This should make the shoot worth while for any good amateur to attend.

Chicago made the biggest showing of any city in the country in point of attendance at the Grand American Handicap, as twenty-five of our members shot in the big race.

We particularly wish to extend an invitation to the shooters contemplating attending the Indian shoot. As our shoot winds up on Saturday, Aug. 19, and the Indian shoot begins Tuesday, the 22d, it will give all those in attendance at our shoot two days to reach Lake Okoboji.

Those from the East attending the Indian shoot will most likely pass through Chicago and should not miss visiting these three days in the big metropolis of the West. Our programmes will be ready Aug. 1. We will be pleased to mail programmes to any one desiring same.

E. B. SHOGREN, Sec'y.

940 First National Bank Building.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., July 20.—The scores made at the regular shoot of the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club are appended. In an event at 5 pairs, 15 singles, Montanus scored 22, Guhring 19, Williamson scored 10 straight at 5 pairs.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	10	10	25	Targets:	25	25	10	10	25
Greiff	23	23	8	9	21	Williamson	18	..	..	5	19
McMurtry	19	18	..	2	12	Guhring	19	19	10	..	..
Martin	19	18	..	..	14	Carolan	11	19	9	..	..
Montanus	18	21	8	..	18	Wynne	22	19	..	..	18
Fransiola	18	19	7	4	7	Weiscotten	13	..	..	..	15

No. 1 is club event. No. 2 and 3 are shoot-offs. Fransiola had 7 allowance, Carolan 5, so that they tied on 14, which tie will be shot off at the next shoot.

Team race, 10 targets:

Montanus, captain	9	Martin, captain	9
Martin	7	Williamson	10
Weiscotten	3	Wynn	6
Wynne	9	Carolan	2
Carolan	6—39	Guhring	9—36
Greiff, captain	9	Greiff, captain	10
McMurtry	4	McMurtry	9
Guhring	10	Weiscotten	6
Weiscotten	3	Fransiola	8
Fransiola	5—31	Montanus	9—42

New York State Sportsmen's Association.

OSSINING, N. Y., July 20.—I have sent a set of the Constitution and By-Laws of the N. Y. State Sportsmen's Association to all the N. Y. State gun clubs I have on my list. Should be glad to forward a set on receipt of request to any club or individual shooter in the State who may wish a copy.

A communication has been received from the secretary of the Infallible Gun Club, of Buffalo, in which it is stated that a fine set of prizes is already guaranteed for the 1906 shoot, which information is very gratifying to those interested in the welfare of the new association.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD, Sec'y and Treas.

A gentleman whose nose had been lost was invited to tea. "My dear," said the good lady of the house, forewarningly to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular and to make no remarks about Mr. J.'s nose." Gathered around the table, everything was well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. J.'s nose? He hasn't got any."

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE temperature on July 22 was especially grateful, and the attendance larger than for some time. Of the twenty-five men in the Schuler prize event, Barker was high in actual breaks with 47. Hesser was second with 45. The only straight 25 made to-day was by Gambell, at practice. Lutie Gambell shot at 25 and accounted for 20, a score which a number of the older shooters do not always equal. In a match at 100 targets per man, Peters and Sycamore defeated Gambell and Barker by a score of 174 to 168.

Schuler prize shoot, handicap, 50 targets: Barker, 4, 50; Tuttle, 12, 50; Linn, 14, 50; F. Altheer, 15, 50; Lytle, 18, 50; Falk, 21, 50; Myers, 22, 50; Sycamore, 5 49; Krehbiel, 12, 49; E. Altheer, 16, 49; Hesser, 1, 46; Bagby, 4, 46; Crippen, 22, 46; Risley, 23, 46; Keplinger, 8, 45; Williams, 5, 44; Jack 9, 43; Peters, 0, 42; Pohlar, 1, 42; Maynard, 2, 42; *Gambell, 0, 39; Herman, 2, 39; Bullerdick, 4, 38; Jones, 8, 38; Andrews 7, 30.

*Gambell did not competc.

Ohio Notes.

The trustees of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, have announced that the club will hold a grand family picnic and all-day shoot on Wednesday, Aug. 16, one of the club's old-time love feasts.

The medal shoot of the Springfield, O., Gun Club, on July 14, was won by Foley after shooting off a tie on 24 out of 25 with Poole. The first shoot-off resulted in a tie on 23, but in the second Foley was victorious.

At the regular shoot of the Dayton Gun Club, nine events at 25 targets were shot, entrance 50 cents, four moneys in each event. Carr was high gun with 193 out of 225. Craig broke 145 out of 150 and made three straights. Ike came second with 163 out of 175, making five 24s. A four-man team race at 25 targets per man was shot: Craig 24, McKnight 21, Dickey 17, La Rue 24—86, against Ike 21, Carr 19, Darst 19, Cloggett 12—71.

The Cleveland Gun Club will hold a shoot on July 29 at their grounds, Stop 16A, Mayfield Road. At this shoot a new trophy will be placed in competition for the first time, and will be shot for thereafter on the second Saturday of each month at 2 P. M. It will be known as the Greater Cleveland Amateur Championship trophy of Northern Ohio.

The regular monthly shoot of the Here He Goes Gun Club, Price Hill, Cincinnati, was held on July 16, and was well attended, many ladies being present. Miss F. Altheer, a member of the Cincinnati Gun Club, was among the guests, and she did some fine work, breaking 43 out of 50 and tying with H. Osterfeld for first in the club event. Miss Altheer is a young lady of sixteen who has lately taken up shooting and is making excellent scores.

A good crowd attended the handicap medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O., on July 19 in spite of the heat. Six men tied for the medal on scores of 25 or better. In the fourth shoot-off Oldt broke 5 to Hanauer's 4 and Carr's 3. This is the third win for Oldt and places him tie with C. F. Miller.

Rolla Heikes and Ed. Rike, of Dayton; Dr. Geers, of Cleveland, and Col. Henry Avery, of Jackson, Mich., have been enjoying themselves at the latter's summer home at Pearl Beach, Mich., for the past couple of weeks. The party had caught 19 maskinongé up to July 15 weighing from 13 to 35½ pounds. "Pop" and Rike proved themselves to be almost as good with rod and reel as with the scatter gun, the former catching the second largest fish, 24 pounds, and the latter being third with one of 16½ pounds. Dr. Geers was high line, his captive weighing 35½ pounds.

The Dayton, O., Gun Club held their regular shoot on July 21, ten men taking part in one or more of the five 25-target events. Craig was high man with 113, breaking 90 out of his first 100, and going straight in the third event. Wertz was second with 98. Keller and La Rue broke 78 and 77 respectively out of 100. Craig and La Rue shot at six pairs of doubles and broke 6 each.

July 13 at the Springfield Gun Club shoot, some good work was done. Poole broke 91 out of his first 100 and finishing high gun with 213 out of 125; Foley was second with 87 out of 100, and Winkler third with 81 out of 125. Downs broke 80 out of 100. Several of the members will take part in the tournament at De Groff on July 20.

The Pleasant Valley Gun Club, of De Groff, Ohio, held a very successful tournament on July 20. The day was hot, but there was a good attendance- forty-five men in all facing the traps in the various events, and fifteen shooting in all the programme events. About 6000 targets were thrown during the day. The trade was represented by Messrs. D. D. Gross, H. U. Kirby, C. A. Young and J. R. Taylor. For the Peters cups, emblematic of the 5-man and individual championship of Champaign, Clark, Union, Madison, Shelby, Miami and Logan counties, there were five teams entered, and Springfield was victorious with a score of 218 out of 250. This makes their second win. C. A. Young made high individual score, 48. The individual cup was won for the third time by E. W. Holding with 45.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., July 22.—The appendid scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the second serics. In the club trophy shoot Eaton and Hicks tied for Class A on 24; Dr. Reynolds won Class B on 21; George won Class C on 21.

In Dupont cup shoot which followed, Hicks won Class A on 20 straight; Dr. Reynolds and T. L. Smedes tied in Class B on 17; George won Class C on 17.

In Hunter Arms Co. trophy shoot 10 singles and 5 pairs, Hicks, Dr. Meek, C. Einfeldt and Goetter tied in Class A on 18; Dr. Reynolds won Class B on 17; George won Class C on 15.

The club then indulged in a team shoot formed by choosing sides, Dr. Reynolds and Einfeldt captains. The Doctor's team won by 5 targets. The day was an ideal one for trapshooting, being calm and cool.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	25	20	10	10	Targets:	20	25	20	10	10
Thomas	15	17	16	8	7	A Smedes	11	18	14	7	8
Dr. Meek	18	20	19	10	10	T Smedes	12	20	17	9	10
Hicks	18	24	20	9	9	McDonald	17	23	20	8	9
Eaton	15	24	15	9	9	Drinkwater	13	14	13	..	..
Davis	19	23	11	9	10	Herr	12	..	5	..	..
Kampp	17	23	18	8	9	Lanigan	11	..	12	..	..
Dr eynolds	17	21	17	10	8	Geotter	18	..	15	..	..
C Einfeldt	18	20	15	8	7	Ayres	9	..	11	..	..
George	15	21	17	8	8	Ostendorp	10	..	..	..	..

No. 1 was Hunter Arms trophy. No. 2 was the 14th trophy event. No. 3 was the Dupont cup.

Team event, Dr. Reynolds and Mr. Einfeldt, captains:

Dr Reynolds	8	C Einfeldt	8
McDonald	10	Hicks	10
Meek	9	Davis	10
Eaton	10	Kampp	9
T L Smedes	8	Geotter	4
Thomas	9	D Smedes	8
George	5	Herr	5
Drinkwater	9	Morrell	7
Ostendorp	6—74	Cole	8—69

In Other Places.

The trophy presented to the West Duluth, Minn., Rod and Gun Club has been received, and there will be some tall shooting for same as soon as the committee has arranged the handicaps.

A deposit of $50 a side has been posted for a match at live birds between Mr. Hanerty, of Pottsville, and Mr. Bermer, of Mahanoy City, Pa. Each man to shoot at 21 live birds. The date for the match has not been arranged. These men shot to a tie on a previous match.

A new gun club was originated on last Friday at Sebastopol, Cal., it being the intention to hold shoots every Sunday during the remainder of the summer season.

Mr. Powell, the Arkansas champion, will use an automatic shotgun in his matches for the medal.

Edwin Wilson won the trophy shoot at Troy, O., at the last meet of the club.

The Tomah, Wis., Gun Club becomes possessor of the Chronicle trophy, which was held by Winona for a year through default, Winona having failed to take notice of the challenge issued through the proper channel.

The first regular shoot of this season held by the East Side Gun Club, Saginaw, Mich., was held last Sunday.

Many members of the South Tacoma, Wash., Gun Club were in attendance at the Elma shoot, held July 15. Regular and well-attended shoots are held by the Tacoma members each Saturday.

The Boon, Iowa, Gun Club held a tournament July 21 at the Driving Park.

The members of the Whitaker Gun Club, Homestead, Pa., held a shoot on last Monday at Hays Park. This club has many good shots who are making some excellent records at their practice meets.

The McLean County Gun Club will shoot at 300 targets for a cup presented by a powder company. Shoots were to be held July 12 and 19, Aug. 9 and 23, Sept. 13 and 27, with 50 targets to the man.

Considerable interest is manifested in the Jaekson, Mich., Gun Club contests. Mr.Crosier now holds the badge, but there are others with covetous eyes.

At the trophy shoot of the Highland Gun Club, at Duluth, Minn., P. J. Story, W. J. Webb, Arthur Gillenberg, Leroy Coons and W. H. Wells, were high, and Story won the powder cup; Welles the cartridge company's medal; Gillenberg the jewelry medal; Coons the Hardware medal, and Welles the arms company medal. Scores of 47 were made by those of the participants. The club is flourishing.

Members of the Hamilton, Can., Gun Club were guests of Perl Frend, Secretary of the Brant Gun Club, on Monday last. The weather was good. W. P. Thompson scored 49 out of 50. After the shoot they were entertained at the Brant House. The party was composed of W. P. Thompson, T. Upton, "Benit," Wilson, R. C. Ripley, G. Stroud, Perl Frend, "Ben R.," Dr. Hunt, H. Kempf and Mr. Brady.

At Lake Charles, La., the newly elected officers of the gun club are Dr. J. H. Mathicu, President; Hugh N. Green, Secretary; W. H. Simmons, Attorney. The Board discussed the building of a club house to cost not less than $5,000.

The powder company is liberal these days presenting cups, one of the latest being to the Fairmont Club, of Morgantown, Pa.

Following are the lately elected officers of the Findlay, O., Gun Club: President, Thomas Lang; Vice-President, Frank Hurd; Secretary, Ott Marvin; Field Captain, Al. Barton; Trustees, Dr. J. C. Tricht, J. N. Schafer, Dr. W. H. Drake.

The newly organized Celestial Gun Club, of Pekin, Ill. held its semi-monthly meeting Sunday last.

Herman Brown was champion for the day at the shoot held by the Winona, Minn., Gun Club on last Sunday.

The Forest Gun Club, Upper Sandusky, O., will hold their first tournament some time in September. It is the purpose of the club to put up a purse that will be large enough to attract many of the best shots.

The Blue Grass Championship was won at Maysville, Ky. Mr. B. Green, of that city, won with a score of 48 out of 50 targets. W. Henderson, of Lexington, and S. S. Pinny, of Maysville, tied for second. Mr. Henderson won a loving cup for high average, 228 out of 245.

The members of the Bisbee, Ariz., Gun Club are getting in earnest. Some six members ordered new guns to cost $125 each. The new traps have arrived, together with the targets, and now the club will have the best of everything.

The recently organized Northern Michigan Sportsmen's Association was well represented at the Traverse City, Michigan, tournament.

At Corsicana, Tex., Mr. Wade, the expert, made high professional average, 195 out of 200. Mr. Tautch won the individual championship and the high amateur score, 183.

There will be a big shoot some time during August, held by the East Side Gun Club of Saginaw, Mich.

If you think you cannot shoot targets without almost constant practice, note the following: Old members of the Ackley, Ia., Gun Club, after months of lay-off, met to see what they could do. Well, out of 50 targets E. Behrens broke 49, John Fahing 48, J. J. Deimer 46, Ben Blake 43. Where is there four men in Iowa who live in same town can beat that, though they may keep in constant practice? They will shoot regularly hereafter.

The East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., has elected officers, viz.: President, John Popp; Vice-President, Charles Schmidt; Secretary and Treasurer, F. J. Wolf; Captain, Joe Ditz. The committee is composed of C. E. Lown, C. C. Dietrich, Fred Baumgartner, P. H. Mertz, John Leidlim and J. P. Derby, Jr.

August 27 is the date of the big shoot, to be held by the East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich. There will be $500 worth of merchandise given to the victorious shots. On Oct. 15, there will be an outing on the river intended to accommodate those who do not shoot. This club has 150 members, and the annual dues have been changed to 50 cents, so that no one will cease to be a member. The old and popular gun club has taken a new "lease of life," and all plans are now laid for a brisk summer and fall campaign.

J. C. Scott, Secretary of the Walla Walla, Wash., Rod and Gun Club, has been notified that five barrels of rainbow trout will be placed in Mill Creek. It is hoped that the creek will in due time become what it once was—a fisherman's paradise. The trout came from the Government hatchery in Oregon.

Bieley Allen won the county championship at Hutchison, Kan.; C. T. Rankin was high average, and C. B. Wolf, of Macksville, won first prize.

The first tournament held by the Martinsville, Ind., Gun Club was a great success, many of the well-known Indianapolis shooters being present. Bell was high with 180 out of 200; Wildbock, 178; "Smoke," 176, and Wands, 175.

The Tallahassee, Fla., Gun Club held its shoot Tuesday, and there were some fine scores made. Mr. Pearsell won the medal with 48 out of 50. The club has a fine ground equipped with the latest paraphernalia.

The Cypress, Tex., Gun Club held a contest at the traps July 16, and then held a ball in the evening. The social part of a gun club organization should not be overlooked, providing the club desires to hold together.

There were twenty shooters at the tournament given by the Vernon, Texas, Gun Club. James S. Day, of Fort Worth, broke the ground record with 199 out of 210.

The Magnolia, Miss., Gun Club is now busy with preparations for a big shooting tournament for Aug. 17 and 18. The clubs in Mississippi and Louisiana will meet and contest. There will be some handsome prizes hung up by the home club. The programme will be a handsome book of 50 pages.

Charles Plank has returned from Denver, after making a successful trip as far west as Portland Ore., where he attended the shoot. Mr. Plank reports target shooting booming in the west, espeeially in Montana. The shooters there have a strong league, and they keep shooting all the time. Mr. Plank reports that there is much enthusiasm concerning the Trinidat shoot.

Chas. W. Budd, Fred Gilbert, Russell Klein, and all the big guns of Iowa were helping out Marshalltown, Ia., in the big tournament.

The Manton, Mich., Gun Club boys went to Kingsley and entered in the sweepstake shoot. Higbee and Swanson tied for high average with 77 out of 100.

At the Eufaula, Ala., tournament, E. S. Jones, of that city, won the $100 gun, with 179 out of 200; G. G. Vaughn, of Selma, was second, 170. High scores were Huff, Hall and Hightower.

The Badger Gun Club, of Janesville, Wis., will hold a two-days' shoot Aug. 6 and 7. The towns of Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois are connected with trolley cars, and this should be an excellent shoot.

The Mishawaka Gun Club has decided not to move from its present locality at South Bend, Ind. There was opposition on the part of the residents living near the new ground.

A charter has been asked for by the Tobyhanna Rod and Gun Club, composed of New Yorkers, William S. Schulenger, William C. Kent, William Hunter, Fletcher Pearson and Spencer K. Mulford. Land has been secured, and a club house will be erected near Stroudsburg, Pa.

The championship of Summit, Postage and Start counties was up for settlement at a shoot held last Saturday at Turkey Foot Lake, where the Akron, O., Gun Club held an outing.

Nelson McSherry won the high average at the York, Pa., all-day shoot last Tuesday with 183 out of 200.

Some one of the expert rifle shots was lately visiting at Marquette, Mich., and muchly interested the sports with his fancy shots. He was at home drawing letters on card board, shooting walnuts and many other fancy shots.

There was a fine gathering of marksmen at the Webb City, Mo., Gun Club meet on last Saturday. There were present Chris. Gottlieb, C. Behney, J. S. Behney, Wernecke Drake and Joe Liggett, of Carthage.

Many of the shooters present at the Portland, Ore., shoot, say many kind things of the members of the home club, and praise and commend the hospitality and goodfellowship generally; but they draw the line on the bad background, which was pine trees and could not have been worse. It is always annoying, especially where there is such a big shoot as at Portland to have to encounter a dark background where targets cannot be seen.

Another gun club for Belleville, Ill. The Fireworks Station Club has officers, viz.: President, M. McDonald; Secretary, E. Latinet; Treasurer, Era Pfeiffer; Manager, Louis Latinet. A match with the Allen Gun Club will be held this month.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Brugmann's Shoot.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., July 22.—There was a rallying of shooters to the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, once so famous and active in shooting matters about New York, but almost idle during recent years. Forty-one shooters participated in the different events, of which seven were sweepstake events, one was a consolation event, and five at 10 targets each were silver prize events. In the 20-target events, the entrance was $2. Event 12, consolation sweep, was at 25 targets, entrance $2.50. There were ten amateur average moneys in the 20-target events. The entrance in the merchandise events was 75 cents and $1.

There were present members of the Crescent and New York Athletic clubs, and nearly every other active club in the vicinity of New York. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	10	10	10	10	10	25
G H Piercy	18	20	19	18	19	19	9	8	9	8	8	23
Jap	20	18	19	18	19	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
F V Carlough	20	19	19	15	18	17	9	7	9	9	7	21
O C Grinnell, Jr.	15	14	11	18	14	16	7	6	8	6	8	22
Fred Truax	20	19	17	18	17	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
L A Scofield	14	12	13	15	15	16	8	9	8	7	8	22
J A Howard	18	17	18	16	13	16	7	7	5	7	3	18
Wm Slater	12	14	12	11	..	..	5	7	..	..	..	18
Secott	16	13	18	17	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
F W Schoverling	15	18	18	15	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Count	15	15	13	15	15	14	8	8	8	7	5	..
B H Clickner	17	15	17	15	16	20	7	8	10	5	7	..
E W Reynolds	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C E T Foster	19	17	18	19	17	19	9	9	7	9	10	20
Edward McMurtry	17	16	16	15	14	18	9	8	9	7	8	..
H B Williams	..	17	18	17	17	18	..	..	10	8	6	..
Sim Glover	..	..	..	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G R Schneider	..	..	..	..	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
V Van Buskirk	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	8	8	7	4	17
Jacks	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	7	8	8	..
R C Reeves, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	10	8	9	23
H F Holloway	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	8	8	7	..
C L Bush	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	7	6	2	..
E L Akers	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	4	7	..
B F Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
F Saldirini	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	9	5	5	..
F H Van Tassell	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	5	7	4	18
A Cottrell	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	9	7	9	23
W F Stumpf	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	2	5	3	..
Kevitt	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	7	7	8	..
A M Ferguson	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	4	5	3	12
F W Perkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	6	9	7	16
Louis Laue	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	5	5	..
A J Coman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	5	7	..
J H Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	4	4	..
G H Krus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	10	7	22
Edward Winslow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	3	5	..
Paul	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	6	12
R S Wise	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	5	..

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Parker Bros. want to call the attention of the shooting fraternity to the performance of Mr. John A. Flick, of Ravenna, O., a one-armed shooter, who scored with the Parker gun 97 out of a possible 100 at the G. A. H. The Parker gun also made some other very good records at the shoot, winning the team race with a total of 474 out of 500, and four Parkers out of five shooters in this event. The Consolation Handicap was also won with the Parker gun in the hands of Mr. J. T. Atkinson, tying on 99, and shooting out his opponent. At Waynesboro, Va., on July 4, Mr. C. H. Newcomb, of Philadelphia, strictly an amateur, won high amateur average, and at Richmond, Va., Decoration Day, also won high amateur average. At New London, Ia., the three handicap events held during their last tournament were all won with the Parker gun. Barton, of Chicago, and Gilbert and Garrett all tied on 50 straight, Barton breaking 100 straight to win the event. The second day handicap was won by John Burmeister with 50 straight, and the third day handicap was won by Fred Gilbert with 50 straight. All of the handicap events were won with the old reliable Parker in the hands of amateurs in two cases. In three days' shooting the old reliable Parker made scores of 200 straight. which is a remarkable performance, and proves conclusively the reliability and effectivcness of the famous "old reliable."

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. S., Twenty-eighth Street, New York.—Could a man make money by hunting wild animals—wolves, panthers and the like—for the bounty some States pay for the killing of these animals? If so, in what State or Territory would it pay best? Ans. No; no one to-day can make a living, to say nothing of laying up money, in the way you suggest. Wild animals on which a bounty is paid are nowhere sufficiently abundant for this. Now and then a man who has some other occupation succeeds during the winter in earning a few dollars by killing wolves. The days of hunting and trapping for a livelihood are about over, and we should not advise you to take up this work in the hope of supporting yourself by it.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Lewis and Clark Exposition.

THE passenger department of the Northern Pacific R. R. has issued a fifth edition of the "Lewis and Clark Exposition," now being held at Portland, Ore., in celebration of the first Government transcontinental expedition in America. The pamphlet is one of great interest for a multitude of reasons. It is from the pen of Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, well known for his many valuable writings on the Western country, and especially for his work entitled "The Trail of Lewis and Clark." It is illustrated with a multitude of beautiful photographs, gives a great deal of information about the Exposition and about the country passed through in reaching it from the East, and finally describes a number of trips which may be made north or south by the traveler who intends to visit the Exposition. It is only about two months since the Exposition opened, and it will last for two months and a half more. Persons who contemplate visiting Portland will do well to provide themselves with this pamphlet, which we presume will be furnished by any one of the principal offices of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the chief cities of the United States.

All duck shooters recognize the paramount importance of having good decoys, stools which so closely resemble the live birds that they cannot be told from them until the flying fowl are close to the counterfeit. The advertisement of Mason's Decoy Factory, of Detroit, Mich., is very timely, and the catalogue which it issues is an interesting publication. It contains cuts excellently printed on good, coated paper of ducks, shore birds, geese and so on, which no gunner for wildfowl can examine without feeling a certain thrill.

PASTE IT UP OVER YOUR TELEPHONE.

In using the telephone, remember that a stranger is at the other end. The manner in which you speak to him renders him a customer or the reverse. Make a customer of him and you increase your usefulness to the firm. The necessity of politeness, attention and patience in telephone communication is therefore impressed upon the employees.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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VOL. LXV.—No. 6. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

EDWARD RUSSELL WILBUR.

EDWARD RUSSELL WILBUR, Secretary and Treasurer of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, passed away at his summer home in Oyster Bay, Long Island, on Sunday, July 30. His age was seventy-seven.

Mr. Wilbur was born in Chatham, N. Y., and came to this city in 1849. He first found employment as clerk in the shipping house of Russell Sturgis & Co., in whose service he remained several years. Failing health obliged him to give up business, and on the advice of Dr. Willard Parker, the most eminent physician of the time in New York, he was sent south, as it was feared, to die of consumption. There he led an outdoor life, and in the course of a year or two regained his health; and returning to New York, entered business again, but still kept up the regimen of vigorous outdoor exercise, to which, as he was long after wont to say, he owed life and health.

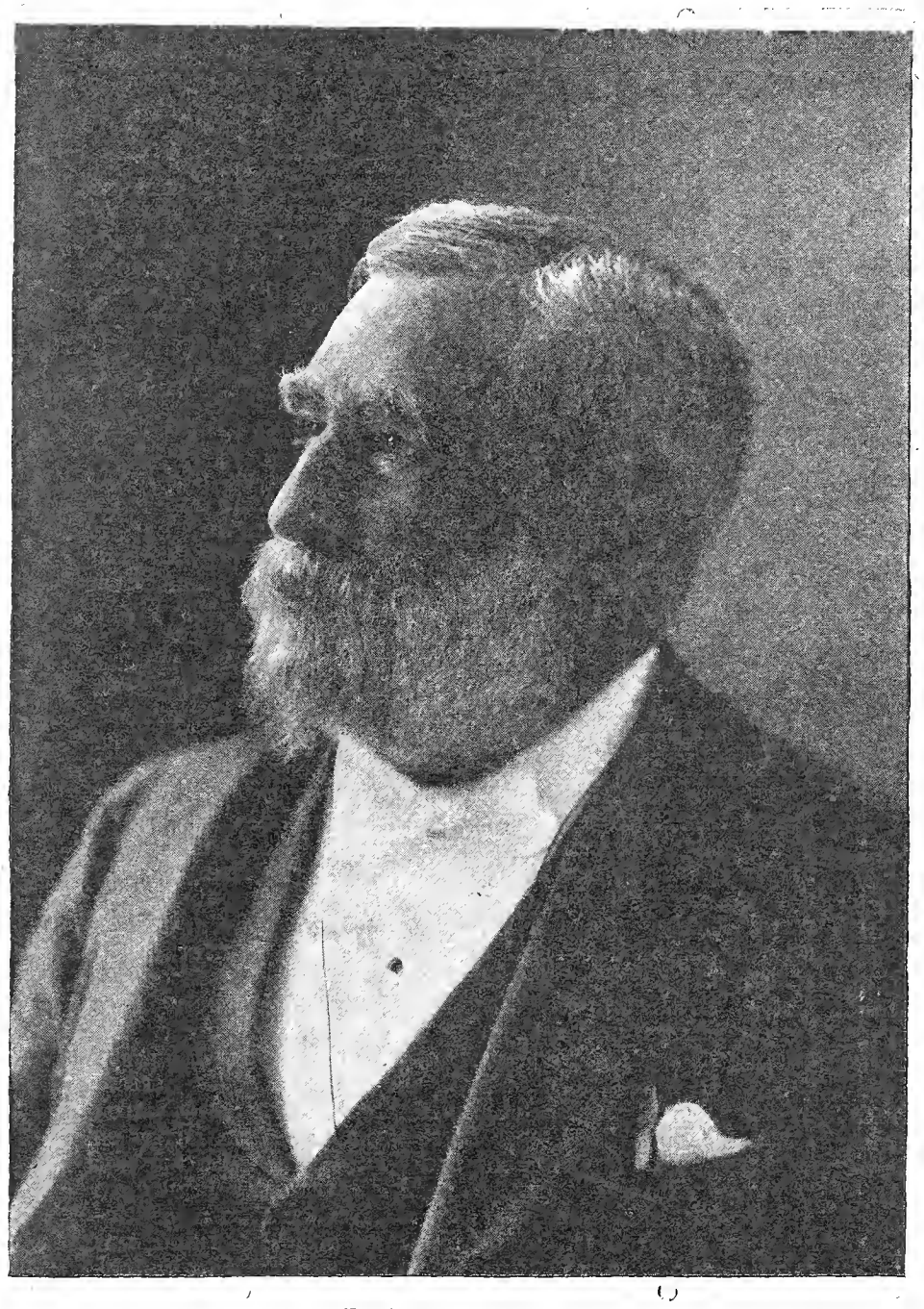
Mr. Wilbur was a member of Company A of the Seventh Regiment, New York National Guard, and when the Civil War came he went as a non-commissioned officer with his regiment on its historic march to Washington. Among the experiences he loved to recall was that of the company's bivouacking in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol, where they were addressed in a characteristically terse and pithy speech by President Lincoln. Mr. Wilbur shared the services of the Seventh at the front, and had part with others of his regiment in the quelling of the draft riots in this city. It is interesting to note that one of the prized friendships of those years was that of Major Robert Anderson; among Mr. Wilbur's mementoes of the time none was more cherished than a letter written to him by Major Anderson from Fort Sumter a day or two before that fateful April day when the fort was fired on.

Soon after the close of the war he formed a partnership with Mr. William H. Hastings under the firm title of Wilbur & Hastings, which soon became a well known house in the stationery trade in this city.

From his youth he had been interested in all outdoor sports. He was one of the founders of the first baseball association in New York at a time when the game was purely a recreation for amateurs; and was one of the incorporators of the Blooming Grove Park Association, whose extensive preserve in Pike county, Pa., was one of the first of such enterprises in America. Among his associates in the Blooming Grove Park was Charles Hallock, and when Mr. Hallock established the FOREST AND STREAM in 1873 he invited Mr. Wilbur to become a stockholder. As time passed his interest in the paper and its welfare grew, until he became one of the principal owners. In 1880 he retired from active partnership in the firm of Wilbur & Hastings, and from that time devoted his attention to the FOREST AND STREAM, in which was found a field most congenial to his tastes. As a sportsman he was fond of the gun and the rod and had enjoyed a wide experience with both. He had fished in many of the famous waters of the continent from California to Florida. In 1882 he was one of the organizers of the National Rod and Reel Association, and often served as judge or referee at the tournaments. In Fred Mather's "My Angling Friends" a chapter is devoted to Mr. Wilbur, and Mr. Mather recalls that it was a chance remark by Mr. Wilbur at one of the Rod and Reel Association dinners which led eventually to the experiment of stocking the Hudson River with salmon.

Mr. Wilbur was a close observer of nature; he loved to study the trees and flowers and birds. For many years the summers were spent on his country place at Sayville overlooking the Great South Bay of Long Island, and no field conquest ever afforded him more genuine satisfaction than his success in overcoming the shyness of the birds and the squirrels on his place and winning their confidence, as he did in a remarkable degree.

Mr. Wilbur was not of a demonstrative nature; his was a personality which was revealed only to those who long enjoyed his companionship. The qualities which made up the man were such as stood the proving of time. His integrity was sterling and uncompromising. His cheery kindliness and the readiness and the tenderness of his sympathy made him to all who saw much of him a dear and valued friend. The sense of loss and sorrow that is felt by those associated with him in the office of FOREST AND STREAM—some of us for more than twenty-five years—is not to be expressed by any written words.



EDWARD R. WILBUR.
From a photograph in 1897.

DR. HIRAM BYRD, of Jacksonville, Fla., suggests that as a complement to such remedial measures as draining ditches, screening cisterns and oiling standing water for the abatement of the mosquito plague, each household might maintain an artificial breeding place to trap the young for destruction. A pail of water set in a shady place in the yard will, in the absence of other breeding places, be resorted to by the insects for depositing their eggs, and the water being emptied out, the eggs will be destroyed. As the larvæ require about ten days to mature, the pails need to be emptied only once a week.

SOME PRIMITIVE PLANT FOODS—II.

WHILE the sugar and the syrups were both keenly enjoyed by the Indians for their sweetness, they were also highly valued as furnishing a most nourishing food. Mixed with cornmeal, as stated, or with wild rice or bear's fat, or even with walnuts, they made a wholesome and favorite article of diet.

There is some reason to believe that the Indians of a hundred years ago were better farmers than those of to-day. At all events, we know that not a few early travelers starting out on their travels across the plains spoke with enthusiasm of the attractions of some of the Indian farms which they passed.

Of the implements used by women none were more important than the hoe and the root digger—a sharpened stick from three to six feet long with which the women unearthed their roots. They had a wide acquaintance with certain facts of practical botany, these young girls and mothers and old women who used to start out in considerable companies to dig roots or to gather berries. They knew what plants were nourishing and palatable and what were not; they knew at just what season of the year each root was at its best, when it must be dug, and how it must be treated after being secured. Their patient industry, extended through almost the whole summer, gathered together what in the aggregate was a vast deal of food—sacks of dried berries and great caches of dried roots.

Take for example the camas, each root of which—shaped somewhat like an onion—is about as large as a good-sized chestnut and each one of which must be dug individually. It took a long time to fill a parfleche—a sack—with these tiny roots, which must then be carried home, spread out in the sun to dry, roughly cleansed of the dark earth in which the root had grown, and then cooked. In those primitive times the labor of digging a great pit in the ground was not slight, for the only tools were a sharpened stick and the hand. In such a pit the camas roots were steamed or baked, and after the cooking process was over, the bulbs were spread out in the sun and dried. Or if not dried they were sometimes pressed together while still moist in cakes to form a sort of bread.

The cultivation of the land in the Southwest—in what are now Arizona and New Mexico—was made possible by extensive irrigating systems, built with remarkable engineering skill, the canals being lined with tamped clay, which was impervious to water and prevented all seepage. These great works to-day excite the astonishment of the traveler and the ethnologist.

After all it was the wild fruits on which the Indian depended, outside of that wonderful plant, the maize, about which cluster so many beautiful traditions and which in many tribes has a sacred character, so that it was called "mother," "our support," "our helper." If the Indians of the north, the west and the southwest had their corn, not less did those of the south raise this plant, on whose grain they also depended. They cultivated also peas, beans, pumpkins and tobacco, but besides gathered roots, berries and nuts. A dish spoken of by the old writers with some enthusiasm was hickory milk, being the pounded hickory nuts and water, which the people ate with their bread. They gathered the water chinquapin and the seeds of a great water lily which to-day gives food to the wild ducks in many places in the South. The seed of another species of lily more like our common yellow pond lily is extensively gathered to-day and eaten by the Klamath Indians, and its collection and preparation have been interestingly described by Mr. F. V. Coville, of the Department of Agriculture.

Another curious use to which the seed of this water lily are put by some Indians is the forming of packages to bind about the head of the infant tied to its board, for the purpose of flattening the head, as was formerly the custom with very many Indians of the west and south,



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

On the Desert.—II.

After the Professor's wrestle with death for water at Coyote Holes, it was a week before he got about much. You remember he had stripped himself in his aberration and the sun had blistered his tender skin so badly that he could wear no clothing, so he loafed about camp with a piece of old tent canvas draped about him poncho-fashion, a hole cut in the middle for his head, so that the canvas fell about him from his neck. However, by the aid of herb lotions we brewed he peeled off beautifully and was soon all right.

We had several pets about camp, including Pete's Chuckawalla lizard "Billy" and a big gopher snake, both harmless. The lizard we kept for his looks and the snake because he kept the camp clear of rats and chipmunks. Billy was about the ugliest thing in the reptile line that I ever saw next to a Gila monster. He was about eighteen inches long, the color of dirty mud and his shape was fierce—head and feet something like an alligator's and a thick, clubby tail about eight inches long. He belonged to Pete by right of capture. Pete was sinking a prospect hole on one of our locations and was about ten feet down when Billy discovered him. With the curiosity peculiar to that particular class of reptile, the lizard would persist in crawling to the edge of the hole and looking down; every time he did, he rolled bits of gravel and dirt down on Pete's head and neck. Pete shooed him away any number of times, but he would always return. Life is scarce enough on the desert, and no true prospector ever kills anything for the mere sport of killing unless it is harmful or poisonous. At the top there was a little nick broken in the granite, like a trough. To this the lizard always returned, so Pete made a slip-noose in a piece of stout twine and laid it in the nick with the other end of the string dangling in the hole. In a few minutes, more dirt and gravel came rattling down, and without looking up, Pete gave the string a yank and down came the big lizard with the noose taut behind his forelegs. Then Pete was up against his old trouble of never seeing but one thing at a time. His idea was to catch the lizard, but he had not foreseen the excitement of pulling him down into the hole. The lizard dropped "plump" on Pete's back, dropped and hung. Pete yelled and shucked out of his jumpers, then made a wild leap for the niches cut in the rock that he used as steps. He knew the Chuckawalla was perfectly harmless, but it was not pleasant to have an ugly 18-inch lizard galloping over him in a 5x6 hole. The lizard made a rush up Pete's leg, over his back to the rock and out, Pete catching the end of the string as it was disappearing. When he came to camp that night he had Billy in a gunny sack that he used for carrying giant powder.

We tied the lizard to a stake for a few weeks until he became accustomed to us, feeding him on bread, tender shoots and flies. We spread some wild honey on a piece of tin can, and Billy would lie alongside of it like a stick. If ever a fly lit within three inches of him it was curtains for the fly; that long tongue would snap out and Billy would swallow, wink and wait for the next. We never knew him to make but one mistake, and that was when he hit a blue waspish thing that looked like a hornet but wasn't, for there are no hornets on the desert. Whatever it was, it hurt and Billy didn't even swallow nor wink, but scuttled for his den of rocks we had made and didn't come out for two days. After he became "hanted" to the place, we cut him loose and he stayed about. We had a rough rock cabin of two rooms thatched with giata grass, and Billy made his home in the thatch.

The gopher snake, about five feet long, was in the cabin when we came, and it stayed. We named it "Anaconda," which was afterward shortened to "Anna," probably unjustly so, to the snake, but we did not know. Billy and Anna would fight something awful, and had many a scrap on the dirt floor of the cabin. Anna liked condensed milk, Billy didn't and seemed to be mad because Anna did. Billy would run over the pan and upset it, and when Anna tried to gather him in her (or his) embrace, Billy would fetch a whack with that club tail that would send Anna to the mat almost for the count; then, before Anna was up Billy would be in the thatch and hissing down awful things. But there—I had almost forgotten the Professor.

It was his second day in camp, and he had seen neither Billy nor Anna. We were at supper when we heard a hiss, a whack, then a second or two afterward, a rustle in the thatch and "plump" Billy dropped on the center of the table. The Professor, who was sitting on a candle box, went over backward and began to crawl.

"It's all right, Professor; it's only Billy. He often does that, misses his hold and falls," said Pete.

"A member of the family to whom I have not been introduced, eh?" said the Professor, as he pulled himself up alongside the wall. "Well, will you explain to him that I am very hard to get acquainted with, and that one must know me a long while before he can be familiar?" The Professor stuck to it, and would never call Billy by his first name but always "Mr. Chuckawalla."

The Professor saw Anna after supper. Paystreak and Sam were washing dishes, I was out getting wood for breakfast; Pete was puffing at his pipe while sitting on a folded blanket on a box, his back against the wall and his hands clasped about his crossed knees. By holding the ace, deuce, jack and ten of trumps he had won immunity for the night from household cares. Anna had "its" head in an old tin plate licking at the particles of butter fat—the remains of condensed milk; all was a picture of domestic contentment. The Professor was in the bunk room spreading his blankets, and after he finished, came and stood in the door. Then he saw Anna. Pete was watching him and saw him go white under the red and his eyes grow big and round. He passed his hand over his head and walked like a blind man to the outside door; there he turned and looked again; Anna was still snapping up crumbs. Pete put on his poker face and watched him; their eyes met, and the Professor beckoned with his head for Pete to come out. Pete sauntered to the door and into the night, and the Professor's voice was hoarse as he whispered: "Look in there—by the edge of the table—and tell me if you see a snake." Pete said the temptation was great, but he resisted it and said:

"Why yes, that's Anna, another one you have not met." Then the Professor laughed just as we used to do when we came to the surface after the first fellow in had told us that the water was not cold.

I have no desire to tire you with a relation of all the trouble to which that Professor put us for the six weeks he was our guest, but we pitied his ignorance and bore with him. He had learned one lesson well, however, and that was to not go far without a supply of water; learned it so thoroughly that he would not go a mile from camp without a six-quart zinc canteen of water hanging to him, and he would not go over a mile without one of us was with him. He could not cook, and about the only thing he could do well was to carry wood and water. He did not care to be left alone in camp with Billy and Anna, so we used to lead him to the big face of granite about two miles up the cañon and there leave him to study the Indian picture writing. He made copies of every mark on the granite, including the seams in the rock, but knew no more about it than he did before he saw it. He had a little book filled with other Indian picture writings that had been translated and tried to make a comparison, but it ended in a try, for the pictures did not agree. He eventually accepted old Chemihueva Joe's translation that the single sawbuck marks meant so many packhorses, or mules, and that the double sawbucks with long sticks meant so many mounted men with spears. As for the pictures, they resembled nothing ever seen on, under or above the earth unless it was the antediluvian monsters, the kind we used to draw on our slates and label: "This is a ——."

But we treated the Professor kindly, even when we found him with the shotgun trying to bunch some of our quail. There was a big covey living on the mistletoe in the ironwood and palo verde on the mesa and in the cañon, and the birds became so tame that they would come within a few feet of the cabin and pick up the rolled oats and crumbs that we scattered for them. Of course we were fond of quail, but when we first pitched camp we became interested in their fuzzy little children, and they came and went unharmed. We even had names for some of the older ones, names suggested by some peculiarity in appearance or action. We would sit at the cabin in the evening and watch them running here and there and note the early or late arrival or absence of the "Topknot," "Cocky" or "Prudy" families. And that Professor was trying to get a shot at a bunch of them. But he was a gentleman, apologized when the situation was explained, put away the gun and became interested with us in watching them. But the fact that he "intended" to shoot them hurt a little.

I may, however, refer to his first experience with coyotes. He had some hesitancy about going to sleep in the bunk room; he was in doubt about the actions of Billy and Anna during the night. The thought that an 18-inch lizard might drop on his bunk or that a 5-foot snake might coil up with him in his blankets seemed to disturb him, and a slight rustling in the grass thatch would keep him awake for hours. He had a hammock in his pack, and concluding that he preferred to sleep in the open, stretched the hammock about twenty yards from camp between two mesquites. That day we had bought a mountain sheep from an Indian. The sheep are protected by statute in California, and white men are not allowed to kill them, except in self-defense. We had been in bed but a short time when there came a chorus of coyote howls and yelps a short distance from the camp. Now, one coyote can howl and yelp in one breath and in several different places at the same time. He will yelp here, and before the sound dies away he is howling over there, so that two or three coyotes will sound like a pack of a dozen or more. If you get tired of their noise all you have to do is to rise up and yell and they are gone like gray shadows. But the Professor did not know this and the opening chorus had not reached the first bar until we heard the patter of feet scratching gravel, and the Professor entered the cabin as if he was blown in, and asked excitedly: "What is that?"

"Wolves," said Paystreak, gruffly, in order to hide the laugh in his voice. The Professor did not try to sleep in the open again, and Pete had to go out and fetch in his blankets.

We were beginning to wish for an opportunity to bid the Professor Godspeed and a safe journey home when came the incident of the mountain lion that hastened his departure. As a rule there are no mountain lions on the desert; prey is too scarce for them in that arid region, and they are never seen there unless in crossing from the Colorado River to the mountains on the coast. The bottoms of the Colorado River are wide and covered with jungle, trees and brush. There are a few ranches along the river from which cattle stray away and once in that jungle they are practically lost to the owners. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of wild cattle now roaming up and down the river bottom and occasionally, after the winter and summer rains, some of them will range out on the desert for thirty, forty or fifty miles grazing on the fresh herbage; it fails in a few weeks under the hot sun, and they range back to the river by way of Black Tanks, Horse Tanks or Chuckawalla. These cattle bear no man's brand, and are therefore legitimate prey to a prospector's rifle if he feels in the need of fresh meat or desires to replenish his supply of jerky. Occasionally some of the lions that are along the bottoms, will follow the cattle to the desert and return with them. Among prospectors a young, unbranded steer is known as a Chuckawalla elk.

The August rains were over, and it was about the first week in September. The Professor had been putting in the day at the cliff dreaming over the Indian picture writing and was returning to camp. He was within about a mile of the cabin when he saw a huge, long, yellow body gliding through the bushes on his left. It was a mountain lion following him. I know just how he felt when he saw it, for I have had them follow me, and I know how I felt but I can't describe it. You want to run, but you know that the lion could overtake you in a half a dozen bounds. I cannot account for this peculiarity of the animal unless it is curiosity or a desire for companionship. Passing along a deserted street late at night, did you ever notice that you were being followed by a house cat, slinking along in the shadow, darting across a ray of light, stopping when you stop and going on as you do? I have been followed exactly the same way by a mountain lion for two miles, when my only weapon was a prospector's small pole pick. In the evening shadows of the cañon it is not conducive to hilarity for an unarmed man to see the big, sinewy beast slipping through the bushes first on one side and then on the other, sometimes ahead but generally a little distance behind, but assuredly keeping him company. He does not want to whistle nor sing nor make any show of bravado, he wants to attract as little attention as possible. That was the Professor's state of mind when Paystreak and Sam saw him about half a mile from camp. They were coming down a side cañon from a prospect hole up near the head, and saw the Professor coming down the main cañon; his actions were such that they stopped and watched him. He was stepping quick, high and softly, looking back and acting as though he wanted to run but was afraid to; in fact, as Sam said, "Like he was plumb skeered."

The Professor went on for fifty yards as though he was treading on eggs, then he turned a bend from where he could see, a half a mile ahead, the smoke curling from the cabin chimney as Pete and I sat about getting supper. At that welcome sight the Professor threw his discretion, canteen and other deadweight to the winds and started down the cañon hotfoot. He had told us of his sprinting days at college—tales we had accepted with reservations; but as Paystreak and Sam watched him hiking down the bed of the cañon they decided that he had been telling the truth and that he had not forgotten his stride.

"Do you reckon he has discovered the translation of that picture writing and scared himself?" asked Paystreak. Before Sam could hazard a reply a big mountain lion trotted out of the bushes into the cañon, and with a plain look of surprise and astonishment squatted on his haunches and gazed after the rapidly disappearing Professor. It was a fair mark broadside on at not over 100 yards, and at the crack of Sam's rifle the lion went into the air and forward and falling on the sand, gave a few convulsive kicks and was still. He would not have hurt the Professor; a mountain lion is almost as cowardly as a coyote and will fight only when cornered, ravenously hungry or in defense of cubs. This was explained to the Professor, who replied that he did not have time to ask the lion its intentions. We skinned the brute and salted the pelt for the Professor to take in with him for a rug, and that pelt was the cause of his cutting short his stay by several days.

His burros were turned loose with ours and ranged down on a mesa that was covered with young ironwood and giata grass, the best of forage for jacks. The band would come to the spring for water and if the burros saw us around camp they would return to the range without coming to the cabin. If no one was around they would loaf about the cabin until some one appeared to show that we were still there. We were all out in the hills one day, and the Professor was the first one in, returning about 5 o'clock. The burros were browsing about camp and the Professor thought he would have some fun, so he draped the green pelt of the lion about him, got down on all fours and with a roar went scuttling toward the burros. Now if there

is anything that will stampede a burro quicker than a mountain lion I never saw nor heard of it, unless it be a grizzly, and it is an even break between them. The burros threw forward their ears, took one look, wheeled and there was a clatter of hoofed feet over the gravel down the cañon as each sent out a raucous bray through the hills for help. A moment later Pete came running up. The Professor was still laughing heartily at his joke. Pete looked at the lion's pelt and asked: "What have you been doin'?"

I have been playing a joke on the burros. You should have seen them skedaddle down the cañon."

"Yes, that's funny; in fact, it is —— funny. I could almost split myself laughin' when I think of you and me footin' it ten miles or more across the desert packin' blankets, grub and water to round up them burros; they won't stop this side of Mule Springs. Oh! yes, it's awful funny, ha! ha! I ain't heerd of sueh a gooc joke sence I went to sleep and rolled in the fire," and throwing his canteen one way and his piek another, Pete went in the cabin and kicked a box till it split.

Pete was right; they followed the trail of the burros for ten miles and more; and before they came up with them the Professor fully realized the point of his joke. He did not know on which foot to limp when he got back to camp. Pete rested one day and then announced that he was going to start for Salton the next day for another supply of grub and hinted strongly to the Professor that it would be his last opportunity for company across the desert for three months. The Professor took the hint and began packing. He apologized for any trouble he might have caused us but was too much of a gentleman to even think of offering any monetary remuneration. He was a good fellow, well-educated and all that, and the trip added to his education, for he learned that all knowledge is not included between book eovers.

E. E. B.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A Lumber Camp.

As we dropped down stream, broadside, to, the Medicine Man watched the lumber camp closely, "sizing it up," as he said. When we came elose to the camp we ran into the eddy at the eaving bank and tied. Men, who were rafting logs in the dead water, were rolling them off the flat top, jumping them down the fifteen or twenty feet. The water shot out from under the logs in yellow spray. Then the log was piked around under the long pole binders, and spiked fast with nails nearly a foot in length.

The Medicine Man had greeted every one with a cheery Howdy, and mentioned the weather, the stage of the river and the log business. As he talked we made fast and climbed the bank to see the place.

Nearly a dozen tents of assorted sizes were scattered over a hundred yards square. Up stream was the log dump, with logs coming in, one or two at a time, on wagons fit to carry obelisks, drawn by mules. A couple of white men were in sight, but the dozen others were negroes. One of the white men was a broad-shouldered, broad-faced, square-set individual. As he looked me in the eye, and then took in the details of my dress, and the features of my companion, it was easy to see that he was boss, the more so as the other men were all working.

He had the look of an ideal lumber camp foreman. I had seen his kind in the Adirondacks, and if a certain Jim MacBeth of the Adirondacks had been there it would have been a question as to which was which at first glance. But there was a difference between the Adirondack and the Mississippi River man. Jim MacBeth would put up a mighty fight if need be, but there is none of the peculiar over-bearing, set expression in his face that was in the face of the man who eyed us

Our reception was open, and not free. We didn't know that the next steamer, expected that afternoon, would bring some hundreds of dollars to the camp to pay off the men, but apparently the boss presumed we knew.

I introduced myself, and the boss said he was Hiram Marshall. The camp was one of five in the vicinity run for Anderson, Tully & Co., veneerers. L. C. Snider was the contractor, or jobber, and was the general superintendent, and boss of one of the five camps himself. On the job so far 25,000,000 feet of cottonwood had been cut from the vicinity of Lake Lee. While I was talking to the boss, he turned to a young man and said, "Go down and take a look at that boat—see if it's the kind of a boat we was talking about the other day for a dormitory."

The youth went down with the Medicine Man, and looked at it earefully. When he came back to report, my companion remained behind. A log rolling down the bank caused me to turn from the boss as the youth reported, but I happened to observe a little gesture of the boss, which meant, "Do they sell liquor?" and a sideways shake of the head was the answer. I've wondered since what would have happened to us if our boat had been a whiskey saloon. I think we would have left the camp very soon. Mississippi lumber camps do not like to have whiskey in them.

There was reason for the boss to think we had come because it was pay day at the camp. I had been there only a few minutes when I saw a tall, lean negro loping down the log road along the river bank. He was astonishingly dressed in a suit of black, with creased trousers, a shirt like a house a-fire, elean collar and cuffs and a natty brown derby. He addressed a log roller of his own color, who motioned toward the boss.

The boss said in a low voiee: "Here they come! Just like a lot of black buzzards."

The negro came to the boss, smirking and bowing low and touching his finger to his hat. "Be yo' de boss, seh? Yasseh, yasseh, thankee. Would you 'low me teh stay yeh to-night?"

"You're a crap shooter, aint yeh?" the boss said.

"Nosseh, nosseh—I ain' no crap—"

"What's the use o' your lying? You're a gambler—but you can stay—that's my tent there." The negro didn't approach within forty yards of the tent indicated thereafter, but the permission to stay he received with a happy little jump, and a smile wider than his face.

The steamer came toward night. The coming of the steamer was noted with joy by all hands in sight. It whistled for the landing, and the boss, flanked by a couple of white men, went aboard and got the money—about $700. As soon as he got it to his tent, paying off began. No lumber or other boss in a negro camp cares to have any great quantity of money on him over night. The negroes, one at a time, or in twos or threes, went in after the money they had earned. Three beds were in the tent, and on them lounged the three or four whites, beside the boss, employed there. The boss was flanked by them from any possible attack by a desperado.

The money was piled up on a small square table—rolls of bills, heaps of silver dollars six inches high, and other smaller coins in proportion. The men being paid off, rolled their eyes down on the glistening piles, actually wetting their lips at the sight. Some of the blaek men glanced around the tent from under protruding brows and accepted their jingling share with their lips rolling up in a pursing eurl of a sneer—so little from so much! The money was soon paid out, and the Medicine Man, when I glanced around for him, was missing. At last he appeared at the door, just after dark, and with an expansive smile on his face wanted to know if he could come in.

He earried the leather grip, and he remarked to the foreman: "I 'lowed to show you all that medicine I was a-telling of, Za-mi-a-ya Bitters, consisting of sarsaparilla, rhubarb, quinine, salsify, celery, pennyroyal, witch hazel, ipecac and other ingredients to the number of fourteen, including za-mi-a-ya, the great health and nerve restorer, discovered in the Philippines and recently brought to this country. It is guaranteed to cure rheumatism, blood disorders, stomach troubles, etc., etc.," reciting the list printed on the label. It had seemed to me that the list was a preposterous one, and that it cured too much. But an old white lumberman sitting on one of the beds showed unmistakable interest in what was passing. His lean face and sallow, wrinkled skin showed the symptoms of several of the diseases named, and long before the Medicine Man had completed his "talk" a half dollar was transferred for a bottle of the stuff. The Medicine Man then tried to sell to the others present, but met with no success. He asked the boss for permission to go to the negro quarters, and got it.

"They might's well buy that as lose their money crap-shooting," he remarked sardonically. The Medicine Man left.

Knowing that I was after stories, Marshall proceeded to fill me up with some stock tales which were epidemic in the southern papers—negro incidents magnified and changed and localized from Bayou Tech to Reelfoot Lake. Gradually the supply gave out, and then I began to hear of the work done—seventy-two logs rolled in that day and rafted, and 252 on the dump that morning. The raft would number 3,500 logs.

Through the thin side walls of the tent came sounds of distant shouts. "What's all that noise?" I asked.

"The niggers is parting with theh money, I reckon," was the answer.

"Where are they?"

"They's in the erap tent, I reckon."

"Got a erap tent?" I asked.

"Yesseh! You all knows what craps is, don't yeh? Well, this is jes' a tent whah they all plays craps, that's all."

"Is it?" I said, "Well, I'd like to see it."

"Would you? Huh! Nothing but a lot of niggers shooting craps."

"I'll go out with you," the boss said, giving me a look that I did not understand till I was nearly to the crap tent. He had a good deal of money on his person, in spite of the amount paid out. And as we walked the hundred yards to the gamblers he kept a full step behind me, and when I looked back at him, his right hand was clenched at the top of his belt, and it was there all the time we were alone together, a precaution well worth his taking when in the Mississippi swamps with a rough-looking stranger "off the river."

With such a companion just behind me, a river man, I spread the tent flaps and looked inside. The tent was jammed full—there were thirty-five or forty in it, and all black. Two flickering lanterns swung over a waist high table, round which was a 3-inch high board fenee. Hold of the fence were half a hundred hands, some with long, curving nails. Leaning over the table were a score of curly-haired craniums with lumpy projections on them. In the center of the left side was the long, lean negro whom the boss had aceused of being a crap-shooter. His hat was on the back of his head, and he was swaying back and forth with a wide smile on his countenance not dissimilar to the smile of my Medicine Man when he "began business" with the boss of the camp itself.

A glanee was all that any one gave us, and only a few so much as glanced in our direction. They all watched the little "bucks" as they jumped half way across the table, jerked whirling from some toil-cracked fist. Quarters, half-dollars and dollars were on all sides, and it needed only a few minutes to observe how much found its way down into the lean man's pocket and how little eame up from it.

Four deep they stood around the table, reaching over shoulders, and crying for a chance to put their money down. Occasionally, when a play won, there would be an unconscious burst of song:

"'Tis the old-time religion,"

or, more frequently, a snateh from some roustabout lay.

After a time the boss and I walked back. He had watched me whilc I watched the crap-shooters, and he was by my side, instead of behind me as we walked back. When inside his tent once more, I remarked to him that I should think he would be afraid of having so much money on him, even for a short time, as he had had that afternoon.

"Afraid!" he snorted, drawing a revolver from his pocket. It was a .45, 4-inch blue-barrel Colts, of latest and most approved pattern. As he tucked it back into his holster, a yellow man came in.

"Say, boss, 'll you all loan me a dollar?"

Marshall laughed.

"Heah's mah gun—hits a new one, bran new!" The negro drew a gun just as good as the one owned by the boss, and on this he got a dollar. Ten minutes later, he came back and got $9 more—all the boss could let him have, and went back again to the crap tent—and this, in spite of the remonstrances of the boss.

"They'll play all night," the boss remarked, "and when that nigger sharper goes away, he'll carry all the money with him. It's bad, but if we didn't let them play here, every man in our gang would quit on pay day, and go to town. They wouldn't show up again till the money was gone, and then it would be a week more before we could work the cocaine out of them. As it is, they'll go to work Monday, and repeat their circus again next Saturday."

In the morning, the Medicine Man made a tour of the quarters, and came baek disgusted. "I sold eight bottles last night—I'd a sold a dozen to-day if that nigger scoundrel of a gambler hadn't cleaned the whole camp out. I tell you, they ought to lynch them gamblers. Why there's a fellow up there lost all his wages and a $20 gun. How can a man do any business when them gamblers gets all the niggers' money?"

The Medicine Man worked himself up into a fine frenzy of indignation, and then fell a stuttering, when I said: "It's blamed tough, for a fact. You won't be able to sell half as much sugar and water as you might have done."

We pulled out of the lumber camp before noon, and soon were wrestling with the problem of which course to take through the snags or against the far bank. We got caught in a large Arkansas eddy, and were held there by the wind and water for an hour, but these things did not dismay.

"I got $7 out of that bunch," said the Medicine Man. "How's that for five hours' work rubbing the bank, eh? I'm a grafter, I am!"

A restless, vacillating character, the Medicine Man pulled the oars first one way, then the other, fearing first the water, then the bank, and all the time nervous lest he miss a good landing where medicine was wanted.

"I tell you, a man sells when there's an epidemic on—everybody thinks he has the yellow fever when the fever's at N' Orleans, an' small-pox when small-pox is up the river. It's then a man can sell Za-mi-a-ya, yes sir!" he said.

We now began to have fogs in the mornings—hours of waiting with nothing to do. They were the hardest to bear of any river hours. The mist would lie across the river surface in a 20-foot layer, trailing away southward before a faint breeze. From a bank top, the surfaee of the fog presented a beautiful sight rolling and flowing like a gray stream. To see a great wave of fog coming, inundating the thin layer of fog, and rolling the trees and banks under, is one of the most interesting and awing sights of the river, the fog looks so solid and so threatening of asphyxiation for one eaught in the pathway. To go down from a high bank and clear air into a dimly seen cabin boat in a fog bank is like descending into fearful depths. Once we started to float when the fog was only four or five feet deep; we were on the edge of a wide eddy, where he had moored when we saw the whole surface of the river apparently rising and toppling over upon us from a vast height, a veritable breaker of fog. We found the bank by means of the compass I carried.

And these days were bad ones on the boat, for the Medicine Man had secured a quart of whiskey somehow on the bank—some blind tiger, probably. He wasn't offensive—merely glum and distant and uncommunicative, according to the stage of the alcoholic action. The fog, which was in flour-like particles, and the man were part of the river system.

The fog was so long-lasting one moring that he couldn't stand it. I was writing some notes, when suddenly I felt the boat tilt slightly. Looking up, I saw nothing on any side but the gray water dust, thick and lonesome. The Medicine Man was sober, and he stood in the doorway looking into the fog with morose satisfaction. It was eurious to watch the fog eddying at the corners of the boat, and behind the bow posts. Soon, ahead of us, we heard the rustling of water. He seized sweep handles, and looked into the fog, unable to see three rods. The water was undulating under the boat, and then a blaek snag ploughed past us in the stuff. We seemed to be motionless, and the water still, and the hook-armed snags on the shoal bar we passed through seemed to be shooting past us like projeetiles.

"Sposen we'd a hit that!" my companion would remark with satisfaction at the little excitement such things gave us. "This is better than dying there on that mud bar, ain't it?"

The wind came up rapidly not long after this, and we had to drop anchor to keep from being blown on a bar. There we hung for hours, obliged to take in slack on the rope at intervals because the anchor dragged. We slept part of the afternoon, and at night when the wind lay, we earried the anchor out and swung ourselves to the bar by a couple good "staubs" or stakes. The sun setting red promised three days of hard wind, and nights of calm. Nevertheless, next morning we pulled out in gusty weather. We fought the wind for a couple of hours, and then landed—tied to Louisiana bottom land, and that was near Lake Providence—so near and yet so far.

In the morning we started at 6:30 o'clock and ran into a gale. The boat pitched and plunged astonishingly, and because it was an old scow, I was wrought to a considerable nervous tension. But we were in sight of the place, one might say, and this was reason enough to try to fight our way down. Night found us in a little sand bar bay, anchored out of the waves.

The wind died away, the moon came up—"Let's float!" he said, so we cut loose, with a lantern on our roof. Wild geese were honking on the sand bars and ducks quacking in the eddies where the water was shallow. We could see very plainly, apparently, but at intervals there was a haze out of which jumped snags in disquieting fashion, while far away was a steamer coming which might come too close to us for our comfort and safety. Night floating in a clumsy cabin boat is one of the most thrilling of river experiences—but

there are river men who cut their boats loose at night, put a lantern on the roof and go to bed and sleep till sunrise without a qualm—on a falling river; that is, in windy weather, night traveling is the only way of avoiding "bank-doping" for days at a time. Had we not floated on this night, and made an eddy above town from which we worked down by main strength, the sandbar bay would have held us a week in the storm that followed.

We remained at landings only long enough for the man to see if he could do any trade. After selling a "line," he would drop down the river a mile at least, and usually around the next bend to pass the night. So we came to Salem Landing at last, and here we were caught by a cyclone—my second one—and as violent storms always are on the river, it was exceedingly interesting to us while it lasted. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

When the Indians Hunted Me.

I PUT in twenty years on the Southwest frontier, most of it in hunting Indians. Once in a while, though, the Indians would change the programme and start to hunt me. This was one of those times.

Prior to 1861 a large business was carried on driving cattle from the ranches about San Antonio and west of it across the plains to California, over what was called the old California trail. It led from the settlements up past where Fort Concho was afterward built; there is a large town there now, San-something or other, I have never seen it, and have forgotten its name.

From the Concho the trail continued on west through Cañon Pass, then crossed the Pecos River at Horse Head Crossing and so on west to California. The war stopped all this, and the first attempt made to resume it was in the spring of 1867.

The first herd to cross here was met west of the Concho by Indians. They got the cattle. The cowboys got into the cellar of an old stage ranch that had been burned long before by Indians. No more cattle were sent out just then, but we were sent up to old Fort Chadbourne to look after the Indians. Chadbourne had been a large frontier post before the war, it was one of the oldest on the frontier. Why it had ever been put where it was I do not know. Oak Creek, on which it had been built, was dry six months in the year and the water in it during the other six months could not be used until the doctor had disinfected it with permanganate of potash; at least that is what he said it was, but he may have been stuffing me. I am no doctor, only a third-class lawyer, and I was continually asking questions of these college graduates only to sometimes be given a lot of valuable information that I would afterward find to be of no value at all—it was of no value to me, anyhow.

There were very good rivers in this country not one thousand miles away, on one of which the post might have been built; I should have put it there; but I was not an engineer. When I had a military road to build—and I have had several of them—I built them without the aid of an engineer, only using picks, axes, and shovels, plows, carts and army mules. The nearest approach to an engineer I had was an enlisted man that I found could use a surveyor's transit. He tried to teach me the use of it, but only partly succeeded. I used him.

If I ran the road against a swamp I did not know any better than to go around it; then keep on. An engineer would have gone straight across it if it took him a year, with all the mules and carts in the country to do it.

This post was in ruins now and we let it stay so, and built Fort Concho where this one should have been built in the first place. I helped to build it, but was not the engineer. Colonel Strang looked after that part of the job. I shoved a plane. I saw the site of one post, some years after this, on which some engineer had spent several thousand dollars before he found out that the spring on which the post would have to depend for water only had water in it when it rained hard. This was Buffalo Springs, Tex. We took post at Fort Chadbourne, then were sent out on the North Concho River to camp. Here we escorted cattle across the plains. The different herds would be driven up here, then when five or six herds that would aggregate about ten thousand head in all had been brought here, they would be started across. These herds were driven about fifteen miles a day if water could be found at the end of that drive. Often it could not; then if it were not too far to it they would keep on. If it were too far for one day's march, they made a dry camp.

The only water here would be found in ponds—water holes. Some would be dry, but we would know that in advance. On the march the herds would be kept close up, one behind the other, only the cook wagon of each herd being between them; but they would be spread out on each side for a quarter of a mile or more.

We generally rode on in advance, and I have been sent to ride around the herds, going down one side and up the other at a walk or trot, when it would take me nearly all day to do it, the herd being on the move all the time.

The object in sending me was to see that everything was all right, or to give the alarm if the Indians should strike the herd. They might strike it miles in rear of the escort.

We took the cattle as far as the Horse Head Crossing on the Pecos River. Here a troop of the Ninth Cavalry (colored) took it farther west, or north, if it were going that way. Some of the herds went up to Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The Navajo Indians were there then, and these cattle were sent to feed them. The rest went to California eventually; it took them two seasons to go there.

A few miles short of the Horse Head Crossing is Cañon Pass, and east of this for thirty miles there was no water. The cattle would be suffering now for it. The cattle could smell the water miles away at the river, and if let go would rush to it, plunge over the high banks, and nine out of every ten would drown. A great many were drowned in spite of what we could do to prevent it.

The herds would be held at the Pass, then a few hundred at a time would be let go. They would rush across to the river, plunge in over the high banks if they did not happen to strike the ford, then fill themselves with water and swim out, the cowboys being stationed above and below to direct them to the ford; they could not get out anywhere else. It would take a whole day to get the herd across in this way. We had taken one lot of cattle across the plains, and while waiting for the next drove to come up, I one morning asked permission to go hunting on foot.

The officer in command, our first lieutenant, a brevet major, told me to take my horse and to keep a good lookout for Indians while out. I had an opinion of how many Indians I would be likely to meet here—we never had seen any; but the major had a select assortment of opinions of his own, he would not want any of mine; I did not offer any.

I had been out an hour or more, had not seen any antelope, or Indians either. I was not looking for Indians, though, but could see them if they were here before I fell over them. I was a mile and a half from the river, but having gone south all the time, was still about opposite the ford.

The prairie here was a succession of low rolls, each one a half mile or a mile beyond the last one, and I had just crossed out of the rolls when I saw a man that I did not need a glass to tell me was an Indian, ride over the roll in front of me, and halt a moment. He was over a quarter of a mile away, and I continued to ride forward slowly while I studied out my plan of campaign.

I might ride that Indian down before he got home, he had a number of miles to go before he got there, and one of him was not at all dangerous. These Indians did not have the latest style of breech-loader. I had. This one probably had only a bow and arrow; he might have an old muzzle-loading rifle, he might as well not have it, though, if he kept on running, and he would if I took after him. But then I might charge into a hornets' nest behind that roll. The Indian had hardly come all the way from Arizona all by himself; he had come from there I knew, and his friends might be behind there now, having only sent him out to get me to charge him. I would not do it just yet, there would be plenty of time later on, let him mozey down behind me until I get him nearer the ford and far enough away from the roll to overtake him, and far enough on this side of it to have time to go home if too many of his friends came. I ought to know nearly as much about strategy by this time as an Apache does. Without seeming to see my Indian at all I turned around and rode slowly toward the ford, keeping a good loogout over my shoulder, so as not to let him get in close enough to send me any arrows before I turned the Colt lose on him.

I kept on at a walk, the Indian took up a slow trot. "Make that trot a gallop," I said to myself, dragging my pistol holster in front of me, "come within good range of this pistol. I want to see if I can hit you."

At last I thought he must be close enough and was about to draw my pistol and meet him, when I saw half a dozen or more Indians come riding, all in a bunch, over the long roll he had come over. They halted a moment as they came in sight of me and sat there still in a bunch.

Some of our recognized authorities on Indians tell us that the Indians always march in single file, one behind the other, one ahead of the other; it don't make any difference which so long as they get in that file and stay there. And they will stay there; you could not get them to travel any other way if you paid them for it. This is according to Fennimore Cooper. He knew Indians from away back. His Indians always marched that way to avoid knocking down trees, but there were no trees here to knock down, so my Indians had come here in a bunch.

The Indians only stopped long enough on that hill to deploy skirmishers. They were going to run me down. They did not send a trumpeter to tell me so, but I felt it in my bones that they were, and now I suddenly remembered that the major had told me to look for Indians. I had better go in and tell him I had found some before I forgot it.

I never wore spurs for this horse, he did not need any. If I wanted him to run I told him about it and he would run all day. Leaning forward I let the reins slack, then digging my heels into his flanks yelled "Git!" and he got. I did not hold a watch on him while he was making that mile, I thought, though, that he made it in a minute. He must have taken longer than that, but he did not take an hour. The river at the ford was about thirty feet wide, too wide to jump, but it was only a foot deep, and without slacking up we plowed through it, and landed thirty seconds later in camp. I told the major that I had a few Indians out there, but they were too many for one man to bring in.

He yelled, "Saddle up! Be in a hurry now!"

They hurried, but it would take them some minutes to get the saddle on, and give the Indians lots of time to get away. I did not expect to find many out there by the time we had got out. As soon as they had seen the horse and I plow through that river they would go on a scout and not stop long enough to draw any rations, either. We had about forty men here—enough men to eat up all the Indians I had out there if the Indians would only wait. That is what these men got their $16 a month, board and clothes and do your own washing for, to eat up Indians or tell each other how fast they could do it if we brought along our Indians.

We got out at last to where I had left the Indians, but the Indians had also left. The major halted here, then sent me off on the right and sent a sergeant off on the left to see if we could find any signs of a trail. I found no trail, but did find five arrows that an Indian had spilled while charging on me or when he was sallying on the center after I had got clear off. I got the arrows and sent them by mail to a museum at home with a description of where they had been found, and the name of the tribe they belonged to. The points on them told me that the arrows belonged to Apaches. I did not know which band of Apaches then, but found out later on that they were the Chiraqua Apaches. This was in 1867. Years after, on April 23, 1882, I had the honor to meet them again, but I did all the chasing this time, or helped to do it. We had six troops after them, Gen. George A. Forsythe, our lieutenant-colonel, being in command.

We chased them into Horseshoe Cañon, on the line between New Mexico and Arizona, killed a few of them there, then chased them south across the Sierra Madre Mountains into old Mexico, then on down through Sonora, and while busy getting away from us the Indians ran on top of a big command of the Mexican cavalry and infantry almost before they saw it. They were too busy keeping ahead of us—we were only an hour or two behind them—to see much of anything ahead of them.

The Mexicans killed some and captured the rest and lining up the men shot them, then took the squaws and children home with them. We got there before the shooting began and left before it began also, the Mexican officer in deference to us postponed it. These Mexicans had lost their doctor in the fight; we had two, a regular and a contract surgeon, and they fixed up the wounded Mexicans. I went into their camp with the young contract surgeon to carry his "tool box," as he called it, and help him to hunt for balls and to cut off any legs or arms that needed cutting off. We found none that needed it, much to the doctor's disappointment. He was in the habit of telling me that he would rather cut a man's leg or arm off than eat. If I had a leg or arm to be taken off I would want him to do it; he was a good surgeon, but a poor shot on the wing.

The Mexican major in command was badly wounded and we fixed him up. Seeing that there were several boys among those prisoners, and knowing that the males would be shot, and finding that this major and I belonged to the same society, I put in an appeal to him to save the boys. He said he would not shoot them, but would shoot the men.

"You have my permission to shoot the men, and begin it right now," I told him. "These men have been trying to shoot me for years." But I am forgetting all about the time that they tried to shoot me at the Concho. The major took a survey of the country and then said to me:

"Those Indians must have missed you by about an inch, did they not?"

"No, sir; they missed me by half a mile. I ride a horse that is not run down by an Indian pony every day."

"It's lucky you rode him to-day." Then to the men: "Here after this you men do all your hunting in large parties. I didn't want these Indians chasing you all over the country. Some of you are not riding race horses."

I was not riding one, either, but he was several removes from being a cart horse. I rode him a few weeks afterward across this same country 140 miles in twenty hours when I was going for a doctor to cut a cowboy's arm off. He had sent a charge of buckshot into it when climbing up on top of a wagon, and drawing his shotgun after him. It is the approved way to carry a shotgun, but I have always found it a safer plan to carry it by the stock; then if it does go off the other fellow gets the buckshot and the coroner can tell me that it was an accident. CABIA BLANCO.

The Lost Girl.

I AM a rough old miner, and in the fall of 1893, when owing to the hard times, all the mines in Peon county, Mich., had shut down, right after the terrible accident at the Mansfield, where the Michigamie River had come tumbling down into the mines, drowning twenty-eight of my mates like rats in their holes, and from which fate I narrowly escaped, I was feeling blue and sad and wondering what I should do to keep the wolf from the door. I ran across my friend, Miles Graham, son of a Hudson Bay trapper. Miles had followed hunting and trapping all his life. He invited me to join him. "Come with me this winter," he said, "I can make good use of you, and by spring you will be a trapper. I have traps and enough money to fit us out, and have located a fine trapping ground; and when the season is over, we will each have a pot of money." The next day we bought our outfit and started. We had a fine winter's work, and lots of sport, besides a fair roll of money to divide when we took up the traps in April. To amuse ourselves we told each other tales, incidents and adventures in the evenings over our camp-fire. One of these was a story of a lost girl. It is strictly true, the names and locality only being changed, and I tell it as nearly as I can in Graham's own words.

"Some years ago," he said, "the wolves were pretty thick on Blank River, Mich. I thought I would put in the winter poisoning and trapping them for the bounty and their pelts. Early in the fall, I bought from an Indian a birch canoe, loaded it down with traps and supplies for the winter, worked myself up stream three or four days, and came on fine ground with plenty of wolf sign. I built a snug, warm shanty and got down to business. One day I was out setting bait and traps, when I saw a young woman standing on a log. You may guess my surprise when I had thought that no human being except an Indian was nearer than forty miles. I knew at once by her clothes—almost all torn from her body—that she was lost. I stalked her as carefully as I would a deer, and when I was about a rod from her, I said as gently as I could, 'Madam, do not be frightened, I am a friend.' She jerked her arms above her head, screamed and ran. Jack, would you believe it, she ran faster than I could. I saw that she was getting away from me, so I set the dog on her, not to bite, but to get in front and bother her, so I could catch her. Then she fainted. I raised her tenderly in my arms—poor girl, she was no burden, only skin and bones—and carried her to camp, and forced a few drops of whiskey and water down her throat. When she revived, I saw that she had lost her reason. I tied her to my bed, so she could not run away, while I shot some patridges to make soup. I gave the soup to her, feeding her as you would a baby. I gave her only a little at a time for two days before I would let her eat her fill. In the meantime I made her some clothes out of my blankets, and tried all I could to give her strength to bear the trip down river. After a day or two she seemed to have the same affection for me that a dog has for his master, and would follow me like a dog. In about a week I judged her strong enough to stand the journey, but her mind was entirely gone. I started with her in the canoe, and in the afternoon of the second day hailed the first settler, asking him if any girl had been lost during the past month. 'Yes. Cy Johnson lost his Lilla about three weeks ago, and the wolves ate her.'

" 'No, this is she here in the canoe, and I wish you would go to the settlement and tell her folks to come to the point above where I will camp, as she is out of her mind.'

"I had hard work to keep Lilla in the canoe, as she was afraid of the settler and his voice. In the evening her father and friends came, but Lilla did not know them, but crouched and cowered at my feet for protection. Finally her father said they had sent for

r mother, and in the morning he would bring her. hen it was the same thing over again; she was afraid her mother. I offered to stay a week or two and irse her, but her father objected on the score of his aughter's reputation, to which I replied: 'Sir, your aughter has been with me some ten days. I am a an, not a brute!' When they tore her from my et she fainted, the father called me one side and said, Mr. Graham, I am not rich, neither am I a pauper, hat do I owe you for your services?' 'Sir, you owe e nothing,' and jumped into my canoe and went back my wolves.

"In the spring, when I came down, Lilla was dead; nd, Jack, it has always been a mystery to me that ie escaped the wolves, for I never saw them so thick nd bold. Let us turn in and it is your turn to get the reakfast." MOQUAW.

The Tragedy of El Capitan.

IN the San Francisco Chronicle Mr. J. C. Staats tells is story of the climb of El Capitan in June, when s companion, C. A. Bailey, fell and was dashed to eath:

There is something in all great mountain peaks which ems like a direct challenge from nature to the traveler. he sheer height of an unscaled summit rises insolently, if it laughed at the insignificance of man. I am re that this idea has occurred to every climber who s set his strength and cunning against the stern face the granite, and I know it quickened in the breast one at least the determination to let no crag go unonquered. That one was my friend, Charles A. Bailey, Oakland, whose intrepidity led to his fatal fall from e almost perpendicular face of El Capitan on June of this year. That mighty wall has been scaled at st—but at what cost!

It was my first visit to the Yosemite, and I had started it with a general determination to let no view escape on account of the difficulty of climbing to the best oint of vantage. But the first glimpse of the valley om the gorge of the Merced temporarily put all oughts of climbing out of my mind. As the stage umbled along at the base of El Capitan the idea of tempting to scale it seemed simply ridiculous, and I nderstood at once why nobody had ever, up to that ne, seriously entertained it.

We arrived at the hotel on the evening of June 2, nd as I listened to the stories of what others had done, y courage revived. Then somebody introduced me Charles A. Bailey, and the spell of the mountaineer as upon me. Bailey told us of the peaks he had surounted in Asia and in Europe, and as he spoke with e vivid language of a good raconteur, climbing emed easy. The next day we spent enjoying the ories of the valley, which are within the reach of the ost timid soul, and it was not until the following Monay that he mentioned El Capitan. It was several ours before the sun had gilded the neighboring peaks nd spires when we started down the east bank of e river. No more lovely morning ever tingled with ie spirit of springtime. Nowhere was there a foreadowing hint of the tragedy which was to end the day.

We walked as far as Bridal Veil Falls and sat down plan our campaign, commenting at the same time n the surpassing loveliness of the scene. We had not t fully determined to make El Capitan the objective, nd arriving at Cathedral Spires, debated whether it ould not be well to attempt the gorge between them. hen we turned toward the river and crossed the ridge which leads to New Inspiration Point—how unortunate nomenclature often is—and there to the right ose El Capitan itself, steep and unconquered. Bailey t once laid bare the plan he had been cherishing in is heart, and without much persuasion I agreed to help ake the mad attempt, which, I was yet to learn, was go where no human foot had gone before.

By 10 o'clock our progress had become very much ower. The path was now frequently overhung with rojecting shelves of rock, and the foothold consisted f fragmentary ledges to reach which Bailey would limb upon my shoulders, and then, taking hold of some rojecting knob, slowly draw himself up to a place of afety. I would then pass him his staff, with which he ould reach down and help me to gain a place beside him.

After allowing my companion to use me as a ladder few times in the way described, I proposed that we ive up the enterprise, and descend, if possible, by ie way we had come. But my loss of nerve was momentary. To go back would in itself have been an ndertaking full of peril, and when Bailey cried, "Never ive up till you're up!" I was seized again with the nthusiasm which loves to conquer difficulties. I suppose it is some such spirit which bids men cut down a iant tree and hold cotillon parties on its stump—the elights of mastering something huge, be it a giant edwood or El Capitan.

"That's right! Brace up, and the summit is ours," said ailey, when he found me ready to proceed. But no ooner had we recommenced the climb than he himself eemed to realize the desperate nature of the situation.

"If one of us should fall," be observed, "it would ean death—to both."

"Why both?" asked I.

"Because neither would be able to climb up or down om this place without the assistance of the other."

"Then God grant that I may not be the one left alone!" cried. Nothing could have been more horrible than ie thought of being solitary, helpless, clinging between eaven and earth to the face of that sheer precipice, eeling one's strength gradually go and waiting for the evitable fall. From that moment I knew that it was be a fight with death, and the very extremity of the anger nerved me to go on. In the end it was, indeed, who was left alone, but by better luck than is likely come to a man twice, I was not called upon to share ie fate which overtook the brave man who had acted s my guide.

But we now faced a well-nigh perpendicular wall of ock, with nothing to break the smooth surface save ere and there a small shelf or crevice. We could not ee more than a few feet above us, as it was exceedingly angerous to lean back or try to obtain a clear view f the way. All that promised a foothold was a tiny dge nearly ten feet directly over our heads.

Bracing myself as before, I let Bailey climb upon my shoulders. Then he reached up with one hand and grasped the edge of the shelf, and a moment later had succeeded in seating himself upon it. It was a magnificent feat of strength, agility and coolness—the last he was destined ever to perform. He seemed quite elated at having bridged a seemingly impossible part of the journey, and called down to me, quite exultingly:

"When you reach this place the hard climb will be over."

A moment later he said: "Pass me my staff and I will help you up."

These were his last words. Whether he was seized with fright, vertigo or weakness I do not know, but an instant later I saw him fall back against the face of the rock. The shelving ledge on which he sat let him slip, and he shot like an arrow into the abyss, passing about three feet to the right of where I was standing.

I saw him strike first one ledge and then another, till falling in a bruised head upon a point of rock many feet below, he bounded and took the final plunge out of sight.

I was not frightened. I was not nervous. I did not cry out. I felt as if I were turning into stone. I could not move. My feet and hands seemed heavy, or rather as if glued to the little shelf on which I stood.

Gradually I realized where I was, and what had happened. The meaning of my friend's words, "If one falls it will mean death for both," came back to my mind. There I clung for I know not how long, nothing but the steep granite above, below, and about.

When I could move, the first thing I did was to stick Bailey's staff into a crevice to mark the spot. Then I crawled down to the shelf below and removed my shoes. Barefoot, I succeeded in reaching the place where he had first struck. There lay his hat, a mute token of the tragedy, so silent, so sudden, so awful, which had taken place. By the time I had reached the third red-stained ledge, which he struck in falling, I discovered that it would be impossible for me to get where I could even see his body, and I began to think about my own safety. Discarding everything which could encumber me, I tried to regain the lost ground. For a long time it was impossible to advance an inch, and I was about to give up the struggle, when I noticed a narrow shelf two feet above me, which seemed to extend clear around the main rock. Below me was the gorge. Above me was the sky. My only hope was the shelf. Did it grow narrower or wider?

My fate depended upon that answer. With my arms stretched flat against the rock, and my face close to the wall, I began sidling along to the right. But the shelf became narrow; my heels projected over the dizzy gorge. Still I continued to advance slowly and painfully, till suddenly the sound of falling water burst upon my ears. Little by little my six-inch path widened, and I was enabled to move a degree faster, but an overmastering desire to look behind me was threatening me with imminent danger. Calling all the remnants of my will power into play, I succeeded in momentarily controlling this awful desire, to gratify which would have meant instant death. The sound of gurgling water became plainer. I was nearing a waterfall, and in a moment more the fall itself was in sight.

There was but one thing possible to do. That waterfall must be surmounted. Into the icy water I crawled, and up, right under the falling stream. The rocks were of shale and I reached up, grasping a projecting point of one, by means of which I drew myself up to a higher shelf. But this ledge was in the direct path of the falling water and my limbs were fast becoming chilled. I knew continuous motion was necessary, so by holding to the rocks along the stream I managed to drag myself up some thirty feet higher, where further advance was apparently stopped by a perpendicular wall nine feet high which barred my way. Even in the face of this difficulty, my nerve did not fail me. I worked loose some small stones which I piled to a height of about two feet just under the falls, and found that by standing on this pile I could just reach with the ends of my fingers a small projecting rock. Securing as firm a hold as I could, I swung my feet clear of the stone pile to a point about eighteen inches higher, and by continuing to push myself up feet first, and making use of the small bumps on the rocks, I finally was able to stand upright on a small shelf of rock only a little distance from the one from which my late companion had been hurled to his death. I was, by this time, thoroughly soaked, and shivering with cold. My fingers were blue and pinched, my whole body numb; but I felt with a sensation of infinite thankfulness that, as Bailey had said, "If I could attain that ledge, the worst was over."

I looked at my watch. It was just four o'clock. It seemed an age since I had started on my appalling climb over the perpendicular face of the monster cliff after Bailey had vanished, yet only an hour had been consumed. The distance to the top of El Capitan was yet two hundred feet, but the mountain from the point where I was, is covered with small bushes, vines and rocks, and in an incredibly short time as compared with my previous efforts, I stood upon the summit, 3,300 feet above the level floor of the valley, but beyond the grim clutch of death. The top of El Capitan is nearly level, and after searching for some time for a sign or mark that would aid me in discovering a trail to the valley, I found a blazed tree, and following the direction indicated soon came to an Indian trail which led to Eagle Peak, where I struck the main trail to Yosemite Falls. The distance from the blazed tree to the camp is fourteen miles, but the trail was good, and I made rapid progress. I reached the valley at 7 o'clock, just three hours from the time I had stood on a narrow ledge, clinging like a fly to a sheer wall of granite, and having expected for hours to be dashed, a whirling atom, on the giant rocks below.

When I was able I reported the awful accident, and was ready to lead a party to the scene of the tragedy that same night, but this idea had to be abandoned. At 5:30 o'clock on the morning of June 6 I started back over the ground, in company with nine others, and at 11 o'clock reached the top of the gorge at the point where I had come out the day before. We had brought 700 feet of rope with us, but finding it 20 feet short, we obtained a piece from a pack saddle, and so were enabled to reach the remains of my friend. The heroism of J. A. Snell, of Calistoga and of H. Spaulding and F. Curry, of Palo Alto, who permitted themselves to be lowered over the great cliff, deserves to be commemorated.

When we again reached camp, my nerves suffered a complete collapse, from which they have not yet recovered. They will not be put to the test again. Others may attempt to scale El Capitan. I have climbed my last crag.

Whale Fishing in Brazilian Waters.

UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL SEEGER writes from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil: Whales seem to be animated in spring by that indefinable desire to wander, which the Germans call "wanderlust." Regularly every year, at the beginning of spring (which in this part of the world is August and September), numerous shoals of cetaceans leave the southern waters and swim northward toward the coast of Bahia, so rich in the fish and animalculæ they seek. The reefy waters between the Abrolhos Islands and the port of Caravellas are their feeding grounds. While they are feasting on the almost inexhaustible supply of fish the natives lie in wait for them. Fortunately for the whales (which belong to the species of cachalot or sperm whale and are neither very swift nor very courageous) their human enemies are centuries behind the times, lacking modern weapons and equipments.

From the Abrolhos the whales, on their journey to the equator, keep close to the shore until they reach the Bay of Bahia, where, in the vicinity of the island of Itaparica, within sight of the city of Bahia, the conditions are very much like those of the Abrolhos. The fishermen keep a sharp lookout for the passing whales, and at a signal they prepare an organized attack, exactly in the manner their ancestors did 300 years ago. Two clumsy, flat-bottomed whaleboats, manned by six or eight oarsmen accompanied by half a dozen small canoes, with four colored fishermen in each, take strategical positions. The men never think of venturing out in the open sea with their primitive craft, but scheme to surround their victims and drive them toward the shoals inside the bay. After they have succeeded in isolating a whale, the whaleboats are rowed up to it, one on each side, and the "baleadores" (harpooners) drive their heavy, old-fashioned spears into the neck of the animal. The whale tries to escape, but the boats keep up a hot pursuit, and the "baleadores" continue spearing their victim whenever they have a chance. This struggle lasts for many hours until the whale, exhausted through loss of blood, gives up the fight. Then comes the moment for driving the harpoon home, which is delayed until the agony of death has set in for fear the harmless monster might try to defend itself or madly rush out into the open ocean and escape. With their antiquated methods the hunters can kill but few of the whales within their reach. But, strange to say, they hardly ever lose one after they have attacked it, and accidents to the men are of very rare occurrence.

When the troubles of the whale have ended the real troubles of the hunters begin—the transportation of the dead whale (generally from 75 to 100 feet long) to the island. It often takes these fishermen (Brazilian half-breeds or negroes) several days to pull the carcass ashore. Its landing, of course, causes the greatest tumult among the insular population gathered at the shore and eager to help. When the monster is securely on shore, twenty to thirty negroes, armed with heavy cutlasses, throw themselves on the carcass and cut it to pieces. The choice portions, in chunks of 50 to 80 pounds, are taken to the "saladeiros," or salting places, where they are prepared for the market in Bahia, whose negro population furnishes ready customers for the meat in spite of its very nauseating smell. The blubber and other portions, without being properly flensed, are carried to the "whale factory," where the oil is tried out. The rest of the krang, nearly half the carcass, as well as the skeleton and the flesh, after the oil is pressed out, are left to decay. Neither the skin, out of which a high-grade leather might be manufactured, nor the blood, the baleen, the fins, nor the bones are utilized by the ignorant whale hunters of Bahia. The presses used for obtaining the oil are remnants of the colonial period. The oil is neither purified nor clarified, but is sold in its crude state to Bahia dealers.

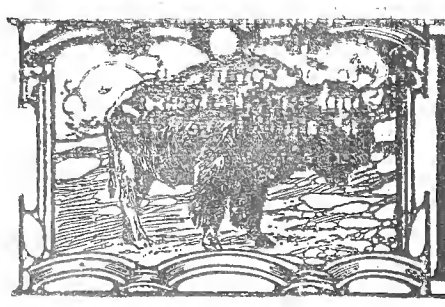
The catch in the neighborhood of Itaparica is now about thirty or forty whales annually.

Owls Killed by Electricity.

THE temporary suspension of work at the mine and mill of the Granite-Bimetallic Mining Company, caused by an owl becoming entangled in the wires, recalls the fact that since the transmission line was put in commission, nearly four years ago, twenty-five owls have been electrocuted by coming in contact with the wires, and since November, of last year, twelve fine specimens of the owl family have gone to owl land over this route.

The transmission line is eleven miles in length and furnishes a current of 16,000 volts to the mine and mill, No. 4 copper wire being used. The line traverses a wild and unsettled country, the abiding place of all kinds of wild beasts and birds. Shortly after the line was opened there was a sudden break in the current one night. The line crew began an investigation at once. A few miles from the power station a monster owl was discovered dead just below the pole line. The bird bore every evidence of having been electrocuted. The occurrence was then considered a novelty, and the bird was stuffed by some of the company employees and placed on exhibition. Since then, however, the act has been repeated so often and with such serious loss of time to the company's operations that the freaks of the owls have become a serious nuisance.

As might be supposed, the breaks always occur at night, just at the time they are most difficult to find. In nearly every instance the wires are burned outright, but in a few cases where the owl fails to land with both feet on both wires no serious damage is done to the wires, but the bird is always a victim. George T. MacGuire, the electrician at the power house, has a memento of one of these night tragedies in the shape of a rabbit's foot, which was found in the talons of an electrocuted owl.—From a Phillipsburg Correspondent Anaconda Standard.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Strategy of a Wild Mother.

BY HERMIT.

APRIL 1 there was every indication of an early spring. The snow had disappeared and the trailing arbutus was bursting into bloom. The shad bush buds were ready to open and here and there in the shrublands clumps of the fly honeysuckle had put forth leaves. The days were filled with bird music, while the nights fairly thrilled with the swelling chorus of the frogs

For several years this had been the day when Dame Nature had said to me, "Take up thy bed and walk." I hastened on this April morning to obey the command by moving from my log cabin to my outdoor bedroom. This bedroom was an airy affair. It consisted of canvas roof to keep off the rain and snow, with walls of wire poultry netting to keep on dogs, skunks and human beings.

When I awoke the next morning there was an inch of light snow on the ground. "The poor man's dressing." While crossing the dooryard to the cabin, my footsteps were suddenly arrested by the sight of baby footprints in the light snow. The footprints crossed and recrossed the open space, disappearing under the shrubs and trees that surrounded the cabin. I knew that the hermitage had no baby attachment, and that it was too far away in the woods to expect that a human baby had wandered barefoot so far from home. The story books for little folks would readily have explained the mystery by claiming the footprints were made by the good fairies, that had so thoughtfully provided "the poor man's dressing." As I had passed the years of childhood and fairyland, there was only one solution left; the footprints were made by the plantigrade foot of a raccoon.

After breakfast I followed the trail and found the raccoon's den under a huge boulder, about 250 yards from the cabin. Before my advent rattlesnakes had occupied the den. A good Samaritan, in the interest of berry pickers, had exterminated the snakes and raccoons had immediately taken possession.

My visitors proved to be a mother raccoon with twins on her hands. I made it a practice to put out food every night, and she came regularly, soon after dark, just as the stars begun to show. For this reason I named her "Starlight." Moonlight nights she made a pretty picture in the dooryard. I often wished that others might enjoy this bit of wild life, but Starlight shunned the dooryard when visitors were present. At such times we could hear her but she would not leave the protection of the shrubbery.

I contrived a way to bring Starlight close to my sleeping quarters. I scattered nuts along a plank seat that led to the wire wall of one end of the building. In a remarkably short time she became tame enough to allow me to set inside while she ate nuts outside, within reach of my hand.

When the baby raccoons were as large as a small cat, Starlight led them into the dooryard. There was a nightly circus after that, for the little imps were as mischievous as monkeys. One of the twins would drop from a limb on to the mother's back, and while she mauled him till he whimpered, the other would sit up and look on seeming to enjoy his mate's discomfort. Perhaps in ten minutes he would try the trick and have to take his medicine. The twins were always on the lookout for their mother's tail, and Starlight was obliged to sit on this member to protect it from attack.

One night the twins, while playing, found that the wire walls of my sleeping place would twang when touched. It gave them a great fright at first, but the scamps experimented until they lost all fear, then they kept up such a din, by running over the wires, that it was impossible to sleep. I drove them away several times before Starlight took them in hand. She seemed to understand that I was annoyed by the noise, and she punished the twins severly whenever they approached the wires. It did not take them long to learn their lesson, but now and then one of the scamps would sly up and hit the wire a slap, when the mother was not looking.

It is needless for me to state that I thoroughly enjoyed the visits of the raccoon family. There was one disquieting feature. I looked forward with anxiety to the hunting season. Two raccoon clubs visited this locality, for it was a famous feeding ground for raccoons. Sturdy white oak trees afforded an abundant supply of sweet acorns in the fall, while frogs and fowls were accessible in the spring and summer.

During my life in the woods I had stumbled on to a feature of raccoon life wholly unknown to me heretofore. It was the fact that male raccoons were the victims in the hunting season. One fall ten raccoons were killed in the immediate vicinity of my cabin, and eight of the number were males. The difference in death rate is explained in one way only. The male raccoon, when pursued by the hounds, takes to a tree, while the female hustles her family to the den and thus escapes.

Would Starlight escape? I had my doubts. She was the only raccoon left near my cabin. Extermination seemed likely, as the members of the raccoon clubs did not seem to realize that the death of the last raccoon meant no sport another year.

When the acorns were ripe Starlight led the twins to a new feast, a feast that would put fat on their haunches, and make it possible for them to sleep through a long, cold winter. Starlight had deserted me and my dooryard. I supposed she thought it best to give her children a raccoon education.

Meantime I dreaded the advent of the hunters. One Saturday night, near 10 o'clock, my fears were realized. From my hammock I saw a glimmer of light in the treetops. Down through the woods, in Indian file, came eight hunters, each with a lantern. The long column of lights did not approach in a straight line, but moved from side to side as it followed the winding path to the cabin. The boys invited me to the hunt, but for a good reason I declined. Just then the hounds gave tongue near the den. They outwitted Starlight by getting between her and home. There was nothing left but to tree. If the raccoons treed they were lost. When the hunters heard the hounds they left on the run and were soon out of sight.

While I was thinking how to aid the little mother, I heard animals bounding through the undergrowth. It was Starlight followed by the frightened twins. There was a big hemlock tree just fifteen feet from the south wall of my sleeping place. Starlight made for this tree and sent the twins up while she remained on the ground. The cubs stopped when about ten feet away, but the mother urged them on and they climbed to the very top. Starlight uttered a few low notes, which I took to be words of warning, then bounded away.

The hounds were trying to unravel the numerous trails made by the family early in the evening. I could hear them distinctly, for they were dangerously near the cabin. Sometimes their mellow notes were sent up encouragingly, and again disappointment was voiced in no uncertain tones. By and by I heard the glad cry: "Trail found, trail found!" I well understood Starlight's ruse. She had placed herself in the path of the hounds and was leading them away from the babies.

Would she seek safety in the den? No, that was dangerously near the hemlock tree. She must lead the hounds a long distance away, and perhaps be forced to sacrifice her life to save her babies. I awaited the result with sad misgiving.

Two hours later eight disgusted men and two tired dogs make the dooryard. The men sit on the plank seat within fifteen feet of the hemlock tree. The dogs are further away, resting on the pine needles in front of the cabin. Eight lanterns light up the dooryard, but the little raccoons are safe and silent in the treetop, not thirty feet from the hunters, while they relate how the raccoon had tricked them. She had taken to a swamp and the hounds had lost the trail in pools of water.

Ten minutes after the hunters were out of sight, Starlight returned. She purred softly and the twins scrambled down, glad no doubt to have a chance to stretch their legs. Starlight led them away purring all the time, doubtless telling the little ones how she had fooled two dogs and eight men.

When Starlight sent her babies up that hemlock tree, she knew that I would protect them if anything happened to her. Her confidence was well placed. I would have sacrificed my hermitage to save the little beggars.

Martins, Swallows and Sparrows.

THERESA, N. Y., July 24.—On Saturday last, at Redwood, I was much interested in watching the occupants of an elaborate bird house placed on a post standing in the middle of the street in front of the Dolinger House. I should judge that the bird house was forty inches square, of four gables with tin roof. There are four rows (of five each) entrances on each side of the house, and three entrances in each gable, making ninety-two entrances in all. There are posts about five inches from each corner extending from the lower floor to the roof, with four verandas running entirely around the building, which is painted white and trimmed with green.

What surprised me most was that the post (which is about twenty feet high) is placed directly in the middle of the main street of the village, as if it were a corporation institution. I never saw so many martins in one place. I saw only a few barn swallows about the house. They were probably out on the telegraph wires and flying about getting in condition for their long journey south. There were plenty of English sparrows in and about the house, and I noticed that they were carrying nesting material and getting ready for another brood. There will be plenty of room, as the martins and swallows will soon vacate their northern summer homes for their southern ones. I wonder do they breed there? I never saw more than two pair of martins breeding here.

J. L. DAVISON.

A Fateful Grouse Drum.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is a story told by my father, Rev. George W. Eaton, D.D., LL.D., a distinguished pulpit orator of the Baptist denomination and for twelve years previous to his death in 1872 president of Madison University. I have often heard him relate the circumstances. The experience shows conclusively the effect of imagination upon a sensitive mind and that of the mind upon the physical system. Father was born in a log house near Huntingdon, Pa., in 1804, but in 1805 with his family moved to Ohio, where he was brought up in a log cabin continguous to a heavy forest. The boy in his teens, some fourteen years I should judge, imagined he had heart disease from the severe palpitation that oppressed him whenever he approached the wood lots. He began to grow into a "decline," as they call it, and from a rugged boy sound in every way he became weak and was gradually wasting away. The doctors, if they had any of any account in that sparsely settled region, could do nothing; and George was booked as "consumptive" with but a few more months to live. And he undoubtedly would have become a victim had he not one day been out in the woods with his elder brother David. His heart commenced its usual thump, and he became so weak he could hardly stand. "Hark!" said brother Dave. "Hear that pa'tridge drum? Wait until he starts again and we can crawl up and see him. He is on some log in the thicket there. I know there is a drumming log there somewhere."

With heart beating with another kind of beat, father with David sneaked up, and pearing carefully through the bushes they discovered the bird with tail spread and feathers erect strutting on a log. Then came the *thump, thump, th-u-m-p, thum-m-m* of the vibrating wings and the muffled thunder. It was to the boy a revelation and a glorious deliverance; the seat of the "consumption" was exposed; and with that welcome music all disease was scattered in the dim woods, and it did not take long to get back the health and vim of the sturdy farmer's boy. My father really believed that but for this timely discovery in a few more months he would have died from exhaustion and filled an untimely grave from assisted imagination purely. JACOBSTAFF.

Dog and Rattlesnake Bite.

KELLER, Wash., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About ten days ago some boys who are spending their vacation at my cabin, went up on to the mountain, and while resting at a spring, my dog, while hunting above them a short distance, got bit by a rattler. The boys started home with him, and they carried him part of the way, and he hobbled along on three legs and got home in about an hour after being bitten. His leg and foot were badly swollen when they reached the house. I bathed the wound and the leg with turpentine and kept bathing it for some time.

By night the leg was swollen to more than twice its natural size, and the swelling extended into the body. That night he was very sick, and I thought for some time he would die before morning. But by morning he was some better, and the swelling had gone from his body so that you could tell it. He would not eat anything till night, then he drank a little warm milk and ate a little bread.

I kept bathing the wound with turpentine, and the next morning he was greatly improved and ate quite a lot, and could put his foot to the ground. He has improved right along till now he can walk very well, the hair has all come from his leg up as far as it was bitten and there is still a running wound in the foot several inches from the toes. I did not have any ammonia, or I think he would have got along much better.

Birds are very plentiful, and the boys are very anxious to have the game season open. LEW WILMOT.

Horns Seven Feet Across.

A KANSAS paper says: "A peculiar pair of horns was found by Harley Henderson, of Hoxie, Kan., and Frank Lee, of Hill City, Kan., one and a half miles southeast of Hoxie thirty-five feet below the surface of the ground. The specimen is petrified and in a perfect state of preservation, notwithstanding the ages it is supposed to have remained beneath the ground. Many conjectures have been made as to what sort of bovine this magnificent pair of horns must one time have adorned. Following the curves of the horns from tip to tip the distance is eight feet nine inches, but straight across it is seven feet. The circumference of the horns next to the skull is twenty inches. The distance between the horns across the skull is fifteen inches."

In Post Tertian times there were in America bisons which carried horns of gigantic size, one species, described by Harlan from the Big Bone Lick of Kentucky having horns which measured eight or nine feet across. May not this have been one of these ancient bisons?

How an Owl Did Not Catch Chickens.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a late issue you told how owls catch chickens by crowding them off the roost and catching them as they flew to the ground. I want to tell how a great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*) did not get his chicken. About twenty years ago a Mr. Webb, of Somerset, brought to me at Lockport an owl that had been captured in a peculiar manner. A hen and her brood had been kept in a coop for some time and then were allowed their freedom. The coop had been raised up in front and held in position by a stick put under the edge of the coop. The owl attempted to go under the coop for its meal; in doing so it knocked out the prop and down went the coop. The hen and all the chickens but two managed to get out when the owl went in. The next morning the owl and the two chickens alive were found occupying the farther ends of the coop. Apparently the owl had forgotten all about its meal of spring chicken. J. L. DAVISON.

Another Great Auk Sold.

The last number of Nature reports the sale to a museum on the Continent of another mounted specimen of the great auk. The sale was made through Rowland Ward, and the price paid was reported to have been £400, or $2,000. There are said to be about seventy-five skins of this species in existence and a like number of eggs. Most of the specimens are in public museums. While only a few of the skins of the great auk are owned in the United States we have large collections of the bones of this species. Funk Island, near Newfoundland, was a great home of this bird, and Mr. T. A. Lucas, visiting the island nearly twenty years ago, collected a vast deal of interesting and useful material about the species.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Queer Experiences of a Fox Hunter.

II.—An Unexpected Meeting.

"I was using a muzzle-loader at the time of this incident," said my uncle. "In fact, I don't think I had then ever seen one of the 'break-down' style of guns, nor was I particularly anxious to do so, for I shared the general prejudice of the old hunters against the 'new-angled things,' as we rather contemptuously styled them for some years after their appearance. They might be all right for city sportsmen to use on quail and woodcock, we argued, but when it came to long-range work, such as was neeessary in duck or fox hunting, we reckoned that they would be worth no more than pop-guns. Even after we saw how thickly they would spatter a target with shot at truly surprising distances, many of us still remained skeptical, believing they lacked the penetrative force of the old-style gun. It was only after practical trials of those belonging to sportsmen from town who visited my place, that I came to recognize their greater convenience and efficiency, and finally to purchase one of the arms I had so long derided. However, even then I did not lose my regard for my old-time piece, but still clung to it, and I trust it will ever remain one of my most valued possessions, for the good work it has done and the pleasant memories a sight of it always inspires.

"Well, as I said at first, I was hunting that day with the old gun. You've seen it—English twist barrels, plain walnut stock, strong, smooth-working locks, well balanced and weighing about 8½ pounds; no fine finish or filigree, but built for actual work, which it is still capable of doing, in spite of the exposure and many hard knocks it was subjected to during the years of its use in the field. For foxes I always loaded it with a stiff charge of BB's—I don't know how many ounces, for I never measured either powder or shot in those days, only with my eye as I turned them out in my hand—and in addition to the regular shot charge generally dropped a round pistol bullet, about 150 to the pound, on top of each load. These the old gun threw surprisingly straight, considering the amount of play they had in the barrel, and with great force. Of course there was considerable kick about it, but I found that I frequently stopped my game at long distances by means of them, and the fact that I scored a kill in the particular case of which I am speaking was due solely to this extra item of my load.

"It was late November, but no snow had fallen. I had the fox going soon after light, hoping to be able to pick him up on the heavy frost of the night, but though the dogs whooped him along merrily for two or three hours, somehow he managed to steer clear of me. The sun was now well up, pretty much spoiling the running, and as the fun was fast dropping out of the chase I was thinking of getting the dogs off the trail and starting for home, when all of a sudden I found they were coming toward me. I was stationed in the uppermost of one of a succession of fields making back into a hard-wood growth toward a range of hills, on my left being a low mountain. I had expected the fox would pass between this detached peak and the hills, but finding that he kept to the opposite side of the mountain and would in all probability cross the fields some distance below my position, I started full speed to intercept him. A cart road led back through the fields past the base of the mountain, and taking this I ran my prettiest, vaulting lightly over a set of bars between the first and second fields. But at the next fence a high gate closed the way. The fastening bothered me, and the wall on either side being piled high with brush, I started to scale it. On the opposite side of the next field, which was only about a hundred yards in width, there was another set of bars behind which I intended to take my stand. I had just got astride the top rail of the gate, my left leg in front and my right leg half raised to follow, when my eye caught a swift flash of red unde these very bars for which I was making. I was rigid in an instant, and the spot of red stopping just as suddenly, resolved itself into a magnificent fox. There he stood, or rather half crouched, under the bars, motionless, and alert to catch the first sign of danger. Apparently he had heard or scented me—probably the latter, for the little wind there was was moving from me to him—and was trying to locate the danger before making a move that might betray him. For my part, though in a most unnatural position, I dared not move a muscle for fear of giving him the alarm. I supposed, of course, he must soon get his eye on me, but, strangely enough, he seemed to be looking under me all the time. The ground descended sharply from the gate to the bars, and perched on the top of the high gate I was at a much greater elevation than he was accustomed to see those who hunted him. The sun, too, was at my back, and a fox's eyes are no better than a man's in a strong sun.

"The tableau probably was not of long duration, but every second seemed a minute to me. The strain was indeed terrible, and finding I must soon lose my grip altogether, I resolved to put an end to it. It was a long shot, but it would do no harm to try it, especially as the dogs, which for several minutes had been yapping in a puzzled sort of way back about a mile, had now got straightened out, and would soon be on the scene. I had my gun, uncocked, in my right hand, which rested on the top rail beside me. My first move was to work my hand back to the grip and softly raise each hammer in turn. Next, very cautiously, I lowered my right foot until it rested on the rail beside the left. Then, poising myself as I threw the gun to my shoulder, I pulled both triggers in quick succession. I was nearly knocked backward from the gate by the recoil; when I recovered my balance the fox was nowhere in sight. I jumped to the ground and ran down to the bars. There he lay, just back of the wall, kicking his last. One of the pistol bullets had hit just inside the left fore shoulder, and passed clear through him. Later, I measured the distance between bars and gate, it was ninety-six yards. But of course this was much beyond the legitimate range of the gun, for while I found where several of the BB's had struck him, it was the lucky bullet that did the work."

TEMPLAR.

CORNISH, Me.

The California Bluejay.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose copy of a circular that has been extensively put in circulation in northern California this year by a Sacramento sporting goods firm. It offers a series of rewards for strings of bluejay scalps taken before Sept. 1, 1905. The reason for instituting the bird-killing competition is thus stated:

"We believe that bluejays, skunks, raccoons and other varmint that prey upon the eggs and young of our game birds are more destructive to them than all other factors combined, and they do not use guns and ammunition in the annihilation, either. That's what makes us mad. Now you do, and the more game there is, the more will you use, and the more we will be benefited. Bluejays, in our opinion, are the greatest natural enemy that quail have, therefore, we would like to see them exterminated first. The other skunks will receive our attention in due time. We wish to educate our people as to the habits of these ill-mannered pests, so that it will become a sort of habit to kill them on sight for years after this contest has been forgotten."

This certainly shows that the sporting goods house is very enterprising; yet I believe that the call for a decimation of bluejays is warranted. The bluejay is an arrant pest. Many miners and prospectors have told me of finding quails' nests which had been visited by bluejays and who had destroyed every egg in the nest. Ranchmen complain, too, that the bluejay will visit barns and chicken houses and tap the eggs of poultry in nests under cover. He is bolder than any other varmint, including chicken-hawk, raccoon or skunk, and not so easy to be caught as the quadrupeds, and will keep out of the way of a gun better than a hawk.

I don't know what progress this unique campaign is making against the blue feathered biped, but after seeing so many bluejays and so very few quail as I have in several months of journeying through Plumas, Nevada, Butte and Yuba counties, I think something ought to be done to give the quail a chance.

I don't believe in encouraging youth to ruthless slaughter, but in this matter of exterminating bluejays, I believe it is justifiable. I would go further, and ask the Audubon Society to recommend women to wear bluejay feathers in their millinery—they would thus assist in an attempt to extirpate an orinithological cannibal which the bluejay surely is. He does not stop at quails' eggs, but the egg of any and every bird is natural food to him, except the eggs of his own kind of feather. All manner of song birds suffer from his unnatural penchant for eggs. He is a gourmand and makes havoc with a nest, whether it contains two or twenty eggs, so long as they are fresh.

Anyway, the bluejay ought to be killed off on general principles. Nearly every hunter knows he is a nuisance. He will spy a man with a gun a long ways off and give warning to deer. He and the squirrels will, by their screeching and chattering, warn everything around about for half a mile that there is a hunter around. But in doing that service for the denizens of the forest, the squirrel and bluejay are both hypocrites—they want the field of game to themselves.

Of recent years, at any rate, grouse and quail and dove have almost entirely disappeared from the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where they rim the Sacramento Valley on the east, but the game birds have nearly all disappeared, while the bluejay is about the only large bird that continues in evidence in numbers, excepting hawks. Even the woodpecker is conspicuous by his almost total absence.

WM. FITZMUGGINS.

Camp Fires of the Wilderness.

MR. E. W. BURT'S happily entitled book, "Camp Fires of the Wilderness," has enjoyed a wide popularity, especially in New England. It has been for some time out of print, but the many calls for it have led to the issuing by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company of a new edition, which is a great improvement on the earlier one.

The volume treats of a multitude of matters of the highest interest to the camper, who unless he is made comfortable by the exercise of a little expert knowledge and thoughtfulness, may find himself when in camp the most miserable of mortals. A man who has had experience knows what to take and how to travel. He makes himself as comfortable as at home, while the free and independent life, the exercise that he is constantly taking, the fresh air in which he works, eats and sleeps, combine to render his physical condition so perfect that every hour of every day is likely to be a joy.

"Camp Fires in the Wilderness" is written for the benefit of those persons who wish to go into camp, yet are without experience of camp life. It comprises the results of Mr. Burt's experience of travel, chiefly by canoe and on foot, through various sections of the country, and it may be read with profit by everyone who enjoys camping. The author tells what to take into camp in the way of bedding, tents, camp equipage, cooking utensils, food, medicine and fishing tackle. He gives advice about camp locations, camp life, cooking and travel, and gives fresh and pleasing accounts of a number of trips that he has made. There are given in the book partial lists of the fish and the wild animals of the Maine woods, and the last chapter tells the reader how to build a log cabin. The volume is very fully illustrated by half-tone cuts, some of which possess especial interest.

Mr. Burt's book was very warmly received by the press of the country, and it may be predicted that the present edition, which has been wholly rewritten, enlarged and improved, with some additional pictures, will have a greater popularity than the old one. The volume deserves a place in every sportsman's library. Illustrated, cloth, 221 pages, price $1.25.

A Rifle for Big Game.

NEW YORK, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was glad to see the striking page advertisement of the Mannlicher rifle, which appeared in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, for it has reminded me that if I shall succeed in getting off for a hunt this autumn, I mean to try that arm.

I shall do this because of what has been told me about it, not only by several competent men who have used it in the Rocky Mountains and who have highly praised to me the strength with which it shoots and the slight fall of the bullet at distances considerably over 100 yards, but also because of what has been told me by two rather eminent African travelers—one an eminent naturalist engaged in the collection of specimens for a great museum, the other an explorer in one of the greatest game countries left in Africa, that about Mt. Kilmanjaro.

These men carried a very varied armament, that of the explorer ranging from elephant guns to rifles of very small bore. While the hunting of different game required the use of rifles of different sizes, the explorer told me that in the fighting which he was forced to do with some of the native peoples, he and his men used the Mannlicher, and that it proved a most effective weapon. He also spoke of it as the great hunting arm for long-range shooting.

My purpose is to use the rifle in the northern Rocky Mountains on mountain sheep, animals at which one sometimes is obliged to shoot at very considerable distances, especially where the sheep are as wild as they are in some places where I have hunted north of the boundary line.

BIG GAME.

Primitive Man and the Beasts.

IF, as seems probable, the animal fear of men was acquired, and is not natural to their minds, it is not very clear how the very early tribes of men, when the larger carnivorous animals were far more numerous than now, escaped destruction and survived long enough to impress on the animal world the sense of fear by which man now dominates it. Regarded merely as a conflict between one class of animals and another, the result should not have been doubtful. Man ought to have disappeared from the face of the earth, or, in any case, to have retreated to remote strongholds in regions not frequented by the beasts. That he did not do so, but turned the tables on the better equipped offensive creature, is fair presumptive evidence that original man never was on a level with the animals in intelligence, but was equipped with the predominant brain-power which has put him ahead in the race ever since. Primitive man, literally speaking, "lived by his wits," for he could have owed his survival to little else. He was not, for example, nearly so well equipped as the monkeys for physical defense or fight, though their survival is not altogether easy to explain on purely physical grounds. Their power of using their arms and hands as a means of swinging rapidly from branch to branch gives them an advantage over all the tree-climbing cats. Their habit of throwing missiles is also very disconcerting to other animals, though this art is only practiced by certain monkeys.

But their rapid and intelligent combination for defense, menace, and lookout duty has contributed quite as much to their survival as their speed and activity. In tropical America even the monkeys are hard put to it to escape the attacks of such active and formidable foes as the harpy eagle and the ocelot. But it cannot be proved that even the most debased or physically weakest of mankind has ever been the "natural prey" of that "natural enemy" which, according to Sir Samuel Baker, is the nightmare of nearly every species of non-carnivorous animal. The causes which make exceptions to this rule are temporary and narrowly local. Even the Greenlander and the Esquimaux are the masters of the polar bear, and probably always have been, though little better armed than primitive man, and the pigmies of the Central African forsts are mighty hunters. It may even be that the neighborhood of fierce animals aided the early development of man; for the least developed races are largely found in such places as Tierra del Fuego, where, in the absence of savage beasts, savage man had no inducement to arm and equip himself.

But man has had an even more potent ally than his own ingenuity which from remote antiquity has invested him in the mind of the animal world with something of the supernatural. He is ever accompanied by the one element which the animal mind cannot create, cannot understand, stands in constant awe of, and dreads by night, when its courage is greatest and that of man least steady. Fire, that pillar of cloud and flame which precedes not the aggregate human host, but the smallest fragment of the invading army, the constant and dreaded harbinger of human presence, springing up, as the beasts must think, automatically from the earth wherever man rests his body, guarding him in sleeping and waking, always associated with his abode, has for ages terrified the beasts.—London Spectator.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

A Reminiscence.

My friend Hill and I had held many an earnest and prolonged discussion over the question of a suitable place at which to spend our approaching summer vacation. To give a proper flavor to these lines, let me preface them with the remark that we were both members of that large and respectable fraternity, known as fishing cranks.

It was not a fashionable resort or "watering place" that we were in search of. On the contrary we preferred something wild and primitive, where we could find a bit of the "strenuous life" and be mother nature's red-faced children once again. We had, for several weeks, been laying in a stock of flies, leaders, lines, reels, and many other interesting and necessary etceteras which go to make up the fisherman's outfit, and which, as a rule, give us more pleasure, in their selection and purchase, than we ever get out of them again.

In this way we had worked ourselves up into a high state of enthusiasm and were, so to speak, hot on the trail of the best trout fishing to be found within a radius of 500 miles of Chicago.

One day, over a down-town lunch, Hill broke out after this fashion: "See here now, Colonel, let us go about this matter in a sensible and business-like way." Whenever Hill struck that gait, I knew something unusual might be expected, and so I was all attention.

"Now," he continued, "every time we have been disappointed, it has been because we listened to these fellows that go fishing for a week, and catch their fish after they get home—mostly suckers—and then advise their friends to go to streams that have been fished to death—if they ever did afford a day of first-class fishing. Now isn't it about time that we began to make some use of our knowledge of geography and the general lay of the land—the number and character of the streams; the nature of the country, as to farming, lumbering, mining, railroads and other matters having a bearing upon the problem, and in this way figure out for ourselves, just where good trout fishing and plenty of it can be safely depended upon."

Leaving no opening for me, he went on: "Now I have an idea, that somewhere on the Northern Peninsula, where the rivers of Lake Superior, and those of Lake Michigan and Wisconsin take their rise, and flow off in different and opposite directions, we can find just the place we are looking for."

Mrs. Hill makes as fragrant a cup of coffee as ever was brewed; and knowing this so well, I suggested that we adjourn to meet at his house on the following evening, for an after-dinner continuation of the discussion, with special reference to his valuable suggestions. Of course my motion was adopted. The hour having arrived, and dinner over, I was in a measure compelled to brag on the elegant action of Hill's favorite rod—and also to listen patiently to that whopper that he always tells about how he took thirty-four trout (none of them less than a foot long) out of one hole, with that same rod and a now faded and bedraggled Parmacheneebelle.

The maps were at length brought out and we began a careful examination of that stretch of country, known as the "Great Divide." We were not long in discovering a net work of streams, that seemed to have gotten mixed up with each other, and after wandering around in an aimless sort of way, had in some mysterious manner untangled and separated.

The town of Watersmeet seemed to be located in about the center of the tangle of streams. We learned upon further investigation and inquiry that lumbering in that section was a thing of the past, and that we should therefore escape the annoyance of the frequent flooding of the streams, which we had so often met with on the Southern Peninsula.

It was not a farming country, and therefore only sparsely populated, and of course, the streams were not fished out. If any other consideration was neccssary to convince us that we had found what we were looking for, it was discovered in the fact that the Northwestern Railroad Company had for years assisted in, and encouraged, in every way, the stocking of those streams, and also, in the protection and preservation of the trout. And so it was scttled, Mrs. Hill and her two lovely daughters all voting in the affirmative that we should go to Watersmeet.

The day of our departure arrived, and our baggage was checked and our tickets punched, for what we felt sure was the fisherman's Eldorado of the Northern Peninsula.

The Northwestern runs a special and palatial train for the accommodation of the fraternity, leaving Chicago at 5:05 P. M., and arriving at Watersmeet at 7:06 A. M., without change or other discomfort, and just in time for breakfast, with Mr. and Mrs. Darling, of the R. R. eating house. We shall have a word to say about this man Darling a little later on. I shall never forget the first few hours of that evening ride. Any one who has ever resigned himself to the comforts of a Pullman sleeper, for a flight through whirling fields of grain, orchards, meadows, groves, gardens, and restful homes, all aglow with the rose-tinted flames of the setting sun, with his case of favorite rods by his side, while only a few hours beyond—and they to be hours of rest and slumber—the royalest sport on earth awaits his arrival; any one who has experienced all this, knows all about it.

The morning came none too soon,, and while the dew was still glittering on the jack pine, the cedar, the tamarack and the spruce, we whirled down the tortuous valley of Duck Creek, into Watersmeet, and were soon introdueed to Mr. Darling and——to breakfast.

I think I'll just pause here and have it out with this man Darling. He was rightly named. In other words, the people who named him Darling builded better than they knew. After breakfast, and a few passing remarks, as a sort of limbering up process, I told him we had come to stay for several weeks, and expected to go into camp on the outskirts of the village, if we could find a suitable location. Now who ever knew a hotel proprietor to drop his morning newspaper, and interest himself in hunting up a camp for strangers whom he had known but an hour? That is just what he did for us, and within a few minutes we were standing on a beautiful grassy knoll that seemed to have been made to order for us. After we were nicely settled, I called on Mr. Darling and stated that we would like to get a little ice from day to day, and that we expected to pay well for the accommodation. He asked me if I knew where the ice-house was. I told him I did, for it was one of the most conspicuous buildings in the village. "Well," said he, "it's all yours."

About the next time I met him he took my breath away after this fashion: A gentleman by the name of Fuller, from Chicago, brought in as fine a basket of trout, running from twelve to fifteen inches in length, as I had ever seen. Mr. Darling had been with him and informed me that they were caught in the pools, about three miles below on the Ontonogon River. "Any time you would like to try your luck, I'll take the Pede and run you down in the morning, and if I can't stay with you, I'll run down in the evening and get you."

I hardly knew whether to take him seriously or not, so I turned to Mr. Fred Johnson, an acquaintance of a few days, and asked, "Does he mean it, Mr. Johnson?" He simply replied, "When you have known him as long as I have you will not doubt it."

The Pede was a railroad velocipede, and many a ride we enjoyed, after days of sport and toil, and they are all days of toil—before we regretfully turned our faces toward homc.

Mr. Darling had spent many days with us, devoting himself wholly to our pleasure and success, when I said to Hill: "It cannot be that Darling is going with us this way just for the fun of it." So I walked down to the hotel and said to him, "I think I'd better settle up before we get in too deep."

"Settle up for what?"

"Well," I said, "you have been with us several days now, and of course we expect to pay you." But it was no go, he simply walked off and left me. I have omitted to mention a very characteristic incident which occurred a few days after our arrival.

"By the way," said Mr. D., "if you folks ever want any fresh meat, you'll generally find some part of a carcass of a sheep hanging in the cold storage room, and if you don't know enough to help yourselves, you ought to go hungry."

Then turning to Mr. Johnson, he said, "Fred, take Mr. Akers in and show him where to find it." The result was that I went back to camp with a mess of chops on which no fiber of wool ever grew.

I must here refer to another matter, which added so much to the pleasure of that memorable summer. The Northwestern Railroad people treated us as though we were the special guests of the company. We could take any morning train and be landed at any stream, lake or other point of interest, by simply notifying the engineer where we wished to get off. At night all we needed to do was to wave our baskets before any approaching train, and the brakes were instantly whistled down, the train slowed up, and a strong arm assisted us aboard. We never found a conductor who would accept a penny for such a princely favor.

The summer was not specially favorable to trout fishing, on account of the extreme drouth and consequent shallow and clear water; and yet we seldom ever failed to make a fair catch when we went early and staid with them. The lakes about Watersmeet are even more plentiful than the streams—clear, cold and alive with bass.

I never knew until I began to visit them, what sport two men and a boat can have with the proper casting tackle, where bass are plentiful, fat and saucy, and just spoiling for a scrap with a spoon. Mr. Darling had loaned me a Meek reel, and introduced me to one of his guests by the name of Mull. I soon found myself wondering how I had managed to get on so long without knowing Mull. He had often visited that locality and knew the ins and outs—the cross-cuts—where the boats were sunk and the paddles concealed, as well as any guide in the country. He was an expert in handling a boat, which, by the way, is a valuable and well-nigh indispensable acquisition for the bass fisherman. When you see two men come in with a fine catch of bass, give the man who handled the boat more than half the credit. Mull could cast with wonderful precision. His line never tangled, his spoon went out like an arrow and generally dropped just where a bass was waiting for it. Given an old sunken log—with the boat brought to it properly—and you could safely wager that Mull's spoon would drop within six inches of it, near the shore, and then dart like a ray of light lengthwise along the log and—there was something doing. When he struck the hook home, he usually remarked, "That's the system," and seldom ever failed to land his fish. I have known him to land thirty small-mouth bass in thirty eonseeutive casts.

Our first trip was to Lake Marian, about three or four miles northeast of town. We took an early train down to Crosier's Mill and walked across the country to the lake. On this cross road we passed through grand timber that might have been the meeting place of King James and Rob Roy.

Mull raised an old boat, and we were soon erossing one of the loveliest lakes one will see in a lifetime. In going over and returning, we saw by actual count fourteen deer. This was a day long to be remembered. The bass were of the large Oswego variety, and what a fight they could put up! I had a strong Chubb rod, in which I had unlimited confidence.

Mull generally took the paddle, and headed for a treetop, and knowing that I was a novice, he cautioned me not to cast until he gave me the signal. "Now! Drop your spoon just this side of that limb. Reel in quickly"—I was fast on the largest bass that I ever tackled. Then the fun began. "Look out! Keep him out of that brush. Keep your line taut! Give him line—give him line! Look out, he's coming at you." But I was too slow—under the boat he went, and before I realized it, my rod was broken into slivers; but my hook had gone home to stay, and seizing the line, I continued the struggle, and at the end of a hard-fought battle, my bass was safely landed.

I gazed upon him with a tinge of pathos, and with a feeling of admiration for his pluck and fighting qualities.

But I have neither time nor place in which to relate the many thrilling incidents of this day's sport.

On our return to the railroad with a very heavy sack of bass, we found Mr. Darling—the darling—waiting for us with the Pede.

Mull and I hired a horse and a sulky and simply did the country. We visited lakes seldom ever fished, made our own rafts, and held many a cotillion with their unsophisticated inhabitants. We were fishing one day in west Six Mile. Mull had hooked an unusually heavy bass and was having a time to keep him out of a pine treetop lying a few rods from us, and to prevent which he was urging me to pull out in the lake further. Finally the big fish sulked under the boat, and Mull arose from his seat, and squatting on his haunches close to the side of the boat, was trying to dislodge his bass, when in some way he lost his balance and went over, capsizing the boat and turning me out into twenty feet of water.

I can only give a very brief account of this well-nigh serious affair. Our heavy iron anchor went to the botton and neither of us thought anything about it. But as soon as Mull began to swim and push, the boat sank, so that I could barely touch it and keep my head above water. At length I touched the rope with my foot, and then knew what the trouble was. With difficulty I raised the anchor and got it in the boat. We then swam and pushed it to where Mull saw our paddle, and having recovered this, we succeeded, after having been in the water fully an hour in getting the boat to shore. I was well-nigh exhausted. We emptied our boat, wrung the water out of our clothing, and went back to the scene of our accident to see if our tackle could be located. Drifting as quietly as possible, Mull, with his face close to the water, soon announced that he could see my rod. Over he went like an otter, and soon rose with the rod and Mr. Darling's Meek. In this way we recovered everything, except Mull's fine rod and reel. His bass had carried or dragged that away and we failed to get trace of it, and had to go home without it.

On the following morning he and a friend returned, with a drag of hooks, and on the first draw caught his line and so recovered everything but the bass. Mull was much chagrined that he did not get him, as he intended to have him mounted as a souvenir of the crowning catastrophy of that eventful day.

J. W. Akers.

Why One Goes a-Fishing.

To catch fish? Perhaps, but that's not half the story. Even the man who fishes for his living cannot be satisfied with such an answer. He goes out upon the waters that he may get the wherewithal for the maintaining of his little home. And you and I, anglers not for pelf's sake, but for the love of the sport, surely we will not hear complacently that we go a-fishing to catch fish. True, an empty creel at eventide gives us a keen sense of disappointment and a full one a rich feeling of satisfaction, and yet to sum up our day's angling in terms of the content of the creel—why, it is simply absurd.

Think of the ozone we have inhaled, of the enchanting views we have beheld, of the birds' songs we have heard, of the fairy-like reflections we have seen in the water, of the much needed exercise we have taken, and of the manifold indefinable glorious experiences of which only the angler knows, experiences but remotely connected with the actual catching of fish. To catch fish! Bah! He is but a sorry philosopher who would so say. If that were all, you and I had no such love as we have for the tapering rod, jeweled reel, silken line and graceful fly.

To-day as I lie on the soft moss under the branches of a giant pine on the shore of the lake, and with a peculiar delight anticipate to-morrow's fishing—ah, it is not just the catching of fish that explains that delight. And the psychology of my present experiencc every angler understands, and he alone.

By the by, do we, lovers of the angle, not find a large measure of our happiness in our sport through anticipation, and also through memory, living over again the glad hours when we sought the sequestered lair of the lordly salmon, or wary trout, or doughty bass? (This thought comes to me as I am dreaming of the morrow and recalling the past, while I lie here in the shade and my eyes rest upon the rippling water yonder shimmering in the sunlight.)

To catch fish! Oh, how small a part is thus answered! What freedom from professional and business care in angling! If those overworked, nervously unstrung men in our cites, who walk the streets nights because they

cannot sleep, finding it impossible to throw off their care and rid themselves of worry, could and would go a-fishing! Too bad many of them know not the art! I have heard physicians say that the rod and line have been to them of greatest value, enabling them to rid themselves of many of the anxieties of their noble calling and become refreshed in body and in mind. To the lawyer, too, and the clergyman and the instructor, angling bring a blessed freedom from care, and brings reeuperation, zest, new life.

No wonder that those who fish, as you and I, hotly spurn the idea that the story is told when it is said that one goes a-fishing for fish. No, indeed! We are not such fools as to spend hours, days, even weeks just in catching a few or many of the finny denizens of the water merely for their possession, or even the sport of catching them. In angling a thousand benefits are obtainable! angling may enrich a man in mind and in heart, put bronze on his cheek, light in his eye, red corpuscles in his veins, strengthen his muscles—invigorate him in body, mind and spirit for his life's work, whether it be in the pulpit, at the sick bed, in the court room, in the counting house, or in the shop. Nothing surpasses it as an all-round benefactor. And to be commiserated is the man who knows not how to angle.

Maybe such a one may read these lines; if so, I urge him to arise, and with some earnest Izaak Walton make his way, rod in hand, to catch fish—oh, not that only, but to begin a pursuit that will prove an ever-increasing source of pleasure and comfort to him to the end of his days.

CORNELIUS W. MORROW.

The Sea Trout Redivivus

Editor Forest and Stream:

After all that has appeared in your columns for the last thirty years on the vexed question of the identity of the so-called sea trout, I thought the subject had been pretty well threshed out. After the admission from Mr. Hallock and Mr. Chambers, to say nothing of Prof. D. Starr Jordan, the leading ichthyologist in America, that "the marine and fluvial trout are one and the same fish—varietally and structurally—differing only in coloring and other conditions resulting from their habitat," (see issue of March 11 last) I, for one, considered the question settled; as did, I think, all who have taken enough interest in the matter to follow the discussion in your columns. But what will Dr. Morris, E. A. Samuels, W. B. Mershon, Walter M. Brackett and all the other anglers, observers and writers who have caught and studied the fish from the waters of Labrador and Newfoundland to those of Bay Chaleur and on both shores of Nova Scotia from Cape Sable to Cape North, say of this new Richmond who entered the field in your last issue?

The revelations contained in Mr. Hickson's letter to Mr. Hallock must have amused the veteran naturalist, and he must have smiled sardonically at the latest exemplification of Pope's immortal line: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"; but to give the jejune effort to the angling world through your columns was "the most unkindest cut of all."

Mr. Hickson says he has proved, "that sea-trout go to sea, first by the fact that we have caught trout 8 and 9 pounds far from the rivers in which these trout spawn; we have caught them at the mouth of Bathurst Harbor. * * * With all these things considered, where do the large sea trout which appear in the early spring with the smelts come from?" Had Mr. Hickson known a little more—what every angler on Bay Chaleur is familiar with—he would know that the estuaries of the Cascapedias and the Bonaventure (in which rivers the largest trout known in Quebec and New Brunswick spawn) and the estuary of the Nepisiguit face each other, with only a few miles of open water between them. The very large trout taken occasionally on the New Brunswick side of the bay early in spring, are, in the opinion of those who have made the subject a life-study, stragglers from the Quebec rivers, in which they are indigenous. What proof is there in all this that these trout "go to sea"? Does anyone except Mr. Hickson consider the almost landlocked Bay Chaleur, with innumerable streams from both sides flowing into it, and all containing sea trout, to be "the sea"?

Mr. Hallock, who is familiar with Labrador and its rivers, all abounding in sea trout, must have laughed when he read the following in Mr. Hickson's instructive letter: "My opinion is that these trout have recently been released from the large Newfoundland and Labrador rivers, where they were imprisoned by ice, and as soon as released they have gone out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, struck the spring-run of smelts and herrings and followed them into the Bay Chaleur. * * * These are, therefore (?), the trout which we find feeding on the smelts and herring spawn in May and early June." As Captain Cuttle would say, "here's an opinion as is an opinion," and it can surely claim the merit of originality. This new Richmond in the field must be as ignorant of geography as he is of natural history. Is there no captive smelt, herring spawn or other food along the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Anticosti and the Magdalene Islands (in all the rivers of which sea-trout abound), that the trout from these coasts and rivers should seek it in distant Bay Chaleur? There is not a single *fact* in this wonderful letter that has not been stated in your columns a dozen times, and nothing but Mr. Hallock's well known sense of humor could have led him to publish it.

But enough of this ignorance which Mr. Hickson mistakes for knowledge. Let me come down to matters that even his limited intelligence can understand. In a long life of observation and study of this subject I have never been able to find a sea trout in New Brunswick or Quebec waters of 8 pounds weight; the largest I ever saw weighed was from the Bonaventure, but it did not turn the scale at 7½ pounds. I have seen many and caught a few in Cascapedia that weighed 6½ and 7 pounds. Still, as Mr. Hickson says: "These facts being proved [no proof is given in his letter] that we have the big sea trout, 8 and 9 pounds in weight, caught in the open bay, and in the salmon nets four miles on each side of the entrance of the river," I will not be so discourteous as to contradict him, strong as are my convictions; but, as I am anxious to have the "proof" he speaks of, and as the open season for salmon fishing does not close until Aug. 15, I will give $10 each, and pay express charges, for all the sea trout weighing 9 pounds that are delivered to G. A. Pearson, M.D., of Sussex, with an affidavit from the sender that they were caught on the New Brunswick side of Bay Chaleur.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Black Bass of the Bay of Quinte.

THE Bay of Quinte stretches along the south shore of Ontario from the city of Kingston to the Murray Ship Canal, near Trenton, altogether about ninety miles. The Murray Ship Canal is about six miles long and the line of boats from Montreal to Toronto go through this canal and by doing so avoid about one-half of the lake.

There is a channel which is defined by buoys through the entire length of this bay, and outside of the channel the lake is full of bars or shoals of from nine to twelve feet deep which constitute the fishing grounds of the bay.

The head of this bay is about north of Rochester, and it can be reached in two ways. One is by Clayton, and taking a boat there to Trenton or going over to Gananoque, nine miles distant, on the Canada shore, and taking the cars on the Canada railroad to Trenton Junction, where you can take the cars about three or four miles to Trenton or you can go to Rochester and go from there to Charlotte, about nine miles, and take the boat across the lake to Coburg, and then take the train east, about twenty miles to Trenton.

The bass fishing in the Boy of Quinte is very indifferent until about Aug. 25 or Sept. 1, and then the large bass go upon the shoals, and the average catch after that is about 3 pounds up to say about the middle of October, many of the bass weighing from 4 pounds to 4¾ pounds. In my fishing I have taken all my bass with a trout rod weighing about seven ounces, and using about 300ft. of line with a single snell and small hook, and using a minnow for bait.

In fishing for bass I have had my boatman drift or drag, which means rowing very slowly so as to keep the hook from catching on the bottom and letting out about 75ft. of line, and when I feel the bass at the hook I let out about 60 or 75ft. more of line until the bass has had time to swallow the bait, and then give a very slight jerk to set the hook in the fish, which at the same time usually leaps out of the water two or three feet, and with skillful management I have almost always landed my fish.

In my judgment, this is the finest accessible fishing ground to-day in the United States for black bass, all of which are small-mouthed bass.

Unfortunately there are no persons at Trenton, which is at the head of the lake and where you will find much of the best fishing, or at Northport, about twenty or twenty-five miles east of Trenton, where the fishing is equally good, who have any knowledge of the shoals or bars, and it is therefore necessary to get a boatman from Clayton, and quite a number of them are thoroughly acquainted with these grounds. This, of course, entails a considerable expense, as these boatmen expect to be paid $3 a day from the time they leave home until they return, and also to have their expenses paid, which is usually about $1 a day at the hotels. In addition to this we have to pay our own expenses—about $1.50 a day at the hotels—and provide our boat, which costs about $1 a day, so that the daily expenses of this trip amount to about $8 or $9 a day.

B. B. B.

Conditions at Temagami.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Coming out from Temagami last week I met a man going in with a bundle of golf sticks. I was startled at first, then the humorous side struck me and I thought what fine grounds he could find in that country of timber and rocks for playing the game. But, in a sense, it is only a forerunner of the summer boarder and the opening up of one of the finest spots in America. Already there is a hotel at Temagami station, one at Temagami Island, and a boarding house on Bear Island, and more to be built this winter. While most who have gone there this year are enthusiastic fishermen, another year will find loungers around the hotels and guests dressing for dinner. With this the charm of the place will be lessened and the magnificent stillness be disturbed, but the beauty of the lakes, islands and woods will be a perpetual pleasure, for the place has been set aside as a reserve. Right now it is a breaking up of the old ways and the new railroad in there will do the rest.

On Bear Island lives Mr. McLean, who has lived in its vicinity for thirty-eight years, and who has been hunting and trapping in the Hudson Bay territory for over fifty years. He is a willing talker, and it is a treat to listen to his experiences and the hardships he has passed through. There were no wolves or Virginia deer in that district when he first trapped there. Now there are both. His opinion is that the wolves have been baited in by the moose carcasses left by hunters, who take the heads and leave the rest in the woods, but it seems more probable that they have followed the red deer there. Many moose and deer are seen there by camping parties, and I saw a fresh mooseskin from a moose recently killed by the Indians. They are allowed to kill them at all times. But it seems that the laws have been of little bother in the past.

A lady told me that she was camping there last summer, and she expressed a desire to one of the forest rangers, who are also game wardens, for a grouse. The next day a bag was left in front of her tent with the remark that there was a bag of Spanish onions for her. There were several brace of grouse in the bag. Some of the fishermen this year are catching over the limit in numbers and keeping bass under the ten-inch limit. The printed regulations are posted around, and there is no excuse for this. But no one seems to bother about it. I suppose it is because fish are plentiful and easily caught.

The largest bass I saw in two weeks weighed a little better than 2¼ pounds, and the largest lake trout weighed 26 pounds and 14 ounces when brought in. It is amusing to hear these trout called ouaninche, landlocked salmon, salmon trout, etc., by the different fishermen. It seems that the great majority are not informed and do not trouble themselves very much as to what they are catching, and what is more, do not bother themselves to find out. The trout are lake trout, *Chistivomer namaycush.* One man who has made different fishing trips up north asked me the name of "those duck-billed fish." He alluded to the common pike, *Esox lucius.* By the way, Cabia Blanco writes in FOREST AND STREAM that he saw a maskinongé 27 inches long which he estimated to weigh 40 pounds. Is there not some mistake here? You are not allowed to keep one in Ontario under 30 inches.

The guide question around Temagami is a serious one. There are not nearly enough of them. They are very hard to get. I did all of my fishing without one, as I was unable to get one.

I do not think the bass there so full of fight as in some other waters, but the sport is good. The water is practically free from weeds; in fact, there is nothing but an occasional pond lily in some of the deep bays, and this makes fishing very pleasant. It is very easy, though, to get caught in the rocks trolling and to get caught trolling for trout with 200 or 300 feet of line out is quite a bother. It means lots of reeling and backing up. There seems to be quite a difference of opinion as to the pleasure of catching the trout there. One gave me the most excitement of any fish I caught, and yet some do not care for the sport. It seems to me that some give up easily while others fight very well.

DIXMONT.

The Life History of the Angler.

BY THEODORE GILL.

From the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections.

ONE of the most interesting and remarkable fishes of the north Atlantic is that whose cognomen in books is angler, but which has received a number of true vernacular names in the countries bordering the waters in which it lives; it is scientifically known as *Lophius piscatorius.* It is the best known representative of a large group (order or sub-order) of fishes named pediculates.

For a long time only a couple of species of this family were known, but successive deep-sea explorations have brought to light quite a number, and the last reviser of the group—C. Tate Regan—in 1903 recognized as many as thirteen distributed among three genera—*Lophius, Lophiomus* and *Chirolophius.*

The name angler, which is almost universally used for the fishes of this genus in books, is really a book-name, and not one in general use among shoremen and fishermen. It was, indeed, especially coined for the *Lophius piscatorius* by the English litterateur and naturalist, Thomas Pennant, in 1776; in his British Zoology, as he says, he "changed the old name of fishing frog for the more simple one of angler," simply because he did not like the former, which was one of the popular names. But there was no lack of real vernacular names. In England, besides fishing-frog, there are frogfish, toadfish, pocketfish, monkfish, nassfish, sea-devil, devilfish, wide-gut, wide-gap and kettle-maw, and these are supplemented by other local names in Wales, Scotland and Ireland. In America another set of names replaces the English ones. The most common along the Massachusetts coast is goosefish; in Rhode Island bellowsfish is in use; in Connecticut, mollligut may be heard, and in North Carolina allmouth. One who has looked into the vast cavity behind the jaws will concede the aptness of the last name.

Although angler is not a true vernacular name for the *Lophius,* is is an analogue of names in popular use in other countries, as Pecheur or Poisson-pecheur at Bordeaux, Pescatrice at Rome and some other places in Italy, and Petricia at Malta. The modern Greeks have adopted the Italian name with a modified form (Peskandritza or Peskantritza) into their own language; a true Greek word, Batrachopsaro (frogfish) is also in vogue at some places (Patras). Among the ancients it was known as the sea frog, the Greeks calling it Batrachos o alieus; the Romans, Batrachus marinus.

The angler's horizontal as well as vertical range is great, and covers a large portion of the north Atlantic on both sides, where the temperature may range between 32 and 60 degrees Fahrenheit—perhaps even higher. On the eastern side it is common in the Mediterranean and along the western coasts of Europe, becoming less common along the Scandinavian shores to the northward; it wanders upward, however, to the North Cape and the Faroe Islands.* Along the American coast it is most common in the comparatively shallow waters of New England, and in deeper water about Nova Scotia and Newfoundland to the north, and as far to the south as the Caribbean Sea. "There is some reason to think that south of Cape Cod it retreats to deep water in summer."

While thus quite common along many coasts in rather shallow water, it appears to be at home in deep water. In the cold water under the tropical surrounding Barbados, at a depth of 209 fathoms; at another place, from "a depth of 365 fathoms" (according to Goode and Bean), specimens were dredged.†

It is emphatically a bottom fish, as its depressed form and up-looking eyes sufficiently indicate. It is also addicted to solitude, living apart from its fellows. In some selected nook, perhaps "hidden among seaweeds or stones"; perhaps "buried in the mud, with only the mouth and the gill-openings free," it "lies in ambush for its prey." At depths where algal vegetation no more thrives, it doubtless lies exposed or half-buried in the bottom, for the light is dim and extraneous concealment not much required. According to Day (evidently guided by Couch), in England "during the summer and autumn it resides near the shore where, by means of its pectoral fins, it forms for itself a cavity in the sand," or, should the ground be rough, it lies as if dead, while "its floating filaments, kept in motion by the tide, decoy other fish, and the angler's tendril is no sooner touched than the game is caught." Saville Kent, who had excellent opportunities of observing a large individual in the Manchester Aquarium (1874), was struck by its adaptation to its natural environments, and has given a graphic description of it.

"Commencing with generalities, one of the most strik-

*If the identification be correct, it even reappears around South Africa.

†The deep-sea Caribbean fishes are not in the National Museum, and the writer is unable to confirm the identification. They probably belong to a different species.

ing features that first attracted notice in this specimen was the remarkable likeness of the animal's head to a mass of rugged rock—the irregular outline formed by the prominent ridges of its upper surface, and the excessive projection of the massive lower jaw, especially favoring this simile. Following up the idea still farther, the illusion was found to be carried out to an extent altogether marvelous to contemplate. This prominent lower jaw in itself formed a natural rocky ledge springing from the parent mass. Along its lower margin are dependent, in the most highly developed state, those singular lobulate processes which extend in a straight line backward to the creature's tail. The size and shape of these processes vary considerably, though generally following a more or less leaf-like contour, and one between every two or three being much longer than its neighbor. As far as I am aware, no attempt has yet been made to explain the purpose or function of these appendages; but to one accustomed to hunting for marine treasures at low tide on a rocky coast line, their resemblance to the small flat calcareous sponges, ascidians, zoophytes, and other low invertebrate organisms which fringe the lower margin of every conspicuous ledge, is strikingly suggestive. The next point we arrive at is the wonderful apparatus upon its head, with which the animal has been supposed to lure on its prey to destruction. It consists of two erectile filaments, the foremost of which is produced at its extremity into a membranous digitiform expansion. According to the books, this expanded membrane owes its especial attractive qualities as a bait to fish in its vicinity to the glittering metallic colors which play upon its surface. As far as I can ascertain, however, by both personal observation and that of others, no such distinctive coloring really exists, the membrane sharing the sombre hues of the general surface of the body. Following out our rock simile, these organs yield another point remarkably favorable thereto; the foremost filament, with its digitiform membrane, is the facsimile of a young frond of oar-weed in both shape and color; and in the tendril behind it we have a repetition of the same with the blade of the frond, as it were, worn away by the current of the ocean. Our rock, however, is not yet clothed with all the growths that contribute to perfect its mimicry of nature; for where we least expect it—that is, in the animal's eye—we find the most extraordinary mimicry of all. These organs are very large and prominent, the iris being conical in shape, of a yellow ground color, with longitudinal stripes of a darker shade, while the pupil, commencing abruptly at the summit, is of so jetty a hue that the aspect of the whole is that of a hollow truncated cone, resembling, with its longitudinal stripes, the deserted shell of an acorn barnacle, and with an amount of exactness that is apparent to the most ordinary observer. We have here in this fish, then, the most perfect possible embodiment of a rocky bowlder, with is associated animal and vegetable growths. Lying prone at the bottom of the ocean among ordinary rocks and debris, it might well pass muster as an inanimate object, and the other fish on which it preys would approach it with impunity, and never discover their mistake until too late to escape from its merciless jaws. Ensconce the animal snugly, however, in the crevice of some precipitous submarine cliff, and the illusion is more perfectly complete. No strategy need now be exerted by the voracious fish to attract his prey; he has only to lie close and quiet, letting his tendrils sway to and fro in the passing current like the weeds around him, and the shoals will approach, browsing the vegetation, or pursuing their crustaceous diet right into his very mouth. And that such surroundings as the foregoing are most congenial to the angler's tastes is abundantly evinced by the habit of the specimen in the Manchester Aquarium. He is ever slinking off to the rock work, and establishing himself so slosely in some snug corner that it requires notwithstanding his large size, a considerable amount of diligent search to detect him."

Conceding the perfect aptness of Kent's remarks, the story is yet only half told. There can be little question that the foremost spine of the angler, with its leaf-like or worm-like appendages, does really attract fishes, in so far as they are moved by curiosity at least to approach so near that the angler can leap upon them and engulf them in its capacious mouth. Two thousand years ago and more the adaptation for concealment as well as for capture, by attracting other fishes, was recognized by naturalists and philosophers. Cicero of old, in his work on natural theology, looking at one side only of the question, called attention to the ability of the angler (or sea frog as he called it) to conceal itself and yet attract other fishes for its consumption.‡ Could those other fishes be heard, they would tell a story against providential interference!

Not long after the observations made by Kent in England, even better ones were made by the German naturalist, Schmidtlein, on invididuals kept in captivity in aquaria at the zoological station of Naples. His account is here translated from the original German:

"Lophius embodies, so to speak, a living angling apparatus. Unfortunately there is not much to record concerning its habits in capitivity that might be considered as a contribution to the already known characters, for it is so peculiarly adapted for its dark mud-bottom, that it can never endure the confinement in our bright, well-lighted prisons with the clean sand for more than a few days. It lies for the most part on the bottom in perfect apathy without burying itself in the sand, and stares with its big dull, glazed eyes straight before it, while the jaws of the enormous mouth open a little and close at every breath, and the lobed barbels on the chin swing back and forth. At times it raises the 'hooks' on the head and lets the terminal lappets play, or it yawns and changes the color of its dull mud dress into a lighter or darker shade. It never takes any food either voluntarily or by force. If it is made to feed it will spit out the morsel again. Before death the skin of the tail generally peels off, and the tail putrefies from the point upwards. The sea-devil attains considerable size, and the aquarium several times possessed specimens more than a meter in length; the latter, however, could not survive even as long as the smaller fishes."

‡Ranæ autem marinæ dicuntur obruere sese arena solerc, et moveri propè aquam, ad quas, quasi ad escam, pisces cum acesserint, confici a ramis, atque consumi. De Natura Deorum, I, 49.

As one of the popular names, allmouth, indicates, the fish is well fitted to ingest food, and its instinct is coordinate with its capaeity. It is, in faet, a most voracious carnivorous animal, and, so far at least as flesh is concerned, omnivorous. It is indiscriminate, too, for in Massachusetts some "annoy the fishermen by swallowing the wooden buoys attached to the lobster pots," and a man "caught one by using his boat-anchor for a hook." A bottom fish, it naturally feeds largely on fishes living on or near the bottom, such as flatfishes, gurnards, sculpins, sea-ravens, dogfishes and small rays, as well as crabs, lobsters, squids and starfishes. Impartiality in accepting what offers itself was manifest in one from which Buckland took "two marysoles, one common sole, one piked dogfish, one foot six inches long, three moderate-sized crabs, fourteen five-fingers, and one whiting." Observations were made on three Massachusetts individuals taken in 1897 and 1899 and recorded by Edwin Linton (1901). One "had in its stomach a large quantity of mud which was rich in mollusca, annelids and small crustaceans." Another, "a small specimen, had in its stomach a winter flounder almost as large as itself." A third had "fragments of fish." The first observation is of unusual interest as an evidence of what the fish may do when unsuccessful in securing larger prey.

Its search for food is by no means restricted to the bottom, however, for though a slow and clumsy swimmer, by stealthy approach it succeeds in surprising not only active fishes, but even birds and mammals swimming on the surface. According to R. Q. Couch (1847), in Cornwall, it also "frequently rises to the surface of the water in the summer and autumn, and lies basking in the sun."

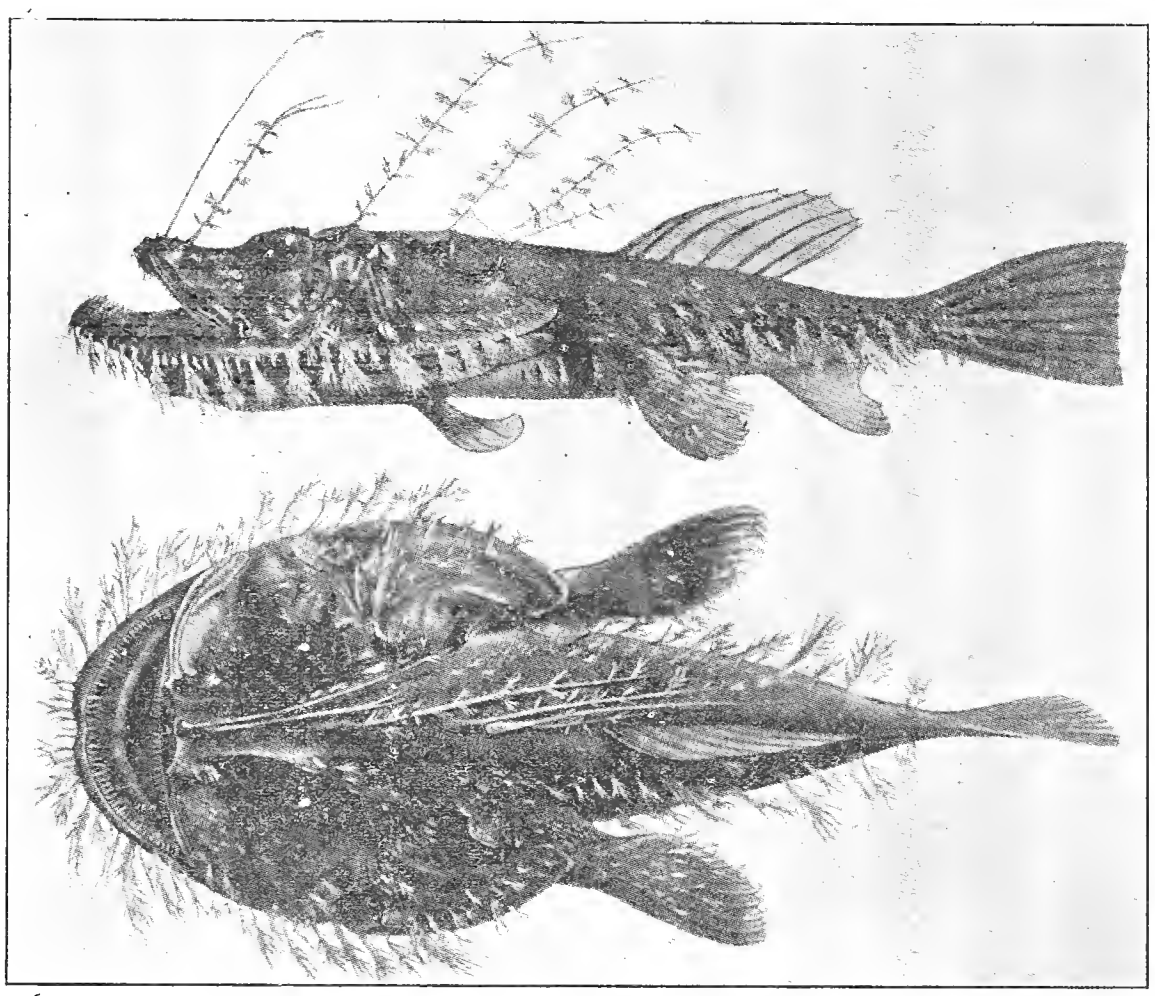
Its success in capturing large birds swimming on the surface, is commemorated in a name most in vogue along some parts of the coast (goosefish); several "have been known to swallow live geese." A fisherman told G. Brown Goode that "he once saw a struggle in the water, and found that a goosefish had swallowed the head and neck of a large loon, which had pulled it to the surface and was trying to escape. There is authentic record of seven wild ducks having been taken from the stomach of one of them. Slyly approaching from below, they seize birds as they float upon the surface."

A number of analogous instances of capture of birds might be given. Birds quite as large as a goose have been taken, such as the loon and gull (*Larus argentatus*). Reliable Cape Cod fishermen, Captains Nathaniel E. Atwood and Nathaniel Blanchard, assured Dr. D. H. Storer that "when opened, entire seafowl such as large gulls, are frequently found in their stomachs, which they supposed them to catch in the night, when they are floating upon the surface of the water." Storer was also "informed by Captain Leonard West, of Chilmark, that he had known a goosefish to be taken having in its stomach six coots in a fresh condition. These he considered to have been swallowed when they had been diving to the bottom in search of food."

By far the most valuable studies of the food of the angler were made by T. Wemyss Fulton and published in 1903. No less than "541 anglers of various sizes, caught mostly in the Moray Firth, Aberdeen Bay, and the deep waters of the Shetlands were examined." Fulton's studies were for the purpose of ascertaining "the amount of destruction caused by this species among the food fishes." It appears that, "so far as the anglers investigated" were concerned, "the principal food consisted of whitings, sand eels, haddocks and common dabs, and in smaller amount of herrings, solenettes and others." The "proportions differ on the different grounds, and at different seasons." A noteworthy circumstance is that "the great majority of the fishes found in the stomachs were small, even when the angler was large." The rarity of large fishes was supposed by Fulton to point "to their greater caution than when younger." Besides fishes "the only other organisms found in the stomachs were a shore crab in one and a swimming crab in another, and cephalopods in thirteen."

Another noteworthy characteristic of the angler is the tenacity with which it holds on to what it has seized. A couple of anecdotes told by Jonathan Couch (1862) will illustrate. "Mr. Thompson, of Belfast, records an instance where a gentleman discovered an angler near the shore, and presented the butt end of his whip to it, when it seized and held by it until it was thus drawn on shore. An angler of large size was also discovered in shallow water by a couple of boys who were in a boat, where they happened to be without oars. But with the intention, perhaps, of annoying the fish, they loosened a board that lay along the bottom of the boat and thrust it within the creature's expanded jaws, which immediately closed upon it. A struggle then commenced, but so firmly did the fish retain its grasp that it suffered itself to be dragged out of the water and secured."

Another feature of the fish is the slowness of its digestive powers. Couch has also aptly illustrated this characteristic, where the angler's skill was utilized by other fishers. "On one occasion there were found in the stomach of an angler nearly three-quarters of a hundred herrings; and so little had they suffered change that they were sold by the fisherman in the market without any suspicion in the buyer of the manner in which they had been obtained. In another instance there were taken from the stomach twenty-one flounders and a dory, all of them of sufficient size and sufficiently uninjured to make a good appearance in the market where they were sold." Still more apt evidence of the slowness of digestion has been given by James T. Linsley (1844). A large angler (three feet eight inches long), caught near Bridgeport, Conn., "continued alive out of water about twenty-four hours," and when cut open, Linsley "took from its stomach subsequently, a large half pailfull of fishes, of various species, such as tomcods, cunners, bass-fry, etc.; of the latter, some were as perfect as when swallowed, notwithstanding the lapse of time mentioned."



Angler (*Chirolophius naresii*).

Fishing for Trout at the Cold Water

The stream that I have fished for trout for the last twenty-five years has been fished by my father for more than fifty years. When he began to fish the stream its banks were covered with a dense growth of pine and hemlock and its waters kept cool through the greater part of the summer. He tells of catching trout on the riffles with bait in harvest time. But the sawmills and the tanneries have stripped its mountain sides of everything but the hard-wood, and during my time the trout have been compelled to seek the mouths of the mountain brooks and the cold springs as summer advanced and the sun got high and warm. If the summer be a cool and rainy one, the trout may stay on the riffles until the middle of June, but the ordinary season will drive them to the cold water before the last of May, where they will lie in schools of several hundred with the smallest trout nearest the spring or the mouth of the brook and the big fellows away on the outer edge in the deepest water.

Trout at the Cold Water have certain peculiarities They will rise to a fly early in the morning, just at noon, and again late in the evening. I have always suspected that the shadow of the rod on the water had something to do with this. Then if there has been a small flood in the stream, roiling the water, the trout will rise greedily as soon as the water clears again. Nessmuk tells in "Woodcraft" of going with a successful angler to a spring hole in a lake and seeing him drive trout out into deep water and then stir up the mud and catch them as they returned to the springs. Under most circumstances, not more than three or four trout can be caught at one time; the water must then be rested and then fished again. A native angler whom I knew lived near the mouth of a mountain run where a large number of trout collected each summer. In the proper season this man would go to the run ten or twelve times a day, catching two or three trout at each trip. Sometimes after trout have been fished over at such a place for several days, they refused to pay attention to fly or bait of any sort, probably doing their feeding at night, if feeding at all. They also grow accustomed at such times to the angler and stir only when he makes some sudden or violent movement. An acquaintance of mine once caught a very large trout lying in a cold pool by baiting with a crawfish and slapping it on the water with a splash. The trout had not stirred until the bait struck the water and then it rushed rapidly around the pool several times and without stopping its speed darted forward, took the bait and was hooked. This coincides with my own experience at several different times. I was once watching

a school of trout lying around a spring below a mill dam, when I decided to see what I could do with bait since none of them paid any attention to my flies. On the bank I found some large grasshoppers, and standing in open view of these trout and throwing the grasshopper on the water with considerable force, I found that every few minutes the impulse to get that grasshopper would be too strong for some trout, and that after rushing around once or twice, it would come up and grab it and be hooked. It was not a very sportsmanlike way to catch trout, but it helped to fill my basket with some fine trout. On another occasion I had gone to some cold water late in the evening and found three or four very large trout lying there. I had waded in close to an enormous trout that was lying in about two feet of water and I stood there watching it and flicking my flies down on the water above it when so suddenly and unexpectedly that it startled me it came up with its mouth wide open and grabbed a white-miller that was on my cast. Well, I held the trout for about a minute, when with a lunge that no ordinary tackle could have held it tore loose.

My favorite fishing place after the trout had gone to the cold waters was at the head of an old mill dam, where there was a large volume of cold water coming from a number of springs just in the edge of the stream. Here the trout used to gather in a great school, and if one was fortunate enough to meet with favorable conditions he could have some fast and furious fun. I had gone to this place one evening, and after catching a few small trout, found that some large trout had moved in, one of which I finally hooked after it had made a furious lunge that took it nearly out of the water. I soon saw that I could hold this trout but could not land it. The stream at this point is of such depth and width that I needed only to follow the trout along the bank until it either broke loose or gave up, and so I walked slowly down the stream for an eighth of a mile or more, keeping my line on top of the water and watching the struggles of the fish. Finally, when I had begun to force the fight, a little woodsman with a bright red flannel shirt on came down to the stream to take a bath, and when he saw what I was doing he was very anxious to assist. What appeared rather curious to me was that when I pulled a little the trout's tail came out of the water, and his broad tail waving slowly in the air so excited the woodsman that he plunged in and had nearly grabbed my line before I could stop him. I knew that the fish was poorly hooked, and so I asked him to get a slab to place edgeways outside of two large stones on the edge of the stream after I had pulled the trout between them. He did this and we landed our fish, a trout weighing three and a half pounds and hooked in the back fin in a slit torn an inch long, from which the fly dropped when the trout touched the shore. My own satisfaction over the capture of the trout was not a bit greater than that of the woodsman.

I started with a friend one evening for this place, expecting to fish late. I had several places that I wished to fish before reaching the spot where we were to put in the greater part of the evening, and I instructed my friend to proceed directly to the good fishing and wait for me there. It was later than I had intended it to be when I reached him—almost dark, in fact—and I could hear him splashing around at a great rate before I got to him. When he heard me on the bank he called to me that he had just learned how to catch them, and when I inquired about the new method, he said that when one struck he just threw it on to the bank without playing it at all. I have had many regrets in my life, but none keener than the one when I learned that he had hooked probably fifty large trout during the evening and had landed but three. Oh, if I had but gone with him instead of pottering along the stream at the other places where I expected a few trout to be lying!

Another time I had gone with this same man to this place very early on a foggy morning in July. He had been staying in the mountains for a week or more and as the streams were very low had not been able to catch any trout to eat. I had joined him the evening before at the cabin where he was staying and had promised him that we should catch some trout the next day, and had selected this cold water as the most likely place to find them. When we reached the spot I reconnoitered from the bank above and discovered that a large school of fine trout was lying in just the right depth of water. When going on the bank that overlooked the pool I had stirred up some large grasshoppers, and it occurred to me that since we needed meat more than sport, I would plan to get meat and let him do the fishing. I instructed him to remove his flies and put on a small hook on which I impaled a grasshopper. Then from the bank above I would show him where to wade, tell him when the trout had taken the bait, and direct him when to pull. The trout were all large, and as he was fishing with a light fly-rod he had plenty of sport landing them. To me it was also some sport to watch the trout take the bait. I maneuvered it so that he usually threw nearest the biggest trout. Sometimes they would take the bait on top of the water and again they would pay no attention to it until it had gone kicking down nearly to the bottom, when a big fellow would dart forward, snap it and turn and drop among his companions again. I was so close and the water was so clear that I could see the bait disappear in the trout's mouth and at the proper time I would say pull and the fun would begin. At 10 o'clock we stopped fishing with some thirteen or fourteen large trout which we cleaned and took back to the cabin for our dinner and the dinner of the large family with whom we were stopping. Just as the trout were frying nicely a tremendous thunder shower came up, and it rained down around the stove pipe so hard that the fire was put out and the trout almost set to swimming again. But the old lady had been through that many times before, and when the shower had passed the fire was started again and the children and fishermen sat around the stove hungrily watching the trout fry to a turn, and from then on we had no trouble to keep the horde of hungry children and ourselves very well supplied with fish.

For more than a dozen years I camped annually about the first of July in a fine grove of old maples that stood on the bank of my creek. From my camp I could reach easily in a fifteen-minute walk the mouths of two little mountain brooks or a section of the stream where some springs kept cool the edge of a long strip of water. The latter place was overhung by some fine old trees, and it was great sport to wade down the middle of the stream and cast under these trees into water so shallow that the trout had to roll on the fly to take it. This fishing I did in the morning, reserving the cold water at the brooks for my evening fishing. One of these brooks emptied into a pool so deep and dark that we could not see what it contained. I had gone here one evening after supper and had continued to fish until long after dark, catching a ten or twelve-inch trout every few minutes. Finally I found that a large trout was coming up into the shallow water near my feet to feed. I could hear him splash but it was too dark to see him and he paid no attention to my flies. I went to shore and by the aid of a match selected a very large queen that I had in my fly book. At the first cast he struck and I surprised my companion by dragging up on to the beach a very large trout without playing him at all. When I showed him the size of the fly on our return to camp he understood what gave me such confidence. There was a native angler near our camp who was an expert fly-fisherman and who knew the Cold Water even better than I knew it. One morning just at dawn as I was lying in bed with my hands under my head watching the trees on the opposite shore of the creek, a fly-rod curved in the shape of a drawn bow came within my line of vision. Springing quickly to my feet and running down to the stream I was just in time to see this angler net a two-pound trout that had been lying at a cold spring just in front of my tent. This man worked every day but holidays until 6 o'clock in the evening, and I suspect that to be able to take his rod after supper and catch a half-dozen trout that had gathered at the cold water made life more worth living to him.

I am not sure that any trout should be caught at the cold water; it is quite probable that they ought to be let alone when they have gathered at such places. But this kind of fishing has a peculiar fascination for me. It is best late in the evening, a time of the day when I most like to fish; the trout must nearly always be caught with fly, if caught at all; and when the trout are rising at these places the sport is unequalled. However, if the Legislature should see fit to close the trout season before the fish have gone to the cold water, I shall be well content to stop it and to dream over the deeds I have done at the cold springs and the mountain brooks of the stream I love so well. CHAS. LOSE.

New Brunswick Salmon Rivers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 22 your generally well-informed correspondent, E. T. D. Chambers, had a bewildering array of figures to cozen his readers into the belief that salmon culture has increased the catch of this fish in New Brunswick rivers. He takes exception to my fairness in comparing the catch of 1874 (the year the hatcheries were started) with that of 1903, after twenty-nine years' operation, because, he says, the former catch was exceptional. My object was simply to show what the fish did without any artificial assistance, when they were allowed to reach their spawning places and propagate in the natural manner.

Let the intelligent reader take the figures furnished by Mr. Chambers from the official reports and see if they work out any better, with all his ingenious groups, periods and averages which only confuse the general reader, but do not alter the practical result. He quotes from Mr. Wilmot, the late superintendent of fishculture, to show that it was not until the year 1877 that the hatcheries commenced to work satisfactorily, and he gives the catch of the next year as 1,763,772 pounds. Since that year up to 1903 the presumption is that the hatcheries have all worked satisfactorily, since the enormous number of 129,286,200 young fish have been turned out, with the result, as Mr. Chambers' figures show, that the catch in 1903 was 1,300,540 pounds—just 463,232 pounds less than it was in 1878, the year after the hatcheries had begun to work satisfactorily.

I have the greatest admiration for Mr. Chambers' genius for manipulating figures, and will be much pleased to have him exercise it in working out the following little sum: If the planting of 129,286,200 young salmon in twenty-nine years decreased the catch by 463,232 pounds, how many young salmon and how many years' operations will be required to bring the catch up to 3,214,182 pounds, which it was in 1874, the year salmon culture was started? THE OLD ANGLER.

SUSSEX, N. B., July 24.

A Large Muscalunge.

THERESA, N. Y., July 24.—On July 4 guide Dave Tyler, of this place, was rowing a Mr. Doyle and lady of Ogdensburg on Indian River and Red Lake, when near the Red Lake House Mr. Doyle hooked a large muscalunge on light tackle. After playing the fish for one hour and twenty minutes guide Tyler succeeded in getting his gaff-hook into the fish, but the lady occupant of the boat objected to his boating at, as it was so large. "Dave" told me that it was five feet long and would weigh over 50 pounds. Tyler then decided to land it on the sandy beach nearby. After hooking the fish the boat was worked out into deep water between which and the beach were many weeds. While going through these the fish escaped. An excursion party of young people at the Red Lake House watched the fight with the big fish.

It has long been known that there were a few large muscalunge still in Red Lake, as parties have reported hooking on to them only to have them escape by breaking the hook or line.

In November, 1898, you published the photograph I sent you of one weighing 42½ pounds. Since then only one larger (46 pounds) has been taken, but a dead muscalunge measuring 4ft. 3in. was found at the foot of the lake a few years ago. I have the lower jaw and other bones of the head of this fish, one side of the lower jaw had been broken and was twice its normal size. I know that I should say "maskinongé," but it would hardly be recognized here. J. L. DAVISON.

A Siwash Whale Story.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Norwegian steamer Tricolor brought in a report to San Francisco the other day of a whaling voyage that was made by the Siwash Indians of the Pacific Coast, in Neah Bay, off Cape Flattery, lately.

According to the account of it given to the Call by this steamer's captain, the whale had been seen off the cape for several days, and at last about sixty Siwashes organized a party to capture him, going out in canoes, each canoe having one or more harpoons, with beef bladders tied to their shanks. Every time a canoe would get within striking distance of the whale, a harpoon would be thrown into him, until at last there was hardly room for any more harpoons. This is the newspaper's version of the story. Some of us who have seen harpoons thrown into whales know about how long the whale will lie on top of the water after he has got the first harpoon, and wait for more of them to be thrown into him. He either goes below or else goes for the boat out of which the harpoon has been thrown. This whale was probably an old humpback, or a sulphur bottom. Neither of these would be noticed by a regular whaler's crew; they are of little or no account. Had he been a sperm or a right whale, there would have been a scattering of canoes and Indians when he had got that first harpoon.

After harpooning him they used a few bombs on him. What kind of bombs the captain did not state. The bomb part of the story is rather fishy. They were not bomb lances that are now used on most northern whalers; the gun that fires them could not be mounted on a canoe, and a Siwash Indian would have about as much use for a bomb as he would for a pair of wings. Before they had quite killed the whale, they tried to herd him toward the shore, but failed; then after killing him they tried to tow him ashore, but failed in that also; and a tug came out and towed him ashore for them. Then they beached him and began to cut in, but did no trying out; they would eat him, blubber and all; and when the steamer left the bay, they were still busy eating him, and giving parts of him away to all comers. CABIA BLANCO.

Barnegat Bay Fishing.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may be of interest to your readers to know that bluefish are here in abundance, and are large and fine. The bay is white with sails, and fishermen are having great sport. Weakfish, bonita and channel bass are also in evidence. A shark, weighing 250 to 300 pounds, was captured off the Sunset Hotel pier yesterday, and created some excitement and sport. We are expecting each day to have the time-schedule of the steam launch Adelia to run between this place and Barnegat Pier. The cottages are well rented here this year, and, so far, have been free from mosquitoes. JAMES H. ROMAIN.

American Fisheries Society.

THE report of the meeting of the American Fisheries Society of last week has been delayed in transit, preventing its publication to-day. It will be given in our next issue.

Bookmakers' Profits on Races.

NOT five men in fifty who bet on a horse race win. If this were not so, the bookmakers could not live, for their expenses are heavy. Until near the end of May it cost a member of the Metropolitan Turf Association about $100 a day to make book. It was necessary, therefore, for the eighty members of this body who "booked" regularly to take out of the pockets of the public $8,000 each day, in order to quit even. The 100 outside layers with their daily expenses of $55 each had to win another $5,500, while the thirty back-liners whose expenses were $30, were forced to mulct the followers of the turf to the extent of $900 more; and the forty field layers with their $40 outlay had to collect from their golden geese $1,600. Thus the 250 gamblers who habitually do business at the tracks had to win $16,000 daily in order not to lose money, and it was rarely that they failed to do so. The meaning of these figures is that the 10,000 persons who on an average attended the race track, were forced to lose $1.60 each in addition to the payment of a $2 admission fee, car fare, programme, etc.

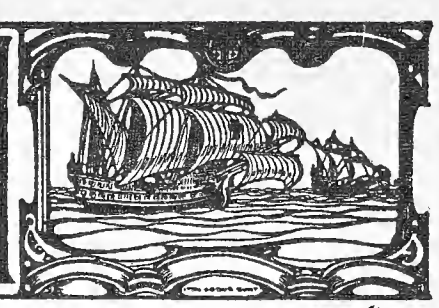
It is impossible to obtain exact figures as to the daily losses on the New York race courses, but that they are large can be readily understood from the foregoing. An ex-bookmaker tried to make an estimate for the writer, but finally gave up in despair, saying: "All that is positive is this, that a layer, a member of the Metropolitan Turf Association, who has not a net profit at the end of the season of $20,000 considers the season to have been a bad one." This meant a loss by the public to the Metropolitan Turf Association alone of $3,120,000, the $1,600,000 net profit and the $1,520,000 of expenses, based upon the old order of doing business. This is a daily winning of $205 a man, which is undoubtedly low. The ex-bookmaker admitted this, and said that during his career as a layer he had cleared as high as $200,000 in a season. The bookmakers that lose, he said, are those who, not satisfied with making a winning book, try to increase their "rolls" by betting on their judgment in other books.

When rich men lose from $10,000 to $20,000 on a race, as certain Wall Street plungers have been known to do, it is easy to realize that the estimated winnings of the members of the Metropolitan Turf Association are placed, if anything, below the real mark.—Elisha Marfield Kelly, in Public Opinion.

UPON a nobleman's estate in the Highlands, a splendid eagle was caught in one of the traps which Mr. Jerome condemns. Examination of its wound showed that when the keepers found it the bird must have been a prisoner for days. Yet it was strong and vigorous; around it were the bones of birds and animals, and, within its reach, a leveret and a partridge. Who had brought this food to the captive all these days? Its mate had. It was hovering overhead, bringing up further supplies, while the keepers were examining the prisoner.—St. James' Gazette.



YACHTING



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

AUGUST.

3. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
4. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
4. Shinnecock, association.
5. Shelter Island, annual.
5. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull, open.
5. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
5. Knickerbocker, cruise.
5. New Rochelle, cruise.
5. Squantum, club.
5. Rhode Island, cruising race.
5. White Lake, open.
5. Seaside Park, power boat.
5. Royal Canadian, club.
5. Chicago, club.
5. Edgewood, club.
5. Shinnecock, association.
5. Wollaston-Squantum, inter-club.
5. Beverly, club.
5. Corinthian, club.
5. Huntington, annual.
5. Brooklyn, third championship.
6. Morrisania, ladies' race.
6. Larchmont, club.
6. Lakewood, Cleveland, club.
7. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Marblehead, open.
7. Old Mill, open.
7. Sachem's Head, club.
8. Eastern, M. Y. R. A., open.
8. Seaside, power boat races.
8. Sachem's Head, club.
9. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Seaside Park, club.
10. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
10. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
10. New York, cruise, rendezvous cups, Glen Cove.
11. New York, cruise, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
12. New York, cruise, Morris Cove to New London.
11. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
12. Beverly, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
12. West Hampton. C. C., association.
12. Atlantic, Havens cup.
12. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
12. New Rochelle, long-distance race.
12. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
12. Seaside Park, Sewell cup.
12. Canada's cup races, Charlotte.
12. White Lake, power boat races.
12. Chicago, club.
12. San Francisco, cruise.
12. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
12. Sunnyside, Toronto, commodore's cup.
12. Bridgeport, annual.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual.
12. Rhode Island, cruise.
13. Rhode Island, cruise.
13. Manhasset Bay, club.
14. New York, cruise, New London to Newport.
14. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open.
14. Boston, club, Marblehead.
14. Jamaica Bay, club.
15. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open.
15. East Gloucester, club.
15. Sachem's Head, special.
15. New York, Astor cups.
16. Seaside Park, club.
16. New York, cruise, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
16. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
16. Bristol, open.
17. New York, cruise, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
17. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
17. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
18. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
18. Shinnecock, ladies' race.
18. Eastern, power boat races.
18. Bristol, club.
18. Galveston, annual.
19. Hugenot, annual.
19. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
19. Northport, annual.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
19. Wollaston, club.
19. White Lake, open.
19. Bensonhurst, fourth championship.
19. Eastern, open.
19. Chicago, cruise.
19. Moriches, club.
19. Quantuck, club.
19. Beverly, club.
19. Corinthian, club.
19. Galveston, annual.
20. Brooklyn, club.
20. Middletown, power boat races.
20. Lakewood, Cleveland, club.
20. Galveston, annual.
21. Eastern, ocean race.
21. Sachem's Head, club.
24. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
24. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
25. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
25. West Hampton C. C., ladies' race.
25. Sea Side, club.
25. Beverly, sweepstake.
26. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
26. Eastern, power boat races.
26. New Rochelle, club.
26. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
26. Hampton Roads, cruise.
26. Rhode Island, annual.
26. Country Club of Detroit, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
26. Royal Canadian, club.
26. White Lake, open.
26. Moriches, association.
26. San Francisco, cruise.
26. Corinthian, club..
26. Atlantic, Havens cup.
26. Hempstead Harbor, annual.
26. Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup.
26. Sunnyside, Toronto, Commodore's cup.
27. Larchmont, club.
27. San Francisco, club.
28. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
28. Jamaica Bay, open.
28. Chicago, club.
28. Sachem's Head, club.
29. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
29. East Gloucester, club.
31. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open.
31. New Bedford, open.
31. Beverly, club.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
1. Beverly, open.
2. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
2. Eastern, power boat races.
2. Larchmont, club.
2. Edgewood, open.
2. Knickerbocker, cruise.
2. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
2. Rhode Island, cruising race.
2. Seaside Park, championship.
2. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
2. Wollaston, cruise.
2. Chicago, cruise.
2. West Hampton C. C., open.
2. Sippican, open.
2 Beverly, club.
2. Corinthian, club.
2. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
2. Nova Scotia, Wenonah cup.
3. San Francisco, cruise.
3. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
3. Detroit, Country Club series.
4. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., open.
4. Seaside Park, open.
4-6. National Power Boat Carnival.
4. Chicago, club.
4. Cobweb, open.
4. Ponoquoque C. C., association race.
4. Beverly, open.
4. Corinthian, handicap.
4. Norwalk, annual.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Wollaston, club.
4. San Francisco, cruise.
4. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta.
5. Country Club (Detroit), cruise.
5. Chicago, club.
6. Country Club (Detroit), club.
6. Chicago, club.
7. Country Club (Detroit), club.
8. Sea Side, power boat races.
9. National Power Boat Carnival.
9. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
9. Bristol, open.
9. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
9. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales Cup.
9. Chicago, club.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Beverly, club.
9. Corinthian, club.
9. Boston, club. Hull.
9. San Francisco, interclub.
9. Larchmont, club.
9. Corinthian of San Francisco, interclub.
10. Rendezvous, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
10. Bristol, open.
10. Middletown, power boat races.
11. Detroit, sweepstakes.
16. Knickerbocker, power boat races.
16. Royal Canadian, club.
16. Chicago, cruise.
16. San Francisco, cruise.
17. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
24. Morrisania, open.
24. San Francisco, cruise.

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.

It is not strange that the races for the Seawanhaka Cup should have attracted less interest this year than ever before, even though the American boat was victorious, for the matches had been so one-sided ever since the cup left America that yachtsmen felt that the trophy was to repose in Canada forever.

The honor of winning the cup goes to a very active Massachusetts organization, the Manchester Y. C. It is essentially a small boat club, and among its members are some of the cleverest boat-sailers in the country.

The Manchester Y. C. was first represented in the Seawanhaka Cup trial races in 1902 when the Bridgeport Y. C. challenged. At the trial races that year their two entries made a poor showing, but the matches taught many lessons, and a year later the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. accepted a challenge from the Manchester Y. C.

Kolutoo was selected as a challenger in 1903. She was the product of that very able Boston designer, Mr. E. A. Boardman. This was Mr. Boardman's first attempt at a boat of just this type, and Kolutoo made a very creditable showing. Mr. Boardman returned from Canada satisfied that he could design a boat sufficiently fast to defeat any Canadian product, and from that time until this year, when the Manchester Y. C. challenge was again accepted by the Canadians, he has made a study of the type produced under the conditions governing the trophy.

This year two boats were built by the Manchester Y. C. members, and they were tried out on Lake St. Louis, where the matches for the cup are sailed. Manchester, the boat selected, was a very smart, all-around craft and was at her best in a heavy breeze and a sea. As it happened this year, all three of the matches that were finished were sailed in boisterous weather, and the Canadian defender Alexandra was clearly outclassed.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. is not sorry that the Cup has passed out of their hands, for it has been a source of great effort and expense to defend it. Through all the years the club has defended it they have done so in such sportsmanlike manner that they are now known the world over as among the fairest and squarest of small boat sailors. The races this year went off more pleasantly than previous ones, if such a thing were possible, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to the Canadians that in losing to the Manchesters they have lost to sportsmen of their own caliber.

The National Yacht and Skiff Club of Toronto has already opened negotiations with the Manchester Y. C., and it is quite possible that a challenge will follow.

Jeebi Purchased by R. K. Cross.—The crack 21-footer Jeebi, designed and built by Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., has been sold by Mr. Arthur D. R. Brown to Mr. Richard K. Cross, of Baltimore. The boat is now at Wianno, Mass., where her new owner spends his summers.

Seawanhaka Cup.

BY WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

The match of the present season is the eleventh that has been sailed since the trophy was offered for competition in 1895. In the following year it passed to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and up to the present year has been successfully defended against all comers. This second challenge from the Manchester Y. C. is an earnest and well-considered effort to take advantage of the experience gained two years ago, and to produce a boat specially suited for the general conditions on Lake St. Louis. In one way the problem is simple enough. Given 500 sq. ft. of sail, and a crew weighing 665 pounds, what is the best that can be done on a waterline limited to some 27ft.—all the length, or rather more than can be used to advantage. The answers to this question during the last few years have varied considerably, both as regards the appearance and performance of the boats. The general tendency on the part of challengers has been to produce light weather boats, low-sided and lacking in stability. In several cases failure has been clearly due to a lack of stability, making it impossible to hold the boat to her work in a fresh breeze. What is wanted is a craft that is rather tender up to 15 degrees of heel, so that she will readily get down to her best form. After that the stiffer the better, if the boat is to win when it blows, and experience has shown that the decisive work is always done either in a good working breeze or something stronger.

In preparing for the match the Manchester men have wisely avoided building a larger number of boats than could be tuned up, with the result that the chosen representative is in splendid form, and a credit in every way to her designer and skipper, Mr. E. A. Boardman. Although built for other parties, she was purchased by Dr. J. L. Bremer, who acted as judge two years ago, but is sailing on the boat this year. In the course of an after-dinner speech, the genial doctor admitted that in planning the boat there had been no hesitation in following the general model of the Lake St. Louis boats that have defended the cup for so many years. But Manchester is no weak copy of something else, neither is she a freak or the long shot of a desperate experimenter. In every way she is a sane and wholesome model with fair lines, well finished and carefully rigged.

The only boat built for the defense this year is Alexandra, designed by Mr. Shearwood, and owned by a syndicate. On paper she is said to be the fastest boat ever turned out of the Dorval shop; but her appearance is not altogether pleasing. The bow is remarkably full at the waterline and snubbed in on deck; but as an expert remarked after a careful examination, "Her diagonals are all right." In other respects she is of the usual type developed by Mr. Shearwood, with two bilge boards and two rudders. So far as the trials went, she was a fair match for Thorella and Noorna, but the Royal St. Lawrence people were in hard luck over their trials this year, light winds prevailing. Not enough races were held, and the results were inconclusive, so that the selection of Alexandra was based on faith as well as performance.

The official measurements of the boats were as follows:

	Manchester.	Alexandra.
Length—		
Over all	39ft. 11in.	37ft. 9½in.
Fore overhang	8ft. 6½in.	7ft. 2in.
After overhang	6ft. 8in.	3ft. 9in.
Load waterline	24ft. 8½in.	26ft. 10½in.
Bilge boards	135 lbs. each	151 lbs. each
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	384 sq. ft.	397 sq. ft.
Headsail triangle	99 sq. ft.	99 sq. ft.
Spinnaker	203 sq. ft.	200 sq. ft.

Manchester's crew—E. A. Boardman 199 pounds, R. D. Boardman 171, R. Boardman 142, Dr. J. L. Bremer 148; total, 660 pounds.

Alexandra's crew—C. Routh, 164 pounds, W. C. Finley 169, Thornton Davidson 136, Huntley Gordon, 168; total, 637 pounds.

Thursday, July 20.

Skipper Routh won the toss and elected to sail the first race to windward and return. The wind was moderate to fresh from the W., blowing fairly down the lake with a tendency to work around to the N. The starting line off Point Claire was used, the course being logged by Sir George Drummond's steam yacht Wild Rose, and there was no difficulty in getting the requisite two miles in good water. The starting gun was fired at 2:20, after the usual preliminary signals, but at the time both boats were to windward on the wrong side of the line. They ran back rather leisurely, Alexandra crossing 30s. late and Manchester 15s. afterward. The start was not brilliant, and had little merit, except that of avoiding complications.

The boats broke tacks, each skipper sailing his own race; but it was soon apparent that Manchester was steadily pointing higher than Alexandra, while her footing left little to be desired. Less than 25m. were sufficient to cover the two miles to the weather mark, and long before the boats converged for rounding, it was clear that Manchester was gaining steadily—the first instance for several years of a challenger showing decisive superiority in the first race. At the mark she led by 1m. 28s., but this was reduced by 6s. on the run back. On the next round Manchester gained steadily, and at the weather mark on the final round her lead was 3m. 44s. Alexandra was fairly beaten but managed

to pull up a little on the final run, reducing the difference to an even 3m. It was a clever , fair race, almost devoid of incident, and it is difficult to add anything to the following official times:

Start, 2:20:	Weather Mark.	First Round.
Manchester	2 44 28	2 57 42
Alexandra	2 45 56	2 59 04
	Weather Mark.	Second Round.
Manchester	3 21 09	3 33 10
Alexandra	3 23 14	3 35 30
	Weather Mark.	Finish.
Manchester	3 55 04	4 08 05
Alexandra	3 58 48	4 11 05

Friday, July 21.

The wind still hung in the W., moderate to fresh, with fine, clear weather. The triangular course, with all marks to port, gave some windward work on the first leg, then a reach, and a run home, not very free, however. The start at 2:25 was prompt and close, and there had been some pretty jockeying before the gun. The boats really got to the line too soon, luffing at the last moment to check headway and crossing in rather lifeless fashion. As on the previous day, Manchester showed herself superior going to windward and pulled out a lead at the weather mark of 40s. The reaching was watched with interest, some of the admirers of Alexandra claiming that she was very fast with a free sheet. But on the first round Manchester gained steadily, leading at the end by 2m. 12s. From this to the finish there were small variations; but on the whole she proved a consistent performer, beating Alexandra all around the course. The times were as follows:

	Leg.	Leg.	First Round.
Manchester	2 41 20	2 47 45	2 55 00
Alexandra	2 42 00	2 48 40	2 57 12
	Leg.	Leg.	Second Round.
Manchester	3 13 03	3 19 36	3 26 32
Alexandra	3 15 09	3 21 38	3 29 30
	Leg.	Leg.	Finish.
Manchester	3 43 40	3 50 22	3 58 56
Alexandra	3 46 51	3 53 28	4 01 48

Saturday, July 22.

This was a fine hot day, with light variable winds that did not serve for the completion of a race. A start was made at 2:50, the course being 1½ miles to windward from Point Claire across the lake. For nearly two hours it was a mere drifting match, Alexandra getting the better of the wandering streaks of wind, and the weather mark at 4:34:10, Manchester following at 4:40:25. A breeze now came up from the E., making a reaching course, Manchester closing in on her competitor until the difference in time was reduced to about 3m., after which they sailed very evenly. The short course demanded four rounds, only three of which were completed when the time limit expired at 6:20.

Monday, July 24.

There was a fresh breeze from the S. all day, varied by thunderstorms, one of which broke over the club house at Dorval about noon, delaying the start for the course. It cleared with a hint of more to follow, and the tender St. Louis, with the yachts, steamed to Beaconsfield Bay and laid a mark for the start. The wind held fresh from the S., white caps were plentiful, and the attendant fleet was limited to the larger steam craft. The Wild Rose logged two miles to windward across the lake in good water, finishing in another thunderstorm, which postponed the start. Finally the weather cleared and the boats were sent away at 3:55, making a close start under reefed mainsails and small jibs. They tacked in company for a while, and then Manchester slowly drew away from the defender, pulling out a lead of 1m. 49s. at the weather mark. She gained another 10s. on the run back. But the next beat to windward decided the race in her favor, Alexandra losing heavily. On the final round the defender was in trouble with halliards and had to lower her mainsail, but it had no bearing on the result, except in the matter of time. The wind moderated, so that the final run was made in spectacular fashion under full sail, Manchester winning by 9m. 37s The times were:

Start, 3:55:	Weather Mark.	First Round.
Manchester	4 18 54	4 32 02
Alexandra	4 20 43	4 34 01
	Weather Mark.	Second Round.
Manchester	4 54 36	5 07 38
Alexandra	5 00 31	5 12 43
	Weather Mark.	Finish.
Manchester	5 30 50	5 46 00
Alexandra	5 41 44	5 55 37

The races were so clean and decisive in every way that comment is pointless and superfluous. To an unprejudiced observer the handling of the boats left nothing to be desired, and the superiority of the winning boat was beyond question. Possibly Alexandra is not quite up to the usual Lake St. Louis standard, but she is a fast boat and would have beaten almost any previous challenger, except perhaps White Bear, in a moderate breeze. Manchester, however, is a distinct advance on all former challengers, and it is greatly to the credit of her designer and skipper, Mr. E. A. Boardman, that he succeeded at the first attempt, where so many others have failed.

After the first two races had been decided, there was a persistent but vague rumor that the Manchester Club would seek to change the conditions for future matches, so as to encourage a type of boat better suited to open waters, and in effect bar challengers from the inland lakes. For such a step it would of course be necessary to have the consent of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., but aside from this it is difficult to see what changes could be made except in the direction of a restricted class of raceabouts, of which there are already enough. There is nothing to prevent the use of keel boats with fixed ballast, except that it is impossible to get anything like the same all-round speed with 500 sq. ft. of sail. This is the essence of the matter, and some very remarkable legislation would be required to drive out the present type which is safe, handy and manageable, but above all very fast.

The races were managed, as usual, by three judges—Mr. Geo. W. Mansfield (Manchester), Mr. W. Q. Phillips (Royal St. Lawrence) and Mr. W. P. Stephens, the unanimous choice for third judge.

Temeraire Picked for Canada Cup Challenger.

Temeraire has been chosen as the Royal Canadian Y. C.'s challenger for the Canada Cup. The choice was made after a comparatively short series of trial races. The judges were Dr. A. A. Macdonald, Rear Commodore of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Mr. W. A. C. Hamilton, of Montreal, and Mr. George Evans, of Toronto.

While the trial races were comparatively brief, no one thinks of questioning their result, and perhaps it was just as well to get them over as soon as possible, in order to give Temeraire plenty of time for tuning up for the final races at Charlotte.

Temeraire was designed by Mr. William Fife, Jr., for Mr. Frederic Nicholls, of Toronto, and built by Capt. James Andrews, of Oakville. Both Mr. Fife and Capt. Andrews will be on hand during the races to give their personal supervision to the challenger. Mr. Fife was specially requested by Mr. Nicholls to do so and at once agreed, sailing for America on Saturday, July 29.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. offered $1,500 in prize money for these races, and this will be divided as follows: Temeraire, $750; Zoraya, $500; Naniwa, $250.

The trial races began on Saturday, July 22. They were held off Toronto Island, in the open water of Lake Ontario, where former Canada's Cup races have been sailed and under practically the same conditions as will prevail at the final races at Charlotte, N. Y.

First Race—Saturday, July 22.

In the first race the wind was blowing 10 miles an hour from E.N.E., the sky was clear, and the sea fairly smooth. The course was a 9-mile triangle, 3 miles to a side.

Naniwa, of Hamilton, sailed by her owner, Mr. J. H. Fearnside, got the best of the start, leading Zoraya by 5s. and Temeraire by 10s. The boats went over the line close together in the first half-minute after gun fire. Temeraire was sailed by her regular skipper, Mr. E. K. M. Wedd, and Mr. George H. Gooderham handled Zoraya.

It was a broad reach for the first leg with booms to starboard. Anticipating a luffing match, the boats did not break out balloon canvas immediately. Naniwa tried hard to keep to windward of Zoraya, but the latter could point higher, and in the first five minutes blanketed the Hamilton boat, passing to windward, and broke out a balloon jib in pursuit of Temeraire. The latter had been steering a straight course for the buoy. In a mile and a half Zoraya was abreast of Temeraire, but she held away to windward, being about 200yds. on her port side. Temeraire was also somewhat to windward of her course, but she discovered the buoy first and bore away, and Zoraya's 200yds. of weather gauge put her that much to the bad. The times at rounding the buoy were:

	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Temeraire	11 36 45	0 36 15
Zoraya	11 37 50	0 37 25
Naniwa	11 39 00	0 38 40

It was a beat to the next buoy, and Zoraya held her own fairly well, although she was scarcely close enough to do any fighting. Naniwa was both outpointed and outfooted, and the time at the buoy was:

	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Temeraire	12 13 10	0 36 25
Zoraya	12 15 05	0 37 15
Naniwa	12 21 55	0 42 55

The next leg was another broad reach, with the sails this time on the port side. Zoraya closed up some, but she was still too far away for a fight. As a matter of fact, she sailed this leg of the course in 10s. better time than did Temeraire. The yachts were indeed very closely matched, the difference between the three being only 15s. altogether. The finish was fairly close, Temeraire's actual lead being 1m. 45s. Naniwa was away back a mile or so astern. Summary:

	Finish.	Third Leg, Elapsed.	Total Elapsed.
Temeraire	12 39 05	0 25 55	1 39 05
Zoraya	12 40 50	0 25 45	1 40 50
Naniwa	12 47 55	0 26 00	1 47 55

The Second Race.

Shortly afterward, the judges sent the boats off for a second race, from the same starting point, but over a smaller triangle, 1½ miles to a side. The wind had increased to 12 miles an hour and was blowing from the N.E. This did not alter the direction of sailing very much, giving a close reach for the first leg, then a beat, and then a broad reach, which developed into a spinnaker run. Hamilton was not represented by a remarkably fast boat, but she had an excellent skipper, and Mr. Fearnside took his slower craft over the line just 9s. behind the victorious Wedd. The time at the start was: Temeraire, 1:31:16; Naniwa, 1:31:25; Zoraya, 1:31:32. It was a beautiful start and a splendid race, for the wind had freshened and the sea was making. The rough going was to Zoraya's liking, and she profited by her short overhangs. Naniwa, too, picked up in the breeze, although this was largely due to the fact that skippers Wedd and Gooderham were fighting it out for the weather position. Zoraya led by nearly half a minute, turning the first buoy, the time being:

	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Zoraya	1 48 20	0 16 48
Naniwa	1 48 45	0 17 20
Temeraire	1 48 50	0 17 34

But it was in the windward work in the rising wind and sea that Temeraire showed her mettle. Zoraya led at the buoy, but it was only by 7s., and Temeraire's elapsed time for the windward work was the best by 23s. Naniwa fell off badly, being nearly 4m. astern turning the windward mark. The time was:

	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Zoraya	2 11 40	0 23 20
Temeraire	2 11 47	0 22 57
Naniwa	2 15 20	0 26 35

It was a broad reach home, and in a battle for weather position, the boats edged up far enough to carry spinnakers. Inch by inch Temeraire forged up on Zoraya's weather quarter, blanketed her, and passed her half a mile from the finish line. Zoraya tried to regain her position by blanketing, but failed. The Hamilton boat, left to herself, sailed a straighter course, and again showed that she had some speed in her with a started sheet, covering the leg of the course in the same time as Zoraya. Of course, she was so far astern that there was no question of her blanketing. Summary:

	Finish.	Third Leg, Elapsed.	Total Elapsed.
Temeraire	2 28 55	0 17 08	0 57 39
Zoraya	2 29 20	0 17 40	0 57 48
Naniwa	2 33 00	0 17 40	1 00 35

Temeraire won by 9s. on elapsed time, and 25s. actual time.

The Third Race—Monday, July 24.

After a rest on Sunday, the boats went at it again Monday morning. It was blowing fresh then. There was a S.W. wind, 18 miles strong, and the sea piling high on the lee shore. There was a change in skippers. Mr. E. A. Burnside, of Hamilton, took Naniwa, Mr. E. K. M. Wedd again sailed Temeraire, and Mr. J. H. Fearnside, the Naniwa skipper, took Mr. Gooderham's place in Zoraya. It was blowing so fresh that the boats had single reefs in, and No. 2 jibs on.

This race was a 4-mile beat to windward and return. The start was at 11:30, and Mr. Fearnside gave Zoraya an excellent chance to show all that was in her, flashing her across the starting line at 11:30:13. Naniwa went over at 11:30:20, and Temeraire was just 3s. behind her. She was, however, to windward. The first tack was a short one, and as soon as they came about, it was seen that Naniwa was sagging to leeward of Zoraya, and clearly could not hold her. Temeraire, to windward of the pair, left them to fight it out, and sailed a magnificent race to windward, beating her rival Zoraya by 5½m. and the Hamilton boat by 15m. to the weather mark. It was a complete victory for the Fife boat, and on the run, while all of them made excellent time, she even increased her lead. And this in spite of the fact that she made no haste in setting her spinnaker. Naniwa and Zoraya carried balloon jibs and spinnakers down the line, and on the run the Hamilton boat picked up 10s., but she had been so hopelessly outclassed in the windward work that she made a poor finish. Summary:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Temeraire	11 30 23	12 21 40	12 51 15	1 20 52
Zoraya	11 30 13	12 27 00	12 57 45	1 27 32
Naniwa	11 30 20	12 36 40	1 07 15	1 36 55

The Fourth Race—Wednesday, July 26.

It was thus shown clearly that while Temeraire had a formidable rival in Zoraya in running and reaching, she is sufficiently fast in these points to make her the choice for the cup in blowy weather, while in windward work the harder it blew the faster she seemed to go. Her excellent performance in a seaway was a matter of some surprise, as Zoraya had given indications that with her short overhang she would prove a fast boat in lumpy water. The Hamilton boat, while in the racing on the runs and reaches, was not a serious factor going to windward, and her owner and crew, realizing that she stood no chance of being selected for the cup, took her home on July 25.

The judges decided that it was still necessary to test the capabilities of the boats in light breezes. Zoraya had been looked upon as a heavy weather boat. That she was not was very pleainly shown in the racing on Monday, July 24. But her high narrow sail plan gave indications of speed in light airs, and in order to test this the judges decided to have further trials in moderate breezes. As usual, the moderate breezes didn't arrive immediately when ordered, and consequently further racing was postponed until the afternoon of Wednesday, July 26.

They sent the racers over what is known as the short triangle, 1½ miles to a side. The wind was S.W. by S., 10 miles an hour in strength, and the lake very smooth.

The judges signalled buoys to port, which made the triangle a beat and a run and a reach.

The start was at 2:15, and Temeraire led over the line by a margin of 13s., the time being Temeraire, 2:15:30; Zoraya, 2:15:43. As before, Mr. E. K. M. Wedd was at Temeraire's tiller, and Mr. George H. Gooderham was back again in Zoraya. They went off on the starboard tack and held this for 10m., with very little change in position, Temeraire eating slightly to windward and footing quite as fast as her opponent. Temeraire was the first to come about, and Zoraya followed her like clock-work. The port tack lasted 9m., and then they swung back again to the starboard one, the two boats working as though steered with one tiller.

Temeraire rounded the S.W. buoy with a lead of 38s. The times were:

	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Temeraire	2 45 22	0 29 52
Zoraya	2 46 00	0 30 17

Twenty seconds after the turn Temeraire's spinnaker was gleaming whitely on the starboard side. Zoraya's balloon jib was set immediately she turned the mark, but her spinnaker was a little slower, and was not set until 2:46:30.

The boats were so close that a weather quarter battle was inevitable. Temeraire edged to windward until her spinnaker barely drew, but Zoraya went just as high. As expected in the light air, her lofty canvas proved effective, and she gradually drew up. The run to the S. E. buoy was only a short one, and Temeraire held her lead until within a quarter of a mile. At that point her spinnaker fell limp, Zoraya interfering with its draft; but to the surprise of the spectators, Wedd did not make any further fight for the weather berth. As it was, he was far to windward of the buoy, and, suddenly taking the spinnaker in, he gybed over. Zoraya was quick to follow, but her quickness scarcely helped her, for the gybe, which brought the wind on the port quarter, left her well in Temeraire's lee. The result was that the white boat turned the S.E. buoy with a lead of 15s., although the black one had made an actual gain on the run. The time at the second buoy was:

	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Temeraire	3 01 00	0 15 38
Zoraya	3 01 15	0 15 15

Strictly speaking, it was a reach home, with the wind just abaft the port beam, and the yachts skimmed homeward rapidly with balloon jibs set. They were quite close enough for another weather quarter fight, and to prevent the pursuing Zoraya from blanketing her, Temeraire continually edged to windward.

They got so far off the course that they had again a spinnaker run. Zoraya suddenly squared away at 3:12:15, shooting out her spinnaker to port and away forward, in the hope of springing through Temeraire's lee, but it could not be done. Within a minute Temeraire's spinnaker was also drawing, and she was bearing away straight for the home line. Then Skipper Gooderham smothered his spinnaker in, got his main sheet aboard and tried hard again for the weather berth. But Wedd was just as quick. He had the lead, and having the faster boat, he kept the lead.

Once more Zoraya broke out her spinnaker and tried to sail through Temeraire's wake, but she was again foiled, and the boats made a fine finish under balloon jibs, Temeraire crossing the line just 15s. ahead. Their elapsed time on this last leg of the course was identical. Summary:

	Finish.	Third Leg, Elapsed.	Total Elapsed.
Temeraire	3 18 28	0 17 28	1 02 58
Zoraya	3 18 43	0 17 28	1 03 00

The Fifth Race.

This last race was undoubtedly the best of the series, from a duelling standpoint. The judges realized, of course, that their work lay more particularly in the testing of the merits of the two boats rather than trying out the respective abilities of the two skippers. Consequently for the next test they arranged that the boats should sail just close enough to one another to be sure of the same weather conditions, but far enough apart to prevent any interference. They were to carry the same canvas.

The wind had shifted to the N.W., but still blew about 10 miles an hour. Thus the same old triangle, sailed with buoys to port, gave a reach and a reach and a beat.

Temeraire got away at 3:43:47. Zoraya followed at 3:45:16. There was thus a difference of 1m. 29s. between them at the start, quite sufficient to keep them well clear of one another. Zoraya did well on the reach, covering the distance in 19s. less, actual time. The times at the buoy were:

	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Temeraire	4 01 10	0 17 33
Zoraya	4 02 30	0 17 14

On the reach to the next buoy Zoraya was again the faster by 10s. Maybe she was actually faster and maybe this was due to the difficulty every skipper experiences in getting the very best out of a leading boat, especially on a straight course. At any rate, Temeraire turned the buoy for the beat home with her original lead of 1m. 29s. cut down to 1m. 10s. The times at the buoy were:

	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Temeraire	4 11 30	0 10 20
Zoraya	4 12 40	0 10 10

But in the windward work home Temeraire again showed her excellence. The boats made no attempt at sailing tack for tack, but Temeraire footed faster and pointed higher, and increased her lead materially, covering the 1½ miles to windward in nearly 1½m. less than her opponent. The times at the finish were:

	Finish.	Third Leg, Elapsed.	Total Elapsed.
Temeraire	4 32 18	0 20 48	0 48 31
Zoraya	4 34 53	0 22 15	0 49 39

Temeraire's margin at the finish was 2m. 37s., showing a gain of 1m. 8s. over the whole course.

The Sixth Race.

The judges decided to have "just one more," and this was in the nature of a "pursuit race." It was a short run to the S.E. buoy and back, giving a spinnaker run of 1½ miles and a beat home. A still larger interval separated the yachts in this race, by the judges' orders, and there was absolutely no question of interference.

Zoraya broke out her spinnaker on the port side and made a beautiful start at 4:48:28. Temeraire followed her over the line at 4:51:58. The boats made somewhat of a leeward course for the buoy, or else the wind backed a trifle to the westward, for they had to take in their spinnakers when some distance from it.

At 5:01 Zoraya doused her spinnaker, and at 5:02:10 she turned the mark and made a short starboard tack. Temeraire was 3m. 2s. behind at the buoy, having gained on the run 28s. The times at the leeward mark were:

	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Zoraya	5 02 10	0 13 42
Temeraire	5 05 12	0 13 14

When Temeraire came around she started off immediately on the port tack for home, Zoraya having swung round to the same a minute before she turned the mark. This port tack was a long one. Zoraya went on the starboard tack at 5:13:50, and Temeraire did so at 5:21:00. On this tack they laid the buoy, the times at the finish being.

	Finish.	Third Leg, Elapsed.	Total Elapsed.
Zoraya	5 21 23	0 19 13	0 32 35
Temeraire	5 23 43	0 18 31	0 31 45

Temeraire won on elapsed time by 1m. 10s., being 28s. faster on the run and 42s. faster on the beat.

This satisfied the judges that Temeraire was the better boat. With their finding, few would be disposed to disagree, for the Fife designed challenger had certainly made an excellent showing,

both in the informal trial races and in the formal ones. Out of fifteen starts, in which she was pitted against four boats altogether, she won thirteen first places, and one of her two losses was due to an error in the course, which gave her at least half a mile more sailing than the others got.

Zoraya's performance, especially running and reaching in moderate winds, was such as to indicate that with different handling and a more thorough tuning up, she might have given Temeraire a very serious argument and the judges a whole lot of food for thought. It is not insinuated that Zoraya could have been handled better under the circumstances, but Temeraire has had the advantage of being in the hands of one man, and that one man a thoroughly skilled amateur, every since her launching. She has also been sailed by identically the same crew, the members being Messrs. E. K. M. Wedd, skipper; J. Wilton Morse, H. F. Darrell, Casey Baldwin, H. Barber, W. H. Parsons and Yon Yonson, the latter being the professional aboard.

Zoraya, on the other hand, has been sailed in her races, official and otherwise, by her owner, Mr. James C. Worts, and by H. C. McLeod, George H. Gooderham and James McMurray. It is unfortunate perhaps that the official trial races did not give an opportunity of deciding the merits of the boats in a drift, as, while this is an unsatisfactory sort of sailing, it may prevail in the Canada's cup race, and while Zoraya has been beaten in a drift before, she has also shown considerable speed under such conditions. It should be remembered, too, that her sails are not in nearly as good condition as Temeraire's, the latter's day practice spins having worked her canvas into excellent condition.

Temeraire will use her English suit, by Thomas Ratsey, in the races at Charlotte. These begin Aug. 12.

C. H. J. Snider.

Boston Letter.

New Classes Proposed.—Within the past few weeks there has been a movement on foot to establish a class of 30-footers or 31-footers, to be rated under the new uniform rule. This movement is finding more or less favor among the yacht owners in the restricted classes, who are looking forward to improvements in next season's racing. The name of the yachtsman, said to be an owner in the restricted classes, who has hitherto looked upon the uniform rating rule with disfavor, has not been publicly announced, but there is every reason to believe that Mr. Sumner H. Foster has been seriously considering a class of about 30ft. waterline. It is understood that a set of scantlings is proposed and also a minimum limit on displacement. There are many who agree that scantling restrictions are needful additions to the uniform rule, but it is doubtful if a limit on displacement will be likely to produce a lasting class. It does not seem that any minimum limit is necessary to accompany the new rule, as the system of measurement favors yachts of substantial displacement, and this being the case, it would probably be better to allow designers all the leeway possible in producing varieties of types. Direct limitations on measurements and scantlings have proven a good thing among the Massachusetts Bay classes, in correcting evils that existed, but it is quite possible that the remedy, when taken as a steady diet, might prove an evil in itself. It does seem that in forming a new class it would be better to build entirely to a rule that is in operation elsewhere than in Massachusetts waters, so that those who lend their aid by building yachts may have a chance to dispose of them at as good a price as possible in other waters. A class of about 30ft. waterline, that would show indications of lasting, would undoubtedly be a great thing for Massachusetts Bay yachting.

There has also been more or less talk of a number of yachtsmen building for class Q. If this movement progresses to any extent it is quite probable that those who have heretofore been interested in the 18ft. knockabout class will build for the new class. From what has been shown so far this season it looks as though the 18ft. knockabout class in Massachusetts Bay has but a short time longer to exist. The number of boats that have been built this season has been very small, and owners of the older boats who might have built new ones have not found ready markets. This is undoubtedly due to the adoption of the new uniform rule by clubs along Long Island Sound, in which the Massachusetts 18-footers have heretofore been disposed. The Massachusetts 18ft. class is an awfully good one—one of the best in the country—but no matter how good it is. yachtsmen are not going to build for it and keep in the game unless they see a way to get rid of one boat before building another. Yachtsmen have feelings in their pocketbooks, just the same as other people, even if the builders are not disposed to think so. Class Q should appeal to the small boat men, as they get considerable of a boat on the rating, and one that is far more comfortable to cruise in than the present 18-footers. How much of a fever will be developed over the Q class is yet to be seen, as nothing more has been done at present other than general talk.

Two New Ones by Small Brothers.—Messrs. Small Brothers have completed the lines of a 70ft. waterline cruising steam yacht for Mr. Harry M. Ruby, of Macon, Mo. This yacht is intended to be much of a houseboat, and is to be given moderate power. She will have a compound engine of about 50 horsepower. She is quite bulky but the lines have been so cleverly drawn that a sheer view shows quite a sleek looking craft. She is 75ft. over all, 70ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 3ft. 5in. draft. She is much of the type of Monaloa, or Velthra, and has good accommodations under a low cabin trunk. In the forward part of the boat there are accommodations for five men, the crew's quarters running under the pilot house, which is sunk below the deck level. The pilot house is for use as a little library by the owner, and off it is the owner's bedroom, extending the full beam of the boat. Passing aft there are closets on the port side and a bathroom on the starboard side. Abaft these is another bedroom extending the full beam of the ship. Then comes the engine and boiler space, while in the after part of the boat is the main saloon, with galley adjoining. There is a bridge abaft the break of the deck house, and the boat may be steered from either place.

Another design just completed by the same designers is an 18-footer for Mr. W. Rogers, of Rochester. This boat is 35ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 7ft. 6in. breadth and 5ft. 6in. draft. She will carry 500 sq. ft. of sail and is intended to measure into the 20ft. class under the old system of measurement—waterline plus the square root of the sail area, divided by two.

From Marblehead.—Messrs. Stearns & McKay, at the Marblehead Yacht Yards are building a 28ft. hunting cabin launch for Mr. F. H. Billard, of Meriden, Conn. It is expected that she will be ready for delivery about the middle of August. She will be fitted with twin screws and will be fully equipped for cruising. The twin-screw 30ft. open launch that was built for Mr. Herbert Humphrey has been in commission for some time at Marblehead and has attracted much favorable comment. Messrs. Stearns & McKay report the sale of the 25-footer Christina to Mr. George Payson, of Chicago; the 25-footer Chewink II. to Mr. David Bamber, of Boston, and a 21ft. knockabout to Mr. Alexander Galt, of St. Louis.

New Yard Progressing.—Work has been progressing on the new yard for Messrs. Burgess & Packard at Marblehead. The shop has been completed and the marine railway is about ready. Delay was caused on this on account of striking a ledge. A 28ft. power boat is building for Mr. Crane.

John B. Killeen.

Rhode Island Notes.

New 35ft. Cruiser.—At the shop of the Chase Yacht & Engine Company in Providence there has just been completed for a Providence yachtsman a 35ft. cruising launch from designs by Mr. William H. Hand, of New Bedford, Mass. The design shows the modern type with the sides carried up above the sheer line to the full height of the cabin, this treatment extending to the extreme bow and thus eliminating the usual cabin trunk and giving practically a flush deck boat forward. The cabin affords ample cruising accommodations, with 5½ft. head room, exclusive of the skylights, and there is a large water-tight cockpit. The frame and keel are oak and the planking is of hard pine, while the topsides above the normal sheer line are planked with mahogany and all the finish is of the same wood. The new boat is 35ft. over all, 33ft. 6in. waterline, 8ft. 8in. breadth and 2ft. 6in. draft, with a displacement of 9,680 pounds. The engine is a two-cylinder, four-cycle Chase motor of 15 horsepower, capable of an estimated speed of about 10 miles an hour.

Rhode Island Y. C. Cruise.—The itinerary of the annual cruise of the Rhode Island Y. C., as announced by Commodore Rogers, will make the rendezvous of the fleet at Newport, Saturday, Aug. 12. Sunday morning the run will be to New London. Monday to Thimble Islands, where the club will be the guests of the Sachem's Head Y. C. Tuesday morning there will be races for trophies offered by the Sachem's Head Y. C., and in the afternoon entertainment will be offered in the form of a big barbecue, while in the evening there will be a reception and dance at the Sachem's Head club house. The fleet will return to New London Wednesday and that evening there will be the annual mess dinner at the Fort Griswold House, followed by a dance. Thursday, run to Block Island, where the fleet will remain until Saturday morning, then proceeding to Newport, where the fleet will be entertained at a theater party by Commodore Rogers that evening. Sunday morning, proceed to Prudence Island, where a clambake will celebrate the conclusion of the cruise.

Edgewood Y. C. Cruise.—The Edgewood Y. C. and Washington Park Y. C. will hold a joint cruise this year, starting Monday, Aug. 7, and continuing one week. The cruise will be confined to the waters of Narragansett Bay, and the yachts will race from port to port as usual in such events. Commodore George R. Babbitt, of the Edgewood Y. C., has announced the following itinerary: Monday, Aug. 7, run to East Greenwich; Tuesday, run to Kickemuit; Wednesday, run to Chuck's Cove; Thursday, run to Newport; Friday, run to Wickford; Saturday, run to Bristol, dinner at the DeWolf Inn, afterward proceeding to Potter's Cove, where the fleet will disband Sunday.

F. H. Young.

The Canada Cup Boats.

Three boats were built this year for the defense of the Canada Cup now held by the Rochester Y. C. The cup was won last year by Irondequoit, which boat challenged from the Rochester Y. C. As Irondequoit was designed by Mr. William Gardner it is only natural that the syndicate that owned her should look to the same designer when they decided to build another boat.

The races this year are for boats of 30ft. waterline, and the Gardner creation is 53ft. over all, 10ft. 7in. breadth and 7ft. draft. She is known as Rochester and she has a sail area of 1,550 sq. ft. Her forward overhang is 12ft. and 11ft. aft. She was built by Mr. William Miller, of Charlotte, N. Y., at which place the Rochester Y. C. is located. Rochester is owned by a syndicate headed by Mr. Thomas F. Pritchard.

Iroquois is the second boat. She was built by the George Lawley & Son Corp., of South Boston, from designs made by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff. Mr. Frank T. Christie heads the syndicate that owns Iroquois. She is 52ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 10ft. 6in. breadth and 7ft. draft. Other measurements of the boat follow: Forward overhang, 10ft.; after overhang, 12ft.; extreme beam, 10ft. 6in.; beam on waterline, 10ft.; ballast, 5 tons; sail area, 1,550 sq. ft.; mainsail hoist, 29ft. 6in.; boom, 37ft. 6in.; bowsprit, outboard, 7ft. 4in.; gaff, 24ft. 6in.; spinnaker boom, 23ft. 6in.; jib halliard block above deck, 43ft.

Kee Lox II. is the third boat and she was designed and built by Messrs. C. J. & W. P. Pembroke, two brothers who are both amateurs. Kee Lox II. is 55ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 7ft. draft.

Last week the Rochester Y. C. held an exhaustive series of races in order to determine which of the trio was the best all-around boat. Kee Lox II. was outclassed and the choice lay between Iroquois and Rochester. These two boats seemed to be very closely matched, and the Regatta Committee were confronted with a serious problem.

In order to further satisfy themselves in regard to the merits of the two boats they ordered another series of races to be sailed on Saturday, July 29. After Saturday's races the committee formally selected Iroquois to defend the cup, and they also picked Mr. Lorenzo G. Mabbett, Fleet Captain of the Rochester Y. C., to act as skipper in the races.

Mr. Mabbett is rated as a very able boatman, and in the trial races he shifted from Iroquois to Rochester and he would invariably bring the boat he was handling home a winner. This would seem that the boats were remarkably evenly matched and that it was more a matter of handling than of speed.

In the trial races Iroquois won five and Rochester seven of the matches, but the judges were of the opinion that Iroquois was the better all-around boat and they selected her as being the most consistent performer in light and heavy weather.

Sybilla Disqualified.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the Regatta Committee of the Island Heights Y. C., the yacht Sybilla was disqualified for rounding wrong buoy and the race awarded to the yacht Yankee.

Will you kindly correct your notice in your issue of July 29 for the ocean race. Your time and notice is correct with this exception.

R. M. Vanderherchen,
Member of Regatta Committee.

Philadelphia, July 31.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Addition to Plymouth Y. C. Fleet.—The new boats added to the Plymouth Y. C. fleet this year are as follows: Capt. John R. Dawes has a new hunting cabin launch, built by Shiverick, of Kingston, 28ft. over all, with 7 horsepower Jager engine. Herbert Nash has a new 20ft. open launch with 3½ horsepower Knox engine. Horace B. Maglathlin has a new hunting cabin launch, 32ft. over all, with 16 horsepower Murray & Tregurtha engine. Arthur R. Latham has a new 18ft. Emmons power dory. C. L. Willoughy has sold his launch and bought a raceabout, 36ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 4ft. draft, centerboard, and has a power tender.

J. L. Bachelder has installed a 7 horsepower two-cylinder Knox engine in his launch Ensign, replacing a single cylinder engine of older make.

There will be a regatta here Aug. 31, given by the club as a member of Mass. Y. R. A. This regatta will be one of the matches of the south shore circuit, and will be followed by a similar race at Duxbury.

Taunton Y. C. Matters.—The Taunton Y. C. had its first run to Tiverton, R. I., this season, and all enjoyed the sail more than ever. There were five power boats and four racing dories at the line on Saturday, July 22, at 2:30 P. M., when the run started. As soon as open water was reached upon Mt. Hope Bay the dories were started for a race to Tiverton in a dead beat to windward. Messrs. B. Andro and Max Bowne sent the fleet off. The start was a very pretty one, as all the boats crossed the line within thirty seconds of each other, and so was the race a very interesting one, as the boats shifted positions quite often. Pauline, owned by Rollin Babbitt, finally carried off the trophy of the day, winning by over 4m. over the rest of the fleet. Arriving in Tiverton the fleet was royally entertained by Rear Commodore Daniel Brownell at his new residence, the Star Cottage, formerly "The Lookout," one of the handsomest residences upon the water front. All the boats stayed over night and returned late on Sunday to their moorings at the Taunton Y. C. at Dighton, and everybody wishes soon to be ready for another run.

Mr. Percy Chubb's Steam Yacht Diana.—Commodore F. G. Bourne's steam yacht Delaware, which boat was damaged by fire last winter, has been entirely refitted and is now the property of Mr. Percy Chubb, who has changed her name to Diana. After the fire Commodore Bourne turned the vessel over to the insurance underwriters, who commissioned Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane to place her in first class condition. The work was carried out by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., of Wilmington, Del., under the supervision of the architects.

Ilderim Sold for Junk.—The old Burgess 46-footer Ilderim, formerly the property of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is being broken up at the Newport shipyard. Her last owner was Mr. J. Edward Addicks. While at her moorings last year she was attached, and a short time ago she was sold at Mr. A. W. S. Marshall's sale to Mr. Nils C. Peterson. Ilderim was built by Lawley in 1891 from designs by the late Edward Burgess. She was 45ft. 8in. waterline, 60ft. 5in. over all, 12ft. 6in. breadth and 10ft. 5in. draft.

K. Y. C.'s Long Distance Power Boat Race.—Five boats finished in the Knickerbocker Y. C.'s long distance power boat race from College Point, L. I., to Marblehead, Mass.

Talisman, owned by Mr. William Saville, of Boston, won. She was designed and built by the Murray & Tregurtha Co., of South Boston, Mass., and is fitted with an engine made by the designers and builders. Talisman is 32ft. 8in. over all, 29ft. 9in. waterline, 8ft. 7½in. breadth and 2ft. 10in. draft.

The winner of the second prize was Glissando, owned by Mr. Frank L. Andrews, of Fall River, Mass. She was designed and built by Messrs. Read Brothers, of Fall River, and is equipped with a 15 horsepower Standard engine. Glissando is 39ft. over all, 35ft. 9in. waterline, 9ft. breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft.

The other three boats to finish were: Blink, Aquila and Woodpile. The latter boat finished about 10:30 Monday morning, and receives a souvenir prize for covering the course.

Blink was designed by Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page and built by Mr. T. L. White. Her engine is a

DEFENDERS.

Name	Owner.	Designer.	Builder	O.A.	L.W.L.	Breadth	Draft.
Kee Lox II.	C. J. & W. P. Pembroke	C. J. & W. P. Pembroke	C. J. & W. P. Pembroke	55	30	10	7
Iroquois	Frank T. Christie	C. F. Herreshoff	George Lawley Corporation	52	30	10.5	7
Rochester	Thomas P. Pritchard	William Gardner	William Miller	54	30	10.7	7

CHALLENGERS.

Naniwa	J. H. Fearnside	William Johnson	William Johnson	..	30	..	7
Zoraya	James Worts	Alfred Mylne	Andrews	47	30	9.9	7
Temeraire	Frederick Nichols	Wm. Fife, Jr.	Andrews	50	30	10.1	7

30 horsepower Buffalo. She is 40ft. over all, 36ft. waterline, 8ft. breadth and 2ft. 6in. draft. Messrs. C. W. & C. T. Esterbrook are the owners.

Aquila was designed by Mr. Wm. H. Hand, Jr., and built by the Chase Yacht & Engine Co., of Providence. Her motive power consists of a 30 horsepower Chase engine. Aquila is 39ft. 11½in. over all, 36ft. 8in. waterline, 8ft. 5in. breadth and 1ft. 10½in. draft. She is owned by Mr. Allen H. Chase, of Providenee, R. I.

Woodpile is owned by Mr. Alfred L. Lincoln, of Hingham, Mass. She was designed by Messrs. Small Brothers and built by Mr. George B. Loring. Her engine is a 12 horsepower Barber. Woodpile is 31ft. 6in. over all, 29ft. 8in. waterline, 8ft. breadth and 2ft. draft.

VIRGIN LOST.—The old Inland Lake Y. A. class A racing machine Caroline, which was purchased south last year and renamed Virgin, was wrecked and lost on the Mexican Gulf coast Thursday, July 20. She was returning to Mississippi Sound from the regatta of the Mobile Y. C. on Mobile Bay to participate in the remaining races of the racing circuit of the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. and was in tow of the 40ft. cabin sloop Invader. They were struck by a severe blow when coming through Grant's Pass, between the bay and the Sound, and Virgin opened up and sank and had to be abandoned. This craft held a unique and prominent place in the yachting annals of both the West and the South. She had an individuality all her own, and the nick-name "Bootjack" conveyed a good idea of her appearanee—a segment of a circle appearing to have been eut from her broad bow and stern leaving two horn-like projections on either end of the boat. She was practically two hulls joined by a deck, the median line on deck being about 3 or 4ft. shorter than the over all length at the sides of the hull. Caroline was built upon catamaran principles, as was Dominion, her designers and builders being Messrs. Jones & LaBorde, of Oshkosh, Wis. She was 37ft. long 7½ft. beam and 6in. draft. She was one of the crack Inland Lake Y. Assn. racers of 1901, sharing honors with Anita and Adyrin. Her record in the South was good, she having won a number of races, her best going bein~ in light weather. Her form was against her in lumpy water.

YELLOW FEVER UPSETS SOUTHERN RACING.—A most sueeessful season of yacht racing has been interrupted along the Gulf coast between New Orleans and Mobile, where six clubs are banded together, forming the Southern Gulf Coast Y. Assn., by the quarantine regulations, the regattas of the Bay-Waveland Y. C. at Bay St. Louis, Miss., and of the Southern Y. C. at New Orleans, remain to be sailed. The yellow fever is confined to the Italian quarter at New Orleans. It is expected that it will soon be stamped out.

THE LAUNCH FIRENZE.—The Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co., Consol., have completed a twin-screw cruising launch for Mr. James E. Martin, New York Y. C. The boat will be known as Firenze and is 60ft. over all, 10ft. 8in. breadth and 3ft. draft. She is fitted with two Speedway four-cylinder motors of 25 horsepower each, which are expected to give her a speed of 13 miles an hour.

THE LAUNCH CAPTAIN LAUNCHED.—Last week there was launched from the yard of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury Co., Consol., the launch Captain, built for Mr. Thomas H. Turner, of New Rochelle. Captain is 63ft. over all, 10ft. 8in. breadth and 3ft. draft. She is a twin-screw boat and is fitted with two four-cylinder 6 by 6in. Speedway engines.

SALES AND CHARTERS.—The steam yacht Embla has been chartered by Mr. J. T. Williams to Commodore George Lauder, Jr., Indian Harbor Y. C., through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones. The same agency has chartered Mr. R. J. Koons' auxiliary schooner yacht Crusader I. to Mr. Thomas A. McIntyre, and also chartered the sloop Effort, owned by Mr. F. M. Smith, to Mr. Geo. W. Darr. The following sales have been made by the same agency: The power boat Delicia to Mr. William C. Stewart, Jr.; the knockabout Mirage, owned by Mr. J. Percy Bertram, to Mr. J. D. Chapman, and the sloop Ramona, owned by Mr. R. W. Blanding, to Mr. William Annear.

CLUB BOOKS RECEIVED: We are indebted to Mr. L. D. Sampsell, Secretary of the Southern Y. C.; Mr. Addison F. Bancroft, Secretary of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, and Mr. E. H. M. Roehr, Secretary of the Atlantic Y. C., for copies of their club books.

Eastern Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—July 27, 28 and 29.

THE series of open power boat races, given by the Eastern Y. C., and sailed off Marblehead on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 27, 28 and 29, were the most successful that have yet been held in Massachusetts waters. It was expected that there would be more entries among the 40ft. high-speed automobile boats, but despite this the racing was good and the conditions were of the best. There were twenty starters on the first day, eighteen on the second day and sixteen on the third day. Dixie, the 40ft. auto boat, owned by Mr. E. R. Thomas, was the center of attraction, and she made very fast time on all three days, winning the Gay cup easily. The success of the series is due to hard work on the part of the Eastern Y. C. power boat committee, and is an evidence that the sport may be made very popular, if given the proper attention.

Thursday, July 27.

With a light breeze and a smooth sea, conditions were of the best for the first race. In the first class Essex was the first boat to get away, but the 60-footer Hupa went by her as though she were anchored. Hupa led all around the course. Dixie was late for the start by 1h. 27m., but her owner decided to send her over the course for the Gay cup, the records for which will appear at the end of this article. In the second class, Blink took the lead at the start, and kept it all around the course. In the third class Lillian B. was first away, with Tai Kun hauling her. Tai Kun was soon in the lead and stayed there. The three classes sailed a course of 12½ miles, and those competing for the Gay cup, continued after finishing their regular course and sailed the 25 miles. The summary:

Launches—First Class—Over 50ft. Rating.

Hupa, C. H. Clark	0 42 58
Spaghetti, E. R. Hollander	1 25 45
Essex, E. G. Young	Disabled.

Launches—Second Class—Cabin Boats, 21 to 50ft. Rating.

Blink, C. W. Estabrook	1 18 02
Right o' Way, L. R. Speare	1 26 00
Glissando, F. L. Andrews	1 32 34
Edith, C. D. Wainwright	1 57 52

Launches—Third Class—Hunting and Open Boats, 21 to 50ft. Rating.

Tai Kun, W. H. Stewart	1 15 00
We Win, G. G. Whiting	1 21 52
Ronomor, Jr., Perkins Co	1 22 57
Little Egypt, C. F. Lyman	1 23 32
Irene, F. L. Jewell	1 31 28
Fire Fly, George Lee	1 32 26
Comanche, Jr., W. P. Wharton	1 41 48
Slippery Sal, Burgess & Packard	2 00 44
Lillian B., O. A. Browne	2 02 17
Unnamed, P. Markey	2 03 06
Stealthy Steve, Chester Dane	2 04 02
Unnamed, D. Fenton	2 06 15

Friday, July 28.

Ideal conditions prevailed for the second race of the series, sailed on Friday, July 28. There being no other large auto boats, Dixie was started in the first class. Tama got the start in this class, but Dixie soon passed her and kept gaining all around the course. Hupa, in this class, was disabled. In the special E. Y. C. 32ft. class Spaghetti and Counterfeiter were entered. Spaghetti was away first, with Counterfeiter close behind, and they made a close race of it for a time, but Counterfeiter was just from the shop and steered badly, necessitating her withdrawal. In the second class launches Blink sailed alone. In the third class launches Omeomi got the start, but Tai Kun soon passed her and led to the finish. The summary:

Launches—First Class—Over 50ft. Rating.

Dixie, E. R. Thomas	0 34 44
Tama, F. L. Dunn	0 46 40
Hupa, O. H. Clark	Disabled

Special E. Y. C. 32-Footers.

Spaghetti, E. R. Hollander	0 56 15
Counterfeiter, William Wallace	Withdrew

Launches—Second Class—Cabin Boats—21 to 50ft. Rating.

Blink, C. W. Estabrook	1 17 21

Launches—Third Class—Hunting and Open Boats, 21 to 50ft. Rating.

Tai Kun, W. H. Stewart	1 07 59
Farewell, J. A. Burnham, Jr	1 11 00
Little Egypt, C. F. Lyman	1 12 41
Omeomi, James W. Lee	1 24 51
Unnamed, D. Fenton	1 25 45
Fire Fly, George Lee	1 26 18
Ronomor, Jr., Perkins Co	1 27 30
Zip	1 32 18
Comanche, Jr., W. P. Wharton	1 42 34
Unnamed, P. Markey	2 06 19
Irene, F. L. Jewell	Withdrew.

Saturday, July 29.

The last race of the series was sailed on Saturday, July 29, under the same ideal conditions that prevailed on the two previous days. In the first class Dixie was again the star performer, so far as actual speed was concerned, but the result on corrected time gave first place in this race to Tama. From the allowance of 16m. 18s. it may be seen that Tama also wins from Dixie in Friday's race. In the third class Little Egypt had the start, but Tai Kun, which was seventh, soon went out ahead and remained there to the finish, winning on both elapsed and corrected times. The summary:

Launches—First Class—Over 50ft. Rating.

	Rating.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tama, F. L. Dunn	63.51	0 51 11	0 33 52
Dixie, E. R. Thomas	95.00	0 34 23	0 34 23
Spaghetti, E. R. Hollander	61.20	0 56 58	0 38 48
Hupa, C. H. Clark	86.40	Disabled.	

Launches—Third Class—Hunting and Open Boats, 21 to 50ft. Rating.

Tai Kun, W. H. Stewart	41.4	1 08 56	1 01 58
Little Egypt, C. F. Lyman	43.0	1 09 38	1 05 29
Omeomi, J. W Lee	42.9	1 12 36	1 08 17
Wee Win, G. G. Whiting	43.0	1 13 41	1 09 32
Marguerite, D. Fenton	38.7	1 25 02	1 12 50
Fire Fly, George Lee	43.9	1 25 34	1 22 55
Farewell, J. A. Burnham, Jr	45.6	1 24 54	1 24 54
Stealthy Steve, Chester Dane	30.2	2 01 31	1 28 44
Unnamed, P. Markey	29.4	2 06 05	1 30 31
Comanche, Jr., W. P. Wharton	44.2	1 39 32	1 37 22
*Slippery Sal, Burgess & Packard	....	2 08 03	.. .. ..
Zip	...	Withdrew.	
Ronomor, Jr., Perkins, Jr	34.8	Withdrew.	

*Slippery Sal not measured.

The Gay Cup.

The Gay cup, offered by Rear Commodore W. O. Gay, was offered for the boat which, having started in each race, made the smallest total elapsed time for all three, completing four laps of 6¼ miles each, or 25 miles in each race. In the first race Spaghetti got a leg for this cup, but it was because Dixie started 1h. and 27s. late. It was apparent, however, once Dixie had got started, that nothing but an accident could stop her from winning. In the second race Dixie more than made up for the time she lost in starting the day before, being 12m. 22s. to the good on total elapsed time at the finish of the race. Dixie made her best total elapsed time in this race. She sailed the 25 miles in 1h. 8m. 58s. This was at the rate of 21.74 nautical miles an hour, or 25.03 statute miles an hour. In this race she also broke the record for the fastest round of the course, 6¼ miles. She sailed the third round in 16m. 58s., at the rate of 22.1 nautical miles an hour, or 25.45 statute miles an hour. The third race was but a repetition of the first two, and Dixie had only to start to win, barring accidents. The following is the complete summary of the three races for the Gay Cup:

Gay Cup.

	July 27.	July 28.	July 29.	Elapsed.
*Dixie	2 40 08	1 08 58	1 10 02	4 59 08
Spaghetti	2 20 02	1 42 26	1 51 51	5 54 19
Tai Kun	2 17 09	2 19 29	Withdrew.	
Wee Win	2 41 00	Withdrew.		

*Dixie 1h. 27m. late in starting July 27.

July 29.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.
Dixie	0 17 42	0 16 42	0 17 34	0 18 05
Spaghetti	0 28 13	0 28 45	0 27 30	0 27 23
July 28.				
Dixie	0 17 43	0 17 01	0 16 58	0 17 16
Spaghetti	0 25 43	0 25 32	0 25 21	0 25 50
Tai Kun	0 33 59	0 34 00	0 35 00	0 36 30
July 27.				
Dixie	0 19 42	0 17 24	0 18 04	0 17 58
Spaghetti	0 26 42	0 59 03	0 26 08	0 28 09
Tai Kun	0 32 53	0 32 47	0 32 53	0 38 36
Wee Win	0 40 25	0 41 27	0 40 08	0 39 00

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, Delaware River—Saturday, July 22.

THE Riverton Y. C. sailed its third annual regatta on Saturday, July 22. Four classes filled, and there were thirteen starters. It rained hard all the afternoon, but there was a good sailing breeze from the S.E.

Carolyn II. led the catboats over the line at 3:05. Fiona was second and Sea Gull third. Fiona soon went into first place, and was never headed. Sea Gull passed Carolyn II. on the second round, and secured second prize.

The one-design boats started at 3:10, with No. 2 in the lead and No. 3 next. No. 2 led her four competitors all over the course, and finished over 4m. ahead of No. 3, the second boat. No. 6 was third.

Tadpole not only beat her two competitors in the jib and mainsail class, but finished 3m. ahead of the winning boat in the one-design class.

The two starters in the Mosquito class were late in getting to the starting line, and the judges were not able to send them away until 3:50. Both boats got away almost on the signal, and they had a close race all over the course. No. 15 crossed the finish line 20s. ahead of No. 14. The summary:

Catboat Class—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Fiona, John Perkins	4 34 20	1 28 35
Sea Gull, L. C. Cook	4 38 52	1 33 52
Carolyn II., C. C. Rianhard	4 41 33	1 36 24

One-Design Class—Start, 3:10.

No. 2, H. B. Hills	4 44 14	1 34 11
No. 3, H. McI. Biddle	4 48 30	1 38 40
No. 6, John H. Reese	4 54 00	1 44 00
No. 4, C. C. Rianhard	4 54 30	1 44 30
No. 7, E. W. Crittenden	4 55 00	1 45 00

Jib and Mainsail Class—Start, 3:15.

Tadpole, H. L. Stockman	4 51 43	1 36 43
Argument, W. L. Rogers	5 00 29	1 45 28
Pumpkin, J. C. W. Frishmuth	Withdrew.	

Mosquito Class—Start, 3:50.

No. 15, E. B. Showell	5 10 15	1 20 15
No. 14, T. H. Walnut	5 10 35	1 20 35

Chatham Y. C.

Chatham, Mass.—Saturday, July 29.

THE first race of the Chatham Y. C. was sailed Saturday, July 29 in the light S.E. breeze. In the first class XXXX got the start, but was passed by Sea Fox at the first mark. At the start of the second round of the course, XXXX was again leading, but Sea Fox passed her and finished first. XXXX wins first on corrected time, the full table of which was not announced. Swan won easily in Class B. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.
XXXX, D. E. Gould	1 23 46
Sea Fox, B. L. Jones	1 23 13
Flossie, G. W. Bloomer	1 25 28
Trilby, N. L. Skene	1 25 48
Mascot, W. A. Bloomer	1 27 42
Cosmos, A. S. Early	1 28 50

Class B.

Swan, M. T. Brown	0 46 32
Leo, N. E. Kendrick	0 48 15

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

Mineola-Virginia Match Race—Amateur Crews.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Wednesday, July 26.

MANNED by amateur crews, the 70-footers Mineola and Virginia met in a match race off Oyster Bay on Wednesday, July 26. Mineola won by 3m. 54s.

The race was the outcome of a challenge issued by Commodore William K. Vanderbilt, and it was accepted by Mr. W. Ross Proctor, owner of Mineola. The arangements were made by the representatives of the owners of the two boats, and the date for the race was set for July 26. Crews for the boats were recruited, and almost every Sunday before the race they were given practice spins.

It has been some time since any big boats have raced with amateur crews, and consequently the match attracted more than ordinary interest.

The conditions governing the race allowed twenty-five amateurs for each boat, besides four professionals, namely the steward and cook and the lazarette and masthead men. The race was once over a 20⅜-mile triangle. The match was for a $100 cup, to be given by the losing club.

The start was made at the buoy off Lloyd's Point, thence N.W. by W.¼W., 6½ miles, to Captain's Island, thence E. by N. 5½ miles and E.N.E. 2⅝ miles to Greens Ledge, thence S.S.W. 5¾ miles.

The Race Committee was composed of Messrs. H. H. Landon, H. C. Smith, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and Charles F. Kirby, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., and were on board the steam yacht Tarantula.

Mineola was towed across the Sound by her tender Mermaid, which boat had on board the former's professional crew, together with Mrs. Proctor and some guests. Virginia's professional crew were on board Tarantula.

The warning signal was given promptly at 2 o'clock, and at that time the wind was W.N.W. At 2:05 the preparatory was heard. Both boats had No. 2 jackyard topsails aloft, and Virginia carried her baby jibtopsail. On Mineola a No. 2 jibtopsail was tried and it did good work in the light air.

Captain Addison G. Hanan, Mineola's skipper, got in the weather berth a couple of minutes before the start, and remained there until the starting signal, when his boat slipped over the line close under Tarantula's stern. She crossed on the port tack, and her skipper brought her up as close as she would lay after crossing. Virginia also crossed on the port tack 55s. after the signal.

Virginia was at once put on the starboard tack, and then she went back to the port tack again. Mineola drew out ahead fast and her big jibtopsail seemed to be a big help to her. The wind went to W. by S., and the boats could almost lay their course for the first mark. As they got out in the Sound the wind strengthened a little, and the men who had been sitting to leeward to heel them down were ordered up to the weather side. Two tacks were necessary to round the first mark, and spinnaker poles were run out to port on both boats, and the big sails were sent up to the masthead.

Mineola's topsail sheet got jammed on a capstan, and this caused her crew more trouble. When the mark was reached it was found necessary to carry spinnakers to starboard. Virginia's crew shifted her spinnaker pole to starboard smartly, and soon had the spinnaker drawing.

While Mineola was gybing back and forth, trying to get her jibtopsail sheet and other gear clear, Virginia was running up on her fast, and it looked as though she might catch her. When Mineola's crew finally got things straightened, she was well in toward the rocks, and she had little water under her.

Mineola no sooner got out of trouble, when the man on the starboard main sheet bitts of Virginia let his end of the sheet get away from him, and it ran through one block before it was secured.

Virginia's baby jibtopsail split in two places on the first leg, and a larger sail was substituted for it.

It was necessary to gybe both boats and reset spinnakers to port off Cow's buoy. This time the work was done cleanly on both boats. Spinnakers were carried well down to the second mark, and the following times were taken when the boats rounded: Mineola, 4:04:16; Virginia, 4:06:19. Virginia had gained 38s. on the second leg.

The wind had shifted to S.W., and on the starboard tack the boats lee-bowed the tide, which was running flood. Virginia's jibtopsail sheet parted soon after rounding, and the bowsprit men had diffieulty getting the sail in, as the jibtopsail halliard jammed with the spinnaker halliard. A man finally went up the jib stay and unhooked the jibtopsail halliard, and the sail was gotten in on deck. As the baby jibtopsail was torn, another sail could not be set, and Virginia was handicapped accordingly.

Virginia held one long tack across the Sound to the Long Island shore, and one hitch took her across the finish line. Mineola made four tacks in order to reach the finish line.

Mineola's amateur crew went aboard the tender Mermaid immediately after the race, and she ran alongside Virginia. The losing crew gave three cheers, which were promptly returned by the victors. The summary:

Start, 2:10—Course, 20⅜ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, W. R. Proctor	4 45 02	2 35 02
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt	4 48 56	2 38 56

First Leg to Windward—Start, 2:10—6½ Miles.

	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Mineola	2 57 27	0 47 27
Virginia	3 00 08	0 50 08

Second Leg—A Run of 8⅛ Miles.

	First. Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Mineola	2 57 27	4 04 16	1 06 19
Virginia	3 00 08	4 06 19	1 06 11

Third Leg—To Windward—5¾ Miles.

Mineola	4 04 16	4 45 02	0 40 46
Virginia	4 06 19	4 48 56	0 42 37

The Amateur Crews.

Mineola—Skipper, Addison G. Hanan; mate, H. Wilmer Hanan. Crew—F. Bowne Jones, F. C. Henderson, T. J. McCahill, Jr., Clifford D. Mallory, Herbert McCord, Morgan Barney, Charles E. Simms, H. W. Paret, A. B. Brush, Harold Osborne, Waldo Sheldon, Barrett Jones, J .R. Johnson, J. F. Ray, R. E. Brush, L. S. Conover, C. Ray, E. C. Myrick, H. S. Shonhard, George E. Gartland, Henry Sampson, Jr., Herbert Jennings and W. Ross Proctor.

Virginia—Skipper, Commodore W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Mate, Clinton H. Crane. Crew—R. S. Chisholm, Walter T. Churchill, M. H. Clark, H. M. Crane, D. L. Elliman, R. A. Grannis, Jr., F. S. Hastings, De Forest Hicks, C. Sherman Hoyt, John Sherman Hoyt, T. D. Leonard, Clinton McKenzie, S. R. Outerbridge, J. Hopkins Smith, Frank Stewart, W. A. W. Stewart, Harold H. Weekes, Percy Weekes, J. Clinton Work, J. Frederick Tams, and Albert B. Hunt.

Swampscott Dory Club.

Swampscott, Mass.—Saturday, July 29.

A RACE of the Swampscott Dory Club for the Grosvenor cup was sailed on Saturday, July 29, in a light S.E. breeze. Four of the clubs of the Massachusetts Sailing Dory Association were represented. The race was close from start to finish, Catspaw, of the Swampscott Club, winning by 21s. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Catspaw, Melzard Bros., Swampscott	5 25 44
Pointer 2d, B. C. Melzard, Swampscott	5 26 05
Frolic 2d, W. G. Torrey, Revere	5 26 28
Za Za 2d, Gorden Foster, Revere	5 27 30
Teaser, Smith, Annisquam	5 27 37
Niaas, Woodbury, Annisquam	5 31 57
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge, Revere	5 32 07
Barbara, Baney & Wardwell, Swampscott	5 32 12
Question, G. Gardner, Swampscott	5 32 46
Crescent, Annisquam	5 33 00
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley, Revere	5 33 03
Spray, H. T. Wing, Revere	5 35 04
Spider, A. G. Bessie, Swampscott	5 36 43
Red Devil, Curtis, Swampscott	5 38 15
Bugaboo 2d, Ingalls, Swampscott	5 39 52
Khaki 2d, Brown, Quiney	5 55 05

Knickerbocker Y. C.

College Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 29.

THE one-design power boats participated in the fifth serial race on Saturday, July 29. The wind was fresh from the N.E., and the water was rough. The boats covered an 11-mile course and No. 9 won. The summary, start, 4:30 P. M.:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 9, J. Sulzbach	5 35 55	1 05 55
No. 2, Coughtry & Wood	5 38 10	1 08 10
No. 8, E. P. Sands	5 39 25	1 09 25
No. 5, A. L. Kerker	Did not finish.	
No. 1, F. L. Kraemer	Did not finish.	

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 29.

THE annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 29. There were thirty-seven starters, and the winners were as follows: Mimosa III., Memory. Phryne, Tartan, Raseal, Vaquero, Heron, Ace, and Kenoshi.

This match was one of the most satisfactory of the season, and the skippers and crews that participated were treated to some very lively sailing. It rained more or less steadily, and the strong E. wind kicked up a lump of a sea. The 33ft. sloops and yawls, and the New York one-design 30-footers covered a 15-mile course. The start was from the red spar buoy off the S.W. end of Great Captain's Island, thence the Cows gas buoy, off Shippan Point, E. by N. 5½ miles; thence to the black spar buoy off Oak Neck Point, S.W. by S. 5⅜ miles; thence to and across the starting line, N.W. by N., 4⅛ miles. All the other classes went to the red spar buoy off Woolsey's Rock, E. by N. ¼ N., 3¼ miles; thence to a markboat anchored in the Sound S.S.W. 3⅝ miles; thence to and across the starting line, N.W. by N. 3⅛ miles; total distance, 10 nautical miles.

The 33ft. sloops and yawls were sent off on the same signal at 12:20. Mimosa III. led her two competitors Nike and Tito over the line. She was quite at home in the wind and sea, and soon opened up a big gap. Mimosa III. was never headed. and finished 11m. 45s. ahead of Nike, the second boat. Nike and Tito had a fair race for second place, but the former won out. Nike's owner protested Mimosa III. for having fouled Nike when starting.

Memory and Cherokee were the only starters in the yawl class, and the former won by nearly 15m.

Only a small field of the New York Y. C. one-design boats started. Phryne got the start, and before the weather mark was rounded she had a lead to assure her of winning. Nautilus got in a pocket at the start, and was too far behind to overtake Phryne when she got clear. Phryne beat Nautilus 1m. 52s. Ibis was third, 2m. 10s. behind Phryne. Alera was a good fourth, and Atair finished fifth. Maid of Mendon fouled Neola II. shortly after the start, and the backstay of the Pynehon boat was carried away. Both Neola II. and Maid of Mendon withdrew at once.

Eleven raceabouts turned out, and this class made the best showing of the day. Tartan showed the way to her ten competitors, and won by 1m. 43s. Nora was second and Rana third. Invader, Jr., was the only boat in the class that did not finish.

One boat only finished in the other five classes, the other starters withdrawing from one cause or another.

In the 27ft. sloop class, Rascal wins, as Robin Hood was disabled and Maryola did not finish.

Dorothy withdrew in the Larchmont 21ft. class, and Vaquero finished alone.

As Paumonak and Okee did not finish in the 22ft. class, Heron gets her first prize of the season. Paumonak was run down by the yawl Fleetwing, which boat was participating in the New Rochelle Y. C. cruising race for yawls. Paumonak was damaged, but no one was hurt.

Ace wins again in the 18ft. class, and Kenoshi took a sailover in the Indian Harbor one-design class.

The Race Committee was composed of Messrs. H. Wilmer Hanan, Charles E. Simms, Thomas J. McCahill, Jr., Charles F. Kirby, Charles P. Geddes and Frank Bowne Jones.

The summary:

Sloops—33ft. Class—Start, 12:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	2 43 54	2 23 54
Nike, Victor I. Cumnock	2 55 39	2 35 39
Tito, Colgate S. Hoyt	2 57 08	2 37 06

Yawls—33ft. Class—Start, 12:20.

Memory, H. M. Raborg	2 55 48	2 33 48
Cherokee, Arthur G. Thompson	3 06 38	2 48 38

New York Y. C. One-Design 30ft. Class—Start, 12:25.

Phryne, Harry L. Maxwell	2 52 29	2 27 29
Nautilus, A. G. & W. H. Hanan	2 54 21	2 29 21
Ibis, O'Donnell Iselin	2 54 39	2 29 39
Atair, Cord Meyer	2 54 54	2 29 54
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 55 09	2 30 09
Minx, Howard Willets	2 56 10	2 31 10
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan	2 56 10	2 31 10
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	Withdrew.	
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	Withdrew.	

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:30.

Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 15 26	1 45 26
Nora, Adrian Iselin	2 17 11	1 47 11
Rana, Howard Willets	2 17 26	1 47 26
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 18 30	1 42 30
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	2 18 40	1 48 40
Circe, E. T. Ervin	2 19 04	1 49 04
Cricket, Mary Willets	2 20 15	1 50 15
Mystral, A. C. Bostwiek	2 21 22	1 51 22
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	2 22 23	1 52 23
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	2 23 51	1 53 51
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Raincy	Disabled.	

Sloops—27ft. Class—Start, 12:35.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 25 49	1 50 49
Robin Hood, George E. Gartland	Disabled.	
Maryola, Howell E. Sayre	Withdrew.	

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:35.

Vaquero, Dr. William Stump	2 35 32	2 00 32
Dorothy, Louis G. Spence	Disabled.	

Sloops—22ft. Class—Start, 12:40.

Heron, John Le Boutillier	2 43 27	2 03 27
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	Disabled.	
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	Withdrew.	

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:45.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	2 46 48	2 01 48
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	Withdrew.	
Mayita, Harold Douglass	Withdrew.	

Indian Harbor One-design Class—Start, 12:45.

Kenoshi, T. Mallory	2 45 49	2 00 49

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, July 29.

A HANDICAP race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 29, in a light S.E. breeze. A special class of Cottage Park Y. C. boats was sent over the Winthrop Y. C. course. In the 25ft. class Kit had all the best of it on both elapsed and corrected times. Opeechee won handily in the 21ft. class, as did Hattie in the 15ft. class. Yankee won a close race in the Cottage Park Y. C. class. The summary:

Winthrop Y. C.—25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kit, H. B. Whittemore	1 16 07	1 13 07
Rambler, Shirley Brooks	1 19 06	1 14 06

21ft. Class.

Opeechee, F. Gilmore	1 36 05	1 30 05
Medora, H. F. Oburg	1 38 05	1 32 20

15ft. Class.

Hattie, L. T. Harrington	0 52 30	0 52 30
Elf, R. S. Wells	0 54 45	0 54 45
Madelyn, G. A. Nash	0 58 15	0 58 15
Siren, W. Knight	1 10 20	0 58 20

Cottage Park Y. C.—Special Class.

	Elapsed.
Yankee, F. W. Atwood	1 38 41
Wink, G. D. Bussey	1 40 28
Celia, H. G. Flynn	1 40 37
Domino, H. B. Freeman	1 41 34
Scout, Bloomfield Bros.	1 43 51
Stroller, C. C. Erhman	1 45 11

The judges were W. H. Garratt, F. A. Talcott and W. W. Fordham.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Saturday, July 29.

A CLUB race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 29, in a very light S.E. breeze. In the 18ft. class Kittiwake won by a big margin. In the handicap class Bub won by 30s. The summary:

18-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 20 00
Menace, H. Hunt	1 30 30
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	1 31 00
Osprey II., A. R. Train	1 32 00

Handicap Class.

Bub, Atwater	1 45 00
Nautilus, Roy	1 45 30
Old Honesty, H. Clapp	1 55 00

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, New York Harbor—Thursday, July 27.

ALFRED MACKAY'S Ogeemah, representing the New York C. C., won the first race of this year for the Bensonhurst perpetual challenge cup for Class Q boats enrolled in clubs on Gravesend Bay, which occurred on the afternoon of Thursday, July 27. She succeeded in defeating More Trouble, the Bensonhurst Y. C. defender, on corrected time, by 2m. 50s. for the leeward and windward course of 10 miles. The trophy goes to the club whose boat wins two races, and is held subject to challenge.

Each of the associated clubs on Gravesend Bay sent its speediest boat in Class Q. Besides the two mentioned, the Atlantic Y. C. was represented by Saetta; the Marine and Field Club by Quest, and the challenging Brooklyn Y. C. by Ojigwan.

According to governing conditions, the first race had to be either to windward or leeward and return. The Race Committee, which was on board the sloop Maydie, decided to send the racers from Sea Gate up through the Narows, to and around Robbin's Reef bell buoy and return, leaving all marks to port. This course has been employed during the past few years for power boats, but not for those propelled by sail. It was with misgivings regarding the possible interference of tows that some of the contenders started. Fortunately for all, the route remained unobstructed, and the journey proved a good test for the different boats.

The wind from start to finish was from S.S.E. This gave a fine spinnaker run on the outward journey and a hard beat home in the face of a flood tide. Saetta was first to turn the buoy at Robbin's Reef. Ojigwan was second, Ogeemah third, Quest fourth, and More Trouble, which boat had lost her spinnaker when half way to the mark, fifth. Once on the wind, all of the boats stood over to the South Brooklyn shore, and then worked down the Bay by short tacks. More Trouble soon gained the lead, which she maintained until the end. Ogeemah pointed very high, and to this quality her victory on corrected time is undoubtedly due. On actual elapsed time, More Trouble beat Saetta by 2m. 23s., and Quest by 5m. 47s. Ogeemah was the only boat getting allowance, the others being rated at the top of the 22ft. class. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 13 13	2 08 13
Saetta, Geo. H. Church	5 15 36	2 10 36
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 19 00	2 14 00
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	5 19 40	2 14 40
Ojigwan, Geo. E. Reiners	5 21 03	2 16 03

Corrected time of Ogeemah, 2.05.23.

Saturday, July 29.

The Bensonhurst Y. C. held a race on Saturday for the William H. Childs perpetual challenge trophy for Classes M and under. The winner proved to be More Trouble, representing the organization giving the event. She beat Quest, which boat was sailing in the colors of the Marine and Field Club, by 1m. 39s. The 30-footer Tobasco was first boat to finish, but was beaten on corrected time by 5m. 4s.

Under conditions governing the trophy, each club entering a contest is entitled to send two representatives, all sailing in one division on regular time allowance. In the race of the 29th, the defending Bensonhurst Y. C. was represented by Tobasco and More Trouble. The Atlantic Y. C. as challenger sent Cockatoo II. and Lizana. The Marine and Field Club entered the Class Q craft Quest, and the Class RR. boat Beta. Ogeemah sailed for the New York C. C., while Ojigwan represented the Brooklyn Y. C.

The course selected was from the start, off Ulmer Park, to can buoy No. 13, off Fort Wadsworth; from there to and around Roamer Shoal Light and home, leaving marks to port. The wind was from the S.E. This made the first leg a broad reach, the second to windward, and the third a reach home. The windward work was all performed against a strong head tide. More Trouble was first to turn the can buoy. Tobasco was first around Roamer Shoal Light, with More Trouble second and Quest, which boat had been putting up an excellent fight, third. Lizana, Cockatoo II., Ojigwan and Ogeemah came next in the order named.

All hands sailed fast on the reach home, More Trouble finishing near enough to Tobasco to win out on corrected time. The Childs trophy remains with the Bensonhurst Y. C., subject to challenge. According to governing conditions, only one more event can be held this year. The winning boat of each race gets a miniature reproduction of the larger trophy. The summary follows:

Class M and Below—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corected.
Tobasco	5 19 41	2 14 41	2 14 41
More Trouble	5 25 04	2 20 04	2 09 37
Quest	5 26 43	2 21 43	2 11 16
Lizana	5 28 00	2 23 00	2 16 02
Cockatoo II.	5 31 20	2 26 20	2 15 53
Ojigwan	5 32 47	2 27 47	2 17 20
Ogeemah	5 41 37	2 36 37	2 14 49
Beta	Not timed.		

Boston Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, July 29.

THE third championship race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Marblehead station of the club on Saturday, July 29, in a light S.E. breeze. In the 22ft. class Tyro had much the best of the start, but on the beat to windward, Nutmeg, recently overhauled, pulled up on her and took the lead just before the mark as reached. Nutmeg turned the mark first, but turned it wrong, and upon being informed of this fact by the skipper of Tyro, turned back to go around the mark right. This put Nutmeg back, and Tyro in the lead, and she remained in the lead to the finish, although closely pressed by Peri II. . In the 18ft. class there were only two starters and Mirage II. being disabled, Otter had the race. Vera II. sailed alone in the 15ft. class. In the first rating class Meemer had all the best of the newer 30-footers Chewink IV. and Sauquoit, leading them all around the course. In the second rating class, Opitsah III. had all the best of the sailing, but lost to Gringe on corrected time. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 52 00
Peri II., Morton Prince	1 52 12
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 52 55
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	1 53 55
Medric, George Lee	1 54 04
*Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 54 50

*Started 3½m. late.

Class I—18-Footers.

Otter, A. D. Irving	2 09 42
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	Disabled

Class T—15-Footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 57 36

First Rating Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 55 30	1 17 18
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 01 58	1 23 46
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 03 00	1 24 42

Second Rating Class.

Gringo, W. H. Brown	1 45 08	0 55 41
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	1 41 00	0 57 24
Gadfly, T. W. Chapin	2 01 38	1 11 10

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor—Saturday, July 29.

R. C. VEIT'S Spots won a race for old Class Q boats in the Atlantic Y. C., given on the afternoon of Saturday, July 29. She beat Wraith 2m. 18s. for the course of 7.62 miles. The Regatta Committee of the Sea Gate Club has decided to give a race for these boats on every Saturday during the remainder of the season. Mr. Hendon Chubb has offered a trophy for the one winning the greatest number of points. Competition will be boat for boat, without time allowance. The proposition of having all the old Class Q boats on Gravesend Bay compete on the same basis is now being looked on with favor by many.

In the race of Saturday the regular Association course was covered twice. It was a run from Sea Gate to Fort Hamilton, a reach to the Marine and Field Club mark, a beat to Ulmer Park, and a reach home. Wraith and Mary had a hard fight for second place. Spots gained a lead at the start, which she retained until the end. The summary follows:

Class Q—Special—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spots, R. C. Veit	4 32 42	1 27 42
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	4 35 00	1 30 00
Mary, Max Gardner	4 36 48	1 31 48
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 38 50	1 33 50

New Rochelle Y. C.—Handicap Race for Yawls

New Rochelle, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 29.

Six yawls belonging to members of the New Rochelle Y. C. sailed a fine race on Saturday, July 29, from New Rochelle to the Cowes Buoy, off Stamford, thence to buoy in Hempstead Harbor and home, a distance of 27 miles.

A strong breeze from the E. kicked up a lively sea, and a succession of heavy rain and wind squalls made the race interesting from start to finish.

There had been considerable rivalry among the owners of the several yawls in New Rochelle harbor, and former Commodore Donovan, E. C. Locke, William G. Dunham, and Frank Tucker presented a handsome silver cup to be given to the winner.

The starters were George Matthew's Escape, E. R. Newell's Adelaide, J. P. Donovan's Thora, C. M. Fletcher's Fleetwing, W. G. Dunham's Cavalier, and M. S. Kattenhorn's Surprise. These boats vary considerably in size, and to equalize things it was agreed that Adelaide should have an allowance of 7m., Cavalier 10m., Surprise 25m.; the other three to sail on even terms.

Escape was first across the line, followed closely by Adelaide. The boats made a long tack across the Sound, and when they came about, Escape was leading Fleetwing by about a quarter of a mile. This lead was gradually increased until the weather mark was reached, the boats rounding as follows: Escape, 2:08:00; Adelaide, 2:18:00; Thora, 2:28:00; Cavalier and Surprise dropped out. Fleetwing collided with the old one-rater Palm off Greenwich Point, doing considerable damage to the latter. She was obliged to anchor for a time, which spoiled her chances for second place, which she otherwise would have had.

The boats carried spinnakers and balloon jibs to the second mark, off Weck's Point, and Thora and Adelaide, both gained slightly on Escape on this point of sailing, but not enough to offset her great superiority in windward work. Her crew were all old hands in the boat, and consisted of George Matthews, owner; John D. Sparkman and John H. Schofield, and her skipper.

	Handicap.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Escape	Allows	4 17 00	5 07 00	5 07 00
Adelaide	0 07 00	4 28 25	5 18 25	5 11 25
Thora	Scratch	4 34 50	5 24 50	5 24 50
Fleetwing	Scratch	6 55 00	7 45 00	7 45 00
Cavalier	0 10 00	Withdrew.		
Surprise	0 25 00	Withdrew.		

The race was in charge of S. P. Granbury, Chairman of Regatta Committee. Firefly served as judges' boat.

Toms River Y. C.

Toms River, N. J.—Saturday, July 29.

Six sneakboxes started in the race given by the Toms River Y. C., on Saturday, July 29. The boats covered a windward and leeward course. Anita C. won. Quickstep, owned by Mr. June Wilbert, was second, and Mineola, which boat has won more races than any other sneakbox in the bay, third. The summary:

Anita C., Toms River	2 08 47½
Quickstep, Forked River	2 10 24¾
Mineola, Barnegat	2 11 46
Trotter, Island Heights	2 12 58
Adelbert, Island Heights	2 14 33
Breakdown, Island Heights	2 21 49

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Atlantic Division.—Charles B. Moore, New York City, by M. Ohlmeyer.

Central Division.—J. R. Dickson, Princeton, N. J., by B. O. Rouse; George Clinton, Jr., and Samuel C. Ryan, Jr., both of Buffalo, N. Y., and both by C. P. Forbush.

Eastern Division.—J. J. Pincus, Providence, R. I., by R. Bonner.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Mass.—New England Schuetzenbund.
Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines.—Iowa Rifle Association annual meeting.
Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.
Sept. 1-16.—Annual out-door championship of the United States Revolver Association. J. B. Crabtree, Sec'y, Springfield, Mass.

New York State Rifle Association.

THE second annual meeting of the New York State Rifle Association, held at Creedmoor, N. Y., commencing on July 26, and ending on August 1, had 29 matches on the programme.

The company team match open to teams of four, from any headquarters or company of the U. S. Army, Navy or Marine Corps, National Guard or Naval Militia of any State, Territory, District of Columbia, or any foreign government, or any four members of the Association from a registered club or society. Distances, 200, 500 and 600yds.; seven shots per man at each distance. Positions, standing at 200, prone at 500 and 600yds. Rifle, any military. Entrance, $10. First, 40 per cent. of entrance; second, 20 per cent.; third, 10 per cent.

This event was won by the Headquarters team of the 71st Regiment. Score, 370. Company D., same regiment, was second with 360. Company A, of the Marines, was third with 359.

The leading teams and individual scores at 200yds. were as follows:

Co. B., U. S. Marines.		Co. B., 7th Regt.	
Lieut. McDougal	32	Corporal Kerran	28
Sergt. Benson	29	Priate Thies	29
Corporal Scott	29	Sergt. Fowler	30
Private De Loach	29—119	Lieut. Stewart	29 116
Co. E., 7th Regt.			
Sergt. Knust	29	Corporal Milleman	26
Private Lonsdale	30	Private Wenige	30—115

Other teams made the following scores: Company A, U. S. Marines, 128; D, 71st, 127; E, 7th, 126; B, 23d, 126; B, 1st, U. S. Marines, 122; F, 71st, 108.

At 500yds.:

Co. B., U. S. Marines.		Headquarters 71st. Regt.	
Lieut. McDougal	32	Lieut. Casey	32
Sergt. Benson	32	Sergt. Doyle	32
Corporal Scott	32	Capt. Corwin	35
Private De Loach	34—130	Lieut. Ranney	31—130
Co. B., 7th Regt.			
Corporal Kerran	30	Sergt. Fowler	33
Private Thies	33	Lieut. Stewart	33—129

Other teams at 500yds.: A, U. S. Marines, 114; B, 1st, U. S. Marines, 113; D, 71st, 112; Headquarters 71st, 109; B, 23d, 103; F, 71st, 91.

At 600yds.:

Headquarters 71st Regt.		Co. D., 71st Regt.	
Lieut Casey	33	Private Moore	30
Sergt. Doyle	32	Sergt. Potter	28
Capt. Corwin	32	Lieut. Sheppard	33
Lieut. Ranney	34—131	Corporal Flack	30—121
Co. A., U. S. Marines.			
Sergt. Clark	24	Corporal Burkhart	34
Sergt. Baptist	30	Corporal Schriver	29—117

The remaining teams at this range were: Company B, 1st, U. S. Marines, 116; E, 7th, 112; B, 2d, U. S. Marines, 108; B, 23d, 102; F, 71st, 99.

The totals of the teams were as follows: Headquarters 71st, 370; D, 71st 360; A, U. S. Marines, 359; B, 2d, U. S. Marines, 357; E, 7th, 353; B, 7th, 353; B, 1st, U. S. Marines, 351; B, 23d, 331; F, 71st, 293.

No. 2 was the Carbine team match open to teams of four. Distances, position, fee same as in previous match:

Headquarters, Squadron A.

	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	600 Yds.
Lieut. Sayre	31	32	27
Quartermaster-Sergeant Herrick	29	30	31
Company Sergeant Fahys	27	18	27
Private L. B. Smith	27	34	25
Totals	114	114	110
Grand total			338

The Third Troop, Squadron A, finished second with 325; the Second Troop, third, with 319, and the Second Troop, N. J., fourth, with 259.

On July 27, the second day, the McAlpin trophy, open to teams of eight from the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy, N. G. or uniformed militia or Naval Militia of the several States and Territories and District of Columbia, and from any foreign government. Distances, 200, 600 and 1000yds., 10 shots at each distance. Positions, standing at 200, prone at 600 and 1000yds. Rifle, any military. Entrance, $20 per team. To first, trophy presented by General E. A. McAlpin, for annual competition, and 40 per cent. of entrance fees. Second, 20 per cent. of entrance.

At 200yds., there was a gentle 8 o'clock wind and a good light. A fish-tail wind from 5 to 7 o'clock were conditions at the 600yd. distance, shooting then begun at 1 o'clock. Summary:

New York.

	200 Yds.	600 Yds.	1000 Yds.	Total.
First Lieutenant K K V Casey	42	34	43	119
Sergeant G H Doyle	43	43	45	131
Captain B B McAlpin	41	41	35	117
Sergeant W B Short	41	46	31	118
Ord. Sergeant G W Lent	44	40	36	120
First Sergeant G E Bryant	44	42	37	123
Captain G W Corwin	43	42	42	127
Captain A E Wells	40	46	27	113
Totals	338	334	296	968

U. S. Marine Corps.

First Lieut. D C MacDougal	44	41	42	127
Sergeant H Baptist	42	40	29	111
Sergeant-Major T F Hayes	39	44	28	111
Private J Markey	42	43	29	114
Corporal R W Beal	42	38	26	106
Sergeant P Lund	42	41	30	113
Corporal L Burkhart	42	43	39	124
Corporal O M Schriver	43	40	28	111
Totals	336	330	251	917

U. S. Navy.

Boatswain A Hamilton	43	49	31	123
Chief Machinist J T Todd	42	40	18	100
Hospital Steward W A Sprout	40	41	29	110
Bugler A Dahlene	40	44	38	122
M A A J F Warner	40	43	19	102
B M Lundilen	41	47	34	122
Gunner's Mate J McLellen	38	45	22	105
C T C N Drustrup	41	44	35	120
Totals	325	353	226	904

New Jersey.

Major A Rowland	40	43	39	122
First Lieutenant W Tewes	43	45	36	124
Sergeant C F W Sylvester	37	42	29	108
Corporal T Gabriel	42	42	25	109
First Lieutenant H L Smith	42	42	12	96
Sergeant R. W. Evans	43	41	41	125
Captain W S Price	44	42	27	113
Captain W B Martin	39	42	46	127
Totals	330	339	245	914

The Cruikshank trophy was the programme event of July 28. It was open to teams of six, with the usual military conditions as to army and navy and State militia. Distances 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots at each distance. Positions, standing at 200; prone at 500 and 600yds. Rifles, any military. Entrance, $12 per team. Prize trophy, valued at $300, presented by E. A. Cruikshank, and 40 per cent. of the entrance to first; 20 per cent. to second; 10 per cent. to third. The Seventy-first New York won with a score of 567 out of a possible 630. Lieut. Wells scored 100 out of a possible 105, making high individual score. Summary:

	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	600 Yds.	Total.
Seventy-first, New York.				
Lieutenant Casey	30	34	32	96
Sergt Doyle	31	33	31	95
Capt Corwin	29	34	26	89
Lieut Sheppard	30	32	30	92
Lieut Wells	33	34	33	100
Sergt Corbett	32	33	30	95
Totals	185	200	182	567
Marine Corps.				
Lieut MacDougal	30	31	29	90
Sergt Baptist	30	31	29	90
Private Markey	30	30	28	88
Corporal Beal	29	32	29	90
Corporal Burkhart	28	34	33	95
Corporal Schriver	32	31	31	94
Total	179	189	179	547
Seventh New York.				
Sergt Short	33	33	31	97
Corporal Taylor	29	34	28	91
First Sergt O'Connor	32	33	32	97
Private Wessell	28	31	28	87
Sergt Fowler	28	32	23	83
Private Thees	27	32	26	85
Totals	177	195	168	540
First New Jersey.				
Major Rowland	30	33	29	92
Lieut Tewes	30	32	30	92
Corporal Gabriel	29	29	22	80
Lieut Rice	30	31	29	90
Lieut Smith	29	32	32	93
Sergeant-Major Evans	30	33	29	92
Totals	178	190	171	539

The remaining teams finished in this order: Twelfth, 533; Navy, 530; Seventy-first (third team), 528; Marine Corps (second team), 527; Seventh (second team), 525; Navy (second team), 525; Seventy-first (second team), 516; Twelfth (second team), 508; Twelfth (third team), 480; Marine Corps (third team), 478; Ninth (second team), 473; Ninth (first team), 458.

On July 29, the event of the day was the 71st Regt. trophy, skirmish and rapid-fire match, open to teams of six. The usual military conditions governed eligibility. The shooting conditions were same as the rapid fire and skirmish of the National trophy competition. Rifle, any military. Entrance $10 per team.

Prize, valued at $200, presented by the Board of officers of the 71st Regiment, N. G., N. Y.

The competition in this event was unfinished, owing to darkness, and was carried over to Monday. The competition was closest between the 71st and the Marine Corps, the latter having captured the trophy last year. At the conclusion of the 500yds. rapid-fire, the 71st was 5 points in the lead with a score of 518; the Marines were second with 513 points. At 200yds., they were tied on 263 out of a possible 300. Eighteen teams were entered.

On Monday the match was concluded. It began at 3:30 and part was shot in the rain. Scores: 71st Regiment, 1328; Marine Corps (first team), 1259; U. S. Navy (first team), 1152; 12th Regiment (second team), 1136; U. S. Navy (second team) 1136; 12th Regiment (first team), 1090; Marine Corps, (second team), 1079; 7th Regiment, 1078; Marine Corps (third team), 1024; 69th Regiment, 953.

71st Regiment, New York—First Team.

	200yds.	500yds.	Skirmish.		Total.
Lieut. Casey	42	37	80	54	213
Sergt. Doyle	45	45	82	59	231
Capt Corwin	47	43	79	74	243
Lieut Sheppard	46	42	60	70	218
Capt Wells	42	45	67	32	186
Sergt. Corbett	41	43	78	75	237
Totals	263	255	446	364	1328

United States Marine Corps—First Team.

Lieut MacDougal	43	41	61	60	205
Sergt Baptist	49	43	59	64	215
Pvt Markey	46	41	61	62	210
Corp. Beal	43	32	69	64	208
Corp Burkhart	43	46	55	44	188
Corp Schriver	39	47	72	75	233
Totals	263	250	377	369	1259

Navy—Second Team.

Bos'n Landelin	33	41	51	65	190
Seaman Brenchley	45	44	64	65	218
B M Smith	40	34	28	47	149
Q M Soule	42	43	57	45	187
Q M Verleger	43	38	51	64	196
Yeoman Culver	39	26	58	69	192
Totals	252	236	309	355	1152

Navy—First Team.

Hosp. Stew. Sprout	45	44	59	55	203
Bugler Dahlene	36	44	54	48	182
G Mate McLellan	41	42	72	51	206
Tur. Capt. Drurstrup	44	34	43	75	196
Master-at-Arms Warner	47	43	38	78	206
Chief Machinist Todd	37	32	21	23	113
Totals	250	239	317	330	1136

The scores of the remaining teams at the end of the 500yd. distance were: Twelfth (first team) 488, Seventh (second team) 486, Twelfth (second team) 480, Seventy-first (second team) 477, Marines (second team) 471, Seventh (first team) 453, Sixty-ninth 453, Marines (third team) 448, Seventh (third team) 443, Twenty-third 436, Twelfth (third team) 433, Twelfth (fourth team) 412, Ninth 397.

The pistol match in the morning was won by Squadron A, with a score of 545 to the 509 of the Manhattan Revolver and Rifle Association.

Tom Anderton, of the 7th Regiment, made 181 points, and was high. The match conditions were five strings of 5 shots for each man, a time limit of 15 seconds to a string; distance 50yds. Scores:

Squadron A.

	1st.	2d	3d	4th	5th	Total.
M H Smith	30	27	23	33	40	153
G P Herrick	32	10	27	20	21	110
W H Powers	0	4	17	15	10	46
W J Toigne	15	29	9	20	0	73
A W Putnam	29	29	37	38	31	164
Total						545

Manhattan Revolver and Rifle Association.

W Shedd	10	0	21	24	17	72
J T Humphrey	4	10	21	10	18	63
A E Ranney	25	25	15	23	26	114
H C Wilson	14	8	18	23	26	89
T Anderton	34	33	39	38	27	181
Total						509

The Old Guard match was one of the two programme events of July 31. It was open to teams of six from any rifle club or association in the United States. Distance, 200yds., standing, 10 shots per man. Rifle, any military. Prize, a trophy, value $200, presented by the Old Guard. Scores: 71st Regiment, 262; Marine Corps (first team), 254; Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, 251; Marine Corps (second team), 248; 12th Regiment (second team), 246; 12th Regiment (first team), 246; Italian Libituni, 242; 69th Regiment, 241; 71st Regiment (second team), 240; Italian National, 237; 12th Regiment (third team), 227; 71st Regiment (third team), 223.

The Funston match was the second on the programme of the day. It was open to all. Distances, 700 and 800yds., prone position, 7 shots at each distance. Rifle, any military. Three entries allowed, two best scores to count. Entrance, $2 to members of N. Y. S. R. A.; to all others, $3. The prizes were 30, 20, 10, 7 and 3 per cent. of entrance fees, and the five winners were as follows: Lieut. Casey, 71st Regt., 131; Capt. Wells, 71st. Regt., 127; Pvt. Short, 7th Regt., 126; Capt. Corwin, 71st Regt., 125; Sergt. Doyle, 71st Regt., 122.

English Army Rifle.

So at last the War Office has made up its little mind, and, after a period of indecision, has finally decided that the new rifle is not good enough for our troops. Already thousands of the new rifles have been manufactured and distributed to the Army, and, as the order has been given that no more are to be made, we suppose these weapons will be returned to store and finally sold off in the usual way. It was the Army Council who obstinately refused to accept the verdict of the majority of the experts who had tried the rifle and pronounced it inferior to the Lee-Enfield, Mannlicher, and Mauser. The Council persisted, and organized a series of trials in a vain hope of upsetting such opinion. The first trial was carried out under the direction of Lieut.-General Sir William Butler, and the report was unfavorable. Then the School of Musketry were asked to test the weapon, but their report was also unfavorable. Finally the School of Musketry were asked to give it a second trial, and this time, strange to say, the rifle was found to be an excellent weapon. In the subsequent use and practice at the ranges the following defects, which had all been pointed out by experts, were rediscovered and reported to headquarters: (1) Jamming of the magazine; (2) too much play in the mechanism; (3) foresight disappears during rapid firing in a haze caused by a vapor; (4) foresight too thick, and obliterates the target; (5) bad balance; (6) metal too soft, resulting in the barrel being permeated with corrosive gas.—Shooting Times.

The indications at present are that the great rifle competition, which will take place at Sea Girt, N. J., this month, will have generous support in the way of entries. Teams from thirty-five States and a team from Hawaii are expected to participate.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 5.—Richmond Valley, S. I.—Team match between the Aquahonga and Castleton gun clubs.
Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—First day, Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Second day, club day. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot. H. W. Dryer, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association fourth annual tournament.
Aug. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mountaineers' Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-19.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 22—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y., G. C. tournament. R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-26.—Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo, N. Y., tournament.
Aug. 26.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club tournament. W. R. Fieles, Sec'y.
Aug. 26.—Newport, R. I.—Mullerite Gun Club on grounds of Aquidneck Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; $1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.

Aug. 31.—New London, O., Gun Club second annual. A. Ledgett, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Englewood, N. J.—Labor Day shoot of Pleasure Gun Club. C. J. Westervelt, See'y.
Sept. 4.—Auburn, N. Y., G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club all-day shoot. H. L. Carpenter, See'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.
Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Dayton, O., G. C. tournament; $100 added.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-17.—San Franeisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Assoeiation. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell. Mgr.
Oet. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, See'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Cineinnati, O., Gun Club has arranged to hold a shoot on Labor Day.

The Wilson, N. C., Gun Club have aranged to hold a shoot on Aug. 8 and 9.

The next shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, Jersey City, N. J., is fixed to be held on Aug. 6.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club announees a two-day shoot, $50 added, to be held on Oct. 18-19.

The New London, O., Gun Club has fixed upon Aug. 31 for their second annual tournament. Mr. A. Ledgett is the Secretary.

The date of the Palisade Gun Club shoot at Edgewater, N. J., has been changed from Aug. 31 to Aug. 24.

The Breeder and Sportsman announces that Medford, Ore., sportsmen eontemplate the holding of a big tournament, after the Pacific Coast Handieap in September, with $500 or $1000 added.

In the fourth team contest of the North Jersey League, at Montelair, N. J., on Saturday of last week, the Newton Gun Club team defeated the Montelair Gun Club team by a score of 115 to 105.

The three-cornered team contest between the Columbia Gun Club, of South Amboy, the Castleton Gun Club, of Port Richmond, and the Aquehonga Gun Club, of Tottenville, is fixed to take place at Richmond Valley, S. I., on Saturday of this week.

A "special eable dispateh to the Sun" reeounts that at St. Sebastian, July 26, "in opening a pigeon shooting match to-day King Alfonso fired fifty shots and missed his bird only twiee." In this country a man who missed his bird only twice would have missed it quite often enough. After you, Alfons!

Mr. C. J. Westervelt, Secretary, writes us that "The Pleasure Gun Club, of Englewood, N. J., will hold an all-day shoot on Monday, Sept. 4, Labor Day. The programme for this shoot will be out very soon, and will be made very interesting. A special invitation is extended to all shooters in and around New York."

In the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League series, the Clearview Gun Club ten-man team defeated the Meadow Springs Gun Club team by the score of 398 to 394. The Florists were represented by Fred Coleman, who, with nine scores of 25 eaeh, allowed to the vaeancies, and a seore of 42 out of 50, made a team score of 267, on July 29.

The Secretary, R. W. Gorham, writes us that "The Mount Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club will give a tournament on Aug. 24. The programme consists of twelve events, 15, 20 and 25 targets. Event 8 is a merchandise eontest. A special prize will be given for professional and amateur high averages." For further information, apply to the Seeretary.

At the Aquidneck Gun Club tournament, held at Newport, R. I., on Friday and Saturday of last week, the Watertown five-man team defeated the Aquidneck team by a score of 214 to 206 out of a possible 250. Heer was high average on the first day with 142 out of 150; Griffith second with 138. On the seeond day, Griffith was high with 169 out of 175; Heer second with 167. For the two days Heer was high with 309 out of 325.

Of the 149 contestants in the Northwest tournament, only one, Mr. W. F. Sheard, of Tacoma, scored 90 per eent. or better. He surpassed it by .006 per cent. Low percentage was 41. Those averages are sufficient eause for a wistful feeling on the part of many shooters elsewhere, to seize hurriedly their guns and ammunition and journey to the Northwest, and with a philanthropie spirit teaeh some one how to shoot at the regular rates of tuition.

The Christiana-Atglen Gun Club announces an all-day shoot, to be held at Atglen, Pa., Aug. 26. The Trapshooters' League of Lancaster County will be in the competition, and this will be its third meeting. There are twelve programme events, and the League five-man team race, the latter at 25 targets per man. The other events are at 10, 15 and 20 targets, 50 cents, 75 cents, $1 and $1.25 entrance. Shells shipped prepaid, care of Lloyd R. Lewis, Atglen, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

The Duluth, Minn., Central Gun Club have issued the programme of their eleventh annual tournament, to be held Aug. 8-9. On the first day, thirteen events are provided, eight at 15, $1.50, four at 20 targets, $2 entrance, and the thirteenth, a four-man team race at 25 targets, for the Laflin & Rand trophy. The programme of the second day is similar to that of the first, the team race exeepted. There are thirty average moneys, totaling $350. Sliding handieap. Shooting will begin at 9 o'eloek. Class shooting. Shells shipped to J. W. Nelson, 5 East Superior street, will be delivered free on grounds. The Secretary-Treasurer is Chas. W. Wilson.

The programme of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association fourth annual tournament at targets, Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 8-10, provides twelve events eaeh day, a total of thirty-six for the three days. Of these, twenty-four are at 15 targets, entranee $1.50, and $9 added, and eleven are at 20 targets, $2 entranee, $12 added, and one event, the last, at 25 targets, $2.50 entranee, $25 added. For the three days' averages, $25, $15, $10. Eaeh day, $15, $10 and $5. Everybody will stand at 16yds. Ship guns and ammunition prepaid to Chas. M. Greenway, Seeretary, Grand Rapids. Rese system, 8, 5, 3, 2. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Aug. 7, praetice day.

The Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia have issued the programme of their fifth regular monthly tournament, to be held Aug. 8 and 9, by the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, Morgantown, W. Va. The programme of the first day consists of five events at 15 targets, 40 cents entrance; five events at 20 targets, 50 cents entrance, and event 6, the League five-man team race for the Peters cup, 25 targets, 50 eents entrance. Event 7, 20 targets, carries with it the Infallible cup, emblematic of the individual championship. Total of added moneys in the eleven events, $22.50. Ten cents from each entrance will constitute a purse for high averages, 60 and 40 per eent. On the seeond day, merehandise prizes, value $110, will be shot for. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. Rose system. Ship shells prepaid to John M. Cobun. Lunch served on grounds. Chieken and waffle supper on first day. Secretary-Treasurer Elmer F. Jacobs will have charge of office. Cashier of tournament, A. Ford Dickey.

Programmes of the Interstate Assoeiation's trapshooting tournament, given for the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club, Aug. 29-31, is ready for distribution. On the first and seeond days twelve events are respectively provided, eight at 15, four at 20 targets, each $2 entranee, $20 added. Day's averages, $12.50, $10, $7.50, $5 and $5—first, second, third, fourth and fifth respectively. On the third, there are four 15 and two 20 target events, and the Denver Post trophy, the latter at 100 targets, entrance $10, handicaps 14 to 22yds., high guns. Only amateurs who are residents of Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Missouri, New Mexieo, Arizona, Montana, Oklahoma, Texas, South Dakota and Iowa are eligible. Shooters who receive only guns or ammunition free are not considered professionals for this event. There are fifteen amateur general averages ranging from $25 to $10, and ten professional general averages, from $30 to $10. Aug. 28, practice day. Mr. A. J. Lawton is the Secretary of the Colorado Springs Club. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, may be sent to J. W. Garrett, and they will be delivered on the grounds free.

BERNARD WATERS.

Mount Kisco Gun Club.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y., July 31.—The appended scores were made on our grounds by the members of the Mount Kisco Gun Club on July 13, 20 and 27. Events 4 are for the P. W. Bouron silver cup, which a member must win three times before it becomes personal property. Handicaps apply to that event. Scores:

Seores, July 13:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	20	25	10	15	10
Ed Martin, 7	9	9	12	22	8	10	8
A Fay, 7	9	8	12	17	7	5	5
Carson, 4	12	10	15	15	7	7	8
Betti, 0	12	13	19	18	9	14	10
Gorham, 0	14	13	18	21	10	12	10
Dr Dunn, 6	10	11	14	20	8	10	8
Al Rae, 6	9	8	11	18	6	9	7
Sutton, 0	12	13	18	23	10	13	9
Smith, 5	10	10	12	20	7	8	8
Burham, 8	8	9	12	20	6	8	5
Scoales	3	3	5	..	3	5	2
Fowler, 6	10	9	11	20	6	10	8

Sutton wins point on cup.

Seores, July 20:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	25		15	10	10
G E Sutton, 0	10	12	14	21	13	11	10	8
Dr M Dunn, 5	9	11	8	21	11	10	7	7
A Betti, 0	14	13	14	22	13	12	10	9
E Martin, 7	12	9	8	22	12	9	9	7
A Crawford, 8	7	8	8	18	9	7	6	..
F Beohemer, 7	6	8	8	19	8	8	6	5
R Gorham, 0	14	13	13	20	14	12	10	8
B Seoales	5	4	4	..	5	4	..	2
G Wood, 6	7	6	8	18	9	10	7	5
F Baily, 10	9	7	8	18	8	6	5	..
H Smith, 5	..	8	10	25	11	10	9	8
Mrs Wood	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..

Wood wins point on cup.

Scores, July 27:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	25	15	10
Sutton, 0	11	13	14	20	13	10
Gorham, 0	12	12	13	19	12	9
Bailey, 10	5	6	8	21	6	4
Martin, 7	10	8	9	23	10	6
Ray, 6	9	9	10	16	9	6
Dunn, 6	10	12	9	22	11	8
Fay, 7	10	9	11	25	9	8
Betti, 0	14	12	13	23	12	10
Smith, 5	9	10	10	21	10	7
Carson, 4	..	9	8	20	7	7
Wood, 6	..	..	9	18	7	5

Fay wins point on eup.

West Shore Gun Club.

KINGSTON, N. Y., July 29.—I inelose the first and second shoots of our elub for the Dupont trophy, under added bird handicap. There are to be ten shoots, the man winning the most times to take the trophy.

In the seeond shoot, Mr. W. S. Smith made a run of 50 birds straight, using a 16-gauge gun and 2½ drams of powder.

July 22.—First shoot for Dupont trophy, handicap added targets:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Smith	21	1	22	Floyd	16	4	20
Schaffer	20	2	22	Freer	12	7	19
Johnson	14	8	22	Hume	16	2	18
Logan	14	8	22	Lawrence	10	6	16
Short	18	3	21				

July 29—Second shoot for Dupont trophy:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Smith	25	1	25	H Johnson	16	8	24
Weston	23	2	25	Freer	16	7	23
A Johnson	24	2	25	Hume	18	2	20
Floyd	21	4	25	Snyder	20	0	20
Short	21	3	24	Kenyon	16	3	19
Minard	19	5	24	Logan	8	8	16

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 29.—The Newton, N. J., Gun Club paid a visit to the Montclair Club to-day, and the fourth of the series of team races between the elubs of the North Jersey League was run off, resulting in favor of the Newton Club with a score of 115 to 105.

No. 4 in the appended scores gives the figures in detail, the first five men forming the Newton Club and the second five the Montelair club. The other events were for silver prizes, some of the winners being Cahrs, Von Lengerke, Allan, Bush, Dr. Gardiner and Brugman.

Quite a large delegation of the Mountainside Club, of Orange, were present, while the trade was represented by Sim Glover and G. Schneider. Glover was in very good form, breaking 103 out of 105 shot at, while Cahrs, of the Newton Club, broke 111 out of 115.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	10	25	25	15	15	15	15	15
Cahrs	24	10	24	25	15	13	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	21	9	25	23	14	..	..	..	..
Woodward	22	6	23	21	..	..	..	..	..
Howell	20	9	24	23	..	..	..	..	..
Coe	22	10	20	23	..	..	..	..	..
Allan	..	9	23	20	14	14	15	..	15
Bush	25	9	18	21	14	15	11	14	11
Boxall	..	..	23	21	13	15	..	..	..
Howard	..	..	20	23	..	..	..	..	..
Crane	..	..	20	20	..	12	..	..	..
Glover	25	10	25	..	14	14	..	..	..
Morford	19	9	21	..	14	..	..	..	..
Williams	16	7	..	..	8	..	..	14	..
Brickner	20	9	18	..	14	..	..	..	..
Winslow	15	5	..	..	..	15	..	13	..
Schneider	24	9	23	..	14	15	13	..	..
Brugman	24	10	25	..	12	15	..	14	15
Coekefair	..	4	21	..	13	15	11	15	..
Howlett	..	..	12	..	13	12	..	..	..
Dr Gardiner	..	..	23	..	15	8	..	..	..
MeDonough	..	..	20	..	12	15	12	..	..
Yeomans	..	..	22	..	14	13	14	..	..
Holloway	..	..	18	..	14	..	..	..	..
Colquitt	22	..	18	..	14	12	14	..	12
Nott	22	..	..	..	12	10	11	..	11
Nicoll	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	6

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., July 28.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club held its seventeenth weekly shoot at Reereation Park this afternoon, with twelve guns out, fairly good weather conditions, and some pretty fair scores were chalked up.

The officers' goblet, handicap, was won for the week by Price with a score of 19 out of 22 shot at.

The elub ehampionship gold medal was won for the week by Dr. Sivey with an average of 89.8 per eent. for the entire regular programme.

After the regular programme was shot off, some of the members shot several extra events, notably a 100-target race between Messrs. Taylor and Jaeobs, in whieh the members' high score for our grounds at this number of targets was tied, Mr. W. N. Dawson holding the previous record, made on Oct. 28, 1904.

The elub now has all arrangements completed for its tournament Aug. 8 and 9, and from replies so far reeeived, we expeet to have at least two full squads of experts and from sixty to seventy-five amateurs in attendance.

We have two traps installed, with plenty of bluerocks, and are fixed to handle one hundred shooters with dispatch, should they attend. The seores:

Offieers' goblet, handieap:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Cobun	18	17	Sivey	20	17
Taylor	20	16	Christy	19	15
Barthlow	22	17	White	22	18
Jacobs	19	14	Price	22	19
Beebe	20	16	Dawson	18	16
Harris	20	16	Stillman	20	7

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Cobun	3	22	19	..	Sivey	22	23	..	..
Taylor	1	22	19	19	Christy	..	19	..	..
Barthlow	7	21	19	22	White	..	19	..	..
Jacobs	1	23	22	23	Price	..	16	..	..
Beebe	1	21	..	..	Dawson	..	17	..	..
Harris	4	18	..	..	Stillman	..	20	..	..

No. 1 was a miss-and-out. No. 2, was at 25 targets. Nos. 3 and 4 were extra events.

Fourth event, club team race, 20 targets per man, five men:

Price, captain	19	Cobun, captain	15
Sivey	17	Harris	10
Barthlow	14	Beebe	18
Taylor	16	Dawson	17
White	16—82	Jacobs	17—77

Extra event, 100 targets:

Taylor	85	Jacobs	92

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., July 26.—The last serial prize shoot for 1905 was held at Wellington to-day, with Wm. Heer and Jack Fanning, trade representatives, as attractions, which in itself was enough to bring out a good-sized attendance.

Heer, with 95 per eent., was high for the afternoon, with Fanning second, though the old reliable Dickey finished to the tune of 92 per cent.

In the serial match, finished to-day, Dr. Gleason eaptured first with 122. Kirkwood second, 119; Blinn, 118; Frank, 117.

Gleason won the long run of breaks, 52, eelipsing all others, though Dickey all but overtook this with a run of 46 to-day. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	15	20	25	25	Av.
Fanning	9	15	10	14	14	14	18	22	..	.928
Heer	9	15	10	15	14	14	18	24	..	.952
Lawler	8	12	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	.840
Blinn	9	11	8	10	13	7	..	18	..	.724
Carver	8	12	8	7	12	12	13	18	17	.713
Frank	6	11	8	9	11	14	17	..	..	.760
Burns	9	13	7	12	14	10	13	8	14	.666
Kirkwood	8	12	9	12	11	11	16	22	23	.826
Fay	9	12	8	11	8	10	11	..	..	.690
Temby	2	5	6	9	5	8	10	9	..	.432
Dickey	..	14	10	13	15	14	14	24	25	.921
Muldown	..	13	6	12	13	14	..	..	..	.828
Train	..	8	7	9	11	..	..	..	..	.636
Atwood	..	12	8	11	11	11	13	..	..	.733

Merchandise prize mateh, distance handicap: Muldown (16yds.) 27, Frank (19) 25, Carver (16) 24, Burns (18) 24, Atwood (16) 22, Kirkwood (20) 22, Blinn (16) 20, Fay (16) 18, Temby (16) 13.

Interstate Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 29.—Concerning the Interstate tournament to be held in Kansas City on Aug. 16, 17 and 18, under the auspiees of the O. K. Gun Club, of this city, in addition to the regular programme, two novelty events have been added, same being as follows: One at 25 singles, 10 pairs, entrance $2.50; $25 added, use of both barrels, and the other at 50 singles and 10 pairs, entranee $2.50, $25 added, use of both barrels.

The special events are open to all, professionals included. We are advised by Mr. Elmer E. Shaner that he is receiving a great many applieations for programmes, and judging from this, he is satisfied that the shoot will be largely attended.

We might also add that Mr. Fred C. Whitney has been assigned by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company to act as cashier at this tournament. This in itself should show the importance of the tournament to the shooting public. CHAS. J. SCHMELZER.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 27.—Our members have failed to catch the enthusiasm this season, and it looks like we will close our season in September with the smallest number of members since the organization of the club.

It is hard to get a full squad at our weekly shoots. The Wilson, N. C., Gun Club are taking the lead this year, and they have out an attractive programme for August 8 and 9—200 targets per day, with $200 added money. Three or four will go from our club. I mention this shoot in my letter, as I have not seen their announcements in any of the sporting papers.

The following scores were made on our grounds to-day at 50 targets: Johnson 47, Ellington 47, Gowan 43. R. T. GOWAN.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE attendance on July 29 was enough to keep the traps busy until dark. The weather was a little warm. A strong, cool breeze interfered somewhat with the flight of the targets. Twenty-four scores were recorded in the Schuler prize contest, five of the shooters making 50. In actual breaks, Sycamore was at the head with 46. A special shoot will be held on Labor Day, and a good programme will be provided. A number of practice events and three team matches were shot during the afternoon.

Schuler prize shoot, 50 targets:

	Hdcp.	T't'l.		Hdcp.	T't'l.
Gambell	6	50	Risling	24	46
Maynard	6	50	Colonel	44	46
Bullerdick	12	50	Captain	12	45
E Altheer	13	50	Hesser	1	44
Andrews	23	50	Lytle	13	44
Keplinger	9	49	Meyers	17	44
Sycamore	2	48	F. Altheer	3	42
Ahlers	5	47	Tuttle	7	42
Linn	10	47	Le Compte	..	40
Rybolt	8	46	Roll	4	38
Herman	9	46	Barker	..	37
Jack	14	46			

Team match, 50 targets:

Herman	19	17—36	Barker	21	21—42
Le Compte	21	22—43	Gambell	17	21—38
Sycamore	21	21—42	Hesser	21	21—42
Totals	61	60—121	Totals	59	63—122

Team match, 25 targets:

Tuttle		19	Keplinger		19
Meyers		14—33	Lytle		10—29

Team match, 50 targets:

Gambell	22	18—40	Barker	21	24—45
Le Compte	19	22—41	Hesser	21	22—43
Totals	41	40—81	Totals	42	46—88

Garfield Gun Club.

The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first shoot of the third series.

In the club trophy shoot Hicks won in Class A on 24; George in Class B on 21; Ostendorp in Class C on 19.

In Hunter Arms trophy shoot, 10 singles and 5 pairs, Eaton, Kampp and Goetter tied for Class A on 18; George won in Class B on 15; Ditt won in Class C on 15 .

In the Dupont cup shoot on 20 single targets, Kampp won in Class A on 19; George in Class B on 18; Ostendorp in Class C on 14.

The day was a fine one for target shooting, cool and calm and attendance was fairly good, considering that it rained heavily until almost 2 o'clock.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	25	10	10	10	10
George	15	18	21	8	9	6	8
Horns	12	11	19	5	7	..	..
Thomas	12	18	20	7	8	6	5
Dr Meek	13	18	21	9	9	6	9
Ayers	7	5	12	5	6	..	..
Wakeman	11	15	5	6	..	..	
McDonald	14	18	23	9	10	7	..
Morris	15	13	14	7	8	..	..
Eaton	18	15	19	..	8	7	9
Hicks	17	17	24	..	8	9	..
A Smedes	14	17	18	..	7	3	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	25	10	10	10	10
T Smedes	13	16	18	..	5	6	8
Kampp	18	19	18	..	8	..	..
Ditt	15	6	7	..	1	9	..
Dr Reynolds	12	16	19	..	10	10	7
C Einfeldt	16	12	19	..	..	..	..
Ostendorp	14	14	19	..	..	5	8
Goetter	18	15	19	..	..	5	..
Herr	14	8	10	..	..	6	6
Howe	..	..	..	10	14	..	..
Dorman	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

No. 1, Hunter Arms trophy. No. 2, Dupont trophy. No. 3, Club trophy. No. 6, 5 pairs.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Ohio Notes.

At the Greenville Gun Club Eidson won in Class A with 41 out of 50. Class B. medal was won by Limbert with 38 out of 50.

The Welfare Gun Club, Dayton, O., will shoot every Saturday (except Aug. 5 and 12) until the quail season opens.

Supt. Ed. Clark, of the Dayton Gun Club, reports the prospects for quail this fall good. The birds liberated by the Dayton Pointer Club all seem to have done well.

The Cleveland Gun Club programme for the annual Labor Day tournament will be ready about Aug. 10.

The Superior Fishing Club gave a shoot on July 25, which was attended by over 100 members and guests. The club owns a piece of land on the banks of the Little Miami River, at Camp Dennison, 16 miles from Cincinnati, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. They have a fine two-story club house with wide verandas facing the river. In another building is the kitchen and still another building, with screened sides, provides sleeping quarters for those who cannot find room in the club house. On the grounds is a base ball diamond, and near the house is the trap pit with expert traps. The club served a fine dinner and supper to its guests, and music was furnished by Messrs. C. Wartman, A. Steemers, C. Adolphi and G. Christopher. The club has twenty-five members and the following officers: Geo. Schenck, President; Frank Kotte, Recording Secretary; Chas. Haeffner, Financial Secretary; Wm. Uhl, Treasurer. The most interesting event of the day was a series of three team matches at 25 targets per man for $25 a team, losing team to pay for shells and targets. The teams were Gambell and Pfieffer vs. D. Pohlar and W. Uhl, the latter team receiving handicaps of 3, 5 and 2 in the three matches. The first match was won by Gambell 23, Pfieffer 20; 43 to 38. In the second match Uhl did good work, breaking his first 14 straight and scoring 22, Pohlar 19—41, with handicap, 46 to their opponents' 43. Gambell made high score of the series in this match, missing only his 11th target. In the third match Gambell missed his 1st and 15th targets, scoring 23, Pfieffer 19—42 to Pohlar's 20; Uhl 16—36, with handicap, 38. Several other matches were shot, but the scores made were low. The shooting was brought to a close just as supper was announced, the supply of targets giving out at the same time. During the day Gambell broke 108 out of 126; D. Pohlar, 125 out of 156; Pfieffer, 68 out of 90; Uhl, 81 out of 110; Knorr, 68 out of 90; Miller, 37 out of 65; H. Pohlar, 27 out of 50. The grounds are hard ones to shoot on, as the background is formed by large trees which grow thickly on the river bank, and quick work is necessary to catch the targets before they are almost lost to sight against the trees.

The regular medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, was held on July 25. Six men qualified with scores of 25 or better, out of the thirteen who shot. In the sixth shoot-off Oswald broke 5 straight and Hodapp broke 4. Hodapp certainly gave Oswald a hot race. In the shoot-offs he shot at 39 targets and missed 5. Oswald shot at 38 and missed 3. Harry Oswald and Wm. C. Oldt chose five men each for a team contest at 25 targets per man. The first match was a very close contest, being won by Oswald's team, 127 to 126. The win was credited to J. Schaerf, who beat Sapp, the last man to shoot on Oldt's team, by 1 target, 18 to 17. The score, when five men on each side had shot was tied on 109. The second match was won by the Oswald team, 122 to 115. Miller, of the Oldt team, was high man for both matches with 47. Hanauer, Oswald team, second, with 46.

The Dayton Gun Club held their regular shoot on July 28. Thirteen members were present. As the time for the club tournament, Sept. 4 and 5, approaches the attendance will improve.

The Fayette Gun Club, of Lexington, Ky., had thirty-one shooters in attendance at their regular weekly shoot on July 27, most of whom shot through the 100-target programme provided by the managers. Among the visitors was the genial trade representative, C. O. Le Compte. The first event was for a silver cup given by the club, open to members only. It was won by F. Van Deren. Event No. 3 was the sixth in the series of twelve semi-monthly contests at 25 targets each for a Parker gun. As the scores stand now this is anybody's race. High score for the day was made by F. Van Deren with 83 out of 100; F. C. Bell, second, with 81.

The Columbus Gun Club's plans for their Labor Day shoot have been completed, and a day of good sport is promised.

In Other Places.

The Grand Valley, Ont., Gun Club held its maiden effort in the target-tournament line last week. The attendance was not large, yet those present had a good time and good scores were witnessed. Arthur, Clifton, Drayton and Toronto sent delegates. McGill, of Toronto, made high score, 158 out of 175; Mallory, Drayton, second, 157, and Dunk, of Toronto, third, 156.

The Topeka, Kan., Gun Club is of late waking up. A merchandise shoot is on tap. This is the town where such men as Frank Irwin, Gwynne, Price, Cap. Bogardus and Fred Erb shot in big tournaments thirty years ago. It was here that the last line of the wild pigeons were shot at the trap. They were secured by Judy from the roost in the Indian Territory. Those good old shooting days will never come again, when 150 men would each put up $12.50 and shoot the ties to a finish.

When there are shooting matches at Youngstown, Ohio, leading the gang you will always find C. D. Hursey as manager, while C. F. Needels is the efficient secretary.

The gun club known as the Buffalo Bill, North Platte, Neb., has new officers, viz., A. Muldoon, President; George Kinkowinch, Vice-President; C. C. Hopfer, Treasurer; W. W. Walkins and Ralph Starkey, Field Captains.

Fred Croncis made the journey from Bucyrus, Ohio, to Monett on a bicycle for the purpose of taking part in the shoot held there. He made the good score of 41 out of 50, notwithstanding his tiresome ride.

The explosion or bursting of a gun at Allentown, Pa., put a stop to a shoot. This leads us to call attention of all shooters that most every accident of this kind can be prevented by simply looking through the gun and note if any obstruction was left by the previous shot.

From far away Weiser, Idaho, comes the report, that it being ladies' day there were many spectators. The official shoot for the gun club trophies will take place at the next meeting.

L. A. Platt, President of the Eau Claire, Wis., Gun Club, reports that what is left of the club will hold a shoot Wednesday. Some ten years ago this club was flourishing, held some large tournaments and had a squad that few, if any, clubs in the Northwest possessed its equal.

Fourteen hundred pigeons were lately sold by the Kidd Ranch near Stockton, Colo., for the purpose of being used at the gun club tournament.

The Omaha, Neb., shooters have an eye to business, and should notify Mr. Roosevelt. At their first shoot, held at Cut-Off Lake, the first prize was a baby carriage. Stewart won the shoot-off.

It has been many months since the Alpena, Mich., Gun Club held a shoot, but the secretary writes that a shoot will be held on Friday to try and get the boys again interested in target shooting.

The new Atlantic Gun Club, lately organized at Houghton, Mich., will hold shoots regularly every second Saturday afternoon.

We note that the Cheboygan, Mich., Gun Club has been organized with the following members: W. E. Shoemaker, Capt. Welch, Frank Tracy, W. H. Conboy, Jas. J. Murphy, Fred Steiner, I. S. Cooper, Art. Frambach, Dr. Graham, Henry Cueny, John R. Craig, W. L. Martain, Joseph Earl, Henry Young, W. S. O'Brien, C. L. Margnette.

The Horton, Kan., Gun Club's name has not, to the writer's knowledge, been seen in print for the past dozen years. Todd Wallingford won a first prize and P. P. Peterson second, with Jules Marquette third.

The Sycamore, Ill., Gun Club has taken a new lease on life, notwithstanding the absence of Colonel Shafter, and will hold regular shoots hereafter.

At Faribault, Minn., it was the decision of the gun club that a shoot would be held only once each week. Does it occur to the new clubs that shooting too often and too much is the cause of the decay of many clubs? It is easy to make shooting too expensive.

Target shooting is improving at Edgar, Neb. At the last shoot there Dr. P. G. Grimm won first prize, J. W. Hiler second and Dr. G. R. Woods third.

The secretary writes from Alpena that the Cheboygan and the Onaway Gun Club are getting ready to challenge the Alpenas. Nothing gets up the interest in the shooting line equal to a team race.

There is talk of holding a big target tournament at Pine Bluff, Ark., Aug. 22-24. Shooters of that State should watch for full information. These Pine Bluff shooters are hummers in the tournament business.

There were teams from eight gun clubs lately in competition at Iola, Kan. They were from Coffeyville, Columbus, Erie, Ft. Scott, Florence, Iola and Nevada and Carthage, Mo.

The Eveleth, Minn., Gun Club has challenged the Virginia club for a team match, and as soon as the conditions are arranged the readers of this journal will be informed of same.

Members of the Fargo, N. D., Gun Club are warming up for the Grand Forks tournament. At the last practice Long made 53 out of 60.

At the last Friday shoot of the Martinsville, Ind., Gun Club Charles Johnson won both prizes. At 100 targets he scored 90.

The Michigan shooters should return thanks to the energetic members of the Saginaw, Mich., Gun Club. Prizes amounting to $700 were put up for competition at the July 30 shoot.

The Easton, Ohio, Gun Club will on Thursday contest for their new trophy.

The Fairfax, S. D., Gun Club will erect a club house for use of its members.

The Ashdown Gun Club, Winnipeg, lately held one of those unique shoots and outings, shooting from a barge while being towed down the river. Attractive prizes were up, and the sport was much enjoyed.

The grounds for the use of the Ishpeming, Mich., Rod and Gun Club have been located at Brasswire Hill near the street cars. Weekly contests will be held, and shooters of Marquette and Nagaunee will be invited to participate. A tournament is to be held soon.

The Hicksville, Ohio, Gun Club has invited the Defiance Club to shoot for some valuable prizes that will be offered for competition.

Since the temporary organization of the gun club at Carroll, Iowa, there has been a regular scramble to get on the club's roll, some sixty men having already paid the fee. The officers were elected Saturday evening, H. F. Shirmer, President; Julius Ruge, Vice-President; W. T. Ross, Secretary, L. T. Anderson, Treasurer.

An important meeting of the Akron, O., Gun Club was held Thursday night as the stockholders elected officers. G. E. Wagoner was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of J. A. Bradley. Others elected were R. T. Dobson, Vice-President; W. W. Wohlfrend, Secretary; J. K. Williams, Captain. The Akron boys now have monthly shoots, and besides are getting ready for shoots to be held on Labor Day and Thanksgiving.

President A. E. McKenzie, of the Denver, Colo., Gun Club, was seen last week in Salt Lake, where he was boasting the big shoots to be given at Trinidad and at Colorado Springs. McKenzie, Bergess and Sharp each got into an argument and settled it at the traps by each getting 23 breaks out of 25.

Members of the new gun club at Manistique, Mich., Henry Neville, Ed. Ashford, John Schuster, Theo. Willebrand, A. McLead, M. Schneider, Oliver Champime, Gus Weigman, J. W. Nagle, Ed. Niles, Sherman McNeill, E. E. Combs, H. F. Dowker, S. L. Dodge, F. N. Meriam, J. E. Fernea, Chas. Howard, P. Eckstrom, N. W. Fox, C. W. Adkins, O. S. Johnson, W. A. Mix, D. J. Ward, Dan La Framboise, J. H. Cole, L. Rosenthal, R. C. McKessen, F. S. Thorp, Claud Smith, Wm. Durno, Alex. Durno, Jake Stellwager, W. L. Carpenter, J. H. Wheeler, T. M. Wood, Wm. Rowe, Ed. Blau, Wm. L. Wood and A. R. Munn.

Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club has started in to practice for the contest with the Grinnell club. L. C. Abbott was high; C. P. Cook, second; Dr. H. H. Nichols, third; E. G. Wallace, fourth; E. H. Keeler, George Snow and A. B. Hover, tied on fifth.

There was a "Tramp" at Monmouth, Ill., last week, and he stirred up some interest in the gun club, and there will be weekly shoots held.

Harry Scriber won the shoot for trophy at Fond Du Lac, Wis., held last week.

A trap has been purchased, and a new gun club is being formed in Beaver Brook, Pa.

The Grinnell, Ia., Gun Club has issued a challenge to shoot a match with the Marshalltown club. A trophy is the object sought.

The New Illinois Athletic Gun Club held their first shoot at Watson's Park on last Thursday, there being twenty-two present. Some good prizes are posted, and shoots will be held each Thursday.

The Dalton, O., Gun Club started Saturday for Turkey Foot Lake, where it will camp for ten days. Those in the party were F. E. Gibson, George Harig, Glenn Kasier, A. H. Arick, H. Santmyer and G. C. Freet.

Virginia, Minn., Gun Club held the first shoot for this year and elected officers, viz., E. D. Parmelle, President; W. J. Schulze, Secretary; Dr. W. H. Spratley, Captain. Dr. Baldwin and D. O. Anderson were new members added.

Little Falls, Minn., Gun Club has secured new grounds and put same in good condition. The first shoot, which is to be a weekly event, was held last Wednesday.

The Forest Gun Club, Upper Sandusky, O., will hold the first tournament in September. A committee now has charge of the affair, and there will be an attractie programme issued.

"Pardon me," said the clubman with the bald spot on the back of his head, "but why do you always insist on playing for stakes when we sit down in a quiet game of cards?" "That's my business—not yours," retorted the clubman with the watery eye. "I know it is. Why don't you quit it and go at something else?"—Chicago Tribune.

"My proudest boast," said the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns." "How many miles behind?" piped a voice in the gallery.—Philadelphia Press.

"Say, father, what is a 'nobody'?" "A nobody, my son, is a prominent woman's husband."—Washington Life.

Derryfield Gun Club.

Manchester, N. H., July 22.—To-day was certainly a happy day for Mayor Reed, president of the Derryfield Gun Club, as the programme which he and the executive committee of his club had arranged attracted some thirty-five shooters, with all of whom Mr. Reed has a personal acquaintance, and among which are some of the best amateur shooters of this section. The programme as arranged called for 150 targets, five events of 10 and five of 20 targets. The last five events to be for the Peters trophy and the championship of the State of New Hampshire, held by Mr. Carl Harrington, of the Derryfield Club, and for which fifteen of the State's best shooters lined up, making on the whole higher scores than have ever been shot in this State in a contest of this kind.

Mr. Harrington, of Manchester, had accepted the challenge of our good friend D. W. Hallam, of Dover, N. H., and as the scores of these gentlemen in previous matches had averaged high, a good contest was looked for, with no one reckless enough to hazard a guess on who would win.

It proved, however, that neither was in championship form, Mr. Harrington being so confined by pressure of business that he was unable to get the necessary amount of practice, while Mr. Hallam, the challenger, who, by the way, was shooting a new gun which pounded his cheek so badly as to put him out of the running, was, very much to the regret of his friends, unable to finish the programme.

Elmer E. Reed, of the Derryfield Club, carried away the honors for the day by not only winning the Peters trophy and State championship on the excellent score of 94 out of his 100, but winning the high gun money, a $5 gold piece, for high average of the day on 142 breaks out of 150 targets, and finishing up with a percentage of 94.6. Following him closely were the other Mr. Reed, who broke 92, shooting just a little better than he knew how; Mr. Bouton, with 90; Mr. Goss and Mr. Perley, with 89. Altogether eight out of the fifteen shooters finished the contest with 80 and better to their credit.

On behalf of Saunders & Co., of Boston, Elmer E. Reed was presented a fancy cigar cutter, and Mr. Perley a pocket compass by B. F. Smith, the all-around sport and good fellow of the Watertown Club.

Climax, of Lowell; Hibbard, of Boston, and Wheeler, of Brunswick, Me., while not eligible to the cup match, shot a professional race all through the day. The special prizes for second and third high averages for the day were captured by Messrs. Climax and Hibbard respectively. The shooting opened promptly at 10:30 o'clock under the most favorable weather conditions, and with the exception of an hour at noon, when Capt. Geo. Bartlett gave an exhibition of fancy shooting with the rifle, was continued until 7 o'clock. This exhibition of Capt. Bartlett is certainly marvelous, and demonstrates that the modern rifle, in the hands of such an expert as he, when used with the perfect ammunition he is using, is an instrument of marvelous accuracy. Small metal disks tossed in the air "by the human trap," Mr. Wheeler, were perforated as neatly as if bored by machinery, and squares of quarter-inch steel plate were perforated as nicely as a paper would have been; all these targets being thrown in the air when shot at. By the use of mirrors for sighting, Capt. Bartlett hit his targets with the rifle, bottom up or any other way, he standing back to the object shot at, too. It is not in the reach of the ordinary man's imagination to formulate it, it must be seen to be appreciated. His exhibition was witnessed by about 400 spectators, who were generous in their applause.

Charles J. Darrah officiated as scorer; Bert Davis, of the Manchester Hardware Co., as secretary-treasurer, and Mayor Reed as squad hustler, and succeeded in running off the programme and exhibition in good time. The Derryfield Gun Club has obligated themselves to their friends, and rest assured they will be pleased to reciprocate when opportunity presents itself.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
Eugene E Reed...	8	9	8	10	7	16	18	20	19	19	150	134	89.5
Smith	10	10	9	10	9	18	20	17	19	16	150	138	92
Bowen	7	9	9	7	9	19	18	18	19	19	150	134	89.5
Goss	7	7	9	10	9	16	19	18	18	18	150	131	87.4
W L Allen	10	6	9	9	10	17	18	17	17	..	130	113	86.8
Woodruff	9	10	8	8	10	17	18	17	18	18	150	133	88.6
Harrington	9	9	10.	9	8	18	16	19	15	15	150	128	85.3
Bouton	9	10	7	10	6	18	19	18	17	18	150	132	88
Sawtelle	9	6	7	10	4	17	20	13	10	13	150	119	79.3
Merrill	5	5	4	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	50	26	52
Bartlett	8	9	9	9	9	19	17	18	17	17	150	132	88
Wheeler	9	9	10	9	10	17	18	18	20	19	150	139	92.6
Miller	7	5	4	7	8	16	12	9	17	16	150	100	66.6
Tozier	7	10	8	9	7	17	15	17	19	18	150	127	84.6
C A Allen	10	8	7	6	7	15	16	19	15	15	150	118	78.6
Elmer E Reed	10	8	10	10	10	17	20	19	19	19	150	142	94.6
Climax	9	9	9	9	10	19	19	19	19	19	150	141	94
Rule	8	9	9	10	9	18	19	18	19	19	150	138	92
Edwards	9	8	9	7	10	18	16	18	17	17	150	129	86
Dean	6	8	9	8	9	17	18	18	18	16	150	127	84.6
Brigham	6	8	9	6	8	16	11	14	16	13	150	107	71.5
Perley	9	10	9	8	9	17	19	17	17	19	150	134	89.5
Lawson	6	8	7	7	8	15	16	14	17	11	150	109	72.6
Hallam	..	..	4	3	2	9	6	10	13	..	110	47	42.7
Chadwick	..	..	8	10	6	15	17	19	17	14	130	106	81.4
Morris	..	..	10	8	8	18	..	..	..	..	50	44	88
Stevens	..	..	8	5	3	13	7	16	11	..	110	63	73
Hibbard	9	9	9	10	7	20	19	20	18	19	150	140	93.3
Prosser	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	13	14	16	..	80	61	76.3

Contest for Peters trophy and championship of State of New Hampshire, open to any resident, 100 targets, 16yds.:

Elmer E Reed	17	20	19	19	19	94
Eugene E Reed	16	18	20	19	19	92
T C H Bouton	18	19	18	17	18	90
W C Goss	16	19	18	18	18	89
John Perley	17	19	17	17	19	89
Carl Harrington	18	16	19	15	15	83
Chadwick	15	17	19	17	14	82
C A Allen	15	16	19	15	15	80
Chas. Sawtelle	17	20	13	10	13	73
Andrew Lawson	15	16	14	17	11	73
E C Brigham	16	11	14	16	13	70
I T Prosser	18	13	14	16	..	..
Stevens	13	7	16	11	..	..
D W Hallam	9	6	10	13	..	..
Jas Morris	18	..	..	..	..	..

Eugene E. Reed.

Norwich Gun Club.

Norwich, Conn.—A special tournament was held on Tuesday afternoon, July 25, by the Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club in honor of Mr. W. H. Heer, who again made one of his record scores, missing only 2 targets in 150. He was accompanied by Mr. Brindley. There were twenty-one shooters present, many being from out of town. Mr. Prest and and Mr. Tafft tied for amateur high average with 82½ per cent. The following are the scores, no percentage being given for those shooting at less than 100 targets:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
W H Heer	150	148	99	Morris	115	67	58
Prest	200	165	82½	Ames	110	63	57
Tafft	160	132	82½	Jones	55	26	..
Noble	100	81	81	Sayle	60	39	..
Richards	135	102	76	Holmes	50	18	..
Edgarton	210	158	75	Ulmer	50	30	..
Wells	160	115	72	Post	45	30	..
Vosselman	125	85	68	Chapman	45	21	..
Strong	185	122	66	Hislop	25	13	..
Warren	145	91	63	Mitchell	20	17	..
Muir	200	117	59				

I. P. Tafft, Sec'y.

Independent Gun Club.

Easton, Pa., July 22.—The Independent Gun Club held the second of the series of five shoots for the L. & R. trophy. The day being cloudy and windy accounts for some of the low scores.

Below are the scores made July 22. Event No. 2 contains back scores, shot up for the trophy. Event No. 3 is regular handicap for trophy:

Event 1, 10 targets: W. H. Maurer 7, J. Maurer 9, Weiss 5, Elliott 4.

Event 2, 50 targets: Weiss (4) 36, Hellyer (2) 30, Sandt (8) 22.

Event 3, 50 targets: W. H. Maurer (0) 40, J. Maurer (1) 38, Elliott (12) 43, Heil (8) 35, Ivey (14) 33, Richard (8) 25, Weiss (10) 34, Hellyer (8) 49, Sandt (14) 40.

Event 4, 25 targets: Elliott 9, Richard 17.

W. R. Ivey, Sec'y.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

Newport, R. I.—The tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club July 28 and 29, had thirty-six participants on the first day and thirty-five on the second day. W. Heer was high gun on the first day with 142 out of 150. Griffith was high on the second day with 169 out of 175, or 96.5 per cent. The five-man team shoot was won by Watertown, with a score of 214.

First Day, July 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
Heer, 16	14	13	18	15	14	19	14	15	20	150	142	.946
Griffith, 16	15	14	18	13	13	19	14	15	17	150	138	.920
Fanning, 16	14	15	17	12	14	18	15	14	17	150	136	.906
McArdle, 16	14	14	17	13	13	15	14	12	17	150	129	.860
Elliott, 16	14	13	15	12	13	15	13	14	18	150	127	.846
Wheeler, 16	12	13	18	9	14	19	13	12	15	150	125	.833
Bowler, 20	12	13	18	11	14	15	10	11	18	150	122	.813
Wm. Hughes, 18	12	12	15	12	11	13	13	15	18	150	121	.806
Powel, 17	9	12	16	15	11	17	12	12	16	150	120	.800
Keeler, 18	13	13	12	10	10	15	10	11	15	150	119	.792
Smith, 18	11	13	14	10	15	19	8	12	16	150	118	.786
Bartlett, 16	12	13	14	11	12	14	11	14	16	150	117	.780
Bonney, 19	9	13	18	13	7	15	14	12	12	150	113	.746
Mason, 17	10	13	14	10	8	17	9	12	15	150	108	.720
Dring, 18	10	14	15	11	10	15	7	11	15	150	108	.720
Aldrich, 16	10	10	13	11	11	16	10	10	14	150	105	.700
Eggers, 16	10	10	12	7	13	14	12	11	16	150	105	.700
Noyes, 17	10	11	15	10	9	11	18	12	15	150	103	.686
C M Hughes, 18	13	11	14	12	8	11	9	10	15	150	103	.686
Reed, 16	8	8	18	11	11	14	7	9	14	150	100	.666
Parker, 16	6	8	6	9	7	12	9	6	5	150	68	.453
Hallan, 16	6	5	8	4	10	10	6	8	7	150	64	.426
Hebbard, 19	..	..	17	13	11	14	11	11	14	120	96	.800
Lewis, 20	12	14	17	10	14	14	..	..	..	100	81	.810
E Cavicchi, 19	15	11	14	11	14	16	..	..	..	100	81	.810
F Cavicchi, 18	14	8	16	12	13	16	..	..	..	100	78	.780
Mamard, 16	9	11	11	10	12	19	..	..	..	100	72	.720
Letendre, 17	11	12	12	9	12	14	..	..	..	100	70	.700
Getchell, 19	14	13	14	13	11	13	..	..	..	100	68	.680
Madau, 16	11	10	12	12	7	12	..	..	..	100	64	.426
Cummings, 16	9	9	13	9	11	9	..	..	..	100	60	.600
Audet, 16	11	7	13	7	5	9	..	..	..	100	52	.520
Worthing, 16	10	13	12	12	9	..	..	..	..	80	56	.700
Coggeshall, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	6	7	70	29	.414
Weaver, 16	12	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	29	.580
Chase, 16	..	..	..	..	9	8	8	..	..	..	50	25	.500
Thomas, 16	..	..	..	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	35	26	.742

Events 4, 5 6, and 7, 8, 9, 50-target merchandise handicaps. Griffith and McArdle not in averages, did not accept handicaps.

Second Day, July 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Griffith, 16	15	14	19	13	15	18	15	15	20	25	175	169	.965
Heer, 16	15	15	20	14	13	18	15	15	18	24	175	167	.954
McArdle, 16	14	14	20	13	15	19	13	13	17	25	175	163	.931
Elliott, 16	13	14	18	14	10	16	14	15	20	24	175	158	.902
Fanning, 16	13	12	18	13	14	16	14	15	19	24	175	158	.902
Wheeler, 16	12	9	20	14	14	17	13	12	20	25	175	156	.891
Hebbard, 19	12	14	15	13	12	18	15	15	20	22	175	156	.891
W M Hughes, 20	15	11	17	13	13	18	13	13	18	25	175	156	.891
Smith, 17	8	13	16	15	13	18	12	13	18	22	175	148	.845
Reed, 20	13	13	17	15	10	12	12	14	19	21	175	146	.834
Powel, 21	14	15	17	10	11	6	14	12	19	23	175	141	.805
Bowler, 21	13	14	20	12	18	15	9	11	15	23	175	140	.800
Carver, 19	12	12	16	14	13	14	15	9	15	20	175	140	.800
Dring, 19	15	13	14	12	13	14	11	11	17	19	175	139	.794
C M Hughes, 18	12	12	15	13	13	12	14	11	18	19	175	139	.794
Blinn, 18	12	12	14	11	13	14	10	13	17	20	175	136	.777
Bornes, 17	10	12	13	11	13	16	11	13	14	23	175	136	.777
Bonney, 17	10	11	16	11	13	15	12	8	16	17	175	129	.737
Bartlett, 16	9	10	14	12	10	14	13	8	14	17	175	121	.691
Nadou, 16	8	7	9	8	10	15	13	7	13	15	175	105	.600
Hallam, 16	6	5	13	8	11	7	9	10	12	16	175	97	.554
Letendre, 16	7	4	5	10	6	7	12	8	8	14	175	81	.462
Wilbur, 18	11	10	18	13	15	16	12	15	14	..	150	124	.822
Parker, 16	5	6	9	10	11	14	11	10	11	..	150	87	.580
Kirkwood, 22	15	14	20	11	14	15	14	14	..	..	130	117	.900
Churchill, 19	12	12	18	10	12	15	11	13	..	..	130	103	.792
Gleason, 16	..	..	14	12	9	13	13	15	16	..	120	92	.766
Noyes, 17	8	11	17	8	12	13	13	..	..	..	115	82	.713
Dickey, 21	15	13	19	12	14	14	..	..	..	..	100	87	.870
Keeler, 18	12	11	16	12	9	16	..	..	..	..	100	76	.760
Aldrich, 17	11	10	16	..	9	12	..	..	..	..	100	67	.670
Temby, 16	..	..	4	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	55	16	.290
Graham, 16	..	..	..	..	9	8	12	..	..	..	50	29	.580
Taylor, 16	..	..	9	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	50	22	.440
Harris, 16	..	..	..	12	..	16	..	..	..	..	35	28	.800

Events 4, 5 and 6, merchandise prize handicaps.
Events 7, 8 and 9, five-man team shoot:

Watertown.		Aquidneck.	
Smith	43	McArdle	43
Hebbard	50	Hughes	44
Gleason	44	Bowler	35
Burns	38	Dring	39
Carver	39—214	Powell	45—206

Hudson Gun Club.

These scores were made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City. The day was fine, and was only marred by the uncertainty as to whether the club could hold a shoot.

During the time intervening between July 16 and 23 some miscreant forced his way into the club house and tried to destroy everything useful. Besides breaking parts of the electric pull, stove, sink, dishes and glassware, the person or persons broke every pane of glass but one in the house. If the intention was to spoil the shoot, it was not successful, for things were straightened out and a good many targets were thrown.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	20	25	15	25	25	25	25	25
Gille	13	13	10	10	18	10	23	16	11	19	22
Cottrell	9	13	12	15	..	13	16	22	12	23	20
Schorty	14	14	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stroble	11	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heritage	15	11	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kurgee	9	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duster	13	12	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Haddow	..	11	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	..
Malcomb	..	5	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
Banta	..	13	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Brothers	..	..	..	11	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cocklin	..	..	..	..	..	19	20	17	11	21	20
Burns	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	..	..	..	..
Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	..	17	..
Halley	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	..	..	..

No. 9 was at doubles.

James Hughes, Sec'y.

Consolidated Gun Club Association.

South Manchester, Conn., July 26.—The Consolidated Gun Club tournaments of Connecticut have proved a great success. The sixth shoot was held at New Haven on July 18. Rockville leads in the club event, and following are the individual scores for the Peters Cartridge Co.'s cup, which they have kindly offered to the man making the highest total score in the team race. Also find club scores annexed.

Individual scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
A J Reynolds	120	103	H Edgerton	120	95
Kelley	120	103	J Mitchell	120	93
Mack	120	102	D McElligott	120	92
McMullen	120	102	I P Tafft	120	91
J Prest	120	99	Savage	120	88
E Hart	120	99	White	120	84
H Metcalf	120	97	E Finch	120	83
J Draker	120	97	A Langdon	120	76

Club scores:

Rockville	479	New Britain	429
New Haven	475	Hartford	417
Waterbury	467	Bridgeport	400
Willimantic	458	Bristol	274
Norwich	446		

D. C. Y. Moore.

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

Twenty-six who brought their guns, and a large crowd who didn't attend the practice shoot of this club, held in honor of Messrs. Bartlett, Wheeler and Jack Fanning, trade representatives, at Red House Crossing on the afternoon of July 25. It was an ideal day for shooting, and some very fine scores were made.

The way Fanning smashed 95 out of 100 opened our eyes a little, as it was a record for the grounds. Jack is the same old fellow, and we are always glad to have him with us.

The principal feature of the shoot was the fancy rifle shooting of Capt. Bartlett. He surely is a wonder. That he also knows how to handle the shotgun, the scores will show. We must not forget to mention that W. H. Snow is coming fast with his average of 90 for the afternoon, and Le Noir, a close second with 88, while our friend from down the river was shooting in poor form for him. Never mind, George, we know you can and have done better many times. We were obliged to omit our Peters cup and merchandise contests for lack of time. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	25	15	25	at.	Broke.
Le Noir	9	13	17	13	18	15	25	125	110
Wheeler	8	15	20	11	19	11	24	125	108
Jones	7	10	14	14	23	14	21	125	103
Kites	8	9	14	8	18	13	19	125	89
W H Snow	..	11	18	15	23	15	22	115	104
Fanning	10	14	19	14	24	14	..	100	95
Bartlett	10	12	16	10	19	14	..	100	81
Coats	..	13	19	10	4	..	..	75	56
L Misterly	8	12	9	..	19	..	..	70	48
A Misterly	7	10	9	9	..	..	..	60	35
Bagg	..	..	..	10	19	10	..	55	39
Parsons	8	7	..	9	..	9	..	55	33
Keyes	4	7	..	9	..	6	..	55	26
Cheesman	..	..	..	13	19	..	..	40	32
Dr Newton	..	11	15	..	..	..	..	35	26
Boughton	..	..	5	3	..	..	..	35	8
Jordan	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	25	22
Alderman	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	25	15
Pomeroy	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	25	11
Gesner	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	25	6
Austin	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	15	11
A Snow	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10
Cady	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	8
Hills	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	15	8
Talmadge	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	15	7
Hawes	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	2
								Misfire.	

Bonesteel Gun Club.

Bonesteel, S. D., July 25.—The Bonesteel Gun Club ran off a little afternoon shoot on the 17th inst. The programme consisted of seven events of 15 birds each, $1.50 entrance and a contest for the Peters Cartridge Co.'s emblem, representing the championship of Gregory county. The attendance was not large, but there were representatives from all the nearby towns, and all events were hotly contested.

Those in attendance were Porter; Thompson, of the Fairfax Gun Club; Phillips, of the Herrick Gun Club; Leach and Spatz, of the Bonesteel Gun Club.

The shooting was not up to the standard, which can only be accounted for by lack of practice. Porter won the championship with Spatz a close second. The money in the sweeps was pretty evenly divided.

It was arranged to have a shoot every two weeks alternately at Bonesteel, Herick and Fairfax, this shoot being the first one of the series under this understanding. The championship medal is to be put up in open competition at each of these shoots, regardless of whether or not the holder of same is present. This trophy was formerly a challenge trophy, and was held by Leach for one year without challenge, and it was for the purpose of bringing into more active circulation that he waived his rights in the matter and changed it to the present rules.

The next shoot will be at Herrick, on Aug. 8, and it is hoped that there will be a large attendanee.

Following are the scores, the last event being the championship event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
Leach	10	11	12	10	9	10	11	18
Porter	8	11	12	9	12	12	13	22
Thompson	12	11	10	11	11	12	10	19
Spatz	6	10	11	11	13	11	7	21
Phillips	9	9	9	10	14	9	..	15

W. A. Leach, Sec'y.

Westfie'd Rod and Gun Club.

Westfield, N. J., July 28.—Appended find scores of handicap event for cup presented by E. I. Dupont Co. We would undoubtedly have had a larger attendance but for the fact that a great many of the club members are away on their vacations. The handicap committee has so aranged it that members not present to-day can make up their scores at future shoots, of which there will be seven more, with 25 birds at each, but each member must shoot at the 200 birds.

The cup is a perfect beauty and the boys all fully appreciate the generosity of the Dupont company. You need not expect any scores such as a Gilbert would make, as this is, as yet, a young club, composed mostly of young fellows who have just begun shooting, but they are all very enthusiastic over it, and, like lots more, think that it is one of the best, if not the best, of recreations.

H Douglas, 15	14	R Thompson, 17	12
H Wilson, 15	14	T Mosher, 17	12
H C Miller, 14	5	M Wratten, 18	13
M Douglas, 16	8	W F Hopper, 18	16
Dr. Seymour, 14	11		

The other scores of to-day's shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	5	10	10	15	Targets:	5	10	10	15
H Douglas	5	6	8	..	R Thompson	..	9	..	6
H Wilson	2	..	6	..	H C Miller	..	5	4	..
W Hopper	3	9	..	12	M Douglas	..	5	5	..
H Wratten	3	6	7	13	Mosher	..	..	5	11

Harry W. Douglas, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., July 26.—The closing contest for the Borst cup, narrowed down to Skutt, of Morton, and Stoddard, of Shortsville, each 6 points to his credit. The scores:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
*Skutt	20	5	25	Coughlin	19	8	27
Stoddard	18	6	24	Stewart	22	1	23
*Borst	19	6	25	Clark	22	2	24
Gardner	17	7	24				
Back scores:							
*Stoddard	22	6	28	Skutt	16	5	21
Gardner	11	7	18	*Borst	19	6	25
Re-entry scores:							
Skutt	18	5	23	*Skutt	25	5	30
Stoddard	17	6	23	*Stoddard	19	6	25
Skutt	19	5	24				

*Wins point for cup.

Summary: Points—Stoddard 6, Skutt 6, Borst 5, Coughlin 5, Gardner 4, Stewart 3, Sterling 2, Adkin 1, Shoemaker 1, Weller 1, Rickman 1, Schleyer 1.

In the shoot-off for the cup between Messrs. Stoddard and Skutt, the following scores were made:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Stoddard	17	6	23	Skutt	19	5	24

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Of all the impedimenta of the camper, the mess kit is perhaps the most troublesome, for it consists of a multitude of pieces, each of which takes up room and is likely to be lost. Writers on camping constantly insist that utensils like cups and camp kettlers should nest. Wilson's Complete Cooking and Serving Outfit seems to have solved the problem of compactness and safety, and persons interested in cooking outfits may profitably send to F. Cortez Wilson & Co., 245 Lake street, Chicago, Ill., for a circular of their goods.

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SEALS AND THEIR EXTERMINATION.

THERE is perhaps no group of the larger wild animals of the world which is so abundant in individuals as are the seals, marine mammals which are found alike in the Arctic and the Tropic zones and which are distributed all over the world. From an economic point of view they are of high importance to man, the seal fisheries of Newfoundland alone running in value up to almost half a million of dollars. Of recent years they have also been of high political importance, the subject of despatches, protocols and conferences, and about them many legal arguments have been used by representatives of two of the great powers of the world.

Much interesting information has been furnished us about the seals in a paper by Mr. C. H. Townsend, Director of the Aquarium, published in the annual Report of the New York Zoological Society.

The Newfoundland seal fishery seems to have reached its height about forty years ago, at which time no less than 400 sailing vessels, employing 13,000 men, were engaged in it. In 1844 the number of seals taken was 700,000; but the Newfoundland seal herd could not stand the drain to which it was subjected, decreased in number and the catch now varies from year to year; the number killed in 1899 having been more than 268,000, and in 1900 more than 352,000. The species found here is chiefly the Greenland seal, though a few hooded seals are taken each year. The seal are killed on their breeding ground on the ice, and more than ninety per cent of the annual catch are young animals taken before they are three weeks old. The force employed in this fishery to-day is about twenty-five steam vessels, giving employment to 3,000 or 4,000 men. The gradual decrease in the number of the seals has made it necessary to put a close season on them, so that the time for taking them at present lasts little more than a month, beginning March 16. These seals are killed for their hides and oil, but do not produce a fur that is of any value.

Largest of the seal family is the huge sea elephant, or elephant seal, so named from his greatly elongated and flexible snout—a real proboscis. In the early days of the seal fishing industry seal elephants abounded in the Antarctic lands, where they were killed for their oil, the skins being almost valueless. A northern species of sea-elephant was formerly abundant along the western coast of North America to the south in early days, and even as late as 1870. For years it was killed there by the whalers, and at last was practically exterminated, so that when in 1884 Mr. Townsend examined Lower California for this species he was able to find only eighteen of the animals. Nevertheless in 1904 a few stragglers were taken.

The familiar walrus of Arctic regions, which formerly was sometimes found on the Atlantic coast as far south as the St. Lawrence River, and another species common in the Bering Sea, have now been exterminated from all parts of either coast which are at all accessible.

The West Indian seal, once abundant in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico and on some of the Florida keys and the Bahama Islands, is almost extinct, and, in fact, was practically exterminated over a century ago. One of these seals lived in the New York Aquarium for more than five years.

In two great inland bodies of water, the Caspian Sea and Lake Baikal, are found seals which probably made their way into the great inland waters which they inhabit long, long ago, and have remained there ever since. The value of the catch of seals in the Caspian Sea has been in a single season $350,000, in skins and oil. The Lake Baikal seal is remarkable chiefly as inhabiting fresh water. Commercially, it is unimportant.

Far best known of all the seals are those belonging to the group called the eared seals, which furnish the fur sealskin. These are found in the Arctic and the Antarctic, in the temperate zone, and under the equator. The South African fur seal, breeding off the west coast of South Africa, was almost exterminated, but of recent years has been protected by the Government of Cape Colony.

There is a fur seal rookery at the mouth of the La Plata River, which the Government of Uruguay has carefully protected for many years. The island on which they haul is only a small one, less than a mile in length, but it furnishes an average of more than 10,000 skins a year. It is reported, however, that pelagic sealing is threatening this little herd, as it has already destroyed so many of the northern seals. The Galapagos Islands, lying on the equator 800 miles west of Ecuador, and Guadaloupe Island, off the west coast of Lower California, were once seal rookeries of importance, but have been destroyed by man's greed. The rookeries of the Okhotsk Sea, Robbin Island and the Kuril Islands, have been pretty nearly wiped out of existence.

The best known and largest herds of fur seals are those of the Pribilof and Commander Islands in the Bering Sea. Here, more than 100 years ago, the Russian explorers discovered the fur seals in vast numbers. For many years they were destroyed indiscriminately, but at last the Russian Government took the herds under its protection and so regulated the killing that they became very productive. After the cession of Alaska to the United States, the taxes paid to the United States Government on sealskins alone yielded within twenty years about $7,000,000—the price paid for the entire territory.

Pelagic sealing began about twenty years ago, and has continued up to the present time, destroying in that period the value to Russia and to the United States of the seal islands which they possess.

There still remain a few seals on these islands, but their number has decreased astonishingly from that of a few years ago. Until pelagic sealing shall have been wholly abolished, these rookeries of the North Pacific can never re-establish themselves. The people engaged in it are a few Americans, a few Japanese and a few crews from British Columbia.

From this brief review some notion may be had of the way in which the seals have been destroyed over all the oceans of the world. It would seem as if the time had come for the nations of the world to unite for the protection of these wild creatures, which otherwise must be utterly exterminated. Unless such a step shall be taken, an industry of great value must cease.

FOREST SERVICE REGULATIONS.

THE new forest service regulations and instructions for the use of forest reserves went into effect July 1. They were drawn up by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the United States Forester, under whose control, by the action of Congress last winter, the Forest Reserves have now happily passed.

People whose memories are not very long may well enough remember what a howl of indignation went up from much of the western country when the first forest reserves were established, and how, for several years thereafter, the establishment of each new reserve caused a renewal of the public indignation in the territory affected by the proclamation. Happily this is now ancient history, and the public has very largely come to take the common sense view of these reserves which not so many years ago was held by a hopeless minority of more advanced people. If there still remain any who do not believe in the forest reserves in the purpose for which they are created, or the Department's intention in administering them, a few extracts from Mr. Pinchot's regulations ought to show them that they are in error and to make clear to them the good purpose which animates those authorities which now have the reserves under their control.

The first paragraph of these Regulations says: "Forest reserves are for the purpose of preserving a perpetual supply of timber for home industry, preventing destruction of the forest cover which regulates the flow of streams, and protecting local residents from unfair competition in the use of forest and range. They are patrolled and protected at Government expense for the benefit of the community and the home builder."

That statement seems unmistakable and not less so is another extract: "The administration of forest reserves is not for the benefit of the Government but of the people. The revenue derived from them goes, not into the general fund of the United States but toward maintaining upon the reserve a force of men organized to serve the public interests. This force has three chief duties: To protect the reserves against fire, to assist the people in their use, and to see that they are properly used."

The view of the duties of officers of the Forest Service expressed by Mr. Pinchot, the head of the service, is quite different from the idea so frequently held and expressed by persons in the West who come in contact with these officials. These duties are thus defined: "Forest officers therefore are servants of the people. They must obey instructions and enforce the regulations for the protection of the reserves without fear or favor, and must not allow personal or temporary interests to weigh against the permanent good of the reserves; but it is no less their duty to encourage and assist legitimate enterprises. They must answer all inquiries concerning reserve methods fully and cheerfully, and be at least as prompt and courteous in the conduct of reserve business as they would in private business.

They must make every effort to prevent the misunderstanding and violation of reserve regulations by giving information fully and freely. The object should be to prevent mistakes rather than to have to punish those who make them. Information should be given tactfully, by advice and not by offensive warning."

It might be wished that every newspaper office in the West were provided with a copy of these Regulations. A study of them would go a long way toward making the public comprehend the objects hoped to be attained by the Forest Service and the methods of its administration.

GAME PROTECTOR POND.

MAJ. J. WARREN POND, the New York Chief Game Protector, has tendered his resignation to Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner Whipple, to take effect on Oct. 1. His retirement will close a term of seventeen years of continuous service—a term which is notable in these days of political change, and a service which has been of inestimable value to the people of the State. When Major Pond entered the department in 1888 the organization was raw and crude; its development and improvement have been in large measure wrought by him. He was fitted for the place by qualifications which the public soon came to recognize and respect and feel confidence in. With earnestness of purpose were united a shrewdness and a discretion in dealing with the perplexing problems which are forever coming up in the protective work, and these qualities were complemented by a personal integrity which inspired in those who were familiar with his work full confidence in the man and in his methods. For years the sportsmen of New York have felt that in Chief Protector Pond they had an efficient and discreet friend and ally, not only in the repression of law-breaking, but in the wise molding of the laws to meet the needs of the hour. Not the least notable of Major Pond's services has been that of counseling legislative committees in the consideration of the annual amendments of the law. His advice has been sought and heeded, to the great good of the fish and game interests, and to the decided satisfaction of those who are intelligently and unselfishly concerned in the work of protection. That at times the Chief Protector has been assailed with rancor because of his lack of pliability in favor of some pet bill, or some measure designed to give some special privilege, is in itself a testimony to his worth as an official whose aim was to conserve and promote the public interests as against those of individual or class.

Last winter Major Pond's name was associated with the Adirondack timber scandals, and charges of misdoing were rife, but a full investigation of the affair resulted in an exoneration of the Chief Protector, and Governor Higgins declared last week not only that Major Pond had not in any way benefited personally through the illegal cutting of timber in the Adirondacks, but that he had only done his duty in the matter.

We speak for the intelligent friends of game and fish protection in New York when we express our regret to see Major Pond leave the office he has filled so long and so well. We regard his going as a distinct public loss,



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Stories of Some Sea Dogs.

I.—How My Mongrel Dog Saved the Ship.

With as trim a little ship under my feet as ever went to sea, we left New York bound to Buenos Ayres, with a crew list numbering twenty-one as good men as ever crossed a royal yard, or stood a watch, and a mongrel dog. The cargo was a very valuable one, and we hoped that within between thirty-five and forty days we should be at our anchorage in the Rio La Plata, and in half as many days more be loaded with a cargo of hides and start on our homeward journey.

This mongrel dog I had picked up one wintry night on the wharf and brought on board half starved, and shivering with the cold, and although here last enumerated in the number of living things on board, in a few weeks he was destined to be the first to head the list when the ship's crew was mentioned. He was a cross, part collie; the cleverest dog fancier in the country could not have told the other breed. But all the same, mongrel that he was, he was a lovable and most intelligent fellow, and from his actions we reasoned that he was not making his first voyage on a ship; in fact, from the start he appeared to be quite at home, knew that he belonged aft, and while friendly to a certain degree with the crew, yet never permitted any familiarities on their part. He would go forward with one of the mates or myself, but never would go forward of the galley door unless sent. He was a great favorite with the cook, who frequently left him to watch the tid-bits intended for the cabin table, while the cook went aft to get water from the scuttle butt, or to confer with the steward. Sometimes he would be given a book or some old newspapers and told to "go forward and give it to the men," and he would trot off and deliver the books or papers to a favorite man, receive caresses and run aft apparently pleased to think that his chore was done. Occasionally at night he would go up on the topgallant forecastle and spend some time with the man on the lookout, provided he liked the man; but he was never known to enter the forecastle or go forward at meal time.

It was not long before the men came to be very fond of Bob. They made him a very nice collar which he wore with pride; and one day Bob came trotting aft with a water-proof coat that one of the men made him. It was raining hard at the time and I never shall forget how proud the dog seemed to be of his present. He ran up to me wagging his bushy tail and looked at me inquiringly as much as to say, "Can I wear this," and to assure him that it had my approval I went forward with him and asked the man who had made it, and when the man presented himself I thanked him and patted him on the back, and then Bob jumped up and putting his fore paws on the man's shoulder stood still while his head was patted. That settled it, and from that hour the maker of his rain coat was Bob's especial favorite, and when the man was at the wheel the dog would often be found at his feet fast asleep. Bob always wore his coat when it rained, and some willing hands always stood ready to fasten it on for him.

Scarcely a day passed over our heads but Bob would do something in his quiet way, that would set us talking about his wonderful display of intelligence and lovable nature. He had no opportunity to show any temper, for no one would provoke him to show it. That he was a model dog no one disputed. Never a ship passed at night within the range of Bob's scent, but that he apprised us of the fact, and although we often did not see the ship owing to the darkness, we knew that we were passing one, and even when we did see the vessel Bob had always given warning of our proximity to it before the lookouts had seen it. Sometimes he would smell a whale at night, but we soon learned to know by his bark whether it was a vessel or a whale that he had discovered. For this keen scent he was held in high esteem by all on board, and the lookouts felt that if Bob was around he was certain to give them due notice to keep a brighter lookout.

The star event on Bob's record came one dark night when we were about twenty days out from New York. There was no moon, and there was a remarkable dense mass of clouds. We were jogging along with the royals furled, the wind on the quarter. The sea was quiet and the weather did not betoken any immediate storm, yet it was a night which called for doubling up the lookouts, for we were in the track of vessels crossing over from Europe to the West Indies and the northern ports of Brazil. I was down below in the cabin looking over the chart, and had just been reading the barometer, when Bob rushed forward and mounting the topgallant forecastle snuffed the air several times and then set up a fierce barking, his keen eyes being directed right ahead. The lookout men could not induce him to stop, and as the seconds passed he increased the volume of barks, and jumped around the forecastle as if mad. The watch below were awakened, and by the time I got forward half the watch were on deck to see what was the matter with Bob. By this time we all felt sure that the dog had seen or scented something, but none of us could see anything ahead that should provoke such anxiety on the part of the animal. It was not many minutes, however, before we all saw a long, low black object on the surface of the water dead ahead, and calling all hands to the braces, I shouted "Hard down your helm, for God's sake!" and by the time the ship came up to the wind we just barely escaped running bow on into a large half-sunken vessel which lay directly in our path. But for the timely warning of that faithful creature we should have run into her plump amidships, with a certainty that it would have stove in our bows, sent the masts and spars tumbling about our heads, probably killing all of us; many of us would have been below at that time. I have had many a close escape from collisions in fogs, but never one so close as that one.

As soon as we had given the direlict a wide berth, the ship was put on her course, the yards clecked in, and we began to congratulate ourselves on our miraculous escape, and were giving Bob his full share of the credit, but he was very uneasy and would run to the taffrail and bark occasionally, but when he realized that we were leaving the craft for good he set up a terrific volly of barks, whinings and canine pleadings, looking at me in a most human way. At last I said to the mate, "I wonder if there can be any persons alive on that craft?" The mate thought not, but the action of Bob so appealed to my feelings that at last I ordered the topgallant sails clewed up, put the helm down and resolved to stay by the wreck till morning, and then send a boat on board and settle the question forever. We stood close to the wreck but could neither see any living thing nor hear any sounds, save the splash of the water against her side.

When daylight came we were alongside and laying the maintopsail to the mast, we lowered a boat and the mate went off to board her. It was not long before he made signal for us to come within hail, and from him we learned that there were fourteen human beings on board, and four dead bodies in the cabin. He told us to send another boat at once. Bob was the most interested spectator on our ship, running to and fro in great stress of mind, at times whining and showing an anxiety almost human. It did not take long to get those poor creatures on board of our ship; one of them, the captain's wife, strange to say, had more life in her than any other one of the rescued. The mate buried as best he could the four that had perished from starvation the day previous, and we again made sail for our destination. Bob's attention was attracted to the captain's wife, and as we carried her down into the cabin he followed, and during the time she was in her room he was her constant companion. For several days we had our hands full in nursing back to life the poor unfortunates, but we saved them all, and when they were so far advanced in strength as to be able to be about the decks it was really touching to see Bob's sharing his attention first with one and then another, receiving the pats so lovingly given, and licking their hands and at times laying his head on their laps to receive their caressings. But when he had made his round of visits he would return to the captain's wife and sit by her side for hours at a time.

Fine weather and favoring winds brought us to our destination with no further incidents. The ship from which we had taken the people had been bound from Liverpool to Rio de Janeiro laden with an assorted cargo, but had a large quantity of lumber on board, which kept her afloat. She had encountered a series of gales, had been dismasted, then had sprung a leak, and before they could secure enough provisions to last them for any length of time the most of it had been destroyed by salt water. For some days they had been on short rations, when another gale came upon them, and for over a week, before we fell in with them, they had had but very little to eat, three men had been killed when the masts went over the side of the ship. The three that had been killed were buried in the ocean by their shipmates and the four that the mate had found dead when he went on board had died during the preceding twenty-four hours, but those left were too weak to bury them; another twelve or twenty hours at the most would have ended the earthly career of all of them. They certainly would have perished but for the persistent pleadings of my mongrel dog, Bob. To say that the dog was idolized or worshipped by every soul on board gives but faint expression of the facts; still, the dog took the tributes showered upon him with becoming grace, and was as vigilant as ever in his nightly lookouts; in fact, some of the men said he spent more time on the topgallant forecastle than he had before we fell in with the wreck.

When we arrived at Buenos Ayres we soon had our passengers in the hands of the British Consul, who provided for them liberally. It was a scene I never shall forget—the parting of that rescued crew and Bob. They hugged and kissed him and blessed him, and the captain's wife begged that I would give her Bob; but I believe that much as the men liked her, if I had concluded to let Bob go there would have been a mutiny. The story of the dog soon reached the shore and the ships in the harbor, and hundreds of people came off to see him. Before we sailed my passengers clubbed together and bought a collar for Bob, a most elaborate affair. On a small plate of solid gold was inscribed: "To Faithful Bob, Who Saved Our Lives." On a silver band riveted on the leather collar was engraved the names of each of the party, the name of the ship, the date of the rescue, and the name of our ship and its master. I did not dare take Bob on shore lest he might be stolen or because the crowds to see him would prevent me from doing any business.

Bob and I were shipmates for over three years, and at last he was stricken with some malady beyond my limited veterinary skill to combat, and died at sea. You would think me childish were I to tell you of my grief at his death; a grief that was equal to any I ever experienced. Well, the carpenter made him a coffin, one that would remain intact for a long time; it was laden with plenty of iron so that it would sink well down in the depths of the ocean, and just before sundown, with colors half-mast, we laid the maintopsail to the mast and when the ship stood still, all hands with uncovered heads stood in the starboard waist, and faithful, loving, intelligent Bob was committed to the deep—gone forever, but to me an ever precious memory of devotion, a dumb animal that had been the direct medium of saving thirty-five lives in one day, a constant comfort, a delightful companion in sunshine or storm, a true friend who never lied to me.

Bob was not the only dog of the sea that has rendered vital service to me, and not the only one that by his vigilance and intelligence has warned me of impending danger in time to avert it, and when I hear a man abuse a dog, I must confess that I am tempted to say that a sign should be placed on his door post, "Beware of the man."

B. S. Osbon.

Summer Roof Trees.*—II.

The plans and perspective sketches of the three rustic cottages which we illustrate in this issue were the prize winning designs submitted in a competition given by the Brochure Series for a shooting box. All the plans and exteriors differ greatly in character, and they offer a wide choice to the prospective builder of a woodland home.

Design No. 1 shows an attractive building with long overhanging roof having very much the feeling of a Swiss chalet. The author intended that the structure should be built on the shore of a lake or stream, as the sketch shows, and a rough stone retaining wall is built in the front where the ground slopes toward the beach to form the porch or terrace, which extends around three sides. The great projection of the roof protects the terrace from the sun and rain. The construction of the roof is of such a nature that no posts or columns are necessary, and a porch roof is secured without the usual obstructions. This requires a strong construction, especially if the building is to be erected where there are heavy snowfalls, for the strains resulting from the great weight imposed upon it would be tremendous.

The plan shows an excellent arrangement. The main feature is the living room, or, as it is labeled on the plan, gun room. It is here that, when indoors, all hands lounge and eat, and as the room has no ceiling, being left open to the roof, a very attractive and home-like spot can be made. The narrow end wall overlooking the lake is pierced by large windows, and both inside and out a wide seat extends the entire width under these openings. In pleasant weather the occupants would sit on the outside seat to watch the sun set behind the hills across the lake, while in bad weather the indoor lounge would enable those in the house to see what was going on outside.

At the opposite end of the room is the huge fire-place, which immediately suggests comfort, warmth and camaraderie when the nights are chilly.

Generously wide doors directly opposite one another open on the porch. Having doors on each side is an excellent scheme, not only because it affords good ventilation when the weather is warm, but one has always a lee side to enter or leave the building by.

Shelves and gun racks extend along the walls on either side between the doors leading to the porch and those which give access to the bedrooms. The bedrooms are not large, but as they are used as sleeping apartments only they are of ample size. They are separated by the kitchen, and the occupants of each are reasonably sure not to be disturbed or annoyed until morning, when breakfast preparations would serve as an alarm clock.

The big living room fire-place does double duty, for the kitchen flue leads into it. A door from the kitchen opens on the rear of the house, and a simple porch would be an addition, as it would protect the doorway and serve as a wash room and a shed where firewood could be kept dry.

The building is constructed of logs and the whole is of a most substantial kind. The big stone chimney adds much to the dignity of the building. Chimneys can hardly be made too big, and nothing adds so much to the attractions of a home in the woods, for there fuel is abundant, and it is only natural that we associate with such an abode a huge cordwood fire crackling on a generous hearth.

This house could be built of ordinary frame construction in most localities at less cost and less pains, and if proper care is exercised and the work is done thoroughly, as satisfactory a building will result.

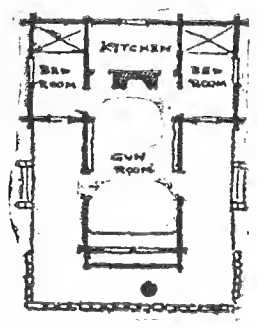
The plan of design No. 2 is not as good as the one just described, but the exterior is rather more attractive, and the sketch shows considerable refinement of design. The construction is most simple yet most attractive withal.

This plan, like the last, has for its predominating feature the big living room, and in this case it has to serve as a kitchen as well. In a simple camp which is to be occupied by men alone perhaps, this is no objection, but whenever possible it is more cleanly and healthful to have the food prepared and cooked in a separate room.

The three bedrooms in this plan are hardly more than little alcoves with bunks built in on the sides. One man each is about all these little alcoves would accommodate. It is usually better to have bedrooms of more liberal size and let two or more occupy them.

*For the first paper of this series see issue of June 25, 1905.





NO. I.

Each of the bedrooms has its own window. The big fire-place is located on the rear wall of the living room, and along the side are numerous windows. The entrance door is on the front and leads to a roomy covered porch which in turn is surrounded by a strong paved terrace. This cottage, like the others, is on the lake and a stone retaining wall built up from the water's edge supports the terrace. The building is of logs and the roof of shingles. The porch columns are of wood and the big chimney is of stone. The remarks made regarding frame construction apply to this house as well as to the first one described.

Design No. 3 is a decidedly rustic structure and an interesting building in many ways. The plan has features embodied in the plan shown in the first paper on "Summer Roof Trees," in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 17 1905. It is a good one and has much to recommend it. It is less of the camp and more of the cottage than the other two designs, and would be more suitable for a simple summer home to be used by a family. The main room is not so large as those in the other plans, nor is a large room needed when there is a kitchen. There is a roomy closet reached from the living room and another reached from the kitchen. The rear porch is also a very good feature. We like also the separation of the bedroom, and the wide porch extending along the front would make a most enjoyable lounging place.

The exterior is very pleasing and would look particularly well if covered with shingles instead of logs.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

Another Cyclone and Vicksburg.

ONE gets used to most things on the Mississippi. The restless spirit is tamed into carelessness and shiftlessness in an attempt to float a cabin boat from St. Louis to New Orleans. The expericnced river man will lie in an eddy for a week awaiting the going down of a wind, no matter how lonesome the eddy or how urgent the call from down stream. The true cabin-boater learns not to worry about not being able to float, poor duck shooting, an empty flour can, or an uncertain future; but one thing will always stir him up and bring fire into his eyes, and that is a cyclone. A man down with malaria, aching with rheumatism and not a year from the grave, will get up from his bed at the ropes when the blue clouds come sliding up out of the west and the long, white tresses of flying scud begin to dart, clawing up from the horizon and scaring the blackening storm.

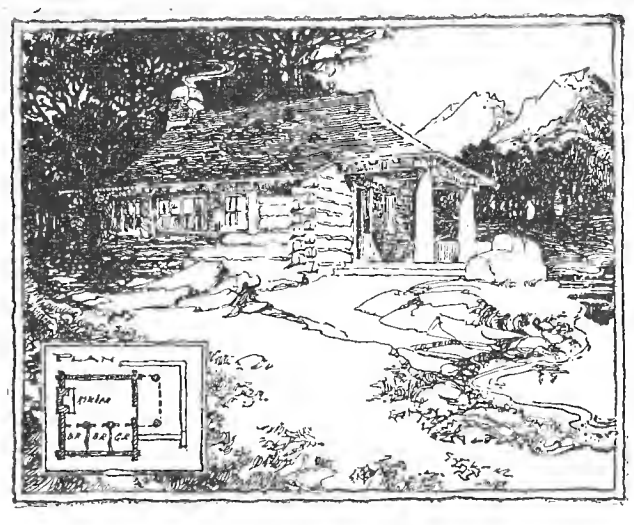
The river man says three things are sudden on the Mississippi, a crevasse, a cut-off and a cyclone. To compare the Mississippi one would say "Crevasse, cut-off, cyclone"—these are the bad, worse and worst of the Mississippi bottoms. The cyclone is most frequent, and no cabin-boater of a year's experience but has a tale to tell of these storms. I had two, the first one nearly terminating my river and other experiences by jamming me down into alongshore mud and then swinging a cabin boat around on top of me. My second was equally startling and nearly as dangerous.

On March 12, we landed in at Salem landing, and on the following afternoon the Medicine Man came in about 1 o'clock, feeling happy over sales amounting to $4. In a few minutes we sat down to dinner, and at 1:55, I went to the stern of the boat and noted the appearance of the river and the sky.

"A patter of rain," I wrote, "swallows skimmering over the water close to the surface. Blue clouds low in the north, working around to the westward. Very dark clouds, with light patches among them, but no rounded thunder heads. Two ducks flying up-stream like bullets close to the water, while a bald eagle flaps awkwardly but as fast in flight a hundred feet above them, a little behind. Partner has just remarked that he was blown into the willows a mile below here by a cyclone four years ago. Drift is running. A plume of white cloud a bit south of west of us is very pretty to look at, and suggests spray whipped from the tops of salt sea waves."

At 2:05, I noted, "Drift running, rain pattering down at intervals, lightning grows plainer. As the drops hit the water, little columns of water jump up. The curious white tresses seem fairly to dart across the sky. Some of them are more than half way to the zenith, though ten minutes ago they were only just noticeable low down in the west."

The willows, with their new flung leaves, seemed fairly to be swept with green, bright and beautiful, with splashes of gold as subdued sunshine was flung across the brakes. I thought it was the coming of a heavy shower, and I sat delighted by the view and making my notes with glad heart that I had so good a description



NO. II.

of events before a southern rain storm. Prosaically, I wrote, "Swept out, wiped dishes, hail coming down and rain sprinkling down. Now she comes—the distant banks fade slowly from sight, two more ducks fleet up stream, but I do not see anything after them—wonder why they go so fast.

"2:25 o'clock. Cooler by several degrees. The little shower has turned the switch willows on the sand bars a dark, beautiful green—were purple only yesterday. The Medicine Man does not believe in working on Sunday—says it never helped him, and he won't do it, not even float, if only to keep some line between him and the river people who know neither Saturdays nor Sundays, nor Woden-days.

"Cottonwoods show against the dark-purple forests here now as the poplars show against the green balsam of Adirondack swamps in relatively the same season of the year up north—a light haze against the dark background."

I attempted to describe the coming of the water around the bend, its heaving up on the point of the low sandbar, where the switch willows grew, and the long undulating reflections of the tall trees—a characteristic and beautiful river scene. We were in an eddy, about forty feet wide, and a hundred feet long—a deep, swirling pool. Judging from where the sun set the night before, we were well sheltered from a wind out of the west by a point of high, tough, caving bank, which had resisted the wear of the river longer than the bank above or below. The compass showed later that this apparent shelter from the west wind was deceptive, for the boat, end on to the bank, was broadside and fully exposed to the west gale for two-thirds the cabin's length. An anchor line was out astern, fortunately, and the bow lines ran to logs to starboard forty feet and to port some farther.

Having noted these things, for lack of anything better, and having drawn the point roughly, I noted: "2:47, another storm has developed and is coming—lightning, thunder and a cloud. It is like a skirmish line ahead of artillery, and the main army behind. Rain commences slowly, and the wind comes in strong blasts. 'It looks like a cyclone,' Jim shouts, 'get ready to go ashore!' Then it hits us like a——."

The last entry was in a scrawl and most hastily done. It was nearly three hours later when I was able to write again, and in the meantime the cyclone swept over us.

A cyclone is a wandering band of contending currents of air, swaggering across the country, kicking up a mighty dust, and a-throwing all things handy and movable up and down and in all directions. The first gusts of the storm which struck us seemed to be rolls of air bunched up and thrust ahead by the Ishmaelite rowdy currents. I could see the storm coming nearly two miles across the water and low sandbar, which was surrounded by water. The trees on the distant bank bent and sprung back as they were lost to sight in a dull, grayish mist. The water jerked, apparently, and whitened. The sandbar had been wet down by the rain, but when the water came whitening along both sides of the bar, there was a great puff of tawny cloud sprang up which grew larger and larger, boiling hundreds of feet up into the gray cloud which was coming, and hiding everything behind except the first few yards of fading, bending willows and water beginning to stand up in peaks. Perhaps four minutes elapsed from the time I first saw the trees bending on the distant bank to when the water began to whiten at the near end of the sandbar, a fourth of a mile distant. It was at this time that the Medicine Man caught sight of the phenomenon of which I was so interested and innocent a witness. A glance told his practiced eye what was coming, and his yell of "Get ready to go ashore!" was so full of experiences gone before, and another coming on, that I slammed my note book closed and with four motions wrapped it up with my other ledger, already full of notes, and started for the bow. Whatever else might happen, I would save the 250,000 words in notes I had already written. The oil cloth would keep them from getting wet in any rain.

I was half way through the cabin, and at the partition between the galley and sitting room, when there was a slap against the side of the boat like a plank hitting it flat side to. The boat leaned far over to port, almost upsetting, and then seemed to drop back again. Behind me, I heard a thing like fire burning in a great pile of loosely-heaped laths and other wood. I looked back and saw the starboard side of the galley roof rising in the air, while the red window curtain was flapping straight up toward the ceiling. The roof, of quarter-inch pine, tar-papered, flapped up and down a dozen times and then rolled over till a third of the galley ceiling was open air. Then the roof slammed back again, and I did a thing for which I cannot just account. I jumped and grabbed the roof near the starboard side wall, and held on. Once, as I was lifted by the roof till my heels were clear of the floor, I thought I'd better let go, but the Medicine Man had come aft and he seized the roof, and our combined weight brought it down. The pound and whirl at the head of the storm passed by, and a steady gale set in, and with the gale came long waves which threw



NO. III.

the boat against the bank, sucked it back and threw it again harder yet. Still my notes under my arm, I ran to the bow and saw another curious thing.

The boat was broadside to the waves coming down current from due west. The water pounded against the starboard side, flew up and came down in sheets in the stern in a fashion that would soon have swamped it. There were moments when it seemed as if the boat would turn over.

The starboard line was fast to a three-foot cypress log. It was a two-inch rope, and I tied it—one turn around the log and then two tight half-hitches around the line with at least two feet of the end for play. Because the boat seemed about to be "tore up," I looked at that fastening first. What was my horror to see the knot wriggle and then slip out, while the long rope came trailing across the little beach looking like a snake through the fog of rain which hid any object thirty yards distant. While I stood watching, the bank drew away, and I realized that the boat had moved.

I made a dandy jump. It seemed as though the rain would pound me down into the water, but it didn't. I reached land, with a yell that may have sounded like a railway train rounding a curve coming from my lips. The Medicine Man followed, and then we looked around. As we did so, the port line, dragging in the drift on the beach, caught in a drift willow fork and hung the boat quartering to the waves instead of broadside as it had been. With one mind, we divined what had happened, and the Medicine Man knew what to do. The boat came in as the port line tightened, and he ran aboard, and hauled in the anchor line. That brought us end on to the waves, and this position, and this one only, saved the boat from swamping right there. My skiff, tied at the bow, was washed under and it was three hours before we managed to drag it ashore out of the pounding waves.

The first few minutes over—that is to say, the worst of the storm and the time during which there was danger of the boat being thrown over—we got our stuff ready to rush ashore in case the waves should swamp us. My trunk and other duffle was in comparatively good order for hasty exit, and I had a big canvas to sling over the stuff and weigh down with logs of drift wood, and thus keep it dry. When my boat was drawn up, and found to be uninjured by the pounding it had received, I had no worry, for I could go on down the river in it safely as ever. The Medicine Man was equally philosophical.

"I thought she was going, didn't you?" he said. "If she had, I'd quit the river and hit the back country—I'm double dogged if I like this old river anyhow. I s'pose we'll have to pump now."

There was the water in the hold, and this we pumped out, taking turns at the churn-dasher-like occupation by the half hour. The temperature dropped almost to freezing, and the wind settled to a gale which came from the points between west and northeast. The waves rolled in from ten to fifteen a minute and sloshed against the bluff bank with wearying, unrhythmic noise. Examination disclosed the discomfiting fact that the cabin had been sprung a couple of inches, and that the waves against the side of the boat had found a half-inch crack, or less, above the gunwale, through which the water spurted into our bed unnoticed till capillary attraction had caused the wetting of a third of the bedding. At this discovery, we sat down by the stove until the very dolefulness of our faces made us laugh, and when we had cooked supper, the banjo and the French harp solaced the long hours in which we sat up, ready to jump ashore, or to the lines, should anything need our attention during the gale which lasted with fury till after midnight. When the wind died away enough, the blankets and quilts were sufficiently dry, and we went to bed.

Monday morning came, and the day was a ca'ming finely. After breakfast, the sun shone delightfully and temptingly.

"I'll remember this ole landing nex' time," the Medicine Man said. "'F I'd a noticed 'twas the landin' where I got blowed into the willows before and was 'most drowned, I'd neveh stopped yeah, no indeedy!"

We cast off about 2 o'clock P. M., by which time the wind was well down. Our anchor hanging into the wearing bank about thirty feet below the surface, was deep in mud, but we jerked it out by running the the boat against the snubbed line. A few miles down—away below Duvall's landing—I saw Spanish moss on a tree, and soon after, several trees draped in it. I had seen pictures of Louisiana swamps, but they conveyed but scant idea of the utter ghastliness of the hanging gray crape, swinging in the wind. It did not better the impression when the sunlight and a closer view disclosed a purplish tinge. For me, there was exulting at the sight, however. The cypress tree had been evi-

dence that I was in the Mississippi bottoms, and now the Spanish moss showed that I was coming into the Louisiana swamp country, pictures of which in school books show alligators, Spanish moss and dense shades.

Moreover, I was meeting spring half way. Behind me, 2,000 miles, away the snow was melting, and darkies, whose tents the wind had blown down at Salem, said the annual head rise was coming. At Sterling, I had seen a peach tree in beautiful pink bloom, and green grass among the gray shreds on the levee face. Here the cypress tree was turning a soft maple red. Following the cold night, ducks were coming north with the rise of the temperature. On all sides spring voices began to predominate. One other river sign was as characteristic as any in the air. The Medicine Man looked at the latticed stern of the boat, and viewed the damp deck with undisguised fear.

"That won't never do!" said he, "the yellow fever season is coming—that thing must come down!"

With ax and hammer, we cut away the close lath lattice work and knocked the roof off the stern deck, letting the sun in upon the boards and wash bench, which had not been dry in months. The sun and wind worked together upon the stern deck, and widening dry spots appeared. With a shovel, debris under the boxes and fire-wood, was cast into the river and a remarkable change was wrought in the appearance of that part of the craft.

A thorough job done in the stern, the galley looked unkempt, and was subjected to as thorough a putting to rights. The fore-cabin was in turn fretted into full companionship with the stern deck and the galley. Under the bow deck were bushels of bottles and junk—this stuff was hauled out and at the end of a week's intermittent labor, the craft had gone through its spring house cleaning—here was a similarity between river and bank life.

The Medicine Man wanted to go into Vicksburg with what he called "a good time" in his pocket. We went down from landing to landing, he "rubbing" the bank, and I skirmishing around picking up odds and ends of information about the region. At one landing, I was lying on the levee waiting the Medicine Man's return from back on a plantation, when I saw a youth on horseback galloping down the road. He stopped at the house in which my partner was trying to make a sale. A few moments later a man came out of the house, jumped astride the horse and rode away back up the road. After a time I went back to the boat and several hours later, as we were dropping down in mid-stream, he told me that the boy had come after the constable to arrest a youth who was lying beside the road in some bushes to kill a school girl who had refused to marry him on demand. All the participants were negroes.

Our landings were scanned with such vigilance by the Medicine Man that I made inquiries which elicited the information that Mississippi was "mean." Peddlers are obliged to take out license and pay high for them in that State. To sell medicine, one must pay $50, the Medicine Man said with vicious expletives against so narrow a State as that. When he landed in Mississippi, he looked in all directions, "shunning the white man." When doing business, he went back from the river, and worked toward it, so that no plots laid behind him would cut him off from the river and the cabin boat. Louisiana was better natured toward the dealers in alleged cures, but the laws were stringent, and it was needful to "offend" nobody, and also not to remain at a landing long after sales were made behind the levee.

"Louisiana has a farm," the Medicine Man said. "They send such men as me to hit—what do ye think of that? Seems like they was drawing the lines that close a poor man can't make a living no more, less he goes out and digs ditches, or shovels dirt—that ain't no work for a white man. Why I seen white men to work and niggers sitting down looking on! Ain't that pretty near the limit!"

At Henderson's Landing—a big store-house—the view from the levee top was such a one as a combination of many stories of the plantation South made one believe it was a dream-like reality. The things which one reads in Uncle Remus, Cable, Huck Finn and Monette seemed to be right there before the eyes. Along the inside of the levee was a road, dry, hard and smooth. A little negro girl was walking down the road, singing as if her heart was broken, but perfectly proud of her bright blue dress, flat, wide black hat and shiny shoes. A new split rail fence—built in posts—around an oasis of garden and white-washed "quarters" was beyond a five-strand wire fence, and for miles back, other oases were in the desert of plowed ground. On the far horizon were deadenings—gaunt, girdled trees with smoke rising, indicating the burning process of clearing lands toward the swamp a few miles back.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135.]

NATURAL HISTORY

A Captive Dolphin at the Aquarium

LAST week the New York Aquarium obtained its first dolphin, which was also so far as known the second ever held in captivity in this country. The old New York Aquarium had one for a few days, and many years ago the Brighton (England) Aquarium had one, but this seems to complete the record of the dolphin in captivity.

This specimen was captured in a pound net off Long Branch on the New Jersey coast and was brought to Fulton Market. On Aug. 4 it was out of the water all day long and perhaps then received some injury. At all events, when seen on Monday last, the 7th, it did not seem to be in good condition. Although it made a great show in the pool swimming steadily and rising at short intervals to blow, it nevertheless seemed weak, did not swim level, and on one or two occasions ran against an obstruction at the edge of the pool. It died Aug. 7, about 1 o'clock. The specimen in question was seven feet long and was probably a common dolphin (*Delphinus delphis*). Its form is slender, it has a gradually sloping forehead and long beak-like jaws which are armed with teeth. This is the common dolphin of the ancients, abundant, among other places, in the Mediterranean. By the ancients, of course, it was regarded as a fish; but they were impressed by its intelligence which is far greater than that of any fish. It must not be confounded with the fish *Coryphæna,* which changes its colors in dying, and about which there were so many legends. This dolphin may roughly be described as black above and white below. The specimen in question seems to have the white running forward on to the upper jaw.

The dolphin is a swift swimmer, and was often used in heraldry, a dolphin, for example, forming the arms of the eldest son of the King of France, whence he was said to be called Dauphin, but as a matter of fact the Dauphin was so-called from the Province of Dauphiné, the arms of this Province being the dolphin, and adopted by the King's son.

About the dolphin cluster a multitude of legends, all pointing to great intelligence of the animal and to its usefulness to man. Of these legends, many may be dismissed as wholly mythic, but a modern tale, from a no less authoritative source than the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, is hardly less wonderful than some of those stories of the ancients. Thus, Mr. Fairholm, in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1856, says: "In Moreton Bay the natives used, to aid the men in the capture of 'mullet,' a kind of 'porpoise.' When a shoal of the fish comes into the bay, the natives with their spears make a peculiar splashing in the water. Whether the porpoises really understand this as a signal or think it is the fish it is difficult to determine, but the result is always the same. They at once come in toward, driving the 'mullet' before them." The person who told this story believed that the porpoises did understand the signal.

It is hardly necessary to say to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM that the dolphin is not a fish, any more than is any other whale. All these cetaceans are mammals adapted for life in the ocean. They are an ancient group, running back to very early tertiary times. They are fish-like in form but with the exception that the tail—known as the flukes—is carried at right angles to the plane of the body or horizontally, a fish's tail being always carried vertically. Although the accounts of their size are constantly exaggerated, whales are the largest of mammals; the great Sibbald's rorqual being sometimes eighty or eighty-five feet in length, while one of the least in size of this group is only four feet long, and some have been reported even smaller.

The whales are provided with two "fins," analagous to the pectoral fins of fishes, and which represent the fore limbs of other mammals. The hind limbs have totally disappeared from the outside of the body, but in a number of species small bones are found lying in the flesh in advance of the tail, which, while they have no particular resemblance to any bones of the hind limbs, are yet believed to represent the pelvis and the femur. While almost all the whales are smooth skinned, nevertheless a few species have a few hairs on them, and the dolphin at the Aquarium was one of these, for it still preserves on either side of the face half a dozen hairs, called a mustache. There is evidence that in very ancient times the whales wore hair, just as to-day the seals have hair; on the other hand, the walrus, which belongs to the seal family, has little or no hair, and when we get down to the group *Sirenia,* which includes the manatee, the dugong and the long extinct rhytina, which Bering's sailors exterminated for food when they were wintering in northeastern Siberia, we find species inhabiting the water which have little or no hair. This, however, has probably nothing to do with their water life, for there are a number of land mammals, all of them ungulates, which are almost naked.

On the other hand, there is some evidence to show that at one time the whales—of course long anterior to the human period—were covered with bony scutes or scales. In fact, in some of the modern porpoises—and especially in the embryos of these porpoises—are found little tubercles, or bony nodules in the flesh which indicate that once, long ago, some of these whale-like animals had a covering of armor, not unlike that possessed to-day by the armadillos.

There are a great many more curious things to be said about the whales, for which the unfortunate dolphin down at the Aquarium might furnish the text. As one stood looking over into the pool and watching his periodical risings to the surface of the water for breath, it was interesting to observe the use of the blow hole or spiracle. The operation of blowing by the whale has been much misunderstood in the past, though it is to be presumed that all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM understand that it is merely the act of expelling the air from the lungs. On the other hand, some hundreds of years ago it used to be said that the whale drew in the sea at his "gills" and spouted it through his "trunk," while that fine old historian, who perhaps first figured the giant cuttlefish now so well known, intimated that the whale defended itself by spouting, sending up so great a volume of water that it might crush the attacking boat. He says that the whale "raises itself above the masts of the ships and belches forth draughts of ocean from its blow hole in such a way that it overwhelms with a rainy cloud even the strongest ship or exposes the sailors to greatest danger." As a matter of fact, the damp air expelled from the lungs into the cooler air above the sea undergoes a certain condensation and steam is seen. The whale does not really discharge any water from his blow hole. If he begins to expel the air just before he reaches the surface, there may be a few bubbles which will throw up a little fountain of water, but it is the animal's breath which makes what looks like a jet of steam which hangs a little while in the air and then drifts off with the wind. As Mr. Moseby says in his "Notes of a Naturalist on the Challenger," "The expiratory sound is very loud when heard close by, and is a sort of deep bass snort, extremely loud and somewhat prolonged; it might even be compared to the sound produced by the rushing of steam at high pressure from a large pipe."

In ancient times the whale had few enemies, but within the past hundred and fifty years these have become so numerous as to pretty well exterminate the whales over much of the ocean. Bomb guns and other engines of destruction are employed, and when it is once sighted the whale has a very small chance to escape.

The Geese of Europe and Asia.

A VOLUME of very great interest has just been written by Sergius Alpheraky, a Russian ornithologist, and published in English by Rowland Ward, of London. The work is highly spoken of by some of the British journals. The twenty-four plates are in colors, and the text interesting and valuable. The net price in London is about $16.

Is Nature Partial to Man?

Editor Forest and Stream:

So much is said about nature being partial to man in comparison with the other animals—inasmuch as she has endowed him with high mental faculties, while to the others only instinct is given—that it may be a trifle interesting to look into the matter to discover if possible whether those assertions are true.

Now, whether the advantages that humanity has in the one direction any more than compensate for those possessed by the rest of the animal world in other ways, is a profound question. To me it seems that the Good Dame manages her affairs in such a way as to be impartial to every link in the great chain of animate beings, from the highest form to the lowest; but if there is a slight partiality shown to either it sometimes looks to be in favor of the other orders rather than humanity.

Of course it is known that nature provides the animal world with the materials for food, covering and shelter. By most of the wild animals the food, seemingly, is easily and abundantly obtained. One cannot believe they generally go very hungry or half-starved by the thousand, or very often wholly so, as is the case with humans in the big cities and in many other places; and in regard to covering, to the mammals and to birds, the thickness of the coat or the dress is adjusted in relation to the seasons without any extra effort on their part, and in most cases their shelter is found or made by them instinctively and with but a little if any worriment about the matter; while man has to hustle from the word go to get the three essentials that nature gives out and out to the other orders.

Man's brain has to work continually faster than any steam sawmill to concoct ways for getting enough food, clothing and shelter for himself and his dependents, and even with all that thought the three essentials will often be most decidedly inadequate.

Suppose one makes other comparisons between the advantages that mankind has and the ones the other animals have. Take it in the line of shelter, even the bear or his plantigrade relative the raccoon—clothed in a nice warm coat of fur provided for it, as one might say, gratuitously (fur that humans would give a big pile to get hold of)—can have a first-class domicile in a hollow tree, or else in a cave, with no fear of a magistrate poking around and trying to serve a write of ejectment for non-payment of rent, or else trying to foreclose a mortgage on the premises. True, occasionally some hunter may succeed in getting a chance to kill bruin or the coon, but that is a side issue, a sort of a digression, as it were.

A little more as to dress. Now the feathered tribes will beat the human family ten to one in the gorgeousness of their dresses. Even "Solomon in all his glory" couldn't hold a candle to many of our birds. Why, the most richly-gowned Fifth avenue belle, or other gorgeously attired feminine in all her wealth of toggery cannot begin to make as charming a showing as our dear little scarlet tanager, Baltimore oriole or bluejay, or even the average butterfly, to say nothing of the hundreds of species of still more beautifully plumed tropical birds and bright colored insects.

Again, in the line of bodily strength man is proportionally far behind nearly all the other animals. Somewhere among my reading matter I recollect seeing the following: "Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." Now, while one is in the considering business about ants, let him observe what a big load one of those tiny insects will tote away on its back! If a human being had as much lifting and carrying power in proportion to his size as an ant has, when moving time came around he not only could carry all of his furniture and other personal effects away at one backload but he could take the house along, too.

Now, as to the toughness of other animals in comparison with man. Not long since, while strolling through the woods here in Jersey, I saw a couple of gray squirrels playing among the branches of a large oak tree forty feet

or such a matter from the ground, when one of the rodents missing its footing came down, kerwhack, to the ground. Not hurt in the least, seemingly, it quickly jumped up, frisked up the trunk of the tree, and was again playing with its fellow as if nothing had happened. If a person had fallen from a proportionate height—which would be some 500 or 600 feet—and struck on the ground, what kind of a looking object would he then be?

Again, in the line of swimming, nature is much more partial to all the other orders than to mankind, for there is scarcely an animate thing excepting man but can swim instinctively. Pitch overboard into the sea a lot of men who have never learned to swim, and at least ninety-nine out of every hundred would drown in less than twenty minutes, while every other animal, whether accustomed to the water or not, could easily manage to keep afloat.

Still again, should one at any time wish to go on a journey to Florida, for instance, he would have to work steadily and economize like fury for at least a whole year to get the needed cash to pay his fare and his other expenses, while a bird, one of the long-winged swimmers, could easily get there in less than twenty-four hours, and have the rest of the time to loaf around in that delightful section; besides, the bird, while on its journey, could vary the programme by an occasional fish dinner and a jolly good swim in the sea.

Now, as to the power of his voice, man is proportionally far behind many of the other orders in that respect. If the average person had a voice in proportion to a frog's croaking, the most powerful foghorn would be almost as a whisper compared to it. Should a politician have such a sonorous delivery—which we are all mighty thankful is not so—he could stand on an eminence somewhere near the middle of any State and stump the whole commonwealth at one lick.

Also, in regard to singing, how much greater volume has a bird's voice comparatively than a human's! If one of our noted singers had as loud and as clear a voice proportionately as a hermit thrush or a red-winged blackbird has, he or she could take a position on one of the sky-scrapers and charm the whole population of Greater New York with her vocal music and not half try.

Then in regard to running and leaping. There is scarcely an animal, aside from a snail, but what can beat man out of his boots in those exercises—that is, taking into consideration the differences in size and weight. If one could run as swiftly as the majority of other animate things, autos, wheels, and trolleys would be useless articles. Supposing an athlete were capable of making a succession of leaps of fifty feet each, he could fill Madison Square Garden with spectators night after night from floor to ceiling. Now there are lots of our wild quadrupeds that can double that distance proportionately and keep up that gait for quite a long time.

Another illustration. If in proportion to his size and weight, one could leap or jump as far as a common flea can, why, goodness gracious, if he, facing west, stood in one of our Eastern States and commenced leaping, about ten jumps would land him over on the other side of the Rocky Mountains!

And I sometimes have wondered whether poor, sickly, bald-headed, spectacled, toothless or semi-toothless humanity would not be willing, or even glad, to part with "a few" of its highly-strung mental faculties in exchange for the bounding healths, the heads as well thatched, the teeth as sound and as pearly white, and the senses as acute as those of the average mammal.

But why continue this any further? If one will but notice he will find that nature is no more partial to man—even if she has endowed him with a superior mind—than to any one of the other orders of her animate children.

A. L. L.

Milhurst, N. J.

New York Zoological Society.

The annual Report of the New York Zoological Society for 1904 comes to us in an imposing volume of almost 275 pages, by far the largest as yet brought out. As usual, it is handsomely printed and is illustrated by a multitude of engravings of great beauty and value to all who are interested in the Zoological Park or in the zoology of the vertebrates.

The total membership of the Zoological Society is now 1,578, of which 1,315 are annual members, 182 life members, and the remainder founders, associate founders and patrons, with one benefactor, Mr. William Rockefeller. The report of the executive committee shows constant progress in the development of the park and the aquarium; a number of new buildings such as the bird house, the ostrich house, the small mammal house, the Harriman Alaskan house with its totem pole, have been erected and each one of these is full of attractions to the many visitors to the park. The improvements in the aquarium have been many. The Zoological Park has been recently made more accessible by the opening of the new rapid transit system, which carries the public by a new route and for a single fare to the very borders of the park. That this accessibility is being taken advantage of more and more, is shown by the constantly increased attendance, which consists very largely of very poor people, whose opportunities for pleasure are limited and to whom the opening of the park with its multitude of attractions is a very great boon and blessing.

Great numbers of additions to the collections have been received during the year. Among these are a riding elephant from Col. Oliver H. Payne, two snow leopards from Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, a Baker's roan antelope and five Punjab wild sheep from Mr. George C. Clark, two Burrhel sheep from Mr. J. J. Hill, a large number of ostrich-like birds for the filling of the new ostrich house from Mr. Charles T. Barney, and a great number of other gifts, a full list of which is given in its proper place. Mr. Grant, the secretary of the Society, tells briefly of landscape and forestry work which has been done in the park, to which article is added a list of the trees and shrubs found in the park.

The Report of the Director is full of interesting detail, and gives a programme of what is contemplated in the work of construction for the year 1905. The showing is a fine one. Mr. C. H. Townsend, the Director of the aquarium, reports interestingly on conditions there. The attendance during the year—over 1,600,000 people—shows how highly the aquarium is valued by the New York public. It is also doing a remarkable educational work in furnishing small aquaria for schools to assist teachers of biology in their work of instruction. Certain work of fish hatching is going on all the time. This is open to public inspection and arouses much interest. The gifts to the aquarium as well as those to the park are duly listed.

In addition to the reports of officers are several special papers by persons belonging to the Society. Mr. W. T. Hornaday describes a new white bear from British Columbia under the name *Ursus kermodei;* Mr. Townsend writes most interestingly of certain pinnipeds, or seals, giving data as to their present commercial importance; Drs. Harlow Brooks and W. Reid Blair discuss cage paralysis of primates in captivity; Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars gives some "Observation on the Mental Capacity and Habits of Poisonous Serpents," besides describing a new species of rattlesnake and an unusual variation in another rattlesnake; Mr. C. William Beebe gives an intresting account of the ostriches and their allies, and Mr. Madison Grant has a paper—already noticed in Forest and Stream—on the Rocky Mountain goat.

All these articles, as indeed the whole report, are illustrated by beautiful reproductions of photographs carefully printed on heavy paper. The volume is one that belongs in every library.

Siberian Birds.

In a recent number of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History Dr. J. A. Allen reports interestingly on the birds collected in northeastern Siberia by the Jessup North Pacific Expedition. The collecting ground was on the north and west shores of the Okhotsk Sea, and so very close to the point where the old world and the new approach each other within a few miles. Nevertheless there are scarcely any American birds included in the list except those which are common to the old world and the new alike, and a few sea birds which might readily enough in their wanderings overstep the exact boundaries which nature seems to have set for some species. In the list there are two new forms described, one a lark the other a titlark (*Anthus*).

The collector has made quite full notes on the habits of some of the species which came under his observation and often gives the Russian name of the bird, yet this does not necessarily mean much since the Russians seem to have special names only for the larger birds, while small land birds are called *P'teet-ish-ka,* meaning little birds. In the same way the smaller sandpiper are called *Koo-lich-kah,* the diminutive of *Koo-leek,* a sandpiper. Mr. Buxton, the collector, was assisted by a Russian officer who is greatly interested in the fauna of the region and who presented Mr. Buxton with about 220 skins.

An important species on which the inhabitants depend more or less for food is the Siberian white-fronted goose, which reaches the Anadyr district about May 1, coming a little earlier or a little later, according to the weather. By June 1 they have all arrived, and by the middle of June the eggs are laid. In the latter part of July they repair to the large lakes inland to moult, and when they have lost the power of flight, the Russians make expeditions to these lakes and kill many of the geese. The Tungus also visit these places with canoes and secure many geese. The migration from the north begins Sept. 1 and continues for a month. Some of the hunters kill large numbers of the geese and salt them for winter use.

Mr. Buxton found the black grouse near Marcova, where they are said to be common. The willow ptarmigan and the rock ptarmigan are found, but the former is much the more abundant. Of the raven Mr. Buxton says:

"One of the most interesting and conspicuous birds in northeastern Siberia. During the winter many of them congregate about the Russian and native settlements, where they find garbage and dead dogs for food. When traveling in winter time one also encounters them on the barren tundra far from villages. At that time they will come up behind the sledge and sail slowly over the whole length of the dog teams, eyeing the outfit critically, alight on the snow off to one side of the trail, and then repeat the performance after the sledges have passed. The dogs prick up their ears and race madly over the snow so long as the raven continues in sight. For days at a time this is the only diversion that the traveler has from his monotonous journey. They are a sacred bird to the Koraks, who hang reindeer heads and pieces of meat on poles about their camps for them.

"At Kooshka, about April 1, they begin to fly down the river every evening in large numbers to the sea, where they roost, and return up the river the next morning. They come straggling down after their day's foraging like a lot of children just out from school. Some play on the way, chasing each other and circling about anything that attracts their attention; some fly rapidly along, alone and in groups of four or five; while others amuse themselves by uttering all their notes and calls. Have often heard one far up the river, long before it came in view, running over these notes, and it continued until it passed and disappeared over Maiak Point, two miles distant. They have seven distinct notes.

"When sailing along, looking for food, they have a curious way of closing one wing and dropping several feet on that side, and then extending it and closing the other, repeating this several times, which makes them appear to revolve in the air."

The paper is one of unusual interest.

Sharks and Bathers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have many times heard it stated that there is no well authenticated instance of a shark having attacked a Caucasian while bathing. I am not able to furnish you positively with such an instance on this occasion, but can come fairly close to it.

On the 14th inst. an enlisted man by the name of Abernathy was swimming with two companions in the bay at this station. He was out from the beach about 200 yards, and not far from a steamboat at its customary anchorage. While he was swimming along, he was attacked by something in the water with such violence that he cried out with pain. His companions immediately came to his rescue, and a boat was sent from the steamboat, which picked up the whole three and carried them to land. On taking him out of the water, he was found to be bleeding profusely from his right foot and ankle, and by the time medical aid could be obtained, which was but a comparatively short period, he had nearly died from loss of blood. The surgeon quickly stopped the bleeding, took him to the hospital and dressed the injured member. He found several gashes penetrating to the bone—one on his ankle well up, one on his heel, and one on his instep, each several inches long, besides minor ones. The surgeon took fifty-nine stitches in dressing his injury, and he informed me that the wound had every appearance of having been made by the teeth of a shark or some similar animal. I saw the wounds myself on the following day, but of course could then form no idea as to their origin. I had supposed by their number that the fish, or whatever it was, had made several snaps at the leg, but Corporal Abernathy assured me such was not the case; he felt but one attack; it lasted only for an instant and that was all there was of it. The sailors who came out and took him into their boat say they saw a shark attack him (I give the remark for what it is worth; any one is at liberty to believe as little or as much of it as he may choose). It would appear that some large swimming animal bit this man most cruelly, and as sharks commonly loiter about steamboats, it is only a fair inference that it might have been a shark.

I am happy to add in conclusion that Corporal Abernathy is now doing well, and bids fair to recover; but the poor fellow must pass a long and painful period before he is able to swim again.

Wm. T. Flynn.

Camp Wallace, Union Province, Luzon, June 16.

Some Birds' Winter Food.

Mr. W. L. McAtee, of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., has recently called attention to a food supply for birds found in the heaps of drift cast up along the shores of rivers, creeks and other bodies of water.

It is a well recognized fact that crows, in winter and spring especially when the ground is covered with snow, resort to the shores of streams and to the seashore for food, but it is not so generally known that jays, blackbirds and many sparrows do the same. In order to ascertain the character and quantity of the available food in these drift heaps, Mr. McAtee recently filled a half-pint tin can with this material, scraping it in at random from the surface of one of the piles. In this half pint of material he found by actual count 1,583 seeds and fruits of more than fifty-five species of plants, all of them food eaten by birds and found in stomachs that have been examined. Besides the vegetable matter there were a few insects in various forms. This observation suggests the vast amount of food existing in the cast-up material which lines the shores of all our waters, and is one of very great interest.

A New Danger to the Heron.

Surgeons have long been seeking for some material for sutures and ligatures which should be more satisfactory than those at present in use, which include cat gut, kangaroo tendon, silk worm gut, horse hair and silver wire. Dr. Chas. F. Kieffer has recently used and suggests in a medical journal that the tendons of the cranes and heron make excellent sutures and ligatures and seem to possess some advantages over the materials at present in use.

Should these suggestions be generally approved by physicians, birds of the heron group are threatened with a new danger, which naturalists and bird lovers will deplore. Some species of heron have already so greatly decreased in numbers that they are even thought to be on the verge of extinction, and all have become much less abundant than they formerly were. The herons are not prolific birds, the number of eggs in the nest being small. The danger which threatens this group is thus a very real one.

How Field Mice Live in Winter.

The farmer with whom I am domiciled has recently discovered that some forty young bearing apple trees whose leaves are beginning to turn brown, were girdled last winter by field mice. The trees are about four inches in diameter. Most of them will certainly die, as the bark is eaten off all around, but a few may live, not having been entirely girdled. Besides apple trees, quite a few maples and birches have suffered in the same way. The cinctures are some twenty inches above ground, indicating the winter snow level. While the blanket mantled the earth at this line a thaw came and a crust resulted. This impounded the mice and they ate the bark as a last resort to keep from starving. Very few could have died, for they are unusually abundant this summer. The hay harvest has uncovered hundreds.

C. H.

Plainfield, Mass.

Fish Stop a Train.

Two five-inch fish held up a freight train on the Jersey Central Railroad yesterday. When the train neared Whiting station the steam began to give out, and it was necessary to haul up at Whiting for want of power. The fires were drawn and an investigation made. There were no obstructions in the boiler. The feed pipe at the boiler end was clear, but when the feed pipe opening at the tender end was examined it was discovered that two little fish had been plastered, dead, over the opening. They were taken out and the train resumed its journey. Railroad men say that they have heard of eels plugging up locomotives, but never before of fish stopping a train. It is supposed that the two got into the tender tank when water was drawn from one of the brooks on the road.—New York Times.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Primitive Hunting Ways.

To the hunter of to-day with his breechloading shotgun or rifle, his guides, his dogs, his thousand articles or implements tending to add to the comfort or to the effectiveness of his outing, few things should be more interesting than a knowledge of how his forerunners in the land captured the game on which to a large extent they subsisted. Their weapons were primitive; a few yards of line, a net or two woven of vegetable fibre, a wooden bow backed with sinew, and a few stone-headed arrows, constituted almost their whole equipment for the chase.

The FOREST AND STREAM has had, first and last, many accounts of such hunting; accounts given sometimes by the men whose memories went back almost to the days of the stone-headed arrow, or by some early traveler among the Indians who had observed their methods and left a record of how they lived and what they did.

We are permitted to copy from the bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History an account given by Mr. Roland B. Dixon, of the hunting methods of the Northern Maidu of California. Mr. Dixon is studying Indians for the Huntington California expedition, and his attractive accounts of the primitive methods of hunting the deer, elk, bear and smaller game furnishes interesting reading for the hunter of to-day.

That portion of the Maidu living in the mountains depended much more on game than did the lowland people, and they were much more skillful hunters.

Deer were hunted in several ways. During the rutting season in particular, a favorite method was to stalk the game, wearing either a whole deer hide with head and antlers left on, or merely the head and antlers. The antlers, in either case, were usually scraped out hollow, to make them lighter. Wearing this disguise, the hunter went to bushy places, where deer were plenty, and by pretending to be eating, attempted to get near enough to the deer to shoot it with bow and arrow, held carefully concealed close against the breast. Deer were also often run down by single hunters, both in summer and winter; in the latter season, the hunter having to rely, of course, on snowshoes.

It was on the larger hunts, in which great numbers of men participated, that the chief development of their hunting methods lay. Deer drives of considerable size were held at different times of the year. In some, the men would spread out over a large extent of country and drive the deer over some steep cliff. More commonly, certain men would be posted at known deer runways and trails, and then, the deer being started up by the beaters, the concealed hunters would shoot the deer as they fled along their accustomed paths. Often fires were set to drive deer. The most important method, however, was that in which drive-fences were employed. It was almost wholly confined to the mountain area. Thirty or forty men were necessary to carry out such a drive successfully. The fences were made of reeds or grapevines roughly twined together, stretched from tree to tree and between bushes along the mountainsides, and arranged to cross as many known deer trails as possible. The entire length of some of these drive-fences was often as much as a mile or more. The fence had usually a number of sharp salients or angles, in each of which was a pit, in which a man was concealed. These concealed men, being in place, the others spread out over the ridge, and slowly advancing, drove the game toward the fence. The deer, reaching the fence, followed it, and trying to escape at the various angles, were there shot by the men in hiding, or sometimes were merely clubbed to death. Drives of this sort were held only in the spring and fall.

The whole affair was accompanied by much ceremony. Before the drive occurred, all who were to take part in it assembled on the ridge where the drive was to be held. A fire was built, and offerings made to the ku'kini or spirits of the mountain, and prayers for a successful hunt were repeated by the old men. The deer were besought not to jump over the fence, or to try to break through it or crawl under it. As the hunt went on, the deer, as they were killed, were brought to the spot where the ceremony was held. The legs of all were cut off and placed on a small platform built in the branches of a tree near by, and left there till the drive was over, the affair often lasting several days. During this whole period of the drive, the women and children, who were all left at the village, must observe a variety of regulations. Children had to be very careful; they must not play violently, shout, jump over things, kick, run, fall down or throw stones. The women also must keep quiet and stay much of the time indoors. Should these regulations be broken, the deer would become unmanageable, would jump the fence, and the whole drive be unsuccessful. During the whole period of the hunt no deer bones must be thrown away or burned or eaten by a dog. During the period of the hunt, the hunters ate only the liver of the deer killed. They must also abstain from their wives for some time previous to the hunt and during it. When the hunt was over a second ceremony was held at the same place as the first. Similar offerings of food and beads were made again to the spirits and the deer. Then the meat was collected and equally divided among all who had taken part. The leg bones were taken down from the platform and divided, to be taken home and cracked for the marrow. The antlers and jaw bones of all deer killed were hung up on some bush or small tree, at the spot where the animal was killed. This custom applies as well to deer killed by single hunters at any time.

Dogs were at times used to help in these drives, or by single hunters. A good hunting dog is said to have been highly prized. The dogs used are described by some as being much like the coyote in shape, size and color. By others they are declared to have been smaller, resembling more a poodle.

In the Sierra region bears were usually hunted in the spring, at the time when they are just about awakening from their period of hibernation. The bear being located in a cave or hollow tree, the hunters, of which there are always quite a party, held before the cave a ceremony, in general similar to that already described as preceding the deer drive. Several men then took torches and bows and went into the cave. As a result of the ceremony, the bear was supposed not to look at the men. The hunters made an address to the bear, in which he was told that his life had been paid for, and that he must stand up and give them room to shoot. This the bear was supposed to do, and was accordingly shot in the heart at once. The bear being dead, the arrow was extracted, decorated with beads and hung to a bush nearby.

Grisly bears were hunted only by those who were very fleet of foot, and renowned hunters. The grisly was never attacked except by a number of men together, and in the foothill region in the following manner: Four or five men would go in a party, and all but one would hide behind trees or rocks in the vicinity of the bear. One man then went as near the bear as possible and shot once, or twice, if he could. He then ran, followed by the bear, toward the place of concealment of one of the other hunters. Slipping behind the tree or rock, the first hunter would stop, and the fresh runner would instantly jump out and run toward the place where another man was concealed. The bear would follow this second runner, and as he passed the tree or rock, the first would again shoot at him. The second runner would similarly change places with the third man, who, running toward the fourth, would lead the bear away again. Thus each hunter had time to rest and to shoot several arrows while the other men were taking the attention of the bear. By thus changing off, they tried to tire out the bear and fill his body full of arrows, until he finally succumbed. It was always, however, dangerous sport, and not infrequently several of the hunters were killed.

Elk were usually run down, being followed for days, and finally dispatched with bow and arrow. Squirrels and rabbits were shot with blunt arrows; and rabbits were also taken in nets stretched from bush to bush and upheld by sticks. Into these nets, which stretched for many hundred feet, the rabbits were driven, and clubbed to death at the nets by men stationed there for the purpose, the rabbits generally getting their heads caught in the meshes of the net.

Quail were snared. In their seasonal migrations they pass from the lower to the higher ridges, and back by well-defined little trails. Along either side of one of these runways a tiny fence of little twigs was built, standing some fifteen or twenty centimetres high and extending for perhaps two hundred metres. Every five or seven metres an opening just large enough for a single bird to pass, was left, now on one side, now on the other. In each of these openings a fine hair-noose was set, and a few berries scattered on the ground just outside the gate. The quail, following their usual runways, passed between these fences, saw the bait scattered for them outside the openings, and passing out to take it, were caught by the hair-nooses. In this manner scores of quail were often collected in a single day.

Grouse were usually shot. Pigeons were often snared or netted by stretching nets across certain gaps in ridges, through which the birds were known to fly habitually. The eagle was never shot, it seems; as to do so would be sure to bring bad luck, make the bow warp and the arrows break.

Geese and ducks were caught in several ways. In the Sierra, among the Northeastern Maidu, they were often shot; but a more common method was to stretch a cord across a stream and hang from it every foot or two, a noose, held open by a piece of stiff grass. These nooses hung just over the surface of the water, and many birds were caught as they flew. In the Sacramento Valley another method was in use. Three light props of elder from two to three metres long were used to hold vertically a net about two metres wide and six metres long. Three or four of these nets were thus set up end to end, the lower corners of the nets being pegged down by sticks. A long cord ran from the props to a grass-and-bough shelter some hundred yards away. One or more decoy geese were placed on the ground near the net. When the snare was set and the geese alighted nearby, the string was pulled by the hunter concealed in the shelter, the props gave way, and the net fell on the birds as they rose, and held them till the hunter could reach them. Ducks were, in this region, also caught with nets in another way. The nets were set on bent sticks from the bank out over the water's edge. When the ducks came to sleep, they touched strings which released the nets, and were caught under the nets as they fell. The cord-and-noose method above described was also in use here.

Crows were caught in the Sacramento Valley for their skins, which were used in the making of feather cloaks. A low, bushy willow was selected, and in it, at some height from the ground, a small nest or platform was built, reached by a rude ladder. Seated in this nest, a man was completely concealed. Two light sticks, from two metres and a half to three metres long, were then taken and tied together loosely at one end. These were then spread out like a V, and between the open arms a net was stretched. By opening or closing the V-shaped frame, this net was opened or shut like a fan. One man then hid in the nest in the tree, entering it after dark, and had with him one of these folding nets. Other men then went about and scared up the sleeping birds, which were driven toward the concealed hunter, who, as the birds passed by overhead, swept out his net, closing the sticks as he did so, and in this way often caught a considerable number of birds.

Audubon Society Bird Laws.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the editorials of your issue of July 15 notices the "Audubon bird law." Please permit one of your readers a few criticisms. The scheme of classifying the game birds into various orders, Anatidæ, Rallidæ, Limicolæ and Gallinæ, does not include all American game birds. It does not, I believe, include the dove, unless by some hook or crook that bird may be classed under Gallinæ. But the laws of many of our States specifically declare the dove to be a game bird. The Penal Code of California so declares it. And any sportsman who has ever spent an hour or so on a "flight" of these swift-winged birds will surely not care to raise the question.

In the opinion of the writer, there are two sides to this "Audubon bird law," as there are to most other questions; and I do not think the Audubon Society, nor its work, past, present or prospective, is justly entitled to the unqualified praise meted out to it in the editorial columns of FOREST AND STREAM—a paper that is supposed to stand for the best interests of American sport and sportsmanship and sane game protection.

If the Audubon Society is responsible—and I believe it is—for the enactment in California of laws for the protection of such unmitigated feathered pests as the "flicker" or "yellowhammer," the orioles and other destructive species of birds, it is engaged in a poor business. The flicker has a pernicious habit of boring good-sized holes in the walls of frame houses, as I can testify, and the orioles and many other varieties are very destructive to fruit and berries. For my part, I would not for a moment obey such an unjust and irrational law, and will cheerfully continue to kill every mischievous flicker that opportunity affords.

To return to the dove. The Audubon Society—or at least that small branch of it that is located in Pasadena, Cal., recently succeeded in having an ordinance passed by the Board of Supervisors of this county prohibiting the killing of doves. This in the face of a State law which recognizes the dove as a game bird and prescribes a season during which it may be lawfully taken. The immediate result of this action on the part of the Society, and the kowtowing to them on the part of the supervisors, has been a test case, instituted by the Los Angeles County Game and Fish Protective Association, to test the validity of the various county game ordinances of this State.

The case is now pending before the District Court of Appeals on habeas corpus proceedings, and if the contention of the game association is lost there, the case will speedily be taken up to the Supreme Court of the State for decision.

Briefly, the law point presented to the court for decision is as follows: A statute of California attempts to delegate to the various county boards of supervisors, power to shorten, by ordinance, the open seasons for game and fish, as provided by the general State game law. Is this delegation of legislative authority constitutional? There are other points of law involved, but that is one of the main ones. So far as I am able to discover, after an exhaustive search of the authorities, the question has never been directly passed upon by the Supreme Court of any American State.

Under this attempted delegation of authority the various county boards of California have passed and repassed, changed, rechanged, repealed and re-enacted game and fish ordinances by the score, until the State game law has been so butchered, so unreasonably mutilated and turned topsy-turvy, that it would require the constant attendance of a Philadelphia lawyer to determine the game laws of the different counties.

The present State game law of California is a good law, adequate in its protection of the game, and allowing a reasonable season to the sportsman within which to take it. If any one sufficiently interested will compare the California statute with those in force in the Northern, Eastern, and Southern States—the Atlantic States generally—he will see at once that California, with her abundance of game, has in general more stringent game laws than the States above referred to, where the population is much denser and game of all kinds much scarcer. Take wildfowl, for instance: California allows the shooting of wildfowl for four months—Oct. 15 to Feb. 15—whereas many of the Atlantic States permit the shooting of wildfowl for six months during the year, and in some instances, seven months.

All game in California is on the "no sale" list, except wildfowl. For this we give thanks. We hope some day to prohibit the sale of wildfowl.

If the report that has reached me is true, at a meeting of members of the Audubon Society held recently in Pasadena, one of the officers, in the course of an address, said in part (I do not attempt to use his exact language): "This Society will take immediate steps to secure the enactment of laws that will prohibit the killing of any of God's creatures." I only hope that report may be wrong in this instance. If, however, such gush and sentimental tommyrot is the object of the Audubon Society, I think FOREST AND STREAM should

think twice before giving the Society and its aims such indorsement as the editorial that caused me to send this letter.

I trust that in your accustomed spirit of fairness and love of fair play and the "square deal," you will give space to this letter. Robert Erskine Ross.

Massachusettes Game.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season for the shooting of shore birds in Massachusetts opened on July 15. Reports are that but few birds have been killed, although some have reached the Boston market from Ipswich and the south shore. The price has ruled high. All are forecasting the prospects for upland shooting the coming fall.

Mr. Thomas, of Middleboro, is one of the farmers of that town who became greatly interested in the work of feeding so efficiently carried on by sportsmen and others in 1903 as well as last winter. He says the farmers cooperated heartily with the sportsmen in that work, and he has sown grain this year for the birds. His report of the number of quail in his section coincides with that of Dr. Woodward, the secretary of the Sportsman's Club. They have a good many birds. The Doctor recently passed through Boston on his way to Newfoundland, where he is accustomed to pass the month of August fishing for trout and salmon.

From Springfield, Northampton, Abington, Mansfield, Norton, Weston, Lawrence, Miller's Falls and several other towns reports agree that quail are very scarce in the vicinity of those places. Sportsmen of Natick, a town to which the State Association sent three dozen quail two years ago, take a somewhat more hopeful view and say there are "some" birds.

A former president of the Greenfield Sportsmen's Club reports that he had heard only one quail this season, but has heard from the farmers that there are many broods of partridges. A friend in Lexington says he believes the prospects are somewhat better than last year, but this is offset by the secretary of the Middlesex Club, who says both quail and partridges are scarce in that and adjoining towns where he has had an opportunity to observe.

A friend in Holbrook tells me there are "absolutely no quail" in that neighborhood, and Mr. Hassam, of Needham, says the same of his region. A correspondent of Osterville (on the Cape) says quail are "nearly extinct," but the grain that he received last winter from the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association enabled him to save one covey. "Fairly good indications" is the report from Shirley. Quail seldom heard at Vineyard Haven, and no partridges. A few quail have been saved in Randolph, another town to which the State Association sent three dozen birds in 1903.

Mr. Small, who has charge of the province lands in Provincetown, informs me that he has seen only about half a dozen pairs of quail this season. That is a section which has no partridge cover.

As contrasting present conditions with those of a few years ago a gentleman residing in South Sudbury tells me he used to see as many as twenty-five feeding in his garden, but now they are "very scarce," but "slaughters" are numerous. It is not surprising that from Berkshire we hear there are no quail. Mr. William C. Whitney planted a good number in his preserve but I hear there are none to speak of there now. In fact, on the bird-map of the Biological Division of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, Berkshire is not included in the quail zone. The portion of our State where the climate is most favorable for that species is the country on the coast, more especially the Cape district. But by winter feeding, in my opinion, quail should do fairly well in all parts of the State except Berkshire county. H. H. Kimball.

Depredating Cats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When reading the account of Mr. Charles Hallock's hunting cat, the thought occurred to me that it was lucky for that cat that it did not live in my neighborhood. If he did the first time that I caught him with a robin in his mouth I might present him with a charge of BB shot in his head. Robins are my favorite among all the birds, and I take care that none of them are killed if I can prevent it. I have no use for cats, I dislike them principally for their propensity for killing all things that wear feathers if they can catch them. Some of these same cats would not hunt a rat or mouse if you wanted them to do it. I have known them to kill the half of a brood of young chickens in a single night.

When a boy of thirteen I began to get up a flock of pigeons out of two pair of common ones that came from I don't know where, and finding that I was willing to feed them took up their quarters with me. Then an old gentleman gave me a fine pair of pouter pigeons, and from these three pair in less than three years I had a flock of at least 150. I would never kill one of them. I kept them in the upper loft of an old stable that stood on the far end of the lot. I used the lower story of it to keep dogs in. This lot, nearly a quarter of an acre, was covered with grass and bushes, an ideal place to keep the pigeons in. After I had them a year I began to be troubled a great deal with both cats and rats, but the cats did not trouble the rats; it was my pigeons they were after. I got a small terrier that soon cleaned out the rats, but I still had the cats on my hands.

I had a high fence around the lot but it was not cat proof. We had not got the barbed wire yet or I would soon have made it cat tight. The cats would spend hours in crawling around after the pigeons. They could not catch the old ones, but might kill my young ones that would be just learning to fly, and I did not want the cats worrying either the young or old ones. I would knock the cats over with a club, then some would leave and stay away, others would be back again in an hour.

The cat that gave me the most trouble was a big twenty-pound tom cat that a lady near us owned. I went to her and told her that I would have to shoot him if he was not kept at home. She told me to shoot him, then she would see what the squire would have to say about it. I consulted my cousin's law books to find out what he could say about it, and came to the conclusion that he could not say anything. These cats were not property, and in my case they were a nuisance, and the law allowed me to abate a nuisance if I went about it in a proper way. But to be on the safe side I asked my cousin his opinion, telling him the opinion I had arrived at.

"You have it straight," he told me. "Go ahead and shoot any cat you find among your pigeons, but be careful to kill them and don't shoot them outside of the yard, remember. Then if those women haul you up before the squire, and you find you can't conduct this case yourself, send for me. But I guess you won't need me. You seem to be able to get around that squire every time."

I had been before him several times already, the last time for shooting snapping turtles in a large canal basin right in the middle of the town. I would anchor my boat in the basin, then lie down in it, with my head and shotgun stuck over the side, and when those turtles stuck their heads up I would blow them off. The turtle would sink then, but I could haul him up off the bottom with a rake. A preacher in our neighborhood who attended to every one's business but his own, had me arrested. He said he did it on account of the cruelty I practiced on these turtles. I told the squire that those turtles I shot were never wasted. I ate some of them and sold the rest, and I could find nothing in the statutes to prevent me from shooting them. There was no law then to prevent us from shooting within the city limits, or the squire would have had me.

"Neither can I find any law to prevent you shooting them," he told me. "You seem to put in one-half your time in hunting through these statutes, then carefully keeping clear of them. You can go."

I went back to shooting turtles, and that afternoon took a big one up to the squire. I might be hauled up before him in a week for some other offense. I was, but it was for shooting cats the next time.

I lay for the big tom cat, and the first time I caught him after my pigeons I put a full charge of shot in his head. Then after making sure that he was dead (I did not want to maim him then be fined for cruelty to animals) I threw his body out into an open lot. In about an hour after this the squire sent his young son down to tell me to call on him. "That woman whose cat you shot is up there, and she is going to have you hung for it," the boy told me.

I went up and explained how I came to shoot the cat, and gave the squire another dose of those statutes. "Those cats are not property, your honor, and when they get to be a nuisance, as they are in this case, the law allows us to abate it. Besides, this lady told me to go ahead and shoot her cat. I take that as permission to do it."

"We will have another lawyer in your family, if you live," the squire told me. "You know already just what part of a statement to give, and how much of it to keep back. She told you to go ahead and shoot her cat, then she would see me about it. Well, if you can't keep those cats away from your pigeons without shooting them, then shoot them."

The squire had lost part of his young chickens through these same cats. I had expected that he would want them shot. Turning to the woman next, he said: "I cannot prevent that boy from killing your cats, madam. You must keep the cats at home."

I shot another one of those cats but never had to shoot any more of them after that. They seemed to know what was happening to them now and kept away from me. Cabia Blanco.

Backsliding Already.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that "The Point of View" is being discussed on broad lines. I shall sail for New Zealand on Aug. 31 to be gone three or four months. May strike something in New Zealand and perhaps relapse into savagery for a few days if I get a gun in my hands. I have symptoms of backsliding even now, with the opening of the deer season in California, and rumors of plentiful bear. Flint Locke.

[Flint Locke was the one who began the "Point of View" discussion by relating that he had stopped shooting for sport because he did not in his heart approve of it any more.]

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

A Trip to Barnegat Inlet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Barnegat Inlet has always been noted as a haunt for bluefish. Many men well advanced in years can recall many joyous hours on the briny waves of this inlet and the nearby old ocean, spent years ago in pursuit of this voracious fish. Nothing is so suggestive of a complete change from the stuffy city, and its business cares and nervous strain, as a seat in one of Barnegat's catboats dancing over the green seas, with a two-reef breeze, the fish breaking water on every side, and the white gulls screaming all around you, and every squid-line out coming in loaded. But it must be said that for the last few years the large fish have been scarce. The "snappers" or "tailors" of about 1½ pounds have usually come every summer, and live around the shoals, while the warm weather lasts.

The word "Barnegat" is derived from a Dutch word, "Barende-gat." "It is said to have been first distinctly noticed and named by Cornelius Jacobsen Mey, the Dutch navigator who, in 1614 in the ship Fortune, explored the coast of New Jersey and the Delaware Bay. It may have been visited by the Dutch traders before this period, as about this time and subsequently, they were penetrating all parts of the country adjacent to Manhattan Island in search of furs. Whether Captain Mey or other Dutch explorers first named this inlet there can be no doubt that the epithet applied to it meant in the Dutch language 'Breakers Inlet.'" So says Dr. T. T. Price in his "History of the New Jersey Coast."

And the meaning implied is a very proper and appropriate one, for the shoals are numerous and extend off from one to two miles, requiring coasting vessels to keep well off at sea. These shoals and bars are constantly shifting and changing, rendering the navigation of the inlet difficult for persons not acquainted with its channel. Now, there is but one good channel over the bar, and that is at the extreme south end of the inlet. There is from eight to nine feet of water on the bar at low tide, and from eleven to twelve feet at high tide. From the outgoing channel to the northward the inlet is white with foaming breakers stretching to the point of North or Island Beach bounding on the north. These foaming breakers seem to be very attractive to small fish, and these latter are attractive to the bluefish, red channel bass and other feeders, and the larger fish hover and live around the inlet frequently all summer. The menhaden, or "moss-bunkers," also frequently this locality in large numbers, and furnish a large part of the food of the bluefish. But of late years the destructive raids made by the menhaden fish companies with their steamers, pursing up the food fish by the hundred tons have materially affected the bluefishing, to say nothing of the effort of proprietors of the fish pounds to scoop the whole thing. The larger sized fish for several years have been very scarce, and the only conclusion was they had sought other quarters where they could find their food.

The fishing has always improved when the smaller food fish have appeared. The small silver fish, the smelt, the spearing, the sand eel and the menhaden are always welcomed at Barnegat Inlet, for their presence always promises good fishing for the larger varieties.

The writer, hearing by letter from his captain, Captain Lemuel Matthews, of Barnegat, that the fishing prospects were fair, started for Barnegat city on Saturday afternoon, July 22, and putting up at the very hospitable Hotel Sunset, spent Sunday ashore, resting with breakers' roar on one side and the lapping wavelets of the broad Barnegat Bay on the other. The Hotel Sunset has a fine location on the bay side, with its front facing the setting sun, and is well and appropriately named. The sunsets here are peculiarly gorgeous at times. Fishermen can rely upon good treatment at this very pleasant hotel. Every comfort is ministered to by its genial and tactful manager, Mrs. J. H. Romaine.

Monday was spent in the bay. The weakfishing in the bay at times is extraordinary. But the fish seem capricious, and the point that yields a good score to-day will be barren to-morrow, and the place where they were not to-day will have them in immense numbers to-morrow. The weakfish have been somewhat late in arriving, but their numbers are constantly increasing. Our score was fifteen very fair fish.

Tuesday was spent in the thoroughfares—High Bar and Vol Sedge—and resulted in no fish; it is too early for good thoroughfare fishing. A poorly snooded hook lost us a fine big one in High Bar. While fishing in the latter place Captain Lem. called my attention to the arrival and anchoring of several fishing smacks well off shore, and said at once, "There must be big bluefish about." In this he was not mistaken, for when we came into the dock Capt. Wm. Ridgway arrived about the same time from outside with about forty large bluefish from 4 to 6 pounds caught on squid. He had gone off shore about five miles for sea bass, and coming in in the afternoon had fallen in with the fish and had a good time among them.

Wednesday meant that everybody that had a catboat would go to sea. We were out first, getting well off shore before 8 o'clock. We found the fish easily, saw them breaking water all around us, but just at the right moment the wind entirely left us and we were helpless for squidding. It sprang up after a while, and we succeeded in capturing about fifteen of the big ones, the largest would go 6 pounds, the smallest about 4 pounds. The wind, however, was quite fluky, and during one of our becalmed drifts we crossed a school of weakfish, and caught fifteen fine ones, all with the squid. They were feeding on sand eels, which were abundant everywhere, and therefore took the squid eagerly; the small bright leaden squid very much resembling the glint and glisten of the sand eel. It was a glorious day outside—sea smooth and wind moderate—until about 3 P. M., when the wind, increasing from the south, the sea roughened and we crossed the bar on our return home, stopping down the inlet to capture twenty-two small

blues or tailors. Our score was, 15 big blues, 22 tailors, 1 bonita (about 4 pounds) and 15 weakfish (about 2 to 3 pounds). Total, 53.

Among the guests at the hotel was Mr. Edward Hudson, of New York, who has been coming here for several years seeking sheepshead, striped bass and other game fish. Mr. Hudson was successful on July 17 in capturing an 11-pound sheepshead on what is known as the "Old Boiler," a part of the wreck of a sunken coal barge lying among the shoals just outside the point of North Beach, a point that can only be fished on a very moderate day, as otherwise the sea breaks all over the wreck and it is impossible to lay there. In July, 1904, Mr. Hudson caught five sheepshead at this place in one afternoon, weighing together 60 pounds. While outside to-day he had great sport with his rod and reel, catching bluefish, using a small squid and a 24-thread line and a moderately heavy rod for the tailors, and a stout surf rod for the 5-pounders. Mr. David Brown, with a party of four lines, caught about eighty of the larger fish.

Thursday the news of the catch of bluefish soon spread, and on this day some twenty-five yachts were outside. Another perfect day, with moderate westerly wind, and smooth sea all day; and it was the best day of all for the bluefishing. Lem. and I captured sixty of the big blues, ranging from 4 to 6 pounds, also fifteen weakfish all caught with the squid. The school of weakfish was an immense one, and if we had wanted them we could have filled the boat. Mr. Hudson was out again, using his rod and reel. It was fine sport for him, and it was interesting to watch the struggle, his captain having frequently to throw the boat into the wind to enable him to land his fish.

Friday, the 27th, was another fine day, probably the finest of the week, a moderate two-reef breeze blowing all day, with a very smooth sea. On our way out we took aboard our old friend Capt. Joel H. Ridgway, who for nearly thirty years was the keeper of Barnegat Life Saving Station, a man of cool head and rare judgment, and splendid personal character. We were glad of the opportunity to renew old acquaintance, and the day was much enjoyed by all of us. We found some fifteen fishing smacks engaged in chumming the bluefish. Each smack carries four to six dories, and each dory has two men. The chum is menhaden, ground up and spooned out at regular intervals until an oily slick is made upon the water. The bluefish get into this slick and come up to the boat, when the fishermen baiting with a small chunk of menhaden haul in the fish as fast as they can get their lines over. Large numbers are caught in this way, and as soon as a cargo is obtained the smack weighs anchor and starts for New York, and the fish soon find their way to Fulton Market. When the fish are thus chummed up and filled full of this ground up menhaden they rarely take the squid. This was our luck to-day, for our score for three lines was but nine; but they were bouncers.

Saturday was a day of no wind, and no fish were caught.

Sunday was a day of rest for me, but the inlet was full of yachts and bluefish. The small blues or tailors were there in great profusion. A walk around the strand to the northeast of the lighthouse showed the beach covered with sand eels just driven out of the water by the voracious and ever hungry *Pomatomas saltatrix*. Some of the yachts caught as high as 200 to the boat.

I neglected to mention that on Friday, when outside, we were able to see two objects which in twenty-seven years' experience at Barnegat city we had never seen before. One was a genuine tropical flying-fish exceedingly rare in our waters off New Jersey. He came out of the water like a bird, and flying for about fifty yards, about four feet above the water, entered the water and after a few seconds came out and flew for about the same distance, and so on. We were hardly through expressing our surprise over this circumstance when Lem. shouted, "There's a whale!" and sure enough there he was. He came up three times from about 200 to 300 yards away, the last time he made a tremendous crash in the water as though a three-story brick house had fallen, and then he spouted about twenty-five or thirty feet in the air. He seemed to be about seventy feet long and was headed south. He was doubtless the same whale mentioned in the New York Herald's dispatch of the next day as taking a course in the direction of Long Beach. It was off Long Beach that we saw him. A hundred years ago whales were a common sight off the Jersey coast, but they are very rarely seen now.

Monday was uneventful except for a sail inside. Mr. Hudson was outside and caught thirty-three blues, eighteen big and fifteen small, all with rod and reel. If any one wants real sport this ought to satisfy.

Tuesday we spent the morning in High Bar thoroughfare and caught six fine 2½-pound weakfish. The afternoon was spent in the inlet squidding for tailors; 78 was the score, and 60 of these were caught with rod and reel—our first experience with this kind of fishing. A small squid was used and a light line of about 25-thread. More fish can be caught in this way than with the common heavy hand line, as the lighter line is not seen so plainly in the water. Our thumb and fingers of the right hand were thoroughly tired out with the constant exertion in winding reel. The water seemed alive with fish breaking water in every direction, and there were places, where if it had been possible to have trolled twenty lines, every one would have been loaded with a fish. It was a great day.

Wednesday morning we took our departure, voting our 1905 July trip the best in many respects we ever had.

James G. Francis.

Black Bass Near New York.

Good black bass fishing was had at these ponds during the week ending Aug 3, the figures being supplied by the Erie Railroad agents at the places named: Sterling Forest, N. Y., Greenwood Lake; Monroe, N. Y., Lake Mombasha; Parker's Glen, Pa., Twin Lakes; Carbondale, Pa., Elk Lake; Narrowsburg, N. Y., Cochecton, N. Y., Callicoon, N. Y., Hankins, N. Y., Long Eddy, N. Y., Hancock, N. Y., all on Delaware River.

Chicago Fly-Casting Tournament.

We have received the programme of the fourth scientific angling tournament to be given by the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18 and 19, at North Lagoon, Garfield Park, Chicago. The programme is handsomely printed, having portraits in color of the brook trout, rainbow trout and small-mouth black bass, and a concise history of the club, which runs as follows:

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club was organized in 1891, incorporated in February, 1892, its objects being to encourage the art of angling in a scientific manner, the use of artificial lures in the capture of game fish, to promote good-fellowship and social intercourse among its members and the angling fraternity generally, and to assist in the protection and propagation of game fish.

Series of contests for each season were inaugurated and an increased interest in fly-casting was promoted to a very great extent. It was determined by the club in 1893 to add bait-casting as one of the events of its regular contests, as it was recognized that this branch of the sport could be raised to a very high plane, requiring great skill, and time has proved the contention correct, for under the impetus given by the club, bait-casting has risen to a high place in the estimation of the craft, the practicing of it in an artistic manner requiring delicate tackle and skillful, sportsmanlike manipulation, and this has been carried to a still greater degree by the addition in 1901 of the Delicacy and Accuracy Bait Event, in which one-quarter ounce weights are used.

The interest in fly and bait-casting having grown apace, the club felt moved to inaugurate the Chicago Fly-Casting Club's Columbian Exposition Tournament, which was held in the grounds of the Exposition in 1893, and proved to be the largest tournament of its kind up to that time.

Handsome gold championship medals were awarded by the club, one in each event, as well as many other valuable prizes.

The club did much in 1893 to arouse enthusiasm in scientific fly and bait-casting. It reproduced on the shores of the lagoon near the Art Palace in the Columbian Exposition grounds, the Izaak Walton Lodge, where anglers assembled, and from the pier gave exhibitions of fly and bait-casting. The World's Columbian Exposition Scientific Angling Tournament was such a pronounced success that the club may well look back to it for all time with gratification and pride. The winning scores in the 1893 tournament were as follows:

Amateur—Distance and accuracy fly, H. G. Leavitt, Grand Island, Neb., 87 per cent.

Amateur—Accuracy and delicacy fly (dry fly), W. H. Babcock, Chicago, 103⅓ per cent.

Amateur—Long distance bait (on lawn with accuracy feature), F. B. Davidson, Chicago, 106⅕ feet.

Expert—Long distance fly, R. C. Leonard, New York, 96½ feet.

Expert—Accuracy fly (at 75, 80 and 85 feet), R. C. Leonard, New York, 88 per cent.

Expert—Long distance bait (on lawn with accuracy feature), E. E. Wilkinson, Chicago, 134⅕ feet.

Mr. Davidson's longest cast in long distance bait was 152 feet perfect, and remained unbroken for ten years until broken by Mr. H. G. Hascall, of Chicago, in the Grand Rapids, Mich., tournament of 1903, with a cast of 172½ feet perfect, which stands to-day as the best on record in an open event. The succeeding years, 1894, 1895 and 1896, were uneventful outside of club contests. In 1897 the club decided to give a second open to the World Scientific Angling Tournament and to add two more events than were given in 1893, viz., roll fly-casting and bait-casting at buoys in the water. In this tournament, held at North Lagoon, Garfield Park, Chicago, on Aug. 13 and 14, 1897, the best scores were as follows:

Distance and accuracy fly, H. A. Newkirk, Chicago, 91⅓ per cent.

Accuracy and delicacy fly (dry fly), W. D. Mansfield, San Francisco, 86⅙ per cent.

Long distance fly, W. D. Mansfield, 111¼ feet.

Roll fly-casting, W. H. Babcock, Chicago, 90⅓ per cent.

Distance and accuracy bait (¼ ounce at 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet), F. N. Peet, Chicago, 95⅘ per cent.

Long distance bait (on lawn), F. B. Davidson, Chicago, 98⅕ feet.

Diamond medals and six other valuable prizes were awarded in each event. Mr. Mansfield broke all records with his 111¼ feet in long distance fly, which remained until broken by Mr. R. C. Leonard in the New York tournament of 1898 with a score of 120 feet, which in turn was broken by Mr. Mansfield with a score of 134 feet in the San Francisco tournament of 1902, which stands to-day the best on record in any open event.

Through the seasons of 1898 and 1899 interest in the work of the club continued to increase, and many new and enthusiastic members were added to its lists, while the value of its efforts was evidenced by the increased scores made at its contests. The general interest having largely centered upon the five events noted below, it was decided to give a third tournament, which occurred Aug. 17 and 18, 1900, at North Lagoon, Garfield Park, Chicago, with results in highest scores as follows:

Distance and accuracy fly, A. E. Lovett, San Francisco, 98 per cent.

Accuracy and delicacy fly, I. H. Bellows, Chicago, 97 per cent.

Long distance fly, A. E. Lovett, San Francisco, 105 feet.

Distance and accuracy bait, A. C. Smith, Chicago, 98⅖ per cent.

Long distance bait, George Salter, Chicago, 103 1/12 feet.

Mr. Bellows and Mr. Smith broke all records in the two events noted, and a team contest added materially to the interest of the occasion. Mr. H. G. Hascall and Mr. F. N. Peet, the Chicago team, being the winners.

The years since 1900 have been progressive ones for the club, the interest continuing and membership increasing steadily, but they have been uneventful except from a club standpoint, aside from the development of the extremely scientific and popular delicacy bait (¼ ounce) event, which originated with the Chicago Fly-Casting Club and has been incorporated in the events of this fourth tournament. The Chicago Fly-Casting Club feels that its labors have added materially to an increased appreciation of scientific angling and that it has promoted the cause of true sportsmanship and of God's "out of doors."

Tournament, Aug. 18, 19, 1905.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Rule I.

Each person competing shall pay an entrance feet of $2 for each event, or $10 for the entire six regular events. Entries to each event close thirty minutes before contest commences.

Rule II.

The captain shall be the executive officer of the day, and shall examine and approve all tackle used in the events. The secretary-treasurer shall receive all entry fees and issue cards to contestants, designating their number in the order of competition. The timekeeper shall start and close all events. He shall signal the judges with a flag and call time to the contestants.

Rule III.

The contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide. The decision of the referee shall be final, except as to a question of interpretation of rules. In such a case contestant shall have a right of appeal to the tournament committee, provided that notice of such appeal is given to the captain before the close of such contest.

Rule IV.

All casting shall be done single-handed only, except where otherwise noted.

Rule V.

Competitors may consult their own wishes in choice of reel and line, but lines must not be knotted, leaded or weighted, and bait-casting reels must be free running.

Rule VI.

Leaders shall be of single gut, and shall not be less than six nor more than nine feet in length. One fly only shall be used, of a size not larger than No. 5. Snell must not exceed six inches in length. Hooks shall be broken off at the bend. Official ½ ounce and ¼ ounce casting weights used in the bait-casting events will be furnished by the captain.

Rule VII.

Fly-rods shall not exceed eleven feet in length, except in event 1. In event 1 the weight and length of the rod is not limited. In event 2, the weight shall not exceed 8½ ounces. In event 3 the weight shall not exceed 5 ounces, but an allowance of ¾ ounce will be made for solid reel seat of metal (aluminum excepted), rubber, bone, ivory or celluloid. Bait-rods unrestricted, except that they shall be single-handed.

Rule VIII.

No cast shall count after the judges have notified contestant that fly is missing until same is replaced.

Rule IX.

If tackle breaks, contestant shall be allowed to replace same if in the opinion of the judges it was defective.

Rule X.

All ties shall be cast off immediately after the contest. *The loser shall be entitled to the prize next in order.*

Rule XI.

No one except active contestants and captain shall be allowed nearer the judges or casting pier than ten feet; and any contestant distracting the attention of the judges, timekeeper or active contestant in any manner whatever shall forfeit all rights or claims and be barred from any further participation in the tournament.

Rule XII.

The general rules and usages of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club shall be used in deciding any question that may arise not covered by rules in this programme.

Notice.—The Tournament Committee retains the right to reduce the number of casts specified if it deems such action necessary.

Programme.

AUGUST 18—FIRST EVENT, 10 A. M.—LONG DISTANCE FLY-CASTING.

No limit to rod or line. Ten minutes allowed to cast fly to greatest possible distance. No time allowance for replacing fly.

SECOND EVENT, 1:30 P. M.—DISTANCE AND ACCURACY FLY- CASTING.

There shall be three 30-inch rings, distant 50, 55 and 60 feet from the edge of the casting platform. There shall be made five (5) casts at each ring. If the fly falls within the ring or on the rim of same the cast shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot outside the ring a demerit of one shall be made. The sum total of such demerits, divided by the number of casts, shall constitute the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from the 100 shall be the percentage. Not more than one minute will be allowed in which to extend the line to 50-foot ring. When the contestant has extended his line and is ready, he shall call "score," and the next cast thereafter shall be counted. When five successive casts have been made at 50-foot ring, the Captain shall announce "next ring." Contestant must then lift his line, and if he so desires can make not to exceed five "dry casts" before dropping his fly at the 55-foot ring. A like proccdure will be followed between 55 and 60-foot rings. Should contestant whip off his fly at any time after calling "score," he will be allowed to replace fly and proceed. For this purpose he may "work out" to point where fly was lost, call "score," and resume scoring at point where scoring stopped. The same procedure will be permitted if contestant's line is fouled through no fault of his. No cast shall count after judges notify contestant that fly is lost.

THIRD EVENT, 4 P. M.—ACCURACY AND DELICACY FLY-CASTING.

(Dry Fly.)

There shall be three 30-inch rings, distant 35, 40 and 45 feet from edge of casting platform, and there shall be made five (5) casts at each ring. If the fly falls within the ring or on the rim, the accuracy shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot outside the ring a demerit of one shall be made. The sum total of such demerits, divided by the number of casts, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. In addition, there shall be kept an account of delicacy. The delicacy per cent. shall be determined by the judges and the referee, in manner indicated below.

Contestant will be allowed thirty seconds to extend his line by "dry fly" casting to 35-foot ring. Scoring shall begin the first time the fly strikes the water. When contestant has made five (5) casts, captain will announce "next ring." Contestant must then lift his line and in not less than one nor more than five "dry fly" casts, reach the 40-foot ring. Scoring to begin the first time the fly strikes the water. A like procedure shall be followed between 40 and 45-foot rings. No cast made without a fly shall be scored. If fly is lost, contestant may replace same, and in not more than five "dry fly" casts resume his scoring. Not more than two "dry fly" casts will be allowed between scoring casts, except between rings, as stated. All casting shall be done from the reel. Contestant will be allowed to start with loose line and leader equal to length of rod, and may strip line

but once in every retrieve, and must retrieve last cast. A perfect cast is: (1) Fly to fall by its own weight without a splash. (2) Fly and leader to strike the water in advance of line with minimum disturbance of surface. (3) Retrieve must be made with minimum disturbance of surface. (4) The grace and ease of contestant, his "dry fly" casts, back cast and manner of extending line, shall be scored for style. A demerit shall be scored for each failure to properly execute Nos. 1, 2 and 3, and for lack of "style," as outlined in No. 4; and five (5) points shall be deducted for each demerit scored. The total of delicacy demerits, divided by the number of casts, deducted from 100, give the delicacy per cent. The accuracy per cent. and delicacy per cent., added together and divided by 2, determine the final percentage.

AUGUST 19—FOURTH EVENT, 10 A. M.—DELICACY AND ACCURACY BAIT-CASTING.

(¼oz. Weights.)

There will be a target provided for this event with a center or bullseye thirty (30) inches in diameter, and so arranged that it can be located at distances of 60, 65, 70, 75 and 80 feet from casting point on platform to exact center of bullseye. There shall be made three casts at the target at each of the distances, viz., fifteen casts in all. If casting weight falls within the 30-inch center, or bullseye, the cast shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot away from the 30-inch center, a demerit of one shall be made. The total of such demerits, divided by the number of casts, shall be the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent., deducted from 100, shall constitute the percentage. In case contestant casts with drag or click, captain shall call "foul" and contestant shall be allowed another cast. The ¼on. casting weights provided by the captain shall be used in this event. If weight strikes iron rings or outside edge of circular wooden float, cast scores as though just inside of said ring or edge.

FIFTH EVENT, 1:30 P. M.—LONG DISTANCE AND ACCURACY BAIT-CASTING.

(½oz. Weights.)

In this event, the center of bullseye will be located at distances of 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet from casting point on platform. Three casts shall be made at each distance. The casting weights are to be the ½oz. weights provided. Scoring and other conditions to be the same as for Fourth Event.

SIXTH EVENT, 3 P. M.—LONG DISTANCE BAIT-CASTING.

(½oz. Weights.)

The casting in this event shall be done on the lawn in a V-shaped court, which is to be laid out as follows: From the casting point two diverging straight lines are to be laid out at an angle which shall cause them to be 30 feet apart at a distance of 100 feet away from the casting point. Diverging lines to be continued indefinitely at the same angle. Contestants each to make five (5) casts, in turn, one cast at a time. If casting weight falls outside the court, the cast shall be scored 0. Length of cast to be computed from casting point to where weight falls inside of court.

The sum total of the five casts in feet, divided by the number of casts, shall be the average and constitute the score of the contestant. All casting to be done from ground level. The casting weights used are to be the ½oz. casting weights provided. Conditions concerning free running reels and casting with click or drag as outlined in Fourth Event to prevail in this event.

Should weight fall inside court and bound out, cast to be scored from where weight first fell.

The longest single cast, in court, will be made a matter of record and awarded a prize as noted.

The officers and the committees are: Geo. A. Hinterleitner, President; E. L. Mason, Vice-President; John Hohmann, Captain; B. J. Kellenberger, Secretary-Treasurer. Executive Committee—Geo. A. Hinterleitner, E. L. Mason, B. J. Kellenberger, John Hohmann, H. C. Hascall, E. R. Letterman and C. F. Brown. Tournament Committee—H. Wheeler Perce, Fred N. Peet, Wm. T. Church and members of Executive Committee. Reception Committee—W. T. Church, Chairman; O. E. Becker, I. H. Bellows, D. B. Bronson, G. A. Davis, Jos. A. McCormick, H. B. Noyes, F. S. Smith, E. P. Sperry. Grounds and Equipment Committee—E. L. Mason, Chairman; O. J. Loomis, C. L. Bequeaith, F. P. Naylor, R. H. Gillespic, Robt. Slade, Jr.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Below are scores for contest of July 29:

	½-ounce Bait.	½-ounce Bait. Re-entry.	Distance & Acc'y, Fly.	Distance & Acc'y, Fly, Re-entry.
Becker, O. E.	98 3-15	98 5-15	.....	.....
Bellows, I. H.	96 5-15	.....	98 10-15	99
Dean, D. A.	96 9-15	97 8-15	.....	.....
Hinterleitner, G. A.	94 11-15	.....	95 4-15	.....
Heston, N. C.	97 2-15	97 12-15	96 9-15	98 13-15
Kellenberger, B. J.	97 5-15	97 9-15	.....	.....
Letterman, E. R.	98 7-15	.....	98	93 9-15
Mason, E. L.	96 6-15	.....	.....	.....
Naylor, F. P.	97 7-15	97 12-15	.....	.....
Sperry, E. P.	94 11-15	.....	.....	.....
Snell, E. A.	88 7-15	87 10-15	.....	.....
Perce, H. W.	98	.....	98 11-15	.....
Loomis, O. L.	98	.....	.....	.....
Slade, Jr., Robt.	96 9-15	.....	.....	.....
Hohmann, John	93 12-15	.....	.....	.....
*Barnes, A. H.	97 12-15	96 14-15	.....	.....

*Visitor, from Racine Club.

B. J. KELLENBERGER, See'y.-Treas.

American Fisheries Society Meeting.

OUT of compliment to Hon. George M. Bowers, the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, the American Fisheries Society held its thirty-fourth annual meeting last week at White Sulphur Springs in his native State of West Virginia. Fifteen States were represented in the attendance and the sessions were of unusual interest to everybody concerned in fishcultural work. New York State was represented by Mr. C. H. Townsend, of the New York aquarium, and Secretary J. D. Whish, of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission. Each took an active part in the proceedings and each was recognized by being named on important committees.

The meeting opened on Tuesday morning, and three sessions were held daily for three days. Two of the opening papers detailed experimental work that is being done—one by Mr. Henry O'Mally, of Baker, Wash., treating of the value of salt solutions in separating live from dead eggs; the other by Mr. Charles G. Atkins, of East Orland, Me., going into the question of the early feeding of salmonoid fry. Mr. Atkins asserted that early and abundant feeding is not by any means as necessary as has been supposed. In the discussion of the latter paper the question as to how long trout will live was considered, and it developed that brook trout have reached the age of 24 years in Pennsylvania, female rainbow trout 14 years, although they do not seem to spawn after they are 12 years old, and lake trout have been known to reach the age of 30 years. The whole subject of brook trout was brought up for discussion by the paper read by Mr. Whish, entitled, "The Passing of the Brook Trout." He took the ground that in New York State, and in many others as well, the native speckled trout is passing away before the advance of civilization. The changed conditions of water, and in particular the steady increase in parasitic diseases were the main factors at the bottom of the driving out of the brook trout, according to the ideas of the writer. After the discussion in which most of those present joined, and it appeared that in fish diseases scientific men have a hard world to conquer, the Society visited the Government hatchery nearby and spent some time in examining it. In the evening Mr. J. W. Titcomb, of the U. S. Commission, gave an illustrated account of his trip to Argentina, where he went by special request of the Government to introduce fishcultural work.

Wednesday was made memorable by the settlement of the question how to designate the sizes of fish in hatchery work. The matter was in the hands of a committee comprising Mr. F. N. Clark, Mr. Seymour Bower, Mr. Paul North, Dr. H. M. Smith, Mr. William Meehan and Mr. J. D. Whish, who finally came to an agreement and the Society ratified their report. Briefly stated, the result arrived at is that the following terms shall be hereafter used in describing all fish: Fry—fish up to the time the sac is absorbed and feeding begins. Advanced fry—fish from the end of the fry period until they have reached the length of one inch. Fingerlings—fish between the length of one inch and the yearling stage, the various sizes to be designated as follows: fingerling No. 1, a fish from one inch in length up to two inches; fingerling No. 2, a fish from two inches in length up to three inches, etc. Yearlings—fish that are one year old but less than two years old, counting from the date of hatching. They may be designated as yearlings No. 1, No. 2, etc., according to length. It is believed that the uniformity thus reached will give added value to reports of work done in the future. The Society paid another visit to the hatchery at this time and saw a practical exhibition of hatchery apparatus in which were developed the latest ideas of the expert workmen and scientists in the service of the various States and of the United States Bureau. Governor Dawson was present on this occasion and welcomed the members to West Virginia in a short speech, in the course of which he dwelt particularly on the great value of the work that is being done by fishculturists. The meeting was continued by the reading and discussion of several papers at this time which the Governor seemed to find highly interesting.

Mr. G. R. Allen, of Portland, Ore., dwelt on the relation between the feeding of the parent trout and the virility of the eggs produced. Mr. Henry Talbott, of Washington, D. C., spoke entertainingly on "The Potomac Bass," and in the course of his remarks noted that "there is no good fishing in a year when there are sun spots." Dr. Henshall, of Bozeman, Mont., was heard in a paper on the "Protection of Fish in Inland Waters." He took the ground that there would not be so much need of artificial propagation if fish were given half a chance to spawn naturally, and advocated more fishways and less water-pollution. Mr. Oregon Milton Dennis, of Baltimore, Md., followed with a paper on the legal aspect of protection in his State, and told of exciting experiences in enforcing the law. He was specially hard on the net fishermen and urged that there should be laws prohibiting pound and purse nets and the selling of undersized fish. An interesting talk on the best way to get uniform laws for fish protection grew out of this paper, and will be heard from further when certain legislatures meet.

When the Society returned to the hotel, Dr. B. W. Evermann presented a paper on the "Golden Trout of Volcano Creek," which he investigated for the Government. He believes that this beautiful fish developed from the rainbow trout of Kern River to meet the requirements of the wonderful coloring of its surroundings. He showed several colored plates illustrating the coloring of the trout. Dr. F. P. Gorham, of Rhode Island, described the methods and success of the commission of that State in its lobster culture. Results are appearing already and young lobsters are now found in greater numbers than in twenty years before. Mr. Root, who was presiding, went further and told of the shellfish work of the State generally. In his judgment, sea farming is much more profitable than land farming, and he cited the fact as proof that hard clams, which are edible after they are 14 months old, can be raised to the extent of from 7,000 to 12,000 to the acre and sold at $1.25 per bushel. The members asked many questions while the subject was up for discussion and brought out much that was not generally known about the work the Rhode Island commission is doing along the lines indicated. The hope was expressed that New York State may soon see its way clear to take advantage of the success which has been achieved in shellfish culture and return at least to the work of lobster propagation which once was carried on at the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery. A paper on the culture of the small-mouth black bass was next read by Mr. F. N. Clark, of Northville, Mich., who has long been experimenting with this species. He said that while most of the difficulties attending the cultivation of the large-mouth bass have been overcome, there are yet a lot of important things to be learned about the small-mouth bass. He told in an interesting way about his own experiments, about the use of artificial nests for the bass, and spoke at length about their habits. He said that the parent bass does not guard the young fish very long, and that at the end of eight or ten days the young fry scatter. It was not his belief that the parent bass eats many of the fry. The day closed with an instructive paper on the work of the U. S. Commission during the year, which was read by Mr. Titcomb. In the evening Mr. A. H. Densmore, of Leadville, Colo., gave an illustrated talk on the Yellowstone Park as a fishing resort. The lantern slides showed the fishculturist in actual working clothes and formed an admirable addition to the highly interesting lecture. Many of the guests of the hotel were present and listened with marked attention.

The Society worked steadily up to almost the hour for its departure and put in three full sessions on Thursday. Commissioner Bowers, of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, gave a short talk by request on the work of the bureau and dwelt on the magnitude of the work done. During the year that closed on June 30, the bureau distributed 1,734,495,562 fish, including both food and game varieties. This enormous output is more than 450,000,000 greater than the output of the preceding year and shows how the work is growing under Mr. Bowers' direction. The Society gave him a vote of thanks for his remarks and for the many courtesies he has shown during his official connection with the fisheries bureau. A number of resolutions were presented for consideration by the committee, of which Mr. Townsend, of New York, was a member, and all were adopted. The more important called for greater protection for Yellowstone Park, for the ceding of jurisdiction over the Great Lakes to the Federal Governmen in order to get proper fish protection, and for uniform legislative action to put a stop to water pollution. Mr. C. D. Joslyn, of Detroit, Mich., backed up the Great Lakes resolution with a paper in which he set forth the necessity for such action if the important commercial fisheries of the lakes are to be preserved. Eight of the States border on the lakes and there now is no uniformity in the protective laws. Moreover, nothing can be done with Canada. But if Federal control existed the Government could put the matter up to Great Britain and the case might be different. There was not much discussion of this paper, but the members admitted that Mr. Joslyn was right in what he said. The everlasting subject of carp was then taken up and two papers presented on it. Mr. L. J. Cole, of Cambridge, Mass., wrote on "The Status of the Carp in America," and Mr. S. P. Bartlett, of Quincy, Ill., spoke of "The Carp as seen by a Friend." The "carpists" and "anti-carpists" saved much valuable time by omitting to discuss either paper. Dr. Smith came in very handily just at this juncture with an account of his visit last June to the International Fisheries Congress in Vienna as a representative of the Society. His efforts secured the selection of this country for the meeting in 1908, and the Society undoubtedly will hold its sessions that year in Washington on this account. A paper was next given by Mr. N. R. Buller, of Pleasant Mount, Pa., on the propagation of the yelow perch, which is a favorite fish in his State, as it is in our own. He showed that it can be hatched easily and that it gives great satisfaction when propagated artificially. Capt. L. G. Harron, of the United States Bureau, who also has worked on this line, added to the information furnished by the paper. Mr. Townsend, of New York, then gave the members his views on "The Home Fish Pond," which proved both interesting and valuable. It developed that there is but little literature on this important subject, although scarcely a day passes but the question how best to build a pond on the farm or estate arises. Mr. F. A. Degler, who is a native West Virginian, addressed the Society on forestry and fishculture in his State. He was followed by a practical paper on pike-perch culture, which was read by Mr. S. W. Downing, of Put-in-Bay, Ohio. The discussion of this brought out the fact that the New York State Commission began propagating pike-perch in 1894, and annually plants an average of over 70,000,000 of the fish. Specimens of sponge grown by the United States Bureau and of much value commercially were next shown by Dr. Smith. An interesting paper on frog culture, read by Commissioner Meehan, of Pennsylvania, closed the programme.

The nominating committee, of which Mr. Whish, of New York, was a member, reported the usual nominations, and officers were elected as follows: President, C. D. Joslyn, of Detroit, Mich.; Vice-President, Dr. H. M. Smith, of Washington, D. C.; Recording Secretary, George F. Peabody, of Appleton, Wis.; Corresponding Secretary, Charles G. Atkins, of East Orland, Me.; Treasurer, C. W. Willard, of Westerly, R. I. The Executive Committee was selected as follows: Hon. W. E. Meehan, of Pennsylvania, chairman, and John D. Whish, of New York; E. Hart Ceer, of Connecticut; J. A. Henshall, of Montana; Paul North, of Ohio; J. J. Stranahan, of Georgia, and S. F. Fullerton, of Minnesota. It was decided to meet next year at Grand Rapids, Mich. A resolution complimenting Commissioner Meehan, of Pennsylvania, on the advanced position he has taken in his work and thanking him for the interest he has shown in the Society was unanimously adopted, after which the Society adjourned. An unusually large number of new members were elected during the session, among them being these from New York State:

Robert Kirby Taylor, Timothy J. Martin, H. F. De Puy and James Cruikshank, of New York city; Stephen H. Palmer, of Monticello; Clifford E. Irish, of Lake George. Mr. Whish was selected to prepare a suitable notice of the late Eugene G. Blackford for presentation at the next meeting and for publication in the proceedings.

On their way home the members were greatly delayed by the engine and a portion of their train running off the track near Charlotteville. Fortunately nobody was injured.

A FAVORITE name for German angling clubs is "Früh-Auf" ("early up"), and at this season of the year the German Angler Zeitung contains accounts of their fishing matches. On Sunday, June 18, the Central Union of the Berlin Friends of Angling had a match to see who was king of the anglers. Thirty-six anglers in twenty boats fished the Rummelsburger Lake in a steady downpour, which soaked every contestant to the skin. In three-quarters of an hour the lot caught three pounds of fish. The greatest fish weighed 129 grammes, and the next greatest 120 grammes. The captors, Herr Gartenschläger and Herr Heese, amid great rejoicing, were declared king and knight, and duly adorned with the insignia of office. The competitors then adjourned for breakfast on Love Island, and kept on having breakfast until a late hour of the day. Our German angling friends carry out these competitions with tremendous enthusiasm. Processions with banners, songs and music, an hour or two's fishing, then feasting and more music and songs, great speechifying, a grand torchlight procession, and a finish up with a ball. They naturally do not expect to catch many fish on these occasions, but they certainly do have, as our American friends say, "a high old time," under the protection of St. Peter, the angler's patron saint. For one thing, our German friends can sing, and it is a delightful experience on a moonlight night to come home from an outing of this kind on the Rhine or other rivers with boatloads of anglers of both sexes, all singing grand old German songs.—Fishing Gazette.

Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence.

There was a large attendance at the twenty-second annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, which was held at the Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay, Wednesday, Aug. 2, and the proceedings were of great interest to all. The meeting was called to order by President Charles R. Skinner, of Albany, formerly State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The president appointed A. C. Cornwall, of Alexdria Bay; Sigmund Stern, of New York, and J. M. Curtiss, of Cleveland, O., as a nominating committee. Treasurer R. P. Grant, of Clayton, presented his annual report which showed a balance of $574.21 on hand.

Hon. Charles R. Skinner then delivered his annual address as president of the Association. He called attention to the fact that during the past year the organization had lost but one member. The speaker complimented the Association upon the loyalty of its members and said that the membership was not merely local but represented nearly every county of the State as well as nearly every State of the Union. The purpose of this organization was to enforce the laws of New York State upon the St. Lawrence River and by so doing to protect the interests of the fish and game. "The Association was organized long before there was any State Department governing the game laws, and at that time the Association itself paid a game protector to enforce game laws on the St. Lawrence River. The international reservations are due to the influence of this organization, which secured the enactment of laws providing for the expenditure of nearly $60,000 for State parks from Tibbitt's Point to Ogdensburg. I am glad to hear that our neighbors across the river have promoted this project well, and the only fault which I have to find with them is that American fishermen must pay a license to fish in Canadian waters, when New York State furnishes millions of fry annually, with which the river is stocked. We cannot mark our fish so that the Canadian fish can be distinguished from the American, and surely are not the fish of our country as good as those of another? No American would prevent a Canadian from fishing in international waters, which should be open to all who enjoy the sport of angling. Mr. Taylor, of the Canadian Parliament, has done all in his power to secure the broad and generous enforcement of laws. A short time ago Mr. Whipple, who is the head of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, was on a tour of inspection and while here became acquainted with the work of the Anglers' Association, to which he promised his hearty support."

Speaking of the former power of the Anglers' Association, President Skinner said that before the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission was ercated the Association appointed Joseph Northrup, of Alexandria Bay, as the game protector, and he considered that his removal last February, at the time of the change of administration at Albany, was a bad blow to the Association, but that Mr. Whipple had assured this organization that it should have Mr. Northrup to look after the river. In regard to the legislation of last winter President Skinner said that it did not affect the river except the law which was passed at the suggestion of the anglers to prohibit the retention of maskinongé under 24 inches in length.

William H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, corresponding secretary of the Anglers' Association, submitted his annual report as did also A. C. Cornwall, chairman of the Executive Committee.

Hon. George Taylor, of Gananoque, Ont., Member of Parliament, said that with Hon. C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, he had tried to intercede with the Canadian Government to consider the waters from Kingston to Ogdensburg as international and to make their laws coincident with those of New York. He showed how in their discussions as to whether the Dominion or Provincial Government of Canada should make the fishery laws, the matter was carried to the Privy Council of England, which decided in favor of the Provincial Government. Mr. Taylor said that in an interview with the Minister of the Provincial Government he said that any former agreement between the Anglers' Association and Canadian officials should be honored. He expressed his deep regret at the fact that the assistant deputy commissioners of fisheries should have issued an edict prohibiting American fishermen from taking fish from Canadian waters, unless a $5 license was paid for every rod, and in order to remedy this he suggested that a committee consisting of the prominent New York officials and also Canadian officials should wait upon the Provincial Government. Hon. C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, corroborated what Mr. Taylor had said.

R. P. Grant then spoke briefly in regard to the number of maskinongé fry which the State had placed in the St. Lawrence River.

Senator Malby, of Ogdensburg, and I. H. Dargavel, of Elgin, Ont., spoke briefly. T. F. Kerr, of Englewood, N. J., advocated the enforcement of the law in regard to the defacement of natural scenery.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Albany; First Vice-President, Alexander Robb, New York city; Second Vice-President, Thomas F. Kerr, Englewood, N. J.; Third Vice-President, Col. O. G. Staples, Washington, D. C.; Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton; Executive Committee, chairman, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; C. W. Crossman, Walter Fox, Dr. J. D. Cole, Alexandria Bay; George Hall, Ogdensburg; F. H. Taylor, New York city; A. E. Clark, Chicago; G. T. Rafferty, T. A. Gillespie, Pittsburg, Pa.; George C. Boldt, C. G. Emery, W. H. Nichols, New York city; J. P. Lamson, Cleveland, O.; Hon. C. E. Britton, Gananoque.

After the adjournment of the meeting the members of the Association enjoyed a banquet at the Thousand Island House.

It is understood that American fishermen are now free to angle in Canadian waters without a Government license for the first time in several years. The regulation requiring a license by all foreigners fishing in Canadian waters has not been officially revoked by the Government, but the present attitude of the authorities, it is said, makes it practically null and void. W. E. W.

The Life History of the Angler.

BY THEODORE GILL.

From the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections.

Of all the remarkable characteristics of the angler, perhaps the most remarkable are the manner in which the eggs of the female are consigned to the waves and the subsequent development and metamorphosis of the young. As much as twenty-two or twenty-three centuries ago at least the manner of oviposition was known to Greek fishermen and briefly noticed by Aristotle.

Leaving aside his irrelative and speculative remarks, he declared that the sea frog lays its eggs in a bunch near the shore. Not until quite recently was more information communicated, and then in a land unknown to the Greek philosopher.

About the end of summer the fishes seek shallower water and the inhabitants of the depths advance upwards; the sexes must then consort together, but in what manner and what rites of marriage are performed is unknown; the result, however, is, that about the time indicated "the fishermen on the New England coast often notice a substance floating on the water, which they term 'a purple veil,' the precise nature of which has caused much speculation on their part, and which answers singularly well to its designation." S. F. Baird, in



The illustrations show the young angler at various stages of growth, from a short time after hatching to a stage where it has most of the characteristics of the adult, but larger pectorals and ventrals, and less flattened head.

1871, became interested in the accounts he heard and sought to determine the origin of the "purple veil." He found one "which presented the appearance of a continuous sheet of a purplish brown color, twenty or thirty feet in length, and four or five in width, composed of a mucous substance which was perfectly transparent, to which, as a whole, a purple color was imparted by the presence of specks distributed uniformly throughout the mass to the number of about thirty or more to the square inch." The little specks were embryonic fishes "moving vigorously in their envelope, but without any appreciable latitude of motion, or change of relative position to each other." Baird could not identify the little fishes, but it happened that Alexander Agassiz had shortly before observed and investigated the veil with its contents and determined it to be the product of the angler. In 1882 Agassiz published the results of his investigations and a remarkable history was disclosed, which has been supplemented by the more recent observations of Prince, McIntosh and Masterman.

The "violet veil," in fact, is a great communistic cradle for the large family of a single mother angler. It is, according to Agassiz, "an immense ribbon-shaped mucous band, from two to three," or it may be five, "feet broad, and from twenty-five to thirty feet," or even, according to Prince, thirty-six feet long. "It looks at a short distance like an immense crape. The mucus is of a light violet gray color and the dark black pigment spots of the young *Lophius*, still in the egg, give to the mass a somewhat blackish appearance. The eggs are laid in a single irregular layer through the mass, usually well separated by the mucus in which they float." The color of the veil must vary from light when first issuing from the mother *Lophius* to dark when the eyes of the larvæ have become conspicuous. The eggs may be as many as a million or more. (Thompson estimated 1,420,000 and Fulton 1,345,848.) Each egg is about a twelfth of an inch or two millimeters in diameter. Thus the earliest stages of development are passed and when the larva has burst its shell envelope it immediately leaves the veil and begins life free on the surface of the sea.

The newly hatched young, as Agassiz well says, "it would be difficult to recognize" as the embryo of the angler. It would, indeed, be impossible to do so without extraneous information. It is an elongated, mouthless and almost shapeless being with the yolk still forming nearly half its bulk and with simply a continuous fin fold.

About a week later it has obtained a mouth, a dorsal ray has been evolved, and long spatula-like ventrals as well as short broad pectorals have been developed.

In about a fortnight or little more a second dorsal ray has become manifest, the pectorals have developed incipient rays, and the ventrals show two rays.

At a considerably later period the early form is still retained but the head is more pronounced, the mouth and jaws better defined, and the four distinct dorsal rays over and behind the head are manifest; the two ventral rays have become longer.

There is an indication in the lower fold of the future caudal and where the notochord is to be tilted up.

Later still the continuous fold has been broken up and distinct rayed dorsal and anal fins are developed, but the caudal is "heterocercal." The anterior dorsal has been increased by a short ray in front and another behind and all are more elongated and ray-like than in earlier stages. The pectorals have become well developed and the ventrals enormously elongated so that, when seen swimming from above the little fish reminds us of a long-tailed butterfly.

When the angler has reached this stage, it has become a respectable fish. It does not, indeed, look at all like its mother but nevertheless an ichthyologist, perfectly familiar with the fishes of the North Atlantic, would have no difficulty in recognizing it as the young of the angler. The numbers of rays, and more especially the six nearly or quite free anterior dorsal rays, are characteristic and distinguish the fish from all others. The condition and mode of development of these free rays are indeed noteworthy on account of their early appearance, inasmuch as the anglers are not in other respects radically differentiated from other families of pediculate fishes.

Development still goes on and the caudal fin becomes homocercal, the other fins still better defined. The head grows disproportionately, the ventral fins become much reduced and the pectorals less so, the foremost dorsal spine grows out beyond all the others and the second to sixth, arrested in development, are much shorter, and the four median caudal rays become forked. A regular fully developed angler is the outcome.

The next noteworthy stage in development is in the way of perfecting the fins, especially the rays, and the isolation of the three foremost dorsal rays and their advance forward so that the first arises from the snout. The tag-like appendages are concurrently developed along the sides of the body, the edges of the lower jaw and opercular apparatus, and the dorsal spines. By this time the little angler is two or three inches long. The ventrals are still very long but all the rays are developed and the head and body have not yet assumed the much depressed form characteristic of the adult.

When the young fall to the bottom they are supposed "to frequent rocky algæ-covered ground where they can have a shelter and also suitable food." Few are ever taken by the dredge or trawl even in ground where the old are abundant. It is only when they become older that most of them leave such secluded nooks and come out into the open.

The growth of the angler has been especially studied by T. Wemyss Fulton (1903) based on the examination of large series. When six months old, the "mean" length is 6⅜ inches (5-8⅜), when "one year and six months," it is 12½ inches (9-15$^{13}/_{16}$), and "when two years and six months," it is 18-18½ inches (14½-21-22).

"When three years old, supposing a little less than the same rate of increase continues—and in fishes growth is not usually much reduced in rapidity before the period of maturity is reached—the angler will measure approximately 21 inches in length, and when four years old about 26 or 27 inches. The information as to the size at which maturity is first attained is not extensive, but males may be found ripe at the size stated. Females probably do not become mature, as a rule, until over 30 inches in length, and the facts point to the males first reaching maturity four years of age and the females when five years."

As such an angler it passes its life year after year. It

becomes "a huge unshapely creature, and is of a soft, gelatinous and flaccid consistence. Its mouth is enormous," and its "antipathy to action is strangely contrasted with the enormity of its appetite, to satisfy which it has recourse to stratagem in the capture of its prey."

The angler is not usually ranked among food fishes, and is generally unceremoniously rejected; nevertheless, it is said to furnish excellent meat. According to Donovan (1808), "the flesh of this fish is white, and having, it is said, the same flavor as the common frog, is eaten in many countries as a delicacy." Couch (1863) reported that it "is a delicious dish." In Scotland, Parnell long ago (1839) had declared that "the flesh is considered good, especially near the tail," and McIntosh and Masterman (1897) state that "it comes under the category of a food fish and is treated in a similar way to the wolf fish. The head is cut off and only the trunk is sent into the market. This is sold under the name of 'croan,' and sometimes of john dory, a name that of right belongs to a very different fish."

In Massachusetts, where it is most frequently caught, according to Storer (1855), "no use is made of this fish, as its liver contains but little if any oil; and its flesh has no fat. This," he thought, "is a singular fact, as most, if not all, other fish have either fat in their livers or in their flesh." But although not eaten now, it was by the aboriginal Americans, as is evidenced by the discovery by Wyman (1868) of osseous remains in a shell heap in Maine (Crouch's Cove).

A singular superstitition is entertained in some parts of Sweden (Bohuslan) according to Malm and Smitt. "It is so feared by many that the tackle is cut as soon as the 'monster' reaches the surface; and its captor hurries home in order to get there, if possible, before the misfortune portended by the monster overtakes him." The extreme of misfortune—death—is believed by some to be indicated. Nilsson tells that the Swedish fishermen on the banks "believe that on board the vessel on which an angler is taken, some one is *feg*, i. e., doomed to die soon. They therefore never or hardly ever take the angler on board, but prefer to cut the line and thus lose the hook with the fish."

An anemometrical faculty is attributed to the angler in Massachusetts. According to Storer, "among the fishermen in some parts of the bay, there is a common saying, 'when you take a goosefish, look out for an easterly storm.'"

New England Waters.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 5.—Commissioner Delano informs me that the Board is vigorously applying the law against the pollution of streams by sawdust, and one offender in Berkshire county has appealed a case that went against him in the lower court. If the State wins, as the Commissioner thinks it will, this will be a final settlement of the authority of the Commission under the statute.

In the four western counties of our State the close time on trout began July 15. In other counties it will commence Sept. 1. From what information has come to me I think our trout streams have not yielded their usual harvest. At a future time the writer hopes to go more into details on this subject.

In northern New Hampshire the fishermen are still having excellent luck and are enjoying the sport with as keen a relish as ever. Mr. I. J. Conant, of Boston, has taken several good strings from Reservoir Brook, a tributary of the Pemigewasset River. Several anglers report good trout fishing in northern Coos county.

Two lady anglers at the Rangeleys, whose success has been phenomenal, are Mrs. J. D. Desmond, of New Haven, and Mrs. C. W. Fisher, of North Attleboro. The former rejoicing in the capture of a 5½-pound trout and the latter of a 4½-pound salmon.

Deputy Luman, who has been actively engaged in enforcing game and fish laws in the central and western portions of the State, informs me that he has had several cases of violation of the law against the use of seines and nets, but that the law forbidding the sale of trout and that prescribing the minimum length of six inches have been well observed.

From several correspondents I learn that the trout fishing generally has not been up to that of former years. Some attribute this largely to the fact that for several weeks of the early season the water in the streams was very low. Several mention seeing many small trout in the brooks and say that very few remain long enough in the water to attain any great size, being taken by the great number of anglers while barely big enough to clear the law.

Without a vast expansion of the work now possible in our hatcheries as they exist to-day, anglers who seek trout of any considerable size must go outside of Massachusetts to get them, and further, the remedy lies with the sportsmen of the State. Let some one who knows tell your readers why there has never been a trout hatchery established in the State by the United States Government?

Mr. Charles P. Horton, of Boston, has purchased the interests of the few remaining members of the Monument Club, so that he now controls the fishing in the famous Monument River, one of the finest trout streams in the State, as well as the fishing preserve at Maple Springs, near Wareham. With the possible exception of Mashpee River, probably more "salters" have been taken from Monument River than from any other of the Cape streams.

One of the fishermen who had exceptional luck at Buzzard's Bay last week was Mr. Arthur Griffin, who caught a 175-pound halibut; another, Howard Eldridge, who got a 40-pound cod on the fishing rips, making each "high-line" for the season.

Anglers on the Samoset, Capt. Robinson, and the Volante, Captain Fisher, have brought in large fares of bluefish. Among the fishermen was Mr. Garrett Schenck, of Weston, a member of the State Association, accompanied by Mr. Henry Tilden, of Providence. Colonel Willard, of the United States Engineer Department, is now at Newport engaged in preparing plans for the harbor of refuge near Great Point, Nantucket.

The steamer service in Umbagog Lake has been extended this season. Round trips are made and the traveling public have an opportunity of passing in sight of the famous Dutton Camps.

Several members of the staff of the United States Fisheries Bureau are to be located at the Lakeside, while making an investigation of the waters of Umbagog Lake, the result of which will be a matter of public interest.

In Oxford, Me., there is a camp for boys, twenty-five in number, under the management of Prof. A. F. Caldwell, of De Pauw University.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Hobbs, of Bridgeport, Conn., are occupying Camp Ideal on Pleasant Island.

Prof. W. A. Packard, of Princeton, and his brother, Dr. C. W. Packard, and Mr. J. W. Argenbright, of New York, are all enthusiastic anglers, and are taking record salmon.

Dr. Harry E. Rice and family, of Boston, have taken possession of Don't Worry Camp for the summer.

Mr. C. W. Fisher, of North Attleboro, has to his credit a 5-pound salmon, and Mrs. Fisher one of 3½ pounds. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tracy, of Boston, have been at the Birches on their wedding trip. Mrs. H. B. Kirk, of New York, showed great skill in landing a 5½-pound salmon, which she hooked while trolling. She has sent the fish to New York friends. Her guide was Ernest Goodwin.

Cincinnati is represented by Mrs. A. L. Sanford and son, C. V. Sanford with his wife and boy. The party has taken several fish under guidance of Bob Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Dickson, of Philadelphia, who have been well known at the Rangeleys for many years, are again at their island home, Maneskootuck. Their steamer, the Oquossock, is always a welcome sight on the lake.

Mr. J. H. Parker, of Boston, with L. A. Derby and others of Lowell, are owners of a large cabin at Black Point above Upper Dam, on Mooseluckmeguntic Lake. Mrs. Parker has taken a 4-pound salmon and a couple of 3-pound trout, and Miss Jones has landed a 4-pound salmon and two 3-pound trout.

J. J. F. Randolph, R. J. Jackson and F. R. Morse, of New York, have had good fishing for several days at Round Mountain Lake. R. E. Stevens, M. D., of Marlboro, Mass., has found enjoyment at Blakeslee Camps.

John G. Morgan, of Norwich, Conn., who will be remembered by frequenters of Upper Dam, says he has made a careful computation of the time he has spent in a boat on the pools, and it makes a total of three years, "and happy years they have been," he says. He got a 5¼-pound salmon last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, of Boston, are entertaining at their camp a bridal couple, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Eastland, of California. There is nothing in the line of angling, whether in salt water or fresh, that Mr. Whitney is not familiar with by practical experience, and some of his experiences have been graphically described in classical English, of which he is a master.

Mr. J. M. Grosvenor, Jr., of Boston, has been taking snapshots (and trout) at King and Bartlett camps. With him were Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Andrews, also of Boston. After leaving King and Bartlett they went to Mr. Andrews' cottage at Clear Water.

Dr. M. F. Garvin and son, of Boston, have been for two weeks at the Birches.

Mr. W. H. H. Ward, of Amherst, Mass., as usual, has been several weeks at Carry Pond Camps, Bingham. He is an ardent fisherman and one of those who believe in fish and game propagation and protection.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries has recently planted 10,000 silver salmon in Seven Tree Pond in Union.

Central.

The Lateral-Lines in Fishes.

In the Bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries for 1904, Prof. G. H. Parker, of Harvard University, reports on a series of elaborate experiments conducted to determine the functions of the lateral-line organs in fishes. We quote the preliminary remarks and the conclusions drawn from the experiments:

"The habits of fishes, like those of most other animals, are inseparably connected with their sense organs. Thus in the matter of feeding, Bateson has pointed out that probably the majority of fishes seek their food by sight. Many such fishes when kept in confinement are known not to feed at night or even in twilight, though they may be ravenous feeders in daylight. Other fishes, including the eels, skates, sturgeons, suckers, flatfishes, etc., many of which are bottom fishes and often nocturnal in their habits, seem not to depend upon sight in seeking their food. Their powers of sight are often deficient, and food excites them chiefly through its action on their organs of taste, smell or touch. As Bateson observed, none of these fishes start in quest of food when it is first put into their tanks, but remain undisturbed for an interval, doubtless until the scent has been diffused through the water. Then they begin to swim vaguely about, and appear to seek the food by examining the whole area pervaded by the scent. The search is always made in this tentative way, whether the food is hidden or within sight, and it is first seized when by accident it is come upon.

"Herrick has made the interesting discovery that in the catfish, which seeks its food in the way just described, the organs of taste pervade the whole skin, and the fish will seize unseen food with great precision, provided only that it is brought near the skin. Thus in this fish the organs of taste largely replace the eye as a means of discovering the food.

"From these examples it must be clear how close is the relation between sense organs and habits. The sense organs, in fact, are the usual means of initiating those simple acts which, when taken collectively, constitute what are popularly known as habits, for the sense organs are the avenues through which the external influences enter the animal and excite it to action. How essential, then, in studying the habits of any group of animals, must be a knowledge of their sense organs.

"From this standpoint the elucidation of the habits of fish is particularly important, for their sense organs bear close comparison with those of human beings, and their environment withal is so different that they afford a most fascinating field for investigation. It is now fairly well established that many fishes possess in a high functional state the five chief senses of man—taste, smell, touch, hearing, and sight; but it is also known that many fishes possess a sixth set of organs, the lateral-line organs, for which there is no representative in man. As these are well developed and conspicuous structures in many cases, they may be suspected of playing an important part in the economy of these animals, and it is the purpose of this investigation to ascertain something of their role in the ordinary habits of some of our fishes.

"Everyone who is at all conversant with the external markings of fishes is familiar with a line which, in most instances, extends along the side from tail to head. This line, known from its position as the lateral line, consists usually of a row of small pores which lead into an underlying canal, the lateral-line canal. In the head of the fish this canal usually branches into three main stems, one of which passes forward and above the eye, another forward and immediately below the eye, and a third downward and over the lower jaw. These three canals, like the lateral-line canal, open on the surface by numerous pores, and, together wiht this canal, constitute the lateral-line system.

SUMMARY.

"1. The lateral-line organs are not stimulated by light, heat, salinity of water, food, oxygen, carbon dioxide, foulness of water, water pressure, water currents and sound.

"2. The lateral-line organs are stimulated by water vibrations of low frequency—six per second.

"3. The lateral-line organs may be of service to the fish in orientation, but they are of no more significance in equilibration than the skin, and are inferior in this respect to the eye and the ear.

"4. Waves on the surface of the water produced by air currents and the disturbances made by bodies falling into the water produce vibrations in the deeper water that stimulate the lateral-line organs.

"5. The skin, the lateral-line organs, and the ear form a natural group of sense organs whose genetic relations are such that the skin (organs of touch) may be said to be the first generation from which the lateral-line system has been derived, and this in turn has given rise to the ear."

Aristotle on a Danger to Fishes.

Many vertebrates and some invertebrates have, as a part of the ear, a hard bone or sometimes a particle of calcareous matter which is called the earbone, and the general term for which is otolith, meaning earstone. Owing to the hardness of these bones they are often long preserved, and recently paleontologists have been describing certain fishes from fossil otoliths. In a recent note to a scientific journal Dr. Theodore Gill, the eminent ichthyologist, calls attention to a statement made about fishes by Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, who says: "Those which have a stone in their head, as the chromis, labrax, sciæna and phagrus, suffer most in the winter, for the refrigeration of the stone causes them to freeze and be driven on shore."

Striped bass fishermen should take warning.

Fate of Bullhead Johnson.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 1.—"Bullhead Dick" Johnson, the most daring fish pirate on the Niagara frontier, was instantly killed about 4 o'clock this morning while trying to dynamite fish in the Niagara River opposite Tonawanda.

Charles Duffy and Charles St. Inges, the latter a son-in-law of "Bullhead," were with Johnson at the time. The three were in a rowboat and Johnson tried to throw a stick of dynamite into the river. The dynamite fell into the boat and exploded there. The explosion tore both arms from Johnson's body and severed the head completely at the neck.

Duffy, who was in the middle of the boat, was badly lacerated about the legs and St. Inges, who was in the bow, escaped without a scratch. The boat sank.—New York Sun.

FLOATING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

(*Continued from page* 128)

Here and there across the land were single and double mule plows, behind which the forms of gaunt negroes were tramping. Some of the land was marked off by stakes, and these patches showed that many of the workers were preparing their own rented land for a crop. Women and children were out in more conspicuous numbers than the men. The bright red and blue of the women's clothes were visible for miles by means of the glasses. They were planting seed cotton from aprons full. The levee was the only high ground in sight. From its top one could see further than from some hills. At 2:20 o'clock, March 15, we dropped into Milliken Bend, of which one reads so much in the story of General Grant's operations before Vicksburg. I have reason to remember this bend, for one of the Government inspection boats came along—The Mississippi. It's a fine boat, and runs fast, kicking up a considerable of a wave behind it. The black-mustached pilot came down about forty yards from our cabin boat, turning to tell a man who was sitting down in the pilot house of what was doing. The man got up and the two watched the two cabin-boaters swing their boat end on to the rollers and endeavor to get breakable things on the floor unbroken before the jouncing came. It did us no damage, but it did rankle our feelings a great deal. This same Mississippi was heartily cussed by the pilot and captain of a raft tow-boat on which I traveled from Vicksburg to the mouth of Red River. The Mississippi deliberately sheered in close to the great raft and the wash of the waves put hundreds of logs in jeopardy, threatening to break them loose, and loosening a good many of the logs. This was on the return trip of the Mississippi after having "shook us up."

However, it is cheering to remember that most river pilots have learned to respect cabin boats. Steamers found it expensive paying for smashed rowboats at landings, and they are equally careful of cabin boats in mid-stream. In fact, cabin-boaters have stories of disasters not unmixed with pleasure. A friend of the Medicine Man bought a cabin boat for $15. He had a $10 shotgun and a $5 outfit on boat. The boat was wrecked at a landing, "tore loose" and sunk. By a judicious mixture of perjury and fact, the cabin-boater "settled" for $150. A few bills of this size and oc-

casional bullets through pilot house windows have brought about a mutual understanding between cabin-boat and steam boat people. Nevertheless, cabin-boaters prefer not to be run down, of which fact the pilots of the steamer Mississippi will please take notice.

On March 16, I saw Sherman's famous 60-mile ditch by which it was hoped to get supplies past Vicksburg without incurring danger from Confederate shot. Big trees were growing in the bottom of the canal. Grant's shorter cut across the peninsula opposite the city was high above the water level as we passed down, although the river was rising rapidly, and the spring flood would soon put the stream out of the banks and back to the levees.

We fought the wind now, and though in sight of the hills and soft coal smoke of the city, we were tantalized by rough water and adverse breezes. Many times we started from the bank, determined to bull through, only to be thrown back into some eddy, and on one occasion, we had only just reached a little caving bank pocket when a squall came along which raised waves many feet in height and half filled my boat with rain water in fifteen minutes.

We worked down stream a little at a time. The banks were cleared on the west side, and past river history indicated by numerous seetions of levee coming at various angles to the jumping off place. In one short bend I counted nine different levee ends at short intervals, representing vast toil soon rendered vain by the sawing current undermining the bank.

At last we got a strong south wind, which promised to last a week, more or less. The Medicine Man was out of tobacco, and groaning like a whipped baby most of the time. He was looking ahead to a "good time" at Vicksburg so anxiously that he could think of nothing else. My own feelings were also on the raw edge. I had been with the man nearly seven weeks, and tasted the floating cabin boat life as deeply as possible. My notes covered practically every phase of cabin-boating—in a bayou, on a sandbar, and "tripping." It was getting late in the year, and, however alluring the Medicine Man seemed, there was much more to be seen, and I couldn't stay with him longer without wasting time. I determined to travel on from Vicksburg as rapidly as possible in my skiff.

In spite of the wind we shoved from the bank and were driven diagonally across the river. When half way to the far side, four miles above the city, we saw a vast bank of black and blue clouds coming up with the wind out of the south. "Hit looks like a cyclone!" the Medicine Man said. "We better pull!"

We pulled the sweeps, but the wind jumped up and up, until we were teetering and the boat timbers creaked. Our effort was to keep from running into the bluff bank on the east (north) bank. We succeeded in holding off till we got down to a short, narrow sandbar, where we cast the anchor and rode the squall in safety. A little store-boat some distance below was reached when the wind fell away, and here we were told the way into Vicksburg.

"Theh's a big eddy at the mouth of Yazoo," we were informed. "You all want to keep to the middle of the river, skirting that eddy."

In the morning we dropped down. We couldn't see the eddy, and the river was booming with the great head rise that was coming from thousands of miles up stream. One seemed fairly to see the slope of the oncoming water. It looked as though we'd be carried far toward the Gulf of Mexico if we kept to the middle, so we compromised and went down a few rods from the shore. The eddy caught us and we worked an hour to get out of it. Next time we went further out, and butted into the eddied drift and were carried back up stream eighty rods. Then we went 'way out, and just skinned the brim of the whirling, saucer-shaped suck. We were taken to the mouth of Yazoo, and a curious little man on whose head was a wide-rimmed cowboy hat, his face a weather-beaten goateed one and his figure built like that of a miniature athelete, hailed us with a cheery "Howdy!"

"Hello, Doc White, hello!" said the Medicine Man. "I be'n a pulling this old boat of mine to every blimmed shanty boat between here an' Lake Providence, hoping I'd find you into hit."

The eddy at Vicksburg has sucks within sucks. There were three between the mouth of Yazoo and the main river current. To see water flowing in opposite directions on lines not a foot apart was one feature of the eddy. We cordelled the cabin boat into a pocket just off the end of the $75,000 rip-rap levee which keeps the Mississippi from filling the Yazoo with sand and mud, to the detriment of Vicksburg water front privileges.

Doc White welcomed us heartily. He is the son of one of the heroes of Memphis—a physician who fought yellow fever in one of the epidemics of the '70s. The son, on losing his wife, lost his grip, went West for his health, and is now living luxuriously in a cabin boat 24ft. long, 8ft. wide, and having a hull 40in. deep. The boat is the most substantial one on the river. The bottom stringers are 4x4 and the bottom plank 2in. thick, sprung on and edges beveled in. Dr. White called it a "trunk," for it would stand any kind of a storm or up-ending. The full sweep of so-called cyclones and attendant river waves failed to spring the boat in the least.

Our music stirred Dr. White. He tried to dance, and did execute some remarkable double and triple shuffles. But he admitted that his knees were too weak to do the music justice. However, he contributed his share of the entertainment by singing the song that begins:

"It was away last spring—
I b'lieve in May—
That old Si Hubbard to me did say,
'I hear a circus is coming to town;
S'pose we go an' see the clown?'
So we sold our barley, oats and corn—
In fact, we most cleaned out the barn—
And went and bought two bran' new suits,
White plug hats and red top boots."

Dr. White, having lived as a cowboy in Indian Territory for a long time—he was 54 years old—gave me this "infallible" snake cure, which is the Indian's favorite and "unknown to science."

"Selagmella apus (snake moss) ½ drachm. Macerate in an ounce of sweet milk and give at once. Also apply some of the moss to the wound."

Dr. White sent this receipt to the Medical Record, from which I copied it.

Vicksburg is built on a hill—river bluffs—with streets so steep that the second stories of most houses on the up-and-down streets are on a level with the basements of the next door, while the basement door is level with the street, also the front door of the first floor. Somewhere up the railroad track, along the Yazoo, was the soldiers' cemetery, with monuments commemorating the days when the heights there were plunging round shot down upon Farragut's fleet, and reminding visitors and residents of grim swamping and fighting on all sides of the city. Somehow, long association with the big river, had dulled my appetite for historic scenes. The psychology of a heroic people divided and at war, seemed of less interest than the swaying river current, and the banks caving in. The war had lasted only a little while, but the river was pouring on forever with no ripple on its surface to indicate the clash of souls and bodies of men. Close association with the river dwarfs the human interest in war and such things. I read of a man who onee said it was not good for men to study astronomy. It is not good for the human understanding to know how little it is possible to know—to feel that the human comprehension is not even capable of knowing time, space or other dread things. Realizing what these infinite unknowable things indicate, the man said, is to deaden ambition and stunt the efforts, for one is apt to say, "What is the use?" Association with the Mississippi gives rise to similar reflections. The little ditch that Grant's army dug—the Mississippi would soon cut out more dirt in five minutes, just below Vicksburg, at Lake Palmyra than thousands of men could cast out in months.

River life beeame oppressive, and I wanted to get away from the mental malaria of cabin boat assoeiations. The Medicine Man disappeared on a spree. He turned up with a whiskey boat gasolene, and towed his craft up the Yazoo to the wharf. The gasolene was Hull's, and in the pilot house were many bullet holes—he had a fight with a sheriff at Leota, a few miles before, and with his wife, beat the posse off, killing three men, it is said, and wounding others. He and she looked the part—cold, grim countenances. I packed up, ready to start when the weather should clear. Squall followed squall, and then the Medicine Man showed up onee more. A comely woman was with him, her husband being a prisoner in Vicksburg jail. She had paid one fine for him; she vowed she wouldn't pay another. While she was discussing with the Medicine Man what she should do, I loaded my skiff and bade the Medicine Man good-by.

Raymond S. Spears.

The Kennel.

Recurrence of Canine Distemper.

It is a matter of general opinion, not only of the public, but also of the medical and veterinary professions, that in the majority of contagious or infective diseases of mankind and animals one attack of a disease confers protection or immunity to a future attack of the same malady. This is to a certain extent, but not absolutely, true.

On the other hand, there are certain contagious or infective maladies that do not afford immunity, one attack constituting a predisposition to subsequent attacks.

Immunity varies in degree not only according to the period or the locality in which the disease rages, but also the race or breed, family or strain, or individual.

It is asserted that some individuals are naturally immune to a particular outbreak of disease, but if these cases were closely observed after a first exposure to infection, it would very probably be shown that the symptoms were so mild as to have escaped recognition by the observer, and the protection afforded during subsequent outbreaks to such cases would be ascribed to natural or inherited immunity.

However, many cases seem to escape a former exposure, but yield to a subsequent infection.

As regards canine distemper, there are many intelligent dog breeders, kennelmen, experienced veterinary surgeons, and clinical investigators who have often observed second, occasionally third, and sometimes, though rarely, fourth attacks of the disease in the same dog.

To show that this is no new and exceptional experience, I shall here briefly quote from authorities on the subject.

Delaware P. Blaine, the father of canine pathology, and therefore our most original and, as yet, unsurpassed observer of the diseases of the dog, says in his last or fourth edition (1841) of "Canine Pathology": "Neither is its attack confined to once; it will now and then appear not only a second but a third time even."

Youatt, at first pupil, afterward partner, and ultimately successor and also a contemporary of Blaine, says in his work "On the Dog" (1845), and also in a paper on this subject read in 1830: "One attack of the disease, and even a severe one, is no absolute security against its return, and although the dog that has once labored under distemper possesses a certain degree of immunity; or, if he is attacked a second time, the malady usually assumes a milder type. I have, however, known it to occur three times in the same animal, and at last destroy him."

Mayhew, in his work on the dog, published in 1854, says: "Most people imagine a dog can have distemper but once in its life, whereas I had a patient that underwent three distinct attacks in one autumn, that of 1849." He adds that "All the stages and symptoms of ordinary distemper may appear and depart unnoticed."

Drs. Friedberger and Frohner, professors at the high schools of veterinary medicine in Munich and Berlin respectively, in their world-wide recognized text-book, "On the Special Pathology and Therapeutics of the Domesticated Animals," remark that: "Although one attack generally confers immunity for a considerable time, some dogs become infected several times. We have, for instance, treated the same dog for distemper four times in a year."

Glass, in his translation of Mueller's "Diseases of the Dog," describes a disease which he terms "infectious bronchial catarrh," or show-bench distemper, and although he does not consider it true "contagious distemper," says it is generally seen in large kennels, developing itself in dogs soon after returning from a show, and one of its peculiarities is that one attaek does not protect from another. From his description of this disease, I conclude it is none other than an acute form of distemper.

It will be seen from these few quotations that *the* authoritative opinions on the recurrence of distemper have been held at least from the commencement of the nineteenth to that of the twenticth century.

To these opinions I myself subscribe, having repeatedly seen second, frequently third, and occasionally more attacks of the disease in the same dog, even during the same year. I have also seen an animal get quite well after a long period of convalescence, and remain well for a short time, and then have a recurrence of similar symptoms. As a rule, however, a recurrence is generally interspaced by an interval of complete health for, at least, two or three months or longer.

These remarks also hold good for feline distemper. In the eat, however, recurrences, especially in large catteries, are more frequent than in the dog. In 1896, when writing on this subject in the Ladies' Kennel Journal, I referred to the common occurrenee of repeated attacks and also relapses in the same animal, as if one attack predisposed to a future one.

The disease known as typhus may also affect the same dog more than once, and cause death from the subsequent seizure, which may occur within the year or several years after the first attack.

On the other hand, Mr. A. J. Sewell, M.R.C.V.S., does not seem to agree with the view that distemper may attack a dog more than once.

In his edition of "Mayhew on the Dog" he says: "Dogs may, it is said, have distemper twice, but a second attack, in my experience, is of a very rare occurrence. * * * I have many times kept dogs that I know have had the disease in a kennel full of distemper patients, and with 'the exception of two or three of them developing a husky cough, no other signs of the disease' have occurred. There has been 'no rise of temperature or loss of flesh,' and the dog has generally continued to take his food as usual, and appeared full of spirits. A person buying a dog generally asks the question, 'Has he had distemper?' An unscrupulous dealer generally replies in the affirmative, whether such is the case or not. It often happens in the course of time that the dog contracts the malady, and shows all the usual symptoms in full. The purchaser complains, but the seller is usually ready with the answer that a dog may have two or more attacks. When I am consulted in such cases, and I find a dog suffering from the disease badly, I never hesitate in giving an opinion that he has not had it before."

I have quoted these remarks rather fully, so as to avoid being misunderstood when I state that, although Mr. Sewell seems, in one place, to infer that dogs are not liable to suffer from distemper more than once, he gives facts in another place that go to show they are liable. At least, he indicates doubt even if not denial. Finally, his opinion appears to have gained ascendancy over his facts.

It will be seen from the quotation "two or three of them developing a husky cough" with no rise of temperature or loss of flesh after being exposed in a distempered ward, that Mr. Sewell throws doubt upon the dogs having had distemper, at least, a second time. Probably he does not consider a dog to have distemper unless the animal has a rise of temperature. If so, he is mistaken. But I shall leave this question for a future occasion.—Henry Gray, M.R.C.V.S., in Our Dogs.

Southern Beagle Club.

The fourth annual meeting and field trial will be held at New Albany, Miss., on Feb. 26, 1906. Hares are plentiful on the grounds selected, the topography affords an excellent view of the chases, the weather at that season of the year is suitable, and the New Albany hotel affords ample accommodation for those in attendance.

Four classes will be run at the coming meeting, viz.:

1. A Derby (Class C) for dogs and bitches from 13 to 15 inches, to which all whelped on or after January, 1905, will be eligible.

2. A Derby (Class D) for dogs and bitches 13 inches or under, to which all whelped on or after January, 1905, will be eligible.

3. An All-Age Class (A) for dogs and bitches from 13 to 15 inches.

4. An All-Age Class (B) for dogs and bitches 13 inches or under.

Prizes of $30, $15 and $5 will be given in each class.

In addition to the cash prizes, a small silver cup will be given to the owner of the first hound in each class. The entry fee is $5 for each hound entered.

The names of two competent judges will be announced in our final circular of Jan. 1, 1906.

The club reserves the right to reject the entry of any hound, which, from the best information obtainable, and according to its judgment, is not a pure bred beagle. Dogs whose owners are absent will be cared for by the club and handled by competent handlers, but the club will not hold itself responsible for accidental loss or damage.

The attention of beagle lovers and breeders all over the country is called to the wisdom of supporting the only organization in the interest of their favorite dog in the South, thereby increasing the number of its friends, encouraging the development of good dogs that will later be entered in the Northern, Eastern and Western trials in the pursuit of further honors, and opening up and extending a market for the produce of their kennel.

The third annual meeting at Centreville, Miss., proved a great success, with a total entry of about twenty-five very high class beagles, proving by far the finest exhibition of these hounds and their work ever witnessed in this portion of our country.

Finally, the committee invites every lover of clean, healthful out-of-door sport to send his application, together with the membership fee of $3 to the secretary.

By becoming members of the club at this important

period of its existence, Southern sportsmen can insure the permanent establishment of the only field trial association in the far South. Organization and acquaintance among the devotees of field sports will be promoted and their influence increased, and from this, other clubs, more or less allied, but devoted chiefly to the interest of the bird dog and the fox hound, will readily and naturally take origin.

Executive Committee: Henry Dickson Bruns, M.D., President and Chairman, New Orleans, La.; Wm. Porcher Miles, Vice-President, Burnside, La.; J. C. George, Esq., Vice-President, Stephenville, Tex.; Jos. Redhead, Esq., Vice-President, Centreville, Miss.; G. King Logan, M.D., Secretary-Treasurer, New Orleans, La.

After Feb. 1, 1906, address mail and express to Dr. M. F. Rogers, Chairman of Arrangements Committee, New Albany, Miss.

Dogs must be at place of meeting by night of Feb. 24, 1906.

A Breeders' Myth.

Beecher, at the end of the seventeenth century, pointed out that "when a mare had had a mule by an ass and afterward a foal by a horse, there are evident marks on the foal of the mother having retained some ideas of her former paramour the ass." That mares used in mule breeding are liable to be "infected" is still widely believed; but irrefragable evidence of the influence of the ass persisting, as Agassiz assumed, is conspicuous by its absence. Darwin says: "It is worth notice that farmers in South Brazil are convinced that mares which have once borne mules, when subsequently put to horses, are extremely liable to produce colts striped like a mule." Baron de Perana, on the other hand, says: "I have many relatives and friends who have large establishments for the rearing of mules, where they obtain from 400 to 1,000 mules in a year. In all these establishments, after two or three crossings of the mare and ass, the breeders cause the mare to be put to a horse; yet a purebred foal has never been produced resembling either an ass or a mule." The prevalence of the belief in telegony at the present day is largely due to a case of supposed infection reported to the Royal Society in 1820 by Lord Morton. It was the following:

A chestnut mare, after having a hybrid by a quagga, produced to a black Arab horse three foals showing a number of stripes; in one of these more stripes were present than in the quagga hybrid. The more, however, the case of Lord Morton's chestnut mare is considered, the less convincing is the evidence it affords in favor of infection. Stripes are frequently seen in high-caste Arabs, and cross-bred colts out of Arab mares sometimes present more distinct bars across the legs and other zebra-like markings than characterized the subsequent offspring of Lord Morton's seven-eighths Arabian mare. In the absence of control experiments there is therefore no reason for assuming Lord Morton's chestnut mare would have produced less striped offspring had she been mated with the black Arabian horse before giving birth to a quagga hybrid.

To account for the stripes on the subsequent foals, it is only necessary (now that the principles of cross-breeding are better understood) to assume that in the cross-bred chestnut mare there lay latent the characteristics of the Kattiwar or other Indian breeds in which stripes commonly occur. Darwin and others have regarded Lord Morton's mare as affording very strong evidence in support of the infection hypothesis. It was considered some years ago desirable to repeat Lord Morton's experiment as accurately as possible. The quagga having become extinct, a number of mares were put to a richly striped Burchell zebra, and subsequently bred with Arab, thoroughbred, and cross-bred sires. Other mares were used for control experiments. Thirty mares put to a Burchell zebra produced seventeen hybrids and subsequently twenty purebred foals. The mares used for control experiments produced ten purebred foals.

Unlike Lord Morton's quagga hybrids, all the zebra hybrids were richly and sometimes very distinctly striped, some of them having far more stripes than their zebra parent. Of the subsequent foals, three out of Highland mares presented indistinct markings at birth. But as equally distinct markings occurred in two purebred Highland foals out of mares which had never seen a zebra, it was impossible to ascribe the stripes on the foals born after zebra hybrids to infection of their respective dams. Further, the subsequent foals afforded no evidence of infection either in the mane, tail, hoofs, or disposition. Of the purebred foals, i. e., the foals by purebred sires out of mares which had never been mated with a zebra, two were striped at birth, and one acquired stripes later; they were revealed as the foal's coat was shed. Moreover, while the faint markings on the foals born after hybrids completely disappeared with the foals' coat, the stripes on the purebred colts persisted. One of the permanently striped colts—a bay—was out of a black Shetland mare by a black Shetland sire, one was by a dun Norwegian pony out of a roan-colored Arab mare, while the third was by a Norwegian pony, out of a half-bred bay Arab mare.

It has been asserted by believers in telegony that evidence in infection may appear in the second, though not present in the first generation. By way of testing this assumption, a bay filly, the half-sister of a richly striped hybrid, was put to a cross-bred Highland pony, and a Highland mare, while nursing her hybrid foal, was put to a colt, the half-brother of a hybrid. The result was two fillies which in no single point either suggested a zebra or a zebra hybrid. Similar results having been obtained with horses and asses, there is no escape from the conclusion that the telegony tradition is not confirmed by such methodical investigations as were suggested some years ago by Professor Wiesman. Experiments with cats, rabbits, and mice, with sheep and cattle, with fowls and pigeons, like the experiments with horses and dogs, fail to afford any evidence that offsprings inherit any of their characters from previous mates of the dam, i. e., they entirely fail to prove that a female animal is liable to be so influenced by her first mate that however subsequently mated, the offspring will either in structure or disposition give some hint of the previous mate.

In considering telegony, it may be mentioned that some breeders not only believe that the dam is liable to be infected by the sire, but also that the sire may acquire some of the characteristics of his mates. This belief seems to be especially prevalent among breeders of cattle; but how, for instance, a long-horned Highland bull, used for crossing with black hornless Galloway cows could subsequently get Galloway-like calves out of pure Highland heifers it is impossible to imagine.

In conclusion, it may be pointed out that it was only natural for breeders and physiologists in by-gone days to account for some of their results by the infection hypothesis. Even now we know surprisingly little about the causes of variation, and not many years ago it was frequently asserted that there was no such thing as reversion or throwing back to an ancestor. But even were the laws of heredity and variation better understood, the fact remains that we know little of the origin of the majority of our domestic animals. On the other hand, from the experiments of Mendel and others, we now know that cross-bred animals and plants may present all the characters of one of their purebred parents, and we also know that the offspring of what are regarded as purebred parents sometimes revert to remote, it may be, quite different ancestors. The better we understand the laws of heredity and variation, and the more we learn of the history of the germ cells, the less need will there be to seek for explanations from telegony and other like doctrines.—H. R. B. Tweed, in Our Dogs.

National Beagle Club of America.

Camden, N. J., Aug. 4.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of this club, held on Aug. 3, in New York city, it was determined to hold the sixteenth annual field trials of this club during the week commencing Oct. 30. The place of holding the trials will be determined upon when the report of the committee on grounds has been received.

At this meeting the following committees were appointed by the chairman: Committee on Grounds—Messrs. James W. Appleton, Charles R. Stevenson and William G. Rockefeller. Committee on Judges—Messrs. C. Staley Doub, Charles R. Stevenson and George F. Reed. Committee on Arrangements—Messrs. George F. Reed, Henry Dickson Bruns and A. J. Purinton. Committee on Premium Lists—Messrs. James W. Appleton, Charles R. Stevenson and William G. Rockefeller. Field Trial Committee—Charles R. Stevenson, chairman, Camden, N. J.; Henry Dickson Bruns, Howardsville, Va.; John Caswell, Pride's Crossing, Mass.; Ernest Gill, Baltimore, Md.; Samuel Frothingham, Lenox, Mass.; Harry T. Peters, New York; A. J. Purinton, Palmer, Mass.; George B. Post, Jr., New York; George F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; William G. Rockefeller, New York; William Saxby, Stony Brook, L. I.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.; Charles F. Brooke, Sandy Springs, Md.; Harry Payne Whitney, New York; James W. Appleton, New York; C. Staley Doub, Frederick, Md.; Ramsay Turnbull, Bernardsville, N. J., and T. Dudley Riggs, Stevenson, Md.

Chas. R. Stevenson, Sec'y.



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

AUGUST.

9. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Seaside Park, club.
10. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
10. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
10. New York, cruise, rendezvous cups, Glen Cove.
11. New York, cruise, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
12. New York, cruise, Morris Cove to New London.
11. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
12. Beverly, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
12. West Hampton. C. C., association.
12. Atlantic, Havens cup.
12. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A., open.
12. New Rochelle, long-distance race.
12. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
12. Seaside Park, Sewell cup.
12. Canada's cup races, Charlotte.
12. White Lake, power boat races.
12. Chicago, club.
12. San Francisco, cruise.
12. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
12. Sunnyside, Toronto, commodore's cup.
12. Bridgeport, annual.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual.
12. Rhode Island, cruise.
13. Rhode Island, cruise.
13. Manhasset Bay, club.
14. New York, cruise, New London to Newport.
14. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open.
14. Boston, club, Marblehead.
14. Jamaica Bay, club.
15. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open.
15. East Gloucester, club.
15. Sachem's Head, special.
15. New York, Astor cups.
16. Seaside Park, club.
16. New York, cruise, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
16. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
16. Bristol, open.
17. New York, cruise, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
17. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
17. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
17. American Power Boat Association, cruise.
18. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
18. Shinnecock, ladies' race.
18. Eastern, power boat races.
18. Bristol, club.
18. Galveston, annual.
19. Hugenot, annual.
19. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
19. Northport, annual.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
19. Wollaston, club.
19. White Lake, open.
19. Bensonhurst, fourth championship.

Defense of the Canada Cup.

The coming Canada's Cup races, which are to commence on Saturday, Aug. 12, have inspired more enthusiasm in the hearts of yachtsmen along Lake Ontario than any former years. More yachts have been built to compete in the trials; more money has been invested to bring them to the highest standard of efficiency, and more owners have interested themselves in the project.

It is the first time in the history of the Rochester Y. C. that this organization has been called upon to defend the trophy, although it has won the cup twice. It will be the third time that the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto has sent her challenger after the mug, and should they be victorious, it will prove the third successful attempt to return the coveted prize to Canadian waters. Curiously enough the challengers have always won. Toronto has set out this summer with a firm determination to keep up her splendid record of successful invasions, her hopes fortified by precedent. Rochester, twice winner of the trophy, looks fondly back on her achievements of the past, and smiles grimly as she realizes that within her grasp is the yachting honor of the Great Lakes.

In round numbers, an aggregate of $30,000 has been expended to capture or retain the Canada's Cup. Six 30ft. yachts have competed in the trial races, representing productions from the boards of such celebrated designers as Fife and Mylne, C. F. Herreshoff, and Gardner. Two of the trial contestants are of amateur design, and one of them at least has proved her ability to rank with the creations of the best. The three candidates in the Toronto trials, Temeraire, Zoraya, and Naniwa, representing Fife, Mylne, and Fearnside respectively, had a tryout of fifteen races, the Fife offering taking thirteen of them, and demonstrating conclusively her fitness for the Cup races.

The Flower City trials brought together three closely matched and speedy 30-footers. There was Rochester, designed by Mr. William Gardner; Iroquois, a creation of Mr. Charles F. Herreshoff, and Kee Lox II., designed by Pembroke brothers, of Rochester, two amateurs.

The best racing ever seen at Charlotte was the result. Out of thirteen races sailed, Rochester captured seven, Iroquois five, and Kee Lox II. one. On windward work in heavy weather, Iroquois proved fastest. With jib doused and staysail flattened well down Iroquois is a wonder at going to windward, and defeated her rivals handily on almost every weather leg sailed. The Herreshoff boat proved fast off the wind as well, although on this work, Rochester seemed to have a shade the better of it. All of the races were close, in several of them only a few seconds separating the contestants at the finish. Kee Lox II. won one race over a windward and leeward course, and landed second place in half a dozen contests.

No more favorable weather could have been desired for the trials. The first day brought a baby hurricane from the E., that registered 25 miles an hour at the Life-Saving Station. There was a long roll to the lake, and the yachts were buffeted about considerably. Two races were sailed, Iroquois winning both. All three boats were under double reefs and storm jibs. The first race was over a triangluar 9-mile course, Iroquois defeating Kee Lox II. by 1m. 18s., and Rochester by 1m. 56s. Two hours later the second race was started, a beat to the east buoy and a run home, a distance of 6 miles.

Kee Lox II. had to drop out of this race, having lost a balloon jib halliard block. Again Iroquois showed her heels to Rochester, but the latter pressed the Herreshoff boat hard at the finish, crossing only 24s. behind. The boats were tried out again the next day in a 20-mile breeze from the W. Rochester got a lead at the start, which was increased materially through the skippers of Kee Lox II. and Iroquois getting into a luffing match. On the second leg Iroquois sustained a long crack in her boom and was obliged to drop sail and call for a tow back to the harbor. All three boats made bad weather of it in this race, Kee Lox II. giving up when 3 miles from the finish. Rochester was the only boat to cross the line.

More accidents befell the racers on the following day. In the morning, while beating to the outer mark in a 15-mile breeze, Rochester broke her jib strut and turned tail for home; and in the afternoon Kee Lox II. crushed in a spreader, which incapacitated her for further work that day. In the morning race, on a 4-mile leg to windward, Iroquois beat Kee Lox II. by 6m. 30s., and lost 11s. on the run home. In the afternoon, over the same course, shortened by 2 miles, Rochester defeated Iroquois to the mark by 45s., losing 19s. on the run home. The same day, in a triangular race, Rochester came home the winner by 1m. 28s. The same skipper, Mr. L. G. Mabbett, held the tiller on all

three winners that day, the judges having shifted the captains about for purposes of comparison. The last three days were marked by lighter winds, and the races on these days demonstrated that the boats were built for light airs as well as heavy. Iroquois, having proven her ability in a blow from 18 to 25 miles, now showed up fast in a 10-mile breeze, and bothered her light-weather rivals considerably.

Taking elapsed time into consideration, Iroquois should be credited with two or three more races than the figures indicated. On one occasion Iroquois, by being crowded off the course, was delayed nearly 3m. at the start; yet she finished second, only 11s. behind the winner, Rochester. Mabbett, aboard the Gardner boat, has a record for quick starts, and was seldom more than 15s. behind the gun. In this way he squeezed out several victories for his boat, while on actual time Iroquois was theoretically the winner.

The judges' committee, composed of former Commodore Charles Van Voorhis, of the Rochester Y. C.; Commodore John T. Mott, of the Oswego Y. C.; Louis Sayer, ex-commodore of the Canandaigua Y. C., and Lieut. E. N. Walbridge, of the second division of Naval Militia, Rochester, gave the yachts every opportunity to display their ability, and changed skippers frequently. The judges arrived at their decision only after a careful computation of the figures of each race, and while Iroquois was chosen on this basis, the idea still prevails in many quarters that Rochester is a faster boat. They are remarkably well matched, and the Colonel Pond Cup, which was donated to the club this year, to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy for the 30-footers, will bring them together in many more exciting contests.

The Canada's Cup has drifted from port to port on the Great Lakes for nearly ten years. It was given by the city of Toledo in 1896 as a perpetual challenge cup, and in that year Vencedor, of the Lincoln Park Y. C., Chicago, was defeated by Canada, representing the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto. The Chicago Y. C. challenged for it in 1897, and called for other cities to compete in the trials. Rochester and Milwaukee were the only outsiders to enter candidates, and Genesee, sent by the Rochester Y. C., won out easily. A month later in the same year Genesee went to Toronto and captured the cup for the Chicago Y. C. by defeating the Canadian defender Beaver. In 1901, the Royal Canadian Y. C. again challenged for the mug. Cadillac, of Detroit, was selected to defend it against Invader, of Toronto. The Canadian boat took the series in three straight races.

Rochester Corinthians now became alive to the excellent sport furnished by these contests, and in 1903 were the first in the field with a challenge, which was promptly accepted. The Gardner designed 40-footer Irondequoit was sent across the lake and pitted against Strathcona. The latter, under the skillful direction of the veteran Jarvis, was doing finely, having taken the first two races, when Mr. Addison G. Hanan, of New York, appeared on the scene, and stepped into the cockpit of Irondequoit just as she was swinging out for the third race. What followed is a blank page in Canadian yachting history. Hanan put Irondequoit across the line a winner three times in succession, and the cherished cup went back to the Flower City with the enthusiastic Rochesterians.

This year Toronto has buckled on her spurs and sallies forth once more to do battle for the treasure. Rochester calmly awaits the outcome of the matches. The following tables will give an opportunity for a comparison of the boats:

	Iroquois.	Temeraire.
Length over all	52ft.	50ft.
Forward overhang	10ft.	10ft.
After overhang	12ft.	10ft. 3in.
Waterline	30ft.	29ft. 3in.
Ballast	5 tons	5 tons 1,460lbs.
Draft	7ft.	6ft. 10in.
Extreme beam	10ft. 6in.	.....
Beam on deck	10ft. 3in.	10ft. 2in.
Beam on waterline	10ft.	9ft. 9in.
Sail area	1,550sq.ft.	1,547.86sq.ft.
Mainsail	1,100sq.ft.	1,111.41sq.ft.
Fore triangle	450sq.ft.	436.45sq.ft.
Boom	37ft. 6in.	39ft. 6in.
Gaff	24ft. 6in.	25ft. 3in.
Spinnaker boom	23ft. 6in.	20ft. 4in.
Mainsail hoist	29ft. 6in.	28ft.
Cabin trunk	12ft. long.	8ft. long.
Cabin trunk	20in. high.	20in. high.
Head room	6ft.	6ft.
Bowsprit, outboard	7ft. 4in.	5ft.

The skippers chosen for the races are Mr. E. K. M. Wedd, on Temeraire, and Mr. Lorenzo G. Mabbett, on Iroquois. Both are young men, and as evenly matched as the boats. Singularly, enough, each won his spurs at the Kingston regatta last year, Wedd by his succession of victories with Whirl and Petrel II., and Mabbett by his excellent handling of Chitta, which went over the line with the gun in every race.

The judges chosen for the cup races are E. H. Ambrose, of Hamilton, Ont.; Charles Van Voorhis, of Rochester, and C. Routh, of Montreal.

CLUTE E. NOXON.

STEVENSON'S YACHTING MANUAL.—Stevenson's Sea Guide and Yachting Manual for 1905 has just been distributed. This valuable little book is now published and compiled by Mr. William Gardner. In the preface Mr. Gardner says: "This little volume has been compiled with the view of placing before both yachtsmen and those of the public who are fond of blue water a modest compendium of information. We trust that yachtsmen will find something to attract them in the tide tables, the directions for entering harbors, etc., and we hope that those who are interested in statistics of the deep sea as well as of the heavenly bodies by whose aid our ships are steered across its pathless waste, may derive some entertainment from its pages."

* * *

MR. HOLLIS BURGESS announces that he has reopened his yacht brokerage office in connection with his insurance business of all kinds. He has taken over the yacht brokerage business of Messrs. Burgess & Packard and will act as general marine agent for the purchase, sale and charter of yachts and other vessels, and also for equipping, fitting out, etc. His office is at 10 Tremont street, Boston.

British Letter.

CROSS-CHANNEL MOTORBOAT RACES.—The second annual international cross-channel race took place on July 15. The course this year was from Boulogne to Folkestone and back, instead of from Calais to Dover as was the case last year. The weather was fine, but rather hazy and the sea for the most part smooth; but in spite of the favorable conditions, the race itself was a farce, and there were no serious mishaps, simply because the water was not rough. Only two vessels of high speed escorted the fleet, a French destroyer and two torpedo boats, for the crowd of tugs and pleasure steamers was soon left far behind. There were prizes for racers, cruisers and fishing boats. With the exception of Napier II. and Napier, which are English, and Pas Pressé, a Belgian competitor, the fleet of some twenty boats was French. The racers were divided into three classes, boats of 8 meters, those of 8 to 12 meters, and 12 to 18 meters. The cruisers were likewise classified, and there were three fishing boats. Eighteen boats started and seven finished. Napier II. actually completed the course in the fastest time, but her helmsman had neglected to read his instructions and did not cross the finishing line until he had lost more than two valuable minutes. La Rapière, which was over a minute astern, cut her out and took the prize for the fastest crossing. Napier II won first prize in her own class; in fact, she and La Rapière were the only racers to finish. The time occupied by Napier II. for the 51 miles was 2h. 24m. 47s., and by La Rapière, 2h. 25m. 50s., but Napier's official time, after correcting the error at the finish, was 2h. 27m. 4/5 s. Four of the cruisers completed the course, the fastest, Forcés Pas, doing the distance in just over three and a half hours, and the slowest taking more than seven hours, rather more time than the fishing boat occupied. Twelve boats broke down, either owing to being flooded out, or the engines going wrong. What would have happened had the sea suddenly become rough, with so little assistance at hand, it is difficult to say, but this race, with its farcical ending and lack of solid results, should serve as a warning to sensible men of the dangers which must accompany the running of flimsy, unseaworthy boats, built entirely for speed over courses where they have no right to be.

CLYDE TO COWES RACE.—The return handicap match for the big class from the Clyde to Cowes was a long drawn out affair owing to light airs prevailing. They started on July 8, as stated in my last letter. White Heather reached Cowes on July 12 at 8:28:35 P. M., taking the first prize; Adela won the second prize, finishing on July 13 at 6:01:15 A. M., and Merrymaid won third honors at 6:11:02 A. M., of the same day.

THE 52-FOOTERS.—After leaving the Clyde, the 52ft. class had four races in Irish waters. Three of these were at Belfast, and the fourth at Kingstown. The first match was that of the Royal North of Ireland Y. C. on July 14. Sonya had a new hollow mast and some lead had been taken off her keel. She was perceptibly more buoyant yet stood up well to her canvas and was making a good show to windward and leaving the fleet, when her mast began to give out and she abandoned the race. She now has her fourth hollow spar and is to have some alterations made before Cowes week under the personal supervision of her designer—at least so it is stated. Sonya's luck has certainly been out, for at times she has shown decisive superiority over the others, especially to windward, and nothing but faulty masts have prevented her winning more prizes. Maymon was the winner of the race, Moyana being second. The following day was the opening of the Royal Ulster Y. C. Moyana and Britomart were just over the line at the start, and the former, not seeing her recall number, went on. She sailed splendidly, well beating the others, but was of course disqualified, Maymon taking first prize. On July 17, the second day of the Royal Ulster, there was more wind and a lot of reaching. Britomart found the weather to her liking, easily beating Maymon, which in turn disposed of Moyana. The three then went on to Kingstown, where the Royal Alfred offered them a race for the No. 3 champion cup with money prize added. Maymon sailed beautifully and was an easy winner, Moyana taking second prize. This race was sailed on July 19, and was the last before the Solent regattas come off the second week in August. In my last letter I stated that Moyana had won six first prizes at the Clyde regattas. This should have been five. Moyana, Maymon and Britomart each started nine times. Moyana won five firsts; Maymon three firsts and two seconds, and Britomart one first and six seconds. Sonya started seven times and took one second prize. It is to be hoped that she will have a fair trial for the rest of the season.

RAMSGATE WEEK.—The annual regatta of the Royal Temple Y. C. has been shorn of much of its glory this year owing to the presence of the big boats on the Clyde, and their chief event—the first race of the last day at Deal—was reduced to a duel between Creole and Rosamond, the former winning easily.

DOVER AND OSTEND REGATTAS.—The large boats came together again on July 14 at Dover, Navahoe and Susanne having joined the fleet after the finish of the Baltic racing. On July 14 there was but little wind. In the race for yachts exceeding 100 tons Thames measurement Navahoe, White Heather, Brynhild and Susanne started. The former got away in the light airs, her lofty canvas serving well. She won easily, White Heather taking second prize. On July 15 the class was reinforced by the addition of Valdora, Adela and Sunshine, and a fine fleet of seven sailed to Boulogne and back, about 50 miles. They had a close-haul to the French mark boat and a quarterly wind home. Navahoe made a great gap between herself and the others, but Susanne sailing very fast down the wind saved her time for first prize, Navahoe taking the second. Five yachts started in the handicap under 100 tons, Vendetta winning and Creole taking second prize.

On July 17 the fleet was divided into two sections for the races from Dover to Ostend. There was a light breeze from the S.W. Seven boats started in the race for yachts exceeding 100 tons and six in the second match. The schooner Sunshine had another day to her liking and won the leading event, Therese taking second prize. The Belgian yacht Angèle won the second race with Rosamond second. Racing at Ostend commenced on July 19, and finished on July 22. The weather was fine and the sailing for the most part interesting. Brynhild and White Heather each won a first prize in the big class, and in the second, Creole and Rosamond were the winners. On the last day the two classes had a combined race. Betty won this and Susanne took second prize.

CLASS RACING VS. HANDICAP RACING.—In the Yachtsman of July 20 appears a short letter from Sir James Pender which gives his own reason for not building into class racing, and which is, no doubt, the reason why other owners refuse to enter the lists. It is simply that Sir James, while quite acknowledging the fact that class racing is the thing, has no intention of building until the Yacht Racing Association do what they ought to have done years ago, and that is adopt some efficient system of scantlings. The culpable neglect of the Y. R. A. in this matter has given the death blow to their two most important classes which they ought to have done their best to cherish, the first class and the 65-footers. This letter ought to be an eye-opener for the governing body; whether they will take any practical notice of it remains to be seen. For the last ten years the Y. R. A. has lived on its past reputation and, with few exceptions, its members have viewed with complacency their own destruction of their own classes, through starving them of their proper conditions, putting it down to anything and everything but the right cause. Sir James Pender's letter may startle them out of their lethargy; if it does not, then nothing will.

E. H. KELLY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

A. P. B. ASSN'S CRUISE.—The cruise is open to all power boats owned by members of any club which is enrolled in the American Power Boat Association. Fleet will rendezvous at Hudson, N. Y., Aug. 17, at 12 noon. Captains, upon arriving at rendezvous, are invited aboard the committee boat to receive instructions for the daily runs and their permit to navigate the canal. Fleet will be prepared to get under way at 3 P. M., Aug. 17, upon signal from the committee boat. The canal will be entered at Watervliet, near Albany, and will be left at Oswego, N. Y., from which point a run will be made to the Thousand Islands Y. C., Alexandria Bay. At the Thousand Islands the fleet will be the guests of the Thousand Islands Y. C., through whose kindness cards will be issued, extending the courtesies of their anchorage, house and grounds to the captains and their guests.

During Aug. 24, 25 and 26 will be witnessed the races for the American Power Boat Association Challenge Cup, to be held under the auspices of the Chippewa Y. C., and the fleet are invited to take part in the night illumination, parade and entertainments arranged for during these days, announcement of which will be duly made. Aug. 26, at sunset, upon the lowering of the committee's flag, the cruise will officially end.

Entries may be made to the chairman of the committee, and on account of the necessity of securing a permit to navigate the canal and the making of many other necessary arrangements, entries will close Aug. 12. No boats over the following dimensions can enter the canal: 98ft. long, 17ft. beam, 6ft. draft, height under bridges, above water line, 11ft. 6in. The following entries have been received:

Cactus II., C. E. Proctor, Indian Harbor; Ida Bell, Louis Kahnweilers, Brooklyn; Amrita, Dr. Emil Heuel, New York Athletic; Nawquisi, A. Gardiner Cooper, Indian Harbor; Nymphaea, Preston B. Lee, Philadelphia; Mao, Dr. Seymour Oppenheimer, Far Rockaway; Graydon, Arthur S. Gray, Albany; Rene, S. J. Fleet, Atlantic; Linnet, Egbert Le Fevre, M. D., Thousand Islands; Snipe, George N. Burt, Oswego; Aztec, J. J. Adams, Indian Harbor; Viper II., Maj. J. G. R. Glasgow, Buffalo Launch; Iris, Matthew McCarty, Albany.

J. H. McIntosh, Chairman, 32 Broadway, New York.

* * *

WILLIAM FIFE, JR., ARRIVES.—Mr. William Fife, Jr., reached New York on Aug. 5 on the steamer Lucania. Mr. Fife proceeded to Rochester, where he will remain during the races for the Canada Cup. Temeraire, the challenger, which boat was designed by Mr. Fife, reached Charlotte on Monday, where she created a very favorable impression. Mr. Fife will look after the interests of his product in the races.

* * *

NEW LAUNCH SHOWS GREAT SPEED.—The 35ft. launch designed by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff and built by the American & British Mfg. Co., of Bridgeport, was given a trial on Aug. 4. It is said the boat did better than 35 miles an hour. She is constructed of aluminum and steel and is 35ft. over all, 4ft. 7in. breadth and 7in. draft. The boat is driven by a 100 horsepower motor which was designed by Mr. Herreshoff.

* * *

ADRIENNE SOLD.—The 80ft. flush-deck gasolene yacht Adrienne was sold by Mr. John S. Loomis to Mr. F. D. M. Strachan, of Brunswick, Ga., through the agency of Mr. William Gardner. The steam yacht Kanawha I. has been chartered by Mr. H. C. Baxter to Mr. William H. Bliss for use for the balance of the season in cruising along the Maine coast, and the auxiliary schooner yacht Comanche has been chartered by Mr. C. A. Tatum to Mr. E. C. Dale, Larchmont. The same agency has also arranged charter of steam yacht Loando to Mr. George F. Pynchon, and other members of the New York Y. C. owning boats in the one-design 30ft. class for use as a tender during the club cruise.

* * *

THE MARINE AND FIELD CLUB fleet seems to be subject to unusual accidents. Last year one of the boats was struck by a rowing shell, the bow of the offending craft breaking off and sticking in the hole made by the collision, thus keeping out all water. The latest mishap is

even more strange. On Sunday last the class RR boat Beta was caught in a thunder squall while on Gravesend Bay. Unknown to the occupants, the mast was struck by lightning, the fluid going down the shrouds and out through the planking just below the chain plates, burning two small holes, one on each side. On returning home the boat was noticed taking water, but nothing was thought of the matter, it being considered as merely a result of the heavy rain. On Monday morning the craft was found sunk at her moorings. After she had been hauled out and pumped dry the work of the lightning was discovered.—Brooklyn Eagle.

KOLUTOO DESIGNED BY BURGESS & PACKARD.—In our last issue we inadvertently stated that Kolutoo, the Seawanhaka Cup challenger of 1903, was designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman. Her designer was Mr. Starling Burgess, to whom credit is entirely due, and we regret the error.

CLUB BOOK RECEIVED.—We are indebted to Mr. Harry Growtage, Secretary of the Moriches Y. C., for a copy of the club book.

SALES AND CHARTERS.—The high speed steam yacht Scud, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, owner, has been chartered for August and September, through the offices of Mr. Henry J. Gielow, to a member of the N. Y. Y. C.

The same agency has also sold and chartered the following yachts:

Steam yacht Marjencha, Mr. L. C. Nash, has been sold to Mr. Julian Cendoya, Santiago, Cuba. The boat will be run from Ogensburg to New York, and then proceed to Cuba as far as possible via inside route, and will be in charge of Mr. Cendoya's captain, Egbert Robinson.

The 52ft. yawl Espirito, Mr. John F. Hammond, has been sold to Mr. F. B. Cleland, New York Y. C.

The 38ft. autoboat Brown Witch, Mr. J. T. Davies, has been sold to Mr. A. C. Taylor.

The 66ft. power houseboat Reliance, Mr. L. J. Nilson, has been chartered to Mr. Chas. J. Fisk, for use at Greenwich, Conn.

The launch Hermida, Mr. H. Hessenbruch, has been chartered to Mr. Artemus Ward.

YACHT SALES.—The cruising sloop Ishkoodah has been sold by Mr. H. F. Parmlee, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. L. P. Copeland, of Providence, R. I., through the office of Stanley M. Seaman. Ishkoodah was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1903, for Commodore Morton F. Plant. She is a keel boat 48ft. over all, 36ft. waterline, 13ft. beam, 7ft. draft. The same office has also sold the 21ft. knockabout Don for Mr. J. R. Suydam, of New York city, to Mr. David Kay, Newark, N. J. The same agency has sold the gasolene yacht Klein by Mr. F. G. Knowles, of Toronto, Ont., to Mr. J. P. Haines.

Protest Decisions by the S. C. Y. C. Race Committee.

THE Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., composed of Messrs. Henry H. Landon, chairman, Howard C. Smith, Francis G. Stewart, Clinton H. Crane and Victor I. Cumnock, have passed on the three protests filed as a result of fouls which took place in the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s annual regatta on June 24.

The committee has published in a small pamphlet for distribution all the evidence bearing on these protests, and we publish it in full. The idea of giving the evidence and decisions publicity in this manner is an excellent one and could well be followed by other clubs.

Decision of the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in reference to Mineola-Yankee Protests arising from a foul which occurred in the Annual Regatta on June 24, off Oyster Bay.

The evidence is conclusive, and not denied by either party that the two yachts were converging on the outer mark of the course, both sailing free, the angle of convergence being very slight. Both yachts were carrying booms to starboard, Mineola's course being to starboard of Yankee's. As the mark which they were approaching was to be left on the starboard hand, Mineola was in a position to pass between Yankee and the mark if an overlap existed. Mineola claimed room at the mark. Yankee denied the claim. Mineola then attempted to luff across Yankee's stern, and in doing so, struck Yankee's starboard quarter with her bobstay. This clearly established the fact of the overlap as defined in Rule 24, Section 5.

The evidence is conclusive and is not denied that Yankee had not given sufficient room for Mineola to pass clear of the mark as required by Rule 24, Section 4.

Mr. Maxwell's evidence states that the two vessels were 100ft. from the mark when the foul occurred.

In the opinion of the committee, Yankee should be and is hereby disqualified for disobeying Rule 24, Section 4.

In the opinion of the committee, 100ft. in vessels of this size is within the meaning of the term "are about to pass a mark on the required side," there being no evidence to show that Yankee had any intention of passing the mark on other than the required side.

Decision of the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in reference to a Protest made by Capt. Addison C. Hanan, of the Sloop Nautilus against Sloops Minx and Alera in the First Series Race off Oyster Bay, on June 23.

The evidence shows and is not denied that the yachts Dahinda, Nautilus and Cara Mia were approaching the outer mark of the course practically abreast, Cara Mia leading, Nautilus second, Dahinda third—Cara Mia on the outside, Dahinda on the inside. Several lengths astern of these three was Alera, and astern of her was Minx. Dahinda was given room at the mark by the other two yachts forcing them to take a wider turn and blanketing them so as to cause them to slow down.

Alera and Minx, coming up from the stern, attempted to force a passage through the opening between the mark and Nautilus left by the passage of Dahinda.

The testimony of Messrs. Duncan, of Dahinda; Hanan, of Nautilus, and Wainwright of Cara Mia, agrees that a collision was prevented by Nautilus altering her course to allow Alera to pass without touching her. Mr. Alker, of Alera, testifies to the contrary.

In the opinion of the Committee, Alera should be and is hereby disqualified for disobeying Rule 24, Section 4, paragraph 2. The Committee is left no option but to take the testimony of three gentlemen against one as the more trustworthy—especially as at the time Alera was mixed up in a foul with Minx, which must have distracted Mr. Alker's attention from the actions of Nautilus and Cara Mia.

The Committee wishes to emphasize the fact that it is not necessary for racing yachts to come into collision in order to establish their rights under the rules.

Further, that a yacht coming up from the stern and attempting to force a passage between a competitor and a mark of the course does so at her peril—and the burden of proof is on her to show that she had ample room for such passage.

In regard to the situation between Minx and Alera, the evidence is conflicting—Minx claiming an overlap and Alera denying it; but in view of the positions just prior to the foul, the Committee is of the opinion that Minx did not have an overlap before Alera altered her helm for the purpose of rounding, and therefore disqualifies Minx, this foul occurring prior to the time that Alera was disqualified for interfering with Nautilus.

Decision of the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in reference to a Protest made by M. C. Andrade, Jr., of the Sloop Invader, Jr., against the Sloop Pretty Quick, in the Annual Regatta, off Oyster Bay, on June 24, 1905.

The evidence shows that Invader Jr., started from the windward end of the line on a course N.N.W.½W., and Pretty Quick started from the leeward end of the line on a course approximately N.W. Invader, Jr., had her spinnaker set and was sailing before the wind. The two boats converged several hundred feet from the line, and Pretty Quick hailed Invader, Jr., claiming the right of way. Invader, Jr., disputed the claim, saying that they were the overtaken boat, and also were headed for the mark, but took in the spinnaker and luffed nearly parallel to Pretty Quick's course. Shortly after this the two boats came together about abeam. Both boats claim the right of the overtaken boat.

In the opinion of the Committee Invader, Jr., should be and is hereby disqualified for disobeying Rule 24.

Invader, Jr., with the wind aft, had to keep clear of Pretty Quick, without interference to the position of the next mark, and when two boats converge in different courses neither can claim the rights of the overtaken boat, and when they hauled on approximately the same course, there is no evidence to prove that Pretty Quick luffed into Invader, Jr., but rather that Invader, Jr., did not luff soon enough or far enough to prevent the foul.

Squantum Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 5.

AN interclub race between yachts of the Squantum, Quincy, and Wollaston yacht clubs was sailed in Quincy Bay, under the auspices of the Squantum Y. C., on Saturday, Aug. 5, in a brisk S.W. breeze. In Class A, Waweenock had things about all her own way. Toss, in this class, capsized, and there was some excitement until her crew had been taken care of. The boat sank. In Class B, Pocahontas led until the second mark was passed, when Eclipse took the lead and held it to the finish. In Class C, San Toy was first home, but lost to West Wind on time allowance. Mischief was the winner in the power boat class. In the following summary, the letter preceding the name of the owner signifies the club:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Waweenoek, W., Coombs & Seymour	1 58 39	1 22 59
Whisper, S., F. Fowler	2 21 20	1 42 26
Zoe, S., F. J. Stewart	Disabled.	
Toss, S., W. S. Flander	Disabled.	

Class B.

Eclipse, S., G. F. Sawyer, Jr.	1 59 55	1 30 50
Harolde, W., A. B. Robbins	2 10 12	1 38 56
Blossom, S., J. A. Davis	Not measured.	
Magonk, S., George V. Rogers	Withdrew.	
Pocahontas, W., F. C. Merrill	Withdrew.	

Class C.

West Wind, W., W. M. Chase	1 22 28	0 46 48
San Toy, S., C. J. Hendrie	1 21 17	0 48 00
Niji, Q., M. M. Cannon	1 27 45	0 55 54
Primrose, S., Mr. Kolb	Not measured.	

Motorboats.

Mischief, W., H. E. Nelson	0 45 18
Reina, W., Edgar James	0 52 27
Eleanor, Q., Hamblett & Gould	0 52 47
Rain-in-the-Face, S., James O'Neil	0 54 55
Aurie, W., H. F. Barstow	Withdrew.

Brooklyn Y. C.

Bensonhurst, New York Harbor—Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE third race to count on the championship of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 5, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. Twenty-one craft started in the different classes. Again measurements of many boats were not in the hands of the Race Committee, with the result that corrected times could not be figured out. Vivian II. and Beta were the only boats sure of victory in Classes N and RR respectively. Tabasco finished first in Class P, but there appears to be a good chance of Lizana winning out on time allowance. Cockatoo II. led the Class Q boats home, but Ogeemah is expected to gain victory on corrected time. It is also a decision of corrected time between Careless and Spots, first and second boats, respectively, in Special Class Q.

There was a fine breeze blowing from the S. throughout the race. The start of the event was off the Brooklyn Y. C. station. The regular Association courses were covered, leaving all marks to port. It was a run for all the boats to the Marine and Field Club, and a reach to Fort Hamilton. Classes Q and under went from there to Sea Gate and home, getting a fine windward leg, followed by a reach. The other starters went from Fort Hamilton to Craven Shoal bell buoy and thence to Sea Gate. Both courses were sailed twice, the inside journey aggregating 7.62 miles, and the other 10.

On elapsed time Vivian II. defeated Bobtail by 48s. Tabasco was 5m. 7s. ahead of Lizana. Cockatoo II. led Quest by 1m. 2s. Careless was 27s. ahead of Spots, and Beta beat Gamma 1m. 15s. The fourth and next to the last race counting on the championship of Gravesend Bay will occur on Aug. 19, under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	4 38 04	1 18 04
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	4 38 52	1 18 52

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:25.

Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	4 43 06	1 28 06
*Anona, Menton Brothers	4 41 25	1 21 25
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	4 48 13	1 23 13

*Started at 3:20.

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:25.

Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	4 34 36	1 09 36
Quest, F. J. Havens	4 35 38	1 10 38
Saetta, George H. Church	4 36 14	1 11 14
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 36 37	1 11 37
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	4 37 37	1 12 37
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	4 41 34	1 16 34
Ojigwan, George E. Reiners	4 41 38	1 16 38

Corrected time: Ogeemah 1.09.22.

Class Q—Special—Start, 3:25.

Careless, Richard Rummell	4 42 13	1 17 13
Spots, R. C. Veit	4 42 40	1 17 40
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	4 44 14	1 19 14
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 45 00	1 20 00
Mary, Max Grundner	Did not finish.	
Ianthe, H. H. Robertson	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:30.

Beta, Snedeker & Camp	4 54 55	1 24 55
Gamma, A. H. Platt	4 56 10	1 26 10
Delta, J. J. Mahoney	Disqualified.	

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor—Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE third race for the Underwood cup for Atlantic Y. C. boats in classes P and above was sailed on the morning of Saturday, Aug. 5. Vivian II. was the first to finish, and will win the event if a protest of Tabasco, claiming her actual starting time because the gun missed fire, is not allowed. There was quite a little misunderstanding at the start as to how the course stated in the Race Committee circular should be covered. Because of this there is a possibility of the race being run over. Should Vivian II. be declared the winner, she will get permanent possession of the cup, having won the second race of July 1. Bobtail captured the first on June 10. The conditions as originally announced required three victories in order to win the trophy. Since then two have been decided to be enough. The trophy was given in 1904 by former Vice-Commodore Frederick D. Underwood, but was not put up for competition until this year.

The boats went twice over a course from Sea Gate to Fort Hamilton, thence to buoy No. 6 to the eastward of West Bank Light, and home, leaving all marks to starboard. The first leg was a run, the second a beat, and the last a reach home, with ballooners set to port. The boats were started on handicap times, allowances being handled at the beginning instead of the last of the race, as is customary. This method has been employed with power boats, but is not likely to prove popular with sailing yachts. The course figured about 13 miles. The wind was from the S. at the start, and remained in that quarter, freshening toward the finish. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Classes P and Above.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	10 19 44	1 10 50	2 51 06
Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	10 12 35	1 13 00	3 00 25
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	10 19 34	1 13 40	2 54 06
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	10 05 00	1 23 00	3 18 00

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 5.

A CLUB race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 5, in a brisk S.W. breeze. Osprey II. had the best of it in the 18ft. class, but was disqualified for fouling a buoy upon protest of Menace. Bub won in the handicap class. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Osprey II., A. R. Train	1 48 08
Menace, H. Hunt	1 48 20
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	1 49 07
Kittawake, Maxwell	1 50 13
Handicap Class.	
Bub, Atwater	1 58 28
Nautilus, Kellogg	2 00 17
Old Honesty, H. Clapp	2 19 35

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Boston Y. C.

Hull, Mass.—Mid-Summer Series—Aug. 3, 4 ad 5.

The annual mid-summer series of Y. R. A. open races was given by the Boston Y. C. in Hull Bay, off the Hull station of the club on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3, 4 and 5. There was good attendance at all of the races, and the weather conditions were enough at variance on each day to bring out the abilities of the different boats. On the first day it was very light and fluky. On the second day it was calm to light. On the last day there was a moderate, wholesail breezze. Rube succeeded in pulling off two out of the three races in the 22ft. class, while there was a different winner each day in the 18ft. class. Vera took two out of three in the 15ft. class. Meemer took all three in the first handicap class, as did Jacobin in the second handicap class. Tama and Yenoh were the stars of the power boats, Tama taking two out of three.

Thursday, Aug. 3.

The first contest of the series was one of wind hunting, with what wind there was from the S.E. In the 22-footers Peri II., Clotho and Medric II. were over the line together, with Peri II. in the weather berth. All hands split on the beat to the first mark and Rube was the first to reach it. By good judgement in seeking wind, Tyro pulled ahead on the next leg, and made further gains by the same good judgment on succeeding legs, winning the race by over 8m. She was sailed by Mr. Sumner H. Foster. Gertrude, Nick Nack and Dorchen were the first three across in the 18-footers. Bat was in a pocket at the start, but she worked into the lead before the first mark was reached and was never headed. In the 15ft. class Cigarette turned the tables on Vera II., coming in many minutes ahead. Meemer sailed a fine race in the first rating class, finishing ahead of the 22-footers which started 5m. before her. She won by a long margin on both elapsed and corrected times. It seems that this old 30-footer has been going faster than ever this year, and she is a standing example that the new rating rule does not injure the chances of the centerboard. Opitsah II. did the leading in the second rating class, but lost to Jacobin on corrected time. Tama simply romped away from the fleet in the power boat class. The summary:

Class E, 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 20 10
Medric II., W. H. White	2 28 14
Medric, George Lee	2 28 18
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 31 01
Peri II., Morton Prince	2 39 19
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 41 38
Clotho, C. H. Lanning	2 41 58

Class I, 18-footers.

Bat, C. F. Adams 2d	2 34 35
Nick Nack, E. B. Holmes	2 37 30
Bonitwo, Geo. H. Wightman	2 41 17
Fritter, Caleb Loring	2 42 23
Aladdin, Keith Bros	2 44 50
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	2 50 18
Moslem, J. T. Eustis	2 55 28
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	Withdrew.
Gertrude II., H. E. Lynch	Withdrew.
Cuyamel	Withdrew.

Class T, 15-footers.

Cigarette, M. T. Prince	2 47 33
Vera II., H. Lundberg	3 11 12

First Rating Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	2 12 36	2 12 36
Jingo, Geo. B. Doane	2 53 49	2 28 33
LAiglon, E. L. Collins	2 46 32	2 45 41
Mildred I., S. P. Moses	3 02 03	2 58 00

Second Rating Class.

Jacobin, T. W. King	2 40 57	2 27 10
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	2 27 38	2 27 38
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 37 03	2 31 40
Sally IV., H. R. Starratt	2 34 55	2 34 24
Spinster, IV., L. M. Clark	3 04 56	2 52 28
Clarice, J. P. Harvey	Withdrew.	

Power Boats.

Tama, F. L. Dunne	0 38 36	0 24 04
Yenoh, H. S. Potter	0 52 36	0 25 05
Blink, C. W. Estabrook	1 09 36	. . ..
Fire Fly, George	1 15 30	. . ..
Woodpile, A. T. Lincoln	1 35 30	. . ..
Babbie, J. R. Hooper	1 38 13	. . ..

Friday, Aug. 4.

For Friday, Aug. 4, the yachts had better luck in the line of breeze. At the start there was very little air, but the wind went to S.W. and blew wholesail strength. In spite of the shift of wind there was plenty of windward work. The order of starting in the 22ft. class was Clotho (ex-Chewink V—ex-Clotho), Medric, Tyro, Rube, Nutmeg and Peri II. Tyro and Rube hung together on the windward leg, Tryo reaching the windward mark first. The lull before the shift of wind lost Tyro the breeze, and the others came up on her, but she managed to turn the second mark in the lead. Rube then pulled up on her and went by, holding her lead to the finish and winning by 10s. Bonitwo got the start in the 18ft. class, but was passed by Hayseed before the first mark was reached. Hayseed then led to the finish with Bonitwo and Bat close astern. In the 15ft. class, Vera II. led from start to finish. Meemer again won by a long margin in the first rating class. In the second rating class Gringo was first in by 7s. over Sally IV., but Jacobin again took first on corrected time. Tama again led the power boats around the course, but lost to Yenoh on time allowance. The summary:

Class E, 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 56 51
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 57 01
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	1 57 39
Clotho, C. D. Lanning	1 59 54
Medric, George Lee	2 02 44
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	Disabled.

Class I, 18-footers.

Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 04 54
Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	2 05 10
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d	2 05 17
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	2 11 15
Fritter, Caleb Loring	2 11 27
Nick Nack, E. B. Holmes	2 13 17
Aladdin, Keith Bros	2 18 00
Cuyamel, R. E. Pond	2 20 34
Moslem, John Tyler	2 22 58
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	2 23 38

Class T, 15-footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg	2 16 55
Cigarette, Dr. Morton Prince	2 18 53

First Rating Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 46 16	1 46 16
Jingo, G. R. Doane	1 54 12	1 48 59
LAiglon, E. L. Collins	1 54 13	1 53 12

Second Rating Class.

Jacobin, T. W. King	2 08 03	1 54 17
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 00 33	1 55 19
Sally IV., H. S. Starratt	2 00 40	2 00 00
Spinster IV., L. M. Clark	2 13 42	2 01 14
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	2 01 50	2 01 50

Power Boats.

Yenoh, H. S. Potter	0 49 40	0 22 09
Tama, F. L. Dunn	0 37 30	0 22 58
Juanita, J. B. Fallon, Jr.	1 07 02	0 29 41
Blink, C. W. Estabrook	1 06 50	0 38 04
Fire Fly, George Lee	1 17 34	0 44 50
Woodpile, A. T. Lincoln	1 57 13	1 09 10
*Minx, J. W. Dutton	1 23 30	. . ..
*Babbie, J. R. Hopper	1 30 28	. . ..
Squanton, C. M. Bryant	Withdrew.	

*Not measured.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

For the last day of the series, the yachts had a rattling whole sail breeze from the S. In the 22-footers Clotho was first across the starting line, but with Nutmeg in rather the best position. Clotho led to the first mark, but on the beat to windward Rube went into first place and remained there for the remainder of the race, with Tyro second. The 18-footers were bunched at the start, with Bat having a little the best of it. Bonitwo had the lead at the end of the first round, but Dorchen got it afterward and finished first. Vera II. again had all the best of it in the 15ft. class. In the first rating class Meemer finished her third straight win, but did not have as much to spare on corrected time as on the two previous days. In the second rating class Jacobin won on both elapsed and corrected times. Dorothy II. got the start in the Cape cat class and led on the first round, but was later passed by Josephine and all the rest of the class. Josephine won by less than a minute from Marvel. Barbara won in the dory class. Right o'Way sailed alone in the class of cabin launches over 40ft. Blink won from Woodpile in the cabin launches under 40ft. Tama again led all the launches and won in her class on both elapsed and corrected times. The summary:

Class E, 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 26 58
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 28 30
Peri II., Morton Prince	1 29 40
Medric II., H. H. White	1 29 49
Clotho, C. D. Lanning	1 30 09
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 33 01
Medric, George Lee	1 34 08

Class D, Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Josephine, I. H. Smith	1 39 23	1 36 38
Marvel, I. Whittemore	1 40 21	1 37 14
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	1 43 12	1 38 51
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	1 40 09	1 38 52
Hustler, H. W. Roberts	1 43 30	1 39 22
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	1 48 34	1 42 34
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	1 45 09	1 43 12
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	1 49 27	1 46 57

Class I, 18-footers.

	Elapsed.
Dorchen, A. W. Finley	1 37 34
Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	1 37 54
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 38 39
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 39 [illegible]
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d	1 41 53
Fritter, Caleb Loring	1 42 31
Aladdin, Keith Bros	1 43 39
Moslem, John Tyler	1 47 00
Cuyamel, R. L. Pond	1 49 47
Nick Nack, E. B. Holmes	1 50 54
Gertrude II., H. E. Lynch	Withdrew.

Class T, 15-footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 56 34
Cigarette, Morton Prince	2 40 00

Class X, Dories.

Barbara, Blaney & Wardwell	1 49 57
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	1 52 42
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	1 50 59
Teaser, R. Smith	1 51 18
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey	1 51 31
Bessie A., J. S. Hardy	1 52 48
Spray, H. T. Wing	1 54 18
Pointer II., E. C. Melzard	1 54 38
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	1 55 41
Misan, D. Woodbury	Withdrew.

First Rating Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, B. C. Nickerson	1 23 36	0 50 14
Gringo, G. B. Doane	1 30 17	0 51 06
Myrtle, T. W. Souther	1 31 15	0 51 24
Mildred II., S. B. Moses	1 32 56	0 52 40
Opitsah V., S. N. & H. I. Foster	1 33 39	0 58 07

Second Rating Class.

Jacobin, T. W. King	1 40 55	0 40 44
Anne, C. B. Platt	1 52 16	0 48 05
Gadfly, C. W. Chapin	1 48 33	0 59 57
Clarisse, J. F. Harvey	2 10 44	. . ..
Opitsah III., W. H. Whitney	Disabled.	

Cabin Launches, Over 40ft. L. W. L.—Course, 10⅛ Miles.

Right o'Way, L. R. Speare	1 05 45	. . ..

Cabin Launches, Under 40ft. L. W. L.

Blink, C. W. Estabrook	1 05 16	0 31 56
Woodpile, A. T. Lincoln	2 25 00	1 36 57

Open and Hunting Launches, Under 40ft. L. W. L.

Tama, F. L. Dunne	0 35 50	0 19 10
Yenoh, H. S. Potter	0 49 57	0 22 26
Fire Fly, George Lee	1 09 48	0 37 04
Babbie, J. R. Hooker	1 33 15	0 40 13
Vareta, W. H. Allen, Jr.	1 25 29	0 40 48
*Essex, A. J. Young	0 57 20	. . ..
*Whew, F. C. Welch	1 07 20	. . ..
Juanita, J. B. Fallon, Jr.	Disabled.	
Minx, J. W. Dutton	Disabled.	

*Not rated.

American Y. C.

Milton Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Aug. 5.

The American Y. C. was unfortunate in having been allotted the Saturday before the start of the New York Y. C. cruise for their mid-summer association race, as many boats that might otherwise have entered were being overhauled preparatory to the big event. This state of affairs did not, however, seriously affect the match, and with the exception of the two 70-footers, most of the important boats that have been racing on the western end of the Sound were on hand.

The Race Committee, made up of Commodore Trenor L. Park, Joseph M. Macdonough and W. H. Caswell, were on board the towboat Unique. The match was splendidly managed, and the event went off without a hitch. The start was made off the red gas buoy on Scotch Caps. It was a beat of 2¾ miles to the red and black striped buoy to the northward of Execution Light. The second leg was a reach of 3½ miles to the black spar buoy off Week's Point and then a spinnaker run of 3⅛ miles back to the starting line, a total distance of 9⅜ miles. The 33-footers and the New York Y. C. 30-footers covered the course twice, while boats in all the other classes went once around the triangle. There was a nice sailing breeze from the S.W. The tide was flood on the first round and ebb on the second.

Mr. Clifford Bucknam sailed Commodore Trenor L. Park's Mimosa III. and seemed to get the best out of the boat. Nike was her only competitor, and she outsailed her on nearly every leg of the course. Mimosa III. won by over 6m., and added another winning flag to her already long list.

The racing in the New York Y. C. one-design class was of the best. There were ten starters and the result of the race was in doubt from start to finish. The start was spectacular, and Nautilus sailed down the line, killing time. She crossed 1s. after the signal. Nautilus, as well as Cara Mia, were the only two boats not gun-shy, and they made pretty starts. The wind freshened on the first leg, and it was a pretty race to the first mark. At the second mark Cara Mia led, Nautilus second and Banzai third. The latter boat made her first appearance with a suit of Ratsey canvas. On the third leg of the first round Nautilus gained steadily on Cara Mia, and at one time it looked as if she would run by. The gain made by Nautilus put Mr. Stuyvesant Wainwright on his mettle and he sailed his boat quite as faultlessly as did Mr. Addison Hanan on the windward leg of the second round. Cara Mia held her lead over the first two legs, but on the run to the finish line Nautilus gained again and ran up even with the Wainwright boat. Skipper Hanan luffed Nautilus sharply just as his bowsprit crossed the finish line, and she took the race by the very close margin of 2s. Ibis was third. She was sailed in this race as well as in some of the earlier events by Mr. Hazen Morse, and this, no doubt, accounts for the improvement made in her form. Atair beat out Banzai and Neola II. in some way and finished up nearer the top than is her custom.

In the 27ft. class Maryola got a good start and managed to keep ahead of Rascal all over the course. Maryola showed to better advantage in this race than she has in any other event this season and she secured her first win. Rascal finished second.

Ten raceabouts started and these boats afforded almost as interesting racing as did the New York boats. Tartan met with an accident before the start, and, unfortunately, could not participate. She was towed back to Glen Cove. Mr. A. B. Alley was late in getting to the starting line, owing to the light wind in the early morning; he managed to make a very good showing with his boat Pretty Quick in spite of the handicap. The boats got away in a bunch at the start, and Rana tried to force her way in between the committee boat and Busy Bee. Mr. Wainwright protested Rana, and then withdrew his protest—a very sportsmanlike and courteous thing for him to do.

Howdy sailed a nice race and crossed the finish line 1m. 34s. ahead of Invader, Jr., the second boat. Jolly Roger was third.

Dorothy managed to keep between her two competitors and the mark on every leg in the Larchmont 21ft. class and she crossed the finish line a winner by 1m. 9s.

Answer proved too smart for her four competitors in the 22ft. sloop class. She beat Opossum by 24s. Kenoshi was third.

"Bob" Bavier brought Ace home a winner as usual. Hamburg was the only other starter in the class. The summary:

Sloops, 33ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 18¾ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	3 39 46	3 24 46
Nike, Victor I. Cumnock	3 46 02	3 31 02

Sloops, New York One-Design 30ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 18¾ Miles.

Nautilus, A. G. & W. H. Hanan	3 59 20	3 34 20
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 59 22	3 34 22
Ibis, C. O'Donnell Iselin	3 59 56	3 34 56
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 00 59	3 35 59
Banzai, Newbury D. Lawton	4 02 03	3 37 03
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	4 02 46	3 37 03
Alert, A. H. and J. W. Alker	4 03 16	3 38 16
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	4 03 51	3 38 51
Adelaide II., Adee Brothers	4 03 52	3 38 52
Min, Howard Willets	4 04 13	3 39 13

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course 9⅜ Miles.

Maryola, H. E. Sayre	2 40 48	2 10 48
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 42 17	2 12 17
Spinster, M. R. Babbitt	2 43 13	2 13 13

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 9⅜ Miles.

Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	2 38 02	2 03 02
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	2 39 36	2 04 36
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker	2 41 57	2 06 57
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	2 43 24	2 08 24
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 43 55	2 08 55
Rana, Howard Willets	2 44 01	2 09 01
Circe, E. T. Ervin	2 44 07	2 09 07
Nora, Adrian Iselin	2 44 14	2 09 14
Cricket, Macy Willets	2 45 24	2 10 24
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	2 46 17	2 11 17
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 48 18	2 13 18

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:40—Course 9⅜ Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 50 44	2 10 44
Vaquero, William Stump	2 51 53	2 11 53
Follette, L. J. Garcey	2 52 59	2 12 59

Sloops, 20ft. Class—Start, 12:50—Course, 9⅜ Miles.

Answer, D. Babbott	3 12 44	2 22 44
Opossum, T. M. Raborg	3 13 08	2 23 08
Kenoshi, T. Mallory	3 17 04	2 27 04
Skip, C. W. Pinckney	3 22 37	2 32 37
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	3 34 37	2 44 37

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:55—Course, 9⅜ Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 24 47	3 39 47
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	3 26 21	3 41 21

Racing at Chicago.

Saturday, July 29, marked an unusual event in the history of Chicago yachting. Three great cruising races were started within the space of a couple of hours.

The most important one, from the standpoint of general sportive interest, was the annual cruising race of the Chicago Y. C. fleet to Mackinac Island at the head of the lake. The second was the cruising race to Macatawa Bay of the boats intending to take part in the annual Lake Michigan Y. A. regatta, which was held across the lake at the Michigan resort this season again, and the third was the cruising race of the Chicago Power Boat Club to Mackinac for the Day trophy.

Promise for a splendid turnout of boats was excellent up to the day of the start itself, then a nasty northeaster blowing down the lake and a heavy run of sea cast gloom over the sailors ready for the event, and cut down the list of starters.

Let it be said for the glory and credit of the Chicago Y. C. that every boat announced Friday night to start for the 330-mile thrash up the lake crossed the starting line. That only three finished was due to the unusual stress of weather and to the distressing conditions of the prevailing winds.

These three were the big schooners of the fleet—Mistral, Alice, and Hawthorne—and that they alone were able to make the trip shows what a hard run it proved to be.

When the starting gun sounded at 2:30 P. M., at the gap in the breakwater off Van Buren street, Dr. Baum's steel cruising yawl Arcadia was first to cross the line. With a full display of lower sails, and all made snug for a long windward haul, she crossed the line within 10s. of gun fire, and went away on the port tack trimmed down snug and flat. Tanis followed soon after, and then came the schooners in as pretty a start as it is possible to imagine, all crossing together, with Mistral in the weather berth. There was not much attempt at jockeying or finessing, each clapping on all the sail the wind would permit and settling down to battle the heavy sea outside the harbor of refuge.

Next came the sloops. The start of the single-stickers was remarkable, for the fact that one of the contending boats, Lady Eileen, is owned and sailed altogether by women. Miss Evelyn Wright, who, by the way, enjoys the distinction of being the only flag member of the Chicago Y. C., owns Lady Eileen, a 32ft. sloop, and she sails it with the assistance of Miss Sara Cary. The two young girls tackled alone the strenuous 330-mile cruise up the lake, a feat that has brought them much praise for their pluck.

The starters in the sloop class were Siren, Minota, La Rita, and Lady Eileen. Tommy Atkins shot Minota over the line first, but George Pearse with La Rita was right on top of him and took the weather berth before they had gone far. The starters honored Miss Wright and Lady Eileen with a special gun when they crossed the line.

The Macatawa fleet got under way soon after. The old-time cruisers Jeannettie and Charlotte R. took the lead, followed soon after by the 30-footers Gloria and Cyma. The yawls Naiad and Kayoshk followed, with the schooner Glad Tidings and Commodore Price's new flagship, Juanita, next, and the sloops Wizard, Vencedor, Neva and Illinois crossing the line last.

Four power boats out of ten entries tackled the long jaunt to the pretty island at the head of the lake, with Violet, Louise, the scratch boat, Dustye Sydes, Marion and Erin all taking allowance from the Counsel flier.

The Columbia Y. C. fleet, which comprised the twelve starters for Macatawa Bay, were able to lay a course direct for the Michigan resort. Vencedor, Commodore Price's old flagship, which is still owned by Price, was in the hands of Capt. W. L. Shepard, one of the veteran yachtsmen of the lake, and a model of the old school sailor. With Abe Burrell at the tiller the big mahogany boat soon began overhauling the whole fleet, and by nightfall had a lead on all the boats but the Price yawl, Juanita, and Soule's Naiad, which was making a remarkable showing. By daylight Naiad was still leading, having found a lucky streak of wind, and Vencedor was catching Juanita. From there it was as pretty a race as one could want to see, Capt. Shepard finally landing Vencedor winner, with Juanita second, while Naiad finished third.

The old Jeanettie sailed a remarkable race, and finished first in her class. Following are the winners of the different classes and their times:

Cruiser Class—Start, 3:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jeannettie	12 49 00 P.M.	21 49 00

30ft. Sloops—Start, 3:10.

Cyma	11 18 00 A.M.	20 08 00

Yawls Under 35ft.—Start 3:20.

Naiad	10 59 00 A.M.	19 39 00

Yawls—Over 35ft.—Start, 3:30.

Juanita	10 58 00 A.M.	19 28 00

Sloops Over 35ft.—Start, 3:50.

Vencedor	10 56 00 A.M.	19 06 00

Neva and Illinois were forced out of the race by accidents and returned to harbor.

Meanwhile the Chicago Y. C. fleet were having a hard time making the long beat up the lake. The wind increased in velocity until Tommy Atkins, in seeking more favorable slants on the west shore, was compelled to put into Racine, where he found Violet Louise, the motorboat flier, which had been beached off Wind Point owing to a mistake of her navigator in taking Wind Point light for the Racine Harbor light.

Of the boats that kept on the port tack after two nights and a day of incessant thrashing in a heavy sea, four found their way into South Haven—Siren, La Rita, Lady Eileen, with its plucky crew of girls, and Tanis, all making the Michigan harbor and reporting very nasty weather outside.

Mistral was reported leading the fleet by a small margin on Monday, off Charlevoix. Hawthorne and Alice were well up with Arcadia, seeking open water. Tuesday the boats were reported off North Manitou, and Mistral and Hawthorne passed between Fox and North Manitou islands still bucking a head wind. When reported Mistral was leading by about three hours. Alice was several hours behind Hawthorne, and Arcadia was bringing up the rear.

Aug. 2, at 12:39 P. M., with all light sails set and making excellent time, Mistral slid over the line at Mackinac Island winner of the big race.

Hawthorne finished at 4:21 P. M., while Alice did not finish until 10:23 A. M. Aug. 3, nearly a whole day behind Mistral.

Dwight Lawrence, owner of Mistral, gives much credit for the victory of his handsome schooner to Billy Thompson, the president of the new Illinois Athletic Club, who sailed Mistral in her race. Thompson is not very well known in Lake Michigan yachting circles, having earned his brevet as an inland lake sailor, where his Avis and Avis II. were champions of their class for years. Thompson's best known yachting exploit on these waters was the sailing of Cadillac in her deciding race against Invader for the Canada cup, when that trophy was carried away by Æmilius Jarvis and the Canadian boat.

The rest of the fleet made the cruise to Mackinac by easy stages, and spent a week at the beautiful island before starting on the return trip along the east shore.

The autoboat race resulted in a victory for Erin, of Chicago, although Dustye Sydes, of Detroit, actually finished first, Erin winning on time allowance. Only these two boats finished, as Violet Louise was beached at Wind Point, near Racine, and had to return; and Marion, after an exciting experience with her machinery, limped back to harbor.

Dustye Sydes finished at 4:25:30 Monday morning, while Erin arrived at 8:00:12. As Erin had six hours time allowance, she was awarded the Day cup.

Three Detroit yachts started to race up to Mackinac from Detroit, in conjunction with the Chicago fleet. By the time they had reached Port Huron two of them, Sultana and City of the Straits, decided they had had all they wanted of the bad weather, and R. A. Alger, Jr.'s Sitarah reached Harbor Beach, Mich., half full of water and much the worse for wear. Mr. Alger put in for repairs and continued gamely in face of ugly weather conditions.

J. M. HANDLEY.

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, Delaware River—Saturday, Aug. 5.

SIXTEEN boats participated in the match given by the Riverton Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 5. The winners were Carolyn II., Dorathea, No. 7, and Invlese.

The boats went twice over Course No. 3, which was as follows: Starting from Riverton buoy to lower Hen and Chickens buoy, thence to buoy off Mosquito boat house and back to the starting point.

Carolyn II. hugged the Jersey beach and made material gains, and beat Fiona by 1m. 2s.

In the jib and mainsail class Dorathea was the only boat to finish. The summary follows:

Catboats—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolyn II., J. W. Hamer	5 52 10	2 47 10
Fiona, John Perkins	5 53 30	2 48 30
Sea Gull, Lee Cook	5 56 05	2 51 05
Jib and Mainsail—Start, 3:10.		
Dorathea, C. S. Somerville	5 51 50	2 41 50
Tadpole, H. L. Stockman	Withdrew.	
Pumpkin, J. C. W. Frishmuth, Jr.	Withdrew.	
One-Design—Start, 3:15.		
No. 7, E. W. Crittenden	5 50 15	2 35 15
No. 3, M. McI. Biddle	5 52 00	2 37 00
No. 6, J. H. Reese	5 52 23	2 37 23
No. 2, H. B. Hills	5 52 25	2 37 25
No. 4, J. W. Hamer	5 53 20	2 38 20
Power Boats.		
Wesel, J. V. Rice	3 40 00	1 41 08
Emma D., H. Andrews	3 42 00	1 25 28
Sue, E. Lambert	3 44 00	0 59 30
It, Myers	3 46 00	0 52 00
Invlese, H. Wesson	3 48 00	0 44 30

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, July 29 and Aug. 5.

THE series of three races for the Ford cup for the 30ft. cats of the Edgewood Y. C. resulted in the trophy going to Wanderer IV., the new boat, owned by Messrs. H. J. and D. W. Flint, the second and third races being run off on July 29 and Aug. 5. In both events there was a strong S. wind, which furnished good racing. Wanderer IV. finished first in all three races, thus establishing a percentage of 100 for the contest. This is an unusual, if not unprecedented accomplishment in a series of this sort. In the second race there were but three entries, and only one opponent to the winner appeared in the final race.

Elizabeth, which has been a prominent boat in the class for several years, has been sold by Mr. Walter D. Wood to former Commodore Herman G. Possner, for the use of the latter's sons, who are enthusiastic racing men. Howard Possner sailed the boat in the third race, and did good work for one who has had no more experience that he with boats of that class.

The summaries of the two races were as follows:

July 29—Start, 2:30—Course, 12½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint	5 53 19	3 23 19	3 23 19
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	6 00 39	3 30 39	3 30 19
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	6 10 31	3 40 31	3 36 21
Aug. 5—Start, 2:58—Course, 12½ Miles.			
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint	5 28 27	2 30 27	2 30 27
Elizabeth, H. Possner	5 40 02	2 42 02	2 37 52

F. H. YOUNG.

Conanicut Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, Aug. 4.

THE Conanicut Y. C. held a race for knockabouts off Jamestown, R. I., on Friday afternoon, Aug. 4, a short triangular course being covered in a light S.W. wind. The winners were Skraeling, Grace and Wenonah. The summary:

25-footers—Start, 3:15.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Skraeling	5 07 52	1 52 52
Hawk	5 09 50	1 54 50
Rowdy	5 12 53	1 57 53
Tacen	5 13 45	1 58 45
21-footers—Start, 3:20.		
Grace	5 28 55	2 08 55
Comforter	5 34 00	2 14 00
Bohemia	5 34 40	2 14 40
15-footers—Start, 3:25.		
Wenonah	4 27 39	1 02 39
Minnow	4 29 25	1 04 25
Eaglet	4 30 50	1 05 50
Echo	4 31 11	1 06 11

F. H. YOUNG.

Wellfleet Y. C.

Wellfleet, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE second race of the Wellfleet Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 5 and resulted in an easy win for Areyto in the open class. Edith won a close race in the working boats. The summary:

Open Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Areyto, J. H. Jaker	1 47 00	1 47 00
Arawak, H. C. Nickerson	1 56 30	1 52 30
Tioga, H. K. Cummings	2 01 30	1 57 30
Working Boats.		
Edith, R. Snow	1 17 30	. . . .
Wanderer, F. Holbrook	1 17 45	. . . .

Nahant Dory Club.

Nahant, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE race of the Nahant Dory Club, sailed on Saturday, Aug. 5, in a strong S.W. breeze, was won easily by We Still Live. The summary:

Start, 3:35:	Finished.
We Still Live, George Taylor, Jr.	5 21 00
Frolic, Nelson Whitney	5 31 30
Old Girl, John Foster	5 32 30
Sprite, Arthur Johnson	5 32 35
Togo, Augustus Gray	5 38 00
Senta	5 43 00

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Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, July 22.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 369th regatta off its club house on Saturday, July 22. The event was the third Corinthian race of the season.

The weather was most unsatisfactory, the wind being so light that the start had to be postponed half an hour, and even after the start, the direction changed from S.E. to S.W. twice, with calms intervening, so that it was no reasonable test of the powers of the boats.

For the first time this season, two 30-footers came to the starting line, and all were glad to see the race renewed in this class. Young Miss won by nearly 2m.

In the 21-footers Terrapin took first honors, with Mr. Crane's Amanita III. in second place. Barnacle, which boat has been doing well up to this time, was hopelessly beaten, finishing about 7m. behind the leader.

In the 18ft. one-design class, Jap took first place and Wanderer second.

Flickamaroo won first place in the 15ft. one-design class, but she was sailed by Mr. Nelson Emmons, and therefore the race does not count in the contest for the ladies' cup. Miss Dabney, who took fifth place in the fleet, was the first of the ladies to finish.

The judge was Mr. F. E. Cabot. The times in detail follow:

30ft. Class—Course 14—11¾ Miles.

Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	1 58 02
Pontiac, J. A. Bebee	1 59 45
21ft. Class—Course 16—8⅝ Miles.	
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 45 28
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	1 47 56
Illusion, O. M. Baker	1 49 19
Arethusa, E. R. Baker	1 49 43
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 52 45
18ft. Class—Course 16—8⅝ Miles.	
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 51 54
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 53 56
Margaret, W. O. Taylor	1 54 19
Hindoo, N. H. Emmons	1 55 12
15ft. Class—Course 24—5⅝ Miles.	
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 09 45
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 10 25
Compress, S. M. Wedd	1 12 03
Vim, F. E. Sargent, Jr.	1 12 55
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 13 37
Jub Jub, Miss Eleanor Stockton	1 14 38
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	1 14 46

Conanicut Y. C.

Jamestown, R. I.—Wednesday, July 26.

A special race of knockabouts, arranged by the Conanicut Y. C., was sailed Wednesday afternoon, July 26, under rough conditions. There were ten starters, and of this number seven were in one way or another disabled, and only four boats went over the course. The wind blew nearly a gale, and it was the roughest race ever sailed by the club. Of the four boats that finished, two were sailed by women, and the feminine skippers were entitled to immense credit for their pluck in staying to the finish.

The start was made at 12:30, and all the boats got away under full sail, except Sigma III., which boat carried a single reef. The course was from the club wharf at Jamestown, around Beaver Tail Light, up the West Passage, leaving Dutch Island on the east, around the north end of Conanicut Island and return to the starting point. The starters were as follows: Sigma III., Lorillard; Dixie, Stearns; Rowdy, Smith; Hawk, Crawford; Tacen, Walbridge; Skraeling, Willoughby; Bohemia, Miss Woodward; Comforter, Miss Buffum; Grace, Catlin; Fairy, Lippincott.

Rowdy carried away a backstay early in the game, but Mr. Smith went aloft and made repairs and stood through to the finish. But for this accident he had a good chance of winning. Grace carried away her starboard stay and withdrew. Next, Hawk carried away her throat halliard block and also withdrew. Tacen parted her halliards, and Skraeling broke her boom and both returned. Later, Fairy capsized. A son of Mr. J. B. Lippincott and a son of Mr. Nicholas Benziger, of New York, were the crew, but fortunately they were promptly rescued by a passing fisherman.

Sigma III. won the race, with Rowdy second, Comforter third and Bohemia fourth.

F. H. YOUNG.

Gas Engines and Launches.

DURING the past thirty odd years the Forest and Stream Publishing Company has produced many books on sports and outdoor life. Of these none has been more successful than the little volume entitled "Gas Engines and Launches," which this firm recently put on the market. The sale of this work has been unprecedented, and it bids fair to go to a second edition shortly. The book came into the field when such a volume was most needed. The author, Mr. F. K. Grain, is a practical engine builder, and having sold many engines and installed them, knew just what the user of the marine motor needed in the way of a hand-book. His years of experience stood him in good stead in writing the book, and "Gas Engines and Launches" is to-day the most satisfying and complete hand-book of its kind to be had anywhere.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines.—Iowa Rifle Association annual meeting.
Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.
Sept. 1-10.—Annual out-door championship of the United States Revolver Association. J. B. Crabtree, Sec'y, Springfield, Mass.

Rifle at Vancouver.

VANCOUVER, B. C., July 31.—The appended newspaper clipping is from the Daily Province, Vancouver, B. C., July 31.

On Saturday last we had a rifle match between British Columbia and Washington, which was the first international contest of the kind ever held in western North America.

The Sergt. Perry mentioned as high score on both teams is a local boy, who has served twice in the "Boer War" and who won the biggest shooting honor in the British Empire, viz., the King's prize. It is shot for once a year in Bisley, England, by the best marksmen in Great Britain. He won it in 1904.

I might mention that three of our rifle shots are at present shooting at Bisley, on the Canadian team.

A. AUSTIN, JR.

The first international rifle match ever held in the Northwest came to an end Saturday evening, with the team from the Sixth Regiment Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles victorious over the team from the Second Regiment, National Guard, State of Washington, by 321 points. The Washington team is going east to Sea Girt, where the annual matches in the National Association of the United States are held, and before going accepted a challenge from the Sixth Regiment.

Brigadier-General Drain was in charge of the visiting team, and stated when he first came that he did not expect to win. He did think, though, that there was a possibility of getting a good lead at the shorter ranges, and that the local marksmen might not be able to catch him; or, if they did, to beat his men badly. There was no expectation of the overwhelming victory that was won. It should be said, though, that every officer and man on the Washington team was a good sportsman, and took the defeat with the best of grace. Every credit was given to the winners, and when Sergt. Perry, G.M., came within one of the possible at 800yds., and made 47 at 1,000, the visitors were the first to compliment him upon his wonderful shooting.

The Washington men used the Krag rifle, while the Canadians shot with the Lee-Enfield. The experts at the range liked the home rifle better than the others for long distances, and in variable winds, the wind gauge and rear sight not being so good on the other. At 200yds. possibly the peep sight of the Krag would be an advantage.

The coaching of the winning team was of great advantage to the men, the wind being very fickle, and the direction flags being of hardly any use. The heat waves, too, were bad, and distorted the targets. The scores were:

Sixth Regiment D. C. O. Rifle Team.

Yards:	200	500	600	800	900	1000	Total.
Capt. Hart-McHarg	42	46	39	43	46	34	250
Lieut J Sclater	41	46	46	42	49	28	252
Q. M. S. F. Kennedy	43	45	42	44	43	38	255
Lieut T Cunningham	43	47	43	47	43	24	247
Col.-Sergt. J Moserop	47	46	36	45	45	34	253
Sergt R Wilson	44	43	45	43	37	32	244
Sergt G Turnbull	46	42	42	44	31	36	241
Sergt Perry, G.M.	44	47	38	49	33	47	258
Sergt. S C Mortimore	39	42	49	39	41	37	238
Corp C P Bliss	37	37	38	37	46	37	232
Totals	426	441	409	433	414	347	2470

Corp. Sloan and Pvt. Hunter, the reserves, did not shoot.

Washington State Militia Rifle Team.

Sergt Rowe	43	41	40	38	35	8	200
Sergt Iverson	46	42	36	40	34	26	224
Corp Hatton	42	33	38	46	23	18	200
Corp Humphrey	47	46	38	42	40	25	238
Lieut Huxtable	42	44	40	32	41	19	218
Capt Darlington	40	36	29	39	26	27	197
Sergt Potter	40	45	39	38	12	35	209
Sergt Richardson	43	42	32	31	33	32	213
Capt Curry	43	47	41	37	40	30	238
Sergt Van Buskirk	44	45	39	39	15	30	212
Totals	340	421	372	382	299	245	2149

After the big shoot on Saturday the Sixth Regiment dined the visitors from Washington at the Badminton. The tables had all kinds of good things upon them, and had also trophies galore won by teams and men from the Sixth Regiment. Capt. W. Hart-McHarg was orderly officer of the day, and he acted as toastmaster. The first, of course, was the King; then came the President of the United States, and Col. Edwin Dudley, United States Consul, responded for his Chief. Col. Whyte proposed Our Guests, and made a rattling good speech in doing so. Brig.-Gen. James A. Drain handed out some violets in return, and said all kinds of nice things about British Columbia's shooting. Capt. Currie, of Victoria, who acted as range officer; Capt. Tite, Capt. Darlington, of the visiting team; Major Duhlin, Major Case, Lieut. Corbett and Sergt. Perry, G. M., he of the King's Prize and high score, also did the best they knew, and that was all. Lieut. Newton, of the United States revenue marine ship Manning, made a response to the toast of the United States Navy.

Twin Valley Rifle Club.

THE monthly medal shoot of the Twin Valley Rifle Club was held at Lewisburg, O., on July 29. A strong wind blowing across the range interfered very decidedly with the scores. Jesse Johnson again won the medal, his score being 44 out of a possible 50 at 100yds., offhand, 4 shots. Abner U. Clemmer and Mose Pence tied for second with 42. C. W. Matthew third with 40. Then followed five matches of 4 shots each, same conditions, four money prizes, for four highest aggregate scores, possible 240. J. Johnson won first with 213. Lesher second, 205. Izor third, 199. Lee fourth, 197. Matthew was shooting his new .22 Remington, and the trigger-pull was a little too hard.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, July 30. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Hasenzahl was champion for the day with a score of 222. Payne led on the honor target with 72 points. A fishtail wind from 5 to 9 o'clock quarter, blew all day. The scores:

Hasenzahl	222 217 212 210 210	Roberts	215 213 210 209 206
Freitag	219 202 200 197 197	Hofer	211 209 207 198 195
Payne	217 216 216 215 213	Hofman	204 204 203 202 202

Rifle Notes.

The State militia of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts will participate in the first competition of the New England Military Rifle Association, at the Wakefield Range, Aug. 15-18. Elaborate preparations have been made for a successful tournament. Numerous valuable prizes will reward the victors. Teams from New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts have arranged to continue their practice on the range from Aug. 17 to Aug. 22, thence to Sea Girt to participate in the great tournament.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mountaineers' Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-19.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Assoeiation fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 19.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C. shoot.
Aug. 22—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
Aug. 23.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y., G. C. tournament. R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-26.—Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo, N. Y., tournament.
Aug. 26.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club tournament. W. R. Fieles, Sec'y.
Aug. 26.—Newport, R. I.—Mullerite Gun Club on grounds of Aquidneck Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; $1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Aug. 31.—New London, O., Gun Club second annual. A. Ledgett, Sec'y.
Aug. 31.—Reading, Pa.—Spring Valley Shooting Association. Arthur A. Fink, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Englewood, N. J.—Labor Day shoot of Pleasure Gun Club. C. J. Westervelt, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Auburn, N. Y., G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club all-day shoot. H. L. Carpenter, Sec'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.
Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside G. C. all-day tournament.
Sept. 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., R. and G. C. fall tournament F. E. McCord, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Dayton, O., G. C. tournament; $100 added.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-9.—Detroit, Mich.—Fifteenth annual international shoot; two days, targets, one day live birds.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Sept. 27-28.—Bradford, Pa., G. C. tournament.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., has fixed upon Sept. 4 for an all-day tournament. Mr. E. J. Loughlin is the Secretary.

Mr. R. S. Pringle, Assistant Secretary, writes us that the Bradford, Pa., Gun Club will hold a target tournament on Sept. 27-28.

F. E. McCord, Secretary, informs us that the Rochester, N. Y. Rod and Gun Club will hold their annual fall tournament on Sept. 4-5.

Mr. J. B. Pardoe writes us that the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Aug. 19. Several nice loving cups and a gold medal have been provided. All amateurs are welcome.

We are informed by the Secretary, R. W. Gorham, that the shoot of the Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club will be held on Aug. 23, instead of Aug. 24. Programmes are now ready for distribution.

Mr. Hood Waters, of Baltimore, the famous Infallible shooter, was among the distinguished visitors in New York last week. He tarried but briefly, notwithstanding the advantages of New York as a tranquil summer resort.

In the club contest of the Meadow Springs Gun Club, at Philadelphia on Saturday of last week, Henry broke 25 straight, but was tied by Watson, who had 8 handicap allowance. Henry was high in Class A shoot with 22. Chandler won in Class B.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel was a visitor in the gun colony district of New York on Thursday of last week. His business affairs, in connection with important shows to be held in Madison Square Garden, confine him very closely to his office work. He reports many attractions for the forthcoming Sportsman's Show.

At the shoot of the Analostan Gun Club, at Washington, D. C., Aug. 5, Mr. W. H. Heer shot at 100 targets and broke them all. Mr. Heer has been badly handicapped during some months past by a sore cheek, caused by his gun's recoil, and as every shooter knows, good scores under such painful conditions are the exception.

On the grounds of the Highland Gun Club, at Edge Hill, the final matches in the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League series were shot on Saturday of last week. The main event, for a Remington gun, resulted in a tie between Messrs. H. Buckwalter, F. Coleman and H. Howard, on 45 out of 50. Buckwalter bought the claim of his competitors.

Mr. Jacob Klein, Detroit, Mich., writes us that "The dates for the fifteenth annual International shoot, which will take place at Detroit, Mich., will be Sept. 7, 8 and 9—two days targets, one day live birds. Live-bird day will be Sept. 9, when the famous Gilman and Barnes medal will be shot for at 25 live birds, $25 entrance, $20 added. We are arranging our programme."

Mr. Herbert Taylor, of the Dupont Powder Co., was a visitor in New York last week. He has been sojourning in South America during several months past, and returned only recently from that land of the Incas and fevers. He apparently was in the pink of health, though suffering somewhat from the malarial fever which is a constant menace to the unacclimated in that country.

At the amateur tournament of the Chicago Trapshooters' Association, Aug. 17-19, $500, high and low average money is provided. Each day, ten events at 20 targets, $2 entrance, constitute the programme. Aug. 16, practice day. Shooting will begin at 9:30. Purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Targets 2 cents. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, sent to Von Lengerke & Antoine, 277 Wabash avenue, Chicago. Mr. E. B. Shogren, 940 First National Bank Building, Chicago, is the Secretary.

The eighth annual midsummer target tournament of the Spring Valley Shooting Association, of Reading, Pa., will be held on Aug. 31 on the Spring Valley grounds. Three average prizes, as follows, will be awarded: $5, $3 and $2. The annual tournaments are always big events, and this year's tournament is expected to eclipse any ever held by the popular Spring Valley organization. The programme calls for $16 entrance, for a total of 180 targets for the day. The programme will be ready for distribution Aug. 12, and can be had by addressing Arthur A. Fink, Secretary, 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa.

At the Interstate shoot given for the Albert Lea, Minn., Gun Club, Aug. 2-4, high amateur average on the first day was made by Mr. H. G. Taylor, with 155 out of a possible 160; second, Mr. Gus Evander, 150; third, Mr. L. E. Parker, 149. Professional high averages for the day were made by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, 154; second, Mr. W. R. Crosby, 153; third, B. O. Seymour, 147. On the second day, Mr. H. G. Taylor was again in the lead with 149 out of 160; second, Mr. Gus Evander, 146; third, Mr. E. H. Moulton, 145. Professionals, first was a tie between Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. R. Crosby with 155; second, Mr. H. C. Hirschy, 154; third, C. A. Young, 151. On the third day, Mr. H. G. Taylor was again high amateur average with 147 out of 160. Messrs. Russell Klein and R. R. Barber tied for second on 144, and third average was made by Mr. A. P. McDowell, 140. Professionals: Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. R. Crosby tied on 153 for first; second, Mr. W. D. Stannard, 150; third, Mr. H. C. Hirschy, 149. General averages, amateur: First, Mr. H. G. Taylor, 451 out of 480; second, Mr. R. R. Barber, 436; third, Mr. Gus Evander, 435. Professionals: First, Mr. Fred Gilbert, 462; second, Mr. W. R. Crosby, 461; third, Mr. H. C. Hirschy, 457.

The Shooting Times, of recent date, states that the following has been sent for publication: "We have been instructed, on behalf of the pigeon shooting members of the Hurlingham Club, to take legal proceedings to test the validity of the resolution which was passed at the recent annual meeting abolishing pigeon shooting from the club premises, and our attention has been called to the circular of the 10th inst., issued to the members by Major Egerton Green, the manager of the club. As it is desirable that nothing should be done by the pigeon shooting members which will enable the suggestion to be made that they have in any way acquiesced in or assented to the resolution, it is hoped by the gentlemen who have instructed us that all pigeon shooting members will refrain from accepting Major Green's invitation to respond to his circular until the question of the validity of the resolution has been determined.—Yours, etc., William Sturgess & Co., 5 and 6 Clement's Inn."

Bernard Waters.

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

Springfield, Mass.—The rainy weather kept several members away from the practice shoot of this club held on the afternoon of July 29. The nine who did attend did some very good shooting, especially W. H. Snow, who made the fine score of 94 out of 100, within one of tying the record for the grounds, made by Jack Fanning a few weeks ago. Jordan, Le Noir and Kites also shot very well, with averages of 85, 81 and 80 per cent respectively. The prize event, a 15-target race for 100 loaded shells, was won by Chapin, who broke 12 out of 15, which, added to his handicap of 3 targets, gave him a straight score, with Kites, Snow and Jordan all tied on 14. Not much show for the scratch men in these prize events.

The Peters cup contest and the merchandise race for three prizes of equal value, are to be shot for during the season. Added target handicap in cup event, and in the merchandise race the shooters are divided into classes, A, B, C, according to their shooting. Scores in these three handicap events follow:

Semi-monthly prize event, 15 targets:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Chapin	12	3	15	Le Noir	13	0	13
Snow	14	0	14	A Misterly	8	5	13
Kites	14	0	14	L Misterly	5	5	10
Lathrop	11	3	14	Kimball	5	5	10
Jordan	14	0	14				

Peters cup contest, 25 targets:

Snow	22	0	22	Jordan	19	0	19
Chapin	19	3	22	Kimball	13	5	18
Lathrop	17	3	20	Le Noir	17	0	17
Kites	20	0	20	A Misterly	9	5	14

Three merchandise prizes, 25 targets: Class A—Snow 24, Jordan 23, Le Noir 22, Kites 20. Class B—Lathrop 15. Class C—Kimball 10, L. Misterly 19.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	15	25	25	15	at.	Broke.
Kites	9	10	8	14	20	20	8	110	89
Snow	..	10	9	14	22	24	15	100	94
Jordan	..	9	9	14	19	23	11	100	85
Le Noir	8	7	..	13	17	22	14	100	81
Lathrop	..	..	3	11	17	15	..	75	46
Chapin	7	7	9	12	18	..	..	70	54
Kimball	..	..	..	5	13	10	..	65	28
A Misterly	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	55	25
L Misterly	..	..	..	5	..	10	..	40	15
								Misfire.	

Analostan Gun Club.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 5.—The Analostan Gun Club, of this city, held a very interesting shoot to-day. Mr. W. H. Heer, the professional expert, was present and gave a splendid exhibition of how to break targets. He shot at 100 and scored them all, and what must have been gratifying to him was that not a single one of them was "scratched." "Billy" arrived here last Monday evening and took a much needed rest. On Wednesday the 2d inst., he attended the match shoot between the Tacoma and Eastern Branch Gun Clubs. On this occasion he shot at 25 targets after the teams were done shooting, which was about 15 minutes of 7, and though the light was very poor, scored 23 of them. The shoot between the two clubs above-mentioned resulted in the defeat of the Tacoma boys. The scores were 156 to 138. Eight men composed each team, and each man shot at 30 targets, 240 to the team. A return match will be shot on the Tacoma Club's grounds Aug. 19.

Following are the scores in detail of the Saturday shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	at.	Broke.
Ficklin	9	9	21	8	8	7	8	8	..	9	8	8	125	103
Wagner	9	10	20	8	9	5	10	10	..	9	9	..	115	99
Heer	10	10	25	10	10	10	..	..	25	..	..	..	100	100
Barr	9	10	18	8	9	5	..	..	19	..	..	..	100	78
Green	9	8	..	7	9	4	8	9	..	7	8	9	100	79
Wilhite	7	10	21	10	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	64
M Taylor	9	8	19	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	70	55
Blackistone	4	5	..	5	5	1	0	2	..	..	..	..	70	22
Pushaw	4	3	7	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	25
Monroe	2	3	12	2	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	24
Hench	8	7	..	6	5	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	60	42
Wolfe	5	4	..	2	7	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	60	32
Orrison	7	4	22	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	42
Brown	..	..	24	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	50	44
Chandler	7	6	..	5	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	50	29
Peyton	7	10	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	39
Thomas	7	7	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	34
Nutting	9	7	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	38
Murray	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	15	..	..	..	45	27
Hooligan	9	6	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	26
Graham	7	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	20
Kengla	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15
Haven	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9
Shoup	1	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	5

In the trophy shoots now being held, in Class A, Barr and Brown each have two wins. M. Taylor has one, and B. Wilson and Wilhite are tied for a win.

In Class B, Dr. Taylor has four wins, Nalley one, and Wolfe, Brown and C. S. Wilson are tied for a win.

In Class C, Pushaw has four wins, and Dr. McClenahan has two wins.

Secretary.

Mount Kisco Gun Club.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Aug. 5.—The appended scores were made by the members of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club on Aug. 3. Event 4 is for the John W. Bowron trophy. Handicaps apply to that event. H. Carson wins point on trophy. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	10	10
H Smith, 5	10	12	10	25	18	8	8
Dr Dunn, 6	11	11	12	24	18	8	7
G E Sutton, 0	13	14	13	23	23	10	9
Ed Martin, 7	11	12	10	22	15	7	7
H Carson, 4	13	12	10	25	21	8	8
A Betti, 0	15	14	12	24	24	10	9
R Gorham, 0	12	12	13	21	21	9	9
C Benedict, 7	9	10	9	20	13	6	6
R Fay, 7	11	9	10	22	15	8	6
R Scoles, 10	4	5	4	19	9	3	4
F Beohemer, 8	8	8	9	23	15	6	..
F W Bailey, 10	6	6	7	21	11	..	..
Al Rea, 6	12	10	11	22	16	7	7
G Wood, 8	9	9	10	22	14	5	..
A Burham, 8	10	8	7	23	15	6	..

R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.

The Canadian Indians.

Toronto, August 5, 1905.

To the Honored and Respected Chiefs of the Canadian Indians:

As your High Scribe and Chief of Wampum, it becomes my duty, pursuant to the resolution passed at the inaugural pow-wow of our noble band, to call upon you to assemble, without fail, around the camp-fire of the tribe at the Windsor Hotel, Ottawa, on Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30 P. M. sharp, for the purpose of fully completing our organization, electing new members, naming the chiefs and settling such other matters as may be deemed important to our welfare. A log will be provided for every chief, and should one be vacant then will the sorrow of the other chiefs be great.

The insignia of your membership is also ready. It is of solid gold and similar in design to the crest which adorns this call. They will be distributed at the pow-wow on payment of wampum to the amount of $2, which is the actual cost.

The membership of the tribe is limited to forty. There are seven or eight empty logs, so if a chief has a desirable friend to propose, he should send in an application, signed by two chiefs and accompanied by $5, which, in case of rejection, will be returned to applicant. I have spoken.

Thomas A. Duff,
High Scribe and Chief of Wampum.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

A hot wave rolled in on the city Aug. 5 and affected the attendance. Only sixteen scores for the Schuler trophy were shot. Krehbiel, Barker and Herman got straights, including their handicaps. Bullerdick was high in actual breaks with 46. The club will provide merchandise prizes for the Labor Day shoot, five in each event. Low gun will also be remembered.

Schuler prize, 50 targets—Krehbiel (9) 50, Herman (9) 50, Barker (9) 50, F. Altheer (7) 49, Bullerdick (1) 47, Maynard (2) 46, Sycamore (0) 44, Gambell (4) 44, Ahlers (4) 44, Peters (4) 42, E. Altheer (8) 41, Lytle (15) 41, Andrews (15) 38, Davies (6) 37, Brown (19) 37, Bill (6) 32.

Match, 50 targets:

Gambell	40	Ahlers	40
Sycamore	44—84	Peters	38—78

Match, 25 targets:

Gambell	23	Ahlers	21
Sycamore	24—47	Peters	21—42

Miss and out:

Peters	1111110—6	10—1
Sycamore	111110 —5	
Ahlers	111110 —5	
Bill	1111110—6	11—2
Gambell	1110 —3	

Ohio Notes.

Stacy again won the trophy event of the Central Covington (Ky.) Gun Club, breaking 45 out of 50, on July 30. Schreck and Shafer tied for second on 39. In an event at doubles Schmidt carried off the honors and Dowling won in the 25-target match.

The members of the Columbus, O., Gun Club had their troubles on July 29. A strong wind blew the targets in all directions, and it required a quick eye to catch them. However, the boys did pretty well, Buchanan, Webster, J. H. Smith, H. E. Smith and Shattuck making several straights during the afternoon. The trophy given by the Columbus Sporting Goods Co. was shot for and a number of other events were pulled off. Webster was high man for the afternoon with 141 out of 165. In the trophy event Weinman, Wilcox, Shattuck, Van Fossen and Ward have full scores of 50, including their handicaps. Rhoads made high score in actual breaks, 48, Van Fossen second, 46. Several new trophies for team and individual races will be put in competition soon.

Mid Limbert won the Class B medal at the shoot of the Greenville, O., Gun Club with a score of 41 out of 50, this being the third time he has captured the trophy. In Class A, Kirby won with 43, from 20yds. Noggle shot in the B class, but not for the medal, and scored 38 from 16yds. In the 100-target race Kirby was high gun with 86; Limbert, second, with 83; Ayers, third, with 80; Warner and Noggle, fourth, with 79 each.

The Springfield, O., Gun Club had a very interesting day's sport on July 28, consisting of four 25-target sweeps, $1 entrance, two moneys in each; a practice 25-target event and a team match. This club keeps things booming on the upper Mad River as the Rohrer's Islanders do on the lower part of that stream. In the sweeps, Poole was high with 90; Hill, second, with 88. The teams were Alfred Hill, of W. Liberty, and H. H. Good, of Bellefontaine, against Capt. Ben Downs and Wm. Poole, of the Springfield Club, 100 targets per man. In the fourth round Hill and Good braced up and broke 24 each, winning the round, 48 to 45, and the match by 1 target, 183 to 182. The teams will shoot a return match the latter part of the month.

The shoot of the Columbus, O., Gun Club on Aug. 2 brought out a big crowd. Miss Fanny Fullerton was easily the star of the occasion, and her score of 32 out of 50 was warmly applauded. She is a good quail shot, but has had practically no experience at the trap. Hamilton Hayden, a boy, shooting for the first time equalled her score. Mr. Smarckworth, another first-timer, broke 44 out of 65. Mr. Selbach, shooting for the first time, scored 15 out of 25. C. E. Wolf has not shot for several years, but started in to-day breaking 43 out of 50, an 86 per cent. gait. Dr. Wilcox missed 2 out of 50. P. Hayden was high gun with 138 out of 150 shot at.

The first contest for the Greater Cleveland Championship Trophy of Northern Ohio, 100 targets, was shot on the Cleveland Gun Club's grounds on July 29. C. E. Doolittle won the trophy with the excellent score of 94. Prechtel and Burns tied for second on 85. There were eleven entries.

At the shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, on Aug. 2, Wm. C. Oldt won the medal for the fourth time this season. He leads C. F. Miller by one win.

The shoot of Springfield, O., Gun Club, held on Aug. 3, was well attended, and some good scores were made. In the Hunter Arms medal contest Foley and Snyder tied for first on 22; Poole, second, with 20.

Twelve members attended the weekly shoot of the Dayton Club on August 4. Craig was high gun with 182 out of 225. He broke 89 out of his first 100 and 93 out of the last. The stop watch was won by Whitacre. Shooting at 12 pairs each, Rike broke 11 and Ike 16. Craig shot at 24 pairs and broke 30. Mr. E. J. Clark, the club superintendent, tendered his resignation to-day.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 5.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second shoot of the third series. In the club trophy shoot at 25 single targets Dr. Meek, Thomas, T. L. Smedes and W. Einfeldt tied for Class A on 23; Al. Smedes won in Class B on 21; Ditt won in Class C on 16.

In the Dupont cup shoot, which followed, McDonald won Class A on 20 straight; Al. Smedes won Class B on 16; Ditt won Class C on 14.

In the Hunter Arms Co. trophy shoot, at 10 singles and 5 pairs, Kampp won Class A on 18; Al. Smedes won Class B on 15; Ostendorp won in Class C on 16.

The day was a good one for target shooting, only a little windy, and in the early part of the afternoon very hot. Attendance fairly good, twenty-four shooters taking part during the afternoon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	20	10	15	10	10
Hicks	22	17	18	6	..	..	..
Dr Meek	23	15	18	9	14	10	..
Thomas	23	17	16	7	8	9	7
George	19	14	13	10	..	..	5
Eaton	13	11	12	8	12	..	7
Bullard	22	17	17	10	12	7	9
McDonald	21	15	20	10	13	..	..
Stone	14	14	12	7	11	..	..
T Smedes	23	11	14	4	13	..	3
A Smedes	21	15	16	10	11	..	5
Horns	15	13	16	6	..	..	7
Kampp	20	18	18	9	..	..	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	20	10	15	10	10
Hibbard	8	12	10	4	..	..	5
Pitt	16	12	14	6	..	..	9
Howe	16	..	10	5	..	..	..
Dr Reynolds	14	13	15	..	..	..	..
W Einfeldt	23	17	17	..	..	..	9
Geotter	15	12	14	..	12	..	8
Morehill	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ostendorp	..	..	16	..	..	13	6 8
Herr	..	11	13	..	..	..	5
Drinkwater	..	..	8	..	..	10	7 ..
Morel	..	..	..	..	..	14	10 ..
Teckerline	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 4

No. 7 was at 10 pairs. No. 1 was the trophy event. No. 2 was for Hunter trophy, 10 singles and 10 pairs. No. 3 was for Dupont cup.

Montpelier Gun Club.

Montpelier, Vt.—The Montpelier Gun Club held a regular weekly shoot at Riverside range, Aug. 2. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was present as a guest of the club. He scored 49 out of a possible 50, and 96 out of a possible 100. Dr. C. H. Burr, of the local club, broke 45 out of a possible 50 and 84 out of 100. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	10	20	Total.
Elliott	10	15	14	10	19	9	19	96
Dr Burr	8	14	14	9	16	7	16	84
Walton	5	12	11	7	15	10	15	70
Blake	7	10	11	3	16	7	11	58
McGrath	6	11	9	5	..	..	..	31
Shepard	4	10	13	7	..	..	..	34
Wahlen	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	8
Springer	..	..	..	..	14	5	13	32
Lowe	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	12

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

Brehm's Target Tournament.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 2.—The inclosed scores are of the Ocean City shoot, which was one of the greatest successes ever given in this section. Over 80 different shooters took part during the tournament, and every one seemed to enjoy himself. There were over fifty ladies present, and they helped to make the shoot enjoyable.

The fishing was fine, 300 to 400lbs. of bass and trout being caught to a boat. Every one enjoyed the bathing and sailing, and there was plenty of amusement to entertain the ladies in the evening.

A few of the special features not mentioned in this score very prominently are Henderson Traver's fine race in the Peninsula championship. He broke 50 straight, and the targets were good and hard. The longest run of the tournament was made by Hawkins with 109 straight, 59 being from the 20yd. mark. Ford made the second longest run of the shoot with 87 straight.

The ladies' rifle contest created a lot of interest, and will certainly help to encourage this sport among the fair sex.

To Dr. Corse, Sam Regester, H. L. Worthington and Ed. Ruth a great deal of credit is due.

The work of Squier in the cashier's office could not be excelled by any one, and he deserves a great deal of credit for the manner in which he handled the books.

The dates were July 24 to 28.

July 24, First Day.

Many of the visitors enjoyed the forenoon shooting beach birds. The tournament began in the afternoon. Two sets of traps, installed on the beach, were used. Mr. J. M. Hawkins was high professional with 96 out of 100, while Mr. E. B. Coe was high amateur with 93.

The programme consisted of five 20-target events. Scores:

Events: / Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	Shot at.	Broke.
L German	16	20	19	15	15	100	85
H E Lupus	17	18	20	19	14	100	88
E B Coe	19	19	19	17	19	100	93
*F E Butler	15	20	20	14	16	100	85
*J M Hawkins	19	20	19	18	20	100	96
*J T Skelly	15	16	18	14	18	100	81
G M Lilly	18	20	17	16	18	100	89
Dr Edwards	16	15	17	17	13	100	78
W A Wiedebusch	19	18	16	18	19	100	90
J H Morley	17	13	11	14	15	100	70
*H H Stevens	15	16	..	..	..	40	31
H Travis	17	16	17	13	15	100	78
Dr Smith	16	15	12	11	13	100	67
J H Berryman	17	18	14	16	17	100	82
J V Tracy	14	11	7	12	17	100	61
A Roder	8	11	11	..	13	80	43
O G O	17	17	17	16	15	100	82
Dr Carr	17	18	16	17	17	100	85
W G Boyd	17	13	18	14	13	100	75
E H Storr	19	14	19	18	19	100	89
H A Brehm	..	..	..	12	15	40	27
Ed Ruth	..	..	..	14	12	40	26

*Professionals.

July 25, Second Day.

In the programme events of to-day, 41 participants took part. The weather was pleasant and favorable. The professional high average was made for the day by Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, who scored 190 out of 200; second, Mr. E. H. Storr, 188. Amateur high average: First, Mr. Lester S. German, 184; second, Wm. M. Foord, 183. The programme consisted of ten 20-target events; entrance $1.50; $5 added. Contestants stand at 16yds. during the first five events; distance handicap in the remaining five events.

Events: / Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	6 20	7 20	8 20	9 20	10 20	Shot at.	Broke.
German	19	18	19	19	16	20	18	19	17	19	200	184
Lupus	16	16	17	15	19	18	16	17	18	18	200	170
Foord	19	19	16	17	18	19	18	19	19	19	200	183
Coe	18	17	18	17	16	16	17	16	13	18	200	166
Wiedebusch	18	18	16	13	18	12	15	18	13	9	200	149
Lilly	12	16	16	19	15	15	18	16	20	18	200	166
Humer	16	17	14	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	100	76
Edwards	18	15	18	15	16	18	15	15	14	13	200	157
Gardiner	17	15	16	16	18	15	15	14	19	18	200	163
Speer	12	15	13	11	17	14	15	15	16	18	200	146
Doc Smith	17	14	18	18	15	16	12	18	15	18	200	161
Berryman	13	15	18	14	13	18	15	18	15	17	200	156
Hunter	14	10	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	80	42
Bond	18	17	15	16	18	14	19	18	17	19	200	171
Brehm	15	11	13	16	8	11	14	12	11	12	200	123
Silver King	14	15	17	16	16	12	17	17	17	20	200	161
O G O	15	17	18	18	14	15	18	19	18	19	200	171
Travis	14	13	16	18	9	17	13	14	14	19	200	147
Levy	15	17	14	15	16	15	15	18	13	16	200	154
Mason	13	16	16	17	15	15	18	19	17	18	200	168
Evans	..	..	..	..	14	..	13	16	12	13	100	68
Mink	..	..	..	17	18	15	15	16	17	20	140	118
Malone	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	18	18	18	100	88
Snipe	..	..	..	..	..	19	15	17	..	18	80	69
Hawkins	19	20	19	20	16	20	20	20	16	20	200	190
Squier	17	19	16	17	18	18	18	15	17	16	200	172
Skelly	17	16	17	19	18	17	20	20	14	18	200	176
Storr	17	18	19	19	19	19	20	19	18	20	200	188
Stevens	18	18	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	65
Butler	18	17	15	19	18	19	17	17	16	18	200	174
Glover	17	17	16	17	17	19	17	16	16	20	200	172
Tracy	17	13	16	14	15	17	17	19	18	16	200	162
Moxley	19	19	13	18	16	19	15	14	15	19	200	163
Mordecai	..	..	12	12	13	15	12	10	16	13	160	103
Roder	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	36
Brown	..	8	12	8	10	13	14	11	16	13	180	105
Humphreys	..	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	23
Ulstrom	..	7	6	10	8	9	8	8	11	11	180	78
Boyd	..	..	16	..	..	17	12	17	16	18	120	96
Bloom	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	20	8
Carr	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	18	11	16	100	81

July 26, Third Day.

The weather was pleasant. There were 53 contestants. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was high professional for the day with 188 out of 200. Second, Mr. E. H. Storr, 185. Amateurs: First Messrs. W. M. Foord and Lester S. German, 186. Second, Dr. Lupus, 178.

For low gun Mr. Henry A. Brehm, who is giving the shoot, was beaten by Mr. I. M. Brown, of Baltimore, who finished the programme with but 115, while Mr. Brehm broke 116. Scores:

Events: / Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	6 20	7 20	8 20	9 20	10 20	Shot at.	Broke.
German	19	19	19	18	20	20	18	19	18	16	200	186
Lupus	19	18	18	16	19	18	17	17	17	19	200	178
Foord	20	18	20	18	18	19	19	17	19	18	200	186
Coe	17	17	18	18	16	15	17	18	13	19	200	168
Wiedebusch	18	16	17	19	19	17	17	20	14	19	200	176
Lilly	13	16	.4	15	15	17	17	14	19	16	200	156
Edwards	17	17	14	16	15	14	15	13	16	16	200	153
Gardiner	18	19	19	17	18	15	15	17	17	17	200	172
Speer	13	15	16	16	16	17	14	12	17	14	200	150
Mason	19	20	19	20	19	19	15	18	17	17	200	183
Mink	18	19	16	16	20	14	18	17	14	19	200	171
Brehm	13	13	14	12	7	10	12	9	15	11	200	116
Levy	17	17	17	16	15	15	15	18	15	18	200	163
Bond	12	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	36
Reed	17	17	14	17	18	17	19	19	15	18	200	171
Kirk	15	19	17	15	15	12	16	19	16	16	200	160
S King	19	19	15	18	17	12	20	15	16	19	200	170
Travers	15	18	17	17	16	15	18	15	18	16	200	165
Pohlman	17	17	14	16	16	12	11	14	14	12	200	143
Boyd	17	17	16	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	100	84
Carr	13	15	17	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	100	75
Malone	16	17	16	16	20	10	13	16	16	19	200	159
Doc Smith	15	13	16	14	14	15	19	14	18	16	200	153
Graham	18	16	16	15	16	15	14	14	13	..	180	137
Owens	14	18	17	17	16	15	14	17	13	14	200	155
Coulbourn	13	13	16	16	20	14	16	13	..	..	160	124
Wallace	..	..	..	..	17	15	18	14	13	..	100	77
Berryman	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	14	15	17	100	75
O G O	..	..	..	..	..	19	19	16	19	17	100	90
Hawkins	20	19	19	19	18	19	18	20	17	20	200	188
Squier	16	17	18	19	17	18	15	19	15	17	200	171
S Kelly	18	19	18	17	19	17	19	19	16	17	200	179
Philbrook	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	19	17	80	65
F E Butler	17	17	19	18	16	15	17	11	14	19	200	163
Glover	19	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	39
Storr	20	20	20	19	18	19	16	19	15	19	200	185
Moxley	14	14	17	20	15	19	14	19	16	19	200	171
Brown	18	9	14	14	15	7	8	8	12	10	200	115
Mordecai	16	11	11	14	16	17	17	11	10	15	200	138
Evans	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	30
Roder	..	..	18	12	16	10	12	7	12	13	180	98
Green	..	..	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	11
George	..	..	..	18	18	19	11	15	..	..	100	81
Ruth	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12
Regester	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	14	15	13	100	73
Monath	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	15	18	14	100	78
Pennsy	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	14	17	18	100	74
C W Butler	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	20	12
Beauchamp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	40	30
Wilkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	13

July 27, Fourth Day.

There was a ladies' rifle match, for .22cal. rifles, at 16yds., in addition to the regular shotgun programme. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was high professional for the day, with 189, though he was short of the score made by Mr. Wm. Foord, in the amateur class, 193 out of 200. The shotgun scores follow:

Events: / Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	6 20	7 20	8 20	9 20	10 20	Shot at.	Broke.
German	19	20	19	19	18	17	19	18	18	20	200	187
Lupus	19	17	19	19	18	11	17	17	17	15	200	169
Foord	20	19	20	20	20	18	19	19	19	19	200	193
Coe	18	15	18	18	18	14	17	15	20	13	200	166
Wiedebusch	18	15	15	16	19	18	19	18	19	15	200	172
Gent	16	17	16	17	16	17	14	..	..	..	140	113
Lilly	16	18	19	17	19	17	16	15	17	12	200	106
O G O	19	16	19	18	17	18	17	19	13	19	200	175
Berryman	16	17	15	18	19	16	17	14	16	17	200	165
Mason	17	18	20	15	19	19	19	17	17	19	200	180
Reed	19	18	20	18	17	19	13	16	17	18	200	175
Kirk	18	14	15	19	13	17	16	18	14	13	200	157
S S Adams	18	19	17	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	100	88
Travis	16	14	15	17	16	14	17	20	16	16	200	161
Brehm	13	9	13	10	12	11	7	4	10	5	200	93
S King	16	16	18	17	18	12	17	17	15	17	200	163
Beauchamp	19	15	..	..	16	17	14	16	17	16	160	130
W B Miller	17	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	40	30
Mink	19	17	20	16	17	18	12	13	15	..	180	147
Hirst	..	..	19	13	18	17	15	17	18	16	160	133
W H Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	14	15	80	61
Doc Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	11	16	19	15	100	79
Krug	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	12	10	13	100	62
Hawkins	20	18	18	20	20	19	18	18	20	18	200	189
Squier	18	18	19	17	18	17	16	9	18	18	200	168
S Kelly	14	19	18	18	15	14	19	20	18	17	200	172
Storr	20	16	18	20	20	18	17	18	19	17	200	183
Mordecai	15	11	13	11	17	17	11	11	11	12	7	200	119
Brown	13	11	11	11	13	13	13	8	15	12	200	120
Philbrook	15	18	14	20	16	..	..	..	..	..	100	83
Pennsy	14	17	18	13	15	9	11	11	9	13	200	120
Stevens	..	14	18	19	16	18	16	17	18	18	180	154
Regester	..	12	10	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	80	43
Roder	..	..	13	11	13	12	12	10	11	16	160	98
Boyd	..	..	18	19	16	..	..	..	..	..	60	53
Graham	..	..	14	19	18	14	11	16	15	..	140	107
Wilson	..	..	..	..	16	11	16	14	..	..	80	57
Harrington	..	..	..	..	13	16	13	..	..	..	60	42
Gunby	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	8	8	..	80	33
Wilkins	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	17	18	16	100	78
Hamilton	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	..	40	22
Moxley	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	17	17	19	15	100	84
Selover	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	15	17	13	13	120	61
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	20	13

The scores in the ladies' rifle contest follow:

Mrs. J. Mowell Hawkins	5	5	0	2	3—14
Miss Amy Meyer	0	5	0	2	1— 8
Mrs. W. A. Wiedebusch, West Virginia	0	0	0	2	2— 4
Mrs. R. B. Bond	0	3	0	0	0— 3
Mrs. Grant Stockham	0	0	0	5	0— 5
Miss Gertrude Brehm	0	0	3	0	0— 3
Mrs. J. A. Berryman	2	0	0	0	0— 2
Mrs. J. T. Skelly, Wilmington, Del	0	0	2	0	0— 2
Miss Jennie Steiger	1	0	0	0	0— 1
Miss Elizabeth Gitener	0	0	1	0	0— 1
Mrs. J. D. Mason, Scranton, Pa	0	0	0	0	1— 1
Mrs. Lester S. German, Aberdeen, Md	0	0	0	0	0— 0
Mrs. W. M. Foord, Wilmington	0	0	0	0	0— 0
Miss Stockham	0	0	0	0	0— 0
Mrs. Henry A. Brehm	0	0	0	0	0— 0

July 28, Fifth Day.

For the day, Mr. Hawkins was professional high average with 194. Mr. Foord was high with 188 for the amateurs, and Mr. German was second with 187.

The ladies' rifle contest was concluded to-day, and Mrs. Hawkins was high, but resigned in favor of Mrs. C. L. Selover, of Cambridge, Md., and Mrs. Grant Stockham, second high. Mrs. Hawkins' score was 31 out of 75. Mrs. Selover's and Stockham's were 17 out of 75. In the shoot-off Mrs. Stockham won the cup with 10 out of 25. Mrs. Selover second, 8 out of 25, won an umbrella. Mrs. J. T. Skelly, of Wilmington, Del., got third, a box of candy, by scoring 15 out of 25. Other scores, out of 75, were: Mrs. W. A. Wiedebusch 6, Mrs. R. B. Bond 9, Miss Gertrude Brehm 3, Mrs. J. A. Berryman 5, Miss Jennie Steiger 1, Miss Eliza Gether 1, Mrs. J. D. Moran 7, Mrs. Lester S. German 6, Mrs. William M. Foord 4, Mrs. Henry A. Brehm 9.

Shotgun scores:

Events: / Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	6 20	7 20	8 20	9 20	10 20	Shot at.	Broke.
German	19	20	18	17	20	19	18	19	17	20	200	187
Lupus	19	17	19	18	18	13	18	19	15	19	200	175
Foord	19	20	19	20	19	18	19	19	18	17	200	188
Coe	17	15	17	18	17	16	13	20	18	19	200	170
Wiedebusch	17	19	16	18	13	18	17	15	18	16	200	167
Lilly	16	16	16	18	12	16	16	17	12	16	200	155
Brehm	15	15	17	11	13	14	14	16	10	17	200	142
Mason	19	18	18	13	18	15	17	15	18	18	200	169
Silver King	19	16	20	17	16	16	16	16	16	18	200	170
Kirk	14	17	20	16	20	13	14	18	16	18	200	166
Bond	18	17	17	19	18	16	17	18	18	18	200	176
O G O	18	20	18	19	19	17	17	16	18	17	200	179
Adams	18	17	17	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	100	90
Hirst	18	16	14	18	17	18	14	15	..	..	160	130
Travis	16	16	18	17	15	19	14	17	13	19	200	164
Levy	20	18	17	16	16	16	13	18	15	19	200	168
Berryman	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	16	18	11	19	100	83
Ruth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	11
Regester	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	20	14
Hawkins	18	19	20	20	20	20	19	20	19	19	200	194
Squier	20	18	17	19	20	17	18	17	17	16	200	179
Skelly	16	17	15	20	19	19	18	18	17	19	200	178
Storr	20	20	20	19	18	18	18	19	18	17	200	187
Stevens	17	17	20	19	19	19	19	12	16	17	200	175
Doc Smith	13	16	15	17	17	18	17	16	15	16	200	160
Brown	15	15	15	16	12	17	14	15	14	16	200	149
Owens	15	17	19	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	100	85
Selover	14	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	34
Wilson	13	16	18	14	12	12	14	14	11	..	180	126
Mordecai	16	16	14	14	13	19	15	13	14	15	200	149
Pennsy	..	..	..	16	16	14	..	..	..	..	60	46
Clarke	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11
McCormick	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12
Green	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	7
Stiles	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	2
Wilkins	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	16	15	13	100	70
Robby	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	16	16	13	100	80
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	17	60	45
Corse	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	20	6

General average, four days, 800 targets:

Hawkins	761	Mason	680
Foord	961	Coe	670
German	744	Wiedebusch	664
Storr	743	Silver King	664
Skelly	705	Lilly	643
Lupus	692	Travis	637
Squier	690	Brehm	474

July 29, Sixth Day.

The weather was rainy. There were about 31,725 targets thrown during the week. Financially, the shoot was a success. Mr. Brehm was congratulated for his enjoyable tournament. Scores:

Events: / Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	Shot at.	Broke.
Wiedebusch	9	19	15	17	19	100	79
Travis	18	19	17	19	18	100	91
German	18	19	19	19	20	100	95
Lupus	15	17	16	19	..	80	67
Mason	17	16	16	19	18	100	86
Lilly	15	18	18	19	17	100	87
Gent	15	15	17	16	15	100	78
Levy	17	15	19	16	15	100	78
O G O	14	..	..	..	..	20	14
Brehm	12	16	13	13	10	100	64
Dennis	..	..	5	..	..	20	5
Jones	..	..	8	..	..	20	8
Kirk	18	19	..	..	..	40	37
Hawkins	19	19	19	20	18	100	95
Brown	16	13	15	14	16	100	74
Mordecai	15	15	17	10	15	100	72
Carr	15	20	19	17	17	100	88
Boyd	18	18	17	20	16	100	89
Stevens	18	17	20	17	..	80	72
Roder	..	..	7	..	..	20	7

Interstate at Albert Lea.

Albert Lea, Minn., Aug. 5.—The Interstate Association tournament at Albert Lea, Minn., Aug. 2, 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club, was a success, even though dampness on the afternoon of the second day was a trifle too great to be the most agreeable. The attendance of shooters was quite large and some of the best shots in the country were in the crowd, but most of these were manufacturers' agents and were not allowed to compete for the money. Among the amateurs there was a goodly sprinkling of high-class men.

Among the noted manufacturers' agents were the following: W. R. Crosby, Fred Gilbert, H. C. Hirschy, J. L. D. Morrison, T. A. Marshall, B. O. Seymour, C. A. Young, W. M. Furgeson, W. D. Stannard, H. W. Vietmeyer and L. H. Fitzsimmons.

Among the crack amateurs the following may be mentioned to indicate the quality of the talent: H. G. Taylor, Russell Klein, R. R. Barber (the Grand American Handicap winner), A. P. McDowell, L. E. Parker, E. H. Moulton, E. W. Bird, Gus Evander, L. Foley, F. H. Sprague and J. H. Stair.

The cashier's office was in charge of Mr. H. C. Hirsehy, assisted by Mr. B. O. Seymour, and they have had such a wide range of experience that their very presence meant success. Suffice it to say that money winners received the amounts due them within twenty minutes after the last gun was fired each day. At the close of the tournament, Manager Shaner publicly tendered the thanks of the Interstate Association to both gentlemen for services rendered.

Nothing was left undone in the way of preparations and Messrs. Henry A. Morgan, President; N. E. Petersen, Secretary, and other officers of the local club, are entitled to great credit for their work.

A feature of the programme each day was event No. 7, which called for ten pairs. It has been quite a time since pairs were scheduled at a tournament and this event attracted more than ordinary attention. The scores made did not rank high, and one contestant was heard to remark that this event was a "great leveler"—meaning by this that the event at pairs cut down the usual high average of the expert to the equality of the ordinary shot.

The first day's events closed with everybody in the best of humor over the success of the meeting. The weather was almost perfect, and everybody felt good-natured. There were exactly fifty-one who took part in the various events, which is considered a good showing for a meeting of this character. Among the amateurs Mr. H. G. Taylor was in first place with 155 out of a possible 160; Mr. Gus Evander was second with 150 and Mr. L. E. Parker third with 149. Among the manufacturers' agents Messrs. H. C. Hirschy and Fred Gilbert were tied for first place with 154; Mr. W. R. Crosby was second with 153, and Mr. B. O. Seymour, third, with 147.

The second day opened with an attendance of about the same number as the first day, although not so many shot in all events. The weather was very warm and sultry, and during the afternoon a severe rain storm stopped the shooting for some time. The scores made were about on a par with those made the first day. Among the amateurs Mr. H. G. Taylor was again in first place with 149 out of a possible 150, with Mr. Gus Evander again second, with 146; Mr. E. H. Moulton was third with 145. Among the manufacturers' agents Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. R. Crosby were tied for first place with 155; Mr. H. C. Hirschy was second with 154 and Mr. C. A. Young third with 151.

The third day's attendance did not come up to that of the first two days by one-half, and it goes to show that a three days' tournament is a trifle too long for the ordinary amateur. Two days is about the proper thing. Among the amateurs Mr. H. G. Taylor for the third time was in first place with 147 out of a possible 160; Messrs. Russell Klein and R. R. Barber were tied for second place with 144, and Mr. A. P. McDowell was third with 140. Among the manufacturers' agents Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. R. Crosby were again tied for first place with 153; Mr. W. D. Stannard was second with 150 and Mr. H. C. Hirschy third with 149.

For general average among the amateurs Mr. H. G. Taylor was first with 451 out of a possible 480; Mr. R. R. Barber was second with 436 and Mr. Gus Evander third with 435. Among the manufacturers' agents Mr. Fred Gilbert was first with 462; Mr. W. R. Crosby was second with 461, and Mr. H. C. Hirschy third with 457.

The scores of the three days follow:

Aug. 2, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	10	15	20	15	20	15		
A P McDowell	12	12	17	13	9	15	13	14	18	14	160	136
E W Bird	13	14	17	11	6	14	9	9	19	15	160	127
N E Headline	12	13	17	13	6	13	15	14	19	10	160	132
S Smith	14	14	19	12	10	14	12	14	16	11	160	136
L Foley	14	15	19	13	8	15	15	11	18	13	160	141
J L D Morrison	14	14	19	14	9	15	13	14	18	15	160	145
G J French	12	12	19	12	9	14	12	14	19	13	160	136
L E Parker	14	14	19	15	10	14	16	14	20	13	160	149
E H Moulton	15	13	17	15	10	14	13	15	19	15	160	146
A Morrison	12	13	18	10	8	13	..	12	16	11	140	113
H C Hirschy	15	14	20	15	9	15	18	14	20	14	160	154
H G Taylor	15	15	20	15	9	15	18	14	20	14	160	155
Russell Klein	13	11	19	13	9	13	17	13	18	12	160	138
R R Barber	15	15	20	14	9	15	13	14	20	13	160	148
Fred Gilbert	15	14	20	15	10	15	19	14	18	14	160	154
L W Holt	12	13	15	10	10	13	15	13	17	11	160	129
Gus Evander	15	13	19	14	10	15	18	15	18	13	160	150
E G Wallace	12	15	18	13	10	10	15	15	18	15	160	141
H W Kahler	14	14	17	15	7	11	13	12	14	10	160	117
Dr. Fischer	10	12	16	14	9	13	12	11	17	13	160	127
J H Stair	14	11	18	15	9	13	14	14	18	13	160	139
W M Furgeson	13	13	18	13	7	12	11	15	14	12	160	128
F H Sprague	11	12	20	13	10	14	..	13	19	13	140	127
E L Quinlan	13	12	19	13	10	14	..	13	19	13	140	126
B O Seymour	13	14	18	14	10	15	18	14	19	12	160	147
H W Vietmeyer	10	11	16	10	10	10	17	11	18	11	160	124
W G Schulz	13	10	14	15	8	13	..	14	15	15	140	117
R Bartosch	11	13	19	12	10	13	..	12	17	14	140	131
H W Emmerson	15	11	16	13	9	13	..	10	17	14	140	118
J L Hartz	11	8	..	..	7	12	8	8	14	10	125	78
T A Marshall	11	13	17	15	10	13	11	13	18	12	160	131
W R Crosby	15	14	19	14	9	15	18	15	19	15	160	153
N E Peterson	12	12	17	12	9	11	13	10	13	7	160	116
Henry Stege	12	14	17	15	9	15	16	15	18	13	160	144
C J Adler	14	15	17	15	10	14	16	15	19	15	160	150
W D Stannard	13	14	18	14	9	15	8	15	17	12	160	145
J H Ramson	14	15	19	14	9	14	8	14	18	15	160	140
F R Patch	11	15	18	11	8	13	13	11	17	14	160	131
C A Young	11	12	20	13	8	14	14	14	20	13	160	139
F Fredette	12	11	14	14	8	11	14	11	..	..	125	95
J A Bultman	14	14	18	15	10	12	14	14	17	12	160	140
G E Hill	15	11	17	12	10	14	11	12	20	13	160	135
L H Fitzzsimmons	12	13	18	14	9	11	10	12	13	13	160	125
E W Hicks	13	13	18	14	10	14	16	14	18	12	160	142
B Skinner	13	11	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	55	42
A Johnson	14	14	15	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	70	57
J Bowden	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	50	35
J Skinner	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
A Clausen	11	..	..	..	9	..	..	13	..	11	55	44
C Johnson	..	..	..	..	5	11	..	..	..	..	25	16
L Fuller	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	7

Event No. 7 was at 10 pairs.

Aug. 3, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	10	15	20	15	20	15		
A P McDowell	14	13	18	13	10	15	9	8	20	13	160	133
E W Bird	13	13	18	14	10	12	17	13	15	14	160	142
N E Headline	13	14	17	15	8	13	13	12	20	12	160	137
S Smith	14	12	16	14	9	13	15	12	16	14	160	135
J L D Morrison	15	15	19	15	9	15	14	15	20	13	160	150
G J French	12	15	19	14	7	15	11	13	19	13	160	138
L E Parker	15	12	19	13	7	13	15	15	19	14	160	142
E H Moulton	15	15	19	14	10	15	8	15	19	15	160	145
A Morrison	12	12	19	14	9	11	12	12	16	15	160	132
H C Hirschy	15	14	20	15	10	15	16	14	20	15	160	154
H G Taylor	15	12	18	15	9	14	17	15	19	15	160	149
Russell Klein	13	14	17	14	10	15	14	14	18	14	160	143
R R Barber	15	13	19	14	9	14	14	15	19	14	160	144
Fred Gilbert	15	14	20	15	10	15	17	15	20	14	160	155
T A Marshall	11	13	19	15	8	12	9	13	18	14	160	132
W R Crosby	15	15	20	15	10	14	17	15	20	14	160	155
E W Hicks	11	14	19	14	8	11	16	13	17	13	160	136
Gus Evander	14	15	20	14	8	14	18	11	19	13	160	146
L W Holt	10	13	16	10	8	9	..	13	18	11	140	108
J H Stair	14	13	17	14	9	13	14	13	16	14	160	137
F H Sprague	11	13	18	13	9	13	16	13	17	13	160	136
E L Quinlan	15	14	20	14	9	13	..	13	19	13	140	130
B O Seymour	14	12	19	11	8	13	13	13	19	12	160	134
W D Stannard	15	15	19	15	10	15	16	15	16	15	160	150
J H Stair	13	13	17	14	8	8	13	4	16	13	160	119
W M Furgeson	13	14	17	12	10	13	16	12	18	13	160	138
F H Sprague	15	12	14	14	8	11	18	11	17	13	160	133
B O Seymour	15	13	19	13	7	14	15	15	19	13	160	143
G E Hill	15	11	19	12	9	12	12	13	17	14	160	134
Henry A Morgan	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	25	15
J L Hartz	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	13	14	12	75	61
N E Petersen	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	20	11
Earl Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	35	25
O Subley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	11

Event No. 7 was at 10 pairs.

Aug. 4, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	10	15	20	15	20	15		
J L D Morrison	14	15	20	14	9	14	13	15	19	15	160	148
E W Bird	15	13	17	13	8	12	16	11	17	12	160	135
N E Headline	11	14	18	12	8	11	10	14	18	12	160	128
A P McDowell	13	14	19	14	9	12	14	12	19	14	160	140
E W Hicks	15	15	16	12	8	11	13	13	19	12	160	134
H C Hirschy	14	13	20	15	9	14	17	14	19	14	160	149
H G Taylor	13	14	19	14	10	14	15	15	20	13	160	147
Russell Klein	10	11	14	15	10	13	15	14	19	13	160	144
R R Barber	14	12	19	13	10	14	17	13	17	15	160	144
Fred Gilbert	15	14	20	15	10	15	15	15	19	15	160	153
W R Crosby	15	14	20	15	10	13	19	15	18	14	160	153
Gus Evander	15	12	19	14	9	12	14	13	16	15	160	139
R Bartosch	13	11	14	13	10	12	6	15	14	14	160	128
C A Young	14	12	19	14	8	15	15	14	19	15	160	145
T A Marshall	15	12	16	12	10	14	16	10	16	14	160	135
H W Vietmeyer	13	15	14	9	6	10	9	12	16	11	160	115
L H Fitzsimmons	13	13	18	13	8	15	14	11	18	11	160	124
H W Kahler	14	12	18	14	10	15	..	14	20	15	140	132
W D Stannard	15	14	19	15	10	15	16	15	16	15	160	150
J H Stair	13	13	17	14	8	8	13	4	16	13	160	119
W M Furgeson	13	14	17	12	10	13	16	12	18	13	160	138
F H Sprague	15	12	14	14	8	11	18	11	17	13	160	133
B O Seymour	15	13	19	13	7	14	15	15	19	13	160	143
G E Hill	15	11	19	12	9	12	12	13	17	14	160	134
Henry A Morgan	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	25	15
J L Hartz	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	13	14	12	75	61
N E Petersen	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	20	11
Earl Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	35	25
O Subley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	11

Event No. 7 was at 10 pairs.

Trap at Richmond Valley.

Richmond Valley, Staten Island, Aug. 5.—Events 2 and 3 constituted a 25-target match. The prizes were pretty pieces of jewelry. Ties in this event were shot off miss-and-out, and the winners were in the following order: Houseman, Curry, Evans, Seawood, Sprague. No. 4 was the club cup event, and it resulted in a tie between Wolfgang and Sprague; in the shoot-off Sprague won. Mr. Frank Lawrence, a trade representative, was actively present.

The grounds at Richmond Valley are pleasantly situated, a short distance from the depot. The club house is on the brow of a hill, and though the grounds are surrounded by woods, the targets are not obscured to the view.

The Aquehonga Gun Club won the team race with a total of 139.

Refreshments were served in the club house. The weather was sultry, but favorable for good scores. Mr. W. R. Hobart acted as compiler of scores.

The shoot was conducted with the utmost good fellowship, and a number of the scores are excellent in point of skill.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	10	25
J A Howard	9	11	8	17
F W Schoverling	10	10	9	22
R D Ellis, 5	9	11	6	19
E A Lovett, 2	12	13	8	20
C Wood	11	10	8	21
C Smith	12	12	7	18
W Curry	13	12	10	18
J Houseman	14	9	10	19
F Hadkins	14	9	19	
A Evans	12	13	5	20
J Bloodgood	11	8	2	..
G Smith	9	4	5	15
H Sprague, 7	10	11	8	23

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	10	25
D Ginter	11	..	..	..
L A Schofield	14	12	7	19
E Joline, 2	12	15	10	20
J Wolfgang, 5	..	10	5	22
M Androvette, 7	..	14	5	10
J Rea	..	12	8	17
N Quackenbush	..	13	8	21
L Morgan	..	10	8	..
W W Waters	..	10	7	19
E D Ivins	..	13	8	..
T Bloodgood	..	8	5	..
E J Shalvey	..	9	2	..

Team race, 25 targets per man:

Castleton Gun Club.		Aquehonga Gun Club.	
Schofield	19	Joline	25
Seawood	18	Woltgang	15
Houseman	19	Lovett	21
Evans	18	Sprague	19
Curry	22	Ellis	17
C Smith	19	Androvette	19
Howard	19—134	Hadkins	23—139
Morgan Gun Club.			
Rea	20	W Waters	17
T Bloodgood	13	Ivins	21
Quackenbush	21	Shalvey	11—121
Morgan	18		

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Philadelphia, Aug. 5.—On the grounds of the Highland Gun Club, at Edge Hill, to-day, the finals in the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League were concluded.

League wind-up, between team members who averaged 80 per cent. and over during first six shoots, 50 targets, prize leather gun case:

W Howard	44	A Ballantine	41
T Yansey	44	F L Ludwig	38
H Sibble	41	J Griffith	33
H Fisher	39	G Anderson	41

Harry Buckwalter took the high average League prize over Dave Sanford by default.

Event between the straight scores in the League matches, 50 targets; prize, Remington gun:

J Pratt	40	W Harper	44
H Buckwalter	45	L R Little	34
F Coleman	45	H Howard	45

Event between the 24 and 23 scores in the League, 50 targets:

Franklin	33	Sharp	41
Chalmers	39	George	40
Pennington	41	Griffith	48
Colton	40	A Ballantine	46
Fisher	47	C W Haywood	39
Garber	44	Ludwig	44
Coyle	41	Anderson	45
Bennett	45	Bryan	43

League members' wind-up between the members who scored an average of 75 and 80 per cent.:

Pennington	42	Johnson	36
Cantrell	41	Ray	38
C W Haywood	43	Pratt	45
R Bisbing	38		

Contest between the men who averaged 65 per cent., 50 targets:

Myers	35	Fields	24
Stanton	29	T Ballantine	45

Young Nerveleigh—Congratulate yourself, old man; I'm to be a son of yours.

Old Gotrox—What! You don't mean to say my daughter is going to be your wife?

Young Nerveleigh—Oh, no; but she has promised to be a sister to me.—Columbus Dispatch.

Trap at Derby Line.

Derby Line, Vt.—Prominent sportsmen from the Province of Quebec, Canada, and northern Vermont, took part in the annual invitation shooting tournament given by Mr. J. B. Goodhue, on his private grounds, in Derby Line, Vt., last Saturday.

Despite threatening weather, there was a good attendance both in the morning and afternoon. After the tournament, the visiting sportsmen and their wives were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue at their handsome new home on West street. The visitors expressed themselves as delighted with the hospitality of their host and hostess.

Guests who participated in the tournament were as follows: D. J. Kearney, W. H. Ewing, Montreal; C. G. Thompson, G. M. Howard, C. H. Clark, N. G. Bray, Sherbrooke; A. W Westover, H. E. Hibbard, Sutton Junction; Dr. Henry Stockwell, Stanstead.

Excepting the fifth event, in which Craig and Stockwell killed 24 each out of a string of 25, the prettiest race of the tournament was that between Bray and Westover, for possession of the Sherbrooke spoon.

This was a handicap event, Bray having the 20yd. mark and Westover the 17. Each killed the regular string of 15 without a skip. Without giving them time to cool down, a second string of 15 was ordered up. From the very first, the birds were hard fliers, and it was only by a wonderfully clever exhibition on both sides that the score went to a tie on the fifth bird, and remained there until the last bluerock was sent skimming through the air. Amid intense excitement, Westover dusted but failed to break his bird; Bray killed clean, winning the match, and calling forth congratulations from all sides. The total score of each was as follows: Bray 29 out of 30, Westover 28 out of 30.

Following are the other scores in the spoon event: Howard (18yds.) 11, Craig (21) 11, Thompson (22) 12, Stockwell (17) 12, Goodhue (21) 7.

For convenience the regular contest for the Laflin & Rand cup, presented to the Sherbrooke club, was pulled off. This cup will become the property of the member winning it the most times during the season of 1905. The conditions call for 25 targets, handicap. Craig, Thompson, Bray and Westover killed with great regularity, but Thompson managed to win out with one point over Craig, and two over Bray. Following are the scores: Howard (17) 17, Craig (20) 22, Thompson (20) 23, Bray (20) 21, Goodhue (20) 16, Westover (20) 21, Stockwell (20) 19.

Contests for handsome and valuable merchandise prizes developed several ties. Thompson, Ewing and Craig made perfect scores, while Kearney lost only one bird. The list as completed after all ties had been settled follows: Thompson, first, 10; Ewing, second 10; Craig, third, 10; Kearney, fourth, 9; Westover, fifth, 8; Bray, sixth, 8; Goodhue, seventh, 8; Wright, eighth, 7; Stockwell, ninth, 7; Hubbard, tenth, 7; Howard, eleventh, 7.

The general average prizes were decided on the records made by the shooters in the twelve events which made up the regular programme. D. M. Craig, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., won first, breaking 175 out of a possible 200. Westover was second with 166. In the last four events Craig and Westover ran a neck-and-neck race, each breaking 56 birds. After Dr. Stockwell got warmed up in the morning he gave a very clever exhibition. He was called away in the afternoon, and thus he lost his chance of giving Craig a hard battle. Goodhue did not shoot quite up to his usual form, which was undoubtedly due to the fact that he was busy most of the time looking after the comfort of his guests.

Scores of general average events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	15	20	10	
Kearney	5	8	14	10	15	11	16	12	15	13	18	8	145
Ewing	8	10	16	11	21	11	19	13	19	15	13	8	164
Thompson	6	13	16	12	16	12	18	13	16	13	19	9	163
Howard	7	8	9	11	15	8	16	11	15	..	..	..	...
Craig	8	13	17	14	24	15	17	11	17	14	17	8	175
Goodhue	7	13	15	13	17	14	11	9	14	11	13	5	142
Westover	10	13	18	14	21	10	16	8	18	13	17	8	166
Clark	3	8	13	9	14	6	11	11	12	7	10	9	113
Bray	7	10	15	12	21	14	19	15	16	11	19	6	165
Stockwell	6	10	18	15	24	14	..	..	..	..	..	8	...

Portus Baxter.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 29.—Finley won Peters Cartridge Co. badge. Most of the members who shoot regularly are out of the city on their vacation.

Parry	23	21	22	25	23	23	24	..
Hunter	21	20	22	18	19	21	..	..
Finley	25	24	22	24	24	25	..	..
Tripp	23	21	25	23	24	24	24	23
Moller	21	21	22	18	23	23	23	..
Smith	20	20	21	18	20	18	..	..
Reedy	20	17	17	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	18	22	24	23	22	23	..	..
Wands	18	19	23	..	..	..	..	..
Hann	18	22	20	15	20	..	..	..

Trap Around Reading.

Reading, Pa., July 29.—The first of a series of shoots being held by the South End Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day on the South End grounds, with a fair-sized crowd in attendance. The scores follow, 50 targets: Gerhart 46, Adams 46, Miles 45, Wentz 43, Smith 42, Walter 42, Yost 42, Ball 40, Matz 40, Henry 39, Eshelman 36, Hain 36, Gicker 36, George 34, Carver 33, Shultz 33, Wilson 29, Melchior 21.

Mahanoy City, Pa.—Harry Hersker and Steve Kurtz, both of this place, have been matched to shoot at 13 live birds on Aug. 15.

George J. Goettler, of Pottsville, and William Fox, of Morea, have been matched for a live pigeon shooting contest to be pulled off on Labor Day. Peter J. Haverly, of Pottsville, and Nathan Benner, of this place, will also shoot at the same time.

Duster.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

A. N., New York.—Can you or any of your readers give me simple method for refinishing gun stock? The varnish or finish of my gun stock was spoiled by rain, and it is desired to restore it if possible. Ans. To finish and polish a gun stock is a work of art, which, if done well, is better intrusted to the skill of a gunsmith. If the stock is a fine one, rich in beauty of grain and natural color, it is not a fit subject for amateur experiment. However, coach varnish, made quite thin with turpentine, and put on lightly, makes a good finish for stocks, but there are several preparatory stages before the finish.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Yellowstone Park, Lewis and Clark Exposition, and the Rocky Mountains.

An Attractive Fall Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a special personally-conducted tour to visit the Pacific Coast, including the Yellowstone Park, Portland (for the Lewis and Clark Exposition), and the beautiful resorts among the Colorado Rockies. This tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities on the Pennsylvania Railroad Saturday, Sept. 2, by a special train of high grade Pullman equipment. The itinerary will cover a period of three weeks, the party reaching the East on the homeward journey Sept. 22. The special train will be used by the party over the entire route, except during the five and one-half days in the Yellowstone Park, when the fine hotels now in service in the Great Preserve will be utilized. The train will be side-tracked in Portland for occupancy there, and all meals en route, except in the Yellowstone Park and in Denver, will be served in the special dining car.

Round-trip tickets, covering all necessary expenses for twenty-one days, $200 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad, except Pittsburg, from which the rate will be $195.

For itineraries and further information apply to ticket agents; C. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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VOL. LXV.—No. 8. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CABIA BLANCO.

CABIA BLANCO is dead. The sturdy old cavalryman, wide traveler, keen observer and ready writer, passed away on Sunday, Aug. 13, after a brief illness.

John A. Brooks was born in Allegheny, Pa., sixty-five years ago. In the Civil War he enlisted in Company C, Eighth Pennsylvania Reserve Infantry, and served three years and four months, participating in all the many battles in which his regiment was engaged. After his discharge he went West, and enlisted in the regular U. S. Cavalry, where he served faithfully as messenger, scout and sergeant, and won the approval of the officers for his many brave deeds, and for the intelligence he always showed in the service. He served almost twenty years.

In 1888 he became a member of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Erie, Pa., and from his entrance to the day of his death he was a popular and useful member of the Home. He was a ready writer on most of the subjects interesting to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but much more wonderful than the way in which he told of what he had seen and done was his remarkable memory, in which seemed to be stored some adventure or some incident which fitted to almost every subject that came up. He wrote a vast deal that was interesting and useful on hunting, fishing, adventure and on Indian life and warfare. He was very fond of young people, and was always happiest when a number of boys were his companions, and he delighted in doing things for their amusement and instruction.

Cabia Blanco, though only an enlisted man, proved himself by his life a bright example of patriotism and love of country and a citizen whose usefulness was far above the average. He was buried with full military honors in the Home Cemetery.

FOREIGN GAME POSSESSION.

THE test case brought by the State against August Silz, a New York game dealer, to determine the point whether the law forbids the possession of foreign game in close season, has just been decided in favor of the State. Justice Greenbaum, sitting in Part XI. of the Supreme Court, has handed down a decision that the having in possession game from abroad in the close season is unlawful.

The case was tried last May. It will be remembered that the birds which formed the subject of the prosecution were all of foreign origin, having been imported from Russia, Scotland, England and Egypt. Counsel for Mr. Silz contended that the law did not take cognizance of such species, but was intended to apply only to native game. The question of fact, as to whether the birds were identical with American species, was left with the jury, which found that they were entirely different. Justice Greenbaum then took under advisement the legal consideration involved, and his construction of the law is that it plainly forbids the possession of foreign game in the close season for domestic birds.

In commenting on the decision, the attorneys for Mr. Silz declare themselves at a loss to account for such an interpretation of the statute, since "the opinion of the bar is practically unanimous that our game laws were framed to protect the birds of the State of New York and the United States, and do not apply to the birds that are lawfully taken in Europe and elsewhere abroad." As a matter of fact, there is no such unanimous opinion of the bar; there are well known and able lawyers of New York city who have for years been contending strenuously for the principle that the law forbidding the possession of game in close time applies to all game without reference to its origin; and until recent years, so long as the statute was so worded as to leave no ground for uncertainty, that view prevailed.

There can be no question of the intent of the framers of the law. Experience has shown that the only effective close time is one which is close for all game, whether domestic or foreign; it was the purpose of the Legislature to make an effective close time, and to insure this it was likewise the purpose to forbid the possession of all game, whether from New York or New Hampshire or New South Wales. This may appear unreasonable to the importer of foreign birds, and it must be confessed that it has the look of unwarranted interference in an important branch of trade; but the argument for the comprehensive law and the total abolition of game traffic in the close season is found in the fact that if any game be sold, New York State game will be dealt in. The only way to close the market is to close it tight. And that is just what should be done, and must be done, if we are to prevent the illicit dealing in our own native birds.

To extend the sale prohibition to game brought over the sea is not different in principle from forbidding the traffic in game brought in across a State line.

It is announced that the case will be carried to the Appellate Division and, if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the United States. To get the point before the highest court for a final definite decision would be a result greatly to be hoped for.

SOME PRIMITIVE PLANT FOODS.—III.

IN the more arid country of the farther Southwest, hunger and thirst are man's most terrible enemies. Over much of the dry Southwest grows a tree—the algaroba or honey mesquite—which furnishes food to many people. The algaroba is a sturdy tree which requires little moisture and yields to hungry man great crops of the fruit known as the mesquite bean. These grow in pods six or seven inches long and full of a juicy pulp which is nourishing and pleasing to the palate. Often the clusters of green pods hang from the branches in such quantities as to bend them down almost to breaking. After the beans have been gathered and dried they are pulverized when needed in mortars of wood or stone, and the meal so formed is cooked with water to make a bread. The screw bean, highly esteemed because of its sweetness, ripens a little later than the mesquite bean—early in July.

There are other fruits, but not many; a plum or two, a cactus or two, the berry of the manzanita and the flowers and seeds of yucca, agave and wormwood are all eaten eagerly. Then there are the roots or the hearts of various plants which, when roasted, satisfy hunger and please the palate.

In the mountains of California the acorn furnishes the staple food. These gathered in great quantities are roasted, hulled and dried. Pulverized to a meal, the bitter taste is leached from them by passing water through the meal, and later mixed with water, in the beautiful water-tight baskets of these Indians, this meal is boiled by the introduction of red hot stones and forms the principal food of the people. Still further to the north, along the seacoast, at the proper season of the year the Indians patrol the beaches and gather from them a certain seaweed which helps them out in their living. That, too, is a land of berries, of which on account of the great precipitation but few can be dried. They are largely eaten fresh or are pressed into cakes which keep for a long time, and during the winter are eaten with the oil of seal or salmon, forming a delicate dish.

Coming back once more to the plains, to the Mississippi valley and the moist and fertile country that lies to the eastward, we find a number of other wild foods.

A favorite root with the Indians was the wild sweet potato, found growing in the stream valleys at the foot of the bluffs in moist, but soft and rich ground. The plant somewhat resembles the sweet potato, though it is not so large. These roots, dug by the women, were eaten boiled or sometimes cooked with fat meat.

The familiar prairie turnip, better known as *pomme blanche,* was gathered everywhere. So was the artichoke, so also was a large white bean which was eaten freely by the Indians, by the wild pigeons and by the mice. An Indian woman who was lucky enough to find the cache of the mice might get a peck of beans at a time without any labor. Usually the scattered beans had to be gathered from the ground.

Under the water grow various roots, which perhaps belong to forms of the arrowhead. These roots, growing in the mud at the bottom, are discovered by the women, who wade about in the water, feel the roots with their feet, and dig them out from the mud with the toes, when they rise to the surface. They are very good to eat. Both are gathered by the muskrats for winter use. The root of the yellow pond lily is also eaten, but is not greatly to be recommended to the civilized palate.

A very well known, important and favorite article of food with the Indians who live where it grows is the famous wild rice, which is used in all their great feasts. The mode of gathering it is too well known to need description. After being harvested it is dried on scaffolds, beneath which slow fires are built, and it is then cleansed from the husk by treading out. About a peck of the dried rice is placed in a hole in the earth about one foot wide and one foot deep, which is lined by a piece of buckskin. An Indian steps into the hole and holding himself steady by a stake planted in the ground, he jumps from one foot to another until the husks are separated from the grain, and the rice is ready to winnow.

All the crops were preserved for winter use, the corn and roots being boiled and then dried in the sun or over the fire. Besides these, berries, nuts, maple sugar and various other foods derived from plants were used. In the gathering and preparation of almost all this vegetable food, the women had the principal part, but in preparing the rice the men also were active. The men also, as is well known, furnished the chief part of the flesh food for the people. The whole subject of aboriginal subsistence is one of very great interest.

THE THIRD GENERATION.

A THIRD generation of sportsmen is now reading the FOREST AND STREAM. It is that of the sons of the sons of the generation of those who were reading it in the seventies. A third generation is shooting over the game fields and fishing in the trout brooks and the bass lakes. What this third generation is finding for its pains is what has been left to it by its forebears.

The time which has elapsed, the passing of the men of that day, and the coming of those of this, the contrast between the conditions existing then and those existing now, give an opportunity of seeing some things in the retrospection more clearly and instructively than they appear in the looking forward.

In the conditions of the fields and the streams, as their supply may have been depleted or maintained, is demonstrated in a striking way the dependence of one generation on the conduct of that which has gone before. We are accustomed to talk much of the duty we of the present owe to the men who are to follow us with gun and rod, but the conviction of the average man in this respect is not so strong as to influence his conduct materially. He does not think of his followers; his concern does not extend beyond the immediate future, the next year or the year after that.

The feathered game and the big game supply of the West have been destroyed utterly throughout wide areas, and the extermination has been wrought by the sportsmen who have shot over the country between the seventies and the present day. The conditions which the men of this generation find there are the conditions bequeathed to them by their fathers and their fathers' fathers.

It is simple enough now to see how different might have been the state of affairs if only the men of the immediately preceding generations of shooters had recognized some of the simple principles which have come to be accepted as axioms in our game protective systems; if of the bounteous supply of wild life they had taken only for use and not for refuse; if they had been voluntarily as provident and sparing of the game as the stricter laws of to-day compel us to be; if they had more intelligently comprehended the rules of supply and demand, and had exercised in their use of the resources of the plains and the mountains temperance and discretion which would have conserved the stock for the benefit of those who were to follow. We can see all this clearly now, because we may judge by results. They did not see it then; it was not human nature that they should.

In other affairs of life, in business and property interests, the rule of regard for the future holds good; we provide for those who are to come after us; we establish business and invest moneys and acquire lands and property and life insurance policies, and devote a large share of our thought and endeavors and accomplishing to providing for our successors. This has been the rule since mankind was organized into communities. Our social system is the product of the exercise of these principles. And yet by a strange contrariety of conduct, when the sportsman's resources of wild life are concerned, we too frequently pursue a course directly the reverse, and act as if this day was the end of it all, and there were to be no successors whose rights we were bound to respect.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Nessmuk's Camp Grounds.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read the communication of Justina Johnson in your issue of April 22, and was thereby reminded that I had for some time thought to write you something about Nessmuk.

One of the first things I did, after coming to this place, was to visit Nessmuk's old camp-grounds. The first of these is on the south side of the Anclote River, and a mile or so above the present bridge. The bridge was nearer when he camped there, and there were more trees about the camp than now. There is a fine view from the high bank of the inlet on which the camp was situated, and my wife and I have gone up there in a canoe more than once, to enjoy the scenery and have a picnic. The only traces now remaining of the old camp, are a couple of half-bricks, and one or two fragments of ancient tin cans.

This place is near Salt Lake, so called, and is not far from Lake Butler, to which Nessmuk had a trail. He afterward moved his camp to the "Oak and Pine," a singular natural curiosity, which, I think, has already been described in your columns. There he stayed, I believe, while he remained in this part of the country, and he used to hang his canoe under a great oak branch, a part of the Oak and Pine. This canoe, by the by, is now the property of Commodore Phinney, and when he is here, it usually hangs under his front porch. He thought that there was no one now in town who could paddle it. I had an idea that either "Tarpon" or I could do it without much trouble, and intimated that if he would soak it up I would undertake the job. He advised me to change my clothes, and to have a rope made fast to myself before getting into the canoe, and I think that he was a good deal disappointed when I took a cruise on the bayou without taking harm.

Nessmuk's last camp was near a road which was frequently traveled by the people living to the northward, and he used to have a good many calls. There is an iron ring in a pine tree near which he put up for people to fasten their horses to. This is about the only trace of his presence now remaining, except a few potsherds—the fragments of Nessmuk's old "monkey-jug." A few years ago, when I was staying with your old correspondent, "Antler," at that time about eighty-five years old, near Grand View, Tenn., another correspondent of yours, "Camerambler," knowing that the old gentleman was a great admirer of Nessmuk, picked up the larger mouth of this jug near the Oak and Pine, and gave it to "Antler" for a relic, at which Mr. Stratton was very much pleased. I chanced to find near the same place the drinking-spout of the same old jug, and if "Justina Johnson" would like it, I shall take pleasure in sending it to her by mail.

There are those here who remember Nessmuk very well, but there seems to be little worth telling about his life at Tarpon Springs. He was old and worn, the heyday of his youth was far behind, and the end was almost in sight.

The two poems from his pen, which I inclose, have never been in print. They were copied from an old album formerly the property of the late Mrs. Kendall, through the courtesy of her husband. So many people are still interested in the many things that Nessmuk has said, done and written in the past, that it seemed a pity that these poems should remain unpublished. KELPIE.

Tarpon of Tarpon.

TARPON of Tarpon, here's health and good wishes,
I have camped for long months within hail of your ranch.
I have found you a Don among paddlers and fishes—
A comrade in woodcraft, both able and stanch.

Tarpon of Tarpon, the wife of your bosom
Soon follows the redbird, the blackbird, the blue,
And one lone canoeist will sorrow to lose 'em—
(The lady, her pets, and her cedar canoe).

Tarpon, my comrade, the solstice approaches,
'Tis time that our sharpie stood out for the keys.
Then adieu to debts, duns, punkies, red bugs and roaches,
And hey for an outing on tropical seas.

OAK AND PINE, June 14, 1885. NESSMUK.

In an Album.

Albums are mostly paper traps,
Put out from time to time,
To corral unsuspecting chaps
Within the jaws of rhyme.

When morning stars begin to fade,
And flowers are moist with dew,
We lay the trusty double blade
Athwart the light canoe.

The bee is in the lily's cup,
A zephyr on the lake,
We watch the sun rise slowly up,
And paddle in his wake.

And when our cruising here is through,
Let Charon stand aside,
And we will chance the light canoe
Across the Dark Divide.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., June 14, 1885. G. W. S.

Camp Surgery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with some degree of fear and trembling that I approach the subject of surgery in the camp. Perhaps nearly every man who has had occasion to penetrate the great woods for any length of time has felt it his duty to read one or more of the many books written upon the subject, "First Aid to the Injured." No doubt that he, like myself, has been appalled by the magnitude of the surgical requirements of the little volume. The truth about the matter simply is that I have never seen one of these little brochures that was written by a man who had ever had any practical experience in the hills. They are written solely by men who have at their command surgical supplies unlimited, and are as useless for the guidance of the average woods-loafer as would be a work on conic sections.

No one more fully appreciates the weakness of this article than your most humble servant; still, I cannot help but think that some ray of light might be shed by my speaking to the lay brother anent the taking care of his body should he be so unfortunate as to require surgical aid when skilled surgical aid is an impossibility.

I shall be nothing if not simple. The medical man who reads this article will no doubt criticise; that is his privilege, but he must remember that the subject is not treated of for his enlightenment but for the instruction of the man who is not trained in surgical technique.

The first and most important surgical axiom that occurs to me now is comprised within the one word, "cleanliness." By that I do not mean the ordinary idea of the word, but absolute surgical cleanliness. You can hew and hack the human form divine in almost any old shape (as some of our would-be surgeons do) provided you keep it *clean,* and it will restore itself.

However, I am sort of getting the subject mixed up and slopping it all over the sides. I should first begin by telling you what I have always considered necessary for me to take into the hills. The surgical outfit has been selected with an idea of meeting all emergencies, at the same time being compact and so simple that the layman could fully understand how to use it.

You have caught my idea ere this that antisepsis (cleanliness) is an essential; nothing so conduces toward surgical cleanliness as corrosive sublimate. This powerful germicide is now manufactured into a tablet known to the medical profession as "Bernay's Tablet." One of these added to a certain quantity of warm water produces a solution of a definite strength and is the most active and powerful agent that we possess for the cleansing of wounded or otherwise septic surfaces. This tablet, then, should find the first place in your kit.

I should consider that hæmostasis (stopping blood) to be the most important knowledge that you can possess. Many valuable lives have been sacrificed from lack of information upon this very point. Nearly every school boy knows what his text-book on physiology says about the bleeding of severed vessels, but it is a safe wager that not one person in ten could successfully ligate a bleeding artery. The facts learned in your school days that a jetting stream was arterial and a steady one venous are in the main correct, but at that it is not a very valuable lesson. That you should compress *between* the heart and the injury for the jet and *beyond* it for the stream is only relatively true. That it will suffice in the majority of cases only makes the fact the more dangerous for the minority. There are very, very many arteries in the human body that branch in such manner as to form what is technically known as anastomoses, and where these anastomoses occur it would be only supplying fuel to the flame to compress above the *wound.* All this talk is a little previous, but the thought came into my head just at that point, and I am not any way responsible for the working of my mind, so right there was where I set the thought down. Buy at least six Kelly's hæmostatic forceps and at least two tank packages of Lee's catgut ligature. That will be all the stuff that you will require to stop the flow of blood.

Of course you will need some dressings for your wounded and otherwise injured surfaces. Six assorted rolled cotton bandages and four ounces of best sterilized absorbent cotton and several yards of plain sterilized gauze, and at least one jar of moist iodoform or boracic acid gauze. One ounce of camphophenique powder. One dozen assorted best surgeon's needles. One-half dozen of Red Cross ligatures (silk), one drachm of cocaine hydrochlorate in a sealed tube. A good hypodermic syringe in metal case, which case will admit of the placing of several tubes of tablets. These tablets to comprise strychnine sulphate gr. 1-60; morphine sulphate, gr. ¼; glonoin, gr. 1-100; apomorphia, gr. 1-10. One small knife and a pair of sharp-pointed plain forceps will be about all the surgical supplies that you can use. Possibly you might use a roll of adhesive plaster, about 2½ inches, to a good advantage. This is all that occurs to me at the present time. Should there be anything more that I deem requisite I shall mention that fact in the course of the discussion of the various surgical phases that may present themselves.

The first and most important class of injuries that will require the attention of the woods surgeon is that class known as incised wounds. It is quite a common thing for the denizen of the woods to suffer a cut from some sharp instrument. An ax, in cutting wood, makes an ugly and sometimes very dangerous cut. The first duty is to strip every vestige of clothing and covering from about the site of the injury, and then for the sake of heaven, do not insist upon applying chewed tobacco, flour, or the thousand and odd local remedies of popular favor, but simply keep the wounded surface as free from foreign matter as possible. Note carefully the character of the bleeding, and if arterial in its nature pass a compress about the limb or body above the wound and turn it very tight. This will only serve to stay the flow and possibly not even that. At any rate, it will give you an opportunity to investigate. After the blood has ceased flowing in spurts wash the wound out thoroughly with the solution of bi-chloride, as mentioned above and examine. You will probably find, down deep in the bottom of the wound, a little teat; now let the compress loose for an instant and if this little teat should send forth a sharp jet of bright red blood immediately clamp it with a pair of the hæmostatic forceps, catching well down on the flesh each side of the vessel. It may be that the vessel will spout from both ends. The procedure is obvious; clamp from both ends. Unless the vessel is a very large one, if you will allow the forceps to remain clamped upon the artery for some ten or fifteen minutes before removing them, the vessel will become stopped up and will not flow any more. It is better, however, to make assurance doubly sure by ligating the severed vessel. This is easily done by taking a portion of your catgut ligature, that is preserved in the tank package, and loosely tying it about the jaws of the forceps, then sliding it down over the clamped vessel and drawing tight. Tie once more and cut off short. Now, just one word about tying a ligature, and this will apply to all ligatures or sutures, so please bear it in mind. Where you desire either suture or ligature to remain taut (and you always do) take two turns with the thread under before drawing it tight. That is, tie your first knot twice then draw down. You will notice that I have not advised you to carry along any scissors. The reason for that is that you can do nearly everything with a good sharp knife that can be done with scissors, and you save one tool in your kit. To resume, having tied your bleeding vessels and washed out your wounded surface with many washings of warm water and corrosive sublimate, then are you ready to close it up. Most surgeons prefer to handle a needle upon some form of needle holder. I fancy that the average person would find that instrument a very clumsy and unwieldy one, so I have purposely omitted it from my list. If it should become necessary for you to use more force in passing your needle through the flesh than that which you possess in your fingers, then you may use one of your Kelly forceps to a very good advantage, but in almost every case you will find that you can force the needle through with your unaided fingers. Load one of your needles (preferably a curved one) with a strand of silk that seems to you most appropriate in size, and proceed to pass it through the flesh at one end of the wound, about a quarter of an inch from the injury and carrying the needle well down to the bottom of the wound before causing it to emerge into the cut. Pass it on through to the opposite side of the cut at the bottom and cause it to penetrate the opposite wall, bringing it to the skin surface an equal distance from the wound. Cut off the thread and proceed as before, allowing about one-half inch between the sutures. Right here let me define the two terms ligature and suture. Ligate means to bind and refers solely to where you throw a thread or some other substance about a limb or a vessel and constrict it by drawing the substance tight. Suture means to draw opposite surfaces together as when sewing up a wound. Bear these definitions in mind so that when reading articles upon this subject you need not become confused with the terms.

After suturing the wound as suggested, begin at the point of commencement and tie each one of the sutures snugly, turning each one under twice so that it will not slip. Wash again thoroughly and dust over with camphophenique and lay on several thicknesse of iodoform gauze and several more of plain gauze, then run on a bandage and allow Dame Nature to do the rest. Do not disturb that dressing for at least four days, and if it is not giving you any trouble not even then. It will be impossible for you to avoid a certain amount of suppuration in a vast majority of your wounds, but remember that nature is qualified to handle a great many germs, and some suppuration will not cut much figure. Should your pus become very profuse, however, it will be well for you to dress the wound with a strong solution of bi-chloride on cotton or gauze, renewing the dressing several times daily. This will only be neeessary, however, when the patient finds himself with some fever and much pain about the wound, the wound itself becoming angry and red. In most cases all that will be required is to dress the surface with the dusting powder and the moist gauze, and at the expiration of the sixth day clip the sutures and pull them out.

I will now discuss very briefly gunshot wounds. The modern high velocity firearm usually produces a wound that of itself is antiseptic, that is clean from the surgeon's point of view. Therefore when wounded with one of these weapons the sole indication is to combat the shock and keep the surface clean. Remove the clothing from the immediate vicinity of the wound and apply a very strong solution of corrosive sublimate to both the entrance and exit wounds. Above all things, if the bullet has not passed entirely through do not begin probing for it. That is an error that many surgeons fall into. The

man who probes for a bullet to-day is a criminal, nothing less. I said combat the shock. Most persons when wounded by a projectile will experience more or less shock. Very often this is sufficient to cause death when the extent of the injury would not do so. Shock per se is a condition of cerebral ænemia and should be treated as such. The head should be lowered and the extremities stroked toward the heart. The patient who is suffering from surgical shock is bathed in perspiration, the head and extremities feel cold, the mind, while clear, is anxious and the face shows the mental process. The heart becomes very irregular and may become so faint as to be scarcely perceptible at the wrist. These symptoms may be brought about by any injury, but they become more pronounced in gunshot accidents. The sufferer from surgical shock is a very ill person indeed, and will require all the cool collected energies of his companions to save him. Place him with the head lowered below the common body level, put hot applications about the body; give him frequently repeated doses of hot brandy or some spirit and water. Inject into the forearm at least 1-20 gr. of strychnia. Carefully note the pulse and if the strychnia does not act in thirty minutes repeat. This will be about all that you can do in these cases except that you should not let the patient himself know that you are alarmed for his condition.

Burns are divided by surgical writers into three degrees. We will be interested principally with that of the second degree, where there is a very decided blister. Should you burn yourself severely in camp, at once seek to exclude the air. There are many agents that will accomplish this purpose. The one at our command is corrosive sublimate solution and plain gauze. At once make up a strong solution of the tablets and soak the gauze in it, applying several layers; holding the whole on with a roller bandage. As soon as the blisters are well formed puncture them with a *clean* needle and allow the serum to escape. Dust the whole surface with campho-phenique powder and cover with gauze and bandage. As soon as the new skin forms beneath the blister you may remove the dead skin.

One of the most distressing and painful accidents that can befall the hunter is a splinter penetrating the flesh. This very often happens and it is exceedingly difficult to remove the offending substance without causing much pain. Here is about the only place that I can recall that it will be necessary for you to use cocaine, and if your fortitude is equal to the occasion it will be far better that you do not use it even here. Pour out a few crystals of cocaine in a teaspoon and fill the spoon with warm water. When the drug is dissolved draw the solution into your hypodermic syringe and inject about the imbedded splinter. Make several injections and when the skin is fully numb cut down to the splinter and remove with the sharp-pointed forceps. Let the wound bleed fully, as that removes the excess of the drug, and many persons are very susceptible to the action of cocaine and many distressing accidents have been occasioned by its use. This same procedure can apply to an imbedded fish-hook, except that in removing a hook you must never attempt to withdraw it but rather shove it on through, then cut off the barb and remove.

Sprains and bruises where the skin is not broken may best be treated by cold applications and bandaging. Keep the injured member in cold water for at least six hours, then run a roller bandage tightly about it and rest.

I realize that the treatment that I shall advocate for dislocations will not meet the approbation of my professional brethren, but then it is the only method that can be successfully pursued in the timber—that is, main strength. The most common dislocation is that of the shoulder, and when present the only method that I can suggest is that you lay the patient down upon his back, place your heel in the hollow of his arm, grasp his wrist and pull. When you hear a decided snap you may feel sure that the dislocated member is in place.

I have purposely reserved the discussion of fractures for the last from the reason that fractures constitute the *bête noir* of surgeons, and from the better reason that I wanted to warn you to do as little as possible for this class of injuries which are, alas! of too common occurrence. In extreme instances it may be necessary for you to attempt to make a permanent repair of a fractured member. In the vast majority of cases all that you will be expected to do is to prepare the sufferer so that he may be comfortably transported to skilled assistance. The fracture of an arm will present comparatively little difficulty. So also will any of the common fractures that do not interfere with locomotion. It is in such fractures as those of the upper third of the thigh that make trouble for the woodsman. It would be folly for you to attempt a complete reduction (setting) of the bone. Far better that you never try to put the fractured bones back in place. Let your whole effort be directed toward making the patient as easy as possible. This advice will apply to all fractures as well as those of the femur.

Let me relate to you a little incident and from it you may derive the lesson that I intend to inculcate. A man had the misfortune to fracture his left thigh while working in a mine some thirty miles from the nearest wagon road and sixty miles from the closest town. I was called to attend him, but the messenger failed to inform me as to the extent of the injury. In fact, he knew but very little about it. The man was hurt in the mine and that was all the information for my guidance. I hastily got together such surgical appliances as I deemed necessary and we set out. Upon arrival at the mine I found the patient as before described. It was very evident that the man could not get the care necessary to his recovery while there at the mine; therefore it became a problem how to get him out without too much suffering. After some minutes of sober thought I hit upon the following plan, and as it worked successfully, you may follow the same scheme if ever similarly situated: I went out and cut down a small white cedar tree (any loose barked tree will do as well) and removed a section of the bark long enough to envelop the entire leg from ankle to thigh. This I fitted to the leg, cutting holes for the joints and making the whole just a trifle smaller than the limb. Tearing up some old cotton-lined comforters I padded the improvised splint well and placed the injured member in it, running a broad bandage over the whole. You will at once recognize that I had the limb fixed beyond the possibility of motion. Then I went into the timber and felled a somewhat larger tree of cedar and removed a section of its bark about seven feet in length. I cut this bark in two, making a trough somewhat larger than the body of a man. Then I cut two fir poles twelve feet in length and placed them alongside the bark trough, lashing them firmly with ropes. Within the hollow trough I placed several blankets and deposited my injured man in the bed. After lashing him firmly so that he would not roll, I swung the stretcher thus improvised between the pack saddles of two of the most reliable mules in the camp. Thus equipped we sat out in the gray twilight of dawn for the wagon road thirty-five miles distant. Up one mountainside and down another we journeyed all day, sometimes my patient was progressing on his head and again upon his feet, but when darkness gathered around us we arrived at the nearest ranch house, the beginning of the wagon road. I cannot say that the journey was made with the same degree of comfort that would be experienced in a Pullman coach, but it was very easy for him, and all that long, tiresome journey I never heard him utter a murmur of discontent.

I believe that this will conclude the remarks that I have to make. I am fully cognizant of their weakness, yet I cannot help thinking that they might, perhaps, assist some brother of the wild should he be in distress. Several years of experience as surgeon upon the uttermost frontier of the United States has rendered me qualified in some measure to speak to you of surgery upon the frontier. I shall be only too glad to answer any question addressed to me by the family, always presuming that I am not infallible and as others of the human family, liable to err.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

On a Rafting Towboat.

When I quit the Medicine Man's shanty boat, it seemed good to be moving in the 16ft. blue skiff once more. I had felt all the riverman's nervousness in an unwieldy craft, and some more of my own. A sunk cabin boat is no thing to be joyful over, and the waves slam up against the sides of one afloat in a way that jars the contents till they rattle. Nevertheless, a cabin boat has a roof, and even after a cyclone has ripped half the roof off, unskillful repairs are enough to prevent the roof from leaking very badly, and it must be a poor shelter indeed that is worse than no shelter at all on the big river. I thought as much when I rowed away down the mile of narrow Yazoo against the wind, and the south was ominous with clouds whose silver lining was not toward the earth.

I found Dr. White on his boat, and he had a mast made for my boat.

"You better try hit," he said, "you'll find it's a great convenience if the wind's right." I put it in my skiff and sat down to watch the clouds. A tall, gray, oldish man was on the boat, and tied to the stern was his skiff. Dr. White introduced him as clerk John Elliott, of the steamer F. Weyerhaeuser, which was bringing down a great log raft.

"There's no rawhiding on that boat," the doctor said, "the crew is all white."

It was an opportunity of seeing a log raft in motion which was not to be missed, and I waited the coming of the log raft, inviting myself to an interview with Capt. Reed. At last, miles up stream, we spied the steamer coming. There were two steamers, one was at the head of the raft, and lashed broadside to the head of the raft. This steamer was the H. C. Brockman, and from its position is called the "bug" in common with other boats whose exclusive mission is to aid in steering unwieldy tows.

The rising river was flowing fast, and the big Weyerhaeuser was pushing end-on at the stern of the raft, so the tow approached rapidly. The clerk and I made our preparations for a sudden departure, and ran out to the tow at the Vicksburg bend. I went aboard and saw the captain.

Captain Reed proved to be a tall, smooth-faced man, with hands of a size to get a comfortable grip on a 4in. cable, eyes to see at night, and a long, rather wide, bony face. He smiled on the river rat tolerantly, and no less amiably on the newspaperman. I was welcome to stay with him and see the handling of one of the largest log rafts ever towed down the Mississippi. It was over 1,200 feet long, and about 216 feet wide, say five blocks long and one wide, or about six acres. It was from Hollybrook Landing and bound to the Jefferson Sawmill Co. just above New Orleans.

There were said to be 60,907 sticks in the raft, and over 2,000,000 feet. There seemed to be some uncertainty as to the exact amount, for the towing of rafts is done by the thousand feet, and Capt. Reed and the company's agent, W. H. McPike, were at variance in regard to the amount. In any event, it was a good big raft, and looked its size. It was the first thing human I had seen which compared to the wide expanse of the river below Cairo. Memphis bridge looked spidery, steamboats lost, cabin boats like flecks and rowboats mere spots. But the raft had a satisfying bigness, as seen from the pilot house of the push-boat.

The logs were all paralell with the course taken, save the outside ones. Long strands of logs were laid along each side of the main raft and looked like fringe. On the raft were many ropes, stretched lengthwise, and binding the strands of the raft into a single mass. The ropes were about a mile long, and radiated from the bow of the Weyerhaeuser to the utmost limits of the raft in spidery lines. At each end of the raft were poles standing on end, over whose tops ropes were passed from the bow and stern strands of logs. The crew called the poles "derricks" and said that the ropes over the tops of the poles kept the ends of the raft from diving. A further precaution against logs diving was the use of "saplings" six or eight inches through and fifty feet or so long. One end of a sapling was fixed under or fastened to the outside binder of one of the end strands, and the middle was held up by a log used as a fulcrum, the other end of the sapling being bent down to the logs. All the strands of logs, bridged over by these stiffeners, were fastened to it by ropes. Here and there in the middle of the raft were long saplings laid across strands of logs. These saplings were fastened to binders and were necessary on account of logs attempting to sink in sections owing to accumulations of mud or becoming water-soaked.

The logs were either spiked or chain-dogged to the binders. Two four-inch nails with a foot or more of chain linking them together comprise a chain-dog, and the chain over a binder holds the log to it, but allows "play" enough to prevent violent loosening strains. Spikes are less expensive at first cost, but opinion differs as to the economy of chain-dogs. On the Holston River I saw rafts made with eye-spikes and bound together with a single length of steel wire. I asked Captain Reed why he didn't do that way.

"Because," he answered, "the raft would tie itself into a hard knot should it ever bow in an eddy, or hit the bank. Sometimes rafts hit the bank. Then the thing happens those derricks were put in to prevent. The raft rolls up then like you've seen a nigger roll up a runner carpet in a hotel hallway. Fancy steel cables tangled in a mass of rafted logs!"

The captain expressed the fervent wish that I should not see a log raft roll up that way, at least not on this trip.

Pilot John Rollins was at the wheel most of the time, although Captain Reed occasionally held it for a while. The captain spent most of his time in the pilot house watching the river and the raft's relations to it, with eyes more or less like searchlights. From the stern of the Weyerhaeuser a rope ran to each stern corner of the raft. In a straight reach, the Weyerhaeuser was kept going ahead, pushing the raft before it, but at bends the pretty raft work was done. To keep the mass from bowing up against a bank required a deal of calculation based on long experience with the Mississippi's perplexing currents in general and with the ones in the particular reach at hand. Preparations for a bend were begun about 5 miles before the bend was reached. The bells in the engine room were kept jingling, and the electric cable leading along the raft to the "bug" was talked over or signaled over at intervals, as the case demanded. The "bug" had one business to attend to, and that was to help hold the bow of the raft off the bank. The "bug" faced the starboard side of the raft, and when its wheel started the bow of the raft slowly moved to port or starboard until the logs lay in long curved lines. Meantime, the Weyerhaeuser would swing its stern to port or starboard by means of the two stern lines and hold back or go ahead, and thus the raft was moved across the current enough to keep clear of the bank, or to run into an eddy for a landing. The Weyerhaeuser was simply a great big rudder, the steam power but emphasizing the steering qualities.

When it came time to land on the first afternoon, the eddy just above Ursina light was chosen. The pilot knew how long the raft was—within ten feet—and he knew how long the eddy was at that stage of the water within as many feet. The boats worked the huge raft into the eddy slowly, and the raft crew, under Captain Young, scattered along the starboard side of the raft half way to the bug. Evidently one of the most picturesque operations of rafting was at hand, the checking of 11,000 tons or so of cottonwood logs.

At each starboard end of the raft was a leadsman, with a long pole, who reached for bottom with it, watched by the pilot, who had the leadsmen's cries of "No bottom," or whatever depth was found to go by.

Part of a great cable, four inches in diameter, I believe, and probably nearly a mile long was run across the raft to a big skiff and a pile three feet high coiled in the stern, ten men handling the squirming, snake-like line. The men worked quietly under raft Captain Young—"No raw-hiding or hell-whooping on this boat." One man whistled a snatch of the song, "Let the Women Do the Work."

It was growing dusky, and the searchlight was turned on. By its light the captain and pilot scanned the willows the whole length of the raft. The captain shouted, "Hold that pole on the bottom and see if she's moving any"—this, when sighting with the searchlight on the willows, failed to show the motion. Finally the captain called out, "That'll do with the sounding; run your line out." A couple of lines were made fast, and the men came in. It seemed like picnic work. In the morning the ropes were hauled in by means of the capstan, the scene lighted by the searchlight, for it was before day.

One bend was so short that the Brockman was turned around and headed bow toward the raft to push it back, while the Weyerhaeuser went astern full speed in order to swing the raft around the bend, as a hammer-thrower swings the hammer by the handle.

There were places in the raft where the logs were submerged over wide patches. At intervals members of the crew went out to scrape the mud off them with "brooms," or wooden hoes. It was astonishing to me to see how much mud accumulated on the logs and submerged them. The specific gravity of the logs was so near that of the water that a thin film of mud on some of the sticks was sufficient to sink them, and would have done so had not the other more buoyant logs held them up by the binders. At that, half a raft would sink under the accumulation of mud if the logs were not swept with the hoes. But there was not much work for the crew to do in floating, and when fog drove us to the bank at intervals and held us there they entertained themselves at craps. McPike, the company's agent, remarked of one successful player that "If Finley were to fall overboard, he would come up with a fish in his pocket."

Not all the landings were as easy as the first one. Several times fog drove the rafters to shore in eddies that would not have been chosen otherwise. Then the handy line was run ashore, and the skiff crew would take a turn around a couple of dozen willows as large as one's arm. As the strain of the raft came on the line, the six turns around "niggerheads" would slip and the smoke would fly out of the turns in thin blue clouds. A man stood by the niggerhead throwing water on it, so that the fire, which accompanied the smoke, wouldn't burn the rope. On land the encircled willows crashed and were tied into sheaves by the drawing and tightening of the ropes around them—and this though the raft seemed hardly to move.

McPike said that towing the logs was rated at $1.50 a thousand—about $3,000 for taking this one to the mill. As the buyer of the company, he watched the

timber country throughout the Mississippi bottoms for good growths. He was a sawmill man himself, up in Missouri, when the panic of '95 wiped out so many business men.

"You people in the East didn't know what it was to suffer," McPike said. "I had a good big mill, and there were whole families dependent on it for livings. They had to have money or starve to death. To shut down meant throwing them out doors. Lots of men did shut down and saved something. But I couldn't do that —some of the men had been with me too long. So I run as long as I could, and when I went down, I went down hard. My friends told me I was a fool. But I don't think so, even if I am only a hired man now."

McPike, like many another man I met, was emphatic in his dislike of the levee system. "Look at those fellows scraping off the mud down there! Why couldn't they let the river fill up the bottoms, and fertilize the land—the land that is being all worn out now?" He thought that gates along the levee by means of which the flow over the land could be regulated, and the pressure on the levees cased off at intervals, might be a solution to the problem. "But you can't talk to people down this way," it was said. "The levee is years and years old. Before they leveed the west bank, it was right. It kept the water scattered in the Arkansas swamps. Now she's pent up in between, and when she goes through, something's doing."

The levee, Roosevelt, and stories are unfailing sources of amusement for men with time to spare along the river.

It was a great change from the cabin boat to the pilot house of the steamer. The cabin-boater, when the river is in its banks, must look up to see far. The man in the pilot house looks down on everything but the treetops, and sometimes he looks down on them. The cabin-boater is always on the verge of trouble of some sort—he is low down in the scale of river humanity. One day, when I turned my glasses on a cluster of shanty boats tied in some willows, McPike remarked:

"Do ye know 'em?"

It happened that one of the boats was that of an unclean umbrella mender and tinware tinker I saw above Lake Providence. I said as much. There was a chuckle in the pilot house at the notion of any one admitting being able to tell one cabin boat from another.

"I met a cabin-boater once—happened to cross a ferry with him," McPike remarked. "He was telling what a fine dinner he had eaten the day before. 'Chickens,' he said, 'roast pig, a piece of beef, watermelon, sweet 'taters, vegetables'—I don't know what all that man hadn't been eating. Said I to him, 'Where'd you get all that? I bet some planter was set against you when he missed those chickens, and fixings.' The cabin-boater yawed a bit, but he 'lowed I had him right."

My own experience with the cabin-boater rather confirmed the common notion of shanty boat people. The fact of the matter is, the region between the levees—a strip a thousand miles long and miles wide is governed by the river itself. Uncle Sam is relentless with the men who sell liquor without a license, but for $25 a man can go afloat on the river with bad whiskey and sell it in any quantity sixty feet from the bank, and the plantation owners have no recourse but to shoot the boat full of holes. At Lake Providence, and other river points, the ferry has a Government license. At Rosedale, where the town is "dry," a whiskey boat is anchored the year around or was, when I was there. The magic license granted by Uncle Sam is responsible for the worst of the cabin-boat people. It is far safer to do murder on the river than sell whiskey without a license. The steamers are under marine laws, and the passenger boats carry liquor by the jug full for shore patrons. The bar is shut up carefully at each landing, but the moment the boat lands in many places, a thirsty horde rushes for the jugs and bears them away triumphantly, having handed the purser or bar tender the requisite money.

There is no regular police force over the river, save the lookout kept by the Government for unlicensed whiskey sellers. Killings, of which there are countless numbers, are often unavenged if done on a boat. The only reason more thieves do not live on the river is the loneliness of the life. The telephone has helped the police of the river towns marvelously, however. The coming of a bad gang in a boat, or of stolen property can be made known far down the river. One of the smaller Government boats with a good crew and an efficient force of officers could wipe the river clean of the lurking bad men who now live in shanty boats. The boat would do a great amount of service in rounding up the swindlers who beat the negroes out of their money by selling worthless medicines and other useless things. Such a boat should be empowered to drive the gasolene and other whiskey boats from the river. A Government license that permits men to go within pistol shot of a plantation and sell bad liquor to the hired men, although contrary to the laws of the land, should be abolished. It should not be forgotten that when the whiskey boatman Hull fought the sheriff's posse at Leota (Sterling), he was defending the rights given to him by the Government—namely, the rights to sell liquor to negroes in a county which the voters had tried to make "dry." Hull doesn't violate the law, it is said. He simply enforces his rights, granted by Uncle Sam, and does it with Winchester and Marlin rifles, which he keeps here and there in his big gasolene.

And if the river were cleared of its objectionable characters there would still be many excellent river people living in cabin boats along the stream. Fishermen, recluses and characters a-plenty find the river a comfortable and pleasing land o' Canaan. Without Dr. White, Mrs. Haney, Old Man Anderson, Charlie Brooks, "Sunny South" Young, Uncle Charlie Robertson and countless others "tripping," the Mississippi would lose half its interest. But most of the medicine men, the gamblers, whiskey-boaters, and the crooked store-boaters could be spared, even though they do add to the interest of a river experience, not but what even the river bad men have their "good points," though usually the points are steel well worked down on whetstones.

I had heard of the fragrance of southern blooms, and of air so laden with the live perfume of trees in blossom that it was suffocating. I could now well believe these stories, for the delicious odor of forests in blossom floated over the river in fogs of incense. It is unfortunate that no poet has floated the river in a cabin boat. It takes a month to get used to the life, a month to learn its troubles so well that they are forgotten, and then a month to become one with the sand bars, the caving banks and the wide waters. If, in the fourth month, the poet ran into a cloud of tree blossom incense he would write five verses to the river and its flowers which tell of a fairy land, where the clouds rain perfume, where the main highway is undulating old gold, and where life is a sweet dream.

As we floated down with the log raft, we met the main flight of migrant ducks. They swarmed up from the sand bars and from the river like so many giant bees. They seemed to be all within four days' travel of one another. It gave me a view of migration which I had not seen before, and because the valley is so great a bird thoroughfare, I am surprised that bird students have not followed their favorite subjects down into swamp country where robins lose their dignity, and other birds begin their spring flirting. I was so fortunate one morning as to see several kingfishers gyrating over a little bayou in which the Medicine Man's cabin boat was moored. One feature of their feats was an attempt to drop sideways through the air, holding their wings outspread. To see birds which dive into the water bill first come down with the points of their wings first was sufficiently interesting, but the play of the soft, bright sunlight on their feathers was a spectacle to compare to clouds of invisible perfumes wafted across a torrent of river beauty.

From Vicksburg to the mouth of Red River was a stretch of the Mississippi containing such places as Natchez, Ellis Cliffs, Fort Adams, Rowe's Landing, Fort Hickey, Port Hudson, Lake Palmyra, soon to become the main stream again because of a cut-off a few weeks later, bayous and other things remarkable. It was like a pleasant dream of history, Fairyland and geography, and doubtless these places recall something of a nightmare 40-odd years ago.

Just before noon on Saturday, March 26, the captain indicated a rip-rapped point of land a few miles down stream:

"That's Red River," said he. "The water's setting in there now."

I got my duffle ready, and shoved the blue skill off the logs into the water. Very quickly the raft dropped down till it was nearly opposite the river, and then I cast off and pulled for the river mouth up which the Mississippi was flowing rapidly. As I ran into the narrow opening, a storm broke loose, and rain poured down in white sheets. I found a new railroad bridge half a mile or more down stream and in a lean-to tool camp there I sheltered my duffle and myself till the storm passed by. It was only a rain squall, with lots of wind, from which I was sheltered by the trees on either side the strange stream, up which the water was flowing so rapidly that I went eight miles in an hour, and then I came to the head of Bayou Atchafalaya and saw why Red River is called red.

The Mississippi was rising rapidly. It was 28½ feet, which accounted for the contrary course of Red River. It did not seem as though that narrow stream, the color of dull red lead, could be the thousand-mile river from the Rockies. For a half minute I swung in the whirling eddy, and then the current swept me into 'Chafalli, and then I was in the Louisiana swamps. On my left was a high bank of red alluvian, on my left a gentle slope, and on both sides were scattered moss-hung trees and levees. There were houseboats, landings with French names and one steamer, the Gem, passed up. It was a pretty little boat, and threw some waves that slapped the banks with a loud noise.

As I had been told, the Bayou's course was almost a straight chute. The bends were not the great Us or bottle necks of the Mississippi. The wind driving down from the northwest after a time tempted me to put my sail on the mast Dr. White made me, and for nearly an hour I drove down the rapid current at a fine rate of speed. But another squall was on the way, and in the first sprinkle of it I ran to a fish-dock, at a little cabin boat, Campbell's.

W. A. White's Woodside plantation was at this place —1,300 acres of cotton—but F. L. Cashen has 3 miles front, and as deep on the bayou, so White wasn't so much of an owner as some others. On asking how far I was from Red River, Campbell said 25 miles. I had come that distance in 3 hours and 45 minutes, which indicates how swift is the current.

Mr. Campbell did not mind the pelting rain which sloshed down upon him and ran off the end of his red beard in a stream. His main anxiety for the moment was a sack of corn meal. It was his boast that he was about the only man in the country who could buy in any store thereabouts that he pleased, common men being obliged to make their purchases in the commissary of the plantation to which they were attached. Any hand in debt—and most of the hands are in debt—must get permission to move from the owner of the plantation on which he lives, and the owner of the plantation to which he moves assumes the debts.

Campbell was happy in a contract by which he receives $100 worth of masonry work to do each year. He pays $30 a year for rent on six acres of land, and raises many vegetables and some cotton. Eggs sell at the rate of four dozen for two bits—6½ cents a dozen. But good chickens bring 40 cents each—the levee camps create a great demand for poultry.

From this place it was 170 miles to Morgan City, my destination. The map showed a sufficiently complicated route to satisfy the ardent wish of any labyrinth seeker. Judging from the appearance of the map, the rivers, when they got too large, divided up and hunted other streams or lakes.

"There's worlds of land here waiting for settlement," Campbell said, "jes' worlds of hit." He had found the place while wandering on the rivers of the Mississippi valley. With his wife he had tripped the Missouri, Tennessee, Ohio and Mississippi. Now that he had some children, he had settled down to fishing, gardening and raising his babies.

"I wouldn't lift the cover of my fish box for less than two bits," he said.

I slept that night in the hay room of Campbell's house. It was filled with corn fodder, and by the light of my lantern I arranged a bed with my canvas hammock and the bedding. My sleep was only broken by the rattling of rain upon the roof. Morning came as prettily as could be wished, and after a breakfast of fresh eggs and pone and biscuit and pork and fried fish, I pulled out into the river and started away into a region called "bad" by rivermen.

"You see," Charlie Brooks had said, "hit's the jumping off place. When a man gits down in there, he's safe—ain't nobody gwin' to pesteh him thataway. I been down there myself—had a gasolene and the best time I eveh had in my life."

The wind shifted around after a time, so that I could use the sail again. On the previous day the sail had bellied so much that I didn't get the full benefit of the breeze. Now I rigged a little boom—a forked stick—and in a few minutes I had my sail, nine feet high by six feet base, up into the breeze. The wind was strong enough for me to sit on the starboard gunwale. For rudder, I tied an oar to the hammock hook in the stern by means of a bit of stout twine. Sometimes I ran into eddies of wind, the wind sweeping suddenly from the port side of the boat, upon which I would do a quick change of position.

I reached Melville, where the railroad crosses the bayou, and unshipped the mast to pass under. When I had passed this place, sudden qualms took possession of my throat, and I swallowed violently. It was a lonely wilderness. I saw a man sitting on horseback in the woods on my right, partly hidden by the trees. He reached into his hip pocket with his right hand and slowly brought something dark to a level with his face. Remembering all the stories of ambush murders I had heard, I thought this lone horseman might be about to take a pot-shot at me. But he was only drawing a match box to light a cigarette.

There were some short turns in the river, and where the current slid off the points, one saw how rapidly the water was flowing. The Atchafalaya is only about half as long as the Mississippi from Red River to the Passes, so the current is correspondingly swift.

The banks grew lower as I advanced, and below Melville the plantations rapidly faded from view behind a screen of forest, and the forest was dense, with the look of snakes in the underbrush and of a funeral cortege in the Spanish moss flying from the branches. They say in the swamps that Spanish moss protects the trees; but it seemed to me that the more moss there was on a tree, the less healthy the branches and bark seemed. Some trees appeared to be fairly sloughing away with rot that was wasting their living trunks.

I passed a curious set of buildings on one side of the streams. They were whitewashed, and were markedly in contrast with the shady forest. I observed a man sitting some distance from one of the buildings with a shotgun across his knees. I guessed he was waiting for a shot at some ducks or other swamp game. Some distance further down stream I saw a similar aggregation of buildings, and a couple of men with shotguns near the water.

"Looks like they were waiting for a deer to pop in," I thought to myself. They had the look of "rough men," and I didn't stop to make any inquiries concerning supposed infractions of the game law.

I ate lunch as I sailed along, and noted with glee how rapidly the bank was passing behind me. Then suddenly I saw another aggregation of whitewashed buildings, with men sitting on chairs on a little levee built around them. The men had double-barreled shotguns. Within the inclosure made by the three-foot high levee were many colored men, and the colored men had faded clothes of black and white on them. On lines, tossed by the wind, were similiar garments of black and white. The black and the white were in narrow stripes, and the stripes were horizontal to the ground on which the negroes were walking around.

With a quick flip of the oar, and a sudden yank of the mast from its step, I ran my skiff in to the bank where stood a tall man with a double-barreled shotgun. I asked permission to land, and got it. I had found a Louisiana convict camp, almost of the kind one reads about.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

I. F. WADSWORTH, of Zolfo, and W. R. Williams and S. E. Collins, of Crewsville, returned last week from a cow hunting trip to Parker Island. While in the woods they saw so many bear tracks and other signs which bruin had made that they could not resist the temptation to go hunting for more ferocious game than the gentle Florida cow. Accordingly, they devoted a couple of days to bear hunting with results that were enough to make President Roosevelt forever forsake the West as a bear hunting ground. Though Messrs. Wadsworth, Williams and Collins had no dogs with them and had to do their own hunting and trailing, they succeeded in two days' hunting in bagging two bear and a panther, and would have gotten several more with most any kind of a dog. Few people know that for black bear there is no better hunting ground anywhere than in south Florida, and a day's drive from Zolfo puts hunters where they can find enough sport to last a lifetime.—De Soto (Fla.) Advertiser.

WITH the death of Sir Augustus Gregory, the last of the great Australian explorers has passed away. His demise recalls the most remarkable mystery in the annals of the commonwealth. Fifty-seven years have passed since an exploring expedition, commanded by a German scientist, Ludwig Leichardt, set out from Sydney to cross Australia from east to west. To this day nobody knows what happened to that exploring party. Not a scrap of paper, not a solitary relic of its fate, has ever been discovered. It must have been either overwhelmed in some natural convulsion, or absolutely annihilated by the blacks. Sir Augustus Gregory led two expeditions in scarch of it, one of them organized by the Royal Geographical Society.—London Chronicle.

ON the links of the Merchantville (Pa.) Field Club a robin was flying across the green just as a player drove the ball from a tee. The bird was struck with full force and fell to the ground dead.



NATURAL HISTORY



Hunting Snakes.

"For persons who enjoy snake stalking," said Curator . L. Ditmars, who has conducted expeditions for nakes on behalf of the New York Zoological Park, in ne Bronx, "I can recommend certain parts of South arolina above any other section in the United States. or example, a four-mile swamp near the little town of obertsville, in Hampton county, is a snake's paradise. ortions of the swamp are overgrown with huge rushes nd portions with canebrake dovetailing into pine wamps, the trees running forty feet up to the first mb and hang thick with green moss. Trees, ground nd water are alive with reptiles.

"Snake hunting is as fascinating as deer stalking, especially to a man who finds some meaning in every nd on a pit viper's back. No moose was ever more eady to take alarm than are these slippery quarries, nd to land a bagful of valuable snakes is a task that alls for adroitness mingled with a high quality of erseverance.

"Night is the very best time for catching snakes, for is then that the serpent tribe uncoil themselves and ide about the swamp in perfect freedom. Obviously is sort of thing is not without danger, and after one ial of it, the snake hunter usually prefers daylight. the moonlight a haze floats above the swamp, and it s like a silvery sea. Within it, the pines are ghosts hose long beards sweep the pools, diamond-backed ttlers rear their ugly heads, racers, moccasins, and range pink water snakes glide noiselessly, and alligators keep up their loud uncanny bellowing and make e air heavy with their musky odor.

"In daylight the hunter rides in mounted on a mule ually and clad in an armor of heavy brown duck, gh top boots, and stout flexible gloves. His weapons e a bamboo stick with a running noose of fine copper re at the end, and a second cane furnished with a re net. He always carries a revolver, too, if he is se.

"Across the mule's back is balanced a short cane ck, and from each end of the stick dangles a goodzed cotton bag. These bags are for the snakes. The ule sagaciously picks his way through the swamp ong deer paths which wind in and out, where a ngle misstep would often tumble him and his rider to a pool swarming with alligators and water snakes. "A snake stalker, of course, attempts to take only e more valuable and strange species of serpents. hen he catches the gleam of the right sort of a coat rough the rushes, or spies a fine specimen dangling om a limb over his head, he halts and goes into tion with his copper-wire noose and bamboo stick. he can, he slips the noose over the snake's neck and aws it taut. Then he gets the thrashing, spitting repe 'twixt thumb and forefinger around the neck and ops him into the cotton bag. Invariably in a crisis e hunter throws away copper wires and seizes a ake with his hands, grasping him well toward the ad, so that he cannot twist around and thrust his ngs into his hands.

"A rattlesnake is fairly easy to capture, because he consummately brave, never runs from an enemy, and s warning rattle is unmistakable. Skirt the borders a palmetto thicket any day and watch the wavering adows of the foliage on the ground. Presently these adows, if you watch sharply, seem to dart ahead in straight line, with a brassy whirr coming from somehere. The darting line is a diamond-backed rattler, hose curiously marked skin is in exact imitation of the lmetto shade. The diamond-backed is the most adly of his tribe. In the west the varieties of rattlers ere found inhabit barren rocky places and the tall asses of the prairies. Just now the rattlesnake is nted mercilessly, for he is valuable to the medical an for his toxines and to the naturalist because out of e eleven species in the United States, the habits and oks of not more than five are well known."

Continuing, Mr. Ditmars said that some snakes are od actors, at least some snakes which he met in uth Carolina. One of those captured was a hog-nose ake. It was captured near a cottonfield, and it at ce attempted to deceive its captor by pretending it s dead. Then, if undisturbed, it would show how a e snake acted when he was not trying to fool anydy. In playing dead the snake actually rolled er on its back and returned to that position en if disturbed and placed on its sides or belly. Mr. itmars told a number of colored men near where it s captured that he would show them what wonderl control he had over snakes. He would first make veral passes with his hands over the snake and it uld roll on its back dead. Then he directed the ectators to walk away some distance from the snake d he would then collect vitality out of the air for e snake and the snake would come back to life. When e snake saw that no one was near, it turned on its lly and started to crawl away. The colored men re greatly impressed with the great power possessed Mr. Ditmars over snakes.

In journeying through South Carolina Mr. Ditmars sited a vast wilderness of cane growth, known as the ack Swamp, which seemed to be devoid of amphibious eatures that day. Mr. Ditmars and his companion, r. Snyder, who is connected with the reptile department of the New York Zoological Park, captured two akes, and in the night while pondering over their or luck, a large snake was seen crossing a stretch white sand. It proved to be a specimen of the handmest of water snakes (*Natrix fasciata erythrogaster*). ey then went to the Savannah River, where the yous were extensive and populous with animal life. n the hummocks bordering the low ground numerous specimens were observed. They found that the only sure way of capturing these creatures was with a net. On peering about for this species they came upon a rattlesnake, which measured over five feet. While stepping on a log in a shallow stream in the low grounds their guide almost put his foot on a cottonmouth snake, which made a lightning-like dart at the guide's foot, but missed its aim and slid into the water. On this day they captured eleven cottonmouths.

A peculiar fact regarding the feeding of these snakes was observed. In the swamps in which they were found, hundreds of thousands of fish had been destroyed by the evaporation of water. In consequence, no food was left for these fish-eating reptiles except their harmless relations, the water snake. They gorged upon these, and in localities where mocasins were found common water snakes were rare indeed. One large moccasin disgorged a freshly swallowed snake immediately after capture. The dead snake and the cannibal were measured, and it was discovered that the moccasin was only a foot longer than the reptile composing his dinner, the water snake measuring a trifle more than three feet.

The Pigeon's Fate.

Being old enough at the time to fully appreciate the grand sight of the myriads of wild pigeons as they moved back and forth through the Mississippi valley in the late seventies, it did not occur to the writer when they suddenly disapneared that it meant they had done so for all time.

As the years pass and no satisfactory explanation has been advanced, the subject fairly nettles the thoughtful lover of nature. Superficial humane zealots as usual credit the "cruel" trapshooters with wanton slaughter, which is positively silly when it is remembered that a single flock, one of a hundred that passed in a day, would supply pigeons for trapshooting for several years. That disease exterminated them is not impossible, and is by far more reasonable than the trap or net explanation. Twenty-five or more years of guessing having failed to locate or account for the birds.

The suggestion here offered (for what it is worth), which was brought about by a Welsh rarebit dream, may, if followed up, give a clew to the whereabouts or fate of the birds which sportsmen of the last generation will ever remember as the most graceful and skillful flyers known. The dream above mentioned need not be given in detail, nor could it be at this time; however, the writer, with the aid of the aforesaid "rabbit," dreamed of a pow-wow with a venerable Indian who, when asked what had become of the pigeons, stated, to quote him literally (as dreamed) that "Pigeon heap d—m fool, fly in big water (meaning the Gulf of Mexico), no come back."

I am without any element of superstition, but this dream and Indian affirmation has haunted me for months. I have just returned from the Gulf coast, where, strange as it may seem, the dream has in a measure been confirmed as follows:

Having waded through a slough several times in quest of jack snipe, which were there in large numbers, and having killed and bagged many, I came to an inviting log near the edge of the swamp, which made a good resting place for a tired shooter. While seated there making up my mind whether I should quit shooting or go back after the snipe again, an old negro driving an antiquated mule attached to a creaking, ramshackle wagon with dished wheels, drove up. A few pieces of webbing, some chains for traces and a bridle and reins of common clothesline made a perfectly harmonious outfit.

"Whoa, Jake!" commanded the old man as he rolled up to my resting place. "Good mo'nin', sah. You all been spo'tin' some dis mo'nin'."

I assured him I had bagged a lot of jacks.

"I dun hear pow'ful lots o' gun firin' as I come along back."

His aged and gray head was set with bright eyes, and his old face beamed with good nature. I decided to do some of the questioning, so I started in with an inquiry as to whether Jake, who stood within reach of my seat on the log, had been or was a kicker. His owner assured me he was gentle and "never was a fool mule."

"How long have you lived here, uncle?" I inquired.

"I don't live here; I lives up dis road 'bout fo' miles."

"Yes, but how long have you lived in Texas, or near the Gulf?" I asked.

"Good Lo'd! I dun always been here," and, as if to emphasize the statement, his old face wrinkled more than usual.

"Do you remember the pigeons, years ago?" I asked.

"I shore does, sah."

"What became of them?" I asked, recalling the dream.

"Whar you all come from to ast dis nigger such fool things. Of cou'se I knows."

"Well, I don't," I remarked, "but would like to very much."

"You never dun heard of de black fog and the 'norther' on dis beach 'bout twenty-five years ago?"

"I never have; but what has that to do with it?"

"Beg youh pa'don, sah, I guess you all ain't jokin'."

I assured him I was not, and he began the story of the disappearance of the pigeons something like this:

"When me and Tom Clay was out huntin' coons and bob cats one day, de fog come so thick it was most pitch dark in dis woods and we was 'fraid to go to the island where Mars Judge Tobin lived, and we was workin', and jes had to stay right dar in dat timber fo' days and fo' nights—coze we shore would git lost if we rowed de boat in dat fog. Well, de second mo'nin' along come de 'norther' an' dun blowed dis timber most to pieces, but not de fog. By an' bye I hear a sound, I dun heard befo', pigeons was a-flyin' over, and de sound kep up all dat day till mos' dark. Den da come fallin' thro de trees around us with their wings busted, and heads busted, like they was plumb crazy; an' when da seen our fire da fluttered into it and put it clean out. Yas, sah, dat's God's truf, I dun tole you all. Next mo'nin' all dat could fly started off tor'd the ocean, an' the noise of more a-comin' kep up all day till mos' night. Dat noise was shore mighty bad, an' we dun been 'bout scared to death when de fog lifted, an' we started fo' home in de boat. Den we was scared agin, fo' de bay was mos' covered with dead pigeons an' blood an' feathers, an' mos' every kind of a fish was dar jes helpin' hisself, an' so thick we could jes row de boat. We dun busted right into a nest of sharks feedin' on pigeons, an' one throwed his tail so hard he knocked de oar out of de boat mos' ten feet. Next mo'nin' all the pigeons was dun gone, excep' on de beach was some washed up, an' a pow'ful lot of dead fish, little ones, s'pose got killed in de rush for pigeons. I neber did see a big flock since, an' ain't seen nary one fo' yeahs now."

"Then you think they perished in the Gulf?" I asked.

"I dun seen um, I knows I know it!" he replied.

Will some kind reader help me in this matter and interview some old sea cock who may have met the unfortunate birds further out to sea, and verify this negro's story and the characteristic statement that "pigeon heap fool, fly in big water, and no come back" of the visionary Indian.

Noynek.

A Submarine Battle.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

On a shallow shore of Long Island, near New York, extend long sandy beaches. These often are interrupted by creeks, or little inlets into which the tide runs at high water, running out again when the tide falls.

Standing on a bridge over one of these runways, I happened to see a big crab making a dinner upon a piece of fish which he held firmly in one claw. Around him, but at a safe distance, were several smaller crabs who did their best to join in the big crab's dinner.

Meanwhile the big fellow had no time to loiter over his meal, for in spite of his clever sparring with his free hand, every now and then one of his small enemies succeeded in making a successful raid, and retreated safely with a bit of the fish.

Still, between attacks, big Mr. Crab was bolting his provisions so fast that the little pirates would soon be defeated unless they could invent a better plan of attack. They had been making quick dashes and still quicker retreats, but the big crab, by wheeling to and fro, and by striking out or snapping his nippers at them, made a successful defense. He had only to turn as if on a pivot, while they must advance and retreat some distance.

Therefore the small fry consulted their ingenuity, and adopted a new plan of attack. One by one they scuttled up stream, keeping near its banks, until they were about eight feet above the defender of the fish. As each reached the right distance he would launch himself into the swiftest part of the current, and let himself be whirled downward.

By the time the young cruiser-crab was opposite the big battleship-crab, he would be going so fast that it was hard to hit him or to grip him, and yet he, keeping head on, and having to make no effort except a single quick grab at the fish, was able to score a frequent success.

No sooner did the big battleship-crab avoid one little cruiser than another was upon him, and his store of food rapidly diminished. Seeing that his defense was overcome, the big fellow gave up any attempts to fight, and devoted himself to eating as fast as possible.

In a few moments the fish was gone, and the battle was over. But it certainly was an uncomfortable way of taking dinner—for both parties to the battle. Civilization has its advantages.

The Gray Wolf a Fighter.

From a private letter written by Dr. Edward L. Munson, of Fort Assinaboine, Mont., we are permitted to quote a sentence or two which gives a notion of the power of the gray wolf, a matter that was referred to in an article recently printed in these columns. Dr. Munson says: "A fortnight ago I ran into an immense old dog wolf which must have weighed 150 or 160 pounds. I had only three dogs with me as the rest of the pack was off after a jack rabbit. The dogs, all fine fighters, all started for the wolf, and he whipped them in one, two, three order, in less time than it takes me to tell it. One he threw over a cut bank, crushed in the chest of another, and gashed the third dog's throat. I do not think that he could have done up three 100-pound wolfhounds as easily, though these dogs of mine are all good fighters and savage brutes, and one was an 85-pound staghound."

Importing Foreign Birds.

Kerrville, Tex.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The gray partridge (*Perdix cinerea*) has been successfully reared in confinement in France. If it can be done in France it can be done with proper care in America. There are plenty of wealthy men all over this county, who, if it were the fashion, would make their places on a small scale what the Yellowstone Park is on a large one, sanctuaries for native and foreign birds. Suggestions of importing foreign birds and undertaking the acclimatization of desirable game and song birds are too often met with the answer: "We imported the English sparrow, etc." Because we made fools of ourselves once, that is no reason that we should do it again.

E. K. C.



GAME BAG AND GUN



At the Home of the Uneasy Club.

This visit to the birthplace of the Uneasy Club, on the shores of Honey Creek Lake, Iowa. was one full of incidents which brought floods of delightful memories from away back in the early existence of the club when the lake was an ideal one for waterfowl.

Dispatches from the resident member brought the information that for the first time in about five years the old lake was full of water to the brim, the feed for the birds seemed to be fairly good, and there had been, during the first few weeks of the open season, enough ducks to suggest something good later when the flight from the north was on.

When I made my last transfer on the trip of 500 miles to our happy hunting ground, the weather was mild and anything but suggestive of ducks, but when I reached the final railway station, six miles further, there was a stiff wind blowing from the north, and before the club house was reached we were pulling the wraps about us and flinching from the penetrating and sleet accompanying blast.

"This weather must have been ordered for the occasion," said Ed., who had come up to thc lake from Omaha a few days before, and drove over to the station for me. "We have had some little shooting,. but nothing to what's coming, for the past hour thousands of ducks have been in sight, most of them, however, seeming to have pressing business further south, but there'll be shooting to-night or I don't want a cent."

At the turn of the road, where the first view of the lake and the shack of the old Irish couple on whose land the club house is situated, breaks upon the view, a feeling of sore disappointment came over me, for the shack had gone and a new two-story house, of trim appearance, was there in its place, and a big red barn standing beside the little modest old one which had done such good service for so many years. I had heard of the changes, but still was not prepared for them, and did not feel right until I had turned my back upon that view and looked in the direction of the club house and out upon the inviting expanse of water and rushes. There all was the same as in the olden times. The house looked as though we had said farewell to it only a few days before, instead of several years, and the air was full of the swish and whistle of wildfowls wings.

What a delight it was to push open the door and have it stick, half-way, upon the same strip of warped flooring that used to interfere with its further progress and which we never had time to fix on account of the ducks. There was the old-fashioned box stove into which we used to throw big logs and gather about after a day's hard hunting to relate to one another experiences of the day or other days, and absorb the comforting waves of heat and tobacco smoke. The same general arrangement of trophies and adornments upon the walls prevailed.

However delightful the home-coming and the silent welcome of that old resting place of the Uneasy Club (every board of which its five members had put into place during a summer of hard figuring and scraping together of the small stock of building knowledge possessed by each) very little time was lost in getting into hunting coats and waders and out into a blind, for the birds were coming off the river into the lake for protection from the fierce north wind and sleet which was increasing steadily.

By the time we had placed a large bunch of decoys in good position our fingers were too cold and numb to handle our guns at all, and some minutes had to be consumed in thrashing our hands to restore circulation. Flocks of ducks were in the air all this time and occasional chances for a shot, too tempting to resist, would be offered, and some one would drop a paddle or oar or wooden duck and take a shot at a passing bird or flock, but with rather unsatisfactory results on account of the cold, the unsteady boats or fierce and uncertain wind. By the time we were in shape to shoot, the birds were coming in like unto ye olden times, which was the highest praise of which we were capable, and it seemed as if ninety per cent. of all the birds which came down over the line of trees topping the ridge which separated the lake from the Big Muddy set their wings and came straight down to our decoys. The river was covered with travelers which had come down ahead of the storm, and when the wind got too high for them they came into our lake for shelter, and the way they set their wings and came down over us was without a parallel in my whole duck shooting experience. We kept our guns hot until too late to see to shoot with any degree of accuracy, and until we were so cold that we could scarcely distinguish between the rush of wings and the chatter of our teeth. Then we laid the guns down and pulled across to the very welcome quarters in the club house, and with a wonderfully handsome string of ducks of all varieties, from bluebill to canvasback.

How good it did seem after an appetizing supper, the preparation of which everyone had a hand in, to gather around the old heater in the same old home-made easy chairs (more comfortable than anything ever put together for city use), and with the sparks a-flying and the chimney sighing, to recount the many joyous days that so clearly were brought to our minds.

"You know that bunch of bluebills that came almost into our faces coming like the wind and so low that it was impossible to see them until they were too close for a shot, except at their retreating forms? The trick was to turn about in the very unsteady boat, handicapped by heavy, stiff clothing and breast waders or mackintoshes, and do it quickly enough to get not only a glance at the bunch of feathers which is disappearing at the rate of something like 200 feet every second, but to get an accurate line on it with one's gun barrel.

"That reminded me very forcibly of the similar approach of a flock of redheads years ago, when the mighty hunter and writer Bill and I were in the boat. Bill was standing up to enable him to see a little better over the high rushes, when a fine flock of these junior canvasbacks came right at him, so low and close before they came into view that it was an utter impossibility to draw a bead on them before they were overhead and past and getting out of harm's way with redoubled speed. Bill made one herculean effort to make the quick change of position in the boat, and so intent was he in getting his gun-sight on the retreating flock that he never realized that he was not succeeding until his back and the surface of the lake came in contact. I can see him now, in my mind's eye, as he disappeared under the water, his arms and legs pawing the air trying to get a line on the ducks still, I reckon. Of course he got out all right. You can't keep a good man down.

"And then—as Bill was not there to defend himself—do you remember that morning when Bill got into such a glorious flight of teal down near Mrs. McCune's hog pasture, that for a brief period Mrs. McCune and her hogs were completely forgotten until that amiable Irish lady suddenly appeared with blood in her eye, pointing an old relic of '61 at his head through the fence? It was said that this was the only occasion known when Bill said his prayers. It was a difficult matter to convince the old lady that when pellets made her pigs squeal with pain and rattled upon the roof of her house, the occasion was not ripe for getting down to business with the old musket, but finally they were apparently good friends and drinking out of the same bottle. Bill would let anything drink out of his bottle—if it would save him from a raking fore and aft with a smooth-bore."

Mrs. McCune was a character and a terror to all of the boys who had had the pleasure of meeting her on some of their expeditions to her territory in which the excellent teal grounds of the south end of the lake were situated, but Bill was ever afterward a privileged character there, and added to his reputation as an Indian charmer that of a tamer of wild Irish women—but Mrs. McCune had admirable characteristics which we were made aware of upon better acquaintance, and I regretted exceedingly to learn, a few days since, that she had gone to join that innumerable caravan who have sought their chamber in the silent halls of death.

So passed the evening in the interchange of reminiscences and the morrow came with milder air and cloudless skies and very little to suggest (except a little flurry of ducks in the early morning) the splendid shooting of the day before.

That perfect shooting seems to have been prepared as a farewell to the old club house and lake, for the encroachments of a railway are ruining the shooting there, and George, the resident member, has gone to take up his abode in the irrigated districts of Idaho, where Bill is likely to follow him soon, and Burt finds that the presence of wife and babies now makes a nearer hunting ground desirable. So passes the stamping grounds of the Uneasy Club.

Burt.

The Hungarian Partridge.

One does not have to be a very acute observer of the times from the sportsman standpoint to recognize the wave of advancement creeping over the people of this country in all matters pertaining to game, its propagation and hunting. More magazines are devoted to outdoor life and more people read them with interest. Notes on natural history that would have been "turned down" by the majority of readers a few years ago now find more than a passive interest. With each year there is an increase in the number of business men who recognize the "call of the wild" to the extent of arranging a certain date when the gun and dog for the moment usurp the place of dollars and cents.

This digression from the title is called forcibly to mind by a paragraph from the report of Dr. T. S. Palmer in his review of the game protection for 1904, printed in the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture. In speaking of the importation of foreign game into this country, he says, that among the consignments were 192 Hungarian partridges. Go back five years and ask yourself how many readers of Forest and Stream could have given you any information concerning the Hungarian partridge, the capercailzie and other birds of same stamp? I do not mean by this that they are now as common as the barnyard fowl. Quite the reverse. The propagation of these imported birds is carried on with great difficulty. That these difficulties are worth the effort to overcome is well proved by those that have shown the patience and skill in overcoming them. I do not feel embarrassed nor open to the charge of advertisement if I give the history of the Hungarian partridge as seen through the eyes of our game preserve, namely, the Essex Park Game Preserve, situated on the Rappahannock River in the State of Virginia, since our place is not open to the hunter.

In shape, color and characteristics the Hungarian partridge can be well called the big brother to our native Bob White. His size would correspond with twice that of the latter. The taste and color of its meat is the same. In coloring there is one difference found in the Hungarian cock. A splotch of maroon feathers forms a shield on his breast. With erect head he constantly hovers near and around his mate during the time of courtship. The hen, apparently unmindful of everything except the ordinary duties of household life, goes placidly along about her business, nor does she appear to see her lord and master, who keeps pirouetting in front of her, first on one side and then on the other, with his chest thrown well out. He is not polygamous like the English pheasant. His temperament is extremely pugnacious to any other cock that invades his quarter during this period. One or the other must retire or pay the penalty.

In this country the breeding season starts with the end of May, the same as in the old country. The pairing-of process occurs a month before this, however. Left to he own device the hen will make a setting on about twenty four eggs. She may bring out a second hatch, but this i doubtful. If during the laying season her eggs are sur reptitiously removed she will lay as many as sixty. I this connection she shows a trait in this country whic she has never exhibited in her native land or in Englan where she has been propagated; namely, to cover her nes with leaves and twigs. In the old country the nest i always left exposed and the small olive colored eggs blen in color with the sward underneath.

Before the Essex Park Game Preserve started its at tempt at rearing this bird, it went to some trouble in find ing out the previous efforts of other preserves in its im portation and propagation. It could only locate four at tempts, and each had ended in failure. Two were mad on the part of private individuals and the other two b Western States. In trying to determine the cause of fail ure on the part of these four the following causes wer found. In two cases the land was unsuitable for the bir to thrive in, being of a mountainous nature, in the othe cases the birds were turned out in the wild at once wit little or no protection.

Most amateurs who dabble in the propagation of gam rarely take into account the natural history of the bir they intend to cultivate. They buy from catalogue as th fancy dictates, regardless of everything except thei knowledge or raising chickens or possibly squabs an pheasants. The three are largely advertised as grea money-makers. They start at the wrong end of the hor by trying to force the bird to adapt itself to new condi tions and environment instead of making diligent searc into the bird's habits on its native heath, informing him self correctly as to its accustomed climatic conditions an range. Having made himself thoroughly conversant wit these things his next step is to find as near as possible it counterpart in this country. This counterpart can alway be found somewhere in these broad States and thei stretches from ocean to ocean. Most failures in rearin game can be ascribed to the above reason alone, all othe conditions being carried out to the letter.

I once met a man who had a few acres situated near little town in New Jersey. He told me at great lengt of his plans for raising the canvasback duck in confine ment. I believe his place was something like a hundre miles from any water except an artificial pond of stagnan water on the place. Up to the present I have hardly no ticed any diminishment in the table price of duck in ques tion, although at the time I believed he intended a revolu tion. A few years ago there was a man from the sam State that had a market price on all wing-tipped wil ducks shot on Currituck Sound. I was anxious to lear how these wounded birds thrived in their new quarter and found out from one informed. In almost every cas the ruddy, redhead and canvasback dropped away t feather and bone and then gave up their ghost. It i generally a question of how long they will live and i they can be sold to some prospective breeder before th time arrives. This does not apply to the common duck such as the mallard. They are easily domesticated, bu the taste is no longer that of the wild. A rose by an other name does not apply to the case.

To return to the subject in hand, the nature of th Hungarian partridge craves for a big stretch of open land His flight when flushed may be as great as a quarter of mile. In all probability it will be less than this, but sti he wants the open field. The importer that drops thes birds in the mountains will find them running as fast a their legs can carry them, and this at a pretty high rat of speed, for just such open land. On their journey o investigation they will be caught up one by one till non are left to reach the desired goal. Fox, hawk and do will complete the work of destruction that the man wit the gun has missed. He likes hills and wants wood cove but there must be open space where he can stretch hi wings and whirr to his heart's content.

Like the quail, he follows by preference the tiller of th soil. Any wheat field will appeal to his appetite, th clover patch will be visited during the day, and if there i any millet to be found he will be the boy to find it. Th newly plowed land will be gone over carefully and insec life pursued and devoured. During the heat of the da the covey will rest in the shade of alder or willow dow near a lazy stream. If dog or man happens near they wi all seek cover and hold their position till the last possibl moment. With a tremendous whirring of wings the scat tered covey will act the same as his brother Bob White each for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

In captivity they retain all the wildness of their nature as long as they are given the privilege of their wings This is in contradistinction to the pheasant. After th latter bird recognizes his handler it no longer flushes i its run when he approaches.

This tameness goes to the extent of feeding out of th hand sometimes. It is highly desirable to the breeder o wild game that it be tamed as much as possible, otherwis it is impossible to go near without throwing it into panic. Very often in cases of sickness it is imperativ that the bird be handled. If the bird is not tamed the ex citement caused by your attempts to touch it will mak the condition much worse. Where the wings of the Hun garian are pinioned or flight feathers are removed, th bird will become very docile and domesticated. This i the way it should be to successfully propagate. Needles to say that the runs during breeding season, or in fact an other, should not be open for public instruction or amuse ment. No one should ever see them except their handler This tameness in confinement is lost almost instantly a soon as the bird gains control of his wings. The young chicks, whether raised under bantam or mother bird, wil be as "wild as the rest of them."

In looking over causes of death, for this preserve make

n autopsy on such and everyone that dies, the principal ause among the Hungarians can be placed to the door of apes. I am not speaking now of the chicks but of the lder birds that were born in their native land. One hunred per cent. of this disease was found in the hens durig the time of setting. We can only account for it by he cramped position of the mother bird giving the worm good chance to obstruct the windpipe. On this subject f gapes, the worms found here in Virginia will average n inch in length, almost twice the size of those found in ost other places. The change of climate for the first ear of the importation will notice a marked degree of on-fertility among the eggs. It is not that the cock is t doing the best he can. Give the same birds a trial a cond year and you will notice the difference.

As far as the chicks are concerned they take absolutely their surroundings, and if anything thrive better than ey do in the old country. Who will deny that quail unting is the finest sport that we have on our side of e water? Imagine your marked bird twice as big as he ally is and you have the Hungarian brother. Isn't it orth the effort at cultivation? To many parts of this untry the bird is admirably suited and will thrive by own efforts if given a chance. We firmly believe that is the bird of the future and should be closely watched d studied and every effort made to cultivate and make e of our own. D. W. WYNKOOP.

ESSEX PARK GAME PRESERVE, Montague, Essex Co., Va.

Massachusetts Game Birds.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* on. Joseph P. Love, of Webster, writes "there are no ail whatever," but for partridges the prospect is "fair." 1904 an application for quail to be liberated was sent by the town of Webster, an appropriation having been ted in town meeting. The State Association was unle to send the birds on account of the lateness of the ll. The only other town to pass a similar vote, so far I know, was Cohasset, to which birds were sent, with cellent results, in the opinion of Mr. Souther, to whom e birds were consigned.

Mr. George F. Gaines, Secretary of the Rockland Fish, ame and Gun Club, reports quail very scarce. He says e must stock with quail and put a close season on them ll the time," besides providing feed during the winter. e favors a hunter's license of $1, the money derived to used for stocking with game.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney hears of no quail. Broods of ung partridges reported generally large, but though this as been a good breeding season he thinks they are nothing as numerous" as they were ten years ago.

H. A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg, expresses the opinion at quail are increasing since the "freeze out" in 1904. evies large and in fine condition. For partridges, he ys, prospects are "all any reasonable sportsman can k." He favors extending the license law making it apy to residents and non-residents as well as aliens.

Representative A. E. Knowlton, a bird hunter, reports om Gardner that quail are scarce and partridges reorted plenty.

W. H. G. Wight, of Lowell, a member of the State ssociation and a man who has been interested in game l his life, declares there are only a few scattering quail, nd the partridges have been "cleaned up" by pot hunters. he country about his city, he says, has excellent covers, t they need restocking and strict enforcement of the ws.

Mr. F. B. Green, also a member of the State Associaon, has extensive forest lands in North Dartmouth, says has heard quail only once or twice, has seen some rtridges; would be glad to restock his covers with quail.

A report from Yarmouthport is "fairly good" prosects. The informant has seen four pairs of quail. Very w shot last fall.

Mr. Howland, of Taunton, has not heard a single quail, nd has sold his dog. Thinks we must do some stocking nd "wait."

Mr. Crocker, of Barnstable, knows of two or three cks of quail and of partridges; considers quail rather arce.

Dr. Shurtleff, of Kingston, a South Shore town, reorts quail very scarce, partridges abundant.

Senator F. M. Chace, of Fall River, says prospects "not ry good." He would favor close time of two years and n appropriation from the State.

A report covering Dover, Medway and Bellingham is the effect that no quail appear to have survived the inter. These towns are good quail country.

Mr. E. H. Richards, a member of the State Associaon from Woburn, considers both quail and partridge arce. Another member, Mr. W. H. Manning, of North illerica (Middlesex county), regards "prospects poor" nd suggests the encouragement of fish and game clubs r protection of game and fish, that the commissioners nd men out to look after the formation of such clubs nd the extending of information on existing conditions, e laws, etc.

A correspondent in North Grafton believes "quail ooting a thing of the past."

F. F. Baldwin liberated birds in Hopkinton in 1904 and inks the prospect encouraging. Says those planted by m did well. Thinks town authorities should be induced co-operate in the work of the clubs, posting the ws, etc.

President Schofield, of the Groveland Club, Essex unty, thinks prospects "fairly good" as compared with ther years. A Peabody correspondent says quail are irly plentiful and partridge scarce. North Eastham, better than last year"; Northbridge, prospects for fall ooting good.

The secretary of the Leominster Sportsmen's Club reorts quail scarce, and he would limit the bag to four artridges a day and other birds in proportion. "Quail carce" is the report from South Lancaster, West Bridgeater, Savoy (plenty two years ago), Millbury, Millville, Vest Stoughton, Montague, Brookfield and Berlin.

Mr. Andrews, of Hudson, member of the State Associaon, reports quail "few," will be cleaned up in November; pity that month had not been closed."

Mr. Rice, writing from a town in the east central part f the State, says he has located seven young broods of artridge with "from seven to fourteen birds" in each brood. He says a fox caught the old bird of one family. He knows it for a fact, he says. He tells of a few woodcock and two broods of black duck. Outside of quail, he thinks birds will be more plentiful than for the past two years. He has seen two deer, and a neighbor reports seeing three together.

A pleasant letter from Mr. Roberts, of New York city, informs me that he has just returned from the Tunxis Club preserves in Tolland, Mass., where he saw a deer as large as a three-year-old Jersey heifer, a bald eagle, a crane, besides partridge and woodcock right around close to the club house, but he missed the familiar whistle of Bob White, not hearing a single one.

Perhaps the most doleful report of all comes from Mr. Payson, who has a large tract of land in Lexington. He says Italians shoot "anywhere, everywhere." They are utterly lawless. Says he released partridges (quail?) only to have them driven away or destroyed in spite of the land being posted. He adds, "I try to feed in winter but no use under existing conditions." I trust the alien license law will be so rigidly enforced as to relieve every citizen of the State whose experience is like that of Mr. Payson, and there are many such. H. H. KIMBALL.

The Wood Duck.

HANDSOME indeed is the wood duck in his resplendent spring pelage, his wedding suit, if you please. Scientists call him *Aix sponsa*. When the writer was a boy they were common, generally speaking, throughout nearly the whole of the United States, except that being shallow water feeders they were seldom found on our sea coasts. Non-divers, lovers of partially submerged tree tops, nesting in hollow stumps and in trees sometimes sixty feet above old mother earth, feeding upon acorns, vegetable growths of shallow pond bottoms, the seeds of wild oats and certain other weeds and scattered grains, they furnished our ornithologists with a nut to crack, for how did those young ducklings get to the water sixty feet below the nest in their tree home? The solution of this question occupied the bird men for the better part of a century. Of a verity the wood-duck is among the most interesting as well as most beautiful of our feathered bipeds.

I stole the miller's swan-like skiff and hunted the old mother duck and her downy brood on the mill pond, sloughs and old creek beds that in early days were fed by Stillman's Run, long before I dared to steal his gun and count coup on the myriads of feathered and other game with which this section, at that time, abounded. It was a joy and a delight to the boy who sent the little skiff in arrowy flight after the speeding mother duck and her young, to see her gaining cover for the brood, break into flight with squealing notes of distressed mother love, as the flappers quickly disappeared in some friendly shelter, nor was much required to hide them most securely.

Beginning in the days of loose powder, shot and patched bullets, and continuing in a progressive way to the present time, the writer has stood the successful hunter above the great majority of the game of our country, than which no land ever had a nobler heritage. But never has he felt quite the same thrill of pride as when he started down the creek for home, with several of those downy ducklings in the straw hat that he had seen his dear old grandmother (a pioneer product of the American forests primeval) build for him out of wheat straw that he had cut for the purpose. Of course, the trophies of this first hunt were proudly laid at her feet. She commended the skill of the little hunter, but assured him that in spite of anything that we could do, the young wood ducks would surely die, and sent him willingly back to turn them loose at the scene of their capture.

DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

Notes from Arizona.

PHŒNIX, Ariz., Aug. 5.—White-winged pigeon (*Melopelia leucoptera*) and dove shooting has been fine here for the past four months. The pigeons are much easier to hit on the wing than the dove, being a straight flying bird; they winter in Mexico south of here, and come to the grain fields of southern Arizona in the summer. Last week Messrs. Williamson, Snoke, Stull, Ainsworth, Cassiday, Pinney and Hedger bagged 236 white wings in a couple of hours' shooting in the afternoon. The birds are very fat now and particularly fine eating. The shooters sit in the shade of the big cottonwood trees in a line of flight, and kill the birds as they fly over. The doves are usually more plentiful than the pigeons, both of which are so numerous as to be almost a pest, and there is no closed season on either.

Our quail (Gambel's partridge) this fall will be plentiful everywhere in the valley. Last year was so dry in the early summer the quail did not mate, but this summer they are bringing off two or three broods, which will give abundant shooting.

Under our new game law the deer season opens Sept. 15 and closes Dec. 1, with a limit of three male deer. Non-residents must secure a license to hunt big game, which costs $10. Game Commissioner Pinney is now having the licenses prepared, which for convenience may be had next month.

The thirteenth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association will be held early in December. There will be three days target shooting, with good purses added, and teams from all the gun clubs of Arizona, as well as a number of outside shooters, will participate. The tournament will be held during or just following the first annual Territorial Fair, the date of which is Dec. 4-9 inclusive. The Phœnix Gun Club will have an election of officers within a few days, and make preliminary arrangements for the tournament, which will be held this year under their auspices.

Very few violations of the deer law are reported this summer. Nearly all the forest rangers are deputy game commissioners, and as they make it a point to carefully examine the outfits of every camping party they meet in the mountains, it has practically put an end to killing deer out of season.

Trout fishing in Oak Creek south of Flagstaff, and in White and Black rivers on the Apache Indian Reservation, has been exceptionally good this summer, and has been enjoyed by a large number of the disciples of the rod and reel. PHŒNIX.

Birds on Rock Island.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Aug 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About a week ago I took a short walk over a part of the Rock Island Arsenal island, which lies in the Mississippi River opposite to this city. As I was walking along one of the beautiful but little traveled woodland drives there, I was surprised to flush a ruffed grouse and its young from a large cluster of tall weeds, that were growing in an opening in the woods about ten feet from the road. The old bird flew up quickly into a nearby tree, while the young birds hurried into the thicker woods beyond. Later the old grouse flew around the open space and joined its young at a safe distance from me.

The ruffed grouse, like the prairie chicken, is rarely found in this county. That the ruffed grouse is rare is probably due to the fact that there are now very few suitable covers left for them, and also that a large amount of hunting is done in this county.

The Bob Whites here are doing nicely. On Aug. 7 I came across a flock of about fifteen young ones that could fly fairly well, and were nearly full grown. Another flock of young birds was seen on Aug. 3.

Owing to the protection they receive, Bob Whites are quite numerous on the island. Often they cross over to the Iowa shore, but few nest here, as they seem to prefer the island as a nesting site. About a year ago a pair of Bob Whites was seen running about on one of our principal streets, and cases of their being seen on lawns in the residence portion of the city are not very uncommon. A few years ago a flock of fifteen came into our yard, and after running about for a short time, they flew off into the less thinly settled portion of the city.

DONALD BERRYHILL DAVISON.

"The Game Laws in Brief."

THE "Game Laws in Brief" in the current edition has been revised to date and contains the laws as in force for 1905.

The plan of the "Brief" is to give all essential provisions of the laws relating to game and fish, omitting the surplusage but retaining everything that may be of use. For instance, the book is not lumbered up with specifications of penalties; it is assumed that a sportsman wants to know the law, and does not want to figure on what he will have to pay or how long he will go to jail if he breaks the law. It happened the other day, though, that a man from Connecticut came into the FOREST AND STREAM office to find out about the Connecticut export law penalty. He was figuring on whether it would pay him to run the risk of taking some birds home with him. When he added up the possible (if not probable) amount of the penalty he concluded "not to."

Apart then from the fine and prison features, the laws are all here, and they are so put as to be understandable by all men.

The "Game Laws in Brief" is an up-to-date, comprehensive, accurate and reliable compilation for the United States and the Canadian Provinces, while the "Woodcraft Magazine" feature has been discontinued, because it has proved impossible to publish successive issues at regular dates. There are in this edition two capital bear stories by Allen Kelly, out of his book, "Bears I Have Met," the volume which contains the original story of "Monarch, the Big Bear," concerning which a few months ago there was a lively discussion in these columns.

Firearms in Belgium.

CONSUL MCNALLY, writing from Liege, Belgium, calls attention to the trade of that city in firearms. He says 2,479,936 weapons—guns, revolvers, etc.—were officially tested, against 1,938,470 in 1903. Of these 891,875 for 1904 and 629,785 for 1903 were single-barreled; 656,327 (1904) and 536,433 (1903) double-barreled; 549,654 (1904) and 483,411 (1903) were revolvers. The increase is credited to the war in the East.

The President's Spring Hunt.

THE issues of Scribner's Magazine for October and November next will contain articles by President Roosevelt descriptive of his recent hunting trips in the West. One of the articles describes the expedition after coyotes and wolves in Oklahoma and the other the trip for bears and other big game in the Rocky Mountains.

The Old Home.

AN old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree;
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes
Through tear-mists behold them beneath the old-time skies,
'Mid bee-boom and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them, and heartsick with longing is my soul,
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bowl;
Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago,
To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its heart of gold;
To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees and to each listening leaf,
The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,
The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

—Criterion.

The Melbourne Sporting and Dramatic has been running a storyette competition, one of the prize-winning yarnlets being the following: A son of Erin, a recent arrival to Australia's shores, was being shown the sights of Melbourne. On a recent Sunday, the Zoological Gardens was their rendezvous, where, after visiting the large and varied exhibits, they came to a group of kangaroos. "And what may these be?" inquired the new chum of a fellow-countryman who had "come out" some time before. "Faith, if me mimry serves me right, they call 'em Australian natives." "Australian natives!" cried the new chum, in amazement. "Oh! wirra! wirra! And I have a nace married to wan av thim same."

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Disappointment.

I HAVE always longed to catch a big salmon, our delightful experience with Newfoundland grilse in August of last year much intensifying the desire, and was assured that plenty of them could be got in the same waters about July 1. So the rather elaborate preparations necessary for such a trip were promptly begun; guides were engaged; routes and rates decided on and transportation secured; supplies ordered from one St. John's firm to meet us at one point, and fishing tackle from another firm at another point, and my son and I left Cleveland late in June full of hope and confidence. In fact, some extra salt was ordered, so that the surplus salmon not used in camp could be salted and smoked, and we could fish with clear consciences, certain that none of our catch would be wasted.

All the preliminaries went so smoothly that we might well have known that fortune had a bad turn in store for us at the last. Trains were on time; sleeping car berths were to be had at the last moment and usually the last berths; tackle arrived at Port au Basques on time and all right. Fred met us at St. Georges, reporting the other guides waiting at Deer Lake, and all the supplies turned up at the last station, as did trunks and other baggage, without mishap. Then came the reverse of the medal. I had planned the year before to fish the Willow Steady pools on the upper Humber, where my guides had the greatest sport in the previous season. Now there were still great masses of snow and ice on the north slope of the Central Mountains, the Humber was in full flood, making a through route to the headwaters, and there were no fish in the pools at all.

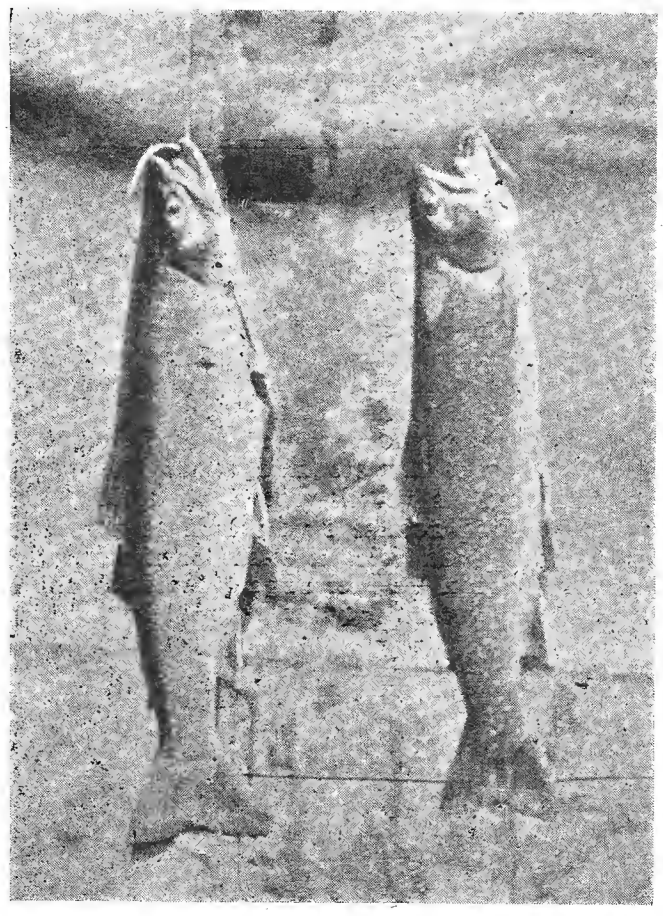
We decided to try Sandy Lake River, where there was such good sport with grilse last fall, and got to the first rapid after two days' delay. The water there was at least three feet higher than in the previous August, the river unrecognizable, and absolutely no salmon to be found, though trout fairly swarmed. Two more wasted days brought us back to Flat Bay River on the western side of the island, a fine salmon stream and ordinarily most productive; but now very low, with only a thin sheet of water purling through a waste of bowlders, and so clear that every stone and fish in it was as plain to our sight as we doubtless were to the latter. There are two fine pools just above the railway bridge, one beneath it, and two or three more in the half mile down to tide water, and these we flogged industriously, getting to the water in the early dawn, taking a long rest through the bright hours, and then swinging the rods again till dark, with nothing to show for it all but a few grilse, a good deal bruised from climbing over rocks and an occasional sea trout.

In the lowermost pool were clearly visible ten or a dozen salmon, running from ten to thirty pounds in weight, and every now and then one of the big fellows would roll out on the surface, just to taunt us. Now and again capricious fancy, or perhaps a change of fly, would make one rise to a cast, make a great swish on the water, fill us with hope and then settle back without a touch. So it went for three days until even my guides—good sportsmen and law-abiding citizens—began to drop into lurid language and express unhallowed wishes for dynamite or a net; but we kept our tempers pretty well, flogged away with the big rods, fought flies day and night, and hoped for better things to come.

Now we had an experience of the courtesy of English officers and gentlemen. Our two rods were more than sufficient for this lower river, and it is not customary to intrude on a previously established party, but two or three officers from a gunboat then at St. Georges came down and camped on the lower pools, flailing them night and day. We were told they would only stay for a day or two, so kept away from those pools; but I strolled down, met one of the party and told him that we were in camp at the bridge and had been fishing those pools for three days, but would leave them alone until their party were gone. They expressed regret to have interfered with us and said they were leaving next morning. That afternoon, while I was waiting at the pools above the bridge for the sun to drop a little further, one of this party appeared and promptly caught a grilse out of the pool I was watching. I walked over there and politely suggested that it was not quite fair, after we had left them the best pools, for them to also fish the small and inferior remnant of water in front of our camp, and this officer declared he had misunderstood the matter, apologizing and departed, taking with him the only fish I saw that night. The cap sheaf was put on, however, when the other two men appeared early the next afternoon and thrashed those same pools all over again, to a running accompaniment of curses from my guides, in which I felt rather inclined to join.

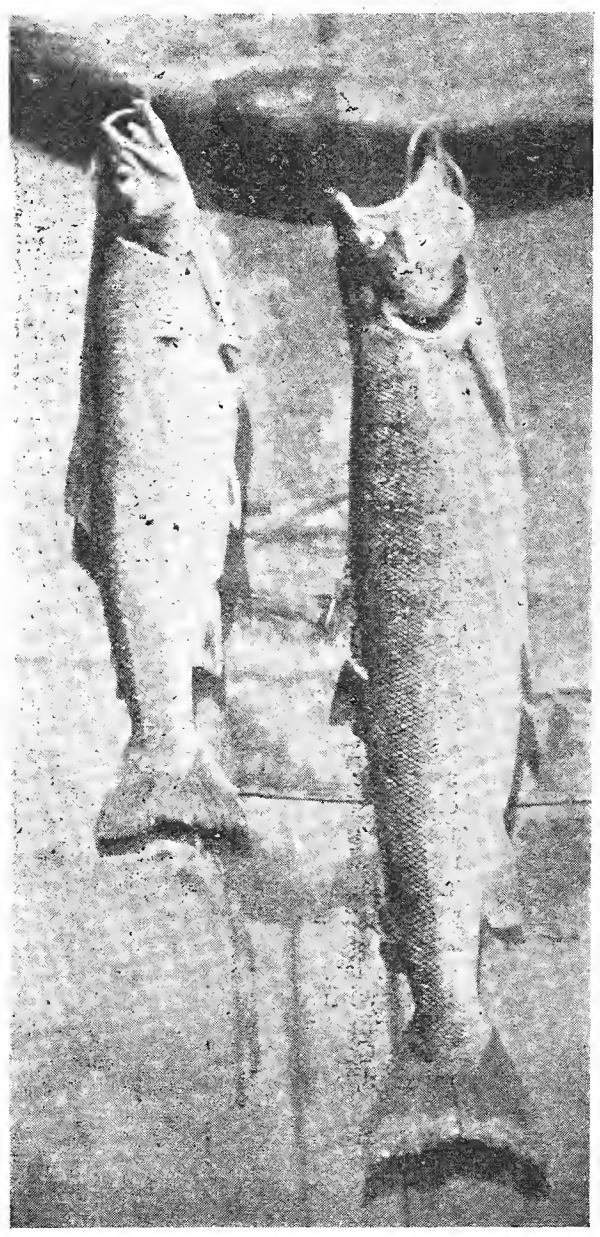
This party left the next day, having three large salmon and a lot of grilse from our pet lower pool, and we put in a week more hard work over this and the Red pools, some three miles up the river, without getting hold of a single salmon above five pounds. Then we both grew so sick, tired and disgusted that we would not have stayed a day longer for all the fish in Newfoundland, gave it up, scored the trip a failure and came home. All the way down fishermen fairly swarmed, every available pool, on any river visible from the train, being occupied by one or more men wielding big rods, according to general report with small success.

"Fishing with the fly" carries two meanings, one patent to the general public and another which comes home with particular force to those who have pursued *Salmo salar* in his haunts. The lordly salmon selects for his visits to fresh water the season and the country in which the insect plague is at its worst, and how bad this is only experience will teach. Certainly the hordes of flies that swarmed about us, and made ordinary comfort attainable only by constant thought and precaution, was far beyond my experience or imagination, large as both of these already were. During the daylight hours, from 5 in the morning to 8 at night in the northern summer, the black fly swarmed, with a thirst for gore that made their personal safety a matter



SEA TROUT. BROOK TROUT.

of indifference and a persistence that made nets of any kind nearly useless; coming in millions, creeping like a serpent, biting like a bulldog and entirely indifferent to being squashed. The cold nights of the north have caused the mosquito to pretty well abandon the nocturnal habits which he displays in softer climates, and to carry on his pernicious activity regardless of



SEA TROUT. 17½in., 2lbs. 6oz. GRILSE.

daylight. Among the trees and bushes they swarm beyond estimating, but the strong winds that generally blow all day keep them pretty well away from open and exposed spots, so that a refuge can generally be found where they are not beyond endurance. They are active until about 9 at night, and start in again with the first light of morning, when they are at their very worst. A faint idea of their numbers will be given by the fact that I once killed twenty-six by a single slap on my guide's back as he sat by a salmon pool.

It is difficult to make it clear how great an annoyance the constant plague is. By keeping all exposed parts well smeared with dope, renewed at intervals of not more than an hour (we two used nearly a pint of oil of citronella in eighteen days), and using a little tent of mosquito netting, well tucked in, to cover the head and hands at night, one can escape being badly bitten, but the brutes give you no rest, dressing, washing, bathing, or anything else that exposes the body, are very difficult to effect without suffering acutely, and it requires a great deal of very good sport to make up for the constant discomfort caused by these wretched beasts. When Moses induced Jehovah to send a plague of flies upon Egypt he showed an expert knowledge of the infinitely disagreeable.

In the Sandy Lake stream we found abundance of bright-colored and active brook trout, so many, in fact, that catching them was soon not amusing; but during the first two days on Flat Bay Brook saw no trout at all. The third morning a handsome silvery fish took my salmon fly, and the trout rod took half a dozen more from the same pool, and after that we generally got several every morning, which I supposed had run in from salt water the night before. These were the famed "sea trout," concerning whose identity with *fontinalis* there has been so much controversy. Naturalists, I think, are now agreed that these are only the common brook trout gone to sea, and that, after a short stay in fresh water, they resume the usual appearance of that fish, but the differences, both in shape and color, are so great that it is difficult at first to accept this view, correct as it probably is.

These fresh run fish were deepest in the center of the body, tapering decidedly toward tail and head, the later being triangular with upper and lower lines nearly straight and muzzle acute. The back was dark sea-green without vermiculations or spots, though the dorsal and caudal bore some lighter mottling. The sides showed some greenish shading toward the top, the rest of the fish being bright silver and the fins streaked with sea-green. Usually there was no red tinge of any kind, though a few specimens showed two or three very faint pinkish spots. The two trout shown in the first photograph were taken at the Red Rock pools, some four miles up stream, on the same morning and were of exactly the same length, one being a sea trout and the other a typical brook trout. The former had doubtless been in the river for some days and was decidedly darker than the fresh run specimens taken lower down, was 17½ inches long and weighed two pounds and six ounces. The latter was 17½ inches long, weighed two pounds and two ounces, had the body elongated, the head elliptical with upper and lower lines strongly curved, and the muzzle rounded. Back dark greenish-brown, with prominent vermicular markings in lighter shade, sides light brownish-gold with a great number of vivid carmine and pink spots, belly silvery. Fins edged with white and balance red with dark streaks. The whole body was suffused with a strong purplish glow fading to pink on the belly. This fish had evidently not been in the salt water that year if ever.

The second photograph shows the same sea trout with a grilse caught the same morning. Unfortunately the latter was unusually long and gaunt, and therefore much less like the trout in shape than most grilse, but the coloration of the two fish was very similar. Curiously enough all these trout acted like salmon taking the fly under water, not one making a clean rise or more than a mere break on the surface. The one figured made no splash at all and lay so quiet that I thought the fly was on a stick and started my guide into the pool to clear it, when it seemed that the line was moving very slowly up stream. At first I thought this only the illusion which, when you have been looking steadily at moving water, makes any fixed object seem to move in the opposite direction; but in a moment or two a sudden rush removed any doubt, and it was a good ten minutes before he came to net. The flesh, both of the fresh run sea trout and salmon, was decidedly hard, tough and springy under the teeth, so much so as to make them quite inferior for the table to either the brook trout or to the grilse taken late in August of the previous year.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Proprietors of all the hotels at Nantucket have been compelled to find rooms outside in order to accommodate their guests. The influx of summer visitors for the past fortnight is unparalleled in the history of the island. Sailing, fishing and bathing fill the summer holidays with pleasant variety. Many parties have had fine sport in taking large numbers of scup and plaice at the entrance of the outer harbor.

The local fishing stamers, Petrel and Waquoit, have had unusual success during the past week, capturing a number of large swordfish, one of which measured 14½ feet in length. At Chatham there are many new arrivals and few departures. The diversions here are largely sailing and fishing with some shooting of shore birds. This is the height of the season, and all the shore towns on Buzzard's Bay afford an opportunity for combining the pleasures of angling with that of sailing, this being the only body of salt water of any considerable dimensions which is effectively protected from the wholesale slaughter of fish by mechanical devices, such as nets, seines, etc. This has been brought about through the efforts of the Old Colony Club mainly.

The annual meeting of the club will be held on Friday, Aug. 25, at Padanaram, South Dartmouth, in the summer station of the New Bedford Y. C. A clambake will be served at Caban's Folly Hotel. The death of Mr. Joseph Jefferson has left the club without a president

and the desire that Mr. Cleveland should be his successor has been expressed by many members of the club.

Reports from Ed. Grant's camps at Beaver Pond and Kennebago indicate no let-up either in the number of fishermen or of fish. Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Waters, of Brooklyn, had fine success at Kennebago with the fly and make the return trip from the woods via the lakes, Dixville Notch and the White Mountains, where the scenery is as fine as can be found in New England. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Felt, of Lynn, occupy Lynn Lodge at the Barker, and have as guests Miss Dunlap, of Lowell, and Miss Sawyer, of Watertown. They have enjoyed the woods life and its accompaniment, the fishing.

Mr. R. G. Rich, of Boston, left the hotel at Middle Dam at 4 o'clock one morning and returned an hour later with four salmon and one trout.

Mr. C. H. Wiswell, of Boston, who has been for twenty-four years a frequenter of the Rangeleys, brought into Camp Wiswell four good salmon as the result of an afternoon's fishing.

Mrs. Samuel Boothby, of Portland, has to her credit an 8½-pound salmon.

Hon. R. O. Livingston, of New York, when he starts out for "Pond in River," takes rod and camera and returns with a few fish and some fine pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Sutherland, of New York, with their children, are occupying the Bungalow.

Mrs. J. S. Doane, of Boston, recently landed a 4-pound salmon at Upper Dam.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sawyer, of Lewiston, have as a guest at their camp Miss Lowe, of Wellesley, Mass.

Mr. Stephen C. Young, of New York, has taken a 5¼-pound salmon and several smaller ones from Rangeley Lake.

Mr. E. C. Gay's camps and most of the cottages at Clear Water are filled with guests, and some fish are being taken every day.

At Mr. H. G. Brown's camp Mrs. Brown is entertaining her sister, Mrs. E. T. Binnee, of Boston, and her niece, Miss Agnes Lawson, of Brookline. The captain of Mr. Brown's 35ft. launch is Gus Spinney.

The camps on the Megantic preserve have had many more guests thus far than usual, and they make a favorable report as regards the fishing.

The Belgrade Lakes continue to furnish surprises in the number of square-tail brook trout and of salmon. A New York angler got a 3½-pound trout and a 6½-pound salmon. Another from the same city a 6¾-pound salmon, and Mr. Cohen, also of New York, a 5½-pound trout. Dr. E. Palmer, of Brooklyn, took one of 4 pounds, and Mr. M. Peters, of New York, a 5-pound trout. But Mr. A. T. Sansbury beat the catch of Mr. Peters by taking one of 6 pounds.

Commissioner Ring, who has been in many sections of the State this season, says the prospects for partridges never looked brighter at this season. CENTRAL.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Concerning Squid and Other Cuttles.

IN FOREST AND STREAM for July 29 I had a short paper treating of some of the lures which are used in the deep sea fisheries in which I inadventently neglected to mention that best of all baits, not only in July and August, but whenever it is obtainable, the squid.

This curious creature, which is first cousin to the octopus, abounds all along the coast and thence far out to sea, it being abundant in all the waters on which the fishermen ply their vocation, from Massachusetts Bay to Florida, and its numbers are far from meager from Cape Cod to Newfoundland.

Just now it is the favorite bait among the trawl and hand-line fishermen, for it is of a tough consistency, remains well on the hooks, and seems to be a more tempting lure for cod, halibut, etc., than any other.

Great quantities are obtained in weirs and pounds, and when none of these are set the fishermen usually succeed in securing a good supply, which they obtain by employing a peculiar hook or "jigger," which is dropped into the water and played up and down until it is seized by one of the squid, when it is quickly drawn up and suddenly inverted in order that the creature may be dropped into the tub or bucket which stands ready to receive it, and before it has an opportunity to discharge its inky secretion in the face or upon the person who hauls it up.

The squid jigger is a curiously contrived implement, being composed of a great number of small hooks which are arranged in a circular manner on the base of a leaden shaft two or three inches in length, and about a half-inch in diameter, which is painted a bright vermilion color.

This is attached to a stout line and dropped overboard and permitted to sink, and as the leaden top or shaft is heavier than the base upon which are attached the hooks it descends into the water headforemost, the hooks being at the top as it descends.

Now, the squid, on a merely casual examination, particularly after it is dead, seems a flabby creature which could not by any possibility be endowed with the celerity of movement and cruel voracity which many of the predatory marine animals possess, but its appearance belies its real character most astonishingly, for it is really one of the quickest moving of all the creatures which traverse the depths of the ocean, and so destructive are its propensities it has often been called the tiger of the seas.

By aid of its powerful siphon tube it darts through the water with the celerity of an arrow, and such is the construction of this instrument it can shoot forward or backward with equal facility, and by inclining it to the right or left it can spring sideways as easily as in the other directions.

The squids travel in schools and prey upon herring, small mackerel and other fishes which they can easily capture, no matter how swiftly they may flee, and seeing the vermilion jigger in the water—for the squid has a pair of large and powerful eyes—it darts at the moving lure and grasps it greedily, and before it discovers what the character of the object it has seized, really is, it is lifted up, sometimes two or three on a single hook, and dropped ignominiously into the bait tub from which it never again returns until it is utilized by the fisherman for a trawl bait.

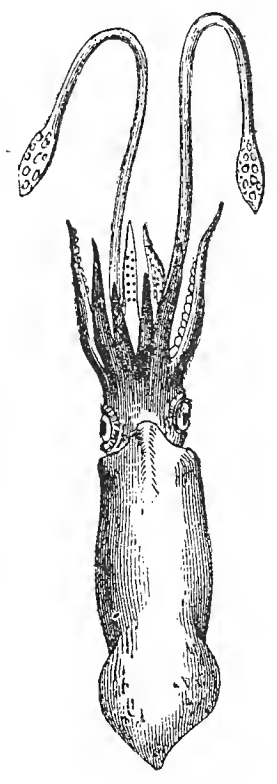
Some idea of the great abundance of these cuttles may be formed from the fact that dozens, even scores, of barrels are sometimes taken in a single tide in weirs and other traps, and a hand-line fisherman has been known to have taken from 150 to 200 with the jigger from a single school.

Like many other denizens of the sea the squid is endowed with cannibalistic proclivities, the larger and more powerful ones preying upon the smaller, and for this reason there is no great difference in size in the individuals of a school, for those of different ages, for prudential reasons, school by themselves. The ferocity with which the squids follow a school of young mackerel or herring is remarkable, and the havoc they work is limited only by the supply of victims, but there are reprisals, for the squid in its turn becomes the victim of the matured mackerel, bluefish, bass, squeteague, tautog, kingfish and other predatory species which regard it as an especially tempting *bonne bouche,* preferable to all other creatures upon which they prey.

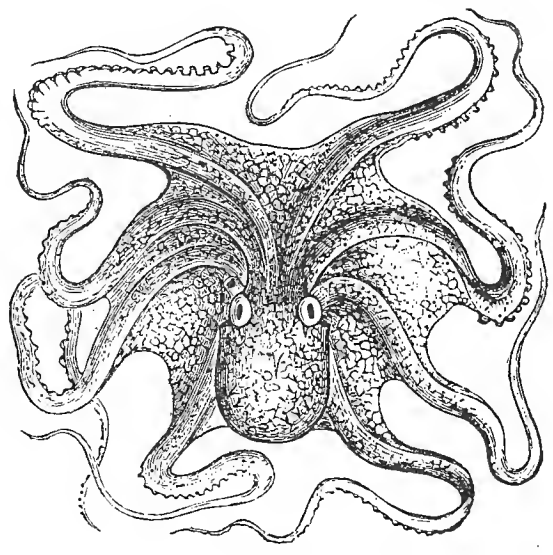
These cuttles are provided with a powerful biting apparatus which closely resembles the beak of a parrot, and with this they have no difficulty in crushing the shells of lobsters, crabs, etc., which they easily capture, and devour the meat of the unfortunate crustaceans quickly and greedily.

This biting apparatus is capable of inflicting a most severe and dangerous wound; in fact, if a finger should be seized by it the member would be severely lacerated if not severed at a single snap.

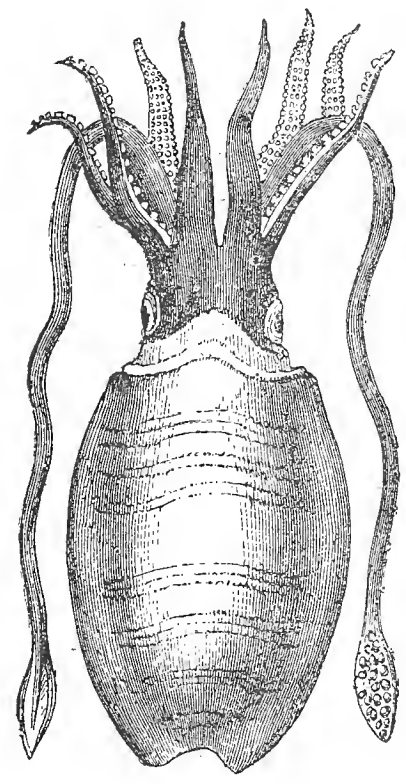
Like the other cuttles the squid has the curious factulty of ejecting a dense inky fluid to cover its retreat when pursued, and this, with other fluids contained in the creature, are of such a poisonous nature that the hands of the fishermen who cut them up for trawl baits often become



COMMON SQUID.



OCTOPUS.



CUTTLEFISH.

terribly sore and inflamed, the skin draws back from the nails, which in many instances become so badly injured that they are painful, sometimes in an excruciating degree.

According to Dr. Philip Carpenter, the cuttles have very acute senses. "They have an approach to a brain, inclosed in a cartilaginous skull. They can hear sounds, and evidently enjoy the taste of their food. They have a large fleshy tongue, armed with recurved prickles, like that of a lion. They either crawl on their head, tail upward, or swim, tail foremost, by striking with their arms, or squirt themselves backward by forcing water forward through their breathing funnels. They are ferocious creatures, the tyrants of the lower orders, and do not scruple to attack and devour even fishes. The large kinds are deservedly dreaded by man."

L. L. Hartt, in the American Naturalist, in further describing the characteristics of these mollusks, states that they are distinguished from the others by having a large head, a pair of large eyes and a mouth furnished with a pair of jaws around which are arranged in a circle eight or ten arms furnished with suckers.

"In the common cuttlefish or squid of our coast, the body, which is long and narrow, is wrapped in a muscular cloak or mantle, like a bag, fitting tightly to the back but loose in front. It is closed up to the neck, where it is open like a loosely fitted overcoat, buttoned up to the throat. Attached to its throat, by the middle, is a short tube open at both ends. This tube, or siphon as it is called, is fastened to its throat and can be moved about in any direction."

The animal breathes by means of gills, which are attached to the front of the body inside the cloak and look like the ruffles of a shirt bossom. By means of these gills the air contained in the water is breathed, and they answer the same purpose for the cuttlefish that lungs do for mammals.

I wonder how many there are among the fishermen who cut up the slimy, flabby body of the squid for bait, who associate it with the argonaut and beautiful nautilus, with which it is related, whose wonderful life histories have furnished a theme for romancists and poets from time immemorial?

Pliny and Aristotle both mentioned the argonaut in their works and wove most fanciful stories concerning them, and many modern writers have given these creatures attributes and characteristics which really do not belong to them.

Among the works of English poets Pope's lines:

> "Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale,"

are familiar to all, and James Montgomery, in his "Pelican Island," gives some verses to the same effect.

Unfortunately, however, the poets' verses, although beautifully rendered, are not correct in a scientific point of view, for the nautilus, etc., do not possess the habits that have been attributed to them. A writer in Science Gossip, in commenting on this fact, says:

"The highly poetical idea of the animal's hoisting up its sails and scudding before the breeze is not true, but observers say that it does occasionally make use of its other feet as oars or paddles. The female only is provided with the shell we so much admire, and the function of the two broad dorsal arms, which were supposed to be used as sails, is in constructing this."

The cuttlefishes, among which the squid belongs, constitute a group whose study is full of fascinating interest, and of them all none has attracted greater attention than the octopus, whose characteristics have been treated of by many writers. Many are the names that have been bestowed upon it, such as the "sucker," "man sucker," "blood sucker," devilfish" and "poulp," being common appellations. A species of this genus was the celebrated Polpus of the ancients, performing all sorts of wonders and terrible deeds, such as seizing and devouring human beings and even capturing a boat's crew or pulling down a vessel, which was said to have been done by the Kraken.

In describing the peculiarities of the octopus an English writer, Mr. W. H. Booth, says: "As the name implies, the octopus has eight fleshy arms or feet, which on an average are about twice the length of the body, are very muscular and flexible, and taper down to a point little thicker than ordinary twine. Along the whole under surface of these arms is situated a series of circular discs or suckers, of strange construction. These suckers are fixed in pairs, except the first half dozen near the mouth, which are placed immediately over each other, they form the chief means by which the poulp is enabled to seize its prey and are of curious construction, for in the hollow of each is a piston exactly fitting the aperture, capable of being worked up and down at the will of the animal. When, therefore, the surface of this sucker is pressed against any substance the withdrawal of the piston creates a vacuum, and powerful adhesion takes place."

Having seized its victim by encircling it with its arms, the octopus drags the unfortunate animal to the powerful horny mandibles, with which it is furnished, and makes short work of it. The number of suckers possessed by the poulp fall but little short of two thousand.

The squid, like the other cuttles, has the power of changing its color like a chameleon, assuming the tint of the bottom, sandy or rocky, over which it passes.

Darwin, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," in commenting on this factulty, says: "These animals also escape detection by a very extraordinary chameleon-like power of changing their color. They appear to vary their tints according to the nature of the ground over which they pass. When in deep water their general shade is brownish purple, but when placed on the land, or in shallow water, this dark tint changes into one of a yellowish green. These changes were effected in such a manner that clouds varying in tint from a hyacinth red and a chestnut brown were continually passing over the body."

The cuttles have also a phosphorescent glow which is often displayed at night to the wondering gaze of the fishermen as their craft lies at anchor on the star-lighted sea.

The Decadence of Salmon Rivers.

While I do not wish to be regarded as a crank, or as riding a hobby, that hobby being the decadence of Canadian salmon rivers, I am free to confess that this matter occupies a good share of my thoughts and anxieties, and that I lose no opportunity to secure such facts in relation to it as are obtainable. In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I made mention of the injury that is being done to that noble river, the Miramichi, by excessive netting at its mouth and by poaching in all the pools for scores of miles up the river. A correspondent of one of my friends has recently written him a letter in which occurs the following passage:

"We have no anglers. There are no salmon; they are of the past in the Miramichi River. There have been only two salmon caught above Boiestown this season. I have just come to-day from Burnt Hill. Have been on the river four days and never saw one salmon or grilse. We caught a few small trout and that is all.

"None of those parties who own pools along the river have been here for years, nor in fact any sportsmen. There is nothing to fish for, and unless there are some restrictions made in the fishing at the mouth of the river and in tidal waters there will never be any salmon fishing up the river again."

In commenting on this my friend says: "I am afraid this fine salmon river is doomed to destruction. The Ottawa Government has no interest in its protection, since the New Brunswick Government assumed control of the Provincial Inland Fishery, and this Government

has no interest in protecting riparian fishing from which it derives no revenue. In order to restore their fishing the club would have to protect the whole river above tideway, and this would cost more than it could afford and more than their sport is worth. Netting must be reduced or the salmon is doomed to extinction. There was a fine run of salmon in the Miramichi this season, but you will see by the inclosed letter that none get up to the angling pools. I have had no report from the Restigouche anglers, and do not know what they are doing. The Nepisiquit Club do not fish their river this season. They have farmed out their waters to whoever will pay their price, and I understand the demand is brisk. Some of my friends could not get access to the river until August, when the cream of the fishing will have been skimmed."

Fish and Fishing.

The Genesis of the Ouananiche.

I met a very intelligent party of American anglers the other day, who wanted to know from me all about the landlocking of the ouananiche in Lake St. John. The guides had assured them that the fish were actually landlocked salmon, but that was all that they could tell them about their origin, and the fishermen naturally wanted to know how they could possibly be landlocked in water that communicated as closely with the ocean as the majority of our inland salmon rivers do. In the course of our talk on the subject the promise was exacted from me that I would refer to this matter in an early number of Forest and Stream. I do so the more readily that I am constantly finding fresh evidences of widespread error concerning the origin of the fish.

There is a pretty fiction of poetic fancy that the fighting ouananiche is the begotten of the salmon of the sea—the progeny of a superior and more highly developed form of organic life, and that for the mere love of a purer and sweeter home, it has renounced the fleshpots of the briny deep upon which its forefathers thrived and fattened from generation to generation, content itself to suffer physical deterioration and a deprivation of ease and comfort, for a life of constant struggle and heroic endeavor amid the sterner surroundings of a constant fresh water habitat.

Another conception of the life history of this doughty warrior robs it of the glory of a voluntary exile from the salt water home and feeding grounds of its supposed progenitors, and attributes the continuity of its life in fresh water to causes entirely beyond its control. Hence, the theory of landlocking, promulgated by hasty and careless observers, and the contention that this fish has been shut out from the sea by some mighty upheaval of nature, until it has completely lost the habit of anadromy.

These romantic suppositions of the genesis of the ouananiche, which traverse the actual facts and mistake for a comparatively modern development of *Salmo salar,* that which is really its ancestral stock, are disproved alike by the revelations of paleontology and of modern geographical research.

It is exceedingly difficult to conceive how the serious investigator can really arrive at any other conclusion than that the ouananiche is the progenitor of the lordly salmon, and not, as is so often contended, its wayward child.

Its age is uncertain, though it is doubtless older, by an eon or two, than the salmon of the sea, by which it is so often and so erroneously supposed to have been begotten.

The lower or purely marine genera of the salmones were ushered into existence, together with other cycloids, in the cretaceous period contemporary with the deposit of organic remains in chalk formations; existing fossils of these forms settling their geologic time beyond any question of doubt. These first salmonoids made their appearance myriads of ages before the time of the haddock and the cod, and of even the earliest varieties of the Gadidæ—the food fishes which now throng the Atlantic coast of North America. The fresh water salmonidæ, on the other hand, which, as hereafter shown, necessarily includes our *Salmo salar,* could neither have been created nor evolved very long before the appearance of man upon the earth, since none of their remains have been found in any of the fossils, not even among those of the post-tertiary or most recently formed rocks. They came into existence subsequently to the great glacial or pleistocene period of the world's history, for a cold salt sea, similar to that which to-day washes the base of Greenland's icy mountains, covered, at that time, all but the most elevated portions of the country now drained by the St. Lawrence, and it is a well known fact that in fresh water only are the salmon, the ouananiche, and the other more aristocratic of the salmones inhabiting the Atlantic slope of the North American temperate zone, capable of reproducing their kind.

Finny Aristocrats.

These salmonoids—which had not attained their culminating point until the human period—represent the highest development of fish life. As corporeal man among the mammals, so are they among the fishes—the most strenuous of strugglers and most ambitious of rivals, whether in love or in war; keen of perception and fertile of resource—dexterous and cunning, animated by an undaunted determination to overcome every obstacle in the battle of life, and constituting the highest types, each in his own sphere, of physical perfection and beauty.

The *Salmo salar* was originally a purely fresh water fish, whose anadromy is a comparatively modern acquisition, is in harmony with the best modern ichthyological research. Mr. J. W. Willis Bund, chairman of the Severn Fishery Board, discredits the belief that the salmon is a sea fish, and that it only resorts to the fresh water to spawn, and points out in support of his theory that other migratory fish which live in the sea and ascend to the fresh water to breed are totally different in their habits from the salmon, in that they run up the rivers, breed at once and then return to the salt water. The most notable of these are the shad and the lamprey, which only remain for a period of three weeks or a month in fresh water before spawning and returning to the sea.

Prof. G. Brown Goode also inclined to the view that the natural habitat of the salmon is in the fresh water, and in support of it referred to the well known case of the Stormontfield Ponds in Scotland, where salmon have thrived for years in the lakes in which they have been confined. The salmon of Lake Ontario, which were quite plentiful in the big inland sea and in most of its tributaries in the first half of the last century, doubtless remained there all the year round, as the ouananiche does in Lake St. John, and there is nothing to indicate that any of its progenitors had ever known a salt water habitat, or that after enjoying such a luxury, as the increased food supply of the sea would have there afforded them, they would later have contented themselves with a self-imposed exile in fresh water.

Prof. Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., sees nothing by which to distinguish the ouananiche from the salmon of the sea, and takes the fresh water individuals to be the better representatives of the species *Salmo salar,* thus grouping himself with those who regard the Atlantic salmon as originally but a fresh water fish, that has acquired the habit of wandering from the crystal Eden in which it was created, into the salt wilderness of the sea, for the purpose of indulging its voracious appetite upon the more abundant food supply there awaiting it.

Those specimens of the original type which have remained in their early fresh water homes are the ouananiche or so-called landlocks. Their habitat is by no means so limited as was originally supposed. They are not only found in Lake St. John and its tributary waters and in several of the lakes of Maine, but also in Newfoundland, in Norway and Sweden and in several of the rivers and lakes of the Labrador coast. In very few of these waters are they absolutely landlocked.

The Swedish Landlocks.

Lake Werner, in Sweden, affords one of the exceptions to the rule. The river by which its surplus waters find their way to the ocean has a waterfall quite impassable for any salmon from the sea. Mr. Samuel Wilmot, who saw some of the landlocks from this lake at the International Fisheries Exhibition in London in 1883, described them as "beautiful, bright, symmetrically formed salmon, ranging from 8 to 16 pounds, and identical in every particular with the Lake Ontario salmon of former years, with which," he continues, "I have been familiar during the last sixty years, and great numbers of which I have taken with net and spear from a stream running through my own property, up which they came from Lake Ontario in the autumn months for the purpose of spawning; this Ontario salmon being the winniniche of Lake St. John, Province of Quebec, and of the Schoodic lakes in Maine."

The contention of some writers that the progenitors of Lake St. John's ouananiche were imprisoned above an impassable barrier at Chicoutimi by some upheaval of nature which prevented their return to salt water and transformed them from salmon of the sea into ouananiche, is now virtually abandoned. The most casual examination of the waterway from Lake St. John to the sea proves the utter absurdity of such a proposition.

Equally ridiculous is the assertion that the original ouananiche were enterprising emigrants from a former salt water environment, and voluntary settlers amid new surroundings—in other words, a colony of salmon from the sea, which, having ascended to fresh water and become satisfied with its depth and with the abundance of its food supply, concluded to secede from its oceanic domain, and remaining in its new and congenial environment, founded there a kingdom of its own. The refutation of this theory is furnished by the discovery of the ouananiche, both in Newfoundland and in Labrador, in fresh waters to which it could not possibly have ascended from the sea. As already shown, it had not yet sprung into existence when the geographical distribution of many other species of fish was so largely facilitated by the existence of the cold salt sea which overspread the greater part of the Atlantic slope of what is now the Dominion of Canada, and in any case it could not have reproduced its kind under the then existing conditions, since its spawn does not survive exposure to salt water.

There is therefore no other manner of accounting for the presence of the ouananiche in so many wild waters to which it could never have ascended from the ocean, than to accept the explanation to which all modern scientific investigation of the matter points, namely that the specimens found above the great falls of the Hamilton River and in other fresh water lakes and rivers of considerable elevation above the level of the sea, are not immigrants or settlers from the salt water, but the natural inhabitants of the home of their earliest ancestors; while the emigrant is the salmon of the sea, who, when in salt water, is but a stranger and a sojourner as all his fathers were while there.

A Large Maskinonge.

One of the largest maskinongé caught in Lake Deschenes, near Ottawa, in many a day, was recently killed by George Loveday. The fish measured four feet four and a half inches long and weighed 25 pounds.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Japanese Fisheries.

In a note regarding the promotion of fishery trade between the United States and Japan, Hugh M. Smith, Deputy Fish Commissioner, writes:

"The consumption of water products in Japan is enormous. Fish is not only the staple animal food in all parts of the empire, but is the only animal food that enters into the dietary of a very large proportion of the population. In no other country are so many persons engaged in fishing. In a total population of 50,000,000, 3,000,000 people are engaged in this industry, and fully 10,000,000 men, women and children are directly dependent on it. A large part of the catch is sold fresh, but considerable quantities of certain species are smoked, dried, salted, canned or otherwise prepared. No ice is employed in the preservation of fish. This, however, is not serious, as the prosecution of fishing on all parts of the coast, the long coast line, the shape of the islands, and the transportation facilities permit nearly the entire population to receive daily supplies of fresh fish in good condition."

Striped Bass at Octoraro.

About ten years ago it became suddenly noised throughout New York and Pennsylvania that there was superb striped bass fishing at Octoraro, Md., and anglers rushed thither to find the most enthusiastic reports more than fulfilled. Curiously enough, a few anglers had known of the striped bass fishing at this point for many years and made no secret of the locality, one of them, the late Andrew M. Spangler, going so far as to publish the place in his little book entitled "Nearby Angling." It remained for a New York sporting goods dealer to visit Octoraro and give it notoriety, and at the same time afford him an opportunity of advertising his really excellent blood worms. Until Mr. Dirckes first trolled his blood worms through the great swifts in the Susquehanna, the approved methods of catching striped bass were eel tail or shedder crabs, but eel tail, while it caught the largest fish, is not satisfying to the man who fishes for numbers, or, indeed, to the man who rows the boat for the fisherman, because he has to row with just double the speed, and shedder crabs caught neither numbers nor large fish certainly. Within two months after the anglers of New York city, Philadelphia and Baltimore discovered what a paradise for striped bass fishing there was at Octoraro, the place was crowded daily, and on Saturdays sometimes as many as twelve and fourteen boats would be working one of the three great pools at the same time, pools which would only comfortably hold four or five boats and in which one, a few months previously, was rare.

On the right bank of the river in Harford county, a comfortable little frame farm house nestles among great maple trees. It is occupied by a Mrs. Caldwell, and she, noting the influx of anglers, took some of them in. As her house is not very large, to the joy of the high class angler, at the outset, she refused to accept guests unless they were recommended by some of her patrons, or could successfully pass the ordeal of an examination at the hands of one of her brothers. But the guest once taken in, finds nothing to regret. There is a bountiful store of perfectly fresh food, exquisitely cooked, there are nice rooms, clean sheets, no mosquitoes, and what is just as important as anything else, Ella, a negro waiting maid whom Mrs. Caldwell has brought up from childhood, as a waitress. To insure accommodations, it is always necessary to write to Mrs. Caldwell to her address, Shure's Landing, Harford County, Md., at least one week before going. On the other side of the river, in Cecil county, there is a house for the accommodation of anglers, kept by a skilled fisherman named Fred Irwin. The surrounding country may be described as a miniature Switzerland. There are gorges, tumbling streams, winding roads, quaint little houses on the hillsides, and a general air of grandness and picturesqueness.

The three great fishing pools are known variously as the Stop Locks, the Dutchman's Pool and Mark Rock. There, when the water is not too high or too muddy and in the right season, are to be found thousands upon thousands of striped bass weighing from 1½ to more than 20 pounds each. The average fish which are caught run from 2½ to 5 pounds, although if it be a lucky day, nearly every boat will have at least one 12 or 15-pounder to show. As far as I know, the heaviest fish caught at Octoraro weighed 27½ pounds.

Mark Rock pool begins at the foot of one of the many dangerous Susquehanna falls and is the largest of the group. The water runs through the middle of the pool at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, and is said to be from ten to fifteen feet deep. The second or Dutchman's Pool is practically a continuation of Mark Rock Pool, being separated from it only by a short shoal of less than 200 feet. It is the deepest of the three pools and is only fishable when the waters in Mark Rock and Stop Lock are too low, and when, by excessive fishing in the upper and lower, the striped bass have been driven to the Dutchman's. It is directly opposite Mrs. Caldwell's house and received its name in the following manner. About two weeks after the New York sporting goods dealer announced the place, a foreign gentleman residing in Delaware went thither fishing, carrying with him a rod strong enough and stout enough to lift a porpoise, and a line which would have held a man-eating shark. Fishing was poor in both Stop Lock and Mark Rock on that day, and everyone said the pool opposite Mrs. Caldwell's was no good for fish at any time. It happened in the afternoon on rowing in to the house that the foreign gentleman, who publicly avowed himself to be a Dutchman, caught a 3½-pound striped bass. The next morning, on coming in to breakfast he repeated the performance, and at noon he did the same thing. Whereupon, despite laughter on the part of all the anglers and the boatmen and the protest of his own guide, he declared his intention of fishing the pool after dinner. He did, all the other fishermen going elsewhere. Within a couple of hours the half-sleepy anglers in the other pools heard a terrific shout, and seeking the cause, they found the foreign gentleman struggling with a huge striped bass. He was winding the reel with all his strength and the rod, stiff as it was, was bent nearly double. He shouted to the anglers who crowded up, "I cannot turn the reel!" In fact, the fish was pulling one way and he the other. Something had to give way, and as the line and the man were the stronger, the fish suddenly came out of the water with a leap and was promptly netted in the foreign gentleman's boat. The fish weighed 18 pounds. Everyone went fishing in the pool that afternoon and everyone caught large numbers of fish, and the pool, which afterward became a favorite, was thereafter known as the Dutchman's Pool.

The method employed for catching striped bass in the Susquehanna River at Octoraro is by means of trolling. A short rod, just stiff enough not to bend too much with the weight of the long line and sinkers, etc., is the best, a rod, say, weighing from seven to nine ounces. Under no circumstances take a sea-casting rod, as the angler will be deprived of one-half his sport. The reel should be a multiplier and should contain at least 100 yards of line. While not necessary, a three-foot double-gut leader is desirable, and the line should be of some dark color, green or brown. A white line should never be used. To the end of the line is attached one or two trolling spoons from which the three-pronged hooks have been removed, and to the lower one, if two spoons are used, should be attached one or two single hooks, any size from 4-0 to

7-0 will do. The best hook of all to use is the O'Shaughnessey. The lead, which must be heavy enough to sink the spoon nearly to the bottom when the boat is in motion, should be attached to the line about two or three feet above the spoon. As already intimated, the blood worm is the best bait for large and general catching. If two hooks are employed, three or four worms are used, and they are looped from one hook to another, so as to form a wriggling bunch. The boatman will probably put them on the hooks much better than the angler, so he had better be allowed to do the job.

If the fishing is good, it will probably require about 100 blood worms for one day's fishing, and these worms can be secured from sporting goods dealers in New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore. The angler sits in a chair in the stern of the boat and pays out from seventy to seventy-five feet of line, while the boatman zig-zags slowly up the pool and through the "swifts." Unless the bottom is struck every now and then the sinker is not heavy enough, for the striped bass lies among the great rocks at the bottom of the pool. When the top of the pool is reached the boat is turned and goes spinning down through the swifts at the rate or six or seven miles an hour. When a striped bass strikes he does so with an earnestness which indicates that he had fully made up his mind what to do, and the moment the hook is driven into his jaw the fish turns and makes for the Chesapeake Bay at the greatest speed he is capable of. If he be a good-sized specimen he will take out anywhere from fifty to seventy-five yards before he can be turned, and in this connection it is advisable that every angler wear a thumb stall lest the skin on his thumb part company, while he is trying to put pressure on the spool. The angler should be cautioned when at length he can take hold of the handle of the reel to do so with the thumb and forefinger only, because after the fish has once been turned and he is being drawn toward the boat he may suddenly take it into his head to object, in which case, if the fisherman has the handle in the ordinary manner, he may receive a bruised or even a broken finger from the sudden jerk at the second run of the fish.

The fight of a good-sized striped bass will last from five to twenty-five minutes, according to his weight, the water temperature and the part of the pool in which the fish happens to be. The striped bass, when he gives up, does so suddenly and can then be drawn to the net like a wet rag. Apparently he has only three tricks in fighting, and these are the most moss covered used by the black bass. He has a way of shaking his head, and sometimes when the line is close to the boat, of turning on end and trying to strike the line with his tail and so tearing the hook loose. Sometimes he comes to the surface and breaks water without leaping and so tries to free himself of the hook on the slack line. When the fish is first hooked the boatman paddles his boat to the nearest bit of back water, where it can rest quietly while the fish is being played. When the fish are running properly, a day's fishing will yield from twenty-five to fifty. Anglers from New York and Philadelphia will arrive at Octoraro at 5 o'clock in the evening and be taken by the boatman to the fishing grounds and to supper when night falls.

It is not only necessary to secure accommodations a week ahead but it is also necessary to secure the boatman at the same time. Either Mrs. Caldwell or Mr. Irwin will secure boatmen at the request of anglers. As the duties of a boatman are rather severe, he charges $4 a day for his work.

There is also good striped bass fishing at Conowingo, about six miles above Octoraro, and also at Bald Friars, which is within the Pennsylvania line.

Passengers from New York or Philadelphia must necessarily take the Pennsylvania Railroad to Perryville on the P., W. & B. branch, and there take the Port Deposit branch on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Pennsylvania train arrives at Peddyville about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the Port Deposit train leaves about ten or fifteen minutes later.

It is fortunate that an angler may catch striped bass at Octoraro to his heart's content when they are running freely, without much danger of his being denominated a "hog" fisherman, for his boatman will gladly receive as a gift all the surplus fish and can readily dispose of them in the market of Baltimore.

W. E. Meehan.

An Indian Fish Story.

Mr. Fred Swindlehurst, in the Journal of American Folk-Lore, tells a number of stories which he heard under singular circumstances among the Cree Indians on the shores of James Bay, near the mouth of Pontiac's Creek. A group of these Indians were seated about a blazing camp-fire, silent and moody, enjoying their evening smoke. It was a cold and dark night in autumn. Suddenly one of the men began to relate a story. At first his voice was low and agreeable, but when he came to adventures of war his tones rose and his gestures grew violent. The audience listened to his tales with no sign of incredulity, and occasionally grunted approval. It seems that these stories are told only in the autumn, and that it is supposed to bring bad luck if they are told at any other season. Apparently the proverbial fish story is common to the whole *genus humanum*. We quote Mr. Swindlehurst's record of "A Big Perch" story with his comment:

"Some Indian hunters were camped along the shores of Lake Mistassini. As fish and game were plentiful they were happy and contented. One evening they missed one of their number, and though they searched everywhere could not find him. They had many days given him up for dead, when he surprised them by calmly walking into camp. On their asking him where he had been he told the following story:

"'That night you lost me I was at the bottom of the lake, where I saw all kinds of fish, some pretty, some ugly, and some savage. There was one perch so large that he could not turn around in the lake, but had to swim up and down without turning.'"

The above story has been handed down from father to son, and even to-day Indians refer to the "big perch" just as seriously as if it really existed. Lake Mistassini is 120 miles long and twenty miles wide, so the legend far eclipses the white man's story of the sea serpent.—New York Evening Post.

The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

Among the California Channel Islands—Camp at San Clemente—Fine Fishing—Ancient Inhabitants—Whitefish on the Rod—The Sheepshead.

Among the islands strung along the coast of Southern California, a chalice of emeralds in settings of azure, the sea angler finds a new field for strenuous and manly sport with the rod. They are isles of summer, bathed in the seas of eternal spring, and in their peculiar climate lies the secret of their many attractions.

The islands, beginning with the Coronados, the "Desert Isles" of Vizcaino, and including San Clemente, Santa Catalina, San Nicolas, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, San Mignel and Anacupa, lie parallel to the coast in a general way, and are from eighteen to eighty miles from it. They are the peaks of an off shore coast range, submerged and separated from the shore by deep and abysmal cañons, and from the land appear like great sea monsters crouching on the surface of the sea of Balboa. They are all swept by the Black Current of Japan, or Kuro Sivo, the Asiatic gulf stream, which flows up the coast of Asia from the tropics, crosses to America, and sweeping down the American coast bears perennial summer upon its crest.

The result, so far as the islands are concerned, is to produce a winter of verdure, the moderate rains of fifteen or twenty miles giving them green slopes, flowers, and a climate something like that of Madeira without its heat.

In the summer come cool and constant winds from the west, giving the angler cool and delightful weather in a land where the palm and other tropical and semi-tropical trees characterize the landscape. We have, then, cool summers, and mild, soft winters, without even frost, which, combined with smooth water on the lee of the island mountains, produces one of the most delightful fishing grounds I have ever found.

It was in 1885 that I first landed at Santa Catalina, and when I saw men landing fishes weighing from twenty to thirty pounds from the beach, fishes which broke big cod lines as though in sport or play; and were played by strong and lusty men ten or fifteen minutes on hand lines before they were landed, I came to the conclusion that I had discovered a sea angler's paradise, and forthwith sent for my rod which, I believe, was the first to bend in these quiet and sequestered waters.

The coast of California is remarkable for its lack of bays, coves or harbors. From San Francisco to San Diego the real harbors number but two—Monterez and San Pedro—and the latter is partly artificial. The coast line in the main is swept by the sea, which piles in upon long sandy beaches, with rocky points here and there, and few if any coves similar to those on the Atlantic seaboard, and as a result, the large game fishes do not frequent the mainland shores in great numbers but are found out in the channel or at the islands, which are the natural feeding and spawning grounds for a series of fishes remarkable for their size, numbers and game qualities.

The islands, which range from twenty miles in length to seven in width, lie parallel to the mainland shore, the north end of Santa Catalina being but eighteen miles from land. San Clemente is about forty miles off shore, and the Santa Barbara Islands about twenty. They form a shelter from the prevailing west wind, and the cañons, which wind down their mountains like rivers of verdure, end in little bays and coves, where the angler might well imagine himself on some inland stream far from the ocean.

Nearly all the islands are private property and permission must be obtained to land, Santa Catalina being the only one having accommodations for visitors, a town and regular steamers every day.

There are few places on the globe where a skipper can guarantee that during a cruise to last from the first of June to the first of October, there will not be a gale, storm or squall of any kind; not even thunder or lightning or a shower of rain, yet this guarantee was offered us as we left San Pedro one June morning for Avalon, thirty miles down the Santa Catalina channel. Our vessel was a fine 70-ton sail and power schooner yacht, trim, fast and seaworthy; and we ran down to Avalon Bay, a miniature bay of Naples, in three hours and anchored off the dock, facing Grand Cañon that almost cuts the island in two here. The bay was a picture with its fleet of launches and yachts, while the little town seemed to reach away up the slopes of the picturesque mountains, the summits of which were lost in the blue haze.

The name Avalon has a romantic association with King Arthur, and the American Avalon is quite as romantic and beautiful, being a perfect half-moon beach, environed by mountains and rocky cliffs. The water is as smooth as glass, and as clear as crystal, while its turquoise blue renders it an object of great beauty when contrasted with the green slopes of winter and early spring. We took our equipment aboard at Avalon—camping outfit and three boatmen and their boats, which were strung out astern and towed. That night we turned in having given instructions to sail at four, and when we came on deck the next morning Santa Catalina was far astern like a great whale on the surface, and San Clemente loomed up ahead on the summer sea. We made the island by 7 o'clock and ran down the east coast, anchoring in Gallagher's Cove, the island having no harbor of any kind. The coast was rocky, lofty cliffs rising all around the south end, and a bed of kelp forming a protecting belt about it.

The tents in the boats were taken ashore by the men and raised on a little plateau hardby the landing, and as no rain was expected, it was an easy matter. In fact, it was a queer camp—no rains, no storms, no mosquitoes, no black flies, nor "punkies," nothing but fleas, which were there, though I did not see them. It was really too good to last, and the old campaigners of the party could not but believe that there was something to be sprung on them at the last moment. The tents were open, the long table without shelter (California fashion), and at night a fine log fire took off the chill and reminded the campers of the Adirondack smudge they all knew and loved.

While the men were making camp I strolled along the rocky cliffs, no easy matter just there, as they were precipitous, and covered with cactus into which one would roll if a slip were made; yet there were innumerable goat trails which terraced the steepest places and led along shore. A turn around a rocky point and one might have been ten thousand miles from civilization. High cliffs of brillant colors—the deep blue of the ocean—the sharp olive hue of the kelp beds, the flash or glint of the golden perch below, the cry of the sea eagle, all combined to lend a peculiar romance or atmosphere to the scene and place.

The cliffs rapidly dropped as I made my way north, and in a short time came to a sandy waste of dunes which the wind had tossed into remarkable shapes and over which innumerable sand rivers were running, carving the sand into strange yet beautiful slopes.

Strewn over this sand desert were evidences of human occupation—shells (*haliotis*), burnt wood, bits of quartz, flint chips, black earth telling of *Ketchin eviddens,* and here and there a human bone projecting from the sand. Here the island had once been separated and the intervening channel filled with sand, forming a dazzling white isthmus.

Crossing it I found the west side forty or fifty feet above the shore, covered with sand—a singular phenomenon, as there were no sandy beaches at this point, the shore being rock that breasted the sea with a bold front. The sand was covered with a crust-like snow over which were sprinkled thousands of white bleached snail shells that crunched as I walked along. The dunes gradually rose, and it soon became evident that what had been cañons had been filled with sand that had flowed like a river upward from the sea, so that the cañons appeared to be glaciers flowing down from the island hills and mountains.

This vast sand glacier had been occupied by the ancients perhaps thousands of years ago. Everywhere the evidences of human occupation appeared—shells, stones, implements and occasionally huge stone mortars, but all broken and scattered about in reckless confusion. Strolling along, now one hundred feet above the sea, I suddenly came upon a vast pit in the pure white sand. It must have been one hundred or more feet deep, its sides perfectly smooth and at an angle of about fifty degrees.

At the bottom was a single tree—suggestive of the verdure that had once filled the cañon, now blasted—and buried deep beneath the sand glacier. Some strange caprice of the wind had scooped out this pit, which I could only compare to the trap of an ant lion. The gleaming sides—perfectly smooth—presented an alluring jump, and in a sudden reversion to youth I drew back and in a running jump sprang from the edge going thirty feet through the air, striking the soft side of the sand cone and sliding quickly to the bottom in a miniature avalanche. After an arduous climb I reached the surface again, assuring myself that I had no spectators.

So perfect was this pit, so mathematically correct, that it was hard to believe that it was not the work of man, yet the sculptor was the wind of San Clemente.

This sand plateau was literally dotted with evidences of ancient human occupation and presented a fascinating field for investigation, being in reality a graveyard and battleground of the unknown people who once lived here.

Leaving it with reluctance I made a cut across the island hills through manzanita and cactus and crossing the divide saw the camp below me and soon reached it, finding the party at dinner in the open air.

We discussed the original inhabitant, proposed his health and a better acquaintance, and sat about the driftwood fire late that night listening to the stories of Mexican Joe and other boatmen. Joe was the oldest inhabitant of Santa Catalina, his ancestors were Spanish on the one hand of the Conquestadore stock and Aztec on the other, all of which gave a strong face and an interesting personality.

The sun routed us out in the morning, it seemed nearer at San Clemente, and rose out of a deep red cloud so suddenly that day seemed to come at once, but it was never hot. Over to the east the huge California desert was heating air like a caldron; this rose forming a vacuum and the air all along the coast flowed in there to fill it, creating a constant inshore wind that never failed during the day all summer.

Here human nature and its vagaries asserted itself. Paring onions and potatoes under ordinary circumstances is not an agreeable or exciting pastime, yet these anglers begged from Joe and the other cooks this privilege, and that the breakfast tasted better who shall deny. And as the perfume of that bacon filled the air and the sizzle of potato chips broke the stillness, there was joy indeed. We had routed out the professionals for one morning just to show what we could do, and set a pace we fancied that was hard to keep up. Wild goat chops smothered in onions, fried smelt, cakes, eggs and coffee was the menu, after which we pulled out to the yacht and remembered that we were anglers, not campers. The kelp bed was at least fifty feet wide here, its big broad leaves lying partly on the surface like huge snakes, and just outside of this the yacht swung, and away astern Mexican Joe had discovered a school of fishes, some of which must have weighed 10 or 15 pounds, if guessing counted for anything at San Clemente.

We had what is known as yellow-tail tackle, rods about the weight and size used for striped bass in the East. My rod was longer and lighter than the average.

I had one butt and three sizes of tips in lengths and weights, and for the game in hand I rigged a rod eight feet in length, the tip being pliable and slender, yet sufficiently powerful to lift a 15-pound fish should it have a fit of sulks.

I used a 4-0 O'Shaughnessy hook, with a short wire leader or snell, a No. 16 cuttyhunk line and a Vom Hofe reel that would hold at least 200 feet when wet. We had brought a supply of smelt and sardine bait from Avalon; as it was almost impossible to catch bait at San Clemente, and this small fry was the lure for almost all kinds of game in these waters; but when Mexican Joe saw the fishes astern he shouted for crawfish and pronounced the game "whitefishes."

By tossing over the crawfish shells he soon had these attractive fishes within twenty or thirty feet of the stern where we could see them plainly and mark their many

beauties and charms of color. It was only necessary to unreel the line, the strong current carried it out with the "chum" and then "Zee! Zee! Zee!" the cry of the stricken reel rose on the air.

It is not always true that the largest bait takes the largest fish, but I had baited with the quarter-tail of a crawfish and hooked the king of the whitefishes. It played entirely on the surface, after the fashion of a bonito, or, as a bonito should, swinging out into deep water in a long, splendid resonant rush to the music of the reel, then came dashing back faster than I could reel, cutting the blue water, now tossing it high in the air, trying to reach its home in the kelp bed from which I turned it with great good luck.

This fish was a delight-giver in every sense of the word, and it required all the finesse I could muster to save the line and day. Soon it came alongside, sheering off, displaying all its charms—a radiant and beautiful fish—as Joe lifted it in. Three rods were screaming and few sea anglers have had better sport; and, doubtless, few have even seen this fine game fish that Mexican Joe now held up.

"*Mucho bueno, blanquillo!*" he cried.

"Caulotatilus," said our scientific angler.

A beautiful creature it was, the principal tint was the most delicate olive, its long dorsal fin, a most sensitive organ, tinted with blue, the other fins blue and yellow or old gold.

It was so richly yet modestly colored that I will not attempt a description, but the impression was of a flash of olive with dashes of blue, orange and pink, a splendid eye rich in color and very expressive.

The head was large, rising in an arch, a fine fish from any point of view or standard. It was a case of fisherman's luck. We had found one of those rare and happy fishing grounds where there is no waiting, where the fishes were impatient to be caught; the bait being seized so near the yacht that we could see the entire play. We caught these big fellows until the tide turned, when they stopped biting. Then we took the catch ashore and divided with the herders—a Robinson Crusoe outfit—that lived or existed in the island, hermits and exiles, yet happy and contented.

The whitefish is one of the common forms of the islands, found on rocky bottoms and where the kelp is thick, and in all sizes from a pound up to fifteen, is a game fish.

I caught one-pounders with an eight-ounce split bamboo rod and fancied I had all the sport a small trout afforded, and as they ranged up to fifteen pounds, one had a wide range of sport with the rod.

While casting into the Blanquillos astern I caught an occasional glimpse of a large fish darting about resembling an amberjack; indeed it was the Pacific amberjack, the amber fish or yellow-tail, *Seriola dorsalis*.

"You never fool him with a pole," said Mexican Joe, laughing as the absurdity of the idea sank into his mind.

"He is the strongest fish for his size that swims. I see one pull a boy off the beach with a hand line." And as we sat around the drift-wood fire that night Joe and the rest told of the wonders of the yellow-tail, and it deserved all their encomiums.

I did not take the old-timer's advice but rigged my rod with a slightly beavier tip baited with a four-inch smelt, and the next morning had him row me up and down the kelp bed near the shore.

Mexican Joe had planned to enjoy himself, and as he lighted one of my cigars and picked up the oars I could see that he was prepared to regale himself with my undoing.

Down the line we went over as fair a trolling ground as one could wish; the deep olive hue of the kelp on one side and above the brown rocks and cliffs climbing into the sky and casting deep shadows; on the other the rich blue of the ocean as smooth as a mirror.

Joe pulled slowly and carefully, casting his eyes to right and left in search of game, while I watched the deep blue of the water, filled with fairy-like shapes of tully fishes and other forms. I thought I saw something big pass, then Joe stopped rowing and—the rod was nearly jerked from my hands. I make the confession boldly, as I saw the trick played later upon an angler. Zee-zee-zee-zee rose on the air, a blaze of sounds suggestive of flying brass filings somewhere within the mechanism of the rod.

I confess to a dazed sensation, but I console myself as I saw a man—able-bodied and lusty—pulled bodily from a high wharf by just such a fish, and after twenty years of yellow-tail fishing I present my compliments to this fish, which for its size has no equal in the sea for hard fighting and staying qualities.

My fish made a dozen or more of tornado-like plunges, each one of which was a nerve tester and which carried it down 250 feet into the blue Kuro Siwo, then it rose with a strange rhythmic tremor coming up the line, and made for the outer sea. In a light boat we might have been towed off shore, but Joe kept the stern to the game and rowed against it while I played it with all my strength, yet I did not bring this gallant fish to gaff for thirty minutes.

It came up to the surface in great bounds; shot around the boat like a trained ringster, plunged down into the deep channel again where it sulked like a salmon, to be pumped up by heart-breaking effort. Slowly it came up, protesting every foot, every inch, repeating its maneuvers time and time again.

I pumped, reeled, played my weary thumb upon the leather pad brake; I gave it the butt until the good rod creaked and threatened to buckle; and gradually the impression gained that this splendid amber fish, this yellow-tail of San Clemente, was playing me.

When it finally came to gaff it encircled the boat several times, it dodged the gaff like a trained trickster, tossing spray full in my face, rejecting all overtures leading to a surrender, but the big reel was merciless and slowly it came in and was gaffed by Joe, who held it up that I might feast my eyes on its beauties and then—tell it not in Gath—let what Mexican Joe said be buried in deep oblivion; then, in the very moment of triumph, the unexpected happened, as it always has. The yellow-tail, by a remarkable convulsion, threw out the hook and incidentally itself overboard. Truly, this is a vale of tears.

Joe, in an heroic attempt to heal my wounds, said that it weighed only 15 pounds, and for once I believe a boatman played me false—underestimated the weight of a fish, as if that yellow-tail did not weigh 50 pounds I am a poor guesser. I am no pessimist; I rejoice it in its escape, and my trust that the same fish may attach itself to some fresh tenderfoot along the Santa Catalina channel.

I hardly know what to compare the yellow-tail to. The next one gave me quite as much trouble but I landed it in twenty minutes' hard fighting. Comparisons are odious, but the yellow-tail is the bluefish of California though a stronger and a far better fighter than the splendid bluecoat that breaks lines and hooks for a living along the south New England coast. The yellow-tail is the fish of the people, all else may fail; winds may blow or give out, tides may be at the flood or ebb, every impossible condition may hold; it may be Friday on the 13th of the month, you may have left your horse chestnut or rabbit foot at home, but the yellow-tail is biting; it is omnipresent and irresistible.

It seemed to me a sort of mortal sin to kill so beautiful a fish. So we fished and let them go, and as I often hooked the same fish twice and have seen the same one hooked three times in an hour, one's conscience may rest easy, as doubtless the yellow-tails were fishing and hunting for men and anglers that very day and reported a big bag.

The California yellow-tail is shaped like a bluefish but has a larger head in proportion to the body, a powerful jaw and a long, continuous dorsal fin, suggesting its specific name *dorsalis*.

The upper surface, the back, is green in the water, or perhaps an olive hue, but when the fish bursts from the water and comes in it is a splendid peacock blue; a dazzling creature. The fins are gold; a yellow stripe, telling of rank, extends from head to tail along the median line. The powerful tail is yellow or golden, belly silver of the newest mintage, and the eye—a splendid organ—a blaze of color. In brief, the fish is a type of power and aggressive activity.

It is an easy trick to take the yellow-tail in the open sea soon after it has arrived from the Cortez Banks, but the yellow-tail of the bay and dock at Avalon soon become educated, and only one with some skill and finesse can induce this cunning fish to take a hook. I have often met great schools of yellow-tails coming in from the Cortez Banks in April or May. They covered the water for acres and changed the deep blue to gold and green. Once on the ground they would break up and parade the blue waterways along the hanging gardens of these isles of summer. There was no hunting for game at San Clemente. We fished and the fishes came.

Among the hard-fighting fishes was the sheepshead—a huge dome-faced fellow with vertical stripes, vivid red and black. Its head was a velvet jet black, its powerful lower jaw pure white, its eye a thing of beauty and expressive of the remarkable intelligence this fish possesses.

I first found this sturdy fish in a golden corner of the kelp forest with a guard of golden angel fishes poising in the arches and loops of the great leaves. I dropped my bait and saw the strike that was hard and a series of prolonged rushes; now out into the channel, then, when turned, coming in with a rush to try to involve itself in the maze of kelp and only coming to gaff after a hard and vigorous struggle. I took these fishes up to 18 pounds, and doubtless the old and large male fishes grow much larger. The females might have been taken for gray snappers, as they bore little or no resemblance to the big-jawed male. Some were a rich pink all over, some pure white, and the very young were beautiful little creatures having blue spots. The sheepshead is one of the few fishes that can be tamed, and I have seen one that knew its keeper, came at his call, opened its mouth wide at the signal, and would poise by the side of the tank for its master to scratch its back. This fish rejoiced in the name of "Pat," and was kept for eight years in the Santa Catalina Island Zoological Station. It invariably changed its color when touched or caressed, becoming almost black where ordinarily it was gray. In confinement it completely lost the brilliant red stripes which characterized it in its native wilds, the kelpian forests. This fish was extremely jealous. It fought and killed every fish placed in a tank with it, but finally made friends with a green turtle after satisfying itself that it could not bite it. When the turtle was touched "Pat" would soon show that he did not like it, and he displayed several more or less human attributes.

At San Clemente honors were easy between fishing and exploring the sand dunes for evidences of the early inhabitants, and numerous expeditions were arranged to investigate the mystery that seemed to surround these people that had at one time covered the island with towns and villages.

I found one day on the dune a flat stone and beneath it several large haliotis shells containing beads. Mexican Joe was positive that this marked a grave, so he began to dig down into the pure sand, coming very soon upon a skeleton that had been buried in a sitting position, its head between its knees and lashed with seaweed rope. Over the body was a native flute, made from a deer's leg bone; behind it another, and in front still another. All were inlaid or decorated with mother of pearl fastened on with asphaltum. Doubtless the man was a flute-player of his tribe, a musician of fame, and his people had buried his choice weapons with him.

Not far from here Joe led us to a place he called the "battlefield," where dozens of skeletons and their parts were strewn about. Nearly all the skulls were fractured, violently, and many of the bones were broken, showing that a struggle of some kind had taken place here. Not far away we found the site of a town; the sand was black, charred and covered for a long distance with stone implements, mortars, pestles, grinding or mealing stones, but in almost every instance broken. Some of the bowls were of steatite and two or three feet high, others were of a volcanic rock weighing two hundred or more pounds. Some were ornamented with pearl and there were beads without number. It was very evident that several centuries ago a hardy race had lived here but had been swept away by some cause unknown.

The wind was playing havoc with these bones, uncovering them to-day to cover them again to-morrow. Not far from here we found caves in which were mummified dogs, the walls being covered with a tapestry made of seaweed.

"How is it," I asked of Mexican Joe, "that all these stone implements are broken?"

"The reason is very evident," volunteered one of our party. "These people were evidently attacked by an invading force, driven away, and their household gods destroyed."

I looked at Joe for confirmation, but a grin broke over his good-natured face. "I don't know who drove them off or where they went, but as for the mortars, I smashed them myself and the rest of the sheep herders helped. We did it to pass away time."

This was a fact—articles which if collected and preserved could have been sold by these men for thousands of dollars. Men who were living on a desert island and receiving but $10 a month had a fortune within their grasp and did not know it. Such is life in the wild and woolly West, and so much for lack of the archæological appreciation along the Kuro Siwo.

But this should not be laid up against Mexican Joe—he was merely "built that way," and was, and is, one of the best guides and boatmen in this fair string of islands. We coasted the island, sailed around it, walked over its hills and mountains, fished its waters on all sides, and one bright morning made sail and bore away across the deep San Clemente channel for Santa Catalina that rose out of the haze—like some grim kraken—resting on the surafec of the summer sea.

Mutations of the Silk Worm.

HOLDERNESS, N. H., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A queer statement, the meaning of which I should like to see explained, appears in the interesting paper of Mr. F. E. Eldred entitled "On Fishing Gut" in your issue of July 22.

The author, after showing the various transformations from the egg of the silk worm moth, round to the production of another moth, remarks: "It is curious to note that the animal never dies, only a series of metamorphoses goes on, by which, apparently, distinct forms of life are assumed."

I suppose it is only fair to assume that the author means that from the egg to the final appearance of the moth there is through all the changes continuity of life, but he doesn't say this, as indeed there would seem to be no occasion for doing, and what he does affirm seems to be something very different and very absurd, and to be unequivocally asserted. C. H. AMES.

A Fine String of Bass.

THERESA, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Yesterday guide Dave Tyler brought up from Red Lake sixteen black bass and five pickerel (lake pike), the catch of Dr. Glenn Coe, of Watertown, and his father, Dr. David Coe, of this village, who have been at Red Lake the past week.

The catch contained seven large and nine small-mouth bass, the largest of the large-mouth weighed 5¼ pounds, and five others weighed over 4 pounds. This is the second batch of fish they have sent up the past week. The first was composed of nine black bass and eight pickerel, which were distributed among their friends here.

Willis Purdy reported catching eight black bass in Red Lake on Wednesday. J. L. DAVISON.

An Appreciation.

AUG. 6.—Hail and greeting to you! I am here on the shores of Squam Lake trying to recover from what was within an ace of prostration by the heat during the Sheolic period we had a few weeks ago. I hope to get vigor enough presently to send you a few squibs, as prompted by good things in nearly every issue of FOREST AND STREAM, I have wanted to do for many a month. The paper gives me the best comfort I get in life—or nearly that—and I always bless you for continuing to send it to me. I'm where I can hear the loons "holler" at almost any hour of the day or night, and it is good for tired nerves. C. H. AMES.

Log of a Sea Angler.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the serial recently finished in your publication, "The Log of a Sea Angler," by C. F. Holder. I do not recall in years of reading a more peculiarly fascinating deseription of a trip through the waters covered by him. To a land lubber here on the inland waters his story comes with a whiff of the bracing salt air, making it doubly interesting and satisfactory. May you continue to publish writings of this most charming and gifted author.

LEWIS ATHERTON.

New Jersey Fishing.

REPORTS from inland fishing resorts of northern New Jersey announce unusually good sport up to the present time. The fishing at Greenwood Lake is said to have been exceptionally good, and large catfish, wall-eyed pike, black bass and pickerel have been taken. It is said that on Saturday last one angler caught thirty pike-perch. Good fishing was reported last week from Lake Hopatcong, Tuxedo, Beaver Lake and a number of other points.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
346 Broadway, New York.

Please send me.....FOREST AND STREAM Coin Cards to distribute to friends.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

AUGUST.

16. Seaside Park, club.
16. New York, cruise, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
16. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
16. Bristol, open.
17. New York, cruise, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
17. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open.
17. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
17. American Power Boat Association, cruise.
18. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
18. Shinnecock, ladies' race.
18. Eastern, power boat races.
18. Bristol, club.
18. Galveston, annual.
19. Hugenot, annual.
19. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open.
19. Northport, annual.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
19. Wollaston, club.
19. White Lake, open.
19. Rensonhurst, fourth championship.
19. Eastern, open.
19. Chicago, cruise.
19. Moriches, club.
19. Quantuck, club.
19. Beverly, club.
19. Corinthian, club.
19. Galveston, annual.
20. Brooklyn, club.
20. Middletown, power boat races.
20. Lakewood, Cleveland, club.
20. Galveston, annual.
21. Eastern, ocean race.
21. Sachem's Head, club.
24. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
24. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
25. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
25. West Hampton C. C., ladies' race.
25. Sea Side, club.
25. Beverly, sweepstake.
26. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
26. Eastern, power boat races.
26. New Rochelle, club.
26. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
26. Hampton Roads, cruise.
26. Rhode Island, annual.
26. Country Club of Detroit, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
26. Royal Canadian, club.
26. White Lake, open.
26. Moriches, association.
26. San Francisco, cruise.
26. Corinthian, club..
26. Atlantic, Havens cup.
26. Hempstead Harbor, annual.
26. Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup.
26. Sunnyside, Toronto, Commodore's cup.
27. Larchmont, club.
27. San Francisco, club.
28. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
28. Jamaica Bay, open.
28. Chicago, club.
28. Sachem's Head, club.
29. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
29. East Gloucester, club.
31. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open.
31. New Bedford, open.
31. Beverly, club.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
1. Beverly, open.
2. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
2. Eastern, power boat races.
2. Larchmont, club.
2. Edgewood, open.
2. Knickerbocker, cruise.
2. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
2. Rhode Island, cruising race.
2 Seaside Park, championship.
2. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
2. Wollaston, cruise.
2. Chicago, cruise.
2. West Hampton C. C., open.
2. Sippican, open.
2 Beverly, club.
2. Corinthian, club.
2. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
2. Nova Scotia, Wenonah cup.
3. San Francisco, cruise.
3. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
3. Detroit, Country Club series.
4. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., open.
4. Seaside Park, open.
4-6. National Power Boat Carnival.
4. Chicago, club.
4. Cobweb, open.
4. Ponoquoque C. C., association race.
4. Beverly, open.
4. Corinthian, handicap.
4. Norwalk, annual.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Wollaston, club.
4. San Francisco, cruise.
4. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta.
5. Country Club (Detroit), cruise.
5. Chicago, club.
6. Country Club (Detroit), club.
6. Chicago, club.
7. Country Club (Detroit), club.
8. Sea Side, power boat races.
9. National Power Boat Carnival.
9. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
9. Bristol, open.
9. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
9. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales Cup.
9. Chicago, club.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Beverly, club.
9. Corinthian, club.
9. Boston, club, Hull.
9. San Francisco, interclub.
9. Larchmont, club.
9. Corinthian of San Francisco, interclub.
10. Rendezvous, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
10. Bristol, open.
10. Middletown, power boat races.
11. Detroit, sweepstakes.
16. Knickerbocker, power boat races.
16. Royal Canadian, club.
16. Chicago, cruise.
16. San Francisco, cruise.
17. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
24. Morrisania, open.
24. San Francisco, cruise.

CHANGE SEAWANHAKA CUP CONDITIONS.

Victory in the recent Seawanhaka Cup races has brought to the Manchester Y. C. a famous trophy. With it has come a well defined responsibility—that of keeping in mind at all times the good of yachting, the motive which prompted the original gift of the Cup. While the trophy remained in the custody of the Canadians, circumstances led away from the possibility of making any change in the conditions, until sport, at first intended to be of the broadest international character, dwindled to mere class competition which few yachtsmen cared to enter.

Almost from the beginning contests for the Cup have been confined to boats of the so-called scow type, of which abnormally long overhangs, light draft and great breadth are the chief characteristics. An easily driven form which increases its length to a great degree at the least angle of heel is thus obtained, but at the sacrifice of all other features deemed necessary in a desirable type.

The scow owes its being to specific conditions rather than choice. It sprang from the cleverness of designers in discovering the possibilities of the restrictions governing competition for the trophy. The Deed of Gift drawn up by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in 1895, provided for boats of not more than 25 nor less than 15ft. racing measurement, according to the method of rating then in vogue. That was the old rule, which until recently has stood for the best at hand. Rating measurement was obtained by adding to the load waterline length the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by two. The weakness of this formula lay in the fact that the waterline was measured with the boat on an even keel, a condition existing only when at anchor or running free in smooth water. It did not take a wise man to discover that increased length, untaxed in any way, would result from drawn-out ends with a waterline kept as short as possible.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. challenger Glencairn I., an extreme scow, came from the Dominion in 1896 and scored a victory in three straight races from the Seawanhaka defender, El Herie. In attempting to regain possession of the trophy in following years it was but natural that challengers should follow lines which had proven successful. The shoal waters of Lake St. Louis, where the cup contests were held, also demanded a boat of little draft. Victory in eight matches on home waters put the Canadians in the position of dictators regarding any change of trophy conditions. The scow was eminently suited to the waters on which their yachting was enjoyed, and thus the type remained to eventually become synonymous with the Seawanhaka Cup. The scow was gradually adopted by yachtsmen on other inland lakes and continues to grow in popularity. It has ceased to be a factor in Eastern yachting.

The past year has witnessed the realization of every yachtsman's dream—the adoption of a general rule of rating. The strong points in the new regulations have been suggested by flaws in the old. Displacement has been recognized as a factor of speed, and length is now approximately that at which a boat is heeled to her best work. Further legislation is planned during the coming year by which scantling restrictions will be determined. A meeting of yachtsmen from all countries to consider a universal rule of rating will take place in London before another season, and the time does not appear to be far distant when a boat may compete the world over with the same rating.

The trend of all yachting progress is in the direction of eliminating the freak and building up a fleet of the marketable and useful type. The boat which will always find a ready place in sport, wherever located, and which will lend its influence in arousing a love of the sea, is the one to be encouraged. Aside from inexpensive classes here and there for beginners, the scow has no place on open water courses. It has been made practically impossible for a boat of the type to compete with any degree of success under the new rule.

The same reasons which brought about the new rule of rating argue in as forceful a manner for a change in the conditions governing the Seawanhaka Cup. Any move which might bar from further competition the sportsmen who have so gallantly defended the trophy for nearly a decade would be regretted; nevertheless, even such a result being unavoidable, the general welfare of yachting is to be taken into consideration. The Seawanhaka Cup is the only trophy for international competition among small yachts in existence to-day. It was first offered as a means of benefiting yachting. Under present conditions its mission is but feebly accomplished, and the field of possible good limited to a small and selected area. An exact reversal of conditions would result were the new rule of rating to replace the old in the Cup conditions. It is difficult to see how the club holding the trophy can do other than fall in with the line of progress.

Comparatively few small boats have been built this year under the new rule of rating. Those which have come into existence are of a desirable and speedy type, speaking volumes for the restrictions under which they were produced. The five 22-footers owned by members of Gravesend Bay clubs correspond as closely as any to the 25ft. class under the old Seawanhaka rule. They are from the boards of four different designers. The aim of each was to turn out the smartest possible craft under the required limit, and it is significant to note that competition as keen and close as that found in one-design classes has resulted. Reasonable cost and handy size, combined with the other qualities found in boats built under the new rule, make the 22-footers in every way suited to Seawanhaka Cup competition.

The so-called New York Y. C. monotype 30-footers which Herreshoff has sent forth this year to measure into the 27ft. class, are other examples of what the present rule of rating will produce. A boat of 30ft. waterline of good displacement and an excellent turn of speed in all conditions is found in the New York Y. C. "thirties." This size will undoubtedly find favor with yachtsmen desiring for cup competition a craft slightly larger than that found in the 22ft. class.

Under the present conditions governing the Seawanhaka Cup the helmsman and crew must be amateurs of good standing, a stipulation the merits of which become more and more apparent as time goes on. Should the Manchester Y. C., with the consent of the Seawanhaka Corinthians, donors of the trophy, change the Cup conditions so that competition would be open to boats built under the new rule in either the 22 or 27ft. class, and then throw open to representatives from any recognized yacht club the trials to select a defender, the action would certainly meet with popular approval and redound to the everlasting good of yachting.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Henry J. Gielow's New Orders.—There is now under course of construction at Robert Jacob's shipyard, City Island, a new cruising motorboat, for Mr. G. W. Lee, New York Y. C., from Mr. Henry J. Gielow's designs. She will be known as Dreamer II., and is an improvement over the Dreamer I., designed by Mr. Gielow for Mr. Lee last season, which boat is now called Sachem II., owned by Mr. F. T. Adams. Dreamer II. is 61ft. over all, 54ft. 8 in. waterline, 10ft. 9in, breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft. The motive power will consist of a Standard engine, capable of driving the boat 12 miles per hour. She will be ready for delivery this fall.

Another cruising launch is in course of construction at Jacob's yard for a prominent New York yachtsman from Mr. Gielow's designs. This boat is 58ft. over all, 10ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 7in. draft. There will be a turtleback deck forward, followed by low trunk cabin with port lights, aft of which is the steering deck. Another trunk similar to forward house will extend over the owner's stateroom, saloon, etc., followed by roomy cockpit. A 50 horsepower Standard engine will be installed, and a speed of 14 to 15 miles per hour is expected. This boat will also be ready for delivery this fall.

Contract for the building of a light draft auxiliary yawl for Mr. Julien T. Davies, Jr., has been awarded to Mr. Willard F. Downs, Bayshore, L. I. The principal dimensions are 55ft. over all, 38ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 2ft. 8in. draft. The plans, which were prepared by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, show a very comfortable and roomy yacht, with large stateroom for owner, saloon, toilet, galley, etc. Delivery is called for on Oct. 15.

Plans and specifications have also been prepared by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for a cabin steam launch for Mr. A. Ahlstrom, Bjorneborg, Finland. This boat is 54ft. over all, 50ft. waterline, 11ft. 6in. breadth and 4ft. draft, and will be built in Finland. Sullivan triple expansion engine, and a Roberts water-tube boiler will be installed and a speed of about 13 miles per hour will be developed.

Plans and specifications have also been prepared by Mr. Gielow for a motorboat for Mr. John F. Revilliod, Nyon, Switzerland. It is 29ft. 6in. over all, 29ft. waterline, 5ft. 6in. breadth. A 20 horsepower French motor will be installed, and a speed of 14 to 15 miles per hour will be attained. This plan shows a torpedo stern model, with a movable cabin forward, and large cockpit aft.

* * *

Sales and Charters.—The following transfers of yachts have been reported by Messrs. Macconnell & Cook: The schooner yacht Wayward, owned by Col. D. E. Austen, to a New York yachtsman. Chartered the sloop yacht Banshee to Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Elizabeth, N. J. Sold the raceabout Oriole, owned by Mr. B. W. Bunker, of the Columbia Y. C., to Mr. Henry F. Holbrook, New York. Chartered the schooner yacht Oenone, owned by Mr. William Boyce, to Mr. F. C. Carley.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

Glen Cove, Thursday, Aug. 10—Rendezvous Cups.

The weather rather marred the first day of the cruise of the New York Y. C. It was cloudy, muggy and at times wet, and as a consequence of several days of wet weather, many of the boats had been unable to complete their overhauling in time to take part in the first day's racing. The fleet had been ordered by Commodore Frederick G. Bourne to rendezvous off Station No. 10 at Glen Cove in the afternoon, and earlier in the day races were scheduled for the Rendezvous Cups. In order that all might get to the line in time to take part in these contests, the Regatta Committee waited until afternoon before making any preparations to send the boats off, and then nineteen boats, all but two being 33ft. and under, were sailing about near the starting point, off Weeks Point, ready for the signal. Unfortunately Yankee had not been able to get ready, and so there was no class competitor for Mineola; but Mr. H. F. Lippitt was on hand with Weetamoe, and it was only a matter of a few seconds' conference by Mr. W. Ross Proctor and Mr. Lippitt to arrange a race between their two boats, Mincola having to allow Weetamoe full time, which over the course amounted to 6m. 29s. In the 33ft. class were Mimosa III. and Tito. Eleven of the New York Y. C. 30-footers were on hand, and in the class for boats owned by members or sons of members, too small for enrollment, there were the four raccabouts Circe, Cricket, Busy Bee, and Rana.

The committee in charge of the races, Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell, Mr. H. deB. Parsons and Mr. Franklin A. Plummer, who is acting in place of Mr. Ernest Lorillard, were on board the tug Chamberlain, and as the wind was blowing from the W. by S., courses were selected giving the boats leeward and windward work. Mincola, Wectamoe, Mimosa III. and Tito were to go to a mark off Greenwich Point and back, a total distance of 18½ miles. The 30-footers and raceabouts were to go to Matinnicock Point and back, twice over, a total distance of 12 miles, each leg being 3 miles.

The start for the big class was at 12:45. The first leg was before the wind, and Mincola and Weetamoe both had balloon jibtopsails in stops and spinnakers ready to break out. Captain Barr sent Mincola across soon after the signal, being timed at 12:45:36. The balloon jibtopsail was broken out smartly and then the spinnaker set on the starboard side. Mr. Lippitt had the wheel on Weetamoe, and he kept off until the two minutes allowed to cross had almost expired, and then sent the yacht over the line at 12:46:50. She had a balloon jibtopsail drawing well, but had her spinnaker set to port, so that at the start there was a marked difference of opinion as to the better way to sail these boats. Unfortunately, Mr. Lippitt had made a mistake in the course. He headed Weetamoe further to the north, and soon it was seen that he was going to a mark off Parsonage Point, while Mineola was heading straight for Greenwich Point. Weetamoe turned the mark, gybed, and then reached on toward Greenwich Point; but this had given her at least 2½ miles more to sail. But for this error, she might have won the race. Mineola took in her spinnaker and balloon jibtopsail just before reaching the mark, which she turned at 1:51:05. Then she sent up a baby jibtopsail for the beat home. A short port tack was made and then Captain Barr tacked his boat and stood over toward the Connecticut shore. Weetamoe turned the mark at 2:03, and she took the starboard tack, heading after Mineola. On the way home, the wind freshened and backed more to the S., so that both boats were able to finish with only a few short hitches. A sharp rain squall broke on the way home, making things generally uncomfortable, and the wind freshened, so that Mineola's baby jibtopsail was taken in. It was set again as she neared the finishing line. Mineola finished at 3:08:32, and Weetamoe at 3:32:27.

The next class was started at 12:50. It was a one-gun start, and Commodore Park had managed to send Mimosa III. away in the lead, with Tito close astern. These two had a luffing match for some minutes, but finally squared away, with Mimosa leading. It was very close work with these two all the way to the outer mark. Tito passed Mimosa III. on this leg and turned the mark with a slight lead. They were timed: Tito 2:10:25, Mimosa III. 2:10:45. In two short tacks Mimosa succeeded in weathering Tito, and then gradually forging ahead, won the race easily. Mimosa III. finished at 4:11:20, and Tito at 4:34:06.

The 30-footers, as usual, went over the line well bunched. The order at the starting line was Alera, Neola II., Banzai, Ibis, Dahinda, Atair, Cara Mia, Phryne, Nautilus, Oriole, Linnet. They soon spread out almost in a straight line, and were still close together when the first mark was reached. Phryne was the first to turn, followed by Nautilus and Cara Mia. Phryne kept the lead on the way back, but according to the timing of the Regatta Committee, Nautilus fell back to last place. These times were taken at the end of the first round: Phryne 1:55:37, Cara Mia 1:55:57, Banzai 1:56:03, Dahinda 1:57:25, Ibis 1:57:30, Atair 1:58:08, Alera 1:58:25, Oriole 1:58:27, Neola II. 1:58:52, Linnet 1:59:45, and Nautilus 2:00:06. They went round the second time, and Mr. Harry L. Maxwell cleverly kept Phryne in the lead, while Nautilus moved up and took second place, with Cara Mia third. Phryne finished at 2:55:24, Nautilus at 2:55:43, and Cara Mia at 2:56:21. All except Banzai finished, and there was only 6m. 11s. between Phryne, the first boat, and Linnet, the last.

The four raceabouts made a pretty contest. They crossed the line in this order: Cricket, Rana, Busy Bee, and Circe. Before the wind Circe took the lead and held it to the finish. The times at the end of the first round were: Circe 2:09:18, Busy Bee 2:10:20, Rana 2:10:17, Cricket 2:10:48. Circe finished at 3:20:04, beating Rana 1m. 29s., Cricket 1m. 46s., and Busy Bee 3m. 48s. The summary follows:

Sloops—Classes H and I—Course 18½ Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mineola, W. R. Proctor	12 45 36	3 08 31	2 22 55	2 22 55
Weetomoe, H. F. Lippit	12 46 50	3 32 27	2 45 37	3 39 08

Sloops—Class N—Course 18½ Miles—Start, 12:50.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	4 11 20	3 21 20	3 20 39
Tito, Colgate Hoyt	4 34 06	3 44 06	3 44 06

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 12:55—Course, 12 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	3 00 25	2 05 25
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	2 58 40	2 03 40
Atair, Cord Meyer	2 57 45	2 02 45
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	2 58 15	2 03 15
Linnet, A. T. French	3 01 35	2 06 35
Oriole, Lyman Delano	3 59 50	2 04 50
Neola II., C. M. Pynchon	2 58 53	2 03 53
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 56 21	2 01 21
Banzai, N. D. Lawton	Did not finish.	
Nautilus, H. W. & A. G. Hanan	2 55 43	2 00 43
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	2 55 24	2 00 24

Raceabouts—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 1:00.

Circe, E. T. Irwin	3 20 04	2 20 04
Busy Bee, R. Wainwright	3 23 52	2 23 52
Cricket, Macy Willets	3 21 50	2 21 50
Rana, Howard Willets	3 21 33	2 21 33

At 5 o'clock the captains met on board the flagship Colonia. They were received by Commodore Bourne and Fleet Captain J. D. J. Kelley, and then met for some business. Resolutions of condolence were passed with former Commodore Ledyard, who is compelled to miss the cruise this year through illness. It was also decided to extend to the officers of the British warships that are to visit this port in the fall the privileges of the club.

There was quite a large fleet at the rendezvous. The captains were full of enthusiasm, and every one seemed bent on making th cruise one of the best. The yachts, as usual, were illuminated in the evening, and the picture thus presented pleased the summer colony as well as the inhabitants of the towns in the vicinity of Glen Cove. The yachts noticed at the rendezvous were:

Steamers—Colonia, Commodore Frederick G. Bourne; Narada, Vice-Commodore Henry Walters; Apache, Arthur T. Kemp; Celt, J. Rogers Maxwell; Niagara IV., Howard Gould; Tarantula, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Arrow, E. F. Whitney; Edithia, John H. Hanan; Riviera, Frederick Gallatin; Kismet, F. S. Smithers; Roamer, N. G. Herreshoff; Mohican, Traey Dows; Vergemere, George G. Havens, Jr.; Florence, A. H. Alker; Nirvana, William R. Sands; Viking, Jarvis B. Edson; Ariadne, Henry W. Putnam, Jr.; Viking, James D. Smith; Lavrock, W. J. Matheson; Vitesse, Gen. Brayton Ives; Witoco, William T. Colbron; Surf, C. K. G. Billings; Erl King, A. E. Tower, Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix; Mermaid, W. Ross Proctor; Mayflower, R. E. Robinson; Mirage, C. B. Alexander; Hauoli, F. M. Smith; Ituna, Frederick H. Stevens; Coranto, A. E. Austen; Maspeth, Chris. Meyer; Seminole, F. M. Robins; Ardea, Clarkson Cowl; Rita, Marion Storey; Embla, George Lauder, Jr.; Alert, W. D. Hoxie; Lurline, Theodore D. Buhl; Duquesne, James Gay Butler; Idler, Henry T. Sloane; Elsa II., Evans R. Dick; Normona, Paul G. Thebaud; Illini, F. Gothra; Elsa, Miss Eloise L. Breese.

Schooners—Corona, Arthur F. Luke; Lasca, Robert P. Doremus; Agatha, W. S. Eaton; Kiwassa, L. J. Callanan; Emerald, W. E. Iselin; Muriel, Charles Smithers; Quickstep, E. B. Havens; Venona, Robert Olyphant; Crusader II., Seymour L. Husted; Thistle, Robert E. Tod; Cara II., George E. Ide; Palestine, Henry C. Tinker; Katrina, James B. Ford; Vencedor, Albert V. de Goicouria; Kathelmina, W. J. Curtis; Rosemary, Converse D. Marsh.

Yawls—Sybarita, W. Gould Brokaw; Phantom, H. G. S. Noble; Senga, E. H. Shetars; Thora, John P. Donovan.

Houseboats—The Everglades, Col. Robert M. Thompson; Margaret, Isaac E. Emerson.

Sloops—Mineola, W. Ross Proctor; Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt; Doris S. Reed, Anthony, Humma, R. W. Emmons 2d; Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park; Irolita, Howard C. Clark; Joker, George F. Dominick; Xara, George H. Scott; Pellegrina, Robert E. Toland and twelve of the 30-footers.

Glen Cove to Morris Cove—Friday, Aug. 11.

The harbor start was made at 9 o'clock, and an hour later the Regatta Committee made the preparatory signal from the tug Chamberlain. The starting line was from off mark buoy E, off Weeks Point, at Glen Cove, and the finishing line was S. from the west or outer breakwater at Morris Cove. The distance was 39½ miles, and all yachts were to leave the bell buoy off Loyd's Point to starboard. There was a moderate S.W. wind when the yachts were started, and with the tide running to the E., the prospect of a fast run was exceedingly good. It was a spinnaker race, and preparations were made accordingly. The 30-footers were sent over the line at 10:05, and as usual, were well bunched. Booms were eased to port and spinnakers set to starboard. The Hanan brothers had berthed Nautilus well, and she crossed the line first, closely followed by Cara Mia, Oriole, Dahinda, Adelaide, Neola II., Atair, Minx, Alera, Ibis, Banzai and Linnet. The next classes were sent off to a one-gun start at 10:10. Phantom, Mira and Humma were almost abreast as they crossed, with Humma to windward, Mira in the middle and Phantom slightly in the lead, but to leeward. Irolita was next, followed by Cheemaun, Pellegrina, Nirvana (an old-fashioned ketch), Doris, Lida, Louise and Shark. Doris is a new Herreshoff boat, longer on the water than Humma, but with less sail spread. She went up a class, taking the minimum length as she had no class competitor.

At 10:15 the seventies were sent off. Capt. Barr went for the line with good way on Mineola, and breaking out the balloon jibtopsail, was off at 10:15:48. Then the spinnaker was set and Mineola drew away from the others. Sybarita was next at 10:15:59. Mr. Maxwell did not do so well with Yankee at the starting line. He ranged down the line before crossing, and in doing so killed the yacht's headway, and then the crew was rather slow in handling the light sails. Yankee was timed at 10:16:34, but was much further behind Mineola than the time showed on account of the difference in speed at which the boats were traveling. Weetamoe, having no class competitor, sailed against Yankee and Mineola, and she crossed the line at 10:16:35.

All the schooners and auxiliaries were sent off on the next signal at 10:20. There were fifteen of these, and as fine a lot as has been seen in one regatta for many a year. There was some lively hustling at the line, but all were handled well, and got over without any mishap, although it looked at times as if they were being crowded somewhat. Muriel was first at 10:20:26. Then followed Kiwassa, 10:20:51; Colonia, 1:21:29; Rosemary, 10:21:41; Katrina, 10:21:57. The others were all handicapped, crossing after the two minutes allowed. Vencedor was the leader of these, then came Crusader II., Quickstep, Agatha, Ariadne, Venona, Vergemere, Idler, Lasca, Intrepid, and Normona. As Vencedor crossed, her balloon jibtopsail was broken out, but only one man was on the sheet, and he was neatly lifted into the air and dropped into the water. The yacht had to return to pick him up, but in the meantime, Mr. Clement Marshall's power boat Vampa got him and took him to his yacht. Vencedor then went on. Those yachtsmen who know the waters of Long Island Sound held well into the Long Island shore to get the benefit of the tide as it drew out of Oyster Bay and Huntington Harbor, while the others kept out in the Sound. Sybarita soon led the fleet, followed by Mineola, and astern of her was Yankee, doing very well. Corona took the lead in the schooner classes. Just before noon the leaders were off Eaton's Neck. The order then was Sybarita, Mineola, Yankee, Corona, Lasca, Elmina, Ariadne, Intrepid, Vergemere, Idler, Vencedor. Further inshore were Humma, Doris, Weetamoe, Irolita, and Rosemary.

Corona gradually overhauled and passed the 70-footers, and when off the Middle Ground at 1 o'clock was the second boat in the fleet and not far astern of Sybarita. Lasca was doing well, and so was Katrina, which had taken the lead from the Class C schooners. Yankee had picked up on Mineola, and just after passing the Middle Ground, got on even terms with that boat, and then for 45 minutes there was a tussle between them that was well worth witnessing. Yankee had a little more flow to her balloon, and it was doing better work than that on Mineola; but try as he would Mr. Maxwell could not send his boat into the lead. Sails were trimmed, and re-trimmed on each craft, and changes were made in the trim of the boats by shifting the crews. Finally, when the finishing line was only 3 miles away, Mineola took the lead again, but then she could not get far enough ahead to win the race. She had started 46s. in the lead, and she had to allow 15s., so that to win, she had to finish 62s. ahead. The wind freshened considerably as the yacht approached the finishing line, where the committee on board the flagship Colonia were waiting to time the yachts. Sybarita finished at 2:05:07. She had made the run in 3h. 49m. 8s. Corona was the next in at 2:08:42, having made the journey in 3h. 47m. 13s., the fastest time over the course. Then came Mineola at 2:10:44, and Yankee at 2:11, so that Yankee won the race by 45s. Next was Lasca, which had made a fine showing. She finished at 2:14:04. Katrina was next at 2:20:50. The finishes of others were: Muriel 2:23:25, Humma 2:26:05, Doris 2:26:35, Weetamoe 2:28:01, Vergemere 2:29:50, Ariadne 2:30:33, Irolita 2:31:10, Intrepid (carrying a square sail and raffees) 2:31:44, Crusader II. 2:36:44, Rosemary 2:41:20, Idler 2:41:22, Shark 2:42:13, Vencedor 2:43:11, Palestine 2:43:55, Kiwassa 2:47:36, Normona 2:50:28, Agatha 2:50:41, Quickstep 2:52:21, Mira 2:52:48, Venona 2:55:21, Nirvana 2:55:32, Phantom 2:59:08, Lida Louise 3:04:03.

Just before Cheemaun reached the line she carried away her topmast and did not finish.

The wind by this time was quite fresh, and the little fellows were staggering along with all they wanted. It had brought up the tail-enders and gave them a big lift, much to the disadvantage of the leaders. The 30-footers made a remarkable showing. Dahinda was the first in. She finished at 3:08:18, having made the run in 5h. 3m. 11s. The times of the others were: Linnet 3:09:12, Minx 3:10:41, Adelaide 3:11:53, Cara Mia 3:12:13, Nautilus 3:13:39, Alera 3:13:47, Ibis 3:15:00, Oriole 3:15:06, Neola 3:16:03, and Atair 3:17:29.

The special cups were given by Commodore Bourne. That for schooners, all sailing in one class, was won by Katrina and the sloop cup went to Dahinda. The summary follows:

Schooners—Class B, 75 to 90ft.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Corona	10 21 29	2 08 42	3 47 13	3 47 13
Lasca	10 22 00	2 14 04	3 52 04	. . . .

Schooners—Class C, 64 to 75ft.

Muriel	10 20 26	2 23 25	4 02 59	4 02 59
Crusader II.	10 22 00	2 36 34	4 14 34	4 14 04
Rosemary	10 21 49	2 41 20	4 19 31	. . . .
Palestine	10 22 00	2 43 35	4 21 35	. . . .

Schooners—Class D, 55 to 64ft.

Katrina	10 21 29	2 20 54	3 59 25	3 59 25

Schooners—Class E, Under 55ft.

Kiwassa	10:20:51	2 47 36	4 26 45	4 26 45
Agatha	10 22 00	2 50 41	4 28 41	4 19 06
Quickstep	10 22 00	2 52 24	4 39 24	4 22 51
Venona	10 22 00	2 55 21	4 33 21	4 05 25

Auxiliaries—Under 70ft.

Vencedor	10 22 00	2 43 11	4 21 11	. . . .
Normona	10 22 00	2 50 48	4 28 48	4 . . . .

Auxiliaries—Over 70ft.

Vergemere	10 22 00	2 29 50	4 07 50	. . . .
Ariadne	10 22 00	2 30 33	4 08 33	. . . .
Intrepid	10 22 00	2 31 44	4 09 44	. . . .
Idler	10 22 00	2 41 22	4 19 22	. . . .

Yawls—Class G, 82 to 100ft.

Sybarita	10 15 59	2 05 07	3 49 08	3 49 08

Sloops—Class H, 68 to 82ft.

Yankee	10 16 34	2 11 00	3 54 26	3 54 11
Mineola	10 15 48	2 10 44	3 54 56	3 54 56
Weetamoe	10 16 35	2 28 01	4 11 26	4 02 04

Sloops—Class K, 48 to 57ft.

Humma	10 10 00	2 26 05	4 16 05	4 12 20
Irolita	10 10 00	2 31 10	4 21 10	4 10 15
Shark	10 10 00	2 42 13	4 32 13	4 32 13
Doris	10 10 00	2 26 35	4 16 35	4 05 00

Sloops—Class M—33 to 40ft.

Phantom	10 10 00	2 59 08	4 49 08	4 49 08
Nirvana	10 10 00	not timed.		
Mira	10 10 00	2 52 48	4 42 48	4 20 53
Lida Louise	10 10 00	3 04 03	4 54 03	. . . .
Pellegrina	10 10 00	2 55 32	4 45 32	4 32 52
Cheemaun	10 10 00	Disabled.		

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 10:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alera	3 13 47	5 08 47
Ibis	3 15 00	5 10 00
Atair	3 17 29	5 12 29
Dahinda	3 08 17	5 03 11
Adelaide II.	3 11 53	5 06 53
Linnet	3 09 12	5 04 12
Oriole	3 15 06	5 10 06
Neola II.	3 16 03	5 11 03
Minx	3 10 41	5 05 41
Cara Mia	3 12 18	5 07 18
Banzai	Did not finish.	
Nautilus	3 13 39	5 08 39

Morris Cove to New London—Saturday, Aug. 12.

Elmina, Mr. F. F. Brewster's new schooner, joined the fleet at Morris Cove. She had sailed over from Greenport in charge of Capt. Lem. Miller. Capt. Dennis had been called away to visit his mother, who is ill and in a critical condition. The run from Morris Cove was made under very favorable conditions. It was a reach almost all the way, although some of the yachts carried spinnakers for part of the time. The wind was from the W. when the preparatory signal was made, and at that time the sun was busily engaged in a fight with heavy water-laden clouds, and it looked as if the sun would win out. The races were started again at 10 o'clock from off the breakwater, and the finish was at Sarah's Ledge bell buoy, 39 miles away. Some changes were made in the classification. The schooner Katrina went up a class, and this made it a race in every class except that in which Sybarita sails. The special prizes were cups offered by Rear-Commodore C. Vanderbilt.

At 10:05 the 30-footers were sent off, and they had booms to port and spinnakers to starboard; but almost as soon as they were over the line, the wind went to S.W., and spinnakers were taken in, as it was a broad reach. Oriole got the best of the start and she was followed closely by Linnet, Minx, Neola II., Atair, Nautilus, Adelaide II., Alera, Cara Mia, Banzai, and Dahinda, in the order named. These boats at once divided in two divisions, those heading to pass north of Faulkner's Island and the other to go to the S. On the next gun Mira got a fine start, being at the line with the signal. Irolita was next, followed by Pellegrina, Lida Louise, Phantom, Doris, Humma and Shark. These last named were a little too soon at the line and had to go outside the committee boat, wear, and go for the line again. While these boats were crossing, Yankee and Mineola were fighting for position, and in the maneuvering Mr. Maxwell did the better work. He had Yankee moving well when the signal went, and drove for the line with her balloon jibtopsail well filled. She crossed at 10:15:37. Mineola crossed at 10:15:52, and as soon as she was over she luffed to get the weather position, but very soon both yachts were on their course, Yankee in the lead and Mineola just to windward of her wake. Weetamoe crossed at 10:15 at the leeward end of the line, and Sybarita crossed at 10:16:15.

Corona led the schooners, getting away at 10:20:25, with all kites set. Rosemary followed at 10:20:41, Muriel at 10:20:54, Katrina at 10:21:34, Elmina at 10:21:47, Kiwassa at 10:21:51. These were all that got across before the handicap. The others crossed in this order: Cacique, Crusader II., Cachalot, Agatha, Vencedor, Lasca, Venona and Palestine.

On the next signal the big auxiliaries started, and their times were: Idler 10:25:56, Intrepid 10:26:09, Ariadne 10:26:23, Vergemere 10:26:52. Normona took the wrong signal. She was last to go, being handicapped 5m.

The wind was moderate, and the tide running to the E. helped the boats very much. At 11:15 the leaders were off Faulkner's Island; Sybarita was ahead. Mineola had, just before reaching that point, passed Yankee. Corona was still ahead of Elmina. Intrepid, conspicuous by her raffees, was leading the auxiliaries, and Katrina was leading the smaller schooners.

The wind lightened somewhat after then, but later breezed on again. Nautilus was the leading boat of the northern division of 30-footers, and appeared to be leading her class, and Minx was the leader of the southern boats. Off Cornfield Lightship at 12:30 Sybarita was still in the lead, but was being pressed by Corona and Elmina. There was no change in the order of the other boats. In the 57ft. sloop class Humma had taken the lead, followed by Shark, Irolita and Doris. Then the wind went further to the W., and spinnakers were set on several of the leaders. Yankee tried hers, but soon took it in again. The wind freshened too, so that those boats that had held to the S. were benefited, and they made up the advantage the northern boats had gained earlier in the race. At 1:30 Sybarita passed Bartlett's Reef Lightship, and swept on toward the finish. Then a sharp rain squall broke, and with it there was plenty of wind. Elmina closed rapidly on Corona, but could not quite get up.

The finishing times were: Sybarita 1:08:05, Corona 1:50:44, Elmina 1:51:23, Mineola 1:58:46, Muriel 2:03:42, Yankee 2:03:44, Lasca 2:04:20, Vergemere 2:09:20, Weetamoe 2:12:18, Humma 2:13:13, Katrina 2:13:50, Doris 2:14:06, Intrepid 2:14:35, Crusader II. 2:15:23, Ariadne 2:18:16, Idler 2:18:28, Irolita 2:19:05, Shark 2:20:25, Rosemary 2:21:04, Vencedor 2:22:09, Agatha 2:29:18, Cachalot 2:30:07, Kiwassa 2:31:55, Mira 2:33:34, Venona 2:34:35, Palestine 2:35:41, Pellegrina 2:37:17, Cacique 2:39:25, Normona 2:43:13, Phantom 2:43:22, Lida Louise 2:43:21, Minx 2:56:31, Nautilus 2:58:00, Oriole 2:58:05, Alera 2:58:33, Banzai 2:59:20, Dahinda 2:59:45, Ibis 2:59:45, Neola II., 3:00:53, Cara Mia 3:01:15, Adelaide II., 3:02:32, Atair 3:03:26, Linnet 3:17:59.

In the 30ft. class Minx had won, and it is probable that she has also captured the Rear-Commodore prize for single-stickers.

In the next class Mira wins easily from Pellegrina, Phantom and Lida Louise. In Class K, Doris is a winner by a good margin. This is a creditable showing, because she really belongs in the class below, and assumes the minimum length of the class above in order to get a race.

Mineola gets the prize for Class H. Venona wins in the small class of schooners, and she also captures the Read-Commodore's prize for schooners. Katrina easily defeats the Class C boats. Corona wins in Class B. The auxiliaries have not all been measured, but it looks as if Vencedor is the winner in the small class and Idler the winner in the larger class.

The fastest time over the course was made by Elmina, and when Capt. Miller gets better acquainted with his craft she will do much better.

It rained on and off all the evening, but that did not prevent the yachts illuminating, or there being fireworks at the Pequot, and all New Londoners were happy. The summary:

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 10:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alera	2 58 33	4 53 33
Ibis	2 59 45	4 54 45
Atair	3 03 26	4 58 26
Dahinda	2 59 45	4 54 45
Adelaide II.	3 02 32	4 58 32
Linnet	3 17 59	5 12 59
Oriole	2 58 05	4 53 05
Neola II.	3 00 53	4 55 53
Minx	2 56 31	4 51 31
Cara Mia	3 01 15	4 56 15
Banzai	2 59 20	4 54 20
Nautilus	2 58 00	4 53 00

Sloops—Class M, 33 to 40ft.—Start, 10:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Phantom	2 43 22	4 33 22	4 33 22
Mira	2 33 34	4 23 34	4 11 48
Pellegrina	2 37 17	4 27 17	4 15 47
Lida Louise	2 43 21	4 33 21	. . . .

Sloops—Class K, 48 to 57ft.—Start, 10:10.

Doris	2 14 06	4 04 06	3 52 53
Humma	2 13 13	4 03 13	3 59 44
Shark	2 20 25	4 10 25	4 10 25
Irolita	2 19 05	4 09 05	3 58 22

Sloops—Class H, 68 to 82ft.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yankee	10 15 37	2 03 44	3 48 07	3 47 52
Mineola	10 15 52	1 58 46	3 42 54	3 42 54
Weetamoe	10 16 00	2 12 18	3 56 18	3 47 03

Yawls—Class G, 82 to 100ft.

Sybarita	10 16 15	1 48 05	3 31 50	3 31 50

Schooners—Class E, Under 55ft.

Kiwassa	10 21 51	2 31 55	4 10 04	4 10 04
Agatha	10 22 00	2 29 18	4 07 18	4 01 32
Venona	10 22 00	2 34 35	4 12 35	3 45 00

Schooners—Class C, 64 to 75ft.				
Katrina	10 21 34	2 13 50	3 52 16	3 24 15
Muriel	10 20 54	2 03 42	3 42 48	3 42 48
Rosemary	10 21 41	2 21 04	3 59 23	. . .
Crusader II.	10 22 00	2 15 23	3 53 23	3 52 53
Palestine	10 22 00	2 35 41	4 13 41	. . .
Schooners—Class B, 75 to 90ft.				
Corona	10 20 25	1 50 44	3 30 19	3 28 22
Elmina	10 21 47	1 51 13	3 29 26	3 29 26
Lasca	10 22 00	2 04 20	3 32 20	. . .
Auxiliaries, Under 70ft.				
Cacique	10 22 00	2 39 25	4 17 25	. . .
Cachalot	10 22 00	2 30 07	4 08 07	. . .
Vencedor	10 22 00	2 22 09	4 00 09	. . .
Normona	10 22 00	2 43 13	4 21 13	. . .
Auxiliaries, Over 70ft.				
Idler	10 25 56	2 18 28	2 52 32	. . .
Intrepid	10 26 09	2 14 25	3 48 16	. . .
Vergemere	10 26 52	2 09 20	3 42 28	3 42 28
Ariadne	10 26 23	2 18 16	3 51 53	. . .

At New London, Sunday, Aug. 13.

Sunday was a miserable day for all. Rain squall after rain squall drenched everything, but it did not prevent the sightseers from going down the harbor to see the boats. Several new yachts joined the squadron, and Fleet Captain Kelley announced that since the squadron was organized 192 yachts had reported to the flagship.

The Regatta Committee, which has worked hard, got things in good shape, and from now on everything will run smoothly. An innovation has been made this year, and only yachts that have their measurement certificate filed can take part in contests for cups or for regular prizes. Boats not measured can start, and if it is found when they are measured that they have beaten the regular entries, they get a special prize, but they do not take a prize away from a boat that has complied strictly with the rules.

Mr. Charles Lane Poor, of Mira, has protested the 30-footers because they do not carry boats. This protest affects Dahinda, the winner of the Commodore's cup on Friday, and Minx, the winner of the Rear-Commodore's cup on Saturday. The Regatta Committee decided against Mr. Poor, and it was felt by many that it was a most unjust decision, and that it left an opening for all kinds of evasions.

Lipton Cup Races.

FOUR boats representing three different clubs, started in the fourth annual race for the Lipton trophy, emblematic of the 21ft. cabin class championship of the Great Lakes. The first race was called at the expiration of the four-hour time limit with two legs of the course still unsailed.

The contestants were: Quien Sabe, Columbia Y. C., Commodore F. A. Price et al.; Ste. Claire, Detroit Country Club, Commodore Walker; Mendota, Milwaukee Y. C., Commodore E. P. Vilas; Hoosier, Columbia Y. C., ex-Commodore J. F. McGuire.

All but Quien Sabe are old boats, the Price boat having been built to win back the trophy from Ste. Claire, of the Detroit Country Club.

First Day—Saturday, Aug. 12.

Light, fluky winds. That tells the story of the first attempt to race for the Lipton cup yesterday. After four hours of more or less tedious waiting for the unkindly god of the winds to turn loose a few choice zephyrs, the racing judges called it no contest, and picking up the contestants at the end of a tow line, the tug Bradwell and the revenue cutter Tuscarora towed them back to their anchorages.

As a test of boats, it was no criterion at all, though what little steady sailing there was, showed Fred Price's new Tams, Lemoine & Crane creation Quien Sabe, to be a wonder in light airs, and brought the Commodore of the Columbia out in the light of unusually good achievement. Beaten to the first mark by 14m., owing to distressing flukes of wind and a bit of a mistake of judgment by which he waited for the wrong puff, while Ste. Claire got the right one, Price sailed his boat well and cut down Ste. Claire's lead until at the end, when at the outside buoy the race was called off, Quien Sabe was less than 4m. behind, having made up over 10m. in the run in from the S.W. stakeboat around the home buoy and out to the N.E. mark.

As these two legs were about the steadiest of the whole race, and at that a shift of wind on the last leg sailed headed the boats when they were pointing directly at the mark, the gain shown by the Price boat is a most encouraging feature, and sailors around Columbia are hoping for more light breezes, seeing a chance to win back the coveted trophy from the Detroit County Club.

The race as a race was a tiresome affair, with constant changes of wind to almost every point of the compass. The judges were delayed at the start, and it was after 2 o'clock when they reached the spar buoy, which served as a permanent basis for the triangle, and the racers were notified that the preparatory gun would be fired at 2:15 with the starting gun 10m. later. At 2:25 the gun gave the signal for the start. The wind had dropped to nothing, and in the ten minutes had boxed the compass. At the starting time it was a light S.E. breath, and Ste. Claire, which had been hovering on the line ever since the preparatory gun, filled slowly and drifted across. Her actual crossing time was 2:28:50, which gives an idea of how little wind there actually was at the time. Quien Sabe was next across, a minute later, and Hoosier and Mendota were last across. Then began the longest, most tiresome part of the race—the beat back to the mark, two miles to windward. Fluke after fluke put first one boat ahead, then another. At last a squall headed up in the S.W., and it looked as though there might be some wind. At the same time a lightening of the N.E. and the drift of the smoke ashore showed that the wind was trying to force a passage there. Ste. Claire chose the northeast, and Quien Sabe hung on, hoping to catch the southwester. Ste. Claire won, and when the breeze came—it could not have been over a 3-mile affair at that—Ste. Claire had all the best of the position, and going fast, shot away into the lead.

The second leg was a free run with balloon jibs, and at one time Ste. Claire was able to carry a spinnaker, though it did not help much. Quien Sabe rounded 14m. later and broke out a small spinnaker, carried high like a flying jib, one of George Peare's favorite stunts. It helped some, but had to come down at the end.

It was on the third leg of the triangle that Quien Sabe showed such speed. With the Detroit boat still 14m. ahead, Quien Sabe cut down her lead by 6m. on the run in to the home buoy. After rounding into the first leg of the second round Quien Sabe and Ste. Claire found a light N. wind that enabled them to set their course direct for the mark. It held for half the distance, then swung around to the N.E., dead ahead. The boats went about and split tacks. Price kept on improving his position, and when the race was called off, after the two leading boats had rounded the stake, he had cut down the cup holder's lead to 3m. 42s.

Mendota and Hoosier were hopelessly out of it from the first. They are both heavy weather boats, and the Milwaukee representative is a dangerous candidate if there is anything like a whole sail breeze.

The arrangements were perfect as far as the club was concerned, the weather man being the only one to cause any trouble.

The first race was sailed over a triangular course of two miles to the leg, to be sailed over twice. Following is the official time:

First Round.

	Start.	1st mark.	2d mark.	3d mark.
Ste. Claire	2 25 00	3 52 00	4 29 50	4 58 30
Quien Sabe	2 25 00	4 06 00	4 43 30	5 06 35
Mendota	2 25 00	4 19 20	4 52 35	5 14 20
Hoosier	2 25 00	4 21 00	4 54 00	6 19 05

Second Round.

	First Mark.	
Ste. Claire	6 07 30	Race called; time limit
Quien Sabe	6 11 12	expired.
Mendota	Did not reach buoy.	
Hoosier	Did not reach buoy.	

J. W. HANDLEY.

Stamford Y. C.

Stamford, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE annual regatta of the Stamford Y. C. was held on Saturday, Aug. 5. There were eighteen starters, and the winners were Marguerite, Memory, Madrine (sailover), Heron, Vera and Fly.

The Race Committee, consisting of Messrs. R. H. Gillespie, Chairman; J. S. Herrman, John Le Boutillier, Edward Sawyer and Dr. A. H. Scofield, were on board Commodore Ferguson's steam yacht Christabel.

The race was scheduled to start at noon, but the Race Committee decided on a postponment, as the wind was so light. At 1 o'clock a nice S.W. breeze was blowing, and at 1:20 the 33ft. sloops were sent away. It was a procession from start to finish, and Marguerite had such an easy time that the match attracted little or no interest.

Memory also had an easy time of it in the 33ft. yawl class. Cherokee was outclassed.

In the 27ft. sloop class Madrine was without a competitor and she took a sailover.

Heron ran away from her three competitors in the 22ft. yawl and sloop class and took her second first prize of the season. Altair was second.

Vera easily defeated Mignon and Hornet in the catboat class. Mignon was second.

Fly beat Monday, the second boat to finish in the Stamford one-design class, 6m. 33s. Toy was third. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops, 33ft. Class—Start, 1:20—Course, 15 Miles.		
Marguerite, W. F. Clarke	3 43 46	2 23 46
Eolis, Com. Farrell	4 11 13	2 51 13
Yawls, 33ft. Class—Start, 1:20—Course, 15 Miles.		
Memory, H. M. Raborg	3 43 43	2 23 43
Cherokee, A. G. Thompson	4 09 11	2 44 11
Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 1:30—Course, 15 Miles.		
Madrine, S. E. Elliott	4 16 42	2 46 42
Sloops and Yawls, 22ft. Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 13 Miles.		
Heron, John Le Boutillier	4 22 03	2 37 03
Altair, W. M. McCord	4 42 01	2 57 01
Kenoshi, Robert Mallory, Jr	5 05 33	3 20 33
Moondyne, Mr. Kenedy	4 58 34	3 13 34
Catboats, 20ft. Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 13 Miles.		
Vera, W. F. Gillespie	4 40 20	2 55 20
Mignon, J. S. Gillespie	5 04 57	3 19 57
Hornet, A. DeNovellis	5 22 22	3 37 22
Stamford One-Design Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 4½ Miles.		
Duck, J. S. Jenkins	3 40 23	1 45 23
Sunday, Edw. Sawyer	3 37 10	1 42 10
Hard Luck, D. Bonner, Jr	3 45 22	1 50 22
Monday, W. Ferguson, Jr	3 32 03	1 37 03
Toy, C. B. Castle	3 34 40	1 39 40
Fly, F. C. Edson	3 25 30	1 30 30

Lake Champlain Y. C.

Burlington, Lake Champlain—Tuesday, Aug. 1.

THE annual regatta of the Lake Champlain Y. C. was held on Tuesday, Aug. 1. A rattling breeze held throughout the contest. The most interesting race was the fifth. Arcadia, owned by Father James D. Roche, of New York city, gave Queen Bess, the 65ft boat owned by Don A. Dodge, of New York city, and Nameless, Frank J. Spaulding's 30ft. power boat, a 10m. lead. Arcadia won out, leaving Queen Bess some distance in her rear. The course of about six miles was covered in 18m. 30s.

The summary. First race:

	Finish.		Finish.
Witchcraft II.	1 13 50	Sandolphon	1 18 05
Second race:			
Effort	0 57 39	Robt. J.	1 03 44
Eagle	1 01 20		
Fourth race:			
Witchcraft II.	1 12 30	Sandolphon	1 27 35
Fifth race:			
Dorothy	1 06 14	Lake Bird	1 08 22
Echo	1 07 19		
Special race:			
Arcadia	0 18 30	Nameless	0 32 19
Queen Bess	0 30 08		
Arcadia gave the other two a 10m. handicap.			
Eighth race:			
Tramp	0 37 38	Julia J.	0 40 57
The Warner	0 39 58	Alert	0 42 45

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor—Saturday, Aug. 12.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 12, Atlantic Y. C. boats in classes M and under had an opportunity to compete for the trophy offered last year by Rear-Commodore E. B. Havens. All started in one division on regular time allowance. The winner proved to be the Class Q craft Saetta, which defeated the New York Y. C. 30-footer Tabasco, first boat to finish, by 5m. 8s. corrected time. A triangular course was covered, which led from the start off Sea Gate to a mark boat off Fort Hamilton, thence down the channel to a bell buoy three-quarters of a mile due N. of West Bank Light and home, an aggregate distance of 7¾ miles. The journey was sailed twice, all marks being left to port.

On the first leg spinnakers were carried to the Fort Hamilton mark. The wind was S.W., and windward work was in order down to the bell buoy. In rounding the mark at the Fort, a foul occurred in which More Trouble, Vivian II. and Bobtail came into collision. All hands were delayed at least 3m., and Vivian II. was finally forced to withdraw with a broken martingale. Lizana sailed well on the first round, and had a substantial lead at the end. The leg home was a broad reach, on which spinnakers were carried.

The wind hauled to the W. on the second round. As soon as on the wind after turning the Fort Hamilton Mark, Lizana began to feel the effects of the head tide and a cross sea which had sprung up. Tabasco was given more sheet than the others, and footed by both Bobtail and Lizana. After rounding the bell buoy Tabasco and Bobtail had a fine tussle on the run home. The first named finally finished 11s. in the lead. Quest led Saetta at the end of the first round, but lost the advantage before the finish of the race. Cockatoo II and More Trouble withdrew on the second round, when hopelessly beaten. Bobtail measures in Class N, Tabasco and Lizana in Class P, and the others in Class Q.

The old Class Q boats in the club sailed a race for points on the trophy recently offered by Hendon Chubb. Spots won out by 33s. The inside Association course was covered twice, leaving all marks to port. This gave a reach to Ulmer Park, another to the Marine and Field Club, still another to Fort Hamilton and a beat home. Mary had a good lead on the first round, but lost it by overstanding the mark on the last leg to windward. The summaries follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Classes M and Under—Start, 3:05.			
Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	6 14 03	3 09 03	3 00 39
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	6 14 14	3 09 14	3 09 14
Lizana, D. L. Wylie	6 20 03	3 15 03	2 57 39
Saetta, Geo. H. Church	6 22 25	3 17 25	2 55 31
Quest, F. J. Havens	6 23 53	3 18 53	2 56 59
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	Did not finish.		
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	Did not finish.		
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	Disabled.		
Class Q—Special—Start, 3:10.			
Spots, R. C. Veit	4 36 32	1 26 32	. . .
Mary, Max Grundner	4 37 05	1 27 05	. . .
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 38 07	1 28 07	. . .

Buffalo Y. C.'s Cruising Race.

Buffalo, Port Maitland and Return—Saturday, Aug. 5.

SIX boats participated in the Buffalo Y. C.'s cruising race from Buffalo to Port Maitland and return, which started on Saturday, Aug. 5. The distance is about 80 Miles. The 21ft. waterline yawl Lucinda won, Tomahoc was second and Ida third.

The boats started late on Saturday afternoon, the preparatory being fired at 3:30. At 4 o'clock the boats started. Cricket carried all her lower sails and Beppo had two reefs in the mainsail and her storm jib set. Ida, Lucinda, Bessie and Tomahoc each had one reef tied down.

It was a beat to clear Black Rock Harbor, and Tomahoc was in the lead when the boats headed up the lake. After passing the Buffalo breakwater sheets were checked a little, and the boats were able to lay their course for Point Abino. Ida had made a big gain, and she was leading the fleet at sunset, when they passed Point Abino. Bessie started shorthanded and put into Point Abino Bay rather than continue with an insufficient crew.

Ida was the first to shake out her reef, but Lucinda and Tomahoc soon followed suit. About this time Beppo ran by Cricket and began to overtake the three leaders. This was before Port Calborne lights were passed.

When darkness shut down the boats lost track of each other, but they picked each other up again when nearing Port Maitland. As each boat passed the lighthouse pier her identity was made known, and they were headed back for Buffalo. The time taken at Port Maitland was as follows: Ida, Tomahoc and Lucinda, 11:18 P. M.; Beppo, 12:50 A. M., and Cricket 1 A. M.

The boats had the wind well abeam for the return trip, and it freshened considerably after passing Rock Point. A gaff topsail and a big reaching jib topsail were set on Cricket about 2 o'clock and she made better time, but she was too far astern to ever become dangerous.

Lucinda worked out a useful lead on the home leg and finished a winner at 4:23 A. M., Sunday. The summary follows:

Start, 4 P. M., Saturday.

	Pt. Md.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'ted.
Lucinda, Wilson	11:18 P. M.	4 23	12 23	12 13
Tomahoc, Harper	11:18 P. M.	4 42	12 42	12 32
Ida, Heussler	11:10 P. M.	5 14	13 14	12 34
Beppo, Shamp	12:50 A. M.	6 05	14 05	13 25
Cricket, Robertson	1:00 A. M.	6 22	14 22	14 22
Bessie, Clissold	Did not finish.			

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

Bay Shore, Great South Bay—Saturday, Aug. 12.

FIVE boats started in the special handicap race given by the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 12. There was a reefing breeze from the S., and the boats covered the 4-mile course three times.

Mr. T. Ridgewood's Arrow carried away her bobstay and withdrew, as did Pinkie, Cornelia and Nindah.

Gracelyn, sailed by Mr. Joshua Robbins, won; Alpheus was second, and Anita third. The summary:

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gracelynne	1 42 00	3 42 15	2 00 15	1 51 15
Alpheus	1 47 30	3 55 40	2 08 10	1 55 50
Anita	1 40 00	3 57 00	2 17 00	1 59 00
Emla I.	1 42 00	3 54 35	2 12 35	2 00 35
Lillian	1 42 30	3 58 40	2 16 00	2 02 00

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Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Mid-Summer Series.

The midsummer series of invitation races given by the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, was one of the most successful in the history of the club. On each of the three days there was a good breeze, and the contests were spirited throughout. The smallest number of entries was sixty-three and the largest seventy-four, making these the biggest races that have been sailed in Massachusetts Bay this season. In each class a cup was offered for the yacht taking the greatest number of first prizes. These were won without sail-offs by Myrtle in Class N, Tyro in the 22-footers, Boo Hoo in the 18-footers, Vera II. in the 15-footers and Marvel in the Cape cats. After a sail-off on Saturday, Meemer was the winner in Class M, Carmen in Class Q, Barbara in the dory class and Avanti in the handicap class.

Wednesday, Aug. 9.

A drizzling rain fell all the afternoon of the first day, and the wind was light and streaky, shifting from S.E. to W. by S. Dorel got the start in Class M, with Chewink IV. following and Seboomook to windward. Soon after the start Meemer went through the bunch and made her position secure on the windward leg, with Sauquoit second and Chewink IV. third. In Class P, Opitsah II., an old 21-footer, led the class all around the course, and Theorem did all the leading in Class Q. In the 18-footers Rube had the weather berth at the start, but Tyro to leeward had the better position, with clear wind. Tyro at once went into the lead and kept it to the finish.

Myrmidon, Bat, Boo Hoo and Dorchen were the first to get away in the 18ft. knockout class. Dorchen went through the bunch and led all over the course. There was a close finish for second place between Bat and Boo Hoo, Bat weathering Boo Hoo just before they crossed the finish line. Vera II. had all the best of it in the 15ft. class. Red Devil got the lead in the sailing dories but was passed by Elizabeth F, which won handily. The Cape cats were bunched at the start. Tomahawk went into the lead soon after, and stayed there all through the race, losing first to Hustler on corrected time. Tabasco II. led the handicap class to the finish line, but lost to Loon on corrected time. The summary:

Class M—33 to 40ft. Rating.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	2 09 06
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	2 14 39
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr	2 17 30
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	2 22 20
Dosel, George L. Batchelder	2 25 03
Louise, E. McWilliams	2 33 18

Class E—Y. R. A. 22-footers.

Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 15 05
Medric, George Lee	2 18 03
Clotho, C. D. Lanning	2 21 30
Peri II., Morton Prince	2 22 34
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 24 42
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 32 37
Medric II., H. H. White	2 33 32

Class I—Y. R. A. 18-footers.

Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 40 20
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d	1 40 33
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 40 34
Bonitavo, G. H. Wightman	1 45 10
Nick Nack, E. B. Holmes	1 45 28
Aurora, Pigeon Bros	1 46 07
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr	1 56 26
Moslem, John Tyler	1 57 27
Cuyamel, B. L. Pond	2 13 32

Class D—Y. R. A. Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 36 20	2 32 01
Tomahawk, S. W. Leighton	2 32 17	2 32 17
Arjesks, G. H. Wilkins	2 38 48	2 37 45
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	2 45 29	2 43 27
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	.. .. ..	2 49 58
Josephine, F. H. Smith	2 52 57	2 50 31
Dorothy II., F. F. Crane	2 53 46	2 51 01
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	Withdrew.	
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	Withdrew.	

Class X—Y. R. A. Dories.

	Elapsed.
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	1 52 14
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	1 54 34
Barbara, Blaney and Wardwell	1 54 37
Crescent, R. E. Burnett	1 55 45
Teaser, R. R. Smith	2 04 01
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	2 05 31
Pointer II., B. C. Melzard	2 07 21
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey	2 08 32
Question, G. Gardner	2 09 33
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis	2 09 47
Catspaw, R. E. Melzard	2 10 03
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge	2 10 55

Class T—Y. R. A. 15-footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 38 30
Cigarette, M. T. Prince	1 51 31
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 56 15
Princess, J. P. Prince	Withdrew.

Class N—27 to 33ft. Rating.

Myrtle, Souther and Holt	2 40 39

Class P—22 to 27ft. Rating.

Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	2 28 55
Carina II., E. B. and H. S. Wheelock	2 31 32
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 35 28
Sentinel, D. H. Crawford	2 38 02
Quakeress, J. H. Hammond	2 39 28
Aladdin, Keith Bros	2 51 19
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins	Withdrew.
Tunipoo, E. A. Cooley	Withdrew.

Class Q—18 to 22ft. Rating.

Theorem, E. H. Taylor	1 45 29
Soubrette, W. V. Moot	1 54 41

Special Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Loon, Misses Wainwright	1 46 16	1 40 13
Tabasco II., W. H. Hollander	1 43 32	1 41 28
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	1 43 59	1 43 59
Muley Kah, Misses Fabens	1 47 38	1 44 28
Peggy, A. I. Hennessy	1 49 22	1 45 14
Tartar, W. D. Quiner	1 50 05	1 46 59
Coon, E. Quiner	1 49 34	1 48 32
Geewhiz, W. H. Quiner	1 52 59	1 49 53
Avanti, Mansfield	Withdrew.	

Thursday, Aug. 10.

A rattling S.S.W. breeze favored the competing yachts on the second of the series. It was strong enough to capsize Loon in the handicap class, sailed by the Misses Wainwright. The young women were thrown into the water, but as they are excellent swimmers, they were not in the least uncomfortable, and paddled around until they were picked up by Glint in the same class. Pontiac got the start in Class M, with Chewink IV. under her lee and the rest of the class bunched. Meemer was in a pocket, but she pulled up after they had started, and after the first mark was turned for the windward leg, she went out ahead rapidly, leading to the finish. Sentinel assumed length to make a race for Myrtle in Class N, and Myrtle did all the leading in consequence. Carina II. got the start in Class P and led all over the course. Clotho got the start in the 22ft. class and led to the first mark, when she slipped the jaws of her gaff and the lead went to Peri II. Peri II led for the remainder of the course, with Tyro second. On the reach to the first mark Dorchen took the lead and held it until they were coming home on the windward leg, when Bonitwo pulled ahead and finished first with Boo Hoo second and Bat third. Bonitwo was disqualified for passing a mark wrong, and the race went to Boo Hoo. Vera II. won again in the 15ft. class, and Red Devil took a first in the dory class. Marvel got the start in the Cape cats, but was later led by Argestes. Marvel won first, however, on corrected time. The summary:

Class M—33 to 40ft. Rating.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	2 03 14
Pontiac, George E. Silsbee	2 04 16
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	2 05 40
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr	2 06 00
Dorel, George L. Batchelder	2 12 42
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	2 13 15
Louise, E. McWilliams	2 14 04
Kit, H. B. Whittier	2 20 27

Class E—Y. R. A. 22-footers.

Peri II., Morton Prince	2 12 23
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 14 00
Medric II., H. H. White	2 15 05
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 15 53
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 16 03
Clotho, C. D. Lanning	2 17 50
Medric I., George Lee	2 18 21

Class I—Y. R. A. 18-footers.

Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 18 10
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d	1 19 14
Hayseed II., A. L. Bowden	1 20 26
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 21 26
Hugi, A. E. Chase	1 22 09
Fritter, Caleb Loring	1 22 37
Moslem I., John Tyler	1 25 24
Nienack, E. B. Holmes	1 31 30
Cuyamel, R. L. Pond	1 33 28
Bonitas, G. Wrightman	Disqualified.

Class D—Y. R. A. Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	2 30 49	2 27 51
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 30 15	2 29 00
Josephine, F. H. Smith	2 35 33	2 32 40
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	2 40 32	2 34 51
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 41 23	2 36 17
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	2 40 53	2 37 42
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	2 50 57	2 43 07
Tomahawk, S. W. Leighton	2 43 10	2 43 10
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	2 46 32	2 44 07

Class T—Y. R. A. 15-footers.

	Elapsed.
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 32 49
Princess, J. Prince	1 34 23
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 35 00
Nibelung, Caleb Loring	1 39 39
Cigarette, M. T. Prince	Withdrew.

Class X—Y. R. A. Dories.

Red Devil, E. H. Curtis	1 25 36
Barbara, Blaney & Wardwell	1 27 44
Teaser, R. R. Smith	1 27 46
Elizabeth, F. H. W. Dudley	1 28 25
Frolic II., W. G. Terry	1 28 37
Pointer II., E. C. Melzard	1 29 09
Catspaw, R. E. Melzard	1 29 34
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	1 29 34
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	1 30 43
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge	1 31 28
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	1 31 35
Crescent, R. E. Burnett	1 34 09
Spider, A. G. Besse	1 38 06

Class N—27 to 33ft. Rating.

Myrtle, Souther and Holt	2 19 25
Sentinel, G. H. Crawford	2 32 42

Class P—22 to 27ft. Rating.

Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	2 16 50
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	2 20 37
Quakeress, A. H. Hammond	2 21 21
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 26 00
Tunipoo, E. A. Cooley	2 28 13
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins	2 29 41
Stoic, A. Galt	2 32 57
Margaret, G. C. Vaughan	2 34 09

Class Q—18 to 22ft. Rating.

Carmen, C. H. Johnson	1 17 25
Theoren, E. H. Taylor	1 51 56

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tabasco II., W. H. Hollander	0 52 16	0 51 45
Raccoon, A. D. Irving	0 53 06	0 53 06
Gee Whiz, W. H. Quinner, Jr	0 54 15	0 53 12
Sg., ——	0 53 51	0 53 20
Tartar, W. D. Quiner	0 56 02	0 54 59
Loon, Misses Wainwright	Capsized.	
Peggy, A. Hennessey	Withdrew.	
Avanti, Miss Mansfield	Withdrew.	
Glint, ——	Withdrew.	
Muleykeh, Misses Faybens	Withdrew.	

Friday, Aug. 11.

There was a moderate S.W. breeze for the third day of the series, and the racing in the different classes was good. Louise got the start in Class M, but Pontiac had the lead before the first mark was reached. She led the class all over the course, with Chewink IV. second and Seboomook third. In Class N, Myrtle again had an easy win from Sentinel. Baggarah and Quakeress sailed a close race in Class P, Baggarah winning by 16s. Tyro got the start in the 22ft. class and led all over the course. Nutmeg had second place on the windward leg, but was passed by Rube on the run in. Nibelung beat out Vera II. in the 15ft. class, this being only the second race that Vera has not won this season. Barbara won a close race in the dory class. Raccoon was first to finish in the special handicap class, but lost to Avanti on corrected time. Marvel led all around in the Cape cat class. The summary:

Class E—Y. R. A. 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 15 59
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 13 47
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 14 10
Clotho, C. D. Lanning	2 15 30
Medric II., H. H. White	2 16 42
Peri II., Morton Prince	2 17 33

Class I—Y. R. A. 18-footers.

Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 16 48
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d	1 17 42
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	1 19 06
Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	1 19 40
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	1 20 41
Aurora, Pigeon Bros	1 21 17
Fritter, A. P. Loring	1 21 20
Nick Nack, C. B. Holmes	1 24 20
Cuyamel, R. L. Pond	1 39 35
Moslem, John Tyler	1 39 48
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	Withdrew.

Class D—Y. R. A. Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	2 42 32	2 39 48
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 48 30	2 44 40
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 51 34	2 51 34
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	2 59 08	2 54 41
Notorus, C. O. Whitney	2 58 05	2 57 05
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	3 01 37	3 00 27
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	Withdrew.	

Class T—Y. R. A. 15-footers.

	Elapsed.
Nibelung, E. G. Loring	1 26 53
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 27 30
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 30 00
Princess, J. P. Prince	1 33 46

Class X—Y. R. A. Dories.

Barbara, Blaney and Wardwell	1 32 18
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	1 33 12
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis	1 33 44
Pointer II., E. C. Melzard	1 34 09
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	1 35 22
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	1 35 40
Teaser, R. R. Smith	1 35 58
Crescent, R. E. Burnett	1 36 34
Question, Guy Gardiner	1 38 00
Spider, A. G. Bosse	1 42 30
Bossie A., J. S. Hodge	1 44 49
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	1 45 30
Dolphin, L. J. Magrath	Withdrew.

Class M—33 to 40ft. Rating.

Pontiac, George S. Silsbee	2 01 55
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr	2 02 35
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	2 05 45
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder	2 07 11
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	2 12 41
Louise, E. McWilliams	2 24 29
Kit, H. B. Whitier	Withdrew.

Class N—27 to 33ft. Rating.

Myrtle, Souther and Holt	2 21 20
Sentinel, G. H. Crawford	2 42 40

Class P—22 to 27ft. Rating.

Bag, R. C. Robbins	2 34 32
Quak, J. H. Hammond	2 34 48
Carina II., C. B. and H. S. Wheel	2 35 42
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 47 30
Stoic, Gult	2 47 36
Tanipoo, C. A. Cooley	2 48 49

Class Q—18 to 22ft. Rating.

Soubrette, R. D. Moot	1 37 50
Carmen, C. H. Johnson	1 39 51

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Avanti, Miss Mansfield	0 57 02	0 56 28
Tartar, H. C. Higgins	0 57 45	0 56 37
Raccoon, A. D. Irving	0 56 39	0 56 39
Tabasco II., W. H. Hollander	0 57 40	0 57 40
Muleykeh, Misses Fabens	1 05 06	1 03 24
Gee Whiz, W. H. Quiner, Jr	1 05 13	1 04 05
Glint, D. A. Thurber	1 07 53	1 06 45

Saturday, Aug. 12.

Shifting winds from S.W. to S.E., with squalls marked the annual open race of the Corinthian Y. C., sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, Aug. 12. A N.W. squall postponed the start half an hour, and then courses were laid for a S.W. wind. This shifted later to S.E., so that the yachts had no windward work. Kit was the first away in Class M, the others all being handicapped. Chewink IV. took the lead before the first mark was reached, with Seboomook second, and these positions remained the same to the finish. Medric II got the start in the 22ft. class, but on the first leg was passed by Tyro. Tyro led to the finish, with Medric II. second. Aurora got the start in the 18ft. class, but was passed by Dorchen before the first mark was reached. Dorchen was in the lead at the second mark, but on the last leg, Boo Hoo took the lead, with Moslem II. second and Bat third. Marvel led in the Cape cat class, but lost to Goblin on corrected time. Opitsah II. won in Class P, Soubrette in Class Q and Tabasco II. in the handicap class. The summary:

Class E—Y. R. A. 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 05 40
Medric II., H. H. White	2 08 41
Clotho, C. D. Lanning	2 09 54
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 10 10
Peri II., Morton Prince	2 10 26
Medric, George Lee	2 10 45

Class E—Y. R. A. 18-footers.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	2 15 15	2 08 40
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	2 13 07	2 10 23
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 15 23	2 11 31
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	2 17 39	2 13 13
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 15 07	2 15 07
Noturus, C. O. Whitney	2 18 19	2 17 24
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	Withdrew.	

Class I—Y. R. A. 18-footers.

Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 29 18
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	1 30 12
Bat, C. F Adams 2d	1 30 37
Aurora, F. L. and R. W. Pidgin	1 31 04
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	1 31 09
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 31 15
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr	1 31 35
Mirage II, J. W. Olmstead	1 31 48
Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	1 31 58
Fritter, A. P. Loring	1 32 40
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	1 32 12
Cuyamel, R. L. Pond	1 37 08
Moslem, John Tyler	1 39 51

Class T—Y. R. A. 15-footers.

Swallow, J. H. Hammond	1 34 40
Tabasco, Jr. H. H. Wiggin	1 36 47
Cigarette, Morton Prince	1 37 12
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 40 45
Princess, J. P. Prince	1 43 40

Class X—Y. R. A. Dories.

Barbara, Blaney and Wardwell	1 30 48
Teaser, R. R. Smith	1 32 18
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	1 32 49
Crescent, R. E. Burnett	1 33 05
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey	1 33 46
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	1 34 04
Question, G. Gardner	1 34 21
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	1 34 38
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge	1 35 25
Spider, A. G. Besse	1 42 07
Catspaw, R. E. Melzard	1 47 44
Pointer II., E. C. Melzard	1 49 43
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	1 49 50

Class M—33 to 40ft. Rating.

Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr	2 06 07
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	2 08 07
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder	2 08 33
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	2 11 45
Kit, H. B. Whittier	2 15 44

Class P—22 to 27ft. Rating.

Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	2 03 56
Carina II., C. B. and H. S. Wheelock	2 05 27
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 08 56
Sally IV., H. R. Starratt	2 09 08
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	2 09 44
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	2 12 10
Starc, Alexander Galt	2 12 53

Class Q—18 to 22ft. Rating.

Soubrette, R. D. Moot	1 34 57
Carmen, C. H. Johnson	1 36 56
Theorem, E. H. Taylor	2 05 49

Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tabasco II., W. H. Hollander	0 55 28	0 55 28
Loon, Misses Wainwright	0 58 08	0 55 55
Gum Drop, C. F. Lyman	0 57 39	0 56 33
Peggy, A. I. Hennessy	1 01 49	1 00 43
Gee Whiz, W. H. Quiner, Jr	Discqualified.	
Muleykeh, Misses Fabens	Withdrew.	

Conanicut Y. C.

Jamestown, R. I.—Aug. 11.

The sixth serial race of the Conanicut Y. C. was sailed Friday afternoon, Aug. 11, off Jamestown in a brisk S.W. wind. The winners in the four classes were Arminta, Grace, Minnow, and Vesper. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Arminta	5 00 23	1 50 23
Rowdy	5 01 45	1 50 32

21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 3:15.

Grace	5 13 24	1 55 37
Comforter	5 19 50	2 04 39
Bohemia	5 25 50	2 10 50

15ft. Knockabouts—Start, 3:20.

Minnow	4 21 31	1 00 31
Wenonah	4 21 51	1 01 51

Cats—Start, 3:30.

Vesper	4 34 35	1 04 35
Nassau	4 35 45	1 06 45

F. H. Young.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division—L. M. Harvey, New York city, by C. F. Wolters; Charles A. Robinson, New York city, by F. C. Hoyt; Frederick W. Roloff, New York city, by F. C. Hoyt; Charles M. Wells, Brooklyn, N. Y., by C. H. Parson; John Lane Beck, New York city, by F. C. Moore; Herbert Moore, New York city, by J. E. Taylor.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, July 29.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 370th regatta off its club house on Saturday, July 29. The event was the fourth Corinthian race of the season. The wind was from the S.W., and at times promised to be strong enough to make a good race, but it proved light and variable.

For the first time this season Shark defeated Humma in the 46ft. class, winning by a margin of 1m. 18s..

There were again two entries in the 30ft. class, Young Miss and Pontiac, and they were sent to Gifford's Ledge and back. Young Miss won by 2½m.

In the 21ft. class there were the usual five entries. The boats were sent first to Dry Ledge, then to Scraggy buoy No. 8, then to Dry Ledge, and then home. Mr. Crane's new Amanita III. won by a good margin, and last year's champion Terrapin took second place.

The 18-footers were sent first to Bird Island, then across the bay to buoy No. 8 off Seraggy Neek and then home. Jap won by a little over a minute.

The 15ft. one-design class was sent first to Abiel's Ledge, then to Dry Ledge, then home. Vim won, and Fly, sailed by Miss Williams, was the first boat sailed by a lady to get home. She took second place.

The judges were Messrs. F. E. Cabot and L. S. Dabney. The times in detail follow:

46-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Shark, F. Lothrop Ames	2 17 47
Humma, R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 19 25

30-Footers—Course 9, 14 Miles.

Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 14 21
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	2 16 54

21-Footers—Course 13, 12⅜ Miles.

Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 11 40
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 14 02
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 17 50
Arethusa, E. R. Baker	2 32 12
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 38 25

18-Footers—Course 16, 5⅝ Miles.

Jap, G. P. Gardiner, Jr	1 43 31
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 44 45
Margaret, W. O. Taylor	1 45 27
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 46 51

15-Footers—Course 22, 5¾ Miles.

Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr	1 14 38
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	1 16 10
Catspaw, S. D. Warren	1 17 44
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 18 41
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr	1 19 1b
Seeps, S. D. Warren	1 19 30
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 19 48
Compress, S. M. Weld	1 21 13
*Flickamaroo, Miss E. E. Emmons	1 32 04

*Disabled.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

The Beverly Y. C. sailed its 371st regatta on Saturday, Aug. 5. The event was the fifth Corinthian race of the season. In the morning the wind was light and to the S.W. and gave the promise of good weather for racing. At 1 o'clock, when the preparatory gun was fired it was blowing from the S.W. with a velocity probably of 6 or 8 miles an hour, but before the first class was sent away, the wind hauled sharply to the S.E. and remained in that direction all the afternoon, therefore all the boats fetched to the windward mark without tacking.

The 46-footers did not appear, and the largest boats to start were the 30-footers, of which there were two. They were sent to Nye's Ledge and back. Young Miss won by a minute and a half.

The 21-footers were sent to Bow Bells and back. At the start the breeze, which had recently shifted, was very fresh and Barnacle soon took the lead, but on the way down the wind lightened and she gradually fell back and was passed by first one boat then another. Terrapin thus took the lead and Mr. Crane's new Amanita III. followed along in second place. She tried to carry a balloon jib and probably lost some ground by doing so. At the finish Terrapin was over 3m. ahead of her.

The 18 and 15-footers were both sent to Bird Island and back. Hindoo won in the former class, and Mr. Warren's new boat, Seeps, which was sailed by a lady, won in the 15ft. class. Miss Williams' Fly was second.

Mr. F. A. Eustis acted as judge. The times in detail follow:

30-Footers—Course 3, 18 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	1 19 36
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	1 21 00

21-Footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 44 42
Amanita II., Joshua Crane	1 48 18
Illusion, C. M. Baker	1 49 50
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 50 11
Arethusa, E. R. Baker	1 52 53

18-Footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 18 35
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 18 50
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr	1 18 55
Margaret, W. O. Taylor	1 19 26

15-Footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Seeps, S. D. Warren	1 14 20
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	1 26 21
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr	1 26 52
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 27 27
Compress, S. M. Weld	1 27 44
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 29 13
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 29 37
Vim, F. W. Sargent	1 30 03

Boston Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Monday, Aug. 7.

THE last Y. R. A. open race of the Boston Y. C. for the season was sailed off Marblehead on Monday, Aug. 7, in a light breeze from S.E. to S. by W. Medric II. got the start in the 22ft. class, but Nutmeg got the lead before the windward mark was reached, helped somewhat by a shift of wind, which let her up. Tyro was second at the outer mark. Nutmeg led to the finish, while Peri II. passed Tyro for second place. Bat got the start in the 18-footers and led to the windward mark, with Hayseed second and Boohco third. On the reach to the next mark Hayseed and Boohoo passed Bat, and finished first and second respectively. Both contestants in the 15ft. class started late, but made a good race, Nibelung winning by 19s. Josephine was away first in the Cape cat class, and led to the finish. Meemer was an easy winner in the first rating class, and Carina II. won a good race in the second rating class. Right o' Way, Blink and Tama were the winners in the power boat classes. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 46 38
Peri II., Morton Prince	1 48 00
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 48 10
Medric II., H. H. White	1 50 43
Urchin, John Greenough	1 50 45
Clotho, C. D. Lanning	1 50 51
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 52 16
Medric, George Lee	1 52 38

Class I—18-footers.

Hayseed, George L. Bowden	1 59 05
Boohoo, R. Boardman	2 01 23
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d	2 01 45
Aladdin, Keith Bros	2 09 26
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr	2 13 20
Fritter, Caleb Loring	2 13 27
Nick Nack, E. B. Holmes	2 14 58
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	Withdrew.

First Rating Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 43 05	1 04 53
Jingo, Geo. B. Doane	1 51 01	1 06 03
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr	1 45 28	1 07 10
Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 53 35	1 12 35
Pontiac, W. S. Burgess	1 43 00	Not rated.
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	Withdrew.	

Second Rating Class.

Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	1 40 18	0 51 43
Gringo, Wm. H. Brown	1 42 39	0 53 12
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	1 40 55	0 57 19
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	1 49 58	1 03 12
Aspenet, E. H. Remiek	2 14 23	1 12 42

Class D—Cape Cats.

Josephine, F. H. Smith	2 05 44	2 03 34
Marvel, I. M. Williams	2 09 30	2 05 56
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 12 15	2 07 42
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 09 28	2 08 00
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	2 14 40	2 09 49
Dorothy III., F. F. Crane	2 13 10	2 10 19
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	2 14 59	2 12 46
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	2 21 48	2 14 56

Class X—Dories.

	Elapsed.
Barbara, Blainey & Wardwell	2 06 43
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	2 08 50
Pointer II., E. C. Melzard	2 07 15
Frolie II., W. G. Torrey	2 09 08
Catspaw, R. E. Melzard	2 09 34
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis	2 11 49
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge	2 12 51
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	2 13 08
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	2 14 25
Question, Guy Gardner	2 14 53
Naisan, D. Woodbury	2 18 22

Class II.—15-footers.

Nibelung, A. P. Loring	2 16 31
Princess, J. P. Prince	2 16 50

Cabin Launches over 40ft. Waterline.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Right o' Way	1 46 35	. . . .

Cabin Launches Under 40ft. Waterline.

Blink, C. W. Estabrook	1 37 56	0 52 25
Jack, William J. Kelley	1 36 30	1 00 10

Open and Hunting Launches Under 40ft. Waterline.

Tama, F. L. Dunne	0 57 50	0 34 23
Farewell	1 36 16	Not rated.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE races at Larchmont on Saturday, Aug. 5, attracted only the smaller craft, as the bigger boats were on the New York Y. C. cruise. The raceabouts were the largest participants, and all told, there were thirty-six starters.

At the start there was a nice W. breeze, but this petered out at the end of the first round, but it came in again from the same quarter, and the finishes were interesting.

The Regatta Committee, made up of Messrs. Thomas J. McCahill, Chairman; William Stewart Allen, L. W. Forbell and Edward Marble, sent the raceabouts off at 1:15. These boats covered a 5-mile triangle twice. All the boats went over this course twice, except those in the two smaller classes.

It was a beat to the first mark, off Whortleberry Island, a reach to the mark off Execution Light, and a run back to Larchmont.

Rascal II., cleverly sailed by Mr. Hazen Morse, won in the raceabout class, and Cricket was second. Rascal II. led all over the first round, but Cricket got ahead at the end of the first round. Rascal II. regained her lead and won handily by 50s.

The 27ft. sloops were started at 1:20, and Rascal, one of the old raceabouts, slipped home a winner by over 5m. Only 8s. separated the other three boats in this class at the finish. Thelema was second and Spinster third.

The other winners were: Okee, Houri, Ace, Kenoshi, Grace, Quinsagamond, Vara, and Joke, sailover.

The summary follows:

Raceabouts—Start, 1:15—Course, 10 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket, M. Willetts	3 10 27	1 55 27
Rana, F. Willetts	3 17 51	2 02 51
Busy Bee, R. Wainwright	3 16 51	2 01 51
Indian, William Gardner	3 17 04	2 02 04
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	3 14 12	1 59 12
Rascal II., S. E. Hopkins	3 09 37	1 54 37
Nora, A. Iselin 2d	3 15 24	2 00 24
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	3 17 53	2 02 53

Sloops—22 to 27ft.—Start, 1:20—Course, 10 Miles.

Spinster, M. R. Babbitt	3 20 22	2 00 22
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	3 15 18	1 55 18
Thelema, H. E. Blaek	3 20 16	2 00 16
Rogue, J. Macdonough	3 20 24	2 00 24

Sloops—18 to 22ft—Start, 1:25—Course, 10 Miles.

Okee, J. F. Mahlstedt	3 30 57	2 05 57
Skipp, C. M. Pinckney	3 39 22	2 14 22

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 1:25—Course, 10 Miles.

Vaquero, W. Stump	3 24 09	1 59 09
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 21 35	1 56 35
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 25 36	2 00 36
Folette, L. Gancy	3 24 56	1 59 56

Sloops—15 to 18ft.—Start, 1:30—Course, 10 Miles.

Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	3 39 38	2 09 38
Pagan, R. N. Jackson	3 39 39	2 09 39
Mist, R. P. Clark	3 45 30	2 15 30
Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 39 18	2 09 18

Indian Harbor One-Design—Start, 1:30—Course, 10 Miles.

Kenoshi, R. Mallory	3 37 58	2 07 58
Ovatowna, G. Lauder, Jr	3 41 58	2 11 58

Catboats—Special—Start, 1:35—Course, 10 Miles.

Sis, S. T. Clulow	Did not finish.	
Marjory, E. A. Unitt	3 57 58	2 22 58
Ariel, D. J. Leavitt	4 10 00	2 35 00
Grace, Charles Pearson	3 53 42	2 18 42

Horseshoe Harbor One-Design—Start, 1:40—Course, 5 Miles.

Quinsagamond, A. Woodward	2 59 47	1 19 47
Dixie, A. P. Hatch	3 08 54	1 28 54
Cotton Tail, E. Courtney	3 21 34	1 41 34
Indra, W. S. Allen	3 21 37	1 41 37
Gloomy Gus, L. H. Riley	3 18 46	1 38 46

Milton Point One Design—Start, 1:40—Course, 5 Miles.

Fanny, C. O'D. Iselin, Jr	3 05 54	1 25 54
Vara, Charles Stetton	2 58 34	1 18 34

Catboats, 15ft.—Start, 1:40—Course, 5 Miles.

Joke, C. C. Converse	3 20 54	1 40 54

Marine and Field Club.

Bath Beach, Gravesend Bay—Saturday, Aug. 12.

IN line with a desire to encourage racing among all types of boats on Gravesend Bay, the Marine and Field Club offered regular prizes for a race open to yawls on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 12. Only three of the cruising rig started, but there are hopes that a larger entry will result when another effort in the same direction is made.

J. H. Ives' La Cubana, a neat and fast little craft, won the race easily from Gaviota and Kate. The latter, although finishing third, very likely gets second prize on corrected time. The regular outside Association course was sailed twice, aggregating 10 nautical miles. With the breeze in the S.W., the journey on the first time around was a series of reaches from the start, off the Marine and Field Club to Fort Hamilton, thence to Craven Shoal bell buoy, to Sea Gate, Ulmer Park, and home. A shift of the wind to the W. on the second round brought a little close-hauled work from Fort Hamilton to Craven Shoal.

Two of the Class RR. sloops sailed for a cup offered by Charles Camp. Delta beat Alpha by 1m. 51s. The inside Association course was used, with windward on one of the four legs. The summaries follow:

Yawls—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	5 00 07	1 55 07
Gaviota, G. C. Gillespie	5 04 12	1 59 12
Kate, J. S. Negus	5 15 43	2 10 43

Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:10.

Delta, J. J. Mahoney	4 52 07	1 42 07
Alpha, W. S. Howell	4 53 58	1 43 58

Eastern Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Tuesday, Aug. 8.

THE last of the series of special open races given by the Eastern Y. C., was sailed off Marblehead on Tuesday, Aug. 8, in light and streaky, shifting airs, from S.W. to S.S.E. Class M was sent away in a drift, Medric II. getting the start. She was followed by Tyro and Clotho, with Meemer blanketing them. Meemer, Medric I., Urchin and Kit tacked inshore, while the rest of the yachts stood to the S. Tyro went into the lead by reason of finding a better breeze, but Meemer caught her again and passed her when the wind backed. Meemer led all around the course. Medric I. went up to second place on the second leg and remained second to the finish, with Tyro 4s. behind her. The 22-footers, while competing in Class M, were also in contest for a special cup for 22-footers sailing as one class. Two previous raees had been won by Tyro and Clotho respectively, but as there had been some dispute as to rating, it was decided to award the cup to the 22-footer making the best time in this raee. Medric I. thus gets the special cup. In Class N-O, Dorel was first away and led all around the course, but lost to Opitsah III. on allowance. Boohoo got the start in Class O-P, but Carina II. passed her on the two beats and led to the finish. The summary:

Class M—33 to 40ft. Rating.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, R. G. Nickerson	2 01 52	1 58 49
Medric I., George Lee	2 03 28	. . . .
Tyro, W. H. Joyee	2 03 32	. . . .
Peri II., Morton Prince	2 04 41	. . . .
Medric II., H. H. White	2 08 48	2 04 49
Clotho, C. D. Lanning	2 08 25	2 05 12
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 09 06	2 06 38
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	2 03 25	. . . .
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr	2 10 30	. . . .
Pontiac, G. S. Silsbee	2 04 19	. . . .
Urchin, John Greenough	2 07 27	. . . .
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	2 05 31	. . . .
Kit, H. B. Whittier	2 10 47	. . . .

Class N-O—25 to 33ft. Rating.

Opitsah III., W. H. Whitney	2 05 01	1 51 24
Dorel, George L. Batchelder	1 59 44	1 51 43
Sentinel, George Crawford	2 16 26	2 03 21
Myrtle, T. W. Souther	2 15 58	2 09 31

Class O-P—18 to 25ft. Rating.

Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	2 04 30	1 48 20
Boohoo, R. Boardman	2 10 41	1 52 10
Aladdin, Keith Bros	2 17 21	1 58 10
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	2 16 29	1 59 42
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 08 58	. . . .
Aurora, Pigeon Bros.	2 24 12	2 07 53
Guyamel, R. L. Pond	2 19 17	. . . .
Theorem, Twombley Bros	2 24 48	1 58 43
Jacobin, T. W. King	2 36 34	2 08 41
Moslem I., John Noble, Jr	2 25 27	. . . .
Nonda	Did not finish.	

SCHOONER YACHT HOOSIER SOLD.—Mr. Edgar Harding, of Boston, has sold his schooner yacht Hoosier to Mr. A. Morgan, of Larchmont, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman. The same agency has also sold the auxiliary yawl Vidofner for Mr. C. A. Welch, Jr., of Boston, to Mr. W. C. Wood, of New York. She is a flush-deck keel boat 51ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 12.3ft. breadth, 7ft. draft, designed and built 1896 by Lawley.

SEA CLIFF Y. C. OFFICERS.—The annual meeting of the Sea Cliff Y. C. was held at the club house on Thursday evening, Aug. 10, and the following officers were elected: Com., Charles E. Silkworth; Vice-Com., Charles E. Berner; Treas., M. M. Dodd; Cec'y., C. S. Chellborg; Trustees to serve three years, Rupert A. Ryley, W. A. Morrison; to serve one year, A. H. Rogers, Jr.

STEAM YACHT PRESTO SOLD.—Mr. George C. Boldt has sold his high speed twin-screw steam yacht Presto to Mr. Nathan Straus. Presto was built at Nyack from designs by Mr. Charles D. Mosher. She is of composite construction, 80ft. 4in. over all, 75ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam and 2ft. draft. She has two quadruple expansion engines each of four cylinders of 6in., 9in., 12in. and 16in. in diameter by 8in. stroke.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.

Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-19.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C. shoot.

Aug. 22—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.

Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y., G. C. tournament. R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo, N. Y., tournament.

Aug. 26.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club tournament. W. R. Fieles, Sec'y.

Aug. 26.—Newport, R. I.—Mullerite Gun Club on grounds of Aquidneck Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.

Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; $1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.

Aug. 31.—New London, O., Gun Club second annual. A. Ledgett, Sec'y.

Aug. 31.—Reading, Pa.—Spring Valley Shooting Association. Arthur A. Fink, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club Labor Day shoot.

Sept. 4.—Rahway, N. J., G. C. Labor Day tournament.

Sept. 4.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Edward F. Markley, Sec'y, Easton, Pa.

Sept. 4.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C., Labor Day shoot. J. H. Bell, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Englewood, N. J.—Labor Day shoot of Pleasure Gun Club. C. J. Westervelt, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Auburn, N. Y., G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club all-day shoot. H. L. Carpenter, Sec'y.

Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.

Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside G. C. all-day tournament.
Sept. 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., R. and G. C. fall tournament F. E. McCord, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Dayton, O., G. C. tournament; $100 added.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-6.—Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club tournament. C. W. Doten, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-9.—Detroit, Mich.—Fifteenth annual international shoot; two days, targets, one day live birds.
Sept. 13-14.—Allentown, Pa.—The John F. Weiler and Allentown R. and G. C. tournament.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Sept. 27-28.—Bradford, Pa., G. C. tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Broken Bow, Neb., Gun Club tournament. F. Miller, Sec'y, Berwyn.
Oct. 3-4.—Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of Jefferson County G. C. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Hyannis, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. McCauley, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Alliance, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. A. Shawrer, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C., tournament. J. H. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

If the tournament of the Palisade Gun Club, at Edgewater, N. J., Aug. 24, is a success, a similar tournament will be arranged for Sept. 28.

The Bergen Beach Gun Club, Brooklyn, will resume their Saturday shoots on and after Sept. 2. The monthly shoots, held on the second Tuesday of each month, will be held reguarly as usual.

We have received a photograph of the prizes which will be shot for on Aug. 19, commencing at 2 o'clock, at the shoot of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club. They number five, four cups and a medal.

The Worcester, Mass., Sportsman's Club, through the Secretary, C. W. Doten, announce a two-day tournament, to be held on Sept. 5-6. A $50 Parker gun and added money will be extra inducements.

The Clearview and Lansdale gun clubs met in a 25-man team contest, on the grounds of the Clearview Club, Philadelphia, Aug. 12. Each man shot at 25 targets. The totals were, Clearview, 483; Lansdale, 465.

The souvenir programme of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Labor Day tournament is a work of art. The competition is open to all amateurs. Fifty dollars added money and merchandise prizes. Mr. C. L. Kites is the Secretary.

At the three-day tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association, held at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Aug. 8-10, Mr. W. R. Crosby was high general average with a total of 593. Mr. Otis Felger, an amateur of Grand Rapids, was second with 576.

The Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club announce an all-day shoot on Labor Day, and a tournament on Oct. 9-10. The programme on Labor Day will consist of ten 20-target events, and one set of traps will be in use for those who desire to shoot for targets only.

The next tournament of the Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut will be held under the auspices of the Bristol Gun Club, on Aug. 29. An old-fashioned sheep barbecue and fried corn feast will be an open event, best appreciated by those who have partaken of the delicious repast herctofore.

The Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., announces a shoot on Labor Day. Competition will begin at 1 o'clock. The programme consists of 20-target events, each $1.50 entrance. Committee members are Messrs. T. V. Smith, A. B. Parker and A. J. Schneipp. The club grounds are at Jeffersonville.

There are ten events of 20 targets, each $2 entrance on the programme of the Labor Day shoot, to be given by the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, Sept. 4. Competition will begin at 9 o'clock. Moneys will be divided 25, 25, 25 and 25 per cent. High and low average prizes. Mr. Jas. W. Bell is the secretary.

The third annual tournament of the Kentucky Trapshooters' League at live birds, Oct. 3 and 4, will be given under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club at Louisville, Ky. Emile Pragoff is secretary of the J. C. G. C. Frank Pragoff is secretary of the K. T. S. L. Programmes ready Sept. 1.

At the shoot of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut, held at Hartford, Conn., Aug. 8, under the auspices of the Colt Gun Club, eight teams competed. New Britain was high with 87, but the score does not count in the series, as being short one man they took in a non-member to shoot along. Rockville was high with 85.

The Palisade Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., will hold a grand opening all-day tournament on Aug. 24. Eight events are on the programme, each at 20 targets, entrance $1.40, $3 added to six events, $5 to two events. Totals, 160 targets, entrance $11.20. Events 3 to 7 will be an optional 100-target race. There are six cash prizes of $5, $3 and $2 for straights and averages. Sliding handicap. Guns and ammunition shipped prepaid to Lovett's Hotel, Edgewater, will be delivered on the grounds free. Mr. A. A. Schoverling, 2 Murray street, New York, is the manager.

A correspondent writes that, "The Rahway Gun Club wishes to claim Sept. 4 (Labor Day) for a grand prize tournament. The entire net proceeds will be given to the Baptist Church in Rahway, N. J., to aid in the building of a new edifice, the old one having been destroyed by fire. Edward A. Mahnken is chairman of the tournament committee, and promises that the prizes will exceed any heretofore offered by the club. Previous tournaments under the same management have proved eminently successful. Programmes on application.

The Somerville, Conn., Gun Club have issued the programme of their second annual Connecticut State championship, to be held on Aug. 22. All shooters are invited. The programme consists of eleven events, of which No. 7 and 8, each at 25 targets, constitute the championship contest. The other events are at 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.23 and $1.80; totals, 200 targets [illegible] entrance. Rose system, except in the championship event, which will be class shooting and shot as two 25-target sweeps. Shooting will begin at 9:30. Gold badge, value $10, to amateur making high average.

The Baltimore Shooting Association will hold its annual target tournament on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 3 and 4. The management is now working on a programme that will be attractive to shooters in every class. There will be big average money for the good shots, and every man who shoots the programme through will be guaranteed his entrance back, no matter how poorly he may shoot. The 25-target merchandise event on the last day will be quite a feature, for there will be many and expensive prizes offered. Write to Secretary J. W. Chew, P. O. Box 941, Baltimore, Md., for programme.

The tenth tournament of the Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club, fixed to be held on Aug. 23, has ten events on the programme, at 15, 20 and 25 targets; entrance $1.30, $1.40 and $2, the latter entrance pertaining to the merchandise event at 25 targets. Totals, 180 targets, $14.10 entrance. Shooting will begin at 10:30, rain or shine. Trains leave Grand Central Depot at 8:08, 9:05 and 11:38 A. M. The Secretary, R. W. Gorham, writes us that "The members of the club will not spare time to make this tournament a success. The merchandise event will be the feature of the day. Several valuable prizes have been received already. The trade representatives will do well to attend."

There are twelve events on the programme of the eighth Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut tournament, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 65 cents, $1.22 and $2.30. Totals, 190 targets, $17.82 entrance. Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Sweepstakes optional. All shooters invited. The team event, No. 6, will take place about midday. The clubs entered are: New Britain, Waterbury, New Haven, Bristol, Willimantic, Norwich, Hartford, Bridgeport, Rockville. The purse, $10 from each club, to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. among the three clubs making the highest total scores for the nine tournaments. For programmes and information, address E. R. Burwell, Bristol, Conn.

Mr. Geo. L. Carter, of Lincoln, Neb., has sent us a circular, from which we take the following: Programme: Sept. 28, chicken shooting at Broken Bow; Sept. 29-30, target tournament at Broken Bow, $125 added; Oct. 2-3, target tournament at Hyannis, $200 aded; Oct. 4-5, grouse shooting at Hyannis; Oct. 6-7, target tournament at Alliance, $250 added. After the programme at Hyannis the visitors will be entertained by cowboys with roping and tying contest, bronco busting, etc. Geo. L. Carter, of Lincoln, will assist the management in each of these tournaments. For further information and programmes address Broken Bow, F. Miller, Berwyn, Secretary; Hyannis, Thos. McCauley, Hyannis, Secretary; Alliance, Lew A. Shawrer, Alliance, Secretary.

The following, from the Shooting Times, treats of cruelty to crops: "Another pigeon-shooting case was heard at the St. Helens County Court by Judge Shand, last week, when Jas. Speakman, collier, of Dalesrow, Whiston, claimed £5 for the loss of a pigeon shot by Joseph Strettle, farmer, of Whiston. Plaintiff's case was that he was a pigeon fancier, and trained birds for flying in matches and sweeps. On the 16th of last month he was near defendant's farm, and saw defendant in one of the fields with a gun. One of plaintiff's birds flew over the field, and defendant shot at it. The pigeon died the following day from a wound in the crop. It was a red chequered cock, about twelve months old, and plaintiff would not have taken £10 for it. On Easter Monday it won £4 in a sweepstake, and £5 in a match on Whit-Saturday. Defendant denied that the bird was flying when it was shot. It was on the ground pulling up young turnips and eating the seeds. His Honor, in giving judgment for the defendant, with costs, said he was satisfied that the pigeon was on the ground and doing considerable amount of destructive work. The law, therefore, gave the farmer the right to shoot pigeons which were damaging crops."

The programme of the Interstate Pacific Coast Handicap target tournament, to be held at San Francisco, Sept. 15-17, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association, has $1,500 added. On the first day, the programme consists of nine events, at 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2.00, with $40 and $60 added respectively. On the second day, there are three events at 15 and 20 targets, and the preliminary handicap at 100 targets, $7 entrance, handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns; $250 added. On the third day, there are three events at 15 and 20 targets and the Pacific Coast handicap at targets; 100 targets; $10 entrance; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns; $400 added. The handicap contests are amateur events. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock each day. Rose system in the sweepstake events. Entries in the preliminary and Pacific Coast handicap close at 6 P. M., on the day previous to that for which they are scheduled. The handicappers are Messrs. M. J. Iverson, San Francisco; W. H. Varien, Pacific Grove; M. Abrahams, Portland; Guy Lovelace, Los Angeles; F. K. McBroom, Spokane. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, will be secretary to the committee. Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express must be prepaid and sent to one of the following sporting goods houses: Clabrough, Golcher & Co., 538 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.; Shreve & Barber Co., 739 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.; Olympic Arms Co., 801 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. Mark your own name on the box that goods are shipped in, and it will be delivered to the shooting grounds free of charge.

BERNARD WATERS.

Clearview—Rambler.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 12.—On the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club to-day a 25-man team race took place between teams of the Clearview and Rambler gun clubs. Scores:

Clearview Team.		Lansdale Team.	
Bell	22	Bender	20
Dr Slaughter	20	White	21
Deyer	21	Haywood	20
Leicht	22	Lamborn	17
Sibole	22	Kauflie	17
Reid	18	Reithmeyer	18
Dr Charlton	20	Rodgers	21
Davison	18	Sexton	19
Downs	17	W Zeafoss	20
Frank	24	Lynch	21
Muller	22	J Henry	16
Colton	19	Sheesley	22
Ford	21	D Schwartz	13
Billhartz	20	J Schwartz	21
Springer	17	J Bright	14
Poulson	15	N Bright	18
Tyler	18	C Schwartz	18
Elwell	14	Ritter	18
McAfee	20	H Zeafoss	22
Fisher	22	Metz	18
Anderson	17	F Henry	19
Nagle	18	W Clark	17
Redman	21	L Schwartz	20
Buckwalter	21	W Henry	17
J Wherry	14—483	Tristrell	18—465

Consolidated Sportsmen's Association.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—The fourth annual tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association was held on Aug. 8-10. Mr. W. R. Crosby was high average for the three days; second high average was made by Mr. Otis Felger. The totals for the three days of those who shot through the programme follow:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total.
Crosby	192	198	203	593
Felger	190	190	196	576
Becson	180	192	189	561
Stannard	188	190	193	571
Powers	182	189	197	568
Heikes	187	182	196	565
Barto	182	178	189	549
Deering	172	183	194	549
Call	176	176	189	541
Scott	174	178	186	538
Shepardson	173	175	186	534
Wood	170	171	192	533
Ramsey	174	173	182	529
Eastman	171	180	178	529
Weber	164	181	183	528
Greenway	166	181	187	534
Jarvis	161	177	183	521
Stoner	173	165	177	518
Widdicomb	150	174	180	504
Snyder	158	171	174	503
Joy	171	162	144	477
Vietmeyer	133	160	172	470

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

THE Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold one of their popular all-day shoots at clay targets on Labor Day, Sept. 4. The programme calls for 200 blue rock targets, $16 entrance in sweeps, $50 added money. All shooting will be from 16yds. Targets will be thrown from two sets of expert traps, arranged Sergeant system. Interstate rules to govern. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Loaded shells will be for sale at the club house. The shoot will be held rain or shine, the shooting stand being under cover. Targets included in all entrance at 1½ cent each. Professionals and paid experts will be allowed to shoot for targets only. Shooting will commence promptly at 9 o'clock, and continue all day. To the amateurs making highest average shooting the entire programme thirty-five merchandise prizes will be awarded, first being a Marlin repeating rifle; third, Colt automatic pistol; fourth, Smith & Wesson revolver; fifth, Stevens Ideal Rifle.

These prizes represent a cash value of $154. Purses divided Rose System, four moneys, less than ten entries, three moneys. To reach the grounds, take Indian Orchard or Palmer cars to Red House Crossing, grounds one minute walk from car. Ship guns and ammunition prepaid to C. L. Kites, Sec'y, 416 Main street, and they will be delivered on grounds free of charge. Sweeps optional, any one may enter any event and shoot for targets only. A very attractive programme has been gotten out, which may be had by addressing the Secretary. No. time or expense has been spared to make this shoot the best we have ever held, and a good time is guaranteed to all who attend.

MISFIRE.

Mount Kisco Gun Club.

MT. KISCO, N. Y., Aug. 12.—The shooting contest for the John W. Bowron silver trophy, which has been held for the past month, came to an end Aug. 10, when Louis Carson won it twice in succession. This, with his previous winning on Aug. 3, gave him the cup.

Among those with us to-day was Sim Glover. He was in town on business, and in the afternoon rushed to the grounds to see the boys. Every member was very glad to see him. Scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	10	Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	10
S Glover, 0	13	14	22	23	..	..	L Carson, 4	12	11	25	25	13	8
Dr Dunn, 6	10	11	17	19	10	7	A Burham, 8	8	9	18	20	9	5
G Sutton, 0	13	12	21	22	12	10	G Woods, 8	8	7	17	18	7	5
A Betti, 0	13	14	23	23	15	10	H Smith, 5	9	10	22	23	10	8
E Martin, 7	9	9	21	24	10	6	F Pelton, 5	..	..	19	20	9	6
R Gorham, 0	14	12	21	22	13	9	F Beohemer, 8	..	..	22	18	..	..
R Fay, 7	10	10	24	24	9	6							

Events 3 and 4 were for Bowron trophy; handicaps apply only in those events.

R. W. GORHAM, Sec'y.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 10.—Our regular weekly was held this afternoon, and will be, without a single miss, if but two are in attendance. We are going to keep the organization together. This small attendance will pick up some day. Emory H. Storr, a clever representative, dropped in on his return from the Wilson, N. C., shoot, shaking hands with his many friends. We are always glad to have him visit our city and club. The following scores were made.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Johnson	90	84	Barrett	75	71
Storr	75	71	Walters	50	44

R. T. GOWAN.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 8.—The Independent Gun Club held the third of the series of five shoots for the L. & R. trophy on Aug. 5, when the following scores were made:

Event No. 1, 50 targets, back scores: Markley 46.

Event 2, 50 targets, handicap for trophy: Markley (0) 46, W. Maurer (0) 42, Ivey (14) 32, Elliott (10) 32, Sandt (14) 29.

The next shoot will be held Aug. 19.

W. R. IVEY, Sec'y.

"Ugh!" grunted Mr. Newliwed, "what is this stuff, anyway?"

"Why, what's the matter with it, George?" exclaimed Mrs. Newliwed. "I made it out of Mrs. Spouter's cook book, and ——"

"Ah, I guess this is a chunk of the binding I've got here then."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Dear old Henry! I am glad he is so fortunate."

"How fortunate?"

"Why, he just told me that marriage was the grandest institution on earth."

"Yes, I heard him; but didn't you notice that his wife was present?"—Houston Post.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

WESTERN TRAP.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the third series. In the club trophy event Dr. Reynolds and T. L. Smedes tied for Class A trophy on 24 out of 25.

In the Dupont cup shoot at 20 singles Kampp won on 19 in Class A; Al. Smedes on 18 in Class B; Ostendorp on 9 in Class C.

In the Hunter Arms Co. trophy shoot on 10 singles and 5 pairs, McDonald won Class A on 19; Stone won Class B on 17; Ostendorp won Class C on 11.

The day was a fairly good one for trapshooting, only toward evening the atmosphere became hazy and the light deceptive.

Attendance fair, twenty shooters showing up for the afternoon's sport.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	25	20	10	10	15
Thomas	18	22	13	8	9	13
Dr Meek	18	23	13	7	10	10
T Smith	..	14	..	7	6	..
Dr Reynolds	14	24	14	10	..	..
Eaton	16	13	16	6	9	13
T B Smith	..	18	..	7	7	..
Hieks	16	23	16	7	10	..
C Smith	..	17	..	5	5	..
Al Smedes	18	19	11	7	9	9
T L Smedes	18	24	14	5	10	10

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	25	20	10	10	15
George	17	18	..	8	9	..
Howe	16	17	..	6	8	..
McDonald	14	21	19	7	9	13
Stone	16	17	17	1	7	11
Kampp	19	22	16	..	..	..
Ditt	..	10	..	..	..	..
Hopps	9	6	.	..	..	..
Ostendorp	9	19	10	..	..	6
Herr	15	16	..	..	..	..
Geotter	15	19	15	..	..	10

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Aug. 12 was a distinctively uncomfortable day. Gen. Humidity arrived in town this morning and, until the middle of the afternoon, made poor humanity suffer. Then it cleared up and a light breezze cooled things to a bearable degree. Nineteen members shot their scores in the Schuler prize contest on the 11th and to-day, six of them making the full score of 50, including their handicaps. Randall, who has made himself quite a stranger lately, was high in actual breaks, with 48. Barker was second with 45. In the team matches he did better, missing but 1 out of 50. In the practice events Maynard broke 95 out of 105, over 90 per cent. He smashed 46 out of his last 50. Keplinger scored 43 out of 50 at praetice. Not much practice was indulged in, every one being through before 5 o'clock.

Lytle appeared in the rôle of chef to-day and served up spaghetti in a style which pleased the boys. Barker said you could'nt miss 'em after filling up on "Lytle spaghetti," and to prove it broke 41 straight.

Voss is a new man at the traps. He used a 16-gauge gun, rather light for trap work. Williams blames the hard trigger pull of his new gun for his low score. Something was wrong evidently, for he shot way below his average. Peters was another man with a new gun. His is a single-trigger and, though two or three of the boys tried it, and "couldn't miss 'em," his score shows that he has not got the hang of it yet. J. Faran will be back from his trip and at the grounds to-morrow. About the middle of September Maynard starts on his annual pilgrimage to Winnipeg after chickens. Falk returned safely from his trip to Wabash, Ind., and was at the grounds to-day for the first time in two weeks. His rest must have benefited him, as he landed among the bunch of 50s.

Schuler prize shoot, 50 targets, handicap: Randall (3) 50, Barker (5) 50, Ahlers (6) 50, Captain (13) 50, Maynard (13) 50, Falk (16) 50, Myers (28) 50, Tuttle (11) 48, Pohlar (5) 47, Krehbiel (4) 46, Gambell (5) 46, French (13) 46, Voss (36) 46, Keplinger (6) 44, Peters (8) 44, Lytle (20) 44, Bullerdick (0) 42, F. Altherr (4) 33, Bill (3) 28.

Match, 25 targets:			
Gambell	22	Bullerdick	21
Ahlers	21—43	Barker	25—46

Match, 25 targets:			
Gambell	20	Peters	18
Barker	24	Randall	21
Bullerdick	20—64	Williams	21—60

Ohio Notes.

At the shoot of the Columbus Gun Club on Aug. 5, Mr. Schadt, who never shot at targets until July 5, did good work, breaking straight in several 10-target events, and 22 out of 25, going a little over 87 per cent. for the day. A. V. Schilling made several straights, broke 89 out of 95, nearly 94 per cent. for the day. Dr. Wilcox was second high gun with 108 out of 120, 90 per cent. He also won a special, breaking 15 straight. Eli Fort, whose name used to appear among the top-notchers at most big tournaments, is once more in the game. He has located at Columbus, and was at the grounds to-day, where he broke 51 out of 60. Mr. O. S. Marekworth brought Miss Marckworth and several lady enthusiasts out to the grounds. The ladies took part in several special events and enjoyed the sport. High gun for the day was Mr. Hayden with 156 out of 180. Sixteen shooters took part in the various events. In the trophy event at 50 targets, Borger and Schilling scored 50 with their handicaps of 14 and 5 respectively. Wilcox (4) 46, Hayden (2) 47, Wells (11) 44, Davis (16) 40.

The Dayton Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on Aug. 11. Owing to the absence of a number of members from the city the attendance was small, only nine men taking part. Eight events were shot at a total of 175 targets. La Rue was high man with 101 out of 125; Ike, second, with 90 out of 100; Craig, 85, and Dial, 83 out of 100. The prospects for the success of the tournament on Sept. 4 and 5 are very good.

The Cleveland Gun Club held their regular matinee shoot on Aug. 5, the principal event being the contest for the Dupont trophy at 50 targets. Riley scored the full 50, including his handicap of 15. Pocock was high man in actual breaks with 47. The winners were: Pocock, first; Wallace, second in Class B. Ong, first; Freeman, second in Class C. Good sport is promised for Labor Day, with a liberal number of merchandise prizes, and sportsmen are cordially invited to be present.

Thirty-eight shooters were present at the New Moorefield Gun Club's shoot recently, the largest number which has yet competed for the Peters county championship trophies since they were put in competition last spring. The sport continued until dark, and was enjoyed by all. In the five-men team contest, six teams were entered, two from Springfield, one each from St. Paris, Catawba, Troy and Urbana. The St. Paris team won with a score of 211 out of a possible 250. The team consisted of Brubaker 39, Losh 43, Karnehm 42, Holding 44, Kirby 43; total, 211. The Troy team was second with 198; Springfield No. 1 third, with 194; Springfield No, 2, fourth, 187; Urbana, fifth, 171; Catawba, 139. In the Peters individual county championship contest, Losh, of St. Paris, and Holding, of Urbana, tied on 44 out of 50. The tie was not shot off, owing to darkness. Mrs. Sadie Morgan, daughter of Wm. Poole, of Springfield, who has gained a wide reputation for her ability in compiling scores, and handling the money part of a tournament, was present and had charge of these departments. In the programme events, at 130 targets, Holding was high gun with only 7 misses. He has already won the individual trophy three times outright on good scores. The next shoot for these trophies will be held at Troy in September.

The weekly medal shoot of the Greenville Gun Club was held on Aug. 7, nine members being present. In Class A McKeon and Kirby tied for first on 43. Limbert, who has shot himself out of Class B, was second with 42.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, held their regular weekly medal shoot on Aug. 9. In the medal event E. Cain was high with 24 out of 26; C. F. Miller was second with 22, and W. C. Oldt, third, with 21 out of 29. The low scores made were due to a puzzling wind which blew all the afternoon.

The Greenville Gun Club opened the season on March 20, the principal of the week being a 50-target handicap. Following are the winners of this event to date: H. A. McCaughey (18) 33, March 20. A. W. Kirby (22) 44, April 3. Eidson (17), Kirby (22), tie on 42, April 17. Kirby (21) May 1, May 22, May 29, June 26, on scores of 43, 41, 43, 46; July 10 and 31, at 20yds., 46, 43. McCaughey (18) 43, May 8. Eidson (18), Kirby (20) tie on 45, May 15. E. McKeon (19) 37, June 5; June 12, June 19, at 18yds., 44, 41. McCaughey (17) and Baker (17) tie on 37, July 3. Ayers (17) 42, July 17. Eidson (17) 41, July 24.

Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 8.—The Seventh of the series of tournaments of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut was held under the auspiees of the Colt Gun Club, and a goodly number of shooters were on hand to participate. Seventy-three entered and seventeen shot through the entire programme of 190 targets, and some very excellent scores were made, considering the varying light and trying background. A border of large oak trees make a very hard perspective and many a target got away because the shooter could not see it.

The high average for the day was made by G. S. Craven, an amateur, who exceeded the score of J. A. R. Elliott by four targets, and Herbert Barstow, of Rockville, was a very close second, being but one behind Craven.

The team scores follow: New Haven 77, and total of 552 for the series; Rockville 85, total 564; Waterbury 84, total 545; Willimantic 80, total 538; Norwich 75, total 521; Hartford 73, total 490; New Britain 87, total 518; Bridgeport 65; total 465. Though the New Britain team scored the highest number of breaks to-day, the score does not count in the series, as they were compelled to shoot a non-member in order to make up the full quota of men. A. J. Reynolds, the veteran of many years, made a score of 20 straight in the team race and incidentally now stands four targets in the lead for the beautiful silver cup offered by the Peters Cartridge Co., for the highest individual score in the team race for the nine scheduled shoots. Craven, who is also a member of the New Britain team, followed the good example set by his leader and proceeded to annihilate all of his targets.

The members of the home club did everything in their power to give good service and the shoot ran along very smoothly. Messrs. McFetridge, Dr. Rowe, Hollister, Newick, Herman, and others did good work, and they are to be congratulated on the success of the shoot. Mr. J. H. Gould, of New Haven, was a very efficient cashier.

About 9,000 targets were thrown from a set of expert traps arranged Sergeant system, and a new Blackbird Club Trap, which threw a very regular target and broke a comparatively small number.

No. 6 was the team event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	190
Elliott, New York	10	12	18	8	14	19	15	19	12	15	17	12	171
Kelly, New Haven	9	14	15	7	12	16	14	18	15	14	15	8	157
Mack, New Haven	10	13	18	7	13	15	14	19	13	15	17	8	162
Waters, New York	6	12	19	10	10	19	12	18	15	14	17	14	166
McMullen, Rockville	6	12	17	8	14	16	13	17	11	14	17	12	156
Arnold, Somers	8	13	16	8	11	14	9	17	10	13	..	10	...
Fernside, Hartford	7	11	12	6	8	16	12	11	10	11	..	10	...
Moore, Rockville	7	10	18	6	10	16	6	16	11	15	..	13	...
Edgerton, Willimantic	9	14	17	9	14	18	12	17	14	11	..	..	...
Laramie, Willimantic	7	12	16	6	10	18	8	16	9	14	12	10	138
McFetridge, Hartford	9	12	13	6	11	15	11	18	13	15	17	11	151
Fenton, Willimantic	7	14	17	9	8	15	13	13	9	12	11	10	138
Cheney, Hartford	9	10	15	9	9	14	13	17	11	12	17	9	145
E Finch, Bridgeport	5	9	15	8	11	15	12	16	13	13	15	..	...
E Reynolds, New Britain	8	15	19	8	11	14	14	13	13	14	19	14	162
A J Reynolds, N. Britain	8	14	17	8	14	20	13	17	12	13	14	14	163
Brugman, New Britain	9	15	19	7	13	17	14	16	14	14	14	13	165
Craven	10	14	18	9	12	20	14	20	15	14	18	11	175
Savage, New Haven	8	14	17	10	9	15	12	16	13	14	16	14	158
Evers, Bridgeport	4	9	15	5	6	14	6	..	..	..	..	..	...
Whitney, New Haven	9	14	17	9	14	16	14	17	12	..	..	..	...
White, Rockville	6	12	14	9	12	19	13	16	11	..	..	..	...
Barstow, Roekville	10	14	18	9	14	16	14	18	13	14	20	14	174
Bristol, New Haven	7	10	13	7	11	16	13	15	..	..	..	..	...
Sanderson, Willimantic	7	9	14	9	8	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Nelson, Bridgeport	8	12	15	9	12	13	13	14	..	..	..	..	...
McPhee, Bridgeport	..	4	11	2	9	10	9	16	3	..	..	..	...
Leary, Hartford	5	6	12	4	9	16	8	10	5	..	..	..	...
Derrick, Bristol	7	..	..	7	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Chilton, Hartford	4	..	..	7	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lawrenee, Hartford	9	..	..	7	7	9	..	..	..	..	10	..	...
Christensen, Hartford	6	..	..	7	..	15	..	12	..	..	..	..	...
H Metcalf, Rockville	5	11	17	6	15	18	15	19	11	..	..	..	...
F Metcalf, Rockville	7	14	13	7	11	8	11	16	12	..	..	..	...
Douglass, Hartford	..	12	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Conrad, Hartford	..	11	14	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
McElligott, Waterbury	..	11	13	10	12	17	13	16	13	14	10	10	...
Hart, Waterbury	..	9	15	8	14	18	13	17	14	13	16	14	...
Draher, Waterbury	..	11	18	8	14	19	12	16	12	13	11	10	...
W Hall, Waterbury	..	12	17	8	14	17	12	18	12	10	12	9	...
C Hall, Waterbury	..	13	15	7	12	13	13	18	8	12	12	12	...
A Newick, Hartford	..	..	16	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Phillips, Bridgeport	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	...
Douglass, Hartford	..	..	15	9	10	..	9	..	..	12	..	..	...
Mitchell, Norwich	..	..	15	9	14	16	13	18	12	12	..	..	...
Richards, Norwich	..	..	15	7	11	14	13	18	13	..	..	..	...
Tafft, Norwich	..	..	11	8	13	18	13	14	..	11	16	..	...
Collins, New Britain	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	...
Post, Bridgeport	..	..	13	5	8	16	10	16	..	10	11	..	...
W Jordan, Willimantic	..	..	15	9	11	15	13	12	10	9	..	..	...
Wells, Norwich	..	..	16	7	13	11	8	13	13	10	9	..	...
Potter, New Haven	..	..	14	7	11	14	12	18	7	12	..	..	...
Moran, Bristol	..	..	13	10	14	13	..	14	6	12	..	..	...
Mills, Bristol	..	..	14	10	9	11	11	13	7	10	..	..	...
Colt, Hartford	..	..	..	3	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lines, New Haven	..	..	..	4	8	3	10	19	..	..	..	..	...
Beers, Bridgeport	..	..	..	6	9	13	9	17	19	..	..	..	...
Miller, Bridgeport	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Griswold, Hartford	..	..	..	..	12	12	10	13	11	..	..	..	...
Driscoll, New Britain	..	..	..	..	9	15	..	..	7	7	..	..	...
Davis, Hartford	..	..	..	..	9	14	..	17	..	..	..	..	...
Potter, New Haven	..	..	..	..	13	16	13	16	..	..	..	..	...
Stevenson, New Haven	..	..	..	..	13	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Thrall, Hartford	..	..	..	..	8	18	..	..	..	10	..	..	...

E. W. REYNOLDS.

Tietjen's Shoot.

ON Aug. 10, at Mr. Richard Tietjen's Hotel, Moonachie, N. J., there was a gathering of trapshooters in response to invitations sent out by "Dr. Sergeant" (Mr. Carl Von Lengerke) and Mr. H. Pape. It was an event conspicuous for good competition and good fellowship. "Dr. Sargent," New York representative of the Peik-Miller Drug Co., had little spare time to shoot, as he took upon himself the burdens of handicapping, trap-pulling, refereeing, scoring, squad hustler and general manager of the shoot, all done in his affable and vivacious manner. Mr. Tietjen devoted himself to the making of a pleasant day for his guests, and he succeeded admirably. Among those present were Mr. J. Hainhorst, of Fifth avenue cigar fame, New York; Mr. E. Schmede, an expert with cue and gun, of Jersey City Heights; Mr. H. Pape, of New York, famous as a trapshot and field shooter; Mr. H. Thourot, North Bergen, a member of the Fairview Gun Club; Mr. L. Gille, of Jersey City Heights, known to his many friends as "The Jolly Baker Boss"; Mr. F. Fichtel, of Union Hill, N. J., a famous artist and photographer, who, though an experienced and enthusiastic field shot, has had but little experience at the traps; nevertheless, he shot notably well. There also were Mr. J. Kroeger, of New York, specially active in the days of live-bird shooting, with the doings of the Hell Gate, Jeanette, and other gun clubs; Mr. J. Welbrock, a member of the German Gun Club and other clubs, and a good shot; Messrs. G. Bahnart, and Wm. Himmelman were appreciative spectators. Mr. Henry Tietjen acted efficiently as trapper and general assistant, promptly attending to any detail which helped the success of the shoot.

After the competition was over a bountiful supper was provided. Mr. Tietjen has his own smokehouse. His smoked fish and ham, and vegetables fresh from the garden, vied with anything obtainable in city or country.

A phase of Mr. Tietjen's business appealed strongly to the sporting instincts of the visitors, namely, his boarding kennels, in which there were about thirty-five occupants. Two of them were bitches, beautiful English setters, with litters of puppies, one owned by Mr. Pape, the other by Mr. Fichtel. Mr. Pape's puppies were sired by the field trial winner McKinley. The puppies were fat and healthy, and their dams were in the best of condition, as indeed were all of Mr. Tietjen's dogs. The accommodations are roomy, and the most scrupulous neatness is observable everywhere.

The first event was at 10 targets, practice, and resulted as follows:

Pape	4	Gille	6
Hainhorst	9	Schmede	1
Bahnart	7	Dr. Sergeant	10

Second event, 15 targets, practice:

Bahnart	10	Gille	7
Waters	7	Fichtel	8
Hainhorst	14	Dr. Sergeant	14
Thourot	7	Kroeger	10
Pape	14	Welbrock	12
Schmede	5		

First prize shoot, handicap, 25 targets:

Waters, 3	22	Gille, 4	22
Hainhorst, 0	24	Fichtel, 5	25
Thourot, 4	16	Kroeger, 0	25
Pape, 0	16	Welbrock, 0	19
Schmede, 9	24	Tietjen, 0	17

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Kroeger 5, Fichtel 4. For second, Hainhorst 1, Schmede 0.

Second prize shoot, handicap, 25 targets:

Waters, 3	19	Gille, 6	18
Hainhorst, 0	20	Fichtel, 5	22
Schmede, 9	23	Kroeger, 0	23
Pape, 5	20	Welbrock, 3	20
Thourot, 7	23	R Tietjen, 0	23

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Schmede 0, Thourot 2, Kroeger 4, Tietjen 5. Fichtel second prize.

Third prize, 25 targets, handicap:

Waters, 5	24	Thourot, 6	21
Hainhorst, 0	23	Gille, 8	24
Schmede, 9	25	Kroeger, 0	14
Pape, 6	25	Welbrock, 4	25

Shoot-off for first: Schmede 0, Pape 5, Welbrock 6. Shoot-off for second: Waters 1, Gille 0.

Prize shoot for silver, 20 targets:

Pape	17	Welbrock	11
Kroeger	20	Thourot	13
Hainhorst	18	Waters	8

Pennsylvania State Tournament Expense.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So many people are under the impression that tournaments of the magnitude of the one held recently at Pittsburg, Pa., under the auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club, are money-making affairs, and we have received so many inquiries touching on the subject that we deem it advisable for the good of the support to submit a statement to the trapshooting fraternity, showing receipts and expenditures of our tournament in order that those contemplating giving a tournament under the same conditions may not be misled.

We think you to publish this statement or whatever part your may see fit, in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

Yours respectfully,
LOUIS LAUTENSLAGER,
Chairman of Committee.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 10.

STATEMENT
FIFTEENTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT,
PENNSYLVANIA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

RECEIPTS.

Preliminary Day, May 1.		
Event No. 1, 103 entries at 40 cents	$41.20	
Event No. 2, 103 entries at 40 cents	41.20	
Event No. 3, 103 entries at 40 cents	41.20	
Event No. 4, 103 entries at 40 cents	41.20	
Event No. 5, 103 entries at 40 cents	41.20	$206.00
First Day, May 2.		
Event No. 1, 230 entries at 30 cents	$69.00	
Event No. 2, 230 entries at 30 cents	69.00	
Event No. 3, 230 entries at 40 cents	92.00	
Event No. 4, 230 entries at 30 cents	69.00	
Event No. 5, 230 entries at 30 cents	69.00	
Event No. 6, 216 entries at 40 cents	86.40	
Event No. 7, 216 entries at 30 cents	64.80	
Event No. 8, 214 entries at 30 cents	64.20	
Event No. 9, 213 entries at 40 cents	85 20	
Event No. 10, 212 entries at 30 cents	63.60	$732.20
Second Day, May 3.		
Event No. 1, 225 entries at 30 cents	$67.50	
Event No. 2, 223 entries at 30 cents	66.90	
Event No. 3, 221 entries at 40 cents	88.40	
Milt Lindsley Trophy, 16 teams at $1.40	22.40	
Harrisburg Trophy, 10 teams at $1.50	15.00	
Reading Trophy, 7 teams at $2	14.00	
Wolstencroft Trophy, 91 entries at $1	91.00	
Denny Trophy, 78 entries at $1	78.00	$443.20
Third Day, May 4.		
Herron Hill Gun Club H'd'p, 220 entries at $5.		$1100.00
Fourth Day, May 5.		
Driving Park Handicap, 890 birds at 25 cents	$222.50	
Williamsport Trophy, 967 birds at 25 cents	241.75	
L. C. Smith Trophy, 315 birds at 25 cents	78.75	
Wilson Trophy, 357 birds at 25 cents	89.25	
Bye birds and extra tie birds	3.75	$636.00
Boat Receipts.		
Preliminary Day, May 1	$37.60	
First Day, May 2	80.00	
Second Day, May 3	57.60	
Third Day, May 4	56.45	
Fourth Day, May 5	31.10	$262.75
Subscribed by members as per subscription list		2110.00
Received from sale of dead birds		56.19
Received from sale of paraphernalia, including barrels and brass		65.42

RECAPITULATION OF RECEIPTS.

Preliminary Day	206.00	
First Day	732.20	
Second Day	443.20	
Third Day	1100.00	
Fourth Day	636.00	
Boat	262.75	
Subscriptions	2110.00	
Dead Birds	56.19	
Pharaphernalia	65.42	$5611.76

EXPENDITURES.

Help.		
5 Trap Pullers	$90.00	
5 Referees	86.00	
10 Trappers	79.00	
5 Squad Men	67.50	
5 Score Men	67.50	
3 Watch Men	64.50	
3 Ticket Men on boat	57.50	
2 Tent Men	20.00	
5 Office Clerks	154.75	
1 Man tending beer stand	16.00	
Extra labor on grounds	129.00	
Mr. Stoges for maid and help	78.00	
Extra help and trapping, May 6, '05	36.55	
Express and expenses on pigeons, per A. McMillan's account	100.60	
Hauling shells to and from grounds	32.00	$1078.90
Miscellaneous.		
Geo. Root, drayage on trap	$1.50	
McCrory Cabinet Co., towels	17.75	
S. S. Co., prizes and targets	1087.92	
For beer	72.25	
For ice, etc	7.80	
C. G. Grubb, sundries, expenses, as per st'm't	45.53	
Postage stamps	45.00	
Tent Hire	55.00	
L. E. Shaner, sundries, stationery, blanks, etc., for tournament	62.84	
Badges	64.68	
Jno. Schiefle, carpenter work and labor	247.75	
W. S. Brown, prizes	32.85	
J. A. Johnson	38.50	
Geo. H. Bennett, barrels for water	10.00	
Digby & Smith, hardware and paint	5.15	
A. W. McCloy & Co., printing	288.55	
C. G. Grubb, merchandise, etc	98.78	
J. T. Helm, addressing envelopes	8.00	
Logan-Gregg Hdw. Co., sundries	20.62	
S. S. Co., for sign painting and drayage, etc	48.90	
L. Lautenslager, help, lunch and sundries	133.15	
Ed. Gundell, for making boards	5.00	
Jno. F. Kline, for boat	350.00	
C. G. Grubb, score sheets	17.25	$2764.75
Live Birds.		
L. M. Gilbert, live pigeons	$120.00	
Robert E. Cox, live pigeons	515.24	$635.54
Cash added to purses		1290.00

RECAPITULATION OF EXPENDITURES.

Help	$1078.90	
Miscellaneous	2764.75	
Live Birds	635.54	
Cash added to purses	1290.00	$5769.19
Total Expenditures		5769.19
Total Receipts		5611.76
Net cost to Club		$157.43

Alert Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 12.—On Sept. 4 the first annual Labor Day tournament of the Alert Gun Club, Phillipsburg, N. J. (opposite Easton, Pa.), will be held. Edward F. Markley, Easton, Pa., is the secretary.

There will be eleven events, composed of 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, in all 180 targets, and entrance for the total, $10. Targets will be thrown at a distance of 50yds., at 1½ cent each. Professionals shoot for targets only, but one cash prize for high professional and three cash prizes for high amateurs will be donated. C. R. R. of N. J., L. V. R. R., D., L. & W. R. R. and P. R. R. will bring shooters within ten-minute trolley ride of the shooting grounds. Programme starts at 10 A. M., and money will be divided by the percentage system.

EDWARD F. MARKLEY, Sec'y.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Aug. 9.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club of this city, completed a two-day tournament on its grounds, Recreation Park, this evening, and altogether a very successful and enjoyable shoot was held.

The first day was devoted to the regular programme of the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League of West Virginia, and the second day was club day, when a mixed programme was shot off for targets, merchandise and money events.

The weather conditions were perfect, and the early predictions that some good scores would be made, were pretty well fulfilled both in the expert and amateur classes, although the attendance was hardly up to expectations, as from inquiries and requests for programmes, we expected at least sixty shooters. However, the forty-seven sportsmen who attended made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers, and after the regular programmes were shot off, about 4,000 targets were trapped in sweepstakes.

The first day's programme covered a total of 175 targets, besides the League team race; and the second day, 165 targets. During the two days about 15,000 targets were trapped, using one Blackbird club trap and one other, both traps working very nicely, and not a hitch or break down occurred throughout the tournament.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Chas. G. Spencer, Wm. H. Heer, H. H. Stevens and L. Z. Lawrence, and during the tournament these gentlemen did some nice shooting, and made some pretty runs, Mr. Heer getting the first one of 97 on the first day, and Mr. Spencer following on the second day with a clean score for the entire programme of 165 targets, and this added to his last 18 straight on the evening of the first day, gives him 183 straight, and the record for the tournament and also for the State of West Virginia.

The management is under obligations to the expert squad for valuable assistance rendered, and wishes to thank them for the same.

The Peters silver loving cup, donated by the Peters Cartridge Company, and emblematic of the five-man team championship of the League, was won by the team representing the Recreation Rod and Gun Club of this city, with the League record score of 111 out of 125; and as this is the fourth win for this club, the cup now becomes its property, in accordance with the conditions governing this competition.

The Laflin & Rand silver loving cup, emblematic of the individual championship of the League, was won for the month by Elmer F. Jacobs, of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

Averages and runs: Longest run first day, Wm. H. Heer, 97; second day, Chas. G. Spencer, 165. Longest run for tournament, Chas. G. Spencer, 183. High expert average for tournament, Chas. G. Spencer, 98.53 per cent. High amateur average first day, Ed. O. Bowers, 91.43 per cent.; second day, W. A. Wiedebusch, 92.12 per cent.. High amateur average for tournament, W. A. Wiedebusch, 90. per cent. Scores follow:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
C G Spencer	175	170	165	165	340	335
W H Heer	175	169	165	159	340	328
L Lawrence	175	155	165	153	340	306
H H Stevens	175	145	165	146	340	291
W A Wiedebusch	175	154	165	152	340	306
Dade	175	160	165	141	340	301
J R Miller	175	155	165	146	340	301
J M Cobun	175	155	165	140	340	295
U G Tingley	175	150	165	145	340	295
P J Buek	175	155	165	135	340	290
W F Nicholls	175	143	165	147	340	290
D W Baker	175	139	165	148	340	287
E F Jacobs	175	152	165	134	340	286
S B Henshaw	175	152	165	134	340	286
C H Miller	175	144	165	140	340	284
W E Price	175	152	165	128	340	280
Wolfe	175	155	165	119	340	274
J C Long	175	124	165	120	340	244
J A Barthlow	140	108	165	120	305	228
A R Warden	175	115	165	105	340	220
W N Dawson	50	41	165	124	215	165
S S Deusenberry	70	55	165	105	235	160
B S White	15	12	165	137	180	149
G M Lilly	175	149	...	...	175	149
W M Sivey	...	...	165	146	165	146
H Heckman	175	144	...	...	175	144
J Merrifield	175	144	...	...	175	144
G A Long	175	143	...	...	175	143
J Phillips	175	143	...	...	175	143
T A Neill	175	142	...	...	175	142
G F Miller	20	10	165	126	185	136
L C Jones	175	127	...	...	175	127
H A Christy	...	...	165	117	165	117
H Gaines	175	113	...	...	175	113
T B Stuck	175	100	...	...	175	100
W K Hoffman	...	...	135	90	135	90
A M Musgrove	140	88	...	...	140	88
E E Beebe	...	...	90	80	90	80
E W Hallast	140	80	...	...	140	80
E J Dunigan	140	77	...	...	140	77
H D Stillman	...	...	165	76	165	76
S Harris	...	...	140	75	140	75
J H Kennedy	50	29	75	45	125	74
E C Wiedebusch	120	70	...	...	120	70
R R Carnahan	70	56	...	...	70	56
D Hott	15	9	...	...	15	9
F Corbin	...	...	30	1	30	1

League team race, five-man teams, 25 targets per man:

Recreation R. & G. C.		Fairmont G. C.	
Price, captain	22	Wiedebusch, captain	24
Cobun	22	Phillips	20
White	21	Lilly	20
Barthlow	23	Merrifield	21
Jacobs	23—111	Neill	22—107

Mannington Gun Club.

Long, captain	18	Heckman	20
Carnahan	20	Dunigan	17— 96
Halfast	21		

Individual League championship, 20 targets per man:

Jacobs	18	Halfast	12
Wiedebusch	18		

Tie shot off, miss-and-out and won by Jacobs.

Aug. 11.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club of this city held its nineteenth regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park this afternoon, with eight guns out. The regular programme was run off and resulted in the winning of the club championship gold medal for the week by John M. Cobun with an average of 88 per cent. for the entire programme. Mr. Cobun also won the officers' goblet for the week with a score of 18 out of 19. The scores: No. 1 was miss-and-out. No. 2, officers' goblet, handicap. No. 3, club prizes, 25 targets.

Events:	1	*	2	3	Events:	1	*	2	3
Cobun	9	19	18	21	Beebe	7	20	18	20
Sivey	17	18	11	23	Barthlow	11	19	16	20
Jacobs	4	19	15	23	Price	14	18	17	22
Dawson	14	19	17	..	White	13	18	17	..

*Denotes number shot at in No. 2.

Fourth event, two-man team race, 20 targets per man:

Dawson, captain	18	Cobun, captain	17
Jacobs	18—36	Sivey	17—34

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKYLN, L. I., Aug. 8.—The August shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club was unfortunate as to weather conditions, light rains prevailing during the afternoon. The trade representatives present were Messrs. F. Schoverling, S. Glover and Bob Schneider. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Schorty	9	9	9	12	12	11	12	9	14	14	14	14
Glover	13	15	14	14	13	12	9	13	..	..	..	..
Dreyer	9	8	3	7	8	6	3	10	10	6	..	..
F Schoverling	12	12	11	10	12	10	13	13	12	12	..	13
Scott	8	7	8	12	7	8	12	13	11	11	..	..
Weiskotten	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Duster	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
H Bergen	14	14	12	9	11	12	13	12	8	..	9	..
Suydam	..	11	11	12	14	12	13	15	14	14	13	..
Guhring	..	12	11	10	12	15	12	14	10	..	..	..
Wynn	..	..	..	10	13	11	13	9	..	..	..	..
J H Welbrock	..	..	..	10	10	9	11	11	9	4	8	8
Schneider	..	..	..	..	14	14	14	13	12	13	12	..
Slavin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	..	..
Pfender	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	..

Cincinnati Gun Club Tournament.

ST. BERNARD, O., Aug. 11.—The Cincinnati Gun Club is giving the amateurs a treat at their annual shoot in September, this year, inasmuch as they are departing from the usual methods. As a prominent amateur advised, in an article published some months ago, we will "give the profits of the shoot to the shooters."

Supt. Gambell has advised the club to adopt some such plan for several years, arguing that the stimulus given to the sport by holding a successful tournament is a sufficient reimbursement for their trouble. This year he has been given carté blanche, so it is up to him to make good, and he is looking to each one of you to help him do it.

Mr. L. J. Squier (better known as "Luther") gave a practical demonstration of the idea at his shoot in Wilmington, and as he is on the tournament committee of our club this year, the amateurs have him to thank for the treat.

This plan of giving all the profits to the contestants will be given a thorough try-out at this shoot, and as the expenses will be comparatively light the amount will be no small sum. All we ask is a good turn-out to let us know you appreciate a "good thing." We will do our best to have you go away with a good word for us.

The majority of the vast army of trapshooters are "wise" to the fact that the club giving a well-managed tournament, where from 100 to 150 shooters attend, makes a profit of $500 to $1,000. Why the contestants should be expected to travel hundreds of miles to contribute this amount for the individual welfare of the club is hard to understand, and it is manifestly unfair to expect them long to subscribe to this arrangement.

We will guarantee a smooth-running shoot, the best referees, scorers and pullers with whom you ever came in contact, and it will be the endeavor of those in charge, and all connected with the club to anticipate and satisfy all the requirements of the club's guests on this occasion.

TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE,
(by Arthur Gambell).

Bonesteel, S. D., and Vicinity.

BONESTEEL, S. D., Aug. 9.—There has been quite a revival of shooting interest with the advent of the warm weathere and inter-city shoots are of frequent occurrence and are always harmonious and thoroughly enjoyable. Half a dozen new shooters have broken into the game, and under the personal coaching of the Secretary are in a fair way to become as proficient as some of the older shooters. The Peters Cartridge Co. medal, representing the championship of Gregory county, is now being shot for every two weeks, and the competition always brings out a good attendance.

At Herrick on the 8th inst., the medal was shot for during the anniversary of the existence of that little city; among the other attractions being base ball, foot races, horse races, speeches, etc.

Practice events for the week, some of them being shot at Fairfax, and some at Bonesteel and Herriek, are as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
O Porter	50	45	Spatz	75	58
C Porter	50	45	Bonekemper	58	14
Thompson	50	41	McCurdy	25	13
Leach	50	39	Lindley	25	16
Spatz	25	23	Miller	25	13
Kelly	25	9	Blair	25	9
Leach	75	70			

Championship race at Herrick, 25 targets:

Leach	19	Schulz	17
O Porter	21	Phillips	17
Comstock	21	O'Keefe	16
Thompson	19	Sanderson	15
Spatz	19	Hay	13

The next shoot will be at Fairfax on the 24th inst., and all shooters are invited to take part. There will be seven sweeps, 15 birds, $1.50 entrance, and the regular 25-bird race, entrance price of targets, for the Peters Cartridge Company's trophy representing the championship of Gregory county. W. A. LEACH, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 5.—Smith won Peters Cartridge Co.'s badge. At meeting of the Board of Directors, held Aug. 6, 1905, Dr. S. H. Moore was chosen as President to succeed Mr. C. H. Morris, resigned. Mr. Wm. Armstrong was elected Secretary, effective Sept. 1, 1905, to succeed J. W. Bell, who resigned to take effect on that date.

We have claimed Oct. 9 and 10 as dates for holding our fall tournament. We will also hold an all-day shoot Labor Day, consisting of ten 20-target events. One set of traps will also be used for those who desire to shoot for targets only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	25	25	25	25	25	20
Parry	18	17	22	21	..	..	..	..
Finley	18	19	22	21	22	23	24	..
Wands	18	17	20	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	12	18	20	20	19	..	..	..
Smith	17	16	18	17	17	..	..	11
Tripp	20	20	23	20	19	22	..	..
Morris	12	15	13	9	17	17	..	..
Dixon	16	19	14	..	..	..	..	10
Hann	13	12	18	18	13	11	..	..
Armstrong	17	17	20	..	17	..	..	..
Southern	13	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Sutcliffe	15	12	21	19	..	..	..	..
Moller	..	..	20	21	17	23	21	..

J. H. BELL, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"A Night on the Locomotive of 'the Pennsylvania Special'."

The New York Herald's Thrilling Story of a Ride on the 18-Hour Flyer.

FEW persons have not felt a desire to take a ride on the locomotive of a fast express train, to sit in the cab with the engineer and feel the throbs of the life-like engine as it rushes over the rails. Such an experience on a mile-a-minute flyer is especially fascinating. It is not given to every one to take such a ride, and this makes the interest the greater and the desire all the more keen.

To tell its readers what a ride on the fastest long-distance train in the world is like, the New York Herald recently sent a reporter from New York to Chicago on the locomotive of "The Pennsylvania Special," the eighteen-hour train of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and published his experience in a late issue of that paper. So fascinating is his story, so full of life and so vividly told, it has been reprinted in pamphlet form with the original sketches and photographs reproduced. It is a remarkable recital of the sensations experienced in the locomotive cab, and of the iron nerve and clear vision which guard the fastest and most notable train the world has ever seen.

A copy of the story will be sent on receipt of a two cent stamp by Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Newfoundland is constantly growing in favor as a resort for anglers and big-game hunters, and more and more sportsmen from the United States and Canada go there every year. Yet it is often a difficult matter for these sportsmen to secure that specific and detailed information about where to obtain supplies and their prices, which each desires to have when making up his plans. The advertisement in another column, of Messrs. Ayre & Son would seem to give to intending visitors to Newfoundland the opportunity to get certain information that they need, and those who contemplate the trip will do well to write to Messrs. Ayre & Son, Birchy Head, Bay of Islands, Newfoundland.

As will be seen by their advertisement, Messrs. Charles Plath & Son this week offer to anglers some special bargains in reels. The goods advertised are undeniably excellent, and the prices so low that it is worth the while of every angler to inspect the things for himself. The excellent fishing which is reported now from all directions is having very favorable influence on the fishing tackle trade.

Persons owning trout brooks or ponds, or controlling sections of streams adapted for trout, will be interested in the advertisement of the Paradise Brook Trout Co., of Parkside, Pa., who are prepared to furnish trout of all sizes for stocking purposes. They also offer opportunities for fishing, charging for the fish taken by the pound.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE FEVER AND A MOSQUITO.

WHEN the presence of yellow fever was reported in New Orleans this year, the announcement was received by the citizens of that city and by the public at large with a calmness which was in marked contrast with the panic which in the past has always attended the coming of the fever. This was because the terrifying mystery of the disease has been taken from it, and methods of coping with it have been discovered. This triumph over yellow fever was the greatest, farthest reaching and most beneficent achievement of the American army of intervention in Cuba. The story is worth recalling.

The fever had prevailed on the island for 130 years. It was carried to Havana in the year 1762 by a band of convicts who were brought from Vera Cruz to work on the fortifications at Havana. Thus obtaining a foothold the disease became a permanent scourge, from which the island was never free. Every month in every year had its yellow fever cases. When the United States intervened in Cuba, it was recognized that one task to be undertaken was the cleaning of Havana, to remove forever the pest-breeding conditions existing there. When the Americans entered the city they found it filthy beyond description. Under the direction of General Ludlow was undertaken the tremendous task of sanitary reform. In a few months the streets had been made as clean as those of any modern city—cleaner than those of most cities of the United States, as they are to-day—and an adequate system had been put into operation for the removal of garbage. If the yellow fever had been altogether a filth disease, these efficient sanitary measures must have been efficacious to reduce the number of victims; and indeed the fever conditions during the first half of 1899, which was the first year of the American occupation, appeared to demonstrate the good results of the sanitary reform. In January there was only one death from fever, in February none, in March one, in April two, in May one, in June one and in July two, a total of only seven deaths in the first seven months. This was accepted by the authorities as a demonstration that the cleansing of the town had eradicated the disease.

There were other conditions which were exceedingly favorable in the fight against the fever. The preceding five years had been years of war, and for the last few months the blockade by American warships had practically put an end to immigration; the non-immune population, that is, of residents who had never had the fever, had been pretty well exhausted; there was no longer very much material left for the disease.

But in August of this year, 1899, conditions were changed; and with the change came a recurrence of the scourge which brought consternation to the authorities and showed them that their fancied security in municipal cleanliness was without secure foundation. Large numbers of Spanish immigrants arrived at Havana, 12,000 coming in between August and December. This meant a new supply of non-immune material, and at once the fever broke out. By December there had developed a severe epidemic which continued into 1900, and despite the fact that the city was as clean and in as good sanitary condition as the skill of the authorities could make it, there were not less than 1,400 yellow fever cases.

The authorities were perplexed and baffled. Their theory had been that yellow fever was a filth disease. They had got rid of the filth, but the disease persisted, and week after week and month after month found a growing host of victims. The army of the United States had been defeated in the campaign against a mysterious foe, but the victory was yet to be achieved, and achieved by the army.

In the summer of 1900 Surgeon-General Sternberg entrusted to a board named by him the task of studying the infectious diseases prevailing in Cuba. The board consisted of Major Walter Reed, Surgeon in the United States Army, and Contract Surgeons James Carroll, Aristides Agramonte and Jesse W. Lazear, of the United States Army. Arriving in Quemodo in June, the board first devoted its attention to a series of bacteriological investigations, to discover, if possible, the specific bacteria which caused yellow fever, but the investigation was without result.

Experiments were then undertaken based on a theory which had been suggested twenty years before by Dr. Carlos Finlay, a Cuban, of Havana, which was that the yellow fever was conveyed by means of a mosquito, the species probably being *Culex fasciatus,* or as afterward named and now known, *Stegomyia fasciatus.* Of eleven persons under observation at this time who were bitten by contaminated mosquitoes, ten were unaffected and two contraeted the fever, one of them being Dr. Lazear, of the commission, whose death followed. The circumstances attending these cases were such as to leave no doubt in the minds of the observers that the disease had been conveyed by the insects, and in a preliminary note read before the American Public Health Association at Indianapolis in October, 1900, the commission announced that the mosquito was the agent.

In November of that year an experiment station, named in honor of their dead comrade, Camp Lazear, was established by the commission one mile from Quemodo, and two experiment houses were constructed, each carefully screened beyond the possibility of the entrance of mosquitoes. Volunteers were then called for to submit themselves to experiment. These voluntary patients were found among hospital attendants, American soldiers and Spanish immigrants, all of them being non-immune subjects. The volunteers stationed in one of the screened houses, termed the infected mosquito building, were subjected to the bites of mosquitoes which had been infected by having bitten yellow fever patients. The volunteers in the other house, designated the infected clothing building, were carefully screened from all mosquitoes, but slept in contact with soiled clothing, bedding and other articles brought direct from the yellow fever hospitals. The first volunteer who was bitten by an infected mosquito and thus contracted the disease was John R. Kissinger, a soldier, of whose heroic conduct we should not fail to recall the tribute paid by Dr. Reed. "I cannot let this opportunity pass," Dr. Reed wrote, "without expressing my admiration of this young Ohio soldier, who volunteered for this experiment, as he expressed it, 'solely in the interest of humanity and the cause of science,' and with the only proviso that he should receive no pecuniary reward. In my opinion, this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States."

Of the thirteen non-immunes in the infected mosquito building, who were bitten by mosquitoes which had bitten a yellow fever patient at least twelve days previously, ten contracted the disease. Happily, none of the cases terminated fatally. Of the volunteers who slept in the infected clothing building, although they spent twenty nights there in close contact with the bedding, clothing and filthiest articles that had been used and soiled by patients in the fever hospitals suffering with the disease in its most virulent type, not a single one contracted the fever. The experiments were conducted throughout with a thoroughness and care and in a scientific spirit which precluded the possibility of error, and insured the confidence of the scientific world in the results achieved. The tests were accepted as proving beyond question the truth of the Finlay theory that the disease was transmitted by a mosquito. Briefly summed up, the conclusions of the board were as follows:

"1. The specific agent in the causation of yellow fever exists in the blood of a patient for the first three days of his attack, after which time he ceases to be a menace to the health of others.

"2. A mosquito of a single species, *Stegomyia fasciatus.* ingesting the blood of a patient during this infective period is powerless to convey the disease to another person by its bite until about twelve days have elapsed, but can do so thereafter for an indefinite period, probably during the remainder of its life.

"3. The disease cannot in nature be spread in any other way than by the bite of the previously infected *Stegomyia.* Articles used and soiled by patients do not carry infection."

In February, 1901, immediately following these experiments, Maj. W. C. Gorgas, Chief Sanitary Officer at Havana, adopting the findings of the commission, set in operation a systematic campaign to eradicate the disease by exterminating the fever bearing *Stegomyia.* The campaign was twofold, to kill the mosquitoes, and destroy their breeding plaees. Every new case of fever, as soon as it was reported, was promptly isolated in premises carefully screened with fine wire screens to prevent the mosquitoes from reaching it, and the house in which the case had occurred and the houses adjacent to it were sealed up and filled with formaldehyde for the purpose of killing the mosquitoes. As the mosquitoes breed only in water, systematic work was undertaken to drain stagnant bodies of water wherever practicable, and to put petroleum upon the surfaee of such waters as could not be drained, to screen cisterns and reservoirs, and to remove, so far as possible, every bit of water which might afford a plaee for mosquitoes to deposit their eggs.

At the time when the new campaign was undertaken, the fever was raging to an extent and with a virulence as bad as it had ever been in the city at that time of the year. The town was infected in every part, and the non-immune population was probably as large as it had ever been in Havana. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, the good results of the new treatment were almost immediately apparent. In January there had been seven deaths from the fever, in February, the first month of the new campaign, there were five; in March one, in April, May and June, none, one in July, two in August, and two in September. From that month, in 1901, to the present time, there has not been a single case originating in Havana. The triumph over the disease was complete. The surgeons of the American army had accomplished the task set before them, and Dr. Walter Reed, the guiding spirit of the board, had won a name among the great benefactors of the human race.

SUCCESSFUL FROG CULTURE.

THERE are printed to-day by a fortunate because instructive coincidence two papers relating to frogs. One records the practical extermination of frogs from a river in which they formerly abounded. The other, by Mr. William E. Meehan, Pennsylvania's Commissioner of Fisheries, relates the success of an enterprise of artificially raising frogs in vast numbers. A reading of Mr. Meehan's paper gives abundant reason for accepting frog culture as a thing accomplished. If the term culture shall be objected to, we may at least designate it as frog farming. The plan is simplicity itself. Prepare a suitable place for the planting of spawn, provide food, protect the little frogs from the rapacity of the big ones. There is nothing complicated in the method, and yet the conditions making for success were arrived at only after a series of years of experiment and ingenious devising and close study of the subject.

Mr. Meehan and his associates have achieved success in the new field of food production. Others will follow. Frog growing will become a recognized branch of the work of fish commissioners. The success of Mr. Meehan's work means the contribution of an important and valuable factor to the food supply. His achievement is of wide interest and will have an equally wide and grateful recognition.

GENERAL EMMONS CLARK, whose death occurred on Aug. 9, and the late E. R. Wilbur were life-long friends. General Clark was a constant reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, and it is recalled that at one time, while he was Colonel of the Seventh Regiment, desiring to complete the file of the paper for the armory library, he paid a fabulous price for a single missing number.



Trappers of Oregon Territory.

From about the year 1810 until 1845 the question as to the sovereignty over Oregon Territory was one of constantly increasing interest in the United States and England. Though for much of this time without permanent white inhabitants, the region was known to be vast, to produce some fur-bearing animals, and to have a long coast line which would ultimately give access to a country that might prove rich. At first the question as to who should possess it attracted little attention, but about 1835 American missionaries who had gone there to work among the Indians, began to agitate the question of English or American supremacy, and from that time until the Ashburton-Webster treaty of 1846 great interest was felt in the Territory.

The Americans claimed the country by right of discovery, because in the year 1792 Capt. Robert Gray, of Boston, in the ship Columbia, discovered and ascended the river as far as Gray's Bay, and named the river after his vessel. The United States Government claimed also that Oregon was included in the sale of the Province of Louisiana by France in 1803; but this claim had no basis of fact. It claimed it also on the ground of prior exploration, since Lewis and Clark, in the years 1804 and 1805, had explored the Columbia to its mouth and reported quite fully on the country. Again in 1810 Captain Winship, of New England, built the first house in Oregon on the Columbia River, and in 1811 Astoria was established by John Jacob Astor.

The British, on the other hand, claimed Oregon because Drake had discovered the northwest coast, in latitude 48 degrees in 1558. Captain Cooke had entered the Straits of Fuca in 1778, and Vancouver had surveyed the coast from latitude 30 degrees to latitude 60 degrees in 1792. In 1813, during the war, Mr. Astor's agent sold Astoria to the Northwest Fur Company, and in 1821 it passed from the Northwest Fur Company into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. Each nation, therefore, had a number of reasons—satisfactory to itself—for asserting ownership in the territory which extended from the crest of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and from the northern boundary of the Spanish possessions—where California ends—northward to what was then Russian America.

In the year 1840 an effort was made to establish a local government for Oregon, although at that time it had only about 240 white inhabitants. By this time people in Great Britain and at the seat of the United States Government were actively interested in the matter, and this interest was constantly increased by the return of missionaries, who had much to say about this distant country, and were endeavoring to induce emigrants to settle there.

One of the active writers on this subject was John Dunn, an Englishman, who for eight years had resided in the country as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who was earnest in his desire that the region should be retained by Great Britain, and should by no means be given up to the United States. In 1844 there was published in London a volume from his pen, entitled "History of the Oregon Territory and British North American Fur Trade; with An Account of the Habits and Customs of the Principal Native Tribes on the Northern Continent." The volume gives an excellent account of the fur trade and the people who were engaged in it, but in his preface Dunn expresses with much fervor his views on the efforts of the Americans to secure the territory known as Oregon, and does not hesitate to express very frankly his opinion of the American character. During his residence in Oregon he had formed very positive views, and he speaks with much indignation of the desire of the Americans to "'sweep the Pacific,' and spread their internal trade through the Canadas, and the Polar Circles; and banish the Britishers as traders, if not as residents, from the whole northern continent—a boastful threat which they have signally failed to execute."

The knowledge gained by residence in the country led Dunn, on his return to England, to take an active part in the discussion of the Oregon question. He says: "On my return, although I was, from my knowledge of those Americans that traded on the coast, or had *squatted* in the southwestern part of Oregon, or have lately been employed by the company as trappers, prepared to hear any monstrous assumptions of right set forth by the American populace, through their *loco foco* organs of the press. I did not expect that the respectable portion of the press—much less that their functionaries and ministers of State, even up to the President—would echo the opinions of the rabble that controls the Legislature. But to my surprise I found that the subject was viewed by them through the democratic spectacles.

"At the opening of Congress, in 1843, the President, without any previous provocation to the declaration—volunteered the announcement to the whole world that the whole territory is American, and that American it will be preserved and maintained. But this is not merely the averment of the President, but the whole current of a most vehement debate runs in support of this fraudulent assertion of a claim. Says the President:

"'The territory of the United States, commonly called the Oregon Territory, lying on the Pacific Ocean, north of the 42d degree of latitude, to a portion of which Great Britain lays claim, begins to attract the attention of our fellow-citizens, and the tide of population which has reclaimed what was lately an unbroken wilderness in more contiguous regions, is preparing to flow over those vast districts which stretch from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.'"

In 1818 a treaty of joint occupancy of the region had been declared between Great Britain and the United States, but this treaty, instead of settling the question seemed only to give rise to fresh disputes. Dunn gives what he believes to be a fair and dispassionate view of the Oregon Territory, and thinks that his volume will convey a fairer and more concentrated impression than all the American factious books that have hitherto been published on the subject. He regrets that his volume "occasionally portrays some dark features in the American character," but declares "that in depicting the American character, I quote American authority, and that in showing the weakness of their pretensions to the country I quote historical and diplomatical facts—facts not questionable by the Americans themselves."

Of course we all know how the matter finally came out, and that by the Ashburton-Webster treaty of 1846 the Oregon Territory south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, became the undisputed property of the United States. This was far less than the more enthusiastic Americans claimed, for there are still living many men who can remember when excitement on this subject ran so high that the cry "Fifty-four forty or fight" was a political shibboleth.

At the present day Dunn's preface has only a certain curious interest, and now and then through the volume occur allusions to the question of the control of the Oregon, which show his strong patriotic feeling, but in the main the book is devoted to giving a true picture of early life in the fur country. His description of the old-time trappers, or beaver hunters, and of the voyageurs, or boatmen, is well worth reproducing here:

"In the old times of the Canadian fur trade, when the trade in furs was chiefly pursued about the lakes and rivers, the expeditions were, in a great degree, carried on in batteaux and canoes. But a totally different class now sprung up—the 'mountaineers'—the traders and trappers that scale the vast mountain chains and pursue their hazardous vocation amidst their wild recesses—moving from place to place on horseback—exposed not alone to the perils of the wilderness but to the perils of attack from fierce Indians, to whom it has become as favorite an exploit to harass and way-lay a band of trappers with their pack horses as it is to the Arabs of the desert to plunder a caravan. The equestrian exercises in which they are constantly engaged—the nature of the country they traverse—vast plains and mountains pure and exhilarating in their atmospheric qualities, seem to make them physically and mentally a more lively, vigorous, daring and enduring race than the fur traders and trappers of former days, who generally had huts or tents to shelter them from the inclemency of the seasons, were seldom exposed to the hostility of the natives, and generally were within reach of supplies from the settlements. There is, perhaps, no class of men on the earth who lead a life of more continued exertion, danger and excitement, and who are more enamoured of their occupation than the free trappers of the wild regions of the west. No toil, no danger, no privation can turn the trapper aside from his pursuit. If his meal is not ready in time he takes his rifle—hies to the forest—shoots his game, lights his fire and cooks his repast. With his horse and his rifle he is independent of the world, and spurns its restraints. In vain may the most vigilant and cruel savages beset his path, in vain may rocks and precipices and wintry torrents oppose his progress; let but a single track of a beaver meet his eye and he forgets all danger and defies all difficulties. At times he may be seen with his traps on his shoulder, buffeting his way across rapid streams amidst floating blocks of ice; at other times may he be seen with his traps slung on his back, clambering the most rugged mountains, scaling or descending the most frightful precipices, searching by routes inaccessible to horse, and never before trodden by white man, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, where he may meet with his favorite game.

"This class of hunters are generally Canadians by birth, and of French descent, who, after being bound to serve the traders for a certain number of years and receive wages, or hunt on shares, then continued to hunt and trap on their own account, trading with the company like the Indians, hence they are called *free* men. Having passed their youth in the wilderness in constant intercourse with the Indians, and removed from civilized society, they lapse with natural facility into the habits of savage life. They generally intermarry with the natives, and, like them, have often a plurality of wives. Wardens of the wilderness, according to the vicissitudes of the seasons, the migrations of animals, and the plenty or scarcity of game they lead a precarious and unsettled existence, exposed to sun and storm, and all kinds of hardships, until they resemble the Indians in complexion, as well as in tastes and habits. From time to time they bring their peltries to the trading houses of the company and barter them for such articles as they may require. When Montreal was the great emporium of the fur trade some of them would occasionally return, after an absence of many years, to visit his old associates. There they would squander the long and hard earned fruits of their labors, and after the fit of revelry was over go back to their former toils and the freedom of the forest. Some few of them, however, retained a little of the thrift and forethought of the civilized man and became wealthy among their improvident neighbors; their wealth consisting chiefly of large bands of horses, scattered over the prairies in the vicinity of their abodes.

"There was another class, the *native Indians* of Canada, who had partially conformed to the habits of civilization and received the doctrines of Christianity, under the influence of the French colonists and the Roman Catholic priests, who certainly diffused more of the knowledge and principles of the Christian religion among the North American Indians than the Protestant missionaries have. These half-civilized Indians retained some of the good, and of the evil qualities of their original stock. Though they generally professed the Roman Catholic religion, it was mixed with some of their ancient superstitions, especially their belief in omens and charms. These men were often employed for a stated time by the company as trappers and canoemen, though on lower terms than were allowed to the white men, but generally in the end they became *free trappers.*

"The voyageurs may be said to have sprung up out of the fur trade, having been originally employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions through the labyrinth of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior. They were coeval with the *coureurs des bois,* or rangers of the woods, already noticed, and like them, in the intervals of their long and laborious expeditions, were prone to pass their time in idleness and revelry about the trading posts or settlements squandering their hard earnings in heedless conviviality, and rivalling their neighbors, the Indians, in indolent indulgence and an improvident disregard of to-morrow. Their dress is generally half-civilized, half-savage. They wear a capot, or outside coat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trowsers, or leather leggins, moccasins, or deerskin shoes, without a sole, and ornamented on the upper, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended a knife, tobacco pouch and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases. Their lives are passed in wild and extensive rovings in the service of individuals, but more especially of the fur traders. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and light-heartedness of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance, and instead of that hardness and grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge toward each other, they are naturally obliging and accommodating, interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar and affectionate appellations of 'cousin' and 'brother' when there is, in fact, no relationship. Their natural good will is probably heightened by a community of adventure and hardship in their precarious and wandering life. No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardship, or more good humored under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers, or coasting lakes on the borders of which they encamp at night, gossip round their fires and bivouac in the open air. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning till night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old traditionary French song with some regular chorus, in which they all join, keeping time with their oars; and if at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertion it is but necessary to strike up a song of the kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity. The Canadian waters are vocal with these songs, that have been echoed from mouth to mouth and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the colony, and it has a pleasing effect to see in a still, golden summer evening a batteaux gliding across the bosom of the lake, dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint old ditties, or sweeping along in full chorus on a bright sunny morning down the transparent current of one of the Canadian rivers."

The food of these out-door people was drawn exclusively from the country which they inhabited, and was exclusively animal. They had neither bread nor vegetables, but lived on the mammals, birds and fishes that could be captured. Dunn quotes Mr. Simpson as follows: "'On Christmas and New Year's days we entertained our assembled people with a dance, followed by a supper consisting of the best fare we could command. By this time we had, through our indefatigable exertions, accumulated two or three weeks' provisions in advance, and no scarcity was experienced during the remainder of the season. The daily rations served out to each man was increased from eight to ten, and to some individuals twelve pounds of venison, or, when they could be got, four or five whitefish weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. This quantity of solid food, immoderate as it may appear, does not exceed the average standard of the country, and ought certainly to satisfy the inordinate appetite of a French-Canadian; yet, there was one of them who complained he had not enough, and did not scruple to help himself to an additional supply whenever the opportunity offered—it would have taken twenty pounds of animal food daily to satisfy him.'"

Writing of the life at Red River, our author presents a brief but spirited picture of buffalo hunting by the Red River half-breeds. He says:

"At Red River the buffaloes are now seldom taken in pounds. Here it may be observed that to a stranger the

wild buffalo bull, with his huge hump, glaring eyes, fierce aspect and long beard, that almost sweeps the ground, when encountered in the recesses of the forest or in the open plain, where there is no chance of escape, is the most formidable animal in America—far more so than the panther or grizzly bear. In the summer and autumn large parties of the half-breed hunters, all mounted on their small Indian horses, which are well broken in to this sport, scatter themselves over the plains, camping generally in the open air, or in tents covered with hides, or under their provision carts. As soon as the buffaloes are perceived the young men gallop after them, and either partially surprise them on the plains or succeed in driving them into some little valley or neck of land, projecting into a lake, where escape is difficult. A running fire then open all along the line. At the first volley the buffaloes scamper off. The hunters continue the pursuit, reloading their guns while their horses are in full gallop, for the sake of expedition the bullets are carried in the mouth and dropped into the barrel without any wadding; their small whips are attached by a band to the right wrist. The horse, with wonderful sagacity, follows of his own accord the animal which his rider has singled out, and brings him alongside, and the rider then discharges his weapon unerringly. The horse then pursues another with similar success. In this way many buffaloes in succession are shot by the same hunter, and hundreds fall in a single race. No sight can be livelier than a camp of successful hunters. They generally pitch in some clump or point of woods, the provision carts form the outer circle, to which the horses are tied, within this fires blaze on every side. The men smoke their pipes or arrange their firearms, while the women are employed in cooking a sumptuous repast. The jest and the laugh circulate freely all around. During the time the men are employed in hunting the females are occupied in drying the spare meat, or converting it into pemican.

"In the winter season this sport assumes a more various character. When the snow is not deep the buffalo may be run on horseback as in summer; indeed, if the herd be numerous they beat such a track with their broad hoofs that they are easily pursued. At other times they are approached by the hunter *crawling* on the snow. He walks up within a certain distance, far enough not to alarm the herd—then prostrates himself on the snow—drags himself along on his belly with his gun trailing after him, and in this way proceeds a long distance before he can get within reach when the buffalo are shy. When fatigued with this laborious and unnatural motion he stops for a time to recruit himself, he then throws up a little heap of snow before him to screen him from his prey. Some of the hunters are said to be so dexterous in this mode of approach as actually to drive aside the old bulls who form the outer guard of the herd, in order to select the choicest of the cows. In order to effect this object he wears the disguise of a close dun-colored cap, furnished with upright ears, to give him the appearance of a wolf, for from constant association that animal is regarded by the buffalo without dread. In the spring of the year, when there is a hard crust on the snow, produced by alternate thaw and frost, the buffalo are frequently run down by the hunters, and stabbed with their daggers, while floundering in the deep drifts, which yield to their weight, but support their pursuers, who are borne up by their snow shoes. In this way, which is the easiest and safest of all, the animals fall a prey even to the boys and women."

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Gila Monster.

EVER since coming to New Mexico I had been hearing of the Gila monster who roamed in the trackless forests of Arizona, as the museum lecturer would have told us had he had one of them on hand to spout about. According to the prospectors who had been in that country and had through some special dispensation escaped alive to tell us about it, the Gila monster there sometimes grew nearly as large, but not quite as large, as a horse; he might just as well have kept on growing until he had got as large as a horse, then it would have taken less time to describe him. The bite of the monster was worse than the bite of a rattlesnaks; plenty of whiskey has been known to counteract the bite of a snake, but when whiskey was taken after a monster had bit you it only killed you so much sooner. I have no doubt of it. I have known plenty of whiskey to kill a man who had never been bitten by anything more venomous than a lot of blue mice and red alligators, that he saw running around on the floor of the room he died in.

As the Gila monster is a lizard, and I knew how dangerous a lizard is when it comes to biting—it is not built to bite and cannot bite—I doubted this part of the story. The large ones found on the top of bare rocks in the mountains of southern Arizona seldom need bite at all, a man who was so unfortunate as to get into their neighborhood did not need to be bitten, he just lay down and quit; then the monster leaving him started to hunt some one else to scare to death.

We were going out to that country now and I could see the creature for myself. We had a young man from Ohio in the troop who said he had been a school teacher. We were liable to get and did get men out of nearly all the learned professions. They generally came to the cavalry, it is supposed to be more aristocratic than in the infantry. We had doctors (they generally got to be hospital stewards in time), lawyers, civil engineers, clerks (we could use one of them at his trade, the rest had to build roads and stand guard), telegraph operators and once in a while a stray newspaper reporter, but never a minister. Most of these fellows, if they would only let whiskey alone, need not be here. The school teacher's name was Smith, at least that was his name here, it may have been anything else at home. When he first came to us he took to me. I had a lot of newspapers that I subscribed for and several that were sent me in return for an occasional letter. Smith wanted newspapers. He had not been with us long before he began writing to his home paper, a small country weekly. He told them all about the country around Fort Cummings, New Mexico, where we then were, the silver mines and the Indians. We had no Indians on hand just then, they were supposed to be over at San Carlos, Ariz., but were not always there, else we would not be here. We were here to keep them there, or try to do it.

I furnished him with Indian information, and knowing the use it would be put to, threw in a few extras. Had he written to his paper as I did to mine, describing the country in language that a school boy could understand, and when naming a river or mountain that had an Indian or Spanish name giving the pronunciation as near as possible in brackets, his letters would have looked better. I showed him my letters, but there was not scientific information enough in them to suit him.

He found out that I knew the college names of a few of our birds and animals and began to get them for his letters.

At last we got to the lair of the Gila monster. We were camped up at the head of the Gila River in New Mexico. Those big ones don't live here, they are found, if anywhere, further west over in Arizona. I have looked for them there, though without finding any nearly so large as a horse. Some of them bit me. Maybe I am immune to them. The first one I found was only a foot long. I caught him in a slip noose, and after trying to get him to bite a stick, then my finger, I let him go again. The largest one I ever found here measured only eighteen inches over all, and something less on his waterline. He kept his head up when traveling.

Smith wanted their scientific name, and I did not know then that they had one. Since then I have learned that it is *Heloderma.* That lizard shall not suffer for a name, nor you either, I thought, and said: "He has only been described by one naturalist so far as I know. He is not very well known yet. That man calls him *Spundulikus climupalog.*"

"Spell it," Smith told me, getting out his note book at the same time.

I was afraid to spell it; he might see through the sell. So taking his book I wrote it.

He sent off his letter and I had forgotten all about it when two or three weeks after one mail day he came to me with the paper.

"Are you quite sure you gave me the proper name for the monster?" he asked.

"I am. What is wrong?"

He handed me the paper. His letter was here, so was my name for the monster just as I had written it, but it was followed by an interrogation point that must have been taken out of the lower case of a font of job type. We had no trouble seeing it, and both of us knew what it meant.

"That editor of yours don't seem to think we have it correct, does he? Now take that and spell it slowly, Smith. Divide it into syllables and see what you can make out of it?"

He did so, then throwing the paper down, said: "This is a mean trick. That is what I make out of it. The next time I come to you for any more names you will know it."

"Oh, come any time you happen to think of it. If I have not the exact article you want I can make it while you wait. The fact is, that thing has not got a name, or if he has I don't know it. That being the case, I or anyone else is at liberty to give him one. I am not well up in Latin so I used hog Latin."

He never would take any more "scientific" names from me, but that did not prevent him from borrowing my FOREST AND STREAM and hunting for them.

CABIA BLANCO.

Sport in New Zealand.

BY "SPORTSMAN."

A Mixed Bag.

NEW ZEALAND, that sunny land of the South Pacific, what memories one can recall, of the good sport and keen sportsmen, to be found in those islands of the forest and the Maori. During some years' residence in that quarter of the globe I had many opportunities of enjoying the various field sports to be met with, from stalking the lordly red deer to spearing the large river eels by torchlight. Many and various are the animals and birds in the forests and along the sea coast, and nearly all are within the reach of the ordinary mortal who is devoted to sport and outdoor recreation. The red deer country, or countries I should say, as there are three or four large herds scattered over the islands, resembles to a great extent that of the Scottish forests, though devoid of the heather and heath, but still very rough and rocky in most parts and covered here and there with dense patches of bush, and a day's stalking on these hills requires a deal of doing. Fallow deer are plentiful and can be shot on sight, but a license is necessary for the red deer and a limit to the number of heads taken off the ground is also prescribed.

The fishing as a whole is excellent, and quite on a par with the English trout fishing; the brown and rainbow varieties of these fish are to be met with in many of the creeks, more especially in the more strictly preserved waters. Eels abound in all the streams and lakes, and some of these grow to a huge size. They form a regular form of diet to the native Maoris, who catch quantities, and then smoke and dry them. The shooting is good in nearly all parts of the country. The English pheasant, quail, both brown and Californian, bo-kekas or swamp hens, duck, black swan, hares and rabbits are all to be met with in the different localities, not to mention the huge flocks of pigeons which, at certain seasons of the year, haunt all the bush country, more especially when the pine and tawa berries are ripe on the trees. As another source of sport and amusement we must not forget to mention the wild pig. These animals are the descendants of the original pigs, liberated on the islands when first discovered by Captain Cook. They have since those early days increased enormously, and now swarm all over the more heavily timbered lands, as also in the more open fern country. They afford capital sport, and occasionally an old boar will give you a run for your money in the form of a little danger and excitement before you can lay him low. These pigs are very good eating; in many of the more unsettled districts the farmers depend almost entirely on these animals for their supply of fresh meat.

Perhaps a short account of a day with the gun, over dogs, would be not inappropriate here.

As myself and a friend had agreed to allow ourselves a week or two's holiday free from the troubles of farming and stock raising in general, we wrote to some shooting acquaintances living on the coast of the North Island, asking them to join us for a few days with the gun and dogs in the surrounding country. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, we started from our house, situated about fifty-four miles from the coast, early one morning in September. As we were living at the extreme limit of the Government road, which runs up there from a small town on the coast, about sixty miles south, we had to do the trip riding on bush ponies and along the narrow trail which runs right through the heart of the forest land. We had an uneventful ride to our destination, relieved only by off-saddling once in the middle of the day for lunch at a clearing in the bush.

Reaching our friend's residence, close down by the seashore, we turned out the ponies and got everything in readiness for an early start on the following morning. The house itself was a large, roomy place, with a shady veranda running round it, and in front a large garden with really a well kept lawn for that part of the country. The surrounding land consisted of flat maize fields and low, rolling hills, fern and brush covered, bounded some miles back by the higher and rougher district at the foot of the endless expanse of standing timber. These high lands, sloping down to the level of the maize fields below were cut up here and there by deep gulleys, covered with a thick growth of birch trees, interspersed with fern and scrub, and affording excellent shade and cover for the pheasants which frequented them. The picturesque Maori whares (pronounced warry) or huts thatched with the dry flax leaves scattered here and there, added an additional charm to the already beautiful landscape. The large salt water pools down by the shore, fringed with rows and rows of reeds and rough grasses, always yielded up their quota of duck and waterfowl with now and then a black swan.

Jumping out of bed next morning, just as it is beginning to get light, we make a substantial breakfast and proceed to get together our paraphernalia for the day's shoot. Everything is at last ready, lunchcon packed away in a capacious game bag, and cartridge belts filled, and we start away accompanied by two red Irish setters and an old cattle dog of my own, very handy at retrieving, and also most useful for running pig, if we happen to get into their locality. Leaving the house we took the narrow track up the hill behind, passing a native Maori sitting outside his little wooden house, who gave us the usual native salutation of *ten-a-koé,* or good-day, and also told us where he had seen pheasants at no great distance.

Spreading out in line and letting the dogs range ahead the three of us walk steadily forward at last reaching the top of the hill. Here we debouch on to a large flat covered with fern and tea tree scrub, or to use the native name, *marnuka.* The dogs, a little wild on starting, now steady down again and presently one of them stops dead in his stride, one fore leg lifted, looking a perfect picture as his keen nose snuffs the tainted air. The other dog, some yards away, is ably backing his companion. My friend gives the word and they move slowly forward. Again coming to a dead stand, we walk in and put up the birds, two hens and a cock. Bang, bang, bang, the two hens fall, but the old cock scuds off downward untouched, the two dogs dropping to the shot, as well trained ones should. We ought to have bagged the three, but never mind, our nerves will be steadier after a shot or two, so picking up the slain we continue on our way.

Two more shots and another brace are obtained on the flat and then we begin the descent to the river just below, working the slope as we go. One of us goes down a side track to the river flat, so as to be ready to receive any birds which may go high over the river. The two remaining above proceed to scramble down the rough hillside clothed with birch trees and thick patches of scrub, when a whirring of wings sounds close by, and I have just barely time to get a snap shot at a cock pheasant as he flashes over the tops of the trees on his way toward the river. A shout from below warns me that I have got him, and after firing one more ineffectual shot at another bird as he flies out of the thick undergrowth, we find ourselves on the edge of the river below, where our friend joins us with the cock, which fell dead close by him.

As the sun is by this time showing considerable power we sit on the river bank for a few minutes and light our pipes, while the dogs with lolling tongues lie down in the shallows grateful for the cool water after their warm trip through the rough fern country. Being by this time at the far side of the hill behind the house, which same is about two miles away, we get on our feet again and walk down the road which follows the course of the river, until we meet the cross road lower down, where we find one of the boys from the farm waiting with our ponies, as we had left word for them to be brought round in order to save us a long walk to the next ground we intended to try.

Climbing into our saddles we canter along toward the high hills at the foot of the heavy bush some four miles to the north of the river flats, intending to hunt out all the gulleys as we go along. Now the road runs up a long, broad valley, he sides of which are cut up by innumerable ravines and old water courses, filled with a pretty thick growth of birch trees and scrub, a favorite haunt of his lordship the pheasant. Our plan of campaign was this: We tied up the ponies on the roadside at the bottom of each of these ravines, and then one of us took the dogs and worked them down from the head of the gulley while the other two of us waited below, one on each side, to take the birds as they made down hill to the shelter of the maize fields. The shots thus obtained were some of them very pretty and also difficult, as they often flew high overhead and came at a tremendous pace into the bargain. We worked our way in this manner nearly to the head of the valley, and as we had grassed four brace, we decided to leave the remainder and so turned back to work the maize fields below the road. Total bag so far 6½ brace pheasants and one hawk, of the large harrier variety, who met his death by offering a most tempting shot as he rose from the carcass of a dead sheep on which he had been feasting.

Leaving the high road we take a narrow trail among the maize and rough grass paddocks, at last reaching a

small creek, where we decide to refresh the inner man, and so off-saddle and let the ponies go free. They at once go to the water and then settle down to graze close alongside us. We squat down on the soft, dry grass and tackle the sandwiches which form our lunch with the cool, clear water from the creek. The last bite disappears and then pipes are set going and we bask in the sunshine, feeling a little lazy after our morning's tramp. The day is simply perfect, a warm sun and a clear blue sky with just enough breeze to rustle the tall rushes by the creek. Overhead a large hawk wheels lazily to and fro, seeming to know just when he is out of range. Now and then a rat splashes into the water from some retreat on the bank, and the tués or parson birds, so-called on account of their glossy black plumage and white frill of feathers round their necks, flit here and there through the scrubby trees around us.

At last pipes are knocked out and we saddle up again and ride toward a native pah or small village close by, consisting of small thatched houses with a crowd of pigs and mongrel curs running around in all directions outside. We are hailed with a chorus of wild barks and snarls from the dogs, who are at last silenced by their owners, with whom we have a few minutes' conversation, most of them speaking English more or less fluently. We take leave of them at last and proceed on our way toward a large field of maize, bounded on one side by a rough grass paddock. Here we tie up the horses to the wooden fence rails, or in Colonial parlance, we hang them up and decide to run through the standing maize for any outlying pheasants. The corn cobs are about ripe for plucking, but the natives have as yet not started work in this field, so the thick stems are close together and the leaves and cobs rattle as the dogs brush through them.

We employ the same maneuvers here as up in the valley, one takes the dogs and drives the birds out toward the open paddock, where the other two are ready to receive them. The man with the dogs gets an occasional shot, but owing to the thickness and height of the corn stalks he does not get very tempting chances. The birds run ahead under the sheltering maize, till obliged to take wing, and then offer some nice shots to the waiting gun. Here we manage to account for three more brace of pheasants and also three California quail which the dogs flush just as they come out into the open. As by this time the afternoon is beginning to advance we decide on trying a large swampy paddock with a dense patch of marnuka scrub in the middle of it, for bo-keka or swamp hen. These birds resemble the coot in appearance. Their heads are brightly marked with red, the back is covered with fine blue feathers, and the breast white. Their short, stumpy tails are also white, and they are kept in continual motion, up and down, as the birds walk around. They fly with a slow flapping flight, but the pace is very deceiving to the gunner, as they generally seem to be going far slower than is really the case. We pursue the same plan here as in the maize field, though the scrub is very dense and hard to scrabble through. The two in waiting keep close in the shelter of the scrub, but these white-tagged hens are the cutest of the cute, they fly forward, settling here and there in the low trees on the approach of the dogs, but never come quite near enough the open for a shot. They seem to know something is wrong and keep doubling back in the scrub again and again, and we cannot persuade them to leave their shelter. However, we manage to down three of the wily creatures and our friend in the scrub gets one, bringing the grand total up to four birds. We pick up the dead and get back to the ponies again, one of which has managed to rub his bridle off against a fence post and stands there looking rather sheepish as we adjust it.

Climbing into our seats again and stuffing the birds into the game bags fixed to the rings on the saddles, we make tracks down the trail leading to the sea shore, intending to try for a rabbit or two among the sand hills on our way home. Coming out of the last paddock, before we reach the shore, a rather amusing incident occurs. We noticed a large hawk settle behind a fence some hundred yards ahead of us, my friend made an attempt to get near enough for a shot, by galloping his pony as hard as he could tear, up to the fence. Just as he arrived at the said fence he pulled up the pony and the hawk got up; he raised the gun, but the mare objected to firearms and swung round; he pulled her back and sent her over the low obstruction in pursuit, letting off both barrels at the hawk to an accompaniment of violent bucks from his mount. The hawk escaped.

This little escapade over we emerged on to the sand hills and sat down to wait till a little before dusk, before tackling the bunnies. As it is a trait of the Colonial that he will never walk if he can get anything to ride, that is, if the nature of the ground allows of riding at all; we stuck to our mounts and cantered after my old cattle dog, as he pushed up the rabbits from among the furze bushes. As only one of the horses was used to being shot over, the game was fast and furious while it lasted, and though the total bag was only five rabbits, we had a heap of fun for our money. My friend's mount being a newly broken mare, she promptly bolted at the first barrel he fired, but as galloping in deep sand gets somewhat irksome to the most fiery of steeds he soon pulled her in.

The shadows were now beginning to fall in earnest, so we picked up the slain and started for home along the hard sand at the water's edge. It was a lovely evening, the sinking sun casting a yellow glow over everything, with the sea washing gently on the shore and the ponies snatching at their bits when they felt the hard sand under their feet. We cantered on without a sound to be heard but the crunch of the iron-shod hoofs and the murmur of the surf. Pulling up as we near the house a small flock of ducks come in over our heads making for one of the large pools on the shore. My friend sees them in time, though his mount shows his decided objection to the business, manages to secure one of them, thus closing our day's sport. Total bag, 19 pheasants, 3 quail, 4 swamp hens, 1 hawk, 1 duck and 5 rabbits; not a large count in these days of big battues and record bags, but entirely satisfactory to those who participated in the shooting, and with the variety and beauty of the scenery, coupled with the pleasure of watching two good dogs work, making ample amends for any deficiency in the number of the slain.

NATURAL HISTORY

Frogs of the Illinois River

My object in writing anything on this subject is simply to call attention to the mighty changes that may be wrought in the animal life occupying peculiar rivers by natural means. The Illinois River is a peculiar river, very peculiar. It is but little more than a great slough, having but twenty-one feet fall in its 220 miles, from La Salle to its mouth, with a very sluggish and at times hardly perceptible current, and its bed throughout this entire length is a muddy, nasty, slimy silt from say five to forty feet or more in thickness. Its width in low water averages about 700 feet, in high water two to eight miles, and the overflowed bottom lands have a surface very similar to the bed of the river. Therefore all life of temperate climes, both animal and vegetable, that found a congenial home and an abundance of food in the richest of mud was found along its course before the advent of the man with the gun in well-nigh unequaled abundance. All inland waterfowl, from the tiny plover to the magnificent swan, found along it perfect feeding grounds, and many of them a perfect place in which to breed. Fish of many species fairly swarmed within its waters in myriads, and size far beyond what the newer generation along its banks would dream of. Water breeding and other insect life was correspondingly plentiful; Illinois malaria and "skeeters" were a great terror to the early settler.

How vast the change in this great mass of life to-day, wrought wholly by the occupancy of its shores by the man with his gun and other surroundings. The waterfowl life of summer time has nearly or entirely disappeared. Scarcely a duck dare risk the rearing of her downy brood in the widest and most impenetrable of its marshes. The graceful swan in her semi-yearly migrations no longer dares to rest her weary pinions on the widest of its lakes; she knows the man with the gun is omnipresent. What was only a few years ago a vast morass stretching over thousands of acres, the perfect home of the turtle, the frog, the coot, the rail, the heron, etc., is now solid land. If the muskrat believed in the adage, "In numbers there is strength," he felt that he was safe from all harm.

Frogs.

Yea, frogs, for it is in memory of the dear departed bullfrog that I indite these lines—I mean the great and the largest frog pond found in Western waters. This most toothsome animal was in early times found everywhere along this great slough and the great marshes adjoining in an abundance only equaled in proportion to their sizes by the mosquitoes and the muskrats. His sonorous voice was to be heard on every side, so plentiful were they that I have often heard their voices when congratulating each other on a hot day in June just before a rain at a distance of two miles from the river. The voice of this frog at such times is a sonorous bass, modulated roar of two syllables, best explained by a little story. In early times we had here a long, "slab-sided," powerful fellow by the name of Bill Owens. Bill's father ran the grist mill where we all had ground the wheat for our daily bread. "Uncle Rod" at times would leave Bill alone to look after the mill. There was a vast amount of bullfrogs along the stream that turned the mill. Bill was very fond of these, also of whiskey. He was also very expert in capturing the frogs. When he got a good mess he would take them to town and trade them to the tavern keeper for whiskey. Whiskey was only "two bits" a gallon in those old times. When left in charge of the mill Bill would often become both dry and hungry and slip off and "go a-frogging," leaving the mill to tend itself, then if he was successful with his frogging he would come home some time in the night as drunk as a king. The boys of the neighborhood, after taking notes of Bill's failings, would persecute him by following him at a safe distance and bellowing after him in a deep bass voice like that of his favorite frog:

Bill Ow-e-n-s,
Bill Ow-e-n-s,
Got dh-r-unk,
Got dh-r-unk.

Then every frog along the river would take up the refrain. This proved too much for poor Bill's nerves and he concluded that he must kill and eat all the frogs or quit getting drunk. The first was too great a task for even so powerful a man as he, so he became a sober man.

When I was a boy, we had here a French quadroon barber and cook who was the second man to eat frogs in this neighborhood, and he taught all of us young fellows how to hunt, cook and eat them. Our plan was to take a small boat and shove it gently along through the lily pads, until we would espy a frog sitting patiently with his eyes and mouth just above the surface waiting until some insect would hover within reach of his long, slimy, lightning-like, elastic tongue. This tongue can be thrown out some five to six inches or more, and so quickly as to be impossible for the eye to see even its flash through the air. We would shoot them with very light loads of powder and shot. As soon as we would have a great plenty for a big feast, George, the Creole, would fry and serve them up in the best French style. Were they good? I would work harder to-day to get such a mess than for any other food in the world.

Some years ago I had a housekeeper who was very fond of game, but had often expressed contempt of frog eating. One day I had been along the river frogging; the frogs were very scarce, but with great care and perseverance I secured four fine ones. Going home I found the cooks all gone, the house deserted. Thinks I, I will play the cook myself and have a feast like the old time ones back of George's barber shop. In due time I had them fried to a turn, and was just sitting down to enjoy them, when in came the housekeeper. She smelled them. They smelt good. Said she, "What have you got?"

"The hindquarters of some woodcock," said I, "considered by all the best game bird in the world."

"Let me taste," said she.

I handed her a big ham, and she agreed with all that the "woodcock" is the best of all birds. The next day she was pestering me to go out and kill "some more of those delicious birds." I have said that now along this river fullfrogs are very scarce. They disappeared from our river almost entirely at one time as far back as 1852-'53, and very suddenly. What caused their disappearance has been a question to which it was hard to find a satisfactory answer. I knew that feral life was subject to the ravages of virulent, deadly epidemic and contagious diseases, but could hear of no example of disease stopping a life so nearly completely over so wide a region as this disappearance of our frogs.

For fear that some may have begun to form wrong conclusions, I will state emphatically that I did not kill and eat them all; that Bill Owens did not return to his cups and his frogs, nor the Creole, nor we boys make any serious inroads on their numbers. No, something more potent and terrible than any of these used them up far worse than the Jews did the Philistines. What was it? This is the question that for years I have striven to solve, to my own satisfaction at least.

For a long time I thought that the disappearance of the bullfrog from the Illinois River was perhaps caused by the introduction into its waters of some new form of life that fed upon the frog, its young or its eggs to such an extent as to nearly annihilate it. To give a coloring to this theory there was a new form of life that made its first appearance in the Illinois River suddenly and numerously about that time, namely, the fish known as the croppie, which is said by those who should know, was first introduced to the great Mississippi waters from the Great Lakes through the Ohio and Erie Canal as soon as completed. It is certain that it was not known in Illinois waters until about thirty odd years ago. Finding a congenial home here it bred very fast and became very numerous. It is a fish that loves wide, shallow, still waters with a muddy bottom, the same waters where we found our frog, its eggs and its young. The young or tadpoles of our bullfrog, if my observations have been correct, pass two seasons or a year at least in the tadpole or embryo stage—at least they pass one winter as tadpoles, as does also the young of our green-backed smaller creek bullfrog, for I have observed myriads of both in the water in the dead of winter. The croppie we all know feeds ravenously on small fish, and it is very probable that it also feeds on the fish-like young of our frog, but I do not know this to be a fact. If such is the case, anyone who has studied the interaction of lives on each other, especially sedentary lives, knows full well that one will often nearly annihilate another by feeding on its individuals, eggs or progeny. Therefore, I readily accepted it as a theory, that the introduction of the croppie had caused the nearly complete disappearance of our frog. But theory will not answer the purpose in the science of natural history. Facts, known facts, and they alone, will fill the bill. If I could prove that the croppie preyed extensively on the eggs or young of our frog, the question would be settled, but I could not.

But as time and years rolled on, a fresh and unread page of nature's workings and means of bringing about wonderful and unlooked for changes in life subject to her laws and forces was opened before our eyes, and it was one which proved that the nearly complete annihilation of a species or many species of sedentary life is a thing she may readily cause by natural forces. For instance, the winter of 1881 and 1882 was one of extreme cold, continued without a break for a comparatively great length of time. The Illinois River at that time was at a low stage. The intense cold covered it with an unbroken coat of ice of twenty-four to thirty-four inches in thickness, and it remained in this condition for about two months, or, in other words, this river of not very pure water, and this water overlying the vast area of its bottom composed of a thick layer of mud, decaying, putrid animal and vegetable matter continually evolving gases poisonous to all animal life, was hermetically sealed up by this impervious coating of ice, so that these poisonous gases could not escape into the air. The result of this was that the free oxygen naturally belonging to the water was soon entirely appropriated and used up by the myriads of animal life occupying the water, and its place was taken by the poisonous (to animal life) carbonic acid gas exhaled by them, and by the same and sulphuretted hydrogen, marsh and other poisonous gases being continually set free in the water by the great mass of underlying putrefying mud. This state of affairs re-

sulted eventually in what? Why, the utter annihilation of all; yes, I will say all life, from the tiny crustacean to the great buffalo or catfish then occupying that water, for no animal life ean live without a supply, a modicum of oxygen. But bear in mind that I do not hold but that sueh life as buries itself deeply in the mud in autumn and completely hibernates, may have escaped, but I do not believe that it did. The weaker and more tender of animal life died first; soon this dead animal matter began to putrefy, adding its poisons to the deadly waters. As the river began to close up with the iee, the more completely, day by day, the poor smothering fish crowded in myriads to the few air holes left. So thickly did they pack themselves around such places to imbibe the life sustaining oxygen that they could be thrown out on the ice by thousands with pitehforks. But soon the intense cold sealed over hermetically nearly all of these holes, with the result, of course, of the death of all exposed animal life in the river, undoubtedly our bullfrogs went with the rest.

Is there any proof of this being the fact? Yes. An abundance of proof, for we who were out on the river in the early days of the following spring fowling, found floating on the surface millions of dead fish, turtles, frogs and species of water insect life. No creatures seemed to escape this general fate except the very few that had passed the winter near large springs whose thermal waters did not freeze over. The fish were all killed. "You are mistaken there," speaks up old Joe, a fisherman of thirty years' standing on the river. "Fish were more plentiful in the Illinois River the summer of 1882 than they had been for several years before."

Correct, old man, but you must remember that most of our fishes are somewhat migratory, and that our little river here is a part and parcel of the greatest river system in the world, and that these fish of 1882 had good reason for ascending our river that spring because they found it so thoroughly stocked with fish food, the dead life floating down.

But what proof have we that a similar destruction of life oceurred from the same causes about 1853 to 1855? The proof of this hangs on a very slender though a strong thread. It is this: One Mareh, near those dates, after a very long period of extreme cold weather, I went on the river skating with a party of boys. After the violent exercise we became very thirsty. Having an ax along we concluded to chop through the ice for water. The ice was very thick. When we reached the water it came bubbling up, but gave off a fearful steneh, so strong that none of us eould drink of it. This smell was exactly the same as that of the river water in 1881-2, and I have no doubt that the effect on the life in the water was the same.

The people of Peoria in particular, and others along the river in 1882 gave the Chicago sewage the entire credit for the pollution of the waters of the river. The city of Chicago, to free the Chieago River of its smells, established huge pumping works to pump the water from the Chicago River into the Illinois and Michigan Canal, from which it flowed into the Illinois River, and this gave color to the idea that our river was contaminated wholly in that way; but the water thus pumped into our river had but very iittle effect if any on the river, as I think I could, and have, clearly demonstrated. I have given the bullfrog the post of honor for the reason that his habits are eminently sedentary, as the Irishman said about him: "See the dhirty, slimy craythur, when he shtands up he sits down." BYRNE.

LACON, Ill.

Depredations of the Cow Bunting.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following notes, taken in leisure hours, regarding that parasite, the cowbird, may prove of interest to some of the many readers of your estimable journal.

I have come to the conclusion that the cowbird is a greater eause of the decrease in our song birds than either the bluejay or red squirrel, or even domestic cat.

At Cleveland, O., in May of this year, I made a careful study of this subject. In five nests of the wood thrush I found on examination in each nest three thrushes' eggs and one cowbird's. I removed the cowbird's eggs. On visiting the nests a second time I again found in each nest a cowbird's egg, and again for the third time this was repeated. I am glad to say that at length, in this case, the thrushes were successful in hatching and rearing their young. Had I not taken the cowbird's eggs, there would, of course, been no young thrushes. I have always found this lovely thrush a conspicuous sufferer in this respect, but more so this summer than in other years.

A remarkable thing about these same thrushes' nests, every one of them had, as a sort of foundation, more or less old newspaper, which I did not like to see, as it made the nests too conspicuous, and liable to be pilfered by boys or other misehievous persons; so as gently as possible I removed the paper, the birds sitting elose on their nests all the time; they were most gentle and confiding. And here, I think, is where the cowbird makes her mark, selecting to deposit her egg those nests whose owners are least likely to object.

I came to Syracuse in June and renewed, as time and inclination permitted, my bird observations. I found every pair of thrushes feeding and caring for young cowbirds, but not one young thrush have I seen. I regret to say that the beautiful scarlet tanager is also a sufferer from this pest. Every pair of tanagers coming under my notiee were aecompanied by young eowbirds. The yellow warbler also, and even the friendly little chipping and song sparrows do not seem to escape. Here, also, I found the Wilson thrush, very numerous in swampy woods, but did not find any nests—this thrush being more secretive than its cousin, the wood thrush. I am unable to say, therefore, whether it is also a sufferer from the cowbird.

In Ohio the beautiful rose-breasted grosbeaks were quite numerous, and were nesting when I left. I wonder if the cowbird molests this speeies?

The red squirrel is generaly condemned for its destruction of birds' eggs and young. My observations do not bear out this statement. They were quite numerous, as also the striped chipmunk, where my thrushes' nests were situated, but not in a single instance was a nest molested.

I am told by a well known authority that the cowbird lays its egg in the nest. I cannot see how this bird can enter a tiny nest like that of the red-eyed vireo, or yellow warbler. I have never seen the operation performed, but I have noticed a cowbird standing on the edge of a nest and gazing with interest at its contents.

In these thrushes' nests I found but three eggs. Now, my observations are that this thrush lays four; therefore, I conclude that the cowbird removes one in order to make room for her own. I have also noticed on other occasions that the cowbird's egg is hatched at least two or three days before its victim's, giving the young cowbird that much start, and as it is therefore stronger it ejects the rightful oceupants in course of time.

The warbler family were well represented in the spring migration in Ohio; the myrtle and black and white creeping varieties leading the van, followed a few days later by the black-throated blue, black-throated green, chestnut-sided, Canadian and hooded species, the bay-breasted bringing up the rear. The northern water thrush—a warbler—was by no means rare and was in full song.

The goldfinches and cherry waxwings are unusually numerous here this summer. Owing to their late nesting habits they undoubtedly both escape the unwelcome visitation of the cowbird. This waxwing seems a persistent hawker for flies—which I think is not always the case—darting from and returning to same branch after the manner of the flycatchers.

If only the cowbird would pay some attention to the English sparrow what a blessing it would be. But, alas! no. It must forsooth select our brightest songsters. But, Mr. Editor, I must conclude these notes ere you will be after me with the "big stick." JOHN M. COATES.

A Hawk's Revenge.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following little incident may interest some of your readers:

I was walking near a piece of woods recently, and noticed eight or ten crows pursuing a hawk. The hawk was sailing along a little below the noisy crows and came directly toward me. Suddenly he seemed to have lost patience with his tormentors, and in a flash he darted up, grabbed one crow by the vitals and eame to the ground within a rod of me, clutching the crow so tightly that when I ran toward him he seemed to have some difficulty in getting loose from his quarry. The other crows all flew off, amid tremendous cawings, and the hawk finally sailed away, while the unfortunate crow made a feeble effort to fly and then expired.

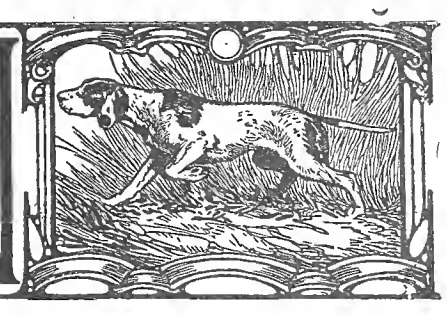
I do not know whether or not this is a common procedure by hawks, but in the scores of times I have seen crows pestering them, I never before saw the hawk assume any other attitude toward the crows than a sort of mild toleration, and I never supposed that they cared any more for eating crow's meat than the unsuccessful candidate does. F. H. C.

[To "eat crow" has, of course, passed into a proverb, and many are the changes that have been rung on the theme. Perhaps the most common of these allusions is the political one referred to by our correspondent. Nevertheless, it is a fact that young crow is quite good eating—about as good, for example, as young pigeon. Of course, the excellence of any viand depends on the taste of the eater. One man regards onions as delicious, while another cannot eat them; some people are repelled by green peas, green corn, eggplant, and so on. On the other hand we have always been taught that in England rook pie was a most dainty dish; and the rook is a not distant relative of the crow.

However, all this has nothing to do with the interesting observation made by our correspondent. We have occasionally seen a hawk when pursued by crows make a dash at one of his tormentors, but the crow always seemed perfectly well able to avoid the attack. We have found the remains of crows that had evidently been caught and partly eaten by hawks or large owls, and once saw a marsh hawk dart at one of three crows which were sitting on the top rail of a fence. The crows, however, showed no fear, but threatened the hawk with their bills when he came too close, and his courage was not equal to making a serious attack on them.]



GAME BAG AND GUN



Autobiography of a Shooting Coat.

IT is a far cry to the days of my youth. I am old now, the end is not far off, yet I look back to my young days without a sigh of regret for their vanished delights. Mine has been a well filled life, full of incident and adventure. The scars I wear are honorable scars.

My earliest connected recollections are of a time when I reposed with dozens of my fellows, stacked high on the shelves of a gun store. I was a stout youth, fashioned of crisp olive drab ten-ounce duck. I remember rubbing elbows with a very conceited chap in the stack next to mine. He was a corduroy lad, and held aloof from us ugly ducklings, though to be sure we had corduroy collars and cuffs, and were undoubtedly entitled to claim eousinship with him.

It was a dull and sleepy existence, enlivened only when a group of gunners idled away an oeeasional hour of the close season, telling of sport they had had, of trips they had taken, of bags they had made. Sometimes a rat-tailed pointer would leap on top of us, and curl down for a nap. From my shelf I could see the long rows of guns in the racks. Thus early in life I was introduced to the talk of the field and to the things of the field. The long summer passed. Crisper nights and shorter days proclaimed the approach of autumn. Then one day a clerk called: "Here's a 38," and I was snatched from my stack and tried on by a chap I had often noticed among the gunners who sometimes gossiped there. It was a fit, as those things go, and then my life began in earnest.

My new owner tossed me into a chest containing a lot of other canvas duds—and such duds! I will never forget the faintness that came over me at my first scent of blood, for the other duds were streaked with stains of it here and there. And the awful gamy smells and oily smells. At least I thought them awful at that time, but I have since learned to love them. I shrank back in a corner of the chest, aloof in my crisp spotlessness. "Hello," said a pair of flhaki trousers, gruffly. They were a sight. "He's been getting a new coat, eh?" the trousers continued. "Well, youngster, you need breaking in, and you'll get it soon enough, I'll warrant." Then silenee.

There came a day soon after that when the khaki trousers and I, with a lot of other duffle, were dumped into a carryall, and put aboard a train. He was there, with a lot of his mates, carrying gun cases and shell eases and what not. The engine bell was elanging, dogs were yelping and all was eonfusion. Somebody's shells were missing. They were found at last. The train started. In the smoker where I was I soon learned from the talk going on around me that the morrow would be the opening of the season. Everyone seemed to be in high spirits. "You'll catch it to-morrow," chuckled the khaki trousers.

"I detest a new shooting coat," said my owner in the dawn of the next morning. No need to dwell on the incidents of that first day a-field, with its constant succession of shocks and surprises. By evening my right shoulder was pounded to a frazzle, my skirts spotted with blood, and mud, and grime, my crispness gone in plaees, my pockets bulging with a motley assortment—and in my game pockets a lot of beautiful birds, quail they were, with a most pungent odor. I was beginning to like it. How tired I was, though. This all happened years ago.

The friends of my youth would not know me now. My buttons gone, my seams ripped in plaees, my right shoulder aetually worn through. My color is nondescript. Originally I was an olive drab. Then came a day when I was dipped into a nasty hot mess, and came out like a bit of Erin—green, a streaked, uncertain green, for canvas does not take dye well. "Just the color of tules," said my owner to the dyer, holding a bit of rush against my sleeve. Those were the days we spent with the ducks, shooting them from the tules that ran out in points on the lake.

The green faded in places, and to it were added a trace of the muck of the swamps, the blood of game, and gun oil and powder grime. The year for me was divided into two seasons—the autumn and winter, when we, my owner and I, spent the days in the duck blinds, or tramped the marshes for snipe and the uplands for quail; and the spring and summer, when we went into the rugged cañons of the mountains, where the trout streams tumbled and roared over the ledges and boulders. I learned what a creel was (and how the willow basket frayed my side). I learned to love the scent of the pines, the song of the mountain stream, and to watch the play of the rod. I learned to stalk the deer, though a little of that went a long way. For it was too hard work, the sun was too hot, and the buckthorn gave me some awful rents. At night I was folded and laid at the head of my owner's blankets, and served him for a pillow.

The days I love best to dwell upon, and those that are indelibly impressed on my memory are the ducking days; when he and I rowed out to the blinds in the starlight and prayed that the wind might blow. That half hour's wait for the dawn, with the old briar going, and the ducks stringing in to the lake from their night on the grain fields; the call of the geese, and the clear bugle of the sandhill crane. How well I recall it all. There was usually ice on the boats, and he always turned up my collar on those mornings, and buttoned my wristbands.

* * * * * * * *

Yesterday he took me down from the peg in the closet where I have hung this long elose season, and he looked me over—lovingly, carefully. I felt his eye take in every rip, and note eaeh missing button. The hole on my right shoulder was the worst of all. I hoped he'd pass that by, for it is really the gun's fault.

He sat down and lighted his pipe, then took me on his knee and searched my pockets, one by one. "A snipe feather, this," he mused. "What beautiful chocolate pencilings. And this dotted one I'll warrant is from the breast of a greenwing drake. * * * How good that sage and pennyroyal smells." He had found some dried sprigs of it in one of my shell pockets. "I must have gotten that the day Val and I went plover shooting. * * * This is where the wire fence caught me when I was chasing that wounded Canada." A long silence while he smoked his pipe out, a far away look in his eyes. Then suddenly, "I wonder if you will hang together for another season, old chap?" Then he hung me on the peg in the closet again.

I wonder if I will? ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

Chamois for the Rockies.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I clip the following from the editorial columns of the Sacramento (California) Union:

"The latest proposition advanced by those who are eternally planning to introduce new varieties of animals and plants is to establish chamois in the Rocky Mountains. In the districts where chamois would have any chance of survival whatever is found a larger and finer creature, closely akin to the chamois, known as the Rocky Mountain goat. In all ways is the American animal superior to its European cousin. In some cases approaching 400 pounds in weight, covered with a shaggy coat which gives it the appearance of a small buffalo, it is a creature worthy the effort of any hunter. But the Rocky Mountain goat, because of inadequate protection, is fast becoming extinct. It would seem that the common sense thing for those who advocate the importation of chamois to do would be to devote their efforts to the saving from extermination the more desirable native variety. Nature has provided for every portion of our country mammals, birds and fishes well adapted to the needs of the locality, and the introduction of foreign animals simply means, in case they survive, the crowding out of some native form."

The well intentioned editorial voices a sentiment which is more widespread than is usually supposed, but which, I think, would be reversed were the subject given profounder study and thought. I am heartily in favor of having animals from other worlds introduced into our woods and mountain fastnesses, our prairies and swamps. It has ever been a dream of mine to found a society for the promotion of the idea, but when, years ago, I broached the project I was almost invariably repressed with an assertion or reply denoting infeasibility. The nuisance of the imported English sparrow was pointed out to me, as well as the fact that the rabbit when introduced into Australia became a pest there. Examples of the miscarriage of benevolence in attempts to introduce plants and fish were also held up to show me the futility of my "Quixotic schemes," as they were often termed. Finally I dropped exploiting my hobby, but yet have nursed the idea of once again endeavoring to form a plan for concerted action of persons who might possibly be in sympathy with me, to place the project in action.

It is therefore pleasing to me to read that a proposition to establish chamois in the Rocky Mountains is seriously entertained. In my judgment that enterprise should receive the hearty support of every sportsman. It is feasible, laudatory and desirable. A nomadic residence of twenty-five years in the Far West has given me opportunities to study and observe conditions pertaining to the introduction of new animals. Our prairies, forests and mountains need replenishing. I can clinch my arguments with facts for those who are doubters or skeptics, and if Forest and Stream will give me the space I shall be glad to furnish data to overrule all objections to the restoration and rehabilitation of our natural game preserves. And the sooner we begin in this good work the better, for I would like to reap the benefit of the effort, as well as to see results thereof handed down to posterity.

There are important economic questions involved also; one of them being in the necessity to foresee the problem that is framing itself as to how to provide sustenance for this nation which is growing so rapidly in population. Even now the prices of meat, fish, game and poultry is at times prohibitive to the masses. Our pastoral resources, on the other hand, are getting to their limits of acreage for production, though the introduction of the automobile in displacing the horse will enable us to devote a greater acreage to the raising of cereals, etc., for the direct use of man.

But our barrens, plains and deserts, not adapted to fostering or supporting domestic stock, may be made of service by the introduction of a variety of game. But the selection and disposition or distribution would have to be made judiciously and intelligently. It is of itself a science.

And let those who fear that the chamois, for instance, would crowd out the cimmarron (Rocky Mountain sheep) or the mazama (Rocky Mountain goat) allay their fears at once. There is plenty of room. And by all means let us have a variety. Let us make the Rocky Mountains a perfect magazine of game, especially of the cervine and allied tribes. If they get too numerous and threaten to overrun civilization, why, let's organize "drives," round 'em up, and slaughter 'em at wholesale as they do rabbits once in a while in Idaho and Colorado.

In the past fifteen months the writer has traveled over a large portion of the mountainous region of five counties in northeastern California, to wit: Butte, Nevada, Plumas, Sierra and Yuba counties, covering an area of about 4,000 square miles. What struck me most forcibly was the almost entire absence of big game in large areas that once teemed with it. I made one trip last fall by wagon from Gibsonville to Fall River, twenty-six miles, and every mile through a forest of pristine beauty, and in all of that day's drive we saw not a single specimen of any kind of game, neither large nor small, and not even a rabbit, squirrel or chipmunk. Near Pilot Peak, in the other direction in the head waters of Nelson Creek, an important tributary to the Middle Fork of the Feather River, is Grousehill. At one time grouse were there in thousands. Now a hunter would be lucky if after a day's diligent search he found a brace of them. Doves were once very plentiful in Nevada county, and it was easy for many years, to bag a few thousand for the annual camp stew at Indian Springs of the Nevada County Sportsmen's Association. But at the stew last month a paltry 300 doves were brought in and the deficiency had to be made up with veal and chicken. It was stated that forest fires had driven the doves out of Nevada county.

Deer are seldom seen nowadays in any of the counties named above where once there existed districts where the winter's meat for whole communities was derived from deer. Killing them out of season has about exterminated theme hereabouts. Bear, however, are so plentiful in this portion of the Sierra Nevada Mountains as to be a nuisance to stockmen (cattle, sheep and horse growers), as well as to ranchmen. The latter find it necessary in some places near Downieville to keep traps set at all times, and ruthlessly kill bears and feed their carcasses to the hogs.

The Old World ought to be ransacked for animals for installation in the Sierra and Rocky Mountains. Europe, Asia and Africa could give us rare specimens. Especially desirable would be the ruminants of the Nearctic division. There is a great variety of antelope suitable for the lower altitudes. Not only give us the chamois or ibex, but also let us welcome the springbok, musk-deer, haartebeaste, or any animal that has a hoof, either solid or cloven. Even the wild boar from the Black Forest might be an acceptable innovation in the forest reserves of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, especially that portion where the oak thrives, and acorn mast is plentiful. Let us have a variety of game.

Wm. Fitzmuggins.

The Maine Moose Problem.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The moose problem in Maine is a perplexing one and has been for the last few years. Those best acquainted with the facts relating to moose feel the approach of their possible extinction. To make certain the perpetuity of this noble race and still allow the honest and conscientious sportsman to take a reasonable amount each year requires no small amount of wisdom. Notwitstanding the fact that good wardens and other good game protectors are to be found in nearly every portion of Maine's hunting grouns; this monarch of the Pine Tree State is slowly but surely wending his way to where the birch bark horn will no longer decoy him. Sad but true are these words, unless proper measures shall speedily be adopted to cause an increase in the numbers. Here is the problem. How can it be done? Surely not by the methods now employed. To my mind, it is only a matter of a few years when there will be few if any moose left worth hunting.

The law provides that one moose can be taken by any hunter each year, but that one must be a bull. Here is where the trouble lies. I believe that one moose is enough for any hunter in one year, but when the law says that that one must be a bull, I maintain that the law is in the wrong. Nature has provided that a certain number of each sex of all animals shall exist to propagate their species. Interfere with that provision and you reap disaster. Now then, the law in Maine does not allow you to shoot a young moose, but you must take the very best specimens. When you do this you leave only the small bulls and few in numbers. It is a well known fact that a calf runs with its mother until it is a year old. Now, if in a certain territory where moose abound and there are only a few small bulls, and these the offspring of some of the cows in that same locality, there is much danger of interbreeding, which is not conducive of a healthy progeny. No man of sound judgment would allow interbreeding in his domestic stock, and if with the law you force such a condition upon our moose what can be expected but a deteriorated race?

Change the law so that any hunter can take one moose, be it bull, cow, calf or what not, and you will equalize the killing so that nature can carry on her wonderful work with much less interruption than under the present system.

Tsciennetto.

Possession of Foreign Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Possibly the attorneys for the defendant in the Silz case, lately decided, and discussed in your editorial of a recent date, overlooked that part of the opinion of the Court of Appeals of this State in People vs. Bootman, 180 N. Y. 1, which discussed the present law on the subject of the possession of game in the closed season. It may be recalled that one of the principal reasons why, in the Bootman case, the court held that defendants had not violated the law was because the statute in force when the alleged offense involved in that case was committed, failed to say, clearly, that it applied to game imported into the State at a time when its possession then was lawful, and then disposed of during the closed season. The court said, referring to the present law: "While the Legislature did not act in time to affect this action, it has since removed all doubt as to its previous intention, by so amending the Forest, Fish and Game law as to provide that 'Whereever in this act the possession of fish or game, or the flesh of any animal, bird or fish is prohibited, reference is had equally to such fish, game or flesh coming from without the State as to that taken within the State' (L. 1902, ch. 194). That amendment, when read in connection with the Lacy Act, and the decisions of the Federal Courts, removes from the region of discussion the question considered in the Buffalo Fish Co. case in relation to the application of the Forest, Fish and Game law to imported game, which was decided, and the effect of the Commerce Clause of the Federal Constitution, which, although discussed, was not decided. Matter of Rohrer, 140 U. S., 545; Vance vs. Vandercook Co., 170 U. S., 438. * * * The right to pass laws for the protection of game being conceded, as in view of authorities it must be, the method of affording protection is necessarily within the direction of the Legislature. It may provide a close season for the taking of game, and may prohibit the possession or sale of game during that season. It may close the game market throughout the State during the period of prohibition, in order to remove the temptation from poachers and pothunters who are not apt to run the risk of taking game out of season if they cannot sell it. To do this effectively it may be necessary to close the market as to game taken without the State, as well as within, for there are no marks by which birds killed in Michigan can be distinguished from those killed in New York. When enacting a game law the Legislature may provide for its ready enforcement, not simply by making the possession of game during the closed season presumptive evidence of a violation of the statute, but it may go further and, in order to prevent evasion, fraud and perjury, may prohibit the possession of game in this State during the closed season, even if it were taken in another State and brought here during the open season. The action of Congress has taken away all question of interstate commerce, so that the State can act with entire freedom, and can prevent the shipment of game into or out of its own territory; and if game is imported it can regulate and prohibit the sale thereof. Such provisions are warranted by the police power, and are not in conflict with either the State or Federal Constitution."

It seems to me that this declaration of a well established principle of game law is applicable to the Silz case. It is quite true, as contended by the defense in that case, that the purpose and object of our statute was to protect the game of our State, but it is equally true, and a fundamental principle of law, that, conceding that the Legislature has the power to do a certain thing, the means by which it shall be accomplished rests with the Legislature. If that body reasonably determines, as it has done in the present law, that in order to protect our game, it is necessary that the possession or sale of all game during the close season shall be prohibited, then its decision on that point is final. The necessity of such a provision has almost universally been conceded. If we allow the sale of imported game we not only increase the temptation to kill our own game but we place a premium on the violation of the game laws of other States, and if we fail to prohibit the export of game we add another temptation to those who wish to destroy our own game. It may be that, incidentally, a hardship is imposed in the Silz case, but that is merely an incident to the enforcement of a just law, and such a question appeals to the law-making power only. With the wisdom or expediency of such laws the courts have nothing to do.

New York, Aug 1905. Joseph B. Thompson.

Hunting in the Adirondacks.

It was on a cold, frosty morning about the last of September that I started with my guide on a hunting trip in the Adirondack mountains. The mist was just rising from the lake, and in places around the shore could be seen patches of beautifully colored leaves which had failed to escape the touch of the late frost.

The call of the loon could be heard out on the lake, which was broken occasionally by the splash of a trout as he leapt from the water seizing some unfortunate fly. On the bank one might hear the bark of a red squirrel as he hopped briskly from pine to pine chattering to himself all the way. Slowly the fog lifted and as the sun rose over the mountains, Ben, for this is the name of my guide, announced that the grub was in the packs, so taking a blanket and what duffle I needed, we stepped into a nine-foot boat, and rowed to a landing at the southern end of the lake. Here we got out, and after tying a yoke in the boat, Ben shouldered it and his pack, while I carried my own pack, the blankets, two rifles and an ax.

Ben took the lead noiselessly up the trail and I followed close to his heels. After walking about four miles we came to a large creek, and followed it up a short distance to a small cabin. Ben announced that this was to be our camping place, so pushing open the door we entered, and found it contained three beds, a small cook stove, several cooking utensils and some heavy dishes. The small porch in front had been gnawed to pieces by the hedge hogs that made their nightly visits to the camp. After chopping a supply of wood Ben prepared dinner, which was comprised of boiled potatoes, bacon, pancakes, for which all Adirondack guides have a reputation, and a few brook trout which I managed to take from the creek with a fly.

After dinner was over and the dishes washed Ben sat on the front porch, his feet crossed over the railing, his arms folded, while he puffed leisurely at a large corncob pipe, and peered vaguely out across the creek and into the thick woods beyond. Thus he sat for some time while I ran a ramrod through my rifle barrel and filled my cartridge belt with shells. Suddenly he arose and shouldering his rifle summoned me to follow. It was now about 5 o'clock and the sun was fast setting in the west, giving a purple hue to the mountains across the creek, and tinting the clouds with gold. Lifting the boat that had been set beside the camp, Ben walked down an indistinct trail to the creek where he once more lowered the boat and pushed it silently into the water. Stepping to my side he requested me to be as quiet as possible and to take good aim before shooting. I stepped into the bow of the boat facing the front, while Ben sat in the stern and paddled.

Not a sound could be heard from the paddle which moved slowly back and forth in the water urged by the skill of expert hands. Slowly we went with the current for nearly a mile. The sun had already disappeared behind the mountains, and we could begin to feel the chill of the coming night. Suddenly we came to a sharp bend in the creek, which was heavily wooded on both sides. Just around the bend we could distinctly hear the splash of some animal wading through the water. I turned slowly and looked at Ben, who had stopped paddling and was holding the boat perfectly still, while his head was bent slightly forward. His face bore an expression of great expectancy, and his gaze was directed with alertness in the direction of the bend. He pointed his finger toward the sound and motioned for me to be on the alert, so lifting my rifle I prepared for a shot at whatever our game might be. The chill seemed more penetrating than ever, and over my body came a cold perspiration.

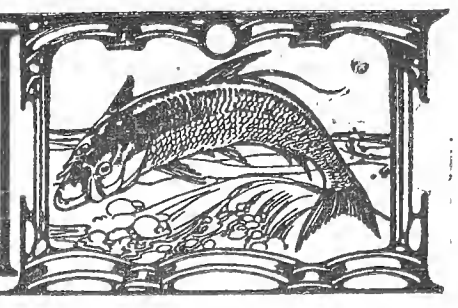
With one great effort I threw off my nervous feeling, at the same moment Ben gave a sweep of the paddle and the boat swept slowly around the bend. There in a patch of deer grass stood a large doe with her back toward us, and feeding leisurely, while she switched her white tail from side to side. I had taken aim at her and was about to fire when a hissing sound from Ben caused me to lower my gun and turn around. A nod from his head toward the shore caused me to look in that direction, and there, half hidden by a bush, stood a large eight-point buck. I raised my rifle once more and as I did so the deer stepped out and stood in a broadside position near a large pine tree.

"Quick! quick!" whispered Ben, so taking a careful aim I fired, and as I did so the doe bounded into the underbrush on the other side of the creek and whistled off into the woods. The buck made a short leap and fell. I threw another shell into the barrel of my rifle, and as I did so the buck rose again and started to run. I was about to bring my rifle to my shoulder to finish him, when I was startled by a shot from my guide and the buck fell dead in his tracks, a bullet through his heart, while the one I had shot had struck a little below. Ben cleaned the deer, and in about half an hour we were back to camp enjoying a good square meal.

M. Dixon Dodd.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Frog Farming.

Pennsylvania Experiments in Practical Frog Culture.

BY WILLIAM E. MEEHAN, COMMISSIONER OF FISHERIES, COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In May or June, 1904, there appeared a four-line news item sent out by the Associated Press, throughout Pennsylvania, announcing that the Department of Fisheries would receive applications for tadpoles or frogs, to be planted in suitable waters in the State. The announcement was made on the authority of the Department of Fisheries, and the department, not imagining that any great excitement would follow, had the State printer prepare only about one thousand blank forms. To my amazement, within a few hours of the publication of the notice, letters began pouring in, asking for blanks, and within a week, the entire one thousand was exhausted and still the mail was swelled by demands for frogs. Newspapers in all parts of the State began publishing comments in their editorial columns, and even the great dailies of Philadelphia and Pittsburg had leading editorials and editorial paragraphs commending the department for what they called the new departure. Papers in other States referred to Pennsylvania's work in frog culture, and even some magazines wanted to know about it. Fishculturists all over the country evinced a lively interest, and began besieging the department for literature on the subject.

It was generally assumed by the fishculturists that the frogs, which were distributed under the announcement by the Associated Press, were from spawn taken from cultivated frogs; but this was a mistake, although the department has been experimenting for several years in practical frog culture, and about the time of the announcement, had apparantly succeeded in carrying a large number of frogs through the winter in a small pond and in securing spawn therefrom. But the spawn of the tadpoles distributed was from wild frogs and was gathered from the marshes of the peninsula which divides Presque Isle Bay from the main body of Lake Erie.

The spawn was gathered without orders by Mr. A. G. Buller, Superintendent of the State Fish Hatchery of the city of Erie, and he did so, knowing the interest which I was taking in frog culture and in procuring them for planting throughout the State.

The spawn was in all stages of incubation, some of it so far advanced that hatching took place between the marshes and the hatching station. When gathered it was placed in a small pond ten feet square, having only about a foot of water, at the Erie hatchery. The temperature was about 65 degrees, and the green eggs hatched inside of two weeks. Almost immediately after being hatched, the little tadpoles attacked the gelatinous mass from which they issued, and in an incredibly short time, devoured it all. As soon as it had all disappeared, the little tadpoles began on any refuse animal and vegetable matter which was in the pond, and that was cleaned up very quickly.

Mr. Buller then secured some dead fish from the market and threw them into the ponds. They attacked this food ravenously. Within five minutes after they were given a dead fish, the body would be completely covered by a living mass of wriggling tadpoles, which they would seldom leave until nothing was left but the bare skeleton. There were some 30,000 tadpoles in this little pond, and they devoured about twenty-five pounds of fish weekly. On one occasion, they completely stripped the flesh off a sixteen-pound carp inside of four days. The water remaining warm, the tadpoles grew with wonderful rapidity, and about the first of July or about six weeks after they had hatched, the hind legs began to appear, and shortly after, the forelegs broke out. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the forelegs, the tadpoles ceased to feed on dead fish or any dead matter whatever, and appeared to subsist almost entirely on the contents of their tails, which is supposed to be absorbed, as fish absorb the material in the yolk sac attached to fish fry.

About the time the tail was absorbed the tadpoles began to seek live matter and would take nothing else, their preference seemed to be for insects and spiders, but, strange to say, they would not touch maggots. To assist in gathering insect life, small boards were anchored at intervals on the pond and on the ground on the edge and smeared with molases or honey. The frogs soon found these places out and thousands upon thousands gathered around, seated on their haunches, and as myriads of flies and bees dropped to eat the molasses, they were seized by the long tongues and swallowed. Despite the vast number in this small space, the little frogs grew rapidly until the middle of July, or when they were less than three months old, they were 1½ inches to 2 inches each.

To fully illustrate the extreme voracity of the tadpole, I will give an incident which occurred in a tadpole pond at the Wayne county hatchery this spring. There were about 30,000 tadpoles in this pond. They had had nothing to eat for about thirty-four hours, excepting what they might gather from the bottom of the pond, then a four-pound black bass, which had died in the bass pond, was thrown to them. The fish was purposely thrown in a spot where there were no tadpoles. In a few moments, there was a great disturbance among the little creatures about six feet away. They began performing all sorts of evolutions, turning, twisting, wriggling around and around, until they formed almost a perfect ball, every moment the mass increasing in size and reeling toward the dead fish. Within three minutes, the mass of writhing tadpoles had reached the food and had fastened themselves to the body. In quicker time than it takes to write it, every tadpole seemed to be aware of the presence of the food and all of them turning and twisting in the same manner as already described, made their way to the morsel. The mass was so great that before any other food could be thrown to them and so relieve the excitement, several hundreds of them had been killed. The tadpoles in that pond cleaned up that four-pound bass in a little more than four hours.

Experience in tadpole rearing has convinced the department that 30,000 is the utmost limit which can be safely carried in a pond ten feet square. If any considerable number more than this be attempted, it is almost certain they will be seized with a disease, which, unless checked, will sweep them all away within twenty-four hours. We lost the contents of two ponds containing about 100,000 last spring at Erie in less than thirty-six hours. The period of incubation varies according to the temperature of the water, the same as is the case with fish, only if anything, it is more pronounced. In like manner, tadpoles hatched in extremely cold water will be much smaller than those hatched in warm water. Tadpoles hatched in warm water will completely change their form and become perfect frogs inside of three months. Tadpoles hatched and retained in water of 50 degrees or less may retain their tadpole forms for twelve months before changing into frogs.

Pennsylvania's experiments in retaining mature frogs in ponds for breeding purposes have extended over a period of five years, and until this last year, the results were uniformly failures. It was easy enough to keep forty or fifty frogs in a pond ten feet square or about that size, but not more, partly where they were confined so that they could not get away. Finally we constructed a pond about fifteen feet long and six or eight feet wide with a depth at the breast of about three feet. The bottom of the pond sloped upward toward the back, until it reached the surface of the ground. The breast of the pond was so built that when filled with water, it would partially overflow the ground for some five or six feet back at the upper end, where grass was allowed to grow. The bottom of the pond was soft muck of considerable depth. Around the pond, leaving a space of about three feet on each side, was erected a fence made of mosquito wire netting and boards. A twelve-inch board was set on the ground nailed to posts about four feet high. The wire netting was nailed to the upper edge of the board and this wire netting was about thirty-six inches wide, making a fence, as I have stated, of about four feet.

As frogs are notable climbers, it was soon necessary to device some means to prevent them from getting over the top of the fence. The superintendent of the Erie hatchery nailed a strip of muslin about six inches wide along the top of the fence at right angles, extending inward. He found, however, to make this effective, that he had to nail a narrow strip of wood along the fence, otherwise the small frogs in climbing to the top would push under the muslin, just as a boy would climb under the walls of a circus tent, and so escape. The superintendent of the Corry hatchery placed a strip of muslin about ten inches wide around the pond at acute angles, extending inward. He found the same trouble, as did the superintendent at Erie. The superintendent at the Torresdale hatchery nailed a twelve-inch board, flat, extending inward all around, and that was too much for the frogs. It was the most effective device.

In the pond described, built at Erie, 250 frogs were placed in the spring of 1904. Boards smeared with molasses were placed in the grass around the pond and the frogs lived contentedly throughout the summer, devouring so many bees from a neighboring apiary that the owners made vigorous protest. When late fall arrived, the frogs took to the muck at the bottom of the pond, where they remained all winter. It was necessary to have a depth of not less than three feet of water in the pond, on account of the excessive cold winter. If the water were to freeze to the bottom, the frogs would probably be killed even though they were in the muck. When the spring of 1905 came, the frogs emerged joyously from their long sleep and soon thereafter proceeded to spawn laying. The 250 frogs deposited spawn which produced, as estimated, seventy-five to one hundred thousand tadpoles. Fed on dead fish, the tadpoles waxed fat and strong, when suddenly they began to disappear in a most mysterious manner. After a diligent search, one half of the frogs having disappeared, the attendants discovered four huge water snakes in the enclosure, and their plump bodies indicated that they had been living high on tadpoles.

Strange to relate, the violent death of the snakes did not prevent a great decrease in the number of tadpoles remaining, indeed, in a short time everyone had disappeared, to the amazement of the superintendent and myself. The mystery was not explained for more than two weeks, when there came a hurry call from the superintendent of the Wayne County Hatchery for the applications for frogs on file in the office, he stating that unless he received them at once he would have no little frogs to distribute, because he had caught the old frogs in the pond devouring their progeny. The mystery of the disappearance at the Corry Hatchery after the snakes had been killed became clear. It therefore becomes evident that in carrying on the work of frog culture, it will be necessary to have the pond in series of twos, that is to say, a pond for breeding frogs and a pond for the tadpoles. As soon, in fact, as the spawn is deposited it would be best to remove it at once from the pond in which the large frogs reside and deposit it in the pond in which there are no such creatures and where they can hatch with perfect safety and be cared for better until shipping time arrives.

The shipping of frogs is exceedingly simple and inexpensive as compared with the shipping of fish, about 250 can be placed in a twenty-gallon shipping can. No water whatever should be placed in a can, but instead the bottom should be covered with a thick layer of moss. If the regular shipping can for fish is used it will be necessary to cover the top with mosquito netting, otherwise when the cans arrive at their destination the applicant will probably find nothing but empty cans, the little frogs during the journey having clambered the sides and made their escape through the hole in the lid. Frogs will carry in this manner we know for two days, and probably longer without any attention whatever.

If tadpoles are shipped instead of frogs the can may be filled about one-quarter with water and the tadpoles shipped safely. A messenger is not necessary in this case for aeration is not required, and, in fact, the probabilities are that tadpoles would enjoy the high temperature better than they would aeration.

Since the Department has begun the distribution of frogs, hundreds of letters have been received from people asking for information concerning the incubation and what is necessary to do. As far as possible we have given them in a brief form the preceding information, and we have added that in all probability at least three acres of ground covered with ponds would be required for a profitable frog farm. This, of course, is more or less speculative, although it is doubtful if a less area would produce satisfactory returns. The one drawback to successful frog culture appears from the fact that it is largely experimental as yet; that it is most likely that under the most favorable conditions it would require at least two or three years before they would be marketable. While much easier to care for than trout and some other fishes, they certainly have their enemies; not only would they be attacked by snakes and mature frogs, but the tadpoles themselves, as well as the frogs, are an easy prey to predatory birds; hence, it becomes obligatory on the part of the prospective frog culturist to build small ponds so that the top can be covered with netting which will keep the birds out.

A Flying Trip.

It was my first chance at Florida fishing. Things were so arranged that I had but seven days in which to go to Daytona, attend to business for a day and a half, and get back at my desk. An hour's notice to get packed up, but then an hour is plenty of time to get ready for a week's trip. The midnight train on the Seaboard Air Line from Jersey City Wednesday. Three hours to spare to go through the Capitol at Washington on Thursday morning. (This is a habit, and one with a particle of patriotism in their make-up could never stop over at Washington without visiting the Capitol.) Jacksonville at 8.30 A. M. Friday, Daytona on the Florida East Coast R. R. at 1.30 P. M. My, but it was hot this first week in April; nightly frosts in New York, 90 degrees in the shade here, and mosquitoes! well, I should say so, millions of them, and no presto along.

My business was all fixed up by Saturday 3 P. M. and I was negotiating for a ride up the beach to Ponce Park, when a launch owner kindly agreed to give me a ride up the river as far as his hotel, which was a short quarter of a mile from my destination, the Pacetti House. I took the wheel as he started the engine, and he seemed to be willing that I should keep it. Before he went to sleep these were the directions I got: "From here to that point up there a mile on the left the water is all the same depth; when you get to the point hug the bank for a couple of miles, then cross over ahead of a bunch of stakes and keep along the right shore till you see a bank of oyster shells sticking out, cross over again a couple of hundred feet above the point and hug the left bank till you see the lighthouse, then steer for that." And he went to sleep.

The old engine chugged away without missing an explosion, occasionally we would stir up a school of mullets which would go skipping out of the water in silvery streaks, dividing to the right and left. Lazy old pelicans flapped by us in dignified line, and now and then an egret or white crane stretched out an inquiring neck from the safety of a shell bank several hundred yards distant. The monotonous chug of the engine and the fresh steady breeze made my eyes heavy, several times I just caught myself nodding, but luckily kept awake. The trip of sixty-four miles was made without a mishap, and we were soon fastened up to the little dock of palm logs. The sandy patch through the dense tropical foliage to the Pacetti House showed in several places the smooth marks of gigantic rattlesnakes which abound in this jungle; luckily none were seen, though once the rasping of a couple of dead palm leaves in the breeze caused a hasty side step. A supper of broiled sea trout, fried crevalho and channel bass, potatoes and hot muffins was disposed of and then I took a walk out on the little wharf in front of the house. There was a piece of line with a hook attached lying on the wharf but no bait. Looking down on the edge of the shell bank I spied a hermit crab; by tip-toeing along in shallow water he was easily secured, but his house resisted repeated attacks with the heel of my shoe, finally with the aid of a heavy iron bolt I got him out and putting him on the hook dropped it down alongside one of the piles. Immediately there was a nibble, then a sharp tug and I had a 2-pound sea bass flapping on the wharf. It was getting dark and there was no more bait, so I quit reluctantly.

The following day was Sunday, and though ordinarily I am not given to Sunday fishing, still in this case it was excusable. It was arranged that I was to go in a launch up the inlet to the Spruce Creek trestle, fishing on the way and flag the train for Jacksonville, which passed at 3 in the afternoon. My companion was Gomez Pacetti, a school teacher, scholar, gentleman and expert fisherman all in one. A nice pailful of live mullet had been caught and after a hasty breakfast away we started. The first stop netted us each a sea trout weighing about 5 pounds. We could have filled the boat with sea trout at this place

had we been so disposed, but we were after channel bass. At the second stop I put on a big mullet and made a long cast toward a spot pointed out to me. Immediately the line started to play out, and after a run of about twenty feet I brought the rod back with a hard strike and felt the hook sink into something big. The line played off under my thumb and the stout rod bent to the breaking point.

"You have got a big one," said Gomez, quickly reeling in his line.

And then there was a battle. I am not an expert fisherman, if I had been there might have been another story to tell. The bass was a mighty one, little by little he took my 300 feet of line, and though I fought for every inch of it, I could not turn him. Gomez saw my line was gone when it was too late to pull up the anchor. To save the rod I pointed it toward the taut line and snap, it was gone. My face must have betrayed my feelings, for Gomez said:

"Never mind, we will get hold of another one shortly."

But we didn't, though we got several more big sea trout. By this time Spruce Creek trestle was reached. We still had an hour for dinner, and picking out a clearing in a palm grove extending to the water's edge, Gomez ran the boat in, and in less time than it takes to write it, he had out the frying pan and soon we were sitting down to a dinner of broiled and fried trout, fried potatoes, muffins and guava jelly served on palm leaf plates. Delicious does not begin to express the quality of that fish. I shall never forget it. Shortly after we went off to the trestle, for we heard the train whistle for New Smyrna, the station a few miles below us, I took my badly sunburned face on the train and was soon bowling toward the north with the record of my first Florida fishing trip impressed indelibly on my memory. C. G. Blandford.

Fooling an Educated Trout.

Every whilom reader of our paper is more or less familiar with the Castalia or Cold Creek trout stream, some thirty miles east of Toledo. It is recognized as one of the finest artificially stocked streams in the country, and about a ton of *fontinalis* (actual weight) is annually taken from its upper waters alone. But notwithstanding their great numbers, it is no easy task to take the ten pounds daily limit, since constant association with their great enemy has made them wary and suspicious to the highest degree. Only the fly and artificial bait are permissible in the stream, and the fish soon become acquainted with a new lure so that each in turn speedily loses its seductiveness. Some of the older trout under this schooling acquire a cynical character, not unmixed with a high estimate of their own acumen as well as a deep-rooted scepticism regarding any food forms that have the least hint of connection with a nine-foot leader.

It was one of these gentry that frequented the upper stream just above the club house. He took no pains to keep himself concealed, but might be seen almost any bright morning lording it among a lot of smaller fry, and always on the alert to snap up any choice but unattached tid-bit that struck the water by accident or design. But as for fly or spoon or spinner, or any of the wonderful and impossible contrivances with which the tackle dealer beguiles the unsophisticated angler—you couldn't beguile *him* with the most subtle creation in the catalogue. Oswald used to say that this particular trout had acquired the habit of watching the rod on the back-cast, and that he had learned to calculate to the fraction of a second the time of the resultant fly on the water. But Oswald always did have a vivid imagination.

One morning last week, however, Kenyon had come in from fishing, and was resting from his labors at the club house. It chanced to be the hour for giving the fish in the breeding ponds above their breakfast, and the keeper was just starting up to serve the morning meal, carrying a toothsome bucketful of chopped liver and a long-handled spoon. As he passed along the bank he flirted a spoonful of the hash into the open stream near where our cynic lay, and he rose promptly to the occasion and the liver. Why shouldn't he? The keeper and his bucket he had often seen before, and the long-handled spoon bore no more resemblance to a fly-rod than does a walking stick to a double-barreled gun.

Kenyon watched the operation with an awakened interest and then he thought something. Next he ransacked his fly-hook for a dark red fly, the which when found he bent on the end of his leader. But he waited till the keeper returned with his bucket and long-handled spoon, and to that official he gave a series of careful instructions. Again the keeper walked up along the bank with the spoon and bucket, and as he came to the vicinity of the big trout he waved the empty spoon toward the water just as if—well, just as he had done before. A few feet behind him was Kenyon, who waved his rod simultaneously and the dark red fly fell on the water at the very time and place the spoonful of liver would have fallen—if there had been any to fall.

As for the big trout, he didn't wait. He evidently was feeling aggrieved because he had failed to obtain his share in the previous distribution, and he met that fly on the surface of the water with a promptness and energy that surpassed all his previous efforts. He made a magnificent fight, and when he was finally netted he weighed—hang it all! What difference does it make how much he weighed? Judged by his brain, and that is the only thing that counts, he was at least a hundred-pound fish.

Oswald says that the man who worked this confidence game on an old denizen of the stream would never have fooled him if the trout had not become confused. He was a lightning calculator and could carry on one mathematical operation with great rapidity and accuracy. But when he undertook to calculate the cast from the rod and the cast from the long-handled spoon at the same time he got his data all mixed up, and the result was inevitably disastrous. But then we all know Oswald.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the fanciful atmosphere which Oswald and Clarence Brown have attempted to throw around this incident will not have the effect of creating any doubt in the minds of the reader as to its veracity. The main facts—the basic, vital facts of the capture occurred exactly as they are narrated, and of the truth of the story the editor can have as many affidavits as he is willing to pay for. Jay Beebe.

Toledo, Ohio.

Grand Tracadie Once More.

Many places may be found in Newfoundland and New Brunswick and in the region between Quebec and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the general fishing is grander, where the imperial salmon holds his sway and the princely trout runs in record sizes, but for a quiet family resort, one easily reached and where there are neither black flies nor the privations of camp life, Prince Edward Island can be honestly recommended.

The island is somewhat larger than our own Long Island, but what a "difference in the morning," as it were, especially during the heated term—and fully as much in winter, although then the contrast redounds to the advantage of our New York island. It is easily reached in a two-days' journey by the fine express steamer plying between Boston and St. John, N. B., and connecting by rail and boat with Summerside and Charlottetown.

This July it was again my good fortune to revisit Grand Tracadie, about which I sent an article to the Forest and Stream two years ago. This Beach is on the gulf shore some 15 miles from Charlottetown, and one can be accommodated at the Acadia, a fine little hostelry, or at a quiet family boarding house kept by Capt. MacDonald and on whose fishing smack I had many a pleasant sail. Taking an early breakfast before sunrise, then sailing 8 or 10 miles out on the clean, dark-blue waters of the gulf, we come to the nets set for the nightly run of mackerel. While the skipper and his mate are taking up and resetting the nets, one has an opportunity of handlining for the cod, haddock and hake. I tried rod and reel on these as commended by Bickerton in his "Deep-Sea Fishing," but must confess that far more pleasure and fully as much sport is obtained by the use of a pickerel trolling line of strong braided linen, a well-tempered sproat hook and a cigar-shaped sinker of a pound to a pound and a half; this latter may be used in sections, allowing addition or diminution according to the strength of the tide. The professional fishermen use heavy cod-lines and sinkers of from three to five or more pounds. The lighter line offers less resistance to the water, requiring less weight to keep it down and accordingly affords far more play to the fish. Beside the additional sport, one will also secure many fish whose biting would be almost imperceptible in a more clumsy rig, and "cod-fishing" will cease to be ridiculed as a mere back-breaking business without any claims to angling. However, it is fair to add that in the spring and fall when the run of fish is larger and they are biting more voraciously, a heavier outfit would be more practical. I also used a two-foot snood of many stranded gut and found it answered very well. I would also recommend clams for bait rather than pieces of mackerel which are the orthodox lures of the native fishermen.

The harbor, which is safe for rowboats, affords all the flounders and blue-perch one would care to take.

These perch are similar to, though somewhat larger than, the New England cunner, are savage and adroit nibblers requiring skill in their capture, and make excellent pan-fish.

At Campbell's Pond in the neighborhood can be obtained some very good brook trout, mostly anadromous or sea-run.

Measuring the actual time engaged in fishing by days of eight hours each, I spent eight days for all three kinds of angling; these netted me 222 cod, haddock and hake; 165 flounders and perch, and 32 trout, weighing respectively and approximately 700, 53 and 7 pounds.

W. H. R.

New York, Aug. 1905.

Fish and Fishing.

Fishermen and Flies.

Flies have their season as well as fish. Not only the favorite flies with fishermen and for fish, but those which delight to torture man and constitute the chief *bête noir* of the angler in the northern woods. A disregard for these seasons in the selection of artificial lures for fish often plays a large part in what is popularly supposed to be but fisherman's luck. And a failure to take into account the mosquito, the sand fly and the black fly season in the woods may cause untold misery to usurp the place of pleasure, although some old campers become in time practically immune from the effects of fly bites, and others are perfectly content and happy in the midst of the insect pests when thoroughly well anointed with their favorite dope.

The other day I visited the newly opened up fishing territory north of Lake Temagami, shortly after a Toronto paper had drawn such a sorry picture of the ravages said to have been wrought by the flies with a fishing party from that city. The story did not read as if it were very much overdrawn, for in the description of the havoc wrought by the fiery little insects, I recalled some of my own experiences in years gone by, when as a tenderfoot I had boldly plunged into the woods in the very thick of the fly season. In the course of nearly a fortnight's camping experience, however, in the same territory as that in which the flies had been so bitterly complained of, we experienced scarcely any annoyance whatever from the insects, except in one marshy place in which we were compelled to camp by approaching nightfall, and in several instances we slept with the tent door wide open and without making a smudge of any kind. I have generally found that the worst season for flies in the north woods is just about the time when the best of the spring fishing for trout is falling off, and this particular period I usually endeavor to avoid. After the first few days of July there is a perceptible falling off in the intensity of the fly scourge, and by the end of the month I have usually found it to be practically over.

Returning fishermen from the woods in the Lake St. John country report the same absence of flies at present there as our party found in northern Ontario, and in open spaces swept by the breezes, like the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, there is naturally a general freedom from this plague.

The end of the fly season is testified to here by the increased number of anglers from the New England States and from New York, who are at present passing through Quebec to the northern part of the Province. Some of them are now accompanied by their rifles, indicating that they intend to remain in the woods until after the opening of the hunting season on Sept. 1.

There are indications that the ouananiche fishing of Lake St. John, which usually falls off somewhat in the middle and end of July, and must then be sought in the northern feeders of the lake, is again good in the Grand Discharge. Mr. W. H. Boardman, editor of the Railroad Gazette, of New York, told me the other day that he had enjoyed much better fishing there recently than he was led to expect from what he was told by the hotel people before he crossed over the lake. His fish, moreover, were of a very good size. On his way up to Lake St. John, Mr. Boardman was the guest for some days of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club at Kiskisink, and very much enjoyed the sport which he had there, especially the trout fishing in the Metabetchouan River, which he found very good.

Lake Edward has again been yielding some fish of extraordinary large size. The other day Mr. and Mrs. Chase and Mr. J. Quinn, of New York, brought to Quebec from this lake, fifteen speckled trout, of which the smallest weighed 2 pounds and the largest 6 pounds, and other anglers have been equally successful there of late. The Ouiatchouan River at Lake Bouchette has also been yielding excellent sport to a number of fly-fishermen, among whom was the Hon. S. N. Parent, until lately Prime Minister and head of the fish and game department of Quebec.

The Temagami Country.

Though known to American sportsmen for some seasons past, Lake Temagami has never before this season seen anything like such a stream of visitors as is now pouring into the place from all sides. Hitherto it could only be reached by a round-about canoe and portage route, the present being the first summer for direct railway communication to the lake. Though nearly 500 miles due north of Buffalo, the railway run between the two points is not much more than fourteen hours. For those who may object to the touch of civilization which the railway brings, there is practically untrodden wilderness enough, in all conscience, stretching away from Temagami station to James Bay, to satisfy the most exacting admirer of nature's solitudes. Two hotels, one at Temagami station, the other at Temagami Island, fifteen miles down the lake, were crowded with people when I visited them about a month ago, a few weeks only after their erection. Heavy strings of black bass and pike-perch were being brought in at all hours of the day, besides enormous gray lake trout, and yet few of the people about the hotels seemed to go any distance from them for their fishing. For the first few days of an extended tour made by our party into the northwest and northern parts of the Temagami region, we saw a few different canoeing and camping parties, but for the remaining eight or ten days not a soul was seen by us until we reached the Hudson Bay Company's post at Matachewan. It will be a long time before the well stocked waters hereabouts will experience the results of over-fishing. I did my best to obtain some reliable records of the big fish of this part of the country. The Indians of Temagami claim that the record lake trout or *namaycush* of that lake, so far as their actual knowledge goes, was a 52-pound fish. One of 24 pounds was captured a few days before our visit by Mr. Bogart, of New York, near the Keewaydin camp on Manitou Island. These fish, notwithstanding the low temperature of the water in these high latitudes, are only taken by deep water trolling with very long lines, during the heated period. It is noteworthy, in this connection, that while the fish are taken in much more shallow water in both the early and late parts of the season, and the catches run very much larger, it is by the deep water fishing that the largest fish are secured.

I am thoroughly convinced that there is much more and much better brook trout fishing in these waters than is generally supposed; not necessarily in the larger lakes, like Temagami and Lady Evelyn, but in the higher and smaller ones and in the many streams by which they are fed. I had an illustration of this at Helen Falls, only a little more than twenty-four hours' journey by canoe and portage from Lake Temagami. We camped within a few hundred feet of the falls for the night and after supper and a smoke I proposed to try the running water below the cataract for *fontinalis*. My companions, who had visited the territory before, and who knew that there was good trout fishing further on, were not hopeful enough of good results to make the attempt. It was already dusk and we had had a hard day's work. But the period of twilight is a long one so far north, and my Indian paddled me out to the current below the falls, while my companions arranged their blankets and went to bed. Before they were asleep I was back in camp with thirteen trout averaging a pound each in weight. We had been fishing for less than an hour, and for more than a quarter of that period I had whipped in vain the beautiful looking oily water, partly covered with foam, just below the falls. I might have returned empty-handed to camp had my attention not been attracted by the rise of a good fish in the dark corner of a little bay just beyond the pool into which the cataract poured its waters. The disturbance of the water was close beside a patch of lily pads in all the glorious white bloom that distinguished them as *Nymphæa tuberosa,* and a few strokes of the paddle brought us near enough to the scene to enable us to discern the white moth at which the trout had apparently risen in vain. Or may there not have been at least another moth there a moment before, at which the fish did not rise in vain? In any case, the first cast in the vicinity of the lily pads was rewarded by an immediate rise to the Parmachenee Belle, and I was fast to a pound and a quarter trout. It was growing dark and there was no time to dally with the fish. He was brought to the net with all possible celerity, and the next cast gave me a double rise, though only one fish was landed. At almost every attempt I had a rise, and sometimes two. I suppose that I had killed my dozen fish in less than half an hour from the time of the first rise. Then there came another double which wound up the sport. It was too dark to be able to see what we were doing. George Friday, the Indian, undertook to lift the fish into the canoe. One he secured, but in the darkness he was so much handicapped, that the larger one—always the larger one in orthodox versions—disappeared, carrying away with

him my lucky Parmachenee Belle. It was the only one of my cast that it was at all reasonable to expect the fish to see in the dark, the others being a brown hackle and a dark claret. I had no white moth and no other Parmachenee Belle in my hat, and had left my fly-book ashore. It was even too dark to see how to properly attach a fly, and besides, we had all the fish in the canoe that we could use in our next two meals, notwithstanding the voracious appetites of the Indians.

It is but fair to add that the conditions were most favorable ones. After a very hot day, the evening was cloudy. A very slight shower had fallen just before I fished, and a heavy thunder storm, which had threatened for some time, came on soon after I had secured the fish beyond the reach of mink or any other thief of the kind who might otherwise break through and steal, and had rolled myself up in a blanket for the night.

Next morning we tried the same pool again. It is probable that the conditions were less favorable. It is certain there were less fish in that particular pool. That plenty were still there was evident from the fact that we had many rises. But they were neither so strong nor so numerous as on the preceding evening. Nor were the fish as large. Not one of them was killed. We caught a number of them, but we had enough for food and returned alive to the water all that were caught that morning.

We passed many beautiful trout waters. That some of them were well stocked with fish we proved to our own satisfaction. That others were, too, I have not a shadow of doubt, though lack of time—through the mistake of undertaking to cover too great a stretch of country in the time at our disposal—prevented us from fishing many waters where the trout were rising freely around us, and others where we saw no actual signs of the fish, but where nature belied herself if the water was not well stocked with trout.

The fact of the matter is that the bass are so plentiful in the nearby and most accessible waters of this region, and afford such good sport to the anglers who are satisfied with it, that comparatively few of the sportsmen who visit Temagami ever take the trouble to look after the brook trout at all.

We had other experiences at Temagami, but these must be told another time. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Chicago Tournament.

THE Chicago Fly-Casting Tournament, held at Garfield Lake, on Friday and Saturday of last week, was well attended, and resulted in making new world's records in several of the competitions. In the long-distance fly-casting Mr. E. J. Mills, of New York, broke all records with a cast of 120 feet, outdistancing by two feet Reuben Leonard, who took second. The score of Mr. Mills was by 9 feet better than the club record cast of 111 feet, made by Mr. Mansfield, of San Francisco.

Mr. Leonard took the long-distance salmon casting trophy with a score of 141 feet. The world's record in this is a cast of 150 feet, by Enright, of England, and the previous American record was the 145-foot cast by Hiram Hawes. Mr. Leonard would have exceeded his actual performance had he been unhampered; there was not sufficient space behind him, and each time he was impeded by striking the bushes in the rear.

In bait-casting, for delicacy and accuracy, Mr. H. G. Hascall broke the world's record with a score of 98 1-15, closely pressed by Mr. Leonard and William Stanley, of Chicago, who tied on 98.

The weather was favorable on both days; a shower interfered with the first event of Friday, but otherwise the days were beautiful. Everything passed off smoothly. The club deserves unstinted praise for the perfection of arrangements and the admirable manner in which the meet was conducted.

The numbers of competitors was unprecedented, sixty-two taking part in the first event; and the work throughout was of high average. There were many fair contestants, the most skillful of whom, Mrs. Bartholomew, of Kalamazoo, rivalled the men.

There was a notable difference in the styles of the Eastern and Western casters. In bait-casting the Western men cast with the bait wound up close to the tip of the rod, while the New Yorkers had the bait from a foot to eighteen inches away from the tip. In fly-casting there was much more vim to the Eastern casts, with less dependence on the wind to carry out the line.

It was impossible to complete the work in two days, and the sixth event was postponed to Sunday morning. Very many competitors left the city Saturday night, and the event was in consequence not well filled. There were some who objected to casting on Sunday.

AUGUST 18—FIRST EVENT—LONG DISTANCE FLY-CASTING.

No limit to rod or line. Ten minutes allowed to cast fly to greatest possible distance. No time allowance for replacing fly.

Winners.—E. J. Mills, New York, 120 feet, first.
Reuben Leonard, New York, 118 feet, second.
F. N. Peet, 108 feet, third.
John Waddell, Grand Rapids, Mich., 107 feet, fourth.
H. G. Hascall and A. C. Smith, tied for fifth at 104 feet.

SECOND EVENT—DISTANCE AND ACCURACY FLY-CASTING.

There shall be three 30-inch rings, distant 50, 55 and 60 feet from the edge of the casting platform. There shall be made five (5) casts at each ring. If the fly falls within the ring or on the rim of same the cast shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot outside the ring a demerit of one shall be made. The sum total of such demerits, divided by the number of casts, shall constitute the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from the 100 shall be the percentage. Not more than one minute will be allowed in which to extend the line to 50-foot ring. When the contestant has extended his line and is ready, he shall call "score," and the next cast thereafter shall be counted. When five successive casts have been made at 50-foot ring, the Captain shall announce "next ring." Contestant must then lift his line, and if he so desires can make not to exceed five "dry casts" before dropping his fly at the 55-foot ring. A like procedure will be followed between 55 and 60-foot rings. Should contestant whip off his fly at any time after calling "score," he will be allowed to replace fly and proceed. For this purpose he may "work out" to point where fly was lost, call "score," and resume scoring at point where scoring stopped. The same procedure will be permitted if contestant's line is fouled through no fault of his. No cast shall count after judges notify contestant that fly is lost.

Winners.—H. G. Hascall, 99 2-3, first.
F. N. Peet, 99, second.
R. Leonard, New York, 99 11-15, third.
I. H. Bellows and H. W. Perce tied for fourth at 98 7-15.
E. J. Mills, New York, 98 3-15, sixth.
E. R. Letterman, 97 13-15, seventh.

THIRD EVENT—ACCURACY AND DELICACY FLY-CASTING.

(Dry Fly.)

There shall be three 30-inch rings, distant 35, 40 and 45 feet from edge of casting platform, and there shall be made five (5) casts at each ring. If the fly falls within the ring or on the rim, the accuracy shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot outside the ring a demerit of one shall be made. The sum total of such demerits, divided by the number of casts, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. In addition, there shall be kept an account of delicacy. The delicacy per cent. shall be determined by the judges and the referee, in manner indicated below.

Contestant will be allowed thirty seconds to extend his line by "dry fly" casting to 35-foot ring. Scoring shall begin the first time the fly strikes the water. When contestant has made five (5) casts, captain will announce "next ring." Contestant must then lift his line and in not less than one nor more than five "dry fly" casts, reach the 40-foot ring. Scoring to begin the first time the fly strikes the water. A like procedure shall be followed between 40 and 45-foot rings. No cast made without a fly shall be scored. If fly is lost, contestant may replace same, and in not more than five "dry fly" casts resume his scoring. Not more than two "dry fly" casts will be allowed between scoring casts, except between rings, as stated. All casting shall be done from the reel. Contestant will be allowed to start with loose line and leader equal to length of rod, and may strip line but once in every retrieve, and must retrieve last cast. A perfect cast is: (1) Fly to fall by its own weight without a splash. (2) Fly and leader to strike the water in advance of line with minimum disturbance of surface. (3) Retrieve must be made with minimum disturbance of surface. (4) The grace and ease of contestant, his "dry fly" casts, back cast and manner of extending line, shall be scored for style. A demerit shall be scored for each failure to properly execute Nos. 1, 2 and 3, and for lack of "style," as outlined in No. 4; and five (5) points shall be deducted for each demerit scored. The total of delicacy demerits, divided by the number of casts, deducted from 100, give the delicacy per cent. The accuracy per cent. and delicacy per cent., added together and divided by 2, determine the final percentage.

Winners—F. N. Peet, 99 1-6, first.
A. C. Smith and H. G. Hascall tied for second at 98 23-30.
L. H. Bellows, 98 1-3, fourth.
J. Waddell, 97 12-30, fifth.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.—DELICACY AND ACCURACY BAIT-CASTING.

(¼oz. Weights.)

There will be a target provided for this event with a center or bullseye thirty (30) inches in diameter, and so arranged that it can be located at distances of 60, 65, 70, 75 and 80 feet from casting point on platform to exact center of bullseye. There shall be made three casts at the target at each of the distances, viz., fifteen casts in all. If casting weight falls within the 30-inch center, or bullseye, the cast shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot away from the 30-inch center, a demerit of one shall be made. The total of such demerits, divided by the number of casts, shall be the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent., deducted from 100, shall constitute the percentage. In case contestant casts with drag or click, captain shall call "foul" and contestant shall be allowed another cast. The ¼oz. casting weights provided by the captain shall be used in this event. If weight strikes iron rings or outside edge of circular wooden float, cast scores as though just inside of said ring or edge.

Winners.—International championship, H. G. Hascall, Chicago, 98 1-15 per cent.
First prize—William Stanley, Illinois Bait and Casting Club, 98 per cent
Second prize—Reuben Leonard, New York, 98 per cent.
Third prize—E. B. Bartholomew, Kalamazoo, 97 14-15 per cent.
Fourth prize—G. A. Hinterleitner, Chicago, 97 11-15 per cent.
Fifth prize—L. N. Place, Illinois Bait and Casting Club, 97 10-15 per cent.
Sixth prize—Tilden Robb, Kalamazoo, 97 10-15 per cent.
Seventh prize—F. N. Peet, Chicago, 97 10-15 per cent.

FIFTH EVENT—LONG DISTANCE AND ACCURACY BAIT-CASTING.

(½oz. Weights.)

In this event, the center of bullseye will be located at distances of 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet from casting point on platform. Three casts shall be made at each distance. The casting weights are to be the ½oz. weights provided. Scoring and other conditions to be the same as for Fourth Event.

Winners.—Diamond trophy, E. R. Letterman, Chicago, 98 7-15 per cent.
First prize—E. R. Owens, Kalamazoo, 98 3-15 per cent.
Second prize—O. J. Loomis, Chicago, 98 2-15 per cent.
Third prize—H. W. Perce, Chicago, 98 per cent.
Fourth prize—A. Rabbers, Kalamazoo, 98 per cent.
Fifth prize—W. E. Kidder, Kansas City, 98 per cent.
Sixth prize—N. C. Heston, Chicago, 97 9-15 per cent.
Seventh prize—All three contestants, Naylor, Stanley and Bramhall, tied with a percentage of 97 8-15.

The salmon casting for a championship cup given by the club was won by Reuben Leonard with a cast of 141 feet.

SIXTH EVENT—LONG DISTANCE BAIT-CASTING.

(½oz. Weights.)

The casting in this event shall be done on the lawn in a V-shaped court, which is to be laid out as follows: From the casting point two diverging straight lines are to be laid out at an angle which shall cause them to be 30 feet apart at a distance of 100 feet away from the casting point. Diverging lines to be continued indefinitely at the same angle. Contestants each to make five (5) casts, in turn, one cast at a time. If casting weight falls outside the court, the cast shall be scored 0. Length of cast to be computed from casting point to where weight falls inside of court.

The sum total of the five casts in feet, divided by the number of casts, shall be the average and constitute the score of the contestant. All casting to be done from ground level. The casting weights used are to be the ½oz. casting weights provided. Conditions concerning free running reels and casting with click or drag as outlined in Fourth Event to prevail in this event.

Winners.—Diamond trophy—E. B. Bartholomew, Kalamazoo, 183 49-60 feet.
First prize—F. T. Rhodes, Kalamazoo, 178 40-60 feet.
Second prize—L. G. Tooley, Kalamazoo, 176 24-60 feet.
Third prize—D. W. Osborn, Kalamazoo, 167 46-60 feet.
Fourth prize—A. Rabbers, Kalamazoo, 161 52-60 feet.

L. G. Tooley was awarded a Bristol rod in the special prize contest, regardless of his average with a score of 194 8-12 feet.

The next annual championship tournament is being planned to be held in Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE MANY-USE OIL
The famous Reel oil that never clogs the action.—*Adv.*

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—Below are scores for the contest Aug. 12:

	¼oz. Bait.	¼oz. Bait, Re-entry.	Delicacy. & Acc'y, Fly.
Becker	97 2-15	97 14-15	
Bellows			98 18-30
Dean	95 4-15	95 4-15	
Dilg	96 8-15	97 2-15	
Heston	96 10-15	97 12-15	
Hinterleitner	97 10-15		
Letterman,	98 3-15	98 5-15	
Loomis	97 8-15		
McCormick	95 10-15	92 8-15	
Naylor	96	94 13-15	
Peet,	97 12-15		98 22-30
Smith	97 2-15		98 15-30

B. J. KELLENBERGER, Sec'y-Treas.

The Fishing Gazette.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from the Pacific coast after an absence of two months, and note your statement in the obituary of the late William C. Harris, that "afterward he published the American Angler which was followed by the Fishing Gazette." The deceased at no time during his career had anything to do with the Fishing Gazette, either as publisher, editor or contributor.

G. E. JENNINGS.

[The Fishing Gazette published by Mr. Harris was not the Fishing Gazette published by Mr. Jennings.]

Belgrade Lakes Fishing.

BELGRADE LAKES, Me., Aug. 15.—Mr. F. L. Bickmore took three square-tail trout in Great Pond this morning weighing 5, 4 and 2 pounds respectively, and seventeen 3-pound bass in the afternoon. The 5-pound trout is a male, and has been sent to a taxidermist for mounting.

A New Munchausen.

ONE of our readers, whose veracity is above question, tells the following: "The terrible news comes from the western part of the Cherokee Nation that a boy climbed a cornstalk to see how the corn was getting along, and now the stalk is growing up faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is clear out of sight. Three men have undertaken to cut the stalk down with axes and save the boy from starvation, but it grows so fast that they can't hack twice in the same place. The boy is living on nothing but raw corn, and already has thrown down over four bushels of cobs."—Checotah (I. T.) Times.

"THE ART OF CHESS," by the famous master of the great game, Mr. James Mason, is now in its third edition, revised and enlarged. It contains 460 pages of chess literature. It thoroughly treats of every factor of chess, from the most elementary to the most profound. All the different openings and gambits are demonstrated, explained and compared with clearness and painstaking thoroughness. The best manner of finishing games, when only one or two pieces or more are left to each player, is also fully and clearly illustrated. "Chess Openings," by the same author, contains 120 pages, treats of about eighty different openings and gambits, of value alike to the beginner and the advanced student. Horace Cox, Windsor House, Finch Lane, London, publisher.

Cabia Blanco.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By reference to your editorial columns this week I learn with deep regret of the death of Cabia Blanco, who died on last Saturday at Erie, Pa.

For many years I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM and among the many writers who have endeared themselves to your readers, I take it that Fred Mather, Nessmuk and Cabia Blanco were among the most prominent. There have been others, possibly as prominent and as interesting writers, but just now, while I pause for a moment, these three stand out prominent as contributors to FOREST AND STREAM. For several years I have thought of writing to Cabia Blanco for a photograph of himself, and I trust that you can see your way clear to secure one and publish it for your readers.

These men whom I have mentioned, together with others, are dead, and it seems hard to fill their places. I have Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," Nessmuk's "Woodcraft," but I do not know that Cabia Blanco ever wrote any books. He certainly was an interesting writer, and he knew Indians and Indian life as few men have known them. I never read anything he wrote that was not intensely interesting, and after I had traveled extensively over the West and visited many places referred to in his letters, his stories of adventure became more interesting to me. I regret exceedingly his death and his loss is a personal one to me and to the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM. If I had known that his home was at Erie, Pa., I would have hunted him up ere this and become personally acquainted with him. His story of how he took his name of Cabia Blanco was intensely interesting, his breaking of the white pony and his many other Indian stories and stories of adventure were entertaining because they were true. He must have been a soldier above the ordinary rank in intelligence, and I have no doubt he was a brave man.

When I next visit Erie, Pa., I shall visit the Soldiers' Home and take pleasure in dropping a flower upon the grave of the old soldier, the hunter and Indian fighter, Cabia Blanco. Peace to his ashes. FRANK G. HARRIS.

BUTLER, Mo., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Cabia Blanco is dead. I closed the paper and through my mind a few of the many fine descriptive articles written by our old friend passed in review. We will all miss him, who will take his place? He wrote so true to life that one could almost see the very things he wrote of. Peace to his ashes. May the Supreme Architect of the universe, whose book he had read on the sea and on the land, give him a resting place in the valley of perpetual sunshine.

FRANK H. CROWELL.

The Kennel.

The Cry of Hounds.

I HAVE heard people say, who hunted in the middle and at the beginning of the last century, that in their younger days foxhounds had much finer voices than at the present time, and I believe this to be a fact. One cannot help noticing that the modern foxhound (with a few exceptions in most packs) has not the voice of a hound at all, but makes a yapping noise, hardly to be distinguished from the bark of a sheepdog chasing a rabbit; and though people, from force of habit, still continue to write about "crashes of music" and "bursts of melody," alas! they seldom or never hear them. There is none of the bell-like clamor made by the true hound, and such as we still hear in the fell packs of Westmoreland and Cumberland —and no stouter or faster hounds are to be found anywhere.

Many people seem to think that hounds cannot run so fast when they are making a good cry, but this, I am sure, is not the case. Fell hounds always throw their tongues, no matter how fast they are running, whereas the ordinary foxhound is not expected to make music when running hard, and does not do so. I have seen fell hounds and ordinary hounds of the best blood running together in all sorts of countries, both flat and hilly, and can confidently state that the former are faster, tenderer nosed, more self-reliant, and infinitely more persevering than the latter, while, with regard to their music, there is, of course, no comparison.

> Yelled, on the view, the opening pack;
> Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back.

I am afraid that if a pack of our modern foxhounds found themselves in the picturesque situation described in the above lines, "rock, glen, and cavern" would remain practically silent. Why should they be less musical than their ancestors, or than the old-fashioned hound who still flourishes in the Lake District and other parts of the country? I think that the reason is that most breeders of hounds nowadays are so bent upon producing what is thought to be the perfect hound of the show-bench type, and so much attention is paid to make, shape, and even color, that, so long as he is not actually mute, they do not mind if his voice is merely a squeak. The modern hound must not have a trace of throatiness if he is to be considered good looking, and one cannot help thinking that breeding all throatiness out of hounds has had a prejudicial effect upon their voices. In old pictures one notices that many of the hounds are decidedly throaty, and the fell hounds of to-day are most of them slightly so. In my own humble opinion, this adds to, rather than detracts from, their beauty; but I know that not many people will agree with me on this point. Good shape is, of course, essential to a hound, for without it he can neither run far nor fast; but there is no reason why he should not have a good voice as well. There are a few packs in England—notably some woodland ones—whose hounds have a good and musical cry, but I fancy that if these were heard after listening to a pack of hounds of a hundred years ago, or, let us say, the Ullswater, Blencathra, or Coniston hounds to-day, their voices would sound poor and weak.

Apart from all questions of sentiment, it is often very necessary to be able to hear hounds a long way off. Who has not experienced the exasperating way in which they will sometimes make a sharp turn down a fence-side, and, if one is not very close to them, slip away unperceived and unheard, and are seen no more that day? Or how often do they get away quickly from a wood, leaving the greater part of the field, who, not having seen them, could not hear them, at the covert side? This would not occur had the hounds voices like those described by Shakespeare:

> Never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seemed all one mutual cry; I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

How greatly the pleasures of cubhunting would be enhanced had one but hounds with better voices to listen to. The pleasure that one derives from hearing a really musical pack in full cry is so great that I confess I often wonder how people can put up with the chorus of squeaks and yaps to which they are obliged to listen, when they might have the real thing. Surely a hound's voice, such a beautiful and thrilling sound as it is, is as important an attribute as a faultless shape, or an evenly marked back.—A. B. S., in Field (London).

Foxhounds and Harriers.

IT is a natural, and perhaps excusable weakness, that almost all "doggy" men are inclined to imagine the particular breed in which they are interested the most interesting. Those whose business and pleasure it is to superintend the breeding, and in due course ride after, foxhounds and harriers, go even a step further; they place them on a pinnacle above all other dogs, and will not even allow them to be classed within the category. To call a foxhound or a harehound a dog betrays ignorance of the sport and ignorance of the breed, and I remember the present master of the Hurworth (Mr. W. Forbes) informing a farm laborer who had told him "t' dogs had gone out at t' other side ov t' cover," that "we have no dogs—they're hounds," with no small emphasis on the last designatory word. John Jorrocks, the immortal, was equally particular, and in one of those famous sporting lectures of his, he counselled the young sportsman to "beware of calling 'ounds dogs, or sterns tails. Such a slip would make the M. F. H. turn tail on you directly."

It is not, however, with the peculiar and by no means uninteresting nomenclature of the sport with which I would deal, but rather with the foxhound and harrier, which is even more interesting. Regarding the sports mentioned there is no small degree of ignorance, and one finds, too, that very few people who have made dogs their study—and they are by no means few—who are conversant either with the actual work, life, or idiosyncrasies of these most interesting species. Indeed, I have heard doggy people on many occasions declare they cannot discover a redeeming feature in the hound, and allege he is sullen, morose, unintelligent, ever sombre and undemonstrative. All I can say is let these people go to a meet in white breeches, and dismounting, speak to one or two of the hounds they know, to which they are known, and they will discover to the cost of the afore-mentioned white breeches whether or no the foxhound is undemonstrative. That he usually carries with him a thoughtful air I admit, but this is born of his large head, his drooping ears, and large dark eyes, more than a real love of losing himself in day dreams or in the realms of thought.

Dog stories are cheap, and this is no place to air exaggerations, for though anglers may tell their tall stories to brother fishermen, we of the doggy world know just how far to go with our yarns. Still, I will relate what is more a fact than a story, and which is one nail in the coffin of any suggestion that the foxhound lacks intelligence. A few years ago the Sinnington hounds, in Yorkshire, were trencher fed, that is to say, instead of being kept permanently in kennels at a considerable expense, individual sportsmen, farmers and others each kept a hound. I forget for the moment which are the Sinnington hunting days, but say Mondays and Fridays. On the evening preceding these days the hounds in the outlying districts were gathered up and kenneled at Kirby Moorside all night. They needed no feeding that evening, nor, of course, the next morning, for hounds, like horses, hunt on an almost empty stomach. The hounds near the kennels were left till the morning, when a blast or two on the horn was sufficient to call them up. Where one finds proof of the intelligence, however, is here. On the proper hunting mornings the hounds would sit and wait the sound of the horn, and were it a frosty morning, and hunting in consequence impossible, they would trot away down on the Monday and Friday morning to the kennels to satisfy themselves on the point, and then return to their homes, as they did—and do yet with the Goathland and Farndale hounds, which are still trencher fed—after the day's sport is ended, dropping their sterns and leaving their comrades at the nearest cut to their homes.

But one need have no difficulty in stating a hundred and one evidences of intelligence, the very control which they essentially recognize, the understanding they display of the human language, and the knowledge they display of the habits and eccentricities of the animal they hunt, not only convince me of a superb intelligence, but also that animals *do* think, and have a good deal more brain power (in addition to instinct) than we human beings, in our conceit that we alone are the thinkers and brain possessors, give them credit for.—J. Fairfax Blakeborough, in Our Dogs.

YACHTING

Canada Cup Races.

BY CLUTE E. NOXON.

FOR the first time in the history of the Canada's Cup that trophy has been successfully defended. Iroquois, the 30ft. yacht designed by Mr. Charles F. Herreshoff and representing the Rochester Y. C. in the series of races just finished, defeated the Canadian challenger Temeraire, the creation of Mr. William Fife, Jr.

For the second time since the Cup has been contested for, a period covering ten years, it has required the sailing of the entire five races to decide the championship. In 1903 Rochester and Toronto clashed, their respective boats being Irondequoit and Strathcona, and it was not until the fifth race had been sailed that Irondequoit was able to lift the Cup.

The match was one of the most notable ever held on fresh water. It brought to the harbor of Charlotte yachtsmen from every club on both sides of the lake, and a fleet of pleasure yachts that taxed the accommodations of the port. Both designers, Fife and Herreshoff, were present throughout the entire series and watched carefully the performances of their craft, aiding in every way possible skippers and crews in their efforts to win the Cup.

It was a case of a light weather boat against a heavy weather craft, and the intervention of a Sunday, undoubtedly saved the treasure for the Rochesterians, for had the easterly blow that set in on that day delayed its coming twenty-four hours, Temeraire, with her long keel and extra tons of ballast, would have defeated Iroquois in three straight races. But the fates were with the Americans. The first day's race was sailed in calms, catspaws and fitful breezes; the second and third races were sailed in strong winds from the east that put the tucks and storm canvas on Iroquois while the Fife boat stood up under full sail. A day of heavy swells and no wind following the blow was the cause of the postponement of the fourth race, and then came two beautiful August days with the most delightful of wholesail breezes. Iroquois did exactly what she was expected to do, while Temeraire lived squarely up to her reputation in the blows, showing also a good turn of speed in the lighter airs.

When Iroquois was first launched she was heavier by a thousand pounds, but in order to make her trim to her lines and more evenly balanced, her keel was twice pared down and several hundred pounds of deadwood removed. Prior to this she had made a most remarkable showing in windward work in heavy weather, but it was to make her faster in the light airs that the reduction of lead was deemed advisable.

For three days the high winds continued and then dropped, leaving Temeraire with two victories to her credit, and one for Iroquois. Then once more Iroquois showed the way around the course and won the fifth and deciding race that carried the supremacy of the lakes.

The judges of the races were Messrs. E. H. Ambrose, of Hamilton, Ont.; Charles Van Voorhis, of Rochester, and W. P. Stephens, of Bayonne, N. J.

First Race, Saturday, Aug 12.

Long before the start, which was scheduled for 11 o'clock, racing crews and skippers busied themselves aboard the rival yachts, putting on the last touches before they lined up for the gun. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a ruffle disturbed the waters of the lake.

By 9 o'clock sail was up on every craft. At 9:30 the launch to mark the course was sent out towing the flag floats, and a few minutes later the power yacht containing the judges and press dropped down the river. Then came the lightest of puffs out of the S.W. As the breeze picked up Iroquois broke out her anchor, with Skipper Lorenzo G. Mabbett at the helm. Five minutes later came Temeraire with Skipper E. K. M. Wedd. Out beyond the lights the judges gauged the weather, and immediately sent the launch off on the first leg of the triangle, which would make a balloon reach to the mark, a spinnaker run to the second flag and a close reach or easy beat home.

At 10:30 the half hour gun was fired, and the contestants came alongside the judges' boat for instructions. The ten-minute gun was fired at 10:50 and the jockeying commenced. By a skillful maneuver Wedd got Mabbett under his lee, but Iroquois wiggled out and showed her taffrail to the challenger. Balloon jibs went up in stops as they neared the line, and 15s. after the gun the defender shot across, Temeraire following on the weather berth 13s. later. Quickly ballooners were broken out in the breeze, which had now picked up to five or six miles an hour. The ballooner on Temeraire lifted while the light canvas on Iroquois stood full. Iroquois gradually drew out a lead until several boat lengths separated them. Turning the mark the defender led by 59s. Once around Wedd was the first to try a spinnaker, but it failed to draw and quickly came in. A few minutes later Mabbett ran his out and it filled away nicely, spilling into the balloon jib.

Half way down the leg the wind commenced dropping and the yachts drifted slowly along with barely steerage away. Iroquois led by an eighth of a mile, creeping inch by inch in the calm. She rounded the mark 1m. 1s. ahead of Temeraire, and then commenced the beat home. The wind had again picked up slightly and hauled farther to the S., which made it an easy beat back to the line. Both Mabbett and Wedd went wind hunting on this leg and split tacks for fifteen minutes in an effort to pick out a streak of air. Iroquois retained the lead, however, and gradually worked away. The breeze freshened still more and Iroquois got down to her rail as Mabbett headed for the line. Temeraire got into a favorable slant not far from the line and gained on her rival, the defender rounding only 43s. in the lead. Up the lake they went again, the fluky wind heading them off as it swung around the compass. A big bank of thunder clouds rolled down from the S.W. before the yachts got to the mark, and while they were still tacking a short rain squall hit them. It looked windy for a few moments, but the rain swirled on down the lake leaving a flat calm.

The judges' boat had a long wait at the mark to take the rounding time, which showed Iroquois 1m. 30s. in the lead. The second leg was even worse, the yachts covering the distance of 3 miles in 1h. 30m. Both Mabbett and Wedd were at their wit's end to keep their craft moving. They trimmed in and eased off; they tried balloon jibs and spinnakers, light working canvas and reaching headsails. Eventually Iroquois got the better of it and luffed around 2m. 43s. ahead. The last leg was the flukiest of all. A light draught coming in from the N. put a wrinkle on the water, and Wedd, feeling it first, ran out the spinnaker. Slowly he began closing up the gap that separated the two boats, while Iroquois hung limp. The puff went by, Temeraire catching Iroquois and she too soon began to foot. Suddenly it died out again and Wedd headed up, looking for another stray streak of wind. Iroquois in the meantime had been carried far enough in shore to catch the edge of a new breeze springing up out of the S.W., and under working jib and staysail made a slant for the mark. The breeze grew stronger, and in a few minutes Iroquois had a ripple under her bows, while Temeraire, now far in the rear lay passively in a calm. Another catspaw drifted in from the N. and filled the spinnaker, but the defender was nosing her way for the line, which she crossed to the accompaniment of whistles, shouts and the waving of flags; 12m. 50s. later Temeraire swept over under spinnaker, having come along on the incoming breeze from the N.

	Start.	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Home.
Iroquois	11 00 15	11 24 15	11 54 48	12 30 57
Temeraire	11 00 28	11 25 14	11 55 49	12 31 46

Second Round.

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Finish.
Iroquois	1 33 57	2 59 37	4 02 56
Temeraire	1 35 29	3 02 20	4 15 46

*Elapsed time: Iroquois 5.02.41; Temeraire 5.15.18.
Iroquois won by 12m. 37s.

Second Race, Monday, Aug. 14.

Yachtsmen awoke on the second day of the racing series to find the blow that had piped up out of the E. on Sunday still raging, and the prospects of a Canadian victory excellent. The second race was slated for a windward and leeward course of 16 miles with the start at 11 o'clock. There was a heavy sea running as the launch stood out to lay the windward mark. The sun shone brightly before the start, but disappeared behind a bank of clouds before the racers went out, and the rest of the day was a gloomy, cold and disagreeable reminder of fall. Iroquois went out at 9:45 under single reef, staysail and jib. Temeraire followed with whole mainsail and working jib. Wedd outjockeyed Mabbett as they stood for the line and crossed with a lead of 15s. On the wind the challenger almost immediately demonstrated her superiority in a blow, both outpointing and outfooting Iroquois as they thrashed to winward.

Iroquois labored greatly at a disadvantage. Under the single reef, working jib and working staysail she seemed to balance badly and constantly payed off. Her high freeboard also presented a tempting side to the seas, and in 5m. Temeraire had worked well up to windward. It was a dead muzzler to the outer mark, and the wind picked up to 15 miles an hour. They made a long tack down the lake and two short hitches to get around the flag, Temeraire leading by 3m. 38s. Gybing around, spinnakers and balloon jibs went flying out, the American crew getting out the light canvas 2m. faster than the Canadians. Iroquois picked up 30s. on the run, but as Iroquois swung around Temeraire was again way up to windward, while Wedd was driving her for all she would stand. After rounding, Temeraire made a short hitch to get up to weather, and then came about, while Mabbett kept along on the same tack, but sagging off to leeward up the lake. It was on this tack that the staysail on Iroquois acted badly. The jib backed the staysail, which in turn put a tremble along the mainsail. By 12:30 the wind was blowing from 18 to 20 miles an hour, and Iroquois staggered badly under the big head canvas. The challenger now led by over half a mile, and after a few short legs, again rounded the outer buoy 5m. 34s. ahead. Iroquois' crew gave another fine exhibition of spinnaker drill, getting it out and drawing in in 1m. 15s., while the canvas handlers on Temeraire made no effort to hurry things. Iroquois again picked up on the run, gaining 30s., but she was hopelessly beaten to windward, and finished 5m. 4s. behind.

First Round.

	Start.	Outer Mark.	Home.
Temeraire	11 00 15	11 46 02	12 11 37
Iroquois	11 00 30	11 49 40	12 14 42

Second Round.

	Outer Mark.	Finish.
Temeraire	12 58 26	1 21 47
Iroquois	1 04 00	1 26 51

Elapsed time: Temeraire 2.21.47; Iroquois 2.26.51.
Temeraire won by 5m. 4s.

Third Race, Tuesday, Aug. 15.

The third day's racing was a repetition of the second. It looked in the early morning as though it would turn out to be Iroquois weather, the wind blowing in from the E. at the rate of 9 or 10 miles an hour with every indication of shifting to the S.E. But the clouds again closed in and grew threatening, the wind freshened and the long seas on the lake rolled higher and higher. It was a trying day for skippers and crews. The seas constantly broke over the boats, the wind shifted to the N.E. and grew suddenly cold, and reefs on Iroquois were put in and shaken out all around the course. Both Temeraire and Iroquois got over the line almost with the gun, the defender slightly leading but to leeward. The course was triangular with the first leg laid to windward. Temeraire immediately assumed the lead and showed the way around the first mark by 2m. 54s. The breeze strengthened materially at this buoy and the next leg was a run. Temeraire got out her spinnaker and footed fast for the second mark, but when Iroquois got around the wind began hauling to the N.E. and made it a reach. Temeraire, with her spinnaker, had dragged out a lead of three-quarters of a mile before she was obliged to douse it. Both boats gybed around the second mark, Temeraire leading by 3m. 16s.

Shortly after gybing Iroquois lost her balloon jib sheet, the canvas going high in the air. It was quickly recovered, and a few minutes later the peak was slacked for a reef. Meanwhile, Temeraire was lifting out for home under working canvas, gaining steadily. No sooner was the reef put in on Iroquois than the ballooner again went soaring. Notwithstanding all this hard luck, Iroquois lost but 14s. on the reach home, Temeraire rounding 3m. 35s. ahead. On the wind again it was thought Temeraire would surely double her lead, but Mabbett kept right after his rival and nursed Iroquois into the wind without pinching her too much. Wedd kept Mabbett fully an eighth of a mile in his lee, but when the mark was turned he had gained but 36s in three miles of dead bucking. On the way to the second mark Temeraire lost her ballooner for a few minutes, and Iroquois improved the time by picking up rapidly, gaining 40s. on the reach. The Canadian challenger had too big a lead now to lose the race except by accident, and Wedd, not caring to take chances, came about instead of gybing. In doing so, the preventer backstay got foul of a spreader and he had to luff up to clear it. Mabbett ran down on the mark and in a wind that had breezed up to 18 miles an hour, made a smashing gybe as he rushed after the fleet challenger. A nasty squall came tearing up the lake as the boats headed for home. Iroquois made a last effort to overhaul her rival, but the distance was too short and the Canadian crossed the line a winner by 2m. 28s., losing 1m. 3s. on the reach home.

First Round.

	Start.	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Home.
Temeraire	11 00 15	11 31 46	11 54 41	12 14 35
Iroquois	11 00 00	11 34 45	11 57 57	12 18 10

Second Round.

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Finish.
Temeraire	12 53 07	1 14 09	1 32 32
Iroquois	12 57 18	1 17 40	1 35 00

Elapsed time: Temeraire 2.32.32; Iroquois 2.35.00.
Temeraire won by 2m. 28s.

The storm abated on Tuesday night after Temeraire had won two creditable victories. Always after a three days' blow from the E. on Lake Ontario there is a long swell. Consequently, on Wednesday morning, while there was a light breeze blowing from the N., the force of the heavy waves was too great to admit of sailing. The judges were determined to give the boats a trial, however. and the skippers were ordered to go to the line for a start. In between the piers of the harbor the waves were long and high, and both yachts were obliged to pass a line to launches to get out. They were taken to the line and the judges deliberated. Neither boat could get steerage way and rolled wildly in the seas. Finally, after over an hour's work in trying to send them away, the judges decided to postpone the race.

Fourth Race, Thursday, Aug. 17.

In the early morning of the day of the fourth race there was little wind and the lake was flat. Half an hour before the start a 3-mile breeze was blowing from the N.W. and the yachts ambled about the line.

The course was a beat to windward of 4 miles, and a run home, twice around. They got the gun at 11 o'clock, and Iroquois, well into the windward position, went across 22s. later, leading Temeraire by 16s. Iroquois pointed high, her working jib and staysail sheeted flat. In the light air the challenger simply could not head up and keep moving. Wedd pinched her hard to keep her pointing, but the starving process was costly, and in 15m. Iroquois had increased her lead to 200 yards. Finally Wedd rapped the Canadian full and soon drew up abreast, but fully an eighth of a mile to leeward. Up near the mark both boats went about on the port tack, having covered two-thirds of the weather leg on a single tack. The wind had dropped to a mere draught, and the lake was streaked with soft spots. Gradually working in closer to the buoy Iroquois went back to starboard and stood for the mark. Temeraire hung on for the weather berth, and the big lead of the defender widened perceptibly. A little flutter on the water to windward of the mark, indicated the coming of a freshening breeze, and Iroquois was the first to feel it. Skipper Mabbett got back to port to catch the new slant and round the flag, but a current in the lake at this point swept her off the course, and another short hitch was necessary to do the trick. Temeraire, meanwhile, by working well over to weather, made only one tack in getting to the flag, and rounded 2m. behind.

The crew of Iroquois gave an exhibition of light canvas drill as the Rochester boat squared away for home, both spinnaker and ballooner going out together just 25s. after rounding. Temeraire used only a spinnaker on the run, leaving the working jib up. Iroquois now held the lead by an eighth of a mile, but the wind had been again hushed to a whisper, and the chances for finishing within the time limit seemed doubtful. Temeraire had moved well down the line on the dying breeze, and when within half a mile from home her big spinnaker worked a blanket on the defender. Closer came the challenger until the lead was a mere matter of boat lengths. As the defender neared the mark, a catspaw breezed in from the N., sending her out from under the challenger's lee. Both skippers gathered in their spinnakers together and gybed as they rounded the mark, Iroquois leading by only 36s.

On the second beat to windward, which was more of a close fetch, the yachts were favored with a slant that picked up each minute. From a slight ripple on the lake it kickd up to achoppy sea. Again Iroquois pointed high for the mark, Temeraire going wide on the wind, and losing steadily. Wedd made a valiant effort to keep his boat high, but there was a bad flutter to the jib, and he was compelled to rap off, falling far to leeward. The behavior of Iroquois in the strengthening breeze was admirable. With never a tremor in her jib and staysail, which set stiff and hard, the Herreshoff creation worked into the wind, heeling well down, her crew spread flat along the lee rail. Closing in on the weather mark, Mabbett put his helm over for the port tack and swept around 2m. 40s. in the lead. Under balloon jib and balloon staysail the defender ran for home with the challenger coming half a mile behind under spinnaker. Under this canvas Temeraire gained slightly but continually had to bear off the course to keep the spinnaker drawing. Iroquois, leading her rival by a good margin, poked her bow over the line, winning the fourth race by a flat 3m. and putting the contestants on even terms for the Cup.

First Round.

	Start.	Outer Mark.	Home.
Iroquois	11 00 22	12 25 58	1 19 48
Temeraire	11 00 38	12 27 58	1 20 24

Second Round.

	Outer Mark.	Finish.
Iroquois	2 03 12	2 35 14
Temeraire	2 05 52	2 38 14

Elapsed time: Iroquois 3.35.14; Temeraire 3.38.14.
Iroquois won by 3m.

Fifth Race, Friday, Aug. 18.

The last and deciding race of the series was one of the best. The day was perfect, the sun shining brightly and a gentle breeze from the E. and S.E. tempering the heat to a comfortable degree. Excitement and interest over the outcome of the race had been worked to a high pitch, and every craft in the harbor that would float was pressed into service, carrying thousands of sightseers out on the lake. The course, according to the Cup conditions, was triangular, with the first leg laid to windward if possible. At 10 o'clock the breeze had hauled to the S.E. and made it impossible to lay a weather leg from just off the harbor, so the judges' boat and the Naval Reserve launch stood out about two miles into the lake to get the correct triangle. Half an hour later the wind had shifted away around to the N.E. and the start was delayed until the judges could decide just what kind of a wind it was going to be. If it kept hauling, every leg would be to windward. Finally a few minutes before 11 o'clock the launch started out to log the first side of the course, heading N.E. by E. The yachts came by for instructions, and the skippers were told that the thirty minute gun would be dispensed with, the ten-minute and starting guns only being fired.

The start was exciting. The wind was light, about 5 miles an hour, but with strength enough to admit of sharp jockeying, and both Wedd and Mabbett calculated carefully, as they maneuvered about the line. Mabbett got down a little too far to leeward as the time narrowed, while Wedd snuggled into the weather berth, ready to start his sheets as the gun sounded. At 11:15 the report rang out, with Temeraire over first 10s. later, Iroquois following only 5s. in the rear. The baffling wind had again swung around to the S.E. while the weather mark lay N.E. by E. Neither skipper had apparently paid any attention to the launch that had gone with the dinghy to set the first buoy, although each had his steering directions. They had been warily watching each other, and as Wedd stood up to weather, Iroquois got the backwind of the challenger and came over on the port tack in a hurry, making a short hitch for the windward berth. Temeraire continued along on the starboard tack to leeward now, but a hundred yards in the lead.

Everyone aboard the judges' boat was puzzled by the erratic course of the skippers. Why they should thrash to windward when the mark lay off to leeward was a problem solved only by the hauling of the wind, but as they worked along on the wind it was decided best to let them fight it out, although the judges' boat broke out anchor and ran for the first mark at full speed. Wedd was the first to notice the error. Quickly easing his sheets he swung Temeraire around and headed for the buoy with the wind on his starboard quarter. Even then Mabbett hung up to weather, and when, easing off a few minutes later, he commenced reaching for the mark, he found himself 200 yards behind. Mabbett's hitch to weather saved him; the wind again shifted to the E. carrying Temeraire off to leeward, while Iroquois, heading high, bore down on her rival and closed up the gap. Approaching the buoy Temeraire came about to get around, while the defender laid her course for the mark. Wedd was on the port tack as Iroquois closed in, and was obliged to head up crossing the Rochester boat's stern as she gybed around the buoy, 1m. 11s. in the lead.

On the second leg, which should have been a spinnaker run, both yachts carried nothing but reaching sails, and it seemed as though they were heading way off the course. Mabbett was the first to locate the buoy and broke out his spinnaker quickly, Wedd following in 30s. The challenger drew up on her rival as they neared the flag. Creeping up on the stern of Iroquois, Wedd sprang a successful blanket on the American, and then shot up on the starboard quarter where he put a bad slump in the balloonjib of the defender. The wind was very light and streaky, the spinnakers had been gathered in, and the ballooners were carried far forward on spinnaker poles. Approaching the mark, Iroquois got her light canvas in quickly and under working headsails footed away from the challenger, turning the mark 57s. in the lead, having lost 14s. on the run. Mabbet gybed over as he rounded, and quickly rapping into the wind, got up to weather. It was an easy beat home, with a couple of short hitches and a long leg. Wedd was the first to commence tacking, Mabbett meeting him on every hitch and keeping him well to leeward. The wind had freshened to about 7 miles as home was neared, the yachts heeling to their rails with Iroquois leading by 200 yards. Around the flag they went at a minute after 1 o'clock, not a second's time having been gained or lost on the buck to windward, Iroquois' lead being exactly as it was at the second mark, 57s.

This was close racing, and the steamers tooted long and loud as the yachts started away on the second round. The first leg was another reach with balloon jib and staysail set on Iroquois and a ballooner only on Temeraire. The light headsails on both boats dragged them along rapidly. Directly for the buoy Iroquois headed, gybing around 1m. 27s. in the lead. With the same canvas up they reached for the second mark, the ballooner on Temeraire yanking out at the tack and soaring high above the masthead. A working jib was quickly hoisted while the kiting canvas was being captured, Iroquois meanwhile dragging out a lead that seemed impossible of recovery. Half way to the mark Mabbett ran out a spinnaker as he headed up for the flag, Wedd following half a minute later. The wind had dropped back to 4 miles again. Iroquois rounding 2m. 36s. ahead.

It was a beat home, the boats taking four tacks to make it. The wind again brushed up strongly as they approached the line, blowing from 10 to 12 miles an hour. On the port tack and well up to windward went the Cup winner. The gun announced a new champion of the lakes. Temeraire crossed 2m. 15s. behind.

First Round.

	Start.	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Home.
Iroquois	11 15 15	11 51 49	12 31 45	1 01 18
Temeraire	11 15 10	11 53 00	12 32 42	1 02 15

Second Round.

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Finish.
Iroquois	1 22 48	1 49 05	2 17 14
Temeraire	1 24 15	1 51 41	2 19 28

Elapsed time: Iroquois 3.17.14; Temeraire 3.19.29.
Iroquois won by 2m. 15s.

CRUISING RACE MANHASSET BAY Y. C.—On Saturday, Aug. 26, the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will give a cruising race which is open to cabin yachts not over 45ft. over all, and enrolled in any recognized yacht club. From the starting line off Manhasset Bay Y. C. house to and around Middle Ground Light, the Light to be left on starboard hand, finishing off Manhasset Bay Y. C. house. All Government marks to be passed on channel side, disregarding buoys on Middle Ground shoals. Distance of 80 miles.

The start shall be over a line between the committee boat and a mark boat flying the club burgee. Warning signal at 3 o'clock P. M., red ball; preparatory signal at 3:05, white ball; starting signal at 3:10, blue ball.

Finishing line same as starting line, leaving the committee boat on the starboard hand. At the finish the committee boat will show two red lights at the masthead at night.

There shall be no restrictions as to sails or crew, except that no boat entered shall carry more than one paid hand.

The first prize will be a cup valued at $100, offered by Mr. Howard Gould. The second prize will be a cup valued at $50, offered by Mr. George E. Schank. The third prize will be a cup valued at $30, offered by Rear Commodore R. W. Bainbridge.

Yachts entered shall be in cruising trim, and shall carry or tow a dinghy. No means of propulsion, other than sails, shall be used. Entries must be received by the Race Committee of the club not later than Friday, Aug. 25.

Except as above specified, the race will be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound.

Race Committee: Messrs. Fred. A. Hill, chairman, Henry C. Ward and H. H. Hogins, Jr.

British Letter.

Plymouth Regatta Week.—Once reckoned among the chief fixtures of the season, racing in the West of England has of late years steadily declined. This year the racing in the beautiful Plymouth Sound was fixed for the last week in July, as the beginning of September was found too late in the season, but the fixture was a mere ghost of those of former years, and the only racing of real interest was that in the 52ft. class. With the exception of a small handicap class the racing was otherwise purely local. Sonya was absent from the 52-footers, being got ready for the Solent races. The others had four races provided for them, in three of which all started, Britomart not taking part in the fourth. Moyana won the first three matches and Maymon the fourth The remainder of the events call for no comment, but it does seem a pity that racing should be practically dying out at the beautiful deep water ports of the West of England. There was a time when big fixtures were held annually at Penzance, Falmouth, Plymouth, Dartmouth and Torquay, all of which places afford excellent open, deep water courses. Momet's Bay regatta, as the Penzance fixture was called, and Falmouth fixtures are extinct as far as big racing goes. Plymouth appears to be following suit, although there are five days set apart, and Torquay and Dartmouth regattas are practically moribund. If the big classes would forego the pleasures of Ostend and stick to the Irish regattas, working back via Plymouth to Cowes, all might yet be well, but, of course, it rests entirely with yacht owners as to whether the British regattas are to be failures or successes. Their misguided support of the German races reduced the Clyde fortnight to very low water, until this year, and if they would follow up their example of ignoring Kiel by cutting out Ostend they would be able to support their own country's racing. If the Yacht Racing Association had kept up the status of class racing and not killed it through their own gross neglect, this state of affairs would never have come about, for class racers make it their business to do the regular round of the regattas. There seems little hope of improvement until proper scantling rules are framed and owners once more build to the rating classes.

The Belgian Regattas.—The Ostend International Regatta, which has been an annual fixture for about thirty years, was this year supplemented by a regatta at Antwerp. After the conclusion of Ostend there were a series of races from that port to Flushing on July 24. In the race for yachts exceeding 100 tons, the German Emperor's schooner Meteor, Navahoe, Susanne and Valdora elected not to start, as the weather looked dirty. The German-owned schooner Hamburg sailed the course alone. In the smaller handicap Creole, Rosamond and the Belgian cutter Angele sailed, the latter taking the prize on handicap. The following day the smaller class had a match from Ternengin to Antwerp. Rosamond passed a mark on the wrong side and gave up, and Creole beat Angèle easily. The regatta came to a conclusion on the following day when Rosamond won and Angèle took second prize. The ex-52-footers had races on all three days. Senga, Nan and Gauntlet each scoring a win.

Cowes Week.—Racing at Cowes has opened this year with great *éclat* owing to the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen, and of the warships of Great Britain and France which are anchored side by side in the Solent. For many years the Royal Yacht Squadron was the only club which gave races during this week, but latterly the Royal London Y. C. has held its annual Cowes function on the first day of the week, which was heretofore an off day, and, as usual, the Royal London opened the ball this year on Aug. 7 with a series of handicap matches, and a race for the 52-footers. A fine entry was secured for the big class exceeding 100 tons for a prize presented by Mr. M. B. Kennedy, owner of the yawl White Heather. Ten big vessels were entered, but White Heather and the German Emperor's schooner Meteor did not start. Navahoe was the scratch boat, the others being Brynhild, Merry Maid, Valdora, Therese, Susanne, Hamburg, Adela. Owing to the presence of the warships the boats were sent round the island. The wind was shifty and uncertain. Brynhild led the fleet home, but Merry Maid was within a few seconds of Navahoe and easily saved her time for first prize. Therese taking the second and Valdora the third. Great interest was taken in the 52ft. match, for Sonya had once more joined the ranks, but was again compelled to give up when leading. Maymon won with Moyana second. In the handicap for yachts not exceeding 100 tons six boats started. The light and shifty breezes suited the modern 65-footer Zinita and she was easily able to clear all her allowances and secure first prize, Creole taking the second. In the race for the ex-52ft. class Gauntlet pulled out a long lead, but Viera just saved her time for first prize, Gauntlet taking the second. In the small handicap class the scratch boat Nan went ashore, and the prizes were won by three South Coast one-design boats, L'Amoureuse, Eilun and Jean.

On Aug. 8 the Royal Yacht Squadron began its four days' regatta. There were only two events, the first a handicap match for His Majesty's Cup, open only to yachts belonging to the R. Y. S., and a race for the 52-footers. There was a better lot of boats than usual in the King's Cup race. Satanita, Meteor, Brynhild, Cetonia, Cariad and Lulu taking part. Meteor was placed at scratch, but in the long turn to windward to the Lyington Spit Buoy, Satanita opened out a long lead. Lulu lost her masthead and gave up. Satanita was first boat home, but Lord Dunraven's ketch Cariad, with a long time allowance, won the cup with 55s. to spare. The four 52-footers were joined by the ex-52-footer Gauntlet. Sonya and Moyana had a pretty race for first place, the American boat proving victorious through her superiority to windward, and she beat Moyana by 1m. 18s. Sonya led nearly all day and her victory was thoroughly well earned. The Royal London Y. C. gave, as is their custom, some races for the Solent classes, and the Motor Y. C. at Cowes had four matches for motor boats. In the first event, for boats not exceeding 30ft., Napier II. had a walk over. In the second race Pallas beat Quicksilver on time allowance. The third race was won by Eglina, a 25ft. launch, subject to measurement. The fourth was for bona fidé cruisers. Only two boats turned out, Napier Major, Mr. G. F. Edge, and Pleione, Capt. R. T. Dixon, the latter winning easily. E. H. Kelly.

Log of Endymion.

Southampton to St. Johns.

Sailed from Southampton, England, on Tuesday, July 25, at 10.30 A. M. and proceeded down Southampton water with light breeze over the quarter, carrying lower sails, topsails and jibtopsail. As wind and tide were in our favor we stood out the eastern channel of the Solent. Throughout the afternoon we beat down the channel with a light head wind and considerable fog. The fog lifted in the evening, but we were practically becalmed all night.

Wednesday, July 26, the fog shut in again and light head winds prevailed.

Thursday, July 27, began with fog and light airs, but at noon the fog lifted and the wind freshened so that the Lizard bore abeam at 3 o'clock, and three hours later we were off the Scilly Islands, Bishop's Rock Light bearing abeam at 9 o'clock.

Friday, July 28, morning clear with light east wind and smooth sea and ship carrying lower sails, topsails, staysail and large jibtopsail. Position at noon, Lat. 49deg. 42min. N., Long. 8deg. 35min. W. Distance, 140 miles. Wind increased during night and both fore and mainsails were double reefed.

Saturday, July 29, shook reefs out of fore and mainsail in morning, and throughout day had head winds and moderate sea. Position at noon, Lat. 50deg. 21min. N., Long. 12deg. 59min. W. Distance, 170 miles. Wind increased during afternoon and single reef was tied in foresail and double in mainsail. Weather very unsettled and squally. Passed a full-rigged ship bound east with everything set.

Sunday, July 30, shook reef out of foresail at 8 A. M., and at noon shook one reef out of mainsail, leaving single tied in. Wind and sea moderate. At 4 P. M. shook reef out of mainsail and set topsails. Position at noon, Lat. 51deg. 39min. N., Long. 14deg. 14min. W. Distance, 107 miles.

Monday, July 31, head winds and moderate sea. Position at noon, Lat. 50deg. 46min. N., Long. 16 deg. 15min. W. Distance, 80 miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 1, morning light breeze and smooth sea, ship carrying all light sails. Wind increased steadily throughout day and glass falling. Just before dark main topstaysail and reaching jibtopsail were taken in. Then mainsail was lowered and maintrysail set. Wind increasing rapidly and sea making up. At midnight foresail was double reefed and jib taken in. Toward morning trysail and forestaysail were taken in and ship was practically hove to under double reefed foresail until morning. Position at noon, Lat. 50deg. 22min. N., Long. 18deg. 21min. W. Distance, 85 miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 2, maintrysail and forestaysail were hoisted at daybreak and ship ran under these sails with double reefed foresail until noon, when it became necessary to heave her to under trysail and double reefed foresail on starboard tack with oil bags over weather side. Soon after the maintrysail was lowered, double reefed and set again. The wind was blowing at least 80 miles an hour and there was a very heavy confused sea. Even under the scrap of sail carried the schooner was hove down so that the lee rail was three feet under water at times, and the decks were awash with spray taken aboard to leeward and washed to weather as she rolled. Not a single sea broke over her or was taken aboard solid, and she made fine weather of the worst gale the ship has ever been through. Position at noon, Lat. 50deg. 37min. N., Long. 21deg. 34min. W. Distance, 138 miles.

Thursday, Aug. 3, remained hove to all night with sea increasing. At 8 A. M. the reefs were shaken out of the maintrysail. Through the day the gale moderated, and at 6 P. M. ship was filled away on course under maintrysail, double reefed foresail and bobbed forestaysail, the sea still very heavy. Position at noon, Lat. 49deg. 57min. N., Long. 22deg. 36min. W. Distance, 48 miles (drift).

Friday, Aug. 4, set full forestaysail and jib at 4 A. M., and at 8 A. M. took in maintrysail and set full mainsail, both topsails, topmaststaysail and reaching jibtopsail. Position at noon, Lat. 49deg. 57min. N., Long. 25deg. 58min. W. Distance, 130 miles.

Saturday, Aug. 5, fresh breeze and moderate sea and carrying all lower sail. Position at noon, Lat. 49deg. 20min. N., Long. 30deg. 16min. W. Distance, 172 miles.

Sunday, Aug. 6, head winds and moderate sea, carrying lower sails with single reef in mainsail. Position at noon, Lat. 48deg. 44min. N., Long. 32deg. 16min. W. Distance, 91 miles.

Monday, Aug. 7, light N.E. winds and smooth sea, carrying four lower sails and topsail. Wind hauled slightly to eastward in afternoon, and under topmaststaysail and a big reaching jibtopsail the ship logged 80 miles from noon to 8 P. M. Position at noon, Lat. 48deg. 12min. N., Long. 35deg. 56min. W. Distance, 138 miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 8, southwesterly breeze and smooth sea. Position at noon, Lat. 48deg. 24min. N., Long. 39deg. 32min. W. Distance, 142 miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 9, fine S.W. breeze and smooth sea. Considerable fog until 5 P. M., when it cleared. Saw several whales spouting to the northward and at 6 P. M. sighted a large steamer hull down to the southward, and soon after saw a large iceberg showing above the horizon off the lee bow. Fine sunset and a beautiful moonlight evening. Position at noon, Lat. 48deg. 33min. N., Long. 45deg. 23min. W. Distance, 239 miles (best day's run).

Thursday, Aug. 10, light airs all night and practically becalmed in morning. Fog and light airs throughout forenoon. Position at noon. Lat. 48deg. 20min. N., Long. 47deg. 45min. W. Distance, 93 miles.

Friday, Aug. 11, light head winds and smooth sea with fog in early morning. Clearing toward noon, and afternoon clear with fine breeze and smooth sea. Sighted land at 2 o'clock, and at 4.30 were close in under the bold, rocky shore of Newfoundland and right at the mouth of the narrow entrance to St. Johns harbor.

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New York Y. C. Cruise.

New London to Newport, Aug. 14.

A nice breeze from the E. by N. was blowing when the yachts left New London Harbor at 9 o'clock. This meant that it would be wind for the greater part of the journey to Newport. It was a reach from the starting line off Sarah's Ledge buoy to Race Rock, then a beat to the Whistling buoy off Point Judith and then a reach to the finish off Brenton's Reef Lightship. The preparatory signal was made promptly at 10 o'clock, and five minutes later the 30-footers were sent off. Dahinda was the first at the line, with Atair a close second on Dahinda's weather quarter and Nautilus next. Then came Banzai, Linnet, Ibis, Oriole, Cara Mia, Neola II., Alera and Minx. The scrapping for position had been as keen as usual, and they were sailing fast in the steady breezze. At. 10:10 the next division of sloops was started. Pellegrina was first at the line, followed by Doris, Irolita, Humma, Shark, Mira, Phanton and Cheemaun. While these boats were crossing, the 70-footers were maneuvering for position, and Mr. Hary L. Maxwell, who was sailing Yankee, had succeeded in placing that boat to windward of Mineola, and both were reaching for the weather end of the line. Just as the starting signal sounded Capt. Barr bore off with Mineola, preferring to take the end of the 2m. allowed, and Mr. Maxwell not caring to go over so far ahead of his rival, reached toward the southern end of the line. In doing this, he threw away the advantage he had gained in the maneuvering. Sybarita was first over at 10:15:05. Then Yankee crossed at 10:16:09. She could have taken the starboard tack, and by standing for the windward end, caught Mineola again and forced Capt. Barr to keep clear, but Weetamoe was just ahead of Mineola and Mr. Maxwell thought that boat would bother Mineola somewhat. Weetamoe crossed at 10:16:11 and Mineola at 10:16:30. Mineola luffed and soon drew through the lee of Weetamoe and sailed closely with Yankee, but just to windward of that boat's wake. The schooners were next to be sent off. Corona was the first at the line, being timed at 10:20:17. The little Venona was on the weather quarter of the bigger yacht and crossed at 10:20:18. The others were timed as follows: Rosemary, 10:20:52; Cacique, 10:20:53; Palestine, 10:20:54; Elmina, 10:21:02; Katrina, 10:21:09; Mavis, 10:21:37; Agatha, 10:21:40; Kiwassa, 10:21:56; Cachalot, 10:22:00. The others were handicapped and crossed in this order: Muriel, Vencedor, Valmore, Quickstep, Normona and Lasca.

The auxiliaries were next, and their times were: Vergemere, 10:25:29; Idler, 10:25:52; Intrepid, 10:25:57; Ariadne, 10:27:00.

All were on the starboard tack, and the wind being favorable, all were doing well. A few minutes after crossing the line Katrina carried away her bowsprit and, signalling for permission to leave the fleet, went over to Greenport for repairs. The 30-footers turned Race Rock in a bunch, the leaders being Dahinda, Nautilus, Cara Mia and Neola II. Humma and Doris were neck and neck in the second division, and Yankee led Mineola. The boats got the first of the tide running to the E. in the race, and it was quite rough, so that Neola put back and was towed to Newport. The smaller sloops stood well in toward the Fisher's Island shore and worked along in short tacks, while the larger ones held the port tack well to the southward. Mineola was to windward of Yankee when they hauled on the wind, and she made a short starboard hitch and then stood off shore again and took the lead. Weetamoe kept the inshore division and for a long time seemed to be doing very well. At 11:30 o'clock the leaders were off the eastern end of Fisher's Island. Sybarita was the leading boat in the fleet, and just astern of her was Vigilant. The old cup defender was not racing, because her centerboard was jammed, but she was doing very well. Humma was leading in her class, with Shark under her lee and a little astern of Doris. The 70-footers were standing to the S., with Mineola leading. Corona was just a little ahead of Elmina, and these two boats were working between those in under the shore and those that had kept well to the south. Humma and Shark tacked off shore, and Doris held on the starboard tack until she had crossed the wakes of her rivals and then she stood out.

The off-shore boats got a better breeze than those in-shore. This was shown by Sybarita. She held well in toward Watch Hill and then stood out and had to pass astern of Mineola, when that yacht headed in.

It was half past twelve when the 70-footers tacked. They were well over toward Block Island and could lay their course for the Whistling buoy. Doris, too, had stood over toward these boats and the move was of great benefit to her. Mineola passed the Whistling buoy off Point Judith at 2:18:00, Sybarita at 2:19:10. From there it was a reach to the finish, and the yachts set reaching jib topsails, and the schooners carried main topmast staysails. On this point of sailing Sybarita passed Mineola, and she finished the race at 3:01:01. Mineola was next at 3:03:34, and then came Yankee at 3:05:26. Weetamoe lost considerably by keeping on the shore, and she did not finish until 3:37:25. Corona and Elmina made a close fight all the way, and the fact that Elmina beat Corona on elapsed time is a credit to Capt. Len. Miller, who had not becn on board the yacht until the day before the race. Corona finished at 3:42:54, and Elmina at 3:43:31. Muriel was the next boat in at 4:00:20. She was a winner in her class. Next oame Lasca at 4:00:40. The auxiliary Intrepid was next at 4:07:42, also a winner, and then came Doris at 4:13:18. She had taken the lead from Humma and Shark in the long tack she made to the S. and was a winner. Humma finished at 4:15:01. Vergemere was next at 4:18:56, followed by Shark 4:20:08, Irolita 4:23:20, Idler 4:35:56. Cara Mia was the next boat, finishing at 4:41:57. She lead the 30-footers and had sailed a remarkable race. It was just the sort of day the 70-footers should have beaten the 30-footers badly, but the 30-footers had stuck close to the bigger boats and were well within their time. Ibis finished at 4:44:05; Kiwassa, 4:44:41; Vencedor, 4:45:07; Rosemary, 4:47:53; Mira, 4:48:30; Ariadne, 4:49:14; Palestine, 4:52:06; Cachalot, 4:54:15; Dahinda, 4:55:59; Nautilus, 4:56:46; Pellegrina, 4:58:38 Valmore, 4:59:04; Agatha, 5:04:42; Minx, 5:10:11; Oriole, 5:12:09, Venona, 5:12:33; Atair, 5:13:25; Mavis, 5:18:16; Alera, 5:24:10 Linnet, 5:28:57, and Cacique, 5:31:31. The summary follows:

Yawls, Class G—82 to 100ft.—Course, 40 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sybarita	10 15 05	3 01 01	4 45 56	4 45 56
Sloops, Class H—68 to 82ft.				
Mineola	10 16 30	3 03 34	4 47 04	4 47 04
Yankee	10 16 09	3 05 26	4 49 17	4 49 01
Weetamoe	10 16 11	3 37 25	5 21 14	5 11 45
Sloops, Class K, 48 to 57ft.				
Doris	10 10 00	4 13 18	6 03 18	5 51 48
Irolita	10 10 00	4 23 24	6 13 20	6 02 20
Shark	10 10 00	4 20 08	6 10 08	6 10 08
Humma	10 10 00	4 15 01	6 05 01	6 01 26
Sloops, Class M, 33 to 40ft.				
Pellegrina	10 10 00	4 58 38	6 48 38	6 45 37
Mira	10 10 00	4 48 30	6 38 30	6 36 15
Phantom	10 10 00	Did not finish.		
Cheemaun	10 10 00	Did not finish.		
Schooners, Class E, Under 55ft.				
Venona	10 20 18	5 12 33	6 52 15	6 23 38
Mavis	10 21 37	5 18 16	6 56 39	6 45 12
Agatha	10 21 40	5 04 42	6 43 02	6 37 38
Kiwassa	10 21 56	4 44 41	6 22 45	6 22 45
Quickstep	10 22 00	Did not finish.		
Schooners, Class D, 55 to 64ft.				
Valmore	10 22 00	4 59 04	6 37 04	6 37 04
Katrina	10 21 09	Disabled.		
Schooners, Class C, 64 to 75ft.				
Rosemary	10 20 52	4 47 53	6 27 01	6 25 17
Muriel	10 22 00	4 00 20	5 38 20	5 38 20
Palestine	10 20 54	4 52 06	6 31 12	. . . .
Schooners, Class B, 75 to 90ft.				
Corona	10 20 17	3 42 54	5 22 37	5 20 37
Elmina	10 21 02	3 43 31	5 22 29	5 22 29
Lasca	10 22 00	4 00 40	5 38 40	5 24 09
Auxiliaries, Under 70ft.				
Cacique	10 20 53	5 31 31	7 10 38	. . . .
Cachalot	10 22 00	4 54 15	6 32 15	. . . .
Vencedor	10 22 00	4 45 07	6 23 07	. . . .
Normona	10 22 00	Did not finish.		
Auxiliaries, Over 70ft.				
Vergemere	10 25 29	4 18 56	5 53 27	5 53 27
Intrepid	10 25 57	4 07 42	5 41 45	5 41 24
Idler	10 25 52	4 35 56	6 10 04	5 45 26
Ariadne	10 27 00	4 49 14	6 22 14	6 06 04

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 10:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dahinda	4 55 59	6 50 59
Atair	5 13 25	7 08 25
Nautilus	4 56 46	6 51 46
Banzai	Did not finish.	
Linnet	5 28 57	7 23 57
Ibis	4 44 05	6 39 05
Oriole	5 12 09	7 07 09

Cara Mia	4 41 57	6 36 57
Neola II.	Withdrew.	
Alera	5 24 10	7 19 10
Minx	5 10 11	7 05 11

The special prizes for this day's run were cups offered by Commodore Bourne. Cara Mia won the sloop cup and Muriel won the schooner cup.

These special cups have caused two protests to be made. Charles Lane Poor, of the Mira, protested the 30-footers. He maintained that they were not in cruising trim and did not carry boats and consequently could not race against boats that were in cruising trim, and which complied with the rules, as far as carrying boats was concerned. The 30-footers Dahinda, Minx and Cara Mia had captured the special prizes on the three first runs. The other protest was against Venona. It was by Mr. W. S. Eaton, of Agatha, who claimed that Venona was launched subsequent to Jan. 1, 1905, and that she should rate at the top of her class. This protest has not yet been decided, but that against the 30-footers the Regatta Committee denied. Prior to the cruise, Mr. W. B. Duncan, Jr., on behalf of the owners of the 30-footers asked the Regatta Committee if the 30s were considered in cruising trim. The committee looked into the matter very carefully and decided that they were cruisers, and that they need not carry boats. This decision has not satisfied Mr. Poor, and he has written to the Regatta Committee and to Commodore Bourne, asking for a reopening of the case.

Newport, Aug. 15.

The Astor cups were to have been sailed for on Tuesday, Aug. 15. The entries were Schooners Corona, Muriel, Valmore; sloops and yawls Sybarita, Mineola, Yankee, Weetamoe, Doris, Mira, Nautilus, Mimosa III.

A storm from the N.E. made things generally very unpleasant. The yachts started out early with club topsails aloft, but as soon as they got outside they returned to the harbor and these big sails were lowered. The storm increased in force. The rain fell in torrents, and at noon the Regatta Committee called the races off for the day. Capt. John Jacob Astor's steamer Nourmahal, while trying to work her way out of Brenton's Cove, ran on the rocks. She was pulled off in the evening and the next day went to New York to go in drydock for repairs.

Mineola also met with a mishap. She was sailing about off Beaver Tail, carrying a small club topsail and with sheets pinned in flat. She got a hard knock down and sprung her mast. She went to Bristol the next day for a new spar, and Mr. Proctor announced that she would be not able to take part in any more races of the cruise or in the ocean race of the Eastern Y. C.

Newport, Aug. 16.

The N.E. storm lasted all day and kept the yachts in the harbor. At noon it was announced that the fleet would not proceed, and a meeting of the captains was called for the afternoon. At that meeting it was agreed that if conditions were favorable, a start should be made at 6 o'clock the next morning for Vineyard Haven, and that, after reaching that port, the fleet should continue on over the shoals to Marblehead.

Run to Vineyard Haven, Aug. 17.

The plans for an early start were changed, and the harbor signal was not made until 8:45 o'clock, and an hour later the Regatta Committee gave the preparatory signal for the start of the racers.

The starting line was at Brenton's Reef Lightship and the finish was to be off West Chop, at Vineyard Haven, 37 miles away. The boats were to leave the Vineyard Sound Lightship on the port hand. By the time that signal was made the storm had entirely disappeared. A light wind from the N. by E. was blowing and the sea was smooth. The first division of sloops was sent off at 9:55, and they crossed the line in this order on the port tack: Humma, Mira, Doris, Irolita. Sybarita's signal was made at 10 o'clock, and the schooners and auxiliaries were started at 10:05, but by that time the wind had died away altogether and the boats did not have steerage way, but just drifted with the tide. All were handicapped. They crossed the line in this order: Elmina, Latona, Muriel, Agatha, Cachalot, Sybarita, Cacique, Venona, Katrina, Intrepid, Idler, Lasca, Vencedor and Corona. The last-named did not get away until 10:39:30. As she crossed the line the new Invader, owned by Mr. Roy A. Rainey, passed close to the lightship, evidently with an idea of getting a line of the sailing qualities of that boat as compared with Corona. All the vessels had light sails and held in toward the Newport shore. By noon the leaders had reached West Island. Elmina was leading about half a mile ahead of Muriel. A quarter of a mile astern of that boat was Humma. Then came Vigilant, Sybarita, Doris and Mira. Two miles further back was Agatha and Venona, and further off shore Vencedor, Katrina, Corona, Idler, Intrepid and Lasca.

The wind had come from the S.E., but it was chiefly the tide that helped the boats. At 1:30 o'clock a S.W. wind struck in. Elmina was still the leader at that time, being about 2 miles E. of West Island, but she was far in toward the shore and she did not get the benefit of the change until long after those boats that had kept further out. It was a day of flukes and luck. Humma was the luckiest of the fleet. She soon picked up a nice breeze and, sailing along, took the lead and passed the Vineyard Sound Lightship at 3:33:05. Sybarita was next at 3:48:21. Then came Doris at 3:52:33; Muriel, 3:53:33; Corona, 3:57:11; Invader, 4:00:35; Mira, 4:05:15; Elmina, 4:07:40, and Lasca at the same time, but to windward of Elmina. Jib topsails were changed for balloons for the reach through Vineyard Sound, and the prospects of the yachts finishing then were exceedingly good. They had a tide to buck though, and later, when the leaders were off Tarpaulin Cove, the wind died out again. The Regatta Committee remained out long after sunset to take the time of the boats, but at 8:30 o'clock declared the race off, as no boat had finished. The racers drifted into the harbor later on and anchored.

Vineyard Haven to Marblehead, Aug. 18.

The run over the shoals to Marblehead was an informal one. Commodore Bourne, on Colonia, and Vice-Commodore Walters, on Narada, got under way early in the morning in order to be in Marblehead Harbor in time to salute the Eastern Y. C. flag. Colonia made the trip in 7h. Some of the sailing craft, including Mira, Corona, Katrina, Elmina, Muriel, Doris, Shark, Agatha, Crusader II. and Mimosa III., started out under sail in a light E.N.E. wind. They had a fair tide over the shoals, but later the wind died out and several of them took tows. The steamers and auxiliaries reached Marblehead Harbor in the afternoon and evening and the sailing craft did not arrive until midnight or after. The next day all hands were too tired to race, and most of the boats remained at anchor.

Marblehead, Saturday, Aug. 19.

There was a meeting of the fleet captains on board the flagship Colonia in the afternoon, and after the usual votes thanking Commodore Bourne and the flag officers, the fleet disbanded.

The Astor cup races were declared off. These cups were given by Capt. Astor to be raced for during the cruise, but no day for the races could be arranged. Capt. Astor, with the consent of Commodore Bourne, has given the cups to the Regatta Committee to arrange for races under new conditions. The committee announced that they would be offered for races to be sailed off Newport sometime in September, at a date following the races off Glen Cove for the Autumn cups, which will be sailed for on Sept. 9. The Astor cups will be sailed for on Sept. 12 or 13, and will be for boats in racing trim. Following these races will be contests for cups offered by Vice-Commodore Henry Walters, which were offered for the run from Newport to Vineyard Haven which was not finished. They will also be for yachts in cruising trim.

Recent Sales.—The following sales are reported through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman: Sloop yacht Rosalie, Mr. George C. Carson, Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C., to Mr. Henry F. Parmelee, New York Y. C. Rosalie was designed by Mr. William Gardner and built in 1903 by the Holmes Shipbuilding Co. She is 65ft. over all, 43ft. waterline, 14ft beam, 8ft draft. Auxiliary yawl Dawn II. for Dr. E. N. Brandt, Larchmont Y. C., to Mr. William Hanson Hodges, of Baltimore Y. C. Dawn II. was designed and built in 1903 by Messrs. Read Brothers, of Fall River, and is 60ft. over all, 40ft. waterline, 14ft. 5in. beam and 5ft. 5in. draft. She is equipped with a 20 horsepower Standard motor, and will be used for cruising on Chesapeake Bay and vicinity. Knockabout Cicada for Mr. A. B. O'Neil, of New York city, to Mr. A. Almquist. Knockabout Elise for Mr. A. F. Bowen, Newport News, to Mr. C. W. Grandy, of Norfolk, Va.

Lipton Cup Races.

Mr. Franklyn H. Walker's fine little boat Ste. Claire, of the Detroit Country Club, carried off the Lipton cup again this season in impressive fashion. Not a single race went to any other boat, three straight being the record of the Detroit sailors.

The series were a tremendous disappointment to the Chicago and Milwaukee sailors who had hoped to make a better showing. The defeat was particularly humiliating because it was able to trace its cause direct to the lack of those qualities which should be most prized by yachtsmen.

The management of the Price-Lorimer-Mills-Osborn syndicate boat. Quien Sabe, has been harshly criticised. Commodore Price, the managing owner, was more interested in his big new yawl, Juanita, than he was in Quien Sabe and failed to make the most of the new Tams, Lemoine & Crane 21-footer. That the boat is able is beyond question. Her hull is finer drawn than Ste. Claire's, also designed by Crane, and she is to all purposes the better boat, but badly fitting canvas and lack of interest in her welfare caused her defeat. Up to the day before the race her crew had not been selected, and the men who sailed her, while they did what they could, had not that perfect team work which is so essential in handling light canvas on a boat of this type. Quien Sabe was not out of the harbor for weeks before the race, and laying at anchor she soaked up so much water that when the measurers put the tape on her she was found to be so close to the danger line that one of her crew had to be left off to keep her from going out of the class.

Mendota, the Milwaukee boat, was no better handled, and her old canvas had been more or less pulled out of shape in the many hard blows she had been sailed in.

In contrast to the slovenly handling the Lake Michigan boats were given the work of Ste. Claire was a joy. Her new mainsail was the admiration of every sailor on the lake, and her light canvas, by Messrs. Wilson & Silsbee, elicited much admiration. Her crew, which Commodore Walker appointed early in the season, had worked day and night in preparation for the event, and the way they handled the boat was a revelation to the easy-going Chicago men.

Mr. Alpheus Jennings, who had the stick on the Walker boat, sailed three capital races and seemed to get all there was in the handsome little cruiser.

First Race—Monday, Aug. 14.

After the fiasco of Saturday, Aug. 12, the first race was postponed until Monday, Aug. 14. The course was an equilateral triangle of 2 miles to the leg to be sailed over twice. When the boats reached the starting line, 2 miles off the Van Buren street gap in the Government breakwater, they found a fresh N.E. breeze blowing at the rate of about 14 miles an hour. A mishap aboard the judge's tug caused the starting gun to go off prematurely, and the boats had to be notified of the mistake. When they finally got the signal to go ahead, Ste. Claire was hovering on the line and shot across in the smoke of the discharge. Mendota was second, 10s. behind, and Quien Sabe had to go about on the line, being headed the wrong way when the gun went off. Hoosier, the fourth entry was last across. Ste. Claire and Mendota stood off on the starboard tack, but soon after crossing the line Hoosier split tacks with the leaders and Quien Sabe followed suit. The thrash to windward showed Ste. Claire at her best, and she gradually drew away from the rest of the fleet. Mendota was 1m. 15s. behind at the end of the 2-mile beat, while Quien Sabe was nearly 8m. to the bad. The second leg was a spinnaker run, and Mendota picked up a few seconds on the run. Ste. Claire's spinnaker fouled in the spreaders, and while it was being hauled down and the mess cleared away, the Milwaukee boat picked up a little.

The second leg was a balloon jib run, and the boats held their relative positions pretty steadily without any gains in particular.

The beat out on the second round of the triangle enabled Ste. Claire to open up a big gap. Splendidly handled she drew away from Mendota, and the race developed into a procession. Price, who had been steering Quien Sabe, disgusted at his poor work, turned the stick over to Mr. U. J. Hermann, a member of his crew, but the change was not enough to enable the syndicate boat to make up any of the lost ground, and she was hopelessly beaten, although Mendota's mistake in holding on the starboard tack long brought her back to Quien Sabe. Here is the time for the two rounds:

First Round.	1st Buoy.	2d Buoy.	3d Buoy.
Ste. Claire	2 44 25	3 01 18	3 19 50
Mendota	2 45 40	3 02 25	3 20 50
Quien Sabe	2 52 02	3 09 29	3 57 37
Hoosier	2 54 34	3 11 55	3 38 08
Second Round.			
Ste. Claire	4 07 07	4 25 42	4 43 52
Mendota	4 13 45	4 31 32	4 48 42
Quien Sabe	4 23 12	4 42 58	5 01 51
Hoosier	4 26 12	4 45 10	5 05 44

Second Race—Tuesday, Aug. 15.

The second race was sailed over a windward and leeward course of 3 miles to the leg, course to be sailed over twice. As on the day before the wind was fresh from the N.E. with a heavy lump of sea running. Supporters of the Milwaukee boat saw in it a great chance for the Cream City boat to win, but again Ste. Claire demonstrated her superiority by going out from the start and opening up a gap in the first thrash to windward. Quien Sabe held on better under the handling of "Sport" Hermann, but could not quite hold the slippery Detroit boat. Brown used the best judgment on the beat, and was first to go from the port to the starboard tack. He gained quite a bit by it, as when Ste. Claire, after overstanding the mark quite a bit, came down to the first buoy, the Miwaukee boat had made up much lost ground. Ste. Claire was first over, with Quien Sabe second, over 3m. behind and Mendota third. The Hoosier was hopelessly out of it. On the run down the wind Ste. Claire increased her lead and the others held their relative positions. On the second thrash to windward Ste. Claire opened up a still larger gap, and at the end she was leading by nearly 7m. Quien Sabe held on to second place, evening up the percentage with Mendota. Hoosier's boom was split and she retired from the race. The sensation of the day was the wonderful showing of La Rita, which has two wins on the Lipton cup to its credit. While it was generally thought that La Rita was out of the struggle and no longer able to compete for the trophy, and had not been entered, Peare sailed over the course after the contestants. Starting 2½m. behind the four racers, he was first around the outer mark, beat Ste. Claire on the run down the wind, and after waiting for her at the finish line, again beat her to the outer mark and sailed home, reaching the finishing line nearly 3m. ahead of the Detroit boat.

That evening at the banquet given to the visiting yachtsmen Peare issued a challenge to race the Detroit boats Ste. Claire and Spray. As La Rita has lengthened out on the waterline, so as to be no longer eligible to the class, the Detroit yachtsmen did not accept the challenge, but told Peare that if he could get his boat back into the class again there were two fine trophies in Detroit which he could sail for, the Walker cup and the Country Club cup. As it will be impossible to bring the old boat back into the class, it is futile to discuss the possibilities of a match race. Here is the official time record of the race:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Finish.
Ste. Claire	2 51 40	3 16 59	4 09 45	4 32 59
Quien Sabe	2 54 55	3 20 54	4 16 05	4 39 19
Mendota	2 55 48	3 20 55	4 23 00	4 48 20
*Hoosier	3 04 54	Did not finish.		

*Broke down.

Third Race—Wednesday, Aug. 16.

The deciding race was sailed Wednesday afternoon over a quadrilateral course, of 3 miles to the leg. As in the previous races, Ste. Claire demonstrated her superiority. Herman got the best of the start, shooting the Price boat over the line in the weather berth, with Ste. Claire half a boat length ahead of him, but under his lee, and Hoosier third. The wind was fresh from the N.E. with a good-sized sea running, and the first leg was a broad reach. Ste. Claire and Mendota broke out balloon jibs, but as the boats got further out in the lake, the wind hauled a bit to the E. and made it a close reach, so that Quien Sabe with a working jib did better work. She worked out to windward and assumed a nice lead. Half way down the leg the other two followed suit and took off the light canvas and then Mendota picked up astonishingly. She forged ahead and crossed the turning buoy 15s. ahead of Quien Sabe, while the Walker boat was 20s. behind. The Chicago 21-footer, Hoosier, started 12m. late, Commodore McGuire sending her to the starting line for the sake of keeping the percentage table unchanged.

The second leg was a thrash to windward, and Ste. Claire's superior ability in going to windward was again demonstrated. She took the lead from Mendota before the journey was half done and rounded the second mark 1m. 15s. to the good. Mendota had held her lead over Quien Sabe and increased it a good bit, the Price boat showing poor form in windward work owing to the fit of her mainsail. The run to the third mark was a reach, and the positions were not changed. Ste. Claire rounded with over a minute's time to spare, and setting balloon jib and spinnaker, finished the race in a smother of foam and canvas, a glorious sight to the spectators at the finish line. Mendota was second, with Quien Sabe third. Hoosier finding herself badly out of it, cut the course and finished with Quien Sabe. Following is the official time for the race:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Finish.
Ste. Claire	2 29 06	3 21 40	3 51 00	4 21 40
Mendota	2 28 31	3 22 55	3 52 23	4 23 02
Quien Sabe	2 28 46	3 26 28	3 56 10	4 27 27
Hoosier	Did not finish.			

Percentage on series: Ste. Claire, .300; Mendota, .200; Quien Sabe, .175; Hoosier, .75.

The race was highly successful in every particular. The arrangements wer perfect, and Chairman Quinland of the Regatta Committee was the recipient of many congratulations. For the first time in the history of the Lipton cup there was not a single protest filed on any race, the work judges deserving special commendation. These officials were Dr. Wadsworth Warren, of Detroit Country Club; ex-Commodore Rollin B. Mallory, of the Milwaukee Y. C., and W. L. Shepard, of the Columbia Y. C.

Wednesday night an informal hop was held at the Columbia club, and Commodore Price presented the Lipton trophy to the Detroit yachtsmen, together with the handsome gold emblem and the souvenir fobs for the crew of the winner.

Quien Sabe is to be sold at auction. The syndicate which built her has announced that the boat is for sale, and as she is a fine little craft, she will undoubtedly fetch a good price.

Dr. Warren Wadsworth, one of the judges, is the owner of Dustye Sydes, the Detroit motorboat which finished first in the race to Mackinac for the Day cup. He has protested the award of the trophy to Erin, on the grounds that the handicap allowed her is too great and not in keeping with the horsepower the boat has developed. The protest has been taken up by the power boat club and will be duly acted on.

J. M. Handley.

Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

AUGUST.

24. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
24. Seaside Park, ladies' race.
25. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
25. West Hampton C. C., ladies' race.
25. Sea Side, club.
25. Beverly, sweepstake.
26. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open.
26. Eastern, power boat races.
26. New Rochelle, club.
26. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
26. Hampton Roads, cruise.
26. Rhode Island, annual.
26. Country Club of Detroit, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
26. Royal Canadian, club.
26. White Lake, open.
26. Moriches, association.
26. San Francisco, cruise.
26. Corinthian, club..
26. Atlantic, Havens cup.
26. Hempstead Harbor, annual.
26. Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup.
26. Sunnyside, Toronto, Commodore's cup.
27. Larchmont, club.
27. San Francisco, club.
28. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
28. Jamaica Bay, open.
28. Chicago, club.
28. Sachem's Head, club.
29. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open.
29. East Gloucester, club.
31. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open.
31. New Bedford, open.
31. Beverly, club.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
1. Beverly, open.
2. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
2. Eastern, power boat races.
2. Larchmont, club.
2. Edgewood, open.
2. Knickerbocker, cruise.
2. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
2. Rhode Island, cruising race.
2 Seaside Park, championship.
2. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
2. Wollaston, cruise.
2. Chicago, cruise.
2. West Hampton C. C., open.
2. Sippican, open.
2 Beverly, club.
2. Corinthian, club.
2. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
2. Nova Scotia, Wenonah cup.
3. San Francisco, cruise.
3. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
3. Detroit, Country Club series.
4. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., open.
4. Seaside Park, open.
4-6. National Power Boat Carnival.
4. Chicago, club.
4. Cobweb, open.
4. Ponoquoque C. C., association race.
4. Beverly, open.
4. Corinthian, handicap.
4. Norwalk, annual.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Wollaston, club.
4. San Francisco, cruise.
4. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta.
5. Country Club (Detroit), cruise.
5. Chicago, club.
6. Country Club (Detroit), club.
6. Chicago, club.
7. Country Club (Detroit), club.
8. Sea Side, power boat races.
9. National Power Boat Carnival.
9. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
9. Bristol, open.
9. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
9. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales Cup.
9. Chicago, club.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Beverly, club.
9. Corinthian, club.
9. Boston, club, Hull.
9. San Francisco, interclub.
9. Larchmont, club.
9. Corinthian of San Francisco, interclub.
10. Rendezvous, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
10. Bristol, open.
10. Middletown, power boat races.
11. Detroit, sweepstakes.
16. Knickerbocker, power boat races.
16. Royal Canadian, club.
16. Chicago, cruise.
16. San Francisco, cruise.
17. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
24. Morrisania, open.
24. San Francisco, cruise.

Madge—Did Charlie propose to you out in the auto?

Dolly—I thought he was going to, but he didn't. When he got down on his knees it was only to crawl under the old machine.—Puck.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Prevents pitting, and keeps bore bright and clean.—*Adv.*

Inland Lakes Y. A. Regatta.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin—First Day, Monday, Aug. 14.

Oshkosh has again carried away the Class A championship of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association, Glyndwr capturing the event for the Oshkosh Y. C. The Class B championship goes to White Bear, Barracouta having secured a majority of points in the series of races sailed.

The regatta opened Monday under inauspicious circumstances. A driving rain and wind swept the lake, and it was decided to postpone the sailing of the race for the Felker cup, which is generally the opening event of the week. The two class races were sailed, however, and the Class A event furnished a thrilling struggle between two Lake Winnebago racers—Winnebago, of Neenah, sailed by Steve Davis, son of Mr. W. L. Davis, one of the best known figures in western yachting circles, and Glyndwr, of Oshkosh, sailed by Will Bray. Winnebago led most of the way, but on the two legs of the triangle, which allowed free sailing, Glyndwr drew ahead, and at the end was over a minute to the good. Seven boats started and all finished, which was considered remarkable in view of the heavy sea and furious rain storm which prevailed. The Class B boats had a hard time of it, and three of seven starters did not finish. The race was easy for Priscilla, of Council Bluffs, which led all the way, winning by 2½m. from Barracouta, the White Bear candidate. Here is the official record of the races:

Class A—Start, 3:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glyndwr	4 49 36	1 49 36
Winnebago	4 50 55	1 50 55
Albatross	4 54 06	1 54 06
Pats	4 57 59	1 57 59
Alpha	4 58 24	1 58 24
Warrior	5 00 02	2 00 02
Charlotte	5 02 24	2 02 24

Class B—Start, 11:00.

Priscilla	1 18 08	2 18 09
Barracouta	1 19 43	2 19 43
Oshkosh, Jr.	1 22 59	2 22 59
Pathfinder	1 24 03	2 24 03

Second Day, Tuesday, Aug. 15.

Tuesday a bright sunshine and a fresh wholesail breeze went a long way toward atoning for the asperities of the opening day of racing. The waves had flattened down and condition favored fine sport. The Oshkosh boat, Glyndwr, again proved her superiority. Davis gave the local boat a hard rub for the first mile or two of the first leg, 2 miles to windward, but at the outer mark Bray was ahead, and he kept that way to the end. After the first round, the course was sailed over three times, Winnebago dropped back and Alpha, of White Bear, became the contender. She never became dangerous, however, and Glyndwr won by over 2m., with Alpha second and Winnebago third. In the Class B event Barracouta, of White Bear, turned the tables on Priscilla and won with plenty to spare with Pathfinder second and Priscilla third.

Following is the way the timers and judges figured it out:

Class A—Start, 3:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glyndwr	5 32 33	2 32 33
Alpha	5 34 35	2 34 35
Winnebago	5 41 16	2 41 16
Albatross	5 41 47	2 41 47
Charlotte	5 46 21	2 46 21
Warrior	5 48 08	2 48 08
Pats	5 49 05	2 49 05

Class B—Start, 3:05.

Barracouta	5 54 27	2 49 27
Pathfinder	5 55 59	2 50 59
Priscilla	5 59 35	2 54 39
Oshkosh, Jr.	6 11 31	3 06 31
Leucothea	6 11 41	3 06 41
Flying Fox III.	6 15 17	3 10 17

Third Day, Wednesday, Aug. 16.

Wednesday was the big day of the week, being Oshkosh day, and a holiday in the city. The club house lawns and verandas were crowded to their utmost capacity all day, and the park overlooking the course was thronged from early morning to nightfall. The two races of the regular Inland Lake Association Regatta were sailed in the morning, and again Glyndwr proved her superiority, winning with 2m. and more to her credit from Albatross. The course was an equilateral triangle of 2 miles to the leg to be sailed over twice. The wind was fresh with quite a bit of sea running. Winnebago got the best of the start, but Alpha soon took command and led around the first time. On the beat to windward on the second turn the local champion assumed the lead, however, and after that the result was never in doubt. The Class B race went to Pathfinder, of Minnetonka, which had no trouble in disposing of its competitors. Barracouta was second and Priscilla third.

In the afternoon the race for the Felkner cup was sailed. This is a perpetual challenge trophy. It has no bearing on the class championship races, and the victory of Winnebago does not affect its standing for the Class A honors. Nine yachts started in the event, and it provided a spectacular and exciting contest. At the finish with the boats rushing to the finish line under full head of canvas, with spinnakers and balloon jibs pulling like wild horses, the steamboats cut across the course. Glyndwr in the lead had to head way off the course to avoid a collision, and Winnebago, which was close behind, managed to swing clear. Before the Bray boat could get back on the course, Winnebago had finished and won the race. Glyndwr crossed 19s. behind, with Oshkosh, last year's champion, third, over a minute back. Here is the result of the day's work:

Inland Lake Race, Class A—Start, 10:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glyndwr	12 05 36	2 05 36
Albatross	12 07 41	2 07 41
Alpha	12 07 47	2 08 47
Warrior	12 09 39	2 09 36
Pats	12 09 52	2 09 52
Charlotte	12 10 36	2 10 36
Winnebago	12 11 01	2 11 01

Class B—Start, 10:05.

Pathfinder	12 33 35	2 28 35
Barracouta	12 24 58	2 19 58
Priscilla	12 28 40	2 23 40
Oshkosh, Jr.	12 31 17	2 25 17
Flying Fox III.	12 33 02	2 28 02
Leucothea	12 33 30	2 28 30
Klickitat	12 36 48	2 31 48

Felker Cup Race—Start, 3:00.

Winnebago	5 05 22	2 05 22
Glyndwr	5 05 41	2 05 41
Oshkosh	5 07 09	2 07 09
Charlotte	5 07 49	2 07 49
Alpha	5 08 07	2 08 07
Wahkita	5 08 07	2 08 53
Albatross	5 09 08	2 09 08
Warrior	5 10 39	2 10 39
Pats	5 11 33	2 11 33

Fourth Day, Thursday, Aug. 17.

Thursday's races were sailed in a 20-mile gale from the S.S.E., with a sea runing that looked big enough to swamp every boat in the fleet. The Class A race resulted in a great victory for the sturdy Alpha of the White Bear Y. C.

The Class B race went to Baracouta, also of White Bear, which showed that the White Bear boats are by far the best sea boats of the fleet. Baracouta's victory was the result of a decision by the judges ruling out Pathfinder, the Minnetonka representative. Both boats started from the wrong side of the starting line and had to be recalled. A series of fouls occurred, which brought out protests from the skippers of both boats. The judges decided in favor of Baracouta, but the skipper of the Minnetonka has appealed his case to the Executive Committee.

Alpha substituted a small suit of sails for the occasion, and this is credited with her fine showing. She led all the way and won easily by over 4m. The course was a 2-mile to windward and return, to be sailed over three times. Here is the official record:

Clas A—Start, 3:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alpha	4 25 15	1 25 15
Glyndwr	4 29 56	1 29 56
Albatross	4 32 04	1 32 04
Pats	4 33 43	1 33 43
Winnebago	4 33 55	1 33 55
Charlotte	4 45 20	1 45 20
Warrior	Withdrew.	

Class B, Summary—Start, 10:00.

Barracouta	12 32 47	2 32 47
Priscilla	12 39 00	2 39 00
Oshkosh, Jr.	12 39 37	2 39 37
Leucothea	12 46 22	2 46 22
Klickitat	12 47 31	2 47 31
Flying Fox II.	12 48 44	2 48 44

Buttinski did not sail, and Pathfinder was ruled out, her time not being taken.

Fifth Day, Friday, Aug. 18.

The final day's racing, Friday, closed the eighth annual regatta of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association and proclaimed the winners in the two events. The judges had to do a lot of figuring to find the winner in Class B, and after much figuring of percentages, decided that Barracouta, of White Bear, had won most points. Glyndwr was beaten in the final race, but she had accumulated four firsts in as many races, and had the championship in her class cinched. With the title she becomes possessed of the Norton cup for one year, with the posibility of its becoming the permanent posession of Mr. Bray if he can win the championship again next year. The morning race for the Class B boats was sailed in a stiff 15-mile breeze, and Pathfinder showed the way around, winning by over 2m., with Barracouta second and Flying Fox, of Fox Lake, third. In the afternoon the wind flattened down to a light, puffy zephyr that was none too steady. The course was a triangular one, the first leg a spinnaker run, the second a beat, and the third a spinnaker run. Winnebago won in fine style, with Albatross second and Alpha third. Glyndwr finished last. The time record follows:

Clas A—Start, 3:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Winnebago	4 36 51	1 36 51
Albatross	4 39 17	1 39 17
Alpha	4 41 29	1 41 29
Charlotte	4 43 55	1 43 55
Warrior	4 45 12	1 45 12
Glyndwr	4 49 40	1 49 40
Pats	5 08 59	2 08 59

Class B—Start, 11:00.

Pathfinder	11 56 20	2 56 20
Barracouta	11 58 45	2 58 45
Flying Fox	12 00 32	2 00 32
Oshkosh, Jr.	12 00 54	2 00 54
Priscilla	12 05 54	2 05 54
Leucothea	12 08 22	2 08 22

Klickita carried out its mast and did not finish.

J. M. Handley.

Newport Y. R. A.

Special Series for New York Y. C. 30-Footers—Aug. 16, 17, 18, 19.

One of the best series of races by small yachts ever held at Newport was sailed during the past week by the new 30ft. class of the New York Y. C., for cups offered by the Newport Y. R. A. The event provided some close and exciting racing, and much interest developed among local yachtsmen, as well as among members of the club present in Newport during the week. For the first day's race this meant practically every one, as the big fleet, on its annual cruise, was detained at Newport an extra day on account of the heavy weather, and all hands who felt inclined were enabled to follow an event, which under the regular schedule would have taken place while the fleet was on its run to Vineyard Haven.

Four races were held, the last being of special interest, inasmuch as three of the old class of Newport 30-footers went up against the new boats. These were Carolina, Pembroke Jones; Eleanor, G. Widener; and Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr. As was anticipated, the old boats proved better than the new class, and the race was the best of the series.

Eleven entered the first race, and on the second day the boat owned by Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, as yet unnamed, started with the others.

First Day, Wednesday, Aug. 16.

The opening event was one of the most exciting races ever sailed in Narragansett Bay. There was almost a gale from the N. E. Out of the eleven starters only seven finished, the other four meeting with accidents that compelled them to withdraw.

The race was one long to be remembered. The owners had wished to have the first race outside, but with the high wind and heavy sea this was deemed unwise and it was decided to send the boats over the Dyer's Island course up the bay, frequently used by the Newport 30-footers. It proved a fine course, making a dead beat to windward and a run homeward. At the outer mark there was wind and sea a-plenty.

Capt. Woodbury Kane's schooner yacht Penelve acted as committee boat, and the starting line was off Permanent wharf at Fort Adams. Other craft in the bay were close reefed, but the little racers carried full sail, and they made a most interesting sight as they flitted about jockeying for a position at the start. Dahinda got across the line first, securing the winward berth. She was closely followed by Neola II. and Oriole, and the rest, excepting Nautilus, were well bunched. Nautilus was fouled at the start and crossed the line more than a minute after gun fire. After crossing, the yachts had a broad reach to Rose Island, and they held their relative positions, but as soon as they hauled on the wind for the thrash to the outer mark, there were some changes. Dahinda had the first mishap, being in second place when the seas carried away her fore hatch and the water poured in so fast that she had to give up the race and put for home.

Minx sprung her mast and withdrew. Nautilus carried away her jib sheets, putting her out of the contest. Banzai fouled Oriole and withdrew. Oriole rounded the mark first and was followed in order by Cara Mia, Neola II., Ibis, Carleta and Alera. Oriole maintained her lead on the homeward run, and although she carried away the jaws of her gaff near the finish, she continued and crossed the line 59s. ahead of Ibis.

The Regatta Committee in charge of the event consisted of Messrs. Woodbury Kane, C. L. F. Robinson, Max Agassiz and A. T. Kemp. The summary was as follows:

Start, 2:11.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Oriole	4 15 27	2 04 27
Ibis	4 16 26	2 05 26
Cara Mia	4 18 02	2 07 02
Carleta	4 21 08	2 10 08
Neola II.	4 21 36	2 10 36
Alera	4 22 06	2 11 06
Linnet	4 26 03	2 15 03
Atair	Did not finish.	
Dahinda	Did not finish.	
Banzai	Did not finish.	
Nautilus	Did not finish.	

Second Day, Thursday, Aug. 17.

The Dyer's Island course was again chosen for the second race, which was sailed under conditions just the reverse of those of the previous day, there being a light S. wind and smooth water. Again there were eleven boats in the contest, Mrs. Vanderbilt's un-named craft taking the place of Linnet, with Mr. Pembroke Jones, owner of the old champion Carolina, at the tiller. The start was made off Fort Adams wharf at 2:10 and Banzai was first across the line, closely followed by Neola II. and the rest of the fleet, well bunched, the Vanderbilt boat being last. All started with spinnakers to port, but after reaching Rose Island the wind hauled more to the S. and they had to gybe over with spinnakers to starboard. The tide was favorable, and despite the light wind, the boats made good time. They were well bunched at the mark, Nautilus rounding first and maintaining the lead on the beat homeward, winning by a little over 8m. The summary, start, 2:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nautilus	5 29 34	3 19 34
Alera	5 37 46	3 27 46
Cara Mia	5 37 55	3 27 55
Atair	5 40 00	3 30 00
Oriole	5 45 53	3 35 53
Ibis	5 47 27	3 37 27
Carleta	5 48 09	3 38 09
Neola II.	5 48 11	3 38 11
Vanderbilt boat	5 53 44	2 43 44
Dahinda	5 54 28	3 44 28
Banzai	5 59 49	3 49 49

Third Day, Friday, Aug. 18.

For the third race the boats were sent out seaward, with a course from Fort Adams to Beaver Tail, and then to Salt Rock and return, a distance of 15 miles. There was a stiff breeze, and it would have been a close and exciting race, only that a shift in the wind spoiled the windward work. There were twelve starters and Neola II. won the race, with Oriole only 14s. behind. The Agassiz schooner yacht Kirin was the committee boat.

The boats made another close and pretty start, so close, in fact, that it was hard to maneuver, and three, Banzai, Nautilus and Atair, were forced over the line ahead of the gun and were recalled. In this way Oriole secured the start, but on the reach to the first mark, Neola II. got the lead and held it to the finish. A tow of barges caused some bother on the return trip through the Narrows, and changed the relative positions of the boats to some extent, but not enough to make any difference in the leaders. The summary, start, 2:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Neola II.	4 02 23	1 52 23
Oriole	4 02 37	1 52 37
Cara Mia	4 03 14	1 53 14
Linnet	4 04 16	1 54 16
Nautilus	4 06 24	1 56 24
Banzai	4 06 46	1 56 46
Vanderbilt boat	4 06 57	1 56 57
Carleta	4 08 07	1 58 07
Ibis	4 08 43	1 58 43
Dahinda	4 09 13	1 59 13
Atair	4 09 37	1 59 37
Alera	4 12 18	2 02 18

Fourth Day, Saturday, Aug. 19.

In the final race of the series three of the old Newport 30-footers entered, and figuratively speaking, they trimmed the new class, although the race was a close one, and there was only 7m. difference between the winner and the last of the fourteen boats that participated. Pembroke Jones' Caroline, sailed by her owner, romped in 22s. ahead of Oriole, and the other two old boats, Eleanor and Breeze, came in third and fourth respectively, both within about a minute of the winner. Judging by this race, the Newport boats have superior speed, as was predicted by all who had watched the work of the new class in the previous races of the series.

It was the most exciting contest of the four, and was sailed in a strong S.E. wind. The course was up the bay to Brigg's Ledge, off Wickford, the longest course yet sailed. Mrs. A. G. Vanderbilt sailed on her boat, which was handled by H. O. Havemeyer, Jr. Eleanor was sailed by E. V. R. Thayer, Jr., and Banzai by Reginald Brooks. The schooner yacht Kirin was again used as committee boat.

Alera crossed the starting line first, closely followed by Carolina, and the rest were so closely bunched that it was hard to tell which had the advantage. The boats had a reach to Rose Island, where sheets were hauled and they then stood up the bay to a mark in Coddington Cove. On this reach Eleanor secured the lead with Carolina second. From the Cove it was a run with spinnakers to the outer mark across the bay and there was little change in the relative positions of the boats. On the beat back to the mark in Coddington Cove Eleanor still held the lead, with Carolina second and Oriole third. After rounding this mark, there came a lively luffing match, during which considerable time was lost, and when they again stood squarely on their course, Carolina had the windward position, with Oriole second and Eleanor third. These positions were held to the finish, and it was a close race. The summary follows, start 2:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina	4 47 41	2 37 41
Oriole	4 48 03	2 38 03
Eleanor	4 48 23	2 38 23
Breeze	4 48 46	2 38 46
Cara Mia	4 49 32	2 39 32
Alera	4 49 43	2 39 43
Neola II.	4 49 58	2 39 58
Nautilus	4 50 24	2 40 24
Ibis	4 51 14	2 41 14
Carleta	4 51 33	2 41 33
Vanderbilt boat	4 52 12	2 42 12
Dahinda	4 52 37	2 42 37
Banzai	4 53 12	2 43 12
Atair	4 54 58	2 44 58

As the result of the series, Oriole won one first and two seconds, Nautilus one first, Neola II. one first, Alera one second, Ibis one second and Cara Mia one second.

F. H. Young.

East Gloucester Y. C.

Gloucester, Mass.—Thursday, Aug. 17.

Two Y. R. A. open races were given by the East Gloucester Y. C. on Thursday, Aug. 17. A race had been scheduled for the afternoon before, but as there were not enough boats present, it was postponed until Thursday morning. In the morning there was a little breeze, but it petered out in the afternoon so much that only the smaller classes finished. The light breeze of the morning was much to the liking of the old Medric, and she sailed a close race with Tyro, winning by 14s. Swallow won by quite a margin from Vera II. in the 15ft. class. Teaser won a good race in the dory class. Seboomook and Kit were together at the line in the start of the first handicap class. Seboomook went out ahead and led around the course in a close race with Nereid. Osprey took first place in this class on corrected time with Nereid second. In the second handicap class Clithero won handily.

Only three classes finished in the afternoon race. Vera II. in the 15ft. class, led until the last leg, when Cigarette took the lead and finished first. Barbara won in the dory class, and took a special cup offered for dories. Clithero again finished first in the second handicap class, but lost to Owaissa on corected time. The summaries:

FORENOON RACES.

22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Medric, George Lee	2 35 06
Tyro, Sumner Foster	2 35 20
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	2 37 12
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 41 19
Urchin, J. Grecnough	Withdrew.

15-footers.

Swallow, John Hayes Hammond	1 36 05
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 41 24
Cigarette, M. T. Prince	1 41 46
Ventus II., Keith Pevear	1 45 24
Princess, J. P. Prince	1 48 26
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 51 22

Dories.

Teaser, R. R. Smith	1 36 39
Barbara, J. J. Blaney	1 37 57
Elizabeth, F., H. W. Dudley	1 39 02
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	1 41 48
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	1 49 31

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Osprey, C. F. Hansen	2 41 35	2 35 14
Nereid, C. H. Lunt	2 39 16	2 36 05
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	2 38 50	2 38 50
Alice and Maude, C. McCurdy	2 55 04	2 45 32
Chinook, J. S. Pomeroy	2 57 00	2 47 28
Alpha, J. Leary	2 47 57	2 47 57
Kit, A. J. Whittier	2 52 01	2 48 50

Second Handicap Class.

Clithero, W. Dean	1 28 01	1 28 01
Aurora, Pidgeon Bros.	1 34 17	1 34 17
Elinor, R. W. Burnett	1 45 04	1 39 40
Dabster, C. W. Bingham	1 39 54	1 39 54
Kamador, Lovell Bros.	1 53 04	1 52 10
Winona, Talbot Howe	Disabled.	
Hobgoblin, O. Harvey	Withdrew.	

Cape Catboats.

Marvel, J. M. Whittemore	Sailover.

AFTERNOON RACES.

15-footers.

	Elapsed.
Cigarette, M. P. Prince	1 35 14
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 36 00
Princess, J. P. Prince	1 37 26
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins	1 42 09
Ventus II., Keith Pevear	1 46 47

Dories.

Barbara, Blaney & Wardwell	1 44 28
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	1 48 34
Teaser, R. R. Smith	1 59 39
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	2 01 33
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	2 35 25
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	2 56 13

Second Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Owaissa, W. Kelly	1 14 15	1 13 31
Clithero, W. Dean	1 13 37	1 13 37
Dabster, C. W. Bingham	1 18 37	1 18 37
Elinor, R. W. Burnett	1 39 17	1 34 52
Kamador, Lovell Bros.	1 41 42	1 40 58
Hobgoblin, O. Harvey	1 54 19	1 48 26

Rhode Island Y. C.

Annual Cruise, Aug. 12-20.

The fourth annual cruise up Long Island Sound by the Rhode Island Y. C. was made during the week of Aug. 13-20, the fleet making its rendezvous in Newport Harbor the evening of Aug. 12. The cruise was highly successful, although only about thirty boats continued with the fleet throughout the week, as against the fifty that participated in last year's cruise.

The first day's run, on Sunday, Aug. 13, was from Newport to New London, a distance of 42 knots. The day was gray and lowery and the sea was heavy, making rough work for the smaller craft for a time. Three sharp showers were encountered west of Point Judith, and altogether the run was tedious, wet and uncomfortable. The wind died out and less than half the sailing fleet reached New London that night, the rest putting in to Stonington and proceeding early in the morning.

Monday's run was to Thimble Islands, 32 knots, where the fleet remained until Wednesday morning as guests of the Sachem's Head Y. C. The day was beautiful and the run was a fine one, but rain set in at night and a heavy E. storm Tuesday caused the abandonment of the regatta planned as a feature of the visit. However, dances were given at the Sachem's Head club house both evenings, and a fine luncheon was given to the visitors Tuesday afternoon, and despite the bad weather, the fine hospitality of Commodore Peck and his club made the visit of the Rhode Island fleet one of great enjoyment. The bonds of fellowship between the two clubs were still more firmly cemented and a joint cruise is talked of for next year.

Wednesday the fleet made the run back to New London, in the face of a northeaster, although there was no rain. That evening the mid-summer mess dinner of the club was held at the Fort Griswold House.

A fine run to Block Island was enjoyed Thursday, a distance of 24 knots. The sloop Lady Mary ran on a ledge near Wicopessett Island, off the E. end of Fisher's Island, and remained there over night, hard and fast. She was hauled off the following morning and rejoined the fleet at Newport Saturday.

The fleet ran back to Newport in fine weather Friday and remained there till Sunday morning. A theatre party at Freebody Park was given by Commodore Rogers Saturday evening, and was attended by about 140 of the yachtsmen.

Sunday morning the cruise ended with a run back to the Prudence Island station, where the fleet disbanded and a clambake was enjoyed at the club house.

Aside from the mishap to Lady Mary, there were few accidents worth mentioning, except that the yawl Navita was disabled at the start by being rammed by a launch in Newport Harbor, and with a section of her starboard planking smashed, was obliged to abandon the cruise.

Some very good racing resulted on the several runs. S. M. Nicholson's fine sloop Ishkoodah led the sailing fleet on every run but one, the cat Wanderer IV., sailing as a sloop, securing that honor on the run from New London to the Thimbles. The latter craft did great work on the cruise and proved herself a phenomenally fast boat, either as sloop or cat. On the first two runs she raced in the small sloop class. Then she was rated with those above 40ft. over all measurement. On the fourth run she was given an arbitrary racing length of 35ft., which was relative to making her assume an over all measurement of 46ft., as the method on this cruise was to add one-half the overhangs to the waterline length. The following day she was given the minimum over all length of the class, 40ft., which gave a sailing measurement of 32ft.

Wanderer IV. is 24ft. waterline length and 34ft. 6in. over all. Despite the handicap imposed by the extra length assumed, the boat made a great showing, and on the day of racing with a 46ft. over all measurement, she finished within 3s. of Ishkoodah on corrected time.

By the conditions of the cruise, as was the case last year, no boat was allowed to take more than two prizes. These were handsome cups offered by Commodore Rogers. The sloops Ishkoodah, Millie, Wanderer IV. and Sachem, the yawls Wanderer and Amorita and the cat Emeline each won two cups, and one each was taken by the sloops Micaboo and Dixie, yawl Rahnee, cat Onaway and launch Tuscora.

In the management of details on the cruise Commodore Rogers was assisted by Fleet Captain George W. Evans and Messrs. F. S. Noch and C. M. Dunbar of the Race Committee, and to their combined efforts the success of the week was due in no small measure.

F. H. Young.

Eastern Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Friday, Aug. 18.

On account of the non-arrival of many of the yachts of the New York Y. C. fleet, the power boat races of the Eastern Y. C. on Friday, Aug. 18, were not as interesting as was expected. Winton sailed her first race in these waters, and although she won in the first class, her time was nothing remarkable. Blink sailed alone in the second class launches. In the third class Tai Kun went into the lead soon after the start and led all around the course. Her rudder was broken on the first round, and she was steered over the rest of the course with an oar. All classes were sent over a course of 12 miles. The summary:

Launches—First Class—Over 50ft. Rating.

	First Round.	Second Round.	Elapsed.
Winton, L. R. Spears	0 18 31	0 17 35	0 36 06
Hupa, C. H. Clark	0 21 45	0 21 39	0 43 24
Tama, F. S. Dunn	0 27 14	0 23 49	0 50 33
Counterfeit, W. Wallace	0 25 05	0 25 34	0 50 39

Launches—Second Class—Cabin Boats, 21 to 50ft. Rating.

Blink, C. W. Estabrook	0 39 52	0 38 44	1 18 36

Launches—Third Class—Open Boats, 21 to 50ft. Rating.

Tai Kun, W. H. Stewart	0 35 51	0 34 49	1 10 40
Farewell, J. A. Burnham	0 39 44	0 37 15	1 16 59
Magyar, A. Erickson	0 47 43	0 47 27	1 35 04
Minx	0 51 05	0 50 57	1 42 02
Puffing Pig	1 04 13	1 02 16	2 06 29
Magnolia	Disabled.		

Saturday, Aug. 19.

The late arrival of many of the yachts of the New York Y. C. fleet, and the non-arrival of others was the innocent cause of the postponement of the annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. in which the yachts of the New York Y. C. were invited to compete. The crews of the yachts which were in the harbor were so worn out with their experience with the gale at Newport and the subsequent weary sailing in calm weather, that the owners decided not to race. In order to satisfy those who wanted to take advantage of a fine breeze, a race was arranged in classes M and N. There was a steady E. breeze, with a lively little hobble to the sea, which made conditions perfect. Chewink IV. and Meemer were across the starting line together in Class M, Meemer being to leeward. A little astern of them was Mira. Meemer pulled through Chewink's lee and led all over the course, beating Chewink IV. and Mira on all points of sailing, although the latter two used spinnakers on the last leg, while Meemer had a torn ballooner. Chewink IV. made better time than Mira on the first reach, and on the windward leg Mira made a little better time with spinnaker set. In Class N, Dorel, which had mixed things up somewhat in an endeavor to start with the larger class, was first across the starting line, with Mimosa III. second. Mimosa III. soon pulled through Dorel's lee, however, and gained on all of the boats in the class throughout the remainder of the race. The summary:

Class M—33 to 40ft. Rating.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 50 21	1 46 32
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 54 21	1 49 22
Mira, Charles Lane Poor	1 54 35	1 50 46

Class N—27 to 33ft. Rating.

Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	1 57 59	1 47 09
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	2 15 32	1 59 11
Dorel, George L. Batchelder	2 11 34	2 01 33
Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	2 22 23	2 06 02

Notwithstanding the run of hard luck which the New York Y. C. encountered from Newport to Marblehead, there was a good-sized fleet in Marblehead Harbor on Saturday evening, when a general illumination was ordered. Many yachts of other clubs visited the harbor, so there were about 300 yachts present on the last night. The big steam yachts of the New York and Eastern fleets made a fine showing with their electric displays, while there was more or less illumination among all of the yachts in the harbor. Upon signal given at 9:15, there was a general display of red fire throughout the harbor, which, with the many colored lights on the yachts, made the scene one of rare beauty. The yachtsmen of the New York and Eastern clubs made the best of the situation, while the members of the Boston and Corinthian clubs and the townspeople were only too eager to help out, and all hands are to be congratulated upon the showing made.

Start of the Eastern Y. C. Ocean Race.

Marblehead, Mass.—Monday, Aug. 21.

In a very light breeze, blowing about S.E., five yachts crossed the starting line in the ocean race of the Eastern Y. C. from Marblehead to Halifax to-day.

Two classes filled, both schooners, in the largest of which Corona and Elmina are the competitors. The other class was Class E, in which the entries were Hope Leslie, flagship of the Eastern Y. C.; Agatha, owned by Mr. W. S. Eaton, of the same club, and Black Hawk, owned by Mr. C. E. Gibson, of the Boston, Y. C.

On account of the light air, two of the schooners were towed to the starting line, off Marblehead Rock, by the committee boat, and the start was delayed 20m. to enable others to get to the line.

Elmina and Corona came to the line, with Elmina a little ahead and in the weather berth. She was too soon, however, and had to go about, while Corona was at the line when the whistle blew. Corona took plenty of time in crossing, while Elmina was handicapped 13s. Both crossed on the starboard tack and stood to the eastward, a short beat out to Halfway Rock being necessary before the yachts could lay their course. Corona stood well over to Satan Ledge before tacking out. Elmina tacked out some minutes after, and Corona was first around Halfway Rock, and when they were last seen was apparently making the best of her advantage at the start.

Hope Leslie was across the line first in Class E, but Agatha had the weather berth. Black Hawk was handicapped 53s. All crossed on the port tack and stood to the eastward. Agatha was first to tack out and Black Hawk followed her, while Hope Leslie stood further toward Satan. Agatha was apparently the first to turn Halfway Rock, with Hope Leslie second and Black Hawk third.

The 30-footer, Sauquoit, owned by Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr., crossed the starting line with the smaller schooners. She had no competitor, however, and so her time was not taken by the committee. Mr. Lothrop was very anxious to compete and in the absence of a competitor determined to go along anyhow. The summary of the start:

Class B.

	Rating	Allowance	Start.
Corona, A. F. Luke	86.95	0 26 39	10 31 00
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	89.90	Scratch.	10 32 00
Class E.			
Hope Leslie, Laurence Minot	55.22	Scratch.	10 35 42
Agatha, W. S. Eaton	47.61	2 56 00	10 35 59
Black Hawk, C. E. Gibson	35.70	8 11 28	10 37 00

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, Aug. 12.

The Beverly Y. C. sailed its 372d regatta off its club house, Saturday, Aug. 12. The event was the third club race of the season, which is a race restricted to yachts owned by members of the club, but in which the yachts may be sailed by professionals.

There were no 46-footers or 30-footers to start, and therefore the 21-footers were the first class to be sent away. At the time they started, the wind was from the S.W., of at least 15 knots velocity, and it remained about constant throughout the afternoon. The 21-footers were sent to Bow Bells and back, and the heavy Barnacle, carrying, at once took the lead and gained steadily throughout the race, finishing 7m. 32s. ahead of Radiant, which boat was in turn a long ways ahead of last year's champion, Terrapin, and Mr. Crane's new Amanita III. These last two boats had a close race, in which Mr. Crane won by a small margin, but Terrapin protested Amanita, which protest has not yet been acted upon.

Three 18-footers started and were sent to Bird Island and back. Wanderer won, with Hindoo second.

The 15-foot class were sent over the inside course, Beverly Y. C. buoy No. 2, Mosher's Rock and return, twice around. Miss Debney, with the heavy-weather boat, made a very good showing, and beat all the fleet, finishing nearly 2m. ahead of the second boat, which was a new one, Tobey, and owned by Mr. James Jackson, who recently joined the club.

Mr. Charles H. Taylor, Jr., acted as judge.

The times in detail follow:

21-footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 56 42
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 03 14
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 06 35
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 07 13
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 11 32

18-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 33 37
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 37 18
Jap, Geo. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 37 35

15-footers—Course 20, 6½ Miles.

Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 33 35
Tobey, Jas. Jackson	1 35 27
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 36 28
Compress, S. M. Weld	1 37 54
Fly, Miss Williams	1 38 38
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 40 59
Peacock, Robt. Winsor	Disabled.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, Gravesend Bay—Friday, Aug. 18.

The N. Y. C. C. representative, Ogeemah, won the second race for the Bensonhurst Perpetual Challenge trophy for Class Q boats enrolled on Gravesend Bay, which was held on the afternoon of Friday, Aug. 18. She defeated More Trouble, the Bensonhurst Y. C. defender, by 52s. corrected time over a triangular course of 10.35 nautical miles. Ogeemah also captured the first event, which was sailed on Thursday, July 27. According to the governing conditions the organization winning two races secures temporary possession of the trophy, holding the same subject to challenge. The N. Y. C. C. thus becomes custodian of the cup. Sailing in the colors of the Bensonhurst Y. C. last year, Ogeemah successfully defended the trophy.

Four boats started in the deciding race of the match. The challenging Brooklyn Y. C. was represented by Ojigwan, and the Marine and Field Club sent Quest. The Atlantic Y. S. boat, Saetta, which started in the first race of the series, was an absentee on Friday. The course selected led from the start off Fort Hamilton, across the channel to the Black Can buoy off Swinburn Island, thence to Buoy No. 2 down the harbor, and home. In the S.E. breeze blowing, the first leg proved to be a reach, the second to windward with a favorable tide and heavy sea, and the last a broad reach home, on the greater part of which spinnakers were carried to starboard.

From the start More Trouble showed great speed, especially on the parts of the course sailed with eased sheets. She finished 2m. 41s ahead of Quest, 8m. 6s. in front of Ojigwan and 8m. 55s. ahead of Ogeemah. The latter got an allowance of 9m. 47s. for the course, which was more than enough to win. Commodore Arthur C. Bellows, original donor of the trophy, will present a miniature to Alfred Mackay, owner of the winning boat. The summary follows:

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 08 04	2 03 04
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 10 45	2 05 45
Ojigwan, George E. Reiners	5 16 20	2 11 20
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	5 16 29	2 11 59

Corrected time, Ogeemah, 2:02:12.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

The Bensonhurst Y. C. gave an open regatta on Saturday, Aug. 19. Twenty-one boats of all classes started, the winners being Vivian II., Tabasco, Saetta, Spots and Beta. It was the fourth and next to the last event to count on the class championship of Gravesend Bay for the season of 1905, the final race of the series being scheduled to occur under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C. on Saturday, Sept. 9.

A fine breeze blew throughout the event from the S.E. and several mishaps occurred to further enliven matters. Cockatoo II. lost her hollow mast for the second time this season, just before the start of the race. During the contest Bobtail ran on the bell buoy at Craven Shoal, one of the turning marks for the larger boats, and Lizana brought up against a scow which almost put her bobstay out of use and spoiled all her chances of winning.

The regular Association courses were covered, leaving all marks to port, It was a broad reach from Ulmer Park to the Marine and Field Club, and another reach to Fort Hamilton. From there Classes P and above went out to Craven Shoal and then to Sea Gate, getting a reach on the first leg and a few windward hitches on the second. The other racers had a stiff windward leg from the Fort to Sea Gate. From there all hands had a reach home.

The features of the day were the excellent work of the N. Y. Y. C. 30-footer Tabasco and the Class Q boats Saetta, Miss Judy and Spots. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	4 23 47	1 18 47
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	Disqualified.	

Sloops Class P—Start, 3:05.

Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	4 23 05	1 18 05
Anona, Menton Bros.	4 29 20	1 24 20
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	4 34 18	1 29 18

Corrected time, Lizana, 1:23:29.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:10.

Saetta, George H. Church	4 15 59	1 05 59
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	4 18 32	1 08 32
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 18 50	1 08 50
Ojigwan, George E. Reiners	4 24 56	1 14 56
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	4 26 49	1 16 49
Quest, F. J. Havens	Did not finish.	

Corrected time, Ogeemah, 1:09:38.

Class Q, Special—Start, 3:10.

Spots, R. C. Viet	4 22 43	1 12 43
Careless, Richard Rummell	4 24 15	1 14 15
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	4 26 25	1 16 25
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 29 15	1 19 15
Mary, Max Grundner	4 30 16	1 20 16
Karma, J. C. Erskine	Did not finish.	

Corrected time, Spots, 1:11:11; Mary, 1:19:27.

Sloops, Class RR—Start, 2:15.

Beta, Snedeker & Camp	4 36 30	1 21 30
Delta, J. J. Mahoney	4 37 22	1 22 22
Gamma, A. H. Platt	4 37 50	1 22 50
Alpha, W. A. Howell	4 42 27	1 27 27

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Huguenot Y. C.

New Rochelle, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE eleventh annual regatta of the Huguenot Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 19, and it was the best race the club has given in many years. The success of the race was mainly due to Mr. Henry M. Myrick, the chairman of the Race Committee, who has worked hard this season to arouse interest in the club events. There were twenty-eight starters, and the winners were: Nike, Memory (sailover), Montauk, Invader, Jr., Paumonak, Aee, Dod (sailover), Vava, Houri, Kenoshi, Wister and Quinsigamond. The race was sailed in a strong N.E. wind that kicked up quite a crabby sea.

Before the start of the 33-footers there was a collision between Nike and Mystral. The bigger boat came off unharmed, but the Mystral lost her mast and had her gear badly chewed up.

The 33ft. sloops and yawls covered a 15-mile course, going twice over a 7½-mile triangle. The 27 and 22ft. sloops and the raceabouts went three times over a 3¾-mile triangle, while the other starters covered this course twice.

Commodore Park's old crack, Mimosa I., now sailing under Mr. T. M. T. Raborg's colors, went out of her way and rounded another mark, losing considerable time thereby. This mistake gave the race to Nike.

Memory had a sailover in the 33ft. yawl class. Rascal withdrew in the 27ft. sloop class and Montauk finished alone.

Invader, Jr., showed the way to her five competitors in the raceabout class and beat Nora, the second boat, 35s. Busy Bee was third.

Heron withdrew in the 22ft. class, and Paumonak and Okee fought it out alone. The former had an easy time of it and won by nearly 9m.

Hamburg was Ace's only contender in the 18ft. sloop class, and Ace won again by a large margin.

Dod was the only starter in the 15ft. class, and she went over the course alone.

Vava and Fanny had a good race in the 15ft. catboat class, and the former won by 19s. Joke, the only other starter, was outclassed.

Houri had an easy time in disposing of Vaquero, the only other boat to start in the Larchmont 21ft. class.

Kenoshi beat Owatanna by over 8m. in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Owatanna lost her rudder, and her skipper continued the race, steering with an oar.

Wister led Arozina all over the course in the Manhasset Bay one-design class. Pup did not finish.

Quinsigamond, the little boat with the big name, had a walkover in the Horseshoe Harbor one-design class.

The summary:

Sloops, 33-footers—Start, 12:10—Course, 15 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nike, Victor I. Cumnock	2 36 09	2 26 00
Mimosa, T. M. T. Raborg	2 44 10	2 34 10

Yawls, 33-footers—Start, 12:10—Course, 15 Miles.

Memory, H. M. Raborg	2 42 08	2 32 08

Sloops, 27-footers—Start, 12:20—Course, 11¼ Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	Did not finish.	
Montauk, W. Sheldon	2 20 00	2 00 00

Raceabouts—Start, 12:25—Course, 11¼ Miles.

Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	2 02 20	1 37 20
Nora, Adrian Iselin 2d	2 02 55	1 37 55
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 07 40	1 42 40
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	2 08 13	1 43 13
Rana, Howard Willets	2 14 02	1 49 02
Cricket, Macy Willets	2 15 04	1 50 04

Sloops, 22-footers—Start, 12:30—Course, 11¼ Miles.

Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 25 39	1 55 39
Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt	2 34 12	2 04 12
Heron, John Le Boutillier	Did not finish.	

Sloops, 18-footers—Start, 12:35—Course, 7½ Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	1 55 45	1 20 45
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	2 03 58	1 28 58

Sloops, 15-footers—Start, 12:35—Course, 7½ Miles.

Dod, D. E. Dealy	2 34 45	1 59 45

Cats, 15-footers—Start, 12:35—Course, 7½ Miles.

Vava, Charles Sutton	2 12 17	1 37 17
Fanny, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	2 12 36	1 37 36
Joke, C. C. Converse	2 44 05	2 09 05

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 12:30—Course, 11¼ Miles.

Houri, J. H. Esser	2 18 19	1 48 19
Vaquero, William Stump	2 23 58	1 53 58

Indian Harbor One-Design—Start, 12:40—Course, 7½ Miles.

Kenoshi, Robert Mallory, Jr.	1 56 30	1 16 30
Owatanna, George Lauder, Jr.	2 04 45	1 24 45

Manhasset Bay One-Design—Start, 12:40—Course, 7½ Miles.

Wister, R. I. Mount	2 06 50	1 26 50
Arizona, G. W. Kear	2 11 29	1 31 29
Pup, T. W. Ratsey	Did not finish.	

Horseshoe Harbor One-Design—Start, 12:40—Course, 7½ Miles.

Quinsigamond, H. A. Woodward	2 20 26	1 40 26

Annisquam Y. C.

Annisquam, Mass.—Aug. 18 and 19.

GOOD breezes favored the Annisquam Y. C. in its series of two Y. R. A. open races, sailed in Ipswich Bay on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18 and 19. On Friday the breeze was light from the S. Medric II. got the start in the 22ft. class, but on the first broad reach Urchin took the lead, with Medric II. second. On the second leg Medric II. got the lead again and held it to the finish. Tyro finished second. In the Cape cats, Marvel won by almost 5m. from Stranger. Aurora got the start in the 18ft. class, with Fritter second and Hayseed third. At the end of the first round Aurora led, with Hayseed second and Fritter third. On the second round Hayseed and Fritter both passed Aurora, finishing first and second. In the 15ft. class, Vera II. had things all her own way. Teaser won in the dory class. In the first handicap class Alice and Maud got the start, with Seboomook second. Alice and Maud led at the first two marks, but on the windward leg, Seboomook got the lead and increased it on the second round of the course. Clithero led around in the second handicap class. Essex won in the power boat class. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Medric II., H. H. White	2 06 30
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 08 14
Urchin, J. Greenough	2 08 23
Peri II., Morton Prince	2 10 25
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 14 33
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 34 07
Medric, George Lee	Withdrew.

Class D—Cape Cats.

Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	2 25 34
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	2 30 33

Class I—18-footers.

Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 06 02
Fritter, Caleb Loring	2 10 28
Aurora, Pigeon Bros	2 12 12
Myrmidon, A. P. Loring	2 34 13

Class I—15-footers.

Vera II., H. Lunberg	2 09 42
Ventus II., Keith Pevear	2 12 42
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins	2 16 24
Swallow, J. H. Hammond	2 17 55
Princess, J. Prince	2 21 47

Dories.

Teaser, R. R. Smith	2 12 51
Barbara, Blaney & Wardwell	2 14 48
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	2 17 44
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	2 17 45
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	2 21 40
Crescent, R. E. Burnett	2 22 16
Sea Sea II., Gordon Foster	2 24 12
Pioneer, M. B. Noyes	2 26 24
Sallie, M. S. Thomson	2 29 06

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	2 01 33	2 01 33
Alpha, J. Leary	2 08 54	2 04 02
Osprey, C. R. Hanson	2 09 54	2 04 58
Alice and Maud, C.McCurdy	2 16 10	2 08 53
Alkyris, A. H. Moody	2 09 02	2 09 02

Second Handicap Class.

Clithero, W. Dean	2 04 10	2 10 10
Winona, Talbot Howe	2 05 03	2 05 03
Lynx, F. Cunningham	2 17 14	2 12 16
Tanager	2 32 34	2 37 36
Sniff, C. R. Prichard	2 34 07	2 27 55
Trifler, F. W. Howes	Withdrew.	
Tedesco, W. F. Pear	Withdrew.	

Power Boats.

	Elapsed.
Essex, E. G. Young	0 44 14
It, H. Haskell	0 57 17
Ronomore, O. B. Perkins	1 07 42
Winona, G. W. Tarr	1 20 38
Opodeldoc, Carl Searle	1 37 45
Marion and Irene, G. E. Higgins	1 38 11
Atlantic, Greenwood	1 38 18

Saturday, Aug. 19.

With a rattling E.N.E. breeze, which gave the boats all they wanted under whole sail, the second race of the Annisquam Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 19, was an immense success. In the 22ft. class the boats were bunched at the start, with Tyro to windward. She stood higher than her course, for a little while, and Nutmeg, Rube and Urchin went out ahead of her. Nutmeg led the class all around the course. Tyro passed Urchin just before the first mark was reached and passed Rube on the windward leg, finishing second. In the 18ft. class Fritter got the start, with Hayseed, Aurora and Myrmidon following. Hayseed went by Fritter and led around the course, with Fritter second. Vera II. and Ventus II. sailed a close race all around in the 15ft. class, with Vera II. doing the leading. Elizabeth F. won in the dory class, and Teaser took the cup offered by Vice-Commodore Smith for the best percentage in the two races. In the first handicap class it was all Seboomook. She won by a good margin on both elapsed and corrected times. Winona won in the second handicap class, with Quakeress second, both being protested by Clithero. Essex won in the power boat class. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 40 14
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 41 34
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 42 19
Urchin, J. Greenough	1 43 53
Peri II., Morton Prince	1 45 11
Medric, George Lee	1 48 32

Class D—Cape Cats.

Stranger, F. E. Dawes	1 08 31

Class I—18-footers.

Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 00 16
Fritter, Caleb Loring	2 02 29
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr.	2 10 21
Aurora, Pigeon Bros	Disabled.

Class T—15-footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg	2 05 21
Ventus II., Keith Pevear	2 06 34
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	2 09 22
Princess, J. P. Prince	2 19 14
Swallow, J. H. Hammond	Withdrew.

Class X—Dories.

Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	2 13 26
Crescent, R. E. Burnett	2 16 49
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	2 17 02
Teaser, R. R. Smith	2 18 05
Bugaboo II., H. B. Smith	2 18 45
Barbara, Blaney & Wardwell	2 18 47
Pioneer, M. B. Noyes	2 20 04
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	Disabled.
Sallie, M. S. Thompson	Withdrew.
Belma, E. Clement	Withdrew.

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 39 24	1 39 24
Osprey, C. R. Hanson	1 46 57	1 42 58
Alpha, J. Leary	1 48 16	1 44 17
Alice and Maud, O. McCurdy	1 52 53	1 44 56
Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 47 29	1 45 30
Trooper, B. H. Brown	2 04 27	1 54 31

Second Handicap Class.

Winona, Talbot Howe	1 58 57	1 58 07
Quakeress, J. H. Hammond	2 00 13	2 00 13
Clithero, W. Dean	2 02 01	2 02 01
Win Her, H. Martin	2 25 37	2 18 32
Tanager, Nason Bros	Withdrew.	
Tedesco, W. H. Pear	Withdrew.	

Power Boats.

	Elapsed.
Essex, E. G. Young	0 48 45
It, Howard Haskell	0 55 27
Winona, G. W. Tarr	1 20 50
Irene and Marion, G. E. Higgins	1 40 01
Alcone, W. P. Rider	1 42 04
Aurora	1 43 34
Pickle, F. H. Hersom	1 43 52

Sewell Cup Race.

Seaside Park, Barnegat Bay—Saturday, Aug. 12.

THE annual race for the Sewell cup was sailed off the Seaside Park Y. C. in a fluky S. breeze on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 12. The boats covered a windward and leeward course twice. A total distance of 12 miles.

The race won by Another Old Maid, a mahogany boat, designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower and built this spring by the Huntington Mfg. Co., of New Rochelle. She is fitted with bilge boards and double rudders.

All told there were nine starters. The Seaside Park, Island Heights and the Bay Head yacht clubs, each being represented in the match by three boats.

Another Old Maid made useful gains early in the race and was never headed. Empress, an earlier Mower production, made better time than Another Old Maid on the first round, but she was never dangerous. She was the last of the nine boats to start, and had she been better berthed, she might have shown up better.

The races for the Sewell cup are the most important matches sailed on Barnegat Bay, and every year more interest in them is taken. The summary follows:

	Time All'nce.	Start.	Finish.	El'p'd.	Cor'd.
Another Old Maid, S. P.	0 06 47	1 47 34	3 34 49	1 47 15	1 40 28
Josephine, I. H.	0 06 02	1 48 04	3 36 22	1 48 18	1 42 16
Empress, S. P.	0 06 41	1 52 00	3 42 41	1 50 41	1 44 00
Alleen, I. H.	0 02 07	1 50 33	3 39 28	1 48 55	1 46 48
Romp, B. H.	0 00 46	1 47 10	3 35 29	1 48 19	1 47 33
Hummer, B. H.	0 00 25	1 47 28	3 35 47	1 48 19	1 47 54
Bouquet I. H.	0 03 12	1 47 16	3 41 55	1 54 39	1 51 27
Vagabond, S. P.	Sc'tch	1 51 04	3 41 11	1 53 07	1 53 07
Teal, B. H.	0 02 14	1 49 24	3 45 23	1 55 59	1 53 45

Beverly Y. C.

Beverly, Delaware River—Saturday, Aug. 12.

THE Beverly Y. C. held its second series race on Saturday, Aug. 12. The winners were Fiona and No. 1. The race was sailed in a wind that shifted from S.E. to S.W., and the boats finished in a heavy squall. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fiona, J. Perkins	5 36 30	2 11 30
Carolyn II., John Hamer	5 52 15	2 17 15
Gertrude, G. W. Holloway	Withdrew.	
Priscilla, P. S. Clarkson	Withdrew.	

Larks—Start, 3:30.

No. 1, Wilson P. Hall	5 28 45	1 58 45
No. 2, H. A. Taylor	5 34 03	2 04 03
No. 5, Pettit	Withdrew.	

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 19.

IN the regular race of the Duxbury Y. C., sailed in a fresh N.E. breeze on Saturday, Aug. 19, Menace won in the 18ft. class, and Nautilus in the handicap class. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Menace, J. H. Hunt	3 22 52
Osprey, A. R. Train	3 30 49
Gem, L. B. Goodspeed	3 31 45
Kittawake, Maxwell	3 35 40

Handicap.

Nautilus, Roy	2 43 58
Bub, Atwater	2 44 50
Old Honesty, H. Clapp	3 07 37

Manchester Y. C.

West Manchester, Mass.—Monday, Aug. 14.

IN a moderate breeze from the S.E., the Y. R. A. open race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed on Monday, Aug. 14. Medric had the windward berth in the start of the 22-footers, with Peri II., Nutmeg and Tyro under her lee. Reaching to the first mark, Tyro went into the lead and stayed there throughout the race, with Medric in second place. Boo Hoo got the start in the 18ft. class, but was passed off Misery Island by Fritter, Moslem and Dorchen. Of these three, Dorchen had the lead when the first mark was turned. On the windward leg Fritter took the lead, and Boo Hoo was second, with Dorchen dropping back to fourth place. On the last leg, Fritter held her lead, while Dorchen went up to second place. In the 15ft. class Princess got the start and led to the first mark, but on the windward leg Cigarette took the lead and held it to the finish. In the handicap class Tarpon got the start and led all over the course. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 28 14
Medric, George Lee	1 30 56
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	1 31 07
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 34 07

Class I—18-footers.

Fritter, Caleb Loring	1 43 35
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 44 11
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 44 59
Moslem I., John Tyler	1 45 56
Mira II., J. W. Olmstead	1 46 12
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	1 49 13
Privateer II., C. E. Adams	1 50 07
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr.	1 51 28
Otter, A. D. Irving	Withdrew.

Class T—15-footers.

Cigarette, M. P. Prince	1 49 03
Swallow, John H. Hammond	1 53 26
Princess, J. P. Prince	1 57 36

M. Y. C. Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tarpon, E. S. Grew	1 32 26	1 32 26
Ayoset, George Wigglesworth	1 48 32	1 32 32
Khalefa, W. A. Tucker	1 38 53	1 36 23

Crowhurst Cup—Tuesday, Aug. 15.

On account of the storm, there were only three yachts ready to start in the open race of the Manchester Y. C. for the Crowhurst cup, presented by Mr. Francis M. Whitehouse, on Tuesday, Aug. 15. There was a stiff E. breeze blowing, which necessitated single reefs for all three, and there was quite a little hobble to the sea; but as the boats were sent inside, the conditions were by no means severe. Opitsah V. got the start, while Khalifa was handicapped by lack of crew. She was further handicapped by not being able to set a spinnaker, which sail might have altered the result of the race. Opitsah V. pulled away from Khalifa on the run to Little Haste, but on the windward leg home Khalifa reduced her lead. Opitsah V. again pulled away when they went off the wind, and Khalifa cut down the leg lead on the second beat. Last year Opitsah V. won a leg in the cup on a fluke, and this year it was practically handed out to her. Having won two races, Mr. Sumner H. Foster, owner of Opitsah V., becomes owner of the cup. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opitsah V., S. H. Foster	2 09 40	2 09 14
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker	2 15 45	2 15 45
Moslem, John Tyler	2 43 52	2 34 06

West Manchester, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE fifth sailing tender race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 19, in a brisk E. breeze. Mr. N. Wigglesworth got the start and led all around the course, with Mr. F. W. Fabyan second. The summary:

	Elapsed.
N. Wigglesworth	1 56 32
F. W. Fabyan	2 00 02
A F Bemis	2 07 14
R W Smith	2 07 32
H S McKee	2 12 00
C E Cotting	2 12 11
I H. Read	2 14 50
H. G. Wigglesworth	2 16 48

Hingham Y. C.

Hingham, Mass—Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE first race of the Hingham Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 19, in a brisk N.E. breeze. Mildred II. was the winner in Class A, Clara in Class B, and Trilby in the power boat class. The summary:

Class—20ft. and Over.

	Corrected
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	0 48 00
Holly II., W. H. Childs	0 49 20
Shrimp, F. S. Blanchard	0 50 55
Nun, F. A. Turner	0 52 10
Anona, Mat Townsend	Not meas.
Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes	Withdrew.

Class B—Under 20ft.

Clara, J. H. Glidden	0 56 24
Rattler, J. Sumner Fowler	0 59 34
Inch Worm, G. & W. Melcher	1 04 26
Winner, Frank Merritt	1 08 26
Hell Diver, George A. Cole	1 13 35
Helen, B. A. Robinson	Not meas.
Little All Right, W. C. Codman	Withdrew.

Class C—Power Boats.

Trilby, Samuel Ross	0 18 15
Wompatuck, Ralph C. Stoddard	0 21 34
Mabel F., George F. Farrar	0 22 17
Smelt, C. B. Barnes, Jr.	0 22 17
Margaret, James Driscoll	0 29 21
Shawna, Elmer J. Bliss	0 32 05

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 19.

A CLUB race of the Winthrop Y. C., with a class for Crystal Bay yachts, was sailed off Winthrop on Saturday, Aug. 19, in a fresh E. breeze. Scamper finished first in the 21ft. class, but lost to Opeechee on corected time. Hattie was an easy winner in the 15ft. class. Aspinquid won in the Crystal Bay class. The summary:

21ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opeechee, F. W. Gilmore	1 14 50	1 08 50
Scamper, Byram & Tewksbury	1 13 00	1 09 00
Lady Faire, W. A. Brown	1 13 30	1 10 30

15ft. Class.

Hattie, L. T. Harrington	1 07 30	1 07 30
Sprite, M. Dempsey	1 27 00	1 17 30
Elf, Mr. Wells	1 20 00	1 20 00

Crystal Bay Association.

	Elapsed.
Aspinquid, Bloomfield Bros.	1 22 50
Yankee, F. Atwood	1 25 48
Domino, Bert Flinn	1 26 55
Janice, J. Donnell	Withdrew.

Nahant Dory Club.

Nahant, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE first ladies' race of the Nahant Dory Club, sailed on Saturday, Aug. 19, in a brisk E. breeze, was won by We Still Live, sailed by Miss Rosamund Fay, with Sprite, sailed by Mrs. Winthrop Hodges, second. The summary:

	Elapsed.
We Still Live, Miss Rosamund Fay	1 05 25
Sprite, Mrs. Winthrop Hodges	1 07 41
Old Girl	1 09 10
——, Miss Ethel Fay	1 11 02
Topsy, Mrs. Wolcott Johnson	1 14 12
Mary Ann, Miss Alice Fay	1 14 28

THE MANY-USE OIL,
The best Gun Oil made. It never gums, nor hardens.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

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Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

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Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
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Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

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Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

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Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
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Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

There is a constant and increasing demand among owners of large places in this country for birds and animals to stock their places. Many people want to restock with native varieties; others do not care what animals they introduce. The beautiful pheasants from Asia are favorites among ornamental birds. People interested in these matters would do well to write to Cross, the Menagerie, Liverpool, England, who, as shown by his advertisement elsewhere, is in a position to supply almost anything in the line of birds or mammals.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.
Sept. 1-10.—Annual out-door championship of the United States Revolver Association. J. B. Crabtree, Sec'y, Springfield, Mass.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

On Sept. 1, the Preble County Hunters' Association will hold its tenth reunion on the rifle range at Eaton, O. The shooting will begin at 10 A. M., and continue all day. Animal targets will be used, 100yds., offhand, open, plain or peep sights. Entrance fee $1. Forty valuable merchandise prizes will be given to the highest scores. The Preble County Rifle Club will hold its regular quarterly shoot on the same day and at the same place. The club contests will be open to those taking part in the Hunters' shoot on payment of $1, 90 per cent. of which will be divided into prizes for the highest scores. Creedmoor targets will be used, 100yds., offhand, open, plain or peep sights. Refreshments will be served on the grounds. At this meeting hunting parties will be organized and plans perfected for the annual trips to the various big game regions of the country. Every effort is being made to make this reunion the best in the history of the Association, and all hunters and riflemen are invited to be present.

The new championship medal of the Jackson Township (O.) Rifle Club was put up for the first time at the regular monthly shoot on Aug. 12. This contest is at 100yds., offhand, four shots, possible 48, and was won by Mose Pence with 46. J. Johnson was second with 45. Other winners of the club medal this season are: Jan. 14, April 8, M. Pence, 45, 46; Feb. 11, J. W. Lesher, 47; March 11, Geo. W. Izor, 46; May 13, June 10 and July 8, J. Johnson, 45, 44, 44. The 20-shot match followed; five events of 4 shots each, possible 48, 100yds., offhand; four money prizes in each and four money prizes in the aggregate. Clemmer and Pence tied on 220 out of 240 for high total, and the latter won first prize in the shoot-off. Johnson, 216, Lesher 200, Izor 203. Izor won first prize in the first event on 47. Lesher in the second on 44. Clemmer in the third on 47. Pence in the fourth on 45. Johnson in the fifth on 47. High totals in this match so far this season have been made by the following: April 8, May 13, and June 10, Johnson 236, 221, 219; May 6, Pence, 222; July 8, G. O. Chrismer, 225.

Rifle Notes.

After touring the Adirondack region, giving exhibitions of marvelous skill with the rifle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Butler (Annie Oakley) are now sojourning in Maine. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of an invitation to witness an exhibition shoot at Bangor, Me., on Aug. 26. Concerning Annie Oakley's wonderful skill as exhibited on this tour, the Portland Daily Advertiser states: "In regard to her shooting abilities some idea of her wonderful work can be entertained when the fact is known that to drive tacks with bullets, clip the ends from postage stamps at a considerable distance, cut a thread with a bullet and to put a hole in a coin thrown high in the air are feats that she accomplishes with ease. When in vaudeville with her husband, it was part of the act, and neither of them calls it dangerous, to stand opposite him and shoot a peanut from the top of his head. 'It was even more spectacular,' Miss Oakley observed, 'to shoot an apple from his head and much easier of course. My husband on more than one occasion laughingly remarked that it was an easy way to have his hair parted.'"

New England Military Rifle Association.

The tournament of the New England Military Rifle Association was held at Wakefield, Mass., Aug. 15-18.

The company five-man team match, limited to New England, distances 200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each range, $7.50 entrance, was won by Co. D, 1st Maine, with a score of 287. Battery B, of Cambridge, came next, with a score of 283.

The scores of the Co. D, 1st Maine team were:

	200yds.	500yds.	
Sergt Marston	3344544—27	4553525—29—	56
Corp Tubbs	5454444—30	3545445—30—	60
Sergt Dougherty	3434544—27	4445345—29—	56
Capt Nash	4444454—29	5344555—31—	60
Sergt C A Marston	4334343—24	5444554—31—	55
Total			287

The Bancroft trophy, for six-man teams from any New England regimental battalion, distances 300 and 600yds., 10 shots at each range, had thirteen contestants. The match was shot in a rain storm. The scores:

	300yds.	600yds.	Total.
5th Mass.	247	226	473
1st Corps of Cadets	240	234	472
1st Co. C, Artillery	236	225	471
1st Maine	232	227	459
6th Mass.	225	229	454
9th Mass.	225	227	452
8th Mass.	226	219	447
2d Conn.	231	213	444
1st R. I.	231	212	443
2d R. I.	216	224	440
1st N. H.	227	192	419
2d N. H.	243	168	411
1st Conn.	182	148	330

The Essex county match, individual squadded match, New England only, 200 and 500yds. rapid fire, 10 shots at each range. High score was made by Private James Durward, Co. G, 5th Mass., as follows:

200yds. .....5555455533—45
500yds. .....5555555555—50—95

In the Gov. McLane trophy, squadded match, 500yds. ten counting shots, high scores were:

Lieut Bullard, Battery F, C. C. A.....5555455555—49
Private Harrison, Co. F., 2d Conn.....5555555554—49

In the Hayden trophy, individual squadded match, 200yds., Pvt. Wise was first with 33 points; Pvt. Sweeny, Pvt. Gibson, Pvt. Durward and Sergt. Sweeny were 32 each.

The O'Keefe trophy, distance 600yds., squadded match, was won by Q. M. Berg with a score of 48; Sergt. M. P. Stiles, second, with 48.

The New England Interstate match was begun on Aug. 17. The conditions were 12-man teams from each of the New England States; 200yds slow fire; 200yds. rapid fire at the F target; 500yds. rapid fire at the F target; 600yds slow fire, 1000yds. slow fire and one skirmish run at the G target; 10 shots at each of the known distances; 20 shots in the skirmish run.

For a trophy donated by the New England States the Massachusetts team was victorious with scores as follows:

	200 Yds.	500 Yds.	Thursday's Skirmish.	Score.	Total.
Q M Sergt Berg	38	34	82	115	269
Lieut Underwood	41	42	32	107	222
Pvt Wise	36	31	77	123	267
Corp Simonds	44	38	54	113	249
Sergt. Cox	42	33	48	117	240
Sergt Jeffers	42	43	69	107	262
Musician Parker	47	42	43	96	228
Pvt Durward	45	42	68	116	271
Sergt Davison	45	36	58	98	237
Sergt Keough	47	38	58	128	271
Pvt. Chesley	36	43	58	107	244
Sergt Newhall	43	40	66	105	254
Total	506	462	713	1332	3013

A summary of the other contestants in the Interstate match follows:

	Mass.	R. I.	Maine.	N. H.	Conn.
200yds. S F	514	173	496	484	480
600yds. S F	466	454	459	387	399
1000yds. S F	352	365	341	273	225
200yds. R F	506	484	486	422	431
500yds. R F	462	421	429	344	361
Skirmish	713	648	630	474	379
Totals	3013	2845	2841	2384	2275

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 23.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y., G. C. tournament. R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-26.—Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo, N. Y., tournament.
Aug. 26.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club tournament. W. R. Fieles, Sec'y.
Aug. 26.—Newport, R. I.—Mullerite Gun Club on grounds of Aquidneck Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; $1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Aug. 31.—New London, O., Gun Club second annual. A. Ledgett, Sec'y.
Aug. 31.—Reading, Pa.—Spring Valley Shooting Association. Arthur A. Fink, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club Labor Day shoot.
Sept. 4.—Rahway, N. J., G. C. Labor Day tournament.
Sept. 4.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Edward F. Markley, Sec'y, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 4.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C., Labor Day shoot. J. H. Bell, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Englewood, N. J.—Labor Day shoot of Pleasure Gun Club. C. J. Westervelt, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Auburn, N. Y., G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club all-day shoot. H. L. Carpenter, Sec'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.
Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside G. C. all-day tournament.
Sept. 4-5.—Rochester, N. Y., R. and G. C. fall tournament F. E. McCord, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Dayton, O., G. C. tournament; $100 added.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-6.—Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club tournament. C. W. Doten, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-9.—Detroit, Mich.—Fifteenth annual international shoot; two days, targets, one day live birds.
Sept. 13-14.—Allentown, Pa.—The John F. Weiler and Allentown R. and G. C. tournament.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Sept. 27-28.—Bradford, Pa., G. C. tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Broken Bow, Neb., Gun Club tournament. F. Miller, Sec'y, Berwyn.
Oct. 3-4.—Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of Jefferson County G. C. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Hyannis, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. McCauley, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Alliance, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. A. Shawrer, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C., tournament. J. H. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club announces that their next monthly shoot will be held on Sept. 16.

At the two-day tournament of the Carlisle Gun Club last week, Mr. J. M. Hawkins was high gun each day. For the two-day general average, Mr. T. D. Hackett was second.

In a team match on Aug. 19, seventeen men on a side, in the first of a series of matches between Coatesville and West Chester, Pa., on the grounds of the latter, Coatesville was defeated by a score of 333 to 297.

A press dispatch recounts that the Kaiser recently watched a shooting match from one of his war canoes. The targets were six old torpedo boats, and the guns were navy small caliber. There was an omission concerning the kind of traps used.

Fourteen events constitute the programme of the New Haven, Conn., Labor Day tournament, Sept. 4. The events are at 10 and 15 targets, 65 cents, and $1.22 entrance. Totals, 175 targets, $13.09 entrance. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Targets 1½ cent. John H. Gould, Secretary.

Richard H. Gosman, Secretary, writes us that target shooting will be resumed on Thursday and Saturday afternoons, on the grounds of the Queens County Gun Club, Hunter's Point avenue, Long Island City, after Sept. 1. Targets, 1½ cent. The grounds are situated within a half mile of Thirty-fourth Street Ferry.

The Cumberland (B. C.) News, of recent date, recounts that the local gun club has suffered from the vandalism of certain marauders who break locks and other parts of the club property, besides disarranging the mechanism of the traps so that they work badly, all of which denotes that the higher civilization has reached British Columbia.

The fall opening shoot of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, Sept. 4, is open to members only. The main event is at 25 targets, 50 cents entrance, and first prize is the Hunter Arms Co. medal, value $10; second prize, a pair of opera glasses, value $6, donated by Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales. Shooting will begin at 2 o'clock. C. G. Blandford, Captain; G. B. Hubbell, Secretary.

At the shoot of the Chicago Trapshooters' Association, Aug. 17-19, Mr. W. R. Crosby missed 6 targets out of the 600 shot at in the three days, which is below his usual good form. He made a run of 214, which is trifling, compared to some of his recent prior performances. However, there is no doubt but what this redoubtable shotgun artist could settle the war between Russia and Japan, single-handed, if placed on the firing line.

At the Interstate shoot at Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 16-18, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club, Hon. T. A. Marshall was high in the event at 25 pairs. He scored 45 in that event, which was a sterling performance. He was closely pressed by the renowned gladiators Messrs. Fred Gilbert, R. O. Heikes, W. H. Heer, J. S. Fanning and Alva Wilson, each of whom broke 43. The averages on the first day were as follows: Professionals—First, Fred Gilbert, 191 out of 200; second, W. H. Heer, 186; third, Harold Money, 180. Amateurs—First, Wm. Veach, 192; second, Alva Wilson, 180; third, Ed. O'Brien, 178. On the second day, in the special event at 25 targets, use of both barrels, Fred Gilbert at 21yds., and A. C. Holmes at 18yds., broke straight. High averages, amateurs, were: Wm. Veach 183 out of 200; second, Ed. O'Brien, 179; third, E. A. Arnold, 178. Professionals—First, W. H. Heer, 193; second, Fred Gilbert, 191; third, R. O. Heikes and Harold Money, 187. On the third day, in the special event, 25 targets and 10 pairs, handicap rise, T. A. Marshall and W. H. McGee tied for first on 40 out of 45; second, Chris. Gottlieb, 39; Fred Gilbert third, 38. Amateur high averages—First, Ed. O'Brien, 181; second, Wm. Veach, 175; third, E. A. Arnold, 173. Professionals—First, J. S. Fanning, 187; second, Fred Gilbert, 186; third, W. H. Heer, 184. General averages for the three days: Amateurs—First, Wm. Veach, 550 out of 600; second, Ed. O'Brien, 538; third, E. A. Arnold, 528. Professionals—First, Fred Gilbert, 568; second, W. H. Heer, 563; third, R. O. Heikes, 548.

BERNARD WATERS.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 19.—Hunter was high gun for Dupont trophy. This trophy is shot for under distance handicap, 16 to 20yds. Moller won Peters badge. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Finley	22	22	19	18	20	21	..	..	..	..
Tripp	20	18	20	22	21	23	24	21	23	18
Parry	23	22	22	20	18	..	..	..	..	..
Hunter	21	21	23	24	20	22	..	..	..	..
Moore	22	20	21	23	24	19	22	20	..	..
Steele	21	21	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moller	21	22	23	22	21	23	24	17	..	..
Smith	21	21	17	20	18	..	..	..	..	..
Armstrong	19	17	19	20	17	22	17	..	..	..
Morris	16	17	15	15	20	20	14	..	..	..
Southern	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morgan	13	18	17	14	18	..	..	..	..	..
Sutcliffe	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

THE MANY-USE OIL.
In 6-oz. can with spout. Is safe and handy. Cost 25 cents.—*Adv.*

Interstate at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 19.—Only the intense heat interfered with the opening day of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament at Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 16 to 18, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club, at the Schmelzer Shooting Park. The attendance was good, and more than ordinary interest was shown by those who took part in the tournament.

The tournament opened at 10 o'clock and continued to noon, six events being finished when an hour's intermission was taken for luncheon. In the afternoon the events were shot in good time, and came to a close just as a heavy wind and rain storm struck the shooting grounds.

There were twelve regular events on the programme. The first, second, fourth, fifth, seventh, eighth, tenth and eleventh were at 15 targets each, and the third, sixth, ninth and twelfth were at 20 targets each.

Besides the regular events, there were two special events on the programme. The first was one of 25 pairs, in which there were nineteen entries. T. A. Marshall was high man in this event with 45 out of a possible 50. R. O. Heikes, W. H. Heer, J. S. Fanning, Fred Gilbert and Alva Wilson were in second place with 43 to the credit of each. Ed. O'Brient was third with 41, and E. A. Arnold made 40.

The second special event was that for the Schmelzer cup, and it had fifteen entries. The conditions were 10 targets, entrance 50 cents. Six men tied with straight scores, and in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Fred Gilbert won.

Among the amateurs, Wm. Veach was in first place for the day with a score of 192 out of a possible 200; Alva Wilson was second with 180 and Ed. O'Brien third with 178. Among the manufacturers' agents, Fred Gilbert was first with 191, W. H. Heer second with 186, and Harold Money third with 180.

The second day of the tournament was attended by a large crowd of spectators, and more different shooters took part than on the first day. The shooting as a whole was of a good average, although no records were ever in danger of being broken. The programme but slightly varied from that of the day before, there being twelve regular events of 15 and 20 targets each, and two special events. The first special was a 25-target handicap event, use of both barrels. Fred Gilbert at 21yds., and A. C. Holmes at 18yds. broke 25 each, J. S. Fanning (19) broke 24; Wm. Veach, W. H. Heer and R. O. Heikes, at 20yds., E. A. Arnold at 19yds., and L. Sherman and W. B. Cosby at 16yds., broke 23 each; Chris. Gottlieb and Harold Money, at 19yds., R. W. Murray, at 17yds., and C. Kleinhaus at 16yds., broke 22 each.

The second special was a 10-target event for a Schmelzer cup, and it had sixteen entries. Six broke the entire number, and in the shoot-off Gilbert won.

Among the amateurs, Wm. Veach was again in first place for the day with 183 out of a possible 200; Ed. O'Brien was second with 179, and E. A. Arnold third with 178. Among the manufacturers' agents, W. H. Heer was first with 193, Fred Gilbert second with 191, and R. O. Heikes and Harold Money tied for third with 187.

The third day of the tournament was an unfavorable one for the shooters. The scores made were below those of the two previous days, but considering the rain, cloudiness and high wind, the shooting as a whole was remarkably good. The regular programme consisted of twelve events, and several special events were added. The main special event was one of 25 targets, handicap rise, use of both barrels, and 10 pairs at 16yds. T. A. Marshall and W. H. McGee tied for first place with 40 out of a possible 45. Chris. Gottlieb was second with 39, and Fred Gilbert third with 38.

Among the amateurs Ed. O'Brien was in first place for the day with a score of 181 out a possible 200; Wm. Veach was second with 175, and E. A. Arnold third with 173. Among the manufacturers' agents, J. S. Fanning was first with 187; Fred Gilbert was second with 186, and W. H. Heer third with 184.

For general average among the amateurs, Wm. Veach was in first place with a score of 550 out of a possible 600; Ed. O'Brien was second with 538, and E. A. Arnold third with 528. Among the manufacturers' agents, Fred Gilbert was first with 568, W. H. Heer second with 563, and R. O. Heikes third with 548.

The cashier's office was in charge of Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., than whom there is no better in this particular line.

The scores of the three days follow:

Aug. 16, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Harold Money	14	15	20	12	13	17	12	14	17	15	14	18	200	180
Wm Clayton	12	14	16	14	12	15	13	14	18	11	14	16	200	169
E A Arnold	13	12	16	15	10	19	14	12	19	15	13	19	200	177
Chris Gottlieb	11	12	16	14	14	17	13	11	02	14	9	18	200	169
Ed O'Brien	14	11	19	12	12	18	13	11	20	15	14	19	200	178
T A Marshall	9	11	15	12	14	5	10	13	17	15	13	17	200	151
O N Ford	14	14	19	13	14	15	15	14	20	13	14	20	200	185
Wm Veach	14	15	20	12	14	20	14	15	20	15	15	18	200	192
H L Sherman	13	12	16	14	14	17	13	14	19	15	15	18	200	180
D Elliott	8	8	12	10	8	14	14	11	13	10	12	12	200	132
A A Brown	12	12	16	14	12	16	12	13	19	13	14	16	200	169
L Muersterman	10	10	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	60	44
Chas Kleinhaus	10	12	13	8	12	16	10	13	15	15	11	15	200	150
W A Smith	11	13	12	13	11	15	11	10	16	12	13	18	200	155
J S Fanning	14	12	17	13	11	17	14	13	18	14	11	18	200	172
C A Young	13	13	15	15	14	18	12	11	17	13	10	16	200	166
Wm Heer	14	13	19	14	13	20	13	15	17	14	14	20	200	186
C W Zoofelt	13	12	16	14	13	17	14	14	18	14	13	18	200	176
W B Cosby	13	12	13	13	13	17	10	12	17	13	12	13	200	158
Alva Wilson	15	12	20	14	14	18	13	14	19	15	14	12	200	180
R O Heikes	14	12	17	13	14	19	14	14	18	13	13	18	200	179
B Eisenhauer	13	13	16	12	10	14	13	11	17	13	13	18	200	163
C B Adams	14	14	19	12	13	12	14	15	18	14	12	18	200	175
M Lester	12	10	17	7	8	14	11	12	15	12	7	14	200	139
Fred Gilbert	14	13	20	14	14	18	14	15	20	15	14	20	200	191
A C Holmes	10	14	18	11	13	18	12	15	18	9	14	20	200	172
C E Henry	12	11	17	11	11	15	12	10	16	14	11	14	200	154
L Moine	11	14	14	6	..	..	11	13	19	15	11	17	165	131
R W Murray	15	11	15	14	11	15	15	14	16	13	14	19	200	172
T L Haymes	13	12	11	11	12	13	12	10	15	13	13	19	200	154
E D Lytle	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
Dr Sevier	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	14	11	9	10	100	66
Dr Hamilton	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	16	13	10	13	100	68
E J Costello	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
C C Herman	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
J Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	15	4
Jos McMillan	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	15	5
Kopf	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	15	9
J F Schmelzer	12	11	15	10	..	17	10	14	15	..	..	..	135	104
A F Rickmers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	11	14	..	65	51

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	50	10	Targets:	50	10
R O Heikes	43	9	C B Adams	35	9
B Eisenhour	35	6	L Muersterman	37	..
E A Arnold	40	10	T A Marshall	45	10
Wm Heer	43	10	Alva Wilson	43	..
Chris Gottlieb	36	9	W B Cosby	37	..
Ed O'Brien	41	10	C C Herman	38	..
A C Holmes	32	..	Fred Gilbert	43	10
C W Zoofelt	38	..	C A Young	..	8
Wm Veach	39	9	E Beasley	..	6
Wm Clayton	31	..	H L Sherman	..	8
H Money	39	..	M Lester	..	7
J S Fanning	43	10			

No. 1 was special event, 25 pairs. No. 2 was special event, 10 targets for cup. Gilbert won tie in cup event, shooting miss-and-out.

Aug. 17, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Harold Money	14	13	18	14	13	19	15	15	18	15	14	19	200	187
A C Holmes	13	12	19	13	15	18	12	14	19	12	11	17	200	175
E A Arnold	1314		19	13	14	18	11	15	16	13	14	18	200	178
Chris Gottlieb	13	13	19	13	14	19	14	13	19	13	12	18	200	180
Ed O'Brien	13	12	19	14	15	17	14	13	15	12	15	20	200	179
T A Marshall	14	14	17	11	14	18	12	11	16	12	13	14	200	166
L Moine	11	14	16	9	11	11	11	13	16	13	10	18	200	153
Wm Veach	14	13	17	14	15	18	13	14	18	14	14	19	200	183
Jos P Leggett	12	10	14	10	9	14	8	10	12	13	9	12	200	133
David Elliott	9	12	13	8	12	17	14	14	14	13	12	16	200	154
J S Fanning	12	13	17	11	15	18	14	14	18	15	14	19	200	180
T L Haymes	11	13	17	14	11	14	9	12	14	13	11	16	200	155
Chas Kleinhaus	11	14	12	13	11	16	11	11	17	14	15	18	200	163
R W Murray	11	13	19	13	12	13	10	12	18	12	8	18	200	159
Dr Sevier	9	10	12	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	59
C A Young	14	14	17	15	13	19	13	15	17	13	13	19	200	182
Wm Heer	15	14	20	15	15	18	14	15	20	15	14	18	200	193
C W Zoofelt	12	13	14	13	11	16	13	13	18	14	13	14	200	193
W B Cosby	12	13	14	14	14	16	12	12	15	15	13	18	200	164
Alva Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	13	13	16	11	10	18	135	111
R O Heikes	11	14	19	14	14	20	15	15	18	14	14	19	200	187
B Eisenhour	11	14	18	14	11	16	13	9	18	12	14	13	200	163
C B Adams	13	14	18	14	14	18	14	13	16	13	12	17	200	176
M Lester	13	13	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	45
Fred Gilbert	14	15	20	14	15	20	15	14	17	14	14	19	200	191
H Kennedy	12	12	14	15	12	16	13	15	16	13	15	16	200	169
Henry Hugg	10	9	14	13	9	15	12	13	12	11	8	15	200	141
J R McLaughlin	10	12	16	12	10	16	14	13	17	11	12	9	200	152
J J Van Wyck	12	12	19	6	9	13	8	9	17	9	11	11	200	136
Dr Brown	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9
W L Payne	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
J F Schmelzer	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	10	..	..	..	..	50	36
L Sherman	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	20	15
C W Fulkerson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	16	11	11	100	70
J W Harlan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	11	12	14	80	58
J H Harlan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	7	10	17	80	52
A F Rickmers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	19	11	13	14	100	77
R Hayson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	..	..	..	30	14
A M Maston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	..	..	30	22
J W McWhorter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	15	4
E E Hairgrove	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	11	..		30	23
W J Sprague	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	35	23
C Hubbell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	20	5
Dr Plank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18		35	31
Joe Batchellor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11		20	11

Special events. No. 1 was at 25 singles, use of both barrels, handicap. No. 2 was cup event, 10 singles. Ties miss-and-out; all at 16yds.:

Fred Gilbert won shoot-off in tie of cup event.

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	25	10	Targets:	25	10
T A Marshall, 19	21	7	E A Arnold, 19	23	10
B Eisenhour, 17	20	..	C B Adams, 19	20	10
C Kleinhaus, 16	22	7	Lou Sherman, 16	23	..
Dr Sevier, 16	17	..	A C Holmes, 18	25	..
Wm Veach, 20	23	9	Alva Wilson, 19	18	..
C W Zoofelt, 17	20	..	W B Cosby, 16	23	..
Chris Gottlieb, 19	22	10	C C Herman, 18	20	..
Harold Money, 19	22	10	H Hugg, 16	18	6
J S Fanning, 19	24	8	E E Hairgrove, 17	20	..
W Heer, 20	23	10	R W Murray, 17	22	9
Fred Gilbert, 21	25	10	C A Young	..	8
R O Heikes, 20	23	8	H Kennedy, 16	17	..
Ed O'Brien, 19	21	9	T L Haymes	..	7

Aug. 18, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Harold Money	11	14	17	14	12	17	12	14	19	13	14	19	200	176
A C Holmes	13	9	10	13	14	14	12	14	16	12	13	17	200	157
E A Arnold	11	12	17	15	13	16	11	13	18	15	13	19	200	173
Chris Gottlieb	15	11	16	11	15	15	14	14	18	13	14	17	200	173
Ed O'Brien	13	12	18	11	14	19	13	12	19	15	15	20	200	181
T A Marshall	10	14	16	12	8	13	12	10	8	14	12	18	200	157
Alva Wilson	8	11	17	12	13	17	14	12	15	14	13	19	200	165
Wm Veach	10	13	17	11	14	19	14	14	17	14	14	18	200	175
H E Sherman	12	14	14	15	13	16	14	14	18	13	14	18	200	175
Dave Elliott	10	12	19	7	11	12	10	11	17	13	13	17	200	152
J S Fanning	15	14	16	13	15	19	15	15	17	15	14	19	200	187
Chas Kleinhaus	10	10	12	10	11	16	13	12	16	11	14	15	200	156
H Kennedy	11	11	13	11	10	16	10	13	14	17	11	14	200	145
J W Harlan	8	11	10	9	8	13	9	8	7	9	8	10	200	110
J H Harlan	3	7	6	8	5	15	4	5	8	7	8	7	200	83
C A Young	14	13	18	12	12	18	14	14	16	14	13	19	200	177
Wm Heer	14	14	17	13	12	16	14	15	20	15	15	19	200	184
Chas Zoofelt	8	8	10	14	9	17	12	13	16	11	13	17	200	148
W B Cosby	11	8	15	11	12	14	11	11	15	9	15	15	200	147
T L Haymes	7	11	15	14	9	19	15	14	16	13	12	15	200	160
R O Heikes	11	12	17	13	15	19	15	15	19	15	14	17	200	182
W H McGee	13	13	17	11	13	15	14	14	16	12	14	19	200	171
C B Adams	13	13	18	12	12	17	13	14	19	13	13	17	200	174
R W Murray	11	8	12	11	9	10	11	10	17	11	11	14	200	135
Fred Gilbert	14	14	18	13	14	17	14	15	20	13	14	20	200	186
Chas. Davis	12	11	..	9	13	..	10	12	17	11	12	16	160	123
Pete Frederick	8	7	..	7	11	..	8	9	10	12	11	10	160	93
J Ryan	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	9
A F Rickmers	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	14	12	13	18	100	79
M B Horton	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	15	9	12	13	100	75
C C Herman	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	..	14	13	..	60	53
J Van Wyck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	20	18

Special event, 25 singles, use of both barrels, and 10 pairs, at 16yds.:

	S.	P.		S.	P.
F Gilbert, 22	22	16—38	Ed O'Brien, 19	20	11—31
R O Heikes, 20	22	12—34	E A Arnold, 19	21	12—33
J S Fanning, 20	20	17—37	Alva Wilson, 18	22	15—37
Wm Veach, 20	20	13—33	W H McGee, 18	24	16—40
Wm Heer, 20	21	15—36	Chas Kleinhaus, 16	21	12—33
H Money, 19	22	14—36	W B Cosby, 16	20	10—30
T A Marshall, 19	21	19—40	T L Haymes, 16	20	11—31
C B Adams, 19	19	16—35	Chas Zoofelt, 16	15	13—28
Chris Gottlieb, 19	22	17—39			

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—The Mountainside Gun Club, of Orange, will visit the Montclair Gun Club on Saturday Sept. 2, their team shooting against the Montclair team. This is the ninth match in the series of team races between the clubs composing the North New Jersey Shooting League, but the first time for the Orange club to meet Montclair in the present series.

Among the prizes at stake are $50 in gold, a silver loving cup presented by the Dupont Powder Co., and a gold watch fob, the gift of J. H. Lau & Co.

Besides the team race, there will be five other events for silver prizes. Shooting begins at 1:30 P. M.

The grounds are located corner Grove street and Bellevue avenue, Upper Montclair.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Aug. 19.—An enjoyable little shoot was held at the Bound Brook Gun Club on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Neaf Apgar made high professional average, while Mr. S. Glover was only one behind. Mr. Von Lengerke was third, and last came Nicol. Mr. Cox, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. W. Slater, of Rahway, were tie for high amateur average.

The cups the club put up as prizes were scattered pretty well around the country, when they were put up on the shelf at night. The first one went with Mr. Colquitt to South Orange. The second will finally rest at Tennessee as soon as Mr. H. T. Nelson returns home. The next two were taken to Newton, N. J., by Mr. Woodward and Mr. Crow.

The medal was won by Mr. Cox, of Detroit, Mich. Mr. Hooey won the club event for the silver loving cup, and Dr. J. B. Pardoe won the Hunter Arms Co. medal. The Doctor now has two wins on it.

The club will hold its next monthly shoot on Saturday, Sept. 16.

						—Extra Events—						
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10		25	25	15	15	10	10	10
Dr Gardiner	9	9	7	6	5—31		..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Colquitt	8	8	9	9	10—44		..	..	11	11	..	..	..
H Von Lengerke	10	9	8	9	6—41		..	..	..	11	..	..	..
W Slater	9	8	9	10	9—46		..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cox	10	9	9	9	9—46		..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Shan	6	8	9	7	7—37		..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Apgar	10	9	10	9	9—47		23	24	13	..	..	..	..
Glover	10	10	7	10	9—46		..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H J Nelson	7	8	7	8	5—35		..	..	..	12	..	8	..
John Nelson	7	7	7	5	7—33		14	..	13	12	9	5	7
Woodward	8	9	8	8	9—42		..	..	..	..	..	5	7
Nicol	6	5	7	7	7—32		..	..	..	12	7	..	..
Hooey	6	8	5	8	9—36		23	..	4	8	..	..	..
Crow	7	7	4	7	8—33		..	..	..	..	..	4	4
Dunning	3	..	..	..	..		..	..	10	..	5	..	..
Bishop	6	7	..	..	..		..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Roberson	..	..	..	..	..		15	..	..	..	6	..	..
Dr Bache	..	..	..	..	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	7
F K Stelle	..	..	..	..	..		13	..	..	..	..	..	..
J B Pardoe	..	..	..	..	..		15	21	13	..	..	..	..
J Magaw	..	..	..	..	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Ross	..	..	..	..	..		..	..	10	..	5	5	9
Martin	..	..	..	..	..		12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Krauss	..	..	..	..	..		12	..	..	..	..	..	..

Club race, for cup, handicap: Apgar 23, Hooey (2) 25, Pardoe (2) 17, Martin (6) 18, Stelle (4) 17, E. E. Roberson (5) 20.

Hunter Arms Co. medal, 20 singles and 10 pairs: Apgar 36, Hooey 26, Pardoe 36, Martin 28, Stelle 22.

F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

Mountaineers' Gun Club.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Aug. 17.—Herewith are the records made by the shooters in the Mountaineers' tournament, finished Aug. 16:

The experts were Col. Anthony, and Messrs. Chas. Spencer, Walter Huff, J. H. Hightower, Harry Hall and W. J. Borden.

	Aug. 15 Shot at.	Aug. 15 Broke.	Aug. 16 Shot at.	Aug. 16 Broke.	Grand Total.
Col Anthony	200	173	200	179	352
Spencer	200	197	200	190	387
Huff	200	188	200	181	369
Hightower	200	168	200	174	342
Hall	200	190	200	187	377
Legler	200	161	200	161	322
Noel	200	171	200	171	342
Watkins	200	184	200	176	360
Eggleston	200	135	200	141	276
Porter	200	159	200	171	330
Davis	200	139	...	...	139
Teter	200	146	...	...	146
Capehart	200	144	200	154	298
Nelson	200	157	200	147	284
McKinnon	200	160	200	167	327
Livingston	200	184	200	173	357
Darington	200	169	200	158	327
Wheless	200	164	200	150	314
Orr	200	171	200	161	332
Eaton	200	175	200	175	350
C F Smith	200	142	160	115	257
Hargrove	200	153	200	154	307
Kelly	200	148	160	118	266
Burt	160	87	...	...	87
Sauls	200	158	200	168	326
Goodlake	200	184	200	183	367
Borden	200	189	200	179	368
Webster	200	163	200	161	324
Mimms	200	168	200	165	333
Hill	200	120	200	122	242
Lotspeich	160	99	200	137	236
Bauman	200	167	...	...	167
Wilson	60	28	...	...	28
Woodworth	40	36	...	...	36
Conalls	...	...	200	177	177
Sherrod	...	...	200	153	153
J E Smith	...	...	160	90	90
King	...	...	160	98	98
Alexander	...	...	160	97	97
Annis	...	...	60	45	45
Thomas	...	...	100	61	61
Martin	...	...	100	53	53
Paul	...	...	100	62	62
Treece	...	...	20	11	11

Experts did not contest for cup or purses.

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 12.—The Springfield Shooting Club had a practice shoot yesterday afternoon which was attended by eleven shooters, not as many as usual, as vacation time caused several to be absent. W. H. Snow was shooting in good form, and averaged 89 per cent. He also won the semi-monthly prize, a box of cigars, which was put up in a 15-target event for high gun. Snow and A. and L. Misterly were tied on 14 each in this event, and in the shoot-off at 10 targets, Snow won. The Peters cup contest and merchandise race for three prizes are to be shot during the season, added target handicap in cup contest, and in the merchandise race the shooters are divided into three classes, A, B. C. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	9	10	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Chapin	9	7	5	8	..	..	..	Henry	..	..	..	..	7	3	.. 11
Kites	7	6	6	..	8	7	9	Douglass	..	..	..	..	5	..	.. ..
Latham	7	6	6	8	6	5	12	Snow	..	..	..	..	..	8	.. 12
Le Noir	..	6	..	..	8	..	..	L Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	5 ..
Lathrop	..	..	..	7	..	..	12	A Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	4 ..

Event No. 6, 15 targets, semi-monthly prize, box of cigars:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
A Misterly	10	4	14	Le Noir	12	0	12
L Misterly	10	4	14	Chapin	12	0	12
Snow	14	0	14	Cheesman	9	0	9
Kites	13	0	13	Douglass	7	0	7
Lathrop	10	3	13				

Shoot-off of tie at 10 targets:

Snow	9	0	9	L Misterly	5	3	8
A Misterly	5	3	8				

Event No. 7, 25 targets, Peters cup contest:

Snow	22	0	22	Chapin	18	0	18
Kites	20	0	20	Lathrop	15	3	18

Event No. 8, 25 targets, three merchandise prizes, three classes, A, B, C:

Class A—Snow 24, Cheesman 18, Kites 17, Chapin 15.

Class B—Lathrop 17.

Class C—L. Mister

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE weather on Aug. 19 was rather unpromising. A heavy downpour lasting till about 2 o'clock, kept many away from the grounds, but no rain fell during the balance of the afternoon. Fifteen scores were shot this week in the Schuler prize contest, which is nearly finished. Four full scores were made. Bullerdick was high gun in actual breaks with 47. Krehbiel heads the list including the shoot of Aug. 12, his score being 350 shot at, broke 265, per cent., 75.7. Score, including handicap, 326, 93.1 per cent. Gambell second with 92.3 per cent; shot at 350, broke 300, score 323. He has 85.7 per cent. in actual breaks. Ahlers third, shot at 400, broke 341, 85.2 per cent.; score 369, 92.2 per cent.; Randall shot at 500, broke 438—87.6 per cent.; score 400, 92 per cent. Barker and Lytle came next with 91.8 per cent. each. Randall is high man in per cent. of actual breaks. Hesser second with 87.1; Harig third with 86.8. In the team races Bullerdick made high individual score of 47. Barker and Randall only 1 behind with 46 each. A few practice events were shot. Maynard broke 190 out of 215, and 90 out of his last 100. He was the only one to make a straight 25 to-day.

Roanoke was at the grounds to-day, after a long absence caused by ill-health. Don Minto, another of the old-time regulars, was also on hand, but was hardly in his usual form. John Falk proposes to hunt doves on Labor Day, instead of breaking clay pigeons with the rest of the boys:

Schuler prize shoot, 50 targets, handicap: Bullerdick (4) 50, Herman (5) 50, Falk (10) 50, Myers (24) 50, Tuttle (9) 49, Lytle (22) 49, Krehbiel (4) 48, Maynard (3) 47, Pohlar (4) 47, Gambell (1) 46, C. Dreihs (3) 46, Orr (4) 46, Randall (0) 44, Barker (1) 44, Keplinger (8) 39.

Team match, 50 targets:

Gambell	20	23—43	Randall	22	24—46
Dreihs	21	21—42	Barker	22	24—46
Don Minto	21	20—41	Bullerdick	21	22—43
	62	64—126		65	70—135

Match, 50 targets:

Gambell	20	23—43	Barker	23	21—44
Dreihs	24	21—45	Bullerdick	23	24—47
	44	44—88		46	45—91

Ohio Notes.

The Columbus Gun Club expected to have the well-known expert Mr. W. H. Heer as a guest on Aug. 12, but were disappointed, as he was unable to attend. Fifteen members took part in one or more of the fourteen events of the day. Hayden was high gun with 197 out of 245. Jack Smith, 152 out of 185; Woodcock 126 out of 165; H. E. Smith 98 out of 115. H. W. Shaul joined in the sport for the first time in a long while. His rest seemed to have done him little harm, as he broke straight in the 15-target event and finished with 63 out of 75—84 per cent. In the match for the Columbus Sporting Goods Co. trophy, H. E. Smith was high with a full score of 50 including his handicap. He was also high in actual breaks, with 43. Hayden was second with 42 actual breaks. Thurman (10), Borger (10), Shattuck (10), and Wagner (19) came second with 47 each including handicaps. Hayden (2) third, 44. Jack Smith (2), Woodcock (5) and Wells (14) fourth, 42 each. The secretary is hard at work preparing for the Labor Day shoot. There will be twelve events, nine of these will be sweeps and three will be for merchandise prizes, five in each event, with a special prize for high and low gun shooting entire programme.

The Kendallville, Ind., Gun Club will give a two-day tournament on Sept. 12 and 13. Besides a number of handsome trophies to be shot for the club will give $150 added money.

The Dayton Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot on Aug. 18, thirteen members being present. In the six 25-target practice events Craig was high with 110 out of 125, his score including a straight 25 and one 24. Carr second with 98. La Rue broke 80 out of 100. Cord and Ike third with 66 and 64 out of 75 respectively. In the handicap event at 25 targets, handicap of added targets, eleven men tied on 25 or better including their handicaps. Dorst was high in actual breaks with 24, his handicap of 6 giving him a total of 30. La Rue (6), Lindemuth (3), Cord (3) and Craig (3) broke 23 each. Whitacre (4), Ike (3) and Dial (3) 22 each. Carr (6) 19, Woodburn (8) 18, Dickey (5) 21, their handicaps putting them in the tie. In the first tie Cord (2) broke 25 straight, Dorst (4) 21, Lindemuth (2) 24, Ike (2) 24. In the second shoot-off Dorst (4) broke 21 and Lindemuth (1) 24. The others dropped out, and there was not time for another shoot-off. The wooded hills which formed the background and which have always been a bugbear to shooters, have been eliminated. The shooters now face to the southeast, and have an unobstructed sky background, not excelled on any grounds in the State. The requests for programmes of the tournament to be held Sept. 4 and 5 have been numerous.

The grounds of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club were well filled with shooters, many of whom brought their families with them to enjoy the hospitality of the club on Aug. 16. Practice shooting began early in the day. The medal event had fifteen entries. This is at 25 targets, with handicap of extra targets. Hanauer and Miller qualified in scores of 25 or better, and in the shoot-off Hanauel won with 10 straight to Miller's 7. Two six-man team races were shot. Phil Hanauer and Wm. C. Oldt were captains. Oldt's team won both matches, the first, at 15 targets per man, by 67 to 61. The second, at 10 targets per man, by 47 to 42. Thirteen 15-target sweepstakes were shot, 50 cents entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Oswald was high gun with 156 out of 195. Craig 152, McConnell 147, Carr 139, Oldt 137. Five of the cracks shot in four sweeps, two at 15 and two at 10 targets, $1 and one money. Craig and McConnell tied on 39. Oswald and Oldt, 37 each. Carr 34. Carl Hanauer showed his father Phil a trick with the scatter gun, beating him, 13 to 12, in a 15-target match. E. J. Budenthal, president of the Dayton Sharpshooters, made his first attempt at trapshooting to-day, and scored 50 per cent. Joe Hohm was present for the second time this season. His eyes are in better shape, and he shot about his usual gait. A bountiful dinner was served at 1 o'clock. Lunch was on the table all day, and the boys all knew where to quench their thirst. The wind bothered at times, causing trouble even to the best of them. W. E. Kette had charge in the office, and five minutes after the close of an event the money was ready for the winners.

The series of twenty handicap shoots of the Greenville Gun Club closed on Aug. 14. The conditions were 50 targets, distance handicap, 12 to 22yds., for ten merchandise prizes, and the club medal. A. W. Kirby won first prize, a fine shotgun, and club medal with 682 out of 1,000. McKeon second prize, Winchester rifle, 617. Eidson third, Marlin rifle, 594. The following were the other prize winners, and had their choice of remaining prizes in order given: Hartzel 588, Warner 580, Ayers 560, Limbert 559, McCaughey 541, Huddle 505, Wolf 449.

With the object of ascertaining the best shots of the gun clubs outside of Cleveland in northern Ohio, the Cleveland Gun Club will present a handsome loving cup as a prize to the member of each club making the highest average at the Labor Day shoot. The club must have at least three members contesting. At this shoot events 3, 5, 6, 8 and 9 will be for merchandise prizes, four in each, 75 cents entrance. Event 11 is for the northern Ohio five-man team championship trophy, presented by the club, placed in competition for the first time.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the third series. In the club trophy event, Dr. Reynolds won in Class A on 23 out of 25, singles; Al Smedes won Class B on 23 out of 25. Ostendorp won Class C on 14 out of 25.

In Dupont cup contest Stone won Class B on 19 out of 20 singles, T. L. Smedes won Class A on 18, Ostendorp won Class C on 8.

In the Hunter Arms Co. contest, 10 singles and 5 pairs, Eaton won Class A on 18, Stone Class B on 17, Ostendorp Class C on 16.

The day was a fairly good one for target shooting, only we had to shoot between showers. Attendance fair, nineteen shooters taking part in the various events of the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	20	20	10	10	10	10
Stone	17	19	17	9	8	8	..
McDonald	23	17	16	8	10	10	..
Gould	15	13	12	6	6	6	..
Howe	17	14	..	5	6	..	..
George	19	16	16	8	8	9	10
Dr Reynolds	23	17	15	10	10	..	..
Thomas	19	16	16	7	9	8	..
Horns	22	14	13	8	7	..	..
Dr Meek	22	17	15	9	5	9	9
Al Smedes	23	12	16	9	8	10	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	20	20	10	10	10	10
Geotter	18	14	9	..	7	..	..
Bryson	17	15	13	..	5	..	..
Eaton	17	16	18	..	..	9	9
T L Smedes	21	18	14	..	..	6	..
Parker	22	17	14	..	..	6	..
Ostendorp	14	8	11	6	..	9	5
Herr	..	11	11	..	..	4	8
Jenkins	..	12	13	..	..	..	..
Morrel	..	..	..	..	..	6	8

No. 1 was the trophy event. No. 2 was the Dupont cup. No. 3 was the Hunter trophy.

DR. J. W. MEEK.

In Other Places.

THE Terre Haute, Ind., Gun Club has purchased one of the latest style automatic traps and will hold shoots regularly in the future.

The Barry, Pa., Rod and Gun Club has been organized for preservation, protection and propagation of live birds. There will be regular shooting at the traps.

A new gun club has been organized at Burr Oak, Mich., the start being made with fifteen members.

The Keystone Gun Club, Lebanon, Pa., will shoot three matches with Middleton Club. The loser will pay for all targets. It should be interesting, as there are good shots in each club.

The Memphis, Tenn., boys at the traps are in a spirited contest for a hammerless shotgun. It takes three times winner to own the gun. So far Ed. Brook and A. W. Clark are ahead each with two wins to their credit. W. E. Love, P. M. Patterson, Dr. Taval, Van Vleet, B. C. Crook and Dr. Slocks one each.

The annual gun club barbecue was held at Princeton, Ky., on Thursday last, and was of the old-fashion, there being roast mutton for all. There was target shooting in the afternoon, and the scores were not so good as they would have been on a less full stomach.

A new amateur gun club has been formed at Hamilton, Ohio. All amateurs and all who desire to learn to use the shotgun are invited to participate.

At Perry, Okla., there was a special shoot recently in honor of Harold Money, who is visiting the town of this territory. He, with others, was shooting well at 25 targets, viz., Money 24, Neal 24, Appleman 24, Harris 24, Houston 25.

It is reported that at a shoot held at Shamokin, Pa., where the purse was $80, Charles Tobby made 15 out of 17, and Roop scored but 4. Well, talk about a "walkover." What strange matches are shot here in Pennsylvania, 17 targets. In live-bird shooting it is often 5, 7 or 9 birds for purses from $100 to $500.

At the East Side Gun Club, Saginaw, Mich., the best scores were made by Ed. Carpenter, F. Baumgartner, G. E. Openo, J. Ropp and R. Schmidt.

The Victor Gun Club was organized at San Rafael, Cal. Victor Sartoria is President, J. W. Fogi Vice-President and Harry Martin Secretary. This club is organized more for game shooting than for the traps.

The club house of the Seattle, Wash., Gun Club was burned recently. All indications point to incendiarism. A new house will be built at once, possibly new grounds will be selected.

Walter Holmsberg, a 40 per cent. man, won the silver medal at the meeting of the West Duluth, Minn., Gun Club. Nelson shot a score of 90 per cent. The day was fine, little wind, many ladies graced the occasion.

The Iron River Gun Club has been reorganized in the Michigan Peninsula, and will give a tournament on Sept. 4. There will be $500 in purses, same being under the management of Joseph Kelly and L. A. Johnson.

The annual trapshooting tournament of the Brandon, Manitoba, Gun Club was held in early August, and was a success. There were thirty-five shooters, representing the towns of Winnipeg, Fort Garry, Killarney, Portage La Prairie and Sowus. All present were loud in their praise of the programme furnished by the local club. Fort Garry won the team shoot, with Brandon second.

The last medal shoot for the season was held by the Seattle, Wash., Gun Club last Sunday. A big crowd was present, and Ed. Ellis won the A medal. Steel got the $10 cash prize with an average of 8.

The Valley Brogle Gun Club will hold a meeting at the Central House in Wheeling, W. Va., to arrange for the fall shoots.

The Marietta, Ohio, Gun Club will hold its first shoot on its own ground the second week in September.

The St. Mary's, Ohio, Gun Club will hold a shoot during August. Some of the best shots in the State will be present.

Local sportsmen at Canova, S. D., have organized a gun club. Many of the farmers have joined. The object is to preserve the prairie chicken until the proper season for shooting.

There will be a shoot at Mishawaka Gun Club, St. Bend, Ind., Thanksgiving Day, the prize being a fine hammerless shotgun.

The Evelith Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., was defeated by the Virginia team on last Sunday. Duluth members were F. B. Dougherty, Albert Roher, John Warn, Leo Shapiro, Frank Campbell, James A. Robb, W. J. Smith, Dr. E. K. Medlor, Sam Shapiro and H. Van Nostitz.

The Golden Gate Gun Club, San Francisco, held their August shoot with thirty participants at Ingleside. There was a splendid showing for this time of year, when deer and dove shooting, not to mention the trout streams, are so strong an inducement for the sportsman to forego the attraction of the city. In the champion class M. O. Feudner won with 94. In the first class W. S. Walters won with 79; second class by W. P. Jacobson, 78. Otto Feudner won the Bekeart medal with 92.

The Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis has enjoyed a season of renewed interest this year. All their shoots were well attended, including many women and children, who were interested spectators. The last shoot held included a match between T. H. Parry and J. W. Wands for the Grand Hotel cup. Many of the out of town shooters participated in the open events.

There was a practice shoot held at Wellsville, Ohio, on last Thursday for the purpose of organizing a gun club. It is hoped that the permanent organization will be realized.

Good scores were made at the last Fort Worth, Texas, Gun Club shoot. The trophy was won by Childress with 47 out of 50. Kenney came second with 43. J. C. Day made 70 out of 75.

A barbecue and gun club shoot was given by the Bryan, Texas, shooters the first week in August, a team shoot being the feature. The Brazos bottom team won from Bryan with 10 to spare out of a possible 278 targets. John K. Parker made the best individual score.

Members of the committee on rules for the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club are, viz., William Parsons, Samuel Bryant, Jr., R. S. Trevarthan and Michael Messner, Jr.

The Harvard Gun Club, San Antonio, Texas, has decided that the trapshooting interests are best solved by calling a meeting promptly on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Topperwain was high score, her shooting being very remarkable. Out of 100 targets she made 94, with a run of 63 straight. Mr. Dodds was the only one coming near her, and he made 90.

The Tabon, Ia., Gun Club held a shoot Aug. 15, one of the features being a five-man team race for clubs only.

At Lincoln, Neb., the club known as the Smartville Gun Club will hold shoots on Wednesday of each week.

The Tunnelton, W. Va., Club is reported hard at practice in order to meet the Kingwood marksmen in a club contest.

Last Tuesday the Lead, S. D., Gun Club held their regular shoot for the trophy.

The West Side Gun Club, Watertown, S. D., lately held a shoot at which 400 live birds were used as targets. New grounds have been fitted up.

The London Mills, Ill., Gun Club has assumed such proportions that on Friday last the members held an all-day tournament.

Announcement is made that the Pontiac, Mich., Gun Club will hold club shoots regularly on Friday afternoons.

The members of the Gun Club at Aberdeen, S. D., have called a meeting for the purpose of opposing the proposed coursing event. They are of the opinion that coursing will put the farmers in a hostile attitude and that they would oppose hunting, and that, in fact, a coursing meeting would spoil the entire hunting season.

On the first day of the Audubon Gun Club tournament, Audubon, Ia., with a programme of 200 targets, there was Fred Gilbert with 198, C. B. Adams 192, H. G. Taylor 196, R. Barber 193. Their report states that C. E. Petty of the home town scored 188 and was high amateur, and yet it will not appear to our readers how H. G. Taylor and R. Barber are barred from the amateur class.

Glen Konvalinka, the Iowa boy shot, made a remarkable score at the Mason City tournament. A boy of eleven summers, yet he shot the entire programme of 400 shots and equalled many old shots with a score of 350. He has for several years made regular trips to the lakes shooting with his father in the marshes.

If you had been one of the lucky ones who attended the supper given by Charley Grumm at Clear Lake, Ia., to the shooters you would have discovered that Charley is far from being a "dead one." Long live the memory of such old-time shots.

Here is the way the local scribe of the Mason City, Ia., Globe-Gazette made mention of shooters entered for their tournament: "Fred Gilbert, Storm Lake (Spirit Lake); Charles Butt (for Budd); Charles (for Chris.) Gotliebb; Tom. Weitmeyer (for H. W. Vietmeyer); E. (for C.) A Young. Others were mentioned, but these were the incorrect list to show how the scribe was misinformed.

When the second shoot was held by the North Side Milwaukee Gun Club for the powder trophy it was J. Heiser who proved the winner with 47 out of 50.

There is enthusiasm in some of the members of the A. C. Gun Club, of Fargo, N. D. They are now meeting on Friday instead of on Saturday. At 25 targets Kimberly made 23, Holly 15, Grest 14, Van Es 12, Churchill 9. But there is an end to trapshooting when the game shooting opens Sept. 1 in North Dakota.

The Bismark, N. D., Gun Club held a shoot Aug. 18 and 19. A general invitation was extended to all shooters of the State to participate.

At the shoot held Thursday by the Troy, Ohio, Gun Club Charles Smith, with 21 out of 25, won the trophy. Otto Smith was second, and J. M. Fulkerson third.

W. D. Stannard, won the high gun at the Badger Gun Club, Janesville, Wis., with 243 out of 265. Tom Malana, of Rockford, won the medal for high amateur score with 242.

Watertown, Wis., Gun Club held a shoot Aug. 20. A gold medal for county championship was the attractive event.

Another popular outdoor sport has been taken up by the faculty of the agricultural college at Fargo, N. D., that of target shoot-

ing. A club has been organized and the proper officers have been selected. The enthusiastic and very efficient sportsman, Dr. L. Van Es, is the president.

At South Bend, Ind., the Mishawaka Gun Club held its initial shoot on the new grounds last Thursday. Dr. Holtzendorff and Amos Hall led in the cup series. All are pleased with the new site.

Some of the sportsmen of Lawton, Oklahoma, are very outspoken in their estimation of some shooters who have killed young prairie chickens before the law was out. They say, "No true sportsman will so far forget himself as to violate any of the game laws." If the game is properly cared for there is every reason to believe that Comanche county will be a paradise for the lover of dog and gun.

We have it that the Abe Gun Club, Troy, Ohio, held a match Saturday. The wind was high, scores low, as John Wolf won first with 18 out of 25.

Despite the warm weather there was a good attendance at the weekly shoot of the Multomah Rod and Gun Club on the Irvington grounds, Cortland, Ore. At the last shoot scores at 100 targets were: Abraham 96, Carlon 94, Ellis 94, Hame 87, Mrs. Young 76, Collier 76, Mrs. Collier 11 out of 40.

The Lewiston, Ill., Gun Club will hold shoots regularly, and all are invited to attend. The club issues special invitation to the ladies to honor the club with their presence.

When the Greenville, Ohio, Shotgun Club met on last Monday it was Mid. Limbert who carried off the honors.

Jamestown, Ohio, Gun Club, on Wednesday last beat the Sabina and Bloomington clubs and retained the trophy. Scores: Jamestown 91, Sabina 85, Bloomington 84.

At the Clarksville, Ia., shoot Gilbert made 195, Taylor 194, Budd 190, Barber 187, Adams 178, Slimmer 178, Moone 152, Brockway 149, Wilcox 144, Gottlieb, 177, Campbell 162, Vietmeyer 144.

Much enthusiasm is evinced at the club events at Stratford, Ont., at the last meeting. K. C. Turnbull won the cup, scoring 20.

G. Easdale defeated W. J. Johnson in a challenge shoot at the St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa, Can. He broke 91 out of 100, while Johnson got 88.

The Worcester, N. Y., Gun Club was reorganized Tuesday evening, there being about fifteen members present. Harl Wright was chosen President; Dr. A. S. Peters Treasurer; Omer M. Sloot, Secretary. All arrangements have been completed for holding weekly meets.

Last Thursday there was an impromptu match at West Jefferson, O. Dell Gross beat the local man, E. P. Boyer, with 96 to 86 out of the 100 targets shot at.

Arrangements have been made for the coming together of the Grinnell and the Marshalltown, Ia., gun clubs, in a contest for the State trophy. Marshalltown will journey to Grinnell and shoot on their grounds. This should be a close and interesting shoot, as the teams are nearly evenly matched.

Robert Styan on last Saturday at Sodus, Ill., defended his title to the cup of the club by defeating Dr. Renfrew and Buck Hubbard.

Annual election of the Clear Lake, S. D., Gun Club resulted as follows: L. P. Stutenroth, President; Morton Adams, Secretary; G. M. Sheppard and George Eichinger, Referees; Harold Haynes official scorer.

The Springwood Gun Club, London, Canada, held a shoot on Monday which was well attended, and fairly good scores were made. All the events were handicap. The winners were Day, Nevills, Glover, Breckow, Simcox, Blackwill, Nicholson.

The Anderson, Ind., Rod and Gun Club were pleasantly encamped on Lake Manitou, at Rochester, where they royally entertained visitors. The members are Frank Hamlin, Rob Ahhol, John Stewart, L. Connelly, H. Schendleman, Jos. Haugh, Thos. Grogan, Fred Fuller, Wm. Moore, James Ralston, Thos. Harcum, Wm. Elwell and J. A. Baker.

The members of the Lake Charles, La., Gun Club, are improving fast since the occupancy of the new grounds. G. W. Lock made 24 out of 25, C. B. Spooner 22, J. W. Gardiner 21, Dr. C. Williamson 18. Other shooters were W. H. Simmons, J. H. Mathien, F. Gunn, Dr. Fisher and W. C. Brandt.

Great preparations are being made for the Interstate shoot, to be held at San Francisco, Sept. 15, 16 and 17. The grounds will contain at least five traps and not less than 200 shooters may be expected to enter.

Shooting interests at Waupun, Wis., are on the boom. Last Sunday there was a large attendance. Adolph Luebke got first prize, E. Weinbrenner second, H. Schelpfeffer third.

The regular shoot of the Forest Park Gun Club, Atchison, Kans., was held Sunday. In the cup shoot, Rich Daugherty did not miss, and Alva Clapp failed on but one.

At the Highland Park Gun Club, Goshen, Ind., shoot last Saturday, I. F. Taylor, of Chicago, made a fine record, getting 44 out of 50.

The shoot held at New Moorefield, O., was a success. The championship of seven counties was up for settlement and Holding and Losh tied and will hold same in partnership. Mrs. Sadie Morgan was official score-keeper.

The twelfth annual tournament of the Marion, O., Gun Club evoked much interest. D. D. Gross was present and made second high score. J. A. Penn, Toledo, was high, 175; J. H. Mason, third, 171.

The Harvard, Ill., Gun Club held the first tournament, Aug. 15-16. Alex. Vance, of Capron, Ill., was the manager. The committee on arrangements was composed of C. M. Davis, Dr. C. M. Johnson, E. Lyle, Axtel, Fred Dean and Ellis Price.

Part of the members of the Crown City Club, Dunkirk, Ind., held their shoot last week. Bert Kusaer was high.

Some good scores were made by the members of the Bloomington, Ill., Gun Club. Bender won Class A medal on 23 out of 21. E. K. Crothers shot at 135 and broke 124, McBarnes 150, 124; McDermend 135, 115; C. Bender 100, 88; Botts 100, 88; Smith 100, 73; Radbourn 60, 52; Boettger 60, 42; Fienig 50, 43; Austin 50, 35.

St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club is now getting ready to make a bid for the next G. A. H. Visitors report that the grounds are very good, and that the location would be a good one.

The Mangum, Okla., Gun Club was organized July 17. E. C. Moore was chosen President, and Dr. C. H. Hall Secretary. A series of competitive shoots is under way for a loving cup.

Bob won the gun put up by the Highland Gun Club, Duluth, Minn. He shot three ties with Mr. Porter before he became the winner. There is another gun yet to be decided, and the attendance is large and much interest is taken.

Walter Holmberg, shooting an average of 40 per cent., won the Hurst medal at the West Duluth, Minn., Rod and Gun Club championship shoot, held last Thursday.

The name Silver Springs Club, Milwaukee will be new to our readers.

Little Falls, Minn., Gun Club will hold its shoots regularly each Monday evening.

The standing to date among the members of the Baton Rouge, La. Gun Club, is as follows: Chas. D. Reynolds 786, Armand Klenpeler 76; Wm. McCausland 76, John Fister 73, H. Von Phul 72, C. C. Parish 72, Banks Powell 68, B. S. Parker 64, W. C. Whittaker 61, Robert Reymond 60, Klank Klempeter 59, A. M. M. Jackson 46, E. Cazedessus 53, Jos. Staring 52, R. L. Gayer 49, S. J. Powell 48, F. B. Jones 48, R. S. Johnson 46, Dr. T. P. Singlebury 40.

L. A. Tyler was high man in the Salem, N. D., Gun Club up to the last shoot, but there he fell down, and others at present are his superiors.

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., will pay $100 for the conviction of dog thieves who are stealing valuable dogs in that city.

The Iron River, Calumet, Mich., Gun Club will hold a tournament Sept. 4. This will be a start with a rush, as $500 will be the purse, this considering that the club has just been reorganized.

Weather reported hot in Minnesota, yet the Minneapolis Gun Club kept busy. At the last shoot, Mrs. Johnson won the Cohen cup and Class C medal. Callender, Palace cup and Class B medal; Parker Peters cup and Class A.

The shooters in the State of Minnesota are busy taking out their hunting licenses, for the fall shooting promises well. Sept. 1 and after there will be little attractions in that State, and the Dakotas for clay pigeons.

The gun club at Des Moines, Ia., is busy now with a powder trophy. Holgerson won the third contest, while Patterson made 49 out of 50, and came second. Further, Patterson made 96 out of the 100.

A charter has been granted to the Taylor Rod and Gun Club, Scranton, Pa. The subscribers are Louis E. Reed, Arthur Sweet, William Fairdough, Frank Decker and Henry Goodman.

There were thirty-four members of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club at their last shoot. Frank Novotney won a point on the gold button with 25 straight. Schulstead won Class B button. Novotney won the tie for the Schulstead medal. Some of the best scores at 100 were: Novotney 93, Pleiss 92, Murray 83, Hamilton 81, Wilk 79, Schulstead 79, Bazille 75, Manischura 72.

O A. Felger, the local marksman, made a grand-stand opening at the tournament held last week at Grand Rapids, Mich. In the day's shoot he scored 190 out of 200 targets, and was only beaten 2 by Wm. R. Crosby. W. D. Stannard 188, and R. O. Heikes 187.

There was something doing at the "Shoot Slow" Gun Club, of St. Joseph, Mo., Sunday last. The badge went to D. M. Wade, 22 out of 25.

H. C. Hirschey, the Minneapolis gun expert, only missed 11 targets out of 400 at the shoot at Duluth. Parker, of Minneapolis, made 370, Morrison 381.

The best scores made last Friday by members of the Oakes, N. D., Gun Club, were: George Wilson and H. Johnson 22, J. W. Bush and Chas. L. Marshall 21, L. Shabina and Al. Howell 20, J. W. Filsbie 18, W. T. Brown 15, B. J. Lehman 14. This was considered the first real practice this year. The interest is increasing, and the State laws will be enforced, and woe be to the offender who shoots game out of season.

Chicago Trapshooters' Association.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—Aug. 17, 18 and 19 were the days chosen for a tournament at Chicago. The programme issued invited all trapshooters to attend this tournament; and they came, from all the Central and Western States.

This Trapshooters' Association was organized about two years ago, for the sole purpose of encouraging the sport of trapshooting. It has succeeded, not only in holding many successful tournaments, but has a membership of some 300.

It must be borne in mind that this Association uses and has leased the old grounds famous the world over as those of "Uncle" John Watson. It should interest all your readers to know that honest John W. honored the "target smashers" with his presence during the second day. He was pleased to meet with all the old-timers, but clay saucers no doubt looked tame to the old veteran who ran a shooting park for years and furnished pigeons of the kind that no man ever killed 100 straight.

The "good old days" are gone, John. Nothing but clay saucers for pulling the trigger on in this great State of Illinois.

Well, money talks. So $500 added money brought together sixty of the good shots, and each fired his 200 shots and went home to reflect, some over the money won, others how they missed the "easy things," and others to nurse a sore arm.

The rules and conditions called for a per cent. division, viz.: 35, 30, 20 and 15. It was only the 20 straights who got much of anything above their entrance money. All events were 20 targets, a total of 200 for the day.

A drawing card was the average money, $100 each day, to the seven high averages; then on the total three days, $100 to the high scores and $100 to the eight low scores shooting through.

The weather was good, not warm, but hazy on the second day, with variable winds, such as have been the downfall of many a pigeon shooter on the same grounds.

Of the grounds, little need be said. They are level and large enough for holding the G. A. H., or say 500 shooters. Only a small portion of the grounds are used, with three traps set up. The grounds are easily reached by steam and electric cars, being but 30 minutes from the city by the suburban express trains.

The gentlemen in charge have had much experience in the tournament line. Where could you get better than E. B. Shogren and Fred H. Lord. Then the superintendent of the grounds, F. H. Teeple, is a hustler, and besides attending to the squad hustling, he keeps the grounds in fine condition, and runs the lunch and refreshment counters.

Only two traps were used, and with these the shoot was finished early in the day. The office work was kept well in hand, and most of the shooters were paid off before leaving the ground.

Prof. Wm. R. Crosby came in a little late, but he came on strong in the shooting line. He missed but one out of 180, and then dropped two in the last 30, and closed with 197. Frank Riehl was second with 189 and Wm. Stannard close up with 187.

The amateur high average winners were Geo. Roll 191, R. R. Barber 190, L. C. Barkley and L. E. Parker tied on 189. Other winners will be found in the scores published for each day.

Second day the professionals remained in about the same positions. T. Bill Crosby came with a rush and made 200 straight, something phenomenal for this ground. He made a run of 214 and only missed 3 out of 400. Frank Riehl shot a great race, and lost but 5 for the day, and was a good second. Old man Budd was 10 behind, yet third man in the professional class with 185. W. D. Stannard made 183 and W. H. Cadwallader 180.

While this class of men usually have the greatest following, there were others doing fine work. R. R. Barber, the G. A. H. phenom., only lost 6 for the day, and his next competitor was Kit Shepardson, of La Grange, Ind., 189, he being tied by W. S. Hoon, the Jewell, Ia, topnotcher. Claud Binyon, of Chicago, was just 1 to the bad, or a total of 188. A. Moller, of Antigo, made 186, and Winesberg, J. Young, H. Clark and Ed. Scott made 185.

The weather was not so good as on the first day. There was more wind and more haze.

The third day did not start off well, but after the fog had cleared away, the sun shone bright, and there was little wind, so that the scores for the most part were very high. Riehl, Budd and Crosby shot through early, to catch the afternoon train for the Indian shoot at Spirit Lake, Ia. Crosby made another fine score, same as the first day, 197, thus with a total of 600 shots, he missed 6—just an even 99 per cent. Frank Riehl did well also, and missed but 7, which puts him a good second in the expert class. Budd had a few bad half hours, and fell away from that of yesterday. W. D. Stannard, the Chicago expert, followed Riehl, and made 193, while Budd fell away to 181.

The grand total average for the three days and 600 targets was: Crosby 594, Riehl 577, Stannard 577, Budd 563.

There was quite a change in the amateur shooting for the day. The G. A. H. double winner went down to 184, but landed the general three days' average with 568. It was Hugh Clark, the Wabash, Ind., good one, who fooled 'em all with 194, and thus landed second average. Kit Shepardson maintained his even pace, and with 187 for the day took third with 561. Claud Binyon made one more than the second day, 189, and came fourth with 558. Mr. Hoon, the small man from Iowa, made 556. George Roll did not hold up his first day's score, and came with 554.

The scores for the three days follow in detail:

Aug. 17, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
F H Lord	14	18	17	16	16	16	18	17	17	19	168
J B Barto	17	18	15	16	18	19	17	19	18	18	174
D A Hanagan	15	20	20	20	18	18	17	18	15	20	181
O Tosetti	17	17	20	19	16	20	16	17	18	17	179
T Parry	16	16	17	19	16	18	18	19	13	19	171
A Vance	19	17	16	20	17	16	19	20	16	20	180
E Yahr	19	17	16	16	18	17	20	19	15	14	171
M Knuessell	17	18	19	19	19	18	14	18	19	19	180
H Vietmeyer	18	14	9	16	14	17	15	15	16	16	144
B Call	17	19	18	19	16	18	19	20	18	19	182
P Cole	20	18	18	17	18	18	17	19	16	18	179
H Clark	15	20	20	19	15	19	20	20	18	20	186
R Barber	20	20	20	18	19	19	19	18	20	17	190
W Hoon	17	19	17	18	18	18	17	16	20	19	179
H Taylor	20	20	19	18	18	19	18	20	16	17	185
L Barkley	19	18	18	20	17	19	20	18	20	20	189
J Young	19	19	17	20	18	18	17	18	18	19	183
A Winesberg	18	17	19	20	17	18	18	19	18	15	179
F Riehl	19	20	19	17	18	19	19	20	18	20	189
M Arie	18	19	15	17	18	19	17	18	19	19	179
Shepardson	19	18	19	19	19	17	18	20	18	18	185
C Binyon	19	19	17	20	19	19	14	17	18	19	181
Cadwallader	20	17	19	18	17	20	19	17	19	19	185
G Roll	19	19	20	20	19	19	19	18	18	20	191
C W Budd	17	18	16	20	20	19	20	19	18	16	183
Henshaw	16	20	19	19	16	18	16	13	19	16	172
A Molle	18	18	19	20	17	18	19	19	18	20	186
R Babcock	19	19	19	19	17	19	17	17	18	19	184
L Foley	18	17	18	17	18	18	15	20	16	16	172
L Barker	18	19	20	20	18	18	20	20	19	17	189
Steenberg	19	19	20	19	19	18	20	19	16	17	186
Ed Steck	16	18	19	18	15	18	18	18	19	18	177
C Fliney	19	18	17	17	18	18	17	18	18	20	180
J Neal	17	18	16	18	18	20	18	18	16	17	176
S Shank	19	19	20	16	17	16	17	19	16	17	176
G Rupert	16	17	16	15	17	19	14	18	20	20	172
Geo Eck	15	18	16	18	19	19	16	19	11	19	176
A Wycoff	19	18	18	17	20	18	16	17	19	19	181
W Manning	16	17	13	13	16	17	16	17	15	19	159
H Dunnell	16	18	19	19	19	19	20	17	18	18	183
J Graham	19	17	18	18	16	17	19	16	18	18	176
H Stanton	16	19	17	19	19	16	17	19	18	18	178
W Stannard	18	20	19	18	20	17	19	19	17	19	187
J Miller	19	15	17	17	18	17	17	19	15	18	172
W Davis	17	14	18	18	17	16	18	16	18	15	167
J Groves	17	18	18	16	16	19	16	19	19	17	175
E Scott	15	16	19	17	18	17	19	17	19	18	175
C Magill	17	16	11	19	11	16	14	15	15	15	149
G Reiley	18	19	19	17	18	19	18	17	15	15	175
Ed Graham	16	19	13	17	17	19	16	18	18	16	169
W Kasson	12	17	15	13	12	17	18	13	17	11	144
H Stadfield	17	19	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
W Crosby	20	19	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	18	197
W Lederer	16	18	15	17	15	15	15	15	14	13	153
Brandenberg	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J Porter	..	..	16	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	...

Aug. 18, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
F H Lord	17	15	17	16	15	16	18	18	17	15	163
J Barto	16	18	19	18	20	16	20	19	18	19	183
D Hanagan	17	18	16	17	19	19	17	19	19	19	180
L E Parker	19	16	17	18	19	19	18	18	18	18	180
Thos Parry	18	15	15	18	18	18	18	17	18	19	173
Alex Vance	17	18	20	18	15	17	17	17	18	20	177
Steenberg	15	17	16	15	17	18	15	18	18	18	167
W Knuessell	17	16	12	17	18	15	17	20	18	17	167
Vietmeyer	11	10	15	15	10	17	14	17	12	15	136
B Call	15	18	17	18	18	19	19	20	17	17	178
P Cole	18	17	16	19	19	19	18	18	17	20	181
H Clark	19	16	18	19	19	18	18	18	20	20	185
R R Barber	20	20	18	20	19	19	19	20	20	19	194
W S Hoon	18	18	20	19	19	20	17	19	19	20	189
H Taylor	13	19	19	19	20	15	19	19	17	18	178
L E Barkley	18	20	15	20	19	17	19	17	20	16	181
J Young	19	18	19	18	19	20	16	19	19	18	185
A A Winesberg	20	17	18	18	18	19	19	18	19	20	186
F Riehl	20	20	19	20	20	20	18	20	18	20	195
M Arie	14	16	19	20	20	20	17	19	17	20	182
C Budd	18	19	20	20	20	19	15	19	17	18	185
Ed Graham	16	17	15	18	19	17	17	18	18	17	171
Cadwallader	19	18	18	19	18	16	17	18	19	18	180
Geo Roll	19	18	17	18	17	18	17	18	19	20	181
C Binyon	19	17	19	19	19	19	18	19	19	20	188
A Molle	19	18	19	17	20	18	20	19	19	19	188
C E Henshaw	18	18	18	18	18	13	18	18	16	17	172
R Babcock	20	18	20	19	19	17	18	18	15	17	181
Hammersmith	18	14	17	18	14	18	17	19	17	18	170
E Yahr	14	18	17	15	19	14	15	15	17	16	160
Kit Shepardson	18	20	17	20	19	20	20	18	19	18	189
F Stanton	15	15	20	16	15	20	20	19	20	19	179
M Heusler	18	15	18	17	20	15	..	..	..	..	...
J R Graham	19	17	18	18	18	19	18	19	18	20	184
W Stannard	18	20	18	20	17	18	17	16	20	19	183
G Rupert	16	18	17	13	19	17	18	16	..	..	...
H Dunnell	14	14	18	18	15	20	18	17	19	19	172
A S Wycoff	17	19	16	18	20	19	19	18	18	18	182
W Manning	15	16	19	18	18	18	18	17	18	16	173
C Carson	17	18	13	14	15	12	..	..	..	..	...
M Anderson	17	13	18	16	16	19	..	..	..	..	...
C Townsend	14	16	19	15	14	15	..	..	..	..	...
S E Shanks	16	19	16	16	20	19	16	18	17	20	177
J Neal	19	15	17	16	14	14	16	19	15	17	162
Flewelling	15	15	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J A Groves	14	19	18	19	18	20	19	18	19	20	184
Ed Scott	19	19	19	18	15	20	19	18	19	19	185
C S Magill	14	19	15	18	16	16	9	13	16	19	155
G A Riley	17	18	17	18	13	17	..	..	..	..	...
L Fitsimmons	15	17	17	15	18	14	14	17	13	17	159
J W Cookley	17	13	16	14	18	13	18	12	13	20	154
W Crosby	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	200
C Vater	18	16	17	18	17	16	15	12	19	17	165
O Tosetti	18	20	20	18	18	18	16	18	18	19	183
W B Jarvis	17	18	19	17	15	17	14	18	19	19	173
W Collins	17	19	17	17	17	17	16	17	16	18	171
W Megar	14	12	16	8	15	10	9	12	..	..	...
Karson	17	14	16	17	14	12	18	14	14	15	151
Geo Eck	..	..	15	18	19	16	15	13	18	19	...
Gregg	..	..	..	..	18	18	15	16	17	18	...
Dr Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	16	17	18	...
Dilley	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	18	18	18	...

Aug. 19, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Lord	18	17	16	16	18	15	17	16	12	18	163
Tosetti	17	18	18	16	18	17	19	19	15	18	174
Hanagan	19	18	18	15	17	17	15	19	12	13	163
Parker	18	18	20	18	18	16	17	18	17	20	180
Crosby	20	20	19	20	20	19	20	20	19	20	197
Vance	15	20	19	19	17	20	18	18	17	18	181
Steenberg	17	17	16	16	18	18	18	17	17	17	171
Knuessell	18	20	19	19	17	17	19	18	16	20	183
Vietmeyer	17	14	15	18	12	15	14	17	14	16	162
Budd	17	16	17	19	17	20	18	19	19	19	181
Stannard	20	19	19	20	20	20	19	19	18	19	193
Clark	20	17	20	20	20	20	19	20	19	19	194
Barber	16	20	20	17	20	18	18	18	17	20	184
Cadwallader	19	19	17	19	19	16	18	18	20	19	179
H Taylor	19	17	18	19	19	20	20	19	19	19	189
Barkley	19	18	18	17	17	17	15	18	19	19	177
Young	19	18	19	16	19	19	17	19	18	16	180
Winesberg	17	18	16	16	16	18	17	14	17	9	158
Riehl	20	20	19	20	20	20	17	19	19	19	193
Arie	18	19	18	16	19	19	19	19	19	18	184
Groves	16	15	18	18	18	19	17	19	17	20	177
Cookley	18	15	17	15	18	17	15	17	8	13	150
Neal	18	15	16	14	18	16	18	15	15	18	163
Roll	19	18	18	17	19	18	19	18	18	19	182
Binyon	19	20	20	18	18	19	17	19	19	20	189
Molle	17	18	18	17	18	19	18	19	18	17	179
Hinshaw	14	17	15	16	17	17	16	18	16	12	158
Babcock	20	18	20	17	20	16	16	16	19	17	179
Hoon	19	19	19	20	18	18	20	19	18	18	188
Cole	18	18	19	17	19	16	19	19	18	15	178
Shepardson	19	19	19	20	19	20	19	17	17	16	187
Stanton	16	16	15	16	13	17	16	19	19	17	165
Graham	16	17	18	19	16	19	19	20	20	19	181
Barto	17	17	20	17	18	19	19	19	19	19	183
H Dunnell	19	17	20	18	18	19	20	20	20	19	190
B Call	20	20	18	19	20	19	20	17	18	17	188
Dilley	17	14	19	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	...
E Graham	16	17	19	17	19	18	12	17	18	19	172
Grogg	17	15	15	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	...
Losee	..	20	16	19	17	16	18	19	18	18	...
M Webber	..	18	18	17	19	18	19	18	16	20	...
Geo Eck	..	..	19	18	20	19	16	19	18	14	...
Quade	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	17	18	...
Skinner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	...

Averages—Professionals:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total.
Crosby	197	200	197	594
Riehl	189	195	193	577
Stannard	187	183	193	563
Budd	183	185	181	549
Cadwallader	185	180	179	544
Steenberg	186	167	171	524
Lord	168	163	163	494
Vietmeyer	149	136	162	447

Amateurs:

Barber	190	194	184	568
Molle	186	188	179	553
Shepardson	185	189	187	561
G Roll	191	181	182	554
Clark	186	185	194	565
Barkley	189	181	177	547
Parker	189	180	180	549
Binyon	181	188	189	558
Hoon	179	189	188	556
Young	183	185	180	548
Winesberg	179	186	158	523
Babcock	184	181	179	544
Taylor	185	178	189	552
Arie	179	183	184	546
Tosetti	179	183	174	536
Hanagan	171	180	163	524
Call	183	178	188	549
J R Graham	176	184	181	541
Cole	179	181	178	538
Groves	175	184	177	536
Stanton	178	179	165	522
Vance	180	177	181	538
Barto	174	183	183	540
Dunnell	183	172	190	545
Knuessell	180	167	183	530
Henshaw	172	172	158	502
Ed Graham	169	171	172	512
Neal	176	162	163	501

THE MANY-USE OIL.

Prevents rust on guns in hot, cold, wet or dry weather.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainnt, instruction and information between American sportsmen. e editors invite communications on the subjects to which its es are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be reded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of respondents.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously omote a healthful interest in outdoor recreon, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural jects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

A MASSACHUSETTS BIRD STUDY.

WE have more than once spoken of the excellent work ne by Mr. Edw. Howe Forbush in connection with State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, and his ent report to that board is well worth reading by all o are interested in our birds. It has to do with the crease of certain birds and the causes for this decrease, d gives a number of suggestions for bird protection. e matter of the report is compiled from the author's servations, and those of the persons replying to 400 culars sent out by him to naturalists, secretaries of ate, game protective associations, officers of various cieties and commissions, sportsmen, market hunters and telligent observers generally.

As might be expected, the majority of these observers ke the view that our small birds have decreased, a dease which is far the greatest in the neighborhood of nters of population. The larger birds, including the me birds, are certainly decreasing, but some of these rger birds—as for example, the gulls and terns—have ightly increased within the past two or three years, wing to the passage of new laws and their enforcement. We may all listen respectfully to the opinion of so good n authority as Mr. William Brewster, who passes a eat deal of his time afield and who says that birds do ot appear to be decreasing generally, but there has been decrease among swallows, martins, night hawks, birds f prey and certain waterfowl.

Man and man's works are the chief cause of the deruction or diminution of our birds. His rude interence with the balance of nature, added to the injury orked by their natural enemies, increases the destruction of the birds to a point where it is greater than the nnual increase.

While opinions are of no great value unless backed by vidence, the trend of feeling expressed by the observers onsulted by Mr. Forbush is interesting. Of his 217 relies it was found that 82 assigned the diminution of irds to "sportsmen, or so-called sportsmen"; 70 to "Italns and other foreigners"; 62 to "cutting of timber and hrubbery"; 57 to "market hunters"; 32 each to "bird hooters and trappers" and "egg collectors, boys and thers"; 18 to "milliners' hunters"; 17 to "draining harshes and meadows," and 16 to "gun club and hunting ontests."

Each observer will naturally generalize from the conditons with which he himself is cognizant, but reasons iven for their opinions by the observers have a value; or example, one reporter writes that there are now at east seventy-five hunters provided with bird dogs, where hirty years ago there were only three dogs in his town. The improvement in firearms, from the flint lock, through he percussion cap, the breech loader and the pump gun, enders the efforts of each gunner far more destructive ow than formerly. In Massachusetts wildfowl shooters uring the open season live on the ground frequented by he birds, and by the aid of trained live decoys often succeed in decimating the flocks which pass them.

The destruction caused by foreigners affects chiefly the mall birds and those larger birds which are not game, uch as herons, hawks, owls and crows. These foreigners come to this country under the impression that this is a free land, where each man may do what he pleases. They regard the shooting of small birds as "sport," and as we all know frequently resist the officers of the law who attempt to check their depredations.

In offering suggestions for the better protection of the birds the correspondents made a multitude of suggestions which are grouped under four heads, which may be termed educational, legislative regulation of shooting, bounties, and miscellaneous. Of these the first two contain many ideas worthy of consideration, the third, which has to do with bounties, may be passed over, for it has been pretty well determined that bounties are ineffective; but in the miscellaneous suggestions is found the excellent and practical recommendation to establish State reservations where birds shall be protected.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has already taken noteworthy steps in this direction, and it may be hoped that the work so admirably begun may be carried much further. Not only Massachusetts alone, but every State in the Union should have a multitude of reservations to be left in state of nature, to be protected from injury by the public, and where the birds themselves shall be protected from enemies of whatever sort. It is possible, in time, to bring back many of our native birds in their old abundance, and we believe that this will ultimately be done. The sooner it is done the better.

THE TROUT OF GOLLEY BROOK.

THE delusion that private waters may be converted into public waters by the simple expedient of putting into them fish from the State hatcheries is manifested anew in a case which came up last week in the Rome, N. Y., city court. The circumstances as developed at the trial were these:

The New York game law contains a provision that in any town in which fish may have been placed at the expense of the State, the Forest, Fish and Game Commission may, on the request of the town board, "prohibit or regulate the taking of fish from public inland waters therein," for not exceeding five years from the time the fish were planted. Printed notices of the prohibitions are to be posted along the shores of the waters affected, and whoever shall fish in violation of the prohibition is declared to be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Taking advantage of the opportunity assumed to be afforded by this law to improve local trout fishing conditions, the Rome Fish and Game Protective Association applied for a consignment of fry from the State hatcheries to be placed in a stream known as Golley Brook, and at the same time petitioned the Commission to close the brook as to fishing. This was done; the fish were put in, and in November, 1903, the stream was declared closed for a term of three years, and was posted with legal notices to that effect.

Last July a Rome attorney, Elliott O. Worden, went fishing in Golley Brook, and when Asa Golley, the owner of the land from which the stream takes its name, cited the law to him the fisherman retorted that he was not worried about being arrested, but was worried as to whether he could get a mess or not. Mr. Worden assumed the role of one who was standing up for his rights. It is claimed for him that he fished in Golley Brook because he believed that the Commission had no authority to forbid his doing so, the stream not being within the classification of "public waters."

The character of the brook was described by several witnesses at the trial. Asa Golley, a witness for the prosecution, testified that the brook was not a navigable stream and that logs could not be floated there. "When the meadows are filled with high grass," he said, "the tops of the grass will meet over the brook, the brook being so narrow. There are arms of the brook in the town of Lee and the courses have been changed by the farm owners by plowing ditches, making more convenient courses. Golley Brook is made up of several little springs having their source from the side hill, not over three-quarters of a mile away from where Worden was fishing."

Counsel for the defense claimed that the brook was not "public inland waters," but a stream subject to private ownership, and in fact was inclosed private property. Charles Wengetz, a witness for the defense, testified that throughout most of the brook as it flowed through his land he could step across it; in a test made on the morning of the trial, in a distance of 396 paces along the brook, a stick fourteen inches long, used to span the width between the banks, "got stuck fourteen times, so that he had to dislodge it." Wengetz and Edward Lasha, owners of adjoining farms through which Golley Brook flows, testified that they had not authorized the posting of the stream on their property.

Lasha, on whose farm the fishing was done, said that he had invited the defendant, Worden, to fish there on the occasion for which Worden was arrested.

The private character of the water appears thus to have been demonstrated. Apparently no attempt was made by the prosecution to show that it was a public inland water for any other reason whatever than that it had been stocked by the State with fish, and that such stocking had made it public.

The court took this view. As quoted in the printed report of the case, "the court said he had his notion about it. He said John Golley owned property through which Golley Brook flowed and had given his consent to have it stocked by trout from the State hatchery, and that the town board of Lee had made application to have the stream closed, and that the proper notices had been posted prohibiting fishing in that stream, and that the requirements of law having all been lived up to, he held the brook to be public inland water and found Mr. Worden guilty of a misdemeanor in violating the law, section 156, in fishing there on July 18 last." A fine of $10 was imposed, but sentence was suspended pending appeal.

If the Golley Brook was truly described by the witnesses whose testimony we have quoted, it is manifestly not a public but a private water.

If it is private water the planting in it of fry from State hatcheries cannot make it public.

If it is a private water the State cannot close it to fishing.

If the Rome Fish and Game Protective Association members want to improve the fishing in Golley Brook by closing it for a term of years, they may do this legitimately by planting fry in it and persuading the land owners through whose farms it flows to post the stream and keep fishermen out. They would be obliged, however, to purchase the fry from private trout culturists, for the law forbids supplying fish from the State hatcheries for stocking private waters. Nor does such an arrangement with the farmers appear feasible just now, for taking umbrage at the Worden prosecution, some of the land owners have posted Golley Brook on their own account, declaring it to be their private property, and warning trespassers to keep out.

The tendency of the times is toward the more comprehensive and stricter closing of all private waters against promiscuous public fishing. The angler who finds himself shut out from streams once free to him may feel chagrined and outraged, and that he is deprived of what custom has made him consider his rights. But the changes are inevitable. There is no halting its progress. The fishing of the future, as to stream fishing for brook trout at least, will be in waters owned or leased by the fisherman, or in which he pays for the temporary privilege of fishing, or fishes as a guest. It behooves us to make up our minds to this, to reconcile ourselves to the change, and to cast about to make sure of our own personal, individual opportunities by prudently looking out for number one. In doing this we shall act most wisely if we shall depend on the ancient and well established principles of land ownership and property rights, and not put our faith in freak products of the legislative mill, such, for instance, as a law declaring that the stocking of private waters with fish from public hatcheries throws those waters open to the public.

A BETRAYAL OF TRUST.

THAT is a most extraordinary condition of affairs in the Adirondacks which is described by Mr. Raymond S. Spears in his story of the sale of State lands by officials whose duty it was to protect the people's interests. The State Constitution forbids the sale of lands in the Forest Preserve. In the face of that prohibition, if Mr. Spears be right as to his facts, parcels have been handed over to the wood alcohol manufacturer and other private purchasers. Among the lands of which the State has been robbed is a strip bordering on Ampersand Pond, one of the most famous beauty spots of the whole Adirondack region.

The charges made by Mr. Spears are not general but specific. They are serious and demand an answer. If such transfers of public property into private hands have been made, the officials who have betrayed their trust should be punished; the contracts being illegal should be annulled, and to the people of the State should be restored the lands of which they have been defrauded.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trappers of Oregon Territory.—II.

(Concluded from last week.)

DUNN describes the ways of the Columbia River Indians and tells of their custom of flattening the head: "There prevails a singular custom among all the tribes about the lower part of the Columbia—the flattening of the forehead, and compression of the whole head, which gives them a hideous appearance. Immediately after birth the infant is laid in an oblong wooden trough, by way of cradle, with moss under it. The end on which the head reposes is raised higher than the rest. A padding is then placed on the infant's forehead with a piece of cedar bark over it; it is pressed down by cords, which pass through holes on each side of the trough. As the tightening of the padding and the pressing of the head to the board is gradual the process is said not to be attended with much pain.

"The appearance of the infant, however, while under it is shocking; its little black eyes seem ready to start from their sockets, the mouth exhibits all the indications of internal convulsion, and it clearly appears that the face is gradually undergoing a process of unnatural configuration. About a year's pressure is sufficient to produce the desired effect. The head is ever after completely flattened, and the upper part of it, on the crown, seldom exceeds an inch in width. This is deemed a mark of beauty and distinction, like small and crippled feet among the Chinese ladies of rank.

"All their slaves, whom they purchase from the neighboring tribes, have round heads. Every child of a slave, if not adopted by a member of the tribe, must be left to nature, and therefore grow up with a round head. This deformity is, consequently, a mark of their freedom. On examining the skulls of these people several medical men have declared that nothing short of ocular demonstration could have convinced them of the possibilty of moulding the human head into such a form.

"Though the Indians about the head waters of the Columbia and in the other regions bordering on the Rocky Mountains are called 'Flat Heads,' the name does not result from such a characteristic deformity, for all these people have *round* heads; but appears to have been originally given them from caprice, or from an observance of some similarity in disposition or habit, between them and the savages of the coast at the mouth of the river. The best supported opinion is, that they were of the same original stock with the lower tribes, but discontinued the custom."

The fishing on the Columbia, the establishment at Fort Vancouver, its inhabitants and its farm are all told of most interestingly. It was here, we believe, that the first fruit trees were planted in Oregon, a region since most famous for fruits of all description.

It will be remembered that in several of the old books written of this far western country, and the travelers who passed through it, mention is made of James Bird, the half-breed son of an employe of the Hudson's Bay Company. This man died on the Blackfoot Reservation in northern Montana only a few years ago, and his children and grandchildren, most of them now nearly pure Indians, are still living in that country. One of his escapades is related by Dunn:

"Mr. McKay, one of the principal officers in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's trapping party in the Snake country, is a gentleman of great intelligence and natural astuteness, and also of good feeling, and is quite as much at home in the prairies and wildernesses as he is in a fort. I recollect a story related by him, in 'bachelors' hall.' He was speaking of a son of a Mr. Bird, a gentleman some years ago in the service of the company. This young Bird (and a wild *bird* he proved to be) received a fair education and could converse in French and English. He was some time in the company's service, but, finding the work too hard for him, joined the Blackfeet Indians, and was made a chief, and he took several daughters of chiefs for his wives and became a man of some note and respect. He received, among the trappers, the nick-name of Jemmy Jock. He had then been living with the Indians twenty years, and was much disliked by the American trapping parties; in fact, it has been said that the Americans did once offer $500 for his head, as they supposed he had been a leader among a tribe of Blackfeet when an American party was cut off by him.

"Mr. McKay said he was once encamped in the plain, and imagined that the Blackfeet must be in the vicinity of the camp, by various marks. He accordingly at night gave strict orders to the Canadians on watch to keep a good lookout, which they did, with rifle in hand. But this Jemmy Jock, dressed as a Canadian voyageur, managed to enter the camp unobserved, walked up to the chief man on watch, and, addressing him in Canadian French, said that he had 'received orders that the horses which were in the camp should be turned out to graze.' The watchman, taking it for granted that the order came from McKay, ordered the horses to be let out. But before long the camp was roused by the loud whoop of the Blackfeet; some of the horses were mounted, and others driven off before the marauding party; the poor trappers being left to make the best of their way through the plains as they could. Sometimes in traveling through the plains the company's trappers fall in with a letter, tied to a stick, left by this humorous half-breed, to announce that he has camped at this spot with his party a short time previously—sometimes giving them good information, and sometimes intending to mislead and play them a frolicsome or mischievous trick."

After a more or less polemical chapter, devoted largely to showing that the Americans in Oregon are all wrong, and the British subjects all right, Dunn passes on to a capital review of Oregon, as it was then known, and this is followed by a description of Astoria, subsequently Fort George. Included in this is a description of the loss of the ship Tonquin, and of the sale by Mr. Astor of Astoria. Then comes a description of the extension of the British sphere of influence, from southwestern Oregon to the north of the mouth of the Columbia, and a description of that country and its products. The whole is very interesting as a picture of the early condition of the country.

At Milbank Sound in 1833 the author and his companions, occupying a recently completed fort, came very near having a fight with the Indians. A man had deserted the post, and had joined the savages, and the traders, in an endeavor to get him back, took the chief of the Indians prisoner and held him, threatening that unless their man was given up they would send the chief to Vancouver. The whites had no water in the stockade, and, as Dunn says:

"On a particular day, seeing no Indians about, we proposed to allow some of the men to go out with buckets to get water. Mr. Anderson and myself went outside to see after them while Mr. Manson kept a lookout within the inclosure from a high temporary watchtower. We had not been out many minutes when, looking around the bay and on a point of land about a quarter of a mile to the southward, we perceived a fire. At that instant several Indians rose up, gave the war-whoop, and the fort was then surrounded with hundreds of these savages—some armed with knives, others with guns and axes. Mr. Manson cried out to arms. Mr. Anderson and myself rushed as fast as possible to the fort, and then to the bastions, from whence we commenced firing along with the men that remained in the fort. This threw the Indians into confusion and made them retreat with some loss of life into the woods. The whole of our outside men escaped unhurt into the fort, with the exception of two. One of these was a half-breed, who was surrounded by eight Indians. He was cut in the shoulder severely by an ax aimed at his head, after this blow he managed to wrest the ax from the Indian and keep his assailants at bay; but another Indian coming up with a gun was in the act of shooting him when Mr. Anderson rushed to the fort gate, and, with his rifle, shot the Indian. The others decamped and the half-breed made his way into the fort. The other, a Canadian, had before the disturbance fallen down with an ax in his hand, which had injured him. This man they took prisoner, dragging him, face downward, to the water-side and placed him, tied hands and feet, in a canoe, it being that night their intention had we not had their chief in custody, to have burnt him. During the night they kept up a continual whoop and firing of guns, but kept a long distance from the fort, fearing we should get our big guns to bear upon them. Having this poor fellow in their possession all night they brought him in the morning under the fort and announced a desire to speak to us; and finding their chief was safe, said if we would give their chief freedom they would return our man. The deserter they persisted they knew nothing of. Finding we could not get back the deserter we proposed to give them their chief, provided our man, whom they had taken prisoner, was returned; and likewise we proposed that they should give us two inferior chiefs as hostages. This was done for a guarantee to prevent any of our men from being attacked by them in case they were compelled to go out of the fort. This was agreed to. The chief having been let free our Canadian returned next morning, and the two Indians were kept as hostages to insure safety to our men on quitting the fort for business. The Indians requested us to hoist our flag as a signal of peace. They informed us that one or two Indians had been wounded in the previous conflict and wished to know if they came, since peace had been proclaimed, whether we would dress their wounds. To this also we willingly consented, and the patients were restored quite recovered. This conduct on our part in receiving and healing their wounded made a very favorable impression on them and they exhibited every pacific disposition. We kept, however, within the fort for several weeks until their vindictive feeling would completely have cooled down, and by that time we became mutual friends. Trade then again commenced at a brisk rate, and we went on building and clearing ground as usual, for the completion of the fort and the preparation of our little farm. As I began to speak their language so I increased in favor with them."

In one of his concluding chapters the author discusses further the relative claims of Great Britain and America to the Oregon Territory. The points on which he bases his claim are three—prior discovery, taking formal possession after discovery and settlement. The British discoverers whom he names are Cooke, in 1777; Berkeley and Dixon, in 1787; Lieutenant Mears, in 1788; Vancouver, in 1792, '93 and '94; Broughton, who in 1792 entered the Columbia River and proceeded up it 100 miles; Mackenzie, in 1793. He speaks also of the Spanish explorers, one of whom, in 1775, discovered the Columbia. As to American explorers he quotes Washington Irving, who speaks of Captain Gray who took his ship Columbia in 1792 into the river of that name, and up as far as Gray's Bay. Captain Gray, after proceeding to sea, fell in with Vancouver and gave him a chart. The author refers also to the explorations of Lewis and Clark, whom he speaks of as American citizens but does not appear highly to regard their discoveries.

Dunn makes quite an elaborate argument in favor of Great Britain, and it is a pretty good argument, too; but, of course, at this distance of time it is interesting only as a curiosity. He winds up his chapter by a quotation from a message of the President to Congress, saying that the United States have always contended that they had a right to the whole region of country lying on the Pacific embraced between 42 degrees and 54 degrees 40 minutes of north latitude, winding up with this mouth-filling paragraph:

"Commentary on so false and monstrous an assertion as this is thoroughly useless. If concession be made to this claim they will, by and by, claim as far as the pole. In a word, nothing will satisfy them short of the extinction of British power and influence throughout the northern continent of America. And it only remains for the British Government and the British people to consider whether they will tolerate this."

Writing of the missionaries and their influence over the savages, whom they hope to convert, he declares that before the conquest of Canada the Jesuit missionaries propagated the principles of the Christian faith among the remotest tribes, and did it successfully, and he believes that had not Canada been conquered by the British, "Christianity—perhaps Christianity in a bad form, but yet Christianity in all its elements—better than no Christianity at all, would have been diffused throughout the continent"; and he laments that since the conquest of Canada very little has been done toward the conversion of the natives in the interior and west. He believes that the natives should be Christianized through the instrumentality of the Church of England, or even of British dissenters, because, if so converted, they would, as a whole, attach themselves to Great Britain; but as this has been neglected by British missionaries it seems to him probable that the natives will be converted by those missionaries who swarm into the country from the United States and so the British hold upon their affections must soon be enfeebled. Finally, he declares that "The American missionaries are used by the American Government, and fairly represented by the American writers, as political instruments in exercising their influence with the natives to attach them to republican institutions and to make them the passive recipients of all sorts of anti-British antipathies, and thus the Americans hope to recover the position in the country which they lost by their want of integrity or energy as traders."

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

My First Black Bear.

THE winter before I was five years old a young uncle at my request taught me to read, and by the following spring had me able to read in my mother tongue about as well as I can read in it now. Soon after I had learned to read I got hold of several books about Indians, "Peter Parley's Tales" was one of them. They told me all about Indians and some more, as I afterward found out when I had got to be an Indian (by brevet) myself.

Now, I wanted to see these Indians and their country, and the Great American Desert, that took up so much of the map between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. I did afterward find the Indians but failed to find the Desert; it had been moved, probably. I studied for years after I had got to be a little older to hit on a plan to go West, and at last I thought I had it.

Early in the spring of 1855 the recruiting officer at Pittsburg, my native city, called for recruits for the Mounted Rifles—it is the Third Cavalry now—and he wanted trumpeters also, and as I could read music now and make a noise on a cornet (I thought then I could play it) I applied for a position as trumpeter—they called them buglers then; the bugler has since left the regular army and has gone to the volunteers, he is only a trumpeter in the regulars now. But I struck a snag here right at the start. I could not enlist unless I brought my mother to give her consent. I was only sixteen years old.

I might as well ask her consent to let me hang myself, and knowing that, I did not ask her but wrote out her consent myself, then lest this officer might ask me to write, when he enlisted me, I had a boy friend of mine sign for my mother and then tried again. It would not work. I must bring my mother, he told me.

I was bound to go West, though. Had not Horace Greeley told us to go there? So I next found an old river steamboat that was going to St. Louis, and shipped on her as a cabin boy. We got to St. Louis in good time—that is good time for this boat, she never was in a hurry going anywhere. And now I was in the West, or a part of it, at least. The Indians and buffalo and Great American Desert were still farther west. I held a council with myself, and as the boat was going to New Orleans next, I concluded to remain on her a while, the Indians and buffalo could be found later on, I thought.

I was right. I found them both when I came to look for them, and kept on finding the buffalo for the next twenty-four years, and did not stop finding Indians for the next thirty years. The last bunch of them I ever found must have been mad about something, for they got behind rocks and trees and shot at us for two hours.

We made the trip to New Orleans and back, then put in most of the summer between St. Louis and Memphis.

This boat was what would be called a tramp now. She went wherever she could get a cargo that paid. About the first of September we took on a load of Government stores at St. Louis to be taken to Fort Snelling, in Minnesota Territory it was then, and took these stores up to St. Paul. Here the captain concluded to tie up for the winter. It was rather early yet to quit, I thought, but then I was not the captain, only the cabin boy. The captain owned two-thirds of the boat himself, and his probable reason for tying up here was that he did not want to winter at St. Louis. I could not blame him. Since then I have seen numbers of fine boats torn away from their landings there and crushed like eggshells when the ice came down in the spring.

The crew was paid off and all left except the watchman. I was in the West now, and likely to stay there or else walk home. The railroads had not got quite up to St. Paul yet, or I might have "jumped a freight." I probably would have done it. The watchman was anxious to keep me with him, and the captain told him to do so, then said to me: "You stick to my boat, Johnny, and when you get old enough I will make you a mate."

"I am afraid I could never learn to swear hard enough, sir, for a mate;" I told him.

"Oh, yes, you can. You can do your share of swearing now. I have heard you at it when things did not suit you. Stay here and I'll ship you in the spring again."

St. Paul at that time was only a small town, hardly more than a trading post. Governor Ramsey, the first Governor of the Territory, was the great man here; he lived here. I was still stopping on the boat, when one day I went up town to see some Indians that had come in to trade. They were the Dacotas, or Sioux, as we call them. They call themselves Dacotas, and they were the first wild Indians I had ever seen.

While I was looking at them here a young man came up and began to question me, and after I had told him where I had come from, how I had come from there here, and how anxious I was now to go somewhere else, he offered me a job driving a wagon for him, then told me about himself, telling me that there were four of them and that they meant to remain out here a year hunting.

That suited me. I was willing to remain out here two years hunting, and closed the contract with him right then, though I expected now to be frozen half to death this winter, I had heard so much about this cold country up here, but thought that if these young men could stand it I could. As it afterward turned out, we camped out all winter, and I did not suffer any more from cold weather here than I would have done at home.

These men were all gentlemen's sons, what was still better as far as it concerned me they were all gentlemen themselves and always treated me well. They were stopping at the hotel here. It would have been a tavern farther East, and in a day or two after I joined them we got ready to go on the hunt, or rather continue it, as these men had been hunting out here since last July, they told me. They had four very good saddle horses and two heavy ones that hauled my wagon. The wagon was a stout farm wagon nearly new, it had only been in use since last July, and we had it loaded up to the cover. It carried our camp outfit, tents, baggage, supplies—a big lot of them—and what forage we could find room for. We had not room for much of it, but until we had left the last settler behind us they bought more from time to time.

These men had been driving the wagon turn about, but wanted a boy to do the driving. I might have done that and nothing else had I felt inclined to shirk my work. These men would never order me to do anything. I was only a boy, but I did my full share of all that had to be done in camp. I was anxious to keep this job, these men were going now to the country I wanted to see so bad—a part of that Great American Desert. They had plenty of firearms, rifles and shotguns. All guns then were muzzle-loaders, of course, and they let me use these guns whenever I wanted them. I knew how to use them; I had been using guns ever since I was able to hold one up to my shoulder, and had owned a boy's shotgun for several years now; it was a cheap affair and about as safe as a section of gas pipe would be, but I did not know that then, and I kept it going, in season and out of season. We had no game wardens then, and I could kill rabbits in January or July, and it took all my pocket money for powder and caps. I dispensed with shot, using slugs instead, they cost me nothing but the labor of making them.

Each of the men of the party carried an old style Colt's dragoon pistol. They were heavy rough affairs, or would be now. They were all right then. There were two of these pistols in the wagon; they were extra. I got one of them and put it on a belt and it went wherever I did; I would not go 100 yards from camp without it. My carrying this pistol was one of the standing jokes in camp. The men were continually asking me what I meant to shoot with it, and I always said a bear. I was always looking for that bear, and at last I found him, or he found me; I have never been able to determine exactly which of us it was that found the other; all I know is it would have been better for the bear had we not found each other.

When we left St. Paul we traveled about southwest for a while, going only a short drive each day, then camping, and if we found a good camp for grass often stopping there several days. The party was not in a hurry to go anywhere and took good care of the horses.

We found settlers here for a while after leaving St. Paul, and when we did we would stock up with forage and any supplies we could get. We knew that farther west we would not have much chance to get any, the country there then had no settlers, though they were coming in now. We had been out some time and had got west of where Stillwater now is, when one morning we moved camp a few miles to a place where the men had been when out hunting the day before. We got into the new camp at about 10 o'clock, and made camp to remain a few days at least.

This camp was in a wide bottom that had a good crop of grass, and there was a small swamp that seemed to be fed by a spring up on the bank above us. The place had been used as a camp by Indians the summer before. Their wickiups, small brush lodges, stood here yet in every direction. I used them later on for fire wood.

Just behind camp was a low ridge that ran up and back 200 yards, and behind it was a rather high hill. The ridge was closely covered with bushes, and a narrow path led through them; it began just at camp and led to the spring; I thought the squaws had probably made it. So as soon as we had got our tents up I took a tin bucket and started to find the spring, the swamp water was not fit to use. I found the spring at the foot of this high hill, the path led to it as I had thought it would. I carried down several buckets of water while one of the men got our dinner ready.

In the evening after supper, when we were all seated around camp the men were telling about what each had seen to-day, they had hunted each one by himself. One said that he had run across bear tracks not far from camp, and judging by the size of the tracks the bear that made them must be as big as an ox. He meant to hunt up that bear in the morning; it had been too late to do it to-night after he had found the tracks, he said. These men were continually finding bear tracks, always somewhere near camp, then sending me out with a double-barreled shotgun to thrash around through bushes for an hour hunting bears while they stayed in camp and laughed at me, so I thought that this was only another bear for me to hunt to-morrow, and paid but little attention to the story.

I got up now to go and get a bucket of water before it had got to be any later; it was almost too late now, it was getting dark in among those bushes up on the hill. Strapping on my pistol I took the tin bucket and threw a tincup into it, when Mr. Remington, our leader, says: "You have water here, have you not, Johnny? I would not go after any more. Let it go until morning."

"I have more time now, sir. I had better get it now."

"But it is getting late, and that bear may be up there."

"If he is I will sicken him, sir. I want a bear."

"Now, see here, Johnny, this man who had seen the tracks told me if that bear is up there you let him go, he is my bear, I don't want him shot; I mean to hunt him myself to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; then if I see him I'll tell him so, and send him down here; then you can hunt him to-night."

After I had got part of the way up the path I found it to be so dark in here that I was more than half inclined to go back and wait until morning, but if I did the men would laugh at me, so I kept on.

I had got about two-thirds of the way up, and just ahead of me about thirty yards the path made a sharp turn to the left; the spring was about thirty yards more beyond the turn. Just now some animal came around this turn, I could see the bushes sway as he forced his way through them; this path had not been made wide enough for him. It was so dark near the ground that I could barely see him, but he looked to be as big as a horse.

The bear story flashed across my mind, and I let go of the bucket and it dropped on the rocks, the tincup in it making a terrible racket. The bear got on his hind legs and his head reached clear above the bushes. I could see it plainly against the sky. My first thought was to give a yell, then run, but I thought that if I did then the bear would just grab me and eat me up. I did not know as much about black bears then as I do now. Had I run he would not have followed me a foot; he was as badly scared as I was. He could not have been worse scared, though. Since then I have hunted bears and killed them, and hunted others and lost them, but never had one of them try to hunt me. The male will fight nothing unless he is cornered or thinks he is, for his size he is the most cowardly animal on the footstool. The female, if she has a cub following her, and she generally has, will often put up a fight; but I have met one that ran and left her cub the moment I fired at her. I took her cub alive, then hid myself and waited all forenoon for her to come looking for him. She did not come.

I did not run, but hauling out the old pistol raised my left arm in front of my face for a rest, as though I were firing at a target, then raising the hammer took steady aim at his head and fired, then fired again, and had just fired the third shot when the bear fell with a crash, tearing down the bushes as he struck them. I have him now, I thought, but kept on firing until my pistol was empty. By this time all the men were up here.

"What are you firing at?" Mr. Remington asked me.

"At a bear, I think, sir. Whatever it is it is lying up there in the path; I killed it."

They could not see it now, nor could I, and I knew where to look for it, but the bushes were down there, the bear had not got away. Drawing his pistol, Remington walked up there, then called out, "Yes, it is a bear, and the largest one this side of sunset, too."

The other men who still stood here began to laugh; they thought I had been firing at a bush, of course, and that Remington was keeping up the joke.

"Come up here, you fellows," he told them, "and see if you can find anything to laugh at here."

We all went up now. The bear was lying across the path, his head and shoulders on top of the bushes he had broken down when he fell, while his hindquarters were shoved in among the bushes on the other side of the path. He may not have been the largest one in this country, but I have seen quite a number since then and never have seen one that was much more than half his size.

They dragged him around so as to get him into the path, or as much of him in it as the path would hold. He still lay on top of the bushes on either side. Then, after we had examined him I went and got my bucket to go after the water. When I came up to them again Mr. Remington asked me if my pistol was empty.

"Yes, sir," I told him, "I gave him the whole six while I happened to think of it."

He handed his pistol to me, taking mine and saying: "Carry mine until I get time to load yours."

I remained with these men until late the following summer, but never after this heard any funny remarks about carrying a pistol, nor was I ever sent out again to hunt imaginary bears with a shotgun, loaded with No. 8 shot probably. I had found my bear now and killed him.

After I came back from the spring, we went down and moved some of the horses that were staked out nearest the fire further back, so that they would not see the bear when we brought him down. Then we got the bear down, and it took the whole five of us nearly an hour to do it. Then while I kept dragging in brush from the wickiups and piling it on the fire to make a light, the men got the skin off, and I had a chance to see where I had hit him. One of my shots, the first one, I think, had taken him just below the left ear and had passed out at the top of his head. Another had gone in at his breast and missing his heart by less than an inch had buried itself in his backbone, going nearly through it. The other four shots were all misses, they had all been fired after he fell, as he was falling when I fired the third shot.

I had heard of the ability of these bears to carry away half a ton of lead; this one had got about two ounces then lay down with them. He was very fat, and I thought from his size that he must be very old; but Mr. Remington said that he was not over four years old, and he knew, as he was a surgeon by profession. When the skin was off Mr. Remington asked me what I meant to do with it.

"You can have it," I told him. "I don't want it." They all wanted it now.

"We will settle this," Remington said. "I'll sell it, and the highest bidder takes it; the boy takes the money. But remember, gentlemen, that whoever does get it is going to pay about all that the skin is worth for it. I want the boy to get paid for his bear. Start it up now."

They started it at $5 and ran it up by bids of $1 and $2 to $45, only three of them bidding on it so far, Mr. Remington had not bid at all yet, then they stopped. "Well, go on," he told them.

No, they were waiting to hear from him now, they said. "Fifty for me then. Go on now." No, he could have it, they were through.

I heard them say afterward that they might have sat and bid there all night, he would have had the skin in the morning. He offered me the money now.

"No, sir," I told him, "keep it for me. I don't want it until we go home."

This Mr. Remington was the oldest man in the party, though he was only twenty-six, none of the rest were over twenty-two. He and they had all been through college and he had studied medicine since and was a good surgeon, and a geologist. He taught me nearly all I know about our rocks and their age. He and the others would sit for hours around the fire at night talking about the early races in this country, the mounds and their builders, where our present Indians had come from, these mountains and valleys here, how and when they had been formed, and about our planets and whether or not they were inhabited. Remington claimed that most if not all of them were inhabited, and his arguments went far to convince me that they are. I could understand most subjects that they argued about, I had read about them myself. Remington had got up this expedition himself, the others were his guests; but when we came to stock up from time to time, they always insisted on paying their share.

We stretched the hide next morning and a few hours afterward a small party of Sioux, three families, came along, and finding us in camp, went into camp themselves close by. We gave them some flour, cornmeal, coffee and sugar, and the squaws, taking the hide, tanned it, and I afterward saw Mr. Remington refuse $100 for it on our way home. It was not worth it, though. He probably paid me more in the first place than it really was worth; but he wanted it and could afford to keep it.

We tried cooking bear steaks, but I did not like them and never have been able since to cook bear meat to suit me. The men did not care for it, so I let the squaws have it, and the Indians soon got rid of it all.

CABIA BLANCO.

Note to the Editor.—The Gatling gun that I lugged around with me on this expedition I had always supposed to be a Colt's "Texas Ranger," but when I was stringing the rough notes for this story together, a man who claimed to be posted on dates, told me that I was away off, that Colt had not invented his pistol then. As I did not want to kill a bear with a pistol that had not been invented yet, and make a fool of myself at the same time, I wrote to the Army and Navy Journal to find out and was told that the first Colt pistol called the "Texas model" had been put on the market in 1838. That settles that. I shot him with a Colt after all. Mine was not as neat as some of Colt's productions that I have since carried, but it was no doubt an improvement on their model of 1838; that model had seen daylight just a year ahead of me, and Colonel Colt had not been asleep since then I suppose. I had had an intimate acquaintance with Allen's "pepper box," and had just missed shooting myself by about half an inch with one of them a year before I formed part of this expedition, but I had never had a Colt's before this.—C. B.

[The conclusion of the hunt will be told next week.]

Selling Adirondack State Lands.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The administration of the Adirondack forest lands has always been sufficiently amazing, as anyone knows who read the newspapers during the time when Middleton was being turned out of the Forest Commission of New York. People read without surprise, but with much indignation, about the way in which Adirondack State lands were being skinned by thieves in the pulp and lumber business. That the State allowed the thieves to keep the pulp after 20 or 30 cents per cord had been collected in "fines." Now the State is going to charge $2 per cord, apparently, for that is what the State is suing for. The fact that pulp wood is worth $4 a cord, and that no punitive fine is collected, as a rule, is interesting to the casual reader.

But while we all knew that timber was being stolen, and that a man who tried to stop it was "marked" by the rascals, it was supposed that the land itself wouldn't be stolen, for the State Constitution forbids that. It was believed to forbid the sale of State forest lands also; but these things seem to have been charming fancies for the pleasure of those who may die before they are enlightened as to the real facts of the case.

Above Northwood, Herkimer county, is the old Hatter place, one that is famous among backwoodsmen of that locality because of ruffed grouse in the hardwood growth on the hillside, and because of the woodcock in the alder beds on the flats. Ducks are killed every year in the coves, or bayous, on part of it, and a runway through the open lot is passed by deer several times a week.

A good interesting piece of land is this old Hatter

place. Half of the lot belonged to the State. For many years it was called the "State lot"—fifteen or twenty years that I know of. For the ones who wish to know just where this State land is, according to the map, it may be said that it is described in the "List of Lands in the Forest Preserve, 1901," published by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York, as follows:

"Herkimer County, Town of Ohio, Remsenburg Patent, Lot 79. Sub. 3, per map of Stephen Smith 2d, in partition suit of Mary Shearn vs. Nicholas McIntosh. Mortgage, 100 acres."

The Adirondack map, published by the Forest Commission in 1902, shows this bit of land printed in red ink, denoting that it is State land.

A year ago, I was told at Northwood, that the wood alcohol man there was "going to buy that land." I said I didn't think it was possible, because the State Constitution amendment forbids the sale of State lands to individuals or corporations.

"Well, you know what money will do in politics," was the pessimistic answer.

This year, through the kindness of Secretary Whish, of the Forest Commission, I received the new State map of the State lands in the Adirondack region. I recalled the conversation with the Northwood woodsman, and on looking at the lot No. 79 I found that it was not red in the eastern half of the land, which had been State property so long.

The boast of the man looking for hardwood to ram into the retorts seemed to have come only too true. However, I had hopes that perhaps it was a typographical error, and wrote forthwith to Secretary Whish, of the Forest Commission, asking "How about it?"

Secretary Whish, who is always glad to answer questions, especially when they relate to the Adirondacks or Catskills, wrote back immediately:

"He (Superintendent Fox, of the Forests) says in reference to the old Hatter place, Lot 79, Remsenburg Patent, that the State Land Board sold it to the Finch Chemical Company without consulting the Commission. In former reports, he says, he had protested against such acts but without apparent success."

Evidently the State Land Board has committed the outrage against which protested hundred of thousands of voters who put in the Constitution an amendment forbidding the sale of land in the forest preserve. Here is a case where State lands are alleged to have been sold to a private corporation, those lands being a part of the Forest Preserve for the integrity and maintenance of which public sentiment is overwhelmingly favorable.

People wanted the forest lands reserved to maintain the water supply, to preserve the game, and, most of all, to keep it open for the public health and pleasure. And yet, right here is a case where forest land, with hardwood upon it, was sold to a company engaged in making wood alcohol and charcoal, the most destructive thing to forest lands, next to fire and the water overflow.

Then I compared the map of 1902 with the map of 1905. I was prepared to find land which was once "red" State land, but which now seems to have slipped through the fingers of the State Land Board into "white" or private ground. Anyone can compare the two maps if he wishes. There are many places where State land appears to have become private. I will point out one more of them only. It is up to the State authorities to explain how it is that this thing is so, and it is up to the societies which have the best interests of the State at heart to put their lawyers on the trail of the men who have State land in their possession, by virtue of their office, or otherwise.

No lake in the Adirondacks is more famous than Ampersand Pond. It has been frequently described by men of lesser strength who fished in it. But the best writers about the Adirondacks have told of it, and its beauties are told of in classic tales of the mountains. If any lake in the Adirondacks should be left open to the public this one ought to be.

It is in the town of Harrietston, Franklin county, and is located in the extreme north end of township 27. According to the map of 1902 the northeast quarter of township 27 belongs to the State. There is a little block of land in the northwest corner of the township, also State land. Part of the land around Ampersand Pond is "white," or private. But the south and southwest and west sides of the lake border on "red," or State lands. Due south from the lake is a large, roughly triangular piece of State land, bounded by the meanderings of the mid-stream of Ward's Brook. This triangular piece of land joined the northeast fourth of the township, which is all State land.

The map of 1905 shows a beautiful piece of work of the surveying kind—if the map is any criterion. All the triangle of State land has become "white"—private ground. The block of land to the southwest and west of Ampersand Pond has been shoved due west against Township 26. White Lily Pond (the other "Ampersand Pond") has been shoved down from the State land of Township 24. By this neat little bit of business Ampersand Pond becomes a body of water completely surrounded by "white" land. That is to say, it is now a fact, according to the reckonings of common people, that Ampersand and White Lily Pond are "preserved" from the public.

If any act of the State Land Board, or whatever board is responsible for this change in the map, should be investigated, this one should be. It looks to me as though the most noted of Adirondack ponds had been juggled out of the hands of the people into those of some private outfit.

It is probable that excuses of various sorts will be offered for the changes. In looking up the description of the Ampersand Pond lands one finds that the map of 1902 was evidently wrong as regards the exact location of the land. Nevertheless the description of the land as it appears in the "List of Lands in the Forest Preserve" states distinctly that State land is bounded on one side by "Ampersand Pond or lake."

"Col. W. F. Fox says he has protested against such acts in former reports." For time out of mind Colonel Fox has been trying to get things so fixed that "judicious lumbering" could be carried out on State lands. Efforts have also been made to have things so fixed that State lands could be exchanged for private lands elsewhere. Evidently things have been so fixed that the best parts of the Adirondacks can be reverted to the ownership of private individuals or corporations, while Colonel Fox genially and gently "protests in his reports." The only reports of Colonel Fox that I have ever seen were beautiful things said about the Adirondack lumber industry, and signs posted conspicuously on stumps saying "Look Out For Fire."

It is perfectly evident that people who care to have the Adirondacks preserved for public health and public profit and public pleasure have something else to look out for besides "Fire."

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 24.



NATURAL HISTORY



Bears of New York City.

SINCE those ancient days when the youthful David, guarding his father's flocks, slew a lion and a bear, and that other occasion when forty and two of the juvenile children of Beth-el were torn by two she bears at the request of the choleric, but no doubt kindly natured, Prophet Elijah, bears have always had a very great interest for children, whether of lesser or of larger growth.

It would hardly be supposed that bears, big, ferocious and numerous, are to be found in New York city, mixed up with a population of Americans, Europeans, Africans and Asians, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, but that is the fact. Here in New York we have what is perhaps the largest collection of living bears in the whole world, and certainly the best shown collection. This is found at the park of the New York Zoological Society in the Bronx, where are now to be seen no less than thirteen species, comprising thirty-six individuals.

Bears are found all over the world, south as well as north, though they do not seem to be abundant in the tropics. The writers of classical antiquity mention bears from Africa, Herodotus speaking of Libyan bears, and Pliny of those of Numidia. However, up to the present time no bear is known from Africa, although in the mountains of Abyssinia there is an unidentified animal which may belong to this family. Nor are there any bears in Australia, that land of queer mammals, where, to be sure, we should not expect to find them. However, in Asia, Europe, and North America, bears are common enough. They are found also in South America among the high mountains of Chili, as well as in the great island of Borneo.

The biggest bear that we know of is one of the great brown bears found in Alaska. He is said to be the largest carnivorous mammal in the world. The polar bear, confined of course to arctic regions, makes a very good second. He is truly carnivorous and is much longer, slimmer and generally more adapted for life in the water than his heavier relatives of Alaska which live on a mixed diet of vegetables and fish. The tiniest bear in the world is the Malayan sun bear, which is short-haired and stands hardly taller than a big fox terrier. It has, however, a big, strong head, and feet armed with claws, which, for the size of the animal, are enormous, and one might easily imagine that it would make a very unpleasant antagonist for an unarmed man.

Though of course the bears are carnivors, they are obviously very different from dogs and cats. While the dogs and cats walk on their toes, the bear plants the whole sole of the foot on the ground. This seems to give him a clumsy motion, but it must not be thought from that that he is not swift of foot. On the contrary, many a man has learned that his saddle horse in which he took considerable pride was not swift enough to overtake a bear, and some, to their sorrow, have learned that their horses were not swift enough to get away from a bear.

If the feet and methods of locomotion of the bear are unlike those of the dog and the cat, so also are his teeth. While the dental formula of the bear is the same that it is in the dog, there is a great difference in the character of the teeth; this is especially true of the molars, which in the dogs and cats are adapted for the division of flesh; that is to say, certain of the molars possess sharp cutting edges, which passing by the similar cutting edges of the molars in the other jaw, divide the food, which is flesh. In the bears, on the other hand, the same teeth are much more flat, broader and adapted for crushing rather than for cutting food. Moreover, the lower jaw of the bear is articulated to its skull in such a manner as to permit of a sidewise motion adapted to the grinding up of food. This is hardly needed in the true carnivors, who require only to tear their food into fragments small enough to be swallowed and then bolt it.

The bear is of course a vegetarian. He eats roots, berries, fruit, grass, insects and such small creatures as he can catch or dig out of their burrows—chiefly mice, ground squirrels and perhaps woodchucks. Rarely he kills the larger animals, but it must be only rarely.

The polar bear, however, is an exception to this rule. It lives in a country where roots and berries are scarce, and during by far the greater portion of the year it must depend for subsistence on the animals which it kills.

The mental characteristics of the bear are always interesting. In its wild state it is characterized by extreme keenness of hearing and smell, and by extraordinary alertness and caution. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the bear still retained the impression that he was the monarch of the American woods or fields. He was then often found in the open at various times during the day, busy about his ordinary avocations. But since that time constant pursuit has made the animal so extraordinarily cautious, that it rarely ventures out during the daylight, except in districts most remote and where it has not been at all hunted.

In captivity the bear is easily tamed, and usually affectionate. It is ready in learning tricks, but, like all wild animals, it may be subject to panic frights, during which it may possibly use its great strength to the injury of the human being who has to do with it. Nevertheless cases of this kind occur very rarely, and while a bear is hardly to be recommended as a pet, there is nevertheless much pleasure got out of the occupation of watching and studying one.

As might be supposed, the Zoological Society's collection is rich in American bears, no less than sixteen of the specimens being natives of this continent. There are two specimens of the Kadiak bear, supposed to be *U. middendorffi;* one Peninsular bear (*U. merriami*), from the Alaska Peninsula; four grizzly bears from Colorado, southern Alaska, Wyoming and Mexico, and nine bears of the black bear type, representing New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Florida, Ontario, Canada, Wisconsin, Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming. Besides these, are two splendid polar bears, which although from Nova Zembla, may fairly be called American, since the species is found throughout the Arctic of the old world and the new.

From the old world there are eight species, represented by eighteen individuals. Of these, two Syrian bears from Asiatic Turkey represent the bears of Scripture already referred to. This species is still found in the mountains of Palestine, and though not now very numerous, is still held in high respect there. In the time of the Crusades, bears were numerous in Palestine, and as they were never interfered with, were very bold. They are said to have frequently killed human beings for food, and there is a record of one which, while trying to carry off a woodcutter during the time of the siege of Antioch, seriously wounded Geoffrey of Bouillon, who went to the woodcutter's defense.

The brown bear of Europe is another well-known old world form, represented here by two specimens. It is widely distributed over northern Europe and Asia, but of course has been exterminated in many localities. In the time of the Romans it was still found in Britain, whence it was taken to Rome for the sports of the amphitheater. In northern Europe it is still hunted and a considerable number are killed each year. There are many shooting territories still for rent in central and northern Europe where bears may be had—in some cases to the number of fifteen or twenty in a season. This is the form of bear commonly taken about over the country by wandering Italians. The bears are said to be easily tamed, but now and then they turn upon the keeper and do some damage.

Far less well known are certain species from the further East, such as the hairy-eared bear (*U. piscator*) from northwestern Mongolia, the Himalayan black bear (*U. torquatus*) from Japan, the Japanese bear (*U. japonicus*) from Japan, the Yezo bear (*U. ferox*) from Yezo, Japan, and the sloth bear (*U. labiatus*) from India. This is a species of the far East, and one of its names is given on account of the large and well-haired ears. On account of its pale color, which is light brown, fawn or nearly white, it is sometimes called the Isabella bear.

The Himalayan bear is a curious and handsome species. It is a small animal, and has very long hair on the side of the jaw and neck—giving the effect of a ruff about the neck—very large ears and a chin which is white. The range of the species until within the past few years has been considered somewhat southern, ranging north from eastern Persia, but it has lately been found in northern Japan.

The Japanese bear is a very small animal, being not much larger than the sun bear. It is shy, timid and generally carries the impression of being greatly abused and injured.

Far better known than any of these is the sloth bear of India, which has long been hunted by the shikarees of that country, and which is often tamed and led about by strolling jugglers. It is a very mild and gentle animal, readily becomes attached to its master, and learns to perform some tricks. The sloth bear is black in color, with very long shaggy hair, but on the breast and on the face there is some more or less clear white. It has very long hooked claws and no incisor teeth. These teeth are lost at a very early age, and all trace of them disappears. For this reason the zoological position of the sloth bears was for a time uncertain, and some naturalists even called it a sloth.

Perhaps the most curious and quaint among all the bears is the sun bear, called in parts of India bruang. In appearance it is so grotesque as to be really attractive, and when tamed it becomes a very capital pet. In his great work on the "Mammals of India" Dr. Jerdon says: "The sun bear is generally found at a considerable elevation, 9,000 to 12,000 feet and often close to the snow; but in winter it descends to 5,000, and even lower sometimes. It lives chiefly on fruits and roots, apricots, walnuts, apples, currants, etc., also on several grains, barley, Indian corn, buckwheat, etc.; and in winter chiefly on various acorns, climbing the oak trees and breaking down the branches. They are very fond of honey. Now and then they will kill sheep, goats, etc., thus occasionally eating flesh. This bear has bad eyesight, but great power of smell, and if approached from windward is sure to take alarm. A wounded bear will sometimes show fight, but in general it tries to escape. It is said sometimes to roll itself into the form of a ball, and then roll down

steep hills if frightened or wounded. If met suddenly where there is no means of escape it will attack man at once; and, curious to say, it always makes for the face, sometimes taking off most of the hairy scalp and frightfully disfiguring the unfortunate sufferer. There are few villages in the interior where one or more individuals thus mutilated are not to be met with.

"The bruang has a smallish head and a short neck, which is very strong, enabling it to tear up the great plantains. It is also destructive to the cocoanut groves. As this nut and the banana constitute so largely the sustenance of the natives, the animal is regarded as a pest. When tamed it shows so much affection and has so many drollways as to make it an amusing and prized pet. Even when a caged captive it is in constant motion, and this is not the painfully monotonous, automatic movement of the white bear, so indicative of a sense of deprived freedom, or the mild melancholy of the captive honey bear, but it is an activity which seems the irrepressible outcome of a brimfulness of life. Although in many of its aspects this restlessness is ludicrous, it is really amiable animal gush. At any rate, it makes the bruang a star card in the menagerie. It will walk upon its hind legs as if for a constitutional that meant business, when most unexpectedly the promenade is arrested, and, still standing on its hind legs, the flexible body goes into a series of indescribable contortions. Putting the head on the floor, and tilting the tailless end in the air, it goes over and comes down in a heap, thus achieving a somersault to a degree clumsy and ludicrous. Then comes a pause, as if for the moment it had exhausted its talent in the line of ursine gymnastics. Now, unconsciously, as some humans do, it turns buffoon. Mounted on its hindlegs, swaying its pliant body as if it were a billow of sarcode, gesticulating with its forelimbs, protruding its long tongue to an inordinate extent, then fetching it in with a jerk and a clucking sound—this clownish role is a source of merriment to the spectators. Perhaps this good temper it is that makes the bruang more entertaining than the honey bear, albeit the inimitable facial pranks of the latter.

"If 'my Lord Mayor's fool' was accounted a wise man by the epicures because 'he knew what was good,' then was Sir Stamford Raffles' tame bruang well endowed with worldly wisdom. Though a patron of learning, the founder and first president of the Zoological Society and a famous author, yet Sir Stamford is more widely known by his graphic story of his tame Malayan bear, which, notwithstanding its being often cited, it would be culpable in us to pass by. At any rate, a brief extract must be given. Says the Knight: 'He was brought up in the nursery with the children, and, when admitted to my table, as was frequently the case, gave proof of his taste by refusing to eat any fruit but mangosteens, or to drink any wine but champagne. The only time I ever knew him to be out of humor was on an occasion when no champagne was forthcoming. He was naturally of an affectionate disposition, and it was never found necessary to chain or chastise him. It was usual for this bear, the cat, the dog, and a small Blue Mountain bird, or lory, of New Holland, to mess together and eat out of the same dish. His favorite play-fellow was the dog, whose teasing and worrying were always borne and returned with the utmost good humor and playfulness. As he grew up he became a very powerful animal, and in his rambles in the garden he would lay hold of the largest plantains, the stems of which he could scarcely embrace, and tear them up by the roots.'"

Much more interesting to us than any of these foreign bears are those of our own country of which there are a good many. Time was—and it is not so very long ago—when it was believed that outside of the polar bear there were only two bears in North America, the black—with its color phase of brown, usually called cinnamon bear—and the grizzly, which ranged from the Missouri River across the great plains to the shores of the Pacific. Within a few years all this has been changed. We are told that there are several species of black bears, as many of grizzly bears, and we know now, as we did not then, much about the great brown bears of Alaska, and a little about the queer glacier bear, and have a few specimens of a new bear described by Mr. Hornaday called Kermode's bear. This is a white bear of very small size, and has been spoken of as a possible albino of the black bear; but it would seem that too many specimens have been taken to make this possible, for albinos are not common. This species—if it be one—appears to be confined to the coasts and islands of northern British Columbia. It was described in the last Annual Report of the New York Zoological Society.

The range of the different forms of black bear is greater than that of any of our American bears. They are found all through the United States, and well up into Canada on both slopes of the continent. To the primitive Indian this was a considerable source of food, and its grease was highly esteemed. In autumn, winter and very early spring, bear hunting was an occupation to which the Indians greatly devoted themselves; yet, although the Indians believed that the bear possessed some secret power, and though they made every effort to secure them, after killing one, they always performed some form of sacrifice and addressed the bear, explaining why they had killed it, offered the pipe to it so that it might smoke, and finally put up the skull on a pole above the earth so that it might not be dragged about or treated disrespectfully by other animals.

The black bear—if we may say so—is sometimes brown, and when brown it is called the cinnamon bear. This was formerly regarded as a species distinct from the black bear, and it is possible that there may be a brown bear of the black bear type which is a good species. On the other hand, it is well known that in litters of bear cubs there are sometimes two colors, black and brown. Again, it is known that the brown or cinnamon form is much more abundant in certain parts of the country than others, and that there are certain regions where it is never found.

If the black bear has been the longest known of the American bears it is certain that the grizzly has been the most feared. It is much the largest and strongest of the carnivorous animals found in the United States, and we may imagine that in primitive times it was rarely interfered with by the Indians. Their rude stone-headed arrows could hardly reach the vitals of a grizzly bear, even though shot by the strongest bowman, for the inch or two of loose hair, the thick hide backed by a layer of fat and this again by tough muscle and bone, would tend to protect the heart and lungs of the animal so that every chance would be against the man who attacked it. It can hardly be doubted that a long and inherited experience of seeing all living creatures run away from him had taught the grizzly of the plains that he was invincible and had given him a tremendous courage; and so when the first white men went out on to the plains and met this beast which had always been the ruler of the country he ranged in, they found an animal not in the least afraid of them and quite disposed to attack them without waiting to be interfered with. The early accounts of the grizzly bear come as we all know from the writings of Lewis and Clark, who called them "white bears" and sometimes "gray bears," and for many years after their journey trappers passing over the plains found these white bears not at all disposed to get out of their way, but on the contrary, entirely ready to take the aggressive. Moreover, their numbers were something quite astonishing, for food was abundant, they had no enemies.

All the early books tell of the numbers and boldness of these bears. Pattie, writing of the year 1820 or thereabouts, tells how when traveling through the buffalo range on the upper waters of the Arkansas in what would now be perhaps western Kansas or eastern Colorado, he counted 150 white bears in one day. On another occasion, while he was standing guard at night, he heard a disturbance among the picketed horses, and after a little while discovered that a bear had come into the herd and was eating up a horse. He shot it, and his comrades ran out to learn the cause of the disturbance, and when the bear saw them it charged upon them, caught one man and tore him so that he died a few days later. This is all of the plains.

Grizzly Adams and Mr. Allen Kelly have told us something about the size and ferocity of the California grizzly, a beast, however, which the vaqueros of California armed with a rope used to handle without much danger or difficulty. Pattie describes the way in which they used to be captured in his day, and tells also of the fights that the Californians used to arrange between bulls and bears, the two animals being tied together by a rope. The victory did not always come to the bear. This mention of bull fights reminds us of a tale related by a Blackfoot Indian and published some years ago in the book, "American Big Game Hunting," of a battle between a grizzly bear and a young buffalo bull. In this case the bear was killed by the bull. The tale was related by an eye-witness.

Bears of the grizzly type are found—or used to be—from the southern United States all along the mountains through northern Alaska. Just how big they grow we none of us know, but it cannot be doubted that their weight has been greatly overestimated. We have heard people talk about 1,000-pound grizzly bears, but it may be gravely doubted if they ever grow so large. The enormous bear captured in the Yellowstone Park for the National Zoological Park at Washington weighed, if we recollect aright, when captured and very fat, 768 pounds.

Of the habits and of the hunting of the great brown bears of Alaska we have been told much by a few men who have devoted months and years to hunting in Alaska. Perhaps the best accounts of the bear in Kadiak Island and on the Alaska Peninsula are those by Messrs. W. Lord Smith and James H. Kidder, published in the volume, "American Big Game in Its Haunts." Of these brown bears there are supposed to be six species, all of large size, all brown in color, and all of them fish-eating bears. Formerly very abundant, they seem now to be growing much less numerous, and we are told that the Kadiak bear, which of all of them had the greatest reputation for size, is verging toward extinction. Within the past year or two herds of sheep have been introduced on Kadiak Island, and the bears and the sheep do not appear to get along well together. The result of this will certainly be that the bears, although at present protected by law, will shortly be exterminated. Of these brown bears two may be seen in the Zoological Garden. They are now six years old and were captured in the Copper River district of Alaska in 1899, and then weighed about eight pounds each. In November of the same year they weighed about ninety pounds each, and now, at the age of six years, are ponderous specimens. The coat is long and shaggy, they stand high at the shoulders, have short muzzles and wide heads. One of the animals which has now entirely shed its coat is very dark brown; the other, not yet shed, is reddish in color. Just which species these bears belong to is uncertain. Possibly they are the Kadiak bear or perhaps one of the other forms. There is no way of determining that except by looking at their skulls, and those we cannot at present get at.

Nowhere in the world are to be found such splendid bear dens as those in the Zoological Society's park. They are of great size; in each one there is room enough for half a dozen bears without any crowding. They are built partly on a high ledge of rock, in which the sleeping apartments have been excavated; each one is provided with a swimming pool, and in each one the bars—the fence which confines the bears—are set in the midst of a stone wall wide enough for the bears to walk on. They are open on all four sides. All this means that the bears have an opportunity to climb and wander about over a considerable area, that they can see their neighbors and the public, and that in hot weather they can go in swimming. It would be hard to imagine animals in confinement more cheerful and good natured than these. They are constantly playing, chasing each other and sparring; they are provided with playthings, and, on the whole, are busy and so happy.

Very different is the condition of the bears in many of the gardens of Europe. They are confined in dens which have solid walls either on all sides forming pits, or at least on three sides, so that the animals can look out only at the public in front of them. The floors are likely to be wet, and the whole inclosures damp. They get little or no sunlight, have nothing to interest them, and for these reasons they are subject to a variety of diseases not found here, and are unhappy and cross. America may fairly congratulate herself on being, in the matter of bear dens, as in so many other matters, far in advance over the old world.

A part of the good condition of the Zoological Society's bears is undoubtedly due to the way in which they are fed. Twice a week they receive meat and fish, but the bulk of their diet consists of bread and of green vegetables. Among the latter are green corn, tomatoes, squash and apples, with no doubt occasionally other vegetables. The bears seem to be most fond of the bread, and pounce on that at once, tearing out the soft inner portion of the loaf and greedily devouring it. Some of them at once run with the loaf to the water and dip the bread in it to soften it. The food of the polar bears is chiefly fish and meat, though they, too, get some bread and vegetables, but they naturally are most eager for the animal food.

It is amusing to note the excitement that prevails in the bear dens at the approach of the keepers pushing the cart of food. The largest and most dignified bears merely stand up and look; those less in size run races about the dens, while the little tiny bears lift up their voices and yell with anguish, because the food is not at that moment before them.

The Natural Enemies of Birds.

BY EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

From the "Special Report on the Decrease of Certain Birds, and its Causes, with Suggestions for Bird Protection," in the Fifty-second Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

IN the opinion of many correspondents, the natural enemies of birds do no appreciable injury, while others consider them the chief cause of the decrease of birds. It is noticeable that some sportsmen and gunners complain particularly of hawks, foxes, crows, skunks and weasels. At first sight it might seem that those most responsible for the decrease of birds were trying to shift the blame; but we must remember that those who are most in the woods with the birds are most likely to observe their destruction by their natural enemies.

Under normal conditions, the natural enemies of birds are also their friends. There is no better proof of this than the statements made by the early settlers at a time when game birds were here in great abundance. Eagles and hawks were then far more numerous than they are now. Evidently they produced no appreciable effect on the numbers of game birds.

Hawks which feed on birds will overtake the crippled, sickly, least active or most conspicuous birds. This results in a survival of the wariest, strongest, most active and least conspicuous individuals—in a word, the fittest. It prevents the spread of disease and the propagation of weakness and unfitness; it preserves the race. This is true to a much less extent of the effect of shooting, for a charge of shot will overtake the strongest as well as the weakest—the fit as well as the unfit. Hawks, owls, foxes and other so-called enemies of birds also protect birds in another way. The horned owl, no doubt, now and then kills a grouse; but it also kills the skunk and crow, which destroy the grouse eggs or young. Hawks may kill game birds as well as other birds; but they also kill squirrels, crows, jays and weasels, the enemies of these birds. All this may be true of the hunter also; but hawks, owls, foxes and weasels kill, in addition, field-mice, deer-mice and shrews, all of which might otherwise increase unduly, and become very destructive to eggs and young birds. No one knows how often the nests of birds are broken up by deer-mice. They climb trees like squirrels, nest in hollow trees, and may be as great a danger to birds as is the dormouse of Europe.

Shrews are notorious flesh-eaters, and possibly may be very destructive to ground-nesting birds; while field-mice, when pushed for food, are among the most destructive rodents known. These creatures probably feed mainly at night; their habits are not well known. They can be held in check by natural means only, hence we must *beware of destroying the animals that feed on them.* Acknowledging, as we must, that under natural conditions the natural enemies of birds are useful, there is no doubt that under the artificial conditions produced by man some of them may at times need artificial check. Under natural conditions the crow is certainly a valuable force in nature; but when we have destroyed the raccoons, the larger hawks, owls and eagles—the only creatures besides man, perhaps, which serve to hold the crow in check—then we must also check the increase of the crow, or, wanting sufficient food, it will become very destructive to grain, fruit, fowls and smaller birds. In like manner we have destroyed the wolves, which formerly kept the fox in check; we must, then, check the fox, lest it, increasing, attack our fowls and the game and insectivorous birds. For this reason, it is well that the fox and crow are not protected by law.

Partly because of the fact that the natural enemies of birds may sometimes need an artificial check, and partly because the injury done by them is often much magnified, it seems best to publish some evidence of their comparative harmfulness, under the conditions now prevailing in this Commonwealth.

The natural enemies of birds, noted as harmful by the observers who have contributed to this portion of the report, may be arranged in the following order, with reference to the number reporting each: Cats, eighty-two reports; foxes, fifty-eight; crows, fifty-four; English sparrows, thirty-nine; hawks, thirty-four; jays, twenty-six; owls, twenty-two; the elements, twenty-one;* weasels, seventeen; skunks, six; snakes, three; pheasants, three; minks, three; orioles, three; chipmunks, two; raccons, one.

Cats and Dogs.

The destructiveness of the cat is noted not only by the greatest number of observers, but, with remarkable unanimity, nearly all who report on the natural enemies of birds place the cat first among destructive animals. The domestic cat, then, introduced, fed, pampered and petted by man, leads the list, and sometimes leads even the sportsman in number of birds killed per day.

Mr. Brewster tells of a day's hunt by four sportsmen with their dogs, in which they killed but one game bird, a Bob White. On their return at night to the farm house where they were staying, they found that the old cat had beaten their score, having brought in, during the day, two Bob Whites and one grouse.

Reports of the cat's destructiveness come from every county in the State. Cats in good hunting grounds will average at least fifty birds each per year. I have recorded heretofore the destruction of all the young birds

*This subject was quite fully treated in my last special report, and will not be further noticed here.

in six nests and two of the parent birds by one cat in a day. Cats kill for the sake of killing, and destroy more birds than they can eat. They take a savage pleasure in playing with their prey, and torturing it in the most cruel manner. Cats are also more destructive than other animals, because so much more abundant.

A friend who was raising pheasants was obliged to kill over 200 cats in a few years. Game birds suffer much from the cat, but the smaller birds suffer more. Cats are far more destructive to birds than the fox, for they climb trees and take the young out of the nests. They easily catch young birds which are just learning to fly. They frequently catch the adult birds upon the ground when they are feeding, or when they are drinking or bathing. The most harmful characteristic of the cat is its tendency to revert to a wild state.

If a dog loses its master and cannot find its home it seeks to form the acquaintance of a new master; but the cat is quite as likely to take to the woods and run wild. It then becomes a terror to all living things which it can master. Whoever turns out or abandons a cat or a kitten in the country has much to answer for. Proofs of the destructiveness of cats are not wanting. They were introduced on Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, about 1880. They ran wild, and, multiplying rapidly, exterminated the rabbits which had been in possession of the island for half a century.**

On Aldabra Island, about 200 miles northwest of Madagascar, cats are common. They have decimated the birds, having exterminated a flightless rail, an interesting bird peculiar to this group of islands. Cats are also numerous on Glorioso Island, and, as a consequence, the birds on this island are even less common than on Aldabra.†

Dogs destroy comparatively few birds, but some dogs will eat every egg they can find. Some dogs catch and kill young and even adult game birds. Dogs, like cats, kill other animals for sport. They are not nearly so expert at catching birds as cats, but they chase and molest birds even where they cannot catch them.

**"The danger of introducing noxious animals and birds," Dr. T. S. Palmer, Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1898, pp. 89, 90.

†Proc. U. S. National Museum, XVI., 1894, pp. 762, 764.

Robin, Sparrow and Worm.

SAYRE, Pa., Aug. 25.—One of the pleasant incidents connected with a recent brief outing at Ithaca consisted of observing, just at nightfall, a congregation of robins, old and young, upon a close-mown lawn. I counted thirty-five robins with a considerable number of English sparrows keeping them company. The robins hopped joyously about the velevty sward, stopping every two or three hops and tilting their heads comically to a listening attitude, which, upon the development of certain "ground signs," apparent only to their trained perceptions, was instantly followed by a hard thrust of the beak into the soil, then a lusty upward pull, with a wriggling worm of substantial girth and length as a customary reward.

Meanwhile, the marauding sparrows were not inactive, and at every least opportunity the sturdy Britishers would grapple with the loose end of the captive worms and put up the hardest sort of a struggle for possession. As a result of their bulldog tenacity and impudent combativeness, and a strength that appeared enormously out of proportion to their size, these natives of Johnnie Bull's fog-wrapped isle were more often than not equal partakers with the redbreasts of the delectable morsels. My hostess informed me that the robins visit the lawn nightly, often in companies of fifty, and nearly always accompanied by a following of sparrows fighting for a share of the evening meal.

M. CHILL.

Eyes That Shine in the Dark.

MEDLIN, N. C., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About six years ago I wrote to you, in jest, a little comment on the old hunter's saying that there are only two large mammals whose eyes will not shine by reflected light, namely, man and hog.

I write now in earnest to report the case of a man whose eyes do "shine in the dark" like a cat's. He is a Carolina mountaineer and neighbor of mine, Walt Proctor by name. His eyes are gray, the irises small, and the pupils more sensitive, I think, than normal. He has a nervous affection of the eyes, causing him to roll them frequently and blink. His ordinary expression is staring. When sitting in a dark room I have seen his eyes flare as a lamp approached, precisely as the eyes of a deer or a cat will shine under such circumstances.

HORACE KEPHART.

The Real Old Florida Mosquito.

THE yacht Mystery, Capt. Charles Meloy, with Engineer W. J. Krome, and others of the Florida East Coast Railway extension operations aboard, returned to port yesterday afternoon from the lower coast where they have been for the past week or ten days. The Mystery came directly through from West Key with the exception of a few stops yesterday at the various camps on Key Largo and Long Key.

In speaking of the trip Captain Meloy said that the mosquitoes were so bad that they dared not go ashore at any of the camps, but had to anchor in the stream while boats from the shore came out to them. They burned ten pounds of insect powder on the trip up, and had to keep the boat closed and screened to keep out the pests, that literally filled the air.

The men at the camps are protected as much as possible with screen and smudges, huge fires and smokes being burned all the time in order that the men can pursue their work of grading. Old settlers announce without hesitation that the mosquitoes are the worst this year that they have ever been, and they predict that there will be no relief unil the fall hurricanes set in.—Miami (Fla.) Metropolis, Aug. 19.

Cabia Blanco.

ROME, Ga., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was with deepest regret that I read in your last number of the death of Cabia Blanco. I had learned to search out his contributions and read them first, knowing that I would find them both interesting and instructive.

Some twenty years later than the time of his narrative it was my good fortune to spend several years in the West, a larger part of this time was spent among the very scenes of his stories, and that fact has made them doubly interesting to me. I know enough of the times and country of which he wrote, to say that his description of the West, its people and their life, was most true. I sincerely hope that FOREST AND STREAM has a reserve store of his writings, which they will continue to publish.

With best wishes for the continued success of your splendid paper.

J. W. HARVEY.

[We have several unpublished manuscripts of Cabia Blanco's, which we shall print in forthcoming numbers.



GAME BAG AND GUN



A Day with the Pheasants.

TOM and I have always been close friends. Referring to this not long ago, Tom, who is a stenographer in the office of a cement company, said that our friendship was "cemented."

For many years we have hunted together, and we never failed to have a good time. We are no game hogs nor pot hunters, therefore we are not chagrined when our hunting coats do not bulge out with an abundance of game. Since we understand each other almost to perfection, and know full well what constitutes true sportsmanship, we can feel satisfied if a day's hunting nets no more than a single bird, or rabbit, or squirrel.

Long before the season opened last fall both Tom and I were taken with the gunning fever. There was nothing but think hunting, talk hunting, and write hunting. The days seemed to pass by exceedingly slow. But lastly, the woods began to take on their autumn robes and looked as if there had been poured upon them from large pitchers great quantities of richest hues. The gray autumnal haze rested along the hills, and ever and anon could be heard the distant but clear call of the Bob White. One morning frost was on the "punkin," the corn and the grass. Our hunting blood began to course faster through our veins, and fancy and imagination running riot held before our mental eyes scenes galore of stubble, heath and forest where the quail would run, the rabbit bound and the pheasant drum on an old log.

For several years Tom and I had taken our hunting trips to a somewhat wild section about twenty-five miles north of here, where relatives of mine reside. The place has been always alluring to us, and, although we never secured much game there, we always came away with something, and with minds made up to go there again. So of course last fall we decided to visit the "old camping ground," as Tom delights to call it. The long looked for day finally arrived. With full hunting paraphernalia I repaired to Tom's house, and we prepared everything for the great "shoot" on the morrow. We counted our shells and jokingly remarked what this or that shell would bring down. Guns were examined to see that they were all right, so if we would miss we could not lay the blame on the weapons. We turned in at 11 o'clock for a few hours' sleep, and promptly at 2 the alarm clock, not a foot away from my head, began drumming away for dear life. Sleepy as I was, at first impulse I felt like knocking it over, but I quickly realized that it meant us good and did just what it was expected to do.

When I nudged Tom in the ribs with my elbow he evidently thought, in his half-awakeness, that I had spied game, for he sleepily said: "Did you find him?"

While I fed the horse Tom prepared lunch. That having been disposed of we loaded our guns, coats and shells on the buggy, hitched up and were off. The early morning air was brisk and bracing. The frost sparkled in the bright silvery moonlight that lit up hill and vale. Several times rabbits bounded across the road, and we were almost tempted to get our guns out.

We had to cross a high mountain, and when we came to the foot of it Tom and I alighted to lighten the load for old "Doll." As we trudged along Tom said: "Killdeer (Tom always calls me that, though I never shot a deer) do you remember that song we used to sing years ago, 'When Up the Mountain Climbing?'" I said I did, and there in the stillness of the bright moonlight night, with the wide valley lying peacefully at our feet, Tom and I burst forth in song. The duet that rang out on the night air, that leaped from crag to precipice, and that echoed and re-echoed from mountain to valley, would have graced many a stage.

We traveled about eight miles on the other side of the mountain and by dawn had reached our destination. The horse was put away, and we were taken to a steaming breakfast, for which the long ride in the brisk morning air had given us good appetites. When breakfast was over it did not take us long to don our hunting togs and shoulder our guns. We had no dogs, since neither of us owned any, and to shoot over a strange dog does not work well.

We made our way to a stubble field behind the barn, and when we came to the end of it a big rabbit jumped up not more than ten yards ahead of us. He took but three or four bounds before Tom laid him low. As I picked him up, I made a remark that proved true afterwards. "Let us look him well over, it might be the only one we get." We worked out a number of fields without finding anything, and came to a little woods. We heard the bark of a squirrel, and as I sneaked around to locate it, I almost stepped on a rabbit. As it ran away I emptied a shell at him but missed. I saw the squirrel, shot at it, and thought I saw it drop. But it disappeared on the other side of the trunk, and I have not seen it to this day.

We trudged all the rest of the morning without seeing fur or feather. We returned to our host's for a sumptuous dinner of buckwheat cakes and fresh sausages. Talk about your meals at Delmonico's. This dinner of ours beats those all hollow. While we held an impromptu smoker and related our morning's work our host told us of a wood of young pines where we might possibly find phcasants. We heeded the suggestion and went there. As we crossed an old log bridge over a small creek there suddenly darted out from under the bridge a pheasant whose whir-r-r as it sailed up the valley I can hear yet to this day.

After half an hour's tramping we came to the pine woods. As we entered we saw several grapevines, and concluded, on examination, that it was a feeding place for pheasants. We kindly thought the birds might not be far away, and while we stood there planning what course to take, a pheasant whirred out from a small pine. We both fired, somewhat alternately. Tom had the last shot and the bird dropped. It was a nice pheasant, so plump and so beautifully marked. "Almost a pity to shoot it," remarked Tom, as he let it drop into his pocket.

I left Tom, and by a circuitous way reached the farther end of the woods. I looked carefully on every pine tree expecting to see a pheasant somewhere. Suddenly one flew out of a small spruce right at my feet. I sent the right barrel after it but missed. As the bird circled and crossed an opening of an old wagon road I gave the pheasant the left barrel and it came down. The report of my shooting had started another bird, which flew through the woods toward Tom and close enough to him that he shot it on the first try. I wriggled around under the low pines for almost an hour without seeing any more game. Everything was quiet in Tom's direction. I sat down on the soft pine needles which covered the ground to the depth of half an inch, and concluded to wait and rest. I drew my bird from my pocket and was reveling in my luck when I heard that whir again far away. I looked in the direction of the sound and saw a bird alight hardly fifteen yards away. I rose, craned my neck every which way to get a good look at the bird when off it flew. Up went my gun, and bang, bang, the bird was mine. Tom was now making his way toward me, and started two birds out of a pine. He brought one of them down, and I missed the other as it flew past me. We sat down and started to rehearse our adventures. We had five pheasants, all big, plump birds. Pipes were lit and the smoke from them encircled our heads. We drank in the fragrance of the sweet pine odors, and gazed in nature as our hearts desired. Thus we sat there for perhaps half an hour, till the cool shadows began to fall over the valley and hillside.

"Well, old boy," said Tom, as he slapped me on the knee, "I guess we have to be going." I nodded assent and as I scrambled to my feet I noticed Tom's tall straight figure standing aside of me, rigid, and his gun slowly coming up to his shoulder. His big black eyes were beaming. I stepped behind him, and peeped over his gun. Way off, probably eighty yards, there was a pheasant sitting on a tall pine. "To far, Tom," I whispered. But he made no answer. The next moment he fired, and the bird dropped. We ran up and found it dead. A single pellet of No. 4 shot had entered the bird's head and killed it.

We started back through an old wagon road. We noticed a grapevine some fifteen yards in from the path and we said simultaneously, "There might be a pheasant." We approached slowly and carefully, and saw two pheasants sitting on the vine picking off the grapes. I was to take the one on the right and Tom the other one. I counted up to two when off flew the pheasants. Tom went to the right and mine took a bee-line away from us. Tom dropped his with the second barrel, and I fired mine but did not kill it. We hustled in the direction where we thought we saw it come down, but had to hunt about twenty minutes before we found it, when I killed.

It was growing dusk and we hurried back to the house. Our host had fed our horse, and a supper awaited us. Of course we were too hungry to say "no" to that. Half an hour later we were on our way home, with hunting fever somewhat abated, and wishing many returns of such a happy day.

GEORGE FRANKLIN KUNKEL.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
346 Broadway, New York.

Please send me.....FOREST AND STREAM Coin Cards to distribute to friends.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

Camping in Louisiana.

WHEN the "Cannon Ball" stopped at Eldorado that Saturday morning the small group of negroes gathered on the store platform, watched with interest to see what important personage would alight from the train, as Eldorado was only a small station and the fast express was seldom known to stop, and then only for some one who had a "pull." Fortunately, we were in this category, so the before-mentioned dusky aggregation beheld quite a party disembarked, to-wit, Mr. Austin and his young son, Howard, Mr. Lancaster, Tripod, Charlie and Tom, the negro cook and "chambermaid," respectively, and the writer. The camping outfit, provisions, a skiff and a duck boat had been shipped three days before by freight, and Mr. Lancaster had been assured by the railroad people that they would be waiting for us when we arrived, the distance from Vicksburg being only 25 miles. What, then, was our surprise and disappointment to find that nothing had been seen nor heard of our traps. We immediately resorted to that most handy instrument, the long-distance phone, and after about an hour's wait, ascertained that the lost articles had never gotten away from the river bank opposite Vicksburg and could not reach us earlier than about 10 o'clock at night. We had expected to be in camp that afternoon and to put in Sunday in locating the best ranges. Our intention had been to launch our boats in the river, which ran within 300 yards of the station, and row down about fifteen miles to an old camping site of Mr. Lancaster's, where he had found a good many turkeys a year before, but after interviewing an old trapper who was familiar with the surrounding woods for miles, we decided to load our traps on two of the plantation wagons and haul them across a neck of land about two miles in width that would put us some eight or nine miles up the river, which made a big bend at this point.

After dinner Tripod and I set out to explore the proposed camping site. We declined the proffered horses, as we are both good walkers, and at the end of half an hour were standing on the river bank two miles away. A small bateau was found and we paddled across. Tripod scrambled up the bank and disappeared into the woods, while I kept to the boat, paddling close to the left bank of the stream, under the heavy overhanging timber. Pretty soon I saw a black squirrel high up on a cypress tree just at the water's edge. With as little commotion as possible I brought the boat nearly under the tree and waited. Soon his head appeared and the next moment he was floundering in the water and the next was lying in the bottom of the bateau. I paddled about half a mile up stream and then turned back, but saw only squirrels, bagging four. It was beginning to grow dark and I was afraid Tripod had missed his way, but soon heard him halloo not 100 yards away, and in a few moments we were on the other side trudging back by the light of a young moon. Tripod said that he had flushed four turkeys not a quarter of a mile from where he left the boat, and marked them in a cypress brake, and proposed that we get out early the next morning and try to get some meat. So 4 A. M. found us retracing our steps over the frozen ground, and at the first gray streak of dawn we had taken up our positions, I just in front of an old cypress stump and he about 150 yards to the rear. Tripod had cut short the careers of quite a number of wary old gobblers, but I had yet my first to kill, so he generously placed me in the most favorable position. He had his "call" along, and as soon as we were properly stationed, gave a few yelps. No response. Another trial. Same result. By this time I was nearly frozen, having been motionless for some minutes. Another yelp from Tripod and my heart stood still when a well-defined answer was heard away off in front. Then the music began in earnest. Tripod, "yelp! yelp! yelp!" Turkey, "yelp! yelp! yelp!" and so on, the answering game sounding closer each time until he was within 150 or 200 yards, and I could not tell which yelp came from Tripod and which from the turkey, so perfect was the imitation. Talk about buck ague, it is not a circumstance to turkey ague. I strained my eyes to get a glimpse of the turkey, but that first glimpse was not had, for, either hearing the beating of my heart or detecting a false note in the call, the turkey did not come in sight, but turned back when nearly within range, and let us know, by a few desultory yelps, that he was getting further away. After an examination of the surrounding woods, it developed that we had, in the semi-darkness, gotten a little too far down into the brake and out of the feeding range, and that this probably had excited his suspicions and made him afraid to come on.

After making a wide detour of some four or five miles for the purpose of exploring the woods, we recrossed the river, and as we landed heard the negroes shouting to the mules and the wagons bumping over the half-frozen buckshot. Dinner time found us in camp and pretty well fixed up. A lot of hay had been brought from the plantation, and this was spread out in the sleeping tents, between which a fly was stretched for the dining room. When we thought that dinner was over and were about to leave the table for the camp-fire, Mr. Austin said, "Hold on, boys, wait just a minute." He then disappeared into the main tent and presently reappeared, bearing two big mince pies. It was just two days after Christmas, and Mrs. Austin had filled up a large basket with all sorts of good things; and after that we were never in a hurry to leave the table until Mr. Austin had visited his basket.

As it was Sunday, Mr. Austin said that he and Howard would paddle up the river a few miles just to take a look around and not do any hunting; but the rest of us were less careful of our souls and determined to see if we could bring some meat into camp. It was agreed that the three of us should converge, just after sundown, about the brake where the turkeys had been seen, and try to locate their roosting place. I was to take a stand at the east end, Tripod on the opposite side about half way down and Mr. Lancaster at the west end. I crossed the river and hunted up the bank, shooting (at) squirrels with a .22 Marlin rifle, occasionally getting one, and as the shadows lengthened, turned my steps toward the cypress brake. Taking up a position on a log, I waited and watched. The woods were fairly alive with squirrels, scampering about, chasing each other from tree to tree, some sitting not thirty feet away and chattering vociferously. The turkeys must not be frightened, however, so they were unmolested. Soon an owl's hoot sounded from the opposite side of the brake, and was answered by another away off in the woods. Thought I, "Tripod, you can fool me on the turkey call, but I know you from an owl," and moved up a little to put more distance between us and get a better position. Just then was heard, about a mile away, apparently, 'bang! bang! bang!" the reports being only a few seconds apart. It sounded from the wrong place to be one of our party. It was growing so dark, and I had seen no turkeys, so I abandoned my stand and made toward camp. Reaching the river bank, I hailed Charley, who brought the skiff and ferried me over.

I found Tripod in camp, he having just come in from the opposite direction. "Didn't you hoot over by the brake a little while ago?" I said.

"No, I got so far from the brake that I didn't try to make it back."

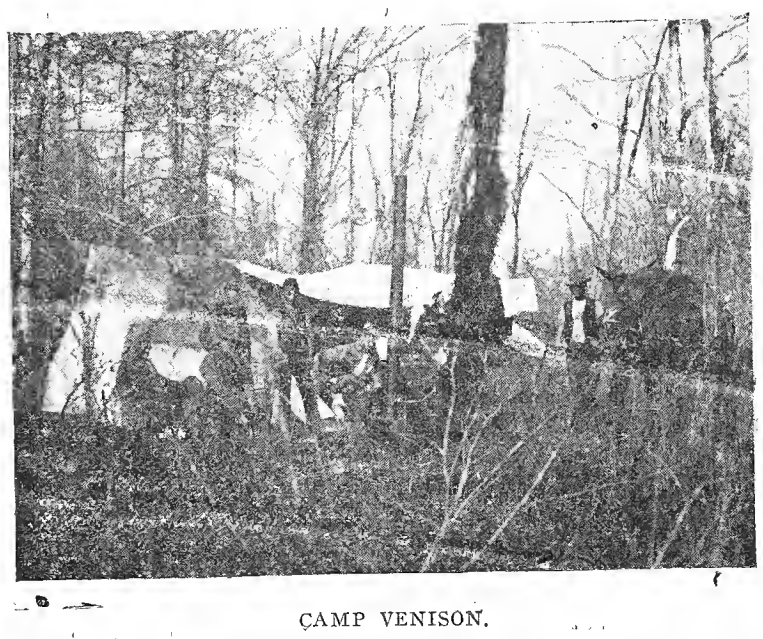
"So it was an owl that I heard, and not you. Fooled again."

"Didn't you hear me shoot away down toward the railroad?"

"Was that you who shot three times just after sundown?"

"It was; and I got my meat. It was so dark in the woods that I could hardly see the sights when a spike buck walked from behind a fallen tree about seventy-five yards off. He bounded off at the first shot, but the second staggered him, and the last brought him down. Who'll go and help bring him in?"

Volunteers were not lacking, and we were soon at Tripod's heels. How he did it was a marvel to the rest of us, but in the dim light of a quarter moon he walked a mile through the woods and as straight to the deer as if he had followed that path every day for a year, and he had never been in these woods before that day. With an ax and some rope, a sort of hand-barrow



CAMP VENISON.

or litter was made, upon which the buck was placed and the homeward march began. It was a pretty heavy lift, but we finally got it into camp.

When the sun rose next morning it found me backed up against a big tree, where I had been for over an hour, moving nothing but my head and eyes, and nearer an icicle than anything else. I had never hunted deer before, my shooting having been confined to quail, ducks and squirrels. Tripod was my instructor and I was making as apt a pupil as I could, considering that the thermometer was about 20 degrees Fahr. Under his tutelage, I had donned several suits of heavy underwear, put over these a pair of rusty old trousers and a dead-grass flannel top-shirt, a pair of long woolen socks, into which my trousers were stuffed, rubber-soled tennis shoes and a skull-cap, tree bark color. I wore no coat, but had on a pair of dog-skin gloves, which I had worn in spite of protest and pronounced disgust.

"You can't shoot in those!"

"I've done it many a time when hunting quail, and if nothing else stands between me and killing a deer, I wouldn't like to be in the deer's place."

My instructions were to stand in front of a tree with my back to it and not move any more than was absolutely necessary; to turn my head slowly from side to side and search the woods for game. "Let all of your movements be deliberate," went the directions. "Any quick motion, as throwing up the hand or turning the head suddenly, is immediately detected by everything in the woods within eyeshot; but a very deliberate movement is apt to go unnoticed and ordinarily attracts no more attention than a twig waving in the breeze. Never get behind a tree and look out, or you will be sure not to get a shot. Stand in front of the

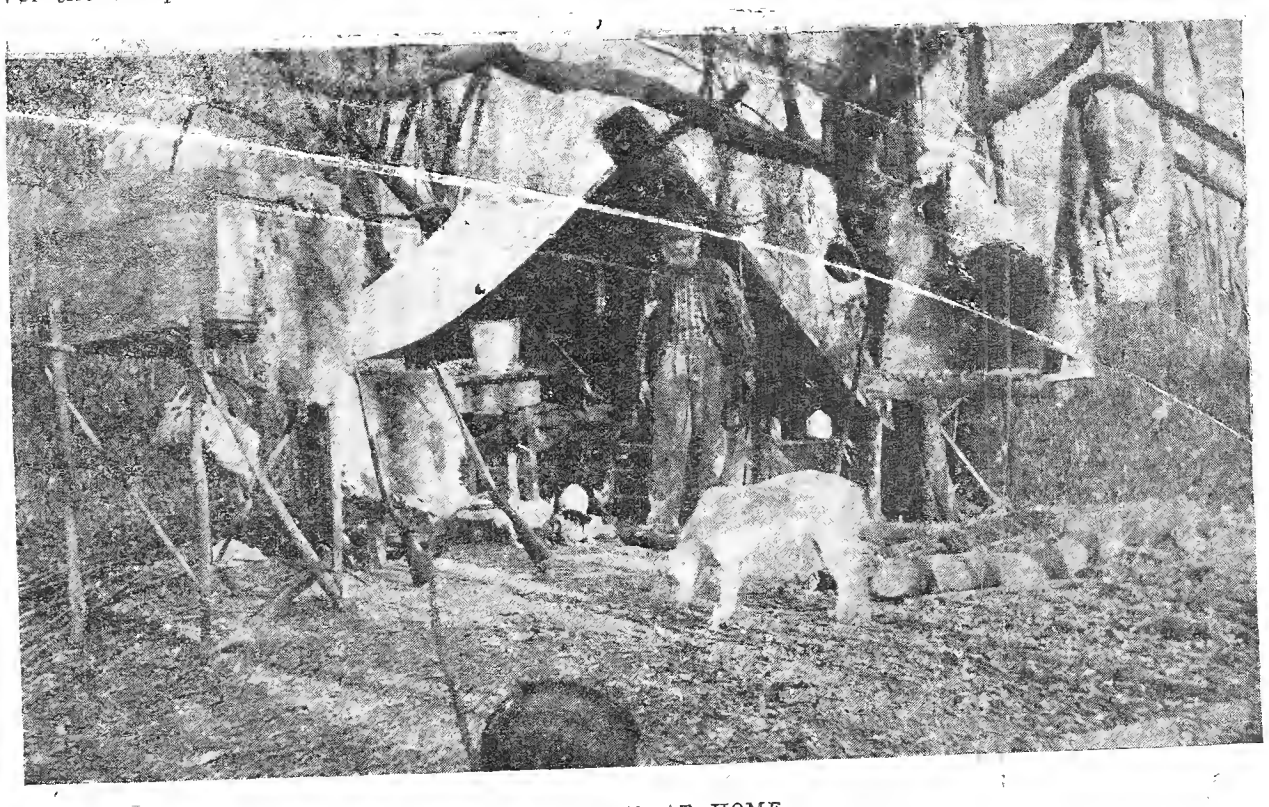


"LOADED" BUT SOBER.

tree, and if properly dressed you will blend with it and not be seen unless you move. Never wear a coat in the woods, as it drags the bushes and interferes with sneaking. If you get too cold and want to move about a little, or wish to change your position, take a few deliberate steps, then stop and look carefully about the woods, take a few more, etc."

As day began to break, the squirrels came out and took the woods. One little fellow ran down a tree a few feet away, scampered through the leaves and up the other side of the tree that I was leaning against. He perched on a limb overhead, and began to drop bark on me. Several others came crawling head first down a pecan tree, fifteen feet in front, eyeing me closely, and when a slight movement was made they all "vamoosed" in a great hurry. But bigger game was in mind, and the squirrels frolicked about with perfect impunity, and a seeming knowledge of their safety.

When I was almost frozen stiff and had seen no deer, a cautious move was made down a depression, where the walking was comparatively clear. After a little, I stopped again, cocked rifle in hand, as I always carried it. A careful search of the bank of the slough to the right revealed nothing of unusual interest, and I was just bringing my eyes around toward the ridge on my left when I was almost electrified to see, not fifty yards away, leisurely taking his way along, a big buck with a splendid pair of antlers. He was crossing the ridge at a slight angle, his course lying diagonally across mine. The deer was in quite a thicket of saplings, and I was afraid that if I tried to shoot through them, the ball might hit a tree and have its force spent or be deflected. About thirty feet in front of him there was a comparatively open space, and I cautiously raised my gun toward this point, and about the time I got it to my shoulder, the deer stepped out into the space. When I shot he fell, but was up again in an instant, pursuing his course at the same gait as if nothing unusual had happened. While he was falling and getting up I had thrown another cartridge into the rifle and now brought it up again, as deliberately as before. Just as I got it in position the deer reached another comparatively open space, and I let him have it again. He dropped in his tracks. I had immediately thrown in another cartridge, as before. The buck lay on the ground kicking, with his back to me. I advanced cautiously to within twenty yards of him and put another bullet into the back of his neck. He stopped kicking. I walked around him and saw that he was still breathing. I had heard so many stories of dead deer getting up and running away that I was not willing to take any chances on this, so placed the muzzle of the rifle (a .38 Winchester) a foot from his heart, and drove a bullet through him. And then, and not till then, did I begin to get excited. It was the same sensation that I experienced when at ten years of age I killed my first rabbit. I lifted up my voice and released it. Two hours before I had heard a single shot, probably Tripod; but now he must have gone to camp,



THE TRAPPER AT HOME.

for I could get no response. I was afraid to leave the deer for fear I would be unable to find it again, not being the woodsman that my brother is. Finally I hit on a scheme that promised success. I hung my handkerchief up as high over the deer as I could reach and started toward camp, marking my trail by sticking bits of paper on bushes at intervals of seventy-five or eighty yards. Coming out at last into an old field, I marked well the point where I left the woods and hurried on to camp. Tom was its only occupant. I penciled a note to the manager to send a mule, and started him off with it, and just then Tripod hove in sight. "Did you get him?" he asked.

"Yes, and he's a whopper."

"I heard you shoot and then your calls for me, but the wind was against me and I couldn't make you hear my answer. Are you sending for a mule?" I responded in the affirmative, and he said, "Well, send for two." He then told me how he had jumped a buck and two does, shooting at the former, how they disappeared behind some bushes before he could get another shot, and how he heard a fall with a great crash such as might have been caused by an elephant, and found the deer about 200 yards away in a fallen tree-top, stone dead. It was another spike buck.

By dinner time both deer were in camp. Only twenty-four hours in camp, and three fine bucks to our credit.

Just across the chute, only a few hundred yards away, was the camp of an old trapper and fisherman. His habitation consisted of a tent fly with a bunk inside and a pantry made by elevating an ordinary wooden box on poles just outside the tent. The edges of the fly were several feet above the ground, so that the wintry winds had free access to the inside. Although old, gray and deaf, the old man did not seem to suffer from exposure, and was doubtless pretty thoroughly hardened. He would sit by our camp-fire with us in the evenings and relate the experiences of his wild life, and would occasionally take a meal with us. He knew every inch of the woods for miles around, and talked entertainingly of his nomadic existence.

We learned of some outrageous slaughter by certain game hogs from New Orleans who had been in camp a few miles down the river several days before our arrival. They hunted with dogs and killed nineteen deer during the week of their stay. Louisiana has since passed a very good game law, requiring non-residents to take out a license, prohibiting the killing of does and turkey hens as well as fawns, and limiting the number of bucks and gobblers that can be killed by one person in a season. Much to my regret, I had to leave camp the next day and return to civilization. The rest of the party remained for several days longer, but added only squirrels to the bag, our three bucks being the only big game killed. Tripod scorns squirrels when there are any deer or turkeys about, and continued to hunt big game, but had no luck. Mr. Austin and Mr. Lancaster saw eight or ten deer drinking on the river bank or crossing the stream, but could never get quite close enough for a shot.

All of our friends had venison for several days after my return home, and a pretty pair of antlers hangs over my mantle, under which are two enlarged photos, one of the deer on the mule, and the other a view of our camp, which was dubbed "Camp Venison."

Jo Bo.

LOUISIANA.

The Elusive Wild Turkey.

THE wild turkey (like the red man) has almost entirely disappeared under the influence of civilization and the modern firearm. You seldom hear of a turkey being bagged these days, through sections that abounded with them as recently as twenty-five years ago. The would-be Nimrod must be sharp and altogether patient if he ever hopes to bag the wise American bird. I well remember my first experience in wild turkey shooting, which occurred some ten years ago in the Santee River swamp and goes to show how one will be led into counting full-grown gobblers before the eggs are even hatched.

I had been wild duck hunting all the morning with no great success, and was in the act of crossing a slough or waterway via a log about the size of one's leg, when I noticed the leaves about me had been scratched into little piles and dust sprinkled thereon. Although I had never seen the like before, I needed no one to tell me turkeys had been using this place not only as a feeding ground, but had been taking dust baths just as domestic hens do. I had often heard old hunters tell how they had baited a place such as this, and after building a blind, had succeeded in killing as many as seven at one shot, so thought I. "I will do likewise," and away I went for some shelled corn, and getting about a quart, crawled back about 200 yards only to find the birds had not returned.

I then set about preparing for a sunrise slaughter the following morning. I dug a trench about eight feet long by three inches wide and scattered the corn in this. A large log partly hidden by scrub cane served me for a blind. It was twenty feet from one end of my trench and from behind it one could get a raking shot along the entire trench.

I was in my blind an hour before daylight crouched in a most uncomfortable position, with the mercury about twenty above. Every minute seemed an hour, and I began to fear that should the turkeys come I would be unable to cock my gun, for my fingers were becoming
lutely numb from the cold. After what seemed an
daylight at last began to appear, but no turkeys;
turkeys, 8.30 nothing doing. The sun came
out somewhat. About 9 or thereabout
of rising and stretching my limbs
having been in one position
I heard the unmistakable
ards to my right in
g my gun inch
e attaining
n and

After one or two more put-puts, down came a fine old gobbler, then another, and another, until the ground in front of me appeared to be one mass of red legs, green and brown feathers and gobbler beards. First one then another, then two would eat, but I was determined to wait until several were eating at a time when I could get their heads in line. At last the opportunity came; at least a dozen began eating the corn at once. Now came the ticklish moment. On bringing my eye down along the barrel I found my gun-sight ranged too high, and the only remedy was to raise my body higher, which would never do, or back further away from the log, which would also bring me in good line. I decided to adopt the latter course and began moving back inch by inch until my gun covered about the center of turkey population, then clinching my teeth together I pulled both triggers at the same instant.

There was a tremendous explosion, the recoil kicking me entirely over on my back. If the reader ever shot black powder early in the morning in a swampy place, he knows what was doing in the matter of smoke. I could see nothing for some seconds, but the whole swamp seemed to be one mass of flapping turkey wings, dead leaves and dust, to say nothing of the blue powder smoke. I ran out from behind my blind expecting great slaughter to meet my excited gaze, but not a feather of a turkey was left to tell the tale.

I was dumbfounded, what on earth could have kept me from killing at least six fine turkeys. I examined my shells, thinking possibly no shot were put in them, but found them O. K. After rubbing my eyes and walking around I went back to the log over which I had shot, and what do you think I found? In backing away from the log, trying for a better range, my gun muzzle had come slightly below the upper curvature of the log and had blown away a clean groove about the size of my wrist across the top of the log. Such of the shot as were not rendered useless were deflected far above the turkeys' heads. This also accounted for the gun kicking me with such a vengeance.

Since then I always advise a novice to shoot the first turkey he sees, even though it be a small hen. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." W. O. H.

Quail of the Mexican Llanos.

TAPACHULA, Mexico, Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The papers you sent me were duly received; many thanks. I do very little hunting these days, as up here in the coffee district there is not much to hunt, and the trip down to the coast is a long and tiresome one. A few weeks ago a friend and myself went on the llanos for a quail shoot. We had no dogs, but each of us had a vaquero to do the retrieving. We rode about twenty yards apart in order to find the bevies. In about two hours' shooting we killed forty quail, one pigeon and four rabbits. At least half of the game was killed from the saddle. I do not think a dog could be used on account of the heat and the very high grass.

The quail here are the Bob White, a little smaller, and the male a much darker colored bird than those in the United States. Some years ago, I think in 1895, I shot and presented to Mr. Nelson and Mr. Boardman, who I believe were collecting for the Smithsonian Institution, a number of these quail, so I suppose you must know all about them. The call is exactly like the quail I knew as a boy in North Carolina. On these llanos, just below Tapachula, they can be found in vast numbers. I have flushed with two or three vaqueros riding alongside of me several hundred in a three or four hours' ride. When the grass is burned off in March they can then be killed in great quantities. Even then I doubt if a dog could be used, as he would get foot sore in a short time.

On these llanos there are clumps of bushes about thirty feet high which do not burn, and here the quail are to be found. All one has to do is to send in his Indian boy to flush them out. They will then fly to the next nearest clump. One takes his stand between these clumps and you have fine shooting. I have myself alone killed sixty-seven in one evening's shoot. You must make the boy flush slowly so as to give you time to reload.

I use a Parker cylinder bore, No. 12 gauge gun for quail and a Greener choke bore for ducks and turkey. The guns weigh 7½ pounds each. I use nitro powder and No. 9 and No. 6 shot. We also have splendid duck shooting, which I will tell you about later. GUATEMALA.

[The quail of which Guatemala speaks is very likely *Colinus minor* Nelson, though there are so many members of the family Perdicidæ in southern Mexico and in Central America that this is little more than a guess.]

Coon Hunting in the Autumn.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 5 "Hermit" gives a very interesting account of the strategy of a mother raccoon, where, at the risk of her own life, she brings "Hermit's" pets to a safe hiding place, then led off the hounds and, I am glad to note, lost them.

The hounds in question, as I take it from "Hermit's" account, gave tongue while on the track, which gave the coon time to scheme out plans for safety. Had they been thoroughbred 'coon dogs, that give tongue only when treed, "Hermit" would have seen the extermination of his pets. A good 'coon dog coming upon that family of 'coons, with scarcely any warning, would have sent the young up the nearest tree and mother 'coon would not leave them to go any great distance.

'Coon hunting is a sport indulged in by few. I have heard it said that a man must have a depraved taste for sport to enjoy it; and that reminds me of a story I heard told by a friend of mine from Maryland. George always enjoyed 'coon hunting and kept two good hounds for that purpose. One night as George started out on a 'coon hunt with a party of friends, his father hailed him, saying: "George, say George, why do you boys want to tramp the woods all night for 'coon, when you might just as well run our cat up one of these trees and drink your whisky right here."

With one or two good companions and a first-class hound I can enjoy any night in the fall after 'coons, and I firmly believe that if sportsmen in certain sections would tie up their bird dogs for a season or two and use 'coon or fox hounds instead they would accomplish wonders toward game protection.

With the passing away of Cabia Blanco, of whose death I read with regret, FOREST AND STREAM loses an interesting and ready writer. His articles, written in a simple and entertaining manner, carried with them a charm that I, and I dare say, every other reader of your valuable paper enjoyed very much. I sincerely hope that some time in the near future we may see his writings put up in book form, to find a place alongside those of Fred Mather, two sportsmen and writers of a class that are fast passing away. OTTO KIM.

Montana Jottings.

CHOTEAU, Mont., Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. M. Wharton, manager of the Clarke Electric Lines in Butte, recently visited Kalispell to purchase a buffalo from the Conrad herd for the museum at Columbia Gardens in Butte. Mr. Wharton selected a yearling bull, which the next day was shipped to Butte, where it will, no doubt, prove a great attraction.

Henry Good, who lives near Whitefish, was fined $100 by Judge Erickson, at Kalispell, on the charge of killing deer out of season. The deer was actually killed by Mr. Good's brother, but the meat was found in his possession, and while he was only technically to blame for the killing, he assumed all responsibility when Mr. Lownds, the game warden, called on him in regard to it, and he paid the fine.

During the first three days of July there were turned into the several bounty inspectors of Teton county a quantity of the scalps of stock-destroying animals. These scalps were of coyotes 45, coyote pups 369, wolf 1, wolf pups 2. Of these skins 216 were presented at Cut Bank, 105 at Dupuyer, 81 at Choteau, 12 at Conrad, and 2 at Lowry. BIRD.

THE MANY-USE OIL
This unique oil polishes stock and barrel. Use it.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

How Jim Brown Did Up Old Man Millet.

DURING my experience in Texas I heard many yarns about the "old days," mostly told by the light of the camp fire. Some of them are well worth repeating, and I shall try to give one of the best as nearly as I can remember it.

The hash-knife outfit was in cow camp one evening in what was called the West Pasture, a block of land containing about 18,000 acres. The day's work was done, and we were sitting around the camp fire after supper. Everyone was comfortably tired. The boys had just started singing, when an old fellow, commonly called "Jim," rode up. He unsaddled his pony, and sitting down among us began talking over the range conditions. Some influence had made him reminiscent. As the general conversation died away he turned to the crowd:

"Boys, did you all ever hear how, back in the seventies, Waggoner's foreman, Jim Brown, did up old man Millet? Millet, you know, owned this same ranch at that time."

As no one said anything, he continued: "Brown was one of the nerviest men on the range at that time. He had to be to hold his job. Millet was a hard one. It used to be said he wouldn't have a man work for him who wasn't wanted for something by the law. He had started in a small way, but by lifting everyone's cattle within 100 miles he had got his herd up into the thousands.

"Now, Brown had a bunch of fat steers in the Wichita Breaks, which he was fixing to round up and ship that spring. Before he got round to it, though, some of Millet's boys got over into that part of the country, and running into the cattle rounded up what they could find and brought them back to their headquarters right here on Elm Creek.

"Brown got wind of this and decided to get those steers back. Millet, however, had never been known to let go anything he fastened on to, so it was a risky proposition, with big chances of gun play. Brown took a bunch of his boys, and hearing that Millet was rounding near Elm Creek, he rode over to look on.

"Now, as it happened, old man Millet had gone over with his wife to watch the cutting. He was sitting in his buggy, his wife beside him, when Brown rode up with his boys. Jim always carried his shotgun slung to his saddle horn, an' it proved useful that day. Taking in the situation at a glance, he rode over in front of Millet, jerked out his shotgun, an' layin' it over his knees, turned to his boys, saying: 'Jump right in, fellers, and cut them out. The first man that shoots, old man Millet's mine.

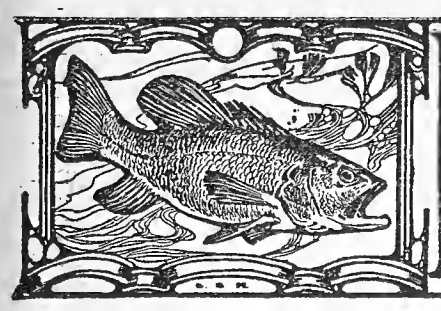
"His boys proceeded to 'jump right in.' To add to the tension, one of them who was heading a steer back of Brown, shot straight down at his feet. Brown didn't move, and after his steers were bunched sent them along. He waited till they had got a good piece up the trail, then hung his spurs in his pony and loped after them."

MONTE.

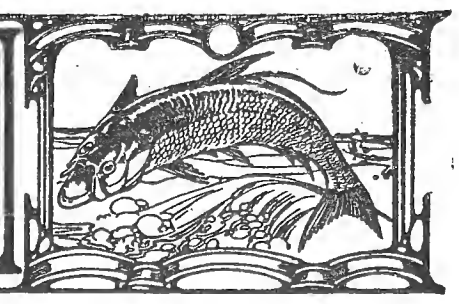
Whistling.

Negroes and boys may whistle in the street,—
The boys because they're void of better sense,
And Afric's sons because kind Providence
Has gifted them with pipes complete,
For oft they make a music rather sweet.
Indeed, I listen with a sort of pleasure
When they perform in harmony and measure,
And beat the time with swiftly moving feet.
And even men may whistle when they hear
A tune that's somewhat marvelous and tough;
In case like this it may be well enough
To make their incredulity appear;
Yet still I think most sensible men with me
That whistling is a bore will heartily agree.

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief,* sold everywhere, contains all the fish and game laws a sportsman ought to know. It is complete, accurate and up-to-date.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Meditations of an Angler.

III.—The Old Mill Pond.

THEY, the Powers, called it a mill pond—they, the big of body but small of mind, whose power consisted of their size and the many years it had taken them to acquire it. To us who really knew, it was an ocean as boundless as the realms of our imagination and as deep as that other sky you could see on a still day far, far down below in the dark depths of the water. And on this ocean sailed many beautiful ships, a fanciful fleet of dreams, that sometimes touched at our port, and bore us away, so far away, to lands not shown on any mariner's chart.

They with the eyes that could not see, knew nothing of these beautiful ships. Perchance they may have at one time in their lives, but it had been so long ago that they had forgotten how to distinguish one of these wonderful vessels when it sailed majestically into port; neither did they know the magic watch word, without which no one could take passage on any of these boats. To them a piece of drift wood floating by, or a dead leaf being lightly blown along the surface of the water meant nothing more than was outwardly visible to the uneducated eye. They could not know, nor did we expect them to, that that dark piece of drift wood was in reality a large ocean-going vessel—a galley most likely, from the looks of her—bound for the land of Ophir or one of the "Delectable Isles," or that the dead leaf was a graceful, white-winged shallop, outward bound into the great unknown, and that we had only but to choose which one should be ours.

I wonder if we could recognize our own fleet of ships to-day. It is only a few of the favored ones whose vision remains clear and undefiled through all the long years.

This mill pond—for the sake of harmony we shall so designate it—was altogether different from any mill pond that ever shed its waters over an old, moss-covered, wooden dam. You probably know of a pond somewhere just as different in its way, but it is very doubtful if its "way" would compare favorably with this one of ours. Ours was a wonderful body of water.

At one end was the old stone mill, standing there like the ruins of some ancient castle. To the best of our belief it had always stood there unchanged and unchangeable, and would always stand so long as the foundations of the world remained unmoved. It was a big, square, stone structure, with yawning openings in place of doors and windows, enveloped in the gloomy atmosphere of desolation. I have never seen a building of its kind since that seemed so big. It was a peculiar building. At night it was three times as big as it was in the day time—especially if one had to pass it alone.

Of course it was haunted, haunted by the worst "hant" that ever scared a boy half to death. None of us ever saw the ghost, or whatever it was. To look upon it would have been—well, there is no telling just what would have happened. To doubt its existence would have been like doubting the Ten Commandments. We were conscious of its awful presence, always, and seldom ventured alone within the walls of its dwelling, even when "stumped" to do so in the cheerful light of day.

Some envious one will doubtless rise up and declare that this hant was no worse than some hants he used to know about before he reached the folly of man's estate; but such a one knoweth not whereof he declareth. Of course there were other hants—lots and lots of them. In my youth I considered myself quite an authority on the subject. I knew of half a dozen—favorites of ours, as it were—that could have more than stirred the quills on a fretful porcupine; but it—this awful thing of the mill which we never dared even whisper about, nay, hardly think about—it, with one chilling breath, would have made a fretful porcupine look like a par-boiled possum. A fellow had to have his nerve with him, I tell you, to pass that mill alone after dark. You dared not run, because there was an ugly tempered dog on the other side of the street who considered running, after business hours, a deliberate challenge, an excuse to attack you basely in the rear.

But hant, and dog and all, the mill, with its mill-race crumbling slowly to decay and the water gates closed for all time, added much to the attractiveness of the pond itself. And beside the mill was the old wooden dam, slimy and slippery and green with age, over which the water splashed in a thin, transparent sheet, or roared tumultuously in a torrent, according to the temper of the pond itself and the condition of the weather. This old dam was all that could be desired, although the Powers had declared it forbidden ground. In the spring of the year it was a famous place for redhorse and suckers. That was the only season when we, emboldened by numbers, became very familiar with the dam, and an air of solitude at all times brooded over the place.

On one side of the pond, not far from the mill, there was a row of willows, large, wide spreading trees with their branches hanging low, far over the water. The largest of these trees held a place of its own in our small world. It was a trysting place or a rendezvous, a castle or a humble cot, a full-rigged ship—four-masted with all sails spread—or a more modern railway train that traversed anywhere and everywhere at a wonderful rate of speed. Indeed, it was all things to all of us at all times. Only in the dull moments, when overworked imaginations flagged and life became devoid of entertainment for the nonce, did it really assume its proper semblance of a tree.

I remember something that happened to me in this very tree one time that left an indelible impression upon my mind, likewise my heart. One large limb of the tree extended far over the water. For the edification of a young and beautiful matron whom I secretly adored, and intended to win and wed so soon as I had put her objectionable husband out of the way, for her edification, I say, I was "playing smart" on the slippery surface of this limb, with a recklessness born of blighted hopes and a heart surcharged with unrequited passion. She cautioned me to be careful. I laughed a mirthless laugh, or at least I tried to make it mirthless. I know it sounded throaty. I would show her how lightly I valued my ruined life. And I showed her. I think I essayed to "skin the cat." I know that I landed flat on my face in a foot or two of mud and water.

Whether it was her heartless laughter or the sudden wetting that dampened my ardor, I have never fully decided. Sufficient unto the day. From that time on I avoided her, and for the space of three weeks renewed my attentions to Annie, the washer-woman's seductive daughter—she whom I had so lightly cast aside for this other fickle, cold-hearted woman.

At the foot of this big willow tree was a small boat house and a pier. Both the boat house and the pier possessed possibilities not unlike those of the tree. Father Noah would have raved with envy could he but have seen us voyaging on the flood in our wonderful ark. Imagine his chagrin, if he had taken us for castaways floating about on a boat house, and had hastened to our rescue, when he got near enough to discover what we really were. It would have been a good one on him. We often admitted as much to one another.

It was off this pier that I caught my first fish, I think, because my earliest recollection of baiting a hook carries me back to this particular spot. You might care to hear about it, and why I remember it. I could not manage the slippery angleworm, and in my impatience I absent-mindedly did as I should have done had I been threading a needle. I wet the thread. That moment will remain fresh in my memory so long as memory shall endure. We learned to swim at the pier, aided and encouraged by its protecting presence. Indeed all of our adventures in the aquatic world centered around the place.

There were times when you could lie flat down on your stomach at the end of the pier, and gaze so far down into the water that you knew you were getting your first glimpse of China. For a long time I secretly wondered why the pond did not fall through and drown China.

It would take volumes and many tomes to contain a full chronicle of all the deeds performed beneath the shade of this big willow. Like the great oaks immortalized in history, this big willow will always hold its place undisturbed in the memories of some of us who fought, bled and all but died beneath its spreading branches.

There were other parts of the pond that had their points of interest, like the deep hole, where we feared to go in swimming, and the railroad bridge which we were ordered to shun under penalty of chastisement most dire by the Powers. The deep hole possessed terrors of its own that made any further warnings on the part of the Powers surperfluous. That part of the pond, where the railway track and embankment lay, had no attraction for us, save that it was forbidden ground, therefore not to be entirely ignored. Above the bridge was what we called the Upper Pond, where the inlet entered, after meandering through some miles of pasture and meadow land.

Such was the pond. It may have been a mile long, or twenty. We knew not, neither did we care. To us it was a body of water of ever-varying dimensions; sometimes a mere lake, at others a measureless ocean. As much of it was ours as we cared to claim, and there was always enough to go around.

Of course we had a boat, or the use of one which was the same thing. It was a plain, home-made, flat-bottomed affair, not much to boast of in the way of appearances, but altogether sufficient for our needs and requirements. Some inventive genius had persuaded the owner of the boat that he could attach a labor-saving device—his own invention—to the stern in the form of a propeller, whereby much comfort would accrue to the owner, and incidentally, I suppose, much glory to the inventor.

The latter devoted himself to his task for weeks. I have a dim recollection of how we watched him at his labors with feelings akin to awe. He bored two holes in the stern below the waterline for some mysterious reason not comprehended by us at the time, nor, as I have since come to believe, clearly understood by himself, unless he had a grudge against the owner. After boring the holes, and doing some things to the inside of the boat that he ought not to have done, the inventor relapsed into his former normal state of obscurity from which he never again emerged, except once when he gave us a mean dog—but that has nothing to do with the boat.

The holes were a great success. They defied all our efforts at corking and caulking, consequently we generally had a plentiful supply of water in the boat, which, however, was not a matter of very great inconvenience to a boy.

That old boat figured in many of our adventures by sea, and by its aid we learned many important things. We were not supposed to use it save under the protecting auspices of one of the Powers; but whenever the Powers slumbered in a false security begotten of our temporary innocent doings, we had a way of capturing the ship and escaping with our prize, all unbeknown to our unwatchful enemy. Once safely under way, like gallant freebooters of yore, we could steer our course wherever there seemed to be a chance of seizing upon richly laden merchantman; or if in a dangerous, reckless mood we would ravage the coast.

There was the clan of McLaughlin, headed by the peg-legged Chief Paddy, ably seconded by that old termagent he called his wife; Chief Paddy, who looked upon the bottle when it was full, and never ceased gazing until naught but an odor remained. His wife was a witch, and we knew it. She had two large bumps on her head which her scant hoary locks failed to conceal. Whether these bumps were due to nature or to an ebullition of spirits begotten in Chief Paddy's overheated brain we never knew. We leaned to the latter theory.

The lands of the McLaughlin's bordered on the coast, and once we had scaled the precipitous heights, against which "the loud-sounding sea" thundered and roared, their vast domain with its acres upon acres of "peraties an' cabbages" lay spread out before us at our mercy, unless the old lady McLaughlin discovered us from her watch tower, in which event we stayed not on the order of our going, for we greatly feared the bane of her evil eye.

Further up the coast was the Murphy crew, with our mortal enemy, Timothy, at the head of it. We called him—what was it we called him? I remember now. Timothy Ticklebreeches. That was it, all honor to him who invented the cognomen! How often did we hurl the hated sobriquet in his teeth from the safe shelter of our own back yard. I feared him with a great and wholesome fear, accentuated by a keen sense of guilt. Well do I remember the time I fell into his hands.

I was fishing in the deep hole, all intent upon the business in hand. Suddenly I heard a heavy step. I looked up and there he was before me, the much-dreaded Ticklebreeches. Why I did not die of fright right then and there I know not. He seized me by the scruff of the neck and my posterior extremities, and swinging me over the pool, told me, with an oath, that he was going to drown me. He did not, of course, but the effect was the same. That was a harrowing experience.

Yes, Timothy Ticklebreeches was a powerful man, one much to be feared, and bitter was the feud between us. But his pig pen was near the high water line, and it was rare sport to bombard this same pig pen from the lofty poop deck of our noble ship, and hear the pigs squeal and run about; and then when the Lady Murphy came screeching to the rescue with her long, bony arms waving in the air and her sunbonnet streaming out behind (we were almost certain that she had been born with the sunbonnet on), with a loud defiant chorus of "Old Timothy Ticklebreeches," to bring the ship around to the breeze, and continue on our devastating way.

We were monarchs of the high sea, and little did the Powers suspect that the innocent-looking craft which they called a rowboat, was, in reality, the dreaded "Black Avenger of the Spanish Main."

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

That is one of the first poems I ever learned, outside of Mother Goose. It is always associated in my mind with a long, tough, pliable switch or a thin-soled, equally pliable slipper and great bodily pain, fleeting, it is true, but none the less poignant while it lasted. Paradoxical as the poem may seem to be, it is no more so than the commands of some of the Powers, "You must not go in swimming until you have learned to swim," said they.

The part that always bothered me about the poem was the "darling daughter." In my day daughters did not indulge in the manly sports to any great extent. However, as it is the only swimming poem I ever knew, it will have to stand for an introduction.

The school where we acquired "much wuthless information," and some that was not so worthless, stood on the shores of the pond. The playground ran down to the water's edge, and was divided therefrom by a tall board fence. It was a thoughtless, unkind act for the founders of the school to have selected such a location for a temple of learning; unkind thus to thrust temptation in the thorny path of erring youth.

You remember, as well as I do, that if you held up two fingers on the sly, it meant, "Let's go in swimming."

Imagine yourself back there in that schoolroom. It is a warm June day. The nerve-racking silence of the room is broken by a hundred tempting sounds that drift through the open window from the outside world, calling you, with insistent voices, to come out and play. There is the rat-tat-tat and clear, challenging cry of the red-headed woodpecker. You know where his nest is; the trouble is you can't get at it. And then comes the chirp of a robin or the soft liquid notes of a bluebird, and many other calls that you are familiar with. In the midst of it all a delicious sound of barking and snarling and yelping suddenly greets your ears, and you know that a dog fight is on somewhere in the neighborhood, and you curse fate for chaining you here at a stupid desk.

After the dog fight has subsided, perhaps a lazy bumble bee will fly in at the window, and having created a mild sensation by buzzing about the room, go whizzing out through another window. You groan inwardly, and wish that you were the woodpecker, or the robin, or the bumble bee or even the dog that

"got licked" just now—anything, if you could only be out of doors where you belong.

In the midst of these vain longings, the boy across the room catches your eye and immediately holds up the fatal two fingers. The bargain is made then and there. What matter if the Power with authority vested in himself over your individual person has commanded you to come straight home from school, and perform some menial task, like weeding the garden or some such thing? The swimming hole is calling you with all its Siren voices.

The school room now becomes an institution especially devised for the torture of all those who would swim, and when the reluctant hands of the clock at last announce your freedom, you can hardly restrain a shout of joy. The mandate of the Power has no weight with you now, and you seek the swimming pool by a devious route to avoid detection. With the first plunge in the water the cares of the day are washed away and forgotten, and happiness reigns supreme.

And in the evening, just at supper time, when you return and would fain efface yourself, and avoid unwelcome attentions from the family circle, but without success, what do you care after it is all over? You had your fun, and the aftermath can be considered inversely in the nature of a quid pro quo.

The "crick" or inlet that flowed into the pond possessed swimming features not to be overlooked. There was a bend in the stream which appealed to us strongly. Why, is another question. We had to walk a long way to get to it, but once there we were satisfied. It abounded in blood-suckers, and mud turtles were not unknown. There was not much room in which to disport oneself, and we always came out of it dirtier than we went in. I fail to remember what its attraction was unless it was the dirt, but at times we preferred it to all other swimming holes. It was the innocent cause of many a misunderstanding between the Powers and ourselves.

There always came a season of the year when certain fishermen wanted live bait for lake fishing. At such a time they would approach us with fair sounding words and the air of philanthropists, and engage us to supply them with minnows at the munificent sum of one-half a cent a piece. Enough minnows at half a cent a piece will make a man wealthy, and naturally we always figured "enough" as the limit to the number we proposed to catch.

Hopefully would we sally forth the next morning. Hopefully would we spend all of the wealth-to-come before we reached the fishing grounds. Patiently would we toil all day long, lugging the pails that grew heavier and heavier as the hours slipped by, and what would be our reward? After fishing like Isaac for three days, if we caught a hundred minnows we were in luck. That meant 16 2/3 cents apiece for the three of us.

The recollection of this enterprise—for strange to say it was of frequent occurrence—is very painful to me, because it shows a sad lack of judgment on our part. Why, we could earn half a cent a shoo for brushing flies from the horses at the blacksmith shop, and the work was easy and instructive, not to mention perquisites in the form of horse-shoe nails and such things. Surely we should not have allowed ourselves to be led astray by this dream of riches the fishermen created for our undoing. Vanity of vanities! What need had we of wealth with only a small portion of our own vast kingdom as yet explored.

Did we ever explore all of our kingdom? No, we never did. Such kingdoms are never fully explored. It would take much longer than the golden days allotted to us in childhood to discover more than a tithe of our possessions. It is only when the golden days have fled that we realize, with a sigh, all the good things that were ours which we failed to garner in. But the old mill pond yielded much treasure trove to us, and the half can never be told of all its possibilities. Probably, nay, assuredly I should lose my bearings if I went back there now and attempted to live the joyous past anew, or even to discover one of our many beautiful ships that sailed our untroubled seas. I have forgotten how. We all forget, more's the pity.

Like voices in a dream come the echoes of those days when all life was very real to us, and when faith in all things was our sacred creed. Blessed is the man that has saved one link from the broken chain of years to connect him with that good time, for it may serve him as an open Sesame to a half forgotten world where even an old mill pond may become a mighty ocean, and a dead leaf on the water a white-winged shallop ready to bear him wither-so-ever his heart desires.

FAYETTE DURLIN.

Susquehanna Bass Fishing.

SAYRE, Pa., Aug. 25.—Bass fishing on the Susquehanna River at all points where bass are usually taken has been excellent of late, and many fine creels of black, and the locally known yellow bass, have been taken. At Union Springs, on Cayuga Lake, I hear black bass are being caught in goodly numbers. In fact, the bass fishermen are now enjoying a fine harvest of sport, with a promise of good fishing to continue for some weeks to come.

M. CHILL.

"A Flying Trip."

OSSINING, N. Y., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the little article printed this week under the heading, "A Flying Trip," some one has changed the distance from Daytona to Ponce Park from 14 to 64 miles. A trip of 64 miles in a small launch in less than two hours would be a flying trip, indeed. CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

Genesis of the Ouananiche.

SUSSEX, N. B., Aug. 20.—Mr. Chambers' paper in issue of 19th inst. on "The Genesis of the Ouananiche" is an excellent one, and I am quite in accord with his opinions. It contains much valuable information.

W. H. VENNING.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Oils gun locks, revolvers and reels. Just right.—*Adv.*

Newfoundland Notes.

SINCE last writing, your correspondent has been along the whole length of the railway line from end to end, and has seen some angling and anglers. The number of American visitors is increasing each year; the present season has been a record one up to date. The visitors included all kinds and classes, from the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, to the young angler with his brand new "dux-back" outfit, bent on for the first time.

It is really surprising the numbers who came along this season. Twenty anglers got off at one station, the day I was coming through. At another station six or seven American gentlemen got on to run seven miles to a salmon pool along the line, and there were three times as many ladies and children on the little station seeing them off. The ladies and children were all brown and bareheaded, and seemed to be in the ruddiest health and the highest spirits. The fun and the banter and the various injunctions from car to station, and vice versa, enlivened the whole train, and when the mighty hunters got aboard the train, willing hands were stretched out to take their traps and duffle upon the brakes, where they rode till they came to their salmon pool.

Secretary Root, and his two sons, and Col. Sanger spent several days among the salmon pools and got good sport.

Numbers of other professional men from various parts of the United States fished at different places along the line.

We stopped off at Nardini's for a couple of days, and while there Peter Benoit, the guide, came down with twenty-one salmon and grilse as the result of a day and night's fishing. Next day I went up for a couple of hours with Peter, but as I had to catch a train, I was in a hurry and did not get up to the best pools. We succeeded though in getting seven grilse and salmon, and had a good morning's sport.

Our next stop was at Bay of Islands. Here we met several parties, who were outfitting for a trip along the line. Among others were Mr. and Mrs. P., of Lakeville, Conn., and Capt. G., C. I. V., England. We spent a very pleasant day with the former, and were present with them at a very interesting luncheon on Wood's Island, and regretted very much when the time for parting came. They camped up on Sand Lake River, and enjoyed the sport. Capt. G. was a veritable nimrod. He had shot and fished in nearly every part of the world—killed a bigger elephant than Selous in Africa, was familiar with Norway, and had shot wapiti and mountain sheep in the United States. Like a good Englishman, he held up his end in the Boer war, and, judging from his height and muscle, hardened by incessant outdoor exercise, must have proved a tough proposition to many a guileless South Africander. His prowess as a hunter was only equalled by his modesty, and your correspondent is indebted to a gentleman who knew him very well, for these and other particulars.

We took the Reid, N. F., coastal boat Glencoe and went down the shore. Among the passengers were two parties of American ladies and gentlemen. They were delighted with the trip. The running into the different little sea ports, the variety and beauty of the scenery, supplied interesting subjects for conversation, and for the large number of cameras that were brought into requisition.

A trip on one of these coastal boats is a great treat. The little ships are well fitted with all modern marine improvements; the service is up-to-date, and the officials are courteous. For anyone wanting a sea trip in smooth water, with any amount of variety, a run along the coast in one of those little steamers leaves nothing to be desired.

We camped for ten days on one of the best salmon and sea trout pools in Newfoundland. This pool has the great advantage of not being easily accessible to the ordinary angler out for a day or two, so we had the exclusive use of it just the same as if we were proprietors. We left the ship and were rowed seven miles up the north arm and then tramped four miles up to the pool and pitched our camp in an ideal spot. We were early for the sea trout, and got only a fair catch, and we were just a little late for the salmon. We should have gone some miles further up stream to get them. Nevertheless, the first morning's fishing in the upper pool resulted in my hooking a gamey nine-pounder. I had forgotten my net and was by myself with a shelving bank and no beach to land him. I held him for thirty-five minutes and the only thing that troubled was that when I got back to the camp without him, I'd be greeted with the usual incredulous smile. This spurred me to extra care, and eventually I killed my little fish and got him in a fissure of the rock and landed him. Within the next hour I landed, with the assistance of the guide, four other salmon and grilse ranging from 3½ to 5 pounds—one fellow particularly, a 4½-pounder, gave me nearly the best sport I had ever enjoyed. He went over the whole pool, and jumped ten or twelve times, and nearly exhausted the line on my reel. After that the weather got bright and clear, and the fish sluggish. We used to watch them lying in the pool, and tried in vain all the flies in the book. Hurled across their very noses they would not look at them. However, we used to get a few at early morn and dewy eve, and this kept us in good spirits. Just before we broke camp it rained some, and the first large installment of sea trout arrived. We had good fishing the last evening we were there, and if we had been ten days later, instead of earlier, we would have all the fishing we wanted. My share of the spoils was a large firkin of preserved salmon, grilse and sea trout.

But if I had not caught a single fish, I would still have enjoyed the outing. It is an ideal place to camp, and we were fitted up like a modern hotel. The surroundings are beautiful, and we were in the center of the caribou country. The deer in winter are there in thousands, and a hunter camped where we were, could get his choice of heads or he could get easily the most unique photograph in America. The thought that struck me was that it was an ideal place for the erection of a clubhouse, and as the gentleman who accompanied me is the proprietor of 100 acres, in fact, the only timber land near the pool, and as he is desirous of disposing of it, I would not be surprised if some reader of FOREST AND STREAM in the very near future, had a log-cabin hunting lodge here for the very best shooting and fishing on the island. It is one of the very few places left—that is, not overrun with the ordinary anglers who spend only three or four days on a pool and whip it to death.

The reports from other parts showed that the fishing was good. Mr. W. Warren and two other gentlemen fishing on the Humber caught seventy-seven salmon, the largest weighing 13 pounds. They saw hundreds leaping the falls. There were ten rods fishing there, and at times they'd all be hauling fish together.

Mr. F. I. Morris, with two others, caught 160 pounds of sea trout at Placentia, and had great sport. Mr. J. Rooney and another caught fifty-three salmon at Salmonier, and reported several other parties equally well fished.

I append two extracts from late local papers, which are self-explanatory—dozens of other clippings at hand repeat the same tale:

"Capt. Gillett, who is on the west coast fishing, landed a salmon weighing 25½ pounds at the Dumping Pool, Harry's Brook. He is charmed with the sport he has had and purposes sending the fish to London to show his friends."

This one is from the humorous contributor of the Trade Review, which sometimes descends from discussing the price of the bag and the barrel and quintal of fish, to note other happenings. Incidentally it may induce some next year's June brides to come along this way for a 12-pound fish:

"A breezy correspondent to a sporting journal (says the Fishing Gazette) thus 'booms' a popular Maine summer resort: 'A young honeymoon pair came here last season fishing, and took a 6¾-pound grilse. This summer they are back again with a little baby of identically the same weight as the salmon.' If it is any inducement to honeymooners, we can safely say that 12-pound fish and ditto babies are more in our line in Newfoundland."

Grace's Quarters.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 23.—There is a popular idea in the minds of most fishermen that the further away from home one goes the better fishing; in fact, many believe that it is absolutely impossible to find good fishing of any sort within miles of Baltimore, and will therefore put themselves to considerable time and expense each year journeying away from Maryland waters in search of suitable fishing grounds, which, in all probability, could be found within easy reach of their home, did they but know it. "But to think of a place is one thing, and to know it is another," said Mr. George Schaaf, president and captain of the Moonhouse Social Club.

Every frequenter of the Gunpowder, roam as much as he may, will finally fix on one particular portion of the river as his favorite. All do not choose the same locality, for from a fishing standpoint one place is as good as another; and so in this instance our members are partial to Grace's Quarters, where they camp yearly.

The club was formed several years ago by hard working young business men of East Baltimore, who yearly long for this week of their vacation. It is composed of the following members: Mr. George Schaaf, president and captain, and the Executive Committee of Messrs. George Fink, William Fehle, William Frostburg, Harry Miskimon, George Hannauer. Edward Eisenhut, William Eisenhut, George Zang, F. Quaty, William Gaffey, John S. Gittings, V. Gallenz and John Forster. They are all there, and we have "slathers" of fish when the river is in condition; it's real sport, yet fish are funny critters, and have their off days for biting.

"When they will, they will,
You may depend on 't;
And when they won't, they won't,
And that's the end of it."

Grace's Quarters, Md., was the home of the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is beautifully located and admirably laid off, being within a short drive of Chase's Station, on the P., W. & B. R. R., over roads that have a strange mixture of luxury and wildness. The writer had the pleasure of visiting the shore. It was an ideal day, when the crisp morning air sets the blood atingle and the dewy cobwebs flash like diamonds in the rising sun, the purple haze haloes the distance and the walk more than repays for the labor expended, the stride is longer and more tireless, the appetite keener for it amid such picturesque scenery, which is one of the peculiar attractions of the place; and the greeting and the good time I had were a combination hard to beat.

The boys were out amid their native surroundings, and there was excellent fishing that day, the catch comprising white and yellow perch, rock or striped bass, jack tailors, young bluefish, bullheads or catties, eels and soft and hardshell crabs. They have a well built cabin, with a central building of unique construction used for a dining room. The culinary department—presided over by a genial "South befo' de war" darkey, James Chew, as rugged a bit of human timber as one can find in a month of travel. To hear old Jim spin a yarn of Massa Thompson killing ducks and catching fish is to get a taste of something not yet reduced to print. He is an expert in such matters as cornpone, Maryland beaten biscuits, fish, soft crabs and chicken suppers that are a delight to critic and epicure.

The glorious sunset as we saw it, transforming the trees and water courses, was a glowing panorama until it faded away. One cannot afford to miss becoming acquainted with the versatile manager, Mr. Joseph Newkirk. He serves to make the visitor forget that he is a guest, he is one of those men one occasionally meets in position of large responsibility, a thorough sportsman with both rod and gun, one who seems neither inflated by his success nor harassed by his many cares.

Grace's Quarters has offered hospitality to a great many different anglers and a most enjoyable fellowship pervades the angling camp. Quiet refinement is the keynote of this quaint, complete country home, and after a visit of even brief duration one fully understands why the members and guests return year after year.

"It's a jolly old life for a week or two,
With a bunch of good fellows and nothing to do."

JOHN T. HIGGINS.

The "Old Angler" at His Best.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Most of your readers know the "Old Angler" simply as a keen controversialist, but I wish to present him now at the age of eighty-four years as an inventor and a discoverer. Just imagine! In evidence I inclose for your inspection a trio of salmon flies which you will admit are deftly tied and superior at least to the average shop fly. They were tied as patterns for the instruction of a youngster who has contracted the *cacoethes tiendi* in connection with the desire to go fishing. The "Old Angler" calls him "his boy," and speaks well of his proficiency, for he says: "He is a quick learner, and I will shortly send you some more, some of his work, and more of my own, for I find that I am recovering some of my old deftness in the art." But the merit of the work (which requires delicate manipulation and keen eyesight) is not in its delicacy, beauty and accuracy, as fly-casters say, but consists in the fact that the flies are tied with fine wire loops instead of with gut loops, an entirely new innovation, and the wonder is, as the old man himself says, that the wire was not universally adopted long ago for salmon flies,or indeed, for all flies except the smallest trout flies, though he adds by way of accounting, that "the wire loop doubles the life of the fly, and that professional fly-dressers probably want their goods to wear out soon, so as to keep the market open for a continuous demand." It is certainly a remarkable achievement, this feat of invention and fabrication, and I would fain do the venerable record-breaker honor by giving his name were I not forbidden. However, every one knows the "Old Angler" as a prodigy of mental vigor and a Hercules in polemics, and so I would let his case rest right here were it not for his discovery, which is one of the most remarkable in scientific investigation and ought to be exploited.

In mention thereof it may be said that very little additional is likely to be learned in the life history of the salmon, so that when an observer adds something quite out of the ordinary it should be fully recognized. What the "Old Angler" has discovered then is what concerns the function of the hook on the male salmon's lower jaw. This has been a matter of speculation for decades, since it pertains only to the one sex. I myself inferred that its use was in some way associated with fecundation, which is as near any ichthyologist every came to a correct solution of the puzzle. But now the "Old Angler" says, "I am convinced that the function of this male hook is to rupture the membrane which closes the mouth of the oviduct, leading from near the gills to the vent. The old notion that the female deposited her eggs in the ridd or furrow, and that the male followed her, shedding his milt over them, is all wrong. The fish are side by side in the ridd, and the jets of ova, as they issue from the female, are met by simultaneous jets of milt from the male, and it is my belief that the ova are as thoroughly and effectively vivified in the natural process as they can be by any artificial manipulation. The female does not extrude all her ova into one ridd. The ova in the upper part of the lobes are ripe days before the ova in the lower part of the lobes, and several ridds are made, and several days occupied in the process. This part of the life history of the salmon is that least understood."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

The Old Colony Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting and clambake of the Old Colony Club was held at Padanarum, South Dartmouth, on Friday, Aug. 25. This is an event of much interest to the summer people as well as the natives of towns bordering on Buzzard's Bay. In spite of a rainy morning with no indications of favorable weather for an outing, more than one hundred members made the trip in special electrics, starting from Buzzard's Bay, passing through Wareham, Marion, Mattapoisett, Fairhaven and New Bedford and reaching the station of the New Bedford Y. C. at 12 o'clock.

The yacht club had extended to the Old Colony Club the use of their premises for the occasion. At the business meeting Gerard C. Tobey, Esq., of Wareham, was elected president by the unanimous vote of the meeting. Messrs. Charles S. Hamlin, Dr. Maurice H. Richardson and Thomas Jefferson, vice-presidents; Charles H. Taylor, Jr., secretary-treasurer; Charles P. Horton, W. A. Nye, George I. Briggs, John I. Bryant, George W. Fish, N. H. Emmons, G. W. Jones, Col. H. E. Converse, John W. Delano, Edward Hamlin, Theophilus Parsons, Edward Atkinson, Louis Bacon, B. H. Anthony, James L. Wesson, F. E. Elwell, B. F. Gibbs, H. Stockton, Laurence Minot, T. C. Thacher, Horace S. Crowell, members of the Executive Committee.

A resolution on the death of Joseph Jefferson, which had been engrossed, was adopted by a standing vote.

The report of the treasurer showed a balance on hand of $992.32. The sum of $100 was appropriated toward the expense of opposing the establishment of a leprosy colony on Penikese Island. The secretary reported that the Executive Committee were able to defeat the bill to permit the taking of menhaden for bait, which was reported upon adversely by the fish and game committee of the Legislature last winter. He also stated that some similar bill would probably be brought forward next winter, and on his recommendation the Executive Committee was authorized to take the necessary steps to secure its defeat.

After the business meeting the members repaired to Laban's Folly Hotel nearby, where the clambake was served. After dinner President Tobey presented Hon. C. S. Hamlin, who delivered an address on "Penikese and the Leper Colony," in which he reviewed in detail the various steps by which the Board of State Charities was authorized to make provision for the care of the five unfortunate persons in this State afflicted with leprosy. Although the island has been purchased no lepers will ever be placed there if the members of the Old Colony Club can prevent it. Mr. Hamlin's address was received with marked tokens of approval.

Mr. Augustus L. Thorndike, of Brewster, explained how the plan to place the lepers in the neighborhood of his town was frustrated, and condemned the Penikese location. Senator H. A. Harding, of Chatham, explained and heartily condemned the manner in which legislation to permit the taking of the island was obtained. All the speakers expressed the opinion that as it was due to the neglect of United States officials that the lepers are here, it is incumbent on the Federal Government to make provision for their proper care, and that one of the Massachusetts Senators had stated that on the reassembly of Congress such action would undoubtedly be taken.

Dr. George W. Field, chairman of the fish and game commission, spoke upon the "Artificial Propagation of Shellfish and Crustaceans." Rev. Allan Hudson, of Brockton, in a very jovial way entertained the members for a few moments, after which, assuming a more serious tone, he paid a touching tribute to Mr. Jefferson, and said he thought the noted actor should have a monument erected to his memory on Buzzard's Bay. The last speaker was Gen. Charles H. Taylor, who after alluding in a feeling manner to the club's loss in the death of Mr. Jefferson, read a poem appropriate to the occasion.

The club has for its main object the protection of the fish in the bay from the destruction incident to the use of seines, nets and pounds. Its membership of about 200 is composed of the solid men among the permanent residents of the towns and those who have summer homes on the shores. That it is a power to be reckoned with on Beacon Hill was abundantly shown two years ago, when the American Fisheries Company employed the late Attorney-General Hosea M. Knowlton to aid in an effort to repeal the law against seining menhaden in the bay. It was a bitter fight. Mr. Knowlton was able to get the bill through the committee but no further. CENTRAL.

Chicago Fly-Casting Scores.

THE winning scores of the Chicago international fly and bait-casting tournament, Aug. 18, 19 and 20, were given in our issue of last week. We supplement that report with the full record of scores as follows. For the full conditions of each event, see last issue:

First Event—Long-distance fly-casting:

	Feet.		Feet.
E. J. Mills	120	A. C. Smith	104
R. C. Leonard	118	I. H. Bellows	102
F. N. Peet	108	C. F. Brown	88
John Waddell	107	W. T. Church	83
H. G. Hascall	104		

Diamond trophy, E. J. Mills; first prize, R. C. Leonard; second, F. N. Peet; third, John Waddell; tied for fourth, H. G. Hascall and A. C. Smith.

Extra Event—Salmon-casting for distance:

	Feet.		Feet.
R. C. Leonard	141	H. G. Hascall	121
A. C. Smith	135	F. N. Peet	118
E. J. Mills	129	John Waddell	105

Silver cup, R. C. Leonard.

Second Event—Distance and Accuracy fly-casting:

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
H. G. Hascall	99 10-15	A. C. Smith	97 12-15
F. N. Peet	99	W. T. Church	97 11-15
R. C. Leonard	98 11-15	C. F. Brown	97 9-15
I. H. Bellows	98 7-15	John Waddell	97 5-15
H. Wheeler Perce	98 7-15	W. McCown	96 11-15
E. J. Mills	98 3-15	G. A. Hinterleitner	92 10-15
E. R. Letterman	97 13-15		

Diamond trophy, H. G. Hascall; first prize, F. N. Peet; second, R. C. Leonard; third, and fourth, H. Wheeler Perce and I. H. Bellows, by agreement on the tie; fifth E. J. Mills; sixth, E. R. Letterman.

Third Event—Accuracy and Delicacy fly-casting, dry fly:

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
F. N. Peet	99 5-30	John Waddell	97 12-30
H. G. Hascall	98 23-30	C. F. Brown	96 24-30
A. C. Smith	98 23-30	E. J. Mills	96 15-30
I. H. Bellows	98 10-30	W. T. Church	95 1-30

Diamond trophy, F. N. Peet; first prize, A. C. Smith won on the cast-off of tie; second, H. G. Hascall; third, I. H. Bellows; fourth, John Waddell.

Fourth Event—Delicacy and accuracy bait-casting, ¼-oz. weight:

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
H. G. Hascall	98 1-15	F. D. Rhodes	96 12-15
R. C. Leonard	98	H. D. Armstrong	96 10-15
Wm. Stanley	98	H. R. Winfield	96 9-15
E. R. Bartholomew	97 14-15	A. Rabbers	96 7-15
G. A. Hinterleitner	97 11-15	D. W. Osborne	96 6-15
N. C. Heston	97 10-15	W. J. Jamison	96 5-15
Tilden Robb	97 10-15	A. C. Smith	96 4-15
F. N. Peet	97 10-15	E. L. Mason	95 13-15
L. N. Place	97 10-15	J. R. Duncan	95 11-15
O. J. Loomis	97 8-15	F. P. Naylor	93 10-15
H Wheeler Perce	97 7-15	J. W. Bramhall	93 10-15
O. E. Becker	97 4-15	E. J. Mills	93 7-15
E. R. Letterman	97 2-15	C. F. Brown	93 6-15
G. A. Davis	97 1-15	H. C. Chapman	92 3-15
E. R. Owens	97 1-15	John Waddell	90 14-15

Diamond medal, H. G. Hascall; first prize, William Stanley; second, R. C. Leonard; third, E. R. Bartholomew; fourth, G. A. Hinterleitner; fifth, L. N. Place; sixth, Tilden Robb; seventh, F. N. Peet.

Fifth Event—Distance and accuracy bait-casting, ½-oz. weight:

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
E. R. Letterman	98 4-10	Reuben Leonard	96 5-10
E. R. Owens	98 3-10	D. A. Dean	96 4-10
O. J. Loomis	98 2-10	J. D. Rhodes	96 4-10
H Wheeler Perce	98	J. R. Dishington	96 3-10
A. Rabbers	98	B. L. Shutts	96 3-10
W. E. Kidder	98	A. Van Bochove	96 2-10
N. C. Heston	97 9-10	W. J. Jamison	96 2-10
F. P. Naylor	97 8-10	E. M. Towne	96 2-10
J. W. Bramhall	97 8-10	Chas. F. Browne	95 8-10
Wm. Stanley	97 8-10	B. F. Flegel	95 8-10
H. G. Hascall	97 7-10	L. N. Place	95 8-10
I. H. Bellows	97 7-10	P. J. Van Ornum	95 7-10
C. F. Brown	97 5-10	W. T. Church	95 7-10
Wm. McCown	97 5-10	W. W. McFarlin	95 6-10
A. C. Smith	97 4-10	A. H. Barnes	95 5-10
F. N. Peet	97 2-10	A. Wagner	95 3-10
E. B. Bartholomew	97 2-10	John Waddell	94 9-10
F. W. Heminghaus	97 1-10	E. J. Mills	94 9-10
P. J. Linderman	97 1-10	Arthur Webb	94 7-10
L. J. Tooley	97	B. J. Jackson	94 7-10
E. M. Wertenberg	97	Mrs. E. B. Bartholomew	94 5-10
G. A. Davis	96 9-10	Mrs. F. D. Rhodes	93 7-10
O. F. Botsford	96 8-10	E. B. Miller	94 7-10
E. L. Mason	96 8-10	J. D. Rowland	93 3-10
C. W. Keiser	96 8-10	E. P. Sperry	93 3-10
J. E. Ammen	96 8-10	F. W. McAnanny	93
Tilden Robb	96 7-10	F. G. Worden	92 9-10
G. A. Hinterleitner	96 6-10	H. B. Noyes	91 4-10
D. W. Osborne	96 5-10	H. G. Armstrong	89 2-10

Diamond trophy, E. R. Letterman; first prize, E. R. Owens, of the Kalamazoo "bunch"; second, O. J. Loomis; third, A. Rabbers; fourth, W. E. Kidder, Kansas City; fifth, H. Wheeler Perce; sixth, N. C. Heston; seventh, William Stanley; eighth, F. P. Naylor; ninth, J. W. Bramhall.

Sixth Event—Long-distance bait-casting, ½-oz. weights:

	Feet.		Feet.
E. B. Bartholomew	183 49-60	R. J. Duncan	124 47-60
F. D. Rhodes	178 46 60	Frank Bush	118 47-60
L. J. Tooley	176 24 60	G. A. Hinterleitner	118 19-60
D. W. Osborne	167 46 60	H. E. Rice	113 12-60
A. Rabbers	161 52-60	John Waddell	105 52-60
Tilden Robb	159 3-60	C. F. Brown	103 28-60
E. M. Wertenberg	153 43-60	Edgar Roseman	91 24-60
E. R. Letterman	142 10-60	F. N. Peet	89 31-60
Wm. McCown	137 33-60	A. C. Smith	56 31-60
H. G. Hascall	132 52-60	F. P. Naylor	43 24-60
E. B. Miller	127 20-60		

Diamond trophy and world's record for this event, E. B. Bartholomew; first prize, F. D. Rhodes; second, L. G. Tooley, who also was awarded the special prize for the longest single cast, he having scored 194 feet 8 inches; third, D. W. Osborne; fourth prize, A. Rabbers.

The Kennel.

Fox Hunting in Tennessee.

BEFORE the war no part of America carried out the English traditions of this fascinating pastime as did the South, and to-day, although lacking in organization and systematic work, we have here some of the best breeds of dogs for practical uses in the country. Around Nashville we have some good packs of dogs and more enthusiasts of the royal sport. This coterie keeps up its meetings all the year round, and only the hot, dry spells of some of the summer months find them complaining, like the farmer, of the bad times of the present and the grand times of the past. Nearly all are hard-working business and professional men, and they get nervous and unfit for work, they say (to their wives) unless they get a run or two during the month. It needs but to see the comradeship of such a party as we got together last night to prove the truth of this.

We left the city at 4 o'clock, and several eyebrows went up as my overcoat was seen under my arm, for it was then blazing hot. A trolley ride to the country home of Professor Draughon and then a good dinner, and then the harnessing of the dogs into their own wagon—to keep them fresh—and we were off, leaving violet clouds and an orange sunset in the west as our steady but brisk fox-hunting mare carried us toward the south. The Professor had to complain a little of the warmth and of the lack of rain—it never does to have all conditions favorable when our favorite horse, gun or dog is put to the test; but the clapping hoofs of our equine abettor sounded so cheerful that he could not put hope out of my heart, and I saw the faint crescent of the new moon come out against the sky with more than my usual pleasure at this sight.

All good men and animals have their peculiarities and special ailments, and our mare had hay-fever, for we had scarcely come upon a hay field, the cocks standing in ample outlines against the twilight, when she began to sniff and shake her head. She finally stopped, turned around her head and began to scratch her nose against the shaft of the buggy. This was repeated to her infinite relief several times and all was well by the time we reached our meeting place. This was at Professor Alfred Ferrell's, and Mr. Dale and Mr. Ashworth also were waiting for us under the trees. I was quite lost in the flow of technical dog talk which followed. I had no idea of the many points which seemed from the energetic asseverations of my friends to be of the most vital importance. We might have still been in the discussion, but one man had no dogs to praise and he said, "Let's go."

Within a mile or so, as we trotted comfortably down the pike, we heard the joyful cry of our Blue dog (I don't know why he was called Blue). He was leading the trail and the Professor stood up in the buggy and looked over his way with great satisfaction. The pack was soon working vigorously, and then broke out in the fierce quick notes which indicated close pursuit. My hunters were able, by their intimate acquaintance with the neighborhood, to follow the line of the chase as though looking at it. Here was the picket fence, there the bad bluff where some faults were being made, now again come the exultant waves of savage melody. Reynard was evidently as game as his pursuers, for he led them almost to the city out of mere love of the race, we thought.

Finally somebody else's dog got after a young fox, and so great is the idea with dogs and men of just stopping by the way to snap up the other good thing, that even the Blue dog fell into the snare and left our entertainer of the night free to seek some dewy bed of grass to rest and smile at our discomfiture.

The night fell cool and my overcoat was needed, the stars had grown pale, and the great trees of the Ayres estate, in which we were hunting, seemed to hang in heavier shadows on the night—there was nothing left for it but to drive home dozing and starting up at the strange outlines appearing all along, which darkness always gives to the most familiar objects.

EDGAR MAGNESS.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug 5.

Points and Flushes.

THE premium list of the Richmond County Agricultural Society's first annual dog show, Fair Grounds, Dongan Hills, S. I., Sept. 4-7, can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Edward P. Doyle, Port Richmond, S. I.

Musical Roosters.

THE following comes down from Le Sueur: "John E. Noyes, a retired merchant of Le Sueur, has a fine, large black Minorca rooster that every time it raises its voice crows a tune. There is no mistake about it, and the many musicians who have listened to his efforts all unite in bearing out the statement and in recognizing the tune he crows, which is 'The Maid Has Lost Her Shoes.' This is no made-up story, but is true, every word of it, and is directly vouched for by Mr. and Mrs. Noyes and by one of the teachers in the public schools here, who is a student of nature and close observer of animals."

Now here is a study in "new nature" worthy of the attention of its brightest student. Who taught this rooster to sing instead of to crow? By what system of evolution did he arrive at this stage of musical development? A Brahmin would solve the problem off-hand by stating that it was simply a case of the transmigration of a musical soul into the body of a rooster.

The crowing of a rooster has from time immemorial been the bane of the life of the sleepy farm hand, a sort of agricultural alarm clock as it were. Now, whether the situation would be ameliorated by having a rooster awaken you to the tune of "Hiawatha," "Bedelia" or "Dooley" is a question. Would it not be better to leave bad enough alone. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Prevents the Rod from splitting and whitening.—*Adv.*



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

SEPTEMBER.

1. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
1. Beverly, open.
2. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open.
2. Eastern, power boat races.
2. Larchmont, club.
2. Edgewood, open.
2. Knickerbocker, cruise.
2. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
2. Rhode Island, cruising race.
2 Seaside Park, championship.
2. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
2. Wollaston, cruise.
2. Chicago, cruise.
2. West Hampton C. C., open.
2. Sippican, open.
2 Beverly, club.
2. Corinthian, club.
2. Corinthian of San Francisco, cruise.
2. Nova Scotia, Wenonah cup.
3. San Francisco, cruise.
3. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
3. Detroit, Country Club series.
4. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., open.
4. Seaside Park, open.
4-6. National Power Boat Carnival.
4. Chicago, club.
4. Cobweb, open.
4. Ponoquoque C. C., association race.
4. Beverly, open.
4. Corinthian, handicap.
4. Norwalk, annual.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Wollaston, club.
4. San Francisco, cruise.
4. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
4. Sachem's Head, annual.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta.
5. Country Club (Detroit), cruise.
5. Chicago, club.
6. Country Club (Detroit), club.
6. Chicago, club.
7. Country Club (Detroit), club.
8. Sea Side, power boat races.
9. National Power Boat Carnival.
9. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
9. Bristol, open.
9. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
9. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales Cup.
9. Chicago, club.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Beverly, club.
9. Corinthian, club.
9. Boston, club, Hull.
9. San Francisco, interclub.
9. Larchmont, club.
9. Corinthian of San Francisco, interclub.
10. Rendezvous, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
10. Bristol, open.
10. Middletown, power boat races.
11. Detroit, sweepstakes.
16. Knickerbocker, power boat races.
16. Royal Canadian, club.
16. Chicago, cruise.
16. San Francisco, cruise.
17. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
24. Morrisania, open.
24. San Francisco, cruise.

A MISTAKEN IMPRESSION.

THE kaleidescopic season of racing which the present year has brought forth has blinded many yachtsmen to conditions as they really exist. Unwarranted decrease in interest and a pessimistic attitude toward the future have resulted. There has never been a time when the agents which go to make vitality in the sport have been more actively at work. The general adoption of a uniform rule of rating by the leading clubs of the East has placed yachting in our waters on a firmer footing than has ever been the case before in this or any other country. An increase in the number of long distance events for boats of cruising type has developed something more than a knowledge of mere harbor sailing. American genius and seamanship have been tested and not found wanting in three international events—the struggles for the Canada and Seawanhaka cups and the transatlantic journey for the trophy offered by the Emperor of Germany. These achievements will go down in history and be read long after the victories and defeats of this year are forgotten. There is every reason to believe that the signs of health are not merely of momentary nature. The racing and building of this year have demonstrated that no mistake was made in adopting the new rule. Friends now stand where enemies were once intrenched, until to-day the owners of boats, heavily taxed by the new formula, are about the only interested ones who do not regard the advent of the new regulations as a boon to yachting. Building should be greatly on the increase during the coming winter. The uncertainty existing when almost every organization had its pet method of measurement has been effectively removed. Now a yachtsman can place an order for a craft knowing that he will be able to sail at any of the prominent clubs with the same rating and a good chance of meeting class competitors. Such conditions not only tend to encourage the building of new boats, but assure the disposal of such craft at any time at a fair price. With only a few weeks more before hauling out time the horizon is clear and the brightest prospects are held out for the season of 1906.

POWER BOAT LEGISLATION.

THE American Association of Masters and Pilots of Steam Vessels is endeavoring to secure the co-operation of the Department of Commerce and Labor in asking Congress to pass laws which bring all power craft under the regulation of the Government Steamboat Inspection Service. Boats under fifteen tons are now exempt from Federal jurisdiction. One of the claims made is that many small craft are handled by unlicensed pilots in such a manner as to be a menace to navigation, showing no side lights at night and in other ways violating the ordinary rules observed by boats of all classes. It is to be regretted that the latter charge is not without foundation. With the development of the easily operated marine motor the number of power boats has grown rapidly within the last few years. Too often have owners fallen into the mistake of thinking that the handling of the wheel and the operation of the engine is all the knowledge required to fit one for successful motor boating. The possessor of a power creation, however small, should make it a duty to learn at least the ordinary rules by which water traffic is regulated. Few people would think of driving through a crowded street without conforming to the rules which time and custom have laid down for horse drawn vehicles. No less a reason exists for a thorough knowledge among power boat men of the regulations governing traffic at sea.

Seawanhaka Conditions.

MONTREAL, Que., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer, with others, was much surprised at the tone of the leader in your issue of 19th inst. in reference to the Seawanhaka international race. In arguing for a change in the rules governing these races for the challenge cup you refer to the type of yacht developed in the past as being altogether undesirable, and suggest that such yachts as the Gravesend Bay 22-footers or the Herreshoff 30-footers should rather be encouraged. As the Canada Cup provides races for yachts as small as the 30-footers, most yachtsmen, I feel sure, would like this cup to continue to be for the encouragement of day boats, which will always differ materially from cabin yachts. If this is so, the question is whether the boats developed heretofore for these races have proved to be suitable and desirable day boats.

The writer has had the good fortune to have had some experience of the yachting all over the English speaking world, including Australia and New Zealand and many years on the Clyde, but after becoming acquainted with these Seawanhaka yachts I have no hesitation in deciding in their favor, and for the following reasons:

1. SAFETY.—A keel boat which is not wholly and carefully decked in may prove a veritable death trap, foundering in a quite moderate sea or going down after being struck by a squall. The Seawanhaka boats have ample buoyancy when filled with water, and have enormous initial stability.

2. ROOMINESS.—It is possible to comfortably carry more people in one of these yachts than in any other yacht of similar size.

3. COST.—These yachts are much less expensive than ballasted yachts of similar size, and as the future of yachting depends largely upon the opportunity afforded the younger (and usually less affluent) members of our clubs, this question should be carefully considered.

4. SPEED.—There is no doubt that in this quality the Seawanhaka yachts have no rivals afloat. The ability to "get there" is to-day more than ever necessary in our yachting. This small class lends itself much better to the development of speed than does any other.

Even if these claims of superiority were wholly unwarranted it seems to me that Uncle Sam should hesitate to make any change in the conditions governing the Seawanhaka Cup racing until he introduces a more desirable type in the America's Cup contests, the rules in these races being so localized that yachtsmen abroad have now definitely refused to submit themselves to them.

I hesitate to refer to one other point but will only just mention it. This cup has become famous through the contests waged over it in the present type of yacht. If the type is radically altered the cup at once loses all value as an international trophy, as that value is wholly due to its history in connection with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. The suggestion of shutting out that club from all future contests is altogether unworthy of a sportsman.

SCOTSMAN.

[The possibility of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. being forced from further competition is by far the strongest argument put forth by "Scotsman" for a retention of the present Cup conditions. In the editorial to which exception is taken the "suggestion of shutting out that club from future contests" was not made. The exact words were:

> Any move which might bar from further competition the sportsmen who have so gallantly defended the trophy for nearly a decade would be regretted; nevertheless, even if such a result be unavoidable, the general welfare of yachting is to be taken into consideration.

If through the introduction of the keel boat members of the Montreal club, because of purely local conditions, should find it impracticable to again race for the cup, there would be no remedy for such a result, although it would be regretted the world over. "Scotsman" fails to grasp the breadth of treatment necessary when considering the general good of all yachting.—ED.]

Chica o Letter.

THE sensation of the past week in Chicago yachting circles has been the announcement that Mr. Fred A. Price, commodore of the Columbia Y. C., stung by the criticisms brought about by his neglect of the chances of his organization in the Lipton Cup series of races recently contested here and won by the Detroit Country Club 21-footer Ste. Claire, has decided to quit the racing game for good. It was also rumored that Mr. Price had decided to resign from the commodoreship of the Columbia Y. C., but this rumor is unfounded. While it is extremely doubtful whether he would be a candidate for the office again, even if it should be offered him, he is not likely to throw down the burden of his responsibilities at the present time.

While Mr. Price's methods and personality have not endeared him to a majority of club fellows, he has many stanch friends who recognize that he has done more for the yachting game in Chicago than any other individual member of any club here, and they regret to see him step down and out of active competition. His warring spirit has been for competition and aggressive development. He has led the Columbia Y. C. through some narrow and arduous paths to a degree of success, and has brought into the sport many men of money and influence. He has been liberal in building and buying yachts to uphold the glories of the organization which honored him by repeatedly electing him to its highest office, and he has lavished his time in promoting the interests of the club. He owns now two of the best boats on the lake—the famous old sloop Vencedor, for years queen of these waters, and the handsome new auxiliary yawl Juanita, one of the biggest and finest cruisers on fresh water.

That Mr. Price is a bad loser he himself admits. It is his main fault and it is this trait that caused him to lose interest in the new Lipton Cup defender, Quien Sabe, when she did not show up as well as he hoped for her.

"I am out of racing," Mr. Price says. "I shall not give up the game, for I enjoy it too well. I will confine myself to cruises in Juanita when I can spare the time from my business, which is growing to such proportions that I really cannot take as active an interest in yachting as I did formerly."

Quien Sabe was sold at auction on Aug. 21 and bought in by Mr. Allan H. Pirie, a Chicagoan who is better known in yachting circles on the Sound than he is in these waters. Mr. Pirie had hopes to get the beautiful little 21-footer into condition to take her to Detroit to race for the Walker and Country Club cups, both of which are open to this class. He found that the alterations necessary to put her in winning shape would not be completed in time for the event, so he gave up the idea and will try out the boat so as to get her in shape for the next Lipton Cup races. Chicago will be represented in Detroit by Yo San, formerly owned by Commodore Price and now the property of Mr. David Hammond.

Yo San has been in Mackinac all summer where Mr. Hammond has been residing and is now on the way to Detroit. The boat is faster than ever before and Columbia sailors hope she may win some of the honors from the Michigan sailors.

She will be well sailed as Mr. Hammond has developed a crack crew with "Billy" Avery as skipper, himself, Frank Kehoe, Sam Avery and Ray Thorne as crew. This crew is remarkable in that it is composed of five of the fastest and best swimmers in Chicago, all of them being members of the famous C. A. A. swimming and water polo team, which has an unbroken string of western victories to its credit, only the New York A. C. ever having lowered its colors.

The fourth leg in the series for the National Sportsman's Cup was sailed on Aug. 26, five 30-footers of the Columbia Y. C. being sent away on the short-end course at 2:30 o'clock. Columbia finished first, but lost out on time allowance to Privateer. Gloria finished third. In the cruising class but two yachts accepted the issue, Jeannettie leading Charlotte R. to the finish line by 15m.

The yachts were started from the club house in a light, puffy wind that changed frequently from E. to N.E. Privateer crossed the line first, Gloria, Nymph, Columbia and Smuggler following in order. At the last minute the judges decided to change the course of the race from the regular Columbia run around the two cribs to a leeward and windward race around the four-mile crib and return. The first leg was a beat to the crib, Privateer leading more than half the way to the mark before the Columbia, pointing higher, could overtake her.

Rounding the crib the Columbia led by 4m., and from that point she always held the others safe. Privateer was second. On the run to the gap, the finishing line, Privateer picked up 3m. of the time she had lost on the first leg and came within an ace of winning from Columbia without time allowance.

Columbia crossed the line at 4:43:25, but lost first place to Privateer, which made up all but 20s. of the 3m. lead Columbia had gained on the first leg. Privateer finished at 4:43:47 and Gloria was third at 4:49:11. She only beat Smuggler in b- 4s.

The Chelsea clock seems in a fair way to become the property of Jeannettie, which has won two legs in the series for the trophy. Charlotte R. was the only other starter in this class. They took the same course as the 30-footers, Jeannettie finishing at 5:04:10 and Charlotte R. at 5:18:25. Following is the standing of the competitors for the Sportsman's Cup:

	Former Points.	New Points.	Total
Columbia	12	4	16
Nymph	10	1	11
Privateer	6	5	11
Smuggler	8	2	10
Gloria	0	3	3

J. M. HANDLEY.

Onekama Sailing Club.

THE first annual cruising race of the Onekama S. C. proved a great success in every way. Outside races on courses long enough to make navigation an important element will henceforth hold prominent places in this club's schedules. The race was from Manistee, Mich., to Kewaunee, Wis., straight across Lake Michigan, a distance of 59 miles. The start was made on the evening of Aug. 5 in order that the skippers should be thrown entirely on their own resources in the matter of navigation. The finish showed that this was the controlling factor.

Four yachts, all of the cabin yachts of the Onekama S. C., sailed the race. They were the 21-footer Eleanor, late of Chicago; the Togo, an old-fashioned sloop, 33ft. over all, and the two little cutters, Lydia Pinkham and Belle Marie. It was the Pinkham's first race, and her mast was stepped only the day before the start. The two last named are 20ft. waterline, but are unusually able little craft.

As in all Onekama S. C. races, arbitrary handicaps were imposed. Eleanor and Togo allowed Lydia Pinkham 30m. and Belle Marie 60m. Lydia Pinkham allowed the last named 30m. It was arranged that the start should be made by casting off lines from the Manistee Pierhead, because there is insufficient room for maneuvering inside, and darkness made it impossible to start outside of the channel. The first yacht to finish was required to report to the life saving station a Kewaunee and take the times of the succeeding yachts. The start was set for 10 P. M.

Contrary to expectations, the weather was favorable to a quick and easy passage. The course of W. by N. ¼ N. brought the wind on the beam. It was a fine moonlight night with enough haze to obscure a craft distant a hundred yards or more. The sea was smooth. Pinkham was first out in the weather position with Togo under her lee. Eleanor quickly showed her quality by passing through Pinkham's weather, and she was not passed during the race. On Belle Marie an immense balloonjib was set, and as soon as she cleared the pierhead it scooped up a hogshead or more of water. It was apparent that the wind was not fair enough to make it advantageous, so in it came. The time thus lost was made up in a few minutes, and the little cutter threatened to pass between Pinkham and Togo, when the former got things more to her liking, and slowly drew ahead until she disappeared in Eleanor's wake, one point above the charted course. Then for an hour or more the two stragglers engaged in a luffing match. Unable to weather Togo, Belle Marie finally accepted a leeward position, and fell off on the true course.

Never was an outside race sailed under more enjoyable conditions. The breeze freshened and drew more fair after midnight. There was nothing to do but hold the course, smoke, and listen to the swish of the little seas that lapped along the starboard side.

Morning dawned fair with the wind still holding fresh and the water smooth. On board Belle Marie we first made out a yacht slightly ahead and five or six miles to windward. She was Lydia Pinkham. Dead astern was a sail that afterward was hidden by the sun. This was Togo, though we didn't suspect at that time that we had left her so far in the night. To help out on sail we carried our No. 2 jib upside down to fill the space under the staysail. About 5 o'clock land was made out, and from that time all hands were busy looking for signs of port. Kewaunee does not show up well from the lake, but Algomah, nine miles to windward, looms large. We easily made out the latter town when about fifteen miles from land, and held a course a few miles to leeward. Two of the yachts we knew were further from Kewaunee than we, and both gave us time. Eleanor we supposed had already made port, and we could hope for no better than second position at the best.

But a little later a sail was made out against the green of the Wisconsin hills. Could it be Eleanor, squared away before the northeast wind, looking for her port after holding some miles too high? This was our suspicion, and such soon proved to be the case. When convinced of this we put our helm up, got out a spinnaker, and soon were racing down wind. Finally Kewaunee was made out, and we were able to time Eleanor as she entered. Twenty-five minutes later we rounded the pierhead, and received a salute from the fog station. Togo, coming through the haze in the east on a better course than ours, was saluted eighteen minutes later. Pinkham, we knew, had mistaken her port. She came down the beach about an hour later.

It appears that on Eleanor a course one point high had been held in the expectation that the wind would draw to northwest on the further shore. The course was covered much faster than was anticipated, and not until it was seen at a distance of less than half a mile that there was no fog station on the piers at Algomah, whither she pointed, did her crew realize their mistake. With Pinkham the blunder was ludicrous. She sailed into Algomah, a new port to all on board, and finding no other yacht in the harbor, a ringing cheer was given for victory. "Look out, or you'll be on a rock," sung out a man on the bridge. "Well, where in blazes are we?" demanded her skipper. "In Algomah," was the disheartening reply. "Down helm, ready for stays, out we go," said Pinkham's skipper.

At 4 o'clock the same afternoon, with a fresh northeast wind, all four yachts started on a cruise to Ludington, the course being about S.S.E. and the distance 63 miles. This time there was a sea running, and Togo soon took up her rightful position near Eleanor, leaving the two cutters in each other's company and far astern. All carried double reefs but Belle Marie, which swung full sail. But as the wind increased toward sunset, we snugged down to two reefs and No. 3 jib. At the same time Pinkham reduced to three reefs in mainsail and no headsail, and the two larger yachts to three reefs and small jibs.

The moon rose with a threatening ring around it, and at 10 o'clock the wind backed two points and made a rough cross-sea. At 11 o'clock it was dead ahead, so we went on to the starboard tack, which was held until 7 in the morning. It was a night well calculated to try out small craft. The wind switched just enough to keep the seas extremely rough, and the yachts that escaped solid seas were thoroughly drenched with crests.

A good view of the Michigan coast was made out at 7 A. M. and we found ourselves about 20 miles west of Arcadia, or 25 miles northwest of Manistee. Going on to the port tack we fetched a lee under Big Point Sauble just before noon, and sailed to Manistee in smooth water, arriving at 2 P. M. Pinkham came in at 4:20 and Togo at 5 P. M. Eleanor was so far ahead of us that when her position was made out early in the morning she was close to Point Betsie. She entered Frankfort at 8 A. M. and sailed to Manistee the succeeding day.

All of the boats had made fairly good weather on what was a decidedly trying run, for it is no joke to be headed in mid-lake by half a gale of wind in a yacht 20ft. long on the waterline. All of the skippers and crews, eighteen in all, were strictly amateurs. Further outside racing is scheduled for the present season, and next year the chief event will be a handicap race to Kewaunee and return without stopping, to Onekama, the club's home port, a distance of 120 miles. HERBERT L. HARLEY.

Eastern Y. C.

Ocean Race—Marblehead to Halifax.

THE ocean race of the Eastern Y. C. from Marblehead to Halifax resulted in victory for Elmina in the large schooner class, and for Hope Leslie in the smaller schooner class. The start of this race has already been given in these columns. Corona got away first in the larger schooner class, while Hope Leslie was first to start in the smaller schooner class, with Agatha on her weather quarter. Elmina, Corona and Hope Leslie arrived at Halifax on Wednesday. Elmina arrived first and Hope Leslie, while Corona was about seven hours behind Elmina. Corona had led Elmina all the way, in light breezes to squalls, from S. to S.W., until she had reached the Nova Scotia coast and lost the race through failure to pick up the whistling buoy off Sambro Head. It is evident that Hope Leslie led her class all the way. Black Hawk, the smallest boat racing, reached Halifax on Thursday. Agatha encountered fog and put in to Bar Harbor.

The little sloop Sauquoit had a tough time of it. The balloonjib was split, and after passing Cape Sable four reefs were tucked in the mainsail. Sambro buoy was passed, the boat running some 30 miles beyond it, and heaving to for hours until the fog cleared. Sauquoit was given a special prize, as she had no class competitor.

At 9:30 o'clock on Tuesday morning Corona's balloonjibtopsail was blown clear out of the bolt ropes by the strong S.W. breeze. She was then 160 miles from Marblehead and 167 from Halifax. She had Cape Sable Light abeam at 1:15 P. M. and at 4 o'clock Elmina was sighted between four and five miles in her wake. Both were carrying spinnakers to starboard at that time. A thick fog set in at 6 o'clock. It lasted all Tuesday night and most of Wednesday.

The following excerpt from the log of Corona shows what a baffling time the boat had before getting into Halifax Harbor:

Tuesday.—7:30 A. M., light fog; 8:15, fog very thick; 9, log 152½ miles; 1:15 P. M., Cape Sable Light, bearing N.E. by E., distance 5 miles, log 212½ miles; 3, log 227½ miles; 4, log 236¼ miles; 4:45, log 244 miles; 6, thick fog, log 257¼ miles; 8, fog still continues with wind freshening; 10, still foggy, log 307 miles.

Wednesday.—12:30 A. M., strong breeze, S.S.W., no sign of Sambro whistle buoy or Sambro gun, about 15 miles E. of Sambro whistling buoy, strong swell on; 6, thunder, lightning and rain storm, clearing away the fog, log 348 miles, Hope Leslie about N.E.; 8, log 361 miles; 11:30, Pennant Point whistling buoy ahead; 12:40 P. M., Sambro buoy abeam to port, log 387½ miles; 2:20, Chebucto Head, still foggy; 3, clearing, log 404 miles.

The official summary of the race follows:

Schooners—Class B.

	Start. Aug. 21, A.M.	Finish. Aug. 23, A.M.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elmina, F. F. Brewster.	10 32 00	8 25 18	45 33 18	45 53 18
		P. M.		
Corona, A. F. Luke.....	10 31 06	4 51 02	53 19 56	52 53 17
Class E—Schooners.				
Hope Leslie, L. Minot..	10 35 42	11 27 31	48 51 49	48 51 49
		Aug. 24, A.M.		
Black Hawk, C. Gibson.	10 31 00	9 51 14	70 14 14	62 02 46
Agatha, W. S. Eaton...	Did not finish.			
Sloop Class.				
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	10 36 52	11 51 58	72 15 06	72 15 06

ON BOARD BLACK HAWK.

MONDAY, the day of the start, dawned bright and clear, but with the wind in the east, where it had been for over a week. The large number of prospective entries dwindled down to five starters, Corona and Elmina in Class B, and Hope Leslie, Agatha and Black Hawk in Class E. The preparatory gun was fired at 10:20, and the one starting the big schooners at 10:30. The Class E vessels started at 10:35. The wind was E., very paltry. All stood off shore to clear Half Way Rock. Then all but Black Hawk went to the starboard tack and stood along the shore as far as Gloucester. Black Hawk stood out to sea until she could clear Thatcher's Island on the other tack. This proved a mistake, as at Eastern Point the other vessels were a mile or two ahead. Thatcher's Island was passed at 5:30 and the wind hauled to S.S.E., enabling us to lay our course for Cape Sable. It increased to a good sailing breeze, and Black Hawk commenced to get a good move on.

Monday night was a beautiful one, the wind holding true and strong and hauling gradually to the S.S.W., so that we set the balloon jib at 10:30. This sail was kept on the boat until noon of the next day, when the wind became a little too strong.

Tuesday was bright and clear until afternoon, when we suddenly ran into a fog bank. Black Hawk reeled off 8 and 9 knots all day long, the wind being just abaft the beam and with every sail set.

At noon the owner took observations for latitude and longitude, which tallied within a mile or two with the dead reckoning. This exact knowledge of our whereabouts was of great value when along toward night we ran into thick fog and realized that we should have to round Cape Sable and its dangerous outlying rocks entirely by dead reckoning. We passed by the Cape about 9 o'clock, plowing along with rail awash, every sail still set and the fog very dense. We passed a tug about this time, which reassured us as to the safe extent of our offing.

At 10:30 we swung off E.N.E. for Halifax. At dawn we had some severe thunder showers, one squall compelling us to get down our upper canvas and mainsail in a hurry. The fog shut in again after the showers, while the wind remained S.W. and very light.

At 11:50, Wednesday morning, we made the buoy off La Hare River and laid our course from there for the whistling buoy off Sambro Island. The wind was very light all day and finally flattened entirely when we were a few miles west of Sambro Light. The fog disappeared about 8 o'clock, and the rest of the night was a drift with barely steerage way. At sunrise we were off Chebucto Head, the first land to be seen since leaving Cape Ann.

For several hours we drifted along up Halifax Harbor until within half a minute of the finish we got a S.W. full sail breeze and swept across the finish line in fine style, receiving salutes from the Halifax Y. C., the assembled yachts and the cruiser Canada. Black Hawk finished at 9:51. We found that the Elmina, Corona and Hope Leslie had arrived before us, Agatha and Sauquoit being still unheard from.

NORMAN L. SKENE.

PlymouthYacht Club.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Aug. 25.—Ladies' day with the Plymouth Y. C. was celebrated by a picnic at the Gurnet. With members and their friends the party numbered over 200, and the sailboats, launches and other boats connected with the club were called into use to transport the party. Baseball and other sports occupied part of the time. Dinner was served in the pavilion. During the afternoon, through the courtesy of Captain Rogers, of the Gurnet Life Saving Station, the crew gave a practice drill, including the capsizing of the surf boat. This drill was much appreciated by all the party, many of whom had never seen anything of the kind before.

The twin lighthouses were also open to the party, and the workings of the light explained to the visitors. These lights were one of the earliest established light stations on the Atlantic coast. A southwest wind made the return trip a bit rougher than the trip of the morning, but the celebration of the day was carried through without any mishap and was voted by all as one of the best outings the Plymouth Y. C. ever had.

The motor boat Glissando, of the Fall River Y. C., winner of second prize in the recent motor race from New York to Marblehead, was a recent visitor in our harbor, putting in here for the night on the return trip after the race. The boat attracted considerable attention and most favorable comment, both on the comfortable, yet compact, arrangement of interior, and upon the ease with which the boat was handled and moved through the water. F. H. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

YACHT SWEETHEART LAUNCHED.—The new gasolene yacht Sweetheart, built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., for Mr. H. P. Sauers, of Philadelphia, was recently launched at the Morris Heights yards, and was taken away by the owner, who will use her in the vicinity of Chesapeake Bay. This yacht was designed primarily for day cruising service, and is built along lines similar to large launches of a special type, of which this season the Seabury Company have built several. The general dimensions of the new yacht are 65ft. over all, 56ft. on the waterline, 12ft. beam, and 3ft. draft. The construction of the boat is first-class, and the very best materials have been used. The forward cabin is divided into two compartments. Going aft from the saloon a passageway on the starboard side leads into the main cabin and dining saloon. A large galley compartment is located forward of the dining saloon on the port side. The motor room is amidships located on the port side of passageway. The motive power consists of two latest pattern Speedway 6 x 6-inch gasolene motors, four-cylinder, four-stroke type, which will give the yacht a speed of 10½ miles an hour. A military mast is fitted over the forward deck.

JAMES HOGARTH DEAD.—James Hogarth, father of the well known Clyde skippers Archie and William Hogarth, was recently drowned by the sinking of his fishing smack after a collision. Two other men on the foundered vessel were saved. It is supposed that Hogarth became entangled in some of the gear or rigging. The deceased was over 70 years of age.

ATLANTIC Y. C. RACE TO FIRE ISLAND.—Conditions have been announced for the Atlantic Y. C. race for schooners to Fire Island and return, which starts from Sea Gate on Saturday, Sept. 2. Former Vice-Commodore Frederick D. Underwood offers a valuable cup for first prize. Competition is open to schooners in any recognized club in classes E or above, all sailing in one division on regular time allowance.

RECENT SALES.—The sloop Ondawa, formerly raced by Mr. Henry J. Roberts, has been sold to Col. David E. Austen. The latter recently disposed of his schooner Wayward to Mr. C. Augustus Seton. Messrs. J. H. & W. D. Haviland have sold the sloop Bonito to Mr. J. Bertrand, of the Stuyvesant Y. C. To take the place of Bonito Messrs. Haviland have bought the yawl Sakana of Mr. Robert McCreery.

BELLE HARBOR Y. C. INVITATION REGATTA.—The new Belle Harbor Y. C., whose station is at Rockaway, announces an invitation regatta to be held on Saturday, Sept. 2. Racing length will be computed by the old rule. The Atlantic, Brooklyn, Marine and Field, Bensonhurst, Bayswater, Bergen Beach and Canarsie Y. C.'s have been invited to compete.

Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

Halifax, N. S.—Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE famous Prince of Wales cup, presented to the Halifax yachtsmen in 1860 by the present King of England as a perpetual challenge trophy, was sailed for on Aug. 26 over a course of 30 miles, and won by Frederick F. Brewster's new schooner Elmina, competing in the colors of the New York Y. C.

The other American yachts entered were Corona, the schooner Hope Leslie, flagship of the Eastern Y. C., and the sloop Cossack, also of the Eastern Y. C.

While all the boats entered were competing for the Prince of Wales cup, the entries were divided into four classes, and in each class a silver bowl with handles was offered as a special prize by the Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., under the direction of which the race was sailed. The winners of these cups were Elmina, Gloria, Cossack, and the 33-footer Princess, a Crowninshield designed boat, built at Port Hawkesbury. The cups become the property of the winners, but the Prince of Wales cup must be returned next year to be raced for at Halifax.

The course was over two sides of a right angle triangle, 7 miles on the base and 8 on the perpendicular. The wind was S.E. at the start, later shifting to E. by S. The first leg was a close reach, then came a beat of 8 miles, a run of 8 miles and a reach home. The breeze was strong and steady throughout the race.

Corona took the lead at the start, and for 2 miles sailed a neck-and-neck race with Elmina, which she finally passed, forcing her way by to weather. Elmina at once luffed out and tacked, making a short hitch. The tack proved unnecessary, as the yachts could lay their course easily for the turn after getting free of the land.

At the first turn Corona had a lead of a minute and a half. On the wind Elmina pointed higher, and in the 8-mile beat made good her loss, with four minutes added. On the run and reach of 15 miles home the lead was not changed. It remained four minutes at the turn and practically the same at the finish.

Gloria was nearly five minutes behind at the finish, though she sailed a good race for a boat of her length. The smallest entry was one of the Duggan scows, which came from Sydney, and owing to her low rating, it was thought she might snatch the prize. Chances were against her, and she was distanced by the big schooners. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class A.		
Elmina, F. F. Brewster, N. Y. Y. C.	3 32 55	3 32 55
Corona, A. F. Luke, E. Y. C.	3 37 03	3 34 58
Class B.		
Hope Leslie, L. L. Minot, E. Y. C.	4 52 43	.. .. ..
Gloria, J. K. L. Ross, R. C. B. Y. C.	4 27 48	4 02 43
Class C.		
Cossack, Henry A. Morse, E. Y. C.	5 11 24	4 32 54
Hermes II., I. L. Lovitt, Y. Y. C.	5 29 44	4 56 06
Class D.		
Princess, G. Wright, R. N. S. Y. C.	5 19 30	4 31 36
Menotah, S. Allen, Chester Y. C.	6 08 28	4 53 28
St. Lawrence, E. Mosley, R. C. B. Y. C.	6 00 45	4 43 52
N. Y. M., Bethune, R. N. S. Y. C.	Withdrew.	

The race sailed on Friday in Halifax Harbor for a silver cup presented by Commodore Laurence Minot, of the Eastern Y. C., in recognition of the hospitality of the Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., was won by the Fife cutter Gloria, owned by J. K. L. Ross, son of James Ross, of the Dominion Steel interests, and sailed by G. Herrick Duggan, the well-known designer of Seawanhaka cup defenders. The wind was light from the N., and Gloria led all over an 8-mile course, after passing the 33-footer Princess, a Crowninshield boat, which took the lead at the start, but lost it in a short time owing to her throat halliards parting. The race was open to local boats only.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Cruising Race, 70 Miles—Aug. 26-27.

SEVENTEEN boats of all classes entered the cruising race of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., which was started on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 26. Of these, fifteen were sloops, one a catboat, and the other a yawl. The course lay from the start off the club station at Port Washington, L. I., to Middle Ground Light, Stratford Shoal, and return, a distance of 70 nautical miles. Time allowance was figured according to measurements under the new rule. The winner of the event proved to be J. A. Mahlstedt's Okee, a boat of the 22ft. class, sailing in the colors of the New Rochelle Y. C. She was one of the smallest in the fleet. Finishing sixth, Okee defeated, on corrected time, Stuyvesant Wainwright's N. Y. Y. C. 30-footer Cara Mia, first to finish, by 52m. 46s., thus securing the cup valued at $100 offered by Mr. Howard Gould. Cara Mia got the $50 cup offered by Mr. Geo. E. Schank, as second prize. Third prize, a cup valued at $30, offered by Rear-Commodore R. W. Bainbridge, was won by L. D. Huntington, Jr.'s sloop Gauntlet.

Considering the short time at hand to secure entries for the race, the number of starters is quite remarkable, and a tribute to the committee in charge of the event, which consisted of Col. Fred A. Hill, Chairman; E. M. McLelland and Charles E. Bancroft. The race was started at 3:10 P. M. from the steam yacht Ardea, owned by Vice-Commodore Cowl. The breeze was blowing worth at the time, giving the boats a reach to the Sound. Alera was first over, followed by Cara Mia and Gauntlet. Maid of Meudon and Satanita were late in getting away.

The wind hauled into the N.E. before the yachts had run out of the bay. On rounding the point off Plum Beach, it was found to be almost dead ahead and blowing fresh, making windward work to the Shoal. The wind was fagged out by sundown and retired. It was almost a dead calm for some hours. When the breeze returned, it was from the S., and the racers who had hung to the Long Island shore, were better off than the others. Cara Mia was first to turn the light, at 3m. after midnight. The times of the others were: Alert 12:48:00, Mimosa I. 12:55:00, Alera 1:08:00, Maid of Meudon 1:16:00, Okee 1:22:00, Alyce 1:45:00, Heron 1:45:00, Acushla 1:55:00, Firefly 1:58:00, Elver II. 2:00:00, Gauntlet 3:01:00.

The wind freshened on the journey home, the boats finishing in the same order as the light was turned. Cara Mia crossed the line at 5:23:47 A.M., and Gauntlet, the last of the fleet to finish, was timed at 8:08:10. Measurements of some of the boats were not forthcoming. Of those received, the N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers Cara Mia, Maid of Meudon, and Alera, were rated at 26.69. Alert measured 30.13, Mimosa I. 27.5, Heron 20.12, Okee 18.92, Gauntlet 16.59, and Acushla, scratch boat, 35ft. In the matter of time allowance, the thirties got 1h. 12m.; Alert, 38m. 5s.; Mimosa I., 1h. 3m. 4s.; Heron, 2h. 38m. 5s.; Okee, 2h. 59m. 2s., and Gauntlet, 3h. 44m. 6s. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	5 23 47	14 13 47	13 01 47
Alert, J. W. Alker	5 28 45	14 18 45	13 40 40
Mimosa I., M. T. Raborg	5 30 28	14 20 28	13 17 24
Maid of Meudon, F. W. D. Guthrie	5 59 35	14 49 35	13 37 35
Okee, J. F. Mahlstedt	6 18 03	15 08 03	12 09 01
Alyce, H. A. Jackson, Jr.	6 26 35	15 16 35	.. .. ..
Acushla, G. E. Ray	6 39 17	15 29 17	15 29 17
Heron, J. Le Boutillier	7 07 55	15 57 55	13 19 55
Firefly, Guy Standing	7 09 01	15 59 01	.. .. ..
Gloria, H. D. Brown	7 54 26	16 44 26	.. .. ..
Elver II., G. A. Enell	7 55 10	16 45 10	.. .. ..
Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	8 08 10	16 58 10	13 14 06
Satanita, C. A. Fairchild	Did not finish.		
Grace, C. P. Pearson	Did not finish.		
Hanley, C. Mallory	Did not finish.		
Marguerite, W. F. Clark	Did not finish.		

Power Boats at Long Branch.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

CHARLES PETERSON'S Dream won the final race for the championship motorboat cup, held off Highland Beach, Long Branch, on Saturday, Aug. 26. The Flying Dutchman was second. The Peterson boat had already captured one race for the trophy. Another had gone to J. J. McKenzie's Ludo on corrected time. The latter did not compete in the deciding event, being disabled. The summary of the race, including two other events, follows:

Power boats, 20ft. and under, 3 miles: First Joseph S. Mount, of Seabright, Mount; second, Hartwig Bush, Newark, Outing; third, Phil Bowers, Jr., Newark, Agnes. Time 15m. 4s.

Power boats over 30ft., ½ mile: First, Ben Doughty, of Atlantic Highlands, Three Links; second, Peter Cornwall, Highlands. Time, 18m. 34s.

Automobile boats, 16 miles, last race of series for championship cup: First, Charles Peterson, Highlands, Dream; second, Charles Petersson, Flying Dutchman. Time 1h. 6m. 12s.

A. P. B. A. Challenge Trophy.

Chippewa Bay, N. Y.—Aug. 24, 25 and 26.

THE motorboat Chip, owned by J. H. Wainwright, of Philadelphia, and competing as the Chippewa Y. C. defender, won in three straight races of the series for the American Power Boat gold challenge trophy, which was decided on Chippewa Bay on Aug. 24, 25 and 26. Ten boats started in the first race, six in the second, and five in the deciding event of the match. The cup offered by Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, of the New York Y. C., for the boat making the best average corrected time for the series, was won by H. A. Lozier, Jr.'s Shooting Star II., competing under the colors of the Manhasset Bay Y. C.

The ten original starters in the first race were Chip, Chippewa Y. C.; Shooting Star, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Flip, Hartford Y. C.; Skeeter, New York Y. C.; T. Z. R., Frontenac Y. C.; So Long, Thousand Islands Y. C.; Flying Dutchman III., Rhode Island Y. C.; Radium, St. Lawrence Y. C.; Panhard II., Columbia Y. C., and Invlese, Riverton Y. C. Chip, Invlese, T. Z. R., Shooting Star, Flip, Skeeter and So Long started in the second race. The latter broke down, and the others finished in the order named. In the deciding event were Chip, Invlese, Shooting Star, Flip, and Skeeter. The finish of this race was exciting, Chip gradually overhauling Invlese and winning by only 2s.

At the conclusion of the races, which were well attended throughout, J. H. McIntosh, secretary of the American Power Boat Association, officially disbanded the cruise of the organization. The committee in charge of the challenge trophy races consisted of S. G. Averell, Chippewa Y. C.; R. H. Eggleston, Thousand Islands Y. C., and Paul Dashiel, Annapolis.

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

Long Island Sound—Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE fourteenth annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. was sailed over courses on Long Island Sound on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 26. Thirty-eight boats started in the different classes, all but seven of which finished. The winners were Neola II., Nora, Rascal, Answer, Ace, Houri, and Broadbill. A fresh N. E. breeze gave the starters plenty of work. Two accidents were recorded during the day. H. I. North's Sea Cliff one-design boat Kim capsized when going to windward. Neither the skipper of the boat nor the crew of one man appeared to swim well. The regatta committee tug John J. White towed the overturned craft to her moorings. F. L. Babbitt's sloop Spinster carried away her throat halliards and withdrew.

As usual, a great deal of interest in the event centered in the struggle among the N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers, for which Com. John S. Appleby offered a special prize. Eight of the class started, the others being in the cruising event of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. and at Newport. Neola II. won, beating her competitors by a large margin. Atair was second boat, 6m. 44s. away. Dahinda was third, 17s. after Atair.

Eight of the raceabouts started, Nora finally winning out from Pretty Quick by 2m. 24s. Ace led the 18-footers, and Houri took the measure of the Larchmont 21-footers.

The course for the larger boats was from the club house at Glen Cove, around the Old Hen buoy; thence around Parsonage Point buoy; from there across the Sound to Matinicock buoy, and from there to the starting point. It was a reach to the first mark, a beat to the second, a reach to the third and a run home. The summaries follow:

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	4 03 36	2 38 33
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 10 17	2 45 17
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.	4 10 34	2 45 34
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	4 11 07	2 46 07
Ibis, O'D. Iselin	4 12 52	2 47 52
Banzai, N. D. Lawton	Did not finish.	

Raceabouts—Start, 1:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	4 24 43	2 49 43
Nora, Adrian Iselin, 2d	4 22 21	2 47 21
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	4 30 54	2 55 54
Rana, Howard Willetts	4 35 52	3 00 52
Cricket, Macy Willetts	4 34 02	2 59 02
Rascal II., S. E. Hopkins	4 38 17	3 03 17
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	4 29 00	2 54 00
Indian, William Gardner	4 37 32	3 02 32

Sloops—27ft. Class—Start, 1:30—Course, 11½ Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	4 21 46	2 51 46
Spinster, F. L. Babbitt	Disabled.	
Maryola, H. E. Sayre	4 43 52	3 13 52
Rogue, J. M. Macdonough	4 43 31	3 03 31

Sloops—22-footers—Start, 1:40—Course, 11½ Miles.

Answer, D. B. Abbott	4 21 46	3 11 26
Altair, H. T. McCord	Not timed.	
Paumonak, F. B. Currier	Not timed.	
Wa Wa, F. K. Sturges	Not timed.	
Kenoshi, R. Mallory, Jr.	Not timed.	

Sloops—18-footers—Start, 1:45—Course, 7½ Miles.

Lounde, R. Wildigg	4 19 40	2 34 40
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	3 54 00	2 09 00
Omoo, P. L. Howard	3 45 42	2 00 42
Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 42 17	1 57 17
Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	3 38 26	2 13 26
Mayita, W. E. Douglass	Did not finish.	

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 1:45—Course, 11½ Miles.

Houri, J. H. Esser	4 45 09	3 00 09
Vaquero, W. Stump	4 46 21	3 01 21
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	4 52 25	3 07 25

Sea Cliff One-Design—Start, 1:50—Course, 7½ Miles.

Primetta, W. S. Silkworth	4 05 47	2 15 47
Sport, C. E. Verner	4 14 23	2 24 23
Broadbill, A. H. Pirie	3 56 42	2 06 42
Petite, A. M. Wildigg	4 29 25	2 39 25
Tramp, D. Wood	4 08 17	2 18 17
Kim, H. I. North	Capsized.	

Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.

First Annual Run—Aug. 27.

THE first run of the Associated clubs of Gravesend Bay, which was held on Aug. 27, was most successful. Upward of forty boats crossed the Lower Harbor to New Dorp, where dinner was served to 150 people. F. J. Havens, commodore of the run, offered two cups for the journey home, one for the boat finishing first, and the other for the one making the best corrected time. The start was made off the Long Pier at New Dorp, West Bank Light was left to port, and the finish was off Sea Gate. S. E. Vernon's Class N craft finished first and won both cups. Only a small part of the fleet entered the race. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	4 47 40	1 02 40
Maydie, W. H. Childs	4 52 10	1 07 10
Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	4 59 25	1 14 25
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 00 34	1 15 34
Anona, Menton Bros.	5 00 52	1 15 52
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 05 15	1 20 15
Spots, R. C. Veit	5 12 35	1 26 35
Ojigwan, G. E. Reimers	5 15 40	1 30 40
Karma, J. Erskine	5 20 35	1 35 35
Gamma, A. H. Platt	5 23 00	1 38 00

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE club race of the Corinthian Y. C., sailed on Saturday, Aug. 26, in a moderate N.E. breeze, brought out rather a small number of starters. In Class M, Chewink IV. got the start and led all over the course. In the 18ft. class, Boo Hoo got the start and led the class all around. Soubrette won a close race from Carmen in Class Q. The summary:

Class M—Distance 11 Knots.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber	2 33 45	2 33 45
Clarina II., H. S. Wheelock	2 58 19	2 42 34

18-footers—Distance 7 Knots.

	Elapsed.
Boo Hoo, E. A. Boardman	1 38 15
Moslem II., R. D. Barker	1 43 10
Moslem I., John Tyler	1 49 10
Privateer II., C. E. Adams	1 54 00
Cayamel, R. L. Pond	2 01 20

Class Q—15-footers—Distance 7 Knots.

Soubrette, R. L. Mott	1 54 00
Carmen, C. H. Johnson	1 55 05

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts Percentages.

THE following are the percentages of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts classes, as compiled by Secretary A. I. Bliss, up to Aug. 22, not including Eastern Y. C. and Corinthian Y. C. events:

	Total.	Average.
Class E—22ft. Cabin Yachts.		
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	879.7	87.9
Rube, H. L. Bowden	797.4	79.7
Medric II., H. H. White	464	58
Feri II., Dr. Morton Prince	491.8	53.6
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	504.1	50.4
Chewink V., Cheney & Lanning	251.8	41.9
Medric, George Lee	312.8	39.1
Urchin, John Greenough	191.4	38.1
Clorinda, Cheney & Lanning	113.3	22.6
Class D—Cape Catboats.		
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	740.9	92.6
Josephine, F. H. Smith	553.9	84.8
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	572	81.7
Stranger, Dr. F. E. Dawes	687	76.3
Argestes, George H. Wilkins	292.4	48.7
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	205.3	41
Noturus, C. O. Whitney	179.5	39.8
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	256.8	36.6
Dorothy III., Frank F. Crane	245.7	35.1
Saltair, C. C. Collins	116.6	25.9
Thelga, L. E. Crosscup	86.4	19.2
Ocean Eagle, T. Lane	63.6	14.1
C. C., G. H. Carey	45.6	10.1
Tomahawk, S. W. Leighton	41.7	9.2
Mildred, F. H. Coleman	33.3	7.4
Nancy Hanks, G. W. Lane	30.4	6.7
Clara Lee, E. W. Emery	17.4	3.8
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.		
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	736	92
Bat, Adams Bros.	518.6	86.4
Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	585.1	83.5
Fritter, Caleb Loring	538.7	69.5
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	512.8	64.1
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	426.1	53.2
Aladdin, G. P. Keith	307	51.1
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	160.5	40.1
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	160.2	40
Moslem I., John Tyler	196.4	39.2
Myrmidon, John Noble	137	34.2
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	234.5	33.5
Yankee, F. W. Atwood	121.2	30.3
Aurora, F. L. & H. W. Pigeon	91.7	22.9
Cuyamel, A. W. Godfrey	57.3	14.3
Gertrude II., H. E. Lynch	55.6	13.9
Little Miss, B. S. Permar	34.1	8.5
Aspinquid II., A. E. Whittemore	27.3	6.8
Privateer II., C. E. Adams	25	6.2
Class T—15-footers.		
Vera II., H. Lundberg	630	90
Cigarette, M. P. Prince	400	80
Ventus II., C. K. Pevear	180	51.4
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	160	45.8
Princes, J. P. Prince	253.3	42.2
Swallow, Harris Hammond	198.7	35.2
Nibelung, E. G. Loring	100	28.5
Class X—Dories.		
Barbara, Blaney & Wardwell	657.1	82.1
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	668.8	72
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	609.7	67.7
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey	394.1	65.6
Teaser, R. R. Smith	293.8	65.3
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge	317	52.8
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	367.6	45.9
Spray, H. T. Wing	194.1	38.8
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	149.6	29.9
Crescent, R. E. Burnett	114.3	25.3
Pointer II., E. C. Melzard	102.7	22.8
Catspaw, R. E. Melzard	63.6	14.1
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis	54.5	12.8
Khaki II., L. H. Brown	52.2	11.6
Question, Guy Gardner	43.1	9.5
Spider, Ara G. Besse	20	4.4
Dolphin, L. J. Magrath	10	2.2

South Boston Y. C.

South Boston, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE third and last of a series of interclub races between yachts of the South Boston, Columbia and Winthrop yacht clubs was sailed under the auspices of the South Boston Y. C., on Saturday, Aug. 26, in a brisk N.E. breeze. In Class A there was a hot race between Thialfi and the old Herreshoff sloop Violet. Violet crossed the finish line 2s. ahead, but lost to Thialfi on corrected time. Chewink II. got the start in Class B and led all around the course. Poor Boy and Comet were first and second in Class C, but were protested. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class A.		
Thialfi, Dr. Wilbur Soule, S. B. Y. C.	1 44 56	1 23 14
Violet, A. J. McKee, S. B. Y. C.	1 44 04	1 28 26
Nelka, J. Enbree, Col. Y. C.	1 59 12	1 31 58
Grandee, A. H. Baker, Col. Y. C.	2 06 00	1 34 18
Tourist, Stebbins & Vanneman, Col. Y. C.	1 59 51	1 39 41
Rival, W. S. Nickerson, Col. Y. C.	2 21 20	1 54 06
Class B.		
Chewink II., Bamber Bros., S. B. Y. C.	1 37 33	1 08 20
Kit, H. B. Whittier, Win. Y. C.	1 40 24	1 17 43
Harriet, A. T. Lincoln, B. Y. C.	1 49 35	1 22 08
Hermes, C. A. Heaney, Win. Y. C.	1 45 46	1 22 45
Emma C., F. D. Perkins, S. B. Y. C.	1 48 20	1 26 57
Laura N., A. Nicholson, S. B. Y. C.	2 00 20	1 29 30
Class C.		
*Poor Boy, James Perry, C. Y. C.	1 46 20	1 17 09
*Comet, H. B. Green, C. Y. C.	1 55 03	1 27 23
Owaissa, Walter Kelly, S. B. Y. C.	1 56 10	1 28 56
Opechee, F. P. Gilmore, W. Y. C.	2 04 26	1 30 03
Elf, R. S. Wells, W. Y. C.	2 04 11	1 33 11
Madeline, George A. Nash, W. Y. C.	2 02 26	1 33 15
Florence R., Capt. Garrity, C. Y. C.	2 02 33	1 34 04
Unome, C. H. Lothrop, C. Y. C.	Did not finish.	

*Protested.

New Rochelle Y. C.

Special Race—Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE last club race of the season was sailed Saturday afternoon, Aug. 26, and a light easterly wind, combined with a choppy sea, made the conditions anything but satisfactory, and a good time impossible.

Four classes filled, the principal interest being in the catboat class, in which six boats started.

Thorea in the yawl class beat Grace II. easily. The latter was handicapped several minutes at the start, and was not well handled throughout the race. Thelema led Firefly all around the course, and was minutes ahead at the windward mark, but Firefly picked up all but 40s. on the run home.

Two prizes were offered in the catboat class. One, the regular class prize, and a special prize open to all the entrants with the exception of Joke, which some of the owners claimed did not comply with the spirit of the rule. Nimble led all her competitors around the first two legs of the course, but running into a soft spot near the finish, was passed by some of the others, and barely won on her time allowance. The following is a summary of the race:

Yawls—Start, 2:30—Course, 8¾ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thora, J. P. Donovan	5 48 05	2 28 05	2 28 05
Grace II., John Landen	5 07 10	2 47 10	2 39 10

Sloops—Start, 3:45—Course 8¾ Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	5 29 40	1 44 40	1 44 40
Firefly, G. P. Granberry	5 30 20	1 45 20	1 45 20

Regular Sloops—Start, 3:45—Course, 8¾ Miles.

Dod, D. E. Dealcy	7 00 00	3 15 00	3 15 00
Clutha, J. L. Mitchell	Disqualified.		
Bubble, H. W. Lloyd	Disqualified.		

Catboats—Start, 3:30—Course, 4¼ Miles.

Joke, C. C. Converse	4 50 30	1 20 30	1 05 30
Nimble, J. D. Sparkman	4 45 30	1 15 30	1 06 30
Spray, C. C. Hiscoe	4 44 00	1 14 00	1 07 00
Nymph, A. F. Moneuse	4 40 30	1 10 30	1 10 30
Catharine, J. B. Ricketts	4 46 40	1 16 40	1 13 10
Idler	4 50 10	1 20 10	1 15 40

Winners: Thora, Thelema, Dod, Nimble, and Joke.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 373d regatta on Saturday, Aug. 19. The event was the sixth Corinthian race of the season. The wind blew strong from N.E. all day, and at 1 o'clock, the hour set for the race, the puffs must have reached as high a velocity as 20 miles per hour. Like all N.E. winds in Buzzard's Bay, this one was puffy, and varied slightly in direction, but held strong thr[illegible] the [illegible]t the day.

For the first time this year, four of the restricted 25-footers came to the starting line. They were sent to Bow Bells and back. The race in this class proved very interesting. May Queen was somewhat handicapped by having too much sail, and Mr. Forbes' White Heron was able to get ahead of her when nearly home; but in the light winds beating up under Wing's Neck, May Queen took the lead and won by 42s.

The 21-footers were sent to Bow Bells and back. Barnacle found the weather just to her liking, and left the other boats from the start of the beat home, beating Terrapin, who was second, by 5½m. Terrapin, Radiant, and Amanita III. had a close race all the way home. At one time Amanita III. was ahead, and at one time Radiant was ahead, and finally Terrapin got the lead and held it.

The 18-footers were sent to Bird Island and back. Jap won by 2m. 52s.

The little one-design boats were sent to Abiel's Ledge and Mosher's Rock and return. Miss Warren in her new boat, Seeps, won, with Margaret Codman's new Yalu second.

The judges were Messrs. Charles Whittemore and L. S Dabney.

The times in detail follow:

25-footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 09 52
White Heron, R. E. Forbes	2 10 34
Thorana, T. B. Wales	2 13 58
Nokomis, A. Winsor	2 14 12

21-footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 06 02
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 11 43
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 12 00
Radiant, Mrs. E C. Baker	2 12 55
Edith, Clark King	2 14 55
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 15 38

18-footers—Course 18, 8⅝ Miles.

Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr	1 37 56
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 40 52
Margaret, Wm. O. Taylor	1 41 07
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 42 09

15-footers—Course 24, 5⅝ Miles.

Seeps, Miss C. Warren	1 13 02
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 14 04
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr	1 16 45
Compress, S. M. Weld	1 17 20
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 17 32
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr	1 17 33
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 18 37
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 19 25
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	1 21 05

Cape Cod Y. C.

Provincetown, Mass.—Aug. 24, 25 and 26.

THE South Shore circuit of Y. R. A. open races opened at Provincetown on Thursday, Aug. 24, with a fair field of starters, a good S.W. breeze prevailing. Nutmeg led the 22-footers around the course until the last leg, when her skipper mistook the course, and she was passed by both Tyro and Rube, Tyro winning. Osprey, a Duxbury 18-footer, a new production from the lines of Messrs. Small Bros., won in the 18ft. class from Hayseed by half a minute. Marvel continued her list of wins by leading the Cape cat class to the finish. Rambler won in the handicap class. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 02 25
Rube, N. L. Bowden	2 03 40
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 04 20
Medric II., H. H. White	2 04 57
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	2 05 37

Class I—18-footers.

Osprey II., A. R. Train	2 16 25
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 16 45
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 19 17
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	2 20 41

Class D—Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	2 21 20	2 18 47
Hustler, H. W. Roberts	2 23 32	2 19 26
Arawak, G. H. Nickerson	2 26 34	2 23 58
Arestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 25 25	2 24 19
Stranger, F. E. Davis	Dismasted.	
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	Withdrew.	
Gobler, R. M. Lathrop	Withdrew.	

Handicap Class.

Rambler, ———	2 12 37	2 12 37
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	2 15 07	2 15 07
Peggy II., Miss Gormley	2 27 30	2 21 30

Friday, Aug. 25.

The second race of the Cape Cod Y. C. series on Friday, Aug. 25, was sailed in a light easterly breeze. In the 22ft. class Tyro and Medric II were across the line too soon and the start went to Peri II. Peri II. led until the windward leg was reached, and after passing this, Tyro took the lead and won by over 5m. In the 18ft. class Mirage II. got the start, with Hayseed second. Hayseed soon went to first place and held it to the finish, Kittiwake, a Duxbury boat, finishing second. Arawak, a local boat, was the winner in the Cape cat class, and Rambler took her second win in the handicap class. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 23 10
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	2 28 18
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 28 30
Medric II., H. H. White	2 28 36
Medric I., George Lee	2 28 53

Class I—18-footers.

Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 24 20
Kittiwake, F. R. Maxwell	2 45 44
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 48 49
Osprey II., A. R. Train	2 48 49

Class D—Cape Cats.

Arawak, H. C. Nickerson	2 36 14
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 38 59
Marvel, H. C. Whittemore	2 41 03
Arestes, G. Wilkins	2 42 49
Newrus, C. C. Whitney	2 46 24
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	2 50 12

Second Handicap Class.

Rambler, ———	2 34 33
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	2 37 56
Scrambler, F. Sargent	2 38 49
Vim, C. Rice	2 51 50
Winnetuxet	2 03 20
Peggy II., Miss Gormley	Withdrew.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

A capsized mark caused trouble in the last race of the series, sailed on Saturday, Aug. 26, in a brisk N.E. breeze. Medric II. got the start in the 22ft. class, and led to the first mark, but on the windward leg Nutmeg took the lead and kept it all over the course. Medric II. crossed the finish line first, but it was claimed that she did not turn the mark off Long Point, which the others found with difficulty. In the 18-footers, Hayseed led all over the course, although Osprey II. and Mirage II. were across the finish line before her. The reason was failure to turn the Long Point mark, which the owners of the first two boats in admitted. Marvel won in the Cape cat class, Peggy II., sailed by Miss Gormley, in the handicap class, and Owl in the dory class. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 19 30
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	2 25 09
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 25 30
Medric II., H. H. White	Protested.

Class I—18-footers.

Osprey II., A. R. Train	2 44 15
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 44 26
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 44 42
Kittiwake, R. F. Maxwell	2 45 08

Class D—Cape Cats.

Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	2 37 52
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 42 04
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 32 41
Notrus, C. O. Whitney	2 46 38
Stranger, F. E. Lavis	2 56 36
Arawak, H. C. Nickerson	2 58 49
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	3 01 17

Class 2—Handicap Class.

Peggy II., Miss Gormley	2 34 50
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	2 36 27
Rambler	2 39 36
Pocahontas	2 41 51
Sentinel	Withdrew.
Vim	Withdrew.
Lobster	Disabled.

Dories.

Owl	1 54 15
Hortonia	1 58 04
Smith	2 04 52

Atlantic Y. C.

New York Harbor—Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE second race for the cup offered this year by Rear-Commodore E. B. Havens for Class Q boats in the Atlantic Y. C., was sailed on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 26. The winner proved to be W. H. Childs' More Trouble, which defeated F. J. Havens' Quest by 2m. 23s. Geo. H. Church's Saetta won the first event for the cup, which was sailed on July 1. Three victories are necessary for permanent possession. The old Class Q boats in the club sailed a race for the usual prize, and for points on the trophy offered by Hendon Chubb, which goes to the one making the best record for the season. Spots beat Wraith by 1m. 50s.

The new boats went three times over the regular inside Association course, aggregating 11.43 nautical miles. The other racers covered the distance twice, thus sailing 7.62 miles. All marks were left to port. In the N.E. wind of full sail strength which was blowing, the first leg to Ulmer Park from the start, off Sea Gate, was to windward. The next, which led to the Marine and Field Club mark, that to Fort Hamilton and then the one from the Government station, home, provided a series of reaches. Charles D. Mower, designer of More Trouble, was on board that craft for the first time since her racing season began. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 11 53	2 06 53
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 14 16	2 09 16
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	5 14 41	2 09 41

Class Q—Special—Start, 3:10.

Spots, R. C. Veit	4 43 04	1 33 04
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	4 44 54	1 34 54
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 46 09	1 36 09
Mary, Max Grunder	4 47 33	1 37 33

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay—Saturday, Aug. 26.

SIX of the Seawanhaka 15-footers raced over the regular club course on Saturday, Aug. 26. Wee Ween, owned by R. L. Cuthbert, proved to be the winner, beating C. W. Wetmore's Sabrina by 25s. The summary follows:

Seawanhaka 15-footers—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wee Ween, R. L. Cuthbert	4 17 32	1 12 32
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	4 17 57	1 12 57
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt	4 18 50	1 13 50
Grilse, B. G. Weeks	4 19 35	1 14 35
Bairn, W. J. Matheson	4 20 20	1 15 20
Imp, S. L. Landon	Disqualified.	

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Gravesend Bay—Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE second, and what proved to be the last race for the cup offered this year by Rear Commodore J. B. O'Donohue, of the Bensonhurst Y. C., for boats of any recognized club in classes P and above, was sailed on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 26. All of the starters competed in one class on regular time allowance. D. S. Wylie's Lizana, proved to be the winner of the race, beating on corrected time Vivian II., first boat to finish, by 4m. 36s. The cup goes outright to the craft scoring the greatest number of points in not more than three races. Lizana won the initial event on the morning of July 4, and at the end of the second race had enough points to insure victory without a third contest.

A 13-mile course was sailed from the start, off Ulmer Park, across the channel to Old Orchard Shoal Light and return, leaving the outer mark on the starboard hand. In the N.E. breeze blowing, it was a spinnaker run out and a beat home. J. B. O'Donohue's N. Y. Y. C. 30-footer Tabasco, which was second on corrected time, sailed by far the best course going out, judging the tide well. Coming home, Edgar F. Luckenbach's Bobtail and Lizana showed the best judgment. The victory of the latter is undoubtedly due to the excellent manner in which she was handled. After Vivian II. at the finish came Tabasco, followed in the order named by Bobtail, Lizana and Anona. Vivian II. as scratch boat, allowed Bobtail 4s.; Tabasco and Anona 7m. 7s., and Lizana 14m. 40s. The trophy is a fine loving cup with horn handles. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class P and above—Start, 2:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	5 10 24	2 35 24	2 20 44
Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	5 05 06	2 30 06	2 22 59
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 00 20	2 25 20	2 25 20
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 06 00	2 31 00	2 30 56
Anona, Menton Bros	5 29 35	2 54 35	2 47 28

East Gloucester Y.C.

Gloucester, Mass.—Monday, Aug. 21.

THE Y. R. A. open race of the East Gloucester Y. C., postponed from Thursday, Aug. 17, was sailed on Monday, Aug. 21, in a light and fluky E. wind. Urchin got the start in the 22ft. class, but was passed by Tyro and Medric on the first leg, Tyro turning the buoy first and Medric II. second. On the windward leg Medric II. went by Tyro and led until after the first round had been completed, when Tyro took the lead again and held it to the finish. In the 18ft. class, Aurora got the start, but was passed by Fritter, which led on the first round. Soon after completing the round, Hayseed went ahead and led to the finish. Seboomook took the lead in the handicap class soon after the start, and held it until the first mark was turned, when Osprey got the lead by a lucky streak in the wind. On the same leg the second time around Seboomook got a fluke, which gave her back her lead, and she held it to the finish. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 42 55
Medric, George Lee	2 45 42
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	3 09 05
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	3 18 12
Urchin, John Greenough	3 26 50

Class I.

Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	3 27 38
Fritter, Caleb Loring	3 32 25
Aurora, Pigeon Bros	Withdrew.

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	3 12 48	3 12 48
Osprey, C. R. Hanson	3 24 12	3 16 34
Nereid, C. N. Lunt	3 23 04	3 19 15

Conanicut Y. C.

Jamestown, R. I.—Friday, Aug. 25.

THE eighth serial race of the Conanicut Y. C. was sailed off Jamestown, Aug. 25, in a fairly good easterly wind. The feature of the race was the winning of the 21-footer Bohemia, which was admirably handled by her owner, Miss Woodward. There were four classes, and the other winners were Amorita, Minnow and Constance. The summary:

25ft. Knockabouts—Start, 3:10.

Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Amorita 2 00 58	Tacen	2 12 31
Rowdy 2 07 10		

21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 3:15.

Bohemia	2 28 33	Comforter 2 31 47
Grace	2 30 53	

15ft. Knockabouts—Start, 3:20.

Minnow	1 07 40	Snipe	1 18 50
Wenonah	1 18 38	Eaglet	2 10 47
Snipe	1 18 50		

Second Class Cats—Start, 3:25.

Constance	1 19 02	Madge Did not finish.

F. H. YOUNG.

Annisquam Y. C.

Annisquam, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 26.

IN the club race of the Annisquam Y. C., sailed in Ipswich Bay on Saturday, Aug. 26, in a brisk N.E. breeze, Ventus II. won in the 15ft. class and Crescent in the dory class. The summary:

15-footers.

	Corrected.
Ventus II., Keith Pevear	1 24 30
Tabasco II., H. H. Wiggin	1 29 38
Princess, John H. Prince	1 35 20

Dories.

Crescent, R. H. Burnett	1 33 47
Teaser, R. H. Smith	1 34 13
Zaza, Gordon Foster	1 37 04
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	1 38 16

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

30-Footers at Newport.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The old class of Newport 30-footers again demonstrated superior speed in a contest with the Herreshoff boats of New York Y. C. one-design class, sailed off Newport, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 26. The race was for a cup offered by Mr. William G. Roelker ,and five boats participated, Caroline, Breeze, and Eleanor of the old ones, and Oriole and Linnet of the new class. Mr. Pembroke Jones' Carolina won the event, defeating Oriole by about a minute.

The race was made quite a society event, and a large party went out to watch it as guests of Vice-Commodore Henry Walters, on the steam yacht Narada. A strong N.E. wind was blowing, and the boats were sent out to Brenton's Reef Lightship and return, this making a run out with spinnakers, and a beat back against wind and tide. The start was made in Brenton's Cove at 2:30. On the run out the racers kept well together, Eleanor being first to round the mark. Oriole, Carolina and Breeze followed in close order, while Linnet had withdrawn. As soon as the boats hauled on the wind, Carolina slowly worked into windward position, and had the fleet beaten before it was half way home. The summary:

30-footers—Start, 2:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 30 00	2 00 00
Oriole, L. Delano	4 30 59	2 00 59
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr	4 31 29	2 01 29
Eleanor, G. Widener	4 31 51	2 01 51
Linnet, A. T. French	Did not finish.	

F. H. Young.

Rhode Island Y. C.

Pawtuxet, R. I.—Saturday, Aug. 26.

The annual club cup regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C., scheduled for Aug. 26, proved the smallest racing event in the history of the club, only one class, the 30ft. cats, filling. The sloops Ishkoodah and Micaboo, and two Herreshoff auto boats were ready to race, but no opponents showed up in their respective classes, and after waiting in vain for an hour and a half for further entries, the Race Committee gave it up and started the 30-footers alone. The failure of the regatta was only a pronounced example of the general lack of racing enthusiasm that has been manifest to a greater or less extent among the local clubs throughout the season.

There was a stiff breeze from N. by E., affording the best of racing conditions. The boats were sent over a short leeward and windward course, at enough of an angle, as it happened, to give very little beating on the homeward stretch, and the distance was covered in quick time. Wanderer IV. was an easy winner, defeating her opponents by 4m. corrected time. The summary:

Start, 3:30—Course, 7 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint	4 35 30	1 05 30	1 05 30
Mblem, G. E. Darling	4 41 20	1 11 20	1 09 31
Elizabeth, Possner Bros	4 42 00	1 12 00	1 10 11

F. H. Young.

Etching of Atlantic.—We are indebted to Messrs. Edward Smith & Co., 45 Broadway, New York city, for a half-tone etching of Mr. Wilson Marshall's schooner Atlantic, winner of the transatlantic race for the cup offered by Emperor William of Germany.

New Rochelle Y. C. Cruise.—Members of the New Rochelle Y. C. are looking forward to the three days' cruise, which starts from the Echo Bay station on the afternoon of Sept. 2 at 2 'clock. A meeting on board the flagship will decide the destination of each day's run.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Amendments.

Stamford, Conn., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In accordance with Article XII. of the Constitution, the following amendments will be offered at the next meeting the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association, viz.:

By-Laws, Chapter I., Section 2, amend the last paragraph by inserting the words in brackets:

Every member attending a camp shall pay for camp expenses; for general camp $2, and for a division camp such sum as may be determined upon by the Executive Committee of the division, provided such sum does not exceed $1. [Associate members, attending a general camp, shall pay for camp expenses $2. Members visiting a general camp and leaving the same day, shall pay for camp expenses $1; but a second visit of this sort shall make the member so visiting liable to pay for camp expenses an additional dollar.] Visitors, when accompanying members, may be admitted to the general camp at the discretion of the commodore, and to the ladies' camp on the invitation of an associate member and at the discretion of the committee governing it; provided, that if they spend more than two nights in camp [they, or] the member introducing them, shall pay $3 each, the same dues and camp charges as regular members. But this shall not preclude the [free] admission of any of the immediate family of a member [who are minors. Minors, not accompanied by their parents, must be cared for by a member or an associate member, and they shall pay $2 each.]

Frederic G. Mather, A. C. A. 796.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—4975, Edward F. Maloney, New York city; 4976, Dr. F. Sebring Slifer, Glenside, Pa.; 4977, Charles M. Van Kleeck, New York city; 4992, William Stark, Jr., New York city; 4993, William H. Conrad, Beverly, N. J.; 4996, John H. Adams, New York city; 4997, John W. McConnell, New York city; 4998, Stephen C. Singleton, Wilmington, Del.; 5002, Charles B. Moore, New York city.

Central Division.—4994, Harvey G. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y.; 4995, Richard H. Templeton, Buffalo, N. Y.; 4999, J. R. Dickson, Princeton, N. J.; 5000, George Clinton, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.; 5003, Samuel C. Ryan, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.

Eastern Division.—4978 Edward P. Davis, Boston, Mass.; 4979, Richard E. Clapp, Dedham, Mass.; 4980, John J. Haley, Dedham, Mass.; 4981, Sydney P. Sargent, West Medford, Mass.; 4982, Howard M. Roope, Lawrence, Mass.; 4983, Frederic Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; 4984, Ralph W. Sawyer, Lawrence, Mass.; 4985, Samuel S. Hargraves, North Andover, Mass.; 4986, Burchard E. Horne, Lawrence, Mass.; 4987, Frederic W. Houston, Lawrence, Mass.; 4988 Jeremiah J. Buckley, Lawrence, Mass.; 4989, John F. Alter, Lawrence, Mass.; 5001, Joel J. Pincus, Providence, R I.

Northern Division.—4990, C. Wallace Farran, Smith's Falls, Canada; 4991, P. St. H. Le Seuer, Smith's Falls, Canada.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Arthur S. Baiz, New York city, by J. E. Taylor; David F. Williamson, Buffalo, N. Y., by J. E. Plummer.

Central Division.—Frederic Rupp and S. A. Diefendorf, both of Buffalo, N. Y., and both by R. L. Ball.

Northern Division.—William H. Britton, Gananoque, Canada, by C. E. Britton; Arthur B. Munro, Gananoque, Canada, by F. G. Mather; Walter L. Day, Ogdensburg, New York city, by C. E. Britton; Arthur H. Mason, Toronto, Canada, by H. L. Quick.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Sept. 1-10.—Annual out-door championship of the United States Revolver Association. J. B. Crabtree, Sec'y, Springfield, Mass.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The Englewood, O., Rifle Club held their regular contest for the club's championship medal on Aug. 19. Frank Fetters and M. T. Hampton tied for first on 30, but were prevented from shooting off by the heavy rain, and will do so at the next meeting. The shooting was at 100yds., offhand, four shots, possible 40. W. H. Kerr was second with 28, Less Leiber 25, H. R. Iddings 23, Joe Hoover 17, Web Jay 9.

Attendance at the monthly cup shoot of the Dayton Sharpshooters on Aug. 24 was not so large as usual, but the scores were better than at any previous meeting this season. John F. Beaver, the club veteran, 79 years young, won the cup with 120 out of a possible 125. He won the cup several times last season, and his score is only one short of the highest score which has been made in the past four years. Gus H. Sander was second with 112, John Rappold 104, G. R. Decker 93. The cup shoot was muzzle rest, 200yds., five shots. In the free-for-all, same conditions, 3 shots, possible 75, five cash prizes, Gus H. Sander was first with 73, E. J. Bundenthal 65, Wm. Kuntz 64, John Rappold 63, G. R. Loudenbeck 48. In 30 consecutive shots, Gus H. Sander made 21 or better each shot. His highest card of 3 shots was 73 out of a possible 75. John L. Theobold, President of the Dayton Gun Club, the first time he ever fired a rifle, muzzle rest, 200yds., scored 23, 19, 24—66 out of a possible 75. The day was hot, and the members so appreciated the shade afforded by the shooting shed that they each agreed to plant a forest tree on the range this fall, and German township will supply the maple trees free of charge.

The fall re-unions of deer hunters' associations will start in at Eaton on Sept. 1, the Prebee County Rifle Club holding their quarterly shoot on the same day. Five matches will be shot on animal targets, 4 shots on each, 100yds., offhand, possible 48. Ten merchandise prizes in each event. Open to all riflemen.

The Gratis Rifle Club's monthly medal shoot and 20-shot match, 100yds., offhand, money prizes, will take place Sept. 2.

On Sept. 9 the Jackson Rifle Club will hold its monthly medal and 20-shot match, 100yds., offhand.

The Greenville Rifle Club was the first to call a re-union of the deer hunters, and their annual meetings have always been largely attended. The re-union this year will take place on Sept. 15, and there will be offhand and rest matches for merchandise and cash prizes, and offhand matches at 100yds. for money prizes. Animal targets will be used.

The Englewood Rifle Club holds its medal shoot on Sept. 16.

The Overlook Rifle Club, of West Milton, will hold their regular medal contest on Sept. 27. The club expects to arrange for a hunters' re-union on that date.

The Dayton Sharpshooters will arrange for an all-day rifle tournament in September. There will be offhand matches at 100yds. for cash prizes, and for cash and merchandise prizes, at 200yds. offhand and muzzle rest. The annual King shoot, cup contest, and free-for-all will be held late in October, the exact date to be announced later.

Claude Weaver, of Arcanum, is preparing for a deer hunt in Minnesota. His party will leave about the last week of October, and establish a camp north of the west end of Lake Superior, where moose, bear and deer were plentiful last season. The season opens Nov. 10, and the party will remain until Dec. 1.

Jones Leatherman and Wm. Orth, of Dayton, have ordered new Winchesters in preparation for their annual trip after big game. They will go with a party into Canada, north of Lake Superior. They intend to be in camp by Nov. 1, and will spend the time, until the season opens, in getting acquainted with the country.

National Rifle Association of America.

The great tournament of the National Rifle Association of America and the New Jersey State Rifle Association began on Aug. 24, under the most favorable conditions of weather, large attendance and competition. Firing began a while before 9 o'clock. In response to the bugle call, 657 riflemen gathered at the firing points.

Only twelve had completed their scores in the National individual match, when competition, at 6 o'clock, ended for the day. A heavy fog delayed the start in the morning. A light wind blew across the range in the morning, which increased to gusty, stiff wind during the day.

The conditions of the National individual match were: Open to the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, organized militia of the States and Territories and the District of Columbia, and to members of the National Rifle Association and affiliated clubs, military or civilian. Kinds of fire, slow, rapid and skirmish. Distances, slow fire, 200, 300, 500 and 600yds., ten shots. Rapid fire, 200 and 500yds., ten shots. Skirmish fire, two runs. Prizes, gold, silver and bronze medals and cash prizes to the number of twelve. In the match were 649 contestants. This match was not finished till Monday. Saturday morning, the temperature was cold and bracing, with a 20-mile wind, which gradually decreased in force during the day.

The individual championship, the competition of which lasted four days, was won by Private James Durward, with a score of 430 out of a possible 500. His different scores were: Slow fire, 176; rapid fire, 80; skirmish fire, 174. First skirmish run, 83; second run, 91. He also won the gold medal for the highest aggregate score in skirmish fire.

The individual pistol match was won by Lieut. R. H. Sayre, of Squadron A, with a score of 237 out of a possible 250. First Lieut. Jens E. Stedje, Fourth Cavalry, was only one point less, 236. T. Anderton, of New York, and G. Cook, of Maryland, were third with 234. Owing to the great number of contestants in the different events, the competition proceeds slowly.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, Aug. 20.—The regular practice shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, 200yds., offhand, German ring target, are as follows. Light, changeable wind:

Freitag	19 22 21 21 21 21 20 18 22 22	207
	21 24 9 20 22 20 25 23 20 21	205
	22 22 21 19 22 22 21 14 24 25	212
	23 22 21 20 18 24 21 19 19 18	205
Odell	18 23 24 19 22 18 21 21 24 20	210
	12 24 23 19 23 21 22 20 20 22	206
	18 22 18 21 23 22 22 23 22 22	213
	22 20 21 23 23 22 18 24 25 17	215
Hasenzahl	25 23 17 18 18 19 20 19 22 22	203
	17 17 22 25 24 21 19 18 19 14	202
	18 22 21 20 22 25 25 24 12 14	203
	19 25 20 21 23 18 20 23 21 20	210
Coleman	23 20 19 20 15 24 21 15 20 22	199
Lux	22 23 18 23 22 21 5 20 21 22	197
	21 21 19 18 20 20 13 20 19 16	187
	13 17 20 18 22 18 21 22 20 19	190
	21 12 23 16 23 21 16 18 21 20	191
Drube	17 20 21 23 23 15 20 22 20 22	203
	22 12 22 22 12 18 18 17 21 18	182
	23 19 22 22 15 20 24 22 18 21	206
	21 22 16 13 21 20 17 22 16 20	188

The Zettler Annual.

The thirty-first annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club of this city will be held on the ranges in Union Hill Park, Union Hill, N. J., Sept. 27 and 28, from 10 A. M., until 6 P. M. each day. Every rifleman is invited to take part, and the prize list is most attractive. This time the Zettler club has made an innovation which will meet with the approval of all progressive target shooters. It is that any rifle and all forms of sights will be admitted on even terms, the only restriction being that high power ammunition and jacketed bullets may not be used. This is the first time that any New York club has come out flat for magnifying sights in an important competition outdoors, and it is safe to predict that other clubs will follow suit in their prize matches, both indoors and out. All shooting will be at 200yds. offhand. On the ring target twenty-one cash prizes and four premiums are offered, the highest ones being $50, $40, $30 and $25, respectively, and the lowest $1. On the bullseye target there will be eighteen prizes, highest $20, and several premiums. A Zettler trophy goes to the winner on the special free ring target. All of the above will be open to allcomers. The target of honor, for twenty cash prizes, will be open to members only, and the ladies' target of honor will be open to the wives, sisters, mothers and sweethearts of members, while the judges' target will be restricted for two trophies. Gus Zimmermann, the club's president, has returned from Europe, where he passed the summer. His health has been greatly improved by the rest and the waters.

Central New York Rifle Association.

Auburn, N. Y., Aug. 15.—On Aug. 3, there was organized the Central New York Rifle Association, with Dr. A. A. Stillman, of Syracuse, N. Y., as President; S. E. Hillger, of Auburn, N. Y., as First Vice-President; Louis Merz, of Syracuse, as Second Vice-President, and F. S. Hawes, of Ithaca, N. Y., as Secretary and Treasurer.

A trophy shoot will be held by the Association on the range of the Recreation Rifle Club, of Auburn, N. Y., on Labor Day, Sept. 4, the contestants consisting of teams from the affiliated clubs.

In addition to the tournament, the local club, under the rules of the Association, conduct a prize shoot, and the programme, as far as perfected, contains only cash prizes, provided by the club.

Both the Association and the club feel that a successful issue will materially aid in promoting rifle practice.

A. H. Underwood, Sec'y.

New York Schuetzen Corps Outing.

The annual outing and shoot of the New York Schuetzen Corps will be held September 13-15 inclusive. A special train, carrying the members and their friends, will depart from the Grand Central station in this city Wednesday morning, Sept. 13, at 9:45 o'clock, its destination New London, Conn. The Pequot House and Cottages will be headquarters, and the shoot will be held there, in New London. Further information may be obtained from Bernard Kumm, the corps' secretary.

THE MANY-USE OIL,
Cleans gun barrels thoroughly and quickly.—*Adv.*

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 31.—New London, O., Gun Club second annual. A. Ledgett, Sec'y.
Aug. 31.—Reading, Pa.—Spring Valley Shooting Association. Arthur A. Fink, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club Labor Day shoot.
Sept. 4.—Rahway, N. J., G. C. Labor Day tournament.
Sept. 4.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Edward F. Markley, Sec'y, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 4.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C., Labor Day shoot. J. H. Bell, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Englewood, N. J.—Labor Day shoot of Pleasure Gun Club. C. J. Westervelt, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Auburn, N. Y., G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; $50 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4, Labor Day.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. W. A. Wiedebusch, Pres.
Sept. 4.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day shoot. E J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside G. C. all-day tournament.
Sept. 4-5.—Dayton, O., G. C. tournament; $100 added.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-6.—Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club tournament. C. W. Doten, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-9.—Detroit, Mich.—Fifteenth annual international shoot; two days, targets, one day live birds.
Sept. 13-14.—Allentown, Pa.—The John F. Weiler and Allentown R. and G. C. tournament.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Sept. 20.—Dover, N. H., Sportsman's Association prize shoot. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Medford, Ore., tournament.
Sept. 27-28.—Bradford, Pa., G. C. tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Broken Bow, Neb., Gun Club tournament. F. Miller, Sec'y, Berwyn.
Oct. 3.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade Gun Club's 100 target race. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of Jefferson County G. C. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Hyannis, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. McCauley, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Alliance, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. A. Shawrer, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C., tournament. J. H. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Rochester, N. Y., Gun Club has cancelled their tournament dates, Sept. 4 and 5.

Mr. H. W. Carpenter advises us that the Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., have decided not to give a shoot on Sept. 4.

The tournament to be held at Medford, Oregon, Sept. 22-23, has a programme of ten events each day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets. The totals are, each day, 200 targets, $20 entrance, $225 added. General average for men, $100; for women, $50. Total added money, $600.

The annual Labor Day tournament of Messrs. Knox & Knapp, Auburn, N. Y., has a programme of ten events, 15 and 20 targets, the four latter having $2 each added. Totals, 170 targets, $2.95 entrance, $8 added. Class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. L. C. Smith gun and other prizes in event 7. Shooting will begin at 9:30.

The Lowell, Mass., Gun Club offers an interesting programme for their Labor Day shoot, namely, twelve events, 15 targets each. Events 7 and 8 constitute the five-man team shoot. Open to all organized clubs. To first team, $15; second, $10. To four high amateurs and one low amateur shooting through the regular programme, $15. Targets, 1½ cent.

In the contest for the individual State championship of Connecticut, at the shoot of the Somersville Gun Club, Aug. 22, Mr. H. C. Barstow won with the excellent score of 46 out of 50, a 92 per cent. performance. He also won the Mullerite medal with a 91 per cent. performance, 182 breaks out of 200 of the programme. Bradley was close up with 181; Finch was third with 180.

The Coatesville, Pa., Gun Club have issued the programme of their Labor Day tournament, their first annual. Ten events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets are provided, with a total of 150 targets, $10 entrance. Class shooting. Thomas Spackman is the Secretary.

The annual Labor Day tournament of the Scranton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club has a programme of ten events, each of which is at 20 targets, alternately $1.50 and $2 entrance. Three dollars is added to each event. High amateur, $5. Sliding handicap. Class shooting. Competition will commence at 9:30. Ship guns to Bittenbender & Co., 126 Franklin avenue. H. Cullen is the Secretary.

The programme of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club Labor Day shoot has seven events. Of these, six have four valuable merchandise prizes each. The events are at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents and $1. There is a special ladies' contest, tickets 25 cents for three shots. A beautiful cup, value $7.50, will be presenetd to the amateur and professional who makes the highest average in all the six events.

D. W. Hallam, Secretary, informs us that "The Dover Sportsman's Association will have a prize shoot on Sept. 20. Twenty-five dollars in cash will be given. One hundred and eighty targets. Five dollars for best above 80; $5 for best between 70 and 80; $5 for best between 60 and 70; $5 for best between 50 and 60; $5 for best between 40 and 50. Targets 1½ cent. Lunch can be bought on the grounds. Shells for sale. Street cars pass the door. Shooting at 10 A. M."

E. J. Loughlin, Secretary, writes us that "The programme of the Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., which is scheduled for Labor Day, will consist of six 15-target events, with a total entrance of $6.15, targets included. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. No handicaps. Included in the programme are the club trophy events for the Hunter Arms loving cup and Mullerite gold medal. Free merchandise prizes will be awarded under handicap rules. Shooting will commence at 12:30 o'clock. Grounds at foot of Washington street, near New York Central Depot."

The Secretary writes us: "The management of the Palisade Gun Club has been requested to arange a 100-bird target race, entrance $10. Targets extra, at $2. Distance sliding handicap; 19 to 22yds. All start at 19yds. To be shot in five strings of 20. Nobody barred. Five entries to fill. Five entries, one money; five to nine entries, two moneys; ten entries, three moneys. High guns. Oct. 3, 1 P. M. Three amateur experts have posted a forfeit of $2. Money returned if not shot. Send forfeit to A. A. Schoverling, Secretary, 2 Murray street, New York."

BERNARD WATERS.

Dominion Tournament.

THE Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fifth annual tournament, held Aug. 16-18, had a programme which offered abundance of competition. This tournament was conceded to be the most successful one ever held in Canada. The management ran smoothly without a hitch throughout. Much praise was bestowed on the Association for its excellent work. The aggregate for the three days follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
T Upton	730	665	91	W Ewing	610	536	87
W Thompson	730	629	86	J Rainville	660	562	85
D Wilson	680	622	91	G Dumont	610	548	89
M Fletcher	730	666	91	H C Marlott	370	324	87
W Cameron	710	617	86	C Turp	660	583	88
A W Throop	730	641	87	J E Jennings	640	579	90
C L Panet	600	509	84	Alex Dey	370	309	83
W J Johnstone	730	673	92	G B Smith	410	371	90
G Easdale	300	249	82	J E Cantelon	520	414	79
E G White	640	608	95	W A Smith	640	581	90
F H Conover	640	596	93	A D Bates	610	517	84
J Dodds	640	574	89	G Vivan	660	582	88
Capt Dubray	590	450	76	J H Roberts	180	133	73
Dr Gleason	330	295	89	C R Pepin	540	469	86
D McMackon	640	575	89	Montambert	540	469	86
F A Heney	730	626	85	G Singer	610	530	86
W Slaney	660	559	84	J Marshall	560	449	80
J Higginson	660	573	86	G Graves	200	169	84
C J Booth	590	445	75	R N Burns	330	268	81
G W McGill	730	664	90	J Stewart	230	184	80
Phil Wakefield	730	642	87	A Westover	640	582	90
J Thompson	710	590	83	J Deslaurier	640	517	80
G Dunk	730	661	90	J A R Elliott	640	612	95
T A Duff	730	655	89	H A Horning	220	162	73
T M Craig	710	665	93	J Hun er	430	380	88
J Goodnue	640	525	82	J Marineau	80	61	76
N G Bray	710	644	90	H Vanolist	180	149	82
C Thompson	710	637	89	E R McNeill	250	212	84
G Howard	710	637	89	W J Henry	160	110	68
R Lewis	660	549	83	H O'Connor	140	122	87
R Hutchison	660	537	81	F Bradley	120	90	75
D Kearney	610	510	83	D Hartlup	60	22	36

F. A. Heney match—First prize, $25, C. G. Thompson. Second prize, $15, A. H. Westover. Third prize, $10, T. Upton, W. J. Johnstone, J. Dodds, T. M. Craig, G. Singer, ties.

C. J. Booth match—First prize, $25, G. M. Dunk. Second prize, $15, and third prize, $10, Dr. Wilson, M. Fletcher, J. H. Thompson, N. G. Bray, A. D. Bates, A. H. Westover, ties.

Members' match—First prize, $25, McMackon. Second prize, $15, and third prize, $10, Thos. Upton, L. A. Duff, ties.

Ahearn & Soper match—First prize, $25, and second prize, $15, G. M. Dunk, L. M. Craig, ties. Third prize, $10, M. Fletcher, W. L. Cameron, ties.

Ketchum & Co. match—First prize, $25, George Singer. Second prize, $15, and third prize, $10, T. Upton, D. McMackon, T. M. Craig, ties.

Lefever Arms Co. match—First prize, Lefever hammerless gun, T. Upton. Second prize, $15, G. W. McGill. Third prize, $10, Dr. Wilson, T. M. Craig, ties.

Parker Bros. match—First prize, Parker hammerless gun, T. A. Duff. Second prize, $15, and third prize, $10, W. J. Johnstone, T. M. Craig, ties.

Isaac Hollis & Son match—First prize, Hollis hammerless gun, G. Singer. Second prize, $15, G. M. Howard. Third prize, $10, T. Upton, T. M. Craig, A. H. Westover, ties.

Cogswell & Harrison event—First prize, Cogswell & Harrison gun, C. G. Thompson. Second prize, $10, and third prize, $10, W. Slaney, T. M. Craig, G. Dumont, W. A. Smith.

Aggregate winners—The Grey cup, for high aggregate, T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke. Second high aggregate, the Dupont cup, Thos. Upton, Hamilton. Novice high aggregate cup, donated by F. W. Carling, G. M. Howard, Sherbrooke, Que.

High run—Longest consecutive run of kills was made by W. J. Johnstone, Ottawa, 99 and not out.

High average first day—First, $25, C. G. Thompson; second, $15, P. Wakerfield; third, $10, G. Dunk, G. Howard, W. H. Ewing, ties.

High average second day—First, Kynoch cup, T. M. Craig; second, Kinkore cup, G. W. McGill.

High average for third day—First prize $25, second $15 and third $10, G. Dunk, M. Fletcher, W. A. Smith, ties.

Two-man team championship of Canada; entrance $4; high guns; four moneys for every ten entries:

St. Hubert G. C., Ottawa.
W J Johnstone 19
A W Throop ..... 20—39

Sherbrooke G. C., Sherbrooke.
C G Thompson 18
T M Craig ..... 19—37

Hamilton G. C., Hamilton.
T Upton 17
M Fletcher ..... 19—36

Hamilton G. C., Hamilton.
W P Thompson 19
D Wilson ..... 17—36

Stanley G. C. Toronto.
Phil Wakefield 18
G W McGill ..... 18—36

Sherbrooke G. C.
G M Howard 16
N G Bray ..... 19—35

Montreal G. C.
D J Kearney 16
W H Erwing ..... 19—35

Montreal G. C.
G Dumont 18
J H Rainville ..... 16—34

St. Hubert G. C.
F A Heney 15
W Slaney ..... 16—31

Stanley G. C.
G M Dunk 14
T A Duff ..... 16—30

Mail trophy, five-man team club championship of Canada:

Sherbrooke G. C.
T M Craig 47
N G Bray 47
W Westover 49
C G Thompson 48
G M Howard ..... 47—238

Hamilton G. C.
D Wilson 49
M Fletcher 47
John Hunter 45
W P Thompson 42
T Upton ..... 43—226

Stanley G. C., Toronto.
J H Thompson 39
G W McGill 47
P Wakefield 47
T A Duff 43
G M Dunk ..... 49—225

St. Hubert G. C. No. 2.
F A Heney 48
H O'Connor 46
C Brodeur 43
Geo Easdale 43
C L Panet ..... 43—223

Eight-man team, championship of Canada, 20 targets per man, high guns, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Stanley G. C., Toronto.
G W McGill 19
J H Thompson 18
G M Dunk 19
T A Duff 17
P Wakefield 19
C Turp 17
Vivian 19
Alex Dey ..... 20—148

Hamilton G. C.
A D Bates 17
Geo Singer 19
H Marshall 15
D Wilson 19
M Fletcher 19
John Hunter 18
W P Thompson 18
T Upton ..... 16—141

St. Hubert G. C., Ottawa.
J F Higginson 16
F A Heney 20
C Brodeau 14
H O'Conor 17
L C Panet 18
A W Throop 18
W J Johnson 20
W L Cameron ..... 17—140

St. Hubert Team No. 1
J F Higginson 45
W Slaney 38
W J Johnstone 50
W L Cameron ..... 43—218

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 26.—The Buffalo Audubon Club held its two days' tournament, Aug. 25 and 26. The weather conditions were favorable, except that on the first day the strong wind made the shooting difficult. The club had three traps in position under cover, tents erected for the accommodation of the shooters, and every thing in shape to handle a much larger entrance that they received. Out-of-town shooters were present in goodly numbers, but for some reason the local entries were comparatively few. While the shoot was not a success in matter of attendance, in every other respect it was all that could be desired, and the committee and members who handled the shoot feel pleased with the satisfaction expressed by the contestants. It seemed that all went away satisfied.

In addition to the $200 added to the sweepstakes by the club, two fine cups were given for first and second average. The first cup was won by Mr. G. M. Dunk, a Canadian shooter, with a scores of 356, and second by Mr. C. G. Dalley, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., with a score of 353. F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, did the best shooting for the Audubon club, with C. S. Burkhardt, C. S. Sidway and G. P. McArthur following him up. These were the only Audubon men to shoot through the entire programme, although Mr. Hart, a member of the club, but now a resident of Lorain, O., was close after the leaders.

The trade was represented by Mr. Stull,, Luther Squier, J. M. Hawkins, J. H. Cameron and G. R. Ginn.

Scores of Friday, Aug. 25:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
R G Wheeler	16	16	18	12	16	19	16	16	14	19	162
C G Dalley	19	18	19	17	19	19	16	17	19	20	183
C L Kennedy	17	16	16	17	13	17	15	19	13	17	160
J N Knapp	17	17	17	16	19	19	15	15	18	18	171
W E Hookway	16	14	15	16	14	13	18	19	14	17	156
C C Farnum	15	13	15	14	13	12	14	11	11	14	132
J Green	14	18	19	16	18	17	17	18	14	16	167
F D Kelsey	13	18	17	14	15	13	17	17	19	18	161
H Bosard	17	14	19	16	16	18	16	15	17	17	165
C W Hart	16	19	19	20	15	18	17	17	18	15	174
Craig	17	20	14	19	15	20	18	14	12	17	166
Howard	17	14	15	18	18	13	17	17	15	17	161
C S Sidway	19	18	16	15	19	16	16	17	14	13	163
G M Dunk	17	14	19	15	17	18	20	18	16	19	173
G L Vivian	12	11	14	15	11	13	14	12	7	14	123
*Hawkins	17	15	19	18	20	20	17	18	14	14	172
*Sauer	14	17	15	18	13	18	13	16	17	18	159
Burkhardt	18	17	16	16	16	19	17	15	17	13	164
Spaulding	14	17	15	17	17	20	13	19	16	15	163
E F Hammond	15	15	18	18	14	19	17	17	14	17	164
*Stull	..	..	12	9	9	15	9	14	14	..	93
Cox	..	..	12	13	..	..	10	12	12	15	74
F S Wright	..	..	8	8	..	..	8	16	11	17	68
Reineke	19	19	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	49
McLeod	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
A L Turner	15	10	16	16	19	15	..	..	..	..	91
McCarney	..	..	13	8	..	..	16	10	..	..	47
Bauman	..	..	..	..	15	14	..	..	..	..	29
F G Wheeler	..	..	..	..	18	12	..	..	..	..	30
McArthur	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	15	..	..	32
Bangar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	17	9	60
Bernhard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10

*Professionals barred from competition.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Wheeler	18	19	16	17	19	16	15	17	20	18	175
Dalley	16	17	16	19	17	16	18	15	18	18	170
Kennedy	15	16	17	17	18	15	17	17	19	17	168
Knapp	18	17	20	16	19	17	18	20	17	15	177
Hookway	18	16	18	16	19	15	16	17	18	13	166
Bozard	19	18	17	17	19	17	18	16	18	17	176
G Green	17	16	13	18	16	18	16	19	18	19	170
H D Kelsey	18	20	18	19	20	18	15	17	20	20	185
Sidway	18	16	13	16	18	16	16	16	16	15	160
Hart	17	19	19	19	18	16	15	17	20	17	177
Craig	19	16	16	19	18	17	18	18	17	15	173
Howard	16	18	20	16	19	17	16	18	19	17	176
Dunk	19	19	18	16	19	16	18	20	19	18	183
Glover	17	16	13	18	19	18	18	14	19	19	171
Day	16	17	17	18	16	15	19	18	17	17	170
Hawkins	18	17	20	18	20	16	18	20	19	18	184
Burkhardt	17	16	14	18	17	15	18	19	18	15	167
Hammond	18	16	17	18	19	17	18	17	19	16	175
Spaulding	18	18	17	19	18	17	19	18	20	17	181
Squier	19	15	16	18	18	15	18	15	13	17	164
Stull	14	16	14	13	12	11	13	..	..	..	93
McArthur	17	17	17	17	15	16	19	16	17	17	168
McBurke	8	10	9	8	7	11	8	12	13	10	96
W F Hopper	12	15	14	17	15	16	19	18	19	19	158
Cox	14	14	14	12	10	..	..	13	..	..	77
Sumpter	..	..	19	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	36
Haltorn	..	..	18	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	31
Turner	..	..	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	31
Seymour	..	..	..	..	20	16	19	..	..	..	55
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	18	16	46
Love	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	12
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	43
Upton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	28

Selbyville Gun Club.

SELBYVILLE, Del., Aug. 28.—The Selbyville Gun Club, of Selbyville, Del., held a shoot at Fenwick's Island, Md., in conjunction with their camp meeting, held at that place on Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19. It was a success, and the most peculiar part of the shoot was that there was not a representative from any gun, shell or powder company at the shoot, and there was only one shell and one powder used by all of those participating, and they were there from South Carolina to New York.

It might be proper to tell the shooting public the many pleasant features connected with this shoot at this camp meeting.

It is situated on the beach almost on the division line dividing Delaware from Maryland, about 245 miles from New York, near the Fenwick's Island Lighthouse. The camp meeting is held in a beautiful oak grove, possibly covering four to five acres of ground, lying between the sea and a beautiful river at the head of Ally White Bay. This bay and river are noted for the abundance of fish, wild geese and ducks that constantly inhabit its waters. While there I saw four of the farmers come ashore with over 400 pounds of fish, caught within three hours with hook and line—sea bass, weakfish and croakers—and they seemed to think they didn't have any extraordinary luck. Twenty-five cents was the price for a water pail of the finest live fish that one can buy, no matter where one goes.

This small gun club is composed of men in Selbyville, and farmers of its vicinity. Bank presidents, doctors, directors of Baltimore Trust Co., storkeepers, ministers, school teachers, farmers, and, in fact, most every calling of life in that beautiful country is represented. While its membership is not large, it has about thirty-five in good standing. The president is Mr. L. J. Holloway, a retired artisan, who devotes most of his time looking after his beautiful farm. It seems, however, that the Selbyville Gun Club receives more of his attention than the farm does. Mr. Holloway is handicapped by the loss of his right eye, and the sight of the left one is partly gone; but with all these defects, he leads the rest in proficiency, often breaking 22 out of 25 targets. Mr. Holloway shoots from the right shoulder with the stock of his gun nearly cut in half, so as to lay his head low down on the stock for the purpose of seeing with his left eye, and with an old 34-inch open barrel, standing at 14yds., he smashes targets in good time. The club uses that distance as a handicap; open gun 14yds.; choke, 16yds.

The shoot was conducted skilfully. All were welcome who cared to shoot, and as for fine scores, it was almost impossible to make them, the wind blowing a gale and throwing the targets 65yds. measured.

A new member gave the club three prizes. Some hot competition for them goes without saying. The spyglass was won by Mr. R. B. Hudson, 38 out of 50. Mr. W. T. Hudson won the cigar smoker with 34 out of 50, and Mr. J. E. Evans won the car protectors with 31 out of 50. All these scores are very creditable by such young shooters in a gale of wind, and birds thrown too hard in my judgment. Somewhere near 12,000 targets were thrown from expert traps.

The Selbyville Gun Club went to Berlin, Md., and beat the Berlin Gun Club a few weeks ago, in a 100-bird race. Each shooter averaged 82.

The Snow Hill, Md., Gun Club has challenged them for a race, and a hot time is expected. Franklin City, Va., Gun Club is going to try their hand with the Selbyville boys soon. Let all come who care to come.

Aug. 15, prize shoot, 50 targets: L J. Holloway 36, R. B. Hudson 38, V. E. Simpler 29, C. W. Floyd 38, W. T. Hudson 35, G. Shockley 27, W. F. Long 29, W. J. Hudson 18, O. F. Gilbert 33.

Aug. 16, prize shoot, 50 targets: W. T. Hudson 34, J. E. Evans 29, L. J. Holloway 28, G. L. Long 31, F. Hickman 26, Cal. McCabe 21, V. E. Simpler 24, Wash. Long 28, C. W. Floyd 47. Floyd did not shoot for prize.

Aug. 17, prize shoot, 50 targets: E. V. Baker 19, G. Long 28, L. J. Holloway 29, V. E. Simpler 27, J. G. Townsend 26, J. E. Evans 31, G. Davis 24, O. Gilbert 23, W. T. Hudson 25, W. F. Long 25, E. Whley 29, C. W. Floyd 43. Floyd did not shoot for prize.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Aug. 26.—The last shoot of the Laflin & Rand cup series was held at Wellington, Mass., on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association on the above date. The fine weather conditions brought out a large attendance. C. W. Doten, of Worcester, made high average and won the cup given by the manager for the greatest number of targets broken in the programme events. Kirkwood won the cup. Final scores for cup:

Kirkwood, 19yds	49 46 43—138	Brown, 18 ..... 40 38 36—114
Bowen, 16	46 44 42—132	Morse, 18 ..... 45 34 28—113
Gleason, 20	45 45 44—134	R Smith, 19 ..... 43 31 30—104
Blinn, 16	46 44 38—128	Burns, 18 ..... 45 34 28—107
Roy, 19	45 41 38—124	Straw, 16 ..... 40 33 24— 97
B F Smith, 18	40 39 37—116	

Programme events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15
Chase	1	7	6	6	6	5	10	8	8	..
Doten	9	14	12	15	14	14	16	13	14	..
Conner	9	13	12	14	14	13	16	11	11	13
Hebbard	8	11	9	12	14	13	..	8	10	..
W L Bowen	5	12	11	12	13	13	16	13	13	12
Smith	7	12	15	12	13	11	16	12	13	15
Roy	7	14	15	12	9	10	18	13	14	15
Blinn	8	15	11	13	8	12	15	11	13	13
Du Bray	7	14	14	11	8	9	16	9	12	..
Straw	4	11	10	14	8	11	17	14	12	11
Osborn	7	13	9	14	13	13	18	13	14	14
R S Bowen	5	9	13	5	9	13	16	10	12	..
Kirkwood	9	11	15	15	13	14	16	12	14	14
Hallam	8	11	10	12	9	5	12	10	11	..
Gilmore	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Berry	..	..	..	11	4	7	9	7	7	6
Gleason	..	..	..	13	15	11	16	12	13	13
Climax	..	..	..	15	12	13	16	12	14	15
Bryant	..	..	..	9	7	4	9	11	7	7
Temby	..	..	..	10	9	9	12	9	10	12
Taylor	..	..	..	6	6	8	5	3	8	..
G H Rowe	..	..	..	..	14	13	16	14	..	..

Christiana—Atglen Gun Club.

ATGLEN, Pa., Aug. 26.—The all-day shoot and third meet of the Lancaster Trapshooters' League was held here to-day:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Elliott	175	170	97	Renier	45	27	60
Benner	175	158	90	Wilson	150	122	82
Shissler	150	126	84	Herman	115	81	70
Cobel	150	108	72	Minker	75	57	78
Steiner	90	59	67	Barr	60	38	63
Jebb	205	171	84	Krick	75	52	70
Ludwick	190	163	86	Anderson	45	31	70
Mattson	205	176	86	Bonham	60	39	65
Moore	175	126	72	Hart	45	35	78
Klein	100	57	57	Lawrence	30	21	70
Andrews	205	166	81	Reiker	20	12	60
Leamon	150	109	73	Miss Reiker	60	42	70
Haunnicker	150	94	63	Ressler	75	70	93
Fieles	190	151	80	Cofford	25	22	88
Trafford	190	159	83	Clark	45	35	78
Gundle	90	52	58	Sparkman	25	11	44
Kersey	50	33	66	Awl	15	10	66
Gerfin	45	28	62				

Third Lancaster County League race, five-man teams, 125 targets per team, for Peters trophy and individual prize:

Christiana-Atglen—Benner 20, Jebb 22, Ludwig 21, Mattson 22, Wilson 22; total 107; 85 per cent.

Excelsior—Klein 16, Gundle 21, Haunnicker 12, Gerfin 14, Renier 51; total 78; 62 per cent.

Elizabethtown—Shissler 20, Cobel 18, Kersey 21, Steiner 17, absentee 12; total 88; 70 per cent.

Pequea—Andrews 18, Leamon 18, Anderson 18, Reiker 22, Bonham 19; total 95; 76 per cent.

Bob White—Ressler 22, Barr 20, Krick 17, Clark 20, Leamon 19; total 98; 78 per cent.

WM. R. FIELES, Sec'y.

Pleasure Gun Club.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Aug. 27.—The members of the Pleasure Gun Club, of Englewood, N. J., expect to make their Labor Day shoot the best the club has ever had. The programmes, which have been sent out, include twelve events at 15 and 20 targets each. Moneys divided in the usual manner; $5 is offered to first and $2.50 to second amateur high averages shooting the entire programme. Lunch will be served to shooters, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to make the shoot a success. Shooting begins at 11 o'clock.

C. J. WESTERVELT, Sec'y.

The Mamma—Why don't yau say grace, Marguerite?

Marguerite—Because it's hash again, and I've already said grace twice on it this week.—New Yorker.

He—I dreamt last night I proposed to a pretty girl.

She—What did I say?—Judy.

THE MANY-USE OIL.

Coating on guns and reels keeps rust off.—*Adv.*

Paskamansett Gun Club.

New Bedford, Mass.—On Aug. 19 the all-day tournament of the Paskamansett Gun Club was held. About 300 visitors were present. It was an invitation shoot, and some of the best shots from all New England participated. A high wind blew all day.

High average for the day was won by Mr. Churchill, of Boston, who broke 132 targets out of a possible 175. Mayor Eugene Kee, of Manchester, N. H., won the second high average, scoring 131 out of a possible 175 targets.

The first merchandise prize was captured by Al. Lewis, of Westport Factory, 41 out of 50; second, by Mr. Hubbard, of Boston, 40; third, Mr. McArdle, 37; fourth, A. J. Murray, 36.

The second handicap was won by Mayor Reed, the prize being a $5 gold piece. His score was 40 out of a possible 50. Second, William H. Hughes, 38; third, Mr. Dring, 36; fourth, Mr. McArdle, 35.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25			
E E Reed	11	9	14	14	9	17	10	12	18	17	175	131	.748
Churchill	15	13	17	9	8	14	10	10	18	18	175	132	.754
W H Hughes	5	14	18	10	10	14	11	12	15	19	175	128	.731
McArdle	12	12	16	11	11	15	13	9	13	16	175	128	.731
A Lewis	8	9	13	12	12	17	11	10	13	20	175	125	.714
Hibbard	13	9	11	13	9	18	10	7	14	21	175	125	.714
Wheeler	8	10	15	9	10	14	9	12	18	18	175	123	.703
Dring	13	12	13	10	10	8	11	10	15	18	175	120	.685
Murray	10	8	10	10	12	14	11	7	10	22	175	114	.651
Eggers	11	7	13	12	7	15	11	13	10	13	175	112	.640
Cavicchi	11	10	13	11	7	17	8	9	8	14	175	108	.617
Worthing	8	8	12	9	7	14	10	6	13	11	175	98	.560
Powel	12	7	14	9	7	16	8	11	13	..	150	97	.646
Setendre	4	6	8	4	4	3	5	8	8	11	175	61	.348
Audet	4	7	3	4	5	7	6	5	4	11	175	56	.320
Hilman	5	5	9	5	5	10	..	..	..	..	100	39	.390
Egbert	7	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	25	.500
Simmonds	7	10	14	11	9	8	8	9	8	..	150	84	.560
F Whalon	10	8	14	9	6	11	7	8	7	..	150	80	.533
Dr C A Bonney	10	12	15	11	10	13	11	10	11	..	150	103	.686
Knowles	..	7	10	8	12	10	5	6	13	..	135	86	.637
F B Sawyer	..	8	7	7	7	10	..	..	..	..	85	39	.458
Snell	..	..	..	9	9	17	11	9	12	..	100	67	.670
Hallam	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	4	9	7	110	41	.372
H F Sawyer	..	..	..	..	3	11	..	..	..	..	35	14	.400
J B Nadeau	12	7	8	9	10	13	7	7	15	14	175	102	.580
Kid	7	5	8	6	4	3	..	..	..	..	100	33	.333
Niles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	14	..	50	28	.280
Peck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	25	22	.880
J G Whalen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	35	20	.572
Taber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	25	19	.760
Clough	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	25	8	.320
Betty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	25	14	.560

Regular club shoots first and third Saturdays of each month at 2:30 P. M.

Dalton Gun Club.

Dalton, O., Aug. 22.—At the shoot of the Dalton Gun Club, Aug. 17-18, the weather was fine, but the attendance was not what was promised us or expected.

C. O. Le Compte was high gun. F. D. Alkire was high amateur. Trade was represented by D. D. Gross, C. O. Le Compte, John Winchester Taylor, and Mr. McNeil.

	First Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Second Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Total. Shot at.	Broke.
Le Compte	200	189	200	194	400	383
Alkire	200	183	200	191	400	374
Snow	200	188	200	182	400	370
Gross	200	177	200	187	400	364
Cabbutt	200	173	200	180	400	353
Scott	200	179	200	173	400	352
H Santmyer	200	167	200	161	400	328
O Santmyer	200	148	200	148	400	296
Saffold	200	157	130	110	330	267
Sheldon	200	154	130	113	330	267
W W W	...	...	200	186	200	186
Galt	...	...	200	181	200	181
Young	200	173	...	...	200	173
Schiltz	200	162	...	...	200	162
Beecher	200	160	...	...	200	160
Becker	...	...	200	129	200	129
Winn	145	118	...	...	145	118
Menuez	...	...	145	112	145	112
De Arment	80	52	50	39	130	91
Beck	...	...	110	84	110	84
James	115	84	...	...	115	84
Karama	15	11	50	27	65	38
Hunsicker	15	11	25	15	40	26
Burkhart	100	50	...	...	100	50
Taggart	50	33	...	...	50	33
Baldy	50	32	...	...	50	32
Young	...	...	50	32	50	32
Wertz	...	...	50	32	50	32
Gibson	50	31	...	...	50	31
Ferrell	50	26	...	...	50	26
N Hofstetter	...	...	40	23	40	23
D Hofstetter	...	...	25	12	25	12
Harig	...	...	25	12	25	12
Kremer	20	9	...	...	20	9
Slusser	...	...	15	8	15	8

Ernest F. Scott.

Palisade Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Aug. 24.—The tournament of the Palisade Gun Club had twenty-seven participants. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high in the general average. Each event was at 20 targets, $1.40 entrance, $3 or $5 added. Total of added money, $45; merchandise, $35. Sliding handicap. The professionals present were Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, A. A. Schoverling, Neaf Apgar and Sim Glover.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total.
J A R Elliott	18	19	16	19	20	19	19	19	149
W Hopkins	19	18	19	19	19	18	20	17	146
H Brugmann	18	16	17	19	17	16	12	16	131
G H Piercy	17	17	17	17	18	18	17	20	141
H L Manchester	18	20	17	13	13	12	17	16	126
A A Schoverling	15	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
R H Nicol	9	11	7	11	..	..	..	..	...
C E T Foster	16	18	15	18	20	17	20	13	137
D D Stever	18	17	18	17	17	19	17	..	123
L H Schorty	19	17	19	18	17	20	16	18	144
C G Blandford	18	16	18	11	15	18	13	15	124
R C Reeves, Jr	13	14	17	12	17	14	11	18	116
F V Carlough	17	18	18	20	13	17	18	13	134
O C Grinnell, Jr	14	16	17	17	17	15	15	16	127
John Martin	17	17	18	17	19	19	18	20	145
Dr W L Gardiner	16	17	16	16	16	..	..	..	...
J S Specr	17	16	15	15	13	..	..	..	...
H B Williams	16	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	...
N Apgar	15	19	12	18	18	18	19	17	136
Sim Glover	18	19	20	19	15	20	16	18	145
J L Canale	17	16	17	19	17	18	15	18	137
Dr C E Richter	..	..	18	17	19	15	17	17	...
W H Coleman	..	..	..	18	18	17	17	17	...
Jas Morrison	..	..	..	..	14	17	17	17	...
E W Reynolds	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	...
O N T	..	..	..	..	16	18	18	18	...
J H Hendrickson	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	17	...

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Aug. 22.—The birds were medium quality, yet they were a good average lot, some very good, some slow. This shoot was for the months of April, May and June, 1905. Scores:

Dr A H Davis, 26	111122220001121022120 1*220001*—20
J A Belden, 28	1211*122022020220211211220 2102*—23
Peter Garms, 28	0201111110221222220110111101 1*—23
L H Schorty, 30	11220*22221111221122222222*122—27
John Klenk, 28	*122122111112220222220212*1111—26
R Baudendistel, 28	0120021111111*111111111 1121212—26
P Albert, 28	01111111*111112121110*1211*12—25
John H Voss, 30	2111102211021210121011120102 1—24
C Lange, 28	2210211111201111202112222001 11—25
John Schlicht, 28	2222222222222120122222222221122—29
W C Wilson, 28	0021011222111201000010021222 02—19
J H Wellbrook, 28	1221000*2121010*0022012010120 1201—17
J P Dannefelser, 28	2112112201212121111121*11201201—26
Phil Woelfel, 28	0012112112122221111221012121122—27
H Forster, 28	

Connecticut Championship.

Somersville, Conn.—The second annual Connecticut State championship tournament of the Somersville Gun Club was held at their grounds on the day advertised, Aug. 22. The attendance, while good, was not what had been expected, probably owing to an error in the Associated Press dispatches announcing the date as Friday, Aug. 25. As it was, however, most of the shooters present shot the entire programme, and about 5,300 bluerocks were trapped.

The day was all that could be desired—a day for good scores, and good scores were made. The targets were thrown a uniform distance from each trap.

The trade was represented by G. M. Wheeler, J. A. R. Elliott and Hood Waters.

The regular programme called for 200 targets, 50 of which, events 7 and 8 were for individual State championship. Three cash prizes, $20, $10, and $5, were offered and guaranteed by the club in this event.

H. C. Barstow, the well-known amateur of Rockville, broke 46 and won without a tie. L. H. Bradley, of Bridgeport, and Harry Metcalf, of Rockville, both familiar names on the score sheets of Connecticut shoots, tied for second and third on 45 each. They agreed to shoot off the tie on the next 15-target event, and as the score shows, Bradley went straight and won second, and Metcalf third. Metcalf, it will be remembered, was last year's winner of this event, and made them go some to beat him this year. Barstow also won the Mullerite medal offered for high average for the day, breaking 182, or 91 per cent.; Bradley followed close with 181, and Geo. C. Finch, of Thompsonville, a member of the Somersville Gun Club, was third with 180.

For the professionals, Elliott broke 181, Waters 178 and Wheeler 168.

Good shooting was done by Messrs. Chapin, of Brookfield, Mass.; Le Noir, of Springfield, Mass, and Dr. Moore, of South Manchester, Conn. Events 7 and 8 were also shot as two separate sweepstakes, three moneys, percentage system, high guns to win. This for the accommodation of shooters from Massachusetts who were not eligible to compete in championship stake. Several Connecticut shooters fattened up the purse, and as there was nothing deducted for targets, it looked like easy money for the man who could shoot. The first string, event 7, showed Barstow, H. Metcalf, Dr. Moore and Chapin tied on 22 each, and they divided the entire purse. In event 8, Barstow pulled up to 24, and along with Jordan, of Springfield, divided first and second money. Finch and Harry Metcalf, breaking 23 each, had to be content with third money divided. Snow 23, Burke 23, and Pease 24, shot for targets only. The scores follow. Stars indicate professionals and others who were not eligible to shoot for the State championship:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	25	25	15	20	15			
Barstow	14	16	15	15	19	13	22	24	14	16	14	200	182	91
Bradley	13	18	14	14	18	13	23	22	15	18	13	200	181	90½
*Elliott	14	15	15	12	18	13	25	21	15	18	15	200	181	90½
Finch	14	18	12	13	20	13	21	23	15	17	14	200	180	90
*Waters	13	18	14	14	19	14	22	20	14	18	12	200	178	89
*Le Noir	15	15	14	14	19	12	20	22	12	18	13	200	174	87
H Metcalf	13	17	13	14	18	12	22	23	8	18	12	200	170	85
Dr Moore	11	12	14	13	18	12	22	21	14	18	15	200	170	85
*Wheeler	14	18	12	12	17	13	20	20	12	16	14	200	168	84
McMullen	10	19	13	13	15	14	20	20	13	18	13	200	168	84
Cooley	9	17	14	13	18	13	20	19	13	14	15	200	165	82½
*Snow	12	14	12	14	17	14	22	23	9	16	10	200	163	81½
F Metcalf	10	17	13	12	13	11	20	22	12	18	11	200	159	79½
*Jordan	14	13	12	10	14	13	20	24	13	14	9	200	156	78
White	10	15	9	11	15	13	20	22	11	17	13	200	156	78
Burke	12	12	9	10	18	11	17	23	14	17	11	200	154	77
Arnold	12	15	14	10	15	13	16	21	10	15	10	200	151	75½
*Osborn	13	14	13	11	10	11	18	22	12	14	13	200	151	75½
*Kites	8	11	10	9	13	12	19	18	11	13	11	200	135	67½
A Pease	11	13	10	12	14	13	19	24	8	..	..	165	124	75
Merrick	13	16	10	11	13	10	17	13	..	..	..	150	103	..
*Chapin	..	14	14	14	18	14	22	21	14	19	14	185	164	87½
Delaney	12	18	15	11	16	11	19	..	..	15	..	145	117	..
*Cheesman	..	10	7	13	17	14	..	..	13	15	..	120	89	..
*Coats	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	15	11	12	9	100	68	..
Dimock	14	14	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	34	..
Connor	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	13	10	..	95	45	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	..	..	7	65	37	..
Quinn	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	21	..	17	..	70	59	..
Carroll	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	35	25	..
Keeney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	35	15	..

A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club Tournament.

St. Bernard, O., Aug. 25.—The article published in the sporting journals throughout the country relative to the "Profit and Loss" account of the Herron Hill Gun Club may lead those contemplating attendance at our tournament to believe that our war cry of "all the profits paid to the shooters" will amount to nil. Therefore, I ask you as a favor to give the following statement space in your valuable paper.

In the first place our club is enabled to give a tournament as large as any yet held in the United States without expending any large sum of money in fitting the grounds, and so forth.

Our grounds are thoroughly equipped for trapshooting in every sense of the word, and we are prepared to throw as many targets in a given time, if not more, than any club in the country.

Under the present arrangement with Mr. Gambell the club is under no extra expense for help, outside of the office force, and through the assistance of the manufacturers, and our local business men, we will be enabled to defray this and all other necessary expenses.

To be brief, we expect to charge two cents for targets, and notwithstanding the fact that we give away one cent for every target thrown at the tournament, anticipate clearing, over and above all our expenses, between $600 and $800. This amount, through the system devised for the distribution of purses, will revert back to those amateurs who take part in all the events.

There will be no cause to complain of our treatment of visiting shooters, or of our manner of running the shoot.

Tournament Committee,
By Arthur Gambell.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 23.—In the competition for the Laflin & Rand cup, open to all, several visitors joined to-day. The event is a handicap, an allowance of targets added.

Ten more shoots will be held. The privilege to make up back scores is accorded. Re-entries may be made by the payment of 25 cents, the re-entry money being divided at the end of the series in prize money. Scores:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Kelly	18	6	24
Kershner	20	2	22
*Stoddard	20	5	25
Rickman	16	7	23
Hinkson	22	6	28
Clark	21	3	24
Re-entry scores:			
*Stoddard	24	5	29
Clark	20	3	23
*Kershner	22	2	24
*Hinkson	19	6	25
*Borst	20	6	26
Back scores:			
Hinkson	16	6	22
*Weller	21	4	25
Coughlin	14	7	21
Borst	18	6	24
Stull	19	4	23
Sumner	17	4	21
Coughlin	15	7	22
Coughlin	w		
Rickman	12	7	19
Rickman	14	7	21
*Weller	22	4	26

*Winners of point for cup.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 12.—Sutcliffe won Peters Cartridge Company's badge. Finley was high gun for Dupont trophy.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Parry	22	20	19	23	20	..	..
Hunter	21	21	17	20	23	19	..
Armstrong	15	19	16	19	15	17	16
Moore	19	23	20	23	20	..	..
Harcourt	17	23	21	16	..	..	..
Wands	18	19	18	22	..	..	..
Finley	21	21	25	22	25	24	23
Britton	16	20	21	19	20	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Smith	21	18	14	19	..	..	..
Morris	20	13	11	13	..	..	..
Southern	14	14	11	14	..	..	..
Leib	16	16	..	..	..	..	..
Hice	20	17	..	..	..	..	..
Moller	19	20	23	23	..	..	..
Sutcliffe	16	15	..	..	..	..	..

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Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

The practice shoot of this club on the afternoon of Aug. 19 was well attended, but owing to a strong east wind blowing, the scores ran lower than usual. Kites was high with an average of 76 per cent., with Snow close behind with 75 per cent. The weekly prize event, a 15-target race for a hunting coat as prize, resulted in two ties. The first between Lathrop, Cady and Andrews, who were all tied on 15 On the shoot-off at 10 targets Cady and Andrews again tied on 10, but owing to a misunderstanding, this tie was not shot off, but will be at the next shoot. The Peters cup contest and the merchandise race for three prizes of equal value have two more shoots to run. Added target handicap in cup contest, and in the merchandise race the shooters are divided into three classes, A, B, C. Scores in these three handicap events follow:

Weekly prize event, 15 targets:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Cady	11	4	15	Hawes	8	4	12
Andrews	11	4	15	Kimball	8	4	12
Lathrop	14	4	15	Snow	10	0	10
Kites	13	0	13	L Misterly	6	4	10
A Misterly	9	4	13	Cheesman	7	0	7

Shoot-off of tie at 10 targets:

Cady	8	3	10	Lathrop	7	2	9
Andrews	7	3	10				

This tie to be decided at next shoot.

Peters cup contest, 25 targets:

L Misterly	20	5	25	Andrews	11	5	16
Kimball	17	5	22	Snow	19	0	19
Kites	21	0	21				

Three merchandise prize race, 25 targets: Class A—Snow 19, Kites 17, Cheesman 13. Class B—Hawes 19, Lathrop 17. Class C—L. Misterly 15, Kimball 14, A. Misterly 14, Cady 10.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	20	15	25	25	10	10		
Kites	6	..	8	..	13	21	17	..	10	95	75
Snow	6	8	..	..	10	19	19	..	..	85	62
L Misterly	..	7	..	..	6	20	15	..	..	75	48
Kimball	..	..	..	..	8	17	14	7	..	75	46
Lathrop	10	6	..	..	14	..	17	6	..	70	53
Andrews	7	4	..	..	11	11	..	7	..	70	40
Puffer	3	4	4	12	..	..	..	3	..	60	26
Hawes	..	..	4	..	8	..	19	..	..	50	31
Cheesman	..	..	..	..	7	..	13	..	8	50	28
A Misterly	..	..	3	..	9	..	14	..	..	50	26
Chapin	7	..	2	10	..	..	..	4	..	50	23
Cady	..	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	..	40	21

Misfire.

Ruffsdale Gun Club.

The Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club, Ruffsdale, Pa., held an all-day shoot and corn roast at Ruffsdale, Pa., on Aug. 18. This was one of the most enjoyable shoots and social functions ever held in western Pennsylvania. The social feature was participated in by the wives and sweethearts of the members of the club. Al uoon a lunch was spread consisting of an old-fashioned corn roast and all the delicacies of the season. Three hundred and seventy-five people enjoyed the spread. R. S. Deniker and his charming daughters were especially interested in making everybody feel at home. The shooters of western Pennsylvania who did not attend missed one of the best day's sport ever held in western Pennsylvania. The trade was represented by Chas. G. Grubb. A. B. Kelly, of Scottdale, took first honors. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Kelly	12	13	12	12	13	13	14	15	13	15	132
Deniker	11	14	12	12	13	13	14	14	12	14	129
Baker	11	14	11	13	13	14	13	14	14	12	129
W Smith	13	12	13	12	13	12	14	13	12	13	127
Hale	13	12	9	15	12	13	12	12	13	13	124
McGlashan	10	12	13	13	12	11	14	14	13	11	123
Miller	12	12	11	12	12	12	15	9	14	12	121
Carroll	14	9	12	13	9	12	11	11	11	14	116
Andrews	10	11	13	10	9	11	14	12	13	12	115
J Smith	12	13	11	14	10	9	10	10	12	12	113
Neill	8	10	7	11	12	10	12	10	12	9	101
Lowe	10	11	10	10	10	12	10	9	9	10	101
L Suter	11	10	9	9	11	9	10	10	10	10	99
Brown	9	10	10	9	11	6	8	10	13	12	98
C Suter	12	12	10	13	10	13	8	..	..	..	78
Wigger	8	6	9	11	6	6	..	..	..	..	46
Kiehl	9	9	10	7	9	13	..	..	..	..	57
Donahue	5	6	10	7	6	9	..	..	..	..	43
Poole	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
W S Kelly	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	29
Hubbs	13	12	9	14	10	9	8	..	..	..	75
Chain	..	12	13	13	12	13	14	13	13	..	103
Davis	..	..	..	12	13	14	12	12	15	13	91
McFarland	..	..	..	7	9	8	9	..	..	..	33
Ward	..	..	..	11	8	7	11	..	..	..	37

Gregory County Sportsmen's Association.

Bonesteel, S. D., Aug. 25.—The bi-monthly tournament of the Gregory County Sportsmen's Association was run off at Fairfield on the 24th inst. There were two 10-bird and five 15-bird events, $1 and $1.50 entrance respectively, and the 25-bird event, No. 3, for the Peters Cartridge Company's emblem, representing the championship of Gregory county. The attendance was not large, but all the old-timers were there, and quite a number of spectators, among them several of the fair sex. The day was ideal for shooting, and the new trap worked to perfectly, only two broken birds out of the 700 thrown. Mr. Carl Porter won the championship trophy with the good score of 24 out of 25, and also won high average for the day with 112 out of 120, a 93.5 gait. Leach was second average, and Thompson third.

The next shoot will be at Bonesteel on Wednesday, Sept. 13, when the same programme will be run off. As we have a number of young shooters just breaking into the game, a large attendance is expected. We will use Rose system, four moneys, and this will give everybody a chance at the money. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	To
Targets:	10	10	25	15	15	15	15	15	
C Porter	9	9	24	14	14	13	15	14	11
Leach	9	8	20	15	13	12	13	12	10
Thompson	9	9	19	12	14	14	10	14	1
Spatz	8	8	22	11	13	13	14	11	1
O Porter	9	7	22	12	13	14	9	12	
C Law	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	..	
W Law	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	
Fitzgibbons	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	

W. A. Leach, Sec'y.

Norwich (Conn.) Shooting Club.

The prize shoot held on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 12, was well attended. The following visitors were present: Messrs. P. Ames, Mason, Watrous and Goddard from New London; Edgerton, from Willimantic; Chapman, from Westerly, R. I., and Dakin, from Worcester, Mass.

The prizes awarded were a set of bird carvers, Mr. Watrous; stag horn corkscrew, Mr. Edgarton; China dish, Mr. Post; silver fork, Mr. Mitchell.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.
J A Mitchell	100	81	81	Wells	100	69
Edgarton	125	99	79	Tafft	100	68
Post	100	79	79	Goddard	100	68
Watrous	125	98	78	Mason	125	82
Prest	125	94	75	Dakin	100	62

Scores at less than 100 targets: Mintz, 19 out of 50; Gates, 25; Olcott, 18, 25; Ames, 50, 75; A. S. Brown, 20, 25; Chapman, 51, 75; West, 16, 50.

I. P. Tafft, Sec.

Independent Gun Club.

Easton, Pa., Aug. 21.—Below find the scores made at for the L. & R. trophy. The next shoot will be held Sept. which will be the final contest for the trophy.

Event No. 1, 50 targets, back scores: J. Maurer (2) 4 Richard (8) 41.

Event No. 2, 50 targets: E. Markley (0) 48, W. Maurer J. Maurer (4) 44, G. Elliott (14) 34.

W. R. Ivey, Sec.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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WESTERN TRAP.

The Indians' Greatest Pow-wow.

SPIRIT LAKE, Ia., Aug. 25.—The hills and dales that surround Spirit and Okoboji Lakes in the State of Iowa have echoed like unto a skirmish line. Where the white man warred with red men for possession of this great land and water in Northern Iowa, during the past four days there have been fifty gunners assembled near the banks of these two lakes, and each fired 1,000 shots through a scatter gun.

After going to Indiana last year to shoot, it was decided that, though the name of that State was similar to Indian, that they would meet this year on the shores of their past maneuvers, and thus the seventh annual shoot was held in Chief "Back to the Woods," backyard, which is in Spirit Lake town, though almost a mile from the lake proper.

In all the years past that the shoots have been held at Arnold Park, Okoboji, the shooting has been over the water, and as many objected to this, the chiefs of the home brigade sought to remedy it and a ground was chosen where there was no water in sight. Yet there was a poor background. There were trees that made shooting very hard when at No. 2 set of traps.

The weather was on the usual order that generally prevails on the lakes—strong wind. Yet there was no rain to interfere, and the wind not so strong as on other occasions, when the shoot was held at Okoboji. The wind and background caused many of the misses to be recorded. The full detailed scores are herewith printed. Look them over and see that the very best shots of the world were there, and that they all shot poor at times; also, that the poor shots shot uniformly poor.

There were two automatic traps used, and they gave good satisfaction, save that at times the targets would break rather frequently. This was, no doubt, caused by rough handling in shipment.

The squaws and papooses were present in goodly numbers, and they were a pleasant part of the meeting. You will find their names elsewhere. They were present during the day on the shooting ground, cheering on their "braves" and entertaining during the evening with music and dancing, together with boat excursions and steamboat rides.

These gatherings are noted for their display of good fellowship, and it is truly wonderful how well the ladies enter into the spirit of the occasion. Most of them like to fish, and before and after the shoot they are royally entertained with fishing, and then the fish fry that follows is something that should be seen and entered into to be appreciated. You should taste fish that are fried in hot butter in an hour or less time after they are caught.

As to the shooting, there was quite an exciting race, as between chiefs Heap Talk, Kinne Kennic, Drink Water and Wise Sachem. Each of these had their day. Drink Water held the honors for three days, but the foxy Heap Talk got the honors for the most dead mud pies. Kinne Kennic had a cold and was not at his best. The last year's addition to the ranks, Wise Sachem, set them all a pattern, as he slaughtered 145 straight.

On the first day, Wm. Heer showed that his eastern summer tour had not caused him to forget his cunning in the west, and he lined out 194 for the day. He had a partner in the race. Gilbert was busy, and he held a mighty heap big game sack, and when the evening shadows had gathered about the lake, it was interesting to hear him relating to young Tom Marshall and Miss Annie Oakly how he had 193 dead ones in that overloaded game sack.

That good pair of Indians who hail from Minneapolis were an even stand off with 188, Young 186, Confarr and Huntley 185, Taylor 184. All together there were seventeen who made 90 per cent. or better. They were all shooting for the money this time, and yet there were times when many of the Indians did not get into the money.

Second day found Heer still forging to the front. He shot a peculiar race. He ran the first four events straight, then lost two in the fifth and three in the sixth and then went straight in the last four events, rolling up the great score of 195, and yet, "Hoot man," and how vos it? There were others! The Wise Sachem came on strong and made seven straight scores and three 19s, and finished with 197. And still there was another warwhoop. T. Bill got going and made the extra score of 196, so Heer was not even second fiddle. How the mud pies did suffer—little profit in the pick-ups.

Dick Merrill got a line on 'em for this day and got above 95 per cent., and there came one who is not an Indian, and by not "stubbing his toe" more than seven times, finished with 193, and he was Huntley from Sioux City, Ia.

On this day the contest for the Mallory cup was held. The scores of it, together with the handicap, is shown in scores for this day. Being a handicap shoot, it cut down the scores in a measure, as 47 was best score made, save one, and that came as a surprise, yet was a very popular win. Where on the face of the arth can you find a more popular man than Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee? He has not shot much of late years, so the handicap committee put him at 18yds., and there was nothing left of the whole fifty targets, save very small pieces of the "spheres."

Third day opened up bad for the "pie" busy. During the night a very heavy storm raged, and when the shoot opened the mist and wind were a stumbling block even to the eye of an Indian, and there were those present having eyes like an eagle's. Gilbert forged to the front and won out high average for the day, and as Heer went to the bad, laid the foundation for high general average. Don Morrison, by way of a little diversion, ran 145 straight, and yet by losing four in the first event, one in second and three in third finished with 193. They say that Bill Heer came out with a heavy coat and could not handle his gun properly. He fell away so badly that he did not make a straight for six events and finished as low as 183, being tied even at that with T. Bill Crosby.

Pop Heikes was trying out a new gun, and with it came off two ahead of them. It was said that Pop Heikes broke his gun, and it was a good thing, as then he improved in shooting. Huntley came within one of 95 per cent. for this day, but the rest fell away, owing to wind which was changeable, though strong, from the north.

The last day Gilbert was a busy lad and held his steady smashing consistently, and though 192 was placed on to score, yet the tall Kansas cyclone came away with two to the good. They had a partner in Huntley, a she made 193. This man has them all guessing. Morrison had a few ups and downs and fell much behind his other scores, and had to be content with 94 per cent.

When the last shot had been registered on the regular programme there was a cessation on the firing line until H. Hirschey could figure up the total score, for, be it here recorded, that Fred Whitney, the Chief Quick Figure, was for some reason not present at the shoot, this being his first failure to show up.

Then the excitement began. All the squaws began to crane their necks and the papooses to fly around with much anxiety, for the cups were to be won. The first cup was won by Gilbert on a straight score of 50. While Heer made 48, none of the others in the 94 class went below 47. Pop Heikes had plenty of company in the 90 class, and it required a shoot-off to decide, and he decided it with a win.

W. A. Waddington won the less than 80 per cent after a shoot-off with Henshaw.

There was a hasty retreat for dinner, and a preparation for the fish fry, which was next in order, an account of which will appear in next issue.

Chiefs present: F. E. Mallory, Chief Tell 'Em How; S. T. Mallory, Chief Life Saver; J. F. Mallory, Chief Hole Digger; John Burmister, Chief Back to the Woods; Jack Fanning, Chief Ball Seal; Chris. Gottlieb, Chief Slob; Herman Hirschey, Chief Little Hatchet; W. R. Crosby, Chief Kinne Kinnic; Russell Kleine, Chief Toboggan; Fred Gilbert, Chief Heap Talk; S. S. Johnson, Chief Allaboard; Charlie Young, Chief Sparrow; Charles Budd, Chief Dago; Roll Heikes, Chief Bald Eagle; Tom Marshall, Chief Long Talk; Frank Riehl, Chief Piaza; Chan. Powers, Chief Wipe Stick; Don Morrison, Chief Wise Sachem, Dick Merrill, Chief High Kick; Guy Burnside, Chief Spoon River; Bill Heer, Chief Drink Water; Geo. Loomis, Chief No Talk; "Pat" Adams, Chief Three Scalps; H. S. McDonald, Chief Hoot Mon; Elmer Shaner, Chief No Hair.

Squaws and papooses: Sid. Mallory, Crosby, John Mallory, Budd, Johnston, Mrs. McDonald, Riehl, Gilbert, Shaner, Burnside, Burmister and Kleine. Papooses, Lillian Crosby, Irene Burmister, Ethel Mallory, Annie Oakly Gilbert, Thomas Marshall Gilbert, Gilbert Loomis, Karl Burnside, Clarence Crosby, Pauline Kleine and Karl Kleine. Several group pictures were taken of the Indians, and squaws separate, and with the bucks in their Indian costume. These will be much appreciated as souvenirs.

Those present not Indians were L. E. Mallory, Bradford, Pa.; H. G. Taylor, Meckling, S. D.; E. R. Hickerson, Moberly, Mo.; E. E. Barber, wife and boys; E. F. Confarr, Livington, Mont.; Henry Steege, Waterloo, Ia.; G. Gottsch, Worthington, Minn; Dr. C. E. Cook, New London, Ia.; W. A. Waddington, Lincoln, Neb.; S. A. Smith, Hartley, Ia.; J. H. Tamm, Denison, Ia.; N. S. Hoon, Jewell, Ia.; G. A .Rober, Manning, Ia.; Geo. Kehm, Fort Dodge, Ia.; P. Ohrt, Manning, Ia.; S. M. Huntley, Sioux City, Ia.; J. B. Barto, Chicago; Fred Slocum, Alcester, S. D.; E. G. Wallace, Marshalltown, Ia.; E. C. Henshaw, Okoboji, Ill.; Joe Konvalinka and Glenn, Mason City, Ia.; Claud Binyon, Chicago; Geo. Hughes, Fonda, Ia.; H. Sherman, Kansas City; P. R. Patch, Hartley, Ia.; H. B. Gundemeyer, Manning, Ia.

The scores in detail, 200 targets each day, follow:

First Day, Aug. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
F E Mallory	18	20	19	19	16	17	20	17	18	17	181
S T Mallory	11	16	18	16	16	15	16	17	17	19	165
T F Mallory	17	17	17	17	17	16	19	18	16	18	172
L E Mallory	16	18	19	17	16	19	19	18	20	19	181
Burmister	16	18	12	16	17	15	18	16	15	13	156
Fanning	18	18	15	16	19	19	14	20	19	19	177
Taylor	16	18	20	19	19	18	19	19	17	19	184
Hickerson	16	17	18	15	17	15	18	17	13	16	162
Gottlieb	14	18	19	17	17	19	16	17	19	16	172
Barber	18	17	19	20	15	18	18	20	19	10	183
Hirschey	19	19	20	16	20	17	20	18	19	20	188
Crosby	19	18	16	19	20	19	19	20	20	18	188
Kleine	17	18	19	16	17	20	18	19	19	20	183
Confarr	18	19	17	20	17	16	20	19	19	20	185
Gilbert	20	19	20	18	20	18	20	20	20	18	193
Johnstone	18	16	13	13	16	17	18	16	18	14	160
Mrs Johnstone	15	19	16	10	11	9	15	10	13	15	133
Young	17	18	19	20	19	17	19	19	19	19	186
Budd	19	17	19	20	15	19	18	18	16	20	181
Steege	19	20	13	16	18	16	15	12	19	16	164
Heikes	17	19	15	15	19	19	19	18	20	19	180
Marshall	15	16	18	14	19	16	18	12	16	13	157
Gottsch	11	10	16	12	19	10	15	16	15	17	141
Dr Cook	15	15	13	17	17	15	16	14	16	15	153
Riehl	18	19	19	19	17	19	18	19	20	18	186
Powers	17	19	18	15	20	17	19	20	18	20	183
Waddington	16	18	18	14	17	17	14	16	18	16	165
Morrison	18	16	18	18	19	17	20	19	20	19	184
Merrill	18	20	16	17	17	18	18	17	19	19	179
Burnside	16	20	17	17	17	17	19	17	17	20	177
Heer	20	19	18	20	19	20	20	18	20	20	194
Smith	18	18	17	14	17	15	18	18	19	19	173
Tamm	16	17	19	12	14	16	19	18	16	17	164
Hoon	15	19	17	19	17	19	18	17	18	18	177
Loomis	13	15	13	17	15	13	14	14	16	16	146
Adams	18	15	18	15	19	18	18	19	17	18	175
Rober	15	18	16	17	16	16	18	16	..	..	...
Kehm	17	15	19	17	17	20	19	15	19	18	176
Ohrt	15	13	13	17	15	..	..	..	..	..	...
Huntley	18	19	16	18	17	18	20	20	20	19	185
McDonald	16	18	18	16	16	17	20	17	19	18	175
Barto	17	18	17	17	18	18	16	18	17	20	176
Slocum	19	18	18	14	16	17	14	16	18	19	169
Wallace	17	19	15	17	17	17	15	14	18	19	168
McGinnis	17	14	16	17	18	19	17	16	17	15	166
Henshaw	14	17	19	16	16	17	15	17	12	18	163
Binyon	17	15	15	16	14	17	19	19	19	18	179

Second Day, Aug. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Broke.
F E Mallory	18	19	18	18	16	18	19	16	18	17	39	177
S T Mallory	15	18	18	19	17	19	19	16	16	17	46	174
J F Mallory	18	15	19	19	17	17	16	18	18	20	44	177
L E Mallory	19	18	16	18	18	15	20	18	20	20	47	182
Burmister	18	17	17	20	17	15	18	17	12	16	43	167
Fanning	20	18	20	19	13	18	19	19	19	18	44	183
Taylor	17	20	17	19	16	20	19	19	18	10	43	184
Hickerson	16	17	17	18	14	18	17	16	14	16	40	143
Gottlieb	19	20	20	20	18	17	18	15	18	20	41	185
Barber	20	16	17	18	17	20	19	19	19	19	45	184
Hirschey	19	20	20	19	19	20	18	20	19	19	44	193
Crosby	20	19	19	20	20	20	19	19	20	20	47	196
Kleine	17	19	20	18	18	18	19	17	20	19	43	185
Confarr	16	19	17	16	16	19	18	18	19	19	40	177
Gilbert	20	19	18	19	20	20	19	18	19	19	46	191
Johnstone	16	17	17	19	19	18	18	17	20	17	36	178
Mrs. Johnstone	15	15	13	10	8	16	15	10	16	14	..	137
Young	18	18	17	19	19	20	17	18	20	20	45	186
Budd	19	19	19	20	17	19	18	16	16	19	44	182
Steege	17	19	19	18	14	18	17	16	20	16	..	174
Heikes	18	20	18	17	20	19	19	18	20	20	42	189
Marshall	16	15	19	17	16	20	18	17	19	17	42	174
Henshaw	19	15	16	18	19	19	15	18	19	17	45	175
Dr Cook	15	14	15	10	15	16	13	15	15	19	31	167
Riehl	19	18	18	18	19	20	20	19	20	20	42	189
Powers	17	19	16	19	18	19	15	20	18	17	42	178
Waddington	18	17	18	19	20	18	19	18	18	14	44	179
Morrison	20	20	20	20	20	19	20	19	19	20	46	197
Merrill	20	19	19	19	18	20	20	20	18	18	50	191
Burnside	17	18	17	20	18	15	18	19	19	19	45	185
Heer	20	20	20	20	18	17	20	20	20	20	43	195
Smith	20	19	17	19	15	16	17	19	18	16	43	176
Tamm	16	18	18	18	18	17	18	15	13	19	...	170
Hoon	19	19	20	20	20	19	20	19	17	18	31	191
Loomis	17	14	14	15	14	15	16	14	13	16	..	151
Adams	19	19	19	20	19	18	20	20	18	18	47	190
Kehm	19	19	18	18	19	15	17	20	19	18	42	182
Huntley	18	20	18	19	20	20	20	19	20	19	47	193
Barto	16	20	18	18	19	18	20	20	18	18	43	185
Binyon	16	17	18	19	15	20	16	17	20	19	42	177
McDonald	17	18	18	17	18	18	15	18	15	18	45	172
Konvalinka	20	16	18	19	19	19	18	20	20	17	..	186
Wallace	19	20	16	20	19	17	18	15	16	16	..	176
Slocum	18	18	19	18	19	19	18	19	15	19	44	182
McGinnis	17	20	19	19	19	17	16	18	14	13	..	177
Hughes	17	19	19	19	19	18	17	17	17	18	..	180
Sherman	19	20	19	19	18	18	19	18	17	19	45	186
Gottsch	16	18	19	15	14	16	18	14	19	17	..	160
Rober	17	17	18	17	19	16	18	20	15	16	40	173
Ohrt	15	14	18	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Patch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	38	...

Handicaps, Mallory cup: Hirschey, Crosby, Gilbert, Powers, Morrison and Heer, 21yds.; Fanning, Taylor, Barber, Kleine, Young, Budd, Heikes and Riehl, 20yds.; L. E. Mallory, Gottlieb, Confarr, Marshall, Waddington, Hoon, Adams, Huntley and Barto, 19yds.; F. E. Mallory, Merrill, Burnside, Smith, Kehm, Binyon, McDonald and Sherman, 18yds.; J. T. Mallory, Henshaw, Slocum and Rober, 17yds.; S. F. Mallory, Burmister, Hickerson, Johnstone, Dr. Cook and Tamm, 16yds.

Third Day, Aug. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
F E Mallory	17	16	17	19	19	17	18	18	16	17	174
S T Mallory	18	15	14	18	16	16	15	14	14	13	153
J F Mallory	15	18	19	19	17	16	16	16	20	18	174
L E Mallory	15	17	18	17	16	18	17	20	16	15	169
Burmister	16	15	17	13	13	13	11	16	15	14	143
Fanning	17	17	18	19	20	18	18	19	20	19	185
Taylor	17	17	19	16	18	19	19	16	17	19	177
Hickerson	18	15	18	14	15	18	16	15	16	18	163
Gottlieb	17	18	17	16	17	17	16	19	14	14	165
Barber	19	19	16	19	17	20	17	20	14	19	180
Hirschey	19	17	19	19	18	19	20	19	20	19	189
Crosby	20	17	17	18	17	18	19	20	18	19	183
Kleine	18	17	20	17	20	14	18	17	19	20	180
Confarr	18	17	17	18	17	14	19	18	15	19	175
Gilbert	20	20	19	20	19	20	19	19	19	20	195
Johnstone	18	16	17	15	15	10	18	18	17	17	162
Mrs Johnstone	14	12	14	13	15	11	17	14	12	11	125
Young	18	18	16	19	19	19	17	19	18	18	181
Budd	15	17	19	17	17	16	17	17	18	16	169
Konvalinka	17	16	17	18	16	15	18	17	18	17	167
Heikes	18	19	19	19	18	19	18	18	20	17	185
Marshall	16	17	14	18	19	16	17	16	18	18	169
Sherman	19	11	15	16	17	14	17	17	16	18	160
Dr Cook	16	15	14	10	13	13	17	15	15	15	143
Riehl	16	17	18	17	19	18	18	19	19	19	180
Powers	17	16	17	16	17	18	20	19	18	19	177
Waddington	18	16	15	17	16	19	19	18	19	13	170
Morrison	16	19	18	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	193
Merrill	18	20	17	19	18	17	16	18	19	18	180
Burnside	15	16	17	18	20	19	19	18	17	19	178
Heer	17	18	19	16	18	16	20	20	20	19	183
Smith	15	8	14	17	18	17	17	17	18	17	158
Patch	15	14	16	18	17	19	15	18	18	19	169
Hoon	18	19	19	15	15	16	13	20	17	16	168
Loomis	16	14	13	14	16	13	13	15	14	14	142
Adams	15	19	18	20	14	18	16	19	18	18	175
Kehm	17	18	16	18	17	13	19	17	18	17	170
Huntley	20	20	18	19	17	18	20	19	19	20	189
Barto	17	15	16	17	19	15	19	17	19	19	175
Binyon	15	17	19	17	17	17	17	15	17	18	169
McDonald	19	14	13	16	14	14	14	20	19	17	160
Gundemeyer	16	13	12	17	17	20	..	..	..	..	...
Henshaw	16	16	15	18	19	20	18	17	18	18	172
Konvalinka	..	10	17	..	15	15	9	14	15	12	...

Fourth Day, Aug. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
F E Mallory	18	16	16	16	12	20	14	20	18	15	164
S T Mallory	17	18	16	19	18	16	18	11	11	17	161
J F Mallory	14	18	14	20	18	17	14	19	14	18	166
L E Mallory	20	19	19	17	16	20	16	19	16	17	179
Burmister	15	16	15	16	16	12	17	18	15	17	157
Fanning	20	18	19	19	18	20	18	16	19	20	187
Taylor	17	20	18	20	19	19	18	17	16	19	183
Hickerson	16	17	16	17	16	16	18	18	19	15	170
Gottlieb	20	15	16	20	16	17	18	19	18	17	177
Barber	20	17	19	20	17	20	17	19	19	19	187
Hirschey	19	20	18	18	20	18	20	20	17	19	189
Crosby	16	20	20	19	18	18	20	18	19	17	185
Kleine	18	18	18	19	15	19	17	19	18	18	179
Confarr	18	19	19	17	19	18	20	20	19	18	184
Gilbert	19	19	18	19	19	20	19	20	20	19	192
Johnstone	18	18	12	18	17	18	18	18	13	15	165
Mrs Johnstone	13	13	14	12	15	14	14	14	13	14	138
Young	17	18	19	20	17	19	18	19	18	17	182
Budd	18	19	19	19	20	20	17	17	19	19	187
Konvalinka	17	19	18	19	14	15	17	19	..	..	189
Heikes	16	19	20	19	19	19	18	20	19	20	169
Marshall	17	19	20	17	17	16	14	19	13	17	169
McDonald	17	20	18	18	19	17	16	19	16	18	178
Dr Cook	13	15	9	13	15	16	12	16	15	18	142
Riehl	19	19	19	18	16	18	16	19	19	17	180
Powers	17	20	17	18	17	20	19	16	18	19	181
Waddington	19	17	17	18	19	18	18	19	18	14	177
Morrison	17	19	20	20	20	19	19	19	18	17	188
Merrill	20	16	17	17	19	18	17	17	18	19	178
Burnside	19	18	20	17	18	18	19	20	15	17	181
Heer	20	19	19	20	19	19	19	20	20	19	194
Smith	16	16	18	16	17	16	18	18	19	16	170
Henshaw	17	19	18	19	17	16	20	16	19	16	175
Hoon	16	16	16	16	16	16	15	20	17	17	177
Loomis	13	11	18	14	13	14	16	13	16	15	137
Adams	20	18	17	18	17	19	18	18	18	20	183
Kehm	16	17	17	18	16	20	19	16	18	17	174
Huntley	20	19	20	19	19	19	18	19	20	20	193
Barto	18	18	18	13	18	20	17	17	20	19	178
Binyon	17	17	16	17	18	15	16	19	18	18	171
K. A. Glenn	..	..	15	15	16	14	..	..	..	..	...

Following are the total scores for the four days:

F E Mallory	696	Heikes	669
S L Mallory	649	Marshall	669
J F Mallory	689	McDonald	685
L E Mallory	711	Dr Cook	585
Burmister	632	Riehl	735
Fanning	732	Powers	719
Taylor	728	Waddington	691
Hickerson	658	Morrison	762
Gottlieb	698	Merill	728
Barber	734	Burnside	716
Hirschey	759	Heer	766
Crosby	752	Smith	677
Kleine	727	Henshaw	683
Confarr	721	Hoon	713
Gilbert	771	Loomis	576
Johnstone	665	Adams	723
Mrs. Johnstone	528	Kehm	702
Young	725	Huntley	762
Budd	719	Barto	714
Konvalinka	743	Binyon	686

First class cup:

Hirschey	24 23—47	Morrison	24 23—47
Crosby	22 25—47	Heer	24 24—48
Gilbert	25 25—50	Huntley	24 23—47

Second class cup:

L E Mallory	25 23—48	Budd	21 23—44
Fanning	22 24—46	Heikes	25 23—48
Taylor	23 24—47	Riehl	24 17—41
Barber	23 25—48	Merrill	25 21—46
Kleine	24 24—48	Burnside	24 21—45
Confarr	22 21—43	Adams	23 21—44
Young	23 24—47	Barto	23 25—48

Shoot-off:

Mallory	23 21—44	Kleine	24 19—43
Barber	22 25—47	Heikes	24 24—48
Barto	21 24—45		

Third class cup:

F E Mallory	21 22—43	Marshall	21 19—40
S T Mallory	23 19—42	Waddington	23 22—45
J F Mallory	22 20—42	Smith	22 19—41
Burmister	20 17—37	Henshaw	21 24—45
Hickerson	20 24—44	Kehm	20 19—39
Gottlieb	22 22—44	Binyon	21 21—42
Johnstone	21 14—35	Loomis	11 18—29
Mrs Johnstone	20 18—38		

Shoot-off:

Waddington	18 14—42	Henshaw	19 21—40

Winners of average cups: Fred Gilbert, first class, 50 straight; Rolla Heikes, second class, 48 out of 50; W. A. Waddington, third class, 43 on a tie.

General averages: Gilbert, Heer, Morrison, Huntley, Hirschey, Crosby, Heikes, Riehl, Barber, Fanning, Taylor, Merrill, Kleine, Young, Adams, Confarr, Powers, Budd.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

August 25 was pleasant and cool, with a stiff breeze, which bothered the shooters considerably, though no one complained. So many of the members are away that the attendance was small, only fifteen scores being recorded this week in the Schuler trophy event. Lytle shot in the event and made a full score of 50. Harig did fine work, breaking 49. Captain also shot in better form than for the last few times, making 46 with his handicap. The last shoot in this series will take place on Sept. 2, and as matters stand now Lytle has more than a fighting chance to win. He has gone up a place or two, and Krehbiel's score to-day makes him 91.5 per cent., instead of a little over 93. Some of the boys shot at 10 pairs, and Gambell led with 15 breaks. Tuttle should always stand at 23 yards, to-day he broke 8 out of 9 at that distance, and he hit 'em every one in the center. Bech was out for the first time since May 30, and smashed a few at practice, 31 out of 35.

Schuler prize shoot, 50 targets, handicap:

Lytle, 19	50	Kramer, 13	46
Harig, 0	49	Falk, 6	44
Barker, 3	46	E Altherr, 13	43
Captain, 7	46	Pickles, 10	41
Steinman, 6	46	Brown, 20	41
Jones, 8	46	Gambell, 0	40
Orr, 9	46	Krehbiel, 2	38
Tuttle, 11	46		

Gambell did not compete.

Ten pairs: Gambell 15, Falk 14, Barker 13, Peters 12, Jones 10, Orr 9, Myers 8, Tuttle 8.

Ohio Notes.

Only six men took part in the weekly shoot of the Springfield Gun Club on Aug. 19. The day was rainy and decidedly unfavorable for shooting. In the four 25-target practice events Poole was high with 81, Henderson second with 65 out of 75, and Thompson 64 out of 75. Snyder made the best single score of the day, 24, in the fourth event. In event No. 3, at 25 targets, for the Hunter medal, Henderson won with 23; Snyder 21, Poole 20, Downs and Winkler 19 each.

A heavy rainstorm on Aug. 19 cut down the attendance at the shoot of the Columbus Gun Club. Among those who braved the weather were the popular trade representatives Messrs. Le Compte, Gross and Taylor. Only a few events could be shot on account of the heavy downpour. Le Compte headed the list with the fine score of 93 out of 100, missing only one in his first 50. Gross also shot at 100 and broke 80. Allen broke 80 out of 95. Watkins, Turner and Frank each shot at 95, scoring 74, 68 and 65 respectively. Ten men were present. The club has preparations completed for their Labor Day shoot, which promises to be a good one, and all sportsmen are cordially invited to be present.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, held their regular handicap medal shoot on Aug. 23, thirteen members entering in that event. Four men—Hodapp, Oswald, La Rue, and Cain—tied on scores of 25 or better. Only one shoot-off was required. President Gus A. Hodapp won for the second time this season, his score being 12 out of 13, a total of 39 out of 47 shot at. Oswald shot at 30 in the main event, and broke straight, but in the tie he dropped 3 out of 12. La Rue broke 25 out of 32, and in the tie 9 out of 13. Cain scored 25 out of 29, and 6 out of 10 in the tie. The sport ended with six sweepstakes, five at 15 and one at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance; four moneys in Nos. 1 to 4, and two moneys in Nos. 5 and 6. McConnell and Hanauer divided first money in No. 1 on 15. Oldt second on 14. Miller and Cain third on 13. In No. 2, Hodapp and Cain divided first, 14 each. Oswald, Carr, McConnell, Miller and Smyth, second on 13, and Hanauer third, 11. In No. 3, Oldt, Oswald, McConnell and Fowler first on 14; Cain, second, 13; Hodapp, Smyth and Hanauer third, 12. No. 4, Oswald, Cain and Fowler first on 14 each; Carr second, 13; Oldt and Hodapp third, 12. No. 5, Cain first, 15; La Rue second, 14. No. 6, Cain first, 10; Hodapp and Carr divided second on 9 each. As the close of the medal series approaches the interest increases, and another win by Hodapp will place him a close second to the leaders, Oldt and Miller.

At the shoot of the Urbana Gun Club, E. W. Holding won the cup emblematic of the individual championship of Champaign county with a score of 24 out of 25. In a 50-target sweep Holding broke 49, Baille 44, Egenberger 36, and Koehle 32.

The dove season opens on Sept. 1, and the traps will be practically deserted for a while. Doves are reported to be plentiful in the vicinity of Dayton, and many of the shooters have planned to take a crack at them on that day.

The Dayton Gun Club held one of the best attended regular shoots of the season on Aug. 25, fifteen members taking part, and some good scores being made. In the practice events Carr was high with 79 out of 100. In the handicap (added targets) event at 25 targets, ten men tied for first on 25 or better, and five shoot-offs at 10 targets were required before the winner was decided. This was Rusk, who broke 8 out of 10, his handicap of 2 giving him 10. In the match and ties Rusk shot at 75 targets, breaking 49, and with his handicaps scored 80. In this event Cord and Lindemuth were high in actual breaks with 24 each; W. Watkins and Cain second with 23 each; A. Keller, 21; Darst, 20. The club has all its arrangements completed for the tournament on Sept. 4 and 5. They expect a good attendance, and the programme issued warrants their expectations.

The regular shoot of the Fayette Gun Club, Lexington, Ky., was held on Aug. 24, only thirteen members being present. As a general thing at least thirty, and often forty, men take part in these shoots, as all of the seventy-five members of the club are enthusiastic sportsmen. The dove shooting is principally responsible for the small number, as many of the members put in all their spare time in the fields. A ten-man team from Mt. Sterling was expected to-day to shoot the rubber in a series of five matches, each club having won two, but they failed to put in an appearance. The club has just finished a series of three team matches, with Winchester Gun Club. The last match was shot on Aug. 10, Winchester winning two out of three matches. The club has a weekly shoot for a Parker gun, the series consisting of twelve contests at 25 targets each, sliding handicap of added targets. There are three more contests in this series. Henderson, Dodge, Bell, Denny, Skinner and Quincy Ward are in the lead. No scores in this event shot to-day owing to small number present. On Aug. 31, the first of a series of four 25-target events for a cup presented by Laflin & Rand will be shot. Mr. Bell, treasurer, is the handicapper, and his awards will be sealed up and not opened until the last event is shot. The sport to-day consisted of five 25-target events. Ten of the boys made up a purse, the amount to be used in purchasing a trophy for the winner of a handicap event at 25 targets. McCormick, Kinkead and W. tied on 25, and in the shoot-off W. and McCormick tied again on full scores, including their handicaps. The tie will be decided at the shoot on Aug. 31. W. did the best work of the day, breaking 48 out of his last 50. In the trophy shoot the totals were: W. (3) 25, McCormick (7), Kinkead (7) 25 each, Barkley (10) 24, Denny (4), Dodge (4), 23 each, Van Deren (6) 21, Shouse (7), Carter (9), 19 each.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 26.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the third series. In the club trophy shoot Thomas and McDonald tied for Class A trophy on 24 out of 25, while Al. Smedes and Stone tied for Class B on 25 straight. W. S. Birkland won Class C on 18.

In the Dupont cup shoot which followed, Dr. Reynolds won Class A on 20 straight, George and Stone tied for Class B on 18, W. S. Birkland won Class C on 18.

In the Hunter Arms Co. shoot at 10 singles and 5 pairs, Eaton won Class A on 17, Stone won Class B on 19, W. S. Birkland Class C on 18.

The day was fine for target shooting, being cool and just a slight breeze from the rear. Twenty shooters took part in the afternoon's sport.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	25	20	15	10	10	10	Targets:	20	25	20	15	10	10	10
Dr Meek	16	17	18	13	9	7	9	Coy	10	13	9	13	..	5	7
George	14	22	18	13	6	8	7	T L Smedes	16	21	16	10	..	6	6
Birkland, Sr.	13	18	18	..	..	8	7	A Smedes	14	25	15	11	..	9	8
Kampp	18	21	19	12	7	9	8	McDonald	16	24	19	11	..	8	9
Morrell	16	22	17	14	..	7	10	Stone	19	25	18	11	..	8	8
Baldwin	18	16	17	9	..	6	6	Cole	11	21	12	11	..	..	8
Keck	8	22	17	15	..	9	7	Herr	11	..	14	5	5	..	..
Thomas	10	24	15	11	9	9	8	Ostendorp	17	..	10	8	7	..	..
Nelson	13	22	16	9	..	7	8	Gould	..	16	14	10	..	8	5
Eaton	17	20	14	14	9	5	6	Birkland, Jr.	..	21	9	..	..	10	7
Dr Reynolds	18	21	20	14	..	9	9								

No. 1 was for the Hunter Arms trophy. No. 2, trophy shoot. No. 3, Dupont cup.

In Other Places.

There are some game sportsmen in Pennsylvania. A match was made last Thursday at Locust Gap between Bodeman, of Locust Dale, and Tom Klinger, of Locust Gap. They are to shoot a match on Labor Day, each to have live pigeons, and the purse is said to be $700. The match will be shot off at Lavelle.

The Mishawaka Gun Club, South Bend, Ind., will soon hold regular shoots on their new grounds, located east of the city.

The shooting of the old club at Bucyrus, O., Thursday last was the occasion for the meeting of seventeen members of the club for practice. George Ruhl, Closs, Sears, and Flickinger were winners in the first two events. Then Blair and Dostal got busy and shared in the wins. Several other events were shot, and in all it was thought that 1,000 targets were used.

Last week shooters at East Jordan, Mich., met with the clubs of Moncelona and Traverse City and had a jolly time practicing at the traps.

Scores made by the members of the Green Cove Springs, Fla., Gun Club, each at a possible 25: Niell Jackson 18, W. L. Hendricks 20. Thus Mr. Hendricks won the badge, with Niel Jackson close up. Now this Niell is but a lad of thirteen summers, and many of his friends, they say, are so proud of him that they are strong of the opinion that not another boy in the State can equal his shooting.

James A. Groves, minus his big gun, Chas. Magill, Ed. Scott and George Riley were the Jacksonville, Ill., party that spent most of last week in Chicago at the shoot held at Watson's Park.

It is reported that the most enthusiastic club shoot ever held on the grounds of the Richmond, Va., Gun Club was that of last Saturday. There were twenty-two shooters out. At 50 targets Mr. Fultz with 4 allowed, tied with Mr. Coleman, and they took first and second prizes. Rufus Baker was next. Anderson and Brown with a score of 23 out of 25, when the light was so poor that the referee could not tell whether target was broken or lost.

The McMechen Gun Club took part in the shoot held Wednesday at Wheeling, W. Va.

Over at Elkhart, Ind., Jack Taylor showed good form by shooting a score equal to 44 out of 45. This is good, and shows that most all the Indiana gun clubs have one member at least near 100 per cent.

Harvey McMurchy was at Fulton, N. Y., last week, and George Lewis and Isaac Chapman, who are in his class as members of the gun club, held a tryout at 50 targets. Result: Lewis 48, McMurchy 45. Chapman 41. Same time A. P. Curtis, Frank Mathias and J. C. Hunter were out and made 24, 23, 23 as their portion of good scores.

Something new in the trap line has turned up, so "they say." At the grounds of the Beaver, Pa., Gun Club a new trap has been placed, with the guarantee that it will keep the targets in the air until they are shot down.

The target shoot at Petaluma, Cal., was the first of three for medals and other prizes. Peter Murphy was high gun for the day with 17 out of 20. He can wear the gold medal permanently if he should win it three times.

The Seaford, Del., Gun Club is getting ready to hold a big shoot about Sept. 12. Some of the big shooters are expected to be present.

The Peshtigo, Mich., Gun Club held a shoot Sunday. Gus Bean and Thomas Metombo, of Lake Noqueba, were among those present.

Martin Frederickson, of Harlan, Ia., was high man at the shoot held last Sunday.

The shoot to be held between the Marshalltown and the Grinnell, Ia., gun clubs will not come off until Sept. 25, as many of the Marshalltown team are away from home.

There is something doing in the shooting line at Memphis now and then when the clubs meet. Last Saturday there was a hot race on between Messrs. Joyner, B. Crook, Clark, H. Poston and F. Poston, and the latter won out. Dr. Anderson won the match for the gun. Scores: H. Poston 96 out of 100, B. C. Clark 89, Joyner 88, F. Poston 87, Clark 81, Dr. Anderson 81, E. Crook 77, J. B. McGulie 69, J. J. Blanks 55, H. G. Blanks 17.

Those who wish to attend the shoot at Canton, Ill., need not fear of running short of shells or something in the refreshment line, as both are kept on the ground for sale.

Spread the good news that trapshooting is very much on the increase at St. Cloud, Minn.

Shooters of the West are congratulating Charles Spencer on his great score, made at Morganstown, W. Va.,—165 straight.

List of shooters at the Bismarck, N. D., shoot, held last week was: E. C. Cooper, Mayor Duics and William Woods, Grand Forks; Clarence Parker, Minot; E. C. Robbins, Fargo; Senator Main, Canda; Frank Sprague, Grafton; A. E. McGahey, Williston, and E. C. Rand, Jamestown, N. D. Others were present from the far west of the State.

Shooting at Lake Charles, La., there were only six present, but they were interested. These were Dick Williamson with 76 out of 125, Mr. Simmons 53, Frank Gunn 67, I. H. Mathews 40, Dr. D. C. Iles 23 out of 50, Dr. T. H. Watkins, 8 out of 25.

The Corry, Pa., trapshooters have organized a club for the season, with Mr. Ed. Marsh as president.

The Springfield, Minn., Gun Club was the winner in a late match with Sleepy Eye. It is said that another match will be the result of this one.

The first annual tournament of the Janesville, Wis., Badger Gun Club was held last Sunday. Though no scores were given, it is reported that the day was ideal, and that there were forty-five shooters present, and that all had a good time and shot throughout the entire day.

The Rock Valley Gun Club, Lemont, Ill., held a tournament Aug. 27, which was expected to draw well, as there were 200 targets on the programme, and some fine prizes up for competition. A new trap has been secured, and from now on there will be much good shooting on the grounds by the deep drainage band.

J. A. Penn, of Toledo, O., won the twelfth annual meeting of the Marion, O., Gun Club, held last Friday, while Jas. Mason, of Marion, O., won second. The contestants were numerous, as over thirty good amateurs were present.

The Lead City, S. D., Rod and Gun Club held a shoot Thursday. It was not largely attended. Bick scored 95 out of 100, Irwin 39 out of 50, Van Horn 58 out of 75, Verserlich 18 out of 25, Perkins 21 out of 25.

Pigeon shooting is starting up in Watertown. At the shoot in that city 400 pigeons were released from the traps.

D. H. Thomas, Anaheim, Cal., has been informed that the Bolsa Chica Gun Club is ready to pay the damages to his crops by the backwater caused by the club's dam; amount, $1,429.

At a meeting held by the Brooklyn, Ia., Gun Club it was decided to hold a tournament during the first week in September.

The Phœnix Gun Club, Tucson, Ariz., will offer many inducements to the shooters of the Territory and the West to attend a tournament that will be held the first week in December. New grounds, new traps—everything new. Shooters are invited to come and make new records.

There was rejoicing down in the town of Blue Island, Ill., when at the Watson Park tournament Geo. Roll beat out Mr. Barber, the G. A. H. winner.

The San Marcos, Tex., Gun Club held a very interesting shoot last Thursday. W. J. Barber won the powder trophy with 127 out of 150. Kit Griffin 125. There were twelve members present.

In the last coming together of the Bradford, Pa., Gun Club, Dr. A. W. Vernon won the gold medal. Scores: Bozard 94 out of 105; Mallory, Jr., 115, 125; Pringle 72, 80; Webster 59, 80; White 29, 40; Mallory, Sr., 54, 60; Vernon 46, 60; Neeley 28, 45.

Roach Lake, Mo., Gun Club held a shoot at their club house and then a fish fry Thursday. There were nearly one hundred present, and all report having had a good time.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Winchester factory loaded shells won at the tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, held in Ottawa, Aug. 16-18. Every event but one was won by shooters using Winchester factory loaded shells. The events and the winners were: Grand Canadian Handicap, G. W. McGill, Toronto, Ont.; two-man team championship, A. W. Throop and W. J. Johnston, of the St. Hubert Gun Club, of Ottawa; Mail trophy (five-man team championship of Canada), Sherbrooke Gun Club; eight-man team championship, Stanley Gun Club of Toronto; the Grey cup, for high amateur average, T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke; Dupont cup, second high amateur average, T. Upton, Hamilton; first, second and third high expert averages for the tournament, J. A. R. Elliott, E. G. White and F. C. Conover respectively; the Kynoch cup, T. M. Craig; the Kirkover cup, G. M. McGill; Carling cup, G. M. Howard, Sherbrooke; Laflin & Rand cup, W. J. Johnston, Ottawa; the three shotgun prize events, T. A. Duff, Toronto; T. Upton, Hamilton, and C. C. Thompson, Sherbrooke respectively.

The Lefever Arms Company, of Syracuse, N. Y., may justly feel proud of the continued success of the Lefever guns at the trap shoots throughout the States and Canada. The Lefever gun, since winning the Preliminary and the Grand American handicaps at Indianapolis, in June last, won the Grand Canadian Handicap Aug. 17 at Ottawa, Canada.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The beauties of Lake Temagami and the opportunities it offers for sport are only just beginning to be known, but their importance in the public mind is likely to increase. By the advertisement of Mr. F. Cochrane, Minister of Lands and Mines, it is seen that the Canadian Government purposes to grant 21-year leases of islands in Lake Temagami at a very trifling rental, and with the right of renewal. Any one who contemplates establishing a summer camp in Canada, cannot do better than to inform himself as to these islands by prompt application to the Department of Lands and Mines at Toronto.

Bobby's father had given him a shilling and half a crown, telling him he might put one or the other in the contribution plate. "Which did you give, Bobby?" his father asked, when the boy came home from church. "Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the half crown," said Bobby, "but then, just in time, I remembered 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the shilling a great deal more cheerfully, so I put that in."—London Fishing Gazette.

Buffalo Bill's hunting lodge, which is advertised in another column, lies just to the east of the Yellowstone National Park, which it reaches by a beautiful wagon road and trail through the Sylvan Pass. In the country between Cody and the Yellowstone Park there ought to be much game, and persons interested in a hunting or sightseeing trip would do well to write Dr. Franklin Powell.

The constant inquiries about lotions and oils to prevent mosquitoes biting seem to be answered in the advertisement of Mosquitoit published in our advertising columns. Oil of tar is effective, but has its disagreeable characteristics. If something has been found which is effective, and has a pleasant odor, it will be a boon to many an angler.

Advertising Tip.

Don't be discouraged—keep on tryin',
An' you will get yer wish;
Sometimes the very shortest line
Pulls up the biggest fish.

THE MANY-USE OIL.

Preserves the new blue finish on Guns. Try it.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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MORE NATIONAL PARKS.

THE fine progress made in setting aside forest reserves under the Act of 1891 is something on which every American may congratulate himself. In less than fifteen years vast tracts have been reserved from settlement to be used by the people at large as adjuncts to the water supply of the West, and as carefully guarded sources of timber supply for the neighboring public. This is all as it should be—a great advance over old methods.

Forest reserves are good and useful, but their purpose is wholly utilitarian. Their game may be hunted; cattle may be grazed on them; settlers may take up claims on non-forested areas within their borders; prospectors may run over them, sinking holes for mineral, or washing the gravel bars and running the mud into their streams. In the few National Parks which we possess, on the other hand, these utilitarian pursuits are forbidden. Like the parks in our great cities, they are set aside as breathing places for the people, pleasure grounds which every one may visit and enjoy with the utmost freedom, so long as he does not encroach on the rights of his fellows. The game, the fish and the timber belong to all, and hence are subject to such rules and regulations as seem for the greatest good of the greatest number. For reasons well understood by all, the game may not be pursued or harmed; but visitors may use timber for fuel or fish for food.

Our important National Parks have commonly been set aside in rough mountain regions, characterized by great beauty of natural scenery. The towering peaks, lofty cliffs, and rough rock slides of the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, or the Crater Lake parks offer little to attract the permanent resident; on the other hand, at certain seasons of the year they are visited by great multitudes of people, who derive very great pleasure from them, and who pay out much money, which passes into the hands of those who aid them to enjoy their trips.

The American people have too few places of this kind, and this is coming to be well recognized by thoughtful persons. There are certain regions which are so incomparably more beautiful than others that they ought by all means to be protected and saved for the public by the Government, just as the Yellowstone Park has been saved and protected.

Such spots too often lie far from the beaten track followed by money-grubbing man, and are therefore unknown to people who might talk and write about them and so call them to the public attention. They may lie in States or Territories where those residents who give any thought to the beauties of nature and the happiness and welfare of coming generations are few, and the vast majority of people are more occupied in chasing the almighty dollar over the prairie and trying to throw a rope over it than they are in thinking of what may happen ten or twenty years from now. The people residing in the States in which lie the areas which should be made National Parks are obviously those who should petition Congress for the legislation required to establish such parks, yet too often the very people who would be most benefited by such legislation are the last ones to think of the matter.

Of the seventeen National Parks of the United States, five are military, on the sites of battles of the Civil War, six are more or less wild and natural, and three are wholly artificial. The Yellowstone Park with its two million acres, and the Yosemite of one million, are by far the best known. These National Parks lie in Wyoming, Montana, California, Washington and Oregon, though Montana's interest in the Yellowstone is a narrow one. Colorado has no park, and neither have Idaho, Arizona or New Mexico, though in each there should be one.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, the eminent novelist, has recently been hard at work trying to arouse in Colorado a public sentiment which shall call on Congress for the setting aside as a national park of the region west of Gray's Peak, the White River Plateau. This beautiful region is almost the only one in all Colorado that is as yet unmarred by the encroachments of civilization. Pick and ax have as yet done little to scar its hills and mesas, and the effort to save the region is worthy of all praise and should succeed. It may be hoped that Mr. Garland's written and spoken eloquence may serve to stir the Coloradans to action.

A region which should be set aside as a National Park without delay is the Grand Cañon of Colorado. It is true that the puny efforts of man cannot do much to injure such stupendous natural works as have here been wrought. Nevertheless the Grand Cañon ought to be under the control of the Government and properly protected by it.

Still another country—practically without inhabitants, yet marvelous in its wonderful beauty and grandeur—is that known as the St. Mary's country in northwestern Montana, lying in the main divide of the Rocky Mountains between the Great Northern Railroad and the Boundary line. It is a region of marvelous lakes, towering peaks, vast glaciers and deep, narrow fiords. Few people know these wonderful mountains, yet no one who goes there but comes away filled with enthusiasm for their wild and singular beauty.

All these parks might be set aside by Congress at practically no present expense, since the work of improving them could be postponed almost indefinitely. President Roosevelt has more than once expressed an earnest wish that all of these regions should be made National Parks, but he recognizes, as every one must, that the demand for such legislation must come from the people of the regions where these areas are situated, and may well enough feel, as others do, that if the inhabitants of these States or Territories do not care enough about the matter to move actively, no branch of the Government can be expected to do so.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

WHEN one considers the many millions of people scattered over the United States, it would seem that getting lost on the prairie or in the woods was likely to become a forgotten art, and yet it is not so. Every summer the newspapers are filled with accounts of men, women and children who get lost, and remain out of doors for a longer or shorter time, finally to be recovered in a condition of more or less misery. A vast amount has been written about getting lost in the woods, how to avoid being lost, and how to find oneself when lost; but, so far as we have been able to study this literature, it contains very little that is practical.

Advice to children, to women and to people who have spent little of their time out of doors is not likely to be of great value, and these are the very people who are likely to get lost. On the other hand, the man or woman who is familiar with outdoor life knows a certain number of essential things about being lost, and does not need to have these repeated. One of the most frequent recommendations by persons writing on this subject is that the traveler should remember in which direction he is going, so that when he desires to retrace his steps, he may do so by going in the reverse direction; but how is this to be done? Nothing is easier than to lose one's sense of direction when getting out of known surroundings, but on the other hand, a few simple suggestions, if recollected, may help one to keep his direction. A compass is a good thing, but to be of much use it must be frequently consulted, and the distances varying from a direct course must be computed. In a more or less open country there are usually land marks, hills or mountains, noteworthy and easily recognizable, trees on elevations, water courses or other natural physiographic features which one may use as guides. On the other hand, if the country is wooded, the sun must be the guide, and if this is obscured and one has lost his sense of direction, he should simply camp until he gets it back again. Often the timber looks all alike, and in a burned over forest in the Western mountains, if the sun is hidden, one may stand among the slender gray tree trunks thirty or forty yards from camp and absolutely lose his sense of direction, finding his way back only by listening for the camp sounds.

It is on the sun that we must chiefly depend for direction if we become lost. We know that it rises in the east, sets in the west, and is in the south at midday. At this time, it casts a very small shadow, and a person of slight powers of observation can notice this. He is likely to know where the sun was when he started from camp in the morning, and thus to recognize the direction in which he at first traveled. If he knows the points of the compass when he finds that he is astray, he should be able to reverse his morning's direction and to go back toward camp.

In a mountainous country all springs and brooks and creeks flow toward some main river, and along the main rivers are usually roads, settlements and other unmistakable evidences of human beings. To be sure, there may be sections where the following down a stream will involve a long and tiresome journey through tangled swamp and forest; but, on the other hand, a journey down the stream may be the speediest way of finding camp or some one who can tell you where camp is. When going into camp, it is always well to acquire from your guide, or from some one who is familiar with the country where you are to be, all the information possible about the region—what streams are in it, what river do they flow to, what sort of country do they pass through.

In old times the men who traveled over the then trackless plains and mountains came at last to be as observant as an Indian of the features of the landscape. Almost unconsciously they counted the streams they crossed, calculated the directions in which they flowed, compared them with other points where they had crossed them, noticed the hills, the bluffs, the rocks, and the trees in the river bottom, and at the end of the day's march could, if so disposed, draw a very correct map of the country passed over.

Nevertheless, it was possible for the oldest trapper and for the old-time Indian to become lost, if land marks were not seen, and there was nothing to give the sense of direction. The heavenly bodies are a better guide than any compass. But if they be obscured and there are no land marks, one cannot travel. There is no inherent sense of direction or peculiar wisdom of locality in the trained persons that travel so readily through regions which possess absolutely nothing recognizable to the newcomer; it is simply that certain powers and senses inherent in us all have, in these special individuals, been brought out and trained to a very high degree.

A VANISHING GAME BIRD.

THE general prospects this season for good prairie chicken shooting—one of the keenly popular upland sports with dog and gun—seem in the main to be unfavorable. Undoubtedly there are small areas here and there, mere nooks in comparison to the whole vast prairie habitat of the pinnated grouse which contain birds aplenty, and which will afford ample sport for the favored few who have access to them; but for the hundreds of chicken shooters who take their chances without preliminary investigation, much failure and disappointment are in store.

The reports, from many of the prairie districts where the pinnated grouse in times past were in abundance, or at least plentiful enough to afford good sport, indicate an unusual scarcity.

Undoubtedly the destruction of the pinnated grouse is greater than its reproduction. This decrease in its numbers seems to be steadily progressive with the passing years. The area of the habitat of species also is gradually diminishing, though this is not manifested by the entire and sudden extermination of the chickens in a certain section, nor their sudden abandonment of it.

The changes from abundance to dearth come about gradually. Some sections, in former years, which afforded sport for weeks, in later years afford sport for days only. From abundance, the supply becomes meagre. Oftentimes, the changes from plenty to poverty, the lamentable results of extermination or abandoned habitat, are not noticed by the sportsman till he is confronted with the fact when diligent seeking for sport afield with dog and gun ends in failure.

The enormous decrease in the numbers and the decreasing habitat of the prairie chicken are not realized by the younger sportsmen of the present time. Nor do the older sportsmen realize it by any comparisons of more reeent years. A comparison of present conditions concerning chicken shooting with those which obtained fifteen or twenty years ago, will bring into conspicuous relief the progressive decrease which has resulted in the scarcity of the present. Twenty years ago the habitat of the prairie chicken, beginning in western Louisiana and Texas, extending through the prairie region of the Middle South and West, far up into British America, and plentifully stocked with chickens, was far in excess of the prairie chicken habitat of the present. Plentiful as were the birds then they occupied a lessened habitat and were far less in number than they were when Audubon, in a visit to Kentucky, wrote of them as being so over plentiful there and destructive to crops that they were little short of being a pest.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

My First Black Bear.

(Concluded from the issue of Sept. 2.)

I DID not at that time know anything about the different bands this Sioux tribe is split up into, but I think these were Teton Sioux. I had a boy friend among them and he called himself a Teton. They had a good bunch of ponies, and seemed to be very well fixed, for Indians. There was a boy in one of the families who was about my age. He and I formed a close friendship, and did all our hunting in each other's company. He taught me to handle and ride their ponies, and when we got to the buffalo country, taught me to kill buffalo.

I had read all about these Sioux, and had been told how mean they were, and I would no more have thought of lying down at night with a Sioux and going to sleep than I would think of doing it with the devil. But at that time if we were off on a hunt and had got too far from home, the Sioux boy and I would hunt a good place to camp, stake out our ponies—I rode one of his—then build a big fire and wrap ourselves in the same blankets and go to sleep. I was in no danger; that boy would no more think of hurting me than I would of hurting him.

When Mr. Remington found out what kind of people these Indians were he was anxious to keep them with us. They knew every foot of this country, and could tell us where we could go with the wagon, and where we could not. There was a chain of mountains to the west of us that we would have to cross; the map said they were there, and we afterward found that in this case the map was correct, if it was not in regard to the desert. The mountains were just where the map said they were; and the Indians piloted me across them. They were the Laramie Mountains. Then again, we were always in danger of having our horses stolen by Indians; the only Indians we were likely to meet here were the Sioux and Crows. The Crows would not touch a white man's horse; they have always been our friends; and while these Sioux were with us no band of Sioux would plnuder us. These were about the only Indians I have ever seen that were not continually begging "chuck-a-way." They never asked for anything. If a squaw wanted something—and they seldom did—she would come to my fire, fold her hands, then stand there until I asked her what was wanted. It was generally salt; we had plenty of it and she always got it.

Another thing that we had plenty of was smoking tobacco. There was half a barrel of it in the wagon. It is called long-cut now; it was cut-and-dry then, and was sold in bulk, there being no tax on it then. We carried it for Indians, the men hardly ever using it.

The Indian men and boys wanted it and got it. A handful of it would last the whole crowd a week. They smoked it in cigarettes and tried to get me to use it that way, but I had no use for cigarettes.

When Mr. Remington found that these Indians were not begging from morning until night, he told me to let the squaws have anything they wanted, if we had it to spare; and I did so, but they would not ask for it.

They used bows and arrows to hunt with. They had two old muskets of the kind the Hudson's Bay Fur Company put out then. These had no doubt been out since the year 1 A.D., and looked to be dangerous only to the man who would try to use them. They had no powder for these, and got none from me; I did not want to see them kill themselves. But we shot ten times as much game as we could use; they got it, and got all our furs and skins. The squaws were kept busy part of the time taking care of them.

I kept no account of time, but think we crossed the mountains down near their northern end some time in January, or probably later than that, as we kept close to the mountains, camping at the foot of them until about the first of April.

We were in the Laramie Plains now, and began to meet buffalo. We also met a trader here, and got about all the supplies he would let us have. We did not meet him any too soon, either, as my wagon was nearly empty and Mr. Remington had about made up his mind to go to Fort Laramie after supplies. This trader came from there, and was on his way north to trade with the Indians.

The only traveling we did for a long time now would be to move camp from time to time to find fresh grass and more wood. We and the Indians hunted buffalo now, the Indians getting the robes and most of the meat.

The first time I went for the buffalo I was mounted on an Indian pony—I never tried to kill them from one of our own horses. My Indian boy chum singled out a young cow, then telling me where to hit her, sent me after her. The pony carried me almost on top of her, then pointing my pistol—the one that I had shot the bear with—right where the boy had told me to, and almost close enough to touch the cow, I fired. The cow plunged forward and fell, while my pony carried me almost an eighth of a mile before I could pull him up; then I rode back to the cow, and getting off my pony, stood on top of her, wishing that I had a daguerreotype (there were no photographs then).

We had visits every once in a while from Indians. They were generally Crows, and they did not seem to be in love with our Dacotas; in fact, as I afterward found out, had we not been here these Dacotas would not have come here at all—at least not this small party. One of the Crow chiefs paid us a visit one day when there was no one at home but me; the men were off on foot, hunting. I entertained him, gave him and his party a spread of coffee, bread, boiled ham and crackers, then proceeded to stuff him with an imaginary account of what great chiefs we were. He wanted to know what the Dacotas were doing here. "They are our guides. The Great Chief who lives here has them to show him the straight road. This Great Chief has been sent here by the Great Father in Washington to look at this country and see if the Indians are well and happy. When I go back to the Great Father, shall I tell him that Little Bear is well?"

Yes, he wished I would. Do I see the Great Father often?

"Every day when I am at home. We all see him. We are his chiefs."

Millard Fillmore was the Great Father then; I had never seen him in my life.

The chief gave our horses a critieal examination. Had he not been a Crow I should have been right at his heels lest one of these horses might get stuck to his fingers; but I did not go near him. My big team horses seemed to please him best. He called me out to know if these were the Great Father's horses. They had no brand on them, he said—he had been looking for the "U. S."

"No," I told him, "they belong to the Big Chief here. They cost many dollars. Little Bear has hardly ponies enough to buy one of them." I gave him and his men a present of tobacco, and they got ready to go, when Little Bear wanted to know if we could not send those Dacotas home to their own country. He could show the Big Chief the road now.

"Our road will be back in the Dacotas' country; can Little Bear show us the road there?"

Yes, he could; all over the Dacotas' country; he knew it all.

"But maybe the Dacotas won't want you there." I knew that the Crows and Dacotas were bad friends.

"I am a Crow," he said, slapping his breast. "I don't care if the Dacotas want me. I go."

He met us again later on, after we had sent the Dacotas home. We were not going into their country at all now, but were in his country, and I had to invent another story to account for our still being here. He kept us company for several days, and he gave me a history of the Cheyennes. He seemed to take a fancy to me, and wanted me to stop with his band, but Mr. Remington told him that the Great Father would not allow it. I had told Remington about the story I had dished out to this chief when he had been at our camp before, and Mr. Remington corroborated everything I had told them. We were all great chiefs, even if I was driving a wagon.

A few days after the chief had paid us his first visit we were joined by two troops of cavalry that were out on scout from Fort Laramie.

These were the first real soldiers I had ever seen. We had some at home—the National Guard, as they are called now; they were the Uniformed Militia then—but they were only playing soldiers. These fellows, though, were the real ones that I had read about; they could fight Indians. I and my Indian chum put in half of our time in their eamp trying to do everything that they did.

There were three boys in the two troops. There should have been four, but one of the troops was a boy shy. These were the "wind jammers"—trumpeters. I got one of their trumpets—they ealled them "bugles" then, and the Indian boy and I kept it going from morning until night. We dare not sound it in their camp, but we could in our own camp, only a few hundred yards away. There was no danger here of my raising a false alarm when I ground out, "Boots and Saddles," or "Assembly."

The captain of the troop that was short of a boy tried hard to enlist me; but I was in the West now, and not half so anxious to "hunt the flag and take a blanket" as I had been a year ago, or as I often was years after this.

A trick that these troopers were at every day was vaulting over a bare-backed horse. They caught his mane in the left hand, then resting the right hand on his withers, would spring clear over him; then tell me to do it. After a few trials I could, if I took one of their fifteen hands high horses. A hand, four inches, in the height of the horse made a great difference, though; I always would land on the horse's back when I took a big horse.

We lost our Indians here. The ranking captain, who was in command of the squadron, ordered them back to their own country again. It seemed that they had no business on this side of the Laramie Mountains. Mr. Remington offered to be responsible for them and see that they went home when we did; but the captain said that as much as he would like to let them go, for he knew them and said that they were all right, still he had no option; his orders were to keep each band where they belonged. He could not do it always, he said, but must try.

The Indians started on their return, loaded with robes, furs and dried meat, and all the rough supplies their ponies could carry. They had been lucky. They could not have come here at all had it not been for us. The officers told me that the Crows would have run them off long since had we not been here.

We kept the cavalry company for a while; then struck out for ourselves, and in the next few months traveled over what are now the States of South Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska and Kansas. It was all Indian territory then, except probably Kansas, which had been made a separate territory, I believe, and late in August we brought up at West Port, Missouri; it is Kansas City now. Here the expedition disbanded, Mr. Remington selling his whole outfit for more than he had paid for it a ycar ago.. They kept only their favorite shotguns, and sold everything else in a lump to a party of men who were going up through what is now Montana and Idaho on a prospecting trip. I came very near going also; they wanted me to go, and had it not been for Mr. Remington, I should have gone. He persuaded me to go home. Our horses were in splendid order, every one of them. I had always had a great liking for a horse, mule or dog, and although I did not know it then, I have since found out that I can do about what I please with either of them. I have never found a dog which, no matter how cross he was, would not obey me and follow me if I wanted him to do it; and never have had one offer to bite me—and I have handled horses and mules that no one else could do much with. I rode cavalry horses for twenty years and never had one for any length of time without teaching him to do about all that a horse can do. I had a horse taught to fold his legs under him, lie down, then let me lie behind him and fire across his neck or back. This was years before our officers took it up; they have since drilled this in the eavalry.

When I took charge of these two team horses, I began to make pets of them right away. They had no names. I named one John and the other Charley. They soon knew their names and would answer to them. I groomed them evcry day, whether they were working or not; fed them sugar and scraps of bread, and after I had them a short time never tied them out in the daytime unless the buffalo were around us, but let them run loose. When I wanted them, all I had to do would be to call them up to me.

We were very ragged now, but the men got themselves clothes here. They got me two suits of everything I eould wear, from caps to shoes; then Mr. Remington paid me off, eounting out $150 for me, $50 for the bear skin and the rest for wages; he had promised me only $8 a month if I suited him; he paid me $10. We went from here to St. Louis by water, the men paying my fare in the cabin with them.

We had to wait in St. Louis a week before we got a boat that was bound for the Ohio. They were going to Pittsburg, if the water would allow them—it gets low at this time in the year—and they meant to pay my fare home. They kept me with them in the hotel here. When the boat got in I found that the steward wanted a cabin boy, and shipped with him.

We could not get any higher than Cincinnati, so we took the railroad here and at Pittsburg I bade my friends good-by. They were going on East, and I never saw them again.

I had seen the West, about which I had read so much, and now there was still another part of the globe that I had been reading about and wanted to see next, but I did not see it just then; I had to wait eighteen years before I saw it. I had been reading "Robinson Crusoe," "Cook's Voyages," and "The Mutiny of the Bounty," and wanted to visit the islands they told about.

In 1874, going to San Francisco, I shipped on a steam whaler bound for the South Pacific, but did not ship as a cabin boy this time, and in the course of a year visited the most of the islands. CABIA BLANCO.

Cabia Blanco.

CLARKSDALE, Miss., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A crippled hand has prevented me earlier from obeying the impulse to send tribute to the memory of Cabia Blanco, the announcement of whose death in your number of Aug. 19 made a painful impression upon me, as doubtless it did upon many others of your readers.

There have always been some names among the contributors of FOREST AND STREAM that were sought out first by me on opening a new number of the magazine, whose narrations were read first and with eagerness, as being the cream of the current contributions. Among these specialized names that of Cabia Blanco was conspicuous. I do not know that I could give any better evidence of the esteem in which he was held by myself than this simple statement affords.

A feature of Cabia Blanco's writings, which chiefly gave them value, was the air of verity pervading them, which carried assurance to the mind of the reader that his narratives were relations of adventures that really transpired, and with the surrounding circumstances truly chronicled.

The absence of this quality of verity utterly vitiates the most ingeniously contrived story, purporting to be a recital of actual happenings, a defect that no writer is ingenious enough to conceal from all who read his fictitious lucubrations. It is to be hoped that all of FOREST AND STREAM's contributors shall continue to follow Cabia Blanco's valuable example in this respect hereafter.

COAHOMA.

Early Fall Days.

THE days are growing shorter and the evenings long and cool, while in the atmosphere there is a haziness that obscures the distant landscape and seems to impart to the whole country side an appearance of rest and contentment, for this is the season of abundance—the merging of summer into fall—when all nature seems to be resting from its recent labors.

The grain and the hay have been gathered into stacks or placed under cover; the corn stands erect in long stately rows as yet unscarred by the harvesting knife; the potato fields lie brown and withered awaiting the coming of the farmer's plow to reveal the rich treasure stored beneath. Along the hedgerows the goldenrod is assuming a richer hue each day, and the thistle is industriously launching its tiny airships with their precious burden, and on every hand is heard the incessant chirping of insects.

Long since the redwing blackbirds have started their migration to the southland, and now the kingbirds are leisurely following them, drifting along from fencepost to dead twig, from dead twig to telegraph wire, but ever facing the south; down in the meadows the bobolink is gorging himself from the full ripe heads of the wild grasses, as he sways gently back and forth, up and down in seeming unison with the chorus of crickets.

No longer the woods echo to the bell-like note of the wood thrush, nor the full rounder song of the robin, and we might imagine them deserted but for the subdued call of the chewink and the soft meow of the catbird sulking in the underbrush, while from the treetops comes the occasional twitter of a small creeper or warbler as it flits from branch to branch seeking its dinner of insects and grubs.

This is the season when the old hound becomes restless and continually whines to be released and allowed to follow the trail of the fox or the rabbit; when the staid old house cat deserts the kitchen porch and wanders a-field in search of birds and young rabbits; when the sportsman unpacks his guns and overhauls his stock of shells, for the signs of the coming fall seem to awaken in both man and beast that inherent love of the chase that descends to us from our forefathers. This is the time when we look up our old hunting companions and swap yarns of previous days a-field; of a nice bunch of quail on so and so's place; of a brood of woodcock in such and such a swamp; or of a couple of fine partridges we saw in such a clearing. Soon we will get past the talking stage and nothing but a day a-field will satisfy us, so when the next cool day arrives we call the pointer or setter and start out to see for ourselves just how the game did make out in the breeding season. But how disappointing most of these first rambles are: The vegetation is too dense, the mosquitoes and small flies are murderous, every few steps when in the woods and brush we have to wipe spider webs from the face or hatbrim, and all the while the perspiration is running down our backs in rivulets. Coming to a piece of low swampland near the edge of a high woods where we expect to find a few woodcock we enter and flounder around for half an hour, now pulling a foot out of the soft black mud, now tearing our way through a patch of matted briars, until finally our patience is entirely exhausted and we bolt in a direct line for the nearest highway, vowing that never again will we go on such a trip so early in the season, only to find ourselves doing it all over again the next year.

But how quick these early fall days do fly. Over night there comes up a strong northwest wind, and on taking a stroll in the morning we find the woods and fields literally alive with highholes, and then indeed for the first time we realize the fall is at hand, and in another week or ten days it will be time to look for our favorite game bird—the English snipe. Then in quick succession comes the open season for other game—partridge, ducks, quail, etc.—and almost before we realize it, comes the first of the year, and sadly we clean and oil our guns and stow them away. J. H. H.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A Convict Camp in Louisiana Swamps.

A FEW years ago the Louisiana convicts were farmed out to contractors who built levees for the State and nation. The contractors were some of them at least worthy of the name by which they were known—"nigger drivers." One of them in particular was a true descendant, in spirit at least, of the old-time slave-ship captains who saw their victims die with no other qualms than the thought of how much money they were losing. It is said that convicts under this contractor committed suicide and broke away in spite of buckshot rather than endure the awful tasks to which they were subjected under form of law.

The work the contractor did was building levees. "Life men" did not last long under him, and if the unfortunate's term was long, it was a life sentence to go to this fiend's camp—and go the convict must if he was so allotted. The contractor was a big, burly man, having mixed blood of Spanish, French and white ancestry in his veins. Perhaps he was as strong as any man in his camps. He carried a rawhide whip, and the long lash came down on the shoulders of the toiling victims, especially in the late afternoon of a summer day when the life had been sweat from all the men by shoveling and wheeling the barrows up the board inclines to the top of the levees.

"The worst camp on the river," this man's was said to be. Deaths and escapes were more frequent in it than in any other in the State. One day the contractor ordered a negro who was weak and sickly to pick up a piece of iron. The iron was too heavy for the convict's strength, but he worked his fingers under the thing and strained to lift it, the contractor's whip coming down on the man's shoulders to encourage him. Time and again the man tried to lift the iron, but without avail, and the whip came down on him harder than ever.

A big yellow man was breaking up the ground a few feet away. He had a pick in his hands for the work. No man had turned to see the whipped sick man, but the cries were heard for half a mile along the levee. The yellow man suddenly turned and drove the pick down through the contractor's skull and down into his body. He let the handle of the pick fall as the contractor went over dead and said:

"They'll hang me, boys, but by God, they'll treat you better after this."

The yellow man was hanged, of course. But soon afterward the convict farming out system was stopped, for the cruelty to which the yellow man's emphatic deed called attention was too gross for Louisiana to allow. So the life of the convict was rendered less desperate, and his overseers were changed to the men who have pity in their hearts and no such lust for gold as was the contractor's.

Capt. B. L. Barrow was in charge of the camp I came to. He had 163 prisoners, fifteen line guards and three night guards. Of the convicts two were white, one the bookkeeper (life) and the other the hospital steward (seven years). They were both in for murder.

Those other whitewashed buildings which I had seen were convict camps, one devoted to sugar making and the other to cotton, I think. The men with shotguns, whom I had seen were simply the grim-jawed guards put there to shoot down the men in ease they broke for the woods, and in one corner of the grounds was a kennel where two long-eared, hanging-lipped bloodhounds lived and awaited the time when some man should get past the dead line into the wilderness.

It was no picnic grounds, and however gentle spoken, mild-eyed and tender-hearted Captain Barrow appeared to be, he was there to keep the malefactors from further opportunity to commit crimes against the public, and his task was to keep them at work in the useful occupation of building levees.

Captain Barrow was proud of his men. "They send us extra good ones here," he said, "levee work is extra hard work, and these men know they're picked men. They'd much rather come here than go into the shops. It's better living out here in the woods than cooped up in the walls of a stone prison." Not only was I in a convict camp, but it was an aristocratic one, where the convicts were above the common herd. These negroes walking around, or squatting on the bare ground were desperate, long-term men for the most part. They came from all walks of negro society, and the genuine razor men were there.

A searching study of the faces did not reveal many of the countenances one would associate with horrid crimes. Most of the men looked good natured and a large portion of them were smiling and engaged in horse play of a rough sort—wrestling, boxing and bumping against one another. Occasionally the little boxing play becomes real fight, upon which the guards step in and break it up. This was Sunday, and the day when they could rest.

One of the men was enough like a lumber camp gambler I had seen just below Greenville to have been his brother. Below his convict stripes were bright blue socks and patent leather shoes, beginning to wear down and break apart with the tough lifting of wheelbarrow loads of dirt, run up the steep sides of the new levee. He hadn't been in long. Most of the men wore buckle shoes from the State shoe factory—shoes of coarse leather, and put together in rough fashion by State protegés with records. At the toes were humps in the leather where the weight of the men came as they ran the barrows up the inclines.

Several of the convicts were unmistakably roustabouts. The roustabouts of the Mississippi have figures unmistakably different from those of "town men" or from plantation men. There is a swing and a snap to their gait, their shoulders are broad and their hips narrow, and they walk with a half trot which is almost a dance, imported from central Africa. They were not mixers with the other camp negroes, holding themselves aloof, as befitted men whose wages are $90 a month when they are on the river. They get into trouble through killing men and stealing. Probably not more than thirty of the prisoners were up for murder or cutting people.

The grounds were nearly square. One side was along the edge of the water, the other a rod from the swamp forest, and the ends were also against the matted wilderness. At the down stream end, in the rear corner, was the dormitory—a large white building barred at the windows and having mosquito netting over the opening in order to keep out insects. End on to this building, and in the corner toward the bayou, was the dining room, a mere peaked roof over long tables with benches beside them. Along the bayou side were several officer and guard cabins. At the up stream end were the store house, a wash house, cook house, and in the rear was the small, little used hospital. In the center was the parade ground, with a pump in it. The water for use internally is boiled.

The place is cared for by the convicts. Everything is done by them. Cooks prepared the beef, vegetables, pone, bread and other things eaten. A cup of delicious coffee was brought out for the visitor and the others while we talked. The pert young negro who served the cups was spoken of as "Bridget."

"He's our water boy," Captain Barrow said. "He carries water to the levee workers. It isn't the easy task it might seem, keeping 170 men from growing thirsty under this swamp sun. None of the men have easy tasks. That isn't what they're here for."

One had no difficulty in believing that work was hard, but the men looked healthy. Their cheeks were lean, but they had the unmistakable bearing of working men. Each convict had a little box in which he kept his trinkets—extra clothes, pipe, tobacco and the like. The boxes are always locked, and the convict carries the key. If he didn't things would be stolen instantly.

After a time Captain Barrow called for Joe. "We'll have some music," he said. It was some time before Joe was located, and then he came. He was one of the few melancholy men in the camp. There was no trace of a smile on his face, and he came as he was bid with a slow, unresisting tread.

"Let's have some music, Joe," Captain Barrow said. Joe went to the quarters and returned with a guitar. A huge, rough-faced man was summoned from the groups, and he, too, secured a guitar. Camp stools were brought for them and they sat down, the big fellow protesting that he couldn't play, "I sho' cayn't, cap'n, hones' I cayn't, cap'n—"

Joe tinkled the strings of his instrument and the coarse yellow man finally leaned over his instrument and the hum of strings coming to harmony followed. Then they played. Joe was listless for a time, but gradually he stiffened under the inspiration of the harmony, and his fingers quickened. One could see the groups of men in all corners of the yard straighten out and begin to draw in toward the source of music. They remained at a distance, however, until Captain Barrow said: "Come up closer, boys, where you all can listen."

They closed in and stood in a semi-circle before us, patting their feet on the ground and leaning to catch the strains. Joe had been a town boy, playing in some negro dive for a living. He did murder and was sentenced for life. Music was his only pleasure, and his guitar he kept carefully and practiced when he could. The other musician was also in for murder. The music was thrilling and sweet, but the running notes and the fingering of Joe were heart breaking, they were so tender and sad, so nearly utterly hopeless.

Then a gray-haired old negro came out and sang—a twenty-year man, I believe. His bowed head and trembling frame and mournful tones were in keeping with the religious hymn he rendered from memory. A quartette was picked out by the Captain, and they sang—a murderer and three thieves.

"Give us something livelier—what you singing church music for?" Captain Barrow asked.

"Big Foot Sal" and similar songs followed, but though the music was lively, the men were not happy songsters. Nevertheless they enjoyed the opportunity, and the murderer and one thief showed unmistakable pleasure in the singing.

Of the men standing around, one had a tooth brush in his hat band, another some toothpicks in his hair, a third stubs of pencils, pins and other trinkets. Several had cigarettes over their ears.

"Now let's have some dancing," the Captain said. Two or three of the onlookers attempted to get out of sight, but they were called back and proved to be the camp jiggers. One of them was a red-sweatered thief who asked for jig instead of clog music.

Then they danced in pairs, beginning by lifting themselves on their heels, and then gradually working into faster and more energetic stepping. The jiggers were all thieves, and the best of them all was a roustabout who was able to stand the levee work better than the others because he was a hard worker on the river.

One Pete tried to do a double-shuffle, but compared to the performance of the others, his was so miserable a failure that the convicts shouted, "Go home, Pete, goodbye now."

It was a good opportunity to observe the bad men of the negro race, and further study of their countenanees revealed strange mixtures of blood. At least two were Mongolian—Chinese?—half-breeds, several were Italian, one lank, hooked-nose man was plainly Hebrew; a very comical face was one which had a snub, flat nose, a flat face, deep lines new-mooning around the corners of his lips, and a broad, incessant smile—a chocolate-faced Irishman.

While the quartette was singing one of the guitar strings worked down and out of tune, upon which one of the singers tightened it up, while the guitar man played on losing no pick. When the Captain asked for something "beside that church music" one of the songs was, in part:

"Dago, two-faced man,
Made some money,
Now he owns the lan'
Oh, have a little pity,
Open the door an' let me in."

It was the tone and the gesture and the rhythm and the place that made the singing memorable.

The daily allowance of food for the convicts is one pound of meat, three-quarters of a pound of flour, corn bread, beans, onions, tomatoes, molasses, etc. Beef is served twice a week, and occasionally bologna, but this is found not to agree with the men.

The levee work was some distance from the camp, and is done to reclaim some of the deep swamps. A right of way is cleared of trees and brush to the width of 300 feet. Down the center of this is heaped up the dirt ridge. The wheelbarrows are run on plank, and each man has a wheelbarrow and a shovel. The plank lead up the side of the levee at a gentle slope. Seven men are on each run—line of plank—and the levee is built up from seven to eighteen feet high, depending on the lay of the land. While they work the fifteen line guards are around them, with their double-barreled shotguns loaded with small buckshot—a size larger than swan shot, I believe.

"You see," I was told, "if you shoot small shot it cripples a man and breaks him down, but big shot either lets him get away or kills him, and you don't want to do that."

The spring previous six men made a break for liberty. Two of them were "stopped" at the line and were crippled for a month, and the others got into the swamp. The hounds brought two of them to bay, and two gained their freedom. One of these was brought back the night before I got there. Infractions of the rules mean lost good behavior time. A life man, like Joe the guitar player, had one hope. If he was good, at the end of fifteen years he might be set free by the State commission appointed to consider the cases of the convicts. Joe had been in twelve or thirteen years.

Minor infractions of rules for fighting, disobedience, malingering and the like were punished by whipping and bread and water. "He's got to be a pretty sick nigger if he gets out of working" in the convict camp. There are one or two deaths a year, which is no more, probably, than would happen if the gang was free. The prisons are commonly healthier than the country roundabout.

One thing that rather jarred on my nerves was the fact that prisoners were the camp barbers. Captain Barrow and his guards were shaved regularly by negro barbers who had come in contact with the law's grip. I couldn't help but wonder what would happen if some barber got a grudge against one of his customers there in the swamps.

"He's a glum nigger when he first gets here," Captain Barrow said. "He sits around pretty close to himself for a while, but after a time he gets used to it. Then he set-

tles down to the work and gets what's coming to him. They're niggers inside and out, and it's got to be an awfully serious business that'll keep a naturally cheerful nigger down at the mouth more than a week or two. Malaria is what they suffer from most, and toothache. 'Bridget' was the camp dentist. He pulls teeth. I don't know how the fellows stand it when he's bearing down on them, but he gets the teeth out."

It was a hot Sunday afternoon, but one of the convicts took an ax and built a fire in the middle of the yard. A dozen of the convicts crouched around it. The fire warmth and the sun heat were different, and the chill patients enjoyed the fire.

At night the three night guards sit down in the dormitory and watch. They do not change off with the line guards, but night after night sit there and wait for the coming of day. It would be easier for the man to break through the line guard than get out of the board shanty without calling down a charge of crippling small shot. Of course the line guards would rush out fully armed at the first alarm. One man has a rifle "for long range work."

For amusement the white men have deer hunting, and they keep six or eight hounds with which the hoofed quarry is hunted. The shotguns are good for rabbits and wild ducks and turkeys. But the whites find it no sinecure, living way back there in the swamps guarding some of the hardiest and most desperate criminals in the country.

"If one of them comes to you, you've got to stand him off. If he don't stop when you tell him to, theh's only one thing to do, and that's shoot—and be mighty quick about hit."

The prisoners are brought in by steamer, and rarely a visitor comes to the place. Just one thing in the camp suggested the outside world, and that was a small letter box labeled "U. S. Mail." This is the one thing the convicts had to remind them of friends. Some of them write letters home, and more letters are sent away than are received by the convicts.

A tinge of chill in the air and the slow fading of the sun, though it was still visible above the tree tops, reminded me that I would better move on. As I went to the boat I observed that the water had only five inches to rise before it would be against the artificial levee around the camp. Nevertheless, the convicts would be kept there until the water was well up on the walls. Then they would have to wade to the levee work, their buckle shoes sloshed full of water. Almost the first question asked me when I landed was put by a convict. He wanted to know if a "head-rise" was coming.

The wind had gone down and I shoved into the swift current wondering what was before me for the night. Captain Barrow said the convict camp was the "jumping off place." Beyond it were the swamps and the dense wilderness in which the river pirates of old had their dens, and in which the Acadians are found now in a state not greatly different from that in which they lived before the Revolution after the English found it necessary to transport them from Nova Scotia on account of their failure to appreciate the beneficence of England's rules. Between pirate descendants and Cajuns the outlook down Atchafalaya was rather promising as regards humanity and exceedingly so as regards unknown waters and wilderness impassable to men afoot.

The current was a seven-mile one, and it soon swept me beyond the jumping-off place, and at last I was really alone in a solitude about which one sometimes reads, but the fullness and beauty of which cannot be expressed in any common terms.

When I started from New York I supposed that when I passed Cairo I would enter into the land of morass and impassable thickets under which the slime quaked and the cotton-mouth snake drew back its muddy length to strike. For 600 miles I had come down the wide Mississippi with an unobserved feeling of disappointment because I hadn't found the damp gloom which my reading had led me to think was anywhere on the lower Mississippi. It was this feeling of disappointment which led me to go down the St. Francis, but this stream was so low that I had not seen the swamp feature of the St. Francis bottoms at its best—or worst. Now, however, there was no mistaking the significance of the things which I saw on both sides of me. This was swamp country. At intervals the water was running over the banks and pouring back under the trees with a loud noise. The land sloped back from the bank, down, instead of up, and when I looked into the shades and saw in the shadows a few yards distant gathering pools of water, and realized that on either side of me for miles and miles were these depths of water and mud, I knew that the swamp lands of my imagination were there before me. I could see them with my own eyes. It was unnecessary for me to go knock the brush in order to scare the snakes out of their hiding places and assure myself that the snakes were there. I felt it in my bones.

I passed Latannier City, an oil well, now disused and in the courts. It is said they drilled too deep and that the strata of oil was above the bottom of the hole. At any rate, the buildings were deserted, the boiler rusty, and the derrick beginning to darken with decay. At the head of Alabama Bayou was a fisherman's camp—a split board house on stilts, with water beginning to cross the ground toward it in serpentine course and darts. The two men eyed me with undisguised suspicion and cringing. They told me of a cabin boat down stream three miles, and at the cabin boat I found some river men who were in a small new cabin boat. They were cordial, but the boat was too small for me to remain there over night.

I passed houses on stilts, under which the water was gathered, and some of the buildings were deserted. At one place were two houses built close to the ground. Here were several men who watched the water flowing across the ground on either side of the buildings with a melancholy look that was pitiful. I swung the boat into an eddy. The water boiled in it, and the current roared on both sides the river, it was so swift. One of the group seized the bow chain and I went ashore, stepping on a high place which was nearly two inches higher than the surface of the water.

The men were Cajuns—Cajeans?—and spoke English in dubious tones. Did I know how much more water was coming? I didn't, and they lost interest in me. In French they asked me could I speak French? When I said I couldn't they relapsed into silence. The land sloped so much toward the swamps at this place that the water ran rippling across the garden, the new growths of which were jerking in the current. The householder had tried to protect the garden by a tiny levee. He had shoveled up a ridge of earth ten inches high and five rods long between the river and the garden, and this had served its purpose for a time—would have kept the flood back entirely had not it been a big one. The water, however, came around the ends of the levee and was coming in from the swamps, and it appeared that Alabama Island would soon be entirely submerged. The men went about their work of loading their household goods in pirogues, and I dropped down to the next house. This was a new one, the home of a newly married couple, French to the core. Their home had only one room, and, besides, the groom was fearful of the stranger.

It would make little difference where I slept that night, for my boat was supplied with everything needful, but I did want to talk to some one in those depths. The real natives, the Cajuns, were suspicious of a stranger. But I found an "Indiana Hoosier" at last, Bruce Lechner, ten miles below the convict camp. He was a tall, fifty-year-old man, who had lived in the swamps for more than twenty years. He had a fine, substantial house, with a big fireplace, a herd of cattle in the swamps and horses and goats and chickens. The year before thirty head of cattle he owned were drowned in the overflow. They were almost wild game, and it is necessary to hunt them with rifles at times. He thought likely this overflow would drown some more for him. He showed little enthusiasm over the matter one way or the other. It didn't seem to matter much—at least nothing could be done to help. He wasn't a farmer so much as he was a fisherman, anyhow.

"I was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, originally," he said. He had a small gray goatee, a lean brown face, and a lean look. Nevertheless, he was one of the rich men of the region.

I swung my hammock in a little cabin twenty rods below Lechner's house. This house, by the way, was not his real home, but just an overflow camp. His real house was one on stilts further up stream which I had noticed coming down, its yard full of water.

"I've got another place cleared below here for a house," he said. "I noticed last spring that the land was high there—six inches higher than anywhere else around here."

When Lechner first came to the swamps he was a stave worker and earned $1 a day. He had had experiences up and down the Mississippi bottoms. On one occasion he was with a gang of men getting out stave timber on Ouchita River. They were in a swamp four miles from high ground and were camped on the highest ground in the swamp. There was a rise in the river and before the men knew it, they were wading in water. They had just time to get into their flat boats when another wave came. Had their boats been carried away they would have had to take to trees and starved until the river went down.

"While I was working for a dollar a day I laid out a trot line one night," Lechner said. "I put the line out Sunday, and on Thursday I took the fish to the camp and sold some to the boss and sold the rest to a nearby town. I got $25 for that mess, and I wasn't feeling like stave working, either. I went to fishing right then and I've been fishing ever since. I was the first man who came down Atchafalaya fishing—in those days you could catch more fish on ten hooks than you could on a thousand now."

The reason is not ascribed to overfishing, which is worth emphasizing. "Sharks and gars come up in here and kill them off," Lechner said.

The Atchafalaya is probably one of the most remarkable rivers in the territory of the United States. It is not much over a hundred feet wide in many places, but its depth is 200 feet in pools. Always there is twenty feet of water throughout its length, and large steamers have followed its course without difficulty as to draft, but at the bends they were in imminent danger of bumping into the banks. The fish migrate up it in schools—carp and game fish. The gar, with a head like an alligator's, and the shark, with a scooping under jaw, follow them and sweep the waters of their prey. The fishermen find the gar and shark most troublesome co-fishers. They are useless water creatures to the swamp dwellers, though unquestionably their bodies would serve excellently for fertilizer. When a shark takes the hooked carp he rips up the trot line and yanks the cotton staging in two without much effort, tangling it up with the trot line and breaking the trot line itself if need be. Lechner says that the best trot line is wire clothesline, which does not corrode, or rot, as the common cotton trot cord does. Of baits, the little shad is best.

Hoop nets are fished, and so are long set nets. When the water is deep in the swamps—back in the woods—the fishermen go after fish with bush lines, run from tree to tree in the wilderness, following it with a pirogue, and getting lost sometimes. A submerged forest miles long and miles wide, with tangles of vines, trees so close together that the narrow boats are sometimes too wide to go between them, and undergrowth absolutely impassable, is no place for a man with soft palms to lose himself. Instead of watching the blow of the wind one must study the water currents, and hunt across them to Courtableau, Big Bayou Fordoche, Big Alabama or some other waterway leading a long ways around, but finally home again.

Now and then one hears a Louisiana swamp man speaking of his homeland as "The American Venice." That an Old World city with water streets loaned its name to a forested swamp is a note worth making. The people of these swamps live far apart. The "French settlement" on Little Alabama Island has four or five houses in it, scattered along a mile of stream. Throughout the whole region of the bayous the only roads and highways are streams of water. The occasional team of lean, insect-bled horses but emphasizes this fact. The horses haul wood to the houses, but are moved about on flatboats when they go anywhere. The men are strong armed from paddling, but they are not walkers, naturally.

There is one negro who lives in the swamp depths willingly. He is a harmless old man. But others do not come. If one did "he wouldn't last long." That is to say, in these depths the negro is not wanted by many of the residents, and the colored man would be killed.

I wouldn't care to sleep on the ground anywhere in the Louisiana swamps. There are crawling things which squirm along the ground, and would likely find the warmth of a human body tempting and repay inhospitality by vicious bites. I swung my hammock in the fish house clear of the ground a long ways, and slept well in it, but when I awakened in the night I shuddered at the sound of the river pouring past only six yards distant, and probably eighty feet deep only ten yards beyond that. It was astonishing to me that the current didn't wear the bank down, but apparently the bank was not of a dissolving sort of earth.

In the morning I drank coffee with Mr. and Mrs. Lechner, then watched him pull some hoop nets which contained six fish, say 50 pounds. Looking at them he shook his head mournfully. "I used to make $10 before breakfast a few years ago," he said. He looked at the water for a moment as he returned to the house.

"The levees are to blame," he said. "They rush the water down here and pile it in on us like this—the floods come higher here than ever before. For a while it's going to be tough on us, but it's filling in these swamp lands so much that they'll be near the highest water level before long—then you'll see plantations down here as fine as any in the world. Cotton, sugar and fine houses will cover these lands. Forty years from now this'll be cleared land."

The Government has tried to open up the swamps. Uncle Sam spent $25,000 on Courtableau Bayou clearing out the drift which was shunted into the bayous by the Red River and Mississippi currents. The contractor drove flat dog spikes into the drift and tied the drift to trees along the bank of the bayou by means of wire ropes. It was in high water, and a fine clear way was made. When the water went down, however, the logs and other drift rolled down the bank, the dogs pulled out, and the drift went free again. Had the drift been shunted into the woods, or even pushed against the lower side of the bayou it would have remained put, and the sixty-foot channel called for would have been preserved. No boat goes into Courtableau now.

The fish boat from Mellville keeps Lechner in touch with the world. He takes three papers a week, Pennsylvania Grit, and the Semi-Weekly Times-Democrat of New Orleans. He was more familiar with names great in American and European politics than I was, and he was refreshingly unbiased on many topics which half-informed people decide and hold to regardless of the underlying truths. Alone, cut off from the world's enticing digressions, he had time to think for himself, and think well.

After breakfast of pork, eggs, flour biscuit and coffee, with condensed milk, we came down to the fish house. He said that he had another house underway down the river, and that I should notice it as I passed.

"I don't know how that place has been missed so long," he said. "Why last spring it was four inches above the water, and that was the highest water we've had in ten years. I built it six inches higher, and I'm going to live down there this spring when the water's up. Men been going up and down this river for years, looking for high ground, and they didn't notice that."

I asked was there any danger to be anticipated down the river?

"No, sir," was the reply. "If you're a man, you'll be treated like a man, but if you ain't, you'll be treated like what you are."

This seems to be the length and breadth and thickness of going among people said to be "dangerous." A frank statement of fact, conforming with the previous experience of the listener, will take one safely through any class of people. A blue cotton shirt, and a pair of corduroy trousers is as good an introduction on the Mississippi as different raiment is in other places.

A minute after I hit the bank with my oar I was in the solitude again. I saw a couple of eagles, a few circling buzzards, a great ivory-billed woodpecker and heard the "white sucker, white sucker" of an oriole. The trees were well; if not fully, leaved out. The leaves hung in clusters among which the Spanish moss squirmed when the wind reached down from the soft-lighted sky. The forest seemed smitten by an epidemic of disease. The clusters of leaves seemed mere patches compared to the size of the ashen trunks. Scars of sodden brown showed where the branches had broken down, unable to sustain their own weight. The wind rattled among the trees with a wispy, salty noise while the water hissed along the bank, tossing the overhanging branches and causing great skeleton limbs twenty feet long to pound the water and whip the branches round about—a dreaded sawyer, fit to cut my boat in two should I get carried under or over one. At intervals along either bank were eddies, narrow, boiling places where the water writhed, and hummocked up, as though live things were in them—and in one, I am not sure but what I did see a gar curve over, the sunlight shining green on its back—and suggesting nothing so much as one curve of a giant reptile.

At intervals there were bends so sharp that the water piled up against the bank beyond. Here the waters were fearful to look upon—not the boiling places, but the wide, saucer-shaped sucks toward the center of which things began to lift their heads and long sticks stood on end and dived out of sight were the more horrible things. Passing down this stream was like a poet's dream of the Styx—at least like going to the funeral of a forest, with dead things as mourners, and the dying trees as spectators.

I was now within eighty miles of Morgan City, where I would take the best way home. I came to an odd group held to the bank by a boy's arms. It consisted of a gasolene boat, a small rowboat, and a pirogue. The gasolene was towing the rowboat, and in the pirogue was William Young, taking a large pink mattress to Butte la Rose, on Grand River, to exchange it for groceries. The mattress was filled with Spanish moss, and he would get $1 for filling it with the wiry stuff. Gathering black Spanish moss is one of the swamp occupations. The moss is plucked, put in a barrel and then boiling wather poured over it to kill it. Then it is dried and packed into the bed mattresses and sent to market on fish steamers by the storekeeper. Young said he would show me the head of Little Atchafalaya, when we got to Grand River, this little stream being a part of my course to Grand Lake. We parted company with the gasolene, which was up bound, and floated down stream together, each curious to know the other's business, and each one in a fair way to being satisfied.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Camp Surgery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There have been several articles of late in your valuable paper about Camp Medicine and Camp Surgery, and I know of a way to stop bleeding that is so easy of application that everybody should know of it; and I wish to call the attention not of campers only, but any one living out of town and miles from a surgeon, who may bleed to death before one can be got to them, when if they knew what to do and always kept the article or material on hand to do it with, they might stop the flow immediately. The blood from any flesh wound can be stopped so quickly that it would lead a person to believe that it was not much of a wound any way. Of course, this does not apply to jugular vein, nor a main artery. At least, I have never had a chance to try such; but if an artery does not throw a stream more than a tenth of an inch in size it will be closed up in a few seconds, and the remedy is simple and easy, but is unknown, at least I have never known any one else to make use of it, and it is something that can be applied by any person without any knowledge of surgery.

If the wound has any foreign substance in it, wash it out with hot water, and if there is a syringe at hand it is a fine thing to do it with, but not essential; and if hot water is not obtainable, use other water. But if the wound is clean, use no washing, but have some one hold the wound (if it is a cut) as wide open as they can, and the dressing is nothing but just pulverized alumn. It is to be put into the wound and tamped in, as you see men tamp gravel under a railroad tie, or until the wound is full. The tamping process is to make sure that the alum has reached the bottom of the wound.

Then press the wound together and hold it so for two or three minutes. Then sew it up. I have treated several bad wounds this way, and I never but once even had silk to use. My method of sewing is original, so far as I know. I simply knot the end of the thread and commence at one end of the wound and just sew over and over with the stitches about one-half inch apart, if it is a large wound and in a fleshy place; but if otherwise not more than one-quarter to one-eighth inch. At the last end of the cut put a knot in the thread close down. If the alum has got to all parts of the wound, it will have stopped bleeding before you have finished applying it; so you will have no bother from blood while sewing it together. Then bandage it with anything at hand. I generally have had to tear a cotton shirt into strips about three inches wide and shingle it on about three-ply and then sew it fast.

In two instances where a shirt was not to be had I folded a pocket handkerchief two-ply and then tore up a flannel shirt into strips and wound it on and sewed it fast. The bandage is only to keep the clothing from rubbing the parts.

I have never had to use any other dressing nor more than the one application, and there has been no sloughing, and almost no swelling. One vacation I had to practice on myself from my under lip having been torn from the jaw, I having been projected into a sandbank at such high speed that the sand was forced into my mouth, and even into my lungs; it took me a week to cough the last of it up. Incidentally my under lip was turned down on my throat and my jaw unjointed. But as soon as I got the sand out of my mouth so I could breathe, and had forced my jaw back into place, I turned my under lip up to where it should be and went to the camp (I was at work for a logger) and cleaned the sand out of the pocket and then filled it up with alum; then after holding my hand against my chin for a minute or two, I tied a handkerchief across my chin and around my neck; and that was the only dressing that it ever required. It healed without any sloughing.

One time only have I had occasion to treat a gun shot wound, and that was when a man that was foolidentally (no such shooting can or should be called accidental) shot by a comrade while hunting deer. He was a man of ample proportions, and the bullet went through the thigh just back of the bone. I heard the shot about 300 yards from me, and also heard the man who was shot yell, and I knew by the tone of his voice that he was hurt. I went to him as soon as possible, and found them (there were four in their party) at a standstill, expecting that the man would bleed to death in a few minutes. Of course there was considerable show of blood; but I found upon investigation that it was nothing but capillary bleeding, and I told him that he was in no danger, and that if he could walk (and that if he couldn't, we would rig up a stretcher and carry him, for it was not more than three-quarters of a mile to where we were camped), I could stop the bleeding so quickly after we got there that he would think that he was not hurt much. Well, when he came to try walking, he found he could go all right, and as soon as we got there I whittled out a small round stick and inserted a small tin funnel in the wound. I had an ounce bottle of the crushed alum, and had one of them pour the alum in the funnel and I kept poking it into the wound with the stick. I had previously rolled up a silk handkerchief and poked the end through with the stick until I could get hold of it, and then pulled it through, so that if there were any bits of clothing in the wound it would be likely to stick to the handkerchief. I kept ramming the alum in until it was full, and then I tore up a cotton shirt and made a bandage and bound it up. The wound healed without sloughing any, and was well in six days.

Several of the cuts that I have treated were unbandaged three and a half days after injury and were found to be healed all right. One of them was of a horse that got cut in the ankle; an artery was severed, and the blood spurted eight or ten feet. The man who owned the horse was going to pull the harness off and give him up for dead. This was in the logging woods in Wisconsin; but we were close to the camp—not more than a hundred yards—and I told him to take the horse to the stable, for I could stop the bleeding in fifteen seconds. I ran into the camp and got my bottle of alum, and was at the stable as soon as he was. I told him to grab hold of the hair at the edges of the cut (it was three inches long) and hold it open as wide as he could and with a lifting tension. I crammed it full and tamped in the alum until all of the onlookers laughed like idiots. They all thought that the horse would die anyhow, for in the excitement they had not noticed that it had stopped bleeding. Then I told the man to let loose. I pressed the edges of the cut together and held it for a minute; and then told him to keep his hands on it and not allow it to gap open. Then I went back to the shanty and got a glover's needle and shoe threat, two-ply, and sewed it up with my over-and-over method stitches, five-eighths of an inch apart. This was just before dinner. The man was hauling logs on sleighs, and he had four horses, and after dinner he said, "Well, I can drive a spike team now for a while." I said that the horse was all right. "Yes," said he, "but it won't do to try to work that horse for several days, as it will start it to bleeding again, and perhaps two miles from camp, and then he would be a goner." I remarked that it would have to be another cut if it did. "Well," he said, "I gave him up once, and you said he was all right; so now if you say he can work all right, to work he goes." He took the horse out and he never limped a bit. For that matter he had not from the first acted as if he was hurt very much. Three days and a half after when I removed the bandage the cut was healed, and I cut and pulled the sewing. A white streak not more than a tenth of an inch wide was all the scar there was.

W. A. Linkletter.

Hoquiam, Wash.

Houseboats and Houseboating.

Outdoor people and above all city people will be greatly interested in the volume on Houseboats, which the Forest and Stream Publishing Company now have in press. The people of the United States are turning more and more toward an open air life in summer, yet the lands accessible to centers of civilization are being taken up and utilized so rapidly that they are each year growing more and more expensive. Besides that, the cost of running two establishments—of having a country place as well as a habitation in the city—is very considerable, and if possible is to be avoided.

Many of the problems of country existence are to be escaped by the use of the houseboat. For this no expensive ground is required, land need not be purchased nor rent paid; coachmen and gardeners can be dispensed with; one anchors his houseboat on the water which is free to all, and remains there as long as he pleases; or he makes an arrangement with some land holder, and for a very trifle may moor his houseboat to the bank, then when he likes he can up anchor and go away to some other place. The question as to whether the owner shall have his own motive power on a houseboat, or shall have an auxiliary vessel to tow it, will be decided by each individual.

Among the obvious advantages of houseboat life are economy, freedom to go where one pleases on the water, the delights of boating, bathing and fishing at all times, together with a privacy as great as one may desire. Such a life may be a judicious mixture of wild wood camp or city life. One may be alone or may have as many guests as he has room for. Then, too, in these days of automobiles, the car may be stored on the houseboat and land journeys of indefinite length may be taken. There are possibilities in houseboat life only to be realized by those who have tried it as thoroughly as have the English. They are enthusiastic in their approval of it, and it is sure to become popular in the United States.



Sea Elephants on Kerguelen Island.

The sea elephant, as stated in an article in the Forest and Stream printed some weeks ago, was formerly very abundant in the Antarctic, and existed in some numbers on the coast of California. In both places it has been practically exterminated. When the animals became very scarce, it became unprofitable to send vessels to get the skins and oil, and freedom from pursuit enabled the species in the Antarctic to increase. About ten years ago, however, the killing was revived at Kerguelen Island by a vessel from New London, Conn., and again in 1897 a vessel from Boston visited the island and secured about 4,000 of the animals, which yielded 1,700 barrels of oil.

In the London "Zoologist" appeared an article by Mr. Robert Hall, who in the summer of 1897 and 1898 paid a visit to Kerguelen Island in the brig Edward, which may very likely have been one of the vessels above referred to. Mr. Hall's account deals solely with the sea elephant as he saw it, and not only gives an excellent notion of the size and habits of the animal, but also of their extraordinary inertia and of the difficulties and even dangers of this butchery. The sea elephant is probably nearer absolute extinction than any mammal in the world.

Kerguelen's Land is a large island of about ninety miles by forty miles, and full of fiords, on the coasts of which the sea elephants congregate in numbers, more especially on the west coast, where they are secure, owing to its ruggedness, dangerous winds and currents. It is thought they arrive to rear a family in August, and our observations lead us to believe the departure is timed for February and March. During these months they are very restless, and remain no longer the listless creatures of December. A sea elephant is contrary in nature to a sea lion, for, while the former on this island is docile and languid, the latter on the Aucklands is active and savage. The elephant, on observing a stranger, shows a restless eye, but quickly goes to sleep again. You may then walk through a herd of fifty sleeping animals, and merely disturb one or two for a moment. These hot-blooded creatures vary in size from 6 feet to 20 feet 6 inches, and we found a skeleton of a yong one about 4 feet in length. The largest were exceedingly difficult to handle; but as the enterprise of our ship was principally a commercial one, the business faculty was quickly brought to bear upon any awkward and unwilling customer.

Many of the animals would weigh approximately two to six tons. No five men could turn a large bull over without special levers, and it needed seven sealers to haul half a skin along the sand to the boat in waiting. As for dragging a whole skin, that was quite out of the question under the circumstances. For museum purposes we made a preparation of one, and this we feared would break the tackle while being drawn on board from the end of a towline. Its length was only 14 feet 9 inches, with a girth of 10 feet 10 inches about the pectoral girdle. From shoulder to shoulder it measured 5 feet 6 inches. The circumference at the base of the flippers was 3 feet 6 inches.

To the great bulk there was a mouth with a breadth at the angle of 9 inches only, and a tongue (which we found later to be excellent eating) quite filled it. Dr. Stirling has this specimen mounted in the South Australian Museum. While the blubber ranges from 2 to 6 inches in depth, it varies in weight. Six men were employed in changing the position of one fatty skin while on the skinning board. This is a fair example of a male, which is always larger than the female. The congregation in harbors was generally systematic. The bulls occupied one part of the beach and the cows formed a colony in another. There were always several colonies in a harbor, and they seldom appeared to intermingle. The young were not numerous. They had probably set out on their southerly migration before our arrival on Dec. 27, or were scattered promiscuously along the beaches.

It is the general impression that these mammals lie in their rookeries for days or weeks together, and do not feed otherwise than on their fatty tissue. With this view I do not altogether agree, for most of the seals are daily to be seen in the water, either coming in with the full flood or going out with the early part of an ebb tide. That a young sea elephant, 6 feet in length can live a month on its own fat was proved by one we brought to Melbourne, and which was lodged in the aquarium, but died a few months later.

One day, as many as eighty may be countel; the next day the same beach may only contain ten, with other heads poking above the floating weed, and showing glassy round black eyes quite wide awake. Our men have often shot as many as sixty at one time, and found next day another twenty had come up among the dead, simply because it was their chosen lair. This species dislikes expending energy on land, and they will lie in a group of twenty to sixty in some grassy spot with a sandy landing. Some few will ascend to an inclined distance of 150 yards, and there they are not so active as those below, and probably do not go out daily. The energy would be too much for them, as they are slow crawlers, using only two flippers and the snake-like action of vertebræ and muscles.

The first anchorage of the brig was at Royal Sound, and before we removed from a beach of four miles in extent we had collected 426 skins. Our two anchors were lifted for a second harbor on Jan. 17 (Greenland Harbor).

During the first day sixty to seventy were killed, and similar results often followed. To shoot more at one time was inadvisable. An average of forty per day was considered good, and this allowed time to ship and "speck," i. e., take the blubber from the skin.

The finest herd we visited just before leaving the island. In all, there were twenty-four magnificent animals, roughly averaging 19 feet in length. Before introducing ourselves, I noticed one great "elephant" take a short cut over another, and a quarrel arose. Both growled and stood partly supported by their shoulder flippers. Another disagreement arose elsewhere, but it seems to me there is more bark than bite, as animosity is quickly lost in sleep. One unfortunate animal had a badly torn nose, in all probability a dental evidence of past troubles. One of the crew gave me a tooth some 7 inches in length, the greater portion of which lies within the gum (e. g., 4.9 inches). When disturbed the belching of each of these old bulls was objectionably strong, for it can scarcely be called a roar. So great is the exertion, that blood appears in the pharynx, and this occurred when I was engaged near its head, measuring the trough in which it lay. This lair along the convex part was 32 feet in length, the breadth 7 feet, tapering toward each end. The depth of these, mostly dry mud holes placed among the grasses, ranges to about 2 feet, seldom deeper; but they were placed in natural depressions—i. e., extra to the artificial ones.

Many of the troughs are continuous, and intersect each other, so that a large lair may appear netted, which is uncommon.* This place soon showed an unfortunate change. Rifles were presented within 6 feet of each bull, and the bullet sped through the brain box, partly flattening on the blubber of the opposite side. Now, slits with sharp knives are run dorsally in the long direction, and out rushes venous-like blood to stain the little bay in a few minutes. From one seal some sixty fountains of blood rose in oblique directions to a height of 2 feet, and all from the single cut on the back. Against the skyline this miniature double line of fountains looked strange, and the spray of a city corporation water van is not to be compared to its delicate and colored sprayings. In the viscera I was surprised at the length of the small intestine, which I found to be 255 feet in length and capable of rough haulage. It stood the pulling over the grass from the carcass with only a small distension.

The method of procuring "elephants" is a simple, though not an easy one. Three boats, each with a crew of five men, row from the anchorage to the shore, haul up their boats, prospect the field, and with four loaded rifles drive the animals down to within a few yards of high-water mark and shoot them. There they lie for the coming of the tide, and get anchored temporarily in a few feet of water. Some of the seals give considerable trouble before they will leave the high lands (100 yards from the beach on a medium incline), and as many as three hours may be spent in annoying them with the lance before they decide to go. If the seals carry their own skins down it saves much labor and time of the men. The boating is quite enough trouble to bear, as the harbor winds are treacherous and strong; so powerful are they, that I have observed half the body of a "waterfall" blown back many yards before it could leave the ledge where gravity was strongest. Should a gale prohibit the boats leaving the ship, the crew will sleep in during the day, and with the lull toward midnight leave for the scene of operations. Many a time they have had to row miles against a tempest to save being out all night, and many hours it has taken. Under such conditions, boats have been swamped, the skins floated overboard, and a landing arranged for fresh efforts. I shall not be likely to forget one intensely cold night while going on board with my birds and cameras. The helmsman got a renewed attack of tropical fever, and, almost collapsing, I was given charge of the helm. For three hours mittens and oilskins seemed like miserable calico, an then I fully sympathized with the men who had their wellingtons partly filled with icy water.

Daily the boats wend their way in much the same manner, and in exactly the same way the skins are taken from the bodies. Roughly speaking, each skillful man can skin the smaller seals—ten in two hours and a half, or fifteen minutes for each. This time is for animals which are not too large for a man to handle. The carcasses in our takings were generally of large size. The following is a case of quick work: After a 1 o'clock dinner (of plum duff) the boats were rowed three miles. Seventy-two seals were killed, and all but fourteen skinned. Twenty-three of the largest were taken on board, and the last was upon the windlass at 9:30 P. M. Two skins of fair size are enough for a small boat, or one of a large bull. The last trip in the above raid took two hours and a half in rowing three miles; this wasted time and much more was spent in endeavoring to get around a certain point. We agreed without a dissenting voice to call this headland Cape Horn of Royal Sound.

This uncharitable point is the type of many another. To leave a harbor for a second one is the event most trying to the constitution, for one never knows until the anchor is safely dropped where the howling wind will drive you. Altogether we tried six harbors, of which four were well worked. The fifth (Swains Bay) took us three days to enter, and after being ten minutes inside trying to get up the channel, our clever captain put his ship about, and thanked his lucky stars he had got safely out of the treacherous "hole." Down this fiord the wind without notice struck the foresails, while the wind astern drove her forward. Here the trouble started, but fortunately quickly ended by good management and good fortune. Had we touched the entrance island the ship would at once have been broken into matchwood. From this place I carried pleasant recollections, more on account of the bold contour and strangeness of the island than because it pleased my friends to chart it as a tribute to myself. Strange as it may read, among the finding of shipwreck remains there were letters and bottles from a sealing captain mentioned in Prof. Moseley's "Challenger Notes" twenty years ago. Capt. Fuller is an old hand at the business, and evidently has the indomitable pluck of the American in the making and losing of fortunes in rough waters! As for ourselves, we managed to quit the land safely on Feb. 18, although for a few hours we could not get over a severe loss we made at the last moment. Having on the 17th killed, skinned and anchored a batch of skins to the value of £250, all hands on board heaved anchors next morning to stand into a near bay to take them off. Two storms now showed their effects; one in driving all the skins ashore and burying them in the sand; the other in driving us off the bay altogether.

With a threatening sky our tight and dry little brig, the Edward, now headed for Melbourne, and we started a direct homeward course of 3,400 miles. This was duly accomplished in twenty-two days, and we experienced a phenomenal wind for the latter fourteen days, which was from the north instead of the prevailing one from the west, a circumstance of exceedingly rare occurrence.

*In one trough there are very often two bulls or two cows, the broad part of one and the tapering part of another at one end, and the corresponding parts toward the opposite pole. This insures the trough being well filled.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

An Angler's Wild Flowers.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not want to poach on Mr. Weed's "Wild-flower Manor," but on looking over the short letter I wrote you a few weeks since, I find one or two more words to say on the habit of wild flowers to group themselves in certain localities, and remain there. I omitted one flower which I have always found in what I called my "forest garden," viz., the little two-leaved Solomon's Seal (*Convallaria bifolia*), while along the roadside leading up the hill, I found a little later, two other varieties of the same genus, the "many flowered," with flowers drooping from the axils of the leaves, and a larger species, often two feet high, with a terminal spike of small white flowers. Along this hilly road also, were frequent patches of the Epigea, or May flower.

The Lady's Slippers, of which I spoke as being exterminated, were in quite a different locality, the valley, or gully, parallel to the channel of the mill brook, probably formed long ago by the changes in the current of the brook, or perhaps by springs from the hillside. Here the foundation soil is a thick bed of blue clay, on perfectly parallel strata, of different density and shades of color, probably deposited millions of years ago, when this section of the valley was the bed of a great glacial lake, held back by the converging hills at Bellows Falls. Here I found both the white and yellow Lady's Slippers, and on around the little hillock between this gully and the brook, the showy Orchis. The Orchis is still there, but a road to the meadow has been cut through the gully, and the flowers are gone.

The yellow Lady's Slipper I find now in a different locality, in a gorge on the hillside, where quite a brook comes down in the spring, from the melting of the snow in the pastures above, and where more or less water trickles unseen on the surface, among the stones at the bottom, keeping the gully always damp. At the foot of this, where it opens out on the pasture it has formed a long talus, which supports another group of flowers, entirely. At the upper end are the Lady's Slippers, the Purple William, the Arum, or Jack in the Pulpit, the Wild Ginger, the red-berried Actes, and the Skunk Currant, while the lower end of the slope bears a profusion of Columbine, and the round-leaved Wintergreen, mentioned by Mr. Weed, and which reminds me much, by its flowers and fragrance, of the cultivated Lily of the Valley. The other Wintergreen, the umbelled, or long-leaved, the Indian Pipsissewa, mentioned by Mr. Weed, I used to find, when a boy, in a strip of old pine woods just beyond the gully where I found the white Lady's Slippers, being a continuation of the plateau on which the village stands, and which, as I have said, is in all probability the bottom of an old glacial lake; but the old pines have long since been converted into lumber, and I have not seen the flower of late years. Another flower which I still find on the corner of the bluff, where the plateau overlooks the river, is the tall yellow Girardia, a beautiful spike of straw-colored flowers, some three feet high, like a tall yellow Foxglove.

The Bottle Gentian is common along the river road, where the springs from the hillsides make little pools of clear water; but the Fringed Gentian affects the sides of the railroad cuttings or embankments, where its seeds take root easily, and is often scarce for a year or two, when the railroad company has made a cleaning up of their "right of way." So much for wild flowers; I hope that Mr. Weed will continue his delightful notes, with their admirable illustrations.

Now, let me change the subject to a different "Point of View." I think Mr. Kimball has rightly interpreted Flint Locke's problem as natural evolution. I have been through the same change of feeling myself, and, I think, have written to FOREST AND STREAM how I was so much delighted with the antics and graceful movements of a gray squirrel, some dozen or more years ago, when he came almost to my feet, searching for nuts, as I sat on a rock under a yellowing hazel, my tan-colored shooting suit harmonizing with the fading leaves, until I raised my hand to brush off a fly, when he vanished like a "blue streak," that I came home, put my old gun away in the case, and have not had it out for game since.

Mr. Kimball is right in quoting Haeckel. We are slowly passing through the various stages of creation, and being evolved from the savage into the perfect man. I well remember my first slaughter, when I knocked a chickadee out of our apple tree with my bow and arrow, and my sorrow afterward, when I picked up the dead body. I have killed much small game since, but it has all been edible, except a couple of porcupines, which I have shot by mistake for raccoons, and a few bluejays, for taxidermic purposes; but I have never had an opportunity to look for big game, when I could do it, and now that it is lawful to shoot deer in some parts of New Hampshire, I am physically incapable of the exercise involved in the sport. Still, I have had over half a century's enjoyment, and many a good dinner, what with upland plover, woodcock, ruffed grouse and gray squirrels, and am perfectly content to follow the dictates of nature, and let the old gun, which I bought in 1851, rest in "innocuous desuetude." The doctrine of evolution, which some of our theologians have opposed as being contrary to Hebrew tradition, has come to stay, and any observer of nature can see it in daily operation. We have but to change one word in the book of Genesis, and substitute "era," or "period," for "day," and the account of creation as there given, agrees with the "Testimony of the Rocks," as written by the hand of the Creator Himself, with the exception of the supposition, that the sun, moon and stars were all created for the special use and accommodation of the inhabitants of this planet. We may, without irreverence, assume, that the "day" on which the Creator rested, is like all the other days, a period of millions of years, and that he is still evolving the perfect man out of the first crude savage. Certain it is to the student of history that the human race is improving, though gradually.

Your other correspondent, Mr. Douglas, takes exception to Mr. Kimball, on the ground that man is still fighting, and that war still prevails on the earth; but let him compare the wars of to-day, when every army that goes into the field is accompanied by its corps of Red Cross nurses, with the ambulances and surgeons, and foe, as well as friend, receive all needed assistance, with the *væ victis* of the Romans, or the professedly divine slaughter of the Canaanites and Amalekites.

We have no repetition to-day of Cannæ, or of the inhuman massacre of Tamerlane, or Genghis Khan, no temples or palaces built of the skulls of the conquered. Leipsic and Waterloo have become memories of the past, Gettysburg is fading, and Liao Yang and Mukden will perhaps mark the close of the era of great battles, and the beginning of the one of peaceful arbitration. Let us hope so, at least, for we can but note the signs of the times.

And now from speculation to hard fact. I was saddened to see in last FOREST AND STREAM the death notice of Cabia Blanco, for of all your later contributors his simple, graphic narratives of life on the frontier have to me been the most interesting reading—and have given me a clearer conception of the habits and manners of the different Indian tribes inhabiting that part of the country. His writings remind me more of those of Nessmuk, than do those of any other of your more recent correspondents. I shall miss his letters from your columns very much. I am glad to see, speaking of Nessmuk, that Kelpie is yet in the land of the living. I had once hoped to be able to meet him on some northern trout stream, but those days are over, and I see he seems to be slowly drifting into a warmer climate. Good luck, and pleasant dreams to him and the rest of your contributors. VON W.

A Burmese Snake Charmer.

HAVING always had a liking for snakes I went in search of a Burman snake charmer, by name Moung Lo, in the hope that he would be able to get me some specimens. Almost the only Burmese word I then knew was *myway*, that is a snake, but, with the aid of my interpreter, after a short time. the Burmese charmer was prevailed upon to produce a round basket, having opened which, a head with hood expanded and about 1½ feet of body, sprung up like a jack-in-the-box and remained motionless. The charmer was standing near the basket. Suddenly the snake struck at him by letting its body and head fall forcibly forward; in this strike the body was kept perfectly rigid, bending only where it touched the rim of the basket. The charmer did not move, knowing that he was at least eighteen inches away from the edge of the basket, and there was, as I have said, only eighteen inches of snake above the rim. His assistant now engaged the snake's attention in front, while the charmer deftly seized the reptile by the neck and hauled out and deposited on the ground about nine feet of hamadryad or giant cobra (*Ophiophagus elaps*), the most formidable and deadly snake in Burma. Then the two Burmans went through what the uninitiated would consider the most daring performance ever witnessed. The hamadryad lay with its head raised about two feet, the rest of its body at length on the ground, hood expanded and fangs ready to strike. One of the Burmans squatted down a few feet off. The snake, with a fierce hiss, glided rapidly toward him, head still erect. When it got within range, it again struck at him. The Burman swiftly parried the blow with his bare arm, letting the snake's body below the hood only touch the limb. The hood and body slid off his arm and fell flat on the ground. Before the snake had time to raise its head for another strike, the Burman had moved off a few feet, and from there went through the same performance.

Having intimated that I wished to see its fangs, the charmer again seized the snake by the neck and opened its mouth with a bit of wood. I could only see the fang on one side, the other appeared to be broken. When not ready to strike a loose bit of skin envelops these teeth. If the snake has its fangs pulled out it does not follow that it will be rendered innocuous, as there are auxiliary fangs behind the real one, and if the big ones are destroyed these often come forward and take their place. However, when I proved dissatisfied with this particular hamadryad's dental arrangement the assistant was dispatched, and presently returned with a similar basket, out of which another rather bigger serpent was produced. They went through a similar performance with this snake, and on inspection I found that both fangs were present.

The Burmese know much more about snakes than the natives of India, and seldom, if ever, extract the fangs of a cobra or hamadryad, which Indian charmers almost always do to their cobras, with the snakes they exhibit. After a little bargaining, during the course of which I rode away and the Burman ran after me to accept my offer, the giant cobra became my property, and I set off for my bungalow, followed by the Burman and the basket. Having arrived there, I had yet to learn the art of feeding the snake, and this my Burman friend taught me before leaving. A hamadryad, or cobra, when first caught, would sooner starve to death than eat anything. When used to captivity, however, it will feed well enough. Till then it must be fed by hand, and this is how it is done. The Burman opened the basket and seized the snake by the back of the neck with his left hand, the thumb and forefinger on each side of the head, the other fingers loosely round the throat. As he looked round for a bit of stick, I handed him a penholder, which he inserted between the hamadryad's teeth. Then I got him some raw beef, and he selected a piece looking just twice too big to go down. This he placed between the snake's teeth and slipped the penholder out. Then with the end of that instrument he gently pushed the beef till the snake gave a convulsive swallow, when he rammed the meat down as far as the penholder would allow him. It then appeared as a lump in the throat a few inches below the fingers of his left hand. This he worked a foot or two down the body with the thumb of the other hand. He told me that ten mouthfuls of this size were enough for one meal, and would last for a week. Small fish were also good for a change, and the snake wanted water every day.

I next had a large airy box made for my pet, with perforated zinc and a sheet of glass. Then came the rehous-

ing of the animal. Without having had any experience, I was not going to seize him in the same nonchalant way as my Burman friend. On the contrary, I took good care to have his head under a stick before catching hold of him. At first I began by gripping him very tightly, but I soon found it was not at all necessary unless he was wriggling. I have referred to the performance of the Burmese snake charmers as marvellous to the uninitiated. By that I mean that when one has had a little experience of the ways of this snake the feat does not appear so wonderful. The first thing required in any dealing with venomous snakes is a certain amount of self-confidence. If you want to seize a snake at a given moment, seize him; do not go as if to catch hold of him and then draw your hand away. When you have got him, hold him firmly, as close to the head as possible. Do not get alarmed and try to get rid of him quickly, but make sure that all his body is clear of you first.

The secret of the charmers' success is this, the hamadryad and cobra have only one method of attack, and that is as I have described it. This they never vary. Whether lying coiled up or otherwise they have to erect a certain length of body before they are able to strike, then you know that the strike is coming and ought to be able to avoid it. If you look at one of these serpents in its box it will rear up its head, expand its hood and remain motionless in this position for hours. This snake cannot make a snap at one like a viper.

The hamadryad has the reputation of being the only snake that will attack mankind of its own initiative without being molested. There certainly have been many authentic instances of such attacks, but I am inclined to think it is in only a few cases that the snake will do this. Probably the serpent has very good reason for its fierceness, viz., that someone has been close to where the female has just deposited her eggs, and it is for this reason that she attacks him. The constricting power of this snake has been greatly overrated, and in point of fact is practically non-existent. With a little practice I found I could feed my captive with ease.—G. Stigand, in London Field.

A Late Singer.

WHEN the lightness and airiness of summer has departed and the swooning dog days have come, then the migrants that made the woods musical have all fallen into a melancholy silence—all but one. The exception is the red-eyed vireo, commonly called the preacher bird. Up among the dusty drooping leaves, with the August sun hot upon him he continues to hold forth. But is it really fair to compare his vocal efforts to preaching! For one I think not. It is true he phrases dogmatically, as it were, and iterates, but how sweet—how musical it really is—how free from gloom and uncomfortable suggestion.

If he is a preacher he is of the order of dryads—a voice from the pure, joyous heart of nature. Some writer on birds (I think it is Miss Mabel Osgood Wright) has said that he ought to be silent when late summer comes, as the whisper of leaves is then enough. But I cannot agree with this view. There is always something oppressive in silence, and the silence of the woods can hardly be said to be relieved by the whispering of leaves—this indeed only seems to emphasize it. At a little distance the warbling of the vireo might be mistaken almost for the gurgling of a brook, and its persistence would add to the illusion. Surely there is nothing in this to offend the ear of one disposed to contemplation or even slumber.

But every one to his taste. For my own part I am always happy to hear the vireo at the end of summer. Undoubtedly then a species of eclipse falls upon nature—the woods become sombre and drowsy, as it were—there is a presage of the fall—the season of decay and death. And the migrants feel it, for with the one excepted they not only fall silent but betake themselves to solitary thickets and mope the days away. How grateful we ought to feel to the vireo who does not fall a victim to the depressing influence of the season, but still remains in view and lifts up his voice as cheerily as he did in the buoyant days of June. Albeit his song is so different from that of the British robin he reminds me of the latter in his constancy and gay philosophy—not to the same extent, of course, for the British robin sings all winter long. "You see it, you know it; do you hear me? Do you believe it?" the vireo has been represented as saying by Mr. Wilson Flagg. I had this in mind one day strolling through the woods. Presently I espied my little friend up among the branches. I repeated Mr. Flagg's interpretation, when the following answer seemed to reach my ear: "The pulpit? Forget it! When you hear me, can you believe it?" "No," I said, "I cannot; I will not; I do not!"

Vireo olivaceus the learned ones call him, and the name at least indicates his prevailing tint—olive. This blends so well with the faded foliage that the gay sprite would hardly ever be detected were it not for his brisk movements, for even while he sings he keeps on the go, seeking his living. Happy the bird or the man who can sing while he works.

The distribution of this exponent of the cheerful life is very extensive. I have found him even on Nantucket, where birds are few. About the quaint old port of entry are clustered the only large trees on the island. Here in a hoary branching elm the familiar voice was to be heard at all hours of the day—morning, noon and evening—echoing over the slumberous village. It was a solitary voice of its kind and for that reason I studied it the more closely. I was surprised to find it possessed a note unheard elsewhere, viz., a shrill and more or less prolonged whistle. I puzzled over this for some time and finally arrived at this solution: Now, if song birds are few on Nantucket there is another variety which simply abounds there, and this is the "rooster." At dawn (to the woe of the sleeper) 'tis "Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!" from near and far and east and west and north and south, till the whole welkin rings. Perhaps, I reflected, the simple vireo, being here alone, thought that the final note of chanticleer would be an addition to his song and adopted it. If so, I am sorry for that vireo. A more depraved addition to his poetic little roundelay could not well be imagined.

It must be a sad day in our minstrel's life when he ceases to sing. I can imagine him get up of a morning about the middle of September and say to himself: "Funny, but I don't feel like singing this morning." He mounts to the topmost branches of his abode (which he has rarely left all summer) and scans the world at large. There is a chill in the air, the sky is overcast and a dreary, gusty wind is tossing the woods, sending the first harvest of leaves a-flying. A change—a radical change. The summer is gone—the fall is here. The observer realizes it all instinctively and is filled with a strange feeling of unrest. The large spreading tree loses for him its fascination, its home-like atmosphere; he takes to wandering through the woods. Occasionally you will catch a glimpse of him sitting silent on a branch and peering at you with ruby eyes. Strange to see him at once still and silent! For a week or two you will meet him thus and then in a night, like the Arab, he will have stolen away.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

The Wild Pigeons and Their Fate.

SQUAM LAKE, HOLDERNESS, N. H., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A batch of belated FOREST AND STREAMS has just reached me, and in the issue of Aug. 19 I find an article of very peculiar interest to me. It is entitled "The Pigeon's Fate" and is signed "Noynek."

The fate of the passenger pigeon has been to me for many years a problem of extraordinary interest and some readers of FOREST AND STREAM may recall that on several occasions I have through its columns stated my belief that the sudden going out of the countless hosts of that noble bird was due mainly not to the usually assigned causes—ruthless slaughter by man and beast at the breeding places—but some cataclysm of nature.

The slaughter referred to was a fact, of course; but having in my youth seen the pigeon flights of such extent as would be now quite unimaginable, I have steadfastly refused to believe that this vast aggregate of birds could have been destroyed so quickly by any of the agencies usually accredited with their destruction. I have several times, once I think within a year, in these columns propounded my theory that the main pigeon flight was destroyed by being caught by a cyclone in crossing the Gulf of Mexico, and I have vainly sought, not only in the public press but by inquiry of all ornithologists personally known to me and by correspondence with others for data as to the southern limit of the winter migration of the pigeon, assuming that if it could be proved that the pigeons did not cross the Gulf in their annual flight my particular theory must be abandoned.

In support of my theory I adduced other instances of the great reduction if not extermination of other species by the sudden action of natural causes and numerous instances of bird destruction by a tornado, and especially of the wholesale destruction of certain flights of pigeons by this very means. I cited the statement that Pigeon Cove, Mass., derived its name from the washing ashore there in the early time of a great mass of dead pigeons which had been killed by a tornado; of an account published in a Montreal paper of a similar happening many years ago when a flight of pigeons was whelmed by a tornado in the waters of Lake Michigan, the bodies of the drowned birds being thrown up in windrows on the lake shore above Milwaukee.

But the most significant thing and the one which long ago first set me to thinking on the subject was a newspaper item, unfortunately not preserved, to the effect that certain sailors coming into the port of New Orleans reported having sailed through leagues and leagues of water covered thickly with dead pigeons. Here, I said to myself, was at last an adequate cause for what we know has happened, viz., the so sudden termination of the annual pigeon flights that were the wonder of my boyhood when living on the shores of the Fox River in northern Illinois.

Singularly enough, I have never been able till very recently to find an ornithologist or even any scientific man who took any serious stock in this theory of cataclysm, the old idea of destruction by man and vermin being unquestioned and universally considered adequate.

Learning that Prof. Lynds-Jones, of Oberlin College, was one of the best authorities on bird migration, I addressed him a letter on the subject which seemed to me of sufficient biological interest to engage the attention of scientific men and propounded to him my theory.

To my delight he replied that the old explanations of the disappearance of the pigeon had always seemed to him utterly inadequate and he thought the data I adduced quite sufficient to warrant systematic inquiry and readily promised his co-operation.

Now comes the article of "Noynek" with its singular testimony in the very line of my theory and of peculiar interest to me in its suggestion that the great pigeon flight may not have been whelmed in a migratory flight across the Gulf, but have been forced into the Gulf from the Texas shore by the fierce "norther" described, which beat with such fury for several days upon the forest near the coast and, as stated in the dialect of the aged negro from whom "Noynek" got the story, "dun blowed de timber most to pieces."

Anyone who has encountered a genuine Texas "norther" has had such an experience as would make him quite capable of believing almost anything that might be told of its fell and destructive possibilities to anything caught unprotected in its course.

I earnestly hope that "Noynek" will give us more on this subject with fullest additional details possible. I can assure him that anything further from him on this subject will find one most interested reader, and I hope many more, and I believe he has hit upon testimony which may prove of great importance in the solution of the question which, as he says, "fairly nettles the thoughtful lover of nature."

If the cataclysm theory is the true one, and the particular occurrence narrated to him by the aged African was of sufficient extent to account for the sudden disappearance of the main pigeon flight, and if the old man's recollection be correct that it was "'bout twenty-five years ago," there must surely be many persons living on that Texas coast who could corroborate the story and give details of the greatest interest. I hope, therefore, that "Noynek" will not fail to prosecute such inquiry as he will doubtless know how to make among his friends and acquaintances on the Gulf coast and will report to FOREST AND STREAM.

C. H. AMES.

Horns Seven Feet Across.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 5 we printed an item telling of the discovery in Kansas of a pair of horns which measured seven feet from tip to tip, and suggested that these horns belonged to one of the great bisons of Postertiary time, having in mind *Bison latifrons,* described by Harlan. We are advised by Mr. F. A. Lucas, Curator in Chief of the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute, who has seen photographs of the specimen, that this is an example of *Bison latifrons* as supposed. He adds:

"It is one of the finest examples of this species ever discovered, and marks the westernmost range of the species. As is almost inevitably the case with fossil bison, the frontal bones only were present, but in this case they were united and the horns in their natural position. This is not the case with the Cincinnati specimen, in which the frontal bones had been separated. This species is by far the finest of North American bison, and must have been a magnificent animal."

Persons interested in American bison should read Mr. Lucas' pamphlet on the "Fossil Bison of North America," in one of the Bulletins of the National Museum, about 1887. This gives, so far as was then known, the number of species and their distribution.

From this paper we learn that there are half a dozen species of fossil bison in America, but that the remains are likely to be fragmentary and difficult of comparison with each other. It might thus well enough result that a species should be described from the tooth, another from a horn, another from a leg bone, all of which might have belonged to the same individual, or at least to the same species. In all the bison, however, the teeth are very much alike, and do not afford very good characters. A horn core described as bison by Mr. Rhoads appears to be a horn core of the muskox, while another species of "bison" described from a horn core, by Cope, seems to be founded on the horn of a species of bighorn sheep.

Fossil bison were found pretty much all over the United States, being very abundant in the ice cliffs of Eschscholtz Bay, and occurring southward of across the continent to Florida.

Bison latifrons (Harlan) was described in 1825, and the type we believe is now in the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. It came, as already remarked, from the Big Bone Lick in Kentucky, and specimens have been found in a number of localities in Florida, as well as in Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Ohio and Texas.

Black Snake Charming a Catbird.

THE following description of such an occurrence is taken from the annals of the Jamestown expedition in 1607. A boat party of colonists were on their way up the James River to the village of Opechancanough, Chief Powhatan's first lieutenant.

This eminent aboriginal, it is stated, was not a native of Virginia, but came from a distant country to the southwest, possibly from some province of the Mexican empire. The fact is of ethnological and historical value as showing that an early intercourse was current between sections geographically wide apart. There is abundant other testimony to prove not only commercial but genital connection between tribes dwelling far apart.

The snake, which was about six feet long, was making a small continual hissing noise through his nostrils. The bird seemed to be in great distress, often coming within reach of the snake, who turned his head in every direction as the bird flew around him, although its mate endeavored by striking with its bill and wings to make the serpent lose its prey. Notwithstanding all this annoyance, which hurt the snake very much, as appeared from his wincing, he continued his spell till the bird, grown faint and weary, became much disordered, its feathers rising loose from its body, was seized with a tremor, settled down on its feet within reach of the charmer, its tail and wings being drawn forward before its head, and its head bowed as if resigned to death. By this time the bird's mate had flown away and the snake took the victim's head into his mouth without resistance.

This account would seem to furnish all the evidence needed as regards this much vexed question. It is very graphic.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

The Food of Hummingbirds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent article on the hummingbird by Charles F. Holder I find the following: "When grown up the birds demand insect food, which is their normal diet. That they are drinking honey from flowers is a stretch of the imagination perpetuated by some one, as the minute birds, when poising before flowers, are searching for small flies, gnats and other insects which creep in between the petals and blossoms."

The best authority on hummingbirds and their habits was the late Didymus, and he has frequently told me that the birds do not touch insects, but live exclusively on the honey extracted from flowers. He was familiar with the habits of the bird as found not only in the United States but in both Central and South America, and had spent nearly three-quarters of a century in the study of the bird and was well equipped with information as to their food and habits.

CHAD.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

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GAME BAG AND GUN



The Natural Enemies of Birds.

BY EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

From the "Special Report on the Decrease of Certain Birds, and its Causes, with Suggestions for Bird Protection," in the Fifty-second Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

The Red Fox.

Fifty-eight people regard the fox as one of the most injurious enemies of birds, thus placing it next to the cat in destructiveness. This is entirely at variance with my experience. I have followed the tracks of foxes for many weary miles through the snow about Wareham, where they seem to live, in winter at least, on mice, marine animals, an occasional muskrat, and such bones and dead marine and other animals as they can pick up; but I have never seen any conclusive evidence there that a fox had killed a bird. My son dug out a fox's burrow, but there was no sign that any live bird had been taken there. Foxes pick up all sorts of meat scraps, chicken legs, heads, etc., and kill some birds, as well as poultry; but, according to my experience, this is the exception and not the rule.

Mr. William Brewster, who has been in the woods more than most gunners or sportsmen, tells me that he has seen very little positive evidence of the destruction of birds by foxes, although occasionally they kill game birds. Mr. William S. Perry, of Worcester, says that foxes kill practically no birds. He has shot a great many foxes and examined their stomach contents, as well as those of foxes killed by others, and says he has never found the remains of a bird in a fox's stomach.

At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney stated that he had examined the stomachs of eighty-five foxes and found only two quail, one woodcock and one partridge. Mice, frogs, rabbits, berries and frozen apples were among the food material found.

Mr. H. W. Tinkham, of Touisset, says that in his hunts this year he has observed only one case where a bird had been killed by a fox; the bird was a crow. Of thirteen fox stomachs he examined, only two showed any remains of birds; and out of ninety fox excrements, only one showed birds' remains. The food evidently consisted mainly of mice and other small mammals.‡

This, however, is only negative evidence. There is convincing, positive evidence of the destructiveness of the fox to offer. Mr. C. L. Perkins, of Newburyport, writes: "Have made it a practice, when skinning foxes, to open the stomach, and have found, in seasons of bare ground, moles, field-mice, etc.; but when the earth is covered with snow, the stomach will generally contain remains of grouse or rabbits. This is, no doubt, due to the habit of the grouse to bury in the snow."

Mr. F. B. McKechnie, of Ponkapog, tells the following: "In May and June of the present year I was at a loss to account for the destruction of numbers of birds' nests found by a friend and myself about Ponkapog. Catbirds, song sparrows, thrashers, black-billed cuckoos, ovenbirds, redstarts and other nests were robbed of their contents with astonishing rapidity. Red squirrels and snakes were very scarce in the pasture where these nests were found, and after some discussion we laid the destruction to foxes. It is well known that foxes will follow a man's track; but it was not for some time that we found out that they were deliberately following us, and taking the eggs and young of all the nests, either on or near the ground, which we had stopped to examine. In the first part of June we got the first clew, when a young fox, following Mr. Horton, walked to within a few yards of him in a swamp where he had stopped to watch a Canada warbler. In the morning of June 19 Mr. Horton again saw two foxes, nearly full-grown, skulking along behind him. He directed me to a song sparrow's nest with six eggs which he had found and photographed during the morning, but before I got there the eggs were taken. In fact, as many as twelve nests were robbed before we discovered the cause."

Mr. I. Chester Horton corroborates this. He writes: "I have spent some time the last two years in photographing birds' nests on, or near, the ground, and was sorry to find in 1904 that nearly all the nests I visited were robbed and destroyed. One song sparrow's nest was robbed a few hours after I visited it, apparently by some animal that had followed my track. One morning, while watching a bird, I concealed myself in the branches of a small pine tree. While watching there I heard a fox bark, and soon found he was coming in my direction. In a few minutes two foxes appeared, following my track, and came within fifty feet of where I stood, stopped as though they partly detected my presence, and, after playing a few minutes, made off into the woods. On another occasion a half-grown fox, following my track, came within fifteen feet of where I stood, perfectly motionless, in a swamp. I have no doubt that foxes discovered that I was seeking birds' nests, and followed me and robbed the nests I found.

"While photographing nests I found three ovenbirds' nests, within a radius of a few hundred feet, one being partly built, the other two with freshly laid eggs. I waited several days and visited them again. I should have stated that one of these nests was about five feet from a path, and, knowing that something was following me and destroying nests, I did not move out of the path in visiting this nest. The nest that I found partly built I photographed after it had eggs, as it was rather peculiar, being constructed entirely of, and lined with, pine needles. I also intended to photograph the third nest, with the bird on it, as she was very tame; but on my third visit it had been robbed, as was the one I photographed. I visited the one by the path several times, but *never stepped out of the path*, and did not photograph it, and was gratified to see the eggs hatch out and the young grow to be large enough to leave the nest. One nest I found, that of a brown thrush, two feet high in a blueberry bush, was robbed when it had young half grown."

If foxes follow the tracks of people who find birds' nests, then bird study and photography may prove dangerous to the birds.

Mr. C. E. Ingalls once intimated to me that he had some reason to believe that a fox had followed his tracks to a bird's nest. In response to a written inquiry he sends the following: "I had at one time under observation the nest of a meadowlark. One afternoon about sundown I passed the nest with its full complement of young a day or two old, with everything looking favorable for a successful development. I passed from the meadow where the nest was situated up to a hillside adjoining, and in full view of the location of the nest. I seated myself upon the ground to watch some spotted sandpipers that I felt sure were nesting beside the brook flowing through the meadow, when I saw a fox come to the lower end of the meadow and begin to hunt, as I supposed, for mice. In the course of his quartering over the ground he apparently stumbled on to my lark's nest, and, as he became aware of its proximity, he pounced sharply to one side right into it. I jumped to my feet and shouted to him, and ran toward the nest, while Mr. Fox loped airily and quickly to the woods. When I arrived on the scene, two of the young were gone and one other lay about a foot from the nest, dead.

"One pleasant evening in May I was sitting on a log near the edge of a piece of mowing land, where it joined some scrub on the edge of a wood. * * * While waiting, I saw a fox on the edge of the grass land mincing along, in no hurry, and evidently hunting for mice or grasshoppers, as he would thrust his muzzle into the grass, then dance around as if watching some moving object in the grass, make a grab, then move along, all the time coming nearer to my position, which was hidden from him so long as I remained motionless. Suddenly when the fox was within five or six rods of me, a big ball of feathers flew out of the scrub at him and drove him some distance into the grass land. I immediately sized the situation up. A partridge (ruffed grouse) was warning Mr. Fox that she had claims to that particular tract of land that he would be required to respect. But Mr. Fox was evidently hungry, so he followed the brave little mother back to her nest beside a stump on the edge of the scrub. Although the bird made one or more rushes, they were of no avail, and, although I did not at first intend to harm the fox, as at that time of year he would be of no use to me dead, I regarded it, in the light of recent developments, to be a case for armed intervention, so put a bullet where it would do the most good, and he died within his length of the nest, with his mouth and throat filled with egg contents."

Probably foxes kill some of the young of the smaller birds when they are learning to fly, catching them as cats do. Of this habit Mr. F. H. Mosher says: "I have seen but one instance of the fox catching a bird, and that was several years ago. I was standing on a rise of ground that overlooked a wet meadow. A fox came out of the woods and appeared to be hunting for mice in the grass. As he came opposite a small clump of bushes, a small bird flew out and started for the woods. The fox ran a few steps after it and gave a tremendous spring, and caught it on the wing. Probably it was a young bird."

If foxes quarter over the ground in summer, as they certainly do in winter, it would seem impossible for any nest on the ground to escape their notice, unless, indeed, they are unable to smell the sitting bird. Prof. C. F. Hodge told me in 1903 that he had found by experiment that trained pointer and setter dogs were unable to find a ruffed grouse sitting on her nest, even when, in one case, the bird had left her nest and walked about a short time previously. This seems to indicate that these birds leave no scent during incubation; but Mr. Brewster informs me that his dog on more than one occasion found a woodcock on her nest. It seems probable, however, that ordinarily dogs and foxes find only such nests as they happen to stumble upon; otherwise, what is to prevent them from destroying the broods of nearly all ground breeding birds?

In order to determine the value of the evidence against the natural enemies of birds, letters were written to nearly all who regarded crows, jays, foxes, squirrels and weasels as particularly injurious, inquiring what evidence had led to this conclusion. Some of the replies showed that the evidence was merely hearsay, others appeared to be the result of personal observation.

Regarding foxes, Mr. J. H. Wood, of Pittsfield, writes as follows: "I visited a swamp in the vicinity of Ashley Lake for the purpose of running the white rabbits with a hound. There had been a heavy snowfall a day or two before, and in following a bank on the edge of the swamp we noticed several holes in the snow at the foot of the bank under some spruce trees. We also noticed a fox track and some feathers about a hole. This led me to investigate, and I found that this one fox had killed four out of the seven partridge that had taken refuge in the snow from the storm of the previous day. We tracked this fox from where he had eaten the first bird to a ledge, where we succeeded in finding one of the birds that had been carried there by the fox. My next experience was in 1902, about the 20th of November, when I found a place where some men were getting out stone. They had uncovered a fox's burrow where there had been a litter of foxes the past summer, and if you could have seen the parts and feathers of the partridge you would have been surprised."

Mr. W. J. Cross, of Becket, also in Berkshire county, a fox hunter himself, says: "Every hunter of the fox has found, when following a track, the circle of feathers telling the story of where the ruffed grouse made his last dive under the snow to furnish a meal for Mr. Fox the next morning."

Mr. W. H. Snow, of Becket, says: "I have seen where the foxes have killed and eaten the partridges when there is a snow storm. The partridges get under spruce trees to get shelter for the night, and they are caught by the foxes."

Mr. Thomas Allen, of Bernardston, Franklin county, asserts that he has found the remains of grouse partly eaten, or feathers alone remaining, where fox tracks showed plainly. Others have related to him similar experiences. One saw a fox eating a grouse.

Mr. George E. Whitehead, of Millbury, Worcester county, says: "Every observing hunter or trapper can tell you the story of the fox's attempt to ambush a partridge, as told by the tracks on the snow. One can plainly see how the fox took advantage of every bit of natural cover, while he sneaked to where he made his spring. The fact that a few feathers are left shows that he met with success."

Mr. Otis Thayer, of West Quincy, Norfolk county, says that after the Blue Hills Reservation was closed to hunters, game increased very rapidly, for foxes were scarce; but as the foxes increased, game decreased. Formerly, he says, this region was good hunting ground; now he finds no game, but always finds foxes. They are now so plentiful that they are becoming destructive to poultry as the game decreases.

Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, secretary of the Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club, writes as follows: "During the last few years I have twice, if I remember aright, found the place where a fox had very recently killed a partridge and eaten him. It was so recent an act that my setter pointed at the place, and I went up and found the remains of the partridge, and foxes' tracks all around. The only fox that I ever shot I ran on quite unexpectedly while working up a bevy of quail. It was a young dog fox, and he was on the same errand that I was, for the quail flushed when I killed the fox. I have made a great many inquiries among the native hunters in our country districts, and they all believe that foxes and skunks, especially in the breeding season, are very destructive to our game birds. I have been told by a number that in digging out foxes that have holed they have found the remains of partridges, and even of the smaller birds, such as robins, etc. Only last week a friend of mine who is an extremely good observer and sportsman told me that he found the remains of a robin which a fox had just killed. I believe that the chief difficulty is in the breeding season, when it is quite easy for foxes to catch the hen bird on a nest. I think that most people agree that, as the foxes have increased tremendously in numbers in the neighborhood of our reservations, such as the Blue Hills Reservation, the partridges have decreased in about the same proportion. That foxes have increased in eastern Massachusetts is proved by the evidence that within the last few years a great deal of poultry has been destroyed, even in such a closely populated district as Chestnut Hill; and foxes have been seen quite frequently. I believe that the State should in some way make a decided stand in destroying the vermin in the reservations, if they desire to make this a favorite breeding ground for the birds."

Considerable further evidence of this same character was received. There is at least one reservation where foxes are not protected. Mr. Charles P. Price, superintendent of the Middlesex Fells Reservation, tells me that the foxes have been all killed or driven out of the reservation, and that game birds have increased there. About fifteen foxes per year were killed for three years.

Mr. Henry B. Bigelow, of Cohasset, says: "Foxes are particularly destructive to quail and partridges in this neighborhood; the entrance to every fox hole is strewn with their feathers, and to my certain knowledge one fox, in 1899, killed, during the autumn, six out of a covey of twelve to fourteen quail. Partridges also suffer, as shown by the presence of their feathers about the dens, as do also domestic fowls."

Mr. S. J. Harris, of East Dedham, writes: "I once shot at a fox having a partridge in his mouth. I did not know that it was a partridge when I fired at the fox, but he dropped it when I fired, and, of course, I got the partridge."

The limits of this report will not permit the printing of half the evidence received against the fox. Some evidence from other parts of the State is given in brief below. "A common occurrence to find where foxes have caught and eaten partridges, both on snow and bare ground." (Herbert A. Bent, Franklin, Norfolk county.) "Have never yet seen a section of country where foxes and partridges were plentiful at the same time." (H. R. Packard, Attleborough, Bristol county.) "Have seen feathers of birds around his burrow. Where the fox lives, the game disappears." (A. C. Southworth, Lakeville, Plymouth county.)

This evidence, like the rest, is largely circumstantial; but it seems sufficient to prejudice the case of the fox, somewhat, and leads to the belief that in some localities we may have too many foxes. The fox is well able to take care of itself. Its natural enemies have been nearly all extirpated, and it must be kept within bounds, or it may become a pest. Under ordinary conditions, however, there are fox hunters enough to hold the fox in check.

‡The inadequacy of an examination of stomach contents alone to determine the character of an animal's food is seen, when we consider that we get, in this way, evidence of only one meal out of all that the animal has eaten during its entire lifetime.

A COATING OF MANY-USE OIL

Keeps a gun clean and rustless, ready for use.—*Adv.*

Big-Game Hunting in Africa.

BY EDOUARD FOA.

Translated for FOREST AND STREAM.

MR. EDOUARD FOA was dispatched by the Minister of Public Instruction of France to go to southern Africa on an exploring and investigating tour. In carrying out these instructions, Mr. Foa visited the Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, a part of Matabule Land, the country of Gaza, and the lower and middle Zanbesi country as far as Lake Nyassa. All these travels have been described in a book entitled "From the Cape to Lake Nyassa." As a part of his studies and his travels in the wilderness, Mr. Foa had a great deal of big-game shooting. Sometimes this was for pleasure, more often from necessity. The African explorer—especially if he visits lands where the terrible tsetse fly is abundant—is obliged to have all his supplies carried on the backs of native bearers. This may require for one or two men a retinue of 200 natives, and these natives must eat. Often therefore the explorer is obliged to spend most of his time in hunting, for it is his rifle which supports the people whom he has under him, on whom he depends for the success of his journey, and for whose comfort he must care. Thus travel through Africa is largely on foot, and during four years occupied by Mr. Foa in journeying in equatorial Africa, thirty-six months out of the forty-two which were devoted to travel were spent on foot.

The result of months and years of a life such as this cannot fail to bring one who endures it to a very high pitch of physical perfection. The life of constant exercise and hard work out of doors, of simple food, of freedom from the luxuries and the temptations of cities and civilizations, ultimately enables him to do an amount of work hardly to be comprehended by the feeble dwellers in the cities with whom we daily rub shoulders.

Mr. Foa has written a number of books on his African experiences, and especially on his hunting. One of the best of these is entitled "Mes Grandes Chasses Dans L'Afrique Centrale"—My Big Hunts in Central Africa.

Mr. Foa's armament consisted of an English express rifle, caliber .577, a double-barrelled 12-bore rifle and a double-barrelled 8-bore rifle. These arms carried astonishing charges of powder and balls of different weights and hardness, according to the need of the hunting. Besides this armament and the multitude of other implements necessary for such a trip, he carried a big 12-bore duck gun for use on birds or other small game. Mr. Foa went up the country and at last reached Crocodile River, where he believed himself to be on the borders of a country abounding in big game, and it is on his first hunt in this region that we shall now accompany him.

The natives of a little neighboring village had come to visit us, and one of them had agreed for a moderate payment to guide our caravan to the encampment of the morrow. Another had consented to go with me, to show me the big game and then to guide me to the camp.

In the morning when the sky began to show violet tints and the cocks of the neighboring hamlet were from here and there saluting the coming of the day, we hastily swallowed a little black coffee to warm us up, for after these cold and damp nights one feels the need of a certain reinforcement when he gets up; and set out.

As soon as we had left the camp, we separated; Hanner, my companion, taking one side and I the other. In hunting large game, the opportunities for shooting are so few that when two are together, one of the hunters must often yield the shot to his companion. It is better therefore not only to separate, but to be distant from each other for several miles; otherwise the shots of your neighbor frighten your game.

We went down to the shores of the river to look for tracks. It is there that the surest indications of game are usually found; the animals—in inhabited regions—commonly coming to drink at night. A part of the bank is passed over and the animal is chosen which seems most worthy of pursuit. On that morning we saw tracks of gazelles, kobi, zebras, guibs, and finally of elands. Of these last there must have been six or seven, and we had good hope of overtaking them. At once we began to follow their trail across the broken and brushy plains, always going ahead without stopping or resting up to 11 o'clock.

We were traversing some little woods peculiar to central Africa, composed for the most part of mopane trees. Growing irregularly and by chance, singly or in groups, the gnarled trees do not exceed four or five yards in height. Among them grow freely tall grass and plants of all sorts, and every year the fire sweeps away all this low, dry vegetation, scorching a little the trunks of the trees. It is this, perhaps, which keeps them from growing more.

The elands had been walking in this low forest for several hours, but suddenly our men saw them in front of us. The brush was thick, and still full of greenish color. The fire had not yet cleaned up the soil. We were making some noise without intending it, walking on the branches which strewed the soil, or rustling the foliage, and we now redoubled our precautions, so as not to let our presence be known. The elands were more than three hundred yards distant, and seemed still unaware of the danger which was threatening them. One of them had stopped under a tree, his back turned almost squarely toward us. A second, his head stretched up in the air, seemed to be eating the leaves. We did not see the others.

The men stayed behind, hiding themselves, except a single one, who came with me. We were very careful; bent almost double, going from one tree to another by many zig-zags, not putting a foot to the ground save with the utmost care. The wind was in our favor. We were hardly 200 meters distant, when the eland, which was eating, stopped and looked fixedly toward us. His neighbor did the same; a third and a fourth eland showed themselves a little further off, and I hesitated to advance further. My black signed to me that we must hide more carefully; so I got down on all fours, making long steps, slow and silent, and shoving my gun ahead of me as I advanced. The elands kept listening all the time, but could see nothing. Antelope in general look and listen thus for a long time when they cannot smell; but when the wind is wrong—that is to say, when it blows from the hunter to the game—their sense of smell warns them and they move off without ever turning back. However, our big animals were beginning to get uneasy, walking about and stopping from time to time to listen again. If they took flight they would escape us perhaps altogether.

I raised myself slowly behind a tree to be able to shoot. The distance must have been more than 180 meters. When I shot, I thought that I had missed, for the whole herd disappeared at a gallop among the trees. But when they saw one of the elands lagging behind, the hunters had called out to each other that it was wounded, and we began to run as hard as we could. As we passed over the distance which separated us from it we saw it drop from a gallop to a trot, then from a trot to a walk; then it violently threw up its head several times, described two or three circles, turned about and fell heavily in the grass. Its four feet were seen in motion for a moment, and we saw nothing more.

It was an enormous female, which measured over five feet from the sole of the forefoot to the withers, and must have weighed 700 kilograms. Its size equalled that of an ordinary ox, the head recalling that of a cow, but being more elegant. The tawney hide was marked with nine white cross bands on the back and little black cross marks behind the forearm. It was a beautiful beast.

The ball had made a little round hole just below and back of the elbow. The heart was pierced, and the lungs, torn to pieces, indicated that the bullet had expanded in this place. Nevertheless, the unfortunate beast had the strength to start off at a gallop and to cover about 150 meters. I shall often have occasion to call attention to this extraordinary vitality, which seems to increase in proportion to the weight, among the antelope and other savage beasts.

Massachusetts Quail.

AUG. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the most competent observers of bird life in Massachusetts is Mr. M. A. Walton, known in Essex county as the "Hermit," on account of the isolated situation of his cabin home on the remote outskirts of Gloucester. He is quite well known as a writer on natural history subjects. He writes me that he fed a flock of eighteen birds through the winter, and counted fourteen in the spring. Some of them would have nested near his home, he says, had not hounds driven them away. The hounds were chasing deer almost every day in the week. This spring he found four partridge nests, but some of them were looted by crows. He has seen several young grouse and twelve old birds wintered near his house. He wishes crows might be exterminated, because they kill most of the young quail and grouse, besides destroying song birds. His opinion is that they "do more damage than all other bird enemies put together."

Kingbirds should be protected because they keep off crows and hawks; but in his section they have been nearly exterminated by foreigners.

Game laws not well observed, is his verdict for his neighborhood.

Mr. Leighton, of Hamilton, the home of Congressman A. P. Gardner, reports few quail and partridges. "More pheasants than anything else."

Mr. Russell, an experienced hunter of Colrain much interested in protection, expresses the opinion that if quail were planted in his region they would do well. This is a town in Franklin county, the whole of which is without the quail zone, as shown on the map of the Biological Department of the Board of Agriculture. In classifying Berkshire as not a quail county in a previous communication I was led into an error by reports sent in from several men of that county. I have now before me a reproduction of the Government map of our State and find fully three-fourths of the county is shown to be within the quail zone. Savoy, Florida and Monroe are not in the quail section. Franklin county is the only one lying entirely without the quail zone. About one-third of Hampshire, four-fifths of Worcester and five-sixths of Middlesex are included in the quail region on the Government map. All other counties not already named are wholly within the quail zone. Of the entire area of the State about five-sixths is within that zone. Possibly if a new map were to be prepared now it might differ somewhat from the one now in vogue on account of the loss of birds during the last two years.

The problem that is up to the sportsmen to solve just now is how to replenish the covers. Every effort possible to plant quail from outside the State should be made, and besides that great self-denial on the part of gunners should be practiced when the shooting season comes.

Several correspondents whose reports have just come in urge a hunter's license, and some of them urge the placing of restrictions on the number of birds per day to a gun

Mr. Church, of Douglas, says to save the birds "we must catch all the foxes we can." A friend in Randolph complains that Brockton parties are cleaning up the rabbits by the use of ferrets. An active sportsman from Webster makes a similar complaint, and he has been told by a man he deems good authority that in his town and the adjoining town of Dudley there are as many as forty or fifty ferrets used in hunting. The result, he says, is that rabbits have been cleaned up. A similar complaint comes from Hudson. The destruction of birds by foreigners is the cause of loud complaints in Hingham.

Many correspondents declare more paid wardens are greatly needed, and one gentleman reports to me what he considers a "great indiscretion" on the part of a certain deputy which consisted in his telling a man in a town where snaring is going on that "he (the warden) was going to lay for the fellows that set the snares." Everybody in the town, says my informant, "knows all about it now."

H. H. KIMBALL.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Cleans grime and powder smoke from face and hands.—*Adv.*

Ducks of Mexico.

TAPACHULA, Chiapas, Mexico, Aug. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The duck shooting on this coast is splendid during the months of November, December and January. We get a lot of migratory duck which, I presume, come down the coast from California, which is only 2,000 miles north of us. I have shot teal, widgeon, sprig, spoonbills and butterballs, besides our two varieties of native ducks, the pijije and Muscovy.

A large Muscovy drake will weigh six pounds. The first year they are coal black, and after the first year the wings are about half white. They are very nice eating. The pijije is about the size of a widgeon. I do not think that it is the Mexican wood duck, as I have never seen them in trees. But the Muscovy simply lives and nests in trees. The nests are built in some hollow and they bring the young down to the ponds.

There are some lakes and ponds down on this coast which a breechloader has never been fired over. An Indian does not shoot ducks, as there is too little result for him in such small game, and his little $3 gun does not do much damage with small shot. He much prefers to load with either ball or buckshot and get a deer or a wild hog.

I have seen ducks in such numbers on one of these ponds that I am sure one could have fired five or six hundred shells in a day's shoot. The great drawback to this shooting is that it is a long way from civilization, and the heat is great. There is no ice, and game will not keep longer than twelve hours, so one has to limit his bag as there are no towns nor inhabitants near enough to use the game. I have at times and in suitable places given away as many as fifty to some Indian hunters and they then made a barbecue and just half cooked the birds. They tell me that they will then keep for days, but of course they are not very good eating after being singed and smoked over the fire.

I have an idea that more American ducks come down every year to these magnificent feeding grounds, where they pass the whole winter without ever having a shot fired at them. I was told by an American plume hunter that he had seen canvasback down on these lagoons, but I very much doubt it as I have had greater opportunities than he for having met with this duck. Nor have I ever seen a mallard. The varieties already mentioned are the only ones I have ever seen here on this coast.

I presume the more shooting done in the United States the more the birds will be driven down into these countries, where they have complete rest, and possibly there will come a time when some of them will stay here and breed, though they will have to learn to keep out of the way of alligators.

GUATEMALA.

[Tapachula is on the Pacific coast of Mexico, in the extreme southeastern part, on a meridian about midway between Galveston, Tex., and New Orleans, La.]

The Maine Moose Law.

JERSEY CITY N. J., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In his article on the "Maine Moose Problem" Tsciennetto finds fault with the law of Maine allowing only bull moose of a certain age to be killed, and predicts their extermination for that reason, for, as he writes, therein the trouble lies.

Change the law, according to Tsciennetto, so that any hunter can take one moose, be it bull, cow, calf or what not, and you will equalize the killing so that nature can carry on her wonderful work.

Put his suggestion in the form of a game law and in a few years there would be precious little left for nature to work on.

If there is danger of extinction from the killing of bull moose only, how will the killing off of cows and calves prolong the existence of that noble game? Has the discreditable killing of does and fawns in different States saved our deer?

I think not, and the wail sent up to-day that deer are becoming scarce all over the country is proof conclusive.

It is quite certain that anyone hunting moose tries for as good a head as he can get, a state of affairs wherein there is danger, according to Tsciennetto. Nevertheless, he would allow this same hunter, in case he was not successful in getting a fair head, to kill cow, calf or what not, in the moose family, in order to save that noble animal from possible extinction.

If there are so few moose in Maine that there is danger from interbreeding, as Tsciennetto claims, why not establish a close season for an indefinite period? The female of the moose, caribou and deer should be protected at all times. Some day a wise Legislature will pass a law to protect doe deer.

Canada has a law this season to protect the cow caribou. In Canada I have seen antlered cow caribou, the heads of which I would prefer to some of the small two or three-prong moose heads that are taken in Maine every fall.

Stop the killing of moose in the calling season and allow them to be hunted only in November, when to kill one is a fair test of ability and endurance, and the moose will hold his own for years to come.

I was told by a noted guide in Canada that caribou outnumber the moose in New Brunswick, yet every year there are more moose killed, by a great majority, than caribou. The reason is plain, the moose falls an easy prey answering to the call of the twisted birch bark.

With the caribou it is quite different. To kill the wily caribou in New Brunswick you need something more substantial than birch bark to work on. Caribou in that country are not as obliging as the moose, they lead you a merry chase and give you a taste of the strenuous life, for that reason there will be caribou aplenty when the king of them all, the noble moose, will be no more, unless there is a change from the present conditions.

OTTO KEIM.

OSSINING, N. Y.—In a recent issue of the Daily Citizen of this place, the fact was set forth that George Sniffin, the Upper Dock fish dealer, had on exhibition an eight-foot Japanese redfin, and that the specimen was foreign to these waters, and that crowds had flocked to the Upper Dock to view it, which, indeed, they did. For the paper failed to state that the fish was made of paper inflated with air.

C. F. B.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

A Fishing Trip to Cumberland River

ONE bright, sunny morning in August I left the summer resort of Rockcastle Springs in Pulaski county, Ky., for a fishing trip to Cumberland River. My companions for the trip were Joe Thomas and Frank Hall, two commercial travelers from Cincinnati, O., who had been sojourning at the Springs during their "off" season, and Will and George Goodwin, broad-chested mountaineers, who had been hired to do duty as oarsmen. Thomas was a new hand in the field of angling, while Hall had in the parlance of his section, captured "quite a few" of the finny tribe in his time.

We took no provisions with us for the three days' trip we had arranged, outside the customary flask to recuperate the waning strength of the boatman after the day's exhaustive tire, expecting to spend the intervening nights in the comfortable log cabins of the natives residing along the banks of the river. Their hospitality was vouched for by the boatman and others, of whom we made inquiries. We found the reports absolutely true in every respect, attested by the fact that in numerous similar trips over Cumberland and Rockcastle rivers we were never refused a night's lodging, except in one instance where the wife of the owner of the house was seriously ill. Never, on asking for the amount of my bill for a night's lodging was a charge ever volunteered with one solitary exception. The exception was at the mouth of Rockcastle River, where my boatman and I slept one night in a cabin of one room in company with six other occupants, and for meals and lodging were charged a not unreasonable sum. But that was twenty years ago, before the natives had become acquainted with the wicked and wild fellows who claim to be fishermen to the great scandal of the honest craft. We were told that this wicked set were hilarious and rude, no respecters of persons or property, and as a consequence the natives are less hospitable, and when the freedom of the cabin is extended the proprietors have learned how to charge.

Two stout, flat bottomed skiffs had been engaged for the party, and as George Goodwin and I, taking the lead, pushed off from the shore into the placid pool near the famous spring. The others were expected to follow at once, when a yell from Thomas split the morning air before three oar strokes were taken.

"Hold on! Hold on!" said he, frantically. "Where's my rubber wading boots?"

Now, Thomas was an amateur whose knowledge of fishing was limited to the Miami, and a few inland creeks and shallow mud ponds, while Hall was an old-timer on the Cumberland.

"D—n your rubber boots!" savagely exclaimed Hall, who did not often swear, but when he did it was with force and meaning. "Do you suppose we are going to wade the Miami for goggle-eyes and snapping cats? Did you never troll from a boat?"

This apostrophe to his ignorance silenced Thomas, for if there was anything he despised it was to be considered ignorant on the matter of fishing. One day he was fishing with Kelpie, one of the old Kingfisher gang. Kelpie was catching fish and he wasn't.

"How in the world do you catch fish when I can't?" he inquired.

"Oh!" responded Kelpie, "that's easy enough. It's by the simple twist of the wrist." And he gave his wrist a quick turn. Thomas accepted the information without a murmur. The rubber boots were left behind.

It was a six-mile row to the mouth of Rockcastle over stretches of deep, transparent pools so clear the rocks at the bottom seemed within reach of the hand, and over rocky shoals and rapids where the natural channel in the low stage of water had been widened into zig-zag openings to permit the passage even of small rowboats. Down these narrow channels the boats rushed and grated and beat and bumped, guided by the oar blades in lusty hands until the deep, still waters at the foot were reached.

On either side the tall and craggy cliffs covered with virgin forest or clinging shrubbery, or rising into bold, bare rocks against the blue sky formed a gorge of picturesque grandeur for the passage of the beautiful river.

Aside from other features was noted, as we swept swiftly on, the deep pool of the Gulf, guarded by immense irregular blocks of limestone, twenty to forty feet in height above the water, as if some giant Titan had detached them from the adjacent cliffs and hurled them into the stream to block its path. This pool was said to be 100 feet in depth.

Next we course in sight of a rustic mill with the proprietor in full view feeding the hopper. The mill dam was composed of a wall of rough stones piled together, reaching diagonally down stream from either bank to a flood gate composed of two boards above a base log, held in place by parallel posts at each end. The water stage was thus raised about two feet to supply power to the mill. The latter was composed of a hopper, two mill stones and a shute into a box from which the meal was scooped into the waiting bag. This was strictly a low water mill, as at high tide the dam was washed out, the stones of the mill submerged and the mill was abolished till the next year, when a new dam was built, a new frame erected around the stones, and the good work resumed.

Emerging from the mouth of the river into the broader waters of the Cumberland, the boats were drawn together and preparations for sport began. Thomas pulled out his cigar box in which he had concealed from view with jealous care, "his rigging," as he called it. Revealed to light this consisted of a dozen or so of "bobs" of all sizes, from an ordinary bottle cork to the "stoppers" of a fruit jar, and as vari-colored as the rainbow. His lines were of cotton or twisted linen, his reel a single barrel "rattler," and his hooks varied from sunfish size to those suitable for snagging. Joe, as we familiarly called him, said our smiles were out of order, as he always went prepared for anything that might turn up.

Hall exhibited a line that was new to me, made of braided silk, water-soaked, not too flexible, small and strong and free of that perplexing fault—a liability to kink. It was made, he said, by a workman in a Connecticut silk factory. I was so pleased with the work of this line that I later ordered and used no others, introducing them into the old Kingfisher Club, who patronized the maker to such an extent that they were afterward put on the market as the "Kingfisher" line, with a cut of the well known bird as a trade-mark. I may add, however, that the later lines do not appear to have the smoothness and finish of those originally manufactured, being a little too "sticky."

My own tackle was a No. 2 and a No. 3 Milan reel, with two of Abbie & Imbrie's best enameled water-proof braided silk lines and a couple of Mississippi cane rods. I had not then become acquainted with the elastic, strong and beautiful jointed Bristol steel rods.

Three kinds of fish are principally taken from the Cumberland—the wary small-mouth black bass, the salmon or wall-eyed pike, and the blue cat. The salmon, as they are commonly called, are of three varieties—the golden, the hickory and the lead colored. The blue cat was abundant but not desirable.

Our purpose was to ascend the stream, and it was agreed that each boat was to fish at will. Joe and Hall chose the right bank and I took the left, using both rods in trolling, resting the butt of one with click set on a board across the sides of the boat in front of me, and holding the other rod in hand ready for a strike. We trolled slowly, and if I had an alarm on the set rod I exchanged it for the one in hand and played the fish to a finish. Sometimes I had two captives to handle at the same time, in which event I put the drag on the reel in hand, laid the rod down, took up the other, hooked and landed the fish at the proper time and reeled both in in due succession, provided their valiant lordships did not bid me a disappointing good-by. There may be something of the "fish hog" in this style of fishing, but this was in the primitive days, and we had not read the FOREST AND STREAM much.

I was rounding a rocky point when a sudden yell from Joe attracted my attention. He was standing up in the boat, bare-headed and going through a series of contortions, jerking his rod from side to side, while Hall was swearing and shouting directions to him in Russian dialect. Thomas' antics evidently threatened to upset the boat. Joe was oblivious to all else except a vigorous turning of his "single multiplier" in the struggle to quickly get his fish on board. Wearying of turning the crank he finally yanked his fish on board with a powerful jerk of his rod. As it lay flapping on the bottom Joe shrieked out with both hands uplifted: "Come and learn of me, ye ignorant Waltonians, and I'll teach you how to catch fish by the simple twist of the wrist." Then he began to lecture Hall on the art of angling with the proper bait and the proper tackle.

The fish was a 2-pound bass, and Hall, though chagrined at the success of the amateur, was content in escaping an upset. A few moments later, while passing a rocky point, I felt a nibble, and giving line, saw the cork go under. Goodwin saw the bite and ceased rowing. The line slowly ran off the reel, then slackened, and winding in the slack, I felt a slight tug, gave it to him, and as he went out of the water the struggle began. His lair was evidently among the boulders close to shore, for he headed that way, and under the restraint of the bending rod he twisted and turned in and out among the rocky channels. Thwarted in this direction he darted toward deeper water. Yielding more line, but with tighter grip, he soon came to the top, leaping out and shaking his mouth to eject the hook, and then his strength waned, and with little effort he was led to the side of the boat and lifted in by Goodwin, a 2½-pounder.

Hall was also busy, landing at intervals, several bass, running from ½ to 2 pounds each. Going in behind some big rocks that obstructed the current in a narrow neck of the river, I got a strong bite, and after a short battle landed a golden salmon of 4 pounds. These fish are poor fighters in comparison with the gamy, bright-eyed black bass.

Trolling slowly up the river, trying a promising place here and there, and increasing our string with catches of bass of varying size of from 1 to 3 pounds, and an occasional salmon, we finally reached the long, deep pool at the foot of the salt shoals.

By this time the day was well spent, the sun hanging low over the hills, and the matter of finding lodging for the night very suggestive. Across the bottom near the hills a house was seen, and the boatmen having vouched for the hospitality of the owner, the boats were drawn up on a gravel bar near the shore, and George Goodwin dispatched for information. He soon returned saying it was all right.

Unloading our traps and fastening the boats securely for the night, and leaving the fish to be cleaned by the guides, we mounted the bank, and following a beaten path, soon reached the house. The owner—a plain, kindly-faced mountaineer of sinewy build—responded to our inquiry with, "I ain't got much, and my child is sick, but if you can stand it you are welcome."

The house was a long log cabin, divided into two rooms by a thin board partititon reaching up to the square. One of these rooms was occupied by the owner, his wife and the sick child, and the other was set apart for our use. The fare consisted of corn pone, coffee, beans, roasting ears and potatoes, with fried fish as a centerpiece. We ate heartily, for we were hungry. After supper we sat by the big log fire and discussed the day's events. Our host listened with eagerness, especially when the talk touched on matters in the outside world.

Joe was sad. He had caught only the single bass that had provoked his early hilarity. All day long he had been compelled to sit and see Hall taking them in, and his minnows were untouched, and there was no opportunity to exercise "that simple twist of the wrist."

We retired early, but not to sleep. That sick child had an extra touch of cramps and cried and cried and cried, as hour after hour rolled on. We turned in bed, we twisted, and as the wailing sound came over the partition and down among us, we wished for paregoric, and laudanum, and soothing syrup, and even for a chance to stuff its mouth with cotton.

Joe whispered that he could do the business by a simple "twist of the wrist." On and on through the night that wailing infantile cry went on, until about 3 A. M., when it suddenly hushed. How sweet! Then came sleep—oh, no! for just as the wailing ceased, a big rooster under the cabin began to crow and brazenly continued till day had fully dawned.

We rose next morning in no amiable mood. We were sorry for the child, but would have let Thomas cut that rooster's head off without shedding a tear. The breakfast was a duplicate of the supper of the night before, and our appetites as sharp as the edge of the brisk morning air of the mountains. Preparing to leave, we inquired the amount of our bill.

"You don't owe me nuthin'," was the host's reply. "I don't keep tavern, and if you are satisfied, I am."

We would not have it that way, and after some parleying, our host finally accepted a fair allowance for the night's lodging, with apologies for doing so.

As we walked down the path to the river Joe said he would have felt real mean if we had not paid for the music that child gave us; "beat a hand organ and a monkey," he added.

The second day's fishing was without notable incident save the trip through the salt shoals. After skirting the edges of the long pool at the base and picking up half a dozen bass ranging in size from ½ to 1½ pounds, we touched the foot of the shoals. The river at this point is quite wide and shallow for half a mile, and the main channel in low water a narrow, tortuous current, through which a rowboat has trouble in finding its way. The inexperienced navigator is often capsized and forced to wade out. Interspersed over the shoals are pockets of deeper water, where the hungry bass lies in wait for its prey. These scattered feeding grounds were glorious spots to delight the angler, for anchoring his boat in the shallow water beyond alarm distance, he could cast his minnow into the pocket and almost immediately find it seized by a ravenous small-mouth, and then the fight was on.

The surprised bass would dash into the shallow water and across to other pockets in its frantic struggle to escape, leaping above the surface and shaking its head as a dog would a rat in the effort to disgorge the wicked barb. There were no great rocks, and no sunken snags to give trouble, but an open field and a fair fight. No need to hurry, no need to fear unseen dangers, but if the hook held and the tackle was reliant, the battle was sure to end favorably to the skillful handler of the rod. In fishing these delightful places several hours were spent, and our strings grew heavy with the captives. Heavier laden, the skiff of Hall and Thomas occasionally became fastened on a ledge or in a bend of the current, and the guide was compelled to take to water to dislodge it.

Joe grew happier, for his luck to-day was better. When his red "bob" would go under he at first would lift a blood-curdling yell, until Hall threatened to throw him overboard. Then he compromised by postponing the whoop till the fish was in the boat. "You are not my friend," he said to Hall, "if you won't allow me so trifling an exultation as that." And Hall allowed it, for the opportunities for celebration were few.

Above the shoals the water was smoother and deeper, but we found the fishing better along shore or in the shallower places. At one point, a broad ledge of rocks projected from the left bank well into the stream, making a narrow channel with swift current. Tired of the narrow confines of the boats we stepped ashore on this ledge. Hall and I dropped our minnows in the swift water along the outer edge of the rocks, while Joe leisurely stretched his limbs on the ledge "to restore," as he said, "his equilibrium." The half hour temptation was fruitless of results, for not a fin disturbed our bait.

Late in the afternoon we reached the mouth of Laurel River. Our guides pointed out a road close by that led up the mountain side, saying that at the top we would find our night's lodging. It was a steep climb of a mile, the air sultry, and we were happy enough when the top was reached and Mr. Bunce's capacious cabin came in sight.

Mr. Bunce is a genuine down-East Yankee of the inquisitive type, and such a talker. Great Heavens! once set in motion it was down grade ninety miles an hour, track greased and no sidetracks or opposition trains allowed. Joe said he was a "sextuple multiplier, without drag or click, and warranted to run on forever."

Bunce met us at the gate. "Come in, gentlemen, come in," he said, "make yerselves ter hum; nice day, fine luck, I see fish bite well; quite a few this year. Come from the Springs, I guess; lots of people there this year. Keep good Gravelly and Virginny twist at the Springs—got any? How's trade in the settlements," and he was going on, end without end, in this disconnected way when Joe interrupted him.

"Trade's fine, fine," he said, "day before I left I sold two yoke of oxen, a cow and calf, a blind horse, and would have sold a sow and ten pigs but fellow only wanted sow and nine pigs; sale broke off." This was uttered with all the solemnity of a mule waiting a chance to kick.

Hall and I glanced at each other quizzically, the two guides grinned broadly, and Bunce, glancing suspiciously at Joe, in a modulated tone, exclaimed: "Du tell, du tell, mister; be you a farmer?"

"No," responded Joe, "I sell saws and axes, knives and

forks, cheese and dried fruits, tubs and buckets sauerkraut and sausages—anything that's handy. I'm a commercial traveler."

"Du tell, du tell," said Bunce, and turning sharply to Joe he briskly asked: "Mister, won't you sell me a $2 tombstone? Want to set it up over Hulda, my old cow, that died last spring."

"I'll order it," replied Joe, and reaching out his hand to Bunce, he added: "Shake!"

They shook hands. Joe was beat at his own game, and we didn't let him forget it during the rest of the trip. A mild reference to tombstones would cause a twitch of pain to cross his face.

Bunce's cabin was spacious, porch in front, set of rooms, a middle and side porch and several rooms in the rear, all having the appearance of having been hitched on to the front from time to time as necessity required. The logs were well chinked, the doors hung on wooden hinges, the windows small, and the front and sides of the cabin roughly weatherboarded. The roof was covered with chestnut boards, the long rafters spanning the half-story above, and without ceiling to dull the sound of the rain pattering on the roof.

Bunce's table supply was ample; pork and beans, green corn, potatoes, corn bread, coffee and milk, butter and a molasses stand well filled with sorghum. To this was added a plentiful supply of fried fish of the day's catch.

When bed time came we were consigned to the front room with its two big beds and a pallet on the floor for the guides. The day had been unusually warm and the night was sultry for this mountain region. As we prepared to turn in it was found we were expected to repose on great big feather beds, a foot thick, soft and yielding, the best in the house. We sank in them with a restful feeling, but the warmth soon became suggestive, then oppressive.

Another discovery was made. The beds had been engaged before our arrival. The occupants were bugs of enormous size and marked activity.

"Oh, Lordy," said Joe, "have you fellows noticed anything?" We had. We were sure of it.

Hall bounced out on the floor. Joe and I quickly followed, and taking the top quilts we made a spread on the floor, where we spent the rest of the night. Loss of sleep the night before soon made us oblivious of the owl hoots outside and of the warm hospitality of our host.

After an early breakfast next morning we hastily gathered our traps and made ready to depart. Our bill was paid and the amount was accepted with thanks and a hearty invitation to "Come again. Glad to see you, latchstring always hangs outside."

"Sure, sure," replied Joe. "I'll never forget you. If I get in twenty miles of here nothing can hold me back. Never had a livelier time in my life. Come and see me. Sell you a bunch of cattle," and seizing Bunce's hand he gave it a hearty shake. Both laughed and the laugh was catching.

We made much better speed going down the mountain than we had coming up the evening before, and were soon at the water's edge. Our boats were found all right, and we were soon heading up stream.. The minnows, a lively set of the black sucker variety, had been submerged in running water the night before and were in good shape. They were originally caught in one of the mountain creeks with a minnow seine and had kept well.

A short distance above the mouth of Laurel River we entered the "Gulf"—a broad, deep basin of the Cumberland, reported to contain fish of fabulous proportions. It lay in the shadows of the adjacent cliffs, and the great forest trees along the banks. But we failed to lay hold on any of these fabulous monsters, and passed between the huge rocks guarding the entrances without so much as the sight of a fin.

But in the next reach above, from under the cavernous shadows of some overhanging rocks I caught a smallmouth black bass of about 1 pound weight, and of inky blackness in color. Goodwin, the guide, called it a "nigger fish." Outside its color there was nothing to denote a difference from the ordinary black bass. I presume the locality of its habitat—underneath the rocks in the darkness and shadows—had an effect, and probably only emerging at night to seek its food, it had become assimilated to its surroundings, somewhat as the eyeless fish of Mammoth Cave.

In one of the reaches higher up, where the swift current set in near the shore, I had the pleasure of "wiping the eyes" of my two friends. They had passed over the water ahead of me without a strike, but as my boat swung into the current the float of my set rod went under and the line began paying out rapidly. Laying down the hand rod I took up the other. There was no halt, no stop to swallow the bait, and as the line tightened I struck the moment his weight was felt. Out of the water he went, making the bubbles form and float away down stream in varying size. Again and again he broke from the water as the line checked his efforts to go down stream over the rapids. Then he varied his tactics by first running in shore and then darting under the boat. Goodwin turned the boat quickly and at the same time, standing up, I passed the rod over his head, so as not to entangle with the rod and line in the stern. As he cleared the boat and started toward mid-stream the reel click of the other rod caught my ear. The cork was under and the line moving out. Here was trouble, sure enough. Goodwin could not help me, for in the swift current his hands were full to keep the boat in position.

Quickly putting over the drag I laid the hand rod down on the cross-board, picked up the other rod, struck and fastened the fish, set the drag, replaced the rod, with reel handle up, and resumed the fight with the bigger one, as the first strike proved luckily to be. I cautioned Goodwin to pull slowly up stream, so as to keep the second fish clear. Releasing the drag, I resumed the fight with his royalty No. 1, and though he set the usual tricks in the open water, soon had him in short harness. After a few vain struggles he came to the surface, and floated submissively as I drew him to the boat—a good 3-pound small-mouth, trim and compact.

Taking up the other rod I found considerable line out, leading down stream, but this was soon recovered, and with it a bass of ¾ pound, that was already tuckered out.

My two friends had halted their boat a short distance above to watch the fight. They expressed surprise that I should pick up two fish right in the track they had passed over. I suggested that as I had stirred the fish up they should row back over the same ground and might do better. Sure enough, they circled back and caught several.

From the Gulf basin to the falls, the Cumberland narrows its channel very perceptibly, so that near the mouth of Bear Camp Creek it is difficult to get a rowboat over the riffles in low water. In this rougher part of the river we caught several salmon, running from 4 to 6 pounds.

We were headed this day for the Bee Spring, several miles above the mouth of Laurel River, and reached the place about noon. Stepping ashore we looked about for the waters so noted for their medicinal properties. An obscure path led up the wooded slope, following which we came face to face against an abrupt wall of rock over fifty feet in height. In the face of this rock, about three feet from the ground, was a circular hole, an inch in diameter, and from this opening, filling its capacity, gushed a stream of cold chalybeate water, possessing great virtue in restoring the wasted energies of the system.

There was no seam in the rock wall to indicate a break, but the hole seemed "made on purpose." The ground was red with the iron oxide precipitated by the water. The latter was cold and refreshing, with a slightly acrid taste. It was seemingly a great waste of medicine out here in the wilderness.

The afternoon was spent in descending the river, fishing as we went with varying success. By sunset we reached the mouth of Laurel River, and the question of lodging for the night came up. It would probably be dark before we could reach the Salt Shoals, with its dangerous channel, if we descended the river. The question was at us, whether we should climb the mountain and sleep with Bunce and his hot beds and nimble-footed bugs, or risk shipwreck in the Shoals with the crying child and crowing rooster to greet us if we escaped.

Joe gallantly voted for Bunce, while Hall said he would rather repose in a watery grave than be eaten alive by bedbugs. I agreed with Hall, and taking our lines and fish into the boat the oarsmen bent to their work with a will, so that by good luck we reached and passed the Shoals in safety during twilight, and that night the child and rooster were obligingly quiet, giving us a sleep that was sweet, sound and refreshing.

Next day, our minnow supply being exhausted, we made straight for the Springs. The night of our arrival Joe held an auction, with himself as auctioneer and disposed of his entire lot of fishing tackle, including his richly painted "bobs" and rubber boots, vowing his cup of angling joy was full, and he had only one other object in life, and that was to send Bunce his $2 tombstone.

KENTUCKY. OLD SAM.

Godbout River Salmon Scores.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Such close tab has not been kept on the angling product of any other river in the world. This it is safe to say. For a period of nearly half a century, or since 1859, every salmon lifted out of that prolific Canadian stream has been scrupulously noted, and the record systematically printed. This was done by Allan Gilmour, of Ottawa, the owner of the river, while he lived, and since then has been continued by John Manuel, his nephew, also of Ottawa. Mr. Gilmour died in 1898, at the age of eighty. Mr. Manuel is now in his seventy-sixth year, but he never misses a season. Every June he runs down the St. Lawrence River several hundred miles in his steam yacht, the Cruiser, with a tender full of good things, and two or more friends, sometimes the full complement of five, and remains till near the close of the season, when he leaves his princely domain of 5,000 acres and its luxurious camp and appurtenances to his river guardian, Napoleon Comean, who often gleans out of the teeming water at the fag-end of the annual run more salmon than all of his predecessors put together. The scores show this. The limits of the season vary quite a little, but the extremes are from June 7 to July 28, as the printed records show.

This Napoleon Comean is a wonderful rodster, full of strategy, science, energy and endurance. He can fish all day and not tire. His maximum record in 1874 of 360 salmon and five grilse in eighteen days, or twenty salmon a day for each day during the whole time, is hardly credible to the craft who know what hardship and endurance is involved, taxing both brain and muscles. Napoleon is growing old and grizzly now, but he is still a very active, lusty man, and what he does not know about the natural history of the Godbout River fish is not worth mentioning.

Allan Gilmour's largest scores were 207 salmon in the season of 1866 (June 27 to July 21), 165 in 1867, 113 fish in 1868, and 139 in 1869. The heaviest fish caught during the period extending from 1859 to 1888 weighed 32 pounds. Three were caught of 30 pounds, six of 29 and quite a number of 28 pounds. The total number taken over 20 pounds each was 343. The year 1879 was notable for its large fish. There were a dozen that exceeded 23 pounds, and the total average was 14¼ pounds. The year 1881 was phenomenal. The season was short and the fish heavy beyond precedent. In nine days, from June 14 to 23, thirty-two salmon were taken in all, and these averaged 20 pounds apiece, or 8 pounds above normal.

On June 22, 1880, John Manuel caught a notable string of six salmon, only one of which went below the 20-pound mark; the highest reading 27 pounds and the aggregate 120. Again, on June 6, 1881, he made another string of six fish whose aggregate reached 138, with the heaviest fish weighing 29 pounds, thus beating the record up to then. Mr. Allan Gilmour was high hook, having killed 1,413 salmon besides those taken during the years 1859-64. James Lord, of Montreal, killed 536 salmon in 1864-8. John Manuel, who succeeded his uncle, Allan Gilmour, made his maiden score of forty salmon in 1876. Next year he added 144 to that string, next year 120, and subsequently increased it to 1,423, making interim scores of 190, 127, 188, 134 and 133, but still leaving the old hero of the river champion at 207.

A summary of these unparalleled tabulated scores—the *ne plus ultra* in all the world's history of salmon fishing, shows an aggregate of 6,516 salmon caught with artificial flies, besides 109 grilse, the total weight of which was 85,297 pounds, or more than forty-two tons. There are seventeen pools in the river from tidewater to the Upper Pool, as it is called, where there is an impassable high falls. [This formation is characteristic of most of the rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and definitely ends the journey of anadromous fish, whether they be salmon or sea trout.]

The tab shows that fully one-third of all the fish taken were from this pool farthest up stream, and as the distance is not much more than two miles, it is evident that the fish, finding their journey at an end, felt more at leisure to investigate the little tufts of tinsel and feathers which they found playing about the surface of the water than when they were intent on reaching their spawning ground.

Very few grilse were tabulated, perhaps not more than twenty-three to as many as five rods during any one season's fishing. In the earlier years, up to 1876, grilse were not counted if taken. They were thrown out as a sort of supernumerary, or at least as an immature fish, lacking substance, flavor and weight. They were off color as well, and of little more account than the smolts which sometimes got hold of a line. River men and anglers were not looking for precocious fish in those days, which carried ova before their time, and if such precocity was even noticed no fishculturist ever banked very high on establishing a prolific breed of adolescents, or upon being able to anticipate the function of maturity by imposing upon 3-pound grilse the onus of full-grown salmon.

A further analysis of this most complete and interesting statement shows a remarkably low average weight of fish of about 9 pounds for the first five years, with a progressive increase to 9¼, 9¾, 10.93, 11,23, 11.30, 13.23, 14.27 up to the climax of 20 in 1881. This latter figure has not been sustained, however, dropping back to about 13 pounds for the date given, and finally to a normal of 12 pounds, as the later tables show, being an absolute net gain of about 4 pounds in forty-six years. This result indicates betterment. It does not look like degeneracy or retrogression, or diminished numbers, whatever disaster may be predicated upon the failure of an occasional off year. Indeed, we find upon traversing the subsequent river records for the years 1889 to 1904 inclusive, that 4,967 captured fish have been added to the score, and that the maximum weight has been advanced from 32 to 39 pounds. This fish was caught on June 20, 1904. One fish was caught which weighed 33 pounds, one of 32, one of 31, four of 30, five of 29, six of 28, and one of 27 pounds. The aggregate weight for the fifteen years was 54,191 pounds, or twenty-six tons. Added to the product of forty-two tons for the previous thirty years, we have a grand total of about sixty-nine tons of salmon. A comparison of the figures show a catch of 3,613 fish per annum for the last fifteen years as against an annual catch of 2,975 for the previous twenty-nine years, or a gain approximating 19 per cent. This should be encouraging to those who deprecate the alleged inefficacy of artificial propagation.

In making this incisive sketch of a remarkable river, one who has been intimate with its leading spirit for many years cannot but note with sadness the gradual lapse of that lusty wielder of the two-handed rod, who ran up marvellous scores when he was in the prime of life, but hardly made his mark at the finish. Year after year for four years he made the long voyage down the St. Lawrence to his favorite resort, but he could not fish. His strength failed him. He came away empty, but at the very last, with that true heroism of his Scotch kinsman who cried "Lay on, McDuff!" he ran up a noble score of thirteen fish. The following year, 1886, he tried and failed. In 1887 he caught two. The next year he laid down his rod and came no more to the Godbout.

Since Mr. Gilmour died Mr. Manuel has distanced him by a record score of 234 salmon, and another remarkable score of 216. Altogether he has caught, since 1889, 1,929 salmon and 124 grilse, making a total catch of 2,091 fish.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Some Western Water Notes.

CHICAGO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Norman Fletcher, of Louisville, Ky., an angler who does a great deal of trout fishing in different Michigan streams, is quoted at some length in a newspaper published at Traverse City Mich., his remarks bearing upon the varieties of trout to be found in the Boardman River of that State. In a personal letter, which is at hand, Mr. Fletcher takes up the same question in the following form:

"After some investigation of the matter I have come to the conclusion that there are five different kinds of trout in the Boardman River, which discharges into Grand Traverse Bay at this place. They are the speckled trout, rainbow, steel-head, Loch Leven and the so-called German brown trout. Just why they should be called German brown I do not know, as they are the trout of the streams and rivers of England, and are known to scientists as the *Salmo fario*. I think it a mistake to put so many different kinds of trout in one stream. In the early days the Boardman River was a grayling stream. This fish was then locally called a 'gaper' or 'gapers.' Old inhabitants say that forty or fifty years ago the gapers were very abundant in the spring of the year. The speckled trout came into the Boardman and the grayling disappeared. After that came the rainbows and they seem to be monopolizing the stream. I am satisfied that when rainbow trout are introduced in streams containing speckled trout, the last named gradually decrease in numbers, why I do not know. I have examined the stomachs of many rainbows, and have rarely found a minnow or trout in them. The speckled trout spawn in the fall and the rainbows in the spring. Is it probable that the rainbows eat the spawn of the speckled trout when it is being deposited, or do they eat the very young speckled trout soon after they are hatched?"

Maine's Largest Togue.

BANGOR, Me., Aug. 29.—The largest togue or lake trout that I have any knowledge of, as taken during the last five years, is the Saindon togue, caught this last spring in Cold Stream Pond, Enfield.

I saw the fish only after it was dressed and shipped to this city, but it was a whopper, and was alleged to weigh 31 pounds when taken out of the water, and 24½ pounds after having the entrails removed. It was homely enough to have weighed almost any weight.

It was caught in early June by C. H. Saindon, of Bangor, keeper of a restaurant on Exchange street, just below my office, where it was on exhibition for a day before being served up to the woodsmen frequenting the hotel.

H. W. ROWE.

Fish and Fishing.

Atlantic Salmon in Lake St. John.

Exactly how much the ouananiche of Lake St. John are indebted for their preservation as a class to the fish-cultural operations of Mr. Beemer's hatchery it is extremely difficult to say, but it is quite safe to risk the assertion that in view of the enormous quantities of the fish that have been annually taken out of the lake in nets, in addition to those captured by anglers, it would have been quite impossible to have kept the supply of fish up to its present standard, were it not for the number of fry annually planted in its tributary waters for a number of years past. It is probably almost as safe to say that only for the work of the Roberval hatchery, the ouananiche of Lake St. John would now be as practically extinct, so far as sport is concerned, as would have been the salmon in many of our most wantonly netted coastal streams, but for the fishcultural operations of the Dominion Government.

It is not alone, however, in the work of ouananiche hatching that the hatchery at Roberval has proved its usefulness. I have contended for many years past that the ouananiche, being the original form of the Atlantic salmon, the product of the development of the species, due to its acquirement of the anadromous habit, could equally well subsist in the ouananiche waters. Thanks to the work of the hatchery, this product now promises well to become firmly established in Lake St. John. I have reported from time to time during the last few years that smolt and grilse have been taken in different waters connected with the lake, since the planting of salmon fry in them. This season the capture has been reported of a small number of adult salmon. Some of them were taken on a fly in the Peribonca River and others in nets in Lake St. John itself. I am told that one of these weighed 16 pounds. I am sorry to say, however, that I did not see any of these fish, nor does it appear that they were brought under the observation of anybody capable of pronouncing scientifically and with accuracy upon their identification. The guides and others who saw them do not hesitate to proclaim them to have been true salmon, and they emphatically declare that they were not ouananiche, a fact which may be taken for granted in consequence of their larger size. I hope in the near future to be able to speak more definitely upon this interesting experiment, and also to be able to ascertain whether the adult salmon in Lake St. John, planted there as fry, have ever descended to salt water and succeeded in surmounting the falls of the Grand Discharge, or whether, like the former salmon of Lake Ontario, they have remained in fresh water all the year round.

Netting in Lake St. John and Missisquoi Bay.

It will be good news to friends of the ouananiche, and, in fact, to all sportsmen who come to the Province of Quebec for their fishing, to learn that a number of very interesting reforms in regard to the inland fisheries of the Province are proposed by the new Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, the Hon. Jean Prevost. Mr. Prevost has just returned from a visit to Lake St. John and has seen for himself the large amount of netting which has been going on there. He assured those who brought the matter to his notice that this is the last year in which it will be permitted, and he is taking this action in direct opposition to the demands of the Member of Parliament representing the county, who, in order to secure the votes of the netters, is doing his best to obtain for them a continuance of the netting privileges. Mr. Prevost has made the further declaration that he will permit no further netting in any of the inland waters of the Province. This will mean, if Mr. Prevost is able to enforce his policy, that an end will be put next spring to the netting of pike-perch in Missisquoi Bay. The matter has already been brought to the notice of the Minister by the local officials of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, who are leaving no stone unturned in the effort to put an end to the abominable practice.

The endeavor to have the Dominion Government declare the lake closed against netting has definitely failed. Had Mr. Prefontaine, the Dominion Minister of Fisheries, taken a different stand, the matter would have been satisfactorily settled. His refusal to do so leaves it optional with the Provincial authorities to issue licenses for netting or to withhold them. Mr. Parent granted them. Mr. Prevost, who succeeds him in charge of the fisheries of the Province, signifies his intention of issuing no more of these licenses, and I have every reason to hope that he is a strong enough man to withstand the pressure that will certainly be brought to bear upon him, in the interests of the netters, by the member for Missisquoi county and by at least one of his own colleagues in the Cabinet.

There are other reforms which the Minister has in view. He believes that the Department of Fish and Game of the Province of Quebec should produce a very much greater revenue than at present, and he will bend himself to the task of increasing it. He thinks that it ought to yield as much as the State of Maine. His policy will apparently be to bring about a much more efficient system of protection than at present, and then, when he can assure the best of sport to visiting sportsmen, to charge accordingly for it. With the object of improving the present system of protection, Mr. Prevost proposes to dismiss the hundreds of so-called fish and game guardians in different parts of the Province, who draw nominal salaries of $50 to $100 a year each, for which they do absolutely nothing in return, and to employ the money so saved in the payment of a dozen or twenty good men who will be required to give themselves up entirely to the work.

Some Very Good Fishing.

The trolling for ouananiche in Lake St. John itself, where the fish seldom take the fly after the early part of the season, is very good at present, especially in the neighborhood of the Island House and of Isle Ronde.

An Indian guide who was in Quebec the other day from Pointe Bleue told of some splendid fishing which a party of Americans had enjoyed who have been out with him and a number of other guides in the country north of Lake St. John. They ascended the Ashuapmouchouan River for some distance, subsequently crossing, for a couple of days, a portage route which runs through a chain of small lakes and intervening country, and so arriving at Lac à Jim. On the evening of the first day after leaving the Ashuapmouchouan River the party camped on the shore of Lac aux Brochets, where capital trolling was enjoyed. This lake, which is irregular in shape, and a mile and a half or so long, is very weedy. It fairly teems with pike, one of which frequently seizes the spoon almost as soon as it reaches the water. Here they caught a number of fish weighing from 12 to 17 pounds each.

Lac à Jim is a handsome body of water seven to eight miles long, which takes its name from the site, still visible, of the former camp of Jim Raphael, an old-time Indian hunter. Its waters teem with fish of various kinds. Its ouananiche are so large and dark that the Indians call them ouchachoumac or salmon. Seldom do they rise very freely to the fly in these waters. They more closely resemble the landlocked salmon of Maine than their congeners of Lake St. John. But the sport to be had by trolling is of a very high order. And the party which recently visited the lake found that it was not confined to ouananiche either, for large brook trout, and larger lake trout, as well as monster pike were captured by them.

Lac à Jim empties into the Mistassini by way of the Wassiemska River—a heavy, rough, violent stream, whose rapids will bear comparison with those of the large main tributaries of Lake St. John. The run down this river in bark canoes is a very exciting experience. The Mistassini River was entered close to the tenth fall, and a few hours sufficed to run the remaining rapids and to portage the intervening falls until the camp at the Cinquieme Chute, or fifth falls, was reached. Just below this picturesque cataract the party found quite a school of large ouananiche, capturing several over 5 pounds each in weight, and one of which was not much short of 7 pounds. The entire trip occupied about ten days.

Fine Sport on the Ristigouche.

Some of the fishermen on the Ristigouche did exceedingly well this season. Perhaps the best of the sport was had in the pools controlled by Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., and Mr. Fred W. Ayer, of Bangor, Me. Their camp is a little above the Metapedia. The party of ten who fished these pools have an aggregate of 221 salmon to their credit, besides twenty-eight grilse; the total weight of the lot having been 3,106 pounds. Mr. Porteous, of Norwich, caught no less than forty-two salmon and ten grilse, and Mr. C. B. Brown, of New York, thirty-nine salmon and twelve grilse. Most of the others only fished for a portion of the time that Messrs. Porteous and Brown were on the river. One day, tired of the larger fish, Messrs. Porteous and Brown took their rods and went toward Campbellton, returning to camp that night with fifty-two trout.

Mr. Brown has traveled all over Europe and pried into every nook of Scotland, but says he has never seen a more wonderful view than that from the top of Morrisey Rock, looking down the Ristigouche, eleven miles above Campbellton.

Some of the Restigouche fishermen were very much less successful this season than the Norwich party, and the fishing turned out very poorly upon the Bonaventure, the St. Marguerite and the Trinity rivers. In the Grand River of Gaspé the catch was a large one. The Natashquan and Moisie people also did well.

Capital sport has recently been had in Lakes Vermillion and Edward by Messrs. Barnes and O. A. Maxwell, of Chicago, and S. A. Farr and son of New Jersey. One day's catch included twelve brook trout weighing from 3½ to 5½ pounds each.

Mr. Gordon Renfrew, of Quebec, was surprised the other day while fishing for cod in the Lower St. Lawrence, to capture a halibut weighing 165 pounds and measuring six feet in length.

Dr. George Porter and Dr. Civilion Fones, both of Bridgeport, Conn., who have recently enjoyed some excellent tarpon fishing in the Gulf of Mexico, passed through Quebec a few days ago on their way to their fishing preserves in the vicinity of Kiskisink.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Izaak Walton and the "Compleat Angler."

A Lecture by Mrs. Comstock before the Chautauqua Assembly.

To understand what his art and his companionship with nature meant to Izaak Walton we needs must glance over English history covered by the period of his life, beginning during the last years of Elizabeth's reign and ending during the last years of the reign of Charles II. The pages simply reek with bloody wars, black intrigue, religious persecution and rebellion, the horrors of the plague, and the stern excitements of regicide. These national tribulations find no mention in the serene, sweet, sunny pages of Walton; pages on which no shadows rest save those made by the foliage of trees or the pinions of a hawk climbing his skyward spiral above green English meadows. In Walton's book the sea was never made for armadas and ships seeking conquest of new countries and vast riches; nor yet for the Mayflower and religious freedom do his blue waters roll. But rather for ships that shall bring or carry the art of Italy and the learning of Livy and Tully; and above all does he prize the seas because of the teeming life in them and says: "The waters are nature's storehouse, in which she locks up her wonders." And adds: "An ingenious Spaniard says that rivers and the inhabitants of the water element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration."

In the air which "The Compleat Angler" breathes there are no germs of pestilence and no roar of distant battle; instead it is the medium which the lark loves and which supports the falcon. It is the home of those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature has furnished them to the shame of art. And thus he describes the lark and falcon:

"At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and, having ended her heavenly employment grows then mute and sad that she must descend to the dull earth which she would not touch but for necessity."

Thus he describes the falcon: "In the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods, therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary; and that very falcon I am now going to see deserves no meaner title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then heeds nothing but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at."

Little marvel that an atmosphere, thus peopled, should bring sweet scents from daisied meadows, and health and strength to those that breathed it.

And the earth over which "The Compleat Angler" wanders is not a place for contending armies or the foothold for bloody conquests, but is instead "a solid settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast; to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells and pleasant walks."

When he speaks of great men they are not the great generals nor yet the struggling nor oppressive monarch, but instead are scholars who have known many things and have written books or they have lived the perfect life like "that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover and a frequent practicer of the art of angling, of which he would say, 'twas an employment for his idle time which was then not idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begat habits of peace and patience to those that professed and practiced it. Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it."

And of all the turmoil betwixt Pope and Puritan there is naught mentioned by Izaak Walton except the following gentle allusion: "I will speak of a memorable man that lived near to our own time whom I also take to have been an ornament to the art of angling. Dr. Nowel, some time Dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul in London, a man that in the Reformation of Queen Elizabeth, was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation both chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard questions, like an honest angler made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old service book. I say this good man was a dear lover and constant practicer of angling as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer, a tenth part of his time in angling; and also, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, among the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught, saying often that charity gave life to religion. And at his return to his house would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly and in a recreation that became a churchman."

It is only by comparing the history of England during Walton's life, and contrasting its turmoil with the serene peace of Walton's spirit, that we can understand Walton at all. History says he was persecuted for religious and political opinions more or less. That he felt deeply and lived keenly with his times. Thus it was that from sheer self-preservation he turned his back upon struggle and bitterness of civil strife, to nature and his art of angling, that made him forget that earth was less than paradise. To nature he turned for comfort and consolation.

Walton's Attitude Toward Science.

Walton's attitude toward science was characterized by broad minded tolerance. He discriminates with nicety between what he knows from personal observation and what he has heard. Anything, whatever, may be true; he has no prejudices. This is especially noticeable when he discusses spontaneous generation of various animals: "And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dew drops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries, so eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, adapted by nature to that end; which in a few days are by the sun's heat turned into eels, and some of the ancients have called the eels thus bred the offspring of Jove. I have seen in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young eels, about the thickness of a straw, and these eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun." The above exemplifies well his attitude; he tells what he has heard without comment on its probable truth or untruth and then simply adds his own observations; note how cautious he is about the motes in the sun.

He quotes Sir Francis Bacon: "That if you knock two stones together very deep under water, those that stand upon a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water." And this reason of Sir Francis Bacon has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming, that he knew carps come to a certain place in a pond, to be fed, at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum; and, however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted; which I shall give any man leave to do." And then he adds with pious humor, "All the further use that I shall make of this shall be to advise anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish," a most cogent argument against the use of profanity by one who has evidently often experienced the exasperation of losing a fine trout at the critical moment.

But the raining of frogs, a cheerful theory that prevails in some parts of the United States to-day, excites his gentle sarcasm, he says: "And Cardanus undertakes to give a reason for the raining of frogs, but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water frogs, for those, I think, are not venomous, especially the right water frog which, about February or March, breeds in the ditches by slime and blackish eggs in that slime." (He knew these frogs hatched from eggs and were not rained down.)

Very free indeed is our "Compleat Angler" from the narrowness of many men of science who believes in the existenee of only those things that their own eyes have seen. He says: "Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders, and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider." It would excite no wonder in a mind like that of Izaak Walton if he could have foreseen the thousand species of spiders that we know to-day "all under that one general name of spider."

It is to be expected that we should find the most careful natural history of the "Compleat Angler" devoted to the finny tribes. But the same quaint humor and delicious phrasing are to be found here as elsewhere. He says: "The pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy and bold fish; melancholy because he *always* swims or rests himself alone, and *never* swims in shoals or with company, as roach and dace and most fish do, and *bold* because he fears not a shadow, or to *see* or be *seen* of anybody, as the trout and chub and all other fish do. The pike is called by some writers the *tyrant* of the rivers or the fresh water *wolf* by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition. A pike will devour a fish of his own kind that shall be bigger than his throat shall receive, and swallow a part of him and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that *was* in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees."

Speaking of the edibility of old fish he puts it delicately when he says: "It is observed that the *old* or very *great* pikes have in them more of state than goodness." Very graphic is this picturesque description of the bleak: "There is also a bleak or freshwater sprat, a fish that is ever in motion, and therefore called by some the river swallow, for just as you shall observe the swallow to be, most evenings in summer, ever in motion, making short and quick turns when he flies to catch flies in the air, by which he lives, so does the bleak at the top of the water. Ausonius would have called him bleak, from his whitish color; his back is of a pleasant sad or sea water green, his belly white and shining as the mountain snow. And, doubtless, though he have the fortune which virtue has in poor people to be neglected, yet the bleak ought to be much valued, though we lack Allamont salt, and the skill the Italians have to turn them into anchovies."

On the Habits of Fishes.

In speaking of the habits of fishes he says: "And in the winter the minnow and the loach and bullhead dwell in the mud, as the eel doth, or we know not where; no more than we know where the cuckoo and swallow and other half-year birds, which first appear to us in April, spend their six cold, winter, melancholy months. The bullhead does usually dwell and hide himself in holes, or amongst stones in clear water; and in very hot days will lie a long time very still and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen on any flat stone or gravel; at which time he will suffer an angler to put a hook baited with a small worm very near unto his mouth; and he *never* refuses to bite, nor indeed to be caught with the *worst* of anglers."

The "Compleat Angler" evidently has not a high regard for women as devotees to the gentle art of fishing; thus he describes the stickleback as "a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter, nor what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women anglers, and to feed other fish that be fish of prey."

But though he liked not women anglers yet he lacked not appreciation of woman in her more successful spheres, as for instance, singing and milking cows. We all love his handsome milkmaid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will *never* be, as too many men too often do. But she cast away all care and sung like a nightingale.

He had a keen eye and a wise word to the medical side of nature. But he makes these suggestions impersonally and on the authority of learned men as "Rondeletius says, that at his being in Rome he saw a great cure done by applying a tench to the feet of a very sick man. But I will meddle no more with that; my honest, humble art teaches no such boldness; there are too many foolish meddlers in *physic* and *divinity,* that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them any farther than to wish them wiser."

Our Interest in Walton.

However, it is as a student of nature that we are to-day most interested in Izaak Walton in that he exemplifies in this respect an ideal. Led to a closer study of living creatures through the practice of his art, he oftimes forgets his art in admiration for nature's cunning workmanship; nay, he even forgets for the moment that bait is what he is after. Listen to his description of caddice worms: "You are also to know that there be divers kinds of cadis or case worms, that are to be found in this nation in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to bigger rivers; as namely, one cadis called a piper, whose husk or case is a piece of reed about an inch long, or longer, and as big about as the compass of a twopence. There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a cockspur, being in fashion like the spur of a cock, and the case or house in which he dwells is made of small husks and gravel; most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at but not to be made by man, no more than a kingfisher's nest can, which is made of little fishes' bones, and have such a geometrical interweaving and connection, as the like is not to be done by the art of man."

His discourse on flies and caterpillars is most alluring: "Now for flies you are to know that there are so many sorts of flies as there be of fruits; indeed too many for *me* to name or for *you* to remember. And some affirm that every plant has its particular fly or caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. And as it is observable that there be flies of prey, so there be others, very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour; and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies or accident. Nay, the very colors of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful. I shall for a taste of the rest, describe one of them, which I will some time the next month show you feeding on a willow tree, and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description. His lips and mouth somewhat yellow, his eyes black as jet, his forehead purple, his feet and hinder parts green, his tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a kind of red spots which run along the neck and shoulder blade, not unlike the form of St. Andrew's cross, or letter X, made thus crosswise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body. And it is to me observable, that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and toward winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust, called an Aurelia; and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating, all the winter. And as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies the spring following, so this caterpillar turns to a painted butterfly."

The bee he describes as a creature of the air thus: "There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely, the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy and regular government of their own commonwealth I might say much, but I will leave them to their sweet labor, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time among the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning."

His enthusiasm for birds comes largely from the esthetic side of his nature. Though he describes them well they yet seem to belong to the realm of poetry and music in nature's book. "How do the blackbird and the thrassel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to.

"But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"

But, most of all, we are interested in Izaak Walton's ideals of life and manhood; we would know what these days out of doors pursuing an avocation which he regarded and practiced as an art did for his thought and character. It is this phase of him that we who live in overworked to-day need to consider with all seriousness. Too many of us have forgotten how to rest; we have no time for thought of contemplative sort; all our thought is the kind that leads to immediate action; it is the thought that guides the football player in the midst of the struggle; that animates the man in the turmoil of the stock exchange or that guides the automobile; it is the thought that takes cognizance of what lies before us in the next moment close at hand; there is no perspective in it, no possibility of far seeing; there is no alchemy in such thought to change the experience of life into true wisdom. Such thought simply accelerates our speed and makes us each a drive wheel in the activities of our complex civilization; it keeps us whirling ever more rapidly and we go on helplessly, not knowing how to stop. Even when we try to rest and take a much needed vacation we find we know naught of the sweet art of resting; we must still be doing things. Finally the misused nerves refuse to act and then we retire to some rest-cure and take our rest in one large lump and make wry faces at the medicine which is the forlorn hope of the sufferer from nervous prostration.

For those who must work when they rest there is probably no diversion to-day so popular or helpful as fishing. It is fortunate that the number of fish caught does not materially affect this sport, else our streams depleted as they are of their finny inhabitants, would soon preclude its possibility. However, all true devotees of angling agree, from Walton down, that the fascination of the experience is not so much in owning fish as in fishing. Walton says: "For you know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her"; and he says to his pupil: "It is a good beginning of your art to offer your first fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it."

Unfortunately, not all anglers understand the advantages of going fishing as did Walton, and here is where the "Compleat Angler" preaches us a much needed sermon to-day, for it shows that our greatest angler was given to sane, wholesome thinking and was possessed with a true love of nature, and the keenest appreciation of the beautiful, and that he had good judgment in all things, especially in the values of the things this world has to offer.

Living in a country wherein the traditions of aristocracy prevailed everywhere, he says: "But, my worthy friend, I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable than by any fond ostentation or riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Pennsylvania's Frog Work.

IN response to some of the inquiries for further particulars regarding Pennsylvania's work in frog culture or frog farming, I might say that all the frogs which were hatched last year and this year at the State hatcheries were planted mainly in other waters than those from which the spawn were gathered. Last year, of the 30,000 which were planted, about 10,000 were placed in the marshes from which the eggs were gathered, and the remainder sent to swamps and waters in different parts of Pennsylvania. The 60,000 hatched this year at the Wayne hatchery were all sent to different sections of the State, all the eggs having been gathered on the hatchery grounds.

The frogs were from one inch to one and a half inch long and some of them traveled two days before they reached their destination. In one case, through a blunder of the railroad company, five cans, or nearly 2,000 frogs, were taken from the Wayne hatchery in the northeastern part of the State to Washington county, in the southwestern part of the State, and brought back again. The period being nearly five days, and on the return to their home quarters not a single frog was found to have died, though it must be confessed they were very hungry.

Thus far the Department has not taken any particular pains to separate the great western frogs from the green frogs, but have hatched them all together in the same ponds. The reason why there has been no separation is because of the extraordinary demand for the creatures from all parts of Pennsylvania, which has rendered it necessary for the superintendent of the hatcheries to gather wild spawn wherever they could to supplement that from the frogs in captivity. W. E. MEEHAN,
Commissioner of Fisheries of Pennsylvania.

A Reading Lesson.

IT is a well established fact that the average school teacher experiences a great deal of difficulty when she attempts to enforce the clear pronunciation of the terminal "g" of each present participle.

"Robert," said the teacher of one of the lower classes during the progress of a reading exercise, "please read the first sentence."

A diminutive lad arose to his feet, and amid a series of labored gasps breathed forth the following:

"See the horse runnin'."

"Don't forget the 'g,' Robert," admonished the teacher.

"Gee! See the horse running'."—Lippincott's.

Man's Ready Wit.

A YOUNG man entered the drawing room of the girl whom he was soon to marry. The girl came down to meet him with a severe frown on her pretty face. "John," she said, "father saw you this morning going into a pawnbroker's with a large bundle." John flushed. Then he said in a low voice: "Yes, that is true. I was taking the pawnbroker some of my old clothes. You see, he and his wife are frightfully hard up." "Oh, John, forgive me!" exclaimed the young girl. "How truly noble you are!"—St. James' Gazette.

Meenaneary.

THERE'S some that love the mountain and some that love the sea,
But the brown bubbling river is the dearest thing to me,
And sweeter than all waters in all the lands I know,
Is the stream by Meenaneary in the county of Mayo.

'Tis there the plunging torrents spread and slacken to a curl,
And in below the fern-clad rock the dimpled eddies swirl;
'Tis there in blue and silver mail the fresh-run salmon lie,
While overhead goes dancing the dainty-feathered fly.

Oh, to hear the reel go singing, to feel the rod a-strain!
But still the days are passing and I'll be back again
To brush through dewy heather in the myrtle-scented air,
With the freshness of the morning, it is then I will be there.

Here on the gritty pavement I'm pent in London town,
But on the smoke-grimed elm-trees yon swollen buds are brown—
And with the leaf's unfurling I'll say good-bye and go
To airy Meenaneary in the county of Mayo.

—Stephen Gwynn in the Spectator.

The Kennel.

Brunswick Foxhound Club.

TO THE members of the Brunswick Foxhound Club: Article XIV., Section 5, of the Constitution and By-Laws, provides that, "A special fund for use in defraying the extraordinary expenses of the club shall be raised by subscription. The fund shall be subject to the orders of the Executive Committee."

Among the purposes of this special fund are the following: 1. To provide certain prizes for competition in the annual hound show and field trials. 2. To pay the expenses of judges from a distance who could not otherwise be present. 3. To provide for some kind of an entertainment for the men, women and children of Barre, who for ten years have welcomed us to their town and allowed us to ride and walk over their farms. 4. To pay for items which are considered by your Executive Committee to be essential to the proper conduct of the trials and hound show.

This special fund was started in 1903, and for two years has been used for the above purpose. It is now necessary to ask the members of the club, and any friends who are interested in what the club is trying to accomplish, to contribute again to the special fund. Any sum, no matter how small, will be gladly received and duly acknowledged by Mr. L. W. Campbell, Woonsoeket, R. I., the treasurer of the club.

The Brunswick Foxhound Club stands for the development, improvement and best interests of the English hound as hunted in America, as well as for the American hound, and it is hoped that the masters of English packs will join the club and co-operate with the management of the Brunswick Foxhound Club to this end. Mr. F. S. Peer will probably judge the English hounds at Barre in October next.

The management of the club will gladly receive suggestions as to the best way of controlling the spectators at the field trials. It is not an easy matter to formulate rules for this purpose, but at our meeting in October we propose to attempt a more definite plan of campaign, with a view to obtaining the best results. These rules will be printed in due time, and it is hoped that the members will abide by them during the trials as closely as possible.

ROBERT F. PERKINS, Pres.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

SEPTEMBER.

7. Country Club (Detroit), club.
8. Sea Side, power boat races.
9. National Power Boat Carnival.
9. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
9. Bristol, open.
9. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
9. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales Cup.
9. Chicago, club.
9. Sea Side, club.
9. Beverly, club.
9. Corinthian, club.
9. Boston, club, Hull.
9. San Francisco, interclub.
9. Larchmont, club.
9. Corinthian of San Francisco, interclub.
10. Rendezvous, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
10. Bristol, open.
10. Middletown, power boat races.
11. Detroit, sweepstakes.
16. Knickerbocker, power boat races.
16. Royal Canadian, club.
16. Chicago, cruise.
16. San Francisco, cruise.
17. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
24. Morrisania, open.
24. San Francisco, cruise.

AMERICA'S CUP AND THE NEW RULE.

THE New York Y. C. has now at hand a rare opportunity to declare itself unequivocally in favor of the new rule of rating. A definite statement to the effect that under it all future contests for America's Cup shall be sailed, would be taken by the world as a final stamp of approval. Continued silence on the subject will be construed as a lack of confidence in regulations which have been adopted in good faith by the leading yachting organizations of the country. Not until the new rule is applied to the blue ribbon contest of the seas will foreigners and many of us at homc believe that any profound convictions as to its efficiency exist. It is not pleasing to contemplate the deadening effect on enthusiasm now prevalent, which another International series held under old conditions would have. Yachtsmen would be called upon to view the spectacle of inteligent mcn fostering an event, the conditions of which they had previously declared were radically wrong. If the new method of obtaining racing length is worthy of unflinching support it is certainly suited to govern any contest of any degree of greatness, wherever held. The rejuvenating effect which would result from the introduction of a more healthy type of boat in races for the America's Cup has never been questioned. It would open for future competitors a new channel to possible success and no doubt bring closer contests than have resulted under old conditions. It would also provide a medium by which the rule would be put to test in no uncertain manner. Weak points, if they existed, would be brought to light and a world-wide lesson in type development follow. It seems to be a question of only a short time when the desired declaration must be made unless the custodians of the cup are willing to go on record as considering the new rule still in experimental stages. No move at the present time would bring greater satisfaction to the yachting world than a final clearing up of the cup situation.

THE DRIFTWOOD NUISANCE.

THE unusual amount and dangerous character of the driftwood now in New York harbor and the Lower Bay is causing protests from boatmen who have occasion to use those waters. Piles, string pieces and girders of large dimensions are encountered on every hand. While more or less casily avoided in the daylight, these pieces of derelict timber are a serious menace to navigation at night. Extensive terminal alterations and dock repairs now in progress are said to bc responsible for the great amount of cast-off material afloat. It has not been an uncommon custom in years past, however, to leave abandoned piers to the ravages of wind and tide. Thus gradually reduced the structures give off whole sections often covered with projecting spikes which are a source of constant danger to small craft of any kind. There appears to be a necessity for much greater diligence on the part of the proper authorities in handling the driftwood nuisance. Although it can never be entirely abated, a careful supervision over all improvements along the water front would go a long way toward bettering conditions.

YACHT MAGRUDER BURNED.—The steam yacht Magruder, owned by Mr. T. P. Shonts, of the Panama Canal Commission, was destroyed by fire on the night of Aug. 24. The boat was considered one of the finest in Southern waters, and had been cruising in the Gulf of Mexico for some time. She was not insured.

British Letter.

COWES WEEK.—The real racing of the Royal Yacht Squadron began on Aug. 9, for although the race for the King's Cup takes place on the first day, the contest is confined to yachts belonging to the club, and the cream of the big class is by no means represented. On Aug. 9, however, the race for the German Emperor's Cup for yachts exceeding 40 tons brought out a splendid fleet of seventeen fine vessels of which four were German owned and the rest British. As this is the biggest fleet that has started in any race this season it may be interesting to give the list, which is as follows:

	Tons.	M. S.
Navahoe, yawl, Herr Watjen	232	scratch
Hamburg, sch., Hamburgisher Verein Seefahrt	331	5 29
White Heather, Mr. M. B. Kennedy	153	17 14
Satanita, yawl, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald	300	18 01
Susanne, schooner, Herr O. Huldinsky	154	23 30
Brynhild, yawl, Sir James Pender	153	35 16
Zinita, cutter, Messrs. Connell	92	36 02
Cetonia, schooner, Lord Iveagh	295	42 18
Valdora, yawl, Dr. J. Douglas Kerr	106	47 00
Merrymaid, cutter, Mr. R. Young	107	47 47
Therese, yawl, Herr Felix Simon	114	50 08
Crcole, cutter, Col. V. Bagot	54	62 40
Rosamond, yawl, Mr. A. K. Stothert	63	64 14
Vendetta, cutter, Mr. W. Abbott	75	65 01
Betty, yawl, Mr. J. H. Brun	92	75 59
L'Esperance, yawl, Mr. E. W. Ingleby	76	82 15
Fiora, cutter, Mr. H. M. Rait	80	84 36

The start was postponed until 1 P. M., owing to the naval festivities occasioned by the presence of the French fleet. They had a long turn to windward down the West Channel to the Hymington Spit Buoy, and the 65-footer Zinita, sailing wonderfully well, led the fleet to that mark, as she also did in the subsequent run back past Cowes. It was not until they werc well on their way to the Bullock Patch Buoy—the lee mark—that the scratch boat passed her. White Heather also got by her, but Zinita kept third place. Therèse, with her big allowance, won the cup, Zinita taking second prize and Rosamond the third. In the 52ft. class Moyana went to the front soon after the start and won by 2m. from Britomart. Maymon third and Sonya last, nearly 6m. behind the leader.

On Aug. 10 the big boats were split into two classes. Those exceeding 100 tons T. M. sailed for the Cowes Town Cup in a fresh breeze. Eight boats started, including the two large German schooners, Meteor and Hamburg. Navahoe, which was at scratch, led throughout, but failed to get a flag, the Town Cup going to Brynhild and the second and third prizes to Therèse and Merrymaid. In the smaller handicap Betty was the winner, Vendetta taking second prize and Creole the third.

On the final day, Aug. 11, the Royal Yacht Squadron made the fatal mistake of adopting the Yacht Racing Association's time allowance in the race for yachts exceeding 100 tons for their cup. The result was that four boats remained at their moorings, and the race may be termed a farce, as Meteor was set to give Navahoe 11m. 22s. over a forty-six-mile course—a moral impossibility. In point of fact, Meteor got so hopelessly out of the race in the turn to windward that shc gave up, and the issue lay between Navahoe and White Heather, the latter losing her chance through having to make a short tack near the finish. The winners were Navahoe, White Heather and Valdora. The 52-footers had a very close race for the Countess of Dudley's challenge cup. Maymon was first boat home and Sonya second. The former was protested against by Moyana and Britomart for forcing a passage and the destination of the cup is not yet known, but will probably be with Sonya.

RYDE WEEK.—The four days' racing under the burgee of the Royal Victoria Y. C. did not bring together such an imposing fleet as had been secn the previous week at Cowes. This was chiefly owing to the absence of the four German owned yachts—the schooners Meteor, Hamburg and Susanne, and the biggest loss of all the yawl Navahoe. Thc owner of the last named vessel made it known that he left because he was dissatisfied with the handicaps, but as Navahoe had a string of seventeen flags she has not done so badly this season.

The principal race on the opening day, Aug. 15, was for yachts exceeding 100 tons for the vice-commodore's cup. White Heather was scratch boat, and she lead Brynhild, Therèse, Merrymaid and Valdora to settle with. White Heather sailed well in the light wind but was unfortunate in getting ashore once, and was badly treated by the fickle breezes, and at the finish of one round, when they were stopped, Brynhild was close to her and easily saved her time for the cup, the second prize going to Merrymaid, and the third to Valdora. In the 52ft. race Sonya showed improved form, and although recalled at the start for being over the line, she pressed the winning boat Maymon very hard during both rounds in the turn to windward, and nothing but a succession of weather lowers prevented her from getting into first place. Moyana was close to Sonya at the finish, but Britomart did not like the wind journey and was 7m. astern of the leader.

The principal race on the following day was for yachts not exceeding 100 tons. Vendetta, an old 40-rater, found the fresh breeze to her liking and with the aid of a liberal handicap was an easy winner, Creole taking second prize.

On Aug. 17 the two handicap classes combined in a race for the Ryde Town Cup. It was a paltry day and the race was rendered less interesting by the fact that White Heather was over the line at the start and did not see her recall number. The winners were Zinita, Valdora and Creole. Britomart won the 52ft. race by a big margin, chiefly through good seamanship, Moyana was second, 7m. later, then came Maymon and Sonya in the order named.

Racing finished at Ryde on Aug. 18 in a hard southwesterly breeze, which made it a reach all round the course. Under these circumstances White Heather had no chance of wiping off her time allowances, although she averaged nearly 12 knots round the course. The old cruiser Lorna won the Commodore's Cup, Therèse taking the second prize and Valdora the third.

ROYAL SOUTHERN Y. C.—The yachts finished up the week with the regatta of this club, the starts and finishes being made at Calshot, at the mouth of Southampton water. It was a hard weather trial and there were many accidents. The chief race was for yachts over 50 tons for the King's Cup. White Heather carried away her main halyards and gave up. Creole and Merrymaid also gave up. Therèse was first home, but Vendetta won the cup easily on time, Therèse taking second prize and Valdora the third. In the 52ft. race Moyana carried away her bowsprit when leading and Britomart went ashore, leaving Maymon to finish alone.

END OF SOLENT REGATTAS.—The Solent racing was brought to a conclusion on Aug. 21 and 22 with the usual two days' regatta of the Royal Albert Y. C. The principal trophy on the first day was the Albert Cup for yachts exceeding 50 tons. The wind was light at the start and freshening later, but the course was all reaching, and in these circumstances White Heather had no chance of taking her time off the others. Valdora won the cup, Creole taking second prize and Rosamond the third. Maymon scored an easy win in the 52ft. class, Sonya taking second prizc after a splendid fight with Moyana. The entries were poor on the second day, only three boats starting in the race for yachts over 100 tons. Of these White Heather had to give up, and Valdora saved her time from Brynhild. In the second handicap Creole, although over the line at the start, saved her time from Zinita by 43s., and the latter took second prize from Rosamond by the same margin.

WEST OF ENGLAND REGATTAS.—Racing will finish at Dartmouth this year, instead of Plymouth, as has been the case for some years past, and by the end of next week the boats will have finished up. There is one day's racing at Weymouth, two days at Torquay, and one at Dartmouth. The handicap classes are thinning out already, and will not be strongly represented, but it is hoped that the 52-footers will all go west and fight out their battles to the end. Making allowance for the fact that Maymon is in the hands of an experienced professional skipper it seems pretty clear that Moyana is the best all round boat of the fleet, although now completing her third season. Maymon is the best purely light weather boat and has been improved by her alterations in fresher breezes. Sonya is not yet tuned to concert pitch, and from her in-and-out sailing it would appear that she suffers in the matter of handling. Britomart is distinctly not a success, as she is a bad boat to windward. She is what may be termed a "one-day" boat. Give her a course all reaching and just as much wind as she likcs and she will show the others the way, but over ordinary courses she is not a leader.

E. H. KELLY.

First Tournament Racing.

Indian Harbor Y. C.—Aug. 30 to Sept. 1.

THE first tournament racing ever given in this part of the country was sailed among seven of the New York Y. C. monotype 30-footers on Aug. 30 to Sept. 1, under the auspices of the Indian Harbor Y. C. Commodore E. C. Benedict offered a cup for the winner, which proved to be Adelaide, owned by G. A. and P. H. Adee. The idea on which the competition was based was to race the contestants in pairs until only two were left in the final struggle. The success of the initial event will undoubtedly lead to other tournament matches.

Wednesday, Aug. 30.

The drawings for the first day brought together Cord Meyer's Atair and C. O'D. Iselin's Ibis; Hanan Brothers' Nautilus and W. Butler Duncan, Jr.'s Dahinda; Adee Brothers' Adelaide and A. H. and J. W. Alker's Alera. W. D. Gutherie's Maid of Meudon drew a bye. The boats were sent away in a light S.W. wind. The course was to windward from Great Captain's Island to Execution Light and return, a distance of 14¾ nautical miles. The finish was very late, none of the boats crossing the line before 8:20 P. M. Ibis and Nautilus made no effort to come by the committee boat. Atair, Dahinda, Alera and Adelaide being the only ones timed, Alera led Adelaide at the finish. A clause in the condition governing the series was to the effect that no times would be taken later than half an hour after sunset. This was forgotten by some of the racers. When found to be correct, however, the struggle of the first day was declared "no race" and the first finished contest was slated for Thursday.

Thursday, Aug. 31.

Pairings for the first round of the tourney on Thursday were the same as on the preceding day. A course from Oak Neck and return, to be sailed twice, was selected. The wind was light from N.N.W. when the start was made, and had it held true, would have afforded a run out and a beat home. It hauled to N. by E., however, enabling the racers to reach back. Atair and Ibis were given the gun at 2:25. The first named led all the way, finishing a victor by 36s. Of the second pair, which got away at 2:35, Nautilus beat Dahinda by 4m. 14s. Ten minutes later Adelaide and Alera started, the former winning by 3m. 55s. The summaries of the first round follow:

First Pair—Start, 2:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 54 04	2 29 04
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	4 54 40	2 29 40
Second Pair—Start, 2:35.		
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	4 48 50	2 13 50
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 55 04	2 18 04
Third Pair—Start, 2:45.		
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	4 53 49	2 08 49
Adelaide, Adee Bros.	4 49 54	2 04 54

Friday, Sept. 1.

The drawings for the second round on Friday brought together Nautilus and Atair, Adelaide and Maid of Meudon. The course chosen was from a quarter of a mile south of Great Captain's Island to Matinnicock Point and return, a distance of 9½ miles. Nautilus and Atair started at 11:10. At the end of the outward journey, which was to windward, the first named led by 3m. 25s. On the run home Nautilus increased her lead to one of 5m. In the struggle between the second pair, which was sent away at 11:20, Adelaide won by 1m. 51s. At the outer mark the winning craft had a lead of 2m. 39s. Maid of Meudon making her gain on the run home. The summaries of the second round follow:

First Pair—Start, 11:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	12 42 02	1 32 02
Atair, Cord Meyer	12 47 02	1 37 02

Second Pair—Start, 11:20.

Adelaide, Adee Bros.	12 59 47	1 39 47
Maid of Meudon, W. D. Guthrie	1 01 38	1 41 38

For more than one reason it was decided best to finish the series on Friday, and so the final race between Adelaide and Nautilus was started at 3:15 P. M. The course was a beat to windward from the gas buoy off Great Captain's Island to Matinnicock Point and return, 11 nautical miles. Adelaide was 58s. ahead at the turn of the outer mark. Nautilus picked up on the run home, and at one time was in the lead. By laying a good course, however, Adelaide managed to finish a winner by 14s., securing the Benedict cup, valued at $100. Nautilus got a prize from the Indian Harbor Y. C. for being second boat of the series. H. Wilmer Hanan and Frank Bowne Jones made up the committee handling the match. The summary follows:

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 3:15.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Adelaide, Adee Bros.	5 47 05	2 32 05
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	5 47 19	2 32 19

Interclub Series.

Atlantic Y. C., New York Harbor—Aug. 29 and 30.

A MOST interesting interclub contest between two of the Larchmont raceabouts and a like number of Class Q boats built under the new rule for Atlantic Y. C. members, was held on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 29 and 30, over courses in the Lower Bay. The Class Q boats scored new honors for the rating rule, winning the series on points by 12 to 8, and giving the raceabouts a fair beating in the closing event of the series. The two boats selected to represent the Atlantic Y. C. were More Trouble, designed by C. D. Mower, and Cockatoo II., a production from the board of Clinton H. Crane. The raceabouts were Adrian Iselin 2d's Nora, also a Crane creation of this year, and Macy Willetts' Cricket, built in 1902 by Crowninshield.

The series grew out of the equality shown between the two types of boat on actual elapsed times during the Larchmont race week. Invader, Jr., and Rana, were expected to accompany the other Sound boats, all coming at a later date, to meet besides More Trouble and Cockatoo II., Quest and Saetta, the other new Class Q boats in the Atlantic Y. C. A mixup of plans occurred, but although the visitors were not expected until a later day, final arrangements for the series were made in time to start the first event on Tuesday. The Class Q boats are of good displacement, rating under the new rule below the class limit of 22ft. The raceabouts have much less displacement and measure in the 27ft. class.

Tuesday, Aug. 29.

The first race on Tuesday was won by Nora, which defeated Cockatoo II. by 8s., More Trouble by 38s. and Cricket by 10m. 26s. A fresh N.W. wind was blowing, which kicked up an unusual sea in Gravesend Bay. It was thought best not to sail a course which would take the boats across the channel, so a triangle was laid out within the bay, with marks at the start off Sea Gate, at Fort Hamilton and Ulmer Park. This course was covered four times, aggregating 11 miles.

All of the boats started with two reefs. The first leg to Fort Hamilton was a dead beat, the next to Ulmer Park, a spinnaker run, and the last leg home a reach with booms to port. At the end of the first round More Trouble led Nora by 30s., Cockatoo II. by 1m. 46s. and Cricket by 4m. 44s. On the second round reefs were shaken out. Difficulty was experienced in getting the mainsail of More Trouble to set well. Nearly three feet had been cut from the mast the day before, and the halyard blocks were left unchanged. Nora passed More Trouble on the run to Ulmer Park and led at the end of the second round by 13s. Cockatoo II. was third, 2m. 39s. away. Cricket was 6m. 18s. behind the leader. At the end of the third round Nora was 35s. ahead of More Trouble, 2m. 42s. in front of Cockatoo II. and 8m. 20s. in front of Cricket.

The wind flattened on the last round just after the boats had turned the Fort Hamilton mark. Cockatoo II. brought up a fresh breeze, passing More Trouble and nearly doing the same trick by Nora. The two boats had it nip and tuck to the finish, the visitor finally crossing the line 8s. to the good. Nora was sailed by Ralph Law. Hendon Chubb sailed Cockatoo II., Charles D. Mower had the stick on More Trouble, while F. W. Vulte was the skipper of Cricket. In the point system employed a boat got one for entry and one for every craft defeated. The summary follows:

Interclub Race—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nora, Adrian Iselin, 2d	5 49 34	2 44 34
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	5 49 42	2 44 42
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 50 12	2 45 12
Cricket, Macy Willetts	6 00 00	2 55 00

Wednesday, Aug. 30.

A S.W. breeze, with a spirited freshness about it, prevailed when the start of the last race of the Interclub match was made on Wednesday. A course was selected, which took the boats three times from Sea Gate to Fort Hamilton, thence across the channel to the bell buoy off Craven Shoal and home, an aggregate distance of 12 miles, leaving all marks to port. The first leg was a reach with boom to starboard, the next brought one or two close-hauled hitches and the last was a run home with spinnakers set to starboard. At the end of the first round the wind hauled to the W. and gave the boats a close reach to the first mark and one long fetch to the second.

More Trouble made a runaway race of it, gaining at every turn. At the end of the first round she was 1m. 11s. ahead. When the second journey had ended she was 1m. 58s. in the lead and at the finish she was 3m. 13s. ahead of Cockatoo II., which led Cricket by 24s. and Nora by 8s. more.

The exciting part of the contest was the manner in which Cockatoo II., after being fourth boat at the end of the first round, closed up on Nora and Cricket on the run from the bell buoy and passed them, drawing out a lead in the freshening breeze as soon as on the wind. Cricket was sailed much better then on the first day. The summaries follow:

Interclub Race—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 55 55	1 50 55
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	4 59 08	1 54 08
Cricket, Macy Willetts	4 59 32	1 54 32
Nora, Adrian Iselin 2d	4 59 38	1 54 38

Points for series:

Atlantic Y. C.		Larchmont Y. C.	
More Trouble	2 4—6	Nora	4 1—5
Cockatoo II.	3 3—6—12	Cricket	1 2—3—8

Frontenac Y. C.

Frontenac, N. Y.—Aug. 29-31.

INTERESTING power boat races were held on the St. Lawrence on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 29, 30 and 31, under the auspices of the Frontenac Y. C. A number of boats which attended the American Power Boat Association gold cup series were entered. C. M. Hamilton's Simplex, from the New York Y. C., outclassed the other starters in the 20-mile free-for-all. The first heat in this event which was run off on Tuesday, went to Louis Hunt's Roma, competing in the colors of the Frontenac Y. C. Simplex was second and T. Z. R. failed to finish. The three boats entered the second heat, Simplex winning by 12s. from Roma. Geo. Hasbrouck's So Long broke down. Starting in the last event of the series were Simplex, Roma, T. Z. R., and Comanche, the latter three being enrolled in the club giving the races. Simplex was a mile ahead of T. Z. R. at the end, the boats finishing in the order named. Roma got second prize on points for the series.

F. H. Wesson's Invlese, of the Riverton Y. C., won the 20-mile handicap series, while Canard, of the Clayton Y. C., and owned by J. H. Morgan, of New York, got the prize for the best average corrected time for the three days of racing. In the first heat of the handicap on Tuesday, Invlese won from W. H. Beers' Navajo, of the Chippewa Bay Y. C. The other entries finished in the following order: Roma, Louis Hunt; Skeeter, C. H. Tangeman; Rochester, W. J. Graham; Canard, J. H. Morgan; T. Z. R., A. B. & W. H. Richardson; Durno, J. H. Durno. In the second heat on Wednesday, Invlese beat the Clayton Y. C. boat Teal, Navajo, Roma, Canard, and Rochester in the order named. T. Z. R., Durno, and Skeeter did not finish. In the final heat were Invlese, again a winner, Canard, Navajo, and Rochester. Roma did not finish. Invlese was awarded first prize and Navajo second for the series on points.

THE MANY-USE OIL

On strop and razor makes shaving a pleasure.—*Adv.*

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 2.

THIRTY-SEVEN boats started in the annual fall regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C., held over Sound courses on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 2. The winners were Mineola, Nautilus, Memory, Mimosa III., Rascal II., Rascal, Thelema, Paumonak, Ace, and Kenoshi. A fine S.E. breeze kicked up quite a sea, and the racing proved spirited. The 70-footer Mineola met Yankee for the first time since the cruise of the New York Y. C., on which the former had to retire at Newport because of a weak place in her mast. These big sloops sailed a course from starting point off Great Captain's Island to Center Island, thence to Long Neck Point and return, 20¼ miles. The starting gun was fired at 12:15, Mineola crossing the line with better headway than Yankee. She soon drew clear, and led by about 1m. at the end of the first leg, which was to windward. Yankee gained slightly on the reach, and kept picking up until the end. Mineola finished 37s. in the lead.

The New York Y. C. 30-footers, the 33ft. sloops, and the yawls sailed a 15-mile triangular course, with the first leg to windward and the other two reaches. Eight of the thirties started, Addison Hanan sailed Nautilus to victory, taking the lead at the end of the first leg to windward. At the finish W. Butler Duncan, Jr.'s Dahinda was 1m. 50s. away. Cara Mia was third by 9s. Mimosa III. had her usual success in the 33ft. class for sloops, winning out from Regina and Nike by a big margin. The fight for second honors was a hard one, Regina getting it by 16s. from Nike. Memory had no difficulty in winning from Cherokee in the yawl class.

The other racers of the fleet covered a ten-mile triangle with the same relative sailing as the larger members of the fleet. Four of the raceabouts started, Rascal II. winning by 1m. 14s. from Mystral. Rascal was returned the victor in the regular 27ft. class, while a special match in the same division between Thelema and Montauk, went to the former. Paumonak got the race for the Class Q boats. Ace scored another one of her numerous victories in Class R, while Kenoshi beat Wa Wa in a match for Indian Harbor knockabouts. Frank Browne Jones, Charles F. Kirby and Charles E. Simms, officiated as Race Committee. Commodore E. C. Benedict's steam yacht Oneida was used as judges' boat. The summaries follow:

70-footers—Start, 12:15—Course 20¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, W. Ross Proctor	2 39 56	2 24 56
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	2 40 33	2 25 33

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 12:25—Course, 15 Miles.

Neola II., George M. Pynchon	3 08 58	2 43 58
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	3 11 30	2 46 30
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	3 07 10	2 42 10
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.	3 06 31	2 41 31
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	3 10 54	2 45 54
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 06 40	2 41 40
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	3 04 41	2 39 41
Atair, Cord Meyer	3 10 09	2 45 09

Yawls—Start, 12:30—Course 15 Miles.

Memory, H. M. Raborg	3 10 57	2 40 57
Cherokee, A. G. Thompson	3 32 24	3 02 24

Sloops, 33-footers—Start, 12:30—Course 15 Miles.

Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	3 03 27	2 33 27
Mimosa I., T. M. T. Raborg	3 22 24	2 52 24
Nike, Victor G. Cumnock	3 17 00	2 47 00
Regina, Francis G. Stewart	3 16 44	2 46 44
Marguerite, William F. Clark	3 25 46	2 55 46

Raceabouts—Start, 12:35—Course 10 Miles.

Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	2 42 54	2 07 54
Cricket, Macy Willetts	2 46 45	2 11 45
Rana, Howard Willetts	2 46 47	2 11 47
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	2 44 08	2 09 08

Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:30—Course 10 Miles.

Maryola, H. E. Sayre	2 49 50	2 19 50
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 45 07	2 14 07
Robin Hood, George E. Gartland	2 49 60	2 19 00

Sloops—Special 27ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course 10 Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	2 46 39	2 16 39
Montauk, Waldo Sheldon	2 55 43	2 25 43

Sloops, 22-footers—Start, 12:40—Course 10 Miles.

Heron, John Le Boutillier	3 00 29	2 20 29
Okee, J. A. & F. J. Mahlstedt	3 14 27	2 29 27
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 51 05	2 11 05
Altair, H. D. McCord	Did not finish.	
Answer, F. Abbott	2 59 05	2 19 05

Sloops—18-footers—Start, 12:45—Course 10 Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 06 22	2 21 22
Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	3 14 27	2 29 27
Omoo, P. L. Howard	3 14 52	2 29 52
Hamburg, M. G. Goldschmidt	3 10 45	2 25 45

Indian Harbor Knockabouts—Start, 12:45—Course 10 Miles.

Kenoshi, Robert Mallory, Jr.	3 07 38	2 22 38
Wa Wa, Sturges & Robinson	3 12 22	2 27 22

Belle Harbor Y. C.

Rockaway Beach—Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE new Belle Harbor Y. C. held an invitation regatta on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 2. Because of conflicting dates, very few of the invited clubs responded with entries. Avocet, Ariel, and Baby Roger were the winners. The course lay across Beach Channel to a markboat opposite the club house; thence down the channel to and around a mark near Block House Point and return to the starting line, three times over. The summaries follow:

Open Catboats—Under 20ft.—Start, 3:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Avocet	5 35 00	1 45 00
Highball	5 33 30	1 43 30

Corrected time: Avocet, 1.41.40.

Open Catboats—20 to 25ft.—Start, 3:45.

Ariel	5 29 30	1 44 30
Mavourneen	5 33 04	1 58 04
Nettie	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Start, 3:50.

Baby Roger	5 27 00	1 37 00
Psyche	5 38 30	1 48 30
Jennie	Did not finish.	

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Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Friday, Sept. 1.

A SERIES of two races was given by the Duxbury Y. C. on Duxbury Bay on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1 and 2, thus completing the South Shore circuit of Y. R. A. open races. The first race, on Friday, was sailed in a light S.W. breeze. Three 22-footers—Nutmeg, Rube and Medrie—started in a bunch and kept together on two leeward legs, but on the beat to windward Medrie took the lead and held it to the finish. On the second round Rube passed Nutmeg for second place. In the 18-footers Again led on the first round, but was passed by Dorehen on the second round, Dorehen leading to the finish. Marvel led all the way around in the Cape cat class. Eclipse won in the first handicap class and Winnepuxet won a close race in the second handicap class. The summary:

Class E, 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Medric, George Lee	2 12 25
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 16 50
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 17 55

Class I, 18-footers.

	Elapsed.
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	2 31 45
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	2 34 15
Kittiwake V., F. R. Maxwell	2 35 19
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	2 38 55
Menace, J. H. Hunt	2 39 22
Kittiwake IV., E. Ben Ellis	2 39 50
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 41 15
Osprey II., A. R. Train	2 44 58

Class D, Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, I. M. Whittimore	2 30 04	2 26 41
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	2 38 03	2 30 16
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 37 30	2 33 32
Nortorus, C. O. Whitney	2 37 10	2 35 16
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	2 43 28	2 36 56
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	2 43 10	2 41 04

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.
Eclipse, S. T. Sawyer, Jr	2 30 55
As You Like It, W. Whitman	2 33 50
Mildred II., A. G. Moses	2 39 08

Second Handicap.

Winnepuxet, Potter Bros	1 37 05
Bub, N. Atwater	1 37 34
Nautilus, C. M. Codman	1 37 38
Boconoket	1 38 40
Adele, H. McClintock	1 40 53
Croatan	1 45 36
Old Honesty, M. L. Cobb	2 02 07
Little Haste	2 04 16
Dolphin	2 04 50
Winslow	2 05 32

Saturday, Sept. 2.

Light and fluky southerly airs prevailed in the second Y. R. A. open race of the Duxbury Y. C., sailed on Saturday, Sept. 2. It was so light that the 22-footers could not get over from Plymouth. There was a mixup among the 18-footers at the start, out of which Menace was first to get away with Dorchen and Again following. Menace led on the short leg to the first mark, but was soon passed by Dorchen, which kept the lead to the finish. In the Cape cats Hustler got the start and led until the first round had been completed, when Marvel took the lead and finished first, losing to Hustler on corrected time. Eclipse won easily in the first handicap class. Nautilus finished first in the second handicap class, but lost to Pokonoket on corrected time. The summary:

Class I, 18-footers.

	Elapsed.
*Dorchen A. W. Finlay	2 05 23
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	2 10 55
Menace, J. H. Hunt	2 13 21
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	2 14 08
Kittiwake V., F. R. Maxwell	2 15 18
*Kittiwake IV., Eben Ellis	2 16 25
Osprey II., A. R. Train	2 16 59
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 17 10

*Protested by Mirage II., for not giving room at start.

Class D, Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 10 18	2 06 00
Stranger, F .E. Dawes	2 11 00	2 06 14
Marvel, M. Whittimore	2 10 04	2 06 42
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	2 14 02	2 07 31
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	2 13 38	2 11 32

First Handicap Class.

Eclipse, S. T. Sawyer, Jr	2 00 20	2 00 20
As You Like It, W. W. Whitman	2 06 57	2 03 57
Challenge	2 14 20	2 11 20

Second Handicap.

Pokonoket	1 23 28	1 19 28
Nautilus, C. M. Codman	1 20 42	1 20 42
Winnetoxet, Potter Bros	1 23 40	1 23 40
Bub, N. Atwater	1 23 48	1 23 48
Adele, H. McClintock	1 30 59	1 24 59
Croaton	1 35 08	1 29 08
Winslow	1 41 35	1 31 35
Little Haste	1 43 25	1 35 25
Old Honesty, M. L. Cobb	1 48 50	1 38 50

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE last of the championship races of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 2. Times were taken on only two classes, as one of the marks on the outside course could not be found. Boo Hoo led all around in the 18ft. class and Cigarette won a close race in the 15ft. class. The summary:

18ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 28 11
Moslem, John Tyler	1 31 19

15-Footers.

Cigarette, Gordon Prince	1 46 04
Nebulung, E. G. Loring	1 46 57
Little Misery, A. P. Loring	1 52 48

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, Sept. 2.

SIX yachts competed in the last race of the Winthrop Y. C. for the season on Saturday, Sept. 2. The breeze was light from the S.W. Alpha finished first in the 25ft. class, but lost to Hermis in correeted time. Harriet won in the 18ft. class. The summary:

25ft. Class.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hermes, C. A. Henry	5 06 40	1 54 40
Alpha, Leary & Jenkins	5 05 05	1 55 05
Kit, H. B. Whittier	5 06 31	1 55 37

15ft. Class.

Harriet, L. T. Whittier	Scratch	1 56 44
Elf, B. E. Wells	5 27 42	1 57 12
Madelyn, G. A. Nash	5 35 32	2 05 02

Edgewood Y. C.

Open Regatta, Narragansett Bay, Sept. 2.

THE last regatta of the season for the Edgewood Y. C. an open event, was sailed Sept. 2. There was a good sized entry list, but owing to light winds the racing was slow, and some of the boats did not finish until long after dark. In the evening a smoker was held at the club house, at which a good entertainment consisting prineipally of boxing bouts and wrestling amused a large crowd. On the whole the afternoon and evening furnished a suecessful wind-up to the racing season.

A good S. wind prevailed at the start, but it soon flattened out into a very gentle breeze, and the boats crawled over the long course. There were seven classes, comprising twenty-one starters. Dazzler won in the sloop class, Pinafore putting up a fairly good contest and Nixie, distaneed, withdrawing. The race of the 30ft. cats was close between Wanderer IV. and Elizabeth, the latter winning on corrected time by a trifle over a half minute. Wanderer IV., however, is to be remeasured and the result may be changed.

In the 21ft. class Trinket and Netor put up a close contest, the former winning by 1m. 42s. On the first round there was only 5s. between the two. The old-fashioned cats also made a fairly close race, while in the 25ft. class Ina had a walkover, as did Edith in the dory class. The summary:

25ft. Sloops—Start, 2:30—Course, 16 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dazzler, C. D. Reynolds	8 01 00	5 31 00	5 30 42
Pinafore, W. B. Frost	8 06 55	5 36 55	5 36 55
Nixie, J. R. Fales	Did not finish.		

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:40—Course, 16 Miles.

Elizabeth, Possner Bros	7 07 18	4 27 18	4 21 58
Wanderer IV., H. J. and D. W. Flint	7 02 31	4 22 31	4 22 31
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	7 25 28	4 45 28	4 40 08
Emeline, W. J. Rooks	Did not finish.		
Clara, W. J. Bens	Did not finish.		

21ft. Cats—Start, 2:44—7 1/3 Miles.

Trinket, Olson & Goodby	5 03 55	2 19 55	. . ..
Netor, R. F. Lindemann	5 05 37	2 21 37	. . ..

25ft. Cats—Start, 2:42—Course, 16 Miles.

Ina, N. C. Arnold	7 16 24	4 34 24	4 34 24
Tartar, C. E. Fuller, Jr	8 06 58	5 24 58	5 20 28
Inez L., J. P. R. Reilly	Sailed wrong course.		

Old Style Cats—Start, 2:46—Course, 7 1/3 Miles.

Hattie, C. Hull	5 22 17	2 36 17	2 30 57
Sylph, W. R. Taft	5 22 23	2 36 23	2 32 57
Shadow, E. Johnson	5 20 25	2 34 25	2 34 25

15ft. Cats—Start, 2:48—Course, 7 1/3 Miles.

We Two, W. D. Wood, Jr	6 39 10	3 51 10	. . ..
Modox, H. Possner	Did not finish.		

Dories—Start, 2:50—Course, 7 1/3 Miles.

Edith, M. Otis	6 10 33	3 20 33	. . ..
Marion, A. Green	6 23 22	3 33 22	. . ..
Ruth, A. Kettlety	6 37 09	3 47 09	. . ..

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first race of the Plymouth Bay series of the Massachusetts Y. R. A was sailed Aug. 31 in a heavy N.E. gale, the severity of which may be judged from the fact that, although these were in the harbor many of the Cape cat class, which have claimed they were the more seaworthy and better heavy weather boats than the racing machines of some of the other classes, only one of that class (class D) entered the race. It rained the first part of the morning but had nearly stopped before the hour for the race, although the wind did not appear to let up. The sporting blood of two of the skippers of the 22-footers furnished the race of the day and seldom will there be seen so close a race as there was between these two boats. Owing to their draft they had to be sent down the channel and out a mile beyond the Gurnet to the whistling buoy and return, a distance of 12 miles, the last mile to the outer mark exposing the boats to the full force of the gale and the heavy sea which was running. Pluckily keeping their boats to their course, the outer mark was reached and the return made, the time over this course for this class being only 1h. 42m. 30s. for Nutmeg, while Rube was only 7s. behind her rival on crossing the line, Nutmeg getting the gun. The boats presented a very fine sight for those on shore, especially on the return as they rounded the point of the beach, as they set balloonjibs, and at the last, for the run to the judges' boat, breaking out spinnakers. The wind by this time had moderated slightly and by the middle of the afternoon had cleared quite a little.

There were only two entries in the 18ft. class, and one entry in the Cape cat class, but as these boats had the inside course to sail over and being protected by the beach for a good part of the course, made very good weather of it. Through making the wrong turn by mistaking one of the marks, the boats had to be sent over this course three times instead of twice in order to make the race. It was a trying day in which to race and those skippers who so pluckily entered in spite of the brisk gale blowing at the time showed good sporting blood and certainly deserve much credit for their efforts. The summary:

Class E, 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 42 30
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 42 37

Class I, 18-footers.

Dorchen, A. W. Finley	1 47 34
Again, J. Noble, Jr	1 52 36

Hingham Y. C.

Hingham, Mass.—Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE second race of the Hingham Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 2, in a light S.W. breeze. Sasson won in class A, Clara in class B and Mabel in the power boat class. The summary:

Class A, Over 20ft., Crew Five Men.

Sasson, W. L. Barnard	2 01 32
Holly II., Warren Childs	2 04 01
Shrimp, F. S. Blanchard	2 04 15
Nun, F. A. Turner	2 06 36
Worfreda, C. E. Parks	2 06 50

Class B, 20ft. and Under, Crew Three Men.

Clara, J. H. Gilden	1 59 10
Ospray, Roger Schaife	2 04 42
Helen III., C. A. Robinson	2 21 33
Hell Diver, George A. Cole	2 32 02
Inch Worm, E. C. Melcher	2 33 35
Little All Right, W. C. Codman	2 34 50
Rattler, J. S. Fowler	2 35 31

Class C, Power Boats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mabel, G. F. Farrar	0 53 39	0 28 39
Trilby, Samuel Ross	1 05 00	0 29 00
Smelt, C. B. Barnes	0 46 00	0 31 00
Shawma, E. J. Bliss	0 31 24	0 31 24
Wampatuck, R. C. Stoddard	0 48 55	0 24 44
Velma, W. E. Holmes	1 08 00	0 52 00

Carolina Won Match Race.

A SPECIAL match race between the New York Y. C. 30-footer Oriole and Mr. Pembroke Jones' old champion Newport 30-footer Carolina for a cup offered by Vice-Commodore Henry Walters, of the New York Y. C., was sailed Sunday afternoon, Aug. 27, off Newport. The race was sailed in a half gale, and while all other craft in the bay were reefed the two little sloops carried full sail in the heavy northeaster, but made hard work of it and were enveloped in spray most of the time. Carolina won by a margin of nearly 2m.

The race was something of a society event in that the steam yacht Narada followed the boats over the course with a large party of Newport guests. On Carolina with Mr. Jones were Messrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Harold Vanderbilt and Oliver Harriman and Miss Delano and Miss Sadie Jones were aboard Oriole with Mr. Delano.

The start was in Brenton's Cove and the course was up the bay about 5 miles to Gould Island and return, this giving a beat to the outer mark and a run home with spinnakers. The boats made an even and pretty start, but at the mark Carolina had secured a good lead and increased it a little on the run home. The summary:

Start, 2:30—Course, 10 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones	5 01 20	1 31 20
Oriole, T. Delano	5 03 11	1 33 11

Eastern Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE last of the power boat races, given by the Eastern Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, Sept. 2. Fog prevailed to such an extent as to delay the start for an hour. The boats sailed over a course of 12 miles. Blink sailed alone in the second class and Tai Kun might as well have in the third class. The summary:

Second Class.

	Elapsed.
Blink, C. W. Esterbrook	1 31 38

Third Class.

Tai Kun, W. H. Stewart	1 01 55
Little Egypt, Fred Lyman	1 10 58
Farewell, J. A. Burnham	1 14 48
Puffing II., N. F. Greeley	1 16 06
Ro No Mor, Perkins Bros	1 23 32
Magnolia, E. T. Enos	2 01 07

Wellfleet Y. C.

Wellfleet, Mass.—Monday, Aug. 28.

THE first of the series of Y. R. A. open races, given by the Wellfleet Y. C., was sailed off the Chequesset Inn on Monday, Aug. 28 in a brisk N.E. breeze with a smooth sea. In the 22ft. class, Medric II. got the start, followed by Nutmeg, Tyro, Medric I. and Rube, all breaking out spinnakers as they crossed the line. At the first mark Rube had gone up to second place, the others maintaining their relative positions. On the next leg a luffing match between Tyro, Rube and Medric II., gave the lead to Nutmeg, and she held it until after the first mark had been rounded the second time, when Tyro took the lead and held it to the finish, with Medric II second. Only two 18-footers entered, and Mirage II. withdrew after vainly chasing Hayseed around the course once. Marvel won in the Cape cat class, with Arawak a close second all around the course. Mildred II. won easily in the first handicap class, and Vim in the second handicap class. The summary:

22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 53 00
Medric II., H. H. White	1 54 22
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 55 12
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 55 17
Medric, George Lee	1 56 44

Class A, 18-footers.

Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	2 13 26
Mirage II., J. W. Olmsted	Withdrew.

Class D.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, M. Whittemore	2 16 14	2 13 25
Arawak, H. C. Nickerson	2 16 35	2 14 15
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	2 20 20	2 16 14
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 22 21	2 13 40
Notorious, C. O. Whitney	Did not finish.	
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	Withdrew.	

First Handicap.

Mildred II., S. P. Moses	2 19 18	2 19 18
Harold E	2 38 08	2 38 08

Second Handicap.

Vim	1 39 35	1 39 15
Peggy	Withdrew.	

Tuesday, Aug. 29.

The second race of the Wellfleet Y. R. A. open series was sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 29, in a moderate to light S.W. breeze. Medric I. got the start in the 22ft. class, with Tyro, Nutmeg and Rube following. Nutmeg and Medric II. were in a mixup at the start, in which Medric's bowsprit was broken and a couple of planks were stove in, necessitating her withdrawal from the race. Tyro at once took the lead and held it all around the course. Nutmeg was second until the third time around the triangle, when Rube passed her and held second to the finish. Hayseed took the start in the 18ft. class and easily led around the course. In the Cape cat class, Hustler led on the first round, but on the second, Marvel got the lead and held it to the finish, Stranger winning on corrected time with Hustler second. Peggy won in the second handicap class, Agnes in the working boat class and No Name in the power boat class. The summary:

Class E, 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	1 58 52
Rube, H. L. Bowden	2 06 13
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 07 12
Medric, George Lee	2 08 00

Class I, 18-footers.

Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	2 15 30
Osprey II., C. R. Train	2 23 20
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 26 15

Class D, Cape Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Stranger, F. E. Dawes	2 22 25	2 18 19
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 22 16	2 18 35
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	2 21 52	2 18 58
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	2 25 31	2 23 43
Arawar, H. C. Nickerson	Dismasted.	

Second Handicap.

Peggy	1 48 37	1 49 37
Vim	1 51 40	1 51 44

Working Boats.

	Elapsed.
Agnes	1 57 50
Flirt	1 53 52
Lerline	2 06 25

Power Boats.

No Name	0 50 25
Osprey	0 51 32
Quahaug	0 51 32
Uno	0 52 16
Hyperion	0 52 40
Kerna	0 53 09
Red Dory	0 58 30

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Marine and Field Club.

Bath Beach, L. I.—Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE annual fall regatta of the Marine and Field Club proved to be one of the best held on Gravesend Bay this year. Twenty-six boats started in seven classes, the winners being Vivian II., Lizana, Phantom, Ogeemah, Spots, Chiceokee and Gamma. Lizana got the special trophy offered for the best corrected time over the longer course and Ogeemah scored like honors among the craft taking the inside journey.

The first division was sent away at 3:05. This included sloops in Classes N and P. Lizana and Vivian II. were the only boats going over anywhere near the gun, Anona, Tabasco and Bobtail being between three and four minutes late. On the second signal at 3:10 the yawls started. Lotowana was late. Phantom led, followed by La Cubana and Kate in the order named. The course for these boats was from the start off the Marine and Field Club to a mark boat off Fort Hamilton, thence to the bell buoy three-quarters of a mile to the northward of West Bank Light and home, twice around, aggregating 15 miles. The first leg was a reach, the second brought close-hauled work, and the last was a reach home with ballooners set to port.

The boats in other classes sailed the regular inside Association course, traveling the first leg with the larger boats. After that it was a beat to Sea Gate, a reach to Ulmer Park and a spinnaker run home. More Trouble led the inside division home at the end of the first round, while Vivian II. secured like honors among the racers going outside.

Bobtail, Anona and Miss Judy withdrew before the finish, all having gotten away to belated starts. Lizana secured victory in Class P on time allowance from the N. Y. Y. C. 30-footer Tabasco, while Ogeemah defeated More Trouble, first boat to finish in Class Q, on corrected time. In the other classes first boats were winners. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 04 02	1 59 02
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	Did not finish.	

Sloops, Class P—Start, 3:05.

Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	5 13 13	2 07 13
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	5 18 13	2 13 13
Anona, Menton Bros.	Did not finish.	

Corrected time, Lizana, 2:04:30.

Yawls—Start, 3:10.

Phantom, H. G. S. Noble	5 03 57	1 53 57
Lotawana, E. E. Malcom	5 20 25	2 10 25
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	5 32 27	2 22 27
Kate, John S. Negus	5 41 16	2 31 16

Corrected times—La Cubana, 1:56:04; Lotawana, 1:57:36; Kate, 1:56:34.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:15.

More Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 22 10	1 07 10
Saetta, George H. Church	4 22 54	1 07 54
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	4 24 18	1 09 18
Quest, F. J. Havens	4 27 30	1 12 30
Ojigwan, George E. Reiners	4 27 45	1 12 45
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	4 27 47	1 12 47
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	Did not finish.	

Corrected time, Ogeemah, 1:05:35.

Class Q, Special—Start, 3:20.

Spots, R. C. Veit	4 35 16	1 15 16
Careless, Richard Rummell	4 36 54	1 16 54
Mary, Max Grunder	4 36 56	1 16 56
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	4 37 12	1 17 12
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 38 39	1 18 39
Karma, J. C. Erskine	4 40 02	1 20 02

Manhasset Bay Special—Start, 3:25.

Chiceokee, W. J. O'Neill	4 49 09	1 24 09
Bab, T. A. Hamilton	4 50 42	1 25 42

Sloops, Class RR—Start, 3:25.

Gamma, A. H. Platt	4 54 45	1 29 45
Delta, J. J. Mahoney	5 03 24	1 38 24

Beverly Y. C.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 374th regatta from its club house on Saturday, Aug. 26. The event was the second club and sweepstake race of the season.

The wind throughout the day was from the N.E., varying greatly in velocity and direction, and must have reached as high a velocity as 20 miles an hour in the puffs.

Three 25-footers again appeared, and a good race in their class resulted. These boats and the 21-footers were both sent to Bow Bells and back. As the 25-footers carried no spinnakers, the 21-footers, which started 5m. after them, gained rapidly on them on the run down the bay, and at the lower mark had nearly overtaken them. On the beat home Barnacle, the leading 21-footer, soon passed the leading 25-footer, Thorana, just before that boat reached the finish line. Nokomis was second in the 25-footers, and Amanita III. second in the 21-footers.

The 18-footers were sent to Bird Island and back. Mr. Sargent's Wizard took first place, and Hindoo second place.

The 15-footers were sent to Abiel's Ledge, Mosher's Rock, and return. Miss Warren again took first place in her Seeps, and Miss Codman took second place in her Yalu.

Judges: L. S. Dabney and Chas. H. Taylor.

The times in detail follow:

25-footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

	Elapsed.
Thorana, T. B. Wales	1 53 27
Nokomis, A. Winsor, Jr.	1 56 10
White Heron, R. E. Forbes	2 00 04

21-footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 48 22
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	1 52 40
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	1 52 45
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 54 25
Edith, Clark King	2 00 34

18-footers—Course, 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 26 34
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 27 16
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 27 42
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 28 25

15-footers—Course 24, 5⅜ Miles.

Seeps, Miss C. M. Warren	1 04 34
Yalu, Miss Codman	1 05 06
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 05 19
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 07 33
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons	1 08 53
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 09 40
Fly, Miss Williams	1 12 51

Larchmont Y. C.

Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 2.

THERE were nine starters in the special races of the Larchmont Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 2. It was the ninth event of the series for the raceabout point prizes. The last one was scheduled to occur on Labor Day. The winners proved to be Tartan, Houri, and Pup. The boats twice covered a triangular course of 5¼ miles. The first leg was dead to windward to a mark boat anchored in the middle of the Sound. The second leg was a reach to the red spar buoy off Scotch Caps, and the last another reach home. The wind blew strong from the S.E., and rain squalls were frequent. Tartan beat Indian by 3m. 30s. Houri led the Larchmont 21-footers, beating Vaquero 2m. 5s. Pup defeated Arizona in the Manhasset Bay one-design class by 8m. 38s.

The standing of the raceabouts at the end of the event for the point prizes was: Nora 56, Tartan 55, Invader, Jr., 45, Rana 38, Pretty Quick 32, Cricket 25, Mystral 25, Circe 22, and Indian 7.

The summaries follow:

Raceabouts—Start, 12:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 17 55	2 07 55
Indian, W. Gardner	2 21 33	2 11 33
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	2 30 55	2 20 55
Nora, A. Iselin 2d	2 24 51	2 14 51

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 12:15.

Houri, J. H. Esser	2 33 28	2 18 28
Vaquero, H. Stump	2 35 33	2 20 33
Dorothy, L. C. Spence	2 37 55	2 22 55

Manhasset Bay Knockabouts—Start, 12:20.

Pup, W. Ratsey	3 07 58	2 47 58
Arizona, J. W. Kear	3 18 36	2 58 58

Atlantic Y. C.

New York Harbor—Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE first qualifying race for the trophy offered by S. E. Vernon, open to competition for boats of any recognized yacht club, in Classes N, P and Q, was sailed on the morning of Saturday, Sept. 2 The winner of the event proved to be the new Class Q boat Quest, which defeated Ogeemah on corrected time by 39s. The boats were started on their handicaps much the same way as power boat races are now conducted.

A course was sailed with the start off Sea Gate and turning marks, the black can buoy off Swineburn Island and a stakeboat at Fort Hamilton, twice around aggregating 11 nautical miles. The first leg was a reach, the second a fine spinnaker run to Fort Hamilton, and the last a beat home, all marks being left to starboard.

Ogeemah, being the first craft to start, the interesting part of the struggle finally centered in the overhauling of her in the second round by the other Class Q creations. Quest was sailed by Clement Negus and got the lead of the other new boats starting at the same time by standing out into the tide more on the first round, when coming home to windward. This lead was ably maintained until the end, Ogeemah being finally passed on the last tack for the finish.

The four boats securing the greatest number of points in two qualifying races are to meet in the final event for the trophy. Just at the finish of the first race Saetta fouled More Trouble, not allowing the latter boat enough room to round the buoy. She was in consequence disqualified. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Classes N, P and Q.

	Start.	Finish.
Quest, F. J. Havens	11 15 00	1 12 52
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	11 05 00	1 13 31
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	11 15 00	1 14 02
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	11 15 00	1 15 35
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	11 30 27	1 18 25
Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	11 25 00	1 20 33
*Sactta, George H. Church	11 15 00	. . . .
†Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	11 30 19	. . . .

*Disqualified. †Did not finish.

Finish of Sactta, 1:13:58. Points, first race: Quest 12, Ogeemah 9, More Trouble 6, Cockatoo II. 3, Vivian II. 1, Tabasco 0, Bobtail 0.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Gravesend Bay, L. I.—Friday, Sept. 1.

THE third and last race of the season for the W. H. Childs perpetual challenge trophy, for Classes M and under, was sailed on the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 1. Three boats entered the event, which was won by the New York C. C. challenger Ogeemah, on corrected time, from the Marine and Field Club boat, Quest, by 3m. 27s. Ogeemah got an allowance of 10m. 52s. for the 12-mile course sailed. Quest finished first, beating More Trouble, the Bensonhurst Y. C. defender, on elapsed time by 1m. 30s. Temporary possession of the trophy is secured in one race. The New York C. C. will thus keep the beautiful piece of the silversmith's art until lost through a challenge series. Ogeemah gets a miniature of the trophy to keep for all time.

The course selected for the boats was from the start off Ulmer Park, to can buoy No. 13 off Fort Wadsworth, thence to buoy No. 7 down the bay and home. The first leg was a reach, across the channel with booms to starboard, the second was a beat and the third a spinnaker run until within a half mile of the finish, when ballooners were carried alone. Quest and More Trouble had it hard from the start, the former keeping to windward at all times and sailing in splendid form. The summaries follow:

Classes M and Under—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 13 30	2 08 30
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 15 00	2 10 00
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	5 20 55	2 15 55

Corrected time, Ogeemah, 2:05:03.

Plymouth Y. C.

Plymouth, Mass.—Thursday, Aug. 31.

THAT part of the south shore circuit of Y. R. A. open races confined to Plymouth and Duxbury Bays, was opened on Thursday, Aug. 31, by the Plymouth Y. C., with slim attendance. A howling N.E. kept many boats in all classes from entering. Two 22-footers started, Nutmeg and Rube, each carrying a double-reefed mainsail and storm jib. Rube got the start, but Nutmeg took the seas better and at once went ahead, leading all around the course. Rube stuck to her, however, and forced the setting of light sails, a spinnaker on the last leg reducing Nutmeg's lead at the finish to only 7s. In the 18-footers Dorchen led from start to finish. Stranger was the only starter in the Cape cat class. The summary:

Class E, 22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 42 30
Rube, H. L. Bowden	1 42 37

Class I, 18-footers.

Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	1 47 34
Again, John Noble	1 52 56

Class D, Cape Cats.

Stranger, F. E. Dawes	1 41 25	1 38 41

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. East, Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

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Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

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Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division—E. F. Bills, Bordentown, N. J., by C. L. Osmond.

OMITTED FROM YEAR BOOK.

The following were accidentally omitted from the Year Book:

Atlantic Division—1180, W. M. Brownell, New York city.

Central Division—T. H. Thompson, Rochester, N. Y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 7-9.—Detroit, Mich.—Fifteenth annual international shoot; two days, targets, one day live birds.
Sept. 13-14.—Allentown, Pa.—The John F. Weiler and Allentown R. and G. C. tournament.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 16.—Rahway, N. J., Gun Club shoot.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Sept. 20.—Dover, N. H., Sportsman's Association prize shoot. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
Sept. 23.—Long Island City, N. Y.—Queens County G. C. tournament. R. H. Gosman, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Fall shooting tournament. E. M. Smith, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Medford, Ore., tournament.
Sept. 27-28.—Bradford, Pa., G. C. tournament.
Sept. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Broken Bow, Neb., Gun Club tournament. F. Miller, Sec'y, Berwyn.
Oct. 3.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade Gun Club's 100 target race. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of Jefferson County G. C. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Hyannis, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. McCauley, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., Gun Club shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Alliance, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. A. Shawrer, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C., tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

(*Trapshooting continued on page 222.*)

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

THE Twin Valley Rifle Club, of Lewisburg, had the hottest contest of the year for the medal on Aug. 26. Jesse Johnson won with a score of 47 out of 48 possible, the highest score made in this match for over eight months. If he wins the September match the medal will become his property. He won the other medal earlier in the year. The medal match is at 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, possible 48, three moneys, Creedmoor target. A. U. Clemmer was second, to-day, with 46, C. W. Matthews 44. In the five, 4-shot matches, possible 48 in each, and 240 in the aggregate, Johnson and Clemmer tied for first on 213. In the first shoot-off each scored 9. In the second Johnson won, 10 to 9. Clemmer took second money. The match was shot on animal targets, 100yds. offhand, two moneys in each event and two in the aggregate. Izor was second with 212, Matthews 207, McBride 202, Lesher 199. This is the fifth 20-shot match of the season, and Johnson has won four, as follows: April, 222; May, 223; July, 213; August, 213. The June match was won by G. W. Izor, with 222.

The Greene County Deer Hunters' Association held their annual reunion on Aug. 30. This is the first reunion of the year, and was held in Hawkin's grove, between Lucas grove and Greene county, the rifle range being in a large meadow across the road with a high hill for a background. The affair is made a picnic, and was attended by a large number of hunters and their families. After a few sighting shots, the contest opened at 150yds. The target was a life-size representation of a deer, running on a wire stretched across the range at a varying height from the ground. Out of 130 shots fired 18 struck the target. Of these, Ed. G. Sander, of Dayton; Byron Stedman and Lew Anderson each scored two hits, either of which would have killed a deer. O. W. Linkhart and Andy Fisher also scored hits in a vital part. The long distance match, at 300yds., was disappointing, as no records could be kept, owing to the confusion arising from an attempt to keep the score at the targets as well as at the firing point. A better system is promised for next season. Ed. G. Sander, of Dayton, won the hunting knife given as first prize in the 100yd. contest, one shot, possible 10. His score was 9. Thirty hunters took part in this contest. Several of the ladies made good scores in a 100yd. match, 3 shots, possible 30, the best score being 18. All shooting was offhand.

It has been agreed by the Dayton Sharpshooters that the first annual reunion of deer hunters shall be held on the Dayton Gun Club's grounds on Sept. 14. This will be an all-day contest and open to the world.

The first competition for the diamond studded gold medal, offered by Chief of Police Milliken, of Cincinnati, will be held about the middle of September, at the pistol range on the top floor of the City Hall. Each contestant will have 20 shots, using the regulation revolver. The winner holds the medal for thirty days, when he can be challenged and must accept. The medal becomes the property of the officer winning it three times.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Aug. 27. Conditions, 200yds. offhand, at the 25-ring target. Payne was champion for the day, with the good score of 227. He was also high on the honor target, with 67 points. A 10 to 1 o'clock wind blew rather unsteadily all day. The scores:

Payne	227	221	218	212	210
Roberts	226	215	214	212	203
Hasenzahl	222	220	216	216	211
Odell	219	213	210	200	194
Hofer	219	209	205	197	197
Nestler	214	209	208	206	206
Bruns	213	202	200	196	...
Freitag	210	209	205	198	194
Coleman	209	209	199	197	...
Leux	207	192	190	189	...

National Rifle Association.

THE Bulletin of the National Trophy Match (team), showing the totals at each range of each team. Held at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 29, 30, 31 and Sept. 1, 1905. Brigadier-General W. P. Hall, Military Secretary, U. S. Army, exccutive officer in charge:

	Slow Fire.		Rapid Fire.		Slow Fire.		Skirmish.		
	200yds.	600yds.	200yds.	500yds.	800yds.	1000yds.	1st Run.	2d Run.	Total.
New York	512	511	512	528	534	380	731	820	4528
U. S. Infantry	504	487	505	499	516	350	782	817	4460
Ohio	509	521	517	494	520	389	704	777	4431
U. S. Marine Corps	501	506	488	489	499	383	776	718	4360
U. S. Navy	494	471	502	516	468	341	761	735	4288
New Jersey	509	483	513	447	517	359	678	761	4267
Massachusetts	488	489	489	460	486	358	765	725	4260
Illinois	486	458	491	491	503	330	748	750	4256
Pennsylvania	494	506	463	465	502	342	674	774	4220
Distriet of Columbia	495	465	507	480	472	289	768	737	4213
U. S. Cavalry	486	475	488	488	483	321	731.8	735.8	4208.6
Rhode Island	484	481	520	460	493	335	693	667	4133
Minnesota	484	495	479	479	456	369	660	689	4111
Washington	498	481	492	483	511	360	639	641	4110
Iowa	478	484	481	481	471	357	658	660	4070
Maryland	499	483	518	468	503	336	632	618	4057
Maine	510	474	501	446	495	381	613	612	4032
Wisconsin	497	480	510	472	445	288	707	611	4010
Georgia	499	473	436	451	488	337	566	751	4001
Connecticut	500	490	469	438	451	339	588	706	3981
Oregon	448	455	501	418	437	289	675	694	3917
Florida	474	457	518	432	430	338	613	645	3907
Michigan	486	438	449	414	447	291	649	627	3801
U. S. Military Academy	473	473	424	401	442	256	502	700	3681
Kansas	443	441	450	428	399	251	497	593	3502
Vermont	471	432	432	402	446	339	513	411	3444
Montana	475	415	453	361	419	279	450	516	3368
South Carolina	464	392	411	369	386	293	549	486	3350
California	458	437	417	407	394	340	544	485	3282
Texas	432	407	454	386	367	239	451	497	3233
Hawaii	467	432	479	386	336	134	441	514	3199
West Virginia	460	340	420	347	557	183	485	446	3038
Delaware	445	369	335	332	346	262	433	382	2904
Missouri	415	351	431	304	295	163	384	433	2776
Nebraska	425	348	375	288	338	182	370	367	2693
Indiana	415	337	378	326	327	160	369	340	2652
Tennessee	388	281	352	335	306	48	245	261	2216

The Bulletin showing the standing of the first sixty-four competitors in the National Individual Match, which took place at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 24, 25, 26 and 28. Brigadier-General W. P. Hall, Military Secretary, U. S. Army, executive officer, in charge:

	Slow Fire. Yards.					Rapid Fire. Yards.			Skirmish.		Grand
	200.	300.	500.	600	Total.	200.	500.	Aggte.	1st. run.	2d run.	Aggte.
James Durward, Jr, Pvt 5th Mass	40	46	45	45	176	40	40	256	83	91	430
J M Ketcham, 1st Sergt. U S M C	41	38	45	44	168	44	38	250	80	85	415
C B Winder, Capt. Ohio	41	46	45	38	170	42	43	255	78	81	414
A E Wells, Capt. 71st N. Y	43	45	47	40	175	39	43	257	82	72	411
William Tate, Sergt 25th Inf. U S A	37	43	46	37	163	43	39	249	79	79	407
George Sayer, 1st Sergt. 15th Inf., U S A	41	42	46	45	174	28	39	241	87	77	405
M P Stiles, Sergt. 1st Maine	42	46	45	42	175	42	42	259	55	91	405
G H Doyle, Ord. Sergt. 71st N. Y	40	43	46	48	177	41	38	256	78	69	403
C S Benedict, Licut. Ohio	41	42	47	45	175	36	41	252	75	75	402
S H Scott, Corp. U. S. M. C	40	42	44	43	169	38	36	243	81	77	401
R S Schlick, Col. Sergt. 1st Regt. Wis	44	41	46	45	176	46	38	260	64	77	401
T A Baldwin, 1st Lieut. 24th Inf., U S A	34	41	44	39	158	43	36	237	85	78	400
A M Graham, 2d Lieut. 1st Cav, U S A	38	39	46	38	161	34	46	241	93	65	399
A S Bowen, 1st Lieut. 53d Regt, Iowa	46	47	35	45	173	34	44	251	86	59	396
James H. Keough, Q-M Sergt 6th Mass	40	44	48	44	176	39	37	252	70	74	396
Carrol M. Gale, Q-M Sergt. Illinois	41	44	45	47	177	43	36	256	85	55	396
John T Scott, Ord Sergt, Illinois	42	43	44	46	175	46	41	262	64	70	396
C J Iverson, Sergt, Washington	38	40	43	38	159	35	45	239	73	83	395
G W Corwin, Capt 71st N Y	44	43	48	47	182	36	48	266	67	62	395
G W Lent, Ord Sergt 47th N Y	41	42	50	44	177	34	41	252	75	67	394
Claud S Hudson, Sergt 2d Regt, N J	41	43	47	45	176	47	36	259	60	75	394
George E Cook, Capt 4th Inf, Maryland	40	42	43	43	168	40	45	253	74	66	393
Arthur Brest, Sergt 15th Inf, U S A	41	41	45	45	172	41	47	206	65	68	393
F M Daringkeller, 1st Sergt 12th Regt, N Y	41	41	47	44	173	37	40	250	82	59	391
F S Hird, Sergt 53d Regt, Iowa	45	43	43	45	176	38	36	250	75	65	390
O M Schriver, Corpl U S M C	42	42	46	46	176	31	44	251	75	64	390
Francisco Agostini, 1st Sergt P R P R	44	44	42	43	173	42	41	256	65	69	390
John Grandy, Corpl 28th Inf, U S A	43	41	44	40	168	38	39	245	65	78	388
Charles E Groome, 1st Sergt 2d Regt, D C	29	43	44	42	158	38	45	241	73	73	387
C D Haxtable, 2d Lieut, Washington	42	43	45	40	170	34	33	237	81	68	386
J Markley, Pvt, U S M C	43	41	42	43	169	44	41	254	56	76	386
Robert Johnson, Sergt 10th Cav U S A	36	39	39	35	149	43	43	235	80	70	385
J H Darlington, Capt, Washington	42	43	45	46	176	34	37	247	74	64	385
Robert L Pile, Pvt 2d Regt, District of Columbia	44	43	45	43	175	38	42	255	65	65	385
A C Pierce, Sergt, Washington	38	38	45	39	169	39	38	237	67	80	384
F X O'Connor, 1st Sergt 7th Regt, N Y	41	42	48	39	170	38	31	239	68	77	384
W F Lenshner, Ord Sergt 74th Regt, N Y	38	41	46	43	168	35	38	241	67	76	384
A Hamilton, Boatswain, U S N	42	44	49	43	178	29	36	243	82	59	384
Arthur E Clark, Jr, 2d Lieut, 2d Inf, Minnesota	46	39	39	45	169	40	43	252	60	71	383
John V Clinnin, Capt, Illinois	40	41	43	46	170	43	45	258	65	60	383
E M Hatton, Corpl, Washington	41	36	43	32	152	33	38	223	72	87	382
C F Asmuth, Sergt 1st Regt, Wis	42	40	40	43	165	41	46	252	83	47	382
B H Benedict, Sergt, Ohio	36	41	41	32	153	45	32	230	87	63	380
E S Hopps, Sergt, Illinois	40	38	41	41	160	45	40	245	75	60	380
Loren M Felt, Pvt, Illinois	43	43	47	41	174	40	36	250	60	70	380
R J Hildeman, Sergt 56th Regt, Iowa	42	43	43	43	171	41	38	250	65	65	380
Robert Gamble, Pvt 1st Regt, Pennsylvania	40	45	46	38	169	39	33	241	65	73	379
A A Alling, 1st Lieut 2d Inf, Connecticut	43	42	46	42	173	41	42	256	79	44	379
John W Hessin, Col Sergt 18th Regt, Pennsylvania	42	39	47	46	174	28	32	234	65	79	378
W H Richard, Lieut, Ohio	41	43	48	42	174	45	46	265	49	64	378
Henry W Breit, Sergt, Illinois	44	38	48	44	174	42	11	227	85	64	376
E S Geist, I S A P, Iowa	39	41	44	40	164	43	29	236	86	52	374
B W Beal, Corpl U S M C	40	40	43	41	164	40	41	245	64	65	374
Wm W Cookson, 1st Lieut 6th Battery, D C	43	44	43	41	171	40	35	246	68	60	374
W B Sheppard, 1st Lieut 71st N Y	40	43	46	39	168	43	42	253	81	40	374
Frederick E Resch, Major 3d Inf, Minnesota	39	45	47	41	172	41	26	239	68	65	372
Ivan L Eastman, Pvt, Ohio	40	47	47	43	177	29	38	244	70	58	372
Ned M Green, 1st Lieut 15th Inf, U S A	42	41	44	42	169	38	39	246	60	66	372
Jens E Stedje, 1st Lieut 4th Cav, U S A	37	43	46	42	168	46	38	252	65	55	372
H A Rice, 1st Lieut 1st Regt, N J	39	38	41	46	164	32	40	236	70	65	371
H R Humphrey, Corpl, Washington	38	44	44	40	166	37	37	240	74	57	371
Melvin D Lewis, Corpl, Illinois	41	42	44	38	165	39	47	251	55	65	371
D C McDougal, 1st Lieut U S M C	38	40	46	41	165	40	47	252	73	46	371
J A Plumley, Corpl, 5th Inf, Maryland	44	45	44	42	175	44	43	262	64	45	371

A. P. BUFFINGTON,
Captain, First Infantry,
Statistical Officer.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The shoot of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club has been postponed from Sept. 16 to Sept. 23.

E. M. Smith, Secretary, informs us that a fall tournament will be held at Atlantic City, N. J., on Sept. 22-23.

Mr. Gus Habieh, Secretary, writes us that October 6 and 7 have been granted the Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club for a fall tournament.

A correspondent writes us that Mr. H. E. Winans has taken up his domicile at Upper Alton, Ill. and that he is endeavoring to organize a gun club there.

The Palisade Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., will not hold any shoots on the first Tuesdays of the months of September, October, and November, but will hold all-day tournaments on the fourth Thursdays of above months.

The Morris Gun Club, Morristown, N. J., are arranging to hold a two-day shoot, Sept. 27-28, in connection with the Dover-Morristown match of the North New Jersey League series. F. A. Trowbridge is the Secretary.

A. A. Schoverling, Secretary, has issued a notice that an all-day tournament of the Palisade Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., will be held on Thursday, Sept. 28. Programme will begin at 11 A. M.; $50 added money and $30 in merchandise.

By way of correction, Mr. O. N. Ford, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.; writes us that he was second high amateur on the first day, Aug. 16. of the Interstate shoot at Kansas City, instead of Alva Wilson. Mr. Ford's total score for the day was 185.

Mr. George S. Oliver, General Agent, has issued a card as follows: "Having succeeded Mr. E. S. Rice in the management of the Chicago office of E. I. Dupont Company, I wish to assure all patrons of the past that any business entrusted to my care will have prompt and careful attention and be fully appreciated."

The shoot of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club, owing to the rainy weather of Sept. 4, was postponed to Sept 16. The Bound Brook Gun Club cancelled their shoot, fixed for that date, in deference to the Rahway Club. This shoot is to raise a fund for church purposes, and deserves the friendly support of all shooters.

In the five-man team contest, the ninth of the series of the North New Jersey League, the Montclair team defeated the Mountainside team by a score of 102 to 93. This match was held on the grounds of the Montclair Gun Club on Saturday of last week. The next match of the series is between Montclair and Morristown, Sept. 16, on the grounds of the former.

A card from Mr. E. S. Rice, Chicago, announces his retirement from the management of the Chicago office of the Dupont Powder Co., on Sept. 1, after an active connection with the Dupont Co. covering a period of twenty-seven years. Mr. Rice extends thanks to the powder buyers of the Middle West for the patronage extended to the Dupont Co., and bespeaks a continuance of their favor for his successor.

The Interstate shoot at Colorado Springs, Col., Aug. 29-31, was one of the greatest and most successful of the year. The mechanical arrangements for holding the shoot were complete to the most minute detail. The Denver Post trophy, shot for on the last day, was won by Mr. J. Appleman, of Oklahoma. The general averages, highest for the three days, were as follows: Amateurs, first, Mr. C. M. Powers, 477; second, Mr. Joe Rohrer; third, H. G. Taylor, 473. Professionals, first, W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert, tie on 481; second, C. T. Callison, 471; third, Harold Money, 470.

At the thirteenth annual tournament of Progressive Gun Club of East St. Louis, Aug. 27, forty shooters took part. The trade was represented by C. G. Spencer, H. W. Cadwallader, H. W. Vietmeyer, C. F. Sundy, Leslie Standish, A. L. Cummings and H. E. Winans, among whom average honors were divided as follows: Spencer first, Cadwallader second, Winans third. The honors for amateur average resulted in a tie for first place between W. H. Clay and C. F. McCloughan. Second honors went to J. E. Scott while J. A. Groves and "Jim" Scott tied for third. A beautiful cup was the trophy up for high amateur average, and to which ownership will be decided by a shoot-off, between the two tied, next Sunday. Spencer's work in professional class was very brilliant, 159 out of 160.

BERNARD WATERS.

Mount Kisco Gun Club.

MT. KISCO, N. Y., Aug. 26.—The tenth annual tournament of the Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club was held on Aug. 23. There was a good attendance. About twenty-five shooters were present.

The trade was represented by Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, Neaf Apgar, Sim Glover, H. S. Wells and Gus Grieff. The programme called for ten events, a total of 180 targets.

The best average by professional was made by J. A. R. Elliott. He broke 177 out of 180, missing only three targets. He received the first professional prize, a pair of field glasses, value $15. The second average was made by Messrs. Neaf Apgar and Sim Glover, 172 out of 180. Second prize was a silver berry spoon, value $7.

The best average for the amateurs was made by Messrs. L. L. Stever and McMurtry, 170 out of 180. They received the $5 gold piece. Capt. A. Betti, from the home club, was a good second, 169 out of 180. Cox and Blandford, 162 out of 180; Dr. Gardiner, 160 out of 180; Manchester, 159 out of 180.

In the merchandise event McMurtry won first prize, a silver box. He broke 24 out of 25.

In the 23 class, the following prize, a silver berry dish, was won by Mr. A. Betti.

Other prizes won were: R. W. Gorham, clock; D. D. Stever, bon-bon silver basket; Manchester, a pair pantaloons; 22 class, Chas. Blandford, stop watch; 21 class, Dr. Gardiner, fern silver dish—Cox, cake basket; 20 class, G. E. Sutton, pearl-handled knife—H. Smith, fishing rod; 19 class, E. Martin, pearl knife; 18 class, A. Burham, silver fob—Dr. Dunn, 150 Ballistite shells; 17 class, G. Wood, fountain pen.

After the programme was over, there was one extra merchandise event for the home club. The following won: First, G. E. Sutton and R. Gorham, 50 cigars; second, A Betti, 100 cigars. Several other prizes were won by Martin, Smith, Carson, Dr. Dunn and Burham.

Capt. A. Betti deserves great credit for this tournament.

Valuable articles in the merchandise were donated mostly by the members of the club, and from the townspeople. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	*	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15		
J A R Elliott	14	20	15	20	14	19	15	25	15	20	..	180	177
H S Wells	12	18	13	19	14	20	12	22	..	..	..	...	...
Dr Gardener, 18	13	18	13	18	12	18	14	21	14	19	..	180	160
Speir, 18	9	19	13	18	14	18	14	17	11	20	..	180	155
Chas Blandford, 18	14	19	12	16	14	17	14	22	14	16	..	180	162
N Apgar	14	18	13	20	15	19	14	25	14	20	..	180	172
S Glover	15	17	14	18	14	20	15	24	15	20	..	180	172
Gus Grieff	13	17	14	18	15	16	10	21	10	17	..	180	151
McMurtry, 19	15	18	14	20	14	19	15	24	13	18	..	180	170
A Betti, 19	14	20	15	17	13	18	15	23	14	20	13	180	169
D D Stever, 19	15	20	25	17	14	19	15	23	14	18	..	180	170
Cox, 19	18	18	13	20	13	20	11	21	15	19	..	180	162
Manchester, 18	15	17	13	16	13	18	11	23	14	19	..	180	159
L Carson, 12	18	12	16	12	16	10	..	..	..	..	10	...	...
R Gorham, 17	..	..	14	16	15	18	14	23	13	17	14	...	...
G Sutton, 17	..	..	12	18	11	17	14	20	12	16	14	...	...
Dr Dunn	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	9	18	12	13	9	...	...
H Smith	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	10	20	..	..	12	...	...
G Wood	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	4	15	..	..	8	...	...
E Martin	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	8	19	11	18	11	...	...
R Scoales	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	7	...	...
A Burham	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	18	10	16	12	...	...
Daggett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	10	8	...	...
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	...	...

Event No. 8 was distance handicap.
*Extra merchandise event.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 26.—Tripp and Abe Martin tied for high guns for the Dupont trophy; score 46 out of 50.

Moller won Peters Badge.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Hunter	23	17	22	21	22	20	23	23
Finley	16	16	21	21	22	23	..	..
Parry	18	15	23	18	21	24	22	..
Moore	17	21	19	21	21	..	..	..
Steele	15	12	12	15	12	..	..	..
Moller	20	23	19	23	16	19	..	..
Armstrong	16	13	16	19	14	..	..	..
Rhoads	11	14	14	17	..	..	..	..
Tripp	19	23	21	22	24	..	..	..
Wands	20	22	17	22	..	..	..	..
Hice	12	14	18	..	..	..	..	..
Sutcliff	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Abe Martin	21	24	22	24	..	..	..	..
Southern	20	21	..	..	..	..	..	..

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 2.—Morris won Peters badge; Bell was high gun for cup.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Hunter	20	20	24	20	..	..	..
Finley	21	25	22	19	21	24	..
Moller	23	22	23	24	22	23	..
Parry	21	23	22	23	..	..	..
Duon	17	17	17	19	19	15	..
Moore	17	19	21	22	18	..	..
Scott	18	21	22	19	18	18	..
Dan Smith	18	19	12	19	18	..	..
Tripp	17	15	15	14	14	20	14
D C Morris	21	16	13	24	..	..	..
Bell	16	25	23	24	..	..	..
Smoke	23	25	23	21	..	..	..
Michaelis	24	23	22	24	..	..	..
Southern	18	19	20	18	..	..	..
Neilson	12	10	11	10	..	..	..
Hice	21	20	..	..	..	..	..
General	13	14	14	13	..	..	..

THE MANY-USE OIL
Polishes Stock and Barrel, also Pianos, Desks, Safes, etc.—*Adv.*

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

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Interstate Association at Colorado Springs.

THE eighth Interstate Association tournament for 1905 was held here under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club, Aug. 29, 30, 31; and aside from the Grand American Handicap itself, it was the biggest success of the year's work. And when we say this, we are using the word "success" in its broadest significance.

First, it was conspicuous in the completeness of the appointments of the grounds, which left nothing to be desired or suggested. Not even at the Grand American Handicap were the arrangements more complete, and the entire credit for this is due to the local tournament committee, Messrs. John W. Garrett, J. A. Lawton and D. C. Sanderson. The traps were placed in the most approved manner, with low houses, and the score lines accurately outlined, with handicap marks from 16 to 22yds., the walks being paved with fine granite dust. The club house furnished every appointment. Shell stands and gun racks were conveniently arranged. The shells on sale were all handled by one dealer on a profit-pooling arrangement between the local firms. Luncheon was served all day, and shelter was provided for the shooters and visitors in any kind of weather.

As conveying this idea fully and clearly we quote Secretary Elmer E. Shaner as he expressed himself when he walked upon the grounds Saturday morning:

"I take off my hat," said he, "to the tournament committee of the Colorado Springs Gun Club.

"Every detail has been looked after by the committee, and I don't believe I ever came to a ground where arrangements had been made so completely and perfectly as here; there is not a thing for me to do but stand around and see that all goes right, whereas often I have to do all the work.

"The club grounds at Broadmoor are as fine as any in the country, and the background is one of the best to be found anywhere.

"Barring heavy winds, I look for some phenomenal scores.

"And I will also say that, with very little additional work—that is to say, placing two or three extra sets of traps, for which there is ample room, and providing more shelter and office room—the Grand American Handicap could well be pulled off here.

"Again I say, this tournament justifies the wisdom of the action taken by the Interstate Association in 'going West,' with its work of encouraging and promoting trapshooting."

Never has there been in the West such a gathering of shooters as at this tournament. Mr. Shaner said there were nearly a hundred men on the grounds, either participating or deeply interested in the game, whom he did not know, and it has been said that Elmer knew them all. The trade was represented as follows: Tom A. Marshall, Rolla O. Heikes, C. W. Budd, F. C. Riehl, C. B. Adams, Fred Gilbert, W. R. Crosby, Chris. Gottlieb, Harold Money, H. C. Hirschy, C. A. Young, A. H. Hardy, Cal. Callison, J. S. Fanning, C. D. Plank, D. W. King, all of whom participated as shooters in the programme. And yet other trade representatives were Jas. L. Head, A. J. Ricker, J. A. Frazer and W. P. Markle.

With such a bunch of the representatives who are the good fellows booming and boosting the game in all parts of the land, and nearly a hundred amateurs from all points of the compass, the people of the beautiful Colorado city had an attraction second to none that has visited the West in years, and they showed their appreciation and interest by coming out in crowds to the number of three to six or eight hundred every day. It was an event that, taken all in all, did indeed foster and promote interest in the great sport of trapshooting, and this is in a territory that is new and therefore peculiarly susceptible to good impressions.

Many of the visiting shooters were accompanied by their wives and families, and every hour of available time during the tournament and the days intervening between this and the Grand Western Handicap, the following week at Trinidad, was pleasantly employed visiting the many natural wonders that have made Colorado Springs famous the world over.

The programme presented was particularly attractive. There were in all 500 targets on the regular programme, and in addition the Denver Post trophy handicap contest at 100 targets the last day. There were four 15 and two 20 target events in each hundred shots, with $2 entrance and $20 cash added to each event. In addition to this, there were five daily averages to high guns, ranging from $12.50 to $5. There was $100 added in the Post trophy contest, and for amateurs fifteen general average purses ranging from $25 to $10. Then also, as a special compliment to the trade representatives, the management hung up a purse of $150 for general average work to the ten high guns, which made the competition among the "old guard" especially spirited and interesting. Percentage system of dividing moneys was used in regular programme events, and the G. A. H. high gun system in the Post trophy handicap.

Many interesting features were noted in connection with the tourney, chief among which were the little placards, neatly printed on white enameled cardboard, and posted at every point of vantage, such as the following: "Be cheerful"; "Forget your troubles—smile"; "Smile up—be happy"; "Build up—don't tear down"; "Get busy"; "We are trying to please you"; "A kind word begets kindness"; "Don't knock—the echo isn't pleasant"; "Think, so many reasons why you should be happy." It was this spirit of good fellowship that characterized the week throughout, and more than one amateur was heard to remark that he never enjoyed himself more thoroughly at a shoot.

But the greatest degree of success attaching to a tournament is in the attendance and interest, representing the endorsement both of the citizens locally and of the shooting public. Herein this meet has passed all previous records of the Interstate Association for the present season. On preliminary day, the 28th, ninety shooters appeared and shot 200 or less targets for practice. This was a surprise to the management, but more was to come on the morning of beginning the programme, when 118 men went to the office and tendered Secretary Fred C. Whitney their entrance. It was expected that the attendance would reach 70, with a maximum estimate of 85, but by 10 o'clock Tuesday morning it was apparent that the two sets of blackbird traps would not suffice to handle the events on schedule time, and arrangements were started to place another trap.

The weather was fine until late in the afternoon, when a thunder shower came up, accompanied with severe gusts of wind that played havoc with many good scores. Everything ran along beautifully, with Mr. Shaner ever at the helm, and finding plenty to do, notwithstanding his complimentary remarks reflecting his first impression of the grounds. This, because even with the most perfect appointments and management of details, there is always more than enough for one head to look after at a shoot as big as this. But even at this, only eight of the twelve events were finished by 6 o'clock, when Mr. Shaner thought it advisable to stop and arrange for the third trap, and an early start the next day.

The four events of the first day's programme which could not be pulled off on that day were finished early the morning of the second day, the third trap being installed and in working order by 9:30 A. M. Among the amateurs, Joe Rohrer, Geo. Maxwell, the one-armed crack shot, and H. G. Taylor tied for first place by breaking 190 out of the 200 shot at; A. J. Lawton, R. R. Barber and E. F. Confarr tied for second place with 189, and Ed. O'Brien was third with 188. Among the manufacturers' representatives, Fred Gilbert was first with 194; W. R. Crosby was second with 193, and C. T. Callison third with 190.

In addition to the four events of the first day's programme, eight events of the second day's programme were finished before darkness put an end to the shooting for the day. The four events that were carried over were finished shortly before 11 A. M., the third day, everything moving like clockwork. Among the amateurs, C. M. Powers was in first place with 194 out of the 200 shot at. Joe Rohrer was second with 189, and John W. Garrett, R. R. Barber and H. G. Taylor were tied for third with 188. Among the manufacturers' representatives, W. R. Crosby was first, with 193; R. O. Heikes was second with 192, and Fred Gilbert third with 191.

The tournament came to a close the third day with every event on the programme finished. The closing event was the Denver Post trophy, which was won by J. Appleman, of Oklahoma, a 16yd. man, with the high score of 97 out of a possible 100; Ed. O'Brien was second with 96, with J. A. Patterson and G. K. Mackie tied for third with 95.

Among the amateurs the third day, C. M. Powers was again in first place with 97 out of a possible 100; Joe Rohrer and Ed. O'Brien tied for second place with 96, and R. R. Barber and H. G. Taylor tied for third with 95. Among the manufacturers' representatives, C. T. Callison was first with 97; Fred Gilbert was second with 96, and W. R. Crosby third with 95.

For general average among the amateurs, C. M. Powers was first with 477; Joe Rohrer was second with 475, and H. G. Taylor third with 473. Among the manufacturers' representatives, W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert were a tie for first place with 481; C. T. Callison was second with 471, and Harold Money third with 470.

The scores of the three days follow:

Aug. 29, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	15	20	20		
J W Garrett	14	15	13	15	20	20	13	12	14	14	15	17	200	182
A J Lawton	15	14	14	15	18	17	14	13	14	15	20	20	200	189
W A Miner	13	15	10	11	20	18	8	14	14	14	18	18	200	173
F C Richl	14	14	13	13	19	20	13	14	15	14	18	17	200	184
C W Budd	14	14	14	13	20	18	15	12	13	13	18	20	200	184
Ed Gallup	14	15	14	13	17	13	14	9	14	10	14	16	200	173
E C Young	11	11	13	13	15	18	12	11	14	13	16	19	200	168
H E Bonebrake	14	12	13	13	16	19	11	12	15	12	13	16	200	166
Joe Rohrer	15	15	14	12	20	19	14	12	15	15	19	20	200	190
D B Herriman	15	12	14	12	18	17	11	12	14	13	17	16	200	171
J Burmister	15	14	11	13	17	17	12	11	13	13	15	18	200	169
W R Crosby	15	14	15	15	20	19	12	14	15	15	20	19	200	193
C M Powers	14	14	15	15	19	19	12	13	12	15	18	20	200	186
G Burnside	14	13	10	11	20	18	11	14	12	14	17	17	200	171
Fred Gilbert	15	15	15	15	18	20	14	15	15	15	17	20	200	194
Ed O'Brien	15	14	14	14	18	19	15	15	15	12	19	18	200	188
Alec Mermod	14	15	11	15	19	17	15	14	13	14	19	17	200	183
E A Arnold	13	14	12	12	18	19	14	13	13	14	18	20	200	180
Chris Gottlieb	15	15	13	13	20	20	12	14	11	13	18	18	200	182
A C Holmes	13	13	11	13	17	14	9	15	12	13	17	16	200	163
H C Hirschy	15	14	15	14	17	19	12	13	12	15	15	18	200	179
Frank Hodges	13	13	12	14	18	17	14	13	13	12	19	18	200	176
R R Barber	15	14	12	15	20	18	14	15	13	15	19	19	200	189
Geo Maxwell	15	15	13	15	19	20	12	14	15	15	19	18	200	190
H Money	15	15	14	15	15	19	14	15	14	14	16	19	200	189
R O Heikes	12	14	15	14	20	19	12	13	14	15	18	18	200	184
T A Marshall	13	13	13	15	17	19	11	14	12	14	18	19	200	178
C E Cook	11	12	14	11	17	17	10	12	14	11	8	19	200	158
H Donnelly	12	14	13	13	19	19	13	14	12	15	18	19	200	181
H G Taylor	15	14	14	13	19	20	15	14	14	15	18	19	200	190
F Huston	15	15	15	11	15	18	12	14	13	14	18	17	200	177
P Braden	10	11	11	13	17	16	9	10	12	13	16	13	200	151
S H Hains	13	11	12	13	17	17	10	14	..	..	..	..	130	117
J Appleman	12	14	14	13	18	14	13	13	13	13	17	18	200	173
T B Newton	14	13	13	15	20	17	13	14	15	13	16	15	200	178
C D Linderman	13	15	14	14	20	16	14	11	13	9	19	17	200	176
D Bray	15	12	13	14	18	20	13	12	15	14	15	19	200	180
A H Hardy	15	14	14	14	18	19	15	14	12	13	16	15	200	179
A Olson	14	14	13	15	19	19	14	12	15	13	19	18	200	185
Wm Veach	15	14	15	14	19	18	14	14	14	15	19	15	200	186
C B Adams	12	14	14	14	18	18	15	15	12	14	18	19	200	183
B Rogers	11	14	12	14	18	15	11	10	13	13	16	13	200	161
C D Plank	12	14	14	15	16	18	11	13	14	14	19	16	200	176
Chas Thorpe	14	14	14	14	15	19	11	11	14	14	20	17	200	177
F T Waugh	14	15	14	10	18	17	12	14	14	15	18	16	200	177
C Rankin	15	15	12	13	17	20	10	15	10	14	17	16	200	174
D W King, Jr	13	12	13	12	17	18	11	12	15	14	17	17	200	171
C A Young	13	14	15	15	16	19	11	13	14	15	19	18	200	182
W H McCreery	9	12	12	10	11	14	12	13	12	11	15	15	200	146
C W Hadley	15	13	13	14	17	18	13	13	10	13	19	16	200	174
L H Fitzsimmons	12	11	14	10	15	13	9	9	15	14	15	15	200	152
P Gano	11	14	13	14	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	82
R H Meyer	13	12	12	11	15	14	14	14	11	13	14	13	200	159
W C Williams	13	15	15	13	16	15	11	15	13	14	17	18	200	175
Fred Bell	15	13	15	14	17	18	13	14	14	11	19	14	200	177
J S Fanning	14	13	14	14	19	17	13	10	11	14	16	17	200	173
C T Callison	15	15	14	14	20	18	14	15	14	15	18	18	200	190
E F Confarr	15	15	14	15	20	19	12	14	13	14	20	18	200	189
S A Huntley	15	13	15	14	20	18	13	14	13	14	19	18	200	186
J H Severson	13	12	12	14	15	17	13	11	13	13	15	18	200	166
J C Clark	15	13	13	14	17	16	11	11	..	..	..	..	130	110
S B Alexander	12	13	13	12	18	12	13	8	13	12	17	17	200	165
T J Hartman	13	13	14	14	19	19	13	15	15	13	18	17	200	183
C Cornelius	14	13	14	15	14	16	13	15	13	14	17	17	200	175
E V Fisher	12	14	15	14	19	20	14	14	13	13	19	20	200	187
D Timberlake	15	14	10	15	16	17	14	13	13	15	19	19	200	180
G Timberlake	11	15	14	14	18	18	12	15	14	14	20	16	200	181
D C Sanderson	12	12	11	12	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	81
T H Ray	12	12	12	14	17	17	11	12	14	14	19	17	200	171
C C Davis	12	12	13	13	17	17	14	15	12	13	17	17	200	172
G K Mackie	13	13	13	15	17	17	14	14	13	11	18	15	200	178
G W Lewis	14	15	11	14	17	17	15	15	13	15	20	19	200	185
J A Patterson	12	15	13	14	20	19	13	11	14	14	16	16	200	177
J R Cobb	14	14	14	13	17	17	14	15	13	14	16	19	200	180
C B Clapp	14	14	13	14	17	17	13	13	15	13	16	16	200	171
W J Rand	15	14	15	10	18	18	13	15	14	15	20	16	200	183
W W Wright	11	14	12	13	13	18	12	11	15	13	15	11	200	158
P Frederick	9	11	9	12	14	13	6	7	12	8	12	14	200	127
J D Proctor	14	13	12	11	17	16	11	11	14	14	17	17	200	167
J H Wainscott	11	11	12	8	12	17	12	10	..	..	..	..	130	96
A E McKenzie	13	14	14	15	14	19	14	14	15	13	19	16	200	180
J W Price	11	13	12	14	19	17	13	15	14	14	19	17	200	178
W E Dingman	13	13	10	15	19	13	14	12	14	15	19	17	200	174
F H Sprague	11	13	13	13	15	16	13	14	14	13	20	17	200	172
M H Van Buren	14	14	15	11	17	18	12	15	14	11	13	18	200	177
F M Gooden	14	12	13	14	16	18	15	14	12	14	19	19	200	180
H Kash	10	8	8	8	13	10	10	7	11	10	13	15	200	123
F W Caldwell	8	9	13	13	13	15	13	14	11	12	15	15	200	151
J C Hudelson	15	14	13	14	17	19	13	13	13	15	19	18	200	183
F J Radford	14	13	9	12	16	16	11	11	10	14	16	17	200	159
G Beard	12	13	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	50
W D Vincent	11	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	44
F V Roessler	11	10	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	44
Ted Ackerman	10	11	9	12	14	13	10	11	10	13	15	14	200	142
C E Biddison	12	13	15	12	15	19	..	..	12	14	20	19	170	151
J G Sheldon	13	15	12	13	19	20	14	14	15	13	19	18	200	186
R B Barnes	14	14	15	15	19	16	13	14	15	12	17	19	200	183
D Daniels	12	13	13	15	20	20	13	13	14	12	18	19	200	182
W M Wright	10	13	14	12	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	77
A P McDowell	13	11	12	13	15	16	12	14	11	13	19	17	200	166
W S Prettyman	12	11	14	13	14	11	9	7	12	11	15	13	200	142
H Hugg	13	14	11	13	17	16	13	12	11	12	19	16	200	167
F G Moore	8	10	..	..	..	..	12	10	10	9	19	15	130	93
C M Potter	11	12	8	13	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	73
S Heminghouse	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	24
R J Andrews	9	14	13	10	14	12	14	14	13	10	15	18	200	156
A Sarcander	12	13	13	14	18	11	11	13	12	12	19	16	200	164
A Merideth	14	14	14	12	15	15	13	15	11	13	..	..	160	136
G A Burt	9	10	14	10	17	16	12	12	10	9	16	16	200	151
J M Rhoades	..	..	..	..	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	34
B L Beymon	..	..	..	..	12	16	11	12	..	..	..	..	70	51
M Daniels	..	..	..	..	17	16	13	13	13	11	16	19	140	118
Dr Arnold	11	8	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	39
H Tipton	11	13	13	14	9	14	..	..	8	14	12	15	170	123
J L Palmer	10	8	6	9	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	62
B F Hamilton	10	13	13	10	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
C P Jamison	12	12	12	10	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	77
G Boston	13	14	14	13	18	19	12	15	12	15	19	16	200	180
C W Wonderly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	19	70	44

Aug. 30, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	15	20	20		
J W Garrett	15	15	14	14	18	18	15	12	15	14	18	20	200	188
A J Lawton	14	14	13	15	16	17	15	13	13	15	20	20	200	185
W A Miner	15	15	13	14	16	14	15	10	13	15	19	19	200	178
F C Riehl	14	14	15	15	18	19	12	13	10	15	17	20	200	182
C W Budd	10	15	14	14	19	20	14	13	12	14	16	20	200	181
Ed Gallup	6	11	12	12	9	13	11	12	14	14	18	18	200	150
E C Young	14	8	11	13	18	19	14	14	14	15	17	14	200	171
H E Bonebrake	13	11	12	14	16	13	13	11	12	14	13	16	200	158
J Rohrer	15	14	15	15	17	19	15	14	13	15	20	17	200	189
D B Herriman	10	14	12	13	14	16	11	..	..	..	..	..	115	90
J Burmister	14	12	13	13	17	15	11	13	11	15	17	15	200	165
W R Crosby	15	15	15	14	19	19	15	14	15	15	19	18	200	193
C M Powers	14	15	15	15	16	20	15	15	15	15	19	20	200	194
G Burnside	12	14	15	15	16	18	15	12	12	11	17	15	200	172
F Gilbert	15	14	14	14	19	20	15	15	13	15	18	19	200	191
Ed O'Brien	12	15	14	14	18	19	15	13	15	13	18	19	200	185
Alec Mermod	14	14	15	12	17	19	14	12	14	12	19	20	200	182
E A Arnold	14	13	15	14	17	19	13	15	14	15	20	18	200	187
Chris Gottlieb	13	14	14	12	16	16	15	13	14	14	20	16	200	177
A C Holmes	14	13	11	13	13	18	14	14	12	12	17	19	200	175
H C Hirschy	15	13	15	13	20	18	14	15	15	14	18	19	200	189
Frank Hodges	14	14	12	12	16	17	12	10	14	9	14	16	200	160
R R Barber	15	14	15	13	20	19	15	15	13	14	17	18	200	188
Geo Maxwell	15	14	13	15	20	20	14	13	14	11	20	15	200	184
H Money	15	13	15	15	17	19	15	14	14	13	19	20	200	189
R O Heikes	13	15	15	14	17	20	15	15	14	14	20	20	200	192
T A Marshall	14	11	15	12	17	13	13	9	13	14	19	17	200	166
C E Cook	14	13	12	14	14	16	15	13	12	14	20	15	200	172
H Donnelly	15	14	15	14	17	16	13	15	15	14	14	17	200	179
H G Taylor	14	13	14	16	17	20	14	15	15	14	18	19	200	188
F Huston	15	14	13	15	18	16	13	11	14	13	19	19	200	180
T H Ray	14	11	10	13	15	16	7	11	..	..	..	..	130	97
H Tipton	10	12	12	11	12	12	4	..	..	..	..	..	115	73
J Appleman	10	15	14	14	19	20	14	14	14	11	15	17	200	177
T B Newton	14	15	13	12	17	19	12	15	14	14	19	17	200	181
C D Linderman	14	14	14	15	18	18	10	11	9	12	18	18	200	171
D Bray	14	14	15	14	19	19	14	14	11	13	20	19	200	186
A H Hardy	15	15	13	11	18	17	13	13	14	11	18	19	200	177
A Olsen	15	13	14	14	16	15	12	15	12	14	18	15	200	173
Wm Veach	13	13	14	14	18	20	13	14	13	14	20	19	200	185
C B Adams	14	14	14	13	17	18	12	15	14	14	20	19	200	184
Burt Rogers	15	11	13	14	18	14	10	7	11	13	14	16	200	156
C D Plank	14	14	13	14	18	17	12	15	12	15	20	17	200	181
Chas Thorpe	12	12	14	11	13	15	14	12	14	12	16	19	200	164
F T Waugh	14	13	13	13	17	17	14	11	13	13	20	15	200	173
C Rankin	13	15	9	11	14	12	12	14	14	10	15	15	200	154
D W King, Jr	14	11	14	14	19	15	12	14	13	11	18	18	200	173
C A Young	15	13	12	15	18	15	12	13	15	13	19	19	200	179
W H McCreery	13	12	13	13	20	15	13	13	12	12	20	18	200	174
C W Hadley	14	11	12	14	18	16	7	11	13	12	19	19	200	166
L H Fitzsimmons	13	11	11	13	16	11	14	11	14	14	18	18	200	164
G Boston	14	11	14	14	17	16	13	13	12	10	17	15	200	166
R H Meyer	14	9	13	12	17	15	13	13	14	14	15	18	200	167
W C Williams	13	13	14	9	..	..	..	..	10	13	20	19	130	111

Fred Bell	14	14	13	13	20	11	13	9	8	10	17	16	200	158
J S Fanning	11	11	11	11	18	12	14	13	13	13	13	19	200	158
C T Callison	14	14	13	15	18	19	15	12	15	13	17	19	200	184
E T Confarr	15	13	12	11	17	19	15	13	14	13	20	19	200	181
S A Huntley	12	14	13	14	18	18	10	..	14	13	15	20	185	161
A P McDowell	13	12	12	14	19	17	11	10	14	14	19	18	200	173
S B Alexander	13	13	9	14	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
T Ackerman	14	14	12	13	16	15	13	8	13	11	17	18	200	164
T S Hartman	14	13	14	14	19	12	15	12	14	10	19	19	200	175
C Cornelius	14	12	13	10	17	17	13	13	11	11	14	19	200	164
D Timberlake	14	13	14	12	16	12	11	12	10	10	18	18	200	160
G Timberlake	15	14	13	14	20	17	15	14	13	14	17	20	200	186
C E Biddison	11	11	12	15	15	14	13	15	12	13	18	16	200	165
H Hugg	14	11	13	12	..	..	..	..	14	8	12	14	130	98
C C Davis	10	11	10	12	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	74
Geo K Mackie	13	12	13	11	16	17	13	15	12	12	19	20	200	173
G W Lewis	13	15	12	15	18	14	13	12	12	8	17	17	200	166
J A Patterson	14	12	12	14	13	15	14	14	15	10	20	20	200	173
J R Cobb	14	15	15	15	14	19	13	13	12	15	18	18	200	181
C B Clapp	12	12	11	13	16	19	13	13	13	14	19	18	200	176
W J Rand	15	14	12	14	14	18	12	13	15	12	17	20	200	176
W W Wright	13	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	29
P Frederick	11	11	10	7	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	58
J D Proctor	14	14	14	14	17	19	14	14	11	13	18	17	200	179
C W Wonderly	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16
A McKenzie	9	11	12	11	12	15	13	13	13	11	16	18	200	154
J W Price	15	15	15	14	13	17	13	12	12	13	19	19	200	177
W E Dingman	14	12	15	11	16	20	13	13	14	12	15	16	200	171
F H Sprague	13	12	11	12	17	17	14	13	14	13	18	19	200	173
M H VanBuren	12	12	14	12	10	16	12	..	14	9	14	18	185	143
F M Gooden	15	11	13	15	19	18	14	14	15	13	18	19	200	184
R J Andrews	10	12	12	12	19	16	14	12	13	13	18	17	200	168
A Sarcander	12	14	13	14	14	18	13	7	14	14	17	16	200	166
A Merideth	14	12	14	14	..	..	..	..	12	14	18	16	130	114
G A Burt	12	10	10	13	14	18	12	9	13	9	11	14	200	145
J G Sheldon	15	12	13	12	18	18	15	12	13	12	17	18	200	175
R B Barnes	14	12	14	12	18	17	12	13	12	13	15	19	200	171
D Daniels	14	15	14	14	15	15	13	13	11	14	17	17	200	172
M Daniels	11	11	15	12	16	19	15	12	..	..	..	..	130	111
J C Hudelson	14	15	13	14	15	19	15	15	14	14	20	17	200	185
C C Hawkins	8	7	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	34
J C Corey	14	9	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	50
F Schoen	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9
W Prettyman	11	11	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	45
E Babcock	..	..	12	13	13	..	..	..	11	12	17	18	120	96
A Lec	..	..	..	5	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	16
E Mumford	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8
E V Fisher	15	10	14	11	17	19	13	12	14	13	18	18	200	174
J H Severson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	15	19	70	62

Aug. 31, Third Day.

Handicaps apply to Denver Post trophy only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Denver Post Trophy.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	
J W Garrett, 20	14	15	12	15	17	18—91	21 23 24 20—88
A J Lawton, 20	15	14	13	15	17	20—94	20 23 21 23—87
W A Miner, 17	15	14	14	14	18	15—90	21 22 24 22—89
F C Riehl	13	13	15	14	18	17—90	.. ..
C W Budd	14	12	15	12	18	19—90	.. ..
Ed Gallup, 16	9	13	12	13	19	17—83	23 21 24 23—91
E C Young	13	14	12	11	17	17—84	.. ..
H E Bonebrake	11	13	13	10	16	19—82	.. ..
Joe Rohrer, 20	15	15	14	14	19	19—96	23 20 23 24—90
D B Herriman	10	10	14	11	18	19—82	.. ..
John Burmister	11	13	14	13	17	17—85	.. ..
W R Crosby	15	14	14	15	17	20—95	.. ..
C M Powers	15	13	15	14	20	20—97	.. ..
Guy Burnside	14	14	12	13	17	15—85	.. ..
Fred Gilbert	14	15	15	13	20	19—96	.. ..
Ed O'Brien, 18	15	14	14	14	19	20—96	23 24 25 24—96
Alec Mermod, 18	14	13	13	14	19	16—89	23 23 23 23—92
E A Arnold, 18	13	14	14	15	18	19—93	24 23 24 22—93
Chris. Gottlieb	15	15	12	12	17	19—90	.. ..
A C Holmes	13	14	11	11	17	15—81	.. ..
H C Hirschy	15	13	13	14	18	20—93	.. ..
Frank Hodges	11	12	11	13	13	15—75	.. ..
R R Barber, 20	15	14	14	14	18	20—95	22 17 21 25—85
Geo Maxwell, 19	15	13	15	12	19	19—93	23 21 23 21—88
Harold Money	15	14	14	14	17	18—92	.. ..
R O Heikes	12	15	15	13	19	19—93	.. ..
T A Marshall	13	12	12	7	16	17—77	.. ..
C E Cook, 16	11	15	14	10	16	18—84	21 22 24 19—86
Henry Donnelly	10	13	14	15	13	18—83	.. ..
H G Taylor, 20	14	14	15	14	19	19—95	24 21 24 23—92
F Huston, 17	14	13	13	15	20	17—92	23 20 22 23—88
W J Rand, 18	15	13	15	14	20	16—93	19 22 22 25—88
J D Proctor	13	13	13	12	20	19—90	.. ..
J Appleman, 16	12	14	14	12	16	15—83	24 25 23 25—97
T B Newton	14	12	11	10	18	18—83	.. ..
C D Linderman, 16	12	12	15	13	19	17—88	20 24 22 23—89
Dan Bray, 18	14	14	15	13	19	17—92	23 24 21 23—91
A H Hardy	13	13	15	12	16	18—87	.. ..
A Olsen, 17	14	14	14	14	17	16—89	23 21 20 21—85
Wm Veach, 19	15	13	15	14	19	15—81	25 21 25 22—93
C B Adams	13	12	11	12	18	16—82	.. ..
Bert Rogers	12	10	11	12	17	17—79	.. ..
C D Plank	14	12	14	12	18	13—83	.. ..
Chas Thorpe, 16	13	15	12	13	18	17—88	21 20 21 21—83
F T Waugh	13	10	13	14	18	17—85	.. ..
C Rankin	13	12	13	12	16	20—86	.. ..
D W King, Jr	15	15	15	11	16	16—88	.. ..
C A Young	15	15	13	13	18	18—92	.. ..
W H McCreery, 16	14	13	13	13	18	18—89	20 23 22 21—86
S T Huntley, 19	14	15	12	14	19	20—94	23 20 21 22—86
L H Fitzsimmons	15	12	12	11	16	18—84	.. ..
Dan Timberlake, 17	14	13	13	10	18	17—85	17 18 22 21—78
Geo Timberlake, 17	14	13	13	10	18	17—85	22 22 24 23—91
Fred Bell	14	11	9	7	..	..—41	.. ..
W C Williams	14	13	14	12	18	19—90	.. ..
J S Fanning	15	14	12	11	16	13—81	.. ..
Cal Callison	14	13	15	15	20	20—97	.. ..
J G Sheldon, 17	14	13	14	15	17	16—89	23 19 22 22—84
A P McDowell, 17	14	12	12	13	19	18—88	20 16 25 24—85
R S Barnes, 18	12	13	14	14	17	19—89	24 23 23 22—92
Ted Ackerman	9	11	13	13	16	14—76	.. ..
T J Hartman	13	15	15	13	17	17—90	.. ..
C Cornelius	10	13	12	14	16	16—81	.. ..
E V Fisher, 17	10	13	12	13	13	17—78	17 22 22 21—82
Geo S Mackie, 16	14	14	14	14	19	18—93	25 24 23 23—95
Geo Lewis, 18	14	14	14	11	19	19—91	20 22 22 19—83
J A Patterson, 17	15	14	14	13	19	16—91	23 24 24 24—95
J R Cobb, 18	12	15	15	14	17	17—90	21 21 21 18—81
C B Clapp, 17	13	13	12	9	14	19—90	23 16 21 21—81
A E McKenzie, 17	15	12	12	12	..	..—51	20 23 23 19—85
J W Price, 17	13	13	13	12	16	16—83	23 23 24 22—92
W E Dingman, 16	15	12	15	14	13	12—81	24 24 22 23—93
F H Sprague, 16	13	11	13	13	15	16—81	22 24 23 23—92
Henry Hugg	12	10	14	14	18	14—82	.. ..
F M Gooden, 18	14	12	14	13	18	12—82	23 19 19 20—81
R J Andrews, 16	12	13	14	15	14	18—86	21 20 22 20—83
A Meredith	12	15	13	12	..	..—52	.. ..
M H Van Buren	14	11	11	9	15	16—76	.. ..
J C Hudelson, 18	14	14	15	11	17	17—88	20 21 24 24—89
J H Wainscott	9	12	10	9	14	13—67	.. ..
W M Wright	9	13	14	12	13	14—75	.. ..
G L Palmer	7	9	..	..	..	..—16	.. ..
R H Meyer	11	12	12	13	18	16—82	.. ..
A Sarcander	9	12	10	9	..	..—40	.. ..
C W Hadley, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	23 22 23 22—90
E F Confar, 20	15	13	13	15	19	18—93	22 22 21 20—85
C C Davis, 16	..	..	14	..	..	..—14	16 18 11 12—57
D Daniels, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	22 20 21 20—83

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., Aug. 31.—The ladies of the Dover Sportsmen's Association feel hurt that they were not formerly invited to assist at the luncheon that we will provide for our visitors on our shoot on Sept. 20. We voted at our meeting to charge each member for what he ate, and our visitors also. The contention was on their part that, as we never have charged anything for food and refreshments since the club was organized some ten years ago, and the hospitable name we have acquired for good cheer would go to the winds, we gave way to their protest and turned the whole affair over to them. There will be no charge for luncheon.

D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y.

THE MANY-USE OIL.

Six-ounce can, 25 cents. Safe and Handy for Gunners' use.—*Adv.*

Derryfield Gun Club.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 30.—In one of the most interesting and closest shoots ever held at the present grounds of the Derryfield Gun Club, the Pequoters' cup was yesterday for the first time in the history of the organization successfully defended against the challenger. It was so close, indeed, that there was but a margin of a single point, and this was in favor of the defender, Elmer E. Reed, Manchester's crack gun shot. His opponent was W. C. Goss, of Henniker, who is a veteran at the clay pigeon sport, and who during his career has probably fired a ton of lead pellets in its pursuit. Though unsuccessful in taking the cup away from Elmer Reed, he did carry the day in sweepstakes, making a total of 138 out of a possible 150; but that of course had nothing to do with the Peters cup.

The Reed-Goss contest was at 100 birds. Goss, during the first dozen pigeons, was shooting slightly better than the holder of the cup, but at 20 birds the contest stiffened, and when the shotguns had spoken their 100 times, Reed had smashed just one more pigeon than Goss, the score out of the possible 100 being 92 to 91 in Mr. Reed's favor.

Probably because the weather was threatening, the attendance at the shoot was not what it doubtless would have been had the sun been out; but there was plenty of enthusiasm, and it was thought yesterday afternoon that the closeness of the contests would make new blood flow through the veins of the club, and a crowd of gunshots is expected at the handicap shoot, which takes place next Saturday.

There were a number of events following the regular shoot, and the most exciting was a close battle between Mayor Eugene E. Reed at 19yds. and C. A. Allen at 18yds. In the first event they tied with 24 birds out of a possible 25, and in the second Mayor Reed got 23 birds to 17 by his opponent.

Charles J. Darrah was the official scorer, and Bert Davis served at the desk, keeping the records and supplying sheets.

All the contestants stood at 16yds. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
W C Goss, Henniker	10	9	10	9	9	18	17	19	18	19	138
E E Reed, Manchester	9	9	9	8	10	19	19	19	17	18	137
Mayor Reed, Manchester	10	7	9	7	8	15	18	18	17	19	132
T C H Bouton, Henniker	7	10	8	10	9	17	18	14	16	15	124
G Woodruff, Henniker	5	9	8	9	7	15	16	16	16	17	118
C Sawtelle, Manchester	6	6	8	9	10	18	16	15	16	12	116
C A Allen, Manchester	8	6	7	9	10	14	16	15	11	15	111
A E Merrill, Henniker	4	4	5	3	4	10	8	10	8	12	68
Mr Wilson, Boston	7	6	7	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
E C Brigham, Manchester	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	15	17	14	77
J Morris, Concord	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	16	12	..	...
J Chadwick, Concord	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	14	12	13	67
John Perley, Goffstown	..	..	..	..	..	17	17	18	18	18	88
Dr Gove, Concord	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	11	12	11	55

The scores in the extra events, shot after the regular programme, were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	25	25
Mayor Reed	7	13	19	12	..	..	24	23
E E Reed	..	..	19	11	14	13	21	..
W C Goss	..	..	10	11	..	..	..	..
C A Allen	5	7	11	..	8	..	24	17
Galen Woodruff	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
E C Brigham	..	8	..	11	..	..	..	..
James Morris	..	..	8	12	..	12	..	..
J Chadwick	..	10	8	..	9	..	..	..
Dr Gove	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
John Perley	..	12	..	..	..	..	18	..
Dr Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..

PRESIDENT.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 29.—The second of a series of three matches between the Allentown Rod and Gun Club of Allentown and the Independent Gun Club of Easton for a silver loving cup representing the championship of the Lehigh Valley, was held Saturday Aug. 19 on the grounds of the latter at Cedarville and resulted in a victory for the home club by the score of 210 to 190. Each club having won one match, the third and deciding match will be held at the Duck Farm Hotel, at Allentown, on Sept. 9. Team match, ten men on a side, 25 targets each man; the men were sandwiched in, a member of each club alternately.

Allentown Rod and Gun Club; H. Schleicher 18, L. Straub 16, J. Englert 20, M. Desch 20, M. Brey 23, A. Desch 18, O. H. Acher 13, C. Kramlich 22, A. Heil 22, W. Desch 18, total 190. Independent Gun Club; W. H. Maurer 22, J. Pleiss 24, E. Leidy 22, H. Snyder 19, J. Sommers 17, O. Skeds 21, H. Housman 24, E. Markley 22, J. E. Maurer 23, E. Hellyer 16, total 210.

Below are the scores made in sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	25	10	15	15	20
I. Harn	11	..	8	9	11	..
Leidy	11	22	9	10	12	..
O Skeds	14	17	8	11	12	..
C Kramlich	13	20	8	10	15	18
H Snyder	7	..	..	..	..	..
A Heil	15	23	..	..	..	..
J Pleiss	14	24	9	..	..	..
Englert	12	21	8	14	..	..
C Miller	8	16	6	7	4	15
Heiser	7	11	8	..	..	..
M E Desch	11	18	..	..	14	..
G Richard	10	..	..	..	..	15
C F Hankey	13	21	8	13	12	13
Brusch	12	13	9	12	..	16
H Schlicher	13	21	..	..	..	..
L Straub	10	17	..	..	..	..
J E Maurer	14	18	..	11	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	25	10	15	15	20
J Sommers	11	..	..	..	..	..
H Housman	12	..	..	12	..	10
W H Maurer	14	22	..	..	..	..
E F Markley	14	20	9	13	15	20
M Brey	13	..	..	..	..	..
O Acher	9	14	9	..	..	..
A Desch	..	23	..	..	10	..
W Desch	..	20	..	..	10	..
A W Knauss	..	17	..	10	8	..
H G Miller	..	..	8	12	12	15
E Hellyer	..	..	8	11	12	16
C Schleicher	..	..	9	..	..	..
Gapp	..	..	10	..	..	..
Geo Elliott	..	..	5	13	11	14
Frey	..	..	..	4	..	10
O Saudt	..	..	..	..	8	8
Schoch	..	..	..	..	10	..

W. R. IVEY, Sect'y.

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., Aug. 2.—Events 5 and 6, 50 targets, were for the Hunter Arms Co. medal. Conditions to win, greatest number of wins out of ten shoots; won this Saturday by Mr. Wynne from the 17yd. mark.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	25	25	15
Town, 0	5	..	10	11	..	..	..	..
McMurtry, 0	9	8	14	10	13	13	22	..
Staples, 20	8	14	14	13	15	15	19	..
Richter, 22	..	..	10	11	11	18	22	..
Wynne, 17	..	11	9	13	13	23	23	..
Morrison, 19	..	14	..	11	11	19	23	13
Eickhoff, 18	..	9	12	11	12	11	20	9
Brugmann, 21	..	12	12	15	13	19	18	..
Scott, 16	..	13	11	11	11	17	20	..
Schneider, 21	..	..	14	12	13	16	20	12
Fostor, 21	..	..	12	12	15	18	21	13
Hans, 18	..	..	11	9	13	17	19	11
Daley, 0	..	..	9	12	10	19	16	..
Merrill, 16	..	..	5	8	7	14	16	..
Burns, 0	..	..	12	12	12	24	24	..
Akers, 0	..	..	7	8	9	12	..	..
Perkins, 16	..	..	..	7	10	18	17	..
Miss Hornbaby, 0	..	..	..	9	12	16	23	..
Schramm, 16	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Queens County Gun Club.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.—On Saturday, Sept. 23, 1905, the Queens County Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament on its grounds at Long Island City, programmes of which will be ready in a few days.

A feature of this tournament will be a special 100-target event, all scratch; entrance $5; targets to be deducted at 2 cents. If there are five entries, there will be one money; five to ten entries, two moneys, divided two-thirds to high gun and one-third to second high gun; over ten entries, three moneys, divided 50 per cent. to high gun, 30 per cent. to second high gun, and 20 per cent. to third high gun. Ties to be shot off, miss-and-out.

In order to make this event of special interest to the shooting fraternity, contestants are requested to forward their entry to the secretary not later than Sept. 16, 1905, so as to give the management an opportunity to publish the list of entries.

Practice shoots will be held every Thursday and Saturday afternoons during the fall and winter. Targets trapped at 1½ cent. Visitors are welcome. Clubs wishing to secure the use of these grounds for the coming season should communicate with the secretary without delay. RICHARD H. GOSMAN, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE attendance on Sept. 2 was small. The dove season opened on Sept. 1, and the attractions of field shooting proved stronger with many of the boys than trapshooting. The day was fine, the wind a little too strong for some of the shooters. In the Schuler prize, which ended to-day, Pfieffer was high in actual breaks, with 45. Two or three of the shooters will shoot their final score in this event on the 3d, but the position of the leaders cannot be changed. Lytle proved the winner of the trophy, a handsome gun cabinet, given by G. W. Schuler, his standing being: shot at 650, actual breaks 352, 54.1 per cent.; total score 604, 92.9 per cent. Gambell was second with 92.4 per cent,, and was high in actual breaks, 392 out of 450, 87.1 per cent. Randall was second. 521 out of 600, 86.8 per cent. Barker was third with 514 out of 600, 85.6 per cent. In the event Herman and Pohlar were third with 91.8 per cent. each. Krehbiel was fourth with 91.5 per cent. Gambell will shoot his final score on the 3d, and may go to the head, but has got to break 49 to do so, as he has no handicap.

Shooting at 13 pairs Bill broke 13, and Maynard broke 15 out of 10 pairs.

Peters' new gun is responsible for his poor shooting. He has not got the hang of it yet.

The contest for the Ackley trophy will begin about Oct. 1. Shooting hereafter will be over the trap to be used at the tournament. Programmes will be ready on Sept. 6, and any shooter can obtain a copy of Supt. Arthur Gambell.

Williams starts for Portland, Me., on Sept. 15, where he will spend a couple of weeks and enjoy himself shooting ducks on the Cape.

Very little practice shooting was done to-day, and at 4 o'clock every one was through. Several of the boys got a few doves just outside the grounds. The scores:

Lytle, 13	50	Roll, 9	46
Maynard, 1	49	Pohlar, 3	44
Randall, 7	49	George, 10	44
Pfieffer, 1	46	Pickles, 10	37
Steinman, 3	46	Bill, 6	19
Ahlers, 4	46		

Lytle did not eompete.

Team race, 50 targets:

Randall	42	Gambell	41
Barker	45	Ahlers	42
Pickles	21—114	Steinman	43—126

Ohio Notes.

There was a large attendance at the shoot of the Columbus Gun Club on Aug. 26, twenty men taking part in the sport. In spite of the strong wind, some good work was done. Webster's shooting was the feature. He broke straight in six of the events and finished first with 166 out of 190; Bassell, 140 out of 180; J. H. Smith, 116 out of 150; Bluc Bell, 103 out of 140. There were eight events at 10, four at 15 targets, and the shoot for the Columbus Sporting Goods Co.'s trophy at 50 targets, two 25s. The Indianola Gun Club was well represented among the shooters, and its members were heartily welcome. Mrs. Marshall, after a rest of over two years, tried her hand to-day and broke 7 out of 8 in a couple of 10-target events. In the trophy shoot H. E. Smith was first with 42; Bassell, 39; Webster, 39; J. H. Smith, 38; Bluc Bell, 35.

Ten members of the Cleveland Gun Club contested for the Dupont cup at 50 targets on Aug. 26. Pocock (5), Alex (12) and Oug (13) made the full score of 50, including handicaps as indicated. Brockway (5) and June (10) were second with a total of 49 each. Doolittle was third with 48, this being also high score in actual breaks. Pocock was second in actual breaks with 47, and Burns third with 45.

Owing to many members being away, the Springfield Gun Club has held no shoots for two or three weeks. The regular shoots begin again on Sept. 8.

Dayton will probably send a team to Newark, O., on Sept. 27 and 28 to compete for the Phellis trophy.

Capt. Ben Bowns will announce the date of the fall tournament of the Springfield Gun Club very soon.

President Gus A. Hodapp told his friends to "Just watch my smoke," as he started for the Rohrer's Island Gun Club's grounds on Aug. 30 to take part in the medal shoot. Sure enough he won the event after a hot contest. Hodapp, Cain and Oldt tied for first on 25 straight or better. In the first shoot-off, Oldt dropped out on 8 out of 10, the others tying on a full score of 10. In the second Cain and Hodapp tied on 5 straight, and in the third Hodapp broke 5 straight to Cain's 4 and won. This makes his third win this season, and places him with the leaders in the series—Miller and Oldt. On April 12 he won after five shoot-offs, and was again victorious on Aug. 23, after a lively shoot. The sport opened with a 15-target practice event, Oldt first with 14, Oswald 13, Carr 12, Schaerf 7. Several sweeps closed the sport.

The Preble County Gun Club held their regular monthly medal shoot on Aug. 31. Although the weather was fine, the attendance was not up to the mark, but those taking part made some good scores. In the medal event, 25 targets, 16yds., C. W. Matthews and Eli Peters tied on 22, the former winning the shoot-off. D. M. Swibart and A. Leisk were second with 21 each. High score in actual breaks to-day was made by Swibart, 46; Matthew was second, with 45, and Leisk, third, with 44.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 2.—The appended scores were made to-day on our grounds, on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the third series. In the club trophy shoot Dr. Meek won Class A on 24; Al. Smedes won Class B on 22; Wilson won Class C on 14. In Dupont cup shoot Dr. Meek won Class A on 16; Al. Smedes won Class B on 16. No Class C man in contest. In Hunter Arms Co. shoot, at 10 singles and 5 pairs, Dr. Meek won Class A on 16; Al. Smedes won Class B on 16. No Class C man in contest. Attendance fair, considering the rain and opening of the game season. Several ladies, whose names do not appear, were present and shot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	25	10	10	10	10
McDonald	13	13	21	8	9	6	..
Stone	13	16	14	6	6	8	..
Thomas	12	14	18	8	7	6	6
Dr Meek	16	15	24	10	8	5	8
Wilson	..	..	14	4	3	..	..
Stannard	17	19	24	9	9	9	10
Keck	15	13	21	9	..	..	..
A Smedes	16	12	22	7	5	7	..
Rutledge	19	..	23	8	8	..	..
F Wolff	8	8	13	8	8	..	..
J Wolff	14	14	16	..	..	..	..
Ford	11	..	18	..	8	..	..
Davis	15	15	..	..	..	8	9
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	8	7
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

No. 1 was the Dupont cup. No. 2 was the Hunter trophy. No. 3 was the trophy event.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The semi-annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, sche

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natura. objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE SEASON.

THIS is the season when the blood of the sportsman courses more quickly. He is more alert, buoyant, vigorous, purposeful. The game season has arrived.

The ripening harvests, the beautiful autumn tintings of matured vegetation, glorified here and there with bright purples, yellows and reds where Jack Frost has touched his chilly, sharp brush on the landscape, denote that the game birds are ready for the gunner, and that the game laws for a season will not long bar him whose pleasure afield is with bird dog and gun.

The prairie chicken is the early bird of the season. It serves admirably to tune up the shooter's eyes and nerves which, at first, are likely to be slow and dull from prior weeks of disuse of the shotgun.

In the early season, the chicken is slow of wing and short of flight. Then, the shooter who cannot score well with the shotgun, is a bungler indeed. Its abode is in the open, hence the chicken is denied the opportunity for strategy afforded by a timber habitat, and has not the consequent immunities as enjoyed by its confrere of the timber, the ruffed grouse.

Yet even with its slow and uniform flight opposed to the skill of the shooter, the novice and the nervous gunner find that the problem is of abounding difficulties. They become hurried and flustered at the rise, aim badly or not at all, shoot too quickly, then descant eloquently on their ill-luck, resolving to do better next time. Next time they repeat the panicky performance. After a time, nerves become steady from familiar associations, and skill is acquired from practice.

While the chicken is an easy mark in the early season, it is one of the most difficult birds to kill awing later after true fall weather has set in. A few frosts, a steady cold wind for a few days, and the tame bird of the early season is transformed into one of the wildest. It then will flush yards ahead of the trailing dog, often out of gun shot. At best it affords then the hardest of shooting. Wild and heavily feathered, strong and swift of wing, it is a bird with powers to test to the utmost the skill of the most clever shot. When the high winds of fall set in, it congregates in large packs, and the shooting of it is practically over for the year.

On Sept. 16 the ruffed grouse season opens in New York. In some of the neighboring States the open season begins earlier, in some later.

The ruffed grouse is justly esteemed as being the superlative of the game bird family, the *ultima thule* of sport and of epicurean titbits.

However skillful one may be as a wing shot in the open, such is no index whatever in respect to his expertness in ruffed grouse shooting.

Strategic, infinitely cunning and courageous, swift and strong of wing, the ruffed grouse is a prize only for him who is quick and sure in the use of the shotgun. In the heavy cover which is its choice of habitat in the open season, only the briefest glimpse of it is afforded when it takes wing. The successful shot must snap it on the instant or mourn a lost opportunity. Let there be a tree, a ledge, a fence available, and it strategically swings behind it, shielded from the shooter and from danger.

Yet in the open, where at rare times it is discovered, tempted to forsake, briefly, dense cover while seeking berries, or other appetizing food, it is as easily bagged as is the prairie chicken. Deprived of trees, ledges, etc., its cunning avails nothing, and in fair, open shooting it falls an easy prey.

He who aspires to succeed well in the pursuit of the ruffed grouse, should eschew the chokebore. A short-barreled gun which will make the widest pattern, consistent with even and proper distribution, is the gun for the successful grouse shooter.

The quail, as a bird for the sportsman's consideration, is a happy compromise in attributes between the prairie chicken and the ruffed grouse. It makes its habitat both in cover and open. It has a much wider distribution throughout the United States than has the prairie chicken or the ruffed grouse. Though less in size, it vies with its confreres of timber and prairie in beauty of color and in delicacy when prepared for the table.

While the quail has not the wonderful cunning of the ruffed grouse in cover, it nevertheless has such swiftness that the skill of the best shot is taxed. He who is successful then needs to be quick and accurate, a difficult combination in snapshooting.

In the open, the quail is not extremely difficult to bag over points of setter or pointer. Yet, even in the open, the successful sportsman must need be skillful.

The full-choke gun is frequently used on quail. A more improper selection could not be made. A modified cylinder is by far the better. The greater number of quail are picked up within thirty yards of the shooter, and many birds are killed in the air within twenty yards of him. One need target a full choke gun at twenty yards to demonstrate its unfitness for the close shooting of quail or ruffed grouse.

THE PLANK IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE principle of the "Platform Plank" has made its way around the world as far as New Zealand, where a proposition embodying it is now under consideration in the form of an amendment to the game act providing that "the sale and export of native or imported game shall be prohibited for a term of three years." As the shooting resources of the country are for the most part due to the enterprise of the Otago Acclimatization Society, which has been for the past thirty-nine years engaged in stocking the covers with foreign species, we may feel the heartiest sympathy with their present contention that a non-sale system should be adopted to have its part in game preservation. Thanks to the work of the Society, California quail have become an established species; and Virginia quail have been introduced. What strikes us as a more notable achievement than any other with wild birds, is the successful introduction of wild geese and wild ducks, which are now fairly established and quite able to take care of themselves. Last year for the first time they were allowed to be shot, and it is said that under antipodean conditions they are displaying all the wariness and circumspection shown by them in the rest of the world. A consignment of Canada geese has been added to the stock this year.

IN A CITY CHURCHYARD.

THE parks of Manhattan Island attract a multitude of birds during the spring and autumn migrations and many species remain to breed. Even the churchyards have their feathered visitors. Mr. B. S. Bowdish has recorded in the Auk some interesting statistics which are the results of observations made by him in St. Paul's Churchyard. The churchyard attached to St. Paul's Chapel is in the lower part of the city and in the very midst of the turmoil and uproar and hurly-burly of the town. The plot comprises an area of 332 x 177 feet; 120 x 78 feet are occupied by the church edifice, and another structure 30 feet wide, across the yard, is occupied by the school building; the open space thus left being but a tiny bit of green for the birds of passage to spy out amid the mass of masonry and metal surrounding and overtopping and inclosing it. The churchyard lies between Broadway on the east, with its vast volume of traffic, and Church street on the west through which runs the elevated railway. It is bounded on the sides by Vesey and Fulton streets, both crowded and busy thoroughfares.

There are many trees—among them the noble Washington elm, a survivor of eight trees planted in 1766, the year when the church was completed—and much shrubbery; but for all this one might fancy that the shy wood dwellers would not venture to pause here where the hubbub is rarely stilled and where the sights and sounds alike must be both unaccustomed and alarming. In this restricted and unpromising field Mr. Bowdish has in three seasons' observations noted no less than forty species, comprising 328 individuals. The observations have been made for the most part in the few moments of the noon lunch hour, and occasionally in the morning.

This is manifestly an instance of one's finding what he is looking for and making the most of one's opportunities. It is not more interesting as an ornithological record than as an admirable illustration of intelligent seeing; for this bird lover here in the midst of New York's turmoil and bustle has seen more of bird life intelligently and appreciatively, and with the reward which comes of intelligence and appreciation—more than ten thousand others have noted who, constantly surrounded with an abundance of bird life, have not the eye to see it.

TO BANISH GLOOM.

HE was grouty, as was plainly to be seen when he came into the car, and what he said to his wife was unheard by others, but that it was ugly was evident from his face, and not less from hers, for she assumed the expression one sometimes sees on a woman's face in public, when she is stung to the quick by a brutal remark, but by reason of her pride tries to brave it out and smile and make others believe that she is happy. "That man ought to have a month in jail," commented the younger of two fishermen. "No," said the elder one, "what he wants is not jail, but a week in the woods. That is the thing to straighten him out, and make the world look pleasant to him and to make him look pleasant to the world."

In which there is much of truth. If a man is not glumpy by nature, if ugliness and sourness and a tendency to scowl are not ingrained in his constitution, the woods treatment is likely to eradicate the sourness and send him home a changed man. What appears to be innate meanness of spirit and ugliness of disposition may be nothing more than an abnormal condition brought about by being too long in a rut. The remedy is simplicity itself—a change of scene and association. There is no more complete and engrossing change than to revert to the simple life of the woods; no more engrossing occupation open to the average man than the luring of fish from the water or the hunting of game. When one is absorbed in the scheming to land his fish he is not just then thinking of anything else. The rest of the world is blotted out, the attention is devoted to that one thing. The change of thought is complete, and that change is rest, the most wholesome rest, and recreation the most efficacious and lasting. Camp is a place of restoration and readjustment. With such results assured, to go fishing or shooting as one's taste may incline, is sometimes a moral duty. No one has the right to be disagreeable to family and friends and associates because he is out of health, for by taking a week or a month off shooting or fishing he could become himself again and dispense smiles instead of scowls, and cheery greetings in place of surly grunts, and show a smiling presence instead of throwing a wet blanket over the company.

THE steady decrease of the prairie chicken is not entirely due to the destructiveness of the shotgun. The plow is a contributory destroyer. While agriculture, within certain limits, is a benefit to the chicken inasmuch as it furnishes a food supply, if carried beyond those limits it is a harm. The chicken needs a certain amount of wild land in which to nest and find shelter. If the plow in a certain locality is worked so thoroughly as to appropriate all the soil to agriculture, the balance between a food supply, breeding ground and shelter is destroyed, and the chicken has to face a sterner problem of existence in consequence, one which year by year tends to the extermination of the chicken in such locality. The plow and the shotgun combined, under the present liberal use accorded the latter in a long open season will exterminate the chickens in time to a certainty. The restrictions legally imposed by a close season and a limited bag are far short of the restrictions necessary to establish a proper balance between reproduction and destruction.

The reproductive powers of the chickens are relatively unequal as opposed to the long open season and the destructiveness of the modern skillful sportsman. Hence, in the years of the future the chicken will progressively decrease in number as it has in the years of the past, if more stringent and greater protection is not accorded it,



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Colorado Desert.

"WHEN God finished the world He had left a double handful of material. This He gathered up and tossed away; where it fell there lies the desert of the Colorado," runs the legend; the poet says, "God made thee in His anger and forgot."

A strip of country lying immediately west of the Colorado River, probably 250 miles long and from 100 to 150 miles wide; from Death Valley on the north to the Mexican boundary on the south, and from the Sierra Madre Mountains on the west to the Colorado River on the east. That is, geographically speaking, the Desert of Colorado; if one wants more desert one has only to continue north into western Nevada and south on the Peninsula of Baja, or Lower California, 500 or 600 or 700 miles further. But northward the desert takes other names—the Mojave, Death Valley and the Humboldt. South is the desert of the Cocopahs in Mexico, and beyond that—well, just more desert. Just east of the Colorado River is the Arizona desert and the desert of the Gila; practically the same arid country with some slight differences in vegetation and reptiles; there are no Gila monsters in the Desert of the Colorado. The Chemihueva, Apache and Coahuila Indians that roam the Desert of the Colorado will trade one fresh meat for flour, coffee, sugar and bacon, while the Cocopahs on the peninsula of California will take it if one or two prospectors happen to be alone; a tribe that yet clings to their long bows and cloth yard arrows that can knock a silver quarter from a cleft stick at fifty yards. However, there is nothing to attract one to the Desert of Cocopah, except the natural phenomena; prospectors have so far decided that the Cocopah range is not worth the danger incurred and generally have given it a wide berth. If they go in there, it is generally in parties of not less than three, but four is better, and each should carry a rifle.

The Desert of the Colorado lies almost wholly within three counties in Southeastern California; the eastern edge of the counties of San Bernardino, Riverside and San Diego. A territory 250 miles long, with an average width of 125 miles seems rather large to be only a strip along the line of three counties, but it must be remembered that I am writing of California, the land of big things, and the three counties named are larger than many single eastern States and almost as large as the entire State of New York.

Unfortunately for the tourist the railroads cross the desert in its most unattractive parts. The railroad to the south crosses a dead flat, sandy plain, and the Salton basin and old sea bed 250 feet below the present level of the sea. The road to the north, nearly 200 miles away, crosses the northern tip of the Desert of Colorado and then plunges into the dreary, sandy, gravelly wastes of the Desert of Mojave; between these two lines of road lies the most attractive part of the desert. I say "attractive" advisedly, for I know the desert and was schooled in it by my partner, J. S. Crawford, a Texan, who has lived on it for fifteen years and knows its every mood, for it has its moods both pleasing and terrible. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM have already made the acquaintance of Crawford, honest as the day is long, "as steady as the sun" and not afraid of anything that talks, walks, bawls, bleats or crawls. Together we have prospected over a good part of the desert, and that part of it I have not visited he has. We were out there when there was not another white man within fifty miles of us in any direction. He is out there now, this July, and writes that he is alone, for the dozen or more miners and prospectors have gone "inside," to the coast, for the summer.

The term "desert" implies a flat, sandy plain; not so with the Desert of the Colorado. The country of which I write is diversified by mountain ranges from 2,500 to 6,000 feet high, and some isolated peaks are even higher. These ranges are, generally, from six to eight or ten miles apart, mostly barren, rocky, precipitous ridges with occasional spots of decomposed granite soil on which grow stunted shrubs and bunch, or giata, grass. From a distance the mesas and valleys seem to be remarkably fertile so covered are they with desert growth, greasewood, sage, cactus, chemisal; in fact, many different kinds of vegetation that, I believe, have not yet been classified. As yet the interior of the desert is a little too far off the route of Pullman cars to be visited by scientists. The timber consists principally of stunted mesquite, ironwood, palo verde and a thorny white wood that grows in the form of short poles, which, for a better term, we have designated as needlewood, from the needle-like thorns; it is remarkably light when dry. Ironwood is so dense and heavy that it will sink in water; it is a species of the mahogany family, only heavier and harder, makes excellent charcoal, and ton for ton is a better fuel than coal.

The medicinal herbs on the desert are seemingly without limit. As Crawford says: "It seems like God didn't put anything here that would hurt a man without putting a cure right alongside of it." There is the rattlesnake plant, a tiny little vine growing flat on the sand, having a small blue flower, which the Indians use for rattlesnake bites. They pound up the tops for a poultice and bind it on the bite and make a tea of the roots. Then there is mandrake in plenty; the tops of a peculiar species of sage. When boiled and the body bathed with the decoction, it will cure sciatica or other rheumatism. Then there is a peculiar woody shrub that has no leaves, only short, stem-like rushes; these boiled for ten minutes taste almost like stork tea, the difference can hardly be detected, and for kidney remedy it has no equal; it beats turpentine a city block. Greasewood tops boiled down and mixed with lard, cottolene or tallow make an excellent healing salve. Then there is another small shrub that has a small oval, smooth-edged, pulpy leaf; we do not know its name, but we designate it as "deer ears," that proves an excellent remedy for bowel complaints. The desert is almost entirely a granite country, but there are frequent changes in the water; one may be strongly alkaline, the next similar to Glauber salts, while the next may be impregnated with some other mineral. To a tenderfoot this frequently proves very annoying, and at times causes a serious dysentery. In that event all one has to do is to chew a little handful of "deer ear" leaves and swallow the juice. This and some of the other remedies I have tried; in fact, I know of no ailment to which flesh may be heir to, except a broken bone, in that locality, that has not the remedy at hand. As an illustration of the efficacy of the "deer ears" I may be permitted to cite the case of a newcomer to the desert. He had developed a tolerably bad case of dysentery owing to the change of water. One evening Crawford and I returned to camp and found him drinking from a can containing a thick, brown-colored liquid.

"What is that you are drinking?" Crawford asked.

"Tea made out of them deer ears."

"Holy smoke, man, stop it; don't you know what you are doing?"

"Bet your life I do; but you do not know how sick I am."

In his case we were obliged to resort to powerful cathartics or the remedy would have been more disastrous than the malady. He had been told to chew only a few leaves at a time and to swallow the pulp. Some day an herbalist, botanist, or whoever does that kind of work, will go to the desert and analyze and classify those plants and herbs for the benefit of humanity at large; there are many plants there that I have never seen elsewhere.

There are what is termed two rainy seasons on the desert, one in the middle of winter and the other in the latter part of July and along in August, though I have seen several season pass without sufficient water falling to lay the dust.

In the spring after the light rains of winter, if any, the desert presents a scene, a landscape, that no painter has yet put on canvas, nor can he hope to equal. I have seen the mesas stretching away for miles and miles, dotted with magnificent rugs, acres in extent, of the most beautiful flowers. All the primal colors and their varying shades in the most vivid colors, from the great ochotilla cactus with its cluster of poles fifteen or twenty feet high without branch or twig, but covered thickly with great scarlet or deep red blossoms as large as a tea plate, down to tiny little star-shaped blossoms as humble as the daisy, and growing close to the ground. Acres and acres, miles and miles of them, but the greatest peculiarity is that almost without exception they are without odor. These last for only a short time, a week or two of the hot sun and they are dried, whipped out of the sand by the wind and scattered broadcast. A broad valley between the northern spur of the Chuckawalla Mountains and the southern spur of the Eagle range is known as the Meadows. The wash of ages has carried to the center of this valley a rich and very fertile soil, a strip two or three miles long and about a mile and a half wide. After the light summer rains a rich and nutritious grass springs up and matures in from four to five weeks. I have seen nothing like it elsewhere, but it resembles the old "redtop" of back East. It makes an excellent hay as demonstrated by one camp that had two teams of mules and brought out a mower to mow and put it up. Hay delivered at the camp costs about $45 a ton, so the desert grass was like finding money. But the rattlesnakes; how they would flock to that spot. The desert rats, ground birds, quail and other small fry would congregate there; and there came the rattlesnakes in great numbers and the mower wheels and sickle bar crushed and cut many of them. Thick boots took the place of the customary brogans in that meadow. If water could be brought to the country it would make a remarkably fertile territory, and reclaim a vast amount of arid land; but the rainfall is so slight that catchment basins are out of the question, and the country lies so high above the Colorado River that it does not seem possible to irrigate it from that source, so it will probaly remain for ages as it has in the past—forgotten.

The desert has never been fully surveyed nor mapped. There are correct maps of the country, but they are seared on the brains of a few hardy prospectors. Look on the published maps and you will see a few zigzag lines that in any other country would denote water courses; for the desert they stand for nothing but dry cañons; they mean nothing, their locality is not correct, for there are thousands of cañons, one just beyond each "hogback" or sawtoothed ridge, and why they were put on the map I do not know, unless it was to fill up a blank space. Through the heart of the Colorado Desert, from the river to Dos Palmas, a distance of over 100 miles, there is no running water and only two places at which one may be certain of finding water, one at Chuckawalla Wells and the other at Cañon Springs, the first about thirty miles from the river and the other about ninety. Between Chuckawalla Wells and the river water may sometimes be found at Mule Spring, and between the Wells and Cañon Springs water may generally be found at Coyote Holes, but they have been known to go dry. No man on the desert leaves one water hole without a sufficient supply of water to do him to the next water and back; to do otherwise would be inviting a lingering and horrible death.

That which most impresses the tenderfoot on the desert is its vastness and its absolute and overpowering silence. There is no song of birds, no rustling of branches by the wind, no rippling of water. Miles and miles as far as the eye can carry there is no sign of life nor motion, nothing but a grewsome, fearful, horrible silence, which, if alone, one fears to break. It is there in that vast solitude that one feels what an insignificant atom he is in the scheme of the universe. If alone one must busy himself, concentrate his mind on something other than his condition. To be alone out there is not good for one with nerves, if he permits his mind to dwell on his loneliness.

The hottest place on the surface of the entire earth is said to be at Mammoth Tank, a station on the railroad, fifty or sixty miles west of Yuma, Ariz., and practically in the middle of the Colorado Desert. A number of years ago the Government sent out expeditions to test the temperatures at several widely separated points; I have forgotten where all were, but one was on the Equator in South America, the other was some point on the Persian Gulf and another was at Mammoth Tank. The temperature reached the highest point at the latter station, 120, I believe, and it was two degrees hotter than the next hottest place, that on the Persian Gulf. Salton was not on the map then, a station about fifty miles further west than Mammoth Tank. It is located in Salton Basin and is 265 feet below the present level of the sea, also, I believe, the lowest natural point on the earth's surface. There in the heat of summer, day after day, I have seen the thermometer register 125 and 130 degrees, and sometimes higher, in the coolest place we could find in the shade. At the same time the thermometer would register from 120 to 125 degrees at an altitude of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. The burning rays of the sun so infused the bare granite mountains that they did not become cool at night, and after the going down of the sun the temperature still remained high, often 112 at midnight.

With the thermometer registering 125 in a cool spot in the shade, what must it be in the glare of the sun; I will not tell you, for you would not believe it. I have plodded all day day across the burning sand and among the blistering hot mountains, on foot with our pack mules. Heavy, hob-nailed brogans are the only serviceable articles of footwear on the desert. Boots are too hot, and the ordinary light calf-skin shoe and sole would be cut to pieces in one day by the sharp rocks and gravel.

The word "tenderfoot" probably had its origin in the desert, for if ever a man becomes "tenderfooted" it is there, and the term is applied to newcomers. Even in cool weather the stiff, heavy shoes, or brogans, rub and blister their feet; and in summer the hot sands and rocks heat the big-headed nails in the soles until the bottom of their feet are fairly blistered. Until such time as their feet become calloused and impervious to such little inconveniences they are known as "tenderfeet."

I will not enlarge on the horrors of thirst at such a time—mid-summer—or at any other time, for that matter, although I believe I am qualified to write on the subject, having once been for twenty-two hours without water on the Mojave Desert in July. That was sixteen years ago this month, but I have not forgotten it, and there is nothing pleasant in the remembrance. My partner and I have picked up men on the desert suffering and nearly dead from thirst, and have seen others whom the coyotes and the buzzards had found—ugh! One man we picked up was well known to both of us, but he was so burned by the sun and his features were so distorted that we did not recognize him until we got him to camp and somewhat reduced the swelling and his sufferings. He had become partially demented from his thirst and imagined he was being pursued by Apaches. The first thing we did after getting him to camp was to hide our weapons. Our six-shooters we hid in our clothes bags and our rifles we hid in our mine. We nursed him all that day, Sunday, and the next morning he appeared somewhat rational; in fact, so far on the road to recovery that we went to work on our claim about half a mile away. When we returned at noon for dinner he was not to be found. We made a search for him and eventually found him hidden away under a bunk and armed with the ax, the only weapon he could find.

"Sh—sh, st—st, ssst," was his warning. "Apaches all around us, the rocks are full of 'em."

We were some time in coaxing him out, and after that we did not leave him alone. He stayed a week,

or until the wagon from a camp twenty miles beyond us came by on the way to the station, nearly forty miles away, when we sent him in to a hospital, where he soon recovered.

A tenderfoot without water on the desert in the summer will go mad in eight hours, a result partly due to his imagination and the horrors of his position. In such condition nine out of ten of them will strip stark naked and go running wildly across the desert in any direction and at times will flee from their rescuers and show fight when overtaken. Sometimes it is necessary to "lass" and tie them down before they will submit to treatment. There are plants with a pulpy leaf containing an acrid juice that might keep them alive for a few hours, but it is useless to describe them; one must see them and taste them to know them. Of course, there is the "bull" or "niggerhead" cactus; I have seen them nearly as large as a twenty-gallon barrel. Chop into one of those and one will get juice enough to sustain life; but, they do not grow everywhere nor in great plenty, and one really needs an ax or a hatchet to cut into them, though one may gouge into them with a stout-bladed hunting knife.

The absence of all humidity from the atmosphere makes the heat endurable; giving the degrees of humidity in the Middle West and Atlantic States and neither man nor animal could endure the heat of the desert. But the air is absolutely dry and the evaporation is very rapid. One perspires very freely; perspiration literally runs from every pore; and drink—it is nothing for one man to drink two or more gallons of water in a day. If one stops sweating he had better take means to start it again at once. It is this evaporation that keeps our drinking water cool, even on the hottest days. We use zinc canteens, tin is worse than useless; it is liable to rust and spring a leak at a time when your life depends on its contests. We cover the zinc canteens with several thicknesses of old wool blankets and over that a thickness or two of gunnysacking. This we keep wet all the time and hang in the shade of our packs if traveling. At a permanent camp we used Indian ollas, a squat, wide-mouthed, porous earthen jar that may hold from one-half to ten gallons. These jars we cover in the same manner as the canteens and hang in the shade. The evaporation keeps the water cool and refreshing without the dangerous chill of ice-water.

This absence of humidity makes the atmosphere remarkably clear, and the range of vision is phenomenal. A range of mountains or a landmark that appears to be no more than an hour away may be distant a hard day's travel. With the naked eye I have seen a man walking on the desert ten miles away. Of course I was on an elevation, the side of a mountain, and I could have distinguished him, if moving, much further than ten miles. The pureness and dryness of the air is not surpassed anywhere, and north or south there is nothing between the poles to pollute it.

E. E. BOWLES.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Hunting Bears and Indians.

ON April 3, 1870, our troop was sent out from Fort Griffin—it is now the town of Griffin—Texas, to scout southeast of it and hunt for any stray Indians that might have come down from the Territory on a horse-stealing expedition. We had not long to hunt for them, we found them; or rather they found us, a few hours after we had started to look for them. The Indians would walk down here, bringing bridles; then when they had got horses they would ride back again. That is, they sometimes did; but not if we found them before they had found the horses.

We camped this afternoon on Hubbard's Creek, only a few miles from the fort, and soon after camp was made, the captain and surgeon went off up the creek to fish, taking no arms with them. It was the last time that either of them ever went fishing without arms.

The camp had been made on the second bottom, a wide flat place above the creek, which had on it a number of mesquite bushes, and our horses were tied out on grass among the bushes. About an hour before sunset, while I was out at my horse changing him on fresh grass, I happened to look off to my right, where a low bank led up to the prairie beyond, and noticed several Indians on foot coming down the bank as if they were in no hurry to get down.

It never for a moment occurred to me that they were hostile Indians. We had several of our Tonkawa scouts with us, and I took these Indians to be some of them; the deliberate way that they were coming made me think so, but not for long. One of them fired at me, the ball just going above my head, and now I knew who they were. I had about thirty yards to go to get to my saddle, and it took me just about thirty seconds to get there. Picking up my carbine, I slung the little leather pouch that held my cartridges over my shoulder and ran out among the horses again. A young Tonkawa boy, named Anderson, a pet of mine, overtook me. He had his carbine but no cartridges and I gave him some of mine.

No Indians were in sight here now. If they were down in the bottom, the bushes hid them, and we could not fire here anyhow, for our horses were in the road. Our men were stringing out now, each man by himself; but none of them came where we were.

Just now two Indians ran out from among the horses and started to climb up the bank in front of us. Anderson and I both fired and one of them dropped; the other kept on. We fired again and the second one fell, got up, and was out of sight before we could shoot again. Going up to where the first one lay we found that both of us had hit him and he was as dead now as he ever would be; and Anderson proceeded to scalp him. I saw that this one was a Kiowa; had he been a Comanche I would have stopped Anderson; I was supposed to do it anyhow, but did not want to interfere with any of these Indians' customs, not in the present case.

This was not the red brother who had been shooting at me, this one had only a bow and arrows on him. Anderson seized hold of his scalp lock, cut a circle around it on his scalp, then giving it a jerk, brought it off and swinging it around his head, brought it down on the dead Indian's face and was about to mutilate him after a custom that these Tonkawas had when I stopped that. The scalping only delayed us a minute, and then we kept on out in the direction the other Indian had taken. I knew he had been hit and could not go very far. He would probably be found lying out in the bushes somewhere waiting for a chance to shoot one of us before he took his departure for the happy hunting grounds. Although both of us were looking for him, we did not see him until we had passed him; then he fired a shot at us out of some bushes he was lying in. Anderson and I dropping flat on the ground now, opened fire on the bushes, but after we had wasted half a dozen shots, getting no reply, we went to them and found the man dead. He had only been hit once, when climbing the hill; all the shots we had sent in here had been misses, the ball that killed him had gone clear through his body. I wondered how he had lived to get this far. This was another Kiowa. His tribe seemed to be on the warpath to-day. This was no doubt the one who had tried to put me off it. He had a Colt's pistol so tightly clasped in his right hand that I had to twist it around to get it. This pistol, a powder and ball Colt's just like mine, was empty; he had fired his last shot, and had no more to load with. The cowboy he had stolen this pistol from had cut his initials, "J. A.," in the stock; had he added the B., they would have been my initials. I added it and carried the pistol, for I wanted two. Anderson dragged the Indian out of the bushes now, then asked if I wanted to scalp this one.

"No," I told him, "if I did and the Major heard of it I would walk and lead my horse for the next week. You can scalp him."

Just now the trumpet in camp half a mile away sounded the recall. The captain had got into camp but had to hunt a trumpeter next; the boy was out after Indians like the rest of us; he shot two, or said he did. Maybe he did, for others were shot as we afterward found out. A month after this some cowboys told me that they had found the bodies of three more dead Indians several miles from the scene of the engagement. When the Indians were coming down here they passed within thirty yards of the captain and doctor but never saw them, the Indians being up on the bank while the officers were below the bank fishing. Had they been seen there would have been vacancies for a captain and assistant surgeon in the army in the next few minutes.

We rode all over this country as long as we had any light to see by, but I saw no more Indians, nor did we see any of these afterward, the few that escaped alive walked home. I did not know then what this battle would be called, or whether it would be called anything or not, but nearly four years after this, when I had my next discharge handed me, I turned to the back of it to see if I had been credited with the correct number of Indian engagements and found that I had been in the fight of Hubbard's Creek, Tex., April 3, 1870. These Indians had taken us to be a party of cowboys when they first saw our camp. Had they known who we were, they would not have come within a mile of us. Some of us did look as much like cowboys as anything else.

We kept on hunting Indians, and after a day or two, when we were sure that those we had hunted last had gone home, we headed west. The captain meant to go as far as the Mountain Pass country where the Cohatties had had me corralled a few years before this at the time they chased me, and a day or two after we had turned west, while riding across the prairie one afternoon, a small black bear was seen making quick time across the prairie going south. He had been on the trail we were now on, and had just seen us.

I got permission to follow him. Anderson, who had not asked any permission, was already after him. The prairie was as level as a barn floor, just the place to run a bear or anything else on. The bear had 600 yards the start of us, and he kept it for the next mile, too. Any man who has seen the black bears in a menagerie and thinks that the clumsy animal cannot run need only to try to catch one of them when the bear is in a hurry to go home, to find out his mistake.

I rode a horse that would never be mistaken for a cart horse, I had run buffalo with him, and Anderson had a good pony. I passed Anderson at the end of a mile and he pulled up and stopped; but I kept on and at the end of another mile ran the bear down and shot him. Anderson came up while I was examining the bear and said:

"Mebbe so some Comanches go that way to-day," pointing west. "I see heap trail back there." That was what he had stopped for.

"How many are there?" I asked.

"Mebbe so ten ponies and a heap cows."

Jumping on my horse I said: "Come and tell the major about it right away."

I would lose my bear; I might as well have let him go; I never saw him again. We took a course across the prairie that would bring us out on the trail the troop was on, and when crossing the Comanche trail I saw it plain now. Had I not been too busy trying to overtake the bear I might have seen it when Anderson did. We came up with the troop just as they had turned off to go into camp, and reported the Indians.

Getting over on their trail we followed it mounted until dark, then on foot, leading our horses all night, going now at the rate of a mile an hour while the scouts felt for the trail..

Feeling for it just describes it. The scouts would have to get down on their knees every once in a while to see whether they were on the trail or not. Just at daylight we came across one of the Indians seated alongside the trail holding his pony and fast asleep. He had been left here on picket and had gone asleep on post.

A Tonkawa shot him, using his gun to do it with. Had he used his bow or a knife we might have got all his party, as it was he was the only one we did get. His friends who had halted below here, taking the alarm dropped their cows and left. We mounted and charged across a wet bottom after them; but their ponies had all the advantage here; they could cross this swamp anywhere, while our heavy horses would have to hunt solid ground, and when we found it the Indians were out of sight. We might kill our horses now and not overtake them. Whether any of the balls we sent after them reached them we never knew. I do know, though, that on their account I was out a bear skin. Some coyote got it; he did not go after it, though, before he was certain that the bear was dead.

CABIA BLANCO.

Cabia Blanco.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with sincere regret that I read that Cabia Blanco is dead. His tales of adventure in the old West were full of touches and grips which brought one next to the wide open lands. When he, a real outdoor man, spoke, it was to tell some fact unfretted by conventional theory or notion. His calm narrative of the pedantic Easterner who wanted the scientific names for everything, and how gladly he helped the tenderfoot to an ample supply of "hog Latin" cognomens was one of the funniest things I ever read. Coahoma's phrase, "the air of verity pervading" Cabia Blanco's writings strikes the keynote of the tales. In every one of these stories one finds groupings of words which any writer might envy. In "My First Black Bear" he says of his Indian boy friend:

"He taught me to handle and ride their ponies, and when we got to the buffalo country, taught me to kill buffalo."

There is nothing better than that anywhere. Every paragraph he wrote has a sentence like this one, running over with hints of things untold, but telling all that should be told at the time.

No one with the love of nature in his heart could do otherwise than rejoice in the kindly heart which shows through Cabia Blanco's Indians. "The chief gave our horses a critical examination. Had he not been a Crow I should have been right at his heels lest one of these horses might get stuck to his fingers; but I did not go near him." "When I took charge of these two team horses I began to make pets of them right away. They had no names. I named one John and the other Charley. They soon knew their names and would answer to them." In his pocket was always something good for his "pet," and his pen wrote only kindly words. The good humored tolerance for his officers is shown in countless naive sayings.

Such a surprising variety of experiences were described or hinted at in his stories. In a sentence or two, an aside in "another story," he reveals the fact that Cabia Blanco is no mere nom de plume, but one bestowed by one of the tribes of Indians whom he had met somewhere in the Louisiana Purchase.

What a pleasure it is to turn back and read the stories Cabia Blanco wrote for us. They are the real thing. He was no mere onlooker. He made those long rides himself, not thinking that they were for publication. He loved them for themselves, and remembered his Indians, his tenderfeet, his buffaloes, his horses and his rifles because they were all true friends, each one of whom had given him a delight—something it was not in Cabia Blanco's heart to forget.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

A Narrow Escape.

SARATOGA, Wyo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been reading a story in FOREST AND STREAM written by Emerson Carney, an old friend and fellow angler of mine. It reminds me of old times, and a feeling to write has got hold of me. Most of my life has been spent upon the frontier, first in the northern part of Michigan, then in Texas and the Indian Territory. In 1879 I landed in Colorado and did nothing but hunt and act as guide for English outfits for twelve years. I say that I did nothing else; well I did try to ranch but made a sorry job of it. There was too much game close to the ranch, and I always took it upon myself to get the meat, and when the cook had plenty of meat I put in my time walking in the mountains and looking at the deer and elk as they fed along the creeks or in the small upper parks.

I always kept a good man or two at work on the ranch—at least they worked some of the time; and if they looked up to notice the antelope or deer in the meadow I never blamed them. All I wonder at is how they did so much as they did. My partner and I killed in fifty-one days in January and February, 1881, 356 antelope, 106 elk, twelve mountain sheep, ten deer and one mountain lion. We took the meat from the bone and salted it in vats made of bull elk hide. After it had become well salted we made a large smoke house and smoked the meat about four days, then let it dry.

We killed this meat 225 miles from Denver, where we hauled it, together with the hides. We got fifteen cents per pound for the meat, sixteen cents per pound for the antelope hides, nineteen cents for the elk hides, and twenty-two cents for the deer and mountain sheep. I can honestly say that I have never killed a split-hoofed animal for its hide, and never had any use for people who did.

After reading some bear stories in your paper I hate to say anything about bear, and will not, excepting to say that since coming to Colorado I have killed twenty-three, some very large; but I never saw one that put up any kind of a fight at all. The only animal I have ever seen in the Rockies that was strictly on the bad was the wolverine; and I tell you they are always ready to "scrap."

I once had a very narrow escape from being killed. Let me tell you how it happened. There were three Eastern ministers who came to see me. I was told of this by my partner while putting up my saddle horse one evening, and to make matters worse he informed me that there was no meat on the ranch. Of course I had to get meat. He slipped my gun and cartridges out to me and I hiked to a place not very far up the creek, where I was almost sure to find elk. When I peeped over a rocky ridge I saw an old and very large bull just on the point of turning around. A frightened bull elk can turn a little quicker than anything, but just as he made a start to turn I pulled the trigger and the old .45 ball took him in the center of the forehead. He finished turning and did it so quickly that the ball came out behind and hit me between the eyes, and came very nearly doing me up, but the preachers had meat to eat.

LUKE WHEELER.



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Nests of the Wildwood.

IT is a mistake to suppose that nest hunting is all roses. True, for the most part it is a pleasure, and there are times when the bird lover is fairly thrown into transports; but it also has its difficulties and annoyances. Do you think it merely pastime to trudge for hours through a tangle of weeds and thickets until your limbs ache and the perspiration streams from every pore without finding a single bird domicile, or to sit in a damp, bosky place for a long time watching a shy bird and scarcely daring to move, or, worse yet, to scratch, while the gnats, mosquitoes, woodticks and chiggers enter a cabal to make your life as miserable as they can? No; nest hunting is work, not play. It demands so much effort and patience that only the real bird student will persist in its pursuit after a few fruitless attempts. Whatever else it may be, bird study is no sineeure.

Generalizations aside, however, during a recent spring in eastern Kansas I gave special time and effort to the finding of the nests of a number of shy wood warblers. There were the beautiful Kentucky warblers, breeding in the woods of my neighborhood, and yet their nests had hitherto escaped me. Perhaps it was my own fault, however, for in their breeding time the woods of eastern Kansas are infested with ticks and chiggers, whose attentions are superlatively offensive, and I have felt shy of lengthy visits to their haunts. I could tell you stories of these pests that would surprise you, but I forbear. Now, I heroically determined to brave their assaults and put up with the consequences. It may be said here as an *obiter dictum* that the consequences were abundant to the point of nausea.

In the latter part of May and the first of June I spent many hours prowling about in the woods. For several weeks my quest for warblers' nests was in vain, although it seemed to me that I covered every foot of the wooded area. Most of the time Kentucky warblers were singing their blithe arias in the bushes and trees, varying their concerts by pursuing one another pell mell through the weeds and copses, chippering at the top of their shrill voices, doubtless settling questions hymenial according to the social codes in vogue in the warbler realm. On a bushy hillside a little male, already clad in his wedding suit, would approach his lady love, twinkling his wings and chirping in an appealing way, when she would dash at him and drive him down the slope with as much fury as if she despised the very bushes he stood on. Sometimes the Kentuckies would set up a vigorous chirping as if I were growing "hot" in my quest of their nests; then they would pretend to be utterly indifferent to my presence, as if they were saying, "Cold, cold"; but no matter where I sought, no nests were to be found.

This was in a woodland about a half-mile from the suburbs of the town. One day I extended my excursion to a breezy hilltop something over a mile farther away. It was a wild tangle of weeds and bushes, interspersed with a few small oak trees, the undergrowth and second growth of an old clearing. Here a Kentucky warbler was seen with a bunch of worms in his bill—at all events, I took him for a male because of the brilliancy of his plumage. He flitted about on the dead twigs of some bushes for a few moments, chirping nervously, then scuttled down into the weeds and disappeared. Nor was he seen afterwards on that day, although I tarried around the place for a couple of hours, making a toilsome but fruitless search for his nest. A few days later he performed the same maneuver, puzzling me not a little. What nonplussed me was that he could disappear so completely and that no nest could be discovered at the place where he went down with his morsel. Subsequent events proved that he was a master of finesse in his own sphere.

The 4th of June again found me on the breezy hilltop. Only a few minutes elapsed before the handsome male warbler began to chirp in a tree nearby, while he held a luscious tidbit—a green worm—in his bill. Then he flew to another tree down the slope a short distance, and presently flitted down into the weeds and disappeared. This was about three rods from the place where he had descended on the two previous occasions. A few moments later I was seated in the path in the shadow of the tree where the bird had last been seen. A wait of some minutes was rewarded by the appearance of the little mother holding a morsel in her bill. It was curious that she had kept out of sight on my previous visits. She expressed her disapproval of my presence in a series of fine chirps, quite different from the loud, full-toned calls of her mate, who soon joined her on the tree, also bearing some worms in his beak. The two kept up a chorus of chirping for a long time, the male remaining stationary on a twig at a safe distance, his crest feathers erect, while his more nervous spouse flitted about with a good deal of agitation. Presently the male swallowed his bunch of worms, evidently feeling that he could protest more vigorously with them in his crop than in his bill. Plainly the mamma was very anxious to feed her babies, but did not want to betray their hiding place, which surely must be close at hand. Thinking I might be so near the nest as to prevent her going to it, I moved a rod or more up the path. It must have been fully an hour and a half that I watched the devoted pair. At length the little madam dropped down to some twigs, then dived into the weeds below and ceased her chirping. At the same time her mate flew to a more distant tree, and tried by loud calling to divert my attention from the mother's proceedings.

But I have been studying birds too long to be victimized by such artifices. A few moments later I went to the charmed spot where the little lady had last been seen and was looking down into my first Kentucky warbler's nest, which was in plain sight amid the weeds, not more than three feet from the path. Its holdings were four infants, a little more than half-fledged, the fleshy corners of their mouths showing light yellow. It was a pretty bird home, rather bulky for so small a bird, its foundation consisting of dry leaves, the superstructure of grasses and other fibres, and its concave floor carpeted with finer material. Wise in the ways of the world for their age, the bantlings did not open their mouths as I stooped to touch them with my finger, but snuggled close to the bottom of the nest, so early had they learned through the tutelage either of instinct or of their parents, that the world is peopled with foes that hurt and destroy. What a wonderful thing is intuitive fear in the heart of a wild creature even from its tender infancy.

Well might these birdlings be afraid, as the sequel proved. Having inspected the cosy domicile and counted the noses it contained I walked away some distance to scrawl some notes. This occupied about ten minutes. Then, wishing to look once more on the little group before leaving the hilltop for other fields, I quietly went down the path toward the nest. As I approached the little mother was chirping in an agitated way. "She thinks I am coming this time in the character of a kidnapper," was my thought. But she had other cause for perturbation, and cause enough, too. Bending over the spot and looking down into the opening among the weeds, I was horrified to see a huge blacksnake coiled over the nest, his head swaying this way and that, in the act of gobbling down one of the warbler infants. There was no time for second thought. My cane—a good-sized oak club—was brought down upon the serpent with a death-dealing blow that broke his spinal column and ended his earthly career. Of course I was careful to aim in such a way that the blow would not fall upon the innocent bantlings. For a few minutes all the primeval savagery of my nature was aroused. I tossed the snake into the path, beat him again and again with my club, crushed his head with my heel, thereby obeying the Scriptural injunction, and, lastly, held him up in the air as an example of warning to all his serpentine kith and kin and an exhibition to the birds of my readiness to avenge their wrongs as far as lay in my power. How much I wondered whether the little Kentuckians appreciated my timely rescue of their helpless offspring.

One of the youngsters, however, had been swallowed by the marauder while the rest seemed to be unharmed. A few days later, I regret to say, the nest was empty and no Kentucky warblers, old or young, were to be seen on the hilltop. After all, in spite of my humane intentions, I had simply prevented one tragedy to afford opportunity for another.

On June 14 the rambler was again in the woods of which mention was first made, the one nearest the town. It was not the first time I had been there between the 4th and the 14th, but in the interim no nests had been found. One day a hooded warbler came down to the little stream in the ravine to drink and bathe. She had the air of a brooding bird, and I watched her closely. Her ablutions done and her feathers well preened and dried, she disappeared in the tanglewood, giving me no chance to note the spot to which she had gone. A long and what I deemed a thorough search of the area above the ravine for several rods brought no results, much to my disappointment and mystification.

Now, on the 14th, I was strolling about on the copsy hill side a considerable distance above the ravine. While going up a steep place along an obscure woodland path I was brought to a standstill by a sharp chirp. It came, as I presently observed, from the throat of a female hooded warbler, which began at once to smooth her ruffled plumes, a sure sign of her having recently left her nest. In a little while she flew into some low bushes above me at the side of the path, slipped out of sight, and her chirping ceased. An examination of the locality revealed no nest; so I turned back down the path, having gone only a few steps when the bird began to chirp again, this time below me. She had surreptitiously slipped around her pursuer through a dense thicket at the side of the path, meaning to steal upon her nest in my rear. Creeping down the hill I espied a tiny nest in a small bush not more than an arm's length from the path. Its contents were two eggs, one a cowbird's, and a wee birdling just from the shell. Was it right to lift the intruded cowbird's egg from its place and fling it away? I think it was.

What a tiny structure the nest was. One is almost tempted to coin a word and call it a nestlet. And the egg and chick were proportionately diminutive. Everything about the domicile, from the mother bird to the unhatched egg, was cast in a Lilliputian mould. The dainty white egg, its shell so fine and delicate as to be almost translucent, was prettily flecked with rufous brown at the larger end, and was quite pointed. It would have delighted the eye of an oölogist. To make absolutely sure the nest belonged to the hooded warbler I took a turn of fifteen or twenty minutes through another part of the woods and then returned to the charmed spot, finding the little madam sitting in the cup looking up at me with wild, inquiring eyes, as if she were saying, "Would you really hurt a little bird, or rob her of her precious babies?" One cannot help speculating as to the causes that impel the hooded warbler to build her nest in the fork of small bush in the woods, while other members of the family, also denizens of the same sylvan retreats, set their nests on the ground, and at the same time the redstarts build in a sapling or tree. But, for that matter, who can declare the final cause of anything?

The 14th of June brought me another surprise. That rare little bird, the worm-eating warbler, was trilling in the thick woods a little farther down the hill, just above the bottom of the ravine. Presently his mate appeared with a large white moth or worm in her bill, chirped about in the bushy tangle for about fifteen minutes, then dropped to the ground and got rid of her morsel, I could not tell how. At first I decided that she had swallowed it herself, but on second thought, deemed it best to look closely, when, lo, a little bob-tailed, worm-eating warbler was discovered perched on a twig near the leaf covered ground. It surely was not more than a few hours from the nest, and still too young to fly more than a few feet, could not have come far.

There is something odd about this case at least worthy of note. In all my previous prowling through these woods I had never seen or heard a warbler of this species or even suspected the presence of one. I had been here again and again, spending hours in beating the bush, right at the spot, too, where the youngster was found. Yet the parents had built their nest, brooded their eggs, and hatched their young, without my once having so much as suspected their presence. How could they escape me? Why had the brooding bird never sprung up from her nest on the ground while I was tramping about? Above all, why had the little husband never trilled his sylvan tune until this morning? This was certainly reducing wariness and secrecy to a fine art.

There are red letter days in the bird lover's calendar, and the 14th of June was one of them in mine. "One more round in these woods before I leave them," was my mental resolve at about 10 o'clock; and a fortuitous "round" it was. As I trudged down the slope my eye fell on a nest set at the foot of a bush—and, yes, there sat a Kentucky warbler in the cup, craning up her neck and looking at me with wild, dilated eyes, her yellow, decurved superciliary band and golden throat showing plainly and revealing her identity. What a sweet sylvan picture it was, the olive, black and amber of the bird in a setting of gray and green and brown. A too close approach drove her from her nest. She scuttled in a zigzag line over the dead leaves like a golden mouse, gliding so quietly that I doubt if I should have heard her had I not first seen her. The nest's holdings were one Kentucky warbler's egg and three of the cowbird—which meant that there would be no warbler reared in that family, but three feathered parasites, unless I interfered with the natural course of things.

The afternoon found me in another deep, wooded ravine something better than a mile to the south. I pressed my way up into the dense woods, where another pair of worm-eating warblers were unexpectedly encountered, the husband trilling among the trees and bushes, the wife feeding a strapping youngster whose ruffled plumage made him look larger than his purveyor. Why had I never seen or heard the worm-eaters in my previous visits to this haunt?

The most gratifying find of the day came last. More than once a creeping warbler had been seen and heard in this part of the woods, and many a weary search had been made for its nest. Now, I was beating about a somewhat open space, looking for the hidden domiciles of various birds, when at length I climbed a slope to the edge of the thick timber. The presence of some scattered fibers on the ground caught my eye. As I stretched out my hand toward the spot a creeping warbler—a female—leaped from the ground, gave a frightened chirp, and darted into some bushes near at hand. It was a charming nursery that greeted my eyes—an elfin nest set in a tiny hollow at the foot of a little bank, slightly roofed over by the leafy twigs of a small bush. Like tiny oval pearls four eggs studded the bottom of the cup, their ground color being white and the larger end prettily wreathed with spots of umber and cinnamon.

A pretty picture she made a week later—June 21—as she sat in her dainty cup, her beak and tail pointed upward, her striped back bent in an arc, and her little wings spread out over the rim. She did not fly up till my cane was stretched out close to her nest. Her four eggs were like tiny pebbles.

I regret to have to say that the nests of the Kentucky, the hooded and the black and white warblers were all robbed. The hooded warbler's nest bore no signs of violence; it was simply left lone and empty. One day I found the three cowbirds' eggs of the Kentucky warbler's nest converted into squirming bantlings, while the one Kentucky's egg was not yet pipped. The latter had slipped into the broken shell of one of the larger eggs, about two-thirds of its surface being covered by it. I removed the encasing shell to give the chick within a better chance to break through its prison walls. Whether it ever did so or not I do not know, for when I visited the place a few days later the nest was despoiled.

The same fate overtook the black and white warbler's nest in the distant woodland. The little cup was empty and the owners were nowhere to be seen. Let a nest be ever so well concealed, it seems that there are sharp-eyed enemies able to find it. Still, when you see the vast army of young warblers flitting about in the woods in the autumn you are comforted in the reflection that hundreds of birds are successful in their efforts to rear families, even though you cannot help thinking of the many tragedies that occur.

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

Insect That Sits on Eggs.

A REMARKABLE case of an insect sitting on its eggs is recorded by F. P. Dodd in the Transactions of the Entomological Society of London. This strange departure from the normal habits of the insect race is exhibited by a species of bug. The female sits in a brooding attitude over her eggs for a period of three weeks. When the young begin to break through she retires an inch or so from the eggs, and remains there for some hours until the last egg is hatched. She then departs, leaving the young ones to take care of themselves. During the whole time of brooding, and till all the young are hatched, the mother eats nothing. It is thought that this brooding habit may be a means of protection against the attacks of ichneumon flies.—London Globe.

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GAME BAG AND GUN



The Little Scatter Gun.

ONG unseen and forgotten, yet safely stored in a small sure box brought from other days, came to light a r. . Laboriously written with great nicety, in the bold l just learned through the patient labors of the new ner, the younger brother has written from home to other, but lately gone into the outer world to conquer mpire. It is of the time when the pen traces openly impulsively the inmost thoughts and ambitions of the and there is this sentence of much import: "You t to have seen Tommy and I jump and shout when eard that my gun was coming!"

hich gun can it have been? Back along the list, ory slowly and carefully treads, stopping at this one, ing over another, in an effort to locate the member se advent caused this ebullition of bold penmanship. e list is not so long, nor otherwise imposing, in the of modern practice in gun making; but if some lost of the chain could be restored it would not again roken

ere was the little single muzzleloader, a present from ll youthful uncle. He had hunted through the spar- peckerwood, jaybird and robin age, and even into of the rabbit (for I myself saw him kill a large one, e I had ever pulled trigger); then he had shown elf not of the fraternity, for the little gun was cast so to speak) and fell into willing hands, while Uncle ined the chase no more, from that day to this.

en, for another, there was the learning to shoot, first a rest on a low fence rail, aiming carefully under nal direction (when actually, some part of the shot e pattern on a barrel at twelve paces—good long es); then there was practice without the rest, and at er targets. Afterward father and son repaired to woods, where squirrels fell to the aim of Coahoma, the first wild thing—an "Indian hen"—rewarded the ess of the little gun's new owner. The gun was d on the railing of a bridge, and the aim was long careful.

ter this much slaughter was done of sparrows in ets and hedge rows on Saturdays and school holi- Slowly the standard was raised, first to "jorees," sapsuckers and bluebirds—sparrows were now com- place; to kill them was unsportsmanlike.

gain, a day came when jaybirds were the climax of rodic ambition. "Jorees" only for target practice—ows no more! So the little gun did brave execu- always striving to gratify the owner's rising ambi- until on a day this ambition took a leap so wild that gun saw ahead many disappointments. On this day oma had placed high bounty on the first successful shot. His well trained double muzzleloader was to e prize. Powder was burned extravagantly, for that and shot were sent to penetrate many winds, in the uit of this wild ambition; but the younger brother grown sturdy upon his legs, and of sufficient stature vel a gun (with a rest) before the wingshot was e.

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nother uncle came to the rescue of the situation, and eathed a gun which had won some glory—a double hloader of the old pinfire tribe. Redheads and flick- were now considered the goal of true sportsmanship— ys with a lingering hope for the wingshot—while the her fell heir to the little single-barrel, and went along hoot the sparrows and "jorees" that the pinfire dis- ed.

ere came a day when a 16-gauge double "center fire" bought from a neighbor's boy. The first wingshot d other wingshots—had been made. The first was a bird. But muzzleloaders were going out of style, and oma had traded his away for a watch, and bought -gauge Scott. The 16-gauge was a compromise, but recipient was not, for a long time, reconciled out of belief that the muzzleloader would have "hit better." en the pinfire went to the brother, and the little gun et another brother, designated as Tommy in the old that was quoted from.

time, the first quail was killed. They were then are now, by many) called partridges in the South- being the only substitute here for a real partridge. old negroes call them "pat'idges," while some of the ger negroes who can read in books now call them s.

ter several years the Scott was passed down, and of the series of guns already described was handed e next boy below, in point of age—the little muzzle- r, dilapidated and time worn, going into disuse and oblivion. Where are its sacred ashes now? If even all fragment could be found, it would be preserved igh life with tenderest care. The pinfire, too, and 6-gauge are gone.

ere were other guns bought, sold and exchanged. gun that made Tommy and me jump may have been of these interlopers, but was more probably one of four of "direct lineage." As memory reveals, the rence was of about their time.

ere was also nobler game. The second brother wiped rst one's eye for a woodcock, and the third, memory did the same in the matter of a few quail. Honors about divided on snipe. Rabbits had come to be dis- ded. The relative bags on squirrels marked which e trio held position on the lucky side of most trees. s came later, then a few 'coons, a 'possum or two, -ecstacy of ecstacies!—a wild goose!

e or two rifles got into the family, and there are sev- turkey tails and deerskin rugs, much prized; but the of the old letter—of the little muzzleloader, the pin- nd the "jorees" will live, when later memories have hed.

TRIPOD.

ISSISSIPPI.

Extracts from Experience.

Some Practical Suggestions.

EXPERIENCE is a thorough and successful teacher, and its lessons are long remembered. They are the diamonds among precepts, and never wear away. Possibly a few paragraphs drawn from an extended period of life in the woods may prove of interest with the reader.

If you wish to command the respect of an "old-timer," always take good care of your gun. Any firearm that is worth taking afield at all is worth treating well. Nothing jars upon the nerves of a true lover of the gun worse than to see a fowling piece all pitted up with the "rust pox," as if it had but just come through a plague, all battered and scarred, but nevertheless alive. A little oil is the antidote that is a sure preventive against such attacks; what possible excuse can there be for not applying it!

When going afield, take a little pains with your dress. Some wear "any old duds" on their excursions, on the ground that they are not to be seen, and it does not matter. But this is not so. They are seen, and misjudged by their appearance to the detriment of the whole sportsman fraternity. The farmer confounds them with tramps, and gets the idea that hunters are "hoboes," a dangerous class, one that he does not want about under any circumstances, and consequently he warns them off without provocation. A man will be estimated from his appearance as quickly afield as in a drawing room. A suitable outing rig can be had at a very modest price, a canvas helmet and coat costing but very little. Always keep up a good appearance when you go afield, and so maintain our reputation.

Don't make so much noise as you usually do, while in the woods, if you are hoping for any degree of success. There is something peculiar about the woods in this respect; every noise echoes and re-echoes through them after such a fashion that it always seemed to the writer that it carried twice as far as in the open. Is there anything that can be heard at a greater distance than a picnic party in the woods? Some hunting parties sound exactly like picnics. You could scarcely tell the difference. How they can possibly expect the game to wait for their approach is certainly a mystery.

As a matter of fact the wild animals of the woods have their sentries, their out-flanking scouts and picket system, as complete as any of man's devising, by which they are warned of the enemy's approach. The crow from his perch on the top of a dead pine sees you coming, takes flight with a few sharp, quick calls, and all the neighborhood knows the meaning of the signal, and is put upon its guard. The jay and the squirrel, even the smallest birds, understand this "secret service" of the woods, and all have a hand in it. They know, usually, when any one is coming, while yet he is a great way off. Silence is the only passport to the woods. woods.

When going and coming through the fields, close the gates after you, replace the rail that topples from its post, and above everything else, leave boundary post and stones alone. You are not on a foraging expedition through the country of the enemy, bent on crippling him as far as possible, but are passing by the courtesy of the owner over private grounds, where really you have no right. Do not abuse your privilege.

Have your dog well enough trained and in hand, so that you will not be compelled to be shouting after him at the top of your lungs all the time, till your temper is nettled beyond control, and you are black in the face with rage. If he cannot be brought to mind except under such circumstances, leave him at home. He is of no value afield.

Make every shot count. Each discharge of the gun means just so many birds warned out of the neighborhood. The true hunter does not resemble a gatling gun, but more frequently spends the entire day without once discharging his piece, because a satisfactory aim could not be secured.

Count your success by the skill you have displayed and the benefit you have derived from the outing. The size of the bag does not always count. The man who has "potted" a grouse from a tree skulks home with a bird in his bag, but there is none of the air of the successful huntsman about him. His own estimate of himself is reflected in his walk. His day has not profited him.

And finally, if you are so fortunate as to know the whereabouts of birds, while your associates do not, if you have been successful in locating some favored nook, unknown to all but yourself, share your good luck with others, rather than keep it to yourself. To be sure, there is a certain satisfaction in being able to bring in bird after bird, while others are unable to as much as locate a feather, but it is a satisfaction far inferior to the whole-souled, genuine joy of contributing to the happiness of others, and of being generous and open-handed. Add in so far as you can to the pleasures of the season with your companions, and the gain will be yours in the end.

RUPE BARNABY.

Two boys of Santa Fé, N. Mex., have been killed by the explosion of a box of dynamite. The boys were rabbit hunting, but found the game scarce. When they reached the powder house of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway Company, near Chama, they set up a box of dynamite as a target. The dynamite exploded and set off four tons of powder.

Wild Rice.*

BY J. W. T. DUVEL, ACTING BOTANIST IN CHARGE OF SEED LABORATORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bureau of Plant Industry—Bulletin No. 90.

THE seed of wild rice, sometimes called Indian rice or water oats (*Zizania aquatica* L.), has always been a very valuable food among the Indians, especially those of the upper Mississippi Valley. Of recent years wild rice has found a place on the menu cards of some of our best American hotels. The rich and highly nutritious grains, together with the slightly smoky flavor it has when properly prepared, make it an extremely palatable article of diet. It it were not for the difficulties of harvesting the seed and preparing the finished product for market it is probable that wild rice would find a place in many American homes.

At present, however, the greatest interest in wild rice is created by the value of the seed as a food for wild waterfowl, particularly wild ducks. As a result of this interest the propagation of wild rice from seed has become a question of considerable importance, especially to the members of the gunning clubs throughout the United States and Canada.

Distribution.

The distribution of wild rice is now reported from New Brunswick and Assiniboia south to Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. There are, however, comparatively few localities in which it grows abundantly. Good reasons exist for assuming that this area can be extended to include all fresh-water lakes, as well as swamps and river bogs, where the water does not become stagnant, throughout the whole of North America south of latitude 55° north. Wild rice also grows luxuriantly along the lower parts of many of the rivers of the Atlantic Coast States, the waters of which are affected by the action of the tide to a considerable degree, and consequently contain an appreciable quantity of salt. It has been shown† that the maximum degree of concentration of salt-water in which wild rice plants can grow successfully is equivalent to a 0.03 normal solution of sodium chlorid. This concentration corresponds to 0.1755 per cent. by weight of sodium chlorid, which is sufficient to give a slight salty taste to the water.

Habitat.

While it is well recognized that the habitat of the wild rice plant is in shallow fresh water, it is now known that it will grow luxuriantly in water containing little less than two-tenths of 1 per cent. of sodium chlorid. Occasional plants have been found growing in water which contained, for short periods at least, nearly double that amount of salt. These facts indicate the possibility of a much wider range of conditions to which this plant may be subjected without hindering its development. It is not beyond the range of possibility—indeed, it is quite probable—that by careful selection plants may be obtained which will thrive on soil that is comparatively dry, at least in places in which the water can be drawn off gradually during the latter part of the growing season.

In September, 1904, Mr. G. C. Worthen, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, collected a cluster of wild rice plants which were growing on the Potomac Flats, near Washington, D. C., in soil which was sufficiently dry to permit the use of a 2-horse mowing machine for cutting down the rank growth of vegetation. This was newly made land, and in all probability the seed giving rise to this cluster of plants was pumped in with the dirt from the Potomac River the year previous.

This amphibious type once established, it will undoubtedly carry with it a strain of seed which can withstand considerable drying without any marked injury to its vitality. Such being true, the methods and difficulties of propagation from seed would be greatly simplified.

Simultaneous with establishing an amphibious type should come the selection of seed plants which are capable of retaining their seed until the larger part of it has reached maturity. These two steps once made, the future of wild rice as a cereal will be assured.

Germination of the Seed.

The greatest difficulty to be overcome in extending the area for growing wild rice is the poor germination of the commercial seed. Inasmuch as wild rice constitutes one of the most important foods of wild ducks and other wild waterfowl, many individuals and most of the gunning clubs east of the Rocky Mountains have been asking the question, How can we propagate wild rice from seed in order to establish better feeding and fattening grounds for our game birds?

The many failures in the propagation of wild rice from seed have been due to the use of seed that had become dry before sowing, or to the fact that the seed when sown fresh in the autumn had been eaten by ducks or other animals or was carried away by heavy floods before germination took place.

It is now very generally known that the seed of wild

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*Wild rice is considered one of the most important foods for wild ducks and other water fowl, and a large number of inquiries have been received from members of gunning clubs throughout the United States, asking where good, germinable seed can be secured. It is quite generally recognized that wild rice seed loses its vitality if allowed to become dry, and better methods of storing the seed during the winter have long since been demanded.

The results of investigations begun two years ago show that wild rice seed can be handled without any deterioration in vitality if it is harvested and stored according to methods outlined in the present paper.

†The Salt Water Limits of Wild Rice. Bulletin No. 72, Part II., Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, 1905.

rice, if once allowed to become dry, will not germinate, save possibly an occasional grain. In its natural habit the seed, as soon as mature, falls into the water and sinks into the mud beneath, where it remains during the winter months, germinating the following spring if conditions are favorable.

Heretofore the plan generally followed, and the one usually recommended by those who have given some attention to the propagation of wild rice, was practically that of natural seeding; that is, to gather the seed in the autumn, as soon as thoroughly mature, and, while still fresh, to sow it in 1 to 3 feet of water.

Fall Seeding Versus Spring Seeding.

It must be remembered that the bulk of the seed remains dormant during the winter, germinating first the spring after maturing; consequently, with but few exceptions, fall seeding is unsatisfactory and unreliable. Fall seeding is likely to prove a failure for three reasons: (1) Wild ducks and other animals of various kinds eat or destroy the seed in considerable quantity before it has had time to germinate the following spring; (2) much of the seed is frequently covered so deeply with mud that washes in from the shore during the winter that the young plants die of suffocation and starvation before they reach the surface; (3) in some cases a large quantity of the seed is carried away from the place where sown by the high waters and floating ice prevalent during the latter part of the winter and early spring.

In exceptional cases these difficulties can be overcome; under which circumstances autumn sowing may be preferable to spring sowing. In the majority of cases, however, much better results will be obtained if the seed is properly stored and sown in the early spring, as soon as the danger of heavy floods is passed and the water level approaches normal.

In sowing the seed considerable care must be exercised in selecting a suitable place, securing the proper depth of water, etc. Good results can be expected if the seed is sown in from 1 to 3 feet of water, which is not too stagnant or too swiftly moving, with a thick layer of soft mud underneath.‡ It is useless to sow wild rice seed on a gravelly bottom or in water where the seed will be constantly disturbed by strong currents.

Previous to this time, save in a few reported cases, the seed which was allowed to dry during the winter and was sown the following spring gave only negative results. It is now definitely known that wild rice, if properly handled, can be stored during the winter without impairing the quality of germination to any appreciable degree, and that it can be sown the following spring or summer with good success.

Directions for Storing the Seed.

The vitality of wild rice seed is preserved almost perfectly if kept wet in cold storage—nature's method of preservation. This method of storage implies that the seed has been properly harvested and cared for up to the time of storage. The seed should be gathered as soon as mature, put loosely into sacks (preferably burlap), and sent at once to the cold-storage rooms. If the wild rice fields are some distance from the cold-storage plant the sacks of seed should be sent by express, and unless prompt delivery can be guaranteed it is not advisable to send by freight even for comparatively short distances. It is very important that the period between the time of harvesting and the time when the seed is put into cold storage be as short as possible. If this time is prolonged to such an extent as to admit of much fermentation or to allow the seed near the outside of the bags to become dry during transit, its vitality will be greatly lowered.

It is not practicable to give any definite length of time which may elapse between harvesting and storing, inasmuch as the temperature, humidity and general weather conditions, as well as the methods of handling the seed, must be taken into consideration. Let it suffice to say, however, that the vitality of the seed will be the stronger the sooner it is put into cold storage after harvesting.

As soon as the seed is received at the cold-storage plant, while it is still fresh and before fermentation has taken place, it should be put into buckets, open barrels, or vats, covered with fresh water, and placed at once in cold storage. If there is present a considerable quantity of light immature seed or straw, broken sticks, etc., it will be profitable to separate this from the good seed by floating in water preparatory to storing. The storage room should be maintained at a temperature just above freezing—what the storage men usually designate as the "chill room."

When taken from cold storage in the spring the seed must not be allowed to dry out before planting, as a few days' drying will destroy every embryo.

Seed which was stored under the foregoing conditions from Oct. 19, 1903, to Nov. 15, 1904, 393 days, germinated from 80 to 88 per cent. Another lot of seed, which was stored on Oct. 6, 1904, and tested for vitality on April 17, 1905, germinated 79.8 per cent.

Packing for Transportation.

Too much care cannot be given to the matter of packing the seed for transportation, for unless the packing is properly done the vitality of the seed will be destroyed during transit. What is here said applies to fresh seed which is to be sown in the autumn, as well as to seed which has been kept in cold storage during the winter. It must not be forgotten, however, that the vitality of cold storage seed is more quickly destroyed on drying than that of fresh seed.

For transportation the seed should be carefully packed, with moist sphagnum, cocoanut fiber, or fine excelsior, in a loosely slatted box. If the time of transportation does not exceed five or six days no special precautions need be taken as to the temperature. During the period of transportation it is quite probable that some of the seed will germinate, but if sown at once growth will not be retarded and the roots will soon penetrate the soil and anchor the young plants.

‡Wild Rice: Its Uses and Propagation. Bulletin No. 50, Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, 1903.

If the time of transportation is necessarily long, it is recommended, if the best results are desired, that some provision be made for a reduced temperature. The nearer the temperature approaches that of freezing the better. It has been demonstrated, however, that a fair percentage of seed will remain germinable for a considerable time if packed as above described.

On Oct. 10, 1904, Mr. C. S. Scofield sent a small quantity of wild rice, packed in moist sphagnum moss in a well-ventilated box, to Dr. De Vries, of Amsterdam, Holland. On Oct. 14 or 15 this box was placed in cold storage on the steamer in New York harbor. The box of seed was received by Dr. De Vries in good condition on Nov. 2, twenty-one days after the seed was packed for shipment.

Summary.

(1) Under no circumstances should wild rice seed which is intended for planting be allowed to dry. Dried seed will germinate but rarely and should never be sown.

(2) Wild rice seed can be stored without deterioration if it is gathered as soon as matured, put into barrels or tanks, covered with fresh water, and, before fermentation has set in, stored at a temperature of 32 to 34 degrees Fahrenheit. Seed treated in this way germinated as high as 88 per cent. after being in storage 393 days. Fresh seed seldom germinates better, and usually not so well.

(3) After the seed is taken from cold storage it should not be allowed to dry. The vitality of cold storage seed is destroyed on drying even more quickly than that of fresh seed.

(4) For transportation the seed should be packed in moist sphagnum, cocoanut fiber, or fine excelsior. If not more than five or six days are required for transit, no special precautions need be taken for controlling the temperature; but if the time for transportation exceeds six days, provision should be made for a temperature sufficiently low to prevent marked fermentation. A temperature approximately freezing will give the most satisfactory results.

(5) Wild rice can be sown either in the autumn or in the spring. Spring sowing is preferable, thus avoiding the danger of having the seed eaten or destroyed by wild ducks or other animals during the fall or winter, or of its being buried or washed away by the heavy floods of late winter or early spring.

(6) Wild rice should be sown in the spring in from one to three feet of water which is neither too stagnant nor too swiftly moving, as soon as the danger of heavy floods is passed.

(7) Wild rice is of the greatest importance as a food for wild waterfowl, likewise a delicious breakfast food for man, and the area in which it is extensively grown should be extended. It will grow luxuriantly in either warm or cold water; furthermore, it can be grown successfully in water which is slightly salty to the taste.

(8) In determining the vitality of any sample of wild rice seed the germination tests should be made in water—the condition under which the self-sown seed germinates.

(9) The seed will germinate well at temperatures ranging from 15 to 30 degrees C. The maximum temperature of germination is above 35 degrees C. (95 degrees F.), but better results are obtained at lower temperatures.

In Maine Game Woods.

Bangor, Me., Sept. 4, 1905.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With the approach of the season for hunting big game in this State there are appearing many misleading items in various publications regarding the privileges allowable to non-resident sportsmen who come into this State to hunt during the coming open season. In view of the fact that there have been many efforts, more or less successful in the past, to get around the non-resident hunters' license law, the last Legislature in session during the winter of 1904-5 added to the license law an amendment which provides that every hunter who is a non-resident must purchase a license, whether he be in search of big game or small, protected or unprotected, in feathers or fur. That this might aid the wardens in the detection of illegal hunting still more than the old method, the law provides that these licenses for bird hunting, and for wild animals other than those protected by law during certain close seasons, shall expire when the general open season for all game goes into effect, so that sportsmen who hunt birds and other wild animals during the respective open seasons prior to October 1, shall pay therefor a license fee of $5, and if they desire to remain beyond that date to hunt, may add the other privileges of the season to their licenses for $10. But sportsmen should not make the mistake of thinking that they may take out a bird hunting license and hunt for deer, to return to the agent and secure a big game license when they have killed and secured the quarry. The newly enacted license clause does not permit the non-resident to kill any more game prior to Oct. 1 than in preceding years, nor in general open season; but it does permit him to take, or ship to his home without the State, ten each of partridges or ruffed grouse, woodcock and ducks, affording him thirty birds to regale his home friends on in addition to the two deer and one bull moose heretofore the sole objects of his trip in this State. Formerly, by paying 50 cents, the non-resident as well (as the resident) might ship to his home or to any hospital within the State, a pair of game birds; but now he has no need to use that privilege, since his license permits him to ship his ten birds of each kind, an advantage that the sportsman will not be slow in availing himself of. Those hunters who have hitherto come into Maine for the sole purpose of hunting birds and have not gone to the expense of a license, must now pay $15 for their fun if they indulge in it after the first of October, and as most of the bird hunting worth coming after is possible between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1, all hunters will endeavor to avail themselves of all the privileges of the entire license, and take home thirty birds, two deer and a moose. It is noticeable, too, that the non-resident may not kill so much as a crow in this State under the new law, at any time, without first taking out one of the licenses.

The outlook for big game hunting during the general open season from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1 is excellent, and it now looks as if the season were going to be one of the best in the history of the State, so far as the supply is concerned. Should hunting conditions prove as bad in many sections as they were throughtout the season of 1904, there is no forecasting what the results shall be. There was a positive abundance of big game in the woods last fall, and in many sections their signs and workings were all around one, while the utmost skill failed to bring the hunter within shooting distance of his quarry, which dashed past him in the woods at a safe distance, or crept gently away without giving the anxious hunter a chance to raise his rifle to the shoulder. Late snowfall and very dry days made still hunting difficult, except for the few brief minutes when the morning sun struck the frosted leaves in the path and were consequently slightly softened. The luckiest hunters were most generally those who found a good place to sit down, and sat there until their game came their way. Still hunting, particularly in certain sections was positively out of the question. In other portions of gameland the weather conditions were good, and they knew nothing of the difficulties that beset the hunters in most of the State for two-thirds of the season. It has been so exceedingly dry throughout Maine for the past month that October is likely to be wetter than last fall, with consequently better sport, although it is of course far too early to make any forecast that can be relied upon.

Speaking of the dry weather of the past month reminds your correspondent of a vital question that is sure to come up before long, and may be settled in a way far from satisfactory to the hunters. It is the question of forest fires. For years there have been from time to time, enormous losses to the large timberland owners by fire, and with the increasing army of summer camping and canoeing parties, these fires have appeared to show a tendency to increase; but whether this is due to the presence of these parties or not is a question still undecided. It would appear almost certain, however, that many of these disastrous fires could have been avoided if camping parties had used caution, or had spent a little time in putting out fires already started by others.

Less than two weeks ago the writer came down the west branch of the Penobscot, and at camp one evening one of a party of three, who had been over a part of the same route, spoke of his surprise to find how very readily the ground took fire. He said that he had noticed the extreme dryness everywhere, as indeed in journey over a waterway that was such in name only the rapids could but show him, and when he lighted his pipe at the noon camping place he took particular pains to break his match into small pieces before throwing it away, to be sure that no fire was left in it. Having finished his smoke and waited several minutes with the bowl of exhausted tobacco, or better ashes in his hand, he shook out the supposedly dead ashes upon the ground at his feet, watching it carefully to be sure that no blaze was started by it. Before they embarked in the canoe he was obliged to put out a fire which started from that very bowl of ashes, but of course, as he had given the matter such close attention the fire was slight and easily extinguished.

On the same river, further down, the writer's party had fortunately to walk a carry, while the canoes ran the rapids, and a hundred yards below the putting-in place discovered a fire in full blaze, where a party must have camped shortly before. There was only one party to go down the river ahead of ours, and we had met no other party on our way to this point, so that circumstantial evidence pointed direct to them as the authors of this fire, which in an hour or two further with a high wind blowing straight into the woods must have been beyond control. As it was, our party of five worked nearly two hours to undo the mischief which the carelessness of others had created. Although there were large stones handy to use in building the fire these had been rolled aside and the fire built on the bare ground, and every evidence went to show that no effort had been made to extinguish the fire before leaving, but it had been left to spread, and a brisk wind had kept it to the task only too well. On the same trip it was common report, at one point, that a certain party of campers had left a camp-fire burning near the cabin they had occupied at a lumberman's depot camp and but for the prompt and heroic efforts of others who chanced upon the blazing hut, $2,000 worth of lumbering outfit must have been destroyed, and an enormous amount of standing timber. From the summit of Katahdin extensive forest fires were observable, while beyond the smoke of others was discernible in the distance. Not all of these were caused by sportsmen, of course, but if sportsmen do not take some responsibility upon themselves and see to it that their guides put out these fires, the timberland owners are liable to rise in their wrath and demand a law that shall shut sportsmen out of the Maine woods during the most delightful season of the year.

An interesting question came up during the trip of a party of canoeists, incidental to the discovery of one of these neglected fires, which was: "Whose business is it to put out these fires, anyway?" It was an interesting and important question and most pertinent since the party, guides and all, had been hard at work fighting fire set by others, and for a moment there was a dead silence—not one of the whole party but had accepted the individual responsibility thus thrust upon him of doing his best to stop the fire, without a question as to whether it was his particular duty or not. The writer is glad to say that, so far as he has discovered, the great majority of the guides, and most of the sportsmen, are not only careful about fires, but do their utmost to put out fires when found, and will often continue their trips to devote hours and perhaps an entire day to fight that which threatens the forest. Guides who are in the service to-day have been known by the writer to paddle back thirty miles to a camping place, to put out a fire left by another member of the same party; but so strong is the first-class guide's sense of his responsibility that, as head guide for a party, he feels personally liable for every fire kindled by the sportsmen or their individual guides, even though he may never have seen the fire in question; and he

dle all night and half the day to fight fire as long as can endure to undo such a blunder.

owever, Maine has adopted a plan of raising money liccnse instead of a direct tax for the preservation he game, when if she had made every game warden ire warden too, with certain territory to be re- nsible for and in which to look after fires, as well game law violators, with heavy penalities for those o were careless about fires, several of the disastrous s of the present season, and of last year, might have n avoided by discovery in season, and the responsi- y promptly fixed. Weeksboro on the Bangor & ostook is reported to have suffered the same fate did Sherman a year or two ago, while vast timber perties have been rendered valueless by the fire fiend. ing the last two days a steady downpour has re- ed in checking the fires, and at this writing it is eved to have quenched all the fires in the woods. there may be still dry times ahead, and there are er seasons coming, so that the sportsman who camps Maine should have his eyes open to see that no fires chargeable to his door. If Maine is so generous in ard to permitting sportsmen to travel over her berlands and enjoy them, without a cent of revenue ctly therefor, they certainly ought to be sportsmen ugh to refrain from damaging her standing timber, of the State's principal sources of revenue, and on ch several of her chief industries rely for material.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

A Rainy Day Hunt.

AWOKE at 3 o'clock and heard the patter of rain. nought there would be no hunting that day, so I vled back to bed without awakening Tom. Two rs later I awoke again, and when I went to the dow I saw that there were signs of clearing. I Tom, and we were soon dressed and sat down to lunch. While on our way to get the team which to take us to our hunting grounds for the day, the suddenly descended again in drenching form. We cluded it would stop till we reached our destination, so we set out on our way. A drive of seven miles ught us to the desired place, and we put the team y in a hurry. It was drizzling somewhat, but of rse we did not mind that. What is it that a true tsman will not brave?

he territory over which we expected to hunt lay high wooded hills and deep valley. Since the night re was wet it would be quite natural that rabbits t mostly under cover. So we made our way to a ll woods, full of low brush. We looked carefully nd every tree and stump and rock. Tom came to a p of dead brush, and said: "Here is where we get first rabbit." He put his foot on top, gave a good ke, and sure enough out came a rabbit. Tom let un about twenty yards, when he shot it. A few utes afterward I was looking around a big stump ecting a rabbit to sit backed up against it, and was ut on the point of leaving it, when lo, and behold! bbit jumped out of the top of the stump, which was ewhat decayed, and made a nice hiding place. Be- that I never would have thought of looking at a place for a rabbit, but since then I have kept eyes peeled for hollow tops of stumps, and have nd a half dozen hiding there. If that bunny had t sitting I would have passed it unnoticed. As it , I fired two shots at it in quick succession, and it rabbit No. 1 for my pocket.

e searched out that woods without finding any more e. To our right was another woods, and between and the one where we were was a narrow field, ered with a luxuriant growth of weeds. As I bed on the fence to enter the field the top rail ke, and I took a tumble. I landed almost on top of a bit. If it had kept sitting, I could have reached it with hand. It made a quick turn through the fence into woods, and Tom emptied both barrels at it. The bit had a leg broken by one of the shots, so Tom up and killed it with another shot. But we found hat field of weeds what we did not expect—a covey quail. There must have been about fifteen of them; after Tom and I had each fired two shots at them, e were just four of them less. If we had gotten hing else that day we would have felt satisfied with se four birds. They were so big and plump, and what a potpie they made. I can taste it yet. In , we would have been content if we had to return pty-handed. You know this going gunning is not n the game you get. The anticipation is often more n the reality, but how can any man be disappointed r having a pleasant day in the fields.

he field yielded nothing more, so we went into the ods. The tall oaks and chestnut trees suggested irrels. We had gone scarcely ten rods when we rd the barking, and saw a grey making a leap from tree to another. Tom and I fired at the same time, the squirrel fell. We could not make out which s hit it or whether we both did. We finally agreed Tom would take it, and the next one we would , we would kill together, and I should take it.

shower came up, and we took refuge under an rhanging ledge of rocks. We ate our lunch, and oyed it highly as the hard morning tramp had tted our appetites. Corncob pipes had to do serv- and we sat there in the dry, smoking and joking, exchanging yarns, for we had not seen each other a year. About forty yards from our rendezvous was w clump of bushes, and several times we thought saw something move there. We concluded to in- igate. Half way toward the bush we passed a low np, and away went a rabbit directly toward the h, and as he bounded into it, it scared up a pheasant. last thing we expected to see in the locality. I had wn a good bead on the rabbit, and when Tom saw he pulled up on the bird. I downed the object of aim on the second shot, and Tom was lucky—no, lucky, but skilled—enough to get his pheasant on first shot. To say that we were simply elated would putting it very mildly; we were simply overjoyed. h an occurrence had not taken place before in our ting lives. I believe I would have given many dollars for a picture that would have taken in the whole scene of action.

The shower seemed to turn in a heavy, steady rain, and we concluded to start for home. On the way back to our team, we went along a steep hillside, at the foot of which was a narrow but swift creek. A rabbit bounded away in front of us and made straight down the hill. Tom was the nearer and he sent two barrels after it. Four or five feet from the bank of the stream the rabbit took a jump into the air, turned a somersault, and landed in the water. He was killed, and the current quickly took it away from reach from shore. There was nothing left to do but to wade in after it. It was not too pleasant a thing to do, for the water was cold at that season. But I went in up to my arms and got it out. The extra clothes we had taken along for emergency cases came in handy.

On our way home and often since then Tom and I have congratulated ourselves on our luck on that rainy day. Frequently we had been out on the pleasantest of days and did not get one-third as much game. The rain had not been enough to dampen our ardor, and the game we got amply repaid us for all the discomfort we had to endure.

KILLDEER.

Minnesota Moose Protection.

NILWOOD, Ill., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Maine is not the only State that will have to make a study of the moose problem, and do it before long. I do not know the situation in Maine, but do know something about what is going on in the nearer State of Minnesota, where the great game still abounds to quite an extent, although the moose are quite scarce where they were plentiful less than ten years ago. The scarcity was not caused by the killing of bulls, but on the contrary, by killing of any old moose that showed its head at any old time or place. I know of instances where section house keepers who fed from ten to fifteen men all summer did not buy $10 worth of fresh pork or beef during the summer months; at the same time they served fresh meat at each meal. I can also name several men who do nothing but be around near the lakes and streams and kill moose and deer, take them to town in packsacks and sell or trade for groceries and whiskey. This kind of business is carried on every day in the year, and right under the noses of the deputy game wardens, who either do not know or do not care, and who are afraid to go into the woods and locate these destroyers of game. This state of affairs will continue to exist so long as a deputy warden's position is secured by political preferment.

Just so long as an applicant for such a position must show what he can do for the administration, just so long will things be as they are.

When it becomes necessary for an applicant for such a position to prove to the appointing officers that he has qualifications both as to ability to discharge the duties of the office and honesty of purpose to do it, regardless of who the offending party is, then we may look for an enforcement of the law that will amount to something, and the moose will be seen in places that have long since ceased to be his haunts.

There are other things that cause the disappearance of the moose from districts where they were plentiful. For instance, disease will get among them and scatter them in a dying condition all over the country. One fall I went, as usual, to a part of St. Louis county to do my hunting. I found plenty of deer, but not a sign of moose, where they had been quite plentiful the year before. I was greatly puzzled over this for a few days, when I met an Indian, who had been an acquaintance for several years. I asked him his opinion as to the moose having left the neighborhood. He told me they had been sick all summer, and that he had seen several dead ones; among them a sick one that he found unable to get up. He killed it and cut it open to see if it had been wounded, but found that it had what he called "big sores on its lungs." He also said he had examined no less than seven he had found dead, and that they were all affected the same way. I at once came to the conclusion that the disease was tuberculosis, and that what moose had not died had gone away from the place where the sickness prevailed. The next season they were back, but were not and never have been so plentiful.

Another thing that makes them scarce is the destruction of their winter food by fire or its dying off. I have seen several acres in a bunch where they had eaten the tops of a red-barked willowish appearing bush, down to a height of about four feet. Each year the new growth is eaten down and when this browse is destroyed they find some other place to spend their winters; and any moose seen in the territory is a transient, and if followed the tracks will show that he has kept right on his way in almost a direct line, to some other place of abode. After their natural feed has again grown they gradually work back, but hardly ever are so numerous.

I think there is no way to regulate the killing so that the destruction can be kept down to what it should be; as there will always be infringements which will keep the killing at a maximum rather than a minimum; and when killing is permitted the cow suffers with the bull. I have no doubt that there are numbers of cows killed each season and left in the woods, or turned over to some homestead or logging camp.

How would it do to have a closed season of five years, then allow killing twenty days each fall, after rutting season is over, for two or three years, then close again for five years? This would give the moose a chance to get ahead of the hunters and also have a tendency to keep them in parts of the country from which they are slowly being driven. Let sportsmen who know about the subject express themselves, and out of several suggestions a form of a law may be patched up that will be acceptable to the legislators of the State concerned.

Let it be understood that game wardens and a game and fish commission are not the whole thing, and while they may work hard to see the laws enforced, they sometimes get the black end of the stick. Some justice courts are pretty poor places to prosecute offenders of the game laws, and jury trials are often a farce, as I have seen to my own satisfaction, or rather dissatisfaction. Also, there are many cases where some one high in authority fails to back up the local warden, especially when they get their hooks in the hair of people who have pulls, and don't want to be disturbed in their pursuit of game, peace and happiness. It would not be hard to find a case of a local game warden who prosecuted, or tried to, a large lumber company for having a camp full of moose meat which they were dishing up to their men every day. The prosecution went about as far as the lumber company wanted it to and was not heard of again.

Another case was of a local warden who was doing fine work and making violation of the game law almost certain to get the offender into trouble. This man was paid a salary by the State. Just when he was doing the best of work, he received a notice that he was taken off the pay roll and in future would be paid a per cent. of the fines collected. When it is known that a great many of these fines are paid by the offender spending a certain number of days in the county jail, it will also be known that a warden paid on this basis don't get much for his services.

Let us, who like a few days' sport each fall, agitate the question until something is done that will make it possible for other generations to have the same pleasure.

J. P. B.

Two Days on the Marshes.—I.

AUG. 10 had come around, that memorable date which usually marks the arrival of the vanguard of the great flight of plover and other shore birds from the Far North. I had arrived with my friend on the afternoon of the 9th at a little semi-public house which was located a short distance from one of the most extensive ranges of marsh lands in Massachusetts, and after supper we made a short tour of inspection of the marshes to select a place for our stand. There was a sort of road or causeway traversing the great waste over which we made our way, and about a mile from the house we found what my friend pronounced to be an ideal spot for a decoy blind.

This was a narrow, sandy ridge that had been thrown up, probably many years ago, by a high course of tides. Its greatest elevation was not more than three or four feet above the level of the marsh, and it was covered with a rather luxuriant growth of reeds and beach grass. Below it on the farther side was the flat and muddy shore of a wide creek, and on the other side was a great stretch of marshes which seemed to melt into the far distant horizon.

In this vast plain were scattered numberless patches of naked sand and hard, dry clay in which shallow pools of greater or less extent were to be seen on every hand. The banks and borders of these basins were usually muddy, but they had, now and then, a covering of fine sand.

The hours of the night must have flown rapidly, for it seemed to me that I had hardly fallen asleep when we were aroused by a knock at our door. After eating a hearty breakfast we started out, accompanied by our host's man-of-all-work, with shovel on shoulder and our heavy ammunition box in his hand. The man was an adept in using the shovel, and it did not take him long to sink a trench that was amply large enough to accommodate my friend and myself and permit us to be effectually screened from view of approaching birds. In each end of the trench he piled some sods for seats, and these he covered with a cushion of dry seaweed. The ammunition box and luncheon basket were placed in the middle of the excavation.

While the pit was being dug my friend and I busied ourselves in putting out our decoys, some of which we grouped along the muddy flat on the side of the creek, and the others, yellowlegs, plover, etc., were placed within easy gunshot on some of the bare spots on the marsh. So expeditiously had the whole work been done, the sun had not appeared above the eastern horizon, when we took our places in the trench and prepared for the coming of the birds, whose calls we could occasionally hear high in the heavens above us.

To the sportsman who is accustomed to shooting over his trained pointer or setter, moving constantly from one cover to another, traversing now the vistas of the grand old forest in pursuit of that noblest of our game birds, the ruffed grouse, or anon threading the intricacies of a growth of young birches, alders and maples for that other princely species, the woodcock, or ranging over the stubble fields, brier patches and bush-covered pastures in quest of the bird which is one of the great favorites among sportsmen everywhere, the Virginia partridge or quail, to be concealed in a trench the livelong day awaiting the coming of bay birds to his decoys seems dreary sport indeed. He obtains his enjoyment largely from the rapid changes of environment, by the constant motion and by the almost human intelligence of his well trained dog; he is continually on the move, and one charming scene, one beautiful surrounding follows another in rapid succession. and "blind" shooting is, in his estimation, so deadly dull he cannot understand how men can be induced to follow it.

But shooting shore birds over decoys is not by any means as monotonous as may be believed; in fact, when birds are flying in considerable numbers there is a degree of excitement in it such as is awakened very rarely in cover shooting; and not only that, it requires no little knowledge in the gunner of the characteristic notes and flight of the different species to achieve success. All the bay and marsh birds have notes peculiar to themselves, and to arrest them in their course and call them down to his decoys is a faculty that is acquired only after considerable experience.

A bunch of Eskimo curlews will not very often stool at the imitation of a yellowleg's whistle; neither will a flock of golden plover change their course on hearing the call of another species. The blackbreast or beetlehead plover, although not, perhaps, so sociable in habits as the other, is usually less fastidious and will come to almost any whistle that is uttered.

But, generally speaking, the "blind" gunner must be able to identify any species he sees, either high in the air or hovering above the marshes, and must be so well educated in imitating their notes that he can repeat the requisite call promptly and with effect.. All these things being considered, the neophyte in blind shooting would

have but moderate success compared with that achieved by the veteran gunner.

The great stretches of marsh lands which occur in various portions of Massachusetts, particularly on Cape Cod and on Long Island and in many sections of New Jersey, are frequented during their autumnal migrations by many species of so-called shore birds or waders, many of which make their journey from the north in easy stages, but some, such as the golden plover, do not linger on their way but make an uninterrupted stage from Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island to the West Indies, and this long flight is often accomplished far out at sea; but sometimes a heavy northeast storm comes on which diverts the birds from their course and forces them to the shores, where, wing-weary and bewildered, they linger a day or two, gleaning such food as can be obtained until their southern journey is resumed.

It is on these occasions that gunners reap a rich harvest. More than once have I seen the great areas of open lands, pastures, etc., on Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard covered with flocks of these plover, and have had many a day's sport among them. Even on the Canton Fowl Meadows, which lie along the Neponset River a few miles from Boston, have I found large numbers of these storm-bewildered birds.

But if there is no storm at the time of flight of the golden plover, which occurs usually between Aug. 10 and 20, the average gunner does not have the opportunity to secure many of these beautiful birds unless he goes to the northern shore of Prince Edward Island, which is the first point at which they touch after leaving their nesting places in the Far North.

My friend was a keen sportsman, and when the proper time arrived he usually managed to get in a number of days in the season in shooting over his dogs, of which he had a magnificent pair of Gordon setters; but he also enjoyed shore-bird shooting, and the summer rarely slipped by in which he and I did not put in a day or two together. He was well educated in the peculiarities and ways of the bay birds, and could perfectly imitate the call of every species which frequent the Atlantic coast.

Although the sun rose brightly on the morning of Aug. 10 the sky soon became overcast, and before a couple of hours had elapsed a heavy fog drifted in from the eastward and this bade fair to spoil our sport, during the earlier portion of the day at any rate. It was one of those thick, almost impenetrable fogs such as occur on the coast during the dog days, one of those fogs which seems just ready to turn into a drizzle and then rain.

Although it annoyed us for a while it had the good effect of setting the birds in motion, for the air soon became filled with their notes as the scattered flocks flew about at random, calling to each other as if for the purpose of obtaining their bearings. They did not stool well, however, for the fog seemed to make them more cautious and suspicious than they usually were, and noon had passed without our securing anything but two or three brace of summer or lesser yellowlegs.

"This is a poor showing for a half day's work," exclaimed my friend as he smoothed the plumage of the birds and laid them carefully in one corner of the trench, where he covered them with some damp seaweed, "but if the fog lifts by and by we'll have some sport; there's a lot of birds moving, and when the air clears they'll come to the stools right merrily. A large share of them are yellowlegs, for we can hear them whistling in all directions."

Of all our so-called marsh birds these are among the greatest favorites with sportsmen, and their numbers do not seem to be decreasing as rapidly as are those of the plover, curlew, etc. I suppose one reason for this is their breeding places are widely scattered throughout the continent, and in their migrations they usually move in small parties rather than in immense flocks, like the plovers.

This snipe is one of the most widely diffused of all the waders, its range extending from the most northern points, such as Alaska, Labrador and Greenland in summer to South America in the winter, traveling as far south as Patagonia before it comes to a halt.

This species is almost the exact counterpart of the winter or greater yellowlegs, but is considerably smaller in size and is much more numerous.

After partaking of the generous lunch that had been put up for us we took our guns and stretched our legs in a short walk along the causeway, hoping we might possibly come up on a bunch of the birds that were feeding; the fog was so dense, however, we could do nothing. Occasionally a small bunch of birds would appear and then disappear like so many phantoms, but nothing save a few sandpipers gave us an opportunity for a shot, and we did not care to waste our ammunition on them.

Disgusted with our ill-success we returned to our stand and waited with as much patience as we could command for the mist to clear away. At length it seemed to grow less dense, and by the middle of the afternoon it lifted, and condensing into great clouds, began to move away before a brisk breeze from the westward that had now begun to blow.

"Three o'clock," said my friend, consulting his watch, "and not a shot fired since noon. Well, we must take things as they come. It will be high tide at a little after 5, and that will start the birds off the bars and flats, where many of them are now feeding and resting, and we may yet get a good bag before dark."

Another hour passed before any birds presented themselves that we cared to shoot; now and then a little whisp of "peeps," sanderlings or grass birds came along, but they were in such small parties we did not bother with them.

At length we heard the piping notes of two or three flocks of larger species, and presently a number of yellowlegs and ringnecks approached our stools, and we succeeded in dropping with our four barrels over a dozen from the ranks of the two species.

The discharge of our guns seemed to be the signal that was needed to arouse the birds into action. Up into the air in considerable numbers they sprang and began skurrying about after the manner of their kind, and uttering their peculiar calls and gathering into flocks the single birds which were darting about aimlessly. These augmented flocks approached our stand with more confidence than did the smaller bunches, and responding to the whistling invitations that were sent to them, came to the stools unsuspiciously.

"This is something like sport," I exclaimed on returning to the pit after gathering up a couple of dozen of yellowlegs, grass birds and ringnecks. "Your prediction proves true, and it's more than likely we'll get good bags after all."

"Yes," he replied, smoothing the plumage of each bird as was his habit and depositing them with the rapidly accumulating pile. "We have three hours ahead of us, and the three best hours of the day. Here comes quite a bunch of yellowlegs," he continued, "and I can hear the whistle of the dowitcher among them. They are coming straight to the stools and we'll give them a warm welcome."

The flock that was approaching us was a heterogeneous collection of species, for from its ranks came the shrill whistle of the dowitcher, the three piping notes of the yellowlegs and the more twittering call of the grass birds and plaintive whistle of the robin snipe. It was one of those medley collections that every gunner occasionally meets and it seemed to have been got together chiefly for society's sake, for all these species are sociable in their natures. We whistled them down and as they came in a compact body just as they were about to drop to the decoys we sent among them a leaden shower with deadly effect, at least two dozen birds dropping to our four barrels.

Away the survivors darted, but before they had gone thirty rods they swung back in response to our calls and returned to the stools, among which a number of wing-tipped birds were fluttering. The contents of another four cartridges were sent among them when the remnant of the flock skurried away and disappeared in the distance. When the dead and crippled had been gathered up we counted twenty-nine, of which three were dowitchers, or "quail snipe," as they are often called; two were "robin snipe," or redbreast plover, as New Jersey gunners call them, and the balance consisted of yellowlegs.

"That's a good showing from a bunch like that," said my companion as we carried our spoils into the trench. "This seems to be a yellowleg day, and no mistake. Let us hope there will be a few plover along by and by. I like to get these quail snipe; they have some of the ways of my favorite, the Wilson snipe, one of the best birds to shoot over a dog we have."

"You are right. I have walked up these dowitchers more than once and shot them as they were darting away like so many Englis snipe."

During the remainder of the afternoon we were kept pretty busily employed, but none of the larger bay birds came to our stools; two or three small flocks of Eskimo curlew passed over us high in the air, but they would not yield to our blandishments and come down. We also heard, though from a great height, the whistle of the beetlehead or blackbellied plover, or blackbreast, but these birds also refused to descend to the earth, and we had to content ourselves with the smaller varieties, but our score was a good one, for we more than filled our luncheon baskets when we prepared to return to the house.

Our genial host joined us as the sun was sinking below the western horizon. "I heard you banging away," he said, lifting the hamper, "but by the great horn spoon I'd no idea of your having such luck as this. Why, the basket's full! We'll have to get them in the icebox right off, for these fat shore birds soon spoil in dog day weather. You'll have company enough on the marsh tomorrow, for four more gunners have just arrived."

On reaching the house we found the arrivals to be old acquaintances, and loud were the congratulations when our basket of birds was exhibited to them.

Selecting a dozen of the best ones my friend requested that they might be dressed and broiled for supper, to which our friends were invited to join us, which invitation they were not slow to accept. The meal having been disposed of we cleaned our guns, and when this necessary work was completed we joined the other sportsmen on the veranda and followed their example in burning a little tobacco for a go to bed smoke. E. A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Coon Hunting in Indiana.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent in your Sept. 2 number calls up memories of early days in this eastern Indiana by discussing 'coon hunting. From my earliest recollection up to about the year 1870 the older sportsmen in this section kept one or more 'coon dogs. A good 'coon dog had a money value of from $10 to $25. This was estimated not alone on his trailing qualities, or reliability in always locating the 'coon, and ignoring cats, rabbits, skunks, porcupines or foxes, but partly on account of his musical voice. The long-eared hound with his long drawn note and his ability to follow a cold trail rated as the most valuable.

This kind of a dog would follow a trail late into the morning. I have known them to find scent in damp spots in the middle of a forenoon though the 'coons ran in the night time. 'Coons were hunted for their pelts of course, for in those days a few dollars was an item to a poor man living in a cabin in a clearing with few opportunities for making money with which to pay the doctor and buy his necessaries. But there was another stimulant. I have known two or three settlers to gather at one place with all their dogs, at least one each, and sometimes there would be four or five hounds in the party. They usually started soon after nightfall, so that the trail when struck would be fresh. Then there was music. Three, four or five hounds bawling in chorus and running at top speed made an animated picture, though shrouded with darkness.

From a commercial point of view the long-eared hound was not the most valuable kind, as your correspondent points out. The silent dog caught more 'coons than the noisy one, but the sport, the musical features, were absent, and that took much of the zest from the play and made work of it.

The last dog I hunted with walked at my heels much of the time. He was a large shaggy fellow of uncertain breed, with pendant ears, and as intelligent look as I ever saw in a dog's eye. He would leave me like a quarter horse and a few sharp yelps told the story of a trail. Usually only a few moments elapsed until either the 'coon squealed or old Hal was barking at a tree a quarter of a mile away. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Oklahoma Quail.

OKLAHOMA, Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* have been a constant reader of your journal for almo a year now and cannot say enough in praise of it. I ca fully peruse every edition and have found it an ind pensable source of information in the line of outdoor li I have not noticed any correspondence from anyone fr my neck of the woods, and take it for granted that a f lines from Oklahoma would be acceptable.

I am a sportsman on a small scale, but have unlimit fields which are full of quail. We have them here in v numbers, and I hope they will always be kept so. V have a non-sale law and an open season of four mont which gives us ample shooting. I have two fine dogs, c an English setter, the other a pointer, both good on qu having never worked on any other game. The quail ha made an excellent hatch this year, some having th third brood off now. I have counted seven coveys full-grown birds with over thirty birds each on one for acre tract of land. There is excellent cover for the bi and few people hunt them very much. The farmers our township are complaining that the birds will beco a nuisance if more are not killed during the hunti season. One farmer tells me the quail have stripped three-acre tract of caffer corn for him. However, I thi he is mistaken as to the quail; they eat considerable caf corn, but I have always noticed in my observations t large flocks of English sparrows frequent the caf patches in this locality, and I have no doubt that they the ones that do the damage.

Last Sunday, in walking across a half section of p ture, I flushed thirteen coveys of quail, and I had no do This will give you some impression of the number birds there are here. We are looking forward to a f season's hunting this year. It is not far away and so of us have already started making preparations for season's shoot. B. J. YOUNG

Vermont Game.

SHELDON, Vt., Sept. 1.—The crop of ruffed grouse w in most localities be a good one, though the birds will small, as many of the young chicks were not hatched until about July 1, the wet weather or some other ca evidently destroying the first nests of eggs. Very f woodcock have been seen along the alder thickets, as extremely wet season has kept much of the low grou overflowed. Deer are, if anything, more numerous th they have been since the open season for this kind sport, though without doubt there has been a la amount of illegal deer shooting, and so far but few c victions. The deer running foxhound tribe are lesse in numbers. Very few foxhounds are now allowed to at large in this part of the State. There is an oc sional claim put in for damage done to crops by de One farmer in Lamoille county recently put in a cl of $10 for a few hills of beans that he claimed had b damaged by a wandering doe and fawns, but in most stances of this kind the farmers are ready to sacri something for the sake of seeing the beautiful anim about their premises.

From the sign seen about the streams we believe t the crop of mink pelts will be a good one this seas and will be an important one, for a prime mink skin w bring a few dollars this year. Fox and 'coon are scar but there is a large number of black duck in the mars near the mouth of the Missisquoi River. This will m good shooting out in the open waters of the bays, wh the lease holders of the marshes cannot control. M anon. STANSTEA

"Old Whale."

A SAN RAFAEL, Cal., report dated Aug. 4, records t "Old Whale," the big buck of the Lucas Valley, so-cal for years past, on account of his great size, fell to rifle of County Treasurer T. J. Fallon Wednesday. old fellow made a great fight and killed a valuable ho belonging to Henry W. Collins, of Sausalito, and nea placed Collins hors du combat. "Old Whale" has roa the Lucas Valley for many years. For season after s son he has been the prize sought for by many a party hunters. Pounds and pounds of lead were whizzed him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life. Until yes day a bullet never even creased his hide. He is the la est buck brought to this city within the last twenty yc To-day, dressed and dried out, he weighed 155 pou The old monster was a coast deer, or what is calle Pacific buck. These deer are found almost exclusi in the coast mountains. Their dinstinguishing featur that their antlers never have more than two points each side. The deer was killed on the grounds of Victor Club at the head of the Lucas Valley and ab seven miles from this city. Those participating in hunt were T. J. Fallon, S. A. Pacheco, H. W. Collins, Desella and Henry Martens.

Less Game But More Law.

OPELOUSAS, La., Aug. 25.—The game is not near plentiful as in the days gone by, nor do I believe tha will ever be again. The snipe are practically a thing the past, and also ducks and woodcock. We have sc quail, but not more than half what we used to have, if a man bags twenty-five or thirty in a day's shoot h doing well. A person has to travel a good distance fi town to find any shooting, and sometimes he is not s cessful. I think, though, this season there will be m than last, for I hear the birds whistling in every direct and several times I have heard and seen them right the corporation of the town. We have more string game laws than formerly, and there seems to be a gen regard for their provisions. This is passing strange, the people of this country were never known before respect a game law; but I think that a good deal of respect has been brought about by "bluff" on the of others. LOUISIAN

[But to be perfectly sure consult *Game Laws in Br*

THE MANY-USE OIL FOR SPORTSMEN.
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SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Trouting in Ontario.

SEA GULL, Ontario, Can., September, 1905.—The gentle art is a very old theme, coming to us from a date we little dream of. Ælianus has clearly demonstrated that fly-fishing was practiced in a rude way upward of fifteen hundred years ago. In England, thirteen centuries later, Dame Juliana Berners was the first to teach that angling inculcated patience and good will. But by far the most attractive treatise on the science, previous to Walton's, if indeed it is not the equal of the "Complete Angler," is the poetical idyl entitled "The Secrets of Angling," by John Dennys, of which four editions were printed between 1613 and 1632. The possessor of a still more rustic touch than Gay, and reeling off his piscatory fancies at far greater length than either Gay or Thompson, he is the Spenser of the water side, and has been justly termed the laureate of the craft. From his smoothly-flowing lines one may become familiar with all the secrets of the sport as it existed then, and find in him the bond par excellence of the joys of running brooks.

The poetic and thrilling sport of the angler is now sung throughout the entire land, and in such stately and graceful manner as to command the admiration of every lover of the pliant rod and singing reel. What more tender and beautiful piscatorial character is drawn than that of Kit North, the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," when he was a helpless invalid. His devoted daughter limned the charming picture, and it is a gem that should always endure. It thus sings its way into your heart:

"And then he gathered around him, when the spring morning brought joy jets of sunshine into the little room where he lay, the relics of a youthful passion, one that with him never grew old. It was an affecting sight to see him busy, nay quite absorbed, with the fishing tackle about his bed, propped up with pillows, his noble head, yet glorious with its flowing locks, carefully combed by attentive hands, and falling on each side of his unfaded face. How neatly he picked out each elegantly-dressed fly from its little bunch, drawing it with trembling hands across the white coverlet, and then replacing it in his pocketbook, he would tell, ever and anon, of the stream he used to fish in of old, and of the deeds performed in his youth."

If any student of nature, or lover of the contemplative man's recreation, after realizing on the above, is now alive to the delicious tenderness and mild, soothing peace that hangs over the most delicate and most exquisite romance, I will endeavor to enlist his earnest attention to my piscatorial pursuit of the loveliest and most game fish that cleaves the mountain or valley stream. It is unquestionably the purest and most priceless gem of life that earth can show. No bird can compare with it, though some may surpass it in intensity of color, but none in beauty. Nowhere is there such another condensation of equal energy and quickness in equal compass. He is evidently *sui generes*.

This elevating recreation, the impassioned luxury and elixir of perpetual youth, of which the idolized beauty with resplendent stripes of orange and blazing stars is the crown jewel, I recently enjoyed along the serrated shores of a picturesque and poetic brook some eight miles from "The Rainsmere" at Sea Gull, Ontario. Its pelucid waters ran and rippled in graceful curvatures and fanciful wanderings, like a soulful rhythm of exquisite melody,

"By many a field and fallow
And many a foreland set
With willow, weed and mallow."

I intuitively knew what patient toil lay in wait for me, and what rare fascinations would delight both vision and heart in thus practically exemplifying the gentle art. Dense and shadowy woodlands where the blue sky is shut out and the grasshoppers' drone is faint and where tangled thicket and savage slashings had to be confronted and conquered, while the open fields, bathed in sunshine and dotted with wild flowers and alive with satin-winged butterflies and silver-throated warblers, would compensate me for all toil and loss of vigor in so earnestly seeking the finny spoils.

I was advised long before starting that the alluring fly would cut no figure on the stream, but that the ophidian of the moist earth would be the tempting tidbit that would delight the dainty palate of the gallant knight of the spangled jacket, so emphatically the sportsman's idol of the crystal pool and the epicure's dainty dish. Glorious were the traveling joys in prospect for me; but as I had had much experience with the trickling trout stream, I was ever ready to discount at a big figure the luxurious lay-out of roseate paths and golden victims.

My guide, whose baptismal name was Albert, who was to convey me to this paradise, was an adolescent of some fifteen years, and he also sweetly sang the praises of the far away troutland as if he were an idylist of wild-wood life and shared the secrets of nature. He presented himself with all the dash of a cossack and a most familiar air that savored somewhat of deviltry and wildness. His adjuncts were an aged roadster that undoubtedly would not be taken for the winged beast of the Apocalypse and a demoralized and creaky buggy of a by-gone period, in which I was to luxuriate as I realized on the meadows and the fields, together with their flora and fauna. Our route was over a dusty roadway that ran as straight as a fleeting arrow before many vine-covered cottages and a few ornate dwellings of more pretentions that presented a charming air in their ample and lovely flower gardens that were really a joy forever and a day. The morning was a pure delight with a soft breeze, the gentle warmth of a passing caress that set the leaves to whispering and the yellow flags in the ditches to nodding, while the dome above was serenely azure and fleckless.

Cattle and sheep, horses and hogs, geese and turkeys, with cawing crows on wing, and a hawk with a sunburnt breast on a fence rail, and other loitering occupants that gave animation and diversity to the scene lined the road and protestingly proclaimed in their dumb and dead language against disturbance by our wild steed of Arab breed. They were evidently of a fraternal spirit, but our youthful generalissimo, who was full of expedients, gave them to emphatically understand that they could not have the privilege of the double parlor or the front steps, or even crowd his Bucephalus out of his usual line, for a severe cut of the whip lash impressively taught them the ethics of the road. There was little of the picturesque along the drive, but you could see, if your vision was not impaired, the goldenrod and the wild carrot, the vervain and the tansey all erect on their slender stalks, as if to give greeting to admiring eyes. Butterflies with silken and velvet wings fluttered in clouds, hummingbirds in exquisite colors of blue and pink and citrine hurriedly kissed the dainty wild flowers, while a thrush, and a hermit one, sang sweetly in the shady brush. Such animation of nature's subjects was ever a delight; but my guide did not take to natural history with the eagerness of a student, for he was either whistling or humming, or artfully taking a feather with his whip out of some indolent and gapping goose, or making a beauty spot on some "purple cow" that exhibited a strong desire to block the road. I chided him for his unreal sportiveness, but he replied quite naively that "The mail must not be delayed."

"You must temper the wind to the shorn lamb," I responded.

"Haven't touched a lamb."

I then had my smile, and it somewhat mystified him; but he still slashed right and left and sang and whistled, but his reverence for Mary's little lamb was supreme.

We had now gone about four miles and came to our first brook, which ran like a silver ribbon about half a mile along the public road and then fairly lost itself under and within a riotous tangle of criss-crossing logs, snarled vines and spreading vegetation of every sort. During the few opening days of the season some generous catches are here made of the spotted dudes, and thus another realism of the early bird and worm is wove into nature's volume.

The ambitious knight of the whip, like a Hannibal in battle, sped his racer along the rough and rutty road with the cool air laden with the fragrance of pine gently blowing in our faces, as if he were in great haste to open the crusade against the tattooed tribe. The remaining four miles were soon gone over, and then we halted and stabled the perspiring steed in a barn nearby, with his manger well filled with new-mown hay and instructions given for watering the weary piece of horse flesh during our absence. The brook upon which the slaughter of innocents was to commence was at our very feet, and as we took in the introductory part of it we realized every thing but its extolled loveliness, but were confident and comforted with the idea that when we had left the old mill behind, where we had halted, that new delights, where roses and lillies bloomed and big sunflowers turned with the sun, would gratify and please beyond measure. My rod, a tough and very pliable bamboo, was soon in readiness, as also that of my attentive attendant. As the stream was entirely too brushy and snaggy to admit of using a tempting fly, which would permit the highest development of the gentle art, we each filled our bait box with worms, and after belting it around our anatomy where the vest terminates, we started through a net work of shadows, through which a partridge occasionally fluttered, and began to ruthlessly tramp down with our heavy boots the dainty wild flowers and delicate ferns that made fragrant and fascinating our untrodden path, and which at any other time would have been idolized as precious floral treasure trove. We, by agreement, took divergent paths, and then when either of us struck an inviting pool, where the coveted red fins poised, we had undivided pleasure. Sighting an intensely blue-crested and defiant-looking kingfisher that was eyeing the stream below from a dead limb of a once spreading and majestic oak, I was positive from the presence of this fish-loving bird that the spangled beauty was in statuesque poise in some pool nearby.

The idylic stream that "sparkled out among the fern" gently tinkled by a tangle of drift and just the habitat for the princeling of the purling brook. Here some tenebrous thickets and dense alder brushes cast a grateful shade near where the deeper part of the pool shone up and where a few twittering birds gave animation to the inspiring scene, as well as additional beauty to the basin of the dotted delights, which on such a glorious morn would make a poet rhapsodize or a painter go into ecstacies. I concluded after carefully approaching the nearby sunny ripples a trifle below their silver flashes to proffer the illusive banquet with the concealed thorn. It quietly struck the rippling surface when I sent it on its deceptive mission, and scarcely had it sunk a foot or two before it was snapped up by some hungry knight of the tribe beautiful. The bite was very sudden and savage, the response quick and gentle, and then for a brief time there was an earnest struggle for supremacy and, as usual, the foeman with pliant wand and singing reel overcame the spotted and rose-tinted denizen of the crystal pool who proved the first victim of the morning's tragedy. He slowly and sadly ebbed his precious life away on the glittering sands of the meandering brook and was a very respectable representative of the gameful tribe, as his weight came near being a pound, and I assure you a large one indeed for the small stream from which it was taken. No sooner was it laid away in shade and leafage before I heard a loud shout from the little ranger of ferny lanes and thicket avenues, that it was manifest that he had either captured a big victim or made a victim of himself by stumbling into the icy water. The dashing youth I thought too active for immersion, and thence I did not think it necessary to unduly alarm the ruby-throated warblers, or scare up a bogie, in striving to solve the problem of the echoing shout. It would assuredly explain itself soon enough, when a Robin Hood raid on the lunch basket came.

Again I strove for another dandy of the dots as the continued presence of the persistent kingfisher was evidence of more maculated trophies. The response to my tempting menu was quickly telephoned and another but smaller one was consigned to the creel as a close companion to the one already laid away in honored sepulture. This was indeed encouraging, and to make complete the piscatorial record of the generous pool, I will briefly record that five more scarlet-robed divinities worthy an epic writer's pen were rapidly consigned to the tomb of the red-coated fontinalis. The wand of Walton was evidently in hand, and nature in addition was showing the eye-pleasing beauty of foliage and flowers and the subtle charm of the rippling little stream as if it ran between banks of pearl and emerald. The vernal musicians, so numerous here, seemed to vie with one another in concert, while the flashing tints of the sunbeams painted each separate wild rose a different tint and each fern a different shade, while every single sceptre of grass had its diamond drop at the end of it.

Under such a flood of music and enchantment and radiance the gentle art was being most happily exemplified by many a delightful interview with the gameful warriors of mottled sides and shapely mold. It was not all serenely glowing, for I frequently had to breast and beat my way through briers and brambles and many a slashing and tangled thicket, and only reached the rippling stream that babbled into eddying pools after much strenuous toil and physical exhaustion. Then when comfortably seated by some cool and babbling spring that was creeping into the tuneful brook, where I realized the fragrance of peace and contentment as if distilled from some golden censor, did I soulfully enjoy sweet converse with nature, who so grandly frescoes the great dome of the heaven with sunsets and the lovely forms of clouds and flying vapors.

I had taken quite a number of the idolized beauties while quietly treading the wandering brook, and at infrequent intervals when not a glimmer of sunshine was to be seen, and then where the radiance of the orb was freely falling through barred limbs with the limping water disclosing radiating bars of silver as it moved "the sweet forget-me-nots for happy lovers." Here the trout freely leaped for the myriad insects, and the beetles in their steel blue mail skimmed o'er the surface with surpassing swiftness and dainty lightness, all uniting in forming a wild and vernal picture of intense beauty and repose, where the carpet of lichens and moss that riotously runs to decay are of such wonderful beauty and softness which invariably gives that soulful impressiveness to the scene which exalts to grandeur and sublimity. It was really a pleasant paradise of solitude and solace.

"Ever pleasing, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view."

The sun was now blazing hot, and as I had toiled hard, my appetite was as keen as a woodchopper's and crying out for appeasement. Taking up my creel of sunset trophies, which was about half full, I commenced a hasty advance for that particular lunch basket, where both I and my youthful guide were to meet at an appointed hour. I first made my advent, as I had rapidly forged through the stubborn obstacles which every dense forest naturally presents, but when the little premier of rodcraft made his entree soon after he was a pitiful sight to behold. His face and hands and clothes were completely briar-torn, but the radiance of his countenance and the fire of his eye told a tale of triumph and felicity. No sooner had he reached my side than he impatiently began to interrogate me as to my catch. I desired him to restrain his impetuosity until he had taken lunch and then I would give him the mathematics of my morning's sport.

My little diplomatic cicerone impressed me with the idea that he had already won the iron cross in the angle that morning, and was therefore eager for the insignia. The raggedy, tattered and torn aspirant for honors in the guilt-edge guild was ravishingly hungry, and as a consequence the inviting lunch soon took on a reductive form, much like the rapid melting of a snow bank under a meridian sun. As the last crumb of the toothsome edibles gave mitigation to his rejoicing salivaries he opened his well-worn basket and emptied his glittering victims—the rodster's cruel spoils—on the green sward, where the effulgent sun, which then prevailed, made them glitter like the precious jewels of a queen's tiara, which, to him just then, were far more precious than a pinkish pearl, or a lavender lilac from the enchanted gardens. His nimble fingers soon had the numerals, but, "ye gods and little fishes," the best half of them were fingerlings and came under the ban of the law. Pointing to those I had selected as illegal, I told him "they are not to be counted as being in the swim, as they simply will have to be discarded and dishonored."

"Oh, my! they are all right and the choicest of the lot for the table, for you can eat them head, tail and all,"

he responded with great surprise at my condemnation strictures.

Not deserving comparison with such tid-bits of deliciousness, I simply uncovered my lovely samples, which were reposing on a bed of green leaves in my creel, and let him feast his eyes on the golden-finned and crimson-stained fontinalis as if they were as sacred as an image in Joss temple and should evoke the same idolatrous treatment. He was surprised at their proportions, and when I told him that I had returned to the stream as many more undersized ones, he was still greater surprised. By way of an apology for his lack of discrimination in statutory sizes, he stated that "little or no regard is here paid to size, as every trout, big or little, is here considered an honest trout and then the game warden is near sighted and carries no scale of inches and the best of all lives fifteen miles away and don't fuss over little things anyhow. But kill a deer during close season and up you go." The little briar-torn pleader's presentation of the case in question was very artful, as well as amusing, but nevertheless, it expounded to a nicety the principle that custom makes laws, and that self-defense is the oldest law of nature.

I was content with the catch we had made, as enough is as good as a feast, I thought, and suggested our return; but as the ambitious neophyle of the gentle art was greedy for more, I gave way to his earnest desires. No Virgil was ever so enraptured with his Æneas as this mischievous little imp of the angle. Opportunities presenting, he will soon become a stellar light in ye ancient craft, and then the barnyard hackle with him will be a thing of the past. I will here state in justice to my efficient aide de camp that my piscatorial success was solely attributed to my having unknown and fortunately chosen the correct route that led to the best pools, where in generous numbers these lovely Narods grow golden and gameful.

After a good rest, I arose quite refreshed, and as I had planned, started on a detour so as to avoid the part of the stream I had already angled, leaving the youthful devotee to select his own waters. I, however, repented of my afternoon's exploit long before I had reached the desired locality, for it had thorns as well as roses. I was, however, repaid in a measure by my woodland walk, as there was much to delight the eye and please the fancy.

My tramp was through thick bushes and grasses and tangles of wild flowers crowding the open spaces where the sunshine fell, while ever and anon the poetry of the scene was all lost when I had to conquer a slashing or two that forbade my approach to the bank of the babbling brook I sought. I persevered in my just endeavor, and after afrightng a red squirrel that was barking in a slanting sunbeam on a tall elm and disturbing the soprano notes of a catbird, I caught a glimpse of the rippling rivulet that sparkled like a stream of liquid diamonds, and was soon at its grassy marge lifting out marvellous fish of rainbow hues and graceful symmetry. It would be a twice told tale to give every rapture and thrill that possessed me as I coaxed, impaled and landed these red and gold rovers that came from the mountain streams, where they caught the initial imprint of the sun's early rays and the first drops of the crystaline water of the cloudburst ere they were tainted with the soot and grime and dust of the lower regions. Its birthright evidently savors of the celestial.

I took one among the dozen I had captured on my second raid that weighed over a pound. He was poising in a big and deep pool and had just leaped for an insect that was skimming over his trysting place as happy as a lover when he was suddenly taken from his beautiful world. Honors, however, were even when I played a similar game on the irridescent denizen of the flower-lined pool. He had anticipated a toothsome banquet when he saw my down dropping bon-bon of deceit, but in lieu read his death warrant when he closed his blood red paws upon it. This is the sweetness of life burned in stogyian darkness while the little stream sang and rippled on as cheerily as though no tragedy had been consummated, where the air is sweet with the fragrance of flowers.

Having captured all I desired of these lovely creatures that beautify the tinkling stream, I prepared for beating and breasting my way back, and, I assure you, that regardless of all floral life that beset my path, I hastened on to overtake the juvenile piscator who had doubtless ere this made another invoice of lilliputs or tom-tits of the stream for me to condemn and for him to eulogize for the spit.

When I had at last reached our base I there found the youthful rodster idolizing a pound and a half brook beauty, the colors of which no painter's brush ever matched, nor did a sculptor's chisel ever trace such perfect symmetry. He had, he excitedly stated, caught it on the "yank 'em out" principle with the result of a broken rod, though not a very costly one, and which he immediately replaced by one from nature's vast storehouse, which, he declared, would land anything from a minnow to a maskinongé. I showered generous adulations upon him for the blue ribbon capture, and as a peroration to my eulogy stated that he was really deserving of a crown of gold. After the blushing effects of my panegyric had passed away he turned to me, and with a significant look and opera bouffe mannerism, announced: "If I did catch the smallest fish I also caught the largest." And then he felt the sweetness of piscatorial glory and his sparkling eyes and swelling pride proclaimed it to the warbling birds, the whispering pines and the fragrant flowers which so lavishly environed us.

The long silent shadows were now changing the brightness of the earth and Phœbus was putting on her royal robes for her luxurious couch, and as we had a long drive over the highway we hurriedly prepared for our departure. Our road was solely through a pastoral country in which the woodman's ax had almost eliminated the forest. A few small groves, however, were left standing that gave shelter to the cattle in hot and stormy weather and also served most happily as a nesting place for birds. The roadway was dusty, but the sky which had enriched itself since morning with the colors of a painter's palette, was now supremely magnificent.

These were marvels in grays and white, and blues were never wrought in such matchless splendor, while the gold and crimson, never inseperable from a western horizon when there is no entire obliteration of sunshine, were just ravishingly lovely. Such pinks and bronzes never tinged the ragged edges of the rolling clouds, and never did the snow banks ever look so intensely white and so transparent and etherial. They were an absorbing study for anyone who possessed the slightest love for the fascinations of cloud life, even the adolescent angler would frequently take his keen eye from the roadway and the innocent game he was always looking for and gaze in raptures upon the grand *mise en scene* that nature was then so enchantingly presenting in the arched dome.

The few trees that we saw along the road looked in the declining sun as if they had a sash of gold and crimson wound about their rugged loins, the bushes that clustered here and there where some son of the toil had kindly spared them, stood in silent beauty with quiet tents, a field of daisies and buttercups would suddenly enchant with impressive seas of color which boldly defied imitation, and then a tiny purling brook in shimmering silver that ran between grassy banks would flash upon you, and to give poetic enchantment to the truly pastoral scene some wood sparrow would start his sweet vesperian chant while the locust's song filled the measure of melody.

After we had gone quite a distance I noticed Albert, the alert, looking very eagerly in advance as if he were fairly aching to shoot off that stinging whip he held so firmly in his clenched hand. By way of admonition I here said to him in as solemn a tone as a divine: "That man is born barbarous, and ransomed from the condition of beasts only by being cultivated and obeying the laws of both God and man; and I sincerely hope that you will bear this in mind and endeavor to check your evil propensity for striking at every living thing you pass on the road." The brief sermon amounted to nothing and was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, for he at once responded:

"Certainly, but bear in mind that the mail must not be delayed."

This bon mot was the Alpha and Omega of all his witicisms. He doubtless had picked it up on the road when his spavined and rheumatic steed was carrying some humorist who valued time as money.

Amid the deep tranquils which prevailed we made meritorious advancement, as the steady pace the equine was going was doubtless the result of the vesperian banquet of oats and hay which awaited him at the final termination of our drive. The whip and wit (?) and guide, and so on, kept his musical oleo in full blast, as if run by a threshing machine, as we sped along, as he was ever whistling, humming or snapping his long-lashed whip with which he affirmed he could hit either a fly or pinhead at a reasonable distance, and to convince me of his assertion, he at once snapped off the head of a dainty daisy that charmingly enriched the roadside. Cæsar had his Brutus and Charles I. his Cromwell, but to the irrepressible Albert it was given to pose as the royal crackerjack of the empire of the far-reaching highways, and that without fear of dethronement or assassination.

Coming to a very comfortable and neat cottage that had an air of prosperity about it, we noticed at the front door a sweet looking girl of tender years, with the sunshine playing with her auburn curls and creeping down her dress like a caressing hand of light. Her cheeks—the very ideal of symmetry—were in a deep and roseate glow, and would have won the admiration of a praxitiles, while her pinkish lips rivalled the coral of the south seas. It was an exceptional picture, really a violet in a desert. Albert, who had doubtless seen the innocent figure long before I had, with the ardor of a Romeo threw her a graceful kiss and then immediately after excitedly exclaimed: "I know that girl."

"Your sweetheart?"

"Can't say yet."

On looking around I saw the sudden tell-tale radiate on the lovely maiden's face, and that was surely the affirmation.

As we again ran across the fateful purple cow who had got a stinger from the whipster on our trip out, he quickly gathered himself together for a repetition of the same shameful act. Coming abreast of her he raised his whip on high to give her a gentle reminder relative to the mail, and as it was about to descend on its cruel mission, I alertly caught it on the fly and then laughed in his surprised face, thus spoiling his prospective tableau. He cheerfully joined in the laugh, saying:

"That cow has been pestering me for a long time, and I never meet her but what I feel like making a red mark on her. Hang a purple cow, anyhow, I say."

We finally brought up at the hotel and on parting the reckless and audacious little lad who, despite his idiosyncrasies of the whip, I learner to like so much on the trip, turned, and with glowing pride on his expressive face and a mischievous twinkle in his eye, piquantly inquired: "Who caught the biggest trout?"

"Who caught the most fingerlings?" was my significant response, and then with simultaneous laughter that loudly and cheerfully rang out, the song of the brook and the trout was ended, and the picture of the old angler and his young and frolicksome guide in the piscatorial exploit completed and so concludes one of the most delightful trouting trips I ever experienced on St. Joseph's Island.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

Salmon on a Spoon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The anglers who fish the Ristigouche and tributaries are beginning to find out that salmon will take a spoon. A friend of mine constructed a copper spinner this summer and caught a salmon in the Matapedia. He uses it generally for sea trout fishing, but thought he would try the salmon, which he did with the above result. I have often thought of trying a spinner in the channels of Bathurst Harbor when the salmon are coming in, and I believe it would take. I understand grilse have also been taken in the St. John River, below Fredericton, with bait and spinner. This is another confirmation of Hallock's "Salmon Fisher."

C. H.

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief,* sold everywhere, contains all the fish and game laws a sportsman ought to know. It is complete, accurate and up-to-date.

Newfoundland Experience.

ON returning from an outing of two months from Newfoundland last Saturday, and on buying FOREST AND STREAM, I saw on your title sheet "Report your luck to FOREST AND STREAM," so it is up to you to do what you wish with this article, written for the benefit of brother sportsmen intending to shoot and fish in that almost uninvaded country, where it costs nothing for the privilege of catching all the fish you can, only paying for your guides and camp outfits (including food and boat) about $6 a day, viz., two guides $1.50 each per day, $3 per day for camp outfit and grub for three. This is the price asked by the Bay St. George Hotel, Stephensville Crossing, and the Log Cabin, Spruce Brook, either by the day or week. I found by a month's camping out I could cut down the grub account by buying it at St. Johns, or at Stephensville Crossing, or the Bay of Islands, by less than one-half, as canned stuff cost about $1.35 a dozen and most of the guides will procure you a camping outfit with cooking utensils at a small cost, or none, if they have their own. I should advise taking your own tent, say 7x9, in your personal baggage. It will do nicely for two or three, as in my case. I had only one tent of this size and two guides. Get a fly with your tent, as it is warm in the middle of the day and the fly is most useful in heavy rain storms. Also I should recommend taking a piece of canvas, 4x7, with grummet holes on edge, so it can be attached by a lacing cord to poles raised from the ground on forked sticks, which insures you a dry bed.

This is also useful in doing up your stores. It might be made double and could then be used as a bag for your blankets and extra traps. Take a rubber pillow. Only warm, thick woolen clothes are needed; also rubber coat, wading stockings, and canvas shoes with nails to tie over same. A good salmon rod, 14 feet, weighing about 1½ pounds, I found suitable for both grilse and salmon, and light enough to handle most of the day without exerting any extra muscles. A good reel, holding 100 yards of line, and about four dozen small-sized salmon flies—none larger than a good-sized trout fly.

I do not advise the use of the double hook fly, as I found, on the fish working against the rod, one hook was apt to back upon the other and break off or work out. The flies most successful on all the rivers this year were the old patterns, Jock-Scot, silver-doctor, black-dose, black and brown-fairy. Durham-ranger, silver-gray. If the fish will not take these, ask some friend to give or lend you one of his special kind, and if you keep them you will have a dozen unknown and mostly unnamed varieties to the good or bad, as you find them. The fact of the matter is when grilse are taking, more so than the full-grown salmon, the fish rushes the fly as if he wants it, call it Jock-Scot or silver-doctor; otherwise he will come and take a pick at the feathers, which I have seen him do on a change of three flies with no better success. I took several large salmon by changing and putting on a fly of the same kind, a size smaller than the one I was using, after having had several swirls or breaks with no take. It is no use fishing with flies the size of those generally used on the Restigouche River, or in New Brunswick waters.

I was camped on the Dump Pool, Harry's Brook, and had to leave three days prior to Capt. Gillet's kill of the 25-pounder. I was after that fish for weeks, and while seeing him frequently, could never get him to take, although I rose him several times. I killed one of 22½ pounds, which measured 38¼ inches long and a girth of 22 inches. Also one 39½ inches long by 18 inches girth, which weighed just under 16 pounds, and was much the gamiest and handsomest fish. I killed the first in 22 minutes and took half an hour to land the other. How about guessing the weight of salmon from measurements? I was fortunate in killing thirty-six salmon, fourteen of which were large ones.

As to rivers to fish and best time to fish them, making allowance for wet spring after heavy falls of snow like last winter, or dry season like 1904, I found them by accounts given by gentlemen sportsmen and guides on the west coast, to be as follows: The Grand Cordroy, the earliest, commencing June 1 in the lower pools from the tidewater pools to the overfull pools. After July 1 the big salmon pool, the forks pool, and others higher up, are good until Aug. 1. Get off at Doyle's Station, about an hour's ride by rail from Port au Basque. Mr. Doyle has a comfortable farmhouse, and either he or his sons will give you reliable information as to fishing and guides. Little River, three miles south from Doyle's, is the best Aug. 1. It is a good sea trout river in June. There is a fair house, Tompkins', on Little River, which is generally filled with sportsmen. Two hours further north by rail you come to Crabs, on Crabs River; good grilse, sea trout and some salmon here; time, June 15 to July 15. Next above on the railroad is Fishel's, then Robinson's, both good rivers. July 15 to Aug. 1, with sea trout, grilse and some salmon. Then comes Stephensville Crossing, at the head of Bay St. George. Here the Bay St. George Hotel is good and comfortable, Martin proprietor. From this point you have the choice of Harry's Brook, Bottom River, Southwest River, and others emptying into St. George Bay. Guides and camp outfit may be secured at Bay St. George Hotel or Martin's. The fisherman can make private terms with local guides for two or three weeks' trip on these rivers at a much reduced rate.

Next comes Log Cabin, Spruce Brook, twenty miles further up, on Harry's River, Chas. Dodd, proprietor. The Log Cabin contains about sixteen rooms, very home-like, good food, and host who is most energetic in getting you good sport. It is at this station that the caribou hunters find their paradise—best time to hunt, Sept. 15 to latter part of October. The license for visitors to hunt deer is $50, which allows the hunter to kill or take out three stags only. The proprietor guarantees, in a week's hunt, to give the shooter a chance to kill his three stags, or no charge for outfit. Duck and snipe are plentiful about St. George Bay from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1. I saw quite a number of bay snipe in August, and understand that the English or Wilson snipe are found in large numbers on the bar-

rens in September, when salmon fishing is ended, the fish seldom taking a fly after that period, but lay sluggish in the pools. So I advise taking gun if one wishes to continue on in September or later.

Two hours still further upon the railroad you reach the beautiful Bay of Island, on the Humber Basin, into which empties the Humber River, most justly celebrated as the best of all Newfoundland rivers, as its record has never been beaten as to size and number of fish taken in its water, as is proven by our fellow countrymen who make their summer camps on its banks, especially about the falls, where almost any hour of the day in August one can see salmon leaping that obstruction, and I have heard of eight being taken in the forenoon by one rod. It did not fish well early this season, as the river was over its banks and very dirty. There are a number of good rivers near the Bay of Islands, but one must camp if he goes afield. Fox Island River and the Serpentine, both easily accessible from Petrie's Hotel, about a mile from the station, and commanding one of the most attractive views in the world. One could easily imagine oneself in Norway, the high mountains running down into a vast fjord. It is a good small hotel; but do not forget you must walk, as there is only one trap, like a training sulky, in the town. At the Bagg Bros.' everything can be procured, guides, camp outfits, etc., thoroughly reliable. From here one can go 300 miles by rail through a wilderness to St. Johns, the capitol, but a wilderness interlaced with rivers, streams and lakes all filled with the gamiest of the fish family—the *fontinalis*. There are Deer Lake, Indian, Grand, the Terranoveau River, and others, too numerous to mention.

I will give a few tips to brother sportsmen, which may be useful.

The fare from New York to Halifax and return via Red Cross Line is $24. Halifax to Bay of Islands via Sidney, Cape Breton Island, eleven hours train, thence steamer Bruce, six hours, to Port au Basque; no charge for berth; then by rail six hours to Bay Island and return to Halifax. $23.50. Stop-overs are allowed on this ticket at all stations. The fisherman must remember that on arriving at Newfoundland he must leave a deposit of 20 per cent. of the value of his rods, guns, cameras, canoes, etc., which will be returned to him on his return, if he has the articles which he brought into the country still in his possession. Ordinary hotels and farmhouses $1 a day or $5 and $6 a week. C. DuB. W.

Izaak Walton and the "Compleat Angler."

A Lecture by Mrs. Comstock before the Chautauqua Assembly.

(*Concluded from page* 217.)

That the opportunity for thought was one of the chief attractions that angling had for Izaak Walton no reader of "The Compleat Angler" can doubt. He says: "It remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action. Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, quiet and harmless art of angling. And first I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the riverside is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it. Peter Du Moulin observes that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the seashore, and having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their minds in a quiet repose and there make them fit for revelation. And of the apostles of our Saviour, of which twelve we are sure he chose four that were simple fishermen, and it may be noted first, that he never reproved these for their employment or calling, as he did the scribes and money-changers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness—men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits as indeed most anglers are. And it is observable that it was our Saviour's will that these our four fishermen should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve Apostles. And it is yet more observable that when our blessed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the rest of his disciples and chose only three to bear his company at his transfiguration that those three were all fishermen."

"Ven. Sir, though I am no scoffer, yet I have, pray let me speak it without offense, always looked upon anglers as more patient and more simple men than I fear I shall find you to be.

"Pisc. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience, and for my simplicity, if by that you mean harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the early Christians, who were as most anglers are, quiet men and followers of peace—men that were so simply wise as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die, if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers, when men might have had a lordship conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age—I say, sir, if you take us anglers to be such simple men as I have spoken of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood."

Another important fact in Walton's enjoyment of anglying was that with all his mind he believed it to be a true art and practiced it as such. We find everywhere in his lines this belief suggested or openly expressed, and as the practice of any art is uplifting if done worthily so was Walton ever on a higher plane because his angling was a true art. Much testimony of this do we find in "The Compleat Angler."

"As to angling it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man. O, sir, doubt not but that angling is an art. Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly; a trout, that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning; the question is rather whether you be capable of learning it, for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so; I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice, but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself, but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not that angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself."

Again he says impressively: "For I tell you, scholar, fishing is an art, or at least, it is an art to catch a fish."

But it is not because he says so that we believe his angling an art but because as we read we are profoundly impressed with his technique, all knowledge, whether gained from books or experience, is made to minister to his art. Take his directions for making flies: "I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of dull capacity able to make a fly well, and yet know this, a little practice will help an ingenious angler in a good degree, but to see a fly made by an artist in that kind is the best teaching to make it. And then an ingenious angler may walk by the river and mark what flies fall on the water that day, and catch one of them, if he see the trouts leap at one of that kind. And then having always hooks ready hung with him, and having a bag also always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-colored heifer, hackles of a cock, several colored silks and crewels to make the body of the fly, and the feathers of a drake's head, and black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool or hair, thread of gold and of silver, silk of several colors, especially sad-colored to make the fly's head, and there be also other colored feathers both of little birds and speckled fowl. I say, having those with him in a bag, and trying to make a fly, though he miss it at first, yet at last shall he hit it better, even to such a perfection as none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right and have the luck to hit also where there is a store of trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making."

When Walton describes the making of a minnow we see another phase of him which gives us the opinion that he found women better skilled in the manufacture of bait than in using the same to catch fish; though the lady in question evidently caught the fisherman with her minnow with small trouble and true skill, he says: "I will show you an artificial minnow that will catch a trout as well as an artificial fly, and it was made by a handsome woman, that had a fine hand, and a live minnow lying by her." Then follows a detailed description of the cunning workmanship and he adds: "The eyes were of two little black beads, and the head was so shadowed and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled that it would beguile anw sharp-sighted trout in a swift stream."

Evidently he was sometimes nettled by people who had little apprcciation of scientific fishing. Hear him: "'Tis an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence and malice will do it."

A lesson is here, and that is to make an avocation mean much to us, do it well. Have a fad and enjoy it. We do a little here and a little there and none of it too well. See how Walton made his recreation a perfect thing and all enjoyment.

Walton's long and happy communion with nature taught him that many things were to be desired rather than great riches. "And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity anglers let me tell you, sir, there be many men that are taken by others to be serious and grave men whom we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then are always busy or discontented; for these *poor* rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly. Nay, let me tell you there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who with the expense of little money have eat and drank, and laughed and angled, and sung and slept securely, and rose next day and cast away care and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings the rich man cannot purchase with all his money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbor, that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh, the whole business of his life is to get money and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'the diligent hand maketh rich,' and it is true indeed, but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'there be as many mysteries on the other side of riches, as on this side of them.' And yet, God deliver us from pinching poverty and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience."

That his scholar is an apt pupil in this philosophy we see in the following: "I sat down under a willow tree by the water side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many lawsuits depending and that they both damped his mirth and took up so much of his time and thoughts that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretend no title to them, took, in his fields, for I could sit there quietly and, looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver stream, looking on the hills I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows could see here a boy gathering lilies and ladysmocks, and there a girl cropping culver-keyes and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May. These and many other field flowers so perfumed the air that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks. As I thus sat joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth, or rather they enjoy what others possess and enjoy not. For anglers, and meek, quiet-spirited men, are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life. There came to my mind at that time certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind. They were written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent divine and an excellent angler:

"No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright,
No begging wants him middle-fortune bite,
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.
His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shade, till noonday's heat he spent;
His life is neither tossed on boisterous seas,
Or the vexatious world, or slothful ease:
Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God can please."

Much and close association with nature did not serve to make Walton a recluse or hermit but rather served to make him discriminating in the choice of his companions. We need never fear that there was aught to shock the delicate sensibilities in the conversation of those who gathered in "that honest ale house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall." Walton was fastidious in his selection of comrades, but once he found them congenial he was the prince of good fellows. He says of a man: "To speak truly, he is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests or indecent jests, for which I count no man witty. But a companion who feasts the company with mirth and wit and leaves out the sin, he is the man."

Again he says: "Well sung, Coridon; this song was sung with mettle, and it was choicely fitted to the occasion. I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would that you were a brother of the angle, for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning, nor men that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when warmed with drink."

Omar says: "See that thou drinkest not thy wine in the company of some clown, riotous, having neither wit nor manners. Naught but dissensions can come of it. In the night time thou wilt suffer from his drunkenness, his clamor and his folly. On the morrow his prayers and his penitence will cause thy head to ache."

Many a fisherman of our time who finds in Walton the injunction to "Go to yonder sycamore tree and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it" pays little attention to his constant teachings to drink from that bottle with moderation and restrain its use to the meal time. He is a believer in true temperance and says he would "rather be a civil, well governed, well grounded, temperate, poor angler than a drunken lord."

Walton's Respect for Law.

He believed in obeying all laws, and like the true sportsman of to-day he was the bulwark of the game laws, for these be the usual months that salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers and their fry would about a certain time return back to salt water if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set and so destroyed them by thousands.

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business; if it were otherwise there could not be so many nets and fish that are under the statute size sold daily among us, and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.

It is, however, when we realize how profound was Walton's appreciation and enjoyment of the beautiful in nature that we can understand that his angling meant not only the practice of an art but that the field of this art was a gallery of ever changing, ever more beautiful pictures painted by nature's hand, a hand whose technique has never been questioned. I have always felt very sorry for those of my acquaintance who found their most beautiful pictures in an art gallery; I always felt that those people were trying conscientiously to love beautiful things which is about as hopeless an effort as I know, and about as futile in its results. The one who best appreciates the painted picture is the one who has seen it and felt it and loved it a thousand times before in nature. Izaak Walton was a true artist even though he never saw a painted picture and never painted one with aught save words. Here are some of his word pictures.

Walton's wit is subtle; it is rather an undercurrent of quaint humor that now and then touches the surface, but is always felt to lie underneath his discourse: "I will give you some observations on how to dress a carp, but not till he is caught." Again he consoles his scholar: "Nay, the trout is not lost, for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had."

"But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge, there we'll sit and sing while this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

"Look, under that broad beech tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill, there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently toward their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam, and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful sun. As thus I sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it, I was for that time lifted above earth.

"I tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank and looked down on these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, that they were 'too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy days.'"

Nor does Walton lack an eye for details and the genre picture, as is evidenced by the following description of

the trout: "Their bodies are adorned with such red spots as give them such an additional natural beauty as I think was never given to any woman by the artificial paints and patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age. * * * Trust me, scholar, I have caught many a trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and the enameld color of him hath been such as hath joyed me to look on him, and I have then with much pleasure concluded with Solomon, 'everything is beautiful in his season.'"

It is to be expected that a man with so much artistic feeling had great appreciation of music and poetry. Song is one of the chief enjoyments of "The Compleat Angler," and its pages overflow with the quaint and beautiful verse of Herrick, Marlowe, Raleigh, Donn, Davison, Drayton and Wotton, some of these poets whose lines would never be known to us to-day had they not been preserved in the amber of Izaak Walton's classic book.

Through the dust of changing centuries there has trickled down to us a brook of purest water—sometimes meandering and doubling itself in green meadows and sometimes dashing over rocks and plunging over falls. From this brook many a weary soul has quaffed a refreshing drink, and has paused to hear the throstle sing, and see the graceful creatures that people it. It is a brook that has gained as the years went on, and has lost none of its waters or its freshness. It is the brook on whose banks wanders a man whom we lovingly call old Izaak Walton—old because he is eternally young, and always a happy and delightful companion.

Where Anadromous Fishes Winter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question has been put to me by parties engaged in the tedious sea trout controversy (which seems to have been happily shifted from FOREST AND STREAM to other publications) as to whether these much disputed fish, the sea trout, do not in part winter at sea while another part admittedly remain in the rivers, as salmon are known to do.

Now, it occurs to me that a general statement which will cover the known movements of several species of migratory and anadromous fishes will help most decidedly to settle this mooted point. To begin with, we know for instance, that in the distribution of marine fish fauna a great many species are found south of Cape Hatteras which are seldom seen north of it. The same may be said of the ichthye representation between Cape Hatteras and Cape Cod, and between Cape Cod and the Bay of Fundy, while in the higher latitudes the number of species is restricted to comparatively few types, of which the *Salmonidæ* are the most abundantly represented. Now, these various species, wherever found, as soon as their seasonal migrations begin, are first seen in the lower latitudes. The shad, for example, first appears in Florida waters, sometimes as early as Jan. 1; then in the Savannah River, then in the Cape Fear, then in the tributaries of the Chesapeake, then in the Delaware, Hudson, Housatonic, Connecticut, Merrimac, and so on up to St. John, N. B. Striped bass show up in like manner, moving northward, and meeting a run of yearlings which have spent the winters in the rivers; in the Hudson River as early as February.

Bluefish begin to appear in the waters between Cape Hatteras and Long Island Sound in mid-summer, and in July, when shrimp are running, they meet the yearlings, locally known as snapping mackerel, coming out of the Quinnipiac at New Haven. Weakfish begin to appear in North Carolina waters in December (they have been caught all through the fall months in the warmer waters further south), and by June they are at New Haven, after having successively passed the Virginia Capes and New Jersey coast. Likewise we have the seasonal movements of the menhaden, Spanish mackerel, tunas, etc. They all come in *from the sea* first at points below Hatteras, and afterward at points north of it successively up to the Maine coast.

The question would be, where have these fish wintered? All fish breeders know by experience how essential warmth is to fecundity, and the fish know it by instinct. With the Gulf Stream convenient, is it not reasonable to suppose that all these migratory and anadromous fishes resort to it for its agreeable temperature and abundant food? It is not only a logical hypothesis, but it has been sufficiently proven by the presence upon its deep blue surface of multitudes of fishes of various species which have been seen foraging among the beds of seaweed which accumulate in the lateral eddy that sets back along the edge of the current. These marine algæ carry a great variety of minute crustacea and other forms, and spars covered with barnacles are often seen among the drift. On one occasion, on a voyage from Halifax to Bermuda, a lot of sea bass were noticed which had been tempted from the depths below.

Coming now to salmon, whose habitat is hyperborean, we find that they first appear in the rivers of Maine and Nova Scotia while the fluvial ice is yet running; then gradually working up the north shore of New Brunswick to the Bay Chaleur and onward, finally appear in the rivers of the lower St. Lawrence in June. Following these are the sea trout, known commercially as such from earliest date, and close imitators of the salmon movements, commencing with the "strawberry run" (or when strawberries blossom) on the southeastern coast of Nova Scotia and moving northward as the season advances until they reach the Belle Isle Strait, detachments dropping off as the main body advances, into the numerous rivers along the coast, and, like the salmon, shad, bluefish, rockfish and other species, encountering a considerable quota of their kind, most of them lean, spent, and ill-favored, which have wintered under the ice in the rivers after spawning. Do not these fresh-run sea trout likewise come in from the sea? or, to be more precise, from the nurturing Gulf Stream where their congeners have quartered? Is there any negative?

Mem.: It is a wise provision of nature that fish food should not be all in one place at the same time. Boreal residents require subsistence as well as those under the tropics. The great ichthy armies are divided and apportioned so as to provide all the inhabitants of the globe with a modicum of provender, and this explains the "whyness of the what" more nearly probably than an abstruse scientific paraphrase. CHARLES HALLOCK.

The Gang Hook.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A gentleman writes in the following terms regarding the practice of using a gang or a number of gangs in connection with angling lures: "During the past five years I have noticed a large increase in the number of kinds of lures placed on the market, for the capture of game fish. Most of them have gangs of hooks on them numbering from nine to fifteen hooks. These lures are largely sold to a class of people who go out to see how many fish they can catch and then boast of it. Anyone who can drag a hand line through the water can catch fish with these infernal contraptions. I would rather be found dead at a dog fight than to be caught with one of these baits in my possession."

The practice of using gang hooks seems to have originated in England and to have come from that country to this. Indeed, I have often found cause for wonderment, in perusing the English angling papers, at the seemingly utter unscrupulousness of the angler of that country as to means of catching his quarry. It seems to me that the angling tackle of old England is brutal, domineering and overbearing. The angler uses, commonly, an extremely heavy rod, it being his evident purpose to get fish at any cost and to give the fish as little show as possible. One frequently reads stories of an angler going out and using the fly, worm, live minnow and spinner with gangs, on a day's fishing for trout, each lure being used when it seems to be most effective. Some of the English gang baits which are advertised are certainly ferocious looking things, and I may say that the whole tenor of sport as practiced in Great Britain seems to be one in which the animal pursued is given as little chance as possible.

The English idea of sport is one of results, of big bags, of large counts, and everything seems to be bent to that end both in fishing and in shooting, as witness the slaughter of game birds on the English shooting preserves. Englishmen who come to this country very often bring with them at first this same spirit for unrestricted slaughter at any cost and by any means. It takes them a time to get used to the new American idea of sportsmanship, which concerns itself with moderate bags and with what we call sportsmanlike tools. We do not care to use punt guns in duck shooting, 16-ounce rods in trout fishing, or 8, 16 or 24 hooks in a bass or pike bait.

Yet, in fact these deadly looking contrivances are not so popular as they would seem. Many of our best bass fishers in this country use a single hook below the spoon. Many of our best trout fishermen would scorn to use a spoon-hook under any consideration, and many go yet farther and will not employ bait at all, no matter what the conditions, confining themselves to the use of the artificial fly and the employment of a rod suited to the weight and power of the fish pursued.

There is another side to the gang hook question, which robs it of much of its sting. Maskinongé, pike and bass live, in this part of the country, very largely in waters too weedy for the successful use of a flying gang of hooks. The man who sticks to a spoon with a single hook will fish more comfortably and perhaps kill more fish, if it comes to that, than the one who greedily wants to get hold of everything which comes within sight. As a matter of fact, a single hook spoon, baited with frog or pork rind, is far more nearly weedless, and about as deadly, as the terrible gang, and it is a much sweeter thing to fish. Under the circumstances, you cannot blame the tackle dealer for selling these many-barbed contrivances, for the people will not after all do so much destruction with them. And, moreover, they want them, or think they want them.

(A friend who has seen the above begs leave to disagree with certain of the statements therein. He says that, in his opinion, it is far more sportsmanlike to use live bait than to use the artificial lure of any sort, and more humane as well. If you catch a fish on a fly or spoon, the poor creature gets no run for its money at all, says he. Now if you catch him on a worm or a minnow, he at least can chew on that while you are playing him and until he gets out on the bank. If you are going to kill the fish anyhow, at least give him some comfort and consolation in his last moments. They do that much for a fellow when they are going to hang him.)

The Vermont Six-Inch Law.

SHELDON, Vt., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The trout season, which has now become a thing of the past, was on the whole a very satisfactory one. The long continued rains kept the waters well up in the brooks, which caused the fish to run up from the larger streams. The trout here in northwestern Vermont average small, not over one in five run the legal length, six inches. It is quite evident that to protect these fish one of two things must be done, either pass a law compelling the fishermen to use needle-pointed hooks, so that the small trout could be easily removed from the hook, or make a law giving the county wardens under the supervision of the commissioner the power of leasing for a nominal sum from the owners of the lands about the head waters and tributaries of our streams the fishing rights on these streams, then stock and close these streams against all fishing. If a person is found near these streams with any kind of fishing tackle arrest him as a violator of the law; then make the waters of the main streams open waters and do away with the six-inch law. As it now stands, it is making violators of the protective trout law, for forty-nine out of every fifty trout fishers, when they have seen that it was almost an impossibility to take a small trout off a bearded hook without either killing it outright or so injuring it that it would soon die, have counted the fish in with the larger ones. At first they did so with fear and trembling, but they soon became calloused and would take these small fish without any reproach of conscience. Then it is but one step on to begin to shoot game birds during the close season, and then on to larger game, deer without horns, etc.

In the backwoods in this section of the State it is almost impossible for a game warden to catch these trout fishers, and in fact most of the wardens have given up trying to catch them, while they are sharp after the violators of the game laws.

Among those who own land about the headwaters of our trout streams there are but a very few who would not gladly for a mere nominal sum give the State a long lease of the fishing rights on their properties. Now, as the law stands, the six-inch trout law is the most unpopular law on our statute books, and consequently the hardest to enforce.

The trout season for brook fishing closed Aug. 1, or rather July 31, and now that the open season is closed for pond and lake trout fishing, we must put away our tackle or use it on coarser fish. STANSTEAD.

Courtesies of Salmon Fishing.

H. M. S. RINGDOVE, ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been drawn to an article in your issue of Aug. 19, signed by Mr. A. St. J. Newberry, and, at the desire of my captain, I beg you to insert my reply to it. Mr. Newberry in his article, casts a slur on the courtesy of English officers and gentlemen, I wish, for the credit of British naval officers to state the facts of the case in question.

My captain pitched his camp near the mouth of a river in Newfoundland. On the same day he met Mr. Newberry, who had his camp some distance up river. The captain not only invited Mr. Newberry to fish the pool near his camp, but lent him a rod to do so.

Next day I joined the captain, who informed me that there was an American gentleman camped up river, and I started fishing up stream with the idea of paying a visit, and talking over the season's fishing. While in the act of landing a fish, Mr. Newberry approached me very angrily, and asked me if I considered it fair to fish on his water. When he added that my friend (the captain) had agreed to keep below a certain mark, while he kept above, I at once apologized and retired. When I discussed this matter with the captain he informed me that he had made no such agreement as Mr. Newberry had mentioned.

As to the "cap-sheaf" mentioned in the article under discussion, we are clearly not responsible for that, as our camp was struck the next morning after my meeting with Mr. Newberry.

Now, I deny that anybody establishes a right to the fishing of a whole river by simply camping upon it. And I consider that Mr. Newberry has made a very unfair attack upon us, who treated him with the greatest courtesy, and, as I hoped, parted with him on good terms. I inclose my card, and beg to remain,

A. BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER.

Salmon on Lake St. John.

MR. H. J. BEEMER, the well known contractor, who built the railway to Lake St. John, and who is the proprietor of the beautiful summer hotel at Roberval, has had the enterprise to establish at his own expense, a fish hatchery near that point, similar to the Government hatchery at Tadousac. From this hatchery during the last seven years he has sent out no less than 2,625,000 young ouananiche and 1,275,000 sea salmon. This year the fruits of this enterprising experiment have commenced to make themselves apparent, and a few days ago a magnificent sea salmon weighing 18 pounds was caught in the River Peribonca and another weighing 15 pounds in Lake St. John. The fame of this will soon spread, and the opportunity of catching salmon in a fresh water lake will prove an attraction without precedent, which will bring to Lake St. John thousands of fishermen from all over the world. This will mean a great deal of money brought into the Province, because the expenditure of sportsmen and the earnings of the army of guides to whom they give employment are proverbial. It seems hardly credible, but we believe it to be true, that while a private individual is thus carrying out at his own expense an experiment of a kind usually undertaken by a Government, which bids fair to be of inestimable value to the Province, the Government itself has been giving netting licenses to catch these fish and thus enabling a handful of short-sighted people to undo all the good which the hatchery is doing. However, if we may judge from the utterances of the new Minister in charge of this department, Mr. Prevost, this ill-advised policy will now cease, and fishing will be restricted to ordinary and legal methods. If Mr. Beemer's hatchery enterprise results in the stocking of Lake St. John with sea salmon, it will attract sportsmen in thousands who will spend unlimited money in the district.—Quebec Chronicle.

Hair Lines.

MONTREAL, Can., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the numerous fish lines used by the grand army of the N. O. F.'s (Noble Order of Fishermen) there is one that is at present unfashionable and which in these times of constant changes in the fashions simply amounts to a crime. The hair-line, well made, washed and stretched, is equal to any in the market. Not by any means as strong as that excellent line the Cuttyhunk; it possesses the advantage of stretching when wet, virtually becoming a rubber string, relieving the strain of the tip of the rod. It also has the advantage of never rotting. These lines have been in use for generations on the sea coasts of Great Britain and other parts of the world. It is a popular superstition that the hair of a mare's tail is inferior to that of the horse. This is quite true, owing to the fact that the horse hair is round, while that of the mare is flat. Another argument in the favor of this ancient line is the freedom with which it runs through the guides.

The interesting essay on silk woven gut, published in your columns lately, and of which I have made crude samples in my younger days, also reminds me that horse hair makes most admirable leaders made in five or ten feet, without a knot and a loop at each end. Black hair alone is tabooed, but white hair with a strand or two of black makes the line or leader invisible in the water. There is no glitter on a hair leader, which is a fault on the polished gut as used. Chestnut and white hair makes an exceedingly pretty line, and I used one for seven years, captured many a lordly small-mouth black bass, and best of all, the line is as good as the day it was made.

BLENKHORN.

THE MANY-USE OIL
It polishes and preserves Stock, Barrel and Case.—*Adv.*

Bitten by a Shark.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—A correspondent of the Jacksonville Times-Union says: David Curry is a patient at the Railway Hospital here, suffering from a badly lacerated leg caused by a peculiar accident. He, with G. J. Hopkins, was fishing at Fort Pierce yesterday afternoon from a small boat near shore, when a large shark was hooked. After playing the monster for some time they towed it in toward shore. Upon reaching shallow water Mr. Curry stepped out of the boat and started to haul the prize in shore when with an effort it turned and seized him by the right leg, tearing the flesh badly. His companion immediately hurried the injured man away for medical attention, leaving the monster shark on the shore. Mr. Curry was placed aboard the north-bound train and brought to this city. He is now at the Railway Hospital and is reported as resting easy to-day.

Camping Song.

HAS your dinner lost its savor?
  Has your greeting lost its cheer?
Is your daily stunt a burden?
  Is your laughter half a sneer?
There's a medicine to cure you,
  There's a way to lift your load,
  With a horse and a saddle and a mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing bilious?
  Is your temper getting short?
Is this life a blind delusion,
  Or a grim, unlovely sport?
There's a world of health and beauty,
  There's a help that cannot fail,
In a day behind the burros
  On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going
  To a land that's free and large.
Where the rainless skies are resting
  On a snowy mountain marge.
When we camp in God's own country,
  You will find yourself again,
  With a fire and a blanket and the stars upon the plain!

—Bliss Carman in the Reader.

Adirondack State Land Sales.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 6.—In its issue of Saturday last the Eagle reviewed an article from FOREST AND STREAM, calling attention to the fact that a tract of land belonging to the State Forest Preserve had been conveyed to a wood pulp company in violation of the provisions of the Constitution, which forbids the sale of any forest lands belonging to the State in the Adirondack or Catskill counties. Inquiries at the office of the State Land Board have elicited the following official defense to the charges:

The tract in question consists of 170 acres, situated in Lot 79, Remsenburg Patent, in the Town of Ohio, Herkimer county. The State obtained title to this land through the foreclosure of a mortgage by the United States Loan Commissioners. In each county of the State there are persons designated as Loan Commissioners who loan United States funds on landed property. On the foreclosure of any of these mortgages the Land Board at Albany has been in the habit of reselling the land to recover the amount of money thus loaned, and to keep this United States fund good and intact. In accordance with their custom the Land Board sold this tract of 170 acres at a meeting held Oct. 25, 1902, the conveyance being made to the Finch Chemical Company.

The Board of Land Commissioners is composed of the Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Controller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, and the Speaker of the Assembly. The Governor of the State is not a member of this board. The law defining the Forest Preserve includes all lands owned by the State in the sixteen Adirondack and Catskill counties, with the two following exceptions:

1. Lands within the limits of any village or city, and
2. Lands, not wild lands, acquired by the State on foreclosure of mortgages made to loan commissioners.

In accordance with the latter exception, the Land Board would have the right to sell any lands acquired through the Loan Commission, provided they were cleared or farming lands; but they would not have the right or power to sell or convey any lands thus acquired which would answer the description of wild or forest lands. In nearly every case the properties thus sold consisted of farms which included not only cleared fields and pastures, but wood lots or areas of timber land.

Col. William F. Fox, superintendent of State Forests, in his annual report to the Legislature, Jan. 30, 1903 (eighth annual report, pages 65-67), called attention to this conflict of authority between the Land Board and the Forest Commission, and recommended an amendment to the forestry law, which would provide for the survey of all Loan Commission lands, in which the lines of the forest areas on them should be run out and such lands made a permanent part of the preserve. The Forest Commission, however, failed to obtain the necessary legislation.

In the case of this 170 acres, Lot 79, Remsenburg Patent, it is very doubtful whether the conveyance of the Land Board is a valid one, and it has been intimated by the superintendent of forests that an action will be commenced to set aside this conveyance, through which the State will not only recover the land, but will also obtain the full value of the timber that was cut, together with such penalties as the court may adjudge. The superintendent stands now, as he always has done, for the rigid enforcement of the forestry clause in the State Constitution in accordance with the strictest letter of its requirements. Any person cutting even a single tree on State land will be prosecuted and punished to the fullest extent of the law. Although not generally known, yet it is a fact, that for several years the care and custody of the preserves has been in the hands of the fish and game protectors instead of in the Forest Department; but at the last session of the Legislature a special act was passed putting the care and custody of the preserve back into the hands of the superintendent of forests. The news of this legislation was circulated quickly throughout the woods, and to-day there is not an ax in motion in the forests of the State preserve.

Game Butchers.

EARL DE GREY, the heir to the Marquis of Ripon, has probably accounted for more game than any other living sportsman, says the Yorkshire Post.

Four years ago the German Emperor had in the course of nearly thirty years bagged about 40,000 head of game. But so far back as 1895 Lord De Grey had eclipsed this record eight times over, having in twenty-nine years bagged 316,699 head. Of this enormous total the chief items comprised 111,190 pheasants, 89,400 patridges, 45,500 grouse, 26,500 hares and about the same number of rabbits. In Ireland a few years ago he brought down sixteen geese with one gun (two barrels). In 1893 alone he accounted for 19,135 head, including 8,732 partridges, 5,760 pheasants, 2,611 grouse, 837 hares, 914 rabbits and 300 beasts of the field.

The record for grouse shooting is, however, held by Lord Walsingham. During one day's shoot on the Blubberhouse Moors, in Yorkshire, in August, 1872, with the expenditure of 1,100 cartridges, he brought down 421 brace of grouse. On Aug. 30, 1888, he was shooting for fourteen hours eighteen minutes, and by firing an average of 108 shots an hour he succeeded in bringing down 1,058 birds.

THE MANY-USE OIL
Protects cold, frosty, wet Guns from Rust.—*Adv.*

Deer Damages Awarded.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., Sept. 11.—The open season on partridges begins on Oct. 1 in these parts, but there are literally no birds. I have traversed the east and west forested ridges several times for miles, through field, swamp, meadow and woods without starting a feather. Yesterday I took a seven-mile walk to Cummington and back without seeing a jay or a chipmunk. I heard one red squirrel, but its voice was weak. The haunts of the small game are deserted, but deer are in evidence on all sides in Hampshire and Franklin counties, and the hounds are yelping to be turned loose. If the number of deer is not soon lessened farmers will have to give up horticulture. Some idea of the amount of damage done to crops may be gathered from the published statement that the Franklin county commissioners at their meeting Tuesday approved the regular monthly bills, and in addition bills from various towns for losses caused by deer. Joseph Legate, of Charlemont, had 350 peach trees damaged and was paid $110. Other losses paid are: F. R. Ford, of Charlemont, $10; R. E. Lillie, C. F. Williams, $10 each, and A. G. Bugbee $5, all of Montague; Charles McGee, of Colerain, $10; Asahel Sawyer, $10, and F. B. Streeter, of Northfield, $6.

In Hampshire county the depredations in Windsor, Cummington, Worthington and Hawley are serious. If farmers were permitted by law to kill deer during the rest of this year the price of meat would drop. Venison would be likely to take the place of beef and mutton.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

IN connection with the speed in the pigeon-flying contest in France, an Antwerp financier tested the speed of the swallow, with a remarkable result. He captured one nesting under his roof and sent it to Campiegne, where it was placed among the pigeons. It flew off at 7.05 o'clock, and reached its nest at 8.22 o'clock, having traveled at the rate of 128¼ miles an hour. The best time made by the pigeons was 35½ miles an hour.

The Kennel.

National Beagle Club of America.

AT a meeting of the National Beagle Club of America, held in New York city on Aug. 31, 1905, it was ordered that the sixteenth annual field trials of this club be held at Stevenson, Baltimore county, Maryland, and that the headquarters of the club during the trials be at Avalon Inn.

At the same time, Mr. C. Staley Doub, of Frederick, Md., was made chairman of the committee on arrangements, the other members of this committee being Messrs. A. J. Purinton, Palmer, Mass.; Henry Dickson Bruns, M.D., New Orleans, La.; Ernest Gill, Govanstown, Md.; T. Dudley Riggs, Stevenson, Md., and Charles F. Brooks, of Sandy Springs, Md.

A new class, to be known as Class G, pack stakes for dogs and bitches 15 inches and under, to bona fide property of the party making entry at the time of entering and starting the class, eight dogs constituting a pack, was ordered to be added to the premium list. Fee to start, $10. First prize $40, second prize $25, and in case of five or more entries in this class a third prize of $15 to be given.

In Classes E and F, open pack stakes, four dogs constituting a pack, the fee to start was changed to $10, and the prizes were changed as follows: First prize $40, second prize $25, and in case of five or more entries, a third prize of $15.

CHARLES R. STEVENSON, Sec'y.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

SEPTEMBER.

16. Knickerbocker, power boat races.
16. Royal Canadian, club.
16. Chicago, cruise.
16. San Francisco, cruise.
17. Lakewood (Cleveland), club.
24. Morrisania, open.
24. San Francisco, cruise.

THE RATING RULE—PROBABLE REDUCTION OF TIME ALLOWANCE.

THE new formula for obtaining racing measurement, which is now in force at all the prominent yacht clubs of the East, has of itself proven satisfactory. The tests made possible by a season of general use have demonstrated that the methods of taking length and sail area are far ahead of any heretofore adopted. The introduction of displacement as a divisor in the formula has proven a wise move and opened many a new channel of thought as to just how far speed is affected by reducing the underbody of a boat. Some results of the year hint that designers have perhaps gone to unnecessary extremes under old conditions and that it is possible to build a boat of good model and draft which will perform fully as well as one in which the ends have been abnormally lengthened and displacement reduced to a marked degree. These developments, although not exactly in line with accepted theories, appear to be nevertheless true. The introduction of the displacement factor when considered in connection with the other restrictive elements of the rule, appears also to have insured a certain degree of equality among class competitors of good model.

There is a feature of the racing this year which had not been entirely satisfactory. That is the table of time allowances. The honors of the season in events decided on corrected time have generally gone to the smaller competitors. This would indicate that too much allowance is being given by one craft to another. Time allowance tables are based on the theory accepted by naval architects that, within economic limits, opportunities for speed vary in different vessels as to the square roots of their respective lengths. It is conceded that as strong winds are required to give large vessels the full extent of their advantage in size, and that as such conditions do not exist in ordinary summer racing, a certain percentage of the full table should be taken. Differences of opinion have come about as to the amount of reduction necessary. Last year the New York and Eastern Y. C.'s, working under a rule practically the same as the one now in force, took 80 per cent. of what the full allowance would be. This was found too great. The Atlantic and Larchmont Y. C.'s and those in the Long Island Sound Association proved that 69 per cent. gave satisfactory results.

When delegates from the different organizations had adopted the rating rule formula the question of time allowance was taken up. Those who had conducted their racing under the larger amount were loath to make a reduction great enough to bring it to the lower level. A compromise at 70 per cent. was finally effected, and on this basis the sport of this season has been conducted. In New York and Eastern Y. C. events 10 per cent. less time is now being conceded, while competitors in regattas at the other prominent clubs are allowing an increase of the same amount. A boat at the top of the 27ft. class this year under the 70 per cent. table has to allow a 22-footer 52.29 seconds to the mile. Under the New York and Eastern Y. C. tables of 1904 this would have been 59.77 seconds, while at the Atlantic, Lachmont and other clubs it would have been 44.82 seconds.

A reduction to the 60 per cent. basis is likely to be demanded and made before another season. This will mean that a 27-footer will have to allow a craft in the 22ft. class 7.47 seconds less a mile than this year. Such a concession means a handicap of nearly a minute and a quarter in ten miles of sailing, and the effect of the change would naturally be to give the larger craft a greater chance of winning than is possible under the present table. According to available data 60 per cent. of the full allowance will bring much closer results than have been the rule this year under the 70 per cent. table.

THE NEXT TRANSATLANTIC RACE.

YACHTING gossip of late has clung more or less to the possibility of holding in 1906 a transatlantic race for schooners. Both Emperor William of Germany and Sir Thomas Lipton have been mentioned as possible donors of trophies for such an event. Another long journey to the other side next season would not receive half the support that would prevail if the event were postponed until at least one more year has elapsed. It is extremely doubtful if the large entry which graced the struggle for the Ocean Cup, won by Atlantic, would be received for another similar event coming so soon. American competitors in the former struggle will be quite content to remain at home. Their presence is needed to stimulate our own off-shore racing, which has gone almost wholly by the board because of the absence of the best cruising schooners in foreign waters. The Cape May, Brenton's Reef and other cups offered to encourage long distance events on the open seas should give Americans all the strenuous work they care to undertake during the next yachting season.

It would be a mistake to start another transatlantic event from this side of the world before 1907. The plan of racing British, English and American boats which may be abroad at the time, to our shores next year is a far more desirable one from the standpoint of the sport on this side of the Atlantic.

William H. Childs Perpetual Challenge Trophy.

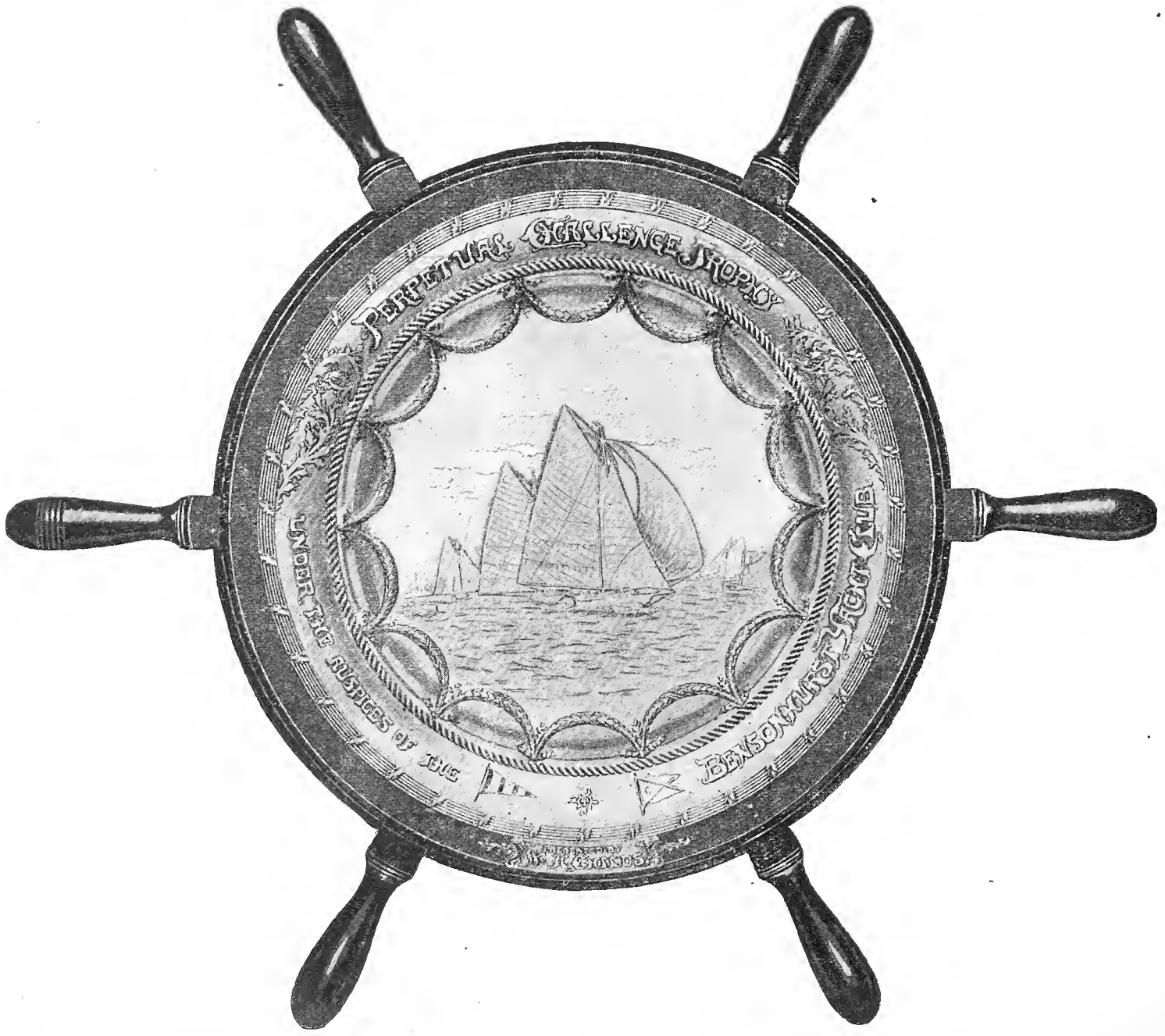
A PERPETUAL challenge trophy for boats in classes M and under was offered early in the season through the Bensonhurst Y. C. by Mr. William H. Childs. Any recognized organization of good standing may challenge for the valuable memento, the privilege of competing in the event, under conditions agreed on by the challenging and defending parties being extended to other clubs so desiring. The club represented by the winning yacht secures temporary possession of the tropy in a single race, and holds the same until lost to some challenging organization. Not more than three races are allowed in any one season. Each club is permitted to nominate not more than two boats, all entrants competing in one class on time allowance, according to the new rule of rating.

In selecting the trophy, the donor was guided by a desire to obtain something different from those usually offered for yachting events. The result is a very unique creation, which is likely to be generally adopted. A well executed steering wheel of mahogany, two feet in diameter, forms the basis. The center space is occupied by a plaque of sterling silver, on which is shown a start in Class Q, the scene being etched into the metal. On the outer edge of the marine view is a garland design of great beauty. Beyond this, reaching to the mahogany rim, is a plainer surface, on which are given in relief the name of the trophy and the donor, the latter's private signal, and the burgee of the Bensonhurst Y. C. The owner of a boat winning a race receives outright a miniature reproduction of the large prize, while the name of the craft and the club represented is engraved on the challenge plate itself.

Three races have been held for the trophy, the first being sailed on July 3. Bensonhurst Y. C. nominated More Trouble, owned by W. H. Childs, to defend the trophy. The other contestants were: Saetta, from the Atlantic Y. C.; Ojigwan, from the Brooklyn Y. C.; Miss Judy from the New York C. C., and Quest and Beta from the Marine and Field Club. The race was won by More Trouble, and the trophy held by the Bensonhurst Y. C.

The second race was sailed on July 23. Bensonhurst Y. C. nominated More Trouble, owned by W. H. Childs, and Tabasco, New York Y. C. 30-footer, owned by J. B. O'Donohue, to defend the trophy. The Atlantic Y. C. sent the Class P boat Lizana and the Class Q boat Cockatoo II.; Marine and Field Club was represented by the Class Q boat Quest, and Class RR boat Beta. Brooklyn Y. C. sent Ojigwan, and the New York C. C., Ogeemah. Race was won by More Trouble, and the trophy still remained with the Bensonhurst Y. C. subject to challenge.

The third and last race of the season, which was sailed on Sept. 1, went to the New York Canoe Club challenger Ogeemah, on corrected time. The Marine and Field Club representative Quest was second and the Bensonhurst Y. C. defender More Trouble third. The trophy remains with the New York Canoe Club subject to challenge for the season of 1906.



WILLIAM H. CHILDS PERPETUAL CHALLENGE TROPHY, NOW HELD BY THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

Larchmont Club.

Long Island Sound—Monday, Sept. 4.

A VARIETY of weather marked the annual fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C., held over courses on Long Island Sound on Labor Day, Sept. 4. Light, fluky winds and rain at several stages of the contest robbed the racing of almost all interest. Starters in the classes for New York Y. C. 30-footers and raceabouts were unable to finish their respective courses. Under the trying conditions encountered the winners proved to be Mineola, Mimosa I., Vaquero, Rascal, Paumonak, Mist, Owatonna and Pup. Fannie and Dod scored sailovers.

The 70-footers Mineola and Yankee went once over a triangle of 15½ nautical miles. It required more than two hours to cover the first six-mile leg, showing how near a calm the conditions were. The second leg was of the same distance along the Long Island shore. The first part of the journey of the race would have been a reach had not the wind hauled in all directions, finally making it for the most part a drift in a light head wind. Mineola won out by 7m. 57s.

When the raceabouts had completed the first round the breeze fell flat any many of them were obliged to anchor hoping for a returning zephyr with the ebb tide. The New York Y. C. boats got into the doldrums over on the Glen Cove shore and withdrew without completing the round. The different courses were covered only once for many of the classes. Mimosa I. had the unusual pleasant time of defeating Mimosa III. on allowance. The summaries follow:

Sloops, 70-footers—Start, 12:10—Course, 15½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, W. R. Proctor	5 50 27	5 40 27
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	5 58 24	5 48 24

Sloops—Class M—Start, 12:15—Course, 11½ Miles.

Mimosa III., T. L. Park	5 53 09	5 38 09
Mimosa I., T. M. T. Raborg	5 57 29	5 42 29
Memory, F. F. M. Raborg	6 16 04	6 01 04

N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 15½ Miles.

Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	Did not finish.
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	Did not finish.
Alera, J. W. Alker	Did not finish.
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	Did not finish.
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr	Did not finish.
Maid of Meudon, W. D. Guthrie	Did not finish.
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	Did not finish.
Ibis, O'Donnell Iselin	Did not finish.

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	Did not finish.
Tartan, G. L. Pirie	Did not finish.
Cricket, J. Macy Willetts	Did not finish.
Rana, H. Willetts	Did not finish.
Nora, O'Donnell Iselin	Did not finish.
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	Did not finish.
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	Did not finish.
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	Did not finish.
Indian, William Gardner	Did not finish.
Circe, E. T. Irvin	Did not finish.

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Vaquero, M. Stump	4 18 41	3 48 41
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	4 21 22	3 51 22
Houri, J. H. Esser	4 21 04	3 51 04

Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	4 14 02	3 44 02
Thelema, A. E. Black	4 30 50	4 00 50
Maryola, H. E. Sayre	Did not finish.	
Huntress, L. H. Dyer	Did not finish.	
Firefly, Guy Standing	4 21 29	3 51 29

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 12:35—Course, 5½ Miles.

Answer, D. B. Abbott	4 35 04	4 00 04
Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt	4 36 13	4 01 13
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	4 34 00	3 59 00

Sloops—Class R—Start, 12:40—Course, 5½ Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	4 44 47	4 04 47
Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt	4 46 55	4 06 55
Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington	5 59 00	4 59 00
Mist, R. R. Clark	4 44 36	4 04 36

Indian Harbor Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 5½ Miles.

Wa Wa., G. B. Robinson	Did not finish.	
Owatonna, George Lauder, Jr	4 41 05	4 01 05
Kenoshi, R. Mallory, Jr	4 52 02	4 12 02

Manhasset Bay Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 5½ Miles.

Arizona, S. W. Kear	5 08 38	4 28 38
Pup, D. Ratsey	5 00 30	4 20 30

Special Catboat Class No. 1—Start, 12:40—Course, 5½ Miles.

Karara, C. Leonard	Did not finish.
Grace, C. R. Pearson	Did not finish.

Special Catboat Class No. 2—Start, 12:40—Course, 5½ Miles.

Ariel, D. F. Leavitt	Did not finish.
Gracie, C. W. Rendig	Did not finish.

Milton Point Catboats—Start, 12:40—Course, 5½ Miles.

Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr	5 25 56	4 45 56

Special 15ft. Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 5½ Miles.

Dod, D. Dealey	6 42 00	6 02 00

Saturday, Sept. 9.

Light weather conditions were again in order for the Larchmont events on Saturday. The wind was from the westward at the start and soon fell to almost a calm, making it possible to cover only half of the courses. Elmina, Corona and Invader started for the schooner cup. After anchoring over near Glen Cove at the end of the beat across the Sound on the first leg, Elmina managed somehow to get home and win by a large margin. Corona, as soon as possible, drifted over the line for second prize, but the process had no appearance of a race. Invader withdrew. It took Elmina 4h. 19m. 55s. to cover the 9½ miles.

There was a faint breath of air out in the Sound at times which helped the smaller boats. In the raceabout class Tartan beat Nora by 6m. 59s. The two boats were thus tied on points for the series prizes. The deadlock will be sailed off. Houri led the Larchmont 21-footers and the little Herreshoff mahogany scow Opossum won from the 22-footers. The other victorious boats were Hamburg, Fritter, Gracie and Rascal. The summaries follow:

Schooners—Start, 12:35—Course, 9¾ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Corona, Arthur F. Luke	6 45 32	6 10 32
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	4 54 55	4 19 55
Invader, Roy A. Rainey	Did not finish.	

Raceabouts—Start, 12:45—Course, 10½ Miles.

Tartan, A. H. Pirie	4 54 38	4 09 38
Nora, C. O'D. Iselin	5 01 37	4 16 37
Indian, W. Gardner	5 17 07	5 02 07
Rana, Howard Willets	5 59 15	5 44 15
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	Did not finish.	
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	Did not finish.	
Cricket, M. Willetts	Did not finish.	

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 12:50—Course, 10½ Miles.

Houri, J. H. Esser	5 15 14	4 25 14
Vaquero, L. G. Spence	5 22 30	5 32 30
Dorothy, W. Stump	Did not finish.	

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 12:50—Course, 5¼ Miles.

Opossum, T. M. Raborg	3 46 38	2 56 38
Kenoshi, T. Mallory	3 47 43	2 57 43
Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt	3 47 25	2 57 25

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:55—Course, 5¼ Miles.

Hamburg, L. Goldsmith	3 47 52	2 52 52
Arizona, G. W. Kear	4 03 31	3 08 31
Mist, R. Clark	4 06 36	3 11 36

Milton Point One Design Class—Start, 12:55—Course, 5¼ Miles.

Fritter, C. O'D. Iselin, Jr	3 59 34	3 04 34
Fannie, C. O'D. Iselin, Jr	4 06 05	3 11 05

Open Cats—Start, 12:55—Course, 5¼ Miles.

Gracie, C. W. Rendig	3 59 04	3 04 04
Ariel, D. J. Leavitt	4 11 58	3 16 58

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:00—Course, 5¼ Miles.

Firefly, Guy Standing	Did not finish.	
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	5 21 37	2 21 37
Thelema, A. E. Black	Did not finish.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

YACHT GOVERNORS ELECTED.—Members of the Newport Y. R. A. held their annual dinner on Sept. 4 and elected the following governors: Max Agassiz, John R. Drexel, Royal Phelps Carroll, Henry F. Eldridge, Ralph N. Ellis, Elbridge T. Gerry, Woodbury Kane, Arthur T. Kemp, Charles L. F. Robinson, William G. Roelker, Frederick P. Sands, Frank K. Sturgis, Henry A. C. Taylor and Henry O. Havemeyer, Jr.

RACES FOR NEW YORK Y. C. 30-FOOTERS.—The regatta committee of the New York Y. C. announces four days of racing for the 30ft. monotype boats on Sept. 19, 20, 21 and 22. The events are to be sailed over the Glen Cove courses. Special prizes have been offered by Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, Vice-Commodore Henry F. Walters, Rear Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and C. L. F. Robinson. The club will also offer prizes for the winner of each race.

TROPHY FOR YANKEE AND GERMAN YACHTS.—Mr. Henry Howard, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C., who is now at Kiel, Germany, reports progress in the arrangements for an international trophy open to American and German boats not over 30ft. rating measurement. It is likely that the first struggle for the trophy will be held on this side of the water. At present it is the intention for three boats to represent each country and for the half dozen to compete in a series of three races on the point system.

RECENT SALES.—The well known sloop Effort, formerly

owned by Mr. F. M. Smith, has been sold to Mr. George W. Dorr, of Greenwich, Conn. Mr. John D. Sanborn, New Rochelle, N. Y., has purchased the sloop Flosshilde from Dr. W. D. Hennen, of the New York A. C. Col. David E. Austen has bought the sloop Ondawa. He will have the boat entirely refitted next year and race her throughout the season.

* * *

SALES AND CHARTERS.—The following sales and charters have been made through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman: Mr. E. A. Bennett, New York C. C., has sold his hunting launch Rosella to Mr. Edward H. Hooley, Plainfield, N. J. Auxiliary catboat Ensign has been sold by Mr. T. Hayes, of Stamford, Conn., to Mr. H. A. Ohm, of New York city. Mr. A. F. Bowen, of Newport News, Va., has sold his knockabout Elise to Mr. C. W. Grandy, of Norfolk, Va. Knockabout Nirvana has been sold by Mr. C. A. Morse, of Boston, Mass., to Mr. P. T. White, of New York city. Mr. A. C. Fiske, of Columbia, S. C., has purchased the hunting launch Adria from Mr. F. W. Green, Norfolk Downs, Mass. Col. D. E. Austin, Brooklyn Y. C., has purchased the 40ft. sloop Ondawa from Mr. N. J. Roberts, Atlantic Y. C. Mr. E. Lillie, of New York city, has purchased a 25ft. auto hull from the Auto Boat Co., West Mystic, Conn. The cutter Indria has been chartered by Mr. E. T. Birdsell to Mr. F. W. Horn. Mr. Rudolph Oelsner, of the New Rochelle Y. C., has chartered his auxiliary yawl Penelve.

New York C. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE fifth and last regatta for the class championship of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 9, under the auspices of the New York Canoe Club. Twenty-one craft started and the winners proved to be Vivian II., Lizana, Saetta, Mary and Foggy Dew. Class championship honors of 1905 have been won by Vivian II., Lizana, Ogeemah and Beta.

A light wind from the S. blew throughout the race. Regular association courses were sailed. On the inside journey it was a broad reach to the Marine and Field Club from the start off Ulmer Park, another reach to Fort Hamilton, a beat to Sea Gate and a reach home. Boats in Classes P and above went out across the channel to the bell buoy at Craven Shoal and to Sea Gate instead of making one leg from the fort to the latter mark. The first leg of their extra route was a beat and the other a reach. Saetta and Cockatoo II. had a hard tussle for the honors in Class Q, the former finally winning out by 7s. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivian II., S. C. Vernon	5 28 00	2 23 00
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 31 51	2 26 51

Corrected time, Bobtail, 2:26:48.

Sloops, Class P—Start, 3:05.

Lizana, D. S. Wylie	5 31 23	2 26 23
Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	5 34 10	2 29 10
Anona, Menton Bros.	5 44 18	2 39 18

Corrected time, Lizana, 2:20:00.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:10.

Saetta, George H. Church	5 06 07	1 56 07
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	5 06 14	1 56 14
More Trouble, W. A. Childs	5 06 52	1 56 52
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	5 14 18	2 04 18
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 16 28	2 06 28
Ojigwan, Geo. E. Reiners	5 17 22	2 07 22
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	5 19 01	2 09 01

Corrected time, Ogeemah, 1:56:46.

Class Q, Special—Start, 3:20.

Mary, Max Grundner	5 33 22	2 23 22
Spots, R. C. Veit	5 35 30	2 25 30
Careless, Richard Rummell	5 38 20	2 28 20
Ianthe, H. H. Robesson	5 42 02	2 32 02
Karma, J. C. Erskine	Did not finish.	

Corrected time, Spots, 2:23:54; Ianthe, 2:24:45.

Manhasset One-Design Class—Start, 3:15.

Foggy Dew, L. H. Quick	5 49 54	2 34 54
Chickioker, W. J. O'Neill	5 59 31	2 44 31
Bab, T. A. Hamilton	6 00 29	2 45 29

Sloops, Class RR—Start, 3:15.

Delta, J. J. Mahoney	5 54 10	2 39 10

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Monday, Sept. 4.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 376th regatta from its club house on Sept. 4. The event was the second open race of the season. The bay on the previous day had been swept by a fierce storm from the S.E., and on Monday morning the wind was still S.E. and strong. The race was started at 2 o'clock. Only two 25-footers appeared, and Thorana won an easy victory. In the 21ft. class, Barnacle won. Amanita III. defeated Terrapin in a hard-fought race for second place. Three 15-footers started. Chico won.

25-footers—Course, 12⅜ Miles.

Thorana, T. B. Wales	1 36 33
Nokomis, A. Winsor	1 39 25

21-footers—Course, 8⅝ Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 25 04
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	1 30 02
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 30 12

15-footers—Course, 5⅜ Miles.

Chico, E. C. Choate	1 04 58
Ranzo, W. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 05 03
Compress, S. M. Weld	1 05 07

THE MANY-USE OIL.

Cleans out smokeless powder and keeps bore bright.—*Adv.*

Atlantic Y. C.

New York Harbor—Monday, Sept. 4.

LABOR DAY was one of light and failing breezes for the Atlantic Y. C. men. In the morning of the holiday seven boats started for the Havens cups of 1904 and 1905. The first-named is open to boats in Classes M and under competing in one division on time allowance, and the other for Class Q creations. Three victories are necessary for permanent possession of either trophy. The Class P boat Lizana and the Class Q craft Saetta were the only ones finishing the event. The latter defeated Lizana on corrected time for the old Havens trophy. It was her third victory, and the cup now goes to skipper Church outright. The other races won were held on June 3 and Aug. 12.

The boats sailed a course from Sea Gate to the Black Can buoy off Swinburn Island, from there to Fort Hamilton and then home. Covered twice, this aggregated 11 nautical miles. Before the first mark was reached all of the racers were becalmed and most of them anchored. Vivian II., Bobtail and Quest withdrew at this stage of the race. The breeze died down after the first round. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class M and Under.

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.
Saetta, Geo. H. Church	10 15 00	1 40 37	3 25 37
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	10 10 00	1 39 59	3 29 59
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	10 15 00	Did not finish.	
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	10 15 00	Did not finish.	
Quest, F. J. Havens	10 15 00	Did not finish.	
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenback	10 05 00	Did not finish.	
Vivian II., L. E. Vernon	10 05 00	Did not finish.	

Corrected time, Saetta, 3:21:17.

Sloops, Class Q.

Saetta, Geo. H. Church	10 15 00	1 40 37	3 25 37
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	10 15 00	Did not finish.	
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	10 15 00	Did not finish.	
Quest, F. J. Havens	10 15 00	Did not finish.	

In the afternoon an attempt was made to start the second qualifying race for the Vernon trophy open to Classes N, P and Q. The boats got away from the line and, although all were becalmed before reaching the first mark, a little breeze finally enabled them to finish the first round of the same course sailed in the morning. The competitors got very little further and were finally towed home by launches, some of them arriving at moorings very late in the evening. The old Class Q boats were sent once over the course for points on the Chubb trophy, Trouble winning. The summary follows:

Class Q, Special—Start, 3:35.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	5 26 10	1 51 10
Spots, R. C. Veit	5 27 36	1 52 36
Wrath, Calvin Tompkins	5 28 04	1 53 04
Mary, Max Grundner	5 33 44	1 58 44

Saturday, Sept. 9.

Better luck attended the efforts of the Sea Gate club to run off the second qualifying event for the Vernon trophy, which was held on Saturday morning, Sept. 9. Six craft started on their handicap times. The first boat home was thus the winner. This proved to be W. H. Childs' Class Q creation, More Trouble, which beat Hendon Chubb's Cockatoo II., 1m. 1s. The course was twice over a triangle from Sea Gate to Fort Hamilton, from there to the Black Can buoy No. 11 off Swinburn Island and home. The initial leg was to windward, while the other two were reaches. Ogeemah was the first boat to get away on her handicap time 10m. before the new Class Q creations. It was not, however, until the second leg on the second round that More Trouble passed her and took the lead. The boats qualifying for the final race on points are More Trouble, Cockatoo II., Quest and Ogeemah. The summary follows:

Sloops, Classes N. P and Q.

	Start.	Finish.
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	10 45 00	12 57 29
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	10 45 00	12 58 30
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	10 48 00	12 59 03
Quest, F. J. Havens	10 45 00	1 02 56
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	10 35 00	1 08 24
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	Did not finish.	

Points for Two Qualifying Races.

Cockatoo II.	3	8—11	Uwian II.	1	..— 1
Ogeemah	9	0— 9	Bobtail	0	0— 0
Lizana	5	..— 5	Saetta	0	0— 0
More Trouble	6	11—17	Tabasco	0	0— 0
Quest	12	2—14			

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich, Conn.—Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. held a race for boats sailed by women on Saturday, Sept. 9. The course led from Greenwich Harbor out around Great Captain's Island and return. The winner proved to be Acushla, sailed by Mrs. E. C. Ray. The summary follows:

Handicap Race—Course, 5 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Acushla, Mrs. E. C. Ray	3 00 00	5 05 49
Montauk, Miss Mary J. Rowland	2 50 00	5 07 12
Robin Hood, Mrs. Geo. E. Gartland	2 55 00	5 08 56
Arden, Mrs. Morton	2 45 00	5 35 00
Sirene, Mrs. R. Outwater	2 43 00	6 34 30
Lucile, Miss Emma Day	2 35 00	6 40 00
Mingo, Mrs. T. M. Guild	2 30 00	6 45 00

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, L. I.—Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE sloop Nike, owned by Victor I. Cumnock, won the first of a series of three races sailed on Saturday, Sept. 9, under the auspices of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial cup and a trophy offered by Commodore W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., valued at $250. Mimosa I., the only other boat was defeated by 6m. 26s. Regular courses were sailed in a light southerly wind. The summaries follow:

Alfred Roosevelt Memorial Cup—Start, 2:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nike, Victor I. Cumnock	7 22 04	5 22 04
Mimosa I., T. M. Raborg	7 28 30	5 28 30

Bristol Y. C.

Open Regatta—Narragansett Bay, Sept. 9.

THE last open regatta of the season in Narragansett Bay was held by the Bristol Y. C., on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 9, with a list of twenty-one starters. There was a light S. wind at the start, not promising enough to indicate good racing, so the regular courses were shortened. Later, however, the breeze freshened, and the contestants finished in good time.

The Garland cup, offered for the 15-footers by Mr. James A. Garland, of the New York Y. C., for which this was the final race in a series of three, was won by Wenonah, owned by H. Wetherell, of Jamestown. The series was decided on points, and Wenonah won two first and one second. Mr. Garland's sloop Hera, in the light wind could do nothing in her class, and did not finish the course, the race being won by Commodore C. F. Tillinghast's Little Rhody, which defeated Priscilla by about 8m. In the 21ft. sloop class, Micaboo defeated Nixie by more than 15m., but in the 18ft. class there was very close work, Francis Herreshoff's Kildee winning by about a minute on corrected time.

Only two of the 30ft. cats entered, and there was a close contest, Flint Bros'. Wanderer IV. defeating Elizabeth by only 50s. on corrected time.

In the 18ft. class it was also close, Trinket winning by only 18s. The courses for all classes were less than 5m. The summary:

25ft. Sloops—Start, 2:13.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	1 53 19	1 53 15
Priscilla, Wood Bros.	2 01 29	2 01 29
Hera, J. A. Garland	Did not finish.	

21ft. Sloops—Start, 2:16.

Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	2 01 08	2 00 59
Nixie, J. Fales	2 15 43	2 15 43

18ft. Sloops—Start, 2:19.

Kildee, F. Herreshoff	1 53 41	1 50 32
Bohemia, D. Woodward	1 51 39	1 51 39
Oriana, F. Pardee	1 53 49	1 52 26

15-footers—Start, 2:25.

	Elapsed.
Wenonah, H. Wetherell	1 44 33
Eaglet, Miss Grosvenor	1 47 39
Minnow, H. F. Lippitt, Jr.	1 47 40
Hope, R. C. Colt	1 49 35
Wawaloam, Metcalf Bros.	2 04 03

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:30.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanderer IV., H. J. & D. W. Flint	1 44 52	1 44 52
Elizabeth, Possner Bros.	1 47 04	1 45 42

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:30.

	Elapsed.
Trinket, R. Olsen	1 56 34
Netor, R. Lindeman	1 56 52
Inez, L. M. Riley	2 01 41

15ft. Dories—Start, 2:45.

Slippery Elm, C. Rockwell	2 21 31
Edith, M. Otis	2 22 21
No. 13, C. Otis	2 28 29

F. H. YOUNG.

New York Y. C.

Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE annual autumn races of the New York Y. C., which were scheduled to occur off Glen Cove on Saturday, Sept. 9, were called off because of calm conditions. The date for sailing them will be decided soon. At the starting line, off Mott's Point, were the 70-footers Yankee and Mineola, the sloop Mimosa III., Heron, Gloria, Busy Bee, Rana, and Cricket, and the N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers Neola II., Nautilus, Banzai, Oriole, Adelaide II., Alera, Atair, Ibis, Phryne, and Dahinda. The Regatta Committee waited until 4 o'clock for a breeze before declaring the event off for the day.

Canoeing.

New York C. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE annual fall regetta of the New York C. C. was sailed on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 9. The events for decked and open canoes proved a feature of the day. Frank Palmer won the first-named and J. E. Plummer the second. The summaries follow:

Decked Sailing Canoes—Start, 3:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Frank Palmer	4 07 40	0 47 40
D. B. Goodsell	4 08 55	0 48 55
F. C. Moore	4 15 35	0 55 35

Open Sailing Canoes—Start, 3:20.

F. Speidel	5 02 10	1 32 10
R. S. Hawthorne	5 06 50	1 36 50
C. E. Dunn	5 11 27	1 41 27
C. A. Robinson	5 12 04	1 42 04
H. S. McKeag	5 11 53	1 41 53
W. Carmalt	5 06 10	1 36 10
R. S. Foster	5 06 34	1 36 34
A. M. Poole	5 11 00	1 41 00
K. G. Rea	5 03 40	1 33 40
I. M. Dean	5 19 30	1 49 30
W. Yelland	5 10 58	1 40 58
J. E. Plummer	5 01 50	1 31 50
E. J. Wright	5 09 34	1 39 34
A. Bigelow	5 22 15	1 52 15
A. Wilmarth	5 19 30	1 49 30

Single paddling, ½ mile—Won by S. King, Knickerbocker C. C.; second, George S. Morrisey, N. Y. C. C.

Tandem paddling, single blades, ½ mile—Won by Hattenbrun and Danberg, Undercliffe C. C.

Tailend race—Won By K. G. Rae, N. Y. C. C..

Club fours, ½ mile—Won by Plummer, Poole, Bigelow and Taylor.

Tilting tournament—Won by Taylor and Poole.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting.

Deep River, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is one of the seven wonders in the shooting and sporting world that while we have so large a number of crack shots with the rifle and shotgun we have so few good revolver marksmen. The popularity of the revolver for target shooting is advancing, and although many rifle clubs hold regular revolver meets, the average non-sporting citizen is ignorant of this weapon and its use.

In almost every issue of our daily papers we read of the accidental shooting with the pistol. Accidents of this character would be greatly lessened if every owner of small firearms understood its working mechanism. Ignorance and carelessness are the cause of most of these sad casualties.

Never point a firearm at anything you do not intend or wish to shoot. Never mind if you know it is empty. Remember the many accidents arising from "I didn't know it was loaded."

Few houses are without a revolver for protection purposes, and it is, or rather it ought to be, the duty of every owner to thoroughly post himself in the care and use of the chosen weapon. That universal excuse, "I am too busy," is by no means a pardon for neglecting a duty, and even if you are the busiest of all busy men, you still have ample time to acquire a knowledge of self-defense, so far as it lies within the field of the revolver. It is an old saying, "that when you need a pistol you need it mighty bad." which expresses in a few words the desirability of this knowledge.

No great amount of practice is necessary to enable one to become sufficiently expert to hit a tolerably small figure at twenty paces, nor does one require exceptionally good eyesight or cast-iron nerves. In fact, the average man or woman is in possession of enough good, raw material to make a first-rate shot, and by continued practice may become an expert, or, in the parlance of the gun room, a "crack shot."

A revolver with a long barrel is the easiest to shoot accurately, because the recoil is counteracted by the extra weight of the longer barrel. With a two-inch barrel revolver—which size is most generally used—the recoil is so great, owing to the lightness of the barrel, that the wrist is kicked up, causing the bullet to fly high. This tendency may be corrected almost entirely by holding the sight lower, i. e., aiming below the mark. It is much better, however, to purchase a revolver with at least a four-inch barrel, as the greater accuracy more than balances the slight inconvenience of the extra length and weight.

For target shooting, hunting or where weight and compactness are only secondary points, a longer barrel should be selected. The happy medium is found in the six-inch barrel, double-action hammer revolver.

The caliber or size of the bullet is important. When firing upon a living object the bullet must be of a size sufficient to so shock and disable such object that it will be incapable of injuring the shooter. The larger the caliber the more powder is required, and, of course, more recoil is felt. Where nitro or smokeless powder is used a much higher velocity is obtained and less recoil is felt than when using black powder. The high velocity developed by these newer powders produces a great shocking or paralyzing effect upon the tissue of animate beings, and it is in this smashing power of the nitro powders that have given small caliber rifles their high power and popularity.

In the endeavor to become a good revolver shot almost all beginners are handicapped by their own particular notion of how this practice should be conducted. They go ahead and rapidly acquire a certain degree of skill, but beyond the mediocrity stage they seldom advance. This is because of a too eager and hasty desire to become a crack shot in a very short time and overlooking the cause and effect of their wild shots. In their hurried method they make the same mistakes over and over again, when if they used little thought and asked themselves, why do I shoot high, what makes my bullets invariably go to the left or right of the target? they would correct these mistakes and improvement would rapidly come to them.

Another common mistake of the novice is to commence shooting with an arm of large caliber. This practice cannot be too strongly condemned, for it encourages a vice altogether too common with the beginner, and this is flinching. Many persons shut their eyes or make a startled motion just at the moment of pulling the trigger, which throws the sight from the mark and makes the bullet fly wild. Nervousness is the principal cause of this unsteadiness, which may be cured by using a very light powder load, a small caliber arm, or both.

It is surprising what a little judicious revolver practice will do toward steadying a person's nerves, and by training the eye in harmony with the hand, greatly develop that cool, calculating faculty so desirable in every department of human endeavor. The embryo marksman will do well to proceed with deliberation, and for the preliminary tuition strictly follow the few easy directions I have outlined. A bit of personal history may make my idea more comprehensive. Several years ago I bought a revolver, and residing then in a city where lack of space forbade actual firing, I adopted a plan for my own instruction which may or may not be original. This method consists in simply hanging up a bit of straw board—say an inch in diameter—pacing off fifteen or more feet, and going through the several firing motions.

Practice first in a slow, deliberate manner, and when the sight exactly covers the pasteboard center, press the trigger. After becoming familiar with this style try shooting quickly, discharging all the chambers in as many seconds. Gradually increase the rapidity of your shots, and try shooting from the hip and the elbow. These snapping methods will, if carefully followed, greatly assist in developing a quick "snap shot" style, and by going over the different motions it is possible to become a fair shot without firing a single cartridge.

When some little progress has been made by the above methods a ball cartridge, preferably with a slight charge of powder, may be used. Right here the novice usually stumbles, and if the error is allowed to pass uncorrected no very great skill can be afterward expected. I refer to the aiming of the revolver, which should demand your serious attention. Remember that one must firmly grasp the stock and discharge the arm with a firm and steady closing of the forefinger. The chief difficulty of the learner is in the liability of his bullet to go to the left or the right of the mark. The principal cause of this error lies almost wholly in the manner of pulling the trigger. No hurried movement must be made, and unless the finger is compressed free from a jerky motion any consistent degree of accuracy is impossible to obtain.

To always hold under the mark may be regarded as one of the few rules governing successful revolver shooting. As remarked elsewhere, the recoil of the powder force throws up the pistol's muzzle, and to offset this tendency the sight should just touch the bottom of the target's center. Pistols and revolvers expressly constructed for target shooting are made with a light trigger pull and with a long barrel. This mode of construction, i. e., muzzle heavy, practically overcomes any deviation from the sighted object when the weapon is fired. For general service and pocket use a heavy trigger pull is used, which is, of course, necessary for safety, obviating the chance of an accidental discharge.

The use of the target arm is, of course, confined to shooting matches, and as only the practical and useful side of revolver shooting lies within the mission of this article, my remarks are understood to apply to the regulation arm. Almost all of the large caliber military and service revolvers have a trigger pull of more than a pound, while a pound and a half and two-pound pull is usually more often found. This means that to discharge the arm the finger must actually lift a pound or two-pound weight, as the case may be.

I must caution the beginner against a too zealous following of target shooting, in that the deliberate aim makes the shooter slow. The good revolver marksman should be able to hit with equal sureness a moving as well as a stationary object. While this ability to hit a reasonably small object when either you or the object is in motion, demands more skill than the foregoing target mode, a little practice will do a great deal to increase the quick aim so necessary for its accomplishment.

This rapid shooting style is known as "snap shooting," and by following the hints here given I am confident the reader can form an accurate and rapid style.

Procure a hollow rubber ball of four inches diameter—such as children amuse themselves with—and attach a length of string to it. By swinging the ball as a pendulum a simple moving target is made, which is of more benefit to promote quickness in the shooter than any other target I have used. As one's hitting capacity improves the distance from the moving target is increased until it is possible to hit with some regularity the object at thirty feet. By lengthening or shortening the string the ball may be made to move slower or quicker at will, and by this means it is possible to use almost any size of room available for shooting purposes.

Many other devices, for increasing and developing the skill of the marksman, will no doubt suggest themselves to the reader. I know that if you have faithfully followed the hints given you will now be in a position to carry and use the revolver in an efficient, safe and satisfactory manner.

Charles S. Taylor.

National Rifle Association.

In the Cadet match, open to teams of five from the U. S. Military and Naval Academies, or any male university, competitors to be undergraduates in good standing, only one team, that of Princeton University, appeared, and won the match by default. The distances were 200, 300 and 500yds. Positions, kneeling at 200yds., prone with head toward target at 300 and 500yds.

The weather on Sept. 4 was wet and dismal. In the Hale match, squadded competition, open to all comers, distance 600yds., 10 shots, Capt. A. E. Wells, of New York, won, with a total of 48 out of 50. The other winners were: Lieut. Tewes, New Jersey, 47; Capt. R. Emon, Ohio, 47; Lieut. Sheppard, New York, 47; Lieut. Shaw, United States Infantry, 45; Capt. Price, New Jersey, 45; Pvt. Simon, Ohio, 44; Capt. Martin, New Jersey, 43; Corp. Wright, Maryland, 43; Lieut. Benedict, Ohio, 43; Sergt. Benedict, Ohio, 42. There were forty-three contestants.

In the all-comers' squadded revolver match, 15 shots, 50yds., deliberate fire, weapon Smith & Wesson .38 military or Colt .38 army and navy revolver, 4lbs. trigger-pull, the winner was Pvt. Le Boutillier, Squadron A, New York. He scored 122 out of a possible 150. Second was won by Thomas Auderton, Manhattan Rifle Club, 122; Corp. Putnam, Squadron A, New York, 120; Lieut. Smith, 7th Regt., New York, 120; Lieut. Ranney, 71st Regt., New York, 119.

The carbine five-man team match, military, distances 200 and 500yds., 7 shots, was won by the second team of the First Troop, of the Newark, N. J., National Guard. Their score was 281. The Second City Troop, of Philadelphia, was second, with a score of 277. Third was won by the first team of the First Troop, Newark.

The interclub match was for the Rifle Club championship of the United States, five-man teams from organizations affiliated with the N. R. A. Ten shots per man at 200yds. Any military rifle and any ammunition. The highest score was made by the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association of New York, 226 out of a possible 250.

The scores of the winners were: Capt. W. G. Hudson 45, Capt. Cook 44, Thomas Anderton 46, W. H. French 48, C. F. Armstrong 43; total 226.

The inspectors' match, 10 shots, distance 600 and 800yds., was won by Lieut. K. K. V. Casey, of the 71st New York. The eighteen contestants made scores as follows:

	600yds.	800yds.	Total.
Lieut K K V Casey, New York	47	48	95
Lieut. Clark, Minnesota	41	49	90
Capt Winder, Ohio	47	43	90
Capt Martin, New Jersey	50	40	90
Lieut South, Ohio	45	44	89
Capt Seaman, Ohio	45	42	87
Capt Cannon, New Jersey	35	49	84
Col Carlton, Florida	39	45	84
Lieut Benedict, Ohio	43	41	84
Capt Bowie, Maryland	42	41	83
Lieut Cookson, District of Columbia	43	40	83
Lieut Richardson, Ohio	44	39	83
Capt Bell, New Jersey	35	45	80
Lieut Shaw, U. S. A.	42	38	80
Capt Evans, New York	43	35	78
Lieut Dennison, District of Columbia	40	37	77
Major Bell, District of Columbia	46	13	57
Capt Graff, New Jersey	36	w	

There were seventy-six contestants in the Leech cup contest, open to all, distances 800, 900 and 1,000yds. Capt. W. H. Richards, of Ohio, won with a score of 92 out of 105. Sergt. Leushner, of the 74th New York, was second with 89. Other scores were: Capt. Martin, New Jersey, 88; Sergt. Ditmer, U. S. Infantry, 88; Sergt. Major Evans, New Jersey, 87; Lieut. Simon, Ohio, 87; Sergt. Wayne, Ohio, 87; Lieut. Reese, U. S. Infantry, 87; Capt. Winder, Ohio, 86; Lieut. Tewes, New Jersey, 85; Capt. Bell, New Jersey, 85; Sergt. Sayre, U. S. Infantry, 85; Capt. Hudson, 84; Capt. Gannon, New Jersey, 83; Corporal Doderlein, New Jersey, 83; Sergt. Doyle, New York, 80; Capt. Wells, New York, 80; Lieut. Casey, New York, 80; Lieut. Cookson, District of Columbia, 80.

The Wimbledon cup match, open to citizens and residents of the United States, distance 1,000yds., 20 shots, any rifle, any ammunition, was won by Lieut. William A. Tewes, of the First New Jersey Regiment, with a total of 84. There were ninety-five contestants. Lieut. K. K. V. Casey, of the 71st New York, was second with 79. Capt. Winder, of Ohio, was third, with 77.

The regimental team match, six-man teams, 10 shots at 200 and 600yds., was won by the team of the First Regiment of New Jersey. The score was 516. This contest was for the interstate trophy.

The regimental skirmish match, six-man teams, had seventeen contestants. Conditions, two skirmish runs of 20 shots each. Prize, the Dupont cup, value $250. The U. S. Marine Corps won. On their first run they scored 469; on the second, 464.

The President's match, for the military championship of the United States, was open to all members of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Naval Reserve, State Militia or National Guard. Rifle, U. S. Army service, any ammunition. Distances, 200, 500, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards, slow fire; 7 shots at each distance. One skirmish run of 20 shots. This match was won by Sergt. C. F. Orr, of Ohio, with a total of 292.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The annual reunion of the Preble County Deer Hunters' Association and the Preble County Rifle Club, held at Eaton on Sept. 1, was a big success. Over 100 riflemen were present, and over 700 shots were fired. All the rifle clubs for fifty miles around were represented. The shooting began at 10 A. M., and lasted until 6 P. M. Abner N. Clemmer won the greatest honor of the day, the high aggregate score in the eight matches, 85, possible 96. In the Preble County Rifle Club medal match, Geo. W. Izor made the remarkable score of four straight centers, making the possible 48, and winning the medal. The shooting was on the Creedmoor target. This score has been made but once before on the range, the first time by Ed. Vance. Mr. Izor wears seven medals won in other matches on this range. Other high scores, 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, were: J. Johnson and M. Pence, 44 each; L. Platt, A. N. Clemmer, B. W. Jones, L. Leiber, J. Poss, S. Lee and M. T. Hampton, 43 each; Omar Parker and G. O. Chrismer, 42 each. The twenty-nine cash prizes ranged from $4.50 to 40 cents. At the business meeting the following were elected officers: A. N. Clemmer, President; Alonzo N. Eikenberry, Vice-President; Ed. Wysong, Treasurer; Joseph Poos, Secretary. The next meeting will be held on the range at Eaton, Friday, Dec. 1.

The annual reunion of the Preble County Deer Hunters' Association was held at Eaton on Sept. 1. The shooting was at 100yds. offhand, animal targets, one shot on each, possible 48. Seventy-one riflemen took part. E. W. Davies was high with 44; A. N. Clemmer, second, 42; A. Rhodes and F. L. Burr, 40 each; L. Leiber, G. E. Garreth and L. Eikenberry, 39 each; G. R. Decker, L. Platt and C. J. Chrismer, 38 each. Then merchandise prizes were given in the contests on each of the animal targets. A business meeting was held at noon, when the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and the following officers elected: Abner N. Clemmer, President; Abe Charles, Vice-President; T. N. Leach, Treasurer; Joseph Poos, Secretary. The next reunion will be held on the first Friday in September, 1906. The first prize of the day was given to A. N. Clemmer, who made high aggregate score of 85 out of a possible 96 in the shoots of the Deer Hunters and Rifle Club. Among the well known rifle shots present were "Uncle" Joe Wilson, of Lewisburg; J. F. Beaver, Wm. H. Ont, C. W. S. Sander, Less Leiber, W. H. Kerr, D. W. Jones, M. T. Hampton, W. L. Jay, Lawrence Mull, of Dayton; Geo. W. Izor, G. O. Chrismer, Silas Lee, Jacob W. Lesher, C. C. Pitman, Isaac M. Stiver and John Bochner.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The programme of the thirty-first annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club, to be held at Union Hill, N. J., Sept. 27 and 28, can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Lieut. W. A. Tewes, 98 Chambers street, New York. Any rifles, with any sights (telescopic and magnifying sights included) will be allowed. High power ammunition or jacketed bullets not allowed. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock, and will close at 6 o'clock.

Organization Meeting.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting will be held Sept. 13 at 26 Waverly avenue, Newark, for the purpose of starting a rifle club. All persons who are interested are cordially invited to be present. Meeting at 8 P. M.

F. Vallentine, Sec'y.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 13-14.—Allentown, Pa.—The John F. Weiler and Allentown R. and G. C. tournament.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 16.—Rahway, N. J., G. C. shoot.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati G. C. annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Sept. 20.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association prize shoot. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
Sept. 23.—Long Island City, N. Y.—Queens County G. C. tournament. R. H. Gosman, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Fall shooting tournament. E. M. Smith, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Medford, Ore., tournament.
Sept. 27-28.—Bradford, Pa., G. C. tournament.
Sept. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Broken Bow, Neb., G. C. tournament. F. Miller, Sec'y, Berwyn.
Oct. 3-4.—Kansas City, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League tournament. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of Jefferson County G. C. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Hyannis, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. McCauley, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., G. C., shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 4-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill G. C. tournament. T. D. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Alliance, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. A. Shawrer, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C. tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., G. C. tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., G. C. shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Oct. 21.—Plainfield, N. J., G. C. merchandise shoot.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. Forest and Stream *goes to press on* Tuesday of each week.

The Secretary, A. A. Schoverling, writes us that the Palisade Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., has cancelled the date, Oct. 3, of their tournament recently announced.

At the shoot of the Newark, Del., Gun Club, Sept. 4, Mr. Edward Banks, who recently was champion of Delaware, was high average, with a total of 137 out of 145, an average of about 94.5 per cent.

Mr. H. P. Vosseller informs us that the Plainfield, N. J., Gun Club will hold a merchandise shoot on Oct. 21.

Mr. E. J. Loughlin, Utica, N. Y., writes us that "Owing to heavy rains causing flood conditions our Labor Day shoot was declared off."

At the shoot of the Phillipsburg, N. J., Gun Club, held on Labor Day, Mr. Edward F. Markley made a new ground record, breaking 97 out of 100, and making a run of 54 straight. Mr. N. . Clark was second with 94.

The Afro-American Trapshooters' League tournament, to be held Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 3-4, will have an attractive programme. The first day will be devoted to the Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Pleasant Hill, Mo., is the Secretary.

The No. Caldwell, N. J., Game Protective Association and Gun Club was organized recently. President, Ralph Bach; Vice-President, Fred Kusmall; Treasurer, R. Pfitzemnayer; Secretary, T. A. Quackenbush. The club is open for a team match with other clubs.

The Bradford, Pa., Gun Club announces a "green corn roast and clambake shoot" Sept. 27-28. An incident of this attraction is a programme of ten events at 15, 20 and 25 targets; $1.80, $2.40 and $3 entrance; $100 added. Jack Rabbit system. Ammunition shipped prepaid to T. F. Conneely will be delivered on the grounds free. Jos. Le Compte is the Secretary.

Capt. C. G. Blandford, of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, writes us that "The prize shoot of his club, Sept. 16, at 2 P. M., has for a prize the Weskora cup, value $25; two distances, Class B start at 14yds, go back 2yds. for each win. Class A start and remain at 20yds. Win three times to own; 25 targets, entrance 50 cents; two barrels allowed. Bedell prize, a rifle, 25 targets, added birds handicap; entrance, price of targets."

Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, the well-known and popular sportsman and amateur trap shot, who, a few years ago, won the Brooklyn Eagle sterling silver cup against all comers on two separate occasions, also defending it against J. S. S. Remsen, of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, and who is abroad, was recently heard from in Luzerne, Switzerland, where, lover of nature that he is, he was enjoying to the full the beautiful scenery for which that country is famous.

The programme of the Queens County Gun Club tournament, to be held Sept. 23, provides nine events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, a total of 175 targets, $10.25 entrance. To the amateur breaking highest number in programme a handsome silver cup; to the amateur breaking least, $2. Events 1 to 5 are sweepstakes, all scratch; Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Events 6 to 9, 25 targets each, are merchandise, sliding handicap, four prizes in each event, ranging in value from $2 to $8. Shooting will begin at 10:30. A special feature is the 100-target event for amateurs at 1:30 o'clock; all scratch, $5 entrance. Contestants in this event are requested to forward their entries to the Secretary, Richard H. Gosman, 134 Fourth street, or the President, John H. Hendrickson, 130 Twelfth street, Long Island City.

Each day of the Herron Hill Gun Club tournament, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 4 and 5, has a like programme, namely, ten events at 20 targets, $2 entrance. The entire profits of the shoot will be given to the amateurs who shoot through the programme and fail to win the amount of their entrance. The club will guarantee such shooters their money back. If there is any money left, it will be divided among the high guns, $5 to each as long as it lasts. Lunch will be served on the grounds each day. Everybody will shoot from 16yds. Targets will not be thrown over 50yds. Rose system, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Guns and ammunition prepaid, marked in owner's name, care of Sportsmen's Supply Co., 623 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, will be delivered free of charge. Mr. T. D. Bell is the Secretary.

The programme of the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club tournament is a work of artistic taste and skill. It is an excellent production, as was to be expected from the hand of Mr. Arthur Gambell, who had it in charge. The programme for each of the three days, Sept. 19, 20 and 21 is alike, ten events at 20 targets, $2 entrance, with an optional sweep of $1. Totals for each day, 200 targets, $21 entrance, $10 for optional sweeps. One dollar additional is charged to each contestant for the average money, and any balance of it will be added to the special purse to be divided among the amateurs. The entire profits of the shoot will be given to the amateurs who shoot through the programme. One cent from each target thrown will be set aside as a special purse, to be divided to the amount of their losses among the amateurs who shoot through the programme and do not win their entrance back. The club expects that this purse will amount to $800. The purses in the regular events will be divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Optional, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Less than thirty entries, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Average money each day will be divided, $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5 and $5 high guns. Average money for the three days will be divided $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5, high guns. The balance of the special purse, if there is any in excess of the amateur losses, will be given to the high guns of the three days, one money for each $10. Each day, $50 average money and $50 general average money. Dupont silver cup for high amateur general average. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. Sept. 18 will be practice day, commencing at 1 o'clock. Handicaps 16 to 20yds. Targets 2 cents. Only manufacturers' agents will be permitted to shoot for targets only. Dinner served each day in the club house by Mrs. Gambell. Address mail to Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O. Telegrams in care of G. W. Schuler, 626 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Telephone number is Park 167 R, and may be used for long distance. Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded, must positively be prepaid. They will be delivered at the grounds if sent to the following firms: Roll-Crawford-Brendamour Co., 28 East Fifth street; Peters Arms & Sporting Goods Co., 119 East Fifth street; The Powell & Clement Co., 410 Main St.

BERNARD WATERS.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 2.—The Montclair Gun Club held its opening shoot for the fall season to-day.

Event No. 1. was a team race between the Mountainside, of Orange, and the Montclair Club, the ninth match of the series of team races among the clubs of the North Jersey League, and resulted in a victory for Montclair, with a score of 102 to 93.

The first five men in order named belong to the Orange team, the second five to Montclair.

Events Nos. 2 and 6 were for silver prizes, among the winners being Allen, Leomans, Bush, Gardener, Cockefair, Whitehead, Newcomb and Winslow, Allen being the winner of the first prize for general high average.

The club shoot for a Daly gun on Sept. 9. The Morristown Club visit Montclair on Sept. 16. The scores for Sept. 2:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	10
Dr Gardener	19	8	8	8	10	8	..	..	..
Yeomans	22	6	8	10	9	8	..	..	10
Mosler	18	9	9	8	9	5	..	..	6
Baldwin	14	..	..	7	8	..	..	..	10
Dr Newcomb	20	9	9	4	..	..	..	..	10
Bush	22	7	9	10	9	10	20	20	..
Allen	21	10	10	9	9	9	..	15	..
Boxall	23	9	7	8	9	7	19	17	..
Cockefair	20	8	8	9	8	7	19	20	..
Crane	16	..	..	4	10	9	..	15	..
Winslow	..	5	7	7	10	6	..	..	..
Whitehead	..	9	9	9	8	7	..	..	..
McDonough	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	..

Event No. 6, handicap, missed birds in previous event added. Ties shot off in the succeeding event.

Sept. 9.—Event No. 1 was for practice. Events 2 and 3, 50 targets, for the Daly Gun (July event postponed) was won by Howard, with a score of 46. Event 4, for practice.

On next Saturday, Sept. 16, the Morristown Club will visit Montclair and shoot the eleventh match in the series of team races of the North Jersey League. Some five other events will be run off for over twenty silver prizes. A big crowd is expected in the afternoon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
G Boxall	16	19	23	20	E Winslow	19	15	21	..
C L Bush	22	19	25	20	G Howard	..	22	24	20
P H Cockefair	19	16	13	..					

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Dover Shooting Association.

DOVER, N. H., Sept. 4.—It rained to-day much more than we would have it. We waited and shot between times and took a little wetting. We had ladies who braved the elements to watch us shoot, and who stayed until the game was over, and saw the prizes distributed—mere minor ones, of course, but something for competition. Nat Wentworth showed the path, and his promising son Irving followed the leader. The scores are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Lombard	10	11	9	6	10	9	11	8
Corson	13	10	13	11	9	8	12	9
Blake	8	7	10	12	12	12	6	9
White	10	13	13	11	8	13	14	11
Durgin	11	14	6	14	11	11	13	12
Nat	12	14	12	13	14	15	14	13
Hallam	5	5	8	10	8	11	11	7
Irving	10	13	10	13	13	13	14	11
Stevens	10	10	10	6	9	13	10	13
Haley	7	6	8	10	9	13	11	9
McShane	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Agnew	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Richardson	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Wentworth	13	13	11	13	13	..	..	..

Marion Haley came down to visit us from away in that terrible country where Bertolph Jarvis and the rest of that heroic band of patriots made their famous journey in the Bear, overland and seaward, to rescue the sailors imprisoned at Point Barrow by arctic ice a few years ago. He came and left behind him his mine and his claims to visit his relatives and friends at the town of his birth, so we made up to give him a good time in his vacation.

We gave him a shoot—he was formerly an active member of our club—and he was delighted and enjoyed himself, and so did we—we that took part in the contest for the prizes that were offered. The scores:

Contest, 100 targets for $15, divided in parts:

The rest of the shooters did not shoot the full programme.

Beard	88	Lombard	78
Nat	86	Stevens	75
Irving	83	Haley	75
Mason	80	Lucas	48
Blake	78	Nash	57

D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y.

Rahway Gun Club.

RAHWAY, N. J., Sept. 4.—The weather was stormy and unpleasant for shooting. The main shoot of the club, fixed to be held to-day, was postponed to the 16th inst., the Bound Brook Gun Club very kindly cancelling their date to favor the Rahway club.

Some events were shot, and merchandise prizes were awarded the victors. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Geo Piercy	14	12	12	15	13	Browne	7	11	12	11	..
Dr Gardiner	11	9	13	12	..	Sealey	11	10	9	9	11
Yeomans	12	12	9	..	..	Way	9	8	8	9	9
Mosler	11	10	12	11	..	G Hearne	12	14	14	11	..
Dr Pardoe	15	11	13	12	..	Nicol	14	11	11	13	..
Hadkins	14	11	14	13	13	Rochetti	..	12	14	14	11
W Slater	8	10	11	10	9	Gaskill	..	14	12	13	12
Lovett	12	10	9	13	11	Disbrow	..	12	7	..	..
Molitor	9	6	9	7	7	Gibson	..	13	11	..	..
Akers	8	7	6	..	..	Anderson	..	5	..	..	..
F S Slater	6	6	7	7	11	Ellis	..	..	11	12	15
Burlington	8	11	6	8	8	Mays	..	..	..	5	..
Woodward	13	12	12	..	..	Thompson	..	..	..	10	..
Crow	14	11	10	..	..	Dunn	..	..	..	10	12
Mahnken	8	9	6	..	..						

Fifteen targets in each event:

Amakassin Heights Gun Club.

YONKERS, N. Y.—The Amakassin Heights Gun Club held a holiday shoot on the afternoon of Sept. 4. There were five events on the programme, four at 15 and one at 25 targets. The 15-target events were for merchandise. The 25-target event was for the club cup, which is shot for monthly until won by a member three times, when it becomes his.

The attendance of members was fair when we consider that it did not cease raining until the time set for the tournament to start.

All of the events on the programme were handicaps. Prizes were won by Bruce, Johnson, Carey, Mallinson and Phillips. The scores, which follow, are the net scores, no handicaps included:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Siebert	60	48	80	Humphrey	85	21	25
Johnson	85	60	71	Phillips	85	74	87
Pye	85	59	70	Gaul	60	48	80
Carey	85	56	66	O'Neil	85	56	66
Hasbrouck	85	68	78	Curry	60	48	80
Torpey	85	48	57	Bruce	85	52	61
Mallinson	85	70	82				

H. W. MALLINSON, Sec'y.

Riverside Gun Club.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Sept. 9.—The following shows the result of a local tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, held Thursday, the 7th inst.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		
Ebblie	7	9	9	8	10	9	9	70	61
Gokey	6	3	5	6	5	6	3	70	34
Guilds	9	8	10	10	8	7	8	70	60
Hennessey	8	9	8	5	5	5	4	70	44
Hill	7	8	9	7	9	8	6	70	54
Hunter	8	8	5	8	8	8	8	70	53
Moriarity	10	6	7	9	8	10	9	70	59
Nettles	7	7	4	5	3	5	4	70	35
Stowell	5	8	10	8	8	6	9	70	54
Norris	7	8	7	7	7	9	7	70	52

E. H. STOWELL, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 4.—Bell won high average, score 191 out of 200. Scott won low average. Longest run, Bell, 104.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Moller	14	18	16	16	18	17	17	17	17	17	200	167
Michaelis	19	19	19	18	19	19	18	18	19	19	200	187
Spencer	18	16	17	17	19	..	..	..	..	..	100	80
Deitrich	17	16	17	18	17	16	19	17	15	17	200	169
Moore	14	19	19	16	17	17	19	19	19	16	200	175
Malone	19	17	11	14	13	13	17	17	15	14	200	150
Williamson	18	18	17	17	17	17	18	18	16	20	200	176
Johnson	16	19	16	16	17	17	16	14	15	16	200	162
Bell	19	19	20	15	16	20	18	18	17	20	200	182
Hunter	19	19	18	17	18	20	19	20	19	20	200	189
Davis	15	14	13	15	..	13	..	..	..	..	100	70
Wands	..	..	16	11	..	17	17	16	18	16	140	111
Finley	..	..	..	..	..	17	20	20	17	19	100	93

Practice:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Moller	16	15	16	12	12	20	15	19	19	..	..	..	180	144
Finley	19	17	16	19	19	19	18	..	..	..	..	..	140	127
Bell	18	17	18	20	20	20	20	..	..	..	..	..	140	133
Armstrong	16	18	15	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	80
Hunter	19	19	19	20	19	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	120	115
Buck	17	17	16	15	17	18	18	17	14	..	..	..	180	150
Scott	11	9	18	12	14	14	5	4	18	17	19	16	240	155
Michaelis	17	18	20	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	74
Dietrich	17	19	20	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	63
Davis	18	14	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	62
Spencer	14	19	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	52
D C Morris	18	18	17	16	19	19	16	19	13	18	..	..	200	173
Morgan	17	20	18	13	15	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	140	100
Vincent	12	19	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	42
Malone	18	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	32
Williamson	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16
Johnson	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19
Tack	17	19	19	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	90
Long	13	11	15	14	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	127	77
Steel	16	15	14	18	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	78
Rhoads	15	14	14	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	71
Wands	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	17
Dinger	19	17	14	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	84
Nash	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	13
Williams	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	23
Brown	9	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	33
Beck	12	14	13	8	14	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	140	84
Dr Craig	15	16	17	20	16	17	19	..	..	..	..	..	160	120
Trout	16	20	19	20	18	16	18	13	..	..	..	..	160	140
M Morris	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15
Short	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	22
Chas Craig	12	15	12	12	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	140	92
Walters	12	14	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	57
Southcren	16	13	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	62
Douglass	2	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	21
Stuckmeyer	0	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	3
Douhosty	7	17	8	5	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	120	45
Harwell	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8
G George	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9

Sept. 9.—Hunter won the Peters badge. Abe Martin won the Dupont cup by breaking 117 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Hunter	25	23	24	24	24	20	..	..
Moore	22	22	21	20	22	22	22	..
Dixon	13	16	18	16	20	18	10	..
Parry	18	21	24	22	21	23	..	..
Finley	21	23	23	20	24	23	16	19
Abe Martin	23	25	25	25	25	..	..	..
Hice	19	19	21	..	..	..	..	..
Neilson	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Armstrong	20	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moller	22	22	23	23	20	22	23	..
Johnson	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tripp	16	18	23	21	..	..	..	..

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

K. and K. Tournament.

AUBURN, N. Y., Sept. 4.—Our Labor Day tournament was a pleasant affair, with twenty-five shooters present. The trade was represented by Messrs. Geo. Ginn, J. G. Heath and Jack Hull.

In event 7, merchandise, Mr. Lamphere, of Weedsport; Mr. Carpenter, of Syracuse, and J. N. Knapp, of Auburn, divided on a $25 Smith gun. C. J. Dalley, of Baldwinsville, won second, a handsome Hunter Arms Co. badge. James Montgomery, of Syracuse, third, a rug, and A. E. Conley, of Cohocton, a sweater. R. G. Wheeler, of Jamesville, won first average. J. N. Knapp won second average. C. J. Dalley won third average.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	20
Wheeler	14	13	18	15	13	19	14	18	15	19
Dalley	13	12	18	14	13	17	14	19	14	20
Kennedy	11	12	16	10	13	15	13	16	11	18
Mann	13	15	16	13	11	14	12	17	14	19
Hookway	11	12	15	12	14	19	11	17	14	17
Lewis	15	14	16	12	10	15	14	17	13	16
Hobbie	14	14	18	13	13	19	12	16	14	17
Curtis	13	14	17	10	13	16	14	17	13	19
Chapman	14	14	19	11	11	18	13	15	13	17
De Groff	14	12	17	12	9	15	13	16	13	19
Wadsworth	13	10	13	11	10	15	11	..	..	..
Conners	13	13	17	15	11	16	13	15	10	15
Knapp	14	15	17	14	14	16	15	19	15	16
Stilwell	13	15	18	13	14	18	14	18	9	14
Montgomery	..	..	19	13	13	18	13	18	12	15
Carpenter	..	..	18	13	13	18	15	18	14	20
Van Patten	..	..	14	14	14	16	14	16	8	15
Knox	..	..	10	15	10	17	13	14	9	18
Conley	..	..	16	12	14	17	10	17	..	..
Helmer	..	..	16	12	12	17	12	..	11	..
Lamphere	..	..	18	13	13	14	15	..	13	..
Brown	..	..	11	14	12	18	11	17	13	14
Frantz	..	..	15	7	12	..	..	..	..	..
Loomis	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	13	17
Hull	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	11	16

KNOX & KNAPP, Mgrs.

Pleasure Gun Club.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Sept. 8.—Rain in the morning prevented many shooters from attending our shoot on Labor Day. Several members from the North River, Fairview, and Westwood gun clubs faced the early morning storm and were on hand for the first event.

The rain ceasing and weather clearing in the afternoon, made the shooting much more pleasant.

Programme consisted of twelve events, events 13 and 14 being extras. Events 6 to 12 were at 10 pairs each.

First amateur high average went to James Morrison, of the North River Gun Club. Second to Dr. Carl Richter, of same club.

The Banta trophy for members of home club shooting at 100 or more birds, was won by Frank Westervelt.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	20	25		
Eichoff	12	11	13	13	10	7	11	10	13	8	8	8	11	8	245	143
Richter	10	10	14	12	8	17	8	9	16	14	13	17	12	..	220	160
Morrison	9	9	17	11	13	16	14	14	14	13	12	16	18	20	245	196
Merrill	7	9	11	5	6	8	12	10	11	9	9	10	8	10	245	125
Gladwin	12	12	13	10	11	5	9	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	155	96
C Sedore	11	9	12	10	11	7	10	6	12	12	6	7	11	..	220	124
C H Sedore	8	6	10	11	12	7	7	12	13	9	9	7	9	21	245	141
F Westervelt	14	13	11	8	11	10	12	11	13	10	10	10	14	12	245	165
Miloy	11	9	13	11	10	10	11	11	13	14	12	11	..	16	225	152
C Westervelt	8	9	14	12	11	12	8	12	14	9	13	9	..	..	200	131
Van Buskirk	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	14	14	14	13	13	17	12	165	119
Parts	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	9	..	11	..	..	..	..	60	34
Raynor	..	4	..	..	..	..	5	8	8	9	7	5	14	17	160	77
Townsend	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	14	8	8	5	..	..	100	47
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	0	15	12	11	..	..	..	65	50
Van Houten	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	4	..	..	16	55	24
J Westervelt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	20	12
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	30	14
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	23	65	55

C. J. WESTERVELT, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

Dayton Gun Club Tournament.

THE annual autumn tournament of the club was held on Sept. 4 and 5. The attendance was not quite what had been expected.

The club has put in three new trap-pits, getting a clear sky background. They have also erected a large shooting shed close to the firing line at No. 2 set of traps, which contained ample room for the office force and shooters. Mr. Theobald was cashier. Walter Shear and Wm. Madigan, assistants, rendered good service as compilers of scores and in keeping the money figured up in each event.

The referees were R. Hendrickson and C. Baker. Scorers: Geo. Birk and Geo. Wells.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Taylor, Reid, Heer and Vietmeyer.

A nice hot dinner was served in the Sharpshooters' club house each day.

The programme consisted of ten 20-target events each day; $2 entrance in each; money divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. The club added $100, which was divided among the five high guns shooting through both days, $30, $25, $20, $15 and $10. All ties divided.

On the first day twenty-eight shooters faced the traps, twenty-three shooting through. L. H. Reid, of New Paris, broke 97 out of his first 100, and 95 out of his second, finishing high with 192. Heer was second with 190. He broke 97 out of his last 100. Lindemuth was high amateur with 189, missing only 6 in his first 100. Partington and Watkins tied for second high amateur on 187.

The day was cool. The bright light of the sun was obscured by clouds. There was little wind. The scores:

Sept. 4, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
L H Reid	19	20	20	20	18	19	20	17	19	20	200	192
W Heer	19	18	19	18	19	18	20	19	20	20	200	190
Lindemuth	17	19	19	19	20	20	19	19	18	19	200	189
Partington	19	19	19	18	19	20	19	17	17	20	200	187
W Watkins	18	20	19	19	19	19	17	17	20	19	200	187
Z Craig	19	18	18	18	20	17	20	16	20	17	200	183
Cain	18	17	14	19	18	19	19	19	19	20	200	182
Parry	19	18	18	19	17	20	18	19	18	18	200	181
A W Kirby	19	17	17	15	19	18	19	19	19	19	200	181
Bowen	19	18	14	17	16	20	20	20	18	17	200	179
Cord	18	16	13	17	15	19	19	19	18	18	200	179
Johnson	18	18	15	19	17	18	20	17	17	19	200	178
Clark	16	16	17	17	18	17	20	19	19	18	200	177
Smoke	16	16	17	19	19	19	15	17	17	18	200	173
Vietmeyer	15	18	17	18	18	19	15	19	16	17	200	172
O T Lewis	15	17	19	16	16	19	16	19	18	15	200	170
Carr	19	19	15	16	14	18	18	18	19	14	200	170
Ike	16	16	18	16	18	19	16	17	17	16	200	169
Dial	16	16	17	17	18	18	17	17	16	15	200	167
Wertz	17	16	19	16	17	18	14	14	17	15	200	166
Anderson	14	16	16	16	18	19	18	17	15	16	200	165
La Rue	18	16	16	15	16	15	15	18	15	16	200	160
McConnell	16	14	15	17	16	16	17	12	17	10	200	150
C T Henderson	15	16	17	13	16	18	18	16	14	..	180	133
Poole	15	19	15	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	100	84
Neff	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	13	16	80	52
Wooden	8	10	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	48
Short	13	18	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	46

Sept. 5, Second Day.

The weather on the second day was similar to that of the day before. The attendance was not so good, nineteen men taking part and seventeen shooting through. Heer shot a splendid gait all day, breaking 95 out of his first 100 and 99 out of his second, finishing high with 194. Bowen, an amateur, was second with 190, missing only 4 in his first 100. L. H. Reid was third with 189. Clark and Kirby next with 186 and 185 respectively.

Heer was high man for the two days with 384. Reid second with 381. Lindemuth third with 372.

The programme was finished soon after 1 o'clock, and most of the shooters left. Some of the ladies present then took a hand in the game, and made things lively for a while, but no scores were given out. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Heer	18	20	20	20	17	20	20	20	19	20	200	194
Bowen	20	20	18	19	19	20	19	19	17	19	200	190
L H Reid	20	19	17	20	19	20	19	19	20	16	200	189
Clark	18	17	20	18	20	19	20	18	17	19	200	186
Kirby	19	18	17	19	19	19	19	19	19	17	200	185
Lindemuth	19	20	19	17	18	18	18	18	16	20	200	183
Vietmeyer	15	20	18	16	20	19	19	19	18	17	200	181
Craig	19	18	17	18	19	19	18	19	17	17	200	181
Cain	18	20	19	18	19	19	15	20	15	17	200	180
Smoke	19	18	18	19	18	18	15	18	20	17	200	180
Parry	16	18	18	18	17	20	18	17	18	18	200	178
Partington	20	18	16	17	16	18	17	19	19	18	200	178
Watkins	18	19	17	19	16	18	18	19	18	16	200	178
Ike	19	17	18	17	17	18	18	19	18	16	200	177
Cord	17	16	19	19	17	17	16	18	16	16	200	171
Carr	17	14	17	15	14	17	16	16	17	17	200	160
La Rue	17	18	13	13	9	17	19	17	15	15	200	153
McConnell	..	16	18	19	16	14	14	19	17	17	180	150
Curphey	..	16	15	14	19	16	13	18	10	14	180	135

General averages:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.		First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
*Heer	190	194	384	Cain	182	180	362
*Reid	192	189	381	Parry	181	178	359
Lindemuth	189	183	372	Vietmeyer	172	181	353
Bowen	179	190	369	Smoke	173	180	353
Kirby	181	185	366	Cord	179	171	350
Watkins	187	178	365	Ike	169	177	346
Partington	187	178	365	Carr	170	160	330
Craig	183	181	364	La Rue	160	153	313
Clark	177	186	363				

*Targets only.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

An enjoyable special shoot was held on Labor Day. Many of the members were out of the city. The programme was therefore cut in half, only 100 targets being thrown instead of 200, as intended. This left half the prizes still on hand, and they will be shot for at some of the regular club shoots soon. Five merchandise prizes were given in each event, and $2.50 in gold to each of the five high and five low guns. Sixteen shooters took part. The day was cold and cloudy, with a strong wind, which made the shooting difficult. Miss F. Altherr's work was one of the features of the afternoon, and she was congratulated on her good score of 81.

Ties in all the events were shot off at 10 targets at the close of the shoot, the winners then drawing envelopes in order, each envelope containing the name of the prize. In the fifth event there were seven ties for third prize on 17. All but Gambell and Williams dropped out in the first shoot-off, and these two continued to bang away until in the fifth attempt Williams broke straight and Gambell broke 7 and lost. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20		
Trimble, 18	19	19	18	18	19	100	93
Pohlar, 16-18	19	17	19	19	17	100	91
Barker, 18	16	18	19	17	18	100	88
Ahlers, 18	18	18	18	16	17	100	87
Gambell, 18	18	18	15	17	17	100	85
Roll, 16	18	18	16	17	16	100	85
Dick, 16	14	18	14	18	18	100	82
Randall, 16	12	18	17	17	18	100	82
F Altherr, 16	16	17	14	17	17	100	81
Maynard, 18-16	16	13	15	19	17	100	80
Captain, 16	17	18	16	17	11	100	79
Lytle, 16	16	15	15	9	17	100	72
Williams, 16	14	15	13	14	17	100	73
*Harig, 18	..	19	14	19	20	80	72
Mike, 16	10	18	9	16	18	100	71
Smith, 16	12	17	12	10	15	100	66

Sept. 9 had good conditions for shooting, and the scores show it. A number of the regulars are still away. In the 100-target race Gambell did fine work, breaking 97. Pohlar broke 92. Barker and Gambell shot at 100 targets, Gambell won. In the practice shooting, Ahlers broke 105 out of 115, and Gambell 93 out of 100. The prizes, which were left from the Labor Day shoot, will be shot for on Thanksgiving Day. Among the visitors to-day were Messrs. Nelson, of Memphis, Tenn., and B. and W. Grunewald, of New Orleans. Mr. Nelson is an old hand at the game, though a little out of practice now, while the others are new at the sport.

Five 20-target events:

Gambell	97	Maynard	64
Pohlar	92	Nelson	39
Ahlers	88	Pickles	28
Dreihs	85	Lytle	25
Roll	84	Barker	20
Pfeiffer	75	Miles	16
Steinman	72	McB.	13
Bonser	68		

Match, 100 targets:

Gambell ..... 20 18 20 19 20—97 Pohlar ..... 17 17 18 19 20—92

Match, 100 targets:

Gambell ..... 19 18 17 17 20—91 Barker ..... 18 18 19 17 18—90

Ohio Notes.

At the Dayton, O., Gun Club's grounds, Sept. 1, eight 20-target events were shot, Buck being high gun with 144; Dickey second with 119. Ike shot at 140 and broke 110. Cord went straight in two events, missing only 2 targets out of his 80 and finishing with 95 out of 100. Lindemuth also made a straight and broke 39 out of 40. La Rue shot in one event and broke 19. Shooting at 15 pairs Dickey broke 23.

The New London, O., Gun Club was organized four years ago and good will and harmony have prevailed among its members throughout its history. During the four years of its existence the club has held a weekly shoot without interruption. The club has also done much in organizing clubs in the vicinity, and lends encouragement by personal visits of five men to take part in the club and tournament shoots. Mayor Ralph J. Smith, of New London, was high amateur with 132. D. D. Gross was high professional with 136.

At the last regular shoot of the Indianola Gun Club, Columbus, O., the weather was very disagreeable. The interest in the club gold medal is increasing, as there are only three more shoots, and the winner becomes the owner of it. J. H. Smith and Duncan tied on 22, the latter winning the shoot-off. In the prize event H. E. Smith took first prize. The contest for the Wolfe trophy, between H. E. and J. H. Smith, was won by the latter. H. E. Smith has been "going some" all the season. High man for the day was J. H. Smith with 140 out of 180. The Indianola Gun Club will hold its next shoot on Sept. 16.

The Cleveland Gun Club held a shoot on Labor Day. Thirty shooters took part and twenty-six shot the entire programme of 150 targets. The trade was represented by Messrs. Gross and Le Compte. Neither of them were in their usual form, the latter breaking 132 and the former 121. The high gun winners were Pocock, first, 135; Doolittle, second, 134; Burns, third, 130; Hart, fourth, and Bailey fifth, with 129 each.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, held their regular medal shoot on Sept. 6. The day was perfect. Cain won the medal with 24 out of 27.

The Forest, O., Gun Club was organized this year and has about twenty members. On Sept. 14 and 15 they will hold their first annual tournament.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the third series.

In the club trophy shoot, W. Einfeldt won Class A trophy on 24; Al. Smedes and George tied for Class B on 22; Wilson won Class C on 14.

In the Dupont cup shoot, Dr. Meek won Class A on 19 out of 20; George won Class B on 19 out of 20; Wilson won Class C on 18 out of 20.

In the Hunter Arms Co. event, 10 singles and 5 pairs, W. Einfeldt won Class A on 19; George won Class B on 16. No Class C men in contest.

The day was a fine one for target shooting, barring a slight head wind which blew the powder residue back into the face, and a peculiar hazy atmosphere, which made the light uncertain, but was pleasantly cool and there was practically no wind. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	20	20	10	10	10
Morrell	21	14	17	10	..	8
Thomas	22	13	16	5	8	8
Dr Meek	21	13	19	6	8	8
Wilson	15	..	8	..	4	5
George	22	16	19	7	9	8
McDonald	23	18	16	9	7	10
Stone	17	14	13	3	7	8
T L Smedes	19	15	18	7	8	9

No. 1 was the trophy event. No. 3 was the Dupont cup.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	20	20	10	10	10
A Smedes	22	14	15	8	9	10
Keck	21	16	17	..	..	10
Ford	19	..	15	..	..	7
Frauenholz	24	..	19	..	..	..
Ayers	14	..	16	..	..	..
W Einfeldt	24	19	18	10	..	..
J Wolff	16	15	17	..	..	..
F Wolff	7	16	17	..	..	..

No. 2 was the Hunter trophy.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

The Janesville, Wis., Gun Club will conduct a series of shoots for the powder company trophy. The contests will consist of 50 targets with a handicap of from 14 to 20yds.

The Essna Park, Ill., Gun Club held their initial shoot last Tuesday. The charter members are: A. P. Smith, C. C. Amsler, Barney Boers, D. E. Meyer, W. C. Fleming, C. Steiner, Carl Engelbrecht, F. G. Wenger, John F. Steiner, W. H. Heist, George W. Baier, Chris. D. Baier, E. L. Wiese, Calvin Bobb, John F. Schmitz, J. Gieger, Wm. Bevans and John Rienicke. A big shoot, to which all were invited, was held Sept. 1.

Wednesday, at the Limited Gun Club shoot, Indianapolis, Ind., Henry Lewis, Martinsville, Ind., made high score.

The officers of the St. Cloud, Minn., Gun Club are live and able men for the place, making special efforts to bring the shooters to the grounds. They are not satisfied with an attendance of less than twenty members.

At the late shoot of the Helena Gun Club, Tecumseh, Neb., Ed. Varner, of Sterling, was high with 96 out of 100.

In giving notice of the coming shoot, an enthusiastic secretary states: "That it takes a pretty mean man to be disagreeable when he has a stomach full of hot dinner. This will be furnished on the grounds at a reasonable price." If the shooters could realize what a big dinner does to their scores, they would cut it out. A cup of tea and a small piece of bread is the best.

The Nee-Pe-Nauk Shooting Club, Portage, Wis., has been chartered, the incorporators being Byron C. Meacher, C. H. Smith and F. O. Grand.

A new club hails from St. Paul, Minn. It will have the name of Yellow Hammer Gun Club of Dayton Bluff. The first shoot will be held Sunday morning. Ole Johnson was elected President.

S. Golli, President of the North Shore Gun Club, was in Kirkland, Ill., last week looking for a reserve for fishing and hunting. The club has a membership of 150 and wishes to erect a club house.

No tournament has been held by the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club this year, but the members are warming up over the contests for the trophy that is now up for competition.

W. F. Hurst was the winner of the West Duluth Rod and Gun Club trophy, M. J. Filatrout won second prize.

Last Friday the Greensburg, Pa., Gun Club held a picnic in the woods near the city. A royal good time was reported.

The Duluth, Minn., trapshooters carried away the prize money at the Grand Rapids shoot on last Friday. T. J. Stoney was high with 272 out of 320, and J. W. Nelson was close with 270. Nelson never fell out of the money. Jackson finished fourth, and Loud and Berry were sixth and seventh.

The fourth annual tournament of the Warren, Minn., Gun Club was held Wednesday. More than a dozen shooters took part in a varied programme. W. O. Braggans proved the best of the band with 120 out of 140, making 21 straight in a miss-and-out. Harry Bernard came second with 119.

Reports come that the St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club held the last regular shoot of the season last Saturday. The season's summary gives Pleiss the gold button in Class A. He won three firsts; Holt and Novotney, two. Schulstad won Class B gold medal, and Bentz Class C. Murry and Novotney tied in the 100-target event on 83, Wood 81, Holt 77, Schebach 71, Arthur 64, Bowlin 59.

It is said the Jackson, Tenn., Gun Club made a journey to Martin, Tenn., and though they expected to get beat, they were delighted with the small margin. The feature of the day was the shooting of Murray Baker, a boy so small he could hardly hold out a gun. He made the phenomenal score of 47 out of 50. For Martin, the others were Phipp 46, W. G. Baker 45, Scotes 45, Pittyjohn 43, Bushart 41, Smalley 40; total, 307. For Jackson, Murdock 44, McCorry 44, Caldwell 43, Graham 41, Moore 37, Glasgow 36, McKinnie 36; total, 281. Jackson men are anxious for another match.

The Towner, N. D., Gun Club has offered a reward for the arrest of such persons as they term "game hogs."

The results of the first tournament of the Cambria, Wis., Gun Club were: W. D. Stannard first professional, then in the amateur class Schultze, of Tomah, and Halverson, of Rio, were tied on the first 100; but in the final wind up J. Rump, of Portage, was first with the above-mentioned second and third.

Prospects for good shooting at the Georgetown Flats, Montana, were reported fine, as many ducks were hatched there. Many boats were sent there, and by this writing the ducks are being disturbed.

At the tournament held at London Mills, Ill., the report states that the attendance was limited, no doubt owing to not being mentioned in the sporting press.

The Titusville, Pa., Gun Club held a good shoot Saturday, Robertson winning the walk-up match. Dr. Hugh Jameson made 7 out of 10. There were several beginners who took part, and the management was much encouraged.

The Faribault and Owatonna, Minn., gun clubs held a shoot last Tuesday, in which some thirty shooters took part. Joseph Fredette made high, 85 out of 100.

Mr. Fred Evans has donated to the La Mars, Iowa, Gun Club a beautiful silver cup. It will likely be awarded to the member making the highest score for the season. It will be put up each succeeding year for competition.

On Sept. 23, the shooters meet at Media, Pa., to compete for a repeating shotgun.

The members of the Richland, Pa., Rod and Gun Club spent a week at Fricks' Mills, where they caught suckers, catfish, carp and eels, cooking and eating same. They report a good time.

There is a movement on foot to organize a gun club at Parrall, Mexico. Several enthusiasts there think trapshooting would be the right sport.

The Muscatine, Iowa, trapshots have purchased new traps and taken up regular practice.

At the Belleville, Ill., tournament, held last Sunday, there were fifty shooters present. Gus. Joffray was the manager, and he carried it to a success. William Thompson was winner of first prize.

The Akron, O., Gun Club held a shoot Wednesday, in which C. J. Schlitz, of New Berlin, was high. He won a badge and a rifle. Joy came next with 85. The attendance was large.

The Salt Lake, Utah, Gun Club has been presented with a fine silver cup by one of the prominent cartridge companies.

The Scranton, Pa., Gun Club invite all who can shoot or who think they can shoot to join them in practice at the trap.

The Twin City Gun Club, of Peoria, Ill., will hold a two days' tournament during the latter part of September. Trapshooting is taking on new life both in Peoria and in Pekin, and being the most centrally located of any in the State, it should be a big shoot.

Announcement is made by the Monmouth, Ill., Gun Club that weekly practice matches will be held, and a few hundreds of targets will be broken on each occasion.

The Yellowstone Gun Club, Omaha, Neb., held an outing at Bennington last week. There were team races and plenty of amusement. All report having spent a very enjoyable day.

The Marietta, O., Gun Club are quite elated over winning almost everything in sight at the meeting of the Ohio Valley Association. With the purses in their pockets, they also brought back the cup. The members of the victorious team were Messrs. Speary, Decker, Nelson, Beebe, and Slitcher. The scores for the cup were: Speary 25, Decker 24, Nelson 22, Beebe 22, Schliehter 20. Parkersburg and St. Marys tied for second with 100. The day was ideal, and conditions were all favorable. The next shoot will be held in Marietta.

The Greensburg, Pa., Gun Club held a picnic in the woods near town on last Friday.

L. Holverson, of Rio, Wis., is getting to be a regular attendant at tournaments. He made a record of 182 out of 200 at Grand Rapids; besides he attended the Jonesville and other tournaments.

Members of the Tule Hunting and Gun Club, Marysville, Cal., are enthusiastic, and will soon erect a club house costing $5,000, and when completed and furnished will be second to none in the West. The building will consist of social hall, dining room, gun room, toilet, and kitchen on the first floor, and bed rooms on the second. There is fishing as well as hunting on the grounds, and the ladies will arrange fishing parties during the season. Also there will be picnics, and all forms of amusements will be theirs to enjoy.

Programme for the first annual tournament of the Forest Gun Club, Upper Sandusky, O., to be held Sept. 14 and 15, announces eleven events.

The Phœnix Gun Club, El Paso, Tex., is getting ready for a big trapshooting event. It will be the annual tournament of the Arizona Club Association.

The Sleepy Eye, Minn., Gun Club visited Springfield last week and in a friendly team race were beaten 17 targets.

The Merrill, Wis., Gun Club held an enjoyable meeting last Sunday. An auto party came up from Wausau, viz.: P. Miller, Jesse Sipes and Sam Schneider.

There was a meeting Saturday at the grounds of the Chicago Heights Club. The weather was bad, and the attendance limited. Another shoot will be held in September, at which time a gold medal will be offered.

R. E. Shearer states that the Carlisle, Pa., Gun Club will hold several big shoots this fall. Many of the local sportsmen will participate.

The officers of the South Tacoma, Wash., Gun Club, are: John Cooper, President; O. W. Cooper, Vice-President; G. W. Turnbull, Secretary; Committee on Arrangements, Roy Rowe, B. B. Lipscombe, L. S. Dahl, and E. B. Lanning.

H. Drews, of Lake Mills, Wis., won the Jefferson county trophy at the last tournament of the Watertown Gun Club with 24 out of 25. This being his third win, he is now the permanent owner.

At the last shoot of the Forney, Tex., Gun Club there was $100 raised and given as added money.

All Western shooters should keep their eyes on Dr. Cook's shoot at New London, Ia., Oct. 3, 4 and 5. Five hundred dollars in gold added.

After a lapse of many moons, the report comes to us that the Sioux Falls, S. D., Gun Club have started practice events.

At Lead City, S. D., the gun club keeps up regular weekly shoots. The invitation is always open to all who love the game to take part.

During the September days there will be no trapshooting in the great States of Minnesota, North and South Dakota. The prairie hen and the wild duck will be too inviting.

The Red Oak, Ia., Gun Club is now holding a spirited contest for the powder trophy. Alf Hodgson won the first, Chas. Myers second, and W. H. Evans third.

Members of the Miama Rod and Gun Club, of Fort Wayne, Ind., spent last week at Lake James, viz.: Messrs. Henry Sohnow, Wilber Tyler, George W. Bender, Eugene Conrad, Wm. R. Madington.

The Muskogee, Ind. Ter., Gun Club will soon be reorganized. The challenge from the Tulso Gun Club for the inter-county badge will be accepted. At the weekly shoot, held at Hyde Park, Chas. Mercer, A. A. Finney, J. W. Marshall and others showed good form. Weekly shoots will be arranged, offering a trophy for the best average.

The Williams Gun Club, Phœnix, Ariz., promises to be in the running at the Phœnix tournament to be held this fall.

Nathan Benner was high gun at the shoot given by the Mahanoy, Pa., Gun Club last Thursday. He scored 178 out of 200.

The shoot at Little Rock, Ark., has been postponed from Aug. 30 to Sept. 15, which will give the shooters at Pine Bluff, Stuttgart, Hot Springs, Newport, Aradelphia, Camden, and Augusta more time to prepare. A new trophy has been donated, which will go to the amateur making highest score.

The M. S. Prison Gun Club, Fort Leavenworth, Kan., held an interesting shoot Sunday. M. Macy is now making 85 per cent. Louis Young doing well. O. N. Ford made 50 straight. Ford will be heard from at the Missouri State League.

Trapshooting has opened up at Ogden, Ill. The first of a series of twelve was won Thursday by McKinley. Score, 22 out of 25.

Witz is now in the lead for the Fleming medal, given to the Fort Wayne, Ind., Revolver, Rod and Gun Club. Mr. Rundell is to be reckoned with, though, as he is but 4 behind, Witz, Rundell, Keller, Witte and Jones are handicapped at 22yds.

Sept. 25 is the date set for the challenge shoot between Marshalltown and Grinnell, Ia., gun clubs for the hunting and fishing trophy.

N. C. G. P. A. and G. C.

NO. CALDWELL, N. J., Sept. 6.—I beg to advise you that a gun club has been organized at North Caldwell under the name of the North Caldwell Game Protective Association and Gun Club, with the following officers: Mr. Ralph Bach, President; Mr. Fred Kussmall, Vice-President; Mr. B. Pfitzemnayer, Treasurer, and Mr. T. A. Quackenbush, Secretary.

The club ran off a very successful shoot on Labor Day, and is anxious to meet other gun clubs in a shooting tournament. We are open for engagements.

T. A. QUACKENBUSH, Sec'y.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 6.—The Analostan Gun Club held a very successful shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 4. The Labor Day shoots of this club are always very attractive to the members, and have become famous. The programme on this occasion was particularly attractive, and drew a large crowd of spectators and shooters. The programme was commenced with two sweepstake events of 15 birds each, $1.30 entrance, and were followed by the regular events, open to the members only. The first prize event was for an Ithaca 60-grade shotgun, which was won by Dr. W. C. Barr, who scored 44 out of 50 targets. In this connection, it is proper to state for the information of your readers that all the prize events were shot under the distance handicap system. All the Class A men were started at the 18yd. mark; the Class B men at 16yds., and the Class C men at 14yds. The events were shot in strings of 10 birds each, and a shooter moved back to his limit whenever he made a straight, which was 20yds. for Class A men, 18yds. for the Class B men, and 16yds. for the Class C shooters.

The second event was at 30 birds for a Marlin 16-gauge shotgun, and was won by Mr. Brown on a score of 27 out of 30.

The last event was a merchandise affair at 50 birds. Dr. Barr also won first in this event, scoring 46 birds, and also won the high average for the day, for which he was awarded the championship cup presented by Mr. Ralph Nutting.

Mr. Joseph Hunter and F. N. Bauskett tied for second high average—the handsome gold medal presented to the club by the Hunter Arms Co.

In the merchandise event at 50 birds, every member received a prize, there being over $100 to distribute among the shooters, which were allotted to the high guns. Following are the scores:

Class A.										
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Barr	24	21	21	24	14	18	18	22	23	w
Brown	22	23	16	18	15	24	22	18	19	19
Bauskett	..	19	22	..	..	18	..	22	24	19
M Taylor	20	22	23	19	w	19	16	20	18	21
B Wilson	..	..	..	..	20	..	23	19	20	20
Coleman	23	20	..	..	..	..	22	..	22	..
Wilhite	17	19	21	19	20	21	20	19	17	..
Wagner	20	16	..	..	..	20	21	..	..	..
Jos. Hunter	17	19	16	20	..	..	21	21	15	20
Peyton	19	..	19	..	..	21	..	..	..	..
Orrison	8	19	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	..
Class B.										
Dr Taylor	17	19	16	18	..	..	..	18	16	8
Ficklin	..	..	..	..	21	..	20	21	19	..
Nalley	..	14	..	..	..	22	20	18	15	7
McKelden	..	..	..	..	..	21	20	19	18	..
Wolfe	14	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C S Wilson	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
Green	14	16	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Class C.										
Pushaw	15	11	12	10	8	..	3	7	5	..
McClenahan	..	10	10	..	15	15	19	17	19	13

Fifteen-bird sweepstake: Barr 15, Jos. Hunter 14, Brown 13, M. Taylor 13, F. Bauskett 12, Wilhite 12, Wm. Hunter 10, Ficklin 8, Coleman 7, and J. Bauskett 4.

Fifteen-bird sweepstake: Barr 13, Jos. Hunter 14, W. Hunter 14, M. Taylor 13, Coleman 13, F. Bauskett 12, Brown 13, Wilhite 12, Ficklin 11.

Events:	1	2	3	Shot	
Targets:	50	30	50	at.	Broke.
Barr	44	23	46	130	113
Jos. H. Hunter	41	25	44	130	110
F N Bauskett	41	26	43	130	110
Brown	39	27	41	130	107
Coleman	35	25	39	130	99
Hogan	33	23	38	130	94
Wm. H Hunter	37	19	36	130	92
Ficklin	36	15	39	130	90
Wilhite	28	23	36	130	87
C S Wilson	30	21	35	130	86
Dr Taylor	33	14	17	130	84
M Taylor	36	18	30	130	84
McClenahan	29	20	34	130	83
Haven	37	..	37	100	74
Orrison	30	14	29	130	73
Pushaw	25	..	30	100	55
Baker	17	..	29	100	46
Wagner	..	24	42	80	66
Geo Wise	..	20	40	80	60
Green	..	15	30	80	45
George	..	18	26	80	44
Dr Wolfe	..	16	26	80	42
Nalley	..	18	23	80	41
Peyton	..	..	37	50	37
Marshall	..	..	36	50	36
McMichael	..	..	31	50	31
Weedon	..	10	20	80	30
J Bauskett	..	..	26	50	26
Hedrick	..	..	20	50	29

SECRETARY.

Phillipsburg Tournament.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.—The first annual Labor Day tournament of the Alert Gun Club was a very successful affair, when measured by the satisfaction so generally evinced by those who participated.

The contestants, numbering twenty-two, are individually of a class which cannot be excelled in true sportsmanship, and the Alert boys will take a keen delight in affording them a similar opportunity to meet again in the future.

The day opened with heavy showers, which caused some delay in starting the shoot, and prevented the attendance of many amateurs who had previously signified their intention of being present.

The trade was represented by Mr. H. S. Welles, of New York city.

The record in 100 targets over this trap, set for a 50yd. target, was 93 breaks, and was held by Mr. Markley, of Easton, Pa. For more than a year this record had not been equalled, although numerous other amateurs of high ability have attempted to surpass it. At this shoot, Mr. E. F. Markley and Mr. N. L. Clark, of Doylestown, Pa., were both successful in accomplishing the feat, the former making the very remarkable score of 97 breaks, and Mr. Clark following closely with the creditable score of 94 breaks. Mr. Markley further displayed grand form by making a straight run of 54 breaks, which is in itself a new record here, eclipsing Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins' record of 53 straight breaks made at a previous Alert tournament. The three highest amateur cash prizes were awarded as follows: First, Edward F. Markley; second, Mr. N. L. Clark, and third, Mr. J. F. Pleiss, of Easton, Pa., and Mr. James Ogden, of Warwick, N. Y. The programme totaled 180 targets. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	15	20	25	10	15	20	10	20	10	25	Total.
H S Welles	9	12	19	20	10	14	20	8	18	8	21	159
J F Pleiss	9	12	16	23	10	12	17	9	16	10	24	158
E F Markley	10	14	20	25	9	14	18	8	20	9	23	170
J F Leidy	6	12	17	16	6	13	17	6	18	8	19	138
J A Ogden	6	15	18	24	9	13	18	8	16	9	22	158
Hendrickson	8	10	13	17	7	12	14	6	13	8	19	127
N L Clark	10	14	18	25	9	13	15	9	17	9	24	163
Stubblebine	5	8	13	17	7	13	18	7	19	8	19	134
Gano	10	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	38
Kendig	6	12	17	18	7	..	..	..	..	7	..	67
Elliot	6	11	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
Young	9	9	..	..	6	14	13	..	..	..	..	51
Van Kirk	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	8	..	8	..	35
Inscoe	8	11	..	..	7	11	..	5	..	10	..	52
Heiser	..	..	..	16	9	12	14	6	16	5	21	99
Bruch	..	..	..	23	8	12	13	8	..	8	..	72
Maurer	..	..	..	22	6	13	15	9	..	10	23	98
Raub	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	10	..	4	..	22
Ingham	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	8	15	9	..	49
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	14	5	..	41
Pursell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	7	..	25
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4

GEO. STUBBLEBINE.

Trap at Henniker.

HENNIKER, N. H., Sept. 6.—A delegation of the Derryfield Gun Club members went to Henniker yesterday on the invitation of the Henniker Gun Club, and with them participated in a most enjoyable shoot at the traps.

Mayor Reed had broken 55 out of 60 shot at when he ran out of ammunition, and from then to the completion of the programme was compelled to use a light load, that being the only thing the club had in stock. Goss is a steady shooter, and a hard man to beat; but had Reed been equipped for the race, the result might have been different.

Ten events were contested with nine shooters facing the traps W. C. Goss was high gun on the average for the day, with Mayor Reed just one bird behind him. The race between these two men was a pretty one, as both men were shooting in good form. Goss used Mullerite powder in his shells throughout the entire match, while Mayor Reed did not have enough shells of any one kind to shoot out the programme with.

W. C. Goss broke all the birds in one 15-bird event, and Mayor Reed made a clean record in the 20-bird event. Dr. Cole, Mayor Reed and W. C. Goss each broke all the birds in 10-bird events. Messrs. French and Sanborn alternated in the position of scorer and referee, and gave satisfaction.

Refreshments were served at the shooting house. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	10	20	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	Total.
W C Goss	15	9	16	10	18	9	11	18	10	14	130
Mayor Reed	12	10	19	14	14	8	11	20	8	13	129
E E Reed	12	9	13	14	19	8	13	18	8	13	127
T Bouton	11	8	17	13	17	5	14	17	9	13	123
G Woodruff	9	9	17	11	15	8	11	15	7	11	113
C A Allen	12	6	16	11	14	8	11	16	8	11	113
Dr Cole	9	10	15	9	13	6	9	9	8	10	98
A Davis	13	8	19	10	11	7	8	9	5	7	97
A Buxton	6	9	13	10	9	8	8	15	7	11	96

SECRETARY.

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Ill., Sept. 4.—Owing to bad weather, the fourth annual shoot of Staunton Gun Club, held to-day, was not as largely attended as in former years. High average honors went to the following three gentlemen in order named: N. Camp, J. Victor, A. Wyckoff. The trade was represented by L. A. Cummings, L. J. Standish and H. E. Winans. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	10	Total.
Schiess	7	10	13	15	13	11	17	22	12	13	12	6	153
Winans	8	6	8	12	16	14	17	21	12	18	14	7	153
Wall	10	12	20	12	17	14	19	19	14	19	13	7	176
H Snell	7	13	15	12	19	14	19	22	12	20	15	10	178
Manning	9	13	19	13	14	11	19	20	13	17	12	9	169
Wyckoff	9	11	16	15	18	13	18	21	15	19	15	9	179
Camp	9	15	18	15	16	14	18	25	14	19	15	9	187
T Snell	10	15	17	11	14	14	17	24	13	19	12	9	174
Victor	8	13	18	13	19	15	19	23	12	17	14	9	180
Zesse	8	13	17	7	16	13	10	21	12	14	8	9	148
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	12	16	14	7	72

WESTERN.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 5.—At the fourth weekly shoot for the Lafiin & Rand cup, held to-day on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, the following scores were made:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Kershner	21	2	23	*Clark	25	3	28
Weller	19	4	23	Rickman	12	7	19
*Borst	19	6	25	Stewart	22	1	23
*Wins point on cup.							
Re-entry scores:							
*Weller	22	4	26	Stewart	w		
Kershner	21	2	23	*Rickman	20	7	27
*Kershner	25	2	27				

Oneida County Sportsman's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 4.—The shoot began at 1 o'clock. A heavy thunderstorm caused a suspension of shooting for a half hour.

A crowd of spectators numbering about 200 witnessed the programme, which was entered into by fifty sportsmen from Gloversville, Ilion, Herkimer, Hinckley, Mohawk and Clinton.

There were ten events on the programme, with a large number of contestants in each event. C. Jenne secured the highest score of the day. With the large number of entries and 120 targets, the programme lasted until almost dark.

In all, there were 3,500 targets shot. The results were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Wilhelm	9	8	10	6	9	7	10	8	11	9
Martin	7	7	10	6	7	7	10	9	12	8
Bradbury	9	7	10	7	7	7	11	8	12	9
Browning	8	9	11	8	14	8	12	10	14	9
Mather	7	8	10	7	10	6	10	9	12	10
Barger	10	7	10	8	10	6	10	8	13	8
F J Jenny	7	9	14	6	11	5	10	9	14	8
Brunner	8	8	12	9	12	8	13	9	12	9
Hazard	7	7	9	7	10	6	9	8	10	8
F L Jenne	8	7	11	7	12	7	12	8	..	..
C Jenne	9	9	14	8	11	8	14	10	14	10
Ganglehoff	8	6	9	7	9	7	11	..	..	..
Newton	9	7	11	7	9	7	12	..	..	..
Kokesch	8	7	11	8	10	9	11	9	12	9
Gardner	7	6	9	6	9	7	..	..	..	..
Dee Bee	8	10	13	6	10	7	11	9	11	8
Olds	..	7	11	7	11	7	..	..	..	..
Powell	..	7	11	7	9	6	11	8	11	8
D Eaton	..	7	10	6	9	6	10	8	..	..
G Windheim	..	6	9	7	10	7	10	8	..	..
Goulinghouse	..	..	10	7	11	7	11	7	..	..
Biddlecome	..	..	8	6	11	..	..	..	10	..
Keller	..	..	10	6	10	6	10	8	10	..
Fleck	..	..	8	7	10	6	..	..	..	..
Klauser	..	..	12	7	12	7	15	10	11	9
J Wagner	..	..	12	7	11	9	14	9	12	8
Hess	..	..	10	9	11	7	11	..	..	..
Hill	..	..	9	7	11	8	10	..	..	..
Hayes	..	..	10	9	10	8	11	8	..	..
Barlow	..	..	8	6	9	8	11	7	..	..
Elliott	..	..	13	8	14	9	13	9	..	..
Jones	..	..	9	7	10	7	12	7	..	..
Watts	..	..	9	7	10	6	11	..	..	..
Ditchie	..	..	9	6	10	7	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	..	10	7	10	7	11	8	..	..
Earl	..	..	..	6	10	7	10	..	..	..
Madison	..	..	..	7	13	8	12	..	..	..
Weaver	..	..	..	6	10	7	11	..	..	..
Davis	..	..	..	6	10	6	..	..	..	..
W Wagner	..	..	..	..	13	7	13	7	..	..
Sands	..	..	..	..	12	7	11	8	..	..
C Eaton	..	..	..	..	10	8	10	7	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	..

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Sept. 5.—Owing to the many other attractions scheduled for Labor Day, but nine local shooters showed up for the opening shoot, while the threatening weather doubtless kept the out-of-town members away. The main event was for two prizes. The Hunter Arms Company medal first, and a pair of opera glasses, given by Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of New York city, second. The use of two barrels was allowed, and the match was at 25 targets. There were but six contestants for these prizes, three of whom withdrew after missing 3 targets out of 15. Hyland and Blandford tied with 25 straight. Hyland used his second barrel in snappy style twice, while Blandford broke straight with one barrel. On the shoot-off Blandford went straight again, using his second barrel on his fourth and thirteenth target only. Hyland got 23, using his second barrel four times.

The boys here are somewhat out of practice doubtless. Hubbell, Bedell and Coleman used pump guns.

The preliminary sweeps were interesting, in which Coleman showed up strong. Blandford made a run of 47 straight, using one barrel, and 69 straight, using second barrel twice.

The next prize shoot will be Saturday, Sept. 13, when there will be a distance handicap for a gun offered by A. Bedell and a $25 cup, added birds, given by Edw. McDonald.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	*	7	8	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	10	10	
W H Coleman	8	10	9	8	10	w	..	9	10	
J T Hyland	10	8	..	9	8	25	23	..	..	
A Bedell	..	10	8	..	9	w	..	..	..	
C Blandford	..	7	8	9	10	25	25	..	..	
W Smith	..	..	9	7	..	w	..	6	..	
G B Hubbell	..	..	..	10	..	20	..	..	..	
W Fisher	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	6	
A Aitchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	
T Delamater	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	

C. G. B.

The Westfie'd Rod and Gun Club.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Through the courtesy of Geo. Ginn, we had with us on Aug. 28 J. M. Hawkins and Luther Squier, and the club members and spectators had the pleasure of seeing some very fine shooting. The following scores were shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25
J M Hawkins	20	22	25	24
L Squier	21	17	21	22
W F Hopper	19	21	23	23
H E Wratlen	20	14	20	..
W M Douglas	8	21	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25
R Thompson	8	14	10	19
T Mosher	14	17	13	..
H Douglas	11	..	..	..
F W Johnston	9	..	..	17

HARRY W. DOUGLAS, Sec'y.

Springfield (Mass.) Shooting Club.

WHAT promised to be the largest trapshooting tournament ever held in New England was somewhat marred by the wet weather of Labor Day, Sept. 4. However, seventy water-proof advocates of the scatter gun attended the tournament of this club, held on their grounds at Red House Crossing. While the forenoon was very moist, it cleared up during the early part of the afternoon, so that the extra set of traps could be put to work, after which the events were run off in short order. The light was very good for shooting, the dull gray of the background causing the targets to look very large, while the absence of any wind made shooting conditions perfect.

Forty-two shooters shot the entire programme of 200 targets, 25 being in the sweeps all day, something unusual at tournaments around here this year. During the day seventy different shooters took part in the several events, and 10,040 targets were trapped, a record day for us. The trade was represented by J. A. R. Elliott and Hood Waters. If it had been a pleasant day probably one hundred shooters would have attended.

Among the noted amateurs present were Barstow, F. E. Metcalf and Harry Metcalf, of Rockville; Smith, of Boston—he with the "guess" machine; McMullen and Arnold, of Somerville, Conn.; Prest, of New London; Adams, of Plainfield, N. J.; Rausenhousen, of Pittsfield; Mack, of New Haven; Hicks, of South Manchester; Head, of St. Albans, Vt.; Herbert, of Boston; Finch, of Thompsonville; Bradley, of Bridgeport; Hebbard, of Boston, and I must not forget to mention Schorty, of New York city. We couldn't run a big shoot without having Schorty on hand.

That so many shooters attended was a big surprise to us, considering the weather. The added money and valuable merchandise prizes must have been a big attraction to get so many shooters out on such a day. The traps worked to perfection, and there was not a halt all day, except when the awning blew down on a squad of five, and there was lively hustling for a dry spot. Elliott broke 196 out of 200 targets, a record for the grounds. For several reasons the prizes got somewhat mixed; first, it was too dark to shoot off ties after the programme was finished; second, several shooters took the wrong prize due them, caused by the hurry in getting away.

The list of winners and the prizes won by them will be furnished by the secretary, and any one having a prize that doesn't belong to him is requested to send same to its rightful owner, prepaid, and the secretary will remit the amount of expressage paid on same. As there was no other way to decide ties other than the club doing so, as several shooters who were tied left before the programme was finished, the ties were decided by high gun system (drawing matches), members of the committee taking the places of the shooters tied, under the circumstances there was no other way of doing, and we hope it will be satisfactory to all.

Scores by events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15			
*Elliott	10	14	20	15	20	15	18	15	20	15	20	14	200	196	.980
Herbert	10	15	19	15	20	15	20	13	18	15	18	15	200	193	.965
Barstow	10	15	17	12	19	15	19	14	20	15	20	13	200	189	.945
Finch	10	15	19	13	16	13	19	15	20	15	19	13	200	187	.935
Geo Chapin	10	15	17	13	17	14	19	15	20	14	19	13	200	186	.930
Schorty	10	13	19	13	16	14	18	14	19	13	18	14	200	182	.901
Douglass	10	14	19	11	19	14	20	11	16	11	17	14	200	176	.880
Bradley	8	12	18	15	15	12	17	14	19	14	18	13	200	175	.875
Samuels	9	12	16	12	17	13	20	14	18	13	17	14	200	175	.875
Temple	9	14	18	10	19	14	19	11	17	13	17	14	200	175	.875
Prest	9	10	19	15	15	13	16	15	17	14	16	15	200	174	.870
Metcalf	8	12	18	12	19	11	17	13	18	14	20	12	200	174	.870
Hicks	8	14	17	11	17	13	15	14	20	13	18	14	200	174	.870
Hebbard	8	12	17	13	18	13	18	13	15	15	18	14	200	174	.870
Snow	7	14	18	13	19	11	16	15	19	11	17	12	200	172	.860
Mack	10	11	18	13	17	11	17	14	19	13	17	13	200	172	.860
Johnson	8	11	19	13	18	13	17	15	17	11	19	10	200	171	.855
Hamblin	10	14	17	12	18	15	18	14	17	12	14	9	200	170	.850
Adams	8	13	15	12	16	13	19	14	17	13	18	10	200	168	.840
A J Reynolds	7	12	20	11	15	13	16	13	19	14	17	11	200	168	.840
McArdle	10	12	17	11	17	10	17	15	19	13	15	11	200	167	.835
Head	7	11	18	13	15	13	18	12	17	15	17	12	200	167	.835
Smith	7	14	16	12	17	11	15	13	17	12	18	14	200	166	.830
Doten	9	14	15	12	19	14	14	12	14	14	18	11	200	166	.830
McMullen	10	14	18	11	16	13	15	13	15	13	15	12	200	165	.825
McFetridge	7	14	14	13	14	12	19	14	17	12	18	11	200	165	.825
H P Chapin	6	13	17	15	15	11	16	12	16	13	17	13	200	164	.820
Cheney	9	11	16	11	16	13	19	12	16	10	19	10	200	162	.810
*Waters	5	13	17	11	18	11	18	14	14	13	16	12	200	162	.810
Rausenhousen	9	12	18	10	12	10	17	11	18	14	16	13	200	160	.800
Arnold	7	13	16	11	15	11	16	14	18	13	13	12	200	159	.795
Burke	9	13	14	13	18	9	18	13	11	12	17	11	200	158	.790
Cooley	6	12	17	11	14	14	10	11	17	14	17	14	200	157	.785
Watrous	8	10	14	12	17	12	14	12	17	12	14	10	200	157	.785
Boudreau	5	14	17	11	15	11	14	14	13	8	18	14	200	154	.770
Le Noir	9	13	15	12	15	12	19	12	10	11	11	9	200	154	.770
Kites	8	13	14	13	13	10	12	9	17	11	17	13	200	150	.750
Muir	9	10	14	9	15	8	16	14	13	10	14	12	200	149	.745
Hollister	6	13	11	14	15	6	16	12	17	14	14	10	200	148	.740
Cheesman	6	13	13	11	15	11	17	12	14	12	13	7	200	144	.720
Martin	6	9	10	10	15	5	12	9	15	12	17	10	200	130	.650
Low	4	9	10	8	10	9	14	11	12	11	11	10	200	120	.600
Coats	..	13	14	12	10	10	12	13	13	10	17	..	175	124	.708
Ed Bragg	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	11	14	12	10	13	120	82	.683
Henry	6	9	13	10	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	95	66	.694
Parsons	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	5	10	12	..	7	80	44	.550
P Lathrop	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	13	..	13	..	10	75	57	.760
Delaney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	16	13	70	58	.828
Emmons	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	16	9	70	52	.742
Cotter	..	..	..	..	10	15	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	70	51	.728
Shedd	..	..	..	..	10	14	10	16	..	..	..	..	..	70	50	.714
Fowler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	14	10	70	45	.642
E H Lathrop	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	11	..	13	..	..		60	45	.750
Dr Keith	7	10	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	37	.616
Keyes	..	12	17	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	37	.740
Maynard	..	..	..	12	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	25	.714
F Bagg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	35	23	.657
L Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	30	13	.433
E W Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	20	16	.800
W J Keith	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8	.400
Alderman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	15	13	.866
Stevens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	.866
Hathaway	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	15	12	.800
Stockwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	15	12	.800
Rockford	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	.666
Walsh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	9	.600
Andrews	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	.533
A Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..		15	5	.333
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..		15	1	.066
Kimball	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	.800

*Professionals.

Notes.

Herbert, of Boston, shot fine, and lost only seven targets all day.

Barstow has a standing invitation for all shooters to stop and call on him and listen to his new graphophone.

Le Noir shot poorly for him, due to the new gun he was using. Better stick to the pump, Fred; it will make your scores look nicer in print.

Several umbrellas that were left at the club house will be sent to their proper owners by notifying the Secretary and giving description.

"Where was you when the cyclone struck?" was the question asked after the wind blew the canopy down on the shooters, and there was a wild scramble for the club house.

We all missed Dr. Newton. Suppose he was eating clams at Greenfield, and incidentally shooting, as I noticed that he won the cup up there at the shoot Labor Day. Must have had something to wash the clams down with to do such good shooting.

Mack, of New Haven, came up to shoot with us. Said he couldn't bear to have the New Haven club not represented at so fine a shoot, although there was a shoot on at home.

Sept. 2.—Eighteen shooters attended the practice shoot of this club, held on the afternoon of Sept. 2., and in spite of the rain, some fair scores were made. Part of the events were shot over the new set of traps until the rain drove the shooters under the canopy of the old shooting stand.

The tie of last shoot between Cady and Andrews for a hunting coat was shot off at 15 targets, Andrews winning. Score, Andrews 13, Cady 10.

In the prize event of this shoot, the prize being a shell case, there were four ties on 15 each between Cady, Snow, Andrews and Bagg. On the shoot off at 10 targets, Andrews and Cady again tied on 10, and on the shoot-off of this tie Andrews won. Score, Andrews 9, Cady 4.

The Peters cup contest and the merchandise race have one more shoot to run. Added target handicap in cup event, and in the merchandise race the shooters are divided into three classes, there being three prizes up of equal value. Scores in these handicap events follow:

Event No. 4, 15 targets, weekly prize event:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'al.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'al.
Snow	15	0	15	E Lathrop	10	3	13
E Cady	11	4	15	P Lathrop	8	4	12
Bagg	11	4	15	Kimball	8	4	12
Andrews	13	4	15	A Misterly	6	4	10
Kites	13	0	13	Le Noir	9	0	9
L Misterly	9	4	13	H P Chapin	7	0	7

Shoot-off of tie between Snow, E. Cady, Andrews and Bagg at 10 targets: Cady and Andrews again tied on 10 each, and on shoot-off Andrews won. Score, Andrews 9, Cady 4.

Event No. 5, Peters cup contest, 25 targets:

Kimball	19	5	24	Bagg	13	5	18
Snow	20	0	20	Le Noir	17	0	17
Kites	18	0	18	Chapin	15	0	15
Jordan	18	0	18				

Event No. 6, merchandise race, 25 targets, three classes, A, B and C:

Class A—Le Noir 22, Chapin 22, Kites 21, Jordan 20, Snow 18.

Class B—Hawes 21, E. Lathrop 20.

Class C—A. Misterly 20, P. Lathrop 18, L. Misterly 18.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	15	15	25	25	15	10	10	15		
H P Chapin	..	8	..	7	15	22	..	..	8	9	105	69
Snow	9	..	14	15	20	18	..	..	..	..	90	76
Le Noir	8	..	12	9	17	22	..	..	..	..	90	68
Kites	6	..	10	13	18	21	..	..	..	..	90	68
Kimball	..	..	..	8	19	..	9	8	4	10	90	58
Jordan	..	..	..	9	18	20	..	..	..	11	80	58
E H Lathrop	..	..	..	10	..	20	11	10	..	..	65	51
L Misterly	..	8	..	9	..	18	..	..	6	..	65	41
Bagg	..	..	..	11	13	..	9	8	..	..	65	41
P Lathrop	..	..	..	8	..	18	6	6	..	..	65	38
A Misterly	..	10	..	6	..	20	..	..	..	..	55	36
Hawes	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	10	40	31
Rochford	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	40	25
Andrews	..	10	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	23
H Cady	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	25	16
E Cady	5	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16
Talmadge	5	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16
H K Chapin	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	25	12

MISFIRE.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 7.—The scores of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club shoot, Sept. 5 and 6, are appended:

Sept. 5, First Day.

The events were at 15 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Eager	10	11	14	12	13	11	10	8	..	..
Dr Hoyt	7	6	8	10	10	9	8	7	..	..
W H Buck	9	11	9	9	10	11	5	11	..	..
H Waters	11	12	10	11	11	11	13	10	11	11
Hebbard	12	13	11	13	11	14	12	12	14	14
Gilbert Wheeler	12	14	14	11	14	10	11	15	12	14
Emery Burbank	13	11	14	12	11	14	12	12	9	13
Burns	7	11	11	7	12	10	9	10	9	10
W F Browne	10	9	11	8	12	7	12	11	14	13
Chester Doten	9	..	..	15	11	..	12	..	..	11
Johnson	10	11	14	11	11	11	9	10	10	..
Adams	10	11	10	..	..	..	..	10	10	..
E E Searles	9	13	13	11	14	13	13	11	9	14
Elliot	14	14	14	14	12	12	14	14	14	14
O R Dickey	12	12	14	14	12	11	12	14	..	..
Griffith	12	13	12	13	12	12	13	13	13	14
Geo Chapin	10	12	15	13	13	13	14	11	14	13
McArdle	14	14	14	15	13	12	13	11	13	14
Dwight Sawin	12	12	12	13	12	14	10	14	14	14
Hamblin	..	13	..	..	14	13	9	13	14	10
Will Davis	..	10	12	13	12	11	..	..	..	..
A B F Kinney	..	8	6	7	..	4	6	6	..	..
E Smith	..	..	8	10	13	..	11	..	6	10
H H Webber	..	..	..	6	1	7	6	..	..	..
Beandrie	..	..	..	12	9	11	7	..	..	..
E P Rugg	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	14	..	11
H P Emery	..	..	..	..	7	6	6	11	8	..
Dr Chase	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	13	11
Hinckley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4
H Kinneway	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10
B F Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	13
Le Tique	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E C A Becker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6

Sept. 6, Second Day.

The veteran squad, each member over sixty years old, was composed of Dr. Gerrish, Messrs. E. T. Smith, A. B. F. Kinney, Webber and Rugg. Mr. Smith won the cup, events 5 and 6.

The events were at 15 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Elliot	12	15	15	14	14	15	15	13	13	13
Wheeler	12	14	15	13	13	14	11	11	13	9
Griffith	15	15	15	14	15	14	15	14	15	12
Chapin	14	12	12	14	13	13	13	14	13	13
H Waters	10	13	12	11	13	13	14	14	10	12
McArdle	14	14	11	13	13	15	11	12	13	11
Burns	12	10	13	8	13	9	11	11	12	11
Hebbard	13	11	12	13	11	10	13	14	13	14
Sawin	15	12	12	14	14	11	13	13	14	14
Buffalo Smith	13	13	13	12	10	12	12	14	11	13
Bartlett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	13
Dr Gerrish	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	..
E T Smith	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..
A B F Kinney	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..
Webber	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..
Rugg	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	..	..

Extra events, 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Wheeler	22	18	..	Burns	14	13	..
Timbie	17	15	13	Waters	18	22	..
Cargle	20	19	16	B Smith	20	22	..
Darling	13	17	15	Chapin	21	..	..
Doten	20	19	23				

Extra events, 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
B Smith	10	7	8	6	8	7	Webber	..	..	..	..	7	2
Burns	4	6	7	2	4	6	Hebbard	..	..	..	..	..	7
Doten	9	10	9	6	..	..	Waters	..	..	..	..	..	7
Chapin	9	9	9	8	..	..	Wheeler	..	..	..	..	..	9
Rugg	..	..	..	..	8	..	McArdle	..	..	..	..	..	10
Kinney	..	..	..	..	10	7	Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	10

Extra events, 15 targets:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Sawin	15	..	Griffith	13	..
Burns	12	..	Chapin	15	..
Wheeler	13	14	Smith	13	..
Waters	11	..	Doten	12	..
McArdle	11	..	Bartlett	14	..

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, New York, Sept. 9.—Delightful fall weather favored the shooters at the weekly shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club. Messrs. Southworth and Griffith led in the shooting. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	25	15	10	15	10	*	15	15	10	10
Dreyer	15	8	6	5	9	4	4	11	7	6	..
Bergen	14	19	9	6	6	7	..	10	..	..	..
Southworth	21	21	11	8	12	8	4	12	..	..	..
Craft	16	13	12	9	9	6	6	15	..	..	..
Guhring	..	16	11	7	13	8	6	12	..	..	..
Osterhout	..	19	9	7	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Schliemann	..	8	9	4	7	6	5	12	..	..	..
Pfender	..	19	..	..	11	9	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	..	..	9	5	12	10	5	10	..	..	..
Waters	..	..	..	9	10	6	4	12	12	5	8
Griffith	..	..	..	10	14	10	3	10	10	7	9
Michaels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	3

*Five pairs.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Is the only Sure Rust Preventive on Guns.—*Adv.*

Lowell Rod and Gun Club.

THE Lowell Rod and Gun Club held their annual Labor Day shoot Sept. 4, and considering the weather conditions, was well attended. Thirty shooters from all parts of New England were present, and a gamier lot of shooters never met in New England, as the steady downpour of rain made it anything but pleasant for them. Nearly every one who entered finished the programme, which consisted of 180 targets each.

Shooters were present from New York city, Boston, Manchester, Concord, Haverhill, Lawrence, and Amesbury, nearly all of whom were in the expert class.

The Manchester shooters were led by the chief executive of their city, Hon. E. E. Reed, and the Mayor and his brother captured the first and second high individual prizes.

The team shoot of five men per team, 30 targets per man, was won by the Manchester team, with Lowell second and Haverhill third.

Team scores:

Manchester—Mayor Reed 22, Elmer Reed 23, A. J. Reed 21, C. A. Allen 21, Bowen 26; total 113.

Lowell—Climax 23, Rule 18, Dean 22, Fletcher 21, Edwards 25; total 109.

Haverhill—Miller 21, George 21, Childs 24, W. Allen 16, Tozier 23; total 105.

Team prizes were $15 to first, $10 to second. Events 6 and 7 were the team race.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Mayor Reed	12	13	13	15	14	12	10	11	12	12	11	13	180	148
Elmer Reed	12	12	14	11	14	11	12	13	12	14	15	13	180	153
Climax	10	12	9	14	14	13	10	12	10	13	12	14	180	143
Rule	10	13	11	14	14	8	10	10	12	12	12	13	180	139
George	14	13	11	10	12	12	9	12	10	13	11	13	180	140
Kirkwood	11	12	9	15	10	14	12	13	13	11	12	11	180	143
Dean	4	8	8	10	7	13	9	15	12	11	11	10	180	118
McMurtry	12	12	10	11	11	12	10	15	5	14	8	12	180	132
Tozier	8	10	8	9	8	13	10	14	9	12	9	9	180	119
C A Allen	9	8	8	9	11	13	8	10	8	11	10	9	180	114
Lawson	8	4	8	12	10	10	10	9	8	11	12	11	180	114
A J Reed	8	9	8	12	11	11	10	10	11	9	10	13	180	122
Child	7	11	13	10	11	12	12	9	12	11	13	11	180	132
Cole	5	5	2	4	8	3	2	7	5	9	6	6	180	62
Edwards	11	12	10	11	12	11	14	12	13	13	13	14	180	146
Fletcher	4	8	13	9	10	10	11	10	9	10	8	13	180	115
Greene	2	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	6
Bowen	10	13	12	10	11	12	14	13	13	10	12	13	180	143
Hatch	12	11	10	10	10	11	10	11	12	8	9	7	180	121
W Allen	5	11	13	14	13	7	9	10	9	8	11	10	180	120
Grieves	8	9	8	9	7	10	4	5	..	..	..	..	120	60
Parhurst	5	11	7	10	7	8	8	9	10	10	10	11	180	106
Miller	12	11	8	13	7	11	10	9	9	10	4	8	180	112
Maynard	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	10	7	8	5	3	105	46
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	8	6	7	11	90	53

The individual cash prizes of $15 were divided among the four high averages, and went to Elmer Reed, first; Mayor Reed, second; Edwards, third, and Climax, Kirkwood and Bowen divided fourth. Cole, of Haverhill, won low average prize of $3.

EDW. J. BURNS, Sec'y.

Newark Gun Club.

SEPT. 7.—The Newark, Del., Gun Club held a merchandise and sweepstake shoot on Labor Day. Owing to the opening of the season on rail and reed birds, the attendance was naturally small, twenty shooters in all taking part in the events on the programme. Among the amateurs, W. Torpey, of Radnor, Pa., was high man, and carried off most of the cash, as well as pretty nearly all the first prizes. J. Hossinger, of the local club, was second high man among the amateurs, with W. Edmunson in third place.

The cashier's department was well looked after by H. Linn Worthington, from Rising Sun, Md. The only other representative present was Mr. Edward Banks, of Wilmington, Del., who took first honors in the shoot, but did not partieipate in the purses or in the division of the merchandise. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Edw Banks	14	23	15	13	14	13	15	15	15	145	137
W Torpey	11	21	14	15	14	14	14	14	13	145	130
J Hossinger	12	24	13	13	13	14	13	12	13	145	127
W Edmunson	10	22	13	11	12	14	13	13	11	140	119
Al McGovern	12	21	9	13	14	11	12	10	12	145	115
C Stephens	15	23	13	11	12	8	12	12	8	145	114
G Edmunson	10	18	11	8	11	12	11	10	9	145	100
S Townsend	11	19	10	13	12	12	11	8	..	130	96
N Grubb	14	21	13	10	13	13	8	..	..	115	92
W J Armstrong	12	19	11	8	10	..	12	..	7	115	79
H W Ewing	11	20	11	7	..	11	10	..	6	115	76
A H Lobb	13	18	14	11	10	..	11	..	..	100	77
T Lodge	12	20	12	10	9	..	10	..	..	100	73
Ed Melchior	7	16	9	9	..	10	11	..	..	100	62
A T Messimer	5	10	10	7	10	..	6	..	..	100	48
N G Kuhns	13	16	11	12	..	9	..	..	..	85	61
W Colmery	8	16	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	55

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE ADIRONDACK LANDS.

THAT Adirondack lands belonging to the State, and included within the classification of lands which the Constitution declares shall not be sold, have been surrendered to private ownership is believed by persons who have been cognizant of Adirondack land deals. In a communication to this journal the other day Mr. Raymond S. Spears cited two cases in which the transaction appeared to require explanation. Commenting on these in a statement printed elsewhere to-day, Commissioner Whipple says that so far as he has been able to assertain the Hatter place transfer was in violation of law, and he declares that he will take steps to set aside the sale and recover damages. As to the Ampersand Pond land, Commissioner Whipple says that he has learned that the State's reclaimed title was set aside by a competent court, but the affair will be invcstigated.

These transactions are by no means the only Adirondack State land deals which demand explanation. There are other lands once held by the State, but now in the possession of individuals and of sportsmen's clubs, which, it is believed, have been transferred in violation of the constitutional prohibition of the sale of State lands in the Forest Preserve.

It was high time that the reign of intrigue which has prevailed in the North Woods should end. The people of the State cannot but hail with warm satisfaction and hearty approval Commissioner Whipple's declaration that he stands for a clean and open administration of the trust given him. The story, as told in the World, of the good beginning he has made through the agency of Deputy Attorney-General Ward, will be taken as an earnest of his purpose. to clean the robbers out and punish the thieves who have been enriching themselves after the manner of thieves and robbers since society was organized, by preying on the property of the community.

THE SLOTHFUL LIFE.

IN every city or town, be it humble or great, there is a large percentage of dwellers who, from the necessities imposed by their occupations, lead sedentary lives. In particular, the large cities abound in sedentary occupations. Each has its thousands of brain workers—in the aggregate of all the great cities, such workers number millions.

Day in and day out the sedentary worker's chief exercise consists in walking a short distance to a street car, riding to and fro from their offiecs, all devoid of any physical exertion worthy of the name. When at work the field of vision of the sedentary man is limited by the inner walls of his office, his field of physical activity is limited to his chair. Such habits of life result in weak, flabby muscles, a loss of physical stamina, with in time a disinclination for physical exercise, whether light or arduous.

In a limited way, there are some exceptions to the general inaction of office workers. Some engage in games which impose physical competition more or less, as bowling, billiards, etc. From them they derive some exercise, inadequate, yet far better than none at all. Some take up gymnastics. Yet, relatively to the whole, those who take systematic physical exercise are few. And those who, being office workers, take systematic exercise, are generally in the early years of their business life. As a rule, when a sedentary worker approaches middle age, he gradually avoids all physical activities separable from the mere journeyings to and fro between home and office chair. In many instances, obesity sets in, with its consequent heaviness, clumsiness, thickness of wind, and inertia. The organs of the body lose their vigor, and there is a general lowering of vigor and vitality.

Under such conditions, the mere taking of a vacation once a year, though beneficial, is far from meeting the requirements of the case. Indeed, the sedentary worker, long habitated to bodily inaction, is not in physical condition evcn to enjoy a vacation if it contemplates any of the activc sports of land and water. Nevertheless, he takes his vacation without any preliminary physical preparation, and enters into the sport of hunting and fishing with boyhood ardor. Many bodily discomforts forthwith ensue. If he engages in quail shooting, his feet, being weak from lack of exercise, arc strained and sore; bcing tender, they are well blistered. His arms are so muscle weary that they feel as if they would drop off from their own weight. The whole body is sore and over fatigued. If he rides horseback, many unused muscles are brought into action, to their consequent straining and soreness. If the sedentary one fishes, there is the same bodily sufferings from weak feet, weak hands, weak limbs, with the added inefficiency of bodily clumsiness, heaviness of movement, and incapacity of action. All this discomfort and incapacity could be avoided by taking every day regular exercise which would comprehend the physical culture of the whole body. Much time is not rcquired. Ten minutes of exercise morning and night, will accomplish wonders. The whole muscular system thcreby is kept in tone, the vital organs are vigorous and perform their functions healthfully, and the sedentary worker then secks the physical activities of life instead of avoiding them.

Before going on an outing which contemplates active bodily powers, two or three weeks of physical preparation, in the form of walks to and from the office, and more exercise each day with gymnastic appliances will add immeasurably to the comforts of an outing, to the capacity and enjoyment of him who engages in it, besides the general every-day benefits of a strong mind in a strong body.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

THE history of the early years of game and fish protection in this country has been a record of the efforts of individual workers, men who have had the intelligence to recognize the necessity of action, and who have had also the public spirit to put forth new personal exertions for the general good. Here and there and everywhere, the individual has agitated the subject, enlisted the cooperation of his fellow citizens, organized clubs, societies and associations to carry on the work, and by his own example and inciting enthusiasm and executive action promoted the cause. This is truc not of any one section alone, but of the country at largc. Wherever those lines may be read, in localities however remote, thc reader will recognize the truth of the assertion that but for the interest and activity and foresight displayed by these individual apostles of protection, the field would be to-day more barren of game and the waters of fish. Of such men it may be said with truth that in their active promotion of the preservation of fish and game they exemplified the qualities of good citizenship; they were in a very substantial way public benefactors; the world is better for their having lived in it; and for what they have done they descrve to have their memories honored.

PENNSYLVANIA FISHCULTURE.

THE Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania is still making a good showing among the States engaged in fishculture. According to the report of Commissioner of Fisheries W. E. Mechan, just made for the quarter ending Aug. 31, the following fish were distributed from the State hatcheries from June 1 to Sept. 1: Frogs, 70,000; California trout, 30,000; large brook trout, 100; yellow perch, 500; catfish, 2,100; calico bass, 35; black bass (fingerlings), 1,800; rock bass, 86; cutthroat trout, 75,000; shad, 554,000; herring, 2,754; total, 736,375. Adding to this, 145,157,918 fish distributed from Jan. 1 to June 1, the total output for the nine months ending Aug. 31, was 145,894,293. There are still remaining in the various hatcheries 1,043,800 fish still to be distributed, not including a large number of sunfish, goldfish, yellow perch and rock bass at the Corry hatchery, the number of which could not be estimated at the time the report was made. With the fish distributed and those yet to be distributed, the fish quarterly work of the State will surpass 147,000,000 fish. During the last three months thirty-four new ponds were built in the different hatcheries, making a total number of ponds in the five hatcheries now in operation 115, an increase of 82 since the Department took charge in 1903.

During the quarter the wardens made 170 arrests for illegal fishing, of which 33 were acquitted. The amount of fines imposed was $3,655. Of this amount $2,305 was the work of six wardens—Criswell, Shoemaker, Nesley, Albert, Shannon, and Benning. During the quarter about twenty-seven acres of land were added to the existing hatcheries. Two new hatcheries of the four new hatcheries authorized by the last Legislature have been located, the land, aggregating about sixty-eight acres, having been presented to the Statc by citizens of the counties in which the hatcheries were located. Extensive repairs and additional buildings were constructed in the hatcheries.

A noteworthy feature of the report was the announcement of the Commissioner that he had found an act under which proprietors of certain types of industrial establishments could be arrested, convicted and fined for allowing poisonous substances from flowing into streams in sufficient quantities to kill fish. Backed by the advice of the Attorney-General's department, but preceding a case at the time under the same advice, three successful arrests and convictions were secured during the quarter, the offending industrial establishments being each fined $100. Suits have been begun against four others.

IN our angling columns is a very practical and very enticing paper by Mr. W. E. Meehan on the wall-eyed pike fishing of the Susquehanna, or, as it is locally termed, Susquehanna salmon fishing. To its devotees, as Mr. Meehan tells us, there is no othcr fishing in America to compare with it. This is only another illustration of the boundless resources of the angling waters of the United States; of the quality of our various game fishes, and of the zest and satisfaction the fishermen of the continent may find in their own home waters.

We are not inclined to quarrel with the Pennsylvania anglers who miscall the wall-eyed pike a "salmon"; though in the past, when more sanguine than now of accomplishing great reforms, we have striven hard toward a universal nomenclature, believing in one name for one fish and onc fish for one name, and have objected to some fish commissioners, who know better, calling the pike-perch a "salmon," in their reports. We hold that it counts for nothing that the majority of their readers call the fish "salmon" and will continue to do so. It is their business to lead the public in thc right direction, not to follow it. Thc name of salmon has been applied to a certain fish for centuries in many parts of the world, and it is as much entitled to it as a cow is to her name, and we have contended that no people have a right to apply it to a fish not remotely related to it. But "Susquehanna salmon" it is; and will be to the end.

The great confusion in common names of fish and game in America has arisen from the fact that the country was settled in different parts by Europeans who brought their names with them and applied them to the first fish or bird which bore a fancied resemblance to those at home. Hence, as they had the name of salmon, and no fish in the Susquehanna, Mississippi and Ohio rivers to match it, they applied the name to perch. So in the South the names of trout, chub and bream, all well known fishes of England, and all of which have fins with soft rays, have been applied to entirely different fish, and, strangely enough, all to fishes which have fins with spinous rays. In Virginia the name "chub" is applied to the black bass, while in Georgia and Florida the same fish becomes a "trout." In Georgia the name of "bream" is used to designate a fish which is one of the family which includes the black bass and the sunfishes. In Massachusetts a little spiny sunfish is also called "bream."

THE Maine non-resident shooting license law is creating much dissatisfaction among visiting sportsmen who are seeking not big game but birds. According to the terms of the law the shooter from without the State may have the privilcge of shooting birds prior to Oct. 1 on payment of $5, but for the same shooting after that date he must pay an additional $10, a total of $15. True, for the additional payment he receives also permission to kill big game; but therc are many gunners who want birds only, and they arc unable to reconcile the second payment with any consideration of equity or justice. If a $5 fee is reasonable for shooting up to Oct. 1, it is quite as reasonable for the rest of the season thereafter, and the injustice lies in making the bird shooter pay the extra $10 for a big game hunting privilege which he does not care to avail himself of.



Stories of Some Sea Dogs.*

II.—"Nip," the Sailors' Friend.

In the many years I was officer and master of sailing vessels I do not remember that I ever made a voyage without having a dog for a companion on board ship, and strange as it may seem, I never bought one in those days, for I had the good fortune always either of being presented with one, or of picking up a canine waif on the wharf or in the street that pleaded as only a dog can for a master and a home. I have always been a lover of dogs from childhood up, for the dog's sake, and in later years the love has grown into admiration and respect begotten of my knowledge of his great value as a to be always trusted friend. Few men living have more reason to be grateful to the canine race than I, for repeatedly has my life been saved by a dog. In every instance but one—that of a fire in the house—the dogs to whom I owe so much have been far from being of recorded pedigree or champions that have won their distinction at bench shows. My dogs invariably belonged to the class "mongrel," but in their class they have in every instance been worthy of the championship and all the cups and medals that could be given to a bench champion. My dogs often were of much mixed breeds, and when they came to me were in need of conditioning to make them fairly presentable even on the quarter deck of a ship. But it was my good fortune to have picked up dogs who were intelligent enough to know that I would make a good master, and that with me they would secure a good home and such treatment as brings out the best traits of their character.

The individual dog of whose record I shall write at this time, followed me one evening when I was returning to the ship from the theater. It was a bitter cold night. The poor fellow fell in with me and at first followed at a respectful distance; but as I spoke to him kindly he came nearer, and at last I patted his head and he licked my hand. That settled his fate with me, and we jogged along to the West India Dock gates, for we were in London at the time, and it was not long before we were in the warm cabin. I went to the pantry and gave him a good square meal and a drink of good clean water and then went to my room. The dog followed me and I pointed out a place for him to lie down, and turned in for a comfortable night's rest. As the crew came strolling on board after their evening on shore he would growl, as he evidently was not quite familiar with his surroundings, but made no further outcry.

When I awoke in the morning he was sitting up ready to greet me, and was profuse in his salutations. When the steward turned out I introduced the dog to him as I did the two mates when they came into the after cabin where I lived. When breakfast had been served I felt sure that the dog then knew who belonged aft, and that they would be treated accordingly. After the breakfast was cleared away the steward and I gave the dog a thorough cleansing, and his improved appearance was ample reward for our expenditure of time and soap. The next thing was to introduce him to the cook and the men forward so that he might familiarize himself with their faces, and when he became watchman that there would be no trouble in the men getting on board or in moving about the vessel at night. I had always done this when I adopted a new dog, and found the trouble taken to bring about this acquaintanceship was worth the time expended, besides the dog invariably received better treatment from the men for the early introduction.

We were in London for several weeks, and daily the dog, whom I had named Nip, grew in favor fore and aft, for he was a mild mannered fellow, very affectionate, and best of all was remarkably observant of what was going on and could readily distinguish between a stevedore, who had a right to come on board, and the sneak thief who lost no opportunity to carry off anything he could lay his hands on. He acquired his name before he had been on board a week from nipping one of these gentry, and nipped him so well that we secured the fellow and handed him over to the police, who recognized in him one of the cleverest fellows of his fraternity and whom the police had long been anxious to catch in some flagrant act for which they could transport him to a penal colony. Nip the dog was his undoing, and his cleverness was the direct means of sending this fellow on a long journey over the sea to remain away from his native land for many years; however, he probably in due time secured a ticket-of-leave and eventually died out in the colonies a respected citizen like many of his predecessors whose passage had been paid by the Queen.

I am half inclined to believe that Nip had been at sea before, and that this was not his maiden voyage, as he took so naturally to the ocean and ship's affairs; at any rate, he was quite at home in any part of the ship and did not mind a heavy squall, or a protracted gale of wind. Weather was all the same to him, be it sunshine or storm, and he was the best lookout on the ship. He could smell a passing vessel when no one on board could see it, and would smell the land hours before it came in sight, and in many ways was a valuable aid to navigation. As a member of the "anchor watch" when in port his equal was not to be found among the twenty men who composed the crew. No boat could come near the ship but Nip would give us timely notice; and once while lying at Barbados he showed his splendid qualifications as a night watchman by keeping away from us the harbor thieves, who were very daring in plundering the ships that lay in the harbor. We lay in that harbor for twenty days and never a penny's worth of stuff was taken from us. The lookout man might go to sleep, and he often did, but Nip was never known to have slept after the anchor watch was set at eight bells. He even on one occasion, when a very heavy squall was coming down on us, gave us timely warning so that we had time to let go a second anchor and saved the ship from dragging her single anchor and going on shore, as four vessels did that night because the human anchor watchers were asleep, and when the squall struck their vessels it was too late to have the second anchor bite before the vessel was on the beach.

Nip's champion record, however, was made on a voyage from Demarara to New Haven. We were heavily laden with sugar, rum, and a lot of scrap iron which had been taken on board the last thing, and was the cause of much trouble to me, as it affected the compasses and kept me on the anxious seat all the voyage. In those days we did not know so much as is known at the present day how to correct the errors due to local attraction. We had some twenty-five passengers on board, most of them ladies who were going north to visit friends, and some others journeying to England by the way of the States, so that my cares and responsibilities were unusually large this voyage. Nothing marred the early part of the trip save the bother with the compasses; the weather was fine, the winds favorable and everything went smoothly until we crossed the Gulf Stream, where we fell in with a succession of gales varying in intensity and duration, and for days at a time the weather conditions were such that the sun failed us—no observations could be made, and we were trusting to dead reckoning. This, coupled with the vagaries of our compasses, rendered certain navigation a puzzling problem. I was convinced that besides local attraction I was being bothered by unusual sets of currents, and life was miserable in the extreme. However, I kept pressing the ship to the northward as opportunity offered, but was never sure of my western position. The bad weather had reduced my chance of making a reasonably quick run home, and as I had to double Montauk Point to get into Long Island Sound, I could have no assistance by picking up my position from landmarks like Barnegat, or floating marks like Sandy Hook Light Ship. When I got on soundings they did not agree with our supposed position, and I confessed to myself that I was "all at sea" as to where we really were. I was getting well up with my northing, and became doubly anxious, and somewhat exhausted from the lack of sleep, and was brain tired with anxiety, but nerved myself up for the strain and tried not to let the passengers particularly see that I was worried in the least, for if they became the least panicky then my troubles would be increased fourfold.

I had calculated that I was some thirty miles off the Long Island coast on Sunday morning and had several casts of the lead which seemed to verify my calculations, but I resolved that nothing should be left undone to safeguard the ship and her valuable freight of life and property. Early in the day I sent a man to each masthead to see if he could see over the fog and mist, and if possible to catch a glimpse of land, but nothing could be seen. When we went down to dinner at noon the only one of the after guard that did not put in an appearance at the table was Nip, who always sat on the floor at my right hand side, but I did not miss him at the time. True to his nature he was on the lookout on the topgallant forecastle, where the mate and two men were peering into the fog. We had just finished our soup when I heard Nip barking furiously; I could not resist the temptation to find out what had attracted his attention, and dropping my knife and fork rushed on deck and went forward. Nothing could be seen, but Nip could not be pacified, and with my previous experiences under like circumstances with dogs, it flashed into my mind that Nip smelt land, and it was best to heed his warning. I instantly ordered the ship to be put about, and we headed off to the eastward and I felt easier, and returned to the dinner table feeling assured that no harm could come to the ship on her altered course. We had not progressed far with our meal before there was a sudden shift of wind, the fog was blown to the leeward of us and with a gentle breeze from the northward the vista which opened up before us was the lowland of Long Island, and close on board. But for Nip's timely warning and my quick understanding of a dog's capabilities as a reliable lookout, we would have undoubtedly been in the breakers with a great loss of life.

Nip received an ovation from the passengers and crew that would have crushed any human being, but he did not seem to mind it, and seemed more anxious to secure a belated dinner than the caresses of his human friends. Several of the passengers wanted to buy him, but the combined passenger list did not have money sufficient to induce me to part with my canine friend.

I left the ship at New Haven after she was discharged, and took Nip with me to New York, where I had secured another command, and we started off for a voyage to Jamaica. I told my new officers and men of the record of Nip, and bespoke for him kindly consideration. The story I told won for him a most kindly reception and he evidently felt that his new shipmates were his friends, for he was soon mingling with them as freely as he had done on the other vessel. He was frequently to be found with the lookout at night, and the men considered it a great treat to have Nip as a companion in their lookouts. So far as Nip was concerned, the outward voyage was bare of incident; we discharged our cargo and Nip had a few scraps on shore with Kingston dogs, in which he generally came off the victor.

On our homeward run nothing of importance occurred until we were in the latitude of Charleston. The wind was light, the sky somewhat overcast, and the sea was quite smooth. Nip was forward on the topgallant forecastle sitting on his haunches listening to the chattering of the lookout man who was talking dog to the noble fellow, when he suddenly jumped up and began barking and making a great noise about something he had either scented or seen on the surface of the water. The lookout could see no sign of sail, boat or even big fish; but the action of the dog made it clear to the man as well as to the watch on deck that something unusual had attracted Nip's attention, and all eyes were strained to see if anything was in sight. But no one could discover that there was any visible warrant for the dog's behavior. He suddenly leaped off the forecastle and ran along aft barking more strenuously than ever, and as he came up on the poop deck I came up out of the cabin. Just then the man at the wheel shouted out: "There is a man overboard; I hear him crying out 'help!'"

The helm was put hard down and the main topsail laid to the mast and as quickly as possible a boat was cleared away and manned, and was soon putting in the direction from which the cry came. In perhaps ten minutes we saw the boat returning and received a hail from it: "We have got him." When the boat was hoisted up even with the rail there was lifted from her a fine strapping fellow who was then unconscious. We got him on deck and found him without any clothing. From the boat was taken a large oaken draw bucket which had served as the man's life preserver.

It was not long before he had recovered sufficiently to tell us that he was one of the crew of a small whaling schooner. At the time he fell overboard he was drawing water in the waist, and losing his balance had fallen into the sea unobserved by any of his shipmates. This occurred at about 7 o'clock the evening previous, and he had been afloat nearly thirty hours with nothing to support him but that oaken bucket. After he had been in the water for some hours he had divested himself of all of his clothing, and being a good swimmer, had no difficulty in keeping himself afloat, although he was fast losing strength and had about given up hope of being able to last much longer. He had suffered terribly for the lack of water and from the rays of the mid-day sun, but said he had hoped to be picked up by his own vessel, which he saw twice during the day on the horizon and once she was within about two miles of him, but they failed to see him. He had relieved his hand grasping strain on the bucket, by making the lanyard of the bucket into a loop in which he sat and maintained his upright position by using a portion of the rope for a girth which kept the upturned bucket close to his chest. The compressed air in the bucket was sufficient to insure his safety so long as his strength held out and the sea continued smooth. He saw our running lights as soon as they were visible above the horizon, and his greatest fear was that we might run over him, but he had hoped by husbanding his voice to warn us in time and also to enable us to locate his position and rescue him. He heard Nip's barkings and felt sure that the dog had discovered him, and said to himself: "Would to God that dogs could talk." When we passed him slowly by, his spirits began to droop, but when he saw the ship come up to the wind with her maintopsail to the mast, he knew that he was saved, and managed to keep his voice till the boat reached him, when he fainted away. His recovery was rapid, and in a few hours he was about the decks, little the worse for his thirty-hour swim. To Nip he ascribed all the credit of his rescue, and it was willingly accorded to the clever dog.

From the hour the man and Nip met they were inseparable, while to me dear old Nip was a treasure worth his weight in gold, and no money could have induced me to part with him. A couple of days after we arrived in New York Nip was missing, and we searched high and low for him. I advertised for him, but no replies came, although I promised a handsome reward to him who returned the dog. Just before I sailed on my next voyage a letter post-marked Belfast, Me., reading as follows:

"My Dear Captain—I will to my dying day remember, and thank you for picking me up at sea, and for your kindness to me while on board your ship. I know you are grieving over your loss of Nip, but he is with me and will be till he or I dies. That he will have a good home I can guarantee, better than he ever could have on shipboard. I have had enough of the sea for my lifetime; so has Nip. I send you my best wishes. Nip would if he could. Good-by. God bless you.—Harry."

I could hardly blame him for wanting Nip for a companion, but did not exactly like the manner in which he acquired possession of my dog. But who could blame the man? I consoled myself that Nip would have a kind master and a good home. So I sought out another canine companion, but he never ranked as high in my estimation as did dear, good, clever, honest old Nip. B. S. OSBON.

*For the first story of the series see issue of Aug. 12, 1905.

The Colorado Desert.

(*Concluded from page 227.*)

Game animals are few on the desert; Rocky Mountain sheep are the most numerous, and, with a few deer around isolated water holes, comprises the list, with the exception of the ever-present and numerous jack-rabbits. Coyotes, big, rangy brutes, are plentiful; there are no bears nor mountain lions, save now and then one of the latter may be met with crossing from the breaks of the river to the Sierra Madres, 100 or more miles to the west. There are a few bobcats and any amount of little reddish-gray foxes, the worst little camp thieves on the desert. Among the smaller four-footed pests are the kangaroo rats and the chipmunks, nuisances around camp. The kangaroo rats are miniature kangaroos in shape, with the exception of their long, rat tails and that they do not pouch their young. They will steal and carry, or drag, away anything that attracts their attention whether edible or not. Knives and forks, buttons, spools of threat, anything; one of the boys lost his old silver watch one night and the next day, after digging out a number of nests among some rocks, we found the watch uninjured. Back of the old, tumbled down and abandoned stage station at Cañon Springs we dug into one of their nests one day and the inventory of what we found there would fill nearly a column. Cañon Springs was an eating station on the old Southern Overland route fifty years ago. Sometime, maybe, I will tell you more about those rats and their tricks.

I have seen many quail on the desert, generally within a mile or two of water, but I have found them ten or fifteen miles from the nearest water. They live in localities where the stunted trees are covered thickly with mistletoe and find sustenance in the berries. The rats and chipmunks I have seen many miles from water; they get their liquid nourishment from the sap of plants and roots.

Rocky Mountain sheep have fled from the long-range repeating rifles of civilization to the fastnesses of the desert mountains, where they find good forage in the little meadows, moss, chemisal and the unnumbered thousands of acres of bunch, or giata grass. I have seen thirty of these timid animals in one band. In the winter time they will go two days without water, but in the summer time they will go to water at least once a day. They are protected by statute, but the Indians kill them and will trade the meat for sugar, flour and coffee. The meat is darker than that of venison, but, in my opinion, the flesh of a fat, two-year-old buck is sweeter and better than that of a deer. I have always regretted that I could not bring out the head and horns of a big buck that a Coahuila Indian killed not far from our camp. The horns were almost a complete circle and measured just four feet in length on the outer circumference; around the butt each horn measured 24½ inches. Such a pair of horns would weigh about fifty pounds, and it seems strange that the animal could carry them and run with such incredible swiftness until one sees a big buck throw back his head until the horns rest on his shoulders, and then the mystery is solved.

Two Indians came to our camp at Cañon Springs one day and tried to beg, borrow or buy some .44 caliber cartridges, they had only nine; but we would not let them have one. They left, and the second day after they returned with the meat of seven sheep and one cartridge; they had only missed one shot, and an Indian is not worth a bean as a shot at over 100 yards or a point blank range. Their rifles were old, black powder carbines.

The old fable about mountain sheep jumping from precipices and alighting on their horns is all nonsense; a story good enough to entertain and interest a tenderfoot around the camp-fire, but as a fact it may go into limbo along with Alex Badlam's sidehill bear that had legs on the down-hill side longer than the others. Alex never would tell how it worked when the bear turned and went the other way, he always worked that bear around a hill in the same direction. I have experimented with mountain sheep, have chased them over steep places that I could not descend unless I jumped over, and have come upon them suddenly where their only escape was over a seemingly precipitous cliff. Their sight is remarkably keen, and they are more surefooted than the proverbial goat; they look where they are going to leap and go bounding from one point to another like a ball. If it is absolutely straight up and down and too smooth for even the slightest foothold they will not chance it, but will stampede past you to a safer route. Going from you they resemble no animal so much as an antelope, only they are heavier. Sheep suggests wool, but mountain sheep have no wool, except in the winter time, when they take on a fine fuzzy coat close to the skin, but are covered with a coat of hair like that of a deer or antelope, and there is not the slightest hint of a mutton taste about the meat.

The Cocopah Desert lies just south of the Mexican line, and is really a continuation of the Desert of the Colorado; the old stage route between Yuma and San Diego tipped the northern end of it. It lies between the Sierra Madre Mountains on the west and the Cocopah range on the east, from which it takes its name, and extends on down the eastern shore of the Peninsula of California as far as one cares to go. From a spring in a cañon southeast of the little trading post of El Campo one must take water for the trip across the Cocopah. From that spring one may see the saddle in the mountains that mark the Cañada de los Muertos, Cañon of the Dead, in which is the next water. It is only sixty miles, and with the landmarks in plain view all the way some might think that if necessary one might make it without water. Yes? Other white men have thought the same, and out on that trap-door of hell are little mounds of stones or piles of bleaching bones, mute witnesses to their errors of judgment. The Cocopah range of mountains, bare and treeless, is inhabited by the Cocopah tribe of Indians, the majority of which still cling to their bows and arrows as weapons of war or the chase. This is presumably due to the fact that they have never had enough money or goods to trade for a rifle. Now and then one may be seen with an antiquated musket or an old model magazine rifle. Do not ask where they got them, they would lie to you, but more than one man has gone into the Cocopah range and never came out. My partner, Crawford, and a companion, J. C. Brown, lay behind the rocks with their rifles all one afternoon and shot against volleys of arrows until an aged chief, whom they had succored a week or so before, came on the scene and put an end to the fight by telling his tribesmen how the white men had saved his life. The Indians did not especially want the lives of Crawford and Brown, but they did want their provisions and guns—which they did not get.

At the foot of the western slope of the Cocopah range is a long, narrow laguna salado or salt lake. It is thirty or more miles from the Gulf of California, and a range of high mountains intervenes, yet that lake is said to have a tidal ebb and flow at the same time with the tides in the gulf. This would seem to indicate that there is a subterranean channel connecting the two. The shores of the lake are fringed with marine vegetation, and the green-bordered, sparkling water has raised more than one hoarse cry of joy from parched throats—but, oh, the horror of it when the thirsty ones tried to drink.

Almost anything might be under the surface down there. On the mesa between the eastern slope of the mountains and the Gulf are the mud volcanoes, bubbling up like nothing so much as great pots of mush with the accompanying "pooh-h" of steam and gas. For several miles around the surface of the earth is quivering and the footing is insecure; it is a ticklish place to travel, for a false step might drop one into an old cauldron. Never try to get your burros to go out to them, the long-eared, patient beasts have an instinctive horror of the place, and are gone the moment they get a whiff of the sulphurous gases.

The backbone of the peninsula of Lower California, a high mountain range about 700 miles long, is yet a paradise for sportsmen. There are no bears there, not quite enough water for them, for they like a wallow; but there are deer of nearly every species, especially the big mule deer, and mountain lion too numerous for comfort. There are also mountain sheep that are not protected by statute, and quail—well, they are about the most common bird down there. I may tell you more about that country some time—how to get in there, what to take, and where to go; but mind you it is no holiday excursion. The mountains are not the barren mountains of the desert, but are a continuation of the Sierra Madres, and are in many places heavily timbered with forests which the ax of the woodsman has not yet devastated. But I started to write about the Desert of the Colorado, and here we are away down in the San Pedro Martir range.

That the sand of the Desert of the Colorado is very fertile has been demonstrated by the irrigation system down near the Mexican line, where water has been brought from the Colorado River by a system of canals. The Indians first proved the fruitfulness of the land. During the spring and summer rise of the Colorado the flood waters would break through the sandy bank south of Yuma, and in past ages there had been cut a tortuous channel a hundred miles or more in length to the Salton Basin, which it would frequently flood to a depth of two or three feet. Although the basin is three hundred or more feet below the level of the river, yet the thirsty sands and the rapid evaporation drank so much of the escaping flood water that only a comparatively small amount of it found its way to the basin. The long channel, wide and shallow, came to be known as New River, and as the flood in the main river subsided, so did the overflow in the channel. Desert Indians would follow the receding waters and plant beans and melons and corn, and in six weeks their crops would mature. This first gave the white men the idea of irrigating the desert and the new city of Imperial is the result. This is south of the railroad in San Diego county. North of the railroad begins the desert mineral country, except in the extreme southeastern part of the county, where there are some placer and gravel mines. The desert parts of Riverside and San Bernardino counties are said to be at too great an elevation to irrigate from the Colorado River, and hence will remain as always, only a mineral country.

Gold, silver and coper are the minerals for which prospectors now brave the dangers and hardships of the desert, principally gold and copper. As yet but little silver has been found except that in the gold. There are other valuable substances out there, of which but little account has yet been taken—gypsum, mica, marble, cinnabar, lead, kaolin, iron, antimony, and, in fact, I do not know all of them—gold was the object of my search. The country is all unsurveyed Government land, and oh, what a relief it is to travel a country 150 miles wide and 1,000 miles long with never a sign "Private grounds, keep out," to stare one in the face. No signs of any kind, in fact, and no roads for that matter; one makes his own roads, and there is a certain amount of satisfaction in feeling reasonably certain that one has been in certain cañons or on certain mountains where never a white man had been before.

It is this that attracts some men to the desert; and, while its vastness and solitude are awe-inspiring at first, one soon grows accustomed to it, and it becomes a magnet, to which he will return sooner or later, if only on a visit. The absolute freedom and primitiveness of it all is the lodestone; no papers, no mail, except for weeks; no whistles, no trains, no rush, no women, no worry—nothing but camp when one gets tired, without a permit from any man, and stay in camp until he gets rested. Of course, it is not a pleasure resort, with beautiful groves and trout streams; one must rough it in the literal sense of roughing it—sleep on the ground and live on beans and bacon as a certainty, but if fresh meat comes your way accept it as a special act of a munificent and watchful Providence, and take courage.

In touring that country, if one has the money, the most comfortable method is to get a light, strong, wide-tired wagon, drawn by two stout Spanish mules that have been broken to pack. One may drive all over the mesas, tablelands and valleys, leave the wagon at some water hole, and pack the mules and climb the mountains on side trips. However, it is well to pack two or more burros and take them along; they will, if good burros, follow like a dog. A burro will pack 125 pounds twenty or twenty-five miles in a day without distressing him, although we have packed 150 pounds on an animal and crowded them thirty miles in a day, but the case was one of necessity. The weight of the pack depends, of course, on the size of the burro; some of the larger ones can pack 175 to 200 pounds with comparative ease. I say Spanish mules or burros because they are acclimated, do not have to be shod unless one wishes, and can hunt their own forage, though it is well to take along a sack or two of barley.

Prospectors, as a rule, do not bother with wagons. Two men will pack from three to five burros with several months' supply of bacon, flour, beans, coffee and dried fruit, and say good-by to civilization. If they are well outfitted they may each have a saddle burro, but that is considered a luxury, although $10 is an average price for a desert burro.

Did you ever take into consideration that all the gold in the world comes out of the ground? Almost since time began, men have been trying to make the metal, but have failed; its manufacture is God's secret. That thing that moves all the wheels in the world and gives all nations the sinews of war, is searched out by a comparatively small number of men, who cut loose from civilization and comfort, and drift out into nature's wilderness, where they face danger and hardship in every form in order that the wheels of the world may move. Some time I may tell you how they do it, for I know.

E. E. BOWLES.

Recollections Aroused by Wood Smoke.

CONVALESCING from a three months' siege of illness (right through the trout and bass season and into the days that are open for prairie chickens and ducks), some smoke from a bonfire of birch flooring cuttings, refuse from a new house under construction across the street, floated into my bedroom window. That smell of birch wood smoke at once aroused dormant memories of over thirty years ago. All the incidents connected with my first trout fishing experience crowded in upon me. I went through once more the important and absorbing ordeal of the selection and purchase of my outfit. I made no mistakes in my selection of rod and other impedimenta, for at my side one who knew advised and counselled. And everything being ready, we made tracks for the good old State of Maine, and in the afternoon of the following day, when the Boston and Maine dropped us at a spur, we waited but a few moments before a busy little engine with a single car backed up to the platform. The engine engrossed our attention, because of the cavernous smoke pipe that belched out sparks and volumes of smoke. How fresh and savory that wood smoke smelt in the cool September air! And as the train jogged along to its destination, we smelled the hard-wood smoke and accepted it as a not unpleasant concomitant of our journey.

And the next day, when we trudged into camp at the Carey Ponds about noon, the breeze blowing our way, once more the odor of hard-wood smoke was wafted toward us, but this time it was not the plain, simple smoky article, but with it came blended the odor of frying trout and baking beans, for it was dinner hour in camp.

The beans, trout, biscuit and coffee disposed of, we joint and string up our rods and cross over to the trail that leads us to the second pond. How clearly everything comes back to me! We enter the boat moored to the shore and row within casting distance of a great bed of lilypads. The way the trout assailed our flies led us to believe that there must be millions of them sheltered under those green shadowing leaves. We saw at once that only those trout badly hooked should be kept and began to throw the others back. A trout on each one of the three flies seemed to be the rule. A little of this fishing went a long ways, and we floated along the surface of the lake, trying a sheltering rock or sunken log, and here and there picking up a stray trout.

For me it was my first trout, and to be introduced to the spotted individuals under such pleasant circumstances was something to be remembered.

And all this because a puff of hard-wood smoke floated into my bedroom window.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

More Camp Remedies.

I WANT to "butt in" with my remedy for cuts, bruises, scratches and other injuries incident to boating, hunting, camping, and other outdoor doings. It is a small box of boric acid, a roll of absorbent cotton, and another of antiseptic bandage. Then I don't need to wait to tear up a shirt, handkerchief, or anything else when I get hurt. These I always take with me, even when on a railway journey. With the numerous railway accidents so frequently occurring, a fellow never knows when he may get hurt.

Boric acid is a powder, a cleaner, germ killer, and cooling to a wound. When I get cut, I immediately fill the wound with the powder, bind it with the bandage, and leave it without further attention. If the cut was deep, I would cram it full of the powder, but not sew it up. I want a deep cut left open to heal from the bottom outward. Should there be any pus form down there, I would want to cleanse it. For this purpose I carry also a small bottle of dioxogen, and a small glass dropper. A drop of the liquid will destroy the pus, or any infections. But for surface cuts, one application of the boric acid, properly bandaged, is enough.

I cut myself with a sharp knife across a knuckle joint on my left hand, where there is a vein. It bled like a stuck pig. I put a thick gob of the powder on it, a piece of absorbent cotton over it, and wrapped with bandage. In four days the skin had healed without a scar. If I should run a rusty nail into my flesh,

I would at once plug it with boric acid, pushing it in as tightly as I could with a blunt stick. Then I would have no fear of lockjaw. No greasy ointments, or any fat bacon, to put on my wounds. I have remembrances of the small boy with a sore toe, or heel bruise, or a nail hole in his foot, tied up with an immense greasy rag.

One of the liabilities of a fisherman is to get snagged with a hook in his hand or other part of his anatomy. In my kit I have a small pair of nippers, with which I would cut the hook above the wound and pull it out, instead of cutting around the barb to get it out that way. Treat with the boric acid. SENEX.

DES MOINES, Ia.

Adirondack State Lands.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Upon the return of Commissioner Whipple last night from a tour of inspection in the Adirondacks, Mr. Spears' article in the FOREST AND STREAM concerning sales of State lands, was shown to him, and to it he made the following reply:

Commissioner Whipple said: "You ask for some statement from me in relation to an article written by Raymond S. Spears, of Little Falls, N. Y., Aug. 24, and published in FOREST AND STREAM Sept. 2, 1905. My attention has not been called to the subject matter of this article before, neither have I seen the article until now.

"Mr. Spears is entirely mistaken in the statement in the first paragraph of his article where he says: 'Now the State is going to charge $2 per cord apparently, for that is what the State is suing for.' I know of no such charge and no action in which such a claim is made, and there will not be by my consent.

"The Land Board is a separate and distinct Board from the Forest, Fish and Game Department, and has certain authority under the law in certain cases. So far as I have been able to ascertain, the facts in relation to Lot 79, Remsenburg Patent, 170 acres, which Mr. Spears calls the Hatter place, the Land Board had no authority to dispose of that property, and if I am right in this, I shall immediately institute an action to set aside the sale and recover such damages as may have accrued to the State by the action of that Board.

"In relation to the Ampersand Pond land, Township 27, mentioned by Mr. Spears, I learn that it was by a judgment of a competent court that the claimed title of the State was disposed of or annulled. That case I will examine at the earliest possible moment. The Hatter property, as the records in this office show, was disposed of against the protest of the Department of Forests in this Department. All of these matters were before my time of service in the Department.

"The law defining the Forest Preserve includes all land owned by the State in the sixteen Adirondack and Catskill counties with the two following exceptions:

"'First. Lands within the limits of any village or city.

"'Second. Land, not wild land, acquired by the State on foreclosure of mortgage made to the Loan Commission.' Under the last exception the Land Board would have the right to sell any lands acquired through the Loan Commission provided they were cleared or farm lands.

"The map of State lands is made up by Mr. Fox from the records of the Comptroller's office. Therefore, where the Land Board has disposed of a piece of land, he has no authority except to indicate it on the map by making it white instead of red. This explains the changes in the map mentioned by Mr. Spears.

"Whether the Land Board had authority or not to make sales, I propose to find out.

"I do not believe Mr. Spears wishes to apply the statement, 'Well, you know what money will do in politics, was the pessimistic answer,' to this Department or to me personally. If he, or any other man believes he can get a tree or a foot of State land by political maneuvering or money considerations, let him try it.

"Personally, I am much obliged to Mr. Spears for his article, and I will be obliged to any man who will call my attention to any irregularity in the past which I may have the authority to correct, or any which may occur during my administration."

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my letter about the sale of Lot 79 of the Remsenburg Patent, my introductory paragraph said that "the State is going to charge $2 per cord, apparently" for pulp wood. Commissioner Whipple says in regard to this statement: "Mr. Spears is entirely mistaken in the statement in the first paragraph of his article where he says: 'Now the State is going to charge $2 per cord, apparently, for that is what the State is suing for.' I know of no such charge and no action in which such a claim is made, and there will not be by my consent."

Doubtless I was wrong in what I said as regards the pulp wood. I made the accusation on a paragraph which appeared in a newspaper some time ago. I withdraw it in view of Mr. Whipple's declaration.

Mr. Whipple says further: "I will be obliged to any man who will call my attention to any irregularity in the past which I may have the authority to correct, or any which may occur during my administration."

That is the most cheering statement that I have ever read in anything that ever came from the Adirondack commission, and while I have sent Mr. Whipple a long list of lands from the use of which the public may have been swindled in part, or to a great extent, I shall not carelessly make statements likely to cause the Forest, Fish and Game Commission extra work. Anyone who realizes that the Adirondack region is nearly, if not quite as large as the State of Massachusetts, and that to police this region only two score of "policemen" are available, will understand that the task is a tremendous one.

My objections have been all made because of the principle that appeared to underlie the whole Adirondack system of protection. I do object to making the great playground of the State a place for deals and barter, traffic and scoundrelism.

The reports which Col. William F. Fox publishes, nearly all of them contain urgent appeals to the public to permit lumbering on State lands, or swapping of State lands for other lands. His latest scheme is to exchange the State forest lands outside the Adirondack and Catskill forests for lands inside the park area. An amendment to the State Constitution has already passed the State Legislature making this possible.

It is a fact well known to men who frequent the forest region that in the depths of the wilderness few ruffed grouse, and rarely a woodcock, are found. But in the outskirts of the wilderness the ruffed grouse are found in numbers that give thousands of sportsmen opportunity to enjoy their favorite recreation, not to mention trout streams and lakes.

According to Colonel Fox, there are 134,571 acres of State land outside the Adirondack Park area, and 10,027 acres outside the Catskill Park—144,598 acres in all.

Of this land more than 135,000 acres is "forest." A great part of it is the finest covert in the world for ruffed grouse, woodcock, rabbits and hares and other animals often shot for sport. If the State sells it a large proportion of it will be made into private parks immediately, and the sportsmen will find themselves shut out of traets of land where they have hunted for years, probably without realizing that the land was a part of the State domain. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

(Albany Correspondence New York World.)

THE efforts of Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner Whipple to punish the poachers in the Adirondack forests have stirred up the Republican bosses in that section, who for years have dictated the terms of settlement in cases of trespass and illegal hunting. Their influence being no longer of any account. they threaten to exterminate, politically, the men in control of the department at Albany. They already have demanded the dismissal of several forest, fish and game proteetors because the latter refused to compromise or smother cases of violation in which the friends and business agents of certain leading Republicans were involved.

Commissioner Whipple investigated the complaints, and in the end eomplimented them for performing their duty without fear of the bosses. He told them that so long as they did their work faithfully and without favoritism they need have no fear of dismissal. This note of defiance gave the politicians, whose influence has always been uppermost in the settlement of cases, a severe jolt.

When Mr. Whipple was placed at the head of the department to reform it he decided to clean out the politieal gang that had brought it into disrepute. It was one of the strongest cliques that ever did business at Albany, and he realized that it was no ordinary undertaking. In the ring were State Senators, Republican leaders and big business men. The Commissioner's first move was to wipe out the system of special attorneys employed to prosecute violations; for it was through these attorneys that the politicians and their friends in the lumber and pulp companies did business. In many instances the same counsel that served the companies also served the State.

In place of the special counsel, a single attorney was appointed, with the title of Deputy Attorney-General, to devote his whole time to prosecuting cases of trespass on forest lands and to defend the State's right to land now in dispute. The man selected for this place is J. K. Ward, of Cattaraugus, the home county of Governor Higgins and Commissioner Whipple. Lank, keen-eyed, aggressive to the point of hostility, Mr. Ward has spread more fear through the regions of the poachers in one month than all the prosecutors spread heretofore in a decade.

"I wish," remarked Commissioner Whipple the other day, in discussing the recent victories of his attorney, "that I had more men like Mr. Ward. He isn't afraid of anything. He works every day in the week and on Sundays. He's the best prosecutor, I'm told, the department has had in many years."

Mr. Ward knows all the tricks of the trade. He knows, too, that he has some of the sharpest men in the country to deal with in prosecuting poachers and in fighting attorneys for the wrongdoers. When he first went into the woods, a few weeks ago, to punish several woodsmen for cutting burnt timber on State lands, the Deputy Attorney-General was "sized up" for a tenderfoot. The men began to spin yarns of how the wood was taken.

"Look here," snapped Mr. Ward. "You can't flim-flam me. My father was born in a wagon and I first saw light of day in a log cabin. Now get behind that woodpile and make up a story that you wouldn't be ashamed to tell your neighbors." The Deputy Attorney-General made the poachers pay $2 a standard for the wood, several times its market value. That was the law and he meant to enforce it.

"I want you fellows," he said, addressing the wrongdoers, "to understand that you have no right to cut burnt timber. When you get to know that there won't be so many fires in these forests."

In the majority of trespass cases the trees cut down are sold to a lumber or pulp company. The poachers are said to be in the employ of the companies. While they have never been accused of having forest land set on fire so that the burnt timber may be cut, the fact is noted that burnt areas usually adjoin tracts where lumbering operations are going on.

A lawyer who represents a number of pulp and lumber companies and a millionaire camp owner, recently had an encounter with Deputy Attorney-General Ward, the outcome of which has done a great deal to change the attitude of the trespassers. After being asked to make good the damage done by poachers, the lawyer replied threateningly: "I'd like to see you get any money out of us."

The Deputy Attorney-General returned to Albany and prepared papers in a suit against the offending company. Not very long after he received a letter from the lawyer, meekly saying that the full amount of the penalties would be paid.

So great is Mr. Ward's enthusiasm in the work of protecting the forests that he makes long trips into the woods and "puts his ear to the ground" by hobnobbing with woodsmen and State protectors. While on one of these trips he ran into a case of illegal hunting, which was being tried before a country justice. The protector had found the hunter carrying a dead deer in a bag out of season. It was a clear case, but the jury, made up of natives, most of whom had poached at one time or another, returned a verdict of "not guilty." In the hearing of the defendant Mr. Wood ordered the protector to bring suit in an adjoining county, where the case could be considered on its merits.

The hunter and his attorney had a hasty consultation, with the result that the fine of $100 was promptly paid and the matter dropped.

Animal Life in the Yellowstone.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another tourist season for the Yellowstone National Park is about over. It has been the banner season so far as to the number of visitors, surpassing any year in the history of the park and taxing the carrying capacity of all kinds of transportation in and about the park. Everything outside the park for miles around that could be called a spring wagon was used during the rush. The season opened with a large number of visitors, and up to now the park is full of tourists of all kinds.

Hunting parties are beginning to come in, taking in the park going to and coming from their hunting grounds. I think some fine heads will be taken this fall. The summer has been favorable for the development of large horns, the feed good from early spring, and inseets not so troublesome as usual. I know of not one forest fire in the park and none anywhere near. We have had very little smoke, too; what there was came from the west.

I think there is not quite the usual number of young antelope with the old ones. I have noticed and counted several hundred during the summer, and very seldom saw two young with a doe, and even as late as Aug. 1 I saw many without any young following. In the spring almost all the antelope left their winter range in front of Gardiner and the alfalfa patch; but about twenty concluded it was a favorable plaee to show themselves, and every evening came down from the nearby hills. They are quite tame for antelope, and thousands have seen them, where if they had returned to their old range for the summer not one tourist would have known what the animal looked like. Every evening hundreds of field glasses are leveled at them and not a few cameras. When the antelope reach the edge of the alfalfa field they find an irrigating ditch; this they jump and then they usually play for a few minutes, running around in circles, chasing one another for a long time. Then they start out across the field, taking a bite here and there, never eating much at any time.

Two large crops have been cut and stacked from this field, and will be used to feed the antelope and other game during the winter.

Now and then during the summer a band of mountain sheep visited the Gardiner Cañon and were seen by the tourists. Usually they do not come down so low as this in summer around here.

The number of gophers and "picket pin" squirrels and woodchucks seen along the roads out from the Mammoth Hot Springs is remarkable. Where once we used to see a great many chipmunks, we seldom see one now, and at the same time the gophers have taken their place, picking up the scattered grain along the roads and around the old camps. Further out in the park the chipmunk still holds its own. I don't know the cause of this change, of the disappearance of the chipmunk and the great increase in the number of gophers unless it is the killing off of the coyote; but that ought not to drive away the chipmunks. And that makes me think of the porcupine. What has become of the great many, we may safely say thousands, that used to be in and around the park? It was nothing to see several every day along the wagon roads and trails, and in the evenings, when they usually move about, one could see dozens. I counted over thirty one evening during an hour's slow ride along a trail south of the park. Now, for several years I have not seen even one; neither have I seen any fresh cutting or sign of their work, and this, mind you, in the same country where once they were so numerous. Talking with other guides and the scouts, they all say the same thing. I think it was some disease that carried them off, something that has about exterminated the animal from this country.

The elk are banding up and the bulls have been whistling for over two weeks. This is unusually early. Wonder if it's going to be an early winter.

I see many queer things in the way of animal actions, but don't like to tell about them. I notice that when I do the people I talk to look at me as though they doubted my word, and then I hear them say, "My, but he draws the long bow." But I must tell one incident that happened to me the other night in Gardiner. I was sleeping in my cabin with the door wide open. On my table were some sheets of "tangle-foot" fly paper and other things, letters, papers and magazines. Along about 1 A. M. I awoke, hearing considerable noise among the papers on my table and a squeaking noise, like that made by a mouse when hurt. I lay listening for a while, wondering what was the trouble. Then reaching for a match I struck it. At the flash some animal on the table made a great clatter and then remained still. I lit the lamp and looked at the table. In a corner next to a cupboard and the wall was a small hare, a cotton-tail. I stood looking at it for some time and saw that it had been stuck on the fly paper. The night was quite cool and the sticky stuff was not soft enough to get in its deadly work. At the flash of the match the frightened animal broke loose from the paper by its sudden start. I picked it up by its ears, carried it to the door and turned it loose, and told it to fly, but not play a fly again. I have had many visitors to my cabin of nights—porcupines (years ago when they were numerous), mountain rats, birds, bats and once a grouse. Fortunately, I never had a visit in this cabin from the little black and white pussy that proves so offensive.

I saw one man this summer who said he had been hurt by a bear. I asked him how. He had a bad cut on his forehead. He said he and several others were watching the bears eating slops at the Lake Outlet. A female grizzly with two cubs was not very friendly. The cubs came on toward the crowd and the old one came too. The crowd broke and ran. Some went up trees. He ran against a tree, striking his head against a dry limb. This knocked him out. His friend said the bear came within ten feet of him, then went back. When he came to his friend helped him to camp, dressed his cut, and this was the way he was hurt by a bear. T. E. H.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Biography of a Bear.—I.

I HAVE thought many times of writing the history of one of the most interesting and entertaining animals of my acquaintance, a cinnamon bear. It would seem that comparatively little is known of bears, for in such works upon natural history as have come under my reading bears are treated of with an indifference that suggests their having been examined through long distance telescopes—sometimes, indeed, with the small ends of those instruments directed to the objects, as if to make sure the animals were at a safe distance.

There is of certainty plenty of lore regarding dead bears that have been killed by mighty hunters before the Lord, and others. Bears really alive are exhibited, in contracted cages made of iron, chained to posts, or again, attached by means of a ring through their nostrils, to disreputable Italians or other obstacles.

This history deals with a bear who had the disadvantage of human society, but who also had considerable freedom and at times had opportunities to visit his natural haunts in the forests and mountains, and who, all things considered, proved himself worthy of an accurate biography and a dignified position in history. An authentic account of the doings of a bear will doubtless appear ridiculous to students who find biography fitted only to annals of people. But if bears could read, imagine how ridiculous they might think the tomes of history that deal only with the doings of great men.

About twenty years ago there were yet a few Indians about the old town Shasta, in northern California, at that time a town of some 1,200 people. My home was on the edge of town, the house being upon a little hill, with about thirty acres of field, orchard and vineyard surrounding it. On the further side of the grounds from the road the last remnant of a tribe of Indians native to the region had their camp or rancheria. There were two families of the Indians, numbering about a dozen individuals. They subsisted as best they might by doing drudgery for the white residents or spending the summer seasons upon hunting and foraging trips in the surrounding mountains.

One morning I saw two of the Indian boys passing, one of them carrying something very carefully in his arms, wrapped in the tanned skin of a wildcat. Curious to know what they had I called to them and they stopped at the gate. One of the boys was well grown and the other ten or twelve years of age. Both were barefoot and their torn and scant clothes suggested that they were just back from a rough trip in the mountains.

"What have you got there?" I inquired.

"Little bear," one of them replied.

"Let me see it," I requested.

There was a moment's hesitation and the younger one spoke some words to his companion, who nodded, and they came forward and unrolled the small bundle, revealing a little bunch of brown, curly hair which was very much mixed with teeth and claws, while two bright, bead-like eyes peered out in sullen fear. After staring a moment the little cub made a slight effort to escape, then covered its small head and face with its paws. It was not larger than my two fists.

"He can bite," said the elder boy. "He's cross now."

I laughed at the notion of the little creature biting, and reached into the bundle to remove its paws so that I might see more of it. Instantly, with a startling snarl for so small a thing, it seized my hand with both teeth and claws and succeeded in pinching my fingers quite noticeably, at the same time scratching a mark upon the back of my hand. I withdrew my hand promptly, perhaps abruptly.

"Yes; he's cross now," I said with assurance. "Where did you get him?"

"My father kill big bear up in the Sacramento River Mountains; its mother very large bear—maybe a thousand pounds heavy," said one of the boys.

"Do you want to sell the little bear?" I asked.

The boys looked at each other, exchanged a few words in their own language, and one of them replied saying: "Not want to sell him."

"I will give $5 for him," I said.

Again the boys had a brief conference, both looking into the catskin at the bunch of fur and ferocity, now asleep or making believe.

"Not want to sell him," they said decisively, and they passed out of the gate on their way.

"By and by, if you want to sell him, I will give $10," I said as they left.

They stopped and conferred, again inspecting their prize, but made no reply and soon passed out of sight in the direction of their camp. During the forenoon I saw them returning and they were carrying the same bundle carefully. They came through the gate and up to the house, and as I went to meet them the elder boy said:

"You have cow for milk for feed him. I no have milk. I will sell him."

"Yes, I have milk for him. I will give you the money."

I found a box and a small blanket, and the boys, careful to retain the wildcat skin, deposited the minute bear in the box. I counted into their hands ten silver dollars—a vast sum of money to them—yet it did not seem to please them greatly. As they left the house their thoughts were evidently of the little cub rather than with the money. The Indians have many fancies or superstitions connected with bears.

After the boys had gone and left me in possession of the cub I began to wonder what I wanted him for and what I should do with him, it still persistently kept its eyes covered with its paws, the latter being largely out of proportion to its other portions. My mother came out to see what I was occupied with, and promptly told me that we had no use for a bear. She said she wouldn't have it on the place, that there was nothing it would eat, that it would die and that I had better take it back to the Indians with whom it belonged. Things looked dismal for the little orphan of the mountains, but in less than a week he had become the most popular member of our domestic family at the barn.

I found no difficulty in inducing Jack to drink milk; in fact, there was little difficulty in inducing him to eat almost anything. The difficulty afterward became formidable in preventing him from eating everything. I was in business in town and had but limited time at home. I fed Jack his milk in the morning and trusted to other members of the family to feed him during the day. When I inquired at night as to whether he had been fed I would learn that he had been—about a dozen times during the day—and it made little difference as to what the food was so that it was soluble, malleable or susceptible of fracture.

He made rapid growth, and soon acquired an assurance and familiarity of deportment that verged upon forwardness. Any portion of the premises or the house that he could get into he would enter without hesitation or other formality. It was often necessary to chain him in the barn when I was not at home to guide him as to social restrictions.

Like most animals with which I have had experience, I found that Jack was not to be controlled by kindness alone, but I found him singularly susceptible to the least harsh treatment, and he unmistakably evinced almost as much affection as a dog as long as he was well fed.

One day when I was feeding him I moved his pan of milk and bread and he snarled and snapped my hand, biting it slightly. Taking him by the back of the neck I got a small switch and whipped him smartly, although the smallness of the switch and the thickness of his coat prevented his being much pained. At receiving what he understood to be punishment he lay flat on the ground, covered his face with his paws and squalled like a particularly noisy child. After that, if at any time I took up a switch or whip, a flourish of it was enough to cause him to crouch low and squall lustily, not so much in fear as in intelligent protest apparently.

Jack soon hobnobbed familiarly with all the animals and fowls on the place. The poultry became accustomed to him, but he never allowed them to become too free at his meals. He had a fashion of slapping a fowl half way across the barnyard when it annoyed him, but he was never known to injure any of them. The cows and my horse seemed to fear him most, but they soon learned to treat him with indifference. This he liked sometimes to jar by standing suddenly upright and cuffing them on the side of the head. Sometimes the horse, with close calculation, tried to retaliate with his heels, but Jack's most scientific attainment was the art of being just out of reach at the critical time. The horse once got him by seizing him with his teeth, which was an unexpected attack. His lusty squall, and the rapid use of his teeth and claws caused the horse to drop him as though he were hot.

Two large dogs were Jack's chief companions. While he was very young the dogs had much the best of him, and they would make it so busy for him that he would take to the trees in the yard for peace. A locust tree, that forked about ten feet from the ground, was his favorite refuge. When the dogs made too much entertainment for him he would reach the tree in a more or less masterly retreat, climb up it to the forks, hang himself in the crotch and go to sleep with his head and heels dangling, looking like a dead one that some one had thrown up there. Often when the dogs were sound asleep on the grass he would slide down the tree—always backward—approach the dogs noiselessly, give them a lively surprise with teeth and claws and regain his perch before they got into action. At four or five months of age the bear, then weighing fifty or sixty pounds, was more than a match for the dogs in play. His tactics were altogether too scientific for them. When they charged him he would often receive them by suddenly standing upright, delivering slaps right and left that would make their ears tingle and their jaws rattle. The dogs would either give up the game shortly or begin to slobber and get angry, at which stage Jack would either go up his tree or walk off with all the swagger of a victorious pugilist.

The best of his entertainment he reserved for the unsophisticated town dogs. Dogs of various styles and patterns sometimes came into the yard, scouting about after the manner of their kind. Invariably Jack saw them first. Standing behind a tree he scrutinized them with interest. On rare occasions he saw fit to withdraw by going up his tree. Commonly he seemed to decide that a new dog wasn't very much, and he would wander out in a careless, sleepy way, ignoring the surprised dog altogether. Usually the dog would be all wonder and curiosity, sniffing and approaching, about half afraid, but insistent upon closer investigation. When his attentions became too persistent, Jack, who was all the time fully aware of every movement of the dog, would suddenly notice him and begin to shamble hurriedly away. But if the new dog thought to clinch the bluff by following it up, he ordinarily made about three jumps, to be confronted by Jack in erect posture, and the next instant the dog would receive a cuff, or a right and left that made him slobber or sent him spinning. If the dog was energetic and ambitious he would return to find that Jack was the most striking person he ever met. Just about the instant the dog expected to grasp a good mouthful of bear, he received the disappointment of his life. He usually left, however, entirely satisfied from one point of view.

Dogs are intelligent when not misled or overfed by mankind, and most of Jack's canine visitors took their reception philosophically. They would often pass on and away without lingering. At other times some of them would sit down at a little distance, and, after some consideration, go about their business elsewhere. There are confidence operators among dogs, and some of them took their first reception playfully, with the sly intention of watching a better opportunity. Their diplomacy was hopeless, for Jack would delve one yard below their mines in cunningness. He often compromised in a good play with them, in which he was careful to be ringmaster. If a strange dog nipped him too severely, his upper lip would curl in a peculiar manner, and the dog presently realized that gentler manners were easier. With our own dogs Jack was soon upon the most confidential terms, and the three were often piled up together on the lawn asleep.

Our house was back from the road a hundred yards, the road passing over a knoll, and then down across a rocky creek. There was much traffic over the road, and many heavily laden wagons drawn by from two to twenty animals passed daily, together with pack trains, stages, carriages and so on. The bear was always first to know when anything was coming on the road. His hearing was notably acute and he might often be seen supplementing that sense with his nose lifted and sniffing. Long before wagons or animals appeared he would be on the alert, his usual tactics being to get behind a tree, stand erect and watch intently. On such occasions he manifested much intelligence. To watch him studying passengers on the road, and to note his various expressions of wonder, curiosity, doubt or assurance, it would be impossible to assert that he did not think and reason upon the impressions conveyed by his eyes and nostrils to his brain. He never became, like the dogs, indifferent to the frequent familiar sounds on the road, but the noise of wheels or voices invariably made him alert. With most dogs the first impulse is to raise an alarm at a strange sight or sound or oftentimes a scent, but the bear's actions all implied silence, caution, close observation, and readiness for retreat or concealment. Once assured as to new sights or sounds, it was amusing to see him shamble off, doubtful, disgusted, half-frightened, or satisfied and assured, drop down to sleep in indifference and confidence.

From the gate to the house there was a brick walk for about a hundred yards, and it was Jack's custom to meet all comers half way up the slope, when permitted, and escort them to the house. Strangers were usually sensitive to his advances, after he had grown formidable, and some of us had to keep an eye out for timid visitors.

Bear and Book Agent.

An instance of Jack's method of reception was amusing. A man who might have been recognized by Sherlock Holmes as a book agent, one morning entered the gate and approached the house. He wore smoked goggles, carried the usual hand bag, and strode up the walk with the confident air of one who wishes to assure us that all the world is right and prosperous and in need of only his book. He was sallow and frail, but otherwise his demeanor, features and apparel implied that whenever he anchored in any haven, he would identify himself with temperance societies and Sunday schools. Not a wicked impulse in him. Mild, bland, soft-voiced and genteel, but persistent enough to sometimes sell a book.

Jack met the man half way, and sauntering up to him in his lumbering style of locomotion, sniffed at the hand bag. The agent looked at him through his goggles and then peered at him over them; shifted his head aslant, to get another focus, a time or two, and then, with an assured, friendly chuckle said: "Ha, fine old fellow—good dog; come along, old chap!" Laying his hand upon Jack, he walked along with him and up the steps of the porch as though he was a zoo graduate, and had trained with bears particularly. He had merely mistaken Jack for a good, safe kind of a dog. His smoked goggles, the heat and dust, and the size of the bear had deceived him. Besides, Jack felt like a big woolly dog. And so the agent rang the door-bell, while he placated the bear with soft words and gentle pats.

The door was opened by my mother, and the agent, with the promptness of his kind, said: "Madam, I have here a book that I have been assured will interest you. It—"

"I'm busy," replied my mother, "and cannot leave my cooking—"

"Ah, cooking! This book, Madam, is the Capitol Cook Book—an encyclopedia of all the recipes recognized by reliable caterers. It contains famous formulas, all the modern methods, as well as the old, tried and true triumphs of our grandmothers. Many of the recipes have long been in use in the culinary department of the White House, at Washington, indorsed by the various Presidents, from first to last. It is illustrated—"

"But," interposed my mother, "my pies will burn and—"

"Pies, Madam!" and the agent was fairly inspired with the word, "pies! Ah—there is no such authority on pies as this book. Pies are the pride and proof of pastry. The proper preparation of a prime pie is the pinnacle of—of—picty. Pies are pre-eminently the product of patience and perseverance, preserved precepts and practices. Madam, prince and pauper, priest and prelate, president and politician are partial to pie. In the Capitol Cook Book are presented paragraph upon paragraph pertinent to possibilities in pies—positively prolific. Perhaps—"

Jack was becoming impatient and inquisitive. He was trying to pry open the agent's hand bag (perchance to see if it contained pie), while my mother tried to call the eloquent and alliterative gentleman's attention to him.

"Perhaps, Madam—never mind the dog, I'm fond of dogs—perhaps, Madam, few pies have pleased as many palates as the Pierce pie. A photograph of Mrs. President Pierce prefaces the pie and pastry part of this book. President Pierce preferred pro-slavery propaganda to pie, perchance, but Mrs. President Pierce's pie promoted the President's popularity. Her pastry—particularly the pie—"

The remainder of his peroration perished, for at or near the preface to Mrs. Pierce's pie, Jack, disgusted with his failure to open the agent's grip, gave it a slap that sent

it off the porch. He then stood up and reached for the open book on pie, etc. As he stood erect he almost confronted the agent, face to face, and laid a formidable paw upon the book.

My mother saw a startled expression upon the man's face and tried to assure him that the bear was harmless—not at all dangerous.

"The b—, the Wh— What! Why the brute is a bear!"

The agent proved almost as active as he had been alliterative. With a bound he was off the porch and reaching for his grip. In doing this he dropped the Capitol Cook Book, and, in reaching for that, his smoked glasses seceded from his face. He hurriedly gathered the three several treasures, and made better time for the gate than comported with his ordinary conventional address. In his advance toward somewhere else he omitted at least three houses where he might have eulogized. In the meantime Jack had meandered off to the barn, an unmistakable sneer upon his expressive face.

RANSACKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

About Owls.

EAGLE LAKE, TICONDEROGA, N. Y., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time since a number of sportsmen up here in the Adirondacks were commenting on a paragraph that appeared in your journal regarding the size of the largest native American owls, and all differed from the opinion expressed in your columns that the ordinary horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*) is the largest known species. "Why," said an angler, who has hunted and fished in several parts of the world, "I saw an owl on the North Shore last week that was twice the size of any specimen of the large horned owl that I have ever seen in any museum. He was a tremendous fellow. You often hear him calling: 'Who cooks for who? Who cooks for you?' or words to that effect during the cool, damp evenings, and even into the early morning, when the song sparrows and yellow warblers usher in the coming day. I believe our friend, the owl, is a rare and almost extinct specimen of a giant bird. My daughter says that it is larger than the largest turkey she ever saw."

"When I was a boy, nearly forty years ago," said the still-hunter, "I lived on a mountain farm about ten miles east of here and a mile west of Lake Champlain. Something had been worrying our fowls at night which roosted, as the custom then was, on long poles under an open barn shed right by the roadside. We would find three or four large hens dead every morning. They had lost their heads, which had been cut off very neatly and removed from the roosts, and we could find no trace of them. One night the marauder killed a favorite Shanghai rooster, the pride of my father's flock, and the loss of his prized bird so enraged him that he set three large fox traps near the body of the dead cock. Early next morning we were suddenly aroused from sleep by great outcries from the hen roost accompanied by a significant clanking of chains that betokened a capture of the marauder. The lantern rays disclosed an enormous owl with a foot in each of two strong fox traps. Surprised by our approach our captive gave a spring and actually flew several rods with the three heavy traps, such was the strength of his pinions. The wooden clog, however, proved too much for his strength, and he alighted upon the ground, prepared to give battle to his foes. His great eyes fairly blazed with hatred of his captors and followed their every motion with savage suspicion. Young as I was, only eight years old at the time, I strongly urged my father to kill this wild king of the night and murderer of so many of our fowls. He, however, preferred to study this great bird, the like of which he in a lifetime spent in the country had never before seen.

"He had hopes of being able to present him to the Museum of Natural History at Albany. Finally, two men came along and they agreed to take the bird home and provide a cage. We measured the wings and found them to be just six feet (72 inches) from tip to tip. I noticed the legs of the bird and some one remarked that they were as large around as my wrists, and I could see that they were. Our captive was dark brown in color, and the insides of his wings were not like those of the horned owl, but rather dark, like his outside plumage. His height was about two feet when he stood, and his weight was considerable. After much effort the owl was bound and the men tossed him into their farm wagon and drove to the Overshot, in Crown Point, N. Y., where they owned a farm. Last season my father sold a load of straw to a man who said: 'More than forty years ago I came along here early one morning and a man and boy had just caught a big owl in a trap. They finally gave him to us and we took him home to Crown Point, intending to keep him as a pet. He was larger than any owl I have ever seen, and I have spent many weeks hunting in the woods and knew all the kinds of owls usually seen. This bird was from one-third to one-half larger than the large horned owl. I remember how he tried to fight us and that he never once snapped his bill, as the horned owl does. I am sorry to say that he escaped from the coop where we kept him, and no doubt soon found his mate in the forests and swamps back of Buck Mountains.' All of which leads me to the conclusion," continued the still-hunter, "that some of the descendants of that great bird are still lingering along the shores of Eagle Lake in the town of Crown Point. Efforts are being made to get a snap shot at the owl with a camera, and in case of failure, we may have to shoot him as a specimen for the Museum of Natural History in New York, which, by the way, does not contain a single American owl at all comparable to the bird that escaped that night more than forty years ago, and whose size and appearance are vouched for by four men, all of whom are living to-day."

PETER FLINT.

The Fate of the Wild Pigeon.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 9 Mr. Ames contributes an article on "The Fate of the Pigeons," which is excellent, and I congratulate him; also myself on being able, with the aid of the negro's story, to bring out an expression from one so well able to handle a difficult subject.

I beg to assure Mr. Ames, or any other readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who may be interested in the subject, of my best endeavors and hearty co-operation in any effort to prove conclusively that his theory, in which I for one am entirely sympathetic, is correct, and will come to be accepted, if the sportsmen and naturalists of the present generation do their duty.

Personally, my efforts along this line have been confined to inquiries made to elderly natives of the localities in which, according to our theory, might have been the scene of the cataclysm.

That success has been meager is due to both indifference on the part of the natives, and my inability to be in particular localities often enough to keep up my inquiries as I should like to do.

I regard the chances of locating a sea captain, sailor or lightkeeper, familiar with the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, who could furnish valuable information, anything but impossible at this time; and on Mr. Ames' suggestion I have written parties in touch with Gulf seamen for such information as can be had from them, and I hope at some future date to be able to furnish the readers of FOREST AND STREAM something entirely reliable, and no less interesting than earlier published articles. NOYNEK.

Eyes that Shine in the Dark.

EVANGELINE, La., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in your issue of Sept. 2 an account of "eyes that shine in the dark." I was unaware of the fact that the human eye did not do so. Mine, and those of my two sisters and four children, all shine; if in the dark, and a light is brought into the room, but what I have always thought more peculiar is that the pupil dilates and contracts with changes of light, at night with only a lamp in the room the pupil is so large that only a narrow rim of the iris is visible, but turned to the sun they contract to almost pin points. Not only that, but they change with the time of day; in the morning being medium large but decreasing till about noon, then gradually getting larger till night, would be glad to know the cause.

BOB W. R. LAWTON.



Two Days on the Marshes.—II.

(*Concluded from page 232.*)

The first faint tinge of daybreak on the following morning had hardly appeared on the eastern horizon when the entire party left the house to take positions in the decoy blinds. My friend and I of course resumed our places in the trench we had occupied on the preceding day, while the others followed the road across the marsh and made their blinds in some thick clumps of reeds and marsh shrubs which dotted the plain a half mile away like so many small islands.

As soon as our decoys were put out we took our position in the pit and dawn was not far advanced when we were ready for the early flights.

"It's just past high tide," said my friend, consulting his watch, "and there will be birds on the move very shortly; in fact, they've started now, and some good ones, too, for there's a bunch of beetleheads," pointing to a flock of thirty or forty large gray and white birds which were flying about with great rapidity over the marshes.

At these words he began repeating the call notes of the blackbellied plover and I joined him to the best of my ability. The flock of beetleheads darted about in the way peculiar to their species, but they gradually approached our decoys and finally swung over them as if about to alight among them.

Just as they were on the point of throwing up their wings the flock turned in such a way it gave us a good quartering shot. My friend selected the right of the center and I the left, and we fired with such telling effect that at least a third of the birds fell to our four barrels.

"Good!" I exclaimed. "That's a starter worth having."

"Yes," replied my companion, whistling to the flock which was now circling up and down the marsh, "and we'll have another try at those which are left, for they'll come back, or I'm greatly mistaken."

And even as he spoke and almost as soon as we could slip fresh cartridges into our guns, the birds wheeled and came back to the treacherous decoys, and again they paid tribute to our marksmanship.

But very few plover escaped our second fusillade; not more than a dozen or fifteen mounting into the air and disappearing from view. We gathered up the dead and crippled birds, and on counting them found there were twenty-five blackbreasts in all stages of plumage and four golden plover which had wandered from their own flock and joined the others.

A number of gunshots were heard from across the marsh and later saw some of the gunners moving about their blinds evidently engaged in collecting their trophies.

For a while no birds drew near our stand, although we could hear them whistling high in the air. During the waiting interval I examined some of the birds we had shot and placing them side by side compared the various plumages of the blackbellied plover with those of the golden, and found as I had often done before, they frequently resembled each other in coloration, and it is no surprise to me that the two birds are often confounded in the minds of the gunner, the young of one species being mistaken for the adult of the other.

An easy means of identifying the two species is by comparing their bills or mandibles, which in the blackbellied bird is strong, 1⅝ inches in length along the gape, while that of the golden plover is rather short and slender, being but 1½ inches along the gape and much slighter than the other. The legs of the blackbreast are strong and black in color while those of the other are bluish or brownish gray. The first named bird has a small rudimentary hind toe, while the golden plover has none; it is, moreover, about two inches shorter than the other.

The sun arose in an unclouded sky and the heat which resulted was so intense, life in the trench was almost insupportable. Coats and vests were discarded, but this afforded only scant relief. The heat seemed to have had an enervating effect on the birds, for none except a few of the smaller varieties seemed to be in motion.

"I can't stand this," at length said my companion. "There will be no birds flying in such heat as this, and we had better get those we have shot into the icebox at the house or we will lose them."

"I don't mind the heat. You take the birds over to the house and I'll remain here and perhaps I'll get a shot or two while you are gone."

"All right." He gathered up the plover and packed them in the basket. For a half hour or so there was an absolute dearth of birds, and the decoys, although motionless in their various positions, seemed to be gazing at me in a mocking way which was almost irritating, and if they could have uttered the words I should almost have imagined that they would have exclaimed to each other: "What fools these mortals be."

High noon had arrived and I was impatiently awaiting the return of my friend in order that I might partake of the lunch and a bottle of Milwaukee which was quietly reposing in the cool water of the creek beside the stand, when the reports of the guns of our friends across the marsh rang out and I heard them calling a flock of Eskimo curlew of considerable size which they had fired at as it was passing over their stand.

Their success evidently was poor, for the birds kept on in their course and rapidly approached my decoys in a wedge-shaped flock, their long wings sweeping the air in that indescribable rhythm peculiar to curlews. Nearer and nearer they approached, and more and more persistently did I keep up my invitations for them to come down, and so effectually did I send my summons they drew nearer, and finally came within reach.

Selecting the thicker portion of the bunch, I emptied both barrels of my own gun into it, and then seizing my friend's I sent two more charges into the panic-stricken survivors.

Contrary to the usual custom of these curlew they would not return to my call, but darted away with astonishing rapidity and disappeared from view. Now, among all our bay birds one of my prime favorites is the curlew, for it stools freely, is of good size, and is moreover a fine table delicacy, particularly when in good condition.

That I was highly elated when I gathered up nine plump beauties goes without saying. Huge fellows they appeared when laid side by side with a half-dozen ringnecks which I had cut down shortly after my friend's departure. Carefully laying my birds in the usual niche in the pit I covered them with a layer of kelp, which I moistened thoroughly in the cool water of the creek.

"What luck?" inquired my friend, who soon appeared coming from the house. "I heard four guns and knew you must have found something worth shooting."

"See here," I replied, removing the kelp, "ain't they beauties?"

"By Jove, they are!" he exclaimed, stepping into the pit and handling the birds in a caressing manner. "You have had a rare bit of luck, and I congratulate you heartily."

The words were uttered in the sincere tones of the generous sportsman, and I knew they were an honest expression of his feelings. The afternoon dragged its slow length along, for the birds were few in number, and came to the stools singly or in very small detachments. These were mostly summer yellowlegs, grass birds and robin snipe, the curlew and plover were conspicuous by their absence, so that our entire score for the afternoon was not more than a dozen or fifteen birds.

When we returned to the house, however, at the close of the day my nine curlews, together with the others, filled the hamper as completely as did the birds we had shot on the previous day. EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

A REMARKABLE complication, which a wild boar, a motor car and red-tape have combined to produce a dispute that is little less than farcical, is now before the Bavarian courts. Frau Senger-Bettaque, the eminent Bavarian vocalist, was traveling in her motor car, when a wild boar from some neighboring coverts, charged into her machine, with fatal results to itself and much damage to the car, which was upset. The lady, who was thrown out, escaped with slight shock and some bruises. Now Frau Senger-Bettaque has received a bill for fifteen marks from the postal administration for a telegraph pole broken in the upset, and another for fifty marks from the forest authorities for the dead boar. She has countered upon her official tormentors by bringing an action for injuries to herself, for an account of a doctor, and for cost of repairs to her motor car.—Shooting Times.

In New England.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last evening I had the pleasure of meeting the members of the Sportsman's Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts at their annual meeting. Officials for the ensuing year were duly elected. The club was started a year ago and is in a very flourishing condition, having 210 names enrolled on its list of members. Mr. Charles H. Nowell, a member of the Legislature from Reading, was re-elected to the office of president, Mr. Vinton W. Mason, of Cambridge, who has served as treasurer-secretary the past year, was chosen to that office, and the same names were placed on the list of vice-presidents as last year with others added. The constitution provides for one vice-president from each city and town represented in the membership list, and of these there are twenty-five or more. Among the vice-presidents are Messrs. James A. Baxter, Reading; A. S. Aborn, Wakefield; Martin F. Holt, Wilmington; David T. Strange, Stoneham; Dr. Robert Chalmers, Woburn; N. F. Ives, Malden; Dr. F. S. Belyea, Brookline; Dr. R. H. Morris, Everett, and Dr. J. W. Bailey, of Arlington. The meetings have been held in Reading, that being the most easily accessible from the towns having the largest number of members. George M. Poland, Esq., of Wakefield, the chairman of the State Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, and a member of the Legislature, was chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, by which those present were amply provided with refreshments.

President Nowell, in reviewing the work of the year, alluded to the various bills before the Legislature last winter, and the fact that in appearing before the Fish and Game Committee his testimony had much greater weight as voicing the sentiments of the Association than if he had spoken simply as an individual. There was an attendance of seventy-five or more members and the meeting was a decided success.

For hunting without a license, under the alien-license law, Andrew Lozzari, of Rome, was fined $20 and Joseph Longone, of Chelsea, $10. The case of J. Leo for the same offense is still pending. A Providence man, for hunting woodcock and partridge, has been fined $20.

On Thursday morning what may be called an auto hotel started from Harvard Square, Cambridge, for Sebago Lake, Me. Your readers will remember the trip of last year reported by the writer. The auto furnishes living accommodations, cuisine and all. Messrs. F. M. Young, F. E. Thompson, R. A. Faye and Dr. Tuttle constitute the party. A wireless telegraphic equipment is taken along, and Mr. Thompson proposes to instal a station on the summit of some hill with the purpose of communicating with some station on the coast. They will combine fishing and hunting sport as the spirit moves.

Our brush shooters who go to Maine for partridge and woodcock are not a little surprised at the interpretation of the new bird law as expounded by the commission. In fact, they are only just beginning to find out where they are at. They are really astounded by the declaration that after Oct. 1, the time when they can expect to get full-grown partridges and before the time to find the flight-woodcock shooting, which is all that amounts to much, they must provide themselves with a $15 license. This is a state of things they had not dreamed of. They had supposed the $5 license would be good for bird shooting during the whole of the open season.

Those among them who wish to hunt big game are taking the matter philosophically, but not so the bird hunters. The result will be not a few who would under the former conditions go to Maine will plan to go elsewhere or content themselves with such game as may be had in our own State. This, of course, will be bad for Massachusetts birds, which will also suffer to some extent from the New Hampshire law that requires a license for bird hunting. I hear from several who have been accustomed to go to Maine or New Hampshire that they will cotnent themselves with what birds they can get in Massachusetts covers.

It is claimed that the interpretation of the commission is not in accord with the intent of the law, and that it puts he State in the position of exacting a fee for bird shooting, which is only good at a time when there is no good shooting. As a protective measure as against non-residents, it seems to me the law as expounded should prove a success.

Since I last wrote our State has lost one of its most zealous advocates for fish and game protection by the death of George H. Palmer, Esq., of New Bedford and Fair Haven. He was one of the original members of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, and until prevented by ill-health never missed one of its meetings. Prior to that he had done royal work as an officer of the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League in the protection of the waters of Buzzard's Bay against the menhaden seiners. May Mr. Palmer's mantle rest on some one equally able and zealous. CENTRAL.

A Bear.

KELLER, Wash., Sept. 5, 1905.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday morning a couple of my friends went out for some grouse, they were armed with a .22 caliber rifle, and a No. 12 shotgun. They went up a branch of Copper Creek and crossed the divide, and were coming down Silver Creek. They had got seven birds, and on coming down the creek, which is dry in places, they ran a bear out of the brush. It started up the mountain near George; he shot it in the rear with the shotgun. The bear then ran back to the brush and Mr. Santee shot at it with the .22, and George fired at it as it passed. It then climbed a very big pine tree and went near the top, so near that the men thought it would break off the limbs; but it did not. George then took the .22 and shot at its neck twice, and not getting any satisfactory results, then shot at the butt of its ear. At the crack of the .22 the bear rolled out and struck the ground so hard that it broke one of its thighs. The men then dressed it and loaded it on to one of the horses and started for home, much pleased at the thought of securing a bear with a .22 long rifle cartridge. As they passed my cabin they called to me to come out and see what kind of chickens they had killed. I complimented them on their success. They wanted to know what kind of a bear it was, and what would it weigh. I told them it was a yearling past brown bear, and would probably dress 120 pounds.

"What are you giving us?" the old gent replied.

"The weight of that bear," I said.

They thought it would weigh at least 200. They took it over to their cabin, and their women folks were very much pleased. They dressed it, and it weighed a little over 110. It was in fairly good condition, and the hide was the best I have ever seen for this time of the year. They offered me a roast; but I cannot eat bear, no matter how hungry I might be. It is predjudice I know, but I can't help it. They took what they did not keep for themselves down town and readily sold it for 10 cents a pound. They are going to have the hide mounted for a rug. Several bears have been seen around here lately, they are down gathering choke berries, which will be the last berries they harvest this season.

A few days ago I left Spokane very early in the morning, and had not passed the last house near Hangman Creek more than 100 yards, when a coyote ran across the road just ahead of the team. I put my dog, Grouse, after it; he ran the coyote into the small pines that line the road, and I heard them having a scrap. Soon Grouse came running out of the pines with the coyote right at his heels, and it ran him to within less than twenty yards of the wagon. I stopped, and then the coyote ran back and Grouse close after it. Soon out came Grouse and the coyote at his heels, and there



Large black bear trapped near the carcass of a moose upon which he had been feeding.

Photo by Guide C. L. Barker, Riley Brook, Victoria County, N. B.

was a young coyote after him as well. That morning I had put my .22 in the load, not wanting it to be in the dust. I got off and untied the load, while the dog and the coyotes were holding a mutual admiration society. The coyote had taken a stand on some rocks not more than thirty yards away, and the young one was sitting by the side of the old one. It did not take me long to get the .22. I shot the old coyote in the head and she dropped in her tracks, and the young one ran. Grouse run to the old one and shook her, but would not hunt the young one. LEW WILMOT.

A Magnificent Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was my good fortune to be in Northville last Monday, Sept. 4, on my way out from the woods, when probably the finest specimen of deer ever secured in the Adirondacks was shipped from that town to Gloversville. The buck, a magnificent animal in perfect condition, weighed, dressed, the day after being killed, 300 pounds. His weight as he roamed the woods must have been fully 400 pounds, if not beyond that figure. In twenty years' experience deer hunting I have never witnessed his equal, and he was a marvel to the residents of Northville, who see hundreds of large deer pass through that town each year. He was killed in Benson, within ten miles of Northville, likely with a black powder rifle, as the carcass contained seven wounds, any one of which, if delivered by a high power ball, would have proved effective in stopping him. He was sold by the person securing him for $33 and changed hands again at Gloversville, his ultimate destination to be a political barbecue to take place next month at a resort out from Gloversville. Pretty hard lines for so fine a deer!

It is the admission of guides and sportsmen alike that deer are more numerous throughout Hamilton county than in years. Last spring, while in at the West Canadas, "French Louis" Seymour, who trapped along the Indian and Moose rivers—the greatest yarding grounds in the whole Forest Preserve—informed me that the deer had wintered remarkably well and that they would be plentiful this fall, and Louis is generally given to croaking regarding the game supply. His prophecy has been realized. I saw evidence of a great many deer—and of an unusual number of fawns—while hunting.

All the popular localities are well patronized and are giving the full quota of deer. Whitaker, Mason, Lewey and Piseco lakes, and the Kunjanink and Oregon regions are generally selected by the hunting parties. Of the more inaccessible spots, the Ralph party of Utica is at the West Canadas, while the Rev. Dr. Williamson and a companion are at Jim Sturges' camp at Whitney Lake.

Ruffed grouse are very plentiful—more so than usual—and as the woodcock have held out better in the woods than outside, good results are expected from the covers about Speculator. J. W. D.

Romance and Truth.

MANY years ago a man named Beadle published books on Indians and other people, but principally on Indians. They were cheap, blood-curdling affairs and sold for a dime. I do not remember ever having read one, but it is not difficult to imagine the trash that was put into cold type and supplied to the American youth of that day.

Like every other reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, I too have been a close observer and diligent peruser of Cabia Blanco's articles. The sterling ring of reality pervading them necessarily appealed to his readers. I can only regret, with the thousands of subscribers to your paper, that he was not spared for another ten years. He certainly could have continued to delight your readers, for his long and venturesome life gave him a fund to draw from well-nigh inexhaustible.

Take his last bear story, finished in the current issue. To the young and ambitious hunter what a panorama of delight such a trip would open before him. Did mortal boy ever before or since enjoy such an experience? Abroad on the boundless game stored prairies, moving or camping as circumstances dictated, now hunting with the Indians, and again by themselves, the party certainly lived for months the hunting life ideal.

Who among your readers but would wish themselves boys again, could they have participated in such a hunt as Cabia Blanco described! Where can be found in books of boyish adventure a story superior to the above?

Now that his pen is stilled forever I for one can only regret that his contributions did not commence years ago. He has gone to the happy hunting grounds where, let us hope, he will live over again all the pleasant experiences gone through with during his mortal existence.

CHAS. CRISTADORO.

Flint-Locks for Relics.

AN article in a recent number of the Birmingham (England) Mail states that a factory in that city is turning out weekly about 1,200 flint-lock muskets, and that a large number of this antiquated firearm are also amde at Liege, Belgium. These guns are sent to Central and East Africa for use by the natives, to whom the possession of modern firearms is denied by statute. Directing attention to this industry, Consul Halstead says: "It is known in the trade that many of these newly made weapons fall into the hands of travelers who regard them in the light of a 'find,' and a story is told of a Birmingham manufacturer having received a letter from a dealer asking him to procure some old flint-locks, for which the dealer had several customers, when the manufacturer wrote that he could not supply old muskets, but was prepared to make him any number of new ones required. These were, of course, given the appearance of age. The demand for old weapons is so great, especially in the American season, that the genuine articles would go but a little way to satisfy it."

New York Non-Resident License.

ALBANY, Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Commissioner Whipple has gone into the question of exacting a license from non-residents to hunt in this State, and has obtained quite an elaborate opinion from the Attorney-General, and he holds that it is mandatory on the part of the Commissioner to exact a license from a resident of a State or country where a license is demanded of non-residents, and notice to that effect is being sent out and blanks prepared on which to issue licenses.

The Attorney-General holds that the last paragraph in Section 89 of the Game Law, which reads "Game shall not be taken by any such non-resident, except pursuant to a license" is imperative and leaves no discretion with the Commissioner anywhere in the State. Therefore, the requirement of a license only to apply to the southern tier of counties, as I previously wrote you, will be made general. RENSSELAER.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

RECENTLY an excursion party came by tallyho and, accompanied by a small brass band, to one of the most beautiful Adirondack lakes. A commodious and swift steamer gave opportunity for a lake trip of some eight or ten miles and back. On the return the band was playing and the wind being strong toward the dock, was heard when three-fourths of a mile away. A young fellow with trousers half-way to his knees and other attire in keeping was sitting on the dock and exclaimed: "Gosh! What ails that gol-darned steamboat to-day?"

Query: Was the joke on him or on the band?

It reminds one of the minister (known to the writer) who tells this story on himself. When a boy he resolved to learn to sing, so one Sunday morning went to the garret to practice unobserved. But, alas, the father heard and later reproved after this fashion: "Never do that again. I don't want a boy of mine up in the garret sawing boards when people are going by to church."

JUVENAL.

ADIRONDACKS.

Another 100 Sportsmen's Finds.

While pursuing a deer up a steep hillside in Nevada, away back somewhere in the "fifties," a hunter named Finney noticed some curious looking pieces of metal which the deer had loosened on the hillside. Upon examination he found the metal to be silver, and this "find" is said to have caused the rush which resulted in the upbuilding of the commonwealth of Nevada.

C. A. VANDIVEER.

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief*, sold everywhere, contains all the fish and game laws a sportsman ought to know. It is complete, accurate and up-to-date.

A COATING OF MANY-USE OIL

Keeps guns clean and rustless; bore bright; ready for use.—*Adv.*

The Natural Enemies of Birds.

BY EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

From the "Special Report on the Decrease of Certain Birds, and its Causes, with Suggestions for Bird Protection," in the Fifty-second Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

(*Concluded from Page* 212.)

The Common Crow.

THE crow is now regarded by so many people as a useful and much-maligned bird, that it may not be out of place to present here some of the evidence against it. I have already given to this Board some of my experience with the crow, concerning its destructiveness to birds,* and will only say here that I have repeatedly observed crows in the act of destroying the eggs and young of other birds; they are so addicted to nest-robbing that it is a wonder that any young of the smaller birds can be reared where crows are numerous, and my experience indicates that in some cases very few are actually reared in such localities. Since, in view of my own experience, I may be considered as prejudiced against the bird, I will quote mainly from new evidence secured in this inquiry. It will be impossible to present here more than a small part of the evidence received, giving it in the words of the witnesses, to avoid any possible distortion.

In a letter written by Mr. Ingalls, in 1896, he says: "I have seen the nests of many birds of several species, from the ruffed grouse to the red-eye and chippy, robbed before my own eyes, and have evidence of many more. Every season, late in May or early in June, the crows make a raid on the birds nesting in the shade trees along our village streets and in orchards and private grounds, systematically searching every tree, destroying nests, and eating or carrying away the eggs and young." Now, after eight years' more experience, he rates the crow as the most destructive of all the natural enemies of birds.

Here is another experience from another county: "For the past ten years, during the breeding season of the birds, from the last of May through June and July of each year, I have watched the crows eat the eggs and little birds. I have watched them start at 4 o'clock in the morning, or a little later, and hunt over the shade trees that line the streets for the eggs and young birds, even going into the trees that stand close to the buildings, where people would not think a crow would ever go. This is done, of course, before people rise; and as soon as any one stirs out they will leave, but will begin the next morning just the same. Any one can plainly see what they are up to. After the breeding season they will not visit the shade trees until the breeding season begins the next year, and then they are ready to follow them up again."

"I have many times seen crows eating robins' eggs, and have also seen them flying from nests with the young birds in their beaks. This was probably food for their own young. I often see them very early in the morning searching trees near houses where small birds have nests."

"I have seen crows come to the eaves of a house and take young robins from the nest."

"Crows are remarkably plentiful here. Have not known a nest of young birds to mature this year. Saw a crow take young out of nests right by the house."

"I have seen crows drive birds from the nest, and take and eat whatever was in it, whether young birds or eggs. There is one tall elm tree in particular on the boundaries of our place where I have watched them repeatedly attack the birds and eat the young."

"The crows visit the orchard very early in the morning, usually about sunrise, and after their visit you can find many nests without eggs, that had a full complement the day before."

"Directly back of my house is a bush pasture, in which are a few pines, cedars and birches. In the pines and cedars numerous robins build every spring; and every spring about the nesting time of the crows I see them searching through these pines and cedars for —something. At no other time of year do I ever see a crow even alight in this pasture, to say nothing about visiting each tree separately, with every action indicating a search for something. One morning a few years ago I saw a crow drop into the top of a certain cedar in this pasture, and pick the eggs, one by one, from a robin's nest there and eat them. A year or so later I saw the same thing done again, although this nest was in another cedar. At another time I saw a crow visit a robin's nest in an oak tree. This nest contained young birds perhaps a week old, and despite the protests of the parent birds, they were all carried away, apparently to feed the crow's young. In a clump of pines southwest of the house a pair of crows had a nest one year, while the crows' hunting ground was to the east of the house, so that the old crows often flew over the house while passing from the hunting ground to the nest. On one of these trips a crow had in its bill a young bird, unfeathered, which I identified at the time as a young robin. While there are many nests built every year in the pasture referred to, I estimate that not one in ten ever contains young, and not half the young ever leave the nest alive, I know that at least one crow visited this pasture every day."

"Crows destroy many nests of eggs. Think them the worst enemy."

"I have seen crows attack the nests of our common birds many times, and carry off the young birds to use for feeding their own young during the nesting season. * * * Both crows and red squirrels are fond of birds' eggs, and I have found the empty shells of eggs of birds near their nests many times."

"I have many times seen crows in the act of robbing birds' nests."

"I, and an absolutely trustworthy friend, have on several occasions seen crows carrying young birds away, though we have been unable to identify the victims. Last June a robin's nest near my house was despoiled by crows, and three young birds were taken; the fourth fell to the ground."

"This bird does more damage to the farmer than almost all other birds. He deliberately kills our young song birds, out insect-eating birds. He has been seen to go through our grove of maple trees, each side of the highway, destroying the nests and young birds. Our village is well provided with shade trees, and nearly every tree is occupied by one or more birds' nests, mostly robins, with many smaller birds; and in the woods outside we always have plenty of crows. In the nesting season, early in the morning, from half-past 3 to 5, you will find plenty of crows hunting the trees for nests, and it is always a still-hunt. I make it a point to look after them at this season, and have shot quite a number of them with both eggs and young birds in their possession. One morning I shot one from my door with a young robin, two-thirds grown, in his bill. There are two or three others here that I have interested in protecting the birds, so that we manage to have som of them, and make it rather hot for the crows."

"The crows gather in quantities about the maple trees lining the highway, and fight our robins, often destroying the old bird, and then destroying the eggs or young; also the chipping sparrow. Then, again, they attack our red-winged blackbirds' nests. The crow is well aware who has the gun, and makes his visits early, about 3:30 A. M., as soon as signs of life appear. He is out when no gun is at hand. This is our greatest enemy to song birds, and a bounty ought to be placed on him."

The above statements, coming, as they do, from many sections of the State, go far to substantiate the claim made by some persons that the crow is everywhere the greatest natural enemy of the smaller birds. Professor Hodge told me that crows had repeatedly robbed robins' nests in a city lot, under his windows, coming very early in the morning, before people generally were out of bed. They are just as inveterate thieves of the eggs and young of the larger birds. Several observers speak of crows taking the eggs and young of fowls and turkeys. This is a habit so well known that it hardly need be alluded to here, except to show their taste for eggs and nestlings.

Mr. Price, at the Middlesex Fells Reservation, is raising both wild and domesticated ducks and pheasants. He says that crows took five out of seven young ducks in one day. In June about 100 mallard ducks were turned out on a small pond. Ducks lay their eggs very early in the morning, and every morning crows were seen carrying off eggs. Mr. Price says they took about fifty each week, carrying off, altogether, from 800 to 1,000 eggs during the season, taking about all the eggs laid by the ducks.

It is probable that where one instance of crows robbing nests is observed, a thousand pass unnoticed. There is only one redeeming feature in the case of the crow, and that is, that not all crows habitually rob birds' nests; for if they did, they would destroy most other birds, and in time we should have few birds but crows.

Squirrels.

Forty-two observers regard squirrels as very injurious to birds, thus ranking them next to the crow in destructiveness, and some regard them as more vicious than the crow. Others believe that squirrels do no harm, as they have never seen them troubling birds in any way, nor seen birds manifesting any alarm at their presence. Mr. Brewster is very positive that the squirrels have never troubled the birds at his place in Cambridge, where he has watched carefully for years the habits of both birds and squirrels. Mason A. Walton, the hermit of Gloucester, says that he has several times seen red squirrels examining the nests of birds, but that they never disturbed the nests or young birds.†

There may be many good squirrels, but there certainly are some bad ones, as the literature of field natural history teems with instances of their destructiveness. To convince the reader, some new evidence is appended, collected during this inquiry.

"Red squirrels, I think, do fully as much damage as crows. For a number of years I had quite a colony of red squirrels on my premises, and protected them, as the family liked to see them around. But one morning there was a great commotion among the robins in the yard; I stepped to the door with gun in hand, expecting to find crows, but, on looking closely, found a red squirrel at the nest, from which he soon started, carrying something in his mouth. I fired at him, and he dropped to the ground, and with him a young robin with the head partly eaten; and on looking the ground over, I found two others in the same condition. Since then by observing closely I have found them despoiling the nests of robins and other birds of either the eggs or young, and shoot them on sight, as a nuisance."

"I was at work in one of my gardens when my attention was attracted by the cries of a pair of thrushes nearby. On approaching, I discovered a red squirrel sitting upon the nest, busily devouring their young. I drove the little rascal away with stones, but he returned again, and had bitten the remaining birds before I reached the nest again, it being several rods distant. The next day I found nothing left but the empty nest. The young thrushes were more than half grown, and were all destroyed, undoubtedly by this same squirrel."

"There is an apple orchard on the rear of my place, and during the summer of 1903 I was surprised to see the robins, etc., continually building new nests. They would no sooner have a nest finished and eggs laid, than they would be at work on a new one, usually in the same tree, the first one having been abandoned and the eggs missing. One day in passing through the orchard I saw some robins fluttering and scolding about one of the nests, and, being interested, tried to see the cause of the trouble. I found there was a red squirrel sitting on the edge of the nest, devouring the eggs as calmly as possible. I had noticed previously that a pair of red squirrels made their home in a hole in one of the trees, and saw that they were undoubtedly the cause of the depleted nests. I killed the squirrels, and there was no more trouble."

"Some five years ago I noticed that some species of birds were decreasing in a certain small piece of woodland that I look over pretty carefully, and the many rifled nests convinced me the red squirrels were doing the mischief. I started a campaign after them, and from that time until the present have shot them on sight. During this time have caught them in the act of rifling robins' and catbirds' nests, and with fledglings in their mouths; also found egg shells around squirrels' nests on the ground. On one occasion saw a pair of robins catch a red squirrel at their nest, and with the help of others drive him from it and chase him to cover. An egg had been taken from this nest, which I found on the ground uninjured, where he evidently dropped it in flight. For some time I had another robin's egg, dropped by a red squirrel, that had been neatly punctured ready to suck."

"In the spring of 1896 my attention was first drawn to the red squirrels robbing birds' nests. In the early morning I have repeatedly seen the red squirrels going from tree to tree, hunting for birds' nests. If these nests contained young birds, they were taken out and eaten by the squirrels. The birds around our place decreased rapidly, and the squirrels increased. Catbirds, which had begun to nest around here in numbers, as the locality apparently suited them, were entirely driven off, and no longer build nests here. I think it was about four years ago that we killed off numbers of red squirrels, and the birds began then to increase."

"I have many times seen red squirrels in the act of robbing birds' nests, and this year saw a young gray apparently at the same trick."

The foregoing instances seem to establish the fact that certain squirrels at least which have acquired the habit of molesting birds are among their most dangerous enemies. Squirrels are very active, keen of sight, can climb anywhere in a tree, and it is difficult for a bird smaller than a hawk or crow to defend its nest against them. I have seen a squirrel continually attempt to reach the nest of a robin, although, being assailed from all sides by both robins and jays, it was struck and repeatedly driven back toward the ground. In courage and activity the red squirrel is superior to the gray, and is usually regarded as the greater enemy to birds. At Wareham the birds seem to regard both species with equal aversion.

Some squirrels have a habit of cracking the skulls of young birds, as they would a nut. Mr. F. H. Mosher tells me he has observed this habit at Hyde Park, Dutchess county, N. Y., and also at Dartmouth, Mass. At Hyde Park both red and gray squirrels were observed in the act. He saw the squirrels attack the young on the nests on six different occasions. The birds molested were the chipping sparrow, robin and red-eyed vireo. The squirrel cut off the head of each young bird, dropping the body to the ground, and ate out the brains from the skull. One day in the spring of 1903 he heard the cries of robins at his own place in Dartmouth. He saw a gray squirrel climbing to a robin's nest, and before he could reach the spot the squirrel had the head of a young robin in its mouth. The bird was dead when he reached it. Gray squirrels have been the culprits in each case but one that he has observed.

Mr. Brewster told me that he saw a wounded thrush pursued and overtaken by a chipmunk, that killed the bird and was eating its brains when he reached the spot. He took the bird from the squirrel, but the little animal was so eager and fearless that it would not leave, but stood up trying to reach the bird, like a dog begging for a bone.

Mr. H. H. Dewey writes from New Lenox, Berkshire county, as follows: "Last summer I had occasion to observe a nest of small yellowbirds in a willow bush near where I milked my cows. One morning, as I was milking, I heard several of the old birds making a great noise of distress, and on going near the nest I discovered a chipmunk just swallowing one of the young ones which had been hatched about three days. The chipmunk escaped, and on going to the nest I found only one of four left. I heard the cries of the old ones early the next morning, and on hurrying to the nest I saw the last young bird being swallowed whole by the chipmunk, which again made its escape. I have for a number of years been suspicious of the little animals doing great damage to either the young birds or the eggs, but have never been able to catch one in the act before."

It seems improbable that the chipmunk actually swallowed a young bird whole, but it may have stowed it away in its large cheek-pouches, for convenience in carrying it off. It is probable that only certain individuals among squirrels molest birds. Such individuals must be killed by those who would protect the birds.

The English Sparrow.

Many people consider this the most destructive of all the natural enemies of birds, and it may be so, in and near the cities, with the possible exception of the cat. The story of how this bird was introduced here, invading the cities and villages, destroying the native birds or driving them out into the country, was told long ago.‡ Much might be added to it from my own experience and that of correspondents, but lack of space forbids. There are some localities in the country to which the sparrow has not penetrated, and it has seemed to me that it was hardly holding its own for the past few years, especially in eastern Massachusetts, where in some sections sparrows are not so numerous as in the past, and the native birds are beginning to reoccupy their old haunts. The information gained in this inquiry, however, does not confirm with this belief, for every county, except Suffolk, Dukes, Barnstable and Nantucket, sends reports of an increase of these birds. The only reports of an increase in the cities come from Fitchburg, Lowell and Waltham; all the rest come from towns, and many from the smaller and more remote villages. All this seems to indicate that, outside the larger cities, the sparrows are still increasing in numbers and extending their baleful influence.

*Report Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, 1896, "The Crow in Massachusetts," p. 285; see also *ibid.*, 1902, p. 147.

†"A Hermit's Wild Friends," Mason A. Walton, p. 69.

‡"The English Sparrow in North America," Walter B. Barrows, Bulletin I., Division of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy, United States Department of Agriculture.

Evidence recently submitted to, and published by, Mr. C. A. Reed, editor of "American Ornithology,"* from correspondents in different parts of the country, indicates that the sparrow is still destructive to other birds. The sparrow is largely responsible for the decrease in swallows, martins and wrens. For more than thirty years it has driven these and other birds from their former breeding places, torn down their nests and killed them and their young. The tree swallows and martins have been driven from the bird-houses. The nests of the cliff swallows have been torn down or occupied by the sparrows. The barn swallows have been driven from the buildings they formerly occupied, and because of this persecution the wrens have actually disappeared from the neighborhood of towns and villages. If the sparrow is still increasing and spreading out into the country, we may look for a continued decrease of swallows and wrens.

Hawks.

Every one will admit that hawks kill birds. Thirty-four observers consider them seriously destructive. It is to be noted, however, that, as in the case of the fox, the chief evidence is given by gunners. Nevertheless, it is probably true that, after man, the great bird destroyer, birds are among the greatest enemies of birds. No other animals can pursue birds through the air. No others can follow them in their vast migrations, discover them so far off, or overtake and strike them so quickly. We must, then, look among rapacious birds themselves for some of the most potent checks to bird increase.

The bald eagle feeds mainly on fish, and has little effect on the numbers of other birds. The red-tailed hawk is not now generally common. The red-shouldered hawk seldom kills birds or poultry, but, living largely on field-mice, is believed to be a friend to the farmer; but the goshawk, duck hawk, Cooper hawk and sharp-shinned hawk are all bird slayers. Of these four, the Cooper and sharp-shinned hawks, being most common, are most destructive. The duck hawk kills, like the cat, for the sake of killing. It pursues its prey on the wing, rapidly overtaking swift-flying ducks. Mr. C. E. Bailey reports seeing a duck hawk overtake and strike three teal in succession, and then fly off, leaving its victims lying on the water. Fortunately, this hawk is rather rare in Massachusetts. The goshawk is here occasionally in winter, but the Cooper hawk breeds here, and is still common, locally if not generally. This bird, which is sometimes known as the partridge hawk or chicken hawk, is a feathered pirate. Swift, keen and daring, it is the terror of both birds and poultry. It is the one bird of all others to neutralize the local efforts of the bird protectionist. It is particularly obnoxious to the farmer, for, having once tasted chicken, it continues its forays until it is shot or the chickens shut up. It will sometimes kill full-grown fowls, but probably cannot carry them away. Its keen eye detects the mother bird sitting on the nest. At one swoop it snatches bird, nest, eggs and all in its powerful talons; or it spies the nestlings, and picks them up as food for its own young. Conspicuous songsters, like the brown thrasher, robin, wood thrush, rose-breasted grosbeak and scarlet tanager, are swept from their perches while in full song by this bold marauder, and borne to its ravening brood. Even the crafty bluejay does not always escape. As one of these hawks sweeps into a clearing and strikes its prey, every bird song becomes hushed. In a moment sparrows, warblers, thrushes, titmice—all the loquacious, musical throng—find cover, or crouch motionless in their hiding places in silent terror. Grim death has been among them, and it is long before they dare resume their activities. The sharp-shinned hawk is a miniature of the Cooper hawk, although perhaps a trifle slimmer in build. It is widely known as the chicken hawk, and is strong and swift. It is nearly as dangerous to birds as its larger and stronger congener. It breeds here, feeds its young on birds, and will kill birds as large as a jay. It is often mobbed by jays, but not infrequently strikes one of its tormentors, when all the rest fly off, leaving the hawk to finish its victim.

Probably most of the birds now killed by hawks in Massachusetts are struck down by these two species. Sometimes in the fall these birds may be seen in great numbers migrating south. Mr. W. S. Perry estimates that he saw at least one thousand, mostly sharp-shinned and Cooper hawks, going south Oct. 10, 1892. He watched them flying all day. He estimates that each bird will eat on the average two small birds each day, or seven hundred each year. At that estimate, the one thousand hawks which came within the range of his vision would eat seven hundred thousand birds a year. I regard these two birds and the goshawk as the only hawks that should be shot by gunners, most others being a positive benefit, or so rare as to do little harm.

The pigeon hawk, also a bird hawk, is not common, and the sparrow hawk feeds chiefly on insects. The broad-winged hawk seldom kills birds, and the marsh hawk feeds mainly on mammals in most localities.

The Bluejay.

The bluejay, a smaller cousin of the crow, has a similarly unsavory record, and also merits it. It attacks the eggs of birds from the size of the smallest sparrow and warbler to that of the robin. The robins, if at hand, will successfully defend their nests; but the jay will watch, and sometimes eventually appropriates the eggs in the robin's absence. The jay pays little attention to the screaming and protesting vireos, but robs their nests as unconcernedly as though the parent birds were not present. When jays have young in the nest, they sometimes watch the nests of the smaller birds very closely. Hardly is a clutch laid when it disappears, and most of the smaller birds lose at least one set of eggs. I am aware that many people find it hard to believe that such a pretty bird as the bluejay can be such a rascal; therefore, I will not ask belief for my own assertions without producing evidence to support them, for the mere fact that twenty-six observers believe the jay to be a destructive enemy of the smaller birds may not be considered sufficient evidence on which to condemn the bird.

"Last spring I was disturbed several mornings by an outcry among the birds in the trees near the house. A pair of bluejays were on a marauding tour, and eggs were the morning's bill of fare."

"The crows and jays are destructive to the sparrows, robins and vireos that build in our orchard beside the house, where I have a good chance to see them. I believe the jays are about as bad as the crows. Several robins' nests are broken up in this way every year, and always one, and generally two or three, of each of the others."

"I have a neighbor * * * who has shot one or two jays in the very act of robbing eggs from nests."

"I have seen bluejays repeatedly sitting on the edge of a nest, eating the eggs. This season I found a nest of a *Vireo solitarius*. I discovered a bluejay in the act of eating up the eggs. When I went to the nest there was only one left, and the shells of three others. I have had the same experience this year with the nest of *Dendroica virens*. I think jays torment these birds worse than any others. I am convinced that jays, during nest time, hunt for eggs with great skill and regularity."

Colonel Thayer also writes of Mr. William Brewster's experience. This Mr. Brewster has told me of personally. The methodical manner in which the jays investigated the nests of other birds day after day, and destroyed the eggs, has convinced him of their destructiveness. He says: "I do not consider that owls, hawks (except the Cooper and sharp-shinned), squirrels, weasels or even foxes do any serious harm. The bluejay does very much harm to the smaller birds by eating their eggs; and the crow is also harmful in the same way, but to a less degree according to my experience."

Mr. S. J. Harris, of East Dedham, Norfolk county, speaks of his experience with jays as follows: "Of course the old robins would fight the jays away for a while, but they would come right back again. I have known of a bluebird's nest with four or five eggs in it being robbed by jays, for I came along in time to hear the scrimmage, and, on seeing the bluejay in the bluebird's nest, with the bluebirds screaming and flying at the jay, I went and found all the eggs broken, and the jay had eaten the insides."

Owls.

Owls certainly kill some birds, but the number they take is ordinarily so small in proportion to the noxious mammals and insects they destroy that they are believed to be among the most useful of birds. It is, however, rather amusing to hear one friend of the screech owl defending it from the charge of killing small birds, and asserting that it lives on mice and insects, while another says that it is most useful because it destroys so many English sparrows. I have known a screech owl to kill a flicker, occupy its nest and make a meal of the owner. Owls kill many mice, shrews, squirrels, rabbits and other small mammals, and a few birds. The larger species probably kill some game birds. The owls are not so destructive to birds as either hawks or crows. Were they exterminated, we should miss them sadly. The quavering wail of the screech owl at evening is one of the characteristic sounds of our orchards and woodlands; it is becoming altogether too rare in some localities. The booming hoot of the horned owl, now seldom heard, gives warning of the approach of the most dangerous owl of our woods. It kills many hares, or so-called rabbits, mice and rats, and is in this respect a friend to the farmer.

Weasels.

Only seventeen people complain of the weasel, and much of the evidence against it is that of killing chickens. I have for years heard the statement made that weasels were very destructive to game birds. I have followed them for miles, and watched them whenever I could. I have written many letters to people who regard them as destructive, but the nearest thing to evidence against them that has come to me yet is contained in the following notes:

Mr. Thomas Allen, of Bernardston, says: "Weasels are too sly and quick in movement to be caught. The bird with small, clean-cut teeth marks in the neck or under the wing is proof of this enemy."

Mr. H. B. Bigelow, of Cohasset, writes: "Weasels kill some small birds, principally sparrows, along stone walls and hedge rows, where I have found several carcasses, principally, however, English sparrows. In Milton I saw a weasel stalk an English sparrow along a stone wall. They are said to destroy some quail."

Weasels are remarkably savage and bloodthirsty animals, but seem to feed mostly on mice, shrews and moles, for which they hunt daily. When hunting they quarter over the ground much more closely than does the fox, therefore they are more likely to stumble on the nests of birds. An animal which can kill six fowls in a night, as I have known a weasel to do, would easily kill a sitting grouse or any smaller bird which it could surprise on its nest at night.

The weasel is very brave and active. Weasels occasionally attack even human beings. There is an old story of an English girl who was found dead on a moor, her body partly eaten by a party of weasels. I was once, when a boy, attacked by ten of these creatures. They made the occasion quite interesting for me for some minutes, and by reason of their great activity all but one escaped unharmed.

Mr. John Burroughs has observed that weasels can climb trees.† This makes them much more formidable enemies to birds than they otherwise would be, but, as their vision is not particularly acute, and as they rely largely on scent, they are likely to be often at fault. Fortunately, they are not common, but I have never seen any explanation for their comparative scarcity. They have many young and few enemies, although the larger hawks and owls get some of them. They can escape the fox by climbing or hiding. Weasels are not often shot, and traps are seldom set for them, but they are often caught in traps set for other animals.

*Vol. 4, No. 5, May, 1904.

†"Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers," John Burroughs, p. 81.

The Kennel.

John Davidson.

DISPATCHES in the daily press announce the death of John Davidson, at Monroe, Mich., on Saturday of last week. He suffered a brief illness. Death was caused by heart failure consequent to a severe cold contracted at Toronto recently. He was seventy-eight years old.

Probably no man was more widely known in the canine world than was John Davidson. He was famous in both Europe and America as an all-round bench show judge and judge of cattle, a breeder and trainer of bird dogs, an expert field shot, and a writer of no mean attainments on such subjects of dog and gun as appealed to his fancy or interest.

He was a Scotchman by birth, and possessed many of the characteristics for which that race is famous—good common sense, a dry and sometimes caustic humor, the moral courage to utter his beliefs in the face of any opposition and the physical courage to stand by them as long as need be. Many there were who thought that he had violent, unreasoning prejudices against what he did not approve and which they did approve; but there is no doubt in the mind of the writer—who knew him well—that his uncompromising attitude on many subjects was due to firm conviction that he was right. His acts were always consistent with his beliefs. There was nothing artificial about him, no affectation of manner nor frills of speech.

While he was courteous of speech and manner, he preferred to eschew all evasion, or insincerity or grand stand plays in business or pleasure.

In the United States, among a large circle of admiring friends, he was known by the endearing soubriquet of "Honest" John Davidson.

His experience in field sports was broad and long. He was a practical sportsman years before the affairs of dog and gun were taken up in this country in a systematic, intelligent manner. Field trials and bench shows owe much to him. He was identified with them from their inception. He judged at the show of the Illinois State Sportsman's Association, held in Chicago, Ill., June 4, 1874, said to be the first bench show of record held in America. From that time till his demise, he was conspicuously identified with the competitive features of the canine world.

Concerning his official acts as judge, many anecdotes have been told of his sharp wit. One in particular, enjoyed by bench show devotees, has been cherished for the directness with which it closed an incident. After every breed is judged there are a few or more dissatisfied contestants, known colloquially as "disappointed exhibitors." They seek, as a rule, to interview the judge ostensibly as inquirers for information, but really to show him his error or to express their opinion of him. At such times "Honest John" would place his arms akimbo, look over the top of his nose phlegmatically and cynically at the disgruntled owner. Once on an occasion of this kind, the disappointed one concluded by saying, "Well, I don't think you know how to judge." "You don't," replied the judge dryly, "but that's your think, and it's my think that counts."

He was an excellent field shot, an accomplishment in which he took a just pride. Bad shooting on the part of others was sure to excite his derision. He fell into a joke at the field trials of the Central Field Trial Club, at Lexington, N. C., which raised a laugh against him, an event which was very rare indeed. He was acting as one of the judges. The handlers had been ordered to kill a bird, and, nevertheless, missed shot after shot. Finally, a fine point was secured in the open. The field trial party massed about, was watching with keen interest. "Honest John" ordered the dogs to be held a moment while he dismounted to show them how to kill a bird. He took the handler's gun, flushed the bird, shot at it, and missed it entirely, amid the acclamations of the delighted hundreds. He missed it, apparently—it was many years afterward that he learned that the gun was loaded with a blank cartridge. But of such incidents there were hundreds in his life, which his friends took pleasure in relating—the light, humorous portrayal of his character in contrast with the rigid and the serious. B. WATERS.

National Beagle Club of America.

SEPT. 18.—Mr. Thomas Shallcross, of Providence, R. I., and Mr. Thomas D. Griffith, of Redland, Md., have accepted the invitation of the National Beagle Club of America to judge at its sixteenth annual field trials, to be held at Stevenson, Baltimore county, Md., during the week commencing Oct. 30.

Stevenson is in Baltimore county, Md., about twelve miles from the city of Baltimore, and is reached from the Union Station, Baltimore, on the Green Spring Branch of the Northern Central Railroad, Baltimore Division, of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Sec'y.

THE MANY-USE OIL CO., N. Y. CITY,
Will mail free sample. Thin oils not as good or sure.—*Adv.*

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Our Quest of the Golden Trout.

THERE is a stream afar from the haunts of men in the heart of the southern Sierras, which for several years had been to me a source of peculiar interest. Its romance was delightfully suggestive of the "Arabian Nights" of our boyhood days, and its remoteness gave it all the glamour that a fertile imagination could embellish it with.

Its pure waters were said to be the only known habitat of the golden trout, the most beautiful and most delicious of all the trout family. Their colors rivaled those of the most gorgeous denizens of the tropic seas; their flavor fitted them for the table of the gods.

Twice had I attempted to reach this mysterious stream, but, like the horsemen who chased the rolling bowl to the hill of the black rocks, I was foiled by unexpected obstacles when almost within sight of the goal. A series of heavy thunderstorms in the first and an accident that crippled my knee in the second, worked my undoing when only twenty miles away. This year I made the third attempt with Smith, the eattleman, companion of my Klamath and Broder Cabin outings, the details of which I feel inclined to lay before your readers.

Leaving Oakland on the 9:30, we arrived in Visalia at 5 P. M. The heat was excessive, the mercury standing at 116 degrees in the depot; but we found Mr. John Huntly awaiting us and were driven rapidly to the ranch, where his amiable wife welcomed us with all her old-time hospitality. Our couches that night were spread upon the cool upper verandas of the Huntly mansion, and the next day, while the boys overhauled kiacks and pack saddles, we drove to town and laid in supplies for the trip.

In order to avoid the heat, we decided to make the first drive at night. Wilfred Huntly decided to go with us, and with four saddle and pack animals, we started about 4 P. M., traveling all night without a stop, reaching Three Rivers, thirty miles east of Visalia, shortly after sunrise. But we were still in the orange belt, and the heat was almost as great as in the valley. The tantalizing presence of those cool summits only thirty miles away made us more miserable.

A good rest was imperative after the long night drive, and it was thirty-six hours later when we reached Guernegan's, tired, dusty and nearly melting with the heat. A few rods east of the house a mountain stream found its way down to the Kaweah River, over a bed of porphyry. In this the action of the water had made numerous circular pot holes of assorted sizes in the solid rock. Some of thesc were six feet in diameter by three or more in depth, with a few inches of fine sand in the bottom. They were as smooth as marble, and filled to the brim with the purest water that was constantly changing. Disrobing on the clean, dry ledge, we stepped at once into a natural bath that no art of man could surpass.

Guernegan had died since we were there last year, but his widow, with her son and daughter, still carried on the place, and a little later we sat down to the last table d'hôte we were destined to see for nearly a month. The elevation here was about 3,000 feet, and from this on rose rapidly until we reached Mineral King, eighteen miles away, and 8,000 feet high. We found our old camp near the soda spring unoccupied, and at once we took possession for a few days' rest. The climate here was a delightful change from the torrid valley; the temperature, about 70 degrees during the day, dropped below freezing at night. Huge snowdrifts, not over three miles away, filled the mountain ravines. In the ice-cold waters of the streams the trout were darting about, and our old friend the water ousel again appeared.

There were some twenty-five or thirty people at the resort, and just aeross the creek from our camp a pioneer of "the spring of '50" had pitched his tent. Mr. Bequette, evidently of French origin, but born in Missouri, was a vigorous old man, although over seventy, who had lived near Visalia more than forty years, and knew every creek and ravine in these mountains, with which he had been familiar since '64. Like most of his class, he had an inexhaustible store of anecdote of those early days, and we delighted to go over to his camp-fire in the evening while taking our post-prandial smoke, and listen to his instructive as well as entertaining conversation.

Much to my disappointment, he knew nothing about the little golden bear, vague rumors of whose existence in these parts had reached my ears many years ago; and I was reluctantly obliged to file it away with other exploded myths. He was very intelligent and well educated, and drew our attention especially to the wonderful botanical wealth of this region, pointing out to us spikenard, Solomon's seal, a straw-colored columbine which he said was unknown elsewhere, and many other plants, which are highly valued for their medicinal virtues; and yet he had never been upon a railroad car. This idiosyncrasy was doubtless due to the antipathy held by most Visalians against the S. P. R. R., although few of them had carried it to that extreme, and still Mr. Bequette was one of the mildest of men, neither vindictive nor arrogant.

Three or four days with such favorable surroundings put us in fine condition for the work before us, and the luxuriant and nutritious pasturage of the mountain meadows had fully restored our horses. Up to this point there is a county road and a tri-weekly mail, but between this and Kern River, into which flows the stream of the golden trout, there are three lofty and rugged ranges of mountains accessible only with pack animals. On the morning of July 15 we started for Farewell Gap. It was only three miles to the top, but the elevation was 3,000 feet greater, and we were over two hours getting there. The great snow of former years still lay on the eastern slope, forcing us to make a detour on to the side hill. Just below this there was the same wonderful floral display of acres of Mariposa lilies, lupines, shooting stars, columbines, etc., and from the rocks the woodchucks, basking in the sun, took a speculative interest in the cavalcade as it filed along the narrow trail. It was noon before we came in sight of dear old Broder Cabin, the roof peeping out of its bower of silver firs. On two different occasions, it had shielded us from terrific thunderstorms when no other shelter was near, and had also been the eastern terminus of our former outings. We were glad to see it again, but it was a little off the trail, and between rolled the boisterous Little Kern, so we did not visit it.

The sagaeity of this decision was revealed later, when we encountered a tremendous hill, where for a full mile the trail was so steep, tortuous and rocky that it was appropriately known as the Devil's Corkscrew. When about half way up, one of the pack saddles suddenly shifted, throwing the horse from the trail over on to his back, and smashing and demoralizing his load to such an extent that at least an hour was required to put things into shape to continue our journey; and it was 9 o'clock that night when we reaehed the first meadow on Coyote Creek, where we encamped.

Early the next day we reached the edge of the great cañon of the Kern River, and almost opposite, across the chasm, possibly a mile away, in an air line, a stream came tumbling by three falls down into the Kern from a height of about 1,500 feet, and we realized at once that those shimmering waters were the goal of our three years' quest. It was Whitney, or Volcano Creek, as now called, the home of the golden trout.

Descending by a steep but fairly good trail for three miles, we reached the bottom, where we found several parties encamped. There were quite a number of women and children among them, and their elaborate camps indicated that they intended staying there several weeks. One of the bough beds I noticed was encircled by a horse hair rope, probably a substitute for snake antidote.

While we were busily engaged in making camp, two men eame up from the river with rods and well-filled creels. They proved to be Clinton Miller, principal of the Whittier school in Berkeley, and Fred Balaam, a business man of Exeter, both fly-fishermen of the highest FOREST AND STREAM type. We were making rather extensive preparations for a two weeks' stay, and seeing that there would probably be a dearth of fish in our camp for at least a couple of meals, they quietly opened their creels and placed five trout on our kiack lid, the smallest over three-quarters of a pound, and the largest 2½ pounds in weight.

Our camp was pitehed in one of those delightful spots that nature seems to have arranged expressly for the purpose, a little grove of large trees in an angle where two pure streams join; on the third side a wild strawberry bed with many ripe berries; on the fourth, a dead tree had fallen, shattering its limbs into a hundred pieces the right length for our camp stove. Elevation, 6,000 feet; climate perfect; fishing unsurpassed, and a ten-acre meadow close by that had been fenced by the Sierra Club, where we were permitted to put our horses—what more was to be desired?

There was one peculiarity in the arboreal features of this bottom that attracted my attention. While the trees, with the exception of a few willows along the streams, were all eonifers, they were mixed in the most indiscriminate manner, and it was not uncommon to see a clump of five or six in which there were no two of the same speeies. Our bed was made under a sequoia; our stove sat under a giant cedar, our kiacks beneath a sugar pine, and our rods rested against a bull pine, while silver balsam and red fir could be seen all about us. Of game there appeared to be practically none. A few squirrels and a flock or two of mountain quail were seen, but no grouse nor deer sign; but as it was still the close season there was little to regret.

Our first trip was to the lake, situated about a mile below our eamp. As to scenery, it was a distinct disappointment; but the fact that it contained many trout of five or six pounds weight, to say nothing of a multitude of smaller ones, was a fine point in its favor. It had been formed many years ago by a landslide, which had choked the bed of the Kern, backing up the waters for nearly a mile by about half that in width. Many dead stubs were still standing, and much submerged timber made fine lurking places for the big fellows, but were not so much appreciated by the angler. In former years two old but still serviceable dugouts were in use, but careless users had left them unfastened the previous fall and they had gone over the falls with the winter freshets. One wretched unwieldy log raft was the only substitute left, and this being in use, we contented ourselves with fishing from the shore, securing over twenty fish during the afternoon, none of which, however, would weigh over a pound.

The next morning ushered in for me what proved to be the red-letter day of the trip. Zerah decided to stay in camp; Wilfred went to the lake, and with tackle seeured for a steep climb, I started up the river. This section is largely indebted to the Sierra Club for its opening up; two years ago nearly a hundred of the members, led by Prof. Le Conte, of the California University, encamped here on the Kern for several weeks, and besides greatly improving some of the trails, they threw a bridge across the river about a quarter of a mile above our camp. At this date it was not considered very safe for horsemen, although horses were sometimes led over it, and it was of course perfectly safe for footmen; and from the far side of this bridge started the trail to the land of the golden trout.

In laying out the trail, no attempt had been made to follow Volcano from its junction with the Kern. A rise of nearly 2,000 feet in about a mile, within which space all the falls were located, was considered too steep for general purposes, and was avoided by going around a mountain and striking the stream at the upper fall; and although for the most part this was very steep, it was in other respects one of the best trails I saw in that section.

No fish can ascend either of the falls, and of course none of the golden trout that we carried over can ever return. This explains the fact that no other species are found in the stream. Many of them, however, must be carried over, for they are as plenty below the upper fall as anywhere, but few are found below the second, and none below the third, from which they probably go down and are lost in the Kern.

Once actually upon the ground and gazing into the stream that for two years had evaded me like a will-'o-the-wisp, I was in no hurry to joint my rod. The pleasure of anticipation is great when the realization has become a certainty, and I was determined to enjoy it to the utmost. I had heard of a beautiful meadow three or four miles up the stream, where hummingbirds and flowers made a harmonious setting for the golden beauties of the stream; and while I paused and looked into the pool below the fall, where your old correspondent Van Dyke cast his line so many years ago, I did not wet my own there. Ages ago, just how many no one will ever know, there was a deep gorge where these falls now exist; but the Sierras were still forming, and at its upper end about ten miles away a great volcano, whose crater is still in evidence, belehed forth its millions of tons of lava, filling the gorge many hundreds of feet in depth, all the way to its mouth. The first eruption was of a cream color, and evidently much the largest, forming in one place about a mile above the falls a natural bridge, over which the largest wagon could be driven and which is crossed by the trail with the stream passing under it fifteen feet below.

The superimposed stratum was of a dark brick color, its disintegration supporting a growth that greatly softened the original desolation. As I advaneed the gorge rapidly widened int quite a valley, with the old walls, whieh in some places were almost perpendicular, still well defined. The will sufficient to make a rapid stream was easy and fairly regular, the elevation about 8,000 feet, and tamaracks, which in this section are not found much below that altitude, began to appear. Here also the sage brush so universal east of the Sierras, but whieh I had not before observed here, was abundant. The air was so invigorating that it seemed to fill my veins with the elixir of life, and my feet spurned the soil with the elasticity of youth. Mile after mile I left behind me, still apparently as fresh as when I started. Twice I crossed the stream on fallen trees, eaeh time seeing the golden objects of my search darting to and fro in the clear waters beneath me; but I would not tarry until about 11 o'elock I stepped out of the timber into a great meadow over 100 acres in area.

I was there at last, but even then I was reluctant to break the exquisite charm that had enthralled me ever since I had left camp, and which had been so strongly accentuated as I traversed that high plateau. Why I should feel this reluctance is inexplicable to most people, but perhaps some of your enthusiastic anglers will understand it. Perhaps a faint memory of early childhood affected me, when with beating heart I chased an exceptionally beautiful butterfly, wild to capture it as it flitted from flower to flower, and remembered my disappointment as I saw it shattered and shorn of its glory by the blow that had reduced it to possession.

Be this as it may, I leisurely made my way far into the meadow, and sitting down in the grass on the bank of the stream, earefully jointed my rod. Just below me, within reach of my lure but hidden by a bend in the stream, was a pool shaded by a clump of willows. Into this pool as deftly as possible without exposing myself I dropped my fly. A vigorous tug was the immediate result, and the next instant a gorgeous ereature resembling a searlet tanager sailed over my head and fell in the grass beyond. For several minutes I stood regarding my prize. It was certainly the most beautiful fish I had ever caught. The length was about nine inches. The lower part of the body for an inch in width was the color of fresh-drawn blood on each side, running the entire length and including the gill eovers was a stripe about half as wide of the same sanguinary color, but not quite so brilliant. Underneath this stripe and faintly visible through it were five or six dark spots the size and shape of a lima bean, such as I had never seen on any trout before. The rest of the body and tail was thickly studded with the little blaek dots found on every species of the trout family.

Out of this pool I took seven, ranging from six to a little over ten inches in length, which is as large as any that I saw or heard of, and at the end of one and one-half hours' fishing I had twenty-eight fish, all that I cared for.

For the table they proved to be superior to the Kern trout, and the only fish that could be classed with them in that respect were those from Eagle Lake, near Mineral King. Three days later Zerah and I made another trip to that mountain meadow and returned with thirty-six golden trout, finishing our record from that stream.

The two weeks we spent upon the Kern was a season of unalloyed enjoyment. Messrs. Miller and Balaam, who were encamped near by, visited us often and proved to be the most genial of men. The thunder showers that are usually so prevalent here at this season of the year, failed to materialize, for which we were duly thankful. Trout were always abundant in camp, and were an important portion of every meal, although we seldom fished more than three or four hours a day. Of the big ones we caught, and the still bigger ones we lost—of which there were several that I still remember with regret—I cannot attempt to describe. In that pure atmosphere fish could be dried by simply drawing them and hanging them in the open air on a line; no blow flies or other insects disturbed them, and we dried about twenty to take home,

among these were seven of the golden trout, but their brilliant coloring gradually faded and they soon lost much of their pristine beauty.

The return trip to Mineral King was devoid of special incident, and after a day's rest there Zerah and I prepared to attempt the ascent of Sawtooth Peak that almost overshadowed our camp with its towering summit 13,000 feet above the sea. He and the judge had tried it last year, while I stayed in camp nursing a crippled knee; but they failed to get above 11,000 feet, where the two Monarch lakes are situated.

We started at 6:30, reaching the lakes at 9:30. They are close together, occupying two benches, one above the other, and are from fifteen to twenty acres each in area and perhaps thirty feet deep. Both contain trout, some of which are of several pounds' weight, but they are very rarely taken, ignoring every lure. A gang of men were throwing in a dam to conserve the water for the use of the electric power company, whose plant was 8,000 feet below. It was expected that the Kaweah River would furnish all the power required, but it was deemed advisable to provide reservoirs for exceptionally dry years, and these lakes, with several others, were being utilized. The trail up to this point was easy, having been improved by the company for the benefit of the pack mules.

We reached the summit about noon, stopping there an hour. The view, while not to be compared with that of Shasta, Hood or Ranier for grandeur and beauty, is very extensive. Mt. Whitney, forty miles to the east, is the most prominent object in sight as it towers above all others, but Goddard, Brewer, Kaweah and many others were recognized.

Like the one we were on, many of the adjacent peaks were shaped not unlike the tooth of a buzz-saw, only less high and pronounced bare storm-scarred ledges of granite. Unlike the mountains of the north, whose summits from the timber line up for thousands of feet were covered with snow, these for the most part were perfactly bare, away down in the gulches there were drifts, and from where we stood we could look down the almost perpendicular face of the tooth 2,000 feet into a lake with snow banked all around it. The only vegetation I saw was a little blue flower growing out of a crevice within fifty feet of the top. Ten lakes were visible, all small and of glacial origin. In a crevice we found two tin buckets containing many names of those who had preceded us, and adding our own we returned to camp.

Two days later we visited Eagle Lake, where Dexter and I had caught such fine trout three years ago, but the march of civilization was in evidence here also. A dam had enlarged the lake and only two fish rewarded our most diligent efforts. The next day we started for home, making the trip from Mineral King to Visalia in two and one-half days. We were thinner than when we started and bronzed to almost the tint of a well-colored meerschaum pipe; but the flesh that remained was healthy and firm. Our step revived memories of the elasticity of youth, and of the lassitude that so surely follows long years of office work not a vestige remained.

With what feelings of satisfaction did we ride in under the great oaks that shade the Huntley mansion. And then with such appetites to sit down to the table abundantly laden with the substantials of life flanked by the delicious fruits and melons of Tulare, over which Madam H. herself presided with such exceeding grace was a fitting climax to our successful quest of the golden trout.

FORKED DEER.

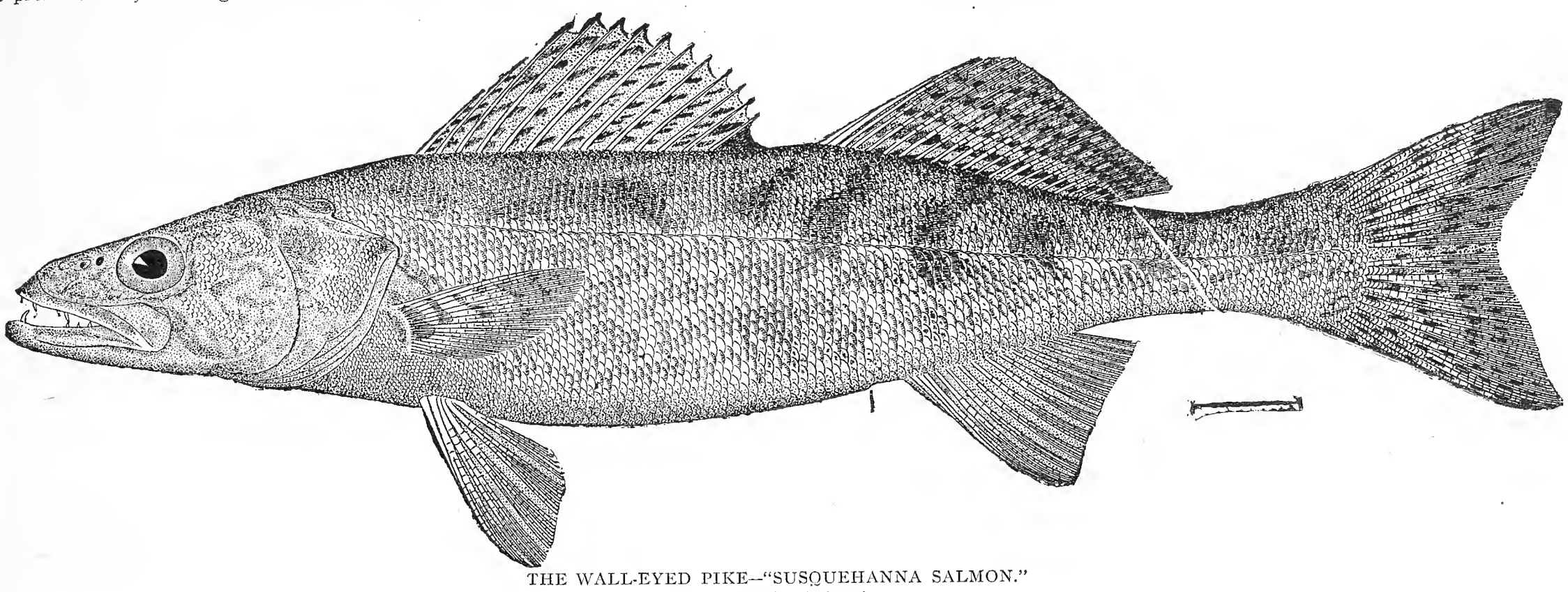
Carp Against Mosquitoes.

IN the Universal Fishery Journal of Germany attention is called to the fact that fish destroy many annoying insects, especially mosquitoes. In Germany the common carp, the crucian carp, and the red eye, are considered the best insect-destroying fish. The committee created to consider the mosquito plague at Eltville-on-theRhine asks for information whether the kinds of fish named are really destroyers of the larvæ of mosquitoes on a large scale. It should be observed how many larvæ one fish eats per day; and whether other fish are as efficient in destroying these larvæ. Above all it is important that such fish can live in stagnant and putrid waters, because in such only the mosquito larvæ develop.

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief*, sold everywhere, contains all the fish and game laws a sportsman ought to know. It is complete, accurate and up-to-date.

Wall-Eyed Pike Fishing on the Susquehanna River.

WALL-EYED pike fishing is now in full blast on the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania and will continue so until the river freezes so solidly that it will be impossible for the fisherman to get his line in the water. But the angler does not call the fish wall-eyed pike, neither does he term it pike-perch, but in his love for the fish he has glorified it by the name of "salmon." In order to distinguish his favorite from the lordly fish in the northern waters of North America, he calls it "Susquehanna salmon." So firmly is the name fixed and so general is its use that if one approaches the full "salmon fisher" anywhere in the Susquehanna valley and speaks of the wall-eyed pike or pike-perch, he will not know what is meant; but speak of the "Susquehanna salmon" and his eyes light up, he becomes animated and will talk for hours on the glorious sport which the fish affords. It may seem strange to anglers elsewhere, but it is a fact that all along the Susquehanna River and its great tributaries, there are men who angle for little else than "Susquehanna salmon" and who declare that it is the greatest fish which swims. That black bass are all right in every way as a game fish and trout are just the thing for dudes and for people who like to clamber along or wade little streams in the mountains, but for game qualities, for table use and all-around excellences, there is nothing to equal the "Susquehanna salmon," otherwise known as wall-eyed pike, pike-perch,



THE WALL-EYED PIKE—"SUSQUEHANNA SALMON."
From Fisheries Industries.

and in the western part of Pennsylvania, "Jack salmon."

Nearly two centuries ago, according to a story told by the late Simon Cameron, an Englishman and a Jesuit priest went to one of the lakes in New York and caught a number of wall-eyed pike, put them in barrels of water, carried them laboriously to the Susquehanna River and planted them there. Whether or not this story is true it is certain that the wall-eyed pike has found a congenial home in the Susquehanna River and all its branches. In the early part of the last century they were so numerous that the writers of that time were very enthusiastic over the sport which they afforded. One author in writing of this fish about 1840, said: "There is great sport fishing in the Juniata River near Newport. Here, day by day, fishermen gather with their poles and lines and they catch the 'salmon' as fast as they can bait their hooks. The banks of the stream are brushy and overgrown with trees, and it often happens that men in pulling the fish from the water do so with such violence that the fish are caught in the branches of the trees. The fishermen are in such haste to continue their sport that they do not always take the time to clamber the trunk to secure the fish, but simply break the line, put on a new hook and bait and go on fishing. Thus it is that sometimes by the close of the day the trees overhanging the water look like Christmas trees hung with fishes."

All sorts of illegal fishing had a bad effect on the stream, so that as the years rolled on they decreased in number and "salmon" fishing on the Susquehanna became exceedingly poor. But there has been a decided change within the last few years. The State fishery authorities have been planting young "salmon" in the Susquehanna and its tributaries annually by the million. The consequence is that there are probably more wall-eyed pike in that great river to-day than any time within three-quarters of a century. In fact, it is declared, and evidently with truth, that there are more wall-eyed pike in the Susquehanna now than there are black bass. The numbers are yearly increasing.

The open season for wall-eyed pike in Pennsylvania begins on June 15, and although large numbers are caught during the summer months, it is not until the cold days, beginning with September, that the fishing is at its best. When the early morning mist hangs low on the river hiding the surrounding trees and hills and even the almost countless islands, the "salmon" fisherman sets forth to his sport. It is then that the fishing is said to be best and continues to be so until after the sun has crimsoned the sky, risen above the horizon and rolled away the heavy, damp curtains of mist. Even when old Sol is high in the heavens, the wall-eyed pike will not hesitate to leave its rocky lair at the bottom of the river and seize the rolling, wabbly lamprey eel in its fierce tooth-bestrewn jaws. On lucky days the fisherman will find very frequently that by nightfall he will have from a dozen to three dozen wall-eyed pike ranging from two to five pounds each.

The Susquehanna "salmon" fisherman has his own peculiar methods of pursuing his favorite sport. His tackle ranges from a light, stiff rod to a pole which would hold a good-sized shark. His line is from fifty to seventy-five yards long. To it he attaches a spoon about the size of a No. 3 Skinner. It is to the spoon that the fishermen pay particular attention, and opinion differs little, not as to its form, but as to the material. Some use the ordinary tin spinner painted silver or copper, and a few use the ordinary spoon; but the real earnest old-time "salmon" fishermen prefer a solid copper spoon, and that spoon is always kept shining as brightly as the interior of grandmother's apple butter pot. The three-pronged hook is removed and in its place is hung a short snood of gut, to which is fastened two small hooks, say Nos. 3 or 4. The hooks are placed about two or two and one-half inches apart. Occasionally one of the hooks is the three-pronged hook of the spoon, but the majority of anglers discourage its use because of the uncertainty whether its use is strictly lawful, Pennsylvania forbidding the use of more than three hooks. To the line about three or four feet above the spoon is fastened a sinker heavy enough to carry the line to the bottom of the river, so that when the boat is rowed the lead will bump along from rock to rock. The lamprey eel is the universal bait. The upper hook is pushed through the head of the creature and the lower hook about half way down the body. Of course, at least one swivel is also used and sometimes two in order to prevent the line from twisting, for the correct method of fishing for wall-eyed pike in the Susquehanna River is by trolling.

The line having been rigged, the bait properly adjusted, the fisherman takes his seat in the stern of the boat and an oarsman rows him up and down one of the many great pools in the river where the water is from eight to twenty feet deep. He zigzags through the swifts and swirls and among the rocks, where the wall-eyed pike lie in wait for their prey. A few years ago whenever a fisherman had a strike, the boatman would immediately put all "the beef possible" into his work. He would row frantically up and down the stream with all his strength, so that the "salmon" would be hauled to the surface of the water and dragged in the shortest possible space of time, with his mouth wide open and half drowned, into the boat. But conditions have changed. The "salmon" fisher of to-day wants to enjoy to the full the fierce thump, thump, thump of the hooked fish, and so the boatman has been drilled to row to the nearest eddy, where he rests on his oars and eagerly watches the contest between the fisherman and the fish. Generally the angler wins unless the sharp teeth of the wall-eyed pike severs the snood.

The wall-eyed pike bites and fights different from almost any other species of game fish. When he is hooked he does not rush furiously toward the mouth of the river like the striped bass, neither does he rise to the surface and make numerous frantic leaps into the air, nor does he rush all over the pool as a trout would do in the mountain streams. The first intimation that the fisherman has of a strike is a terrific jerk, which bends his stiff rod nearly double in an instant, and smashes anything but the strongest line. From that time to the end of the struggle the wall-eyed pike makes a series of tremendous jerks all downward, each following the other in such rapid succession that about all the angler can do is to grasp his rod firmly, keep his thumb firmly fixed upon the reel and hold on for dear life. It seems as though the fish, having taken the bait, simply presses himself against a rock and endeavors to jerk the hook from his jaw by main strength and fury. A struggle of a good-sized wall-eyed pike will last from five to fifteen minutes actual time, the period between the jerks gradually increasing, until finally the fisherman is able to reel him sullen, but still struggling, to the side of the boat and into the net.

It seems scarcely worth while to tell any one anxious to try wall-eyed pike fishing in the Susquehanna where to go. It is good in nearly every one of the great pools in the main Susquehanna from the State line to Sunbury, and in the north and west branches from end to end and up the Juniata as far as there is water enough to hold the fish. Possibly the favorite resorts are at Peach Bottom, Fite's Eddy, Bald Friars, the pools for twenty miles above and below Harrisburg, especially at Duncannon near the mouth of the Juniata and Tunkhannock in Wyoming county, on the north branch of the Susquehanna and between Williamsport and Renovo on the west branch. From Newport on the Juniata to the mouth of that stream are all good places. To any one of them the sportsman angler can go in perfect confidence that he can find boatmen will-

ing to take him out and also supply him with all the bait he needs. I except Duncannon because there is a hotbed of fish pirates and every stranger who visits the place is supposed to be a fish warden, and he will have a very hard time of it until he is able to convince the native that he is not one of the upholders of the fish laws. The boatmen, as a rule, vie with each other in giving the anglers employing them the best sport and the largest catches. W. E. MEEHAN.

Fish and Fishing.

Then and Now.

IN one of the most interesting letters of Mr. E. A. Samuels to FOREST AND STREAM he mentions the fact that about forty years ago, the whole of Grand Lake Stream was offered to a gentleman of Boston, the late lamented Prouty, for the ridiculously small sum of a few hundred dollars. It seems that Mr. Prouty, who was a lover of the landlocks, endeavored to induce some of his friends to unite with him in purchasing the river, but was forced to abandon the project for the reason that, as angling privileges were everywhere free and abundant, no one thought it worth his while to spend money in buying a river. And Mr. Samuels rightly ventures the statement that if Grand Lake Stream were now on the market one would have no difficulty in obtaining subscriptions of many thousands of dollars for it. I called this statement to mind the other day when I saw the suggestion of Dr. Morris with reference to the proposed purchase and rehabilitation of some of the other rivers of Maine; but I am reminded of an even more striking instance of the wonderful increase in value of salmon waters than that cited by Mr. Samuels.

It is a fact that not very long before the offer of Grand Lake Stream was made to the late Mr. Prouty, a still more remarkable one was made by the Government of Canada to another Bostonian, Mr. Walter Brackett. Mr. Brackett had already, at that time, had considerable experience with *Salmo salar*, having for five successive seasons fished the Dennys River in Maine, of which I had something to say in FOREST AND STREAM quite recently. Let me break into the thread of my other story here, long enough to speak of the splendid sport which the young artist enjoyed in and about Dennysville. It was there that the brave octogenarian of to-day, who is at present giving battle royal to the salmon of the Marguerite, killed his first specimen of the fish whose pictures have made his canvasses so famous. During the five years that he fished the Dennys River he averaged twelve fish a year, from 10 to 18 pounds apiece. Then he applied to the Canadian Government for a lease of the Ristigouche River. He was informed that it had been granted to Sir Alexander McKenzie a few days before, but that he could have its four tributaries for $100 per year, which was the price to be paid for the main river, or he could have a season license of the Cascapedia for $50, with the privilege of a nine years' lease at $100 per year. Mr. Brackett selected the tributaries of the Ristigouche, and did most of his fishing at the forks of the Metapedia, taking a three years' lease, dated 1869. As an instance of the sport which he enjoyed for this ridiculous figure, when even the Mic-Mac Indians were permitted to spear without restriction, it may be mentioned that in twelve days he killed thirty-nine fish, which averaged 22¾ pounds.

Mr. Brackett did not fish either the Patapedia or the Upsalquitch, but with a pair of horses towed up the main river, and also up the Kedgwick, as far as McDougall's Brook, eighty-four miles from Fraser's, the site of the present home and main club house of the Ristigouche Salmon Club at Metapedia Station. There the driver was dismissed, and four delightful weeks were spent by the angler, dropping down the stream from day to day and from one pool to another. The veteran artist has assured me, over and over again, that this was one of the most enjoyable trips of a long lifetime. The river was indescribably beautiful and there were plenty of fish.

Mr. Brackett made no attempt to obtain a renewal of his lease, for he knew that it had been promised to four Canadian gentlemen of wealth and influence—Mr. George Stephen (now Lord Mountstephen), who got the Metpedia; Sir Hugh Allan, the Upsalquitch, and Sir Sandford Fleming and Mr. C. J. Brydges, late manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, who were given the main river. They paid $20 each per year for the control and fishing of the whole of the Ristigouche water, the annual value of which to-day probably exceeds $50,000. It may be mentioned, too, that the fishing of the Grand Cascapedia, which was offered to Mr. Brackett for $50 a year, now yields the Government of the Province of Quebec $8,500 per annum for only a portion of the river.

Some Salmon Fishing Experiences.

Before me, as I write, are some of Mr. Brackett's letters, and as I have referred above to the fact that the first salmon killed by him was taken from the Dennys River in Maine, I must not forget to say that my genial old friend, who, like myself, believes in hewing as closely as possible to the line of strict exactness in the telling of fish and fishing experiences, frankly admits that he lost his first fish, though he killed his second, third and fourth ones. From the related experiences of many of my angling friends and acquaintances, I believe it is rather the rule than the exception for the novice to lose his first fish. My own personal experience does not bear me out in this respect, but then I have always been more fortunate than I deserved to be, though I had not the good luck to be born under the constellation Pisces.

Mr. Brackett's father had been a salmon fisherman before him, having aroused the son's ambition to follow in his steps, by his tales of killing salmon with a fly in the Kennebec; and Walter himself was a proficient trout angler when he fought and lost his first salmon, having met with much success at Lake Umbagog and in other parts of Maine. It is not much wonder that even the most accomplished trout fisherman should lose some of his presence of mind in the excitement of playing his first salmon, and should find it difficult to maintain exactly the proper amount of pressure upon the fish to avoid both the giving of a slack line and the using of too much force. Some novices do remarkable things under the influence of the excitement of their first salmon, and the effect upon my own cardiac region, of the leaps of a huge, lively mass of silvery fish at the end of my line, prevents me from experiencing the slightest surprise at anything that is done under such circumstances, even though the sportsman be proof against any such trifling weakness as buck fever, for instance.

I once accompanied one of the oldest and best trout fishermen of New England upon his first expedition against the salmon. His first fish having been hooked for him by his guide, all who heard the screech of the reel ran to see the novice play the salmon. He was a prime favorite in camp and everybody was anxious that he should kill the fish, for they were rising very poorly. But no sooner had he taken the rod in his hand than it straightened as quickly as it had bowed a minute before, and the line came back minus the fly and half the casting-line. My friend had suddenly forgotten all his reading up on the subject in the pages of Wells and Forrester and the others, and all the verbal instructions which had been poured into his ears, and in the excitement of his first salmon had grasped both rod and line together in the hollow of his hand, while the fish was running, with the inevitable result that something had to give way.

Mr. Brackett does not explain in the letter before me how he came to lose his first salmon, but there are, of course, many fish lost through no fault at all of the angler. Some are poorly hooked and the hook tears out. Occasionally it happens that the fish manages to get among logs or roots or other obstructions in the water from which it is impossible to restrain him, and so fouls the line. At others he may run beyond the angler's control, where the character of the water, the absence of a canoe or some other cause prevents the fisherman from following him. In such an event, of course, if the fish proves refractory, something must break.

I have followed fish in a canoe for the greater part of a mile, and it is related of the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, that upon one occasion he was towed four miles down the Ristigouche by a large foully hooked salmon, which promised at one stage of the game to take him right out to sea.

Mr. Brackett tells of some exciting runs down rapids in birch-bark canoes, while fast to 30 or 35-pound salmon, and also to some red-letter days of splendid sport. On one of the latter he left his camp on the Ste. Marguerite at 5 o'clock in the evening to be poled to a pool four miles up the river. He killed one fish on the way and seven more at his destination, returning to camp in time to eat supper by daylight, and bringing with him eight fish of a total weight of 213 pounds.

The Life History of Immature Salmon.

Were it not so well known that unlike the sea trout which is so often found near the estuaries of rivers, the smolt disappear at once from the realm of observation upon reaching the salt water from the streams whence they derived their birth and infant nurture, it would be more surprising than it is that scientific investigation succeeds in adding so little to our limited stock of knowledge concerning the life history of immature salmon.

English newspapers of a recent date reported the fact that Mr. W. L. Calderwood, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, had secured a specimen of a small salmon weighing about a pound and measuring fourteen inches in length, which was evidently in a transition stage from the condition of a smolt to that of a grilse. The securing of this specimen is considered rather remarkable, for while in this state of transititon, the young salmon are somewhere in salt water quite beyond the pale of ordinary observation. Mr. Calderwood is understood to regard the size and time at which this specimen was secured as tending to dissipate the idea so long held, that only three or four months were required for the growth of the fish from the smolt stage of about three ounces in weight to that of a grilse of 3 or 4 pounds.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Stocked Stream Public Waters?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Something has been said about the case of the Rome Fish and Game Protective Association against E. O. Worden. As this case is one of general interest to citizens and taxpayers, and of particular interest to all those interested in fish protection and propagation, it may be well to state the facts distinctly. The Rome Fish and Game Protective Association is an incorporated association, whose object it is to stock the waters of Oneida county with fish, and to see that the protective laws are enforced. One of the streams stocked by them with fish from State hatcheries is Golley Brook. Under the law, on the application of a town board, the Forest, Fish and Game Commission can close a stream to all fishing for a limited period of years. The object of this provision is to allow fish to propagate naturally, in order that the waters in which they are placed, or to which those are tributary, may be replenished. The law specifies that streams thus closed are "public inland waters." The defendant, who is an attorney, made the point that "public inland waters" are navigable waters only. On the trial, his counsel, Mr. M. H. Powers, made his argument on this point, and raised continuous objections to every question asked by Mr. C. H. Wiggins, the attorney for the Rome Association. It was shown that the original owner of the land, through which Golley Brook flows, not only agreed to the planting of fish from State hatcheries therein, but favored the protection of those fish until they could reach the lawful size. The court decided against the contention of Mr. Worden. The attorney for the Association made the point that the stream had been stocked with the consent of the original owner of the land through which it flowed, and that subsequent owners had raised no objection to the continuance of this stocking, although they were aware that it was being done. The case has been appealed. Mr. Worden also has been sued by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission for the penalty provided by law for taking trout from closed waters.

The section under which the suit was brought was enacted by the Legislature for the purpose of providing a general law under which the Commission could act, in view of the fact that each year several counties were asking for legislation providing for the closing of streams in a similar way. The law simply states that if the owner of the land through which a stream flows shall apply to have it stocked with fish from a State hatchery, the water so stocked shall be open to public fishing. A contract is here implied, and the fairness of the proposition will be seen when it is remembered that the State hatcheries are supported by money raised by public taxation. The law does not contemplate that any water shall become public water by the planting of fish raised in the State hatchery unless the owner or his agent applies for the fish, and the application blanks furnished by the Commission state distinctly that the fish furnished are to be planted in "public waters." Fish have a distinct commercial value, and, inasmuch as no person can take public property for private use without due compensation, it follows that anybody applying for fish from a State hatchery on the blanks furnished by the Commission, with the intent to deceive is liable to an action for the value of the property which he sequesters. This fact seems to have been overlooked by those who have recently attempted to close to the public streams like the Beaverkill and the Willowemoc and others. It remains for the higher courts to decide whether or not this law is good law.

JOHN D. WHISH,
Sec'y, Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

Musical Fishes.

OROVILLE, Cali.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Northern Crown, a neat little monthly magazine published at Ukiah, in northwestern California, is an article telling something of singing fish, and while fish stories in that particular line are not altogether new, they are comparatively rare, though related as facts, and the story mentioned is given as a bona fide contribution to the piscatorial branch of natural history. Generally, people are in ignorance of the fact that any of the finny tribe are endowed with the faculty of speech, though if I mistake not, the catfish is so called from his habit of purring under certain circumstances. A couple of years ago I caught a perch in the surf off the beach of Golden Gate Park, and handling him rather roughly, was surprised to hear him murmur a protest. Surprised, yet thinking the sound might have been caused by the escape of water from his throat, even as liquid gurgles when emptied from a jug, I hit the perch another rap and he distinctly muttered another protest. And there was nobody around either who could have perpetrated a ventriloquist joke upon me. I have seen the theory offered, too, that fish are insensible to pain, but if that rap I gave the perch didn't hurt him, why did he cry out?

I believe that much more could be said in affirmation of the opinion that the sound was really caused by some kind of fish peculiar to Big River, and also to Puget Sound waters.

As a matter of fact, nearly all wild animals have notes that are not commonly known of to humans. I can attest to the song of singing mice, and there are gophers who have notes that are rare and used only on certain occasions. Birds also. My knowledge of these have made me feel friendly toward the animal stories—biographies—which have had such a run the past few years, and I have always felt that John Burroughs did Ernest Thompson Seton an injustice in throwing discredit upon the latter's fanciful tales, though they did seem a little far fetched.

I cannot mail this without quoting, as apropos, the humorous line, just now going the rounds, to the effect that while fish are unable to talk, the whale, just the same, is a great spouter. WM. FITZMUGGINS.

The story referred to in the Northern Crown is entitled "Big River and Its Singing Fish," and was written by Eugene Jamison Cox. It is as follows:

"None of these streams, the Garcia, the Gualala, the Albion, the Noyo, Big River and others following westward to the Pacific Ocean, from the coast range of Mendocino county could appropriately be called big. They are full and roaring in winter, but in the dry season are shallow excepting deep pools and stretches until they near tidal water, within a few miles of the sea, where they assume a considerable amount of dignity. These streams, so similar in general characteristics, wind through a vast range of picturesque diversified mountains, exquisite in coloring.

"Glimpses of quiet scenery along their margins, blend with wild views of hilltops, blue distance and changing skies, into dreams of beauty, into almost audible tones of harmony. Sweet-scented azaleas, rhododendron blossoms, masses of fern, tangles of low foliage and trees, massive sequoi and exhilarating air, are always associated with these westward streams in memory. One sunless tract of many trees near a river is recalled, among them several giant sequoi having enameled-looking snow-white growths of the redwood, from four to six feet in height, growing from the wet soil up around their trunks. These delicate feathery sprays seemed so unusual—freakish. They were beautiful.

"Big River from a source near Orr's Hot Springs, traverses miles to the sea. Within six miles of the sea a boom or dam of logs, constructed years ago for milling purposes, crosses the river. Seaward from the boom, the river expands and deepens and soon spreads with the waves of the bay. Standing thus at the head of the tide water the boom must now appear a monument of the river's past life and usefulness. On its wet surface, time is surely tracing its sad inscription. The railway looks down smilingly, triumphantly on the river, peacefully stretched at the foot of its decaying mossy head stone. With the slow crumbling of time and the shifting position of the logs on the river, do the fish still sing at the boom.

"Singing Fish, a noise known by that name, was several years ago and is no doubt to-day, a distinctive, strangely unique feature of the river. A peculiar sound may be heard on the river, near the hour of midnight in the month of September, near the boom. Tradition states, only near the hour of midnight only in September, near the boom.

"The cause of this noise, which seems to have existed with the years is still unknown. The noise was investigated many years ago, by naturalists from San Jose, so the writer was informed, who advanced the

theory that it was very likely caused by a peculiar species of fish, lying deep under the logs. From this time the noise has been referred to as Singing Fish, however, none were ever seen. Wiser men than they, who know the river better, and who attach no serious thought to the noise, believeing it to be, if understood, the result of some simple phenomenon, say it is much more reasonable to suppose the noise to be caused by insects.

"The rumor of Singing Fish lies dormant in the atmosphere of the vicinity near the river. Every now and then, purposely or by some chance conversation, the rumor floats out like a cloud, to a stranger or sojourner of the neighborhood. The fame of these fish has been extended inland. The rumor never varies—seems to have been handed down, tradition-like, assuming such substantiality as never to be doubted; yet on account of the absurdity of the name given to the noise, the rumor is smiled at queerly, and jested about as if it were a myth.

"The opportunities for an investigation are very rare. September comes but once a year, and fogless nights suitable for an expedition through perilous ways do not occur each night of that month.

"An evening in September several years ago was more than favorable for a trip far up the river. The moon dispensed a soft twilight which seemed a tender prelude to the deeper, fuller tones of a majestic symphony of moonlight earth and water advancing, streamed through and peeped over the straggling pines and oaks silhouetted on the hilltops east of town, then swung out in a flood of silver light, transfiguring the strips of land as if with magic.

"The river below, a stream of pearl, merged in an ocean of glittering waves of moonlight. There was no breath of fog. The atmosphere was warm, intensely clear and buoyant as spirit. From under the shadow of the mill, a still pile of gloom in the moonlight, a boat pushed out to the middle of the stream for the boom. To a picnic spot, on the edge of the river, a pleasure party had rowed. Their faces could be seen around the glow of a campfire. With lugubrious song, 'Weep no more my lady,' from this party on the bank, sweetly dying with the distance, the boat still steered on up the yet shadowless middle of the river.

"Moonlight, with its glamour obscures details, rendering all objects unreal and fantastic, producing a feeling of mingled awe and admiration, an emotion often mixed with fear—it is noticeable the more remote from human habitation, the more fantastic are shapes and forms, the more profound the unreality of existing things, until one would not be in the least surprised, if a bit startled, to push against a fairy each turn of a moonbeam.

"The goddess of the moonlight realm had thrown over hills, river and sky her wand of enchantment. The hills familiar and peacefully atractive in daytime attire were now formidable, fascinating walls of blackness ranged along the river's edge, rising in most places abruptly. The moonlight on the river, how weird! The very water, highly phosphorescent illusory.

"Each dip of the oar left trailing splashes of snowy, luminous water. Only the touch of the hand, in the cool, flowing liquid could dispel an illusion; then as the hand dipped, crushes of sparkling white foam defied a reality. Soon the stream began to grow noticeably narrower. The dark hills and trees along the banks, on opposite sides, to come closer together. Long, black shadows from bank to bank streaked the water, met and mingled.

"We were in the dark. Light fog began drifting up the river. By a dim reflection of moonlight, the visage of the boom was dimly perceptible. The boat was pulled through and tied to a log, in the middle of the stream. Struggling out on logs, rafted together, floating over the water, a small party sat to investigate the noise known as Singing Fish. By the light of a match one of the party glanced at the hands of a watch, it was already midnight.

"The unnecessary caution of hush—'keep still'—was observed. There was breathless silence for what seemed a long time. Not a sound to be heard! Stillness, darkness, a reach of forest solitude hung like a pall around. Each doubtless combating unconsciously, cheerfully any dark imagery, or a possible resurection of any old ghost story from the unused cells of his brain. A dark solitude, somewhere along the north of the river loomed up in one's mind unbidden, unceremoniously, but not being petted or encouraged took flight. It was a long, inky black, stagnant pool, hid in trees and heaps of debris, around which hung a dismal mythical story of a woman who over the loss of a husband by drowning became insane, and was not heard of for days afterward until dragged from this black pit. The thought of a bedraggled body, dripping with black inky water flitted around, vaguely somehow associated in the mind, as being something intimate in an uncanny way with Singing Fish.

"A cycle of thoughts by each was the end of stillness. A broken conversation began, the fish forgotten, when a whizzing, whirring sound from everywhere near the surface, not very loud, came as a shock and a surprise. We were the center of a large circle of low buzzing and sizzing. The sound was not in the least like an accented lullaby of frogs or the accents in the whir of insects.

"It was an unaccented monotonous low whir. Something like the cutting of saws in large mills would sound smothered deep underground. Once wound up nothing disturbed it. After listening to it some time the investigation ended. The boat drifted down the stream in damp prosaic reality. For fifty or seventy-five yards away the fish could still be heard singing. While listening to the noise, not a member of the party felt convinced as to what it really could be."

In a footnote the editor says:

"Since receiving the above MS. other facts as to the fish known as humming or singing fish, have come to us. In July and August, of the year 1888, in the Victoria arm of the Strait of Georgia or Juan De Fuca, Vancouver, British Columbia, on sultry evenings was heard the sound of the humming, or singing fish—a noise almost identical with that of the Chinese musical kite."

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

Regatta Programme, Aug. 4-18, 1905.

Sugar Island—St. Lawrence River.

SAILING RACES.

Event No. 1—Trophy sailing race, 9 miles; limit 3½ hours; six times around 1½ mile triangle. Sea smooth; wind light. Start, 3 P. M.:

	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	Finish.
1. Mab, Geo. W. MacTaggart—	3 16 50	3 33 56	3 52 20	4 11 25	4 29 50	4 49 00
2. Pioneer II., Wm. J. Ladd—	3 18 03	3 36 03	3 56 37	4 15 35	4 34 30	5 04 30
3. Bronco, Frank C. Moore—	3 17 38	3 35 40	3 56 00	4 15 15	4 34 30	4 55 00
4. Bee, Herman D. Murphy—	3 19 32	3 37 42	3 57 15	4 18 10	4 41 00	5 04 00
5. Roc, Dan B. Goodsell—	3 20 32	3 40 47	4 03 00	4 24 05	4 46 00	5 08 35

Won by Geo. W. MacTaggart, time 1h. 41m.; second, Wm. J. Ladd, time 1h. 54m. 30s.

Event No. 2—Dolphin trophy race, 7½ miles; time limit 3 hours; five times around 1½-mile triangle. Sea smooth; wind fresh. Start, 4:25 P. M.:

	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Finish.
1. Pioneer II., Wm. J. Ladd—	4 48 25	5 09 05	5 29 31	5 51 56	6 17 10
2. Bee, Herman D. Murphy—	4 47 32	5 09 15	5 31 48	5 55 43	6 22 50
Bronco, Frank C. Moore, withdrew.					
Mudjikeewis, Carl Moore—	4 57 25	Withdrew.			
Chiquita, M. Ohlmeyer—	4 53 00	5 20 25	5 57 19	6 16 49	Withdrew.
Canuck, Wm. G. Harrison—	4 50 50	5 16 55	5 56 53	6 18 30	Withdrew.

Won by Wm. J. Ladd, time 1h. 52m. 10s.; second, Herman D. Murphy, time 1h. 57m. 50s.

Event No. 3—Sailing race, 6 miles; time limit 2½ hours; four times around 1½-mile triangle. Sea lively; wind strong. Start, 10 A. M.:

	First.	Second.	Third.	Finish.
1. Bee, H. D. Murphy	10 14 00	10 27 00	10 40 45	10 55 20
2. Roc, D. B. Goodsell	10 15 00	10 28 15	10 43 00	10 56 25
3. ——, H. M. Moore	10 18 50	10 31 00	10 45 30	11 00 20
Canuck, W.G.Harrison.	10 22 00	10 39 00	10 50 15	Withdrew
Mab, G.W.MacTaggart.	10 15 39	Withdrew.		

Won by Herman D. Murphy, time 55m. 20s.; second, Dan B. Goodsell, time 56m. 25s.; third, Herbert M. Moore, time 1h. 20s. Only 65ft. sail area, cruising rig, against 105ft.—a magnificent showing.

Event No. 4—Novice sailing race, 3 miles; limit 1½ hours; twice around 1½-mile triangle. Sea lively; wind strong. Start, 3.15 P.M.:

	Finish.
1. Herbert M. Moore	3 53 46
2. J. R. Dickson	4 00 22

Winner's time, 38m. 46s.

Event No. 5—Open canoes, sailing around Sugar Island. Sea lively; wind strong. Start, 10:33 A. M.:

	Finish.
1. Frank C. Moore	11 05 55
2. Geo. W. MacTaggart	11 06 40
3. Geo. P. Douglass	11 07 35
4. Louis C. Kretzmer	11 08 20
5. R. P. Nichols	11 12 28
6. C. A. Robinson	11 14 33
7. W. Carmalt	11 18 19

Won by Frank C. Moore, time 32m. 55s.; second, Geo. W. MacTaggart, time 33m. 40s.

Event No. 6—Open canoe sailing, 1½ miles; once around 1½-mile triangle. Wind fresh; sea lively. Start, 3 P.M.:

	Elapsed.
1. Frank C. Moore	0 21 52
2. Geo. P. Douglass	0 21 55
3. C. A. Robinson	0 23 12
4. W. Carmalt	0 24 16

Won by Frank C. Moore; second, Geo. P. Douglass.

Event No. 7—Sailing race, cruising class; 85ft. sail area; for decked canoes capable of storing complete camp outfit; three times around 1½-mile triangle. Sea smooth; wind fresh. Start, 2:30 P. M.

	Elapsed.
1 Canuck, Wm. G. Harrison	0 49 53
2. Mayflower, J. E. Plummer	.. ..
3. Mudjikeewis, Carl Moore	.. ..
4. Chiquita, M. Ohlmeyer	.. ..

Won by Wm. G. Harrison, time, 49m. 53s.; second, J. E. Plummer.

PADDLING RACES.

Event No. 8—Trophy, 1 mile straightaway. Sea smooth. Start, 11:59 A. M.:

	Elapsed.
1. E. B. Nellis	0 08 55
2. G. L. Borland	0 08 57
3. Ed. E. Dey	0 09 32
4 Arthur G. Mather	0 09 45
5. N. I. Rouse	0 09 47

Event No. 9—One man, single blade; ½ mile straightaway. Start, 4:54: First, Arthur G. Mather, time 4m. 42s.; second, B. I. Rouse; third, J. R. Dickson.

Event No. 10—One man, double blade, ½ mile straightaway. Start, 4:51: First, Arthur G. Mather, time, 3m. 2s.; second, R. P. Nichols; third, J. R. Dickson.

Event No. 11—Tandem, single blades; ½ mile straightaway. Start, 10:54 A. M.: First, Arthur G. Mather and Ralph Hunter; second, B. I. Rouse and J. R. Dickson.

Event No. 12—Tandem, double blades; ½ mile straightaway. Start, 6:22:53 P. M.: First, D. S. Pratt and R. P. Nichols, time 3m. 6s.; second, J. R. Dickson and B. I. Rouse; third, Arthur G. Mather and Ralph Hunter.

Event No. 13—Mixed tandem, ¼ mile: First, Miss Gard and J. R. Dickson; second, Mrs. Parsons and B. I. Rouse; third, Mrs. Harvey and Geo. W. MacTaggart; fourth, Miss Reichert and W. G. Harrison.

TILTING.

Event No. 14—First bout: D. S. Pratt and J. R. Dickson won from M. Ohlmeyer and G. P. Douglass.

Second Bout—H. Lansing Quick and Wm. G. Harrison beat R. P. Nichols and B. I. Rouse.

Finals—H. Lansing Quick, tilter, and Wm. G. Harrison, paddler, won from J. R. Dickson, tilter, and D. S. Pratt, paddler.

Event No. 15—Special race, one man, single blade; around Sugar Island; 150lbs. of ballast to represent cruising outfit. Start and finish off headquarters. Start, 4:38:05 P. M. Island to port: First, Arthur G. Mather, time 15m. 7s.; second, J. R. Dickson; third, B. I. Rouse; fourth, D. S. Pratt.

Event No. 16—Special race, tandem, single blades; around Sugar Island; 200lbs. ballast to represent cruising outfit. Start and finish off headquarters. Island to starboard. Start, 4:45 P. M.:

	Elapsed.
1. Herman D. Murphy and Wm. J. Ladd	0 15 22
2. H. L. Quick and Geo. P. Douglass	0 15 24
3. Wm. G. Harrison and Perry D. Frazer	0 15 26
4 Chas. H. Parsons and Clifton Sparks	0 16 35

An all-cruisers' event, the most interesting in the series.

Event No. 17—Special race, decked cruisers, capable of stowing complete camp outfit; with 85ft. sail area limit; around Sugar Island. Start and finish off headquarters. Island to port. Start, 2:55 P. M.:

	Finish.
1. Wm. G. Harrison	3 23 00
2. Mat. Ohlmeyer	3 28 12
3. J. E. Plummer	3 31 00

Won by Wm. G. Harrison, time 28m.

Judge, Geo. P. Douglass. Starter, Wm. W. Crosby.

Regatta Committee—Mat. Ohlmeyer, Chairman; Wm. G. Harrison, Arthur G. Mather, Ralph Hunter.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE Red Dragon Canoe Club of Philadelphia closed its twenty-second racing season Saturday, Sept. 16. On that date the fall regatta was held on the Delaware River off the club house, Wissinoming, Pa. The day was an ideal one for water sports, and the crowd thoroughly enjoyed the races, some of which were very close and exciting.

Many guests were present from out of town clubs, including members of the Park Island Canoe Association, Yonkers Canoe Club, Beverly Y. C. and Monte Cristo Canoe Club, Delanco. The Red Dragons were pleased to have with them Baron Theodor Quascbart, of the Royal Canoe Club, Frankfort, Germany; W. A. Furman, of Trenton, N. J., Vice-Commodore of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., and cheerful James K. Hand, of the Yonkers Canoe Club, Yonkers, N. Y. Commodore Clifton T. Mitchell did the honors in entertaining the out of town visitors at his pretty bungalow, and there were many urgent calls at the telephone.

The races were well contested, the Red Dragon C. C. men ably holding up their reputation as skillful handlers of the paddle. In the evening the prizes were presented to the fortunate winners, Mr. Edward Hemingway adding a few facetious remarks as each recipient came forth and accepted a handsome cup.

There was less of the tedious delay between races than usual owing to the manner in which the Regatta Committee—Messrs. F. W. Noyes, E. D. Hemingway, Edward K. Merrill, M. D. Wilt and Alfred Belfield—handled the affair and hustled the crews to positions.

The winners of the various races follow:

No. 1—Club Trophy, paddling, double blades, ½ mile: Edward K. Merrill, R. D. C. C., first; Julius Schmitz, R. D. C. C., second; T. L. Hammersley, Monte Cristo, third.

No. 2—Tandem Broom Race, ¼ mile (brooms used for paddles): Merrill and Wilson, R. D. C. C., first; V. Davis and Conard, Beverley Y. C., second; Schmitz and Hammersley, R. D. and M. C., third; Scott and H. Davis, R. D. C. C., fourth.

No. 3—Tandem Single Blade, ½ mile: Merrill and Wilson, R. D. C. C., first; Conard and V. Davis, Beverly, second; Hammersley and Thompkins, Monte Cristo, third.

No. 4—Mixed Tandem, Double Blade, ¼ mile: Mr. Conard and Miss Jones, Beverly Y. C., first; Mr. Merrill and Miss Longmore, R. D. C. C., second; Mr. Schmitz and Miss Powell, R. D. C. C., third; Mr. and Mrs. Park, R. D. C. C., fourth. This was the most exciting race of the day, the winners pulling out ahead by three feet at the finish.

No. 5—Tilting Tournament: H. Davis and Blumner, R. D. C. C., beat Thompkins and Hammersley, Monte Cristo; V. Davis and Haines, Beverly Y. C., beat Merrill and Wilson, R. D. C. C. Finals—Haines and V. Davis, Beverly Y. C., first, beat H. Davis and Blumner, R. D. C. C., second.

No. 6—Swimming Race, 100 yards: Owing to the well known ability of Julius Schmitz, R. D. C. C., only one contestant was willing to compete with him. "Jimmie" Longmore, known as the "human frog," surprised the assemblage by swimming a splendid race and winning by 10ft.

W. K. PARK, Cor. R. D. C. C.

A. C. A. Amendments.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notice is hereby given that I desire to offer for discussion and adoption if approved at the executive meeting of the A. C. A. in October next, the following amendment:

That Article 2, Section 2, Chapter 1 of the By-Laws read: "The entrance fees and dues shall be received by the treasurer, 50 per cent. for the Division and 50 per cent. for the A. C. A. treasury." The balance of the article to remain as previously adopted.

FRANK C. HOYT, A. C. A. 4194.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

48, Dr. William B. Breck, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 49, Louis C. Kretzmer, New York city; 50, Henry M. Dater, New York city; 51, C. Bowyer Vaux, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NPW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division—Julius W. Muller, New York city, by H. M. Dater; T. Owen Brown, New York city, by R. J. Wilkin.

FREDERIC G. MATHER, Treas.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Following the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association on Saturday, Oct. 14, in New York city, a dinner, complimentary to the visiting officers, executive and other committees, will be given by the Atlantic Division at the Hotel Astor, Saturday evening, Oct. 14, at 7 o'clock. A record-breaking outturn of the Division is earnestly hoped for. Circulars will be mailed each member, and details will follow in next issue. The following is the dinner committee: Messrs. H. C. Ward, chairman; P. F. Hogan, W. Carmalt, W. A. Furman, F. W. Noyes, L. C. Kretzmer, W. R. Simpson, J. K. Hand.

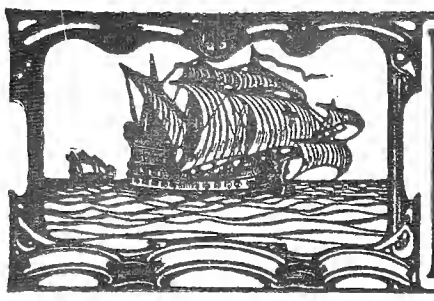
THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief*, sold everywhere, contains all the fish and game laws a sportsman ought to know. It is complete, accurate and up-to-date.

To sit four hours, in an office shaded
By awnings striped, and not invaded
By sun or flies, with a faithful clerk
To do his bidding in all—that's work.

To sit and fish, with the hot sun blist'ring
His neck, with the glare on the water glist'ring,
No ice—mosquitoes, canned ham to stay
His appetite, nothing more—that's play.

THE MANY USE OIL

Brushed on disc records, prevents metallic tone; 2oz. bottle, 10c.



YACHTING



Astor Cup Races.

Newport, R. I.—Wednesday, Sept. 13.

THE postponed races for the Astor cups were sailed off Newport on Wednesday, Sept. 13. These races had been postponed from the cruise on account of the programme arranged for that feature being knocked out by a northeast storm. The conditions that govern these trophies given annually by Capt. John Jacob Astor are that only boats that have not been hauled out to clean since the cruise began are eligible, and so other conditions had to be framed. These were practically, all boats to be in racing trim and sail over one of the two courses off Newport. It was expected that Invader would start against Elmina and Corona in the schooner race, and that Doris would meet Mineola, Yankee, Sybarita and others in the race for single stickers. Both of these boats were entered, but it is probable that they were kept from reaching the starting line. There was thick fog off Newport right up to the morning of the race for several days, and as it was, some of the boats arrived there only just before the starting time.

The Regatta Committee, Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, H. de B. Parsons and Franklin A. Plummer, were to have been on board the flagship Colonia, but a barge collided with Colonia just before she was to start for Newport and prevented her being on hand. Captain Astor then placed the Nourmahal at the disposal of the committee and that yacht was the judges' boat There was quite a large fleet out to follow the races, and each one had a large party on board. The Vice-Commodore's yacht Narada was one of the most conspicuous, and among others was the Tuscarora, Josephine, Enterprise, Sultana, Rambler, Oneida, Haida, Roamer, Eugenia, Emerald, Venetia and Virginia.

The yachts that started, their owners, rating and allowances, follow:

Schooners.

	Rating.	Allowance.
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	89 90	.....
Corona, Arthur F. Luke	87 86	1 54
Katrina, James B. Ford	58 86	43 15
Venona, Robert Olyphant	39 93	1 24 20
Singlemasted Vessels and Yawls.		
Sybarita, W. Gould Brokaw	86 31	.....
Mineola, W. Ross Proctor	74 79	6 41
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	74 63	6 26
Humma, R. W. Emmons 2d	51 30	44 44
Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	30 91	1 49 57
Nautilus, H. W. and A. G. Hanan	26 59	2 10 46

It will be seen by these times that the big boats had a big task on hand, and the owners of the smaller boats had been attracted by the allowance they got and were made bold by the success of the small craft during the cruise of the New York Y. C. The wind when the yachts reached the Brenton Reef Lightship was N. by E. It was a light breeze and all but Mimosa and Nautilus, which are pole-masted vessels, had club topsails aloft. There was a big roll on the sea and the boats pitched and tossed in lively fashion. The course selected was the Vineyard Sound and Hen and Chickens Lightships. This course was 38 miles in length. The first leg is 17¼ miles E.S.E., the second N. by E. 4 miles, and the third W. 3¼, N. 16¾ miles. This meant a reach to the first mark, and if the wind held, a beat to the second and then a reach home. Sloops were sent off first at 11:10 o'clock. Each had two minutes to get over the line, and they crossed as follows: Mimosa III., 11:10:19; Humma, 11:10:35; Sybarita, 11:10:39; Yankee, 11:11:03; Mineola, 11:11:09; Nautilus, 11:11:52. All except Yankee had up reaching jibtopsails and were at the windward end of the line. Yankee took the leeward end and Mr. Harry L. Maxwell, who sailed the boat, had caused to be sent up a balloon jib topsail, which, under the conditions, proved to be the best sail. The schooners followed at 11:15 and they crossed in this order: Elmina, 11:15:24; Corona, 11:15:42; Katrina, 11:16:17; Venona, 11:16:42. Elmina, Corona and Venona had small main topmast staysails and reaching jibtopsails, and Katrina had a large main topmast staysail. Corona was just to weather of the wake of Elmina and both yachts luffed high of their course until Elmina began to draw before they squared away. Yankee's balloon did well. It lifted the yacht and she pointed almost as high as those with the smaller headsails and footed faster. At 11:50 the wind freed a little and the leaders changed headsails so that soon all had balloons set. At noon Sybarita was off West Island, Yankee was to leeward of her and Mineola was in the wake of Sybarita and not far astern. Humma was to windward of all, but further back. Then came Elmina, Corona, Katrina, Mimosa III., Venona and Nautilus. Then the wind lightened very much and Yankee found a soft spot, and all except Mimosa and Nautilus passed her, but at 12:45 it came in again from the W.N.W. and spinnakers were set to port. The times taken at the Vineyard Sound Lightship were: Elmina, 1:26:45; Mineola, 1:29:50; Yankee, 1:32:20; Sybarita, 1:33:40; Corona, 1:40:50; Humma, 1:55:15; Katrina, 2:00:20. The others were far astern.

The boats changed balloons for small head sails on the second leg and had a close reach on the port tack. The wind freshened, too, which rather favored the stern boats, but it did not do them much good. The times taken at the Hen and Chickens Lightship were: Elmina, 2:01:42; Mineola, 2:04:00; Yankee, 2:07:12; Sybarita, 2:09:20; Corona, 2:19:00; Humma, 2:31:00; Katrina, 2:38:00.

It was a beat home and Elmina and Mineola took the starboard tack as soon as they passed the lightship, while the others held further in toward the shore before tacking. They had a fair tide on this leg and those holding in shore got more benefit from the tide running into the Sekonnet River. Mineola and Yankee made several short tacks, and Yankee made a good gain, so that these two got very close together. Captain Dennis on Elmina watched Corona carefully, and seeing that Corona was gaining by the in shore tack, stood in to hold her safe. The fight between Mineola, Yankee and Sybarita was a pretty one. Tack after tack was made by these three, and at one time it looked as if Sybarita had the race safely in hand, but then she lost by a shift in the wind. When two miles E. West Island Yankee and Mineola held well in toward the shore. The wind hauled more to the W. and gave Mineola a big advantage and a commanding windward position. Yankee held on her inshore tack, while the others were standing out, and shortly afterward the wind shifted again, this time to the northward and threw Yankee from the leeward position to the windward position. It was a great piece of luck and came at the right time. In the matter of luck Mineola and Yankee had been treated alike, but Yankee's luck came at the right time. Sybarita was outlucked throughout the race. After passing West Island, Sybarita drew ahead but was chased very closely by Yankee, while Mineola was dropped astern. Sybarita and Yankee made a close finish and Sybarita got across the finishing line first by 19s. She crossed at 4:36:54. Yankee's time was 4:37:13, Mineola's 4:38:58. Elmina finished at 4:56:52, Corona at 5:23:35, Humma at 5:31:22 and Katrina at 6:30:13. After the three leading boats had got in, the wind died down and later came in from the W. making it a beat again to the finish. The smaller boats gave up the contest when they found they had no chance to win. The summary:

Schooners.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elmina	11 15 24	4 56 52	5 41 28	5 41 28
Corona	11 15 42	5 23 35	6 07 53	6 05 59
Katrina	11 16 17	6 30 13	7 13 56	6 30 43
Venona	11 16 42	Did not finish		
Sloops and Yawls.				
Sybarita	11 10 39	4 36 54	5 26 15	5 26 15
Yankee	11 11 03	4 37 13	5 26 10	5 19 29
Mineola	11 11 09	4 38 58	5 27 49	5 21 23
Humma	11 10 35	5 31 22	6 20 47	5 36 03
Mimosa III.	11 10 19	Did not finish		
Nautilus	11 11 52	Did not finish		

So the cups were won by Elmina and Yankee. Elmina beat Corona 24m. 31s. and Katrina 49m. 15s. Yankee beat Mineola 1m. 54s., Sybarita 4m. 52s. and Humma 9m 48s.

Rear Commodore's Cups—Thursday, Sept. 14.

Owing to the misunderstanding, only schooners raced for Vice Commodore Henry Walters' cups. Early in the morning, Yankee's mainsail was changed. On Mineola this was thought to mean that she would not race, and stores and fittings were put on board. The two sloops started W. to lay up as the schooners were crossing the line. Mimosa III. failed to appear at the starting line and Humma and Nautilus were the only two out at the Lightship. Both were ready to race, but each owner waited to see if the other would start, with the result that neither went over the line.

The wind was N.N.E. and the courses selected for the Astor Cup races were chosen again, and at 10:30 o'clock, the schooners were sent off. The wind was quite strong, and only working topsails were carried, and as it was a close reach to the Vineyard Sound Lightship, all carried baby jib topsails. Before the start the maneuvering was quite pretty and Corona got the best of it. She crossed the line at 10:30:28 on the port tack. Venona was next at 10:31:02. Then came Elmina at 10:31:10 and Katrina at 10:31:27. Soon after the start the wind shifted so that they could not lay their course, and then grew lighter. Elmina soon picked up Corona, and at 11:15 after a short luffing match passed that boat to windward. The wind got much lighter, and at 11:35 Elmina sent up a club topsail and the others soon followed her example. Each had to make a short hitch to fetch the Lightship and the time taken as they passed were. Elmina 12:17:03, Corona 12:26:47, Katrina 1:11:00, Venona 1:44:30.

The wind then was E.N.E. making it a reach to the next mark, and it freshened again so that the yachts made good time. Corona gained on this leg and Katrina held her own. The times at this mark were: Elmina 12:47:15, Corona 12:56:12, Katrina 1:43:30, Venona 2:19:00.

Sheets were eased off to port and spinnakers set to starboard for the run home. The freshening wind greatly favored Katrina and enabled her to make quite a big gain. The leaders before they reached the finish had to gybe over and set spinnakers to port, while Katrina was able to sail on the same gybe as she started. Elmina finished at 3:43:23, Corona at 4:10:20 and Katrina at 4:21:00. Venona was not timed. The committee waited out until her allowance had expired and then went into the harbor. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elmina	10 31 10	3 43 23	5 12 13	5 12 13
Corona	10 30 28	4 10 20	5 39 52	5 37 58
Katrina	10 31 27	4 21 00	5 49 33	5 06 18
Venona	10 31 02	Not timed.		

Katrina won the cup, beating Elmina 5m.55s. and Corona 31m. 40s.

National Motor Boat Carnival.

Hudson River, N. Y.—Sept. 14, 15 and 16.

First Day, Thursday, Sept. 14.

THE first of the three days' racing of the National Motor Boat Carnival commenced on Thursday, Sept. 14. Messrs. A. B. Cole, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Allen E. Whitman, Seawanhaka Y. C.; Charles P. Tower, Larchmont Y. C., and F. W. Belknap, Manhasset Bay Y. C., were in charge of the races.

The weather conditions were eminently satisfactory for the racing of high speed motor boats. There was a brisk northerly wind, but this did not disturb the water any to speak of. The tide was running ebb.

The start for all classes was made off the foot of West Ninety-seventh street. The boats that went 30 knots covered three times a 10 nautical mile course. The boats covering 19½ knots went thrice over a 6½ nautical mile course.

In the class for cruising boats of over 50ft. La Mascotte won. These craft went over the 30 nautical mile course.

The cruising boats of 50ft. and under covered the 19½ nautical mile course and Arcadia won handily.

Vitesse was given the race in the class for open launches, but later the judges reversed their decision and gave the race to White Fox, which boat finished first and was really entitled to the race. These boats went over the 19½ knot course.

The races for the other classes took place in the afternoon. The first class to start were the boats of 39ft. and under. Out of nine entries there were but five starters, and of this number only two finished. Dixie, a Tams, Lemoine & Crane production, won easily, defeating Shooting Star II., the only other boat to cover the course. Den, of which so much was expected, as extravagant claims regarding her speed had been made, broke down soon after the start and was unable to proceed. Winton started late and did not finish. Six Shooter turned up half an hour after her starting time and did not start. The following are the times made by Dixie and Shooting Star on the three rounds of the course:

	First.	Second.	Third.
Dixie	0 31 17	0 30 42	0 30 50
Shooting Star	0 33 03	0 33 19	0 32 05

Veritas, the large high speed boat designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, had for competitors XPDNC and Skeeter. She allowed the former 14m. 42s. and the latter 16m. 23s. Veritas made the best time on each round, as is shown in the following table:

	First.	Second.	Third.
Veritas	0 29 16	0 24 52	0 29 15
XPDNC	0 32 56	0 33 03	0 30 03
Skeeter	0 34 56	0 33 45	0 35 28

On the last round XPDNC did much better than before and she managed to win by 2m. 4s. Veritas covered the course in 1h. 23m, while XPDNC required 1h. 36m. 2s. to go the same distance. XPDNC won her class prize and the first leg in the National trophy. Dixie won the first heat in the International trophy.

In the class for high speed boats of 33ft. and under Durno won by 14m. 53s. Roseland withdrew and Vici was disqualified for starting ahead of the signal. The summaries follow:

Cruising Boats Over 50ft. Long—Course, 30 Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.
Cactus II., C. E. Proctor, Larchmont	11 08 41	1 36 21
La Mascotte, F. B. Havens, New York	10 35 00	1 07 50
Argonaut, G. Piel, Columbia	Did not finish.	

Cruising Boats Under 50ft.—Course 19½ Nautical Miles.

Arcadia, John D. Roach, Lake Champlain	11 35 00	1 41 58
Hazel, T. S. Parvin, Cn., Philadelphia	11 20 00	2 07 15
Glissando, F. L. Andrews, Fall River	11 30 07	2 15 30

Open Launches—Course, 19½ Nautical Miles.

Vitesse, T. W. Dunham, Metropolitan	11 45 00	2 56 36
August Mietz, E. W. Deming, Columbia	12 19 20	2 58 31
White Fox, W. Ferguson, Jr., Stamford	Did not finish.	
Traveler, C. F. Muiler, Columbia	Did not finish.	

High Speed Boats, 39.37ft. and Under—Course 30 Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dixie, E. R. Thomas, Seawanhaka	4 15 00	5 47 49	1 32 49
Shooting Star, H. A. Lozier, Jr., Man.	4 15 00	5 53 27	1 38 27
Panhard II., Andrea Massenat, Col.	4 15 00	Did not finish.	
Winton, L. J. Speare, Boston	4 15 00	Did not finish.	
Den, J. H. Hoadly, New York	4 15 00	Did not finish.	

High Speed Boats, 40ft. and Over—Course, 30 Nautical Miles.

XPDNC, J. Siegel, Red Bank	3 46 41	5 22 43	1 36 02
Veritas, A. Stein, Indian Harbor	4 01 23	5 24 47	1 23 24
Skeeter, E. J. Schrocder, N. Y. A. C.	3 45 00	5 28 09	1 43 09

High Speed Boats, 33ft. and Under—Course, 30 Nautical Miles.

Durno, J. H. Durno, Rochester	3 05 49	5 14 51	2 09 02
Simplex III., C. R. Mabley	4 07 07	5 29 44	1 22 37
Vici, O. Lippincott, Oceanport	4 07 49	Disqualified.	
Rosebud, W. G. Titcomb, R. I.	4 02 45	Did not finish.	

Second Day—Friday, Sept. 15.

The long race to Poughkeepsie and return took place on Friday, Sept. 15. Out of nearly a dozen entries only four boats started. The absentees were Skeeter, XPDNC, Den, Winton, Dixie, La Mascotte, La Sata and Cactus II.

Simplex III. led all over the course and won easily. Her time for the 117 knots or 134 statute miles was 7h. 27m. 53s. This is hardly record time, but her showing is excellent, being much better than that made by XPDNC over the same course a year ago.

Simplex III. was first to start at 9:36:32. Six Shooter was next crossing at 10:09:26, Wizard was third away at 10:11:18. About half an hour later Panhard II., the foreign entry, started but was disqualified for starting over the wrong side of the mark boat. She failed to return when recalled. Veritas broke her clutch and was taken in tow.

Simplex III. rounded the Poughkeepsie mark at 1:07, exactly 44m. ahead of Wizard. Simplex III. gained over 9m. on Wizard on the run up stream. Wizard rounded the Poughkeepsie mark at 1:51, Six Shooter at 2:04 and Panhard II. at 3:45. Simplex III. finished at 5:04:25 and Wizard came in at 6:10:10. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Simplex III., C. R. Mabley, Col.	9 36 32	5 04 25	7 27 53
Wizard, A. H. Dohn, Buffalo	10 11 18	6 10 10	7 58 52
Six Shooter, F. L. Smith, Detroit	10 09 26	Did not finish.	
Panhard II., A. Masscnat, Col.	10 48 05	Disqualified.	
Veritas, A. Stein, Indian Harbor	12 02 00	Disabled.	

Third Day—Saturday, Sept. 16.

An elaborate schedule was arranged for the third day, but out of 41 starters in the morning and afternoon only 26 boats finished—a pretty poor showing.

The first class to start in the morning were the cruisers over 50ft. La Mascotte and Cactus II. were the only starters, and these two craft had a match race over a 19½ nautical mile course. La Mascotte won.

In the cruising class under 50ft., Arcadia won, making the best time over the 19½ knot course. Glissando, the third starter, did not finish.

Four out of the five starters in the open launch class finished. These boats also covered the 19½-knot course, and White Fox won.

Simplex III. won in the class for high speed boats under 33ft. Colonia broke down and got mixed up in a tow, barely missed being sunk. Durno got the race on time allowance.

Veritas failed to finish in the class for high speed boats over 40ft., and the race went to XPDNC. Skeeter was the only other starter.

Dixie showed herself to be a very fast craft and was easily the feature of the day. In her class were five starters. Dixie covered the 30 knots in 1h. 18m. 15s., which is about 24 knots an hour. Shooting Star was the only other boat to finish.

The first race in the afternoon was between La Mascotte and Cactus II. Neither finished.

In the next class there were two starters, Arcadia and Glissando. The former finished alone.

Of the four starters in the class for high speed boats under 33ft., Vici and Durno alone finished. Vici won easily.

White Fox again defeated her rivals in the class for open launches. Chum, one of the starters in this class, was in collision in the morning, but repairs were made so that she was able to start.

XPDNC showed the way to her two contenders in the class for high speed boats of 40ft. and over, and won. Her showing was fair and she wins the National trophy and also a challenge cup.

Dixie won in her class, beating Shooting Star again. Panhard II. did not finish, as usual. Dixie wins the International trophy, which is a challenge cup. The summaries:

MORNING RACES.

Match Race, Cruising Boats, Over 50ft.—Course, 19½ Knots.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Mascotte, F. C. Havens	10 30 00	1 01 33	2 31 33
Cactus II., C. E. Proctor	10 42 30	1 03 02	1 20 32

Cruising Boats Under 50 ft.—Course, 19½ Knots.

Hazel, T. S. Parvan	10 40 00	Did not finish.	
Arcadia, John D. Roach	10 30 45	12 35 12	1 54 27
Glissando, F. L. Andrews	10 50 07	Did not finish.	

Open Launches—Course, 19½ Knots.

Vitesse, T. W. Dunham	10 45 00	1 39 30	2 54 30
Traveler, C. F. Miller	11 03 23	1 10 04	2 04 27
August Mietz, E. W. Deming	11 19 20	1 47 04	2 27 40
White Fox, W. Ferguson, Jr.	11 32 27	1 03 28	1 31 01
Chum, F. K. Lord	11 47 30	Did not finish.	

High Speed Boats Under 33ft.—Course, 19½ Knots.

Durno, J. H. Durno	10 50 00	12 41 21	1 51 21
Rosebud, W. G. Titcomb	11 46 56	1 19 40	1 32 44
Colonia, F. C. Bourne	11 50 38	Did not finish.	
Simplex III., C. R. Mabley	11 51 18	1 12 45	1 21 17
Vici, O. Lippincott	11 52 00	1 23 12	1 31 12

High Speed Boats, 40ft. and Over—Course, 30 Knots.

Skeeter, E. J. Schroeder	10 55 41	12 26 13	1 30 32
XPDNC, J. Siegel and G. Gillig	10 56 41	12 21 57	1 25 16
Veritas, Alex. Stein	11 11 23	Did not finish.	

High Speed Boats, 39ft. and Under—Course, 30 Knots.

Panhard II., Andre Massenat	11 00 00	Did not finish.	
Shooting Star, F. L. Smith	11 00 00	12 44 49	1 44 49
Winton, A. Winton & L. E. Speare	11 00 00	Did not finish.	
Den, J. H. Hoadley	11 00 00	Did not finish.	
Dixie, E. R. Thomas	11 00 00	12 18 15	1 18 15

AFTERNOON RACES.

Special Race of Cruising Boats—Course, 19½ Knots.

La Mascotte, F. C. Havens	2 35 00	Did not finish.	
Cactus II., C. E. Proctor	2 35 00	Did not finish.	

Cruising Boats Under 50ft.—Course, 19½ Knots.

Arcadia, John D. Roach	2 40 45	5 01 15	2 20 30
Glissando, F. L. Andrews	2 50 07	Did not finish.	

High Speed Boats, 33ft. and Under—Course, 19½ Knots.

Durno, J. H. Durno	2 50 00	4 58 03	2 08 03
Rosebud, W. G. Titcomb	3 46 56	Did not finish.	
Simplex III., C. R. Mabley	3 51 18	Did not finish.	
Vici, O. Lippincott	3 52 00	5 35 58	1 43 53

Open Launches—Course, 19½ Knots.

Traveler, C. F. Muller	3 06 23	5 34 08	2 27 45
August Mietz, E. W. Deming	3 19 20	Did not finish.	
White Fox, W. Ferguson, Jr.	3 32 27	5 19 59	1 47 32
Chum, F. K. Lord	2 47 30	4 52 53	2 05 23

High Speed Boats, 40ft. and Over—Course, 30 Knots.

Skeeter, E. J. Schroeder	2 55 00	4 26 50	1 31 50
XPDNC, J. Siegel and G. Gillig	2 56 41	4 20 42	1 24 01
Veritas, Alex. Stein	3 11 23	5 21 25	2 10 02

High Speed Boats, 39ft. and Under—Course, 30 Knots.

Dixie, E. R. Thomas	3 00 00	4 24 48	1 24 48
Shooting Star II., H. A. Lozier, Jr.	3 00 00	4 40 20	1 40 20
Panhard II., Andre Massenat	3 00 00	Did not finish.	

The three important prizes raced for at this meet were the International, National and Interstate trophies, all being offered by the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

The International trophy is for competition between boats of any recognized yacht, motor boat or automobile club in the United States and of any other country. The others are for yachts enrolled in clubs in this country. They are to be held subject to challenge and be raced for between May 30 and Oct. 1, at a date to be fixed by the association. All races are to be held on the Hudson River at a place selected by the Race Committee. To insure a contest one challenge must be delivered at least three months before the date of the contst, and other clubs may challenge and enter the same contest on the terms proposed and accepted in the first challenge up to ten days before the race.

A contest is to consist of three races. The courses are to be not less than 18 miles nor more than 40 miles. The courses are to be in deep water as free from turns as possible, but the finish must be at the starting line. The races are to be governed by the rules of the association.

The Manufacturers' Association has framed a set of racing rules, measurement formulas and a table of time allowances of its own. The rule of measurement of this association is 49 times the square root of length multiplied by the cube root of the horsepower divided by weight. Length is the length waterline of the boat.

The boats are to be classified according to their ratings, as follows: Division 1—High speed motor boats. Class 1 includes all boats, length over all, 12 meters, or 39.37ft., excepting boats with keels laid before July 1, 1905, to be eligible length over all 40ft. or under. Class 2 includes all boats length over all 40ft. and above. Class 3 includes all boats length over all 33ft. and under.

Division 2—Cruisers. Class 1 includes all boats length over all 50ft. and above. Class 2 includes all boats length over all 50ft. and under.

Division 3—Open launches. Class 1 ineludes all boats in length over all 50ft. and under.

All boats of Class 1, Division 1, have no restrictions as to power or beam, but are required to be of a seaworthy design and con-

structed of sufficient strength to pass through a race without showing a pronounced structural weakness. All boats of Division 1, Classes 1 and 2, shall be required to have at least 22in. freeboard. Boats in Division 1, Class 3, are to have at least 18in. freeboard.

Horsepower is to be determined by multiplying the area of the cylinders in square inches by the number of cylinders, multiplied by stroke of piston in inches and divided by a constant. Boats in Division 1, Class 1, have no restriction as to motor power. Boats in Division 1, Class 2, have a constant 12 for 4-stroke motors, and 9 for 2-stroke motors. The constant for boats of Class 1, Division 1, will be 10 for 4-stroke motors and 7.5 for 2-stroke motors. In Division 2, Class 1, the constant will be 18 for 4-stroke motors and 13.5 for 2-stroke motors. In Class 2 of that division the constant will be 15 for 4-stroke motors and 11.25 for 2-stroke motors, and for Division 3 the constant will be 20 for 4-stroke motors and 15 for 2-stroke motors.

The International trophy will be for boats of Division 1, Class 1. That is, they must be boats 39.37ft. over all, and there are no restrictions as to power. The British International Cup is for boats 40ft. in length, with no restrictions as to power. The National trophy is for boats 40ft. over all and above, and the Interstate trophy is for boats 33ft. over all and under.

Tarantula—Niagara IV. Match Race.

Long Island Sound—Friday, Sept. 15.

MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'SS turbine steam yacht Tarantula and Mr. Howard Gould's steam yacht Niagara IV. met in a match race for $5,000 a side over a 40 nautical mile course on Friday, Sept. 15, and the former won by 2m. 48s.

On the first leg of the course Tarantula beat Nigara IV. 4m. 49s. actual time, and on the second leg Niagara IV. beat Tarantula 2m. 1s. actual time. Over the entire course Tarantula beat Niagara IV. 2m. 48s. Tarantula averaged 21.24 nautical miles an hour, and the average of Niagara IV. was 20.76. In the previous race Niagara IV. averaged 21.37 and Tarantula 20.65 nautical miles an hour.

In the race between these two craft last year Niagara IV. won, so now each of the boats have one race to their credit.

The race was in charge of Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, H. de B. Parsons and Franklin A. Plummer, the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. These gentlemen were on board Mr. Howard Gould's large steam yacht Niagara.

The course was from off Crane Neck, which is just to the westward of Port Jefferson, to a mark off Herod's Shoal, which is near Bridgeport, and return, a total distance of 40 nautical miles. Each boat was allowed five minutes to reach the starting line and another minute in which to cross. If one of the boats crossed in the one minute interval her actual time was to be taken. In the event of her not doing so she was timed as crossing on the expiration of the minute.

The starting signal was given at 12:05. Tarantula was at the southerly end on the line and in the lead. In getting away both yachts were handicapped, Tarantula 3s. and Niagara IV. 14s. Heavy black smoke was pouring from the funnels of the two boats, and they were off on their long journey. Tarantula commenced at once to draw away slowly but surely. The tide was with the boats on the first leg.

Tarantula rounded the outer mark at 1:01 and Niagara IV. was timed at 1:06, just 5m. later. Niagara IV. improved her position somewhat as they neared the mark. Her increased speed was accounted for by the running up of the steam she sorely needed in order to show up at her best.

On the return the boats were bucking the tide and Niagara IV. continued to do better, but the gains were so slight that it was impossible for her to catch Tarantula before the finish line was crossed. Tarantula finished at 1:59:04 and Niagara IV. 2:02:03, just 2m. 59s. behind. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tarantula, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	12 06 00	1 59 04	1 53 04
Niagara IV., Howard Gould	12 06 00	2 02 03	1 56 03

The actual times over each leg of the course were as follows:

First Leg.			
Tarantula	12 06 03	1 01 00	0 54 57
Niagara IV	12 06 14	1 06 00	0 59 46

Tarantula averaged 21.06 nautical miles an hour and Niagara IV. averaged 20.07.

Second Leg.			
Tarantula	1 01 00	1 59 04	0 58 04
Niagara IV	1 06 00	2 02 03	0 56 03

On this leg Tarantula averaged 20.06 and Niagara IV. 21.11 nautical miles an hour.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Gravesend Bay—Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE Bensonhurst Y. C. closed its third season of racing with the usual open handicap race on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 16. Allowances were figured on performances in regattas of this year. Light and heavy weather handicaps were figured out. The latter were used and the winners proved to be La Cubana, Vivian II., Ogeemah, Trouble, Bab and Colleen. Vivian II. and Ogeemah were protested respectively by La Cubana and Miss Judy on the starboard tack grounds. Should these protests be allowed victory in two classes would go to Saetta and Anona.

Twenty-six boats started. A fresh S.E. breeze was blowing. The yawls and sloops in classes P and above sailed a course from the start off Ulmer Park across the channel to Black Can Buoy No. 13, off Fort Wadsworth, thence to Can Buoy No. 7 near West Bank Light and home, a distance of 10 nautical miles. It was a reach to the first mark, a beat to the second, and a reach home, in which ballooners were carried to port.

Regular class Q sailed a 9-mile course up through the Narrows to the bell buoy at Robbins Reef, off the Staten Island Ferry slip, and home. The outward journey was a broad reach on which spinnakers were carried a greater part of the way, and the return a dead beat. Boats in old class Q went from the start off Ulmer Park to the bell buoy at Craven Shoal, then down the harbor to can buoy No. 9 and home, a distance of 9 miles. It was a reach to the first mark, windward work to the second, and another reach home. Classes R and RR and the catboats sailed twice over a triangular course from Ulmer Park to Fort Hamilton, thence to Sea Gate and home. This aggregated about 7 miles. The first leg was a reach, the second a beat and the last a reach.

As usual, the new class Q boats had a hard race of it. Just before reaching Robbins Reef on the outward journey More Trouble lost one of her upper blocks when taking in the spinnaker and was delayed considerably thereby. Ogeemah also got into difficulties with her ballooner, which got tangled up with the working jib. At the finish, Saetta was 2m. ahead of Cockatoo II., with Quest third and More Trouble fourth. Saetta was beaten out 10s. by Ogeemah on corrected time. A misunderstanding as to how the finish line should be crossed delayed her nearly half a minute and lost the race. For the handicap event the boats were divided into six divisions. The summaries follow:

Yawls—Start 3:03.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lotowana, E. E. Malcom	5 09 25	2 06 25	2 06 25
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	5 16 10	2 13 10	2 05 10
Sloops, Classes P and Above—Start 3:06.			
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	4 40 30	1 34 30	1 34 30
Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	4 45 45	1 39 45	1 39 45
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	4 48 20	1 42 20	1 40 20
Anona, Menton Brothers	4 48 22	1 42 22	1 39 22
Lizana, D. P. Wylie	Did not finish.		
Huntress, L. H. Dyer	Did not finish.		
Squaw, E. Valentine	Did not finish.		
Sloops, Class Q—Start 3:09.			
Saetta, George H. Church	4 57 25	1 48 25	1 48 25
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb	4 59 25	1 50 25	1 50 25
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 00 02	1 51 02	1 49 02
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 01 07	1 52 07	1 51 07
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	5 04 45	1 55 45	1 48 15
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	5 06 20	1 57 20	1 55 20
Class Q, Special—Start 3:12.			
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 49 47	1 37 47	1 34 47
Careless, Richard Rummell	4 51 05	1 39 05	1 38 05
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	4 52 05	1 40 05	1 38 05
Spots, R. C. Veit	5 00 47	1 48 47	1 48 47
Ianthe, H. H. Roberson	Did not finish.		
Sloops, Classes R and RR—Start 3:15.			
Bab, T. A. Hamilton	4 26 47	1 14 47	1 10 47
Beta, Snedeker and Camp	4 42 20	1 27 20	1 23 20
Chickeokee, W. J. O'Neill	Started before her signal		
Catboats—Start 3:18.			
Colleen, W. F. Remmey	4 27 10	1 09 10	1 06 10
Hester, Simon Wicks	4 36 30	1 18 30	1 18 30
Orient, C. T. Shultz	Did not finish.		

After the sailing yachts had been sent away a race was started for power dories owned by lobster fishermen on the shores of Gravesend Bay. There were six starters, and J. Snedeker proved to be the winner, beating B. Voorhees by 5s. The boats covered a 9-mile course. The racing season of the Bensonhurst Y. C. has been long, varied and very successful. The summary of the power boat race follows:

Power Dories—Start 3:35.	Finish.	Elapsed.
J. Snedeker	5 01 27	1 26 27
B. Voorhees	5 01 32	1 26 32
C. Brown	5 06 38	1 31 38
N. Hanson	5 06 52	1 31 52
M. Brown	5 14 50	1 39 50
George Frank	Did not finish.	

Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.

Jamaica Bay, L. I.—Sunday, Sept. 17.

THE fall regatta of the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. took place on Sunday, Sept. 17.

The class C sloops sailed over a 12-mile course and Baby Roger won, beating Marion, the second boat, by 1m. 2s.

Virginia had an easy win in the cabin cat class. There were only two starters and they went over the 10-mile course.

In the open catboat class Ariel defeated her two competitors handily. Booze was second.

H. C. Miner had a sailover in the open class for 17ft. catboats.

In the class for open catboats under 17ft. Alert won, beating Chica by nearly 4m.

There were seven starters in the class for launches. Viking, one of the starters in this class, caught fire when near the finish line. There were five men on board, and they worked in vain to put out the flames. They were finally driven forward by the heat, but Mr. J. von Bockman knocked a butt open in the boat's bottom and she slowly filled. Viking was towed into shallow water, where she sank on the flats. None of those on board were injured. The summary:

Sloops, Class C—Start 2:49—Course, 12 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Marion, William Penn	4 59 22	2 10 22
Kismet, W. W. Mills	5 13 00	2 24 00
Jennie, W. G. Gallagher	5 05 49	2 16 49
Annie Arundel, C. Owens	5 03 40	2 14 40
Baby Roger, George Boehm	4 58 20	2 09 20
Cabin Cats, Class H—Start 2:59—Course, 10 Miles.		
Diana, H. A. Beyer	5 30 43	2 41 43
Virginia, C. H. Benjamin	5 25 15	2 36 15
Open Cats, 26ft. and Under—Start 3:03—Course, 10 Miles.		
Bill Nye, J. F. Kopf	5 23 20	2 20 20
Ariel, W. Hewlett	5 17 41	2 14 00
Boozie, A. Kobel	5 20 50	2 17 50
Open Cats, 17ft.—Start 3:05—Course, 10 Miles.		
H. C. Miner, C. Miner	4 15 04	1 10 04
Open Cats Under 17ft.—Start 3:07—Course, 10 Miles.		
Chica, L. H. Phlug	4 22 09	1 15 09
Alert, John Wolff	4 18 16	1 11 16
Launches—Course, 10 Miles.		
Lottie M., W. H. Meyer	3 30 00	5 18 45
Rockaway, J. May	3 36 54	5 23 39
Skipper, William Seerich	3 37 26	5 15 29
Gracie, Charles Greene	4 43 02	5 30 51
Igniter, Bernard Metzgen	3 44 11	5 18 00
Viking, J. von Bockman	Disabled.	
Laura G., Walter Pitt	3 57 49	5 30 43

THE MANY-USE OIL

On strop and razor makes shaving a pleasure. Try it.—*Adv.*

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE annual fall regatta of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 16, in a light S.E. breeze. There were 38 starters, and the winners were Memory (sail over), Mimosa III., Cara Mia, Nora, Houri, Answer, Sabrina and Notion.

The three larger classes went twice over a 7¾-mile triangle. The first leg was a reach, the second a run and the third a beat.

Memory took a sailover in the 33ft. yawl class, as she was without a competitor. Mimosa III. won as usual in the 33ft. sloop class, defeating Regina, the second boat, easily.

There was a small number to start in the New York Y. C. class, and Cara Mia had no difficulty in disposing of her seven contenders. Mr. Wainwright now has his boat in fine form, and she is one of the most dangerous in the class. Adelaide II. got second and the rest of the bunch were left well behind.

Nora beat Busy Bee, the second boat to finish in the Raceabout class, over 3m.

Houri won easily in her class. There was a good race between Vaquero and Dorothy for second place. Answer ran away from her competitors in the 22ft. class.

Sabrina won in the 15ft. class. Fly was second. Notion got first place in the 18ft. sloop class. The summary:

Yawls, 33ft. Class—Start 1:25—Course, 15½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Memory, H. M. Raborg	4 40 22	3 15 22
Sloops, 33ft. Class—Start 1:25—Course, 15½ Miles.		
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	4 17 17	2 52 17
Nike, V. I. Cumnock	4 31 20	3 06 20
Tito, Colgate Hoyt	4 32 27	3 07 27
Regina, F. G. Stewart	4 28 59	3 03 59
Mimosa I., T. M. G. Raborg	4 38 02	3 11 02
Marguerite, W. F. Clark	4 52 32	3 27 32
New York Y. C., 30ft. Class—Start 1:30—Course, 15½ Miles.		
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	4 09 26	2 39 26
Adelaide II., Adee Brothers	4 10 22	2 40 22
Nautilus, Hanan Brothers	4 37 31	3 07 31
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 39 07	3 09 07
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie	4 39 52	3 09 52
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 39 54	3 09 54
Ibis, Adrian Iselin III.	4 40 35	3 10 35
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	4 42 41	3 12 41
Raceabout Class—Start 1:35—Course, 13¼ Miles.		
Nora, A. Iselin 3d	4 20 36	2 45 30
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	4 28 30	2 53 30
Invader Jr., R. M. Rainey	4 31 36	2 56 36
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	4 24 47	2 49 47
Indian, William Gardner	4 34 05	2 59 05
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	4 34 50	2 59 50
Firefly, Guy Standing	4 42 54	3 07 54
Larchmont, 21ft. Class—Start 1:40—Course, 13¼ Miles.		
Houri, J. H. Esser	4 41 09	3 01 09
Vaquero, William Stump	4 45 19	3 05 19
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	4 45 29	3 05 29
Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start 1:55—Course, 7¾ Miles.		
Pannonahy, F. P. Currier	3 42 34	1 52 34
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	3 42 35	1 52 35
Heron, J. Le Boutillier	3 43 00	1 53 00
Answer, Donald Abbott	3 35 56	1 40 56
Sloops, 15ft. Class—Start 1:55—Course, 7¾ Miles.		
Fly, W. Emlen Roosevelt	3 53 06	1 58 06
Ellys, F. R. Coudert	3 55 43	2 00 43
We Wean, R. C. Cuthbert	3 53 27	2 03 27
Imp, F. L. Landon	4 00 53	2 05 53
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	3 49 01	1 54 01
Grilse, B. G. Weeks	Did not finish.	
Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start 2:00—Course, 7¾ Miles.		
Notion, J. Fry	3 46 25	1 46 25
Hamburg,, M. Goldschmidt	3 59 00	1 59 00
Emerald, H. F. Abington	4 20 34	2 20 34

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Monday, Sept. 18.

SIX of the Seawanhaka 15-footers met in a club race, which took place on Monday, Sept. 18. The boats were handled by women. The wind was S.E., and it rained throughout the match. An inside course 7½ miles in length, was covered. The summary:

Start 3:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chipmunk, Miss Mac Young	4 14 10	1 04 10
Imp, Miss Agnes Landon	4 15 19	1 05 19
Wee Wean, Mrs. G. W. Burnham	4 15 46	1 05 46
Grilse, Mrs. Amy Richards	4 14 45	1 07 45
Fly, Miss Margaret Roosevelt	4 17 55	1 07 55
Alys, Mrs. F. R. Coudert	Did not finish.	

Newport Y. C.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 15.

A CLUB catboat race was held by the Newport Y. C. on Friday afternoon, Sept. 15, in a good S.E. breeze. There was a good entry list of eleven boats, and the winners were Madge, Restless and Vesper II. The course was from a line in the inner harbor, around Goat Island, sailed three times around, a distance of about 10 miles. Vesper II., as usual, had everything her own way and walked away from the rest of the fleet. The summary:

First Class—Start 1:06.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Madge, Bow	2 50 15	1 42 13
Falconita, Kerr	2 54 05	1 45 59
Lizzie Briggs, Briggs	2 54 04	1 48 05
Windcloud, Booth	Did not finish.	
Second Class—Start 1:09.		
Restless, Peckham	3 01 40	1 52 40
Gem, Chase	3 08 20	1 58 55
Third Class—Start 1:12.		
Vesper II., Plumer	2 52 10	1 39 30
Vesper, Fraser	2 56 03	1 44 03
Shadow, Chase	3 02 25	1 50 10
Mallard, Holmes	3 06 25	1 53 55

F. H. YOUNG.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

Columbia Y. C.

Chicago, Lake Michigan—Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE open regatta of the Columbia Y. C. sailed on Saturday, Sept. 16, wound up the local yachting season to all intents and purposes. The race was for the Murray Cup, to which every boat in the local clubs was eligible under time allowances. In addition, special class prizes were awarded.

Fred Priee's fine sloop Vencedor won with plenty to spare, making a record trip around the Columbia Club course. The race was sailed in a series of squalls, and kept the crews busy handling canvas from start to finish. It was a spectacular race and interesting at all stages.

The victory of Vencedor gives Priee possession of the cup, as the crack 52-footer had already won one leg on the cup and two victories made it the permanent possession of the owner of the sueeessful boat.

Priee's appearance at the stiek of Vencedor marked his farewell to yacht raeing. His resignation was aeeepted last night by the board of direetors, and the progressive young yachtsman steps down and out from the commodoreship of the Columbia Y. C., which he has served long and faithfully. Price was deeply affeeted by the criticism whieh he received for his laek of interest in fitting Quien Sabe for the last Lipton Cup races, and the charges of disloyalty to his organization cut so deeply that he handed in his resignation shortly after the elose of the series. The fact was kept quiet by the directors, but after several meetings it was decided to aecept the resignation, and to-day Vencedor went to the race without her commodore's pennant at the truck.

Priee has made many friends and not a few enemies during his tenure of offiee, but his absence will be keenly felt by both his friends and those who did not like him. He has done mueh for the sport, and has been a liberal supporter of yachting ever since his inception into the game. He has owned Veneedor, 52ft. sloop; Juanita, 65ft. auxiliary yawl; Yo San and Quien Sabe, Lipton Cup boats, all fine yachts and representative of the best spirit of yachting in these waters. Hereafter he will confine himself to cruising for pleasure alone. Veneedor is on the market, Yo San and Quien Sabe are already sold.

Following is the result of the Murray Cup competition to-day:

	Start.	Finish.
25ft. Sloops.		
Cyma	2 20 00	4 50 48
Mildred	2 20 00	4 51 50
20ft. Sloops.		
Anita	2 30 00	5 00 38
Cricket	2 30 00	5 00 45
21ft. Cabin Class.		
Quien Sabe	2 40 00	4 47 54
Cruisers.		
Vixen	2 30 00	4 44 43
Mawaja	2 30 00	4 54 14
Jeannettie	2 30 00	5 05 31
Charlotte R.	2 30 00	5 08 00
Sehooners.		
Nomad	2 40 00	5 21 53
Foam	2 40 00	5 23 05
35ft. Yawls.		
Naiad	2 40 00	4 55 28
55-Footers.		
Vencedor	2 40 00	4 09 00
Neva	2 40 00	4 50 56
30ft. Sloops.		
Columbia	2 40 00	4 35 40
La Rita	2 40 00	4 36 30
Gloria	2 40 00	4 53 58
Smuggler	2 40 00	4 56 11
Wizard	2 40 00	5 11 55
Privateer	2 40 00	5 12 53
Iris	2 40 00	5 22 01

The last race scheduled by any of the local clubs is a final match between Joe Bondy's Charlotte R. and Joe Dornheim's Jeannettie. These two famous old cruisers, whose names have made much Lake Michigan yachting history in the past, are tied for a prize offered in their class. The tie will be sailed off Saturday. In addition the Columbia Y. C. has scheduled dinghy races, swimming races, an exhibition by the life saving crew and a race for the mosquito fleet inside the harbor to entertain the club members while the cruisers are fighting out on the long course.

J. M. HANDLEY.

Baltimore Y. C.

Chesapeake Bay, Md.—Saturday, Sept. 9.

THREE yaehts belonging to the Baltimore Y. C. raced on Saturday, Sept. 9, for the trophy offered by Mr. Isaac E. Emerson for yachts of under 30ft., racing length.

The boats covered a course of 18½ miles. The start was made from an imaginary line between the club flagstaff and the black-spar buoy to Baltimore Y. C. barrel buoy; thence 2¼ miles N. by E. toward the Northern Central Railroad elevator, rounding the white-flag buoy; thence S.S.E. 3½ miles to Fort Carroll, leaving the fort to the N., 3½ miles S.E. to the white-flag buoy, going 2 miles S.W. before rounding the buoy; thence 4½ miles N.W., rounding Quarantine buoy, to the starting point. All buoys were left to the starboard, excepting the Baltimore Y. C. and the Quarantine buoys, which were left to port. The time limit for the race was six hours.

The Regatta Committee consisted of Messrs. Walter Archer, R. C. Cole and H. E. Crompton, and the preparatory was given at 11:55. Five minutes later the boats were sent away. Helen was first away, followed by Spindrift. Gowan was last to start and finish.

The wind was light from the S., hardly satisfactory racing weather. Helen finished 5m. ahead of Spindrift, but lost the race on time allowance.

Mr. W. I. de Zerega sailed Spindrift. Mr. Zerega is known all along the coast as one of the cleverest amateurs in the country, and on this occasion he had Mr. Beals Wright, the tennis player, who is also a clever boatman. The other members of the crew were Dr. Dudley Williams, Mr. Arthur Hale and Mr. W. L. Trenary. In Helen were Messrs. Austin Dinning, Oscar Smith, Clarence Reynolds and A. Tripp, and in Gowan were Messrs. F. W. Robertson, C. H. Harris, J. C. Lee and L. J. Jones. The summary:

Start 12:00—Course, 18½ Miles.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Helen	4 22 00	4 22 00
Spindrift	4 27 00	4 13 40
Gowan	4 51 00	4 38 24

Washington Park Y. C.

Narrangansett Bay, R. I., Sept. 16.

AN open race for sloops of the 21 to 25ft. class was held by the Washington Park Y. C., Saturday afternoon, Sept. 16. It was a small event, there being but four entries, and the wind was too light and fluky to provide very good racing. There was considerable interest, however, as a new little craft, Gunfire, made her first appearance, and put up a good race, considering the light conditions, coming in only 9m. behind Micaboo in a four hour contest, The other two boats were distanced.

Measurements were not taken on the two leaders, so the corrected times could not be figured.

The summary:

Start, 3:05:30—Course, 10 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	6 59 55	3 54 25
Gunfire, S. Baxter	7 09 13	4 03 43
Dazzler, C. D. Reynolds	7 30 35	4 25 05
Pinafore, W. B. Frost	7 50 43	4 45 13

F. H. YOUNG.

STORIES OF SOME SEA DOGS.—A really good sea story that contains something of human interest is a rare thing in these days. In this issue of FOREST AND STREAM there will be found in the Sportsman Tourist Department a capital yarn. The title of the story is "Nip, the Sailors' Friend," and a dog is the hero. This is the second story of this kind that has appeared in these columns recently, the first appeared in the number of Aug. 12, and was entitled "How My Mongrel Dog Saved the Ship." These stories appear under the general head "Stories of Some Sea Dogs."

Boston Letter.

THE season of open racing under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has ended, and the championship winners in the different classes are known, although the final offical list of percentages may not be fortheoming for some time, on account of pending protests. The association has had a good season in which the attendance was no doubt greatly increased by the addition of the Cape eat and sailing dory classes. The greatest interests was shown in the 22-ft. class, for which five new boats were built. The boats that were built for the elass this year are the best looking that have been produced under the rules. Tyro, a Crowninshield creation, owned by Mr. W. H. Joyce, showed herself to be easily the best boat in the class. For a time, matters were close between her and Rube, but when Tyro had got going, there was never any question. Tyro lost nothing in the handling, being sailed by Mr. Sumner H. Foster, one of the cleverest amateus in the bay. The three leading boats in this elass are new ones.

Racing in the 18ft. class has fallen off greatly, and there is little reason to believe that there will be any great revival through the building of new boats during the coming winter. It appears that the class has been playing itself out less gradually than it grew, and that it may be a question of only a short time when it follows the knockabout and race-at-home classes in Massachusetts Bay. The general attendance of boats of this class at the open races during the past season, has not been nearly as large as in former years. The racing has been closest between Hayseed, one of last season's creations by Messrs Small Bros., Bonitwo, one of this season's boats, designed by Crowninshield, and Bat, another yearling by Mr. E. A. Boardman. Hayseed was last season's champion, and she again captured the championship this year through good sailing under all eonditions.

Racing in the 15ft. class was rather tame, the attendance being desultory. Most consistent in attending races was Vera II., last year's champion, designed by Messrs. Small Brothers, and she continued her good work throughout the present season, taking the championship easily. It is rarely that Vera II. is not found in first place on the summary sheet.

The adoption of the Cape cat class resulted in the entries of many of these once very popular boats, which have been out of the general racing for some seasons. The showing made by the class this year was a good one, and the winning of the championship by Marvel, owned by Mr. I. M. Whittemore, was consistent with the interest shown by the owner. There has been good sport in the elass this year, but as few boats of the type are built in the vicinity of Boston, it is a question how great the future development may be. The boats are generally over sparred and smothered with canvas.

The sailing dory class is a very popular one, and there is a great field to draw from. In consequence, the races in which this class was provided for received good attendance. It is likely that, on account of the cost of construction and maintenance and the immense amount of sport offered, this class will remain popular for some time. Barbara, a Swampscott boat, has quite a lead in percentage for the championship, but the races have been close in almost every instance, there being little to choose among the boats. The following table, compiled by Secretary A. T. Bliss, of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, gives the percentages of all the yachts. It does not include races of the Eastern and Corinthian Y. C.'s, and may be changed by pending protests:

Class E, 22ft. Cabin Yaehts.		
†Tyro, William H. Joyce	1379.7	91.9
Rube, Herbert L. Bowden	1215.8	71.5
Medric II., H. H. White	624.0	56.7
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	591.8	53.8
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	840.7	52.5
Medric, George Lee	477.8	39.8
*Chewink V., Cheney and Lanning	251.8	29.6
*Urchin, John Greenough	191.4	22.4
*Clorinda, Cheney and Lanning	114.3	13.4
Class D, Cape Catboats.		
†Marvel, Ira M. Whittemore	1234.3	88.2
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	1041.0	80.1
Josephine, F. H. Smith	593.9	79.2
Stranger, Dr. F. E. Dawes	1121.0	74.7
Argestes, George H. Wilkins	399.8	49.9
*Arawak, H. R. Nickerson	254.7	33.9
Noturus, C. O. Whitney	262.8	32.8
*Dorothy III., Frank F. Crane	245.7	32.7
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop	278.6	30.9
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	360.2	30.1
*Saltair, C. C. Collins	116.6	15.5
Thelga, Louis E. Crosscup	86.4	11.5
*Ocean Eagle, T. Lane	63.6	8.5
*C. C., George H. Carey	45.6	6.8
*Tomahawk, S. W. Leighton	41.7	5.7
*Mildred, F. H. Coleman	33.3	4.4
*Nancy Hanks, George W. Lane	36.4	4.8
*Clara Lee, E. W. Emery	17.4	2.3
Class I, 18ft. Knockabouts.		
†Hayseed, Herbert L. Bowden	736.0	92.0
Bonitwo, George H. Wightman	685.1	85.0
*Bat, Adams Brothers	518.6	75.4
Hayseed II., Herbert L. Bowden	675.2	75.1
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	812.8	73.9
Fritter, Caleb Loring	538.7	69.5
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	619.4	44.2
*Aladdin, George P. Keith	307.0	43.8
Nicknack, Edwin B. Holmes	234.5	33.5
*Osprey, A. R. Train	211.7	30.2
*Moslem I., John Tyler	196.4	28.5
*Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman	160.5	23.2
*Kittiwake V., F. R. Maxwell	140.0	20.0
*Myrmidon, John Noble	137.0	19.5
*Yankee, Frank W. Atwood	121.2	17.4
*Aurora, F. L. & H. W. Pigeon	91.7	13.1
*Cuyamel, A. W. Godfrey	57.3	8.2
*Gertrude II., Hector E. Lynch	55.6	7.9
*Little Miss, B. S. Permar	34.1	4.8
*Aspinquid II., A. E. Whittemore	27.3	3.3
*Privateer II., C. E. Adams	25.0	3.1
Class T, 15-Footers.		
†Vera II., H. Lunberg	630.0	90.0
Cigarette, M. P. Prince	400.0	80.0
*Ventus II., C. Keith Pevear	180.0	51.4
*Tobasco, Jr., Harry H. Wiggin	160.0	45.8
Princess, James P. Prince	253.3	42.2
*Swallow, Harris Hammond	126.7	36.2
*Nibelung, E. G. Loring	100.0	28.5
Class X, Dories.		
†Barbara, J. J. Blaney and Wardwell	757.1	84.1
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	668.8	72.0
Zaza II., Gordon Foster	609.7	67.7
*Teaser, Ralph R. Smith	293.8	65.2
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey	425.0	60.7
Bessie A., J. Samuel Hodge	337.0	48.1
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	427.6	47.5
Spray, H. T. Wing	194.1	38.8
*Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	149.6	29.9
*Crescent, Robert E. Burnett	114.3	25.3
*Pointer II., B. C. Melzard	111.8	24.8
*Spider, Ara G. Bese	100.0	22.2
*Catspaw, R. E. Melzard	63.6	14.1
*Red Devil, E. H. Curtis	54.5	12.8
*Khaki II., L. H. Brown	52.2	11.6
*Question, Guy Gardner	43.1	9.5
*Dolphin, L. J. Magrath	10.0	2.2

*It is assumed that a yaeht shall have started in at least half as many raees as any yacht in her class.
†Championship winners.

The annual rendezvous and parade of the yachts of the Yacht Racing Association was held at Hull on Sunday, Sept. 10. There was a big attendance and the usual ideal conditions prevailed. The breeze was light, east-northeast, and the sea was smooth. Over a hundred yachts passed in review of the Association flagship off the Hull station of the Boston Y. C. They then paraded across Hull Bay and up the West Way, again passing in review of the flagship off City Point, after which they disbanded. The sight of so many yachts under sail in fairly close quarters was beautiful.

Some new classes are being talked of for next season, notably either one to rate 33 or 27ft. This class would be likely to prove a successful one. There is also talk of some building in class Q. This might mean the sudden ending of two of the present classes.

Opinion seems to be divided as to the value of the new uniform rating rule, as shown during the season just passed. Of course there has been no observation among Y. R. A. classes, for they do not use the rule. There have been races in which the yachts have raced under the rating rule. On one hand it is said that these races have resulted favorably for the adoption of the rule, and on the other, that the rule will not be accepted. It strikes me that, outside of the proof given that a big-bodied eenterboard boat like Meemer stands at least an equal chance with keel yachts, nothing has been shown in the racing to warrant an assumption either way.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Chicago Letter.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 16.—The board of trustes of the Sir Thomas Lipton Competitive cup, the premier racing trophy of Lake Michigan, have decided to make a vigorous campaign this winter to promote interest in next season's races.

The first act of the board was to appoint a special committee to have complete charge of the cup races with discretionary powers, to do anything they may deem advisable to promote the interests of the competitions for the splendid trophy. This eommittee is composed of Messrs. W. H. Quinlan, Chairman; DeWitt C. Cregier and E. P. Balcom. Mr. Quinlan is the present chairman of the Regatta Committee, and had charge of the Lipton cup races this season. Messrs. Balcom and Cregier had charge of the famous 1900 races which were a record event in the history of western racing.

Their first effort was the submitting to the club two amendments to the rules governing eontests for the cup. The first was the abolishing of paragraph 25, which is known as the "Existing yachts clause." This provides that existing yachts, although not within the restrictions, shall be admitted to the race in the class. This rule will not affect any of the boats now owned, here eligible to race, for the cup will prevent the bringing on from the East some of the old 21-footers which formerly raced in the class, but which do not come within the scantling and lineal measurements of the present rules.

The most important change is the amendment to paragraph 26, which now reads as follows:

"Yachts contesting in raees for this class shall carry a erew of not less than three and not more than five men. Every member of a yaeht's crew must be a Corinthian yachtsman, and a bona fide member in good standing of the yaeht elub whieh the yacht represents."

This rule supersedes the one providing that one member of the erew of each boat shall be or may be a professional, and brings the sport into a eleaner, higher level. It reduces the chanees for unpleasantness to a minimum and makes the sport what it should be, a contest among gentlemen for a gentlemen's trophy.

The committee has gone to work with a will and a spirit that promises exceedingly well. Nearly every builder and designer of prominence has been approached on the subject of designs, and it is the purpose of the committee to secure a number of designs both of keel and centerboard boats, together with specifications and prices ready to submit to would-be investors in boats.

Mr. Quinlan assured me that there are already six prospective 21-footers in view. I do not believe he is overestimating. With such an increase in view now, and prospects for more in sight, it is easy to see that there will be something doing in the Lipton cup races next year.

Messrs. Small Brothers, builders of Yo San, formerly Little Shamrock, Mr. Lawrence Jensen, designer of La Rita, Mr. Joe Pauliot of Sandusky, builder of Pirate of Detroit, which has beaten Ste. Claire and Spray, Mr. E. J. Sackley and Mr. Otto Schoenwork of Chicago, Messrs Jones and LaBorde of Oshkosh, Mr. Wm. Gardner, Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, Mr. E. A. Boardman and Mr. C. D. Mower, are some of the prominent designers who have submitted designs from which to select a boat.

Not only in Chicago are the members of the committee doing the work of propaganda, but in every city where a club is located eligible to send a candidate to fight for the trophy. There are twenty-six clubs in the Great Lakes Association, and to all of these printed matter and a letter has been sent, urging participation in next summer's event. Two of the clubs outside of the Milwaukee Y. C., Detroit Country Club and local organizations have expressed an interest in the race, and chairman Quinlan has the practical promise of boats each from Cleveland and Rochester. Toledo is also anxious to get into the class, and it is more than likely that this will be another new city to send its representative here next summer.

Commodore Walker, owner of the two time winner Ste. Claire, is planning to build a new boat to come after the trophy next summer. Spray, which has been beating Ste. Claire this fall, will also be here, and a Detroit syndicate is figuring on a boat from designs by Kid Wild. In Milwaukee rumors are numerous; one of the most creditable bits of gossip being that the old syndicate which brought Milwaukee here to race for the Canada cup, is to build a boat at Oshkosh to race for the Lipton cup, and of course Messrs Jones and LaBorde are to be the

rchitects and builders. This will be an interesting event ndeed in these waters, as it will be the first important nvasion of this firm into deep-water boat designing. The uccess of the Messrs Jones and LaBorde boats in inland vaters has been phenomenal for years, and as builders f scows they are unapproached in the West. There is onsiderable curiosity to see what kind of a craft they vould turn out for this class with its restricted over-angs, over all length, sail area, scantlings, etc. Those vho have had a glimpse of the plans—and aceording to eport the blue prints have been in Milwaukee for two veeks now—say that the boat is radical in many partic-ılars and a distinct type.

To insure the proper preparation of the local boats, he committee here has secured a handsome cup to be nown as the Spring Championship trophy of the 21-ft. lass. This trophy will be raced for under the same con-litions as the W. A. McGuire cup of 1900. One yaeht o win the trophy must win three races. In 1900 the com-petition was most keen, three boats winning two races ach before it was finally awarded. The first race for he Spring cup will be held May 26, the second May 30, he third June 2, and if more are needed, one each Satur-lay excepting the Saturday of the Michigan City race, he date for which has not yet been set.

J. M. HANDLEY.

British Letter.

END OF THE RACING SEASON.—The regatta of the Royal Southampton Y. C., which took place on Aug. 23 and 24, rought the Solent racing to a close. On the first day here was a strong wind, and the starters were few in umber. In the handicap for yaehts exceeding 100 tons nly Brynhild and Valdora sailed, the former winning by ather more than a minute. In the smaller handicap, Vendetta had virtually a sailover, as her only opponent, Rosamond, earried away some gear just after the start nd gave up. In the 52ft. race all four boats started, but Moyana went ashore while leading. Britomart subse-uently led throughout and won easily, beating Sonya by ver 2m. Maymon gave up. On Aug. 24 the two handi-ap classes were amalgamated. The weather was light nd fluky. Zinita was an easy winner, with Merrymaid econd, and Valdora last. Brynhild also started, but gave p. In the 52ft. class Britomart and Moyana led alter-ately, and then the former went ashore, remaining hard nd fast long enough for the other three to pass her. here was a lot of fluking, and Sonya had the lead for ome time; but finally Britomart got a lift which put her nto first place again, and she won, Sonya taking second rize.

The racing fleet moved on to Weymouth on the follow-ng day for the regatta of the Royal Dorset Y. C. on ug. 26. This proved to be a stormy day, and there were nany accidents to spars and gear. In the handicap class, Vendetta broke her gaff, Lorna and Rosamond had a oul in which both sustained damage and gave up, and Moyana carried away her crosstree. In the handicap, orna would, in all probability, have won had she gone or Rosamond's lee instead of her weather. As it was, he first prize fell to the scratch boat, Brynhild, the econd going to Creole, and the third to Merrymaid. onya won the 52ft. match after a splendid fight with Maymon and Britomart. Moyana and Britomart finished p the season at Weymouth, as did Brynhild and Lorna.

The boisterous weather of Aug. 26 continued for two lays, so that the yachts could not make the passage to orquay, and the town regatta fixed for Aug. 28, had to e postponed until Aug. 30. On Aug. 29. the Royal orbay Y. C. held its annual fixture, but it was poorly epresented by the racing fleet. Zinita and Betty, which ad not taken part in the racing at Weymouth, were on he station, fortunately, and were joined by Rosamond, he only boat to venture on the stormy passage from Weymouth, and she was rewarded by a slant of wind vhich gave her the first prize, Zinita taking second. The 2ft. class was unrepresented, neither Maymon nor Sonya aving ventured across the West Bay. On the following lay the town regatta was held. Five boats started in the andicap class, Zinita being at scratch. Rosamond was gain the winner, and Betty took second prize, Zinita etting the third. Vendetta gave up, and Merrymaid nly lost third prize by 8s. Sonya and Maymon were the nly representatives of the 52ft. class. The American oat led from start to finish and won easily.

The yachts finished up the season with the regatta of the oyal Dart Y. C., at Dartmouth, on Sept. 1. The weather as fine, but the wind was fluky. A good entry of seven ad been received for the principal race, but of these, Vendur did not come around from Torquay, and Valdora ouled a mark at the start and gave up. Zinita had re-eated bad luck throughout the race, and only finished m. ahead of Merrymaid. Betty was the winner, Merry-naid taking second prize, and Rosamond the third. In he 52ft. class, Maymon started on Sonya's weather and ept her in charge all day, beating her by rather over a inute.

HANDICAPS VERSUS CLASS RACING.—A good deal of dis-atisfaction has been expressed this season by owners in he big classes about their handicaps, and this spirit of nrest has been fostered by the yachting papers, which re advocating the revival of the 65ft. class and the big lass racers. Of course, there can be no doubt that class acing is the most perfect form of the sport, but it must ot be forgotten that class racing was killed by the very ody which ought to have protected and fostered it—that s to say, by the Yacht Racing Association. If proper cantling rules had been formed, and extra long over-angs penalized, class racing among the big boats would ot have died out; but men are not going to build large nd expensive boats, which are only fit for the scrap eap as soon as their racing career is over. It has been he custom this year to vaunt the qualities of the 52ft. lass, and to point to them as the only really representa-ive class. There is no doubt that the 52-footers have hown some excellent racing, but as boats they are far rom perfect, both in form and construction, while the rant of foresight on the part of the Yacht Racing Asso-iation to veto the use of hollow masts has been pro-uctive of almost endless trouble. Nor should it be for-otten that the big handicap boats have really provided he backbone of the racing for the last five or six seasons, nd that they are individually and collectively the finest fleet of yachts ever seen in our waters. The start of the handicap class for the German Emperor's cup at Cowes has for some years been a most majestic sight, beside which the 52ft. fleet sinks into utter insignificance, and the fine, spectaeular pictures have been frequently described in glowing terms by the very papers which are now writing about the futility of handicap racing. Every true sportsman looks forward to the revival of class racing, but it must be upon a sound basis. It is rumored that the Yaeht Racing Association is waking up from its long sleep, and that important reforms are in the air, among them rules for scantlings in connection with Lloyds. If Lloyds revise their rules—which at present are quite useless for racing yachts—and for which purpose they will have to eall in the aid of the leading yacht designers, as their own surveyors are merely super-annuated master mariners, who know nothing at all about yachts, a most important step will be gained. Probably, however, nothing will be done until the question of international rating rule has been discussed and settled, for the question of scantlings is sure to crop up then. It is high time something definite was settled, for if owners are getting tired of handicap racing and class racing is not re-established, the outlook for the future will not be very bright.

E. H. KELLY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

BOATING, a new yachting monthly, has come from the press of the Penton Publishing Company, of Cleveland, O. Although covering sport in all parts of the country, it is the announeed intention of the promoters to pay especial attention to the work of fresh water sailors. The general plan and scope of the publication is well told in the following editorial comment, which appeared in the initial issue:

"Throughout the Great Lakes, the inland lakes, the large rivers, and all their tributary streams, there is a vast army of water lovers, lovers of boating, who turn to the sail, the blade, and the paddle for rest and recreation. Each may only invest a few dollars a year in his chosen pursuit, but those few dollars mean as much or more to him in health and happiness than do the millions of the average steam yacht owner.

"These smaller interests are the growing ones. It is chiefly on their aecount that Boating was called into being, and it is through them that we will endeavor to work out our purpose. Although we cover the entire field from tide water to tide water, the Great Lakes district must ever be first and foremost in all that we hope to accomplish in establishing a medium for the interchange of ideas among yachting men."

FOREST AND STREAM wishes Boating every possible suceess.

TARTAN TAKES LARCHMONT SERIES PRIZE.—At the wind up of the Larchmont Y. C.'s race week the race-abouts Tartan, owned by Mr. A. H. Pirie, and Nora, owned by Mr. O'Donnell Iselin, were tied for the series prize. In order to award the prize a sail-off was necessary, and the match took plaee on Monday, Sept. 18. The boats eovered a 9¾ nautical mile triangle in a fair sailing breeze from the S. and E. Tartan won by 1m. 54s., and she takes the series prize. Both Tartan and Nora were designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and both were built by Mr. B. F. Wood at his yard at City Island. Tartan was built in 1903-4 and Nora in 1904-5.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

THE first deer hunters' reunion ever held in Dayton, O., was given by the Dayton Sharpshooters' at their range on the Dayton Gun Club grounds, and was a perfect success. Never in the fifty years' history of the club has there been better attendance at one of their shoots, or a more general representation of the hunters and rifle clubs of the Miami Valley. The weather was delightful, although a strong wind blowing directly across the range made a difference in some of the scores. Tents were pitched between the club house and the targets. A hot dinner was served in the club house at noon.

Rifle experts of the valley who were present were: George W. Izor, Germantown, holder of six gold medals won on other ranges, and who made high total score to-day of 193 out of a possible 216. In the three offhand matches he made 127 out of a possible 144. Major A. N. Wilson, Greenville; D. W. Jones, West Milton; John F. Brown, West Baltimore; C. W. Matthews, Euphemia; J. Johnson and A. N. Clemmer, West Alexandria; M. Pence, Gratis; F. L. Burr, Richmond, Ind.; Byron Stedman, of Hawkers, a well-known and successful big game hunter. Ed. Rike made his debut as a rifle shot to-day, and took to it like a duck to water. He shot in all the matches, scoring 65 out of a possible 72 in the bench rest.

Four matches were shot, all at 100 yards. No. 1, Hunters' Re-union Match, offhand, open, plain or peep sights, on four animal targets, one shot on each target, possible 48; entrance $1, and no re-entry. In this match there were forty-six entries. Ten money prizes were given on each target, ties to shoot off, and $5 in gold for the highest total. The winners on each target were as follows: Bear—J. G. Welsh, 12; A. N. Wilson, 12; M. Pence, 12; G. O. Chismer, 11; M. T. Hampton, 11; G. H. Hetsler, 11; J. M. Curphey, 11; F. L. Burr, 10; G. W. Izor, 10; G. W. Sigafoos, 10. Buck—J. Boehmer, 12; M. Pence, 11; A. N. Clemmer, 11; M. T. Hampton, 10; J. G. Welsh, 10; W. H. Kerr, 10; G. W. Izor, 10; G. W. Sigafoos, 10; H. Schwind, 9; D. W. Jones, 9. Doe—F. L. Burr, 12; J. Johnson, 11; G. W. Sigafoos, 11; A. N. Clemmer, 10; W. S. Kessler, 10; J C Hahne, 10; M. T. Hampton, 10; J. G. Welsh, 10; G. W. Izor, 9; G. O. Chismer, 9. Boar—C. W. Matthews, 12; Kerr, 11; Johnson, 11; Izor, 11; Wilson, 10; Rhoads, 10; Hahne, 10; D. W. Shaefer, 10; Hampton, 9; H. Schwind, 9. Izor and Hampton tied on 40 for high total and divided the prize, $5 in gold. Match No. 2 was offhand on the Massachusetts target, 4in. black with 2in. center, 3 shots, possible 36, 50 cents entry, re-entries allowed. Thirty-seven entries were made, the winners of the five prizes being in order named: G. W. Izor, 33; A. N. Clemmer, 32; G. H. Hetsler, 32; G. O. Chismer, 31; Adolph Schwind, 31. Match No. 3, novelty match on man target (body life size), perpendicular lines, 1in. center, 3 shots offhand, possible 60; 50 cents entrance, re-entries allowed; five prizes. Fifty-one entries. Winners: M. J. Schwind, 60; G. R. Decker, 59; Hetsler, 57; Chrismer, 56; A. N. Clemmer, 56. Match No. 4, bench rest, on reduced Sharpshooters' target, 6in. white center, ½-inch rings, 3 shots, possible 72; 50 cents entrance, re-entry allowed, five prizes. Eighty-eight entries. Winners: G. R. Decker, 70, tied with Wm. Orth and won shoot off; Wm. Orth, 70; F. L. Burr, 69; Wm. Kuntz, 67; J. Boehmer, 66. High aggregate scores for the four matches out of a possible 216: Izor, 193; Decker, 191; Clemmer, 184; M. J. Schwind, 184; Matthews, 179; J. Johnson, 178; Welsh, 171; A. Schwind, 170; M. Pence, 169; G. O. Chrismer, 167; W. S. Kessler, 157; E. D. Rike, 156.

The annual Hunters' re-union of the Twin Valley Rifle Association, was held at West Baltimore on Sept. 15. There was a large attendance. All shooting was 100 yards offhand at animal targets; one shot on each, possible 36; 25 cents entrance, three prizes. Winners: Elk—C. W. Matthews, 11; A. Rhodes, 11; E. Hecathorne, 11. Doe—A. G. Marty, 11; Pola Jay, 10; C. W. Matthews, 9. Bear—H. C. Mundhenk, 12; the only perfect shot during the day; C. W. Matthews, 11; Lon Hinea, 11. C. W. Matthews made high aggregate score of 31 and is champion of association for a year. Three specials were shot, two of them on the lion target, four prizes in each, and one on Creedmoor target, three prizes. One shot in each match, 100 yards, off hand. Winners: No. 1—Lion, Chas. Rhodes, 12; George Mundhenk, 12; A. Rhodes, 11; Pola Jay, 11. No. 2, Lion—Pola Jay, 11; W. P. Townsend, 11; Ed. Werts, 10; Claude Weaver, 10. Creedmoor—Townsend, 12; L. Hinea, 12; E. Werts, 12. A rain storm coming up put an end to the sport.

The first shoot for the gold and diamond medal offered by Chief Milliken, of the Cincinnati police, was held on Sept. 14, forty-one officers shooting a score. The shooting was at 20 yards, 20 shots to each man. Patrolman Allen won the medal with 190 out of a possible 200. Inspector Carroll, 184; Sergeant Eichelberger, 180; Sergeant Palmer, 184; Patrolman Curliss, 182. There were 820 shots fired in five hours, an average of 164 an hour. After the contest Patrolman Goff fired 20 shots, making 193. Inspector Carroll was not competing. Moore holds the medal for 60 days, when he must accept all challenges.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Sept. 20.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association prize shoot. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
Sept. 23.—Long Island City, N. Y.—Queens County G. C. tournament. R. H. Gosman, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Fall shooting tournament. E. M. Smith, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Medford, Ore., tournament.
Sept. 26—Brooklyn, L. I.—Bergen Beach G. C. special shoot.
Sept. 26—Bridgeport, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut ninth tournament. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y.
Sept. 27-28.—Bradford, Pa., G. C. tournament.
Sept. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Broken Bow, Neb., G. C. tournament. F. Miller, Sec'y, Berwyn.
Oct. 3-4.—Kansas City, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League tournament. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of Jefferson County G. C. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Hyannis, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. McCauley, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., G. C., shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 4-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill G. C. tournament. T. D. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Alliance, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. A. Shawrer, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-8.—Davenport, Ia., Cumberland G. C. tournament.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C. tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., G. C. tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 17-18.—Raleigh, N. C., G. C. tournament. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., G. C. shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Oct. 21.—Plainfield, N. J., G. C. merchandise shoot.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe, 14 Close Ave., Toronto, informs us that May 24-25, 1906, are the dates of the first annual tournament of the Canadian Indians, to be held at Montreal, Can.

Elsewhere in our trap columns, Mr. Geo. L. Carter, Lincoln, Neb., gives concise information concerning the forthcoming Nebraska tournaments at Broken Bow, Hyannis and Alliance.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club, at their shoot on Sept. 23, have a programme of five events, each at 10 targets, and each for a loving cup; entrance 50 cents, 75 cents and $1. Any one may shoot for targets at one cent each.

Manager Alec C. Mermod, 620 Locust street, St. Louis, writes us that "I am claiming dates of Oct. 13, 14 and 15 for the Rawlings semi-annual tournament, at targets, pigeons and sparrows. Programmes will be ready for mailing Sept. 20."

In the eleventh match of the North New Jersey Shooting League, held at Montclair, the Montclair team defeated the Morristown team by a score of 98 to 88. On Sept. 23 the Montclair club wil send a team to shoot with the Dover team.

The Bergen Beach Gun Club, of Brooklyn, will hold a special shoot, rain or shine, on Sept. 26, commencing at 1 o'clock. The programme will consist of five 25-target events, $2 entrance, and extra events at the pleasure of the contestants. Everyone welcome.

The programme of the third grand Afro-American Handicap, to be held at Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 3-4, has ten events each day, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, added money, and a liberal list of merchandise prizes. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. Class shooting.

The ninth and last of the series of the Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut tournaments will be held at Bridgeport, Sept. 26, commencing at 9:30. There are twelve events, totaling 190 targets, entrance $17.82. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, South Manchester, is the Secretary.

Dr. O. F. Britton, for his run of 117 straight, from the 18 and 19yds. mark, at the Indianapolis Gun Club shoot, in the contest for the Dupont cup, was the recipient of some well chosen remarks by Dr. S. H. Moore, in connection with the presentation of said cup, Sept. 16, all of which is more fully set forth elsewhere in our trap columns.

At Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 23-24, the annual fall shooting tournament of the Sea Shore Gun Club has a programme of ten events on the first day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance $1, $1.25 and $1.50. On the second day, there are nine similar events. Totals, first day, 195 targets, $12.25 entrance; second day, 180 targets, $10.25 entrance. On second day there will be a five-man team race. Merchandise prizes and cup contests. Each day, averages, $5 and $3. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock. Mr. E. M. Smith will receive guns and ammunition sent in his care, and deliver same on grounds free. Rose system, four moneys. Sliding handicap in 20-target events and merchandise contest. E. M. Smith is the Secretary.

The second grand all-day tournament of the Palisade Gun Club, to be held at Edgewater, N. J., Sept. 28, has a programme of eight 20-target events, totaling 160 targets, $13 entrance; added money, $51; merchandise, $29. Events 3 to 7, optional 100-target race, entrance $1.80, for Winchester 12-gauge brush gun, $29. Sliding handicap. For high, low, amateur and special averages, $17 are appropriated. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, may be forwarded to Wm. Benison, Edgewater, N. J., and will be delivered free. For further information, address A. A. Schoverling, Manager, 2 Murray street, New York.

BERNARD WATERS.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 16.—Hahn won the Peters badge. Abe Martin, who is Dr. O. F. Britton, was presented with the Dupont cup by Dr. S. H. Moore, President of the club, in a few well selected remarks.

"Dr. Britton:

"The lovers of clean sport in Indianapolis have within the past week witnessed two wonderful exhibitions. Dan Patch, the great son of Joe Patchen, although he did not lower his own record, established a new track record for the Indianapolis race track.

"Those who witnessed the wonderful horse with his even, honest, stride cover a mile in two minutes and one-half second, will admit that he, to use a horsey phrase, 'was going some.'

"Those who witnessed your wonderful score of 117 straight, at 18 and 19yds. (67 straight at 18yds., and 50 straight at 19yds.) admit that you, too, 'were going some.'

"And while Dan Patch is still young and in his prime, you are 'not as young as you used to was,' but from the scores you are evidently still in your prime, and it is the sincere wish, not only of the members of the Indianapolis Gun Club, but of your friends throughout the United States (for your reputation is not limited by States, but is National) that you may continue in your prime for many years to come, and give us many more exhibitions of your wonderful skill.

"We know that you have established a new amateur record for the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds, and believe that your score has never been beaten anywhere by a purely amateur shooter under similar conditions.

"Those who watched your wonderful shooting, and saw you, not only 'snuff 'em out,' but in the language of that prince of good fellows, Hugh Clark, 'eat 'em up,' will bear witness that they never saw a more perfect exhibition of skill and accurate shooting.

"And now, that your wonderful shooting during the series of contests for the Dupont cup has established the fact that you are not only 'the best fellow,' but also, the best shot in the Indianapolis Gun Club, I take great pleasure in behalf of the club to present you this magnificent cup, presented by the Dupont Powder Company to be competed for by the members of the Indianapolis Gun Club, and may your scores, as well as your shadow, never grow less is the wish of every member of the Indianapolis Gun Club."

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Hunter	25	24	21	20	22	22	23
Parry	22	24	24	22	21	24	..
Finley	19	22	22	18	23	18	..
Moore	19	14	13	22	22	19	21
Havich	13	14	14	19	17	18	19
Armstrong	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
Steel	20	16	17	..	..	..	..
Michaelis	20	22	24	25	21	24	..
Abe Martin	19	22	23	23	..	..	..
Scott	21	16	20	18	..	..	..
Morris	11	16	17	16	..	..	..
Dixon	19	19	17	20	20	..	..
Green	8	15	17	..	..	..	..
Moller	23	22	21	20	21	..	..
Short	18	21	21	22	..	..	..
Hahn	20	22	..	..	..	..	..
Johns	16	18	..	..	..	..	..

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Sept. 16.—Scores herewith were made at a regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Sept. 16. Events 3, 4, 5 and the shoot-off were from the 20yd. mark. Event No. 2 was for the Bedell rifle, added birds handicap. Coleman made high scratch score, 23, but MacDonald's 10 added birds gave him a 25 straight. This prize must be won twice to own.

Event No. 5 was the first of the series for the Weskora cup. The conditions are, distance handicap, two barrels allowed. Hyland and Blandford tied with 23 out of 25. Hyland had no success with his second barrel, while Blandford helped once. On the shoot-off Hyland scored 21, using his second barrel twice effectively to Blandford's 24, who also helped with his second barrel twice. This is a beautiful cup, costing $35, and the members should come out in force to compete for it. It must be won three times to own.

The next shoot for the Weskora cup and Bedell rifle will be held Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2 to 5 P. M. Blandford has scored 97 out of the last 100 shot at in special competition, scoring 4 with the second barrel, 50 being from the 20yd. mark.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	25	15	25	25	*
W Coleman, 20	7	23	13	22	21	..
J Hyland, 20	8	18	7	..	23	21
C Blandford, 20	9	23	10	21	23	24
E MacDonald, 14	4	17	..	17	20	..
A Bedell, 20	..	..	..	..	19	..

*Shoot-off.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 15.—Our club seems to be still on the ragged edge, and what few that shoot, have excuses from time to time that business keeps them away. Johnson and Gowan were the only ones out to-day. Their scores were very good for only two in a squad. Gowan shot at 62 and broke 59; Johnson shot at 63 and broke 55.

Our club will give their fifth annual tournament this year on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 17 and 18. We always give our tournament during the State fair, and this year a much larger attendance is expected.

President Roosevelt will attend the fair on Thursday, 19th. This will bring out the largest attendance ever assembled in Raleigh in any one day. Our programme will be 200 targets the first day divided into ten events of 20 targets to each event; $100 added money each day. The second day will be composed of the same programme, with the exception of a special event of 100 targets, the winner securing a handsome silver loving cup, which has been donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., of Wilmington, Del. It is a beauty, and will be a fine prize for any one to carry home. This event will be handicapped according to the two days' shoot. The regular programme will be shot from 16yds. by all. Money divided per centage system—five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15, 10.

R. T. GOWAN, Sec'y.

Nebraska Tournament.

LINCOLN, Neb.—As the dates of the Nebraska tournaments (viz., Broken Bow, Sept. 29 and 30; Hyannis, Oct. 2 and 3; Alliance, Oct. 6 and 7) approach, interest is increasing, and the indications are that we will have a large attendance at all of these shoots. In addition to the pleasure of target shooting, the boys will have three days vacation, in the best chicken shooting territory we have in Nebraska.

I have before me letters from some of the boys in the far away States of Ohio, Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia and Georgia, assuring me that they will be hand for the sport. The programme for these shoots will be as follows: At Broken Bow, 20 events with $125 added; at Hyannis, 20 events with $200 added; at Alliance, 21 events with $250 added.

These towns are located on the main line of the Burlington Railroad from Missouri River to the Black Hills. Trains leave and arrive as follows: Burlington train No. 41, leaves Kansas City at 6:10 P. M.; St. Joe at 8:25 P. M.; Omaha at 11:10 P. M., and Lincoln at 1:10 A. M., arriving at Broken Bow the following morning at 7:50. This is a first-class through train. I will be pleased to furnish any further information upon application.

GEO. L. CARTER.

THE FAMOUS MANY-USE OIL
Polishes the stock, cleans foulness from gun barrels.—*Adv.*

Brownsville Gun Club.

BROWNSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 18.—The fall tournament of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club was held in this city Sept. 14 and 15, favored with fine weather and a fair attendance. The first day Kelsey, of Pittsburg, was high gun, with 165; C. S. C., a member of the local club, second, with 163; Deniker, of Ruftsdale, third, with 162; Fleming, of Pittsburg, fourth, with 161 out of a possible 175. Second day Atkinson, of New Castle, was high, with 161; Kelsey, second, with 157; Fleming, third, with 154; Moore, a local shooter, and Deniker tied for fourth with 152. The affable, genial gentleman, Chas. G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, representing the Peters Cartridge Co., was the only trade representative present.

Sept. 14, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Deniker	15	18	14	18	13	19	11	19	15	20	162
Kelsey	14	18	15	20	14	18	14	18	14	20	165
Atkinson	11	19	15	16	15	18	13	20	15	18	160
Fleming	13	18	15	20	14	17	13	18	14	19	161
King	15	19	13	18	15	16	14	17	12	20	159
Bowers	13	17	11	17	11	16	14	17	11	18	145
Lang	11	15	13	18	12	16	13	15	11	16	137
Stoops	10	17	12	16	11	16	14	16	15	17	144
Andrews	13	19	13	17	15	17	12	19	..	..	130
Bennett	13	14	14	17	13	18	12	19	13	16	148
Packer	13	17	10	13	7	15	11	16	12	15	133
Mathews	12	20	12	16	14	18	14	18	14	18	156
Swarts	13	15	9	11	10	10	11	15	10	18	122
Daugherty	13	19	10	15	11	13	12	17	12	17	140
Moore	11	20	13	19	12	19	12	17	14	18	155
Calhoun	12	20	15	17	13	19	14	18	13	19	160
G. D. Thompson	14	18	15	16	12	18	12	16	15	18	154
R J West	12	19	13	18	13	16	14	17	12	14	148
C S C	15	19	15	19	11	19	13	18	15	19	163
T H Thompson	11	16	10	11	8	10	8	14	11	15	114
Campbell	..	..	9	9	12	9	12	3	9	8	71
McDonell	..	..	13	15	13	12	11	10	11	16	101
Jackson	..	..	10	16	11	12	9	16	14	16	108
Good	..	..	13	17	9	10	10	18	12	..	89
Frederick	..	..	13	16	11	15	14	8	11	..	96
Davis	..	..	..	..	15	18	14	15	11	13	86
Harkins	..	..	11	9	7	10	10	7	10	..	64
Provanee	..	..	11	13	13	12	..	14	8	..	78
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	10	..	11	.. 43
Sawyer	..	..	..	..	13	10	13	10	..	..	.. 46
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	9	.. 30
Arnesburg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	12 31
Nimrod	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	11	12	9	.. 54

Sept. 15, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Deniker	14	19	13	20	11	17	17	18	12	16	152
Kelsey	12	18	14	20	13	19	14	16	13	18	157
Atkinson	12	19	15	16	15	19	14	19	13	19	161
Fleming	14	19	10	19	13	19	13	18	14	15	154
King	15	17	12	15	12	18	14	17	12	17	149
Bowers	12	15	12	17	10	16	14	15	13	17	141
Lang	11	17	12	16	13	17	12	15	13	15	141
Stoops	11	14	11	18	12	15	13	20	10	19	143
Packer	10	14	13	13	11	14	8	17	9	12	126
Bennett	13	18	13	16	12	19	13	19	9	15	147
G D Thompson	14	19	12	18	11	14	10	13	13	18	142
R J West	14	16	15	17	10	17	13	14	15	14	145
C S C	15	19	13	15	11	17	15	17	12	18	151
Moore	14	18	15	19	14	18	12	16	10	16	152
Daugherty	13	17	9	11	11	15	8	18	13	13	127

Those shooting through the programme, 715 targets for each of the two days, were:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Total.
Kelsey	165	157	322
Atkinson	160	161	321
Fleming	161	154	315
C S C	163	151	314
Deniker	162	152	314
King	159	149	308
Moore	155	152	307
G D Thompson	154	142	296
Bennett	148	147	295
West	148	145	293
Stoops	144	143	287
Bowers	145	141	186
Lang	137	141	278
Daugherty	140	127	267
Packer	133	126	259

W. T. DAUGHERTY, Sec'y.

Trap at Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, Pa.—The two-day shoot at the Duck Farm Hotel, held Sept. 14 and 15, had a good attendance. The professionals present were Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, Edward L. Parvin and Luther Squier. The programme for the first day had 200 targets, and Mr. Elliott was high man with 189. Of the amateurs, Mr. Howard Schlicher was high with 182. On the second day, a programme total of 200 targets, Mr. Howard Schlicher was high for the day, breaking 182; Elliott was second with 179; Apgar, 177; Brey, 176; Kramlich, 174; Schorty, 164; Kroll, 158.

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
J A R Elliott	15	14	20	13	14	18	15	15	18	14	13	20	189
J Hahn	15	11	14	15	8	17	11	12	14	..	12	13	156
L Wertz	14	14	19	13	13	15	11	15	15	10	..	16	163
L Schorty	14	13	18	11	13	18	11	12	15	13	13	20	171
A Heil	13	14	18	13	13	20	14	13	15	13	14	15	175
M H R	13	8	12	8	10	16	7	11	10	5	8	13	120
M S Brey	13	11	19	14	12	20	11	12	18	14	15	15	172
C Kramlich	13	15	19	13	14	17	12	15	18	10	14	19	179
H Schlicher	13	13	20	14	12	19	13	14	17	14	14	19	182
L M Squier	12	13	14	12	12	14	13	13	17	10	9	10	154
C Miller	12	6	14	5	13	13	13	13	12	9	12	15	158
Ferguson	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Fenimore	..	6	16	10	14	13	13	..	17	13	12	12	166
Hedman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	...
A P Kroll	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	...

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	
Schlicher	..	14	..	18	13	14	13	15	20	13	15	18	
Brey	14	12	16	14	15	16	15	13	19	..	12	18	
Humer	14	14	18	11	13	19	12	13	18	15	14	16	
Elliott	12	12	18	14	15	19	12	15	20	13	13	16	
Apgar	12	14	19	13	12	18	13	13	15	13	15	20	
Glover	12	14	19	15	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Kramlich	12	11	15	15	12	18	14	15	18	14	13	17	
Kroll	12	12	18	13	10	19	13	12	13	12	13	11	
Schorty	10	11	15	12	11	19	13	11	18	13	13	18	
Berkemeyer	..	..	15	10	11	11	13	11	15	13	12	6	
Britton	..	..	..	..	13	12	19	10	14	17	14	11	11
Kaseman	..	..	..	..	12	12	16	14	14	17	12	11	18
Ritter	..	..	..	..	8	12	17	11	12	19	11	10	17
Miller	..	..	..	..	6	7	13	9	11	17	12	11	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	3	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
W B F	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	11	6	..	..

Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., Sept. 12.—The annual meeting of the Hamilton Gun Club (incorporated) was held last night, and the following officers were elected: President, Dr. J. E. Overholt; Vice-President, Dr. J. W. Groves; Secretary, Ralph C. Ripley; Treasurer, John Hunter; Executive Committee—W. P. Thomson, Thos. Upton and James Crooks; Field Captain, William Wark; Official Referee, Captain Spencer.

It was decided to hold the President vs. Vice-President shoot on Nov. 18. The annual winter tournament, targets and live birds, will be held on Jan. 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1906. The $500 guaranteed live-bird event will be a feature of the programme this year. A great programme of events is in store for all shooters.

THIS UNIQUE MANY-USE OIL
Cleans grime and smoke from face and hands.; 6oz. can, 25 cents.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Sept. 16.—Morris, of Morristown, paid a visit to Montclair to-day, their team shooting the eleventh match of the series of matches of the North New Jersey Shooting League. Montclair won out with a margin of 10 breaks to spare. Besides this, some six other events for handsome silver prizes were run off, Messrs. Colquitt, Cockefair, Buss, Soverel, Pierson, Tunis, Crane and Dr. Gardiner being among the winners. Colquitt was the winner for the prize for general high average in events 1 to 5. In the three-man team races, open to all clubs in the league, the Morristown club came out ahead, with Orange a close second.

On the 23d Montclair sends its team to shoot at Dover, N. J.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10
Whitehead	7	6	7	7	9
Pierson	8	8	8	12	9
Tunis	7	9	4	13	10
Timmins	3	5	8	10	9
Shelly	7	7	7	12	..
Winslow	7	7	6	7	..
Allan	8	6	5	8	9
Colquitt	10	7	10	15	9
Bush	6	10	7	13	8
Boxall	6	8	7	7	5

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10
Cockefair	8	9	6	10	6
Soverel	7	9	6	11	..
Crane	6	7	8	10	7
Batten	..	8	7	10	6
Dr Gardiner	..	..	8	12	8
Nott	..	..	7	12	5
Parke	..	..	..	12	8
Holloway	..	..	..	4	..
Howard	..	..	..	8	..

Event No. 7, three-man team race: Morristown—Tunis 22, Shelly 19, Pierson 19; total 60. Orange—Colquitt 21, Nott 18, Dr. Gardiner 20; total, 59. Montclair—Boxall 22, Crane 18, Batten 16; total, 56. Montclair—Howard 20, Batten 19, Allen 19; total, 58.

Event No. 8, team race: Morristown—Pierson 18, Whitehead 16, Timmins 17, Tunis 19, Shelly 18; total, 88. Montclair—Bush 20, Allan 20, Howard 16, Boxall 21, Cockefair 21; total, 98.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Rahway Gun Club.

Rahway, N. J., Sept. 16.—The scores of the shoot for the benefit of the First Baptist Church, held by the Rahway Gun Club, was a fine day's sport. It received many favorable comments on the handsome prizes presented. The ladies came out in force and had a very spirited contest for the prizes put up in the ladies' event. I have not had time to get the exact figures, but we think about $100 will be turned into the building fund for the church. Event No. 6 was a snipe shoot. No. 7 was a special shoot for a rifle donated by the Stevens Arms & Tool Co.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	20	15	20	20	10	15
Piercy	13	17	15	17	17	4	15
Staples	15	17	14	19	19	9	14
Hadkins	14	17	13	18	18	0	..
Ellis	9	12	12	15	14	6	..
Way	6	14	11	18	12	4	..
Brickner	12	16	11	15	15	8	14
Sanford	9	13	11	16	16	..	12
Mundy	12	15	11	18	18	5	10
Ivans	13	16	12	..	..	..	..
Rochetti	12	18	12	13	13	9	11
Browne	7	12	7	17	10	6	..
Welles	14	16	14	17	18	7	..
Nicol	15	18	10	18	14	1	..
Mahnken	7	8	7	13	14	3	..
Gaskill	13	19	12	17	13	1	..
Gibson	..	16	..	14	15	..	..
Dunn	7	12	8	11	14	4	8
Akers	9	12	7	10	14	8	9
Goetter	..	14	11	16	14	4	..
Slater	..	7	4	13	15	7	11
Burlington	..	6	6	12	8	8	4
Apgar	..	18	14	18	18	..	..
Mays	..	..	12	..	11	3	10
Van Marter	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Spencer	..	..	7	..	11	..	7
Glover	13	17	12	17	17	6	..

E. A. MAHNKEN, Mgr.

Spring Valley Shooting Association.

READING, Pa., Sept. 16.—The eighth annual midsummer target tournament of the Spring Valley Shooting Association, of this city, held on the Association's well equipped grounds at Bernhart Station, a suburb of Reading, proved to be a success, although the inclement weather kept a number of sportsmen at home that had sent word to the committee that they would be on hand. The high wind played havoc with the flight of the targets and made shooting very difficult, and resulted in the scores being below the general average.

The trade was well represented at this tournament, the following experts and missionaries being present: J. A. R. Elliott, J. Mowell Hawkins, Edwin L. Parvin, Henry H. Stevens, Neaf Apgar and Luther J. Squier.

The tournament was under the management of Arthur A. Fink, the Association's secretary, who kept things on the move from 11 A. M. until 4:15, when the programme events were finished.

The tournament committee of the Spring Valley Association had everything arranged for the convenience of the shooters, two large tents being erected in the rear of the score and a special tent with reserved seats, was erected for the ladies, a number of whom were present and enjoyed the sport. Throughout the day a large crowd of spectators witnessed the shooting, which was done at two sets of traps, so as to accommodate the crowd. High average honors for the day went to J. Mowell Hawkins, who broke 171 out of a total of 180 targets—great work, considering the high wind. Milton S. Brey, the well-known amateur of Geryville, finished second, or high amateur, with 162 for the day, and won the $5 in gold offered as high average money for the amateurs. Percy B. Pfleger, the amateur from Ambler, finished third, or second high amateur, with 161 scored to his credit, and won $3 as second average money. Neaf Apgar finished fourth with 159 scored. The latter was suffering with a severe cold, and seemed fit for bed instead of shooting. The low average prize of $2 went to Irving Scheffey, of Pottstown, who broke 120 targets.

The tournament committee of the Spring Valley Shooting Association are to be congratulated on the success of their eighth annual tournament, as they worked hard to make it a success and were rewarded by having a large crowd present. The committee have received so many requests for a live-bird tournament that they have decided to arrange for a three-days' live bird tournament, the date to be announced shortly, the principal event to be the Reading Handicap, 25 live birds, handicap rise 26 to 31yds., open to all, $10 entrance, birds extra, for which they will guarantee $500. The Association's grounds at Bernhart Station are all enclosed, with underground system of trapping for two sets of traps, and having a cozy club house right back of the score. The full programme will be announced in a few weeks.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	Broke
Hawkins	13	14	19	14	15	19	15	14	20	13	15	171
Brey	14	15	16	14	13	18	13	14	16	15	14	162
Pfleger	13	14	14	14	14	19	14	14	13	12	15	161
Apgar	14	13	19	13	12	18	8	15	19	14	14	159
Elliott	11	14	19	13	10	20	12	12	17	13	15	156
Schaeffer	13	14	17	14	14	18	11	13	13	13	15	155
Stevens	12	12	17	12	11	18	14	11	16	14	15	152
Lee Wertz	13	15	20	13	11	18	8	13	16	11	13	151
Squier	13	12	16	12	12	17	9	13	14	13	11	142
Ludwick	12	14	16	12	10	17	7	13	13	12	11	137
Scheffey	8	10	15	12	9	12	9	10	13	10	12	120
Adams	11	10	17	13	8	12	11	9	..	11	12	...
Haverty	13	13	19	12	13	19	10	14	18	..	..	...
Wegman	..	11	18	12	10	14	11	..	..	13	12	...
Bortz	6	5	10	5	8	9	11	..	..	..	..	...
Ball	..	..	13	13	11	..	12	..	..	13	12	...
Reed	9	12	15	13	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	...
J W Wertz	13	12	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Haring	11	..	..	..	14	..	12	..	..	11	..	...
Kissinger	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

DUSTER.

"Bangs has taken out a straight life insurance policy." "He is a very foolish man to insure a life he doesn't lead."—Judge.

Wyld—So Dyer's get-rich-quick scheme didn't pan out. Mack—No, she refused him.—Brooklyn Life.

680 RIFLEMEN USED THE MANY-USE OIL
As a rust preventive at Sea Girt, N. J., Camp.—*Adv.*

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The attendance on Sept. 16 was not up to the ark. Among the number were several occasional visitors, who ill be at the tournament next week. Luther Squier got here this orning, and will be hard at work all next week in the office. arold Money, C. O. Le Compte and Mr. Baldwin, the latter om the old Bay State, were here and shot a few, Money losing ut 3 out of 75 shot at. J. J. Faran has returned from his ication trip in Michigan. His lack of practice shows in his ore. Mrs. Gambell got back from her Colorado trip, and is ady to furnish one of her famous dinners to all the shooters. hat's worth going some way for. In last week's scores an justice was done to Al Roll. An error in footing made his ore 84, when it should have been 20, 19, 19, 17, 19—94. Mr. Roll a good shot, and we wish to credit him with all he makes.

In the 100-target race to-day Herman, Ahlers and Le Compte ere high with 89 each. Bullerdick, at practice, broke 91 out of 0. The scores, 100-target event:

erman	89	Sundy	82
hlers	89	Roll	81
e Compte	89	Faran	79
ullerdick	85	Pfeiffer	79
teinman	85	Uhl	69
ohlar	84	Wolf	64
ambell	84	Baldwin	39
Altherr	83	Lytle	28

Notes.

At the shoot of the Dayton Gun Club, on Sept. 15, three handiap events at 25 targets each, and an event at 25 targets were ulled off. In the first handicap Rike 3, Cord 3 Whitacre 9 and ke 2 tied on perfect scores of 25, including handicaps. In the econd Rike (2) 23—25; Whitacre (7) 18—25; Cord (3) 21—24; ke (3) 18—21. Third—Rike (2) 23—25; Whitacre (9) 16—25; Ike 3) 21—34; Cord (3) 20—23. In the 25-target event Cord and Ike ere high with 23 each; Rike, 22; Whitaker, 15. Rike was high un with 90 out of 100; Cord, 86; Ike, 85; Whitacre, 65.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, held their regular edal shoot on Sept. 13, and the attendance was much more atisfactory than on last shooting day. The sport began with a 5-target sweep, Oswald winning first, with 23; Rike, 21; Smyth, 9. Ed. Rike has just returned from his summer vacation and ook this opportunity to try his new gun, a 16-gauge, with 26in. arrels. It is a handsome arm, and is the first to be owned in Dayton. In the medal contest, 25 targets, with handicap of xtra targets, ten men took part. Three tied on 25 or better, ike (29) 26, Miller (29) 26, Hanauer (28) 25. Oldt (28) was a lose second, with 24 out of 28; Smyth (30) 23. In the first hoot-off Miller dropped out, breaking 7 out of 10, the others oing straight. In the second Rike made a straight score of 10 nd won, Hanauer breaking 9. This is Rike's second win this eason. A couple of team matches were shot, Oldt and Hanauer aptains, five men on a team, 25 targets per man. The Oldt eam won both matches, the first 100 to 97 and the second 99 to 3. Hodapp, of the Oldt bunch, tied with Rike, of Hanauer's eam, for high gun in the two matches on 46. In the second natch he missed his first target, and then went straight. Miller, n Hanauer's team, was second high with 43; Capt, Oldt, 41; myth, Hanauer team, and Oswald, Oldt team, 40 each. A 5-target sweep closed the sport, Rike being high with 24.

James McConnell, who has been shooting recently with the ohrer's Islanders and Dayton gun clubs, burst the barrels of is gun at the breech, a few days ago, luckily with no bad ffects, and he is now waiting for new barrels from the factory. is low scores at recent shoots are explained.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—The appended scores were made to-day on ar grounds, on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of the urth series. In the club trophy event Vietmeyer won on Class by breaking 25 straight; Stone won Class B on 22, and Wilson on Class C on 21.

In the Dupont cup event Vietmeyer and Thomas tied on 19 ut of 20 for Class A; Stone won Class B on 14, and Wilson won lass C on 10.

In Hunter Arms Co. event Dr. Meek and McDonald tied in lass A on 18 out of 20, thrown 10 singles and 5 pairs; Stone on Class B on 16, and Wilson won Class C on 12.

It rained heavily until 2 o'clock, still the attendance was fair, bout twenty shooters showing up.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	25	10	10	10	10
ietmeyer	16	19	25	8	8	7	..
r Meek	18	12	24	7	7	7	..
homas	13	19	19	7	10	7	..
cDonald	18	17	21	8	8	6	..
one	16	14	22	8	8	7	..
L Smedes	17	16	24	8	9	9	..
itzsimons	18	19	22	7	10	9	..
Vilson	12	10	21	3	7	..	..
lorel	17	17	18	6	9	10	..
lowe	..	6	18	5	6	..	..
ampp	18	18	23	8	8	10	..
eorge	15	18	20	..	8	10	8
eck	15	17	22	..	9	..	..
ord	15	14	12	..	..	6	..
r Reynolds	13	18	22	..	..	7	10
C Jenkins	15	14	22	..	..	7	..
M Jenkins	..	8	14	..	..	3	..
aulkner	..	..	..	0	2	5	..
lerr	..	..	..	..	..	4	1

No. 1, Hunter trophy.
No. 2, Dupont cup.
No. 3, trophy shoot.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

It was a merry party that boarded the launch at Fremont, Ohio, for a trip down the river with a target shoot in prospect. Some good scores were made. Mr. Stull put up a box of cigars for a special prize, and it was won by Reardon. Although Vogh thought he had a "cinch," he did not break a target.

The Erie, Kansas, Gun Club will give a shoot, at which a gold medal will be awarded to the highest score made at 100 targets.

Twelve gunners were out at the regular shoot, Wednesday, of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, Morganstown, W. Va. The scores made were low compared to those made three weeks previous. There were a number of ladies out to witness the shooting. The club prize was won by Coban. White won the officer's goblet. In the team shoot, Cohan's team, 42; White's, 34.

Word has been received that Elmwood, Ind., Gun Club now has grounds that are being kept in fine condition. The public is invited to attend.

The Three-Barrel Gun Company is the successor to Hollenback. The company has been incorporated. The plant will be located at Moondsville, W. Va., with the head office in Wheeling. M. N. Cecil, John B. Garden, George E. House, C. W. Welty and G. O. Smith, all of Wheeling, are the incorporators.

Amateurs all over the country are coming to the front fast. Last Friday Mr. Frazier, of the Hunting, W. Va., Gun Club, made 49 out of 50 and won all the powder company trophies, the next man being Dr. Sample, with 45.

There is unabating zeal at Cleveland, Ohio, where the club is shooting for medals with added targets for handicaps.

R. D. Guptell, of Aitken, Minn., winner of last year's handicap, was high man at the Little Fall's tournament with 94 per cent; Rhoda, second, with 87; Drago, third, with 86.

Several of the new members of the Springfield, Minn., Gun Club have very much improved at the practice meets for the past summer. Here is their last score for the season at 25 targets: J. R. Schmidt 22, H. O. Schlender 20, W. Blackman 20, W. F. Mahler 19, E. Bendixon 19, W. G. Frank 18, Wm. Schmidt 15, E. Nippolt 12.

A new gun club has been organized at Canon City, Colo. Dr. F. N. Carrier, President; A. A. Parker, Secretary.

September 28 and 29 there will be a shoot at Hutchinson, Kan., which will be worth the attendance of all the Sunflower shooters. Ed. O'Brein, one of the new Indians, will manage it. All the boys know Ed., and what Ed. says goes.

Shoots are coming on with the October days in prospect thick and fast in the West. One of those "world-wide fame" shoots of the Cumberland Gun Club, Davenport, Iowa, will he held Oct. 6, 7 and 8. As this town is situated so as to draw from Illinois, as well as from Iowa, there will be at least one hundred shooters present, and they will shoot the programme through with the greatest amount of interest ever witnessed at a tournament.

Whiting, Ind., will be the opening shoot on Oct. 1.

Rockford, Ill., Gun Club has been taking things easy during the long summer months, but on Oct. 15 and 16 all shooters are invited to join with the home boys in a tournament.

At Warsaw, Ill., on Oct. 11, Mr. Gash will conduct a one-day tournament. Warsaw is in Mississippi bottoms not far from Keokuk, Iowa, and, besides, the next town in the South is known by the familiar name "Mallard." If the hunters are not busy testing their guns on mallards and other water fowl at this date, the shoot should be a good one.

Shoots will be so plentiful during the month of October in the southern part of Illinois that no one man can attend all of them. South Coulterville, one of the towns, has chosen Sept. 28 and 29 for their tournament.

Prizes for the East Side Gun Club, Saginaw, Mich., merchandise shoot were on exhibition. They range from tables to hunting knives, and revolvers and many other useful and ornamental things.

As to the shooting off of ties for the merchandise prizes at tournaments, many are decided by some form of a raffle. This does not appeal to the average shooter, as he prefers to win a prize by shooting to the luck of dice.

One of the biggest of two-day tournaments is scheduled for the south part of Illinois at Centralia; two at De Soto, and two at Anna—six in all. Well, the more the better!

One of the most noted events ever held by the Kenosha, Wis., Gun Club was the clambake held Thursday last on Washington Island, and some forty members and their many friends were present. After the dinner the members entertained until midnight.

The Celina, Ohio, Gun Club held their shoot Tuesday afternoon, with a membership of twenty-five present. Fred Young won the medal.

Shooting interests at Canton, Ill., are lagging somewhat, as at the last meet of the North End Club there were only two present. Mr. C. D. Smith made 86 per cent. and George Pensinger 84.

Monmouth, Ill., Gun Club got a few members together and held their first shoot for this season on Wednesday last. Those present had an interesting time and it may result in holding a tournament a little later.

This reads like a sociable shoot: Targets one cent, all purses divided jack-rabbit system, which guarantees all a share of the purses. Come and bring your friends. Thus reads the prospectus sent out by Battle Creek, Mich.

The Freeport, Ill., Gun Club held a picnic at the home of Morris Hough. We are informed that all had a very enjoyable time.

Fifteen members of the Des Moines, Iowa, Gun Club shot over the traps Monday last. Owing to a very high wind scores were low.

At New London, Iowa, the management figure on not less than sixty shooters for the tournament Oct. 3, 4 and 5, where the $500 in gold is hung up.

Bisbee, Arizona, Gun Club report that only ten men came out to the last shoot. M. L. Naquin captured the cup for the day by the score of 27 out of 30.

Strong wind made shooting very difficult at the Marietta, Ohio, Gun Club last Thursday.

C. B. Cokefair, after shooting off tie five times, won the silver cup at the range of the White Flyer Club, Dayton, Ohio, on Thursday last. There was some hot competition.

The Tolleston, the most famous duck shooting preserve in the United States, owing to the many shooting scraps in which men were the targets, in Lake county, Indiana, is threatened with annihilation, as a petition for a draining system that will clear it of water is now about to be presented to the Legislature by farmers who live in the neighborhood.

The Kendallville, Ind., Limited Gun Club on last Tuesday made a good score. The shooting was varied, thus: F. G. Greenleaf, 178 out of 200; C. P. Bruck, 46 out of 50; P. G. Klinkenberg, 159 out of 200; W. H. Bowen, 43 out of 50; Lorence Ganer, 39 out of 75.

According to tales from Colorado, the attraction at the shoot at Trinidad was that of drawing outlines of pictures by a fancy shot. The audience to name the picture. The enthusiasm at Colorado Springs and at Trinidad was an inspiration, even to Elmer Shaner.

The Twin City, Peoria-Pekin, Ill., Gun Club held the best shoot of the season. Dr. J. Austin Logan won the trophy, his first time out with the gang. Baker won Class A, Herman B, and Houf C medals. James A. Dawson made 18 out of 20 and was warmly congratulated.

There is now a Bridge City Gun Club in Illinois, as well as in Indiana. It was lately organized at Thibes, Ill. The officers are Dr. R. B. Heller, President; Ed. Beisswinger, Vice-President; I. I. Rosenfield, Captain; Arthur Brown, Secretary, and J. A. Heller, Treasurer.

Bisbee, Arizona, shooters have gotten together a gun club that promises to rank with the best in the West. Those men who are identified with this organization are the kind who refuse to travel in second place in any particular line they may engage in.

The Gilby, N. D., Gun Club have oiled their traps and put them aside for the fall and winter. They are busy hunting the prairie chicken and watching the flight of the wild duck.

The trapshooting season has closed at the traps of the East Grand Forks, Minn., Gun Club. The results show Mayor John F. Brandt has won first prize; second, J. H. McNicol. The season was a most successful one. The trophies were valuable and created much interest, and more shooting was done this year than in previous years.

Tuesday last was shooting day at Tama, Iowa. There were 150 targets on the programme. High score was made by Wm. Simmons, 135. Mr. Moundson won the medal.

Members of the Newark, Ohio, Gun Club are working industriously for the success of the tournament, Sept. 27 and 28, and are jubilant over the prospects.

Sabina, Ohio, Gun Club won the team shoot last week, score, 107; Jamestown, 100; Bowersville, 89; Bloomington, 79.

The Lead Gun Club, Central City, S. D., held a shoot, Sunday, at 50 targets, Perkins 43, Accleston 34, Van Horn 45, Bick 35, Vicilich 34, Irvin 36.

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

THE practice shoot of this club, held on the afternoon of Sept. 9, was well attended, twenty shooters being on hand. It was a beautiful day, with scarcely any wind, and good scores were made. Snow was high gun with an average of 82 per cent. for the shoot. In the merchandise prize event, a 15-target race with a shooting jacket for prize, Paul Lathrop and E. H. Lathrop tied on 15 each. On the shoot-off at miss-and-out, Paul Lathrop won.

Shoots will be held every Saturday afternoon for the rest of the month to enable the shooters who are behind in the Peters cup contest and merchandise race, to make up the required ten shoots called for before the shooting season closes, Oct. 1. Two shooters, Snow and Kites, finished at this shoot. Added target handicap in cup contest, and in the merchandise race the shooters are divided into three classes, A, B, C, there being three merchandise prizes of equal value up, one for each class. Scores in handicap event of this shoot follow:

Weekly prize, shooting jacket, 15 targets:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
E H Lathrop	13	3	15	Snow	12	0	12
P Lathrop	12	4	15	H P Chapin	12	0	12
E Cady	10	4	14	Buck	7	4	11
Kimball	10	4	14	Bradford	7	4	11
Parsons	10	4	14	A Misterly	7	4	11
Downing	14	0	14	Kites	9	0	9
Hawes	10	3	13	Cheesman	9	0	9
L Misterly	8	4	12				

Peters cup contest, 25 targets:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Snow	20	0	20	Kites	20	0	20

Merchandise race, 25 targets, three prizes and three classes, A, B, C:

Class A—Snow 21, Kites 16.

Class B—E. H. Lathrop 18, Hawes 15.

Class C—L. Misterly, four strings, 21, 18, 13, 12; Parsons 16, P. Lathrop 15, A. Misterly, two strings, 11, 8; Bradford 7.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	25	25	10		
Snow	7	13	9	12	..	20	21	..	100	82
Kites	8	10	6	9	..	20	16	..	100	69
Parsons	3	8	7	10	..	..	16	6	85	50
Bradford	5	6	4	7	..	..	7	3	85	32
E H Lathrop	7	10	8	13	..	..	18	..	75	56
Paul Lathrop	7	14	7	12	..	..	15	..	75	55
H K Chapin	5	9	5	9	..	..	..	7	60	35
H P Chapin	8	13	9	12	..	..	..	..	50	42
Downing	6	9	8	14	..	..	..	..	50	37
Day	8	9	5	6	..	..	..	..	50	28
E Cady	4	8	5	10	..	..	..	..	50	27
Kimball	..	10	3	10	3	..	..	..	50	26
Buck	..	6	..	7	6	..	..	5	50	24
H Cady	4	3	5	..	1	..	..	..	45	13
L Misterly	..	..	..	8	..	..	21	..	40	29
Hawes	..	..	..	10	..	..	15	..	40	25
A Misterly	..	..	..	7	..	..	11	..	40	18
Cooley	2	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	20	6
Cheesman	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	15	9
O Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	10	2

MISFIRE.

The Great Western Handicap.

The latest and greatest annual Great Western Handicap event was held at Trinidad, Colo., under the auspices of the Trinidad Gun Club, Sept. 4, 5 and 6, and the story thereof is one that is pleasant to write. There had been some doubt in the minds of people outside of the city of Trinidad whether a tournament so far southwest and off the path of travel as it were, could attract a sufficiently large attendance to make it truly successful. Even some in the West were doubtful upon this point, and a visitor from the "valley" was heard to remark, "I am afraid that the attendance at Trinidad will not be what the boys expect. You ask why? Simply because to draw fifty or more shooters there they must come from a radius of five hundred miles, which is too far to go to a shoot in these days when they are so plentiful." Our friend was perfectly sincere in his prognostications, but as a prophet he was a bad failure, for the simple reason that his point of view is not that of the West, and he did not understand that in this country character is as broad as the reaches between cities, and the idea of distance is proportionately balanced.

The boys of the Trinidad club knew they would have a great shoot and they prepared for it as fully and perfectly as it was possible to do, the result being one of the very best trapshooting tourneys ever pulled off in the shadow of the Rockies. The working force of the club consists of Messrs. J. C. Huddleson, F. M. Gooden, H. K. Holloway, F. W. Caldwell, Eli Jeffries and Dr. Davenport, and it will ever be a source of pride and satisfaction to these gentlemen to feel that they earned and received in this achievement the cordial and unanimous indorsement and thanks of their fellow sportsmen in this and fifteen surrounding States.

Trinidad is the southernmost important business city in Colorado, and its prosperity is based not on gold or silver mining prospects, but on that infinitely more stable mining asset, coal, which surrounds the city on all sides, permeating the mountains in three or four great veins at elevations from six to nine thousand feet above sea level. The vast importance of these great fuel fields is just beginning to dawn upon the country, and this fact is bringing Trinidad to the front perhaps faster at present than any other important city in the West. It is beautifully and healthfully situated, and the men who have made it and in a measure, hold its future, are the proud scions of the good old families of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and others of the great Central States, who in their early manhood followed the Western Star.

The tournament was held on the Fair grounds, at Elk's Park, where the splendid buildings that permanently occupy the grounds were available for office use and shelter, and everything was thrown wide open for the use of the visitors on this occasion.

Two blackbird traps threw the targets, and worked so successfully that there was no delay during the three days' shooting, and about seventy shooters finished the entire programme each day in time for an early supper at their hotels. Everything was patterned after Grand American Handicap style, and such an equipment in the hands of the genial Frank Cunningham, of St. Joe, Missouri, as general manager, could not fail to be right. Our old friend A. E. McKenzie, of Denver, was also there, assisting the management in various ways and extending the "glad hand" to new comers.

The programme itself was very attractive. The first and second day carried twelve events each in 15 and 20-target matches. The third day was devoted to an open "free-for-all" event at 100 targets, handicap distance 16 to 22yds., and the Denver Post trophy event, same handicap, but open to amateurs only. The club added an aggregate of $750 in cash to the purses. This included added money in each event, besides three daily amateur and one daily professional average, and averages for the entire programme, and last, but not least, a $100 solid gold watch as the trophy in the free-for-all event.

Except for slight daily showers, the weather was fine throughout. The background was perfect, and only occasional severe gusts of wind stood in the way of very high average scores. Under these conditions, many of the boys were disappointed in not increasing their usual scores; but this is explained in the fact that in that light atmosphere the loads carry much more compactly, giving a smaller killing circle, and the targets are seen so much more readily that a quick shot is apt to shoot even quicker than is his wont, and the necessity for absolute accuracy of aim is thus increased about 25 per cent. Several of the old-timers worked this theory out by shooting tests at stationary targets, and proved its correctness beyond question.

In mentioning the pleasant features of this meet we must not overlook the splendid dinners served by the ladies of a local fraternity in the pavilion every day at noon. The writer never partook of a better meal on a shooting ground, and it is pleasant to add that these tables were patronized to the extent of at least $100 per day. Then, also, there was that fine product of the housekeeper's art, a glorious three-story frosted cake, which the ladies donated as a prize for the highest general average on the regular programme. This made the contest among the top-notchers very interesting, and when in the end "the man who takes the cake" proved to be that great old campaigner, W. R. Crosby, the enthusiasm was great indeed.

The cake was presented on the grounds in a neat speech by Mr. McKenzie, together with an original poem, which the writer regrets being unable to quote. Mr. Crosby replied in a few happily chosen words, and introduced Capt. Tom A. Marshall as the orator of the shooting game, when the latter made one of those heart-warming addresses which have made his voice known and sought for at all such functions, "when the shooting's done and talk's begun amid cheer and good-will to all."

In order to allow the squad going through to the coast for the Grand Western Interstate Handicap to take part in this event, the Great Western followed closely upon the Colorado Springs shoot, and Sept. 3 was designated as practice day. In this contest that old veteran of the traps, Chas. W. Budd, distinguished himself and pleased his Western friends by scoring the programme of 100 targets straight. Many other good scores were also made.

On the first programme day Harold Money, who has been in Colorado for some time and was thoroughly acclimated, led all the boys a merry race, and landed first place by scoring 196. He had a close competitor in Mr. Jos. Rohrer, one of the popular Western amateurs, who went through the day with only 5 down.

The second day Harry J. Taylor, the South Dakota amateur wonder, came around to his best form, and cleaned up the programme with only 2 lost, which led the field. And in the professional ranks W. R. Crosby paced the bunch, losing but 4.

This made the finish for general average honors very close indeed. Crosby led with 12 lost on the programme. Money, who shot a great clip throughout, came in for second with 13 down, and Fred Gilbert, whose work throughout was fine, landed a tie, with Taylor for third, while D. C. Rand, the coming young Texas amateur, found himself master of fourth place.

On Wednesday morning the free-for-all handicap was started as the opening feature. This was a very interesting race, in which the handicapping committee did good work in placing the amateurs and professionals in such positions as to make a relatively equal contest. The Trinidad boys arranged this event because, as they said, they wanted to see an old-fashioned shooting match, in which all had an equal interest at stake, and again the result justified their judgment.

When the last round was fired it was found that two amateurs, Messrs. W. A. Veach, of Nebraska, and F. M. Gooden, of the Trinidad Gun Club, and one professional, the veteran Charlie Budd, had finished with 97 each. This required a shoot-off at 20 birds. In the first string Gooden scored 17, while the other two contestants went straight. In the second string Budd lost 3, while Veach went through clean and won.

The closing event was the Denver Post trophy contest, among amateurs, which has furnished some of the most animated races at the traps that the West has seen during the past two years. Here again the crowd was given a great entertainment in the work of Geo. W. Maxwell, the one-armed wonder of the West, who stood at 18yds. and scored 98 of the 100 targets, winning without a tie. Right next to him was that popular Kansas marksman, Ed. O'Brien, who finished with 97.

And so endeth the last chapter. Summarized scores of all who finished in the various events are appended.

	First Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Second Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Third Day. Free-for-all.	Denver Post.
McKenzie	200	177	200	167	92	88
Gooden	200	174	200	185	97	96
Money	200	196	200	191	96	..
O'Brien	200	183	200	194	95	97
Arnold	200	185	200	192	91	91
Rand	200	190	200	194	87	96
Gotlieb	200	184	200	186	91	..
Rankin	200	174	...	...	..	92
Braden	200	164	200	169	89	79
Harris	200	166	115	102	92	90
Appleman	200	181	200	188	74	93
Newton	200	174	200	186	89	90
Garrett	200	179	200	194	95	92
Lawton	200	185	200	191	94	94
Plank	200	177	200	191	96	..
Rohrer	200	195	200	187	95	95
Adams	200	187	200	184	89	..
Mackie	200	182	200	181	95	93
Lewis	200	167	200	134	..	..
Patterson	200	180	200	193	..	..
Cobb	200	166	200	186	..	..
Clapp	200	166	200	181	91	82
McDowel	200	182	200	181	93	88
Prettyman	200	174	200	164	..	..
Hartman	200	177	200	179	92	91
Huston	200	180	200	188	..	94
Cornelius	200	172	200	162	..	..
Thorp	200	170	200	181	91	81
Taylor	200	188	200	198	92	92
Marshall	200	183	200	180	81	..
Young	200	185	200	186	95	..
Budd	200	190	200	181	97	..
Riehl	200	184	200	183	92	..
Callison	200	187	200	193	93	..
G Timberlake	200	192	200	189	95	92
D Timberlake	200	179	200	179	89	92
King	200	183	200	170	92	..
Linderman	200	189	200	178	94	96
Bray	200	189	200	180	91	95
Maxwell	200	183	200	184	91	98
Hardy	200	178	200	185	90	86
Veach	200	188	200	189	97	95
Heikes	200	182	200	194	94	..
Crosby	200	192	200	196	95	..
Gilbert	200	189	200	193	96	..
Powers	200	183	200	191	95	..
Hirschy	200	189	200	193	87	..
Fanning	200	155	200	186	90	..
Tipton	200	155	200	156	..	..
Frederick	200	139	...	...	..	..
Andrews	200	189	200	162	..	87
Younkman	200	185	200	165	91	90
Norton	200	175	...	...	..	..
Gallup	200	161	...	...	..	..
Anderson	200	165	200	181	94	94
Curry	200	114	100	50	..	..
Hudelson	100	82	200	172	..	93
Hall	100	86	...	...	..	..
Davis	185	99	...	...	..	..
Caldwell	100	79	100	80	..	..
Radford	100	76	100	80	..	..
Fitzsimonds	100	67	...	...	..	..
Young	100	81	...	...	..	..
Colson	100	59	...	...	..	..
Davenport	15	12	100	76	..	..
Cunningham	...	...	100	94	..	92
Purdum	...	...	120	104	..	..
Sperry	...	...	60	36	..	..
Merrill	...	...	45	35	..	..
Markle	...	...	100	60	..	..
Holloway	...	...	200	143	..	..
Mumford	...	...	...	...	87	..
Hadley	180	126	...	...	..	..

Floating Tournament and Excursion.

Beardstown, Ill., Sept. 15.—This much advertised, much talked of Central Illinois tournament took place Sept. 13 and 14, as per schedule. Think of starting to shoot at 8:30 A. M., and when you finish you are ninety miles away from the starting point, and that all day long you have been shooting at 200 targets from the traps of a moving barge.

The gun club known as that of the Iceberg, at Beardstown, Ill., secured for two days a steamboat and double deck barge, the combined capacity of which is 1,400 people. The lower deck of the barge is fitted for dancing, with a good orchestra constantly in attendance. The second deck with chairs, settees and tables, and thus the shooting is in no way interfered with on the roof. The range is the roof of the barge, on which was installed an automatic trap. This roof has a space of 30 feet wide and 100 feet long, and was ample in every way for the accommodation of shooters. As to the background, an important thing in all tournaments, it was varied, being the scenery along ninety miles of the beautiful Illinois River. This, in case of a straightaway target, was clear, being up the river, but the side targets all went against dark green trees. You will readily perceive then that the changed conditions, being new to all, do away with the necessity of any handicaps, and it must be considered any one's game until the last shot has been fired.

This was not an experiment with the club, as this was the fourth of the kind; but the previous efforts were confined to one day, with a trip down the river and return on same day. Visitors were urged to bring their wives, as the occasion was in the nature of an outing, as the river excursion was combined with trapshooting. There was not as large an attendance as was expected. Many staid at home through a misapprehension that the steamer was laid up for repairs, caused by coming in contact with a bridge pier at Pekin; but this accident was only the misplacement of a few boards on the guards, and she arrived at Beardstown docks the evening before the start.

There were several of the wives of shooters on the boat, viz., Madames Coleman, Brannan, Lewis and Cummings, and with the dance at the close of the shoot they seemed well pleased with the outing.

Everything passed off according to the programme, with the exception of the time of arrival in Peoria, the boat did not land at the foot of Main street until 9:20 P. M., too late for a trip to the pleasure resorts or theatres. This was caused by a rise in the river and by a lack of steam, the latter being caused by an inexperienced fireman.

Mr. A. L. Cummings had charge of the office, and with plenty of assistance from club members, the shoot went on without a hitch, save now and then a stop at meeting some boat or passing a town where the pellets of shot might do some harm before they dropped in the water.

The shoot was a novelty to the fishermen and residents of all the towns along the river, and the fish remained unmolested. Business for the time was suspended in the town at the time when the excursion was passing by. We pased during the day the towns of Frederick, Browning, Sharps Landing, Bath, Havana, Liverpool, Copperas Creek, Kingston and Pekin.

It was interesting to note how intently the boat was watched by the lone fishermen, as they were numerous. They were attracted by the sound of the guns and, if any of them were soldiers, must have reminded them of skirmish days.

The weather was against the shooters, a strong, changable wind blowing all day directly in the face of the stand, and towering targets were the rule. The wind and residue straw and such from the unpacking of the targets was very disastrous to the eyes. Some good scores were made, as Riehl and Cadwallader ran above 90 per cent., as did Bert Lewis, Omer Pearu, A. D. Sperry and H. D. Drawbe; 189, 185, 183, 181, are fine scores for amateurs.

When the first squad, composed of such good men at the traps as Frank Riehl, of Alton; Ed. Scott and J. A. Groves, of Jacksonville; J. C. Ramsey, Manito, and A. D. Sperry, of Rock Island, toed the mark on top of that barge and started the game going, it was soon found that, if the flight of targets kept going at that rate for the whole day, 80 per cent. would possibly be high. There was trouble with the trap. It was breaking targets and not throwing steady and getting out of order, causing delays. It was pointed out that targets were being thrown too hard and too high, and the trap was let down. This, with proper adjustment of the carrier, made matters go smooth for the balance of the day.

Note the first event. Thirteen was high, with the exception of Cadwallader, who got 14. Some of the best ones missed five in the first event, and then came on strong and proved among the leaders at the close of the 220 shots.

Event No. 9 was 10 pairs, and this was not counted in the average. This was an interesting race, and more doubles should enter into all tournaments. Mr. Pearu proved the good shot and scored 18, taking first money, while Lewis was the only 17. There were two sixteens, and so on down to 5. In justice to the shooters it should be stated that the trap should always be elevated for doubles, which gives time to cover the second target before it gets too low.

Some queer things happened during the day, for instance, when the first twenty men shot in the eighth event, every man shooting for the money, made 14 or 13, with the exception of two, who tied on 6, and had it not been for one man in the last squad getting 12 and another 11, the six men would have won third money.

The second day was almost a repetition of the first, the wind changed and for a part of the day faced shooters, and there was some rain in the afternoon. Some of the shooters improved, while others, especially the high man for the first day, fell off badly. Riehl, with 183, won high professional for this day and for the tournament. The best shot by far was Bert Lewis, the man from Auburn, Ill., who has the "auburn" hair. He came fast and steady, and made 190, a 95 per cent. gait, something wonderful under the conditions. He was high man for the two days over all—same thing happened at the last year's floating shoot. When the boat was about to land all present expressed themselves well pleased with the two days spent on the broad waters of the Illinois River, and promised to come again.

Those present were Frank Riehl, Alton, Ill.; Ed. Scott, J. A. Groves and C. S. Magill, Jacksonville; J. C. Ramsey, Manito; A. D. Sperry, Rock Island; Fred Lord, Chicago; Fred Gibson, Kirwood; F. J. Gayer, Monmouth; T. Ruff, East St. Louis; J. H. Coleman, Beardstown; H. W. Cadwallader, Decatur; Bert Lewis, Auburn; F. L. Pfieffer, Centralia; W. H. Vietmeyer, Chicago; Omer Pearu, Ashland, Ill.; W. M. Anderson, Beardstown; R. E. Wankell, Virginia; A. L. Currie, Frederick; W. D. Drawbe, Frederick; H. Coleman and T. V. Brennan, Beardstown; Allen Davis, Virginia; Frank Rayneur, French Village; John Whitford, Augusta; C. H. Ditto, Keithsburg; J. H. Morris, Virginia, and B. Curry, Beardstown.

Sept. 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	20	Broke.
F Riehl	12	13	17	12	14	18	14	14	15	12	15	19	20	180
Ed Scott	9	11	17	14	14	18	13	14	14	14	14	19	16	175
J A Groves	11	13	17	13	12	17	11	13	12	13	13	17	17	167
J C Ramsey	11	12	14	13	11	16	14	14	13	13	13	16	17	164
A D Sperry	13	15	18	14	15	20	14	14	16	13	14	18	17	185
F Lord	10	12	16	12	12	17	14	10	10	13	14	16	16	162
Fred Gibson	13	13	18	15	15	15	14	14	15	12	14	17	18	178
F J Gayer	10	11	16	14	12	18	10	11	12	12	13	11	..	...
T Ruff	14	11	17	13	11	18	13	13	11	15	15	17	19	176
J H Coleman	13	11	15	11	14	19	13	14	15	13	15	18	19	175
H W Cadwallader	14	11	18	13	13	20	14	13	17	15	13	19	19	182
Bert Lewis	13	15	17	15	15	16	13	13	17	13	15	18	18	181
C S Magill	12	15	17	13	13	13	14	11	14	11	18	15		168
E L Pfieffer	12	15	19	11	13	16	14	13	15	15	13	17	17	175
H W Vietmeyer	8	14	17	11	12	19	13	13	13	12	11	19	19	168
Omer Pearu	13	15	17	15	14	19	14	14	18	15	15	20	18	189
W W Anderson	10	10	15	10	10	19	11	6	..	12	11	12	16	...
R E Waukell	13	14	16	10	14	17	15	14	13	15	12	16	..	...
A L Curry	10	10	15	13	15	19	15	14	13	15	14	16	16	172
H D Drawbe	10	13	20	14	14	18	15	14	13	15	14	17	19	183
H Coleman	11	14	18	11	14	20	13	12	14	10	13	13	..	...
T V Brannan	10	8	12	11	8	11	11	10	5	11	7	8	..	...
Allen Davis	12	8	12	12	12	19	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	...
Frank Rayneur	11	13	15	10	11	16	12	11	16	13	11	13	..	...
John Whitford	12	13	18	14	14	18	15	11	..	11	11	14	17	...
C H Ditto	..	10	..	11	..	..	11	..	13	..	12	..	..	...
B Curry	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
A H Wheat	..	..	..	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Norris	..	9	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	..	..	..	...
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	...
Knight	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	...

Event No. 9 was at 10 pairs and not counted in averages.

Sept. 14, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Riehl	12	12	17	14	13	19	14	13	20	14	15	20	183
Scott	11	13	16	13	13	15	13	15	17	12	13	17	166
Groves	14	11	18	15	15	16	14	12	16	12	12	20	175
Magill	10	13	15	9	14	16	11	14	19	13	12	15	160
Sperry	8	15	18	14	12	15	13	13	18	13	13	19	171
Lord	12	12	16	14	12	17	14	14	17	13	13	14	171
Gibson	12	12	16	14	12	15	11	9	16	12	11	17	157
Rink	11	16	12	10	12	15	11	..	12	11	12	14	...
Ruff	11	12	11	14	13	19	13	12	19	15	14	18	171
J Coleman	10	11	15	11	13	9	11	14	18	14	12	18	166
Cadwallader	14	11	19	12	12	15	12	15	20	13	13	17	173
Lewis	15	15	19	13	13	20	15	14	19	14	15	18	190
Pfieffer	13	15	13	13	15	18	13	14	18	14	15	17	178
Vietmeyer	12	9	16	13	12	16	14	11	15	13	14	16	161
Pearu	13	13	16	14	13	17	14	10	14	14	14	17	169
Knight	..	..	..	8	14	9	9	..	17	13	10	19	...
Curry	14	6	19	14	13	18	15	13	19	14	12	19	176
Drawbe	13	12	18	9	14	19	12	13	19	14	13	18	174
H Coleman	10	13	15	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Brannan	6	9	12	4	7	14	9	10	8	11	6	12	108
Davis	10	11	18	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Riehl, first professional; Cadwallader, second; Lord, third.

Lewis, first amateur; Pearu, second, Drawbe, third; Sperry, fourth.

Bert Lewis won high average over all last year, and duplicated same this year. He has not shot much during this year, and when a man can make 190 out of 200 on a moving boat, he is a wonder.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 13.—The following scores were made to-day in the fifth weekly competition for the Laflin & Rand trophy, on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Coughlin	16	7	23	Clark	18	3	21
Kershner	20	2	22	Adkin	19	2	21
*Brotsch	21	7	28	Byer	w		
Borst	16	6	22	Donovan	16	7	23
Back scores:							
Brotsch	w			Coughlin	15	7	22
Brotsch	17	7	24	Adkin	20	2	22
*Brotsch	18	7	25	Byer	21	3	24
Re-entry scores:							
*Donovan	19	7	26	Clark	21	3	24
Byer	w			Clark	20	3	23
*Byer	22	3	25	Clark	21	3	24
*Byer	23	3	26	Adkin	20	2	22
Kershner	w			Adkin	21	2	23
*Kershner	23	2	25	Adkin	19	2	21
*Kershner	23	2	25	Borst	18	6	24
Brotsch	15	7	22	Coughlin	15	7	22
Brotsch	16	7	23				

*Wins point for cup:

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Bergen Beach, Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 12.—The weather was of the finest of early fall. It was a good day for club and shooters of the latter twenty were in attendance. Fred A. Stone, the Scarecrow Man of the Wizard of Oz, was in attendance. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Stone	11	12	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hopkins	13	14	13	13	12	12	12	12	11	13	..
Dryer	8	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Metz	6	4	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Landford	13	15	14	11	14	13	13	13	..	..	..
Welles	15	14	11	14	15	12	12	11	..	..	..
Lyons	9	9	11	12	11	12	11	7	..	..	..
Kroeger	12	13	13	11	5	14	11	..	..	..	..
Montanus	..	..	12	10	9	10	8	9	..	..	..
Suydam	..	..	..	11	11	7	10	11	13	9	..
Southworth	..	..	..	10	12	13	11	..	..	..	..
Steffins	..	..	..	9	8	10	9	12	9	7	10
Kelly	..	..	..	15	14	14	13	15	..	14	..
Raynor	..	..	..	10	6	6	7	9	..	..	..
Baudenistel	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	8	9	5	..
Bergen	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	10	..	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	9

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Many-Use Oil at Sea Girt.

Among the throng visiting the National Rifle Tournament at Sea Girt, N. J., we noticed Mr. G. W. Cole, President of The Many-Use Oil Co., of New York, who was superintending the distribution of large bottles of The Many-Use Oil among the riflemen. Mr. Cole said that nearly all of the six hundred and seventy-eight members of the teams were using this oil for cleaning and lubricating and rust preventing purposes. It would seem that the practical test of the oil at this time should demonstrate its value to sportsmen, as a great deal of rain had fallen and the sea shore air would test its rust preventing qualities. Mr. Cole said that many captains of the teams had given him recommendations of the oil and that they would continue to use it after they returned to their own shooting grounds.

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RUFFED GROUSE.

IN many of the States it is now lawful to shoot ruffed grouse, and the "roar of their quick-beating pinions" and the sound of the breechloader are heard in the land. Although a large amount of tramping will be done, and a large quantity of ammunition expended, there will be no serious diminution of their numbers until after the frosts have denuded the thickets of their foliage and the wandering propensities of the birds have become satiated and they settle down to quiet life in their chosen retreats. Until this season shall arrive there will be not much of genuine sport in their pursuit, although occasionally, under favorable circumstances, there will be exceptions to the rule, when the ardent sportsman will be given a foretaste of the sport that can only be enjoyed to the full in its proper season.

A very large proportion of the grouse hunting in September and October is done by the tyro, who manages somehow to bag or drive away most of the birds that are to be found in the easy places, and just as the proper season commences he becomes disheartened at the apparent scarcity of birds and retires from the field, not more than half satisfied with his success as a sportsman, and thoroughly convinced that, so far as the pleasure of grouse hunting is concerned, a vast deal more than the truth has been told. His lack of success, and the disappointment which naturally follows, are owing mainly to a lack of knowledge of the habits and peculiarities of these shy birds, and to the fact that his experience with them has been just at the time when their habits and peculiarities could be observed to the least advantage. The weary tramping in the sweltering heat, as well as the many discomforts attending the exploration of the tangled thickets at this season of the year, also play no unimportant part in producing this result.

When the novice, lamenting the scarcity of the birds, and inveighing against their wildness, closes his campaign, the veteran girds up his loins, and, with joyful anticipations of glorious sport, seeks the well known haunts of his dearly beloved favorites, and with consummate skill and tireless patience forces from the innermost recesses of stately forest and tangled copse their brightest treasures, and wins them for his own. The preternatural wisdom—miscalled wildness—displayed by these crafty birds, affords a relish and gives a zest to their pursuit, and is to him a source of ever increasing pleasure and admiration. Not by him are the dead bodies of the victims of his skill alone taken into account while summing up the results of the day; far nobler thoughts light up the eye and inspire the smile that chases the wrinkles from his brow as in slippered ease he fondly strokes the head of the loved companion of his sports, while he reviews the incidents of the day. Again he basks in the bright sunshine of the pleasant glades and strolls among the dark shadows of the grand old woods; again, with "feasting eyes and swelling heart" he treads amid the majestic charms of the everlasting hills; again, with buoyant step and quickening pulse, he follows the wily patriarch to his most secret retreat; and as the incidents of the day thus pass in review before him, there come priceless memories of other days of rarest sport to join his newest treasures, thus crowning his restful hour with a halo of delightful recollections that he would not exchange for a kingdom. The poet who wrote of—

"Drear November's chilling blasts."

we venture to say was not a grouse hunter, for it is during that much maligned month that the adept in the sport finds the most enjoyment in ruffed grouse shooting. Were the pursuit of this magnificent bird restricted to that month, a far greater amount of sport would be realized by the new beginner as well as by the adept, and soon, with the protection thus afforded, many a former haunt of the grouse that now is desolate would teem with countless numbers of this, "the best game bird in the world."

There are so many varying circumstances constantly arising when one is in pursuit of the ruffed grouse, that it is next to impossible to give to the beginner much advice that will be of practical benefit to him. A few hints, however, may prove of service. Birds that have been frequently disturbed by the hunter become shy and wary and are very prone to take flight as soon as they discover the least sign of danger. There is nothing that will startle them more quickly than the sound of the human voice; and one of the first lessons then is to learn to keep absolute silence, so far as the voice is concerned, when in their vicinity. Upon the other hand, the noise of approaching footsteps frequently does not seem to alarm them, provided the hunter keeps moving and does not undertake stealthily to creep upon them when they are lying to the dog.

We have always found that we could get to closer quarters when in pursuit of these wary birds by advancing boldly with even stride, and without the slightest halt, not directly toward their supposed hiding places, but in a direction that would lead them to imagine that we were to pass them by; and always taking care to go between them and the direction in which they would naturally endeavor to escape. It is also of vital importance that you at once follow up your birds and keep them moving, until, finding that they cannot evade your pursuit, they crouch and seek to escape by allowing you to pass by. You will find that a light gun and ordinary charges will prove more satisfactory than a heavy weapon and loads that cause unpleasant recoil. A tested charge in a 12-bore gun is of 3 drs. of good powder, ¾ oz. of No. 10 shot for the first barrel, and a scant ounce of No. 8 for the other.

To bring down the hurtling grouse in his arrowy flight at three-fourths of all fair shots is an achievement of which anyone may well be proud; but far greater skill may you boast when you can "with eye of faith and finger of instinct" "cut loose" at every one that rises within shooting distance and score one-half. Words and sentences, no matter how well chosen and smoothly turned, would be powerless to give you this proficiency, nor is there any written formula by which you can learn to tell at a glance just where to place yourself while your companion flushes the bird. It is only by close and intelligent observation, and long practice, that you may know the how, the where and the when to work the different coverts upon different days, and the different times of the day; and it is alone by great perseverance and long experience, coupled with natural tact and love for the sport, that you can hope to be initiated into the mysteries, which are revealed only to masters of the craft.

We have carefully and persistently studied the habits of these royal birds for nearly forty years, and with extreme sorrow have noted their gradual decrease. We have several times within this period observed that, following a season when they had been unusually plenty, we have found their haunts comparatively deserted, and that they would then gradually increase until in a few years they would again be plenty, and perhaps remain so for a year or two, and then again unaccountably disappear. When we first noticed this, we were loath to believe that our beautiful friends had winged their last flight, but, with vague ideas of a migration to more favored retreats, where, perhaps, an ample supply of their favorite food could be found, we trustingly awaited their return. But as the seasons rolled by and we failed to find more than the natural increase of the birds which had remained, and learned that in widely separated districts in every direction the same lamentable state of affairs existed, we were sorrowingly forced to admit that our conclusions were wrong, and it has been with increasing sorrow that we have seen each recurring period of scarcity more disastrous than the preceding, and each season of comparative abundance less plentiful than before, and we greatly fear that the time is not far distant when these noble birds will become extinct.

That the pursuit of them with dog and gun, in proper season, would ever exterminate them, we cannot believe. We have seen too many of their successful tricks, and witnessed too many of their triumphant escapes from the best of dogs and the best of guns to believe anything of the kind. There are also in nearly all localities frequented by them, many places where, owing to the inaccessible nature of their chosen retreats, they are practically secure from the most daring hunter, and in most sections these places will always preserve a stock amply sufficient to furnish the next season's supply, to say nothing of the many survivors who craftily escape the hunter's wiles, even upon the most favoring grounds. With snaring the case is entirely different; and the man who thoroughly understands their habits, in a short time will entirely exterminate them from any locality.

WE may talk as we will of the numerous natural enemies of our game and of the "advance of civilization," but there is one condition which in itself is all sufficient to account for the dearth of shooting opportunity. That one thing is the multiplication by a hundredfold of the shotgun. Let the country-bred sportsman, of forty or even thirty years, consider his own home village and the conditions obtaining there when he was old enough to shoot, in comparison with those which exist to-day. In those times there were other sportsmen like himself, but in the community at large they were the exceptions. For the few guns then in action the game supply amply sufficed. To-day, were there even a corresponding stock of birds, it could not begin to go around, where the guns are so many. If one returns to-day to the home of his youth he finds many of the old covers no longer possible harbors of game; in place of the few gunners of those early years he finds a regiment of sportsmen, everyone of them intent on getting his own personal share of game—that is to say, such a share as he thinks he ought to have; and he finds in consequence that the actual supply of birds is pathetically small, and the satisfaction of shooting for the most part of a strictly reminiscent character.

Now let the individual who knows only reflect that these are the conditions prevailing as to his own home, and he and we need not look further for an explanation of the difficulties most of us find in discovering where to go for our autumn shooting. The whole situation as to shooting in the United States to-day, outside of preserves, may be summed up in three words—too many shotguns. And as the manufacture and sale and use of new thousands of guns go merrily on, the unfortunate prevailing conditions are year by year growing more aggravating. It is bound to be more and more difficult for the gunner who is not a member of a game preserving club, or an owner or renter of a game land, to find anything to shoot. Too many guns.

MUCH interest is felt as to the forthcoming appointment of a chief game and fish protector for the State of New York, to fill the place so long and so efficiently held by Major J. Warren Pond, whose resignation has been announced to take effect on Oct. 1. Among those whose names have been mentioned for the office is Mr. John B. Burnham, of Essex. Mr. Burnham has long been known to the readers of this journal as an entertaining and well informed writer on wilderness life and as a consistent and persistent advocate of game protection. He is a practical sportsman and an experienced woodsman. He has genuine interest in the game and its preservation, and were he to undertake the duties of the office that interest would be the dominating influence of his official service. Mr. Burnham's selection for the place of Chief Protector would be taken as a step in line with Commissioner Whipple's declared purpose of administering the affairs of the department with a single view to the protection of the game and the fish and the forest without fear and without favor.

In a volume soon to be issued by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, under the title, "My Sixty Years on the Plains," Wm. T. Hamilton, popularly known as "Uncle Bill" Hamilton, has written the story of his life as trapper, trader, Indian fighter, scout and pathfinder. It is a record of heroic days and heroic deeds; and Mr. Hamilton tells the story with engaging modesty and simplicity. No more graphic delineation has ever been given of the wild life of that period beyond the frontier. The chapters are full of action and color. Charles M. Russell, the "Cowboy Artist," has contributed six spirited drawings to illustrate the book.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

Louisiana Bayous—Final Chapter.

A PIROGUE is the horse, bicycle and legs of the Louisiana "back country." It has, to the casual observer, the maximum of tippiness and minimum of comfort. It is so narrow that a cat-hipped man hangs over both gunwales as he sits in one. With just a man in, there is two inches freeboard, but when laden with a mattress, a dog and a gun the water is within half an inch of the topsides of the boat. There were scores of them in the swamp. At every house was a fleet of them, and they were of many patterns.

Young, whose acquaintance I made a few miles above Grand River on Atchafalaya, was in a plank pirogue. It was 11 feet long, 5 inches deep and 16 or 17 inches wide. He sat on the bottom on a block of wood. In the bow, the mass of pink mattress was in startling contrast with the worn shades on all sides. It was really delightful to observe the pink reflection from that homely mass of bedding. Others make their pirogues of a single billet of wood. Some take a section of "natural tree trunk" for the bottom and lay a gunwale along each side. The effect is the same—the tippiest American craft results, and in these things hundreds of men, women and children do their coming and going—crossing lakes fourteen miles wide and thirty-odd long, subject to as sudden storms as any region in the world.

Young gets his mail at Plaquemine, on the Mississippi. "Theh was fish'men come yeh, spot'in' once. Theh tole stories—I knowed of them. Everybody yeahaway has yearn on 'em." One of this party was Fred Mather. Among the swamp people, he left an impression that will not soon be forgotten there. Mr. Mather's oral yarns were marvels in swamp ears, just as his written ones were among the best narratives of sport ever printed.

Suddenly, as we floated down stream, gunwale to gunwale, with the current, Young betrayed signs of anxiety. He asked me to pull my starboard oar, and then he wriggled his paddle in the water, and his craft darted clear of my boat.

"La Grand," he explained. "You see that lit' bayou? Hit's Little Atchafalaya—go down hit, lak I tole you—then Le Romp—lak the rest I tole you. You tell them, I set you right? You do that? Tell yo' people I set you right?"

I told him I sure would. He cut through a tiny twenty-foot bayou, or delta, a short cut into the river, while I kept to the main current and ran out into the great Louisiana swamp bayou, Grand River.

It was several times wider than the bayou I had been in for more than a hundred miles. A swamp settlement was there—Butte La Rose. Considerable land was cleared, but the opens were mere patches in a dense, encroaching wilderness. The houses were on stilts, and the occupations of the people were plainly indicated by black moss hanging on poles, and fish nets close to the water's edge. A swell rolling up stream gave me a glimpse of a fish tug just making a landing. It was a small, stern propeller boat, much weather beaten, and similar to a tiny New York Harbor craft of the same name—but probably earning four times the money.

Little Atchafalaya proved to be an awesome place. I had no sooner entered it than I was swept down stream by a rapid current into an arcade of tropic verdure. Trees overhung the place, and it was shady, though the leaves were not fully started yet. The ground had the bad appearance of land which is dry at the surface, but is still soggy from a recent inundation. From this 30-foot wide stream little trinklets of bayous branched to the right and left like artificial ditches—some of them dry, and some just beginning to flow with water which carried along leaves and twigs and had a wave of dusty water at the end as the rising flood gained a new level. It seemed as though such a narrow place must be filled with drift, as many other bayous were, but the swamp man had told me true, and though the way was only a few yards wide between ends of gathering drift at times, a couple miles of subarboreal passage carried me into another bayou of pretentious dimensions—the Romp. Its current was less strong than in the other bayous I had entered. A clearing was on the far side of it—a weedy, grubbing-hoe sort of farm, with a growth of palmetto ferns around it, for which a northern cottager would have given much more to have than the farmer here could have afforded to pay to get rid of them. I followed the current. It carried me close to a boat 40 feet long, 5 feet wide and having vast oars, like a cabin-boat's, swung by rawhide thongs. A man and woman were in it, and her face was the homeliest one that I ever saw. Her skin was the color of ashes and was crinkled like paper, and looked as dry; her eyes were a faded green, and her expression was that of a stupid, ugly kitten. She was a tiny woman, clothed in a single garment of thin, printed cotton, much faded and unclean. The man was a lank, unshaven, red-haired individual with saffron complexion. He recommended that I trade my skiff for his 40-foot galley, because of the large lakes I had to cross on my way to Morgan City.

Not far beyond was the winter home of R. H. Seabold, a Maryland German, who fishes the Louisiana bayous winters and goes to Maryland for the summer—he was the healthiest looking man I saw on the trip. He expected to soon go north for the summer. He had a fish box half full of fish as a result of a morning's haul of hoop nets, and the fishing business paid him so well, that he had hired a boy to help him with the work. He said that he hadn't fallen under 1,000 pounds a trip of the tug, which came every five days—say $35 to $50.

The time was when the fish buyers at Morgann City would give any kind of a man $75 worth of tackle and set him up in the fishing business, with as good grub as any one ever had to eat. This was a joy to the swamp people. Some of them fished, and reaped unheard of rewards. Some men who had never seen $100 in a year now secured as much for a few days' work. For a time they lived extravagantly, felt the lust of greed and did things without regard to the climate. But most of the people, after a spasm of unheard of activity, a vacation of medium hard work, felt the little tired aches in their arms, and the joys of just sitting became keener than mere loaded tables and gaudy clothing. They disposed of their fishing tackle to others and lived on the price of the sale. Then some of them went to another fish dealer, and secured a new outfit, which sold for a year's provender. In time, the fish buyers ceased giving the would-be fishers their outfit. Men like Seabold come into the swamp and work all winter, earning high wages. In the summer. the wise ones, for the sake of their ambition, travel into cooler, less vigor-sapping climate. Those who remain, see things not down in the books. It is one thing to read of the humidity in the tropics in mid-summer. The reality, even for a day, is a drag on the spirits ever after.

The air is hazy and warm. Everything seems showered with gleaming yellow in flecks and flakes. Even the horrid green creature which rolls up out of the water has a bar of bright saffron on each rough scale where the sun strikes it. The water is literally dusty with the pollen blown from flowering trees. The rowed boat plows through the water without noise, rolling the gummy film on the surface. The eyes roam the banks for high places, and the mind thinks of "resting" the "tired" arms in a sunny place. Trees seem to have grown especially that hammocks might be swung from them.

"A man from up north comes down here and thinks everybody is shif'less. He goes to work, lumbering, or fishing, or something. First along he does a plenty, but by and by he lets up. There's an awful protest 'way inside at first. That's the soul trying to spunk up the heart—'tain' no use. It jes' happens a man's drappin' an' a-drappin'. Fus' he knows, he's settin' yeah—lak I be, pretty damned comfortable. What's the use? We got chickens, cows, a garden. Everything grows. A man gets satisfied down yeah. It's in the air. Up north it ain't. I wouldn't go back to Ohio. If it's hot, you sit in the shade; if it's cold, you sit in the sun—that's all there is to hit."

A new oil derrick was going up on the Romp. Men were there hammering, sawing and chopping wood for the boiler. Beyond them, the Romp seemed suddenly to end. Green willows were growing in the obvious course, banked against which was drifted debris in semi-circular lines, in interstices of which green grass was growing, showing that the current did not pile the stuff up in awing jams as a white water stream would do. Uninstructed, this place would have been an ominous one, for the water flowed under that mass. But to the left was a little chute, a rod wide and three long. Here the water poured through, and a man in a dug-out on the point between this Devil's Pass and Big Tensas bayou, pointed the way down. Over the sunlit gold of Big Tensas swooped a thousand of our forked-tail swallows, their backs metallic blue, and their breasts were redder than robins', or white as flower petals. It really seemed to me that these birds were more delicate in their flight than when over Adirondack meadows before a summer shower. They were in a sort of circular basin, surrounded by trees, and they turned in shorter curves, and undulated and fluttered and caromed from the water—did a thousand antics, and not one insect was there, though they opened their bills in the astonishingly cavernous manner these birds have. The bird student who has not seen the migrants in the Louisiana swamps, should follow them from the Gulf to Red River at least. It would be a revelation to the lawn-observers.

There are ten bayous come into the head of Lake Mongoulois from Grand River, and eleven islands are at its north end. The lake is formed by seventeen islands. I ran into it from Big Tensas (Devil's Chute), and found myself threading my way down a shallow bay, where the current from the bayous flowed swiftly, and rippled noisily in acres of debris which had washed out of the bayous only to be stranded in the mud, the deposit of the Mississippi water. The lake was long, wide and forbidding. It looked and was mostly shallow, and there were ugly snags scattered over its surface. The shores seemed to be of trees growing up out of the water—as indeed many of them were. My map indicated that I should strike boldly across the center of it, toward the southwest, but I hugged the shore for a mile, and then came to a fisherman's cabin-boat and house. He told me to cross the lake, as my map said I should do. I had only to go to the uttermost southeast end, he said, and I did this and ran safely into a narrow bayou, Du Chien. With neither map nor guide, the tourist would find these depths full of terror. Only one course would be open to him, and that would be following the current. But in the swamp men tell the way and describe the features, so that one knows when to turn from the broad, open way and enter the narrow arcade.

Bayou Chien, four miles long, took me to Lake Chicot, at the head of which I found two fishermen, evidently partners, but strangely contrasted. One was old, the other young, one gray and large-boned, the other black-haired and dark with lithe figure. The old man had the long, rough hands of much net pulling and line hauling. He was an acclimated northerner. The other was a Creole, remarkably suave and polished in his bearing and wearing a sprightly, skin-deep smile. They were moving camp "in the cool of the day," but they had time to show me the way down Chicot, six miles.

"Follow the Government lights," they said. The Government lights were white-washed frames from which swung lamps that regularly appointed keepers kept burning for the fish tugs, and timber floaters.

Chicot proved shallow, like Mongoulois, with the current flowing in my direction through it. I rowed with the lights, watching the sun as it sank visibly toward the horizon of dense cypress forest. The forest, as I could see, was standing in the water itself. It was a dismal place, but I couldn't get out of it that night if I tried. Why I should not camp at the head of the lake, as well as at the foot, I did not know. There were islands around Chicot—it is formed by seven—and those at the foot had people living on them. I sought the house in Steamboat Chute, dreading a night alone in that place, now that I had seen it. I picked up the three or four lights as a man watches the blaze marks on trees in a forest. Gradually the Steamboat Chute showed itself, and I ran into it, feeling better in the narrow water way, than in the wide water. The look of cypress trees growing out of the water is chilling to the unaccustomed gaze. Not even the long lines of stakes marking set lines took away the loneliness of the scene. As I ran into the chute. I caught, sight of a light across the water—the night was very close at hand.

A few rods down, I disturbed some buzzards which were at an uncanny feast, and then a white house, surrounded by a fence, rose bushes in bloom, a flower garden rich with posies, and altogether a very comfortable, home-like place, appeared. Beyond it was a forest of trees, under which the underbrush was not in the snaky thicket of uncared for land up the lake.

Three dogs of assorted sizes and colors came down to meet me, and had I been a bear they would have stopped me just as effectually as they did. The large one bellowed in front of me, and the two little ones nipped at my heels, as they jumped and barked. After a time a large, heavy set man appeared slowly, smiling softly, and in subdued tones ordered the dogs away.

He was Mr. Weaggley. His wife returned later from lighting a Government light on Grand Lake, Louisiana Swamp's largest body of fresh water, west of the Mississippi. She pounded up the chute with her oars, jumped ashore, and fairly jumped into view. She was a small, middle-aged woman, with hair of an auburn hue, and a face of determined features.

"I don't pretend to be handsome, or dressed up-to-day," she said, "just be'n tending my light. Got to get my cows in now. Here Flip! Here Jack! Rustle them cows out now!"

The noise of the cows being rustled soon ensued. Mrs. Weaggley lifted a pail from the floor as though she 'lowed to bust the bails, and she flaxed around in lively fashion, and supper was spread out on the table—the cold evening meal of the swamps, but with coffee hot and so strong that it would curdle sweet milk. It was delicious with brown sugar, however.

"When I first came to this island, in '86," Mrs. Weaggley said, "it took two weeks to clear back three rods for the house, then it took two years to get up a kitchen. We was afraid of the water at first. You see we didn't know but what 'twould come up and float us into the Gulf of Mexico some spring, but latterly we seen we had high ground, so we put up this here house, and now that the Government has took hold of the levee, she don't break like it used to do, and we don't have wet feet when we get out of bed.

"They call our island Mill Island. The foot of this lake is all islands—three islands and four chutes. The deer cross from island to island every day—have reg'lar runways. I got my rifle there. That's the gun that stands by me!"

Mrs. Weaggley is probably as accurate a shot as there is in the Louisiana Swamps. She kills squirrels at long range, and drops other game with a certainty that would be the pride of many men. One time there was trouble brewed by an unscrupulous man of the region. He tried to impose on the Weaggleys, and Mrs. Weaggley ordered him to never set foot on her island. She found him down Steamboat Chute on the island one day. He started toward her with evil intent in his eye.

Mrs. Weaggley shot him between the eyes, "Jes' a ttle above, if anything." Should a man in that region ncur her displeasure now, he would leave the region. One man, believed to have shot her son, has moved eyond the Mississippi.

"What do you think of my dogs?" Mrs. Weaggley vanted to know. "I had a bull pup a year ago that I hought the world of. The boy there sicked him on a ottonmouth and he got bit twice. I was so mad I carcely talked to that boy for a week."

That night a young man, more than six feet tall, ame in. He was an Ohioan, but was succumbing to he charm of the swamp land. He was a timber man, nd made good wages, looking up good cypress rowths. He was going up Lake Chicot, but would o down Grand Lake two days later with me to Morgan City if I would wait for him. So I staid over day with the Weaggleys.

This day in the swamp home was probably a typical ne. The Ohioan left at daylight, and soon after a oung man, his wife and a baby came in a pirogue. The roman wished to leave the baby with Mrs. Weaggley, o that she and her husband could go across Grand ake, fourteen miles, to the storehouse and purchase upplies. Most cheerfully Mrs. Weaggley assented, and was easy to see why Mrs. Weaggley was called "Old Mother" Weaggley by all the people of the swamps. Her kindliness of heart and her sharp intellect give her unique position among "her" people. She was born nd bred a southern woman, and had an amount of nergy beyond any that I saw on the river. Mr. Veaggley, by the way, was out of the north—a Hoosier. She was called "old" merely by way of compliment. Probably she was 40 years of age, but she was spryer han any one in the swamps, without question.

She stirred her husband into fence repairing, went isiting, cooked, fixed her Government light, got meals, orked in the garden, tended the baby and cows and axed around in a manner that was almost irritatingly ut of place in such a beautiful locality for resting. Mr. Veaggley, who was not feeling well, watched her with umorous helplessness, as though realizing the useless- ess of protest.

Toward night Mrs. Weaggley began to fidget about he mother of the baby. She feared perhaps the wind, hich had blown all day, had made trouble for the oung couple in their little boat. She sighed with elief when they appeared. The woman had samples of ress cloth, which she wanted Mrs. Weaggley to look t. The cloth was filmy stuff, no thicker than some ash window curtain—Swiss? or mull? or lawn?—Mrs. Veaggley eyed the samples. The light blues, faint inks, the cream and saffron colors excited her isdain.

"They might do for some folks," she said later, "but ney wouldn't do for me. Sometimes my calves get o cutting up. Mebbe they break through the fence ke they did this morning. I takes the dogs and I tart after them calves. Now I tell you, a calf don't ake the open places when you're after him! He le'ps hrough the bresh, and if you want that calf, you gotto oller him. I'd foller the calf. Now if I had a dress ke that woman's samples there'd be pieces of it left anging on the bresh points. By the time I had that alf winded, and cornered, I wouldn't have any dress, ut I'd have the calf. Now what I want is a stuff that reaks off the stobs, and, by gracious, that's what I et—good woosterdy stuff like this skirt. I chased the alves in that this morning, and I got a skirt left, which wouldn't a had in that ball-room stuff you can see hrough."

A youth came in toward night, riding his pirogue ke a bird. He was a blond Frenchman—"Cajun"—lineal descendant of the Acadians distributed along he coast by the English. He dropped in as he was assing and drank a cup of coffee, and talked awhile. t grew late, and he betrayed signs of uneasiness.

"I feel lak I go now," he said, "I don' lak to pass ome places by the night."

Mrs Weaggley laughed at him.

"What you 'fraid of—ghosts?" She asked did I fear pirits, and, for herself, denied the existence of ghosts nd such like. The young man shook his head. He new men who had seen such things.

"They say," he said, significantly, "that a man on orseback is seen down here on Mill Island."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Weaggley, "I've been down there ll times of night and day—I'd see him if anybody ould, and I never did!"

The youth was insistant. "The ha'nts guards the old," he remarked, "I know where there is a pot of old up Nimrod bayou, but it's guarded."

"If I knew where there was gold, I'd go get it," Mrs. Veaggley said. "I found a silver cup and a silver poon in a caving bank one time, and I'd just like to ocate a pot of some of that gold that was buried in hese swamps. I'd risk digging it."

The swamps are land and water of traditions. How any murders and other crimes have been committed n its depths no one could ever know. Stolen slaves ere hidden there; pirates fled to the thickets both from he Mississippi and from the Gulf of Mexico. In war mes and before, treasure was hidden on some of the lands and some of it has never been dug up.

On the following morning, early, Reed and I started or Morgan City, forty miles away, more than thirty f it across the open waters of Grand Lake. The wind as due to rise and blow all day, but my skiff was aunch, and Reed had more than ordinary skill with he oars. I was anxious to be headed homeward now. Mrs. Weaggley had called my attention to the mos- uitoes which were just beginning to fly.

"They say them zebras are the yellow fever ones," he said, cheerfully. "The black ones carry malaria, or ver an' ager, I forget which."

We went down Steamboat Chute headed away down wide, long body of water which showed, by its yellow nes dragged out by the numerous fish lines and net oles; that the whole sheet of water was flowing to- ard the Gulf. Mrs. Weaggley said that all the water n the swamps is clear and blue as the Gulf in sum- er, or low water, but the Mississippi rise had yellowed . One could reach bottom with the 7½ foot oar without effort over much of this lake. Mrs. Weaggley told of two scared men who crossed the lake and were caught by a cyclone while nearly eighty rods from land. They saved themselves for a time, but at last the waves threw them into the water.

"And you know," Mrs. Weaggley said, "the water wa'n't two feet deep, and they waded ashore, dragging their pirogues behind them."

Nevertheless, the wind sweeps some big waves on water no deeper than six feet. Our trip was made against a breeze which threw the water in spray from the tops of waves so high that they were higher than my head as I sat in the stern of the boat—short, choppy waves, which were hard to row against. At times we were on the point of going ashore and camping till night, and once, when the true course was across a bay from point to point, we were compelled to run ashore and wait the passage of a flaw of dry gale. "Shore" was a cypress brake, only a couple of inches above the level of the lake water, and reached only by wading through a thin layer of water, jumping from root to fallen branch to keep from being mired when we left the boat. Here in the dirt we found deer tracks, and the trees should have been alive with squirrels, but the wind kept them under cover. About the only life we saw were the white snake hawks—the most beautiful and most graceful bird I had ever seen. They floated in the air, their swallow tails undulating, and their wings bending, tossed up and down by flaws in the wind, or by their own maneuvers and crying in their doleful fashion. They are called "gulls" in the swamps. Their aerial dance above the cypress brake and over the dead wood at the edge of the lake was a spectacle that left one of the most vivid impressions of the trip.

All day long we worked our way down the lake. We entered Six Mile Lake (foot of Grand Lake), and as night came on, followed the lights into Flat Lake, and then, by night, ran into Berwick Sound. Here was Morgan City on our left, and a railroad bridge ahead of us. We landed at an oyster boat, where I left my duffle and boat in charge of an oysterman, a round-faced, good-natured Italian.

Reed led the way to Mrs. Booth's boarding house, and there I remained a few days, getting ready for the trip home.

Morgan City has only a couple or three thousand inhabitants, but has more boats registered there than either Galveston or New Orleans. Its oyster fleet and fish markets supply much of Texas, Louisiana and up-the-valley places with their catches. The streets are laid with oyster shells, whose bright white under the sunlight is trying on the eyes, but in the evening, under the electric lights, Morgan City is a pretty place for walking. I ate oranges and oysters and other things, comporting with the surroundings for a few days, and then sped away for New Orleans, behind oil-burning locomotives, on which a fireman's life must be much pleasanter than in a coal-burner. The region, by the way, was greatly agitated by the oil question, a Standard Oil man plying me with questions about the oil derricks I had seen up in the swamps. The "wild catters," as he called them, being likely to make interesting discoveries up there. The Louisiana oil, so far as found, is thick and "asphalty," or gummy.

The train was run on a barge and towed across the Mississippi, after passing through miles of rice plantations, and then we ran into New Orleans, the city without a hill, and in whose principal public park were signs prohibiting the shooting of birds or other things. The river was full of drift, and I looked up stream and realized for the first time how distant St. Louis was, and yet how big and unalterable was the connecting link.

I got my ticket to New York, via the steamer Proteus, first of all, and then I wandered around the city for a few hours. It was a curious place, very like book descriptions of it, except that the French quarter is always given an exaggerated place in the accounts. I found it very like other American cities I had seen, the buildings in the business part being of similar homely construction. Here and there were the "quaint" French dwellings, built of old, and among the faces seen were some very charming ones—but it was typically American, and not "southern."

I found my Uncle Anson, whom I had visited at St. Louis, in New Orleans, and passed on hour with him. Twenty-four hours after reaching the city, I boarded the Proteus, and soon the steamer cast off, and the boat went plowing down stream. It was a hundred miles and more to the passes. At first, there were plantations with great buildings on them—sugar houses—but in a few hours we were looking across wide marshes, above which loomed sails contrasting remarkably with the grasses so tall that men are lost in the wilderness of their stalks and suffer the torments of thirst and slow-dying.

I had a glimpse of the blue Gulf waters as I came on the cars from Morgan City. As we neared the passes, I had a view of the water, but it was less interesting than the marsh. We shot down the Eads channel, and then plunged boldly out into the Gulf itself. There we dropped the pilot—and away we went.

Days of beautiful experience ensued—the same old story of deep blues, of flying fish looking like blown glass, of sharks and water birds, might be told here. I saw the lights along the Florida Keys, and up the coast. When we were at a distance of only a few miles from land, the inshore shallow water-green was in delightful contrast with the deep over which we were passing. There were swirls of water far from land, and the pounding of contrary waves showed the fluid banks of the Gulf stream. There were a couple of squalls that flooded the decks with rain, and for a few hours the boat swaggered through some waves.

Finally, early in the morning, Sandy Hook was sighted, and in a very few hours I was back in my home country, so to speak. What I had seen in the seven months that elapsed between the time I left New York and returned to it has been partly described. I was well pleased to have seen so much. No one following the Mississippi would have exactly the same experiences, or meet the same people. The only time that I found anything which I expected to find was when I went into cities along the river. Even then, viewed from the cabin-boater's standpoint, what I saw was at a different angle from that of a steamboat traveler. Had I started in a cabin-boat, instead of a skiff, the experience would have been different; so, too, would a gasolene boat have given a new view. Doubtless, the man with a couple of months of time and the inclination to take it, would find a cabin-boat vacation on the Mississippi River below Cairo an attractive and interesting experience. In a touring gasolene, the lower river and its tributaries offer as interesting and little known country as can be found anywhere.

The Mississippi has a charm all its own. When I told cabin-boaters that I probably wouldn't go down the river again, they laughed knowingly.

"That's what they mostly say, the first trip," they said. "But, shucks! Firs' a man knows, he's right back yeah again, he shore is. Lan', but this ole Yellow Gut has a power of sentiment into it, yasseh, yasseh! But 'tain't hard driftin', nosseh, hit shore ain't. A man 's peaceable on the river, he ain't beholden to nobody."

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Hunting Indians—and Cows.

SOON after the close of the War of the Rebellion a number of troops of the Fourth Cavalry were sent out to the different posts on the Rio Grande. Their principal business was to watch Indians, who would cross over from Mexico to steal horses. The Indians seldom destroyed ranches, that would not be good business. The men living on the ranches, if not driven off or killed, would in the course of time gather up another bunch of horses for the Indians to steal. Our troop and one other were sent to Camp Verde, Tex., which was one of the frontier posts then; about all the country west of it was still out of doors. We began hunting Indians as soon as we had got here. There were a good many settlers east of us and several small towns. Kerrville and Bandera were the nearest ones. They are probably large towns now.

The citizens were continually losing horses, and we were kept busy hunting them. The greatest drawback to our finding them was due to the fact that these men did not report their losses soon enough, and about the time we would be told of it the Indians would be safe in Mexico. There was an arrangement now under which we could follow Indians to Mexico, and the Mexican troops could follow them across to our side of the line if they wanted to do so. They generally did not, though. They ran them over to us, then quit, while we have often followed them 150 miles into Mexico. I have been as far down as that after them myself while in the Fourth Cavalry. We had no such arrangement when we first went across, and had there been any civil government in Mexico then our presence over there would have been the cause of an extended diplomatic correspondence between Mexico and Washington to explain what we were doing over there; but at this time there was no civil government in Mexico, or rather there were two so-called governments. General Juarez was at the head of one, the Emperor Maximilian had the other, and they were too busy just now trying to keep out of each other's way to pay any attention to us.

An old gentleman who had a ranch near Kerrville lost a bunch of horse and told us about it. We followed up the Indians, and crossing the Rio Grande a few hours after them, ran into their camp at night when they thought they were safe at home. We got back all the horses, the Indians making their escape on foot, all except a few that came in contact with our pistol balls; they staid where they were.

These Indians were Lipans and Kickapoos. They had originally belonged in Texas, but had emigrated to Mexico and would now come over on foot, then ride back on stolen horses, sell them to the Mexicans, and come and get more. We returned the horses to where they belonged and a short time after Mr. Crawford, their owner, paid us another visit. He had found us more Indians, but they had not taken his horses this time. He had been west of this hunting up his cattle and had seen a bunch of Indians, how many he did not know; he had not stopped long enough to count them.

About a dozen of us under command of our first lieutenant, a brevet-major, were sent out with Crawford to help him count those Indians. He led us up through Bandera Pass, a few miles south of the post, then turned west. Had he kept on west far enough we would not have needed him for a guide. Edwards county was out here, and we had been all over it lately. After going west a while he turned north again, and late in the afternoon we rode past a chain of hills. They were off to our right, and I noticed when passing one of them what looked like a small cave up in the side of the hill, twenty feet above its base. Crawford saw it, and riding over got off his horse and examined the ground. There certainly could not be Indians in that cave, I thought; not more than a dozen, anyhow. It was about two feet wide and hardly that high at the entrance. After looking at the ground, or rocks that lay on the ground rather, Crawford climbed up to the cave. The major had stopped the column, and now called out:

"What have you got there, Mr. Crawford?"

"I think there is a b'ar in that cave, sir."

"Let him stay in there then, and come on. I want to make camp as soon as I can now."

Crawford mounted and came over to us, and the major asked him if he had meant to crawl into that cave after a bear?

"No, sir; not all the way in. I only wanted to find out if he was thar or not."

"Well, if he had been there, you would have found it out pretty —— quick."

I nearly choked myself trying to keep from laughing. I rode just behind the major, and it would not do to laugh. This Mr. Crawford was a curiosity. He was about sixty years old and rode with his stirrups so short that his knees were shoved half-way up to this chin, and in riding he leaned forward in the saddle something as English hunters are represented in newspaper cuts as doing, but no fox hunter or anyone else could follow the hounds riding as he did. I could not, at least.

We were taught to ride with stirrup straps long enough to allow our legs to extend their full length, and to sit erect in the saddle. Had we leaned forward, as he did, an officer's sabre across our backs would have straight-

ened us up. Crawford earried a Henry rifle on the saddle in front of him and lugged around two Colt's pistols day and night. He slept with them on. We had to do that ourselves at times, but unless I was told to keep mine on it eame off promptly when I lay down. I could get it quickly enough if I needed it.

He had been an Indian fighter all his life, or said he had, and as he found us no Indians this trip, and never made another one with us, I will have to take his word for it, but from what I saw of him afterward, if I were an Indian he would be the man I should want to follow me. I would not expect to have to fight him oftener than twice a day.

We went into camp more than half a mile beyond the cave, and as soon as our horses were staked out I went to Crawford and asked him if he would go and examine that cave with me. No, he did not eare to walk that far.

"It is only half a mile," I said.

"Yes, but it is another half a mile baek, and I ain't used to walking. You may go down and get that bear if you want him."

"I want him, of eourse, if he is there."

"Oh, he is there all right. I saw his tracks there."

I went to the major and asked permission to hunt the bear.

"Yes," he told me, "hunt him, but don't erawl into that cave after him, as Mr. Crawford was going to do."

I had no idea of doing that. I did not want bear quite so bad as that, and I don't think that Crawford had ever meant to erawl into it, either. He was not exaetly a fool.

On my way to the cave I began to study plans to get him out of it if he was in it, without going in and dragging him out. I first thought to elimb up there, then give a shot or two into it, but I dismissed that plan. I might kill him if I did, and would not know it. I was not going in to see. Aeeording to some authorities on bears, it takes a man and a gun half a day to kill one. Sometimes it does. I have followed one with a rifle a half day, then did not kill him. I don't know that I ever wounded him, though I shot at him often enough. And again I have killed one in less than two minutes with a pistol. It depends a good deal on where you hit the bear, how many shots it takes to kill him.

I got down in front of the cave and examined the ground for bear signs, but found none. The ground, what little there was of it that was not covered with loose roeks, was hard yellow elay—an ox team passing over it would hardly leave a sign.

Gathering up a lot of dry brush weeds and leaves I piled them in front of the eave, set them on fire, and going off a few feet to one side waited for the bear or bears to eome out. I had a Speneer earbine and Colt's pistol, and thought that I could stop all the bears that might be in there. The wind drove the smoke right into the eave, the fire burned out, but no bear made his appearance. There would be no danger in going into that cave now, and I tried it, but there was too much smoke in it yet, I had to erawl out. I went baek to eamp and Crawford wanted to know if I had seen the bear.

"No, sir, there is none there, nor has there been any lately."

"Oh, yes, there had been"; he had seen their signs.

"You could not see a sign there with a mieroscope. The ground is too hard."

"There might be plenty of sign there that an old hunter eould see, and you eould not. You have not been in this country long."

"Yes, I know; but we have men in this troop that have been, some of them twenty years out on the frontier. I myself have been pretty well over the northwest, and have hunted with Sioux Indians. They know something about signs, don't they? We are not all tenderfeet if we were born and raised in the big eities."

"Yes, maybe so, but there has been a b'ar up thar."

"Well, as the major told you, we will let him stay up there. I can't find him."

We started again early next morning to hunt those Indians of Crawford's, and soon after breaking eamp it began to rain and kept on raining all forenoon. The major went into camp as soon as he eould find grass and wood. We did not need to look for water; we had all we wanted of that and some more.

The timber here was eypress, and there was a lot of blocks of it that had been cut to make shingles out of which had been left; Indians had probably interrupted the shingle-making before it had got well started. That had been some years ago, "before the war" probably, to use Crawford's favorite expression when giving the date of his numerous fights with Indians. We tried to start a cook fire with those bloeks, but they were wet and would not burn, only smoke.

I got a liberal dose of this smoke, and a small dose of cypress smoke is a eure. Then I hunted up something that would burn more and smoke less, and found a lot of dead cedars, but it took hard work to get wood off them, the branches had to be broken off. We had no ax; we never carried one on a pack mule then, and there is hardly anything that can be carried on him that is needed oftener. When I had anything to do with the pack trains in after years I always earried at least one ax in a leather sling, and a spade. While riding through the rain to-day we were continually passing small bunches of cattle. They belonged to ranches away east of this, and had wandered out here.

Nearly every cow had a different brand, some had none at all. They were still tame and would let a man ride close enough to them to examine them; but farther west could be found thousands of them that we could not get within a mile of; they had been born wild. Crawford would examine every bunch we passed; he wanted to see if any of them had his brand on, he said. This was what had brought him and us here, he had seen no Indians, but wanted a cavalry escort so that he eould come out here and look up his and his neighbors' cows.

These men would not think of coming out here alone. If they did they would have no trouble in seeing all the Indians they wanted.

I noticed the major watching Crawford while he was engaged in taking the census of these cows, and I knew that if Crawford did not find Indians in a day or two he would hear from the major. The major had risen from the ranks and could swear not only like the proverbial trooper, but like half a dozen of them. He dare not curse an enlisted man, and never did; he would stand a ehance of being eourt-martialed if he had, or else have to give the man he had cursed an apology in front of his troop. It was given to me by another officer in the presenee of the eolonel once, after I had reported this offieer for cursing me. But the major eould eurse a teamster or citizen guide, and he often did, and I expected Crawford to get the full benefit of the major's experience in the line of cursing before he was a week older. When in eamp, Crawford kept down among us. He would not go near the major unless he was called, and we kept him busy blowing about the Indians that he had killed. I had found out from him that he had been in the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, Lee's Army, and I had been in the Army of the Potomac at the same time. I was the only man here who had been, so I got him started telling about the time that "we uns had fit you uns," and we put in some hours fighting the War of the Rebellion over again.

The weather eleared up this afternoon, and gave the ground a chance to dry. I had been thinking that I would have to sleep to-night seated on my saddle with my back to a tree; I often had to sleep that way. We earried no bed blanket; we were not allowed to put one on the horse; I would not put it on anyhow; I never carried anything on him I could do without; I did not want to make a paek mule out of him, then ride him. It had been good weather when we left the post, and no one had an overcoat along with him. I had a rubber eoat, though few were worn then. It did not weigh much and often came in handy. In dry weather I used it to lie on at night.

Soon after dark to-night we were gathered around the fire and Crawford was giving us an extended aecount of the Indians he had killed "before the war," he had not got to the ones he had killed after the break-up yet. When he was about in the middle of this interesting narrative, the sentry on post outside of the horses fired a shot. We picked up our carbines and ran out to form a line out beyond the herd. Crawford had followed me with his rifle and I thought he had fallen in line until I heard a noise behind me as I stood in line in my plaee on the left. Looking around I saw Crawford down on his knees here among the horses, with his hands pressed together; he was busy praying.

I wanted to tell him to postpone that prayer, and fall in here and shoot a few more Indians; but I was not in command. There was a sergeant here who ranked me, and had I begun to give orders he would soon let me know that he was here. The major had not got out here yet, he had been outside of camp somewhere when the shot was fired and came running out now, and almost fell over Crawford. What he said to Crawford need not be repeated here. His remarks would have to be principally in dashes if they were reeorded. None of them could be mistaken for a prayer, though.

We satisfied ourselves that there were no Indians out here now, nor had there been any here lately. The sentry had fired at a buneh of eows without challenging as he had been told to do; it was dark and he could not see them. We went back to the fire and tried to get some more Indian stories from Crawford, but I had hurt his feelings on the way in by telling him that we generally fought our Indians without the aid of a ehaplain. He went to bed now.

This happened to be his last night with us. Had he remained I don't suppose he would have given us any more Indian stories. His failure to-night to get out to where he could slaughter them after both he and we had thought that there were plenty of them here, had put a large diseount on the stories he had given us already.

Next morning the major gave no orders to saddle up. He seemed to be going to make a permanent camp here. But ealling Crawford up he told him to go out and find those Indians or their trail or be shot. That was the gist of his remarks. I have omitted the damns.

Crawford started to find the trail. Whether he found it or not I don't know, he never came back to tell us about it. He probably found a trail that led straight home, then took it. The major waited until noon then started us home.

CABIA BLANCO.

Suggests a Book of Cabia Blanco Stories.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* And so the "White Pony" has gone before and his tales are stopped. All that your correspondents have written of him is true; but I would add this, the old trooper's narratives are of the kind from which history is best written, truthful and graphie; they ought to help the historians who shall yet compile the history of the Great West and the North American Indian. I therefore suggest that you publish in book form the best of his stories in a popular and eheap edition, if possible, as low as $1. I should be delighted to get a few copies for lads of my acquaintance and not forgetting my own book shelf. Could a man have a better chum on a fishing or hunting trip or his own fireside in winter than such a book? Why, the President himself would gloat over it and pass it on to his boys with avidity. Would not a reprint of his stories be the best memorial to the kindly man to whom we owe so mueh?

T. A. F.

More National Parks.

PADUCAH, Ky., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your artiele on "National Parks" in Sept. 9 issue, why does it never occur to you to advocate National parks for the Eastern section of the country? We can't all go to the Yellowstone and Alaska. What is the matter with the White Mountain range of New Hampshire for one, the Adirondacks of New York for another, a certain wild section of Maine, Vermont and the hill region of western Massachusetts? They need not be so large as the western ranges but should be owned and controlled by the National Government, the same as a navy yard or any other United States reservation. It is foolish to talk about States doing this kind of work.

EDWIN HALLAM.

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief*, sold everywhere, contains all the fish and game laws a sportsman ought to know. It is complete, accurate and up-to-date.

A Mid-Summer Revery.

THE harp-like voice of the locust. How symbolical of ripe fields, mid-summer fragrance and August skies. It conveys to one the essenee, the most fruitful intimations of the noon hour, and after all is not this the year's noon, the midday of twelve months? Before the crisp autumnal harvests are reaped and gathered there comes this warm dreaming month, overflowing with milk and honey, rich and vernal yet perishable, a month that reflects only the most mild and smiling expressions, while man, as it were, stands on a smoother plain and looks toward the mountain peaks of winter with ealm eyes. Or perhaps the tranquillity of the season's influence allows the mind to take a moment's siesta by the wayside and forget the flux of the universe. Here is sunlight and a breeze on your cheek, earth and sky, birds and flowers—poesy and beauty. What a musing contentment and revery dwells over the landseape. It behooves us to imbibe a similar equanimity and gives rise to rural meditation, as well as sueh deliciously natural pastimes. Even the kine seem to be in the possession of a similar mood browsing knee-deep or leisurely resting with the sweet grasses brushing their sleek bodies. This quality of repose becomes more and more pereeptible as the foliage ripens and the country is a-bloom with flowers and delectable wild fruits. One bounty succeeds another until at last a heyday of abundanee is reached, and then by their lurid brilliancy the sunsets herald a coming change and presently the asters stand dry and withered while the mellowness of October dissolves into the still icy atmosphere of late autumn.

"What is it we look for in the landscape, on sunset and sunrises on the sea, and the firmament? What but a compensation for the cramp and pettiness of human performances? We bask in the day and the mind finds somewhat as great as itself. In nature all is large, massive repose."

Especially in the northern sections of New York State is August a rare, well-to-be-remembered month with warm, smoky scents issuing from the woodlands, while pastures and uplands are aglow with a maze of shimmering goldenrod. The sunlight itself seems to brood and nestle amid the grasses, to linger and caress every flower's head rising above it, and although many bird voices are silent, there is still to be heard the rich, melodious warble of the red-eyed vireo—that veritable sprite of the tree tops whose levity seems unimpaired by the season's advance. Or such sounds as the mellow tink-tank of cow bells, mingled with shrilling insects at sundown when the dew-laden earth drifts gratefully from twilight into a redolent mid-summer darkness, remain long after the youth of autumn is passed. And the crickets—the purring, comfortable, soeiable crickets—that are not daunted by sharp, glistening October nights or bitter winds, but keep up their cheerful tune almost to the verge of winter. Singularly enough, while at this season they have a warm sound, two months earlier "it is modulated shade," and serves rather to cool and refresh.

On the whole the cicadæ, criekets and other singing insects are more constant and diligent in the application of their vocal powers than our feathered rhaphodists. Listen to the whispering, the uninterrupted murmur which, although swelling in volume during the day, does not die out at night, but continues under the soft starry radiance, as if nature spoke in low undertones, and again greets us at the first break of day, or a faint beady jingle seeming to come from the air itself can generally be detected, having a delicate ring especially suited to the mysticism of the hour. In summer this sense of the mysterious and unknown which the night brings with it, is a power more startlingly apparent and convincing than at a colder season, when the moon shines with clear, undiminished brilliancy as though icy and frosted. Now, however, the beams steal through the woods like pale luminous fingers and a quivering veil of light is hung between the ebon tree trunks; we drift, as it were, in a perfumed dream and the moonbeams flow underfoot like an ethereal current carrying us with them. At night we feel the world and our thoughts keep gliding into misty moonlit vistas the mind becomes for the time being like a silver-lined cloud:

"Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

"Wrap thy form in a mantle
Star-in-wrought.
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!"

Walk under the enthralling glow of the harvest moon with the trembling, sparkling clarified zenith above and spieed atmospheric purity floating from the forest. The effeet is acute and strikes upon the waking senses with such a magnetic supernal force that realism grows dim and recedes into shadows, for does not the most familiar scene undergo a complete and perfect transformation? The visible is then tuned and strung to the melody of imagination. While day is natural, night is supernatural (if I may use the word without disagreeable attachment) in that the eireulating influences are quite beyond individual conception or interpretation. The pulse of time beats more slowly, and the warm throbbing silence seems to press against our eheek—night pours a mystic libation on the receptive spirit.

August in these more northern climes, as the foothills of the Adirondaeks and the Adirondacks themselves, is never the parched, dry or rain-famished month which often takes possession of the Hudson valley and the aboutsSeldom does a breath of lassitude enervate the warm, golden air, and the dew falls early like a cool and freshing balm. There will be sleepy, sunlit days infinitely restful when a blue haze mantles the hills, and sprays of salmon-tinted clouds drift across the filmy pastoral skies, and meadow sweet, Joe Pie weed, self-heal goldenrod and all the wild flowers with which this season is crowned, open to their fullest extent.

Or there will arrive a morning charged with autumnal xir, burnished and radiant with distant objects brought ar, and the lakes appearing like glazed mirrors or ysian tear-drops suspended in the midst of cool umageous woodlands. It is such a day that sets our adnturous instinct in motion, puts wings to our feet and akes mountain climbing ambrosial. Any excursion nich leads us to some new realm of thought or enantment, opens new fields to the vision, is memorable d fruitful, so now when I look up at Old Baldy rising ajestically from a lake's shore that has been my inheritce since childhood, I experience a new sense of venera-n and gratitude toward its rocky summit and the tranending view it exposes to the human eye. We are in ct like plants, not only seeking nutriment from the rth, but from the elemental properties that surround it. hange is life. If the mind wraps itself in routine it thers and dries, yet a daily task or regular occupation needful as well as essentially beneficial. The dawn ist bring us something new or we quickly revert to agnation. The value of to-day is worth more than a ousand morrows. "Cease to gnaw that crust. There ripe fruit over your head."

In a densely wooded incline "Baldy" slopes up from e lake, its crown of smooth, glistening boulders nding out like a figurehead against the landscape and ving majesty as well as distinct individuality to its genal aspect. Although comparatively low it is one of the v mountains in the neighborhood from which an exded view of the surrounding country may be obtained, e others being devoid of the admirable lookout this ords.

Years ago, before fire gained a vantage ground of the nmit, it arose on a thickly timbered peak, but at the esent day its oval crest of smooth slab-like rock is dded only with young silver poplars and other sapgs. The construction of the mountains throughout this gion is practically the same, for when shorn by fire they esent identical characteristics, as the former leaves ther trees nor soil but burns down until bare rock is ched and it can go no further. It is plain to see, moreer, that the underlying formation is everywhere simi-, near and far; a tumultuous sea of rock from which uxuriant vegetable growth has slowly reared and susned itself on little more than a thin coating of its own cessive decay.

In the autumn "Baldy" appears like an orange-gold me rising against a cerulean zenith, while the base ving escaped the flames that once assailed the top, is thed with magnificent deciduous timber, which glows e a full-blown rose after a few nights of frost. The y chosen for our ascent, however, was previous to the vancement of the autumnal hosts; a serene, breathless rning with an agreeable coolness that pleasantly offset e radiant summer sun. Finding a favorable place to d after a mile row down the lake, we struck up in the oods, and as there was no definitely marked trail or rry," Wallace took the lead and our party of five followed. Very frequently the dry beds of rain brooks were crossed, and no doubt this mountain is a fountain or torrent of waterfalls and cascades on every side after heavy showers. The forest dipped into several glades before the ascent grew more precipitous, but not until the sunlight poured in golden shafts through the birch groves on nearing the summit did we come to any steep ledges or rocks. These, however, were easily scaled and we made our way up without difficulty, climbing, it seemed, into the blue sky dome that approached us through the bower of green leaves.

Gradually as we went on between broken boulder masses there came an occasional glimpse of the expansive view that set us tingling with delightful expectation, and when at last having reached the bald, rocky surface on the summit, everyone turned to look simultaneously and in breathless anticipation. For miles to north, south, east and west stretched the unbroken forest, meeting the horizon like vernal ocean swells, while five hundred feet below the lake wound its still waters in and out of these wooded waves, glimmering with indescribable tints of blue-green. In the north, and also in the southwest, were areas where the fire demon had placed his unsightly seals, but except for these the forest was a solid sweep of undulating verdure. The spurs and ranges in the south were, perchance, the most beautiful, and a far distant peak rising like an Olympus made pale and nearly invisible by the intervening miles of atmosphere, we took to be Mt. Marcy.

Toward Raquette Lake the ridges appeared to slope down to a lower level near the center, which indicated the location of the former, although hidden from view, and as far as the eye could reach they rolled away in billowy folds until their outlines melted faintly into the horizon. Owl's Head, Pilgrim, Mt. Deception and Niggar Head lifted majestically in the east, and looking at the first touched one of our party with a longing for home, as it was a familiar friend and might be seen from his own doorstep.

South Pond nestled high among the wild, sharply defined hills to the westward, gleaming like a blue star in the afternoon sunlight and enhancing the dark lustre of the encompassing district, which was for the most part made up of a sombre coniferous growth.

In gazing over this sublime scene, this apparently limitless wilderness, one seemed to be lifted into a new outer existence, to breathe a more soul-inspiring ether from which all material fumes were banished. Moreover, it arouses our reverence to behold a landscape, so free from any mark or taint of uncouth civilization, and is not this quality or state of being which combines adoration with veneration one of the most rare and cherished sentiments that inhabits the human heart? Yet, with regard to natural phenomena, as the elements, day and night, the seasons and exalting features of the earth in general—how true are those words I once heard spoken by a lady who said: "The great trouble with Americans is their lack of reverence." Seen thus from an elevation one obtains a better idea of the extent and magnitude of a region which, although minor in comparison with many other mountainous districts, and slowly contracting before the advance of pastoral and cultivated areas, is nevertheless untamed and unconquered as yet in its central portions—a living balm-breathing virgin solitude where the savageness of antiquity still lurks.

Fifty or sixty years ago, however, it was much more closely related to its original state than now, and when we think of the first settlers coming into an unbroken, primitive country and obtaining their sustenance from it long before this, we honor and respect the courage that such an act exemplifies. From the forest they hewed their homes, made their sugar, shot their meat and raised vegetable foods, and as I heard one of their descendants say, "were probably just as happy as they are nowadays." Furthermore, the dangers from wild animals were then of no obsolete character, and it was almost a necessity for the women to shoot and handle a rifle with the ease and dexterity of the men. They faced unflinchingly the grim expression which the wilderness turned toward them, and perchance were at last rewarded by having it relax into a smile.

As the sun waxed warmer, after having cooked and eaten our mid-day meal, we sought the shade of the eastern cliff, and here loitered on the silver-gray reindeer moss listening to the flies hum and the crackling of grasshoppers as they flew by. In a blue ribbon the inlet of the lake wound through the yellow marsh land visible below, and the melancholy yet fascinating whistle of an olive-sided flycatcher drifted to our ears—he who sits on the topmost spire of a gaunt dead tree and in his notes seems to give out the essence of delicious loneliness.

It was a revelation, a memorable experience to rest thus and look far across the rolling sea of mountains to the horizon, where clouds ranged themselves like ethereal islands row upon row against the pale azure sky, their under sides tinted a pearly-gray and their crests the purest white. But to write of the sky it seems that we would need a new vocabulary, words that would ring with profound meanings, winged words conveyed to us not by the muses but by the gods themselves.

How much a taste of deprivation quickens our hardihood and makes more alive and keen the appreciation of simple occurrences. Here on the mountain top I looked down with a dry tongue on the rippling waters of the lake, and although temporarily refreshed, yet as we descended at a later hour my thoughts anticipated the cooling draught that finally was reached. We regretted keenly not being able to remain longer in order to witness the sunset, and with difficulty tore ourselves away and returned, as it were, to earth.

The waning of summer is gradual and at first imperceptible; a slow ebbing toward the year's twilight which we feel rather than see, until at last under a radiant autumnal guise it slips from us like a wraith and is gone.

PAULINA BRANDRETH.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Biography of a Bear.—II.

By mid-summer, with berries, fruit and melons in undance, Jack had grown fat, contented and complant. His coat was of a rich brown, glossy and curly, d he had acquired pleasing traits and commonly excelt behavior.

Although he was somewhat bow-legged in front, rather ping in his rear elevation—and although his tail somew conveyed the impression of undue economy—he was mistakably genuine. He was, without qualification, all ar. Thoroughbred cinnamon bear was the conspicuous nclusion reached by observation of him from any viewnt. The most conservative people in town never questned his pedigree.

He was kindly and intelligent of countenance, and notthstanding the development of massive shoulders, arms d paws, he was ordinarily gentle and playful. Chilen of the neighborhood came and romped with him out the yard as safely as they might with dogs of the st nature. His great attraction was a sort of dignified, mical expression of countenance, while the lumbering, werful grace of his activity was wondrous. He most rely enjoyed a sense of humor, for he would do comical anks with no other possible object than to be funny.

One of his clownish feats was to descend his favorite e backward, and as his back touched the ground, which ped away from the foot of the tree, he would turn a ck somersault, alight upon his feet, jump sidewise ice, then standing erect do a short cake-walk that uld break a negro's heart. At the conclusion of this t, quickly performed, if a dog or fowl happened near was sure to slap it unawares. That all this was an pression of his sense of humor his countenance surely ested.

When the weather was warmest he divided his time tween the barn, the porch and a pit he had excavated der a part of the house. In the very warm days he pt much of the time, arousing to activity at dark and, afterward developed, he was notably active and prestory in the night-time.

The outer kitchen of the house opened upon a low step th a sash door. By standing upright Jack could peer rough the sash into the kitchen. The kitchen was for m the most attractive part of the house. His interest it was such that he usually knew all that transpired ere. If anything of which he was fond was in course cooking or of preparation (and this comprised nearly erything in the nature of food) he might be seen peerg in the window or heard rattling the door. He readily arned to stand erect, turn the door-knob and enter the tchen, and he was so persistent in doing this that the door had to be kept locked. He would doubtless have mastered the key but that it was inside.

Back of the house a very large evergreen oak threw its branches above the roof, one of them extending over the kitchen. From the tree to the roof was a drop of several feet to the shingles. One evening when the table for dinner had been prepared, the kitchen was left vacant. Upon the table were pies, a plate of butter and other things that Jack was ordinarily delighted to watch from the window. My mother, hearing a clatter down in the kitchen, thought the girl had dropped another dish. Presently there was more clatter, and a jingle of tableware, quite unusual. Going down, she found Jack, the bear, upon the table, sitting very carelessly in the butter, with both hands in the remnant of his second pie. Being unaccustomed to dining in this fashion, he had greatly disarranged the table, but he had accomplished his primary purpose before he was ushered out, with considerable enthusiasm, and other emotion, by the household.

Investigation requiring little effort showed that Jack had entered the house through the roof and the ceiling. He had climbed the tree, dropped to the roof, dug through the shingles, dropped to the ceiling, dug again, dropped to the table below and there he dug into the pies with indomitable interest and devotion. It was a great pity that the pies were not red hot, and the table also, but Jack had possibly timed them. He was well whipped for this raid, and he knew what he was whipped for. It is doubtful, though, whether it made any difference in him. Naturally he was very good, for a bear, but I could never see that he acquired additional virtues through external application. He was doubtless too genuine to take on veneer. So we chained him up for a time.

Without much effort Jack was taught to use a rocking chair that stood in a corner of the porch. He could get into it quite conventionally, place his arms properly, sit erect, and rock himself with great urbanity of expression. He had, however, a rather uncultivated way of swinging his face from side to side, which, although it rhymed with the rocking, is not a custom in the best drawing rooms. Then, too, he experienced more or less difficulty in the management of his legs and feet, as the latter would not reach the floor and were liable to assume negligent positions and wobble in an indecorous manner. But this failing was anatomical rather than boorish, and the chair was too high for a bear of his size.

It had to be admitted that Jack was deficient in table manners. No amount of training could mend them. A whole term in a seminary boarding house for young ladies would scarcely have improved him. At his meals he was awfully raw. He ate with so much enjoyment and appreciation that he ignored formality. Besides, his appetite was a constitutional idiosyncrasy. He couldn't help it, and he didn't try. He never could have been trusted at table in company, and he would have preferred being at it alone.

I taught him to hold a bunch of grapes while he sat in his chair, but though he held them in one hand, and picked at them in a refined manner, I could not prevent his smacking his chops, while at intervals he would scratch his stomach with the other hand. Both these faults were evidences of thankfulness and appreciation, but neither are countenanced in France—not by those of the best rank and station. When we had a watermelon luncheon together, Jack preferred his part unsliced. He wanted the largest half, and when he got it, the way he made it acutely concave, with both paws, while the juice flew about, was really shocking. He almost omitted to scratch his stomach by way of approval, but when he did so, his delight was perfectly lovely. Any young lady would have said that. In finishing his melon he drank the water from the bowl of rind, promptly slapped it aside, and asked for "some more." If there was any more within his reach he got it without asking. Watermelons were to Jack the acme of attainment, a triumph of life.

The Indian boys who had brought Jack from his forest cradle sometimes passed, but although they were invited to come in, they always contented themselves with watching him awhile from the fence and then went upon their way. For some reason they had scruples about coming near, but whether these scruples were of a superstitious nature, or whether they feared I might want to return the bear to them, I could never determine. Doubtless they would have accepted the bear, but had I asked the return of the $10 they would have been unable to comply, for money and the poor Indian do not cohere long at a time. They need not have feared the latter contingency, for I would not have sold Jack for several times the amount I paid for him, even though I was in constant anxiety as to what I should do with him after he had grown a while longer. He was becoming more and more versatile and ambitious.

An old colored man who lived in the neighborhood was a frequent visitor to see Jack. Old man Henderson, or Robertson, or Henderson Robertson—for he abided by all of these names—was a fugitive from a slave State, having come to California some time prior to the reconstructive consequences of the Civil War. Commonly the old man was called Henderson, but when I once asked him about the matter he explained:

"My name may be Henderson or hit may be Robertson—I ain't jes' suah of hit mesself. Ef I wasn't yaller

it would suah be Robertson, an' if I was white hit would be Henderson. My fathah was a distinguish'd southe'n plantah, but on account of a diffahrence of complection he wouldn't own me. The trubble was he wouldn't sell me nuther, fur I was a valleable nigger—so I jes' 'lowed I was a smoked Irishman an' I came to Californy 'thout his blessin'. Bless you, I didn't even go to the trubble of bringin' my ol' woman along—an' there were about seben o' her on the ol' place down yondah. The fac' is, Mastah Cholly, niggers on some o' dem ol' plantations wan't regis-tah'd in de fambly Bible, but the names dey gave to 'em was on de oberseah's list, suah. I nevah know'd my actial name, but hit was 'low'd I was a Henderson nigger."

The old man was fascinated with the bear and would watch and play with him an hour at a time. He had no fear of Jack, and from the first fondled and talked to him as though he were a child. After watching Jack's antics one day the old man said:

"I dunno, Mastah Cholly, whether niggers regenerated to b'ar, er whether b'ar after while gits to be niggers, but dey's suah akin—'dey suah is. Dat Jack thar looks all the worl' like a blue-gum nigger that I know'd ovah yondah."

"What's a blue-gum nigger, old man?"

"Well, suh, a blue-gum nigger is de wust kind of a nigger. Jes' can't do nothin' with 'em. Dey's jes' natchelly debelish. When yo' see a nigger with blue gums an' big white teeth, an' yeller eyes, an' gennehly bow-legged like dat b'ar, jes' let him erlone er tell 'im he'd better be gwine. Huh! let dat nigger gwan away. He's no good. Min' what I tell you', he's a bad nigger. Blue-gum niggers is b-a-d niggers.

"Dat b'ar," continued the old man, "is suah related to niggers. He's gwine ter steal chickens soon as he's hongry jes' a little bit—an' yo' nebber see any pusson eat watahmellens like dat onless he's a-kin to a nigger. Lawd! Lawd!—huh! w'y bless yo' chile, see dem whites o' his eyes—shoo!"

"How about 'possum, old man? Would Jack eat 'possum?"

"Whew! Jes' try him on 'possum! Dey ain't no 'possum hyar. Over yondah, O, me! 'possums an' 'simmons was a-plenty, a-plenty."

Sunday night, po' ol' 'possum,
Monday night, po' ol' 'possum,
Tuesday night, po' ol' possum,
Ebery night, po' ol' 'possum—po' ol' 'possum.

As the old man droned these words he closed his eyes in a sort of ecstacy of mental retrospection, from which he fell asleep, while his cane dropped from his grasp and he lay back against the tree under which he had been sitting. The old man, the two dogs and Jack, the bear, were all asleep and snoring more or less harmoniously. Although he had often murmured the lines about the "po' ol' 'possum," the words given are all that I could ever catch. Whether they were part of a song or merely a soliloquy that the old man was fond of I never ascertained.

Henderson, by way of occupation, dabbled some in whitewash, but in his old age subsisted chiefly by grave digging. After digging a thousand of the "houses that last 'til doomsday" for all manner of tenants, he himself long since took up his abode in one made by his successor.

Jack Visits the Johnsons.

On the further side of town lived a colored family by the name of Johnson. The family was a numerous one, consisting largely of children. The elderly members of it were notably quiet and pious as well as good, industrious people. They occupied a good-sized house on the hillside over which a large tree threw its very welcome shade in summer. Underneath the tree and about the dooryard the younger Johnsons had their playground.

One evening about dark one of the children ran into the house greatly frightened crying that the Bad Man was in the tree and had tried to grab him. Doubtless it would have been entertaining to have seen and heard the exciting skirmishes and reports of the numerous small Johnsons as they clattered into the house from the tree, each bringing more startling accounts of the bugaboo in the outer darkness. One after another of them became too frightened to go to the door until the entire dozen or more children clustered together in the innermost room, tremblingly awaiting the return of Mamma Johnson from a neighbor's house. Although several of the children were well grown, girls and boys alike were terrorized, perhaps as much by their accounts to each other of the shadowy things they had seen as by any real sight or sound they had detected.

It happened that there had been a recent revival of religious zeal in the colored community owing to the visit of a circulating preacher of the gospel. The spiritual feast had perchance left them more than commonly sensitive to supernal mysteries, more alert to infinite possibilities. According to authentic history of the case, when Mamma Johnson returned to her home the children were almost pale with terror, and the piping babble of their voices recounting the cause of it all was in no sense soothing, even to the matron. She was a woman of notable proportions but not lacking in nervous impressibility. It was commendable valor in one of her temperament to deploy upon a scouting tour in the dark shadows, but she ventured to do so. When she regained the doorstep after this sally her reappearance was no measure of consolation for the young Johnsons. According to her own admissions later, she was in a state of almost "hysterrible collusion."

"Lawd forgimme!" she exclaimed, "but it was surely detrimental! I nevah was so inexplicable in mah whol' life. Whatevah was in de tree or in de heabens above was too intrinsical foh me. Lawd! Lawd! but dere was a scratchin' an' a clutchin' an' a clawin', a clinkin' o' chains, an' a contiguity o' disturbance in dat tree dat was suahly diametrical."

A messenger would have been dispatched for Papa Johnson but no one volunteered for the duty. In fact, all the Johnsons, ordinarily active and fleet of foot, were in any mood but that of the volunteer to undertake a hazardous excursion abroad. For some hours, it seemed, they kept within the locked doors and barred windows, while even their whispered conjectures were hushed by repeated disturbances overhead. Branches of the tree now and then scraped the roof, there was a clashing of metal and clinking of chains. One or two loose bricks from the chimney clattered to the ground, and by those within it was believed the devil himself was about to come down the chimney. A dog or two from neighboring houses were now baying frantically outside, and terrified cats were scurrying about in vain effort to get into the house.

Papa Johnson arrived at his usual hour, about 1 o'clock, and was obliged to clamor loudly at his own door for admittance. After he had earnestly protested his own identity repeatedly he was admitted by his dear ones, and was almost overwhelmed with demonstrations of family emotions. As soon as he could (as Mamma Johnson expressed it) "entertain the cause of their remonstrances," he called for light, including the barn lantern. He then got down a cast iron shotgun, that had perhaps been loaded years before, and armed with this dangerous device he, with more or less reticence, hurried slowly out to repel something that he suspected might be around, or on top of his house.

He plainly heard the clanking of chains overhead, even above the clamor of dogs and the suggestions of Mamma and other Johnsons, from the doors and windows. Flashing his lantern into the dark clusters of branches he suddenly discerned eyes that glowed like balls of fire. The clanking of chains that now and then clattered on the shingles, together with the sound of creaking branches and finally animated spectral outlines, that seemed hung in the shadows above, stirred the old man's imagination to its utmost productiveness. It was with much hesitancy that he at length prepared to fire upon what might be a diabolic emissary, if not the devil himself. When he presented his gun he had no means of properly directing the light and he tried to hang it so that it would enable him to aim. In his nervousness the lantern dropped and, of course, went out. In desperation he pointed his gun upward in the darkness, and with a tremendous flash and an explosion that echoed from all directions, the ancient arm, for a wonder, was discharged.

As Mamma Johnson explained, Papa was "to exaggerated to apprehend" all the results of his cannonade. An avalanche of incidents came upon him in the instant, comprising donations from the tree and the roof, frantic yells from the dogs, the smash of the lantern and gun, and the spontaneous contributions of Johnsonian yells. In his comparatively rational account of the matter, a week after its occurrence, Mr. Johnson said that whatever it was that came down from the tree had hoofs and horns, and smelled of sulphur. It also knocked one of the dogs through the cellar door and another dog had ever since been under the house, apparently unhurt, but mentally "decomposed."

Although there was no positive proof, nothing but circumstantial implications, it is my opinion that Jack was present and somewhat identified with the disturbance at the Johnsons. On that particular night, it was ascertained, he had broken his chain, and there were bear tracks going and coming along the road in certain directions. In the morning, however, he was asleep in the yard and clamored for his breakfast at the regular hour with his customary enthusiasm. It would have been difficult to find a more innocent looking individual in town than he was after having had breakfast.

RANSACKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



GAME BAG AND GUN



Hunting on the Bronx River.

SEPT. 16 being the first day of the open season for woodcock, Joe and I decided to try our luck. The details of the trip had all been arranged a week ago. We would leave home on the evening of the 15th and drive up the Bronx valley a few miles north of White Plains, where we knew there was good cover for the birds, stop over night at one of the small hotels to be found in this vicinity, and get an early start the next morning. This part of the programme we carried out to the letter, and Saturday morning at 5 o'clock we were at breakfast in the hotel above White Plains.

The report of the proprietor as to local birds was somewhat discouraging, but it did not dampen our enthusiasm in the least, so starting out with two good dogs and a lot of confidence in our ability to find any birds in the vicinity, we were happy and thrilled by that feeling of expectancy which every true sportsman feels when entering the woods. Crossing a small patch of woodland we arrived at the west bank of the Bronx River, following this a short distance we came to a flat covered with alders, which looked good for a couple of birds. Joe worked one side with his dog Pete, while I worked the other with my dog Vic. Arriving at the end of the alders we compared notes. Neither had seen a bird nor any sign for which we had carefully examined the ground. The same result followed with several other places which we worked. We then decided that the covers we were working were too wet. Pulling out of the swamp we went to some alder bushes on the edge of a meadow, which was not as wet as those we had left. Here we located two birds, and after each had made a miss on the first rise, we were steadier on the second and each had a bird. We hunted other covers until late in the afternoon, but without success. Then leaving the woods we found a small hotel where the landlady prepared for us a good dinner. We learned that we were about four miles from our starting point. After a short rest we started for home and arrived in our town about 8:30 o'clock. Before going to our homes we visited the cigar store where our fellow sportsmen congregate, and made a show down of our two birds. Game is so hard to find in this section that the reports of what you kill on your trips is not taken on faith, but must be proved by showing the game. One bird to a gun is a small bag in the eyes of those who hunt where birds are more plentiful than here. Yet I cannot recall an outing on which I had more pleasure than this, although I have many times made much larger bags than it is possible to make to-day, I shall certainly visit this spot when the flight of the birds commences, and expect to make some good bags. One of the incidents of the trip was the report of one of the natives that a flock of wild pigeons was seen in the vicinity of Kensico last fall—about thirty birds. He was an elderly man and remembers the great flights of these birds years ago. He may have been mistaken in the birds he saw. If true, they should be protected for a number of years, then we might have some shooting near New York. AMAKASSIN.

Massachusetts Quail.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent is in receipt of further information on the quail and grouse situation in Massachusetts.

Mr. Samuel Wooler, of Holyoke, writes that partridges are fairly numerous, quail practically extinct. "Don't forget us," he says, "next spring if you have any seed." I infer he means quail for stocking. He would favor putting the law on quail for two years. The section about Holyoke lies within the quail zone, as does the whole of Hampden county, except one town in the extreme northwestern corner. Mr. Wooler would forbid anyone carrying a gun during the close season as the only way to give the game birds a chance to increase, and he considers the opening of the season on snipe and plover so early as July 15 damaging to other game birds. He favors a gun license of $1 a year to restock with game and pay wardens.

J. W. Hastings, town clerk of Agawam, Hampden county, bordering on Connecticut, says he has seen no quail since 1903, also that partridges are very scarce. A report from Russell, in the same county, says no quail seen, quite a few partridges.

From the town of Wilbraham is a report of poor prospects for quail, and partridges quite plentiful. The reports now in are sufficient to show that in Hampden county as a whole quail are very scarce, grouse more plentiful, probably a fair average with other years.

Mount Washington is a town in the southeastern corner of Berkshire county, from which the town clerk reports no quail to speak of. He liberated five California mountain quail last spring, but so far nothing has been heard from them. Regarding grouse the report is quite favorable, as the correspondent says he has flushed a good many along the highways. He suggests that a close season for a term of years might give the birds a chance, then he would have the shooting season shorter.

A report from Greenwich in that part of Hampshire county included within the quail zone, is no quail, a fair number of grouse. As a means of improving the conditions the writer says, reduce the number of hunters and fishermen by keeping the members of city sportsmen's clubs under better control. Apparently he has observed the ways of some so-called sportsmen not of the true type. They may have been members of city clubs.

About one-third of Hampshire county should have quail, but sufficient information is at hand to show there are none to speak of. Several towns report no quail, a few of partridges the clerk of one town says there are a few but they kill them as fast as they come or grow, so they don't gain any.

Mr. William J. Cross, of Becket, deputy sheriff, and game warden, reports no quail, partridge more plentiful than for years, and lots of woodcock—a pleasing announcement of which some readers of FOREST AND STREAM will perhaps take advantage.

Reports from Great Barrington, Peru, Hinsdale, all in that part of Berkshire included within the quail zone agree in the main, one only saying there are a very few quail.

If the sportsmen of these counties are to have quail in the future there is but one thing to do, viz., put out some birds from other States for breeders, and then give them a chance to multiply. I have taken special pains to get reports from the towns in the southern part of Berkshire and Hampden in the hope that they would make a better showing than those already heard from, situated farther north, but in this I am disappointed—there is from near all the same sad story. Were the delineations of the quail area in our State made to-day, the four western counties would have to be excluded from the quail zone. I hope to obtain some further information before summing up the status of the game birds of Worcester and Middlesex counties, both of which have a large quail area as shown on the map of the Biological Division of the Agricultural Department at Washington.

Mr. George L. Peabody, president of the Rockland h, Game and Gun Club, writes that his club is taking d of the work of stocking the covers with game and streams with fish with the intention of making a de- ed improvement in present conditions.

Mr. W. H. Hill, of Waltham, says there are fine game ers in the vicinity, but he has heard only one Bob hite whistle this season. He emphasizes the need of a re effective warden service and a bounty on owls, vks, crows and such animals as destroy young birds l rob nests of eggs.

Dr. W. S. Burt, of Beacon, Vt., has had the good for- e to bag a good number of shore birds since the first the month, and Mr. H. P. Andrews, of Hudson, tells he is planning to visit Washington county, Me., early t month for a few days' bird shooting.

H. H. Kimball.

pan from a Sporting Point of View

Men often ask me about the sport obtainable in Japan, so with respect to this it may not come amiss if I e explain. Hunting, such as the people of England Ireland understand it by that term, is absolutely non- stent in the land of the Mikado. Foxes, deer and hares plentiful enough, but Japan's natural features and the hods of agriculture followed by its farming classes all, and most uncompromisingly too, against it.

f hawking in Japan I cannot write with much knowl- e, for, let alone my want of experience of that sport, ave never seen it practiced there. That it is pursued asionally, or, rather, was in the not very remote past, nowver, amply borne out by the fact that quite an ex- ive vocabulary relating to it forms a by no means in- ificant part of the language. Many of the older urai, those gentlemen of old Japan, still keep hawks; more, I think, because of the atmosphere of romance chivalry encircling the bird than for any more prac- l purpose. One such old friend of mine, who went in extensively for rock-work in his garden, used to a magnificent specimen of a large fishhawk, or ey, fettered to a huge boulder of granite that pro- ed over his ornamental waters. The effect, especially, n his tame carp and tortoise were driven past the of the rock, was really superb. The fierce excite- t of the bird and the attitudes that excitement in- ed him to strike were a fruitful source of interest and ipation to the dear old man, for, though more than narily well off, he was an artist, and one who devoted whole time and attention to the depicting of hawks eagles alone. Seated in his little studio, the most orately rustic affair imaginable, he would study, brush hand, every move of the bird, and when something icularly striking took his fancy it was immediately, with rare skill and rapidity, transferred to his anese equivalent of canvas. The result was, as will nderstood by anyone possessing the slightest knowl- e of Far Eastern art, that my old friend's hawks and es simply lived upon his canvases, and, though I often nined his sketches, I never saw two of them repre- ing a hawk in exactly the same position; and yet one n hears people declare that Japanese art is conven- al and untrue to nature.

f candidates for the rifle Japan possesses quite a re- table number, among them being three species of s, the wolf, a species of stag, another of antelope, and, is permissible for an old Anglo-Indian to place him he same category, the wild boar. All are, however, ce, and getting scarcer yearly, and it certainly would pay onyone to make extensive preparations for going carch of any of them, for, though the Aino, that ex- nely hairy aborigine of Japan, hunts them all most dvously, he will render no assistance to a stranger to ikewise, and as for the Japanese hunter he is the most ul of shikaris. And then, again, the slightest devia- by a foreigner off the beaten tracks of foreign travel apan is more likely than not to lead to unpleasantness him, for suspicion of foreigners and their motives is of the leading and worst traits in the Japanese char- r. Not being sportsmen or travelers in the same e and from the same motives as the English-speaking ple are, they cannot understand why anyone should d his time in the pursuit of objects which—to them ast—bring no tangible results. To travel they have bjection, but only do so to see places of interest and some very definite object in view, such as for the ng out of a foreign land or for the gaining of knowl- upon a special subject, but never for sport. Of the dreds of Japanese who travel westward quite ninety cent. do so at their Government's expense and in its ice.

o revert, however, to the wild game of Japan, it is a indeed that matters are as described, for the bears ne land are unique, as well from the point of view of enormous size, strength and fierceness of one species rom the diminutiveness of another. The first is a t carnivorous brute, a sort of grizzly, who makes ing of killing and carrying off a fourteen-hand pony. t to him comes a black beast very much like the sloth of India, and last of all a diminutive little brute ce larger than a good-sized spaniel, exceedingly shy, seldom seen. The wolves of Japan are scarce, cow- y, and of little account, and found now only in the eme northern parts of the empire. The stag is about size of and in make and shape and habits, too, like fallow deer of England and Scotland. The little nese antelope must be a very near relative indeed of jungle bakri of India, possessing as he does the same ral appearance and shy habits. The wild pig of Japan ars to be a domestic pig run wild; indeed, I have herds of Manchurian and Mongolian swine, great, k, hairy beasts, driven through the streets of Peking far wilder and fiercer breed than any wild pig I have e across in Japan. The boars there are, however, of a size, but never so tall on the legs nor with such fine s as the jungly sooar of India. To ride one of them n, as we do his brother of Inde, would be an impossi- y, for, as it would be the case in hunting, so, too, in sport, the nature of the country would be all against ne attempting to do so.

side the above mentioned and described game beasts apan, seals and sea otters offer chances of no end of fun to a really keen sportsman. But then he must possess a yacht—say, a schooner from sixty to eighty tons—and not only be ready to live on it for weeks, if not months, at a stretch, but also to put up with many inconveniences in the way of decks hampered with boats and their gear. An old-time eighty-ton sealing and otter hunting schooner, such a one that among the many of fifteen or twenty years ago made Yokohama its head- quarters, would have carried at least eight boats, and probably more. To each boat there would have been at- tached a hunter and two boat pullers, as the men manning the boats were termed. With these men on board the schooner, in addition to the cook and his assistant, a pos- sible cabin boy or extra hand, and with skipper and mate, the sleeping and living quarters were decidelly cramped. But arrived on the sealing ground, or, rather, waters, the schooner was hove to, and the boats launched first thing every morning. The result was that the men got a thor- ough airing, and the boat pullers more especially a con- siderable amount of exercise. Just how the life agreed with them was shown in the condition they returned to port after a five or six months' cruise, for, taking them as a lot, it would have been difficult to find anywhere a more bronzed and toughened lot of men.

In the early and paying days of the pelagic sealing in- dustry the boat pullers were mostly whites—British, Americans and Scandinavians—and the hunters the same. Later on, however, as the industry became a less profit- able one, Japanese boat pullers were engaged in the place of the whites, the hunters remaining as before. Unfortu- nately, these last and the skippers of the schooners were a somewhat lawless lot, given to raiding the rookeries or breeding places of the seals. As the breeding places were mostly situated in Russian waters, and very loosely guarded, there arose at times a good deal of trouble be- tween the sealers and the supposed guards. Shots would be exchanged and men killed on both sides. Anxious to avoid diplomatic complications which might arise as the result of such a state of affairs, the Japanese authorities then commenced to place all sorts of obstacles in the way of Japanese subjects shipping on sealing schooners. This forced the skippers to ship Chinese, and later on Kana- kas, or South Pacific Islanders, in lieu of the Japanese. But, though bigger and heavier men than the little island- ers, their substitutes were far less satisfactory in every way. This, coupled with the fact that sealskins went out of fashion just about this time, soon gave the pelagic sealing industry its death blow—that is, at least, so far as the whites were concerned. The Japanese, however, with little or no experience of the industry, then took it up, and, with their lower standard of living, are managing to make it pay. But even for them the day cannot be far distant when it will be completely and effectually done for as a paying venture, and in the interests of humanity the quicker that day comes the better, for, unless bagged at once, a wounded seal is seldom followed up, and simply because such a proceeding would mean the possible and probable scaring away of other seals in the vicinity of the boat. The seals are, it may here be added, always shot with small-sized buckshot, and generally so when lying asleep on the surface of the waters. Those, however, that were killed on the rookeries were rounded up and clubbed to death, the whole crew of the schooner landing for that purpose; but so well guarded are those rookeries now that this wholesale clubbing of seals is fast becoming a thing of the past.

Unlike sealing, sea otter hunting or shooting affords a considerable amount of real sport, and the dangers at- tending it add a no mean amount of zest to it, for, while sealing operations are carried out in mid-ocean, the sea otter has to be searched for close in shore, and, as he dearly loves a rock-bound coastline, the hunter's boat is very liable to be stove in. His habitat, so far as the Asiatic side of the Pacific is concerned, is among the Kuriles and along the coasts of Saghalien and Kamat- schatka—places where the tide rips have to be seen to be appreciated. For these tide rips and the extraordinary commotion they create in the waters the hunters have to keep a sharp lookout, for a boat caught in one of them is more likely to get swamped than otherwise, and should this happen his chance of escaping a watery grave is small indeed. There are two methods of hunting the sea otter, which, it may here be added, is a remarkably wary brute, and anything from six to ten times as large as a land otter. The first method is for three hunters to work to- gether, two, one following the other at a distance of half a mile or so, keeping close in shore, either sailing or sculling along parallel to it; and the third well out and as nearly as possible at an equal distance from them both. Upon sighting their quarry the hunters endeavor to cut him off from the shore and away from any rocks that might afford him shelter. Keeping him well between them, they fire at him from every side and every time he shows his nose above water, and as the bullets from the hunters' rifles strike the water near him the poor brute dives and dives again. His first dives are generally long and in the direction of the shore, but as he gets winded his dives become shorter and more erratic, and then the boats close in upon him and hustle him about, until he can be knocked on the head or shot without fear of damaging his skin, for a sea otter's pelt is one of the most valuable of furs. Sometimes, however, a hunter will take up his position upon a rock and lie in wait for otters to come within range of his rifle, but only so when he knows there is extra good feeding ground around. Even here, with the firm ground under him, he must be a quick and first-class rifle shot to enable him to bag his otter as it should be bagged, for while swimming about and on the move the brute affords but a very small and difficult target.—F. J. N., in London Field.

Voices of the Night.

Watertown, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the Forest and Stream "Question Box" I would ask some of the readers that are posted in that line the names of birds with the clear and distinct whistle that are migrating nightly. The volume and tone would in- dicate bobolink or oriole, but it is a difficult matter to identify them. These return voices begin in early August and continue through September, and the number must be very great, although there is evidently a lessened num- ber the present season.

Inquirer.

THE ONLY MANY-USE OIL

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Some Fellows I Have Met.

When I Had My Gun.

When Hans Ohlschmidt drove his prairie schooner up the Platte River valley, some thirty years ago, and finally settled on the banks of that broad be-sandbarred stream, wild geese were so plentiful that they were a nuisance to the scattered settlers, who actually had to drive them from the fields.

This fact was made known to me on a late trip to the Platte when I met Hans, who, by way of comparison I presume, became reminiscent; my small string of white brant evidently impressing him as insignificant.

While seated on a truck at the railway station waiting for a train which was hours late, to take me home, the old German, who has lost none of the Fatherland character- istics nor improved his English greatly since he came out of the East, joined me, and we soon were talking together.

It was after I learned he was an old settler that I got him started on the subject of goose shooting, which had certainly earlier been good in the locality but was now quite indifferent, as my small bag attested.

"I presume you have shot a great many geese since you came here?" I remarked.

"Ach, Gott im Himmel," he replied, "von tousand, more as dat, fife huntered yet."

"Is that so?" said I, passing him a cigar, and he sat on the truck beside me.

"Yah," and he puffed and puffed to get a good light, "das ist recht. I kills me ein und zwanzig mit two shoots vonce."

"On the same day?" I inquired.

He looked at me in disgust, and went on with some warmth. "Vot you tink, I am shodding two days in vonce, yet? Not much, I guess not, I kills him von, two, eins, zwei, verstehst du, yes?"

"What! You mean to tell me you killed twenty-one geese with two barrels?"

"Sure, like nuddings," he replied.

I lighted up a fresh cigar and begged him to tell me all about it, and he did; and if I had got nothing but his story, and could half retell it, I would have been repaid for the trip.

Joe, it seems, was a half-breed who had been working for Hans, and while he cared nothing more for goose or duck shooting than the average Indian, he could call the birds to perfection.

Geese had been congregating on a bar near the house for days, and their continual honk and cackle as they stood by the thousand on the flat sands, was a din that Hans proposed to stop.

"Come, Joe, ve give it to dem Canadas to-day, yet." And together they left the house, Hans carrying a heavy gun, a powder horn and a bottle of No. 1 shot. They were soon digging the sand on a towhead, while the last straggling geese left the river, just after daylight, to feed in the cornfields.

"Make such a noise like de geeses ven he fly high over, but ven he light don't make it some more," were Hans' instructions to Joe as they finished the pit in which they were to hide.

Up to this point of his narrative it was extremely hard to keep from laughing at Hans' construction of very broken English, as it would have made a sadder story nearly as cheerful; and I regret that I am compelled to omit certain adjectives which, to his notion, must have added force to his remarks.

"Ve shust make a vade," Hans continued, "and by de towhedt und dot fool Joe, he step in queeksand and try to step queek oud and fall all over in, and I must to help him. I drops mine mussiling loater in de vawter, und cetch Joe by de neck of de coat und pull like plazes yet; but he don't come oudt.

"I say to Joe, 'et is to leave your poots in de sandt, yes?'

"Joe he say, 'Tam de poots, you bring a pole und I climbs me like a monkey oudt.' 'Yah, yah,' I say, und I reach him such a deadt trees, und he pooty queek pulls himself oudt.

"Den I say, 'Joe, de gun is loosed,' und he make me madt when he say, 'I give a two whoops I dondt own him,' and he gives me such a laugh like a Injun horse, you know, yes? no?

"Vell, I look me for de gun in de vawter for more as hour, vile Joe sits by de fire and swears yet, but I cares noddings, I find de gun und go und dry him by de fire oudt. I say to Joe und mine tog Schneider, 'Come on, poys, ve now vill lay for de geeses.'

"Joe ese von deadt game sports, und he queek make such a teegoys mit charcoals and sticks to look like live geeses, und I loads me mine mussiling loater for such a bear shoodings.

"Joe he make some foolishness mit me all time, und say, 'Hans, vy you don't git such a breeches loater und trow de blunderbuss in de rever?'

"Py golly, dat make me so madt I tink I cand't shoot straight ,und I say, 'I will queek show you ven I shoot de gun off,' und he queek go behindt me and say, 'Hans, look at de geeses.'

"Ve trow Schneider by the pit in, und I say to Joe if he shall talk some more I might by mistake shoodt him, yet, yes?

"Joe never but von time make de noise like de geeses, und de flock come und set on de sand und yust vash up und talk like vomens. Joe say, 'Vy de dunder you dondt shoot yet?' I say in such a goose talk, 'Shut opp und vait a minute,' und I point de gun by his ear und he shuts queek up.

"More und more as dat some geeses comes by de sand bar, yet, and Joe he go crazy und pound his headt by de sand, und points his hand like a gun, but you bedt he dondt say sometings yet.

"I guess was more as tousand geeses on sand bar, und I yust rest me mine mussiling loater on sand pile and took von long aim und pull de trigger—von, two, bang! bang! und, Gott im Himmel, souch a trouble broke loose.

"I vos kicked on Schneider, und he yelps, and Joe he swear some more und rub his eyes de sand oudt. I queek got up and say, 'Joe, you now can see vy I dondt need such a breeches loater,' und I say to mine tog Schneider, 'Go fetch de geeses'; und he chases a cripple oudt of de rever und to de next county, yet.

"I say to Joe, 'Now we go home,' und ve pick up tventy-one gecses.

"Joe, he is such a hobo, anyhow, he say, 'Hans, you go home und bring de vagon yet, und I stays mid de geese.' He vas a lopster, anyhow."

Just then the train whistled and as it pulled up to the station Hans made me promise to come back in two weeks and get some Canadas, which I did; not twenty-one, however, but I did have the pleasure of some good shooting, and above all saw Hans and his wonderful "mussiling loater" in action. NOYNEK.

Wild Rice and Wild Ducks.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed you will find a cliping, which I cut out of a Newark paper. I hope you will put it in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, as it will interest a good many of your New Jersey readers. G. D. M.

The enelosure is a report in the Newark Evening News, of Sept. 13, from Lincoln Park: Dr. Unger, of Paterson, and Artie Zeliff, of this village, were out yesterday morning in Bog-and-Vlie swamp after snipe, and in passing one of the ponds filled with wild rice flushed a flock of ducks, which had settled in there to feed. Three birds fell at the first shots fired, and the remainder of the flock flew to an adjoining pond about a quarter of a mile away. By chasing up the birds from pond to pond twelve in all were bagged before it began to rain so hard as to drive the hunters from the field.

It is unusual for ducks to come in so early in the season, but in all probability they came down in advance of the storm from further north.

Since the planting of the wild rice in the Bog-and-Vlie pond-holes, a year ago last April, the plant has done remarkably well and affords a feeding ground for vast numbers of ducks in their migrations from the Canadian wilds to the sounds and bays of North Carolina and Virginia. Last fall large bags were secured here, when none could be found anywhere else for miles around. The rice is just ripening now, and on every stalk hangs a well-filled head of rice, the wild ducks' favorite food.

The rice was brought from Minnesota and planted as an experiment. It had been tried several times before in New Jersey, but had failed every time, as the right conditions did not exist for its best development in the localities where planted. To insure success the rice must be planted in soil that is constantly covered with a few inches of water, but it must not be deep during the growing season. Land that is flooded during part of the year only will not do for its cultivation.

The prospects for all kinds of game, except quail, in the vicinity of Lincoln Park were never better than they are this fall. Snipe shooting in the swamps and lowland meadows has already begun and fine bags have been made. Now that ducks have begun to arrive the snipe and ducks will afford plenty of sport until November, when the rabbit and partridge season will open.

The quail were apparently all frozen out last winter, as none have been seen this season at all, but rabbits and partridge fared better, the former securing shelter under farmers' outbuildings and haystacks and the latter in the thick cedars on the mountain side.

The past season has been a remarkably good one for breeding on account of the dry weather when the young were very small, and those left from last year have multiplied wonderfully. The result is that rabbits and partridges were never more plentiful than they are now.

The deer that have made the vicinity of Lincoln Park their home for the last two years are still in the neighborhood, but as New Jersey law forbids that they be shot for several years to come, they can hardly be looked for as legitimate game.

North Carolina Notes.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for what our people here call partridges, but what our northern friends call quail, is certainly very promising. The summer was a remarkably wet one, though luckily June was dry, that being the month when the young birds are apt to suffer from too much rain. As a result there are very good broods, and the youngsters looked very well indeed. I have had the opportunity of seeing a good many coveys in my rambles and also here through my farmer and sporting friends in a number of counties. There is a great deal of food for the birds, and the acreage in cow peas, which, after all, is the best food for the birds, and which really increases their size, it seems, is larger than ever before in my recollection.

Your correspondent will about Thanksgiving time give the annual rabbit hunt to his friends, Governor Glenn and the other State officers. We will repair again to the century-old home of Mr. Samuel Wilder, a few miles west of Raleigh, and we will have thirty-two dogs, all thoroughbred beagles. No guns will be used and there are a thousand acres of land to hunt over. A turkey dinner is to be, as usual, one of the features of the day, and ex-Gov. Charles B. Aycock will come up from Goldsboro to be the writer's guest for the hunt. We ought to get, and probably will, twenty-five to thirty rabbits. Last year we caught nineteen.

Most of the North Carolina fox hounds will go to the great meet of the Virginia-Carolina fox hunters' meet at the Mecklenburg Hotel, Chase City, Va., Oct. 24-28. This is to be made the largest meet ever known in the United States, or perhaps in the world, as from 750 to 1,000 dogs will be there. A good deal of attention is being paid to fox packs in North Carolina now, and this association has stimulated this.

The foxes, all of them grays, in this county have nearly been exterminated, this having been the work of the Boylan pack, which up to a few years ago the late Mr. William Boylan had kept for twenty-five years or more, numbering from forty to sixty dogs. The son of Mr. Boylan, Mr. William M. Boylan, tells me a very strange thing about the bite of dogs, this being that he has been bitten a score of times by dogs of the pack which were said to be mad, and never was affected in the least. He firmly believes that the attack and death of persons who have been bitten was due solely to fright—that is fear of hydrophobia. He tells me of a case in which a negro was attacked by one of the hounds, which suddenly went mad. Mr. Boyland, minus clothing, dashed out of his room with a shotgun and found the man down and the dog at work on his throat and face, and had literally to blow the dog's head away in order to stop the furious beast. The man never suffered from the many bites given him. All over North Carolina is a popular belief in the mad-stone as a cure for hydrophobia, and the writer has heard of four of these stones, one of which has for twenty-five years or more been in great request. However, when persons are bitten now the rule is to take them north for Pasteur treatment, not everybody having faith in the mad-stone.

The deer hunting season has opened and reports from the east are to the effect that there are many deer in fine condition. Governor Glenn will take a hunt near Newbern early in October or early in November.

In a small way one or two experiments are in progress in breeding pheasants, but nothing extensive has yet been done, though there are great advantages since the game laws are not only stricter and more complete, but are so much better observed than ever before. The chief game warden tells me that he has had very little trouble this summer in enforcing the law. There are now forty-two under-wardens. These report that the plumage birds on the coast are more numerous than ever before. The writer observed more of such birds during a trip along the sounds in August than in many years. There are two rookeries of cormorants in this State and some pelicans have been seen along the coast during the summer.

The most encouraging thing about bird protection is the interest which the farmers are showing in it. It was thought at first they would not like the law, thinking it was a deprivation of rights which they fancied they had, but they have looked from a very sensible viewpoint, and have very heartily helped in enforcing it. The Audubon Society has sent out many thousands of leaflets which give information about the bird.

The sounds, where the ducks delight in the wild celery, notably Currituck Sound, will be better policed this season than ever before, as there will be two patrol boats in the service, while last season there was only one. Northern members of the Audubon Society continue to express a very lively interest in its work in North Carolina, which more than any other State in the South, except Florida, is engaged in the work of protecting all song, plumage and game birds.

The writer was shown this week some of the women's hats for the coming season, and found that some styles were made entirely of feathers, these being arranged on a sort of frame of canvas. The feathers were of various colors, and it was rather difficult to determine from what fowls they came. The dealers said that gallant bird, the rooster, furnished them, but the writer does not vouch for this. Very few of the women seem to mind wearing bird feathers; in fact, some of them would wear live birds, fastened by the legs, or for that matter stuck through with a hatpin, only providing that such use was fashionable. No doubt all over the country hats entirely of feathers will be seen a little later, and the authorities interested in bird protection might well now look into the establishments where such headgear is turned out and find out what kinds of feathers are used and whence they came. FRED A. OLDS.

The Natural Enemies of Birds.

BY EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

From the "Special Report on the Decrease of Certain Birds, and its Causes, with Suggestions for Bird Protection." in the Fifty-second Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

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The Mink.

Minks feed along water courses, where they kill a water-fowl now and then. They also make excursions overland, killing mice, as does the weasel. At times they kill many domestic fowls and some birds. Mr. Brewster has recorded, in "Bird-lore," the almost complete destruction of a colony of bank swallows by one or more minks. Mr. H. B. Bigelow says: "Minks kill few if any quail or partridges, but a good many ducks on the marshes. I have found black ducks, evidently killed and partly eaten by them." Their fur is valuable now; they are trapped much, so they are rather rare, which is fortunate for birds and poultry.

The Skunk.

The skunk is a sluggish and rather stupid animal, but knows enough to steal young chickens from under the mother at night. When a boy I once surprised a skunk apparently eating some grouse eggs, while the bird hovered round, afraid to come to close quarters. Wishing to interrupt the proceedings, I undertook to investigate, but was so warmly received by the undaunted animal that it was soon left in undisputed possession of its ill-gotten meal. Probably the injury done by skunks to birds has been exaggerated. While occasionally they may stumble on a nest of eggs or young birds, they are too slow to pursue and overtake any bird that is able to use its wings or legs. I have seen forty fowls roosting two and one-half feet from the ground in safety, while night after night, skunks came and ate refuse from the ground in the same coop.

Hunters, finding the nest of a game bird despoiled of its contents, are very likely to attribute it to a skunk, without sufficient evidence. Most people who have been much in the woods believe that skunks eat many birds' and turtles' eggs; but thus far I have been able to find but one man who has seen the skunk eating birds' eggs. This may be mainly because the skunk usually hunts at night; but Mr. Martin L. Sornborger writes from Haydenville that he has actually seen the skunk eating the eggs in a grouse's nest. He also says he has found the remains of young birds in the stomachs of some skunks that he has examined.

Other Minor Enemies.

Three observers each report snakes, pheasants and orioles as destructive to young birds. The black snake is a deadly enemy to birds, and eats the young in nests both on the ground and in trees. Other species of snakes are probably less destructive.

The introduced pheasant (*Phasianus torquatus*) is reported as killing young chickens and game birds, but the evidence against it is circumstantial, and not very strong.

Orioles are reported as tearing down the nests of other birds and destroying the eggs—a trick of which a few individuals are undoubtedly guilty.

Raccoons, being nocturnal, omnivorous and fair climbers, are probably destructive wherever they are common; but there is little evidence against them as destroyers of birds, and they are no longer numerous in many parts of this State.

‡"Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers," John Burroughs, p. 87.

John Davidson.

JOHN DAVIDSON, for the past thirty years had been known throughout the United States and Canada as one of the best and most successful breeders of hunting dogs in this country, as well as for his connection with the beneh shows of his own and other countries.

Mr. Davidson was pre-eminently a lover of the dog and of everyone who loved a dog. He was often sought to judge the leading classes of hunting dogs at the many bench shows in every section of the country, from New York to San Francisco, and from Maine to Florida, and to the perplexing and trying duties of this position he carried ability, experience and incorruptible honesty. It was ever said of "Honest John" that no man had money enough to buy his opinion or to "warp" his judgment. He was not always right, perhaps, and sometimes diplomacy would have dictated a course different from that he chose to pursue, but it remains to be said by his worst enemy, if he had one, that he was unswervingly honest.

John Davidson was born in the Highlands of Scotland and came to America when a boy, going almost at once to Monroe, Mich., where he found service with W. H. Boyd as bookkeeper in the leading hardware establishment. Afterward he was employed by Hon. Thomas C. Cole, of Monroe, to take charge of his stock farm, which was a large one, and here John found congenial occupation in the handling of the large numbers of fine horses, which were owned by Mr. Cole.

Upon the death of his employer, and the sale of the stables, Davidson followed the hunting instinct which was strong within him, and became a noted field shot and dog breaker, conducting parties south and southwest to most successful and enjoyable sport. He had always made his home near Monroe on a little farm some two miles from the city, where his kennels were and where he bred some of the most successful dogs of their day—Donald Bane, Ailsa and scores of others. From here he sent their progeny to delighted purchasers. English and Irish Setters were John's favorites, though in the earlier days he leaned toward the Blue Beltons.

John had recently returned from Toronto, Ont., where he was an exhibitor instead of a judge, and where he had some fine animals on view. He contracted a severe cold while returning from that place and was ill for a few days succeeding his return, but mending somewhat he was imprudent and exposed himself and suffered a relapse. His death was a great shock to his friends, who supposed that he was but slightly indisposed. His age was about seventy-five years. Good old John, good-by. FRANK HEYWOOD.

Kansas Prairie Chickens.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 21.—The best district for prairie chickens is the western part of the State—the counties of Ellis, Trego, Barton and Kiowa. Ducks are everywhere, though the favorite spots are at Ellinwood, on the salt marsh and at McPherson, in the McPherson basin.

Herman Crow and C. C. Houston returned yesterday from Greensburg, Kiowa county, where they found excellent prairie chicken shooting. They brought back forty-five chickens. "We killed twenty-seven chickens the last day we were there and forty-five during the three days," said Mr. Crow. "The new game law has made the open season for chickens fifteen days later than the old law, and as a result the birds are two weeks older, are stronger and more wild and not so easy to kill."

There are nineteen counties in Kansas in which it is unlawful to shoot either quail or chicken at any time of year. The counties are: Hamilton, Scott, Wichita, Greeley, Smith, Sherman, Rooks, Stafford, Gray, Grant, Stanton, Haskell, Decatur, Hodgeman, Stevens, Morton, Finney, Crawford and Bourbon.

Adirondack Elk Killed.

ONEONTA, N. Y., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At Norwich, N. Y., the 16th I got report from three gunners who opened the season on grouse and woodcock in good shape. The three killed fourteen grouse and two woodcock. They said the young grouse were very small and not worth shooting. Gray squirrels were reported quite plentiful in that section. A Mr. Aldrich, who is building a State hatchery in the Adirondacks, says that he has seen two carcasses of elk lying in the woods that had been shot down in pure wantonness by some one unworthy the name of man and left to rot. What a pity that the guns used by such people could not burst and blow their heads off. A case of the hunter being hunted would be all right, too, I think. E. H. K.

"It's strange how the mere intonation of the voice can change the entire meaning of a sentence." "Yes, but no matter what tone of voice you use there's one sentence that can never express anything but doubt." "What's that?" "When one man says to another: 'Of course, you know your own business better than I do.' "—Philadelphia Press.

"What is butter to-day?" asked the possible customer. "Butter is butter to-day," answered the waggish grocer, with a shout of laughter. "Glad to hear it," said the other cheerfully; "the last I got here was axle grease."—Cleveland Leader.

THE MANY-USE OIL CO., N. Y.
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SEA AND RIVER FISHING



The Log of a Sea Angler.

White Sea Bass—A Brace of Fifty Pounders—The Leaping Shark—Digging Among the Ancients.

BY CHAS. F. HOLDER.

SAN NICHOLAS was a purple blur on the horizon; we had run out of the wind and were rising Santa Barbara Peek to the east under power when the yacht ran into a most remarkable sea. It was a dead calm, and the sea, in intense blue, looked as though it had been oiled, so clean was the surface, then the yacht rose on a heavy ground swell that seemed to come from nowhere, and a moment later we were riding the kind of swells I read about as a boy, seen rounding the horn by the famous navigator of the day. If I am not mistaken I have seen water over the topsailyard of a full-rigged ship when she pitched in a certain hurricane we were riding out, yet these waves did not impress me as did the big, smooth rollers that came silently along, lifting us like a chip, then sliding away to make way for another. If one of those seas had broken it would have been a sad day for us; but they did not break, and for twenty minutes we steamed over them, and to see one or two at regular distances coming up behind was appalling. We ran out of them as we passed the rock of Santa Barbara, twenty-five miles from Santa Catalina, and were soon on a smooth sea in a sea of turquoise. I believe if anyone should take the trouble to compare articles or chapters which I have written on the color of the ocean and its beauties it will be found that each one is the most beautiful, each possesses the most intense blue. This is an amiable weakness and applies to fishing. I often find that the last fish is the gamiest, puts up the best fight, and is the finest fish in the world. I once wrote an article on angling, and when I gave it a final reading I found I had given each separate fish the credit for being the hardest fighter; and I really thought so at the time. I believe all enthusiastic anglers have a failing of this kind; it is only another kind of optimism and the indulgence does no harm.

This leads me to say that in these southern California waters the white sea bass is the game of game. If you do not know him picture in your mind's eye a plump, well conditioned weakfish; lengthen him out to five feet, expand him to the proportions that are suggestive of 50 pounds, give him the general appearance of a salmon but with a pinkish gray back, a silvery white belly, throw in some peacock blue about the head in flashes, patches and scintillations; impart to this fish a certain gravity and dignity that will make five or six hundred come slowly along, divide at the boat so that you can almost hit them with an oar, and you have the fish that I saw in Cabrillo Harbor as we dropped anchor.

There was a large school of sardines there and the bass were lying partly under them. Taking the dinghy I was presently in their midst. I rigged a light yellow-tail rod, using a No. 16 line, with a 7-0 hook, and cast into the school. As the line sank and disappeared I jerked it, and impaled a sardine that at once became a very lively bait. There was not much time to discuss the cruelty of this method of baiting a hook, nor did the sardine suffer long; the line straightened out, the reel sang loudly, ze-e-e-e high and low, now a baccarole, now a ragadoon, and Johnny Daly, the sharker, who was my bait man, whirled the boat around to place me face to the fish that was off somewhere in the south seas reeling off my line.

"Dy'e hear that music?" whispered Johnny behind my ear. "By the powers, it's the smartest thing; list!"

Ze-e-e! Ze-e-e-e! sang the reel, and as I played on the leather pad brake it made the kind of music that starts the blood and sends it whirling through the veins.

By this time I had stopped the fish, and Johnny declared that it had three hundred feet, and it was towing us slowly by the thread straight out into the little bay with its white patches of chalk cliffs, its grim heads of stone to the north, its white island, and always the tender, splendid blue of the ocean over which on the distant edge of the world the white caps of the Sierras were fringed against the sky.

Perhaps you and I do not fish alike. I belonged to the Daly school of angling, which I cannot exactly explain; but the philosophy of it was that Johnny Daly, to quote him literally, "did not care a tinker's dam whether he ever caught a fish or not."

"It isn't for fish that ye go a-fishin'," said Johnny. 'Divil a bit. It's the hopin', the anticipatin', the ixpectain, the longin' and the waitin'. Sure if ye had a fish on all the time ye'd want to be paid, and there's where anglin' beeomes fishin'."

You can twist this Daly philosophy around to suit all kinds of situations, and I believe Daly and I must have been born under the same crab, as fishing or the catch has always been but a single factor at the game, and in this splendid sea there is always something to catch the eye.

The water is the blue you know so well, and in it float thousands of gems of the sea. There is a little crab-like creature so like a gem that some naturalist has named it *Sapphirina;* it is blue, red, yellow, gold and every possible color, as though some one had sprinkled the ocean with a handful of rubies, diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, and they were drifting with the tide. Then there are fairy-like forms of jellies never seen in the East, the blazing *pyrosoma*—a column of light at night, a phantom by day, and the line cuts into a veritable comet, or the dazzling physophora darts away—a radiant jellyfish with the gift of rapid motion.

That graceful form floating on the surface is the argonaut, and in the kelp bed hard by there are a score of forms—fishes, crabs and others—that mimic their surroundings and evade the sharpest-eyed enemy.

But all this time the fish is towing the boat, and ever and anon comes the ze-e-e, ze-e-e-e as the reel gives tongue, like some old and melodious hound you have known. The game towed is partly across the little bay, then thinking of my thread of a line I began to reel, and away he went—ze-e-e, ze-e-e-e—always off and away, the water being too shallow for sucking, and all this towing and hauling was to reach deeper water. I began to reel and slowly brought him in, but not without many a rush, and many a struggle for supremacy. Once he dashed entirely about the boat, like a tarpon, and as I pushed the fighting he came to the surface a hundred feet away and lashed the water into foam—a sort of wild defiance—and all the time I was worn by conflicting emotions; I wanted him, yet disliked to kill so fair a fighter. But we needed food; I convinced myself of that when I saw his fair proportions, and in he came, fighting every turn of the reel, a splendid creature, that made a rush half around the boat; then I brought him up sharply and Johnny tried to break my line with his gaff. Failing in that he gaffed and I held him at the rail a moment, then lifted him in, holding him up that I might see his beauties.

Surely no fish is so beautiful, so massive, so all satisfying as the white sea bass when taken on light tackle, clearing your conscience of any suspicion of unfairness. One morning I took five such bass, each of which weighed over 50 pounds; and it is a singular fact that nearly all the white sea bass caught here weigh over 50 pounds.

This fish is by no means a common catch. Some years they appear in vast numbers and will not bite; again but few are seen and many are caught. When they are around the angler had better follow them up, as the school is always moving. The season may be said to begin in May and to last all summer, but very few are caught, and I doubt if one hundred are taken any one year with the rod at Avalon.

The bait for them is a live sardine, and when a school enters the bay of Avalon the small boy can go out and catch live bait for the anglers. I have taken them by casting with heavy flying fish, and with sardines and smelt, and doubtless a spoon could be used to advantage.

We took the big bass in shore and Johnny prepared him for cremation; as become such game a large hole was lined with flat rocks which were heated, and in this the game was placed and baked, then served on a plank by the light of the moon.

Johnny Daly was a professional sharker. He caught a small oil shark and sold the oil to one firm and the fins to the Chinese. Nearly all his catch was made at the head of Catalina Harbor, where the small oil sharks came in to breed, and where their fins could be seen moving about at this time above the surface.

Johnny told me that his sharks were game, so I determined to test it, and one morning found myself with rod on the back, Johnny on hand as chummer. He baited my hook with about 6 pounds of fish, then taking it out about one hundred feet dropped it overboard while I sat down upon the sands to wait. Very soon the reel began to click, when about ten feet of line had gone out I gave the shark the butt, and up into the air went a long, slender creature, marked like a tiger and about five feet in length. It did not fling itself about, as I had seen the leaping shark of Texas, but it made a fair jump which was repeated several times, then it made a savage rush up the beach, taking my line and forcing me to run along the sands, Johnny Daly prancing after me, brandishing a long and angular gaff and calling on all the saints to witness its speed and gallant play.

With some difficulty I turned the fish, and back up the beach we went, Daly up to his knees, now dashing back filled with excitement, enthusiasm and certain artificial energies which belong to the calling. Up the beach we went, the fish bearing off hard, now almost taking me into the water, or making a dash for deeper water; but in half an hour I conquered him with the thread of a line, and Johnny gaffed him in gallant style and came out of the water a red faced sea dog, towing the beautifully marked game that was four feet long and weighed 63 pounds.

There is a prejudice against sharks, but if we could have called this fish a gray tarpon or a striped bonito it would have passed as very fair game and its good points made much of.

If the angler cares to test tackle and enjoys beach fishing where there is no necessity for wading, and where the game is played up and down the beach, Catalina Harbor is an excellent place. It is a miniature fjiord, almost land-locked, surrounded by hills, its entrance guarded by a mountain which I named Torquemada in honor of the padra of old, the first one of his cloth to land on the isle of Summer. In the center of the harbor is a peculiar sand spit, a miniature Cape Cod that reaches out into the bay and has the appearanee of being artificial. In former years a large herd of sea elephants lived here; but Scammond killed the last in 1850 or thereabouts.

In the afternoon we bore away down the coast, running in for water at the Torqua Spring. That is one of the standard jokes to try on a tenderfoot. I recall the light just out of Norfolk, that rises directly out of the water with no land about it. We always told the newcomer along those ducklined shores that the lightkeeper, as isolated as he was, raised all his own vegetables, as he did, with block and tackle; and so at Santa Catalina the skipper will ask if you would like to sample the Torqua Spring and will slow up at a buoy a hundred or more feet off shore in deep blue water. Here he will fish up a hose that leads to the Torqua Spring, unscrew the cap and present it to you, and you drink to the memory of Torqua, who in the legendary lore of the place, is supposed to be an Indian who made a desperate effort for freedom against the Spaniards in the long ago.

With Mexican Joe I made a few days ago an organized effort to determine the age of the large graveyard at this town of Cabrillo. When I first saw it it was a black patch in the landscape, a mass of burnt sand, shells and debris, and has, in all probability, produced more Indian objects in stone, bone and wood than any deposit on the island, and I have mapped them all. There was a large Indian town where Avalon stands to-day, and every cañon had its village or camp site. We made a trench into the old kitchen window from the beach, and it was evident that the natives had lived and cooked over the spot for ages, so blackening the sand that it was a land mark out to sea. In a short time we struck the layers of graves and found five here before hardpan was reached; in the section which Joe worked out with the care of a sculptor, the exact position of the bodies could be seen. Around it had been placed mortars, pestles, fishhooks, beads and various household goods. The lower level contained nothing but implements of shell, stone and wood; but the upper ones had metal bell clappers, Venetian beads, old knives, pieces of copper wire and more bell clappers, showing that the lower deposit dated back prior to the time of the Spanish invasion and may have been four hundred or four thousands years old.

While we were at work some tourists came ashore and began to help themselves to the beads, which were scattered on the sands. I was thinking what I could say that would induce them to stop robbing us, when one of the women who had caved in an ancient Santa Catalinan almost on my head, suddenly asked: "Mister, what did all these skeletons die of?" I assumed my most mysterious air and said: "Madam, this is confidential. I don't wish to alarm these people, but are you immune?" "No, I'm Mrs. John Daly, of Hackensack," replied the lady. "I mean are you proof against contagion?" "Where is it?" replied Mrs. Daly, growing a shade paler and almost sliding into the pit. "Do you see that dark man working at that brown skeleton? He's the professor. He's hunting for germs. All these people died of black cholera." Mrs. Daly (her name was not Daly) tossed the beads she had taken into the trench, and a few moments later the entire party left us in peace.

How long ago this island was inhabited it would be difficult to say, but I believe it was the home of tribes similar to those on the main land many thousands of years ago, and I base my opinion on a single find. It happened I was in the center of the island in a heavy rain during which a wash was formed on the slope of one of the mountains and a section made thirty feet in height. I am not a geologist nor am I an archæologist. I only see things and form my opinons from the evidence at hand, and I was convinced that this mountain side had not been moved for thousands of years, yet in the bottom of the section amid the gravel of the ages, I found a nest of abalone shells, one four inches long, then others, packed in and selected by some child, possibly ages ago. Of all the curious things I found on this island this impressed me the most; it was the toy of a little child.

Bass Fishing on the Ocean Pier.

THE principal amusement of the tourists at Long Beach—a coast resort on the Pacific twenty miles south of Los Angeles, Cal.—is fishing on the Long Pier, which extends several hundred feet into the Father of Oceans. A great variety of fish are caught—sardines, young mackerel, bass, yellow-tail, halibut and jewfish—one of the latter caught this winter weighing 377 pounds. A correspondent writing from there sketches the following characteristic incident:

She was a peach, a vision in a picture hat and a magenta-colored skirt of some light, fluffy material that no mere man may be expected to know the name of, and not only the young men but every grizzled old fisherman on the pier turned to take a look at her as she passed. She was squired by a dapper young fellow in a raincoat and big-checked trousers; from a lancewood pole carried by each it was plain they were on fishing bent.

He bought twenty-five cents worth of bait of "Buck" Dolger. "Buck" usually sells by the nickel's worth—and they sat down on a string piece to enjoy the sport.

"Reginald Kip Osterhaus!" she exclaimed at once, "you are not putting a dear little fish on that hook alive?"

"That's what I am doing, Pet," replied Reginald.

"You cruel, cruel thing," she said, and pouted.

"Now, Gladys, do be reasonable. We want a big fish to tell about back East, and this is the only way to catch 'em."

"O, Reggie, what funny brown bird is that diving after the bait?"

"That's a diver—hell diver we call 'em when they steal our bait," volunteered a redheaded urchin whose bare legs dangled over the edge while he watched a cotton line and clam-baited hook at the end of it. "Gee, he's got yours already."

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" screamed the girl, dancing round on her high-heeled boots.

"Play him for a sucker," said the boy. "Let him swaller it hard an' fast. There, now, reel in. Jiminy, you'll have roast duck for dinner."

A battle royal now commenced between the girl and the duck—the latter known locally to some five hundred victims as "Billy." The duck had the fish and hook down his throat and paddled desperately against the force which was robbing him of his dinner.

"Yellow-tail, yellow-tail!" some one screamed at this juncture, and in a moment the girl had an audience of about five hundred eager to see the sport.

She wound, and wound, obeying instructions of her boy mentor to the letter, and by and by it seemed as if the hook would hold this time and "Bill-" be landed sure enough, but just as the duck was being lifted from the water it threw back its head, coughed up the tid-bit, and paddled off serene as a summer morning.

"He's played that game on more'n five hundred," cried the boy. "Them divers got so sassy we had to shoot about a dozen; but nobody 'd touch 'Billy.'"

Ten, fifteen minutes passed, then there came a rush, a scattering of the millions of young mackerel beneath, and Reggie's reel spun round as if a five hundred horsepower electric motor had been hitched to it.

"It's a whale, Reggie! It's a whale!" screamed the girl. "I saw him plainly."

"It's a black bass," cried the boy, "and a 250-pounder. Play him, mister, play him."

Again the cry of "Yellow-tail, yellow-tail," was raised, and the crowd surged over to watch the conflict.

The young fellow was game. Out spun the silken line until it neared the end, when he checked it and began slowly to wind in. Slowly, foot by foot, the bass came in until feeling the shortening line it made another rush, and away would go the reel nearly to its limit, to be followed by the reeling in process again. So for half an hour, then the bass began to show signs of weakening, and the general cry was "Reel him in, reel him in."

"Where's the gaff?" cried some one as the bass drew near, showing its silvery side.

Tad Caldwell had it, and stationed himself with two or three more on the lower deck within a foot or two of the water. Now was the crucial moment. The big fellow drew near, half bottom-side up, all his strength and spirit gone, was cleverly hooked in the gills, and half a score of willing hands lifted him on to the pier—a big fellow estimated to weigh 200 pounds.

"That'll do us for to-day," said Reggie, proud and happy as a king. As for Gladys, she bent down and slipped a quarter into the freckled-faced boy's willing palm.

C. B. T.

Where to Fish for Black Bass.

THE object of this paper is not to give a description or even a list of the numerous lakes and rivers where the black bass is found. Such a description or list would be interesting and useful; but its purpose is to present a few suggestions to help the black bass angler, ignorant of the "good spots" of a lake or river, to make an intelligent surmise of their location. Of course even the tyro knows that it makes a vast difference in catching fish where the angler drops his fly or bait.

Now, it is true that at many of our summer resorts, and winter, too, in the south, there are guides to conduct him, for a consideration, to the fishing grounds, and right good fellows most of these guides are; but there are not a few lakes and rivers where the black bass flourishes and where the angler must depend upon himself to discover his whereabouts. And then, too, even where guides are obtainable it often gives a certain zest to a day's sport to rely solely on one's own judgment as he hunts in unknown waters for the finny quarry.

But there is a sort of half-way course between having a guide and depending wholly on one's self, which it is wisdom to follow sometimes. Many years ago, when I was just getting the black bass fever, I went to a cozy little hotel on the banks of one of the most charming of the smaller lakes of New England. The first morning after my arrival I was standing at the wharf chatting with my landlord, and enjoying greatly the beautiful river upon which my eyes rested, when two gentlemen came down from the hotel with rods and landing net and bait bucket. They quickly unmoored a dainty little rowboat, and were soon gliding out upon the shimmering waves. "After bass?" I queried of mine host.

"Yes," he answered.

"Where are the good spots to fish for them?" I asked.

He smiled blandly, and with a gesture of the hand meant to be graceful, swept over the whole three or four miles of the lake's length. I made no comment, but his character, from the point of courtesy, had not risen in my estimation.

Two or three years later I was summering at another of New England's beautiful little lakes, also stocked with black bass. My landlord had been showing me about a lovely park, in which I had rented for the season one of a number of attractive cottages; and now we were seated in a rustic summer house overlooking the lake. "I have brought my fishing tackle, of course," I said to him, "and mean to land some of your bass."

"I trust you will," he said genially. "and find here, too, the recuperation you need after the arduous duties of your profession."

I thanked him and asked: "Do you know the good spots for fishing? I understand there are no guides here."

"They are scarcely required," he replied, and taking from his pocket a pencil and a letter, from which he tore a blank sheet, said, "See here, I will draw you a rough sketch of the lake, marking the chief places where the bass are usually caught." He was an excellent and rapid draughtsman, and in five minutes laid in my hand a very accurate and serviceable fishing chart of the lake.

A little boy (the story is true) had a winsome sweetheart and kept a diary, into which his mother would occasionally secretly take a peep. One day she read the following: "To-day I had the chance and kissed Mabel. Mabel's mother saw me and only laughed. My mother found it out and spanked me. What a difference in mothers!"

What a difference in landlords! And yet it must be granted that the woods are full of landlords whose delight it is to make the angler comfortable and happy, doing all in their power to assist him in quest for health and fish. And I would say anent mine host of the bland smile and sweeping gesture that I found later that he had many fine qualities, and he and I became fast friends, and are such to-day, so good friends that I think if re read these lines he will laugh heartily and send me a letter well worth the reading by guests that pester long-suffering landlords with all sorts of ill-advised questions.

Now, not infrequently black bass are found in large numbers where the angler would little suspect, because there is nothing to indicate to him the character of the bottom of the lake or river, and, further, because there are ways of fish simply past finding out. Such spots are generally discovered accidentally. One morning I was trolling with rod and line in Lake Mashapaug, Conn., and caught, at a certain place, a fish weighing close on to four pounds. The following morning I had a similar experience, with the exception of the large size of the bass. That afternoon I rowed to that spot, dropped overboard the anchor, and threw out my line baited with a lively minnow. Well, it was not long before I had a creel full of fish. That spot has proved to be as good as any on the lake for bass, though there is nothing to indicate it as such.

In casting the angler often hits upon their unexpected gathering-places, for as he casts here and there he wisely does not confine himself wholly to throwing his lure where the appearance suggests the presence of his quarry. But, as a rule, the black bass is found where the predilections of his species are quite apparent. He likes, in spring and fall, to be close to the bank. Sandbars, submerged rocks, lily-pads, old stumps and sunken trees attract him. In hot weather he prefers deeper water. He will seek, if there is a depth of eight or twelve feet of water for him, the close proximity of a shallow place where little fish congregate, preying upon any that may foolishly venture into deep water, occasionally swooping down or rather up upon the little fellows by no means safe in the shallows. When I have run out of bait I have caught, on one side of my boat, minnows with worms and, on the other, bass with the minnows thus obtained.

To troll successfully the angler needs to know comparatively little of the "good spots," as he covers large stretches of the lake or river. He should not, as a rule, fish very far from shore, unless the water is very shallow, or the temperature hot, when he must troll deeper. The caster needs to be more particular; but it is chiefly the still-fisher who must exercise discernment. This is quite evident. He does not move from place to place constantly, but, having chosen his ground, casts anchor, and must wait some time, ordinarily fifteen or twenty minutes at least, to be at all certain, if he has had no strikes, that he would better try some other locality. He should scrutinize the shore and the water. The sandbar, the submerged rock and the like mean everything to him. But in a lake or a river, where the bass are at all plentiful and when they are biting freely, he will succeed as well as the caster, and with less exertion, which by the by is generally no advantage, and he will succeed better ordinarily than the troller and more scientifically, unless the troller uses a rod.

I have been taking it for granted that the still-fisher uses a boat, which, when practicable, is the better course. But I have seen large catches made from the shore both by the still-fisher and the caster.

Almost always it is better to fish where there is a ripple. The reason for this is, probably, because then the fish cannot so easily see the angler. But now and then the glassiest surface does not seem to interfere in the least with the biting. I have made large catches where there was not a sign of a ripple. It should never be forgotten that the black bass is an altogether whimmy fellow, not over dainty perhaps in his choice of food, but freaky, now biting seemingly indiscriminately at worms, frogs, minnows, crawfish and whatnot, anon making a selection of his food without any reason, so far as the angler can discover, a little later refusing absolutely to bite at any lure he may be proffered. And this puzzling behavior does not apparently sometimes have much, if anything, to do with the conditions under which he is angled for. Where yesterday he was fairly vicious in attacks on the bait cast to him, to-day, though a like day, one will use, in vain, every device to entice him.

Still, he is well worth angling for. Few kinds of fish equal him in gameness and edibleness; and, indeed, his very whimminess adds a charm to his capture. The successful black bass angler must know where to fish, and then he must know how to wait patiently upon the mood of the wily, wary warrior he would meet in deadly combat.

CORNELIUS W. MORROW.

The St. Andrew's Adventures.

A DERELICT whale is the latest danger reported lurking in the middle Atlantic, directly in the course of transatlantic trade. Last Wednesday the tramp steamship St. Andrew, of the Phœnix Line, ran into a flathead whale, measuring eighty or ninety feet, and cut off ten feet of its tail. This portion of its anatomy is what a whale needs for steering apparatus, and, deprived of it, the whale that so unfortunately met the St. Andrew was left floating without ability to steer itself away, a great living carcass. The St. Andrew was not injured by the encounter, but the mutilated whale, according to the captain, will probably float there like the derelict of a ship, and prove a menace to smaller craft. The ship brought a cargo of a hundred stallions, and a lot of goats and golden pheasants, all crowded together on one deck without any sense of social distinctions. But the most interesting part of its cargo was a bird that it did not start with from the other side. It was a large and rare specimen of osprey hawk, which flew out of a fog that covered the water one day, evidently lost, and lighted on a spar. One of the men climbed up and captured it by throwing over it a canvas bag.—New York Evening Post Sept. 23.

A Pair of Muscalonge.

MR. E. A. PETTIBONE, of Chicago, sends us, with the query "can anyone beat it," a record of two muskies caught by him on Sept. 9, weighing 40 and 45 pounds. If anyone has a one day's score to top this we would be glad to record it.

THE MANY-USE OIL.

Coating on guns, reels and all metals; keeps *rust* off.—*Adv.*

Fish and Fishing.

Trout Fishing in Northern Quebec.

THE trout fishing season has ended very satisfactorily for anglers in the greater part of northern Quebec. The open waters, especially those of Lake Edward and the immediate vicinity, have been very much frequented by visitors from the New England States, and while no catches of extra large fish as compared with the spring fishing, have been reported, the fish have been plentiful, and, as a rule, fishermen have had good sport. The weather has not been altogether pleasant for camping out during the latter part of September, owing to the large amount of rain. There were fewer guests at the Triton, and some of the other American clubs this autumn than in former years, but at the Nonamtum and Metabetchouan clubs both members and guests were numerous, and some excellent sport is reported. Messrs. Taylor and White, of Waterbury, Conn., and Mr. Benham and party have had very fair fishing in the vicinity of Lake Kiskisink, the trout having risen well both in Briggs' Pool and also in the outlet of the lake among the lily pads. The portion of the Metabetchouan River, which flows through the limits of the club of that name, has also afforded good fall fishing. Dr. George R. Porter and Dr. Civilion Fones, of Bridgeport, did very well on the Bostonnais waters, and Mr. Nathan D. Bill and party, of Springfield, Mass., went home a few days ago, after a delightful camping trip on the Iroquois Club limit, where Mr. Bill has a very pretty permanent camp. In addition to some very good trout fishing Mr. Bill was fortunate to get a couple of very good trophies in the shape of a moose and a caribou head. While this is certainly exceedingly good luck for one trip, yet it is by no means surprising, for it is doubtful if big game has ever been so plentiful since the building of the railway as it is at the present time in the Quebec and Lake St. John country. The work of protection inaugurated there a few years ago is now bearing excellent fruit, and the whole country from a few miles north of Quebec, right up to Lake St. John is so full of moose and caribou that specimens of one or the other, and sometimes both, are reported as having been seen by hunting parties almost every day.

Mr. Smith, of New Haven, got a good caribou head on the Nonamtum Club limits only a few days ago, and on both the Triton and Tourilli preserves, big game is reported very plentiful. Caribou have already been killed this season a few miles north of Quebec on the colonization road running from Stoneham to the vicinity of Lake Jacques Cartier, out of which body of water a number of very large brook trout have recently been taken.

Several sportsmen, who came for both the hunting and fishing, are staying around here now that the fishing is over, awaiting the fall of the leaf for better shooting. In addition to big game, partridges are fairly abundant this fall in the northern woods.

Though the "Fish and Fishing" column may not be the place to write so much about big game, my excuse must be that the sport is being now looked for by many anglers who came here before the close of the trout season to endeavor to have both shooting and fishing. To all who come to the Province of Quebec for shooting it is of interest to know that there have been some slight changes made by the new Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, the Hon. Mr. Prevost, in the regulations concerning hunting licenses. No more hunting license is issued by the day; the lowest price at which the license can be obtained, even if only for a single day, being $25. This license, however, is good for the season. All non-residents of this Province, whether they be honorary members or guests of clubs, must provide themselves with one of these licenses before hunting here. The only exceptions are active members of clubs, duly incorporated and holding a lease of a hunting territory in this Province. They must, however, be provided with a certificate of membership signed by the president and secretary of the club, and such certificate does not confer the right to hunt outside of the territory leased by the club to which they belong.

Ouananiche and Salmon.

The success obtained by the planting of salmon in Lake St. John, as illustrated by the taking of several adult fish during the present season both in the lake itself and also in some of its tributary waters, has encouraged Mr. Beemer, the proprietor of the Roberval hatchery, to continue the good work, and he has made application for another lot of spawn from the Government hatchery at Tadoussac. Preparations are also being made for securing a large supply of ouananiche spawn. Mr. Marcoux, the manager of the hatchery, reports a very large run of fish in the Metabetchouan River, which is entirely set apart as a nursery for spawning fish. Here upon the spawning grounds immediately below the third falls, the parent fish are easily secured and stripped in the month of October. Mr. Prevost visited the locality the other day to inspect the place and also looked very minutely into the hatchery and its furnishings. The fish still rise very freely to the fly, and quite a number of them were taken out of the water with rod and line during the day that the Minister spent there, all of them, of course, being returned to the water. One of the fish so taken was nearly 8 pounds in weight. A small salmon, some 3 pounds in weight, was among the fish so taken out of the water and immediately returned to it.

Lake Trout and Bass.

In many Ontario waters, and also on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River, a good deal of interesting fishing is enjoyed by anglers after those of Quebec have put away their rods and lines till another season. When the trout and ouananiche fishing closes on Sept. 30, Quebecers, and even Americans who do their fishing here, seem to care for no other kind. Farther west anglers are now having a good deal of sport with the small-mouth black bass, and the lake or salmon trout, as it is popularly though improperly, termed. Hereabouts the gray forked-tail trout are very abundant, but fishermen too often think them only worth killing upon night lines or when taken in nets. It is strange that more of these people do not try the sport of trolling for the lakers with rod and line. A 20-pounder at the end of a rod and line is not to be despised. In

Temagami and neighboring waters they troll for these fish almost up to the time of the formation of ice upon the water, and though the forked-tails are much more plentiful than in the summer months, they are found in much shallower water, and are not taken, as a rule, anything like so large as when angled for in warmer weather with very much longer lines, heavily weighted.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Suspended Animation in Fishes.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently seen letters in the FOREST AND STREAM about suspended animation in fishes, especially the case of some fish in India that were completely buried in baked or dried up mud, but in the next rainy season were found alive in the pools. The following story has been told me by a reliable man, but as I was not a witness to the act I cannot vouch for the truth or correctness of the tale as told:

The story is, that my informant went trout fishing in a well stocked lake or pond during the winter, and that he caught several fairly-sized fish. The frost was keen, and when the trout were drawn from the water through the holes in the ice, they froze solidly before life had become extinct in them. They were frozen hard when the fisher reached his home, where under the influence of the heat the ice melted, the trout became limp and actually jumped before they became dead, which they did in a few minutes in the ordinary course of nature. The theory of the narrator was that the frost and ice supplied the necessary life-giving elements to the fish.

Another story, told by an old fishing guide: In the winter, while crossing a hook in a pond, he saw in the layers of ice caused by the overflowing of the waters, four or five trout. He cut them from their icy tomb, and after the warmer atmosphere, caused by the sun, had melted the particles of ice about them, the fish were alive. What is your opinion of the stories?

That yarn about Professor Muller domesticating whales at Salena, and of his milking them and converting the product into butter and cheese is a gem of the first water. The writer must possess a prolific lie-manufacturing brain, and his statue should be carved while he is alive.

BEOTHIC.

[We would accept both stories as true, if told, as our correspondent says they were, by persons of credibility.]

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to suspended animation of fish allow me to give you some experience with fish after being frozen. Several times at different periods I have had fish resuscitated after being frozen hard for several hours. My first experience was with perch caught in the morning through the ice on Lake Champlain, thrown out on the ice, on which was a light snow and quickly frozen. They lay on the ice most all day, were then gathered up, thrown into a tin pail and carried a distance of ten miles. About 10 o'clock P. M. they were put into a large dishpan and water was poured over them to thaw them out. I was awakened in the night by a splashing of water, and on investigating, found several perch flopping on the floor; others were swimming around in the pan. I took several and put them in a water tank at the barn in running water and they lived several months, but did not seem to grow any larger than when caught. The average weight of the perch was about one-half pound. Several times since I have had a like experience, but only with perch and speckled trout. My theory is, that the fish must be frozen quickly after being taken from the water. If allowed to lie any length of time after being taken from the water before freezing, they will not recover, or if they are lacerated very much or lose much blood by being caught they will die.

MARTIN B. DAVIS, Guide.

Cannibalism of Bass.

I quote from the Fox Lake representative the following instance of cannibalism on the part of black bass: "Fred Lorenz, of Milwaukee, caught 111 black bass here in less than an hour Sunday. This may sound pretty heavy but it is an actual fact. He caught a black bass that when dressed was found to have 110 little black bass about an inch long in its stomach. Talk about dogfish eating fry and spawn, it looks like bass were about as bad cannibals as any fish in the lake. It is possible that the bass swallowed her own brood of little ones to protect them from other fish, but if so she forgot to 'cough up' again and the brood was destroyed."

There is no doubt that the black bass will eat its young. Some writers say that it is the female and others that it is the male which remains on the spawning bed to protect it. It would seem, however, that in eating 110 small bass. this particular fish was acting the hog.

MICROPTERUS.

"Chained to Business."

CHERRYVALE, Kan., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am chained to business, and have been for the space of two years, during which time it has been impossible for me to break the chain and use a gun or split bamboo. In March, 1905, I was at Halstead, on the Little Arkansas River, in this State; after my business at that point was transacted I walked down to the mill dam, to see the stage of the water, and saw about thirty men and boys of all ages and color engaged in fishing, and everyone was doing business, catching black bass and crappies, and I only had fifteen minutes till train time. Well, any lover of the rod can appreciate my regrets, as I had to leave to make that train. Again in May I was at Neosho Falls, and after business was ended, having fifteen minutes before the 'bus left for the train, I walked down to the dam across the Neosho River, and saw a motley crowd at work, and every last one had one or more bass, crappies or catfish. Again I leave to the fraternity to appreciate my longing and regret. I hope to find time in October and November to have a try at the bronze-backs, and if I do I surely will give my brothers of the cult a full account in the never failing favorite, FOREST AND STREAM.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

The Crab Industry of Maryland.

BY WINTHROP A. ROBERTS.

From the Appendix to the Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor for the year ending June 30, 1904.

MARYLAND furnishes by far a larger supply of crabs than any State in the Union, and it is not improbable that its people were the first to discover the edible qualities of this crustacean and its value as a market product. The only species taken in the commercial fisheries of the State is the blue crab (*Callinectes sapidus*), which is caught and marketed in both the hard-shell and the soft-shell condition. The fishery for soft crabs, however, is much more extensive than that for hard crabs.

The Soft Crab Industry.

The greatest crab shipping point in the United States is Crisfield, Md., situated near the extreme lower end of Somerset county on the Little Annemessex River, a tributary of Tangier Sound. Soft crabs are taken with three forms of apparatus—scrapes, scoop nets and small seines. A few also are taken incidentally on trot lines, together with hard crabs. The catch by seines is insignificant compared with that by scrapes and scoop nets.

The scrapes used for crabbing are similar to the oyster dredge, except that they are lighter, have no teeth on the front bar, and have a cotton instead of a chain bag. The bags originally used were three feet deep, but deeper ones were found more effective in preventing the escape of the crabs, and four feet is now the usual depth. The same apparatus is occasionally used both in dredging for oysters and scraping for crabs.

A scoop net, or dip net, as it is sometimes called, consists of a circular bow of iron, with a cotton bag from six to eight inches deep knit around it, and a handle about five feet long.

The seines are from forty to fifty feet long, and are hauled by two men. Crabs taken in scoop nets and seines are less mutilated than those caught in scrapes, and consequently command better prices.

Scrapes are used exclusively upon sailing vessels, and, like oyster dredges, are drawn over the bottom while the boat is moving under sail.

The soft-crab season extends from May 1 to Oct. 31, but a majority of the crabbers discontinue fishing in September to engage in oyster tonging. During the first two or three weeks of May they follow what is known as "mud-larking," that is, scoop-netting in marshes and along the banks of small streams, the crabs being found in the mud at this season of the year. By June 1 the crabs become more active and the season is then considered at its height. The heaviest catches are made during June and July. Scoop-netting is followed throughout the season, but little scraping is done after the middle of July, owing to the calm weather. Very often a fisherman will begin scraping early in the day, and when the wind has ceased anchor his sailboat and use his skiff for scoop-netting in shallow water. In some localities the bottom grass grows so thick that the scrape bag fills with it and prevents the crab from entering. The scoop net is then brought into service. In water less than three feet deep it is a common occurrence for the crabbers to leave their skiffs and wade out after the crabs with scoop nets.

There are six stages of a crab's life, commonly classified as follows: First, the "hard crab," or one in its natural condition; second, a "snot," or one that has just entered the shedding stage; third, a "peeler," when the old shell has begun to break; fourth, a "buster," when the new shell can be seen; fifth, the "soft crab"; sixth, a "paper-shell," or "buckram," when the new shell is beginning to harden. During hot weather it takes from two to three days for a "snot" to become a "peeler." One tide will often change a "peeler" to a "buster," and another from a "buster" to a soft crab. A few hours after shedding the crab has reached the "paper shell" stage, and within three days the hardening process is completed.

Most of the crab catch is sold on the grounds where taken, the dealers in Crisfield and Deal Island employing buy-boats for this purpose.

Every crabber has what is known as a float, a rectangular box approximately ten or fifteen feet long, four feet wide, and two feet deep, the sides and ends being constructed of laths, and the bottom of six-inch planks. Extending around the float on the outside, midway of its height, is a shelf about seven inches wide, to prevent the float from sinking. The laths on the sides and ends are placed about one-fourth inch apart, to prevent minnows or eels from getting at the crabs inside. These floats are used by the fishermen as a means of holding crabs that have entered upon the shedding process, but which have not yet reached the "peeler" or salable condition. The floats are inclosed by a fence to prevent their being washed away by strong winds, and this inclosure is commonly called a "pound."

Dealers employ men to watch their floats constantly and remove the crabs from the water immediately after the shedding process, to prevent the hardening of the shell. This sorting is done three or four times a day, the intervals being employed in packing the crabs for shipment, receiving fresh supplies, and in delivering those already packed to the express office or steamboat wharf.

A source of much loss in soft crabs is the great mortality attendant upon the shedding process. If the animal has been injured in any way, either when being caught or in the subsequent handling, or if it has been weakened by being kept too long out of water, it is often unable to withdraw from the old shell and dies. There is but small demand for the crabs which die in the floats. If they are removed and cooked within two or three hours, however, they can still be eaten, and for this purpose command a small price. A few are shipped to be used as fish-bait, but the majority are either thrown away or given to persons in the neighborhood who feed them to hogs or to impounded diamond-back terrapin. The mortality among shedding crabs is greatest during hot and sultry weather; thunder storms are said to be very destructive at times, but whether this destruction is due to the sultry weather preceding or to the electrical disturbance during the storm is a disputed point. The crabs in the floats are not fed, even though they remain there for several days. It was formerly the practice to throw in pieces of stale meat or other refuse, but, although the crabs ate it, they died more quickly than if nothing was given them.

The work of packing crabs for shipment is begun by covering the bottom of the box to a depth of two or three inches with seaweed which has been thoroughly picked over to remove all lumps. On this soft bed the crabs are placed in a nearly vertical position and so close together that they cannot move out of place. Seaweed or moss is then placed over them to protect them, and over this is placed a layer of fine crushed ice. The other trays, after being packed in the same manner, are placed one above the other, and the lid is nailed on. The box is then ready for shipment. Some dealers, in order that their shipments may present a more attractive appearance upon reaching market, place a piece of cheesecloth immediately over the crabs and the seaweed over that. By reason of the extreme care used in packing, the crabs can be kept alive from sixty to seventy hours after leaving the water, and crabs shipped from Crisfield to Canada arrive at their destination alive and in good condition.

At present most of the crabs are shipped directly to the consumer, and the packers do not hesitate to fill the smallest order. Competition among the packers is very keen, and considerable secrecy is observed regarding the destination of shipments. When a box is ready the dealer's name and address are stenciled upon it, and a tag bearing the consignee's name and address is attached; but over the latter, so as to hide it completely, is tacked a piece of cardboard bearing the letter "W" (west) or "E" (east). This is known as a "blind tag," and is not removed until after the box is in the express car, if shipped by rail, or in Baltimore, if it goes by steamer.

While the great bulk of the catch, in fact nearly all of it, is shipped in the manner described above, a small but increasing number of soft crabs are being put up in hermetically sealed tin cans for indefinite preservation. For this purpose the prime soft crabs are boiled and put up very much the same as any other animal product. From two to twenty-four entire crabs are put into each can, the former number into a can holding about one-half pint, the latter into a one gallon can. When put up in this manner the crabs retain much of their delicious flavor and should furnish an admirable substitute for the fresh article during the winter season.

The price received by the fishermen for soft crabs, or those in the process of shedding, varies from one-half to four cents each, an average during the season being about 1½ cents. In buying, the dealer often counts three small crabs as two large ones, or two small as one large one, according to the size.

There has been no very material change in the catch of crabs throughout the region, except a slight increase due to the greater number of crabbers each year.

The Hard Crab Industry.

Oxford and Cambridge are the most important hard-crab centers in the State, though the industry is prosecuted extensively in many other localities, including Crisfield, where, however, it is overshadowed by the more important soft-crab industry. The larger portion of the catch is made in the Choptank, Tred Avon, Wicomico, St. Michaels, Chester and Little Annemessex rivers, and Chesapeake Bay, on the eastern shore of the State, and in Mill Creek, a tributary of the Patuxent River, on the western shore. The crabs are taken in depths of water varying from two feet in the rivers to forty feet in the open waters of Chesapeake Bay. The average depth would be about ten feet. They usually frequent muddy bottoms, but at certain seasons of the year they are found on hard bottoms, thus differing from soft crabs, which always seek grassy bottoms.

At Crisfield the fishery for hard crabs is carried on from early in April until the latter part of November. In most other localities the season is considerably shorter. The larger portion of the catch is taken between June 1 and Sept. 1, most of the fishermen discontinuing at the latter date to take up oyster tonging.

With the exception of the crabs already mentioned as being caught in oyster dredges and the few taken together with soft crabs, the entire hard-crab catch of the State is obtained with trot lines. These lines vary in length from 200 to 1,000 yards, the average being about 450 yards, and are of cotton, manila, or grass rope, the size running from one-eigth to five-eighths of an inch in diameter, but usually being about one-fourth inch. Many fishermen tar their lines, though the practice is not universal. In some localities snoods about eighteen inches in length, of fine twine, are fastened to the main line at intervals of three to four feet, the bait being placed at the ends of thes snoods. Other fishermen, however, use no snoods, but make a loop in the main line, through which the bait is slipped.

The use of snoods is preferable where the water is rough, as the crabs are not so easily shaken off by the strain on the line when pulling the boat along and when the line is being lifted from the water in removing the crabs. Many fishermen advise their use under all circumstances, as with snoods swinging from the main line the crabs are able to see the bait from any direction. Trot lines are always anchored on the bottom of a stream. For this purpose grapnels or killicks weighing from five to ten pounds are used, one being placed at each end of the line, and in many cases one also in the center. A buoy, usually consisting of a small keg or some wooden object, is placed near each end of the line to locate it.

Beef tripe and eels constitute the usual bait, though calf pelts, sting rays, hog chokers, spoilt beef, and various other substitutes are sometimes used. It is likely that the use of tripe will be discontinued in the near future, owing to the fact that the steamboats have refused to transport it on account of its offensive odor, and the railroad companies will not handle it except when it is packed in tightly sealed barrels. The bait is generally used in a salted condition, and is placed on the line at intervals of three or four feet. Fishermen bait their lines about once a week, in the meanwhile replacing any bait that may have been washed away or eaten. It is usual on Saturday or Monday to remove the old bait and put on fresh. After a line has been rebaited it is placed in a coil and covered with salt to preserve the bait until it is used.

With few exceptions only one man goes in a boat. The lines are set about one-fourth to the tide, or diagonally across a stream. In fishing, the line is drawn across the

bow of the boat; a short-handled scoop net is used to transfer the crab to the boat. The lines are overhauled from ten to twenty times in the course of a day. In some localities crabbers aim to reach the fishing grounds shortly after midnight, while at others they arrive as late as three or four o'clock in the morning. The object in going early is to get a good lay. If it is a moonlight night the lines are set as soon as a lay is reached, but if it is dark the crabbers await daylight, in the meanwhile taking a nap. Crabs very seldom bite before daylight, but if they do not begin soon after, the fishermen consider it as well to return home. Very few crabs are taken between 10 o'clock in the morning and 2 o'clock in the afternoon, both on account of the heat and the difficulty in getting the catch ashore in good condition. Hard crabbers are dependent upon neither wind nor tide, but should the water be rough the crabs are liable to be shaken off before they can be caught.

Very often a male and female crab when mating are taken together on a trot line, this usually occurring when the female is entering the shedding stage. The pair are called "doublers," or "channeler and his wife." In most localities where hard crabs are taken there are one or more firms handling soft crabs—that is, those taken on trot lines as "doublers." At some places there is no sale for the female thus taken, and she is returned to the water, while in other localities she is sold along with the hard crabs at the same price. The proportion of "doublers" taken varies in different localities from one in one hundred crabs to one in ten, and they are generally taken on grassy bottoms. A "channeler," or any large male hard crab, is called a "Jimmy" or "Jim crab."

The size of a market crab varies with the season and also with the locality. Early in the season 500 will fill a sugar barrel, while later from 200 to 300 is sufficient. The average weight of a single crab is about one-third of a pound. Two were taken near Crisfield early in 1902 weighing one pound each. The smallest crabs that are ever taken in that locality are about the size of a man's fingernail. The supposition that crabs spawn in the ocean near Cape Charles would account for the fact that no smaller ones are taken.

The crabs are disposed of in different ways. Probably the largest proportion is sold to factories for the extraction of the meat. The remainder is either shipped alive by the crabbers or sold to dealers, who also ship it in a live state. In some localities where the catch is small the crabs are sold locally either alive or deviled.

At Oxford, St. Michaels, Tilghman, and several neighboring localities almost the entire catch is utilized in cooking the meat which is shipped in tin buckets having perforated bottoms and holding from five to six pounds. The crab meat is prepared as follows: Immediately upon arrival at the factory the crabs are dumped into a large box, through which steam is forced from the bottom. They are steamed from twenty to forty minutes, the time varying at different factories, and according to the number cooked. After this the crabs are distributed among the pickers, some of whom, with long experience, become very expert in extracting the meat. The pickers in most cases are white women and children, though at some factories all are colored. After the meat has been extracted ice water is thrown over it and about three ounces of salt added to each twenty pounds of meat. The meat is packed in buckets after it is salted and is placed in a large ice-box and covered with ice, where it remains until shipped. After the meat has been extracted the crab shells are cleaned and a certain number are sent with every shipment of meat, to be used principally in making deviled crabs.

A factory at Oxford has been engaged during the last two seasons in grinding crab shells and disposing of the resultant product to fertilizer manufacturers for use as an ingredient. Its value as an ingredient for fertilizer is due to the nine per cent. of ammonia which it contains.

The total number of men engaged in the industry in 1901 was 5,388. Sixty-nine vessels valued at $24,000, were employed, 55 of these being engaged in taking crabs and 14 in transporting them. The total number of boats used was 4,082, valued at $125,847. Including vessels, boats, apparatus, shore property and cash capital, the investment in the fishery was $321,974. The catch was 12,910,746 soft crabs, valued at $202,563, and 29,474,379 hard crabs valued at $85,884.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Completed scores for season 1905:

	Average.	½-ounce Bait. Handicap.	Score.
O. E. Becker	97 12-60	2 1-2	99 42-60
N. C. Heston	96 28-60	1 3-4	98 13-60
G. A. Hinterleitner	97 18-60	1	98 18-60
John Hohmann	96 45-60	1 1-4	98
B. J. Kellenberger	97 7-60	1 3-4	98 52-60
E. R. Letterman	98 43-60	1	99 43-60
O. G. Loomis	97 56-60	1 7-60	99 3-60
E. L. Mason	97 15-60	1 1-4	98 30-60
F. P. Naylor	94 59-60	3 50-60	98 49-60
H. W. Perce	98 3-60	1 1-2	99 33-60
Robt. Slade	96 30-60	1 3-4	98 15-60
E. P. Sperry	89 42-60	2 1-2	92 12-60

	Average.	¼-ounce Bait Handicap.	Score.
O. E. Becker	96 59-60	2 3-4	99 44-60
O. F. Brown	94 27-60	3	97 27-60
N. C. Heston	96 41-60	1 3-4	98 26-60
G. A. Hinterleitner	97 31-60	1 3-4	99 16-60
E. R. Letterman	98 14-60	1 1-2	99 44-60
O. G. Loomis	97 45-60	1 5-60	98 50-60
J. A. McCormick	94 59-60	2 4-60	97 3-60
F. N. Peet	97 37-60	1 1-2	99 7-60
H. W. Perce	98 8-60	1	99 8-60
A. C. Smith	97 12-60	1 1-4	98 27-60

	Average.	Distance & Accuracy—Fly— Handicap.	Score.
I. H. Bellows	98 50-60	25-60	99 15-60
N. C. Heston	97 51-60	1 30-60	99 21-60
G. A. Hinterleitner	93 54-60	2	95 54-60
H. W. Perce	97 58-60	1 11-60	99 9-60

	Average.	Delicacy & Accuracy—Fly.— Handicap.	Score.
I. H. Bellows	98 99-120	6-10	99 51-120
O. F. Brown	96 17-120	2 1-10	99 9-120
F. N. Peet	98 73-120	6-10	99 25-120
H. W. Perce	96 8-120	4 8-10	100 104-120
A. C. Smith	98 102-120	1	99 102-120

Winning Scores.

Distance and Accuracy, Bait—E. R. Letterman 99 43-60 per cent.
Delicacy and Accuracy, Bait—O. E. Becker 99 44-60 per cent.
Distance and Accuracy, Fly—N. C. Heston 99 21-60 per cent.
Delicacy and Accuracy, Fly—H. W. Perce 100 104-120 per cent.

Note.—In the delicacy and accuracy, bait, Mr. O. E. Becker and Mr. E. R. Letterman tied for first, with a score of 99 44-60 per cent. Mr. Letterman being the winner in the distance and accuracy, bait, the first prize in delicacy and accuracy, bait, falls to Mr. Becker.

B. J. KELLENBERGER, Sec'y-Treas.

Just Wants to Know.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 17—*Editor Forest and Streem:* I don't clame to be mutch of a skoler, but to-day after diner I picked up yure paper to read Mr. Starbuck's peece about bein up to Ontario. It was tollable hard work, for I am not very strong on the dictonary, but I about konkluded that what Mr. Starbuck went up there for was to go a-fishin. I red his peeee very careful, but there is still some things about his trip that he dident tell us, that I would like to know, and so I set them down.

1. What kind of bait was he a usin of?
2. What fer kind of fish was he a fishin for?
3. Did he ketch any?

JOB SMITH.

A True Fish Yarn.

BEAUMARIS, Muskoka, Sept. 22.—A grandfather, grandson and friend were fishing from an anchored skiff on Muskoka Lake recently. The grandfather hooked a good-sized bass, which broke the line about eight feet from the hook, and when some fifteen or twenty yards from the skiff leaped quite a height from the water with the line still hang to it. Meanwhile the grandson hooked a fish, but through rough handling, I suspect, it broke the hook and of course escaped. The friend now hooked a fish which fouled the line with the anchor rope. On his leaning over the bow to disentangle it he exclaimed to the grandson: "What did you do that for, Harry," something having struck him on his back which he thought arose from some of Harry's pranks, but on looking round there lay the fish in the boat, which had been lost by the grandfather, the broken line still hanging from its mouth, it evidently having again leaped near and fallen into the boat. The above can be vouched for by several eye-witnesses, as another boat was anchored near and the above occurrence witnessed by its occupants. I. H. W.

Fossilized Pathos.

G. G. GREENE, of Mankato, Minn., says a correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, has just received a remarkable prehistoric relic lately exhumed by his own hands in the Bad Lands of Dakota.

Mr. Greene is an enthusiastic antiquarian and spent his June vacation in the Bad Lands, that wonderful natural museum of the marvels of the past, and while there was fortunate enough to find this relic which has just arrived in Mankato. It consists of the perfectly petrified remains of a monstrous serpent and a prehistoric cave-dweller, twined together in a death struggle. The situation in which the relic was found leaves no doubt but that ages ago these representatives of the highest and lowest orders of animal life then existing were locked together in a life and death struggle, and while thus engaged they came near to the top of a bank of loose earth which caved with them, carrying them down into the morass beneath, together with a mass of earth and rock under which the man and serpent were buried millions of years ago.

The body of the serpent, which was about five inches in diameter at the thickest portion, is wrapped again and again around the body of the man, and its sharp, savage teeth are embedded in the left forearm of its antagonist, which the man had thrown forward with the evident intention of protecting his face, at the same time that his sinewy right arm drove a dagger of flint deep into the serpent's skull, directly between its eyes. The left hand of the man, in addition to being thrown out as a guard to his face, clutches a stone hammer, with which it would appear he had struck the serpent before he was enwrapped in its folds, for the reptile's skull is somewhat indented just above its right eye. The protubcrance of the skull above the eye, for its protection, is crushed down. The body of the man was naked, except for a short garment of fur about the loins, and he has a necklace of the terrible claws of some animal like the polar bear of to-day.

A touching feature of this wonderful petrification is that the last time the rentile threw one of its powerful coils around the struggling cave-dweller it inclosed within the coil, pressed firmly against the upper portion of the man's right leg, a large tuft of grass, which was held tightly in this situation and torn, roots and all from the earth, and that, imbedded in the center of the tuft and as perfectly petrified as any other portion of the relic, is a ground bird's nest, the devoted mother bird still holding her position, and two of the eggs still unbroken, showing plainly through the meshes of the upper portion of the nest and the petrified grass around it.

A Patagonian Giant.

IN "Puritios, His Pilgrimage," an account of Magellan's voyage, gives this description of a Patagonian giant: "This Giant was so big, that the head of one of our men, of a meane stature, came but to his Waste. He was of good corporature, and well made in all parts of his body, with a large Visage, painted with divers colors, but for the most part yellow. Upon his Cheekes were painted two Harts, and red Circles about his Eyes. The Hayre of his Head was coloured white, and his Apparrell was the Skinne of a Beast sowed together. This Beast (as seemed unto us) had a large head, and great eares like unto a Mule, with the body of a Cammill, and tayle of a Horse. The feet of the Giant were foulded in the said Skinne, after the manner of shooes. He had in his hand a big and short Bowe, the String whereof was made of a sinew of that Beast. He had also a Bundell of long Arrowes, made of Reedes, feathered after the manner of ours, typt with sharpe stones in the stead of Iron heads. The Captaine caused him to eat and drinke, and gave him many things, and among other, a Looking-Glasse: In the which, as soone as he saw his owne likenesse, hec was suddenly afraid, and started backe with such violence, that he overthrew two that stood nearest about him."

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The Kennel.

Virginia-Carolina Fox Hunters' Association.

THE officers of the Virginia-Carolina Fox Hunters' Association are working energetically for the success of the bix fox hunt, fixed to take place on Oct. 24 to 28 inclusive, at Chase City, Va. The headquarters will be the Meeklenburg Hotel.

The programme consists of a Derby and an All-Age stake.

The Derby will commenee on Oct. 24, and all entries for it must be in the hands of the master of hounds at or before 5 o'clock P. M., Oct. 23. This stake is open to all fox hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1 of the year preceding the trials, and are judged on average all-round work.

The All-Age stake is open to all fox hounds, and is governed by the following considerations:

Hunting.—By hunting shall be understood the general ranging and starting qualities of a hound.

Trailing.—Trailing shall be considered the manner in which a hound follows a trail before a fox is jumped.

Speed and Driving.—Speed and driving shall be considered rapidity of movement while actually carrying the scent, and therefore the hound doing the greater part of the leading and known to be carrying either the ground or body scent, is the speediest.

Endurance.—By endurance is meant the capacity of a hound for continuous maximum work during a number of successive hours or days.

Tonguing.—By tonguing is meant the use a hound makes of his voice after he is let loose for the day's trial.

The fox hound having highest general average shall be awarded the first prize. In computing the highest general average a first prize in any class of the All-Age stakes shall count 50, a second prize 30, and a third prize 20.

The days assigned to the All-Age trials and the general hunts will be decided upon by the officers on the night of Oct. 23. Entries for the All-Age stake and the general hunt may be made up to 5 o'clock P. M., Oct. 24, but it is earnestly desired that all hounds be in the hands of the master of hounds by 5 o'clock P. M. on Oct. 23.

The hunt last year had 150 riders and nearly 200 dogs. This year the secretary, H. B. Hartman, estimates that there will be nearly 400 riders and 250 or 300 hounds.

The officers of the Association are: President, W. T. Hughes, Chase City, Va.; Vice-Presidents, R. G. Sneed, Townsville, N. C.; Judge Allen Hanckle, Norfolk, Va.; Judge A. M. Aiken, Danville, Va.; Mr. T. E. Roberts, Chase City, Va.; Mr. W. T. Clark, Wilson, N. C.; Mr. Allen Potts, Richmond, Va.; W. T. Lipscomb, Greenville, N. C.; Dr. N. Jackson, Norfolk, Va.; Dr. J. R. Rogers, Raleigh, N. C.; Secretary, H. B. Hartman, Chase City, Va.; Treasurer, E. W. Overbey, Boydton, Va.; Master of Hounds, E. W. Overbey, Boydton, Va.; Directors—Phil L. Hunt, Townsville, N. C.; W. H. Elam, Jr., Baskerville, Va.; J. M. B. Lewis, Lynchburg, Va.; G. W. Marrow, Bullock, N. C.; E. M. Milstead, Newport News, Va.; S. P. Cooper, Henderson, N. C.; W. T. Lipscomb, Greenville, N. C.; J. Y. Wilkinson, Chase City, Va.

The prerequisites of fine sport are primarily good and convenient ground and plenty of game, both of which are provided here. This section is in Piedmont, Va., a grand, gently undulating territory in which some 18,000 acres of hunting preserves of the hotel are inclosed and protected. There are foxes in abundance, quail and deer in plenty. The roads are good, and nowhere are better mounts or better trained dogs to be found.

On March 24 to 28, after informal and impromptu advertisement of a proposed meet on short notice, the result was an assembling, at the Mecklenburg's first meet, of over a hundred mounted fox hunters with as many dogs. The sport was fine, old-time records were broken in the full enjoyment of the chase of the South. The press of Virginia and other States testified to the complete success of the initial gathering; and it is certain that we will have a return in full force of the first company, all of whom are ready and willing to declare their enthusiastic support.

With the large gathering of sportsmen and other notable personages it was but one step further to organize a permanent Association, which has been done, and it is appropriately styled the Virginia-Carolina Fox Hunters' Association, incorporated, chartered under the laws of Virginia.

A banquet and German, speech-making and toasts will be on the next programme. Membership cards with initiation fee $2, and the annual dues $1, paid in advance, entitles the holders to all the privileges of the hunt and banquet. Non-members will be charged $1.50 for cards to the banquet and German. Hounds will be well cared for by the Association without cost to owners.

It is expected and proposed to have this occasion surpass all fox hunting meets in the annals of the country. Every effort will be put forth to guarantee its success and to insure comfort and enjoyment to everyone present. The field records will pass down into history and make a basis of fireside stories for the old sportsmen to the third and fourth generation.

Plenty of foxes make the sport doubly sure every day. Photographers will be on the ground to make pictures of the sport under varying conditions. These plates, like those made at the last meet, will be objects of pride to the possessors. Arrangements will be made to supply photographs to all, and these will make the best possible souvenirs of the great occasion.

Many members of the best hunting clubs in the country have already declared their purpose to attend, and are lending their assistance enthusiastically to the complete success of the undertaking.

National Beagle Club's Trials.

THE premium list of the National Beagle Club's sixteenth annual field trials, to be held at Stevenson, Md., beginning Oct. 30, can be obtained of the secretary, Chas. R. Stevenson, Camden, N. J. The headquarters of the Club will be at Avalon Inn. Stevenson is in Baltimore county, on the Green Spring Branch of the Northern Central Railroad.

YACHTING

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor.

THE final week of racing of the Atlantic Y. C. season brought four events, the most important of which proved to be the interclub match between two American Y. C. representatives and a like number from the Sea Gate organization. The visitors sent down Commodore Trenor L. Park's Mimosa III. and his first boat of the same name, which is now owned by Mr. H. M. Raborg. The Atlantic Y. C. pitted against the two Class N boats. Vivian II. and Bobtail, owned respectively by Mr. S. E. Vernon and Mr. Edgar F. Luckenbach. The home craft were soundly beaten on both days of the series, the standing on points at the end being 14-6 in favor of the visitors. Cockatoo II. gained permanent possession of the Vernon trophy during the week of sport, which ended with the annual fall regatta. Only eighteen boats started in the latter event, all of them being from local clubs. The racing proved to be spirited, the winners being Vivian II., Tabasco, Sakana, Ogeemah, Careless and Chicioker. Alpha scored a sailover.

Interclub Match, Sept. 20 and 21.

A light S. wind was blowing for the first interclub race on Wednesday. The boats went twice over a triangular course from the start off Sea Gate to Can buoy No. 13 off Fort Wadsworth, thence to buoy No. 11 and home. All marks were left on the port hand, the aggregate distance being 10 nautical miles. The first leg was a reach, the second to windward, and the third another reach. On the windward leg Vivian II. ran aground off Hoffman Island, and it was some time before she was pulled off by one of the boats plying between Sea Gate and the Battery.

The visitors had every thing their own way. Boat for boat Mimosa I. beat Mimosa III. by 6m. 37s. Bobtail was beaten 13m. 15s. In figuring corrected time Vivian II. was scratch. She allowed Bobtail 7s., Mimosa III. 29s. and Mimosa I. 4m. 47s. Corrected times, however, did not affect the result as determined by the order of finishing.

Hopes of the local Corinthians were again dashed in the concluding race of the match held Thursday. The boats went twice over a triangular course, the distance aggregating 14 miles. The journey led from the start off Sea Gate to Craven Shoal bell buoy, thence to buoy No. 6, a mile and a half due E. of West Bank Light, and home. It was a close reach to the first mark, windward work to the second and another reach home. Bobtail led for three-quarters of the race, being finally passed by Mimosa III., which finished 1m. and 44s. ahead. Mimosa I., although third boat to end the race, got the winning honors on corrected time. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05—Wednesday, Sept. 20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mimosa I., H. M. Raborg	5 46 08	2 41 08	2 36 21
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	5 52 45	2 47 45	2 47 16
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 59 27	2 54 27	2 54 20
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	Did not finish.		

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05—Thursday, Sept. 21.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	5 41 47	2 36 47	2 36 06
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 43 41	2 38 31	2 38 21
Mimosa I., T. M. T. Raborg	5 45 33	2 40 33	2 34 33
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 46 24	2 41 24	2 41 24

Points for the series:

American Y. C.		Atlantic Y. C.	
Mimosa I.	4 4—8	Bobtail	2 2—4
Mimosa III.	3 3—6—14	Vivian II.	1 1—2—6

While the larger boats were racing on Thursday, the four Class Q creations, which had qualified in two preliminary events, met to decide the custody of the Vernon trophy. The boats went twice over a triangle, aggregating 10 miles. It was a reach to the first mark, a run to the second and windward work home. The starters were Cockatoo II., More Trouble, Quest and Ogeemah. More Trouble led at the end of the first round followed by Cockatoo II., only 24s. away. Then came Quest and Ogeemah. The latter, which got 9m. 27s. time allowance, looked to be a sure winner at this stage of the contest. On the first leg of the second round both she and Quest, however, were held up by a tow. The race was then a fine struggle between Cockatoo II. and More Trouble. Both had a luffing match to the finish line, the first name getting there 33s. in the lead. The summary follows:

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cockatoo II., H. Chubb	5 21 14	2 01 14
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 21 47	2 01 47
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 27 13	2 07 13
*Ogeemah, A. McKay	5 34 29	2 14 29

*Corrected time of Ogeemah, 2:05:02.

Saturday, Sept. 23.

The annual regatta on Saturday brought disappointment, as it was thought a number of schooners would compete. The boats were sent away in the morning over the outside courses. There was plenty of wind for all hands. In Class N, Vivian II. scored an easy victory over Bobtail. Tabasco varied her run of hard luck in the heavy breeze and defeated Lizana by a good margin. The yawl Sakana, recently brought to Gravesend Bay by Haviland Brothers, beat Lotowana. The latter cracked her topmast on the outward journey. In Class Q, Saetta defeated More Trouble by 25s. In a special division for old Class Q boats Careless won a good victory. Chicioker beat Bab in the Manhasset Bay one-design class and Alpha got a sailover. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 11:50—Course, 14 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	12 58 45	1 43 45
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	1 12 06	1 57 06

Corrected time, Bobtail, 1:56:56.

Sloops, Class P—Start, 11:15.

Tabasco, J. B. O'Donohue	1 01 15	1 46 15
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	1 14 03	1 59 03

Corrected time, Lizana, 1:50:55.

Yawls, Class N—Start. 11:15.

Sakana, Haviland Bros.	1 00 10	1 45 10
Lotowana, E. A. Malcolm	1 01 05	1 46 05

Corrected time, Sakana, 1:33:59.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 11:20.

Saetta, G. H. Church	1 17 25	1 57 25
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	1 17 50	1 57 50
Quest, F. J. Havens	1 18 22	1 58 22
Cockatoo II., H. Chubb	1 18 36	1 58 36
Ogeemah, A. McKay	1 25 00	2 05 00

Corrected time, Ogeemah, 1:51:46.

Sloops, Class Q, Special—Start, 11:25.

Careless, R. Rummell	1 27 55	2 02 05
Spots, R. C. Veit	1 31 35	2 06 35
Trouble, W. Barstow	1 37 10	2 12 10
Mary, M. Grundner	1 50 09	2 25 09

Corrected time, Spots, 2:03:45; Mary, 2:23:44.

Manhasset Bay One-Design—Start, 11:25.

Chicioker, W. J. O'Neil	1 55 13	2 30 13
Bab, T. A. Hamilton	1 56 05	2 31 25

Sloops, Class RR—Start, 11:25.

Alpha, W. S. Howell	1 57 35	2 32 35

"Supplement to Small Yachts" Free.

To any one sending us one new subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM before Oct. 15, 1905, we will present one copy of W. P. Stephens' book "Supplement to Small Yachts." This work contains 104 pages text and 43 plates. Size 11 by 14 inches. Cloth. Price $4. This offer does not apply to renewals.

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, Long Island Sound—First Day, Wednesday, Sept. 20.

IN the first series race for the New York Y. C. 30-footers, sailed on Wednesday, Sept. 20, there were twelve contestants. Neola II. won the prize offered by Commodore Frederick G. Bourne. The contest, which was sailed off Glen Cove, was not a satisfactory one, and Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell, who managed the race from the steam yacht Scout, was forced to stop the boats at the end of the first round. The course selected was a windward and leeward one, 3⅞ miles to a leg, to be covered twice. The starting line was off Mott's Point, thence to the striped buoy off Parsonage Point and return. At the time of the start there was a nice breeze from the S. by W.

At 2:10 the starting signal was given. It was a down the wind start, and Cara Mia got away in the lead. Dahinda was second, Alera third, and Phryne fourth. From the time the boats started the wind lightened steadily. Slow progress was made on the run, but Phryne worked into first place and rounded the leeward mark ahead of the fleet. Atair was second, almost a minute behind. Neola II. was third. The rest rounded as follows: Alera, Nautilus, Maid of Meudon, Cara Mia, Oriole, Ibis, Adelaide II., Dahinda and Carlita.

On the second leg it was a beat at first and Phryne moved along with rather more life than the others. The wind finally went to the N.W. and spinnakers were set. Neola II., together with several others, went wind hunting to the eastward, and they all found it. A rain squall broke shortly before the boats finished and a let up put Neola II. well ahead, and she crossed the line a winner. Cara Mia was second, and Dahinda third. Carlita was fourth. The summary follows:

30-Footers—Course, 7¾ Miles—Start, 2:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	5 46 48	3 36 48
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	5 47 21	3 37 21
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	5 48 45	3 38 45
Carlita, Oliver Harriman	5 50 58	3 40 58
Nautilus, H. W. and A. G. Hanan	5 53 05	3 43 05
Oriole, Lyman Delano	5 53 35	3 43 35
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	5 53 59	3 43 59
Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin	5 55 47	3 45 47
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	6 03 37	3 53 37
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	6 05 06	3 55 06
Atair, Cord Meyer	6 05 37	3 55 37
Maid of Meudon, W. D. Guthrie	Did not finish.	

Second Day, Thursday, Sept. 21.

The second race was for a cup put up by Vice-Commodore Henry Walters. Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell, of the Regatta Committee, was again in charge, and he sent the boats off at 2:10. The wind was light from the S.W., and the twelve starters went twice over a 6-mile windward and leeward course. The start was again made off Mott's Point. A buoy off Matinicock was used as the outer mark.

There was some lively work on the line, and all twelve boats crossed within a minute as named: Neola II., Ibis, Alera, Carlita, Adelaide II., Nautilus, Phryne, Dahinda, Cara Mia, Atair, Maid of Meudon and Oriole.

A few minutes after the start Alera worked into first place, and Adelaide II., was second. Adelaide II. finally passed Alera and rounded the leeward mark 20s. ahead of Atair, which boat had moved into second place. Alera was 6s. behind Atair.

On the wind Alera soon took the lead again and was never headed. She was 1m. 22s. ahead of Adelaide II. at the end of the first round. Atair was third around, followed by Cara Mia, Oriole, Phryne, Dahinda, Carlita, Nautilus, Ibis, Neola II. and Maid of Meudon.

On the second round Adelaide II. did better in the strengthening breeze, and Alera was only 20s. ahead of her at the leeward mark. Atair was 35s. behind Adelaide II. Cara Mia was fourth and Oriole fifth.

Phryne picked up on the beat to the finish and crossed in third place. Alera beat Adelaide II. 1m. 36s. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	4 50 07	2 40 07
Adelaide, Adee Bros.	4 51 43	2 41 43
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	4 52 29	2 42 29
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 53 42	2 43 42
Carlita, Oliver Harriman	4 53 52	2 43 52
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	4 54 12	2 44 12
Oriole, Lyman Delano	4 54 57	2 44 57
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	4 55 27	2 45 27
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 55 56	2 45 56
Ibis, C. O'Donnell Iselin	4 57 20	2 47 20
Nautilus, H. W. and A. G. Hanan	4 57 20	2 47 20
Maid of Meudon, W. D. Guthrie	5 08 42	2 48 42

Third Day—Friday, Sept. 22.

Nautilus won the cup offered by Rear Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt in the race on Friday. At the time of the start at 2:35 there was a moderate breeze from the W. by N. which freshened as the day progressed. Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell, on board Scout, took up a starting line off the Week's Point buoy. The weather mark was the striped buoy on the N.E. end of Execution Reef. This windward and leeward course was covered twice, making a total distance of 14 miles.

The boats were well bunched at the start, but Nautilus crossed ahead and to windward. Ibis was next away, and Neola II. was third.

Nautilus was first around the weather mark with Ibis close astern and Phryne third. Ibis was less than a minute behind Nautilus at the end of the first round. Phryne was third and the others rounded as follows: Oriole, Cara Mia, Carlita, Atair, Adelaide II., Dahinda, Neola II., and Alera.

On the beat on the second round Ibis let Nautilus get away a little, for she made a good gain, rounding 1m. 30s. ahead. On the last leg Phryne passed Ibis and finished in second place, a little over 3m. astern of Nautilus. Dahinda was third. The summary:

30-Footers—Start, 2:35—Course, 14 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nautilus, H. W. and A. G. Hanan	5 04 20	2 39 20
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	5 07 22	2 42 22
Carlita, Oliver Harriman	5 07 44	2 42 44
Ibis, C. O'Donnell Iselin	5 07 55	2 42 55
Atair, Cord Meyer	5 09 10	2 44 19
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	5 09 35	2 44 35
Oriole, Lyman Delano	5 10 37	2 45 37
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	5 10 53	2 45 53
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	5 15 41	2 50 41
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	5 16 13	2 51 13
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	5 16 25	2 51 25

Washington Park Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Saturday, Sept. 16.

A SPECIAL race for sloops of the 25ft. class was held by the Washington Park Y. C. on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 16. There were only four entries, and owing to the extremely light wind, it was a slow affair. On actual time Micaboo was the winner, coming in about 9m. ahead; but neither of the leaders had been officially measured, and with her extremely short waterline, Gunfire, a new craft, was likely to win out on time allowance. The summary. Start, 3:05:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	6 59 55	3 54 25
Gunfire, S. Baxter	7 09 13	4 03 43
Dazzler, C. D. Reynolds	7 30 35	4 25 05
Pinafore, W. B. Frost	7 50 43	4 45 13

F. H. YOUNG.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Cleans powder residue and foulness from guns; 6oz. can 25 cents.

American Y. C.

Milton Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 23.

THE fall regetta of the American Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 23. It was a race for small craft, but the twenty-seven boats that started were afforded some lively racing. A strong N.W. breeze held throughout the contest.

Commodore Trenor L. Park served on the Race Committee with Mr. James MacDonough and the match was admirably handled.

Mr. Clifford Bucknam, one of the Mimosa III.'s amateur crew, sailed the boat, and he had no difficulty in disposing of Mimosa I. These boats covered on 18¾-mile course, as did the New York Y. C. one-design 30-footers.

Minx surprised every one by winning in the one-design class. Cara Mia was second and Alera third. Nautilus had the race well in hand, having led nearly all the way over the course, when she was headed off by a long tow. After vainly trying to get by, Mr. Addison Hanan was forced to withdraw. This unfortunate occurrence cost her the first prize.

Thelema beat Firefly only 4s. on corrected time in Class P, and Houri won in the Larchmont one-design class. Vaquero finished the race with her mainsail badly split.

Tartan had no difficulty in winning in the raceabout class. Indian was second and Nora third. Howdy broke her boom before the start. Okee and Vishnu were the other winners.

The course was from the Scotch Capes, off Parsonage Point, Rye Neck, thence S.W.¼S., 2¾ miles to and around the striped buoy to the northward of Execution Light, thence E. by S., 3½ miles, to and around the buoy off Weeks Point, Hempstead Bay, and thence N.W. by N., 3⅛ miles, back home, 9⅜ miles, all told. The sloops Mimosa III., and Mimosa I. and the N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers sailed the course twice, 18¾ miles, and the rest of the classes once. The first and second legs were reaches and the third was to windward. The summary:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 12:30—Course, 8¾ Miles.

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	3 30 44	3 10 44
Mimosa I., T. M. T. Raborg	3 48 27	3 28 07

Corrected time, Mimosa I., 3:20:25.

N. Y. Y. C. One-Design 30ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 18¾ Miles.

Alera, J. H. Alker	3 42 00	3 17 09
Carlita, Oliver Harriman	3 47 04	3 22 04
Ibis, Adrian Iselin, 2d	3 50 06	3 25 06
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 45 30	3 20 30
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	3 49 09	3 24 09
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 41 30	3 16 30
Minx, Howard Willetts	3 40 49	3 15 49
Nautilus, Hanna Bros.	Did not finish.	

Sloops, Class P—Start, 12:30—Course, 9⅜ Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	2 22 01	1 52 01
Firefly, G. P. Granbery	2 29 59	1 59 59

Corrected time, Firefly, 1:52:04.

Larchmont, 21ft. Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 9¾ Miles.

Houri J. H. Esser	2 37 08	1 57 08
Vaquero, William Stump	2 43 49	2 03 49
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 43 50	2 03 50
Folette, L. A. Garcey	2 43 07	2 03 07

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 9¾ Miles.

Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 17 42	1 42 42
Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey	2 26 30	1 51 30
Nora, Adrian Iselin, 2d	2 20 44	1 45 44
Indian, William Gardner	2 29 41	1 44 41
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	2 23 11	1 48 11
Rana, Macy Willetts	2 30 02	1 55 02
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 30 27	1 55 27

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 12:40—Course, 9¾ Miles.

Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 54 07	2 14 07
Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt	2 58 40	2 18 40

Sloops, Class R—Start, 12:40—Course, 9¾ Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 02 56	2 22 56
Vishnu, J. Lovejoy	3 01 09	2 21 09

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Wednesday, Sept. 20.

AN open race for power boats was given on Wednesday, Sept. 20, by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for a cup offered by Commodore William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. The course was from the starting line off spar buoy H1 off Lloyd's Neck, westerly to and around black spar buoy F17½ off Matinicock Point and mark boats No. 2 and No. 3; thence easterly to and around mark boats No. 4 and No. 1, and buoy H1. This course was covered six times. Total distance, 89 nautical or 102 statute miles. There were five starters, Dixie, Simplex III., XPDNC, Veritas and Dart.

The wind was moderate from the S.W., and the water was very fairly smooth. The tide was running flood. The start was made at 12:10. The Race Committee was on board Vice-Commodore W. J. Matherson's steam yacht Lavrock.

Dart, the tender to President Roosevelt's steam yacht Sylph, failed to complete the first round and withdrew.

At the end of the first round Dixie came alongside the Committee boat and withdrew and went in to the club float. Later Mr. E. R. Thomas went aboard and she again started in the race and finally finished a winner, having made the fastest time over the course. It seems that the withdrawal of Dixie and her second start is not in violation of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s rules, under which the race was held, but it was, to say the least, a remarkable thing for her owner to do.

XPDNC took the lead on the first round, Dixie was second and Veritas third. On the third round XPDNC and Veritas met with accidents and withdrew. Dixie beat Simplex III., the only other boat to finish, 23m. 1s. According to the ethics of good sport, the race should have gone to Simplex III., the only boat that covered the course regularly and properly. However, Mr. E. R. Thomas accepted the trophy offered for the race at the dinner given at the club house on the evening of the match. The summary:

First Round—17 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dixie	12 00 00	12 53 15	0 53 15
Simplex III.	12 00 00	1 06 58	1 06 58
XPDNC	12 00 00	12 51 18	0 51 18
Veritas	12 00 00	12 57 39	0 57 39
Dart	12 00 00	Did not finish.	

Second Round—17 Miles.

Dixie	12 53 15	1 36 55	0 43 40
Simplex III.	1 06 58	2 04 07	0 57 09
XPDNC	12 51 18	1 32 46	0 41 28
Veritas	12 57 39	1 44 06	0 46 27

Third Round—17 Miles.

Dixie	1 36 55	3 17 13	1 40 18
Simplex III.	2 04 07	3 01 00	0 56 53
XPDNC	1 52 46	Did not finish.	
Veritas	1 44 06	Did not finish.	

Fourth Round—17 Miles.

Dixie	3 17 13	3 57 02	0 39 49
Simplex III.	3 01 00	3 57 25	0 56 25

Fifth Round—17 Miles.

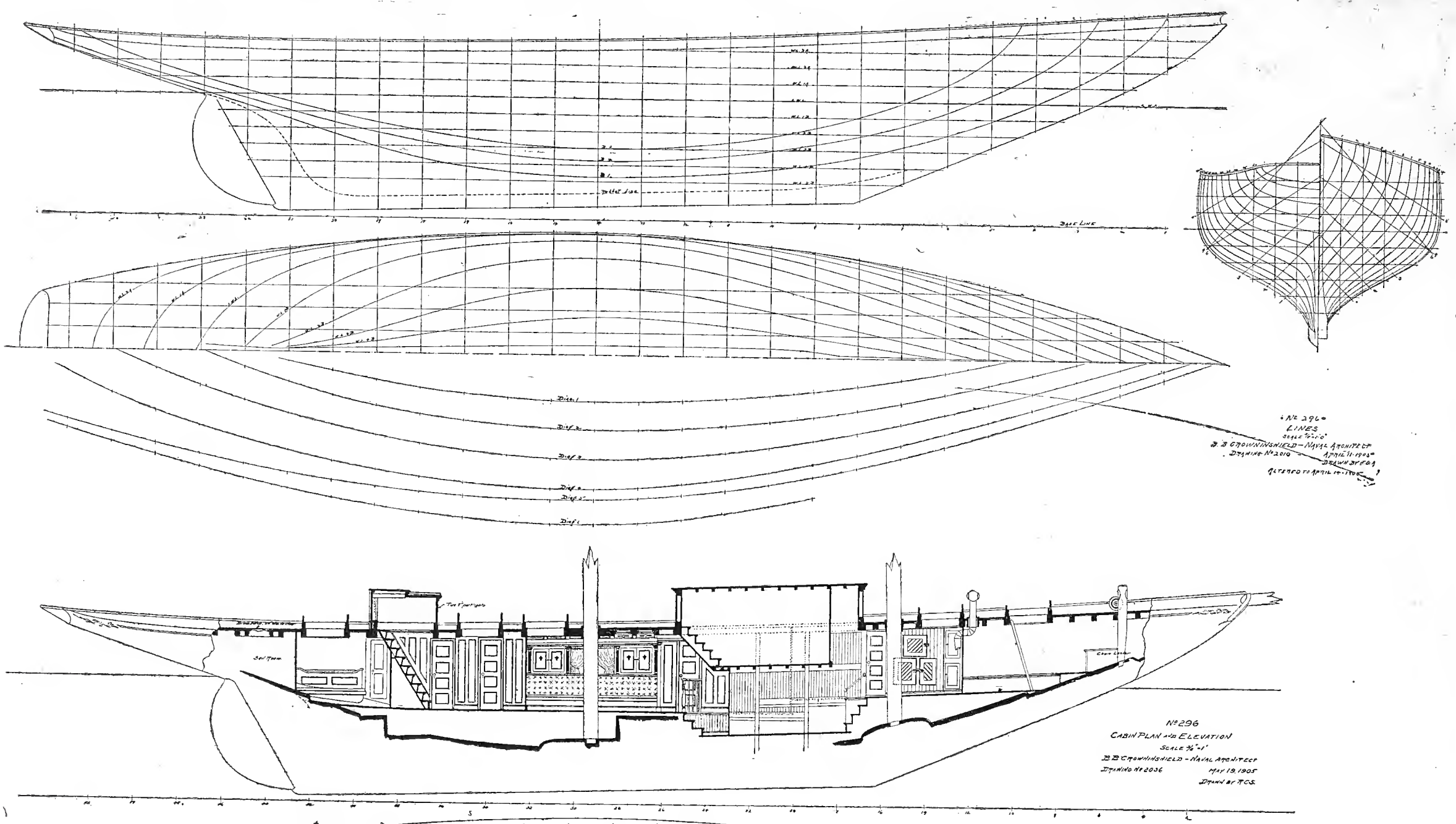
Dixie	3 57 02	4 40 25	0 43 23
Simplex III.	3 57 25	4 54 55	0 57 55

Sixth Round—17 Miles.

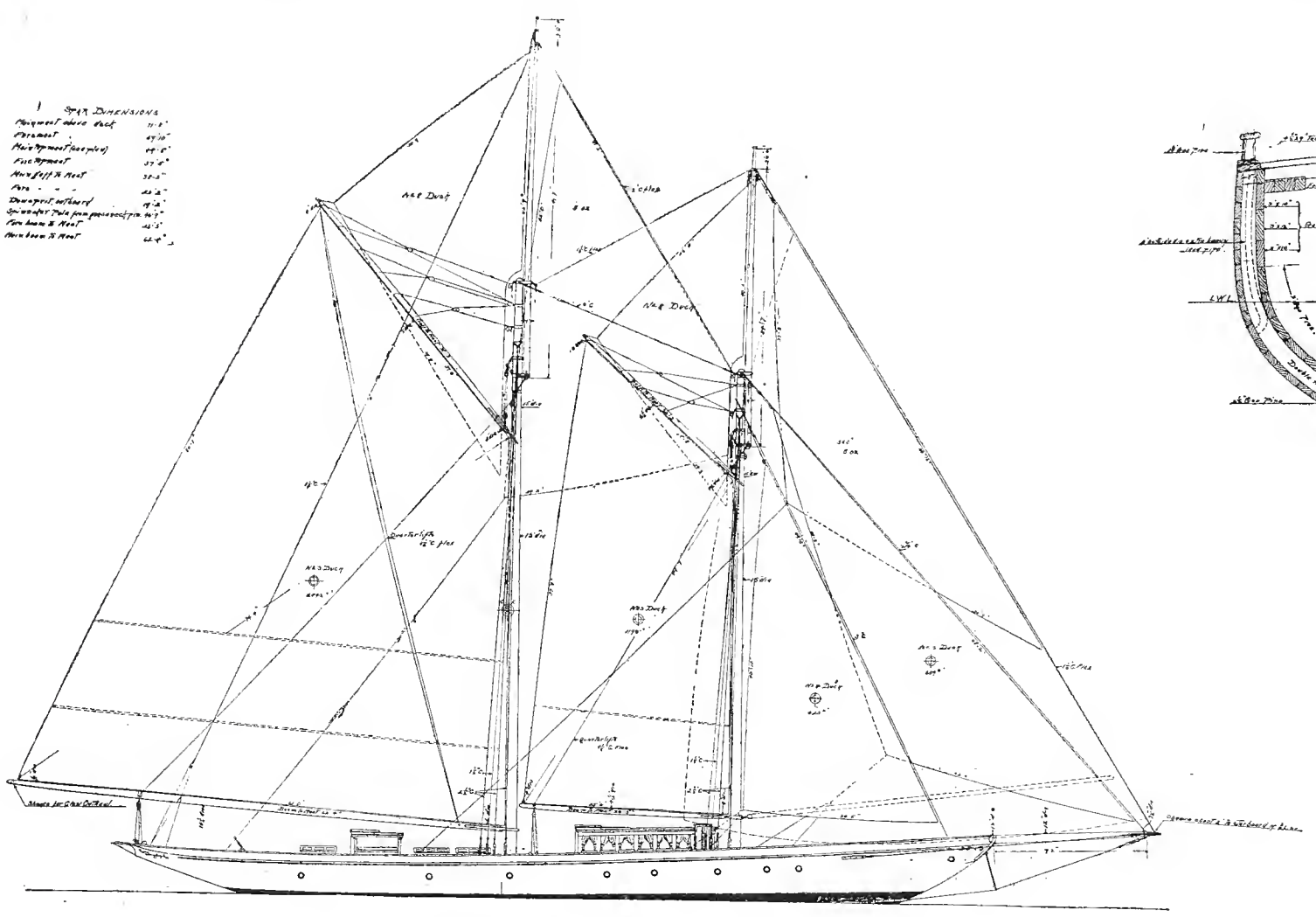
Dixie	4 40 25	5 22 23	0 41 58
Simplex III.	4 54 55	5 47 24	0 52 29

Power Boat Race for Vanderbilt Trophy.

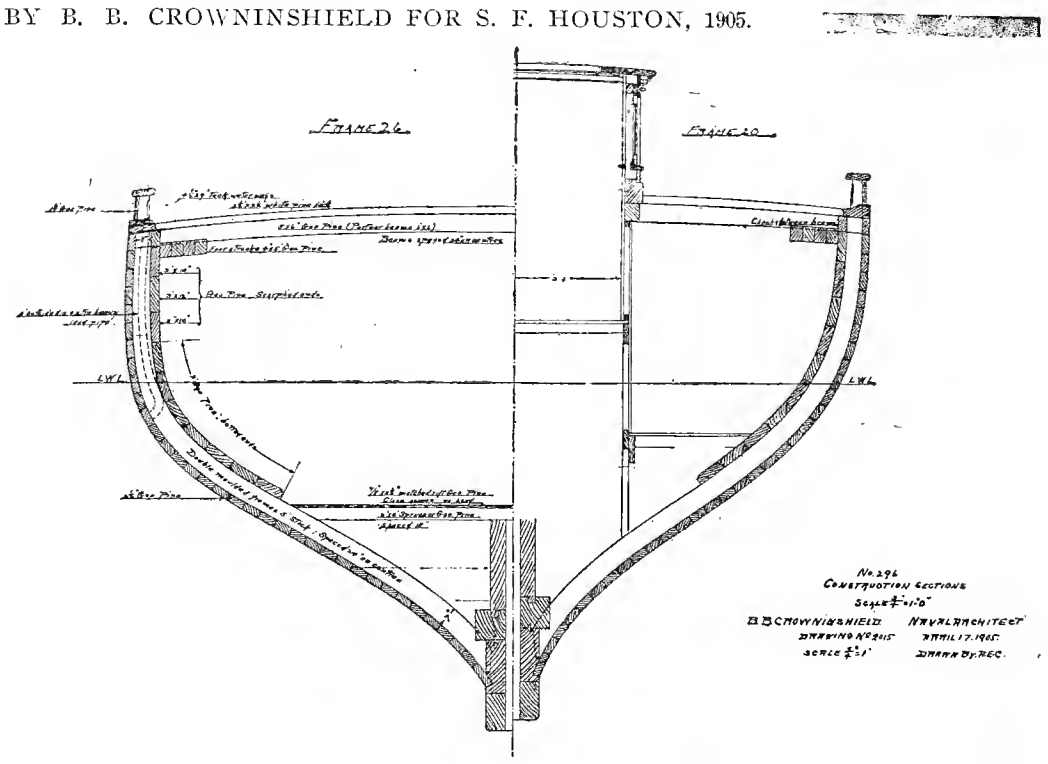
Dixie	12 00 00	5 22 23	5 22 23
Simplex III.	12 00 00	5 47 24	5 47 24
XPDNC	12 00 00	Did not finish.	
Veritas	12 00 00	Did not finish.	
Dart	12 00 00	Did not finish.	



SHEPHERDESS—LINES, INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR S. F. HOUSTON, 1905.



SHEPHERDESS—SAIL PLAN.



SHEPERDESS—MIDSHIP SECTION.

Shepherdess.

SHEPHERDESS was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. S. F. Houston, of Philadelphia, and was built by Messrs. Oxner & Story, at Essex, Mass., and launched July 25 last.

In making the design comfort and seaworthiness were considered primarily, the aim being an able cruiser capable of comfortably making a long ocean trip, and at the same time a vessel handy enough to safely navigate the small harbors and narrow channels of the New England Coast. She is equipped with a 40 horse-power New York Kerosene Oil Engine Company's motor, which has worked without a hitch, and gives her a speed of 7 1/3 miles under power alone in smooth water. The engine was first turned over at Gloucester, when she went in commission and was not stopped until she reached Portland Harbor, a run of about 70 miles.

She draws 10ft. 6in., and is fitted with a small centerboard, although she works perfectly with the board up. The ballast is all inside, consisting of 40 tons of iron and lead, the iron carefully cemented into the bottom, the top of the concrete being flush with the top of the keelson, making a total deadweight of 50 tons.

The construction is heavy. The keel, stem, sternpost, deadwood, etc., of oak. Keel sided 18in., stem 9in. and sternpost 12in. The frame is double of white oak sided 5in. Planking, Georgia pine, 2½in., fastened with galvanized spikes. Deck, white pine 2½in. by 2½in.; main beams, Georgia pine, sided and moulded 6in. There are three clamps 3in. by 10in. on each side. Other scantlings in proportion. Skylights, deck house, waterways, coamings, rail cap, etc., of teak.

Below there is a steerage and chart room, large saloon, bathroom, one double and four single staterooms, besides engine room, galley, staterooms for captain and mate and engineer and steward, and forecastle with berths for six men.

The feature of the arangement is the deck house, over the engine room between the masts, half sunk below the deck. This contains a room 6ft. by 11ft., large enough to be used for a dining room, and commanding an interrupted view of the deck and offing. The principal dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	109ft. 9 in.
L.W.L.	82ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	11ft. 9 in.
Aft	16ft.
Breadth—	
Extreme	22ft. 4 in.
L.W.L.	22ft.
Draft—	
To rabbet	10ft. 3½in.
Extreme	10ft. 6 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	8ft. 9 in.
Least	5ft. ½in.
Taffrail	6ft. 1½in.
Sail area—	
Mainsail	2,842 sq. ft.
Foresail	1,195 sq. ft.
Forestaysail	523 sq. ft.
Jib	609 sq. ft.
Total area lower sails	5,169 sq. ft.

Boston Letter.

WITH THE 22-FOOTERS.—It already looks as though the keen competition in the 22ft. class will be continued for another season, at least, as there is more or less talk of new boats to be built for the class during the coming winter. Mr. George Lee, who raced the old Medric last season, is to have a new one from designs of Mr. E. A. Boardman. She is now being built by Fenton, of Manchester. Peri II. was built for Mr. Lee, and after a season of good racing he exchanged her for Medric, which he believed to be the faster of the two, a belief which he has probably since abandoned.

Dr. Morton Prince, who went into the 22ft. class this year with Peri II., is also talking of having a new one built. Dr. Prince has not yet placed his order, but it is likely that he will do so in the event of any activity shown in the building of new boats.

Mr. H. L. Bowden, who owns Rube, one of this season's boats, is considering a new one for next year. Mr. Bowden has been consulting Crowninshield in regard to the design, but has not yet ordered.

Mr. W. H. Joyce, whose Tyro took the championship this year, is satisfied to remain in the class for another season. He will build a new one if he can find anybody who wants to take a chance with Tyro, but will race the champion if she is not disposed of.

NEW CLASS OF OLD 25-FOOTERS.—There is at present a movement on foot to establish an association which will take care of the existing 25-footers of normal dimensions. Some of these boats have long since dropped to more than 25ft. waterline, and there might be some that never were as low as 25ft. To allow all of the boats that were intended to be 25-footers to race, it is suggested that the class which the new association will control may measure not more than 27ft. nor less than 24ft. waterline. There are more than a dozen boats that could be gotten together for such a class, the owners of which would be most anxious to race with boats of somewhere near equal length. The limit of over all length is placed at 43ft., which would bar the productions of 1903—Sally VII., Early Dawn III. and Great Haste. Mr. Arthur Leary, of the South Boston Y. C., is the originator of the plan to bring the old 25ft. class to life again, and his efforts may be productive of some very good racing next season.

NEW CAPE CAT ORDERED.—Messrs. Small Brothers have received an order for a Cape cat for Messrs. Dudley and Hodge, of the Revere Y. C., which will be raced in the open events for the class next season. The owners have been very consistent racers in the sailing dory class, and in going up a class they will not part with their old loves, but will race them whenever they can. The new boat will be different in her lines from the older Cape cats. She will have moderate beam and a hull of easy form, with a moderate sail plan. The sailing of such a boat may show why an old-time cat of flat iron form, with a sail plan which properly belongs to a boat twice her length, cocks up her tail like a sheldrake and refuses to move when one tries to drive her in a heavy chance.

NEW ONE-DESIGN CLASSES.—Messrs. Small Brothers have received an order for a one-design class of 15-footers for members of the Hingham Y. C. They will be 22ft. over all and will have a moderate knockabout rig. It is expected that ten of these boats will be built. The same designers have also an order for a one-design class of racing yawls for members of the Buffalo Canoe Club. These boats will be 25ft. over all, 17ft. waterline and 8ft. breadth. They have designed a 35ft. waterline yawl for Mr. W. Mosely Swain, of Philadelphia, and have an order for a 22ft. waterline auxiliary yawl for Mr. H. F. Knight.

THIRTY-THREE RATER ORDERED.—Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has received an order for a 33-rater for a Boston yachtsman, whose name is withheld for the present. This is the first that has been heard of the proposed new class so far. It is said that the owner of the new one is not interested in the formation of any new class, but it is believed that there are several other yachtsmen who would build for the class without much inducement. This rating produces a boat of admirable length for both racing and cruising, and it is likely that if interest in the class is once started it will not soon wane.

NEW SCHOONERS TO BE BUILT.—Two new schooners, and possibly three, of 56ft. waterline, are to be built at Lawley's this winter. One of these is for Rear Commodore Alfred Douglas, of the Boston Y. C. The owner of the other schooner is not given, but there are many who believe she is for Mr. Henry A. Morss, of the Boston and Eastern yacht clubs. It is possible that the third schooner will be for Mr. George L. Batchelder, who has raced the 30-footer Dorel successfully for two seasons. Dorel is in the market, and it is known that Mr. Batchelder wants to go to greater length.

CIGARETTE EXCEEDS CONTRACT SPEED.—The steam yacht Cigarette, designed by Messrs. Swasey, Raymond and Page for Mr. W. H. Alley, and built at Lawley's, was recently given a speed trial over the Government course at Provincetown. In one direction she made 20 knots an hour, but on the return brought the speed down until the average showed 18.56 knots an hour. The contract speed is 18 knots, and the builders will receive a bonus for the excess.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Hazel and the Hudson River Races.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the races, held on the Hudson River last week, you said that Hazel, in class 2, division 2, starting on Sept. 16. at 10:40 o'clock, did not finish. I beg to call your attention to the fact that Hazel did finish, and covered the course in 2h. 24m. 3s., official time, and further, that Glissando did not start. In the afternoon races Hazel was ready to start, but as the owner was an invalid and the excitement was telling on him, and there was but one prize in this class, which, under a fool rating of the boats entered in this class, he had no possible chance of winning anything but glory, he decided to withdraw. We covered this 6½ nautical miles on Thursday morning in 40m. 28s., and on the last lap struck a submerged barrel, injuring the wheel to such an extent that we could barely stem tide in order to cross the finish line. This injury was of such a character that on Saturday morning it took us 48m. to cover the same distance, but in all our racing we varied but 2m. to 10s. on each round, which, we think, is a record to be proud of.

The rating we speak of, on which protest was made, was the time allowance which Arcadia gave Glissando and Hazel. Arcadia being 36ft. L.W.L., with only 6ft. 7in. beam and not quite 4ft. freeboard, with 25 horsepower, while Hazel was 46ft. long, 10ft. 6in. beam and over 7ft freeboard, with the same horsepower, and Arcadia was only penalized 15m. for the 19½ nautical miles, which we consider ridiculous. Besides, Arcadia was measured by National Association rules, and Hazel and Glissando were measured under a combination of the National Association and A. P. B. A. rules, which was manifestly unfair.

Kindly make a correction of this matter and give Hazel credit for all that is due her, as the figures show that she was doing better than 11 statute miles an hour—a most remarkable performance for a boat of her size and horsepower.

On our return here we found that Hazel arrived home with one blade bent nearly double.

H. E. DANTZEBECHER,
Designer and Builder.

[We regret the error regarding Hazel's performances in our account of the power boat races held on the Hudson River, and we are glad of the opportunity of publishing Mr. Dantzebecher's letter.—ED.]

Rhode Island Notes.

AT the annual meeting of the Bristol Y. C., held the past week, Mr. Charles F. Tillinghast, owner of the famous little racing sloop Little Rhody, was re-elected commodore for the second term, and a new rear commodore was elected in the person of Mr. Louis L. Lorillard, Jr., of Newport. The other officers elected were as follows: Vice-Com., Russell Grinnell; Sec'y-Treas., Frank A. Ingraham; Meas., Charles H. Douglass; Aud., Dr. W. Fred Williams; Regatta Committee, Horace S. Peck, Walter S. Almy and Sumner Ball; Executive Committee, Dr. W. Fred Williams, Henry Hayes, E. I. Brownell, Wallis E. Howe and H. H. Shepard; House Committee, Edward H. Tingley, James Connery and T. Smith McKeon; Membership Committee, F. A. Ingraham, J. Winthrop De Wolf, Frederic Hayes, L. S. Hoffman and William Bradford. The annual reports showed the club to be in a prosperous condition and membership list is now the largest in the club's history, twenty-nine new names having been added during the past season. The successful ocean race held in July is to be repeated next season.

The handsome new club house of the Fall River Y. C., located at Stone Bridge, Tiverton, R. I., was formally opened Sept. 19, the members holding a public reception in the afternoon and giving a large dance in the evening. The attendance was large and the successful housewarming gave the new headquarters a start under the most auspicious conditions. The location is one of the best on the bay and very convenient, as it is only six miles from Fall River. The new clubhouse is of pleasing design and is admirably arranged for its purposes. The extension of the club's facilities in this way has already resulted in a large increase in membership, which will undoubtedly bring an increased activity of the organization in Narragansett Bay yachting affairs. The present commodore of the club is Mr. Frank L. Andrews, owner of the cruising power boat Glissando, which took second place in last summer's ocean race for power boats from New York to Marblehead.

F. H. YOUNG.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SCHOONER HOOSIER AND HOUSEBOAT WATEREE SOLD.—Mr. Albert J. Morgan, of Larchmont, N. Y., has sold his schooner yacht Hoosier to Hon. H. G. Squiers, United States Minister to Havana, Cuba, through the brokerage department of Mr. William Gardner. This boat was built in 1902 for Col. W. R. Nelson, of Kansas City, from the molds of the Gloucester fishing schooner Fredonia, and is 125ft. over all, 104ft. waterline, 25ft. 2in. beam. The boat is now fitting out, and after a short cruise to the eastward will proceed to Havana. This same agency has also sold the houseboat Wateree, belonging to Mr. George T. Lippincott, of Atlantic City, N. J., to Capt. W. H. Wheeler, of New York.

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SCHOONER SIMITAR SOLD.—Mr. George A. Suter has sold his schooner Simitar to Mr. Eustis L. Hopkins, of Larchmont Y. C., through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, New York city. She is a flush-deck boat designed and built by Lawley in 1899, 70ft. over all, 46ft. waterline, 15ft. beam and 8ft. draft.

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KEYSTONE Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Keystone Y. C., held recently at Woodmere, L. I., the following officers were elected: Com., John A. Wood; Vice-Com., Charles A. Schiffmacher; Sec'y, P. B. Mott; Treas., Dr. E. C. Smith; Meas., John A. Wells; Governors, John A. Wood, C. A. Schiffmacher, John A. Wells, Dr. E. C. Smith, F. K. Walsh, Richardson Brower, W. H. Latham and P. B. Mott.

Knickerbocker Y. C.

College Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE ladies' day races of the Knickerbocker Y. C. were held on Saturday, Sept. 16. Six classes filled, and, all told, there were twenty-five starters. All the boats covered a 9-mile triangle once. The winners were Paiute, Naiad, Shovonne, Iris, No. 7 and Katie Did. The summary follows:

Sloops, 40ft. Class—Start, 4:25—Course, 9 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Paiute, W. Beam	5 28 33	1 03 33
Gurnard, L. H. Zocher	5 38 45	1 13 45
Nautilus, J. J. McCue	5 36 15	1 11 15
Sloops, 30ft. Class—Start, 4:25—Course, 9 Miles.		
Naiad, J. B. Palmer	5 32 53	1 07 53
Ouaniche, Rodman Sands	5 42 02	1 17 02
Madeleine, R. De Neufville	5 51 42	1 26 42
Iris, H. L. Williams	5 50 20	1 25 20
Mongoose III., H. Orths	5 57 03	1 32 03
Catboats—Start, 4:30—Course, 9 Miles.		
Shovonne, C. J. Stelz	6 00 10	1 30 13
Dorothy, M. Tornow	6 03 23	1 32 20
Cruising Power Boats—Start, 4:20—Course, 9 Miles.		
Iris, L. C. Berrian	5 13 46	0 53 46
Brunhilde, F. R. Rix	5 20 30	1 00 30
Hyewa, A. A. Low	5 23 26	1 03 26
Dolphin, C. A. Diem	5 30 41	1 10 41
Stump, J. Sulzbach	5 35 00	1 15 00
One-Design Boats—Start, 4:15—Course, 9 Miles.		
No. 7, J. Cassidy	5 02 20	0 47 20
No. 9, J. Selzbach	5 04 21	0 49 21
No. 12, N. F. Connelly	5 04 38	0 49 38
No. 5, A. L. Kerker	5 07 07	0 52 07
No. 2, C. Coughtry	5 07 30	0 52 30
No. 13, L. A. Zocher	Disabled.	
No. 1, F. L. Kraemer	Disabled.	
No. 8, A. P. Sands	Disabled.	
Auto Boats—Start, 4:17—Course, 9 Miles.		
Katie Did, C. J. Stelz	4 54 47	0 37 47
Nanita III., H. Stephenson	Disabled.	

"Supplement to Small Yachts" Free.

To any one sending us one new subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM before Oct. 15, 1905, we will present one copy of W. P. Stephens' book "Supplement to Small Yachts." This work contains 104 pages text and 43 plates. Size 11 by 14 inches. Cloth. Price $4. This offer does not apply to renewals.

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THIS compact and comprehensive handbook contains all the information essential to users of the marine gasolene engines, and will be welcomed by the thousands of men now owning and running power boats. Laymen and experts will alike find the book invaluable. It treats of the various types of marine gasolene engines, points out the good in each, and tells how to run them. A knowledge of the contents of this book will help to overcome difficulties and avoid accidents. The most complete book of its kind ever published.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

Canoeing.

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How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Deer as a Nuisance.

The report from Pomfret that deer are doing much damage to late vegetables in that region is only the forerunner of much more serious complaints to come year after year, if the present law is retained on the books. The law provides a close season for deer until 1911. At the rate at which deer are increasing they will become a great nuisance and cause a considerable loss before that time. This is becoming well understood among the farmers, and the Pomfret dispatch probably has some foundation for its statement that a serious attempt will be made in the next Legislature to repeal the law protecting deer. It will be opposed by sportsmen, who looked forward anxiously to the chance of killing a deer in Connecticut, and it may be that a short open season every year, beginning considerably before the time fixed by the present statute, will meet every requirement of the case. At the best, however, Connecticut is a rather thickly-settled State for deer hunting, in view of the fact that so many hunters use the wholly unnecessary, long-range rifle. A gun which may kill at two miles is not a proper tool for a hunter in Connecticut.

It is true that the law now provides a means for farmers to recover for damage done by deer, but no such arrangement is satisfactory. This provides that if the owner or occupant of any land sustains damage by wild deer on his property he may recover. But the process is long, and although the State in the end pays the damages awarded, the town has to bear the costs of proving the claim. The land owner must notify the selectmen within twenty-four hours, if he is to recover anything. Then the chairman of the board of selectmen shall appoint two persons to determine whether the damage was done by deer and how much it is. But if it is more than $20 they shall call in a fish and game commissioner, who shall assist in making the award. When all this has been done the town shall pay the award and the expenses within sixty days from the date of the decision, and the State will afterwards reimburse the town for what it has paid for expenses in proving the claim.

There seems to be room for improvement in the situation in more ways than one.—Hartford Times.

Forty-five thousand of the black trout hatched out at the New York Aquarium four weeks ago, from eggs supplied by the United States hatchery in the Yellowstone Park, will be shipped at once to the State hatchery at Saranac Lake, to be distributed among the lakes of the Adirondack region. The Aquarium people are especially proud of their success with this hatching, which breaks all records of State and national hatcheries for this year. Out of 50,000 eggs less than 1,000 failed, and of those hatched not one has been lost. The young trout have grown so well in their first month that most of them now exceed an inch in length. By spring they will have attained a growth of from six to seven inches, and be capable of taking care of themselves when they start out from the lakes to the tributary streams with the braking up of the ice.

As the British steamer Urcula Bright approached this harbor Tuesday morning, one of her crew, a Norwegian sailor named E. Fordfald, fell overboard while the vessel was yet some eight miles distant from the Morro. The engines were at once reversed and boats let down to rescue the unfortunate seaman, but he was never again seen. Great bubbles of blood, however, rose to the surface of the water, spreading out and staining it a deep carmine, indicating that Fordfald had fallen a prey to the ravenous sharks that infest these waters.—Havana Post, Sept. 14.

A Large Skate Taken on Rod and Line.

It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that I recently caught a very large skate on a rod and line. The fish weighed 163 pounds net, and measured 6 feet 6 inches long and 5 feet 4 inches in width. The bait was herring, and the tackle very strong, the hook being mounted on woven wire. I was fishing in twenty fathoms of water about four miles from land off the southwest coast of Ireland. I had the greatest difficulty in landing the fish in the boat, but eventually got him up alongside, and my two boatmen each got a gaff into him, and that was the end of his seafaring days. I think this is one of the largest fish ever caught on a rod and line.—A. E. Lloyd in London Fishing Gazette.

The life of a Colorado jurist was recently saved by the cool daring of Gen. Frank D. Baldwin, Commander of the Southwestern Military Division, who killed a grizzly bear with a hunting knife as the beast was rushing to attack the other man. Just before leaving this department for his new command, General Baldwin and a party of friends, including Judge Parker, of Trinidad, went hunting big game on the Uintah Reservation in Utah. Judge Parker ran across a huge grizzly one day, and at close quarters fired two bullets into it without touching a vital spot. The maddened beast charged upon the Judge, who fled to the nearest tree, but fell as he reached it. General Baldwin, who was close by, saw his friend's peril, and as the bear rushed upon Parker the General plunged his hunting knife into the brute's heart, and it fell dying. Judge Parker escaped with a few scratches.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Oct. 22.—Cincinnati, O., Rifle Association annual prize shoot.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Sept. 10. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target.

Nestler was champion for the day with the fine score of 231. He was also high man on the honor target with 69 points. The annual prize shoot of this Association will take place on Oct. 22, to which all are welcome. There will be a liberal list of cash and merchandise prizes, as usual. There will be rest and off-hand shooting. At the annual election of officers the following members were elected to serve in their respective offices for the ensuing year: President, H. C. Roberts; Vice-President, J. Hofman; Treasurer, F. Freitag; Secretary, A. Drube; Captain, M. Gindele; Lieutenant, E. D. Payne. The scores:

Hasenzahl	217	214	211	211	209	Freitag	207	199	193	191	190
Payne	226	216	215	215	214	Roberts	211	207	202	202	199
Nestler	231	229	221	217	212						

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 27-28.—Bradford, Pa., G. C. tournament.
Sept. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Broken Bow, Neb., G. C. tournament. F. Miller, Sec'y, Berwyn.
Oct. 3-4.—Kansas City, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League tournament. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of Jefferson County G. C. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City G. C. eighth annual tournament. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Hyannis, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. McCauley, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., G. C., shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 4-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill G. C. tournament. T. D. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association tournament. J. B. Springer, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Alliance, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. A. Shawrer, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-8.—Davenport, Ia., Cumberland G. C. tournament.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C. tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., G. C. tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 13-15.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins semi-annual tournament No. 2, targets and live birds. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
Oct. 17-18.—Raleigh, N. C., G. C. tournament. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., G. C. shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Oct. 21.—Plainfield, N. J., G. C. merchandise shoot.

NORTH NEW JERSEY SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Sept. 28.—Dover at Morristown.
Oct. 7.—Montclair at Newton.
Oct. 14.—Orange at Dover.
Oct. 19.—Newton at Morristown.
Oct. 21.—Montclair at Orange.
Oct. 28.—Dover at Montclair.
Nov. 2.—Montclair at Morristown.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

At the fall shoot of the Queens County Gun Club, Long Island City, New York, Sept. 23, Mr. George H. Piercy, of Jersey City, won the cup for high average.

The Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsman's Association informs us that they have changed their dates to Oct. 6 and 7. Live birds on first day, targets on the second day.

The thirteenth match of the North New Jersey Shooting League, held at Dover, N. J., on Sept. 23, was won by the Montclair team, the scores being: Montclair 97, Dover 94.

The programme of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club tournament, Oct. 18 and 19, will be sent to applicants. The next regular shoot of the club is fixed to take place on Sept. 30. C. G. Blandford is the captain.

Thirteen matches of the North New Jersey Shooting League have been held out of the twenty scheduled. The remaining are Sept. 28, Dover at Morristown; Oct. 7, Montclair at Newton; Oct. 14, Orange at Dover; Oct. 19, Newton at Morristown; Oct. 21, Montclair at Orange; Oct. 28, Dover at Montclair; Nov. 2, Montclair at Morristown.

In the Marlin event of the Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., 25 targets, the Secretary, J. L. Wachtel, writes us that scores were made as follows: Williamson 24, Bender 22, Farrell 22, Spencer 21, Johnson 20, Shennock 20, Adamson 20, Highlands 20. In the badge event the scores were: Williamson 24, Spencer 24, Bender 22, Johnson 21, Adamson 23. In the shoot-off Spencer won, 23 to 22.

The programme of the eighth fall tournament of the Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., can be obtained on application to the Secretary, F. L. Wachtell, 110 West Washington street, to whom guns and ammunition may be sent. On the first day, Oct. 2, eleven events are provided, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, $1.50, $2 and $2.50 entrance. On the second day, five events at 10, 15 and 25 sparrows, are provided, a total of 75 sparrows; total of $30 entrance. Shooting will begin at 9:30. Old-fashioned country chicken dinner free. All guns at 16yds. Shoot, rain or shine.

The Rawlings semi-annual tournament, Oct. 13-15, Alec D. Mermod, Manager, will be at targets and live birds. The first day has a programme of ten events at 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance $1.50, $2 and $2.50. On the second day there are six target events, 20 and 25 targets, and the Monte Carlo Handicap at 25 birds, $25 entrance; handicaps 25 to 31yds.; open to the world. On the third day there are six target events; the Dupont Handicap, 50 targets, $5 entrance, $10 added, and the Rawlings Amateur Handicap, 20 live birds, $10 entrance. Ship shells to Rawlings, 620 Locust street, St. Louis, Mo. Shooting begins at 9:30 o'clock.

The Interstate Association Pacific Coast Handicap, Sept. 15-17, was a success as a starter. The Preliminary Handicap had sixty-eight entries, of which forty-seven were amateurs. Mr. C. D. Hagerman, of Los Angeles, at 16yds., broke 93, thereby winning the cup and first money, $102.20. The Pacific Coast Handicap, held on the last day, had seventy-four entries, of which fifty-one were amateurs. Messrs. Geo. Sylvester, of San Francisco, and R. H. Bungay, of Los Angeles, tied on 97 out of 100, from the 16yd. mark, and divided first and second moneys. In the shoot-off at 20 targets, Sylvester won, 17 to 16. An excellent report of this tournament is published elsewhere in our trap columns.

The Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association has provided an attractive programme for their tournament, Oct. 3 and 4. Each day has ten events, eight at 20, $1.40 entrance; one at 15, $1.30 entrance, and a merchandise handicap event, at 25 targets, $1.50 entrance; fourteen prizes. To high amateurs, $15, $11, $8 and $5; high professional, $5. Also to high amateur, Hunter Arms Co. gold badge. Special live-bird handicap Oct. 15, 15 live birds, $10: open to all. The programme contains this interesting provision: "To those amateurs who shoot the entire two days' programme through and do not win their entrance, we guarantee to pay back to them in cash the difference between their winnings and entrance fee."

The first annual fall tournament of the Bergen Beach Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., fixed to be held on Oct. 10, has eleven events—five at 20 targets, $2 entrance, and six at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance. The first five sweeps constitute a 100-target optional $5 sweep, class shooting. Sliding handicap. Eight high gun prizes of $2.50 each. Targets 2 cents. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock. Added money, $20. Manager, L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street. Shells for sale on the grounds. The programme further sets forth that, "as usual, by courtesy of Capt. Dreyer, our treasurer, the Bergen Beach Gun Club will supply lunch and refreshments gratis to contestants. A box of 50 good cigars will be given to the high professional of the day by the manager. You may shoot for targets only, providing the sweepstakes are not interfered with. To reach grounds, take Avenue N and Seventy-first street, Flatlands, Bergen Beach, or take Flatbush avenue trolley, Bergen Beach car, from Bridge entrance, City Hall, New York, direct to grounds."

BERNARD WATERS.

North New Jersey Shooting League.

The thirteenth match of the present series of team races was run off at Dover on the 23d inst., the Montclair team shooting against the Dover team.

Conditions were not favorable to high scores, a stiff wind prevailing most of the time. Montclair won out with but 3 to the good. Scores:

Dover.		Montclair.	
Morphy	18	Perley	23
Bryan	21	Crane	17
O'Brien	19	Moffett	23
Searing	18	Bush	17
Schump	18—94	Boxall	17—97

The remaining matches of the series are Sept. 28, Dover at Morristown; Oct. 7, Montclair at Newton; Oct. 14, Orange at Dover; Oct. 19, Newton at Morristown; Oct. 21, Montclair at Orange; Oct. 28, Dover at Montclair; Nov. 2, Montclair at Morristown.

Aetna Shooting Park.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 17.—Twelve shooters participated in the shooting here to-day. Frank Ford shot in his usual good form and made highest average with 93.6 per cent.; H. E. Winans was second with 86 per cent., while Miss King was third with 83.4 per cent. Mr. Baggerman was shooting a borrowed gun, and therefore did not do as well as he is capable of under normal conditions. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Frank Ford	125	117	J Leatners	100	81
H E Winans	150	129	Eggers	100	76
Miss King	115	96	Fred Schiess	175	147
Papin	100	83	Burrows	25	23
Whittaker	125	103	Brooks	65	39
W Baggerman	75	69	Fike	25	15

WESTERN.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Sept. 23 was really an ideal day for trapshooting, but the boys have had a surfeit of sport this week and few of the regular attendants were present. Besides a 100-target raee, little shooting was done. Bonser was high with 91. He has improved greatly in the past few months. In a praetiee event he broke 25 straight, making 116 out of 125 shot at. Bleh was second with 89, making a straight in the first event. He has not beeu shooting much lately, but has evidently not forgotten how. A. W. DuBray has not yet left the eity for his trip to the Northwest, and to-day he did quite a little shooting. Aekley got baek from his long vacation at Sault Ste Marie, and got into the game again to-day. He is looking fine, and the trip did him a lot of good. Harig called at the grounds to-day and only missed 7 out of 75. The Ackley trophy contest will start the first week in Oetober under probably same conditions as Schuler trophy. Try a sealed handicap this time and see how it works. No ehance to drop for a big handicap in this, and the uncertainty will keep up the interest.

Score, 100 targets:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Bonser	100	91	DuBray	100	75
Bleh	100	89	M W Johnson	100	69
Worsterchill	100	88	Harig	75	68
Bullerdiek	100	85	Register	50	25
Keplinger	100	83	Benedict	50	21
Tuttle	100	75			

Notes.

The Cincinnati Gun Club members yield to the temptations of dove shooting and eounty fairs. As a consequenee only six were on hand to shoot the weekly contest for the club medal on Sept. 20. Oswald and Kctte tied on 25 or better, and in the shoot-off at 10 targets the former won 10 to 9. This makes Oswald's second win.

At the shoot of the Newark, O., Gun Club Sept. 27 and 28, the Phellis trophy will be in competition. Teams will enter from Columbus, Dayton, Springfield and several other plaees.

County Reeordcr John L. Theobald, President of the Dayton Gun Club, was operated upon for rupture in thc groin, on Sept. 18. He is reported to be improving, although still very ill at his home, 917 W. 3d street. He is known to shooters far and wide, and has won a host of friends by his geniality.

The Indianola Gun Club, of Columbus, held a shoot on Sept. 15, principally to give the boys a little practiee for their trip to Newark, where some of them will bc on a team in the Phellis trophy contest. L. W. Cumberland will probably be one of the team. The shoot, as usual, was a damp one, difficult targets being a feature. Webster and Buchanan broke 85 per cent. of their targets and Newlove was a close seeond. In the merehandise event (three prizes) at 25 targets Newlove scored 23, a splendid showing under existing conditions. The Smiths and Webster tied for second on 22, H. E. Smith winning the shoot-off and second prize. Harrison took third on 21.

A few sportsmen of Cincinnati will enjoy a live-bird shoot at Rylands, Ky., on Sept. 28.

There was a good attendanee at the shoot of the Columbus Gun Club, Sept. 16, and not a few straights were made. A welcome visitor was Jesse Pumphrey, a member of the old Sherman Gun Club. He broke enough targets to show that he ean still point a gun straight, breaking 49 out of 60. A number of the members will visit Newark on Sept. 27-28. A 6-man team, consisting of members of this elub and the Indianola Gun Club, will enter the contest for the Phellis trophy, now held by the Newark club. Messrs Rhoads, H. E. Smith, W. Webster, G. Buehanan, Harrison and J. H. Smith will probably be on the team. In the sporting goods trophy contest H. E. Smith (1), Wilcox (5), and Webster (8) made perfect seores of 50, ineluding their handicaps as indieated. Smith was high in aetual breaks with 49; Webster, seeond, with 46; Wilcox and Shilling broke 45 eaeh. Fourteen men shot.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 23.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seeond shoot of the fourth series. In the club trophy event Thomas won Class A on 24; Ford and Stone tied for B on 16; no Class C man in contest. In the Dupont eup shoot following, George won in Class A on 20 straight; Ford won Class B on 16; no Class C man. In Hunter Arms Co: event, George won on 18, thrown 10 singles and 5 pairs; Horns won Class B on 17; no Class C man.

The day was an ideal one for target shooting, as far as temperature was coneerned, but a wind from the rear beat the targets down quickly and sharp snap shooting was the winning card for the day.

Many of our members are away on shooting expeditions, and as a consequence attendance is not up to the standard, only sixteen shooters showing up for the oecasion. Get in line, boys, only five more shoots left of the season.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	10	10	10	10
Dr Reynolds	23	17	17	8	7	10	10
Thomas	24	16	18	8	9	10	..
Dr Meek	23	16	18	9	7	8	..
George	21	18	20	8	8	..	..
McDonald	19	16	19	5	10	8	..
Stone	18	15	14	4	4	9	..
Eckert	10	14	14	7	5	9	..
T Smedes	21	..	19	6	7	..	..
Kampp	17	13	14	7	9	10	10
Keck	19	..	15	..	7	..	..
Swartz	10	..	..	..	3	..	..
Ford	16	15	16	..	..	8	..
Horns	..	17	..	..	..	9	7

No. 1 trophy event. No. 2 Hunter trophy. No. 3 Dupont cup.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

The Winchester Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., could not hold its shoot Sept. 16, owing to a change in the shooting park. The new loeation is directly on the car line and thus accessible.

During a shoot lately at Detroit, Mich., Mr. Gilchrist, of Cleveland, shot a match with Jake Klein for $50 a side. Result: Gilchrist won with a perfect score, while Klein lost but one.

Charles Twork won the silver cup at the Dearborn Gun Club shoot Detroit, Mich.

Chas S. Humer won high average at the York, Pa., shoot with only 13 missed in 200.

It comes about with the approach of fall shooting that the noted Menominee, Mich., Gun Club will go into winter quarters and for six months not a target will be thrown.

The organization of a gun club means that some trapshooting will occur in that town. Such an organization can and should always stand for the preservation of game and the enforcement of all game and fish laws. Notice should be served through the local paper that this was the object of the organization.

Information comes that the Elwood, Ind., Gun Club will probably disband, owing to a change in its shooting park. If this large club cannot find grounds within a proper distanee, it seems strange when there is so much level land in the State of Indiana. At the last shoot held by this club were twenty-five shooters present. And they have only lost their old grounds, not their enthusiasm, I hope.

Lee K. Forsyth, the old-time winner of Battle Creek, Mich., won the Southern State championship at their last meet with 22 out of 25.

The Tiffin, O., Gun Club held a shoot at the Riverview park Thursday. V. S. Crabtree and L. A. Arndt were the best.

At a meeting held Tuesday night last a gun club was formed at Geneva, Neb. C. S. Summers was elected President; W. L. Spear, Secretary; W. P. McCall, Treasurer; G. F. Skinkle, D. I. Guthrie and H. G. Porter, Board of Managers. Any shooter in the county can become a member on payment of $2. The object is to control certain duck ponds.

New officers of the Brays Bayou Gun and Rifle Club, Houston, Texas, are: C. G. Eiseman, President; J. Ritter, Vice-President; F. G. Platte, Secretary; H. Webber, Assistant Secretary, and H. G. Tuffler, Treasurer. There are plenty of amusements for all, even the ladies are not forgotten, and a prize will be awarded them in a bowling contest.

The hunting members of the Batavia, Ill., Gun Club will have their outing this fall at Brown's Valley, Minn.

H. Blumenshine at Washington, Ill., broke 48 out of 50 targets, his son Elmer, 44, and P. Orth 47. That's "going some."

The Chicago Heights, Ill., Gun Club holds regular weekly shoots.

The Westerville, Ohio, Gun Club has been reorganized with the following offieers: T. A. Scott, President; A. D. Riggle, Vice-President; J. C. Vincent, Secretary; C. H. Patrick, Treasurer.

The Aurora, Ill., Gun Club meet occasionally for praetice. Some of the old members are as enthusiastic as the younger ones.

At a shoot held at Royalton, Minn., there was present L. Thielman and son. The father being now over sixty, still takes in most of the tournaments, and there are few who ean beat him at the traps. He seored 78 per cent. shooting at 260 targets.

Parker, Marion, Ind., club member made 44 out of 50 at the last club practice shoot.

For a elub that does not have a shooting ground, Watseka, Ill., can turn out a good crowd. At the last shoot held on the farm of Diek Keene there were present members, viz., Dick Keene, E. M. Keene, J. McCraeken, Ed. Schuen, A. Clark, Chas. Grice, George Hamilton, and E. W. Keene. The high score was made by Geo. Roll, Blue Island, Ill., and J. T. Park, of Brooks, Ind.

The Reading, Mieh., Gun Club held annual shoot Wednesday. There was plenty of good cheer for all present.

There are a number of trap and handle matches shot at live birds in Pennsylvania of late, whereat large sums of money change hands.

At St. Joseph, Mo., the old Metropolitan Gun Club is about to reorganize. A shoot was held Sunday as a starter.

They tell some "tall" stories about Charlie Spencer, the crack shooter of St. Louis, one being that he contemplates moving his family to Atlanta, Ga. He lately made a score of 189 clay targets without a skip.

Announeement is made that the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club will hold their shoots on Saturday instead of Friday.

The inter-eounty team shoots are very stimulating to the members of gun elubs who partieipate. Take the Ohio shoots, wherein the competition is between Urbana, St. Paris, Springfield and De Graff; and seeing that eaeh team has won the prize one or more times and you ean surmise the interest centered in the next eontests.

The eontest at the Janesville, Wis., Gun Club for the powder trophy has been settled. Out of 250 targets J. H. McVicar has seored 218, and Henry Carpenter 217. Eaeh broke 46 out of 50 at the last shoot.

Shooting against a team of expert marksmen, L. S. Dahl, B. B. Lipseomb and R. V. Rowe carried off the ehallenge eup at the Taeoma, Wash., shoot with a seore of 69. These three having won twiee, will now keep the medals. In addition the event gives the winner the title of being the ehampionship team of western Washington. In the eyes of the followers of the traps, this makes it one of the most important events to be contested for at tournaments.

It may be well for old men to take courage and keep up their trapshooting. For instance, if your eyes grow dim, get glasses and keep shooting. E. W. Cooper made 25 straight and won the individual ehampionship, besides making a run of 52 straight, he being the oldest member of the elub. Then at Indianapolis Dr. O. F. Britton made 117 straight from 18 and 19yds. Now you all know that he has been shooting at the traps for the past thirty-five years. We trapshooters do not grow old. We lose the "good eye," but that can be remedied by a good occulist. That is what keeps Britton shooting, as he has worn glasses many years.

The stoekholders of the Columbus, Ohio, Gun Club met Thursday evening last for the purpose of inereasing the capital stock. This club has been very prosperous during the present season.

South Bend, Indiana, Gun Club will hold a tournament during Oetober.

Messrs. Lederer and Reading, of Valparaiso, Ind., will hold a tournament Oet. 27 and 28. Good cash prizes are offered in both classes. Programmes may be had by addressing A. H. Reading, Valparaiso, Ind.

J. A. Groves, Jacksonville, Ill., is booming trapshooting, and will hold a tournament Oct. 24 and 25.

Shoots are eoming on so fast in Illinois that it is hard for shooters to keep a line on them. Now the latest announeement comes from Rantoul, where the elub will hold a two days' shoot and give $50 for average money. Dates, Oct. 12 and 13. Send to J. D. Neal (Jack) for programmes.

Robert B. Duncan, Secretary of the Anna, Ill., Gun Club will be pleased to furnish all inquiries with programmes of their Oct. 18 and 19 shoot.

16-Bore Charges in 12-Bores.

THAT history is always repeating itself is curiously exemplified in some tests we have reeently brought to a sueeessful issue. Twenty years ago the shooter who desired something less unwieldy, even if less efficient, than the 12-bore was advised to use a gun of 16 or 20-bore ealiber. Even now we reeeive several inquiries a month asking our opinion of the smaller bore guns as an alternative for the 12, and our adviee generally takes the line of reeommending in preferenee the use of a light 12-bore and lightly-eharged cartridges to corespond. Nothing of a revolutionary eharacter can be alleged against such advice. Sporting opinion has, during the past ten or fifteen years, ever tended towards the adoption of shot charges for the 12-bore which approach those formerly aeeepted as standard for the 16-bore. The same change of view has manifested itself in the smaller bores as well. In fact, it is mostly during the past two or three years that gunmakers and powder and ammunition manufacturers, especially the two last named, have set their faces against overloading the smaller-bore cartridges in the endeavor to produce an equality with the 12-bore that can never exist.

Granting the applicability of the analogy provided by the length of the eolumn of shot in the ordinary 12-bore cartridge, it is but logical to admit that no proper justification has ever been put forward for overloading 16-bore and 20-bore cartridges out of all proportion to the capacity of the case to eontain the charge. Difficulties of pressure and pattern are bound to arise in the presence of such conditions, and it has been found by independent practical experiments conducted in many quarters that the smaller bores are seen at their best when the attempt to level them up to the 12-bore is abandoned. In speaking of 16 and 20-bore cartridges of the nominal 2½in. length, we aecordingly prefer to adopt the following as typieal charges in preference to the higher values that have previously obtained:

With 42-grain powders.....16-bore, 15/16oz.	20-bore, 13/16oz.
With 33-grain powders.....16-bore, ⅞oz.	20-bore, ¾oz.

Reference was made at the beginning of this article to history repeating itself. In 1879 the Field trial of 12, 16 and 20-bore guns took place under the management of the then editor, Dr. J. H. Walsh, assisted by a committee consisting of Capt. Mayo and Messrs. A. J. Lane and W. T. Mainprise. The conditions specified that the shot charge for the 12-bore should not exceed 1⅛oz., and for 16 and 20-bores 1oz., the loading to be done by the competitors. This limitation of weight acted relatively with great severity on the 12-bore, which was limited to what might be regarded as a normal charge, whereas the 16-bore, to say nothing of the 20-bore, with 1oz., was loaded proportionally to a 12-bore containing 1¼oz. This, by way of introduction, will show that the trials as then made were conducted with what would to-day be regarded as overcharges in the presence of nitro powders. Quoting from the report of the trials, we find the following reference to the charges used, but unfortunately we cannot find any explicit mention of the length of case containing these charges:

"It will be seen that all the competitors used 1⅛oz. shot with the 12-bores, except Mr. Green, who used only 1oz. All used 1oz. shot with the 16-bores and 20-bores, except Mr. Green, who limited his load to ⅞oz. in both, with 3drs. of powder in the 12-bore, and 2½drs. and 2drs. respectively in the 16 and 20-bores. His suecess with these reduced loads is worthy of remark, and sportsmen in future will have to consider whether or no they can improve their shooting by following his example."

This reference to the charges used provides a sufficient explanation of the extraet which is now given:

"When we were asked last year to test the powers of 20 and 16-bores against the standard 12, we undertook the task without the slightest idea that either one or the other could hold its own, and all that we contemplated was the arrival at the exact handicap between them. We believe that in the hands of a weak man, unable to carry weight, a 20-bore would do better at game than a 12; but that a strong man could perform as well with the "popgun" as with the 12-bore we never dreamed. Once more, however, we are shown that nothing but actual experience is to be relied on in gunnery, for in the present trial the 12-bores barely hold their own at 40yds., taking for granted that our figure of merit is conducted on sound principles, which we fully believe it to be. It is alleged that the 30in. circle just suits the small bores; but then, it also suits the sportsman, and has long been the accepted target for testing his guns. Manifestly, if a larger area is to be covered, 300 pellets will cover it better than 250; but, as we said before, the sportsman is contented with a 30in. plate, and, that being the case, the matter is now set at rest and clearly no allowance should be made at the pigeon trap for the small bore, if the weight of the gun is not to be taken into consideration."

The above long-sighted views prepare us to meet the experience of finding that, judged by actual count of pellets in the 30in. circle, there is very little to distinguish the ⅞oz. charge from the ordinary sporting charge for a 12-bore if testing guns of appropriate boring are used. In the light of the experience of the quarter century whieh has elapsed since the above trials were eondueted, we should feel indisposed, were we called upon to repeat the trials, to allow the 16 and 20-bore guns a disproportionately large eharge as eompared with the 12. Any apparent injustiee involved in sueh a decision could be met by making separate tests with 16 and 20-bore guns having 2¾in. chambers. Sueh guns can certainly be more readily constructed to comply with ideal eonditions of balanee and distribution of metal than would be possible with a 12-bore of the same weight.

That some of the conelusions derived from the 1879 trials have not been confirmed by subsequent experienee may be gathered from the eircumstanee that the 12-bore is more popular to-day in relation to the other ealibers than it has ever been before. A great part of its sueeess may be attributed to the experience that a well-bored and perfeetly balanced gun can, as ordinarily eonstructed, give the shooter who selects a suitable eartridge most of the advantages of the smaller calibers. The gun which will perform equally well with a range of charge varying from ⅞oz. to 1⅛oz. has mueh in its favor. Other contributory influences which may be quoted inelude the eircumstance that powders are standardized for the 12-bore cartridge, that gunmakers have most experienee in its loading, and also that a depleted stoek can more readily be renewed. A remote eontingency which, in our opinion, should operate against the general adoption of the 20-bore gun is the great danger whieh arises should any of these cartridges get mixed with 12-bores. We have known guns which, when a 16-bore cartridge is dropped into the ehamber, will pass so far forward as to allow a 12-bore to be inserted on top in the mistaken belief that the shooter has omitted to load both barrels. As but few 12-bore chambers are abnormal enough to take a 16-bore cartridge, this danger may be dismissed, but in the case of the 20-bore a eorrectly-sized 12-bore ehamber will allow the smaller eartridge to pass as far as the eone, leaving the chamber apparently empty, and thereby ready to eomplete the ehain of circumstanees whieh produee a certain number of nasty aecidents every year.—The Field (London).

Emil Werk.

EMIL WERK, Cincinnati, dicd at his hunting lodge, thirty miles north of Detroit City, Minn., at 10 o'cloek on Thursday night, Sept. 21. Mr. Werk has been a sufferer for several years from Bright's disease, and was eompelled to give up active business and seek health in out-door life. He was taken with the last attaek only about two weeks before his death. He entertained many friends at his eamp, Theodore Foucar and Fred Bader having been with him this summer and returned only a day or two before he was eompelled to take to his bed. He was never happier than when surrounded by his friends, and the best to be had was none too good for them. He had a fine baritone voice and was fond of music, his favorite song being one entitled "On the Rio Grande," and his title of "Chief Rio Grande" was given him for this reason.

Mr. Werk was one of the organizers of the Cincinnati Gun Club, and was an active member until live-bird shooting was abolished in Ohio, when he eeased to visit the grounds, though still retaining his membership. He cared little for target shooting. He was also a member of the Kentucky Shooting and Fishing Club. He was a member of the Cincinnati Lodge of Elks, and belonged to a Masonic Lodge in Kansas City.

About twenty years ago he lived in Kansas City and was one of a squad of five who made the best amateur record up to that date—if indeed it has ever been beaten—for squad work, shooting at live birds, missing but one bird out of 100.

He was a member of the famous club of shooters known as the Indians, and was known as Chief Rio Grande. He was formerly a business assoeiate of the late Chas. D. Gammon, of Chieago, a well-known sportsman, who visited him at his camp every season.

Mr. Werk had many friends among sportsmen in all parts of the eountry. He was one of the best sportsmen in Cincinnati, which has produeed many noted for their love of field sports. He was both a hunter and an angler, and it would be difficult to name a game region or a stream in Ameriea whieh he had not visited. He is said to have had the largest and finest hunting and fishing outfit ever owned in Cincinnati. When he found it necessary, for business reasons, to remain in the city and leave his home in Westwood, he engaged apartments in the Hanover Building in order to have his paraphernalia with him. Although having done no aetive business for a number of years, he was principal proprietor of the Sportsmen's Review, in whieh he took great pride.

At the time of his death he was fifty-nine years old. BONASA.

Queens County Gun Club.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I.—The Queens County Gun Club held its fall tournament on Sept. 23. In the early part of the day a strong wind made the making of big scores a difficult matter. Later, however, the wind dropped and better shooting resulted.

The silver cup for amateur high average was captured by Mr. Geo. H. Piercy, of Jersey City. In the merchandise events, 6 to 9, the sliding handicap rule was adopted, all starting in event 6 at the 16yd. mark.

E. A. Staples was high gun in the special 100-target event with 88; G. H. Piercy was seeond with 81.

The trade representatives were Messrs. Hood Waters, and Harry Welles. Mr. E. W. Reynolds acted as cashier.

The scores follow:

Evcnts:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	20	20	25	25	25	25
Richter	5	4	10	12	13	17	..	..	..
Nash, 20, 18, 20	6	7	9	11	9	19	21	24	20
Hopkins	8	5	10	13	13	22	20	22	22
Huntington, 19, 20, 16	3	6	8	9	12	21	22	18	23
Piercy, 20, 17, 20	7	10	12	16	16	23	19	22	24
McKernan, 18, 16, 16	8	6	9	8	5	20	16	18	11
Loebel, 16, 17, 16	5	4	10	13	7	16	19	18	17
Hans, 16, 20, 16	4	4	9	13	9	14	22	13	17
Hendriekson, 21, 16, 21	7	8	12	17	16	25	16	24	19
Martin, 21	10	9	9	15	12	24	20	..	..
Staples, 20, 20, 18	7	8	12	16	18	23	23	20	19
Grinnell, 16	..	7	8	6	10	18	22	..	..
Smull, 18	..	..	..	9	8	20	18	..	..
Bradley, 19	..	..	..	11	14	21	17	..	..
Lockwood, 20, 18, 18	..	..	..	..	10	22	20	20	17
Guhring, 18, 16, 20	..	..	..	..	..	20	18	22	17
Henry, 20	..	..	..	..	..	23	10	..	..
Hood Waters	4	4	8	9	10	20	22	19	19
Welles	7	8	10	14	18	19	17	19	23

Figures following names denote distance handicaps in the regular order of events 7, 8 and 9.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 23.—Mr. Moller won the Peters badge. The attendance was fair. The seores were good for the number shooting. The weather was fine.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Hunter	24	23	18	21	18	22
Smoke	24	24	25	23	24	23
Song	25	21	24	22	19	20
Mike	24	23	24	24	25	..
Scott	17	16	18	20	17	..
Parry	18	22	18	25	24	..
Hice	20	21	19	..	..	..
Finley	25	24	24	21	..	..
Dixon	20	24	22	21	20	20
Moore	19	21	25	24	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Morgan	19	20	21	..	..	..
Williams	16	..	..	..	..	..
Hull	20	..	..	..	..	..
Taek	24	22	24	22	..	..
Moller	24	23	24	24	..	..
Pfafflin	9	20	13	16	..	..
W Morris	24	24	..	..	..	..
T Morris	19	18	..	..	..	..
Johns	15	15	..	..	..	..

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The next regular shoot of the Ossining Gun Club will be held Sept. 30. Two prizes will be shot for—the Weskora cup, distanee handicap, and the Bedell rifle, added bird handicap, entrance price of targets.

The programme for the Ossining Gun Club's Oct. 18-19 tournament is now ready and will be sent to any shooter on request.

Four teams have already entered for the five-man inter-county team shoot, so a good, big attendance is assured.

C. G. BLANDFORD, Capt.

THE ORIGINAL MANY-USE OIL

Polishes stocks, barrel, pianos, floors, furniture. Little does much,

Interstate Pacific Coast Handicap.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 18.—The initial Interstate Association Pacific Coast Handicap, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association, took place at the Ingleside grounds on Sept. 15, 16, and 17. This shoot will stand in the annals of Coast trapshooting history as a most successfully conducted powder burning function as, it is earnestly hoped, the precursor of the grand annual Interstate Coast trap meetings and as a most memorable occasion when the best men of the East met the best shooters of the Coast.

Now that the objects of the Interstate Association in fostering the project are fully understood—that the pilgrimage to this city of Crosby, Gilbert, Heikes, Fanning, Marshall, Hirschy, and Shaner was purely in the interest of a clean and popular sport, and practically as a mission to illustrate the conduction of a big tournament, the local and visiting shooters who participated on the firing line, and as interested spectators are unanimous and enthusiastic in their praise of the promoters of what has proven to be one of the smoothest conducted and most enjoyable tournaments ever held on the Pacific Coast.

As an object lesson in successfully conducting a target shoot, the efforts of Mr. Shaner stand out prominently as a work of art. So well appreciated was his management, that the writer was personally requested by many of our shooters to "pile on the superlatives" in giving praise to whom it was due—both to Mr. Shaner and his associates, for the "Indians" and visitors were voted, one and all, to be good fellows and typical sportsmen.

The office system and management of the grounds proceeded with the regularity of clock-work. The methods of handling entries, keeping records, posting results and distribution of purses were studied to the extent that the Shaner "system" will be in vogue at future Coast shoots. Ninety entries on the first day, nine event, a total of 150 targets per man, shot up between 9:30 A. M. and 3:15 P. M., with a lunch intermission, and everything posted and all purses paid to the winners by 3:45 P. M., while not in itself a Herculean task, was, however, an apt illustration of what executive abilities and clever management is capable of in handling the varied details of a tournament. As the first day went, so did the other two days.

The grounds were taken as they were found, and under Mr. Shaner's direction were arranged with three sets of traps, Sergeant system, two bulkheads, with expert traps, being held in reserve on the old target section of the grounds. The trapping of targets, reversible scoring boards, placed either for 16 or 20yds. squads, field clerks, etc., handling of the crowd, shooters as well as spectators, announcement of squads, events, entry of shooters, and general information bureau, in fact, every detail, all dovetailed in together each day, were methods that evoked keen admiration and close study by each shooter on the ground. Not that the Coast sportsmen are so far behind the times, for there have been many large tournaments conducted here on very good lines; but our men are alive to the acceptable results of experience and are ready to adopt any new wrinkles in their favorite sport.

As the system came under their inspection, so did the style, methods, guns, loads and general work of the All-American team of representatives who were with us. The champions were generous and painstaking in their efforts to answer or explain any and all querics., for it is a reasonable argument that men who shoot an average of 30,000 loads annually for from ten to twenty-five years, must have a fund of information that is valuable to an up-to-date shooter of however comparatively limited experience. The Easterners, with the exception of Fanning, were known more by reputation than personally to most of the shooters. Among the Coast men, consultations on every subject pertaining to the game are frequent, and here was an opportunity that was too good to be overlooked. It is safe to say that many results of those conferences will have a good effect in due course. Nobody is so perfect that he is above picking up a new idea, and per contra, who knows but what the Coast men had a wrinkle or two that was worthy of adoption or development.

Taken all in all, the deduction arrived at is simply this: that an occasion like the recent tournament is of too great a mutual benefit to be ignored, and that it is to be hoped the initial tournament will be the herald of a long series of shoots.

While the entries may have fallen below sanguine figures, the attendance can be looked upon as very good and encouraging, when it is remembered that the Coast, to a great extent, is a territory of magnificent distances, and the cost of a trip to "Frisco" is not a small item. If future Interstate shoots are as liberal in purses, we are confident that a big contingent of shooters will get hot feet for the trail to this city. As it is, there was a "good bet overlooked" by some diffident shooters. In six events out of nine on the first day the men scoring 13 saved their entrance and over—in one event the purse was double the entrance. On the second day the 13 and 17 men received more than their entrance; the 12s were in the money in one event. So it was on the third day.

In the Preliminary and Pacific Coast handicaps, a net purse of $1,377 was annexed by the high guns. The Preliminary Handicap had forty-seven (one post) amateur entries and twenty-one manufacturers' representatives, making a total of sixty-eight entries.; ten moneys, $102.20, $83.60, $65, $51.10, $46.45, $37.15, $23.20, $23.20, $16.25, and $16.25—a total of $464.50. C. D. Hagerman, of Los Angeles, at 16yds., broke 93 and carried the handsome Interstate cup to the orange belt and took charge of first money, in order to defray incidental expenses on his way south. W. H. Varian, at 16yds., broke 92 and won second money. C. M. Powers (19yds.), M. O. Feudner, of San Francisco (19), E. Klevesahl, of San Francisco (16), with 91 each, divided third, fourth and fifth purses. Pop Carr, of Monterey, the dean of the Coast trapshooting fraternity, at 14yds., broke 90 for sixth money. W. J. Golcher, of San Francisco, 17yds., and G. N. Gibson, of Williams, 16yds., with 89 each, were in line for division of seventh and eighth moneys. Ed. Schultz, of San Francisco, 18yds., and C. C. Nauman, 16yds., each with 88 breaks, split the balance of the purse.

The Pacific Coast Handicap on the last day had fifty-one (six post) amateur entries, and twenty-three manufacturers' representatives, making a total of seventy-four entries. The net purse was $812.50; thirteen moneys, $146.25, $146.25, $93.40, $93.40, $54.80, $54 80, $54.80, $54.80, $22.70, $22.70, $22.70, $22.70, $22.70.

Geo. Sylvester, of San Francisco, and R. H. Bungay, of Los Angeles, both tied on 91 at 16yds. They divided first and second moneys. Sylvester won by a target in the tie shoot-off, 17 to 16 out of 20. Del Cooper, of Bellingham, Wash., 18yds., and Fred Schultz, of San Francisco, 16yds., with 91 each, came in for third and fourth moneys. The 90-men were Ed. Schultz (19yds.) H. P. Jacobsen, of San Francisco (15yds.), Varien (18yds.), and Mills (16yds.). Next in the purse distribution were the boys in the 89 hole: E. L. Foster, of San Francisco (18yds.), Nauman (18yds.), Frank M. Newbert, of Sacramento (17yds.), A. J. Webb (18yds.), and L. E. Walker, of Woodland (17yds.).

The minor events were accentuated with the following good purses:

First Day: Event 1, 15s $7; 14s, $3.90; 13s, $1.55. Event 2, 15s, $12.65; 14s, $7.05; 13s, $2.80. Event 3, 20s, $14.75; 19s, $11.05; 18s, $6.15; 17s, $2.45. Event 4, 15s, $9.95; 14s, $5.55; 13s, $2.20. Event 5, 15s, $14.75; 14s, $8.20; 13s, $3.25. Event 6, 20s. $10.55; 19s, $7.90; 18s, $4.40; 17s, $1.75. Event 7, 15s, $6.20; 14s, $2.45; 13s, $1.35; Event 8, 15s, $7.90; 14s. $4.40; 13s, $1.75. Event 9, 20s, $12.70; 19s, $9.50; 18s, $5.30; 17s, $2.10.

Second Day: Event 1, 15s, $11.60; 14s, $6.45; 13s, $2.55. Event 2, 14s, $6.35; 13s, $3.55; 12s, $1.40. Event 3, 20s, $13.20; 19s, $9.90; 18s, $5.50; 17s, $2.20.

Third Day: Event 1, 15s, $7.75; 14s, $4.20; 13s, $1.65. Event 2, 15s, $7.45; 14s, $4.15; 13s, $1.65. Event 3, 20s, $10.05; 19s, $7.50; 18s, $4.20; 17s, $1.65.

A perusal of the foregoing demonstrates what was voted by all at the grounds as the most liberal purse distribution ever placed before Coast shooters. More entries would have meant more moneys; hence we repeat, there was a good bet overlooked.

It is claimed by competent critics that the Pacific Coast Handicap had a more auspicious beginning than had the initial Interstate Association shoot. If general opinion is any criterion, the next Coast Handicap will be a record-breaker.

The weather during the shoot was generally favorable, and of a variety. On Friday a light fog made a background in which the targets were silhouetted against a leaden sky and were easily found. On Saturday the weather was warmer, with a brisk westerly wind at times. On Sunday the day was much warmer, but without any wind. On the whole the weather conditions were good.

The attendance of spectators was large; on the closing day there was an audience of over 1,500, with the fair sex in pleasing and noticeable numbers.

The handling of the grounds and arrangements for the accommodation of shooters and visitors alike was excellent. The Association's 50ft. marquee was supplemented by a dozen or more smaller tents.

Among the trade representatives present were C. A. Haight, E. E. Drake, W. S. Wattles, A. Muller, W. H. Seavers, F. L. Carter, E. E. McVeagh, J. S. French, Eick Reed, Louis Williams, Chas. Porter, C. D. Plank, D. W. King, Jr., J. S. Fanning, Fred Gilbert, Tom Marshall, Rolla O. Heikes, W. R. Crosby, H. C. Hirschy, W. P. Markle, F. M. Lyon, J. E. Vaughan, Phil B. Bekeart and many others.

The trade were a congenial congregation, and did much to lend a pleasant coloring of harmony in the general progress of the shoot.

The San Francisco Trapshooting Association is also entitled to a just share of complimentary notice for its share in the general good working management of the tournament. Ed. Donohue, president; C. A. Haight, treasurer, and A. M. Shields, secretary, being particularly enthusiastic in making everybody at home.

The reception committee was composed of W. S. Wattles, J. J. Sweeney, Capt. Thos. L. Lewis, Frank Turner, A. M. Shields, C. A. Haight, G. W. Gibson, Emil Holling, E. E. Drake, Edgar L. Forster, Mr. Kaplan and W. J. Golcher, to whom all credit must be given for looking after the shooters' and guests' convenience and comfort.

The cashier's office was under the immediate direction of Mr. H. C. Hirschy, who has few equals in this line of work, his assistants being Mr. H. P. Jacobsen, Mr. Geo. E. Oliver, Mr. Sam Wattson, Mr. J. J. Sweeney, and Mr. Stevens.

Several pleasant incidents during the shoot were the formal introduction on the last day to a large concourse of sportsmen and visitors by Clarence A. Haight, of Captain Thos. Marshall, who in turn, in a felicitous and apt manner, introduced his colleagues.

Mr. Shaner, on behalf of the Interstate Association, presented the two handicap cups to the respective winners, in fitting and eloquent terms. The speakers during their remarks explained the objects of the Interstate Association in sending the Eastern sportsmen to the Coast—a seed that will take well in Coast soil and germinate eventually into a healthy tree.

Among the amateurs the first day, Mr. M. O. Feudner was in first place with 140 out of a possible 150; Mr. Del Cooper was second with 138, and Mr. E. L. Forster third with 136. Among the manufacturers' representatives, Mr. W. R. Crosby was first with 148; Mr. Fred Gilbert second with 146, and Mr. R. O. Heikes third with 143.

Among the amatcurs the second day Mr. Del Cooper and Mr. L. E. Walker were in first place with 47 out of a possible 50; Messrs. C. M. Powers, E. Schultz and C. D. Hagerman were tie for second place with 46, and Messrs. M. O. Feudner, L. Hawxhurst, E. L. Forster, R. W. Bungay and J. A. Gibson third with 44. Among the manufacturers' representatives, Mr. W. R. Crosby was first with 145 out of a possible 150; Mr. Fred Gilbert and Mr. R. O. Heikes were a tie for second with 143, and Mr. Chas. Plank was third with 141.

Among the amateurs the third day, Mr. C. M. Powers was in first place with 48 out of a possible 50; Mr. G. E. Sylvester was second with 47, and Mr. E. L. Forster and Dell Cooper were a tie for third with 46. Among the manufacturers' representatives, Mr. Fred Gilbert was in first place with a score of 145 out of a possible 150; Mr. R. O. Heikes was second with 143, and Mr. Chas. Plank third with 142.

For general average among the amateurs, Mr. Dell Cooper was in first place with a score of 231 out of a possible 250; Mr. M. O. Feudner was second with 229, and Mr. E. L. Forster and Mr. C. M. Powers were a tie for third with 226. For general average among the manufacturers' representatives, Mr. Fred Gilbert and Mr. W. R. Crosby were a tie for first place with a score of 434 out of a possible 450; Mr. R. O. Heikes was second with 429, and Mr. J. S. Fanning third with 415.

Among the spectators were many notable personages during the several days of shooting. General Shafter, the hero of Santiago, deemed the tournament interesting enough to drop in twice. The General expressed his strong admiration of the skill shown by numerous shooters, and had many words of praise for the sport as a clean and agreeable recreation.

Among the out-of-town shooters participating were: E. L. Deibert, Ontario; G. A. Johnson, Chico; J. S. Enyart, and E. Hafer, Medford, Oregon; F. J. Ruhstahler and Frank M. Newbert, Sacramento; R. F. White and J. W. Giblin, Marysville; Dr. H. C. McClenahan, Belmont; Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; L. E. Walker, Woodland; Ed. Tissell, Davis; E. C. Gibson, Marysville; J. A. Gibson, Nordhoff; Chas. Carr, Monterey; C. D. Hagerman, Hip Justins, Chas. Van Valkenburg, R. H. Bungay, Jim Matfield, S. R. Smith and Guy Lovelace, of Los Angeles; F. B. Mills, Santa Ana; Del Cooper, Bellingham, Wash.; W. H. Varien, Pacific Grove; G. W. Smith, Bellingham, Wash.; C. D. Fish, F. A. Hodapp, Martinez; W. B. Lowery, J. B. McCutchan, Healdsburg; G. W. Gibson, Williams; N. Hansen, Hercules; F. W. Hesse, Jr., Santa Rosa; C. A. Whelan, Hollister; A. L. Holdsclaw and Mr. Ickes, Fresno; J. V. O'Hara, M. A. Clarke, Vallejo; L. S. Mayfield, Napa; T. A. Work, Monterey.

The scores of the three days follow:

Sept. 15, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
T A Marshall	11	12	17	15	14	17	13	13	17	150	129
E L Deibert	13	14	17	12	12	16	13	10	16	150	124
W H Lowry	9	9	19	13	11	15	13	10	18	150	117
C A Haight	14	13	13	13	13	17	12	13	14	150	122
G A Johnson	10	12	16	10	11	16	11	14	15	150	115
F Gilbert	15	14	20	12	15	20	15	14	20	150	146
C M Powers	12	14	20	15	13	18	12	12	16	150	132
J E Enyart	14	11	13	15	12	13	10	10	17	150	115
E Hafer	11	10	14	10	8	14	11	7	16	150	101
E C Ickes	14	10	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	65	47
W R Crosby	15	13	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	150	148
H C Hirschy	14	12	18	15	15	19	13	13	20	150	139
F J Ruhstahler	12	12	13	12	10	14	13	12	15	150	113
A M Shields	11	10	14	8	12	13	10	9	13	150	100
H P Jacobs	12	10	18	12	11	15	12	14	18	150	122
R O Heikes	14	15	18	14	15	18	15	14	20	150	143
R F White	12	11	12	12	9	17	14	11	18	150	116
J W Giblin	11	11	15	12	11	15	14	11	15	150	115
Dr H C McClenahan	12	8	16	10	8	17	14	13	17	150	115
Dr A M Barker	13	13	17	13	11	18	12	14	18	150	129
Jack Fanning	12	13	18	13	12	18	15	14	19	150	134
O Feudner	15	13	18	14	15	20	13	15	17	150	140
C C Nauman	13	12	16	12	13	17	10	14	15	150	122
A J Webb	12	15	15	15	11	19	13	14	19	150	133
E Schultz	13	12	17	13	14	18	13	14	16	150	130
Chas Plank	13	12	16	15	14	17	11	13	16	150	128
W H Seaver	14	12	17	11	11	18	13	11	17	150	124
L E Walker	10	15	20	13	12	17	14	13	19	150	133
E Tissel	10	7	17	12	12	11	9	8	20	150	106
F M Newbert	15	7	16	13	13	16	14	12	15	150	121
W D King, Jr	13	11	17	11	14	17	11	15	17	150	126
C E Gibson	11	9	15	10	14	17	14	12	17	150	119
J E Vaughn	10	11	17	14	13	..	12	14	19	130	119
J Gibson	14	9	14	14	12	17	13	11	14	150	118
Chas Carr	10	10	15	12	12	14	12	14	17	150	116
C E Hageman	13	13	19	11	12	19	14	12	17	150	130
R Bungay	9	11	16	14	11	20	14	14	15	150	124
S R Smith	15	8	16	12	11	16	14	9	16	150	117
G Lovelace	10	14	16	11	12	13	13	11	16	150	116
O Van Valkenburg	10	10	17	13	15	16	15	14	16	150	126
E Holling	14	15	18	15	11	16	12	14	18	150	133
F Schultz	15	13	18	12	13	15	14	14	18	150	132
L Hawxhurst	12	12	15	8	13	12	14	12	16	150	114
F L Carter	15	13	16	13	11	15	14	12	18	150	127
F B Mills	15	12	19	12	11	19	10	10	17	150	125
D Reed	11	13	14	12	11	18	14	9	17	150	119
D Cooper	15	13	17	13	14	17	15	15	19	150	138
W H Varien	13	13	16	12	13	19	13	12	16	150	127
G W Smith	15	11	16	12	11	18	15	14	17	150	129
H Justins	10	7	15	14	11	17	12	9	15	150	110
P McRae	12	13	16	14	13	18	12	13	18	150	129
W J Golcher	14	13	18	13	13	17	15	14	17	150	134
E L Forster	14	13	17	13	13	17	15	14	20	150	136
G I Sylvester	14	13	18	13	13	19	13	13	18	150	134
M J Iverson	12	15	18	14	13	17	13	14	17	150	133
F Knick	9	13	15	11	10	13	6	10	19	150	106
C R Fish	13	10	14	10	10	..	13	10	15	130	95
E Donohoe	12	12	19	13	10	17	10	9	16	150	118
J Bruns	9	11	12	8	10	13	13	5	15	150	96
G W Gibson	11	13	17	12	11	19	13	12	18	150	126
P B Bekeart	11	13	11	..	10	16	10	7	13	135	91
Dr E Pitres	15	14	18	13	12	16	11	14	17	150	130
F Feudner	14	12	16	12	11	15	14	14	14	150	122
W E Green	12	10	15	14	14	19	12	12	18	150	126
C J Ashlin	14	11	17	11	9	15	14	11	18	150	120
E Klevesahl	8	12	18	14	12	19	11	11	14	150	119
H A Hoyt	9	10	16	14	10	16	13	11	19	150	118
W E Morin	11	6	16	11	11	16	10	12	18	150	111
H P Hoey	10	11	15	10	13	15	10	10	14	150	108
Wm Hanson	13	12	12	13	12	15	14	14	12	150	117
F W Hesse, Jr	14	11	15	11	12	11	..	..	..	100	74
Joe Pisani	13	12	16	10	11	13	13	10	14	150	112
W R Watters	13	12	17	12	14	18	11	11	12	150	120
Dr R E Slade	11	11	15	10	11	18	8	14	14	150	112
R L Mayfield	11	11	12	10	12	17	14	12	16	150	115
C A Whelan	11	12	14	13	13	18	10	13	13	150	117
L W Harpham	11	11	17	14	12	19	..	..	..	100	84
W H Price	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	16	50	36

Sept. 16, Second Day.

Preliminary Handicap: Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Total.
T A Marshall, 16	15	13	18	14	12	18	90
W R Crosby, 16	14	14	20	15	14	20	97
H C Hirschy, 16	14	13	18	11	14	18	88
R O Heikes, 16	13	14	20	15	14	20	96
F Gilbert, 16	15	15	20	15	9	19	93
J Fanning, 16	15	15	18	13	14	17	92
C Plank, 16	15	14	17	14	15	19	94
Dr D W King, 16	12	14	17	11	11	17	82
W H Seaver, 16	13	11	20	15	12	16	87
E Holling, 16	12	11	19	14	11	18	85
J E Vaughn, 16	13	12	17	11	13	17	83
R C Reed, 16	12	13	19	14	12	18	88
H Justins, 16	9	4	15	8	10	14	60
H A Hoyt, 16	12	14	13	12	12	17	80
C A Haight, 16	12	14	15	12	11	18	82
C F Harvey, 16	10	10	12	9	13	14	68
F L Carter, 16	15	13	18	12	11	18	87
T L Lewis, 16	11	9	18	11	9	18	76
W R Wattles, 16	11	12	13	14	9	17	76
C M Powers, 19	15	14	19	13	12	18	91
M O Feudner, 19	13	15	18	14	15	16	91
L Hawxhurst, 18	15	12	17	14	10	17	85
F L Forster, 18	14	12	18	12	11	16	83
L E Walker, 18	14	13	12	11	12	14	76
J E Enyart, 18	12	10	15	10	10	9	66
Del Cooper, 18	13	14	17	13	11	18	86
A J Webb, 18	9	13	16	14	13	20	85
E Schultz, 18	14	14	16	13	12	19	88
W J Golcher, 17	13	13	17	13	13	20	89
G W Smith, 17	13	12	17	10	11	17	80
F M Newbert, 17	13	13	18	10	12	19	85
Dr A M Barker, 17	11	15	18	14	11	16	85
J B McCutcheon, 17	10	12	19	12	9	17	79
S R Smith, 16	11	14	17	9	13	15	79
Guy Lovelace, 16	12	10	17	13	14	16	82
C Van Valkenburg, 16	14	12	18	12	11	18	85
W H Lowry, 16	11	14	19	11	11	17	83
G A Johnson, 16	10	12	16	14	12	18	82
C E Nauman, 16	12	13	20	15	10	18	88
L W Harpham, 16	14	13	17	12	13	16	85
E Klevesahl, 16	13	13	18	14	14	19	91
G I Sylvester, 16	14	15	15	14	12	15	85
W H Varien, 16	13	14	18	15	13	19	92
E L Deibert, 16	12	10	15	9	10	16	72
J A Gibson, 16	14	12	16	10	10	13	75
F Feudner, 16	13	12	17	12	12	17	83
F Schultz, 16	13	11	15	14	15	17	85
G O Cadman, 16	14	10	18	12	13	16	83
M J Iverson, 16	12	13	18	10	11	14	78
W E Greene, 16	14	14	17	13	11	16	85
G W Gibson, 16	13	14	16	14	14	18	89
F B Mills, 16	14	12	18	12	14	17	87
F W Hesse, Jr., 16	15	11	15	10	11	15	77
R Bungay, 16	15	14	17	12	12	17	87
C D Hagerman, 16	14	14	19	12	14	20	93
C A Whelan, 15	14	9	14	8	11	18	74
J A W Giblin, 15	15	12	17	15	11	17	87
R F White, 15	9	8	15	10	15	18	75
H P Hoey, 14	11	14	14	9	9	14	71
A M Shields, 14	11	11	19	14	11	15	81
E Hafer, 14	11	13	16	10	12	17	79
H P Jacobsen, 14	13	14	17	13	10	19	86
C Carr, 14	14	14	20	12	13	17	90
E Fissel, 14	11	13	16	12	13	19	84
F Knick, 14	11	12	15	12	13	15	78
E Donohoe, 14	10	6	16	17	10	16	70
W P Sears, 16	10	12	18	13	15	19	87
E E McVeagh, 16	10	12	15	14	12	16	79

Sweepstake scores:

Events: Targets:	1 15	2 15	3 20
T A Marshall	14	14	15—43
W R Crosby	15	15	18—48
H C Hirschy	11	14	17—42
R O Heikes	14	13	20—47
F Gilbert	15	15	20—50
Jack Fanning	15	14	19—48
C Plank	12	15	20—47
D W King, Jr	15	12	19—46
W H Seaver	12	15	17—44
E Holling	14	12	17—43
J E Vaughn	13	15	19—47
R E Reed	14	13	18—45
H Justins	11	11	14—36
H A Hoyt	13	11	18—42
C A Haight	10	10	17—37
C F Harvey	10	9	20—39
F L Carter	13	14	16—43
T L Lewis	6	8	15—29
C M Powers, 19	14	13	19—46
M O Feudner, 19	14	12	18—44
L Hawxhurst, 18	13	14	17—44
E L Forster, 18	14	13	17—44
L E Walker, 18	14	13	20—47
J E Enyart, 18	12	11	17—40
Del Cooper, 18	13	14	20—47
A J Webb, 18	14	12	16—42
E Schultz, 18	13	14	19—46
W J Golcher, 17	11	13	16—40
G W Smith, 17	11	12	16—39
F M Newbert, 17	13	10	17—40
Dr A M Barker, 17	10	13	18—41
J B McCutcheon	11	13	16—40
S R Smith, 16	12	13	16—41
Guy Lovelace, 16	9	9	15—33
Van Valkenburg, 16	12	12	18—42
W H Lowry, 16	13	10	14—37
G A Johnson, 16	13	11	19—43
C C Nauman, 16	12	12	18—42
L W Harpham, 16	..	..	..
E Klevesahl, 16	13	12	15—40
G I Sylvester, 16	15	12	14—41
W H Varien, 16	12	12	15—39
E L Deibert	12	7	16—35
J A Gibson	14	14	16—44
F Feudner	12	13	12—37
F Schultz	13	12	12—37
G O Cadman	11	8	16—35
M J Iverson	11	11	17—39
W E Green	11	14	17—42
G W Gibson	12	12	15—39
F B Mills	14	12	16—42
F W Hesse, Jr	11	9	15—35
R Bungay	15	13	16—44
C D Hagerman	13	14	19—46
C A Whelan	11	13	18—42
J A W Giblin	9	12	16—37
R F White	13	9	15—37
E Hafer	7	11	15—33
H P Jacobsen	10	9	14—33
C E Gibson	12	10	18—40
C Carr	10	13	15—38
E Fissel	10	12	w
E Donohoe	10	11	19—40
F Knick	10	w	
W S Wattles	10	14	17—41
W E Murdock	13	10	16—39
C E Ashlin	8	11	w
T A Work	11	11	17—39
M Field	12	13	15—40
W P Sears	9	11	16—36
L E King	6	8	18—32
F Turner	8	8	18—34

Sept 17, Third Day.

Pacific Coast Handicap: Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Total.
T A Marshall, 16	15	13	18	12	13	16	87
W R Crosby, 16	12	15	20	15	14	18	94
H C Hirschy, 16	14	12	19	15	14	18	92
R O Heikes, 16	15	13	20	15	13	20	96
F Gilbert, 16	15	15	20	14	15	19	98
C Plank, 16	15	15	20	15	13	18	96
W H Seaver, 16	13	14	15	15	11	19	87
E Holling, 16	15	12	19	14	15	18	93
J Fanning, 16	15	14	19	14	15	20	97
D W King, Jr., 16	13	11	14	12	12	15	77
J E Vaughn, 16	11	13	19	14	11	16	84
R E Reed, 16	14	13	17	12	14	20	90
G D Morss, 16	10	15	12	11	14	14	76
F L Carter, 16	13	13	19	15	13	17	90
E E McVeagh, 16	12	11	13	11	10	16	73
C F Harvey, 16	12	15	17	12	13	17	86
C A Haight, 16	15	12	16	12	13	18	85
P Bekeart, 16	9	12	13	9	10	15	68
H A Hoyt, 16	12	10	14	12	12	17	77
T L Lewis, 16	9	11	10	8	9	12	59
H Justin, 16	11	8	15	7	10	7	58
W S Wattles, 16	14	9	15	12	13	13	76
G B Barber, 16	7	10	16	9	8	12	62
C M Powers, 20	15	12	16	13	12	19	87
M O Feudner, 20	12	13	15	13	13	17	83
E Schultz, 19	15	12	19	13	12	19	90
A J Webb, 18	13	11	17	14	15	20	90
H C McClenahan, 18	12	9	18	7	10	15	71
C C Nauman, 18	12	13	18	12	15	19	89
W J Golcher, 18	10	14	17

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

chultz, 16	14	13	19	14	13	18	91
E Greene, 16	10	11	19	13	13	18	84
Masterson, 16	13	12	15	11	12	14	77
Sylvester, 16	14	15	20	15	13	20	97
V Smith, 16	13	14	19	13	11	17	87
A Johnson, 16	13	14	17	12	12	16	84
Turner, 16	9	9	14	8	6	12	58
B Mills, 16	14	12	17	14	15	18	90
Bungay, 16	15	15	18	14	15	20	97
O Cadman, 16	13	8	11	13	12	17	74
La Mott, 16	15	12	17	12	12	16	84
Can, 16	9	12	18	10	13	16	78
W Harpham, 16	12	14	14	13	14	16	83
E Morin, 16	12	11	16	10	12	18	79
A Hodap, 16	9	w					
Van Valkenburg, 16	10	11	11	..	..	..	..
A Clark, 16	13	14	17	12	13	15	84
Hanson, 16	14	13	17	11	10	18	83
Bruns, 15	10	8	11	..	..	..	..
A Gibson, 15	14	12	18	15	9	19	87
J Iverson, 15	13	12	16	15	12	20	88
y Lovelace, 15	15	13	18	14	11	17	88
P Jacobsen, 15	12	15	18	13	12	20	90
R Smith, 15	10	13	19	12	12	18	84
C Klevesahl, 15	11	6	10	11	10	11	59
Hafer, 14	10	8	11	12	9	16	66
M Shields, 14	12	10	16	14	12	17	81
A Work, 14	12	9	17	14	10	18	80
Feudner, 16	14	11	14	15	11	18	83
L Mayfield, 16	10	11	18	13	11	12	75

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	
Targets:	15	15	20	
A Marshall	13	14	19	46
R Crosby	15	15	17	47
C Hirschy	13	14	20	47
O Heikes	15	13	19	47
ed Gilbert	15	15	17	47
Plank	14	14	18	46
H Seaver	15	13	18	46
Holling	14	13	18	45
Fanning	14	13	17	44
W King, Jr	12	10	18	40
E Vaughn	12	14	15	41
C Reed	14	14	19	47
D Morss	11	11	15	37
L Carter	12	15	20	47
E McVeagh	14	9	17	40
F Harvey	13	13	16	42
A Haight	13	14	18	45
A Hoyt	13	12	16	41
L Lewis	10	8	19	37
Justins	12	11	13	36
Wattles	12	14	17	43
C McClenahan	13	13	18	44
M Powers	13	15	20	48
O Feudner	12	14	19	45
Schultz	14	14	17	45
J Webb	14	11	18	43
C Nauman	14	14	16	44
J Golcher	13	14	18	45
H Varien	13	12	17	42
Klevesahl	12	14	17	43
L Forster	14	13	19	46
D Hagerman	13	14	17	44
W Gibson	14	12	18	44
el Cooper	12	15	19	46
A McRae	11	15	18	44
M Newbert	12	11	20	43
E Walker	11	12	17	40
A M Barker	14	13	18	45
A Fans	9	12	18	39
E Enyart	10	8	15	33
H Lowry	14	13	18	45
Schultz	13	12	18	43
E Greene	14	12	14	40
I Sylvester	14	13	20	47
A Masterson	11	13	16	40
W Smith	14	10	18	42
A Johnson	13	12	18	43
Turner	15	9	10	34
B Mills	10	13	18	41
Bungay	13	13	18	44
O Cadman	14	10	18	42

Events:	1	2	3	
Targets:	15	15	20	
V J La Motte	15	10	19	44
Chas Carr	13	13	16	42
L W Harpham	11	15	18	44
F A Hodap	10	13	12	35
M E Morin	11	10	17	38
C Van Valkenburg	11	10	15	36
M A Clark	9	12	18	39
J Bruns	11	7	16	34
J A Gibson	15	14	15	44
M J Iverson	14	13	17	44
Guy Lovelace	12	13	17	42
H P Jacobs	10	12	17	39
S R Smith	13	11	19	43
H C Klevesahl	13	12	14	39
E Hafer	10	14	17	41
A M Shields	13	9	11	33
T A Work	14	10	14	38
R F White	10	9	16	35
E Kerrison	12	10	17	39
W A Roney	10	13	17	40
E Forster	12	14	17	43
F Feudner	12	15	17	44
F W Hesse, Jr	13	10	18	41
J F Knick	12	10	13	35
H Hasclbusch	13	10	17	40
L Hawxhurst	12	15	17	44
J D Thorn	7	8	12	27
C E Gibson	11	12	16	39
Dr S E Slade	14	11	18	43
J Ross	11	11	14	36
W Jansen	10	14	14	38
E Gregory	8	8	11	27
J J Sweeney	14	14	15	43
W Murdock	13	13	16	42
J O'Hara	9	12	14	35
H A Grimm	6	11	11	28
M Burwell	11	11	12	34
M Mayfield	13	14	17	44
A L Holdsdean	14	13	17	44
E L Deibert	14	13	17	44
B Baum	13	11	11	35
C C Juster	7	11	7	25
W Hauser	13	14	17	44
J B Hawer	13	10	17	40
B Patrick	11	12	12	35
C C Gill	13	13	15	41
C D Lacing	12	12	15	39
F M Dunn	1	2	9	12
R Caldwell	10	10	15	35
A D La Mott	..	..	16	16

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., Sept. 23.—Four events of the programme f the Bound Brook Gun Club were finished. Owing to insufcient entries the rest were not shot off.

Mr. Scofield won the two cups in the first and second events. he third was won by F. K. Stelle, and the fourth by Mr. Bissett. In the club race for the medal, both Mr. Stelle and Dr. J. B. ardoe scored the limit, and in the shoot-off, Stelle again scored, hile Dr. Pardoe was only one short of the mark.

The cup race for club members was won by Dr. Pardoe. Events 5 to 16 were extra.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	20
icol	7	7	6	8	18	8	3	..	..	4	7	8	7	..	..	..
looey	7	8	8	9	18	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
cofield	8	9	9	8	21	7	8	7	9	7	5	6	7	..	..	..
telle	8	..	9	9	17	8	..	9	..	..	8	..	3	21	19	18
issett	..	3	9	10	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
ardoe	..	..	..	..	25	9	9	9	8	9	8	9	9	24	23	18
dams	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
inberger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

Club race for cup, 25 targets: Hooey (2) 23, Stelle (4) 21, Pardoe 2) 24.

Hunter Arms medal, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Stelle (5) 20, Pardoe 3) 20, Hooey (3) 18.

Shoot-off of tie: Stelle (5) 20, Pardoe (3) 19.

F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Tournament.

MONDAY, Sept. 18, preliminary day at the Cincinnati Gun Club's annual tournament, was very hot and partly cloudy. A strong wind blew all day, which, though affecting the flight of the targets a trifle, did not seem to bother the shooters, judging by the scores made.

In the forenoon a team match was shot at 100 targets per man, the scores being: Henderson 94, Phellis 91; total, 185. Gambell 83, Money 86; total 169.

The regular programme for the day was started at 1 o'clock, and consisted of four 25-target events, $2 entrance (optional), money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., open to amateurs only. There were fifty-one entries, W. Henderson being high gun with 97. In his first 80 targets he missed but 1. During the day he broke 191 out of 200. Foord, Reid and Hatcher were second with 96 each. Not a hitch occurred during the day, Supt. Gambell having the traps in perfect working order and an experienced force of men.

The feature of the day was the shooting of Miss F. Altherr, a young lady member of the club, who broke 73 out of 75, going straight in the last 25. Miss Altherr is 17 years old, a very graceful shooter and gives promise of becoming a second Annie Oakley in the use of the shotgun.

Among the early arrivals were the following: J. T. Haines and F. W. Hayes, Vicksburg, Miss.; R. L. Pierce, Wytheville, Va.; Ed. Brady, Newbern, Tenn.; W. M. Foord, Wilmington, Del.; J. A. Barnett, Columbus Grove, O.; Lou Fisher, Buckeye Lake, O.; A. M. Hatcher, Bristol, Tenn.; A. W. Kirby, Greenville, O.; Woolfolk Henderson, Lexington, Ky.; A. W. Westcott, Leesburg, Fla.; R. G. Wheeler, Boston, Mass.; L. Bullard, West Baden, Ind. Among the well known professional experts were: F. Riehl, H. Money, C. W. Budd, C. W. Phellis, L. J. Squier, C. O. Le Compte, D. D. Gross and H. N. Kirby. The local men turned out in good numbers and made good scores, Gambell heading the list with 92. At the time of closing the office thirty entries had been received for the first day's programme. A number of shooters arived late, and the list of entries will be swelled in the morning. The scores:

The tournament was an unqualified success. The tournament committee, Messrs. R. H. West, Chas. F. Dreihs, E. B. Barker, L. J. Squier and Arthur Gambell; put in much time in preparing the details and arranging an attractive programme of sport, and the result should be gratifying to them.

As was fully announced and explained in the sportsmen's journals before the shoot, the club returned to the amateurs, in a special purse, their losses during the tournament. This idea was advocated by L. J. Squier, and the result has proved that he knows what the amateur wants, for every one present had a good word to say, and those who failed to win in the purses were more than pleased to be called to the cashier's office and handed a wad.

The programme consisted of ten 20-target events on each day, $2 entrance in each, and $1 extra each day, making a total entrance of $21 per day. An optional sweep of $1 was run in each event, this purse was divided 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent. class shooting. Less than thirty entries 50, 30, 20 per cent. Regular events divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Average money each day, $50, divided 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5 and 5 high guns; $50 general average money, same division. The special purse for those shooting in all the regular events and not winning their entrance was divided pro rata. The losses were figured on the regular entrance $63.

Twenty-two men shot through the programme and lost money. The special purse paid them 90 per cent. of the amount. Figuring the entrance at $20 a day, the special purse paid back full entrance fee. The purses paid well, Wheeler getting 96.90; Alkire, $95.40; Rhoads, $94.80; Henderson, $92.20; Raven, $77.95; Foord, $77.50; Barker, $73.80; Brady, $69.55.

The office was in charge of Luther J. Squier and F. Dreihs, assisted by Chas F. Dreihs, and the work was, as a matter of course, done promptly, and all winners paid very soon after the last event was finished.

With the exception of the rain on Tuesday, nothing happened to delay the shooting. John Brannagel, Supt. Gambell's assistant, had charge of the field force, and their work was well done.

At No. 1 set, Henry Goodman was referee and scorer; Frank Mills, squad hustler; Peter Gould, puller; Shepman, Gill and Housel, trappers.

No. 2 set, Ben Hutchinson, referee and scorer; Walter Dobert, squad hustler; J. Jewett, puller; Hogar, Sawing and Vercamp, trappers.

No. 3 set, Len Shepard, referee and scorer; Lutie Gambell, squad hustler; W. Hightower, puller; Schwab, Highkemper and Thorp, trappers.

During the three days 38,000 targets were thrown.

The following trade representatives were present: L. J. Squier, C. W. Phellis, Chas. F. Dreihs, J. T. Skelly, C. O. Le Compte, Dale Bumstead, Chas. W. Budd, Frank Riehl, R. B. McNeill, Harold Money, J. R. Taylor, Ralph L. Trimble, A. M.. Ruter, Harry Kirby, L. H. Reid, D. D. Gross, Terry Davenport, Ed. Stuart, Phil. Orr, Jean Bell, Henry Vietmeyer, W. L. Garber, J. S. McBreen.

Monday, Practice Day.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Henderson	100	97	Randall	100	83
Hatcher	100	96	Wescott	100	82
Foord	100	96	Haines	100	80
Reid	100	96	Ballard	100	77
F Riehl	100	94	K 86	100	74
H Money	100	93	F Altherr	75	73
Gambell	100	92	Peters	100	71
A W Kirby	100	92	Stuart	75	56
C W Budd	100	92	Barnett	50	39
Phil	100	89	Bill Nye	50	39
Ahlers	100	88	A H S	25	21
Hayes	100	88	Bonser	25	21
Brady	100	88	Keefe	25	17
C O Le Compte	100	88	King	25	12
Skelly	100	88	Lytle	50	42
Bullerdick	100	87	Orr	25	18
Pohlar	100	87	Mike Peters	75	58
D D Gross	100	87	K 85	25	22
Pierce	100	86	Barker	50	46
Vietmeyer	100	86	Buller	75	60
Fisher	100	85	Templeman	75	62
Roll	100	85	Farridy	25	21
Wheeler	100	84	Mulberry	25	24
Davenport	100	84	Jas Reid	25	24
Faran	100	84	Eaton	50	48
Sundy	100	83			

Sept. 19, First Day.

The first day of the tournament was uncomfortably hot, and cloudy. A gale of wind caused the targets to take all kinds of unexpected angles, and many of the shooters dropped way below their scores of Monday. The attendance was much larger than on the previous day. Much interest was manifested in the shooting of Miss Altherr, a crowd always standing at the ropes when she was at the score.

Everything was running smoothly and part of the shooters had finished the last event, when, shortly after 3 o'clock, it began to rain, soon increasing in violence, and forcing every one to cover. The shooting was delayed until nearly 5 o'clock, and was not finished until almost dark. A beautiful arched rainbow above the grounds gave promise of pleasant weather for Wednesday. Sixty-three shooters entered in the various events, fifty-three shooting through. W. A. Watkins was high amateur and also high gun for the day, with 187. Other leading amateurs were: S. Rhoads 184, Bibbee 182, E. Brady 180, Wheeler 179, Hunter and Pohlar 178 each, Shattuck and Randall 175 each, Barker 174.

F. C. Riehl was high professional with 184, C. W. Budd 182, Harold Money 179, Skelly 178, C. W. Phellis and L. H. Reid 177 each, R. Trimble and D. D. Gross 174 each.

H. E. Smith, of Columbus, had the misfortune to burst his gun, but luckily escaped injury, except in his score, as he finished out with a strange gun. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Gambell, 18	18	15	15	18	15	16	17	16	15	16	200	161
Ahlers, 18	18	16	11	19	13	14	16	12	15	18	200	152
Bell, 18	17	17	16	18	18	18	18	17	15	17	200	171
A W Kirby, 18	16	19	14	20	17	17	16	19	16	19	200	173
Barker, 18	17	19	18	18	15	17	17	17	17	19	200	174
Alkire, 19	19	13	16	15	17	19	18	15	16	17	200	165
Foord, 19	16	17	16	17	17	17	20	19	14	17	200	170
Henderson, 19	17	20	14	18	15	18	18	17	18	17	200	172
Pierce, 19	15	18	15	18	17	17	15	14	16	18	200	163
Hatcher, 19	19	17	16	19	17	15	15	19	13	18	200	168
Faran, 16	18	17	17	18	19	15	20	18	14	16	200	172
Dick, 16	15	14	17	20	18	16	18	13	14	18	200	163
Peters, 16	16	18	13	13	12	12	16	9	10	15	200	134
Roll, 16	15	18	14	19	14	15	19	13	17	11	200	155
Randall, 16	19	17	18	17	17	19	14	19	17	18	200	175
Pohlar, 16	19	17	18	19	19	16	19	18	15	18	200	178
Bullerdick, 16	16	16	16	14	14	12	11	18	18	17	200	152
Pfieffer, 16	15	18	17	17	17	13	17	17	19	16	200	166
J W Hayes, 16	19	18	16	17	17	13	15	14	19	16	200	164
F Altherr, 16	16	17	17	18	17	11	18	14	10	17	200	155
Bibbee, 18	20	19	19	17	18	20	16	16	18	19	200	182
Brady, 18	19	20	18	18	18	16	15	19	18	19	200	186
Foltz, 18	18	18	16	15	19	16	16	19	14	17	200	168
Fisher, 18	17	18	16	18	17	17	20	15	18	17	200	173
Parry, 18	13	17	17	18	16	14	15	17	14	19	200	160
Westcott, 16	17	15	17	16	15	19	18	17	18	15	200	167
Haynes, 16	18	17	17	16	17	18	13	17	..	..	160	133
Wheeler, 16	17	20	19	18	18	19	16	15	19	18	200	179
Ballard, 16	13	16	17	18	18	16	17	19	16	20	200	170
Barnett, 16	15	16	18	15	18	11	16	18	17	14	200	158
"Raven," 18	18	17	16	18	18	16	19	17	12	19	200	170
Britton, 18	15	19	17	16	18	11	15	17	18	17	200	163
Rhoads, 19	17	18	19	19	18	20	18	19	17	19	200	184
Dea, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	17	15	19	80	68
See, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	17	18	80	69
Hunter, 16	18	17	19	17	18	20	16	18	16	19	200	178
H E Smith, 16	14	15	16	17	15	16	14	7	15	16	200	145
Kramer, 16	12	10	6	11	7	9	14	15	14	18	200	116
W A Watkins, 16	20	17	19	17	20	20	19	19	17	19	200	187
Herman, 16	19	15	13	18	17	18	14	19	19	13	200	165
Edwards, 16	16	19	16	16	14	20	16	17	19	20	200	173
Nolder, 16	18	18	14	16	13	13	16	17	18	19	200	162
Shattuck, 16	16	17	14	18	18	18	16	20	18	20	200	175
Brubaker, 16	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	20	15
C Brietfeld, 16	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	16	..	..	40	30
Richmond, 16	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	15	..	..	60	43
Hesser, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	15	80	65
J S, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	..	40	31
Money, 20	19	18	17	17	15	18	20	16	19	20	200	179
C. W. Budd, 20	18	19	19	19	16	19	18	19	18	17	200	182
Le Compte, 20	16	13	18	15	15	18	18	13	15	19	200	160
Riehl, 20	17	18	18	18	20	19	17	19	18	20	200	184
R Trimble, 20	18	17	17	17	18	20	16	16	16	19	200	174
Phellis, 19	17	18	17	18	19	16	17	20	17	18	200	177
Reid, 19	19	18	17	16	18	16	17	19	18	19	200	177
C Driehs, 18	16	18	13	14	17	18	17	15	19	17	200	164
C A North, 18	17	15	15	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	100	80
J Hayes, Jr., 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	..	40	24
Skelly, 18	20	20	18	18	16	16	16	18	18	18	200	178
Davenport, 18	10	12	18	14	14	15	15	16	16	16	200	146
D D Gross, 18	17	17	18	15	16	20	18	20	18	15	200	174
K 86	15	18	15	16	17	17	12	19	17	14	200	160
Vietmeyer, 18	16	12	16	17	17	15	17	10	17	13	200	150

Sept. 20, Second Day.

Wednesday, Sept. 20, was an ideal day for shooting, bright sun light and a cool, crisp air. In spite of a strong wind, the scores were an improvement on the first day in almost every case.

Several of the shooters left on Tuesday night, but enough new ones arrived to make up, and a little more, sixty-four taking part and fifty-four shooting through. Straight 20s were quite plentifully sprinkled through the score sheets, and L. H. Reid went down the line in the last three events with perfect scores, the first time during the tournament.

The crowd in attendance was much larger than on Tuesday, many being attracted by the shooting of Miss Altherr, the only lady contestant present. She bettered her score of the first day a little, finishing the programme with a straight 20. High amateurs for the day were W. M. Foord, Wilmington, Del., with 183; Frank Alkire, Frank See and E. Barker, 182 each; L. Ballard, of West Baden, Ind., 181; W. Henderson, Lexington, Ky., 180; T. H. Parry, Indianapolis, 179; Pierce, Hatcher, Wheeler, Dr. Britton, J. W. Hayes and Edwards, 178 each.

R. Trimble was high professional and high gun for the day with 185; Harold Money and C. W. Budd, 183 each; C. W. Phellis and L. H. Reid, 182 each; K 86, fourth with 179; J. T. Skelly, 173, and C. Dreihs, 172. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
Gambell, 16	14	15	16	15	17	18	17	18	19	19	200	168
Ahlers, 16	15	18	16	16	17	17	20	18	15	15	200	167
Faran, 16	18	18	15	19	13	18	16	17	18	14	200	166
Dick, 16	17	15	19	20	16	17	18	19	16	17	200	174
Alkire, 18	19	14	19	20	19	18	19	17	19	18	200	182
Henderson, 18	17	18	17	17	20	17	20	18	18	18	200	180
Pierce, 18	18	18	16	18	17	18	18	20	15	20	200	178
Hatcher, 18	20	19	18	19	15	17	17	18	17	18	200	178
Randall, 16	14	17	18	16	17	18	16	..	..	..	140	116
Foord, 18	19	17	19	18	17	17	20	19	19	18	200	183
Dea, 16	14	15	18	16	19	17	18	18	17	16	200	168
Hesser, 16	17	18	16	16	20	..	17	..	..	..	120	104
Bonser, 16	18	17	17	16	18	16	13	17	..	..	160	132
H E Smith, 16	12	18	18	17	14	16	20	17	20	15	200	167
Pohlar, 18	17	19	17	15	16	16	18	18	19	15	200	170
Foltz, 18	18	15	17	19	16	14	19	18	20	17	200	173
Fisher, 18	16	19	18	16	16	16	18	18	15	18	200	170
A W Kirby, 18	17	13	18	19	17	19	19	19	19	17	200	177
Wheeler, 18	18	20	14	18	18	19	18	18	18	17	200	178
Parry, 16	19	18	18	17	19	18	17	16	18	19	200	179
Britton, 16	18	17	18	16	18	20	19	17	18	17	200	178
Pfieffer, 16	15	18	18	14	18	16	17	15	18	17	200	166
Roll, 16	19	17	12	15	16	17	14	16	17	14	200	157
Herman, 16	16	17	18	19	17	15	9	18	19	18	200	166
J W Hayes, 16	19	20	16	18	19	15	19	17	19	16	200	178
F Altherr, 16	17	17	15	12	13	15	18	16	16	20	200	159
Bullerdick, 16	18	14	16	20	18	17	16	17	16	17	200	169
Barnett, 16	16	19	18	17	17	17	16	16	20	16	200	172
Ballard, 16	19	16	17	16	17	20	20	19	19	18	200	181
Bibbee, 19	13	14	18	18	19	17	11	15	15	11	200	151
Brady, 19	17	17	16	15	18	19	18	20	18	19	200	177
Rhoads, 20	18	17	18	18	18	18	14	19	19	17	200	176
See, 18	19	16	19	18	18	20	17	19	17	19	200	182
"Raven," 18	15	16	18	18	20	17	17	18	18	18	200	175
"Hunter," 18	16	16	19	20	19	18	16	17	18	15	200	174
Barker, 18	18	18	20	18	17	19	18	19	15	20	200	182
Edwards, 16	17	15	16	20	16	17	20	18	20	19	200	178
Nolder, 16	16	18	17	20	11	15	17	15	17	18	200	164
Shattuck, 16	16	17	19	18	17	19	19	18	14	18	200	175
Ketter, 16	15	14	13	18	16	16	15	17	16	17	200	157
Hobson, 16	16	18	14	16	17	15	16	17	16	16	200	161
Carr, 16	17	13	19	16	14	19	18	16	15	17	200	164
Dial, 16	18	16	16	17	18	16	16	17	18	18	200	171
Hake, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	12	17	80	55
Payne, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	14	18	80	62
Money, 20	20	19	20	19	18	12	19	19	18	19	200	183
Budd, 20	20	19	16	16	20	17	19	19	20	17	200	183
Riehl, 20	17	19	20	18	18	17	18	14	17	19	200	177
Le Compte, 19	18	14	13	18	14	18	20	13	15	17	200	160
Trimble, 19	19	20	18	20	17	16	19	16	20	20	200	185
Phellis, 19	19	17	19	19	17	18	18	18	18	19	200	182
Reid, 19	18	19	18	18	16	16	17	20	20	20	200	182
Skelly, 18	17	17	19	14	16	17	18	19	19	17	200	173
Gross, 18	17	18	14	17	18	17	19	16	15	17	200	168
North, 18	11	18	14	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	100	73
K 86, 16	19	18	19	17	18	18	19	16	17	18	200	179
Vietmeyer, 16	17	15	19	17	15	17	15	19	18	18	200	170
Davenport, 16	18	18	16	16	16	19	17	16	16	16	200	168
Dreihs, 16	17	17	20	15	17	16	19	18	16	17	200	172
Peters, 16	14	18	16	16	12	17	14	18	18	17	200	160
Willic, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	10	60	40
Kramer, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	25	16
Du Bray, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	17	..	40	35
Hunt, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	15

Sept. 21, Third Day.

As is usually the case, there was a slight decrease in the number of shooters, two days being about all many of the amateurs care to shoot through. The crowd of spectators was, if anything, larger than on either of the previous days, and the interest was maintained up to firing of the last shot. Fifty-four shooters were on hand, forty-eight shooting through.

The weather was the best of the week, being clear and comfortable, and not wind enough to bother the shooters. The scores improved quite a little in consequence. Miss Altherr, who has been the drawing attraction of this tournament, fell off a trifle, the strain of such a long contest being a little too hard for her. The programme was finished about 3:30, and by 4:30 the good-byes had been said and the visiting shooters were gone. High gun honors for the day were divided by F. Alkire and Raven, with 187 each, the best score made during the shoot. Other high amateurs were: Henderson, second, 186; Wheeler, 183; Pierce and Rhoads, 180 each; Davenport, 179; Hatcher and Fisher, 178 each; Foord, Dick, Bullerdick and Barnett, 177 each; Gambell, Shattuck and J. W. Hayes, 175.

Of the professionals, Le Compte and K 86 tied for first on 183; Skelly, 182; Budd, Trimble and Phellis, 180 each; Money, 179; Dreihs, 178; Vietmeyer, 174.

Amateur high average for the three days: Wheeler and Rhoads, 540 each; Henderson, 538; Alkire, 534; Raven, 532; Foord, 530; Barker and Brady, 529 each.

The handsome silver cup given by the Dupont Powder Co., to the winner of high amateur average was won by Rhoads, after shooting off the tie with Wheeler at 50 targets.

High professional average: Budd, 545; Money, 541, Phellis and Trimble, 539; Skelly, 533; Reid and Riehl, 532. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
Alkire, 18	19	20	20	18	18	19	19	16	20	18	200	187
Henderson, 18	20	20	20	19	18	17	19	18	16	19	200	186
Raven, 18	19	18	19	18	19	19	19	18	19	19	200	187
Le Compte, 18	18	19	18	19	20	19	18	18	19	15	200	183
K 86, 16	19	19	18	19	19	17	19	18	18	17	200	183
Wheeler, 18	17	18	19	19	19	17	19	20	17	18	200	183
Pierce, 18	20	18	15	19	19	17	17	17	18	20	200	180
Rhoads, 20	17	18	19	19	17	18	18	17	18	19	200	180
Budd, 20	18	20	16	18	19	18	18	18	17	18	200	180
Trimble, 20	19	17	19	18	18	16	19	17	18	19	200	180
Phellis, 19	19	16	19	18	19	18	17	17	18	19	200	180
Skelly, 18	18	18	20	18	18	16	17	20	19	18	200	182
Money, 20	20	18	16	19	19	17	16	18	19	17	200	179
Davenport, 16	20	18	18	19	20	18	17	17	15	17	200	179
Dreihs, 16	19	17	17	20	18	18	17	16	18	18	200	178
Edwards, 16	20	15	16	15	15	17	16	16	17	15	200	162
Nolder, 16	15	16	14	17	13	12	14	17	17	16	200	151
Shattuck, 16	17	18	19	17	18	16	15	19	19	17	200	175
H E Smith, 16	17	14	19	18	18	18	19	18	18	17	200	176
Gambell, 16	18	18	11	19	20	18	18	17	19	17	200	175
Foord, 18	18	18	17	19	18	15	19	18	20	15	200	177
Hatcher, 18	17	16	15	20	18	19	17	17	19	20	200	178
Foltz, 18	18	19	16	18	19	19	17	13	16	15	200	170
A W Kirby, 18	16	14	20	19	19	17	20	18	17	16	200	176
Barker, 18	16	19	15	17	19	17	14	20	18	18	200	173
Bibbee, 18	17	17	19	17	20	16	16	18	20	14	200	174
Fisher, 18	16	16	18	15	19	18	20	18	19	19	200	178
J W Hayes, 16	18	19	17	19	17	17	17	18	15	18	200	175
F Altherr, 16	15	18	11	17	17	14	16	13	19	13	200	153
Bullerdick, 16	13	16	16	17	17	15	13	14	16	17	200	154
Barnett, 16	19	19	16	19	17	16	19	16	18	18	200	177
Ballard, 16	16	16	19	19	16	17	17	19	18	16	200	173
Pohlar, 16	17	19	16	18	19	18	18	16	16	15	200	172
Pfeiffer, 16	18	18	17	20	18	17	11	18	13	18	200	168
Roll, 16	18	16	16	17	19	19	16	17	15	18	200	171
Dick, 16	19	20	20	18	15	19	19	16	15	16	200	177
Faran, 16	19	17	18	16	16	11	15	16	13	17	200	158
Brady, 19	18	16	19	16	17	18	14	17	18	19	200	172
Harig, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	20	60	51
Ahlers, 16	13	15	15	18	16	16	18	13	18	17	200	159
Dea, 16	16	18	17	18	19	15	18	15	15	15	200	166
Green, 16	19	16	17	18	17	19	17	18	18	17	200	176
Bagby, 16	19	14	15	17	17	16	16	15	11	17	200	157
Herman, 16	19	17	15	16	19	17	18	18	16	17	200	172
Bonser, 16	..	..	..	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	31
Hunt, 16	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	14		60	38
Clark, 16	..	..	..	19	20	17	17	19	19	20		140	131
Riehl, 20	19	16	16	18	18	16	15	19	18	16		200	171
Reid, 19	17	19	18	15	17	19	17	19	14	18		200	173
Gross, 18	18	17	16	18	18	16	16	19	16	16		200	170
Vietmeyer, 16	18	17	19	15	18	17	17	19	17	17		200	174
Peters, 16	19	17	14	17	18	13	19	15	15	16		200	163
Keplinger, 16	..	..	..	..	..	16	17	9	16	14	9	17	140	98
Tuttle, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	11	16		80	57

Shoot-off for Dupont cup, prize for winner of amateur high average, 50 targets: Rhoads, 20yds., 46; Wheeler, 18yds., 43.

General Averages.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	Total.
C W Budd	182	183	180	545
Money	179	183	179	541
Rhoads	184	176	180	540
Wheeler	179	178	183	540
Phellis	177	182	180	539
R Trimble	174	185	180	539
Henderson	172	180	186	538
Alkire	165	182	187	534
Riehl	184	177	171	532
Raven	170	175	187	532
Reid	177	182	173	532
Skelly	178	173	180	533
Foord	170	183	177	530
Brady	180	177	172	529
Barker	174	182	173	529
A W Kirby	173	177	176	526
Shattuck	175	175	175	525
Hatcher	168	178	178	524
Ballard	170	181	173	524
K 86	160	179	183	522
Pierce	163	178	180	521
Fisher	173	170	178	521
Pohlar	178	170	172	520
J W Hayes	164	178	175	517
C Dreihs	164	172	178	514
D D Gross	174	168	172	514
Dick	163	174	177	514
Edwards	173	178	162	513
Foltz	168	173	170	511
Barnett	158	172	177	507
Bibbee	182	151	174	507
Gambell	161	168	175	504
Le Compte	160	160	183	503
Herman	165	166	172	503
Pfieffer	166	166	168	500
Faran	172	166	158	496
Vietmeyer	150	170	174	494
Davenport	146	168	179	493
H E Smith	145	167	176	488
Roll	155	157	171	483
Ahlers	152	167	159	478
Nolder	162	164	151	477
Bullerdick	152	169	154	475
F Altherr	551	159	153	467
Peters	134	160	163	457

Owen Sound Gun Club.

THE first annual tournament of the Owen Sound, Ontario, Can., Gun Club was held on their grounds at Royston Park, on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7 and 8. Owing to the delay in getting out the programmes, there were not as many present as was expected.

Mr. Forest H. Conover, representative in Canada for a powder company, assisted the club in the management of the shoot, and his long and varied experience in trapshooting and everything in connection with it did much to help the shoot along without delay. Every one present expressed himself as well pleased, and promised, if given a little more notice next year, to bring five times as many shooters.

Each day to high average winners the club gave $50, divided $15, $12, $10, $8 and $5.

On the first day the eighth event was a merchandise shoot. High gun took his choice, and so on down as long as they lasted.

The average cash winners for the first day, shooting at 205 targets each, were: First, G. M. Dunk, broke 189, $15; second, G. B. Smith, 182, $12; third, H. A. Mallory, 171, $10; fourth and fifth, W. M. Morrison and C. E. Cantelon, 167, $6.50 each.

On the second day, Friday, Sept. 8, the eighteenth event was for the championship of northern Ontario, 25 targets. A magnificent trophy was presented by the Dupont Powder Co. In this event Mr. Chas. E. Harris, of Owen Sound, and Mr. C. E. Cantelon, of Clinton, tied at 24 each. In the attempt to break the tie, each broke 23, and in the final shoot-off Mr. Harris broke 24 and Mr. Cantelon 23.

The Owen Sound Gun Club is a young organization, and we feel very proud to think that Mr. Harris, who commenced shooting last spring, should capture so fine a trophy, emblematic of the championship of the north.

The average cash winners for the second day, each shooting at 205 targets, were: First, G. M. Dunk, Toronto, broke 187, $15; second, W. A. Smith, Kingville, 179, $12; third, G. B. Smith, Cryton, 169, $10; fourth, C. E. Cantelon, Clinton, 167, $8; fifth, H. A. Mallory, Drayton, 166, $5.

Following are the scores for both days:

First Day.

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	at.	Broke.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
W Lewis	18	14	13	15	12	15	14	13	13	12	205	139
Jas Harrison	18	14	14	16	15	17	16	15	17	11	205	153
W M Morrison	18	15	17	17	14	18	16	19	18	15	205	167
Jas Oatt	14	..	14	..	..	..	..	18	11	..	85	57
F H Conover	18	19	20	20	19	20	20	24	19	17	205	196
G M Dunk	19	20	18	18	18	19	19	23	17	18	205	189
H A Mallory	17	18	16	16	17	18	15	21	18	15	205	171
C E Cantelon	17	18	15	14	18	14	14	22	18	17	205	167
G B Smith	19	18	17	17	19	16	20	21	18	17	205	182
W Huether	17	11	12	8	13	11	7	17	7	13	205	116
J Hartman	14	17	17	15	15	16	16	20	18	12	205	160
C E Harris	..	..	..	17	13	18	19	22	18	18	145	125

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	at.	Broke.
W Lewis	12	15	15	16	10	10	14	19	13	13	205	137
Jas Harrison	14	17	18	12	13	17	15	21	15	15	205	157
W M Morrison	15	13	14	13	18	18	16	21	13	19	205	160
C E Harris	15	14	16	17	10	14	14	24	13	17	205	154
F H Conover	20	19	20	18	20	19	19	23	20	18	205	196
G M Dunk	17	18	17	19	17	18	19	23	20	19	205	187
H A Mallory	18	16	19	15	19	14	15	19	16	15	205	166
C E Cantelon	16	12	19	15	13	18	16	24	17	17	205	167
W A Smith	18	18	19	18	20	15	18	21	18	14	205	179
G B Smith	17	13	19	17	16	17	16	22	15	17	205	169
W Huether	17	18	19	16	13	15	..	..	..	..	120	98
P Doersam	14	15	17	19	10	16	15	22	19	16	205	163
J Hinsperger	9	14	8	7	..	15	..	..	..	..	100	53
Dr Cook	5	15	12	15	15	14	7	..	..	..	140	83
J Hartman	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	13

W. M. MORRISON, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 20.—The following are the scores made to-day on the Rochester Rod and Gun Club grounds in the sixth contest for the Laflin & Rand trophy:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Adkin	22	2	24	Borst	18	6	24
Clark	19	3	22	Green	22	2	24
Rickman	15	7	22	Stewart	21	1	22
Back scores:							
Greene	20	2	22	Stewart	23	1	24
Greene	22	2	24	Rickman	14	7	21
Greene	22	2	24	Greene	20	1	21
Re-entry scores:							
Clark	21	3	24	Adkin	22	2	24
Clark	21	3	24	Stewart	19	1	20
*Clark	24	3	27	Rickman	18	7	25
Adkin	21	2	23	Stewart	21	1	22
Adkin	19	2	21				

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Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H.—There were thirty shooters who participated. Five prizes of $5 each were provided. First prize, $5, was won by Mr. Gus E. Greiff, of New York. Irving and Wentworth divided the second $5. Beard won the third $5, and Hallam the fourth $5. Mr. Greiff broke 172 out of 180, a shade over 95.5 per cent. Mayor Reed and his brother Elmer, of Manchester, made excellent scores and completely won the good will of all present. Four years as chief executive of a politically hostile city is something to be proud of. Elmer can outshoot the mayor and anybody else in New Hampshire. Ex-Mayor Martin, of Concord, shot a consistent run of scores, and at times was absolutely brilliant. He must always be reckoned with when shotguns are trumps. Climax (Ed. Burns) and Rule, of Lowell, Mass., drew general attention by their steadiness and genuine good-fellowship. Though they did passing well yesterday, both are capable of better work. Wheeler and Darton, of Maine, won their spurs long time ago. Among the locals, N. C. Wentworth and his 10-gauge took the highest mark.

From Concord came Martin and Lawson; from Manchester, Elmer Read, Eugene Read, C. A. Allen, S. L. Greer, and A. J. Reed; Spofford, of Amesbury, Mass.—rare sportsman—was in good form. John Drew came over from Berwick; Major Derritt, of Madbury, was an interested observer, and Dr. Gerrish, of Exeter, was on hand.

Under the great tent and along the observation benches were found Mrs. Mitchell, Stevens, Smart, Fisher, Corson, Drew, N. C. Wentworth, Blake, Lombard, Halliday, White, McShane, and Misses Roberts and Sowerby. This bunch of ladies divided the attention of the shooters, for under their care was the good and substantial free lunch. Sam Meserve did not forget his old associates, emphasizing the fact by his contribution.

The following statement of scores is correct in detail and aggregate, and all right relatively, but not in order or altogether in accord with blackboard representation:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	20	20	15
Wheeler	15	13	12	9	18	17	14	16	13	14
Darton	17	12	13	11	12	14	13	10	16	11
Corson	19	12	17	14	13	14	13	17	17	14
Jason	17	13	19	13	12	19	10	16	15	12
Erving	16	11	18	10	16	19	14	14	12	13
Blake	12	11	15	9	9	12	7	13	11	9
Lombard	16	11	15	10	18	17	11	12	11	7
N Wentworth	19	12	18	13	18	18	13	18	17	14
Stevens	11	12	14	13	14	12	8	15	12	9
White	12	13	13	10	15	11	11	17	16	13
Drew	16	11	11	12	13	6	11	12	10	8
F Wentworth	16	12	16	11	18	16	12	16	16	10
Hallam	13	8	9	9	10	8	6	17	10	10
Beard	16	12	16	12	19	7	12	16	8	7
Durgin	13	10	14	11	15	16	12	13	12	10
Rule	19	11	16	14	19	20	12	20	19	15
Climax	20	12	19	15	17	18	14	19	19	15
Mayor Read	17	13	18	14	15	17	13	20	18	15
Elmer Read	17	11	18	14	18	15	15	18	19	14
Ex-Mayor Martin	20	8	16	11	14	17	12	19	18	13
Allen	16	11	15	13	17	16	14	15	18	12
Green	14	15	16	14	15	17	12	17	10	12
Lawson	14	11	18	13	16	17	12	15	17	12
A G Rud	14	14	15	14	14	13	12	14	16	10
Parkhurst	7	9	8	10	7	11	7	9	12	10
Greiff	18	14	19	15	19	20	13	20	20	14
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	11	..	..
Gerrish	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	9	..	..
Smart	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	12	..	..
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	16	..	..

Hoopeston Tournament.

HOOPESTON, Ill., Sept. 20.—Yesterday was not the most suitable day that could be chosen for holding a target tournament. There were threatening clouds, and for most of the day the wind was strong, coming from behind the traps with a quartering slant.

The club members and their friends to the extent of twenty had assembled, and each had made arrangements to burn up 200 shells. The shoot was started a little late, say 10 A. M.

Not all were present at the start, so that those who came at noon were permitted to shoot up. These had the best of the deal, as by the middle of the afternoon the wind became moderate.

The grounds used were a part of the old fair grounds, which, while facing east with a clear background, were very good.

Three traps, Sergeant system, were the order of trapping. Of course, there was some trouble breaking in the scorers and trappers and in getting pulls adjusted, yet nearly 4,000 targets were thrown, which is a very good showing for a town where there are few shooters capable of taking part in a tournament.

Those most directly interested in the shoot were W. B. Hanger, Ed. Erickson, J. A. Seekaatz and W. Bell. Mr. Bell is a well-known expert rifle shot, and at times makes very good scores with the shotgun. Mr. Seekaatz was trying a newly refinished gun, and did not make his usual scores.

The traveling men were fairly well represented, especially when the shoot was not advertised more than ten days previous. They were Messrs. H. W. Cadwallader, Decatur; W. D. Stannard, and Tramp Irwin, of Chicago. Tramp was requested to get busy and use the pencil instead of the gun, so he was duly installed as cashier and all-round overseer. When not taking in cash he was adjusting the traps or keeping the squads in line.

Mr. Stannard was high for the professionals, and Cadwallader second.

A. P. Smith, the good shot of Milford, was high over all with 190, beating Stannard by one target. Smith takes these streaks now and then, and it is hard to head him off. Mr. Barkley, of Chicago, was a good second with 13 misses, and Mr. Winesberg was close up. The snappiest man on the grounds was Happy Hooligan. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	15	10	10	20	15	10	15	Broke.
Cadwallader	8	8	11	9	13	18	13	8	11	7	8	19	14	8	14	169
Ragle	8	9	12	10	14	15	12	9	9	10	7	16	11	4	12	158
A J Rock	8	7	12	8	11

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT.

THE action of the Zettler Rifle Club this year, in withdrawing its interdiction in respect to the use of telescopic sights in its competitions, is a commendable move in the direction of sense and general progress. It also is just as a matter of equity.

The Zettler Rifle Club permitted the use of the telescopic sight at their indoor championship, held in March of this year, and also permitted its use at their thirty-first festival and tournament, held at Union Hill, N. J., last week, thus letting down all the bars which had been set by them against it during many years past. The inherent merit of it, and the force of public opinion were no small factors in establishing its recognition. Its worth and expediency had long since been thoroughly proven, both in gallery and afield. However, with the indorsement of the great Zettler Rifle Club, its general adoption will be materially hastened.

The precedent, coming from such an authoritative source, will doubtlessly be recognized as good by all other live clubs of importance and progress. The possible dissenting club laggards remaining, still hide-bound by habit and prejudice, will in due time be forced by the inroads of progress to recognize its value or take their place in the ruck.

The present age is prone to think for itself, and to treat with scant consideration such notions as are founded on personal idiosyncrasy or emotional prejudice. Material worth and sound reason are the approved tests. From that source comes progress.

In club quarters in past years, the prejudice against the use of the telescopic sight was a serious detrimental obstacle to the sport of rifle shooting. Yet it had no sound reason to support it.

When it is considered that perfect vision is an extremely rare sense, the defect in relation to skillful rifle shooting is self-evident. There are two essentials in successful rifle shooting, namely, steady holding and accurate aiming. For steady holding, in competition, all kinds of adjuncts short of a fixed artificial rest have been permitted and are allowable, thus there is the palm rest, the Swiss butt plate, the set trigger, the special extended grip, etc., but, notwithstanding that inconsistency, the best aids to clear vision have heretofore been uncompromisingly opposed. The deplorable result has been that many men, having the infirmity of imperfect vision, yet enthusiastic in matters of rifle shooting; were arbitrarily barred from competition when denied the best aids to sighting. It is true that a man could wear spectacles, but such are relatively imperfect for rifle sighting, and some, made for special defects of the eye, are worse than useless. Thus, while all aids to comfortable and steady holding were encouraged to the limit, aids to clear vision were unreasonably opposed and barred.

In the large cities, from the dwellers of which rifle competition draws its chief support, injured and imperfect vision is the commonest of physical infirmities. Of those riflemen who work, a large percentage are office men. If one of them indulges in rifle shooting, and can see clearly with the naked eye, from bad light and constant straining when at work, in a few years his powers of vision are impaired, and then perforce, under the old ruling, he must quit rifle shooting because some other fellow whose eyes are good at the time, has a notion that a telescopic sight is all wrong, but that a palm rest, set triggers, etc., are all right. Thus in the past, at the age when the average man was physically at his best and had acquired commendable knowledge of the theory and practice of rifle shooting, if any serious infirmity of vision intervened, he had no alternative other than to withdraw from competition, and there being then no rivalry, there was no incentive to practice. With the abandonment of the legislation against telescopic sights in competition, the elderly rifleman, the man of imperfect vision, the man of sound vision who wishes to see better, can all join in competition, making a contest of skill among all instead of a contest within the relatively narrow limits of those whose eyes are, for the time being, sound.

CHANGED BIRD WAYS.

AMONG the familiar examples of the changes in the habits of birds which have resulted from association with mankind are those of the chimney swift, or popularly named chimney "swallow," which formerly nested in hollows of trees and now in all settled regions uses the chimneys of houses; and the barn and eaves swallows, the former originally nesting in caves and now building on the beams and rafters of barns; and the latter, once a cliff-dweller, now attaching its curious mud tenement under the shelter of the eaves of barns and dwellings. In a series of interesting notes in the October Auk on the changes in the habits of birds, Mr. George F. Breninger records having observed in Mexico the old and the new way of swallow nesting. In the ancient town of Tuxpan he found numerous instances of barn swallows nesting in the living rooms; and in the unsettled portion of the State of Chihuahua, a hundred miles back from the railroad, on one of the large haciendos—a region devoid of the time-honored adobes—barn swallows still nested on the rocks.

Mr. Breninger notes other changes in the nesting habits due to the removal of large timber. There is, for example, the Lucy's warbler, which normally nests in natural cavities in the trunks of trees, most commonly in the mesquite; but in the vicinity of Tucson, where the larger trees have been cut away, the warblers have in some instances had recourse to building their nests in the abandoned nests of other species, in one case in the hole in a bank of earth, and most curious of all among the small limbs of a mesquite tree.

In timbered countries the flickers cut holes in the trunks of trees for their nests. In some sections where the large trees have been removed and the flickers have no longer such nesting sites, they have taken to the telegraph poles. "Along the railroad between Benson and Bisbee, Ariz.," writes Mr. Breninger, "the telegraph poles and fence posts show evidence of the work of woodpeckers, all by the Texan woodpecker. Throughout this region trees are few, and the woodpeckers are forced to use anything that is dead and large enough to permit of a nesting cavity being excavated in it. Dead stalks of the century plant are often used. About Phœnix, Ariz., this woodpecker is common, timber suited to their needs is still in abundance, and the poles along the railroads and elsewhere are untouched. In some parts of Mexico the work of woodpeckers on telegraph poles has reached the stage of a nuisance, and a source of much outlay of money to keep the line in repair. Over a piece of road running between San Luis Potosi and Tampico the nuisance has become so great that the management threatened to dip the poles in a solution of creosote."

FISHING LIMITS.

THE question of what is to be considered a legitimate amount of fish or game to be taken by the sportsman is in these days less than formerly open to speculation and argument, because in most States where the fishing and shooting are recognized as assets to be preserved, the permissible take is specified in the law. In most cases the limits are so generous that no right-thinking person need quarrel with them; nor on the other hand, may critics carp if he shall insist on availing himself of all the privilege the law allows him. The time will come probably, and at no distant day, when such limitations by law will be universal. A common objection urged against these bag limits is that as they are designed to govern the sportsman when he is afield, and for the most part aloof from the observations of his fellows, the law cannot be enforced because its violation cannot be detected. This is true only in part. A gunner may have opportunity unobserved and undetected to shoot a dozen birds when the law says he may shoot only ten; but granting that he does this, he is not likely to exhibit his unlawful kill or to make boast of it. He is on the contrary, likely to take good care that his law violation shall not become known; and here we find a repressive influence of the statute which is in itself powerful and effective. The law puts the ban of unsportsmanship on killing beyond the limit, and in all places where sportsmen gather and exchange notes the moral force of the law holds sway.

Where no law obtains, the point is one to be determined by the individual conscience or its absence; and the conditions making up the problem are so extremely diverse that it is only the man on the ground and cognizant of all of them who may intelligently decide. So much depends. When fish are abundant and fishermen are few, local conditions all tend to a maintenance of the stock and no greatly increased drain on the supply threatens, one is justified in taking fish to a limit far in excess of what the same individual would consider reasonable or permit himself to reach in other places. This is not to say that an entirely different, and perhaps very greatly reduced, limitation may not appear a right one to another person a thousand miles or so away from the scene of action. The estimate of this remote critic is probably based on other conditions, those with which he is familiar in regions of a less abundant supply; and they may for this reason be greatly mistaken. That he may not be absolutely correct in his estimate of what is right and what is wrong in the wilderness is however something which never occurs to him. He is cock-sure that he knows it all. And straightaway he rushes into type to denounce and scold and deride.

A TYPICAL ASSOCIATION.

WE have before us the amended rules and by-laws of the Fenton Game Preserve Association, an institution which is so typical of the shooting and fishing of the times that it is worthy of note.

The club holds lease of hunting and fishing privileges on a tract of 45,000 acres in the Adirondacks, with headquarters at Number Four. The preserve is posted, and outsiders are rigidly excluded. The membership is limited to one hundred, and the annual dues are $10. The Association licenses a limited number of guides, who by payment of $5, become members of the Association, for the year; no other guides than those so licensed may be employed on the preserve. In fishing and hunting the members are required to abide by the State game and fish laws, which restrict the taking of deer to two in a season, and put a limit also on grouse and woodcock. A club rule forbids a member's taking more than fifteen pounds of trout in a week, or more than forty pounds in a season; and it is forbidden to retain trout of less than seven inches in length. All fish or game taken by a guide must be charged to the account of his employer, so that the member's allowance shall not be exceeded. Ladies and minor sons belonging to the families of members are entitled to the privileges of the Association, but it is provided that the whole amount of trout taken or game killed by all the members of a family shall not exceed the amount allowed for an individual member. The secretary provides printed blanks on which the members record and report the fish taken. The Association stocks the several streams with trout as necessity requires, and certain waters are set apart from fishing for such terms as the executive committee may provide. Permits to hunt and fish are issued to persons introduced by members, the fee for such a permit is $5, or $4 for a fishing permit only, good for July and August; fishing permits may also be issued to guests of members at $1 per day.

The government of the Association is vested in a board of five directors, who act in the capacity of an executive committee; one member of the board retiring each year and being succeeded by one newly elected. Any infraction of a rule or by-law subjects the offender to a penalty of forfeiture of rights for one year; if a member while under suspension hunts or fishes on the preserve, he is to be deemed guilty of trespass.

This Fenton plan of preserving a territory, stocking it, harboring the supply, and using the stock in such a manner as to insure a permanent supply in keeping with the demands made upon it from season to season, is coming to be the approved system in this country, as it has been for generations in Europe. It is a demonstration of the way in which the average shooter and the average angler must in time get their hunting and fishing opportunities. He is wise who, recognizing the trend of events, looks around for a club of which he may enjoy the benefits as a member.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Uneasy Club Goes Through Fire

With the approach of fall the Uneasy Club, true to traditions and its name, "gets busy." Each member, a self-appointed committee on promotion and ways and means, may be found "rubbering" about gun stores and railroad offices in quest of rates and quotations on shells by the case in feverish anticipation.

"Why don't you fellows take a private car?" asked a certain passenger agent.

"What for?" asked Bill.

"Oh, just to be luxurious and take it easy," replied the agent.

"What! the Uneasy Club taking things easy? Not on your life. We'd walk if we had time."

"I see," replied the agent. "Advocates of the simple life."

Little did the passenger agent dream that his suggestion would be the cause of smashing an arbitrary rate, or how well he guessed that we were advocates of simplicity in a way.

In ten minutes a telegram to George, who was in Omaha, was on the wires to this effect: "Get rates to C. on car emigrant movables. If less than passenger rate for party, engage team and driver. Wire answer."

His reply reading, "Splendid idea, $43. Come on" was received in less than an hour.

The following day found the party in Omaha outfitting, and on the next morning they drove to the depot with the "emigrant movables," consisting of four members of the Uneasy Club, the driver and team, three dogs, shell cases, grub boxes, gun cases and trunks, two folding boats and a tent.

On account of the writer's personal appearance, which presumably suggested the proverbial farmer, he was delegated to do business with the agent, who was evidently impressed. He agreed, however, to forward our "private car" (which was numbered instead of named, and posted with the information that it was "38 feet inside, air brake, C. & B. coupler, capacity 40,000 pounds") at 2 o'clock on a train of empty stock cars bound for C. direct, on a fast schedule.

When in answer to the question as to "who would be in charge of the live stock?" I replied "Myself and boys." It dawned on me that if the "boys," a part of whom I had figured as live stock, should be inspected, our "private car" would likely be more exclusive than we had planned; but the agent was a busy man, and fortunately we were not closely inspected.

We hurried the loading and then went to a good dinner, the last we should have, with modern conveniences, for a month; boarded our car and were soon on the way as happy as any millionaire ever could be in his palace on wheels.

With the exception of a dog fight no incident occurred to mar a pleasant (but somewhat rough) trip. We arrived at our destination ready for an outing and a hunt we shall never forget, as a few of the following incidents related will show.

By way of introducing the reader to what we consider the greatest ducking ground on the continent, let it be known that a thousand miles from St. Louis, and half that distance from Omaha, the Uneasy Club may be found almost any October, where, nestled among the sandy buttes or rolling hills are to be found hundreds of lakes and thousands of waterfowl. To a person unfamiliar with camp life or fired shooting, this territory, where one may travel for days and never see a tree, might be considered God forsaken; but with us who have learned to love it, even with its drawbacks and terrors, our feeling can be compared only with the sailor's love for the boundless sea.

At an altitude of between 3,000 and 4,000 feet the air is so pure and invigorating that an outing of a month, as we usually take it, puts life into us for the other eleven, barring the fever that seizes us before the next October.

With anticipated pleasures and no thought of the perils in store for us, we pulled out of C. soon after sunrise and were slowly winding our way through the sandy trails to the north. Perched on the overturned wagon, with a tent-pole and about a square yard of canvas attached, George began to make the situation humorous when he waved his banner and shouted, "Victory!"

Bob sat on the pole and laughed just as he did once, when we were kicked out of the boat on the St. Francis into the ice water, and now that the situation was reversed, and we were nearly roasted, his mirth and George's nerve in proclaiming victory, were more than Burt and Bill could stand.

"What was it General Sherman said war was?" Bill inquired.

"Same as a prairie fire," answered Burt.

"Well, this is h—," remarked Bill, stroking his face where a full beard had been, but was now about the consistency of the proverbial singed cat, even to the odor.

The above picture may not appeal to the hunters of the East or South as possible or probable, but we warn you, when you make a trip overland in the sand hills, do not disregard the possibilities of a western prairie fire, which, if you have seen, you must admit is the grandest and most terrifying thing imaginable.

Without the loss of dignity or a dislike to "butt in," you may well ask a native driver what he would do in case of a fire, and he would likely tell you as one did us, that he would "start a fire and follow it." Simple, yes; and reassuring, too, after you have ridden miles and miles through nothing but dry grass and shuddered at the thought of the possibilities of a conflagration.

Up to this time we had never encountered a prairie fire, though we had seen one from a safe place to windward while on our way from camp to town several years before, when nearly a hundred square miles of grass burned off in a remarkably short space of time, and only stopped when it reached the banks of the Niobrara, many miles south of where it had started.

No doubt the reader has met the party who nearly ruined our sport; one of those crowds of would-be "sports," with borrowed guns, new hunting coats, the kind that rattle, and whose supply of whiskey usually equals in weight that of the shells. They carelessly started the fire, which luckily stopped at the spread of Hay Creek and the adjoining lake, where we were to camp.

We had driven over twenty miles from the railroad and had unloaded our camp stuff. Bob and Bill with the driver had taken the team to a ranch well two miles distant, where they filled the water casks and were on their way back to camp. They had made about half the distance on the return trip when the driver remarked that "something must be doing," as the ducks were massing in Big Alkali ahead of them, and as he spoke he turned and glanced back with a look of alarm. Being in a small ravine or draw at the time, he swung his team to the left and headed for the highest point in the locality instead of keeping the trail. It was apparent, on reaching the summit of the hill, that they were in the path of a prairie fire.

"Hang on and don't fall out," shouted the driver, lashing his team into a dead run, with his passengers holding on to the kegs, which were dancing about as they rattled and bumped along, the driver still yelling and whipping his team into a runaway.

Smoke could now be seen on three sides of the flying team. On account of the peculiar lay of the land the now terror-stricken hunters had no time to put into execution the scheme of firing ahead and following the fire. Their only chance was to run for camp, and if they arrived in time, take to the water.

On they rushed and back of them roared the flames, preceded by a bunch of stampeded cattle, bellowing, snorting and fairly tearing up the trail in their mad rush for the creek.

A hundred yards from camp was a small towhead, and as the team flew up to it or by it the driver jerked the runaway horses sharply to the left, which was too much for the wagon, and over it went, spilling the passengers and water casks in confusion into the sandy trail, which, fortunately, was not hard. In the up-set the off horse went down in a tangle of harness, its mate plunging wildly, trying to pull the whole wreck to the creek.

Bob sat on the head of the prostrate animal while Bill clung to the bridle of its frightened mate, the driver rushing in behind the team, and in danger of being kicked, succeeded in pulling the double tree pin and unhooking one tug; then with an urgent kick to the fallen horse and a slap and a yell at the other they flew through the smoke, which was now stifling and blinding, as it swept around the hill.

Along with the frightened jack rabbits, skunks and a pair of slinking coyotes, which seemed the only creatures not panic-stricken but looking for other trouble than the fire, the hunters dashed after the flying team and the cattle, which had joined them—all were floundering through the bull rushes trying to reach open water.

The heavy roar and crakle of the fire as it pitched and rolled over the last hill was terrifying to every living thing, as it meant certain death to those caught in its consuming flame. Thoroughly blinded and choking the party of hunters, having abandoned guns, supplies, and, in fact, everything but the desire to beat death in the race with the fire, a scorching wave of flame enveloping them, fell face down in the water not a second too soon. With the sizzle of exposed hair and beards and the smarting of many burns they disappeared under water, where they remained as long as possible.

Heads popped up finally to catch a breath only to find the smoke so thick they could neither see nor breathe, and Bill, losing his balance, fell forward into a mass of tangled reeds and nearly drowned in regaining a footing.

Gradually the smoke lifted and the men were permitted, after rubbing their eyes nearly out, to look upon a strange sight. Out in the open water stood the team and the cattle, the horses with rat-tails and missing manes. On a muskrat house a little to the right were the pair of coyotes sitting on their haunches, quietly but suspiciously watching the fire victims.

George, in terror, was backing around throwing shells at a skunk which was swimming entirely too close to him for comfort. A jack rabbit that had floundered up had caught its forefeet in the pocket of Bill's hunting coat and kicked and struggled to climb out of the water. Its ears laid back on its neck, drenched, still frightened, it was anything but the fleet animal it is pictured. Taking the animal by the ears Bill raised him out of the water, intending to throw him toward the bank, at the same time remarking: "Get out of the road and let somebody swim that can"; and as he gave the jack a mighty swing it slipped and struck Burt full in the chest, knocking him "down and out," at least he went out of sight under water for the second time.

It was then that Bob started to laugh, and George, who seemed to be a shining mark for all disagreeable things, set up a yell, "Look out for the snake!" and began a hasty retreat for shore, all of his companions following him. On reaching shore we found the canvas of the tent, which was about to be raised when the fire came, burned up completely except for the piece George had waved, on a scorched pole. Otherwise our supplies, packed in boxes, were not badly damaged. Why a can of gasolene which was among the supplies did not explode and ruin the whole outfit is still a mystery.

Knowing that the papers would report the prairie fire, it was decided to send the driver to Anson's ranch at once to wire and telephone that our party had not perished, and at the same time to secure a tent.

Having rounded up the horses and untangled the wreck of harness, which happened, however, not to be beyond repair, the driver was soon on his way over the blackened trail to the ranch.

George had been shedding his wet clothing, until, with a disregard for appearances, we all did the same, and were rivaling the Iggarote in costume. The comparison to those dog-eating savages was complete when George pulled from the grub box a sausage nearly two feet long and asked, "Will anybody have some dog?"

An hour or more was spent lounging in the warm sunshine and sand. It had been decided not to do any hunting until camp had been made ship-shape. This could not be completed until the return of the wagon with a tent or something for a shelter. Wishing, however, to take a look at Big Alkali, a large open lake, where all the ducks from the fire-swept smaller ponds seemed to have swarmed ahead of the fire, we were soon climbing the large hill just across the creek from our camp, carrying field-glasses and a small rifle. When we reached the crest, which commanded a good view of the surrounding country, a sight never to be forgotten lay before us. In the open water of this lake, which is a half-mile wide and a mile in length, and along the south and east shore to nearly the middle of the lake, the water was simply completely covered with ducks, while hundreds in the air were wheeling about for an opening in which to light.

The view through the glasses of this vast throng of wildfowl is simply indescribable. Thousands, perhaps millions of birds were seen at a glance; it held us almost spell-bound.

On the near shore, which was a sandy beach, were hundreds of waders, yellow-legs and "teeters" by the drove, and many more uncommon birds such as avocets, willets, curlew and herons, great and small.

The members of the Uneasy Club have hunted, as a party or individually, from the lakes and marshes along the St. Lawrence, on Long Island Sound and the Jersey coast to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and from Manitoba into Old Mexico; but up to this time, in the year 1904, never had they seen so beautiful a sight, from a sportsman's viewpoint.

Not content with watching the birds idly ride the waves, we must see them rise, so with an automatic rifle, half a dozen shells were fired into the mass of birds, which were between a quarter and a half-mile away. The elevation of the gun must have been nearly right, for in a second or two after the "spitt, spitt" of the exploding shells, an island seemed to rise from the lake with a thundering roar that could be heard for miles. Not a third of the birds rose, however, and from time to time others would be startled and again the thunder of waving wings and splashing water would roll from one side of the valley to the other.

Seated on the crest of the hill we seemed satisfied to gaze by the hour at this unusual show of game, as the ducks rose or settled back into the water. It was late in the afternoon when the birds, hungry, no doubt, seemed to be leaving in small flocks for some of the rice-covered marshes, which abound in the locality, to feed.

As the sun sank behind the western hills amid golden-crimson clouds of glorious sight to the music of whistling wings of the mallards far over head, or the whirring rush and roar of a bunch of teal as they skimmed the brow of the hill on their way to supper, we started back to camp. By way of a good night a coyote howled from a distant hill, and a pair of blue herons, situated against the crimson sky, fanned their great wings and squeaked as we began the descent to camp and to supper. Indeed we had enjoyed a glorious day's sport with scarcely the firing of a gun.

That evening, while we were lounging about camp, plans were laid for the next day, when we expected to have good sport, as it was no question of birds, for we had seen them.

The conversation, however, led up to an argument about the duck supply. One was of the opinion that there were as many ducks at present as there were earlier. Another referred him to conditions prevailing in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys which could in no way be compared to a period of twenty-five years earlier, when ducks were everywhere. Then the member who had studied the matter, but who was not inclined to

decide the question or to say that rational shooting would cause the ducks ever to become extinct, gave a long dissertation.

He knew this, however, that ducks were to be found if the hunter went to them, and in large numbers, as observations made that day attested. In all the earlier history of the West and particularly of this which was a part of what was then known as the Great American Desert, he was unable to find recorded that ducks were even numerous in the locality. The great river valleys mentioned as being alive with wildfowl twenty-five years earlier have undergone gradually a physical change that is almost beyond belief. Where then stood thousands of acres of virgin forest, with its attractive mast, the same number of acres of corn are found now. The marshes, hundreds of them, have been drained. The prairie ponds that were once scattered all through the north central part of the country have disappeared, and the few remaining natural marshes are trampled by cattle and rooted by swine, and the bottoms are continually plowed by the prolific carp until it is little wonder a self-respecting flock of waterfowl is seldom if ever seen there.

Did he believe in game protection? Certainly, and to the extent of making it comprehensive, too. Little use is there in restraining the gunner if you continually ditch every slough or lake and cut out the forest. These are things to be considered as well as the persistent shooter who is dead sure, sooner or later, to overshoot the limit and be registered as a "game hog" number so and so by some crank too narrow to judge a sportsman or a pot hunter. Show me a hunter who bags ducks at less than a dollar apiece and I will show you an artist, an expert, who will hardly be influenced by sentiment. For if you analyze him, you will likely find he has thousands of birds to his credit (at $1 per) and is after a partial settlement.

"In my opinion the birds have shifted to the West, where conditions are more nearly normal, and can still be found plentiful if sportsmen will stand the expense, time and trouble."

At this point the speaker discovered that his audience was sound asleep, and he proceeded to "douse the glim" and join them.

Next morning we started to make camp permanent, and after a good breakfast set about digging away the sand on one side of a towhead until we had a space large enough for the team to stand in; and with some willows and a couple of tent poles rigged up with the aid of pieces of canvas and rice stalks quite a decent shelter for the horses. With the Sibley tent brought from Anson's well staked we proceeded to bank the walls with dry sand, digging a trench around it a foot deep.

The sheet-iron heater, which makes these tents about as comfortable as one could wish, even in severe weather, was next set up, and with a little more arranging of the beds and supplies, we had completed the finest camp we had ever built. What pleased us not a little was that we were no longer in danger of the dreaded fire, and had the assurance when returning tired from a hard day's hunt of a comfortable resting place, even in this wilderness of grassy sand hills.

Everything in order, we hitched up the team and were just ready to start on a hunt when a horseman appeared coming over the hill. We delayed starting until he should pass or make known his business, as it was our custom to leave camp unguarded for a whole day quite often. As the rider neared us we could see he was an Indian, wearing one of Uncle Sam's regulation blue overcoats and the usual brown hat with the brim drooping front and back, his hair hanging in a braid behind either ear. The coming of an Indian to our camp was unusual, as in all previous trips we had never but once encountered Indians. He rode directly to us and made his business known with no delay, handing Bill a folded paper and at the same time laying his carbine, which he drew from the holster, across the pummel of his army saddle ready for action. Not a word passed but the usual Indian "How" by way of salutation.

The paper, which proved to be a message from the Agency, read as follows:

"To the party of hunters camped on Hoy Creek, north of Big Alkali Lake: You are hereby notified to at once leave the reservation. The bearer of this message, a member of the Indian police, has orders to escort you to the boundary, between your camp and C., or to arrest you if you refuse to vacate. —— ——, Indian Agent."

There was no mistaking the tone of the message, but as we held a permit from this same agent, we were inclined to know why we were to be put off the reservation before we had really arrived and settled.

"Why does the agent send this message?" inquired Bill, who has a peculiar faculty for handling Indians.

"White man start grass fire; no have pass to Indians' land," answered the Indian.

"We did not start the fire, and we hold a permit to hunt on this reservation," exclaimed Bill, rather warmly, pulling the paper from his coat, which was still legible in spite of the soaking it had the day before, and handing it to the Indian.

He seemed to regard it as genuine, though hardly able to read, and he was evidently disappointed.

We then explained that we were caught by the fire at that point and had no great trouble in convincing him that the fire came from further up than our camp.

"When you come here?" he asked.

"Half hour before fire," answered Bill.

Without delay he replaced the carbine in its case and grunted, "Uh, much damn fool up creek," and digging his heels into the ribs of his pony, away he flew to locate the "sports," who had gone in the day before our arrival without permit or a regard for certain formalities which must be observed even in this unsettled grassy waste.

After the departure of the "police" we were not long in arriving at the slough end of Big Alkali, and having placed fifty decoys, which bobbed and drifted in the breeze, we took our stations.

It was here that the excitement of some grand mallard shooting held us for the greater part of the afternoon, which contributed to the putting out of mind every care or thought of business, civilization or anything in fact but the glorious sport of duck shooting.

With light winds and bright skies we were permitted to "strain" our guns at flocks of high-flying mallards, which needed "leading" from six to ten feet in order to get results. Occasionally a strong-flying greenhead would fall with broken wing, fighting every inch of its rapid descent, striking the water with a crash and a splash of silvery spray.

"Soak him, Lanie," some one shouts; and you finish him with the other barrel. Then with a leap the retriever, which has been watching every move, swims out and fetches the great bird. Or again, shot through the neck, stone dead in the air, the bird falls like a meteor so close to your boat that the great splash drenches you, and your companion down the slough yells, "Good eyes, old boy."

If such pictures, which are rarely painted, are not interesting enough, let the reader sit with one of us a moment while an immense flock of canvasbacks whirl out of the heavens pell-mell for the decoys, while every shooter is crouching rigid, knowing that if no mistake is made the reward for a well placed shot will be one or perhaps two of the "kings of the air" and the duck family.

On they come, cutting the air with their trim, strong wings, and as they "rubber" at the decoys every shooter's heart pounds with excitement; they wheel and arch their wings, feet extended ready to resist the contact with the water, their chestnut colored heads glistening in the sunlight as they stretch their long necks low toward the water.

Who could wait another second unless to let the birds actually light? Not we. We fire into them, and again as they tower, frightened, until out of reach of the deadly guns, and we quickly load and finish the wounded, when five still or kicking bodies lay floating among the decoys.

We had not killed nearly the limit allowed by law, the day was not a typical duck day, being far too bright and warm, but we had used many shells, and our shoulders were beginning to feel the effects of them. So when some one suggested, "Sufficient for the day is the sport thereof," we pushed our boats back to shore where the wagon awaited us.

Whoever sat down to a better supper or had a better appetite than we that evening? Indeed, if broiled jack snipe, baked potatoes, celery, cornbread and molasses and coffee were not enough to satisfy us it was complete when afterward we lighted our pipes and gathered about the heater, which roared as it consumed the corncob fuel. Amid the wreaths of smoke we sat and talked, and George, the sage of Honey Creek, coined a phrase as he rolled up in his blanket and remarked: "A toiler dies once every day—a dreamer or a duck shooter never." And in two minutes he was dead to the world, but still chasing snakes and skunks in his slumbers.

When we awoke in the morning it was to find the north wind driving snow and sleet—an ideal duck day. We moved down to the boats to the music of the wind as it moaned, flute-like, in the gun barrels, and the sleet rattled on our mackintoshes. How the ducks were flying. Great flocks just arriving from the north would pitch into the marsh unmindful of cracking guns, determined to light regardless of peril.

Bob and Bill, who had drifted far down the large marsh keeping the boat under cover as much as possible, had some splendid shooting, as the mass of dead ducks in the boat could testify.

About 10 o'clock, when more than a mile below camp, they were attracted by continual yelling from a point still farther down the slough and decided to investigate. Pulling around a point of flags and rice they discovered standing in the open water up to their armpits two hunters, who, when they saw the boat, began calling for help. Hastily pulling up to them they found they were friends from Omaha who were staying at Anson's, and who were not known to be in the country. They were nearly frozen and in no humor to even explain matters. Their one desire was to get out of the cold water, and as the boat drifted up one of them lost no time in scrambling into it, and in doing so shipped a large amount of water.

Bob was doubtful if our boat would carry the whole party, but it was cruel to leave them there a moment longer, so with a little coaching and a little more care than his companion had used in boarding, the second victim finally succeeded in getting in, the rescuing boat sinking down to the gunwales.

Just as the oars were about to be used, the oarsman seemed to "catch a crab," as the blade popped out of the water and seemed to be glancing off of something. It was discovered that the metal (non-sinkable) boat that had swamped had decided, its load relieved, to come off the bottom and return to the surface. With the catching of the crab and a particularly large wave which struck the rescuing boat at about the same time and shipping another small "sea," down it went as gently as a fish, and four men were standing up to their necks in the ice water.

The look of despair on the faces of the rescued and the alarm of the rescuers must indeed have been pathetic. No man could wade to shore; the bottoms of these lakes are of mud the consistency of quicksand.

There lay "Old Ironsides," which had caused the trouble, behaving like a submarine, the deck over the air chambers fore and aft a little above the surface. Something must be done, and quickly, too, for two of the party had been in the water nearly an hour, so drawing up the metal boat we started with our hats to bail her out, which was slow work. Bob was known to smile as the boat gradually rose, had he dared laugh at that time, as he did later and does to this day, the rest would certainly have finished him up and left him there.

With the water out of her the metal craft rode the waves like a duck, and soon two of the party and the guns were sailing shoreward in it as fast as oars and a chilly oarsman could pull it. Then back for another load, and finally with the chain of the sunken boat attached they dragged her off the bottom and slowly to shore. Then laying the guns on the ground together with the heavy drenched clothing—they never stopped to recover nearly a hundred ducks that had drifted away from the two boats—they raced for camp, which was a good two miles.

With the heater about to burst with fuel, and a quart of Old Crow where it would do the most good, we decided that Bob had a perfect right to laugh. We also commended him when he determined that he would have that bag of ducks which had drifted away. He was soon on the way with the driver and team to bring back the deserted guns and clothing.

Would this sort of thing go on for a month? Surely, with situations and all equally interesting interspersed with days of loafing, card playing, feasting and sleeping until when finally camp is struck and our "private car" is switched out and attached to a stock train, we bowl homeward, bruised, burned, tanned, hungry continually, happy, and in a few months are uneasy to be back again to the land of the Indian, with its lakes and hills, purest of air, game in abundance, and a charm for the sportsman that cannot be described.

BILL.

My First Camp.

YEAR after year, from the time I was big enough to handle an air rifle and a six-foot fishing pole, the desire to "rough it," to live in the woods in a tent, began to grow on me. And year after year that desire was nourished by an anticipation many times to be blasted by the upsetting of my plans. All through the winter I collected catalogues from the many sportsman's supply houses and looked them through and through, planning and dreaming as I sat before the glowing hearth, of camp life never yet realized. I could see the group gathered around the crackling flames of the yarn-breeding camp-fire, its blaze reflecting in their faces, giving a cast of romance to the whole scene; the tent in its whiteness contrasting with the black shadows that lurked in the surrounding forest, and the uncertain reflection of the unlit sky on the silent lake. It was almost realization as thoughts developed and surroundings fell away. But the bed hour came and that trash—the catalogues—must be put away and carefully, too, or some time it would add fuel to the hearth fire which so stimulated my wide-awake dreams.

Books on camping and camp life, by those who have enjoyed its freedom and met its hardships, added greatly to my desire. Unfortunately my health was not good, and although such an outing might have proved beneficial, my parents considered the experiment a very risky one, and my school chums camped without me. Public school days passed and the long summer vacation narrowed down to a short two weeks. From bad to worse I enlisted in the drug business with the idea of mastering the profession, and even my winter evenings' dreams had to be given up for long wearisome hours behind the counter. I felt caged in forever. Three years with scarce a vacation followed, a day now and then, but no chance to put in practice my ideas. At last, in August, 1904, I grew desperate and went so far as to give up my position in order to have two weeks' outing. I was well acquainted with the many little lakes of the country in which I was then staying, and chose for my purposes a quiet retreat on the eastern shore of Lake Wildwood, a pretty little sheet of water situated near the top of the Hamburg Mountains in northern New Jersey. The lake is too small to suit most campers, and "society," which some seek even in remote parts, is at that place an unknown feature.

Before starting it was necessary to devote almost a week to getting ready an outfit and finding a companion. Most of my friends had been away on their outing and those who had not were already tired of camp life. It might be enjoyed with a paid cook and an expensive outfit, but they had fought over the questions who should cook to-day, whose turn was it to get the water, who came next in line among the dishwashers, and other important and non-important matters. They had feasted one day and starved the next. Sometimes each was obliged to search the larder for himself when meal time came. "Yes," said they, "it sounds all very well, but when one has wasted several vacations trying to enjoy himself in a camp of 'scrappy' fellows he becomes quite satisfied with less freedom in order to get more true rest." At last a friend much younger than myself and equally inexperienced in the ways of the woods, heard that I wished a mate and expressed to me his desire to go along. He had always been anxious to tent, so having known him for some time as a generous, willing fellow I was only too glad to close a bargain with him at once.

All was settled that we were to start on Tuesday, the 16th. A ten by twelve tent had been borrowed—not a very favorable looking shelter, but shelter nevertheless. A small rowboat and a fourteen-foot canvas canoe, which I had just finished, were to furnish us means of navigation on the lake. We selected what few kitchen utensils we thought we could get along with and purchased provisions to last us two weeks. We found a small cot not in use that we thought would be all the bed necessary, so added it with several blankets to our outfit and we were ready to start.

It was a rough looking load that started up the mountain in the sultry heat of an August mid-day sun. The load was light enough but remarkably shapeless. Each article seemed to rest on a single point and jog and twist violently at the least irregularity in the road. My companion and myself trudged on behind all up that toilsome climb, watching through the thick dust lest any of our baggage fall out behind. It is well we did watch, too, for suit-case, pot and ax took turns in seeking a quiet resting place in the road. The gallon of kerosene became so troublesome that we were obliged to carry it to save other articles from ruin, and the butter, in the extreme heat, grew so anxious to run that we turned it loose along the road side.

Three hours of climb interrupted by frequent halts in order to rest the team and tighten the stay ropes had been accomplished before we drew rein on the eastern shore of Lake Wildwood. There in a clear spot surrounded by evergreens and oaks intermixed we proceeded to unload. The situation proved ideal. A broad slab of rock made a very desirable entrance to the tent and led down a few rods to where it projected a short distance into the lake, making a very attractive and convenient natural landing. Here we launched the boat in the cool waters, longing ourselves for a refreshing dip, but immediately returning

to pitch the tent and get camp in order before night came on. Things turned out in much better condition than we had expected they would after so long a churn. Some of the eggs were ready to scramble and the rice in the confusion of the journey must have thought there was a wedding among the knives and forks for it had scattered itself in their box in great confusion. Our tent was minus stakes and pins through somebody's carelessness, and we were inclined to think hard thoughts toward those who had last used the outfit but reconsidered and taking it as a joke, set about to cut what we needed from the material about us. It was indeed surprising how easily things went together. By the time the sun rested on the western hill and cast its golden rays across the rippled lake and up to our very tent door, the camp was in good order and we stood aside looking with pride on the result of our first attempt.

It was after seven when we sat down to eat our first meal. The smoked eggs and dust-scummed coffee seemed delicious to our ravenous appetites, and we began to doubt whether sufficient food had been brought. Present comfort on this occasion, however, received more consideration than future need, for we ate all we could with decency and then felt reluctant in leaving so refreshing a repast.

"Early to bed" was our motto that night. The dishes had been given a lick and a promise of better treatment in the future and stowed away in their box. Then to stow ourselves away. Had we known beforehand the experience of that night we might both have remained ignorant of the life in the woods. When two come to make themselves comfortable where there is scarce room for one, trouble begins. The narrow wide spaced slats of the cot cut our ribs miserably, and we had not material enough to overcome this. One side would tire and a signal would be given to turn, for if one tried to accomplish the act alone, he or the other would have been forced out. An hour of tossing about was enough. We lit the lantern and sat down to have a council of war. The remainder of the night was passed by rolling up in blankets and lying on the tent floor. This was fully as hard, but the hardness was equally distributed instead of in streaks. On the following morning after breakfast we set about to cut from the pines material for a mattress. Now, if we had had a rubber cover to throw over these green boughs, the bed would have been very comfortable, for the effect of the slats was overcome. But that night toward midnight a cold damp chill rose through the double blanket and I awoke with a sensation similar to what I might have experienced had I during my sleep been transported to cold storage. My partner, who had chosen to sleep in the hammock slung in the pines a few rods from the tent, had some time before abandoned so weird a shelter and was lying sound asleep on the floor. Stiff limbed I crawled out to make a light, stumbling over him and awakening him as I did so. We did not satisfactorily solve the bed question all the time we were at Wildwood, but concluded that a folding cot each and plenty of blankets were essential to comfortable nights.

In the food line we attempted nothing more complicated than rice pudding and pancakes. Our neighbors across the lake were very thoughtful and on several occasions sent us pies and cookies that would tempt any appetite, let alone that of a camper. One Saturday night two visitors put in their appearance, bringing with them a basketful of table delicacies and a good-sized chicken, destitute of head and feathers but otherwise complete, being the chief article. (How we slept that night is a puzzler.) After an 8 o'clock breakfast the following morning my partner in camp and one of the newcomers suddenly and without notice disappeared. Beside all the camp chores to be done there were preparations to be made for the dinner. I was not a little provoked at the situation, but visitor No. 2 was a hustler, and in a short time all the breakfast work had been done and our heads got together over the chicken. We had both witnessed the "drawing act" from a distance but lacked practical knowledge of just how to begin. Somewhere inside we had heard there was a gland which, if broken, would spoil the whole stew—that we must look out for at all hazards. How ridiculous we must have looked, our sleeves rolled to the elbow, one holding on for dear life while the other, with a wave-edged bread knife, studied and worked attentively.

During all the time we were busy about camp, the visitor and myself were planning some means of provoking the jealousy of the two who had deserted us at so critical a time of day. We had determined to carry the fifty-pound canoe a distance of one mile to a pretty and secluded little lake, seldom visited except by the mountaineers, and named by them Mud Pond. The sign, "Gone on a canoe trip to Mud Pond—Chicken dinner in camp at 2 P. M.," was hurriedly written and pinned on the flap of the tent and all haste was made to get off before we should be discovered. No time of departure was stated lest they return soon after the start and overtake us. Paddles and cushions were carried down to the rock landing, where the craft lay basking in the warm sun of the beautiful morning. Neither of us had ever carried or helped to carry a canoe any distance, but we were sure that what others had done we could do. Books treat lightly of long carries even when considerabl duffle is included, and the way is in the bed of a shallow stream or over an imaginary trail through a dense growth of underbrush that makes progress almost impossible. Our course was over an old wood road still in fair condition and remarkably free from hills for a mountain road. After several clumsy moves the canoe was hoisted to our shoulders and we proceeded. Both were on the same side of the boat and before many steps had been taken we were obliged to halt and try a different arrangement. One on either side worked much better. Soon the twenty-five pounds seemed to be approaching the hundreds, and the sharp keel of the canoe cut through the cushions unmercifully, so that a halt was suggested and unanimously carried. The next pause was made at the half-way cross road. Neither had complained but our shoulders were feeling raw to the bone and our backs ached severely. Two or three more periods of endurance and two or three more rests, then we struck through the underbrush that borders the pond and emerged on the peculiar shore of our destination.

Mud Pond is well named, for in the upper end of this body of water there is a deposit of light mud varying in depth from five to ten, perhaps even twenty feet in depth. This when brought to the surface has a sickening malarial odor and appears alive with odd-shaped insects. Even though it was the latter part of August we plucked a good-sized bunch of beautiful water lilies that day. The contrast of the pure white growing out of that filthy muck was forcibly impressive. Now and then we came near puncturing our canoe on sharp rocks which lay hidden in the deposit, for the water is quite shallow where the lilies grow, so shallow indeed that at times we seemed to be floating on the ooze. Numerous schools of catfish darted here and there, and leeches fully six inches in length zigzaged their way through the water. The lower end of the lake is quite clear and the eastern shore is a beach of sand dotted with many huge boulders. We spent two hours studying the peculiarties of the place and then pointed our prow toward where the home trail approaches the margin. There is not one good landing place along the whole shore. The sand beach is firm enough but just beyond is a swamp, making an approach from that side very difficult. We struck out for camp with both feet wet and muddy. The carry back was a repetition of sore shoulders and lame backs, but the distance seemed much shorter this time and the task far more pleasant. When two-thirds of the way home our course was altered and we turned into a surveyor's trail to Wildwood, which cut off a hard portion of the trip and gave us a refreshing paddle into camp at the finish.

The air at the mountains was delightful. Two more favorable weeks could not have fallen to the lot of campers out. Fishing in the lake was not as lively as we had hoped to find it, but there was a mountain full of interest to the nature lover, and when so disposed one could sit by the hour and watch the ways of the inhabitants of the woods.

Many were the discomforts of those two weeks, but the rest, freedom and experience of the inspiring life fully atone, and the camper who learns to camp grows to know and love the woods, and when far from their poetical environments looks back with a smile even upon the hardest of the hardships. A. L.

Nutting Days.

The transition of summer into autumn is often almost inperceptible. September days are as much like August ones as twin chestnuts in the burr. There is as yet no hint of chill in the soft, hazy air. The bumble bees hold high revel in the clover blooms on the fresh rowen. The woods show a front of unbroken green, for the torch which shall so soon set their ranks aglow has not yet touched them. True, the darkness descends earlier, the cricket chirps dismally, and the wind rises and moans o' nights in the pines, but we do not heed their warning when the days are packed so full of summer joys. At last, old Boreas grows tired of the long-continued reign of the zephyrs. He marshals his forces and sends them brawling and blustering over the land. For a day and a night, his raiders sweep hill and plain. They try every door and fastening, and tug at the anchorings of the boats on the bay. They toss the arms of the giant oak and whirl the dark mane of the lofty pine. Many a brave ship goes down before their charges. Other forces lend their aid to the winds. The air is murky and dim. The rain descends from the heavy skies. It is not the copious downpour of the summer showers, but a cold, persistent drizzle that penetrates to the marrow of our bones. The chill creeps into the house and sends the cattle cowering to the barns for shelter. Finally, the sun breaks through the clouds and floods the earth with his cheery light. Now we see that the change has come. The farewell-summer blooms by every road side. The days of the sere, the yellow leaf have stolen upon us unawares.

But autumn has its compensations for all that it takes from us. One day, you learn (it may be the sight of the vender roasting the plump, glossy nuts over his pail of coals) that chestnuts are ripe. Then memory leads you back to the old farm and the chestnut grove on the hill. Your thoughts follow a boy with a brown spaniel at his heels. He knows the grove and has watched its fruit with an eager eye. He does not intend that the squirrels shall have his share. Breakfast is a mere formality to the boy in nutting time. He swallows a few mouthfuls, then bolts for the door. Outside, he examines the old shotgun that he so carefully loaded the night before, then hurries across the frosty stubble with Gip, barking and frisking about him. He scolds her, tells her she will scare away all the squirrels. Little does Gip care for squirrels. It is pure joy to follow Master that shines out of her brown eyes and sets her stubby tail wagging. Soon the gun speaks out on the hill, and a limp, bleeding form tumbles out of a tree. How proud the boy feels as he bags his first squirrel!

When game fails, he gathers the nuts that are beginning to drop from the opening burrs. He swings himself into one of the great trees and stamps and shakes the boughs until the chestnuts fall in a merry rain. Other boys come, for it is a holiday, and the grove rings with their happy voices. When the sun sinks behind the hills, they all go home with caps full, pockets full, sacks full, some to eat, and some to store away for winter feasting.

What fun the boy had, now you think of it! How close and stuffy the office seems as you recall the wind-swept hillside! Why not go up to the old farm and retaste those early joys? By Jove, the very thing! Let clients be hanged! You are off for the country for a real holiday—one of those seasons that drops the burden of care from a man's shoulders and makes him young again. In your burst of enthusiasm, you tell your partner of your plan, and he eyes you coldly as though he had doubts of your sanity. The poor wight! he was brought up in the city by a maiden aunt and knows nothing of a boy's good times on the farm.

Brother George stares, too, when you appear, for your visits at the farm have not been as frequent as they should be. The whole family welcomes you, especially your pretty nieces when they learn that you have come up from town for the express purpose of going nutting with them. In the morning, you are off early for the grove. Strange that you should forget how rough and steep the hill is! The young folks race lightly up the path and you toil slowly behind, wishing vainly that you had brought a pair of easy shoes. When you reach the top of the hill, you are puffing like a grampus and are glad to rest a bit in the shade.

Can these be the same trees that you used to shin up in your boyhood days? That feat is impossible now for one of your girth and dignity. You contrive to thrash off a few nuts from the lower branches, but the stick is too short and the labor exhausting. Then you find the very tree that you used to scramble into as nimbly as a squirrel. It looks easy still, suppose you try it. You catch hold of a bending limb and draw yourself up with a supreme effort.

C-r-a-a-c-k—thud! that was a nasty fall. You gather yourself up and limp painfully away. No more gymnastics for you! A small boy is circling about in the distance, plainly bursting for the chance, so you beckon to him and pay him to climb up and shake off the nuts.

That night you sit down in your room and reckon up the damages:

Item—One sprained ankle.
Item—One nervous system severely shaken up.
Item—One pair of new trousers badly rent.
Item—One lot of cherished illusions damaged.

You muse a while over the mutability of all things earthly and your reflections run somewhat in this fashion: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," say the scriptures. That applies to the old fellow who wished to relive his boyhood pleasures. Some things he must forego. No more racing barefoot over the sod, nor happy games under the spreading boughs. They belong to the irretrievable past. In future, since he is fat and forty, he will perform all athletic feats by proxy. But let him hold fast to his love for green fields and chestnut groves as he holds to faith and honor. Let him keep, too, the heart of a boy with its enthusiasms and gayety, its high hopes and unspoiled ideals. It may be a saving grace for him yet—who knows? M. E. Colegrove.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXXIV.

George Frederick Ruxton—Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.

Sometime about 1840 George Frederick Ruxton, a young Englishman, was serving in Canada as an officer in a British regiment. In 1837, when only seventeen years of age, he had left Sandhurst to enlist as a volunteer in the service of Spain, where he served with gallantry and distinction in the civil wars and received from Queen Isabella II. the cross of the first class of the Order of St. Fernando. The monotony of garrison duty in Canada soon palled on one who had taken part in more stirring scenes, and before long he resigned his commission in his regiment, and sought new fields of adventure.

He was a man fond of action and eager to see new things. His earliest project was to cross Africa, and this he attempted. It was only an attempt, for the point at which they began their journey was one without water, and without inhabitants; and it was only by the assistance of some of the natives that the lives of Ruxton and his companion were saved.

He next turned toward Mexico as a field for adventure, and has painted a fascinating picture, both of life there at the time of the Mexican war and of life in the mountains to the north. The two small volumes of his writings are now out of print, but they are well worth reading by those who desire to learn of the early history of a country that is now well known, and which within fifty years has changed from a region without population to one which is a teeming hive of industry.

In Ruxton's "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains" is a singularly vivid account of the author's journeyings from England, by way of the Madeira Islands, Barbadoes and others of the Antilles, to Cuba, and so to Vera Cruz, more fully called the rich City of the True Cross; or as often, and quite aptly—from the plague of yellow fever which so constantly ravaged it—the City of the Dead. From Vera Cruz he traveled north, passing through Mexico, whose coast was then blockaded by the Gringos of North America, then through the country ravaged by marauding Indians, and at last leaving Chihuahua and crossing by way of El Paso into New Mexico he reached what is now the Southwestern United States. Through this country he passed—in winter—north through the mountains, meeting the trappers and mountaineers of those days and the Indians as well, crossed the plains, and finally reached St. Louis, and from there passed east to New York.

Although Ruxton was untrained in literature he was a keen observer, and presented his narrative in most attractive form. He saw the salient characteristics of the places, and the people among whom he was thrown, and commented on them most interestingly. He gives us a peculiarly vivid picture of Mexico as it was during its early days of stress and strain, or from the time of its independence, for within the last twenty-five years there had been not far from 250 revolutions. This state of things, as is well known, continued for a dozen years after the Mexican War, or until the great Indian, Juarez, became ruler of the country and put down lawlessness and revolution with a strong hand. Since his day Mexico has been fortunate in its rulers.

Just after Ruxton reached Vera Cruz, General Santa Anna, ex-president of Mexico, reached the city, having been summoned to return after his expulsion of a year before. Santa Anna was received with some form and ceremony, but with no applause; and before he had been long ashore was cross-examined by a representative of the people in very positive fashion, and submitted most meekly to the inquisition.

It is hardly to be supposed that Ruxton, who had been a British soldier, would be blind to the extraordinary appearance and absolute lack of discipline of the Mexican troops, and his description of the soldiers, their equipment, and the preparations for the reception of Santa Anna is interesting. "The crack regiment of the Mexican army—Elonze the 11th—which happened to be in garrison at the time, cut most prodigious capers in the

reat plaza several times a day, *disciplinando*—drilling or the occasion. Nothing can, by any possibility, be onceived more unlike a soldier than a Mexican *militar*. he regular army is composed entirely of Indians—iserable looking pigmies, whose grenadiers are five feet igh. Vera Cruz being a show place, and jealous of its lory, generally contrives to put decent clothing, by sub-cription, on the regiment detailed to garrison the town; therwise clothing is not considered indispensable to the Mexican soldier. The muskets of the infantry are (that , if they have any) condemned Tower muskets, turned ut of the British service years before. I have seen them arrying firelocks without locks, and others with locks ithout hammers, the lighted end of a cigar being used s a match to ignite the powder in the pan. Discipline hey have none. Courage a Mexican does not possess, ut still they have that brutish indifference to death, which could be turned to account if they were well led nd officered by men of courage and spirit."

Toward the end of the rainy season Ruxton, with a nozo, started for the north. He traveled on horseback, nd his way was made difficult by the condition of the oads, which were heavy from rain, and by the presence n the country of troops on their way to the war, which nade the accommodations, bad at best, still worse.

Concerning the City of Mexico and its inhabitants of he better class he speaks with some enthusiasm, but the otels were villainous, the city unsafe for strangers after ight, and, at that time, a blonde man—a *guero*—was onstantly taken for a Texan or a Yankee, and was sub-ect to attack by any of the people.

In the City of Mexico Ruxton purchased horses from Yankee horse dealer named Smith, and set out with a ack train for the farther north. His account of his ravels, the difficulties of the way, the inns at which he stopped and the cities that he passed through are ex-remely interesting. Of the manufacture of the national drink, *pulque*, the favorite beverage of the Mexicans, he says: "The *maguey*, American aloe—*Agava americana*—is cultivated over an extent of country embracing 50,000 square miles. In the City of Mexico alone the consumption of *pulque* amounts to the enormous quan-ity of 11,000,000 of gallons per annum, and a consider-able revenue from its sale is derived by Government. The plant attains maturity in a period varying from eight to fourteen years, when it flowers, and it is during the stage of inflorescence only that the saccharine juice is ex-tracted. The central stem which incloses the incipient flower is then cut off near the bottom, and a cavity or basin is discovered, over which the surrounding leaves are drawn close and tied. Into this reservoir the juice distils, which otherwise would have risen to nourish and support the flower. It is removed three or four times during the twenty-four hours, yielding a quantity of liquor varying from a quart to a gallon and a half.

"The juice is extracted by means of a syphon made of a species of gourd called *acojote*, one end of which is placed in the liquor, the other in the mouth of a person, who by suction draws up the fluid into the pipe and de-posits it in the bowls he has with him for the purpose. It is then placed in earthen jars and a little old *pulque—madre de pulque*—is added, when it soon ferments, and is immediately ready for use. The fermentation occupies two or three days, and when it ceases the *pulque* is in fine order.

"Old *pulque* has a slightly unpleasant odor which heathens have likened to the smell of putrid meat, but when fresh is brisk and sparkling, and the most cooling, refreshing and delicious drink that ever was invented for thirsty mortal; and when gliding down the dust-dried throat of a way-worn traveler who feels the grateful liquor distilling through his veins, is indeed the *'licor divino,'* which Mexicans assert is preferred by the angels in heaven to ruby wine."

Wherever Ruxton passed his fair hair and complexion and his excellent arms were subjects of wonder; the first to the women and children, the second to the men. His double-barreled rifles seem especially to have impressed the men.

As he passed further and further north he heard more and more concerning the raids of the Indians, and at the ranch of La Punta, where he stopped to witness the sport of tailing the bull, he heard from one of the inhabitants an account of the raid of the previous year, in which a number of peones were killed and some women and chil-dren carried away to the north. He says: "The ranchero's wife described to me the whole scene, and bit-terly accused the men of cowardice in not defending the place. This woman, with two grown daughters and sev-eral smaller children, fled from the rancho before the In-dians approached and concealed themselves under a wooden bridge which crossed a stream near at hand. Here they remained for some hours, half dead with terror. Pres-ently some Indians approached their place of conceal-ment; a young chief stood on the bridge and spoke some words to the others. All this time he had his piercing eyes bent upon their hiding place, and had no doubt dis-covered them, but concealed his satisfaction under an appearance of indifference. He played with his victims. In broken Spanish they heard him express his hope 'that he would be able to discover where the women were concealed—that he wanted a Mexican wife and some scalps.' Suddenly he jumped from the bridge and thrust his lance under it with a savage whoop; the blade pierced the woman's arm and she shrieked with pain. One by one they were drawn from their retreat.

"'*Dios de mi alma!*'—what a moment was this!—said the poor creature. Her children were surrounded by the savages, brandishing their tomahawks, and she thought their last hour was come. But they all escaped with life, and returned to find their houses plundered and the corpses of friends and relations strewing the ground.

"'*Ay de mi!*'—what a day was this! '*Y los hombres,*' she continued, '*qui no son hombres?*'—And the men—who are *not* men—where were they? '*Escondidos como los ratones*'—hidden in holes like the rats. '*Mire!*' she said, suddenly, and with great excitement; 'look at these two hundred men, well mounted and armed, who are now so brave and fierce, running after the poor bulls; if twenty Indians were to make their appearance where would they be? *Vaya! vaya!*' she exclaimed, '*son cobardes*'—they are cowards, all of them.

"The daughter, who sat at her mother's feet during the recital, as the scenes of the day were recalled to her memory, buried her face in her mother's lap and wept with excitement.

"To return to the toros. In a large corral, at one of which was a little building, erected for the accommoda-tion of the lady spectators, were inclosed upwards of a hundred bulls. Round the corral were the horsemen, all dressed in the picturesque Mexican costume, examining the animals as they were driven to and fro in the inclo-sure, in order to make them wild for the sport—*alzar el corage*. The ranchero himself, and his sons, were riding among them, armed with long lances, separating from the herd, and driving into another inclosure, the most active bulls. When all was ready, the bars were with-drawn from the entrance of the corral, and a bull driven out, who, seeing the wide level plain before him, dashed off at the top of his speed. With a shout the horsemen pursued the flying animal, who, hearing the uproar be-hind him, redoubled his speed. Each urges his horse to the utmost, and strives to take the lead and be first to reach the bull. In such a crowd, of course, first-rate horsemanship is required to avoid accidents and secure a safe lead. For some minutes the troop ran on in a compact mass—a sheet could have covered the lot. En-veloped in a cloud of dust, nothing could be seen but the bull, some hundred yards ahead, and the rolling cloud. Presently, with a shout, a horseman emerged from the front rank; the women cried *'Viva!'* as, passing close to the stage, he was recognized to be the son of the ranchera, a boy of twelve years of age, sitting his horse like a bird, and swaying from side to side as the bull doubled, and the cloud of dust concealed the animal from his view. *'Viva Pepito! viva!'* shouted his mother, as she waved her reboso to encourage the boy; and the little fellow stuck his spurs into his horse and doubled down to his work manfully. But now two others are running neck and neck with him, and the race for the lead and the first throw is most exciting. The men shout, the women wave their rebosos and cry out their names: *'Alza Bernardo—por mi amor, Juan Maria—Viva Pepi-tito!'* they scream in intense excitement. The boy at length loses the lead to a tall, fine-looking Mexican, mounted on a fleet and powerful roan stallion, who gradually but surely forges ahead. At this moment the sharp eyes of little Pepe observed the bull to turn at an angle from his former course, which movement was hidden by the dust from the leading horseman. In an instant the boy took advantage of it, and, wheeling his horse at a right angle from his original course, cut off the bull. Shouts and vivas rent the air at sight of this skillful maneuver, and the boy, urging his horse with whip and spur, ranged up to the left quarter of the bull, bending down to seize the tail, and secure it under his right leg, for the purpose of throwing the animal to the ground. But here Pepe's strength failed him in a feat which requires great power of muscle, and in endeavor-ing to perform it he was jerked out of his saddle and fell violently to the ground, stunned and senseless. At least a dozen horsemen were now striving hard for the post of honor, but the roan distanced them all, and its rider, stronger than Pepe, dashed up to the bull, threw his right leg over the tail, which he had seized in his right hand, and, wheeling his horse suddenly outwards, upset the bull in the midst of his career, and the huge animal rolled over and over in the dust, bellowing with pain and fright."

Pushing northward through Mexico, Ruxton passed into a country with fewer and fewer inhabitants. It was the borderland of the Republic, where the Indians, con-stantly raiding, were killing people, burning villages, and driving off stock. The author's adventures were fre-quent. He was shot at by his *moso*, or servant, who desired to possess his property. He met wagon trains coming from Santa Fe, owned and manned by Ameri-cans. He lost his animals, was often close to Indians, yet escaped without fighting them; assisted in the rescue of a number of American teamsters, who had endeavored to strike across the country to reach the United States, and many of whom had perished from hunger and thirst, and finally, while on this good errand, was robbed of all his property by thieves, in the little village where he had left it. His journal of travel is pleasantly interspersed with traditions of the country and accounts of local ad-ventures of the time.

Reaching Chihuahua he found the shops stocked with goods brought from the United States by way of Santa Fe, it being profitable to drive the wagon trains south as far as Chihuahua, rather than to sell their loads in Santa Fe. This Santa Fe trade, always subject to great risks from attacks by Indians and other dangers of the road, was made still more difficult from the extraordi-nary customs duties laid by the Mexican officials, who, without reference to the nature of the goods carried, assessed a duty of $500 on each wagon, no matter what its size or its contents.

Of Chihuahua, as it was in those days, Ruxton writes with enthusiasm: "In the Sierras and mountains," he says, "are found two species of bears—the common black, or American bear, and the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains. The last are the most numerous, and are abundant in the Sierras, in the neighborhood of Chihuahua. The *carnero cimarron*—the big-horn or Rocky Mountain sheep—is also common on the Cordil-lera. Elk, black-tailed deer, *cola-prieta* (a large species of the fallow deer), the common red deer of America, and antelope, abound on all the plains and sierras. Of smaller game, peccaries (*javali*), also called *cojamete*, hares and rabbits are everywhere numerous; and beavers are still found in the Gila, the Pecos, the Del Norte and their tributary streams. Of birds—the *faisan*, commonly called *paisano*, a species of pheasant; the quail, or rather a bird between a quail and a partridge, is abundant; while every variety of snipe and plover is found on the plains, not forgetting the *gruya*, of the crane kind, whose meat is excellent. There are also two varieties of wolf—the white, or mountain wolf; and the coyote, or small wolf of the plains, whose long continued and melancholy howl is an invariable adjunct to a Mexican night en-campment."

At the time that the author passed through Chihuahua that province was in a state of more or less excitement, expecting the advance of the "Americanos" from New Mexico. That province had been occupied by the United States forces (Santa Fe having been entered Aug. 18, 1846, by Gen. S. W. Kearney), and following the troops was a caravan of 200 traders' wagons bound for Chihua-hua. Ruxton was traveling northward, directly toward the American troops, and bore dispatches for the Ameri-can commander; he was therefore treated with extreme courtesy in Chihuahua and went on his way. He has something to say about the Mexican troops stationed here at Chihuahua, whom Colonel Doniphan, two or three months later, with 900 volunteers defeated with a loss of 300 killed and as many wounded, capturing the city of Chihuahua, and without the loss himself of a single man in the campaign. As a matter of fact, one man was killed on the United States side while the Mexican losses were given as 320 killed, 560 wounded and seventy-two prisoners.

It was in November that the author bade adieu to Chihuahua and set out for Santa Fe. Though the coun-try through which he journeyed was infested with Indians, yet now and then a Mexican village was passed, occupied by people who were poor both in pocket and in spirit, and satisfied merely to live. When the Rio Grande, which in old times was commonly called the Del Norte, was passed, Ruxton was in what is now the United States. It was then Mexican territory, however, and at El Paso there were Mexican troops, and also a few American prisoners. From here, for some distance northward, Indian sign was constantly seen, chiefly of Apaches, who made it their business and their pleasure to ravage the region.

On the Rio Grande, a few days' journey beyond El Paso, a surveying party under the command of Lieutenant Alert, of the United States Engineers, was met with, and near him was camped a great part of the traders' caravan which was on its way to Chihuahua. The scene here must have been one of interest. The wagons were cor-ralled, making a fort, from which Indians or Mexicans could be defied, and the large and wild looking Missouri-ans formed a striking contrast to the tiny Mexicans, with which the author had so long been mingling. The American troops in this and neighboring camps were volunteers, each one of whom thought himself quite as good as his commanding officers, and anything like disci-pline was unknown. Ruxton was greatly impressed by this, and commented freely on it, declaring that, "The American can never be made a soldier; his constitution will not bear the restraint of discipline; neither will his very mistaken notions about liberty allow him to sub-ject himself to its necessary control."

No doubt the troops which conquered Mexico were a good deal of a mob, and won their victories in a great measure by the force of individual courage, and through the timidity and still greater lack of organization of the troops opposed to them. On the other hand, Ruxton seems to have felt much admiration for the officers in command of the regular army. He speaks of West Point, and declares that the military education received there is one "by which they acquire a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of the science of war"; and that, "as a class, they are probably more distinguished for military knowledge than the officers of any European army; uniting with this a high chivalrous feeling and a most conspicuous gallantry they have all the essentials of the officer and soldier."

Ruxton spent some time hunting about this camp. One day he had a shot at a large panther which he did not kill, and later he found a turkey roost. After a short de-lay here he started northward again. One of his ser-vants had deserted him some time before, and now he sent the other back to Mexico, because he was already suffering from the severity of the climate. The author's animals had now been traveling so long together that they required little or no attention in driving. Of course the operation of packing for a single man was slow and difficult. Continuing northward he reached Santa Fe, where, however, he did not stop long.

It was now winter, and the weather cold and snowy, but the intrepid traveler had no notion of waiting for more genial days. He has much to say about the Indians in the neighborhood and especially of the Pueblos, whose stone villages and peculiar methods of life greatly interested him. He found the Mexicans of New Mexico no more attractive than those with whom he had had to do further to the southward, but seems to have felt a certain respect, if not admiration, for the Canadian and American trappers who had married among these people. Some of these men advised him strongly against making the effort to reach Fort Leavenworth at this season of the year, but he kept on. The journey was difficult, however. His animals, natives of the low coun-try, and of the tropics, were unused to mountain travel; each frozen stream that they came to was a cause of delay. The work of getting them on was very laborious, and every two or three days Ruxton froze his hands. He was now approaching the country of the Utes, who at that time were constantly raiding the settlements of northern New Mexico, killing the Mexicans and taking their horses. His purpose was to strike the Arkansas River near its headwaters, and to reach the Bayou Salado, an old rendezvous for trappers, and a great game country. The cold of the mountain country grew more and more bitter, and the constant winds made it almost impossible for the men to keep from freezing. Indeed, sometimes the cold was so severe that Ruxton found it necessary to put blankets on his animals to keep them from perishing. For days at a time snow, wind and cold were so severe that it was impossible for the author to shoot game near to him, as he could not bend his stiffened fingers without a long preliminary effort.

During a part of his journey from Red River north he had been constantly followed by a large gray wolf, which evidently kept with him for the remains of the animals killed, and for bits of food left around camp.

At length the Huerfano River was passed and a little later the Greenhorn, where a camp of one white trapper and two or three French-Canadians were living. A few days later the Arkansas was reached and then the trad-ing post known as the Pueblo. Here Ruxton became a guest of John Hawkins, a well known mountaineer of the time, and here he spent the remainder of the winter hunting on the Fontaine-qui-bouille and in the Bayou Salado.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



NATURAL HISTORY



The Biography of a Bear.—III

Jack had been allowed to wander freely about the place, and until the report of the Johnson disturbance reached me, I did not know that he ever left our own grounds. Shortly after this I ascertained that he had been making nocturnal expeditions about town, and from time to time I began to receive reports of his doings from various quarters. As he seemed to be always about the barn, house or orchard, I could not believe him guilty of having visited so many localities, and thought the reports exaggerated.

The several streets of Shasta were irregular parallel terraces skirting the spur of a mountain. As the slope was steep, the houses upon the upper sides of the streets were in most cases built into the hill, so that one could walk from an upper street out upon the roofs of the buildings fronting on the street below. The main business street was chiefly lined with a compact row of brick buildings that extended back into excavations in the hill. For the main part these buildings were compactly crowded together, a single wall often being the partition common to two owners. The roofs of a score or so of the buildings presented, from the street above, the appearance of a level floor of tin surrounded with fire walls and broken here and there with skylights and ventilators.

It developed that Jack made a practice of prowling over these roofs by night and was thus the cause of many burglar alarms and vague reports of mysterious disturbances. After his experience on the Johnson premises he evidently deemed it expedient to exercise caution, and he was soon so familiar with his nightly haunts that he appeared to be as ubiquitous in regions aloft as the ghost of King Hamlet was in the cellarage. Not content with prowling over the roofs of the stores and places of business, he sometimes made tours of dwellings and entered the houses.

Night watchmen and alarmed proprietors were frequently aroused and clambered over and about the flat roofs and fire walls with lanterns and the usual burglar chasing accoutrements. But it was only after many exciting alarms and midnight explorations, when some of them caught sight of the shadowy outlines of Jack, that they were more or less assured that the prowler was that distinguished bear of mine. I was notified and eventually warned that my bear might get into trouble.

Although no harm could be charged to him, for he did no damage of any but trivial consequence, when Jack began to invade dwellings in the quiet summer nights, the plot thickened. A number of worthy people were aroused in "the dead waste and middle of the night" by noisy dogs, terrified cats, bawling cows and snorting horses. Pots and pans in various kitchens, chairs upon porches, barrels, tubs and such movables were frequently overturned and tumbled about, sometimes distributed in a promiscuous manner. The clatter of pots and pans in his domicile aroused Mr. William Dunn, and when he went in night-costume to investigate he confronted Jack emerging from a pantry. Both parties to the meeting were astonished, but Jack, with notable decision and temerity left the Dunn residence through a window with great promptitude and velocity. Fences and ordinary barricades were entirely ignored by him in emergencies. The town dogs seemed either resigned to Jack's advent, or they had no instructions bringing bears within their department of household service. They awaited more explicit instructions with all the resignation of certain public officials, serenely content to give forth a few barks and avoided committing themselves further; or they hunted retreats known best to themselves.

These incidents made it judicious to try and keep Jack within neutral boundaries. By day he was not disposed to leave the yard or orchard, but I began to practice chaining him up after dark each night, although it always seemed a great indignity to one of his kindly disposition and intelligence. He protested against it at first, but soon learned to submit with remarkable resignation. He seemed to realize after a little time that it was one of the unavoidable disavantages of a home in town. Perhaps he had reasoned out that community interests involve individual concession, a maxim that is somewhat hazy in its bearing upon modern instances in some centers.

Jack Goes to the Mountains.

In the latter days of August my friend Enochs and myself decided upon a trip to the western slopes of the Sierras, in the region of Mt. Lassen, or Lassen's Butte. I had been over the intended route and knew many attractions connected with it. It was a long road, rough enough in parts, but it led to trout streams, deer ranges, tall timber and icy summits—where the August nights were frosty. It was a region offering many contrasts to hot houses and town life and many advantages over incessant business drudgery. It was a region where any man of observation, not utterly lost in sordid degeneracy, might get a view of the world to breed rebellion in his blood against many things in modern centralization—sometimes called civilization by those addicted to it. A region deadly to egoism, immutable as fate. An altitude from which there is a different perspective. A region of other comparatives and reversed examples, where a man not too far gone may realize his value, his insignificance, his liberties and his limitation.

There are mountains there with lakes near their summits, and lakes with forests in their depths. There are cañons that echo in derision the rare disturbance of human voice, or the sound of man's engines of industry or destruction. There is chaos of dethroned mountains, seas of rock from upheavals, shattered and powdered by storm and avalanche, melted in volcanic fires and flung broadcast for a hundred miles. Forests and streams have tried for centuries—for the thousand years—and they have merely covercd over a portion of the havoc and ruin wrought by forces now lying dead and silent. No man knows about such gigantic matters as to when or how or why. The glistening pebbles, polished by ancient and vanished rivers, and seas, are imbedded in adamantine conglomerate. Time is an insignificant word; place is an uncertain condition; individuality, or any other material combination, is casual and unstable. The very mountains have crumbled, and no man knoweth that they will not do it again. When they resume business of that kind I shall lose interest in them myself.

Enochs at that time was something of a tenderfoot. He was scarcely weaned from implicit reliance upon civilization—really had faith in it. He believed that no region was complete or worth while until it was divided into polling districts, farms, or laid off in town lots with franchises on the market. He confused the building of citics and towns, the cultivation of the soil, the building of ships and railways—the advance of civilization, as he called it—public improvement—he confused all this into meaning a sort of reclamation of the earth's surface. He thought a town a pillar of the universe and a politician or a policeman a symptom of social organization and humanity. Everything west of Ohio, where he had taught school, was to him in its incipiency. He reformed, however, with notable alacrity. A year or two later, after a sojourn in Arizona and New Mexico, he went to the other extreme, was known to keep riotous company and periodically "shoot up" quiet old Shasta town with a .45 caliber revolver.

But at the time of which I write he was a tenderfoot and it devolved upon me to arrange for our trip and engineer its progress. I secured a team and wagon, a supply of provisions, camp necessities, or rather camp conveniences, such as a tent, cooking implements, etc., and engaged a half-blood Indian to go along with us. We had decided to start in the evening and travel by night, as the wcather was torrid and the roads dusty. Accordingly everything was in readiness one evening, the wagon loaded with our supplies and Enochs and Dick on board. My saddle horse was brought, followed by our two dogs, and all was seemingly ready when I told the boys to wait, that I had forgotten something. Going to the barn I unfastened Jack and took him out to the wagon.

"What you going to do with that bear?" exclaimed Enochs.

"Going to take him along," said I.

"Is he going to ride in the wagon or on the horse?"

"Oh! he's going in the wagon."

"The devil he is! Well, then, I'll get out. What do you take me for anyhow—think I affiliate with bears as well as with Californians? No blasted bear is going to chew me!"

Enochs was about half earnest, but in the meantime, with a little encouragcment, Jack had climbed into the wagon and I fastened his chain so that he couldn't get into the wheels. Hay had been placed so that he had a comfortable nest in the bottom of the wagon between our boxes and bales. Dick knew the plan, and he started up the team, while Enochs was yet protesting. Three or four days later we were a happy family, Jack, Dick, Enochs and myself, dining together and sleeping in the same shakedown, each in his own blankets, though Dick usually shared his with the bear. Dick drove the team and I mounted my horse and we were off, followed by various suggestions and donations of advice from some of our friends who had gathered to see us line up. Most of them had something to say as to how we might dispose of Jack in some more or less effective manner. But Jack was all right. As soon as he became accustomed to the motion of the wagon and could sit on the hay without holding, he had solved the theory of mobility by the expenditure of other than personal energy. He realized its advantageous economy. He was not much concerned as to the direction we took and seemed in no way curious as to his destination. If he became restless, a few crackers or other small contributions soothed him.

Leaving Shasta at dusk, we passed over the winding road up and down the hills in generally an eastward direction. The white, dusty road was easily followed, even before the moon rose, and in the course of an hour we ferried the Sacramento River near the town of Redding—at that time a newly laid out railroad town, largely made up of tents and saloons. As we crossed on the ferryboat, an old-style flatboat, or scow, operated by cable and windlass contrivance, the surface of the river shimmered in the moonlight like quicksilver. The boat made no sound but the little purling commotion in its wake and a slight creaking of pulleys as the current carried us over. As we crossed, the shimmering surface of the water was broken several times by the rising of large fish, presumably sturgeon. These fish were formerly numerous in the upper Sacramento, and I have seen them taken weighing from 700 to 1,000 pounds, and I know some good true lore regarding them. This lore is so interesting that I would like to tell it, but I cannot afford to have my reputation identified with that branch of natural history, as it is popularly esteemed. Ever since the adventure of Jonah and his whale, narratives concerning fish have been disparaged and the compilers of them regarded from diagonal perspective. Of course, this isn't right, but it is fascinating. Hence it is irremediable.

The Sacramento at this ferry is about 500 yards in width, but we were landed in about ten minutes after the man reversed his wheel and swung the boat from the bank. While the boat was being made fast at the landing, the ferryman, who seemed to be half asleep, observed Jack in the wagon. The bear's chain allowed him to reach the end-gate at the back and he was standing up as we drove off the boat. The ferryman was curious, but too sleepy to ask questions, so he walked up and pushed his head forward over the end-gate. Jack dextrously and promptly slapped his hat off, and perhaps tweaked his ear slightly, displaying as he did so a brawny arm and shoulder. The man was dazed by the apparition and the slight jolt he was favored with.

He recovered his hat, with some little show of animation, and as I tendered him toll he remarked with considerable respiration, "Hi say, mister, whatinell's that bloody beast you 'ave there, hannyow?"

Before I could reply, Enochs, who had seen and heard, shouted back: "'Ee's the lost Charlie Ross. 'Ee's dangerous."

"He looks as dizzy," said Enochs, "as the darkey who was queered at the railroad station. Dressed in his finest and carrying a carpet-bag he reached the ticket window somewhat out of breath. He wanted to know when the 6 o'clock train lef' foh Whiteville, how much a ticket cos' and other information. The agent stamped his ticket but, after searching his clothes apprehensively, the colored gentleman failed to find his money. As he put down his carpet-bag to feel for his treasure, a crook picked up the bag promptly and walked off with it. After much delay the darkey could produce no money, and he was stopping traffic in a busy time. In his agitation he stood half stupefied blocking the line. The ticket agent, prepared for emergencies, apparently, let down a rubber spider that was suspended from above somewhere. The spider was as large as an egg, painted in startling colors and worked its dangling legs fearfully. Slapping the spider away the darkey reached desperately for his carpet-bag. It was not there. He was now nearly frantic and attracting attention and remarks from a crowd.

"Whah is my carpet-satchet?" he yelled. "Whah is it? Whah am I? Who am I? W'y dis heah place 's no mo' fit for adeepo' in spite eh hell!"

Enochs could tell some stiff anecdotes for an Ohio pedagogue, and they helped to ease the monotony of some miles of the road.

After leaving the river the road passed over a scope of dry rolling country, gravelly soil, chiefly timbered with white oak and thickets of shrub. Houses were long distances apart. Now and then we passed open ground where we saw jack-rabbits by hundreds loping about in the moonlight, looking as if they had no object in life whatever. Occasionally one of the dogs rushed a rabbit from the roadside, but he did so merely as a diversion. At such times the rabbits manifested little surprise but took some interest in things by trying to coax the dogs out for a hopeless chase. But our two dogs had learned more than the wisdom comprised in "try, try again" lingo. They had tried again until they had decided to wait for advice of more value. They preferred something more lucrative—something that might sometime be rounded up. They would rather chase something they could catch even if it was a bear and couldn't be used after they did catch it.

We passed through the sleeping village, Millville, without seeing anything to disturb the placidity of that town—not even a lighted window. But it was in the small hours of the night. We followed a little valley for three or four miles and then climbed several hundred feet to a hilly plateau. About dawn we reached Basin Hollow, a depression in the hills comprising several thousand acres mostly under cultivation or fenced for pasture. Houses were far apart.

As the east began to color faintly with approaching dawn we reachcd a large barn standing just off the road. It was half full of hay, a good portion of which was "foxtail," an infernal grass full of minute banderillas, fishhooks and spears. We found out that these things not only tortured the horses that tried to eat the hay, but they got into our blankets, bedding and clothing. During the remainder of that year, I believe, we devoted more or less of our lifetime to getting them out of our clothes, our beds and our dispositions. Jack got his wool full of them as soon as he got out of the wagon. We were all tired and sleepy, having traveled about thirty-five miles since dusk of the night before. We decided to stop at the barn for rest and a sleep. Jack had behaved well, but he was becoming restless, so I released him and he climbed out to investigate the barn at his leisure, while we unharnessed, fed the horse and made our beds on the foxtail and hay. We then chained the bear to a manger and were soon asleep.

I had slept but a few moments—a dozen snores or so—when I was aroused by the growling of the dogs. The stable door on the far side of the barn opened, and Jack, alert as usual, was standing erect and looking over the crib of the manger, which was made of logs and poles. Suddenly he gave a series of his startling squalls—sounds he only made in anticipation of a whipping. As he squalled he peered over the crib in fright. At the moment a farmer appeared in a large hat with a whip in his hand. As he heard the squall and looked up to be confronted by Jack's open countenance his face was a wonderful display of unmistakable astonishment.

"Well! I'll be dad-swizzled!" he ejaculated, as he made unfaltering strides for the door.

"He's not dangerous—he's only a tame cub." I called out hastily. "He's chained. Is this Blodgett's barn?"

"Well—er—well, all right. Yes, I'm Blodgett."

I explained the situation sleepily, telling Mr. Blodgett we would stop at his house, which was a mile further along, and settle for our hay and lodging. He replied, "All right," and I again lay down.

"What's the matter?" drowsily asked Dick.

"Nothing but that bear," grunted Enochs, as we all became dormant.

Ransacker.

The Gulls of No Man's Land.

Mr. W. H. Brownson, of the Maine Ornithological Society, made an expedition in the last of August to Matinicus Island, the great sea bird breeding grounds off the Maine coast. The story of what was found is told in the Portland Advertiser, from which the following paragraphs are taken:

We started off to find Captain Mark Young, the well-known warden in the employ of the National Audubon Society, who takes excellent care of all the immense number of sea birds in the cluster of islands. Now Captain Young's aid was really necessary if we expected to see the most interesting things which here abound. He owns a dory, he is a seaman of long experience, he knows all the best landing places on the rocky islands, he is moreover the sole proprietor of No Man's Land, which boasts of the densest colony of herring gulls on the Maine coast. There may be more birds on Great Duck Island, off Mount Desert, but they are not so thickly gathered in a limited area. Dropping his work, without a moment's delay, Captain Young announced himself ready for the row over to the gull colony, and thus we set out in his dory for what proved to be the greatest sight in the bird line that had ever fallen to my lot. On Two Bush Island, which lay directly in our path, a big flock of gulls arose from a jutting ledge and I exclaimed at the unusual number, but my companions smiled quietly and remarked that we had not yet begun to see gulls. Thus we approached No Man's Land and I soon felt well repaid for my visit, even if not another bird should be seen while we remained.

Young gulls and old gulls were everywhere. This island is some twelve acres in extent and it did not seem that there was a square yard of it which did not hold one or more birds. One side of the island is sparsely covered with turf and the other is given up to a growth of stunted black spruce trees. Gulls, white and dark, roosted on every rock, covering also all the grassland. Up in the trees big white birds had alighted on the bare branches, one above the other, forming a series of terraces of living and glistening forms. As we drew near we saw several of the great black-backed gulls sitting with the others, merely visitors it seemed, for these big fellows had bred further north and were now coming south to spend the winter on the outer shores along the coast. Captain Young steered for Rumguzzle Cove, the elegant name applied to a wonderful natural inlet, a depression of the high rocky formation of the island, nearly cutting it in two. Here it is related a drunken crew from the West Indies was wrecked and drowned, while a big cask of rum went ashore on the rocks and landed high and dry in this cove, where it was afterward rescued by the neighboring fishermen. The place served our purpose now, but it was no easy task to get out of the boat on the ledges without getting wet. It could not have been done without the aid of so skillful a boatman as Captain Young.

Now the wonder of the scene opened before us. We were right in the midst of the gulls, which shrieked and barked over our heads, eyed us with suspicion from the cliffs on either hand, and fled in our pathway up to the highest point of the island. The young gulls were there in thousands, being easily recognized by their brown plumage, while the adult birds were a glossy white. Captain Young put the difference before us in his pithy way, when he remarked, "You see the dark ones—well, sir, every one of them was an egg this spring." Now we began to thread our way among the gulls up the steep cleft in the rocks and our real experience began. Young gulls, hardly able to fly, fled before us and tumbled down among the rocks with much weak flapping of wings. Picking themselves up they perched at a safe distance and regarded us with no look of favor. Over our heads swarmed more than a thousand adult gulls, every white beak sending forth a discordant cry. On our left there was another thousand and on our right as many more, perched on the ledges, on the grass, and in the tops of the spruce trees. Down at our feet, in the water, was a bunch of birds that must have numbered over a thousand, and as many more in sight in the water on the other side of the island. Besides these the farther ends of the rocks were still covered with gulls out of observation and as yet resting easily, though as we progressed over the island they constantly rose over us in a threatening cloud.

"How many gulls are there on the island?" I asked Captain Young and he replied confidently, "Well, sir, we estimate them at 10,000." This was surprising and I looked around me with a critical eye. But I could not contradict him, for that seemed to be a fair computation. I counted a section of the swimming flocks and judged that there were two or three thousand in the water, while the birds were as thick over our heads as a swarm of mosquitoes. There may be no more than six thousand birds, and there may be as many as twelve thousand; no one can say, for it is impossible to count them. Captain Young's estimate of ten thousand therefore, will have to stand undisputed, at least until more accurate information can be obtained. We saw not a single nest, but plenty of places where they had been built. Captain Young says the birds tear their nests to pieces as soon as they are done with them, but they are nothing but a collection of sticks and soft material placed on the ledges and grass ground and doubtless the young birds, during their growth, scatter what is of no further use to them. On the islands further east gulls often build their nests in trees, but we saw none of that kind here.

There is no breeding place for herring gulls nearer to Portland, and doubtless many of the gulls seen around Portland Harbor, spring and fall, belong at No Man's Land and to Captain Young, who fondly claims ownership of them all, no matter where they are found. And the way he protects them is good to behold. Mind you, he owns the island on which they breed, and he is the warden selected by Mr. Dutcher, of the Audubon Society, to see that they are not molested. Armed with this authority and being proprietor of their nesting ground, he has an immense advantage over the lawless hunter of eggs or pearly plumage. His big sign on the most conspicuous part of the island warns off any intruder, in language that cannot be misunderstood. Woe to the gunner who disregards that warning, for the strong hand of the law is likely to lay hold of him.

Enemies of Bird Life.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have carefully read Mr. Forbush's articles on "Natural Enemies of Birds," and think in every case his statements are correct. From personal observation, I can verify all he states about the destructiveness of crows and squirrels. I have seen where crows have destroyed hundreds of eggs of the night heron, where in a colony of from fifty to seventy-five nests containing from two to five eggs apiece, not one was left, and in another near by of about one hundred nests, more than half had been robbed, and I saw the crows in the act of taking eggs from the others. The only good I ever knew a crow to do was once to rob another crow's nest. I found one of the eggs, which had been carried quite a long ways, and the hole in the side showed plainly that it was the work of crows.

I have seen squirrels robbing nests, and have known one to take four young robins nearly large enough to fly from the nest, which was in a tall elm in a large city.

All Mr. Forbush says of foxes is true. I know that they kill a great many ruffed grouse as well as a great deal of poultry, but I think they kill very few small birds; in fact, I believe they do the birds more good than harm, for they kill a great many squirrels and chipmunks, and these would destroy a great many more birds than do the foxes. Besides this, no one seems to notice the good they do in killing so many cats. Our woods are infested by half-wild cats, which live largely on birds and among them kill a great many woodcock and ruffed grouse. Just let a fox find one of these cats, and his only chance of escape is by climbing a tree. Probably there are few things which a fox likes better for a meal than a house cat. They rarely eat the heads, and I have known the heads of three cats to be found at one time under a barn where a fox had eaten them. A guide of unquestioned truthfulness tells of once seeing a fox chasing a house cat, and of another which he saw walking the top of a fence with the hindquarters of two cats in his mouth.

I often wonder why hawks and owls are written of as the friends of the farmers, and the same persons speak of the damage done by foxes and weasels. If this were reversed it would be much nearer the truth, as my observation goes. I have seen hundreds of hawks, but I have never seen one either catch or eat a mouse, a mole or rat. I have carefully dissected scores of owls of eight different species, and many hawks of nine species, and have never seen any evidence of one of them having ever eaten mouse, mole or rat, except muskrat, while of the many sharp-shinned hawks I have killed I have rarely killed one which had not just destroyed some small bird, usually some species of warbler, and I have found the crop of a broad-winged hawk, which is said to be harmless, full of the bones of small birds, evidently taken from the nest. My opinion is that one fox will kill more mice and moles than all the hawks and owls in a township.

As to weasels, I have heard of their killing fowl, but in traveling the woods for sixty years, and for some thirty winters having been in the woods nearly half the days from December to April, I have never seen any evidence of weasel troubling grouse or birds of any kind, though I have twice seen them have mice or moles which they had just killed.

One weasel will kill out the mice from a camp or the rats and mice from farm buildings quicker than any ten cats can do it. When a weasel enters farm buildings he usually pays his whole attention to the mice and rats, and as he can follow rats into any place they can get into, he soon cleans out the premises, and very rarely molests any kind of fowl. Yet when he is known to do so much good the hand of every farmer is against him.

All that Mr. Forbush tells of bluejays is true; but he has omitted to speak of his near relative, the Canada jay, which is a greater rascal than he is. I know no bird or animal to compare him to for cunning, rascality and greed. He can find nests which neither a crow nor a bluejay would ever think of finding, and he gets all there is, because if he cannot eat all the young ones at once he will carry them away and hide them for future need.

Besides English sparrows, cuckoos, blackbirds, skunks, raccoons, minks, sable, fisher, mice and snakes, birds have another enemy which destroys a great many young birds and sometimes the eggs just hatching. I have seen nests of ground sparrows when all the young were being eaten by small red ants, and several times where all the young of both robins and cedarbirds had been killed by large black ants. The ants came in such numbers that probably the parents were unable to protect the young. It seems a wonder that any birds are left when they have so many enemies among birds and animals, not to mention the small boy with air gun and sling shot, who is responsible for the death of great numbers.

Manly Hardy.

A Freak Fox.

A mounted freak fox, owner by L. R. Nelson, of Winchester, N. H., killed in January of this year, resembles the cross, silver and woods gray fox, but is not like any of them; it has the large black spot on fore shoulder about six inches square, like the cross fox; and chest, belly, tail and under parts of sides are black with silver tipped; the sides and hips are black under the prominent gray. The only red on it is down the spine from kidneys to tail. The tail is tipped with white, the ears are four inches long. The fox stands 17½ inches high and weighed 12¾ pounds. It has been pronounced by the best judges of fur to be altogether different from the wood gray or the cross fox. The hair is longer and coarser than any of them.

THE WORLD RENOWNED MANY-USE OIL.
Is the *only* sure rust preventive on guns in any weather.—*Adv.*

Moccasin and Minnows.

Galena, Mo.—Fish Lake Slough is a narrow neck connecting Fish Lake with the Ohio River one mile above Shawneetown, the oldest city in Illinois, since the site of Kaskaskia has been eaten away by the current. While sauntering along the shady banks one warm summer afternoon Harry, Louis and myself observed that thousands of bass had congregated and were feeding in the overflow waters of this slough, which had been backed up by the river. The fish were continually coming to the surface in their chase after minnows. A water moccasin was lying partly on a floating clapboard with his tail resting upon a small snag. He was feasting upon minnows that flounced out of the water when they were pursued by the bass, and alighted upon the clapboard. For half an hour we watched this exhibition with interest. Several times the bass came up underneath the board, turning it over and throwing the snake off. The moccasin seemed to be in no wise discouraged or "rattled," but would deliberately readjust himself and proceed as before.

I recently read a statment that many rough fish have been frozen into the ice and ground near shore, but that the wary bass are never so caught unless the entire body of water freezes to the bottom. I have seen tons of fine bass frozen and killed near the edge of Fish Lake, in fourteen-inch ice, when a short distance further from shore the water was ten feet deep.

The bass fishing in James and White rivers is excellent for about nine months in the year, as a rule. These are mountain streams, fed by many springs, and are beautifully clear and as swift in most places as a mill race, with now and then an eddy or a hole with a comparatively still water. The fish are both large and small-mouth, and fighters not to be compared with those hooked in lakes and suggish streams, and relatively as superior in their edible qualities. The climate is free from malaria and deliciously invigorating.

L. F. T.

Care of Captives.

The Civil Service Board of New York city recently examined twelve men who desired places as animal keepers and attendants in the Zoo. Some of the questions and the answers that some of the applicants made were these:

Question—On what are deer fed in captivity?

Answer—They are fed during captivity on whatever you can get that agrees with them at the time they are in captivity.

Question—What is a bird?

Answer—A bird is an animal with wings.

Question—An animal?

Answer—Well, a creature with wings and feathers.

Question—On what is a boa constrictor fed?

Answer—A boa constrictor is fed on worms as often as twice a day.

Another Answer—A boa constrictor is fed on potatoes, cabbage and food which will agree with him. He is fed as often as four times a day, or according to his health.

Question—What is the common fatal disease among monkeys?

Answer—The fatal disease among monkeys is fleas.

Question—Name three birds of prey in the United States.

Answer—The fox, the wild cat, and the bear.

Animal Importers Petition.

Importers of animals and birds of this city, says the New York Times, have begun an agitation through Collector Stranahan and the Department of the Treasury to abolish the practice of collecting a fee of $5 for every bird or animal importation on account of expert examination.

In 1900 a law was passed to prevent the importation of undesirable birds and animals, and the Secretary of Agriculture received authority to devise rules for carrying out the law.

The rules provide that no birds or animals shall be imported except upon a permit from the Department of Agriculture stating in detail what kind of animals or birds they are. After the customs officials have examined the importations on arrival they compare the lists on the permit with the importations, to see if the birds or beasts are actually as described.

Because customs officials are not naturalists, experts are called in and allowed to charge a fee for examining the importations. This custom the importers wish to have abolished.

Camp Surgery.

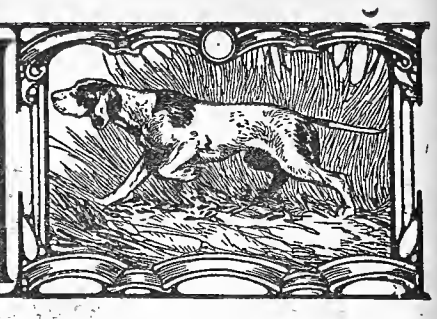
New York, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Forest and Stream for Sept. 23 I find an excellent article by Senex on camp surgery, but he runs straight into giving a bit of advice that would be dangerous. After describing well the usefulness of boric acid as a wound dressing, he advises its employment in a case of punctured wound made by a rusty nail, for the purpose of preventing lockjaw. The bacteria of lockjaw live in the soil and seem to be particularly fond of the region of iron that is becoming oxidized. Boric acid is a very weak antiseptic and one that is of little service against this particular bacterium. The bacteria of lockjaw imprisoned in a punctured wound and covered by boric acid, according to the directions, would be likely to become virulent at once. Nature destroys these bacteria by pouring out blood serum, which is germicidal for a few hours only. The surgeon helps by opening up the wound freely and adding strong antiseptics which supplement the germicidal action of blood serum. A punctured wound made by a rusty nail is therefore not to be plugged with a weak antiseptic, and dammed with a firm compress.

Robert T. Morris.

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GAME BAG AND GUN



Then and Now.

BY DR. WM. M. BYRAM.

When forest nuts were falling with the frost,
And sere October's brush had touched the wood
With magic colors of her myriad hues,
With dog and gun I strolled one autumn day,
To where, in boyhood's hours forever past—
That "golden age" of all men's memory—
I knew so well the haunts of wildfowl once.

For years I had been in an active world,
The ceaseless grind of life, with little rest,
And so had come once more where, as a boy,
I watched the gorgeous mallard's steady flight.

All day I walked in thoughtful solitude.
The change of years impressed at every glance.
The stream was there, but only by the verge
Rose trees, where once a great old forest stood.
At length I came upon the one-time marsh,
Where oft the thunder of a thousand wings
Had echoed through the forest where it stood.
I looked long on a field of stunted grain—
In hopeless memory of other days.

All day I noted little of game life—
A few short lines of birds, high up in air,
On rapid wing were beating toward the south;
From off a hickory a red squirrel leaped
Among the leaves and scampered to his den;
Once, far in open field a hawk was perched,
As if he now slept after midday meal,
While from a wooded hill a quail's low call
Was faintly sounding to his scattered mates.

As I returned at eve with heavy step,
And scarcely fired a shot within the wood,
I read the lesson well of men's great greed
For blood of all the life of wood and stream.
Like our dark brothers of primeval days,
The game is swiftly passing from the earth.

A Woman in New Brunswick.

We left Tilton, N. H., one bright September day to take our long-planned moose hunt in New Brunswick. We started from Boston at night, taking a sleeper for St. John, arriving next day at noon. We spent a very pleasant afternoon in driving about the city and seeing all the points of interest. We left St. John that night at 7:30, arriving at Bathurst at 2:22 A. M., this being the end of our railway journey. We found our genial guide, Mr. W. H. Allen, of Penniac, N. B., waiting to welcome us to the land of the moose and to see that we were safely started on the first twelve miles of the trip to camp. We had a comfortable carriage and arrived at the end of the settlement just as it was coming daylight. Here we had breakfast and changed our clothes for hunting suits, put on long-legged leather boots, warranted waterproof, which meant the water got in and could not get out; took our places on the "tote" wagon and began the all day's ride over twenty-four of the worst miles of road we ever had the bad luck to be jolted on. However, we reached Camp Caribou after dark and found the cook waiting for us with plenty of baked beans, and they did taste good. Soon the air mattresses were inflated and we were sleeping as only one can after eighteen hours of open air exercise.

In the morning we were able to see what kind of a place we were in, as it had been too dark at night to see anything but trees. The camp faced the river and was situated on a high bank, so the outlook up the river was very fine. There were two small lakes above and two below us which were the headwaters of the Tetegouche River. The first day we went up the lakes in a canoe and I saw my first wild moose; he was a young bull, but we wanted larger game, so watched him for some time and then quietly paddled away leaving him still there feeding. The second day we saw a fine deer on the shore of the lake at a distance of 140 yards. I fired from the bottom of the canoe and much to the guide's astonishment killed him with one shot, so we were supplied with fresh meat and found it fine eating.

After this we hunted several days before we saw anything but tracks. The next thing we saw was a calf moose feeding on the shore of the lake, but there seemed to be no old ones with him. A few days later we saw another calf and got very close to him. He was a pretty shaggy fellow, about the size of a Shetland pony. He did not see us and fed up very close, at last he got the scent and trotted quickly away. We made various trips to other ponds and bogs, and on coming back would usually find fresh moose tracks on our boat landing.

On the eighth day we went to one of the upper lakes and the guide gave his persuasive call on the birch-bark horn and away off on the hill we heard a faint sound. We waited, listening intently, and at last heard the sound of antlers on the trees. "It is a bull moose," whispered the guide, "don't move." Soon we could hear the great creature crashing over fallen trees and through the underbrush. When nearly down to the edge of the lake he stopped; that was a moment of suspense. Would he come out in sight or would he detect the fraud and steal away? Presently, however, he came on again and we could see his great head and antlers through the trees. How large he looked as he leisurely walked out into the lake looking for the cow he hoped to find there. Noiselessly as a phantom the canoe slowly drew a little nearer and turned into position. Now we are to know whether the much dreaded buck fever will set the nerves jumping and the rifle sights dancing, or whether the bull is ours. It was my first moose. He was 150 yards across the lake, but the Mannlicher bullet went straight to the fore shoulder, broke the bone, went back and was found in the hind quarter. It was a deadly shot, but we gave him a few more to finish him, and not let him suffer. He fell in the water on a sandy beach, so we dragged him partly out and dressed him. He was a fine fellow, beautifully colored, and had perfectly symmetrical antlers. We took his picture as he lay in the lake. While we were dressing him we heard another moose walking in the bushes, but he did not come out in sight.

I had shot my first moose in the great forest of New Brunswick, and best of all had made a clean shot and had not had "buck fever." Now it was Mr. Moses' time; and although we worked hard, no answering grunt was heard to the guide's plaintive notes until next to the last day in camp, then toward sunset we heard the much wished for sound, every minute coming nearer and nearer, until at last he was close at hand. We waited anxiously until he should come out into the lake. As soon as he could see him Mr. Moses gave him two shots in rapid succession. The huge animal, terrified, turned and ran into the woods. The guide thought best not to follow him, as they often run miles when badly wounded, so we went back to camp to wait until morning. We were out early the next morning, and on going to the place found tracks but no blood. We followed only a short distance, however, before we found him stretched out calm and peaceful, beautiful to look upon, his antlers perfect in size and color. He had been hit with a .30-30, which went nearly through him lengthwise, and had died within a short time after being shot.

The peaceful days and quiet nights had passed quickly, our hunt was over. We had our two moose and a deer and an immeasurable amount of good health stored up for the future. Never before had we lived on the "fat of the land" as on this trip—fresh vegetables, trout from the river, wild cranberries, blueberries and raspberries, all sorts of good things in cans, plenty of bacon and ham, besides all the fine moose and deer steak we could eat. Our guide was a thorough woodsman and one of the few men who think of everything and think nothing too hard for the pleasure and comfort of his party. The evenings in camp were passed in hearing story after story of the hunter's life and his many exciting adventures. It was with real regret we said good-by as the train came rushing in that was to take us back again to the busy everyday world.

Mabel P. Moses.

West Virginia Past and Present.

Hu. Maxwell has been making an exploration of the wilderness regions of West Virginia, once famous for their supply of game and fish. Of the discouraging conditions now existing he writes in the Morgantown Chronicle:

The professional hunter's occupation passed away in West Virginia long ago, and the amateur sportsman's is following in the same path. Our development is destroying the retreats where game and fish found their last refuge; and the unsportsmanlike conduct of many of the amateurs who go out to hunt and fish is contributing much to destroy what little still remains.

The practical extinction of the wild creatures of woods and streams was impressed upon my attention during my two weeks' trip among the mountains of this State. During a journey of 342 miles, a large part of it on foot through the wildernesses and over the mountains, in the wildest part of West Virginia, I saw not one trace of deer or bear, not one pheasant, no wild turkeys, except a brood which had been domesticated; no quail, only one gray squirrel, two snipes, not one rabbit, or duck, or wild pigeon. It may thus be inferred that game is no longer plentiful.

Fish were no less scarce. A small number of very small trout was all. They were so small that no fisherman with self-respect would spend much time looking for them.

On Glady Fork of Cheat River, which was once the realization of all the hopes and aspirations of the trout fisherman, not one remains, so far as I could see or hear. I met again at Glady a small crowd that I had seen in Grafton on my way to the mountains. They had reached Glady one day ahead of me, having gone over from Elkins on the Coal and Iron railroad. When I met them they were on the back track toward home. They explained briefly and with extreme disgust that they had been lured upon a fool's journey, and that the last trout had died of suffocation in the stream which was once clear and pure, but now choked and foul with the refuse from the forest, which is disappearing beneath the lumberman's ax.

I made no effort to catch fish there. One glance at the surroundings convinced me that it was useless. As well might one try to catch trout in the vats of a tanyard. But instead of taking my back track at the first rebuff, I shouldered my pack and struck deeper into the mountains in search of streams still unpolluted by the bark, leaves and sawdust of the lumberman and his sawmills.

Six or seven miles beyond, and on the other side of a mountain 3,700 feet high, I came to Laurel Fork, another tributary of Cheat River. The lumberman has not touched this stream, except near its mouth. It flows through a wilderness as wild as it was when Columbus discovered America. Here, if anywhere, trout ought to be found. I knew that they once existed, for I fished in that stream on the day that I was twenty-one years old. Of course, that was a long time ago, but it is not quite ancient history, and my memory is sufficiently clear to remember it distinctly. On that September day the stream was alive with trout. Little branches, with scarcely enough water to conceal a fish, were filled, and one hour's work was sufficient to satisfy any fisherman possessing the true instincts of the amateur who always knows when he has caught enough, and is willing to leave some for the next man.

A great change has taken place. Laurel Fork has been fished to death. I found evidences of this in the deserted camps with the ground littered with empty meat tins, showing that the fishermen had been there by the week. After trying my luck a part of two days, with nothing to show for it except two or three weak nibbles, I concluded that I had no further business on Laurel Fork, and I pulled out for new fields.

A few days afterward I was telling a citizen of my discouraging experience on Laurel Fork, when he proceeded to tell me how different it used to be on that stream. He said that he and two others had killed a deer and caught 900 trout on Laurel Fork in one afternoon. That is a sample of what has taken place. It explains what has become of the trout which once swarmed in that stream. They have been wantonly destroyed by human hogs, whose dull instincts permit them to catch 900 trout in one afternoon. No wonder the trout have disappeared. What any man would want with 300 trout (each of the three men's share) is past finding out.

This is not the first case that has come under my observation in West Virginia of the inexcusable and wanton destruction of trout. A few years ago I went fishing on Burgoo and Leatherwood creeks, in Webster county, and not meeting with the success I expected, some of the mountaineers proceeded to regale me with accounts of how they used to catch trout on those streams. They said they had often caught more than they could carry home and "threw them away." I suggested that all over and above what they wanted for themselves should have been left alive.

"Oh," was the reply, "if we did not catch them somebody else would, and we might as well have the fun as anybody."

Senseless and useless destruction of the wild creatures of streams, or forest, or air, never appealed to me as a civilized kind of fun. But I am convinced that it is only so-called civilized people who indulge in that species of destruction. I have spent a good deal of time with Indian hunters and fishermen in the West, and they can set examples that will put to shame many a white sportsman with destructive impulses. The Indian hunter kills only what game or fish he can use. He never ceases to express contempt for the white man's wantonness in killing game that he cannot use, or catching fish after he has enough. I once obtained useful lessons on this subject while among the Indians in the mountains of British Columbia. The head streams of the Frazer River were so filled with fish that a man could catch a wagonload in a day. Yet the Indians wasted none, and were quick to rebuke any tendency on my part to do so. It is the same way with hunting. The Indians often remonstrate with white hunters for killing more game than they need. When these remonstrances have proved in vain, as they usually do, I have known the Indians to go stealthily ahead of the white hunters, and endeavor to drive the game away.

But this is digression, although if the white man can learn lessons from savages, I see no reason why he should not do so.

Meeting with no success on Laurel Fork, I crossed the Alleghany Mountains to Big Run, in Pendleton county, fifteen miles further. That was a famous trout stream once. It is lifeless now. One glance at its banks was enough for me, and I did not unwind my fish lines.

That region was once the finest range for deer in the State. Old hunters tell me that it used to be the common thing to see several deer every time a person passed along the paths through the woods, and it was difficult to follow the tracks of a single deer because tracks of others were too numerous. That was when timber covered the country. The deer has gone the way of all the earth. The forests have also gone. Over tracts of hundreds of acres hardly so much as a stump remains. Fire destroyed everything. The hunter has no business there, and the sooner he gets out of sight of the desolate hills with their unbroken expanses of fern, and nothing else, the better he will feel.

Southwest of this district lies what is still called "the hunting ground." The people yet call it by that name, but it is a misnomer now. While passing through the miles of fern, growing on the hard soil of the hills, I saw nothing more pretentious than a ground squirrel. The country is still unsettled. That is, a house is seen only once in several miles. I believe I walked eight or nine miles without passing a house. If the torch had not been applied to the forest, I doubt not that it would still be a good place to hunt deer.

Along the North Fork River I heard of fish, but I saw none. I did not try to catch any, because I was discouraged. I saw a company of ten from Pittsburg who had gone to the North Fork to fish. They had been successful to the extent of catching one small eel when I saw them, which was the second day of their endeavor. They were hopeful, however, and were confident that their luck would change with the clearing of the weather. They had been fishing in the rain.

High water prevented me from trying in Seneca Creek. The last time I had been there, which was a good while ago, trout ten or twelve inches long could be caught in abundance, and sometimes they were caught as large as eighteen inches. On the occasion of my present trip I was told that no trout of any kind can be caught in Seneca until the headwaters are reached; and of late the lumbermen have invaded the headwaters, and that means that Seneca Creek will soon not have a fish in it.

Leaving the waters of the upper Potomac I crossed two ranges of mountains, the Alleghanies and Canaan Mountain, a distance of about twenty miles, and reached the headwaters of Black Fork of Cheat River, in the famous valley of Canaan, which was at one time the paradise of

the hunter and the fisherman. When I first became acquainted with that region, in 1876, it was an unbroken wilderness covering an area of 100 square miles, with only two or three houses in the whole region. It was a famous hunting ground. The northern end of it was called Canada, the southern end Canaan. It has a rather firm place in my memory from the fact that the first camping out I ever did was in the northern end of this region, when I was fifteen years old. The expedition was of several days' duration. It is something which I deem worth mentioning that a boy who was with me on that occasion, in 1876, afterward became the discoverer of Chilcoot Pass, in Alaska, the highway to the Klondyke, through which the railroad was afterward built.

The Canaan valley was for two or three generations the most famous hunting ground in West Virginia. The last elk killed in the State was shot there in 1856. When I first knew the region, deer, bears and panthers were plentiful, although I never bothered them and they never bothered me.

When I visited the valley a few weeks ago the country was transformed. Instead of being a wilderness, it is a series of fine meadows, thickly dotted with farmhouses. A splendid highway runs down the valley. I entered the southern end and followed the road to Black Fork, four or five miles distant. The stream is crossed by a steel bridge. The last time I was there I crawled across on a cherry log. The banks of the stream were then dense masses of brush. In some places they are that way yet, but the stream is different. The lumberman has done his work, with the usual result. At the point where the bridge crosses, the bed of the creek was filled with several hundred sawlogs, ready to float to Davis on the next flood. The current was never strong, and it is now so sluggish that movement is scarcely visible.

This was once the finest trout fishing, but is not so now. I found a camp of fishers on the bank of the stream, consisting of about a dozen persons, men and women. They had a wagon and horses. They seemed to be satisfied with their success, although they had caught only one fish, a trout as long as a lead pencil. They had it on exhibition, and pointed to it with unconcealed pride, and with hilarious laughter. I suppose the campers were summer visitors from some city, as they seemed unused to country ways. The young ladies were making awkward but commendable efforts to ride the horses bareback up and down the road. I am quite sure they would not know how to use sidesaddles.

I was impressed with the view these campers took of fishing. They found more satisfaction with that one trout, than the three porcine bipeds previously mentioned found with the 900 which they caught and wasted. The hunter or fisherman who has the true instincts finds his pleasure in the wild, free life of the forest, in the pure air, in the romance of the woods or the beauty of river and brook, and not in the mere number of his catches.

I passed on down the Canaan valley, and saw nothing but burned woods, outside the fields that had been cleared. The streams were choked with trash in which fish could not live. Passing out of Canaan valley, and some six or eight miles after crossing Backbone Mountain, I found a stream in which I had caught many a trout in years gone by. I tried it again with very poor success. Only a few small trout could be found. It was another case of a stream that had been fished to death. I was told that unprincipled persons had killed practically all the fish in the stream with dynamite. A man who is mean enough to dynamite trout is fit for treason. Yet I am told that it has frequently been done.

I had now reached the waters of Horseshoe Run, in Tucker county. I followed that stream to its mouth and came to Cheat River, some twenty-five miles south of Rowlesburg. I made a boat and started down the river. That stream was once as good bass fishing as could be found in the State, and there were plenty of catfish and wall-eyed pike. I was told that fish are still plentiful, but the water is so foul that the fish are tainted and are unfit for use. The tanneries at Davis and Parsons, and the paper mills, discharge into the river, and the water is basely contaminated. The fish survive, but they are unfit for any respectable fisherman's line. Further down the stream they are said not to be so bad. I floated down the river eleven miles, but I made no effort to catch anything. The black and reeking water turned my thoughts from the subject of catching fish.

Taken all in all, my expedition through the most secluded and rugged part of the State convinced me that fish and wild game are practically things of the past, and I had doubts whether game laws and game wardens would ever again be needed in this part of the State. But while talking of the matter with L. E. Friend, the Morgantown photographer, he gave reason for taking a brighter view of the situation. He had just returned from his old home in Garret county, Md., and told me that since the lumbermen have ceased operations there the streams have cleared their channels of offal from the sawmills, and fish are once more plentiful. It was necessary to stock some of the creeks where the fish had become extinct. When the lumberman finishes his labors in West Virginia, perhaps our creeks can be made tenable again. But that is in the far future, because our forests will last a long time.

Protector Pond.

This letter from Mr. Nelson O. Tiffany, president of the Erie County Society for the Study and Protection of Song Birds, Fish and Game, reflects, we take it, the feeling of sportsmen and protective associations through the State as to the service Major Pond has rendered as chief game and fish protector:

"Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1905.—Major J. Warren Pond, Chief Game Protector, Albany, N. Y.: My Dear Major—I was delighted to receive yours of the 22d, and to realize that you are still with the Department. I saw a statement that you had resigned, and I regretted exceedingly that the Department was to lose your ability and experience.

"You have filled the position, I am sure, to the satisfaction of all who are seeking to enforce the protection laws. I trust that the newspaper report that you have resigned is not correct, and am, sincerely yours,

"Nelson O. Tiffany."

A New Brunswick Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of your readers may be interested in what has come under the observation of one who has just returned from a hunting expedition in the woods of New Brunswick, Canada.

For this trip the point of leaving the railway was Doaktown, a station on the Canadian Eastern, and the hunting region in the vicinity of Meswall Pond, some fifteen miles to the southwest. This pond, including its marshy shores, may be a mile in length and a half-mile wide. It is so shallow that moose can walk about in almost the whole area, and has a flat surrounding country. Some five or six miles to the south is the Cains River, with an almost trailless forest intervening, while in all directions it is surrounded by thickly wooded country for considerable distance. Camp was made near one end of the lake under the direction of Thomas Weaver, guide, and Miles Maroney, cook. We got things into shape during the afternoon of the 14th—the day before the opening of the season. Following this moose were seen in the early morning and late afternoon of almost every day feeding in the waters and about the shore, usually, however, at points most distant from our camp, but with the aid of a good field glass could be, in most instances, quite clearly observed. In nearly all cases those seen would prove to be cows or calves. For the first four days but two bulls were seen. One was approached to within some 200 yards, but as the head carried small horns (the animal being smaller than the average cow) he was allowed to go his way in safety.

No moose were encountered in still-hunting in the woods. Upon the fifth morning, before the light was good, I saw a bull with what appeared to be a fair head. He was approached to within what afterward turned out to be 225 yards, and I concluded to take my chances, I firing as he presented a side view. The only effect of this shot was a startled jump that turned him head toward me; my second shot following quickly he reared on his hind legs, turning and making off with full side view exposed; with my third shot he stopped short, his rear legs giving way, head going up and then pitching over on his side. So far as I or my guide could see not a motion was made, even with his feet, and when we reached the point he was found "stone dead." The head proved to be rather disappointing, the spread being only a trifle over forty inches; measured around the curve of the horns, however, the distance was over sixty inches. The shape of horn was not wholly characteristic of the moose. The gun used was a .35 caliber Winchester. My guide being in a good position to observe, insisted that the moose had been struck only by the last shot, and in the position which he lay, the result of this was the only one that appeared, it being one squarely through the body from side to side, well back of the shoulders. When removing the hide a bullet from which the jacket had been stripped, was found back of the hip, lodged against the skin. As the skinning proceeded it was found that this bullet had entered the side of the neck a foot or more in front of the shoulder on the side opposite from where found, it having traversed diagonally almost the longest possible course through the length of the body. Anyone who has observed the tremendous tearing effect of these heavy, high velocity mushrooming bullets, will understand about what sort of state of affairs was found when the carcass was opened; it seemed as though the interior had been all torn in shreds. Death must have speedily followed, although the animal would probably have gone considerable distance. The cross bullet passed through the heart, (an unusually large organ in the moose) and in this instance at least, death followed immediately. Wounds to other internal organs than the heart, in animals of a strenuous nature, do not appear to produce such a shocking effect in the bone or muscular system. Two years ago, in the Maine woods, while alone, I shot a deer as he was going from me; without the least sign of a stagger, and with one bound he went into the brush and out of sight. Searching, I found a blood trail which I marked, and then went back to camp. Returning an hour or so later with my guide, we trailed for about 100 yards, where we found the deer dead. Apparently he had traveled until he had dropped in this position. It was found that the ball (from this same .35 caliber rifle) had entered the flank and passed out in front of the shoulder on the opposite side, the trail of the bullet being almost exactly as in the case of the moose, and the effect even worse because in the body of a smaller animal.

With the moose taken, my attention to this species of game was filled, and we made our search for caribou. Still, moose were seen about the pond without searching effort on our part, and I had further opportunities of observing their action. In this pond, if there had been a growth of lilies, they had entirely disappeared, but much of the bottom was covered with a growth of short grass-like vegetation, and this appeared to afford the attraction for moose. I had previously supposed that when feeding in water they seized hold of what was attractive to them, and after withdrawing their heads from the water, proceeded with masticating what they had gathered. From my observation at this pond I am satisfied that with their heads down in the water they graze and masticate in the same manner that cattle do, for example, when at pasture, withdrawing their heads only to take new breath. They would keep their heads down, often entirely submerged, from forty-five seconds to one minute, and after a brief interval out, return to their under-water feeding. When alert, and with the air still, it is surprising how far they can detect a slight sound of the human voice, and with what speed so large and heavy an animal can trot away over the marshy ground that is so yielding that it is almost impossible for a human being to pass over at all. Upon one morning I saw fourteen moose, all in sight at one time, from one position of observation. I do not, however, think there was a single bull among them. On the evening of a later day of my stay, I saw in the pond a moose with the sort of a head I had hoped to get. From his position and the direction of the wind it would have been an easy matter to have approached to within about 200 yards. Aided by a field glass we watched for a half an hour, during which period he remained feeding at almost the same spot. As he would put his head down in the water my guide remarked there appeared to be room enough between his horns to paddle a canoe. This was one of the cases where I regretted my having been so "quick on the trigger." In traversing the region for miles about this pond, moose signs were plentifully seen everywhere, and almost equally so those of deer. By the calendar the season was at hand when bulls should have come to call, but we were not able to get any response save on the first night which was before the opening of the season, and was the only cold, frosty night during our stay in the woods. Mr. Weaver attributed this inability to get response to the out-of-season warm weather, accompanied as it was by so much wind and rain. There was only one cow call heard, and that on our last night in camp.

No success attended my hunting for caribou, though fairly fresh signs were seen. The caribou grounds were situated so that it required a walk of five or six miles to reach them. This ten or twelve miles' walk through forest trails of itself constitutes not a small part of a day's work, leaving only the middle and unfavorable portion of the day for hunting. We should have moved our camp into the caribou region after disposing of the moose.

Digressing from my subject to that of gun caliber, and adding my quota to the mass of conflicting opinions given, would say that long ago I carried the .38-56. With the advent of the high power, small caliber sporting, I carried a .30-30 Winchester carbine. For the past four seasons I have had the .35, and for large game pin my faith to this arm, though I usually take my .30 caliber with me into camp where I can. I believe that the .35 caliber has superior stopping powers to any other rifle, other than possibly the .405. Its 24-inch barrel with the weight well concentrated about the breech, makes it an arm that can be carried easily in thick woods and quickly gotten into position. With mine I have never, so far as I know, given a deer a wound and have him escape; save in the instance here noted, everyone has been stopped short with one shot. Where one wants the .30 caliber I am strongly inclined to the carbine. So far as my observation goes, the penetration and accuracy of this does not differ materially from that of the full length rifle, while its light weight and shortness makes it much handier. I have all my rifles fitted with Lyman sights. To me these appear superior for every kind of shooting, and particularly so for quick work at a moving object.

In coming out of the woods I was favored with a sight that is not often the privilege of the sportsman hunter. A wagon having come in the evening before, we broke camp with the first light of day, in a drizzling rain. With the loading of the equipage my guide and self started on foot ahead. We had gone some three miles, and I had just a few minutes before shot the head from a partridge that appeared in the road. The woods being rather free from underbrush, I had walked rather faster and was something like 100 yards in advance of my guide, when my eyes fell on a large bull moose not more than seventy-five yards away, and a little to one side of the trail, he standing looking at me. I, of course, stopped short, when this fellow commenced advancing directly toward me. He would advance a few steps, stop, shake his head and utter those fierce grunts. The guide (Weaver) coming up in no way deterred this advance, which was continued until he was not more than twenty-five or thirty yards distant. Mr. Weaver, by shouting and throwing sticks, stopped his advancing farther, and he turned and went off into the woods, showing, however, no particular hurry in doing so. I wanted the opportunity of shooting and was in hopes that he would "charge," giving me justification. He was rather a large fellow with a spread of horns apparently of nearly sixty inches. One can readily understand that he presented a formidable appearance in his advancing maneuvers. Mr. Weaver tells me that in his thirty years' experience as woodsman and guide, he never but once before saw a moose act in this manner, although he had frequently heard of their doing so. Had I been free to take a moose I would have shot him on first seeing him, and thus been deprived of the sight that followed, which in itself was worth a trip into the woods.

While I did not succeed in getting a caribou I feel that the hunt was a success, and that my guide did all that could be done. I also wish to acknowledge obligations for courtesies to Mr. George E. Weathen, the Superior School teacher of Doaktown, who is, besides, an ardent sportsman. Also to Mr. Daniel Doak, who has leased privileges about the pond. All parties I met in New Brunswick expressed kindly interest and appeared to welcome visiting sportsmen. They all, residents and guides, so far as I had conversation with them, express disapproval of the act increasing the license fee from $30 to $50.

E. Graves.

New Jersey, Sept. 30.

Tennessee Game.

Sportsmen generally will be much pleased to learn that owing to the effectiveness of the game law of 1903 Tennessee has more quail than for many years. The season opens Nov. 1, and as the prospects for fine quail shooting are splendid, many sportsmen from other States will probably avail themselves of the opportunities for sport, particularly as the Tennessee game laws are exceedingly liberal to non-residents, the license fee being only $10 for the whole State, and the shooter is not limited as to the amount or kind of game he takes home with him. Reelfoot Lake, in Obion and Lake counties, is perhaps the finest ducking preserve in this country. It is not owned or controlled by any club, and visiting sportsmen can be supplied with boats, decoys and guides at very moderate rates.

The lake can be easily reached by vehicle, either from Obion or Union City, Tenn., from both places hacks run regularly. Parties coming by way of Memphis should stop off at Obion, all others at Union City. W. E. Pratt keeps the hotel at Samberg, on the lake, and P. C. Ward at Walnut Log. Both supply guides and boats. The State warden at Nashville, Tenn., issues all licenses, and his department will furnish any particular information desired.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Cleans out smokeless powder; keeps bore bright and ready for use. —*Adv.*

Long Tails and Short Ones.

This story, by the late Francis Francis, is here reprinted from the "Sporting Sketches" as a graphic picture of one phase of sport in Great Britain. It is characterized throughout by the heartiness, sprightliness and sentiment which marked Mr. Francis' outdoor sketches.

WHO does not recollect his first pheasant? I don't mean the first he bags, but the first he shoots at, because nine times in ten he contrives to score a miss, or he bags half of a tail feather, or something of that sort. To an unaccustomed gunner, or one who has previously only seen small game, the rise of an old cock pheasant is something prodigious. He shines so, he makes such a row, and vanishes from your gaze so speedily as you look after him, that it produces very much the effect which it did upon old Briggs when he flushed one for the first time, namely, a sort of sensation as if an ornithological Catherine-wheel had combusted almost under his nose. The ordinary observer, who sees pheasants get up and fly away, wonders how you could possibly miss such a great big lumbering bird as that; but put the ordinary observer in a corner where the trees are pretty close, or in a narrow ride with a five or six years' growth on it, and with a lot of strong, wild, rocketting pheasants processing to and fro overhead and around, and he will wonder no longer, unless he changes round, and begins to wonder how you can hit him. There is one great thing to remember in pheasant shooting, and that is to hold far enough forward, and that is the difficulty. A pheasant well on the wing goes a tremendous pace, and unless you pitch the gun a foot or two or more, according to distance and pace, in front, you will be exactly that distance behind the bird when the shot reaches his distance. Of course, the further the bird is off, and the faster he is going, the further in front must you pitch your gun to get on him; and it is the instinctive calculation of eye and hand in this particular that makes the good pheasant shot. It is astonishing, sometimes, how dead a bird will come over when you have pointed as you thought perhaps almost too far in front. You may kill any number of birds hand running flying away from you, unless they are rising at the same time, as they mostly are, when you must shoot high; but aiming across or over it is another pair of boots.

I shot one the other day. I am ashamed to say that he was something like sixty yards off; but it was rather an experiment. He was harking back and coming down the middle of the wood well above the hazels forty miles an hour, and apparently had dodged all the guns. I was standing on an open, high bit, and could see well over the bushes. My gun shoots very close and hard, and I determined to try for him; and I pitched the gun about four feet or so in front of him. I thought at the time it was too far, but he came over as dead as a stone, and left quite a cloud of feathers in the air.

"Who shot that pheasant?" cried a voice just under the feathers. It was my host on whose head I had dropped the bird.

"I did," I called out.

"Deuce of a long shot, wasn't it?"

"Rather. Is he dead?" I asked.

"Dead as a stone. That gun of yours must be a tearer. Hare to the right!" Bang! bang! and over went a brace of somethings, for my friend is a tearer, too, and when he pitches lead does it to some purpose usually.

Cover shooting under any circumstancess, is more or less dangerous, and no matter how careful your shots may be, shots will glance; and you never know exactly where everybody is, and when it comes to ground game—unless it is going back—it is always more or less dangerous shooting, more particularly if you happen in your company to have a careless or over-eager shot. Some men are simply frightful in this way, and will be cutting the twigs about your ears, and the sensation of hearing the "whish" of shot and the shower of twigs just over your head is anything but good for one's nerves, and the wonder is that so few serious accidents yearly happen.

There is an old story—of how a shot of this sort was served out. He had very nearly peppered his next neighbor several times, and had been warned pretty forcibly. Indeed, on the last occasion, the victim had used strong language, and avowed that if his friend did it again he would "warm him" in return. Once again the shot came hurtling around his head.

"Who shot then?" he called out.

"I did," said his friend.

"Where are you?"

"Here!"

"Where? I can't see you. Hold up your hand."

Up went the hand. "Bang!"

"Oh! you've shot me in the hand."

"Told you I would," growled the injured man. "D'ye think I'm going to let you shoot at me all day without having a turn at you? Not exactly."

I don't know whether the story is true, but it is *ben trovato,* if it isn't, and I always tell it when I find a fellow shooting all over the shop, as if there was no one else within a mile or two. Unless I know that the way is quite clear I never shoot at ground game. I don't like shaves, and I don't like standing back a yard or two in the bushes for a man to pot a rabbit in the ride in my direction. It may be clever, but it is deuced unsatisfactory. Let the beast go; you'll have him another day.

I never shot but one man in my life, and he was a bricklayer, and earned it. We had some pigeons in a private field out at Clapham when I was a youngster. There was a high wall around a good part of it. There happened to be some houses building in the neighborhood, and two bricklayers climbed up and looked over our wall, leaning on it to see the sport. They were warned again and again that they were in a very dangerous place, and informed that they were trespassing; but they chose to stop. A bird got up and skewed round to the left. My friend missed it, and I wiped his eye and the bricklayer's arm at the same time. I did not see him at the moment, and thought they had gone. It happened that there was a road some distance off on the other side of the wall, and it was just within the hundred yards. The result was a summons to Union street, and old Hall, the magistrate, adjudicated. He heard the case.

"Let me see the bullet," he said, and three No. 6 shots, which had been picked out of the man's arm, were handed in.

"Well! well! well!" he said, "that wouldn't hurt much."

I thought to myself, "Old gentleman, if you'd give me a running shot at fifty yards I think I could convince you to the contrary!"

We had to arrange with that son of labor at the rate of half a sovereign per shot, and then his mate, who hadn't been shot, wanted compensation too—which, of course, we declined; and accordingly he went back to the worthy magistrate and asked for a summons.

"But," said the magistrate, "you weren't shot!"

"No; but I might have been! Sure, didn't I run the same risk, and haven't I lost the day's work coming here?"

"Go away, man, and don't waste my time talking!" and the irate Hibernian was handed down, to his intense disgust. He couldn't understand it at all; and then that miserable old Morning Herald, I remember—which very properly died for its sins years agone—had a wretched quasi-funny article about three Cockney sportsmen who, etc., etc. The Cockney sportsmen was a great and all-pervading institution in those days. Thanks be, he's quite dead—and very much buried, too.

I don't care much about a regular slaughtering day with a spare gun and a loader. If I can shoot fifty or sixty cartridges it is good enough for me, and if I can account for two-thirds of them I am satisfied that I have done better than usual; and if a cock or two intervenes it spices the day. But an incessant fusillade with lots of hot corners, and a pile of dead to collect every now and then is rather too much of it. Enough is as good as a feast; and one gets stagnated with a surfeit. I am afraid in this respect, however, that I shall find few persons to be of my opinion. The mania for killing, when once it is set a going, grows by what it feeds on; and though there is a line beyond which sport declines into mere butchery, where that line precisely is to be drawn depends upon a great variety of views; indeed, as regards pheasant shooters, I fear it would be "As many men as many minds."

"Telegram, sir," said my servant, as I stood rod in hand on the bank of the Thames, trying, for lack of better amusement, to beguile the wily dace in the latter end of cheery October. Summer had been late, and though a few frosts early in October had gilded the leaves, and scattered some, a week or two's fine weather had made things pleasant and brisk again.

"Now," said Raymond, as we drove up to a very snug cottage, with every convenience adjacent, "if that blackguard Fipps is only out of the way—and he ought to be, as it's Snigswig market day—we shall have a perfect day."

"Who's Fipps?" I asked.

"The poachingest cuss in this country; he's a farmer who rents about three hundred acres, that run in and out with our coverts in a way that is simply infernal. He won't let us the shooting, having a sort of spite against my landlord, and I do believe he shoots nearly as much in his three hundred as we do in our three thousand. There's no having him anyhow. He won't be friendly; he won't do anything but shoot—and, d——n him! he can shoot some—and he has a familiar demon in the shape of a rat-tailed, mute-hunting, ragged-haired spaniel, half Clumber, half Norfolk, with a touch of Sctoch terrier and a wipe of retriever in him, that's a worse poacher than himself. That dog sir, that dog is a sort of Snarley-yow or dog-fiend, he is diabolic; no game has a chance with him. The pair of 'em are enough to give a fellow the horrors. Why, I'm something'd but he made me pay him £10 compensation last year for damage to his buckwheat, because I was weak enough to put a hatch of squeaker pheasants down in Chizzel Copse near his beastly 'nine acres,' every blessed head of which he shot in that very buckwheat, planted there for that purpose;" and Raymond looked at me with the air of a desperately injured individual, and I confess that he had reason.

"But why did you pay?" I asked; "it was a gross swindle."

"Why? Because I didn't want the expense and worry of a law-suit, with the certainty of having a jury of his friends at Snigswig against me as a consequence. In this free and enlightened country, sir, any blackguard may bring an action against you, with the certainty of finding thirteen other blackguards to back him, particularly in a game case. The man who breeds pheasants and spends no end of money in the country, which the country would very soon miss if he didn't, deserves no mercy. He's a bloated game preserver—sit on him, scrunch him, pickle him! However, let's hope that Sunigswig market will be busy to-day, and the tobacco and gin-and-water extra attractive afterward."

At this moment up came Johnson, the head keeper, with his terrier at his heels. "Well, Johnson, what are we to do to-day?"

"Well, sir, there's a decent sprinklin' of burds, and the tame ones is werry fine and forrard. Hares there's a goodish few, and rabbits midlin'. The leaf's 'ardly enough off for Chickweed Oaks and the thick part o' Timwillows; but I dessay we shan't do that bad on the whole; and if that 'ere Fipps don't turn up, why——"

"Oh, he won't turn up to-day. It's Snigswig market, and he don't know we're goin' to shoot, for I only made up my own mind yesterday afternoon."

But Johnson shook his head doubtfully. "He be at market I knows, 'cos I seed 'nn goo, and he dwoan't knaw as yet that you be goin' to shoot."

"As yet! What do you mean?"

"Well, that 'ere little imp o' Rackstraw's see you drive up, and I see him a-talkin' to Joe the higgler just arter, and he'll be sure to be for Snigswig; and it's much to me if Fipps don't get the office afore noon."

Raymond's countenance perceptibly darkened.

"Imp of Rackstraw's! ah!" and he pondered. "By the way, I think a little schooling would improve that young gentleman. My friend Clippings is on your school board; I'll give him a hint to look up Rackstraw's imp, and we'll see if we can't get him some other occupation;" and he performed a graceful wink to Johnson, who beamed all over, and grinned huge approval of the suggestion.

"However, let's be off; Captain Charles and Mr. Mouser are waiting for us at the cross-road; so we'll start."

Ten or twelve minutes brought us to the cross-road, where two gunners were idling against a gate, smoking the matutinal weed. Captain Charles was a very good fellow home from Indian on sick leave, who could do many things better than most—thrash a cad, turn over a rocketer, nurse a break well on the green cloth, go across country like an angel with wings (as little Mouser, his admirer, said), speak three languages, give most amateurs a bisque at tennis, and could sing a good song—and write one, too, for that matter. Mouser was a good little chap; everybody said so; and for once, what everybody said was true, though it isn't always by any means. He stuttered slightly, and wore an eyeglass.

"We'll take this 'ere spinney and hedgerow first. Mr. F. and Cap'n Charles, take each corner of the spinney there; Muster Raymond and Muster Frederick, take that 'edgerow down; Muster Mouser, take the middle of the spinney, please. One o' you beaters"—to ten or a dozen stick men of the usual stamp—"goo either side of Muster Mouser; the rest on ye glang on to tha' 'ood an' wait there."

All this was duly arranged without fuss, noise, or confusion, and this argued well for sport, as nothing is so provoking and so likely to spoil sport as bad generalship and inefficient drilling in this respect. I walked to my corner, slipping in a brace of gastight greens as I went; Captain Charles walked to his corner; little Mouser to the further end with his beaters; while the Bushes went down the hedgerow with Johnson and his terrier Rat. This hedgerow, like all the hedgerows in these parts, was a good thick one, some thirty or forty feet deep, and pretty close at bottom, with trees at intervals. There was always a stray pheasant or two in these rows, with now and then a brace or two of partridges, an odd hare or two, and a few rabbits. It was pretty work; indeed, good hedgerow shooting is as pretty as any I know—real jam. Now a rabbit pops out and in again, as the terrier or spaniel threads the runs and bustles them up; then a hare makes a dash for the open, only to be rolled over and over with a charge of No. 6 in her poll; anon a cock preasant, glittering in the sunshine, rises with prodigious emphasis for the last time in his mundane career; or a brace of cunning old birds, whose brood has gone astray somehow by reason of cats or other vermin, skim out toward the distant mangold they are never destined to reach.

Meantime I have ensconced myself behind an Irish yew bush, on either side of which I can command the spinney. Now I hear Mouser coming down from the far end, and the "tap, tap" of the beaters. A pigeon comes whistling through the treetops. They always come first—wary dogs; and, as he can't see me, I double him up neatly. Then Mouser speaks. "Bang!" A bunny come to grief, I take it. "Mark!"—bang!—"mark forward!" I hear the flutter of wings, and the next minute Captain Charles is heard from. There is a crash in the bushes, and no more flutter of wings. "First longtail!" "mark!" bang! and Mouser evidently scores one. "Mark forrard to the right!" and a pheasant comes rocketing over the larches. I am not quite as good at a rocketer as at some other things, and don't pitch quite far enough forward with the first; but the second fetches him, and down he comes like a bean bag. "Hare forrard to the right!" Bang! bang! Jeerusalem! Mouser missed him. "Hare forrard!" I peep round the corner and see puss coming down the hedge like an express train with a kick in it. I wait quietly until she is within thirty yards, when just as I finger the trigger she pops short into the plantation again, "Hare to the left!" I shout, and the next moment Captain Charles speaks again. And so the fun goes on for a few minutes longer, the tapping and rustling coming closer, till I see little Mouser pushing aside the bushes in a bit of thick close at hand. A rabbit or two have been added to the score, and the spinney had produced three pheasants, a hare and four rabbits, and the pigeon. Meantime our friends at the hedgerow have not been idle, and, with the assistance of Johnson and Rat, the dog, have bagged a brace of pheasants, an old cock partridge, three rabbits, and a hare. Not so bad for a beginning, especially as nothing to speak of has got away. Then we go on to Timwillows, a low scrubby cover, with a withy bed adjoining, and standing round the withy bed at judicious intervals (for it is too thick to shoot in), we wait the beaters.

"Please shoot all the rabbits you can, gents, as the tenant complains o' their barkin' the sets. I says as it's rats; he says 'taint." And here with the assistance of Rat, the dog, a goodish many rabbits are bustled about, and seven or eight come to grief; and another brace of pheasants fall a neat right and left to Raymond, who shoots very prettily.

Muster F.," whispers Johnson, "I see a dom'd old brindled cat a bit back; ef you sees'n, sir, give him a dose, please, and say nothing to no one." Five minutes afterward I did sight that cat, and she saw me, but just a shade too late, for the No. 6 had chawed her up righteously. I pointed over my shoulder pussywards to Johnson, who bored in under the wands, shoved grimalkin into a convenient hole, covered her with sods, and battened her down. "Many a young pheasant and patridge he've had, a old divel; and hadn't he some teeth and claws! I'll gie ye a tip for that, Muster F. Look 'ere, sir," drawing me close and whispering a great secret, "I see a cock yes-rday up in the no'th end o' Baskerville Copse. Only you an' Muster Raymond knows on't. It'll want two guns to sarcumwent him, if he's there; so do you look out, and he'll do the same."

"A cock, Johnson! What, so early as this! Never; you must have been mistaken."

"Not me!" said Johnson; "he were bred here. There were two on 'em; but I 'specs that 'ere blamed Fipps 'a got one on 'em."

Then we shot another little wood, and scored a few

more hits and misses each, all in the usual way, and then we came upon a cart standing in a ride, and therefrom was produced snowy napery, a cold round of beef, half a Stilton and some jars and bottles, and the next half hour passed pleasantly enough.

What a jovial, jolly lunch it was! how joke and jest flew round, bounding and rebounding from one to the other, like tennis balls from a racket! We ate our beef, and in sooth mirth furnished the mustard, as we lolled about in every attitude of careless abandonment amid the feathery bracken, literally *sub tegmine fagi.* And how lovely the woods were, too, with their gold and russet leaves rich with the first touch of the Frost King's paint brush! Beech and oak and graceful larch, opening out vistas and peeps through the varied foliage in all directions—now down a long green ride, across which one almost expected to see a herd of deer go bounding; now through a little forest glade, down into a tangled dingle with a sparkling brooklet at the bottom; now away through a natural tunnel of verdure of nature's own devising, with its peep of blue sky at the far end, and alternate slants of sunshine and shade breaking through upon the ferns and glorious heather beneath. Rarely have I set eye upon a lovelier scene than surrounded our merry luncheon party.

"No Fipps, as yet, Johnson! I expect he's nailed for the day at Snigswig. Fipp and Fippeny is about the size of it;" but Johnson shook his head doubtfully. Fipps was not a subject to joke on; for Fipps was no joke to poor Johnson, who would have been happy to homicide Fipps if he could have found any decent excuse for it.

Lunch over, and the ten minutes allowed for refreshment tobacco-wise being consumed, we took in fresh cartridges and made tracks.

"Where next, Johnson?" "Bas'ville Copse, sir. I sent Jem on with the net to stop heverythink back as we can, 'cause that's Fipp's t'other side. Muster F. and you'll take the houtside along 'tween the ride and bank, and please don't go'n send nothin' you can't 'elp to Fipps, and please don't 'e set foot on his land, Muster F., or he'll summons 'e for sartin."

For some time all went well. There was plenty of stuff, etc., of one sort and another, and we bagged a fair share, little going Fippsward; but I had the cock in my mind, and was looking out sharp for him. Five minutes after crossing a gully, we struggled on to a bank, where stood some hollies. Tap—tap—rustle. "Mark cock!" shrieked Johnson. Bang—bang! "Missed, by the Lord!" "Mark cock!" yelled Raymond. Then I glimpsed him through the tree tops—bang! "Missed him, by George!" Another glimpse—bang!" Missed him clean, by Jingo! O Lor'! O Lor'! and the first cock of the season, and I might have been a par. in the papers, too. "Mark cock!" I shouted. Bang!—a solitary barrel, and *outside the covert!* What could that portend? I rushed to the hedge and looked out, and there was an ugly beast, in a brown velveteen shooting coat, and drab gaiters to the knee, with a dishevelled, ragged, diabolic-looking spaniel at his heels, picking up our cock, as I live and sin.

"Fipps the poacher, by all that's wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"Fipps and his dorg, by all that's damnable!" groaned Johnson over my shoulder, paraphrasing Sir Peter Teazle in the screen scene.

"Thank ye, sir," said Fipps with a grin and mock politeness, as he pocketed the coveted prize. "You ain't got no more o' them as you wants my help with, has yer? No; I 'spec's I've 'ad the lot now. Mornin', Muster Johnson. Pity's ye 'adn't let me know's you was goin' to shoot to-day, I mout 'a' helped yet a lot more. Howsomever, better late than never, as you says."

"You be ———!" said Johnson, sullenly.

"Thank ye, but not afore you, sir; not afore you. You always was civil, and I'm obligated; but I wouldn't come afore my betters if I knows it."

Here Raymond broke in. "You poaching blackguard; if you'll only come this side of the ditch, I'll give you such a jacketing as you haven't had for one while."

"Will 'ee, now! I've a darn good mind to take 'ee at ye'r word. Howsomever, we'll talk about that another day. Meanwhiles you hain't got no more o' them tenpun notes to spare, have you? Don't want to spekilate in buckwheat? No? Well, never mind, then; but don't let me sp'ile your sport, sir; pray go on;" and he turned away, having chaffed us all around, and had all the best of it, too, as Raymond was forced to admit.

Whether it was the excitement or what, I don't know; but neither Raymond nor I could shoot a bit after that. Several birds and a hare or two went Fippsward, and every now and then that single barrel spoke out like a warning trumpet, and carried dismay beneath our waistcoats. We shot quick and fired all our barrels, and wasted no end of cartridges. We tried to be deliberate, and shot slow. All wouldn't do; we were either behind or before, and rarely between. Fipps got a regular bumper, and scored all the honors. Exasperation could no further go, and Fipps was cursed after the fashion employed by the cardinal in the "Jackdaw of Rheims"; but, like the audience there, he didn't seem "a penny the worse."

The others did pretty well, and we finished off with a decent bag enough—twenty-one brace of pheasants, a leash of birds, a dozen hares, a score and a half of bunnies, half a dozen wood pigeons, and a jay which I potted for fly-making requisites.

Having had a pretty good day, I stood and delivered to the tune of half a sov. to our friend Johnson. I had a sort of rule in this department: when we kill fifty or sixty head, I think 5s. enough for the keeper; when we progress toward one hundred head I make it 10s.; two hundred and over, £1, and that I never exceed under any circumstances, and I think those who do are very foolish for their pains.

About a month after, Raymond came into my place. I hadn't seen him for some days. He had a green shade on, and appeared to have been in the wars, which wasn't so remarkable then as it would be nowadays.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"The oddest thing. That fellow Fipps, you know, came up to town the other day. He called at my chambers. 'Look here, Muster Bush,' said he; 'you said t'other day as you'd give me a jacketing. No man never said that to me, sir, gentle nor simple, as I didn't give him a chance to do it. Ef 'twas bounce, you've only to say so, and I begs your pardon for intrudin' on ye. Ef 'tain't, and ye means it, here I be, and if you can jacket me, darned if I don't let ye the shootin' if ye'll give me a walk now and then.' I said nothing. I knew I'd a tough customer to deal with, and resolved to be cautious, and it was well I did. I got up, and took off my coat and waistcoat, and so did he; we shoved the table and chairs in a corner, shook hands, and at it we went. You know that I'm pretty good at it—above the average, I may say—but, if I hadn't been a wee bit cleverer and more cautious than he was, he'd have thrashed me hollow; but after as hot a twenty-five minutes as ever I had in my life, and when I was as near pumped as need be, he cied a go—'not,' as he said, 'but what he could have stood another round or two, but he was satisfied that I was the best man.' Blessed if I was, though; but all's well that ends well. Then we shook hands again, washed ourselves, drank doch-an-dhurris, and parted with mutual good will. He lets me his shooting for £20 a year, and a walk with us now and then, and it's worth a hundred to us. Rum chap, you know, but not half as bad as we thought him. Things look so different from different sides of the hedge. He told me the story of his row with my landlord, and I confess he hadn't been quite well treated. He shoots with us next Wednesday. Come down and meet him."

I did; and I often met Fipps afterward. Not half a bad fellow either—a right good shot, a capital sportsman, and worth twenty keepers. As for the diabolical dog, Budge by name, we quite adore him. He's the funniest, cleverest, best-natured dog I ever saw, and that's saying a lot. Raymond lost his pocketbook one day in a thick copse, with lots of notes and papers of importance in it. We looked for it for hours; then we thought of Budge, and Budge found it like a detective. I beg pardon, I should have said unlike a detective. Fipps is devoted, and he'll just as often walk and beat for us as shoot. He likes the fun royally. He had some money left him lately, and is in easy case. Johnson and he became sworn brothers; never were such friends and allies. When the young pheasants are on, there is not an ant's nest far or near that Fipps doesn't know of, and if the birds were his own bairns he couldn't take more interest in them. As for poachers, Fipps tackled the worst and biggest one—Bullying Ben, as he was called at Snigswig Market—one day, and thrashed him within an inch of his life, and promised him some more if he ever caught him about our place again. Master Rackstraw was looked after by the school board, and, as he didn't like it, he ran away to sea, and (as all such characters are) was no doubt wrecked, eaten by savages, and made a tract and an awful example of, so there was an end of him. And higgler Joe was unfortunate, most unfortunate; he moved to Portland, having taken a long contract there, which he couldn't throw up, to break stone or something of that sort—I'm afraid the contract doesn't pay so well as higgling and fencing. And all the rest of us are very well, thank you.

Forest Reserves in Idaho.

An unusually interesting correspondence relating to the general forest policy of the Government has just been published as Bulletin No. 67, of the Forest Service, entitled "Forest Reserves in Idaho." The major part of this correspondence, which deals specifically with forest reserve questions in Idaho, consists of letters from Senator W. B. Heyburn, of Idaho, to the President; the replies of the President; letters from Mr. Gifford Pinchot, forester of the U. S. Department of Agriculture; and a letter on the Federal forest reserve policy, with special reference to Idaho, by Senator Fred Dubois.

The discussion of the forest reserve situation in Idaho, which is very fully developed in the letters, and the thorough explanation of the Federal forest policy in general, which has never before been so clearly and emphatically defined, lend to this bulletin exceptional and more than merely local interest.

Senator Heyburn, in several of his letters, makes warm protest against the proclamation of certain forest reserves in Idaho. His colleague, Senator Dubois, on the contrary, enthusiastically recommends their establishment, and declares that "to-day the forest reserves are administered * * * for the sole purpose of conferring the greatest benefit on the communities in which the respective reserves are situated.

One of the most striking passages of Senator Dubois' letter is that in which he asserts that the Federal administration is now in fullest harmony with the desires of disinterested citizens throughout the West. He declares that he never at any time opposed the policy himself, though at first, with colleagues from the Rocky Mountain region, he "contended against the methods which were used in creating, maintaining and controlling the reserves." "During the time when the forest reserves were first created," he writes, "reserves were created without sufficient safeguards to protect stock raisers, miners, lumbermen, agriculturists, and people of our section generally. The fight of the Western men was constant and united. Our demands were set forth in numerous speeches, and finally were acceded to. The policy which controls the creation of forest reserves today and their administration is substantially the policy which the representatives of the Western States in Congress have contended for, and is substantially what the West, through its representatives, contended for."

The President, in one of his letters, replies vigorously to the protests of Senator Heyburn. The following sentence occurs:

"The Government policy in establishing national forest reserves has been in effect for some time; its good results are already evident; it is a policy emphatically in the interests of the people as a whole, and especially the people of the West; I believe they cordially approve it; and I do not intend to abandon it."

The specific withdrawals in Idaho which Senator Heyburn opposed, and which Senator Dubois recommended, now established as reserves or as additions to reserves, are as follows: Henrys Lake, Sawtooth, Payette, Squaw Creek Division of the Weiser, Cassia, and additions to the Yellowstone and the Bitter Root.

Appended to the correspondence is a report of Special Agent Schwartz, of the General Land Office, based on "certain examinations of the Shoshone Forest Reserve temporary withdrawal, in Idaho."

In the discussion of the advisability of withdrawing certain lands for forest reserves, it was objected that forest reserves discouraged settlement and worked hardships for those who had acquired claims within the areas affected. According to the report of Special Agent Schwartz, about 90 per cent. of the claims which he examined have never been resided on by their claimants, as is required by law. It would appear, furthermore, that a considerable number of the claimants are railroad employees and others whose interests in their claims seem very indirect. On the whole, the report goes to show that the claims examined are in a large number of cases not legitimately held.

Looking Forward.

Two Lessons Suitable for a Primer of the Near Future.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is the picture of an ax. We seldom, if ever, see a thing of that kind now, but years ago, when the face of our country was covered with a heavy growth of grand old trees, the ax was a common tool, and the settler then used it to cut down the trees and to hew and notch the logs for his lonely cabin, and also to clear up the land. But now, as the trees are all gone, except perhaps a very few small, scrubby, crooked and misshapen ones, there is no more use for the ax, so it has been thrown aside and is very seldom seen.

Instead of the ax the settler, to clear up his land at the present time, uses a brush hook or a stump-puller.

This is the picture of a muzzle-loader squirrel rifle. We never see any of them now, but it was the only firearm that the first settler had. When food became scarce in his cabin he would take his long trusty rifle and go out into the grand old forest or off on the prairie and soon bring home all the game that was needed for his family, for at that time game was very plenty nearly everywhere in our country.

But the noble old woods are gone and the game is gone, too, and the people in lieu of shooting game with the muzzle-loading rifles now use breech-loading magazine rifles to shoot at standing targets, and scatter guns of a similar make to shoot at things made of clay and thrown by a machine called a trap; and the gunners of the present day sometimes change that kind of sport for the very exciting one of shooting at a species of bird called the English sparrow. So much for the passing of our grand old forests, and of our once more than bountiful supply of game. A. L. L.

A Duck Hunter's Luck.

"If there is one thing of which I have absolutely no knowledge it is hunting and fishing," remarked John S. Inglis. "I never caught a fish or killed a bird in my life, and I suppose I never will. I couldn't tell you the difference between a striped bass and a mallard duck, unless it came in on a platter. But I have a friend who is a sportsman. You never saw such a keen sportsman in your life. He has a big room full of guns and fishing tackle, and all kinds of sporting paraphernalia. He used to worry the life out of me with his persistent invitations to go hunting and fishing. Finally I agreed to go duck hunting with him. He provided all the regalia. Among other things he ordered a lot of shells from a downtown gun store, and I was to go up and get the shells and pack them in my grip. I got the package from the gun store, and we went to Alviso. We were proceeding up a slough in a small boat in the cool of the early morning when we ran into a million ducks.

"'Open that package of shells,' yelled my friend.

"I opened the package. It contained twenty-five pounds of assorted fish hooks. I haven't been duck hunting since."—San Francisco Chronicle.

It is not commonly accepted that the wildcat is so vicious as to attack human beings, and this section has lately furnished the cat that proves the exception to the rule. Albert Dennis, a guard at the Varn Turpentine Company's convict camp, was, Wednesday night, attacked by a monster cat in Gillette Creek, not more than a mile from the camp, and had he not used unusual presence of mind, would most likely have been torn in pieces. The young man was returning to his quarters at a rather late hour from an evening pleasantly spent with his parents three miles distant, and upon reaching the swamp of the creek, was literally held at bay by the cat, which held the pass to the bridge beyond, and refused to move when advanced upon by Mr. Dennis. The young man was armed only with a clasp knife and with his weapon he waded into the brute, kicking him over first. The cat sprang quickly upon him and succeeded in doing the young man's Sunday clothes considerable damage before his throat was cut. Mr. Dennis has killed several cats in his time, but says this one is the biggest he has ever seen. It is said that the female cat is especially vicious during the period of nursing, and the one in question was seen to be carrying young.—Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

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A Mountain Stream.

Even in the valley where it flows through beaver flats and meadows the Big Thompson Creek shows its mountain breeding. It rushes headlong over its winding speedway, tripping over every stone; but all its disasters are evidenced by musical gurgles that go to swell the general melody of the stream. All sound which does not originate with the stream itself is so enveloped by this music that it has no penetrativeness. One may shout with little result. The fisherman who seeks to know the mysteries of the creek is sealed alone with his thoughts, fairly encompased with the noise of rushing and falling water. Both in the valley and the upper cañon the creek is the heart of all action. In the icy waters of the stream itself is found the most active expression of mountain life, which is trout; and along the banks live and dive and have their cautious being the mink of costly brown and the less attractive musquash; while in the marshy flats are many evidences of beaver. In the dry ravines the long-tailed mice busy themselves in the hot afternoons, and in the groves of quivering aspens which wind with the stream, no creature is more certainly to be seen than the familiar cotton-tail sitting timidly still, in the "leafy light and shadow." Upon the higher ground, under the ragged boulders which sentinel the valley, many a groundhog family suns itself at the base of its miniature precipice; and almost everywhere about there dwells an active population of chipmunks—bright little chaps that may be taught to feed from the hand, but which have very little spare time for ceremony. A strayed jack rabbit may occasionally be met with or a prairie coyote on his bee-line trip from one county to another.

Beyond the lesser boulders are scraggly cliffs clothed scantily with small brush and sage and studded with many a dead pine trunk; or difficult slopes hardily wooded with groves of sturdy spruce and hemlock, with a sparkling of those gentler pines which lift silver-lined palms to the sky. In the carpets of green moss of various shades which lie so snugly against the mountains of the main range that projects itself massively against the sky-line, there are deer and bobcats and bear, for in reality these mosses are jungles of pine. In the desolate and barren heights above timber-line, where hard packed snow has leases in perpetuity of all deep caverns with north openings, whence it gleams as blotches and rivulets of white for miles away, are the stamping grounds of the wary mountain sheep.

It is from these wild heights and secret haunts the stream comes, fuming and fretting and lashing itself into a fury between granite walls and leaping to seeming destruction or more composedly but not less energetically eating itself into a softer bank—a habit which teaches trees and bushes to stand deferentially with their roots back out of the way.

The power which the Big Thompson exhibits in narrow places is never absent, though sometimes concealed. In the beaver flats in the meadow, the creek, apparently confused by the number of pathways open to it, divides itself into numerous streams, each of which must find its way through a wilderness of bushes as best it can to a common meeting place below. It is in this region the industrious beaver have made use of the various brooks to create marshy ponds for their purpose and in the sloughs which lie between the several branches as they here divide one may wander about in hip boots, and find a way of escape only after a bad wetting. Here, it is true, there is one branch among them all that represents more than the others the original stream. This cuts itself a deep and narrow channel through soggy soil and flows with an attitude of calm that the stream seldom assumes. By peering down between the fringes of grass on either bank, which would arch and hide the channel completely if they could, one may observe trout "hanging" in the water, like Lamb's pike in the fish pond near the "Orangerie." But they have an aristocracy of their own and are so well fed that an artificial fly is an imposition upon the face of it, and they will not rise. At least that was one day's experience. How swiftly the bit of feather and metal floated down, indicating an unsuspected force of current. A false step through that deceptive grass shelter would give one's foot a force like Stockton's negative gravity. Looking carefully one may note that although the water flows without noise, nevertheless it sucks through that part of the marsh with somewhat the force of an ocean undertow, and from below comes a sound of merriment where this stream again reaches a rocky bed.

To know by personal observation the upper mysteries of the Big Thompson one must start early with Alpenstock in hand and trout basket full of luncheon. Thus equipped a companion and I set out when the day was young, our path winding at first through thick aspen groves wherein the morning air was cool and invigorating, and the ground just damp enough from the night's shower to fill the notsrils with the best fragrance of the woods. The running water in the creek tinkled pleasantly in our ears, seeming to tell of a day's journey done before sun-up. At times as we progressed, our path led quite down to the creek's side by the edge of a deep pool where the water made a sudden pause before taking its next series of frantic leaps. Ah, for the chance to make one cast with a royal-coachman! One would fillip the very rim of that circle of boiling white foam where the water, pouring down from above, falls into the basin with a deep plunge. Or else one would permit the fly to be carried in the falling water with a brief whisk below the surface. Behind that fall your biggest trout lies, watching eagerly for his food, which is commonly washed down to him in that steady pour, and one may trust his eye despite the confusion and his quickness and the force of the water. But this temptation we had anticipated, by leaving our fishing outfits at camp, well knowing the probability and the danger of meeting darkness above timberline. We paused seldom—once to clamber out into mid-stream, where the stream had temporarily lost itself among giant boulders—but climbed diligently up the sterile cañon, keeping as close to our stream as practicable, which meant to cling at times to bushes and the roots of trees on a steep descent, to cross the cataract on fallen pines and to imprison ourselves with persistent frequency behind the rotting tree trunks which choked much of the forest. We watched with what reckless adeptness our creek leaped over distances that for us represented long and arduous labor, and we welcomed with pleasure the discovery, on one side, of a path over which hunters had evidently packed their burros, and which the feet of prospectors had worn to some distinctness. By noon we began to cross feed brooks and to discover that our creek was indeed a stream of parts.

We rested and ate our luncheon where streams from two sources flowed together, and where a tiny diverted rivulet furnished us with the purest of drinking water. Here the dark corners of the wood invited furtive glances. What solitude! Down the ravine and up the side of the mountain opposite every separate pine tree pointed solemnly and accurately upward, a spire. Here there were no song birds whatever, nor other small life of the woods. A small gray squirrel had peaked at us from the other side of a spruce trunk, but that had been an hour back. Not even the chatter of a chipmunk modified the monotony of the roar of the running water. Suddenly we heard a harsh cry, which, as it sounded in our ears, was the embodiment of a thousand scarcely admitted apprehensions, but presently we knew its source, for a hawk flew from a nearby spire to one more distant, again voicing the petulance of his kind.

In her search for pleasanter things in that region my companion's eye suddenly lighted with pleasure and her lips involuntarily framed an exclamation. Following the direction of her finger I saw above us, hanging their gayly decked heads like vain narcissus over a brook, some blue Columbines, the Colorado State flower. We climbed and plucked them greedily, and, discovering others, continued our depredations. Other odd and curious blossoms greeted us as we proceeded, but in that wild and silent region, where every dark cavity in the rocks was a spur to the imagination, we saw nothing so reassuring as those flower-faces outlined against the dark granite.

A little more of climbing and a true secret of the creek's life was revealed to us. We had discovered and inspected a rough shelter which a gang of prospectors had evidently set up for themselves but which they had deserted for the time being, though not for long, for a rubber coat was hanging from a nail and some cooking utensils were scattered about where they had been recently used, and we were treading our way expectantly down a pathway when, at a sudden turn, there came to view a little mountain lake of perhaps an acre or two in extent that was well worth admiration. Not a ripple disturbed its mirror-like surface. It lay like a mammoth drop of mountain dew, pure, cold, clear, reflecting the precipitous shore opposite. This lake was one of the creek's natural reservoirs and the water's only real resting place on earth.

While feasting our eyes on the marvel, we noted with dismay that drops were beginning to mar the smooth surface of the lake. Glancing up we perceived that a great black cloud, sailing low enough to hide a nearby peak, had already sent its advance guards over us and was itself fast approaching, leaking as it came. Very soon, at the awful explosion of a thunderbolt made on the spot, the shower was upon us. It was somewhat awe-inspiring to see how dexterous echo caught the thunder bombs and tossed them in dim inuendo down the valley. But mountain showers are usually not of long duration and we were soon able to leave the shelter of the big tree trunks we had chosen and to turn our faces again upward. Up, up, up, we climbed until the trees became few and stunted, and bald rocks were everywhere in evidence. Over these we clambered and were able to dip our drinking cup at last one of the very founts of our stream—into the icy pool at the edge of a bank of melting snow. Above the white bank, in a crevice among the rocks, grew a single bunch of sturdy moss, and above that bare rocks were piled in the form of the half of a great amphitheater with here and there, in the August sun, a blotch of old snow like a white-haired spectator. Across an impassable ravine near at hand the highest peak in our vicinity towered yet a little way above us—dangerous, icy and unclimbable.

Satisfied with having traced our stream to its source, and since the afternoon was more advanced, we started without much delay upon the return journey. The slippery log crossings, the peril of which our enthusiasm had minimized on the upward trip, had a hazardous appearance when we viewed them again and knew that necessity this time commanded. Steep and narrow paths gained an added aspect of danger when one looked down instead of up. Nevertheless, we accomplished the long, ragged downward trip in much shorter time than it had taken to ascend. Yet the sun had disappeared in gallant farewell behind the mountains and the blue vapors of evening had filled the valley when we reached camp, where we were greeted by the familiar chatter of the magpies in a nearby grove, received the salutations of friends and sniffed the appetizing odor of the evening meal. Milton Marks.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Keeps boots and leather soft and waterproof; 2oz. bottle 10 cents. —*Adv.*

The Log of a Sea Angler.

"Maria Better Than Nothing"—The Lost Woman of San Nicolas—The Isle of Winds.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF TORQUA," ETC.

The climate of southern California is a puzzle to many who think they know it well. Thousands of tourists come to the coast every winter to escape the rigors of the season in the East; they remain until April or May, and return to their homes in the East believing that the southern Californians roast, so to speak, during the hot months. How can it be otherwise? If the winter is warm the summer must be hot. Again, the palms and other semi-tropic plants tell the story of a tropical climate. Yet these tourists have all seen the country in what is considered the disagreeable season by the natives or the "old 'niners."

Ask a southern Californian which part of the year he likes best and he will tell you that the winter is the most beautiful season, as the land is a garden, clothed in greens, but for comfort give him the summer, which along there is rarely really hot.

I shall arouse criticism when I say that, to my mind, southern California is a delightful summer resort, far more delightful than any resort on the Atlantic coast. It is now Aug. 21, and the average temperature in my study in Pasadena all summer has been 75 degrees with the doors open, 70 degrees with the doors closed. There has not been a night, so far, but what one or two blankets were not needed, and a hot day, in the Eastern sense, along there from San Diego to San Francisco, is almost unknown. Hot days there are in the inland towns; at times some are very hot; but there are localities, like the San Gabriel, Los Angeles and others twenty miles inland where the summer climate, compared to that of any region in New England or the Middle States, is almost perfect.

I have one fault to find with the summer climate, as a rule: it is too cool to sit out of doors evenings. It is too cool for duck and the typical summer clothing of the East; and if anyone is fond of mosquitoes he will be disappointed; we have none.

I mention this as the peculiar climate forced itself upon my attention twenty years ago, when I first came to California for health. I found that I gained in summer and held my own in winter; but what struck me as the most remarkable feature was that I could appoint a day for an outing a month ahead and be absolutely sure that the weather would be clear and beautiful; and from April or May to November there is a succession of clear, delightful days, without (with very rare exceptions) a storm, thunder shower, squall or gale of any kind.

There appeared to be one exception to this. Out from Santa Catalina, ninety miles by the log, lies the island of San Nicolas, one of the channel islands, yet so wind-swept that the wind gods themselves seem to have taken possession and are blowing the island into the sea.

Three or four times I endeavored to reach the place on a large yacht, but as many times we were blown back, or made so uncomfortable that we sailed for Catalina Harbor, and one night rode out the gale in the outer channel, early in the morning going back under a close-reefed foresail.

I do not intend to say that the wind was dangerous, but we were out for pleasure and a certain amount of comfort, and not wind-jammers in any sense. We wished to reach San Nicolas in weather that would permit us to land, and one afternoon we made it in a stiff breeze, and rounded up in the pseudo lee—one of the most disagreeable places I have ever found myself.

The island was about seven miles in length, and near the northern end rose in hills or mountains perhaps 1,500 feet or more in height, about which hovered a long attenuated lead-colored cloud, indicating that half a gale was blowing.

The anchorage was to the south of a long sand spit upon which the surf beat heavily, coming from two directions, around each end of the island; and as we dropped anchor I saw that a current was running along there about six miles an hour—a current that evidently ran in one direction for a while, or until it became weary, then shifted about and ran in the opposite, or stopped short. There was something uncanny about the place, and as the night came on and we made everything snug, the wind rose and played on the rigging strange notes, twanged them in weird chords until a wail of sounds seemed to fill the very air. I am not superstitious, but I crawled on deck four or five times that night just to listen to the strangest of all winds I had ever met, and I have known many, high and low, fierce and strong. Early in the morning we made the attempt to land on a beach with a heavy sea running, a strong undertow, and a fringe of deadly kelp that coiled and lashed the seas like snakes.

It was an ominous outlook as we held the boat on the waves, watching for an opportunity to run in, and when we did, I was in light swimming costume, ready for anything. The swell was coming from behind us and from the south, and met forming a cross sea which went hissing in upon a steep and dangerous beach; but there is a time to beach a boat, and we waited for it, and shot in on the crest of a wave. As we struck, and the undertow began, we leaped over and held her hard, then when the next wave came, by the best of luck we were carried well up the beach and left high and dry, wondering how we had accomplished it, the waves were so high, the shore so impossible.

I have landed on some weird and desolate places. I lived on a key in the Gulf of Mexico—thirteen acres in extent—for nearly six years and might be considered a

expert on islands; but San Nicolas carried off the palm for ultra desolation.

The eternal wind appeared to be blowing it into the sea. I did not see the wind gods and furies, but felt their breath; they were there morning, noon and night, tearing, receding, tossing that stricken island into the air, and heaving its soil and sand out into the moaning sea.

There was a single inhabitant, a Basque herder, who came down—a Robinson Crusoe. He wore a straw sombrero lashed under his chin, carried an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle over his shoulder, and was followed by two gaunt and hungry-looking dogs. He objected to our looking for Indian implements, as it made the wind blow—that was the curse of the island, the wind, and it came from the spirits of the ancient natives whose bodies were uncovered and whose graves were robbed. He showed us his shanty down on the rocks, its roof covered with big stones to prevent it from being blown into the sea.

Near at hand was a sea-lion rookery from which came the wild barking of the animals, blending with the roar of the wind and creating a pandemonium of sounds.

This man was a sheep herder and his duties were to walk up the island every day and see that the sheep were not blown away and that they found fodder. The island was to all intents and purposes a desert. We climbed up from the beach, passing through wind-worn cañons, reaching the mesa, where a scene of desolation stretched away to the north and west, not a plant or bush in sight, nothing but a level plain covered with small stones about the size of peas, which the Basque said were picked up by the wind and blown through the air like sand. On the northwest end of the island was one of the largest shell mounds known on this coast; it is a mile long, and eight or ten feet high, and from one end to the other displays evidences of human occupation. Shells of the abalone are strewn about by the score. Now the wind whirls the sand from a score of skeletons and implements, and an hour later buries them again; and all along there I found evidences of human occupation. In fact, San Nicolas is the only island of this interesting group about which anything really definite is known regarding the inhabitants.

The objects found resemble those of the other islands, and tons of loot have been carried away year after year. For a long time it was the custom of certain fishermen to spend the winter here digging for relics of the aborigines. The wind was their aid, as it uncovered one place to-day and covered it to-morrow.

There was a fascination in the quest, and as I followed along the edge of the mesa, that was everywhere broken down into little cañons through which the wind had swept for centuries, cutting and carving out the friable sandstone, I found various objects suggestive of the lost people who once lived here. Near a little mound some angler had sat, and from an abalone shell had fashioned a fish hook, a really beautiful object. There was the tool which he used—a cigar-like object—to bore a hole in the pearly shell which was then broken and a rude fish hook formed, with the barb upon the outside. Not far away I found a number of curious wedge-shaped articles; my companion picked up the fisherman's pipe, and shells were found, their holes stopped with asphaltum, showing that they were used as drinking cups. The most interesting place was a mound from which the sand was blown, displaying a mass of skeletons, mortars, pestles, abalone shells, and bones of fishes. One might imagine that a battle had been fought here and the sand had covered the evidences of slaughter; but the natives buried their dead in the mounds, and all the mortars, pestles, spear heads, hooks, clubs and beads of the dead man were placed with him in the sand; hence, it is necessary to rob the dead to obtain them, the bodies being buried in tiers, one upon another. But the sand uncovers them, and a few years ago it was only necessary to walk along the mound and pick up the objects.

Among the interesting articles found here are what might be called jewel cases. They were formed of two abalone (*haliotis*) shells, placed face to face and sealed up with asphaltum: in the interior beads or curiously-shaped stones were deposited, the cave or box so formed being buried in the grave.

I fancy these were the possessions of women, and the shell-beads, their gems and trinkets. There was a fascination in finding such an object, and shaking it to listen to the jangle within. One might well imagine that this pearly box contained pearls, black and white, and it was an interesting test of one's curiosity to see how long the impulse to open the jewel-case could be resisted. When one could withstand the strain no longer and broke it open what were the gains? A little ear-ring, formed of the pearly shell of the haliotis, a few beads cut out of shells, another flat and beautiful, and a square piece with perforations on the sides, the diamonds, rubies and heirlooms of some San Nicolas maiden.

Fine steatite pipes have been found here, spears of flint, stone clubs several feet in length—the insignia of some island chief; and if all the material that has been taken from this island in the past twenty years could be collected, it would fill a large museum. The best of the material has been taken, but the shifting sands doubtless still conceal deposits of implements in stone, bone and shell, telling the story of those islanders that have passed on over the long divide.

There can be little doubt but that San Nicolas was well worded in years gone by, but the sand has the upper hand now, and is sweeping over the land and leaping into the sea. The cliffs are cut and worn by the wind into fanciful shapes, and in a few centuries a shoal perhaps will mark the spot where once stood a large and populous island. An interesting romance has associated itself with the place. Sixty years ago there were still a large number of natives living here. They subsisted on shells and fish, and were the remains of a large and vigorous race that peopled all these islands two or three hundred years ago. About fifty years ago the priests at the mission of Santa Barbara decided to bring them to the mission; a vessel was sent to the island for this purpose, and all were taken aboard. As she was about to sail one of the women cried out that her child had been forgotten. In the meantime a gale had sprung up and the vessel was blown off shore and could not return, so the woman leaped into the sea and swam back, while the vessel disappeared. It was the intention of the crew to return, but after the natives had been landed at Santa Barbara the vessel was wrecked and in time the woman was forgotten. Twenty years after a new priest came to the mission, and hearing the story determined to see if the woman still lived. Securing a small craft called the "Maria Better Than Nothing," he sailed for San Nicolas. In the interim the island had been visited by otter hunters and Russians, but none of them ever saw the woman. The "Maria, etc.," anchored off Corral Harbor, a small indentation in the rocks, and the men began their search over the sandy waste, but without success. They fired guns, left signs which would have attracted anyone's attention, but all to no purpose, and they were about to give up the search when one day in a deep cañon they found the remains of a seal, so fresh that it was evident that it had been killed by a human being not many hours before. The men then began a more careful investigation. They formed a line across the island at certain distances, and marched on over the sands, in this way covering every acre. Suddenly one of the party shouted a signal; the line converged and they found the lost woman of San Nicolas. She was sitting at the entrance of a small hut made of whale ribs covered with bird skins, and presented a singular appearance, being dressed in a robe made from the skins of shags—a costume so peculiar that it was later sent to the Pope and placed in the Vatican museum.

The woman was sitting on the ground cutting up a seal that she had trapped, and rose when the man came up and greeted them with a quiet courtesy, as though she had parted from them but the day before. In the party were Indians, but none could understand the peculiar jargon of the lost woman. By signs she gave them to understand that she knew they had been hunting for her and had concealed herself when they approached. She went with them to Santa Barbara, but never learned to speak English, and died after several months of civilization, having been christened and named for the vessel that rescued her, "Maria Better Than Nothing." Before she died she told her rescuers by signs that the wild dogs had killed her child, and that she had seen otter hunters visit the island, but had never made herself known.

To appreciate this story one should land at San Nicolas when the wind is blowing and the air is filled with sand and pebbles; yet, despite the terrors of the situation, this sand and wind-swept place once supported a large and vigorous population, which suggests that the fishing is of the best. Great bands of yellow-tails and sea bass swam up the shore and rushed into Corral Harbor; and in the kelp beds I took numbers of large rock bass which bore a striking resemblance to the black bass.

About the island were vast flocks of sea birds, especially cormorants, which gathered in flocks in the indentations of the shore and held what must have been a "bird convention"; swimming in long lines, making strange noises, and dividing up a reform again and again.

As wild and desolate as was this place, it had a certain fascination. The very conflict between the wind and the island, the fury of the seas as they swept in, the wild cries of the sea lions, the menacing cloud-banners which streamed from the mountain tops, all formed a picture that could not fail to make a profound impression on the human mind. As we shook out the foresail and fell away I saw the strange figure of the Basque, his old rifle over his shoulder, his sombrero bound tightly beneath his chin, gazing at us, then he turned and disappeared over the shifting sand dunes of this isle of winds.

Difference of Objective.

One Hour's Journey from New York City.

The fishing season now drawing to a close has been a very successful one at the Great Kills, S. I., as to the number of fish taken. The fish have, however, been small, weighing three-quarters of a pound, with an occasional fish that would weigh a pound. I am speaking of weakfish, for aside from about a week last June, when a few snappers put in at the Kills, we have had no other kind in numbers. "Fish-butchers" who look for numbers rather than sport or size have been in clover the past summer, taking from 150 to 250 of these small fry in a day's outing; and catches for two men to a boat have been quite common at from 40 to 70 fish.

To the older fishermen, who have made their headquarters at the Great Kills for the past fifteen or twenty years, the continued decrease in the size of the weakfish taken each successive season has been very pronounced, and a three-pound fish from the Kills is considered a curiosity. A certain few of our little band of fishermen can remember that four-pound fish were quite common in years (I am sorry to say) now past, with an occasional weakfish touching the scales at six pounds. I am speaking of the Kills, not Raritan Bay at large.

It is not my purpose to attempt to give any reason for the decrease in the size of the weakfish, it is sufficient to know that it is so, and painfully noticeable to such of us as have made our fisherman's home for the past fifteen years at the Kills.

Some inquiries of our fishing friends and our tackle dealers, to whom we have told the story of catching this tomcod in size of weakfish, give us as a remedy an objective on the Great South Bay, where they assured us the fish were larger. Thus it happens that we make up a small party, say good-bye to the Great Kills for a day, and are off by midnight train for Freeport, L. I. An hour is consumed in the journey, and we are at the dock, where the captain of the launch we are to fish from awaits our arrival. A faint moon lights up the crookedest creek that man ever navigated, else to our minds we had been lost in its many turnings. However, the Captain knew his course, and we are soon anchored on the fishing grounds.

It is not daybreak, nor is it quite high water, yet we are anxious to get to work in case the unexpected should happen, so over go the lines with very tempting bait. We have to wait for daybreak and the turn of the tide before the first sign of fish life is noticeable; but it was worth waiting for. The first fish weighed 4 pounds and 2 ounces, which was the smallest of the eleven weakfish taken, our largest fish weighing exactly 7 pounds. To the above must be added five blackfish and five fluke of no mean size, that were taken during the day's outing, and would have been excellent sport to the "pot-hunter" could he have caught them with hand line and "plumbob" sinker tackle.

Our catch, cleaned and laid out on the deck of the launch, was a feast for those three pair of hungry eyes from the Kills, who had been hunting the little fellows all summer.

We have been over the grounds twice since, but with not such good success, owing, we were told, to the lateness of the season. Even so, there was more pleasure to us in taking the few fish we got than all the little ones caught in the Kills during the summer. From my viewpoint, the possibilities of large fish of all kinds are to be expected from such waters, or my experience at salt-water fishing for the past twenty years may be set down as no account. Thus it is that a difference of locality within about the same time of journey from the city produces such different results as to the size of the fish taken.

It is nearly time to pack away our traps for the season of 1905, our only regret in saying good-bye to them being, that we had not been induced earlier in the season to give the Great South Bay a trial.

Oscar.

Fish in the Pulpit.

President Cleveland attended a Presbyterian church, in the old residence part of the city, which had been somewhat sidetracked by the northwest movement of population. It revived during his administrations so far as numbers were concerned, although church trustees invariably assert that the tourists who go to see a President prove an unprofitable line of traffic, by comparison with steady pew-holders. Dr. Talmage served this church in the latter half of President Cleveland's second administration without salary; the publication of his sermons in the newspapers throughout the country was the main line of his influence and effort, and the place of actual sermon delivery was comparatively unimportant. It simply afforded a date-line.

There was at times a noticeable disposition on the part of Dr. Talmage to "jolly" his distinguished parishioner from the pulpit, which everybody who knows Mr. Cleveland cannot doubt was highly distasteful to him. For example, in a Thanksgiving sermon one year, when Mr. Cleveland was present after a summer at Buzzard's Bay, in which the newspapers had pictured him as constantly fishing, Dr. Talmage proceeded to tell of the abundance with which the earth yielded her increase, in this broad land. He told of the wheat of Dakota, the corn of Kansas, the cotton of South Carolina, the fruits of California, all in eloquent phrase, bringing his period to a climax in "the fish of Buzzard's Bay," as if that were America's great source of supply, recognized as such in the commercial world, like the banks of Newfoundland. A smile played over the countenances of the congregation as it contrasted the alert-minded sermonizer and the sedate pew-holder.

On another occasion, the first Sunday of Mr. Cleveland's return from Buzzard's Bay, the venerable Dr. Sunderland, in this same church, took for his text, "And they cast forth their nets," or words to that effect, in the gospel narrative of the miracle of the multitude of fishes. Dr. Sunderland was too serious-minded to see the slightest suggestion of humor in the discussion for forty-five minutes of the spiritual aspects of large-sized successes in catching fish, but the careful analysis with which the lessons of the art were elaborated, could not but impress his hearers as more realistic than he had perhaps intended.—Washington Correspondence New York Evening Post.

Unclaimed Salmon Streams.

New York, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Forest and Stream for Sept. 23 Mr. Chambers refers to my suggestion anent the taking up of old Maine salmon streams, and you may be interested to know that I did not receive a single letter in answer to my offer to tell about six streams now containing salmon, and so situated that the streams could be made valuable salmon property, at the same time that the mills and timber on the streams would pay the interest at least on the investment. At about the same time that I wrote Forest and Stream on this subject I sent 100 letters to sportsmen of my acquaintance telling them of a tract of 2,000 acres of forest land near New York that could be bought up for small money, and that was likely to be cut up and destroyed on the development of new rapid transit plans. Not a man bought an acre. Some of the land that was then offered at $100 per acre less than a year ago cannot be bought now at twenty times that amount. I got a large tract myself, and wanted friends to get in on the ground floor. Some of them are now writing me that they will go out there this year or next and see about buying. It is too late, and the same thing will happen with the salmon streams.

Robert T. Morris.

An Island Sinking.

Recent news from Heligoland, according to the London Standard, speaks of further encroachments by the sea on Heligoland in the North Sea. Since the island was ceded to Germany, in 1890, in exchange for Zanzibar, it has lost a considerable area, not alone through the collapse of the sandy cliffs which surround its shores, but also through a definite sinking on its south side. Engineers have been at work since the cession in a continuous endeavor to safeguard the island from demolition, and considerable work has been performed in filling crevices in the rocks, while breakwaters have been built to break the force of the sea. It has been found, however, that the very sea floor on which these are constructed is without stability, and it is believed that the work can only serve to delay the encroachment of the sea on the friable cliffs. It has now a circumference of a little less than three miles, as against three and three-quarters in 1890. The island has little importance and is known chiefly as a watering place. Its population numbers about 2,000, and the natives of Heligoland are creditably known among the North Sea and Baltic pilots.



YACHTING



Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Port Washington, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 30.

THE Manhasset Bay Y. C. fall regatta, sailed on Saturday, Sept. 30, wound up the racing on Long Island Sound.

The fixture brought out thirty-one starters, a remarkably good showing for an event sailed so late in the season. Colonel Frederick G. Hill managed the race from Commodore Alker's steam yacht Florence. The winners were Mimosa I., Thelema, Cara Mia, Firefly, Tartan, Paumonak, Vaquero, and Sweetheart.

Owing to the light wind, the start was postponed half an hour, and it was 1:30 when the first signal was given. The start was off the red and black buoy to the north and east of Execution Light. The little catboats Sweetheart and Joke covered a 7-mile triangle. All boats in the other seven classes covered once the following course: From the starting line, N.E. by E., 3.75 miles, to and around Buoy A, off Parsonage Point; thence S. 3.25 miles, to and around black buoy E1, near Week's Point, in Hempstead Bay; thence W.N.W., 3.50 miles to and around the stakeboat at the starting line. Distance 10½ nautical miles.

The wind was S.W., and the first leg was a reach, the second a run and the third a beat.

The two Mimosas were the only starters in Class N. The wind was too light for the new Herreshoff boat to do much, and she was unable to save her time over the older craft. On corrected time Mimosa I. won by 8m. 34s.

In the special 27ft. class, Thelema beat Firefly 23s.

Cara Mia went into first place soon after the start in the New York one-design 30ft. class, and she was never headed. She beat Neola II., the second boat, 1m. 58s. Phryne was third, 2m. 15s. behind Cara Mia, and Nautilus was fourth.

In the regular 27ft. class, Mr. Guy Standing brought his entry, Firefly, in 6m. 14s. ahead of Rascal.

The invincible Tartan won easily in the raceabout class. She beat Rascal II. 1m. 4s., and Indian 6m. 51s.

Paumonak won by a good margin from Okee in the 22ft. class.

Vaquero won in the Larchmont 21ft. Class. Dorothy was the only other boat to finish in the class, and she came in 5m. 26s. behind the winner. Captain Jim Summer's catboat Sweetheart defeated her only competitor in her class by nearly 5m.

There were two starters in the Manhasset one-design class, but both finished too late to be timed. The summary:

Sloops—Class N—33-footers—Start, 1:40—Course, 10½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa I., G. M. T. Raborg	4 24 41	2 44 41
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	4 37 35	2 57 35

Corrected time, Mimosa III. 2.53.15.

Match Race—27ft. Sloops—Start, 1:40—Course, 10½ Miles.

Firefly, G. P. Granbery	5 26 05	3 46 05
Thelema, A. E. Black	5 25 42	3 45 42

New York 30-footers—Start, 1:45—Course, 10½ Miles.

Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	4 47 14	3 02 14
Atair, Cord Meyer	4 49 20	3 04 20
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	4 48 40	3 03 40
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	4 43 12	2 58 12
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	4 41 14	2 56 14
Nautilus, A. G. & H. W. Hanan	4 46 22	3 01 27
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	4 43 29	2 58 29
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.	5 01 01	3 16 01

Sloops—27-footers—Start, 1:50—Course, 10½ Miles.

Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	5 19 20	3 29 20
Firefly, Guy Standing	5 13 06	3 23 06

Raceabouts—Start, 1:55—Course, 10½ Miles.

Tartan, A. H. Pirie	5 03 47	3 08 47
Indian, William Gardner	5 10 38	3 15 38
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	5 04 51	3 09 51
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey	5 22 01	3 27 01
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	5 18 40	3 23 40
Rana, W. W. Swan	5 16 26	3 21 26
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick	5 33 32	3 38 32

Sloops—22-footers—Start, 2:00—Course, 10½ Miles.

Paumonak, F. P. Currier	5 50 10	3 50 10
Okee, J. F. & J. A. Mahlstedt	6 20 40	4 20 40
Ace, R. N. Bavier	Not timed.	

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 2:05—Course, 10½ Miles.

Vaquero, William Stump	5 39 19	3 34 19
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	5 44 45	3 39 45
Follette, L. C. Garcy	Did not finish.	

Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 2:10—Course, 10½ Miles.

Arizona, George W. Kear	Not timed.
Pup, T. W. Ratsey	Not timed.

Catboats—Start, 2:15—Course, 7 Miles.

Sweetheart, J. C. Summers	4 55 56	2 40 56
Joke, C. C. Converse	5 14 45	2 59 45

Corrected time, Joke 2.45.45.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Gravesend Bay—Thursday, Sept. 30.

RACES in divisions B and C of the Bensonhurst Y. C. handicap regatta on Sept. 16 were resailed on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 30, over courses in the Lower Harbor. This was done because the starters in the first-named division had rounded the wrong buoy in the original contest, and because there was a misunderstanding as to the direction of the finish in the other. The result of the latter race was close, Saetta losing to Ogeemah by 10s. after leaving her course to cross the line in the direction of the start. The winners of the resailed race were Vivian II., which scored like honors in the initial struggle, and Cockatoo II.

In the handicaps arranged, Vivian II. as scratch boat, allowed Anona 6m. and Lizana 3m., and in the other division More Trouble and Cockatoo II. were on scratch, allowing Saetta 1m. and Ogeemah 9m. for a 12-mile course. Only one round was covered because of a failing breeze, and half handicaps were in order.

The boats went to windward and return from the start, off Ulmer Park, to the bell buoy off West Bank Light. Vivian II. had no difficulty in winning her division honors, beating Lizana by 18m. 32s. corrected time. More Trouble led the Class Q boats at the end of the outward journey, but was passed by Cockatoo II. on the run home. The wind was so light at the finish that Ogeemah did not have way enough on to stem the tide, so withdrew. The results in the class showed that the handicaps were well conceived.

In the evening the Bensonhurst Y. C. held a "hauling out" dinner, at which one hundred sat down. The affair was successful. It developed during the evening that the Crescent A. C., which is to build in Class RR next year, may ask for representation in the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay. The summaries of the last race of 1905 follow:

Sloops—Classes P and Above—Start, 3:03.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	4 50 10	1 47 10	1 47 10
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	5 10 12	2 07 12	2 05 42
Anona, Menton Bros.	Did not finish.		

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:06.

Cockatoo II., H. Chubb	5 07 15	2 01 15	2 01 15
Saetta, G. H. Church	5 15 05	2 09 05	2 12 35
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 18 00	2 12 00	2 12 00
Ogeemah, A. MacKay	Did not finish.		

"Supplement to Small Yachts" Free.

To any one sending us one new subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM before Oct. 15, 1905, we will present one copy of W. P. Stephens' book "Supplement to Small Yachts." This work contains 104 pages text and 43 plates. Size 11 by 14 inches. Cloth. Price $4. This offer does not apply to renewals.

THE FAMOUS MANY-USE OIL

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New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, Long Island—Thursday, Sept. 28.

CARA MIA finished first in the race between seven of the New York Y. C. one-design 30-footers, sailed on Thursday, Sept. 28, and secured the cup offered by Mr. C. L. F. Robinson. Adelaide II. finished second and also received a cup put up by the donor of the first prize.

Commodore Alker, of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., placed his steam yacht Florence at the disposal of Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell, Chairman of the Regatta Committee, who managed the match.

There was a good sailing breeze from the N.W., and the boats went twice over a 6-mile windward and leeward course. The start was made at the buoy off Mott's Point, and the windward mark was the buoy off the N.E. end of Execution.

Neola II. nicely berthed, was first away, and she was followed by Nautilus, Cara Mia, Dahinda, Phryne, Adelaide II., and Alera. All but Alera held under the shore out of the tide, and gained thereby. Alera went off on her own hook and encountered the strong tide running out in the Sound, and suffered accordingly.

Cara Mia worked into first place and led around the weather mark. Neola II. was next and Nautilus was third.

On the spinnaker run back Neola II. regained first place, and was ahead at the end of the first round. Dahinda was third; then came Nautilus, Adelaide II., Phryne and Alera.

Cara Mia's owner seemed to get the most out of his boat on the windward work, and soon took the lead. Neola II. held her place until the run back to the finish, when she was passed by Adelaide II., which boat beat her out 10s. Cara Mia won by 1m. 42s. The summary, start 2:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	4 25 46	2 15 46
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	4 27 38	2 17 38
Nautilus, H. W. & A. G. Hanan	4 29 12	2 19 12
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell	4 29 10	2 19 10
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	4 27 28	2 17 28
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	4 33 43	2 23 43
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 33 16	2 23 16

Friday, Sept. 29.

The last race for the 30-footers to be given by the New York Y. C. took place on Friday, Sept. 29. Dahinda got first, winning the prize offered by Vice-Commodore Henry Walters. It was a fluky day, and Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell stopped the boats after they had covered three legs of the course.

The course was from Mott's Point to Parsonage Point and return, to be covered twice. When five starters were sent away at 2:10 the wind was S.E., making it a run to the first mark. The wind shifted to the W.S.W. soon after the start, and later veered to the S.S.W. and almost petered out entirely.

It was a down-the-wind start, and the five boats got away well bunched, with spinnakers set. Dahinda, always smart in running, took the lead and continued to drop her four competitors.

Almost from start to finish it was a case of almost constant shifting sail and trimming sheets. Those in the boats were kept guessing as to what quarter the wind would next come from, and altogether it was a tiresome and tedious affair.

While on the third leg the wind had let up to such an extent that the boats were timed as finishing at the Parsonage Point mark. Dahinda beat Cara Mia 52s. Nautilus was third, 3m. 34s. behind Dahinda. The summary, start, 2:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	4 50 35	2 40 35
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	4 51 27	2 41 27
Nautilus, H. W. & A. G. Hanan	4 54 09	2 44 09
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	4 57 01	2 47 01
Adelaide II., Adee Bros.	4 57 51	2 47 51

Newport Y. C.

Subscription Race—Sunday, Sept. 24.

THE Newport Y. C. held a special race for catboats Sept. 24, for prizes offered by subscription at a meeting of the club held during the previous week. It was a heavy-weather race, there being a half gale from the S.W., and of the eight starters only six finished. Helen, which was regarded as a sure winner, broke down and had to withdraw. She was more than 5m. ahead at the time, and her withdrawal left a clear field to Vesper II., which boat beat Indian by the narrow margin of 34s.

The start was made in Brenton's Cove, and the course was to the spar buoy off Gould Island and return, a distance of about 8 miles. This gave a run out and a beat back against wind and tide. The boats kept well together on the run out, but when they hauled on the wind for the beat back there was a battle for place, and Helen soon pulled ahead. When she broke down she had returned as far as the Training Station and had established a safe lead. The summary, start, 10:41:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Vesper II.	12 40 00	1 59 00
Indian	12 42 34	1 59 34
Falconita	12 44 15	2 00 15
Madge	12 46 00	2 03 00
Vesper I.	12 52 05	2 09 05
Windcloud	12 54 00	2 10 00
Helen	Did not finish.	
Nannie	Did not finish.	

F. H. YOUNG.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor—Thursday, Sept. 28.

IN order to determine the winner of the Havens cup for Class Q boats, the Atlantic Y. C. held a post-season event on the afternoon of Thursday, Sept. 28, over courses in the Lower Harbor. The winner proved to be Saetta, which finished a 11½-mile course 21s. ahead of More Trouble. Cockatoo II. was 3m. 41s. away. As Saetta had previously scored two legs on the trophy, victory brought permanent possession of the same.

The boats went twice over a triangular course from Sea Gate to the bell buoy on the end of Craven Shoal, thence to the bell buoy just to the northward of West Bank Light, and home, leaving the turning buoys to port. The breeze held steady from the W. throughout the event. The first leg was a beat and the other two reaches. More Trouble invariably picked up on the reaches, but lost to Saetta on the windward work. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Saetta, G. H. Church	5 35 50	2 30 50
More Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 36 11	2 31 11
Cockatoo II., H. Chubb	5 39 52	2 34 52

JAMAICA BAY Y. C. PLANS.—The Jamaica Bay Y. C. is considering a proposition to build a bulkhead around its club house off Holland's Station, and forming a basin for the yachts. The plan shown consists of twin cribs, each 25ft. wide, filled in with stones and sand pumped from the channel, forming a basin 257 by 200ft., with "L" extensions facing the channel to break the force of the wind, and prevent eddies from the inrushing tides. An opening 100ft. wide will be left for yachts to enter. This latter arrangement is expected to overcome troubles experienced in making landings at the float, as at present the strong tides in the channel make landings hazardous. The basin will also make a safe anchorage for the yachts in storms. There will also be a marine railway at one end, where boats can be hauled out for repairs, or where they can be taken out of the water and placed in winter quarters on the cribs.

British Letter.

THE RATING RULE.—Now that the racing season is over the evergreen question of the rating rule has cropped up again in the yachting papers, chiefly in the way of letters from correspondents who are interested either practically or theoretically in the matter. Our present Y. R. A. rule holds good until the end of 1907, and it is undoubtedly the best rule, so far, that has been evolved, although designers seem to have been slow to take the fullest advantage of its good qualities, as has been clearly shown this year in the 52ft. class. It has been the custom to say that racing in this class has been closer than ever before, and that there was not much to choose between the four boats, but the table of winners shows this to be fallacious, and there is no doubt that Britomart and Sonya, as racers, are comparative failures. If boats cannot be got into racing trim by the end of the season there must be something radically wrong with them, and there is something radically wrong with both of these boats. Sonya, although a beautifully roomy and comfortable boat down below, is too big-bodied, and Britomart is overdone in the way of reserve buoyancy and overhangs. Maymon comes out head of the list of the year, but she owes her place in some measure to good luck, and I am still convinced that the oldest boat, Moyana, is the pick of the quartette, for it seems certain that, had she been as well served by fortune as Maymon, she would have been easily first, so far as first prizes are concerned. One hopeful sign about the present rule is that it encourages a fair amount of body, and a 52-footer has sufficient head room to make living on board a comfort. Mr. Butler did not live on board of Maymon because he happens to be a wealthy man and has a large steam yacht, but Mrs. Turner-Farley and her daughter made Sonya their home during the racing season, and the owners of Moyana and Britomart did the same with their boats. A brief summary of their performances may be of interest here:

	Maymon.	Moyana.	Britomart.	Sonya.
Starts	36	35	31	27
Finishes	34	30	26	20
Firsts	13	12	6	6
Seconds	11	8	10	7

The present rating rule has two more years to run, so that even should an international rating rule be brought in it would not come in force here until Jan. 1, 1908. It is therefore doubtful whether any steps will be taken to enforce scantling restrictions until that date, as if that were done the present fleet of 52-footers and the 65-footer Zinita would be at once disqualified. It speaks volumes for the wonderful way these boats are built, to say that Moyana, Britomart and Sonya are all as fair now as when they were launched. Maymon has shown signs of structural weakness, though not to any great extent. Mylne, like his teacher, the late G. L. Watson, believes in composite construction, and there is no doubt that these boats stand more strain and keep their shape better than any others, even when the construction is of the lightest description.

The expense of light construction, however, and its drawbacks, when it comes to selling a boat, have proved too much for most owners, and been the death blow to the big classes, and hollow masts are another bogey which will have to go. In a letter to the Field of Sept. 9, Mr. Stothert reiterated what Sir James Pender stated in a letter to the Yachtsman of some weeks ago, viz., that owners would not build in the big rating classes until the Y. R. A. had placed some wholesome restrictions on flimsy construction. This will be done beyond doubt, but whether it will be now or in two years' time is a matter of doubt. The rating rule itself seems to be quite satisfactory for boats of 52ft. rating and upward. Something must always be sacrificed to speed, and big-bodied boats will never be a success under the present rule. At the same time it is possible to have a successful 52-footer with 6ft. of head room, and on such a boat one can live with comfort.

E. H. KELLY.

NEOLA SOLD.—Mr. George M. Pynchon has sold his sloop Neola to Mr. J. Berre King. The boat will be raced by Mr. King's son, Mr. Edward D. King. Neola was built by the Townsend & Downey Company at Shooters' Island from designs by Mr. William Gardner. She is built of bronze and is the sister ship to Weetamoe.

* * *

PROTESTS WITHDRAWN.—The protests filed with the New York Y. C. Regatta Committee by the owners of the 70-footers Yankee and Mineola after the race on July 8 for the Glen Cove Cups, have been withdrawn.

* * *

RECENT SALES.—The following sales have been made through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman: Auxiliary yawl Friartuck, by Mr. W. J. Brodie, of Cleveland, O., to Mr. Bernard Bloch, of Philadelphia, Pa. She is 46ft. over all, 32ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and equipped with an eight horsepower Toquet engine. The yacht is now in Philadelphia and will be used for cruising on the Delaware River and Chesapeake Bay. Sloop Corneta has been sold by Mr. Eustis L. Hopkins, Larchmont Y. C., to Mr. George E. Darling, of the Rhode Island Y. C. She was designed by Crowninshield and built in 1899, 46ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 12ft. beam and 7ft. draft.

"Steam Yachts and Launches" Free.

To any one sending us one new subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM befor Oct. 15, 1905, we will present one copy of C. P. Kunhardt's book, "Steam Yachts and Launches." It contains 267 pages, with plates and many illustrations. Cloth. Price $3. This offer does not apply to renewals.

Two Nights on Faulkner Island.

About 100 miles east of New York, and just off the Connecticut coast, lie three small islands five miles from the main land. Faulkner Island, the largest of the three, having on it a light station showing a revolving white light and a fog horn as well, for use in thick weather. This island is about one mile in length and quite narrow, running north and south. West of this island, a mile or more, are two smaller ones—Goose Island, and a few rods south of this one Stony Island, this last one being merely a bunch of rocks.

The three islands form a serious menace to navigation, as they are directly in the path of vessels bound through Long Island Sound. However much sailors may dread this locality they serve one good purpose at least, for near and around those barnacled rocks and reefs are countless numbers of blackfish and sea bass. It was early in the summer of 1904 and the beginning of the fishing season. Blackfish had struck in and were biting well whenever the weather conditions were so that fishing was possible. Our bait we had kept for a week waiting for good weather, and now, while the tide came late, it seemed like a smooth time. Of course we always had to make an almanac and try to have the weather fulfill our expectations. This particular afternoon the clouds were supposed to break away, the wind come in from the south and west just at night, dying down to a calm at sundown. We came as near as the Government Weather Bureau does sometimes, and went entirely wrong in our calculation.

Our boat was a twenty-foot auxiliary launch having for power a three horsepower gasolene engine with a short mast and a lug sail, for emergencies. The sail was hauled up on the mast with the gaff dropped down and lashed with it. A broad, able boat, staunch and comfortable. The party consisted of Gus, a young college boy whose knowledge of seamanship was, to say the least, very limited, but whose good humor and enthusiasm made amends for all he was lacking in that line. Bishop, a young son of mine, in his teens, and inheriting from his paternal ancestor a strong love for the water, and the gentle art of angling, and myself.

We had all the necessary gear, plenty of bait and lunch, and expected to bring home some fish. We left the dock at noon. The sea was smooth and the sky clearing, with every indication of moderate weather. The wind was easterly and very light. Running out of the harbor and clear of all the rocks the swell became heavier, while the wind freshened a trifle, but nothing to be alarmed at or that would interfere with our afternoon's sport. We were bound for Stony Island, and our course was to the leeward, or west side of Goose Island. Here we found Katrina anchored under the island looking for the same fish we were after. We kept on to the extreme south end of Stony Island and anchored in the shoal water. It was the most exposed place to fish about the island, but the best fishing ground. The swell here was quite heavy and we had some trouble to get our anchor to hold. It stuck at last, however, and we lay, rolling and pitching, with our stern not more than two or three rods from the rocks. It was too rough to fish to any advantage, but we hung on, taking a fish now and then, and hoping the wind would let go and give us a better chance at them.

Along in the middle of the afternoon it died away some and the sun came out. Katrina still lay west of the island fishing in the smooth water while Faulkner's Island, with the sun shining on the white tower of the lighthouse, showed plain to the eastward. Gus had just landed with some ceremony a blackfish that would do to fry in a pinch when Bishop suddenly called, "Look at the fog!" pointing down to the southeast. There to the windward of Faulkner was the thickest kind of a fog bank rolling rapidly down on us. As it neared the lighthouse we saw a puff of steam from the fog horn and heard the dull roar of the horn, showing that Captain P. was wide awake. Then the fog covered the island like a blanket. As it rapidly neared us the whitecaps on the water under it showed that there was a strong breeze coming along with it. We were in a very exposed position calling for quick work.

"Get in your lines, boys, and you, Bishop, get that anchor as quick as you can," I called, making for the engine and getting it ready to start. I turned on the gasolene, snapped the switch over, and waited for a word from the boys.

"Anchor is up and down," he called.

"Break it out," I answered, a quick roll of the balance wheel of the engine, a spiteful bark of the machine, and we are heading out to sea, while the whirling propeller churned the water into foam under the stern of our little boat.

It takes good judgment to always do the right thing on the water, and as we gathered headway and drew away from the rocks I wondered what was the best thing to do. It must be one of three things. Go back to the lee of Goose Island and anchor, start for the north shore and home, or try and get to Faulkner Island.

The fog was now very near us, night was coming on, and the breeze was freshening every minute. Something must be decided on right away. It was five miles to the mainland, in the thickest kind of going, and with the chance of not striking the harbor entrance. If we went back of the island and anchored we were liable to have to spend the night in our boat, so taking all things into consideration we headed for the lighthouse. We could see nothing, but the island was a mile long and a broad mark to shoot at. I knew by the wind and the scend of the sea about where to head, so we laid our course and let her go. It brought the wind almost directly ahead, so that we were taking the waves bow on. The seas grew heavier and soon the water was flying the whole length of the boat. Spray would strike the busy little engine amidships and hissing turn to steam, leaving a white coating of salt on the cylinder head.

The engine was putting in full time all this while, never missing a stroke. We had to do some bailing at one time but soon the water grew smoother. The hoarse tones of the fog horn, that had at first sounded at a distance now became clearer, and more of a whistle. The sound also seemed to come from up in the air. All this indicated that we were close up under the land.

"Now watch out sharp, you two boys," I called. "We don't want to run the island down, and we should be close to it by this time."

"There is the boathouse right ahead," calls Gus, and sure enough, we had struck it right on the dot, with Captain P. on the dock apparently waiting for us. We were all glad to slip into the still water back of the little wharf.

"Did you get wet?" asked the captain, taking our line. "I did not see you until you were almost in. It must be rough crossing the reef. You can't get home to-night, so come up to the house and we will have some supper. You can moor your boat afterward."

We were very glad to accept the kind offer, and all hands of us went up to the house with him. As we gained the high ground where the house stood we had a much better idea of the weather than down in the shelter of the bank. The fog was still rolling in white sheets over the water; the wind, that had been increasing steadily ever since we had left the island, was sending in the big combers and dashing them into sheets of snowy spray on the rocks at the foot of the bank, while from a building near us at short regular intervals came the roar of the big horn.

Very welcome was the light and warmth of the cosy kitchen presided over by the captain's amiable wife and small daughter. The good woman insisted that we take our shoes and coats off and get dry and warm before we had our supper. The two boys reminded me of a couple of wet chickens. When we entered the house they said very little nor did they act hilarious in the least. They gradually thawed out, however, and by the time supper was ready our young college boy was all fixed for a good time. At the table he fired a few mild jokes at Bishop and myself about matters and things in general which we tried to return with interest. The rest of the family looked at first as though they hardly knew what kind of a boy they had for a guest. Then the madam's face expanded in a broad grin, her husband, too, saw the joke, and the little girl tittered until she choked and had to leave the table. The supper was delightful; everything on the table tasted good, and we all ate with relish. Then Gus insisted that he should wipe the dishes, and between him, the little girl and Bishop I expect that the madam thought there was a good deal going on. They only broke one cup and cracked a plate.

"Well, boys," remarked Captain P., "we must go down and swing the boat up for the night." So down to the dock we went, ran out additional lines and put our boat in order for the night. The fog had lifted somewhat, but the wind still blew a gale and it was raining.

We were all tired and went to bed early. Not to sleep, mind you, but just to bed. I had a bed to myself while the two boys were to sleep in another, both beds being in the same room. We did not need a phonograph in that room that we should have had to wind occasionally, while the two boys were apparently wound up for the night and talked and talked and talked. Outside in the wild blackness of the night the bright rays of light from the white tower gave warning to storm-tossed mariners of hidden danger in their path. The rattle of the blinds, the beating of the rain against the east windows and the dull crash of the surf on the rocks below became at last a dull monotone and we slept.

Throughout the night the storm continued, when "Come on, boys, breakfast is ready," came the call of the captain up the stairway and we crawled from our snug beds and into our clothes. We came down to find breakfast on the table and waiting for us.

"I don't think you will get home to-day," said the madam, pouring our coffee for us.

"Well, remarked her husband, "you might be in a worse place."

It struck me as I glanced out of the window at the stormy water that we could not well be in a better one. It still blew a gale, and was raining hard. No vessels were in sight, except a little down-east fishing schooner running dead before the wind wing and wing, her sails reefed down and her black hull now high on the curl of a sea, then sinking behind a big roller nothing would show but her masts.

"You can't drown those fellows," remarked the captain, glancing at her from the window. "They go when anything does; they are built to stay outdoors."

"Say, Gus," said Bishop, "we are built to stay indoors to-day the way things look. What are we going to do to help you any, captain? Can't we do something to earn our board?"

"No, not that I know of," he replied. "I am going to clean the engine in the fog house this morning. You can come out with me. Go out to the shop and amuse yourselves or stay here by the fire just as you please."

I went to the fog house, while the boys went out to a small shop where the keeper made his lobster pots and did what tinkering was needed about the island. In the fog house were two duplicate kerosene engines that operated the big horn. The assistant keeper was already hard at work on the one used the night before. Both were kept in the finest order and ready for use at any time. The extra machine being for use in case of a breakdown. All this meant lots of work, the burner having in this case to be taken apart and cleaned. Very entertaining was the captain as he told me of the lonely nights spent by the assistant and himself in this place. A lonely spot it must be with the noise of the machinery and the fierce blast of the horn, once a minute, as long as the fog or snowy weather lasts. Of course the work was divided between the two men, one having the watch until 12 one night and the other from that time until morning and reversing the order the next night, one being awake and on duty all of the twenty-four hours.

Along the middle of the forenoon I went down to the shop and found the boys making a windmill. They had found a box of new tin plate and a pair of tin shears, and were hard at work. This mechanical devise was in running order and nailed to a fencepost when the dinner bell rang.

The dinner went right to the spot. We were all of us hungry and the big dish of pork stew tasted as good as anything ever did to us. Two plates apiece before we began to think of stopping. And the pie! I told Mrs. P. to start with to cut the boys' pieces small, as I knew they had eaten enough, and if there was any danger of anyone overeating I preferred to take the risk myself. The boys demurred some at this and the pie was divided equally. After dinner the rain had nearly cleared, although the wind blew as hard as ever. Gus wanted to make a kite, so at it he went. They had found a ball of twine in the shop but had no material for the tail. Mrs. P. looked them up something that they could use and back they went to the shop. With paper, sticks and some paste he really did make something that he called a kite; anyway it would fly, and fly it those two boys did, way out the whole length of the twine. Finally tiring of holding the string Bishop hitched it to a small log and set it adrift. This took a good part of the afternoon, and with fussing with the boat and talking it was night before we knew it.

The wind had let go some but the Sound was very rough, so that we would have to put in another night on the island. The young men didn't seem to want to talk so much to-night but turned over and went to sleep.

The morning dawned clear and bright with just a moderate breeze. The sea was still quite rough but nothing to what it had been, being more of a long, regular swell. After breakfast we made the boat ready, bade our kind host and his family good-by and started for the north shore. Not until we ran out from the shelter of the

GAS ENGINES AND LAUNCHES.

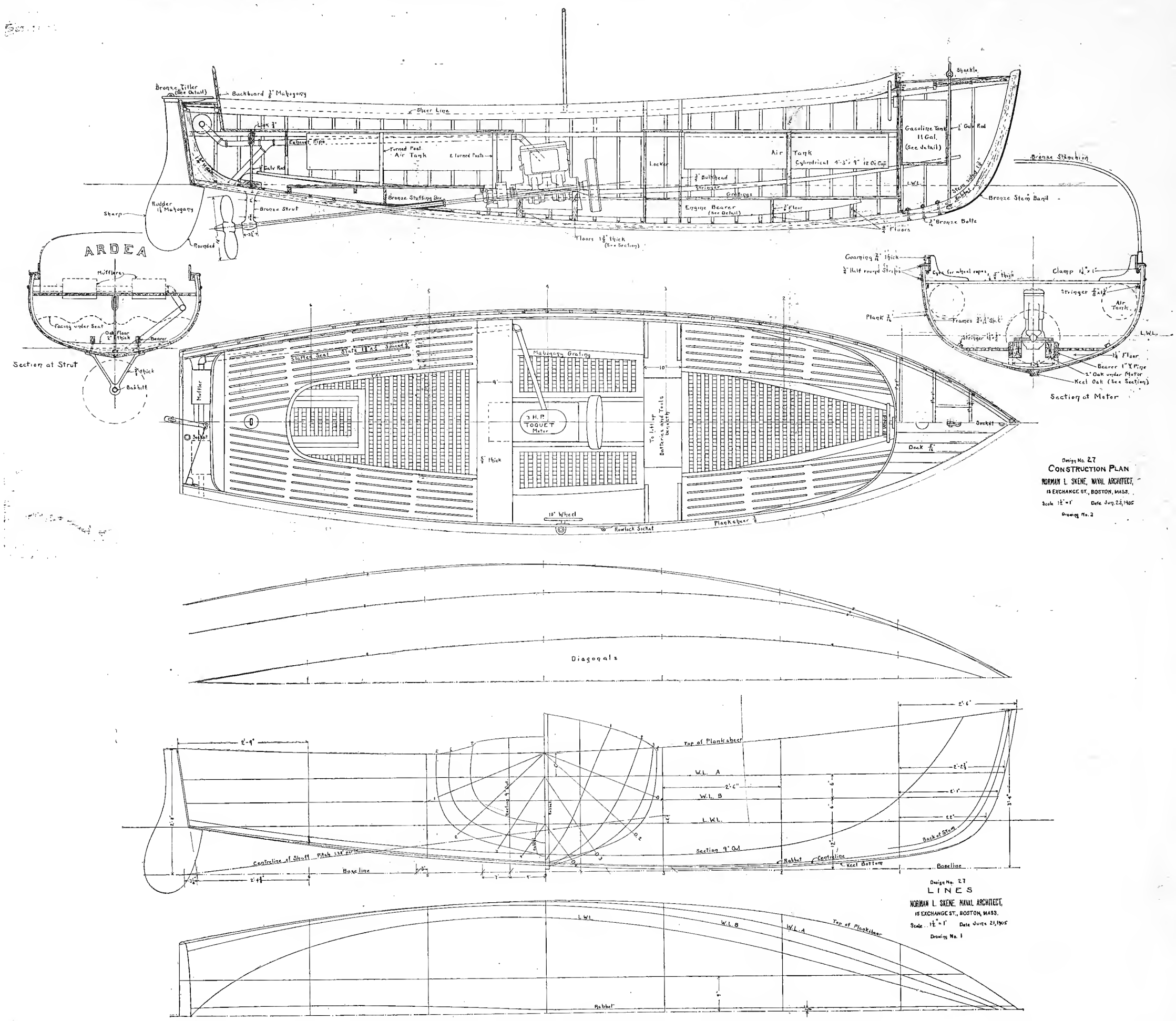
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YACHT TENDER—DESIGNED BY NORMAN L. SKENE—LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

island did we realize the size of the waves. The little launch would rise and fall on the long swell, now high in the air, and then down until nothing was to be seen but the watery hills around her and the blue sky overhead. However, all went well and after a nice run we tied up at the dock alongside Katrina. We learned afterward that the boys that were out at the island with us in her had seen the fog bank and left for home, setting their course by compass. They had to stop to reef and balloon the jib on the way in. When they made land first it was way to the westward of the harbor, but after once catching sight of it they could feel their way in all right, and found and piloted into the safety of the harbor another bewildered boatman who was mixed up by the thick weather. Taking it all in all we were glad that we did not try to get home. E. M. SEETE.

GUILFORD, Conn.

Rhode Island Notes.

WORK AT HERRESHOFFS.—Mr. E. D. Morgan was a recent visitor at the Herreshoff shops and he came ostensibly in the interest of a new class of boats to be built there the coming winter. A new steam yacht that is under construction at the Herreshoff shops is being pushed along as if the room were likely to be needed soon for the building of a craft of more than ordinary importance.

In regard to a proposed new class of 60ft. racing sloops talked of for several weeks past, there is considerable speculation as to whether the craft will be of all wood or composite construction. Of this new class it is said that there will be orders for six and possibly eight boats.

One of the prospective new Herreshoff productions the coming winter may be an 80ft. waterline schooner, which a Mr. Clark, of Philadelphia, is contemplating having built to replace his Irolita, a fast sloop built for him at Bristol a few years ago. Irolita is now at Bristol stripped and ready for hauling out.

Mr. August Belmont, of New York, is to have a new steam yacht, and he was at the Herreshoff shops a few days ago with Mr. J. Van Rensselaer Kennedy in regard to the order for the new boat, the plans for which have not yet been fully developed. F. H. YOUNG.

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Design for a Yacht Tender.

THE accompanying plans of the power launch were made by Mr. Norman L. Skene. The boat was built for Mr. Clarkson Cowl, vice-commodore of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., who used the boat as a tender to his steam yacht Ardea.

The owner wanted a high-sided, able boat, as light as consistent with requisite strength. The launch has full deck lines and a liberal flare, which makes her very dry. A spray hood of the melon type keeps those on board dry when the water is rough.

Power is furnished by a three horsepower Toquet engine, which drives the boat at a speed of 7 miles an hour. The exhaust is piped for discharge either above or below the waterline. The cooling water is to be turned into the exhaust when running.

The planking is of cedar, and the top strake, coaming, deck seats and gratings are of mahogany.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	17ft. 9in.
L.W.L.	16ft. 10in.
Overhang—	
Forward	8in.
Aft	3in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	4ft. 9in.
At L.W.L.	4ft. 1in.
Draft—	
Extreme	1ft. 7in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 4in.
Least	1ft. 6in.
Aft	1ft. 10in.

Boston Letter.

RULES FOR 22-FOOTERS STAND.—A meeting of the association governing the 22-footers was held on Sept. 27, at which it was voted to let the rules of the class stand for another year. Some talk had been made in regard to racing the class under the new uniform rating rule, but the sentiment of the majority was that the new rule is still an unknown quantity and that it would be better to race under the existing rules until more definite data might be obtained in regard to the new rule. In the event of 22-footers racing under the new rule, it is likely that they would have to receive special classification, for their form and general dimensions would put them at such high ratings that they would be severely handicapped in classes in which they would rate regularly. It is also likely that there would be some discussion in the event of the 22-footers being rated in one special class, for they would not all come into the limits of the same class under the rating rule, some of them rating over 33ft. and some under. So it is probably for the best interest of all to have them race together under the same restrictions and classification they have raced under until such time as necessary changes may discontinue the class. At the meeting of Sept. 27 it was voted to allow an increase of 75ft. for balloon jibs and to prohibit pot leading. The latter rule was made for purposes of economy, it being considered that frequent pot leadings are unnecessary. With the assurance that the class will remain unchanged for another year at least, it is expected that several new boats will be built. The new boat for Mr. George Lee is already under construction.

RAMONA FOR THE JUNK HEAP.—The schooner Ramona, owned by Mr. W. N. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, and used by him at Marblehead as a houseboat, has been sold through the agency of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield to O'Connor Bros., dealers in metals, who will break her up. She is now lying on the flats off South Boston. The firm which purchased Ramona is the same which secured Puritan at a remarkably low figure early in the summer. The price paid for Ramona was not announced, but it is believed to have been less than $4,000. It is reported that her cabin fittings, which are in beautifully carved oak, originally cost about $25,000. Mr. Wilbur retained the cabin fittings, skylights and companionways. There is said to be enough metal in her ballast and fastenings to give the new owners a handsome return upon their investment. Ramona was originally called Resolute and was built by David Carll at City Island in 1871 from designs of Mr. A. Cary Smith and was then a centerboard boat. She was altered to a keel boat in 1878 and was further altered and lengthened, by Poillon in 1887. She is 133ft. over all, 110ft. 9in. waterline, 25ft. breadth and 12ft. 6in. draft. Her tonnage is 127.04.

NEW BINNEY DESIGNS.—Mr. Arthur Binney has an order for an auxiliary schooner of 80ft. waterline to be used for cruising along the New England coast. He also has orders for a 40ft. auxiliary yawl, two speed launches of the Hupa type, a 60ft. cruiser and several smaller power boats.

BARRACUDA SOLD.—The 30ft. waterline sloop Barracuda, built at Lawley's in 1903 for Mr. Dudley N. Hartt, has been sold through the agency of Mr. E. A. Boardman to Mr. H. H. Walker, of the Corinthian Y. C. Barracuda is a fine cruiser of wholesome type.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. EVENTS.—A meeting of the South Boston Y. C. will be held at the club house on Wednesday evening, Oct. 4. The House Committee has announced the following fall and winter fixtures: Oct. 7, fancy dress party; Nov. 1, hop given by Commodore C. W. Rauskolb; Nov. 22, stag party and vaudeville; Dec. 13, concert; Jan. 1, New Year hop.

CRUISING YAWL FOR MR. C. M. TAINTOR.—There is being built by Higgins and Gifford at Gloucester a centerboard yawl for Mr. C. M. Taintor, of New York, who will use her for cruising to the West Indies in winter and to Nova Scotia in the summer. She will be 45ft. over all, 45ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and of moderate draft. Accommodations consist of a main saloon, two staterooms, bathroom, captain's room, galley and forecastle. There will be an average headroom of 6ft. 9in. in the owner's quarters.

BOSTON BOATS FOR LIPTON CUP.—Messrs. Small Bros. have been asked to submit sketches of two boats to compete on the Great Lakes for the Lipton Cup. One of these is for a club which will challenge the Country Club, of Detroit, the present holder of the cup, and the other is a possible defender of the cup. The same designers have an order for a 22ft. waterline auxiliary yawl for Mr. H. R. Stiles, of Cobalt, Conn., and another for a 45ft. auxiliary knockabout for the Cape.

YACHT FOR WINTER SAILING.—Mr. Channing Williams is having a 25-footer built at Pulpit from designs by Mr. John G. Alden, which he expects to keep in commission all winter at Swampscott. She will be 34ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 11ft. breadth and 5ft. 8in. draft.

MR. HENRY HOWARD RETURNS.—Mr. Henry Howard, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C., has returned from an extended trip in Europe on private business and also in the interest of the yachting affairs of this club. It is known that an ocean race of the Eastern Y. C. across the Atlantic is being talked of for next season, and it is possible that some important announcements may be made by Mr. Howard in the near future.

CAPE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the Cape Catboat Association is to be held in Quincy on Monday evening, Oct. 2, to consider new restrictions for 1906, regulating the style of boat to be built for the class. It is thought that there will be a great boom in the class for next year, and that as many as half a dozen boats will be built this winter. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1906.

(Assumed office Oct. 1, 1905.)

Commodore—H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.
Secretary—William W. Crosby, Brighton Mills, Passaic, N. J.
Treasurer—Frederic G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Woolsey Carmalt, 82 Beaver St., New York.
Rear-Commodore—Matthias Ohlmeyer, Francis H. Leggett & Co., 128 Franklin St., New York.
Purser—Henry S. McKeag, 13 White St., New York.
Executive Committee—William A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Louis C. Kretzmer, Schepp Building, New York; Clifton T. Mitchell, 46 E. Sedgwick St., Germantown, Pa.
Board of Governors—Robert J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn.
Racing Board—H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henry R. Ford, 45 N. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Rear-Commodore—Edward H. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Purser—B. Irving Rouse, 981 Lake Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Executive Committee—John S. Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.; Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—Charles P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., E. Rochester, N.Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Frederick W. Notman, P. O. Box 2344, Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Frank S. Chase, Manchester, N. H.
Purser—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Executive Committee—Daniel S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.; Arthur G. Mather, 84 South St., Medford, Mass.; H. L. Backus, 472 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; Herman D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.
Rear-Commodore—James W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—Russell H. Britton, Gananoque, Ont., Canada.
Executive Committee—Charles E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont., Can.
Board of Governors—John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont., Canada.
Racing Board—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—John A. Berkey, St. Paul, Minn.
Rear-Commodore—George H. Gardner, 149 Kennard St., Cleveland, O.
Purser—Wade Hampton Yardley, 49 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Executive Committee—Lucien Walsin, The Baldwin Co., 142 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.; Augustus W. Friese, The Journal, Chicago, Ill.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.
Racing Board—Frank B. Huntington, 90 Sheboygan St., Fand-du-Lac, Wis.

A. C. A. Dinner.

THE Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association having been honored by the selection from its territory of the officers for 1906, Commodore H. Lansing Quick and Secretary William W. Crosby, a complimentary dinner will be given by the members of said division to the visitng officers and the several committees at the St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Eleventh street, on Saturday evening, Oct. 14, at 7 o'clock, following the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A., to be held at the St. Denis earlier the same day.

Circulars containing full information have been sent by the undersigned committee to all members of the Atlantic Division, and this notice is published for general information and for the benefit of any of the division who may, by change of address or other reasons, have failed to receive the circulars. Copies may be had on application to the chairman. As this is the twenty-fifth gathering of the Association on like occasions, it is hoped by the committee that the dinner may be a rousing success. All applications for places at the dinner should be made to the chairman *at once*. H. C. Ward, chairman, 73 Maiden Lane, New York; W. Carmalt, W. A. Furman, L. C. Kretzmer, J. K. Hand, P. F. Hogan, W. R. Simpson, F. W. Noyes, committee.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Greenville Hunters' Association.

THE twenty-fifth annual reunion and picnic of the Greenville, O., Hunters' Association was held at the range, near Greenville, and was a record-breaker in numbers, enthusiasm, sport and scores made. In fact, it was the greatest success in the history of the club. Every detail had been carefully looked after, and the programe, as arranged, was about perfect. As an evidence of their appreciation of the good time given them, the members unanimously re-elected the old officers: Major A. N. Wilson, President; John F. Beaver, Vice-President; Henry Hetzler, Treasurer; Frank Smith, Secretary. The first match was at 200yds., offhand, 3 shots, possible 36, entrance 50 cents, five moneys. E. J. Harman was first with 25; Katsenberger 23, second; H. Smith, 22, third; T. E. Garreth, fourth, 22; A. W. Kirby, fifth, 22. The second match was 200yds., rest, 3 shots, possible 36, same entrance and division. After shooting off ties, the prizes were won in order following: W. E. Pearson 29, G. R. Decker 28, A. N. Wilson 28, F. L. Burr 27, Wm. F. Jay 26. Other high scores were: C. W. Matthews and J. A. Vore, 26 each; D. W. Jones, Jas. McGriff, C. W. Sander and F. Smith, 25 each. In the animal target contests ninety-five members took part, and only center shots were good for the prizes. There were fifty men shooting off ties, as "Uncle" Joe Wilson said, "Nothing like it ever before on this range." Animal targets, bear, doe, moose, and buck, 100yds., offhand, one shot on each, center counts 10, possible 40. Eight merchandise prizes on each target. Following are the winners with scores made given in order after shooting off ties. On the bear target the 9s did not have a look in. On the doe, three 9s had a chance. The same on the moose; but on the buck only 10s were good:

Bear.—D. W. Jones 10, C. C. Pitman 10, A. N. Clemmer 10, J. G. Knick 10, Geo. Sigafoos 10, W. E. Pearson 10, W. S. Kessler 10, G. O. Shivadecker 10.

Doe.—G. R. Decker 10, Hiram Lawrence 10, M. T. Hampton 10, T. H. Parks 10, J. G. Knicks 10, Charles Barnhart 9, J. A. Stevens 9, Wm. Lutz 9.

Moose.—Pola Jay 10, T. E. Garreth 10, C. Grant 10, W. E. Pearson 10, C. Kniek 10, F. Smith 9, A. W. Kirby 9, C. W. Matthews 9.

Buck.—A. D. Hartman 10, Chas. Culbertson 10, C. Appenzeller 10, H. Hetzler 10, E. Culbertson 10, S. Locke 10, F. P. Teaford 10, F. G. Wiley 10.

Match No. 4, 100yds., offhand, 3 shots, possible 36, Massachusetts target; eighty-seven shooters; after shooting off ties the following were winners of the five money prizes: Hiram Lawrence 34, C. W. Matthews 34, A. W. Kirby 34, Geo. W. Izor 33, M. T. Hampton 33. Others were: A. N. Clemmer 33, Robt. Logan 33, L. S. Conaroe 33, C. W. Sander 33, G. R. Decker 33, H. Smith 33.

Match No. 5 was on Massachusetts target, 100yds., offhand, 2 shots, possible 24, entrance 25 cents, five moneys. After ties were shot off the following took the prizes in order given: A. W. Kirby 24, Ed Wertz 24, Wm. Lutz 24, H. Lawrence 23, Robt. Logan 23. Other high scores were: G. W. Izor 23, C. W. Matthews 23, A. N. Clemmer 23, C. W. Sander 23, M. T. Hampton 22, J. Katzenberger 22, W. P. Townsend 22, L. S. Conaroe 22, D. W. Jones 22, G. R. Decker 22, A. D. Hartman 22.

Following are the aggregate scores made in the three offhand, 100yd. matches, 9 shots, possible 100: G. W. Izor, C. W. Matthews, 89 each; A. N. Clemmer, G. R. Decker, Robt. Logan, 88 each; D. W. Jones, H. Lawrence, 87 each; L. S. Conaroe, 86; J. Katzenberger, C. W. Sander, 85 each; W. P. Townsend, H. Hetzler, 82 each; H. Smith, 81; M. H. Kerr, A. D. Hartman, 78 each; P. Rinehart, G. Brotherton, 75 each; W. F. Jay, 73; Wm. Lutz, 72; Dr. L. N. Trent, 71; M. Houseman, 70.

A meeting of the members of the Greenville Offhand Rifle Club was held on Sept. 29 for the purpose of reorganizing and transacting other business. The treasurer, Geo. W. Sigafoos, read his report for the past three years, which was approved. Among the new members admitted were: Ed Beachler, Geo. Katzenberger, Wm. Lutz, Chas. R. Kemble and Rollin Waggoner. The following officers were elected: A. N. Wilson, President; E. Culberton, Vice-President; W. F. Smith, Secretary; Joe C. Katzenberger, Treasurer; Geo. W. Sigafoos, Captain; Range Committee, A. N. Wilson and G. W. Studebaker. The affairs of the club are in good condition, and the chances of getting new members are encouraging. The club's range is one of the best in this part of Ohio and Indiana. The reunion this year was the greatest success ever scored by the club.

The Zettler Festival.

THE thirty-first annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, was held on the 200yd. ranges in Union Hill Shooting Park, Union Hill, N. J., Sept. 27 and 28. There were several reasons why the attendance of expert riflemen from all the nearby States was so good, but among them were the facts that the weather was perfect for rifle shooting, the prizes hung up by the club numerous and valuable, and all restrictions had been removed from rifles that could be used—meaning that only one remained by which all who entered must shoot, offhand.

The fine large shooting pavilion of the Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein, which owns the large park lying on the western slope of the heights at Union Hill, was comfortably filled from 10 o'clock in the morning until the last shot was fired at 6 P. M. each day. It was a gathering such as may be seen there during any important shoot held in summer, but with the addition of a number of the best shots of several nearby States and from all of New York city's environs, Springfield, Mass., alone being represented by Harry Pope, Fred Ross and F. L. and Owen Smith.

The Zettler Club's grand old man, Ferdinand Fabarius, who is in his eighty-sixth year, put in an appearance early, and showed that he is still hale and hearty by carrying his own rifle and shooting kit. But on the afternoon of the second day, after he had made a better score than some of the young men on the honor target, he met with an accident which sadly disturbed his nerves and put an end to his shooting for the day. On firing a shot from his favorite rifle, which is lighter than those with which he won countless trophies and prizes during his three-score years of rifle practice, the action cracked across both sides, the shell flew over his shoulder, and he stood with the stock in his right hand and the barrel in his left, startled and a bit stunned, but fortunately unhurt. The lock was not injured, nor was the barrel affected. Thereupon some waggish member hung the barrel and stock beside the cashier's desk and labeled it thus: "Fabarius' takedown rifle, model 1906," which tickled the old gentleman immensely, as he is not only somewhat of an inventor, but fond of a joke as well.

High power rifles could not be used, the butts not being strong enough for their hard bullets; but several contestants shot smokeless powder; among them Richard Gute, who was high man in the bullseye match, second on the honor target, and fourth on the ring target.

This was the first big outdoor shoot of any club of this city in which telescopic sights were admitted, and there were quite a number of telescopes used. Among the experts we noticd telescopes on the rifles of Fred Ross, Harry Pope, Owen Smith, Richard Gutc, Arthur Hubalek, F. L. Smith, Henry D. Muller and several others, while Emil Berckmann and Michael Dorrler used them a part of the time. It is conceded by many local riflemen that this shoot will be used as a precedent by other clubs, which will remove all restrictions from magnifying sights in tournaments of the future.

Finally, too much praise cannot be accorded this old club, its officers and members, for the friendly rivalry and the good fellowship it has fostered during its thirty-one years of activity.

The summary of the various matches follows:

Target of honor, 3 shots, possible 75 points, open only to members, for prizes given by judges and members, and $150 offered by the club, and divided into twenty cash prizes, ranging from $20 down to $4:

Wm Hayes	69	W A Hicks	58
R Gute	67	Owen Smith	57
A Begerow	66	F C Ross	57
R Busse	66	Aug Kronsberg	57
Geo Schlicht	66	Geo Ludwig	56
H M Pope	65	H Koster	55
Geo Purkess	65	Geo Zimmermann	55
A Hubalek	64	T H Keller	53
M Dorrler	64	Philip Smith	49
Gus Zimmermann	63	Geo Hecking	47
B Zettler	63	F Fabarius	46
W A Tewes	62	Louis Flach	44
Emil Berckmann	60	H C Zettler	43
Louis Maurer	60	H D Muller	36
H Fenwirth	60	J H Brower	27
Geo Bernius	59	R Bernius	17
L P Hansen	58		

Ring target, three shots, best three tickets to count for the first five prizes, best two tickets for next five, and single tickets for the balanee; no limit to number of entries, but only one prize could be won by each contestant. The possible for 3 shots was 75 points. The prizes ranged from $50 down to $1, twenty-one in all, and four premiums. The summary:

Three tickets, possible 225 points:

H M Pope	214	$50	R Gute	208	25
Owen Smith	213	40	L P Hansen	208	20
A Hubalek	210	30			

Two tickets, possible 150 points:

Michael Dorrler	138	$15	Wm Hayes	137	8
C A Niemeyer	137	12	W A Tewes	135	7
F C Ross	137	10	R Busse	135	6

Single tickets, possible 75 points:

Aug Begerow	69	$5	Geo Schlicht	67	$2
F L Smith	69	4	Barney Zettler	67	2
G Hoffmann	68	4	H Fenwirth	66	1
C W Leonard	67	3	W A Hicks	65	1
Robt Hesse	67	3	Louis Flach	65	1
P F Schmitt	67	2			

Premiums: Best five tickets—H. M. Pope, 354, $10; second best five, Owen Smith, 352, $8; third, Richard Gute, $4; fourth, Arthur Hubalek, 342, $2.

Bullseye target, 10 shot tickets, best single shot by measurement to count; open to all comers; eighteen cash prizes:

	Degrees.	Prizes.		Degrees.	Prizes.
R Gute	4½	$20	T H Keller	43	$3
Geo Schlicht	7½	15	Louis Flach	45½	3
F L Smith	15½	12	M Saboeher	51	3
H M Pope	16	10	Louis Maurer	60	2
Michael Dorrler	18	8	Chas Meyer	61	2
Gus Zimmermann	20	6	Geo Hoffmann	63½	2
A Hubalek	20½	5	V R Olmstead	64	1
Aug Kronsberg	24	4	Wm Hayes	66	1
F C Ross	37½	4	Aug Begerow	68½	1

Premiums: For the most bullseyes during the shoot, F. C. Ross, 60, $12; second, H. M. Pope, 50, $8; third, Arthur Hubalek, 40, $6; fourth, George Schlicht, 32, $4; fifth, Louis Flach and Gus Zimmermann, tied on 28 and divided $2.

Ladies target of honor, open only to the wives, sisters and friends of members; 3-shot scores, with .22cal. rifles, at 200ft., possible 75 points.

Miss Katie Zimmermann	69	Miss Lina Hansen	53
Miss Lina Eusner	67	Miss Anna Zettler	50
Miss Nellie Hart	66	Mrs Gus Zimmermann	47
Miss Millie Zimmermann	66	Mrs B Schmidt	46
Miss Bertha Ludwig	64	Miss Helene Engelholm	39
Miss Anna Ludwig	64	Mrs Filsen	38
Mrs Bernius	63	Mrs Fischer	36
Mrs Barney Zettler	62	Mrs Louis Flach	30
Mrs H Fenwirth	62	Mrs Geo Sehlicht	30
Mrs Laut	55	Mrs Zettler	20
Mrs Hubalek	55	Mrs Hern	19

Judges' target, 3 shots, open to judges only, for two trophies: John Facklamm 60, Mr. Buehroeder 57.

Zettler trophy, 3 shots, for a trophy given by Zettler Bros.: Owen Smith 71.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Sept. 24. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the Standard American target. Payne was champion for the day with the good score of 89. He was also high man on the honor target with 28 points. This was the day set for the semi-annual 100-shot individual championship match. It was won by Mr. Nestler with the good score of 823. There were but few entries, however, and interest was consequently lacking. We were honored by a visit by Mr. Rohrer, who is one of Lexington's, Ky., sharpshooters. He has recently supplied himself with a complete muzzleloading outfit of the Stevens-Pope make, and when he gets broke in he will doubtless make somebody hump. The day was an ideal one, but no one seemed to be in fine fettle, no 90s being made. Our new member, Mr. John Case, did very well for a beginner in the art of shooting, and we hope to see him reach the top of the ladder ere long. The scores:

Nestler	79	85	83	83	87	78	84	82	80	82—823
Payne	80	84	82	86	72	89	80	84	77	78—812
Roberts	69	84	85	83	78	82	76	84	72	68—781
Freitag	73	76	83	82	81	71	77	80	69	74—766
Hofer	55	62	76	65	84	87	73	75	..	..
Case	54	79	68	65	53	70	51	..	..	..
Hofman	77	65	82	81	86	75	..	..	..	..

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

SOME excellent scores have been made the past month by our members. The outdoor season is practically closed for most of us whose Saturday half-holidays are ended, but a few fortunates manage to puncture the targets and keep the range open.

Walter H. Freeman with a .38 Colt, officers' model revolver, in shooting a 50-shot string, made a run of eleven consecutive 10s at 50yds. on the Standard target, which shows the capabilities of man and gun. And Wm. Almy, with a gun of the same model, has to his credit the past week a run of nine 10s, which is fine work.

We are looking forward now to the proposed plans for fall and winter shooting. We have outgrown the quarters we occupied last winter in the old armory, with its limited facilities and once a week opportunity to practice, and are planning to inclose a portion of our present range at Cranston, giving us three ranges for 20yd. revolver and pistol and 25yd. rifle work. It is proposed to light with acetylene gas, and with a stove to keep the snug shooting house warm, anticipate many pleasant gatherings this winter. The proposed range will be at members' disposal any evening, and 50yd. practice can be indulged in any pleasant day.

The following scores have recently been recorded:

Revolver and pistol, 50yds.: Walter H. Freeman 89, 88, 87, 91 91; 82, 86, 88; Wm. Almy 91, 86, 86, 86, 84, 83, 83, 83, 83; 86, 85, 83, 82, 80, 87, 89, 90, 86, 83, 88. 86; B. Norman 87, 75, 83, 83, 83, 86; W. C. Pixley 78, 86, 71, 72, 76, 74; Wm. F. Eddy 78, 74, 79, 78, 90, 80, 74, 77, 86, 80; *97; A. C. Hurlburt 74, 75, 77, 84, 76, 76; Fred Liebrich 73, 71, 70, 74; Arno Argus 65; H. D. Merritt 63.

*Club record.

Rifle, 25yds., German ring target: W. Bert Gardiner 238, 241, 237, 238, 239, 236, 242, 241, 235, 241; 237, 241, 241, 242, 246, 242, 236, 237, 231, 237; L. A. Jordan 229, 236; Wm. Almy 236, 231, 223; A. B. Coulters 236, 223; C. L. Beach 226, 220.

Revolver, 50yds., military count: Wm. Almy 49, 48, 48, 48, 47, 48; A. C. Hurlburt 45, 46, 46, 47, 46; Wm. F. Eddy 45, 46, 45, 45, 45, 49.

Revolver and Pistol, 20yds.: Wm. Almy 72, 78, 78, 82, 84; A. C. Hurlburt 77; W. Bert Gardiner 72, 81, 80, 79, 75, 77, 79, 84, 84, 77, 81, 88, 84, 80, 79, 81, 84.

Rifle, 50yds., Standard target: Miss Powell (rest) 87; Sterry K. Luther (scope) 83, 85; B. Norman 78; H. Powell 73, 76, 76; Wm. Almy 69, 73; R. Powell 69, W. B. Gardiner 72, 76, 87, 84, 79, 84.

Rifle, 50yds., German ring target: H. Powell 217, B. Norman 215, Wm. Almy 211. A. C. HURLBURT, Sec'y.

Rifle Notes.

We are informed that the Malcolm Rifle Telescope Mfg. Co., which was established in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1857 by Wm. Malcolm, and conducted there by him up to the time of his death, has been purchased by parties of Auburn, N. Y., and will be carried on up to the same high standards as heretofore.

Lieutenant-Governor Bruce, of New York, says a small headstone in a cemetery in the western part of the State is pointed out to visitors as one of the sights over the grave of a widower, who, while not lacking in love for the departed one, was penurious to a degree. He ordered a small stone because it was cheap, and ordered the mason to engrave on it this inscription: "Sarah Hackett, Aged Ninety Years. Lord, She Was Thine." The stonecutter said there was too much inscription for so small a surface, but was told to go ahead and "squeeze it on somehow." Here is the inscription as "squeezed": "Sarah Hackett; Aged Ninety Years. Lord, She Was Thin."

THE MANY-USE OIL.
Polishes and preserves stock, barrel and case; 6oz. can 25c.—*Adv.*

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 3-4.—Kansas City, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League tournament. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of Jefferson County G. C. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City G. C. eighth annual tournament. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-3.—Hyannis, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. McCauley, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—New London, Ia., G. C., shoot; $500 added. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 4-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill G. C. tournament. T. D. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association tournament. J. B. Springer, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Alliance, Neb., G. C. tournament. L. A. Shawrer, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-8.—Davenport, Ia., Cumberland G. C. tournament.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C. tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., G. C. tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 13-15.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins semi-annual tournament No. 2, targets and live birds. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
Oct. 14.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C. prize shoot.
Oct. 17-18.—Raleigh, N. C., G. C. tournament. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., G. C. shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Oct. 19.—Shrewsbury, Pa., G. C. shoot. W. H. Myers, Sec'y.
Oct. 21.—Plainfield, N. J., G. C. merchandise shoot.
Oct. 26.—Edgewater N. J.—Palisade G. C. shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

NORTH NEW JERSEY SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Sept. 28.—Dover at Morristown.
Oct. 7.—Montclair at Newton.
Oct. 14.—Orange at Dover.
Oct. 19.—Newton at Morristown.
Oct. 21.—Montclair at Orange.
Oct. 28.—Dover at Montclair.
Nov. 2.—Montclair at Morristown.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The next regular shoot of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will be held on Oct. 14.

The Preble County Gun Club, Eaton, O., will hold an all-day shoot on Oct. 18.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club has fixed upon Oct. 14 for a prize shoot.

The Palisade Gun Club, Edgewater, N. J., contemplates the holding of a fall tournament on Nov. 23.

On Oct. 7, the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club team will visit at Newton, and contest in the fifteenth match of the North New Jersey Shooting League.

The Crescent Athletic Club trapshooting season will begin on Oct. 14. The policy in respect to prizes will be on the same liberal and artistic lines which have heretofore prevailed with the shooting committee.

Thirteen events constitute the programme of the Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club tournament, to be held on Oct. 19. Totals are 200 targets, $12.90 entrance, class shooting. High averages, first, $8; second, $2; low average, $1. Competition begins at 10 o'clock.

Interesting team matches at targets or sparrows have been arranged between the Corner Rod and Gun Club of Muncie, Ind., and the best material of the Lagrange and Wasepi trapshooters, for a purse of $500. The first match will probably be held at Muncie; the second at Wasepi.

On Sept. 25, at Muncie, Mr. H. M. Clark, of Wabash, defeated Mr. Max Witzengreuter, of Fort Wayne, in a contest at 100 sparrows, 25yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The scores were: Clark 94, Witz 92. Mr. G. G. Williamson, of Muncie, acted as referee. A return match is contemplated in two weeks from date of this match.

Three special events, the Westchester county individual championship, the team contest, Poughkeepsie vs. Ossining, and the five-man inter-county team championship, are on the programme of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club fall tournament, Oct. 18-19. Aded money, $75. Sweepstakes each day, seven at 20 targets, $1.40 entrance, and one at 25 targets, $1.50 entrance. A sliding handicap, class shooting will govern on the first day; Rose system and scratch. Event No. 8 on first day, 25 targets, is a special distance handicap, merchandise prizes. Charles G. Blandford is Financial Secretary and Captain.

The fall tournament of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, Oct. 9 and 10, has a programme of ten 20-target events each day, $2 entrance, class shooting. The English Hotel cup will be a matter of contest. Competition is amateur. Handicaps, 14 to 19yds. Ship guns and shells to the Indianapolis Gun Club, 121 W. Washington street, or 116 N. Pennsylvania street, express prepaid. High average money for professionals and amateurs. The Secretary, Wm. Armstrong, writes us as follows: "I wish to extend to the sportsmen who are traveling either for business or pleasure and who have a few hours of leisure time to spend in our city, to come and enjoy the pleasure of shooting on our grounds. They are always welcome. All standard shells and loads for sale at the club house any day in the week, except Sunday. Our regular practice day is Saturday afternoon. You will note time table for cars to our grounds on back cover of programme. Our telephone number is new phone 5934. All the prominent hotels are located within two blocks of the terminal station."

BERNARD WATERS.

Newark Gun Club Tournament.

THE Newark, O., Gun Club held a tournament on Sept. 27 and 28 which was quite successful, though not so well attended as had been hoped for. The weather on both days was all that could be desired, and E. S. Browne, who had charge of the affair, did everything possible to make things pleasant for the visitors. From a number of quiet hints which were thrown out by various shooters, we are of the opinion he succeeded. The shooting began at 9:30 A. M. each day, and was over a Leggett trap, which gave good satisfaction.

The trade was represented by L. J. Squier, R. L. Trimble, D. D. Gross, John R. Taylor and R. B. McNeil.

The office was in charge of J. R. Taylor as cashier, and he was assisted by R. B. McNeil. Needless to say things went smoothly here.

The programme consisted of four events at 15 and seven at 20 targets each day; total entrance, $20 per day; money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The high average money, $65, was divided $30, $20, $10 and $5.

On the first day thirty-five shooters took part. Johnson was high with 182; Trimble second with 181; Hatcher and Alkire third with 179.

On the second day forty men were present, and twenty-seven went through. King was high with 189; Snow second with 183; Hulshizer and Squier third with 181 each.

For the two days King won high average and took first money as well as the silver loving cup given by Laflin & Rand for high amateur. Hatcher was second, 358; Johnson 356, Alkire 350. High professional average was taken by Trimble, 360.

On the afternoon of the last day the match for the Phellis trophy was shot, the Indianola Gun Club, of Columbus, having challenged. Events 7, 8 and 9 of the programme constituted this match. Three teams were entered, the challenger, one from Marietta and one from Newark. The home team won by 4 targets from Indianola, and 15 from Marietta. King, of Newark, and Webster and Rhoads, of the Indianola team, were high with 48 each. Hulshizer, of Newark, and Speary, of Marietta second with 47 each. The scores:

Phellis trophy match, six-man teams, 50 targets:

Newark Team.		Indianola Team, Columbus.	
King	48	Rhoads	48
Hulshizer	47	Webster	48
Fisher	45	Buchanan	44
Keefe	45	H E Smith	43
Orr	44	Cumberland	43
Murphy	41—270	Harrison	40—266
Marietta Team.			
Speary	47	Jones	41
Nelson	46	Decker	39
Trapp	44	Schlicher	38—255

	—First Day—		—Second Day—		—Third Day—	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
King	200	174	200	189	400	363
Trimble	200	181	200	179	400	360
Hatcher	200	179	200	179	400	358
Johnson	200	182	200	174	400	356
Alkire	200	179	200	171	400	350
Cumberland	200	171	200	177	400	348
Snow	200	163	200	183	400	346
Orr	200	171	200	174	400	345
Trapp	200	174	200	170	400	344
Hulshizer	200	162	200	181	400	343
Fisher	200	172	200	170	400	342
Smith	200	172	200	169	400	341
J L Schlitz	200	159	200	179	400	338
Keefe	200	168	200	169	400	337
Nelson	200	166	200	170	400	336
C J Sehlitz	200	161	200	174	400	335
Squier	200	152	200	181	400	333
Bottenfield	200	152	200	179	400	331
Moore	200	159	200	171	400	330
Schlicher	200	161	200	162	400	323
S Burrell	200	161	200	162	400	323
Jones	200	154	200	163	400	317
Gross	200	141	200	172	400	313
Kiefer	200	164	125	102	325	266
Webster	..	...	200	177	200	177
Speary	..	...	200	176	200	176
Decker	..	...	200	174	200	174
Shattuck	..	...	200	162	200	162
Bibbee	200	149	...	...	200	149
Karnehm	..	...	145	123	145	123
H E Smith	..	...	145	109	145	109
Wells	..	...	110	96	110	96
Fishinger	..	...	110	96	110	96
Murphy	100	88	...	...	100	88
F Burrell	125	84	...	...	125	84
Schatter	90	69	...	...	90	69
North	110	71	...	...	110	71
Rhoads	..	...	70	67	70	67
Buchanan	..	...	70	61	70	61
Frank Winze	80	61	...	...	80	61
Harrison	..	...	70	57	70	57
Dial	..	...	70	46	70	46
Bell	..	...	70	40	70	40
Cherry	50	39	...	...	50	39
Meredith	75	34	...	...	75	34
J H Wentz	60	33	...	...	60	33
Bricker	35	29	15	14	50	43
Tabler	..	...	20	17	20	17
Swick	20	14	...	...	20	14
Brown	..	...	15	10	15	10

The Indians' Memorial to Emil Werk.

Look onward! From the stricken lodge,
Where earthly sorrow bides,
Triumphant, o'er the shining trail,
The warrior spirit rides.

ONCE for every God-given spirit upon earth comes the fleet runner with his message of a soul's release from this transitory career—heavy and sad tidings to those that remain, because in every life there is so much of nobility and worth, of which only those nearest and dearest are aware. But in this message that Emil Werk, Chief Rio Grande, abides with us no more, there comes the sense of sorrow and personal loss—of a shining light gone out forever, not to a few, but to many hearts in many States throughout the land.

In the tribal wigwam of the Indians there is one more vacant place, while the artist strives with utmost fidelity to inscribe a tablet for the gallery of fame that will truly reflect the nobility of character, the greatness of mind and genial temperament of him whom it has pleased the Manitou to call thus early to the Happy Hunting Grounds. We valued him for his counsel in annual conclave and in sundry temporary camps upon the daily trail; cherished him for his true friendship that never failed in any emergency, and loved him as a brother for his own great love of nature and of all mankind, and those indefinable qualities of sportsmanship which he everywhere manifested by action, deed, word and song, and which endeared him alike to all.

Taking comfort in the faith and promise of the great Book of Nature, whose profound philosophy he so dearly loved, we extend to his family and relatives in their yet deeper sorrow, our sincere sympathy and condolence; and in witness thereof affix hereto the seal of The Indians, this thirtieth day of September, 1905.

FRANK C. RIEHL, Chief Scribe. TOM A. MARSHALL, High Chief.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 30.—Mr. Moller won the Peters badge. Mr. Smoke was high gun. The weather was cloudy and rainy.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Hunter	18	23	25	22	..	..	..	..
Parry	14	24	21	24	23	22	..	..
Sayles	12	13	18	18	15	14	13	21
Smoke	20	23	23	21	23	21	..	..
Moore	23	16	22	21	21	22	..	..
Sothern	21	18	18	..	..	..	..	..
Finley	23	12	18	19	..	..	..	..
M Morris	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Green	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hicc	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johns	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moller	22	22	22	..	..	..	..	..
Long	18	21	24	..	..	..	..	..
E Z Pash	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

SEC'Y.

Monongahela League Tournament.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Sept. 26.—The Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League of West Virginia held its sixth and seventh regular tournaments of the season at Fairmont, W. Va., on Labor Day, Sept. 4 and at Grafton, W. Va., on Sept. 25, with a fair attendance at both places.

The light and weather conditions were rather poor at both shoots, as evidenced by the almost universally low scores made.

The trade was represented by Mr. H. H. Stevens and Mr. Ed. H. Taylor, to both of whom the League is indebted for valuable assistance.

Winners at Fairmont were: Expert high average, H. H. Stevens, 85.14 per cent.; amateur high average, W. A. Wiedebusch, Fairmont Gun Club, 90.86 per cent.; amateur second high average, G. A. Long, Mannington Gun Club, 85.14 per cent.

The League team race, five men, 25 targets per man, for the Peters silver loving cup, emblematic of the League team championship, was won for the month by the Fairmont team with a score of 104.

The Laflin & Rand silver loving cup, emblematic of the League individual championship, was won by W. A. Wiedebusch, of the Fairmont Club, with a score of 17 out of 20.

Winners at Grafton were: Expert high average, H. H. Stevens, 90.29 per cent.; amateur high average, W. A. Wiedebusch, Fairmont Gun Club, 88. per cent.; amateur second high average, John Merrifield, Fairmont Gun Club, 85.14 per cent.

The League team race, five men, 25 targets per man, for the Peters loving cup, emblematic of the League team championship, was won for the month by the Fairmont team with a score of 95.

The Laflin & Rand silver loving cup, emblematic of the League individual championship, was won by W. A. Wiedebusch, of the Fairmont Club, with a score of 17 out of 20.

Tabulated scores follow:

At Fairmont:

	Shot at.	Broke.
W A Wiedebusch	175	159
G A Long	175	152
T A Neill	175	150
John Phillips	175	150
Stevens	175	149
Nichols	175	145
J R Miller	175	144
Jacobs	175	141
Musgrove	175	141
Lilly	175	135
Merrifield	175	133
Heckman	175	131
Warden	175	126
J C Long	175	120
Fitch	175	117
Colpitts	175	117
Amos	175	117
Stuck	175	113

	Shot at.	Broke.
Taylor	175	112
Barthlow	140	61
Carnahan	120	93
Leachman	120	58
Garden	105	90
Jones	105	82
South	105	78
Dowler	105	76
Donally	90	78
Kinney	90	66
Deusenberry	85	53
F C Wiedebusch	85	49
Doonan	85	41
G E Miller	55	39
Rice	55	39
Simon	55	32
Dunnigan	20	16
Coogle	15	14

Team race for Peters cup:

Fairmont Gun Club.	
W A Wiedebusch	25
Lilly	17
Neill	22
Phillips	22
Coogle	18—104

Grafton R. and G. Club.	
Warden	21
Stuck	16
Musgrove	19
Doonan	13
Leachman	15— 84

Recreation R. and G. Club.	
Barthlow	19
Deusenberry	11
E C Wiedebusch	15

Jacobs	20
Christy	14— 79

League individual championship race, 20 targets per man:

W A Wiedebusch	17
Warden	12
Jacobs	12

At Grafton:

	Shot at.	Broke.
Stevens	175	158
W A Wiedebusch	175	154
Merrifield	175	149
Taylor	175	135
Phillips	175	133
Lilly	175	133
Jones	175	129
Musgrove	175	128
Warden	175	127
Stuck	175	117
J C Long	175	124
Jacobs	175	109
Doonan	175	107

	Shot at.	Broke.
Gaines	160	112
Walker	160	104
Leachman	85	57
Amos	55	30
Rogers	35	19
G A Long	20	18
Smith	20	18
Dugan	20	17
Carnahan	20	15
Magill	20	15
Dunnigan	20	14
Helfast	20	13

Team race for Peters cup:

Fairmont Gun Club.	
Wiedebusch	22
Merrifield	17
Taylor	20
Phillips	20
Lilly	16— 95

Morgantown Gun Club.	
Dugan	18
Dunnigan	19
Helfast	16
Carnahan	23
G A Long	17— 93

Grafton Rod and Gun Club.

Warden	18
Musgrove	19
Leachman	17
Stuck	12
Walker	17— 83

League individual championship race, 20 targets per man:

W A Wiedebusch	17
Musgrove	11

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas. M. V. S. League.

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

THE practice shoot of this club, held on the afternoon of Sept. 23, was well attended, twenty shooters being on hand. It was a beautiful day for shooting, and some good scores were made. Gus Greiff, of New York city, was the guest of the club, and shot in all events, averaging 90 per cent. for the shoot. Gus had his line of guns with him, and beauties they are.

Now that the bird season is rapidly approaching, the boys are getting out more to the practice shoots, in order to be in good trim for next month. Hawes and E. H. Lathrop finished in Class B in merchandise race; also Jordan in Class A. This leaves one shooter, Anthony Misterly, in Class C with one shoot to make up at next shoot, after which all those completing the ten shoots called for will be finished.

Scores in merchandise race follow: Jordan (A), four strings, 23, 22, 22, 21; E. H. Lathrop (B), two strings, 18, 17; Hawes (B), 22; Anthony Misterly (C), 16.

Scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	15	25	10	at.	Broke.
Bradford	5	6	8	5	8	3	6	..	115	41
Greiff	9	14	7	14	21	14	25	..	110	103
Kites	7	13	6	12	18	..	19	4	110	79
P Lathrop	9	8	6	12	17	10	..	7	110	69
Arnold	..	10	9	12	18	..	23	8	100	80
Horace Chapin	7	10	7	10	17	..	..	..	75	51
Douglass	10	14	8	13	22	..	..	..	75	67
Parsons	5	4	5	6	11	..	..	..	75	31
L Misterly	..	..	..	..	16	10	18	..	65	44
E H Lathrop	9	13	5	..	18	..	..	..	60	45
Frary	2	6	7	11	..	..	..	..	50	26
Gridley	2	4	4	9	..	..	..	..	50	19
James Chapin	3	6	4	4	..	..	..	..	50	17
Brown	3	5	3	5	..	..	..	..	50	15
Hawes	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	25	22
Le Noir	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	25	19
Dr McNair	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	25	17
H P Chapin	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	15	8
Chafee	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	10	3
A Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	10	2

MISFIRE.

An automobilist who was touring through the country saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the owner.

"I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will five dollars fix it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man, "five dollars will fix it, I guess."

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance, he looked down at the dead animal.

"I wonder whose dog it was?" he said.—Harper's Weekly.

Monahan—Phwat's this joo-jitsoo, Oi dunno?

Moriarty—Ut's prize-foightin' by correspondence, Oi'm thinkin'.—Judge.

"Are you going to send your son back to college?" "No, the coach says he hasn't a chance of making the 'leven."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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WESTERN TRAP.

Chicago Merchandise Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 24.—Yesterday was the second of a series of shoots held by the Chicago Gun Club on their grounds at 79th and Vincennes road. The weather was good, the attendance fair, while the targets were a trifle fast, as they generally are at this particular ground. It was here that W. D. Stannard started to shoot in 1893, and the records will show that he won in many hot contests. He became so proficient that he now has a position on the road for one of the smokeless powder companies.

The grounds are level and the background is open, making shooting here a pleasure. The same is easy of access, being the shortest ride of any club in the city from the business center.

Mr. Lacher is the attentive obliging secretary, and the members are ever ready to welcome strangers. This season's prizes were so arranged that there would be cash and many other merchandise prizes for each Saturday. On this occasion there was cash and some wet goods.

Stannard showed up well and made 95 out of the 100. The shoot was a handicap affair, same appearing on the score herewith. Mr. Engstrom, from the 18yd. line, shot very even, and surprised himself the way he held out in the last string. Mr. Barkley, from the longest peg, 19yds., came close on his heels, as he fell down in one string only. Mr. Gardner was going fast, and in the third string tied Mr. Engstrom, only to fall away in his last 25 and land third. All were much pleased with the outing and hope to repeat same. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Lacher, 16	21	21	18	21	100	81
Lord, 16	16	19	19	20	100	74
Haines, 16	9	20	17	17	100	63
Dr Franklin, 17	15	17	18	21	100	71
Werst, 17	21	13	21	16	100	71
Tracey, 17	18	19	18	20	100	75
Lovell, 17	11	..	..	..	25	11
Morton, 18	18	22	19	23	100	82
Engstrom, 18	24	23	22	23	100	92
Myrick, 17	21	22	23	20	100	86
Barkley, 19	22	24	21	24	100	91
Stannard, 16	24	25	22	24	100	95
Gardner, 17	22	22	25	20	100	89
Bellman, 17	18	17	15	18	100	68
Walsh, 17	19	22	23	18	100	82
Hensler, 17	14	24	21	22	100	81
Webber, 18	16	17	24	23	100	80

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati.—The club shoot on Sept. 30 had a small attendance, only nine entering the 100-target race. Herman was high with 93. Keplinger and Ahlers tied for second on 92. Tuttle broke 44 out of his first 50 and then stepped back to the 24yd. mark. The distance was a little too great, and he broke only 34 in his last 50. The Ackley trophy contest will begin on Oct. 7. The conditions will probably be similar to those of the other trophies shot for this year. Captain did good work, breaking 62 out of 75. The day was cloudy and threatening, but calm. Scores:

One hundred-target race:

Herman	93	Peters	84
Ahlers	92	Falk	81
Keplinger	92	Tuttle	78
Faran	81	Andrews	61

Match, 50 targets, two low men pay for targets: Herman 46, Ahlers 46, Peters 40, Faran 42.

Match, 50 targets, two low men pay for targets: Herman 47, Ahlers 46, Peters 44, Faran 39.

Members of the Cincinnati Gun Club went to Rylands, Ky., on Sept. 28, as guests of the Kentucky Hunting and Fishing Club. Rylands is about fifteen miles from Cincinnati on the Central Kentucky Railroad. A handsome club house has been erected and many of the members have built handsome cottages in which they live during the summer. The shooting grounds cannot be excelled by any in the country. Sixteen shooters took part in the two events, and nearly one hundred spectators watched the sport. The day was hot, without a breath of wind. The birds were all good ones, strong and fast fliers, the use of the second barrel being needed in most cases. Even at that, 12 were scored dead cut. Morris and Pfeiffer went straight in the 15-bird event, and Du Bray killed 10 straight in the first event.

Event No. 1, 10 live birds, $5 entrance, money divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.:

Du Bray, 30	10	Boeh, 27	7
Bill Nye, 30	9	L Ahlers, 30	7
Gambell, 29	9	Hake, 27	7
Morris, 30	8	Pohlar, 28	6
Pfeiffer, 28	8	Peters, 29	5
Harry, 29	8	H Herman, 28	6
Osterfeld, 29	7	Payne, 27	3

Event No. 2, 15 live birds, $5 entrance, money divided, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.:

Morris, 30	15	Pohlar, 28	12
Pfeiffer, 28	15	Payne, 27	12
Nye, 30	14	Boeh, 27	11
Gambell, 29	14	Hake, 27	11
L Ahlers, 30	14	Harry, 29	10
Osterfeld, 29	13	Herman, 28	10
Peters, 29	13	Kerry, 30	9
Du Bray, 30	13	Ackley, 30	9

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 30.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the fourth series.

In the club trophy event Thomas, Smedes and McDonald tied for Class A on 21. Gould won Class B on 18. No C men in.

In Dupont cup event, George and McDonald tied for Class A on 19 out of 20, Stone won B on 15. No C men in contest.

In Hunter Arms Co. event, 10 singles and 5 pairs, McDonald won Class A on 18, Gould won B on 16. No C men in contest.

Attendance was fair, considering open game season and a steady rain almost all afternoon, seventeen shooters putting in appearance.

After the regular events were shot off several miss-and-out events were indulged in, which furnished considerable amusement.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	20	25	10	Targets:	20	20	25	10
Dr Reynolds	14	15	16	8	Ford	17	13	13	7
Thomas	17	17	21	9	Swartz	9	13	13	2
George	16	19	16	8	J Wolff	16	15	20	7
Horns	..	13	16	6	Stone	14	15	17	8
Dr Meek	16	17	20	8	McDonald	18	19	21	8
Gould	16	10	18	8	Davis	18	17	21	..
Hubbard	..	14	19	7	Mrs Davis	..	16	..	..
Becker	14	14	21	7	F A Smith	..	16	..	..
T Smedes	14	17	21	7					

No. 1, Hunter trophy. No. 2, Dupont cup. No. 3, club trophy.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Notes.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, held their regular medal shoot on Sept. 27. Six members were present. President Gus A. Hodapp won the medal after shooting off a tie with Will E. Kette. The former broke 31 out of 33 and the latter 25 out of 31 in the main event. This makes the fourth time he has won the medal, and his chances to become the final winner are good. The finish of the series promises to be a hot one.

The Columbus Gun Club had an ideal day for shooting on Sept. 25. Mr. Munger, the well-known handler from Clyde, O., was present and accounted for 90 out of 100. He handles a gun as well as he does dogs. He has a string of twenty-one setters and pointers for the trials at Washington C. H. this month. In the shoot for the Sporting Goods trophy, Bassell, 11, and Ward, 4, tied on a full score of 50, including their handicaps, the former breaking 40 and the latter 47, which was high gun in actual breaks. On Sept. 27 several new shooters were at the grounds, among them F. H. Lindenberg, who has not shot before for seven years. He has not quite forgotten how, but went straight in a 10-target event and finished with 37 out of 50.

The Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, entertained members of the Springfield Gun Club and their wives on Sept. 23, a shoot being a part of the programme. In a team contest the visitors defeated the home team by 1 target, 249 to 248. Good scores were the rule. Henderson, of Springfield, was high gun with 47. Other members of the team were: Neer 43, Snyder 42, Foley 41, Poole 40, Miller 36. On the Welfare team Ride led with 46, Heikes, Jr., 44, Rayburn 42, Craig 41, Watkins 38, Carr 37. The visitors arrived shortly before noon and were entertained at the N. C. R. factory, lunching at the Welfare Club. In the afternoon the men enjoyed themselves at the traps. In the practice events Carr was high with 46 out of 50. The monthly handicap shoot of the Preble County Gun Club, Eaton, O., was held on Sept. 28. The main events were for the county trophy, 50 targets, added target handicap, and club medal, 25 targets. C. H. Leisk won both events, the former by a total score of 53, including handicap of 8; J. Achey was second with a total of 52, handicap 9. W. R. Clark made a straight score of 50 in this match, and Less Reid 47. neither were contesting for the trophy. In the medal shoot Leisk and Achey tied on 23 each, the former winning the shoot-off, 21 to 20. On Wednesday, Oct. 18, the club will hold an all-day tournament, open to all, 150 targets, entrance $7.50, three moneys in each event, divided 40, 30 and 20 per cent.

In Other Places.

Not content with the Limited Gun Club and the Indianapolis, the good shooters of the G. A. H. have formed another club, called Duesseldorfer Gun Club. At the first shoot Roper led with 42 out of 50. The officers are: Robert Roper, President; L. T. Nash, Vice-President; John Kopper, Secretary; E. Linton, Treasurer. M. M. Scott is manager of the grounds, which are situated south of the city.

Three Michigan gun clubs held a shoot last Thursday. Out of 120 targets, Owasso made 99, Laingsburg 44 and St. Charles 80. The Owasso scores were: Jack Rosevear 19, O. L. Sprague 17, B. S. Gaylord 17, J. J. Peacock 16, W. S. Beebe 15, R. J. Beehler 15. Laingsburg held the trophy last year.

The contest that developed a lot of fun was that of the squirrel shooters in the old settlers' shooting match at Hillsboro, Ill. All contestants were over fifty years, and were limited to the old-fashioned muzzleloading rifles. Howard Longwell won on a string of 1¼in.

Down in Texas they shoot for many a trophy, and as there are many clubs, the shoots come often. Now reports come from Weatherford that the Rand & McNally trophy was won by H. W. Kuteman. Will some one ask Mr. Skelly, of Wilmington, Del., what he knows about such trophies as Rand & McNally?

Duck hunting reported good at Hartsel, Colo., in South Park county. What ye think? Killing ducks at an altitude of 7,500ft. Each hunter was rewarded with from twelve to twenty ducks each.

Blair Harvey won the shoot at Bucyrus, O., Sunday last, with 16 out of 25.

The first shoot held by the Manistique, Mich., Gun Club was well attended, but scores were low. The wind blew strong.

The shoot held at St. Paris, O., Oct. 4, will probably be the last for this season.

Here appears to be a new trap for throwing targets, as it is reported that the Rich Hill, Mo., Gun Club has purchased a McCray trap.

The Webb City, Mo., Gun Club is holding regular shoots for a silver cup.

The trapshooters of southern Illinois will have the privilege of shooting twenty-one consecutive days during October. One of these shoots will be held at Virden, the 17th and 18th. James Landes and W. P. Riffey will be the managers.

E. Hubbey spent last week at El Paso, Texas., shooting targets and live birds with the gun club.

Kent Johnson was high man at the Kenton, O., shoot, with 171 out of 180. Le Compte 170, Losh 165, Ralph Trimble 162.

Pearl Kyle won the honors at Erie, Kans., with 32 out of 35 targets during the shoot held there Monday last.

A few members of the Great Bend, Kans., Gun Club met on trophy day.

What would the Gilberts and Crosbys of the present day say to a shoot that came off at Shamokin, Pa., wherein each contestant had $100 in the pot, and shooting at 11 pigeans, each killed 5. Besides this, there were several hundred spectators.

J. W. Russell made high score at the Muskogee, Ind. Ter., Gun Club semi-weekly, getting 46 out of 50.

Ed Rike has been out with the Hunters' reunion, and the reports are that Dayton, O., may have another rifle shooter. Now, come to think of it, Ed. should be able to hold a rifle up or to hold it down.

The Minnequa Rod and Gun Club, Pueblo, Colo., has leased the exclusive fishing and hunting privileges on the lakes and reserves and grounds surrounding them on Pueblo county, and they announce that all trespassers and poachers will be prosecuted.

Saturday last, O. R. Moore, of Anderson, Ind., won the single match at the shooting park, 51 out of 70. T. N. Stillwell won the double event with 19 out of 20.

The Colfax shooters were defeated by the older members of the Bloomington, Ill., Club in a team shoot. With ten men on a side, at 25 targets each, Bloomington scored 207 to Colfax's 191. The Colfax boys are made of the proper grit, and will soon invite the Bloomington boys to their town, to try their new trap.

Squirrel shooting was too tempting on last Thursday for the members of the Morgantown, W. Va., Gun Club to make a showing at the traps. Only five members turned out to shoot "mud pies," and Cobun won the cup. At the end of the season each man having held it for a month will contest for its final possession.

W. E. Stuart, R. M. Garrett, Jr., A. C. Thomas and Josh Lockwood, of Keystone, Pa., were visitors at the Eckman Gun Club tournament.

It seems early to learn of deer being killed, but James D. Amazon, of the Paradise Gun Club, New Orleans, has credit for bagging a four-pronged buck on Tuesday last.

There was a team shoot at Lexington, Ky., that proved a hot one, as the scores were so very even. Lexington won over Louisville, with 443 to 440—not a large score, when there were 600 targets shot at by each team; but then there were twelve men on a side, and some of them did not break over 28 out of 50.

And now comes the Marietta, Ind. Ter., Gun Club with the announcement that it has reorganized, and that the members have subscribed $3,000 for the making of a large fish pond.

This is the way to get up a shoot and be assured of having a good time. Notice was sent out by officers of the Woodmere Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., to meet Sunday with their wives at Quandt's place. From there take a trolley ride to Wm. Schonfield's, where there would be a live-bird and target shoot, while on the side there will be plenty of music and refreshments.

The members of the Kingdom Gun Club, Fulton, Mo., are now ready for their names to appear in print, as the following scores were made last Tuesday: R. A. Moore 47 out of 50; W. B. Harris, 50, 75; B. Payne 22, 25; Dr. H. A. Bragg 34, 50, and N. B. McKee, 15, 25.

There is a coming champion lady shooter hailing from Cincinnati, O. At the last tournament held there, Miss Frances Atherr made the very good score of 85 out of 100, while on the preliminary day she surprised all by breaking 73 out of 75. Say, boys, she is reported to be just "sweet sixteen." I would be pleased to hear of lady shooters being encouraged to take part at least in home club practice events.

Reports have it that the team work of the Eastern squad in their shoot at San Francisco was a revelation to all. Their skill was noted in the way they centered the targets—not only were the targets broken, but they went up in a cloud of dust.

The St. Charles, Mo., Gun Club now and then come to the front and try their shooting ability with Warrenton. These genial souls met Thursday evening last and elected officers. Mr. Henry Barklage was selected for his dignity as president. Mr. Lawrence Schoenberg will serve as Scribe and keep the records. He has been also charged with duly keeping the exchequer. A practice shoot will be held each Thursday.

There will be a one-day tournament held at Colfax, Ill., to which all the shooters in Central Ill., are invited. That all who attend may be sure of a good time and fair play, it will only be necessary to note that Tramp Irwin will be manager.

The good news comes from Elwood, Ill., that a gun club has been organized there. It is reported that W. Tramp Irwin has been seen tramping in that vicinity.

The Spokane, Wash., Rod and Gun Club is now on the boom. The club has extended an invitation to the big six shooters who are now on the Coast, to assist them in opening the season in November. It is proposed to hold a tournament also on Thanksgiving Day, then to continue shooting throughout the winter. The big six may not be understood, but they are the world's best—Crosby, Gilbert, Hirschey, Marshall, Heikes and Fanning.

Several of the Des Moines, Ia., trapshots spent last Tuesday at Brooklyn. Mr. Fred Whitney presided in the office.

Wm. Pool, president of the Springfield, O., Gun Club, has accepted an invitation to meet with the Cash Register team, Dayton, O., and hold a club contest.

Five members of the Newark, O., Gun Club were out at the club grounds Thursday last for the purpose of testing the new trap lately installed.

Seven of the Tucson, Ariz., Gun Club met Sunday last. Weber won high, as he has been accustomed to. He made 57 out of 60, while Thompson broke 51. The members are becoming more and more expert all the while with the targets, and will be able to send a strong shooting team to Phœnix for the territorial shoot.

The weather was ideal when the members of the Marietta, O., team met for practice the last time, previous to the team shoot. They appear to get busy when there is a silver cup in sight.

It will seem strange to many, but it is reported that at Zanesville, O., the trapshooters met last Tuesday for the first shoot of the season. A strong wind was blowing, though. Moore made a splendid score of 90 out of 100. This was very encouraging for the first shoot. Warner made 81 out of 100; Edmunston 59, 75; Wiles 57, 75, Smith 75, 100; Reasoner 37, 50; Bostwick 18, 25.

The merchants of Clinton, Ind., have donated prizes, and a shoot was held Sept. 27 by the members of the newly organized gun club.

The shoot at Stratford, Ont., was not a complete success as to number present, but good scores were made, especially by the visitors.

A general canvass was made among the sportsmen of Chambers-

burg, Pa., and there was an unanimous agreement not to shoot any quail this season, owing to the scarcity.

Dr. Harsley is now the proud possessor of the gun club badge at Dunkirk, Ind. He was one of those fellows who had to be coaxed to shoot, and old-time shooters will remember these sweeps where the fellow who came in by coaxing won out in the end. It is given out by many of the members that he will have to break more targets next time in order to win.

R. J. Andrews, August Sarcander, C. M. Smith and George Burt were the Fort Collins, Colorado, trapshots who lately took part in the big tournaments.

The Deadwood, S. D., shooters are not all dead. Members of the Lead Club shot at 25 targets, thus: Powell 22, Perkins 22, Franz 21, Beck 19, Irwin 16.

The Muskrats.

West Pullman, Ill., Sept. 26.—The fall tournament, supplemented with a fish fry, was held at Gardner's Park, Sunday, the 24th, wherein the genial members of the Muskrat Gun Club were hosts.

It should be apparent to all that there is no better place to hold a tournament than in a park or fair grounds where there are plenty of good buildings and all the accommodations of shade, seats, water, refreshments and of course a good place to set traps and an open background.

When we arrived at Gardner's Park, we found all these things and even more, a good lot of Muskrats to look after every detail and make all feel at home. These grounds are so well fitted for tournaments, that the wonder is that more are not held by the park management. This fine park can be reached from all parts of Chicago and the suburbs; by the steam cars, elevated and surface railroads. Being situated at 119th street, it is some distance out, but when you get there you find yourself in the midst of a fine grove, and are as completely shut out from the smoke of the city as though you were one hundred miles away.

The traps are set upon the brow of a hill and the targets are thrown out into a space that causes many a good shot to miss. The traps are set Sergeant system.

The programme consisted of ten 20 target events. The best shots of the city turned out. The trade had four representatives, Sternberg, Lord, Stannard and Vietmeyer. The other good ones were: Flewilling, Rupel, Engstrom, Barkley, Kinney, Garritt, Webber, Gardner, Winesberg, Barribal, Tuple, Harriman and F. P. Stannard.

The money was in four equal parts, with $10 for average money with the added attraction of a merchandise prize for a wind up. All this was well looked after by C. Bellman, Secretary, whose address is Pullman.

It was regretted by all that the old time good shot, George Kleinman, was not present. But Sunday is the day that keeps George busy with the duties of game warden and fish commissioner.

Stannard was high professional with 181, and Barkley high for amateurs with 188. Kinney was next with 185 and Webber close up with 182.

All present partook of the fish fry with a relish, and voted the park management their thanks. There were a number of ladies present, and they with their visitors who came in the afternoon added to the pleasure of the outing. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Sternberg	18	16	20	16	16	17	18	19	18	15	200	173
Flewilling	14	16	13	18	18	13	16	17	14	17	200	176
Lord	13	14	15	16	14	13	16	16	16	16	200	149
Kuple	16	12	18	18	20	..	..	..	..	..		
Engstrom	14	20	17	19	14	..	..	..	..	..		
Stannard	17	17	20	15	18	17	20	20	18	19	200	181
Barkley	20	19	18	17	20	20	20	17	18	19	200	188
Kinney	18	19	20	18	18	18	18	19	18	19	200	185
Garrett	19	19	16	16	18	20	17	19	17	17	200	178
Webber	18	19	19	18	19	19	17	19	17	17	200	182
Gardner	14	14	17	17	17	15	15	19	16	17	200	171
Winesberg	18	18	20	19	17	17	19	18	16	17	200	179
Barriball	13	11	11	10	..	16	9	7	12	12		
Vietmeyer	15	17	18	17	16	16	17	17	16	17	200	168
Tuple	..	..	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..		
Dr Havanin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	18	15	80	68
F P Stannard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	19	16	80	61
C Sleet	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..		
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..		

Clark—Witzengreuter.

Muncie, Ind., Sept. 25.—For something like a year the "Nothing doing" sign has been hanging out in this Hoosier state in the game of live bird shooting. It remained for old Ft. Wayne to break the ice, which they did most effectually on Sept. 24. A match race at one hundred English sparrows per man between Max Witzengreuter of Ft. Wayne and Hugh M. Clark of Wabash (where the river comes from) was the chief attraction. The birds were shot from five traps at a rise of 25 yards and a fifty yard boundary; no birds being retrieved. Once shot at, did a bird touch the ground inside the boundary, he was scored dead. Under a previous agreement, birds lighting on the boundary fence were also scored dead. In one instance this latter rule saved a bird for Mr. Clark.

The traps were placed on the peeled surface of the base ball diamond, the score facing the east. The background was largely dark and while the weather was delightful, the shooting conditions were difficult indeed and the scores in the main race correspondingly excellent. Witz. had not shot a sparrow for some seven or eight years previously. The race was started at 1:30 and was shot in strings of 25 birds with a ten minutes intermission between strings, which allowed the contestants to rest a bit, and gave a short interval for the members of the committee on irrigation present to absorb a little of the liquid that is dew on the grass in Milwaukee. Each shooter shot his birds down in alternating strings of five birds.

The sparrows were furnished by W. T. Hill, Indianapolis, Ind., who is generally known among this state's shooters as "Sparrow Bill." That the birds were a splendid lot is evidenced by the fact that in his shipment of 425 birds, but three died and not one of those trapped refused to fly. Mr. Hill furnishes the shipping crates for the birds and also supplies them with ample food and water for any given trip.

The scores which follow will show that each contestant was indeed "going some", and at the conclusion of the race both men were heartily congratulated by their many friends present.

At the finish of the race Mr. Clark was challenged in behalf of Mr. Witz. for the return match, and named two weeks from that date as the time and the same grounds as the place.

For the Witz.-Clark race, G. G. Williamson of Muncie, acted as referee. Messrs. Ed. Wiegman and Harry Kinerck of Ft. Wayne officiated respectively as puller and at the blackboard.

The last legislature of this state legislated against the use of the common domestic pigeon for trapshooting, which accounts for the use of sparrows in this race.

Preliminary to the big event, two sweepstakes at respectively 10 and 15 sparrows were shot. In the first race, Clark and Rundell tied for first. Witz. and Sowles tied for second place and Williamson won third. In the fifteen bird race, Williamson won first, Clark and Witz. tied for second and Rundell won third alone.

After the big race had been shot, Sam. R. Miner, of Ft. Wayne, who, in addition to being a thoroughly good fellow, is the accredited best in his baiiwick as a shooter of yellow-legged chickens from a pigeon trap, and Mr. Stout shot a ten sparrow race; Mr. Stout winning.

The shoot was held on the grounds of the Corner Rod & Gun Club. Nos. 10 and 11 were the sizes of the shot used by the majority of the shooters.

The scores in the various events were as follows:

Match race, 100 birds—First twenty-five:

Witz .....1011111111211121211222011—23
Clark .....1221111122111211212110121 1—24

Second twenty-five:

Witz .....1112111210111011111111201—22
Clark .....1211221111111122111111112—25

Third twenty-five:

Witz .....1111211111122211111121110—24
Clark .....2112101101212111111211112—23

Fourth twenty-five:

Witz .....2212201121111121111101111—23
Clark .....1100122111211012112211222—22

Total—Witz, 92; Clark, 94.

Event No. 1—Ten birds, sweepstakes:

Clark .....1101111111—9
Witz .....1111111001—8
Williamson (Muncie) .....0101110011—6
Keller .....1011010100—5
Rundell .....0111111111—9
Bowen (Kendallville) .....1110011111—8
Sowles (Angola) .....1110011111—8

Event No. 2—Fifteen birds, sweepstakes:

Clark .....111111111110010—12
Keller .....0011011011111110—10
Sowles .....1010001011111 10— 9
Wiliamson .....1011111111010111—13
Rundell .....0101110111101111—11
Witz .....1111100111111101—12

Third event—Ten-bird match race:

Stout .....0010010101—4
Miner .....0101000010—3

A team composed of the best shots from Lagrange and Wasepi, Mich., also issued a challenge to a team of ten men from the Corner Club for a team shooting match at the Corner Club, at a date to be decided upon later, with the provision that the Corner Club at once accept the challenge. The match is to be for either sparrows or targets and for a purse of $500. The second match will probably be shot at Wasepi. The details for the first meeting will be made in the near future by the managers of the teams.

G. G. Williamson.

Herndon Gun Club.

Herndon, Pa., Sept. 27.—The Herndon, Pa., Gun Club of Herndon, Pa., held a most successful shoot Sept. 19, with fifty-two entries. The conditions were good, and the club is receiving many compliments from the visiting shooters at the able way in which the shooting was conducted. Five professionals were in attendance as follows: Edward Banks, J. M. Hawkins, Sim Glover, Frank E. Butler and Neaf Apgar. J. M. Hawkins made high professional average, 129 out of 135. M. P. Derk made high amateur average, 123 out of 135.

This, however, was our first attempt in holding a tournament, and it proved to be a grand success.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	25	10		
Banks	8	15	10	15	6	14	10	13	24	9	135	124
Hawkins	10	14	9	14	10	14	9	15	24	10	135	129
Butler	7	12	8	14	8	9	10	12	20	10	135	115
Glover	8	13	7	13	10	15	8	15	23	10	135	122
Apgar	9	14	10	13	9	13	10	12	23	9	135	122
Wellington	10	13	8	14	9	13	8	13	23	6	135	117
Meyers	7	10	9	7	8	12	5	11	21	5	135	95
Coleman	9	14	9	13	9	15	8	15	23	7	135	122
Dover	8	12	10	14	10	12	7	14	23	9	135	119
Faust	3	8	4	6	2	8	6	5	..	..	100	42
Longshore	7	11	7	12	9	12	6	13	21	9	135	107
Kaseman	8	10	10	11	7	14	8	12	19	..	125	99
Tovey	5	8	5	7	6	10	9	10	22	..	125	82
Herrold	6	9	8	12	6	14	8	12	14	..	125	94
Straub	9	8	7	9	8	9	7	9	17	4	135	87
R C Derk	9	13	6	10	10	11	8	12	15	9	135	103
M P Derk	9	14	10	12	9	14	7	14	24	10	135	123
Hixon	7	13	6	13	8	13	10	11	19	9	135	109
Staum	4	13	3	10	5	11	6	13	17	6	135	88
Spiser	8	12	8	14	8	14	8	14	24	8	135	120
Russell	1	4	3	8	4	8	4	5	12	5	135	54
Leitzel	1	3	..	2	..	..	..	7	10	..	80	23
Stroh	5	13	9	8	6	10	9	9	21	5	135	95
Kreoger	8	9	..	..	8	..	9	11	20	..	85	65
Schroger	2	12	..	..	5	..	5	11	13	..	90	49
J E Zeigler	..	9	5	7	9	9	6	9	17	..	125	71
Geise	..	8	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	25
Paul	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9
Gilbaugh	..	..	1	..	6	..	6	..	..	..	30	13
Care	..	6	..	6	5	7	3	..	14	..	90	41
Wilhom	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	40	10
Hallenback	..	..	..	3	2	3	2	..	..	..	50	10
N Zeigler	..	..	..	7	7	5	5	9	12	..	19	45
Ritter	..	..	..	13	6	10	7	7	16	9	100	68
Schoch	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	10	1
Seigfreid	..	..	..	..	7	8	9	..	11	..	60	35
J O Schoch	..	..	..	..	3	3	..	4	..	7	60	17
Deibler	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	10	10
Heim	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	3
Baney	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	3	..	35	10
Wolf	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	..	..	..	25	4
E H Zeigler	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	8	..	35	12
Walt	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	16	14	..	50	29
Hartman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	25	16
Stepp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	25	5
Kuhn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	25	17
Wm Gilbert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	25	19
J H Gilbert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	25	9
Geo. Bubb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	25	14
Ed Zeigler, Sr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	25	16
Weist	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	25	2
Chrisleson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	25	3

Cincinnati Gun Club Tournament.

St. Bernard, O., Sept. 29.—A few remarks relating to the tournament held in Cincinnati last week may prove of interest to the trapshooters of the country, and we will thank you very much if you will give the following statement prominence in your valuable paper.

The shoot was hardly up to expectations in attendance, though a large crowd was not expected, for various reasons. However, there were enough on hand to make a very enjoyable time for those who did attend.

The committee did all they promised, and a great deal more than any one else dreamed of.

Forty-five contestants shot through the programme, twenty-two of whom failed to win their entrance; their combined losses amounted to $401.45.

There was paid cut average money $200, making a total of $601.45 paid to the amateurs who shot through the three days. This amount, $601.45, was the entire profit of the tournament, made on 37,870 targets trapped, programme and locker rent.

The entrance for the three days was $63, and every one of the twenty-two amateurs who failed to win this amount was paid a sum sufficient to cover his losses, not only getting his entrance, but also getting his targets free.

The smallest amount paid back was $1.85; the largest was $40.50.

In a nutshell: You could win good money if you shot well; but, no matter how poorly you shot, you couldn't lose.

The events paid exceptionally well, both in the Rose system and the optional sweeps. One amateur who lost $1.85 in the regular events, pulled down $30 above his entrance in the optional. When the $1.85 was handed back to him it took some time to convince him that he was entitled to it.

The office force, composed of Luther Squier, Fred and Charlie Dreihs, are entitled to a great deal of praise for their efficient work in the office. Events were paid before shooters left the grounds each evening, and the last day they were paid average money and all before the last event was finished. This seemingly impossible feat was accomplished by having the experts, who were not shooting for the money, shoot in the last squads.

It is safe to say that all who were here will come next year and bring some one with them.

Tournament Committee,
by Arthur Gambell.

Mr. Laybor—We traveling men are everything on organizing.

Miss Niederman (vaguely)—Yes?

Mr. Laybor—Yes, I wonder what the public would think of our union.

Miss Niederman—Oh, Mr. Laybor, this is so sudden.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Protects cold, frosty, wet guns from rust. No substitute as sure. —Adv.

Palisade Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Sept. 28.—Twenty-one contestants took part in the shoot of the Palisade Gun Club to-day.

The first event was scratch, after which all were governed by the sliding handicap, which in the table below are designated by H. The scores:

Events:	1	H.	2	H.	3	H.	4	H.	5	H.	6	H.	7	H.	8
F C Bissett	16	16	17	17	19	19	19	19	17	17	18	18	17	17	17
J Martin	17	17	17	17	18	18	17	17	17	17	18	18	19	19	19
Wm Hopkins	15	16	18	18	14	16	16	16	18	18	20	20	14	16	17
G H Piercy	14	16	19	19	14	16	16	16	17	17	19	19	17	17	15
Chas. Jap	19	19	17	17	15	16	18	18	17	17	19	19	17	17	19
W A Walters	17	17	18	18	16	16	18	18	16	16	18	18	16	16	19
O N T	15	16	17	17	18	18	15	16	16	16	16	16	17	17	15
H Bangman	16	16	16	16	13	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	16
H Sanford	18	18	10	16	14	16	16	16	16	16	18	18	13	16	17
A Betti	12	16	12	16	16	16	12	16	17	17	16	16	16	16	19
F C Carlough	14	16	19	19	16	16	14	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	19
R C Reeves	18	18	13	16	18	18	15	16	16	16	17	17	14	16	18
L H Schorty	17	17	20	20	13	16	15	16	16	16	19	19	15	16	18
R C Nash	12	16	14	16	15	16	15	16	15	16	16	16	15	16	17
Dr F M Dunn	..	16	15	16	13	16	16	16	14	17	w	16	13	..	..
E L Martin	..	16	16	15	16	14	16	15	16	11	16	7	16	15	
H S Welles	18	18	17	19	17	17	19	19	11	16	18	18	14	16	18
Karl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	18	13	16	13	16	10
Al Evans	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	16	15	16	18	18	15	16	17
J H Hendrickson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	19	19	18	18	16	16	17
Cottrell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	19	17

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 30.—The seventh monthly contest for the club trophy (a large sterling silver loving cup) was run off to-day, Mr. F. W. Moffett being the winner. This is a handicap event, 50 targets, to be shot for on the last Saturday of the month for twelve months, the man winning the greatest number of times getting the cup. Up to the present the winners whose names have been engraved on the cup are: January, P. H. Cockefair; February, Edward Winslow; March, Henry F. Holloway; April, George W. Boxall; May, Allen F. Connett; June, Henry F. Holloway.

On Oct. 7 the Montclair team visit Newton, N. J., to shoot the fifteenth match of the North New Jersey Shooting League.

Scores Sept. 30, 1905:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	10	50	25	Targets:	10	15	10	10	50	25
Nott, 0	8	9	7	9	44	20	Wallace, 2	..	..	8	4	44	..
Batten, 2	5	12	5	6	43	..	Winslow, 2	..	..	7	7	39	..
Colquitt, 0	8	14	10	10	42	24	Moffett, 4	..	13	..	10	48	17
Cockefair, 0	6	15	6	8	38	..	Parker, 0	..	..	..	7	28	10
Holloway, 8	9	8	8	5	47	..	Connett, 8	..	..	..	..	38	10
Bush, 0	7	14	8	7	43	..	Dr Gardiner, 0	..	13	..	..	..	23

Handicaps, as indicated, apply in event 5 only as added targets.

Edward Winslow, Sec'y.

Raleigh Gun Club.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 28.—To-day's shoot was of unusual interest to several of our regular members, it being the day set apart to shoot a 100-bird race for the Hunter Arms Co. silver loving cup, donated by them to be shot for weekly. The one winning it to-day will have to shoot it off next week with Mr. Johnson under the same conditions, he having won it more times than any one else at our weekly shoots. If Mr. Johnson loses it next week he will have one more chance on account of winning it last season. It is more than probable that he will win it, as he is the best shot in our club. Webb won yesterday from 17yds., while Johnson shot from 19yds.

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Webb, 17	20	22	22	25—89	Ellington, 19	21	18	24	22—85
Johnson, 19	23	22	20	22—87	Gowan, 18	20	24	19	21—84
Barrett, 18	23	19	25	19—86	Walters, 18	23	14	18	17—72

The weather conditions were good for a nice record, but the trap worked so bad that it was difficult to get a good target out of five or six calls. This kind of work is very trying on a shooter and soon worries him out.

R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The following are the scores made in the seventh contest for the Laflin & Rand trophy, on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club to-day:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
*Adkin	23	2	25	Brotsch	17	7	24
*Clark	24	3	27	Lotspike	13	10	23
Coughlin	16	7	23	*Bonbright	23	2	25
*Kershner	23	2	25	Stewart	23	1	24
*Borst	20	6	26				

Back scores:

Brotsch	16	7	23	*Bonbright	23	2	25
*Bonbright	24	2	26	*Stewart	24	1	25

*Wins point on cup.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 30.—The scores appended were made at a practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. Events 3 to 7 inclusive, were shot from the 20yd. mark.

Event 2 was for the Bedell rifle. Coleman won from scratch with the good score of 23. There was no competition for the Weskora cup, as there must be five shooters to make a contest. The next regular shoot will be held on Oct. 14. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	10	10	Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	10	10
C Blandford	23	21	20	18	8	10	7	G G Hubbell	..	22	..	..	9	9	9
W Coleman	20	23	18	24	8	5	8								

C. G. B.

"I suppose he clasped you in his arms when the canoe upset?"

"No; quite the opposite."

"Quite the opposite?"

"Yes; the canoe upset when he clasped me in his arms."—Houston Post.

"Congratulate me, Herr Meyer! The gentleman to whom I am engaged has inherited 100,000 marks!

"Indeed? Lucky fellow! Why, now he doesn't need to marry you!"—Heitere Welt.

Rich Uncle—Well, Anabel, have you named the baby for me?

Young Wife—N—no, Uncle James, but we have come as near to it as we can. We call her Jemima.—Chicago Tribune.

Patient—I've no fear of death, doctor, but the thought of possibly being buried alive is dreadful!

Doctor—Have no fear on that score, sir! That'll never happen to any of my patients!—La Sourire.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Dunlap Hats.

The name of Dunlap & Co. is among those of the oldest and best-known business houses of New York and many other cities where it has branches. The hats made by the firm are of the highest grade, and one finds them most satisfactory in fit, style and wear.

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RETALIATORY LAWS.

THE scheme of taxing a non-resident sportsman is now practically in operation through the country. The States which do not exact the payment of a license fee are the exception. Some of the laws are so complicated that an atlas or a post office official guide is necessary to unravel the questions which come up. In Tennessee, for example, one must know what county he is intending to shoot in before he can tell what license fee he will be called on to pay. The law previously to the amendments of this year demanded a non-resident license fee equivalent to the fee exacted in the State from which the visiting sportsman came. The last Legislature changed this by making the fee an uniform one of $10; but excepted from the act thirty-two counties, as to which the old law holds good. What a visiting sportsman must pay for the privilege of his Tennessee quail shooting, whether $10 or $25, will depend on where he hails from. And there are men with souls so dead as to deny their citizenship when they can gain $10 by doing it; coming from one State where the fee is high, they will give as their home State another where the fee is low. If they can do it successfully, they will even claim to live in the State they have come into for shooting. There are men—they are so few that the census enumerators do not think it worth while to number them—who are honest all the way through, all the time, in all places and in all things. Many fall down when it comes to swearing off personal taxes, passing foreign trinkets through the custom house, or taking out a non-resident shooting license when it may be evaded. Especially is this the case when the license law is of a retaliatory nature, like that of Tennessee as to certain counties, or that of New York. By the way, we would like to have some one learned in the law give an opinion on this question—whether a law which charges one man $10 for a shooting privilege and another man $25 for the same privilege is a law which will hold water.

MORE NATIONAL PARKS.

THE rapidity with which the country is settling up, the progress made in the work of irrigating arid lands, and the efforts being successfully made to develop seeds of cereals and other plants which shall germinate and grow with a minimum of moisture, all point to a rapid increase in the population of portions of the West which hitherto have supported few inhabitants. With this increase of population will come more business, more towns and more hurry of the money-getting multitude. And with this hurry and this eagerness for wealth will walk hand in hand a forgetfulness of the needs of the human mind and body for recreation and rest.

Over thirty years ago Congress set apart as a public park and pleasure ground for the benefit of the whole people the Yellowstone National Park, an area nearly as large as the State of Connecticut. The wisdom of this action has never been questioned, while hundreds of thousands of our people have applauded it. To this park there are now flocking annually multitudes of people, of which last season's list numbered 25,000. These were all sorts and conditions of men, from the sturdy farmer who drove his family hundreds of miles across dusty prairies or over winding mountain roads to taste the joys of a few days or weeks' rest in the Yellowstone, to the idle nobleman of the old world who killed the time that hung so heavy on his hands by a run across an ocean and half a continent to see the geysers spout, to be awe-struck at the Falls and Cañon, or to contemplate the beauties of the Yellowstone Lake. It has often been said that the Park is visited each year by more people from Europe than from the United States—a statement, which, if true, carries with it something of shame for Americans. This year, with nearly twice the number of visitors that the Park has ever had before, the proportion of foreigners has been greatly lowered, and Americans have made a better showing for themselves.

In the United States there are still many millions of acres of wild land unavailable for utilitarian purposes. Down vast stretches of rough mountains, sparsely timbered, or whose timber is so far from a market that it is unavailable, rush mountain torrents which have their sources in snow-capped rock shoulders, in smooth green alpine meadows or on sky-piercing peaks. There are narrow cañons, rocky valleys, blue lakes, fields of permanent snow and ice; beauties which mingle those of Switzerland with those of Italy and Austria, but which are unknown to any considerable portion of our people. These are places that will produce a dollar for no one, but which, if rightly used, will yield to Americans stores of health and enjoyment that dollars can never buy.

A few weeks ago we called attention to the need for the establishment of National Parks on the same plan of the Yellowstone Park in sections of Montana, Arizona and Colorado. The wonderful region in northern Montana, covering the main divide of the Rocky Mountains between the Blackfeet agency and Lake Macdonald, the White River Plateau in Colorado, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, ought to be set aside at once as National Parks. Such action can be taken at present without any cost to the Government, and these parks when established will soon become known, will be delightfull resorts for the public, and will incidentally become great game and fish preserves.

There is a strong public feeling calling for the establishment of National Parks in certain localities in the East. In the White Mountain region of New Hampshire and in the proposed Appalachian Park in the South, of which we have heard so much. On these matters Congress should act without delay. Here, however, the land is in the hands of private owners, and an appropriation would be required. We are told that this is an era of economy, but it would be a true economy to establish these parks at once. On the other hand, the authorization of the suggested parks in the West need cost nothing at present, since it may be taken for granted that for a time the forest service would care for them.

CONNECTICUT DEER.

THE deer situation is becoming serious in Connecticut. The original supply of wild deer having been exterminated, certain sentimentalists and sportsmen are bent on restoring the animals to their old-time haunts; and to that end they have caused a law to be enacted forbidding the killing of any deer prior to the year 1911. With the fecundity characteristic of the species, the deer are multiplying at a rate which the agriculturists—and now the manufacturers—view with alarm. The deer is a predatory animal, and the farmers have been forehanded enough to look out that they shall be repaid for the corn and cabbage and turnips which the deer may destroy. A law to meet the case provides that when a land owner shall have sustained damage to his crops by depredating deer he shall, within twenty-four hours, report his loss to the chairman of the board of selectmen, who shall appoint two disinterested persons to estimate the damage, if it shall be not in excess of $20; or if it be more than $20, the appraisers shall call in one of the fish and game commissioners. The amount of the damage and the expense of estimating it shall be paid by the town within sixty days, and the town in turn collects from the State. Agriculture is the basis of our wealth, and the farmer must be secured in the product of his industry. But Connecticut ranks high as a manufacturing State, and this source of wealth also is menaced by the rampant deer. On Friday of last week a deer invaded the city of Derby, in its mad rushes through the streets excited the humans and the dogs to such a degree that they followed en masse, for all the world like the children of Hamlin after the Pied Piper; and finally crashed through a glass window of the Osborne & Cresman factory, dashed around the machines, throwing the girls into a panic and bringing work to a standstill; and finally making its exit through an airshaft. If the Connecticut deer are to play such pranks as this, one need not be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to prognosticate the disastrous results of the law which protects them until 1911.

MR. RAYMOND S. SPEARS to-day renews his accusation that vast tracts of Adirondack public lands have been given over to private control. The subject is a complicated one, as we have said, but every transaction named by Mr. Spears should have the light thrown upon it, and if State officials have been remiss or worse in guarding the public's interests, a way should be sought to recover for the State what belongs to it. The charges made by Mr. Spears are the result of careful and intelligent study of the situation. They demand explanation.

COW CREEK.

IN his vivacious and veracious biography of his pet bear, Ransacker, writing from the Shasta Mountains, improves the occasion to quarrel with our prosaic and matter-of-fact progenitors who applied geographical names uninspired by fancy and devoid of music and poetry. The particular object of his criticism is the California stream called Cow Creek. It does sound commonplace, but there may, after all, have been poetry in the circumstances of its naming if we only knew what they were. Here, perhaps, in the early days—for California is a land of romance—some famished prospector may have killed the cow elk, which saved his life. Or in later years, it may have been that a city sportsman, lost and bewildered; and about to give up in despair, here heard the welcome note of a cowbell and followed the sound and the cow to the ranch and supper. Another plausible theory—for this California country has long had its cattle on a thousand hills—is that the stream was owned by some rich cattleman to whom the word cow was particularly pleasing because standing for his wealth. If these suggested explanations are fanciful, so let them be accounted; but none the less, if Ransacker will delve into the lore of his local place names, he may find a story here which will make Cow Creek, North Cow Creek, Old Cow Creek and South Cow Creek as music to his ears.

Texas has a Cowhouse Creek, Virginia a Cowpasture River, and Maine and Montana have each a Cow Island, the one in Montana, in the Missouri River, having taken its name from the buffalo found there; the French called it Ile de Vache. Surely Ransacker would not obliterate from the map of the buffalo-abandoned Montana of to-day even so homely a place name when thus reminiscent of the old conditions in which it had its origin. Nor would he do away with another and better known "cow" name, that Cowpens, in South Carolina, originally nothing more distinguished than a corral for cattle, but afterward made famous and a household word by the victory of Greene in revolutionary days.

If, however, Ransacker shall persist in his antipathy to Cow Creek, he may appeal to the Legislature for relief in a change of name. The people of Pittsfield and Barnstead, N. H., took this course recently to rid their supersensitive ears of the harsh sound of "Shaw's Pond." It was too prosaic and common for them, so they went to Concord and got the Legislature to rename it Lily Lake. That, to be sure, is much prettier, and it goes without saying that a community which was formerly "shy" on spring poets has since the more favorable conditions were supplied by the change developed an unsuspected talent for rhyming, much to the delight of the editors of the home papers, who are suspected of having prompted the change of "Shaw" to "Lily" for their own selfish ends.

WE are all grumblers and much given to bemoaning our various limitations, and the hard luck, which we are apt to say, meets us on every hand. Most of us, being slaves of circumstances and obliged to earn our living, have little of that freedom and independence which we long for, and which we believe would make our shooting and fishing trips—now so often failures, so far as tangible results go—full of the joy which comes with success. Such are our imaginings, but it may be doubted if they have much foundation in fact; we might have no better luck if we were millionaires or lords or dukes or princes. Here, for example, is the tale of a member of the English royal family who has just visited the new world for his fall hunt. Prince Louis of Battenberg went to Halifax, N. S., and started out to kill a moose. He went into the woods under most favorable auspices, hunted with more or less faithfulness, after a while was attacked by the gout and was then brought out to Halifax with much difficulty. He got no moose, and the sole trophy of his hunt was a miserable porcupine.

AN interesting article upon the subject of how fishes find their way in the water appears in another part of this week's issue from our occasional correspondent, Mr. J. Parker Whitney, whose observations concerning fishing and shooting have extended over a long period. His articles on taking salmon in the sea, published in our columns several years ago, attracted a world-wide interest, as a feature before unknown as illustrated by Mr. Whitney.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Charles McConnell's Black Foxes.

THE deputy sheriff slackened the strap of his pack and rested against a stump. "Charlie McConnell isn't at home, and he ain't going to be at home in this county for some time," he remarked, as he lit his pipe. "Charlie lit out of these parts four years since, taking with him the good wishes of the entire community and the curse of Peter Sinclair, and four hundred dollars of good and lawful money of Canada which Peter had lifted from other people, and he lifted from Peter."

We were five miles from McConnell's camp. The hour was high noon, the mercury stood at 85 in the shade, and I concluded that it would be more profitable to learn the story of Mr. McConnell's migration than to pursue our way over the trail which led to his shanty.

We were in the woods after a gang of roughs who made a business of setting moose snares. We had failed to locate them so far, and it was our intention to pass the night at Charlie McConnell's shanty.

In his younger days, Mr. McConnell had worn the Queen's uniform in the capacity of a gunner. He had acquainted me with that fact; but I imagine that no one else in the country knew it, for deserters from the imperial service are not, as a rule, inclined to communicate to ordinary civilians the fact that they are "wanted" at Halifax.

The sheriff continued, as he puffed at an exceedingly foul and refractory briar: "You don't know Peter Sinclair. Then you ain't missed anything unless it's the being able to say you know the meanest man in all Canada. Charlie had his faults, so have we all; but Peter would assay ten ounces to the ton in pure meanness and cussedness, while poor old Charlie was as white as they make them. You see, he came here from no one knows where, with nothing but an elegant little rifle and some clothes. He bought the lot his shanty stands on for $40, and he built the camp himself. First of all, there was only himself, a dog, and a yearling calf. Then he increased his belongings until he had six head of cattle, and two of the best hounds any man ever ran after. Them hounds was dandies. Many a run I've had after foxes, raccoons and cats with them going ahead, and poor little Charlie puffing like a steam engine anywhere from half a mile to a mile behind them. All the same, he managed to come in at the death of no end of game, and for all he sold so much fur, I could swear it was all fairly trapped, and none of it strychnined.

"Peter kept store about twenty miles the other side of Charlie's place. He failed with his pockets full two years ago and skipped across the line. He was the greatest man to quote Scripture I ever heard. I guess he knew the whole Bible by heart. It took an able man to get ahead of him on a business deal. He was into all kinds of things, lumber, mines, brickyards, and so on. He kept the post office, and one of his girls ran the telegraph. They say he used to open letters and read them if he thought they had any news in them it would come in handy to know. If he'd lived handy to the sea, he would have gone into smuggling, or I miss my guess. Charlie used to go out to his place every six weeks or so and trade his pelts for groceries. Peter had a dead cinch on the country trade before the new railway came through, and between giving fourteen ounces to the pound and six pints to the gallon, he raked up quite a little bit of money.

"Charlie had it pretty hard for the first few years he was out in the woods, but in time he got on his feet. The lumber people liked him, he used to go cook on the drives, and the company paid him to keep an eye on the shanties and stores in the summer. Then he used to sell moose meat to the crews in winter, and in the fall he used to guide Yankees. He took a boy out of the poor house, and they lived out here for a good many years; the boy enlisted and went to South Africa the year Charlie moved away. It doesn't cost a man an everlasting fortune to live when he has no family, raises all his vegetables, shoots most of his meat and has nearly all his clothes given him. There's a wild meadow below the cabin, where we'll get a duck or two to-night, and that gave him all the hay he needed for his stock. He had about three acres of prime land cleared and fenced round his cabin, and that grew potatoes and vegetables enough to feed him and his stock, and he always had plenty left over to sell to the lumbermen. Of course, Charlie lived too far away from the road to truck any produce out—that is in the spring or fall. He used to take a little hay and potatoes out when it came sledding.

"People used to say that it was easier pulling wire nails out of a hardwood plank with your fingers than getting cash out of Peter Sinclair. Charlie and he used to have it hot and heavy sometimes, but Charlie always managed to get some ready money.

"I forget whether it was in the spring of '91 or '92 that mink went up to famine price. They were low in the fall, and Charlie held on to his catch, expecting a rise. He came out in the spring—he had been cooking in a lumber camp all winter—and he brought eighteen fine fall mink skins out with him, not a shot hole in the whole lot, and half a dozen spring ones. Peter was sitting in the little room off the store he called his office, with his ledger in front of him and a big Bible open along side of it. Charlie dumped his pack of skins on the counter, and one of the Sinclair girls told her father he had come in with some fur. Peter walks out, and begins to sort the pelts over.

"'These here mushrats is worth twenty cents as prices are now,' says he. 'These cats ain't worth mo'n a dollar, and the foxes are worth two dollars each, 'cepting that one that's been "crusted" lated in the season; he's worth a dollar. Now about these minks. Mink was 'way up until the first of the month; then they dropped, and I be blessed if I know what to give for them now. Here's the last dispatch I had, "Buy no more mink unless extra prime, for more than one-fifty." Tell you what I'll do, I'll give you one-twenty-five for the lot, in trade, and if I get more for them I'll pay you the difference in cash, and if I lose, you pay me.'

"'Lands sakes, man,' says Charlie, 'mink was worth two dollars last fall, and I kept these fellows over, hoping for a rise.'

"'They were worth two-fifty in February, and three weeks ago they were worth two-twenty-five, but they have been dropping ever since, and that is the best I can do for you.'

"Finally, after a lot of dickering, Peter agreed to pay Charlie thirty dollars cash for the twenty-four pelts and five dollars' worth of groceries. If he got more for the skins in Halifax Charlie was to have the balance, and if he lost, he was to make the loss good.

"That was a bad spring for the lumbermen. The water fell away and left ten million of lumber high and dry up the river. The driving camps were full of grub, and the company hired Charlie to keep an eye on things. He put in a good spring, going from one camp to another, with his day's pay coming in regular, plenty of grub and nothing to do. Early in May he went down to the dam on Crooked Brook and found two strangers in the camp. They were mighty civil fellows, out on a fishing trip, and they gave him a very pleasant time. He camped with them two days, and the second evening they were together two mink came out of the dam and started fishing right in full view of the camp. "There's two five dollar bills three weeks ago,' says one of the men, pointing to the minks.

"'How's that?' says Charlie. 'Mink are away down this year.'

"'Mink away down!' says the other man. 'I paid out six thousand dollars for mink alone last month. The lowest I paid was two-fifty for small spring mink, and the best skin I got cost me nine dollars. I've been in the fur business for nearly thirty years, and I only remember mink being as high twice before.'

"'You told me your name was Bushell. Do you belong to Tobin & Bushell, of Halifax?' says Charlie. 'I don't know the firm myself, but I sell my fur to Peter Sinclair, who does a pile of business with that firm.'

"To cut a long story short, Charlie found out that Peter sold all his fur to Tobin & Bushell, and that the lot of mink he had traded to Peter for thirty-five dollars, had fetched a hundred and twenty-five in Halifax.

"When Charlie got out to Peter's again he tackled him about the deal, mentioning no names, only asking him for a statement of account. Peter told him a lot of stuff and paid him two dollars more in cash and gave him some tobacco and stuff to make up five dollars more. Charlie took the stuff and walked off without saying anything. He sold very little fur to Peter after that. Maybe he'd take in a bear skin or a bundle of moose hides once in a while, but his best fur he shipped to Halifax direct. Peter growled about this, but he couldn't prevent it.

"It was some five years after the deal in mink skins that Charlie found a fox den, and dug the young foxes out. He said nothing about it to any one, but he had them tame round his house for some time. That fall word was brought out to Peter Sinclair that there were two black foxes in the woods back of Chalmers Grant, not more than five miles from Charlie's place. He asked Charlie about it when he came out, and he told him that he had seen one of them two days before and that it was a clear black.

"'I didn't shoot it,' says Charlie, 'for two reasons. First, the fur is poor in early October, and secondly, I'm going to catch him alive—if it's a he one—and try to breed him to a little bitch fox I've got at home.' Peter said that no living man could catch a black fox alive, and that he would give ten dollars to see one.

"'You wait until next March, when the foxes are dogging, and I'll let you see one right in this store, unless some one brings the hide in before I can catch him. I mean to breed foxes like that fellow down in Maine that I read of in the papers.'

"Not more than a week after this, one of the black foxes came out in broad daylight and killed two geese, and half a dozen chickens for old Deacon Prendergast, of Chalmers Grant. The Deacon, his wife and her sister saw him. They hadn't any gun in the house, and the Deacon was too blind to shoot straight if they had one. When the snow came several people tried to get those foxes with hounds, but they seemed to have gone away. They killed a pile of common red foxes, and one or two patch foxes in the district, but never a black fox showed his nose.

"Charlie didn't go cook that year. He stayed round home, and hunted and trapped all winter. Peter used to laugh at him about letting the black fox go; but Charlie took it all in good part, and he sold old Peter considerable fur, taking care to get something like the just price for it.

"It would be along about the middle of March—I think it was the third Friday—that Charlie came out to Peter's with his sled and dagon. [A dagon is an ox trained to work alone in harness.] He had a big box on the sled. It was after sundown, and the lamp was lit in Peter's store. Charlie walks in, and says he, 'You owe me ten dollars, Mr. Sinclair, I've got the black fox alive.'

"'Lands sakes,' says Peter, 'where is he?'

"'Right in that box,' says Charlie. 'Wait one moment and I'll fetch him in for you and the crowd to see.'

"He fetched the box in, and inside it was the blackest fox you ever saw. The box was all lined with tin, so he couldn't gnaw out, and the slats were also covered with tin. Every time any one would go near him, he would show them long white teeth of his and snap them like an otter trap.

"'Now,' says Charlie, 'you wait a minute and I'll show you the bait I caught him with.' And he goes out to the sled and fetches in the prettiest little bitch fox you ever saw. She was fat and sleek, and she had a collar on like a dog. Charlie reached for a cracker, and she begged for it, and rolled over at the word of command.

"'I ris that little devil and trained her myself—her and her sister,' says Charlie. 'I ketched four red foxes on the sister, and I was afraid I was going to have the same luck with this one; but I happened to be in luck, and she's good for a litter of "patches," if what they say is right. It's a mighty easy thing to catch foxes if you only know how, and when I found him and her [pointing to the black fox] in the pen together this morning I felt more than good.'

"'Gentlemen,' says Peter, 'I promised this man ten dollars if he would bring that black fox alive into this store. I'm a man whose word is as good as his bond, and here's the ten dollars I promised you, Mr. McConnell. It's a long tramp from your place to here, and you'd better go to the house, and Agatha will give you some supper, and you can have a bed if you are too tired to go home to-night."

"Charlie thanked him kindly and went in, and Agatha Sinclair, who was a nice girl for all she came from such a father, set to work to get his supper ready, while her sister Annie, went to the telegraph instrument (which was in the sitting room) and began to send a dispatch. Charlie asked her to send one for him as soon as she was through with the first one, and he got her to write it, saying that he had poor learning and she could write it better than he could. It ran like this:

"'To Manager of Fox Farm, Pirate Island, Me.: What price for live black fox and mate? Mate red, both unhurt. Will ship C. O. D.'

"Annie rattled away at the instrument, while Charlie ate his supper, and little Vixen, the fox bitch, sat beside his chair waving her bushy tail and begging for scraps. After supper Peter came in and offered Charlie a glass of rum, saying he only kept it in the house for medicine, but he thought it might do him good after his long tramp.

"The way that telegraph instrument was worked that night was a caution, I can tell you. It was past 9 when Charlie got his answer:

"'Two hundred the best we can do on the pair. Ship at once.'

"He said nothing and started for the kitchen where he had left his moccasins. While he was putting them on Peter comes in and says to him: 'Mr. McConnell, my daughter tells me you had an answer to your dispatch, and it wasn't at all to your liking. Now she said mor'n she had any right to, seein as she's not allowed to tell what goes over the wires, but if I can help you out anyway let me know, and I'll do so.'

"Charlie told him that the price offered was too low altogether, that he would sooner knock the black fox on the head and take his chance on Vixen's pups coming 'patches,' than sell at that price. I have a letter in my pocket from a Frenchman who's going into the fox business on Anticosti, and he offers me $500 for a pure black, and $350 for a silver-gray,' says he, and he pulls the letter out of his pocket and hands it to Peter. To cut a long story short, Peter paid him $400 in cash for the black fellow, leaving him the little bitch fox.

"It would be about a week later that the high sheriff came to my place early in the morning and told me he had papers he wished me to serve on Charlie McConnell, back of Chalmers Grant. The sheriff knew Peter as well as I did, so our fees were secured. I hitched up and drove as far as I could, and walked the rest of the way. Charlie was cutting wood just outside his shanty when I came in sight. He never offered to run, he just walked to meet me and asked if I had papers for him. 'The case of Peter Sinclair versus Charles McConnell.' 'I thought it would be the queen versus me, I only wish it had been. Say, you put those papers back in your pocket and come in and have some dinner, and I'll walk out to the road with you and go down to the corner and see Peter. If we settle the case I'll pay you your fees and mileage, same as if you served the papers, and if we don't yau can serve them on me all the same.'

"I went in and had dinner, and we walked out to the road afterward. It was near dark when we got to Peter's store at the cross-roads. The store was full of loafers, but Charlie never minded a bit. When Peter saw us he came out of his office like a snarling yellow cur dog coming through a fence after a team. His thin red hair and sandy whiskers stuck right out like the fur on a wildcat when the dogs have him 'treed,' and every yellow tooth in his head showing. He'd forgotten his Scripture for once in his life, and the swearing he did was something

legant. When he was through with the first of it Charlie old him that he had come in to settle up the case with im, and he would prefer to do the talking in private, not efore a shopful of men. Peter wouldn't listen to this t first, but finally he consented to go inside, and talk the hing over. Annie was at the telegraph instrument when ve went in, and she never let on that she saw Charlie. I in't going to bother you with the details of the case, but Peter's story was that Charlie had sold him a dyed fox, ot a true black one. He had a dispatch from the fox arm in Maine, which he showed me, and it bore him ut all right. When he'd done reading it Charlie said othing, he just began to tap on the table with his jack-nife, 'tickety tack, tack, tickety tack, tack' like an in-trument when a dispatch is going over the line. He adn't been doing this for a minute when Annie Sinclair umped up with her pretty face as red as fire. 'Father,' ays she, 'that man has called me a fool and you a rogue,' ays she, 'and I ain't going to sit here and be insulted.'

"Peter tried to turn white, but he turned green instead. 'Do you mean to tell me you can work the telegraph?' says he.

"'Work the telegraph?' says Charlie. 'Why, I was working one when this girl of yours was a five-year-old kid. I heard every word that went over the wires while I stayed here, how you sent word on that you had a black fox to sell, and the answer was that they would pay $800 for it if in good condition. Then when I sent my dispatch this girl never transmitted it; she just wired back that the price was too low. Then she called up the head office and asked for extra time, as the line was wanted for important business. Then she sends my message to Canso, saying there was no hurry about it, and writes the answer herself, and then she gets word that the company would go one thousand if the animal was O. K. I've got my dispatch offering me $200 for the pair, and when it comes into court, along with the other ones, the Western Union will make things lively for you and your daughter. I don't admit that there was anything wrong with the fox, but I can prove that there's something mighty wrong with this office, and if you're minded to take these civil paper back and make the case a criminal one I'll be willing to have it tried before any jury you can scare up in Annapolis county.'

"Says Peter, 'Give me them papers back. This man has bitten me once, but he'll never do so again. I ain't a going to have my daughter pulled into court on the word of a worthless loafer, even if the devil has taught him to run a telegraph instrument.'

"I gave the papers back and Peter paid me my fees and mileage, he also wrote me out a statement that the case was settled out of court. Charlie and I went out, and drove down to the tavern at Hunt's Brook, and put in the night there. In the morning Charlie paid both our bills and offered me the fees over again, but I told him that anyone who could get away from Peter Sinclair had no right to pay twice over for doing so. What beats me is how any man who knows how to run a telegraph could be content to stay in the woods, like Charlie did. He cleared for the States a few days later, and I hear he's doing well in Denver, and I hope he is, for he's a decent little man, even if he lifted old Peter Sinclair.

"I did not deem it necessary or advisable to tell the sheriff that Charlie McConnell had confided his reasons for settling 'back of Chalmers Grant' to me, nor did I divulge the fact that I had donated a couple of drachms of nitrate of silver to him, 'to make hair-dye.' I had first made Mr. McConnell's acquaintance when he was acting as telegrapher and signalman at Herring Cove, near Halifax. I lent him the money to buy his bit of land back of Chalmers Grant, and in return for this he had initiated me into the ways of the woods, and given me much information as to the life the Canadian leads who enlists in the Imperial forces with the mistaken idea that soldiering is 'sodgering.' I obtained the gentleman's address in Denver, and in reply to my letter he was kind enough to tell me his side of the 'black fox' story. Omitting perfectly personal news, his letter ran as follows:

"'You want to know how I got ahead of Peter Sinclair on the fox racket? It was this way. Two years or so before that he skinned me out of nearly $100 on a deal in minks. I lay low until I found a fox den; then I dug the pups out and brought them up tame. There were three dogs and two bitches, and along in the early fall I blackened two of the dogs up, using the stuff you showed me how to make, and turned them down near Chalmers Grant. Of course, they raised Cain with the hens and things near, and several people saw them, but as soon as the late fall came they shed their coats and turned red, just like they were before.

"'The two bitch pups and the other dog I kept. When the spring came and the foxes were dogging I took and dyed him black, and if I say so myself, only an expert could have told he wasn't genuine. The fox farm people were crazy to get hold of a black dog-fox, and I wrote them, and they said they would pay anywhere from $500 to $1,000 for one. I dropped Peter a hint of this, and he caught on, and wrote them—the rest you know as well as I do.'"

Two wrongs do not make a right, and the fact that Peter Sinclair swindled Charlie McConnell on a deal in minks might not justify the proceedings being reversed when it came to a deal in foxes, but I have always had a sympathy with the "under dog," and in this particular instance I was rejoiced to hear that the would-be biter had been most severely bitten.

EDMUND F. L. JENNER.

Striped Bass in the Hudson.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season is now on here for striped bass. There has been some very fair fishing during the last few weeks, most of the fish being caught on the Croton Point and Northwest Point reefs. The best catches have been made by Capt. "Jack" Aitchison and his parties trolling with spinner and sand worms. This morning a Mr. Rothschild, who was with him, caught several beauties, one of which weighed 11 pounds 12 ounces. Shortly after catching the large one they hooked on to what must have been the daddy of them all, for he broke an eight-strand snell and got away.

C. G. B.

Forest and Stream Medicine Chest.

EARLY in the present year a suggestion of the writer brought to the FOREST AND STREAM a number of contributions from a number of medical and surgical members of its family, namely, Messrs. Robert T. Morris, Edward French, Lewis H. Rose, J. E. Bulkley and last but not least, the anonymous writer of last week, upon the subject of sickness and accident in camp, how to care for the same and the means and appliances needful therefor. It is safe to say that never before has the subject been so ably presented to lay readers of a secular paper. And as the articles appeared from time to time it seemed to me that I might with propriety venture to acknowledge the personal benefit of the information thus imparted, as well as to give some account of the medicine chest which I have had made and stocked from the lists and directions given. The lists given so nearly agreed as to disclose to the layman that the science of medicine in so far as it relates to the treatment of common ailments has become greatly simplified and compacted of late years, and that minor surgery has become almost wholly a matter of cleanliness, surgically speaking, and of natural reparative procedure. And inasmuch as the camper is liable to meet with sickness and accidents in places without the reach of professional aid, it is possible, because of this comparative simplicity and compactness of means and appliances to provide him with a medicine chest and instructions for its use sufficient for almost any medical or surgical emergency. Such provision may serve to tide over matters to a recovery and, perhaps, save life.

The instances in which the respective lists differed were found to be in minor particulars, such, for instance, as the preference of one gentleman for chloranodyne, and of another for Squibb's cholera mixture; and matters of similar import. One gentleman told of the Steinhoffer bandage and the Esmarch suspenders, the latter used by the soldiers of the German army, and both articles "made in Germany." When I asked the large surgical supply house man, who made my medicine chest, about these articles it was a poser for him; he had never heard of them. It is a wonder that the American soldier has not at least procured the Esmarch suspenders from his cousin German, for they would seem to be an article of double value. Another writer rather deprecated placing the hypodermic syringe and its concomitants in the hands of laymen, remarking that not one case of snake bite in ten thousand is fatal—to grown and healthy men. It may be remarked in this connection that the next week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM gave the account of the death, within an hour of being bitten by a rattler, of the curator of the Los Angeles Zoological Garden. Other gentlemen advised its being included, and I did so in the chest in question. I have noticed often that the kind of trouble you don't have is the kind you are prepared for, and I don't want any snake bites. As for its use, I admit it requires careful study and very careful handling, but it is not nearly so dangerous as a heart that wants to stop beating. The very first trip of the new medicine chest furnished some very significant though not very exciting arguments in favor of the hypodermic equipment, of which I will speak later on.

The complete list, without any duplicates or alternative remedies, includes more than thirty articles or kinds of articles, and the question of the size of the chest was the first problem to be solved. This was solved or resolved in favor of a chest large enough to contain substantial supplies of the various medicines, accordingly most of them are in the original packages or bottles, an added advantage of this being that the labels are printed, as well as the doses and formula. The case, therefore, was made about ten inches in length, six inches wide and five inches high, made of hard wood and exceedingly strong, with stiff compartments for each bottle, leather lined, and bound and covered with black grain leather having a leather handle and a strong clasp and lock and key, as it is not the sort of thing for children and fools to get into. It will be seen that it can fall out of a wagon and not have anything within it break. Within it is a separate pocketbook case containing the instruments, needles and silks. The nitrate of silver is in a hard rubber tube, and the boracic acid powder in a hard rubber bottle with a screw off cap on each end, one end revealing a pepper-box shaker. The corrosive sublimate tablets are in a blue bottle, plainly marked and labeled "poison." I have not yet done so, but it is my intention to prepare and have printed a pamphlet containing the FOREST AND STREAM articles of the gentlemen above mentioned, and a list of the contents of the chest, careful directions for the snake-bite treatment, etc., to go in the chest. Oh, yes, it cost me something. I think I hear some one say "how much?" So I will anticipate the question. Sixteen dollars in money, and about a dozen visits to the man. (The retail price of the medicine alone would be about $10, to say nothing of the instruments and case.) But I felt well repaid for my trouble and expense when I started off with the children on a camping trip with the chest in the trunk and the feeling that I was prepared for trouble. And we came within about ten inches of trouble, too. We were going in a "pisen snake" country, to a beautiful river, one of the best in the world for small-mouth black bass fly-fishing. The children rode off from the railroad with Mrs. A. in the first wagon, and Mr. A. and I followed on the other wagon with the camp things. He is a great walker and soon jumped out and started ahead of me, following the first wagon closely. Two miles down in the hills a rattlesnake lay coiled within, as I say, ten inches of the wheel track. The mules passed it without being struck. It did not rattle. Then Mr. A. walked past it in the wagon track and it neither rattled nor struck at him. He said it could have reached him, too. As he passed it that something which makes a fellow look at a snake drew his eye around to his right and he saw it. He struck it with a rock, and then it rattled, but it was disabled. He smashed its head the first throw. It was still trying to rattle when he threw it into the hind end of our wagon. It had eight rattles, was about four feet long and as thick in the middle as a man's wrist is wide. It was in a brand new skin and brightly marked, save at its tail, where it was a velvety black. I do not remember to have noticed the black marking at the tail before.

Three days after that he and I were making an outhouse near the tents when he turned over a log within ten feet thereof and jumped back and exclaimed: "Here's another snake!" This time it was a copperhead, the copper markings of which were very dark, like old copper, possibly because he lived under that old log in the day time. I shudder yet to think of the children going out there about dusk, the time when copperheads begin to stir. We each got a long stick and when I said I was ready A. pulled the log off him, as he had run under it again, and we killed him, or rather A. did so, for my blow landed on a rock and did no execution. A day or so after that I was reading in the hammock, and the children were under the dining room awning, where Mrs. Morgan, the camp cook, whom we had procured in the neighborhood, exclaimed: "There goes a bug that is as poisonous as any rattlesnake. It's a rattlesnake ant. They kill cattle when they sting them. Killed a good many after that dry year, and the way we know it around here is, one of them bit a cow in the foot, down the river here about a couple of miles, and its leg swelled up and it finally died, and when they looked where the swelling started they found one of them. Its stinger wouldn't come out, and so it stayed there and died along with the cow."

Now a rattlesnake ant was a new one on me, so I went around the tent to where they were and asked to see it, and Mrs. Morgan told me it had run under a leaf, which she pointed out to me. I found it to be an insect about the length of a bumble bee, but not quite so stockily built, being more like a wasp or an ant, having no wings, but being a fast runner, marked with bars of orange or gold, like a bumblebee. I caught it and it repeatedly tried to sting my knife-blade, with a stinger that is at least a half inch in length, disclosing on its point each time it thrust a tiny globule of amber colored fluid. Mrs. M. remarked that it could stick its "hypodermic needle" into soft wood so far it couldn't pull it out. I do not know what it is, as I say, but I conclude it is the king bee of all the venomous insects in this country, judging from the length of its stinger and the looks of that tiny globule of amber colored liquid. I inclose it herewith, and it may be that the wise man at the FOREST AND STREAM office can tell us more about it.

But I fear this article is becoming too toxic. Too redolent of unpleasant things. Nevertheless I cannot resist adding that one night I woke up, doubtless because of a strong odor of polecat which pervaded the tent, and which I soon found had awakened the children also, as well as those in the other tent. I remembered that A. had a coach candle on a stake just outside his tent flap, and at my suggestion he set it aflame. We didn't want any polecats loafing around there, and thought we would try the lighted candle as a sort of gentle persuader—the only kind of persuasion it is worth while to institute under such circumstances. It worked like a charm, almost immediately we could perceive a diminution of the presence of polecat, and when we dropped off to sleep again it was not discernible at all. *Verb. sap.*

As a matter of fact, the only real uses of the contents of the medicine chest were, as one of the medical gentlemen predicted, in cases of mosquito bites and juvenile sour stomachs, which were promptly relieved by the oxide and resorcin and the soda mints, for both of which the children give the gentlemen thanks. We ran some safe rapids, to the delight of the children, had a delightful swim each day at 4 o'clock—and then, before A. and I began to "run the river" and fly-fish in earnest, a sad happening at home called my regretful and tearful little girls and myself back; but it is a beautiful river, and it is fine to record that A. ran it twice and caught 110 small-mouth black bass, a decent proportion of which were returned unhurt, landing three doubles, having his rods bent in all sorts of shapes, and coming home ready to acknowledge that I was right when I promised him he would see the prettiest river he ever threw a fly over.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Looting the Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading Raymond S. Spears on floating down the Mississippi, reminds one that the great river is indeed great. Mr. Spears' tales of experiences on the mighty waterway come to us here on the banks of that same stream as stories of a remote land and of a strange people. One can scarcely conceive that the waters that carried him on his voyage in that far land are the same waters that pass our door every day. Yet, follow the tortuously crooked line down across the map, and we find it really continuous to the very same places where Mr. Spears exploited.

We remember, too, that we have river people here as well as in the far-renowned Southland; but how different is the lumber jack of the North Woods from the shanty boatman and fisherman of the south end of this great artery of nature. Petty thieving is little known in the land of the lumber jack. Miscellaneous property left lying about loose is seldom missed when called for. A branded saw log may lie neglected on the river bank till it rots; it will not be touched by any but the proper parties. But when it comes to maverick or a standing tree, all is changed. Stealing timber off State lands is a business almost as legitimate as banking, provided it is done on large enough scale. Many a haughty millionaire owes his rise to getting in right on public timber lands, and in very, very many cases a Government official was the means of getting in right. The State Government is very modest where it catches a large operator helping himself to State timber, which it does on rare occasions when outsiders interfere. It very politely asks the trespassers to pay the value of the timber taken, there is an argument, and the offender is allowed to settle at what he thinks he has got. Think of it, you toiling bank burglars! If you only had a pull like this! Nor has the general Government been the least bit stingy in helping to get away with booty. For twenty-five years it has been pouring money into the upper wilderness to build reservoirs, dredge channels and otherwise facilitate the work of bringing out the spoils.

I think Mr. Spears could find no parallel, though, to the case of the settlers along the upper river. He tells of millions expended by the Government in building levees and improving waterways to protect the plantations along the river from floods. Here the order is

just reversed; the millions are expended in building dams to hold back the water during winter and early spring, when there can be no flood, and when no great damage would be done if there were; and turning it loose in late spring and early summer, when the tendeney is toward flood and when the growing crop can easily be destroyed. This year the Government flood lasted all summer. The reason for this was that several years ago the largest lake, Mimebegashish, was drained off to rebuild the dam. When the dam was rebuilt, it took several years to fill it again. This spring the job was completed and the great guns were all loaded to the muzzle. On top of this came heavy rains and the consequence was that even the lumbermen got a shade too much water, while the settler simply let all hold go and floated out. Other settlers not flooded, to the number of two thousand, were cut off from the railroad for two months, except as they went by boat.

The reservoirs hold enough to keep the river bankfull for four months, while the rain has added as much more. The Army engineers who have matters in charge argue that the reservoirs have nothing to do with the floods; but I don't think there is a reader of FOREST AND STREAM but knows that holding water back six months must double the flow for the next six. Before the white man came, with his greed, the lakes were always at a low stage at the beginning of a wet season. When the river had risen a foot, there was several hundred square miles of lake surface that had risen a foot. By the time the wet season was past the lakes were several feet higher than at the beginning, and kept the river at an even flow for many months without stress at any time. The War Department fills the space in advance, and then when the stress comes, opens wide the gates to let the loot of the forest pass. Even if they did not let loose a drop of their advance store, they have usurped the space nature had provided.

People representing $60,000 of losses by this year's flood joined in laying the case before the army engineers sent here to examine into the matter. They did not ask that the reservoirs be discontinued; they simply asked for a reasonable regulation, with improved waterway, to meet the changed conditions. They might as well have tied their request to a stone and thrown it in a well as far as the results are concerned; the loot of the wilderness is too great for the welfare of two or three hundred cabin builders to interfere with it, even for an instant. That floods will one day be controlled by means of reservoirs and improved waterways, there can be no doubt; but so far in this country, controlling the floods is only the excuse, the loot of the wilds is the power behind the throne, and that power is wielded in a way that is rather disastrous to other interests.

E. P. JAQUES.

AITKIN, Minn.

Adirondack State Lands.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Feb. 6, 1883, the following law was passed:

"An Act to prohibit the sales of land belonging to the State (of New York) in the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence and Warren.

"The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

"Section 1. Hereafter and from the passage of this act no sales shall be made of lands belonging to the State situated in the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence and Warren."

An exception was afterward made in favor of Clinton county State lands bought for prison purposes, and another exception in favor of the canal lands, which would apply perhaps to a little of the land the control of which seems to have passed out of the hands of the State since the sale of the land in the counties mentioned was forbidden.

I make the assertion that since that law was passed the Adirondack forest preserve has lost more than 117,050.61 1-3 acres of land which belonged to the people but which is now squatted upon by individuals, lumber companies, clubs and "private park makers." This is to say, that since the sale of State land by the State officials was forbidden, more than 182.8 square miles of land have been lost to the people of the State.

I realize that it is not enough to make the mere assertion but that I must prove it beyond doubt. The proof is found in two State documents which anyone can get. The map of the Adirondack region, issued by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, shows the land which the State now claims in the Adirondacks. The red ink marks the State land. The plain white paper, the land alleged to be "private," or owned by corporations, individuals, etc. In Verplank Colvin's report on the progress of the survey of State lands, issued according to a law passed on June 2, 1883, is found a complete list of State lands in the counties of the Adirondack region. This list was compiled from the deeds, conveyances, land titles and other documents found in the comptroller's office four months after the passage of the act forbidding the sale of State lands, and this list was rectified to the tax sales of 1881, presumably so that none of the lands sold for taxes and bought by the State could be taken away from the State by their redemption under the two-year law.

Of about 573,000 acres of land owned in the Adirondacks by the State in 1883 the sale of any of which was forbidden, 117,050 acres have since slipped out of the State's hands. More than one-fifth of the land which the State "reserved" has gone into the hands of whom? By what means? With the connivance of whom? That a large portion of this land was taken contrary to law, and is now held in spite of the manner in which it was taken. I think any man will believe when he reads the list of lands given in this article. The list that I am about to make is of lands which anyone can locate on the map in a half minute. Any man, having the Adirondack State map spread out before him, may follow the list from lot to lot. He should mark each lot.

If anything will indicate fraud it is the location of the lands, control of which has been taken from the State by fair means or foul. (In justice to a small few, it should be stated that they own their lands because the courts have declared their claims to be better than the State's—but this does not affect the general total in square miles to any great extent.) Let the location of these lands be observed carefully. On one of Rockefeller's preserves (De Bar), on the Webb preserve, the William C. Whitney preserve and numerous others, on Lake Placid, around Long Lake, near the Tupper Lakes, near Fulton Chain, on Plumadore Lake, along the roads, on streams, in the heart of the forests, around the outskirts of villages; in fact, in every conceivable sort of Adirondack place, State lands have been wiped off the map to the extent of 182.8 square miles. This would make a strip of land more than a mile wide from end to end of Long Island. It would make a strip of land sixteen rods wide across the continent. Its value, at the prevailing market rate in the Adirondacks, would not be far from $1,000,000, more, rather than less.

The list which I give makes no account of State lands which have apparently been purchased by the State. I made the list by taking the Forest Commission's map for 1905, and finding on it every tract of land mentioned in Colvin's report. If the map showed "red" or State land, I went on to the next. If it showed the tract formerly claimed by the State to be white or private, I noted the land on paper, its tract, township, or other number, the number of acres, according to the report, etc. In some cases, as around Morehouse Lake, in central Hamilton county, where parts of the State land lots have been taken, I made a moderate estimate of the amount taken from each lot, and added the totals into the sum total. Having gone over the map, land list in hand, and located the lost lands, I went over the whole list again seeking possible errors. Here is the list:

In Essex county, Essex Tract, Henry's survey, town of Keene, all of lot 228 and part of lot 128, land to the amount of 103 acres has gone from State control. Jay tract, town of Wilmington, parts of lots 5 and 57, all of lot 6, a loss of 558 acres. North River Head tract, towns of North Hudson and Elizabethtown, lots 13, 22, 23, 84, 104 and part of 83, 1,040 acres. Old Military tract, Thorn's survey, Township 1, town of Keene, lot 115, 102 acres. Richard's survey, town of Wilmington, lot 13, 64 acres. Township 11, towns of North Elba and St. Armand. Lots 117, 291 (Lake Placid), 317, 333, 600 acres. Township 12, town of North Elba, lot 35, 1,440 acres. Thorn's survey, township 12, lot 57, 160 acres. Also 2,400 square feet near the forks of the road at Lake Placid. Paradox tract, Ticonderoga town, lot 24, 100 acres. Roaring Brook tract, town of Keene, lots 14, 15, 50, 51, all gone, and parts of lots 48, 52, 59, all told 1,490 acres.

Totten & Crossfield's purchase, Township 14, N. ½, S.E. ¼, Minerva town, lot 32 (on Hudson River), 160 acres.

In Franklin county, McComb's purchase, Great tract 1, township 12, town of Duane. This list of lost lots is a very significant one. William Rockefeller, the Forest Commission in its report for 1902 says, has a park called "De Bar Mountain Park" in townships 12 and 15. It is in Duane town. The lots are Nos. 10, 17, 25 (sub 3), 26, 33, 34, 35, 42, 43, 46, 47, 48, 50, 54, 55 and 56, in all 8,496 acres in the same region where Rockefeller claims 11,675 acres of land. Lots 46, 47 and 54 take in practically all of De Bar Mountain, and lot 48 all of De Bar Pond, from which Rockefeller names his preserve. The State at one time had claims in forty-three lots in this vicinity—townships 12 and 15—which claims are not made now by the State map, as has been and shall be seen. In township 14 were other claims, on lots 8, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 34, 35, 41, 42, 45, 46, 47, 48, 51, 52, 54, 55, 57, 58, 61, 62, 64, 66, 69, 70, 71, 72, 81, 82, 84, 90, 92, 96, 99, 101, 103, 104. In a few instances the claim took in all of the lot, but in most of them only part, as lot 23, N. ¼, 29 N. 1-3, 42 N. 2-5, etc. The smallest claim was for thirty-three acres and the largest for 169 acres. This is in the Rice Mountain country, and Wolf Pond and Quebec Brook are involved. In township 14 the State has lost 3,885.41 2-3 acres of land. In township 15, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 have been wiped off the State map. In the N.E. ¼ and in the S.W. ¼, lots 4, 5, 6, 33, 51, 52, 53, 61, 62, 63, 71 and 72. These lands, in private control, make the "preserving" of Rice Pond not too difficult. In township 15, towns of Duane and Brighton, the public have lost 7,516 acres of land—this is the De Bar Park region just mentioned.

In township 18, the State claimed lots 2, 12, 56, 57, 66, 97, and parts of 49 and 78, which it does not claim now. This loses 2,212 acres to the public.

In township 20 the State owned 30,010 acres out of 30,650 acres. The Upper Saranac Association, according to the Forest Commission's report for 1902, has 2,751 acres in that township, a net loss to the public of 2,101 acres. The lost land is at the foot of Upper Saranac Lake, and includes ponds, islands and other things convenient for private park camp sites.

Out of township 25, on the shores of Big Tupper Lake, and in that vicinity, where no State land is claimed now, 2,399 2-3 acres at one time belonged to the State, and now if the public hunts there it is because of the good nature of the present claimants.

In the Old Military Tract, Franklin county, in township 8, town of Bellmont, the State has relinquished its claim to lots 65 and 66 (Ragged Lake) and parts of lots 86 and 87, once preserved to the public's health, pleasure and profit; 2,080 acres of land have been lost here.

In township 9, Bellmont town, lots 28, 99, 127, 147, 150, 152, 171, 174, 214, 228, 241, 242, 246, 263, 264, 279, 283, 296, 329, 331, 355 and 358, once the property of the State, are no longer claimed. This makes the preservation to private individuals of Plumadore, Glass and other ponds and Trout River possible. In this instance the public loses 3,788.56 acres. It also loses the use of parts of lots 30, 97, 102, 173, 176, 177, 182, 184, 186, 191, 206, 213, 225, 249, 278, 316, 339, 350, 356 and 357—a total of 1,723 acres, and a grand total of 5,511.50 acres in township 9.

In township 10, parts of lots 22, 223, 335, 359 and all of lots 185, 186, 187, 189, 213, 214, 215, 218, 219, 221, 222, 224, 227, 228, 252, 253, 254, 255, 266, 268, 269, 292, 295, 296, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 331, 333, 349, 350 and 351—a total of 10,060 acres—are closed to the free use of the public. The public's share in Loon Lake, Square Pond, Lake Kushaqua and other portions of fishing as well as hunting territory have been taken away by some means or other.

In Fulton county, not far north of the Mohawk River, and not in the central Adirondack region, but in a wild, wooded and fine fish and game country, much land has fallen out of the public's possession. In Chase's patent, in the towns of Bleecker and Mayfield, lots 53, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 81, 83 and 115 and parts of lots 37, 44, 48, 70, 111 and 116 the State claims no land, though it owned 1,405 acres there twenty years ago, and the sale of land in the Adirondacks since then has been illegal.

In the Glen, Bleecker and Lansing patent, towns of Bleecker, Mayfield, Caroga and Stratford one finds that the State claim is held back from lots 25 (sub 2), 34 (sub 4), 35, 41 (sub 6), 41 (sub 10), 45 (sub 4), 52 (subs 3 and 7), 59 (sub 1), 82 (part), 90 (part of sub 1) which means the loss of 1,497.66 2-3 acres to public use.

From the Jerseyfield patent, 200 acres in the town of Stratford (part of lot 61) formerly State land, is now claimed as private property.

In Hamilton county one finds further significant absences of claims by the State for certain land tracts. Hamilton county is the "forest county of the State." If State lands should have been retained anywhere those in Hamilton county ought to have been kept inviolate. All State land in this county should have been kept for the public, and lumber men, land hogs and park makers should, long since, have been held back, lest they overreach their rights and rob the public of that which was meant for the pleasure of mankind.

In the Arthurboro patent, lots 93, 88 and 89 (600 acres in the town of Morehouse) are not claimed on the State map, which closes Pine Lake. In the 8,000-acre tract, same town, parts of lots 8, 9, 11, 26 and all of lots 19, 22, 23, 24 and 25—1,400 acres—are not now regarded by Albany as public domain. Lots 24, 25, 26 and 8, 9, 10 and 11 are on and around Morehouse Lake, now claimed to be the private property of a club.

In Benson township, in the towns of Wells and Benson, lots 64 (part), 117 (part) and 381, a matter of 275 acres, are gone.

In Bergen's purchase, on the west side of the Sacandaga River, 250 acres appear to be missing from the State's claims.

The curious piece of land, the gore between township 1, Totten & Crossfield's purchase, and Bergen's purchase, and the Oxbow tract, called Jones' gore on the modern map, is not claimed now, although the State used to claim lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 14 and 15—1,617.9 acres.

The Lewis (Morgan) Small tract, lot 2—100 acres—is also out of the public's care apparently.

From township 9, Moose River tract, town of Arietta (lot 120), 78 acres of State land has "gone somewhere." From the Oxbow tract, lot 214 (Sheriff Lake), and lot 280 are no longer claimed. This is a matter of 403 acres, or, say, the size of a hundred city blocks, or more.

Other lands missing are: Totten & Crossfield's purchase in Township 1, town of Lake Pleasant, the Spier & Brown lot, 400 acres. In township 3, parts of lots 49, 50, 75, that is 222.5 acres. From township 6, town of Arietta, lot 37, or 200 acres. From the Elm Lake road tract, in Lake Pleasant town, lots 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20—another 300 acres. Township 22, lots 26, 27, 28, 39, 47, 50—820 acres, or considerably over a square mile of land. From township 33, in the heart of the wild country, lots 5, 19, 29, 30, 43, 44, 45, 48, 49, 52, 53, and 54, a matter of 960 acres. In township 35, from the Northeast Fourth, 2,765 acres of land. This is the Forked Lake township.

From township 37 the State's claim to lots 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58 and 100, that is 1,140 acres, is gone, and this is within a day's hunt of Bog Lake Railroad station. In township 40 the region is practically all State land, according to the map, but the shores of the lake are lined with camps, boarding houses and hotels, all of whom claim more or less land, and when the ragged woodsman wishes to put up his little brush shelter thereabouts he must be prepared to receive frowns from the summer people. It will be remembered that the railroad was sneaked across State land to Raquette Lake by a subterfuge over an alleged public highway, which does not now exist, it is said by those who have looked at the rails.

Lot 30, township 50—sixty acres—of fine camp site on Long Lake, isn't State land any more.

The northern part of Herkimer county is like most of Hamilton county, a splendid wilderness, which is growing more and more ragged owing to the swift and relentless work of the pulp and lumbermen. These figures will show how much the State lands have shrunk in that region of late years—not counting any State lands that may have been sold to the State.

In the Jerseyfield patent (southern part of the county) lot 79, town of Ohio, has passed out of the State's possession, "Sold," the secretary of the Forest Commission wrote to me. This has happened within two years, and a hundred acres have gone into the clutches of wood alcohol makers.

From the Moose River tract, township 3, lots 76, 77, 88, 89, 90, 100, 101, 102, 112, 113, 114, 124, 125, 126, 136 and 137 have been wiped off the State map—sixteen lots of 160 acres—2,524 acres—each in a rectangle three lots wide and five long, crossed by a fine trout stream, no part of which is three miles south of Fourth Lake, of the Fulton Chain. Fancy the feelings of a man, a mere member of the public, when he is thrown off this land by the collar.

In Lewis county, towns of Grieg and Lyonsdale, on the Brantingham tract, lots 118, 208, 312 are gone. Lot 118 is on Brantingham Lake; 380 acres.

In Saratoga county, from the Glen and Yates patent, lot 48, 105 acres, has been taken. From the Glen and forty-four others' patent, lots 6 (town of Day), 59, 60, 65, (town of Edinburgh)—just a thousand acres. From the Sanders patent, the west half of lot 12, lots 38 and 39, and small lots 1, 2, 3—307 acres.

In St. Lawrence county, McComb's purchase, Great tract II., township 7, "S. P.'t.," or southern part, the land lost to the State amounts to 9,092 acres. In the northern part, land from the lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 appears to have been rearranged to suit people who wanted a single large block of land containing the valuable lakes found there. In this township is found a block of 2,100 acres of State land. It is in the southwest portion of the township, and, judging from the map, in the worst part of the township. As shown by the map, and by the Colvin report, the State has exchanged 10,464 acres for 2,100 acres—a net loss of 8,364 to the public.

In township 2, Great tract II., the southwest ¼ is gone—1,885 acres, and in township 4 about 1,115 acres have apparently been "sold."

It may be that these lands, which are in the Cranberry Lake country, were sold under authority given by the law, chapter 470, which gives the State Land Commissioners permission to sell canal lands. The "mortgage lands," few in number and acreage, could also be sold before the

constitutional amendment according to this law.

In Warren county no State land is claimed along the shores of Brant Lake, although lots 107 and 141, Brant Lake tract, both on this lake, were claimed by the State at one time. Their land area was only 100 acres, but quite a large number of citizens could find camping room on 100 acres. From the Dartmouth patent, in the town of Stony Creek, lot 5—175 acres. From Totten & Crossfield's purchase, township 14, S.W. ¼ (Conklin and others' tract, now Leggett's survey) lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 11, 12, 16, 18, 19, 26 and 27—2,045 acres. In township 24, lots 33 and 38, have been taken by somebody—170 acres more.

These lands were "old-time holdings" of the State. They had been coming and going as to ownership, but had, apparently, finally settled into the hands of the State which claimed them in 1883, all of them having been "State land" previous to 1881. In 1881 there was a tax sale, and from purchases in this sale more land was added to the State possessions. A list of them was made out in a separate appendix from the one just quoted. These tax-sale lands, after the redemption period of two years, seemed to be the State's "forever after." Nevertheless I find that in the list of lands secured at this tax sale there are thousands of acres which have slipped out of the State's possession regardless of the State's law forbidding the sale of preserve lands.

The reader will be obliged to go all over the map again if he wishes to follow my hunt for these lost State lands. If the trail grows tedious, and the pack straps of figures, townships, counties, tracts and purchases cut deep, let it be remembered that on the readers of this article depends whether the State will come into possession of such lands as have been taken illegally. For every time we consider a lot figure, it means anywhere from a hundred to thousands of dollars' worth of land, from the use of which a long-suffering, frequently-defrauded and foolishly patient public may have been defrauded by sheer robbery.

By the tax sale of 1881 the State received in Essex county, Essex tract, Henry survey, towns of Jay and Keene, lots 142, 168 and 181—496 acres—which it lost again. From the North River Head tract, town of North Hudson, lot 83—80 acres—has gone glimmering.

The Old Military tract, townships 1 and 2, lot 51—416 acres. In township 12, Thorn's survey, town of North Elba, western half of lot 120—eighty acres.

In town 14, Totten & Crossfield's purchase, town of Minerva, lots 62, 102 and 103—568 acres.

In township 27, lot 35—160 acres.

In Franklin county, from the gore east of township 9, Old Military tract, in the town of Bellmont, lot 9—122 acres.

From McComb's purchase, Great tract 1, township 12, the public has lost lot 9, and parts of lots 12, 25—1,242 acres.

From township 13, S. ½ and N.E. ¼ (in the Rice Mountain country, once more), in lots 11, 12, 14, 16, 36, 44, 59, 72, 74 and 108—353.98 1-3 acres.

In township 15, N.E. ¼, lots 4 and 11—814 acres. In the N.W. ¼, lots 4, 7, 14 and 16—562 acres.

In Old Military tract, township 8, in Bellmont town, shows the loss to the public of lot 85 on Ragged Lake, and lot 87 (E. ½) close to Indian Pond—710 acres.

In township 9 (towns of Franklin and Bellmont), the tax sale lands of 1881, lots 102, 186, 191, 206 (Tanner's, now Plumadore Pond), 213 (near Inman Station), 255, 274, 295, 305, 342, 346, 350 and 356—1,251.10 acres.

In Fulton county, in the towns of Bleecker and Mayfield, from Chase's patent, lots 41, 42, 44, 56, 69, 101, 103—475 acres.

In Herkimer county, Jerseyfield patent, the towns of Ohio and Salisbury, lots 40, 49 and 57—a matter of 736.72 acres.

In the Noblesborough patent, New Survey, lot 20 and Old Survey lots 97 and 99. This is 600 acres more in a hard-wood, deer country, where the lumbermen have been recently slashing the timber away.

From Remsenburg patent, lot 12, N. ½—250 acres.

Once more considering Hamilton county, Benson township, town of Benson, lots 226, 227—320 acres. Totten & Crossfield's purchase, township 1, lots 10 and 12—225 acres. In township 2, Jones' map, lots 10 and 11—310 acres. Township 7, town of Lake Pleasant, lots 8, 9 and 10—300 acres.

Of township 19 (town of Indian Lake), N.E. ¼, shows 1,021 acres, and the N.W. ¼ shows 5,660 acres wiped off the State's claims—this is in the Blue Mountain lake country.

Township 22 shows lots 8, 9, 64 as no longer State land—361 acres.

Then, in township 34, is found an astonishing loss to the State. The State there owned a claim for 13,575 acres in township 34. If one must believe the map the State issues now, the State hasn't saved a rod in it—and Blue Mountain Lake, Eagle Lake, Utowana Lake, Stephen Pond, Cascade Pond, Rock Pond, Deep Pond and Crystal Lake are in that township. It's a private preserve now, at least most of it, and if the public comes across the line on to this tract of land it does so at its own peril—it's liable to arrest, fines, imprisonment, not to say the gibes and jeers of hired watchmen and club members.

From township 38, is gone State claims for certain lands, thus described: N.E. corner, 250 acres and 190 acres, being lots 6, 7, 26, 38, 43, 49, 55 and 56. The land so described would be reached most conveniently from the railroad station at Nehasane. But if one did go in he would incur the results of the activity of the guardians of Nehasane Park, which was founded by Dr. William Seward Webb. The State claims in township 38 amounted to 2160 acres, and those acres are scattered through Sergeant's tract, as any one can verify by looking at the map—right in the center of Nehasane Park.

In township 50, lot 47—70 acres.

In Saratoga county, Kayaderosseras patent, 24th allotment, Great lot III, lot 2, sub 2—90 acres. Sander's lot 8, subs 6 and 8—146 acres.

In St. Lawrence county, McComb's purchase, Great tract III, township 3, middle third of Harrison tract, lot 8, subs 6 and 8—146 acres.

In Brodie tract, township II, town of Pitcairn, lots 128 and 178—171.41 acres.

In Lewis county, Brantingham tract, lots 6 and 93—315 acres.

In tract 4, McComb's purchase, lots 337, 338, 906, 988, 991, and 992—1,174 acres.

Last of all, in Warren county, are these claims that are no longer made; Dartmouth patent, Great tract, range 4, lots 8 and 9; Small tract, range 3, lot 3—413.5 acres. In the gore between townships 29 and 31, Totten and Crossfield's purchase, lot 11—109 acres. In Hyde township, lot 73, sub 3, and lot 74, sub 4—196 acres.

Finally, Totten and Crossfield's purchase, S. W. 1/5 Leggett survey, lots 8 and 10 (262 acres) have gone from the State control.

Why was this land allowed to go out of the possession of the State Comptroller, if it has gone out of his hands? And who can doubt that the land is largely gone from the State when lumbermen slash over it, and the watchers of private preserves hurl the public from its vicinity? And if the present claimants of the land have titles to it, where did they get them, how did they get them and who did they pay for them?

I was told recently that one man, formerly chief clerk in the Comptroller's office, had the honesty, courage and manhood to stand between the sneaking, land-hungry pack and the State land titles. He was W. H. Sanger, who lives at about 30 Neptune avenue, New Rochelle. He was chief clerk, but he didn't last long.

I have just received a statement by Commissioner Whipple, of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, in which he says he is going to make inquiries about the Old Hatter place, lot 79, Remsenburg patent, and about the Ampersand Lake lands. He says further:

"I do not believe Mr. Spear (sic) wishes to apply the statement, 'Well, you know what money will do in politics,' was the pessimistic answer to this department, or to me personally. If he, or any other man believes he can get a tree or a foot of State land by political maneuvering or money consideration, let him try it."

Mr. Whipple says that he will begin action to recover the Hatter lot for the State.

I am not making a campaign against any one personally, but I propose to do what I can to let people know the things which examination will disclose in regard to the Adirondack region, and the manner in which it in handled. I think Mr. Whipple wants to do the right thing, and he has one of the best chances in the State to assist a long suffering public to its rights.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

LITTLE FALLS, New York.

P. S.—The very latest scheme to take away a few thousand acres of State land, and put it to private use is shown in this clipping:

BIG DAM AT PISECO LAKE.

"A Piseco correspondent writes: 'The big dam on the outlet of Piseco Lake, so long talked about, is according to latest reports, an assured fact and will when built, make of Piseco a lake nearly twenty miles long, extending to Arietta. The distance from Gloversville to Arietta is about twenty-two miles and with a small steamer on the lake the trip from the railroad to Piseco will be materially shortened and will also be a much easier trip than now. Work on the dam, we understand, will begin very early in the spring.' "—From the Journal and Courier, Little Falls.

This dam is going to be put up to preserve water for power companies at Glens Falls. It will be on State land probably, but it will certainly flood several thousand acres of State forest land. Hasn't the public got pull enough at Albany to preserve the Adirondacks for the people?

R. S. S.

Charles Fenton.

CHARLES FENTON, one of the most widely known men of northern New York, passed away very suddenly at Lake Placid, Friday night, where he and his wife were stopping en route on a trip through the Adirondack region.

Mr. Fenton and his wife climbed Whiteface Mountain in the morning and lunched on the summit. As they were descending about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, two miles from the base of the mountain, he stumbled and fell exhausted. He and his wife were alone at the time. Mrs. Fenton hurried to the lake, where she sent out a summons for help. Without waiting for this assistance to come, she climbed back to where her husband had fallen and found him dead.

Charles Fenton was the son of Orrin Fenton, who settled in Number Four in 1826, one of the first of those indomitable pioneers who attacked the northern forests, and was born at Number Four June 15, 1829. He received his early education at the old log school house built by the settlers, afterward completing his studies at Lowville Academy. After leaving the academy he assisted his father on their forest farm, engaging with the other pioneers in the constant struggle with the wilderness and the rigors of the northern climate. During the next few years Mr. Fenton engaged in lumbering and also frequently guided parties of his friends through the then untracked forest.

But as the years went by, one by one the settlers gave up the terrific struggle with the forest. The soil was poor, the summers short, the winters long, and the markets far distant over roads impassable through the greater part of the year. Twenty-five years after the settlement at Number Four was begun only three families remained, among these was that of Orrin Fenton. For many years his home on the shores of Beaver Lake was open for the accommodation of hunters and pleasure seekers in the wilderness. But at last he, too, left the forest, and the person to whom he sold his house kept the place a few years. In 1872 Charles Fenton purchased the property, and enlarged and improved the resort until at the present time it is one of the most noted hotels in the Adirondack region. For fifty years Mr. Fenton was identified with all public enterprises in the town of Watson. He was postmaster at Number Four for twenty years, and through his influence a daily mail was established in 1881. Several years ago Mr. Fenton made over his Number Four property and valuable farm property in Watson to his children, and settled down to enjoy his remaining years in the forest which he loved so well. He was a man of sterling integrity, as honest and true as the eternal rocks of his forest home. One of the kindest and gentlest natures, he endeared himself to all "with perfect faith in God and man a-shining from his eyes."

Many who read this article will remember his kindly face, his unfailing good humor and unbounded hospitality. He will be mourned in all quarters of the country by a host of friends as one of nature's noblemen, a thorough sportsman and a kindly, gentle man.

At the time of his death Mr. Fenton was president of the Fenton Game Preserve Association, located at Number Four. This Association controls a park of 45,000 acres in the vicinity of Number Four.—Lowville (N. Y.) Journal and Republican, Sept. 28.

Justice Barker.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hon. James Madison Barker, Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, was found dead from heart disease in his bed yesterday morning. He had held court the day before, and his death was sudden and probably painless. An honest, fearless man, an upright and painstaking judge, whose opinions were held in the highest respect by the bar, he has been duly honored by the press of this commonwealth.

It is fitting, however, that FOREST AND STREAM should take notice of his death, for Judge Barker was a leading sportsman of the State. He was particularly fond of woodcock shooting. A splendid shot himself he always gave "the other fellow" the first chance, and no man was more interested than he in proper legislation and proper enforcement of all laws for protecting our fish and game.

He was born in Pittsfield, Berkshire county, where he always made his home, in 1839, was appointed Justice of the Superior Court in 1882 and Justice of the Supreme Court in 1891. He was always an out-door man.

Every one who knew him mourns his loss, and none more than those who were his companions in the fields and woods.

JAMES RUSSELL REED.

Of Judge Barker's taste for outdoor life and sports, the Springfield Republican writes: "Judge Barker was fond of outdoor life, and loved to fish and hunt. He had promoted the shooting club, with headquarters and a small preserve in the hill town of Windsor, located not far from where Senator Crane has built his summer outing place. He knew the Berkshire haunts of the trout and birds as not many men in the county did. He rarely missed being in the woods each week of the autumn, and his winter excursions to the South were for quail shooting in the Carolinas. The revival of life in the open which country clubs have brought of late years was welcomed and fostered by Judge Barker, who found the Pittsfield organization a great resource. He was a charter member and one of the house committee at his death. Almost literally the work of his hands was the beautiful road which was run through the 300 acres owned by the club. To golf he was an early and devoted victim, playing in the spring while the ground was still frozen, through the summer when the thermometer reached into the 80s, and in the fall when the foliage was in its glory. Snow alone drove him from the links. When the club bought its beautiful and heavily wooded property, Judge Barker assisted in thinning out the trees and shrubbery. He welcomed the suggestion that a road be opened through the property to connect with a road on the east, and took the burden of the work upon himself. Nearly every afternoon for an entire summer Judge Barker and a small boy were in the woods, the judge cutting down trees and small growth, the boy being along for company and to report any accident that might possibly overtake him. Over a mile of road was thus cut through the property, and the justice would return to the club house with hardened hands and tired muscles and declare that the exercise took the cobwebs out of his brain and gave mental vigor for the solution of cases which came up for his opinion."

A Mouse in a Trap.

A MOUSE began to make a disturbance in the paper back of my desk the other night just as my wife and I settled down after supper to read. He was a new arrival from some neighboring barn. They have found a way into my study up through the sheathing of the sliding door. Mrs. A. is very tender-hearted with all living things except such small deer as interfere with her housekeeping. These she persecutes relentlessly. Her mousetrap was forthcoming at once, and, baited with a little cheese, was slid under the desk. It is one of these diabolical contrivances which smash a wire loop downward on the victim.

It was only a few moments till we heard its vicious click. Immediately afterward I heard distinctly a series of rapid aspirated squeaks which made me hustle the trap out in haste to relieve the sufferer. Knowing how deadly the trap is, I was surprised at hearing any sound. I was even more so when I saw that the little victim had been caught by the descending striker square across the back on the lungs. Its heart was still fluttering, but it seemed to me impossible for it to have drawn breath enough to make any sound whatever. Then I remembered that the squeaks were more like barks of fright than screams of pain. Somewhat wonderingly, therefore, I set the trap again, to see if there was a companion. Within five minutes it nailed another. There was no sound this time except that of the trap. Both were immature females. What I wish to know is, did No. 2 bark when No. 1 was caught? Do mice ever exhibit fright and surprise by whistling or barking?

AZTEC.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
346 Broadway, New York.

Please send me.....FOREST AND STREAM Coin Cards to distribute to friends.

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Man vs. Nature

And Other Random Notes.

"THE proper study of mankind is man," sang the poet Pope, and from a worldly point of view this is true enough, but we would have expected a larger view from a poet. If Pope had said, the proper study of mankind is nature, it would have been more worthy of him. But then, to be sure, the rhyme would have been lost, and that with poets is no trifling matter. With some modern ones, indeed, it is all important. (By the way, there appears to be no rhyme for nature. Perhaps it is because it is unique.)

However, the study of man—be it said without misanthropy—is attended with much pain and disillusionment, while that of nature rarely brings aught but joy and satisfaction. It is a pity this is not more generally understood. Perhaps not one in every thousand of our population ever tries to cultivate an acquaintance with nature. To do so they think would be a sign of sentimental weakness, and anyhow "there is no money in it!"

I was returning a book on ornithology to the library a short time ago. "I suppose," said the young lady attendant with a slightly ironic smile, "you read this in the park?"

"No," I answered, "I read it at home, but it transported me to the park."

"Really? Isn't the park lovely? I was there last Sunday morning. But it was awful lonesome, somehow. Why is it, I wonder, more people don't go to it on Sunday morning?"

I ventured to suggest that perhaps it was because they preferred to study the birds and flowers on their neighbors' hats at church. At this the young lady cast a look of reproach at me, and no doubt privately adjudged me a perfect cynic. This reminds me, I was in the park the other evening with a friend. Although so late in the season the air was almost sultry, and we found it more comfortable to sit down than to walk. Strange to say, there was not a katy-did to be heard. I think katy prefers a "snappy" atmosphere in which to play her castanets. But at all events she has been very quiet this fall, although last year she made the woods resound. My friend and I were discussing this and other kindred themes when we saw two boys approach, one with a lantern and the other with a tin pail. They left the walk presently and bending over the grass began to search about. Every now and then the boy with the lantern would pick up something and throw it into the pail.

"What in the world are they gathering?" I said to my friend. "It cannot be nuts, for it is too early." We got up and went over to the searchers.

"What are you gathering, boys?" I asked, full of curiosity.

"Worms" (or more strictly "woims"), said the chap with the lantern.

And as he said so he yanked a big wriggler out of the ground and dumped it into the pail. Then he went moving along with his lantern, scrutinizing the ground.

"How do you see them?" I asked, for I applied my eyes in vain.

"See dat feller—see 'im shine," quoth the searcher.

But I declare I could not (which reminded me sadly how much sharper eye a boy has than a man).

"How long does it take you to fill the pail?" I inquired then.

"Oh, I don't know t' night," was the answer, "but if it was rainin' we'd fill it quick enough, all right."

"And the worms," I said; "do you use them yourselves?"

"No, fadder does; he goes fishin' for eels off the piers."

My friend and I were astonished. Here was a method of gathering bait that we had never before heard of. It appeared to me so vastly more scientific than the old method of digging that I determined to send an account of it to FOREST AND STREAM.

The leaves are now beginning to turn rapidly, though many of them have not fallen, September having been remarkably free from wind storms. Anyone who would feast his eyes could not do better than visit the Bronx woods during one of these golden October days. I think those woods offer a greater variety of color than any around New York. This may be my imagination, but at any rate, they are beautiful, and the river which flows through them (reminding one here and there of one of Cooper's or Longfellow's romantic Indian-haunted streams) adds not a little to their beauty. Talking of leaves, if the visitor is curious after gazing at those on the trees he will visit the Botanical Museum and there behold their prototypes in stone—fossils, whose age compared with the leaves on the trees is as a day to a hundred thousand years.

From the Bronx woods it is but a step to the Zoo, and the temptation to take this is nearly always irresistible. For there is always something new or something to be learned in the Zoo. The last time I was there, as I stood before the big flying cage, I was the witness of a striking scene.

It was the feeding hour, and a basin of fish scraps had been placed for the cranes. A couple of these were regaling themselves when along comes a little jungle cock (*Gallus bandiva*) and his mistress. He was evidently moved by a desire to sample what was in the basin, for without a word of warning, so to speak, he made a drive at the larger of the two cranes. The big bird showed resentment, turning around savagely, but the midget "rooster" shot out his head, ruffed his neck feathers and valiantly stood his ground. Then ensued a remarkable fight. The crane tried to spear his antagonist with his formidable bill, but the other was too quick, dodging skillfully, and before the crane could recover for another drive the bantam had sprung at him, hitting him viciously in the breast with his spurs. The end came in a minute. The crane set up a pitiful squawking and then incontinently turned and fled. The victor, after sampling the contents of the dish (needless to say the other crane made no objection), and not finding them to his taste went strutting about until he came to where the condor was making his evening meal. Without a moment's hesitation he marched right under the monarch's nose, pecked at the raw meat, and then disdainfully marched off. Like Captain Kedgick, I could only "stand and admire" at this unexampled pluck and impudence.

Among the interesting new arrivals in the bird house are some bleeding heart pigeons. One cannot gaze at the coloration which has given this bird its name without receiving a painful shock. But how to account for the coloration? It is too absolutely like a real wound—a terrible dagger wound—to be merely fortuitous. There must be some strange history of evolution back of it, and while speculating vainly on this we feel vaguely as if we were in the shadow of some ancient tragedy so cruel that it will not down.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

NEW YORK, October, 1905.

The Biography of a Bear.—IV.

I BELIEVE some sage scribe has written to the effect that man likes mystification, amusement and consolation rather than instruction. If it is not so written I would have it here set down. Mankind will read and ponder over such books as the Bible, Milton, Bunyan and Swedenborg, and so on, while he will shy at the solid wisdom more directly applied by Darwin, Voltaire, Robert G. Ingersoll, the encyclopedias and Mark Twain.

No; man is not fond of wisdom unless it be such as he can use to temporary advantage in commercial and social transactions. If he really was honorably disposed toward the pallid goddess he would break away from towns and cities and avoid the politic convocations of his elders and approved good masters. Without his liking for the mysterious and the humorous, his favorite hobbies—church, state and social travesties would disappear. Probably he would become only semi-gregarious and scatter like deer and bears. It is true, these animals sometimes convene, but they establish no permanent places of congestion. Their only science is that of living. They have no sense of humor until they come in collision with mankind and become perverted.

These humorous capers of man are threatening him. They have caused trouble in the past. His very gregariousness and continuity is fatal to his prolonged existence. Already his counsellors intimate chloroform as an admirable quietus for those reaching maturity, or comparative maturity—a ready means for curding rebellious blood and infected tissue. Concentrated energy, reacting upon itself in a kind of friction and erosion, in such popular refuges as Paris, London and New York, shakes the fabric of imaginary human supremacy until the world totters. This is a condition of affairs that I am not wholly responsible for. I would not admit it if I was. If I did I cannot see that it would be of any advantage to speak of, for some capitalist would get a patent over my caveat before I could get shares on the market. It wouldn't pay.

However, when the bear, Dick, Enochs and myself awoke and got out of the foxtail hay in Blodgett's barn, about noon, we were comparatively miserable. The place was almost ready to catch fire from the sun, which blazed away at Basin Hollow as though that little cup in the bald hills was its favorite focus. Hot, dry, dusty, full of "stickers" from the hay, and hungry, we were almost annoyed, surely irritated. Even Jack was out of line, and sat looking at us with an expression of disappointment. I at once took off his collar and chain and let him loose while we prepared some breakfast, details of which I kindly omit.

When Jack was released he went on a tour of inspection about that old barn. After a little we heard a good deal of commotion and other disturbances. From somewhere about Jack had ousted about a thousand hogs, a flock of several hundred tame turkeys, some horses, cattle and probably other things. I failed here to get a record for my phonographic purposes, and my apparatus for collecting moving pictures had not yet arrived. This was a loss to the public—if not an irreparable loss it is only because the public is unimaginative and entirely ignorant of things of which it has no knowledge.

A large assortment of the hogs, after circling the barn and making infernal noises, all headed in toward center and commenced a series of porcine evolutions that were absolutely enervating. They were mainly old sows and pigs and boars, and if they were not the wild article, the degree of domesticity they had reached was not conspicuous. For variety of noise and terrifying poses of ferocity perhaps no congregation of animals on earth could compare with them, except in the jungles of Wall Street. Mixed in with them was a horde of turkeys, mostly gobblers, wearing their whiskers rather low down for tenderness, either anatomic or otherwise. Beyond, and all gathering to the common center, which was us, came bellowing cattle of all degrees of size and temperament, nursing up their fury for whatever they should find in our vicinity. From all over Basin Hollow things like these were to be seen coming our way, squealing, bellowing, twisting their tails and tossing hoofs, heads and horns. The undulating field was alive with them.

Jack had never before found any hogs, turkeys or cattle of the range brand. In the first moments of his discovery he was delighted and curious. In a few moments he was affrighted, and only acting curiously. At the charge of about sixty-six old sows and a swarming host of hogs of other gender and caliber, turkeys gobbling, and cattle coming rapidly to the fore, he began a retreat that was notable for its close application of tactics that lead to exclusion, where there is any. His notion of safety, under the circumstances, after being flanked and forced to dance the Highland fling around the wagon, was to come to us, bringing the army of the enemy upon our works. Our outer ramparts and defenses were in a ruinous state of neglect, and we found it expedient to get up high, as high up as possible, with a unanimity that was distinctly noticeable—if not spontaneous. After some desperate reverses we severally, and by different methods, succeeded in reaching the summit of the hay, but it was so flimsy and unstable, not nearly as high as it had seemed—that we reached for the beams and rafters of the barn as offering more positive fixity and elevation.

In the art gymnastic Jack was pre-eminent. He went up an upright pole, grasped a dangling rope and swarmed up that to a tie beam in about two instants and a fraction. Getting to that perch he sat up on it with dignity and complacency, while he watched our slower but anxious efforts. He seemed to be puzzled as to what we were trying to do, and as to why we didn't do it. Although the places of vantage we at last attained were not luxurious we were not as particular as common. We didn't get up for comfort exclusively, more for altitude, and we had a much better and safer chance to appreciate the entertainment offered us by a circus, full of variety.

After a little Enochs, who was the most ponderous member of our acrobatical contingent, shifting about astride a square timber at a considerable elevation, a perch that was not as easy as a rounder one (like the beam I had), said:

"Say, Dick, can you reach me my rifle?"

"Not from here," replied Dick, apprehensively.

"What do you want to do with it?" I questioned.

"Do with it! Do? I want to do that bear up there. I'll spoil that grin of his!"

Under the conditions prevalent at that time, and coming from Enochs, this declaration was rather cheerful. Dick laughed until it was with difficulty that he clung to salvation. From the open sides and ends of the barn we had a fairly good view of the main features of the performance going on in the arena below and around us. Cattle, hogs, turkeys and our own horses were now doing indescribable evolutions and creating a resounding uproar. The hills echoed it back with remarkable phonetic variety of tone and distortion. My saddle horse, Billy, seemed to be a star performer, and after kicking a few hogs with a talent that was praiseworthy, he was prancing about in alternate charge and retreat with a formidable steer. Animals had gathered from all quarters of the field until I think we had a round-up of about all of Mr. Blodgett's live stock, together with all those astray in the vicinity from neighboring ranches.

Perhaps no animal so arouses and terrifies hogs, cattle, horses and mules as does a bear. In this instance the entire animal population of the range had rushed with common impulse to the barn, when the hogs and turkeys sounded the alarm, but as some of them began to scent bear they showed symptoms of dismay. Hogs began to collect their forces into separate clans, and old sows with their squealing litters could be seen breaking ranks. Soon, the pigs in advance, with the old ones covering the retreat, they began to scurry away from there with a haste that increased as they gained distance. We could see them making black lines over the yellow hills for more than a mile, and they were still reaching out far beyond. The cattle retired more slowly, but by the time we saw fit to get down into the barnyard they had departed, the herd headed by an old bull that had decided to go away somewhere. I do not believe the barn was ever after as popular with hogs of that generation as it had been, and doubtless the cattle viewed it for some time with suspicion. Whatever had become of the turkeys was a problem. When we thought to look for them they had entirely disappeared.

As we descended from the elevated places Enochs became tangled with a projecting nail, and in an endeavor to clear for action he dropped from his beam a little prematurely, leaving a portion of his shirt aloft—a white flag of truce. In his descent he went head first into the hay like a harpoon—a rather thick one. When he came to surface I offered consolation by saying gently, "Who am I! Whah am I? W'y, this place is no mo' fit for a deepo' in spite of—" etc. Although he was no student of Shakespeare he exclaimed with passable energy:

"Tho' it be not now, yet it *will come.*"

"What will?"

"R-r-r-retribution! And I feel as though I will have a good deal to to with it. That bear 'll hear something drap. Look at him!"

Jack wasn't doing a thing out of the way, but was solemnly climbing into the wagon and then stood waiting for us to move on. After taking a series of observations from the corners of the barn, trees and fence posts he had decided that he wanted a change of scene. He was tired of the monotony there, where there had been no disturbance for some moments.

When we stopped at Blodgett's house he asked us inquisitively what the matter had been over at the barn. He had seen or heard commotion there, although it was a mile away. We evaded details. I merely said:

"You have a fine lot of hogs, Mr. Blodgett. About a thousand of them isn't there?"

"No, oh my, no; only about a hundred and fifty."

"A lot of fine turkeys, too."

"Yes. My wife says they flew clear over to Sharons' a while ago. Don't know what scared them. They must have flown a mile and a half or further."

Even if I did know the cause of the turkey flight, I reflected that I was not sure of it, so I saw no policy in recalling Mr. Blodgett's attention to him. After customary parley we set out upon our way to higher ground. The road shimmered like a steam boiler with radiating waves of heat. Grasshoppers and locusts buzzed in our ears their everlasting accompaniment to blistering tempera-

ture. The sun poured upon us like fire close overhead, dust filtered over us and into us until we looked like displaced fragments of the road itself.

Leaving Basin Hollow our road ascended to comparatively level table land that extended for some miles, following the valley of Cow Creek—that is to say, Old Cow Creek. There are North Cow Creek, Old Cow Creek and South Cow Creek—perhaps more of them somewhere. These three streams would be rivers if they were not so rapid and their waters had a chance to loiter a little between wider banks. They come rushing from the snows of the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas—cold, clear and silvery, to contribute to the Sacramento. I have no reverence whatever for people who gave sueh names to such streams; they are not entitled to any. They would not know what it was if they had it. California, and America for that matter, is full of natural grandeur disfigured upon maps and in our literature by names that disgrace human expression, oral, printed and pictured. The very nomenclature of a region is often morally, spiritually and everlastingly corrupt and derogatory. It is all right to call towns what you like, they deserve it generally, but the more appreciative barbarians should be permitted to christen natural features of the land. They usually evince some culture and taste. Where names are scarce, streams, mountains, valleys, etc., might be numbered, or distinguished by signs or hieroglyphics. Anything would be an improvement upon cows. Go over a list of names upon any map and then try to feel sentimental or patriotic.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing;
But of the names I hear and see
For half thy majesty—
Oh, dinky ding!

This upper valley, and for many miles north and south, the land is strewn with fragments of lava rock. The soil is so full of it that it is in the main adapted to little but grazing. The roads crossing this lava belt are a continuous jolt. On our route we got across in five or six miles and reached the bridge over Cow Creek late in the afternoon. The clear, cold, foaming and roaring stream refreshed us to look at it. We drove aside into the shade of a mighty oak, still green, although a hundred profane campers from time to time had built their pot fires against its trunk—burning it almost through. This is a popular and despicable custom.

Jack was panting and somewhat irritable, as were we all. I let him free and we all stopped for a rest. After a little the water became too much of a temptation for us, and finding a swirling eddy with sandy bottom we all stripped, except Jack, and went in for a swim. Jack had nothing to strip and was the first in. It was the largest body of water he had ever had a chance at, and he went into it like an amphibian. He swam well, and so rapidly that none of us could avoid him in the water. When he swam to one of us we had to steer him about so as to avoid his claws, for they were sharp to the bare skin, and he was likely to scratch us unintentionally in his maneuvers. His tail, of course, was a fairly good rudder—when we could get hold of it in time. He was greatly delighted, and it was with considerable reluctance that he came out, some time after we did. When he finally came lunging and cavorting up the bank he proceeded to dry himself by chasing and being chased with the dogs in wide circles. There was more variation to his antics than to those of the dogs, for he could climb up trees, slide down them, and overturn boulders. He investigated the bridge from end to end and from top to bottom. This way of gamboling after his swim was the cause of excitement the next day.

While we were resting at the bridge a man came along driving a team of four mules attached to a load of lumber from a mill above us some miles. Jack was loitering at the roadside near, and when the wagon came along the man watched him awhile, drew up, and asked pleasantly:

"Howdy do? Is that your bear?"

We said it was, and he was about to say something else when the lead mules deciphered Jack or scented him. Immediately they began to stick their ears out at various acute angles and move about restlessly. Then the wheelers began to get nervous. The team next decided that they would either turn and go back or branch off to one side, regardless of the fact that a wagonload of lumber could not follow at that place. The driver had all he could do to manage them, but he managed to keep them lined up in the road. The mules then decided that the next best thing was to go ahead, and they began to snort, he-haw and twist their tails, but they took that load up the hill from the bridge with a display of enthusiasm that was excellent. They acted as though they were afraid Jack would steal the lumber. As far as we could see them they were rushing it along to a place of safety, with much anxiety. Mules have no confidence in bears, not any.

I once made a journey on horseback from Trinity Center to Shasta, and had a big, dark-complexioned mule in tow. My horse was a good one, and the mule was a splendid mule, but very deliberate in his movements. When I rode at a trot the mule insisted on walking, and when I slowed down to a walk he got sleepy. He kept a steady strain on the halter strap, and to ease matters I made it fast to the horn of my saddle. The road was over Trinity Mountain, at the time a great region for deer and bears. I frequently saw bunches of deer, and shortly after crossing Trinity River saw a black bear cross the road just ahead of me and go into a little gully or ravine below the road.

I presumed that both my horse and the mule had seen the bear as he had got out of the road but a few yards ahead of us. Not seeing him come out of the gully, when I reached it I yelled, just to see how he would strike out. He was apparently startled and lunged out of the ravine with a crash and a snort, ejaculating something like, "Whosh," and I think he went away, but I did not see him do it. All I saw for the next few minutes was the rear elevation and equipment of that dark and hitherto reluctant mule. I never knew a thing to change its disposition and abandon its character so suddenly. He set off at a run with my horse and me in tow, reversing our order of march entirely. I had to whip up to keep him from taking the saddle away from us. As the lead strap was fast I had no choice but to go right along, and did do it, until the mule's spasmodic impulse carried him beyond his motive power, then he fell down. The strap stood the strain and the jolt nearly threw my horse. It shifted me over on to his neck, but I dismounted in a more voluntary manner the rest of the way.

Both myself and my horse were dazed, and so was the mule. His neck was broken. It took him at least ten minutes to recover himself. He got up, shook himself, looked at me in a vacant, deprecatory manner, tried to remark he-haw, but only coughed. He limbered up little by little, but seemed to have lost his memory, and had forgotten about his hurry. From there to Shasta he led up much better, not from any apparent desire to oblige me, but from a vague, instinctive anxiety to get somewhere further along and finish dying. If anything causes a mule to take interest in rapid transit it is a bear, but he reposes neither faith nor confidence in one, not any.

Jack had climbed into the wagon and seemed to think we might as well move on, and we did so. From the crossing of the stream (in the headwaters of which we caught all the trout we needed later on) we steadily ascended the mountain. The white oak timber began to be mixed with black oaks, then with straggling pines which grew more and more plentiful and symmetrieal as we advanced. We had planned to reach another point some miles along, but when we reached the Daly place we decided to stop for the night. It was almost dark, and here was another barn full of hay—new timothy hay this time without foxtail predominate. We got permission at the house of Mr. Daly and camped at the barn, wondering what Jack might do to stir things up at this point. Those who have not, after a trip like ours, slept in a stack of sweet timothy hay in the eool, bracing air of Sierra pineries have missed something. RANSACKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Suspended Animation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Any and everything that appears in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM referring to the subject of "Suspended Animation in Fishes" gives me eonsiderable pleasure.

Many years ago it was my amusement to go into the kitchen, when frozen smelts or frost fish were sent to the house, and, taking some from the package, put them into a large receptacle filled with hydrant water to see them swim, *and they did swim.* I have tried to tell this story, I presume, a hundred times, and I have been practically laughed into silence.

The perch mentioned by Mr. Davis in the current number of the paper evidently received the same treatment, being frozen immediately after being taken from the water. Mr. Davis' story is even stronger than any I ever attempted to tell, because my frost fish, although they, undoubtedly, did swim in front of my eyes, received short shrift and were soon in the frying pan, so that I could not say whether they would have lived half an hour or an hour had they been given the opportunity. In other words, I could not say whether their return to life was spasmodic and only a temporary matter. Mr. Davis goes on to say that he put these resuscitated perch in running water and they lived several months.

I presume that many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will think that Mr. Davis is drawing a long bow in making this statement, but, as far as I am concerned, I believe every word of it. Everything of this kind that I read makes me feel that I am vindicated on the question of "Suspended Animation in Fishes." Whether this suspension of life is a matter of weeks, months or years I am not prepared to say. It might be a grave question as to whether a perch frozen and kept in cold storage for several years would swim off into deep water if placed in a lake during the leafy month of June, but the fact stands that fish taken from the water in the middle of winter and quickly frozen will come to life again and live out their allotted time if put back into the water within some, unknown to me, stated period. As far as I am concerned there is absolutely no argument on this question. CHAS. CRISTADORO.

Dog-Wolf Cross.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The remarks in FOREST AND STREAM about the parti-colored fox remind me of something that I saw in Montana a couple of weeks ago. I was smoking my pipe in the cabin of an old-timer who lives on Muddy Creek in southeastern Montana, when I happened to look out of the window and saw an animal pass by that for a moment I took to be a red wolf.

I said to the old man: "What have you got out there?" and he replied, "Yes, I am glad you spoke about that; I wanted you to see them pups." Then while we walked out of doors, he told me that he had had a litter of six pups half gray wolf and half ordinary domestic dog, and that he had two of these puppies still about the house, the other four having been given away.

The wolf-like animal, with four or five other dogs, was standing near a wagon close to the house, and when called galloped cheerfully to us, wagging its tail and twisting its body and thrust its nose into the hand of each of us, seeming to enjoy the pats and caresses that it received. In color it was reddish, somewhat the color of the summer coat of a deer, yet hardly so bright; there was more of a brown in it. The inner surfaces of the ears were blackish or dark brown, as was the end of the tail. On the tail the hair lay parallel to the skin and did not stand out as it does on the brush of a fox or the tail of wolf or coyote. On the other hand, the shape of the creature was that of a gray wolf, which it also equalled in size. The mother, which stood not far off, was a common enough looking mongrel, perhaps a cross between a setter and a collie. Her ears were small, coat long and her tail was carried curled up over the back. She was white with a patch or two of brown.

Rowland told me that the other pup, which we could not find, exactly resembled a gray wolf in size and color. It was much less tame than the one I saw. These pups are great thieves and things have to be kept out of their way or they will steal them. They cannot bark. Sometimes they appear to try to do so, and break out into a regular wolf howl.

My host of that day is a real old-timer and one of the few that are left. As a boy he accompanied Gen. Stansbury's expedition for the surveying of the Great Salt Lake, became fascinated by the Western life, married a Cheyenne Indian girl, trapped, traded, hunted, scouted, fought Indians and guided troops; and now, at the age of about 74, is passing his declining years among the foothills of Montana's mountains. He tells some fascinating stories of adventure in the early days of the Old West. G. B. G.

Fox-Dog Cross.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 7.—The trouble with Mr. Nelson's freak fox, mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 7, is that there is too much collie dog in it. A similar ease of miscegenation may be seen at Highlands, N. C., at the hotel, except that the basic animal is wolf instead of fox. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Ruffed Grouse Vagaries.

THE New York Sun of Saturday, Oct. 7, contains the following note:

"I. W. England, of 127 Aycrigg avenue, Passaic, president of the Passaic Metal Ware Company, was awakened at about 4:30 o'clock Friday morning by something which struck the blind of his bedroom window. The noise was not repeated, and Mr. England went to sleep again. At breakfast a maid said she had found a dead chicken outside the dining room window.

"Mr. England went out to look at it and discovered it was a full grown partridge, still warm and, with the exception of a twisted beak, without a mark which would indicate the cause of its death.

"'It's a very remarkable thing,' said Mr. England yesterday. 'There isn't a partridge farm within sixty miles of Passaic, and the nearest woods are at Carlton Hills, about two miles away. The partridge is about as shy a game bird as you can find, and what this one means by dying on my lawn practically in the middle of Passaic beats me. I presume he was blinded by the peculiar half light that precedes the dawn and crashed against my window and broke his neck.'"

To every gunner October is known as the month in which the grouse and quail of the Eastern and the Middle States indulge in extraordinary wanderings, are constantly found in unexpected places and very frequently destroy themselves by flying against buildings or fences or through windows into houses. Old numbers of FOREST AND STREAM are full of records of eases of this kind, which have taken place in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and elsewhere. The last case of this kind which came under our notice was one where a ruffed grouse flew against a wire netting of about an inch and a half mesh stretched above a fence to confine poultry. The bird flew with such violence as to kill itself and to knock a handful of feathers from its breast. Among the correspondents who within the last two or three years have contributed accounts of such self-killing of ruffed grouse, are Messrs. E. H. Kniskern, J. L. Davison and M. Chill.

While quail also suffer at the "crazy" season and are found in unexpected places, they do not wander nearly so much as do the grouse, nor do they often, so far as my experience goes, kill themselves by flying against buildings. At the same time, we have known a case where a quail flew into an open window in October and was captured in the room. October seems to be the month in which the gallinaceous birds of the Eastern States shift from their summer to their winter quarters.

The Hemlock and the Rising Sun.

IT is always a delight to a lover of nature to learn a new truth about her ways. To people of a certain turn of mind it is a double pleasure when the thing learned may at some time be of use.

Two years ago I spent considerable time at a lumber camp in the Adirondacks. Since the "boss of the crew" knew I was interested in facts about the woods he often told me things of which I had never heard or read. One day, while we were going the rounds to see how the men were getting along "skidding" the logs, he pointed down the side hill and said: "Do you see the tops of those hemlocks, how they all point to the east?" I looked down the slope where we could see a dozen or more lofty hemlocks. Sure enough, the topmost part of the trunks, which tapered into a slender stem, pointed with finger-like accuracy to the east. The lumberman said that nearly all hemlock trees pointed in the direction of the rising sun, but he was unable to tell me why. I have been in the woods a great deal since that time, and the rule is found to be true. The reason for this peculiarity of the hemlock cannot be explained by saying the winds have made them grow thus, for the prevailing winds in the Adirondacks are from the northwest. Whatever the reason, it is something worth knowing, especially if one travels at all in the woods and is in the habit of leaving his compass in camp. E. A. SPEARS.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A MEETING will be held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 24, at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, at 8:15 P. M. E. B. Southwick, Ph.D., "Some Winter Tales: being the experiences of Animals in the season of frost and snow." illustrated by lantern slides. C. G. ABBOTT, Sec'y.

Fate of a Bronx Buffalo.

LADY, one of the buffalo acquired from the William C. Whitney herd, which had been for several years one of the attractions of the Bronx Zoological Park, was killed the other day by a piece of wire which she had swallowed. It is supposed that the wire came from a bale of hay.

THE WORLD RENOWNED MANY-USE OIL.
The *best* gun oil made. It never gums, nor separates in cold weather. —*Adv.*



GAME BAG AND GUN



Caribou Hunting in Newfoundland

Our hunting party, consisting of Senator S. K. Warnick, Henry E. Greene and the writer, of Amsterdam, N. Y., and Allan I. Smith, of Philadelphia, left Montreal Aug. 28, over the Intercolonial Railway. Our destination was Newfoundland and our object to hunt the woodland caribou, for which that island is famed. Our route took us through the provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, to North Sydney, a distance of 988 miles. The Intercolonial is owned and operated by the Canadian Government. It has a smooth road bed and its trains are well appointed and make good time. At North Sydney we boarded the fast steamer Bruce, and soon were rolling on the arm of the sea, 103 miles wide, which separates Newfoundland from Cape Breton Island.

As we approached Newfoundland early the next morning it presented a cold and forbidding aspect, with its bleak, rocky bluffs and scant vegetation. The boat docked at Port-aux-Basque about 8 A. M. On the wharf the train was waiting, and after we had run the gauntlet of the custom house officials, and procured our hunting licenses, we started for Spruce Brook, 118 miles distant.

The Reid Newfoundland Railroad is a unique institution, and is run on the easy-going plan in force in the good old days of our grandfathers. It is a narrow-gauge road, with primitive rolling stock and no road-bed to speak of. The trains, which run tri-weekly across the island to St. John's, the capital, will stop anywhere to pick up or drop passengers, and time is no object. The average speed is sixteen miles an hour. At every stop the passengers got off and picked red raspberries, which grew abundantly along the track. And there was no danger of getting left, for it was easy to catch the train after it had started.

The region which the railroad traverses, like all the rest of the island except the sea coast, is practically a total wilderness, abounding in brooks and rivers teeming with brook trout, which will rise to almost any lure.

The little train started out bravely enough and had gone about fifty miles when an accident occurred to vary the monotony of the journey. The locomotive broke down, and a delay of five hours resulted. A cut was made in the telegraph line and another engine ordered from a point seventy miles distant. The delay was taken as a matter of course by most of the passengers, who proceeded to pass the time as agreeably as possible. However, there was one irate passenger, who summoned the conductor and made some rather pointed remarks about the railroad and its service, which he characterized as "the worst ever." The conductor, getting huffy, asked him why he didn't get off and walk if he didn't like the railroad. "I would," replied the irate passenger, "but they don't expect me till the train arrives."

Two of our party got out rods and flies, and caught a nice string of brook trout in a small stream not more than fifty yards from the stalled train. We had the fish cooked and served on the dining car, along with our dinner, to which they made a very acceptable addition.

Meanwhile the locomotive which had been telegraphed for was hurrying to our assistance, but in its anxiety to reach us it hurried too much, for it jumped the track three miles from where we lay, and had to be jacked back on the rails. One of the passengers, walking to the scene of the wreck, saw two bears, but had no gun with which to try a shot at them.

Late in the afternoon the engine arrived, and the train resumed its delayed journey. The direction was northerly, at times skirting the coast, and again working back into the wilderness through dense forests and desolate, moss-covered barrens.

Stations were few and far between, and for the most part consisted of one or two huts, where the section gang of the railroad lives. A more unsettled country would be hard to find, and to us it gave every indication of being a sportsmen's paradise.

The train finally arrived at Spruce Brook in a pouring rain, eight hours late, according to the time table; but we were informed that in that country a train is considered on time if it arrives the same day it is due.

Spruce Brook consists solely of a commodious and comfortable two and one-half story cottage, called the Log Cabin, and conducted as a sportsmen's hotel by Mr. Charles E. Dodd, an agreeable and entertaining English gentleman. Through Mr. Dodd we had made arrangements by letter for guides, provisions and camping outfit for our caribou hunting trip, on which we were to start the next morning.

We were soon registered and seated in easy chairs around the log fire roaring in the huge fireplace, and the storm without was forgotten. Dinner was served shortly. There were four courses, the *pièce de résistance* being a large and delicious salmon, freshly caught in Harry's River, nearby.

Toward the conclusion of the meal, Mr. Dodd offered to bet that he could produce a live caribou right there in the dining room. He was promptly taken up by the Senator. Mr. Dodd stepped out, and in a minute or two returned leading a pet caribou fawn named Carrie.

Early the next morning we were awakened by the violent bleatings of Carrie, and as our imprecations failed to stop the racket, we hastily organized a quartet and struck up "Good Morning, Carrie." One verse with chorus, was enough to quiet the beast.

The mixed freight and passenger train which was to convey us sixty-five miles further along the line to the foot of Grand Lake, was only two hours late, much to our surprise. The distance was covered in about five hours, and we reached Grand Lake about 3 P. M. Here our four guides, cook and helper met us. They are all residents of St. George's Bay, and are of French descent, with a trace of Indian blood. They had preceded us the day before with tents, provisions and three dories.

We stopped long enough to "bile the kittle" and then loaded the dories, embarked and rowed up the lake eight or ten miles against a strong head wind. Camp for the night was made on a point in a sheltered piece of woods. The tents were quickly pitched, bough beds made, fires started, and the fragrant odors of frying ham and boiling coffee pervaded the atmosphere. As the shadows lengthened a feeling of peace and contentment crept over us. The only sounds were the lapping of the waters of the lake on the pebbly beach and the whispering of the wind in the tall spruce and pines. We were in very truth in the heart of the wilderness. and were once more experiencing the delights of camp life.

Grand Lake is a beautiful body of water about sixty miles long and four or five miles wide. At the top of the wooded hills, which rise sheer from the lake, are extensive barrens, where the caribou are to be found in large numbers. It is the largest lake in Newfoundland. The upper half is bisected by a large island, partly wooded and partly barrens.

We were astir early next morning, having had a good night's sleep. After a hearty breakfast we struck camp and continued the thirty-mile row to the Narrows, about half way up the lake, and near the lower end of the island. There was a heavy fog, which turned to rain. The monotony of our voyage was varied by coming upon a flock of black ducks. We opened fire with rifles, and managed to knock one over. We ate him next day, and he was delicious. Some sheldrakes and loons also were bombarded, but without result.

In the afternoon we reached our destination and made camp in a heavy rain. However, our discomforts were soon forgotten at the sight of a caribou swimming across the lake to the island. We were in the game country at last.

Next morning three of the guides, each carrying a pack, made the four-mile trip back from the lake up the wooded ridge to the barrens, cutting out and blazing a trail as they went along. Meanwhile we remained at camp and occupied ourselves with trout fishing and watching for caribou swimming in the lake. We saw eight in all. One of them was a large stag with a good set of antlers. We fired at him at long range, but he kept right on going, and disappeared in the woods. Toward evening the three guides returned, having left the packs at our next camping place on the edge of the barrens.

The next day was bright and sunny. The entire outfit hit the trail and journeyed to the barrens, the scene of our hunting operations. After a hurried lunch, we shouldered rifles, and, spreading out, climbed a neighboring ridge, where we might use our binoculars to advantage in spying out the game. Our licenses permitted each of us to kill three stag caribou, and it was our purpose to get those having the largest and best heads, which could be mounted and preserved as trophies of the hunt.

My guide, Paul Benoit, a powerful young six-footer, with an eagle eye, soon spied a stag. With the aid of the glasses we found that he had a large set of antlers, which were still in the velvet. The wind was favorable for the stalk. The animal was feeding behind a hedge of brush, which prevented him from seeing us as we crept up to within close range. One .33 Winchester bullet through the forward shoulder brought him down. After securing a good photograph of him where he fell, we skinned out the head and cut off a hindquarter, as there was no fresh meat in camp. That night we ate our first caribou steak. It is of a fine flavor, resembling the meat of our red deer, but of a little coarser grain.

Meanwhile Smith (he of sleepy old Philadelphia) had been putting in a busy afternoon. He and his guide, from their point of vantage, saw a doe feeding at some distance. Deciding that she was a good subject for a photograph, Smith prepared the ever-ready kodak for action. The stalk was successful, and a snap shot was secured before Miss Caribou, now thoroughly alarmed, made off, only touching the high places in her haste.

But Smith's fun was not yet over. A goodly stag was sighted and bagged, after an exciting bombardment. The head was very pretty, with an even, symmetrical set of horns. The Senator and Greene saw a number of does that afternoon, but no stags.

After a bountiful and appetizing supper, with venison featured on the menu, we turned in early, thoroughly tired, after a rather strenuous day, and were soon asleep.

But we were not destined to enjoy our night's rest. About half past eleven one of us awakened to find the front end of our tent a mass of flames, which were sweeping back in our direction. The wind had blown a spark from the camp-fire on to the tent, which was an oiled affair, very inflammable. We were in considerable danger, but all managed to get out unscathed except Greene, who was badly burned about the face and arms by a blazing piece of canvas, which fell on him as he was rushing from the tent.

Our shouts aroused the guides, who quickly ran over, pulled down what was left of the tent, and stamped out the flames. Fortunately our belongings escaped serious damage. The guides kindly gave up their tents to us, and next day made a shelter for themselves out of some pieces left from the burned tent.

A heavy fog enveloped the barrens next morning, and hunting was out of the question. The heads of the caribou shot the previous day were skinned out and the hides scraped and salted. Toward noon the fog lifted, and we at once started out in quest of game. Evidently the shooting of the day before had driven the caribou back into the barrens to the east, and we saw nothing but a few does. We had not been out more than three hours when the fog once more came drifting along, and there was nothing for us to do but to return to camp. A council of war was held, and it was decided to move back next day into the barrens eastward, in the direction of Red Indian Lake.

Early next morning, Sept. 4, the cook and his assistant were sent down to the lake to get some flour which we had cached at the last camping place. Upon their return we ate a hasty lunch, packed up and were off before noon. The trail we followed was a well-worn path, made and used by caribou probably for ages. In all our walking on the barrens we used these caribou trails, which traverse the country in every direction, forming an interminable network. They make traveling comparatively easy, except where they cross the numerous marshes, or pass through patches of tangled brush and scrub woods. The barrens are by no means level, but on the contrary, are rolling and hilly, and in places mountainous. Lakes, ponds and brooks are numerous.

Leaving camp, we crossed a low ridge, descended a gradual slope and forded a small stream. Thus far we had seen no deer, but now we discovered a stag right in our line of march. Greene and his guide made a short detour through a piece of woods, and got within easy range, while the rest of the party halted and watched the stalk through binoculars. One well-aimed shot through the neck and the caribou bit the dust—or, rather, the moss. The head was quickly skinned out and shouldered. We had advanced about a mile further when another stag interfered with our progress. It was the Senator's turn. He wormed his way along on hands and knees to within about 250 yards of his quarry, and brought him down with one good shot from his trusty .30-40 Winchester.

We saw several large flocks of wild geese, but could never get within range. A little further on, we made camp in a patch of stunted trees. We were now in a splendid caribou country, and were eager to get down to business. Our prospects seemed good, for we could see three does feeding on a nearby ridge as we sat in camp. The cook speedily prepared a lunch of enormous thick flapjacks, which were regular sinkers. However, we suffered no ill-effects from a hearty meal of them, and before long we had separated, each with his guide, and were ascending the ridges to the east.

Paul and I had climbed about two miles, when right ahead we made out a band of five caribou, three stags and two does. As I was trying to determine whether there were any good heads among them, Paul whispered, "See the big one on the left?" Turning the glasses in that direction, I saw a large, light-colored stag rubbing his antlers on the ground. Evidently he was just getting rid of the velvet which covers the horns until fall.

At that distance we could not clearly distinguish whether or not the horns were a good set, but they appeared to be large. Running low, dodging behind bushes and skulking along, we crossed two small valleys and managed to draw near enough to see that our quarry had a large and fine set of antlers. He was the kind of game we were after. But the next thing was to get near enough for a shot. This was not so easy, for the stag saw us and started off. We chased after him, keeping out of sight as much as possible. Suddenly the animal veered to the left, affording a broadside shot at about 200 yards. The bullet passed through his body, and he fell, after running about a hundred yards. We had some difficulty in finding him, as he had run from view over a rise of ground, and dropped in a dense clump of bushes. His antlers were long and symmetrical, with twenty-eight points. We estimated the weight of the carcass at about 450 pounds.

While skinning out the head and a hindquarter, a second stag made his appearance. He did not have a specially good head, and while debating whether or not we had better try for him, he saw us and made off. Then, when it was too late, we decided that we wanted him, and started on what proved to be a hopeless stern chase. We must have run half a mile before I finally opened fire at about 400 yards, but the bullets had no effect except to hurry the caribou, and he vanished over the ridge. We then returned to camp, on the way picking up the head and meat of our slain stag.

The other members of the party meanwhile also had been enjoying excellent sport. The Senator saw a very large white stag with magnificent antlers, but while stalking him scared up a smaller stag, which put the larger animal to flight. He shot four times at the former, each time failing to hit the mark, and then found that the rear sight of his rifle was elevated several notches. Smith shot a fusillade at a large stag and missed. Later in the day he saw a band of nine, but was unable to get near enough for a shot.

During the afternoon Greene saw a total of fifteen caribou, including two small stages. While nearing camp just before dark, he sighted a large stag 200 yards away. It was a difficult mark in the poor light, but out of the seven shots fired, six took effect, and Greene brought into a camp a splendid head, with long, branching antlers, somewhat resembling those of an elk.

The next morning the sun rose bright and clear. A brisk east wind made conditions favorable for hunting. Lunches were put up and we were off early for a full day on the barrens.

Paul and I climbed the eastward slope for six or seven miles, but were surprised and disappointed at the

scarcity of game, as compared with the large number of animals we had seen in that same region the day before. Apparently the shooting on all sides had driven the deer further into the barrens. We finally turned back, discouraged, and circled so as to take a different route to camp. After going about a mile, we saw a light colored stag feeding at some distance. The cover was good and the wind right, so we had no difficulty in stalking and shooting him at easy range. He had a large head, and was unusually white. It was always easy to distinguish the stags from the does, the former being light colored, while the latter are of a seal brown, with white belly and legs. I had now killed the three stags allowed by law, and my hunting was at an end, so we returned to camp. A little later Smith and the guide put in an appearance with a fine large head. The Senator was still to be heard from. Just before dark, he hove in sight, followed by his guide, whose shoulders were adorned with a massive caribou head, while a large jack rabbit was slung from the end of the Senator's rifle. They reported a hard tramp of fifteen miles, but felt amply repaid for their exertions. They related that during their lunch diversion was afforded in the shape of a doe with a large bump of curiosity, which stood nearby, and with unabated interest watched them eat. The caribou have this trait of character to an abnormal extent. On one occasion, while the entire party was on the march, a yearling came within fifty feet, and took to its heels only when one of the guides threw a stone at it.

The next day, Sept. 7, must be put down as the most disagreeable of our trip, for a heavy rain set in and continued all day, while we sat huddled in our small tent, which was not entirely waterproof. But it was far harder on the guides, who had little or no shelter and could only keep warm by hugging the roaring fire which they kept going.

As if to atone for the bad weather, the following day was perfect, without a cloud in the sky and little or no wind. But the time had come to begin the homeward journey. One of our bags of provisions had not been put off the train at Grand Lake, but had been carried through. Consequently our supply of grub, with the exception of venison, was getting low. The five miles back to our former camping place on the edge of the barrens were covered in good time, and the Senator and Smith hunted there the balance of the day in a vain effort to get another good head. Next day we returned to the lake and journeyed by dory to Grand Lake station, a favorable wind aiding the rowers.

The mixed train was due that night, and we intended to take it to Spruce Brook, but we had further proof of the eccentricities of Newfoundland railroading when the telegraph operator at the lonely station informed us that the train had been cancelled. This meant a wait of two days until the expres should come along.

However, we had some good trout fishing in the outlet of the lake, and the time passed pleasantly. We recovered the missing bag of provisions, and so had plenty to eat. On Monday afternoon the express duly arrived and conveyed us to Spruce Brook.

Mr. Dodd's Log Cabin is well known to sportsmen, both hunters and anglers, and it has sheltered many men of prominence. Among the names to be found on the register is that of the Hon. Elihu Root, who last September had a very successful caribou hunting trip in the same region which we invaded. Mr. Root returned this summer with his son for the salmon fishing which is to be enjoyed in that vicinity.

However, we would advise those who contemplate a hunting trip to that section of Newfoundland to go to St. George's Bay. There is a good hotel there, and tents, provisions and reliable guides can be obtained in the village. By hiring the guides direct the middleman's profit is saved, and the hunter is sure of having what he likes in the way of grub, and plenty of it.

The caribou heads were boxed and forwarded by express to a taxidermist at Vancebore, Me. We also sent the feet, which are to be made into ink wells, match safes and gun racks.

On Wednesday, when we boarded the tri-weekly express, it was only two and one-half hours late, and we were confident that we would make good connections right through to Montreal. But we should have learned by that time not to put our faith in the Reid Newfoundland Railroad, for the engine broke down about half way to Port-aux-Basque, and two hours were lost in making repairs.

At 2 A. M. the steamer Bruce left Port-aux-Basque in a pouring rain and a gale of wind. The sea was far from resembling a mill pond that night, and most of the passengers looked pale and shaky when they landed at North Sydney, B. C., about 10 A. M., to find that they had missed the Montreal connection. We managed to get as far as Truro, N. S., that night, and the next morning boarded the Intercolonial's Ocean Limited and reached Montreal without further mishap.

GARDINER KLINE.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Oct. 2.

The Delaware Game Outlook.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you know, the enforcement of the game laws in Delaware are peculiar, being given over entirely to the Delaware Game Protective Association, each member of which Association is made a warden, so that we have to look out for law-breakers.

The prospect for quail throughout the lower counties of the State is good this year. A great many birds are reported. We are expecting quite an influx of non-residents when the shooting season opens Nov. 15, but as our law prohibits taking quail out of the State for any purpose, only sportsmen who come here for the pleasure of shooting are likely to visit us, as they will not be allowed to take any game out.

We have had teal duck here for a month, and a few mallard and black ducks have appeared in the marshes near Wilmington. Black ducks generally nest around Leipsic Marsh, but I have had no report from them this year.

There was an unusually large number of railbirds on the Delaware River early in September, but I was out rail-shooting on Tuesday and found them far from plentiful.

J. D. BUSH.

In Maine Woods.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season for hunting big game in Maine has been open but four days and part of the fifth, and up to date there has been an alarming amount of accidental shootings in consequence of the heedlessness of those shot, or the carelessness of some others who showed criminal negligence in the use of firearms. At this writing there have been reported six shooting accidents in the State, two of which have resulted fatally, one other of which may result in loss of life, while yet another may have very serious results in the crippling of the victim.

To be sure, not all of them, in fact, few of them, are of the mistaken-for-a-deer class of accidents, and one occurred a week ago to-day, on the last Friday in September, yet as all of them took place in the hunting regions, and were intimately associated with hunting, they may properly be classed together. In at least two cases, the victims were mistaken by comrades for deer, and contrary to the too-frequent fatality attending such mistakes, neither of these men was killed by the blunder, although one is in a critical condition.

Ralph L. Todd, of Newport, while traveling over a tote road beyond Pemadumcook Lake with some companions, was fatally shot by the rifle of his friend, who stumbled in the rear of a tote team, and his rifle struck the wheel with such force as to break the hammer, the ball entering the body of his camp mate walking just behind. The wounded man died the next night in the hospital in Bangor.

John Glidden and his 16-year old son, while carrying two canoes across a carry near their home in Burlington, rested their guns against a stump on the carry. While the two were returning across the carry to get a second load the boy passed too near the stump, the loaded rifle was knocked down or slipped, and in its fall was discharged, the bullet fatally wounding the young fellow in the head, so that he died the same night.

Near Caribou two brothers were hunting, when Lee Smith mistook his brother for a deer and put a bullet through his shoulder. The injured man may recover, although his condition is reported as serious.

Near Wytopitlock Lorenzo Weir was hunting, and the circumstances would seem very similar to those in the Todd accident, a comrade's rifle, carried behind the victim, being accidentally discharged as they were traveling through the woods, the bullet passing through his hip.

At Great Pond, one of the Belgrade lakes, Linnie N. Morrill, a well-known guide of that vicinity, after practicing target shooting with his rifle, stood it against a tree. Later it slipped, or was jarred from its position, and the discharge drove the ball through the young man's knee, and will make him lame for life, if no worse results occur.

In Chapman plantation, two young fellows, George Grey and Joe Leavitt, were out together, and the rifle carried by one went off, the bullet passing through the fleshy part of the other's thigh. He, fortunately, will recover without serious injury.

Thus, in nearly every instance, there was a very evident carelessness, without which no untoward incident would have marred the happy trips of ambitious hunters to the woods, or ended the lives of useful members of Maine communities. While small, if any, blame is to be attached to some of those who did the several shootings above, yet it is a fact, that if loaded rifles are not placed where a slip or a kick or a jar will cause their discharge, no one can be hurt by them, and if the rule never to carry a weapon in front of, or behind, in the vicinity of any human being when it is loaded is made universal, there will be less loss of life in the Maine woods. No man is able to know when he will stumble on a stone, or step into an unexpected hole, and if his gun or rifle has no ammunition in the barrel, it cannot harm him or others. That "eternal vigilance is the price of safety" is as true of the woods of Maine, and especially between members of the same party while hunting, as it can be of the soldiery of armies drawn up in array against each other, where they know there are opponents just waiting to pick them off. In the one case one knows where the enemy is and may avoid him—in the other he is an unknown and oft-unexpected quantity, and should be watched for with even greater care; while on the part of the man with the gun personally, he should see to it that his gun is always in a safe condition, that untoward circumstances may not cause its premature discharge, and death or misery to himself or some comrade.

Every train through this city brings sportsmen from the cities and towns west of Bangor, as well as non-resident hunters, who are bound for the many comfortable log cabin resorts of the north, or will canoe and tent in the very haunts of the big deer and moose. Many will have their expected moose trophies all picked out before the 15th, and on that morning, if obedient to the law, will slip out at dawn to round him up and bring him down, if they can still locate the monarch. It is sincerely to be hoped that hunters will be sportsmen enough to permit to live and develop, the hundreds of big moose with small antlers now roaming the woods, and which if left to grow, will in a very few years furnish magnificent sport for the sportsmen who come after them. There are plenty of nice heads, even if there are but few of the best to be found by the hunter (for few reach the top notch of perfection, even among moose) in the Maine woods to-day, and a proper application of time and energy, in the right localities, is certain to result in a fine specimen.

The bringing out of moose heads that are ugly, hideous and to say the least imperfect, with perhaps only one horn, and that none too attractive, usually malformed and unsightly, should be discouraged by sportsmen and guides alike, and the man who will kill a giant of the forest, bearing a set of antlers in which neither he nor any one else can take any proper pride, ought not to have the chance to say, as many of them do: "Well, I wanted a moose bad, and to tell the truth, hated to kill this fellow, but 'twas my last chance to kill a moose, and I just up and let him have it." If the moose isn't a desirable specimen, let him have another chance to grow good horns—he's certainly worth some sportsmanlike sasrifice, or he isn't worth the years of protection the laws have accorded him.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Bears in Pennsylvania.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* And after all it was the much-maligned Pennsylvania Legislature, boss-ridden and graft-tainted as alleged, that listened to his tale of woe and enacted a "closed season" for b'ar. At its recent session it was enacted, "It shall be unlawful to kill, take or capture any bear, of any description, save only from the first day of October to the first day of March next following. Each and every person who shall kill, take or capture any bear, contrary to the provisions of this act, shall be liable, on conviction, to a penalty of $50 for each bear or cub taken, killed or captured contrary to the provisions of this section." So for six good round months Bruin may hike hither and yon unmolested in search of the succulent ant hill, huckleberry and blackberry, picking up an occasional woolly lamb or squealing shoat. To my benighted way of thinking, this is but giving "br'er bar" only the "square deal"; but there are, I am sorry to record it, small souls who call it a "whitewash." However, it bears out the contention of those of us who have been bear defenders, that Bruin's intentions are good, even though his attentions be not so desirable. Of course, my friend, the grazier who recently lost half a dozen lambs—there could be no mistaking the evidence as to the culprit—is not so enthusiastic over a closed season for bear. But right here the law steps in and says, "and to kill a bear, of any description, when in the act of inflicting injury to either the person or property of any individual in this Commonwealth, or upon proof made by affidavit of one or more persons that the bear in question has, in any manner injured or damaged the person or property of any individual in this State." Therein lies the rub; catch him with the goods or answer to the game warden—it's harder than to prove an alibi, don't you see?

But, howbeit, as yet there comes no report of a bear bagged in this neck o' the woods, though the season opened Oct. 1. Bruin seems a little shy over his newly acquired importance, and kept pretty much out of sight during the past summer, although "bear signs" are not unseen when traveling over his habitat. Bear traps, bear pens, etc., are now things of the past in Pennsylvania, and as the taking of a likely bear dog into the woods is pretty sure to involve one in the mazes of the deer law, and few they are who go for bear alone, *U. americanus* seems destined to grow fat and sassy and multiply greatly.

The new game laws are quite restrictive, in most cases shortening the open season and limiting the number to be taken of a kind daily or during the season. Deer can only be taken from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1, and but a single one to the man, while the use of buckshot or of a gun emitting more than one pellet is forbidden. Deer have certainly been on the increase for a number of years past, and the new law should be of considerable value in conserving the existing herds. Dogs pursuing deer are declared nuisances, per se, and may be killed by any one, while game wardens may kill dogs known to make a practice of deer chasing.

Squirrels came in on the 1st inst., and proved to be scarcer than for several years past. Ruffed grouse, which will be seasonable on the 15th inst., are to be seen in goodly numbers, in spite of the wet and cold spring and summer. Quail are practically extinct in Central Pennsylvania, owing to the great depth of the snow during the past two winters.

The late bass fishing has been good, although irregularly so, owing to the frequent small floods in the streams.

WILLIAM WALTERS CHAMPION.

North Dakota Notes.

GALESBURG, N. D., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having seen nothing from North Dakota in your paper lately, and remembering the FOREST AND STREAM call, report your luck, I may say that the chicken shooting this year in this State has been poor. We had a very wet, late and cold spring, and many nests of eggs were chilled and spoiled. I have been out several times and found the birds very much scattered and very few young birds among them. The largest bag I have made in one day was twelve birds, and I am high gun in town at that. I hunted hard all day to get even so many, and I have a meat dog, too. But ducks, gentlemen, hush. I have been here over twenty years and I never before saw local ducks so numerous. The reason is not far to seek, for every low place and marshy slough has been bank full all summer. They are not hunted till the season opens, the game law being quite well observed, consequently they have stopped here on their way north, and finding the conditions to their liking, have remained and bred in large numbers. I see many bunches on the wing every day. Not many have been shot, though, for they are not very tame, and the sloughs are hard to hunt in.

I noticed a few weeks ago a complaint from one of your correspondents in California about the damage done out there by the poisonous fumes of the ore smelters. I inclose a clipping taken from the Minneapolis Tribune of Oct. 5, showing how the farmers of Montana get square with the gentlemen of the poison gases. Let the California farmers go and do likewise, and good luck to them. I say hang a man who tramples on other people's rights and defaces beautiful country at the same time, and hang him high enough so his co-partners in such business will be glad to quit and no longer poison the land with gas nor the waters with sawdust and sludge.

I also inclose a clipping from the Minneapolis, Minn., Tribune showing the kind of wolves they catch in that village. This wolf evidently belonged to the genus "hobo," not "lobo," as some writers call him, for he came into town in a box car in regular hobo fashion.

JOSEPH P. WHITTEMORE.

BUTTE, Mont., Oct. 5.—Three more big smoke suits, in which the damages aggregate $1,500,000, were filed by the Kirk & Clinton Company against the Anaconda Copper Company and the Washoe Copper Company. Ten smaller suits are now pending in the State and Federal courts and other suits are promised. The amount of damages already alleged aggregate more than $2,000,000.

Suit for an injunction has already been begun and seeks to close the Washoe smelters, the largest in the world,

and the main plant of the Amalgamated Company. The principal suit is that filed in Deer Lodge county. Fourteen plaintiffs are named in the complaint, and the facts concerning the building and remodeling of the Washoe smelter in 1902 and 1903 are recited. Then follows a general allegation of damages from the sulphurous and poisonous smoke and fumes from the big stack to property, real and personal, in what is styled as the smoke zone in the Deer Lodge valley, comprising an aggregate of 100 square miles.

The complaint states that many of the farmers and ranchers in Deer Lodge valley, including some of the plaintiffs, settled in the valley and built up homes as early as 1860; that all who came to the valley prospered, and that vegetation of all kinds, live stock and the like, prospered until the coming of the smelter and the emission of poisonous fumes from its stack began. Then came a change.

It is asserted that vegetation of all kinds is killed by the sulphurous fumes; that live stoek running on the range in the valley is extinct, and that the once fertile and prosperous valley is being made desolate by the poisonous fumes from the big stack. One hundred farmers are involved in the suits.

Another wolf was caught in Minneapolis Sunday. Eugene Jefferies, of 147 North Ninth street, brought the carcass of a large male wolf to the city hall yesterday afternoon and secured the bounty of $7.50. The animal was caught on the St. Louis tracks near Holden street. Jefferies spied it prowling among a lot of freight cars. He secured an ax and stunned the animal. Taking it to his home he put it in the cellar. The cool air of the place revived the animal and it became so fierce in its endeavors to escape that the capturer had to kill it. It evidently came to town in one of the freight cars, and is the second wolf caught in the city limits within ten days.

In Massachusetts and Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The conventions of the political parties in Boston this week have brought to the "Hub" several thousand men from all over the State, and your correspondent has received calls from several. One of these that I was especially glad to see, was Dr. C. N. Raymond, of Rehoboth. When the State Association extended an invitation to various clubs to meet in convention to discuss matters pertaining to fish and game in 1898, Dr. Raymond represented the Farmers' Club of his town, of which he is president. His club was the first of the kind to respond by sending a delegate. At a subsequent convention in 1899 he was again sent as a delegate, and with him came Mr. Wm. R. Randall, of Providence, president of a club composed of members from that city (fifty or more), who have fishing and hunting privileges and a club house in Rehoboth. Mr. Randall at that time became a life member of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The doctor still retains his great interest in the protection of game and fish.

Another friend, with whom I passed a pleasant hour, was Mr. Charles Clark Munn, of Springfield, the well-known author of "Uncle Terry," "The Hermit," and other stories, illustrative of country, seashore and woods life. Mr. Munn rehearsed some of his personal experiences in fishing and hunting in Massachusetts and Maine, which threw sidelights on how things are done, and revealed methods of guides and fishermen that are known only to the practical sportsman. I was especially interested in facts he gave me concerning the marketing of short lobsters in certain shore places he has visited.

Mr. Andrews, of Hudson, tells me one of his neighbors recently found a lot of snares set for partridges. The idea that there is no snaring must be abandoned.

A report from Dr. Woodward, of Middleborough, is to the effect that hunters in his section are not finding as many birds as were expected—this has reference more especially to ruffed grouse. Mr. Thomas, of the same town, speaks encouragingly in reference to quail. In his tramp about South Sandwich, ex-president Reed has seen a few partridges, and says he knows of several coveys of quail. He is confident that the Cape district will have some quail for the sportsmen when the season opens (Nov. 1), and that there is no imminent danger of their extermination in that part of the State. It is well known that quail have been more numerous there than in any other portion of Massachusetts.

Hon. Salem D. Charles has always been an enthusiastic hunter of birds, as well as foxes, and is a frequent visitor to towns in the central part of the State. He reports finding quail all gone, and only a fair number of grouse. He declares the time is coming when there must be a close period of two years on partridges, and then a bag limit of three per day and fifteen in a season.

It is seldom that one finds a practical sportsman an advocate for a close time of a series of years. One of the objections advanced against that plan is, that if at the end of the closed period there is a large increase of birds in the covers, that fact becomes known to hunters outside the closed area, and they rush in and in a short time clean them all up, so the gain is only temporary.

Mr. De Pass, statistician of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, suggests a close period of two years on quail. While such a restriction would be observed by conscientious, law-abiding hunters to the advantage of quail preservation, these same men would put more time into grouse hunting to the disadvantage of that bird—one species would be favored at the expense of the other. Unhappily it must be acknowledged that there are many gunners (we will not call them sportsmen) who, when they get into a region removed from observation, pay little heed to game laws. To them close time is a bonanza.

In Massachusetts during October, it is feared, not a few quail will find their way into the bags of such men. There are not a few among the sportsmen of the Bay State who would have been better pleased with a change prohibiting the killing of ruffed grouse and woodcock, as well as quail, during October, and some would have gone so far as to close the covers against bird shooting for the entire open season this year. Much will depend upon the good behavior of the hunters this season, and the number of birds left over at the end of November.

There is a determined attitude among men interested in perpetuating bird-life in our State, and public sentiment in favor of bird protection is gaining strength every year. Mr. De Pass tells me he can see an improvement in the neighborhood of Watertown, where he resides, as regards the number of foreigners in the woods. Heretofore he has seen several every day—this season he has seen none. He attributes this to the alien-license law. This is refreshing, and I hope it is the forerunner of many similar reports from other sections.

Commissioner Brackett has just celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday quietly at his home in Winchester. Dr. Field and Commissioner Delano are expected to return in a few days from their trip to the British provinces. During their absence Deputy Burney, of Lynn, has been passing much of his time in the office of the Commissioners.

Several Boston gunners have been getting some birds at Swan Neck, Martha's Vineyard.

Mr. Hopkinson, of Reading, is going this week to his camp in Wellfleet, and he tells me a friend got a nice bunch of snipe on the meadows in Tewksbury last week.

Chairman Poland, of the Central Committee, got a few birds last Monday not far from his home in Wakefield, and he tells me the gunners are getting quite a lot of teal on Lake Quannapowet.

Mr. Burroughs writes from Hyannisport, that something drove a quail off his lot and left twelve eggs half hatched. He puts the question whether a bird-dog would do that. Will you be kind enough to give your opinion on the subject?

Efforts are being made to form a fish and game association by local sportsmen in Claremont, N. H., the leader in the movement being Mr. E. H. King.

E. J. Burlingame, Esq., of Cumberland Hill, R. I., who is president of the protective association there, has caused the arrest of several foreigners for shooting robins.

Mr. E. C. Fitch, president of the Waltham Watch Company, has recently returned from a 546-mile tour by auto through Maine and into Canada. His party went prepared for fishing and hunting and for comfortable living without being compelled to rely on hotel accommodations. From Portland they went to Mattawamkeag and Patten. They first pitched their tents at Masardis. They journeyed thence through Ashland and the French settlements about Eagle Lake. They forded the St. John River, going through Edmunston, thence to Notre Dame du Lac, and spent several days in camp at Bic, on the lower St. Lawrence, during which they secured a fine caribou. They made the return trip by train.

The conductor on a Boston & Albany train reports seeing three deer, which leaped out from the woods near South Barre just ahead of the engine, and keeping in the middle of the road bed raced the train a distance of three miles. Near Coldbrook station Constable Webster, standing on the depot platform, saw the deer, one after another, make the leap from the iron bridge into the Ware River from a height of not less than twenty-five feet.

Many Massachusetts hunters were on the qui vive to kill deer on the opening of the season in Maine Oct. 2. The receipts at Bangor on Friday, Oct. 6, were thirty-seven deer. L. P. Richardson, of Pepperell, Mass., got two in the Sunkhare region, near Oldtown. George L. Osborn, of Boston, secured a doe in Washington county. G. H. Lewis and C. P. Morris, of Boston, got good bucks. H. M. Rowell, of Worcester, W. A. Harden, of Hudson, and W. H. Bell, of Beverly, got two each.

There is a long list of native hunters from Portland, Bangor, Houlton and half a dozen other Maine cities and towns who brought out deer—probably equaling the total brought by non-residents. It was reported that fifty men of Houlton were to take to the woods for deer on the first day of the season.

On the point of starting for the woods from Boston are H. M. Davis and wife, and B. F. Shattuck and wife, of Boston, who are to make the trip in an automobile to Jo. Mary. Allen McAdams and E. E. Pettee are off for the Allegash.

E. L. Baldwin, of Winchester, and F. E. Heller, of S. S. Pierce & Co., H. W. Priest, of Beach Bluff, will have as companion A. H. Shaw, of Bath, Me.

A. W. Hooper goes to Ashland and L. Dana Chapman to Square Lake.

Mr. Herbert Lawton, of Boston, has just returned from a three weeks' fishing trip to the Nipigon waters, and shows in the window of Daniel Stoddard & Co., Washington street, three beautiful mounted brook trout he took on this trip, weighing respectively 6¼, 6½ and 7 pounds.

H. H. KIMBALL.



How Fishes Find their Way in the Water.

THIS subject has been one of much discussion without resulting in any definite conclusion to many.

One opinion given is that fish are directed by an observation of bottom ground, or other land guides, by depth of water, its temperature, etc. Temperature undoubtedly has a bearing on the subject, as fish seek and occupy zones most to their liking, of which a prominent illustration is shown by the Gulf Stream, inhabited by a class of fish which are not found outside of it, excepting in corresponding temperature.

All fish are cold-blooded, yet the cetacean family, comprising the whale, orca, porpoise, seal and kindred, avoid warm temperatures and invade the most frigid regions. But the seeking by the anadromous families of their appropriate spawning localities when scattered about in the depths of the sea and the directness of their efforts has been a subject of surprise.

A conclusion generally arrived at is that fishes are directed by instinct; by that mysterious inward impulse which unreasoning blindly directs its possessor for the preservation of its kind. True enough in the respect of propagation in the necessitated element of fresh water, which nature impels a seeking for it at the appropriate season.

The question arises, how does the fish find its way to the fresh water stream, as instanced by those which unerringly arrive at the locality where their young lives commenced. We will admit *a priori,* that fishes do find their way in the water. It is my opinion that fishes find their way through the water by explainable methods, as readily as humanity does in a forest where prominent objects direct the way.

The sense of smell or a sense analagous to that is very strongly developed in fishes, especially in the *Salmo* family, with which I have had more experience than with any other. In the *Salmo* family and with many others there is a prominent line mark extending on the body from the head to the tail, which, when examined closely, exhibits a cellular structure apart from the adjoining body. What bearing this feature has upon the possessor is conjectured, but may comprise a sense of communication which has not been estimated. There are probably other senses in creation which we do not know of, independent of the human category of five, which have a bearing little understood.

In the absence of a strictly appropriate designation I will call scent, as the element of perceptiveness which enables fishes to find their way in the water, and I will present my views in support of that theory from such observations as I have experienced.

All fishermen have noted the rapid way trout have in expelling the artificial fly if not hooked, and the attractive way bait-fishing has of drawing trout from a distance if followed in one place, the odor of which moving by slow currents reaches the perceptive organs of fish. Beyond this there is a condition of body which imparts to other fishes, and likewise attracts, which is inexplicable to our ordinary senses. That which is indicated by the members of a school of fish in keeping together, though often widely separated beyond any possibility of being aided by vision, conspicuous with porpoises, orcas, sword and flying fish and an endless variety of other fishes. Whales upon a uniform feeding route will be widely separated, and it is a well known fact, that the harpooning of a whale belonging to a school will be almost immediately communicated to the other members, separated half a dozen miles apart, as observed by whalers.

An eminent naturalist, Matthias Dunn, describes the lateral line as consisting in its cells of jelly or mucus, having patches of sensitive hairs here and there, as electrical implements pure and simple, inclosing the whole body of the fish, and that these cells are of the same character as those in the electric or stinging ray. That the fish brain is a magnet polarized by the influence of the peculiar structure of the lateral line, constituting a new sense which he designates as the electric dermal, which, he thinks, aids the migrating fish directly to its destination for spawning grounds or other localities. The latter conclusion may perhaps be of some doubt, though it may under natural laws guide the fish in response to magnetic effect from the rocks, sands and other elements.

Stahr, the naturalist, considers that the sense of hearing is imparted by the influence of the lateral line.

Fishermen have observed the feeding activity of salmon and trout before the commencement of a storm, the coming event being communicated probably through the lateral line. This activity may be the result of electric stimulus, or a provision of nature, in communicating by wireless telegraphy the necessity of obtaining food or depth shelter before the effect of combating elements. That fishes have a limited memory there can be but little doubt.

Seth Green related in his hatchery experience of a pet 2-pound trout in one of his hatchery pools, which, being so tame as to take food from his hand, but would dart wildly away if he approached with a fly-rod, although it gave no attention to a walking-stick waved out over the water. This resulted from Mr. Green having once caught the trout on a fly-rod with a barbless hook. Contrary to this instance of memory I have often caught trout which had but a short time before escaped by the breaking off of the fly, or the leader, with the evidence of the previous hooking visible from the imbedded fly, and perhaps with a dangling remnant of a leader. I have

many times caught trout which had been hooked before.

I remember a few years ago of a visiting friend, George A. Hull, who fastened to a good-sized trout between 4 and 5 pounds in weight, which broke away after being played for some moments when about to be netted, carrying off the hook and half of his leader. He estimated the trout at a somewhat heavier weight than it proved to be, and came in disappointed. In less than a quarter of an hour afterward I had this identieal trout on my fly which it had taken, and brought him successfully to net, verified by the indisputable evidence of the particular lost fly and parted leader. This did not show much memory, and would shade the theory of Dr. Dunn that the primitive memory of anadromous fishes directed them to the particular stream of their early life, directed by the dermal sense in its magnet polarization as the needle guides the mariner to point of destination.

Your accomplished and interesting correspondent, A. H. Gouraud, in one of his articles published in your paper last year, concerning the movements of shad to the Connecticut River from Long Island Sound, approaching the mouth of the river from the east, but did not reach the mouth by a direct course from the waters of the Sound, as the discharge from the river pursued a westerly course in its current, making a loop, so to say, and the shad took their course up the current of the river waters, thereby occasioning a distance of a score of miles more than would be required if the shad had gone direct. This loop course in the Sound had been clearly defined by the net fishermen. This would indicate that the current of the river was the guide for the shad to follow. Your correspondent also adds: "This fluvial characteristic may be due to distinctive mineral particles which retain in solution far out at sea, may be revealed to the delicate perceptiveness of the fish, and so guide it from the deep to its bourn."

I would add to the mineral particles also the vegetable, an important element, distinctly, and noticeable by fish. It is the following of these elements that guides the fish, which may to an extent have an educated perception as well as of taste. I have frquently found whole fresh-water clams up to two inches and over in length in the stomachs of trout, which are apparently easily digested, having been scooped up from an appetizing cagerness from the scent of the open clam. Also elay and earth balls in large trout, as large as ordinary marbles, which have been taken in during the stirring up of the water bottom in ground feeding.

It is doubtful if salmon depart far in the sea from the estuaries of their native streams, not beyond the reach of its diffused water, whieh they readily follow up on approach of their propagating period from three to four years after their exit, as the salmon are not extensive travelers, as indieated by the results of seining, and upon the Pacific coast it is evident that they seldom depart more than a hundred miles from their streams, or that their principal habitats are at a greater depth than from 100 to 150 fathoms. I could give pretty conclusive evidence of this from the observation I have made in this respect.

The Pacific salmon have their respective streams, and at their season of streams ascending are generally distinct from any of the other several varieties, although not entirely so, being aecompanied occasionally by derelicts from a kindred family.

I should consider it very improbable that a young salmon conveyed from one of the St. Lawrence tributaries to an European stream would ever find its way back to its native stream, as its connecting link would be lost, and should doubt the effieaey of its magnetic dermal sense to direct it there. It is possible that a salmon by its delicate perceptiveness may distinguish the diluted odor of its natal tributary in the general flow of its fresh-water stream, else why should its ascending course be sustained short of its objective point? It is not likely that any distinct memory of its early association in the tributary where the first year of its life was passed, and perhaps two years, though the familiar flow of its water may be detected and appeal to its motive in pushing on.

Thomas Tod Stoddart, an English author fisherman, relates that while fishing on a stream with spawn-bait during the day, that at the close he caught several blaek-bellied trout not frequenting the stream, excepting in a muddy bottomed pond connecting, situated between two and three miles below, which had undoubtedly been attracted to follow up the stream by the odor of the spawn-bait.

My friend, Walter M. Braekett, the veteran salmon fisherman and distinguished fish painter, with whom for nearly half a century I have compared fishing notes, is as strongly convinced as I am of the extraordinarily acute sense of smell possessed by the *Salmo* family, and relates in his own experience at his own Canadian salmon stream, where he has never used any attraction other than a fly, of noting large numbers of salmon and trout as having been attraeted and drawn up from considerable distances down stream, from a quantity of spawn being attached to the stern of a canoe fastened at the river bank above.

In my experience with trout in the Rangeley Lakes, extending over many years, I have found that trout are divided up in various groups quite distinctly, and that such groups occupy certain localities apart from others during the greater part of the year. I speedily observed this early in my visitations during the winter, when for eight or ten years I made regular trips for fishing through the ice. This sport, then allowable, may not be considered as of high form by skilled fishermen, but was of much relief and delight to me then, closely oecupied in business, and its auxiliary enjoyments of skating, sledding, snow-shoeing and roughing was no small part of such exeursions. In these two weeks' outings, accompanied by a few friends, it was our habit to divide up, taking separate localities for setting lines with live bait. These localities would be a mile or two apart. At the close of the day as the different catches were laid out at camp and weighed, the distinctiveness of the groups were very apparent, so much so, that if mixed up they could readily be separated again. The different groups would vary in size and weight according to length, and very perceptibly in colors. The excess of weight from one locality would vary largely from the minimum group. One locality I have in view, where the trout were always of a more brilliant hue than elsewhere, and averaged from 1 to 3 pounds. The most opposite locality was where the trout were long and very dark, and so sinuous that one of sixteen inches in length would weigh searcely over a pound. I remember of catching one at this locality which was the longest trout I ever saw, thirty inches, which weighed but 6½ pounds, while from a photograph before me is a trout which weighed 11 pounds, and measured but twenty-eight inches in length, and another of 9¼ pounds measuring twenty-seven inehes.

After the ice disappears in the spring, and at the spawning season, these habitating trout leave their localities more or less, but by no means lose their reckoning.

Trout, if removed from their habitats and dropped in any parts of the lake, will speedily return home; of this I have had abundant evidence. This is especially evinced during the spawning season, when trout taken away from a spawning bed will return with celerity. A particularly thin and slabby milter weighing about 2 pounds I purposely experimented with, by carrying him off into the lake a mile before liberating him from the towing car, and caught him at the first place again that evening. I liberated him the seeond time fully three miles away and found him the following morning at the old stand. One winter, while coming into camp, but three miles away, and stopping for lunch by the shore near a spawning bed well known to me for its handsome and plump trout, more beautiful than any in the lake that I have known of, and which until the lake was raised some ten or twelve feet, were annually there, I caught half a dozen trout from this place and brought them alive to camp in a box of water drawn on a hand sled; their escape that night from a sunken car at camp three miles distant was accidental from a loose slat; the next day I visited the first place, which I yearly was in the habit of doing; it was in the latter part of December, and there was some six inches of blue ice with a few inches of snow above it. It will be observed that some families of trout inhabit the spawning beds into January, and others commenee spawning as early even as August, and possibly earlier. The water at this spawning bed was scarcely three feet deep below the iee where some feeble springs emitted a slight current; the bed was bright with white pebbles and sand, and a short time after opening a hole through the ice I watched the beautiful trout below returning after the disturbance, reelining upon a blanket with my head covered over by another, so I could readily observe the life below.

Trout, however much disturbed at a spawning bed, and however thoroughly driven away, will in a few moments return again. I recognized three of the trout which had escaped the night before, which had returned in the night, fully three miles beneath the ice and snow; they were distinetly marked in the following manner: The day before, when we halted for lunch, I had no tackle; Mr. Lawson Valentine, of New York, found he had in his valise half a dozen small hooks attaehed to light guts with red silk. With twine for line and meat for bait, the six trout were caught, no hooks were lost, but three broke off by the weak guts after the trout were on the iee, by their flopping about, and were left in the mouths of the trout to be after disengaged. I recaught two of these trout without difficulty.

One may wonder at the quick return of these trout beneath the ice in the dark of the night, but it was comparatively simple. The general movements of the *Salmo* family occur in the night as in ascending streams, however tortuous or difficult, lying by in the daytime. Their feeding also is done principally after dark, when they are more daring and predatory, and they do not assume their full night vigorousness in the dusky twilight, nor by moonlight, but in the darker hours, when their boldness is conspicuous, and will take the fly of sombre color in preference to one of white. I have wondered with their night adaptiveness of sight how little their day shyness is indicated, when I have frequently had them in pursuit of small fish, dash up within hand reach on flat rocks or the sandy beach where I have been sitting.

The lake water appears uniform as does the sea to the casual observer, but there is a varying quality, and many currents in both. These qualities are not apparent to our coarser senses excepting in a very ordinary way, but the respiratory organs of the fish, the gills, etc., may be keenly sensitive to conditions of temperature and water admixtures, even as our sense of smell detects the faint odor of smoke in the country fields or forest. The different qualities of water in this lake of six miles in length whieh I am now looking out upon, are quite apparent to my taste, and I have often remarked the odor in drinking water from the sheltered eoves, arising from vegetable matter; also in that taken from a forty or fifty-foot depth.

Every stream or rivulet which empties into the lake has a distinetive taste, apart from the others, stamped and impregnated with the quality of the ground and foliage through whieh it makes way.

The iee indicates perceptible to the eye the prominent instanees in this respeet; currents impereeptible to the eye are constantly moving in various directions, and are the directing signboards for the fish.

The trout liberated from the car mentioned striking out into the lake followed the currents familiar to them in their flowing to their accustomed haunts without difficulty.

Fishing frequently on the Pacific California coast in 1892, off the Santa Cruz, Monterey and Carmillo bays, where I made forty exeursions with fresh fish bait in the months of July and August, I caught some hundreds of salmon by trolling with a light steel rod and 600 feet of line. I observed the following features: That as schools of salmon comprising many thousands eame in from deep water following up the anchovies, sardines and squid, which came in for spawning, they would at eertain periods, mostly all, disappear to be followed after a lull by other schools. I observed that the salmon would disappear a few days after a rise of water from either the San Joaquin and Saeramento rivers, emptying in the Bay of San Francisco, giving abundant salmon for the seining and canning works upon the banks of the latter. By the San Francisco papers the noting of the salmon arrivals would be four or five days after their disappearance from the Monterey waters.

The Japanese current known as the *Kuro Siwo*, the great current stream from the Yellow Sea, corresponding with the Ameriean Gulf Stream, pursues its way across the Pacific Ocean to the California coast, regulating the climate from California to Alaska as does the American Gulf Stream that of England, France and Iceland, pursues its way north some 300 or 400 miles west of California until it reaches the long extending loop of the Aleutian Islands, whieh ends but a few hundred miles from the Asiatic eoast. This loop of islands diverts the Japanese current inland and the stream curves in its route until it proceeds south along the Washington Oregon and California coasts, and the remarkable feature is presented of two mighty streams but slightly apart, proceeding in opposite directions in greater volume than all the eombined land rivers of the world eould exhibit if united in one body.

The speed of this mighty current south opposite the outlet of the Bay of San Francisco is estimated at between thirty and forty miles per day of twenty-four hours. In this current pours the brackish and roiled waters of the bay.

The fresh water combining with the salt is quickly detected by the salmon a hundred miles below, and a general exodus of the salmon takes place, leaving but a few stragglers remaining.

In three or four days after their departure the canners on the Sacramento River are abundantly supplied by seiners.

Shortly afterward a fresh school came in which departed as those before after a few days following a fresh rise of the river waters, and appeared as in the first instance a few days after their departure at the usual seining localities. These instances oceurring several times during my fishing period plainly indicated to me the result of the river freshets. No mistake could occur in the identity of the particular schools in disappearing from the Monterey waters and appearing at the Sacramento River, as the same elass of salmon known as the King or Chinook, although inhabiting the Columbia River several hundred miles north of the Bay of San Francisco, average about 22 pounds in weight, while those of the Saeramento and San Joaquin rivers average almost exactly 17 pounds, as shown by the average weights taken at each locality.

No salmon-ascending rivers existing between the two mentioned points would clearly indicate the identity of the Monterey and Sacramento River class. So on the salmon of the Paeific coast go to their spawning grounds never to return to the refreshing sea again, or if by chance a few should be able to, their bruised condition and totally impaired digestive organs result in but a brief existence. No authentic instance is known of a river salmon's survival on the Pacific coast. If any had been taken they would show their identity by their disfigured appearanee, which has never been observed.

In the banner year of 1902 15.000,000 salmon were canned on the coast; yet no serious diminution in numbers has oceurred, nor have the results of conducted hatcheries shown great success, despite the general opinion to the contrary. Therefore the great mass of salmon regularly taken may be assumed to be the progeny of those who sacrificed their lives for successors.

That electrieal elements are prominent features in the denizens of the sea and fresh water bodies, is clearly apparent and of undoubted effieient service, and may be a part of that element I have designated as scent, as a general sense which gives perceptiveness of fresh water in the sea, or of minerals and earth in solution from magnetic qualities. This electric quality, or whatever we may choose to call it, we observe in freshly-caught fish which curl up and break in eooking, giving a feature not apparent when fish have been kept a day or two.

Eels display this element prominently, and also the bullhead or horn pout. The marine mammals may receive large benefits from it in their long passages in the sea.

I am reminded of an account related to me by an English friend of a pet seal owned by some one he knew, who kept a lighthouse on the coast of England, which, captured when a cub, was domesticated with the family, being fed and allowed the range of the kitchen on the ground floor, to whieh the seal had ready access. This seal would make its way daily down to the water and pass many hours in the element, securing more or less food, but always returned to its place in the kitchen at night. Blindness finally eame on with age to the seal, but it eontinued its journeys to the sea but returned home as regularly as before. Complete blindness finally came to the seal, and fully fed by the household, its visit to the sea became less frequent. As old age eame on, it caused annoyanee by its peeuliar cry for food, and lessened ability to get about, so much so that the family accounted it something of a nuisance, and not wishing to kill it, arranged with a fisherman to carry it well off some twenty miles away and drop it in the sea, expecting it would naturally die in that element. But it appeared the second day after at its aceustomed place. Another effort was made to get rid of it by arranging with a sailing vessel to take it several hundred miles out at sea and then drop it in. This was done, and a number of days passed away without the seal. Six or seven days after, during the night, the kitchen maid, who slept adjoining the kitehen entrance, fancied she heard the plaintive call of the seal at the kitehen door, but being of a superstitious cast, and believing the call was from the Banshee or bad spirit, eovered her head beneath the bed clothes. In the morning the emaciated body of the lifeless seal was found at the kitchen door. The story may be authentic or not, but I do not consider its truthfulness to have been impossible.

The vegetable growth in the water, kelp, etc., and currents were familiar to the seal, and sight would have been of little aid to it compared with following the perceptions of its other senses.

Some naturalists have expressed the belief that fishes find their way to their spawning rivers or desired localities in a direct course by the pointing of instinct, and that alone. This conclusion does not seem to be well evidenced or satisfactory.

J. Parker Whitney.

Medicine in the Woods.

A firm of London chemists have devised a convenient way of putting up medieines in gelatine lamels. These lamels eonsist of thin, pliable sheets, subdivided into squares, each square eontaining an exact quantity of the medicine with which the sheet is impregnated. With a pair of scissors or a knife the required dose can be cut off.

THE MANY-USE OIL

This famous reel oil never gums. Substitutes will fail you.—*Adv.*

The Blue Crab.

BY W. P. HAY, M.S., PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY, HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

(Appendix to the Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries.)

THE following report embodies the results of two summers' work (1902 and 1903) in the crab-producing region bordering Chesapeake Bay. The information was gathered incidentally in connection with a thorough study of the diamond-back terrapin, and on that account is by no means as complete as could be desired. Many of the theories advanced by the fishermen and packers regarding the blue crab have not yet been subjected to close examination, although every opportunity has been taken for this purpose. In some cases the reports secured were so contradictory that it is not deemed safe to express an opinion concerning them. Quite a number of facts, however, have been brought to light, and they are here presented in the hope that they may prove valuable to those engaged in the fishery or to those whose duty it is to secure the enactment of laws to regulate and prolong it.

Distribution and Habitat.

The natural range of the blue crab is from Massachusets Bay to some as yet undetermined point on the east coast of South America. On the coast of the United States it is common from Cape Cod to the southern extremity of Texas, and throughout the greater portion of this long coast line it is very abundant. Its favorite habitat is in the waters of some bay or at the mouth of a river, and it seems to prefer shallow water to that of much depth. Consequently, such bodies of water as Delaware Bay, Chesapeake Bay, and the protected channels along the coasts of Virginia and other South Atlantic and Gulf States, fairly swarm with these creatures. Chesapeake Bay is especially favorable and has long been famous, not only for the great number of crabs which it produces, but also for their large size and exceptionally fine flavor.

Although the blue crab is essentially an inhabitant of salt water, it is frequently found in water that is only slightly brackish or even apparently quite fresh. Specimens have been recorded from the Hudson River as far north as Newburg, and on creditable authority I have learned of the presence of an occasional individual in the Potomac River and the Eastern Branch opposite the city of Washington. At Crisfield, Md., and at other points along both the eastern and western shores of Chesapeake Bay, I have frequently observed the blue crab in ponds and ditches, often at a distance of a mile or two from the bay and in water that was nearly fresh.

Power of Movement.

Either in the water or on land the blue crab is an animal of great activity and has considerable power of endurance. Progression through the water is effected by means of a sculling motion of the broad, oar-like posterior legs, and under ordinary conditions is slow, the effort of the animal being apparently only to keep itself afloat while it is borne along by the current. Under these conditions the movement is either backward or sidewise. The shell is held with the posterior portion uppermost, the legs are brought together above the back and strike backward and downward at the rate of from twenty to forty strokes per minute. When alarmed, however, the animal strikes out with great vigor and rapidity, moving its paddles too swiftly for the eye to follow; it moves through the water almost as rapidly as a fish and quickly sinks below the surface. When on the bottom and undisturbed, the crab may be seen to walk slowly about on the tips of the second, third and fourth pairs of legs, the large pincers being held either extended or folded close under the shell and the paddles either raised and resting against the back of the shell or assisting the movement by slow sculling strokes. In such cases the movement is in any direction—forward, backward or sidewise—although the usual direction is sidewise. If the animal becomes alarmed it moves away by a combination of the walking and swimming motions and often disappears like a flash. In fact, so rapid is the movement that it is almost impossible to see how it is accomplished. It is too steady and uniform to be a series of leaps, and the animal seems too far above the bottom to be running upon it; yet all the legs are in motion except the large first pair. Of the latter, the one on the side toward which the animal is moving is held straight out sidewise, while the other is folded under the shell.

Method of Concealment.

The coloration of the crab is such as to harmonize very perfectly with the surroundings, and the animal attempts very little concealment if there are other objects on the bottom. Often, however, a clear, sandy bottom or some oozy pond will be found to be almost alive with crabs which have buried themselves until only their eyes and the antennæ are exposed. In thus hiding, the crab goes nearly vertically backward into the bottom and then, by a few movements, turns slightly, so that the shell rests at an angle of about 45 degrees. The material above settles down and effaces all traces of the entrance. It usually happens that the bottom affected by the crab is firm enough to render this operation somewhat slow, and it rarely attempts to escape pursuit in such a way. It seems probable that concealment is usually adopted as an ambush from which a sudden attack can be made on some passing fish.

In certain places, notably shallow ponds and streams which become nearly dry at low tide, the crab may be observed to dig rather large conical holes, apparently as reservoirs, and to take up its position in the deepest part. The work of making such an excavation often requires two or three hours, usually commencing soon after the tide has begun to ebb strongly and continuing until the edge of the excavation is nearly exposed above the water. The animal works from some suitable point, carrying away load after load of material clasped between the large claw and the lower surface of the front of the shell. It loosens up the surface with the tips of its second, third and fourth pairs of legs, grasps all it can carry and then moves off a few inches in the direction of the side which bears the load and deposits it so that it will not roll back. Thus the hole is gradually deepend and the surrounding circle built up and widened until it has a breadth of about a foot, with a depth of perhaps six inches. The crab then settles itself into the sand or mud at the bottom of the hole and waits until the rising tide offers an opportunity to move about again.

The blue crab has very seldom been seen to come out on land voluntarily, although it is able to sustain life for several hours when removed from the water. In low, swampy situations I have occasionally seen an individual moving about in the dense grass or hanging to the grass just above the water, and in Miss Rathbun's paper, "The Genus Callinectes," there is a description by Mr. Willard Nye, Jr., of the migration of a large number of crabs from a small pond to the ocean over a beach 400 feet wide. They had been imprisoned in the shallow water and were forced by cold weather to make the excursion to deeper places.

During the molting periods the crab will always hide itself, if possible, under some submerged timber, rock, or bunch of grass. Here it will remain quietly until after its shell has been shed and the new shell has hardened.

The color of the crab is more or less variable, and it is believed by the fishermen that the animal is able to change its hue slightly to approximate the color of its surroundings. Light grayish-green individuals are said to be taken on sandy bottoms, while the dark olive-green are said to be found among the grass. This theory, however, is not very well borne out by crabs held in captivity in the live boxes, for there they retain their original colors, and even after they have cast their shells exhibit quite as much variety as before.

Food.

The blue crab's food is of a varied character, but the animal is pre-eminently a scavenger and a cannibal. In the shallow waters of ponds and small tidal streams it preys to a certain extent upon small fish, which it stalks with some cunning and seizes by a quick movement of its large claws. In such situations, too, I have sometimes observed it nibbling at the tender shoots of eel grass or other aquatic vegetation, or picking at the decayed wood of some sunken log. Its favorite food, however, is the flesh of some dead and putrid animal, to obtain which it will travel a considerable distance from its hiding place. A piece of stale meat or a rotten fish will attract the crabs for several yards around, and they will swarm over the morsel until it is entirely devoured. The offal from stables and water closets which project over the water furnishes the crabs with many a meal, and in such spots numbers of the animals may be observed lying in wait for food.

Wherever crabs are abundant they constitute a source of great annoyance to fishermen, for they are adepts at stealing bait from the hooks, and will return time and again after having been drawn to the surface of the water and apparently frightened away.

An injured crab, if thrown into the water, will be speedily set upon by its associates and torn to pieces. Even one that is uninjured, if small or in the soft-shelled condition, is likely to be captured and eaten by stronger individuals.

In eating a bit of food the crab first grasps it in the large claws and pushes it back under the front of the shell, where it is seized between the tips of the second pair of legs and pushed forward and upward to a point where it can pass between the third maxillipeds to the jaws. These strong organs masticate the food while the other mouth-parts prevent the escape of the smaller particles. It is then swallowed and the complicated set of teeth in the stomach reduce it to a thin fluid mass before it is allowed to pass into the intestine.

Digestion in the crab seems to be a rapid process, for the food disappears so quickly from the stomach that this organ is usually found to be perfectly empty within a few minutes after having received a full meal. It is a common idea among the fishermen that food is not retained in the crab's stomach at all, but this I have disproved by numerous dissections.

Reproduction.

The sexes of the crab are separate, and reproduction is effected by means of eggs, which are laid by the female after copulation.

Crabs may be found pairing at almost any time during warm weather, but there seem to be five or six periods between early June and the beginning of cold weather, when the act is at its height. During these times mated crabs, "doublers," as they are called by the fishermen, are found in considerable numbers, either lying on the bottom in shallow water or swimming at the surface. It appears that the male crab is able to distinguish the female which is about to shed her shell, and having found such a one, seizes her and carries her about with him, sometimes for a day or two, until the shedding of her shell is imminent. He then places her in some sheltered place and stands guard over her ready to repel the advances of any other male. At this time the female invariably is of the virgin form, and copulation has not taken place. When she sheds her shell, however, she has passed into the ovigerous form, the broad semi-circular abdomen of her new condition having been withdrawn from the shell of the narrow triangular abdomen of the virgin form. She is now ready for copulation, and is immediately approached again by her mate. When the female is ready to produce her eggs for this act it seems that she seeks the ocean or the mouth of some large bay. In Chesapeake Bay mating crabs are abundant at least as far north as Annapolis, but a crab with eggs is very seldom found there. On the other hand, at Cape Charles City, Va., at Hampton, Va., and neighboring points, egg-bearing females are far more abundant than either males or virgin females during the latter part of summer, but apparently do not often come into shallow water.

The eggs of a crab are very minute, about one-one hundredths of an inch in diameter, and they are very numerous, it having been estimated that a single female may produce as many as 3,000,000. As soon as the eggs are laid they adhere to the fringes of hairs on the swimmerets and form a mass which is nearly a third as large as the female's body. They are carried about thus until they hatch, when the young, after clinging to the mother for a short time, loosen their hold and begin a free existence.

Molting.

In practically all the lower animals whose bodies are incased in a tough unyielding covering, extension in size and any change of form occurs not gradually and continuously, but suddenly and at intervals, and is always preceded by the casting off of the confining skin or shell, a process known as molting or ecdysis.

As the crab approaches the shedding period it begins to show its condition by various external "signs," which are well known to the fishermen and are of great importance to them. The first indication is a narrow white line which appears just within the thin margin of the last two joints of the posterior pair of legs. This line is so narrow and so obscured as to be barely visible, but it is immediately detected by the expert, and the individual bearing it is classed as a "fat crab," or more vulgarly as a "snot." Within three or four days the white line gives way to an equally narrow and obscure red line, and a set of fine white wrinkles makes its appearance on the blue skin between the wrist (carpus) and the upper arm (meros). Such a crab is known as a "peeler," and may be confidently expected to cast its shell within a few hours. As the time progresses the marks become more and more evident, and a reddish color (especially in virgin females) begins to appear at the margins of the segments of the abdomen. Then, on the under surface of the carapace, extending from the neighborhood of the mouth around the sides and backward to the posterior margin, there appears a narrow fracture, so that the whole upper surface of the shell can be raised up from the back like a lid, to expose the soft body beneath. Such a crab is termed a "shedder" or a "buster." At this time the animal usually lies motionless, but if disturbed is still capable of movement, and may crawl or swim slowly away. It is incapable of showing any great muscular force, however, and can inflict only an insignificant pinch with its claws.

The actual casting of the shell is now a matter of only a few minutes; a quarter of an hour will usually suffice, though the operation may be prolonged to three or four times that period if the crab is disturbed or if it is suffering from some recent injury. In the latter case it is often unable to complete the process and dies. By convulsive, throbbing movements the hinder pair of legs begin to be withdrawn from their encasement and are finally freed. Meanwhile, the other legs have been started out and the body has begun to protrude more and more from the shell. At last everything is out except the front of the body and the large claws, but the latter, on account of the great discrepancy between their size and that of the narrow articulations through which they must be withdrawn, require some further effort before they can be freed. The thing would hardly be possible at all were it not for the fact that on the upper surface of the large segment of the arm (meros) a broad triangular surface of the shell becomes loosened and rises up like a flap to make way for the crowded tissues within. Some of the hard shell of the other lower (proximal) segments also seems to become softened and elastic, so that by a steady pull the great pincers are finally drawn through. Thus the crab has backed out of its shell and meanwhile it has grown, for if it is caught and measured it will be found to be considerably larger than it was before.

The skin is soft and the animal looks and feels flabby and helpless. The back is wrinkled, and the "horns," or large lateral spines, are curled curiously forward. Within a few minutes, however, the body fills out, the horns straighten, and the growth at this interval is complete. The crab is now known as a "soft-shell," and from the æsthetic standpoint is at the height of its glory, for all the brilliant coloration of the various parts is undimmed by any of the shell deposits, the soft integument seeming to bear the bright pigments at the very surface.

Under natural conditions the crab usually selects some place of concealment in which to pass the period of shedding, and probably does not leave it until the new shell has hardened, but it is by no means helpless, even immediately after ecdysis has occurred. On the tips of legs which seem too soft to support any weight whatever it can walk away, or, if forced to make the effort, can swim. The new shell hardens quickly. Within twelve hours it becomes parchment-like and the crab is called a "buckler," "buckram," or a "bucklum"; in two or three days it is as hard as ever and once more starts out in search of food.*

Autotomy.

Autotomy, or the automatic throwing off of the appendages, is very characteristically shown in the blue crab and is of frequent occurrence. Very often if a large individual, in the hard-shelled condition, is captured and held by one leg it will snap the limb off and make its escape. Likewise, if one of the legs is injured toward the tip the entire member will be dropped off. The breakage always occurs at the same point—across one of the segments near the base of the leg—and is a provision of nature to prevent the animal from bleeding to death. It is practiced ordinarily only by the hard-shelled crabs; an injury to a soft-shelled individual usually causes death. Under other conditions, however—notably, a sudden lowering of temperature—the act has been observed, and in one of the early attempts to procure soft crabs for market, by confining the hard crabs in an inclosure until they had shed their shells, severe cold weather reduced the entire catch to a lot of legless bodies ("buffaloes," they are called by the fishermen).

Autotomy seems to be limited to the legs, for, so far as I have been able to determine, none of the other appendages are ever thrown off, although if they are forcibly removed they will be regenerated.

Regeneration of the parts cast off usually follows autotomy, but, according to the researches of several biologists, will not take place indefinitely. Three or four times seems to be the limit. The process of regeneration is quite rapid. At the first molt after a limb has been cast off, provided that the injury does not occur immediately before a molt, the new limb appears as a small bud in which all the missing segments may be found, coiled in an elongate spiral. At the next molt the segments straighten out and the new limb, except for its smaller size, looks like the one which was cast off. Another molt, possibly two, will be sufficient to restore the limb to its full size.

*It is believed by the fishermen that the molting of the crabs is influenced largely by the moon and the tides, but the evidence to support this theory is very contradictory.

THE MANY-USE OIL CO., N. Y.
Write for free sample. Thin oils cause film of rust on guns.—*Adv.*

Fishing Tackle Shop Talk.

Lloyd J. Tooley's great casting with half-ounce weight at the tournament held recently in Chicago has proved what the writer long ago claimed in these columns—that guides and tops on fishing rods are often so large that instead of being an advantage they are a positive detriment to long-distance casting. The writer, after a great deal of experimenting, has arrived at the conclusion that a rod should have four guides if 6 feet long, and three guides if 5½ feet long or less, the minimum length being 5 feet; and that both the guides and the top should be 5-16 inch caliber—no more and no less. This conclusion is based on the following arrangement of guides and top: An agate first guide, preferably 25 inches from the reel and not less than 20 inches; the guide raised well off the rod; German silver single-ring guides, the ring quite thick and of perfectly round wire, raised in the same manner as the agate guide and equally strong; and an agate top held by two wires, ending in a taper tube, with the agate offset enough to insure the free running of the line through guides and top without touching the tip during delivery. This for casting with half-ounce rubber frogs or weights under tournament conditions.

Now let us see what Mr. Tooley used in his great work, making the best single cast on record, 194 feet 8 inches, and averaging $176^{24}/_{60}$ feet in five consecutive casts on the grass, he standing on the ground level. His rod is 4 feet 10 inches long, made in two pieces, consisting of a 16-inch butt fitted with a double hand-grasp and the Kalamazoo style finger trigger or hook, so placed that it would fit the second finger of the right hand; and a tip 42 inches long, the material of the rod being split-bamboo, six-strip. This rod is equipped with three agate guides and an agate top. The first guide is ¼-inch caliber and is ⅜ inch above the raised rod; the second guide has a caliber of 3-16 inch and is raised 5-16 inch; the third guide, caliber ⅛ inch, is raisecl ¼ inch; the top, caliber ⅛ inch, is raised ¼ inch above the plane of the tip.

While the writer's deductions and those of Mr. Tooley do not agree, both prove, if anything, that the immense guides seen on many of the so-called Kalamazoo style casting rods are not necessary for long distance bait-casting, while Mr. Tooley's high scores in the Kalamazoo delicacy and accuracy events seem to show that his rod is equally adapted to fine and long-range work. But the writer's conclusions were based on the use of metal guides, only the first guide and top being agate, whereas Mr. Tooley employs agate exclusively. In this there is an immense advantage, since smaller guides can safely be used; but the writer proceeded on the theory that very few anglers care to expend from $5 to $10 on guides and tops alone, when by using agate first guide and top they can reduce the wear on the line materially. For everything but tournament use such guides are good enough. It seems, therefore, that 5-16 inch is the proper caliber for such fittings, for if the caliber is decreased toward the top there is too much danger of the line sticking to the metal guides and the top. Nothing apparently can be gained by going above this caliber, Mr. Tooley claiming the reverse applies; and the writer has indeed found this to be true with reference to large metal guides, his experiments including a great deal of casting with a rod 4 feet 11⅝ inches in length, and others of 5, 5½, 6 and 6 feet 2 inches.

Before going further, it should be said that the reel used by Mr. Tooley was not specially made for tournament use, but was taken from the manufacturer's regular stock, was used by him in all his recent fishing, and sells at a popular price at tackle stores throughout the country. The spool is long, as it should be for long-distance casting, and to be under perfect control.

The writer regrets that he does not know what line was used, but without doubt it was H size, and of hard braided silk, since it is claimed by many experts that they can do better casting with this size than with the regular tournament lines, and this seems to apply where one casts on the grass and the line is always dry. It also applies to very hard lines used in casting on the water; but an H line that will swell when thoroughly soaked is not so good as the tournament size. If one could spool the line evenly the smallest size would be superior without doubt; but one cannot do this with a quadruple multiplier without devoting a great deal of time to it, and the consequence is that wherever there is an opening between the coils the line will be pulled under, and this alone causes overrunning very often, particularly with fine lines. Too much cannot be said in relation to the proper line for certain casting, and one who wishes to do good practice work with the modern rod and free reel may blame either one of these when the fault is properly found in the line. Therefore, the line must be of the best. The reel will give good service, if it is mechanically perfect, whether it cost $5 or $50; and if the rod is of the right sort and the guides adapted to the work, then the caster must lay failures to personal errors. One may cast for an hour at some mark without getting a backlash; but if he will make five casts for accuracy at each of four marks placed 50, 60, 70 and 80 feet distant, then five casts for distance, he will find that a single backlash will cut down his score badly, and it is just such practice as this which shows how thoroughly he is prepared to risk twenty-five casts and not spoil the total by a fluke. He will find it discouraging, should he go into a tournament to make good scores at 50, 60, and 70 feet, then fall down and have some twenty or thirty points demerit tacked on his score as a penalty for losing control of the reel.

It may be argued that tournament and fishing conditions differ, and that there is no real advantage in casting 40 or 50 yards in fishing. While it is true that one does not always find it an advantage to cast long distances, the practice one obtains with the tournament rod enables him to master his tackle in fishing, whether he casts 10 yards or 50, and this practice is invaluable to any angler. Then there are times without number when one finds it an advantage to cast very long distances, and one who can do this will never regret the possession of the skill. At the same time casting practice should include delicacy and accuracy, as well as distance, since one does not often have occasion to merely comb the widest possible portion of fish water by long casts when well directed casts, be they long or short, will prove more fruitful in the long run.

While one can use a short tournament rod for both casting and trolling with success, the longer rod requires more skill, and is the more sportsmanlike without doubt; but it would be difficult to find a more satisfactory weapon than the little light rods that come under the modern term "short bait-casting rods." A 6-ounce rod 6 feet long or a trifle more, nicely balanced and not thicker than 15-32 inch at the winding check, seems to the writer to be well within the present-day trend toward lighter weapons for sport in forest and stream; and if the fish is given a fair chance to escape and not yanked up to the boat in the shortest possible time, the angler will enjoy the sport fully as much as he formerly did with 9 or 10-foot rods of much greater weight. The little 60 and 80 yard free reels lack great power. They are not to be regarded as winches with which to haul heavy fish out of the wet in the twinkling of an eye, nor are the short rods intended to be used as derricks, although they are somewhat stiffer than longer rods of the old days. Employed properly, however, one can enjoy the best of sport with them, and it may be a long time ere they lose popularity.

Some good things are being shown by manufacturers and inventors now, at the beginning of the selling season for tackle for next year's use. Among these the writer has been shown a line dryer which is no larger than a business envelope, a trifle more than ½ inch thick, weighs about 7 ounces and has no loose parts. It was shown that in one minute this device could be clamped on the rod, the hook, with sinker, cork or what not; in fact, attached to an eye made for the purpose, the line caught over two arms and the winding begun. Sixty yards of line can be wound on it singly, or 120 yards if double. The rod may be put away in the tent while the line dries, and in this shape the hooks are held securely to the dryer. In the morning the rod is taken out, the line reeled off the dryer and the latter detached, all without interfering with any attachments on line or rod. A simple arrangement prevents the line from twisting while it is being wound on the device.

Another device that is being perfected, but which I am not at liberty to describe at present, is intended to prevent the line on the reel from overrunning. It is a very simple but positively effective device, and if put on the market will save the beginner a lot of trouble, since he can use it with a free-running multiplier, yet all backlashing is prevented.

E. J. Mills, who cast 120 feet with the fly at Chicago, has shown me a couple of the weights used in the bait casting events there. With them a good many anglers may already be familiar, but for the benefit of those who are not, it may be said the ½-ounce weight is made of hardwood with a brass eye at the rear end and a section of lead at the nose, this held in place with a round-head steel screw. The length over all is a trifle more than 2 inches, and the diameter perhaps ½ inch. The device is in the form of a rather thick, short cigar, or, more properly, a torpedo. The "bow end" has just enough lead to carry the weight smoothly through the air. The ¼-ounce weight is very little smaller, but of the same form and construction.

Compared with the soft rubber frogs used in the tournaments at Madison Square Garden, an expert bait-caster ought to double the length of his casts, using these weights. But the frogs will not hurt spectators in the event of a line breaking during a cast, whereas one of the weights might cause severe injury, and such as these will hardly be likely to find favor here. Besides, it requires skill of no mean order to cast a rubber frog 143 feet 8 inches, as R. C. Leonard did last spring at the Garden, where the conditions are more trying than obtain outdoors; and if any contestant breaks Mr. Leonard's record, it will be something to be proud of.

The writer recently had the pleasure of trying a rod fitted with guides of a new design—and which, by the way, are raised somewhat like Mr. Tooley's guides, referred to above. But they are part of a complete set, which will include an agate first guide, two or three hard metal guides, and an agate top, and are not yet perfected, although they seem to be a great improvement over some of the existing types.

Perry D. Frazer.

The Mississagua River Country.

In response to inquiries, Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal, writes of the Mississagua River region:

The nearest hotel is at Biscotasing. The best map may be had of the Crown Lands Department, Toronto; Geological Survey Department, Ottawa, Canada. Guides' addresses are: Wm. Harris, Jr., Day Mills, Ont.; Hudson Bay Company, Biscotasing, Ont.; J. J. Huston, Thessalon, Ont.; John Reid, Desbarats, Ont. Mr. Harris will contract for parties of not less than three in number, to supply canoes, tents, guides (one to each person), provisions, etc., in fact, everything but blankets and personal belongings, for $6 per head per day. The other guides generally charge for independent parties $3 per day and $2.50 for assistants. The Canadian Pacific Railway has the best cedar canvas-covered canoes stored at Biscotasing, which they sell to sportsmen and tourists at cost price, $40 each, paddles $1.50 each extra.

The St. Marguerite.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Forest and Stream of Sept. 9 I note that your valued contributor, Mr. Chambers, in summing up the season's salmon fishing refers to certain rivers that proved good and others poor. Among the latter he includes the Ste. Marguerite as giving its fishermen poor sport. If this is the fact, I have in anticipation cause for great rejoicing. W. A. Macleod, of Boston, and myself are now sole owners of the upper portion of the Southwest branch of this river, having purchased it last spring from W. D. Winsor, of this city. This had previously been owned by David Blanchard, of Boston, and adjoins the waters so long fished by our genial friend, Walter Brackett. Although this purchase was not consummated until July, thus losing a week or ten days' of best fishing, I think my record there was quite sufficient to satisfy the most exacting fisherman.

I arrived at our camp Wilmac with my son July 5 and commenced fishing on the next day, remaining on the stream about two weeks. During this time our total catch was sixteen salmon, weighing on an average 22¼ pounds, the largest 36 pounds. Mr. Macleod followed me and caught a large number, but the average weight was not quite as high.

Of course Mr. Chambers could not have known of our (to us) good luck, or he could not have included the Ste. Marguerite in his list of poor rivers. While there I heard there was an unusual run of large fish early in the season, and I know the members of the Ste. Marguerite Club, who are located on the Northwest branch, had remarkable fishing for a few days.

In writing this I realize that this is not of particular interest to anyone but ourselves. However, inasmuch as you asked your readers to "report their luck," I think this record is such as to feel proud of, and very hard to beat.

H. O. Wilbur.

The Maine Salmon Preserve.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is testimony regarding the value of the Dennys River, in Maine, which cannot be gainsaid. It is one of the five rivers included in Dr. R. T. Morris' proposed segregation for appreciative anglers. The writer, Walter Brackett, who has a record and reputation, was on his salmon river, the Ste. Marguerite, at the time of writing. He was then in his seventy-sixth year. His elder brother, Ed. A. Brackett, of Winchester, Mass., who was reappointed State Fish Commissioner by the Governor last fall, is eighty-five years old, and has published two volumes of original poems and miscellaneous matter within the past two years. These are remarkable instances of vigorous longevity.

Charles Hallock.

"Saguenay County, Province Quebec, July 28, 1899.—*My Dear Friend Hallock:* I was much surprised to know that you were at Dennysville for the season. Pray what called you to my old stamping ground, where I have killed as many as fourteen salmon in a short season, but not where there were any slabs or sawdust? The place where I killed nearly all my fish is about a mile and one-half from the village, and a third of a mile above the site of an old mill, at the upper end of a long stretch of still water. I also used to get a few fish both above and below the falls near where the bridge on the Machias road passes. Mrs. Brackett is very well, as is also my son Arthur. As for myself, I am as well as I was thirty years ago. Seventy-six the 14th of last month, and able to kill a dozen salmon per day, if an opportunity should offer. I shall be home by the middle of September, and shall hope to see you when you pass through Boston.

"With the kindest regard, and wishing you all possible blessings, I am, as of old, your sincere friend,

"Walter M. Brackett."

Cannibalism of Bass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Attempts innumerable have been made to raise black bass by the usual methods employed in raising trout, wall-eyed pike, etc., in a fish hatchery, but failure has invariably resulted. The idea of propagating bass in a hatchery has not yet been given up. As I understand it, the method employed is to remove the large fish the moment the young fry are able to swim. In this way the diminutive fish are given a chance for their life, and being protected until they are of sufficient size to be turned loose with safety into a stream or lake. The purposes of a fish hatchery are, practically, carried out by this method, although the primary details are entirely different from those in connection with the hatching of trout.

The finding of a hundred little bass in the gullet of a grown bass, as referred to by Micropterus, leads one to believe that the life of a bass fry was anything but one long sweet song.

When one considers the cannibalistic tendencies of bass, and trout for that matter, it is a wonder that we have any trout or bass fishing at all. Yet, on the other hand, if it were not for just these tendencies and practices on the part of our game fishes, it would be a case of going into a stream when you wanted trout or bass and throwing them out with a pitchfork.

Chas. Cristadoro.

Fishing Notes.

Sayre, Pa., Oct. 6.—Susquehanna River fishing conditions have been far from satisfactory for the greater part of the season, and while there have been a few really good days of bass and pike fishing, the season for the most part has been what the market reporter would describe as only "fair to middling."

Frequent rains have kept the river in an unsatisfactory condition except at brief intervals. Oct. 3, on the Chemung River, three men in a boat (magic combination!) caught eighteen black bass, the largest of which weighed 3½ pounds, and the smallest 2½ pounds. This was really the finest creel of bass seen on the strects of Sayre this season.

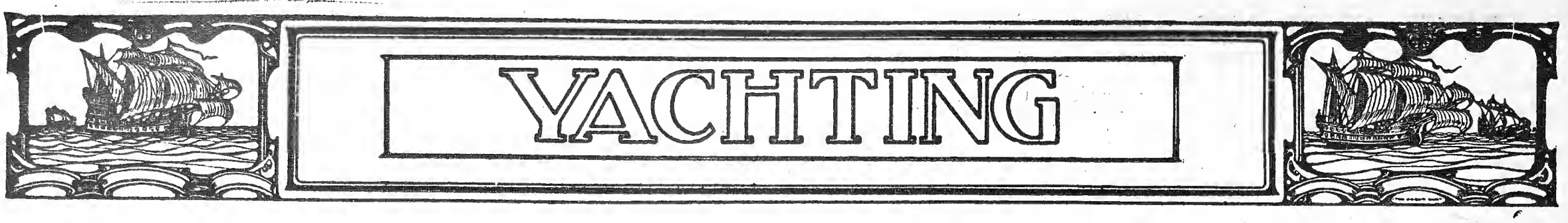
As a matter of fact, local anglers tell me that the Chemung in this locality has furnished better fishing than the Susquehanna this season, although fortunes may be retrieved on the Susquehanna during the next few weeks, if the present run of fine weather continues, for now, of all days of the year, yellow bass, alias pike-perch, alias Susquehanna salmon, are biting most freely. Above Sayre, say from two to six miles, are some delightfully pictured waters that yield enormous yellow bass, whose fighting qualities are above reproach and whose strength test the strongest tackle.

M. Chill.

Susquehanna Bass Fishing.

Owego, N. Y., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishing for black bass has never been as good in the Susquehanna River as it is at present. Large catches are universal.

W. L. H.



The Provincetown Hoodoo.

BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

We're not true Christians,
So 'alf the parsons tell,
We're silly, superstitious;
But I know bloomin' well,
That when from East to West direct
Through all the seas you sail,
You'll see a lot of queerer things
Than Jonah and the whale.
—The Limejuicer's Philosophy.

THIS is a true story.

When one thus prefaces his narrative you have a right to be as skeptical as prosaic experience and lack of imagination may warrant. Nevertheless, my story is a plain, unvarnished statement of facts. They may owe their corelation and sequence to nothing more substantial than coincidence. But that is for you to decide. I cannot.

It is true that long experience on the water and association with men of the sea may have wrought in me a certain respect for the standard superstitions of their calling. I admit that I believe it unlucky to begin a voyage on a Friday, or the 13th of the month. Experience has convinced me of that. Every time that I have started on a cruise on such a date I have been pursued by bad weather, foul winds, accidents and mishaps of every description. Why, I once—you know Mr. Kipling's apology. But prior to the summer of 1901 I had never placed any confidence whatever in the hoodoo superstition. I won't say that I do now, that is, not fully.

So much, by way of introduction, to convince you of my intention to relate the following facts with utmost candor and exact truthfulness. I have witnesses to bear me out in every statement, and I would willingly submit herewith a sworn affidavit that what I am about to relate is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." To present such an affidavit before my word has been challenged would be more likely, however, to excite your incredulity than to induce your acceptance of my story.

I first visited Provincetown in July, 1901, when cruising on a friend's knockabout, Oeewah. Going ashore that Alfred might telephone his wife (have you ever noticed how married fellows cruise—from telephone to telephone, ringing up their better halves to shout, "*I* am all right, kiss Lottie, good-by") we found that we must wait some time for him to get a clear wire. In order that I might see all that was "doing" on Provincetown's main thoroughfare, generally thronged with a kaleidoscopic throng of summer boarders, native Cape Codders and "'Gees," I took up a position on the front steps of the shop—perhaps "store" is the more common word on the Cape. I was not aware that anyone had approached me, but suddenly felt a light touch on my shoulder and heard, in a small boy's voice, "Say, Jack, you're a nice fellow."

I could but admit the soft impeachment.

"Say, Jack," continued the freckled-faced, stubby-nosed youngster, again stroking my shoulder, "Say, Jack, you're a nice feller; gimme a cent."

I told the flatterer that I had nothing less than a dime. He wriggled a bit, shuffled the dust with his bare feet and, with an air that Cæsar might have assumed when he crossed the Rubicon, said decisively: "Say, Jack, you're a nice feller. If you hain't got a cent, gimme the dime."

I hesitated, was about to yield, when suddenly the door of a store across the way flew open and a man called to me in alarm: "Hi there, that kid's the town hoodoo. If he teches ye he'll put a spell on ye, sure!"

"Say, Jack, I ain't no hoodoo. Folks only say I am," wailed the urchin. I—well I had fled to the depths of the store. Not that I believed in a hoodoo, but I—well just because the doctors tell you that spinal meningitis is not contagious you do not make it a point to consort with the victims of that disease.

But mark the course of events. When we returned to our dinghy the ebbing tide had left her high and dry on the flats back of the New Central Hotel. Taking off our shoes and stockings we dragged the boat down over the mud and waded out with her until there was water enough to float her. In so doing I stepped on a broken bottle and cut my foot to the bone. That night I had an attack of asthma, a thing I had escaped for two years and had never before suffered from when on the water. The next morning fog delayed our departure. We accordingly dined ashore at Captain Smith's hotel, where I swallowed a fish bone and had the most severe choking fit that I had ever experienced.

When we did reach Newport, Alfred, instead of the extra trousers for which he had telegraphed, received a pair intended for a boy of five years. Alfred is over six feet and weighs about two hundred.

But, levity aside—throughout the remainder of our cruise we experienced nothing but fogs with either a gale or dead calm. Added to these mutual troubles I had more asthma and another choking fit.

So much for experience No. 1.

I did not see Provincetown again for two years. But in 1903 I undertook to take a racing eighteen-foot knockabout from Boston to Bristol. On such a small boat, and one without a cabin, it was necessary to eat ashore as often as possible. So at Provincetown my companion and I sought the New Central Hotel. After a hearty meal we took possession of arm chairs on the hotel piazza and watched "the procession." I was telling Chandler about the hoodoo and laughing with him. He thought me quite a romancer.

Of a sudden I felt a light touch on my shoulder and heard, in a small boy's voice, "Say, Jack, you're a nice feller."

Chandler's chair came down on all fours with a bang. There at my elbow was the self-same youth as before, unchanged, save by the addition of a few inches in stature, a few more freckles, long trousers and a pair of shoes.

Let me say here that it was apparently impossible for anyone to have approached us unobserved, for the piazza was railed, was some two feet above the street level, and we were sitting with our chairs tilted against the building. Yet there he was, and on the same quest.

"Say, Jack, you're a nice feller; gimme a cent."

"Now, look here, boy," said I, "you put a hoodoo on me once, so don't touch me again and—get out!"

But he only smiled mournfully, stroked my shoulder again and began: "Say, Jack, I ain't no hoodoo. Folks—"

Determined to show no fear of a mere superstition I picked him up, politely (there is such a thing as hurried politeness) lifted him over the rail and dropped him.

I have heard all manner of men swear, but that youngster—well, he was not artistic, but he was certainly voluble and forceful.

On the way back to the boat I was glad that Mr. Horne's thoughtfulness in providing a float for visiting yachtsmen had removed all possibility of treading with bare feet upon broken glass.

The next morning we made a really remarkable run, as far as Nausett, where, without warning, the wind switched around, headed us off and blew great guns out of a clear sky. We fought our way down to Monomoy, but had to anchor and spend the night on the shoals in a sea that necessitated the use of oil to keep the Ayaya from being swamped. Daylight brought no better conditions and we were reluctantly compelled to retreat to Provincetown. We reached there after having had but one meal, thirty minutes' sleep and wet clothes most of the time in forty-eight hours. Arriving there, Chandler left me. He had "promised his parents," he apologized, he was awfully sorry to miss the fun, but—he left.

A long and tedious search ashore, during which I kept one hand on my sheath knife, secured a splendid man to finish out the trip with me. We had a beat to Monomoy in a double reef breeze, but rounded the point at dusk and were congratulating ourselves that we would soon make Hyannis, when the wind backed to southeast and at once blew a gale. We had to anchor and take it. I have written the reasons before, so will content myself with the bald statement that it blew sixty miles an hour all night; we were, pray remember, in a light-built racing craft with a flat bow. I was washed overboard but did get back without injury—no thanks to the hoodoo.

In the morning we ran into Hyannis. After a day there we started again only to break our centerboard whip, which, as her centerboard did not come above the rabbet line, caused more delay, and repairs being impossible we finished the trip with Ayaya in a semi-disabled condition. We arrived at Bristol too late to deliver the boat to the Herreshoff yard that night, but in time for Mr. Herreshoff to mistake me for a thief and treat me like one.

I then for the first time told Sparks, my man from Provincetown, of the hoodoo, describing his appearance.

"What, that kid?" he queried. "Why, that's Peleg Nye's boy. Of course if he touched you that accounts for everything. When I get home I'll kill him this time for sure."

Now, he knew the boy and whereof he spoke.

So much for experience No. 2.

In June of the following year, 1904, my wife and I visited Provincetown on our boat, Sassoon. Observe that her name is composed of seven letters and a double "o." This, according to a yachting superstition, is a very lucky combination. Those of you who recall the exploits of the Papoose, Babboon, Gossoon, Rooster, Tunipoo, Harpoon, Dragoon, Lookout and Outlook will appreciate the force of this superstition.

On going ashore I determined to keep my "weather eye peeled," as they say. A few hours passed off serenely. Then, while reading the inscription on the Pilgrim Monument in front of the town hall, I heard a familiar voice addressed to my wife, "Say, lady, you're a nice lady." (I had neither seen nor heard anyone approach us, and my wife subsequently informed me that the first knowledge she had of the stranger's presence was when he suddenly spoke.)

I looked up hurriedly, gave one gasp, seized Mrs. Barnard's arm and started on a run for the wharf. Naturally enough, my wife was very much surprised and startled.

"Did he touch you?" I asked.

"He? Who?"

"The hoodoo; that boy."

"That poor little chap. No. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. But we're going to go on board at once and sail at daybreak."

Which we did, and had no misfortunes thereafter.

It may have been due to the Sassoon's lucky name, it may have been because that boy did not touch either of us; it may be that he is not a hoodoo or possibly there is no such thing. But the only time I went to Provincetown and escaped immediate trouble thereafter was the only time I escaped being touched by my freckled-faced, stubby-nosed tormentor.

Were I facetious, like Mark Twain, I would tell you that if you doubted my word you could go to Provincetown and see the New Central Hotel and the Pilgrim Monument. Being serious, however, I can only refer skeptics to the "Cruise of Oeewah" in the March, 1902, issue of the National Sportsman; "Hull to Bristol" in FOREST AND STREAM, Volume 62, Nos. 1 and 2, and "Little Trips Around Boston," in FOREST AND STREAM, Volume 63, No. 26, or, if you wish to see a statement of all the facts supported by an affidavit, you can doubtless find my report before the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the American Society of Psychic and Legendary Research, in the bound volumes of that Society's reports, if you can find a set.

As I said at the beginning, I can only chronicle the facts, I cannot explain them. Can you?

Tacking Ship Off Shore.

(From FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 23, 1890.)

The weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain, and the lee shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow,
Is the light house tall on Fire Island Head,
There's a shadow of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is "Silence all!" as each in his place,
With gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down helm! Hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm cloud's frown.

Hight o'er the knightheads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Aye, aye, sir! Ha-r-rd a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed,
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "Mainsail haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go and haul!" 'Twas the last command,
And the headsails fill to the blasts once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the rain, or the reef, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

WALTER MITCHELL (born in Nantucket, Mass., 1826).

Tabloid Journalism.

"WE haven't an inch of room. Everything must be kept down," declared the managing editor, who was a staid and elderly personage.

Next day he sent for one of the sporting reporters.

"Here," said the editor, handing a copy of the paper to the reporter, who had supplied reports of yacht races and horse races which had been held at a certain place out of town, "what do you mean by this?"

The reporter read the paragraph indicated by the editor, and then asked:

"What's the matter with it?"

"What's the matter with it?" snapped the editor. "You say yacht races were sailed here in the forenoon, and that the horse races were held in the afternoon over the same course. Don't you see anything the matter with that?"

"Oh!" said the reporter. "Well, you know you ordered everything to be kept down, so there wasn't room to explain that the horse races were held on the beach when the tide went out."—New York Evening Globe.

RECENT SALES OF YACHTS.—The steam yacht Nerita has been sold by the estate of the late William E. Cox to Col. S. J. Murphy, Jr., of Detroit, Mich., through the brokerage department of Mr. William Gardner. This boat is 143ft. over all, 120ft. waterline, 18ft. 4in. breadth.

The sale of the bronze cutter yacht Neola, as mentioned last week, by Mr. George M. Pynchon to Mr. J. Berre King, and the 40ft. gasolene launch Hornet, belonging to Mr. Richard T. Wainwright, of Rye, N. Y., to Mr. Maurice Coster, of New York, were also arranged through this same agency.

Boston Letter.

Rating Rule Proposed for Y. R. A.—The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held on Thursday evening, Oct. 19, at which several important amendments to the racing rules will be proposed. The most important of the new measures is the proposed adoption of classes under the new uniform rule of rating. The classes suggested for adoption are from M, of 33ft. to 40ft. rating, to Class R, which rates under 18ft. The new rule has already been adopted by the Eastern Y. C. and the Corinthian Y. C., and the Boston Y. C. sailed two of its handicap classes under the rule during the season that has just passed. If the measure proposed in the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts is adopted at the annual meeting, it will mean the general adoption of the uniform rule throughout Massachusetts Bay, as about all the clubs hold their open races under Y. R. A. rules. It is expected that there will be considerable discussion over the adoption of the proposed classes.

It is also proposed to adopt the rules and classification of the American Power Boat Association, a matter that has been seriously considered by those in the Associated since early spring. There are many who believe that the control of the general power boat racing by the Y. R. A. will insure greater attendance at open events, and will aid greatly in developing racing among power craft in the Bay.

Amendments relating to the restrictions of 15-footers and to the method of obtaining sail area are proposed. It is also proposed to drop the 30ft. cabin class and the 21ft. restricted class.

Cape Catboat Association.—There is no doubt of the earnestness of those who have been interested in the revival of the once popular catboat, and who have been interested in the recently formed association for the development of the type. At a meeting of the Cape Catboat Association, held in Quincy on Oct. 2, a very complete set of restrictions were adopted for the future building and racing of the class, which are likely to go a long way toward assuring long life to the racing of catboats. Those interested were aware that a set of general restrictions on principal measurements would not be sufficient, but as there was not enough time when the Association was formed, the boats were allowed to race during the past season, under the best rules that could be devised at the time. The new restrictions just adopted are intended to cover everything and to encourage the building of new boats, it has also been voted that the restrictions adopted are to hold good for three years without amendment, unless some serious defect is discovered in them. The general restrictions follow:

1. A Cape catboat belonging to this Association shall be a seaworthy cruising and racing yacht, of centerboard type, strongly constructed, properly ballasted with fixed ballast, having good freeboard and substantial cabin trunk, with suitable cabin accommodations for cruising. No boat shall be admitted having a full, blunt bow, square sides, double rudders, bilge or leeboards, reverse curves in the fore-and-aft center line, or any other unusual features, and all boats admitted to the Association from this date must conform to the following specifications:

2. The over all length shall be not less than 22ft. nor more than 27ft., and the waterline length shall not exceed 25ft.

3. The total amount of the overhangs shall not exceed 20 per cent. of the length of the load waterline.

4. The racing length shall be the length of the load waterline plus one-third of all overhangs.

5. The minimum freeboard shall not be less than 7/8in. for every foot of waterline length. The minimum freeboard at the bow shall not be less than 1¾in. for every foot of load waterline length.

6. The forward side of the mast shall not be more than one foot aft the forward end of the waterline.

7. All ballast shall be below the cabin and cockpit floors or the transoms, and shall not be moved during races.

8. The topside of the cabin floor shall be below the load waterline not less than ½in. for every foot of load waterline length; for a space including the centerboard casing, the floor shall be not less than 3ft. wide and 5ft. long for boats under 24ft. waterline.

9. The minimum head room, in the clear, under the cabin trunk beams, over the cabin floor for the space required, shall be not less than 2½in. for every foot of load waterline length.

10. There shall be a substantial partition at the after end of the cabin, two lockers, and two transoms of suitable size to form a bed; cushions for each transom, one blanket for each member of the crew, receptacle for two gallons of water, one anchor and suitable cable, two life preservers, compass, lantern or lamp, lead and line, pump, fog horn, boathook and bucket. The fittings shall be on board in all races of the Association when the boat is measured.

11. The crew shall consist of not more than one person to every 4ft. of waterline length. The full number of crew the owner elects to carry shall be on board when the boat is measured.

12. Working sails only shall be used, to consist of mainsail and jib.

13. There shall be no reverse curve in the fore-and-aft center line of the boat; that is, the keel and keelson shall have a fair sweep from stem to sternboard.

All allowances shall be figured by the Herreshoff table.

Complete scantling tables are provided, giving required size of every part, and the wood to be used. This provides for strong, but not clumsy, construction. The materials chiefly specified are oak and hard pine, or their equivalent in strength.

Existing boats are eligible to the class, provided they conform to the rules regarding over all length and overhangs, and to the spirit of the rules in the judgment of the measurer and executive committee of the Association.

Two new boats have already been ordered for the class. Besides the one for Messrs. Dudley & Hodge, before mentioned in this column, Messrs. Small Brothers have received an order for a boat for Mr. A. L. Lincoln, of the Hingham Y. C. Mr. Lincoln sought to enter the former champion 21-footer Harriet last spring, but it was considered that she did not conform to the spirit of the rules. He has since sold Harriet to Mr. John Early, a Harvard student, who will race her in Pleasant Bay.

New Auxiliary Schooner.—An auxiliary schooner is being built by Mr. John Bishop, of Gloucester, for Mr. J. Fred Brown, of the Boston Y. C., who has been well known as a racing yachtsman for many years, but who forsook the racing ranks in 1901 for his cruising sloop Mariette, in which he has since sailed each season. The new schooner will be of the Gloucester type, 85ft. over all and 65ft. waterline. She will be equipped with a 50 horsepower engine. She is being built on the lines of the fishing schooner Priscilla, which Mr. Brown owns.

New Skene Designs.—Mr. Norman L. Skene has an order for a high speed launch for Mr. Herbert Austin, of Boston, which will be built at Lawley's. She will be 32ft. long and 5ft. 10in. breadth, and will be equipped with an engine of 25 horsepower. Mr. Skene also has an order for a cruising cabin launch for Mr. A. J. Kellar, of Buffalo. She will be 26ft. long and of 6ft. 9in. breadth.

Power Boat for Rochester.—Messrs. Small Brothers have an order for a 65ft. twin-screw power yacht for Commodore Pritchard, of the Rochester Y. C. This boat will have a fan-tail stern and clipper bow. She will be flush decked, with the exception of a pilot house, and will be fitted with two pole masts.

New One-Design Class for Duxbury.—Members of the Duxbury Y. C. are to have a new one-design class of 15-footers. These boats will be something like the Y. R. A. 15-footers, but will not be so powerful and will have less sail area.

John B. Killeen.

The Canada Cup Challenge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Whether the Rochester Y. C. will accept or reject the challenge of the Royal Canadian Y. C. to contest next year for the Canada cup, won in August by Iroquois in the match with Temeraire, is, strictly speaking, a question to be decided by the members of the local club, and in which it would ill become an outsider, not to say a landsman, to offer an unsolicited opinion. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that if the sentiment of the sport-loving people of this city, and even the people who would not confess to a weakness for sport, were to have any weight in deciding the question, it would be overwhelmingly in favor of answering the challenge in the affirmative.

The writer is not aware that acceptance of the challenge would entail the expense and labor of building a new boat to defend the cup. There does not seem to be any reason why the winner should be under any such obligation; for they may well say to the challenger, "Defeat our present boat, and we will try again with a new one." Assuming then that Iroquois is eligible to enter another series of races for the cup, would it be creditable to the Rochester Y. C. to decline granting the wish of the northmen for a chance next year? The cup was retained this year by a victory won under circumstances that might give color to the suspicion that denial of a race next August was inspired by fear of the result. Neither the Rochester Y. C., nor the community which the organization may be said to represent, can afford to rest for two years under such an imputation. In fact, there should not be any hesitation in advising the Dominion sportsmen that they would be welcome to another meeting off the harbor of Genesee as soon as they get their new boat in the water. They are the ones who will have to build, try out and go through all the worry of providing a challenger. If the Canadian designers and builders have learned anything now about the August winds and waters of the south side of Lake Ontario, they are entitled to a chance to demonstrate their increase in wisdom, and reap the reward—if they can. Unless the terms under which the cup was offered call for the holder to build a new boat every time a challenge is received, there would be no excuse for giving such a check to yachting on the lakes as would result from refusal to meet the Canadians next year. It would be more to the credit of Rochester sportsmen to engage in a match where they were sure of defeat, than to decline giving the Toronto men a chance at the silverware in 1906. No one with any red blood in his veins can sail from this side into a harbor on the Canada shore without hauling down his colors, until the challenge to sail for the Canada cup is accepted. Nor should there be any understanding, either expressed or implied, that the most skillful skipper in the Dominion must not hold the helm. The races are supposed to be for the purpose of demonstrating the capacity of the respective people as builders and sailors. In this keen encounter of maritime wits, of our hyperborean neighbors can handle the toy better than our young sailormen, the latter cannot learn the fact too soon, and put themselves to mending. Possession of the cup is not of overwhelming importance in any event; but it is very important that it be held no longer than can be done with honor.

Evidently the time must come when neither side can improve the speed of its boats, for perfection will have been attained. We may have reached that point now, and if so, all that remains to keep up interest in the international contest is to determine which side happens for the time to have the sharper skipper and crew. In such a comparison Uncle Sam's boys have usually given a good account of themselves, and there is no reason to fear that the breed is degenerating.

Genesee.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 7.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

New York Y. C. Meeting.—The fifth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, New York city, on Thursday evening, Oct. 5. Commodore Frederick G. Bowne presided and Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell acted in place of Secretary George A. Cormack, who is cruising in foreign waters on the steam yacht North Star with Cornelius Vanderbilt. The reports of the several committees and officers were read. Forty new members were elected, and three more that had been suspended were reinstated. Commodore Bowne appointed a committee to revise the racing rules. The following Nominating Committee was unanimously elected: Lewis Cass Ledyard, J. Pierpont Morgan, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.; Philip Schuyler, Seymour L. Husted, Jr., Robert J. Doremus, G. C. Clark, E. D. Clark, F. L. Rodewald and F. H. Von Stade.

* * *

Auxiliary Schooner Whim Launched.—There was launched from the yard of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Cons., Morris Heights, N. Y., on Tuesday, Oct. 10, the new auxiliary schooner yacht designed and built by the above firm for Mrs. T. B. McGregor, of Mamaroneck, N. Y. The boat, which was intended for southern cruising, is of shallow draft. She is 90ft. over all, 65ft. waterline, 21ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. Whim, for such is the boat's name, is of wooden construction. She is equipped with a 28 horse-power, 4-cylinder Speedway engine. Her complement of boats consists of a 12ft. dinghy, a 21ft. cutter and an 18ft. power tender. The yacht will leave for Florida in a few days.

GAS ENGINES AND LAUNCHES.

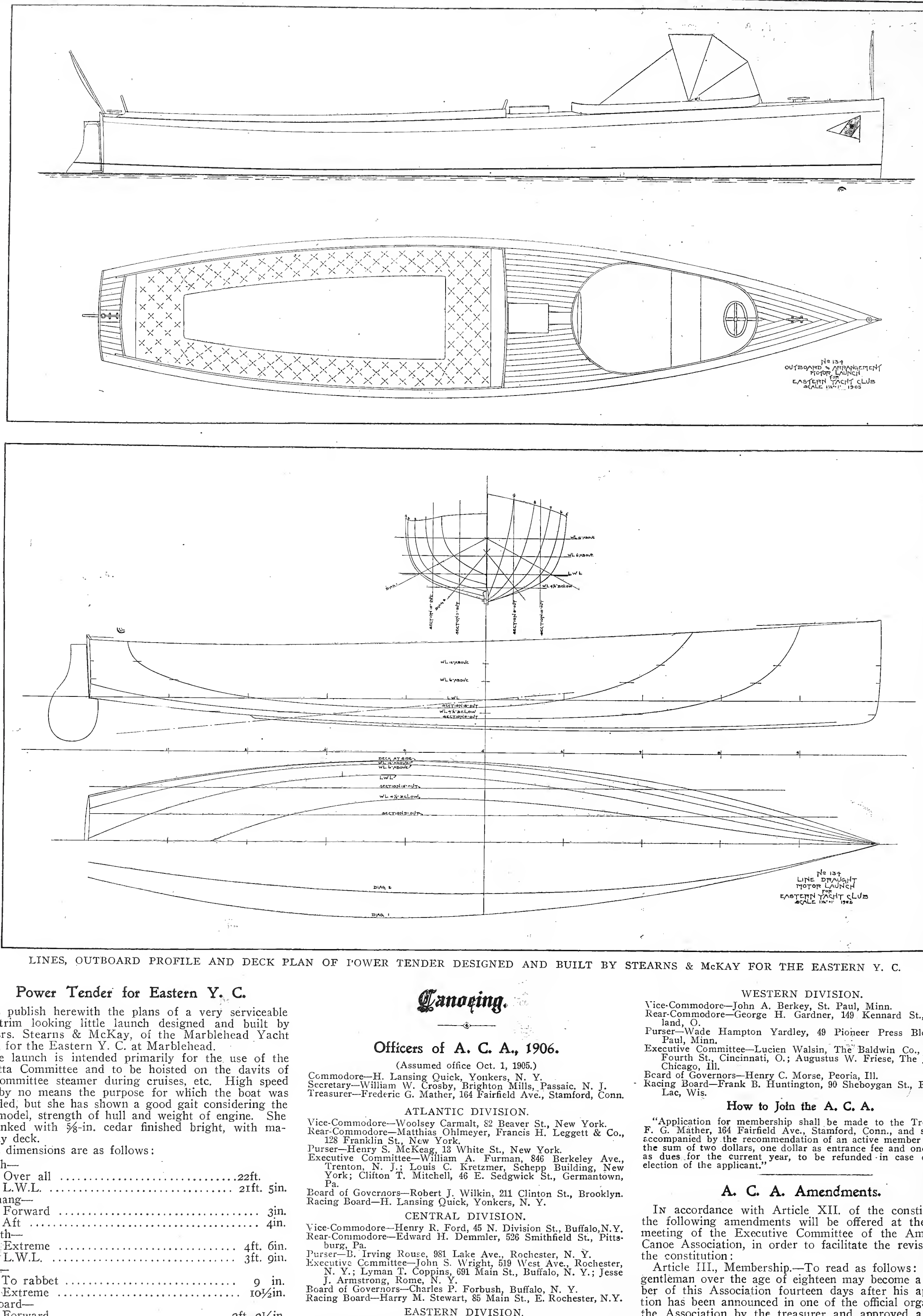
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Power Tender for Eastern Y. C.

We publish herewith the plans of a very serviceable and trim looking little launch designed and built by Messrs. Stearns & McKay, of the Marblehead Yacht Yard, for the Eastern Y. C. at Marblehead.

The launch is intended primarily for the use of the Regatta Committee and to be hoisted on the davits of the committee steamer during cruises, etc. High speed was by no means the purpose for which the boat was intended, but she has shown a good gait considering the easy model, strength of hull and weight of engine. She is planked with 5/8-in. cedar finished bright, with mahogany deck.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	22ft.
L.W.L.	21ft. 5in.
Overhang—	
Forward	3in.
Aft	4in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	4ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	3ft. 9in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	9 in.
Extreme	10½in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 2½in.
Least	1ft. 5in.
Aft	1ft. 7in.

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Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1906.

(Assumed office Oct. 1, 1905.)

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How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Amendments.

In accordance with Article XII. of the constitution, the following amendments will be offered at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association, in order to facilitate the revision of the constitution:

Article III., Membership.—To read as follows: "Any gentleman over the age of eighteen may become a member of this Association fourteen days after his application has been announced in one of the official organs of the Association by the treasurer and approved as provided in the constitution."

Article IV., Sec. 2, line 3: Strike out "practical canoeists only are eligible."

Article V., Sec. 2: After the paragraph beginning "The commodore shall be chosen from, etc.," insert "Note—The turns of the several divisions for holding the camp shall be as follows: Central, 1905; Northern, 1906; Atlantic, 1907; Eastern, 1908; Western, 1909." After the word "qualify" at the end of the paragraph beginning "The vice and rear commodores and purser shall be elected," add "unless in the judgment of the commodore and the Board of Governors it shall seem

advisable that there be a change of officers, in which event the commodore may appoint new officers."

Article VII., line 5: To read "Appoint for the annual camp a committee to have charge of the ladies' camp," striking out "A general meet, an associate member from each district with one active member-at-large as."

Article VIII., line 3: Strike out "And prior to Feb. 1" and add "and shall" before the word "appoint."

Article IX., Sec. 2, line 6: After the word "Division" insert "less expense incurred for collection of dues, mailing of notices, etc."

By-Laws.—Chapter I., Sec. 2, Paragraph 3: Strike out the word "Treasurer" in the second line and insert in its place "President of the Board of Governors."

JOHN S. WRIGHT,
C. F. WOLTERS.

Western Divison Officers.

At a special meeting of the Western Division of the American Canoe Association, held on Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 14, the following officers were elected: Vice-Commodore, John A. Berkey, 734 Dayton avenue, St. Paul, Minn.; Rear Commodore, Lucien Wulsin, 142 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.; Purser, Wade H. Yardley, 40 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn.; Executive Committee, George W. Gardner, 149 Kennard street, Cleveland, O.; A. W. Friese, 24 Sentinel Building, Milwaukee, Wis.; Board of Governors, Henry C. Morse, 1009 N. Jefferson avenue, Peoria, Ill.

A. C. A. Executive Meet.

Commodore H. Lansing Quick has called a meeting of the A. C. A. Executive Board to be held at 10 A. M., at the St. Denis Hotel, Eleventh street and Broadway, New York city, on Saturday, Oct. 14.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Oct. 22.—Cincinnati, O., Rifle Association annual prize shoot.

Telescope Sights.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editorial in Forest and Stream of Oct. 7 on this subject has been commented on freely and favorably by the riflemen of New York city. And in view of the fact that there is an important shoot to be held in the near future—the 100-shot match for the championship of New York city and vicinity, in Greenville Shooting Park, on Election Day—a few comments may not be out of place at this time.

The expert riflemen of the indoor and outdoor ranges in and about this city have so long been accustomed to using vernier rear sights and rather coarse pinhead front sights in shaded hoods that they dislike to discard these for anything so radically different as the telescope. This is particularly true of men past middle age, and a glance round the shooting house at any important shoot will show how many of those present are on the shady side of life. They are in the habit of purchasing a rifle which they and their friends believe is best adapted to their individual tastes; then having it improved in stock or barrel until it seems as nearly perfect as possible, after which they make few changes, and none at all without due deliberation. This is commendable, since the rifle shooter who is always changing and experimenting, seldom wins high honors in important shoots. But the younger men argue that the change from plain to magnifying sights need be no more of an experiment than having new reading glasses made when the old ones will no longer serve. One by one the older men are being convinced that they are not getting as high scores as they can hold for, and they are having telescope sights fitted to their rifles. This brings us to the point we wish to make.

In the editorial referred to, there is this statement: "There are two essentials in successful rifle shooting, namely, steady holding and accurate aiming." Very true. But shooters of the old school must practice entirely different methods when they use the telescope, or at least that is the best way to describe it. With the plain sights there are men who believe they can at times hold the front sight perfectly still for a sufficient time to press the hair trigger, but when these men practice with the telescope they find, to their astonishment, that there is never a single instant in which they can hold the crosshairs on the center of the bullseye. Wedded to the old habit of holding until they see (as they believe) that the front sight rests motionless on or under the bullseye, they tire themselves and wobble more and more until, in sheer desperation, they bang away anyhow, get a shot out of the bullseye, perhaps, and feel discouraged. The sooner they convince themselves that they must practice a different sort of aiming, the sooner will their scores show improvement. Proof of this may be found by any one who will place a telescope-sighted rifle on a table, hold it as steadily as possible, and try to keep the crosshairs fixed on the center of the bullseye. No matter how solid the rifle is on the rest, the least pulsation of one's arms will keep the crosshairs in motion, but whereas the variations while shooting at rest may not be more than a half inch on the target, in offhand shooting they may be sufficient to land the bullet two feet off the center.

The remedy is to practice a sort of snapshooting. It will be noticed that riflemen accustomed to aim and fire rapidly make the best shots with the telescope-sighted rifles. Glasses of low power are best of all for men long accustomed to peep sights, since the object is merely to magnify the target slightly, so that one can aim at its center instead of at the bullseye in a general way. A power of three diameters, or four at most, will give far better results than five or six power, for the low power glass will not magnify one's error so much, and he can come nearer to "holding on the center." The crosshairs, if rather coarse, will aid him in regaining confidence in his holding powers, and the rest is merely a matter of practice. Much of this can be had at home by placing a very small target in the strong light of a window and aiming at it until one notices improvement; but Barney Zettler, who knows riflemen thoroughly, says that if they practice on the indoor ranges during the winter with telescope sights, they will improve rapidly, since the indoor bullseyes are relatively larger, vibration is noticed less, and by the time for outdoor shooting, next season, they will be in trim to shoot in their old-time form. Barney's advice is always good. He advocates a power of three diameters.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

The Election Day Match.

The annual 100-shot championship match will be held this year, as usual, on Election Day, which falls on Nov. 7. The scene will be the 200yd. ranges in Armbruster's shooting park, Greenville, N. J. The details are not yet complete, but there will be several prizes, and the match will be open to any rifleman who cares to enter. The fee is nominal, and after the expenses for markers have been paid, the balance will be divided pro rata among the winners. Visitors can take any of the Pennsylvania ferries to Jersey City, then a trolley car to within two blocks of the park, where a substantial meal can be had at noon or after the match is finished.

The Zettler Indoor Season.

The indoor shooting season of the Zettler Rifle Club will begin Oct. 17 with the weekly club shoot at its ranges, 159 West Twenty-third street, this city. Thereafter club shoots will be held every Tuesday throughout the winter months. The programme and prize list will be ready for distribution this week.

The Lady Zettler Rifle Club will hold its first shoot of the indoor season Saturday night, Oct. 17, and again on the 28th, or twice every month throughout the winter. This organization has a goodly list of members, and it is noticeable that a good many young women are taking an increased interest in its matches.

At Walnut Hill.

Walnut Hill, Mass., Oct. 7.—A number of visitors were present to-day at the weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. There was a variable wind and a good light.

Oct. 14 the annual competition for the N. R. A. medal will be held. The match is open to members only. Distances 200, 300 and 500yds., military rifles. The scores:

Members' offhand match:

R L Dale	9	9	9	9	10	9	9	9	9	9—91
	10	8	9	8	9	8	7	10	9	7—85
O M Jewell	10	8	10	5	9	10	9	5	6	10—82
H C Bowen	9	4	5	7	10	10	9	9	8	8—79
G H Blair	7	6	7	9	9	9	5	8	5	9—74
M T Day	9	8	7	7	8	4	9	6	4	10—72
A W Hill	7	5	6	5	8	8	10	6	9	6—70

Fifty-shot rifle match:

A Niedner	16	22	20	22	22	22	22	21	24	21—212
	24	23	23	20	23	23	25	18	19	20—220
	21	17	23	21	19	22	10	25	22	22—211
	19	22	21	24	19	23	19	23	23	23—216
	24	22	23	19	19	19	22	22	25	25—220—1079

Long range rifle match, 1,000yds.:

F Daniels	4	4	3	4	5	5	5	4	4	5—43
	3	4	3	5	5	0	5	5	5	3—38
	5	0	4	5	5	5	5	0	4	5—38
R L Dale	4	4	5	4	3	5	5	0	5	5—40
W Charles	4	5	5	4	4	4	3	0	5	4—38
	4	4	4	3	2	2	5	5	3	4—36
F Carter	4	5	5	5	0	4	0	5	5	3—36
J B Hobbs	4	3	2	3	5	5	0	2	5	5—34

Military rifle match:

R L Dale	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—48
C D Berg	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4—45
F Carter	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	4—44
H Cushing, Jr.	5	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4—44
A W Hill	5	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4—40

Pistol and revolver match, 50yds.:

I James	9	6	7	9	10	10	10	8	8	9—86
	10	8	7	9	10	10	7	6	8	9—84
W A Smith	8	6	10	9	10	9	6	8	7	9—82
C F Lamb	9	7	5	9	10	9	8	7	8	9—81
M T Day	6	8	9	5	7	6	6	8	10	9—74
J B Hobbs	9	6	4	7	7	6	8	10	9	6—72

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The Dayton Sharpshooters had a fine day on Oct. 5 for their regular monthly cup shoot, a light breeze tempering the heat of the sun, and making very comfortable conditions in the shooting shed. All matches were at 200yds., muzzle rest, on the Sharpshooters' target; center value 24; 12-inch bull, ½in. circles. Some time was taken up in sighting shots, and then a few practice shots were fired, three each, possible 72 points. G. W. Sander was high, 19, 22, 23—64. John Boehner 17, 22, 21—60, and Adolph Schwind 18, 21, 21—60. J. F. Beaver and Gus H. Sander 53 each, and H. K. Schwind 51. There were ten entries in a sweep, 25 cents entrance, two moneys, three shots, possible 72. Gus H. Sander took first with 23, 22, 19—64; John Boehner second with 14, 20, 23—57; A. Schwind 17, 20, 18—55. The cup shoot was five shots; possible 120. John Beaver won last month, but lost by 2 points to-day to A. Schwind, who scored 18, 22, 23, 20, 21—104. Beaver 20, 18, 23, 22, 19—102. Gus H. Sander 21, 24, 24, 15, 17—101. J. Boehner 14, 24, 18, 22, 22—100. H. K. Schwind 99, C. W. Sander 98, J. Rappold 97, G. R. Decker 95, B. Mescher 75, W. Kernan 71. This makes the third time this year that Adolph has won the cup, but not consecutively, and the cup therefore remains the property of the club, to be shot for next year. In the four years that this cup has been in competition, Adolph Schwind and John F. Beaver has each won it eight times. Mr. Beaver's aggregate score is 36 points ahead of Mr. Schwind's. The date for the forty-second annual King shoot will be announced soon. This is the club's greatest event of the year for members and guests. There will be the King shoot and cup contest for members, and offhand and rest contests at 100 and 200yds. for cash prizes, open to all.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., G. C. tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 13-15.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins semi-annual tournament No. 2, targets and live birds. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
Oct. 14.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C. prize shoot.
Oct. 17-18.—Raleigh, N. C., G. C. tournament. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., G. C. shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Oct. 19.—Shrewsbury, Pa., G. C. shoot. W. H. Myers, Sec'y.
Oct. 21.—Plainfield, N. J., G. C. merchandise shoot.
Oct. 26.—Edgewater N. J.—Palisade G. C. shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

NORTH NEW JERSEY SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Oct. 14.—Orange at Dover.
Oct. 19.—Newton at Morristown.
Oct. 21.—Montclair at Orange.
Oct. 28.—Dover at Montclair.
Nov. 2.—Montclair at Morristown.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. A. Vance, Capron, Ill., informs us that he will hold a one-day live-bird shoot at Sharon, Wis., on Oct. 31.

The Montclair team defeated the Newton team on the grounds of the latter, Oct. 7. The scores were 109 and 104.

Mr. J. B. Haywood won the club prize at the Hillside Club shoot on the Chestnut Hill, Pa., grounds, Oct. 7.

The Kentucky championship, held at Louisville, Ky., was won by Mr. Alfred Clay, of Paris, Ky., a famous trapshot of the Clay family. He scored 24 out of 25.

After an absence of some weeks on business, Mr. Frank Lawrence, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., sojourned in New York a few days of this week.

A correspondent informs us that 2,000 spectators witnessed Miss Annie Oakley's (Mrs. Frank Butler's) exhibition of fancy shooting on Oct. 7, at Newton, N. J.

At the shoot of the Media, Pa., Gun Club, on Oct. 7, Mr. J. E. Copple was high man in every event, scoring a total of 112 out of 125 targets, nearly a 90 per cent. performance.

At the weekly shoot of the Meadow Springs Gun Club, Philadelphia, last Saturday, Mr. Andrew Moore won the club prize. Mr. Chadbourne was high with 80 in the 100-target event.

Eight members of the Emerald Gun Club participated in a shoot on Oct. 4, for the combined months of March, April, May and June, 10 birds for each month, a total of 40 for the shoot.

The cup contest of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club, finished Sept. 30, was won by Mr. W. H. Snow with a total of 215 out of 250 shot at. Mr. C. L. Kites was second with 189. The cup series had ten events, each at 25 targets. The club closed their practice season on Sept. 30.

Oct. 14, Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club members will get busy. Those who are shooters are invited to participate, in view of the tournament, Oct. 18 and 19. Dr. W. L. Gardiner, Orange, N. J., has donated a "snake ring," set with diamond, for the special event on the first day, in a 50-target handicap.

At the two days' shoot of the Scranton, Pa., Gun Club last week, Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, of Baltimore, won the silver coffee set, the prize for high average. He broke 367 out of 400 targets. Mr. Sim Glover, of New York, was second with 357. Mr. Gus E. Greiff, was third, and Mr. Neaf Apgar was fourth.

On Oct. 6, Mr. J. J. Fleming, of Newark, N. J., was victor in the contest for the Lafiin & Rand trophy emblematic of the inanimate target championship of New Jersey, defeating the holder, Mr. F. C. Bissett, by a score of 42 out of 36. The contest took place at Waverly, under the auspices of the Forester Gun Club.

Four loving cups and two beautiful gold medals are attractive prizes of the programme arranged by the managers of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club for their handicap shoot, Oct. 14. There are only a total of 60 targets in the events, and a $5 prize for amateur average is provided. Practice will begin at 1 o'clock. F. K. Stelle is the Secretary.

The famous experts, Mr. Edward Johnson, of Atlantic City, N. J., and Frederick Coleman, of Philadelphia, shot a match at the former place, on the Pleasure Bay grounds on Saturday of last week. The conditions were 100 targets, $100 a side. Mr. Johnson won by the score of 96 to 80. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the contest.

Messrs. John Schoffley and Stephen Kurtz have agreed to shoot a match at 21 pigeons, Oct. 27, on the Mahanoy City, Pa., Athletic grounds. Conditions, $150 a side, 15 birds, 21yds. rise, Schuylkill county rules. Also at Mahanoy City, Oct. 28, Messrs. W. Fox and M. Dempsey have agreed to shoot a match at 19 birds, for $200 a side. Odd kind of game, but nervy.

The programme of the Palisade Gun Club shoot, fixed to be held on Oct. 26, at Edgewater, N. J., has four events, three at 20 targets, Rose system, $2 entrance, and one at 100 targets, $7 entrance, $20 added, high guns. Optional entrance $1.50 for a $25 kodak in the 100-target race. Cash average prizes. Sliding handicap. Guns, etc., marked in owner's name, express prepaid, care W. Benison, Edgewater, will be delivered free on grounds.

The Plainfield, N. J., Gun Club announces a silver and sweepstake shoot, to be held on Oct. 21. The programme consists of ten events, six of which are at 10, one at 15, two at 20, and one at 25 targets. Entrance, 50 cents and $1. Totals, 140 targets, $7 entrance. Shooting will begin at 10:30. High amateur averages, $3 and $2. Lunch served free to shooters. Ship guns and shells prepaid to Harry Drier. H. P. Vasseller is the Secretary.

The generous donation of $500 gold, added to the New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament, Oct. 3 to 5, drew only fifteen amateurs. As this club is one of the most popular in the West, the small attendance with such generous provision for the winners, is astonishing. Perhaps the loose money of an insurance company's treasury would be large enough to honor with notice, if added.

The fifth annual tournament of the Raleigh, N. C., Gun Club, to be held on Oct. 17 and 18, has a programme of ten 20-target events, $10 added to each, $2 entrance each day, with a special 100-target event on the second day for the Laflin & Rand cup. The grounds will be open for practice on Oct. 16. Class shooting. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, care of R. T. Gowan, Raleigh, N. C., will be delivered on the grounds free.

For their shoot on Oct. 14, the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club provides a programme of five events, the third of which is a three-man amateur team race, 50 targets, for the Dupont inter-city championship cup. The other events are at 15 and 20 targets, $1 entrance. Silver prizes will be rewards. Ladies' contest, with "soaring eagle," will be repeated by request. Shooting will commence at 11 o'clock. The shoot is to assist in providing necessaries needed in the coming winter, for the Children's Home.

The event of the second day at the tournament of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association, Oct. 3-4, was the run of 128 from the 20yd. mark, made by the famous expert, Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, of Baltimore. He broke 172 out of 175, and broke 25 straight in a merchandise event, a total of 197 out of 200 for the day, a 98.5 per cent. gait. He also was high for the two days. Mr. E. H. Storr and Harvey McMurchy were second in the two days' high average. The leading amateurs were Messrs. German, Foord and Dupont.

At the three-day shoot of the New London, Ia., Gun Club, Mr. W. R. Crosby made a short run, only 271; that is, short compared to some prior runs made by him. In the Indians, of which he is an honored member, he is known as Chief Kinnikinnick, because of his violent dislike of tobacco and tobacco chewers. He also made high average, 592, for the three days; Mr. J. L. D. Morrison was second, with 578; W. Stannard was third, with 566. Of the amateurs, Mr. J. W. Garrett was first, with 577; Messrs. Barkley, of Chicago, and Hoon, of Iowa, were tied for second on 559. Mr. Garrett made a run of 142 on the first day.

BERNARD WATERS.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Oct. 7.—Next Saturday, 14th inst., will be the regular practice day of the Ossining Gun Club. Members who wish to qualify for the team shoot, to be held on the 19th, should get out for some practice. Any non-members who expect to attend the tournament on the 18th and 19th are cordially invited to come up on the 14th and try the grounds. Dr. W. L. Gardner, of East Orange, N. J., has very generously donated a $50 diamond snake ring, to be shot for on the first day of the tournament in a special 50-bird handicap, 14 to 22yds., open to all. This should prove quite a drawing card. As the programme calls for but 165 targets, these 50 extra birds can be easily run in. Come up and shoot through both days and stay over, for the hotel accommodations are good and there will be plenty doing.

C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Medford Gun Club.

MEDFORD, Oregon.—The first annual tournament of the Medford Gun Club was held Sept. 22 and 23, with fifty shooters present. The programme consisted of 200 targets each day, and 20,000 were trapped. The weather conditions were perfect, and the early predictions that good scores would be made were fulfilled.

The shoot was held beneath a grove of massive oaks, which, with tents dotted here and there and tables loaded with fruit and eatables of all kinds, made a very attractive ground for the smashing of mud saucers.

Besides many local shooters and manufacturers' agents, we had with us the old reliables—W. F. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia.; Rollo Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio; H. C. Hirschy, of Minneapolis, Minn.; J. S. Fanning, of New York; Thos. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., all professionals of the first caliber, and C. M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., and C. D. Plank, Colo., the clever amateurs.

Crosby won the high average in the professional class by breaking 394 out of 400, and was presented with a beautiful mounted Mongolian pheasant for doing the trick. He also made runs of 126 and 101 without a miss.

Gilbert came next, with 392, and made runs of 118 and 154. The latter is within three birds of the Pacific Coast record, which was made at San Francisco by Mr. Crosby in the Interstate tournament.

Heiks was next in line, only missing 10 and made a run of 117 without a miss.

Fanning created a separation with 381; Marshall with 356, and Hirschy with 361.

C. M. Powers shot in his usual good form, only missing 14.

C. D. Plank shot well the first day, and retired on the second on account of illness.

First general average for amateurs was won by C. M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill.; second by M. O. Feudner, of San Francisco, and third by Mr. W. H. Varien, of Pacific Grove, Cal.

The lady shooters shot well, first general average going to Mrs. Young, of Portland; second, to Mrs. Snyder, of the same city, and third, to Mrs. Holmes, of Salem.

Miss Hazel Enyart, after breaking the first target she ever shot at, retired with 100 per cent, beating Crosby for high average; besides, she has the honor of having killed the bear which was served to the shooters at Hotel Nash, with mountain trout also on the bill of fare.

Special mention should be made of the ladies of the "Booster Club" for the clever manner in which they entertained the shooters, and if our readers do not believe what the programme said, "that they would be made to go some," ask Marshall, Gilbert, Powers and a few more who were duly initiated.

The "Hoo Hoo Squad" must not be overlooked, as they went through a very difficult drill to the great amusement of all present.

The shoot ended at an early hour on the second day, and for the benefit of many spectators who arrived a little late Messrs. Marshall, Heikes, Hirschy, Gilbert and Powers, shot an exhibition match of 50 birds each, Mr. Powers making a clean score.

F. L. Carter and W. A. Hillis gave an exhibition of fancy rifle shooting, which was interesting and greatly enjoyed by all.

A number of shooters from Medford, Ashland and other points also participated and displayed excellent marksmanship. A few of them did nearly as well as some of the professionals. They will be heard from in future tournaments.

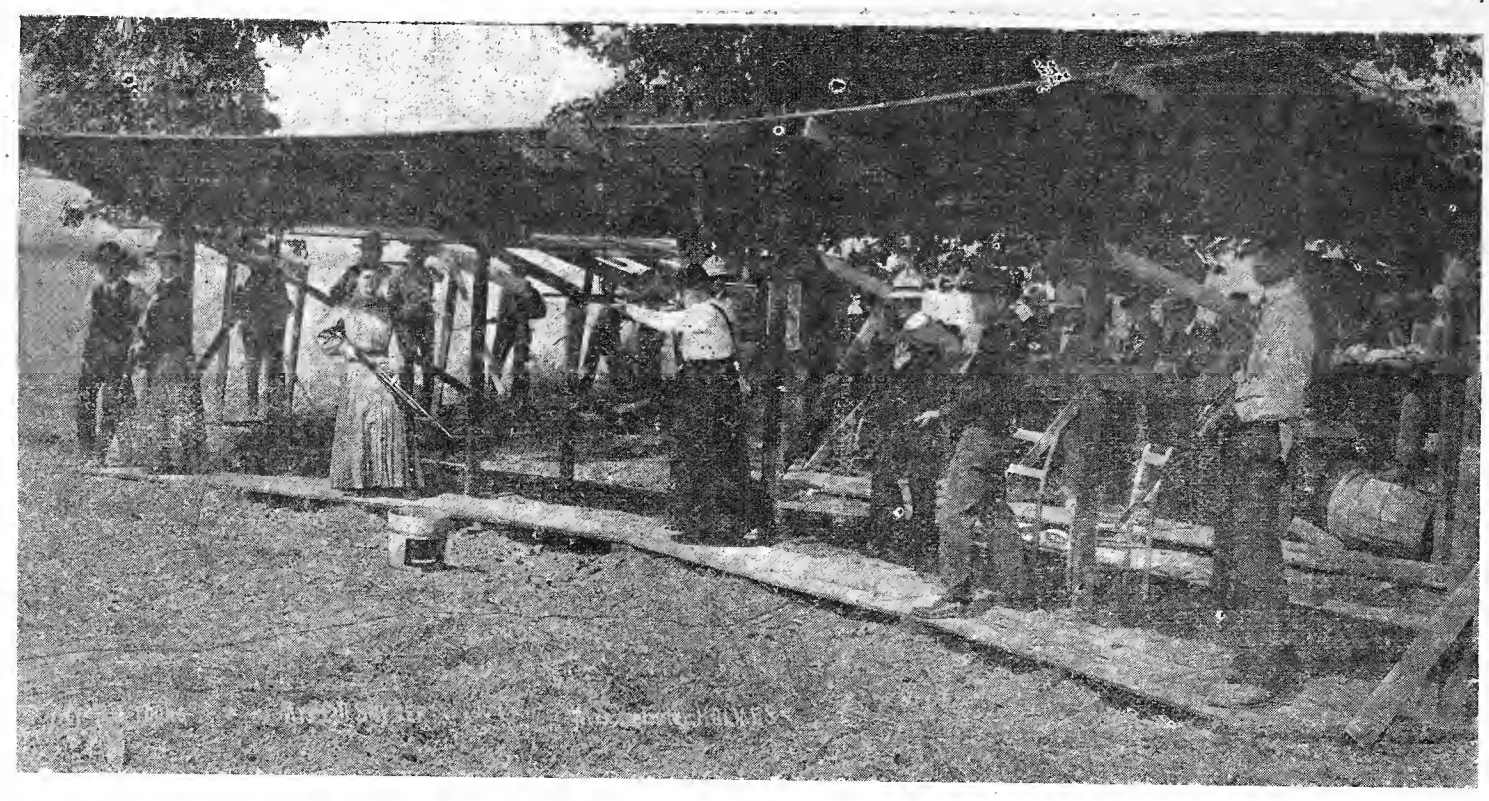
Most of the shooters left in a special car Saturday evening for Portland and other northwest cities, en route home.

Sept. 22, First Day.

Event:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	20
T A Marshall	14	16	16	18	20	20	19	17	19	20
W R Crosby	15	19	20	20	20	25	19	20	19	20
H C Hirschy	13	19	20	17	17	24	17	15	17	20
R Heikes	15	20	19	20	19	25	17	19	20	19
F Gilbert	12	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	19	19
J C Fanning	15	17	20	17	20	25	19	20	19	18
W H Seaver	15	15	18	18	16	22	19	20	18	19
E Holling	15	19	20	19	18	23	16	18	20	19
C Plank	13	19	19	18	18	23	18	18	18	17
C A Haight	13	17	15	16	17	21	20	17	18	18
D W King, Jr.	12	19	17	17	19	23	17	19	16	15
F C Howe	13	16	18	17	18	22	12	16	14	15
F L Carter	13	18	18	18	14	17	19	18	17	17
H Hoyt	8	14	15	13	12	18	14	16	18	13
W S Wattles	13	16	17	16	15	19	17	18	16	16
C M Powers	15	20	20	20	18	24	19	20	19	20
M O Feudner	10	18	20	18	18	23	17	19	19	20
Dell Cooper	14	19	17	19	18	24	20	19	19	17
E Schultz	10	17	17	14	16	20	16	17	17	17
W H Varien	15	18	20	18	19	22	18	18	16	19
C D Snyder	12	15	19	18	19	22	19	16	20	20
Kincaid	10	13	13	18	18	20	13	19	18	16
H E Boyden	15	19	16	16	14	14	12	12	13	15
J E Enyart	12	17	17	18	18	21	16	17	16	16
E Hafer	12	15	15	12	14	20	16	19	14	17
Mrs. Young	7	15	14	9	12	13	8	10	14	11
Mrs Holmes	11	13	9	13	14	10	8	7	9	2
Mrs Snyder	9	10	8	12	10	9	7	9	9	2
A C Hough	9	10	11	14	12	7	6	14	10	7
E Peyton	15	17	16	19	18	21	19	19	19	18
J A Perry	8	14	15	16	11	12	12	13	14	13
W H Dana	13	11	16	14	15	15	16	16	10	11
Neil	14	16	13	18	16	20	17	17	15	17
S J Wray	14	16	16	13	14	23	17	20	18	19
W A Hillis	12	16	19	18	20	21	17	19	18	19
J W Bradrick	12	13	19	20	19	20	17	18	16	18
A J Winters	13	14	19	19	18	23	19	17	16	18
H E Ellis	14	18	19	19	18	24	19	17	17	18
O Helman	12	18	19	24	18	23	19	17	18	18
J H Lewis	15	19	19	15	17	21	17	16	14	13
E Elwood	9	11	12	16	16	15	11	14	11	16
J C Hall	10	10	10	8	12	20	12	15	11	5
D W Fleet	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	16	17
J C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	16	12
A Guist	11	15	13	15	14	20	15	11	13	14
Ed Long	12	19	18	17	17	18	18	17	15	17
S Landers	11	16	14	12	14	15	17	17	14	10
W H Kay	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	13

Sept. 23, Second Day.

Event:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	20
T A Marshall	13	17	18	20	16	24	18	18	18	17
W R Crosby	15	19	19	20	20	25	20	19	20	20
H C Hirschy	13	19	16	19	19	23	19	18	18	18
R Heikes	15	20	19	20	20	25	20	20	18	20
F Gilbert	15	20	19	19	20	25	20	20	20	19
J C Fanning	15	18	19	17	19	25	20	20	18	20
W H Seaver	11	18	19	17	18	24	18	17	17	18
E Holling	15	20	19	20	18	19	20	18	17	18
C Plank	15	19	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
C A Haight	14	18	18	18	18	23	18	18	15	15
D W King, Jr.	13	20	20	15	13	23	16	20	14	14
F C Howe	13	19	19	18	17	23	16	20	18	17
F L Carter	12	17	18	19	19	22	18	17	16	14
H Hoyt	12	16	18	12	15	18	19	13	12	15
W S Wattles	10	16	15	16	18	23	14	19	18	15
C M Powers	14	20	20	19	20	24	18	19	18	19
M O Feudner	14	20	20	18	20	23	17	20	20	19
Dell Cooper	13	19	18	18	18	24	18	20	18	18
E Schultz	15	15	18	15	20	23	19	18	17	17
W H Varien	15	19	19	20	18	22	19	19	18	19
C D Snyder	15	18	19	19	20	23	17	19	18	20
Kincaid	11	14	14	13	14	15	13	15	18	18
H E Boyden	13	17	15	15	19	24	16	19	14	16
J E Enyart	15	19	19	17	15	24	18	17	14	18
E Hafer	13	19	15	15	20	20	20	16	16	16
Mrs Young	9	10	8	12	13	12	11	12	7	15
Mrs Holmes	3	6	4	5	5	6	2	6	6	9
Mrs Snyder	5	7	11	10	15	16	13	15	11	12
A C Hough	7	14	11	8	13	18	12	17	13	13
E Peyton	14	18	17	19	18	23	18	17	18	15
J A Perry	8	12	12	14	16	18	14	16	15	15
W H Dana	12	14	15	15	18	18	18	12	11	13
Neil	9	16	14	15	18	21	16	13	15	18
S J Wray	13	14	16	17	20	24	19	19	13	16
W A Hillis	14	18	19	17	19	23	16	17	19	19
J W Bradrick	13	18	17	17	18	16	17	19	18	19
A J Winters	13	18	20	18	19	21	15	16	17	18
H E Ellis	14	20	19	19	17	22	16	19	19	19
O Helman	14	16	17	18	16	23	20	16	13	17
J H Lewis	12	18	19	19	17	22	15	15	16	17
E Elwood	9	17	14	16	16	17	16	13	13	12
J C Hall	8	13	14	14	12	12	16	11	12	12



Mrs. E. E. Young. Mrs. C. D. Snyder. Mrs. Webster Holmes.

LADY SHOOTERS AT MEDFORD, ORE., TOURNAMENT.

D W Fleet	14	20	17	16	18	22	16	17	13	16
J C Smith	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Guist	..	17	16	19	13	22	18	19	16	17
H G Nicholson	5	..	..	5	10	7	..	..	..	..

The totals of those who shot through the two-days' programme, 400 targets, are as follows:

W R Crosby	394	D W King, Jr.	342
F Gilbert	392	S J Wray	341
R Heikes	390	J E Enyart	339
C M Powers	386	E C Howe	338
J C Fanning	381	E Schultz	338
M O Feudner	373	J H Lewis	336
E Holling	371	E Hafer	329
W H Varien	371	W S Wattles	325
Dell Cooper	370	Neil	318
H E Ellis	367	H E Boyden	315
C D Snyder	363	Kincaid	303
H C Hirschy	361	H Hoyt	291
W H Seaver	357	W H Dana	284
T A Marshall	356	E Elwood	279
W A Mills	355	J A Perry	263
E Peyton	353	Mrs Young	236
A J Winters	351	J C Hall	232
C A Haight	348	A C Hough	221
O Helman	347	Mrs Snyder	206
F L Carter	346	Mrs Holmes	150
J W Bradrick	344		

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Oct. 4.—The annual fall target tournament of the St. Lawrence Gun Club, held to-day on the club's grounds, located at Jacksonwald, a suburb of this city, was a success, although the crowd of shooters present was not as large as had been expected by the tournament committee. Several other shoots and a large game of baseball for the county championship at a nearby town kept a number of sportsmen away. Lee Wertz, of Spring Valley Shooting Association, of this city, was high average man and was awarded $5 in gold. Wertz broke 129 out of a total 135 targets, with Edward H. Adams, second, with 116 scored. Adams won $3 for second average prize, while Daniel Wegman, of Tuckerton, and James W. Wertz, of Reading, tied on 114 each for third place, each receiving $1 as third average prize. Charles Adams, of St. Lawrence, was low gun, with 109 scored.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Oct. 5.—Wm. Fox, of Morea, and Michael Dempsey, of Pottsville, have been matched to shoot at 19 birds on Oct. 28, in Mahanoy City Park for $200 a side.

Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 4.—The Schuykill Gun Club to-day held an interesting target shoot. From a field of fifteen shooters, each man shooting at 25 targets, the best sores were as follows: Hannon 18, William Reed 16, John Lengel 15, R. Lengel 16, Madara 20, Nettles 15, Ehler 17, Knowles 17, Eckler 20, Aikman 17.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Oct. 6.—John Schoefley, of Frackville, and Stephen Kurtz, of this city, signed articles of agreement to-day to shoot a match at live birds on Oct. 27, on the Mahanoy City athletic grounds, the agreement calling for 15 birds, 21yds. rise, Schuykill county rules to govern, $150 a side.

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 1905.—The Bellefonte Gun Club was permanently organized here this evening with the following officers: President, John L. Kaisely; Vice-President, Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick; Secretary and Treasurer, John J. Bower, Trustees, John J. Bower, Henry C. Quigley and R. Russell Blair. The club starts out with over twenty members. They have already secured ground for a range, and expect to hold weekly shoots.

Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 2.—The Keystone Gun Club, of this city, defeated the Middletown Gun Club in the first of a series of three 10-men team matches at targets by the score of 441 to 388. Each man shot at 50 targets. Scores: Keystone—Rapp 32, Blecher 44, Trafford 42, Long 30, Shanaman 36, Seamesderfer 35, Kissinger 38, Gloss 45, Rump 32, Dieffenbaugh 42, Goodman 30, Schneiders 35; total, 441. Middletown—Kolp, Sr., 37, Shiesley, Jr., 33, Hampton 30, Hatfield 44, Stayman 31, Shiesley, Sr., 42, Yost 32, Shissler 32, Kolp, Jr., 25, Matthewson 31, Gingrich 35, Shireman 26; total, 388.

DUSTER.

Jefferson County Gun Club.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—The Jefferson County Gun Club annual tournament, Oct. 3 and 4, had events as follows:

Ten birds, handicap rise, three high guns:

	Distance.	Score.		Distance.	Score.
C E Walker	30	10	Frank Bedford	30	9
C O Le Compte	32	10	C B Semple	31	8
D Dwyer	30	10	G W Clay	31	8
Dr Duncan	32	10	J T Page	30	7
R L Trimble	30	10	Alf. Clay	32	7
F C Riehl	32	9	W H Mourning	25	6
T H Clay	31	9	W A Lowe	28	5
Dr Bob	31	9			

Kentucky Handicap, 20 birds, four high guns:

Alf Clay	31	20	Geo W Clay	31	17
C E Walker	30	19	F C Riehl	32	16
Dr Duncan	31	19	C B Semple	31	16
T H Clay	31	18	Frank Bedford	30	15
C O Le Compte	32	18	W H Mourning	26	13
W F Booker, Jr.	31	17			

Kentucky championship, 25 birds, four moneys, class shooting, all stand at 28yds.:

C B Semple	24	C E Walker	22
T H Clay	23	W W Watson	22
Frank Bedford	23	A E Stone	21
Alf Clay	23	J T Page	10
Dr Bob	23	W A Lowe	6
Dr Duncan	23	J T Harris	12
E Jones	22	J L Smith	8
W F Booker, Jr.	22		

Seven birds, handicap rise, three high guns:

	Distance.	Score.		Distance.	Score.
R Dwyer	30	7	Dr Bob	30	6
R L Trimble	31	7	Dr Duncan	31	6
Alf Clay	31	7	Allen	30	6
C E Walker	30	6	Booker	30	5
Semple	30	6	T Clay	30	5
Le Compte	32	6	Bedford	29	5
Riehl	32	6	Page	30	4
Watson	31	6			

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

WE held our last practice shoot of the season on the afternoon of Sept. 30, which was fairly well attended. It was a beautiful day for shooting, but the scores ran lower than usual. The past season has been a very busy one for the club, three tournaments having been held, and practice shoots fortnightly previous to September and every Saturday afternoon during September.

We have been running a cup contest and merchandise race through the season, which was finished at this shoot. These contests have drawn out the shooters at our practice shoots and created much interest in the sport. These contests called for 250 targets each, 25 at each shoot, ten shoots in all. In the cup contest only two shooters finished—Snow and Kites. Scores and winners in these events follow: Cup contest won by W. H. Snow, 250-215; second, C. L. Kites, 250-189. Merchandise race, three classes—Class A, John D. Jordan, 250-209; W. H. Snow, 250-208; C. L. Kites, 250-182. Class B, H. L. Hawes, 250-185; E. H. Lathrop, 250-168. Class C, Louis Misterly, 250-143; Anthony Misterly, 250-124. Prizes won—Jordan, hunting suit; Hawes, rifle; Misterly, shotgun. Scores of shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25		
Paul Lathrop	9	..	10	6	8	9	6	..	3	5	..	85	56
E H Lathrop	5	7	..	7	7	6	..	8	..	..	..	60	40
Gridley	2	3	3	..	2	..	1	..	..	..	..	55	11
Snow	..	..	..	..	5	9	7	..	6	6	..	50	33
Knudson	..	..	..	7	7	..	5	..	5	5	..	50	29
Bagg	3	8	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	30
L Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	14	45	24
A Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	7	10	45	23
O Misterly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	11	35	19
Dr McNair	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	2	4	..	..		30	12
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..		10	6

MISFIRE.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 7.—Short won the Peters badge. Visitors were Messrs. C. O. Le Compte and Silas Traut, of Franklin, Ind. Weather conditions were ideal, sunshine and no wind.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Anderson	22	22	21	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hunter	25	22	25	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sayles	12	15	22	20	21	18	20	18	20	22
Le Compte	24	25	25	24	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Smith	19	17	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Michaelis	18	19	23	23	22	24	12	..	..	..
Smith	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	16	19	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Southeren	14	14	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Finley	22	22	20	22	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tripp	21	23	21	21	23	23	..	..	..	..
Moore	21	21	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moller	22	22	23	20	22	..	..	..	..	..
Dark	17	14	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Short	22	23	23	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Morris	16	18	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
S Traut	22	24	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Scherer	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tiffaney	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

North New Jersey Shooting League.

OCT. 7.—Team race, Montclair vs. Newton:

Newton Gun Club.		Montclair Gun Club.	
Von Lengerke	23	Perley	24
Brickner	20	Moffett	18
Cahrs	20	Allan	24
Coe	22	Bush	22
Woodward	19—104	Wallace	21—109

The fifteenth match in the present series was shot off at Newton to-day in the presence of some seven or eight hundred spectators. Some twelve members of the Montclair Club made the visit to the Newton Club, going the fifty miles in automobiles over the good roads of northern New Jersey, covering the distance in a little over two hours. Previous to the match several merchandise events were run off. Annie Oakley also gave an exhibition of her skill with the rifle, breaking glass balls, hitting small coins flung in the air, with the greatest of ease, and doing many "stunts."

Considerable interest centered on the team race, as up to to-day the Newton Club had not been beaten. The Montclair Club shot in very good form, with the exception of Moffett, who appeared to be quite nervous at the start.

Montclair won out with 5 breaks to the good.

EDWARD WINSLOW.

Emerald Gun Club.

OCT. 4.—The weather was delightful. There was a straightaway wind. The birds were all good fliers—not one sitter, or "no bird." Both distance and point handicaps governed.

There were four contests, for March, April, May and June, this year, 10 birds per man for each month, a total of 40 birds for each man. Scores:

T Short, 28	2211111111—10	1211*11221— 9
	*111112*12— 8	1121021121— 9—37
	2110201221— 8	1211100110— 7
M Reierson, 28	1211111112—10	0020*1*021— 4—29
	21*221*122— 8	2210222101— 8
L H Schortemeier, 31	1211112111—10	*12211*112— 8—34
	1211111212—10	02020*1211— 6
G V Hudson, M.D., 28	0110111101— 7	1112*11011— 8—31
	*0020*1001— 3	1021002012— 6
Capt H. W. Dreyer, 28	0110210001— 5	020*121122— 7—21
	2211201111— 9	2111*112*1— 8
W Catton, 28	1011110210— 7	*022121112— 8—32
	1021212121— 9	21*11112*1— 8
Jacob Fischer, 28	1011*12202— 7	*201112012— 7—31

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U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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WESTERN TRAP.

Danforth Gun Club Tournament.

DANFORTH, Ill., Oct. 4.—One of the first of the Illinois tournaments for this month was held to-day at this place. This is one of this season's clubs, and though the shooters did not get together until after noon, the traps were kept going from 1 to 6 P. M. As will be seen by the scores, some of those present did not shoot well, but that was no fault of the traps or the grounds.

The club engaged the well-known W. "Tramp" Irwin to look after details. Enough said! The traps were as well set as though 10,000 targets were to be thrown in a day. All the details of bookkeeping, squad sheets, hustling same, referee and scorer, were all there and soon onto their job.

However, one thing was neglected, and that was in the loaded shells. Not a sufficient quantity nor a properly loaded shell was on the ground. The best shell was three drams, one and one-eighth shot, while others contained two and three-fourths drams with one and one eighth of soft eights. We all live and learn, so when the next shoot is held, there will be a sufficient supply of regulation target loads. They know better by this time.

The weather was fine, and some of the scores good. Mr. Rietz was high man, and he was shooting an automatic pumper. His score of 20 straight was a good one. The officers of the club are workers, and they worked so hard that they were the poorest shots on the ground.

There was present and not shooting, the trade representatives Ward Burton and Tramp Irwin. Others present, were: H. Rosaleus, George Rietz, of Gilman; Jack Neal, Rantoul; Wm. Burnes, Askum A. Ferris and G. H. Clark, Crescent City. The Danforth boys were E. R. Eilts, O. Creamer, T. Gerdes, A. T. Barnes, H. Gerdes, John Satthoff, John Ahrens and T. Gerdes. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	10		
Rosaleus	5	14	10	13	9	12	9	14	10	13	9	140	118
Eilts	3	8	7	6	3	..	9	10	6	14	8	120	54
Burnes	9	12	8	14	9	15	8	13	9	12	9	140	118
Cramer	3	4	5	8	7	14	7	9	4	12	7	140	80
Rietz	10	11	7	14	10	20	9	14	10	13	9	140	127
Ferris	9	13	8	11	8	18	9	12	8	14	7	140	117
H Gerdes	9	14	9	11	10	18	9	13	10	15	8	140	126
Clark	9	8	9	14	9	18	8	13	9	12	8	140	117
Barnes	..	..	8	13	9	18	9	14	8	12	9	115	100
Neal	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	21
Thorn	8	13	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	22
Carty	..	..	5	..	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	30	16
T Gerdes	..	7	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	17
Satthoff	..	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	12
Greenleaf	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	30	24

New London Tournament.

NEW LONDON, Ia., Oct. 6.—The trapshooters of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois do not half appreciate what Dr. Cook has done for them. Now, think of a $500 gold donation, and then only fifteen shooters present. This money, as well as other added features, such as watches, watch fobs and such like, were put up by Dr. Cook individually, and there should have been at least seventy-five shooters present. The Doctor has held these shoots with these same liberal donations for several years past, and the reputation for fair dealing and a good time generally has long been established, hence there must have been something wrong with the time of year, for even John Burmeister and Guy Burnside were absent, something heretofore unknown, as they were regular winners of some one of the handicaps.

Besides the opportunity to win enough cash to pay expenses, there is always social functions and amusements galore—one of the diversions this year being a game of baseball; shooters against a regular nine which had been beaten but twice this season. This proved to be the most laughable farce ever presented on an Iowa diamond. Outside of a local pitcher and catcher, the shooters and positions were: Barber, first base; Morrison, second; French, third; Barkley, shortstop; Kohler, right field; M. Thompson, center field; R. Thompson, left field. John Garrett, umpire. Bill Crosby, chief rooter; Stannard, Lord and Kinney substitutes.

Five innings were played, and the score was 4 to 0 in favor of the shooters. The umpire came near being mobbed even by the winners for "rotten" decisions. There were sore throats and tired limbs when the night came on, but such fun will probably never again come to pass upon Iowa soil.

The weather was of the very best—warm, bright, no wind—and most of the scores made were good.

The dates were Oct. 3, 4 and 5.

On preliminary day Garrett ran 96, 98, 98; Stannard 96; Budd 96; French 90; Cook 90, 91; Hoon 98, 98; Morrison 100; Barber 97. Messrs. Garrett and Hoon each won a watch, and Barber two watch fobs.

The traveling men turned out well, there being seven present. Budd shot one day only, being somewhat on the indisposed list; but the others went through. Crosby came all the way from Spokane, Wash., and did not lose his eye on the journey, as he lost but 8 for the two days, and made a run of 271. Don Morrison was present and made a very fine showing, but came second. Wm. Stannard was third with 566.

In the amateurs, Garrett set the pace too hard for others to follow, beating out Barber, the champion, by 6 targets. Barkley, the Chicago boy, and Hoon, of the Iowa, tied on third. Garrett made a run of 142 on the preliminary day; on Tuesday, 145, and on Wednesday, 62. Thursday Mr. Kahler made 54.

At the close of the shoot nearly all the shooters moved on to Davenport, where another three-days' shoot was to take place. Scores:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.
Garrett	195	192	190	577
Barber	191	187	193	571
R Thompson	189	185	183	557
Barkley	188	186	185	559
M Thompson	186	182	151	519
Hoon	186	184	189	559
Knussel	184	175	171	530
Kline	183	178	179	540
Kinney	182	174	165	521
Steege	182	173	180	535
Kahler	178	179	188	545
Loring	171	162	156	489
Dr Cook	172	170	183	525
Miner	188	...	...	...
Hagerman	170	...	...	...
Professionals.				
Crosby	199	195	198	592
Morrison	192	194	192	578
Stannard	190	189	187	566
Vietmeyer	183	171	177	531
Elliott	184	177	173	534
Lord	176	172	169	517
Budd	187	...	...	...

Crosby's run of 221 for one day and 50 the following day, made 271 straight.

At Granville.

Granville, Ill., Sept. 30.—There is a good club here, considering the age and the size of the town, and as some of the members are good shots and often attend other shoots, the tournaments held here are usually well attended; but this time the visitors were limited. The shoot was not advertised in the sporting journals, and the printed programmes were only sent out a few days in advance. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	20		
H Fletcher	8	11	12	14	17	9	13	12	12	16	150	124
H Strack	10	12	10	15	18	8	12	13	14	17	150	129
C Drennen	9	14	12	13	19	7	11	14	12	18	150	129
L Lombard	7	11	12	14	16	19	12	13	12	17	150	123
P Lechner	8	10	11	12	14	8	11	12	10	15	150	111
J Kinder	10	14	12	13	16	9	12	10	14	19	150	129
E Phillips	6	9	11	12	10	5	8	13	12	14	150	100
L Schneider	..	..	..	7	10	14	8	12	14	10	15	125	90

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Oct. 7 was an ideal fall day, and those at the grounds enjoyed the sport to the full. In the 100-target race, Herman was high with 94; Maynard was a close second with 91. Morris Kaufman, trade representative from 'way down South, was a visitor, stopping over here on his way to Indianapolis. He landed third place with 88. In the practice events he went one better, breaking 89. Bleh shot a score in the cup race, and just missed getting in with the two leaders. He broke 23 straight and then dropped the next target, finishing with 24.

The Aekley trophy series will begin on Oct. 13. On Oct. 20 the first shoot in the series for the Powell & Clements cup will take place. These trophies will be shot for alternate weeks. The handicap committee will meet on the 8th and decide on rules and handicap. It is likely that a distance handicap will be used. Ackley was at the grounds to-day and shot a few at practice, but was obliged to stop, as he is suffering from asthma.

Maynard has returned from his trip to Winnipeg. So much had fallen in that section of country that it was simply impossible to get around, and he had no sport with the chickens, as he had anticipated.

It is something unusual not to see Gambell at the score as often as he gets a chanee, but to-day he was resting up and only shot at 15 targets. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Herman	100	94	Pickles	100	70
Maynard	100	91	Bonser	100	60
Kaufman	100	88	Captain	75	59
Keplinger	100	84	Bullerdick	75	53
Ahlers	100	84	Osterfeld	50	45
Bleh	100	84	Boeh	50	34
Tuttle	100	72			

Ohio Notes.

The Columbus, O., Gun Club had a splendid day for their weekly shoot on Sept. 30, and twenty members were present and took part in the programme, which consisted of nine events at 10, three at 15 and four at 25 targets. In the first 50 shot at in events of 10 targets each, Togo and Winters broke 44 each; Holden and Harrison 42 each; Lacey and Bossell 41 each. Togo was high for the day with 149 out of 180, 82.2 per cent.; Harrison broke 113 out of 130, 86.9 per cent.; Holden 111 out of 145, 76.5 per cent. The boys were not a bit disheartened by their defeat at Newark, and will likely have another try for the Phellis trophy.

The interest in the weekly shoot of the Welfare Gun Club, Dayton, on Sept. 30, was increased by a friendly team match, Watkins and Breen captains, and five men on a side. Rike and Storm shot at 50 targets each, the former breaking 47 and the latter 20, which divided between the teams made Watkins' total 217 to Breen's 226. Watkins made high score of 47. Smith, of Breen's team, second, 45. In the practice events, Rike was high with 89 out of 95. Carr 62 out of 70. The Welfare Club is offering attractive programmes at its Saturday shoots, and Dayton shooters are beginning to take advantage of the chance for an interesting afternoon of sport. One programme consisted of five 20-target events with $5 added money in the second and fourth events, entrance 1½ cent per target; ½ cent for target being divided between the two low men shooting in all events. Other money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

There was good sport on the Dayton Gun Club grounds on Sept. 29, the principal event being a match between Less Reid and Wm. R. Clark of the New Paris Gun Club, and W. E. Lindemuth and Zenas A. Craig, of the home club. The first event was at 25 targets, Craig and Reid breaking 22 each; Clark 20, Carr 17, Whitacre 16, A. Keller 12. In another event, Bailey broke 21, Carr 16, Keller 15, and Monbeek 9. In the third, Carr broke 24, and Craig 22. Then came the team match, H. M. Carr referee. The four men have been shooting about the same gait, a little over 90 per cent.; but in this match they beat their record in all but one case. Clark led the bunch with 96, his partner breaking 94, making the team total 190. Lindemuth accounted for 92, but Craig shot away out of form and broke only 80, making the team total 172, losing the match by 18 targets. At the end of the first round the score was 49 to 41 in favor of the visitors. In the second round they increased their lead to 12, the score being 95 to 83. At the end of the third round they had added another one to the lead, 141 to 128, and in the last round they got 5 more. Clark made the long run of the match, breaking his last 42 targets straight. Reid made a run of 37 and Lindemuth one of 32. Just before dark a final sweep at 25 targets was shot, Craig, Reid and Carr breaking 24 each; Clark 22, Keller 19.

The medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, which should have taken place on Oct. 4 was postponed one week, as a large number of the members started on that day for Bing Island, on St. Mary's reservoir, near Montezuma, for a few days' duck shooting and fishing. Among the party were President Gus A. Hodapp, Vice-President Wm. C. Oldt, Secretary Will E. Kette, Treasurer Chas. F. Miller, Trustees Phil. Hanauer, Chas. Smyth, Harry Oswald and Horace Lockwood, and members John Schaerf, J. L. Sapp and Ed. Cain. The party will occupy the Bing Island Club house, and have the use of boats, decoys, etc. The contest between Hodapp, Oldt, Miller and Cain for possession of the medal will be returned on the next regular shooting day with redoubled vigor. There are four more days on which the remaining six shoots of the series may be held, and it is intended to pull off three of these on the first pleasant Wednesday. This will make a programme which will attract members and friends, as refreshments will be served in the lavish manner usual with this club.

There was a goodly attendanee of sportsmen on the grounds of the Phœnix Gun Club, St. Paris, to take part in the tournament held on Oct. 4. The programme included eight events at 15 and two at 20 targets, with a total entrance of $16. Four moneys in each event, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and three high average moneys. The shooters faced a rolling, green meadow, with an almost clear sky background. Wm. H. Batdorf and Jeff Karnehm managed the shoot, and had everything in running order at 10 o'clock, when the sport began. Among the out-of-town shooters present were M. E. Lindemuth, W. A. Watkins, H. M. Carr and Ike Brandenberg, of Dayton. E. W. Holding, of Urbana; Judge Miller, Wm. Poole, Chas. Henderson and D. Snyder, of Springfield; R. Neer, of New Moorefield; J. Weber and Geo. Keistler, of Celina; W. R. Chamberlain and J. N. Smith, of Columbus; W. J. Fishinger, of Hilliards; Alf. Hill, of West Liberty; D. D. Gross, of W. Jefferson. A good dinner was served in a large tent, where shooters and spectators were comfortably accommodated. In addition to the programme events, the district team trophy and individual championship cup were shot for. The latter, a handsome silver cup, is shot for each month at 50 targets, and is emblematic of the championship of seven counties. At the first contest in April, the cup was won by Karnehm. In a subsequent contest, Losh tied with Holding, the latter winning the shoot-off. Holding won the next four contests, and was again the victor to-day, scoring 49 out of 50. The team contest is for five-man teams for the championship of the same county, 50 targets per man. Three teams were entered to-day: Urbana—Holding, Bailey, Winder, Poysell and Muzzy—scored a total of 210 and won. Springfield—Poole, Miller, Hendersen, Snyder and Neer—201. St. Paris—Batdorf, Karnehm, Losh, Balentine and Brubaker—197. The win to-day was the third for Urbana, and unless tied by Springfield at the next shoot, which will be the last of the series of eight contests, the cup will become the property of the Urbana Gun Club. In April, August and October the Urbana team won. Springfield won in May and July. De Groff won in June, and St. Paris in September. The next shoot will be held at Urbana. Eighteen men shot the entire programme. High average money was won by M. E. Lindemuth, 145; J. Karnehm 144, W. A. Watkins 142, Geo. Keistler and Chas. Hendersen were fourth, just out of the race, with 141 each, and J. H. Smith, 140, H. M. Carr 139, W. F. Losh and Alf. Hill 136 each. I. Brandenberg 135, W. R. Chamberlain 134, D. D. Gross and D. Snyder 133 each, W. J. Fishinger and J. Brubaker 131 each, Wm. Poole 124, W. H. Batdorf 116, and J. Weber 115. The club has a large shooting shed, which offers ample protection from the weather, and shoots will be held twice a month throughout the winter. The secretary has office room in the club house, close to the shed, with windows on the four sides. The club is a new one, but their first tournament, given this year, was very successful, and they are in the game to stay. The members all take an active interest in the sport.

Team Match at Camp Dennison.

The Madisonville, O., Gun Club, issued a challenge to the trapshooting members of the Superior Hunting and Fishing Club, to shoot a six-man team match, and as a result there was a gathering at the latter's camp on the little Miami River, at Camp Dennison, on Oct. 6. The match was perhaps as much to bring the boys together socially as to make an exhibition of marksmanship, and this object was fully achieved, as the visitors were entertained in a royal manner, about everything good in the way of solid or liquid refreshments was theirs, and was most thoroughly enjoyed. The match was to have been at 100 targets per man, but as the visitors found themselves shy on shells, it was cut down to 85 targets each, the Superiors winning quite easily, 312 to 292. Steinkorb, of the Madisonville aggregation, was high man with 72, and Dan Pohlar, of Superior, second, with 70. Dan is also one of the good shots of the Cincinnati Club, and can generally do better than this. A heavy wind blowing in the shooters' faces and a hard background were responsible for some of the misses. Steinkorb started off at a rattling gait, breaking the first 27 straight, but after that he began to drop a few. The misses were well distributed, so that no long runs were made. Henninger was next with 23 straight. Uhl has done better work than he did to-day, but the duties of host, which suit him down to the ground, interfered with his shooting. Patten will make a good one. The targets were hard, and he got a bit worried. The visitors as well as the members all have a good word to say for the chef, Squire. He's a good one, and knows how to get up a camp dinner and how to serve it. The scores:

Superior Camp Team.

Targets:	30	30	25	
Pohlar	24	26	20—	70
Pfeiffer	27	20	17—	64
Gambell	21	23	16—	60
Uhl	19	16	18—	53
Lockwood	10	16	13—	39
Deiters	7	10	9—	26
	108	111	93—	312

Madisonville Team.

Targets:	30	30	25	
Steinkorb	28	22	22—	72
Henninger	22	28	18—	68
Patten	14	16	17—	47
Aufdehar	14	13	14—	41
Pritchard	8	17	12—	37
Stewart	10	9	8—	27
	96	105	91—	292

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the fourth series. In club trophy event, McDonald, Dr. Reynolds and W. Einfeldt tied in Class A on 24. Stone won in Class B on 22. No Class C man in contest.

In the Dupont cup shoot, which followed, Dr. Meek, Dr. Reynolds and John Wolff tied in Class A on 19 out of 20. Gould and Stone tied in Class B on 15 out of 20. No Class C man in shoot.

In the Hunter Arms Co. trophy event, W. Einfeldt won in Class A on 18 out of 20, thrown 10 singles and 5 pairs. Stone won in Class B on 16. No Class C man in contest.

After these events were finished several miss-and-out events were shot, and proved quite interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Davis visited the club, and both shot and made excellent scores. Mrs. John Wolff is just learning to shoot, and will soon be coming to the front.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10		20	25	20
Dr Meek	8	9	10	16	20	19
Thomas	6	7	6	17	22	18
Gould	4	3	6	13	17	15
McDonald	9	9	4	16	24	15
Stone	8	8	13	16	22	15
T Smedes	7	9	0	14	23	17
Dr Reynolds	10	10	..	17	24	19
George	8	7	..	16	21	18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10		20	25	20
W Einfeldt	9	9	1	18	24	18
Morrell	9	7	13	15	24	20
J Wolf	..	8	7	16	18	19
Mrs Wolf	..	2	..	..	..	3
Hibbard	..	8	..	12	19	14
W A Davis	..	..	..	10	20	.. 19
Mrs Davis	..	..	..	1	..	.. 17
G A Smith	..	..	..	0	10	.. 8

No. 3 was miss-and-out. No. 4 was Hunter Arms Co. trophy. No. 5 was the trophy event. No. 6 was Dupont cup.

In Other Places.

The St. Thomas, Ont., shooters have registered as follows: L. D. Melles, James Morgan, C. A. Hammond, Thomas Hynd, A. Baker, E. W. Ransey, H. E. Simpson, Wm. Hibbert, George M. Fulton, Gus. Clark, A. J. Seaton, Capt. James McDougal, Tom Brocon, Wm. Wills, Oscar Allen, S. Price, Dr. F. Guest and Capt. R. J. Miller.

Invitations have been issued to all the prominent shooters of the great west to attend the fall tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club, which takes place Oct. 9 and 10.

The Lead, S. D., Gun Club has held the last shoot for the season which will count on the trophy.

Some time ago notice was given that the Indianapolis Shooting Association had been enjoined from shooting on their grounds. The good news is now heralded that this rifle club will unite with the gun club, and that a rifle range will be added to this most perfect shooting park. It seems that the members of the Indianapolis Gun Club are favorable, and that stock will be sold and the range erected at the earliest possible date.

At the regular shoot of the Riverdale Gun Club, Toronto, Can., Mr. Hooney, from scratch, won the spoon with 22 out of 25; Hiron made 21; Bredannaz, 19; Edkins, 17; Baker, 20.

Emil Berg and Chris. Jansen, of Davenport, Ia., will attend the tournament to be held on Nov. 5 at Milwaukee.

Here is another new club at Mediapolis, Ia., and it will hold shoots on Friday.

Pincoming, Gladwin and other Michigan gun clubs have combined to hold a big tournament.

A. E. Andrews carried away the prizes at the gun club, South Haven, Mich., last Friday, with the medium score of 17 out of 25.

Reports came from the Indian Territory that, owing to there being no game laws, parties were shooting quail, only thing in the quail's favor being that many of them were too small to offer sport, and that the rank vegetation made the shooter weary. Quail are very plentiful, and those who have the good sense to follow them in December will be amply repaid for the waiting.

There was a corn festival and a carnival held at Dumont, Ia., Oct. 4 and 5, at which the old-time sports engaged in rifle shooting, as well as wing shots. Let the old ones be boys again—nothing so wholesome.

Shooting parks, or rather duck preserves, come high in California. A club is forming at Los Angeles, and an option has been secured on 458 acres, watered by two artesian wells, the modest price being $50,000.

The attendanee was not large at the last Thebes, Ill., Gun Club shoot, held Friday.

The York Haven Gun Club, York, Pa., will hold a tournament just as soon as their new grounds are accessible.

So anxious were the Paris, Texas, shooters to test their skill on live birds, that they started in to shoot at the early hour of 8:30 A. M.

The Manistique Rod and Gun Club will hold a tournament carly in Oetober.

The annual meeting of the Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, Can., resulted in a selection of J. H. Thompson for President; G. W. MaeGill, Vice-President; T. A. Duff, Seeretary; A. E. Alkins, G. M. Dank, W. Eby, R. Fleming and E. Hirons, Executive Committee. A captain will be seleeted later.

The Junction Gun Club, Toronto, Can., report that their automatic trap is now working fine, and that it throws as fast as five men could shoot.

Mr. McKenzie, of the Denver Post, who donated the beautiful trophy that has caused so much interest in shooting circles, was lately a visitor at Perry, Oklahoma.

The Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester, Pa., is already making extensive preparations for a shoot to be held on Thanksgiving Day.

Officers of the Redlands, Cal., Blue Rock Gun Club are, Mont P. Chubb, President; Charles Hersee, Vice-President; P. A. Mudge, Seeretary. There are now twenty-five members.

Muscatine is situated just on the bank of the Mississippi River, just on the border and thus in the great shooting State of Iowa. This accounts for the boom there in trapshooting. Wednesday last there was a number of target matehes pulled off.

Some members of the St. Augustine, Fla., Gun Club were out last Thursday for some practice. Strange as it may seem, this was the first meet of the season.

The first shoot of the Salt Lake, Utah, Gun Club at 50 targets: Green 27, Boyle 21, Snyder 19, Putman 3.

One of the most interesting matehes shot at the grounds of the Eagle Grove, Ia., Gun Club was that of a three-cornered race, 100 targets each. Wm. Mitchell made 89, Bert Fisher 81 and A. L. Yearons 75. Others tried the same race, viz., Mountford 79, Watkins 70, Middleton 60, Carleton 50, Brown 40, Cronc 40 and Haskins 40.

Marquette, Mich., Gun Club held a shoot last Friday for 1905. There was a match at 50 targets between five members to decide the final scores, Jennison 38, Elliott 35, Jenks 33, Janes 31, Humes 22.

Dr. Walters has made the highest percentage in points in Massillion, O., Gun Club. His gain is 15 points. Taylor has gained 12; Dr. Reed, 10; Dr. Reed, Sr., 9.

The Lake Charles, La., shoot was well attended. Shooting at 100 targets, C. B. Spooner 79, D. C. Williamson 78, J. W. Gardner 78, W. H. Simmons 68, J. H. Mathew 57. At 75 targets, P. Barbee 72, F. Gunn 32, A. Gossett 44, Wasey 44.

Wednesday last the members of the Baton Range, La., Gun Club held an interesting shoot. The per cents. made were: R. P. Reymond 88, F. Kleinpeter 84, H. Von Phul 84, C. D. Reymond 82, W. McCausland 82, A Kleinpeter 80, B. Powell 73, C. C. Parish 72, W. C. Whittaker 66, H. L. Fuqua 61.

Chas. Morton won the honors at the Topeka, Kan., Gun Club Friday with 21 out of 25. John Klenihan made 20.

Few members of the Elwood, Ind., Gun Club met for the last time at their grounds last Friday. At 50 targets, Lansberry 43, Palmer 40, Livingston 39, Hughes 38, DeVority 28.

W. J. Smith made high score at the Freeport, Ill., shoot last Saturday, it being 56 out of 80. W. Wadington made 52.

Members of the Carroll, Ia., Gun Club participated in a shoot Wednesday in honor of Mr. Waddington, who was a visitor.

Some of the Seattle, Wash., Gun Club showed up well at their practiee shoot. Edward Ellis was best; he had two perfect scores and 14 out of 15 and 19 out of 20.

The Santa Rosa, Cal., Gun Club have a team composed of R. Slusser, C. Talmadge, W. Morrow, W. E. Edmunds, James Munroe, and W. F. Hesse, Jr.

Some new members were present at the last shoot of the Massillon, O., Gun Club last Friday. The wind blew strongly, and the targets escaped quite regularly.

Steve Kurtz, the coming shot of Schuylkill county, Pa., will shoot a mateh with John Shadell, of Frackville, for $150 a side, at Mahanoy City, Pa.

At the weekly shoot of the Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Gun Club for a trophy, Saturday, at 25 targets, Albert Blaze was high man.

You will hear from the Rantoul, Ill., shoot, which comes off Oct. 12 and 13. This was said not to be a money-making scheme, the idea being to get together a bunch of shooters and have a good time.

It is getting to be fashionable to have all the gun clubs in each town consolidated. There is now flourishing a consolidated club at Finlay, O.

That Portland, Ore., shoot, where all angles and styles of shooting were indulged in, kept the professionals guessing all the while.

At the second annual tournament of the Kinsman, O., Gun Club, on Monday last, J. K. Allen and Joe Seaburn were high scores. A dark day and a stiff breeze prevented a good score being made.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

Baltimore, Md.—The Baltimore Shooting Association twelfth annual tournament, Oct. 3 and 4, was a success. In the two days 15,000 targets were thrown. The weather was pleasant.

There were eight programme events on the first day—eight at 20 targets, one at 15 targets, and a merchandise handicap, targets added, at 25 targets, high guns. There were fourteen merchandise prizes, in value from a $1 gun cleaner, to a silver pitcher valued at $10.

Oct. 3, First Day.

High averages on the first day, professional, were: J. Mowell Hawkins, Baltimore, first, 161 out of 175; second, Emory H. Storr, Baltimore, 157. Amateurs, first, Lester German, Aberdeen, Md., and Wm. Foord, Wilmington, Del., tied on 158; second, Dr. H. E. Lupus, 157. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Totl.	10	Hdcp.	Totl.
Targets:	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	175	25		
Lupus	12	18	18	18	16	18	19	17	17	153	23	2	25
Elderkin	8	14	17	18	16	10	13	10	14	120	20	10	20
Malone	13	14	12	13	16	19	16	18	20	141	23	3	25
Moxley	13	16	16	18	17	17	16	19	17	150	23	2	25
Bowen	11	16	15	16	19	19	17	16	18	147	23	2	25
Brown	9	12	15	17	17	16	17	18	17	138	..	..	..
L Mordecai	10	14	14	13	13	11	15	12	13	115	16	7	23
German	13	15	20	18	18	19	19	17	19	158	25	0	25
Francis	11	18	16	16	16	19	19	15	16	146	..	..	25
Burroughs	10	17	16	19	15	18	19	16	20	150	22	2	24
Roder	11	14	15	13	18	15	12	16	15	129	..	..	21
Foord	14	19	16	19	17	16	19	18	20	158	24	0	24
Taylor	13	18	17	17	16	13	19	13	16	142	21	3	24
Barr	13	16	17	13	14	19	20	16	20	148	25	0	25
Kraut	13	16	17	18	20	15	17	13	18	147	..	..	21
Chew	14	14	15	15	17	14	14	17	19	143	..	..	23
Roberts	14	16	19	17	17	17	17	18	18	153	..	..	21
Dupont	14	18	18	16	19	15	19	18	17	154	24	1	25
Robinson	7	6	11	13	10	14	15	15	10	101	..	..	20
Ficklen	..	..	..	12	13	..	18	14	14	...	..	..	19
Dennis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	...	..	..	25
Sampson	14	18	18	12	9	16	17	17	16	137	20	0	20
*Waters	13	12	13	16	18	13	16	18	18	137	22	0	22
*Storr	15	13	18	16	20	19	20	19	17	157	25	0	25
*Hawkins	14	20	18	19	19	18	17	18	18	161	24	0	24
*McMurchey	13	19	17	18	19	18	16	17	18	155	25	0	25
Kendall	..	..	..	..	12	13	12	13	9	13	...	..	..	20
* C C Keller	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	11	15	15	...	..	..	..
McCush	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	10	12	15	...	..	..	21
Townsend	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	...	..	..	..
Alstrom	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	15	12	...	..	..	18
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	10	12	...	..	..	18
Chelf	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	...	..	..	..
*Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	18	..	...	..	..	..
*T H Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	15	..	...	..	..	..
G Mordecai	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	..	...	..	23
Lotz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	...	..	24
Bass	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	...	..	24

Event No. 10 was merchandise, and did not eount in the averages.

Oct. 4. Seco d Day.

Forty-four shooters participated. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins made the extraordinary run of 128 from the 28yd. mark, and scored 172 out of 175; with the merchandise event, at 25 targets, he totaled 197 out of 200, a 98.5 per cent. performance. Messrs. Emory H. Storr and Harvey McMurchy, of Fulton, N. Y., tied for second on 157 out of 175. Messrs. Wm. Foord and Lester German tied on 162. Dr. W. C. Barr, of Washington, third, on 160. High professionals for the two days were Messrs. Hawkins, Storr and McMurchy. The leading amateurs were Messrs. German, Foord and Dupont.

In the merchandise event, handicap allowance, there were fifteen prizes, first prize being a silver tea set.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Totl.	10 Hdcp.	Totl.
Targets:	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	175		
Lupus	13	17	20	17	16	18	18	19	15	153	2	24
Moxley	14	17	19	17	19	15	19	11	19	150	2	24
Elderkin	9	11	11	12	18	14	14	15	16	120	8	24
Franee	13	16	19	16	19	14	16	10	17	140	4	22
Roder	10	10	14	12	19	19	16	16	18	134	6	23
Dennis	15	18	18	18	18	16	18	8	7	136	4	25
Kraut	12	19	12	12	16	18	17	19	17	142	4	22
Roberts	13	16	17	13	19	11	15	17	19	140	4	24
Brown	6	11	18	12	14	18	13	16	18	126	6	21
Taylor	13	16	19	16	19	17	19	14	19	152	3	25
Barr	14	18	19	18	17	17	19	20	18	160	3	25
L Mordecai	14	15	18	13	18	16	15	15	19	147	8	25
Burroughs	14	15	19	17	17	14	19	16	19	150	3	25
Chew	13	17	19	17	16	14	20	14	15	145	..	..
Watkins	12	16	17	15	18	16	16	13	19	142	5	25
German	13	19	18	18	20	19	20	18	17	162	1	25
Foord	15	18	19	17	19	19	19	17	19	162	1	22
Malone	14	18	14	13	19	17	18	18	17	148	2	25
Bowen	13	15	16	20	19	16	18	16	18	151	3	24
Dupont	15	18	19	17	18	14	19	17	19	156	2	25
Johnson	14	18	20	18	17	17	20	17	20	161	1	25
Hawkins	15	18	20	20	20	20	20	20	19	172	0	25
Storr	14	17	17	18	19	19	20	15	18	157	0	25
Sampson	11	11	18	16	18	19	19	15	19	146	0	24
Waters	10	16	17	16	13	16	16	16	18	138	0	24
MeMurchy	14	20	18	14	20	19	18	15	19	157	0	23
Herald	4	10	16	18	13	15	9	12	12	99	8	23
MeCush	9	15	10	9	17	9	12	13	19	113	10	23
Kendall	..	..	..	..	17	13	14	11	13	11	...	7	20
S Malone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	...	5	24
MeGwinley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	...	6	25
Middleton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	5	18
Alstrom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	8	21
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	17	20	14	..	..	..	...	..	..
Levy	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	12	17	15	..	...	..	..
England	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	17	15	16	..	...	..	..
Basil	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	..	..	...	..	..
Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	19
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	20
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	9
Tracey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	...	..	23
Berryman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	...	..	18
Pancost	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	20
Chase	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	19
Leland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	19

Event No. 10 was the merchandise eontest.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 6.—At the shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club to-day, the appended scores were made in the eighth contest for the Laflin & Rand trophy. The high wind kept the scores down:

	Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l		Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l
Clark	21	3	24	Borst	16	6	22
Stoddard	18	4	22	Kershner	21	2	23
*Weller	22	4	26	*Rickman	20	7	27
				Back Scores.			
*A Sterling	19	8	27	Hinkson	17	4	21
*A Sterling	18	8	26	*Stoddard	23	4	27
*A Sterling	20	8	28	Stoddard—Withdrew.			
*A Sterling	18	8	26	*Rickman	19	7	26
A Sterling	13	8	21	Byer	19	3	22
Hinkson	18	4	22	Lotspike	11	10	21
*Hinkson	22	4	26	Weller	19	4	23
*Hinkson	22	4	26				
				Re-Entry Scores.			
*Stoddard	23	4	27	Byer	20	3	23
Stoddard—Withdrew.				Byer	18	3	21
Stoddard—Withdrew.				Byer—Withdrew.			
Stoddard—Withdrew.				*Clark	22	3	25
Stoddard—Withdrew.				*Hinkson	21	4	25

*Wins point on cup.

THE ORIGINAL MANY-USE OIL

In 6oz. can for gunners' use 25 cents; 2oz. bottle 10 cents.—*Adv.*

Paskamansett Gun Club.

The third tournament of the Paskamansett Gun Club was held on Sept. 30 on the club grounds, situated on the Slocum Road. The programme consisted of a team shoot, a handicap match, shooting for merchandise prize and sweepstakes shooting.

Among those present were Gilbert M. Wheeler, J. A. R. Elliott, T. B. Thompson, J. Neaudu, J. Audett, Fall River; L. Labert, Providence; W. B. Cartledge, C. P. Keeler, Attleboro.

Two teams were entered—the Newport and the Paskamansett club teams. The event was won by the Newport team by the score of 211 to 189 made by the home club. The Newport team is considered a crack squad, and the score shows good shooting by the members of the home team.

Newport.		Paskamansett.	
Wm Hughes	45	G A Eggers	46
Wm Dring	37	E T Bullard	41
Wm Bowler	46	O P Austin	38
E W Thomas	42	A J Andrews	28
John Powell	41—211	M Shield	36—189

The first merchandise prize, a silver brush, was won by George A. Eggers, who broke 47 at the 16yds. mark. The second prize, a box of cigars, went to T. R. Scott, of the Brown & Sharp Club, Providence, who made a score of 46 at 19yds. William Bowler, of Newport, at 20yds., and E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., at 21yds., were tied for third place, with a score of 44. William Hughes, of Newport, at 21yds., and A. J. Andrew, of the local club, at 16yds., were tied for fourth place with a score of 41. Both ties were shot off later in the afternoon. It took 50 birds to reach a decision between Griffith and Bowler, Griffith winning, while Hughes won his tie. Fifth prize, a picture, went to Eugene E. Reed, Mayor of Manchester, N. H., at 19yds., with a score of 40. Sixth prize, a box of cigars, was won by S. B. Hibbard, of Boston, at 18yds., with a score of 39.

The handicap prize, a silver flask for the first 50 birds, was won by C. Letendre, of Fall River.

The high average of the day for amateurs was 159 by E. C. Griffith, who got a prize of a toilet set. Second prize, $2.50, was won by William Bowler, whose score was 158.

The high score of the day was 160, made by Mr. Elliott. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25		
Elliott	14	13	18	14	15	19	13	13	17	24	160	.914
Hibbard	12	12	16	13	12	18	13	12	14	23	155	.885
Wm Hughes	13	14	20	15	13	16	12	12	17	23	155	.885
C Hughes	12	11	15	11	12	17	13	11	15	20	146	.834
E E Reed	10	15	16	14	12	19	13	9	18	20	146	.834
Thomas	13	13	17	13	13	16	12	13	13	21	144	.822
Wheeler	13	13	15	12	14	18	15	12	16	21	149	.851
Dring	14	13	16	10	11	16	12	11	13	20	136	.777
Powel	15	10	17	11	13	17	11	10	12	22	138	.788
E C Griffith	15	13	18	13	15	18	14	13	17	23	159	.908
G A Eggers	11	11	12	13	14	19	13	14	20	25	152	.868
Wm Bowler	13	14	16	12	15	19	13	14	17	25	158	.902
Bullard,	12	10	20	7	14	20	14	14	14	21	146	.834
Austin	11	14	15	11	12	15	9	9	16	18	130	.742
Shield	9	5	11	10	10	16	7	10	14	16	108	.617
Andrew	9	12	11	8	7	13	13	13	15	17	118	.674
C P Keeler	13	12	13	11	7	19	13	10	13	20	131	.748
Cartledge	10	10	12	9	12	13	11	13	13	10	113	.645
C Letendre	13	13	18	12	14	18	10	13	14	20	145	.802
Lambert	11	12	18	13	14	15	12	11	14	22	142	.811
Seott	12	14	16	11	10	14	14	12	20	23	146	.834
Wm H Hand, Jr.	..	10	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Knowles	..	9	16	11	9	11	12	13	10	10	...	....
Plummer	..	..	..	..	7	3	11	6	..	..	...	....
J B Neaudu	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	11	9	14	16	...	....
J Audet	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	11	9	13	13	...	....
Potter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	...	....

The next shoot of the club will be held Wednesday, Oct. 11, starting at 2:30, for Laflin & Rand cup.

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

The League series has been arranged for competition in the following order:

Oct. 14.—Highland at Florists, Merchantville at Media, Lansdale at S. S. White, North Camden at Meadow Springs, Clearview at Narberth.

Oct. 28.—Media at Highland, Merchantville at Florists, S. S. White at North Camden, Meadow Springs at Clearview, Narberth at Lansdale.

Nov. 11.—S. S. White at Florists, Lansdale at North Camden, Highland at Clearview, Narberth at Merchantville, Meadow Springs at Media.

Nov. 25.—Media at Narberth, North Camden at Highland, Clearview at S. S. White, Merchantville at Lansdale, Florists at Meadow Springs.

Dec. 9.—North Camden at Merchantville, Lansdale at Clearview, Highland at Meadow Springs, Narberth at Florists, S. S. White at Media.

Dee. 23.—Media at Lansdale, S. S. White at Meadow Springs, Merchantville at Highland, Florists at Clearview, Narberth at North Camden.

Jan. 6.—Lansdale at Florists, North Camden at Media, Highland at S. S. White, Clearview at Merchantville, Meadow Springs at Narberth.

Jan. 20.—Florists at North Camden, Narberth at Highland, S. S. White at Merchantville, Media at Clearview, Lansdale at Meadow Springs.

Feb. 3.—Narberth at S. S. White, Merchantville at Meadow Springs, North Camden at Clearview, Lansdale at Highland, Media at Florists.

Feb. 17.—Florists at Highland, Media at Merchantville, S. S. White at Lansdale, Meadow Springs at North Camden, Narberth at Clearview.

March 3.—Highland at Media, Florists at Merchantville, North Camden at S. S. White, Clearview at Meadow Springs, Lansdale at Narberth.

March 17.—Florists at S. S. White, North Camden at Lansdale, Media at Meadow Springs, Clearview at Highland, Merchantville at Narberth.

March 31.—Narberth at Media, Highland at North Camden, Lansdale at Merchantville, Meadow Springs at Florists, S. S. White at Clearview.

April 14.—Merchantville at North Camden, Clearview at Lansdale, Meadow Springs at Highland, Florists at Narberth, Media at S. S. White.

April 28.—Lansdale at Media, Highland at Merchantville, Clearview at Florists, Meadow Springs at S. S. White, North Camden at Narberth.

May 12.—Florists at Lansdale, Media at North Camden, S. S. White at Highland, Merchantville at Clearview, Narberth at Meadow Springs.

May 26.—North Camden at Florists, Highland at Narberth, Clearview at Media, Merchantville at S. S. White, Meadow Springs at Lansdale.

Fleming—Bissett.

Waverly, N. J., Oct. 6.—A bright clear day was favorable for the contest for the Laflin & Rand trophy emblematic of the individual inanimate target championship of New Jersey. A stiff 7 o'clock wind prevailed. The contestants were Mr. J. J. Fleming (challenger) and Mr. F. C. Bissett, who has held it since winning it in open competition last June at the State shoot. This is the first match for it.

Mr. Fleming won by a score of 42 to 36.

The match was shot under the auspices of the Forester Gun Club, of which Mr. Fleming is a member.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The G. W. Cole Company, 141 Broadway, New York, inform us that, on application, they will send free a generous sample of their famous "3 in One," and also that, on application, a generous quantity of samples of that oil will be sent to gun clubs for the use of members. The multiplicity of uses to which "3 in One" can be applied is fully described in a circular, which the company will send to any applicant.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Prevents pitting and leading; keeps bore bright and ready for use. —*Adv.*

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natura. objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

OCTOBER.

A BRILLIANT October sun shines warm from a cloudless sky. The gray haze that envelopes all the landscape, softening and blending its distant features, does not temper the heat. From the hill tops the broad prospect is warm, too, with color. Damp meadows are vividly green; pines, cedars and spruces are black; hard maples and hickories yellow; oaks are turning crimson, while all along the fence rows the sumach flames, and tongues of even darker red—the Virginia creeper—climb to the very apex of some cone-shaped cedar. To every country lover the scene is familiar, and as dear as familiar.

Cultivated fields are dotted with shocks of yellow corn, stubbles are gray with ragweed. Among the green foliage of the orchard shine brilliant fruit globes, and now and then the intense quiet is broken by the thud of a falling apple striking the soft ground. Fences and hedge rows and stubbles and weed fields and swamps are alive with a multitude of birds. Each step startles from their foraging ground a horde of gray, seed-eating sparrows of many species, that by easy stages are taking their way across the land, prompt at the first suggestion of cold weather to hasten their southward journey. They are everywhere, close about the house, in front door yard and flower garden and kitchen garden. Among them is the white-throated sparrow, handsome in his livery of brown and yellow and white, and even the blue snowbird, soberly clad like a most respectable divine. These are birds that winter in the north and do not seem to belong with us yet. From one wood lot to another small groups of crows fan their way with cheerful cawings; robins are busy over lawns and wherever the ground is damp, searching for the worms that still lie close to the surface; flycatchers and warblers and a multitude of other birds, bright plumaged or sombre in color, are busy about their various tasks.

Though it is mid October, the frosts have not yet come. Garden flowers are still in bloom; pansies, geraniums, heliotropes, dahlias have the beauty of summer. Yet, although the air is so warm the ripened leaves in wood and swamp are letting go their hold on the trees and slowly falling to earth. They are not dry and harsh, as they will be later when cold weather shall have come, but rustle softly under the foot as one pushes through them—a pleasant sound. Perhaps it is because there has been no frost that the swamp maples, usually the first trees to change their color—and for a time the most brilliant—are this year paler than usual. Some of them, though losing their leaves, are white rather than red, while others seem to approach their usual brilliant crimson. Of yellows there is a multitude of shades, the pale birch, the beech a little stronger, the hickory still brighter, and the sassafras wonderful for its orange, a color so vivid that if backed by hickories or birches, the sassafras shines against their yellows like a sun in a smoky sky.

The leaves keep dropping down; on the ground they lie thickly, the stretches of open water in the brook are covered with them, white and red and yellow, and the ripples where the water finds its way among the stones seem choked with jewels.

From the edges of the woods the gray squirrels have ventured out toward the opening, for what purpose who can tell? Perhaps they are looking for the chestnuts that have long been gathered, or perhaps a hickory tree is dropping its nuts in the pasture lot. The chipmunks, as always, are busy; one can see them running along the walls and the rails of the fences; shy and keeping on the other side of cover if you are moving, yet curious and bold and venturing up to some high point from which they can see well, if you stand perfectly still.

Down in the swamp there are as yet no signs of the woodcock. Frosts are needed to bring them on, but when they come, here is abundant food for them. If we push up to the higher ground, perhaps somewhere not far away, a grouse may rise almost on silent wing, and dart away through the forest, veering this way and that to dodge the tree stems before him, yet still keeping a straight course and in full view perhaps for sixty yards. There is a sight to stir the blood of the New England gunner—fair view of a splendid and beautiful game bird. To the nature lover such a sight amply repays the fatigue of a day's tramp under a warm sun. To the field shooter it means joy and hope, for it is a promise of what is to come.

THE CARP CURSE.

IT happens that just as we have put into type Mr. Alex. Starbuck's arraignment of the carp as a pest threatening our inland waters, there comes to hand a report from Consul General Holloway, of Halifax, which says: "Whitefish and salmon trout in Canadian waters are almost extinct. In the fresh waters, where they are not yet extinct, the German carp, imported years ago, and breeding about fifteen times as fast as whitefish, are destroying the remainder."

The carp menace is by no means confined to the United States. In the Great Lakes it is in the very nature of the case a matter of international concern. And it is a concern which every year is becoming more serious as the fish multiplies in its old haunts and finds a way into new waters. "I may not live to see the day when the carp will be the monarch of all our waters," writes Mr. Starbuck, at the age of eighty, "but one need not be much younger than I am to realize this great tragedy of our lakes and rivers." Many of us have seen it already in waters with which we are familiar, where the carp has driven out and supplanted the native fish, far superior to it in all that counts for excellence. With respect to many of the lakes and rivers of North America the introduction of the foreign carp has been one of the gigantic blunders of fish transplanting. The carp is here—and it is here to stay. To extirpate it from connecting water courses is something which may safely be counted as beyond the ingenuity of man.

The carp has been a subject of discussion for several years in Illinois, where it has found active champions as well as those to denounce it; and here its supremacy, won at the expense of the native fish, is well illustrated. The Illinois River, which is about 400 miles long, and has 172 rivers and creeks as tributaries, and seventy-one rivers and creeks which are wholly within the State, and Fox Lake, which is one of the headwaters of the river, are crowded with these "scavengers of the waters," which will soon, by sheer force of numbers, drive out all other species. From Fox Lake, which has been famous as a breeding ground of game fish, more than 40,000 pounds of carp have been taken in an effort to clear it of this undesirable fish. The work was useless. The carp is there. It is there to stay.

If a lake or pond be so small that it may be completely drained—as has been done with some of the New Jersey lakes near New York—it is practicable to draw the water off and pitchfork out the fish. But with waters too large to treat in this way—with the Great Lakes—no remedy is suggested.

While with respect to so many scores of carp-infested ponds and lakes and streams the only thing left is to be content with the coarse fish which has taken the place of native species, it is not too late to protect from the curse waters which have not yet been invaded. There are in some States—as there should be everywhere—laws forbidding the introduction of fish into public waters without the sanction of the commissioners of fisheries; and to prevent the accidental stocking of waters with carp there are laws forbidding the use of carp minnows for bait.

Mr. Starbuck's paper should have careful reading. It has to do with a subject of incalculable importance to the fishing resources, opportunities and industries of the country. Discussion of the carp question should be encouraged to the end that the public may be educated as to the true character of the fish and what its coming into new waters will mean.

ITALY AFIELD.

THE flooding sunlight of these serene October days is the golden flood of the sun of Italy, and the blue of the sky is that same bewitching blue which arches above the Mediterranean. Yielding to the seductive call of the suburbs the exiled child of Italy straps on his gun, loads his pockets with ammunition, and sallies (or sneaks) out into the fields and thickets near the cities to shoot song-birds in this glorious land of freedom as he has been wont to do in his native Italy. At Fort Lee, in New Jersey, opposite New York, last Sunday, the game warden took in three enthusiastic sportsmen of the Latin race, who, in court, gave the names of Clemente Terosti, Salvatore Cusotro and Francisco Surati. They had between them a dozen robins, which had fallen to their ardent pursuit. A Hackensack justice fined them $25 each for hunting in the State without a license and $40 each for having slaughtered robins. The men astonished the court by producing the amounts of their fines in bills, paid up promptly and without ado, and took the ferry for home. They were not the only aliens who figured in the Monday newspaper reports of Sunday shooting. A Brooklyn song bird shooter, who gave the name of Thomas Simonetti, was taken in by the police for having shot a robin, a woodpecker and a wren. The Italian laborers on the Jerome Park Reservoir are incorrigible song bird shooters, and last week a protesting resident, on whose grounds a band of Italian shooters was trespassing in pursuit of robins, was menaced by the murderous gang with personal assault. These incidents, which are typical of a long catalogue of like outrages, all point straight to the necessity of a law to forbid the carrying of shotguns by unnaturalized foreigners. Other States have adopted this system; New York conditions demand it.

THE fishing trespass suit of Rockefeller vs. LaMora is already famous and promises to take its place among the important cases which have to do with the development of the private fishing and hunting preserve in this country. Mr. Raymond S. Spears, who gives in another column to-day a summary of the progress of the case as carried through the several courts to the Court of Appeals, tells us that he has endeavored to write an unbiassed and unprejudiced statement of the affair. It was perhaps inevitable that getting the story in part from LaMora's counsel, his version should have a slight color of sympathy with the native Adirondack view of the matter. It is to be said, however, that many of the points brought out have not before been clearly explained. The case, as here described, is not one of simple trespass. As to the contention that the planting of fish by the State in the waters in dispute gave to others than the owner any right to enter upon the land for the purpose of fishing, that is an argument which has been considered more than once by us; and it is one upon which a decision by the higher courts is much to be desired.

COMMISSIONER H. G. THOMAS, of Vermont, takes up the challenge of a critic of the Vermont non-resident shooting license law and replies to the criticism by citing decisions of the courts upholding the principle of such a statute. In brief, the argument usually advanced to justify the non-resident discrimination is this, that the State owns the game, and as the owner may prescribe regulations for its taking, even to the extreme of forbidding its killing at any time or in any manner. Clearly then, the argument runs, the State may restrict the privilege wholly to its own citizens, or it may extend to others permission to shoot on any terms it elects. The principle is pretty well established; and proposals to test the constitutionality of the non-resident system are not heard so frequently now nor so confidently as in earlier years, when such laws were novel. But, to repeat a suggestion made here last week, is there reason to believe that such a law as that of New York, which prescribes reprisals for non-residents varying in amount and determined by the residence of the visitor, is likely to hold if put to the test of constitutionality?



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In Trapping Days.

THIS is a chapter of life in the Wild West, the old West of the trapper, trader and Indian fighter, as it is pictured in the story of "Sixty Years on the Plains," by William T. Hamilton.* Mr. Hamilton, popularly and affectionately known as "Uncle Bill" Hamilton, is now enjoying a serene old age at his home in Columbus, Mont. He is a survivor of a picturesque type of men who had a large and important part in the making of the West. The story is here told by one who was one of the actors in it, and it is told with a modesty as to the narrator's own personal part which is as winning as it is admirable.

The expedition here described is one of the first in which Hamilton joined, its date being in the early '40s.

PERKINS was selected as leader. The party was made up of twenty trappers. A council was held on the 16th of September and it was decided to explore Salt Lake, Weber, Bear, and Malade rivers, and other streams, as circumstances and amount of furs should warrant.

The next day we started, a wild and motley-looking outfit I thought. The Indians all crowded up to shake us by the hand and to warn us to look out for the Blackfeet.

Nothing of interest took place until we reached Weber River, which rises in the Wahsatch Mountains and empties into Salt Lake. We followed the river down, passing through the cañon, and came in sight of the Great Salt Lake Valley, spread out in all its primitive grandeur. I said to Perkins, "Here is a scene fit to be viewed by the gods." Perkins and the other men laughed, saying, "Bill is becoming poetical." It was no longer "Boy." "Bill" had taken its place.

Perkins wanted to visit a stream south of where Salt Lake City now stands, and on our way there we camped at the hot springs, noted before, taking a plunge or bath before the Mormons ever heard of that country. We also examined the Blackfoot fort on the bench overlooking the springs.

The next morning some Utah Indians called on us and wanted us to pay for being in their country. Such a thing could not be thought of for a moment. These Indians spoke the Shoshone tongue, which many of our men understood. They were also very fair sign-talkers. When informed that they would receive no pay, their chief, who was called Old Bear—and bear he was by his looks, for a more surly looking savage was never seen—ordered us to leave immediately. He had with him some thirty warriors, who had a few flint-lock guns, bows and arrows, lances, knives, and tomahawks. They were thus fairly well armed, but by no means equal to our party.

Perkins, who was an expert in dealing with turbulent and insulting Indians, having great patience, tried by every means to pacify them and make friends, but without success. He made the Indians keep back from our outfit, and then they would spit at us and make signs meaning "dogs," which we all understood. I expected every minute to see the fight commence. We were prepard at every point, and our arms were in prime condition.

Perkins cautioned the men to have patience, for many of them were becoming nervous at the insults from the Indians. Trappers would not brook insults from any one, and as I saw these men grow more and more angry and bite their lips I thought it commendable in them to curb their feelings. All this time Perkins was trying his best to make peace. He filled his pipe, lit it, and offered it to the chief, who refused with contempt, saying, "Big Chief never smokes with white dogs."

Perkins' patience was now exhausted, and he told the chief in pretty plain language to get out. When the Indians saw our men prepare for action by standing in open order and bringing their guns down to bear on them, they mounted their ponies; and casting all kinds of insults at us, both in signs and in spoken language, they departed, going south, the very route that we wanted to take.

After they had disappeared we held a council, and Perkins thought that we would have to give up going any further south, as their village was located somewhere in that direction. We were not afraid of the Indians, but we wanted to collect furs and would have no opportunity to do this without being greatly annoyed.

As things stood it was a certainty that the Indians would follow us, and that a fight could not be avoided. We concluded to take the back track, a thing that trappers seldom do, except under extreme conditions such as those just related.

The reader may be interested in knowing just how a company of twenty trappers divided the work in the business of collecting furs among hostile Indians.

In the first place, everything was held in common, which means that the value of all furs trapped was equally divided. All men could not trap, for a picket had to be constantly on duty. A guard remained with the horses during the day. During the night the horses were corralled. One man had to take eare of camp, and generally two men acted as skinners and caretakers of all the furs brought in. The remainder set traps, and all kept a sharp lookout for Indians. No shooting was allowed while setting traps, as a shot signified Indians, at which signal all were on the alert.

A general rule that was followed by all mountain men was to strap stay-chains or trace-chains to the horses' fetlocks. It was impossible for them to stampede with such a fixing. When trappers lost their horses they were obliged to go to some rendezvous and restock, as furs could not be collected without horses.

We camped in a strong position on a sharp bend in the Weber River, where the banks were steep and the waters deep, so that in case of an attack the Indians could not approach from the river side. Perkins thought that the Indians would undoubtedly hold a council in their village and concoct some plan whereby they could capture those "white dogs" and get all their horses. All this we understood, but as I have said before, they calculated without their host, as the sequel will show.

Beaver signs were plentiful here, and after camp was made the men went out and set traps. At supper all hands were in camp.

We passed many jokes that evening, "Silver Tip" taking the lead, for he was by long odds the most humorous and comical member of the party.

Personally I was engaged in making a close study of all our men, particularly the new ones, and I came to the conclusion that they were a noble-looking body of men. With high foreheads and with calm and fearless eyes, their demeanor was that of gentlemen. I had read of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, and in my mind I began to make comparisons, wondering whether Boone or Kenton were any nobler looking than these men.

Then I thought of Leonidas and his handful of men repelling Xerxes and his immense Persian army. Could they be any braver or of finer metal than these trappers? As such thoughts passed through my mind, I came to the conclusion that the American nation might well feel proud of her mountaineers, who fearlessly explored the unknown wilderness, encountering and overcoming untold difficulties and dangers by the mere force of their own indomitable will-power and courage.

The true mountain men have never received the credit which they justly merited for their part in bringing this unknown country to light.

We only put up one ten-skin lodge for our effects, sleeping outside with arms in hand. Two guards were put on duty, to be relieved at midnight.

Perkins said that it was customary for the Utahs to attack just before daylight. It is at this time that Indians expect to find whites fast asleep.

A little before day two or three wolf howls were heard by the guards, who immediately notified Perkins, and he soon had all the men up. Our packs were placed in a semi-circle as a breastwork, and twenty of our best horses were saddled and tied in a thicket, to protect them as much as possible from Indian bullets and arrows. About the only protection the Indians would have in approaching camp was the sage-brush which stood on the flat.

We had a fairly well-fortified position, and it stood us well in hand to have it so. The Indians, knowing our number, would attack us seven or eight to one, and perhaps more.

Trappers in those days were obliged always to contend against overwhelming numbers; but they never hesitated, and it was always a fight to win, for defeat meant death.

The first wolf howls were soon followed by others, coming from points nearer and in a semi-circle. Indians are expert in imitating the cries of wolves or coyotes, and it is very hard to distinguish them from the cries of the real animals. On the other hand, even after years of practice, few whites can successfully imitate these animals. The hooting of the owl is frequently used as an Indian signal in attacking camps. All these signals are carefully studied by trappers and scouts, who are rarely deceived.

The Indians must have located our camp from the mountains, which were at no great distance, as our one lodge was set up in a cotton wood grove, which concealed it.

We had not long to wait before the attack commenced. Just at break of day the signals ceased, and the trappers knew that the crisis was at hand.

The Indians crept to within one hundred yards of camp before they gave the war-whoop. Then they came madly charging, fully one hundred in number.

The trappers had their rifles in hand and their pistols out of their scabbards ready for instant use after the rifles were discharged.

We let them get within fifty yards before delivering a shot, and at the discharge of the rifles many fell. Three of our men were armed with double-barreled shotguns, loaded with a half-ounce ball and five buckshot, deadly weapons at close quarters. These were now discharged and the Indians halted. Immediately the trappers began with their six-shooters, one in each hand, for as a result of long and constant practice they could shoot equally well with either. Every condition of his life obliged the trapper to be expert in the use of firearms.

At receiving so many shots from twenty men the Indians became panic-stricken. They had not calculated on the trappers having two pistols each—twelve shots apiece after the rifles were discharged. They had expected to exterminate us before we could reload our rifles.

The Indians retreated, assisting many of their wounded. Perkins had hard work to keep the men from charging, for our fighting blood was up. Had we charged, we would have lost several men, for the sage-brush was alive with Indians.

Several in our party received slight wounds, but none that were serious. An arrow went through my fur cap.

It was now getting daylight, and several wounded Indians lying close to our breastwork began shooting arrows at us, but our men soon quieted them.

When the sun was about two hours high, the Indians sent a messenger with a rag tied to a stick. Perkins met him outside. He said the Indians wished to make peace and that they had lost their chief, Old Bear, as well as many of their bravest warriors.

This was merely a sham. All they wanted was to save their slain from being scalped.

Perkins told the Indian to remain outside until he held council with his men. He was quite a diplomat, and made a strong speech to the effect that it would be best to make peace. It would certainly be to our advantage in collecting furs. The Indians had received a repulse which they had not expected. They would now return to their village, taking their dead and wounded, and mourn for many days. This would give us time to trap the Malade River and other streams before they got through mourning.

A vote was taken and resulted in seven wanting to continue the fight and thirteen declaring for peace. We did not fear the Indians, but we wanted to collect furs, not to fight. Perkins told the Indian to go back and bring five of his comrades to our camp.

In the meantime we cooked breakfast, keeping a sharp lookout all the while, for under no conditions do trappers trust Indians after a fight.

We did not have long to wait for the six Indians, who came up looking crestfallen at their failure. Perkins smoked with them and gave them some tobacco. He then told them that if they molested us any more or stole any of our horses he and his men would wipe out their village.

"Big talk," Docket said; "twenty men wiping out six hundred."

However, they appeared mighty glad to get possession of their dead and they made signals to other Indians to bring ponies, and they soon had the dead lashed to the ponies and departed. I counted thirty-two, which rather surprised us, as we had thought the execution very much greater. Had they attacked camp a half-hour later, in the same manner, their loss would have been doubled.

The next year we learned that many of the wounded had died, and that the Utahs declared that they had lost many of their best warriors. This tribe had frequently robbed small parties of trappers, many times killing them, and this was the first severe lesson that they had ever received. After this occurrence they invariably gave the well-organized bodies of trappers the "go by."

If any reader of this should doubt the fighting quality of the trapper, let him go among any tribe of Indians to-day and ask them what they think of it. They will invariably answer that it "costs too much blood to fight trappers."

This band was of the same Indians that gave the Mormons so much trouble a few years later.

*MY SIXTY YEARS ON THE PLAINS. Trapping, Trading, and Indian Fighting. By W. T. Hamilton ("Bill Hamilton"). With six full-page illustrations by Charles M. Russell. New York. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Price, $1.50.

The Fisher.

(From the German of Göthe.)

The water rushed, the water swelled,
A Fisher sat beside:
Cool to the heart his rod he held,
And calmly watched the tide,
Till fast, with many a circling wreath,
He marked the waves unclose,
And beauteous from the deeps beneath
A syren nymph uprose.

She sang to him, she spake to him—
"Why thus my watery brood
With lies of human stratagem
To these death-heats delude?
Oh, couldst thou see how happy live
The little fish below,
Thyself beneath the flood wouldst dive,
And bliss for ever know.

"Doth not the dear Sun bathe him here?
The sweet Moon bathe her, too?
Rise not their faces doubly fair,
Wave-breathing to the view?
Doth not this deeper heaven thee charm—
This moistly-glorious blue?
Doth not thine own reflected form,
Amid th' eternal dew?"

* * * * * * * *

The waters rushed, the waters swelled,
They kissed his naked feet;
A wondrous charm his heart impelled
Some Unknown Love to greet:
She sang to him, she spake to him,
Half plunged he from the shore,
Half drew she him to sea-caves dim,
The Fisher rose no more.

—E. F., in Fishing Gazette.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXXIV.

(*Concluded from page 289.*)

Ruxton had many hunting adventures, and some narrow escapes from Indian fighting. Much of what he writes of this period has to do with the animals of the region, for at that time the country swarmed with game. The rapidity with which wolves will devour an animal is well known to those familiar with the olden time, but we may quote what our author has to say about it:

"The sagacity of wolves is almost incredible. They will remain around a hunting camp and follow the hunters the whole day, in bands of three and four, at less than a hundred yards distance, stopping when they stop, and sitting down quietly when game is killed, rushing to devour the offal when the hunter retires, and then following until another feed is offered them. If a deer or antelope is wounded, they immediately pursue it, and not unfrequently pull the animal down in time for the hunter to come up and secure it from their ravenous clutches. However, they appear to know at once the nature of the wound, for if but slightly touched, they never exert themselves to follow a deer, chasing those only which have received a mortal blow.

"I one day killed an old buck which was so poor that I left the carcass on the ground untouched. Six coyotes, or small prairie wolves, were my attendants that day, and of course before I had left the deer twenty paces, had commenced their work of destruction. Certainly not ten minutes after, I looked back and saw the same six loping after me, one of them not twenty yards behind me, with his nose and face all besmeared with blood and his belly swelled almost to bursting. Thinking it scarcely possible that they could have devoured the whole deer in so short a space. I had the curiosity to return, and to my astonishment, found actually nothing left but a pile of bones and hair, the flesh being stripped from them as clean as if scraped with a knife. Half an hour after I killed a large blacktail deer, and as it was also in miserable condition, I took merely the fleeces (as the meat on the back and ribs is called), leaving four-fifths of the animal untouched. I then retired a short distance, and sitting down on a rock, lighted my pipe and watched the operations of the wolves. They sat perfectly still until I had withdrawn some three-score yards, when they scampered, with a flourish of their tails, straight to the deer. Then commenced such a tugging and snarling and biting, all squealing and swallowing at the same moment. A skirmish of tails and flying hair was seen for five minutes, when the last of them, with slouching tail and evidently ashamed of himself, withdrew, and nothing remained on the ground but a well-picked skeleton. By sunset, when I returned to camp, they had swallowed as much as three entire deer."

Although Ruxton was no longer traveling, he was not yet free from danger from storms, and an extraordinary night passed in a snowstorm followed the loss of his animals on a hunting trip. Horses and mules had disappeared one morning, and he and his companion had set out to find them. This they succeeded in doing, and when they overtook the animals, shortly after noon, he says, "I found them quietly feeding—and they suffered me to catch them without difficulty. As we were now within twenty miles of the fort, Morgan (his companion), who had had enough of it, determined to return, and I agreed to go back with the animals to the cache and bring in the meat and packs. I accordingly tied the blanket on a mule's back, and leading the horse, trotted back at once to the grove of cottonwoods where we had before encamped. The sky had been gradually overcast with leaden-colored clouds, until, when near sunset, it was one huge inky mass of rolling darkness. The wind had suddenly lulled, and an unnatural calm, which so surely heralds a storm in these tempestuous regions, succeeded. The ravens were winging their way toward the shelter of the timber, and the coyote was seen trotting quickly to cover, conscious of the coming storm.

"The black, threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by wind; and the huge cottonwoods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom. Knowing but too well what was coming, I turned my animals toward the timber, which was about two miles distant. With pointed ears, and actually trembling with fright, they were as eager as myself to reach the shelter; but, before we had proceeded a third of the distance, with a deafening roar the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened and drove right in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hailstones beating on my unprotected head and face almost stunned me. In an instant my hunting shirt was soaked, and as instantly frozen hard, and my horse was a mass of icicles. Jumping off my mule—for to ride was impossible—I tore off the saddle blanket and covered my head. The animals, blinded with the sleet, and their eyes actually coated with ice, turned their sterns to the storm, and, blown before it, made for the open prairie. All my exertions to drive them to the shelter of the timber were useless. It was impossible to face the hurricane, which now brought with it clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in. Still, the animals kept on, and I determined not to leave them, following, or, rather, being blown, after them. My blanket, frozen stiff like a board, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent its being blown away, and although it was no protection against the intense cold, I knew it would in some degree shelter me at night from the snow. In half an hour the ground was covered on the bare prairie to the depth of two feet, and through this I floundered for a long time before the animals stopped. The prairie was as bare as a lake; but one little tuft of greasewood bushes presented itself, and here, turning from the storm, they suddenly stopped and remained perfectly still. In vain I again attempted to turn them toward the direction of the timber; huddled together, they would not move an inch; and, exhausted myself, and seeing nothing before me but, as I thought, certain death, I sank down immediately behind them, and covering my head with the blanket, crouched like a ball in the snow. I would have started myself for the timber, but it was pitchy dark, the wind drove clouds of frozen snow into my face, and the animals had so turned about in the prairie that it was impossible to know the direction to take; and although I had a compass with me, my hands were so frozen that I was perfectly unable, after repeated attempts, to unscrew the box and consult it. Even had I reached the timber, my situation would have been scarcely improved, for the trees were scattered wide about over a narrow space, and consequently afforded but little shelter; and if even I had succeeded in getting firewood—by no means an easy matter at any time, and still more difficult now that the ground was covered with three feet of snow—I was utterly unable to use my flint and steel to procure a light, since my fingers were like pieces of stone, and entirely without feeling.

"The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate them—how for hours I remained with my head on my knees and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of the wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe. I have passed many nights alone in the wilderness and in a solitary camp—have listened to the roarings of the wind and the howling of wolves, and felt the rain or snow beating upon me with perfect unconcern; but this night threw all my former experiences into the shade, and is marked with the blackest of stones in the memoranda of my journeyings.

"Once, late in the night, by keeping my hands buried in the breast of my hunting shirt, I succeeded in restoring sufficient feeling into them to enable me to strike a light. Luckily my pipe, which was made out of a huge piece of cottonwood bark, and capable of containing at least twelve ordinary pipefuls, was filled with tobacco to the brim; and this I do believe kept me alive during the night, for I smoked and smoked until the pipe itself caught fire and burned completely to the stem.

"I was just sinking into a dreamy stupor, when the mules began to shake themselves and sneeze and snort, which hailing as a good sign, and that they were still alive, I attempted to lift my head and take a view of the weather. When with great difficulty I raised my head, all appeared dark as pitch, and it did not at first occur to me that I was buried deep in snow; but when I thrust my arm above me, a hole was thus made, through which I saw the stars shining in the sky and the clouds fast clearing away. Making a sudden attempt to straighten my almost petrified back and limbs, I rose, but, unable to stand, fell forward in the snow, frightening the animals, which immediately started away. When I gained my legs I found that day was just breaking, a long gray line of light appearing over the belt of timber on the creek, and the clouds gradually rising from the east, and allowing the stars to peep from patches of blue sky. Following the animals as soon as I gained the use of my limbs, and taking a last look at the perfect cave from which I had just risen, I found them in the timber, and singular enough under the very tree where we had cached our meat. However, I was unable to ascend the tree in my present state, and my frost-bitten fingers refused to perform their offices; so that I jumped upon my horse, and followed by the mules, galloped back to the Arkansa, which I reached in the evening, half dead with hunger and cold.

"The hunters had given me up for lost, as such a night even the 'oldest inhabitant' had never witnessed. My late companion had reached the Arkansa, and was safely housed before it broke, blessing his lucky stars that he had not gone back with me."

It was at this time that the news of the Pueblo Indian rising in the valley of Taos took place, and that Governor Charles Bent and other white men had been killed. The account of the fight at the house of Turley is given in detail, and is interesting as coming through Ruxton direct from Albert, one of the three survivors:

"The massacre of Turley and his people, and the destruction of his mill, were not consummated without considerable loss to the barbarous and cowardly assailants. There were in the house at the time of the attack eight white men, including Americans, French Canadians, and one or two Englishmen, with plenty of arms and ammunition. Turley had been warned of the intended insurrection, but had treated the report with indifference and neglect, until one morning a man named Otterbees, in the employ of Turley, and who had been despatched to Santa Fe with several mule loads of whisky a few days before, made his appearance at the gate on horseback, and hastily informing the inmates of the mill that the New Mexicans had risen and massacred Governor Bent and other Americans, galloped off. Even then Turley felt assured that he would not be molested, but at the solicitations of his men, agreed to close the gate of the yard, round which were the buildings of a mill and distillery, and make preparations for defense.

"A few hours after, a large crowd of Mexicans and Pueblo Indians made their appearance, all armed with guns and bows and arrows, and advancing with a white flag, summoned Turley to surrender his house and the Americans in it, guaranteeing that his own life should be saved, but that every other American in the valley of Taos had to be destroyed; that the Governor and all the Americans at Fernandez and the rancho had been killed, and that not one was to be left alive in all New Mexico.

"To this summons, Turley answered that he would never surrender his house nor his men, and that, if they wanted it or them, 'they must take them.'

"The enemy then drew off, and after a short consultation, commenced the attack. The first day they numbered about five hundred, but the crowd was hourly augmented by the arrival of parties of Indians from the more distant pueblos, and of New Mexicans from Fernandez, La Cañada and other places.

"The building lay at the foot of a gradual slope in the sierra, which was covered with cedar bushes. In front ran the stream of the Arroyo Hondo, about twenty yards from one side of the square, and on the other side was broken ground, which rose abruptly and formed the bank of the ravine. In rear, and behind the still-house, was some garden ground inclosed by a small fence, and into which a small wicket gate opened from the corral.

"As soon as the attack was determined upon, the assailants broke, and scattering, concealed themselves under the cover of the rocks and bushes which surrounded the house.

"From these they kept up an incessant fire upon every exposed portion of the building, where they saw the Americans preparing for defense.

"They, on their parts, were not idle; not a man but was an old mountaineer, and each had his trusty rifle, with good store of ammunition. Wherever one of the assailants exposed a hand's breadth of his person, there whistled a ball from an unerring barrel. The windows had been blockaded, loop holes being left to fire through, and through these a lively fire was maintained. Already several of the enemy had bitten the dust, and parties were constantly seen bearing off the wounded up the banks of the Cañada. Darkness came on, and during the night a continual fire was kept up on the mill, while its defenders, reserving their ammunition, kept their posts with stern and silent determination. The night was spent in running balls, cutting patches and completing the defenses of the building. In the morning the fight was renewed, and it was found that the Mexicans had effected a lodgment in a part of the stables, which were separated from the other portions of the buildings, and between which was an open space of a few feet. The assailants during the night had sought to break down the wall and thus enter the main building, but the strength of the adobes and logs of which it was composed, resisted effectually all their attempts.

"Those in the stable seemed anxious to regain the outside, for their position was unavailable as a means of annoyance to the besieged, and several had darted across the narrow space which divided it from the other part of the building and which slightly projected, and behind which they were out of the line of fire. As soon, however, as the attention of the defenders was called to this point, the first man who attempted to cross, and who happened to be a Pueblo chief, was dropped on the instant and fell dead in the center of the intervening space. It appeared an object to recover the body, for an Indian immediately dashed out to the fallen chief and attempted to drag him within the cover of the wall. The rifle which covered the spot again poured forth its deadly contents, and the Indian, springing into the air, fell over the body of his chief, struck to the heart. Another and another met with a similar fate, and at least three rushed at once to the spot, and seizing the body by the legs and head, had already lifted it from the ground, when three puffs of smoke blew from the barricaded window, followed by the sharp cracks of as many rifles, and the three daring Indians added their number to the pile of corpses which now covered the body of the dead chief.

"As yet the besieged had met with no casualties; but after the fall of the seven Indians in the manner above described, the whole body of assailants, with a shout of rage, poured in a rattling volley, and two of the defenders of the mill fell mortally wounded. One, shot through the loins, suffered great agony, and was removed to the still-house, where he was laid upon a large pile of grain, as being the softest bed to be found.

"In the middle of the day the assailants renewed the attack more fiercely than before, their baffled attempts adding to their furious rage. The little garrison bravely stood to the defense of the mill, never throwing away a shot, but firing coolly, and only when a fair mark was presented to their unerring aim. Their ammunition, however, was fast failing, and to add to the danger of their situation, the enemy set fire to the mill, which blazed fiercely and threatened destruction to the whole building. Twice they succeeded in overcoming the flames, and taking advantage of their being thus occupied, the Mexicans and Indians charged into the corral, which was full of hogs and sheep, and vented their cowardly rage upon the animals, spearing and shooting all that came in their way. No sooner, however, were the flames extinguished in one place than they broke out more fiercely in another; and as a successful defense was perfectly hopeless, and the numbers of the assailants increased every moment, a council of war was held by the survivors of the little garrison, when it was determined, as soon as night approached, that every one should attempt to escape as best he might, and in the meantime the defense of the mill was to be continued.

"Just at dusk, Albert and another man ran to the wicket gate, which opened into a kind of inclosed space, and in which was a number of armed Mexicans. They both rushed out at the same moment, discharging their rifles full in the faces of the crowd. Albert, in the confusion, threw himself under the fence, whence he saw his companion shot down immediately, and heard his cries for mercy, mingled with shrieks of pain and anguish, as the cowards pierced him with knives and lances. Lying without motion under the fence, as soon as it was quite dark he crept over the logs and ran up to the mountain, traveled day and night, and scarcely stopping or resting, reached the Greenhorn, almost dead with hunger and fatigue. Turley himself succeeded in escaping from the mill and in reaching the mountain unseen. Here he met a Mexican, mounted on a horse, who had been a most intimate friend of the unfortunate man for many years. To this man Turley offered his watch (which was treble its worth) for the use of his horse, but was refused. The inhuman wretch, however, affected pity and commiseration for the fugitive, and advised him to go to a certain place, where he would bring or send him assistance; but on reaching the mill, which was now a mas of fire, he immediately informed the Mexicans of his place of concealment, whither a large party instantly proceeded and shot him to death.

"Two others escaped and reached Santa Fe in safety. The mill and Turley's house were sacked and gutted, and all his hard-earned savings, which were considerable, and concealed in gold about the house, were discovered, and of course seized upon by the victorious Mexicans.

"The Indians, however, met a few days after with a severe retribution. The troops marched out of Santa Fe, attacked their pueblo, and leveled it to the ground, killing many hundreds of its defenders and taking many prisoners, most of whom were hanged."

The man Otterbees, or Otterby, was a Mexican, or half Mexican, well known in the West from 1840 to 1850. His Cheyenne wife, now about eighty-six years old, still resides in Oklahoma, where also he has a son, a half-breed, of good intelligence.

At this time the fur of the beaver had been supplanted by other and cheaper materials, so that beaver fur, which formerly brought $8 a pound, now brought but $1. For this reason, many, if not most, of the trappers, had for the time being ceased their work, and many of them had settled down on farms in the mountains, where, though professing to farm, they raised little from the ground except corn, but subsisted almost entirely on the game, which was so enormously abundant. The author has much to say about the trappers and their ways of life, and much also about the Arapaho Indians, camps of whom were in the vicinity of the fort through much of the winter. He made many solitary hunting trips away from the fort, and of one of these, to the head of the Fontaine-qui-bouille, he paints a pleasing picture:

"Never was there such a paradise for hunters as this lone and solitary spot. The shelving prairie, at the bottom of which the springs are situated, is entirely surrounded by rugged mountains, and containing perhaps two or three acres of excellent grass, affords a safe pasture to their animals, which would hardly care to wander from such feeding, and the salitrose rocks they love so well to lick. Immediately overhead Pike's Peak, at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, towers high into the clouds, while from the fountain, like a granitic amphitheatre, ridge after ridge, clothed with pine and cedar, rises and meets the stupendous mass of mountains, well called 'Rocky,' which stretches far away north and southward, their gigantic peaks being visible above the strata of clouds which hide their rugged bases.

"This first day the sun shone out bright and warm, and not a breath of wind ruffled the evergreen foliage of the cedar groves. Gay-plumaged birds were twittering in the shrubs, and ravens and magpies were chattering overhead, attracted by the meat I had hung upon a tree; the mules, having quickly filled themselves, were lying round the spring, basking lazily in the sun; and myself, seated on a pack, and pipe in mouth, with rifle ready at my side, indolently enjoyed the rays, which reverberated (*sic*) from the white rock on which I was lying, were deliciously warm and soothing. A piece of rock, detached from the mountainside and tumbling noisily down, caused me to look up in the direction whence it came. Half a dozen big-horns, or Rocky Mountain sheep, perched on the pinnacle of a rock, were gazing wonderingly upon the prairie, where the mules were rolling enveloped in clouds of dust. The enormous horns of the mountain sheep appeared so disproportionably heavy, that I every moment expected to see them lose their balance and topple over the giddy height. My motions frightened them, and jumping from rock to rock, they quickly disappeared up the steepest part of the mountain. At the same moment a herd of blacktail deer crossed the corner of the glade within rifle shot of me, but, fearing the vicinity of Indians, I refrained from firing before I had reconnoitred the vicinity for signs of their recent presence.

"Immediately over me, on the left bank of the stream, and high above the springs, was a small plateau, one of many which are seen on the mountainsides. Three buffalo bulls were here quietly feeding, and remained the whole afternoon undisturbed. I saw from the sign that they had very recently drunk at the springs, and that the little prairie where my animals were feeding was a frequent resort of solitary bulls."

In pleasant discursive fashion, the author tells of buffalo and bears, and mountain sheep; and mentions among other things, concerning this species, that several attempts have been made to secure the young of mountain sheep and transport them to the States. None of these, however, have been successful. Old Bill Williams even took with him into the mountains a troop of milch goats, by which to bring up the young sheep, but, though capturing a number of lambs, he did not succeed in reaching the frontier with a single one.

He reports also the superstition of the Canadian trappers concerning the carcagieu, which we know as the wolverine, and tells of a reported battle which an old Canadian trapper said that he had had with one of these animals, and which lasted upward of two hours, during which he fired a pouchful of balls into the animal's body, which spat them out as fast as they were shot in. Two days later, in company with the same man, the author, in looking over a ridge, saw a wolverine, and shot at it, as it was running off, without effe For this he was derided by the Canadian, who declar that if he had shot fifty balls at the carcagieu it wou not have cared at all.

One night, when camped on the Platte, the auth woke up, and looking out of his blanket, saw sitti before the fire a huge gray wolf, his eyes closed a his head nodding in sheer drowsiness.

The last day of April, Ruxton set out to cross t plains for Fort Leavenworth, intending to return England. Soon afterward they reached Bent's Fort, a a little later were joined by a number of Fremon men, and by Kit Carson, who were returning fro California. They passed a Cheyenne camp, and befo very long were well out on the plains, and in the buffa country. Concerning the abundance of these anima Ruxton tells the same extraordinary stories that old-timers relate. He hunted buffalo both by "approachin and by running; and tried many experiments with the great beasts. One night the camp was almost r down by a vast herd of buffalo, but all hands bei aroused, they managed by firing their guns and maki all the noise they could, to split the herd, so that t two branches passed around instead of over them.

At length the party approached Council Grove, a the more humid country, where the eastern timber w found, which, to Ruxton, and to the Missourians of t party, looked like old friends.

Some little time was spent at Fort Leavenwort where the change from the free life of prairie and mou tain was found by Ruxton to be very unpleasant. B he suffered still more when he reached St. Louis, a was obliged to assume the confining garb of civilizatio and above all, to put his feet into shoes.

Ruxton's journey from St. Louis to New York w uneventful, and in July he left for England, which reached in the middle of August, 1847.

It was after this that he wrote a series of sketche entitled "Life in the Far West," which were afterwa published in Blackwood's Magazine, and finally book form in England and America. These sketch purport to give the adventures of a trapper, La Bon during fifteen years' wandering in the mountains, a set forth trapper and mountain life of the day. Th show throughout the greatest familiarity with the ol time life. The author's effort to imitate the dialec spoken by the trappers, makes the conversation n always easy to read; but they are most interesting faithful pictures of life in the mountains between 18 and 1840—at the end of the days of the beaver.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Biography of a Bear.—V.

NOTWITHSTANDING many disadvantages, California and the Pacific States are being socially and politically organized. Here and there, as my friend Enochs might have asserted, there are unmistakable indications of civilization—but these symptoms are somewhat promiscuous and intangible. While the word "civilized" is in itself somewhat overladen with incongruity, in its application to the Far West it is considerably strained.

For about fifty years—or, say, since the Anglo-Saxon began to abolish the Spanish padres and the natives of the Pacific slope—the coast, and particularly the territory comprising California, has been a sort of hunting ground for vandals of all degrees of enlightenment and depravity. Adventurers surged into this region from all parts of the world, when the discovery of gold was announced, and they came with about every ambition and desire but those most laudable in human endeavor.

There have been tomes of sentimental prevarication written, printed and believed in by the unsophisticated, about the noble pioneer, the heroic fighters of Indians, the honest miners and the giants of the West. I subscribe to hardy pioneers, Indian killers, avaricious miners—and here and there to a Western giant who strove against overwhelming circumstances and disadvantages—but I balk there. Material evidences and immaterial traditions do not amalgamate. The world knows it, and California cannot afford to waste time deceiving herself—cannot afford to be antagonistic to her real resources. She has lauded herself by singing her own praises, pitched to false tunes, until she is hoarse—her song is only sweet to the singer.

The plain truth is that California is becoming civilized in spite of a vandal population. In spite of the hordes of transient, uncouth, greedy and avaricious ruffians that have left her ravaged and scarred and betrayed, to the extent of their abilities. Her real history is imperishably recorded and there is blood and crime enough upon the pages. Her conquest is not a theme for heroic eulogism and unadulterated glorification. She should be content to speak softly, and tread lightly the path to reformation and reclamation. She is not.

From a thousand commanding summits of the Sierras one may scan the wondrous panorama comprehending a vast portion of California and the coast. Mountains, mountains—great prolific valleys and uplands, a maze of water courses, torrents, streams and rivers and lakes—all as clear and pure as any in the world, wherever they remain undisturbed and uncontaminated by the most destructive operations known—lumbering and mining operations. Let anyone, who has traveled over the regions he surveys from the summits of the Sierras, ponder upon these things. Let him consider what there is and what there might have been—what there doubtless will be. Let him tell us what there is in these regions that is sufficient apology for the white man's intrusion upon and occupation of them. Aside from two or three unavoidably commercial centers there is, in a terse and popular expression of the period, nit.

The principal achievements of the white man in this Pacific realm comprise wagon roads, railroads, a few hundred towns and two or three cities. Many of the wagon roads have been killing horses, mules, men and other burdened beasts, prematurely, for fifty years. These roads are not as well kept in their way as were the trails formrly used by the Indians. The road fund of every county government is a large item in the distribution of public money, but it is a problem beyond solution why so little is accomplished with it. The roads, in the main, are as badly laid off, as rocky and dusty, and as unmolested by real improvement as cattle trails. If some of the old horses of California and Nevada should come upon a good stretch of road they would either collapse with ecstacy or drop dead with apprehension and distrust.

The railroads of the coast—properly the railroad—is not an unmitigated nuisance, as has been frequently asserted. Although it brings with it many undesirable things it takes them sometimes away again, possibly because it has a way of collecting everything it can reach. It charges all the "traffic will bear," or a little more, by way of apology for not keeping itself in a decent or safe state of repair. It argues that its rates are so high it cannot get enough business to keep itself in order, and that if its rates are reduced it would not be able to handle the increased traffic. Its minor employes live in hope, having in the main no other apparent object in doing it; while its higher officials and manipulators prosper according to the fluctuations of products from the mines, lumber, live stock, harvests, etc., whatever there is they take with picturesque avidity. The roads were built, operated, financed and scuttled with a science that is historically unique. The most pathetic thing in connection with their manipulation has been, and is, the complacency and pusillanimity with which a fully cognizant people submit to the tyranny of brigands.

In the matter of towns California is a wonder. About 80 per cent. of her population lives or abides in the towns. These towns are fairly well equipped, according to popular sentiment. In the State's capital, where about 30,000 people sojourn quietly, and where about 10,000 more go and stay until run in—or run out—by the police, there were, in 1891, 444 saloons and places of business where whisky and beer could be purchased in any quantity, besides some stores that dealt in other staples. There were many churches, places of entertainment and amusement, but there was no clash between them and the former industries. Sacramento is a comparatively placid town.

San Francisco is a still more important western center, of which the world hears more or less misrepresentation. It is what might be designated an impetuous city in several of its tendencies. In its city hall I heard one of its former mayors declare it (the hall) the "dearest" spot in the world—and no one protested of a very large audience. The city hall of San Francisco is a monument to commemorate lack of political integrity and predominant corporate Iscariotism. Its very foundations were stuffed with rubbish and its turrets crumble in dusty tribute to rotten contracts. Several of the principal streets a densely populated and paved considerably with cobbl stones. A large portion of its inhabitants are engag in traveling upon ferryboats between the city proper a Oakland, Shell Mound, Alameda and the races; or rail and trolley to the parks, the ocean, Ingleside a the Chutes. The Chutes is a kind of zoological infer for caged animals, incubator babes and other unfortuna tourists. These adjuncts are tributary to the railroa which are owned more or less in common by several pe sons. During the late war in the Philippines the ci transacted considerable business with the Federal Go ernment, with about the average amount of harmles necessary scandal. Newspapers are among its expor and some of them are notably versatile and adaptive. A in all, the city is a culminating point for Western ente prise.

Many of these developments may be seen or conjectur from the elevations of the coast, but the contemplati observer wonders why the interior of California is n more dispersedly occupied. Some of the ranches ha many square miles of territory under fence, and the so is cultivated here and there by the less influential of th people. There are some farm and country houses, b the better class and more pretentious dwellings cluster a few points, whence no especial advantages ensue. Th rocky coves on the southern coast, cactus wates in sout ern California, and the sand hills about Bodega Bay, a infested with most of the population. They are addicte to high architecture, steeples and roof gardens, or subte ranean excavation—preferring perpendicular methods lateral expansion.

A fortuitous earthquake may some time shake up son of these central meccas and disseminate them promisc ously. This could occur only at some expense, but would be quite generally advantageous. California is e pansive enough to accommodate a disintegrated town two.

The mines and mineral products of the State have bee and are a detriment to local utility and value, and hand cap more rational development. The energy, blood an treasure that have been expended in excavations and digging holes in the rock, which are in the main of n possible value, not even as a feature of "improvemen or development, might have embellished the State wi marble palaces. Millions of money and armies of me have been used in exploring California mines. Th product seems chiefly to have gone glimmering, or bac to China. The State has little to show.

At the present time primitive methods of destruction mining have been partially suspended, and the princip operators of that industry are now smelting such poiso ous matter as they dig out. The smelter, as a means destruction, is the climax of supernatural ingenuity. I general use it would devastate the world in about th same space of time that an universal conflagration woul and cause much more suffering and nausea. With co siderable government encouragement two or three co porations are reducing northern California, at the prese time, to a few tons of copper and by-products The co

per is sent abroad in exchange for tools, dynamite, Italians, Cornishmen, denim clothing and beer for the miners. The workmen get some food, such as it is, as to other things they are not eaptious; they are notably placable and otherwise dormant. The railroad is benefited as it chips off something from everything, both going and coming.

As I said heretofore, these things may be discerned from elevations.

As our party aseended to the timbered lands, between two of the Cow Creeks, we were glad to tumble out of the wagon and sleep in the timothy hay at Daly's ranch. Here we were in the edge of the singing conifers. For fifteen or twenty miles we would pass through a region little affectd by what my friend Enochs was inclined to call improvement, or development. It had not yet become practical or profitable to shred this forest into planks, shingles, toothpicks and matehes. No mines had been discovered and the habitations of men were few and far between. Since then a post office has been established near Daly's, which implies sawmills and other eivilizing influences and illusions.

Jack was as weary and sleepy as the rest of us, and he was soon snoring in the hay in a passably aristocratic tone, comparatively—after Enochs and Dick got at it. As for me, I infer from the fact that I could hear the others most of the time, that I do not snore.

Nevertheless, it was about 10 o'clock the next morning when we came out of that bed in the hay. If absolute obliviousness is sound sleep, we had had it. If we had a haddock we would have had a fish. That last assortment of words is a positive instance of verbal debility. Had had has affected me so that I have forgotten whatever it was that, if I had had it—might have been of service. Had had—what a miserable, emaciated combination to convey intelligence with. Had had, bedad! I have known it to occur elsewhere.

I say it was 10 o'clock, and the sun had been up half an hour—high up. Although there was a fine, meadowy valley here, that was almost resistless, the sun and the heat kept us from exploring it. It stretched away like a wide lane of bright green velvet into the deeper greens and shadows of the verging forest. Quails were calling in their troops of foragers after the morning's raid. The gray squirrels were yet barking fussily before betaking themselves to their tall pines for the heat of the day. We had discovered deer tracks the evening before and we wanted to, but it was too hot. There is altitude between the humid valleys, and the cooler atmosphere of the mountains, where the sun has terrific force. There is a midway zone where the atmosphere is free of moisture, smoke and humidity, and the thin, pure air offers no screen between the celestial fire from the sun and the hot surface of the ground. It beats down mercilessly, but if there is the shade of a single tree it is a refuge and more cooling than a thick roof in the valley.

Jack, having gained experience in regard to ranches, was more cautious in his tours. He was content at Daly's to remain near us, after scaring a season's growth from a dish-faced calf, some cats and two or three of the dogs belonging at the ranch. All these animals were inquisitive and their curiosity was a little more than satisfied, judging from their actions. Jack did nothing whatever but sit up or stand and greet his visitors with dignity and encouragement, but they were all unaccustomed to high life and they shied, made one or two evolutions evincing reticence—and then they went away with unhesitating alacrity. The calf went over a few fences, through one or two, and then up a tree, I think; the cats—well, the cats scattered and then sneaked assiduously, while the dogs merely left for the house to tell Daly; not finding him there they struck out for tall timber with such ability as they had with them.

Once more we were upon the road and for the first hour or two the sun almost cooked us between shades. We were still climbing, and in places where the grades were steep or rocky Enochs grumbled and spluttered. At such times I encouraged him as much as I could, for he did it well and was more or less diverting. Besides, he was a tenderfoot. Some of his allusions to hot sun, the road, to Jack and the company generally evinced originality and genius, but they were not pious enough for my unsullied note-book.

We were all feeling debilitated and partly cooked after a few hours, when a track was discerned in the dust where a rattlesnake had crossed the road. Having some whisky along for snake bites we immediately stopped, got it out and tried it as a preventive at rather long range. We escaped the snake track, which I estimated was about a week old, but Enochs and Dick both insisted that it was not made longer than four or five days, and so we took a little more. We escaped the snake, but I soon had a terrific headache. My experience has been that whisky or other stimulants are a bad thing to have in the sun—very little if any better than snakes.

Eventually we entered tall, dense timber. It was very tall and very dense, seldom penetrated by the sun. It was almost equal to a cold cellar, after the hot blaze upon the grades. Our wagon now began to wake echoes that clattered away further and further into the forest. Our voices were multiplied infinitely, and when I rode at a little distance from the wagon and we complimented or otherwise disparaged each other, Jack or the horses' echoes sent back such a profusion of sounds that we got dizzy; of course, the whisky might have contributed, but the echoes were the main factor. In some places it was no use. When we said anything it was twisted by the echoes into idiotic chatter. Some of our observations would not stand the transposition very well; in fact, they were bad enough without interference from diagonal acoustics.

RANSACKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ruffed Grouse Vagaries.

GLEN EYRE, Pa., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notiee in last week's number the ruffed grouse vagaries. We had a case here early in the month. One flew through a window, cutting off his head, the body striking the opposite wall. The reflection of the sky on the pane probably led him to go through. The fear of game warden or powdered glass did not keep him from his proper grave.

SHOHOLA.

The Quails of the United States.

BY SYLVESTER D. JUDD, ASSISTANT, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

(Bureau of Biological Survey—Bulletin No. 26).

Introduction.

THE quails of the United States, because of their interesting habits and marvelous diversity of form and color, are a notably attractive group. All are handsome birds, but the most striking and beautiful species live in the Southwest and on the Pacific coast. Seven species occur within our borders, but only one in the Eastern States. The others are widely distributed from Texas to California and Oregon. Their range was, and still is, continuous along the entire southern border of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but there is an irregular belt along the northern border and a large area in the interior, comprising the Great Plains, the northern three-fourths of the Great Basin, and the Rocky Mountains, in which they appear to have been originally wanting.

With few exceptions our quails welcome the extension of agriculture, and the added food supply in farmed areas results in an increase of their numbers. This is equally true of the bobwhite of the East, and of some of the desert species of the West. So fully does the bobwhite appreciate the advantages of the farm that its range has increased with the extension of the cultivated area, especially west of the Mississippi.

The quails, because of their cheerful habits, their beauty, and their value as food, are usually welcome on the farm; but their real value to agriculture is not yet generally understood. The investigations of the Biological Survey show that these birds, with rare exceptions, are not only harmless, but that usually they are very useful to agriculture. This is particularly true of the bobwhite, which constantly feeds on injurious weed seeds and insects, and thus renders valuable service to the farmer. In return for this good service it is but fair that these birds should be treated with friendly care and interest.

The well-known bobwhite is the only quail indigenous to the Eastern United States, where it ranges from southern New England to Florida and Texas; but owing to climatic influences the birds of Florida and of Texas differ enough to be distinguished as geographic races. Wherever it occurs, however, the bobwhite has the same call, and varies but little in habits. A closely related bird, the masked bobwhite, inhabited southern Arizona until within a few years. Owing to dry seasons and the overstocking of its home with cattle, this bird is now supposed to be extinct within our borders; but some probably exist in parts of Sonora, Mexico.

Although bobwhites are handsome birds, yet they are the plainest quail in the United States except the "cotton top" or scaled quail of the desert of southern Texas and Arizona. The latter is slaty bluish on the upper parts, which are ornamented with large scale-like markings, and has a whitish crest.

The most bizarre and curious of all is the Mearns quail of the high, broken plains and mountain slopes of southwestern Texas, southern New Mexico and Arizona. It is short and round bodied, like a little guinea hen, and this superficial likeness is increased by brilliant, round, white spots ornamenting the dark sides. It is the gentlest of all the quails and is so unsuspicious that when a person encounters one it often walks unconcernedly about or stands looking curiously at the newcomer, when it is not infrequently killed with a stick or stone, a characteristic which, among the people where it lives, has earned for it the name of "Fool Quail."

The Gambel quail is a habitant of the southwestern desert region where it ranges the brushy foothills and the valleys along water courses. It is a beautiful bird, the head handsomely marked and adorned with a jet-black recurving crest, and the flanks bright chestnut, brilliantly streaked with white. This quail, one of the most conspicuous and pleasing forms of desert life, is numerous wherever it can find sufficient food and water. For ages it has claimed many a remote watering place as its own, but it welcomes the settler and finds additional shelter and food in his irrigated fields. Under the new conditions its numbers increase and it repays the favors received by becoming semi-domesticated. Its presence adds a touch of bright color and animation to the dreary surroundings of many a lonely desert ranch.

The California valley quail belongs entirely to the Pacific coast, and probably is the most beautiful of the smaller gallinaceous birds of the world. It resembles the Gambel quail in its recurving black crest and general appearance, but exceeds that bird in the richness of its colors and markings. It is abundan in most parts of California.

The California mountain quail, the largest and one of the handsomest of this group, inhabits the wooded mountains of the Pacific coast, and bears a superficial resemblance to the red-legged partridge of Europe. Like the Mearns quail, its haunts are usually more remote from cultivated lands than are those of the other species.

The services to agriculture of the western quails, while in most cases appreciable, are far less valuable than those of bobwhite, mainly because the birds are much less insectivorous. Moreover, the California valley quail sometimes damages the grape crop.

The value of a single game bird is of course small, and it is from this narrow point of view that its relation to the community is usually considered. When, however, the value of any important species is worked out the result in surprising. It has been conclusively demonstrated that in Virginia and North Carolina alone the common quail annually destroys many tons of noxious insects and weed seeds. The great value of this service must be apparent to all who appreciate the never-ending warfare between the farmer and his hydra-headed enemies, the insects and weeds. The food value also of the quail is great, and the health and pleasure derived from their pursuit has resulted in the investment of millions of dollars. When it is generally understood that by judicious effort the numbers of these useful birds may be greatly increased, with a proportionate benefit to all eoncerned, it is hoped that efforts to this end will not be long delayed.

The Bobwhite.

*(Colinus virginianus.)**

The bobwhite is one of the most widely distributed and popular game birds of the United States, but in many places it is suffering ruthless extermination. Sportsmen, farmers, legislators, and ornithologists, as well as the friends of birds in general, should interest themselves in the problem of its preservation. In the Northern, Western, and Middle States it is commonly known as "quail," in the Southern States as "partridge." This tends to confusion, since in New England and northern New York the name "partridge" is commonly applied to the ruffed grouse. Both names were brought to America by English colonists from their Old World homes, where they are applied to species not originally inhabiting this continent. The name "bobwhite" is from the familiar call note of the bird.

In some of its characteristics bobwhite differs strikingly from other members of the family. For example, the crest—a well-developed adornment of several closely related American quails—in bobwhite is invisible except when the bird is excited.

The common bobwhite ranges more or less generally over the eastern half of the United States and southern Ontario, except in the colder, mountainous parts, from southern Maine to northern Florida, and west to South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas. In addition, colonies have been introduced and found to thrive in various localities in Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, California, Oregon, Washington, and the island of Jamaica. South of the home of the typical bird, just outlined, bobwhites have a wide range, occupying Florida, western and southern Texas, Cuba, and a large part of Mexico, and extending even beyond the border of Guatemala. Owing chiefly to climatic influences the southern birds differ more or less from the northern ones. The masked bobwhite (*Colinus ridgwayi*), a closely related but separated species, once lived in extreme southern Arizona and the adjoining part of Sonora, but now it is probably extinct within our borders. With this exception all of the bobwhites from Canada to Guatemala and Cuba, according to E. W. Nelson, belong to a single species modified by environment into a considerable number of forms, some of which are strikingly different from the birds of the United States. The Florida bobwhite, which is peculiar to the peninsula of Florida, is smaller and darker than the northern bird. The Texas bobwhite of western Texas and northeastern Mexico is about the same size as the northern one, but is paler and has a light rufous collar below the black band and bordering the white throat patch. The Salvin bobwhite from the southern border of Mexico is very unlike the common bird of the United States, most of the head, neck and breast being plain black and the rest of the underparts plain rufous.

The present account is limited to the bobwhites of the United States, including the Texas and Florida forms. The writer's field work in this connection has been principally in New Jersey, Virginia and Maryland—on a farm at Marshall Hall, Md., which is directly across the Potomac from Mount Vernon.

Call Notes.

In the field the nuptial call note of the cockbird is an infallible guide to its identity. This familiar challenge, sounding to the sportsman like "bob white," "bob-bob-white," and to the farmer like "more wet" or "no more wet," is by no means the only note of the species during the breeding season. It was the good fortune of the writer during the last week of June, 1902, to hear the nesting note and other calls. Again and again the cock left his distant perch, where he had been whistling "bob white," and, still calling, approached the nest on the bank of a little sluggish briery run between open fields. When within fifty yards of his mate he uttered the rally note, so thrilling to the sportsman in the fall, "ka-loi-kee," which the hen often answered with a single clear whistle. Then followed a series of queer responsive "caterwaulings," more unbirdlike than those of the yellow-breasted chat, suggesting now the call of a cat to its kittens, now scolding of a caged gray squirrel, now the alarming notes of a mother grouse blended with the strident cry of the guinea hen. As a finale sometimes came a loud rasping noise, not unlike the effort of a broken-voiced whip-poor-will. The favorite calling stations were rail fences at a height from 5 to 10 feet, and the limbs of trees along fence rows. One bird whistled in a tulip tree at least 35 feet from the ground. H. H. Miller reports that April 25, 1903, was the earliest date of nuptial notes at Sandy Springs, Md. After the breeding season the bird discontinues this characteristic call. During August 19-21, 1902, it was heard only on one occasion at Marshall Hall, where the birds are numerous, and ceased after a dozen repetitions. Edward A. Preble, of the Biological Survey, has recorded the "bob-white" call at Wilmington, Mass., as late as October 20.

The notes of the bobwhite in fall and winter have been described by many writers. The following quotation from Mr. Sandys gives an admirable description of the call notes of a covey that has been scattered by the sportsman and is trying to reassemble for the night, a notation so accurate as instantly to recall the notes to one who has heard them: "Over the brow of a hill comes the low, tender call of the hen to her youngsters, 'ka-loi-kee, ka-loi-kee;' and perhaps, from the broomsedge beside the observer comes the loud vibrant answer, 'whoil-kee.'" This call is usually sounded in the late afternoon, but December 31, 1901, at Woodbridge, Va., a scattered flock was heard calling persistently in the morning.

On one occasion the writer watched a bobwhite whistling from a fence rail 10 feet away. At such close range the whistle lost all its melody and became a nasal shriek which was almost painful to the ear. It was repeated on an average five or six times a minute and consisted of either two or three notes, of which the first was so low as to be inaudible a hundred yards away, and the last was strikingly louder. The mode of

*The name is used here in its broad sense to cover the typical bird of the Eastern States, *Colinus virginianus*, and the two subspecies, the Florida bob white *(C. v. floridanus)* and the Texas bob white *(C. v. texanus)*.

delivery was peculiar; sitting in a normal, erect position the bird emitted the first note, then depressing the tip of the bill almost to touch its breast, with a motion as though hiccoughing, it gave the second, then throwing back its head and pointing its bill skyward it uttered the explosive, far-reaching third note.

Breeding Habits.

The nesting time of bobwhite in each section of the bird's range is usually limited to a fairly well-defined period, but varies considerably in the time of beginning, the difference being partly seasonal and partly regional. About Washington, D. C., the coveys usually break up the first part of May, one covey being seen in 1899 as late as May 9. In 1902 the first nest with eggs was found at Marshall Hall on May 29, and the first downy chicks on July 6. Between the end of June and last of August seven pairs of birds were found there which had recently mated or were incubating. This was shown by the fact that the cock birds were flushed thirty-six times and the hens only four times. During the same season five nests were found between July 15 and 19 at Sandy Spring, Md., less than 20 miles away. One of these nests contained 24 eggs. Even larger clutches are recorded, and one nest found at Woodstock, Ohio, is reported to have contained 42 eggs.* Such large clutches probably are the product of more than one bird. In 1903 nesting appeared to be later than in 1902, as the first eggs found were discovered July 10. The farmers at Marshall Hall say that they usually find the first downy chicks during wheat harvest, usually the last week of June. A number of broods of chicks were seen about Marshall Hall from July to September.

The newly hatched young have chocolate-streaked heads, and resemble small black and red bantam chicks. Whenever these newly hatched chicks remain motionless their protective coloration renders them invisible unless one makes a most careful search.

From information at hand it appears that the main breeding season for bobwhite in the Northern States, including the country about Washington, D. C., is during May, June, and the first half of July. Florida birds begin to breed regularly the first of April (though some are much earlier), and continue nesting till well into June. Texas birds nest mainly in April and May, but some nest as late as September. Throughout its range some of the birds breed earlier and others later than the main body of the species, and the occurrence of second or even third broods may lengthen the season. Robert Ridgway found a clutch of freshly deposited eggs in southern Illinois on Oct. 16, and H. C. Munger found another set in Missouri in January, the parent being afterwards found frozen on the nest. Authentic records from various parts of its range show that bobwhite has been known to breed, at least occasionally, somewhere in its range every month of the year except December. This sems to prove that under certain circumstances bobwhite, like the domestic hen, will lay a clutch of eggs at any time of year.

The occasional presence with the female of young of two or three sizes appears to show that at least two broods are sometimes raised in a season, but we lack definite information on this subject. Major Bendire gives twenty-four days as the period of incubation. The male is reported as sometimes assisting in this duty.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

†FOREST AND STREAM, X., p. 399, 1878.

Bird Reservations.

Authority of the President to Create Them from Public Lands Unquestioned.

THE widespread and rapidly increasing interest in bird protection, and especially that feature of the national movement relating to reservations for the protection of birds, is responsible for the numerous inquiries being made as to the authority for the creation of reservations of this character.

It should be noted, in the beginning, that the bird reservation as established by executive order, is a reservation of public land for a public use. It differs from the military, lighthouse, reindeer or any other of the numerous reservations created by the President no more than any one of these differs from each of the others. Each reserve was created for a specific public purpose, and the inquiry which will satisfy anyone of them will satisfy all.

On June 17, 1890, the Assistant Attorney-General, on request, submitted to the Secretary of the Interior, an exhaustive opinion as to the right of the President to issue such orders or proclamations. This opinion was asked pursuant to a request from President Harrison, who desired to "be informed under what 'statute' it is proposed to make certain reservations in Alaska," in conformity to recommendations of the then Governor of that Territory. In his said opinion the Assistant Attorney-General said in part:

> The lands of Alaska are part of the public domain, and as such are subject to the supervision of the President, as other public lands. But the right of the President to put public lands in reservation so that all questions in reference to them might be properly considered, or as the exigencies of the public service demand, or to aid in the execution of a proposed statute, has always been maintained by the courts. Withdrawals were made for the Dubuque & Pacific, and the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad grants on May 10, 1856, though the act was not passed until the 15th of that month. So in many other cases.
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> In the matter of the withdrawal for the Southern Pacific Railroad grant, which the Secretary of the Interior had made upon a line which the company had no authority to adopt, and the validity of which was challenged by certain settlers, Attorney-General Devens said (16, Op., 80): "Even if it be conceded that the acts of the Secretaries in this respect were erroneous in law, the consequence does not follow which is contended for on behalf of the adverse claimants to the land. They were in fact withdrawn by competent authority, and were thus placed in a state of reservation. * * *
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> "In Grisar vs. McDowell (6 Wall., 363, p. 380), the plaintiff claimed title to a tract from the city of San Francisco, the defendant claimed possession as an officer of the United States, on the ground that the tract had been reserved by the President for military purposes."

The opinion of the court is too long to quote in full, but it held that "from an early period in the history of the Government it has been the practice of the President to order, from time to time, as the exigencies of the public service required, parcels of land belonging to the United States to be reserved from sale and set apart for public uses. The authority of the President in this respect is recognized in numerous acts of Congress."

Several of these acts of Congress are cited, in the opinion of the court, and quoted by the Attorney-General who goes on further quoting the court in Wolsey vs. Chapman (101 U. S., 755, p. 768) with reference to a withdrawal of disputed lands until differences were settled either by Congress or judicial decision, in favor of the legality of the withdrawal and against the proposed entryman, the local land office being instructed to withhold the lands.

To a like effect the case of Wolcott vs. Des Moines Co. (5 Wall., 681) is referred to by the Assistant Attorney-General, who then states that the ordinary method adopted for creating military and Indian reservations consists of a simple indorsement made by the President upon the recommendation of the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Interior. Another style of withdrawal, in the form of proclamations made by President Arthur, was referred to with the statement that:

> The line between the use of these two methods is not well marked. Perhaps the only distinction is that the proclamation is more formal. Certainly it does not depend on the amount involved or the nature of the reservation. In this case, the Executive order would be a competent method, as is evidenced by the constant practice in similar cases.

The Assistant Attorney-General discussed the proposed Alaskan reservations seriatim, concluding as follows:

> I see no reason why the remaining reservations recommended by the Governor should not be made. Accordingly I herewith submit a draft of an Executive order based on the views herein expressed, following the description given by the Commission's reports forwarded by the Governor, although some of these descriptions seem to be vague and uncertain.

It may be said in conclusion that the draft of the Executive order noted above was approved by the Secretary of the Interior, and the same was issued by President Harrison, June 21, 1890, or four days only after the opinion was signed. The practice of the President since that time has not been changed; indeed, as indicated by the Assistant Attorney-General, that practice has been uniform since the beginning of the Government, and it is not likely to be changed. Reservations of public land for public uses, whether to preserve the birds for the people or to erect lighthouses for their ships, will probably continue as long as the high office of President is occupied by men as courageous and broadly patriotic as President Roosevelt, who has cheerfully subscribed his name to the orders establishing the three bird reservations created during the past two and a half years.

FRANK BOND.

The Aquatic Proclivities of the Skunk.

SAYRE, Pa.—Mr. A. P. La Plant, a local Susquehanna River frequenter, and a typical latter-day Nessmuk, is convinced past a shadow of a doubt that the fragrant and melancholy skunk is a proficient swimmer. The other evening while Adonijah was paddling his trusty canoe over the moon-swept waters of the Susquehanna and hobnobbing with queer goblins and other strange creatures of the country, his attention was attracted to a white and black vestured animal swimming directly toward his boat, and presently the strange and uncanny visitor poked his wet nose up over the edge of the craft, and with sundry rappings of his paws manifested his evident inclination to come aboard. Adonijah sat motionless with a strange, creepy feeling tingling under the roots of his sparse locks, and his curiousity fully aroused. However, after fussing about the boat for a time the annimal turned and swam leisurely to the shore, where, after one or two ineffectual attempts, it landed, rested a moment, shook the water from its hairy coat, sniffed the cool air of the night with apparent enjoyment and then meditatively jogged across the marshy wastes in diligent quest of a late supper. And Adonijah, the fearless voyager up and down the Susquehanna for many years, assures us that he is more than ever convinced that the skunk is an ingenious little beast well able to survive the vicissitudes incident to a precarious existence on both land and water. M. CHILL.

Mammals and Summer Birds of Western N. C.

LAST summer Mr. Harry C. Oberholser, of the Department of Agriculture, published a brief list of the mammals and summer birds of western North Carolina for the use of students in the Biltmore Forest School, Biltmore, N. C. The list is without notes, yet it possesses considerable interest for the student. The mammals included in it number fifty-seven, counting the American elk (*C. canadensis*) and the buffalo (*B. bison*); species which have long been extinct in North Carolina, and of which no specimens exist on private lands in the State. The squirrel family is represented by seven species, the beaver is still found, while the mice and jumping mice have sixteen representatives. There is but one hare, the cotton-tail. Of the two cats, the panther has been taken in recent years; the gray wolf probably still exists, though very rarely.

The summer birds number 136. The only duck found in summer is the woodduck, but the duck hawk and golden eagle are found, as is also the American woodcock. Among the high mountains of western North Carolina, many birds breed which we are accustomed to think of as northern species; such are a number of the warblers, the blue snowbird, the pine siskin and the crossbill.

It is understood that this list of Mr. Oberholser's is merely the forerunner of an annotated list soon to appear, which will be looked for with interest by many readers.

How Fast do Birds Fly?

WILLIAM W. MURPHY, a locomotive engineer on the Burlington's fast express between Hannibal and St. Joseph, has been making observations on the speed of various birds and insects. Many birds, he says, make a practice of flying beside or in front of his engine, and when the weather is clear and there is no wind he opens the throttle and races with them.

He finds that the chicken hawk and a crow can make twenty-five miles an hour. A turkey buzzard flies at the rate of twenty-one miles an hour. The pigeon is one of the fastest birds in the United States. It makes a speed of forty-six miles an hour with ease. When chased by an eagle it can beat the Burlington's St. Louis express. The wild duck is traveling at the rate of forty-four miles an hour while the hunter is pumping the contents of a repeating gun at it. The blackbird, robin, dove and other small birds travel at a speed of thirty-eight miles an hour. The humming bird can and does excel a speed of a mile a minute. Murphy says that a humming bee the other day flew in and out of his cab window while he was going at the rate of sixty-three miles an hour. The performance lasted while the engine traveled a half mile.—St. Joseph News.

Deer Liver.

TROY, N. Y., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a conversation, held lately by the writer with an Adirondack guide, the subject of the edibility of deers' livers was discussed. He told me that in very many of the deer livers that he had cut during his guiding years, he had found encysted in them a flat leech, sometimes two or more together, in a pocket, frequently several pockets in each liver. They were flat, fully half-inch wide, and from one to two inches long. As the gall bladder is absent in a deer, I am wondering if the presence of the leeches is necessary for the health of the animal.

W. B.

[Flukes, so-called, are common parasites of many animals, and the liver fluke is one of the most common. These are trematode worms, which have a complicated life history. The eggs are laid in the final host, are hatched after leaving him, and the larval forms sometimes inhabit several hosts before reaching their final resting place. Man is the final host for no less than five species of these worms, and there are many animals that shelter a greater number.

The presence of the worms in the deer's liver is not essential to the animal's health. The deer would be better off without them, just as a dog would be better off without fleas, notwithstanding the dictum of the amiable David Harum.]

The Wild Pigeon.

TAPACHULA, Chipas, Mex., Sep. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note with interest the article by Noynek on the disappearance of the wild pigeon. The black fog and norther in Texas would not account for all of the pigeons in the United States. How about the enormous flocks that used to pass down through North Carolina, did they also disappear in the Gulf of Mexico—if so, from what cause?

When a boy, I lived up in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, and in the year 1869-70 millions of these birds used to pass south, and I cannot remember ever seeing these birds on return north—did they take another route?

GUATEMALA.

Boric Acid in Camp Surgery.

WHEN I sent that little item about boric acid in camp surgery, published in No. 247, I had no idea of stating anything unorthodox, or unscientific, or that would do harm. I judged from my own extensive experience, and also on advice of our family physician, that it was a good article to use on cuts and wounds.

A member of my family stepped on a rusty nail protruding through an upturned board. It went through the shoe deeply into the foot. The wound was at once bathed in a saturated solution of boric acid crystals, which form, my druggist tells me, is stronger than the powdered article. The puncture was then filled with the powder, bound with gauze bandage, shoe put on and worn right along. There was but little inflammation, and in six days pain and soreness gone, wound healed. As there was no soil around this particular rusty nail, may be there were no bacteria on it; hence no lockjaw. These germs are said to live in soil.

A friend of mine, going down cellar stepped on an oxidized piece of metal sticking through a board, probably an ancient nail. He would not use boric acid, but put on a piece of fat bacon until the summoned surgeon came to give it scientific treatment. His foot swelled up until it looked like a case of gout. He could not put his foot to the floor. He suffered dreadful pain, and came near losing his life, for six weeks, with a visit from the surgeon daily at $3 per. He had no lockjaw, but finally got well. Maybe, as the lockjaw bacteria live in the soil and there was none on this board, they were absent in this case.

As a fellow is not likely to step on a rusty nail while tramping through the woods or fields, or wading streams away from home, I will still carry my ounce box of powdered boric acid and roll of antiseptic gauze bandage. I often get cut and scratched while crowding through our western barbed-wire fences, or get cut with some kind of an edged tool, or run a sliver into my flesh, or get wounded in some other way.

As I am not scientific, nor a chemist, nor educated in medical arts, I wish Dr. Morris would tell us what, from a medical viewpoint, is the proper thing to do at once when a rusty nail chanced to penetrate our anatomy probably miles away from a surgeon—an emergency casse, which might result in lockjaw, unless scientifically treated.

SENEX.

PASSENGERS on a morning electric car from Northampton to Easthampton yesterday were interested in a glimpse of a pursuit by officers of the law in the woods at Meadow Park. A man carrying a gun was observed running on the track several rods ahead of the car, and throwing into the bushes as he ran what appeared to be dead squirrels. At about the same time there emerged from the woods behind the car two men, who were said to be Officers Cook and McEvoy, of Easthampton. The hunter (if such he was) left the track just before he reached the junction of the track and highway and plunged into the bushes. He had so much the start that the officers apparently had no chance of taking their quarry.—Springfield Republican, Sept. 25.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Brushed on disc records, prevents metallic tone; 2oz. bottle, 10c —*Adv.*



GAME BAG AND GUN



After Caribou in Quebec.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seventy miles below the quaint and beautiful city of uebec, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, is aie St. Paul. The steamer lands at a long wharf built it into the river, and thence one drives over a hill veral hundred feet high by steep ascent and descent the head of the bay three miles distant and the cturesque town, also called Baie St. Paul. The little uses built close to each other and standing direct on e street lines with their steep roofs, curving outward the eaves, were not more surprising to us than the ct that only a French dialect was heard, and that few new English, and they but little. The village is lo- ted in the midst of a pretty valley perhaps two miles ide, flanked on either side by high hills. Our con- eyance was a buckboard similar to those used in the dirondacks, and we were soon started with out guide the thirty-mile ride along the old Chicoutimi road the point whence I was to hit the trail. After a ne-mile drive, we reached the village of St. Urbain, here we lunched. We were much interested in the rrow, well-fenced mile-long farms, giving the effect a plaited landscape, with the little bent roofed houses nd the ever-present great clay bake ovens near the uses, these ovens sometimes having a rude covering nd sometimes having none. We slowly climbed up e valley and early in the afternoon approached the igher Laurentian peaks, their summits often being of are and rugged granite like our higher Adirondack eaks. We walked one steep ascent of two miles to a ass between two tremendous mountains, and thence mid forests of spruce and fir through a very rough ountry to our destination, arriving late in the day. Iy barometer showed that we were 2,300 feet above he St. Lawrence.

Mrs. W. and the boy were to remain at the little inn fish and shoot grouse, while I went on in after aribou. As the waters run off too abruptly to float gs, the distance being too great to haul, no logging as ever been done in this territory, and there are no gging roads or tote roads. The trails are too rough r a horse, and tents, clothing, foodstuffs, everything ad to be packed in. Next morning early I was off ith three men who packed with tumplines passed over he forehead, as is their custom, and they did wonder- ully well. Often the mountain tops are treeless, but otherwise the country is covered with spruce and fir, except where it has been burned over; in such places t is either barren or covered with a small growth of irch.

We pitched camp on the edge of a barren about half mile from a lake about a mile long and from 100 to 00 yards wide. In the meantime I was endeavoring to get hold of enough French to understand the men, and ery fortunately had been thoughtful enough to put a ocket dictionary in my kit. It is surprising how a little ocabulary of nouns and adjectives with a few verbs will enable one to converse, signs and pantomine play- ng an important part. My frequent reference to the dictionary, with some show of annoyance that I could not recall the correct word, amused my men greatly; and many a hunting experience was told or acted out to the enjoyment of all.

On the afternoon of the second day a young bull caribou with fair antlers came into the head of the lake to feed on the lily-pads. We could not get nearer than 200 yards, and the guide thought it was even further and doubted whether I could be certain of killing the caribou. I told him I could kill the animal if he could get him. The shores being very muddy, I feared it would be a difficult task to get him out. Resting my Mannlicher on the branches of a little spruce, I shot the stag through the heart. He reared, went over on his side and his struggles were soon ended. Being between us and the sun, his antlers looked very dark, and yet I was surprised and disappointed to find that they were in the velvet. However, we had plenty of fresh meat in camp (I sent some out to Mrs. W. and Wendell, and my license permitted me to shoot another caribou, which I resolved should be with *un beau panache*.

We visited various lakes and frequently found the waters had been raised by beaver, so that no food was left for the caribout, much to the guide's disgust. At one such lake we saw three beaver, one of which would frequently smite the water with his tail, go under a moment and then continue swimming toward us, until finally he lay upon the water not more than six or eight paces distant and looked at the intruders. He was not disturbed by our talking or moving about, but after I had thrown several sticks at him he at last gave the water a particularly vicious slap and went back to his house.

Several days later we were on the summit of a high mountain whence we could see several lakes and the little meadows adjoining them. I discovered three caribou on one of these meadows, and we slid down the moss-covered mountainside through the forest to the edge of the meadow, where I carefully inspected, measured and discussed the antlers of the unsuspecting stag While they were not the noble ones I longed for, I thought it better to take what was offered, and the event justified the decision, for we saw no better afterward. He was feeding on the marsh grass perhaps 90 yards away, and at my first shot staggered a few steps forward, while the cow and calf walked nervously about. To make short work of it, I shot him again, and as he began to struggle the cow and calf ran away from him, disregarding us. He was soon down and we found that the bullets had struck within a half inch of each other His head now hangs in my den.

On another morning with a crystal-like atmosphere at about 11 o'clock we observed a moose about a half a mile distant in a lake and down wind. He was feeding in an arm of the lake not over 100 yards wide. We proceeded to the opposite shore, forest-covered, and he getting our wind became uneasy and decided that the danger was on his side and that he better cross over. He had rather light antlers of 40 to 50-inch spread, and as I did not care for such I told the guide I would not shoot. The water was deep, and as he swam across, I took my camera and went down to the bank. When he got within ten yards I stepped out from behind a bush, pointed my camera at him and snapped. How he did churn the water as he turned about, and how he lifted himself out of the water as we shouted and laughed at his return, and how noble he looked as he stepped out on the other shore and stood looking at us a few moments before trotting away into the woods. I felt that that day was well spent.

Moose are very scarce in that region, but under the protection now given will, no doubt, increase rapidly. Small game of all kinds is scarce, owing, I think, to the great altitude and severe winters. I missed the porcupine, so common in New Brunswick. I saw but two or three red squirrels in all my wanderings, no rabbit sign, and but very few grouse. When we got meat in camp the whisky-jacks turned up as usual.

Caribou are fairly plentiful, but large heads here as elsewhere are not so numerous. One's chances of getting a good head are much improved by waiting until the snow comes, when the caribou leave the forests and go out upon the barrens and herd together more. Then one can go upon the hills, search the country with the glass and pick out a desirable head. At any rate one sees grand mountains, lovely streams and lakes, and a beautiful country clothed with virgin forests.

M. F. Westover.

Non-Resident Laws.

Stowe, Vt., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a clipping from some Vermont paper, quoting "a deer hunter" of Granville, N. Y., which appears in the New York World and reads as follows:

"Vermont's last Legislature passed a law demanding that all non-residents should pay a license fee of $15 before they could hunt deer in the State. In my view of the case this law is not constitutional, and I think it would be wise for non-residents to make a test case. There are so many of these little oppressive State restrictions imposed upon people that it is fully time that they were tested and overthrown if not in accordance with the United States Constitution.

"The clause which I deem to be violated is Article IV, Section 2, which reads as follows: 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' Therefore is not tax levied on a non-resident, not on a resident, a plain violation of this provision? Deer hunters, unite and test this outrageous law."

For the benefit of the gentleman of New York State and others who make a plea that the taxing of a non-resident to hunt deer in Vermont during the open season is unconstitutional, and asking hunters to make a test case. I quote from Bulletin No. 19, Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture, as to the Supreme Court of New Jersey in 1886 and another case by the United States Circuit Court of the northern district of Illinois in 1899. In the former case (Allen vs. Wyckoff, 48 N. J. Law Rep. 90; 2 Atl. 059), Allen was arrested and fined $50 for violating the act for the protection of game and fish approved April 4, 1878, which imposed greater restrictions and severer penalties upon non-residents of the State than upon residents. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of New Jersey, which held that the act in question was not in violation of the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting any State from making any law which shall abridge the privileges of citizens of the United States or deny to any person the equal protection of the laws; and furthermore, that the statute was valid in its application to a non-resident killing game on the property of persons who have formed an association under the laws of the State for the protection of game on their property.

In the Illinois case, the validity of the non-resident license was directly decided. Frank Eberle, a citizen of Iowa, and a member of the Crystal Lake Club, an Illinois corporation authorized to acquire and own real estate in Illinois for use as a game and fish preserve, was arrested when hunting on the lands of the club. He was charged with hunting without a license in violation of the State law requiring a license of $10 from non-residents, passed in 1899 subsequent to the incorporation of the club. At the trial the defendant was adjudged guilty of violation of the statute and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs and stand committed until the fine was paid. An unsuccessful application was made to the United States Circuit Court for a writ of habeas corpus.

In denying the writ, the court held:

"The sovereign ownership of wild game is in the State, in trust for the benefit of its citizens; and a statute requiring the payment of a license by a non-resident for the privilege of hunting such game within the State is a police regulation within the power of the State, and not in violation of Article IV., Section 2, of the Federal Constitution, or of Section 1 of the fourteenth amendment, although such fee is not required of residents of the State; nor is the validity of such regulation as to a particular individual, who is a non-resident of the State, affected by the fact that he is a stockholder in a corporation of the State which owns lands maintained as a game preserve."

The Supreme Court of the United States has upheld the public ownership of game and has quoted with approval the decision of the Supreme Court of California (ex parte Maire) to the effect that:

"The wild game within a State belongs to the people in the collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership, except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or traffic and commerce in it, if it be deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good. (Geer vs. Connecticut, 161 U. S. 529.)"

The same court has, moreover, decided, in the case of McCready vs. Virginia (94 U. S. 248), that a State may pass laws discriminating against non-residents, by upholding, in 1877, a statute of Virginia (act of 1846) which absolutely prohibited non-residents from planting oysters in the waters within the limits of the State.

If I am not mistaken, forty-one States and Territories exact a license from non-resident sportsmen.

H. G. Thomas,
Commissioner of Fisheries and Game, Stowe, Vt.

The Realms of Sport.

September strikes a triumphant note of color that finds an echo in the pomp and glory of the northern forests. Alas! the hectic flush that illumines the face of nature is but the sad precursor of decay and death; the frail and evanescent beauties of the autumn woods fade away like the figment of a dream before the gloom and shadow of approaching winter. October, in the Far North, is ushered in with freezing gales that mercilessly sweep through the aisles of the forest and with shrieks of demoniac glee strip the maples of their scarlet raiment to carpet the forest floor with their fading glories. Presently flurries of snow whiten the mountain peaks and settle on the ridges; the snow-clad evergreens contrast charmingly with the flaming remnants of color that bedeck the woodlands; such effects are often the despair of the artist and a source of ceaseless delight to the refined sportsman and lover of nature.

As if at a given signal, the skirmishers of winter swoop down from the frozen heights and take possession of marsh and upland, sweet wild flowers wilt and die in the frosty clearings, the breeze sighs mournfully through the leafless branches of the maple, but the oak keeps up a brave fight with the destroyer, and grudgingly parts with its leafy covering. An icy film forms on the edges of the pools overnight. The delicate blue-wing takes the hint and fades away from pond and meadow. The quavering whistle of the bay birds finds a mournful echo in the sportsman's heart as he ruefully gazes on the vanishing wisps that stream past unmindful of his call. The squeak of the English snipe grows beautifully less as winter tightens its grip on the bog. The faithful pointer quarters his ground industriously, but is seldom rewarded by a whiff; he often draws blank and comes to heel despondent. This delectable tid-bit of the meadow, along with the teal and woodcock, has fled from the frosty advances of winter, leaving an aching void as the joys of upland sport go glimmering. The greater yellowleg still dots the freezing flats and haunts the spring holes of the bog reluctant to depart, but their shrill cry fails to turn the sportsman.

Now he's out for nobler quarry. The brier-scarred pointer whimperingly protests as he sees his much-loved master march forth with his decoys to battle with the elements, the booming of guns over marsh and bay announcing that the flight is on. As the season wears on apace the survivors learn by bitter experience to ware the points at morning and evening when flying to and from their feeding grounds and anchor far out in the blue expanse. Here the sailboat lies in wait to round up the swimming raft of ducks and steer them within reach of the masked battery. The legions of wildfowl that pour in from the freezing north close up death's gaps and swell the mighty chorus that merges with the voices of the wind and waves. The merciless pounding they receive all along the line develops a wariness and cunning that brings upon the passing flocks the maledictions of the hidden sportsman, as they sweep by in tantalizing array, gauging the distance to a nicety. Occasionally their calculations go up in the air, as oblivious of decoys, alive or dead, and flying like bullets they swing far outside in fancied security, until the roar of the 8-bore splits the air and a leaden hail hurtles through their ranks, doubling up the leaders. Great is the rejoicing in the blind, if they prove to be canvasbacks. This species, unless badly cut up with shot, can elude the best dog that swims. Enemies crop out in the most unlikely places, corn shocks burst out in flame and smoke, batteries deluge the demoralized flocks, strewing the bay with the dead and cripples, but all devices for their destruction pale before the deadly swivel, now tabooed, that used to plow a bloody furrow through great rafts of wildfowl, this diabolical relic of the lawless past did incalculable mischief among the choicer ducks, before it was retired by the strong arm of the law. Those days of outlawry have passed, and along with them the wealth of canvasbacks that used to haunt that paradise of the wildfowler, Chesapeake Bay. The 16-bore that often is powerful enough to stop the fleeing grouse would be accounted a mere plaything by the hardy baymen—heavy 10s and 12s, with occasional larger bores, are required to man the batteries and blinds, 2 ounces of 1s or 3s, backed by heavy charges of smokeless, often fail to pierce the feathered coats of mail, as the coveted quartering shot is not always available.

When all other legitimate means fail, live decoys can often be banked on to lure the feathered prey within

reach of the deadly choke; perchance their siren notes are heard by that glorious band of Canadas, whose filmy wedge is barely discernible amid the driving mist. Their tremulous reply mellowed by the distance, fires the sportsman's blood, every nerve thrills with expectancy, he hugs his trusty 10-bore in silent ecstacy. Again that wild, weird chant emanates from the moving triangle, rising and falling in jangled harmony as they voice their hopes and fears, vociferous cries of pleading comradery arise from the artful decoys as they wistfully watch their dreamy drift. Aslant the rosy dawn the first faint flush of sunlight flecks the waving cohort. As they wheel with beautiful precision and head in, an ominous silence pervades the ranks of the oncomers, as like an aerial bolt they cleave their way on whistling pinions; they are almost within touch of the rejoicing frauds before a vague sense of danger checks their oncoming rush and sends a tremor of alarm shivering down the line; their brave array crumples up as they swing outward in full retreat, pursued by the dulcet refrains of their false friends, whose coaxing blandishments flout dark suspicion and eventually brings them circling back. On they come with outstretched necks. Lowering their flight in anticipation they hover above the decoys. At that precise instant the innocent-looking sandbar vomits death among the unsuspecting geese, the choicest of the flock go down before the pitiless rain of shot, the survivors beat the air with frenzied strokes in their efforts to climb out and scatter in wild dismay to sadly reform their broken welge far away o'er the waters of the deep blue bay.

The end of all things is now in sight, the sun swings low in its orbit, the cold grows more intense, the pools that fleck the frozen marsh give back an icy stare, ice of ominous thickness encroaches on bay and river, the croak of the mallard sounds like a dirge as flock after flock wend their way southward, leaving their northern admirers disconsolate; wild geese and ducks, wary and suspicious to the last degree, still brave the pitiless blasts that sweep over the freezing surface of the bay and work around the air holes, their depleted ranks occasionally reinforced by stragglers from above.

At this stage of the game many sportsmen, unable or unwilling to stand the racket, retire to the snug quarters of the club leaving a husky band of sportsmen to fight it out with the rear guard. These hardy men reck nothing of exposure for hours in batteries and blinds amid the howling of wintry gales, the clash of icy waves, waiting and watching for the elusive brant, often risking life and health in the pursuit of wary laggards and cripples. The occasional toll they take from passing flocks helps keep the interest alive.

The season is flickering, threatening to vanish in a flurry of snow. As if to emphasize the situation, a mighty host of honkers appear upon the northern horizon, a sure precursor of winter's dread approach. Sadly the knights of the choke-bore gaze upon the baseless triangle that drifts athwart the evening sky, and fain would accompany them in their flight to regions where ice and snow are rarely seen. The hoarse clamor that emanates from the flying wedge, filtering down from frosty heights, vibrates upon the twilight atmosphere, glorious, sweet and solemn. Longingly they watch the vanishing cohort until they fade away amid the gathering shades of night, then turn away to take up the burden of politics, business and social duties that have been remorselessly sidetracked during the all too brief shooting season.

The fortunate few that can strike a balance between business and sport propose to join forces with the Southerners in the warm welcome they are extending to the new arrivals at Currituck and other points down the line. The sportsman who descends upon the Southern shooting grounds will find it warm in more senses than one, unless he carefully studies the situation. Good shooting can often be secured on posted lands by the use of diplomacy or greenbacks. But all this will avail you not when you are up against Arkansas and Louisiana. Arkansas has virtually confiscated the club property of St. Louis and Memphis sportsmen, the courts uphold them in the whole transaction from A to Z, so there you are. Georgia, South Carolina and others demand licenses from outsiders.

Dogs and guides are uncertain quantities. Barring certain well known hostelries, the further South you travel the more dubious is the prospect. Liveries will sometimes furnish a rig, guide included, at a moderate rate, but without the well broken pointer or setter little can be accomplished with quail, the standard game bird of the South, as the time has long gone by when game overran the plantations and woodlands. Snipe can often be picked up in an informal way, but to hunt ducks successfully in marshy places a good retriever is almost indispensable.

Canvasbacks and other choice ducks are persecuted from morning to evening by market gunners. The wild turkey and deer are fast disappearing from the settlements. This necessitates the use of teams and camping outfits to reach the best grounds. As a rule, game is very scarce near towns and hamlets, wild turkeys are only found in sparsely settled regions. Game in many parts of the South is decreasing at an alarming rate.

The choke-bore and rifle ought to be retired in the Gulf States after the first week in February, leaving the visitor to amuse himself during the remainder of the season in casting the fly for black bass or battling with gigantic tarpon. North Carolina leads off with a galaxy of attractions that decoys many a disciple of Walton and Nimrod across the border to taste the delights of trout fishing and hunting in the Sapphire country, whose lakes and mountains hold much that is dear to the heart of the sportsman and lover of nature. As winter invades the mountains, Nimrod gracefully descends to the lowlands to dally with the quail and snipe. ARTIST.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Currituck Game.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Wild ducks for some reason are very scarce up to the present. It has been unusually warm, but the crop of food is a poor one, which, I think, is the principal reason. On the other hand, we have more quail than I have ever seen here. I think there are two broods in every family. We have had good bay bird shooting; yellowlegs and dowitchers have been here in abundance. MORE ANON.

A COATING OF MANY-USE OIL

Keeps guns clean and rustless; bore bright; ready for use.—*Adv.*

Scotch Grouse Moors.

From the London Daily Express.

THE true sportsmen who can really shoot and who love sport for sport's sake are being to an extent supplanted by the rich men who rent large moors because it is fashionable to do so. Often they have had neither time nor inclination to learn to shoot well, and adopt any means whereby their bags may be well filled. On the "glorious 12th" they usually have the assistance of their guests or the gamekeepers, so that they may make a respectable show in the columns of the local press. But when their reputation is assured and the special guests are gone they are thrown on their own resources and must do their best to give their keepers something to carry across the moors.

These amateurs do not get much satisfaction among the grouse. They are strong on the wing this year, and not easily brought down. I know of one moor on which a party of seven fired about 60 rounds the other day before a feather fluttered earthward, and another on which two city youngsters spent a long forenoon and afternoon among hundreds of birds and had to return to the lodge with only one between them.

The grouse may be too flighty, but they have the deer or the roe. Their choice invariably abides with the latter. The roe has a slim body, about the size of that of a big hare, and it stands slightly higher than a collie dog. Sometimes you see one that looks like a rabbit on stilts. It is a quiet, inoffensive, half-tame animal. Unlike the deer, it is not easily scared. The sportsman who is on its track may make as much noise as he likes, and he will not scare it so long as he keeps out of sight.

If he sits long enough among the bracken he is sure sooner or later to stumble against one. And, better still, if he sets out the beaters he will have them running past him in half-dozens.

Against the shy, pretty roe the "sportsmen" who cannot shoot like sportsmen use dumdum and explosive bullets. A charge sufficient to kill a cat or a rabbit would bowl over a roe, but the city man cannot afford to risk a miss at 20 yards. He must kill at any price.

On a certain Highland moor some days ago a gallant party had to their credit about half a dozen roes. One was bowled over at a distance of 15 yards. An explosive bullet struck it right amidships and carried away the greater portion of the lower part of its body. Another had been struck by two explosive bullets. The first had decapitated the animal and the second had reduced its hinder part to a pulp. In the entire collection there was not a skin that could be preserved.

It is a bad thing for the moors when sportsmen of this kind are let loose upon them. They are the indirect means of causing a scarcity of grouse. When they return home the keepers have to undertake the work of thinning down the coveys so that the birds may not exterminate their race like the Kilkenny cats. Young male birds outnumber the young females by about three to one, and in the springtime the bachelors in grouse land begin to fight innumerable duels to the death.

It is necessary therefore that the gamekeepers should shoot as many male birds as possible. But when the moors are left freely stocked the gamekeepers are practically unable or not numerous enough to cope with the task, and large numbers of guests are invited to take part in the sport. These guests may be, and usually are, good marksmen, but few of them are able to tell a male from a female bird at sight. The consequence is that the cure is often not little better than the disease, and the females are left in a hopeless minority, being less strong on the wing than the males.

Another reason for the growing scarcity of good birds is the prevalence of disease. Here again the modern sportsman is the indirect cause of the loss of birds. The grouse feed on young heather, and to insure them getting the proper food large tracts of moor must be burned when the year is young. In the old days a 30-acre moor fire was no uncommon spectacle, and young heather was thus allowed to grow in abundance. The young birds flourished, and were found in respectable strength over wide areas. But a different arrangement now obtains.

Instead of having large tracts of heather destroyed, the keepers set fire to long, street-like patches, so that the birds may be encouraged to feed and nest in the narrow drives. When the glorious 12th comes round, the sportsmen simply operate along the moor roads shaped by the burning operations, and slaughter the birds in hundreds.

The arrangement may be an economical one, but it cuts both ways. The majority of the birds may find lodgment among the new heather, but as they are not as intelligent as human beings, they cannot be prevented from picking at the old heather. As a matter of fact, many coveys do feed on old heather, which breeds disease, and once disease becomes rampant, it spreads rapidly and kills more birds than the sportsmen do.

Still another cause of the growing scarcity of grouse, due also to the commercial spirit which pervades sport, is the rapid growth of bracken. All over the Highlands north and west, from Perthshire to Sutherlandshire, complaints are heard of its slow but sure conquest of the hills.

The agriculturists and sheep farmers used to keep down the bracken, but when the deer forests became fashionable the bracken assumed the role of the monarch of the glen. And the older the forests the more plentiful is the bracken.

In these deer forests the old pests of Scotland are increasing in great numbers. Wild cats, eagles, foxes, adders, etc., flourish free from disturbance by their natural enemy—man. The owners and lessees of deer forests are aware of this fact and do not object to the increase of these wild animals, because they keep down grouse and ground game, which disturb and warn the deer when the stalking season is in full swing. But the sheep farmers suffer much loss from the ravages of the foxes, which, when birds and hares seek pastures new, give much trouble by worrying and devouring sheep and lambs.

The decay of old-fashioned sport is doing much injury to the Highlands of Scotland. Artificial conditions have been created to make it easy for the holiday-maker to boast of record bags. But nature is taking her revenge, and the day is coming when the country will pay the penalty for the empty glens and the bracken-conquered hills, which will, as years go on, yield less sport than ever.

In New England.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A communication received this week from East Pepperell informed me of a "side-hunt" to occur on Monday and Tuesday of the present week. Two captains had been chosen, each of whom was to choose his men. The writer says "more than fifty men and boys will go to the slaughter." This was a great surprise to me, for I had supposed the day of such hunts had gone by. A quarter of a century ago they were not uncommon in certain sections. As your readers know, it is customary on such occasions for the party beaten in the final count to pay for a supper. The gentleman who sent me the letter is a land owner and was anxious to know if he had a right to protect the game on his premises. Such affairs merit unqualified condemnation. They are calculated to do great damage to decent, legitimate sport. Hunters in that neighborhood must expect the owners will post their land. They are not to be blamed for doing so, and might reasonably be blamed if they did not. A member of our Legislature told me last winter that a hunter in his section boasted of killing eighty-three grouse last fall. It is time for sportsmen to learn to practice some self-denial and to be satisfied with reasonable bags of game, to leave some birds "for the other fellow."

The town clerk of a township in the western part of the State, who has himself served as a game warden, writes me this week that on Oct. 1 four pot hunters started in with their guns and have hunted from daylight until dark, every available minute. These men are boasting that there is no game warden sharp enough to catch them, and that they can dispose of their birds in a way to defy the sharpest of detectives. This writer says further, that there is a warden not far away whose private business is of such a character that he dare not arrest a hunter for breaking the law. More surprising still, he says that while serving as deputy warden he was informed by one of the force sent from Boston, that it would not be well to disturb those wishing to hunt on Sunday, as such a course was becoming unpopular with the commission. I have given the statements of the writer in substance as furnished me over his signature. I forbear to give his name, although not requested to withhold it. The writer takes it for granted that the Bay State readers of FOREST AND STREAM desire to know as much as possible about conditions as they now exist. It is hardly necessary to add the writer of the above declares that the game laws in his section are not well observed.

Another correspondent, a zealous worker for game protection, declares his belief that the only real benefit the sportsmen have derived from the work of the State Commission was the putting out of business the market fishermen and market gunners. He says the prohibition of the taking of trout less than six inches long from streams that never contained a fish of that length is on a par with making the open season for woodcock shooting after the last woodcock has reached the South. He then draws the conclusion that matters pertaining to the protection of game and fish should be regulated by those who know something of their nature and habits, and that a knowledge of shell-fish and crustaceans does not fit the case. The writer of the above did not request that his name be withheld.

As regards the observance of the fish and game laws of eighteen different towns in Berkshire county heard from, the report from twelve is "yes," three report "fair," one yes except by Italians, the others make an exception as regards the laws on trout fishing, which, they declare, are not well observed.

Judge Tenney, of Williamstown, and Mr. Sayles, of Adams, emphasize the need of more warden service. C. S. Galusha, of Windsor, wants officers to enforce the Sunday law. Deputy Cross, of Becket, wants officers to have the right to search without a warrant, and Mr. Van Huyck says improve the search law, which he considers a dead letter, so far as the protection of game is concerned. Since the above was written your correspondent has received further information that the side-hunt was deferred till Monday and Tuesday of next week, and that a warden has arrived on the scene. My informer promises to write again after the hunt is over.

A report has just come in from Mr. Sweetman, of Bedford, Middlesex county, in which he says this is the first season he recalls since his childhood that the sweet cadence of Bob White has not been heard by him in his rambles afield. He saw one bunch of ruffed grouse this summer while out fishing. He regrets that there is no warden in his vicinity who enters into game protection from the true sportsman's point of view. He says we must run to earth the Italian slaughterers, make it a capital offense for anyone firing upon a warden, give dynamiters ten years at hard labor, prohibit the sale of quail, also the killing of quail, grouse, woodcock, black and wood ducks for at least three years, and give the birds a chance to breed before it is too late.

Mr. Wheeler, of Concord, takes great interest in plant and bird life, his avocation being that of a florist. He has heard very few quail this season, and says grouse are scarce. He also complains of Italians, who constitute the bulk of the law-breakers. He favors a close season of two years on game birds, including snipe, and would have no sale of game birds in the State, except in the hunting season.

Several letters from towns in Worcester county have come since my last letter, all of which pronounce quail scarce, or very scarce. A paid deputy from Framingham says there is a great deal of Sunday shooting in his neighborhood, but before an officer gets near the offenders they are off at a double quick pace. He is doing his best to round them up. A sportsman just in from Foxborough says there were a lot of gunners in the woods of that section last Sunday. He proposes getting an appointment as a warden and get on their trail.

n Monday an Italian who was brought before Judge y at Abington for shooting robins on Sunday, al-gh claiming that he was ignorant of the law, was \$20, the judge declaring that he had not only vio-l the Sunday law but the alien license law as well, as ad not secured naturalization papers.

Henry, of Wayland, and B. Amireault, of Sudbury, e put into court at South Framingham for Sunday ting by Deputy J. L. Mills, of Ayer. Henry's case placed on file while Amireault was fined \$10.

ommissioner Wentworth appeared before Judge es, at Plaiston, N. H., against A. G. Whittier, of ton, N. H., who was arrested by Constable Tucker killing a deer. The judge imposed a fine of \$100.

ne of the prominent summer residents of Cohasset been summoned to appear in court to answer to the ge of using a power boat in pursuit of wildfowl. It eported that one day this week he shot sixty-seven . Another gunner, a well known resident of Scituate, harged with the same offense.

is reported that foxes are more numerous than they been for years in many outlying towns in Norfolk Plymouth counties, and are becoming very bold and ing havoc with henneries as well as birds.

eer hunting in Maine is in full blast, and Wednesday the record day of the present season in receipts at gor, the footing being forty-six for the day.

mong those bringing out deer were Messrs. F. E. and by Kelly, T. H. Bride, J. E. Parmenter, A. D. Rogers, D. Sullivan, W. B. Sawyer and F. F. Taft, of Boston; V. Hiscox, of Worcester, and F. M. Arnold, of Haver-besides Maine hunters from Rockland, Hartland, ibou, Houlton, Bangor and several other cities and ns of the Pine Tree State.

is reported very dry in the woods. There has been a t exodus this week from Boston, hunters going in to prepared for the moose hunting, which will be legal Oct. 15. H. H. KIMBALL.

In the Maine Game Country.

ANGOR, Me., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game season, thus far, has scarcely been up to the rd of the corresponding fortnight of 1904. Yet the ditions have been exceedingly difficult for good sport, ng to the lateness of the falling of the leaves, which n to have held on remarkably well, and to the great ness of those which have already fallen. As one guide ressed it to the writer, the "only way to hunt now is rush off a likely place large enough to permit one to e a little without noise, sit down there and spend the , or until such time as a deer comes to you. Still-ting in any other way is absolutely out of the ques-." That his judgment was sound is proved by the t run of game through this city for the two weeks of open season.

et there is an abundance of game, large and small, ughout the hunting regions, according to those who e come down thus far. In but a single instance has writer seen anyone disappointed with the supply of ne, and they could find neither deer nor grouse in the ion they hunted, although a hunter who came from al-st identically the same region twenty-four hours ahead them, reported an abundance of all kinds of game re.

hore gunning, which was rather poor the earlier part he month, appears to be picking up, and large bags are ng secured by gunners in the favorite places for the rt. In Merrymeeting Bay and along the coast adjacent that popular gunning region, the fowl are reported idedly numerous, and the sport will be at its height remaining two weeks of the month. The birds are orted large and fat.

The awful list of accidents of the first week seems to have had small influence upon others in a cautionary way, although to be perfectly honest, the accidents reported have been among those who are naturally unlikely to see the daily papers and other publications that are continually urging caution upon those who have the handling of firearms. So far as known no proceedings have been instituted against those who have apparently "carelessly or negligently shot at or wounded a human being," although the chairman of the Fish and Game Commission, in an interview with a reporter in this city the present week, characterized the shootings as the results of carelessness.

Perhaps the warmest praise which the lawmakers of this State have received in many years from visiting sportsmen is being pronounced by the latter as they pass through this city on their way to the woods. One and all, so far as heard from—and your correspondent has talked with a goodly number—they declare their delight that the hunter is to be permitted to take home some partridges on his return, the new law permitting a total of ten of each variety of game bird to accompany the sportsman's big game shipment. According to reports there is, this season, a positive abundance of the birds, which means that the sportsman who gets no big game may at least have something to show for his outing in the well stocked woods of Maine. Whether the grouse will stand the probable drain of ten to a person for export or not remains to be proven. As a matter of justice to the non-resident, who is paying for what protection the game of all kinds gets, one cannot but hope the supply shall prove equal to the demand.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Game in Pennsylvania.

SAYRE, Pa., Oct. 6.—Across the low lands and up the face of the hill country the illuminating touch of a great artist is discernible. Early October has never displayed prettier colors in nature's show window than now. The soft, warm tints of yellow, orange and vermilion lend a gentle variety to the landscape to be observed at no other season of the year. And over all the charm of the mellow, restful autumn days broods above the land, making life out of doors something good to be lived for.

The squirrel season opened Oct. 1, which fell on Sunday. Monday morning a small army of gunners was early astir, but so far as learned, the wily grays were found to be scarce. And reports later received serve to confirm the first day's verdict, namely, that the crop of gray squirrels is limited, so far as this section of country is concerned. Across the line, in New York, where the season opened a fortnight in advance of the Pennsylvania season, squirrels are found quite plentiful in some sections and exceedingly scarce in other sections. The Pennsylvania law provides that no gunner shall shoot more than six squirrels per day, which is expected to materially safeguard the supply for future seasons. The woodcock season opened Oct. 1, and while the birds are far less numerous than they were a few years ago, reports nevertheless come to hand that a good many fine, strong birds may be picked up in the swamps and bog lands hereabouts. The elimination of the July shooting clause from the law covering woodcock is sure to benefit the race of longbills.

It is almost impossible to locate a really extended woodcock cover in this part of Pennsylvania, the shooting territory being confined to stray bits of wet land out of which the birds arise singly, and rarely ever as in the old days. The law provides that one may kill only ten woodcock in a day, twenty in a week and fifty in a season.

This provision, in connection with the limitation of the season in which the birds may be shot, and a closed market against the sale of the game, will work beneficially in behalf of this vanishing migrant, and while we cannot hope to see a return of the good old shooting conditions we may nevertheless expect to see a day of better things in the days to come.

Advices from those who have been much afield are to the effect that ruffed grouse are, if anything, more plentiful than last season. And this statement applies to southern New York counties quite as accurately as to northern Pennsylvania. Rabbits are everywhere abundant, and when the chill winds of November echo across the hills, bunny will be ready for the race of his life. M. CHILL.

Squirrels in Maine Woods.

FREEDOM, Me.—Chapter 397, of the private and special laws of Knox county, Me., provides that "Whoever, within the limits of Knox county, kills or has in his possession, except alive, any gray, red squirrels or chipmunk, forfeits \$5 for each of said animals so killed or had in possession, to be recovered on complaint."

It is a pity there are not more such laws, and that where they are found they are not carried out better. Hunters in general seem to think that when they fail to find larger game to occupy their attention there is no hurt in "practicing up" on the innocent little creatures skipping fearlessly about them. This practice may not be a crime, except where the law forbids it, and yet it is not right. Take these little animals out of the woods and how the very hunter who is helping to exterminate them would long for their signs of life. The desolate stillness of the forest would be oppressive. W. R. S.

Canadian Camp.

HARRY V. RADFORD, Secretary of the Canadian Camp, announces that the third semi-annual dinner of that organization will be given at the Hotel Astor, New York, on the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 14. The Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith will be the toastmaster, and, as usual, the speakers will include a number of very distinguished sportsmen.

The present officers of the camp are: President, G. Lenox Curtis, M.D., New York; First Vice-President, Ernest Thompson Seton, New York; Second Vice-President, Henry Van Dyke, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; Third Vice-President, Hon. Grover Cleveland, Princeton, N. J.; Secretary, Harry V. Radford, New York; Assistant Secretary, C. C. Chatfield, New York.

Pennsylvania Quail.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last spring it was the feeling of sportsmen in this vicinity that the hard winter of 1904-5 had about used up the quail in this part of the country, but a walk among the farms about thirty-five miles north of here discloses a different condition. In two farms, aggregating 400 acres, I found three coveys of strong, full-grown birds containing twelve birds, fifteen birds and seventeen birds respectively, and I was advised of two more coveys within a mile, one of which contained twenty-one birds.

If this condition exists generally throughout eastern Pennsylvania we should have some good shooting in November. TOHICKON.

There is on'y One "Brief."

THERE is only one complete, up-to-date, accurate, reliable, recognized authority on the Game and Fish Laws of this country (which includes Canada), and that is the *Game Laws in Brief*. It is sold by sporting goods dealers everywhere, and is mailed by Forest and Stream Publishing Co. for 25 cents.

THE FAMOUS MANY-USE OIL

Polishes the stock, cleans foulness from gun barrels.—*Adv.*



Fish and Fishing.

The Late Autumn Trout Fishing.

AFTER a long spell of very bad weather, which made anything but pleasant for anglers in the northern oods, the three last days of September brought an reeable change of temperature, and a consequent sh to the accessible trout waters, of those end-of-the-ason fishermen who had been kept at home by the in and mist and sleet of the previous week or ten ys. The extent of the change in temperature may judged of from the fact that on the 27th of September, some of the Quebec anglers, with whom I mped and fished in the Lake St. John country, forarded by express to their friends in town, a box conining freshly caught trout, packed entirely in snow, hile on the afternoon of the 30th we had the windows the car open when traveling back to Quebec, in order let in the fresh balmy air. Fully two inches of snow ll ninety miles north of Quebec, on the early morning Sept. 27, and during the two following nights there ere quite sharp frosts. These were succeeded by ight sunny days, and though there was not sufficient pple on the water to make the fly-fishing what it ought have been, yet the trout rose very well, off and on, om early morning to late at night.

The Iroquois Club Limits.

Though I have passed by the waters of the Iroquois sh and game club scores of times, I never fished any f them until last month, having generally gone further n to Lake St. John or to some of the many other ub limits of the district. The sport to be had on the roquois reserve is equal to that offered by any other club in the district. The club limits border upon those of both the Triton and the Stadacona clubs. The waters are close to the railway track, and all trains stop for the accommodation of members and their friends, whenever signalled so to do. The portages are short, and the lakes not as large as some of those leased by other clubs, which I consider rather an advantage, because it is not so difficult to locate the feeding places of the fish. Most of the lakes are surrounded and hemmed in by beautifully wooded mountains, and while there is quite a luxurious club house at the railway station, a number of comfortable camps have been constructed on the shores of the principal lakes.

There is river as well as lake fishing on the Iroquois reserve. The sport is excellent, both in the discharge of Lake Gowen and also in the Batiscan River, which bounds the territory of the club toward the east. The outlet of Lake Gowen is an exceedingly pretty stream, which it is quite a treat to wade and fish. Trout are abundant in all the rapids, and they also rose very freely in the end of September, in shallow portions of the lake toward the outlet.

A portage of a little more than a mile brings one from Lake Gowen to Rickaby rapids on the Batiscan River, near which Mr. Nathan Bill, of Springfield, has built himself a splendid camp, in which he spends a good part of the summer with his family. These rapids are too heavy to be waded, but splendid sport is almost always to be had in them by fishermen who are content to cast over a portion of the river among the rocks from the shore. Most of the members of our party hooked and killed two trout at a time upon more than one occasion. The roar of the rapids and the entrancing beauty of the view add very much to the enjoyment of the sport. On the occasion of our recent visit, several partridges flew and walked about us while we fished, and the fresh tracks of large moose were seen on all the portages.

Found in a Trout's Stomach.

In the camp at Lake Gowen I was shown a large cod hook, which was found only a winter or two ago in the stomach of a brook trout taken out of the lake. It was recovered during the winter season. Some of the members of the club were caribou hunting in January. Being short of fresh food, they cut a hole in the icy covering of Lake Gowen and set a night line. In the morning it was found that the hook had disappeared. The same thing occurred during the following night. A big fish had undoubtedly carried off both bait and hook. For the next night a cod hook fastened upon a wire was baited and placed at the end of the line. Next morning this hook had similarly disappeared. A few nights later, another hole was cut in the ice, quite a long distance from the other, and nearer to the center of the lake, upon which a similar hook was used. In the morning a 7½-pound trout was taken upon the line. The guide, who was cleaning the fish for breakfast, suddenly gave a cry of pain. He had run into his hand the large cod hook in the belly of the fish, which he had hitherto unnoticed, concealed as it was in the cavity containing the intestines. It was a similar hook to that upon which the fish had been caught, and was undoubtedly that which had been lost a few nights previously. We did not catch any fish even nearly as large as that above referred to, but some of our party, including both Mr. John S. Thom and Mr. Chas. Shaw, of Quebec, took them over three pounds each in weight. It is really wonderful how the big fish lived and attempted to feed with so enormous a hook in his inside. The stomachs of some trout

would doubtless show as remarkable collections of curiosities as the ordinary magpie's nest.

Mr. T. H. Norris killed many very large trout on some of the Stadacona lakes, close to the Iroquois territory, during the last week of September, while the prime minister of the province of Quebec, the Hon. Mr. Gouin, killed one weighing nearly five pounds in one of the lakes of the Laurentides Fish and Game Club.

The Flies that Were Successful.

We found on the waters of the Iroquois preserve—and other fishermen on neighboring lakes and streams experienced the same thing this autumn—that the fish did not, as a rule, take the Parmachenee-Belle as well as usual. In the spring and early summer it is the one favorite fly in these northern waters. Much more successful lures were the scarlet-ibis, the Montreal, the fiery-brown and the red-hackle. At night the Lake-George and white-moth proved good killers.

The woods were looking their best during the period of our stay in them, the red and yellow tints of the autumnal foliage seeming at times in the brilliant sunlight like an exaggerated bit of nature's September loveliness. It would certainly be so believed by those who had never seen it for themselves, if the gorgeousness of the coloring that we saw could only be faithfully reproduced on paper or canvas.

E. T. D. Chambers.

The Dominating Carp.

Evanston, Ill., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When our Federal Government distributed to all parts of the United States the progeny of 345 carp which it brought from Germany in 1877, it was exercising the paternal duties which it possessed to an eminent degree. It had in view a great economic measure, a distinctive virtue at all times. It desired to furnish the entire nation, and in particular the very poor, with a cheap and edible fish, and hence the strenuous efforts it has put forth for success in this particular propagation.

This was exceedingly meritorious, but if there had been some discrimination in the transplanting of this fish, such as saving our Great Lakes of pure water from its incursion, as well as some of our rivers of the same nature, there would doubtless have been more toleration of the rapidly multiplying carp.

It has, however, transpired that this suggestive measure has not been successfully carried out, and therefore an almost complete destruction of the fresh-water fishes is threatened as well as the passing away of the pleasures of rod and reel. A resumé of the generous transplanting of the carp in almost every section of the country practically manifests that that fast multiplying fish, which in derision as well as in fact, is called the scavenger of the waters, will through sheer force of its numbers crowd out in a decade or two all our gameful and toothsome fishes.

All our great fresh-water lakes, except Lake Superior, are now giving manifold signs of an overabundance of this undesirable fish. That exceptional lake above mentioned will soon be sharing the same fate, provided there is ample supply of food for this advancing and destroying tribe. The St. Mary's River, which debouches from this great reservoir of pure water, has an abundant supply of water or river grass and wild rice, upon which this fish in part feeds. and it is there in very generous numbers. We can hardly realize that the United State Fish Commission planted this coarse fish in these the greatest connecting bodies of fresh water in the world to innocently add the *coup de grace* to the few surviving whitefish and trout. What an appalling tragedy of the waters is this foreshadowed in the destruction of the gameful and highly toothsome fish which now make the Great Lakes their habitat? Are we to substitute this scavenger of the lakes for the delicious table fish that now fairly makes our salivaries dance with ecstatic delight? Heaven forbid it! We might tolerate it in other waters less pure, but the Great Lakes, the pride of America, to be thus sullied, never.

I am not alone in this denunciation, for an alarming cry comes from Canada, as will be seen in the subjoined extract taken from the Toronto Mail and Express of Aug. 26. It enunciates that:

"Mr. Harris rightly classes with the witless introduction of the Canada thistle and the English sparrow to this country the introduction of the German carp to the Great Lakes. This fish might be well described as the scavenger of the waters. It feeds on refuse, and is about the poorest substitute for whitefish, trout, and pickerel that can be imagined. Any mud puddle will suit a carp. Before 1890 it was practically unknown to American waters, in 1904 not less than 20,000,000 pounds of carp were taken from Lake Erie, which must be considered a carp lake, as is Lake St. Clair. It took just five years to destroy in Lake Huron the finest yellow pickerel fishery in the world. From Ottawa there was no protest. The people did not know what was going on. There was no outcry. In silence the tragedy of the Great Lakes was perpetrated.

"The carp is scarce in Ontario yet, but soon these pigs among fish will be guzzling where once the salmon swarmed. Then we shall have plenty of cheap, coarse, fish food for awhile. Canadians, of course, will not care to eat it, and so it will be sent to the sweat-shop population of New York, and other large American cities. The story will be finished, and our lakes become a pasture ground for the foreign-born element of the United States."

Again Mr. Frank Jack, a prominent and influential citizen of Peoria, as well as an expert and keenly observing sportsman, writes me on request for information concerning the carp, saying:

"The Illinois River, within fifty to seventy miles of Peoria, is the noted carp stream of this country, and the shipments from Peoria and a couple of other points are wonderful. These shipments mostly go to New York and, it is said, that the carp are there served on the tables of the leading hotels—probably under some other name. The commercial fishermen use large seines half a mile to a mile long, and there have been catches at different times of 50 tons at a haul. Frequently they build stockades out in the river and pen them in as they would cattle, and there keep them until ready for shipments, which are made mostly in car loads. Very few of these fish are eaten here, being considered too coarse for any cultured palate. Until four or five years ago we had fine bass and perch fishing here—much better than I saw this summer in Ontario. Now the carp keeps the water muddy and have driven out all other fish, and are credited by many as destroying their spawn.

"One undeniable advantage of this fish is its remarkable reproductiveness. Just think of fifty tons of carp at one haul of the seine. This alone is manifest evidence that not other fish could so multiply, and it has been going on for years. It would be well, however, to remind you that no other river in the United States, with the single exception of the Columbia, in Oregon, furnishes as many fish. Havana, in Mason county, is the largest market for fish there is on the Illinois, there being 2,000,000 pounds shipped last year from that place, carp of course being in the ascendency. The carp was placed in the Illinois by the United States Fish Commission fifteen years ago, and, according to authentic reports, have so rapidly increased as to threaten the life tenures of all other fishes there."

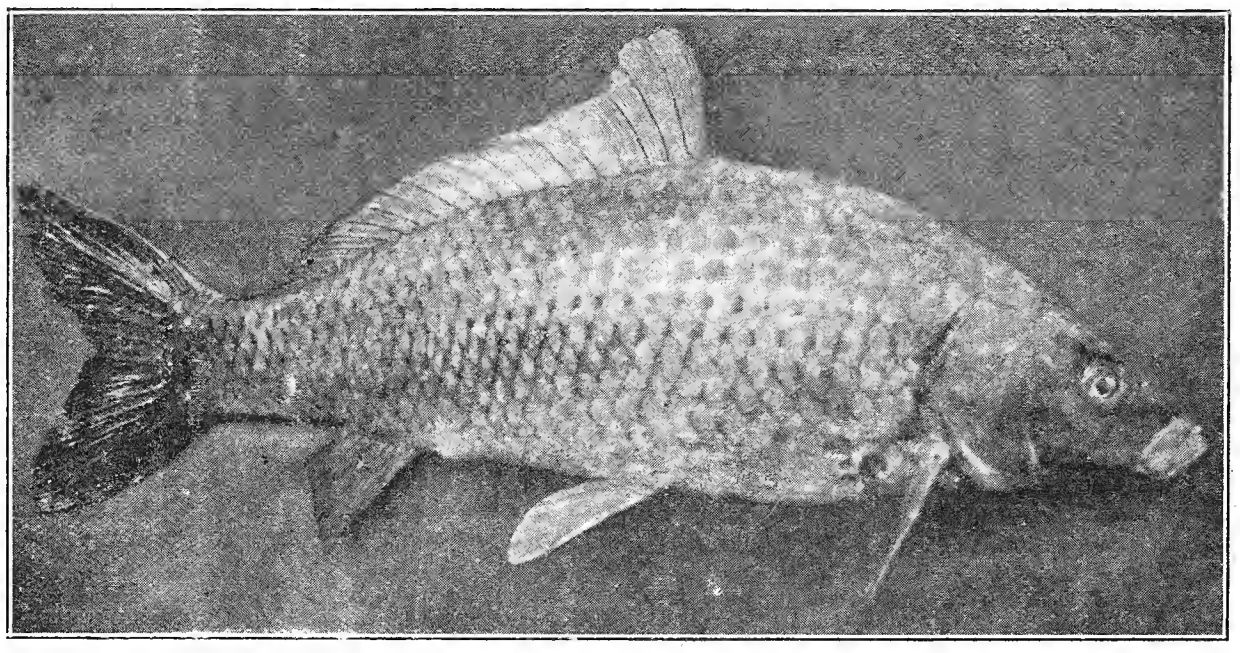
In this respect they are like the English sparrow, they monopolize the territory, and the other fish are driven out. And that also will be the result wherever the German carp is transplanted. When I consider that the noted fishing waters in the Great Lakes, where I have had so many days of unalloyed enjoyment with the rod and reel, are soon to become pastures for the carp, it saddens me beyond all expression. I must regretfully admit that the carp will not in this case make his sudden exit, for he possesses to an eminent degree all the qualifications that will enable him to retain his present position and finally make him monarch of all he surveys. He is exceedingly hardy and very pugnacious, will live in waters where other fish die, and, with his years of longevity and rapid growth, will assuredly dominate unless immediate measures are taken to avert it, as the strength of the two opposing forces will soon develop that fact in the Illinois.

They have threshed this question over and over again in the "American Fisheries Society," of which I am proud to be a member, and it appears that the scavenger fish has now a majority, or a tolerant majority, in that board. In a late discussion on this all-important question one of the members said: "I am stating the cold, hard fact, when I saw that the Legislature of Pennsylvania has practically declared the carp an outlaw by prohibiting the planting of it any longer in our waters." On the other hand, a member from Michigan said: "I think the carp was sent here as a blessing to the poor. The carp is here to stay, and all the barrels of money we can open will not destroy them. I like them and am going to keep on eating them."

I have seen certain parties immediately after an election eat crow, but they did not like it one bit, so with the carp.

In regard to the adhesive persistence of the carp, I will simply repeat that if it is here to stay there will be a grand and lofty tumbling of other fishes seeking other waters if they can be found minus the carp. That assertion I am positive will not soon be disproved by mere talk or bluster.

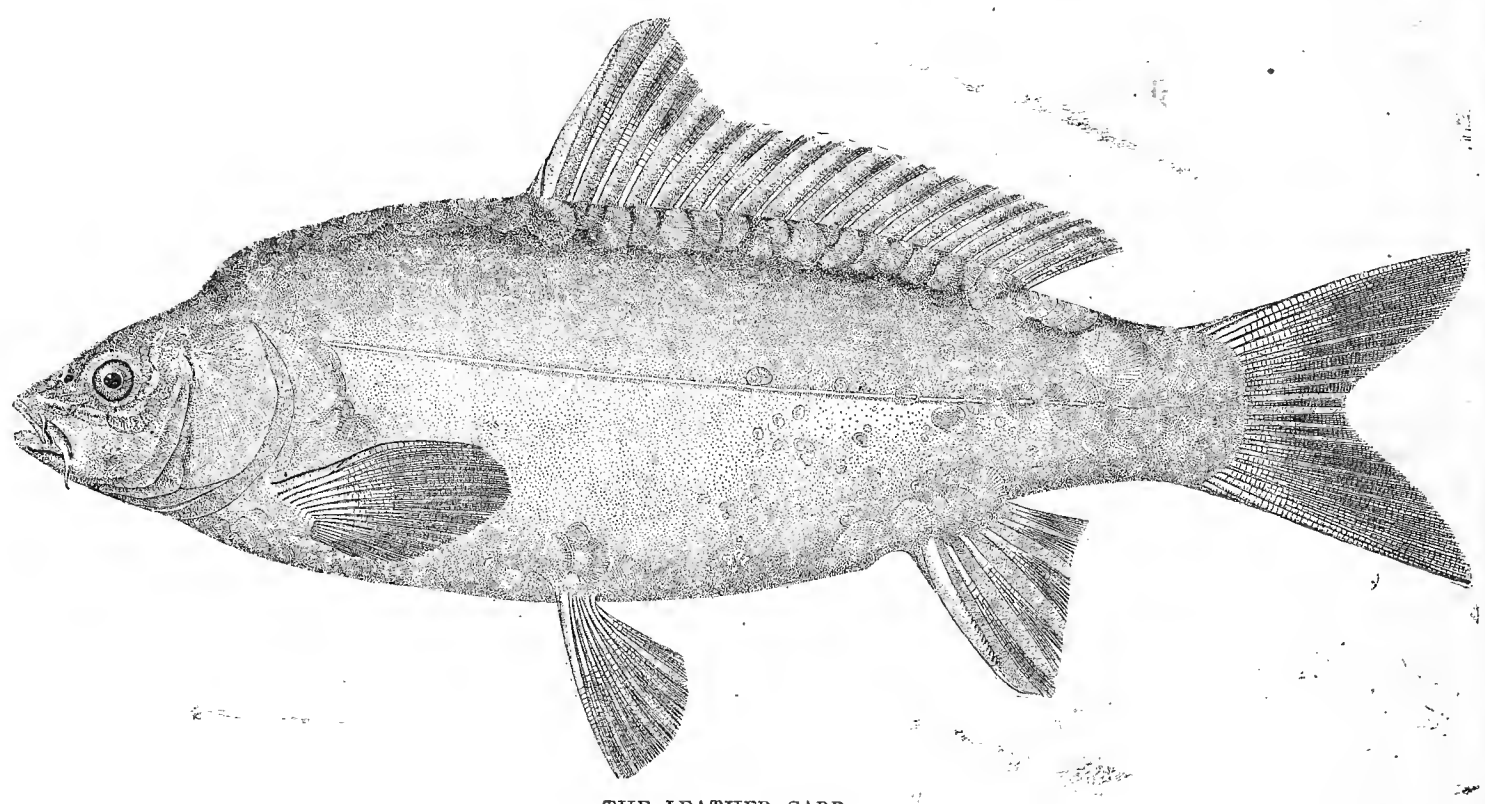
We do not, I am positive, desire to emulate the European countries in making the carp our all-important fish, nor do we consider it a "blessing to the poor." The working classes of Europe live on black bread with an extraordinary dessert of meat once a week. To them the carp is doubtless a blessing. But this prosperous country, where the day's wage of a mechanic equals a week's pay of the foreigner, while that of a laborer's two days' work makes the same weekly equivalent, is sufficient evidence that it does not desire to take any stock in the coarse, ill-tasting carp.



THE SCALE CARP.
Photograph from Nature.

Look in the market baskets of our working classes and you will see therein the choicest cuts of meat, and fish that is a perfect delight to the gastrics. Why then all this fanfare of trumpets, and beating of drums to force this coarse-fibered fish of repulsive savor upon us as a blessing? Shall our whitefish, trout, black bass, maskinongé, pike, perch, pickerel, etc., be eliminated from our lakes and rivers of pure water that the unregenerate carp may roam at his sweet will and take on his lordly proportions, and swagger as the king of the waters as he turns its purity into seas of turbidness?

The Fish and Game Commission of the United States are officials of high standing and great ability, and have accomplished a great work in propagating and transplanting fishes of superior quality throughout the country. I here simply call attention to one of many instances, where they have won grand triumphs, and that is in the planting of the shad in the Pacific Ocean, and it has been such an eminent success that you can now purchase shad as cheap in California as you can in New York.



THE LEATHER CARP.
From "Fishing Industries."

If there had been some discrimination in the transplanting of the carp in our Great Lakes of pure water, such as we have mentioned, there would have doubtless been more toleration of the rapid multiplying fish. The Game and Fish Commission of Illinois made a similar admission in their report of 1904, when it says that, "The carp are detrimental to clear lakes and rivers, but they get into them and we are doing the very best we can to relieve the situation in that respect;" and that is what we justly claim.

One of the great culinary triumphs of the greedy carp was in the eating of all the wild rice beds in Lake Huron and thereby driving all the wild ducks away. This yellow peril of the fresh waters will not stop at this gastronomic feat, for it will perform many others that will throw that one completely in the shade and so startle its advocates as doubtless to revolutionize them. Its daily menu, when the market is well stocked, consists of vegetation, worms and larvæ of aquatic insects which it turns up from the mud with its classic nose, the refuse of the kitchen, slaughter house and brewery, and many other nauseating things which would not look well in print, and also prove offensive to those who declare they like them and will continue to eat them despite all adverse criticism.

As a passing incident of the multiplicity of carp already in our Great Lakes of pure water, I will simply

state that I strolled down one beautiful September morning, while at Evanston, to one of the many piers that have disfigured Lake Michigan's picturesque shore. Here I observed a number of anglers having great sport in taking the toothsome perch. I finally saw one of them land a four-pound carp with a worm-baited hook. On inquiring from the carp-taking angler as to their abundance here, he stated that the lake was full of them, and that in the Calumet, a tributary, they were so numerous that you could almost cross the river on their backs. A little extravagant this, but it tells the story of the ever-increasing and advancing carp. An additional fact of a similar character came to me this summer while at Sea Gull on the St. Mary in pursuit of the gamy black bass. Here I caught several baby carp in my minnow trap. Again the dynamite blasting of the rocky bottom was going on there, frequently bringing some goodly carp to the surface. At other places the same results ensue. It is therefore evident that those Great Lakes of pure water will soon be foraging fields, so to speak, for this vast multitude of cheap food fish which goes plowing through the waters like a destroying army carrying and destroying everything before it.

As we have introduced this all-important subject, it would not be amiss to give in connection with it a piscatorial detail of the carp in its European habitats. We glean from the Government reports, which are highly interesting, as well as valuable, that the carp is alleged to have been imported into England in the year 1504. In Austria, which possesses the most extensive carp fisheries in Europe, the culture of the carp can be traced as far back as the year 1227. The Emperor Charles IV., of Germany, by granting sundry privileges, favored the establishment of ponds in his dominions, and the monks were especially assiduous in the culture of fish in ponds. As early as the first half of the fourteenth century, Bohemia had its first large carp pond, and the culture of this fish progressed in that country, as also in Poland, and that district which now comprises German Austria; also in upper Lusatia, Saxony, Silesia and Bavaria. A celebrated establishment for carp culture, with large extensive ponds, was located, as early as the fourteenth century, near the town of Wittengau, in Bohemia, Austria. The first beginning of it may be traced to the year 1367. At that time the lords of Rosenberg called into existence and maintained for centuries these establishments on a scale so extensive that to this day they are the admiration of the visitor, the main parts having survived, while the race of the Rosenbergs has long been extinct.

The artificial ponds of the Manor of Wittengau comprise an area of no less than 20,000 acres. The proceeds amounted to about 500.000 pounds of carp per annum. The ponds of the Princess of Schwarzenberg are probably the largest and the most extensive of the kind on the globe. They are usually situated in some undulating country, lowland country, where small valleys have been closed by gigantic dams for the purpose of forming reservoirs. There are also many hundreds of other ponds, but none of them covering more than a few acres, but almost every large farm possesses at least one of them.

The carp are divided into three chief groups, viz., the "scale carp," the "mirror carp" and the "leather carp." These fishes are partial to stagnant water, or such as have a not too swift current with a loamy, muddy bottom and deep places covered with vegetation. It inhabits now most of the larger and smaller rivers of Europe, particularly the Elbe, Weser, Rhine, Danube, Po, Rhone, Garonne, Loire, then the Bavarian and Swiss lakes, the Lake of Constance, etc.; even salt water seems to agree with it very well. They have been taken in the Black Sea, where its weight often amounts to from fifteen to twenty pounds. It is also found in the Caspian Sea in great numbers, and is known there by the name of "Sassan."

The carp does not grow in the winter. Warmth alone seems to exercise a favorable influence upon it and to promote growth. It only grows in the months of May, June, July and August, and does not appear to continue doing so in September. It is a most startling fact that the carp, though it does not take any food during its winter sleep in its natural retreat, does not diminish in weight. The abundance of eggs in the carp is very great, and it is this circumstance which will explain its extraordinary increase in the natural waters. A fish weighing from four to five pounds contains, on an average, 400,000 to 500,000 eggs. Some statements figure still higher.

The growth of a carp differs, according as the fish inhabits cold or warm water, a river, lake, or pond, finding plentiful food therein, or being fed. An additional factor is the quality of the soil, whether muddy or stony. In cold water, or such as has a stony ground, the carp will not progress favorably. For this reason, the statements concerning the normal size attained to in a certain given time differ widely.

The normal weight which a carp may attain to in three years, whether it be a scale carp, mirror carp, or leather carp, is an average of from 3 to 3¼ pounds; and that of one which has lived two summers, consequently is eighteen months old, will weigh 2¾ to 3¼ pounds the year following.

Carp may reach a very advanced age, as specimens are to be found in Austria over 140 years old. The increase in length only continues up to a certain age, but its circumference will increase up to its thirty-fifth year. Some common carp in the southern part of Europe—in the lowlands of Hungary, Servia, Croatia, Wallachia, as also in Moldavia and the Bukowina—which weighed from 30 to 40 pounds and more, measuring nearly 3½ feet in length by 2¾ feet in circumference. Old men, whose credibility and truthfulness could not be doubted, give detailed accounts of the capture of this species of fish in former years, giants, which weighed from 50 to 60 pounds, and which they had seen themselves. During the Crimean War in 1853 a French engineer officer, stationed at Widden, on the Danube, in Turkey, killed a carp by a bullet shot, some distance below the city; this fish weighed 67 pounds. The structure of this fish indicated to a certainty that its age could be no more than twenty-four years at the most. It is a well-known fact that two large carp, weighing from 42 to 55 pounds, were taken several years ago on one of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg's domains in northern Germany. They had been kept in some particularly favorable water, productive of plentiful food, and had been used as breeding fishes. These two specimens might, from their size, be calculated to be comparatively very aged fishes; it was proved that they were only fifteen years old. If we may credit the chronicles kept centuries ago by old families, and especially by the monks, who had taken possession of all the best localities along the banks of the beautiful blue Danube, then still greater giants had been caught, and that in the waters of the Danube itself. A chronicle of the Monastery of Molk, in Austria, refers to a carp weighing 78 pounds, which had been captured on Ascension Day in 1520. Another record speaks of a carp which had been taken in the third decennium of the present century in the Lake of Zug, in Switzerland, and which weighed 90 pounds. These giants are certainly only wonderful exceptions, and have become celebrated through the scarcity of such occurrences, but still these facts are encouraging illustrations that it is possible for such large specimens to grow up in favorable waters. All the countries where these large fishes have been found, and which are situated between the Black, the North, and the Baltic seas, are pretty nearly such as have a late spring and a long, cold winter. Near Widden the Danube has been frozen frequently. There the carp passes from five to seven months in its winter sleep, during which it does not grow.

If this fish thrives so well in countries which have such a very cold winter, where the rivers have not enough food for them, how much more would they thrive in the waters of this country, with their great riches of food? But if we take into account the rivers of the mild south and southwest of the United States, what remarkable success may be expected for this fish in those regions?

Our waters, both north and south, which are rich in vegetable and other food, have already shown their generous adaptability for the very rapid increase of this ignoble and coarse-grained fish, which bids fair to be dominant in this country. "It is here to stay," and much to our sorrow, for it means the entire disappearance of all other fishes. Time, the old common arbitrator, whose tooth is ever gnawing out the cold, hard facts, will soon give emphatic evidence of the verity of the above enunciation.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

Some Legal Aspects of the Case of Rockefeller vs LaMora.

It was reported recently that the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York had finally settled the case of William Rockefeller against Oliver LaMora by refusing to permit the attorneys for the defense to carry the matter to the Court of Appeals on questions of law raised by the attorneys for the defense. The report was untrue, for the Appellate Division has granted the permission necessary to carry this case to the final court.

The fact of the matter is, the attorneys for the defense won in the most recent of the legal skirmishes in the four-year-old case, which has aroused so much interest among sportsmen and woodsmen on both sides of the game preserve posted lines. On the result of this case depends the future of the Adirondack private preserves, and, to some extent, the rights of hunters and fishermen to the game and fish which are found in the Adirondack region. Briefly, the situation is this:

William Rockefeller established a "private preserve" in townships 16 and 17 in the town of Santa Clara, Franklin county, N. Y., which surrounded the village of Brandon. Gradually the preserver secured all but twelve or thirteeen lots in this village, these lots being owned by Oliver LaMora, "Black Joe" Peryea and others. The hunting ground of the village was posted and the residents found themselves cut off from what they considered their deer, fish and birds. Fear of the law and of the man of great wealth dismayed them, and for a time they took great pains not to intereferc with the preserve, but gradually venturesome spirits sneaked into the forest and caught fish or shot deer. They grew bold with success, and, finally, after LaMora became boldest of all, he was called upon to answer the charge of trespass under the common law. He went to Saranac Lake, and on advice of W. J. Saunders, his attorney, LaMora paid the nominal damages for trespass, committed three times—18 cents and $1.50 costs.

"You can't afford to fight the case," Saunders said to the woodsman, "and if you pay now it'll be the cheapest way out of the matter."

The money was paid, but before LaMora got out of town he was served with papers charging him with the violation of the so-called Private Park law by catching trout, the trespasses for which he had paid damages amounting to eighteen cents, being cited in this case. It was asked by the attorneys for Mr. Rockefeller that $55 damages and costs be awarded the owner under the park law on the charge of committing trespass by catching trout out of the Middle Branch of the St. Regis River.

"This is putting a man in jeopardy twice for the same crime—this is punishing a man twice for the same act. This is unconstitutional," said Attorney Saunders. "We'll fight it."

This was four years ago, and Saunders has made good his word of "fighting the case." He won the case before the justice of peace, and Rockefeller appealed to the county court, and a jury turned him down. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court sent the case back for a new trial; the jury again found for the defense; the Appellate Division sent it back for another trial. The county judge directed the jury to find for the plaintiff, and the case was taken to the Appellate Division by the defense. The Appellate Division justices affirmed the jury's unwilling verdict, and LaMora's attorney found himself face to face with eighteen cents damages and $790.31 costs, but by no means at the end of his rope.

In its opinion on the case as first handed down, the Appellate Division ignored the people's right to the wild game, fish and birds, laying stress on the fact that Rockefeller had "spent vast sums of money" in making the private preserve. This is not the least interesting feature of the case. In other opinions which were handed down the expense to which Mr. Rockefeller had been put also figures, but in the last opinion the right of the public to its own game, fish and birds was at last granted. In all the opinions the Justices of the Appellate Division all concurred.

As the Justices of the Appellate Division had all concurred in the last finding of the county court, it was necessary to get the permission of this court to carry the matter before the Court of Appeals on questions of law. If this permission had not been given Saunders' fight would have ended as far as this case was concerned. He must argue the matter before the Appellate Division, so he prepared his brief.

I was at Dickinson Center on the day that the canard reached that place saying the Appellate Division had refused to grant permission to carry the case to the Court of Appeals. It seemed as though four years of legal campaign had been lost and the junior member of the law firm of Saunders & Saunders (Leslie Saunders) was correspondingly blue, but not saying anything until word was received from Attorney Fiero, of Albany, who argued the matter of taking the case to the Court of Appeals before the Appellate Division for LaMora.

Fiero read in a New York paper that LaMora's case had been lost, but to make sure he telephoned over to the clerk of the court and found that the New York paper was wrong. The Appellate Division did not refuse permission to take the case to the Court of Appeals, but granted it in spite of the arguments which Rockefeller's attorneys were able to make.

The points on which the case will be taken to the Court of Appeals are of vivid personal interest to sportsmen, woodsmen and all others who visit the Adirondack and Catskill regions. This case is unquestionably the greatest case involving game preserves ever tried in America, and on its final result hangs the fate of the efforts to establish "parks" in Adirondack wild land after the English "farm and preserve" system. In the Adirondacks the preserves are engaged in lumbering, while in England agriculture, etc., is followed.

The case has reached a point where the old soldier LaMora sinks into comparative insignificance. The real defendant in the matter is the public. Rockefeller is not trying to defend himself from aggressions on his rights, but he is suing a man who followed a public highway to a stream of water to which the public has as much right as to the air they breathe, and caught trout which Rockefeller did not plant, but some of which the State did plant, and the rest of which were propagated naturally, and under circumstances, and in waters which made them unquestionably public property.

The broad, undeniable principle for which Saunders has been fighting is this: Time and again the courts, legislatures and juries have held that wild game, wild fish and wild birds belong to the people. If Rockefeller finally wins this case he, a private individual, will receive from Oliver LaMora exemplary damages because LaMora caught public trout out of public waters reached from a public highway. The suit is not for trespass under the common law; it is for damages under the Private Park law, so-called. And it is held by the defense that this Private Park law is unconstitutional because it takes public property from the people and puts it into the possession of private individuals without the consent of the required two-thirds vote of the Legislature and the vote of the people.

It is a principle, long established in law and custom, and now admitted by the Appellate Division that wild game, wild fish and wild birds belong to the public. The robin, which sings in the maples of a private lawn is owned as much by the laborer digging the drainage ditch as by the man he works for. The trout, flashing in waters of the rifts of a natural stream, is owned by any man, woman or child who takes it. And the wild deer, whether it is upon a preserve thrice posted by a man or association of men, or upon the State's forest lands, is as much the property of the sportsman who belongs to no club, and owns no preserve, as it does to the holder of the titles to the lands. The courts have held this to be so repeatedly, but William Rockefeller's case against Oliver LaMora is a fight to break down this oft-repeated principle.

The case has got far beyond a mere justice's court suit between a land holder and a poacher. It is now a question of how much a man of vast wealth and tremendous influence can take from the public. An association to which Mr. Rockefeller belongs claims thousands of acres of land in DeBar Mountain Park, so-called, which only a few years ago was claimed by the State. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Rockefeller can get the very birds of the air, and the fish of the waters, and the mammals of the land into his possession, as he has gotten the lands.

The points made in the brief, backed by numerous cases which were cited, are as follows:

"First, the court erred in holding that a common law action for trespass is involved in this case. It cannot be said that this action is a common law action for a penalty on the Private Park Statute.

"This is an action to recover a penalty for disturbing and capturing fish, the property of the people, which the people, including the defendant, had a right to capture at the time defendant did take them, and they became his property upon capture and retention." The cases of Hill vs. Bishop, Tremain vs. Richardson, Rosin vs. Lidgerwood Mfg. Co., People vs. Hall, etc., were cited.

"Plaintiff has no right of action under the Private Park Statute. He has no right of action for the value of the fish caught by defendant, as he did not own them. They were the property of the people of this State. Plaintiff had no greater property right in those fish than had the defendant. All rights of property of the plaintiff and of the other people of the State, except the defendant, in and to the fish caught by defendant ceased the moment defendant caught them."

"The exclusive right of fishery depends solely upon the right to stand upon the soil, and the only remedy the owner of the soil has against another for fishing in waters passing over his land is an action for trespass on the land."

Numerous cases are cited in support of these contentions.

Point 2: "The court erred in not granting defendant's motion for a non-suit, since the plaintiff did not have the

exclusive right of fishery in the waters as an entirety in which defendant fished, as contemplated by the Private Park law. The waters in question were not private within the meaning of the statute.

"In order that the plaintiff park any of the waters of the Middle Branch of the St. Regis River he must have the exclusive right of fishery in all the waters of this river. This he did not have."

"The Middle Branch of the St. Regis River neither rose nor emptied nor ended on plaintiff's alleged private park. It ran across it. Plaintiff did not own this stream nor did he own more than a parcel of land about and underneath it."

Point 3: "The court erred in not granting defendant's motion for a non-suit since the plaintiff did not own the fish in the Middle Branch of the St. Regis River, which would be necessary in order to recover the exemplary damages sued for. The defendant had as great a property right in such fish as did the plaintiff. They were the property of the people of this State before their capture by defendant, and the waters containing them could not be made into a private park. Plaintiff neither alleged nor proved actual damages sustained. Therefore exemplary damages cannot be awarded him.

"The fish disturbed and caught by the defendant in the Middle Branch of the St. Regis River during the open season of 1902, mentioned in the complaint, were, prior to their capture, the property of the people of the State.

"'The game and fish within the boundaries of the State belong to the people in their unorganized capacity, and may be taken by any citizen, without fee or license, at any time during the open season.'"

Point 4: "The court erred in its interpretation of the Private Park law. As interpreted by the county court, it is unconstitutional and void and no action can be maintained thereon.

"The Private Park law, as interpreted by the county court, is unconstitutional and void in that a person catching fish in the close season in waters, the Middle Branch of the St. Regis River, e. g., and on the land of plaintiff, in question, may be twice convicted of a crime for the same disturbing and catching of fish. He may be convicted of a crime under said section 203, and also be convicted of a crime under section 69 of the Forest, Fish and Game law. He may also be compelled to pay two penalties, one under each of the above sections, the one to an individual and the other to the State. This would be putting twice in jeopardy for the same offense, in violation of section 6, article I. of the State Constitution. The statute, as construed by said court, would appropriate public property (the people's fish and game) for private purposes in violation of section 20, article III., of the State Constitution, the law not showing the consent of two-thirds of all the members elected to each branch of the Legislature."

Point 5: "The court erred in not granting the defendant's motion for a non-suit since the proof of user of the lands and waters in question as a private park for the purposes of propagating and protecting fish, birds and game, or either fish, birds or game is wholly inadequate within the true intent and meaning of the statute. Plaintiff did not propagate fish.

"The plaintiff has not propagated fish in the waters or game upon the lands. This was necessary in order to form a private park. The public declaration published by him declaring that plaintiff devoted the lands and waters to the propagating and protection of fish, birds and game is false, as to 'fish,' and as to 'birds' and as to 'game.' The nature of the St. Regis River is such that the idea of propagating and protecting fish therein is entirely out of question, as the plaintiff must have control of the beds and banks of the whole stream in order to do this. Either the whole or none can be private and so parked.

"The defendant contends that the statute contemplates propagation of fish where the parking is for a fish park, and that the notices posted and published shall declare that such waters will be used as a private park for the purpose of propagating fish. The statute does not imply that the people's property may be taken by a private person, and natural propagation continue for the sole benefit of such private person, and that such private person be thereby given the benefit of a penalty and the power to declare the taking of public fish, *the property of all the public*, without *his consent*, a crime."

Point 6: "The court erred in not granting defendant's motion for a non-suit since flowing waters are public property; fish, whether propagated by natural means or by the State, are public property; it is the duty of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of this State to propagate and distribute fish and keep up the supply thereof in the public waters of this State; whether such waters were stocked by the State prior or subsequent to April 17, 1896, no action upon the Private Park law can be maintained for fishing in them; many streams, including the Middle Branch of St. Regis River, and waters on plaintiff's lands, had been duly stocked by the State before plaintiff's attempted parking, therefore, this action on the statute cannot be maintained.

"It is provided by section 212 of the Forest, Fish and Game law—being of the Private Park law as amended by chapter 319 of laws of 1896—that no action can be maintained on the statute for fishing in waters duly stocked by the State. The waters in question in which defendant fished had been duly stocked by the State before the plaintiff's attempted parking of them."

Point 8: "The court erred in not granting defendant's motion for a non-suit, since the plaintiff cannot maintain this action in his name.

"An action for unlawfully capturing fish—the people's property—cannot be maintained only in the name of the people of the State. The defendant's right to and property in the fish in question, before capture, was co-equal with plaintiff's right to and property right in said fish. Therefore, neither can nor should be allowed to maintain an action against the other for the disturbing or taking of said fish."

Point 8: "The court erred in holding that the defendant committed a trespass upon plaintiff's lands and in directing a verdict for such trespasses. *The defendant traveled and fished in the highways and roads thereon only.* These roads or highways are expressly excepted from the plaintiff's alleged private park.

"The evidence shows that the roads used by defendant have been physically defined and apparent on plaintiff's land and in constant and uninterrupted use by the public for more than thirty years. They were public highways."

Point 9: "The court erred in permitting Fred Knapp to testify, under objection and exception, that he saw defendant on plaintiff's private park. This was inadmissible under the pleadings.

"The plaintiff was not entitled to this class of evidence since he failed to negative in his complaint that the waters included in plaintiff's private park had, prior to the alleged formation of said park, been stocked with fish by the State and at its expense."

Point 10: "The court erred in not striking out the testimony of Eugene Flanders, on motion of defendant, in regard to English deer being let loose on plaintiff's lands.

"This testimony is clearly hearsay and incompetent."

Point 11: "The court erred in not striking out the testimony of Eugene Flanders, on motion of defendant, in regard to the alleged increase of fish and game on plaintiff's lands.

"The testimony of the witness shows that he had no knowledge on the subject."

Point 12: "The court erred in directing the jury that they find a verdict for the plaintiff and against the defendant; and further, that it be for $25 for each offense. It was for the jury to say how much their verdict would be."

In conclusion the defense stated that the fish in a private park must be private, in the sense that they have been reared in private waters as cattle are reared in pastures. It was claimed that the watchers "hired to protect the fish, game and birds from the public" "are employed and act to accomplish an illegal purpose, such employment being against public policy and in violation of one of the three great primary rights out of which all the rights of all American citizens sprang, viz., the right of property, i. e., the right to acquire property by lawful means," meaning catch fish and kill game.

"Plaintiff has failed to create an artificial stream, pond or lake, or to acquire the same not stocked with the people's property, and to stock them with trout propagated by artificial means, and to build a hatchery for the artificial propagation of fish, and to stock said water with them. He has published a notice in a newspaper for four weeks, and posted cloth notices around his land at a slight expense, all of which is necessary but wholly insufficient for the creation of a private park."

On the points of law raised in this brief, the Appellate Division consented that the defense in the case of Rockefeller vs. LaMora take the matter to the Court of Appeals. This consent having been granted, the next step is the one before the highest court in the State, by which it will be decided whether or no Rockefeller has the right to exact a penalty from people who catch trout from streams on his lands. If Mr. Rockefeller wins, the cause of private parks will receive an aid, without which they cannot exist. And at the same time the people will be deprived of their rights in the fish, game and birds on more than 700,000 acres of Adirondack forest lands. The LaMora case is not an action for mere trespass; it is one to secure a penalty for trout caught, and those trout are public property, according to laws and opinions reaching back to the days of old England.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Taming of Fish.

THAT fish may be tamed like animals or birds has recently been shown by a Swiss physician who contributes to a recent number of the Appenzeller Zeitung an interesting and curious narrative reprinted in the Illustrirte Zeitung (Leipsic). He says:

"I have never yet heard nor read that any one has tried to tame fish in water; and I was therefore desiring not a little to test the eventual possibility of doing so, when a very favorable opportunity was offered me. I was taking baths for my health in a private bathing house on the Lake of Lungano. At the north and south sides of the building there live in a heap of stones a family of loaches (*Cavedini*), consisting of about six different spawnings—altogether perhaps 100 or 150 fishes. The loaches (the largest of which might be about as long as a full-grown brook-trout) used often to swim over into the bath house, but would flee when I entered the water. I then sat down (at the time when the warmth of the water permitted doing so) a whole hour, up to my neck in the water, supporting my hands on my knees and holding in each a piece of bread as big as my fist, so that it was thoroughly soaked in the water. A like procedure I repeated in the evening and so on the following days, each forenoon and each evening.

"At first the loachers would have absolutely nothing do with the toothsome morsel placed at their disposal, but anxiously avoided the living statue in the water, which probably was not quite as immovable as the marble ones in the museums. Soon, however, several members of the youngest spawning ventured, with the most extreme caution, to take a nibble at the bread, quickly starting back if my hands moved even a millimeter. Gradually came representatives also of the second youngest generation, and so by degrees from day to day ever older and larger specimens, till finally all alike became tame and whirred and circled round me as soon as I stepped into the water. With true curiosity the whole company would make a dash at the bread that I brought with me. I could move my body and hands as I pleased, could lift both hands with bread and fishes like a shot out of water, and plunge them in again; all this did not disturb them. They would come into my hands, glide through my fingers, and let me stroke them on the head, the back and the sides, the big ones as well as those of medium size and the little ones.

"When one day I had myself photographed with my protégés, it was found that the color of the fishes differed too little from that of the water for a sharp picture to be given. We therefore brought two large white sheets to spread on the bottom of the lake. Our fear that the fishes might be frightened away by the operation proved groundless. They romped so around the white sheets that we had much trouble to lay them down and weight them with stones, without pressing to death some of the fishes. Four different instantaneous views then succeeded admirably. I am glad to have proved by my experiments that even fish in water are tamable."—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

Lost a Bet by Half a Fish.

TWO FRIENDS of mine had gone to a small Wisconsin lake for a few days' outing, and the first day out they made an unusually successful catch. They quit at 1 o'clock, and at that time Edwards had landed twenty-four nice ones. On the way back to the camp he twitted Adams, his companion, on his failure to equal that record.

"'Tell you what I'll do,' Adams finally responded, desperately. 'I'll bet you a bottle of wine that you and the guide together don't catch as many as that by the same hour to-morrow.'

"'Pshaw, that's easy; the bet's on,' and so it was agreed.

"The next morning they were out early, Adams taking one boat and Edwards and the guide going in the other. They remained close together, and careful tally was kept on the finny prizes as they were brought to the surface. Finally only half an hour remained, and Edwards had twenty-three fish—one short of the required number.

"'Guess I'll drink on you, old man,' Adams called out tauntingly, when only five minutes of the time was left and Edwards had failed to get even a nibble.

"'I guess you won't: I've got a bite now,' was the excited rejoinder, and Edwards began reeling in his line.

"'Dum it; he got away,' he ejaculated a moment later when the line suddenly slacked.

"'Well, it's me that has the bite,' exclaimed Adams, and he began pulling on his line. But the fish was off in an instant.

"'Hold on; here he is again!' This time it was Edwards who was doing the talking.

"And so the seesaw continued until only a minute of the time remained, when finally they reeled in their lines and found that each had secured the same fish. A bass had swallowed Adams' hook, and in trying to get away had run afoul of Edwards' line and was firmly caught in the gills.

"Each claimed the bass, Adams asserting it was his property because it had swallowed his hook, and Edwards being equally firm in the belief that his gill hold was the one which should count. It finally became necessary to leave the question to arbitration, and the referee ruled that the prize should be divided.

"This was how it happened that Edwards lost the wager by half a fish."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Old Man Bassford's Reel.

I RARELY go down the street but some one buttonholes me to hastily recite some fishing or hunting experience. I ran into old man Bassford the other day near his office and nothing would do but I must step in and hear of a curious experience.

"Over a year ago," said he, "I in some way jammed and sprung askew the handle of one of my reels. I laid it aside thinking to have it fixed some day. Last night I woke up dreaming about that reel and found that I could not get the thought out of my head. I could see the crooked and skewed handle and it annoyed me and made me so restless that it looked as if I would kick and thrash around until daylight.

"The reel was in a tin box in my dressing room, where I keep my truck, and the notion seizing me I jumped out of bed, went into the dressing room and lighted the gas. I found screwdriver, hammer and file, improvised an anvil out of an ax head, took the reel from the box and began operations. It was 1 o'clock in the morning. Well, I of course made noise, and I guess awoke everybody in the house.

"I know I kept up a fusilade of replies to the queries hurled at me through the closed bedroom door. One of my boys wanted to go for the doctor. I told him to go, but he went back to bed. Another one wanted to know if I was not going crazy, and so it went. But I kept on filing and hammering. I found a washer and in time by pounding and filing I got that into shape and fitted it in place. And when the job was done and the handle on and the reel looking ship-shape and proper, once more I looked at the hands of the clock pointing to 3, drew a long breath, put out the light and crawled back into bed. There were no more crooked reel handles to annoy me and I slept through uninterruptedly until 7 o'clock.

"At the breakfast table I told the grown-up boys and girls that a loss of a little sleep cut no figure with them, that when they were young they had kept me awake many a night at 2, 3 and 4 in the morning and turn about being fair play I thought if I could get four hours sleep at the expense of an hour or so of wakefulness I was entitled to it. One thing is certain, if I had not straightened out that crooked reel-handle I would have enjoyed a condition of insomnia for the rest of the night. The mending of that reel handle certainly did the business."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

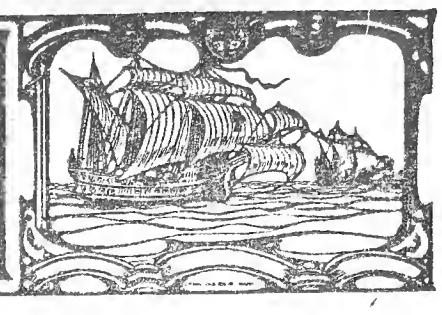
Here is Something New.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend told me this one as an actual happening: He was trolling this summer for big-mouth bass in a northern lake. He had a strike and played it for a bass, for it went up in the air. Then it sounded, and he found then his hook was caught on something. The boat was backed to the spot and the obstacle slowly lifted to the surface. It proved to be a waterlogged branch, and his hook was fast in it, and entirely separate and apart from the fish. But with the branch, *and hanging on to it by his teeth*, came the bass, so deeply engrossed, that the net was put under him, and the branch lifted from the water and shaken before he let go his hold and dropped back into the net.

My informant has heretofore borne an enviable reputation for veracity, and I know that the only bait he uses is what he puts on his hook. Moreover, I heard him tell the story twice, and the second time he neither doubled the size of the fish nor stated that it swore at him as it came up with the branch. And yet it would seem that it must have been powerful mad to try to get even with the hook by gnawing wood in that way. E. G. B.



YACHTING



A Little Cruise in a Little Boat.

BY N. N. WEST.

Next to sailing a boat in summer the writer's greatest pleasure is not to own one in winter. Along in the latter part of February, when winter seems to be too long, there comes to right-minded people a longing to be onee more holding the tiller and hauling the sheet, and while at this time of year in our latitude this is not possible to those who follow the sea in small yachts, the longing is mueh gratified by taking trips along the shore and frequenting the boat builders' shops. And if, perchance, one is looking for a boat to buy there is an added charm to the trips. Hence the writer's liking to be without a boat at this time of year. Under these conditions he starts as far eastward as practical and gradually works west, so that before the season opens every boat on the market near the home port has been seen.

From the foregoing it will be seen that his friends have grounds to think he is never satisfied with what he has acquired and is of a changeable disposition. Once, while at a married friend's house, the host remarked it would not be advisable for the writer to marry. "For," said he, "when you buy a boat you look her all over and even then you afterward find out she is not just the shape you want, so think what a poor chance you would have in getting a girl to suit. You'll be wanting to sell this boat soon and get one of the modern overhanging sterns. You'd be just as changeable about a girl. You'll be getting a new boat soon, saying her stern don't quite suit me." His wife, who was reading, looked up and said: "What, the girl's?" And the host brought out the Scotch.

There seemed to be a scarcity of desirable second-hand boats during the winter and spring of 1901, and when May came the writer had found nothing he liked. On his last trip, which landed him at the jumping off place between Brooklyn and Coney Island, he found a boat builder who had a big two-story sort of a houseboat for a shop. Poking around upstairs he found the prettiest little craft he had ever seen. She was a canoe yawl, built of mahogany and polished like a piano. Her sails were brand new and white as a bride's lingerie. It was a case of love at first sight. She was a little small for cruising on the Sound, but many a man has fallen in love with a girl for her beauty rather than for her qualities as a help mate; and while the writer realizes that the happiness of such marriages seldom lasts, and though he found she had a record and was mighty fast, she was so pretty that he felt he could not do without her. She had been twice divorced, or had had two owners, but the writer is inclined to think it had been the man's fault, for she has proved herself to be to him most faithful, and after three seasons he is more than ever in love with her. During one of the autumn gales in 1902 she was the only boat in the harbor that did not go ashore, and she rode out the great storm in September, 1903, when so many boats were wrecked that could have carried her on davits. We have sailed together in December and few things have ever impressed the writer so much as coming into the harbor those winter evenings with the nearby shores dark and purple and the red afterglow in the west.

She is called Wanderer, a name that suits her, for what we like best is to slip off by ourselves and roam alone, to glide quietly into harbor at dusk and drift out silently with the light early air, to disappear in the morning mists.

She was built by Turk, on the Thames, England, is all mahogany, except timbers of oak, copper fastened, bronze fittings—including little shackles, some of them not an inch long, that are a delight. The cockpit floor is gratings of mahogany and pine, and there is a lancewood strip set in the cockpit rail. She has the reputation in the home port of having come across the ocean under her own sail, a delusion the writer is sorry to here dispel.

A more specific description of her would give her length as 18ft., plumb-stemmed, breadth 4ft. 6in., and draft, with board up, about 1ft. She carries a 150-pound centerboard and 300 pounds cast lead inside ballast. She is rigged cat-yawl and the gaffs hoist parallel to the masts. She is all decked over except for a cockpit 4ft. 6in. on deck, extending under decks to bulkheads 6ft. 4in. apart, which gives plenty of length to sleep on the floor. There are large lockers forward on each side of the centerboard trunk, extending to the stem, reached by hatches through the deck and small doors in the cockpit bulkhead. There is another locker aft with water-tight hatch. There is a tent that goes over the main boom, making a snug little cabin with 4ft. head room. There are flexible oak battens about 14in. long, spaced 12in. apart, sewed across the tent at right angles to the boom. When the tent is set up these form a crown at the center and give much more room than an ordinary "A" tent of the same size.

Her cruising outfit consists of one light folding anchor, one 25-pound anchor, cables for each, pair of folding spoon oars with row-locks, riding light and cabin lamp, one quart can of kerosene, one pint can of alcohol, coffee pot, frying pan, small tin pail, large pail, knives, forks and spoons, two cups, wooden plates, one gallon and one half gallon water bottles, wicker covered; two small cans with screw tops for coffee and sugar, dish towels and mop, compass, fog horn, charts, cushions (one of cork for a life preserver), ice-box and alcohol lamp. There is a mahogany box in which are stowed all the cooking utensils and the supplies not needed to be kept on ice. The lid of the box when opened serves as a table. All these things are kept in charge of the boat builder at the home port, who looks after Wanderer, and by notifying him a short time in advance he has them all on board, so that the writer has only to get the provisions and wearing apparel.

It might seem that there was not room enough in so small a boat for such a large outfit in addition to a suit-case of personal effects, but the two forward compartments have great stowage capacity. In the port one are kept the anchors, cables, spare rope and stuff that would not be injured by hard knocks. The starboard locker contains the cushions, tent when stowed, suit-case and water bottles. The provision box is on the forward end of the cockpit on the port side, and to keep the trim while sailing the ice-box is at the after end on the starboard side. The large pail is stowed in the aft compartment and holds the riding light, oil and alcohol cans and keeps them from slopping over the boat.

The writer has tried all kinds of oil stoves, including the ordinary type and the blue-flame varieties, and various patent fuels besides, but for a small boat prefers an alcohol lamp. It gives an exceedingly hot flame and does not blacken everything put over it to heat. This keeps the cooking utensils free from soot and does away with the dirtiest and most objectionable part of the dishwashing. It combines the good qualities of simplicity and heating power of the ordinary and blue-flame kerosene stoves, and has none of their objections, and by using wood alcohol the cost of the fuel is very small. There is a French lamp on the market which is excellent, but what the writer has found most satisfactory is to get two of the little lamps, or stoves, that may be bought at any drug store or hardware store and fasten the lamps about 8in. apart on a piece of wood 12in. long, 5in. wide and ¾-in. thick. This gives a good two-burner stove with greater stability than the separate ones would have, but, of course, does not stow quite so compactly. When only a couple of things are to be cooked each meal one lamp is sufficient, and, of course, the number may be increased if desired.

It is the regret of the writer that during the season of 1903 business prevented him from being far from the office, and consequently the following cruise was limited to nearby waters so well known as to make the trip perhaps too commonplace to be interesting, and it is written more to show the pleasure that may be had from just being afloat and the possibilities of cruising comfortably in the smallest kind of a sailing craft rather than for unusual events that happen on unknown waters; and if this should be the means of even one person's finding half the pleasure the writer has experienced it has not been written in vain.

On Saturday, Sept. 12, 1903, with the season fast drawing to a close, the writer swore that even if business should go on the rocks and be wrecked he would have a cruise even if he had to take along a wireless telegraphic outfit to keep in touch with the office; and with this praiseworthy oath and a suit-case containing a change of clothes, bathing suit, toilet articles and a supply of tobacco and cigars he boarded the 10 A. M. train at the Grand Central Station, New York, for Mamaroneck, where Wanderer was lying.

On reaching there he took a carriage and started after supplies. As the comfort of cruising depends to a considerable extent on the success of the galley, a list of the provisions is given, which is typical of those he provides for a three days' trip: Six eggs, small package Quaker oats, two small loaves of bread, one-half pound butter, four chops, small piece of bacon, six potatoes, one can soup, one jar preserved peaches, two one pint jars of milk, one pound plain cake, three muskmelons, twenty pounds ice, one pound ground coffee, small quantities of sugar, pepper and salt. This provides for three breakfasts of fruit, oatmeal, eggs and coffee; two dinners of soup, chops with bacon, potatoes and cake. Fish is counted on being caught for one dinner, or if this fails, as with the monks in the song, one meal is had at one of the many club houses along the Sound. For lunch, if eaten when laid to or under way, no attempt is made at cooking and consists of bread and milk, preserved peaches and cake; or if at anchor some of the soup left over from the previous dinner is reheated. It should never be left in the tin after the can is opened but should be kept in china or glass, and for this purpose the writer takes along a small preserve jar. In addition to the above supplies there is taken a pint of whisky and a small jar of extract of beef. The whisky with water adds a cheer and completeness to the dinner and reduces the danger of sickness from drinking the different waters obtained with each new supply. And on cool days a whisky toddy before lunch is most comfortable. On one cruise the writer was taken seriously ill and has never ceased to be thankful for having some of the beef extract, and now never attempts a cruise without it. His sickness was caused by taking a friend along to whom whisky was so abhorrent that it was left behind, and the continual change of drinking water caused most serious results. Supplies, such as kerosene, alcohol, etc., are generally kept with the cruising outfit in charge of the boat builder.

For those cruising in small craft it will generally be found most satisfactory to take at least one meal a day on shore, but the writer likes to provide enough so as to feel when he gets aboard that he is independent of the land for some days to come, and enjoys cooking his own meals, which is a labor to so many, and it is surprising to see how easy it becomes with a little practice.

The boat builder's dock was reached at 12 o'clock and Wanderer was lying alongside with the cruising outfit aboard. The sun shone brightly on her varnished decks and sides, and she gave a glad nod of welcome as her master appeared, and as he stood looking down on her she never seemed prettier or more inviting. He was proud and pleased with her and was glad that there were others to admire her. There was a small party of men and girls who had been taking advantage of the high tide to swim off the dock, and were lounging round before going home to lunch.

There was with the party a little boy about five years old, dressed in a kilt and soeks. He was a bright little chap, and the girl found him good company.

"Raise your kilt," she said to him, "and let me see your cunning little limbs."

The child obediently did so, and then, still holding up his kilt and looking full at her said: "Now let's see yours."

This was too good to go unheard and has since found its way in various forms into the newspapers, but it so amused the writer that he cannot help mentioning it here.

The reader will not be surprised under the circumstances that it took more than the usual time to get the provisions stowed, and it was 1:30 before Wanderer was under way.

Hempstead Harbor was chosen for the first port. The wind was blowing S.S.W. and the course is S.S.E., magnetic, as are all the courses given. Made two tacks till off Larchmont and then, headed for Hempstead, close hauled on the starboard tack. Had a light lunch while beating down to Larchmont. When perhaps a mile off the New York shore sighted the yawl Pawtuxent coming out from Echo Bay, also bound for Hempstead. Pawtuxent is a semi-centerboard boat about 20ft. on the water and has considerable speed for a cruising boat. But Wanderer, feeling the excitement of race, laid down to her work nobly and rounded up to anchor off the Sea Cliff Y. C. just ahead of the larger and much more powerful yawl. The owner of Pawtuxent is a friend of the writer's and an invitation was received to dine at the club house, but did not want to give up the pleasure of having the first dinner out on board. Afterward went on board the larger boat and had a game of cards in her roomy cabin.

It was a beautiful evening, the wind had gone down, and it was warm for that time of year. After the cards the party came up on deck and sat for some time enjoying the night, loath to turn in or leave it, realizing that there would not be many more such evenings this season. Nor could there have been a finer place to enjoy it, as Hempstead Harbor, with its hills coming down close to the shore, is one of the attractive places along the Sound.

Wanderer has no tender, as she may be rowed herself, but when the tent is set it is not possible, and to avoid taking it down her captain came over and went back in Pawtuxent's dinghy.

Sunday morning was misty with a very light breeze from the S., and was mild and pleasant. Had a swim, then breakfast, and about 10 o'clock, after washing the few dishes and putting things to rights, sailed slowly out of the harbor in company with Pawtuxent bound for Manhasset Harbor. In the light breeze and smooth sea Wanderer was more than a match for Pawtuxent.

The tide was running flood, so that when out of the harbor the two boats made fair progress in spite of the little wind. The course laid was N.W. by N. till off Prospect Point, giving the yawl's best point of sailing with the wind on the quarter. There was a bit of a chop caused by the tide running round the point, and Pawtuxent took the lead. The yachts were then close hauled on the port tack and off Hart Island went about to starboard. The wind freshened somewhat along about 12 o'clock, so that good speed was made coming into the harbor. Could not quite clear Plum Point, so had to take a short hitch and then had a beam wind till anchors were dropped off the Manhasset Bay Y. C. house. We had thought we might go ashore there for lunch, but the place presented so neat and attractive an appearance with well dressed men and women on the piazza that we decided we were too tough a looking crowd to land there.

The writer had been praising his aluminum frying pan and alcohol lamp the evening before, and the benefits of a whisky toddy, and as this was a good chance to show them to an appreciative crowd he went aboard the larger boat and made toddy and cooked chops and bacon for all hands. It was voted that the cooking outfit was only excelled by the chops and that the chops were only excelled by the toddy.

After lunch lounged around and smoked, washed dishes and got under way. The wind had freshened considerably and was blowing a whole sail breeze.

Parted company with Pawtuxent, which was bound for New Rochelle, while Wanderer was headed west for East Chester Bay. With the wind abeam there was a little too much for full sail, but instead of going to the trouble of reefing the mizzen was eased broad off to starboard, just so it would not flap, practically making only the mainsail effective. While this is, of course, a most unseamanlike dodge, it is such a handy way to shorten sail that the writer often does it under the given conditions.

Anchored near the highway bridge across the upper end of the harbor about 4:30. The reaction from office work and the day on the water in sun and wind had a lazy effect, so put up the tent, got out the cushions and took life easy reading and smoking. While the harbor itself is not specially attractive it commands a fine view across the Sound and the writer never tires of watching the passing boats in the distance.

A returning fisherman supplied a fish for dinner, and in addition had soup, potatoes, cake and whisky and water. Turned in early after washing dishes and making snug for the night.

Next morning, after a swim and a breakfast of muskmelon, oatmeal, eggs and coffee, went ashore and renewed the ice and water supply. Called up the office on the telephone at a road house and found everything satisfactory, so went aboard and set sail about 10, having first bought some clams for bait from a man who keeps boats to let near the bridge.

Sailed up to Larchmont, eating a light lunch while under way, and anchored on the Hen and Chickens reef to fish. Caught a few rockfish and a good blaek one. These were cleaned and put on ice.

Made Rye Neck late in the afternoon and anchored just off the American Y. C. The club has a very attractive house on the end of the point, but is handicapped by a shallow harbor. During the evening there was a constant hum of automobiles and their lights flashing through the trees made a picturesque scene.

After dinner read the "Cruise of the Cachalot," a mighty good story. The writer always likes to have a few sea tales aboard when cruising, as they never appeal to one so much as when read on one's own boat.

Tuesday morning, after the usual swim and breakfast, took a short sail out of the harbor and then landed on Hen Island. Made a fire, and when there was a good bed of coals wrapped the fish caught the day before in damp newspapers, having previously seasoned them, and then covered them with the hot ashes. The writer has yet to find a person who, having eaten a fish properly cooked this way, does not consider that eating is, after all, one of the chief pleasures of life.

After lunch and its supplement, tobacco, went up to Mamaroneck and telephoned the office. Regretted to find it was necessary to be there the next day, so left Wanderer at her moorings and went back to the city. This was a most fortunate thing for the writer, as on the next day, Wednesday, Sept. 16, occurred the great storm, and had he been caught out in it this cruise would probably never have been written.

The storm continued very heavy on Thursday, clearing Friday, and that afternoon the writer went back to Mamaroneck to see if there was any Wanderer left. The harbor gave evidence of the violence of the storm, and a number of boats had been damaged or gone ashore, but Wanderer was at her mooring as bright as ever.

After getting a new supply of provisions it was too late to make another harbor, so stayed there for the night.

Saturday morning was a most perfect day, warm and bright, but with only a light breeze. What there was of it was from the E., and as Greenwich was the destination, it was a beat at the start. It kept shifting to the S., however, so that by afternoon the desired course N. E. could be laid.

There was one of the Larchmont Y. C.'s races that afternoon, the turning stake boat being anchored in the middle of the Sound off Manursing Island. She was a big, high-sided, open boat, sharp at both ends and looked as if she could ride out any storm. She presented a queer and lonely look out there so far from land with apparently no one on board, but on coming closer noticed there was a man on board who was taking things easy lying down.

Was off Port Chester about 4 o'clock and had the good fortune to see the finish of one of the most interesting steam yacht races held on the Sound this season. Regretted being a little too far off to get a good picture of the Norman, as she crossed the line a winner amid the tooting of the whistles of the yachts gathered round the finish.

Anchored in Greenwich Harbor about 6 o'clock. Went ashore that evening to see a friend who is most highly esteemed as being the introducer to the writer of the whisky toddy.

Sunday was another bright day with half a gale from E.N.E. and heavy sea. It was too rough outside for a small boat so kept inside the protection of Greenwich Point. The yawl Peggy passed at some distance headed for Oyster Bay and could be seen taking green water up to her main mast.

Sailed past the wreck of the little steamboat Spring, which had gone on the rocks a short distance from E. C. Benedict's house during the previous Wednesday storm. The harbor men were doing a fine business rowing people out to see her, as a wreck is an unusual thing at the western end of the Sound.

Went up to Riverside and anchored in the lee of a rocky point for lunch. The introducer of the whisky toddy and his wife came along in their Chesapeake Bay canoe and we had lunch together. There was an autumn chill in the air and it felt good to get out of the wind, and the warm sun made things very comfortable.

The wind began to moderate so decided to try for Mamaroneck, taking leave of the Chesapeake Bay canoe. Kept near shore, passing inside of the Captain Islands, and was well protected from the sea till off Manursing Island. From there to Rye Point was exposed water, but the wind kept going down though the seas were still running pretty high. Wanderer climbed over them in great shape and this was one of the most enjoyable parts of the trip. On coming into the harbor it was almost calm, a marked contrast to the heavy wind earlier in the day and symbolic of the long rest and peace to come after the day's work. Wanderer crept up to her moorings in the evening dusk and the cruise was ended.

British Letter.

Fifty-two-footers and 20 Raters.—A rather warm discussion has been going on in the London Yachtsman concerning the respective merits of the present day 52ft. raters and the 20-raters of ten years back. The controversy was started by a well-meant and perfectly correct remark made in the report of the Royal Dorset Y. C. regatta at Weymouth to the effect that in the development of the 52ft. class yacht racing had fallen on better times. Exception was taken to this statement by Mr. G. H. Ward Humphreys, the owner of the old Herreshoff 20-rater Niagara, now called Japonica, who most ingeniously pointed out that his boat had sailed the same course as the 52-footers—a distance of 26 miles—and only taken 5min. longer than the winning 52-footer. Mr. Ward Humphreys, therefore, said on the strength of this one race that there had been no improvement in speed. He proceeded to lay down that the 52-footers are much more expensive than the 20-raters, much larger, and that they are so tender as not to be able to stand up to their canvas unless provided with hollow spars. To sum up, he comes to the conclusion that the present rule has not produced a superior type of boat to that of a decade back, but an inferior one in almost every respect. Mr. Ward Humphreys, although a clever adapter of arguments, is not a practical yachtsman, and his statements have all been well met and refuted by a corrspondent who sees clearly the fallacious ground on which they have been built. No practical yachtsman would dream of comparing the relative speeds of two yachts on the strength of one performance in which the boats were in different classes, starting at different times. Then, again, the day was one peculiarly suited to Niagara—a fresh wind and smooth water over most of the course—just the sort of thing to suit a plate and bulb boat. In moderate or light winds, which is the general rule in racing, the new boats would simply lose the old one. As regards expense, that is another absolute fallacy. It is true, that the modern boat costs £2,500, as compared with £2,000, but she is half as large again. The Thames tonnage of the 52-footers is about 45, that of Niagara only 30, so that the modern boat for her size is considerably cheaper.

The difference in accommodation is still more strongly marked. Niagara has about 4ft. 6in. head room while the modern boats have all close on 6ft., and Sonya has a trifle more. Niagara may suit Mr. Ward Humphreys, but she would not suit many people for cruising purposes, and she is a bad type of boat for present requirements. The present Y. R. A. rule has certainly brought out a far better boat and one which, if substantially built, will sell for a cruiser when her racing days are over. In the days when Niagara, Audrey and Inyoni were racing together it was impossible to live on board of such shallow-bodied craft. All four of the modern 52-footers are habitable; in fact, as I stated in a previous letter, the owners of three of them lived on board all the summer. What the present rule has done is to produce a larger boat, but, so far, no complaints have been received on that score, probably because there is so much more value for the money in them.

Has the present rating rule been made the most of? There appears to have been too much similarity between most of the yachts which have been built under the existing rule. There is a widespread belief that the rule encourages body at the expense of draft, and that the boats suffer from want of stability; yet, Magdalen, the first and probably the best boat built under it, was beautifully stiff, and so is Sonya. There seems no doubt that great improvement can be effected by more judicious use of the different factors. Sonya is the nearest approach to the type of boat the rule was intended to produce, and it is notorious that now and again she developed surprising speed and outsailed the other three on all points. If she could do that the speed must be there—she certainly had plenty of stability—and it would appear as though her failure was chiefly due to want of trim. Britomart was a bit of a freak and the rule condemned her. It has still two years to run and it is to be hoped that designers will do their best to get the utmost they can out of it, for it is quite on the cards that it may be renewed.

E. H. Kelly.

North Star Arrives.—North Star, the steam yacht owned by Rear Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York Y. C., arrived at Newport from England on Saturday, Oct. 14. Mr. Vanderbilt crossed in the vessel and his guests were Secretary George A. Cormack, New York Y. C., and Messrs. Keck and Crane. Bad weather was encountered on the voyage.

Betty.

A Shallow Draft Cruising Schooner.

Nowadays there is a very considerable demand for both power and sail yachts, suitable for use in southern waters. The enthusiastic American yachtsman, who wishes to spend the better part of the year on the water, now sends his yacht South after the season in the North is over and uses her there during the winter.

British yachtsmen have long been able to keep their vessels afloat all the year and use them almost without interruption by sending them to the Mediterranean. Americans have been slower in taking advantage of the possibilities of southern cruising which their own coast affords, but of late there has been a marked change in this regard, and every year we find more men spending their winters in Florida and West Indian waters.

Many of the yachts, however, that are perfectly adapted for use in the North are wholly impractical for southern cruising, owing to their great draft. The deep-draft British vessel is just as suitable for use in the Mediterranean as she is in home waters. Not so with the American yacht, except in rare instances, and for this reason it is necessary to have a boat designed and built for the particular requirements met with in the South. A number of gentlemen have had yachts and houseboats built for use in the South and keep them there the year around. Each fall they are put in commission and prepared for the coming of the owner.

The season in the South has not up to this time been a long one, mainly because the stay of the fashionable people was limited, but this condition is gradually undergoing a change, as a more substantial class of sportsmen are finding their way there, and these men are looking for recreation and sport and not social conventionalitics. Each year will find the sportsman making longer stays, and it will extend over a period of months rather than weeks.

The shallow-draft, flush-deck, cruising schooner Betty, the plans of which boat we publish this week, was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. C. L. F. Robinson, New York Y. C. Betty was designed for use in Florida waters, and the designers have rounded up what would seem very unwieldly dimensions in the way of breadth and draft into a very able and well turned little ship.

The ends are not long, but are well balanced, and the clipper stem is a pleasant relief from the spoon bows now found on all modern racing and cruising yachts of this size.

The pole masts suggest a snug, easily handled rig, and the row of port holes on either side are placed well up from the waterline, which insures better ventilation in the cabins below. The deck being flush, gives ample room for handling the vessel when under way, and affords a deal of room for deck chairs, etc., when at anchor. The cockpit is very roomy and unusually deep.

Betty being for use in the torrid climate, the question of ventilation below was of prime importance, and the designers have been most successful in this regard. There is 6ft. 6in. headroom under beams fore and aft.

A deck house 5ft. wide and 11ft. long extends from the forward end of the cockpit to a point about over the center of the saloon. This house does not weaken the vessel's construction any, as the deck beams are not cut, except in the toilet and steerage. In the sides and ends are oblong windows which can be opened, and they ventilate the toilet and saloon perfectly.

The companionway is on the starboard side, and it leads to a steerage 4ft. 2in. by 4ft. 4in. The steerage will be used as a chart room and a storage place for guns, rods, etc. The toilet room, which is on the port side, is reached from the steerage. This room is 3ft. 9in. by 4ft. 4in. Beside the patent closet, there is a linen locker and a medicine cabinet.

Forward of steerage is the saloon, 10ft. 2in. long, which extends the width of the vessel. There is 10ft. 6in. floor room between the buffets. On either side are wide transoms, the one on the port side returning around on the after bulkhead. In the corner thus made is placed a swing table. Back of the transoms are shelves, and at the forward end of the cabin on either side are buffets 2ft. 9in. wide. On the top of these buffets are shelves 2ft. wide, and back of these are lockers for the cabin china and glass. Underneath are draws and lockers for silver, wines, linen, etc. Two port holes are placed on each side opposite one another. These give cross ventilation.

From the forward saloon bulkhead the centerboard trunk extends for a distance of 15ft., dividing the boat in halves.

GAS ENGINES AND LAUNCHES.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

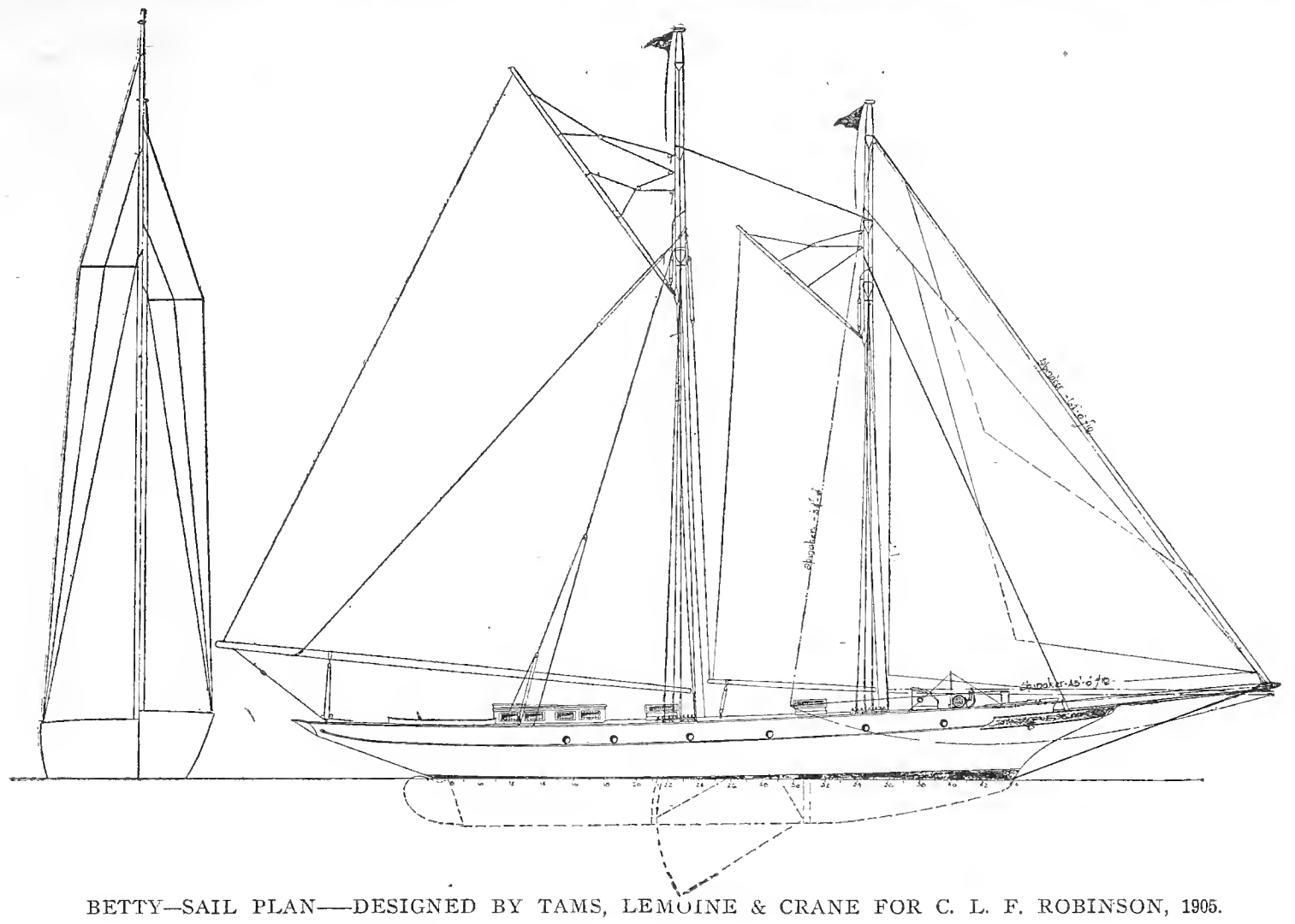
On the starboard side is the owner's room, 10ft. long, with a berth 3ft. wide. Forward of the berth is a clothes press, 3ft. 6in. long. On the other side of the cabin is a set wash basin, bureau and seat. Overhead is a skylight 3ft. square, and there is a port hole in the side over the berth.

Forward of the owner's room is another cabin 8ft. long. This room is fitted up quite the same as the owner's room, except that the fixtures are on a slightly smaller scale. This cabin also has a 3ft. skylight and a port hole in the side.

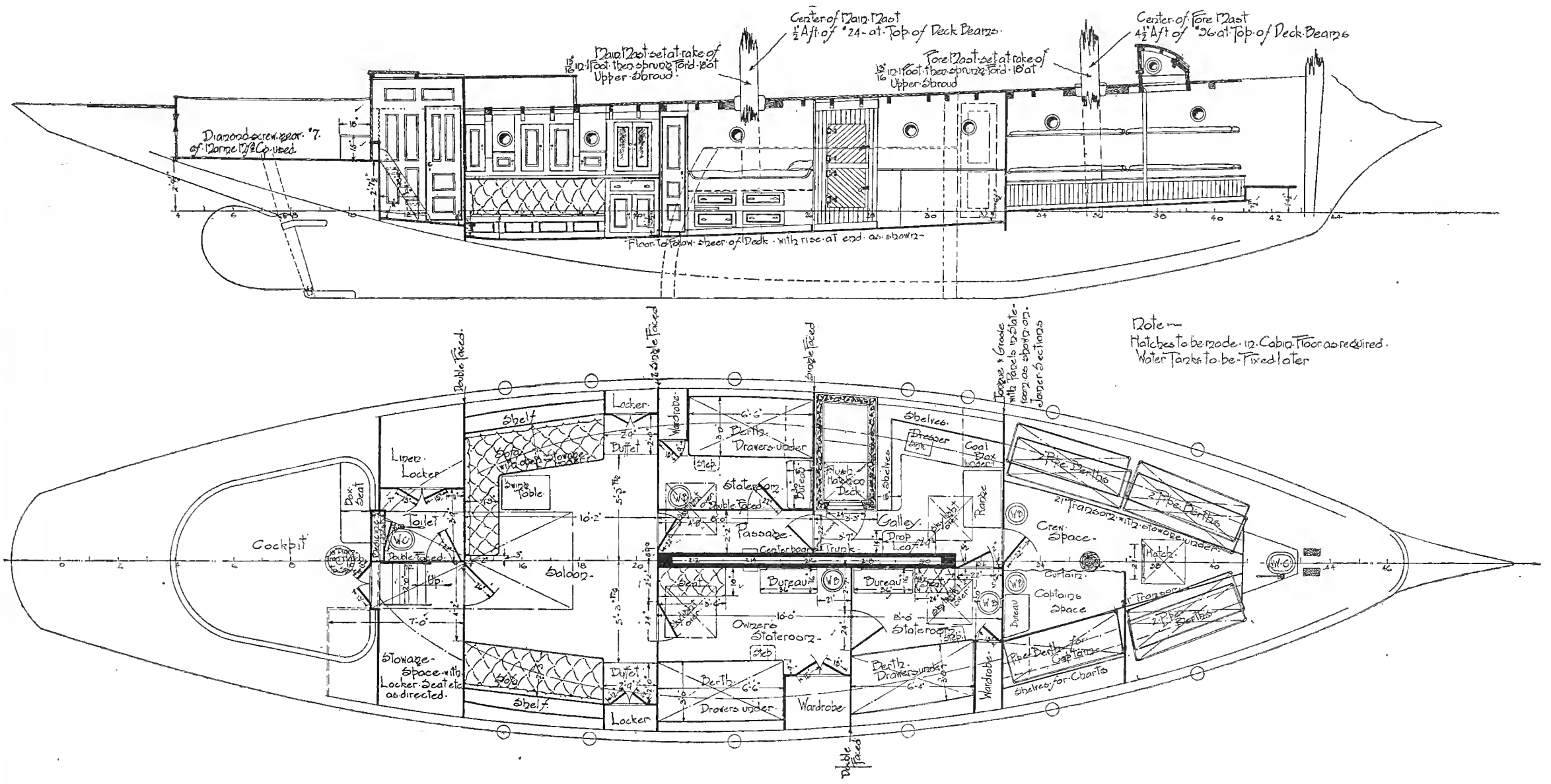
On the port side of the centerboard trunk there is a passage which extends from the saloon to the galley. On the port side of the passage is a stateroom 8ft. long. In addition to a wide berth, there is a bureau, wardrobe and wash basin. There is a port hole over the berth, and a skylight is placed over the partition dividing the cabin and passage in a way that lights and ventilates both.

The galley is 6ft. 6in. long and is fitted up with dressers, folding table, lockers, sink and range. At the after end of the galley there is an ice-box 3ft. 3in. deep. A hatch over it enables the ice-box to be filled from the deck. The cook has a good roomy galley, which is well aired, there being, beside the skylight, two port holes in the side.

The forecastle is fitted with six pipe berths, and under these are transoms 21in. wide. A place is partitioned off for the captain, which amounts to a stateroom. As Mr. Robinson is in command of his own vessel, no captain will be carried, but the space set aside for the captain will be occupied by a mate. In the mate's room there is a bureau and a wash basin, and it is separated from the forecastle by a curtain. A port hole gives light and air. The forecastle has three port holes, one to starboard and two to port. There is a patent closet and a wash basin for the crew, and under the transoms there is storage space for their dunnage. Just for-



BETTY—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR C. L. F. ROBINSON, 1905.



BETTY—INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR C. L. F. ROBINSON, 1905.

ward of the foremast is the fore hatch and an iron ladder leads to the forecastle below.

The crew will consist of a mate, steward, cook and three hands.

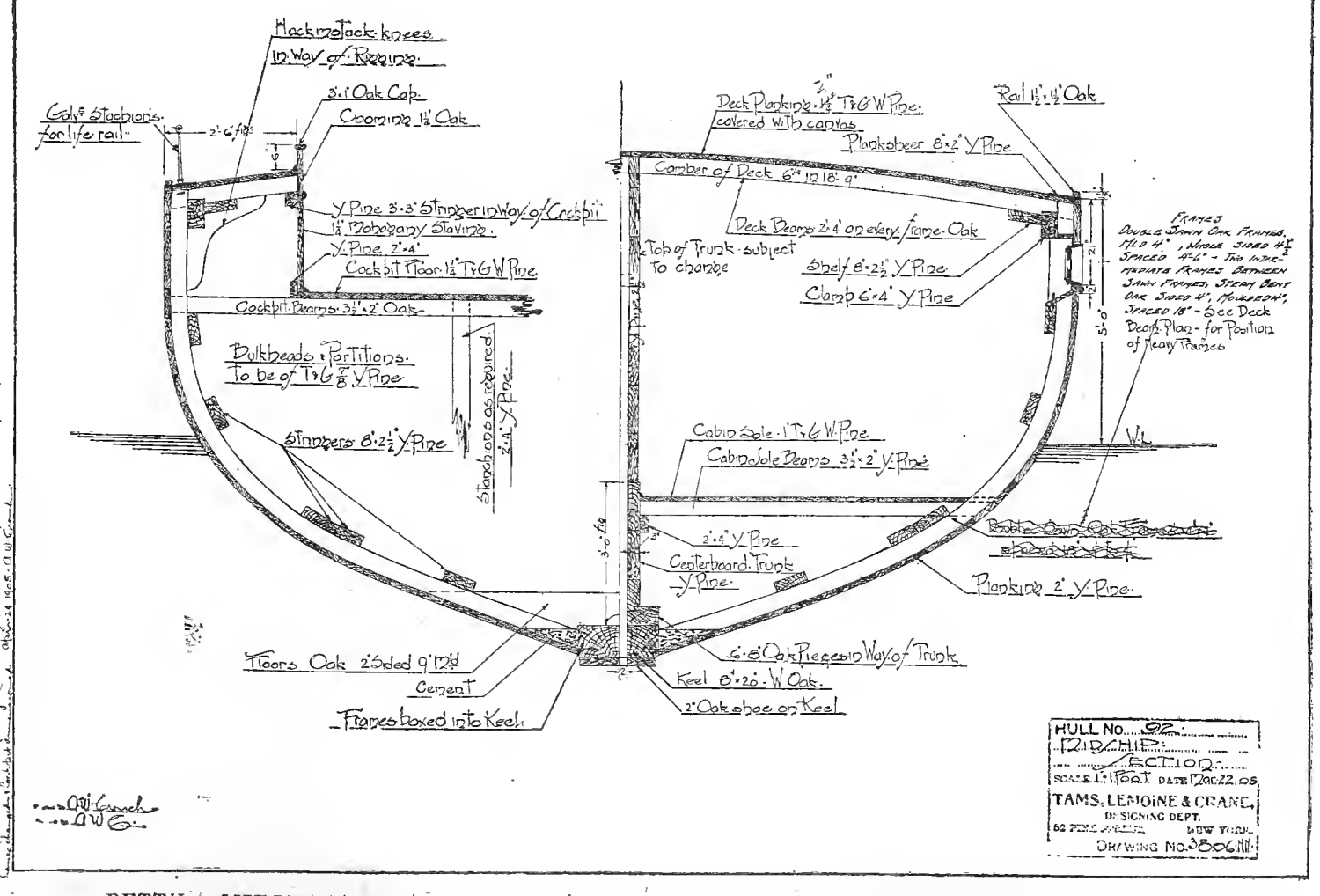
On all his cruises Mr. Robinson will be accompanied by a large and powerful launch, which is capable of towing Betty in case of an accident or calm weather. The launch will also be used as an express boat, going to and from the yacht to the nearest port, securing ice, provisions, mail, etc.

Betty was built in a most thorough and substantial manner this spring and summer by A. C. Brown, of Tottenville, S. I. The midship section shows the construction of the vessel clearly.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	79ft.	
L.W.L.	55ft.	3in.
Overhang—		
Forward	10ft.	3in.
Aft	13ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	19ft.	2in.
L.W.I.	17ft.	8in.
Draft—		
Extreme	4ft.	6in.
Board down	11ft.	
Freeboard—		
Foward	7ft.	6in.
Least	5ft.	
Aft	5ft.	4in.
Foreside of foremast aft of l.w.l.	11ft.	9in.
Foreside of mainmast aft of l.w.l.	29ft	6in.

STEAM YACHT ARROW SOLD.—Mr. Charles R. Flint has sold his high speed steam yacht, Arrow, to Mr. Edward F. Whitney through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.



BETTY—MIDSHIP SECTION—Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane for C. L. F. Robinson, 1905.

Boston Letter.

RATING CLASS FOR CAPE COD.—Members of the Wianno Y. C. are promoting a class of small racers, which will be built to by the summer residents of Wianno, Osterville and nearby Cape Cod places. It is not intended to have the boats from one set of plans, three Boston designers having been consulted in regard to the lines. It is believed now that the boats will be built to rate in Class R, under 18ft. This would give a boat of about 21ft. waterline, with good accommodations for both afternoon sailing and for cruising. If this class is built there will be an opportunity of settling a much mooted question of whether or not the uniform rule will apply consistently to boats of 18ft. rating or less.

ONE-DESIGN CLASS FOR QUINCY BAY.—Meetings of the Quincy and Wollaston yacht clubs were held Saturday night to consider plans of a one-design class of 15-footers to be built for the two clubs from lines of Messrs. Small Bros. The design submitted is that which has been accepted by the new Hingham Y. C., which will race the boats next season. It has been practically decided that twelve boats will be built by the two Quincy clubs, and in this case there will be the prospect of some hot inter-club racing in Quincy Bay and Hingham Bay next season. The boats will appeal to those who desire plenty of racing in boats whose cost is not prohibitive. These boats will have knockabout rigs, of small area, and will be in type something between the sailing dory and the conventional knockabout, the cost to build being about $175 each. They are 22ft. over all, 15ft. waterline, 6ft. 6in. breadth and 1ft. 3in. draft.

NEW LAUNCH BY SMALL BROS.—Messrs. Small Bros. are designing a new launch for Mr. Richard Hutchinson, owner of Highball, one of the competitors in the long distance power boat race the past season. The new boat will be essentially a cruiser, having a hunting cabin, the topsides being carried up to form the trunk, in turtle back fashion. As there will be considerable boat a bridge has been arranged across the cockpit, over the engine space, from which the boat will be controlled. She will be 39ft. 4in. over all, 33ft. waterline and 9ft. 10in. breadth. There will be 6ft. of headroom under the cabin trunk. Mr. Hutchinson has considered naming her Davy Jones.

TUNA SOLD.—The 86ft. power yacht Tuna has been sold by Mr. W. B. Smith Whaley, of the Boston Y. C., to Mr. John J. Ingalls, of Port Inglis, Fla. She is now at Murray & Tregurtha's having alterations effected, among which will be the reducing of draft for use in Florida waters. Tuna was built by Murray & Tregurtha in 1903 and has made cruises in southern waters. She is a staunch craft with good accommodations for cruising.

SCHOONER FOR H. A. MORSS ORDERED.—Vice-Commodore H. A. Morss, of the Corinthian Y. C., who is also a member of the Boston and Eastern yacht clubs, has placed an order with Lawley for a 56ft. waterline schooner to be built from plans of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. The boat will be built under the new uniform rating rule and will be of good substantial type for cruising alongshore and for long-distance racing. The deck, rails, companionways and skylights will be of teak. She will have a moderate sail plan and will have fine accommodations below decks.

TWENTY-TWO FOOTER FOR LARCHMONT.—Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has received an order for a 22ft. waterline cruiser to be used at Larchmont. This boat will conform in design to the new uniform rule, but will not be figured at the top of any of the rating classes, coming midway between the top limits of Class Q and Class R. She will be 33ft. 6in. over all, 22ft. waterline, 9ft. extreme breadth and 5ft. 3in. draft. She will carry 600 sq. ft. of sail. There will be 4ft. 6in. headroom in the cabin. It is expected that she will be built at Marblehead.

Y. R. A. MEETING.—It is expected that there will be considerable discussion at the annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts on Thursday evening, chiefly upon the proposition to adopt the new uniform rating rule and classes up to and including Class M. Opinion regarding the value of adoption is by no means unanimous, and it is likely that strong opposition will be offered. It is likely that the chief objection will be in regard to the absence of scantling restrictions in the new rule. The Y. R. A. classes have had scantling restrictions for years and the racing men have come to regard them as a protection. The matter of displacement would have some natural bearing on scantlings, depending upon the sense of the designer in desiring to turn out a boat that would last a reasonable length of time, but it may be that the racing men will want something that is more direct and binding.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Starboard and Port.

WE find the following in the New York Sunday Sun of Oct. 15: "'Why is the right hand side of a ship called starboard and the left hand side port?—H. H. C.' Starboard offers little difficulty to the investigator. In early forms of modern English it is recognizable without special philologic training as 'steereboord,' the side on which the steering was done when the rudder had not become fixed in its pintles on the sternpost and the helmsman governed his ship by a sweep or paddle over the right hand quarter. Its correlative, larboard, has been a puzzle to generations of delvers after the roots of words and the solution is no nearer now than when they first began their research. Its similarity to starboard called for a nicety of pronunciation that was too much to ask of a mate conning a ship with her lee rail under, and the confusion in sound gave rise to disaster. For this reason the word 'port' was suggested, adapting to this new use an obsolete steering direction. Official recognition was given to port by George Bancroft as Secretary of the Navy by an order dated Feb. 18, 1846, in which he ordered the substitution of port for larboard."

680 RIFLEMEN USED THE MANY-USE OIL
As a rust preventive at Sea Girt, N. J., Camp.—*Adv.*

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

MOTOR BOATS WANTED.—Consul-General Schuyler, of Bangkok, reports an opening in Siam for steam launches, motor boats, etc. He writes: "The city of Bangkok has more launches plying upon its waters than any other city in the Orient. These launches are for the most part heavy, clumsy, Chinese-built teakwood boats, fitted with old-fashioned steam engines burning wood. There is undoubtedly a great future here for the light motor launch of American make, which ought to be introduced without delay. Motors using kerosene (petrol) would be the best type, as that can be obtained all over the country, while engines using gasolene can only be employed near Bangkok. Manufacturers of launches and engines are requested to send catalogues of motor launches and boats for distribution and for use in the catalogue library of this consulate-general, such catalogues to include details of fittings, separate motors without boats, terms of sale, and prices."

HEMPSTEAD BAY Y. C.—At a meeting of the Hempstead Bay Y. C., held recently, the following officers were elected: Com., Floyd Weekes; Vice-Com., I. R. De Nyse; Rear Com., R. H. Mayland; Sec., E. J. Mortimer; Treas., C. R. Lush; Meas., William E. Clowes. Board of Governors—I. N. Carman, I. W. Williams, John A. White and Joseph Rollins. Regatta Committee—DeWitt C. Titus, George W. Weekes and I. W. Williams. House Committee—Alanson Abrams, Ernest C. Mincke and James Dean. Auditing Committee—B. R. Carman, S. L. Pettit and H. S. Gray. Membership Committee—George W. Weekes, I. N. Carman and L. C. Smith. Fleet Capt., I. N. Carman.

NEW FIRM OF DESIGNERS.—Messrs. C. Sherman Hoyt and Montgomery H. Clark have formed the partnership of Hoyt & Clark for the purpose of carrying on a business as designers of all classes of yachts with offices at 17 Battery place, New York city.

Mr. Hoyt is entering the designing field after the completion of the course in naval architecture, at Glasgow University, and a very extended experience in yacht racing. His practical experience in designing has been gained in a number of well known ship yards, both here and abroad, notably, the Clyde Bank firm of John Brown & Co., the Eastern Shipbuilding Co., and the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co.

Mr. Clark has been in the designing business in New York for the past three years, first under the name of Liljegren & Clark and later under his own name.

The firm will also do a brokerage business.

The Provincetown Hoodoo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Barnard's yarn about "The Provincetown Hoodoo," like all of his stories, is very interesting, but he seems to have some misgivings about its being accepted by the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as fact. I can testify to its truthfulness, however, as I encountered the same youth in Provincetown last year, and he afforded us considerable amusement. We happened to be there over the Fourth in Escape, and he aroused our sympathy by telling us a hard luck story, and that he was without the wherewithal to celebrate the day. Possibly our contribution of "two bits" was enough to break the spell.

J. D. SPARKMAN.

NEW YORK CITY, Friday Oct. 13.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1906.

(Assumed office Oct. 1, 1905.)

Commodore—H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.
Secretary—William W. Crosby, Brighton Mills, Passaic, N. J.
Treasurer—Frederic G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

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Vice-Commodore—Woolsey Carmalt, 82 Beaver St., New York.
Rear-Commodore—Matthias Ohlmeyer, Francis H. Leggett & Co., 128 Franklin St., New York.
Purser—Henry S. McKeag, 13 White St., New York.
Executive Committee—William A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Louis C. Kretzmer, Schepp Building, New York; Clifton T. Mitchell, 46 E. Sedgwick St., Germantown, Pa.
Board of Governors—Robert J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn.
Racing Board—H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y., resigned.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henry R. Ford, 45 N. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Rear-Commodore—Edward H. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
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Executive Committee—John S. Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.; Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—Charles P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., E. Rochester, N.Y.

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Rear-Commodore—Frank S. Chase, Manchester, N. H.
Purser—Edgar Ward, 112 Highland St., West Newton, Mass.
Executive Committee—Daniel S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.; Arthur G. Mather, 84 South St., Medford, Mass.; H. L. Baekus, 472 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; Herman D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.
Rear-Commodore—James W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—Russell H. Britton, Gananoque, Ont., Canada.
Executive Committee—Charles E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont., Can.
Board of Governors—John N. MacKendriek, Galt, Ont., Canada.
Racing Board—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—John A. Berkey, St. Paul, Minn.
Rear-Commodore—George H. Gardner, 149 Kennard St., Cleveland, O.
Purser—Wade Hampton Yardley, 49 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Executive Committee—Lueien Walsin, The Baldwin Co., 142 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.; Augustus W. Friese, The Journal, Chicago, Ill.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.
Racing Board—Frank B. Huntington, 90 Sheboygan St., Fond-du-Lac, Wis.

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

IT has been recently noticed that there has been a considerable increase of dog stealing in France, and an investigation into the circumstance has disclosed the growth of a new industry. The dog stealers, it now appears, no longer sell their prizes, but, after a little feeding, dispose of them to friendly butchers, who then purvey them to the public as meat, the hind legs, in particular, of young dogs doing duty as "house lamb." It would be interesting to learn whether this branch of dog stealing has extended to England. We all know that the foreign restaurants are supposed to be free buyers of tom-cats for the manufacture of jugged hare. —Shooting Times.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Oct. 22.—Cincinnati, O., Rifle Association annual prize shoot.
Nov. 7.—Greenville, N. J.—One hundred shot championship match.

Telescopic Sights.

MILES CITY, Mont., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you pardon one who is merely an old-time hunter with the rifle, and in no sense a target shooter, for commenting on your recent interesting editorial "The Telescopic Sight." I have never shot at a target on a regular rifle range, but during many years of big-game hunting and of Indian wars in the West, I carried a rifle daily, and used it constantly in the procuring of food, or in self-defense.

I have never used a telescopic sight, and have seen but few rifles fitted with them, but I remember distinctly the first one that I ever saw, shown me many years ago in Denver by Gove—then a celebrated gunsmith of that town—and his enthusiastic comments on the usefulness of the sight in hunting antelope on the plains east of Denver. I presume that Gove is no longer living, but there must be many of your old readers who will remember him and his old shop on the banks of the South Platte River.

In the editorial to which I refer you say, "There are two essentials in successful rifle shooting, namely, steady holding and accurate aiming." Is this entirely true? Accurate aiming is unquestionably essential, but can the same be said of steady holding. We are all of us disposed to think that in shooting at any mark the sight should pause for an appreciable time upon the point shot at; but in a number of cases which have come under my notice nothing of this sort seemed to be required. I recall at least two men who were afflicted with some nervous trouble, which kept their hands moving and jerking constantly, who were yet about as good shots as I have ever seen. That is to say, in shooting at ordinary distances—or what in the old hunting days of the West we called ordinary distances—say from 50 to 125yds., they could place their bullets together, shot after shot, in a space no larger than the heart of an antelope or a deer. Of course, this may be very different from shooting at the long distances which I understand are now in vogue. In like manner most men when shooting at a running animal made no pause on the target.

These men pulled the trigger when they saw that the sight was just about to cover the target. Their rifles might be constantly in motion, but they were so familiar with their sights and with the action of the rifle that they knew just when to pull the trigger so as to drive a bullet straight to the mark. In the same way in shooting at standing game in old times, it was my practice to raise the sight and pull the trigger just before the sight fell on the point I wished the ball to reach.

With due deference, therefore, to your remarks just quoted, I should be disposed to say that in itself steady holding is not important. Certainly I feel that it is not for the distances at which we used to shoot at game in the good old times when there was game to be shot at. On the other hand, I ought to say that it is a dozen years since I have hunted, and it may well be that new discoveries have been made in rifle shooting, as no doubt new methods have come up, so that my opinion, drawn from the experience of years ago may be quite without value to-day.

YELLOWSTONE.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

At the monthly meeting of the Dayton Sharpshooters it was determined to celebrate John F. Beaver's seventy-ninth anniversary, Thursday, Oct. 26, by holding an all-day rifle tournament on their range, to which all riflemen of the valley are invited. The programme will include free-for-all matches, offhand, and at rest, for cash prizes, open to everybody. The society king shoot, muzzle rest, merchandise prizes, is open to members only. The regular monthly cup shoot, the last of the season, open to members only. Neither of these contests will interfere with the free-for-all programme, as there are plenty of targets to keep everyone busy. All contsts will be at 200yds.

After a rest of several months, the Euphemia Rifle Club, opened their medal contest on Oct. 9. Chas. W. Matthews won the medal with a score of 47 out of a possible 48. He followed up this victory by winning two 20-shot contests. Mr. Matthews is probably the best posted man in the valley in the mechanism of a rifle as well as the handling of the weapon. The fact that he has held the championship medals of all the clubs time after time marks him as a man whose knowledge of the rifle is not all theoretical. The shooting was all at 100yds., offhand, and was done in a very strong cross wind. Matthews was challenged for a 20-shot match by T. Parks and E. R. Keslering. Five events of four shots each, possible 48, aggregate 240. Matthews won with 42, 44, 42, 43, 46—217; Parks 40, 43, 43, 40, 41—207; Keslering 39, 38, 39, 39, 41—196. Parks challenged the winner for another match, with the same result, although he improved on his previous score by 4 points, and Matthews fell down 1. Matthews scored 43, 42, 45, 42, 44—216; Parks 44, 41, 46, 36, 44—211. In both of the closing offhand contests of last winter Matthews won and has held the championship since. His scores were: Feb 15: 39, 41, 46, 46, 48—220. Feb. 22: 39, 41, 48, 46, 46—220. Members of the club will attend the shoot in Dayton on the 26th, to be held in honor of J. F. Beaver's seventy-ninth anniversary.

Many of the riflemen of the Miami valley have gone or will start soon for their annual trips after big game. David Aukenny, U. S. Foutz, Theo. and John Crander, Amos Zehring and Frank Vandeveer, of Germantown, started on Oct. 17 for Aroostook county, Me., where they will hunt for several weeks. Their camp will be near Masardis.

Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Greene, of Dayton, are in New Brunswick, with E. C. Harley and Frank Canby on a deer hunting trip.

Claude Weaver and Lawrence Fry, of Arcanum, left on Oct. 15 for a month's hunt in the Temagami region of Canada, where moose, bear and deer abound. They will make their permanent camp in the wilderness far north of the frontier settlements, and will be lost to civilization until the hunt is over.

W. H. Orth, Perry Brown and Jonas Leatherman are in their permanent camp on the north shore of Lake Superior, about fifty miles from Port Arthur, and will remain until about the first of November. A letter received from them says they have found game of all kinds very abundant.

Dr. G. A. Hoebwalt and George Kalter, of Dayton, and Dr. George Brown, of Phillipsburg, have gone to Maine for a three weeks' moose and deer hunt.

The Greenville Offhand Rifle Club will hold regular shoots on every Friday afternoon. The shooting will be at 200yds.

THIS UNIQUE MANY-USE OIL
Cleans grime and smoke from face and hands; 6oz. can, 25 cents. —*Adv.*

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE last shoot in this club's outdoor series was held Oct. 6, on the ranges in Union Hill Park, New Jersey, under favorable weather conditions and with a good attendance of members and their friends. The corps' captain, Gus Zimmermann, just returned home from Europe with renewed health, had many interesting stories to tell of the shooting he had taken part in while abroad. William Bochroeder was high man on the ring target, G. W. Ludwig on the point target, and Gus Zimmermann on the man target. The scores, 200yds., offhand:

Ring target:

William Bochroeder	613	F Liegibel	187
John Facklamm	465	G T Zimmermann	149
Lambert Schmidt	394	Gus Zimmermann	106
William Soell	386	August Begerow	103

Best single ticket, Gus Zimmermann.

Point Target:

	Flags.	Points.		Flags.	Points.
G W Ludwig	19	263	F Liegibel	6	100
William Hayes	19	202	F A Young	4	56
A Begerow	18	179	John Stuhring	4	121
John Facklamm	14	209	William Soell	..	53
Gus Zimmermann	12	134	H J Behrens	..	10

First flag, John Stuhring; last flag, G. W. Ludwig.

Man target:

Gus Zimmermann	55	William Hayes	53
Lambert Schmidt	55	F A Young	49
Jacob Bittschier	54	William Soell	49
August Begerow	53	Fred Liegibel	42

Brownsville Rod and Gun Club.

BROWNSVILLE, Oct. 12.—Four members of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club attended the target tournament of the Masontown Gun Club at Masontown, Pa., Oct. 10. The programme called for two days, 175 targets each day. Owing to poor attendance, the first day, due no doubt to dates conflicting with Ligonier tournament, it was decided to cancel second day's programme. B. D. Mathews, a member of the Brownsville Club, was high with 162, Deniker 159, Moore 156, C. S. C. 152. Scores follow:

Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
C S C	13	18	12	18	13	17	14	16	14	17	152
Mathews	13	15	13	19	14	19	15	19	15	20	162
Moore	14	17	12	17	14	19	14	18	12	19	156
Daugherty	14	18	13	15	14	19	13	18	12	15	151
Hawkins	11	14	11	12	11	14	9	14	11	15	122
Deniker	13	17	12	20	14	18	13	20	14	18	159
Bryan	5	8	8	13	10	16	7	13	9	15	104
Provance	5	11	11	12	6	9	10	12	6	13	95
McDowell	11	12	14	16	11	17	14	15	11	18	139
Jackson	11	11	10	14	9	10	12	12	10	13	112

DAUGHERTY.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

WE are still doing some shooting on our outdoor range Saturday afternoons, although the number of members who have the half holiday now is limited.

Plans for an indoor range are in progress, and interest is booming. Prospects good for some new members.

The following scores were recorded on the 14th:

Revolver and pistol, 50yds.: Wm. Almy, .38 Officer's model, 91, 88, 88; Wm. F. Eddy, .38 military, 73, 74, 72, 75, 76; A. C. Hurlburt, .38 Officer's model, 82, 85.

State range count (Creedmoor), 50yds.: Almy 49, 47, 49; Eddy 45, 45, 45, 47; Hurlburt 44, 48, 47.

Pistol, 20yds., reduced standard: W. Bert Gardiner, .22cal., 74, 77, 79.

Rifle, 25yds., reduced German ring: W. Bert Gardiner, .22cal., 230, 233, 236, 239; S. R. Luther, .22cal., 238, 238, 241, 241.

Medal match: S. R. Luther 240, 239, 243, 242.

Rifle, 50yds., Standard: H. Powell, .22cal., 73, 72, 76.

Rifle, 50yds., 2¾in. black: E. A. Patterson 89, W. C. Pixley 80.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Oct. 8. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the Standard target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 89. He was also high man on the Honor target with 26 points. The day was an ideal one for shooting, still there were no notable scores made. The scores:

Payne	89 87 85 83 83	Freitag	84 77 74 73 72
Hasenzahl	88 86 84 84 80	Case	80 75 59 48 ..
Nestler	88 81 81 78 77	Bruns	79 74 73 73 70
Roberts	83 83 79 78 76	Drube	78 .. ..

Rifle Notes.

A new rapid-fire gun has recently been invented by an ingenious Dane by the name of Rexer. The gun has been called from its originator. The Rexer is, in reality, a large musket. In size it is rather small for a gun. It can be strapped to the saddle of an artillery horse, and in service each gunner is provided with a second horse, which is loaded with eight thousand cartridges. The movement of the Rexer is automatic. It is believed to be a perfect firearm of its kind, and the heads of artillery look to it to dethrone guns now being used by all armies. With the Rexer it is possible to discharge shots at the rate of 300 a minute.—Shooting Times.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 18.—Eaton, O., G. C.
Oct. 18-19.—Ossining, N. Y., G. C. shoot, $50 added. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Oct. 19.—Shrewsbury, Pa., G. C. shoot. W. H. Myers, Sec'y.
Oct. 21.—Plainfield, N. J., G. C. merchandise shoot.
Oct. 24.—Indianapolis, Ind., G. C. amateur sparrow championship of the United States. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Oct. 25.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer's Island G. C. tournament.
Oct. 25-26.—Marshalltown, Ia., G. C. E. G. Wallace, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Edgewater N. J.—Palisade G. C. shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Oct. 26-27.—Columbus, O., G. C. tournament.
Nov. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

NORTH NEW JERSEY SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Oct. 19.—Newton at Morristown.
Oct. 21.—Montclair at Orange.
Oct. 28.—Dover at Montclair.
Nov. 2.—Montclair at Morristown.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club will hold the amateur sparrow championship of the United States on Oct 24.

The sixteenth match of the North New Jerscy League series is between teams of the Montclair and Mountainside gun clubs, on the grounds of the latter, Oct. 21.

Teams of the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., and the Middletown Gun Club, twelve men on a side, contested on Saturday of last week. The scores were: Keystone 502, Middletown 457. Each man shot at 50 targets.

The Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club has fixed on Oct. 25 and 26 for a two days' tournament. Class shooting, 40, 30 and 20 per cent. will govern the division of the moneys. Average money, $50. E. G. Wallace is the Secretary.

The tournaments at Broken Bow, Hyannis and Alliance, situated in a choice part of the chicken country of Nebraska, were enjoyable gatherings to the shooters present. The visitors, as indicated by the reports, were entertained with all the lavish hospitality bestowed on visiting princes.

The Crescent Athletic Club began their fall and winter season on the grounds of their country house at Bay Ridge, L. I., on Saturday of last week. Delightful weather favored this opening shoot. The monthly cup shoots will begin on the first Saturday in November. Mr. T. W. Stake will place in competition a Sauer gun for a series of shoots.

Capt. C. G. Blandford informs us that "On Thursday night, Oct. 12, the Ossining Gun Club held a 'Dutch' supper at the Weskora Hotel. There were fifty members and guests present. The affair was a success in every way, but the scores in the bowling team matches proved that men could be good shots and at the same time notoriously bad bowlers."

At the tournament of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, Oct. 9 and 10, the English Hotel cup was won by Mr. A. S. Flynn, of Wabash, with the excellent score of 97 out of 100. High professional average for the two days was made by Mr. L. H. Reid, with 392 out of 400, a 98 per cent. performance for the two days. Of the amateurs, Mr. Flynn was high with 376.

In the Philadelphia League series last Saturday, the team of the Highland Gun Club defeated the Florists, at Wissinoming, by a score of 220 to 185. The Florists were short two men, and were credited with a score of 12 for each absentee. Clearview defeated Narberth on the grounds of the former, 192 to 185. The S. S. Whites defeated the Lansdales, 191 to 188. Meadow Springs defeated North Camden, 198 to 163; the latter had two absentees. Media defeated Merchantville, 208 to 190.

The material improvement in the skill of the Crescent Athletic Club shooters is manifested in the October handicap allowances determined by the handicap committee. There are four members, Messrs. Ed. Banks, H. M. Brigham, L. M. Palmer, Jr., J. S. S. Remson, who are scratch competitors, and several others have such small allowances that they are but a narrow remove from scratch. There are seventy-six shooters on the handicap list, of whom several are new in the club's competition. All scores, other than practice, during the season will be counted in the averages. If a shooter withdraws from an event, the targets not shot at therein will be scored as lost. Orders for prizes must be used within sixty days. Ten per cent. of the entrance will be deducted for trapping expenses, etc.

Concerning the amateur sparrow championship of the United States, to be held by the Indianapolis Gun Club, the following invitation has been sent out to shooters by Secretary Wm Armstrong: "You are cordially invited to attend the contest for the amateur championship at sparrows, and the Albert Leiber live bird trophy, emblematic of the amateur championship of the State of Indiana, to be contested for by residents of Indiana only. Contest will consist of four 25-bird events; $10 entrance for each event; total $40. Ten entries or under will be divided into three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Over ten entries, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Hill's sparrow rules to govern. Referee's decision final. Please notify us upon receipt of this programme of the possibility of your attendance to enable us to provide a sufficient number of sparrows."

The renowned and popular trapshooter Mr. Hood Waters, of Baltimore, Md., has succumbed to the charms of a lovely woman, and was married in Richmond, Va., on Oct. 11. This event will evoke the heartfelt wishes of his hosts of friends for life-long happiness. The following excerpt descriptive of the wedding is from the American: "Much interest is felt in Baltimore society in the wedding of Mrs. Magaret Baer Davis, of New York city, to Mr. Hood Waters, of Baltimore. The ceremony was performed in the green drawing room of the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va., at 6 P. M. on Wednesday last, the Rev. Dr. George M. Spooner, of Broad Street Methodist Church, and Rev. Dr. W. E. Evans, of Monumental Episcopal Church, Richmond, Va., officiating. Mrs. Davis is an authoress and a contributor to many of the leading American magazines, who has been carrying on her literary work in New York city, though she is of Southern birth, and nearly connected with many of the leading families of the South. Mr. Waters is the son of the late Rev. Zadoc Magruder Waters of Carroll county, a member of the well-known Waters family of Montgomery county, and on the maternal side descended from the Woods, Howard and Norths, of Maryland. He belongs to several of the athletic and sporting clubs of Baltimore. The drawing room decorations at the Jefferson were in palms and roses. Jardella's orchestra played the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin," and during the marriage service Rubinstein's 'Thou Art Like Unto a Flower.' The celebration was very quiet, in accordance with the wish of Mrs. Davis, and without attendants. The bride was exquisitely gowned in an imported Parisian creation of pink lavender Florentine silk, made en princesse, embroidered in orchids and trimmed in point lace. She wore a Gainsborough hat of lavender chiffon, velvet and tulle, with willow plumes, and carried a magnificent coronation bouquet of purple orchids. Mr. and Mrs. Waters left on the 8:05 train the same evening for the North, and will spend the month of November in New York, and later will make their home at 1526 Harlem avenue. Among the wedding guests were Dr. and Mrs. G. M. D. Canbrell, of Little Rock, Ark.; Mr. Charles Atwell Fricker, of Americus, Ga., relatives of the bride; Capt. Frank De Witt Ramsey, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Waters, of Baltimore, sister of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Stearns, Miss Daisy Dickinson and Miss Margaret Stringfellow, of Richmond."

BERNARD WATERS.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Oct. 14.—The Crescent Athletic Club's trapshooting season for 1905-6 commenced to-day. Three special prizes were objects of competition. One was donated by Mr. E. H. Lott, one by E. W. Snyder and one by a powder firm. The totals of the highest three scores made by a member in the month will decide the competition. Dr. J. J. Keyes and Mr. W. W. Marshall tied for the Snyder trophy. Mr. O. C. Grinnell was high in the Mullerite trophy. Mr. H. Brigham, scratch, and Mr. Marshall with 10 allowance, tied on 47 for the Lott trophy. Scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: T. W. Stake 15, W. W. Marshall 15, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 14, A. G. Southworth 12, E. H. Lott 11, F. C. Raynor 11.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Marshall 13, Stake 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth 14, Raynor 14, Dr. J. J. Keyes 14, W. C. Damron 13, E. H. Lott 13, Grinnell 12, Stake 11, H. B. Vanderveer 10.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Dr. Keyes 14, F. C. Raynor 12, A. G. Southworth 10.

Shoot for Snyder trophy, 25 targets: Dr. Keyes 25, Marshall 25, Southworth 24, Stake 24, H. M. Brigham 23, E. H. Lott 23, Raynor 22, Grinnell 22, Damron 18, Dr. O'Brien 17, Vanderveer 12.

Shoot for Mullerite trophy, 25 targets: Grinnell 25, Keyes 22, Brigham 22, Marshall 21, Damron 20, Raynor 19, O'Brien 19, Vanderveer 9.

Shoot for Lott trophy, 50 targets: Brigham 47, Marshall 47, Keyes 43, Damron 43, Grinnell 42, Southworth 36, Vanderveer 21.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth 12, Keyes 12, Marshall 12, Grinnell 11, Damron 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Marshall 15, Keyes 12, Southworth 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Grinnell 14, Keyes 14, Damron 14, O'Brien 12, Raynor 12, Lott 11, Southworth 10, Marshall 10, Vanderveer 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Keyes 15, Damron 15, Grinnell 14.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Damron 12, Keyes 10.

The October handicap allowances, determined for the Crescent shooters by the committee are as follows:

Targets:	25	25	Ps.	Targets:	25	25	Ps.
Edward Banks	0	0	0	E B Knowlton	4	2	2
J B Barnes	8	5	5	E H Lott	1	0	1
E L Beers	8	5	4	Jere Lott	4	2	2
D C Bennett	2	1	2	F Lawrence	8	5	4
H M Brigham	0	0	0	H H Morton	7	4	5
G L Blake	8	5	5	W W Marshall	5	3	3
F T Bedford, Jr.	2	1	1	C J McDermott	6	4	3
H A Bourne	6	4	3	W J McConville	4	2	2
A M Boucher	5	3	2	F E Mendes	8	5	4
E G Babcock	7	4	5	G W Meeker	4	2	2
L A Consmiller	7	4	4	Grant Notman	3	1	2
G W Cropsey	3	1	1	Dr H L O'Brien	2	1	2
C H Chapman	7	4	4	J C Oswald	8	5	5
E A Corlies	5	3	2	S E Pedlow	7	4	5
W H Cornell	8	5	5	L M Palmer, Jr.	0	0	1
E F Driggs	7	4	4	Dr G E Pool	4	2	2
W C Damron	4	2	2	Dr F C Raynor	4	2	3
W H Deeghan	7	4	3	J S S Remsen	0	0	0
J H Ernst	7	4	4	E L Rhett	4	2	2
W H Fowler	7	4	4	James Rhett	6	5	4
A R Fish	2	1	1	C G Rasmus	5	3	3
J C Faulkner	5	3	3	E W Snyder	4	2	2
C E T Foster	5	3	3	T W Stake	5	3	2
O C Grinnell, Jr.	2	1	2	A G Southworth	1	0	2
G W Gair	8	5	5	Wm Sherer, Jr.	7	4	2
Paul Grout	8	5	5	F B Stephenson	1	0	0
J H Hallock	4	2	2	G G Stephenson, Jr.	2	1	0
G W Hagedorn	3	1	2	C G Stephenson, Sr.	8	5	5
D V B Hegeman	2	1	2	C A Sykes	4	2	2
A A Hegeman	5	3	2	Dr Sherwell	7	5	4
A W Higgins	8	5	5	Dr Shepard	7	4	4
Dr S P Hopkins	4	2	5	W H Talcott	8	5	4
L C Hopkins	3	1	2	A S Tripp	8	5	4
W H Holden	8	6	5	H B Vanderveer	4	2	2
Henry Kryn	3	2	1	S E Vernon	8	5	5
C Kenyon, Jr.	4	2	2	H C Werleman	7	4	4
H L Kenyon	2	1	1	E G Warfield	7	4	4
Dr J J Keyes	2	1	2	J S Woods	4	2	2

Missouri League.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—At the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament, Oct. 10 and 11, held here, Mr. W. H. Heer was high professional and Mr. John Garrett was high amateur.

	1st day.	2d day.	To'l		1st day.	2d day.	To'l
Heer	193	196	389	Waddington	177	173	350
J Garrett	193	189	382	Norris	177	175	352
Huff	194	186	380	Litherbury	184	164	348
Young	190	189	379	Sherman	174	168	342
Arnold	188	186	374	D Timberlake	173	166	339
Ford	189	185	374	E Wilbeiger	159	165	324
Money	185	189	374	Elliott	161	164	325
Durham	188	183	371	Huntley	..	187	187
O'Brien	184	186	370	Sperry	160	180	185
Leach	190	183	373	Smith	150	183	333
G Timberlake	186	179	365	Spencer	184	...	184
Cunningham	182	182	364	Burkhalter	181	...	181
Thomas	184	177	361	Strickly	178	...	178
Clapp	177	183	360	Redman	157	...	157
Maekie	181	179	360	Allen	171	...	171
Riehl	184	183	367	Murphy	177	...	177
Gottlieb	184	171	355	Kennedy	174	145	322
Arnhold	174	179	353	Highfly	176	...	176
Scranton	175	176	351	Daugherty	124	...	124

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, Oct. 14.—The scores below were made at the regular shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. Event No. 3 was for the Bedell rifle. There were only three entries for it, MacDonald scoring 24 out of 25, with 10 added birds to shoot at, got another win, which gives him the prize. Nos. 5 and 6 were shot gun below elbow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	25	10	10	25	25	25
C G Blandford	11	8	18	7	8	16	23	17
E MacDonald	9	6	17	7	4	7	..	..
W Colcman	..	7	20	..	..	21	..	21
G Graves	..	..	..	..	3	12	16	..
L E Roeber	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	..
J F Berry	..	..	..	..	2	..	14	..
							C. G. B.	

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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Oct. 14 was a very pretty fall day, but for some reason the attendance was not what it should have been. The first contest in the series for the Ackley trophy was shot this week, fifteen shooting their score on the 13th and 14th. Maynard, from 17yds., was high gun with 45; Roll, and Faran tied for second on 43. Lieut.-Com. George Logan, U. S. M., son of Ackley, who is spending a few days with his father, was a visitor to-day, and for the first time in seven years tried his skill with the shotgun. Ackley will probably start for Duck Island, Illinois River, next week for his annual duck hunt. The ducks are beginning to arrive, and he anticipates good sport.

Gambell expects to take a couple of squads to the Columbus Gun Club tournament on Oct. 26-27. Bouser, Pohlar, Pfeiffer, Ahlers, Faran, Barker, Peters and Falk have signified their intention of going, and there will be a few more by the time the train starts.

The first shoot for the Clement trophy will take place on Oct. 21. Members may shoot their scores on any one of three days in the week beginning with Friday. Contests begin on Fridays at 3 o'clock and on Saturdays at 2:30. Members need not compete at the regular hours, but must announce their intention of not doing so, otherwise it will be taken for granted that they are in the competition. Once entered in the trophy event, they must compete or lose their chance for that week.

In the practice events Maynard shot at 165 targets and broke 132. Ahlers at 160 and broke 131, Gambell broke 130 out of 185. Scores:

	Yards.	Total.		Yards.	Total.
Maynard	17	45	Jones	16	37
Roll	16	43	Ahlers	18	35
Faran	16	43	Medico	18	35
Tuttle	16	43	Osterfeld	17	34
Keplinger	16	40	Boeh	16	30
Uhl	16	39	Ackley, Jr.	16	26
Pfeiffer	16	39	Myers	16	24
French	16	37			

Ohio Notes.

Most of the members of the Dayton Gun Club have given up target shooting to indulge in the more exciting sport of squirrel and duck shooting; but there was a fair attendance at the regular weekly shoot on Oct. 6. H. M. Carr won the 100-target match with 88. A. Keeler was a good second with 86. Ike 81, D. Jones 73. F. Whitacre broke 61 out of 75, and H. Heikes 56. In the first 50 Keller beat Carr one target, 45 to 44; but in the last 50 he dropped to 41 and Carr got 44. President Theobold is recovering rapidly from the effects of the surgical operation performed upon him recently, and the boys hope to welcome him on the firing line at the next shoot.

Fourteen members took part in the regular shoot of the Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, on Oct. 7, the first five events being at 20 targets each, and the programme finishing up with one at 25 targets. McConnell was high gun with 113 out of 125. Rike was one behind him with 112, and Chamberlain was a close third with 111. Smith smashed 105 out of the 125, and H. Heikes 97. Anderson accounted for 82 out of 100. Watkins, Neff, Oswald, Rayburn, Hubler, Bradford and Ike shot at less than 100. In a 100-target match between Carr and Rike the latter won with the good score of 93 to Carr's 91.

The Columbus, O., Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament on Oct. 26 and 27 as a dedication of their new club house and grounds. There will be some interesting cup and trophy contests and $75 of average money. The purses will be divided 35, 30, 20 and 15. The club will have at least two teams which will shoot through the entire programme.

On Oct. 11 eight members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club gathered at the grounds for the regular weekly contest in the medal series. Cold, wind and rain were the weather conditions under which the contest was shot to-day. The wind whirled the targets in all directions, and made it unneeessary to specify "unknown angles," as they were so for a fact. John Schaerf, the jolliest member of the club, seemed to be just suited with the conditions, and won the medal with a full seore of 25, shooting at 33. His nearest competitors were Oswald and Mack, who each broke 23, the former shooting at 21 and the latter at 25. Hanauer, Oldt and Miller shot at 29, 28 and 27 respectively and broke 20 each. Hodapp 19 and Kette 18. After the medal shoot, C. F. Miller and W. C. Oldt chose sides, and a team match at 25 targets per man, was shot with the following result: Miller 17, Mack 22, Hanauer 21, Kette 16; total 76. Oldt 20, Holdapp 16, Oswald 23, Schaerf 17; total 76. In the shoot-off under the same conditions, Miller's team won by 8 targets, 74 to 66: Miller 19, Mack 22, Hanauer 21, Kette 12; total 74. Oldt 18, Hodapp 15, Oswald 16, Schaerf 17; total 66. The board of directors announce that there will be only two more shooting days this season, and desire the members to unite in whooping things up for a lively finish. On Wednesday, Oct. 25, an all-day tournament will be held, shooting to begin at 10 o'clock. First will be three shoots for the medal, and these will decide the winners of the cash prizes in the series of contests, which have been running all summer. Immediately following these contests will be a programme of sweeps, open to every one, and the club cordially invites all sportsmen to be present and help make the finish of the season a grand one. The club will dispense its usual hospitality, and every one will be given a good time. Mack was high man to-day with 91 per cent.

Less Reid, of New Paris, has made a good record this season, so far. He has shot at 7,000 targets and has been credited with 97 per cent.

The Eaton Gun Club holds a tournament on Oct. 18. Programme of 150 targets, $7.50 entrance, three moneys in each event, 40, 30 and 20 per cent.

Charles Urban and a party of Dayton sportsmen returned from a hunting trip in Miami county and reported fair sport. They found fox squirrels more plentiful than the gray. Snipe were not seen, but plover were found occasionally, and there were still a few does.

Joe Hohm, of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, and his brother had good sport near Alpha, and they could show some game, squirrels and doves, to their friends when they got back.

Charles Smyth, C. F. Miller and Theodore Cook, Dayton, spent a few days at the Bing Club house, St. Mary's reservoir, and then went to Lewistown reservoir, where they had some good bass fishing before returning home.

Messrs. Smyth and Cook put in Oct. 10 on John Miller's farm in Madison Township, and got a big bag of squirrels and doves. Mr. Smyth is a member of Rohrer's Island and as good a shot at the traps as he is in the field.

At Rantoul.

Rantoul, Ill., Oct. 13.—During the last two days the shooting has been continuous down in Jack Neal's pasture, where he has an old magautrap set up. Thirty-five shooters helped make a successful tournament.

The trap was set in a low place, and the targets were thrown south and against a hillside. This sloping background and a strong cross wind, together with the sunshine, caused everybody to show much below their average. The truth is all the secres arc a fright. Most all present are capable of making from 85 to 90 per cent., but here they could not catch on.

Even Charley Speneer had several "bad half hours." The trade was well represented by Chas. Spencer, W. D. Stannard, Geo. Steenberg, W. H. Vietmeyer and L. H. Fitzsimmons.

At 300 targets Spencer 277, Stannard 270, Vietmeyer 243, Steenberg 237. Amateurs: Barkley 267, Park 260, Arie 257, Neal 243.

Oct. 11, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Steenberg	9	11	9	11	11	13	13	12	12	10	150	111
Vietmeyer	14	14	14	14	12	12	13	12	14	11	150	130
Spencer	14	13	14	15	12	15	11	14	15	14	150	137
Fitzsimmons	13	13	14	8	12	13	10	14	12	10	150	119
S Bannard	13	14	14	11	15	13	14	14	13	14	150	135
Barkley	11	13	13	15	13	13	14	15	14	13	150	134
Arie	8	14	14	13	11	13	15	15	14	13	150	130
Holderman	8	12	15	10	11	12	10	10	12	13	150	113
Neal	9	11	14	9	10	12	11	15	12	13	150	116
Stoner	12	10	10	12	12	10	9	8	12	10	150	105
Van Gundy	12	13	11	14	11	12	12	14	13	15	150	127
Rupert	15	12	12	10	13	13	9	11	11	11	150	118
Haws	9	8	3	7	7	10	7	11	5	8	150	75
Leary	10	11	12	14	14	14	12	15	11	12	150	125
McDermand	6	14	13	14	11	11	9	14	9	11	150	109
Park	14	13	13	13	12	14	14	14	14	12	150	134
Irle	..	11	11	11	11	12	10	7	12	9	135	94
Kahler	6	..	8	9	5	10	9	10	7	9	135	83
Meyers	..	12	10	9	10	..	10	..	..	..	...	...
Kinney	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Hauger	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	...	...
Hitchens	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	12	13	8	...	...

Oct. 12, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Steenberg	12	11	12	15	12	14	13	15	10	10	150	126
Kinney	7	13	11	11	13	13	10	13	10	12	150	113
Barkley	11	15	12	14	14	13	13	14	12	15	150	133
Holderman	12	11	14	12	13	10	13	11	13	15	150	124
Neal	12	12	13	13	12	14	11	13	13	14	150	127
Fitzsimmons	9	9	13	11	13	7	15	13	12	9	150	111
Leary	13	11	14	12	11	12	13	14	13	11	150	124
Reitz	11	10	14	13	11	12	12	11	..	..	120	94
Willis	6	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Haws	8	7	9	10	7	10	6	8	9	6	150	82
Spencer	14	12	14	14	13	14	15	15	15	14	150	140
Heffley	12	12	13	9	10	11	13	10	12	13	150	115
Arie	15	12	12	12	10	12	12	14	14	14	150	127
Walton	13	8	11	10	12	13	12	10	10	12	150	111
Rupert	14	11	14	13	10	9	13	12	14	13	150	123
Stannard	13	11	14	13	13	14	13	14	15	15	150	135
Kellar	9	9	15	9	11	12	14	12	13	12	150	116
Stoner	9	11	13	11	11	11	12	9	12	13	150	112
Van Gundy	11	7	12	10	12	13	9	13	11	13	150	111
Vietmeyer	4	8	17	13	12	11	15	12	12	15	150	103
Irle	10	11	11	10	12	13	15	11	13	12	150	118
Miller	14	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Park	9	14	12	14	11	12	13	15	11	15	150	126
Kahler	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	...	...
Rosaleus	..	..	..	..	10	13	11	10	..	..	...	...
Hager	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	10	13	11	...	...
Campbell	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	6	..	..	...	...
W Malloy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	10	...	...
E Malloy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	12	...	...

Fifty targets, handicap, high guns: Rupert (19) 45, Van Gundy (18) 42, Barkley (20) 41, Leary (19) 41, Rietz (18) 40, Irle (18) 40, Arie (19) 37, Walton (17) 36, Stoner (19) 35, Kinney (20) 33, Kellar (19) 33, Rosaleus (18) 32, Haws (16) 30, E. Malloy (17) 27.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 14.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the fourth series.

In the club trophy event Dr. Reynolds won in Class A on 24, Stone and Horns tied in Class B on 15. No Class C man shooting.

In the Dupont cup event Reynolds and McDonald tied in Class A on 19 out of 20, Stone won in Class B on 15. No Class C man shooting.

In the Hunter Arms Co. event, Thomas won in Class A on 18 out of 20, thrown as 10 singles and 5 pairs. Ford won in Class B on 14.

The day was a bad one for target shooting, there being a strong head wind, which caused the flight of the targets to be extremely erratic, and Dr. Reynolds was the only one who seemed to be able to locate them with any regularity.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	25	20	10	10	10	Targets:	20	25	20	10	10	10
Thomas	18	18	18	8	5	6	George	11	20	17	7	..	..
Dr Reynolds	19	21	15	9	..	..	Ford	12	13	14	3	..	..
Stone	15	15	12	9	8	5	Hibbard	12	16	..	4	..	..
McDonald	19	19	16	9	8	8	Garibaldi	..	18	..	4	..	..
Horns	12	15	..	7	..	..	J Wolf	15	22	..	6	..	..
T Smedes	15	20	15	7	8	..	Mrs Wolf	..	10	..	2	..	..
Dr Meek	14	18	15	6	6	..	Snyder	7	13	..	..	..	..
Morrell	19	22	19	5	9	9	Herr	10	..	16	..	..	..
Plunket	10	14	..	4	..	..	G A Smith	..	..	9	..	..	..

No. 1 was Dupont cup. No. 2 was trophy contest. No. 3 was Hunter Arms trophy.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Oct. 14.—Some sixteen members were present to-day at the regular weekly shoot. The special event for the day was the October shoot for the Daly gun.

Event No. 1 was for practice only. Event No. 2, for three silver pribes, was won by Messrs. Howard, Bush and Moffett in the order named. Event No. 3, 50 targets, handicaps added, for the Daly gun, was won by Mr. Howard, who broke 47; this with his handicap of 2 giving him the score of 49.

On next Saturday the club visit the Mountainside Gun Club, of Orange, to shoot the sixteenth team race of the North Jersey League.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	50	Targets:	25	25	50
Boxall, 4	17	20	40	Doremus	12	15	..
Allan, 2	16	17	41	Soverel	16	18	..
Moffett, 4	18	18	43	Wallace, 2	19	18	34
Cockefair	18	20	40	Crane, 4	17	14	38
Batten, 2	20	14	32	McDonough	..	8	..
Bush	..	20	40	Winslow, 4	16	15	33
Holloway, 6	10	13	39	Howard, 2	21	23	49
Hartshorne, 10	20	10	46	Harrison	..	..	19

Handicaps indicated. apply in event 3 only as added targets.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., Oct. 14.—Nine entered the programme of the Bound Brook Gun Club shoot, on Oct. 14, for the handsome prizes given by the gun club.

The first four events were for cups and were won as follows: Bissett first, Crow second, Waring third and Slater fourth. The last two were for gold medals, and were won by Woodward and Slater.

Mr. Bissett won the $5 gold piece for the amateur high average, and Mr. H. H. Stevens won the silver fob for the professional average. The other representatives were Messrs. F. E. Butler and S. Glover and F. Lawrence.

The club cup was won by Dr. J. B. Pardoe, after shooting out Stelle in the shoot-off of the tie.

The Hunter Arms medal was left undecided, as it was too dark to shoot off the tie. This will perhaps be decided before or at the next club shoot.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	T'l
Waring	6	7	6	..	5	5	—29
Woodward	9	7	10	8	8	..	—42
Crow	10	9	9	7	8	..	—43
W Slater	7	7	6	6	9	8	—43
Pardoe	6	9	6	7	7	9	—44

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	T'l
Butler	7	8	10	9	7	9	—50
Glover	10	10	9	9	9	10	—57
Stevens	9	10	9	10	10	10	—58
Bissett	10	9	10	8	10	9	—56

Club race for cup, 25 targets:

	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Pardoe	2	24	25

Shoot-off for cup, 25 targets:

Pardoe	2	22	24

Hunter Arms medal, 20 targets:

Stelle	5	14	19
Pardoe	3	16	19

	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Stelle	4	22	25
Stelle	4	19	23
Stelle	5	17	20
Pardoe	3	19	20

F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

Tietjens Shoot.

Oct. 12.—The shoot held at Tietjen's Hotel, Woodridge, N. J., was a handicap competition, sweepstakes and prizes. The traps were changed to throw high and low. Messrs. Fichtel and Sergeant shot last in the dark.

In the four-man team race Dr. Sergeant's (Carl Von Lengerke's) team won; the scores were as follows:

Pape	8	Dr Sergeant	10
Heisenbuttle	5	Dick	7
Strobel	7	Schmede	6
Fichtel	8—24	Sitzler	7—30

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	25	25	25	Targets:	10	25	25	25
L Sitzler	5	13	20	21	Dr Sergeant	4	..	22	21
H Pape	8	21	19	18	Tietjen	6	17	17	22
C Bendig	3	22	..	..	Braun	2	13	..	..
R Stroebel	5	12	20	24	Heisenbuttle	..	20	20	24
E Schmede	7	15	18	25	J Brown	..	..	20	..
S Fichtel	6	19	13	19					

Delaware State Shoot.

THE Delaware State shoot was held at Dover, Del., Oct. 11 and 12. This was the second of the Delaware Trapshooters' League.

Of the amateurs, Mr. Wm. Foord, of Wilmington, was high average with 170 out of 180, tying with Mr. J. M. Hawkins, an expert professional.

Mr. Luther J. Squier managed the tournament in the expert manner for which he is famous, and also shot through the programme, all of which is a strenuous proposition.

Oct. 11, First Day.

A stiff wind, blowing across the traps, taxed the skill of the shooters, and a drizzling rain most of the day was a source of discomfort. The programme was shot through by twenty-five out of the thirty-seven contestants. There were twelve events, each at 15 targets. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
W M Foord	14	15	15	14	15	14	13	14	15	11	15	15	180	170
L German	15	14	14	15	13	15	13	12	14	12	11	14	180	162
McKelvey	15	13	14	11	12	15	12	13	10	9	12	13	180	149
Richardson	15	15	12	13	15	12	13	12	12	14	14	15	180	162
Reed	14	14	13	12	11	13	15	14	13	13	13	14	180	159
Cleaver	10	11	13	11	13	9	10	9	10	12	12	11	180	131
Kirk	11	13	8	9	7	10	15	11	11	12	10	13	180	130
Terry	10	13	11	13	13	13	13	7	13	13	10	12	180	141
Stout	13	13	10	10	12	12	12	10	12	13	10	12	180	139
Bissett	13	13	14	14	14	14	15	11	14	14	14	14	180	164
Roser	11	11	12	12	13	14	12	11	12	13	14	10	180	145
C Maris	14	12	11	14	13	9	14	13	11	14	12	10	180	147
Steele	12	10	10	12	10	8	12	12	9	8	10	6	180	119
Vandenburg	7	10	10	15	12	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	100	75
J Evans	12	13	12	14	11	9	12	14	10	11	15	7	180	140
Armstrong	7	12	11	6	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	56
Fluke	6	8	5	8	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	34
C H Simon	10	8	14	9	11	12	10	11	10	9	12	13	180	129
L Evans	10	10	9	12	8	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	105	64
E Maris	10	10	13	11	8	14	9	14	7	11	12	13	180	132
Edwards	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	17
L R B	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	12	11	9	9	9	90	54
L J Squier	12	8	13	14	12	12	12	13	13	9	13	12	180	143
J M Hawkins	14	15	15	13	14	15	13	14	15	13	14	15	180	170
F E Butler	12	9	10	11	10	7	9	13	10	12	11	7	180	121
S Glover	15	15	13	12	13	12	12	13	12	11	12	13	180	153
Melchoir	12	8	14	13	9	12	13	12	12	15	14	11	180	145
J A R Elliott	15	12	15	15	15	13	15	14	15	14	13	13	180	169
E Banks	15	11	13	13	13	12	15	14	14	14	13	13	180	160
E H Storr	13	14	14	15	12	15	13	14	13	13	12	14	180	162
E E Dupont	8	11	12	11	13	14	13	11	12	13	13	13	180	144
Gehman	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13
Crawford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	30	19
Salisbury	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	30	17
Kenny	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	..	..	30	5
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	..	..	30	16
Gunby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	15	3

Oct. 12, Second Day.

The special event of to-day was the individual State championship. Mr. Alden B. Richardson was the holder of the title, and there were present two formidable ex-champions, who had in recent months also held and lost the title in close contests, namely, Messrs. Edward Banks and Wm. Foord. This contest resulted in a tie between Messrs. James T. Skelly and Wm. M. Foord. Each broke 89 out of 100. Mr. Edward Banks was close up with 88. The scores of the other contestants were: McKelvey 86, Richardson 85, Reed 85, McHugh 83, Melchior 79, E. E. du Pont 78, Terry 76, Edmundson 76, Simon 75, Springer 74, C. Maris 74, Kirk 71, J. Evans 71, Edwards 71, Raven 66.

The high averages for the day were: First, Mr. E. H. Storr, Baltimore, 137 out of 150; second, Mr. J. M. Hawkins, Baltimore, 135; third was a tie on 133 between Messrs. W. M. Foord, F. C. Bissett and Sim Glover.

The five-man team championship was won by team No. 1 of the Dover club, with a score of 199 out of a possible 250.

The weather conditions were much better than those of the previous day. Forty-nine participated in the programme. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	25	25	25		
Foord	10	6	15	13	22	24	21	22	150	133
German	9	8	12	12	22	20	24	22	150	129
McKelvey	8	5	12	12	21	23	22	20	150	123
Richardson	10	10	13	12	20	22	23	20	150	130
Reed	6	7	10	12	22	21	22	20	150	120
Cleaver	10	10	13	10	18	..	18	20	125	99
Kirk	7	8	11	11	16	15	21	10	150	108
Terry	9	9	12	13	22	22	19	13	150	119
Bissett	9	10	14	11	22	23	23	21	150	133
Roser	5	8	12	13	15	..	..	..	75	53
Edmundson	7	8	13	12	15	18	22	21	150	116
C Maris	5	7	12	10	20	16	17	21	150	108
E Maris	6	9	12	11	..	21	20	21	125	100
MeHugh	9	8	14	12	19	23	21	20	150	126
Godwin	6	8	11	10	..	..	11	10	100	56
Grubb	7	5	6	8	17	10	13	14	150	80
Hartlove	6	8	10	10	..	..	12	18	100	64
Squier	7	5	10	14	..	..	..	..	50	36
Hawkins	9	10	13	15	23	20	21	24	150	135
Butler	7	9	11	9	15	21	17	17	150	106
Glover	7	8	12	14	23	24	24	21	150	133
Skelly	7	9	14	12	22	23	22	22	150	131
Elliott	7	10	12	13	21	24	23	21	150	131
Banks	8	8	15	12	23	24	19	22	150	131
E H Storr	8	9	14	13	24	25	22	22	150	137
E E du Pont	7	9	9	14	20	21	16	21	150	117
Melchoir	6	8	8	13	22	20	20	17	150	114
Buck	9	9	11	14	..	..	20	16	100	79
Raven	9	7	10	10	17	16	18	15	150	102
Huber	8	6	9	12	..	..	16	15	100	66
Simon	8	6	10	11	19	19	18	19	150	110
J Evans	6	6	9	5	19	21	15	16	150	97
I. Evans	9	5	11	7	18	17	16	11	150	94
Cornog	5	4	9	9	..	..	13	13	100	53
Edwards	7	7	12	10	20	19	13	19	150	107
Miller	8	8	10	13	..	..	20	19	100	78
Springer	8	7	10	11	21	21	16	16	150	110
Ewing	9	9	12	8	..	..	13	16	100	67
Harrington	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	15	3
Fleming	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	15	6
Allee	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	15	10
Holliday	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	15	5
Mifflin	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	15	9
Fluke	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	25	11
Crawford	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	25	13
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	15	75	42
McArdle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	50	25
Massey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	15	18	75	52
Bice	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	50	29

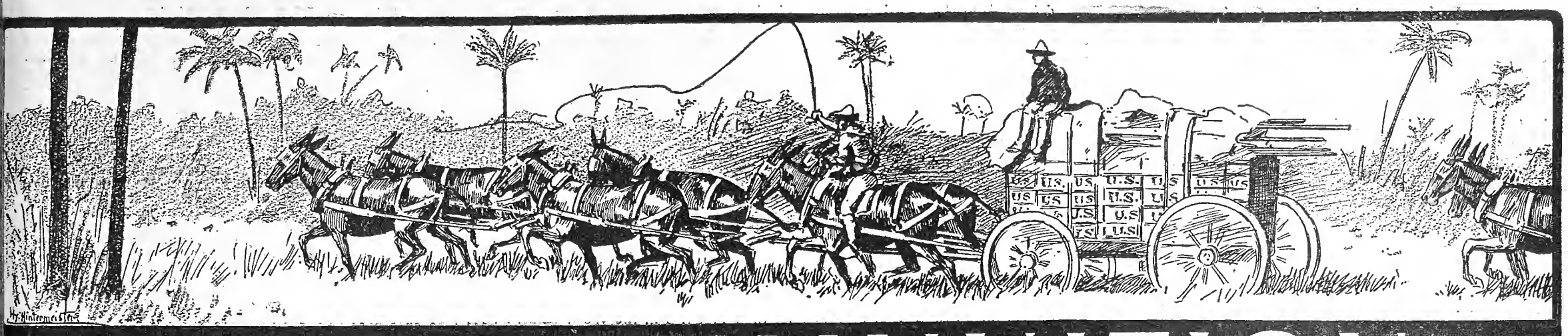
These scores were made in the team championship race:

Wawasett No. 1.		Wawasett No. 2.	
Foord	20 23—43	Melchoir	22 22—44
McKelvey	19 13—32	Edwards	18 16—34
Buck	16 20—36	Edmanson	16 19—35
Raven	17 15—32	Cornog	13 13—26
Miller	20 19—39—182	Huber	16 15—31—170
Dover No. 1.		**Dover No. 2.**	
Reed	20 21—41	Kirk	20 18—38
Terry	20 22—42	Walker	12 15—27
J Evans	17 19—36	E Maris	21 20—41
C Maris	20 16—36	Cleaver	18 20—38
Richardson	22 22—44—199	Bice	17 12—29—173
Wilmington.		**Blue Ball.**	
Hartlove	12 18—30	Simon	17 16—33
Springer	18 18—36	Grubb	13 14—27
McHugh	17 21—38	Massey	15 19—34
McArdle	12 13—25	Ewing	13 16—29
Godwin	11 10—21—150	L Evans	16 11—27—150

An Epitaph.

He was not so mean sometimes as he was others.

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Davenport Tournament.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Oct. 9.—Your readers will call to mind that two years ago the Cumberland Gun Club held a tournament at Davenport which was known as the merchandise shoot, one of the most successful shoots held during the year. The attendance was large, the interest never lagged from the firing of the first gun until the close of the third day. There were prizes for all, and several won more than they could carry.

Oct. 6, 7 and 8 were the days set apart for the 1905 merchandise shoot, and while it was not quite as successful as the 1903 shoot, it was a corker, as on the third day there were seventy-two shooters who took part. The same array of prizes were offered, but there were circumstances that caused the shooters to drop out after one day's trial; others stayed two days, and only a few shot all the three days.

The grounds used this year were not on top of the hill, facing north and adjoining the Schuetzen Park, but at the Suburban Park, a summer resort on the banks of the Mississippi River. At first glance the outlook seemed good, but when the shooters got busy, all were surprised at the misses scored. Many of these were accounted for by the background, which was a sloping field. Then the backstops were too high, which permitted a target to get far out before being seen. The sun shone in the shooter's face and caused a reflection on the gun barrels, as the traps faced south by east. The flight of the targets was undoubtedly higher than most of the contestants could estimate.

One of the great sights was the large tent with its 400 prizes that had been donated for the patrons of the club.

The club is fortunate in having the same experienced men who have run the club's affairs, and are posted in all the ins and outs of these merchandise affairs for several years, viz., Henry Eggers, president; W. F. Kray, secretary, and C. Thode, treasurer.

The manner of running these shoots is to charge all the regular entrance fee, then divide the money 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent. Those shooting in first or second place get money only; then for the following nine or ten places there is a merchandise prize; so that every one had a chance on some prize. The only place that there was luck was in the drawing to settle the ties—there was no shooting off.

The wind blew strongly in front of the traps, and the targets seemed uneven the first day; some were fast, some slow, others high, and yet again very low.

There were sixty-four shooters who took part during the day, half of whom shot through the 185 targets.

The traveling men were out in force.: H. Vietmeyer, L. H. Fitzsimmons, Dave Elliott, Wm. Stannard, W. H. Cadwallader and Fred H. Lord.

With one or two exceptions, all were dissatisfied with their scores. John Garrett was at his best, and he missed 12. He was followed by Barber with 170 broke. Then Barkley, 169, and Kohler 166. Stannard made 169, Cadwallader 165, Fitzsimmons 161. Scores:

Oct. 6, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	20		
Westley	11	12	17	14	18	10	11	12	16	12	13	185	146
Hilton	11	11	17	9	16	9	12	8	13	11	18	185	135
Munson	14	15	19	13	18	10	12	11	16	12	17	185	155
Kahler	9	15	8	13	18	15	15	13	19	14	17	185	166
Arp	10	11	18	10	15	12	12	11	18	14	16	185	147
Vietmeyer	12	8	16	10	16	8	9	12	17	8	14	185	130
Loring	11	13	16	8	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	100	77
Fitz	15	11	17	11	19	14	12	15	18	13	16	185	161
Scott	12	11	19	14	18	13	15	14	16	14	18	185	164
Groves	14	14	16	11	16	14	12	14	19	14	16	185	160
Garrett	14	14	20	12	19	15	14	14	19	14	18	185	173
Kline	12	13	20	14	18	10	11	15	17	13	17	185	160
Barber	14	12	20	13	20	12	14	13	19	14	19	185	170
Call	10	14	20	15	16	12	13	14	16	13	14	185	137
Hass	10	11	12	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	85	58
Stone	9	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	36
Money	13	11	19	12	19	12	12	12	16	13	19	185	158
Goering	12	12	15	12	16	10	12	11	16	14	12	185	142
Otto	12	11	20	12	20	13	14	13	19	11	17	185	162
Elliott	11	10	16	9	17	13	12	12	19	11	15	185	145
M Thorp	12	13	16	12	18	13	12	12	19	9	17	185	153
R Sharp	15	12	19	13	17	14	15	13	17	10	15	185	160
Steege	11	10	16	11	17	15	12	13	17	10	11	185	143
Knussel	10	10	18	14	15	10	9	11	16	11	13	185	137
Reimers	10	12	17	9	18	11	11	9	18	11	15	185	141
Newton	13	..	17	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	50	38
Rogers	14	11	17	13	16	10	15	13	15	14	14	185	152
Stannard	14	14	20	14	19	13	12	13	18	13	19	185	169
Barkley	13	14	19	14	18	11	15	13	19	13	20	185	169
Cad	13	14	18	13	18	12	13	14	19	12	19	185	165
Lord	12	8	19	13	17	12	13	13	16	12	14	185	149
Kinney	13	14	18	13	19	13	10	13	17	15	17	185	162
Gosch	11	12	14	9	17	12	12	9	..	12	..	160	108
Boy	7	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	7	16	80	48
Sperry	15	15	18	12	18	11	14	15	19	13	17	185	167
Shadow	11	14	13	14	19	12	14	14	18	12	19	185	160
Harrington	9	8	15	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	65	37
Newton	12	12	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	60	48
Hoffman	..	13	..	..	..	13	13	6	17	8	15	115	85
Carpenter	..	..	6	..	14	10	10	..	..	..	..	70	40
Thode	..	..	..	8	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	45	20
McBride	..	..	..	12	..	13	10	8	19	12	14	115	88
Loechel	..	..	..	..	18	10	11	12	..	..	..	65	51
York	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	15	8
Grant	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	9	16	9	..	80	53
Price	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	11	11	16	85	59
Arthur	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	16	13	17	85	70
York	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	13	..	30	20
Jennings	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	7	..	45	29
Dick	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	13	12	14	85	61
Schmidt	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	14	12	14	85	61
H Kuehl	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	10	9	13	85	55
Speth	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	10	9	13	85	55
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	15	11
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	..	..	8	50	30
Freeze	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	12	6	..	65	30
Griffin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	14	..	30	24
Thoen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	55	27
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	12
Kenklick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	35	13
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	6		50	18
Flambo	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	7		50	23

Oct. 7, Second Day.

Arriving on the ground at 9 A. M., the sun was shining brightly and the wind was blowing hard crossways to the shooters' stand. Thus the prospects were that targets would not be easy for this day. Garrett fell away to 165, and Barber went to the front with 174, Barkley 167, Sperry 160

Cadwallader was well to the front on this day, and led the "profesh" with 168, to Stannard's 160.

It was noticed that some of those who shot the first day were absent the second. They were for the most part those who had shot three days at New London, and they were tired out with their previous three days' grind. This is another proof that shoots closely following each other are not as well patronized as those that are two weeks or more apart. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20		
Westley	13	15	14	13	8	16	12	12	11	13	14	185	141
Groves	13	9	16	11	13	18	10	13	15	13	19	185	150
Scott	11	12	14	13	11	15	10	10	13	13	18	185	140
Hageman	13	13	15	12	12	19	10	9	17	11	17	185	148
Fitz	10	13	15	13	14	18	11	11	17	14	14	185	150
Knussel	10	12	14	13	13	18	10	12	13	8	..	165	123
Arp	9	7	11	10	13	18	9	13	19	12	15	185	135
Munson	11	13	16	13	12	20	11	9	13	14	14	185	146
Sperry	12	11	18	15	14	16	11	11	20	14	18	185	160
Goering	10	14	10	11	8	16	6	8	9	11	..	165	103
Garrett	13	14	19	15	10	19	12	15	17	14	17	185	165
Kline	11	11	17	14	13	18	12	12	18	13	19	185	158
Barber	14	14	20	14	14	18	12	15	19	14	20	185	174
Cole	12	13	18	13	10	16	8	12	18	13	15	185	148
Cook	9	12	14	13	12	17	10	10	18	12	19	185	146
Vietmeyer	10	12	15	13	8	17	9	13	15	11	16	185	139
Elliott	13	14	13	11	11	13	12	10	15	8	8	185	128
Drawne	14	9	16	10	13	15	15	10	15	10	16	185	143
Black	12	13	18	14	12	15	11	11	19	11	19	185	155
Kahler	11	12	17	11	9	18	12	14	17	14	17	185	159
Stannard	13	14	19	15	12	18	10	14	15	13	17	185	160
Barkley	15	14	16	15	12	17	11	13	20	13	20	185	167
Cadwallader	14	12	20	15	13	20	13	14	18	13	16	185	168
Lord	12	11	15	14	13	18	12	13	18	11	20	185	157
Kinney	11	14	16	12	12	18	13	14	14	14	16	185	158
Cooley	9	13	18	12	10	16	12	11	13	..	..	150	114
Shadow	10	12	16	14	13	17	12	12	13	11	12	185	137
Hilton	11	10	12	8	11	14	11	11	14	10	13	185	125
Reimers	14	11	14	11	11	12	13	14	19	11	16	185	146
Griffin	13	..	15	14	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	65	54
Loechel	13	12	17	10	12	14	11	11	15	10	..	165	125
McCard	10	14	20	13	10	18	10	..	16	..	18	155	129
C Kuehl	10	8	9	7	12	..	7	6	7	9	7	165	82
Wilkin	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
Money	..	11	19	13	12	16	11	13	17	12	16	170	140
Lewis	..	..	17	11	11	11	11	12	16	13	17	155	119
York	..	..	..	11	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	....	....
Kelley	..	..	..	5	1	11	3	3	..	..	..	....	....
Thode	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
Dick	..	..	..	8	..	11	6	4	12	10	11	....	....
Inguers	..	..	..	7	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	....	....
N Boy	..	..	..	..	7	..	12	..	..	..	..	....	....
Hass	..	..	..	..	11	16	7	10	14	13	14	....	....
Samuelson	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	..	..	..	....	....
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	15	..	..	....	....
Schmidt	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	11	10	..	....	....
Martens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	12	17	....	....
Ely	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	....	....
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	....	....
B Schmidt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	....	....
Burmeister	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	....	....
Ely	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	....	....
Diehm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	....	....
Nance	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	....	....

Oct. 8, Third Day.

The prizes were just as numerous and as attractive on the last day as the first, and there were seventy-two shooters present. The sun shone brightly and the wind blew strong, and many were the poor scores that were recorded. Barber kept up his steady pounding and made 169, which gave him the high average prize for the three days. Young Kahler shot well and did not make many slips, and came second with 166. Black, one of the famous Nicholas, Ia., team, made it very interesting for the ooys on this day with his 164. Another one of the Davenports' good shots was surely shooting some, as he landed some straights, with good prizes—this was Money Hageman, 163. There was a big turnout of the home members, as about thirty-five of them enrolled as shooters.

There were seven averages given for those shooting the entire programme. Barber with 513, won a fine silver cup, presented by a powder company; Barkley, of Chicago, with 495, was presented with a fine gold medal. Kahler, the home boy, who is said to be yet in his 'teens, made 485 and was awarded a silver loving cup. The next one in line was Russell Kline, of Spirit Lake, Ia.; his 479 won him a neat gold medal. The next good shooter was Money Hageman, heretofore referred to; he carried away a repeating rifle, as a reminder of his 475. Mr. Kinney, of Chicago, was next in line, and a fancy carving set was his reward for 462. As there were but seven prizes, the next to be honored was W. J. Groves, of Jacksonville, Ill. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	20		
Westley	7	12	13	10	10	16	11	10	12	8	16	..	185	125
Groves	14	13	16	11	11	14	14	12	18	9	15	..	185	137
Money	12	13	17	14	9	20	14	11	18	14	19	..	185	153
Frost	9	9	12	9	11	18	10	11	15	8	11	..	185	121
Rogers	13	9	15	9	13	12	14	14	16	10	14	..	185	137
Hilton	10	12	17	12	11	17	10	11	16	11	14	..	185	143
Hageman	12	12	12	12	13	17	15	10	18	14	16	..	185	149
Reimers	13	14	19	14	6	15	11	10	19	14	19	..	185	162
Arp	11	13	11	14	11	16	13	10	14	13	19	..	185	140
Coleman	12	13	13	13	11	17	16	11	18	10	18	..	185	146
Scott	9	14	15	13	10	13	11	13	16	12	17	..	185	143
Kline	11	15	18	11	11	18	15	12	19	14	17	..	185	161
Barber	14	13	18	14	12	20	15	13	18	14	18	..	185	169
Cole	9	13	13	7	10	16	12	10	18	12	13	..	185	133
Kahler	13	14	17	15	15	17	15	12	18	15	16	..	185	166
Stannard	12	13	16	11	12	18	15	15	17	13	20	..	185	162
Barkley	14	11	17	12	12	17	13	15	17	12	19	..	185	159
Cad	12	13	17	14	12	20	14	12	16	11	17	..	185	158
Lord	12	10	15	11	11	11	9	14	15	11	17	..	185	136
Kinney	12	12	16	12	8	18	11	12	17	13	16	..	185	146
Brehmer	6	7	14	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	....	....
O Stohl	7	9	19	..	9	15	11	10	19	..	..	..	....	....
J Stohl	12	14	18	11	11	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
McCard	14	11	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	....	....
Shadow	12	10	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
Black	14	12	16	15	13	18	14	13	17	13	19	..	185	164
Branmen	5	8	11	7	11	14	14	12	16	9	8	..	185	115
Von	11	12	17	13	11	15	12	11	15	9	..	..	165	126
Drawne	15	12	15	12	7	12	11	12	18	12	16	..	185	142
Kuehl	6	8	9	3	3	5	10	12	7	6	12	..	185	86
Hass	8	13	16	11	8	10	13	13	17	13	17	..	185	141
Newton	11	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
Ditmar	..	2	10	14	6	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
Krohn	..	..	15	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
Reading	..	..	5	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....	....
Goshch	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	6	10	17	9	..	....	....
Speth	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	9	7	11	..	..	....	....
Griffin	..	..	..	..	..	16	7	8	9	..	..	..	....	....
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	13	12	12	..	....	....
Mudd	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	8	6	13	..	....	....
Cramer	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	15	7	13	..	....	....
Otto	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..	....	....
Goering	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	13	..	..	..	....	....
Kneussel	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	14	16	10	16	..	....	....
Schmidt	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	13	..	..	..	....	....
Kneuckel	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	12	..	..	..	....	....
Marcusen	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	8	..	..	..	....	....
Kiefer	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	7	..	..	..	....	....
Dick	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	13	9	11	..	....	....
W Kiefer	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	7	..	..	..	....	....
Diehm	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	9	..	..	....	....
Krohn	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	4	..	..	..	....	....
Geerts	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	6	..	..	..	....	....
Henck	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	7	1	..	....	....
Nance	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	10	17	..	....	....
Borchers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	5	..	..	....	....
Kieffers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	10	..	..	....	....
Barnholt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	....	....
Dessant	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	..	..	....	....
Arthur	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	....	....
Blerechford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	....	....
Hounaman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	....	....
Ely	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	....	....
Byrnes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	..	....	....
Berg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	..	....	....
Boos	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	5	..	....	....
Greve	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	....	....
W Brahmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	....	....
Hemts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	..	....	....
Wilkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	..	....	....
Martins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	11	..	....	....

Alliance Gun Club.

ALLIANCE, Neb.—The Alliance Gun Club tournament, held on Oct. 6 and 7, had exceedingly high winds both days. Weather conditions unfavorable for high scores.

The trophy event on the second day, a handicap, 16 to 20yds., was won by Maxwell, from the 19yd. mark, with a score of 47 out of 50. The handicaps and scores follow: Huntley (20) 45, Taylor (20) 41, Veach (19) 38, Maxwell (19) 47, Bray (18) 43, Carter (18) 36, Shaner (18) 39, Linderman (17) 42, Allen (16) 36, Waters (16) 36, Hancock (16) 27, Hicks (16) 22.

Professionals.

Targets:	First Day. 200	Second Day. 150
Harold Money, St. Louis, Mo.	183	134
Chris Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo.	181	122
C B Adams, Rockwell City, Ia.	181	133
W H Heer, Concordia, Kans.	191	137
C D Plank, Denver, Colo.	170	125
Capt A H Hardy, Lincoln, Neb.	163	112
C A Young, Springfield, O.	173	127
Walter Huff, Macon, Ga.	178	141

Amateurs.

Geo L Carter, Lincoln, Neb.	167	132
Geo Maxwell, Holstan, Neb.	175	137
S A Huntley, Sioux City, Ia.	180	131
Harry Gayhart, Hot Springs, S. D.	169	...
H Taylor, Meckling, S. D.	186	132
Dick Linderman, Cortland, Neb.	170	122
W H Veach, Fall City, Neb.	171	134
D D Bray, Columbus, Neb.	171	125
Geo L Lyons, Durham, N. C.	184	135
L A Shaner, Alliance, Neb.	180	129
F E Allen, Alliance, Neb.	146	103
Williams, Hyannis, Neb.	146	...

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The fall tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club, held Oct. 9 and 10, was conspicuous for skillful competition.

The English Hotel cup was a special feature. At the end of the first day's shooting, Dr. Britton and Mr. A. S. Flynn were a tie for it, but on the second day, Mr. Gus Moller pulled into the lead, and won the cup with the excellent score of 97 out of 100.

In the professional general average Mr. L. H. Reid was high with 392 out of 400.

Mr. A. S. Flynn was high amateur with 376 out of 400; second, Ed. Rike, 370; third, Mr. S. H. Moore, 368.

The manufacturers' agents in attendance were Messrs. Vietmeyer, Le Compte, Heikes, Kaufman, Trimble, Stewart and Budd, and they shot from the 16yd. mark.

Oct. 9, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Moller, 16	19	17	19	14	19	18	19	17	18	17	200	177
Le Compte, 16	20	18	19	19	18	18	19	19	19	20	200	189
Harcourt, 16	17	16	13	13	15	15	14	17	13	15	200	148
Short, 16	17	19	17	16	19	17	18	17	16	16	200	172
King, 16	16	18	14	20	18	18	20	16	19	17	200	176
Gregory, 17	19	19	17	16	20	18	17	20	20	20	200	186
Voris, 17	18	18	19	14	15	17	17	18	18	19	200	172
Tripp, 17	17	19	16	17	17	20	17	14	15	15	200	167
Smoke, 17	17	18	18	20	20	17	19	18	16	18	200	181
Flynn, 17	19	19	19	19	20	19	19	19	20	19	200	192
Vietmeyer	19	20	19	18	18	17	19	16	17	19	200	182
Kaufman	19	18	20	19	19	18	15	17	18	16	200	179
Trimble	19	18	18	18	20	18	19	20	19	20	200	189
Moore, 16	18	17	17	18	16	19	19	19	20	20	200	183
Stewart	18	20	14	16	18	15	13	16	16	17	200	163
Fisher, 18	18	16	16	18	17	19	17	19	18	19	200	177
Parry, 18	18	19	17	18	13	16	20	17	17	17	200	172
Clark, 18	16	17	19	20	17	20	18	18	18	17	200	180
Britton, 18	19	19	20	18	19	18	17	17	17	20	200	184
Carr, 16	19	14	19	17	19	18	19	19	20	16	200	180
Budd	20	19	19	19	20	18	17	19	20	18	200	189
Habich, 16	..	..	18	..	14	..	11	13	14	17	120	87
Armstrong, 16	..	..	16	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	40	33
Wile, 16	15	17	17	18	19	19	18	18	18	16	200	175
Hoover, 16	15	17	17	15	17	19	19	20	18	16	200	173
Wildhite, 16	..	..	..	17	19	16	19	..	..	..	80	65
Trout, 16	..	..	..	17	17	13	17	18	17	17	140	116
Morris, 16	..	..	..	17	12	14	..	..	..	..	60	43
Malone, 16	14	13	11	13	15	17	16	13	13	15	200	140
Reed	20	18	20	20	18	20	20	20	19	19	200	194
Rike, 18	19	19	18	20	19	18	19	19	18	19	200	188
Michaelis, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	20	20	80	75
Haslam, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	15	19	17	80	68
Smith, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	18	13	80	58
Long, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	16

Oct. 10, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Budd	20	19	19	20	20	20	20	20	19	19	200	196
Le Compte	18	19	20	20	20	19	20	20	19	20	200	195
Trimble	18	20	19	18	20	20	19	18	20	19	200	191
Reid	20	18	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	200	198
Kaufman	16	20	19	18	19	17	18	20	17	18	200	182
Stewart	18	16	18	18	14	14	18	19	17	18	200	170
Moore, 16	20	19	19	19	17	18	20	19	16	18	200	185
Carr, 16	20	18	19	18	16	17	17	13	15	16	200	169
Heikes	20	20	20	20	18	19	19	18	17	18	200	189
Trout, 16	..	..	..	16	16	18	18	17	20	15	140	120
Gregory, 18	18	18	20	16	18	16	17	17	15	18	200	173
Flynn, 18	17	18	19	19	17	18	17	20	20	19	200	184
Smoke, 18	17	17	18	17	20	16	18	15	..	..	160	138
Britton, 18	17	17	19	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	70
Rike, 18	17	20	20	17	16	19	20	19	17	17	200	182
Voris, 17	18	18	20	19	19	18	18	18	20	17	200	185
Moller, 16	18	20	20	19	19	13	20	18	17	20	200	184
Malone, 16	..	..	..	17	12	16	14	15	13	12	140	99
Sutton, 16	..	..	..	..	..	18	20	15	19	19	120	108
Parry, 18	18	20	19	17	16	16	15	18	18	17	200	174
Fisher, 18	15	20	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	55
Michaelis, 18	20	19	19	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	100	92
Binyon, 18	20	19	19	17	19	15	15	11	16	14	200	165
Clark, 18	13	19	20	16	19	16	17	18	16	18	200	177
Smith, 16	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	20	13
Morris, 16	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	20	15

Oct. 14.—Filey won the Peters badge. Attendance light; weather clear.

Bell's money sheets used at fall tournaments were the best we have ever had at a tournament.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Parry	21	23	23	23	Dixon	22	20	19	18
Anderson	16	20	22	18	Moller	21	15	21	23
M Morris	19	21	18	19	Moore	19	18	23	24
T Morris	14	8	16	18	Smith	17	16	..	..
Southeren	18	14	15	14	Harvey	17	18	..	..
Dark	19	17	18	..	Amos	14	4	..	..
Finley	19	21	22	12	Leib	16	21	..	..

Broken Bow-Hyannis-Alliance Tournaments.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 9.—The three tournaments given by the gun clubs at Broken Bow, Hyannis and Alliance, Neb., were completed on the evening of the 7th, and it was the unanimous decision of those present that it was one of the most enjoyable events in their shooting career. The attendance of amateurs was a little disappointing, and four of the six target days were very windy, but no trifle of that character was permitted to mar the pleasure or dampen the enthusiasm of any one. The business men and citizens in each of these towns were always ready to shower attendance upon their guests, and the boys were made to feel so much at home that no restraint was noticeable at any minute during the ten days the party was together.

The majority of the party arrived at Broken Bow on Sept. 27 and 28, and after securing their hunting licenses, a few of the boys took to the field after prairie chicken, and were liberally rewarded.

The first morning of the tournament, Sept. 29, opened fair and bright, but a hard wind from the south bore the targets down and caused many a one to duck the load of the shooter and escape "only dusted."

On this day we had with us C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kans.; C. B. Adams, Rockwell City, Ia., and A. H. Hardy, demonstrating the virtues of shells and guns; also the genial missionary M. F. Sharp, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has a faculty of making himself so useful and agreeable around a tournament that he is always welcome in Nebraska.

On the second day the additions to the party were Walter Huff, of Macon, Ga.; Harold Money, of Colorado Springs, and [illegible] Gottlieb, of Kansas City, accompanied by the genial good fellow, George L. Lyons, all the way from Durham, N. C. Mr. Lyons, in addition to racing every day for high honors, proved to be one of the jolly boys of the party, and certainly made good. It was on this day that the first excitement originated, when Walter Huff broke a suspender trying to get through a fence to head off a covey of prairie chickens which happened to fly over the ground a little out of range. The birds dropped into a field a half mile distant, and shooting was delayed long enough to allow Walter to score his first prairie chicken, which, by the way, was the first he had ever seen, so his enthusiasm was justified. On his return to the grounds he secured a nice sharp-tail [illegible], and both birds were taken in charge by State game warden Carter and sent to the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, where they were nicely mounted by Mr. H. M. Swenk, and are now on their way to take a place in the den of their owner at Macon, Ga.

Early on the morning of the first day, the party left Broken Bow for Hyannis, and scarcely were out of the city limits, when a bunch of twenty prairie chickens flushed along the roadside and settled in a cornfield a few rods distant.

As they arose in easy gun shot of the train windows, the boys all gave voice, and Charlie Young tried to give us an imitation of his new pump gun in operation. From this on to Senica either ducks or chickens were flying continually, and as each bunch would arise, enthusiasm increased until the coach in which we traveled was practically deserted, except for the noisy, jolly and good-natured crowd of shooters.

Arriving at Hyannis at 11:30, we were met at the train by about two hundred people (a number equal to about two-thirds of the population of the town), and were escorted to a nearby building, where refreshments were served, and our money was not good. After a nice dinner of grouse, with other delicacies to match, the boys were seen to scamper in every direction in quest of game. In the evening about fifty chickens and a number of ducks were delivered to Landlord Hosman, which were served during our stay.

An amusing incident was the arrest of State game warden Carter by Sheriff Budd Moran, charged with two offenses against the good people of the town, namely, singing on the street just at sundown, and spitting upon the sidewalk. The warden pleaded not guilty and set up as a defense that he could not sing, and that there was not enough sidewalk in town to spit upon. Needless to say Mayor Nichols found defendant guilty, but a visit to the Ed. Martz's hostelry with the men folks and a box of apples for the ladies on the gun club grounds settled the fine, and the town was ours. The next two days, Oct. 2 and 3, were devoted to the 20-target event programme, with $10 added to each event.

Weather conditions were good, and scores were correspondingly high. We were met here by C. D. Plank, of Denver, and Harry Gayhart, of Hot Springs, S. D. After the programme was finished on each day, we were highly entertained by the cattle men of the community, who had brought in several outlaw horses, and offered prizes to the cowboys to ride them, which they did in most cases; but twice we saw them bite the dust.

There were also contests of riding, roping, etc., which were indulged in by both ladies and gentlemen, all of which were very interesting to those who were making their first trip in the West.

During the evening the boys were the guests of the Gun Club members at a very pretty ball at the Opera House, which was so well conducted and up-to-date that it would do credit to a city many times the size of Hyannis. At all of these entertainments our money was worthless.

Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 4 and 5, were the days set apart for a trip in the hills, and early in the morning about sixteen members of the party started out as the guests of Mr. Gentry, at his splendid ranch, and of John Finan, on the Abbott ranch.

The two ranches were situated about five miles apart, and the party was divided and in charge of A. H. Hardy and Game Warden Carter, guided by Bud Bowers and Bob Hayward, with Duke and Cussing, as fine a brace of dogs as ever pointed grouse. We spent a pleasant time at the ranches, and at noon of the second day we rounded up at the Abbott ranch, where Chris Gottlieb, accompanied by Mrs. Malm, the lady in charge of the ranch commissary, had one of Gottlieb's famous grouse stews ready, and we partook as only hungry hunters can. About two hundred and fifty ducks and grouse had fallen to our guns, which was considered a sufficient bag for gentlemen, and we prepared for the trip into town to make arrangements for the next two days at Alliance. Saddle horses had been furnished by Sheriff Moran and our good friend Mr. Bohart, and after all this our money was still counterfeit.

On the morning of Oct. 6 the boys left for Alliance with a warm spot in every heart for Hyannis. Arriving at Alliance, we again found the extended hand and an open house. At the club grounds, everything was in readiness, having been looked after by Lou Shawyer and Fred Allen, with Fred Whitney, of Des Moines in the office.

In the evening a programme and ball was furnished by the business men for our entertainment, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The second day's programme was finished early in the afternoon, and after the last grouse supper of birds which the boys had carried from Hyannis, the boys made an earnest appeal to the promoters of these shoots to repeat next year, and caught the outgoing trains, some for their homes, some to Hot Springs, S. D., to spend Sunday, some to the Sheridan, Wyo., tournament, and others to St. Joseph.

The only bad effects noticed from the outing was with our old friend Chris. Gottlieb, who said he had eaten so many grouse that he had an almost irresistible desire to stay a week longer and go out and sleep in the grass.

We will not give the scores in detail, but will give the scores of the three high profesionals and the three high amateurs at each of the tournaments.

Professionals at Broken Bow.

	First Day.	Second Day	Total.
W H Heer	189	184	373
C A Young	174	182	356
C B Adams	177	167	344
Amateurs.			
S A Huntley	189	165	354
H G Taylor	175	175	350
D D Bray	178	163	341
Professionals at Hyannis.			
W H Heer	193	190	383
Chris Gottlieb	185	192	377
Walter Huff	185	190	375
Amateurs.			
H G Taylor	196	193	389
S A Huntley	195	194	389
Geo L Lyons	194	192	386
Professionals at Alliance.			
W H Heer	191	137	328
Walter Huff	178	141	319
Harold Money	183	134	317
Amateurs.			
Geo L Lyons	184	135	319
H G Taylor	186	132	318
Geo Maxwell	175	137	312

The programme at Alliance on the last day consisted of 150 targets in the regular events, and the merchants' cup at 50 targets, handicaps from 16 to 20yds. In the race Geo. W. Maxwell, the gentleman from Holstein, who has no use for but one arm in a shooting match, won on a score of 47 from 19yds.

CORRESPONDENT.

Colfax Gun Club.

COLFAX, Ill., Oct. 10.—All night last night the rain fell, so did the temperature, and this morning a steady rain poured down. It was indeed a "damper" on the ardor of the members of the Colfax Gun Club, for this day a team race with Bloomington and a regular tournament were to be held.

Part of the Bloomington team showed up, but about half of their number failed to connect, thus the team race was off.

The rain having ceased at 11 A. M., the shooting was started with fifteen shooters in the first event. The wind was strong, the sky and background were dark. Uneven target flights caused the scores to fall much below the average of many of the contestants.

There were present J. T. Park, Brooks, Ind.; H. Blumershine, Washington, Ill.; A. Ferris, Crescent City, Ill.; Dr. McDermand, Bloomington; A. Steenberg, Chicago, and the good shots of the home club.

The grounds are furnished with an up-to-date automatic trap. The management was under the supervision of W. "Tramp" Irwin, while the refereeing and scoring was in capable hands.

Mr. Ward Burton was present in the interest of a cartridge company, as was Mr. Tramp Irwin. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	10	20	10	15	10	10	10	10	15		
H Blumershine	14	8	14	9	11	10	10	9	10	13	125	108
Ferris	11	9	14	7	13	10	9	8	10	13	125	104
Steenberg	12	8	16	7	8	7	5	9	10	10	125	92
McDonald	12	7	8	9	14	8	8	7	9	9	125	91
J T Park	13	8	15	9	14	10	9	10	10	13	125	111
N Blumershine	10	7	12	8	8	9	10	6	10	12	125	92
Morgan	8	..	..	3	..	8	..	6	..	..	40	25
Hurt	14	7	11	7	10	6	9	8	5	12	125	89
J Wood	9	5	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	28
C Ward	10	10	9	8	9	7	7	10	10	14	125	94
J Pratt	9	..	3	..	..	..	..	7	6	10	70	35
Bradford	..	9	13	6	8	8	8	9	7	..	100	68
F Corpe	..	5	..	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	30	16
Phillip	..	..	13	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	35	28
Smith	..	..	12	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	35	25
Conklin	..	..	..	3	4	5	6	..	..	..	45	18

Joe Park, of Brook, Ind., won high average, with H. Bloomershine, Washington, Ill., second, and A. Ferris, Crescent City, Ill., third. Mr. Steenberg was high professional.

Eagle Rod and Gun Club.

SCRANTON, Pa., Oct. 10.—The following sportsmen made a visit to the Eagle Rod and Gun Club's grounds, near Scranton a few days ago and had a little shoot. Among them the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	25	25	Targets:	25	25
Henry Reif	23	22	Gus E Greiff	24	24
W J Smith	20	20	B Storr	20	20
W H Langdon	20	23	W Anneman	25	18
W J Irving	22	22	B Kline	17	14
J D Mason	22	21	H Cullen	20	19

Miss-and-out event: Gus E. Greiff 17, W. Anneman 16, Irving B.

B. STORR, Sec'y.

Herron Hill Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 5.—The fall tournament of the Herron Hill Gun Club, which closed here to-day, was, with the exception of the State shoot, held in May, probably the best ever held in this vicinity. The weather conditions were ideal for outdoor sport, being clear and warm.

Of the fifty-seven shooters who faced the traps, forty-five of them shot the entire programme of 400 shots, which shows that the system of guaranteeing the weaker shots their money back is the only way to hold them during the entire programme. This plan of adding money was used at Wilmington, Del., in the spring and last month at Cincinnati, O., and both shoots were well attended from start to finish. It was the intention of the Herron Hill Gun Club to refund the poor shots the entire amount of their losses without deducting the cost of targets; but their winnings were so small that it was found impossible to do so. Some idea may be gained of the amount lost when it is figured that the ten low guns drew but $106.55, an average of $10.65 per man, with an entrance of $40.

The nineteen shooters who failed to win their entrance drew but $320.65 at a cost of $760 entrance.

Those who shot over 90 per cent. were fairly well rewarded, the largest winnings being as follows: Kelsey, $44.70; L. E. Mallory, Jr., $39.50; J. Martin, $38.90; J. T. Atkinson, $24.60; C. C. Smith, $17.75.

These figures, however, include the amounts won in the 100-bird high gun race, which were as follows: Kelsey, $23.10; L. E. Mallory, Jr., $16.80; J. Martin, $16.80; J. T. Atkinson, $6.80; C. C. Smith, $5.25.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Luther J. Squier, H. H. Stevens, J. A. R. Elliott, Chas. Penfield, O. S. Stull, Chas. G. Grubb, J. C. Garland, L. Z. Lawrence and J. R. Hull.

The programme was started promptly at 9:30 Wednesday morning, and although a stop of one hour was made for lunch, all events were finished by 4 P. M.

Two Blackbird traps were used, which worked nicely, and 10,440 targets were trapped during the day. The second day's events were finished at 4:30 P. M., as several delays were caused by the breaking of both traps. During the two days 20,380 targets were scored. L. B. Fleming, who managed the shoot, wishes to thank Messrs. Grubb, Stevens, Squier, Penfield, Stull and Garland for their untiring efforts, which kept things moving rapidly at all times; also the shooters, as they were prompt at the score and seldom delayed their squads.

Last, but not least is our sincere thanks to Kelsey (G. E. Painter), who so kindly placed his elegant steam yacht at the disposal of the shooters, and took them to and from the shooting grounds each day in record-breaking time.

The Herron Hill Gun Club feel much gratified at the success of the tournament, as it brought out a number of shooters who had never before attended a shoot other than on their club grounds. Aside from this, nearly every contestant shot through the entire programme, which is very seldom seen at a target tournament.

High average for the two days was made by that clever shot from Bradford, Pa., Mr. L. E. Mallory, Jr., who broke 377 out of 400 targets, which is an excellent performance, considering the hard background on these grounds.

Mr. G. E. Painter (Kelsey) was a close second with 376, and H. H. Stevens landed third with 374, which gave him first general average among the experts. J. T. Atkinson was third among the amateurs with 370, and J. A. R. Elliott won second expert average with 365 out of 400.

The scores follow:

	First Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Second Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Total. Shot at.	Broke.	Money.
L E Mallory	200	190	200	187	400	377	$62.50
Kelsey	200	187	200	189	400	376	61.60
H H Stevens	200	187	200	187	400	374	....
J T Atkinson	200	184	200	186	400	370	57.80
J A R Elliott	200	181	200	184	400	365	....
J Martin	200	176	200	188	400	364	52.10
C C Smith	200	179	200	184	400	363	52.50
A H King	200	170	200	188	400	538	47.25
L Z Lawrence	200	177	200	181	400	358	....
Clifford	200	173	200	184	400	357	50.80
Raven	200	174	200	183	400	357	46.40
R S Deniker	200	179	200	177	400	356	49.20
Piercy	200	180	200	176	400	356	49.15
L B Fleming	200	176	200	176	400	352	45.75
D W Baker	200	170	200	181	400	351	43.55
Dr C. J. Jessup	200	178	200	170	400	348	43.35
L J Squier	200	178	200	168	400	346	....
G L Moore	200	168	200	183	400	351	42.45
H W Hoey	200	167	200	178	400	345	39.30
W Hale	200	165	200	179	400	344	38.05
E W Kelley	200	169	200	173	400	342	38.50
F E Mallory	200	161	200	180	400	341	38.05
R J West	200	176	200	164	400	340	37.35
J R Hull	200	165	200	168	400	333	....
C S C	200	166	200	167	400	333	32.85
J A Stoops	200	165	200	168	400	333	35.10
J H Ellsworth	200	162	200	169	400	331	29.00
C H Miller	200	164	200	161	400	325	32.70
Garland	200	154	200	167	400	321	....
T F Collins	200	159	200	161	400	320	24.55
Anderson	200	148	200	171	400	319	23.50
Lane	200	157	200	160	400	317	23.30
U B S	200	153	200	162	400	315	21.70
Sargent	200	161	200	154	400	315	24.45
R R Mallory	200	142	200	166	400	308	22.25
W W Andrews	200	165	200	142	400	307	19.00
Jas McGlashan	200	154	200	142	400	296	13.60
Worster	200	141	200	150	400	291	13.25
H W Rauh	200	144	200	147	400	291	12.95
W T Daugherty	200	133	200	160	400	293	10.50
Colman	200	142	200	140	400	182	8.90
Doc Smith	200	142	200	144	400	286	9.35
Bolsinger	200	131	200	149	400	280	7.70
W R Thompson	200	132	200	138	400	270	5.25
J T C	200	161	200	161	400	232	26.10
G Thompson	200	160	100	71	300	231	19.25
Pontefract	80	59	200	171	280	230	21.55
Stull	200	136	120	80	320	216	....
Schuyler	..	...	200	156	200	156	10.55
Scanlan	200	154	...	...	200	154	9.60
Sigley	..	...	160	120	160	[illegible]	5.35
H Stewart	120	91	...	...	120	[illegible]	....
Johnston	80	63	...	...	80	[illegible]	
North	80	54	...	...	80	[illegible]	
Packer	80	51	...	...	80	[illegible]	
Watson	20	18	...	...	20	[illegible]	....

Scores in 100-target race:

Kelsey	96	Clifford	90
L E Mallory	95	C J Jessup	90
Martin	95	Moore	89
Raven	94	Geo H Pie[illegible]	89
King	94	J H Ellsworth	88
Atkinson	93	Anderson	87
Baker	93	Pontefract	87
C C Smith	92	E W Kelley	86
H W Hoey	91	R J West	84
L B Fleming	90	Schuyler	83
F E Mallory	90		

L. B. FLEMING, Mgr.

THE MANY-USE OIL

On strop and razor makes shaving a pleasure. Try it.—*Adv.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1905.

Forest and Stream, New York:

Gentlemen—Yours of 29th at hand. We have been well pleased with the results from our advertisement in your journal. We started a new business, and it is doing splendidly, and we appreciate the good work that you did for us. However, we do not think that it would be to our interest to continue our ad., as almost all who will want our goods this season will have ordered soon. Another spring we will no doubt want to avail ourselves of your excellent advertising journal.

Respectfully yours,

THE NATIONAL WATERPROOF BOOT CO.,
(O. C. Frisbee, G. M.).

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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VOL. LXV.—No. 18 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

...he FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertain-...t, instruction and information between American sportsmen. ... editors invite communications on the subjects to which its ...es are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be re-...lled. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion ...urrent topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of ...espondents.

...ubscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single ...es, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full ...iculars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The object of this journal will be to studiously ...mote a healthful interest in outdoor recre-...on, and to cultivate a refined taste for natura. ...ects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

BIRDS AND THE COTTON CROP.

THE Department of Agriculture has undertaken the ...dy of birds in the South and their relation to the cot-... boll weevil. This insect is one of the most destruc-... pests in the country to-day; its ravages in Texas ...e caused enormous losses and the weevil is steadily ...eading and covering a wider territory. The investi-...ion is to determine what effect the birds have as its ...troyers. The study has been made by Mr. Vernon ...ley, chief field naturalist of the Biological Survey, ... a preliminary report has just been issued. It is a ...ort of progress, for the investigation has not yet been ...ried to a point where the services of the birds as allies ...man may fully be summed up. But enough has been ...wn to prove that these services are extremely valu-...e. The fact is pointed out that for twelve years since ... introduction the weevil has made steady progress in ... spread over the cotton producing area in spite of the ...ds; and there is no ground then to assume that birds ... ever likely to exterminate the insect. It is true, ...vertheless, that the investigation has shown that birds ...ve had a very important influence in checking the ...evil, to such an extent indeed that the conclusion is ...tly reached that if it were not for the birds no cotton ...atever could be produced in the infected areas. More-...er, it is reasonable to believe that when the services of ... birds shall be more fully recognized and in conse-...ence more efficient protection shall be given to them, ... increased avian supply will, in corresponding ratio, ...ve more effective in reducing the weevil.

Among the birds found to be destructive of the boll ...evil the first place is given to the titlark or pipit, of ...hich at the time of his visit in November Mr. Bailey ...nd flocks of 100 to 500 constantly in the cotton fields, ...king food as they ran or walked over the ground. Of ...ht individuals killed for examination of their stomachs, ...e were found to contain remains of boll weevils. ...llowing the birds only two meals a day, at this rate ...y would consume 125 per cent. of their own numbers ... weevils daily. The titlarks winter in Texas in im-... and the aggregate of their useful work ... must be of tremendous magnitude.

...ay. ...ose usefulness in varying degree was ...monstrated include the Carolina wren, the western ...adow lark and the Florida meadow lark, the common ...œbe, the red-winged blackbird, the western savanna ...arrow and the white-coated sparrow, the brown ...rasher and the Texas bobwhite. The investigation of ...e quail was made in the autumnal season, when the ...rds were feeding almost exclusively on ripened weed ...eds; but quail are known to feed largely on insects in ...e summer, and Mr. Bailey concludes that later in the ...ason, especially during the winter and spring months, ...ter the weevils have left the cotton, the quail scratch ...em up from under the leaves and rubbish.

Other birds which are named in the report as giving ...eful co-operation in the weevil warfare are the shore ...rds, in particular the killdeer plover, which is known to ...t the insects and frequents the cotton fields at all sea-...ns. The same statement applies to other plover, the ...bland plover or Bartram's sandpiper being one of the ...ost insectivorous of all species. Formerly it was ...und in immense numbers on Texas prairies, but market ...unting has almost exterminated it. The bird is known ... papabotte in Louisiana, and is one of the choicest birds ... the New Orleans market.

It is suggestive that here in this cotton boll weevil study should be developed another illustration of the folly with which we have gone on for years tolerating the destruction of game for market; and demonstrating anew the wisdom and utility of the Platform Plank, that the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.

NEBRASKA'S GREAT TREE PLANTER.

TO-DAY, Oct. 28, a fitting honor to a public benefactor will be paid, when at Nebraska City, Neb., a monument will be dedicated to the memory of J. Sterling Morton, the founder of Arbor Day. A Nebraska pioneer, having taken up a homestead in 1854, a highly successful farmer and man of affairs, Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland, Mr. Morton is most widely known and most gratefully remembered as an advocate of tree planting and forest preservation. No other man of his generation, nor of any other generation in this country, has had such an influence in this field of tree planting as he. "Plant trees" was his lifelong motto. These words were engraved on his stationery, emblazoned on the panels of his carriage, proclaimed by him in season and out of season, preached and practiced. The memorial stands in a grove of trees on the Morton farm, which he himself planted and in which, it is said, he took more pride than in any other achievement of his life. The monument has been provided by the Arbor Day Memorial Association, which was organized after Mr. Morton's death in 1902; and the purpose of the memorial is to be first "a perpetual reminder of Mr. Morton to his fellow-townsmen and their children and grand-children, as an example of integrity and patriotic citizenship for them to imitate, to commemorate his public services, particularly in founding of Arbor Day, and to recognize his record as a pioneer of the West."

The design, by Rudolph Evans, of this city, is a life-like portrait statue in bronze, the accessories being a bough of a tree, a plowshare, and a woodsprite caressing a young tree. The characterization chiselled in the marble on one side is, "Pioneer, Statesman, Scholar, Tree Planter," and on the other side "Father of Arbor Day," and the motto "Plant Trees."

THE CALIFORNIA ELK.

READERS of early books of California history remember that at the inpouring of Americans into that State fifty years ago, the elk were very abundant. Especially were they numerous in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys and in the tule marshes which bordered many of the rivers and lakes of the flat country.

Over the greater part of this region the elk have long been exterminated, but on the extensive cattle ranch owned by Miller and Lux there has always been a small herd, protected by the proprietors, and this herd has come to number about two hundred. A few years ago, through the efforts of Dr. Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, Messrs. Miller and Lux presented these elk to the United States Government, and after a time a pasture was constructed for them in the Sequoia National Park. In November, 1904, efforts were made to round up the elk and drive them into a corral, so that they could be caught, boxed and shipped to their new home. The drive, though carefully planned and taken part in by good riders, was a failure. The elk refused to be driven, broke back through the line of riders and escaped to the foothills of the Temploa Mountains. During the drive the cowmen roped a number of elk, most of which died. Their skins and skulls were preserved and were the first specimens of this animal which had come into the hands of a scientific man in recent times. On these specimens is based a new species of elk, *Cervus nannodes,* described last February by Dr. Merriam, and then spoken of in FOREST AND STREAM.

As our dispatches show another drive was held this year and twenty-three specimens were captured, of which twenty lived to be transferred to the quarters prepared for them on Kaweah River, in the Sequoia National Park. Here it may be hoped that they will do well. The tule elk is very much smaller than any of the other elk known from America, is shorter legged, much paler in color, and has more white on the ears. It is thought to be more nearly related to the elk of the Rocky Mountains than to either of the Pacific coast species.

ALIENS AND GUNS.

THE killing of song birds by foreigners, which is a nuisance of such large proportions in the vicinity of towns and cities, may be suppressed at least in so far as unnaturalized foreigners are implicated simply by enforcing that section of the penal code which forbids aliens to carry arms. This is section 409, which reads as follows: "No person not a citizen of the United States shall have or carry firearms or dangerous weapons in any public place at any time."

The Forest, Fish and Game Commission has printed this in bold type on a linen poster, together with an announcement that "under this law the slaughter of song and insectivorous birds, which has been carried to such an alarming extent by non-citizens, may be stopped almost wholly. It is the duty of all good citizens to report violations of this law to the police or to the civil authorities and to see that offenders are summarily punished."

This poster will be supplied free of cost on application to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, Albany, N. Y. It should be very extensively displayed in all districts where Italians and other aliens now invade the highways and fields in pursuit of song birds.

The Commissioners might do well to put out polyglot posters, giving the law in English and Italian, for it is to be assumed that the song bird potters are not familiar with the English tongue. Five song bird killers, captured last Sunday near Bronx Park, in the upper part of the city, were of Italian extraction, as their names indicate—Parelo, Amodeo, Comoneto and Gaetano. In their possession were found twenty-nine robins, two indigo birds, five thrushes, a grosbeak and a catbird; and evidence seemed to show that they had regaled themselves on several other birds, cooking them over a fire kindled in the woods.

THAT is an ingenious piece of figuring in the paragraph on "Bobwhite as an ally of the farmer" in another column, which leads to the conclusion that in Virginia and North Carolina the quail consumes 1,341 tons of weed seeds between Sept. 1 and April 30, and 340 tons of insects in the period from June 1 to Aug. 31. This is presenting the bird in an unfamiliar light. We esteem the quail as a game bird, but its economic value is not so well understood nor so highly appreciated as it should be. This study of the life history of the quail ought to have the widest possible currency. When the relation of game birds as well as of other birds to agriculture shall come to be within common knowledge, we may look for a distinctly changed and improved attitude on the part of land owners.

WE recorded at the time of its occurrence the death of Guy M. Bradley, the Florida warden of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who was murdered while making arrest of an egret hunter at Oyster Key, Fla., last July. Mr. Bradley was a martyr to the cause of bird protection, and it is fitting that recognition of his services and lamentable death should take the substantial form of provision for his widow and two young children. The movement set on foot to provide a pension for the family must appeal widely, and the response should be prompt and generous. Contributions may be sent to Mr. William Dutcher, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, No. 525 Manhattan avenue, New York city.

DEER are so plentiful in Long Island that they invade the highways and narrowly escape death by the automobiles which speed noiselessly around the curves in the road. When Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, on his way from the Vanderbilt Cup races last week, ran into a herd of eight deer near the Vanderbilt estate at Oakdale, a buck sprang from the path of the vehicle with such force as to drive its head through the wire fence, where it was held immovable, unable to go either forward or backward. The deer supply in this part of the island is so great as in many ways to be a nuisance; and the residents are looking forward with no satisfaction whatever to the occasion which is scheduled for Nov. 8, when an army of deer hunters will be on hand for the opening day's sport.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Stories of Some Sea Dogs.

III.—Zero, a Hero of the North.

I UNWILLINGLY spent the winter of 1851 in the Arctic Ocean on board the brig Swallow, a little craft that had gone up there fur trading and to secure as many walrus tusks as was possible to obtain. I was the supercargo and ice-pilot, the latter position being due to the fact that I had been in these waters the previous year on a New Bedford whaler in quest of the famous bowhead whale and the big bone they yielded. When, in my opinion, the time came for us to up anchor and leave these waters the captain was deaf to my entreaties to depart, and the result was that we were frozen in for the long dreary Arctic winter. Fortunately, we were lying in a snug little bay in St. Lawrence Island in about 63 degrees North latitude and longitude 170 East.

The island at that time belonged to Russia and was much frequented by Yankee whalemen, who did a rushing business in catches, but at the time we were nipped all of the whaling fleet had sailed southward. On my previous voyage I had become acquainted with several Eskimo families, who were constantly visiting us, and when I piloted the Swallow to a comparatively safe anchorage, which was to be our winter quarters, my old native friends came on board in goodly numbers, and I especially was greeted with many expressions of pleasure, and it was not long before I had made arrangements with several families to remain by the brig for the winter, promising them comfortable quarters, plenty of food and a far better time than if they went off to their own winter resort. We now felt assured that if the vessel was so unfortunate as to be crushed in the ice we could rely upon these faithful men of the Far North to be of valuable assistance to us through the long winter night, and being to the manor born, they would be able perhaps to save us from perishing amid the ice and snows of that little island.

Our crew consisted of some forty all told, the Eskimos numbered twenty-two, including several little children, and eighteen native dogs, the latter a rather unruly, tough lot and always hungry; in fact, never satisfied, no matter how often fed. One of the dogs attracted my attention, and it seemed to me that he in return took a fancy to me; at any rate, it was only a few days before we became friends and constant companions in my journeys between the brig and the shore, where we had begun to store our provisions in case the brig was destroyed by the ice. I christened him Zero, an appropriate name for the surroundings, I thought, but his nature was the exact opposite of his new name, for he was affectionate, intelligent, apt to learn my words of command, and it was not long before his devotion and good fellowship were most marked. We soon became inseparable and he often slept in my stateroom, which was warmer than the main cabin. It was not long before he began to ignore his canine companions and had little to do with them. My heart went out to that dog as never did it to one of his species. When I first met Zero he was a heathen dog, an unchristian, uncivilized fellow that knew not my language or my manners; in fact, he was an unclean dog, but how changed he became in a few days, for he had been washed, combed and brushed and was now a presentable being, full of that tenderness we find in the trained house dog at home.

One fine day along in the latter part of September Zero and I went out for a stroll among the snow hummocks and in quest of any game that might give me a chance to bag it. I carried an old-fashioned musket loaded with a ball and about an ounce of buckshot; slung over my shoulder was a copper powder flask, and in a sealskin bag were some percussion caps and the necessary wadding, and strapped on Zero's back was some lunch for us both. We did not carry water, for if thirsty we could moisten our mouths by eating snow.

We had jogged along for about two miles when a snow squall overtook us and we halted and took shelter behind a large hummock until the squall had passed. Just as we were starting I noticed that Zero had scented something, for he would look steadily and intently off to seaward and then look at me as much as if to say, "Can't you smell something?" And again he would look up at me almost saying, "Don't you know that there is a bear hereabouts, I do?" Presently around the hummock came the head of a big lump of a polar bear, who evidently had not yet discovered our position. Off came my fur mittens and putting a fresh cap on the nipple of the gun and jarring the powder in my gun well, I was ready for the bear. Zero showed his delight by wagging his tail and jumping up and down as if to say, "Now, old fellow, you will get it."

We were not more than fifty feet from the bear when he discovered us and evidently he was more surprised than we were. We were dead to leeward of him, and up to this time the wind had been so fresh our scent had not reached him, but now that he had seen us he hesitated for a moment, evidently querying as to what he should do. My mind was made up, and no matter what the brute contemplated I was ready for him, for I felt that being a good shot and with my old musket to do its duty I did not fear for the results being in my favor. All that I feared was that Zero might take it into his head to rush at the bear and interfere with my aim. This was my first hunt with the dog, and I did not know how he would act under the circumstances. I bade him keep still, and he seemed to understand my command. I never shall forget how he looked at me and then at the bear as much as to say, "Now, what are you going to do? Why don't you fire? What are you waiting for?" Yet, he seemed to have full confidence in me, and perhaps in the musket, for he had seen many the time what firearms could do. I was walking slowly up to the bear, who alternately was on all fours, then on his haunches, and when I was within about fifteen feet of the fellow, and when he was showing me the finest set of bear's teeth I ever saw, I took deliberate aim and sent the handful of assorted lead into that blood-red mouth. The huge creature gave a mighty lunge toward us, fell over on his side and after a series of terrific struggles lay quiet, as if dead. Zero was wild with excitement and wanted to rush at the monster, but I checked him, for I had read that bears could do the possum act at times with serious results; so I loaded my old trusty and sat down to make sure that my prize was "done dead."

Now, the question arose how was I to get tidings to the brig that I had shot a bear and that I needed assistance to transport it to the ship where it would be gladly welcomed, for we had not had any fresh meat for a long time. I did not dare to leave the bear while I went to the vessel for help lest some other bear should come and spoil my day's hunting trip. I had neither pencil nor paper on which to write a message to my shipmates, so I resolved to test Zero's intelligence as a messenger. He was intently watching the carcass when I called him to me, and patting him on the head said: "Now, Zero"—pointing in the direction of the vessel—"you go as fast as you can to the brig and tell them I have killed a big bear and to send a sledge here quick." Then he went up to the bear and I cut a piece off its ear and putting the piece in Zero's mouth said, "Now go." He looked at me for an instant then started off at full speed. That dog knew just what I wanted and it would be pretty hard to convince me that he did not know what I actually said.

It did not take him long to reach the brig and the natives understood the message Zero brought telling the crew that I had shot a big bear—the ear told that part of the story. It was not many minutes before a dozen natives and a half dozen of my shipmates were on their way with two dog sledge teams and hurrying to my assistance. Long before they hove in sight Zero came bounding over the snow, and rushing up to me licked my face and said, as plain as a dog can say, "They are coming with the dogs and sledges to carry back the dead bear." The party arrived in good season, and, loading my prize on the sledge, we started to the brig, and as there was a spare sledge my shipmates insisted that I get on and ride back to the vessel in state. I agreed provided that Zero might share the ride and honors with me; and we both then had our first sledge ride on St. Lawrence Island. The bear weighed about 800 pounds and kept us in fresh meat for several days.

Zero was the first canine I ever owned or claimed as my exclusive property on a ship. I had shipmates with dogs before, but they were always the "captain's dog," and they were all expected to remain aft, and were not allowed to become too familiar with the foremast hands, and while I loved dogs it was only on rare occasions that I could gratify my pleasure to pet or caress them. But my Eskimo dog was "mine own," and, to tell the truth, I was a bit jealous when anyone else presumed to pet him. Our love for each other was genuine, while his devotion to me was something beyond my description. Always present, but never obtrusive, he seemed to divine my very thoughts, and what amazed me most was that from an untutored animal, among surroundings not at all ennobling, he became in a very brief period the personification of all that was noble and endearing in a dumb creature. Oh, how many times I wished that he was endowed with the gift of human speech, for to have been able to converse with him would have been happiness indeed. Yet we seemed to understand each other, aye better than many of my shipmates understood me. I was often taunted by them for my love for "that dog." But why should I not love him? He never lied to me, nor stole from me, nor maligned me. He was true as steel, and in many ways, especially in touring around the snow-clad island, his knowledge of trails, his scent of game, or of danger was far superior to mine. I had but to follow Zero and I was safe. Ever kind and gentle as a companion, in the presence of an animal enemy he was a demon incarnate.

In one of my hunting trips I fell over a cliff and was badly stunned by the fall. When I awoke to consciousness some hours afterward I found myself neatly covered with snow that he had blanketed me with, and cuddled up beside me was faithful Zero giving out to me the warmth of his body. But for his almost human intelligence and his prompt action I should have perished that night and the story of my Arctic dog would never have been written for these pages. Can you wonder that I loved that dumb animal? After that mishap, and when we went off on a hunt I harnessed him to a little light sledge that I made. It carried a fur sleeping bag, a couple of blankets, a pair of single-barreled pistols—there were no revolvers in those days—and a couple of days' provisions for us. Zero was very proud of his sledge outfit, and I often thought he wondered why I did not take a ride on it, but I had resolved that I never would, unless it was absolutely necessary. This outfit often came in very handy when we were "caught out." All we had to do was to select a sheltered place, go into camp, open up the sleeping bag and Zero and I would pass the time as comfortably as two "bugs in a rug." I slept soundly feeling assured that if we were discovered by any prowling animals my trusty companion would give ample warning, so that I could properly deal with the intruder. We were never disturbed but once, and then finding that the watchman was on duty he cleared out before I could get a shot at it.

The time came when Zero was to be the pet and hero of the little brig. The chief mate with three of the crew one day took it into their heads to go gunning. I suggested that as the weather looked threatening they had better wait a day or two, but go they would and go they did. About four hours after they left the vessel a terrific storm set in, and all hands began to worry about the hunters, and even the natives on board expressed their doubts of the party reaching the wreck of the old whaler Richmond, of Cold Spring, that had gone on the beach the year before about two miles to the northward of where we were anchored in the ice. If they reached her it would be all well, for they would be well sheltered and have plenty of fire wood to keep warm. It would have been madness to send out a relief party in such a storm, so all we could do was to wait and worry, until the storm abated somewhat. For one I spent a wretched night thinking of what might befall my shipmates, for they were totally unprepared for such a storm, and besides had had no experience, as I had had, in sheltering themselves under such circumstances.

The hours wore heavily away and it seemed as if the storm would never abate. About 9 o'clock next morning I called for a volunteer rescue party from among the crew, and selecting a few of the natives and two dog teams we started out with heavy hearts but dogged determination to find our imperiled shipmates. We were bountifully equipped with sleeping bags, furs, provisions and some needed stimulants. I pinned my faith largely upon Zero to lead us to the trail of the lost ones. He seemed to realize fully the object of our mission and displayed much anxiety when we first began to prepare for the expedition and was very impatient to be off. When I harnessed him up his joy knew no bounds.

When at last we started the wind had moderated a little, but the snow was still falling and it was pretty cold. We laid our course for the wrecked ship, steering by compass, for each party was provided with a small boat compass. Of course we did not expect to find any trail on that route, for the snow that had been failling all the night and part of the day before had blotted that out and we must trust to "blind luck," so far as the white men were concerned, and trust to the Eskimos who were the leaders of the three parties. Zero and I made up the fourth. After struggling through the snow drifts for nearly three hours, some of the men were for returning to the brig and giving up the quest until the weather moderated, but by alternate pleadings and threats I urged them forward. Our crew men were suffering terribly, but I asked them what would they think if they were lost and we made no effort to save them. That seemed to appeal to them and they plodded on; betimes cursing the mate for starting out for a hunt when he had been warned of the coming storm. The party as a whole were fast becoming demoralized and the cold was telling upon them, and I began to fear that my attempt at rescuing the mate was to end in a failure and that our four shipmates would never see the brig again. All at once Zero stopped for a moment, and with a peculiar bark started off at right angles to the course we had been going. I felt certain that he had picked up a scent, and telling the boys to follow me we started after the dog, who was now some distance in advance of us. I fired off my musket, the signal for the other parties to come to us. We could hear Zero barking like mad and presently saw him come running back, and as he reached us we knew by his actions he had found at least some of the lost ones. We redoubled our speed and in about twenty minutes we were under the lee of a big hummock where Zero stood barking as I never had heard him bark before. Here we found, in a bunch, our shipmates, all badly frozen and two of them unconscious.

We at once gave each a good rubbing down with snow, gave them a drink of brandy and bundled them into the sleeping bags, piled the furs over them and started on our backward journey. It was too late and too far to attempt to reach the brig that night, and our party were too exhausted to attempt it, so I ordered all hands to the wreck where we could be sure of shelter, a good fire and a night's rest. I sent a small party ahead to kindle a fire, and as we approached the wreck we could smell the smoke, which was the forerunner of a cheerful warmth in store for us. Arrived we set to work to get our rescued shipmates into shape and succeeded, and, after a frugal morning meal, we wended our way back to the brig with the glad tidings that our mission had been successful. It was then that the skill of Zero as a trail hunter, as the saviour of the four men was told, and that he was caressed, fondled and even kissed; he was an idol and a hero. Then no one ever questioned my love for my Arctic dog.

When we got out of the ice in the late spring we sailed for Honolulu, and on the passage my faithful, yes my beloved friend sickened, and despite all we could do for him passed away quietly, his head pillowed in my lap. That death scene comes up to me as I write this, and my eyes are dimmed, aye wet, and I am not a bit ashamed



FREE TRADERS.

One of the drawings by Charles M. Russell for "Sixty Years on the Plains." Here enlarged from the size in which it appears in the book.

o confess it, even now. The carpenter made Zero a good olid wooden coffin, it was well ballasted with some bits f scrap iron, and at sundown the fore topsail was laid to he mast, the colors were half-masted and amid profound ilence all that was mortal of my poor faithful Zero was ommitted to the deep, and from captain to cabin boy on oard the brig Swallow all sincerely mourned the death f that faithful, beloved Eskimo dog of the Far North.

B. S. Osbon.

Sixty Years a Trapper.*

Away out in Montana, on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, lives the only survivor known to us of the old race of free trappers, the men who perhaps more than any other class contributed to make this country what it is to-day. This man is "Uncle" Bill Hamilton, born in 1825, on the plains in 1842, trapper, Indian fighter, sign talker, scout and guide so long as there were fur, wild Indians, buffalo, Indian fighting, and a country not all cut up by roads and fences, as it is to-day. It seems curious to think of a man still living who was contemporary with old Bill Williams, Jim Baker, Carson, Bridger and a dozen other men whose names, until within a few years, were household words throughout the West. In the hurry of immigration and of business these men have been largely forgotten, and have ceased to be talked about by the dwellers in that vast region which lies west of the Missouri. Their names still live in the simple books which tell the history of the early West, but their personalities are remembered by but few.

W. T. Hamilton is one of these men. He is eighty-three years old, and from the time that he was twenty, has spent his whole life on the plains and in the mountains of the West. He was a skilled trapper, is an authority on Indian manners and customs, and has long been acknowledged to be the most expert sign talker on the plains. He still makes a trip each year into the mountains, and sets his traps with the same skill as in the days before California was known.

For many years Mr. Hamilton's friends and acquaintances have been urging him to set down in order the story of a life which runs back into a past which now seems so distant, and at last he has done so, in a volume just issued, entitled "My Sixty Years on the Plains." As may be imagined, it is a story of adventure. The trappers of those days were heroes, and no man had a place in the camp of trappers unles he was ready to do a man's work.

William T. Hamilton was born in Scotland in the year 1825, but reached New Orleans when less than three years old and spent his early years in St. Louis. His failing health induced his father to make arrangements with a party of eight free trappers, led by Bill Williams and Perkins, by which the son should spend a year in the mountains, the son William having an interest in the outfit to the extent of one-third. Leaving Independence, Mo., in March, the party had been out only five days when they encountered Indians, and from that time on, except on the rare occasions when traders were met, or at the trappers' winter rendezvous, Indians were almost the only human beings seen by the party.

The first red men with whom they had friendly intercourse was a village of Cheyennes under the chief White Antelope. The chief's son, Swift Runner, who was about Hamilton's age, took a great fancy to him. For a buffalo chase the chief's son furnished Hamilton a good running horse, and here Hamilton had his first experience with buffalo.

Of the ride he says: "There was yelling and shooting in every direction; and many riderless ponies were mixed in with the buffalo, with Indians after them, reckless if they in turn were dismounted as their friends had been, by the ponies stepping into prairie dog or badger holes. Many an Indian has come to grief by having an arm or leg broken in this way. Ponies are sure-footed, but in a run such as this one, where over a thousand buffalo are tearing at full speed over the prairie, a dust is created which makes it impossible for the ponies to see the holes, hence the mishaps, which are very common."

Of the Cheyennes he says: "The Cheyennes were and are to-day a proud and brave people. Their domestic habits were commendable and could be followed to advantage by many white families." When Hamilton parted with the Cheyennes, his young friend Swift Runner presented to him the pony that he had ridden in the chase, and for many years afterward this was Hamilton's favorite war horse.

In those days there was intense rivalry between the various fur companies and traders, all of whom wished to secure the furs taken by the free trappers, the most skillful men of the mountains. Interesting and amusing accounts are given of the keen trading between two classes of men, each striving to outdo the other. Meantime, the trappers were constantly meeting Indians, Sioux, Crows, Shoshones, Pawnees and Blackfeet. The tales of Indian skirmishes and Indian battles are modestly related and are most interesting. One can imagine what happened quite as much from what is left unsaid as from what is told.

Most interesting and suggestive are the frequent matter-of-course references to the constant alertness of the trappers, and to the precaution constantly taken to avoid being surprised. No step looking toward safety was ever omitted. Each man knew what he should do, and did it. In fact, among a group of men of this type—picked men, the most skillful of their craft—the taking of precautions becomes a habit, and we do not wonder that, in their fighting with the Indians or in the difficult situations in which they so often found themselves, such men were almost always successful.

Before he had been long on the plains, Hamilton had become a good sign talker, and this skill, together with his youth, greatly excited the curiosity of the Indians. When they met the Shoshones the women continually asked him questions as to where he had come from and what tribe he had been raised with, evidently finding it difficult to believe that this was his first experience on the plains.

A party of the Blackfeet that had attempted to steal the horses of Williams' party and had been defeated, had killed two of five trappers the day before, and the plunder taken from the two had been recaptured by Williams' party. This was returned to the three living men, who were a Frenchman, a Scotchman and a Kentuckian. A comment on these men is interesting to the reader of oldtime volumes of plains travels: "I found the Scotchman and the Kentuckian well educated men. The latter presented me with a copy of Shakespeare, and an ancient and modern history, which he had in the pack. We had an abundance of reading matter with us—old mountain men were all great readers. It was always amusing to me to hear people from the East speak of mountaineers as semi-barbarians, when as a general rule they were the peers of the Easterners in general knowledge."

In those days the Blackfeet were the scourge of the trapper, and many of his conflicts were with some one of the divisions of this then powerful tribe. But there were other Indians, as yet ignorant of the white man and his power, who threatened the trappers, demanded pay from them for passing through the country, and generally made themselves disagreeable. Occasionally the trappers came in conflict with these, and owing to their careful system of camping, standing guard, and watching their property, they were always victorious. Besides the long rifles which they used so effectively, each trapper carried a pair of the then new Colt's revolvers, and besides this, they had in their camp, for use at short range, several double-barreled shotguns, which, with the traditional load of buck and ball, were

*My Sixty Years on the Plains. Trapping, Trading and Indian Fighting. By W. T. Hamilton ("Bill Hamilton"). Edited by E. T. Sieber. With eight full-page illustrations by Charles M. Russell. New York, Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 1905. Price, $1.50.

always sufficient to turn a hesitating into a fleeing enemy.

Three years passed, and then Williams' business took him into the Southwest, while Hamilton remained in the North with Perkins and a number of his fellows. Yet he did not lose sight of Williams, who, in after years sent him a manuscript containing the history of Williams' life among the Pueblo, Navajo and Apache—a manuscript of the utmost value—which was destroyed by fire at the burning of the Crow agency in 1873. As time passed, Hamilton's trapping extended further and further to the West, and at last the gold excitement which invaded the trappers' camp, led him and a number of his companions to start for California, determined to turn their rifle barrels into crowbars. Not long after they had reached California, the Indians there began to murder miners, and the trappers, who still wore their buckskin clothing and so were noticeable people, were urged to assist in punishing the murderers. Here they rendered effective service and the killing of the miners soon ceased.

Besides the adventure with which Mr. Hamilton's book abounds, it is particularly interesting for the light it throws on the daily life of the trapper; how he set his traps, cared for his furs, packed them, and disposed of them; how he hunted, looked after his horse, resisted injustice, defended himself and revenged injuries. This book, which has just come off the press, is not less interesting than the old volumes of sixty or seventy years ago, which are now long out of print, and which the man interested in the West seeks for in old bookstores and pays large prices for. It has the same flavor of antiquity with these books, for in fact, it describes a country and scenes and incidents that can never be seen again, that are as much a part of the past as is the landing of Columbus. The volume, written by a Montanian, is one in which all Montana men, and indeed all Western men, may feel a just pride. It is illustrated by six sketches by C. M. Russell, the "cowboy artist"—most striking and effective pictures. Mr. Russell, as is well known, has for many years made a most careful study of Indians and Indian life, and these pictures are not only beautiful artistically, but are absolutely true to the old life.

It is many years since a book has appeared that is so interesting to the student of the early West, or to the hunter and traveler in western America out of doors. We believe that the volume will have a remarkable success.

In Trapping Days.

From Wm. T. Hamilton's "Sixty Years on the Plains."

WE finished our trapping in this section without being molested further, and then moved to Bear River. At this camp we came in contact with the Bannocks, whose chief was named Pocatello. It was he who fought Connor and his California volunteers in 1862. The result of the fight was that the Bannocks were simply annhilated. Pocatello escaped by swimming down the Bear River with the thermometer at 38 degrees below zero, unusually cold for that country.

These Bannocks made annual visits to the plains after buffalo, and were expert in the making of pemmican. They were also adept in collecting fine furs, more expert than any other tribe I have ever known.

It was now October and furs were beginning to get prime. We trapped Bear River and Malade River with good success; and then crossed Goose Creek Mountains and trapped Goose Creek and Raft River.

Here we met some Pah Utes, a branch of the Shoshones, but the Shoshones do not affiliate with them. They were a primitive race, making fire by friction between two sticks. We visited their village, as I wanted to see how they conducted their domestic affairs. They could not be compared to Sioux, Cheyennes, or Shoshones, for they were filthy in habits. Their cooking utensils were primitive in construction. For spoons they used the hoofs of elk and the horns of mountain sheep. They are credited with manufacturing pottery, but I visited many lodges and saw none. They had a few kettles, which appeared to me all they desired. Their arms consisted of bows and arrows and a few indifferent flintlock guns. Many arrows were pointed with flint, which they poisoned by dipping the point in liver which had previously been poisoned with rattlesnake venom. I have heard that they extracted a poison from roots, but this I very much doubt.

They collect quantities of berries, and for meats they have deer, antelope, mountain sheep, jack rabbits and ground squirrels. The last two are evidently their favorite food, for I noticed large numbers of them hung up in the village. They hunt squirrels with blunt-pointed arrows. They are great beggars and thieves, and we caught them trying to steal our horses.

The streams were now beginning to freeze up, and we started for the Brown's Hole rendezvous, arriving there the latter part of November.

Several traders had come from the States with supplies, and there was quite a rivalry among them for our furs. Bovey & Company were the most liberal buyers, and we sold them the entire lot.

Besides the trappers there were at the rendezvous many Indians—Shoshones, Utes and a few lodges of Navajos—who came to exchange their pelts for whatever they stood in need of. Take it all in all, it was just such a crowd as would delight the student were he studying the characteristics of the mountaineer and the Indian. The days were given to horse racing, foot racing, shooting matches; and in the evening were heard the music of voice and drum and the sound of dancing. There was also an abundance of reading matter for those inclined in that direction.

Perkins had a fly-tent put up and made a counter out of dry goods boxes, and then said:

"Now, young man, you take charge of the store. You are the best sign-talker in the camp and can out-trade me. Besides, the Indians and trappers are all fond of you."

I was the youngest man in the camp and full of the Old Nick, the men would say, for I was continually playing some prank.

On Jan. 20 a fearful storm began, which raged for six days, scattering most of the horses in the hills, and made both trappers and Indians uneasy, as Blackfeet, Bloods, or Piegans were often in this section at this time of the year. These tribes are winter Indians, and storms and severe weather do not affect them in the least.

On the seventh day the storm abated, and about seventy-five trappers and Indians started out to gather stock. All our horses except six were missing. Among the six was my Runner, and mounting him I joined one of the parties composed of twenty whites and five Indians.

At Cedar Creek we struck fresh tracks of a large number of horses making due east to a comparatively level country. The Indians said to me in signs, "Blackfeet." We traveled at half speed for the next twelve miles and came to a ridge, from the summit of which we could see some Indians driving horses about one and a half miles away.

A draw to our right led toward the spot, so we turned up and at a rapid pace followed it to its head without being discovered by the Blackfeet.

When we reached the head of the draw, a Shoshone dismounted and crept to the brow of the hill and discovered the Blackfeet going over a hill beyond. Watching until they disappeared behind the hill, he signalled and we hurried forward to the next ridge.

From this ridge we could plainly see them and counted eleven. They had just halted to change horses, and when they caught sight of us they hurried to remount.

Our horses were the swiftest and we soon overtook them. They had no possible chance of escaping, and getting rattled they separated, which was just what we wanted them to do. Had they stayed together and fought they might have done some damage. As it was, they became panic-stricken at our sudden appearance. Here was a practical illustration of the efficiency of pistol practice at stumps. The trappers did not for a moment hesitate to charge the scattered Blackfeet; but each one selected his man and passed at full speed, delivering pistol shots at from twenty to forty feet distant.

Almost every shot brought down an Indian, who in the meanwhile attempted to fight with his arrows. In less than three minutes there were eleven dead Indians.

There was one Blackfoot mounted on a pinto pony who was leading the others, and as my Runner was the swiftest horse in our outfit the men yelled, "Bill, catch that pinto with that devil of yours."

The Indian at this time was 200 yards distant, and I headed for him, and it was a grand race for a quarter of a mile.

I then spoke to my pony, "Catch him." He needed no whip nor spur, and I never saw him do better. When within fifty feet the Indian wheeled and let fly an arrow, Runner would spring to the right or left by pressure of my knee and the arrow flew harmlessly by. Before the Blackfoot could fit another arrow to the string I was close to him and had sent him to join his companions.

We let the Shoshones do the hair-lifting, but we appropriated the plunder, which consisted of pipes, tobacco and pemmican. The pemmican was pounced upon by all, as we were good and hungry. "Silver Tip" had received a glancing arrow in the ribs, but it was only a slight wound.

The trappers and Indians gave me the pinto pony, and it was a good one; it was very fast and had orginally belonged to the Utes.

We then started for camp, having recovered 115 head of horses and mules.

The five Indians rode through their village with the scalps tied on coup-sticks, and there was great rejoicing. They had had no hand whatever in killing the Blackfeet, but that did not matter. They recounted their bravery in recapturing the ponies and taking each one a Blackfoot scalp. We came in for no praise whatever from the women, as they considered that we were only assisting their brave young warriors. The dancing and feasting over this affair lasted for several days.

The Utes, on hearing of my catching the pinto pony, crowded around to see my Runner, and after looking him all over challenged me to a race. I was to ride against the owner of the pinto. Of course I accepted and the bet was made, I on my part putting up a mule. The trappers and Shoshones all backed me and put up blankets, robes and ponies. The track was selected, the word was given, and off we started.

Up to within 100 feet of the finish we raced neck and neck, but I was holding my horse in and the little imp was mad. When I finally gave him his head, he distanced the Ute by twenty feet, much to his disgust. When Indians lose they give up gracefully, and no exception was made in this case.

It was now time to lay in a supply of depuyer and pemmican for spring, and about thirty trappers went to North Park and secured all the buffalo required. This kept all the outfits busy for some time.

The Roasting of the Uneasy Club.

THE story of the race of the Uneasy Club with the Nebraska prairie fire calls up memories of the Illinois and Iowa prairies when things were wild and raw.

While the whole FOREST AND STREAM family rejoices to learn of their success in the mad race, there was really no occasion for them to bestir themselves so strenuously. Their guide or teamster should have understood the situation better, if he was a resident of the prairie country.

Of course, there are lots of us, who can vociferate, "I told you so!" now that the race is finished, and my own reason for rising up to "make a few remarks" is the wish to share with my brothers who may yet be entered for a similar race, the knowledge gained on the prairies fifty years ago. In days long gone, when the prairie was yet untrodden save by wild and savage feet, a prairie fire was often the grandest sight to be seen by mortal eyes. I have read the fine print of my mother's hymn book on a dark and cloudy night by the light of a prairie fire two miles distant; and I have seen a fire run over the prairies of northern Illinois and cover a mile of ground faster than could the best horse on earth.

In the year 1853 two men, Day and Lewin, were renters of the farm of Lew Tuttle, at Macedonia, Pottawattamie county, Iowa, on the west side of the West Nishnabotna River; when Tuttle's farm was the farthest one north on the river for a stretch of twenty miles. Tuttle himself also lived on the farm with his family. Late in the fall, when the grass had dried to tinder, a terrific gale came down from the north one Sunday morning, and the danger of prairie fire being ever present in the mind of the pioneer, the two renters walked up over the crest of the hill to the northward to take a look at things. Far away up the river a dense cloud of smoke was rising, and as it drifted off to the eastward they saw the timber of Big Grove, on the east side of the river, eight miles above them, plainly between them and the smoke, showing the fire to be at least eight miles distant. The buildings on the cultivated land of the farm were safe, but in the timber along the river were hundreds of rails and fence posts, split, piled and dried in readiness for fencing the rest of the farm, and if the fire passed the narrow neck of wild grass land at the north end of the farm between the river and a plot of forty acres of freshly broken prairie land, the fencing would quickly go up in smoke.

The idea of cross-firing this hundred yard strip of grass occurred to them, but the gale blew so terrifically they doubted their ability to stop the fire, once it was started. Day was a very swift runner, and he now ran back toward the house in search of Tuttle to help in the cross-firing. Half way across the farm of 160 acres he met Tuttle and another man hurrying toward the fire, and together they raced back over the hill.

Before they reached the gap, the fire had passed. Lewin was found in the middle of the forty-acre field of breaking (freshly plowed prairie land) with his eyes bulging out "like peeled onions," and he averred that the fire came on sailing over the tops of the prairie grass, overlapping a hundred yards at a leap, with a speed no animal could equal.

The lower half of the grass stems, though perfectly dry, were unburned, the fire taking only the leaves and tops of the grass, and the gale whipping the fire out instantly, the first billow of flame flashed by.

In passing Big Grove the same fire caught two Indian boys who were on the prairie hunting, without matches. They ran for the river and were overtaken in the river bottom a short distance from the river. One of them with rare good judgment, seeing the race was hopeless, quickly selected a small plot of the shortest grass, wrapped his woolen blanket around his head and threw himself flat upon his face. Though fearfully burned, he lived through the awful ordeal, and recovered completely. The other, overtaken by the flame, threw his gun one way and his powder horn the other, staggered on a few steps and fell, quickly burning to death. The shreds of his exploded powder horn were found a short distance behind him.

Ordinarily the prairie fire was a very innocent affair, the grass being often burned earlier in the season and when the wind was lighter; but once in a while came a fire that instantly became a matter of life or death to all living creatures in its path.

The question how to light a match and set a fire in such a gale is the all-important one in such an extremity, and no ordinary method will succeed. There is just one right way to do this. Snatch a handful of the finest, dryest glass blades, sit down flat on the ground with your back to the wind and your feet apart, jam your cap or hat down between your legs close to your body, bend your body forward and hold your arms by your side. Hold the wisp of grass over the open hat and scratch a match on your pants on the inside of your leg, drawing the match toward you and into the hat as it ignites—the match, not the hat—and as the grass catches fire slip it out of the hat and into the grass close to you. Sit quiet till sure the standing grass is well on fire, jump to your feet, and as the tiny spear of flames spreads on like an arrow for ten or twenty seconds, step over the tiny back fire and run down the rapidly widening blackness, and as the pursuing wall of flame races by a hundred yards or more distant on each side of you, hold your breath as long as possible till the heat passes by.

Had their terrified driver done this trick, and the uneasy sportsmen in camp gone a few rods to leeward and duplicated it, moving their traps quickly to the burnt ground, instead of the awful race with death which ensued, the lively experiences of the next few minutes would have been simply intensely interesting to all concerned, and a pleasure to remember to-day.

ORIN BELKNAP.

KETTLE FALLS, Washington.

Halloween.

THIS happened in my pedagogue days. Fresh from college and bubbling over with life, by some fatuous lapse upon the part of the trustees of a certain venerable New England academy I had been installed as mental and spiritual instructor and guide to as gallant a crowd of young rogues as ever graced Minerva's temple—which was much like striking a spark into tinder. One bright October morning there lounged into my room, with indolent, happy-go-lucky gait and grin of boundless good nature, one Aldrich, a black-eyed rascal who attended the academy as day student from the neighboring hills, and into my ear drawled this magic formula: "Amos G. is comin' up from State Line Friday night with his 'coon dawgs. Hisn'n are the best dawgs about here. If yon'n Lord want some fun you better come up to our house 'long about 6 or 7 o'clock."

In that year the happy ordering of things brought Halloween and a full moon together on a Friday night, the schoolboy's brief night of freedom, and upon my table lay a dainty billet inviting me to a Halloween party at the house of a gentle little lady of the village. I confess, a base act. A plea of engagement for that evening and an implied regret were the unworthy answer to the kind note, and I like to remember that when it was known that I just went 'coon hunting that night, I was placed according to my deserts in the fair one's just mind, and no subsequent good conduct has redeemed me, even to this day.

Bursting with the joy of freedom from work, and filled with the tipple of cool October air, a rollicking company of three or four set out in the dusk of evening for the rendezvous. Across the brown meadow of the valley bottom, with its black stream, up through the gravelly moraines, clad in odorous pines, and into the

higher hills beyond, hills of ancient rock, lately gorgeous in their autumn glory, we came into the heights of twilight, and back of us the western sky lay in a flood of tender rose deepening into a blaze of crimson at the horizon—the departing glory of an accomplished miracle—an October day. Beyond the dark summits of the nearer hills arose in deepest purple the far off ridges of Berkshire, a tale of uncounted ages in their long, graceful sweeps lying against that splendor of color. The breathless hush of evening fell upon us all as we turned to our course, and here, behold! just over the Brimfield Hills hung our Hunter's Moon, a great disk of burnished silver in an azure field.

True to her New England traditions, Mrs. Aldrich had prepared for us heaps of hot, brown-crusted biscuits with honey, doughnuts, apple pie, cheese, hot tea and cider—all of which make for New England character—and those being the halcyon days when we were so unwise as to eat what we liked, we laid to and accomplished marvels. And then came Amos with the dogs.

What shall I say of those dogs? My friends know that my ignorance of dog-lore is colossal. One was reddish with coarse, stiff hair and the other was black and white. They were of medium size, if there is such a thing, and, inasmuch as Amos did not seek to impress upon me that they were descended from the celebrated champion So-and-so, after the manner of dog men, I guess the animals must be classed as just dog. But they had their good points, as may appear later, and were as keen and full of life as the youngsters I had with me. Amos and the friend who came with him I cannot describe. What matter their antecedents so long as they were filled with the spirit and felt deeply the stirring call of October? They were men of the rocky soil and woods and hills, with an instinct for runways and cover, and a keen eye for woodland track and sign. Is any class of men more contented and happy?

Halloween—night of mysteries, mellow with legend and rite of our heathen ancestors! A flood of silver light filled space and made a strange world out of the varied landscape. There were deep black shadows full of mystery bred of the powers of mischief, and the half tones of doubtful security, but mostly the bright moonlit reaches where fays and elves danced in fairy circles or played at hide-and-seek among the shocks of corn. We could hear the faint rustle of their gauzy garments against the dry leaves when no breeze stirred. We could catch the glisten of their jeweled robes in the frosty air. The play was going on all about us as we made our way down the enchanted lane leading to the pasture, a field of corn in the shock on either side.

Half-way down the lane there was an end of the merry jests and frolic, and partly eaten apples were cast away, for here the straining dogs were turned loose and we waited the whim of Dame Fortune. Both dogs at once mounted the wall on the right, eagerly sniffing back and forth, and then were lost to sight for a few moments on the other side. We heard them beating about the shocks, scurrying up and down, and soon, as with a definite purpose, both appeared again upon the wall ahead of us, crossed the lane and the opposite wall and were lost to sight and hearing in the twinkling of an eye. Anxiously as gamesters watch the turn of the fateful wheel we stood harking toward the steep wood that lay across the shallow valley, hearts beating wildly and blood surging into our straining ears. Amos alone seemed undisturbed. He calmly chewed his cud and expectorated with regularity and precision. The wait was not long. Soon through the still, cold air came the eager barking of both dogs, and our throbbing hearts leaped into our throats. "They've got him!" shouted Lord, and after a moment of exasperating deliberation Amos reckoned they had. It was enough.

Ah! the joyous riot of it! With a wild shout all hands clambered over the stone wall and raced pell-mell across the cornfield, even Amos losing his grip upon himself. We tumbled over the stake-and-rider fence beyond, galloped across the sloping meadow, leaped the low wall on the further side and were at once floundering in the shallow brushy bog. Splashing in the half-frozen mud, often knee deep in water, ripping through the thorny growth of roses and blackberry vines, tripping over tussocks and hummocks, by sheer rush of young brawn we won the other side and swarmed up the steep wooded slope beyond; and there, on the further side of the wall that we had followed up the hill, was one dog barking madly and furiously scratching at the trunk of a young chestnut tree. The other dog was busy further up the hill. Our disheveled band was soon gathered, scratched and torn and bruised and wet, breathless but eager still, and Amos collected himself. He looked the tree over. There was naught that I could see but a bunch of dried leaves well toward the top. He bade me watch that clump of leaves while he went up to see what the other dog had, so I perched upon the wall and proceeded to get my breath and quiet my nerves. I heard the sounds of excitement above me where the others had gathered about a great oak. From the excited calls and the confusion of snapping twigs and rustling leaves I knew that they were searching the dim tops. Finally the voice of Amos brought quiet and a disposition of forces, and after a brief suspense came the echoing report of his gun. Instantly there was a wild melée of boys and dogs for half a minute, then the warning voice of Amos again and a dull thud of some hard body against a tree trunk. The clamor subsided and I knew it was all over. The oak was abandoned and the crowd descended upon my perch.

My cluster of leaves had not stirred in all the disturbance, but Amos was in command. He distributed us about the tree and disposed the dogs to advantage, loaded his gun and fired at that bunch of dead leaves. The phantom at once materialized into a whirling dark mass that came scratching down through the branches of the tree and landed with a dull thump upon the ground. And then, my stars! there was a lot of trouble right off. For undiluted scrap I commend a 'coon and Amos' red dog. Those two "critters," observing none of the conventions of the situation, just took a "grab holt" of each other and became a nebulous mass of snapping, snarling, scrratching, biting gray and red paws and heads and tails and hair, and in a whirlwind of dry sticks and leaves went rolling down the steep slope. It took my breath away. I never in my life saw things happen so fast. And in a moment that whole crowd of men and boys, with a wild whoop, went racing down after them, slipping and sprawling and shouting, Amos in the lead, giving vent to unseemly speech. Oh, where was my pedagogic decorum! I was not the last one down, but Amos was the first to reach the log that had checked the whirlwind. With quick eye and sure grasp he made a sudden dive into the struggling mass and, shaking off the dog, with a full, strong sweep, he bumped the 'coon's head against a maple and there was quiet.

Flushed and tumbled and hot with the lust of the chase we took account of stock. There were no lives lost or limbs broken among the seven human animals—and that was a wonder. The dogs also were in fine fettle. The red one had but a few slight cratches, and I cannot understand how in that fury of scratching and biting there was anything whatever left of either dog or 'coon more than remained of the Kilkenny cats. Gathering lost hats and caps and repairing as well as might be with a stray pin or two the torn garments of greatest importance, it seemed eminently fitting to seek refreshment, and the nearest refreshment was stored in the doughnut jar and cider barrel at the house. Thither then we marched in proud triumph.

In honor of the genius of the New England kitchen we made our sacrifice of doughnuts—delicious breeders of awful indigestion, fatal as the Siren's sweet song; and of the clear amber fluid—blood of rosy-cheeked apples, returning the warmth of the summer sun and the fragrance of balmy southwinds, tinctured with the breath of orchard blossoms—we poured out a libation to Pomona and drank to the great god Pan. Then off again for another turn, through Titania's Lane and into the pasture. The path was an old cart road leading along the side of a hill into a narrowing valley and a wooded glen beyond.

How like a conjurer delving into the mysteries of an unseen world is a hunting dog in the field, how keenly alive to a world of sensation utterly beyond our human experience. Our two friends searched from every rock and log its secret, and their busy noses drew from each clump of bushes the story of its visitors of that night. With wagging tails and sniffs and whinings they gave signs of their pleasure, and at last a business air of decision gave assurance that their search was not without reward. They were off up the path in a tremendous hurry and out of sight. As the moon rose higher the clear night became brighter and the frosty air had a delightful tingle against our hot cheeks. The wait was short this time and the call urgent. Like a troop of Fauns and Satyrs, or the motley crew of Circe's ill-starred son, we went stringing through the moon-flecked wood. A faulting of the aged rock made a sheer cliff on our right, and at the foot of a black hemlock that sprang from the top of the cliff and overhung we found the dogs.

There was no doubt that they had something up that tree. What it was no one could say, for all was black as blackest night in the thick ramage. The adventure just suited Lord. I never yet saw the situation of untried hazard that would daunt this lad. His coat was off in a second and his shoes in two more, and, seizing the short gun from Amos, he was in the black tangle before we could distribute ourselves. With one dog Amos and I went below the ledge and the others gathered at the top. To the accompaniment of much gratuitous advice and befogging counsel from all below, Lord worked his way through the dense branches. We could hear his grunts and deep pantings with the snapping of twigs and small branches. Progress was slow, but suddenly we heard: "Hi there, you little rip!" and he shouted down to us: "Here he is. I nearly put my hand on his head. He was here in a crotch of the tree watching me. Look out! He has run out on a limb and I am going to fire!" There was a second only of silence and then the blaze and resounding report of the gun. Right between me and the open sky a great black mass came whirling down. I could have caught it in my arms without moving, but fearing the 'coon would think I was the red dog and do violence to my already reduced raiment, I side-stepped and he reached the ground unchecked. The dog was upon him without delay, and so was Amos, who lost no time in finding the varmint's hind legs and swinging him hard against a near tree. In place of the bump there was a soft, wet, swishy sound and we were both spattered all over with blood. Lord had held his gun so near the 'coon that he had blown his head completely off.

Just beyond, outside the wood, was the road. It seemed hardly decent to exterminate the race of sportive 'coons that night. In her kindly mood Dame Fortune had smiled broadly upon us, and it is never wise to press the good lady too closely in such a mood. And Amos was far from his fireside. So we declared the hunt over.

In our strenuous occupation, and in the dark of the woods we had not noticed how wonderfully light the night had become. Stepping from the shade into the moonlight it was as though we passed suddenly through gates of pearl from a world of riotous red life into a strange silvery land of dreams and fancy. Hardly a star could be seen in the bright heavens, but over all the silver light poured in radiant glory. Every tree and hill, every hedge and fence and the buildings of each farmstead that dotted the long stretch of valley below us stood clear and cold in the strange light. Three men making across a hillside pasture a mile away we saw distinctly, and in the stiffened mud by a wet crossing, where the cows drink at a tiny watercourse, were the fresh tracks of some foraging 'coon daintily impressed and like nothing so much as the imprint of a baby's rosy foot. The ethereal beauty of it all laid a gentle finger upon our flushed spirits. The fairies' dance was over; the great god Pan was dead. Even my irrepressible boys felt the holiness of the moment. It laid hold on the imagination and made each of us deeply sensitive to the unspeakable charm of a perfect touch. On such a night, over such hills, perhaps, the shepherds of old watched the wondrous star, their flocks lying about them in the bright moonlight. In the stillness and the bright splendor lay the mystic spell of the brooding East. As from some "Pisgah, that is over against Jericho," we caught for the once a glimpse of the unknown land, tasted a beauty never to be lost, gazed from heights rarely to be scaled. One might almost hear "the angel Israfel, whose heartstrings are a lute."

It was the warm glow and ruddy light of the kitchen that recalled us, and soon we were strolling home, down through the woods where murmured the voices of the night, across the misty meadows and up into the silent village. Then came:

"Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

So is Halloween a magic word to me. It calls back the years of riotous young blood. It paints again the autumn glory of those Monson hills. It means a Hunter's Moon and dogs and 'coons—keen-eyed, fun-loving little busybodies that can fight like Fuzzy-Wuzzy. But more than all, and best of all, I like to dream of that perfect night, of the transcendent glory of my never-to-be-forgotten Eve of Allhallowmas.

Camp Surgery.

MEMBERS of the medical profession usually avoid discussion of technical points in the lay press, as it subjects them to criticism from their colleagues, and very properly. When Senex described a dangerous method for treating a punctured wound, however, it seemed to me best to say a word, and this as usual has made it necessary to say more, for in FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 21 Senex asks what one really should do when he has received a penetrating wound made by a rusty nail, "miles away from the surgeon—an emergency case, which might result in lockjaw unless scientifically treated." The things to do would be: (1) Pass a sharp knife blade through the fire for a moment in order to destroy bacteria that are on the blade. (2) Make a free cut down to the bottom of the puncture, and instruct the patient to swear while this is being done. The reasons for the procedure are because the free incision allows blood serum to escape freely. Blood serum is destructive to bacteria, so long as it is being thrown out freely, but after being dammed for a few hours it changes character, and then becomes what we call a "culture medium" for bacteria, aiding their development. If the patient swears while the cut is being made, it relieves nervous tension which otherwise would find demonstration in untoward muscular motions. (3) If one happens to have a phial of carbolic acid in the camp kit, swab the entire cut with pure carbolic acid, and half a minute later neutralize the carbolic acid with alcohol, or some alcoholic beverage. (The latter may be taken along for the purpose. An old mountaineer told me that whisky was a sure cure for rattlesnake bite, if one used it in the right way, and the right way was to "always have it in ye jest before ye're bit.") The rationale of procedure depends upon the immediate and complete germicidal influence of carbolic acid. It would go beyond the point of usefulness if its action were not checked before tissues are damaged, but alcohol neutralizes carbolic acid as quickly as water puts out fire. The same treatment of swabbing with pure carbolic acid and then neutralizing it in about half a minute with alcohol will cut short any attack of superficial erysipelas that might begin while one was in the woods. Carbolic acid is, however, a dangerously powerful remedy for a layman to handle. We see much damage done by it here in the city, where people step into the drug store and buy it on its reputation as a germicide. The druggist thinks that the buyer only wants it to commit suicide with, and does not realize that it may be used for anointing the wounds of some innocent child.

(4) After the punctured wound has been freely opened, and bacteria destroyed by an active germicide, the patient is then pretty well protected against further infection by the flow of blood serum, but at this point the boric acid of Senex would come into play. It is a very harmless antiseptic, and the wound can now be filled with it, and an absorbent dressing of some sort applied. The necessity for the absorbent dressing is because absorbent materials take away from the wound the blood serum which would soon become a culture medium, and they spread and dry it so that bacteria cannot grow in that field. The bacteria that like to get into the field are of many sorts. There would be no further danger from the lockjaw bacteria after the primary sterilization. Boric acid would aid the absorbent dressings by its destructive or at least inhibiting effect upon bacteria which did get into the field.

Powdered dry dead wood makes a good absorbent dressing, but a safer dressing would be made by boiling a piece of an old coat or shirt for four hours in strong soda solution. The soda saponifies gum resins in cotton and linen fibre, and as soon as saponified they become soluble and leave the fibre. The boiling destroys all bacteria, and the fibre freed from gum resins becomes extremely absorbent.

(5) The bacteria of lockjaw do not grow in all soils. In some localities, as on the eastern end of Long Island for instance, they are very abundant. If one has received a punctured wound in some locality where the tetanus bacteria thrive, and if the wound has not been treated in the best way, he should make all speed to get to some point where the physician can employ antitoxin on the very first appearance of symptoms of lockjaw. It is then a manageable disease. We all have to meet bacterial invasion hourly, and nature has equipped us for the battle against different bacteria. When any one bacterium has gained headway, a special agent against that bacterium is manufactured especially in the blood-making organs. We make use of that fact by growing the bacterium in some other animal, and then taking the fortified blood serum and injecting it into anyone who is not making the antitoxin rapidly enough himself. In that way we get ahead of the lockjaw bacterium, by keeping on hand a stock of special antitoxin collected for the purpose.

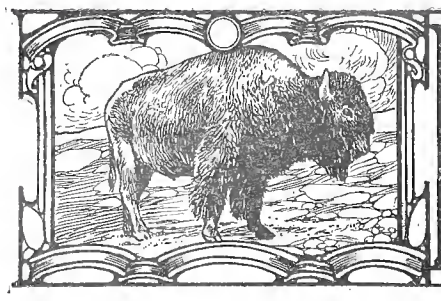
Allow me to say to Senex that his article was extremely well written for a layman, as well as it would have been written by many physicians, and I wished only to correct the one dangerous bit of advice. In these days of advanced medical knowledge not even the physician can feel at home in many subjects. In any sort of difficult or obscure case we may have to employ several specialists ourselves before giving an opinion, and with physicians as with lawyers, one feels well equipped if he simply knows who knows. Just as investment has become a science, so it has become a science for the physician of to-day to know who knows, and the day of cheap, kindly medical service has passed.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Coating on guns, reels and all metals; keeps *rust* off.—*Adv.*



NATURAL HISTORY



Compass Trees, Feathered orms and Mudchucks. W

THE rule that the slender tips of hemlocks point to the rising sun holds good, not only in the Adirondacks, as Mr. E. A. Spears has remarked, but here, too, in the Great Smoky Mountains. I agree with Mr. Spears that prevailing winds have nothing to do with this phenomenon. Wherever the situation admits direct sunlight all day, a large majority (say nine out of ten) of our hemlocks incline their tips toward the east or southeast, generally a little south of east, and this is regardless of whether the trees are exposed to the full force of prevailing winds or are sheltered from them. On steep westerly mountain sides, and in deep, narrow gulches shaded by steep mountains on the east, this rule is not reliable, because the morning sun is shut out. I am informed that pines and spruces also have a tendency to point their indexes toward the rising sun.

Hemlocks reach their fullest development here in the mountains of western North Carolina, where they abound along the water courses, up to about 3,500 feet, sometimes higher. Trees three or four feet thick and from 100 to 125 feet high are common in my neighborhood, and occasionally even larger specimens are seen. There are no sawmills nor tanneries in our vicinity (alas! there soon will be), and the native mountaineers make almost no use of the hemlocks. In the clearings one sees scores of these giants standing dead and naked, having been girdled but not felled. The bark of these is gathered, as it falls off, by the women and children, to be used for cooking fuel, as it makes excellent coals. The wood is allowed to rot (unless the settler has a cookstove), as it pops too violently to be safe in an open fire-place. However, here and there a big hemlock is found that disobeys a general law of its kind by being straight-grained instead of splitting spirally, and such are used for clapboards. It surprised me, when I first came here, last year, to see hemlock clapboards five or six feet long, six or eight inches wide, thin as a shingle, and not a bit winding. One of my neighbors has recently inclosed a ten-acre field with a fence of hemlock palings, all split with a froe.

Our mountaineers call this tree the "spruce pine." The word hemlock, to them, means the tall plant *leucothoe,* which grows rankly along the creeks wherever there is a road or trail. This *leucothoe* is poisonous to cattle. In the autumn its leaves turn to a splendid bronze that lasts all winter. Children gather the branches, along with galax, and sell them to shippers, who send them north for Christmas decorations—some of these go even to London, I am told.

Have you ever seen chestnut wood that burns well when green? I never did until recently. On the backbone of the Smokies, up to the balsam zone (which begins at about 6,000 feet, hereabouts), all deciduous trees are of exceptionally dry, hard and tough nature; beech takes fire like birch, and even green chestnut burns readily, though with a great splutter. Yet the climate of the Smokies, taking it the year through, is the wettest in the United States, save along western Florida and the northwest Pacific coast.

Speaking of tree names, I used to wonder what gave the blackjack oak so meaningless a name, until one day I ran across a passage in an old pamphlet that suggests an explanation. In 1791, Lieut.-Col. (afterward the notorious General) James Wilkinson was sent on an expedition against L'Anguille and the Indians on the Wabash. In his report to Governor St. Clair (dated "Frankfort-on-Kentucky, Aug. 24, 1791") Wilkinson describes a part of his march in the following terms:

"The whole part of the country, from the Wabash to the margin of Eeel River, being a continued thicket of brambles, blackjacks, weeds, and shrubs of different kinds, it was impossible for me to get a satisfactory view." A little farther in the narrative he says: "I found this town scattered along Eel River for full three miles, on an uneven scrubby oak barren, intersected alternately by bogs almost impassable, and impervious thickets of plumb, hazel and blackjackets."

The term blackjacket is quite appropriate to a tree the bark of which is as dark as the black oak's. Blackjack is apparently a mere abbreviation, to save breath. The fact that Wilkinson used both terms within a page or two of each other seems to show that the name was then in transition to its modern curtailed form.

Changing the subject from trees to insects, and things in general, I note that my old friend George Kennedy has found a "rattlesnake ant" that stings knife-blades and (didn't he say?) leaves the stinger in. And it is sure pizen, too! Verily, a fellow sometimes does see strange things in Missouri, when he hasn't got a gun. I used to see 'em myself, when I lived there; though I have no personal acquaintance with this particular varmint. Now, I am far from demurring to anything that George may claim for his bug. I don't doubt in the least that he saw it experiment hypodermically with the knife-blade, and that its injection was properly toxic. What I want to know is, what became of the knife? I am making special researches in the line of "snake-master yarbs" (of which, more anon), and wish to learn if Kennedy used one in this emergency; or did he stick the knife in a live chicken? or did he pow-wow? or fall back on that sixteen-dollar medico-chirurgical kit? By the way, George, please mail me a copy of your pamphlet when you get it out. I find these things very interesting.

But, speaking of seeing things, North Carolina sees Missouri and goes her one better in the small deer line. We haven't a rattlesnake ant, but we have a worm that wears feathers, and they are its own growth of feathers, too; besides which it is a pizen worm, whose bite swells people up in a few seconds, like snakebite. You need not take my word for this, for I haven't seen the monster; but the Asheville correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has this to say about it in a recent issue:

WORM HAS A COAT OF FEATHERS.

IT HAS A POISONOUS BITE, TOO, AS MANY NORTH CAROLINIANS CAN TESTIFY.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—A feathered worm has made its appearance in different parts of the State, and a number of people have been made ill by its bite.

The insect is not unlike a white earth worm, but has a covering of brown down similar to that of a young bird. Its bite is so poisonous that in a few seconds after receiving the wound the victim swells enormously and displays symptoms not unlike those of snake bite.

The worm feeds on maple trees and rose bushes. Its presence on the latter accounts for the number of women victims. No one is able to classify the insect. Several specimens are being prepared for shipment to Washington for examination to establish its identity.

Wonder what would be the result from burbanking this North Carolina wum with the Missouri sting-bug. Wouldn't it be a corker?

My personal explorations in the domain of invertebrate zoology have yielded nothing noteworthy of late, unless it be a fishworm two feet long that I picked up on the summit of Siler's Bald, nearly 6,000 feet above sea level. This worm, aside from its unconventional length, and its color, which was almost white, looked to my unscientific eyes just like an ordinary earthworm. The natives say that these big worms are common on the high mountains hereabouts, but are never seen elsewhere. Like all other well conducted worms, these live in the ground. They do not wear feathers nor stingers; but I won't say that they couldn't if they wanted to.

By the way, do all of you people know how to cook a mudchuck? If not, your education has been neglected.

The other day Uncle Bob Flowers came over from Bone Valley, chasing after a wild cow. I headed off the cow, Bob roped her, and then I invited him in. Just then John Cook came along down the trail toting a five-foot muzzle-loader and a big woodchuck.

"Uncle Bob," I inquired, "did you ever eat a woodchuck?"

"Reckon I don't know what them is."

"Groundhog?"

"O la! dozens of 'em; but I never done heered that name afore—some of our folks calls 'em mudchucks. The red ones hain't good, but the gray ones! man, they'd jes make your mouth water!"

"How do you cook them?"

"Cut the leetle red kernels out from under their fore legs; then bile 'em, fust—all the strong is left in the water—then pepper 'em, and sage 'em, and put 'em in a pan, and bake 'em to a nice rich brown, and—then I don't want nobody there but me!"

Well, I must stop writing, and bake some bread for tomorrow. At daylight I start on a bear hunt that may last a week. Will range from Thunderhead to Clingman Dome, and over the abutting ridges from Killpecker to the Welch Divide, or possibly to the headwaters of the Okona Lufty, where the Qualla Cherokee reserve begins. Will still-hunt two or three days and then join a party on the summit of Siler's Bald, and hunt with the best pack of bear dogs in North Carolina, the Plott hounds from Waynesville, and Little John Cable's three powerful half-breeds, the former great trailers, the latter the most valiant fighters that I have ever known. What do you think of a young dog that, tackling his first bear, bites it back of the fore leg, through hair and hide, clear through into the "holler," leaving a hole through which you could run your hand and grasp the bear's heart? I have seen that. The dog was badly mauled in the doing of it, but he helped fight and tree another bear the next night.

The still-hunting, however, is more to my taste. It is not all of hunting to hunt. Wish some of you foresters and streamers were with me. It is lonesome here.

HORACE KEPHART.

MEDLIN, N. C., Oct. 16.

Queer Doings of the Grouse.

SAYRE, Pa., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Speaking of crazy grouse in October reminds me that as for what I see of them when the season opens they seem so crazy to get away that a brick house would hardly stop their flight. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that they do some strange things. Sayre is situated between two rivers with mountains on each side of the town, the nearest three-fourths of a mile, the other two and one-half miles; the rivers are between the mountains and the town. In October, 1891, a ruffed grouse flew through the dining room window of George Carroll, living in the center of the town, at about 6:45 A. M. The direction from the mountain is east and west. The window was in the south of the house. In October, 1903, a grouse flew through the cellar window of Dr. A. E. Murry, at 11:30 A. M. This bird came direct from the east side of the Susquehanna River and was seen for some distance before it took its fatal plunge through the window.

A FRIEND OF M. CHILL.

THE ORIGINAL MANY-USE OIL

Polishes stocks, barrel, pianos, floors, furniture. Little does much. —*Adv.*

The Biography of a Bear.—VI

ONE of our objective points was a stopping place on the road called Summit Spring, where an old pioneer, Henry Jones, had established a summer home and cleared several acres, seeding them to timothy. His hay was readily disposed of to a transitory class of people known as Oregon emigrants—they were in the main people who found it cheaper or more to their fancy to live upon the road than elsewhere. I would like to say some things about them, but will let it go unless they come across the firing line of this history.

Henry Jones happened to be my grandfather, although he sometimes looked at me as though he were at a loss to account for or realize it. He was undemonstrative generally, and he could readily adapt himself to good fortune without display of excitement. I never knew him to boast about it. He accepted me and some of his other relatives with a modesty that might easily have been construed as verging upon indifference, or resignation. People's ancestors are sometimes reticent in advanced age. After long enjoyment of a blessing many of us take it without manifesting much enthusiasm.

Henry Jones had been among and of the first settlers of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa—and finally of California. As soon as civilization became a little intense in a place he always moved further West—as long as the West held out. He sojourned in western territory, chiefly in Illinois, long enough to rear a family of seven children, but meanwhile made three trips across the continent to California with ox teams, each time being the guide and captain of his train. His first trip to California was close in the tracks of the pathfinders—Carson and Fremont—and he had known and affiliated with both of them. In 1849 he had established a trading post at Lower Springs, a place first selected for the site for the town of Shasta, but that town was eventually centered two miles west.

What the old gentleman did not know about pioneer life and the emergencies and difficulties of the border is not of much consequence. With the ax and the rifle he was as good a man as ever blazed a trail, built a log house or defended a post on the American frontier. In council as well as in camp he was a leader, and one of the main props and advisers of many settlements and towns. He maintained his trading post and store near Shasta from 1849 or 1850 until 1872. He sold many a cargo of flour for from $20 to $50 per barrel, potatoes at a dollar apiece in gold dust, and all other articles of food and necessity at proportionate prices, and yet he never accumulated to himself more than a few thousand dollars—not half as much as a corner cigar store will clear in a few weeks under our improved system of commercialism. If one of our modern cashiers could have his opportunities he would own the earth, or be in cahoot with Mr. Rockefeller. And then he would reach for heaven.

Henry Jones at the age of seventy and later was felling timber, clearing and cultivating his mountain ranch, his ambitions centered in his homestead of a few acres in a forest in the Shasta Mountains. But for many years, in connection with his trading post, he repaired and made guns and perfected several mechanical inventions of importance. In his time arms of all descriptions, from the flintlock blunderbuss to repeating magazine rifles, were in use. In his shop at Lower Springs, near Shasta, he had at one time a collection that would be of historic value had it been preserved until now. When a boy of twelve I remember examining with awe and wonder the battered and scarred flintlocks, the later "yagers" with nipple and percussion "hat" fulminators, cast-iron muskets that I could not lift, pepper-box revolvers with six or seven cast-iron barrels that revolved, Colt's revolvers with cap and round ball and of all degrees of development. There were also the later Springfield muskets and other army guns, some of which used cartridges that came packed in wooden blocks and the powder encasement of which was a kind of parchment that had to be bitten off before the charge was put into the muzzle of the gun and rammed home with an iron ramrod.

There were old bayonets and swords, fowling pieces inlaid with engraved gold and silver and with finely engraved ribs and mountings. There were broken odds and ends of all sorts, boxes filled with curious bullets, bullet molds, percussion caps, cartridges of curious foreign make, powder horns and chargers, dismantled gun-sights, locks, stocks and barrels. There were horse pistols, the muzzles of which looked like the entrances to tunnels underground, only more disparaging. Some of these weapons were almost large enough in the bore to have offered a place of refuge if their owners had got in a tight place outside of them. Some of the horse pistols were merely sawed-off rifles. There were short pocket derringers in which one could see the ball, which looked as though it would come out with considerable impetuosity, whether you wanted it to or not.

Perhaps the most interesting things in the collection were the heavy long barreled, round ball, muzzle-loading rifles, on some of which the stock extended to the muzzle, while many of them had the heavy, octagonal barrels of soft metal commonly used in the West from 1850 to 1870, or later. Some of them were battered and broken, and all their parts worn smooth with long usage. They were mended with wire, screwed plates, with wooden pins, with buckskin strings. What a history might have been woven from these things—every one of which had crossed the continent and many of them other continents and oceans—by the antiquarian or student fitted to weave it. How they might picture the western half of America if they could speak of the incidents of forest, mountain, field and flood. What tragedies and triumphs of conquest and defeat and despair! What a death-roll of destruction was implied in their very ruin and junk! The men who could tell about them are dead—many of them

in their full pride of strength—and with their boots on. Those who lived through the era of which these relics are reminiscent were often the men who had learned the value of reticence, the significance of silence. They left it to their followers and their posterity to be garrulous, and some of us can do it; but the few men now living who could say something are too old and feeble. I can detect the silver hairs about my own temples, and feel somewhat antique at this period.

My grandfather sometimes related incidents of history of the frontier in its expansion from Ohio to California, but he was nearly always too busily engaged to say much of the thousand events with which he had been identified. Aside from a few anecdotes connected with his meetings with Carson and Fremont, and a few notable Californians, he confined his narratives to prosaic accounts of the weary trips across the plains, the desert and the mountains, to side-hunts for buffalo, antelope, deer, bears and sometimes Indians; and of later events in the mines. He had taken a part in some skirmishes with the Indians, but his accounts of these greatly modified the romantic pictures in the story books and of most frontier literature. What a pity it is that so few of us can confer with and listen to the words of our grandparents after we have reached an age of understanding or rationality.

The grandfather of seventy or eighty may speak of things of interest to the man of fifty or sixty, but the average young man of twenty or even of thirty gleans so much from the present, or thinks he does, he has no storage capacity for antique materials. He faces the front and does not live in the past—not he. His attitude is a good one, but his pioneer ancestors had to watch and comprehend their surroundings, to keep an eye on the trails over which they had passed as well as upon the untried forward and flanking vistas. They did not consider every blaze upon every tree altogether trustworthy. They had learned by collisions in which they were personally concerned that every hollow in the hills is not a profitable or judicious rendezvous. The young man of to-day is full of information that he has mistaken for wisdom and sometimes for discretion. That is one of the reasons why I am permitting myself to advance in years with some glee.

My grandfather to the last would rather tell a humorous hunting story than dwell upon his serious experiences and important adventures. At seventy he could hit an inch bullseye with the rifle at fifty or seventy-five yards, or line bees to their knothole in the tallest tree; he could walk fifty miles, and, if necessary, repeat it the next day; he would walk where he might have ridden, or for the very work of it. Splitting rails, posts or shingles was to him recreation and diversion, while the use of a cross-cut timber saw was one of his vices. I could never understand his peculiar tastes in such matters; I am positive he did not inherit them from my side of the family. I have done some of those things, but I do not allow them to influence me any more than necessary—not if I can help it. I would rather never see a cross-cut saw than to come into close communion with one, for when I do I speak without reserve or contemplation. Alongside of a cross-cut saw, a flail or a treadmill is one of the most fascinating methods of suicide. It makes no difference which end of a cross-cut saw you become attached to, you at once feel sad, then utterly despondent. If the other fellow behind the log on the other end of it says: "Say, if you're going to ride, don't drag your feet," then you feel really depressed. Of course riding a cross-cut saw is not dissipation when indulged moderately, unless the other fellow is riding it, but then it is positively criminal, a direct attack with a deadly weapon. I could never see anything fascinating within 100 feet of a cross-cut saw—no matter which end you measured from. They are made in Philadelphia and shipped away from there immediately.

Men will do almost anything for money, even in Philadelphia, but popular indignation and cross-cut saws go hand to handle—the brotherly-love people should know that. I did once see a saw—but I cannot afford to continue with the subject. If mankind had not wasted so much time and vitality with rusty sheet-iron saws, handsaws, wood-saws, see-saws, old saws, proverbs, religion and politics, he might now show some proof of his evolution along Darwinian lines, he might produce an example with which to establish the first proposition, namely—that evolution is ascendant, progressive expansion. But the saw, the sawfish, the sawbuck and the sawyer are all indicative of quadrumanous declension—that is a most singular and choice epithet—it is the best I can do with which to embody my conclusion in this matter. If that does not serve, and I am again impelled to take up this topic I shall look up the inventor of saws and see whether there is virtue in a whipsaw.

About 5 o'clock our caravan arrived at Summit Spring (Jones') and the little group of log houses. We were covered with dust, floundering in it; why, we were full of it. Enochs shouted to me in an effort to ask something, and he looked like a roman candle shooting saffron colored powder, and smoke and red mud. When Dick jumped off the wagon it was like a cartload of ashes being dumped in a yard, while he remained smoking like the chimney to a brick kiln. Our team, originally a black and a gray, were now accurately matched in color—smoked buckskin—while Jack and the dogs were moving examples in reality—real estate. Possibly there is a point there, somewhere, but I fail to detect it, so let it pass. We were the most harmonious combination of color extant, but we viewed ourselves at a disadvantage, as our eyes had embankments or bulwarks surrounding them, over which we peered to get such glimpses as we could. After we had shaken ourselves, coughed, sneezed and otherwise replaced some of the road as best we could, we took off our hats and shook the remainder of it over the rockiest places near us.

The first thing to attract our notice was a log, about fifty feet in length, that had been hollowed out with the ax and was set upon trestles for a water trough. To it other smaller troughs, likewise hewn from smaller trees, conveyed water from the spring, and the big log was brimming over. It was coated with moss of emerald green, while the flashing silvery water wetted the moss from one end of the great log to the other. The setting sun, that managed to sift a few of his last rays through the forest, made it look like some fallen pillar from some mighty temple—a jeweled fragment of stupendous magnificence. When we drove up to it our horses plunged their noses and faces into the water up to their eyes, and then they very promptly took them out again, champing their bits, snorting, and shaking their heads; and they restrained a good portion of their eagerness.

The trouble was that the water of the spring is nearly ice cold at all times, standing constantly at a temperature of two to three degrees above freezing. Horses can only take it a little at a time, warming that little in the process before they can trust it implicitly and let it into their inner sanctum, or whatever it is they do let it into. Men are at the same disadvantage and we, as eager as the horses, were forced to adopt the same process, and even then it made our teeth ache in all their weak places and fairly benumbed our lips and mouth as we dipped into it.

As soon as Jack got out of the wagon he made for that log full of liquid frigidity. We watched, to note the astonishment and contraction that he would display when he got at it, but we were it, not Jack. He got upon the trough astride of the water, lapped a little and the next instant he was in it, entirely submerging himself, diving and plunging from one end of it to the other, and back and forth, sending up flashing showers and streamers of the fluid silver. It seemed to be the best thing he had ever found, and he wouldn't even shiver a little for our benefit. After he got out of it with a glance of compassion in our direction, he got back in again, and had some more.

The spot was like a deep cleft in the mighty forest. Upon every hand stood towering pines and firs that shut off all distant perspective, all horizon, and left only a little strip of sky straight up overhead. A man could get about as comprehensive a view from the bottom of a well, if he was interested in the heavens exclusively, but a forest like that is not without interest to a close observer. The largest and tallest tree near by was a dead sugar pine, a tree that had doubtless died of old age. It had been dead for twenty years but still towered to the sky, holding up great white arms broken and bereft of bark. It was a giant of its tribe, between eight and ten feet in diameter, and yet solid at its base, though the bark, five or six inches in thickness, hung from it in strips and patches. Much of the body of the tree was bare and smooth, and bleached by weather and sun until it was white. The forks of branching boughs were at intervals filled with wreckage from the top, fragments of bark, twigs, the abandoned nests of squirrels and birds, and trash.

When Jack had enough of the water he clambered out, ran up the road, and chased about by himself, the dogs being too exhausted to take part in his gambols. The more he ran about, the more filled with excitement and delight he seemed, until he apparently went crazy. He selected the gnarled and giant pine, and up its dangerous trunk he went, with all the momentum he coud generate. For the first forty or fifty feet the tree was almost bare of bark and branches, and he went up that far like a jumping jack upon its stick. Then he reached crumbling branches and loose bark that gave way at his touch; fragments of branches fell crashing to the ground, while great slabs of bark gave way and came swishing and thundering to the earth, sending upward clouds of dust. As we watched in dismay all else was forgotten, as we expected each instant to see Jack come down with the next slab of bark, like a man from a treacherous scaffold upon some steeple, but he postponed the culmination. Up, up he clambered, clutching at what seemed to us to be sure destruction; slab after slab, and branch after branch came swishing from aloft to the ground, but Jack still ascended.

"He's done for," exclaimed Enochs, "now he's coming! No. he's got another hold; here he—no, he's staving it off a minute—now then watch! That was a close call!"

Again and again the very patch of bark, or the treacherous branch to which he had clung, slid away and downward with a crash, but the bear was always just an instant ahead of fate as he reached yet another precarious hold overhead. Why he persisted in ascending was a puzzle. Several times he reached temporary safety on larger snags that held under his weight, but he would leave them to hasten his destruction. There was no other explanation for it—he must be insane.

At last he had reached the last snag upon the dizzy, disintegrating tree top, that was large enough to offer him a perch, and there he sat, fully 250 feet from the ground. He looked in size and outline like an owl, scarcely larger. Our cries and excited voices and movements had called out Mr. Jones, and after comprehending the situation he said:

"He's in about the worst place he could get. I do not see how he got there or how he can get down. I never saw a bear up as high as that. If he starts down the loose bark will give way with him. You may save his skin, mebbe, but I'm not sure of that, nuther."

Here were four of us, but if there had been a thousand I could have suggested no means of rescue for poor Jack. I could conceive of no device known to man that would be of service. It was almost dark, and in a few moments therafter he was invisible. Bark and fragments fell at intervals, but we neither saw nor heard anything more. We turned away feeling singularly helpless and useless..

A few rods distant below the road there was a saucer-shaped depression, of several acres in extent, containing large trees that had carpeted the ground with leaves and needles from pines, making a favorite camping place. Here we parked our wagon, unharnessed the horses and made our camp. We were almost exhausted, famished, ravenously hungry. Dick soon had a fire burning, our box of provisions out of the wagon, and he was preparing some slices of bacon that made us wild with anticipation.

"If Jack smells this bacon cooking," said Dick, "he'll try to come down, and it'll be all day with him. It's too bad, ain't it? I'd most as soon fall from that tree myself." And he meant it.

"He's a gone bear," said Enochs, "but if you fellows are in no hurry we—we can wait awhile; we can eat some bread and crackers. Give the cuss a chance. If he smells the bacon broiling he'll lose what little sense he has left."

That was about the sincerest expression of sympathy or tenderness I ever heard from Enochs. As if feeling that he had betrayed real fondness for Jack he hastily added a proposal to "shoot him out of the tree" if I would stand under and catch him, so as to "save the meat," but it was a transparent ruse, he was as anxious and gloomy as I was. At every sound of bark falling from the tree one or the other of us went to see if Jack had let go; and at one time I found Enochs groping about its trunk, feeling of all dark objects. He pretended that he was hunting wood, but we had plenty of wood much nearer the fire.

By 8 or 9 o'clock we could withstand our hunger no longer, and cooked the bacon and boiled our coffee, waiting meanwhile and listening for the sounds of the last operation in which Jack would be actively engaged. We thought the odor of the bacon would bring him, and so end our anxiety; but we finished supper without hearing anything drop of sufficient weight to console us, or relieve our suspense.

After numerous trips to the tree, we fixed our fire for the night, having meantime to get into our coats, as we were shivering with cold—a great change from our condition three or four hours earlier. We lay down upon our blankets and watched the lights and shadows from our fire dance upon the giants of the forest surrounding us, listening to the voices of the night that only accentuated the silence, the fire flickered lower, lower and we were asleep.

I do not know what time it was, but it was somewhere about midnight when something awoke me by clutching my hair from behind. I reached up and back and grasped, in the darkness, the hairy paw of a bear. It closed upon my hand with the firm rigidity of muscular development that I well knew. I was not startled, not even scared, and, as Jack poked his cold nose into my cheek I made no resistance, but I did get up quickly to give him his supper, which he devoured with wonderful promptitude and dexterity, even for him. Dick and Enochs got up, too, no slight effort under the circumstances, and we had our customary romp and laugh over Jack's antics with the two dogs and ourselves.

When we again turned in, this time for the night and some hours after, Dick and Jack slept side by side, both their heads upon one pillow. Both of them snored with considerable abandon. But it was all right.

RANSACKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Rattlesnake's Bite.

A SAN FRANCISCO dispatch of Oct. 16 reports that Robert R. Roberts, one of the election commissioners of San Francisco, while on his wedding trip to Little Geyser, Napa county, was bitten by a rattlesnake while out hunting Sunday afternoon. Mr. Roberts shot a large rattlesnake with a shotgun, blowing the snake into three pieces. He took up a stick and with it picked up the head of the snake. The head moved suddenly and struck him in the hand with its poisonous fangs. Mr. Roberts' hand immediately swelled up to a large size. Remedies were applied to counteract the effect of the poison, and the injured man was brought to Salistoga Monday, but in spite of medical assistance Mr. Roberts died this morning.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 11.—The tragic death of Robert Roberts, of San Francisco, who was bitten by a rattlesnake last Sunday, brings to me a vivid recollection of the misadventure I had with a big rattler in Riverside county in 1903, an account of which was printed in the Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM that year.

My hunting companion, Mr. Collier, of Corona, shot the snake in two. Only a shred of skin joined the pieces. The section to which the head was attached was only a few inches in length, yet enough muscles remained for the snake to strike at us viciously. Unable to reach his enemies the rattler turned and struck its own body three times.

The California quail season opens next week, and several acquaintances have taken my advice and are providing themselves with small hypodermic cases and a supply of permanganate of potassium and strychnia tablets. The tablets may be taken internally, but there is a possibility of one's throat swelling so that it might be impossible to swallow a short time after being bitten by a rattlesnake.

There are not a great number of venomous snakes in this vicinity, but I shall never go afield again without taking these precautions. FRANK E. WOLFE.

Birds and Bird Enemies.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with interest the articles on enemies of bird life, now running in FOREST AND STREAM, and would like to add the inclosed clipping as evidence of guilt on part of the squirrel:

"This seems strange, but it is true; he did not hatch him, but snatched him. This is how it happened. Some small boys were passing through the lovely lawn of Mr. William Grimes' residence on Halifax street, yesterday morning, and heard the wail of William, Jr.'s—known by his playmates as 'Bill Grimes'—pet chicken, and on investigating found that one of the many squirrels that feast on the nuts on the trees in the grove had changed his diet and had concluded to try chicken. His squirrelship pounced upon William's pet and hied away to his nest in the tree, the chicken vainly protesting in the meantime. 'Bill' is catching sandfiddlers down at Wrightsville Beach and has not yet heard of his loss."

It would be very unfortunate for squirrels in general to get the chicken habit, for they would certainly have trouble with Mr. 'Coon. I would advise them to keep hands off the chicken. A few pair of squirrels were placed in the capitol square four or five years ago have increased until they overrun the city, and would spread over the suburbs but for a few people who see nothing in any bird or animal but so much meat. Some shoot every squirrel that comes in their yard. Our last Legislature changed the open season for squirrels to equal the quail season, as many quail were killed before the season opened for them by pretended squirrel hunters, and even yet I often hear the rapid shots of quail shooting, followed by much shouting here! here! here! the shooters trying to give the impression they are rabbit shooting with hounds.

I first learned that a squirrel required flesh as food in this way. My brother had a pet mockingbird, and one

morning while arranging food and water for his bird before going off to school, he thought it would be a good plan to give the captive the freedom of the room, where my squirrel ran at large, his cage door being open always. Placing the cage in the room he propped open the door and ran off to school, thinking to himself what a nice time the bird and squirrel would have playing together. The squirrel certainly did enjoy the company of the bird, judging from how little he left but feathers; only the feet and bill remained. He also profited in another way by this experience, for I gave him his freedom shortly afterward. Squirrels do not destroy bird life to any extent, though, as they require meat only at intervals and not as a regular diet.

As for the crow, he is the most destructive enemy of our birds, for he can reach any nest except in a small hollow tree, or other excavated nest, and does not hesitate to snatch eggs from under a sitting bird, as can be observed. In the eastern part of North Carolina the crows can be seen robbing the nest of the egret, gull and other coast birds, and as the crows are numberless in that section and flocks are seen everywhere, they must destroy thousands of the eggs and young.

I had a peculiar experience with a pair of nesting blackbirds the past summer that cannot be explained either as instinct or chance. I will send it to you soon. They, very clearly to me, worked a trick and so well did they act that I was drawn from their nest, which was in plain sight, and easily reached to an old one some distance away. The clipping about the martins is quite true. I hope some one had foresight enough to photograph this wonderful flight of birds. If I can get a photograph I will send it to you.

I regretted to hear of the death of Cabia Blanco. I looked forward to his articles each week and was disappointed if the paper did not have something of his. I expect to clip out all those I have and put them in a scrap book.

ED. L. BAILEY.

A PLAGUE OF MARTINS.

A Wilmington, N. C., correspondent of the Raleigh News and Observer says: Ten of the citizens of Wrightsville Sound and Dr. Ed. Barnes, of Tarboro, who is spending the summer there, were arraigned before Justices of Peace George Harris and G. W. Westbrook on the charge of violation of the game laws of the State by the wholesale shooting of field martins, which had literally taken posession of the grove in front of Capt. John H. Hanby's Ocean View Hotel and cottage property at that resort. The indictment was brought by County Game Warden Freeman, and each of the defendants submitted and was fined $5 and costs. The fines were afterward remitted at the suggestion of the game warden, who confessed that the martins had collected in such unusually large numbers as to do damage to the grove and make themselves a nuisance in front of the hotel property. Captain Hanby, proprietor of the hotel, complained that the plague of martins not only damaged the grove by swarming in the trees in such numbers that they broke off the branches but that his guests actually threatened to leave his house because of the nuisance The martins collected in the grove in such dense swarms as to almost obscure the sun when they arose from the tree tops, hundreds of people having gone to the Sound to witness the phenomenon. When Captain Hanby gave carte blanche to the gunners to shoot them it is estimated that over 11,000 were killed in one day.

A Curious Turtle.

TWO DAYS before we left Squam Lake, N. H., where we had a camp cottage for the summer, my wife, my youngest son and daughter and I rowed down the lake nearly to its southwestern extremity.

At one place there is a small island not far from the shore. In the mid-channel between this island and the shore, on a large boulder projecting two or three feet above the water and exposing a surface six or eight feet long, we saw three turtles, or more properly, I suppose, "painted tortoise," basking in the warm sun. We conceived the idea of seeing how near we could approach them before they would take alarm and slip into the water.

Two of them, only about half as large as the third, showed the usual wariness of the species, and after craning their necks a little as we silently circled nearer and nearer the rock, took their plunge while we were yet half a dozen rods or so away. The third, who occupied the highest position on the rock, maintained his place, though moving his head in his effort to watch us.

We at once saw that his back presented a remarkable appearance, being apparently covered with a number of thin, dry, flesh-colored membranes, which curled up from it in a curious fashion.

Enjoining silence, I rowed around the rock as noiselessly as possible, coming nearer and nearer to it, every member of the party intently watching the queer phenomenon.

The movements of the animal's head and neck indicated his alarm, but he seemed unwilling to stir till the last moment. To all of us came at once the notion that it was afflicted with some disease or feebleness which made it unable or unwilling to stir.

Nearer we came till we were within six or eight feet of the creature and could see with the utmost distinctness the strange growth or structure on its back. It seemed as though each of the more central plates on the back of its shell were shedding a thin epidermis, of the texture of the dry skin which a snake periodically throws off, and that in each case the sides of this thin covering of the plate had curled upward till more than half of it were free, but the whole were retained by an undetached middle part. There seemed to be nearly, or quite, a half dozen of these membranes on each side of the animal's back. "Sort of butterflies' wings," my little daughter afterward called them.

While the attention of the rest of us was riveted on the creature my wife also caught sight of one of these membranes, or scales, which had become entirely detached and had fallen upon the water and lay floating with its edges turned up, resembling in every respect those upon the tortoise.

She tried her best to call attention to it without making movement or noise which would hasten the lunge which it was evident the animal would soon make, and which a moment later it did make, when we were near enough to have touched it with an oar. It went straight to the bottom and lay beside the rock, just discernible in eight or ten feet of water.

Having no implement but an oar we could do nothing to recover it, but my attention being at once called to the floating scale, I saw it just as the waves which our sudden movements caused engulfed it, and I tried in vain to recover it with my oar as it slowly sank and seemed to almost dissolve in the water. We then interestedly compared notes with minuteness, finding that our observations agreed in all details.

Now, if I have described what is a common, or even if an infrequent still a well known phenomenon, kindly drop this account into your waste basket, with only such pity as you can spare for my ignorance, but if it describes something unusual please give it space and invite explanation.

To me, as to every other country-bred boy, no sight can be more familiar than that of a row of "turtles" sunning themselves on a log or rock, and their clumsy but quick plunge on my too near approach. But I have never seen one "arrayed" as was the one I have described, nor one permitting anything like so near approach, nor can I by inquiry find anyone else who has done so.

An eminent biologist tells me that it is his conviction that the plates of the shell of a "turtle" or tortoise have no such epidermis which could curl up in the fashion that we saw. Was our turtle, then, wearing "borrowed feathers," and if so from whom, or what, did he borrow them, and how did he affix them in that regular fashion? All we know or can say about the matter is that four of us saw at very close quarters, and for several minutes, what I have set forth. Will some one explain it?

C. H. AMES.

[Probably this was a case of diseased condition of the shell.]

Canine Crosses.

RIVERSIDE FARM, BYRON, Ill., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The note of Charles Hallock on "Fox-Dog Cross" in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 14, was of great interest to the writer who wishes that he knew how to prevent Mr. Hallock's shadow from growing less. His name can never die, but some day, may it be far distant, we all will have to bid Charles Hallock good-by.

In the same issue of the paper G. B. G.'s "Dog-Wolf Cross" was reminiscent to the writer of the following: More than a decade ago Ed. McNeal lived in the tenement house of Charles Follett, three miles south of Byron, directly on Red River, and worked for Mr. Follett. One April day, far back from the river, near an old straw stack, he shot a bitch wolf, and found her litter—part dogs, part wolves—in the stack. G. B. G.'s description of the cross-bred wolves is fine, and while the McNeal litter were prairie and his timber wolves, the description fits them to a dot. Mr. McNeal was paid the full bounty on the whole litter by the county clerk. There were certain ones in the county who kicked at the clerk's action, but the county clerk of Ogle county was right, and his action stamped him as being no common man as well as something of a naturalist on his own account.

Patrick Burke, the father of Judge Burke, of Chicago, owned a fine farm four miles north of Byron, where the great attorney was born, who owns the farm to this day. Prairie wolf-dog miscegenation occurred on the farm, the sire in this case being a collie dog, the dam a prairie wolf. Mr. Burke kept one of the dog pups. To all appearances he was a collie dog, but smarter, and fully as affectionate, so far as Mr. Burke was concerned, who taught him many pleasing tricks, and with whom he lived most happily under my observation for many years.

Jack! Who was Jack? Oh, he was a noted Byron dog who but recently yielded up the canine ghost. He was a cur dog-gray fox cross, and was given, as a pup, to the little daughter of Harry Harding, with whom he grew up and who, from his standpoint, was his only friend. Jack grew up to be a short-haired, grizzled gray, medium-sized, cock-eared dog with an eye of unusual brilliance and the swinging restless movements of a wild animal. His cry was the gasping bark of a fox. Did a hen cackle? That egg was his. Did Harry forget to feed him? He slipped out into a hazel patch and gobbled a rabbit or two—one to eat and one for sport, you know. Did anyone come near little Daisy? Their old friend the doctor sits here to write that they had the time of their lives in getting off without a bite. They are both dead. Who shall say that the dog-fox Jack is not with his little mistress in the pleasant land of the hereafter? *Quien sabe?*

DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

Turkey Buzzard Near Buffalo, N. Y.

THE Buffalo Evening News of Oct. 16 prints the following item:

"While hunting from an automobile near Clarence Center yesterday, Fred Jehle, a poultry dealer on Chippewa Market, shot a strange bird that has aroused much curiosity, as no one has been able to identify it. Mr. Jehle has shown the prize to many of his friends who are versed in western New York game, and they have guessed at anything from a wild turkey to an eagle, but no one will say positively what it is. The bird measures over six feet from tip to tip and weighs only about six pounds. The feathers of the wings are fully a foot in length and are dark colored. The head is bare of feathers, and in this respect resembles a bald eagle, but is said to differ from this bird in many other particulars. Mr. Jehle was accompanied by Christian Muegel and Edward Meyer."

Our correspondent, Flintstone, who calls our attention to this occurrence, says that Mr. James Savage identified the bird as a turkey buzzard, very rare so far north as Buffalo, but in the plains region passing still further north, "to the Saskatchewan." The late George A. Boardman recorded one specimen taken near St. Croix, Me. It has frequently been recorded from southern New England.

THE MANY-USE OIL CO.,
New York City, will send Free Sample. Write now.—*Adv.*

Forest Reserves in Colorado.

THE upheaval of mountain land forming western Colorado constitutes the great watershed of the Middle West. The topography of this central elevated region makes it a factor of great economic value. Its mountains are the sources of such important streams as the Colorado, the Rio Grande, the Arkansas, and the North and the South Platte, which, with their numerous tributaries, supply, to a large extent, the drainage systems upon which the surrounding States and Territories depend. Striking evidence of the far-reaching influence of these natural mountain reservoirs is seen in the fact that the United States Reclamation Service has recently selected various reservoir sites on the Grand and Yampah rivers, in Colorado, for the storage of water in connection with irrigation projects for the reclamation of extensive areas in southern California, Nevada and Arizona.

The Government, in its work of preserving natural reservoirs, as forming a necessary part of its irrigation projects, has recently extended its protection over a considerable portion of this mountainous area by the establishment of a number of forest reserves, for the purpose of conserving and regulating the stream flow of the region, and eventually insuring a greater flow in certain of the streams.

This means that the forest cover on the tops and slopes of these rugged mountains is to be protected, and used only so far as the preservation of stream flow and a permanent supply of forest products will allow. The mountains will now be constantly patrolled, at Government expense, to prevent the further occurrence of devastating fires. This alone will confer an inestimable blessing upon all depending upon this region for wood or water.

The tracts reserved are at too great an altitude to admit of agricultural lands being included to any great extent. They consist mainly of rough, mountain areas, practically worthless except for their timber, water, forage, and mining wealth. Withholding rugged areas of this kind from settlement will not interfere with the settling of the State, because such lands are unsuited to the purposes of the homeseeker. As their administration by the Government will, however, eventually make possible the settlement and development of other lands, both in Colorado and elsewhere, these otherwise waste areas will now be made to contribute directly toward building up prosperous homes in large sections of the country.

The State of Colorado, in particular, will derive much benefit, because its irrigation possibilities are so great. The fact that when the reclamation work of the Government was undertaken only about three per cent. of the entire land surface of Colorada was included in what might be termed improved lands, and that about two-thirds of that amount had been irirgated, led the Reclamation Service to devote special attention to the feasibility of reclaiming lands in Colorado. As a result, various projects are now under consideration which will render cultivable for the first time extensive areas throughout the western portion of the State. One of them, the Uncompahgre Valley project, is already well under way. When it is completed, sufficient land will be reclaimable to furnish homes for at least 1,200 families in the Uncompahgre Valley.

The progress which has already been made upon these various projects leaves no room to doubt that the relation which the Government is establishing, in Colorado, between the mountain sides and the valley lands, is one which means the agricultural development of large sections of the State.

While the forest cover on these mountains will be made to play this important role in the irrigation movement, it is no part of the Government's policy to withdraw the reserved lands from general use. On the contrary, it should be understood that the reserve will be open to all persons for all legitimate purposes. The timber, water, pasture, mineral, and other resources will contine to be for the use of the people, the reserves having been established for the purpose of benefiting, in every way possible, all the communities which are in any wise dependent upon them.

Capturing Wild Elk for Sequoia Park.

BAKERSFIELD, Cal., Oct. 17.—As a result of the second day's drive of the herd of wild elk, which for several years have made their feeding grounds at the Miller and Lux ranch at Buttonwillow, thirty miles south of this city, twenty-three perfect specimens were captured with the lariat yesterday, and of these twenty lived to be transferred to the Government reserve, Sequoia Park. At least 175 animals are still at large. The task of transferring the herd is to be abandoned for the present.

The elk in question, as will be remembered, are the only survivors of the California elk of old times (*Cervus nannodes,* Merriam) and were some years ago presented to the United States Government by Messrs. Miller and Lux. The attempts made to capture them last year were unsuccessful.

A Plucky Woman.

A DISPATCH to the Record-Herald from Monument, Col., says that Mrs. C. B. Wilson, wife of the station agent at that place, accidentally shot her husband while hunting yesterday. He dropped to the ground insensible, but the plucky woman, although weighing less than 115 pounds, carried the man, who weighs 155 pounds, a quarter of a mile up the mountainside to the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. She then signalled a fast freight, which stopped and took the injured man aboard.

A Winter Hunting Camp.

DURING the coming winter, a multitude of gunners will go South to spend a longer or shorter time. Each one naturally wants to go where he can get plenty of good shooting at moderate expense. All who contemplate such a trip will be interested in the advertisement of Mr. H. H. Powell, located on the Seaboard Air Line, at Cheraw, S. C., which appears on another page, and which tells very fully what Mr. Powell has to offer in the direction of good and varied sport and comfortable living. Among the attractions of this place are wide and well stocked territory, comfortable housing for individuals or families, and competent guides who know the shooting grounds.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Sunset in the Blind.

By the grassy edge of a shallow pool,
  Where shore birds wade and rest;
Yonder the roaring surf on the beach
  And billows' silvery crest;
A pile of eel grass, sticks and hay,
  A rough board placed behind,
A haven of rest for the weary man,
  The sportsman's blind.

Decoys are planted out before
  Where shadows come and go;
The sun sinks lower in the west,
  The clouds begin to glow.
The heron's croak, the curlew's wail
  Come drifting down the wind;
Ah, who once there will e'er forget
  The sportsman's blind?

WHISTLER.

In New England.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A report from Dr. Raymond, of Rehoboth, just at hand ays both quail and partridges have nearly disappeared n spite of the fact that some were liberated by the Ana- van Club last year. A few have been seen. He says the aws are generally well observed.

Mr. Gilmore writes from Lenox that the Sunday law is onstantly violated. He is also told on good authority hat gunners are shooting pheasants and deer. The law gainst the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse is fairly vell observed, owing mainly to the co-operation of the esidents, though, of course, there are exceptions. There vas some shooting by "sooners" before the opening of he season. The local club, he informs me, has employed warden for three years without any assistance from he State, and no warden from outside comes into the lace. Under these circumstances, he thinks, it is no nore than fair that the State should give them a paid leputy.

The town of Coleraine, Franklin county, bordering on Vermont, like all other towns in that county, lays without he quail zone, nevertheless, Mr. Russell, of the local lub, writes that the hunters are after quail some at the resent time. This, of course, is a surprise. Mr. Russell as been active in the cause of game protection for many ears.

Letters have come in from two more towns of Wor- ester county. Mr. Colby, of Barre, writes that both uail and ruffed grouse are very scarce. A letter from Princeton reports no quail and few partridges. It may e that these informants may find more birds later in he season.

Mr. C. A. Taft, of Whitinsville, on the occasion of a ecent call, said that he was surprised to read in the riter's reports so many expressions favorable to a close eason for a period of years. He very justly remarked hat the opinions of men who are not practical sports- nen are entitled to less weight than the views of those who are such. This position seems to me sound, and the bject of your correspondent in presenting to the read- rs of FOREST AND STREAM the views of those men who ave sent them in is to let the sportsmen know, as far s possible, what people think should be done to increase he number of our game birds, or, at any rate, to prevent heir ultimate extermination. It is not strange that men who have not made an exhaustive study of the under- lying principles of protection nor had an opportunity to earn from years of experience in the covers in pursuit of game, should say we must first of all prevent the kill- ing, whether by foxes, cats, skunks, etc., or by the man with a gun. But it should not be forgotten that a close period is no remedy for the destruction of the elements nor that of the natural enemies of game.

Had the years 1901-2 been closed to quail shooting in New England, more birds would probably have died from starvation in the winter of 1903, but no more been left alive in the spring of that year, and those sportsmen who derived needed recreation by hunting birds in 1901-2 would have been deprived of their favorite pastime, and to no purpose.

I know of no one who by long experience and intelli- gent observation is more competent to state the valid objections to long periods of close time than Mr. Taft, and if he should see fit to present his views to your read- ers I am sure they would be read with a great deal of interest, and I hope he will do so.

Mr. Taft has recently returned from his camp at Shaw Pond, near Flagstaff. He was accompanied by Mr. Will- iam Taft and Mr. Hazeltine, of Whitinsville. They had guides and secured a deer apiece and a good number of partridges. The abundance of game and the delightful weather made the outing one of rare pleasure.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, recently passed through Boston on his return from what he describes as a restful trip to Deer Island (Moosehead Lake), Me. He was in camp two weeks and says, "I shot all I wanted to." He did not stay for a moose, feeling that he already had his share of them. He expresses the opinion from his observation that moose are increasing in Maine. He says summer campers are killing more deer than the sportsmen, and should be prohibited from taking a rifle into the woods with them.

At Chatham there is still some shooting of winter yel- lowlegs and bull peep, although the shore bird shooting is near the end for this season. Frank Eldridge, of the steamer Lexington, on Tuesday secured about 100 birds, mostly bulls, at North Beach. At the upper end of Chatham Beach, formerly a good place for shore birds, it is now grassed over and makes a capital place for black ducks. The flight of seafowl is somewhat backward on account, it is thought, of the moderate weather that has prevailed this month. Mr. Sewall, of Waltham, and a friend have got good bags at the Beach the past week, and hunters using the blinds at East Harwich are having good shooting. A party of fifteen young men from Cape towns in camp at Sandy Neck, off Barnstable, are get- ting a good number of coot. Coot are bedding in off Monomoy, and great sport is looked for there in a few days.

At Morris Island there is excellent fox hunting. Barney Taylor and his brother captured three fine ones in a couple of hours while making a detour of the island.

Mr. George Westinghouse, of Lenox, has received sev- eral wild deer from Montana the past week to place in a deer preserve he is establishing on a portion of his Erskine Park estate in that town.

If one has plenty of money he may get quite an assort- ment of game birds now in the Boston market. There are rice and railbirds from Virginia, beetle-head plover and yellowlegs from the Cape in limited numbers, and very choice black and mallard ducks, to say nothing of the Scotch grouse and black cock.

Commissioners Field and Delano have returned from their trip to Newfoundland and other Maritime Prov- inces. During their absence they had an opportunity to learn something of the feelings and opinions of the New- foundlanders on the fishery question. Your correspon- dent has not yet had an opportunity to interview them as yet, but hopes to very soon.

L. W. Morrison, of Braintree, has been fined $33 for having twenty-two short lobsters.

Hundreds of sportsmen are reported in the region about Lake Winnipisseogee, where the season is now at its best. An Andover hunter got a nine-point buck which dressed 165 pounds. Mr. S. Smith, of Meredith, captured a fine deer in the vicinity of Red Hill, in Moul- tonborough. Dr. W. P. Hough and L. B. Woodman re- cently returned from a trip of ten days in the neighbor- hood of Stewartstown, bringing out three deer. But the most valuable quarry was that of Mr. Peverly, a well known trapper of Northfield, who secured a silver-gray fox in a trap he had set in Canterbury. This species of fox is very rare and the pelt brings a large price. About one a year in New Hampshire is the usual catch.

A strange wild animal has of late been frightening people in Derry, N. H., and Mr. J. M. Hood, of Mel- rose, who has seen it, expresses the opinion that it is a genuine South American puma. At any rate, whatever it is, the people are in hopes it will fall to the gun of some Nimrod before long.

It is reported that Lyndborough Mountains, in Hills- borough county, are infested with wildcats, three of which were shot this week by Mr. Doliver, of that town. Mr. Doliver says he would not care to have a scrap with either of them if cornered.

Mr. Barry, of Temple, writes that he would be glad to sell the fourteen deer that have been feeding in his clover field all the fall, and would throw in a few rabbits in the bargain. Some Massachusetts gunners have been getting fine bags of ruffed grouse in southern New Hampshire.

Shipments of deer at Bangor on Tuesday numbered fifty-one, on Wednesday the receipts were fifty-eight, on Thursday sixty-three. On Tuesday, the second day of the open season, eight moose were brought into Bangor. One of these was secured by E. B. Reed, of Boston. From Masardis Messrs. C. Corliss and L. E. Griffin brought out deer. W. W. Sprague brought one from Brownville.

Bostonians who came out Wednesday with deer were J. H. Hanson, C. H. Rollins, Dr. C. A. Pratt and F. W. Reynolds. Messrs. R. L. Hornby and H. H. Shumway, of Boston, and W. Smith and D. B. Clark, of Spring- field, Mass., secured deer. The latest reports are that deer are coming down from the woods in surprising num- bers. On the afternoon express from Greenville there were brought twenty-seven deer.

Two members of the State Association, Messrs. Clark and Royce, have recently returned from a very success- ful trip to New Brunswick, but I must defer particulars till my next writing.

CENTRAL.

Sport in Newfoundland.

With a Black Fly Recipe.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishing season is now over, and the sports have taken to their guns. This has been a record sea- son for fish and fishermen. Visiting sportsmen, prin- cipally American anglers, came in larger numbers this year than ever. All the visitors, with one or two excep- tions, enjoyed prime sport. One gentleman vented his grievances in FOREST AND STREAM. He complained of the flies, and the tenor of his letter showed that he unduly irritated himself. He said that even if the fish had been more plentiful and the flies less troublesome he would not have stopped longer, no matter what the inducements offered. An angler who is not philosopher enough to keep cool when the flies are troublesome and busy ought to stay in the city in the hot weather. Flies are a nuisance, but surely no angler expects to go into the virgin wilderness in July or August without meeting flies. Some anglers exaggerate the torments of these little pests and excite themselves. If an angler could only take the flies as a part of the day's work and keep cool, the flies would not be half as troublesome. My own experience last season proved this. An old woodsman told me long ago that the best thing to do when the flies were very bad was to "keep cool"; "keep your hair on." "Don't get excited, as that cuts no ice with nippers," and I think this is very good advice. I would give, for the benefit of future anglers, two receipts that I have proved to be golden. One, for use in the day, is composed of sweet or olive oil and carbolic acid in the same proportion as the famous silver standard—sixteen to one. Sixteen parts oil and one carbolic acid. This mixed well in about a half pint bottle will last for four or five days. The angler can carry a small vest-pocket phial and fill it every morning, and this much will do him for the day. Rubbed on the head, face, neck and hands, it retains its odor till the oil evaporates. It is harmless, and the oil preserves the skin from serious sunburn, and pre- vents it from breaking. I have found it one of the most pleasant of fly mixtures, and one that the flies dis- like heartily.

When the flies are troublesome in camp and one can't sleep without being badly bitten, then they prove to be a veritable nuisance. This year we tried what we call "Scott's patent," and I can recommend it unreservedly as the best remedy I have ever used. When we retired for the night we first laced the front of our camp to keep out wanderers, then lit a candle, got the top of a meat tin, bent it double, so it would hold a spoonful or two of powder, stuck it into a piece of a stick, held it over the candle, poured into it a couple of spoon- fuls of Keating's insect powder (a can of which can be had for a few cents), held the receptacle till it be- came red hot and the powder burned. This caused a smoke that, while it was not disagreeable to us, simply mesmerized and paralyzed the mosquitoes that lined the camp in myriads, and rendered them perfectly harm- less during the whole night. We proved the efficacy of this every night for nine nights, and I was so pleased with it that I resolved to tell FOREST AND STREAM, so that your numerous readers will reap the benefit another season. There is no doubt about the efficacy of this recipe, because we proved it under the most trying circumstances.

Large as the number of visitors was this season, it promises to be much larger next year. Already several parties have arranged to come along for the salmon and sea trout fishing, and have engaged rooms along the railway line. And there is room enough and fish in plenty for all. There are thousands of lakes, ponds and rivers on the island, and they all contain fish. There are no restrictions whatever; no license fee, and anglers can fish anywhere. And all agree that a man (with or without his family) can live cheaper for a month or so in Newfoundland and get more sport than anywhere else yet discovered. The visitors one and all with whom your correspondent came in contact were en- raptured with the climate and scenery.

Many of your readers will regret to hear that Mr. H. A. Morine, general passenger agent for the Reid New- foundland Railway Co., has resigned that position and gone into a more remunerative position in the city. Mr. Morine proved himself to be a courteous and oblig- ing official while in office, and many American visitors will miss him next season. Mr. W. J. Hamilton has now been appointed, so that prospective visitors need- ing information should write to him or Mr. Willie B. Reid, vice-president Reid Newfoundland Co. As all the officials have orders from headquarters to be cour- teous and obliging to visitors, and as all the railway men are noted for their kindliness to strangers, visitors can get all the information needed either on arrival here or by writing to addresses given above.

The shooting season for grouse opened Sept. 20. Fearing the grouse would become extinct, there was a close season for one whole year. While some good bags were reported, sportsmen say that we should have two more years close season in order to give them a chance to be nearly as plentiful as they were. Another great drawback is that the snipe shooting season opens Sept. 1, and grouse shooters say that the snipe shooters played havoc with the partridge and that very few full coveys were to be found when they got on the grounds on Sept. 15. Further, some "cute" sportsmen shot over the barrens on Sundays and got ahead of the legitimate shooters. Some of these Sunday sports have been caught, and they have paid so dearly for their day's work that they will scarcely trouble it again. The police are out after others and expect to rake in several other Sunday men during the next few days. If they succeed, it is probable that the Sunday men will buy their birds in future, as they will come much cheaper.

Judge Prouse, than whom we have no better informed or keener all-round sportsman, writing of our grouse in an interesting essay in the Newfoundland Quarterly for October, says: "The correct description is the willow grouse (*Tetrao saliceti*). He is a distinguished member of the great family of the *Tetraonidæ*, all north- ern birds: they range from the capercaillie or cock of the woods, weighing 17 pounds—an inhabitant of north- ern Sweden and Lapland—to the little Rocky Moun- tain grouse of less than one pound. The willow grouse weighs from 23 to 27 ounces, while the rock grouse, or American ptarmigan (*Tetrao lagopus rupestris*) is smaller than its congener and rarely exceeds 20 ounces. The habitat of the rock grouse is high mountains. In Newfoundland it is only found on the south and west of the island." He suggests that Scotch grouse and black cock should be introduced into the country, and they probably will before long.

C.

WE quote from the paper on grouse shooting by Judge Prowse in the Newfoundland Quarterly this description of a sport in which many Americans have participated:

The journey down to the barrens, whether by road or rail, is always pleasant. You are out for a holiday, there is a freedom from all restraint; care and anxiety and all earthy troubles and worries are for the time banished far away. The fresh sparkling water, the

sweet breath of the pine wood, the fresh breezy air are all delightful, and above all there is the joyous anticipation of good sport on the morrow. Every now and then there are kindly greetings on the road; you meet your old friends of former trips—"What about the birds, Mick?" "Well, you see," says he, "I'm tuk up with the vyage, and so I don't be follying the country, but the bys that's be after the cows seed a few scattered coveys about the Burnt Hills and the Look Out. I don't be thinking they're powerful plenty at all." Your informant is probably a shooter himself, and this pessimistic report is a dodge to keep a few birds for his own gun. By and by you meet another more genial and inventive livier, and with an air of simple candor and veracity he says: "How be the birds?" "Well, I never heard tell on the like. Jim Malone cum across the country from beyant tudder day, may be a week agone last Sunday, he had nara dog, he never stepped off the pat and begob he put ten fine coveys to wing." I knew one gifted artist in mendacity who promised an exalted personage royal sport. "Come out to me, Sir William, and I'll show you thirteen fine coveys." The reality, after a hard day's tramp, materialized into one solitary old cock. However, all things come to an end, and by night-fall you have reached your destination—either a camp in the woods, or your headquarter at a fisherman's house.

It is worth while to make the journey for such a kindly welcome. All the village has foregathered in your honor—the old man and the boys are soon puffing away with your tobacco, the guns are always a special object of attraction, and all the queer odds and ends of tinned provisions are turned over and examined. In the meantime the mistress and the girls are busy about your supper.

A wise man you go early to bed, and don't take too much of the "craytur." There is no need to rouse you in the early morn, you are off before dawn; the dread of some keener sportsman cutting you off lends wings to your movements, and before sunrise you are climbing the hills. We breast the long ascent; it takes it out of us a bit. We stay a moment to draw breath; the sun is just touching the eastern hills with a soft roseate light, below us lies the bay with its brown-sailed fishing boats and its purple islands. Through the pure air for miles away we can see the gleam of white houses, behind the dark pine woods, the fir-clad hills, the broad open moors, interspersed with verdant marshes in the long distance, seem as bright and green as the new mown meadows. The wild far-stretching moorland that lies before us has a beauty of its own. Everywhere there are wild flowers and low berry-bearing shrubs with clear bright purling streams and endless lakes; much of the open country is stern, wild and bare, but it has a weird beauty of its own, and the clear exhilarating atmosphere braces you like a subtle tonic.

Before we commence our day's sport, let me say one word about your Newfoundland guide. In his old canvas jacket and patched moleskin trousers, your Terra Novian fisherman is not so picturesque a figure as the Scotch gillie in the garb of old Gæl; but for keenness of sight, for knowledge of birds and their habits, for accuracy in marking where the coveys pitch, for endurance and walking powers, and above all, for courtesy and kindly manners, I will back him against the best of the bra Highlanders that ever drank the mountain dew, or scratched himself in the early dawn. If you make a bad miss he will always find an excuse for you—"Sure, they're as wild as hawks; the devil wouldn't kill the like of 'em."

I remember one day five birds rose, two crossed as I fired, and both came down. My companion killed right and left, and I finished off the fifth bird with my second barrel. The whole thing was a pure fluke, but our guide turned to two old fishermen who were cruising the hills—"Dat's the way, Paddy," said he, "they're doing it all day."

All the English and American sportsmen who have visited Newfoundland—Selous, Millais, Pritchard the novelist, and Vanderbilt the millionaire, speak in the highest terms of the never-failing cheerfulness, their patient endurance of fatigue, the remarkable knowledge of all woodcraft and habits of the caribou shown by their Newfoundland guides. All unanimously declare that no better companions, for the woods and wild sport, can be found anywhere. And now—

"Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open—what the covert yields."

Out range the dogs, away they go, with a rushing gallop right and left across the wind, by and by you notice Grouse is on a hot scent, Don and Ranger take it up, and you get excited and nervously finger your gun, you work the ground carefully all over, but it ends in a fiasco. The birds have lain there all night, and at early dawn they have flown to the feeding ground. On go the dogs again. Presently you notice Grouse begins to draw. He has the birds this time all right. As you mount the next low hill you see him just below, his lashing tail has become stiff, and with head outstretched and rigid body he slowly moves along, until at last he stands as motionless as if carved in stone. Ranger and Don, as they mount the ridge, suddenly catch sight of Grouse, and at once you see them also transformed into statuesque canines backing their companion.

Slowly you saunter up to Grouse. Mick—your man with the Celtic temperament—may be excited, but if you are a genuine sportsman you will keep cool. You have broken in your dogs; you know them well, and you know, too, that if you get flurried they will soon copy your example.

As you approach Grouse, slowly and cautiously he moves ahead. While you have been walking up to him the birds have also moved on, not far, but still further off than the old dog considers the correct thing. You look about you, wondering where on earth are the birds? When, whirr! there is a startling sound, and a dozen brown birds are in the air scudding away; with your right barrel you pick off the old cock, and with your left down goes another, shot through the back he lies with wings outstretched. Mick declares, "Begob, it was a great shot," but you know in your hear that it was plain and easy, and that you would be the veriest duffer if you had missed them. All the same your sportman's vanity admits the soft impeachment—"Not bad, Mick." The remaining birds have taken refuge in a big tuck—a lot of stunted spruces on the hillside leading down to the brook. They are scattered and lie close. This is the prettiest shooting of all, and one and by one you work them all out, getting every variety of shot; and if you are in good form you will bag nearly the whole covey.

On you go over the barrens, meeting birds more or less—singly and in coveys—and by the brooks an odd snipe. Presently, about 11 o'clock, you look about for a place to boil the kettle.

This is the most delightful time of all for Mick. The amount of "tay" a good hearty Newfoundlander will swallow is something incredible. He won't eat so much meat, unless you force it on him; but after you have done, he loves to refill the pot and go at it again.

The knowing shooter takes a good long time over his lunch. In the middle of the day is the worst time for the birds, while the late afternoon and evening are the best. On the return tramp all the scattered coveys will be found in their old haunts. By this time you will be a bit stiff and tired, and probably good shot as you undoubtedly may be, you will miss an occasional chance; but you have had a good day's sport, a good tramp, and you will enjoy your supper as if you had earned it.

A good day's grouse shooting in Newfoundland affords as fine a sport as there is in the world. This, at least, is the opinion of Admiral Sir. W. R. Kennedy—the best all-round sportsman in the British Navy.

The habitat of the rock grouse is high mountains. In Newfoundland it is only found on the south and west of the island. Both species are spread over Hudson Bay, Labrador, and the Arctic regions of North America. The Scotch grouse has been naturalized is Sweden. It seems to me desirable that an attempt should be made to introduce both the black cock and the grouse into this country; more efforts should also be made to re-introduce the moose. The funds obtained from deer and licenses for sporting dogs might very well be set apart for the laudable purpose of preserving our rivers, and stocking valuable game birds on our wild lands.

The native grouse is being rapidly thinned out; I know many places from whence it has entirely disappeared. An effort has been made to prevent the extinction of one of the most valuable game birds in the world, by stopping all shooting for one year and putting back the opening season until October. We shall see this year how it has worked. Grouse being mainly a ground bird can be easily decimated.

In the August Cornhill, 1905, I discussed the question of grouse disease, and proposed, as a remedy, to mate the home birds with our hardier and stronger breed. Mr. Reginald I. Smith, K.C., the editor, intends to try the experiment. To be successful it will have to be carried out on a large scale.

Big Game in Quebec.

MONTREAL, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Report Your Luck to FOREST AND STREAM." Well, then, here goes our luck. There were two of us, Frank R. and I, and when we left Montreal for our trip we had a rather faint idea where we were going to. Somebody had told us such and such a place was good for deer and partridge, and we took their word and went in that direction. We went by Grand Trunk Railway to Lennoxville, got there at midnight and slept in the waiting room till 5 the next morning, then we took the Canadian Pacific Railway to Cookshire; there we found that the "guy" who was to drive us to our camp did not show up, and no one else in the town would take us, so we bundled ourselves into the cars again over the Michigan Central Railroad to Sawyerville, six miles away, and got a team there at a ruinous price, to take us. Then away we started on our thirty-five-mile drive. It took us over seven hours to get within five miles of our camp, and lo, and behold, we found that the remaining five miles were impassable for the team. The old lumber road had not been used for five years, and windfalls blocked the road every few yards, and after chopping through a few we came across a large elm and gave the job up; so we bundled out the stuff and let the team go. As it was getting dark, we concluded to wait till morning before we dared to tackle the trail; so we made a sort of lean-to and all went to sleep.

Next morning at 7 we started to pack the stuff, each carrying about sixty pounds tied over our backs in bags and left the remainder for another portage, and then, gun in hand, away we piked. Tell you what, that five miles was the worst I ever struck. The pack ropes nearly strangled us, and if we sat down for a rest it was a job to get up again, and every short distance we would run foul of a windfall, and you'd get your body over the log and have the pack on the other side, and would have a regular tug-of-war getting it over, and then it would come with a run and knock us down. We flushed partridges all along the trail but were too heart miserable to even look at them, much less shoot. Then we struck a bog and our waterproof leather boots did their duty manfully by leaking like sieves. Then we struck two steep mountains, and the Lord only knows what not in the misery line. After four hours of plugging we struck the camp. The camp, I say, but what a shack it was. It was an old lumber camp built about fifteen years ago and not used for over five years. We were told we would find it in good shape, but alas! half the roof was down, the flooring was all gone, the door was off, the stove lay in a corner all smashed to bits; numerous empty bottles lying around told the tale of a big drunk, a fight, and then a rough house. Well, well, it was raining and we were tired out for fair, so cursing our luck we got a fire going, boiled some coffee and fried some bacon, and I made some flapjacks and we dug right in.

After dinner we set to work to repair the camp a bit, and with the aid of an ax and some nails, and taking some logs from the stable, we succeeded in making things look a little better. Then supper and then to bed; 6:30. Oh, but we were tired out. We arranged the cedar boughs in the upper bunk, crawled up, then under the blankets—clothes, boots and all on—and were asleep in a few minutes. But alas! like most lumber camps, it was infested with fleas, and we more than caught it. But we went to sleep again and were awakened about 12 by Frank's dog giving tongue, so evidently something was prowling around, likely a bear or bobcat.

The next morning we made another portage and packed the remainder of our stuff, hiding the boxes in the brush. Our loads this time were not so bad, or else we were used to it and did not feel it so badly. Frank carried a bag full tied around his neck and shoulders. I carried a grip with 300 shotgun and 150 rifle shells in it, strapped to my shoulders; and then we had the numerous pockets of our hunting coats packed with all sorts of things (by the way, these hunting coats were a godsend to us, and the amount of game and stuff a fellow can carry in one of them is marvellous). Then, rifles in hand, we piked. We came across about a dozen partridges along the road, but as our scatter guns were at camp we only got one with the rifles. Well, we did not find this trip nearly so bad as the last one, but were glad enough when we struck camp. We were somewhat surprised to see a man there smoking and quite at home. He told us he was out "gumming" for spruce gum and was on his way to the Van Dyke camps, in New Hampshire, a few miles away. In him we struck a Klondyke. He knew every foot of the country and goes out "gumming" every fall, carrying a blanket, ax and grub across his back and rifle in hand. He makes trips for a week or ten days, and then back to his so-called farm (300 acres—two cleared, rest brush) and then off again. Some days he gathers as much as five pounds of gum, and, at $1 a pound, it pays. Well, we had dinner, he cooked it, and we got him to promise to stay with us the three weeks without paying him a cent, only feeding him. "Bill" looked down upon shotguns and would only use a rifle; he had a .40-72.

The following morning we went on a partridge hunt, and Frank and I did some awful muffing at first, and "Bill" ridiculed the idea of wing-shooting, claiming that it was only by chance a bird was killed on the wing. Well, the first day we only got five birds and missed about twenty-five. Frank ran across two deer and let drive at them with buckshot, but it seemingly only hastened their speed. I had a shot at a fox at fifty yards, but failed to get him.

The next day we struck for an old clearing about three miles away. We all carried rifles and got two partridges on the way. At the clearing we lay down behind stumps and still-hunted, and after an hour or so Frank got a pot at a fine big buck with his .44-40 carbine, and down went his flag. We chased him for a mile but he got away from us, and we concluded that the .44-40 is not nearly powerful enough to stop a deer unless struck in a very vital spot. "Bill" fired at a doe on the way back, but did not connect. The next day we went after partridge again, and steadied down in our shooting and got about half our birds, bringing in about fifteen between us. "Bill" had gone off in another direction to interview a deadfall that he had set some months back, and did not show up till long after dark, and reported having had a running shot at a bear and that the deadfall was down.

Next day we went back to the clearing and each of us got a crack at a deer. Mine was a running shot at 300 yards at which I pumped five .38-55 in vain. "Bill" had nothing in his rifle and snapped three times at his, and by the time he fished some shells out of his clothes the deer was gone. Frank struck his between the eyes and it dropped in its tracks. It was a three-year-old doe and weighed about 100 pounds dressed. We had a hard job getting it back to camp. Then we had fresh meat for a change.

The next couple of days we hunted partridge and averaged about ten or twelve a day between us. Our camp was within twenty-five yards of a brook, and every morning we saw fresh signs of deer there, and one morning we saw the marks of a moose and heard him calling during the day. We tried to call him but it did not work. On the following day I got a squint at him as I was sitting down near the old clearing; he was about 400 yards away and was just at the edge of the bush. I crawled on my stomach to get nearer, but he must have winded me, as when I raised my head he was nowhere to be seen. I kicked myself that I did not let fly at him at first.

Thus we spent our time. The last week was the best of all, as we got four deer between us. I got my two in one afternoon. I was lying behind a stump waiting for a "pot" at the clearing and went into a doze; I awoke with a start and there were a buck and a doe calmly nibbling at the grass not 100 yards away. Two shots from my .38-55 and one dropped in its tracks, the other one (the buck) with flag down went flying for the bush, and after running about 200 yards dropped dead. The first one was shot right through the heart, but it was torn up terribly inside. Frank got his buck one-quarter mile from camp, walked right on top of him, and with "Bill's" rifle in his hands, one shot did the trick. "Bill" shot a does on his way to the deadfall and carried it to camp all by himself. We did not get a bear but saw traces of many. I saw one one day with my shotgun in hand, and only having No. 6 shot, let him go, which he lost no time in doing.

Our three weeks were up and we were a little tired of it, and then we had the terrible job of packing those three deer and all the rest of the stuff, including about 100 partridge, over the five miles. We expected to do it all in one day, but alas! it took us a day and a half, but we had plenty of time, as the team was to meet us the following evening.

following evening and we had six hours to spare, and it proved to be more too, as the team was five hours late. Here we parted with "Bill" with promises to return next season. Then away we go home, getting into Montreal Oct. 13, looking like two hobos.

NOTES.—I have come to the conclusion that no light leather boot can be made waterproof. We used lumberman's larigans with a small sole and heel, and while they were very easy and comfortable, they let in water like a sieve. Second, I am through with small caliber rifles for deer shooting. Frank's .44-40, though seemingly a big caliber, was not nearly powerful enough to stop a deer unless hit in a very vital spot, and he lost three or four deer which, if hit with a .40-72, would have been dead meat. I used a .38-55, but am going to get a .40-72—I had to laugh at your editorial about shooting partridge

with No. 10 shot. We used 3¼ Dupont, 1¼ No. 6 chilled, and found it small enough. Half the time three-fourths of the charge goes into trees and slash, the bird getting very little of it. Most birds are killed within thirty yards, but it takes a terrible lot of killing to kill Canadian partridge. We both used Winchester pump guns, full-choked, and they worked like a charm. No cylinder bore for me. Trap shooting is no practice for these birds at all. It is a case of snap shooting all the time, and repeatedly I have killed a bird with gun at hip; had to do it or get no shot. ELLIOTT JOHNSON, JR.

The Quails of the United States.*

BY SYLVESTER D. JUDD, ASSISTANT, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

(*Continued from page 830.*)

General Habits of the Bobwhite.

THE habits of bobwhite, like those of many other birds, vary considerably, and the following, observed by E. W. Nelson, is a case in point. In 1875 the Wabash bottoms near Mount Carmel, Ill., were covered with a magnificent forest, quite tropical in the size and luxuriant growth of trees and other vegetation. Scattered here and there through the forest were small clearings planted to corn. Bobwhites were found about all of these clearings, and the males were commonly heard calling from the tops of tall trees in the edge of the bordering forest, and on more than one occasion were stalked and shot in the midst of the woods from tree tops more than 100 feet from the ground. When flushed in the cornfields the coveys dashed away into the forest, where they took refuge in the tree tops, thence sending forth their rallying call notes.

There appears to be a tendency among bobwhites, at least in some regions, to a local migration. In certain sections, as in Virginia and Maryland, they commonly leave their summer homes on the approach of winter and congregate near the larger watercourses. In an old number of the American Sportsman Lewis refers to this fall movement, and says: "At this period the birds are said to be running or traveling, and will not lie to a dog; and to pursue is lost time, as it will be found utterly impossible to keep up with them, no matter with what speed you attempt it."

The habits of the bobwhite during the hunting season are well known. The birds move about most actively and feed in the early morning and late afternoon. The best shooting is to be had the hour before sunset, in the places where the birds have decided to spend the night. They roost on the ground, forming a solid ring with tails in and heads out. In Virginia and Maryland the roosting places are almost never in the woods, though in Mecklenburg county, Va., the writer has found them in grassy, briery little clearings among pine woods. At Marshall Hall the birds were found roosting in the edges of woodland, orchards, patches of ragweed in wheat stubble, cornfields, truck plats, broomsedge, dewberry and blackberry tangles, pastures and fence corners. In Massachusetts Edward A. Preble found no roosts in the open fields, but found them among scrub oaks and in tall pine forests. Bobwhites habitually use a roosting ground again and again. A covey of a dozen, found the middle of November, 1899, at Marshall Hall, resorted to a corner of a peach orchard for eight consecutive nights, and during December, 1902, a covey of fifteen on the Roanoke River bottom used a narrow strip of cockleburr, ragweed and smartweed for ten consecutive nights. It is interesting to note that, although quail seek the woods for shelter from enemies during the day, they generally regard the open as safer at night.

It is the general opinion that with the oncoming of winter the bobwhite is found less often in the open fields, where withered herbaceous plants afford but scant protection from enemies, than in dense bushy briery coverts and woods.

In Maryland and Virginia the scattered and depleted coveys after the shooting season evidently unite into large bevies. Their favorite resort in severe weather is a bank with southern exposure and suitable food supply. At Marshall Hall during one of the heaviest snowfalls of the season, when the Potomac was frozen over and the thermometer near zero, a covey was always to be found on the southeast side of a steep bank bordering a large swamp. Here the birds found food and warmth, for the rays of the sun fell on this slope so directly that even when the snow elsewhere lay from three to six inches deep it was here melted or remained only in patches. It was noticeable that when snow was on the ground the birds ventured only a few rods from cover, a fact that apparently indicated their appreciation of danger from the numerous hawks and foxes. At Kinsale, Va., the writer found bobwhites crossing open fields when there was an inch or two of snow, though for the most part they kept close to cover. In April and May the birds again venture out into the open, and they breed when vegetation is sufficiently grown to conceal the nests.

At Marshall Hall little oval pits in dry soil, in which quail had been dusting, were found in various situations, usually under cover of weeds and bushes about the fields. Dusting is a part of the toilet of all gallinaceous and many other birds, and may also be a protection against vermin.

Bobwhite as an Ally of the Farmer.

In summing up the relations of the bobwhite to agriculture it will be well to emphasize certain facts developed by our investigation of its food habits. In the first place, careful observations at Marshall Hall, where the acreage under cultivation is large and the bobwhite abundant, and less extended investigations elsewhere afford no evidence that the species does appreciable injury to crops of grain or fruit. Further, its habit of destroying weed seeds is of much economic importance. For instance, it is reasonable to assume that in the States of Virginia and North Carolina, from Sept. 1 to April 30, the season when the largest proportion of weed seed is consumed by birds, there are four bobwhites to each square mile of land, or 354,820 in the two States. The crop of each bird holds half an ounce of seeds and is filled twice a day. Since at each of the two daily meals weed seeds constitute at least half the contents of the crop, or a quarter of an ounce, a half ounce daily is consumed by each bird. On this basis the total consumption of weed seeds by bobwhites from Sept. 1 to April 30 in Virginia and North Carolina amounts to 1,341 tons. It is to be remembered also that if it were not for foxes, hawks and trespassing pot hunters the birds would be more abundant and their services correspondingly greater. Insects form about one-third of the bobwhite's diet from June 1 to Aug. 31; and a calculation similar to the one employed above shows that 340 tons of insects are destroyed during this period.

Among the insects consumed by the bird are such very harmful pests as the Rocky Mountain locust, the chinch bug, the Colorado potato beetle, the Mexican cotton boll weevil, cutworms, the two cotton worms, and the army worm. The highly insectivorous chicks cause a proportionally greater destruction of insects than the adult birds. Further, while many other useful birds confine themselves to the woodland or swamp, or merely scout along waterways, hedges and fence rows, the bobwhite feeds directly among field crops. In the South it is found in cotton fields; in the North it delights in the ragweed-grown wheat stubble; in the West its favorite feeding ground is cornfields, and it often spends the night there instead of flying to cover, as do most birds. The facility with which it passes from field to field, either on foot or on the wing, distributes its services to an unusual degree.

Bobwhite as an Asset of the Farm.

Every land owner should realize the value of the bobwhite, and should demand from sportsmen a fair price for the birds killed on his property. With proper management some farms of from 500 to 1,000 acres would probably yield a better revenue from bobwhites than from poultry. Many farms in North Carolina derive a regular income from this source. This is obtained by leasing the shooting right to wealthy sportsmen, who, in localities where birds are abundant, willingly pay considerable sums for the privilege. This is probably the most profitable use to which certain poor lands in the South can be put. In some places in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina the sportsman often pays the land owner from five to twenty-five cents for every bird shot. In other places the farmer or his boy is hired as guide to locate the quail. In addition the sportsman pays liberally for his board and otherwise adds to the farmer's income. Wideawake farmers appreciate the fact that the genuine sportsman pays well for his sport and should discriminate between him and the market hunter. Millions of dollars can be realized by the proper management of the quail crop of the United States. The time is perhaps not far distant when land owners will protect their game birds from foxes, injurious hawks and human poachers as diligently as they now do their poultry. The sooner the farmer realizes the value of the bobwhite and the fact that the market hunter is a bird exterminator, profiting at the land owner's expense, the better will be his chance of an income from his crop of quail.

Bobwhite as Article of Food.

Perhaps no game is more generally known and liked than quail. The flesh of the bobwhite is juicy, tender, delicately flavored, easily digested and nutritious. It is well adapted to the needs of invalids. To the farmer's table, where fresh meat is often not obtainable, this bird furnishes a welcome supply. No game is so much sought for in market, and countless numbers are sold every year. The writer knows of a single dealer in Washington who in 1902 sold 100,000 quail. Yet the supply is far short of the demand, and the price is constantly rising. In connection with the present price, which is $3 to $5 a dozen, it is interesting to recall Audubon's statement that in 1810 these birds could be bought for twelve cents a dozen, and in 1831 for fifty cents. Then they were on the tables of rich and poor alike.

Bobwhite as an Object of Sport.

Edwyn Sandys says of the bobwhite: "He truly is the king of his race; and not alone that, for, in the opinion of hosts of enthusiastic sportsmen, he is the best bird that flies." The well known author, T. S. Van Dyke, says: "Dear little bobwhite has brought more rest to the business-wearied soul, more new life to tired humanity than nearly all other American game combined." The pursuit of many kinds of game is possible only in the distant wilderness, where traveling is difficult and the exposure incident to the sport may be dangerous to health; but the pursuit of the bobwhite belongs to open, accessible country, and is not too severe for men accustomed to a sedentary life. To thousands of such men quail hunting is the yearly means of restoration, and results in a direct benefit to the community, though one not readily computed in money value. At the conservative estimate, between 300,000 and 400,000 sportsmen go out from cities every fall to hunt bobwhite, which means a large expenditure of money, much of which goes to farmers who hold shooting land. Such revenue is timely, for it comes when farm work yields small returns and employment is welcome. Where non-resident licenses are required, with fee of from $5 to $25, the State also derives a direct income from the sport.

The bobwhite deservedly stands at the head of American game birds, because it lies so well to the dog, and when flushed springs from the earth like an arrow, demanding a quick eye and a trained touch on the trigger to bring it to bag. When, at the advance of the hunter, the covey explodes like a bomb, his skill is sharply tested if he would bring one of the whirring, meteor-like projectiles to the ground. Birds of a scattered covey are hard to find. Good authorities say that when they alight they remain quiet and compress their feathers to the body, with the result of withholding the scent. Many sportsmen, therefore, before hunting a scattered covey, give them time to run about and leave scent.

Paradoxical as it may seem, sportsmen exert a powerful influence for the protection of bobwhite. Many individuals and clubs own or lease large tracts, where they maintain the birds and shoot only the surplus. These enthusiasts assist in the enforcement of game laws, restock depleted covers, and provide food for the birds in times of scarcity. Certain clubs are organized for the purpose of holding field trials, the object of which is to test the ability of competing dogs to find and point birds. As retrieving is not required, the birds are not shot. One of the best known patrons of field trials recently told the writer that he had not killed a bobwhite in ten years. A number of clubs control each a preserve of from 5,000 to 20,000 acres, on which no shooting is allowed—or, if permitted, is carefully regulated—and suitable measures are taken for protecting birds and facilitating their propagation. These trials are held in a score or more of States, and in some of the larger contests more than a hundred dogs are entered. Some owners of field-trial dogs have preserves of their own, stocked with hundreds of pairs of bobwhites. Thousands of live birds for the above purposes are in demand at high prices. If the bobwhite could be domesticated and reared in captivity for sale, the enterprise would doubtless be very profitable. From these facts it is evident that the sport of hunting bobwhite contributes to the health and happiness of thousands of men, and that in various ways it can be made to add to the prosperity of farmers and others interested.

Aesthetic Value of Bobwhite.

Much money has been spent, and well spent, merely for the enjoyment of the beauty and companionship of birds. For the protection of gulls and terns along the Atlantic coast thousands of dollars have been expended at the instance of bird lovers, in whose eyes these delicate and graceful creatures are the crowning attractions of marine landscape. In like manner the admirers of bobwhite derive æsthetic pleasure from his presence. To pastoral inland scenes—woodlots in a green mist of young leaves, summer grass fields and bushy pastures, brown stubble and skeleton cornfields—the bobwhite adds a distinctive charm—homely, but none the less attractive. As the bird calls from the fence post or runs fearlessly across the road, the stroller can but admire its trim, alert figure and tasteful color pattern of black, white and brown, set off with delicate tintings of blue-gray. Its mellow whistle seems a proffer of good-fellowship, investing even a solitude with cheer, while the plaintive covey-call heard in the growing darkness to summon a scattered flock to the nightly resting place is one of the tenderest of evening sounds. Because of such traits the bird has made many friends, some of whom spend time and money to insure its undisturbed presence in their neighborhood.

Decrease of Bobwhite.

Every few years, on the recurrence of unsually severe winters with heavy snows which cover the food supply, great numbers of bobwhites perish, and sometimes in the northern part of its range the bird becomes almost extinct. This unnecessary loss of life could be largely prevented if land owners and others interested would scatter a little grain in suitable places. This is done in some localities, as at Sandy Spring, Md., where H. H. Miller drives over the snow-covered country, scattering grain for the starving quail. The practice is worthy of general adoption. It is necessary only while the ground is snow-bound, and especially after sleet storms.

The bobwhite has taken kindly to civilization and has followed the plow of the settler into new sections, so that with the advance of the farming area in the West, and especially in the Northwest, its range has been much extended.

There is little doubt, however, that, while the bobwhite is a fairly hardy and prolific species, its numbers are decreasing in much, if not all, of its range, where not specially protected. In the early fifties Lewis reported sixty-one birds killed in a day to a single muzzle-loader, and mentions 900 birds trapped on one estate in a season. Within the last few years the scarcity of bobwhites has been so notable that several projected field trials have been abandoned for lack of birds on which to try the dogs.

Severe winters, as already noted, are an occasional cause for a great decrease in the number of the birds, though they increase rapidly with a few succeeding good seasons. In sections where the birds are still common unlimited slaughter is often indulged in by thoughtless hunters. Recent instances of such slaughter are on record, and the following may be cited: A bag of 175 birds to three guns in eight hours in the fall of 1902 at Tiffin, O., another of 300 birds to a single gun in a day and a half in the fall of 1902, in Marshall county, Ky., and still another of 292 birds to three guns in a day in South Carolina during the same season. The value of this bird, both to the farmer and the sportsman, renders the question of its maintenance and increase one of much importance. So assiduously is the bobwhite sought by sportsmen and market hunters that intelligent and concerted efforts are needed even to maintain its present numbers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*Bureau of Biological Survey, Bulletin No. 26.

British Columbia Game.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have had a good many Americans over for the hunting this year, and are pleased to welcome them, as they are nearly all good sportsmen, pay our license fee without grumbling, and are observing of our game laws.

Big game in the Cassiar district has been very good this year, caribou being unusually plentiful. As far as I can learn everybody who has been up there has been successful in getting good specimens of goat, caribou, Stonei sheep and bear, while those who have really laid themselves out to hunt them have also got moose.

The hunting parties in the Bridge River and Chilcoten countries have not had such good luck as usual. This has been owing to the depredations of a number of Chilcoten Indians and also on account of several so-called fishing parties starting before the beginning of the season, and not only breaking our laws but also acting in an unsportsmanlike manner to the other parties who respected the close season. Both Indians and whites will be well looked after in future, and anybody violating the laws will be prosecuted without mercy.

A. BRYAN WILLIAMS,
Prov. Game and Forest Warden.

THE MANY-USE OIL
Six-ounce can, 25 cents. Safe and Handy for Gunners' use.—*Adv.*



Pickerel Fishing in Pennsylvania Mountain Lakes.

THOUSANDS of years ago a vast sheet of ice came down from the north and swept into Pennsylvania, burying nearly the whole northern half to a depth, it is believed, from four to five miles. Ancient valleys of great size were blotted out; huge mountains had their caps destroyed, and were ground into small hills; new valleys were created, and new mountains built. Streams were diverted from their natural course and new channels cut out.

This terrific convulsion of nature was particularly severe in northeastern Pennsylvania, in the section now known as Wayne, Susquehanna, Pike, Monroe, Luzerne, Lackawanna and Wyoming counties. To-day there is scarcely a vestige of the ancient land visible. Most of the hills and mountains which thickly dot the entire area of the counties named are modern excrescences, built by the tremendous force of the huge mer-de-glace, which swept into Pennsylvania during what is known as the Ice Age.

Huge tongues of ice, or properly speaking, glaciers, left long ridges of loose rocks, sometimes two and three hundred feet high, at their discharging points. These ridges or terminal moraines were sometimes thrown across a valley, down which a stream of water flowed, and the dams thus built by nature resulted in natural lakes of various sizes. In other instances, after the Ice Age passed away and the rocks comprising many of the moraines settled in places, forming depressions in their sides, some from ninety to one hundred or more feet in depth. Water from higher levels trickled through and bubbled up in the form of springs, and there was created another form of natural lakes called kettle holes.

Kettle hole lakes are more enduring than lakes formed by the damming of a stream. The latter are usually shallow and rapidly filled by mud carried by the inflowing streams, while the former are more enduring since there are no deposits save from the surrounding shores. In the eight or ten northeastern counties of Pennsylvania there are to-day at least five hundred lakes from fifty to four hundred acres each. A few centuries ago there were probably three times that many; most of them were inlet lakes, and some were as large nearly as Lake George in New York State. The number has been reduced through their having been filled up by the washings from the inlet streams and neighboring hills, and others are disappearing.

Water birds eagerly sought these sun-kissed mountain liquid gems and carried with them on their feathers and feet the eggs of many fishes, and so the stocking of the lakes began. Later, Indians brought from New York and elsewhere pickerel and other food fishes and thus added to the stock. Hence, in time the mountain lakes of northeastern Pennsylvania became literally alive with pickerel, catfish, yellow perch and roach (commonly called shiners). Also the ubiquitous eel, which, unaided, wiggled its way up mountain streams and through wet grass to the lakes.

Pennsylvania's mountain lakes became a paradise when anglers appeared. Unfortunately, fish hogs found them likewise ideal for their unholy purpose. They journeyed into the wilderness to the mountain lakes during the summer, carrying with them set lines, gill nets, seines and other diabolically ingenious methods for destroying fish, and bore away with them countless spoil. When winter came and the lakes became icebound, they returned, and cutting thousands of holes through the ice and by means of tip-ups caught thousands more pickerel and called it sport. They hied them rejoicing to the nearest town and sold the fish for sufficient to cover expenses, and then went home to boast of their prowess as mighty fishermen.

Farmers, fathers and sons, living adjacent to the lakes, used much the same devices as the "fish hogs," and under the more homely title of "fishin'" aided and abetted the "fish hogs" in their slaughter of the fish. For several years they were able to keep their pickle barrels and smoke houses full of pickerel for winter use. Hence it is not surprising that when the year 1900 arrived fishing in many of the northeastern lakes of Pennsylvania during the summer was of a negative character. It was fair fishing only in the winter, when the pickerel which remained rushed to the bait dangled before them through holes cut in the ice. At this critical point the State authorities interfered. Lax fish laws were repealed in favor of more stringent measures. The heavy hand of the law was laid on persons who used more than one tip-up. Set-lines and nets were prohibited in all the interior lakes, and better than all, the laws were reasonably enforced. Within five years the pickerel fishing in most of the mountain lakes of northeastern Pennsylvania has been restored almost to its pristine glory.

There is a curious division of sentiment among fishermen in Pennsylvania regarding the pickerel. Many anglers condemn it as an inferior game fish. On the other hand, there is a large number of fishermen who care quite as much for pickerel fishing as black bass, and who regard the flesh as delicious eating. This last body of anglers is increasing rapidly in numbers year by year along with a growing sentiment in favor of the State giving the greatest attention to indigenous rather than to introduced fishes.

Angling for pickerel in the mountain lakes or northeastern Pennsylvania is surrounded by all the superlative charms which are demanded by the most exacting sportsman. At an average altitude of from 1,800 to 2,000 feet above the level of the sea the air is pure and bracing. Nestled on the side of an ancient moraine or in a shallow valley near the summit of modern mountains, the waters are surrounded by tree-clothed hills or mountain caps; the air is redolent with the resin of pines, or fragrance of fern and grass and flowers; there is the mighty, noisy stillness of the forest or the calm quiet of mountain farm land; there are clear, pure, sparkling and also undefiled bodies of water, many thickly dotted with water lilies, with white petals and yellow crowns, with a delicate penetrating scent.

Along the edges of the water lilies, six or eight feet distant, a man rows a boat in the early morning or late afternoon. Another man sits in the stern holding a stiff rod, from the tip of which, stretching away fifty to seventy-five feet, is a long, dark-colored line. The boat is rowed slowly. The oars are dipped carefully and silently into the water. Presently crossing a small cove, there is a sudden stretching of the slightly bellied line, followed instantly by a sharp, stern jerk on the rod, which doubles up to nearly a half circle. A cry from the fisherman, and the boatman instautly ceases rowing, holds his oar steadily in the water and leans forward, eagerly watching the fight which is now going on between the fisherman and the unseen object at the far end of the line. In a minute or two there is a sudden break in the water fifty to seventy-five feet away, and a long, thin, green-sided fish, with white belly, leaps frantically in the air, curving himself like a bow as he descends again to the depths. Now reeling in, now giving line, but always keeping the long, steady thread taut, the angler plays his fish for perhaps three or four minutes until, worn out with its struggles, the prey is reeled to the side of the boat, a landing net slipped deftly between the surface of the water, and a pickerel weighing anywhere from two to six pounds is lifted deftly aboard, where it lies quietly without a quiver of its fins, while the triumphant angler relieves from the fierce, sharp-toothed jaws, a tripod hook and a metallic spoon. The rowing is resumed, the spoon cast forth again, and the hunt for another victim begins.

For perhaps five minutes the captured pickerel lies quietly as though reflecting. It does not appear by the fierce light which glows from its eyes, by the ugly curve of its jaws, that it realizes that it has been conquered. Angry surprise at the unwarranted insolence of any one daring to disturb him in its natural element, seems to be a dominant thought. Presently a hot anger seems to sweep across the fish, the fins begin to work convulsively, the jaws begin to snap and the eyes take on a fiercer light. Quick undulations stir the body, and the fish begins to leap about the boat from side to side and from end to end, until the angler and the boatman, filled with excitement and apprehension lest they lose their prey, hold in their respective occupations and give themselves up to subduing their violent victim. One or the other, perchance, in the struggle which ensues gets his fingers too near the snapping jaws, then a sharp howl of pain rends the quiet air, and the unlucky man a moment later may be seen to be painfully nursing and sucking a badly lacerated and bleeding finger. Hence it is that the really careful angler who knows all about the pickerel will, as soon as the creature is boated, either kill it or immediately put it away in the cool recess to be found under the stern seat.

One objection which has been urged against the pickerel, and which has caused it to be designated as an inferior game fish, is the fact of this terrible uproar which it creates some time after it has been boated. It has been stated time and time again that the pickerel makes a harder fight after it has been placed in the basket or thrown to the bottom of the boat than it did upon the line while in the water. But such a charge is never made by a man who has had his rod broken or line parted by the first wild rush of a five or six pound pickerel. It is he who affirms strenuously and with picturesque language that of all the fish which swim, the hardest fighter, the most dangerous fish to handle and most tender mouthed, is the chain pickerel of the Pennsylvania lakes. It is the rod-fisherman who uses a single hook, a float and small sinker and a live bait, who most loves the pickerel and who holds it in highest esteem as a game fish. He anchors off the lilypads, thrusts his hook beneath the dorsal fin of a four or five-inch shiner or a three-inch yellow perch, casts it overboard, sets his rod and waits for a bite.

His float or cork is from four to six feet above the bait. On this the fisherman's eyes are intently fixed. Presently the float begins to wobble in a quickened manner, and then suddenly disappears beneath the surface.

A nervous fisherman who knows the ways of pickerel and who smokes, will then, in spite of an almost overwhelming desire to yank, seize not his rod, but his pipe, fill it with tobacco, draw forth a match, strike it, light up, and begin to puff with sharp, quick indrawings of the breath, ceaselessly watching anxiously the float, which all this time is gyrating wildly several inches beneath the water, while there is a slack line above.

Suddenly the float comes to the surface and rests without motion. Then it is that the angler, his nerve steadied by the soothing nicotine, takes his rod in his hands, full of eager anticipation, for the critical moment has arrived. Hardly has he done so when the float again with a frantic rush disappears, the slack line above straightens out, the tip of the rod goes down and the fight is on. For several minutes the contest rages, the angler giving and taking line, until exhausted, the pickerel is drawn to the side of the boat and landed. Generally there is a great gash along the side of the jaw, torn by the hook in the frantic struggle of the fish to free itself.

It is rare indeed that when the fish is landed the hook does not drop out of the jaw of its own accord. It is then that the fisherman plumes himself, and if he has a companion, boasts loudly of the skill which he has displayed in landing his prey. To some extent he has a right to boast, for should he have made a single mistake, should he have slackened the line for an instant, the hook would have dropped from the opening in the jaw, and another fisherman would have had a chance another day.

There is another type of pickerel fisherman. He, like the troller, has a boatman. He may use a trolling spoon, he may use instead a single hook to which is attached an impaled shiner or perch, or even a piece of pork cut in the form of a fish. Instead of rowing along the lilypads, or instead of anchoring his boat while fishing, his boatman takes him among the scented lilies. Standing at the stern, he casts his spoon or his bait in the openings and draws it with quick motion toward him or sidewise, until a rush of one of the freshwater pirates gives him his chance at the sport.

When winter arrives and the lakes are covered with from one to three feet of ice, the ice fisherman goes forth. Under the present law of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the fisherman cuts one hole through the ice near the summer line of lilypads. He has with him two sticks, one a short piece of hickory the thickness of his thumb. This is to rest across the hole in the ice. This stick is thrown across the hole to hold the other stick, which is generally shaped like a fish. The hole through which the hickory stick is passed is near what would be the gills of the living fish. To the nose is fastened a four-foot line, to which is attached a single hook. To this is fastened a fluttering scarlet or white rag. The hook is baited with a shiner and dropped into the water, and the angler waits. Presently the nose of the wooden fish goes down, the tail is elevated and the gayly colored rag flutters in the air. The fisherman steps forward, gets the line in his hand and pulls out the astonished and angry pickerel, unhooks him and drops it on the ice, where in a few minutes it freezes hard.

Within the last two or three years a summer angler in the lakes of northeastern Pennsylvania may average a dozen or a dozen and a half pickerel in a day's fishing easily. The trollers usually have the largest scores. The fish average from two and a half to six pounds, and are unusually rich in coloring. The species—and there is only one in these lakes—is the chain pickerel, scientifically known as *Esox fasciatus*. Only one lake in northeastern Pennsylvania contains maskinongé, and that is Lake Ariel in Wayne county, and this great member of the pike family is scarce in that body of water.

W. E. MEEHAN.

Pennsylvania Hatchery Work.

THE gathering of trout eggs is now occupying most of the time of the superintendents and spawn-takers connected with the Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania. Rearing of trout in Pennsylvania has assumed vast proportions. Already very nearly 1,000,000 eggs have been taken and it is estimated that the take this year will reach about 4,000,000, of which about one-half will be taken from fish reared in the State hatcheries, the other will be gifts from several private and commercial hatcheries.

Among those who have promised their surplus eggs are: W. S. Little, of Coudersport; Col. Harry Trexler, of Allentown; the Blooming Grove Park Association, Glen Eyre; the Penn Forest Brook Trout Company, of Mauch Chunk, and the Weissport Brook Trout Company, of Weissport. To accommodate all this expected great supply, outside nursery troughs have been built in several of the hatcheries, and the capacity of some of the buildings increased. Six million eggs will be taken care of at Corry, 6,000,000 at Bellefonte and between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 at Wayne.

A hatching house for lake trout with a capacity of nearly 10,000,000 eggs has been built at the new Erie Auxiliary at Union City, thus increasing the capacity for eggs of this fish to nearly 30,000,000.

The Department of Fisheries on Thursday, Oct. 19, received the deeds for the hatchery site at Conneautville, in Crawford county, at the foot of Conneaut Lake, the new property which was donated by citizens of Crawford county, and authorized at the last session of the Legislature, over twenty-five acres, and is designed for the rearing of fish other than trout. This hatchery will be known as Crawford Station No. 7. Two new hatchery sites will probably be located before spring, making a total of nine, an increase of six since the establishment of the Department of Fisheries three years ago.

Fish Commissioner Meehan has designed a new jar for hatching fish. It is a combination of the McDonald and Downing Improved. It has the bottom and sides of the McDonald and the top of the Downing Improved. It has a foot similar to the Downing Improved, except there is no stem.

A novelty in hatching houses is in operation at the Wayne hatchery. It is a combination of trough and battery. The latter being arranged along one side of the house with a capacity for 500 jars. The water supply for the jars comes from the creek, while the water supply for the trout troughs comes from the spring.

Mr. J. P Brower, assistant in charge of the Torresdale Hatchery, has resigned his position to accept a place on the Thousand Islands. Mr. W. H. Safford, who was first assistant at the Bellefonte hatchery, has been appointed superintendent of the Torresdale station temporarily, the regular station to which he has been assigned being the Crawford station, on which work will not begin until spring.

Reports from all over Pennsylvania indicate a sudden reappearance of black bass in large numbers. More fish of this species have been seen and caught in Pennsylvania

waters this year than for more than five years back. The increase is attributed by persons making reports to the great reduction in number of giggers and netters through the enforcement of the fish laws. All other forms of fishing also reported to be better than for years past.

W. E. MEEHAN,
Commissioner of Fisheries.

Fish and Fishing.

The "Salmon" of the Upper Ottawa Lakes.

A FRIEND writes me about a fishing trip recently made by him to one of the lakes near Eaganville, in the Ottawa district of Canada, and says that he was led to go there by the reports of the splendid salmon fishing to be had thereabouts. I know very well that salmon fishing is advertised in some of the waters in that part of the country, and that there are many good catches made there of beautiful game fishes that are known as salmon to the people of the locality. These fishes are no more, however, like *Salmo salar*, or the salmon of the sea and coastal streams than this latter mentioned fish is like a rainbow trout. The matter is entirely one of names; and of all the difficulties that the ordinary angler-naturalist has to contend with, none are at times more perplexing than those arising from the confusion caused by local nomenclature in the identification and classification of fishes. The mystification and muddle resulting therefrom was the subject some time ago of a very interesting paper on "The Vernacular Names of Fishes," by the learned Prof. E. E. Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries. The fish that my friend caught the other day in Lake Clear were specimens of the *namaycush* or great gray or lake trout, and his guides classed them as salmon. In portions of the country along the Mississippi River, where the pike-perch is found, it is dignified by the name of jack salmon, while in parts of Pennsylvania it is known as the Susquehanna salmon. In parts of Maine the ouananiche is locally known as salmon. So that the guides at the Rideau and other Ottawa lakes are far from being the only sinners in this respect. It is well known that black bass are called trout in some of the Southern States, and the confusion caused by the misapplication of the terms pickerel and pike is often experienced by anglers.

But to return to the *namaycush*, or so-called salmon, recently caught by my friend a few miles from Eaganville, which is reached about eighty miles from Ottawa by the Canada Atlantic Railway. I am told that the fishing there has not been quite so good this autumn as usual, because of the very unusually fine and warm weather which has prevailed. That of the early part of October was really as fine as the first half of September usually is. The big lake trout consequently remained down in their summer deep-water habitat, though a few were tempted by deep-water trolling, and if the attempt had been made a fortnight later, I have no doubt that these big fish could have been had in much shallower water. My informant killed two in one afternoon that weighed 7 pounds and 5½ respectively. I cannot help thinking what rare sport it must be trolling in the month of October for these *namaycush* in lakes like Temagami and Lady Evelyn, when the fish move up from the great depths of the lakes into comparatively shallow water, as the heat grows less oppressive.

The Salmon and Trout of Hudson Bay.

The Dominion steamer Arctic, which has been absent for the last year in the Arctic regions, enabling the mounted police to establish more northerly posts and customs offices, has returned to Quebec, where Major Moodie forwarded his reports of observations in the Far North. He reports brook trout plentiful in all the waters on the west side of Hudson Bay, and declares that in one place the natives were catching them up to 7 and 8 pounds each. In the direction of Hudson Straits, a good harbor, called Prefontaine Bay, after the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was found forty miles to the west of Cape Westenholme, where a police depot was established, which will be one of the Dominion's most northerly outposts. This harbor abounds with salmon to such an extent that one cast of a net filled two barrels for the expedition. The fish weighed from 7 to 8 pounds each. The major offers no opinion as to the exact classification of this fish, but its size would seem to indicate that it is more likely to be the *Salmo hearnei* of Richardson, or the *immaculatus* or *hudsonicus* of Storer and Gunther respectively—commonly known as sea trout in Trinity Bay and elsewhere on the north shore of the Gulf—and as *stagnalis* in Greenland, than the well known *Salmo salar*. There is evidently much more to be learned of the *Salmonidæ* of the Arctic regions than many of us imagine who have never had the opportunities for observation possessed by Franklin, Richardson, Hearn, Back, Hallock and a few others.

The Lake St. John Salmon.

I have had very little difficulty in tracing up satisfactory evidence of the taking of quite a number of salmon in Lake St. John waters during the past summer. Isolated cases of the capture of supposed salmon by anglers have been reported for the last three or four years, but never before this season have so many or such large specimens of the fish been taken there. One salmon of 15 pounds was caught in a net in Lake St. John itself. One of 18 pounds was caught by a boy in the Peribonca River, and, strange to say, was caught with bait. Of course there is nothing unusual in the taking of *Salmo salar* with bait in Scotch, Irish and English waters, and it seems strange at first sight that the same fish should not oftener be similarly taken on this side of the water. Nevertheless the fact remains that it very seldom is so taken; so seldom, in fact, that it is popularly supposed that it is not possible to do so. Of course, the British rivers are all of them very short as compared with ours, and while some American salmon may be several days in brackish water before reaching their river, it is not much more than a step, so to say, for a British fish to pass from the sea into fresh water, and he may well be still on the feed for a few hours, or even days, after his arrival in the river.

It is a very pretty problem, too, whether the big salmon caught in Lake St. John waters ever went to sea at all. It is now seven years since the first of these salmon were planted in Lake St. John, and since that time, not only the first year's plant, but also the second and even the third may well have attained the size mentioned if they went down to the sea as smolts and returned again as grilse. If they remained in Lake St. John throughout the year it is a question whether they would ever have grown to be 18 pounds in weight, although there are not wanting those who believe that the salmon formerly found in Lake Ontario, remained there all the year round. There is certainly an abundance of food for the fish, in the shape of smelt and other white fish in Lake St. John; so that providing the salmon remain there, it is not surprising that they should be taken with bait, as they must eat to live, whether they go down to the sea for the purpose, or spend both winter and summer in the lake.

A large number of smaller salmon have been taken during the season in these waters on the fly. Near the head of the Grand Discharge in Lake St. John, and also in the pools of the Metabetchouan, quite a number were hooked, and while all which were recognized as salmon when caught were at once returned to the water uninjured, on account of their immature size, several were killed by visiting anglers who were not aware of what they had captured, so slight is the difference in the appearance of the 2 and 3-pound salmon and a ouananiche of similar size.

The success, so far, of the salmon plant in Lake St. John, gives promise of such excellent results in the near future that it has been decided to hatch out no ouananiche this winter in the Roberval hatchery, but to utilize the institution to its utmost capacity—or at least, so far as the eggs can be obtained—to the hatching of salmon.

This can the more reasonably be done, since there has already been a very noticeable increase in the ouananiche supply in the Grand Discharge since the hatchery went into operation.

The season just closed did not end very well for ouananiche fishermen, because of the extreme dryness of the months of July and August. When September came round the water in Lake St. John was unprecedentedly low; so much so in fact that the steamer could no longer reach the wharf at the Grand Discharge. The fish could be seen in enormous quantities but would not rise.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

An Angler's Watch.

OUR old-time sponsor, Mr. Charles Hallock, begs to acknowledge through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM the receipt of a beautiful timekeeper from Mr. George E. Hart, superintendent of the Waterbury Watch Company. It is a unique specimen of a watch, and really constitutes one of a series of original designs which this enthusiastic salmon fisher has been pleased to devise and present from time to time to prominent anglers who are familiar with Canadian streams. One went, of course, to President Roosevelt, bearing the enameled picture of a Western ranch, another to ex-Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, with the picture of a camp scene on the case; a third to Walter M. Brackett, the artist, with the appropriate figure of a salmon; another to Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, the design being a ouananiche; and one or two others to other well known anglers. But Mr. Hallock's is quite as suggestive, and perhaps even more unique, for its insignia is a couple of gaudy trout flies done in enamel and tied to silkworm gut lengths, which are so disposed as to form the outline of a heart. The ideas are all original with the superintendent, and apply to members of the craft only, none being made for the trade.

Mr. Hart was one of the first subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM in 1873, and has kept up a long-distance acquaintance with Mr. Hallock at intervals ever since. In presenting this watch to Mr. Hallock's notice and admiration, he has seen fit to introduce the gift by an authenticated recital of old-time reminiscences, which include a two and one-half hours' tussle with a 31½-pound salmon. During its perusal Mr. Hallock claims to have wound the watch twice, intimating thereby that one good turn deserves another, if not more. As a return compliment it was his delight to present Mr. Hart with a sixteen-inch photograph of Bartlett's, at the outlet of Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks, as it appeared forty years ago before the fire. Mr. Hart having been intimate with the place and the people of the vicinity at that period.

Hair Lines.

BLENKHORN, who wrote of hair lines in our issue of Sept. 16, is requested to send his address to this office.

The Kennel.

The Transmission of Acquirements

Darwin—"Animals and Plants Under Domestication." G. Archdall Reid, M.B., F.R.S.E.—"The Principles of Heredity."

IN resuming this subject, it may be well to recapitulate the difference between an inborn trait and an acquired character. Inborn traits are those which take their origin in the germ cell. Thus arms, legs, eyes, ears, etc., are all inborn. An acquired character (technically termed modification) is an alteration impressed on an inborn character by influences acting on that character after it has developed from the germ. Thus, a hand is inborn, but if it be altered in any way, as by use or injury, the alteration is an acquirement.

Maternal impressions and telegony (the impress supposed to be left by a former mate) are supposed to supply evidence in favor of the transmissibility of acquirements. A pregnant female sees a deformity or something else which powerfully impresses her. Her child when born is thought to reproduce the deformity. Thus a Kerry cow chased by a bulldog is said to have borne a calf extremely like her persecutor. Telegony is a phenomenon of much the same order. A mother who has borne offspring to one sire, is supposed to so influence offspring borne to subsequent sires, that the latter reproduce the peculiarities of her first mate; thus a white woman who has borne a child to a negro is supposed ever after to have dark children to white men; a mare who has borne a foal to a quagga, is said to have borne subsequently striped offspring to a thoroughbred horse. In the one case, the mother's mind is thought to be impressed, in the other her body. Both hypotheses furnish examples of the amazing looseness of thought which occasionally prevails in biological writing. Neither the transmission of maternal impressions nor telegony has stood the test of accurate observation; they are popular superstitions. But if they were proved to be true, even then the transmission of acquirements would not have been proved, for by that we mean that the precise thing the parent acquired, or something very like it, is transmitted to offspring; but a mother who gets a mental impression does not transmit that impression to her child; on the contrary, the child is supposed to develop something quite different, a deformity. So also if a white mother of a half-breed bear dark children to a white father, she would not transmit anything she acquired, for intercourse with a negro does not make her black.

The effects of various diseases are supposed to supply evidence of the transmission of acquirements. Gout is mentioned as a case. The sins of the father are thought to be visited on his children. Here, predisposition, tendency, an inborn trait, is confused with disease, an acquirement. Some men are so constituted that under fit conditions they tend to develop gout; the children inherit the inborn trait, the predisposition, and under like conditions tend in turn to develop the same disease. But there is no evidence that parental high living influences in the slightest degree the liability of the child to gout, nor even that generations of high living tend to produce gouty predisposition in a self-indulgent race. The children of poor Irish peasants, when removed from their normally miserable surroundings into a more comfortable environment, are as liable to gout as the scions of the British aristocracy. In fact, judging by the analogy of other diseases, it is probable that, were gout very prevalent, and a considerable cause of death or serious disablement, the race that was most afflicted by it, would, by the weeding out of the unfit, become in time the most resistant to it, the least liable under given conditions to contract it. The supporters of the transmission of acquirements contend that the effects of use and disuse, which are acquired by every individual during thousands of years, and which may profoundly affect the whole body, tend ultimately to become organized into inborn characters; the word organized being a vague word used to indicate a particular and inexplicable change in the germ plasm. Thus hares are supposed to have become swift because their ancestors practiced swift running. The giraffe is supposed to have a long neck because its ancestors stretched upward for food. The elephant is supposed to have a short neck and long proboscis because its ancestors stretched their upper lips rather than their necks. Similarly the snake is supposed to have lost its limbs through the transmitted effect of disease.

But modifications acquired as a result of use and disuse are clearly never transmitted. Thus an infant's limb never attains to the adult standard except in response to stimulation similar to that which developed the parent's limb. The same is true of all other structures which in the parent underwent development as a result of use. These, like the limbs, do not develop in the infant except as a result of similar causes. Plainly, then, that which is transmitted to the infant is not the modification, but only the power of acquiring the modification under similar circumstances. Were use acquirements transmitted, a child, for example, would grow into the possession of full adult size and power in the total absence of all exercise. We know that it cannot do so.

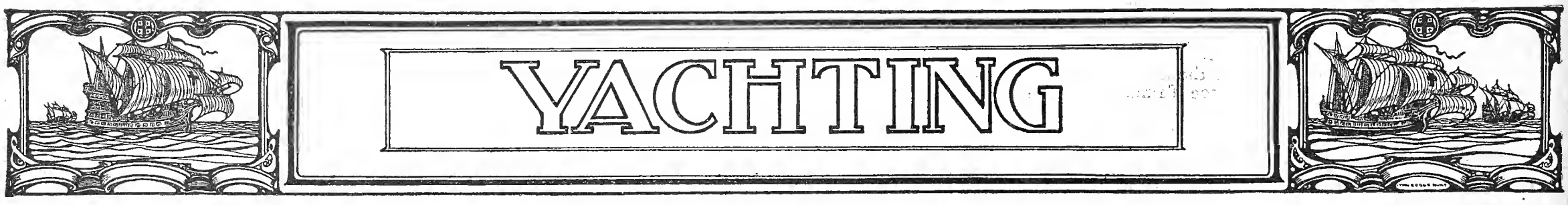
Acquired immunity from disease has been instanced as an acquirement capable of hereditary transmission. It is not so. Acquired immunity against any disease depends essentially on a gradual habituation to its toxins or poisons and increased power of resistance to them. Evolution by the agency of natural selection is undoubtedly the true doctrine. There is no evidence that any race has undergone degeneration through the action of any disease, nor that the acquirement of immunity during any number of generations has resulted in an evolution of inborn immunity. On the contrary, every race that has been exposed to a death-dealing disease is resistant to that particular disease precisely in proportion to its past experience of it. When the disease is one against which immunity cannot be acquired, the race has undergone an evolution of inborn immunity; thus Europeans, who have suffered severely from tuberculosis for thousands of years, resist infection by it, or when infected, recover from it more easily than African negroes, who have suffered less, and much more easily than American Indians, who until lately had no experience of the disease. When the disease is one against which immunity can be acquired, the race has undergone an evolution of the power of acquiring immunity, never of inborn immunity; thus English children, whose race has long been afflicted by measles and whooping cough, contract those maladies as easily as Polynesians, to whom they were familiarized only during the last century. But, whereas, as a rule, English children recover readily, Polynesians perish in great numbers. When the disease is not of a fatal kind, no effect on the race can be observed. Thus Polynesians are infected as easily and recover as easily, but not more nor less easily than Englishmen from chicken-pox. Man's evolution against malaria is more striking and conspicuous than that occasioned by any other disease, and that for two reasons. First, because in many districts infected by its microbes, it is so prevalent and virulent that no man resident in them escapes infection, unless he is immune, nor death unless he is resistant. The elimination of the unfit, therefore, has been thorough, and presumably it has been very prolonged, since in such districts the inhabitants, however much they have warred among themselves, have dwelt secure, protected by their deadly climate from the fate that has befallen so many aboriginal tribes—extermination by immigrant hordes. Those races that have had

extended and disastrous experience of malaria are much more resistant than those who have had little or no experience of it.

Man's evolution against tuberculosis is not less marked than his evolution against malaria. In malaria the poison is more virulent. Within twenty-four hours of entering an infected country a stranger may be stricken. Ships, navigated by men of a race which has undergone no evolution against the disease, may have the whole crew stricken on entering a malarious port, while the natives around maintain their health. In tuberculosis the poison is weaker. There is a long continued struggle against the attacks of its germ, which is shorter in the men of a race to which the disease is strange, than in those of a race to which it is familiar. Among the races which are least resistant to malaria is our own; on the other hand our race is the most resistant to tuberculosis. The sufferings from malaria of our compatriots in India and the west coast of Africa are well known. It is a fact, too, that of 9,000 negroes imported by the Dutch Government into Ceylon and used as soldiers, scarcely a trace of their descendants remains. The British Government subsequently imported 3,000 or 4,000 negroes into Ceylon, and of these in ten years' time there were left just 440, including the male descendants. Of the rest, they had all perished from tuberculosis, and in a country where the disease is not nearly so prevalent as in England. We speak of the fatal climate of the west coast of Africa, but we are usually unaware that our own climate is nearly, if not quite, as fatal to the native inhabitants of much the greater part of the world, and that therefore our race, which is able to persist under such adverse conditions, has undergone evolution in relation to tuberculosis fully equal to the evolution against malaria undergone by the West Africans.

Dr W. Geo. Creswell, a well-known investigator of the diseases of birds, writes: "Immunity against any given disease may be regarded as individually acquired or as locally hereditary. Acquired immunity exists generally in connection with those diseases which by some as yet imperfectly understood action of their poisons on the tissues, through the medium of the bloom serum, actually guard the individual who has had one attack from having another for a greater or less period of time, this period varying somewhat indefinitely, according to the idiosyncrasies of the disease and the individual alike. Thus, for a short time, one attack of pneumonia confers immunity against another. Smallpox and its modification (vaccined) confer immunity, if not actually for life still for a considerable number of years. Measles, scarlet fever, etc., are again examples of diseases which give immunity against themselves to the individual who has had the good fortune to survive the first attack. Advantage has been taken of the natural law involved in the above, and immunity against certain diseases is now, with more or less success, being sought for by means of inoculation with serum obtained from animals that have been themselves inoculated with the attenuated virus of the diseases as they originally exist. But this acquired immunity, however produced, is only partial in its benefits; like all other characteristics acquired during life, and not inborn, it is not transmissible to posterity. But, while this acquired individual immunity protects only isolated individuals, it is quite otherwise with social and therefore hereditary immunity. Again, we must look to the human races for examples, selecting those that, as far as the facts connected with them are concerned, are indubitably established and accepted. The negro of the West Coast is immune against yellow fever; compared with his white brother, the negro of any part of Africa is impervious to malaria; on the other hand, the white man, when exposed to these diseases, not only almost immediately contracts them, but generally finds them fatal to him. In like manner the European living in countries where the tubercle bacillus is abundant is so comparatively immune against its resultant disease, that only about one out of every ten deaths from all causes is due to it; and, moreover, most of the cases are very chronic in their course, thus showing the amount of resistive power the inhabitant of these countries has attained to with respect to this particular disease. Before the advent of Europeans in the islands of the Pacific, tuberculosis was an unknown quantity, and so it remained so long as the only visitors were the careless, though healthy, buccaneers and traders of the earlier days. But, no sooner did the more fragile and occasionally consumptive missionary set his foot upon them, the student of history will learn, that while the missionary often got robust and well from his open-air life, his unfortunate flock, infected by the comparatively small number of bacilli, disseminated from the single focus of infection afforded by their pastor, died of consumption wholesale. The same fate awaits nearly every negro, and indeed every ape, that visits this country to reside in it. Take again the inborn hereditary craving for alcohol, without regarding that variety which is due to habit caused by the special environment of the individual, and is therefore properly regarded as an individually acquired characteristic to be dealt with as it is, by education and public opinion. Here we find whole countries, such as Spain and Portugal, comparatively immune against the disease of inborn drunkenness. A certain amount of immunity, though less in degree, is found among those central African tribes who have been accustomed to brew and drink periodically palm beer, but other savages inhabiting America, Australia and Polynesia, who have never manufactured alcohol, delight in it so intensely, that, given the opportunity, they drink to their own extinction, and so are shown to possess no immunity at all. The Kaffir, finding on the veldt a dead and putrified ox, rejoices greatly, calls his friends and relations together, and gorges the revolting stuff. The only result is they sleep the sleep of repletion, and wake up happy and contented, and ready for their usual occupations. On the other hand, let a clean-feeding Englishman eat the veriest trifle of tainted meat or fruit, and his doctor quickly has on his hands a case of septic enteritis. This racial immunity is purchased at the expense of long contact with whatever disease against which the immunity is being slowly obtained; in other words, it is an outcome and example of that universal law of natural selection and survival of the fittest, which has been so fully and ably interpreted for us by the greatest of modern philosophers.

Take the case of yellow fever, where complete immunity has been obtained. Here through ages and œons of ages, the negroes have been continuously exposed to the attacks of the special bacteria of this disease, those showing the least power of resistance being the first to be swept away and destroyed, and thus being removed from the chance of propagating a progeny with the like weakness of resistance. On the other hand, the survivors, in obedience to the natural law, that like tends to produce like, would beget a progeny containing a certain proportion of individuals with an inherited greater or less power of resistance. This progeny, being in its turn weeded out by the destructive fever, and the same process of elimination of the most unfit being carried on during every successive generations, the result has very gradually, but none the less surely, come about that there are no longer left any members of the community that are susceptible to the disease, and that the race as a body is now hereditarily immune against it. And exactly the same result would happen in the case of white men did we but send out sufficient numbers in the first place to make a fair start, and then give them time to work out their own salvation. The same process will in course of time render our race of dogs immune against distemper, and so acute of hearing as to be an impossible prey for the motorist; though the fact that this happy consummation may be effected in the year of grace 4000 may be but poor consolation to one who mourns the present loss of his friend from one or the other of those lethal causes.—Our Dogs.



Tainui's 1903 Cruise.

BY JAMES W. COMMEFORD, JR.

It was July 25, 2:15 P. M., that the little schooner Tainui of the National Yacht and Skiff Club, of Toronto, was cast loose from her moorings and headed east, her destination being the Thousand Islands.

Tainui is of a build that is generally termed a "Mackinac," but is in reality a schooner. She is 24ft. 6in. over all, 23ft. 6in. waterline, 8ft. breadth; a chunky, full-bodied boat, sharp fore and aft, built of ¾in. cedar planking, 1in. by 1¼in. bent oak ribs, 6in. centers, flat floors, and draws 18in. with board up and 5ft. with it down. The centerboard is of ½in. steel and weighs about 300 pounds; a movable iron shoe of 400 pounds, which extends from stem to stern with an opening to receive the centerboard, has 600 pounds of iron and in addition there is lead inside ballast.

Tainui carries 514 sq. ft. of canvas, 210 sq. ft. of mainsail, 198 sq. ft. in foresail and 106 in jib.

The foremast is stepped well up in the bow. The mainmast is just aft of the cabin trunk. She has a 9ft. bowsprit. The foremast has a pair of ¾in. shrouds, a forestay of the same, while the mainmast carries a double set of the same diameter. All are set up with deadeyes and landyards.

Tainui's cabin trunk is movable, which can be taken off in a few minutes. Two movable seats put in and she is ready to seat about thirty people. With cabin trunk on there is 4ft. headroom and is divided up as follows: A 9ft. cabin trunk, 5ft. forward deck, with 3ft. headroom closed off by two doors and used to store luggage. A 7ft. cockpit and 3ft. decked in at stern and fitted with lockers.

So much for the craft, now for the crew: The skipper, J. W. Commeford, Jr., of the National Yacht and Skiff Club, of Toronto. He is the owner of Tainui. The mate, L. E. Marsh, also of the National Yacht and Skiff Club, has sailed with him for a number of years. The crew, George Hunt, of Galt, Ont., and Chas. Miller, of Toronto, were greenhorns, but soon got their hand in.

The lake: Lake Ontario's length is 190 miles, breadth 52 miles, area 7,330 miles, maximum depth 500ft., height above sea level 240ft.

Now for the trip which was to last two weeks and arrive back in Toronto in time for the Canada cup races. Irondequoit, of the Rochester Y. C., the challenger, and Strathcona, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, the defender.

A fierce northwester had raged for three days, and Lake Ontario never for a moment lost the dull, ominous, bottle-green glitter it invariably assumes when it is goaded by a storm. Overhead the storm spume raced across the sky. Innocent-looking clouds they were, but the way they chased each other down the blue field warned the weatherwise. Toronto Bay was whipped into foam by the gale, and after each lull the squalls from the different slips marked out vivid streaks across the bay. Black stretches of angry water relieved by numberless whitecaps which the wind lifted right from the shore and carried in ever-increasing size out into the open water. A half mile out the seas were running 6ft. high. The skipper had been busy all morning getting aboard the numberless little things needed on such a cruise. The wind was in his favor, and he wanted an early start. The mate and George came down at noon and at 1 o'clock all baggage and stores were aboard, but Charlie was still missing. The Skipper mumbled something about lost time, change of wind, etc. It was 1:45 before the missing link showed up. Canvas was raised, and we slipped our moorings at 2:15. The wind was aft and we started off wing and wing. With the booms well peaked up and the gaffs ahead of the mast, we headed down the bay to the eastern piers.

On entering, the foresail was gybed to port, and Tainui felt the full force of the wind; down she went to the cabin, and all climbed to the weather rail. Outside we again gybed and headed E. on the port tack, with the wind over the quarter, and shot along at a merry gait with the crew on the weather rail. Kew Beach, Munro Park, Scarboro Heights were soon left behind. It became very chilly, and we soon had on our light coats. The wind began to peter out by sundown and Charlie prepared our first hot meal. We had Frenchman's Bay abeam, and Whitby Harbor Light on our port bow. At 8 P. M. the wind began to shift and came in hot puffs from the S.W. The foresail was lowered and a reef put in and raised away, and in less than fifteen minutes the mainsail also had a reef, and Tainui bowled along at a 5-knot clip. Oshawa Light was now picked up. The stick was handed over to the mate and the skipper went below to have a snooze, as we intended to take advantage of the fresh breeze.

It was all new to Charlie and George, and they decided to keep watch with the mate, but in less than an hour they were both rolled up in their coats asleep in the cockpit. At 11:30 the Skipper was called and, after shaking out the reefs in the foresail, the crew went below. At 12:30 Charlie was called to help shake the reefs from the mainsail. The wind had become light and a heavy roll made things uncomfortable, at least Charlie thought so, his sleep was over. Darlington Light was soon sighted and the Skipper headed for it, and at 2 A. M., called all hands to lower canvas and make fast. We ran up the river a way to escape the roll from the lake. Day's run 45 miles. All turned in but not to sleep. Mosquitoes were there in swarms. All hands smoked. Mosquito netting was put over the hatch, but it was no use, and at daylight canvas was raised, and although there was not much wind, Tainui was headed for the lake.

July 26, Sunday.—A swim, and then breakfast. We felt like ourselves again, and with the wind light from the N.W., we again headed E. At 9 A. M., the wind hauled a bit N. and abeam and began to blow. Hot puffs hit us from off shore. The foresail was soon gathered in, and we made Port Hope at 10:15 A. M. All hands spruced up and went up town to church. At 2 P. M., after tucking away a meal under our waist bands, we left the harbor and headed E., under reefed fore and full mainsail and jib, and when off Gull Rock Lighthouse, which stands a half mile out from shore and three miles E. of Port Hope, a big skiff from Cobourg challenged us. The reefs were cast out of the foresail, the dinghy hauled on deck and we took a fall out of her. It was about even up after four miles of it, and she turned tail and headed back to Cobourg. We kept hard at it, keeping in near shore and saluting the cottages as we swept by. At Colborne we found that a storm had wrecked the end of the wharf, which extends out into the open, and the light and fog bell had gone. We soon sighted Presque Isle, which looks at a distance like a large island, on account of the low sandy beach that connects it with the mainland. At 6:15 in a good lump of sea we rounded the lighthouse and tacked up the narrow buoyed channel. In the bay we met Wave Crest, a large schooner yacht of the Rochester Y. C. Raising our board, we cut the channel range lights and buoys and slid across to the mouth of the Murray Canal. The wind lightened considerably, but as we then had it free we made fair progress. The Skipper hunted out a horn and kept it going until the bridgeman at the first swing bridge saw us and gave a clear passage. At the second bridge is the toll office and we had to round up and sign the necessary papers. The tolls had just been abolished by the Canadian Government, to last for two years on trial. Again the horn came into use, but the bridgemen were asleep, for we had to again round up in that narrow channel, landing this time upon a boom, splitting a plank in our dinghy. In a few minutes the red light of the bridge began to disappear, and when the white light was clear, the Skipper again laid her off down the channel. We had no trouble at the next two bridges, and at 9:30 P. M., were through the canal, which is 6 miles long, and tied up at 12 o'clock at Point, a pleasure resort at the entrance to the Bay of Quinte, and all turned in to a much needed rest. Day's run 55 miles.

The Bay of Quinte is long, narrow and shallow. Sometimes you are sailing in a channel ¼-mile wide, then it opens up to 2 and 3 miles, and is buoyed all the way. Sometimes you are sailing on an even keel, then, without a moment's warning, a puff from between the gulleys puts you down to the rail. Always keep your weather-eye open in the Bay of Quinte.

July 27, Monday.—All hands up early and in for a swim, and were soon joined by the cottagers. After a ramble through the park we turned in to prepare

breakfast. Left at 10 A. M., for Trenton, 4 miles down the bay. Wind light and baffling, causing the sheets of the foresail in gybing to catch Charlie, who was sitting on the cabin, around the neck and all but yank him overboard. At noon we tied up at Trenton and found the steam yacht Tesby, of the N. Y. & S. C., there. It was his first trip in the Bay of Quinte, and after getting information from the Skipper, he pulled out for Belleville. At 1 P. M., after replenishing our larder we, too, headed down the bay, wind freshening and abeam. A mile down we met a sloop, Maggie L., and he gave us a race, beating us 200ft. at Belleville Bridge. The Skipper was to have called in at Belleville and meet the Tesby, but inside the bridge we met a large Mackinac and got after him and just managed to pass him at Massassage Park, 4 miles from Belleville. We kept going, and at Telegraph Island Light, which stands in mid channel, the wind headed us off. It was necessary to make a couple of short tacks until off Deseronto. Here we took a chance and crossed behind Forresters Island, the summer home of Dr. Oronhyatekha, the head of that big order. We struck several times but did no damage. The wind dropped very light at sunset. We were then in what is called the reach opposite Deseronto, the bay here being only half a mile in width. The banks rise straight up out of the water. Great care must be exercised here, as the wind is always changeable when off shore, and if blowing up or down channel is a bad place to do much windward work in. It took us from sunset until after midnight to make Glenore, 10 miles. Here we found Vereda, Mr. Wm. Peuchin's cutter of the Royal Canadian Y. C., and after an impromptu race—to stretch our limbs—we turned in. Day's run 30 miles.

July 28, Tuesday.—Five A. M., all hands up early and decide to do some fishing. As a result had a fish fry on the dock. Breakfast over, we started with our camera for a trip to the lake on the mountain of which Glenore boasts.

This lake is certainly worth seeing. It is over 200ft. above the bay, and it is claimed is fed by Lake Erie or Huron by a subterranean passage. A large pipe leads from it down the mountain side to a water wheel which runs a large mill. We returned to the boat at 9:30, and at 10:10 A. M. left with a good breeze off S. W., which freshened to half a gale by noon; but as our sheets were well eased, we stuck to all our canvas and made Kingston at 4 P. M., and laid up for the night. Run 37 miles. In the evening took the cars and saw the city, turning in at 11 P. M. We set the alarm clock for 4 A. M., intending to get out early.

July 29, Wednesday.—Alarm clock not needed. A severe thunder storm was raging. The rain came down in torrents and a gale was blowing from the S. W. The seas were washing over the decks and at 8 A. M., the Skipper went up-town to procure a chart of the islands, as the chart of Lake Ontario ends at Kingston. The mate and the crew in the meantime were putting things in readiness to start. On the return of the skipper he found that an excursion was to have left for the Islands, but had to be postponed, and those who had ventured out were eagerly waiting to see Tainui start. Small bets were made that we would not leave, or that if we did, would come back in a hurry. Two reefs had been put in the mainsail, two in the foresail and one in the jib. "You pack of lobsters, you don't intend to go out in that do you?" said a grizzled old fisherman. We had no time to reply, for the lines had been cast off and with a cheer we shot out of the slip. "Bang!" and Tainui rose on top of a large comber and plunged into the next. Down she went to the cabin trunk and we all climbed out. It was a close fetch and every time she drove into a sea the wind would blow the spray over us. "Stand by to go about," came the order, "hard alee," and the mate let go the jib, Charlie the foresail, and Tainui came about on the port tack, and before she gathered way, was down to the trunk and the water poured into the cockpit. There was a snap and a jerk—one of the mainshrouds had parted under the strain. "Go about!" yelled the Skipper, and Tainui was put on the starboard tack again to save the mast. "Get in the foresail and set the back stays!" came the order. The mate went forward and in the next plunge was nearly washed overboard. The foresail was taken in without further mishap and the stays set taught. The Skipper now laid her off a point and set his course down the channel. In ten minutes more we eased our sheets, and with the wind over the quarter, clipped off 10 miles an hour. The reefed foresail was again set, but it was too much for her. The topping lifts were set up and the foresail slouched. This worked admirably. After rounding Ten-Mile Light we met Cleopatra, Mr. George Gooderham's splendid steam yacht, homeward bound. He gave us a clear passage and a salute to which we responded. After twenty minutes of good hard pounding to windward the channel again changed, making it a free run, and in half an hour we were opposite Clayton, N. Y. Picking out a sheltered dock, we rounded up and made fast at 1 P. M. Run 25 miles.

We threw our canvas loosely over the spars, and as it had stopped raining, we hauled our damp things out on the dock, cooked a meal, after which we went uptown to hunt up a ship chandler to get a new shroud for the mainmast, but were unsuccessful. We replenished our larder, and at 5:30 hoisted away all canvas and ran 5 miles to Thousand Island Park. We didn't know the channel, but took a chance. Just off the Park we landed good and hard, but did no damage.

July 30, Thursday.—In the morning we tried a little fishing, but they were not biting, and at 2 P. M., we reefed and tacked across to Murray Hill, 3 miles N. W. Murray Hill did not come up to expectations, so we jaunted on 7 miles to Gananoque. It was another thrash to windward, and in making a short cut through the island, struck our centerboard, and again narrowly escaped a big reef. We met a skiff, whose owner piloted us safely into the proper channel, and at 6:30 dropped our anchor at Gananoque. Ten miles.

July 31, Friday.—Left at 7 A. M., with wind fresh and ahead, a double reef put in foresail and a single reef in the mainsail. The squalls kept us busy until we passed the Spectacle and Red Horse Rock lights. Here it commenced to lighten. We caught a trading sloop. Tacking up light, we shook out the reefs. It was a close haul, but soon the wind shifted and we got it abeam until 5 miles out of the penitentiary city, where we got it dead over the bows. The Skipper amused himself daubing the ironwork with aluminum paint. The crew were asleep in the cabin. The mate did not notice a white barrel buoy, and landed the hooker on a shoal. The centerboard rose up and smote the cabin roof. The Skipper dropped the paint on the deck and nearly fell overboard in his excitement. Charlie made for the cockpit and George, who was to starboard, found the centerboard had formed a barrier across the cabin and he was prisoner, but got out of it by crawling through the forward cabin. The board was pinned up and we backed down off the shoal again. No damage.

The Skipper now took the helm and explained the following to the mate and the crew, which may be handy to others: "In approaching channels from seaward red buoys marked with even numbers will be found on the starboard side of the channel and must be left on the starboard in passing in. Black buoys with odd numbers will be found on the port side of the channel and must be left on the port side in passing in. Buoys with red and black horizontal stripes will be found on obstructions with channel ways on either side of them, and may be left on either hand. Buoys painted with black and white perpendicular stripes will be found in mid-channel and must be passed close to avoid danger." After discussion on this lesson, all except the man at the helm, set to work with gasolene to wash the aluminum paint off the deck. We then beat into Kingston in a lively wind and sea. She was rail awash the last 3 miles, arriving at 2 P. M. Eighteen miles.

The papers had published an account of our leaving port in the storm of a few days before, and as the news spread around the docks that we were again in port, we soon had many visitors, who kept us busy answering questions. How much ballast? How much does she draw, etc.? We slipped off our sea-going togs and slid up-town, and after a visit to the knight of the razor, felt a good deal better, and after purchasing our provisions and a new steel shroud to replace the one carried away a few days before, turned in early.

Aug. 1, Saturday.—Got up at 5:30 and hoisted all canvas on Tainui to take advantage of the morning wind. Called at Kingston Y. C. and registered. Again set off, the wind over the quarter and light. Met with and raced a big trading schooner and were hard on his heels at the Three Brother Islands, and would have passed him easily, only we were sailing with slouch mainsail. The Skipper was aloft splicing our new main shroud. When we got settled away, the schooner was soon caught and passed and then set out to catch a big trading sloop. She was hull down when we sighted her, but we caught and passed her off Glenore after a 10-mile thrash. From Glenore to Deseronto the wind, owing to a change in the channel, became a quarter breeze and the sloop chased us hard. Made Deseronto at 8 P. M.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Boston Letter.

Y. R. A. OF MASSACHUSETTS ADOPTS RATING RULE.—At the annual fall meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, held in Young's Hotel on Thursday evening, Oct. 19, it was voted to adopt classes M, N, P, Q and R under the uniform rule of rating. There was some discussion upon the merits of the rule, and that time-worn theory of letting some other fellow try it first was brought forward, but the opposition to adoption was not nearly as strong as might have been expected in an organization that looks askance at anything that may appear to be a radical departure.

Mr. Louis M. Clark was there to champion the rule, but his remarks were not very extended, he preferring to answer any questions that might be asked rather than to give an extended general talk upon ground that has already been considerably covered. Mr. Clark cited the record of the 30-footer Meemer, as an example of how the rule would apply to big-bodied, shoal draft boats, and also spoke of the manner in which class Q had shown to greater advantage than the old knockabouts and raceabouts in New York waters. Mr. Clark's strongest point was to the effect that the rule was not that of any particular club, but was devised by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, a man who had been more successful in evading rules by taking advantage of weak points than any other designer living, and that Mr. Herreshoff formulated this rule as one which he believed could not be evaded.

Vice-President Sumner H. Foster, who presided, spoke in favor of adoption, stating that it was by no means necessary to give up the present restricted classes, and that the new rule would not in any way interfere with racing them. He contended that the more general the adoption and application of the rule the quicker its defects might be ascertained and remedied, and that if the new rule is the best one that can be devised it is the one that is wanted for the classes of Massachusetts Bay.

Secretary A. T. Bliss spoke in favor of adoption along the same lines, stating that the best way of finding out what might be done with the rule would be to adopt it and apply it.

The adoption of classes under the new rule up to 40ft. rating by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has great significance, for it is this association that controls most of the racing in Massachusetts Bay. The effect of this attitude upon clubs of which the Association is composed is likely to be very great. Many of these clubs do not have special class rules, but are guided by the rules and classification of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. So, it would appear that the adoption of classes under the new uniform rule by an organization with so much power, would mean a general acceptance of the rule throughout the bay. It must be remembered, however, that the adoption by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts is not to the exclusion of the popular restricted classes, for the present at least. It is simply adopted by the Association as one of the possible good things that it is bound to give those clubs which support it, and the rest will be up to the clubs giving open races, and to the yachtsmen who may build new boats.

If yachtsmen build in all of the classes there will be some advance in the size of the boats that may race under Y. R. A. rules, notably those of more than 30ft. waterline, which are recognized by the Eastern Y. C. This would give the Marblehead club an opportunity of closer affiliation with the strongest racing organization in the bay, even to membership in the organization, in the interest of a common cause. It is obvious that the privilege of competition for Y. R. A. championships among classes of over 30ft. waterline in Eastern Y. C. open events, might be a help toward greater attendance at those races.

A. P. B. A. RULES ADOPTED.—At this meeting of the Yacht Racing Association it was also voted to adopt the rules and classification of the American Power Boat Association. There was no opposition to this measure, as the feeling has been more or less general that the control of open power boat racing by the Yacht Racing Association would be productive of greater attendance at open events and therefore of immense value in developing power boating in Massachusetts Bay. In this measure there is also an opportunity for clubs not at present affiliated with the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts to unite with it in a common cause. Power boating has been agitated in Massachusetts waters by many clubs, the most active being the Eastern Y. C., but the attendance at these events has been scattering, and in many cases discouraging. It is believed that, with a Y. R. A. championship in each power boat class for a season's work, interest will become more general and that good attendance may be had at all open events.

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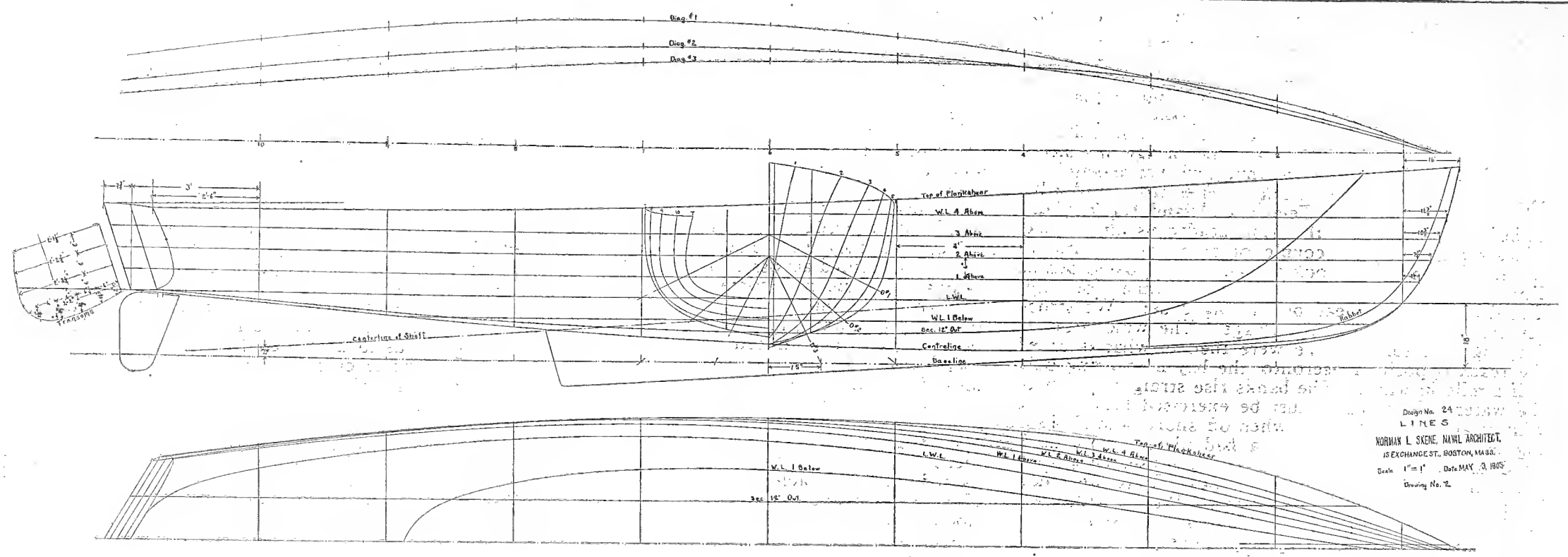
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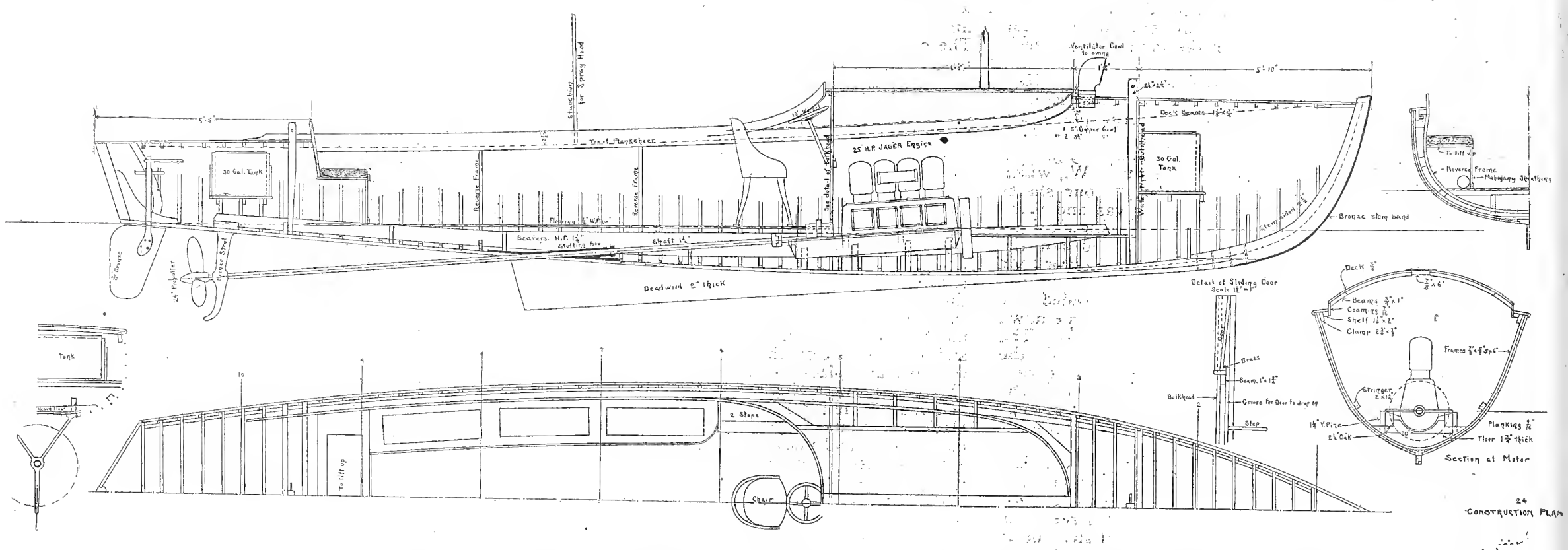
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ARIADNE——LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLANS——DESIGNED BY NORMAN L. SKENE FOR HERBERT AUSTIN, 1905.

THE PASSING OF CLASSES C AND S.—Another measure enacted at the Y. R. A. meeting was the vote to abolish class C, 30-footers and class S, 21-footers. Only one new boat has ever been built for class S, and she was compelled to go into handicap racing to get any classification. The three 30-footers Chewink IV., Sauquoit and Wasaka, raced as a class during the season of 1904, but no racing as the original class was indulged in during the season of 1905; so, class C practieally passed out as a yearling. Mr. T. K. Lothrop, owner of Sauquoit, was present at the meeting, and when his opinion was called for he stated that there appeared to be no further use for the class, and that he was in favor of abolishing it.

BOSTON Y. C. MEETING.—The autumn meeting of the Boston Y. C. will be held at the Rowe's Wharf club house on Wednesday evening, Oct. 25, at which several important amendments will be proposed.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

COMMITTEE ON REVISION OF RACING RULES.—Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, New York Y. C., has appointed a committee of seven to revise the racing rules of the club, which are badly in need of revision. This committee will also confer with other important clubs in an endeavor to secure uniformity in racing rules. The committee is a particularly good one and five of the seven gentlemen are well known as owners of boats that have been seen in the racing during the last few years. The committee is composed of the following: Messrs. Trenor L. Park, Charles Lane Poor, Henry F. Lippett, J. Rogers Maxwell, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., Oliver E. Cromwell and H. deB. Parsons.

POWER YACHT NOKOMIS SOLD.—The power yacht Nokomis was sold by Mr. W. S. Van Clief, of Staten Island, to Rev. J. R. Bourguois, of Rhode Island Y. C., through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman. She was designed and built in 1903 by the Marine Construction Company. She is 75ft. over all, 14ft. breadth and 3ft draft and fitted with two 20 horsepower Standard engines, giving her a speed of 12 miles an hour. The same agency sold the auxiliary yawl Kittiwink for Mr. M. W. Torrey, of Manhasset Y. C., to Mr. R. H. Johnson. The yacht was delivered in Philadelphia, Pa., last week, from where she will be shipped on a barge to Cardenas, Cuba, where her new owner has a winter home. She is 32ft. over all, 23ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. She was built in 1901 from designs of Mr. C. D. Mower by S. C. Wicks & Co., Patchogue, N. Y. She is equipped with a 5 horsepower Palmer engine.

"Supplement to Small Yachts" Free.

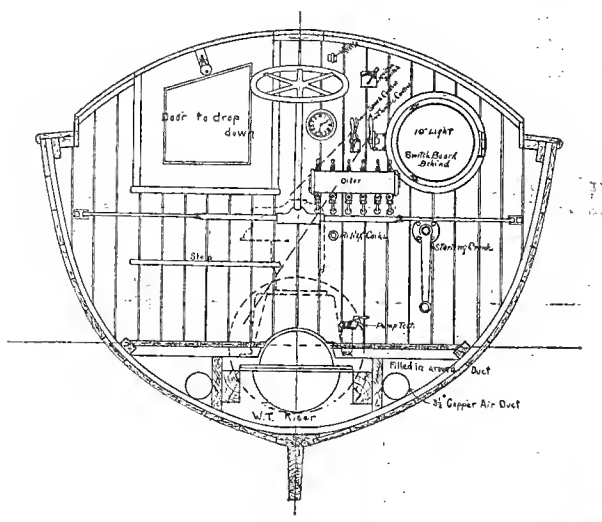
To any one sending us one new subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM before Nov. 15, 1905, we will present one copy of W. P. Stephens' book "Supplement to Small Yachts." This work contains 104 pages text and 43 plates. Size 11 by 14 inches. Cloth. Price $4. This offer does not apply to renewals.

Ariadne.

A 32-ft. Waterline Open Launch.

ARIADNE, whose plans appear in this issue, was designed by Mr. Norman L. Skene, of Boston, for Mr. Herbert Austin, of that city, and is now being built by the George Lawley & Son Corporation, of South Boston. The owner's requirements were for a fast, modern open launch with safety and comfort the primary considerations. No expense has been spared to attain these ends.

The lines show a hull adapted to rough water, one with liberal freeboard, plenty of flare forward, and a stern which will not run under when backing in a seaway. The engine, which is a 25 horsepower, four-cylinder Jager, is located forward in a compartment which is practically water tight and air tight with the exception of the means provided for ventilation. The engine compartment is thoroughly ventilated by air passing in through two ventilators in the deck and out under the floor through two copper pipes leading into the compartment under the after deck. Thence the air passes out through vents in the deck. All possible gases and odors are thus driven from both compartments.



ARIADNE—SECTION.

The engine is controlled entirely from the bulkhead at forward end of cockpit, making it unnecessary to open up the engine compartment except for occasional inspection. On this bulkhead are located starting crank, spark switch, multiple oiler, spark shifter, throttle, water-test cock, revolution counter, clock and steering wheel. The reverse lever is close at hand and electrical equipment is located behind a glass door in bulkhead. The boat is equipped with electric lights for signals on bulkhead and in engine room run from storage battery and dynamo. It is also fitted with an air whistle and an auxiliary rotary bilge pump.

There are two tanks for gasolene holding 30 gallons each. The forward one is in a water-tight compartment forward of a bronze bulkhead. This bulkhead will prevent foundering in case of collision or piercing of the hull from any cause, either forward or aft of the bulkhead. The other tank is way aft and is set in a copper drip pan. Both tanks are thus completely isolated from the rest of the boat.

The boat is built in the best manner throughout. Planking, decks, coaming and interior finish are all Spanish cedar. The scantlings are quite light but heavy enough for reasonable durability. A speed of 14 real miles is expected. Ariadne is of the following dimensions:

Length—		
Over all	32ft.	
L.W.L.	30ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	1ft.	4in.
Aft		8in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	5ft.	11in.
L.W.L.	5ft.	
Draft—		
Extreme	2ft.	1¼in.
To rabbet	1ft.	2in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	3ft.	2½in.
Aft (least)	2ft.	

COMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL RATING RULE.—Messrs. George A. Cormack, Henry Howard, Henry J. Gielow, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., Charles Lane Poor and H. deB. Parsons have been appointed by Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, New York Y. C., to confer with the Yacht Racing Assn. of Great Britain regarding the proposed international measurement rule.

STEAM YACHT NAUTILUS BURNED.—While in winter quarters at Little Hay Harbor, Fisher's Island, the steam yacht Nautilus was burned on Oct. 19. Nautilus was owned by Mr. G. B. Linderman and her home port was Stonington, Conn. She was designed and built in 1899 by Mr. F. W. Offeldt. in Brooklyn. Nautilus was 60ft. waterline, 71ft. over all, 11ft. breadth and 3ft. 9in. draft.

POWER BOAT FOR F. W. EDWARDS.—Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris have completed the plans of a cruising power boat for Mr. F. W. Edwards, of Bayonne, N. J. She is 67ft. over all, 61ft. waterline, 10ft. 4in. breadth and 2ft. 4in. draft. The boat and the engine will be built by the owner during the coming winter.

"Supplement to Small Yachts" Free.

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Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

52, Joseph E. Murray, Philadelphia, Pa.; 53, Macomb G. Foster, N. Y. City; 54, George P. Douglass, Newark, N. J.; 55, Robert W. Gibson, N. Y. City; 56, Arthur Brentano, N. Y. City; 57, Angus J. Macdonell, Kingston, Canada; 58, Thomas H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.; 59, Herbert R. Tilley, Toronto, Canada; 60, James R. Steers, Jr., N. Y. City; 61, Raymond Apollonio, Boston, Mass.; 62, John B. Carruthers, Kingston, Canada; 63, John R. Robertson, Auburndale, Mass.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—5004, Lester M. Harvey, N. Y. City; 5005, Chas. A. Robinson, N. Y. City; 5006, Frederick W. Roloff, N. Y. City; 5007, Chas. M. Wells, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 5008, John L. Beck, N. Y. City; 5009, Herbert Moore, N. Y. City; 5013, David F. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.; 5015, Arthur S. Baiz, N. Y. City.

Central Division.—5010, Frederic C. Rupp, Buffalo, N. Y.; 5011, Seir A. Diefendorf, Buffalo, N. Y.

Northern Division.—5012, William H. Britton, Gananoque, Canada; 5014, Arthur B. Munro ,Gananoque, Canada; 5016, Walter L. Day, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; 5017, Arthur H. Mason, Toronto, Canada.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Archie MacA. Davis, Williamsport, Pa., by E. T. Keyser; H. E. McCormick, N. Y. City, by L. C. Kretzmer; John C. Minor, Jr., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., by E. T. Keyser; Norman J. Smith, Arlington, N. J., by I. V. Dorland; Nelson O. Ward, South Orange, N. J., by W. Andreas; Robert T. Badgley, N. Y. City, by H. C. Ward; David H. Lenox, N. Y. City, by H. C. Ward; W. A. Green, Trenton, N. J., by W. A. Furman.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Nov. 7.—Greenville, N. J.—One hundred shot championship match.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE winter gallery season was opened at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York city, Oct. 17, and shoots will be held every Tuesday night until April 17 next, with the exception of March 12-17 inclusive, the dates for the annual 100-shot Indoor Championship match. For the season the club has offered $301 in cash prizes, open to members only, who can fire five 10-shot scores each shooting night with any .22 caliber rifle taking short cartridges, on the 25-ring target with 2in. bullseye, no practice shots allowed. Of the prize purse, $150 will be divided pro rata on the total rings and $115 for premiums, but in order to come in for any of the ring money a member must shoot at least 75 scores during the season. A member who is absent from a regular meeting may shoot his scores for that day at the next regular meeting. The premiums will be divided as follows:

For the best fifty 10-shot scores, $15, $12, $10, $9, $8; best thirty-five scores, $7, $6, and three of $5; best twenty-five scores, three of $4 and two of $3; best fifteen scores, five $3 prizes.

For the greatest number of rings the Zettler Bros. will give $10 in gold; second, $5; third, $3, and fourth, $2, these given by the club.

The member making the best bullseye each day will receive $1.

On the opening day William A. Tewes, the club's secretary, made the highest score, 1,231 points, shooting at 75ft. offhand. The weather was so warm that the attendance was not large. The next shoot will be held Oct. 31. The total scores:

*W. A. Tewes	244	248	245	248	246—1231
Louis C Buss	239	243	246	242	242—1212
Charles Zettler, Jr.	239	245	240	244	243—1211
*Arthur Hubalek	237	243	245	235	244—1204
Louis P Hansen	234	238	237	241	236—1186
Barney Zettler	225	236	238	233	237—1169
*Henry D Muller	231	229	240	228	239—1167
H C Zettler	227	231	238	227	235—1158
*T H Keller, Jr.	212	231	243	231	232—1149
G Bernius	224	229	232	227	231—1143
T H Keller	211	201	230	225	239—1106

*Telescope sights.

The Election Day Championship Match.

THE twelfth annual 100-shot match for the championship of New York city and vicinity will be held on Election Day, Nov. 7, in Armbruster's shooting park, Greenville, N. J., under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club. The targets will be open for practice at 8 o'clock in the morning, but the match will be started promptly at 9, and will continue until finished, with an intermission of an hour at noon. Ten practice shots will be allowed each competitor, and one who arrives late will also be accorded this privilege.

The conditions will be, 100 shots per man on the ¾in. 25-ring target, at 200yds. offhand; open to all comers; any rifle, sights and ammunition save high power cartridges. This admits magnifying sights of all sorts. The entrance fee will be $5 per man. A forfeit of $2 must be sent to the Zettler Bros., 159 West Twenty-third street, New York city, or to F. Hecking, at the same address, on or before Nov. 4, by each intending competitor. Blanks for this purpose will be mailed to all who ask for them. After the expense for targets and dinner for the contestants is deducted, the balance of the entrance money will be divided pro rata according to the number of rings shot by those who finish their scores. The famous old trophy, with its bars bearing the names of Fred C. Ross (six times), Michael Dorrler (three bars), Dr. W. G. Hudson and Harry M. Payne will go to the winner for this year, whose name will appear on the twelfth bar. The trophy is the gift of the veteran rifleman, William Hayes, of Newark. Another trophy is offered the winner by T. H. Keller, while the man who makes the best 10-shot score will receive the Armbruster trophy. Two prizes cannot be taken by one man. F. Hecking is chairman of the committee of fifteen riflemen who have the arrangements in their charge.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

THE Greenville Offhand Rifle Club has begun its regular shoots for the winter season, and meets on every Friday afternoon. On Oct. 13 a few of the members shot their score for the club medal, 10 shots at 200yds., possible 120. A. W. Kirby headed the list with 102; A. N. Wilson, 86; Geo. Sigafoos, 78; Geo. Katzenberger, 51. An hour was spent in practice shooting and the sport was kept up until dark.

The Jackson Township Rifle Club held their regular medal shoot on Oct. 14. All shooting was offhand at 100yds., 4 shots in the medal match, possible 48. Jesse Johnson, of W. Alexandria, won the medal and first money with 45; Clemmer, Lesher and Izor tied on 44, and in the shoot-off the two first-named won second and third moneys respectively; I. Stiver, 39, and Chas. Busch 37. In the 20-shot match, five events of 4 shots each, possible 48, possible aggregate 240, J. Johnson was first with 228, and made the only perfect 4-shot score of 48, which was made durng the day. Lesher won second money with 220; Clemmer, 219; Izor, 214; Stiver, 207; Busch, 187.

The October medal shoot of the Somers Township Rifle Club was held at Camden. L. Platt won the medal with 47 out of a possible 48; C. W. Matthews, a close second, with 46; D. C. Conarrol and Oliver Parker 45 each; Albert Campbell 41; Tony Price, 36. The closing match was five events of 4 shots each, possible 240. Matthews won with the good score of 226; Campbell and Conarrol 213 each; Platt 211. In the last event Campbell made a perfect score of 48. All shooting was offhand, 100yds. The officers of the club are Wm. Orr, President; Albert Campbell, Secretary and Treasurer.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

THE meeting announced for Oct. 14 was postponed. The ladies will meet on the 28th instead, to arrange for their winter season shoot.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 25.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer's Island G. C. tournament.
Oct. 25-26.—Marshalltown, Ia., G. C. E. G. Wallace, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Edgewater N. J.—Palisade G. C. shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Oct. 26-27.—Columbus, O., G. C. tournament.
Nov. 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C., all-day shoot. F. K. Stelle, Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

NORTH NEW JERSEY SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Oct. 28.—Dover at Montclair.
Nov. 2.—Montclair at Morristown.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Nov. 7.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club claim Nov. 16 as a date for an all-day shoot.

A feature of the Columbus, O., shoot will be the team contest for the Phellis trophy.

Mr. Silas W. Trout, of Franklin, Ind., won the English Hotel cup, in a contest with Mr. Moller, recently, by a score of 94 to 81.

At a meeting of the North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., held last week, Mrs. George H. Piercy and Miss C. L. C. Horneck were made honorary mmbers.

On Wednesday of this week, Mr. Frank Lawrence, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., started on a protracted tour of the West. This able missionary seems to have busy moments as a continuous performance.

At the weekly competition of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association, on Saturday of last week, Mr. J. H. Moxley was high gun, with a total of 107 out of a total of 125. Saturday of this week closes the summer and fall programme.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, a representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., in Arkansas, is coming forth quite strong as a trap shot. In two sweepstakes at live birds, 10 and 15, he scored a total of 21, at Pine Bluff, Ark., and was high man in the average.

Admiral Jack S. Fanning, who as a man behind the gun has made powders famous, was a brief visitor in the gun district early this week. He was the same imperturbable hero of many conflicts, taking defeat and victory with dignity and humility.

In a contest held recently for the J. T. Loyd Co. challenge medal, at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Mr. J. M. Pemberton defeated J. T. Loyd in a contest at 25 pigeons. The contestants tied on 22 out of the 25, and in a shoot-off at 5 birds, Pemberton killed straight and won.

Col. C. H. Mowry, the able editor of the Sporting Goods Gazette, Syracuse, N. Y., was a visitor in the sporting goods district in New York this week. The years do not impair his constant *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, as becomes one of the up-State rulers of Greater New York.

Capt. C. G. Blandford is entitled to a great deal of credit for his steady perseverance in promoting the cause of his club competition in particular, and trapshooting in general. Many captains have quit without manifesting a fraction of his energy and talent. His efforts should be better supported.

Mr. Geo. E. Call, of Northport, L. I., one of the active trapshooters, deer hunters and quail shooters about New York, has been quite successful in the competition of the Brunswick Foxhound Club, held Oct. 9-12, at Barre, Mass. In the Derby, his Loud and Rye won first and second, defeating twenty-two contestants.

The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., has become active again. Recently a team shooting league was formed at that city, in which competition many of the contiguous clubs of Bergen and Passaic counties will participate. That is the kind of competition which infuses smartness and rivalry in trapshooting circles.

At the Rawlins tournament, held at St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 13-15, Mr. Harold Money won the Dupont handicap at 50 targets; the Monte Carlo handicap at live birds, scoring 24 out of 25; was high in the sparrow shoot by scoring 19 out of 20; made high general average and many friends. Mr. Alec Mermod was high amateur for the three days.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, the winner of the Scarecrow cup at the Grand American Handicap, at Indianapolis, Ind., this year, was a visitor in New York this week, and comported himself in a manner so modest that no one could suspect he was the winner of high professional average at said Grand American Handicap, of which the Scarecrow cup was an emblem.

The Montclair team defeated the Mountainside team of East Orange, in the eighteenth match of the North Jersey Shooting League, at Orange, N. J., Oct. 21. The contest resulted in a tie, Montclair won in the shoot-off. A high wind interfered with high scores. The next contest of the league series will take place between Montclair and Dover.

The Shooting Times states that, "An interesting test of a swallow's speed was made recently by an Antwerp pigeon fancier. Having captured a swallow from a nest under the eave of his house, he sent it to Compiegne, where it was put in the pigeon loft. It was released with the pigeons at 7:05 o'clock, and reached its nest at 8:22, which showed a speed equal to 128¼ miles an hour. The top speed made by the pigeons showed only 35½ miles an hour."

The Breeder and Sportsman, of Oct. 14, states: "Welcome the coming and speed the parting fliers is in the mind's eye of the shotgun fraternity, for with to-morrow's dawn there will be a change from inanimate to animate targets, and so, vale the trap season of 1905, which has been a good one, and in relation thereto, more anon." By my halidom, yep!

A close race for the State championship was that, Oct. 21, between the two renowned trapshooters, Messrs. James T. Skelly and W. M. Foord, both of Wilmington, Del. The debate at arms took place on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, and the scores at 100 targets were, Foord 91, Skelly 90. Foord seems to have a certain championship insistence.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., who has devised a preventive of deafness, was a distinguished visitor in New York this week. His special device as an aid to shooting by closing up the ears, intensifies the focus of the eyes, and unless the gun suffers from aberration, a smashed target results from a shot. To those who write him, he will reveal the secret.

In the second race at 100 English sparrows for the State championship, held on the grounds of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, Fort Wayne, Ind., last week, Mr. Max Witzigreuter, of Fort Wayne, defeated Mr. Hugh M. Clark, of Wabash, 92 to 88. In the contest, two weeks previously shot, Mr. Clark was the winner by the score of 94 to 92. The third race was to be held early this week.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club team, Oct. 19, was victor in the final contest for the handsome trophy, a punch bowl presented by Col. Franklin Brandreth. This was a win by default, the Poughkeepsie team being synchronously perdue in the tall grass. Each club had two wins to its credit prior to the final contest. The eight men made a team average of 84.5 per cent., an excellent performance.

Press despatches narrate that at "Mahanoy City, Pa., Oct. 21, Steve Kurtz won his fifteenth match and increased his cash winnings to $1,500 by defeating John Shadel, of Frackville, in a live-bird match. Kurtz killed 9 out of 12, while Shadel got 6. There was a big crowd present and the betting was brisk. Kurtz is only 20 years old." His victory without doubt was due to the Mikado and the virtue of his ancestors.

At the tournament of the Rising Sun, Md., Gun Club, Oct. 18 and 19, high average for the two days was made by the champion of Delaware, Mr. W. M. Foord, with a score of 341 out of 370. Mr. A. Somers, of Delta, Pa., was second with 335. Mr. L. S. German, of Aberdeen, Md., was second with 333. The championship of Cecil county, 10 singles and 20 pairs, was won by Mr. H. R. England, after a tie with Mr. J. McCush.

Mr. Hood Waters and his bride sojourned in New York a few days last week, this city being in the itinerary of their honeymoon. It was our fortunate privilege to meet the happy couple through a few fleeting moments, and our impression was that Mrs. Waters felt that Mr. Waters did not consider his true worth, and that Mr. Waters was in a state of imperturbable happiness as he gazed at Mrs. Waters. Long life, good health, happiness and prosperity to them.

Mr. D. St. Clair, in a nonchalant manner, romped away with the Winchester trophy, at the shoot of the S. S. White Gun Club, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Oct. 21. The event at 100 targets was divided into six parts at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets. Mr. St. Clair defeated seventeen contestants with a score of 80 out of 100. Cantrell and Newcomb were reasonably close on his trail with totals of 74. A few of the shooters were something short of their usual good form.

Mr. F. C. Bissett, of South River, N. J., has challenged Mr. John J. Fleming, of Newark, N. J., for the "E.C." trophy, which represents the individual championship of the State of New Jersey at targets. Mr. Bissett recently defended his title to the cup on the grounds of the Forester Gun Club, Newark, N. J., his opponent being Mr. Fleming, who succeeded in taking the cup from him. Mr. Bissett has now challenged Mr. Fleming, and the race is to be shot on the grounds of the Bound Brook Gun Club, Bound Brook, N. J., on Nov. 16. A special programme will be arranged for an all-day shoot.

The Carteret Gun Club, of Garden City, L. I., begins their fall and winter contests, on Oct. 28, at 1 o'clock. The first programme provides several special events, besides three events at 10 targets, and one at 10 pairs, $5 entrance to each. There also will be the cup event at 20 targets, $10 entrance. This programme rivals in gameness some of the events in the coal regions, where a shooter does not hesitate to contest in a match at three birds, $90 entrance, high gun to take all. The Chapin cup will be an object of competition on alternate Saturdays, and when won three times by one contestant it becomes his mural belonging. As no one won this cup three times last year, it reverted to this year's club competition. The competition is exclusive.

BERNARD WATERS.

New York Athletic Club.

THE New York Athletic Club shoot, Oct. 21, was as follows:

Event 1, handicap allowance, 25 targets: G. Greiff (0) 17, W. H. Hibbard (8) 25, G. A. Mahlstedt (10) 12, L. Huntington (2) 20, F. Vilmar (9) 12, J. D. Calhoun (2) 19, E. Huggins (8) 20.

Event 2, 25 targets, handicap allowance, was as follows: Huggins (8) 19, Greiff (5) 21, Hibbard (5) 19, Huntington (2) 22, Vilmar (12) 15, Calhoun (2) 16, Mahlstedt (12) 14.

Event 3, club shoot, handicap: S. Scott (2) 19, J. Borland (4) 21, G. Greiff (0) 22, Hibbard (5) 20, Calhoun (0) 12, Brown (8) 25, Huggins (8) 22, Huntington (0) 18, Mahlstedt (0) 6.

No. 4, handicap: Scott (2) 21, Borland (4) 20, Greiff (0) 21, Hibbard (5) 16, Brown (8) 25, Huggins (3) 19, Huntington (3) 19, Mahlstedt (0) 5, Calhoun (4) 19.

Event 5, handicap, 25 targets: Scott (2) 21, Borland (4) 20, Greiff (0) 21, Brown (4) 23, Hibbard (5) 19, Hugins (8) 18; Huntington (3) 19.

Event 6, 25 targets: Scott (2) 23, Borland (4) 17, Greiff (0) 19, Brown (8) 25, Vilmar (0) 9, Huggins (0) 13.

Event 7, 25 targets: Scott 19, Greiff 22, Huggins 15.

Event 8, 25 targets: Scott 23, Greiff 22, Huggins 14.

No. 9: Scott 22, Greiff 21.

Aetna Shooting Park.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 15.—A new club trap has been installed at this popular shooting resort recently, and the Mound City Powder Burners will hold a two days' shoot here Nov. 11 and 12.

The wind was blowing hard to-day, which, with the threatening clouds, accounts for light attendance. H. E. Winans, the East Alton trade representative, was with us to-day and demonstrated the merits of his goods in a convincing manner.

Here are the scores: Winans 150, 131; Hull 112, 81; Papin 100, 71; Cunningham 75, 46, Sandberg 25, 19; Edwards 25, 13.

Rawlings Tournament.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 17.—As advertised, hard targets were thrown, and a very good quality of pigeons trapped. The conditions would have been hard enough without the wind, but as there was a very strong southeasterly wind, the targets were very difficult, and the pigeons very fast, so that high scores were beyond reach.

Harold Money finished with first general average for the three days; Alec Mermod first amateur average; Joe O'Neil second. Mr. Money also won the Dupont handicap at 50 targets, the Monte Carlo handicap at live birds, with a score of 24 out of 25, and finished high in the sparrow shoot with 19 out of 20. This gentlemanly representative certainly had things his own way. Alec Mermod won the extra live-bird sweep with a straight score of 25. Jas. Groves, of Jacksonville, Ill., won the Rawlings amateur handicap with a straight score of 20.

Numerous miss-and-outs at both pigeons and sparrows were indulged in, and while the programme was short and the attendance small, guns were cracking from the start in the morning until it was too dark to shoot.

Purses paid very well to those who shot in the first flight, which pleased the shooters who stayed for the entire programme. There were only a few who objected to the fast targets, and these left at the end of the first day. Those who stayed for the finish enjoyed this thoroughly, and expressed their satisfaction at the fast birds.

Oct. 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	25	25	25	25	Broke.
H Money	13	13	15	15	18	14	22	23	21	23	177
H Spencer	12	11	14	12	12	14	18	19	18	21	150
A Mermod	15	12	14	14	20	15	24	18	23	21	176
C Gottlieb	12	12	14	10	15	16	22	22	24	14	161
M Kaufman	9	10	9	9	12	11	16	15	20	19	130
W Huff	14	11	14	12	16	18	24	21	23	25	178
C Young	12	13	14	13	17	16	..	..	..	..	...
F Riehl	14	13	13	11	18	20	21	20	22	23	175
O Felger	13	13	13	14	17	18	18	23	24	23	176
J Cox	12	10	15	13	18	18	19	19	..	23	...
Huntley	13	15	13	14	18	15	..	..	..	..	...
J O'Neil	12	9	12	11	16	10	18	18	12	14	132
H Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	23	16	14	...

Oct. 14, Second Day.

Monte Carlo Handicap, 25 birds, $25 entrance, division of purse, 50, 30, 20. Harold Money won this event with the very good score of 24, and carried off the handsome fob which went with first money. The wind was very choppy, which made the shooting very difficult.

H Money, 31 ..... 1222222222222122202121222—24
J O'Neil, 30 ..... 22222*2012022222222122222—22
Alec Mermod, 30 ..... 2111112221222112011020222—22
Wm Clayton, 30 ..... 1212122202222022221212222—23
C M Powers, 31 ..... 1122211100111222222121121—23
H L Robinson, 28 ..... 220*222210*22222222202220—19
F C Riehl, 31 ..... 1222200*21112222*12202220—19
C Gottlieb, 31 ..... *2202222222112022222222220—21
O Felger, 27 ..... 211122*212202111112l*1*1—21
Amberg, 30 ..... 021*2012122222221211101222—21
J P Cabanne, 30 ..... 2222020220101212222*202022—18

Handicap, 15 birds, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. This was an extra event, which was captured by Alec Mermod with a straight score.

C M Powers, 31 ..... 222221111120111—14
Wm Clayton, 30 ..... *222222222220222—13
Joe O'Neil, 30 ..... 222222222202022—13
H L Robinson, 28 ..... 2002022202221222—11
H Money, 31 ..... 2022222212211111—14
O Felger, 27 ..... 2012121100121111—12
Alec Mermod, 30 ..... 2211211222222222—15
J Cox, 29 ..... 2222012211222210—13
Wm Markle, 28 ..... 1200220202l2*000— 7
F Riehl, 30 ..... 2*22021*0w

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	Broke.
H Money	17	17	18	15	19	21	107
J O'Neil	14	16	16	17	18	21	102
A D Mermod	16	17	16	17	19	22	107
C Gottlieb	18	18	18	20	16	20	110
M Kaufman	12	13	13	17	17	18	95
W Clayton	18	17	15	16	15	23	104
C Powers	18	16	19	18	19	23	113
O Felger	15	16	14	17	19	21	102
F Riehl	17	16	17	18	18	24	110
W Huff	17	15	20	16	20	24	112
H Robinson	12	11	13	..	..	..	...
G D Sperry	17	17	..	..	..	..	...
L Fisher	17	14	18	19	19	22	109
J Scott	13	..	..	..	..	..	...

Oct. 15, Third Day—Live Birds.

Rawlings Amateur Handicap, 20 birds, $15 entrance. Mr. Groves won this event very handily with a straight score. A fob charm similar to the one put up for the Monte Carlo Handicap was carried off by Mr. Groves, who is a prominent shooter from Jacksonville, Ill. His clever work with a "pump" was admired by all.

Wm Clayton, 31 ..... 22222*22222222222221—19
Alec Mermod, 31 ..... 2**22*22121221202210—15
C Powers, 31 ..... 122122212202201011l2—17
H Tipton, 30 ..... 22210220122220222222—17
J O'Neil, 30 ..... 02222222022222222222—18
J P Cabanne, 29 ..... 21222202222222022220—17
J Groves, 29 ..... 12121111221222111122—20
H Jones, 28 ..... 22212*22202222022122—17

Event No. 7 was the Dupont Handicap, and did not count for average. Harold Money was high for the three days, besides winning all the main events on the Dupont Handicap at targets, the Monte Carlo Handicap at live birds and the sparrow shoot. Alec Mermod was high amateur for the three days.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	50	Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	50
C Powers...	15	17	16	18	18	22	39	Dr Moore...	14	15	14	15	14	18	32
Wm Clayton	17	16	20	18	14	25	40	H Money...	18	18	17	16	20	21	41
A Mermod..	18	16	17	16	16	21	38	J O'Neil....	9	15	16	15	16	20	24
C Gottlieb...	19	13	16	17	14	16	41	M Kaufman.	10	14	12	6	15	13	..
H Tipton....	14	14	16	15	18	21	40	J Cabanne...	15	15	18	13	15	14	..
J Groves ...	16	12	16	17	19	23	31	J Cox.....	16	17	14	..	17	..	..
L Fisher....	18	18	18	16	17	22	40	C Spencer..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35
L Chaudet..	16	15	18	16	14	24	33	W Baggerman.	..	..	..	..	..	..	37
F Riehl	18	16	17	17	16	21	34	F McCloughan....	..	..	..	..	..	..	33

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 21.—Trapshooting at Jackson Park grounds was givin a decided boost yesterday. The opening of the Saturday afternoon fall and winter shooting was got in motion at about 2:30 P. M., and was kept going at a good pace until dark, with the exception of a few slight delays caused by the magautrap cutting up some of its pranks, breaking several targets at a time and then running along smoothly for a time and then releasing the magazine and allowing a dozen targets to be thrown into the air at once, to the delight of the spectators and the disgust of the management, who will, at the earliest opportunity, replace the machine with a new one of the same make, or instal one of a different make to avoid any of the mentioned delays in the future.

The management to-day presented a new feature at the grounds in the shape of a printed programme for the afternoon shooting which was greatly appreciated by the different contestants, and was mailed to the different clubs and individual shooters around Passaic and Bergen county, and at a glance could tell just what was coming next as to number of targets, cost, etc., and when they were done shooting, could tell exactly what they had to pay to the cashier without inquiring of that official.

The different clubs were well represented and shot through most of the programme, which could not be quite finished before dark, on account of the bad behavior of the magautrap.

The Mount Pleasant Club was represented by the following: Tom Dunkerly, F. S. Van Houten, H. Van Houten, who took second prize after shoot-off, miss-and-out, in the prize event, No. 3.

North Side was on hand with Capt. W. Banta, Al. Howard and Veenstra. Banta and Howard tied for first prize, with Capt. Lenone, of the home club. Banta won the shoot-off. Dunkerly won shoot-off for third prize with Kussmaul and F. J. Van Houten with 23 each. Oradell Club was represented by F. H. Tewes, who shot throughout and was well pleased with his afternoon's outing.

The other shooters were members of the home club, every one averaging good scores in all events. No. 5 was at 5 pairs, each shooter shooting at 2 birds in the air at once. Banta's gun failed to act on second round and he withdrew.

There was much enthusiasm at this shoot over the prospects of much livelier work at the different club grounds through the formation last Wednesday night at Garry Hopper's store of a team shooting league, at which meeting the Oradell Club, North Side, and Jackson Park Club were represented by committees. The Mount Pleasant and Richfield clubs have entered application for committee representation at the next meeting, which will be held at Hopper's store, Oct. 30, at which meeting all arangements will be completed, such as to electing permanent officers, appointing committees on the arranging of dates and of getting prizes, and such other duties as the committees call for.

The team shooting will most likely start on Saturday, Nov. 4, at the club's grounds, selecting No. 1 date, and to each succeeding club grounds, selecting their respective dates, until each club grounds have been visited; and this arrangement will continue throughout the season. At the end, the club that wins the most contests will be declared the champion of Passaic and Bergen counties at team shooting. The committee will most likely provide prizes for every team entering in this contest, as well as individual prizes for best averages on each team. The idea in forming this league was to promote shooting in general at the different club grounds and to assure a larger attendance at the different club shoots.

Where at the present time five to ten members go to a shoot, when the teams visit a ground it is assured at least of twenty-five or thirty shooters, outside of its own members, which will be more attractive than at present.

The team shooting will occur on every other Saturday, leaving the off Saturday for home shooting, and for those who don't care for the team contest. Any shooter wishing to accompany the teams to home or visiting grounds are always welcome. The more the merrier.

Scores of the Jackson Park Club shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	H	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	H	3	4	5
Clickner	10	15	0	21	10	6	Banta	6	12	5	23	7	1
Morgan	7	9	4	24	7	5	Lewis	3	11	2	19	5	3
Van Horn	2	9	4	24	7	..	F Van Houten	3	10	5	23	7	..
Lenone	6	9	4	25	7	5	Kussmaul	..	7	5	23	5	..
H Sindle	6	11	5	22	6	..	H Van Houten	8	8	6	24	6	..
Dunkerly	8	12	2	23	..	..	Veenstra	6	10	6	22	7	..
F Sindle	9	9	5	22	..	..	Simonton	6	7	..	..	6	..
Allen	7	9	7	19	4	3	Husk	..	7	..	..	6	..
Howard	4	11	7	25	6	..							

No. 5, 5 pairs; H, handicap allowance.

WM. DUTCHER.

Magic City Tournament.

MUNCIE, Ind., Oct. 14.—The annual fall tournament of the Magic City Gun Club, of this city, had the lightest attendance that has ever fallen to the lot of one of our shoots. No less than four tournaments for the same week in our part of this State being more than the shooting interests could properly care for.

The first day's programme was at targets, and the second day's events were at English sparrows. The trade interests were looked after by C. O. Le Compte, D. D. Gross and Geo. Little. J. W. Farrell, of the local club, won first average over all for the first day, making the good score of 186 out of 200 targets. In the second day's shooting Ed. Voris, of Crawfordsville, Ind., led the parade, closely followed by Dr. S. H. Moore, Indianapolis, Ind.

As is customary with this club, the participants were entertained at the noon hour at a nearby residence with a chicken dinner. All made topnotch scores in this event. The scores follow:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
J W Farrell	200	186	J R Johnson	200	174
C O Le Compte	200	185	Joe Smiley	150	136
D D Gross	200	178	H Bridgeman	100	82
C L Bender	200	177	H A Shumack	60	49
L L Spencer	200	177			

Scores at English sparrows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Sparrows:	10	15	25	10	15	Sparrows:	10	15	25	10	15
Voris	8	15	24	9	15	Shumack	9	12	..	..	..
Dr Moore	9	14	23	9	15	Spencer	10	14	20	9	14
Farrell	5	11	22	8	9	Adamson	7	..	..	8	12
Witz	10	13	22	..	..	Bender	4	..	..	..	..
Gross	9	12	19	8	10	Smiley	..	..	..	5	10
Rundell	9	13	22	..	..	Littler	..	7	..	6	12

The second race at 100 English sparrows between Hugh M. Clark, Wabash, Ind., and Max Witzigreuter, Fort Wayne, Ind., resulted in a win for Witz. Witz scored 92 birds of his allowance of 100, while Clark sent 88 where all English sparrows ought to go. It will be recalled that in the former race two weeks previously, Clark was the winner, scoring 94 against 92. A third race was immediately arranged for, to be shot, as were these, on the grounds of the Corner Rod and Gun Club at Fort Wayne, Ind.

The third race will be shot Oct. 22. The day was an ideal one for shooting, and the light was better than on the first occasion. The birds were a good lot, and the shooting was witnessed by a crowd of some six hundred people.

Witz ..... 01111111111101111111011111—22
10111111111111111111110111—23
11110111111111111111111111—24
11111111111101111101111111—23—92
Clark ..... 10111010111101111111111111—21
11111111111111101111111111—24
11111010111101110111111111—21
11111101111111111111011101—22—88

G. G. WILLIAMSON.

Rising Sun Tournament.

RISING SUN, Md.—The two days' tournament of the Rising Sun Gun Club was managed by Messrs. H. Linn Worthington, of Rising Sun, and Luther J. Squier, of Wilmington. Mr. W. M. Foord, of Wilmington, champion of Delaware, made high average for the two days, 341 out of 370. Second high average, 335, was made by Mr. A. Somers, of Delta, Pa. Third, 333, was made by Mr. Lester S. German, of Aberdeen, Md.

On the first day Mr. A. Somers made high average, 166 out of 180; Mr. L. S. German was second with 163; Mr. W. M. Foord was third with 159. On the second day, the high averages were: First, Foord, 182 out of 190; second, German, 170; third, a tie between Messrs. J. A. McKelvy, of Wilmington, and A. Somers, on 169. One cent was deducted from each target thrown, and the purse so made paid 70 per cent. of the losses of those who shot through the programme and failed to win their entrance.

On the last day the championship of Cecil county was an interesting feature. The conditions were 10 singles and 20 pairs. Messrs. H. R. England, of Rising Sun, and J. McCush, of Colora, tied on 24. In the shoot-off at 10 singles and 5 pairs, England won by the score of 17 to 13. The scores follow:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot. at.	Broke.
Foord	180	159	190	182	370	341
Somers	180	166	190	169	370	335
German	180	163	190	170	370	333
McKelvey	180	158	190	169	370	327
Stephens	180	147	190	168	370	315
England	180	158	190	155	370	313
Squier	180	144	190	166	370	310
Alexander	180	148	190	152	370	300
C Kirk	180	136	190	161	370	297
Gifford	180	126	190	159	370	285
Edmanson	180	116	190	147	370	263
Rigdon	180	114	150	117	330	231
Keen	135	111	145	123	280	234
J E Kirk	180	155	...	...	180	155
Foster	90	69	100	82	190	151
Roberson	60	53	85	67	145	120
Terry	..	...	190	164	190	164
Mordecai	..	...	190	160	190	160
Cecil Kirk	..	...	115	87	115	87
McCush	..	...	100	85	100	85
McGovern	120	87	...	...	120	87
Jackson	..	...	100	80	100	80
Riale	..	...	60	54	60	54
Armour	..	...	85	62	85	62
Nickle	..	...	45	38	45	38

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Braintree Gun Club.

THE Braintree Gun Club held a very successful prize shoot on its grounds at Braintree, Mass., Saturday afternoon, Oct. 14. White won the high average prize, breaking 88 out of 100. In the handicap, 50 bird match, Brown won the first prize, breaking 48 with a handicap of 2 birds, making a total of 50. Jordan won the second prize, breaking 43 with a handicap of 6, making a total of 49. Muldoon won third prize, breaking 38 with a handicap of 10. Total 48.

The other events:

Fifteen targets: White 14; Frank, Baker, Worthing 13; Hibbard and Jordan 12; Brown 11; Wilder 10.

Ten targets: White, Norton, Hibbard, Carson, 9; Frank, Baker, Jordan, Starrett 8; Brown 7; Worthing, Reynolds 6.

Fifteen targets: Worthing 13; Hibbard, Jordan, Baker, 12; Brown, Muldoon 11; Frank, Wilder 10.

Ten targets: Frank, Brown, Baker, Carson, Hibbard, 9; Muldoon, Starrett, 8; Worthing, Jordan 6.

Fifteen targets: Brown 15; White 14; Frank, Kirkwood, Baker, Muldoon, Carson, Hibbard 13; Worthing, Jordan, Macomber 12; Wilder, Starrett, Reynolds 11.

Ten targets: Macomber, Brown, Frank, 10; White, Kirkwood, Jordan, 9; Norton, Dow 7.

Fifteen targets: Muldoon, Jordan, Wilder 14; White, Kirkwood, Frank, Brown, Hibbard 13; Baker, Reynolds 12.

Ten targets: White, Brown, 10; Starrett 9; Frank, Jordan, Hibbard 8; Reynolds, Wilder, Kirkwood 7.

Fifteen targets: Brown, Hibbard, 13; Frank, Kirkwood, Carson 12.

Ten targets: Kirkwood, Jordan, 10; Frank 8, Brown 7.

Fifteen targets: Frank 15; Kirkwood, Brown, Jordan 13; White, Wilder and Carson 12.

Ten targets: Jordan 9, Frank, Wilder and Hibbard and White 7; Norton 6.

The percentage of targets broken: White 88, Frank and Brown 85, Baker 84, Jordan 80, Hibbard 77, Kirkwood 76, Worthing 75, Starrett 74, Wilder 70, Reynolds 70. CHAS. F. WHITE, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 21.—Moller won the Peters badge. The contest for the English Hotel cup was won by Silas W. Trout, of Franklin, Ind., defeating Moller by the following score:

Trout ..... 22 25 23 24—94 Moller ..... 16 23 19 23—81

Both contestants are members of the Indianapolis Gun Club. The weather was clear and cold.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Mike	21	25	23	24	24	22	23	25
Parry	23	22	24	24	22	23	..	..
Moore	23	19	21	24	14	..	..	..
Hunter	22	23	20	20	24	21	..	..
Silas W Trout	24	21	22	25	23	24	..	..
Everts	18	16	19	..	..	..	..	..
T J Trout	18	19	19	21	..	..	..	..
F Trout	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Southern	10	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Habich	..	13	18	20	21	21	16	..
Armstrong	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moller	..	18	16	23	19	22	21	14
Finley	21	21	24	..	..	..	..	..
Frazier	8	12	14	17	..	..	..	..
Harvey	15	16	10	..	..	..	..	..
Hice	17	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson	8	10	15	..	..	..	..	..
Nelson	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hose	8	5	17	..	..	..	..	..
Smoke	20	24	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hoffner	20	20	..	..	..	..	..	..

North New Jersey Shooting League.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Oct. 21.—The eighteenth match of the series of team races of the North Jersey Shooting League was run off to-day at Orange, the Montclair team being pitted against that of the Mountainside Gun Club, of Orange.

The match resulted in a tie, both teams breaking 86 birds. The tie was shot off at 10 targets per man, and resulted in giving the match to Montclair, with a score of 41 against 37 for their opponents.

The low scores were owing to a very high wind prevailing during the earlier part of the contest. The next team race will occur at Montclair on the 28th—Dover against Montclair.

Montclair.		Mountainside, of Orange.	
Allan	17	Wakely	14
Howard	19	McDonough	20
Bush	19	Baldwin	13
Crane	19	Ziegler	20
Batten	12—86	Mosler	19—86
Shoot-off of tie:			
Allan	9	Wakely	8
Howard	8	McDonough	9
Bush	7	Baldwin	7
Crane	8	Ziegler	8
Batten	9—41	Mosler	5—37

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 18.—The tenth contest for the Laflin & Rand trophy series, started on Aug. 16, was shot to-day. The competition is close, and an interesting finish is forecast for Nov. 1. The scores:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
*Stoddard	21	4	25	Borst	w		
Rickman	13	7	20				
Back Scores:							
Borst	w			*Weller	21	4	25
Stoddard	w			Weller	20	4	24
Stoddard	w			*Weller	22	4	26
Re-entry scores:							
Rickman	17	7	24	Stoddard	w		
Rickman	17	7	24	Stoddard	w		
Rickman	15	7	22	Stoddard	w		
*Rickman	18	7	25	Stoddard	19	4	23
Stoddard	w			Borst	w		
Stoddard	20	4	24	Weller	14	4	18
Stoddard	w						

*Wins point for cup.

Class Division.

THAT prejudice against the colored people is strong by men from the South, was demonstrated by a shooter, who walked in a lunch room on East Forty-second street, New York, the other day to save time and appease his hunger.

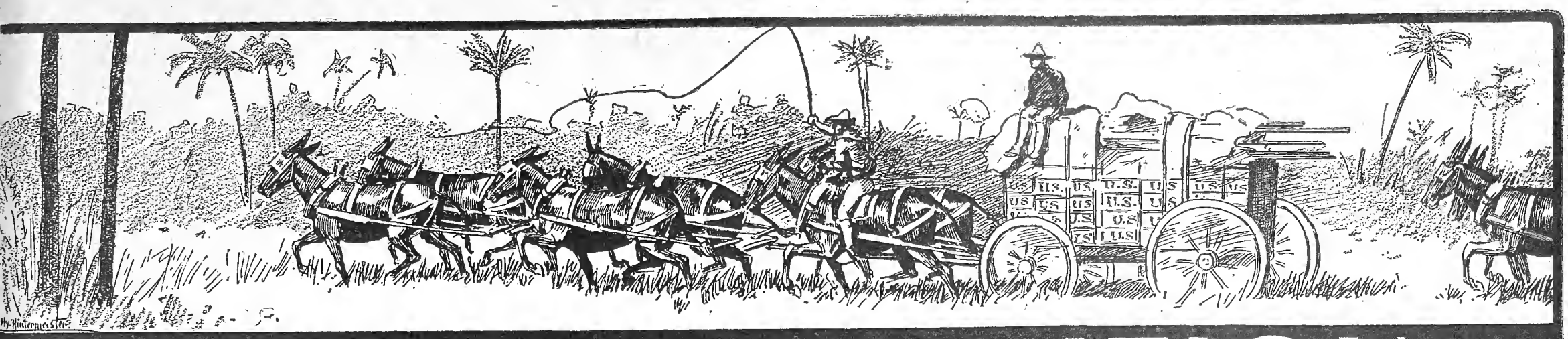
This man was from Maryland, with a record of 100 straight, and a smile that wins the hearts of all the fair sex, was ushered by an energetic waitress to a rear table and offered a chair back of a large negro man, who was eating Boston baked beans. The shooter, in positive and audible tones, said, "I will not sit here!" The waitress evidently understood the situation, and with ready tact asked him to take a seat across the room. By that time his "Southern blood" was thoroughly aroused, and with "fire" in his eye he left the restaurant. Bravo, "Infallible," your loyalty to Dixie won the applause of

A GEORGIA CRACKER.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 21.—The summer and fall series of the Baltimore Shooting Association closes on Saturday of this week. The shoot to-day resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Woodyear	10	11	15	..	..	Baskerville	11	..	..	..	..
Haighy	8	8	..	..	..	Gray	7	11	..	..	..
Bowen	17	20	19	18	..	Chew	19	19	22	..	..
Mears	12	14	14	16	..	Carroll	16	..	..	..	..
Moxley	19	23	21	20	24	Watkins	20	16	20	10	..



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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE attendance on Oct. 21 was not large, the day being quite chilly. Some of the members were away on shooting trips.

Thirteen members shot their scores in the first contest of the series for the Clements trophy. Williams was high gun with 48 from the 17yd. mark. Faran was second with 46, and Maynard third with 45. The conditions of this trophy are sixteen 50-target events, shot every other week, in two strings of 25 each, distance handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds.

The committee fixes the mark for the first event, and take the first four scores at that mark for an average, changing the handicap after every fourth shoot, according to the following scale: Under 80 per cent., at 16yds.; 80 to 84 per cent., at 18yds.; 86 per cent. or over at 20yds. Members must compete in twelve contests to be eligible. The average is determined by the scores of all the events in which a member takes part. An optional sweep is provided, 10 cents in each event, the purse being divided at the close of the series, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. To be eligible for this purse, members must post entrance in every event in which they participate. Several members shot their score in the Ackley trophy series on the 16th, making the following scores: Bleh, 44, Bonser 43, Dick 40, Brown 39, Miles 31, Gambell 33.

Herman starts for Duck Island the coming week, to join the party already there. Ahlers is making his plans for a quail hunt in Illinois next month. The boys are to make an effort to annex the Phellis trophy at the Columbus shoot on the 26th and 27th.

Clements trophy shoot, 50-targets, distance handicap:

Williams, 17	23 25—48	Ahlers, 18	21 19—40
Faran, 16	24 22—46	Block, 16	20 20—40
Maynard, 17	24 21—45	Herman, 18	18 21—39
Harig, 19	20 24—44	Randall, 16	20 19—39
Altherr, 16	23 21—44	Register, 16	17 21—38
Pohlar, 18	20 23—43	Keplinger, 16	20 18—38
Bullerdick, 16	21 21—42		

Team match, 50 targets:

Maynard	25 22— 47	Faran	23 22— 45
Ahlers	22 25— 47	Keplinger	21 21— 42
Bullerdick	20 20— 40	Williams	21 21— 42
Herman	20 19— 39	Gambell	18 22— 40
	87 86—173		83 86—169.

Ohio Notes.

The Preble County Gun Club, of Eaton, entertained their Dayton, O., visitors on Oct. 18 in good style. The rain caused a small attendance, and the tournament programme was cut out; a four-man team match at 100 targets per man was fixed up in its place. The scores made were very fine. Clark of the Eaton team, went straight, Less N. Reid 94, D. M. Swihart 82, Dr. W. H. Bucke 89; total 365. Dayton team—M. E. Lindenmuth 93, H. M. Carr 90, J. Achey 88, Ike Brandenberg 86; total 357.. Clark and Reid shot another 100-target match, tying on 95. Clark's score for the 200 was 195, and included a run of 181; he missed his 182d target. His best previous record was 89 straight. Clark is certainly doing magnificent work. Reid broke 189 out of 200. Carr 157 out of 175.

The Greenville Gun Club held a special handicap shoot for merchandise prizes on Oct. 19. Eight members took part in the sport, which consisted of three 15-target events with four prizes in each event. The winners were, in order given: Hartzell, McCaughey, Limbert and Kirby in the first event. Wolf, Limbert, Hartzell and McCaughey in the second event. McCaughey, Wolf, Eidson and Limbert in the third event. The club has lost one of its most active members, Cooper Ayers having just moved with his family to Duluth, Minn.

Seth Hobby, who lives near Sidney, and a friend are reported to have killed seventy-two ducks at the Lewistown Reservoir in one day. Perhaps if the game warden should see Mr. Hobby he could explain how it happened that they exceeded the limit of twenty-five ducks each, which the law allows to be killed in one day, by 22 birds. Hunters should be careful to keep their stories within legal limits.

The Cleveland Gun Club's regular shoot on Oct. 14 was poorly attended, a single squad only taking part in the sport. In the shoot for the Greater Cleveland amateur championship trophy of northern Ohio, at 100 targets, C. E. Doolittle was victorious with 89. Latham 87, Sheldon 84, MacMeans 82, Hopkins 77. This is the fourth successive win for Doolittle. He was also high gun for the day, with 134 out of 150. Sheldon and Latham second with 127 each. MacMeans 121, Hopkins 112. Two years ago Doolittle began to shoot at the traps and has rapidly come to the front until he is now, without question, one of the best amateur shots in northern Ohio.

Quite a bunch of members were at the grounds of the Dayton Gun Club on Oct. 14, among them Pop Heikes, who has returned from his trip to the West. Seven 25-target events were shot. H. M. Carr was high with 132 out of 150, Ed. Rike 111. Rolla Heikes 107 out of 125. Z. A. Craig 78, Ike 76, and A. Keller 54 out of 100. Horace Heikes 44 out of 75. Owens 16, and L. Whitacre 24 out of 50. The scores were hardly up to the usual mark. H. M. Carr did the best work, breaking 90 out of his last 100. Shooting at 16 pairs, Rolla Heikes broke 23. Ed. Rike broke 16 targets out of 12 pairs, and Horace Heikes, 17 out of 15 pairs.

The Hamilton has closed its shooting season, the result being that Wm. Link was awarded the trophy, valued at $100, his aggregate score for the season being 452; Jones, 437; Smith, 437; E. D. C., 422.

A party of thirty-five hunters left Dayton on Oct. 17 for a big game hunt in northern Maine. Their headquarters will be near Staceyville, and they will be gone a month. The Dayton members of the party include H. C. and Chas. E. Hossafous and Louis Groneweg. From Arcanum were Claude Weaver, N. E. Wild, Mart Weisenbarger, Lorin Fry and Jas. C. Heeck, and from Pittsburg, east of Arcanum were Wm. Breidenbach, Harin Hangen, Gottlieb Reisley and others. The party was divided into five or six smaller parties, each fully equipped with tents and supplies for camping. Jacob Brown, Samuel Lack, and Andersen Brown, of Arcanum, have been in the woods since Oct. 9. They report fine weather and plenty of game.

It is likely that the next Legislature will amend the present game law on quail by prohibiting the shooting of this bird for several years. Col. Thomas Paxton, a member of the Fish and Game Commission, is said to be in favor of the proposed amendment.

It is reported that Pelee Island, Lake Erie, is to be turned into a game preserve, and that owners of the land are giving options to a syndicate for that purpose. The woods are full of black squirrels, rabbits are abundant, and there are a few quail, the latter being from the original stock planted there by Dayton sportsmen some years ago. The Pelee marshes afford splendid duck shooting each fall and spring. Cincinnati anglers and sportsmen will be interested in this rumor, as it is a favorite resort and is visited every season by members of the famous Pelee Island Club, one of the prominent fishing clubs of the city.

Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Greene and Messrs. Frank Canby and E. C. Harley, of Dayton, have returned home from their hunting trip in the New Brunswick woods. They left the railroad at Boiestown, fifty miles from their camping place, making the balance of the journey by wagon, horseback and on foot, spending one night in camp at Rocky Brook. Soon after their arrival Dr. Greene killed the largest moose he ever secured, his wife being with him at the time. Mr. Canby got a moose and a Canada lynx, and Mr. Harley a moose and a black bear, weighing nearly 375 pounds. Mr. J. R. King, who was with the party, remained at the camp. He had killed a moose and a caribou.

Rain prevented the regular shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club on Oct. 18, and again on Thursday, the 19th a downpour forced a postponement, and the remaining four contests in the medal and prize series will be shot on the 25th, when there will be a grand struggle.

Madisonville vs. Superior.

THE return match between teams of the Madisonville, O., Gun Club and Superior Hunting and Fishing Club was pulled off after a fashion on Oct. 18. The heavy downpour of rain prevented any possibility of shooting at 100 targets per man, and the number was cut down to 35.

As the Madisonville Club had made all preparations for entertaining their guests, the Superior boys made up their minds to go, rain or shine, and showed up at Stienkorb's about noon, where they all sat down to a fine dinner, prepared by Mrs. Stienkorb and her two daughters. The time until 3:30 was passed in various ways, and then, as the rain had nearly ceased, the boys went to the grounds and were soon at work. The shooting was kept up as long as it was possible to see a target. Gambell was high gun with 30. Pohlar, of the Superiors, tied for second, with Settle, of Madisonville, on 27. Lockwood and Deiters are improving in their work. Henninger had a strange gun, and his score shows that it did not fit. The background is not of the best and had an effect on the scores. Bill Settle was anxious for a match with almost anybody, but the rain prevented. Some other time he'll get a chance. Some day next month the teams propose to select a pleasant day and shoot at a whole 100 per man in order to decide the best team. The scores:

Madisonville Team.		Superior Team.	
Stienkorb	14 10— 24	Gambell	16 14— 30
Settle	15 12— 27	Pohlar	15 12 —27
Aufderhas	12 7— 19	Pfeiffer	14 12— 26
Patton	9 10— 19	Uhl	13 11— 24
Pritchard	10 8— 18	Lockwood	10 13— 23
Henninger	12 5— 17	Deiters	10 11— 21
	72 52—124		78 73—151

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 21.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the fourth series.

In the club medal shoot John Wolff won Class A on 23, Stone won Class B on 24, Mrs. John Wolff won Class C on 13.

In the Dupont cup shoot, John Wolff, Dr. Reynolds and Thomas tied in Class A on 17 out of 20. Ford Class B on 17 and Herr won Class C on 12.

In Hunter Arms Co. event Thomas won in Class A on 19 out of 20, thrown as 10 singles and 5 pairs. Stone, Horns and Hibbard tied in Class B on 17 and Herr won Class C on 19.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Davis visited us and both shot well. They both applied for membership, making twenty applicants on the waiting list. Only one more shoot of the season, so come out to the last chance.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	20	20	Targets:	25	20	20
McDonald	21	12	15	Ford	19	17	13
Stone	24	15	17	J Wolff	23	17	18
Dr Meek	19	16	18	Mrs Wolff	13	5	..
Horns	15	16	17	Herr	..	12	19
Dr Reynolds	21	17	16	Davis	..	20	6
T Smedes	21	14	16	Mrs Davis	..	14	..
Thomas	22	17	19	G Smith	..	10	11
George	20	15	16	C Smith	..	10	10
Hibbard	21	8	18				

No. 1 was the trophy event. No. 2 was the Dupont cup event. No. 3 was Hunter trophy.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

At Paducah, Ky., where so many big tournaments have been held, the announcement is made that the club has held its last practice shoot for the season. There will be a series of shoots, having a limit of 100 targets, opened up for the winter.

The club at Leonard, Ill., with the big name of Thunderpumper, held a tournament last Tuesday, in which R. Keene, of Watseka, was high with 134 out of 150. C. H. Clark, of Crescent City, second, 130; H. Rosaleus, of Gilman, was next with 118. Bert Ward, M. E. Hunt, John Humphrey, Ed. Wilson, Wm. Grob, George Beehler and Charles Phillipps were present, coming from Gilman.

There was a fine shoot at Hutchinson, Kans., owing to the fact that Ed. O'Brien and Mr. Arnold were managers. It is announced that the tournament will be an annual affair.

The Capital City Gun Club, Little Rock, Ark., holds shoots regularly, and any visitors who happen to be in the city are very cordially invited to shoot with the club.

Nine new members were added to the Tucson, Ariz., Gun Club at their last meeting. It was decided to remain on the old ground, and to spend $200 on the ground and to hold shoots on Sunday mornings. The new members are D. C. A. Schrader, John Etchels, E. W. Graves, W. N. Wilson, W. Price, Amos O. Keefe, Thos. Conlon, George Scholefield and John Reilly.

The Harvard Gun Club, San Antonio, Tex., is holding regular shoots, and some of the members are of the opinion that as shooters are tiring of shooting doves, that there will be a large turnout at the traps.

McCracken and Burns were high at the Recreation Gun Club, Cleveland, O. They scored 28 out of 30 from the 30yd. mark.

Brayton, Ia., shooters that go abroad to shoot are George Frederickson, Jens P. Johl, Ingraard Birk, John C. Larsen, Chris Hoegh and Walter Nelsen. They lately went to Elk Horn and assisted at a tournament.

The El Paso, Tex., Gun Club occasionally hold practice events. At a late shoot Mr. Rand made 99 out of 100, which shows that he does not really need any practice. Shelton made 83, Farnham 26 out of 50, Williams 69 out of 75. There will be a team shoot with Deeming, and W. J. Rand, W. H. Shelton, J. F. Williams, Lee Burdick, G. L. Hitt, C. Buliver, Dr. E. H. Stevenson, Dr. W. N. Vilas and Stafford Campbell.

Members of the Algona, Wis., Gun Club met Saturday evening for the purpose of enjoying a fine lunch, but through a misunderstanding of some kind it failed to appear, much to the disappointment of the hungry crowd that congregated.

There is prospect of a gun club being formed at Carbondale, Pa. The local sportsmen are becoming very enthusiastic.

The Ohio Valley Shooting Association, of Parkersburg, W. Va., is engaging in practice shoots, preparatory to a tournament that will be held this month.

Many members of the Manor, Pa., Rod and Gun Club spent two weeks in an outing near Everette.

Strange as it may seem, the report is that a gun club at Manistique, Mich., with sixty-five members was organized last spring, and held their first shoot last week. Just to help the thing along there was a strong northwest wind blowing.

The Hamilton, Canada, Gun Club will hold the president's supper shoot Nov. 18, and the annual winter tournament will take place Jan. 16, 17, 18 and 19. The members propose to keep in practice by shooting through all of October, November and December.

The Lansing, Mich., Gun Club held a practice shoot at Waverly Park, Friday last.

Lovers of shotgun shooting, at Fayette, Colo., will soon have an opportunity to engage in the pleasant practice. A gun club is to be formed by local sportsmen.

The regular shoot at Bisbee, Ariz., resulted in M. L. Noquin winning the cup.

Shooters will be glad to note that a tournament will be held at Huntsville, Mo. J. E. Forbes is the secretary.

The following gentlemen have charge of the shoot at Quincy, Ill.; C. Vandenboom, H. A. Geise, J. Griffin, C. Walker, and J. F. Zimmerman.

A few members of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, Fort Wayne, Ind., met last Sunday and shot for the Fleming medal.

A local writer at Butte, Mont., has this to say of Tom Marshall and his Indians: "While the tribe to which these Indians belong is known the world over as dangerous men behind the gun, at times they are perfectly harmless, and they are not to be feared. They are fairly law-abiding, and if the temptations are not too strong, there will be no trouble wherever they may congregate."

The Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., will make a second effort to hold a tournament. Notice of dates will be given later.

The Salem, O., Gun Club has added a rifle range to the shooting park, and there will hereafter be weekly shoots for riflemen.

Our Canadian brethren are not deprived of live-bird shooting At the regular shoot of the Woodstock, Ont., Gun Club at 5 live birds, Welford killed 1, Brind 5, Miller 4, Pyne 5, Thompson 4, Wright 4.

Members of the Tannhauser Gun Club, of St. Louis, visited Belleville, Ill., and the Swansea Gun Club entertained them with a shoot and a supper.

Many gun clubs hold shoots for the purpose of making a donation to charity A shoot of this kind was lately held by the Medina, O., Club, for the benefit of the library.

T. Hubby won the North Texas Gun Club shoot, 370 out of 390. Day and Miller second with 355. In the amateur class Atchison was first, 335; Meeks, second, 334.

Kimballton, Ia., has a gun club. There is nothing wrong with the Swedes, if you look at the following names. Last Saturday H. Jelmer Rasmussen was first, Martin Esbeck second, C. D. Petersen third, Martin Frederickson fourth, Rasmus Hedegaard fifth, Walter Olsen sixth, Lars Christofferson seventh, Lars Jensen eighth, George Faaborg ninth, Joe Larsen tenth, Mr. Kryger eleventh, Julius Hanson twelfth.

Target shooting is becoming quite popular at Lilly Lake, Ill. The McHenry Gun Club held a tournament there Oct. 15, and there will be another one held Oct. 22. As a matter of interest to all who attend, there will be a big game and fish dinner given by the proprietor of the hotel.

A large number of the members of the Marion, Ind., Gun Club met last Thursday at the park south of town and shot for the cup. There will be but four more shoots. H. V. Lee is now in the lead, while W. A. Brown and Charles Barley are tied for the powder trophy.

In the live-bird shoot at Paris, Tex., Hubby made a straight score, Miller lost one, Wade lost two. Of the amateurs Atchison, Worden, Wingo and Spears were first, Ellison second, Tucker, Lome and Starnes third.

King made 90 out of 100 in a shoot at Newark, O.; Tabler 66, Burrell 76, Meredith 65, Kufer 77, Brown 71, Bricker 83.

Teal duck shooting is reported good in the bayous of Louisiana.

Members of the Pine Bluff, Ark., Gun Club were out Thursday afternoon. Some good shooting was done by Joe Cromwell, Tandy Brewer, Hardin Cromwell, J. P. Baker, George Clements, W. T. Simpson and Eugene Arnold.

Each week reports come from New Mexico that great interest is being taken in the big territory tournament which comes off early in December.

Among the professionals at Evansville, Ind., shoot, Spencer was high, 192 out of 200; Riehl 181, Driehls 177, Le Compte 177, Otis Felger, Grand Rapids, Mich, 189; Wm. Huddy, Evansville, Ind., 175; Tom Collins, Carmalton, Ind., 172.

Every month, the secretary of the Le Mars, Ia., Gun Club moves away and another has to be elected. The new secretary is John Ellenbecker.

The Rich Hill, Mo., Gun Club held a shoot last Thursday. Out of 175 targets, J. D. Thomas made 170, George D. Mackey 168, W. A. Smith 167, Chas McClure 151, O. M. McCrea 141, Chas. Troutillat 151.

At the first shoot held by the Douglas, Ariz., Gun Club, at Lincoln Park, Sunday last, the scores were: F. S. Douglas 71, W. Reno 87, H. W. Reno 74, A. Otto 53, J. L. Brown 50, Smith 48. The interest in the movement seems to be acute, and there is no doubt of the success of the club in the future.

The weekly shoot at Bayfield, Wis., resulted in Oscar Anderson holding championship.

The Gambier, O., Gun Club held a shoot Friday. At 50 targets Webster broke 43, Prof. Reeves 43, Dial 42, Landerbaugh 37. The club intends to shoot weekly on Wednesdays.

At the Mishawake, Ind., tournament, Chas. Spencer made 395 out of 400, Reed 379, Steenberg 359. W. N. Wise, of Indianapolis, won the cup donated by the businessmen, getting 378. All present report that they were well treated by the home club.

At the Crawfordsville, Ind., shoot, Chas. Spencer made 214 out of 215, beating all previous records on the grounds. Dr. Britton was there in good form, and he made 201; Wise made 200. This is one of the very best shooting grounds in the West.

Seldom does a new gun club start off with as many members as the new Joliet, Ill., Club. If there is a continued addition to the club it will outrival any of the Chicago clubs.

Members of the Mankato, Minn., Gun Club lately went hunting. They entrusted the commissary to Mr. Benedict, and as he was crossing the lake, he upset the boat, and all went to the bottom. Mr. B. came out with a good ducking, but the bottled goods that would have warmed him up a bit were in the mud.

F. E. Britt, of the Mankato, Minn., Gun Club, won the club trophy for this season. The same was purchased by C. H. Saulpaugh, and is said to be a beauty.

In order to get into good practice for the fall duck shooting, a gun club has been organized at Troy, Kans., having eighteen members. Regular weekly shoots will be held.

The shoot at Peru, Ind., was declared off, and the same will be scheduled later.

J. J. Lealand holds the medal in the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club. Regular shoots will be held by this club each Sunday morning. This club will be willing to take on a team shoot with the Atlantic Club.

The new officers of the Rocklin Gun Club, Sacramento, Cal., are: Harry Selfridge, President; Glen Craven, Vice-President; B. N. Schribner, Secretary. The club is in a prosperous condition financially.

There was a variety of prizes at the tournament held by the Rockford, Ill., Amateur Gun Club on Oct. 15-16. There was a Lefever gun, a diamond badge, loving cup, and gold medal.

The Winona Rod and Gun Club, Chicago, has incorporated. Frank Haroka, Chas. W. Deitrich, W. Robert H. Friberg, are the incorporators.

Mr. Link won the season's medal, offered by the Hamilton, O., Gun Club. This club is preparing for a tournament, to be held soon.

The Kane Gun Club, Bradford, Pa., has challenged the Oil City Club for a shoot. The conditions and the number to compose the team remain unsettled.

At Hillsboro, Ill., Oct. 15, there was a shoot held at which prizes were donated by the merchants, and all the proceeds of the shoot were given to the hospital fund.

Not many months ago it was almost a necessity for a shooter to take his shells with him to a shoot, but at the present age of the world, this is not necessary, as the management of all tournaments has shells on the ground for sale.

The following statement will show the standing of the members of the Baton Rogue, La., Gun Club, after shooting at 200 to 350 targets: R. P. Reymond 88, C. D. Reymond 85, H. M. Von Phiel 84, B. Powell 82, A. Kleinpeter 81, Wm. McCousland 81, C. C. Parish 76, McB. Jackson 70, F. Kleinpeter 70, W. C. Whitaker 66, H. L. Fuqua 66, S. J. Powell 65, E. Cazenessus 64, J. Brown 38.

After months of rest the Euphemia Club held its first contest at Dayton last Monday. Chas. W. Matthews won the medal.

The Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club still retain the team medal, having defeated Grinnell for a second time this year. The shoot held last week was no walkaway, as their margin was only 4 targets.

The Rice Lake Gun Club, Little Falls, Minn., held their election for this year. The new officers are: President, H. Landahl; Vice-President, Alvah Ashcroft; Treasurer, J. K. Martin; Secretary, W. T. Tourtillott. A new club house will be erected.

Charlie Budd, the well-known Iowa trapshot, made 97 out of his first 100 shots at the Indianapolis Gun Club shoot.

The Ohio Valley Shooting Association has a few enthusiasts yet in their club. Saturday afternoon there were ten members present, and J. F. Mallory was high man.

William Farrell and Goley Williamson were the managers of the Muncie, Ind., tournament.

Duck hunting is reported as being very good on the Columbia River, in Oregon, and many hunters have returned to Portland with the allotted number.

Members of the El Paso, Tex., Gun Club, at a meeting held for the purpose, severely condemned those who shoot game out of season. They did not pass by the restaurant and hotel keepers who buy the game. The determination was so great that the club offered $10 each for convictions under the game law.

The Detroit, Mich., Gun Club held a shoot Oct. 15, at the Seven-Mile House.

At a practice shoot held by the Marietta, O., Gun Club some fair scores were made. At 100 targets, Decker broke 85, Speary 82, Schlicher 81, Jones 80, Baily 70. At 70, Tropp 54, Stewart 52, Riddle 51, Stewart 34, Le Croix 19, Cugle 14.

Eight gasolene launches were seen about the marshes near Appleton, Wis., the occupants being after ducks. Such wantonness is putting honest duck shooters to the bad.

Mr. Barger, of Adair, Iowa, won a cup last Tuesday by breaking 139 out of 140. And thus do the amateurs even up in many instances with the best of the professionals. At the shoot there were present from Audubon, E. S. Van Gorder, Dr. Brooks, F. H. Adams, H. W. Wilson, Fred Vermylia, R. L. Talbott, E. M. Johnson and Cooney Petty.

A target tournament was held at Easton, Kans., Friday last which was well attended. At 110 targets Dougherty broke 103, Thomas Highfield 100, Joe Hall 100, Chas. Meyers 86, Otto Van Gasbeck 65, M. O'Neal 76, Frank Tyson 76, Smith 60, Reese 70, Thomas Woods 50, R. Shove 65.

Such a gathering of Swedes seldom ever met to try the scatter gun as met at Audubon, Ia., last Wednesday. The clubs at Oak Hill, Elk Horn and Kimballton, each composed of ten Swedes, met and the honors went to Oak Hill, with 418 to Elk Horn's 402.

Anaconda, Mont., Gun Club did not hold their shoot last week, as the members were out looking for ducks.

The Martinsville, Ind., Gun Club held their first shoot last Friday. The members are enthusiasts, and are pleased with their cup.

The new officers of the Great Bend, Kans., Gun Club, are: President, Ben McMullen; Vice-President, L. F. Wilson; Secretary, Ed. Chapman; Treasurer, T. S. Mayhew.

The Newark Gun Club is winning honors over the entire State, not only for the superiority of prize shots and its unrivaled team, but for the reputation the club has attained as a bunch of good fellows.

After many years, the Abilene, Kans., shooters have come to life, and opened up with a live-bird shoot. At 12 birds, Estes killed 11, Sherman 11, Thayer 10, Sauers 9, Conklin 8, Eicholtz 7, Loyd 5.

The members of the Jefferson County Club, at Louisville, Ky., will hold a live-bird shoot on Oct. 28.

The most remarkable trapshooter for his age is Murray Baker, the small boy, whose records are phenomenal. He is but twelve years old, and has shot but little, yet he has made 72 out of 75 and 25 straight. It is claimed that he made 47 out of 50 the first time he tried the game. He was born near Nashville, Tenn., and now lives at Martin, Tenn. This young man's career should be watched.

When the shooters of Illinois have finished husking corn, they are invited to meet at Marseilles, Ill., on Nov. 28 and 29, and there engage in a target tournament. Mr. R. E. Loring and Max Kluessel will on this occasion be assisted by Messrs. W. H. Vietmeyer. Fred Lord, W. Tramp Irwin, L. H. Fitzsimmons and George Steenberg. Two cents will be charged for targets, but one cent will be set aside and form a pot that will go to the shooters in average money. There will possibly be ten divisions.

Pigeons at Pine Bluff.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—The first live-bird shoot that has been held since last January in the State took place at Pine Bluff, Oct. 11, under the management of J. T. Lloyd. The programme provided for two sweeps, a 10 and a 15-bird event, and in addition there was also to be an individual contest at 25 pigeons between J. T. Lloyd, challenger, and John M. Pemberton, holder, for the possession of the J. T. Lloyd Co. challenge medal. This contest was shot about noon, and proved to be a spirited one, and it required an extra string of 5 birds to decide the winner. Pemberton got off badly, missing his first, and at the end of the first 10 birds was 3 birds to the bad, as Lloyd was shooting in splendid form, killing his first 12 birds straight. His 13th and 15th got away and also his 25th, which was as hard a bird as ever left the trap. In the meantime Pemberton had struck his stride and refused to miss any more, so that the match resulted in a tie with 22 for each contestant. The tie was immediately shot off at 5 birds, and here Lloyd lost out on his second bird, a towerer, that he hit too far back and it fell over the dead line. Thus Pemberton retains possession of the medal, and in addition to this, he also holds the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship of the State, and at one time he also held the individual flying target championship trophy, being the only shooter who has ever achieved this distinction in the State.

The pigeons were a splendid lot, and a strong wind aided them materially, so that it took quick and accurate work to stop them within bounds.

Seventeen shooters participated in the sweeps, and Paul R. Litzke showed to the best advantage in these with a total of 21 kills out of 25. C. D. Conrey finished second with 20, while Boysen and Wells were third.

The weather was ideal, and the sport was very much enjoyed by all who participated. Mr. Leroy Bennett acted as referee, and W. P. Imon as trap-puller. Interstate rules governed.

The next shoot will be held at Stuttgart within the next month or six weeks. At this there will probably be a trophy to shoot for.

The following are the scores made in the two sweeps on the programme, the first being at 10 and the second at 15 birds. Every one shot from the 30yd. mark.

P R Litzke	2222222*22— 9	210211122200222—12—21
C D Conrey	2222222222—10	222*2222*200202—10—20
E Boysen	1012222011— 8	120011201111022—11—19
J E Wells	*101122202— 7	2212020222022222—12—19
Dr Williams	1000212201— 6	12122222*202*22—12—18
A L Morgan	1011121222— 9	*121012*220*202— 9—18
J T Lloyd	2012222220— 8	20001111111*002— 9—17
J P Baker	12210020*1— 6	21101212*110021—11—17
A L Wilson	120*201001— 5	*22*11212002222—11—16
H Cromwell	2012021020— 6	00101121022210—10—16
R W Larkan	2020002202— 5	0202220022222222—11—16
J F Perrin	220**02011— 5	1101*1200200220— 8—13
G Clements	2020002220— 6	00222*2222*2021—10—16
J A Galvin	22002*0021— 5	20*000020021012— 6—11
J Cromwell	001100210*— 4	.....
J M Pemberton	.....	2222222220220220—12
W P Bird	.....	022202222*20020— 9

Lloyd—Pemberton.

Individual match between J. T. Lloyd, challenger and John M. Pemberton, holder, for the J. T. Lloyd challenge trophy, 25 birds per man, 30yds. rise:

	2 5 2 5 2 4 4 2 4 3 3 1 2 4 1 4 5 5 4 1 5 5 4 1 5	
J T Lloyd	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0	—22
	3 1 1 4 4 2 3 4 3 3 1 2 5 4 2 1 4 5 1 1 3 2 4 1 3	
J M Pemberton	0 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	—22

Shoot-off of tie:

	5 1 3 2 2	3 2 1 3 2	
J T Lloyd	2 * 2 2 2	—4	J M Pemberton....2 2 2 2 2	—5

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The fall clay bird tournament of the Ossining Gun Club, held Oct. 18-19, was quite successful, though the attendance was not nearly as large as the management of the club expected. On the 18th there were twenty-four shooters, and on the 19th twenty-five faced the traps.

First Day, Oct. 18.

The day started with a fine, drizzling rain, which will give some of our friends, who were to come, a chance for an excuse. The main event to-day was a 25-bird handicap, 14 to 20yds. H. H. Stevens, 19yds., A. Bedell, 18yds., and G. B. Hubbell, standing at the 18yd. mark, tied with 24 out of 25 and divided first, a $20 gold piece given by Col. F. Brandreth. The second prize, a fine chafing dish, given by Supervisor R. T. Dennis, was won by Samuel R. MacDonald, of Yonkers, after a spirited shoot-off with J. A. R. Elliott and Ray Hendricks, of Rye, N. Y. The scores on shoot-off were: MacDonald 24, Elliott 23, Hendricks 22. In the third class of ties five had negotiated 22. The prize, a stop-watch, given by C. G. Blandford, was won on a third tie and shoot-off between D. Stever and H. Manchester, of Pascoag, R. I., by the latter with strings of 23, 22, 23. Neaf Apgar proved too much for the three others, who tied him with 21, so he took Parker Bros.' metal-lined cigar box home with him.

There was to have been a big extra handicap for a diamond ring, which Dr. W. L. Gardner, of East Orange, N. J., had promised to bring up. Believing the Doctor to be a man of his word, we advertised the event in all the sporting papers, and the "bunch" had some long-range shells in pickle for that diamond ring, but the ring and Dr. Gardner never came, nor a line explaining its non-appearance. The club offered to "make good" and buy a ring, but the shooters would not have it. J. A. R. Elliott was first high professional for the day, with Sim Glover second. Ray Hendricks, of Rye, was first high amateur and C. G. Blandford second.

Over 3,400 targets were thrown out of one Leggett trap between 10:45 and 2:30, and every one had a chance to get dinner between times. All events to-day were sliding handicaps. Starting at 16yds., the shooters handicapped themselves by the number they broke in each 20-bird event. In the scores it can be ascertained where each shooter stood by examining his score in the preceding event. No. 8 does not count in general averages.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	Broke.
J A R Elliott	19	19	18	20	18	17	20	23	131
S Glover	18	19	19	18	18	19	17	22	128
R Hendricks	20	14	18	19	19	19	19	23	128
H H Stevens	19	18	18	18	19	17	17	24	126
H Welles	19	15	20	16	20	17	18	20	125
G E Greiff	18	15	16	20	19	20	16	20	124
C G Blandford	18	18	19	15	18	17	18	18	123
H L Manchester	17	16	18	19	17	18	17	22	122
N Apgar	19	16	20	14	20	15	18	21	122
D Stever	16	17	17	16	19	18	18	22	121
O H Brown	17	20	16	20	14	16	18	21	121
G B Hubbell	18	19	15	17	15	16	19	24	119
R N Nichol	15	17	18	19	13	17	17	18	116
G E Sutton	16	15	15	14	18	16	15	19	109
H Waters	11	18	14	18	13	18	11	21	103
I T Washburn	14	11	..	..	..	..	17	19	...
D Brandreth	..	..	..	..	18	..	15	22	...
A Bedell	..	..	..	..	18	19	19	24	...
W Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	19	17	22	...
S MacDonald	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	23	...
A Aitchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	...
E McDonald	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	...
A Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	w	...

Second Day, Oct. 19.

The weather conditions were all that could be wished for to-day, and a good, big turnout was confidently expected. Ossining members had visited several clubs which had promised a delegation, but on counting up at the end of the day, there were but twenty-five all told.

J. B. Sanders, of Albany, was the only member of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club team to show up. We do not know whether it was a case of "cold feet" or lack of co-operation on the part of the members of the Poughkeepsie Club. At any rate the Poughkeepsie Club had two months' notice, that if it failed this third time to bring a team of eight that the Ossining team would shoot and claim the cup, which they did with the following scores: Ray Hendricks 23, A. Bedell 24, G. B. Hubbell 20, J. Hyland 20, W. Coleman 19, C. G. Blandford 23, Wm. Fisher 22, N. Tuttle 18; total 169 out of 200; or 84.5 per cent. This was the deciding match, as each club had two wins to its credit. This cup, or punch bowl rather, is a handsome trophy; and was given to the club for competition by the president, Col. Franklin Brandreth.

Events Nos. 3 to 7 inclusive comprised a 100-target match for a fine cup, presented by Town Clerk Gaylord B. Hubbell. It represented the championship of Westchester county, and was won by Wm. H. Coleman, of Ossining, who made the fine score of 96 out of 100.

Sim Glover made a run of 100 straight in this series and D. Stever, who also was not eligible, broke 98. Though the targets were not thrown over 45yds., this was remarkable shooting.

We want to say right here that we are deeply grateful to the trade for the fine support they gave us. Harry Welles was with us on the first day, but J. A. R. Elliott, Gus Greiff, Hood Waters, H. H. Stevens, Neaf Apgar, Sim Glover and R. H. Nichol shot through both days, and were, as they always are, genial, courteous and always "on the job."

There was a lot of good-natured bantering between them on the merits of their particular goods, but they are personally most friendly. Mr. George R. Ginn rendered valuable assistance in the office, and gave the usual victim a chance to shoot without much bother. Mr. Heath also helped us out, refereeing. Nine is a trade representation to be proud of. To-day all stood at 16yds., Rose system. Glover was high professional to-day with 160. Elliott was second with 158. Stever was high amateur with 156. Manchester second with 155.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	Broke.
Greiff	18	20	20	19	20	18	18	23	156
Manchester	19	20	18	20	18	18	18	24	155
Elliott	20	19	18	20	19	18	20	24	158
Blandford	18	19	15	19	16	18	19	23	146
Stever	14	19	19	20	20	20	19	25	156
Waters	17	15	15	15	15	13	12	21	123
Hendricks	20	18	17	17	19	16	17	23	147
Stevens	19	17	20	18	19	17	19	22	151
Betti	18	13	20	17	18	18	20	21	145
Sutton	18	15	13	13	16	14	14	23	126
Hubbell	19	19	17	13	15	19	19	20	146
Apgar	19	20	17	20	18	18	19	23	154
Glover	19	18	20	20	20	20	20	23	160
Nichol	10	14	18	14	11	18	18	17	125
J B Sanders	14	14	15	12	19	19	20	21	134
J Hyland	..	..	17	16	18	13	16	20	...
Coleman	20	18	20	19	19	18	20	19	153
D Brandreth	19	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bedell	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	19	24	...
E L Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	17	...
Dr Dunn	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	16	...
R Gorham	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	20	...
W Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	...
W Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	...
N Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	...

A five-man team race was shot after the programme between Mt. Kisco and Ossining, with the following result:

Mt. Kisco.		Ossining.	
Betti	23	Bedell	23
Sutton	19	Coleman	21
Dunn	13	Hyland	24
Martin	19	Blandford	21
Gorham	20—94	Fisher	22—111

Professional.	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Amateurs.	1st day.	2d day.	Total.
J A R Elliott	131	158	289	D Stever	121	156	277
Sim Glover	128	160	288	H Manchester	122	155	277
Gus Greiff	124	156	280	R Hendricks	128	147	275
H H Stevens	126	151	277	C G Blandford	123	146	269
N Apgar	122	154	276	G B Hubbell	119	146	265
R Nichol	116	125	241	A Betti	118	145	263
H Waters	103	123	226	G E Sutton	109	126	234
							C. G. B.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y., Oct. 21.—Dr. J. J. Keyes led in the winning list, having annexed three events to his personal belongings. A stiff wind added to the difficulties of eliminating goose eggs from the scores. The second contest for the Snyder trophy was won by Mr. O. C. Grinnell, and Mr. A. G. Southworth won the second contest for the Lott cup. Dr. Keyes won the second contest for the Mullerite trophy, and two trophy shoots. The scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. E. Foster 14, F. C. Raynor 13, L. C. Hopkins 12, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 11, W. Snyder 8, W. W. Marshall 7, J. N. Teeter 7.

Snyder trophy, 25 targets: O. C. Grinnell 22, C. E. T. Foster 22, A. G. Southworth 21, L. C. Hopkins 21, W. C. Damron 21, Dr. Keyes 21, F. C. Raynor 19, W. W. Marshall 16, N. Teeter 11.

Mullerite trophy, 25 targets: Dr. Keyes 24, A. G. Southworth 23, O. C. Grinnell 23, F. C. Raynor 23, C. E. T. Foster 20, W. C. Damron 20, W. W. Marshall 18.

Lott trophy, 50 targets: A. G. Southworth 44, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 36, Dr. Keyes 35, W. W. Marshall 33, W. C. Damron 30.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: E. W. Snyder 14, L. C. Hopkins 14, W. W. Marshall 13, Dr. Keyes 13, A. G. Southworth 11, F. C. Raynor 11, C. E. Foster 11, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 10, W. C. Damron 10, J. N. Teeter 8. Shoot-off—E. W. Snyder 14, L. C. Hopkins 12.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 13, W. C. Damron 13, Dr. Keyes 13, A. G. Southworth 11, C. E. Foster 10, L. C. Hopkins 10, W. W. Marshall 9, E. W. Snyder 9. Shoot-off—Dr. Keyes 14, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 12, W. C. Damron 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. E. Foster 12, Dr. Keyes 12, E. W. Snyder 11, W. C. Damron 11, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 10, A. G. Southworth 9, L. C. Hopkins 8. Shoot-off, same conditions—Dr. Keyes 12, C. E. Foster 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets—L. C. Hopkins 14, A. G. Southworth 12, Dr. Keyes 12, W. C. Damron 12, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 11, C. E. Foster 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: A. G. Southworth 14, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. 13, L. C. Hopkins 10, C. E. Foster 10.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, Oct. 19.—Shorty shot a 20-gauge Parker. Dr. Goubeaud won the club medal on the shoot-off. Montanus, Shorty and McKane withdrew from the club contest, but shot along. Bergen, Stutzele and F. Schoverling shot along as guests.

The day was fair, with no wind, and cloudy. The club will hold a special prize shoot on Nov. 7, Election Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Club Shoot.			Shoot-off.		
Targets:	25	10	15	10	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Shorty	22	..	14	..	23	0	23	..	..	..
Montanus	17	..	8	..	21	5	25	13	..	..
McKane	16	..	..	..	23	6	25	23	..	..
F Schoverling	17	..	10	7	19	0	19	21	..	..
Brown	15	5	10	..	19	0	19	20	..	..
Gewert	15	..	5	8	17	13	25	12	7	19
Williamson	19	..	11	..	22	8	25	19	..	..
Shorty, extra	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..
Fransiola	..	4	5	4	10	19	25	9	10	19
Dr Goubeaud	..	5	..	..	15	12	25	21	6	25
Charles	..	9	14	..	22	0	22	18	..	..
Allen	..	..	..	..	7	19	25	10	10	20
P Suss	..	..	..	..	15	9	24	..	..	..

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Devotees to the sport of ice boating are now overhauling their old craft or are constructing new ones. There will appear in our yachting columns probably in our next issue a design for a lateen rigged ice boat with 140 sq. ft. of sail. This boat has been specially designed to meet the demands of those who want to build an easily handled, inexpensive boat. It is important, both on account of comfort and safety that only the best material and fittings be put into ice boats. Messrs. Merriman Bros., of 162 Commercial street, Boston, Mass., make a specialty of all fittings, etc., used on ice boats. Intending purchasers will do well to consult this firm before buying elsewhere. Mr. Percy Ashley, who is an expert on ice boats and who is designing the lateen rigged boat for FOREST AND STREAM, considers Merriman products the best on the market.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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No person not a citizen of the United States shall have or carry firearms or dangerous weapons in any public place at any time.—New York Penal Code, Section 400.

NORTH CAROLINA SEA BIRDS.

FAR down on the North Carolina coast, south of Cape Hatteras and separated from the mainland by the broad stretches of Pamlico Sound, lies Ocracoke Island. It is a narrow strip of land, about ten miles long, south of Ocracoke Inlet. Wind-swept and storm-beaten, the crashing surges of the broad Atlantic pound unceasingly on its shifting outer beach. For untold centuries this has been a wonderful place for the breeding of sea birds. During the summer months clouds of white terns of several species hovered over it, the black skimmer plowed the waters all about it, laughing gulls reared their young here, while oyster catchers and beach birds of many sorts raced along its shores and drew a fat subsistence from the marine life tossed up by the waves.

But a change came years ago. When the cruel fashion of using bird plumage for millinery purposes came into vogue, when gulls and terns adorned each woman's hat, the plume hunters discovered Ocracoke Island and there began their savage work. During a dozen years prior to 1897 it is believed that there were not less than half a million birds killed on this island for millinery purposes. Nor did this represent the whole destruction. For many years it had been the practice of the fishermen and the coastwise people of Pamlico Sound to visit this island at certain seasons and to load their boats with birds' eggs, which they used for food and sold to the neighboring population. In 1896 the birds had become so few that it no longer paid either to kill them or to fit out an expedition to the island for the purpose of robbing the nests; so for a few years the birds had a little rest. Yet even so there were small settlements so near to the island that people would go there to get a boatload of eggs.

About three years ago the Audubon Society began its protective work on the North Carolina coast, and since then has been steadily at work. Now, wherever there is a rookery of birds the wardens visit the island every day, and those who wish to rob the nests or to destroy the birds having learned of the Society's vigilance give the islands a wide berth.

Among the species found on Ocracoke Island are the royal tern, Wilson's tern, Forster's tern, and the least tern—a species that a few years ago people said was almost extinct. Besides these the black skimmers breed there, and last year a very few laughing gulls had nests there. Oyster catchers are abundant.

For the past three years Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the North Carolina Audubon Society, has given directions to the wardens to keep as careful an account as possible of the birds reared on the island, and the increase in their number is something astonishing. He reports that in the year 1903 there were hatched and reared there 1,700 birds. The next year the number was 1,000 greater, while in this year of 1905 there were no less than 6,700 birds raised there. During the first year of observation but six eggs of the least tern were counted; the second year there were about seventy eggs, and the third about 650.

Hardly less astonishing than this, but quite different, is the fact that within the last two years brown pelicans have made their appearance. These have come in two flocks, which in 1905 increased to about seventy-five each. They do not breed but appear to be unmated birds which are spending the summer here.

News such as this is delightful to the nature lover, but not to him alone. The fishermen of the coast are greatly interested in the increase of the birds, for, as they start out to their fishing, they often see near or far a white cloud of birds hovering over the sea, darting down to the surface and then rising up again, and they know that there where these white wings are thus spread there will be work for them to do.

THE APPALACHIAN FOREST RESERVE.

IT is not necessary at this date to speak of the enthusiasm which President Roosevelt feels for the natural things of this country, its game, its forests and its wonders. He has been writing and speaking on these subjects for lo, these many years, and always to a good purpose. Perhaps, however, he never made a more effective plea to the country for the wise handling of forests than in an address made at Raleigh, N. C., during his recent tour.

For a number of years past efforts have been made to induce Congress to appropriate money for the purchase of the Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve, and many intelligent men North and South have worked hard to have this done. But, as a whole, the people of the South have not yet shown in this matter the interest that they should feel in it. Now, however, signs are not wanting to indicate that the South is beginning to understand what the forests mean to it, just as New England understands, and is showing, what her forests mean to her.

The President says: "If the Eastern States are wise then from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf we will see within the next few years a policy set on foot similar to that so fortunately carried out in the high Sierras of the West by the National Government. All the higher Appalachians should be reserved, either by the States or by the Nation. I much prefer that they should be under National control, but it is a mere truism to say that they will not be reserved, either by the States or by the Nation, unless you people of the South show a strong interest therein."

These words, in his strong argument for the establishment of these forest reserves in the East touch the heart of the whole matter. These forests should be protected, but this will not be done unless the people make it evident that they wish it done. That such reserves as the White Mountain, and the Southern Appalachian Forest Reserves should be in control of the National Government goes without saying. After such control has been assumed the different States may fitly supplement the work done by the National reserves by setting aside other smaller reserves, which will increase the value of the greater ones and which will provide more and more breathing spots—more and more bits of untouched nature—for the benefit of our people.

In the countries of the Mediterranean and in China, the United States has before it object lessons of what ruin absolute deforestation will surely work in any region. Here, in America, within the last fifteen years much wonderfully good work has been done in protecting our forests, but much more remains to be done. In many localities the West is fairly well protected, but the East remains without anything like adequate protection; and the residents of the Atlantic seaboard will be wise if they shall listen to the stirring eloquence of President Roosevelt and shall insist on Congressional action looking to the protection of such forests as remain.

THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

COMPLAINTS of the loss of copies of the FOREST AND STREAM passing through the mails often come, and as is quite natural, the blame for this bad service is often laid to carelessness in the mailing department of the paper. Occasionally, such blame may be justified by the facts, but in the very great majority of cases the fault lies not with us but with the New York Post Office. But before this blame shall be loaded on the shoulders of the post office authorities, it must be remembered that for many years the postal force in this city has been wholly inadequate to do the work thrown upon it. It lacks room, it lacks facilities and it lacks labor; and the responsibility for this condition of things is not to be put on the postmaster of New York nor on his employes, nor indeed on the Postmaster-General's department, but on Congress, which, in absolute disregard of evidence many times brought before it, declines to appropriate money for a greater force in the post office and for facilities for handling the mail which shall meet the requirements of modern times and of a great population.

Here in the post office of the greatest city of the Union—almost the greatest city of the world—overworked men tug and strain in the cramped cellars of the building, striving to handle the vast accumulations of mail that are thrown upon them during every hour of every day. In the sorting rooms, men are crowded together so close that they have not room to throw freely the letters that they are expected to sort. On the streets the carriers go about carrying on their backs loads far too heavy for any but a giant to stagger under. Congress has seemed to think that if it gave additional force to the New York Post Office it would be benefiting New York, but has forgotten that the letters sent and received by the population of New York go out to the country at large, and that if New York's postal service is not well performed, the residents of the country at large are injured just as much as are the residents of New York.

Arrangements have at last been made for establishing up town at great railroad terminals large substations which shall have facilities for handling great quantities of up town mail, and which shall thus relieve the general post office of New York from much of its burden. It will be years, however, before such stations will be in working operation, and in the meantime the country at large and New York will continue to suffer from the clogged conditions which have long prevailed and which now prevail in the post office. The matter is one which Congress alone has power to remedy, and whether Congress will remedy it or not depends in large measure on the constituents of the various Congressmen scattered all over the land. It ought to be understood by the public at large—and some of the newspapers in their desperation are trying to make their readers understand it—that it is Congress which is responsible for the poor service of the New York Post Office, and that while Congress has made the delivery of letters vastly easier in many places by the establishment of a rural free delivery service, it is nevertheless holding back for hours and for days much of the mail which goes into the New York Post Office, and is causing the absolute loss of considerable quantities of mail matter through an inadequate force of clerks and through the cramped quarters in which that force works.

It is commonly believed by the general public that a Government employe has an easy job and gets his wages for a small return in labor, but this cannot be said of the employes of the New York Post Office. If ever a set of men worked hard they do, and there are those who think that a year or two of service in the New York Post Office ought to free a man from the pains of purgatory, if not from all prospect of going to a place commonly reputed to be much more uncomfortable.

WHILE duck shooting over the rice fields of Nanking, China, the other day, Rear Admiral Train fired a shot which has been heard around the world. The object aimed at was a duck, but what was hit was a Chinese woman; and the Americans on a sudden found themselves in the center of an infuriated mob of villagers, who, the cable reports, knocked down the Admiral and held his son as a hostage. A company of marines went to the rescue and brought off the unfortunate sportsmen. Naval officers in Washington say, in comment on the incident, that such shooting accidents are of not infrequent occurrence at the Chinese naval stations, where British and Americans are given to shooting over the rice fields, to which great numbers of ducks and other game are attracted; but the casualties are usually compromised by the payment of money, nor is the Chinaman prone to be exorbitant in his demands. One officer recalls shooting a Chinese baby on its mother's back, in extenuation of which mishap he paid to the parents fifty Mexican dollars, and thereafter found it difficult to avoid wounding the many thrifty Chinamen who would gladly have been punctured for profit. Mrs. Amelia Edwards once related a similar experience which befel her party on the Nile, when an Egyptian baby was accidentally wounded by a snipe shooter's gun, and the (parental) wound was healed with silver. The transaction was so satisfactory from the native point of view that further shooting in the vicinity was out of the question because of the Egyptian babies lying in wait to intercept the shot.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

How I Found the Indians.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About the middle of March, 1870, our cavalry troop was sent out from Fort Richardson, Texas, to scout for a few weeks through the country west of that and look for Indians. I found there the Indians.

We had with us as a guest an English tourist, who was anxious to see all this country; he saw some of it before we returned. When I saw him ready to start I thought that about a week of this trip would be all he would need of it; but he roughed it with the rest of us and I never heard him complain. He messed with the Captain, a brevet-major, the only officer we had with us. When he was in the field the captain lived exactly as we did; he carried no canned goods, but ate what we did—bacon and bread, black coffee and bean soup and what game we could kill; buffalo were still very plentiful. The Captain carried no canvas, but slept as we did under the saddle blanket. This would be no picnic, looking at it from an English point of view, I thought.

We had been out a week when one afternoon we went into camp on a small creek that ran north and south, and across it to the west about a mile and a half away a low butte stood out on the prairie, and beyond it a mile still to the west was a rather high roll in the prairie that ran north and south. Before we had taken our saddles off, the Captain told me to ride over to the butte, stake my horse out at it; then stop on top of the butte until sundown and keep a good lookout for Indians. "We have seen no signs of them as yet," he said, "but this is about where I expect to see them, if we see them at all."

I started, and found the ground between the camp and the butte to be badly cut up with narrow ravines, which the water in the wet season had made on its way to the creek; and in getting to the foot of the butte I found another ravine here. It seemed to head at this ridge west of me and run straight to the creek. Crossing it, I staked out my horse here, leaving on the saddle and bridle. I rode with a snaffle bit that would not prevent the horse to graze; I might need him in a hurry.

I had a short heavy Marlin rifle, that I carried instead of the Spencers we were armed with. Climbing up on the butte, I found a flat place of about two acres that had a high coat of last year's dry grass on it. I could lie down in it and not be seen.

There was not a breath of air stirring, and the afternoon was warm for this time in the year. I had been lying here about half an hour watching that ridge—it would be on it that I would first see the Indians if I saw any—when a buck and a doe climbed up the butte and began to graze not 100 yards from where I lay. They never noticed me at all. I had hard work to keep from shooting the buck; but dared not fire a shot here, for it would notify any Indians who might be in the country just where I was. So raising my head above the grass I spoke to the deer. They gave me one frightened look, then left in about two jumps. I lay for another hour; then just after I had looked at my watch to note the time passing, I gave the ridge another look, and saw a man on a pony ride up on top of it from behind it and stop. In a moment another man joined him, then a third one, and they kept on coming until there were five of them. They sat on their ponies there, and seemed to be watching our camp, which was in plain sight over two miles away. Crawling through the grass and hugging the ground, I made my way to the edge of the butte, then slid down it in a hurry, got my rope tied to the saddle, and mounted; and now I was struck with an idea. The Major wanted Indians, but there were not enough of them here to bother the troop with, I would fight these myself. With this rifle of mine and the horse I had under me, I did not think it a big contract to shoot the whole of them or try to. I got my horse down in the ravine, then rode up it. I meant to keep in it if it headed up at the ridge, as I thought it did; then when I had got close enough turn the rifle loose. I had gone up the ravine 600 yards or more and had left the butte away behind we, when I noticed that the ravine ahead of me was about running out. If I kept on I would soon have to ride out in plain sight of the Indians. They were still where I had first seen them. I could still see them; but they evidently had not seen me yet.

I turned now, and going back at a gallop passed the butte, then kept on down in the ravine to where it entered the small timber that fringes the bank of the creek, then got into the timber and kept on to camp; but before I had got there I had to ride out into the open again in order to cross a ravine that I could not cross at the creek.

Going into camp I found every one at supper, or dinner rather—we only ate twice a day when on the march this way. I told the Captain I had his Indians out here waiting for him.

"Are you sure now that they are Indians, and not buffalo?" he asked. "You remember that stampede we had after the buffalo last fall?"

"Yes, sir; but I did not send you after the buffalo. I know an Indian when I see one." This was a slap at the sergeant, who had sent him after the buffalo.

The Indians were not in sight from here, but picking up his field glass he and I went up on higher ground and I pointed the Indians out to him. He just leveled his glass at them then called out, "Saddle up, and pack up! Do it in a hurry now!"

The saddles were on in a hurry, the men having to leave the rest of their dinner here on the grass. Then leaving the pack train to follow up, we started.

I told the Captain that the column could not take the route I had taken, the ground was too much broken, so he bore off to the left through a lot of chaparral on our side of the creek, going through at as fast a gallop as the bushes would let us. Then after going a mile we turned to the right, and after crossing the creek, he put us on front into line and we went to the ridge at a fast gallop; but the Indians had left.

It was nearly dark, but a few of us scouted to the front but could see nothing of the Indians. Then going back to the nearest point on the creek, we went into camp again for the night, the Major saying that he would hunt up those fellows to-morrow; he knew now where to look for them.

The men were in a bad humor. They had lost half of their supper. I had lost all of mine or thought I had; but the Major sent orders down for the cook to get me mine right away; and while I was eating it the men kept up their growling—they knew what was going to happen when they saw me leave camp to-day. I never was sent anywhere but I found Indians, or their trail, or some other blanked thing. Why did I not fire a shot at the Indians when I saw them, then let them go to Hades and not get the troop out after them? We have not lost any Indians; we lost our supper all right though.

I let them keep at this for a while, then said, "That will do now. Adjourn this debate and hunt your saddles for the night. I don't want to have to hunt a rope and a tree for any of you. I found those Indians because I was sent to find them, and had I not found them when I did they would have found you to-night, and you would have lost part of your horses, if you have not lost any Indians." This settled it, I could run one of those men up to the nearest tree, tie him up to it by the wrists, then report it to the Major when I had got ready to do it. I was senior corporal then, but did far less of this tying up than any non-com. we had did, and these men would obey me far quicker than they would some of the others who were continually tying them up for any thing or nothing.

Next morning, while we remained in camp here, the Major sent a sergeant and detail over to examine the place where the Indians had been. They came back in an hour and reported that there must have been at least thirty Indians there, judging from the trail they had made when leaving, and the men brought back an old broken rawhide lariat and a worn-out pistol holster These the Indians had thrown away; but the sergeant had a new butcher knife and its sheath that had been lost by some of them. The troop going over now started to follow the trail, but after a few miles it ran out, the Indians having split up. They were going in every direction now except toward us. This was done to prevent us from following them; we might have followed any single pony track of course, but it would not lead us anywhere.

We scouted through that country for the next few days, but did not find their camp, although as their chief told me years after this, the camp was only forty miles away.

I thought at the time that these Indians were the Cohattie Comanches. They were about the only Indians that ran loose at all times then, and these had never been on a reservation and did not go on one until two years after this, when this troop of ours shot about one-half of them and drove the rest on a reservation.

Several year after this, when I had become well acquainted with the Comanches and was living with them part of the time, I told the Cohattie chief about this affair, and asked him if he knew anything about it. Yes, he knew all about it. It was he who had been there. He had about thirty of his men out hunting, when one of his scouts saw us going into camp, and riding back to him told him of it. Calling in his men, he brought them behind that ridge, meaning to stop there until after dark, then jump our camp and run off our horses, if he could do nothing else.

"If you had jumped that camp, you would have found a hornets' nest in it," I told him. "We had men enough there to eat you up."

"You had about fifty men," he replied. "I counted you before I left, while you were mounting; and if I had had as many of my men there as you had I would have waited for you behind that ridge, then let you do the charging. But when I saw you start and knew that I had been seen out there, I left. My camp was only two sleeps away, and you might find and destroy it."

When we did destroy it the chief was away on another hunt, that is what saved him.

I told the chief where I had been when I first saw him, and asked him if he had seen me while I was fooling around that ravine trying to get a shot at him. No, the first he saw of me was when I rode out into the open near my camp. Then he waited to see if I had seen him, and seeing us get ready to leave, he concluded I had seen him. So he left then; he could not surprise us now and had not men enough to fight us.

CABIA BLANCO.

On Climbing Mountains.

THE tragic death of Mr. Chas. Fenton, recorded in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM suggests a few thoughts.

It is very extraordinary that a man of Mr. Fenton's age (he was seventy-six) should have attempted climbing Whiteface. I am acquainted with that mountain, and while the trail may be said to be good, it is long and steep. It is probable that Mr. Fenton in a moment of reminiscent exuberance undertook the feat which resulted in his death. The obvious moral is, that in men of mature or advanced years such exuberances are to be sternly dealt with.

Now, mountain climbing is the hardest sort of hard work. It puts a tremendous strain upon the heart. Unless you are experienced, before you have got over the foothills you will be tempted to turn back. For you will find your heart thumping in a most alarming fashion. If you are not quite sure that the organ is sound, you ought to turn back. If it is sound, and you are young, you ought to go on, for there is great exhilaration in store for you.

Mountain climbers are never tired of dwelling upon the moment when they reached the summit. It is indeed a moment of exquisite sensations, but it is brief. When you have taken in the view and rested a while, you will say to yourself that after all you would not want to live there. It would be too lonesome—too isolated. (Let us, by the way, pity those poor mortals who have reached the summits of fame.)

Facilis descensus Averno it has been written, and so it may be said that coming down a mountain is a very different thing from going up. Yet it is not without its labor and risks. (It was coming down, indeed, that Mr. Fenton met his death.) The constant bending of the knees, being contrary to habit, is not a little irksome, and then if you don't watch out you are in constant danger of stumbling. And if you do on a steep grade it may go ill with you. But, however, the heart is at rest and that makes all the difference in the world. If the moment when one reaches the summit is one of extraordinary gratification, the moment of reaching the base is not without its gratification either. We feel that we are safe at last, and while this may be a prosaic sentiment, I am apt to think that the greatest hero is not unmoved by it.

It is very amusing to observe the climbing ardor which some of the new arrivals at a mountain resort exhibit. There is the stout man who will take a car if he has only to go a block and a half in the city, he will ask airily, "How high is so and so?" He is told a matter of three or four thousand feet. "Pooh! is that all?" he exclaims. "I guess I'll manage that all right, all right." Or there is his equally stout lady, who regards the mountain patronizingly, while she bedecks her alpenstock with ribbons, and dreams complacently of jumping from crag to crag like a young gazelle. Or there is the frail youth with the cigarette heart, who speaks as if he were going to make the summit in a couple of bounds. Or there is the pale consumptive school teacher, who says she has come to the mountains, and she is just going to get on top of that hill, and don't you forget it! Or there is—but wherefore extend the list? We all know them—at least all of us who have been to the Catskills or Adirondacks. Well, they make their essays and then—then our amusement is apt to be mixed with pity or commiseration, if indeed we have not to mourn a tragedy.

For those who are in fit condition, mountain climbing is to be highly commended. It hardens the muscles and expands the lungs and gives an agility which nothing else will. But of course we must go to the Rockies, or the Andes, or the Alps for real mountain climbing. Compared to this, the climbing of peaks in the Catskills or Adirondacks is mere child's play. The perusal of the books of Conway or Fitzgerald will often make one's breath come short, so full are they of thrilling situations. Now 'tis scaling an almost perpendicular rock; again 'tis creeping over a glacier at an angle of forty-five degrees. Now 'tis tumbling into a snow-covered crevasse; again 'tis hanging over a precipice by the eyelids. But these hazards only seem to whet the appetite for more of the same kind, and our adventurer, after he has conquered Mt. Hope, say, will pine to be at Aconcagua.

It seems that the enthusiasm of mountain climbing, when once contracted, can never be wholly gotten rid of. The case of Mr. Fenton is one in point. But it behooves men of mature or advanced years to restrain their enthusiasm. Some enthuse about love, and others about mountain climbing. The former, though rugged and slippery and arduous enough, is far less so than the latter. Let all concerned take warning by poor Mr. Fenton. A safe rule for any man past forty-five will be to stick to the level.

FRANK MOONAN.

NEW YORK, October, 1905.

National Park Game.

GARDINER, Mont., Oct. 26.—I counted 450 antelope in front of town on the alfalfa field. The little creatures are getting quite indifferent to what is going on in town. There are anywhere from fifty to 250 mule deer at Fort Yellowstone, and a few white-tails. Not enough snow to bring down the sheep yet. It is worth a trip here for anyone who has the time.

E. H.

Shooting Tigers in Java.

In the early '40s I was a foremast hand on a whaler which had been several months out from home, and we were sadly in need of fresh provisions and water, and it was time that the crew had a run on shore, for we had not set our feet on land since leaving New Bedford, five months before. Our quest for whales had been without anticipated success; we only had taken a hundred-barrel sperm whale during that time, and that off the Cape of Good Hope. We had thoroughly scoured the Indian Ocean, and leisurely cruised along the coast of the Island of Sumatra without success, and at last we pointed our prow for the Straits of Sunda, bound to Anjer Point in the Island of Java, a snug little roadstead much visited in those days by whalemen and merchant vessels bound from the East Indies to the United States and Europe. It was a quaint old place, populated for the most part by Malays, some of them peaceful enough when on shore, but when cruising in the Straits in their swift-sailing proas, pirates of the most pronounced and desperate type. Then there were a fair representation of the native Javanese, a few Europeans, and a garrison of Afro-Dutch soldiers who garrisoned the settlement, and were quartered in a small fort, whose guns commanded principally the settlement and its land approaches; but as a defense from the sea it counted for nil, for a little sloop-of-war of twenty guns could have taken it in ten minutes.

Anjer was celebrated in those days, and especially among seafarers as having within its precincts the largest banyan tree in the world, its diameter, counting its root branches, being between three and four hundred feet. In its branches was the lookout station of the port, and beneath its foliage and amid its countless root branches the people gathered for shade from the intense rays of the tropic sun, and to gossip. It was beneath this grand old banyan tree that I saw my first real live tiger, and here I shot my first wild animal. I had come on shore with the starboard watch that morning for a gunning expedition, every man being provided with an old-fashioned musket carrying an ounce ball, a powder flask, a bunch of oakum for wadding and a tin box of percussion caps. But a bevy of pretty native girls, coupled with a plentitude of alluring beverages and lots of luscious fruits, broke up that hunting party as planned. Bob, a shipmate of mine, and I were disgusted with the rest of the "liberty men," and resolved we would explore the town and see the sights. After a long stroll we brought up at the banyan tree for a rest.

At the time of our visit to Anjer a severe drought was prevailing in that part of the island, and water was very scarce in town. The water supply came from some distance back in the country and was brought into town by means of an open conduit or "aqueduct," which led the water into a small circular reservoir near the big tree. Bob and I were tired out with our long tramp in the hot sun, and lay down for a nap. I was in a sound sleep, when I was aroused by my companion, who was shaking me roughly, sung out, "Get up, Jack; here's a big tiger!" And sure enough, with her forepaws resting on the side of the conduit facing us was a good-sized animal quietly lapping up her fill of water, evidently regardless of our close proximity to her. Bob was for running away, but I persuaded him to stand by me while I tried a shot. I felt pretty certain of doing the business, for I was counted the crack shot of the ship, and if the old gun did its duty, I was sure of the game. I put on a fresh cap, and with Bob ready to give me his gun in case I missed, we walked up slowly to the tiger, which did not seem to mind it a bit. When within about twenty feet of the fellow I stopped, and taking deliberate aim, fired. How that old gun did kick! But the tiger kicked worse and longer. The report of my gun startled the garrison, and some twenty black soldiers came running on the double quick to where Bob and I stood. By this time we were close up to the conduit, and peering over we saw that I had not lost my good name as a dead shot. The long and short of this story is that the Governor claimed the skin of the tigress, for it was a mother that I had killed, and her little cub fell to me as a trophy of my first game in the Island of Java. I received a few dollars bounty, and numberless congratulations upon my good marksmanship and pluck. I took the little cub on board the ship, determined to be its foster father to the best of my ability, but it became too vicious as it grew up, and was shot lest it do some mischief.

This incident was destined not to be my last tiger hunt in Java. After filling up our lockers with potatoes, yams, cocoanuts, fruits of all kinds and the pens and coops with pigs and chickens, and not being able to fill up our casks with fresh water, we sailed for New River, a day's sail from Anjer, which we had been informed, abounded in limpid streams emptying into the river. On the trip we experienced one of the most terrific electrical storms any of us had ever encountered. It was beyond the power of description. However, we came out of it unscathed, and arrived at our destination. It was the most weird, uncanny place we ever saw. A narrow, sluggish stream, with banks bordered with virgin forests, and no sign of human habitation; the trees were full of birds and monkeys, and they kept up an incessant racket that was new and novel to us, and when night came, howls, snarls, growls, and screeches abounded till the very air was aquiver with the animal din. A nice place to get water, thought we. But the morning brought relief to our ears, and in its turn the silence was painful, it was so deathly. When daylight came—and it comes all at once in the tropics—a boat was sent on shore to see how the land lay. My record as a good shot caused me to be ordered into the boat as the lookout man and sharpshooter. A short pull brought us to a fine pebbly beach, fringed by soil that showed the slightest footprints. Within a few yards of where our boat landed we found a beautiful rivulet, running crystal waters in abundance, and by its side we saw the footprints of animals of all sizes, but what they were we could only conjecture, though we could well understand that the din of the previous night had proceeded from this "watering place." Not long after our return to the ship, the water casks "becketed and rafted," were being towed to the springside, and we worked well and quickly in filling the casks, keeping the meanwhile a good lookout for a visit from animals.

Two days were spent in watering ship, and on the morning of the third day the captain concluded he would make an excursion a few miles up the river. Accordingly his boat was fitted out with some provisions, a gun for each man was put in the boat, with plenty of ammunition, and he taking his rifle, which by the way was the only weapon of its kind on board. The wind was fair, and we set sail and proceeded up the river at a good pace, enjoying the new and novel scenery. The captain was in excellent humor and interested us very much with yarns of his voyages and adventures, and the time passed rapidly and very pleasantly all the forenoon. We ate our lunch, and took in sail and began our return journey, estimating that we had gone up the river about fifteen miles. The wind was now dead ahead, and we out oars for a fifteen-mile pull, a mere trifle for well-seasoned whalemen. Bending to the ash, we made the boat spin along at a lively gait, and were some five miles away from the turning point, when suddenly the captain exclaimed, "Great heavens! look at that tiger!" And sure enough, lying well out on an overhanging branch of a tree, under which we must pass, lay a magnificent tiger, evidently watching its chance to spring into our boat. To say that the captain was "gallied," conveys but a faint idea of his mental condition, and as for my shipmates, they were a sight to behold. Perhaps my experience at Anjer a few days previous had fitted me to be self-possessed, and perhaps confident of my skill with a gun, and while the captain was in such a funk, I said, "Captain, let me have your rifle and I feel sure that I can knock that fellow off his perch."

I will confess that the situation was an embarrassing one to those that for the first time were placed in such an awkward position.

The captain handed me the rifle, and in an instant I drew a bead and fired, just as the captain was saying, "Now, Jack, don't miss him." I will confess I felt a bit shaky myself, for I knew that if I missed him the chances were that when he made his spring, it meant that he would land in our little frail boat, and that would be the end of the boat, the captain and the boat's crew. But the bullet went to the mark. Like an arrow from a bow the beautiful creature shot through the air, and we felt the wind of his form as he passed only a few inches over our heads, and with a fearful splash went below the surface of the waters. It was a terrible moment of suspense to all of us, but the instant he struck the water, the captain regained his power of speech and roared like a lion: "Now, pull, boys; pull for God's sake, boys; pull, let's get out of this infernal hole."

We did pull, better perhaps than we ever did on going on to a whale, and the gait we made in going back to the ship held the record for the rest of the voyage. In due course we reached the ship, our boat was hoisted up and the boat's crew told their shipmates how Jack had shot the tiger which but for him would have torn them to bits. The following day the captain gave me two new flannel overshirts and ten pounds of tobacco, and so long as I remained in the good old ship, I remained the champion shot, either with musket or the captain's rifle.

Sometimes when the captain would get excited in pulling for a fleeing whale, he exclaimed, "Pull, there's a tiger up that tree!"

B. S. Osbon.

In Self-Defense.

The start was made on Sept. 13 last in a driving rain storm, our party consisting of the guide, Norris Manderville, of North Renous, Park Holts, the cook, and the writer. At Colpaugh, the last house of the settlement, two physicians from Philadelphia, Messrs. H. and D., joined us with their outfit. The first night was passed in an old abandoned lumber camp, not too comfortable but dry. The next day brought us to Long Lake Brook, where our Philadelphia friends remained. The third day we finally landed at our destination, the lake of the north branch of the Renous. Some moose tracks had been seen on our trip, but no game excepting one deer, which quickly sought safety in the thick brush.

The first morning in camp, after fixing up things and making everything clean and tidy, I was fortunate in meeting a small deer, which added at once fresh meat to our larder. This, with an abundance of trout, which could be taken at any time with the fly from the nearby Renous River, and occasionally a partridge made our fare really sumptuous. A plentiful supply of provisions, groceries, etc., had been taken from Fredericton. A most agreeable addition proved to be the high-bush cranberries, which were plentiful.

When leaving for the trip Mrs. P. had charged me not to bring home any more big moose heads; she wanted no more. I assented, however, with the proviso that I would kill a moose only in self-defense. I had in mind an occurrence which happened a year before when a large moose rather boldly challenged me at a time when I had no rifle, and, although I had already killed my moose, the animal did provoke me sufficiently to shoot him had I been armed. Moose being the principal game of that part of New Brunswick in which I was, my aim was to have them be the aggressor.

The calling of my guide did not prove successful, no doubt owing to the warm weather; we hardly got any answer. Norris therefore concluded he would cruise about to find where the large moose were; he knew they were there, as he had seen a number last fall. He proposed, therefore, to cruise in different directions and try to locate them, after which I was to join him.

In the meantime I decided to do some moose calling on my own hook, trying the lake in the morning (this being the most convenient to our camp) and a little barren about a mile and a half from the camp in the afternoon. I heard several indifferent answers at both places, but was more successful in calling cows, which occasionally came so near that we had to frighten them away; one cow in particular at the head of the lake proved rather annoying. My call had a vigorous answer and a bull was making straight for us when a cow in a nearby cove, which I had seen before locating for my call, went to meet the swain and made off with him to our utter disgust.

On Friday morning Norris returned, disappointed, as he had practically no answers from large moose. He would try that evening another lake about two and one-half miles to the northwest of us, and if not successful proposed that we should take our back tracks about eight miles to a lake on the ridge. At 4 o'clock that afternoon the cook and myself started out to our little barren, where I had called previously, and had the good luck to shoot a caribou, which, although a large animal, did not have a specially large set of horns; but the guide wanted it, he told me to shoot a caribou for him, as he wanted the hide for snow shoes. The meat from this animal which we did not use fresh was smoked, air dried and taken to the settlement. At about 6 o'clock two answers came, one to the northwest appeared to be a large bull. Very soon after the answer we heard quite an argument, evidently with the old lady, who would not let him go. Doubtless she finally prevailed and we heard no more of him. Another answer from the east from a high ridge in back of our camp was rather slow in coming. When darkness came on, so that I could no longer see the sight of my rifle, I decided to return to camp, hoping to meet the moose on the way back. After crossing the Renous River, which was very noisy, jumping from rock to rock, we found that the moose was much nearer than anticipated. It being quite dark in the river bottom I tried to get as near to the place where he was likely to cross as possible. In five minutes the game showed at the edge of the river bank. As he descended, while continually grunting, I could only see his light-colored antlers, which appeared to be of quite a respectable size, the darkness prevented seeing his black colored body. Just as he was crossing the trail which I was following close on the river bank, I fired at where I supposed his body to be. Instantly the moose made a half turn and a great jump toward me. He landed within three feet of me. While he was jumping I had fired again. The enormous animal landed so close to me that his great light-colored legs and horns appeared to be at least ten feet above me. The next instant as he moved forward I leaned up against his side with my left hand to ward him off. The moment he had passed I fired again, although evidently he was more staggering than running. This last shot caused him to fall instantly against a small pine tree which the cook had used as a shelter when he saw the close approach of the animal. The whole affair had taken less time than it takes to read it. After seeing that our game was dead the cook and I returned to camp. I do not believe the bull wanted to attack me, the fearful shock of the .35 Winchester turned him around, he struggled forward to get away and happened to come my way. Arrived in camp, I needed something to quiet my nerves, the prescription read something like "Canadian Club." A good supper and a pipe made us content with the world.

The next morning at 6:30 our guide appeared at the camp. He had heard the shooting and inquired the result. After telling him the story he seemed to doubt that the moose had really been as near as I described it to him. I proposed to go down and use the tape line which Norris had brought with him to satisfy him on this point. The result was that we found that the moose was seventeen feet away when I first shot. His first jump was fourteen feet. He had a fearful wound in his side. The second bullet had penetrated his breast and cut the jugular vein, while the third had struck and broken his spine. The total distance from the first shot to where he lay was thirty feet. A slight curve in the trail where I stood probably saved me from being run over, as the moose had taken a straight line, grazing me while passing within two feet, at the place where I pressed against his side with my left hand trying to ward him off. The antlers, although not very large, were quite symmetrical and had a spread of about fifty inches, with twenty points. This was as near to shooting a moose in self-defense as I ever came. I had a good excuse to bring home another head.

Saturday was spent in skinning and cleaning the head and scalp.

On Sunday I proposed to visit my friend, Mr. Carl Rungius, the artist, who was spending some time in a camp, at which I had hunted the previous fall and which was situated nine miles to the southeast of us. The start was made at 9 o'clock in the morning. At about 11 we reached a bear house and, strange as it may appear, as we reached one end at the same instant at the opposite side, a bear showed his head out of the brush, not over thirty yards away. Taking quickly two steps aside gave me a good view of his forequarters. A ball in his right shoulder knocked him clean over. When we reached him he had in his fangs a small pine tree, but was stone dead. Such a meeting at this time of the year was great luck. There were many signs of bear, but as they are very shy they are hardly ever seen; in fact, my guide said that he had never met one before. We dragged the bear into the bear house and proceeded on our way. We found Mr. Rungius at home; a quick lunch was cooked, the usual refreshments served, experiences and stories were exchanged. Mr. Rungius had shot, so far, only a caribou; he was now trying for a moose. He had had several answers but had not yet seen a sufficiently large spread of horns to tempt him to shoot. I examined the fine collection of sketches which the artist had made of this most romantic and charming corner of Canada's wilderness, after which we turned our way home. We met two moose shortly after, a cow and a calf. A few partridges were shot for supper and I reached camp about 5 o'clock, after a little saunter of altogether eighteen miles. The guide arrived about half an hour later, bringing with him the skin of the bear.

On Monday we visited a lumber camp which had been started that morning some distance above the lakes. It was quite interesting to see the young fellows cutting wood and preparing it for the camp in a business-like way, and the progress which they made with their axes alone in a few hours was really remarkable.

The time had now come for my returning. Thinking that the team might come sooner than expected I took an early stroll to meet them. After leaving camp I soon heard some moose and on stealing near I saw a calf, a cow and a fair-sized bull playing around. I had an opportunity to watch them, sitting still on a log for about ten to fifteen minutes. As the team did not show up I returned again to camp for dinner. In the afternoon I went over the same ground and was about in the same locality as where I had seen the moose in the morning, when a

deer showed its shapely form in the underbrush in the distance. After following it for a few minutes an opportunity presented itself for a shot which brought the game down. The buck was dead when I reached him. I dragged the carcass to the tote road and had the team take him to camp when it passed by later. I now had the legal allowance of game—one moose, one caribou and two deer, the first time this happened to me in my many visits to the New Brunswick woods. The addition of the bear certainly made me quite contented.

On the trip from the woods to the settlement we met our Philadelphia friends. Dr. H. had secured a fine moose head, the brow antlers each having four large points, while Dr. D. had a rather smaller head. He seemed to be very happy, particularly as he had shot it in his drawers, the explanation being that his trousers were so noisy that he found it necessary to drop them in order to be able to successfully stalk the moose.

On the way back I shot a few more partridge, as I was intent upon taking a few home with me, together with some choice bits of the last deer shot.

I was back in New York on Sept. 29, and had spent alone in the woods (sixteen days, including the going in and returning) one of the pleasantest of the many hunts that I have had in New Brunswick. Most of the narratives that we hear about this province are about moose hunting, but from my experience it can readily be seen that there are not only moose but a number of other game animals, caribou, deer and bear. I saw altogether on this trip thirty-six moose, four caribou, three deer and one bear. It is likely there was another bear with the one I shot, as we saw the brush move after my shot, which I believe was caused by a second bear, but I did not get sight of it.

One evening on returning down the lake we heard, apparently not far away, a cry resembling somewhat a steam calliope, the beginning sounded something like the combined efforts of half a dozen loons, while the ending seemed equal to the best efforts of two dozen tomcats. The guide could not tell what it was that made this unearthly wail, which was repeated three times. P.

A Bit of Camp Surgery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years ago Will Light, Fred Jones, Ollin Light and I were hunting deer from a lean-to camp up Moose River way. It snowed as we walked in, and our camp that night was as uncomfortable as breezes, insufficient covering and an obstinate fire could make it.

The fire was made of soft maple and yellow birch, and away down between the crevices of the six or eight inch logs we could see the red glow of warmth; but there was no chance of feeling it until the wood had been dried out and began to blaze.

"I'm going to have a fire," Will Light said, and with that he took the ax and went kindling hunting in the night. He found a dry stub, pried off a chunk and came back to the camp, where, by the uncertain flickering of the firelight, he began to chop up the dry kindlings. We heard the ax racking down through the wood three or four times, and Fred shouted, "Don't cut yourself!" A few more blows followed, and then there was a sort of thump, followed by an exclamation.

"I've cut myself!" the kindling maker exclaimed.

"Dod rat it!" cried Fred, "Didn't I tell you to be careful how you handled a man's tools!"

Light had been teaching Fred and the rest of us woodcraft for fifteen years, more or less. He swore some at Fred and limped around into the lean-to, where we could see him.

In the middle of the instep of his left foot was a slit where the ax had buried its blade. The cut was more than three inches long and an inch deep, baring the bones, and we could see the white toe cord, which the razor edge had just missed splitting.

"Get me some balsam!" Will asked Fred, and Fred, taking a candle, went to a nearby balsam tree (*Abies balsamea*) and began to gather the soft balsom gum which is found in the tiny blisters with which the bark is covered. He pierced a blister at the lower edge with his penknife and pressed the thick fluid out on a lard can cover. In a few minutes he had a good tablespoonful.

In the meantime I got out my ditty bag, an oilcloth pocket with a flap and half a dozen cloth leaves full of needles and thread. From this Light selected a three-cornered straight needle and some white thread. I didn't have the curved surgeon's needles. Then he calmly sewed up the cut, very much as he would have sewed a rip in his coat.

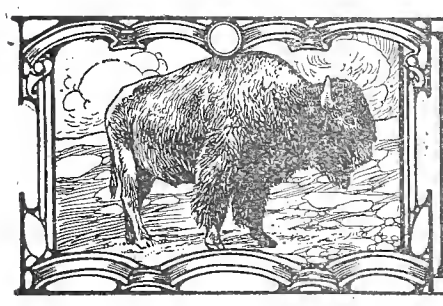
Perhaps a dozen stitches were taken, and the wound was drawn shut. Having sewed it up, Light smeared the cut over with balsam. Then he wrapped it with a piece of white undershirt, put on several pairs of woolen socks and went to bed, while Fred stirred up the fire.

On the following day Light looked out on a wilderness a foot deep with soft, fluffy snow. For the first time in at least six years he had come into the woods and found a "good tracking snow." Now he was crippled. His foot swelled up and sore. He was the most melancholy looking woodsman I ever saw, but Light never did squeal, however hard hit he was. He rebathed the cut with balsam at intervals during the day, and when the rest of us came in that night we found as fine a hot supper as one could wish. We told him we hoped he'd monkey with axes every time we hunted with him again, and he replied in kind.

On the following day he went up the hill a few rods, but the cut was too painful. The third day he went out and killed a fine buck, and thereafter he hunted with the rest of us. When we went out he carried a back load of venison, and went about his work as usual at home.

He didn't catch cold, although he repeatedly got his feet wet in snow-hidden streamlets, and slept in a camp open to the wind. The lips of the wound closed firmly together, and in a few days he drew the cotton thread stitches, having a foot as well as ever. The balsam has saved many a woodsman much pain and trouble due to bad cuts. It is also used as a "kidney clarifier," whatever that may mean. A few drops constitute a dose which regulates the kidneys, especially when they have been disordered by whisky, as log and hunting camp kidneys are prone to be disordered at intervals.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Biography of a Bear.—VII.

With an Exposition of the Influence of Attitude upon Human Vigor.

How Jack had descended from his dizzy perch somewhere about midnight was and is a mystery. He had done so without sustaining any injury—not so much as a scratch. The only theory we could form to account for his safety was that somehow he had rigged a parachute from some of the old branches, or that he had utilized a slab of bark as an aeroplane. During the remainder of our travels, however, he was not known to exercise his surplus energy in such lofty evolutions, although he became each day more active and restless, as did we all.

It is a recognized condition that men and animals are more vigorous, hardy and energetic in the zones furthest from the equator, or until polar zones chill them into inactivity; but it has not been generally understood that altitude or elevation may exert the same influences as animals ascend from the sea level or from lower planes. We had left the sultry, humid valley, feeling calm, enervated, indifferent, insipid, lazy, sleepy and in fact, fashionable. As we ascended the mountains day by day, we became alert, hungry, ambitious, still hungrier, actively ravenous and somewhat primitive in our tastes and desires. At the summit we did unnecessary things, even to chopping wood after climbing about all day. I could even watch from a reasonable distance while my grandfather sank a seven-foot crosscut saw into a six-foot log, while Enochs and Dick in their verdancy, or absence of mind or intelligence, several times took hold of the saw.

It seemed strange, these evenings late in the month of August, to go into the log cabin and sit before the wide stone fireplace heaped with blazing logs. After our first night in the open air, upon finding our blankets stiff with frost in the morning, we were pleased to accept the privilege of spreading ourselves, the dogs and Jack, upon the floor of the cabin, the larger room of which accommodated us all comfortably. At sundown, each evening became chilly, and at dark we were satisfied with nothing more moderate than a roaring fire. In dressing the trout that we caught during the day, down in a cañon, our fingers would become benumbed and blue with the cold water from the spring and with handling the fish. Sitting about the fire after supper we exchanged such observations as each of us had garnered, and concentrated into truthful reminiscenes. It is true that Enochs sometimes trimmed his stories with a little fretwork border of fantastic ornament, but I had implicit confidence in my grandfather's and Dick's anecdotes, while of course I could depend upon my own without any very painful solicitude.

One evening I remarked that it was wonderful how vigorous and different we felt at that altitude; how hungry, how full of vitality, how almost industrious. My grandfather studied a while, looked at me in rather non-committal way, but said, "It may be the mountain air, or perhaps you are not very well. After you have been in the mountains a few weeks you feel different; you will feel like moving about more, and your appetites will pick up some."

At that point I went out to the wagon and took an inventory of the amount of flour, bacon and other provisions. I refrained from a thrifty impulse that almost persuaded me to carry off a sack of flour and place it in some secluded place of safety. I decided to be honest as long as Enochs and Dick were, but I felt more confidence in them, and in my own invincible resolution, with an inventory of the provisions in my pocket. I had heard of men upon the further frontiers who became so solicitous for their future welfare that they would get up in their sleep and steal their own supplies, carry them off and hide them, and go about in the morning with consciences utterly untrammeled and blank.

When I got back to the fire, the old gentleman was saying, —"can bolt and split a thousand shakes, or five hundred cedar rails in good timber; he is beginning to show signs of vitality. Several years ago, over yonder near Susanville, a feller moved on to the Patterson place, which had been left deserted when Patterson died. His name was Slocum: he wasn't thought to be of much account, and he settled in the worst kind of a place for a slow man. The Patterson place—Patterson Holler, it was called—was too low down, sultry and malarious. Slocum was slow enough when he went there, but after he had been there a year he was given up for good. His nearest neighbor, who lived about four miles way, got to going over once a week regularly to see if Slocum needed a funeral, but, as near as the man could tell, Slocum was alwus alive. The road at one time went through Patterson Holler, but it had to be changed so as to go around on the upper side. Nothing much could be hauled through on the old road; the teams would get to going slower and slower until they reached the bottom of the holler, where the horses and mules allus went to sleep and stalled. The teamsters would go to sleep also, and if they carried watches the watches always stopped; they could never tell the time, nor how long they had been on the road when they did wake up. They seldom woke up until some one else overtook them and wanted to get them out of the way. Everything allus stopped opposite Patterson's. Surveyors tried to run a line through the holler, but the compass wouldn't work, the needle wouldn't even quiver till they got upon higher ground; and they had to give it up and depend upon scientific estimate for the real distance and levels.

"Slocum had been warned, but he seemed careless; and after he was there a while, and found everything as sleepy as he was, he seemed to enjoy it in an easy kind of a way. At last he wouldn't move a finger except when he wanted a cracker to eat, and he would hold that in his mouth until it soaked into his system, just to save the trouble of chewing and swallowing it. His neighbors supplied the crackers, as they didn't want Slocum to die altogether on account of expenses, and because they had begun to consider him a public institution. He was of some use, too, for they could point to him as a terrible example and a danger signal. The deestrict was altogether too conservative and optimistic any how. So they kept a box of crackers allus at his bedside, and Slocum's greatest trial was to reach out for one when he could stand it no longer. He would have starved, but when he got just so far along, he just had to have a cracker to keep from kicking.

"The neighbor, a Swede by the name of Jensen, or Yenson, as he claimed, finally got tired of going to the holler, so he moved Slocum up to his ranch, four miles along the road. Slocum objected, but made no resistance. It would have been too much of an effort for him to remonstrate, so Yensen took him along peacefully enough. After Slocum had been at Yensen's place a while he began to get uneasy and moved occasionally. One morning when Yensen was out he tried to stir the fire and a burning stick rolled out upon the floor. It was too much work for him to put the stick back or throw water upon it from a nearby bucket, and he was too lazy to shout to Yensen. He only managed to get out of the house after most of his whiskers had burned off.

"Yensen, who was after a stray cat, smelled Slocum's whiskers burning, but got back too late to save his house. He exhausted himself so in trying to, though, that he dropped down alongside of Slocum, and the two were lying there apparently dead when a man with a wagon came along. Seeing these two men he hauled them along, after loading them in his wagon, to a deserted sheep camp about six miles up the road. After a little, Yensen was able to make a sort of shack of fence rails, and the two stayed there. Yensen alwus would work some, and the change of location and excitement improved him. He was doing quite well in cutting at a tree that he 'low'd to make posts of, and Slocum began to take interest enough in things to look around, listen when it thundered and sometimes to growl a little when Yensen tried to sing Swedish psalms. He even took interest in things besides crackers to eat, and began to chew such food as he could get with some little appreciation. They were doing well when a sheep man claimed the ranch, and as a compromise moved them ten miles further up the side of the mountain to another sheep camp.

"This change was a sudden elevation to higher ground, and it nearly killed both the Swede and Slocum, especially Slocum. Their blood got into circulation so suddenly it exhausted their capacity for inaction and almost laid them out. Some stray cows happened along and the Swede managed to round them up and milk them, thereby saving them both. Slocum liked milk, as it was easy to take, and in a few days he got so's he could sit up and let Yensen drive a cow near enough to him so's he could shoot the milk in a stiff stream into his face. Sometimes Yensen shot him in the eye with it, but he centered most of the time, being an expert at milking, and Slocum wasn't particular, or, if he was, couldn't explain it.

"They did very well until the cows started for summer range higher up in the tall timber, then they found it easier to follow the cows than to keep them rounded up; and so they left the neighborhood, little by little, finally getting up into the northwest corner of Lassen county. For some time all track of them was lost, and they were almost forgotten, when a stockman ran across a clearin' about a mile square over near Eagle Lake. He found a double log house of hewn logs, piles of posts, rails and shingles, and a couple of hairy-looking giants squaring timbers for a barn, and working like steam engines. It took people some time to find out for sure that these formidable giants were Slocum and Yensen; but in a year or two they had all kinds of live stock, had been arrested a dozen times for cattle stealing, and the Government agents had warrants out for them for slashing timber over the line.

"In fact, Slocum in particular had developed into one of the leading citizens of the region, and the people of the county wanted him to run for election as tax collector, but he refused on account of having almost all he wanted where he was. He said it was all he could do to find work enough to keep him busy, but that he wasn't so stuck after a job as to try to collect tax money in Lassen county; said it was all he could do to collect tools, ammunition and stock enough from the

nchers to keep himself and his partner supplied, be-
se the ranchers were to lazy to get anything much.
ocum and Yensen were now so full of energy, other
ople were afraid of them. They had accumulated a
of property, including cattle, horses, mules and sheep
l other ranchers missed things of the same brand, but
of them were curious enough to inquire of Slocum,
cause he had grown too impulsive. It was all on ac-
nt of the altitude," concluded the old gentleman,
e higher some men get in these mountains the
rder it becomes for them to control themselves.
king posts and rails, the use of a crosscut saw about
hours"—

At this point I began to lose faith in my grandfather,
I quietly reached a trout from a pan in the next
om, rubbed the nose of Jack, the bear, with it, and
n put it hastily away. Jack had been sound asleep
the floor, but he got up immediately and began a
r dance, squalling for the fish that he couldn't find.
thing made Jack so ambitious and noisy as the
ell of fish, and as an interruption to conversation at
critical time he was a squalling success. The old
ntleman had had considerable experience with wild
ars, and he did not put sufficient faith in Jack to
ntinue his story at that time; he preferred to retire,
it was past his bedtime, anyhow. He rarely told
ch long yarns as this one, and while telling it he had
n busy with other things, such as the fire, wood,
ter and what not, while he gave a good deal of time
watching Jack's doings, allowing that animal con-
erable freedom, but always a little suspicious of his
ocence. I may have misconstrued some of the de-
ls of his narrative about Slocum, but after we had
en at this place some days all of us believed the most
it. Whenever I set off with an ax or other imple-
ent of industry, Enochs would tell Dick to "look out
Slocum, and chain up the blankets and provisions."
Although we were out for an easy time, we found
rselves getting up before daybreak, eating five or six
nes a day, hunting, fishing, chasing Jack about, doing
erything except resting. About a mile and a half
st and west of us were cañons, the headwaters of the
w creeks, and we made frequent trips to them for
h. The streams were so small at their heads, and
ere was so much brush and chaotic confusion of
len trees, logs, rocks and boulders in these cañons,
ere was no chance for fly-fishing. Trout were there
large numbers, but there were few holes or eddies
re than eight or ten feet wide, while much of the
ter was defended from our encroachment by im-
netrable tangles of vines or precipitous banks. We
ok all the fish we wanted with bait, and found our
nusement in watching the hundreds of trout in the
eper holes.

Dick was an expert fisherman, but Enochs was the
orest excuse I ever saw attached to fishing tackle.
e would work harder and longer in making prepara-
ons, break down more brush and driftwood, have
ore trouble and make more fuss at it than a woman.
inally he would get in a conspicuous position above
me pool, where he could hang over the water, and
ter he had scared every fish out of it, he would sink
s bait to the bottom and wait with wonderful patience
-that is to say, wonderful for him. A peculiar look of
licitude and anticipation would rest upon his counte-
ance, and after a while he would pull his line carefully
the surface with now and then a water dog or a
rtle upon it. If any one was watching he would
uietly let his catch sink to the bottom again, while he
uttered inexpressible things. After a while he would
aul in and release his catch by slyly cutting the line.
n hunting he was no more successful. He would get
p and out at daybreak, hunt with great enthusiasm and
dustry, climb the steepest, rockiest and brushiest hill-
des without seeing a deer or firing a shot. I believe
e killed a squirrel or two in the time we were out,
ut squirrels might be shot at any hour from our camp,
lmost any time from our wagon when upon the road.

Upon these trips we let Jack follow, and he usually
waggered along with us for a while until he found
omething about some old log or tree of interest, when
e would stray off by himself, usually returning to camp
bout the time he guessed that we would be cooking
omething or dressing game or fish. At such times we
ad to chain him up, as he persisted in taking a hand,
r, rather, both hands in the operation. He liked his
enison and fish raw, but he accepted it cooked, half-
ooked, or, in fact, otherwise. Sometimes we would
ive him a fish or a piece of meat hissing hot from the
re in an effort to teach him some little deliberation.
He never attempted to gorge these hot things, but he
ould paw them about with great gravity and patience
or an animal with his capacity for things he liked.
t was often diverting to see the jealousy manifested by
ack and the dogs while food was in course of prepara-
ion, for they were nearly always hungry. They were
ot often cross, but they were so distressingly eager
hat we often fed them the first thing. I could not see
hat it took any more to satisfy Jack than it did the
logs, while the bear seemed the more contented and
layful when he had been supplied. He sometimes took
rom the dogs a bone that he preferred, but upon the
whole there was an amicable understanding between the
hree that never culminated in trouble. It might have
been different if any one of them was suffering for
ood.

Do what we might, and try as we could, we could
neither suppress our inclinations to be almost con-
stantly moving about, or to be eating something. Un-
rest and hunger seemed to be in the air we breathed,
sure enough, and the same spirit and energy and ap-
petite filled all the animals. Our horses, as docile and
well trained as any could well be, were now a source of
anxiety. If there was a loose stake or rail they would
get out of the pasture or out of the stable, while they
filled themselves with timothy hay until their hides
were stretched and the hair was scattered about upon
them almost at rare intervals.

I would not like to be quoted as saying that our
horses got so full of hay that they had no more hairs
to the square inch of hide than a Chinaman has of
whiskers, but I say with entire assurance and without
undue qualification, that the hair upon them was not,
at such times, as thick as the trees of the surrounding
forests. When one of them was patted he reverberated
like a big drum, and if you punched one of them vig-
orously his elastic reaction would knock you down be-
fore you could take your fist away. A well hung punch-
ing bag would be no comparison, while all this time
the horses were taking in more hay. When we first
arrived at the summit, we could lead those horses about
anywhere between the trees, but after we had been there
a week we had to lead them long distances around to
get them to water, or we had to take the road. Why,
when we wanted to pass one of them we saved time
by crawling under; it would be a close squeeze between
his midway elevation and the ground, but none of us
wanted to be all day about getting around a horse or
even a haystack. The animals got away from us several
times, but it took them so long to squeeze between trees
in their distended condition, we soon overtook them
and worked them back to camp. I tried to ride one of
them bareback, but owing to his spherical development
and my inability to adapt my legs to it, I decided to
walk. I have seen cowboys that might have done it,
for some of them are arched like a rainbow. Besides,
they commence riding horses before their legs get into
shape, and they keep them going that way.

RANSACKER.

The Turtle's Direction Sense.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 26.—I read with great interest an article in a late issue, on "How Fishes Find Their Way in the Water." I lived several years on the east coast of Florida at a place just being settled by a colony from New Britain, Conn. I arrived there the latter part of November, 1875. With the exception of one or two small farm houses, the settlers were living in tents and palmetto shanties, and were engaged in setting out wild orange stumps as fast as they could clear the land. I went to Florida to spend the winter hunting and fishing and to get away from the cold northeast winter of my home in New Hampshire. I was given a hearty welcome and soon had a comfortable camp to live in. The east coast at that time was some forty miles from the line of Florida travel; it was seldom visited by northern sportsmen, and I soon found that it was a veritable sportsman's paradise. Bear, deer and wild turkey were abundant.

My first bear was as fat as a seal. I had been there but a few days, and this was the first fresh meat the people had had. Everybody got bear meat and bear grease a-plenty. It is the best in the world for cooking, as you cannot burn it. My reputation was firmly established as a hunter; they all, even the women, knew the report of my gun. I fire-hunted a great deal. One old fellow said whenever they heard the report of my gun, "You can bet your life D's bringing in meat." I remember once killing two deer, one with each barrel, so quickly that those who heard the report thought I had accidentally pulled both triggers.

During the summer months, from May to August, the loggerhead, or big sea turtle, lay their eggs on the beach. They come possibly hundreds of miles, and if undisturbed will land within a few yards of the same place year after year. They crawl up the beach in the night and make their nest in the sand just above high water mark. I have watched them from behind a sandhill, but a few feet away. They dig the hole with their hind flippers, and after covering it over, first filling it with eggs, they will go a few feet and make another place, I always thought as a blind, for one looks just like the other. They lay each month usually during the high tides of that month, beginning in May and ending in August, from 90 to 185 eggs, that can be put to more uses than hens' eggs.

During the summer of 1876 I found and brought into camp 2,755 eggs. The yolk in coffee is as good as rich cream, and for butter cakes and egg-nogg they have no equal. I put some in the sand near our camp, and in twenty-seven days the top eggs hatched; the rest in three days more. The little turtles would dig out, raise their little heads and sniff the air a moment, then start for the river, 100 yards away. It was always a mystery to me how a turtle could find the same place on the shore. When a short distance out at sea it all looks alike—just sandy ridges, with scrub palmetto and coarse grass. There are no landmarks for miles and miles.

S. B. D.

Philippine Crocodile and Scout.

CAMP CONNELL, SAMAR, P. I., Sept. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following excerpt from a letter written to me by Contract Surgeon J. A. Escobar, U. S. Army, stationed at Oras, Samar, P. I., under date of Sept. 18, may be of interest to members of the FOREST AND STREAM family:

"As you are a hunter and interested in natural history the following account may be of interest to you. Some ten days ago, in the evening, when two scouts at Cagpili were bathing in the Oras River, one of them was taken by a crocodile. A week ago yesterday I went hunting for these reptiles on the same river, and was fortunate in killing and securing one whose length was, upon measurement, one inch less than eighteen feet and whose girth was about seven or eight feet. The saurian was brought to Oras, where its stomach was opened and the following contents withdrawn therefrom: The remains of two monkeys, two pieces of tin ean and the bones of both arms and both legs of what had been a human being. Whether these bones were those of the scout who disappeared while bathing, or of some other individual I am, of course unable to state positively, but anatomieally I have no doubt of their having been human bones."

A .45-90 Winchester repeater, with the regular black powder cartridge (300-grain bullet) was used by the doctor, who fired twice, the first shot taking effect behind the foreleg, the seeond between the eyes of the man-eater.

The reptile killed by Dr. Escobar is readily identified as a true crocodile, not only from the shape of the head, but also from the position of the canine tooth of the lower jaw.

Captain O. P. Robinson, of the Philippine Scouts, is the happy owner of an albino monkey. The animal was eaught in eastern Samar some months ago, and is beeoming quite domesticated.

A. M. MACNAB,
First Lieut. Philippine Scouts.

A Blackbird's Victim.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Sunday I visited the big bird cage in Forest Park and witnessed a tragedy among the inhabitants.

My attention was attracted by a fine specimen of a crow blackbird, which appeared to be testing the flyaway capacity of the great cage. As the bird returned from a rapid flight to the east end of the cage and passed very close to where I stood I noted the blackbird was chasing a sparrow. Suddenly both birds wheeled and darted to the ground, almost at my feet, with a thud that scattered the sand and dust on the bottom of the cage.

The fight that ensued was fierce for several moments, when the weight and strength of the larger bird began to tell, and finally taking the sparrow by the neck and holding it on the ground the blackbird actually stood upon its victim until it ceased to struggle. Then carefully releasing its hold on the neck the black murderer proceeded to pound the head of its victim with its sharp bill until there was not a kick or a struggle left in the unfortunate sparrow.

With hundreds of people about and many of them as intensely intersted as myself we watched the murderer finish up the job. It was when, with one foot still clutching the body of the dead bird, the blackbird deliberately began to pick its victim's eyes out, that many ladies and little girls retired from the scene. How I wished for a camera with which to record the evidence against this black murderous cannibal.

When all was over I hunted up the keeper, who tells me that almost daily the blackbird kills a sparrow. At this season most of the smaller birds have been removed from the cage, otherwise, I presume, the killing would not be confined to any particular kind of the smaller birds in captivity. I doubt if the result would have been as above described if the attack of the blackbird had been made in the open, at least I have never read nor heard of such a thing.

NOYNEK.

Ruffed Grouse Vagaries.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest various accounts of the vagaries of ruffed grouse. These have been of the usual plunging-through-windows or against-wires variety. An Eagle Lake (Ticonderoga) farmer and hunter related the following incident last summer: "I was sitting on my porch one afternoon when I was frightened by some heavy object striking hard against the side of the front door. I turned around and found a large partridge lying as if stunned under a chair. Before I had time to get out of my seat another object seemed to come out of the clouds and struck almost where the bird did. It was a large hawk. Before I could get my wits about me the partridge started off again as well as ever, and the hawk followed. Both were going in a straight line, and I am sure that the hawk could catch his prey. Whether the bird flew to the house for protection or hoped that I would shoot the pursuer I don't know. These hawks are death to any bunch of partridges that they get after. I have known a covey of a dozen or more to be wiped out one by one by them."

I wonder if the bird in question was a duck hawk. It was in a mountain valley near a pretty large lake and abounding in creeks and streams. I have never before heard of a hawk trying to fly down a grouse on a long distance course. Perhaps some of your readers have.

PETER FLINT.

[Within the limits of New York city we have on two occasions seen an English sparrow dash into a room in flight from a sparrow hawk.]

More Bird Reservations.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the writing of my article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 21 on bird reservations, the President has issued three additional orders establishing bird reservations as follows: "Siskiwit Island Reservation, embracing a group of unsurveyed islands at the mouth of Siskiwit Bay on the south side of Isle Royal, in Lake Superior, Mich.; the Huron Islands Reservation, including all unsurveyed islands of the Huron Islands group along the south shore of Lake Superior in Tp. 53 N., R. 29 W., Mich., and the Passage Key Reservation at the mouth of Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida."

From 6,000 to 10,000 herring gulls breed annually in the Siskiwit Islands and many other forms besides, and in the Huron Islands about 1,500 gulls with terns and other species breed. Passage Key is the greatest breeding ground for terns and other water birds characteristic of that locality found along the Florida coasts. Effort was being made to get possession of Passage Key for the purpose of exploiting it as a resort at the time the Executive order was issued, and the signing of the order was extremely opportune since the bird population would have been annihilated in six months more.

All three Executive orders are dated Oct. 10, 1905. The National Association of Audubon Societies will place wardens in charge of these reserves at once.

FRANK BOND.

Fulvous Tree Duck in Washington.

NEWSPAPER reports on natural history matters are proverbially untrustworthy, yet often are worth investigating. An item appearing in a recent issue of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer is of this character. The fulvous (*Dendrocygna fulva*) tree duck is a tropical and sub-tropical species found in Mexico, parts of California and Nevada, Louisiana and Texas. Its occurrence so far north as Washington would be very surprising. The item says:

The first specimen of the fulvous tree duck ever killed north of British, French and Dutch Guiana was shot a few days ago by Phil. Locke, of Aberdeen, near Grays Harbor. The bird has been stuffed and is now in the possession of the hunter who killed it, and is prized as a rare trophy by him.

The creature is much like the American wood duck, recognized as one of the most beautiful of birds. In color it is light brown on the breast and a beautiful mottled brown on the back. In shape it is much the same as the American wood duck, but is considerably more leggy.



GAME BAG AND GUN



In the Fall of the Year.

W'en de possum an' 'taters am er sizzin',
An' de ash cake am er bakin' in de coals,
W'en de squirrels am er barkin' in de hickories,
An' he cottontails am snugglin' der holes,
W'en ole Bob White sets yer blood all in a tingle,
As he loudly whistles fer his lady love,
W'en de north wind starts to loosen up de shingles,
An' is sighin' in de treetops up erbove,
W'en de frost turns all de leaves ter red and yeller,
An' de 'simmons an' de scaly barks am good,
W'en de pumpkin on de vine am rich an' meller,
An' de screech owls am er screechin' in de wood—
Den it's time ter start ter cleanin' up Ole Betsy,
An' ter keep de dogs from gittin' over fat;
Kaze de raccoons am er gittin' mighty "pesky,"
An' dey's usin' on de hills an' in de flat.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed pleased find a little poem. I have dedicated it to my very dear friend Frank Blomberg, who is a sportsman in the broadest sense of the word. He and John T. Hudson and myself a few nights ago went coon hunting. Our guide, Joe, was one of those old-time, before-the-war negroes that are too swiftly and very surely passing away. He is a dog-trainer, and has handled some very fine dogs in his days. He still trains a few setters and pointers, but is getting old, "an' de rheumatiz" (as he puts it) has about gotten the best of him. Joe has never lost his love for coon hunting; he always keeps a small pack of good coon dogs, and every fall he is sure to come to see me and makes me promise to go out some night next week and take a coon hunt, and I always promise and never disappoint him. Some of my happiest hours have been spent in the fields and forests with Joe and his dogs, and it is with sincere regret that I see him growing old. Joe is a good shot and loves the sport, and is always thoughtful and considerate. When in the field, the dogs point a covey or a single bird, he will never flush until "de white folks" come up; and when one shoots and fails to bag his bird, he is always ready with an excuse, such as "Yo' feathered him," or "Dat bird was shore a long ways off and flying some." As a rule, when Joe misses he says, "Dese ole eyes er mine is a-goin' back on me," or "De shells dey make now'days ain't what dey uster be." I have never seen his equal at rabbit shooting, and he prides himself on never missing one, "'ceptin' once in erwhile."

On the night of Oct. 6 my friends and I drove out to Joe's farm. We reached there at 8 o'clock, and found everything in readiness. Joe had a mule for each of us to ride, and in less than twenty minutes we were on our way to the old river bottom, where possum and coons are very numerous. In due time we reached the bottom, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the dogs had "struck trail," and pretty soon a coon was "up a tree," and in less than a half hour was ours. There was a time when it would have taken much longer to catch and kill a coon. That was before headlights were used to shine them. Then we would have had to cut down the tree, and that entailed a lot of labor and the useless destruction of many trees. Since timber has been so scarce and valuable, the farmers who own timberlands strenuously object to coon hunting—and I do not blame them.

On this hunt we used headlights, and while some may say (and rightly, too) that it is unsportsmanlike, it most certainly affords one lots of fun and plenty of exercise. When the dogs trailed a coon and treed him, one of the party would take the gun and shoot it out. A coon is a tough customer, and will give the dogs a tussle if he is not too badly hurt. It was nearly 1 o'clock when we decided to start back home. We had killed four coons and had caught two possums—not so bad, considering the rough going on account of the dense undergrowth and the early season. The moon was high in the heavens when we got back to Joe's shack. Everybody was happy and tired, but we were soon revived, and sat down before a blazing log fire and told tales and experiences of former coon hunts. Joe loves to talk about the good old times, when he used to pilot his "young massa" through the forests in pursuit of turkeys, squirrels and other game, and it was after listening to his reminiscences of the good old bygone days that I wrote the lines. R. C. STREHL.

Carrying Game Through New Jersey.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your esteemed favor of Oct. 4, I beg to say that the New Jersey Commission decided over a year ago that while it was a technical violation of the law to take any game out of the State in another one, the act was designed to protect New Jersey game only, and that the Commission would not enforce the law against any persons bringing game from without the confines of this State and transport it across the State into another. Our wardens have been instructed not to make arrest of parties bringing game lawfully killed in New York, Pennsylvania or any other State across the ferries from Jersey City to New York. It very frequently happens that parties attempt to take advantage of our action in this matter, and claim they have been hunting in another State, and it frequently happens that parties who have lawfully killed game in another State, are held up until they can show where the game was killed. It would therefore be advisable for the parties desiring to take game out of New Jersey, that was killed in another State, to have some manner of proving quickly and conclusively that the game was not killed in New Jersey, but lawfully in another State. BENJ. P. MORRIS, Pres.

Shooting in the South.

The Realms of Sport.

Concluded from page 332.

WHEN the first flight of wildfowl appears along the Virginia and Carolina coasts it is hurrah for Currituck and the rough, strenuous life of the wildfowler. Many sportsmen are devoted to upland shooting and see little joy in lying out in batteries or huddled in a blind, exposed to cold and wet. Only the hardy few can enjoy the sport and brace up to the fierce biting gales that frequently degenerate into cold, driving rain that laughs to scorn one's dogskin jacket and chills him to the very marrow.

The coming of frigid mid-winter last season sent a host of humanity scurrying Floridawards, others to whom game was a predominant factor dropped off near good shooting grounds, regardless of the vagaries of the weather. Among that class was the writer of this article, who selected Georgetown, S. C., from among a bevy of attractions. The local pulled out of Charleston about sunset en route for Georgetown via Lanes. We pass Monks Corner, famous in Revolutionary annals, and presently enter upon wild stretches of woodland interspersed with unkempt areas of cultivation. The maze of swamps that line the railway gradually merged their individuality in a haze of shrouded mystery; the early glow of twilight illuminated the woods and waters with a ghostly pallor, and the inanimate forms of nature assumed strange portentous shapes as night advanced, until the twinkling lights of Georgetown proclaimed the journey's end. I was soon comfortably installed in the Tourist Hotel. Its name is somewhat misleading, as no tourist element intrudes to faze the sportsman; the well-worn habiliments of the hunting field pass muster in dining room or corridor. The town is somewhat antiquated and slow, but Georgetown presents a neat and attractive appearance. The lumber industry is drawing heavily on the magnificent forests of pine that shelter an innumerable host of animal and bird life. A couple of settlers, residing about seven miles out of Georgetown, are said to keep their larder well supplied with deer hams. That paragon of feathered game, the wild turkey, roams through a vast domain controlled by the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company; flocks are occasionally seen skulking near lonely forest paths and clearings, often vanishing as mysteriously as they came. Baiting is often resorted to, but calling is not in vogue. They are generally chanced upon by hunters after deer or quail. The numerous swamps that infest the coast present an almost impenetrable barrier to the pursuit of this noble bird. Woodcock, quail, ducks, snipe and doves are found in fair numbers from eight to twelve miles from town. A team is easily procured, but good guides and dogs are at a premium. I was fortunate in securing the services of a young man who owned a valuable setter. Another canine that frequently accompanied us was unsteady and made false points. The mornings were frequently nippish, necessitating the use of a heavy sweater, while ice crunched beneath the horses' feet as we struck out for some happy hunting ground over a road that had a decided leaning to ruts and quagmires, but was redeemed by glorious vistas of towering pines and awesome swamps tinged by the early flush of dawn. Negroes of all shades are a feature of the landscape that remains with us from start to finish. Wild looking clearings loom up ahead at irregular intervals, where the smoke ascends from frowsy cabins, whose owners from lack of ambition—laziness—have lost their grip and allowed weeds, creepers and thickets (the skirmishers thrown out by the stately forest that rims the background) to encroach on the patch.

We have drifted far beyond the ken of the town sport, when Belle and her dubious ally are turned loose to scour the roadside coverts. Presently we pull up and watch them puzzling over a warm scent; but nothing rewards the setter's eager quest; the birds have flown. Many a good bevy is passed by the heedless sportsman who saves his dogs for some grand coup farther on that often fails to materialize. The reader can draw his own conclusions from what follows. We arrived at the farm in high feather, our hopes soaring like a towering quail. This farm raises abundant crops of tobacco and quail; it also furnishes good lodging and fare for a modest compensation. Everything looked propitious as we started across the fields in the rear of the house to investigate one of the best quail grounds within striking distance of Georgetown, reserved exclusively for the guests of the Tourist Hotel.

Dogs and sportsmen alike plunged gaily into the melange of tussocks, weeds and saplings that led up from swampy woods. Imagine our feelings at seeing the dogs draw blank in coverts that previously had resounded with the tumultuous roar of rising bevies. We rooted out a few stragglers but the main body had either retired into the swamp or were lying up, goodness knows where. The sport soon degenerated into unmitigated drudgery, so calling the disgruntled dogs to heel we departed in a most unamiable mood for Georgetown. Bravely our forlorn hope charged through tangled thickets and careened among the pines bracing up tired muscles by an occasional dip in swamp water. Only one woodcock rewarded our efforts. This lone bird was the first and last of his species. We did not chance on another specimen in all our wandering. The guide's idea was that they burrow in the swamps.

These vast areas of submerged woodlands are a haven of refuge to the persecuted game. They are a fierce proposition, presenting an array of forest impedimenta supplemented by slimy pools, the home of the deadly moccasin. All manner of wild life thrives within the sombre fastnesses, but the miasma that emanates from the watery receptacles is inimical to the life of man. Quail are often flushed close to the edge of a swamp. A hit by a choke under such conditions generally annihilates the feathered target. Right barrel open, left full choke, is the arm for brush shooting. If a .12, and not too light, it will give a good account of itself among turkeys and ducks. Deer are numerous in the wilder sections of the woods, a shotgun loaded with buckshot or ball is often resorted to. It may pass muster in thick cover, but the sportsman that wields it in the open advertises his lack of skill with that noblest of weapons, the rifle.

Cold weather to the north sends down thousands of ducks, mostly mallards, to settle on the coast and inland marshes. The constant fusilade that greets them morning and evening from market gunners and local sportsmen puts them on their mettle, and frequently shuts the visitor out from scoring. Duck shooting is rough work and calls for a flawless physique. To remain crouched in the sedge for hours, the sport of the elements, varied by hazardous leaps across brimming ditches, heart-rending misses that leave him a prey to silent fury, constitute a few of the minor annoyances that are quickly forgotten when fortune smiles again. About ten miles out of Georgetown is an ideal spot for ducks. What happy times I recall camping in the old boat house replete with comforts that only sportsmen appreciate. It is true, that the roof leaked in sundry places (the guide ought to know, as he was rooted out of his sleep one stormy night), while bitter cold oft romped in through the crevices of the old structure and dominated the situation from midnight to dawn, but failed to rouse the tired sleepers. The gray light of early morning faintly illumines the cabin as we emerge from our blankets, and quickly don our hunting toggery, tumble into the waiting boat, accompanied by the shivering dog, who is hustled aside when he collides with guns and trampling feet. We soon strike the opposite bank of the river. Climbing up to higher ground discloses a wide extent of marsh aglare with ice, mute evidence of the arctic winter that has clamped the North in its icy grip. The prospect is enough to quench the ardor of the most inveterate. Realizing the futility of our efforts, we nevertheless skirmish about in the sedge silently anathematizing our congealed surroundings. The emptiness of marsh, sky and game pockets reacting on empty stomachs soon punctures our bluff and sends us scudding back to our old quarters. Once within the charmed precincts of our amphibious residence we shed cold and disappointment along with our rough habiliments and revel in the grateful warmth none the worse for our experience.

What rejoicing there was when propitious gales from off the coast sent hosts of mallards scurrying inland, to settle over the vast expanse of feeding grounds. Fortunately, a good duck dog was part of the outfit; his services were invaluable in retrieving game that dropped in places where man or boat dare not venture. Our larder was kept well supplied with feathered game, venison, rabbits and squirrels constituting a missing link in our camp menu. Their absence scarce created a ripple, as ducks, snipe and doves were always with us. At one time we had more ducks than we could conveniently use, so a friendly rice planter got the benefit. Later on he rendered valuable assistance in bracing up our dwindling commissary. The joint efforts of the guide and Jim, a colored gemman of sporting proclivities, frequently culminated in gastronomic triumphs that were partaken of with silent thanksgiving. The memory of these hunters' feasts is wafted about like grateful incense, as I follow the devious trail of my wanderings. How often when coming off the marsh at eventide, chilled with cold, hungry, wet and mud bedaubed, we stumble through the doorway of the cabin and collapse in the welcome embrace of the rockers, tired but happy. After being duly thawed out we discard our wet gear, stowing them and our guns in a dry corner. An occasional yelp from some down-trodden canine helps enliven things while the aromas of baked mallards and coffee proclaim the near advent of supper. Presently we fall to with appetites sharpened by fatigue and exposure; game, hot biscuits, rice and a variety of comestibles brace up the inner man wonderfully, while pleasant comradery puts the blues to rout. Our next move is to gather about the stove where we keep up a desultory fire of conversation punctuated as night wears on apace with yawns and sleepy nods that herald the coming of the drowsy god. ARTIST.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Accounts differ as to whether deer are plentiful or not. Probably the deer are about as numerous as usual, taking the Adirondack region as a whole, but they are far more plentiful on the private preserves than on the grounds over which the public roams at will. Of course the effect of the private preserves has been to congest the public on the lands which are accessible, and the deer are learning their parks of refuge. It is a pity that the State doesn't own the private preserves, for then it could make preserves in which hunting could be entirely prohibited. As it is, the tame deer of the preserves are subject to slaughter like cattle, if the preservers care for that sort of thing.

Deer in the region south of Jock's North and South Lakes and south of Morehouseville are only half, or less as plentiful as last year. More than 100 deer were killed in that territory last winter by crusters, some of whom supplied the town of Wilmurt, hotels and all, with venison until March, when the game warden, the now notorious Charles Klock, put in his appearance and arrested one man, Irve Wright, who went to Herkimer jail for 100 days. The rest of the gang escaped.

In the territory, embracing 100 square miles, only one deer is known to have escaped the crusters. He was a buck which was driven by dogs to the vicinity of Flansburg settlement, where the residents watched him and

ved him. The doe, heavy with fawn, which accom-nied the buck, was pulled down by dogs and killed in race that took the buck to safety.

Some good deer have been killed this season in Herki-r county. A number have been shot from buggies by d travelers, notably a white one a few miles north of tle Falls. The few days that I passed in the woods re dry, and approaching deer was a matter to test one's ll. Hunters generally report dry weather as a cause baffling their efforts. I doubt very much if the num- of deer taken from the mountains this year will equal low record of previous years.

The game wardens are showing considerable activity on sides. Hounding is being done around the Tupper ke country, and in other Adirondack localities. But gradual tightening of the lines by the present game, n and forest administration has resulted in a marked crease in hound values. In northern Herkimer county, fore the law forbidding hounding was passed, hounds re worth and brought from $50 to $100. Last fall they d nearly reached the former valuation. This fall an cellent deer hound brought only $20. The purchaser sumably needed him for service in South Wilmurt, ound the forks of the West Canada, where it has not n too dangerous to dog deer.

Partridges were never more plentiful in the edge of the woods, if I may judge of those seen in the old chop-gs up the West Canada. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

TILE FALLS, N. Y.

Big Game Shooting.*

THOUGH big game is constantly getting scarcer and rcer, books on big game hunting continue to be writ-, and yet if the truth were known a good big game ry is hard to write. There are obviously two ways writing such accounts. One has to do with the simple ort" side, as it is often called, that is to say, with the covery of the game, the approach and the kill; while other deals with the animals themselves, the country y live in, their ways of life—their natural history in t—and make the killing of an animal merely the climax the story. There are very many sportsmen, who, ile successful in the amount of game that they have led, are quite unable to tell their story from the natural tory viewpoint, and must necessarily confine them-ves to the excitement of the chase and the capture of trophy. It is hardly necessary to say that an account ich deals with the life history of the animal, as well with the acts of the hunter, appeals to a larger sym-thy and a wider public than one wh ch is a mere narra-e of capture, and the writer who deals with the sport the broader lines tells a more interesting story than who knows but little about the habits of the animal pursues.

Two volumes entitled "Big Game Shooting" have re-ntly been published in the Country Life Library of ort and issued by two London firms as well as by harles Scribner's Sons, of New York. They are edited Horace G. Hutchinson, contain together over 600 ges, and are illustrated with a multitude of beautiful gravings. These are composite volumes, and the chap-rs contributed to them are written by a number of big me hunters, all well known in England and some of em in this country. Among the latter are Sir Henry ton Karr, Clive Phillipps-Wolley, Warburton Pike and S. Reed, while Mr. H. A. Bryden, who writes of the g game of Africa, is also well known here. The volumes e divided into Parts, the first of which—less than thirty ges—is devoted to Sporting Rifles, by the Hon. T. F. reemantle. In an interesting chapter he brings to-ther considerable useful information. It is interesting note that the Lyman sight is recommended to British ortsmen, and interesting also is the comparison of the attery of rifles" recommended to-day with that ad-sed a dozen years ago for east Africa in the Badminton ibrary volume on "Big Game Shooting for East Africa." hat list ran from a single four-bore rifle, down to a .295 ook rifle, and included two double barrels. Now, Mr. reemantle says that, by taking a proper assortment of rtridges, a double rifle of .45 to .50-bore for big game all kinds, and a magazine rifle of .256 to .350-bore for er and smaller quadrupeds, will answer all purposes. f course the difference comes about largely through the loption of smokeless powder and of new forms of ullet.

The main portion of Volume I. consists of two Parts, uropean Big Game, and American Big Game. Of the uropean section the red deer naturally takes up by far e greater portion. There are chapters on Scottish Red eer and Deer Stalking, by Sir Allen Mackenzie and the litor, one on Park Red Deer and the Warnham Court erd, one on the Scandinavian Red Deer and one on the ontinental Red Deer, both by Sir Henry Seton Karr. hapters on Reindeer Stalking in Norway, and on Nor-egian Elk Hunting, by Mr. Abel Chapman, are followed one on the Chamois, by Randolph Ll. Hodgson. The Varnham Court red deer have been carefully bred for ze and for fine heads, and the illustrations of heads om that herd show how successful this movement has een. A stag is described, which, at ten years old, had no ss than thirty-two points, and there was one which had rty-seven points, the cast horn weighing seventeen ounds one ounce. While there are larger parks and arger herds of red deer in parks, this particular herd lands very high in estimation of experts on the red deer. Not a few stags have been taken from it to im-rove the deteriorating wild deer of the deer forests of cotland. In his chapter on Continental Red Deer Mr. eton Karr has a good deal to say about deer's horns, nd among others discusses those of the wapiti. He de-lares that in the wapiti group there is an absence of upping on the crown of the antler, but later, in speaking f the West American wapiti—by which he means those f Vancouver Island—says that there is a tendency to upping and to palmation. Again, on page 172, he says ccasionally wapiti horns are palmate, and this is said of ulls in Wyoming, or, at all events, on the main divide. As a matter of fact, old hunters know that cupping and palmation in the horns of the wapiti was not very unusual.

Part III. of Volume I., is devoted to American big game. The moose, elk, caribou, mule deer, blacktail deer and whitetail deer, the mountain sheep, Dall's sheep, bears and the muskox are all more or less fully described, but to our very great astonishment not a word is said about the buffalo, the pronghorn antelope or the white goat. Obviously these animals were known to the editor, for there is a picture of buffalo and one or two of antelope, but the white goat is not referred to at all except that it is mentioned as "goat" in a chapter on Game Laws, which Mr. Phillipps-Wolley contributes to close the volume.

The chapter on moose, by Mr. Phillipps-Wolley, and the one on the Moose of Alaska, by Capt. C. E. Radclyffe, have both to do with the moose of the northwest coast. Each contains some information as to weight and horns. Captain Radclyffe killed a seventy-seven-inch moose head and Mr. Phillipps-Wolley gives the list of Mr. Reed's heads running from sixty-five to seventy-six inches, the climax being capped by the horns of a bull moose found dead in Kenai River a few years ago said to have measured slightly over eighty-one inches.

In Volume II., Part I. is devoted to African big game. Mr. Bryden's introductory chapter points out that there are still large areas of country in the African continent where the white man's face is almost unknown. To show how much we still have to learn about Africa, he instances the recent discovery of the okapi and of a number of new antelopes, zebras and other animals. It is true that in many cases where a multitudinous life once crowded the veldt those ancient pastures are now vacant, but in many parts of Africa there is still abundant game. Preservation also has done something for Cape Colony, and certain species of game are increasing. First rate big game hunting is still to be had, though of course the sport will cost more in labor, in time and in money than formerly. Game licenses range from $50 to $250, and much of the hunting has to be done on foot and under severe heat, so that success in hunting in South Africa means work. On the other hand, it means also education. It teaches a man to be observant, quick, strong, self-reliant. No doubt it was because the Boers were practiced hunters that they were also such good soldiers.

Mr. Bryden's battery of rifles includes five arms, among them a double eight-bore paradox and a twelve-bore double-barrel shotgun. These are the special weapons of the leader of the expedition, who also has to supply a certain number of his people—his native hunters and the like—with rifles for their use.

One turns with interest to the article on lions—for we all, big or little, learned or ignorant, love to hear about the king of beasts—and Mr. Bryden's account of the lion is a very excellent one. He does not tell much about killing them, but gives a great deal of information about their habits, and especially about their ways of hunting. He speaks also of the ease with which a lion is killed compared with the thick-skinned elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, or even the larger antelopes. Of the leopard he says: "It is a fact not known to all naturalists and hunters that the leopard is in the habit of depositing carcasses of slain prey in the forks of branches of some old tree no great way from its cave or hiding place. Such a place is well known to Cape Colonists as 'the leopard's larder.' The food often becomes high and stinking, but the leopard, like the lion, is not a specially clean feeder and will devour decaying carcasses as readily as will a hyena or a vulture. I well remember being shown one of the larders by a Kaffir spoorer who hunted with me; its odors will remain always in my memory. There were the remains of a baboon and the carcass of a klipspringer fawn. In mountain countries, such as I speak of, the leopard will, I think, in preference kill a klipspringer before any other quarry. In this he shows his good taste, for the venison of this most dainty little antelope is among the best in all Africa. Next to the klipspringer he chooses the baboon, an animal which abounds only too plentifully in almost every range of Cape Colony. The baboons look upon the leopards as their most deadly foe, and hate him accordingly. They are most alert, wide-awake beasts, and in daytime have sentries always posted; still, notwithstanding all their cleverness, the leopard usually gets the better of them and secures his dinner when he needs it. It is said, and I believe with truth, that occasionally two or three 'old men' baboons, when desperate or cornered, will go for the leopard, and nathless his strength, his teeth and his fearful claws, rend him to bits. An adult baboon can instantly kill a big and strong dog by tearing out his throat with his enormously powerful teeth, and I see no reason whatever why two or three of these fierce apes should not vanquish a leopard." The elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus come in the next chapter, The Pachyderms, and it is interesting to know that the elephant is still destroyed by ancient methods, such as the spear, trap and pitfall.

There are chapters on Asses and Zebras, the Giraffe and Okapi, Hartebeests and Gnus, Antelope and Gazelles, the Buffalo and one on Deer, Sheep, Goats, Pigs and Ostrich.

Part II. of this volume, dealing with Asiatic Big Game, has for us an especial interest because it treats of the land where many of our big game animals undoubtedly originated. Here are marvellous sheep and goats, certain deer so like some American species that they cannot be separated specifically from them, giant buffalo and bison, so-called, though very different animals from those which Americans know by the name, and the tiger. All these chapters are by Major Cumberland, and the volume closes with a chapter on Big Game Shooting in Burmah, by Mr. E. D. Cumming. Major Cumberland's account of Asiatic big game is extremely interesting, especially his chapter on sheep and goats, and every hunter will look with great interest at the very beautiful engravings which adorn this chapter.

Of the material found in the volumes the most interesting is that which deals with Africa and Asia. It is to be regretted that the different chapters are of very unequal interest. On the other hand, the illustrations are of great beauty, there is much matter in the volumes and they should be in the library of all big game hunters. Price, $7.50 net.

*Big Game Shooting. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, London and New York. 2 vols. Cloth. Illus. Price $7.50 net.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Cleans out smokeless powder; keeps bore bright and ready for use. —*Adv.*

The Quails of the United States.*

BY SYLVESTER D. JUDD, ASSISTANT, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

(*Continued from page 855*)

Legislation in Behalf of Bobwhite.

In addition to natural causes, reasons for the diminished numbers of bobwhites are diversity in the open season, shooting out of season, excessive shooting in season, and unrestricted shooting and trapping for market. Lack of uniformity in laws of adjoining States, and in some cases of adjoining counties, renders their observance difficult and their enforcement often impossible. No other game bird has been the subject of so much legislation, which, beginning in New York in 1791, now extends to every State and Territory where the bird is native or has been introduced. The length of season during which the bird should be protected by law is a matter of paramount importance. It goes without saying that no shooting should be permitted during the breeding season, which must be understood to last until the young of the year are strong of wing and fully developed for the struggle for existence. Besides this the close season ought to include months of rest, during which the birds can fortify themselves for the physiological strain of the next period of reproduction. As now established the open season varies from twenty-one days in Ohio to seven months in Mississippi. In North Carolina, however, where nearly every county has its own law, the bobwhite may be shot throughout the year in five counties. Virginia has recently abolished county laws and established uniformity, an example that other States, especially Southern States, would do well to follow. It is gratifying to note that in 1903 the open seasons were shortened by New York, Illinois, Texas and Virginia. In eight States—Maine, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah—the bobwhite is absolutely protected for a term of years, extending to 1920 in Colorado. Two conditions justify such prohibition of shooting. First, when excessive shooting or other causes have made recuperation necessary; second, when birds just introduced into a new locality need time to establish themselves. Wherever the bird cannot hold its own with an open season of three weeks, absolute protection for a period of years is demanded. The length of the open season must vary with varying conditions, but in view of the general decrease of the birds there would seem to be a growing need for shortening it. The sooner Northern States limit their shooting to one month the better. Even Southern birds cannot stand the present continuous fusillade of from four to seven months, and the open season in the South should be limited to two or, at most, three months.

The slaughter of the bobwhite by sportsmen who hunt for pleasure is insignificant in comparison with that by professional market hunters. At the present time (1904), in about twenty-five States, the law takes cognizance of this fact by prohibiting the sale of birds killed within the State or imported from other States, and the general tendency altogether to prohibit the sale is growing each year. Every State except Mississippi forbids the sending of certain game outside the State—a restriction on the sportsman as well as the market hunter, although the privilege of carrying home a limited amount of game is often granted under a non-resident license. Fourteen States have laws, also affecting both classes, limiting a day's bag to from five to fifty birds. Many sportsmen and farmers would be glad if the limit were set at twelve. Laws discriminating agains non-residents protect the game and benefit the land owner, provided visiting sportsmen are not barred altogether by unreasonable fees. Thirty-one States and Territories require non-resident licenses. In addition to State game laws there are certain Federal laws, the most important of which is the Lacey Act, which provides, among other things, through the Department of Agriculture, for the preservation, distribution, introduction and restoration of game birds, and also undertakes to bring to justice persons who transport from one State to another game killed in violation of local laws. The latter clause proves effective in restricting such illegal shipments and in suppressing professional dealers that kill out of season in one State and attempt to sell in another where the season is still open. A law to prevent keeping birds in cold storage from one season to another would stop certain loopholes in the present laws and greatly aid in preserving game. An effective system of State game officials where it is lacking would aid in enforcing game laws. A number of States depend solely on county officers; but experience has shown that without a central State organization and special game wardens the law to a great extent becomes a dead letter.

Stringent laws against trapping the bobwhite have been enacted, but such legislation should permit legitimate trapping for purposes of propagation. One of the most important problems before game commissioners is the restocking of depleted covers. If, however, the bobwhite can be reared successfully in captivity, all trapping may be prohibited. The sporting magazines (FOREST AND STREAM and American Field) mention cases of the bird's laying in captivity and raising its young; and in a letter to the writer, dated Sept. 2, 1904, G. W. Jack, of Shreveport, La., says:

"I now have a pair of quails (bobwhites) which were trapped last winter and which I keep in a large wire coop. They have made a nest in some grass and have laid about twelve or fifteen eggs.

"The eggs were laid very irregularly, not more than two or three a week, so that by the time the nest was full the season was far advanced, which perhaps accounts for the female not sitting. The eggs were set under a hen and proved fertile, but the young were eaten by the chicken as fast as they hatched. I concluded that this irregularity or slowness in laying was the result of the lack of insect and other egg-producing food, as the birds subsist almost wholly on grain. Of late, however, they have learned to eat with much relish the yolk of an egg hard boiled."

The failure of the female to sit was probably due to the unnatural confinement in so small a space, a difficulty which could readily be remedied if attempts to raise quail were made on a large scale. Unquestionably, too, it would be necessary to feed the quail, at least during the nesting period, to a considerable extent upon animal food. An instructive account of quail breeding in confinement

appears in FOREST AND STREAM for Sept. 28, 1882 (p. 164). The female had been hatched and reared by a bantam hen, and this circumstance has an important bearing on experiments of this kind. It is altogether probable that bobwhites hatched and reared in this way would lend themselves to experiments in propagation far more readily than wild birds trapped for the purpose.

The Department of Agriculture obtained three pairs of bobwhites from Kansas, which after five months' captivity are almost as wild as when first caged and show no signs of mating. Experiments in the domestication of bobwhite are well worth trying, however, because of the demand from clubs and individuals for live birds to restock their grounds. So great has become the demand in recent years that it is estimated that 200,000 birds would be required annually to fill it. During the spring of 1903 the demand far exceeded the supply, even at $5 a dozen, and sometimes at twice that figure.

Success in increasing the numbers of bobwhite depends largely on controlling its natural enemies, which include snakes, foxes, weasels, minks, skunks, domestic cats and certain hawks and owls. Several species of snakes eat its eggs and young. Writing from Texas, Major Bendire says: "The many large rattlesnakes found here are their worst enemies. One killed in May had swallowed five of these birds at one meal; another had eaten a female, evidently caught on her nest, and half a dozen of her eggs; a third had taken four bobwhites and a scaled partridge." In Mecklenburg county, Va., the king snake has been known to eat a clutch of eggs. At Falls Church, Va., Harvey Riley captured a black snake which disgorged a newly hatched bobwhite. Reference has been made already to the marked decrease in the number of bobwhites on the 230-acre farm at Marshall Hall, from fifty odd birds in July to less than a dozen in December, though not more than a dozen had been shot. This decrease was probably due, at least in part, to gray foxes; for in August and September these animals were numerous, and often came after the chickens within a stone's throw of the farmhouse. Other predaceous mammals and birds of prey were not numerous, but foxes frequently were seen at midday searching through pastures where there were broods of bobwhites. It must be easy for a fox to exterminate a whole brood of newly hatched bobwhites, and no difficult task to catch them, even when three-fourths grown. Minks and weasels, when numerous, are probably even more destructive to young bobwhites than to domestic poultry. The domestic cat that takes to foraging in woods and fields is also a menace and should be shot on suspicion, for it undoubtedly preys on game birds, as it is known to do on song birds and young rabbits.

In Maryland and Virginia the writer has found the crow plundering nests of the bobwhite, and in these States the crow is an enemy also of poultry. Doctor Fisher states in his "Hawks and Owls of the United States" that of the forty odd species which he studied he found only nine that killed the bobwhite. Four of these—the goshawk, Cooper hawk, sharp-shinned hawk and great-horned owl—are very destructive to poultry as well as game. Dr. W. C. Strode, of Bernadotte, Ill., writes that bobwhite's worst enemy is the Cooper hawk. "A few days ago one flew up from the roadside when I was passing, and a bobwhite was dangling from one foot." During November, 1900, this species so persecuted the birds at Marshall Hall that they were seldom found far from cover. In one instance a hawk was seen to swoop to the ground and rise with a cock bobwhite. The other species of hawks and owls rarely molest quail.

If bobwhites more frequently nested along fence rows instead of in open mowing land they would abound in many places where they are rare. The mowing machine lays many nests bare, and they are either despoiled by enemies or deserted by the old birds. At Sandy Spring, Md., early in July, 1903, four nests with their eggs were cut over in a fifty-acre grass lot. In other hay fields several nests were discovered in time to leave grass uncut about them, but boys robbed them all. Between such lads and the crows and other enemies bobwhites have a hard time in certain sections.

To enable them to withstand the winter, bobwhites need suitable food and cover. In severe winters coveys are sometimes saved by being trapped and fed in confinement until spring. Naturally the birds suffer most in the northern part of their range, but there are reports of their death from severe and protracted cold in Maryland and Virginia. Sandys says: "The birds know when the snow is coming, and they creep under the brush, intending to remain there until the weather has cleared. * * * Then the rain comes and wets the surface all about, then the sleet stiffens it, * * * the cold becomes intense, and every foot of damp snow promptly hardens into solid ice. * * * The quail are now imprisoned beneath a dome of crytal, which may endure for days." H. C. Oberholser says that in severe winters in Wayne county, O., whole coveys are found dead from this cause. Dr. P. L. Hatch reports that in Minnesota the birds increase in numbers during years with mild winters and decrease when the winter is exceptionally severe. Wilson Flagg states in "Birds and Seasons of New England" that thousands of bobwhites were destroyed by the deep snows of 1856-57. During the very severe winter of 1903-4 bobwhites were nearly exterminated in portions of Massachusetts. That quail do not always succumb to exceptional cold appears from the fact that in Susquehanna county, Pa., at an altitude of 2,000 feet, W. W. Cooke found a covey of a dozen bobwhites apparently in the best of condition on Dec. 9, 1902, though a foot of snow covered the ground and the thermometer stood at 20 degrees below zero.

A study of the winter habits of the bobwhite by the writer in the vicinity of Washington, D. C., so far has yielded only fragmentary results. In February, 1900, after a foot of snow had fallen, in a careful two days' search he failed to discover even a track of a large covey that usually frequented river flats along the Potomac at Marshall Hall. The birds must have been under the snow or back in the timber. At Falls Church, Va., after a lighter fall of snow, he saw a covey of five moving among briers on the edge of a wood, and their fresh tracks showed that they had been feeding systematically on rose hips, but had not ventured from cover. At Cabin John Bridge, Md., after a snowfall of several inches his dog pointed six birds on the south side of a river bluff, where the sun had melted holes in the snow. On one of these bare spots he saw two birds, which rose and were joined by four others. The covey had made wallows two inches deep in the leaf mold on the bare spots. All the birds had avoided stepping on the snow. At hand was such food as the berries of sumac and the seeds of *Galactia volubilis* and *Chamæchrista fasciculatis*. Examination of the droppings indicated that less than one-tenth of the food had been animal matter, the remains of which consisted of ants, the tibiæ of grasshoppers, the spotted cuticle of soldier bugs, and the cowhorn-like mandibles of spiders. So far as could be made out, the remains of vegetable food consisted of the skin of kernels of corn, fragments of the akenes of ragweed, and pulverized bits of sumac seeds (*Rhus copallina*), partridge pea (*Chamæchrista fasciculatis*), milk pea, (*Galactia volubilis*), and crownbeard (*Verbesina*), besides unidentified leaf material. The weather had been severe for more than a week, but the birds were in good condition.

On the Marshall Hall farm, a short distance back from the banks of the Potomac, is a swamp that has a steep bank with a southern exposure where there is usually more or less bare ground in patches. For several years bobwhites have made a winter haunt of this warm, sunny bank, and here some interesting observations were made Feb. 18 and 19, 1902, when the snow was from two to four inches deep and the minimum temperature was 4 degrees F. above zero. A covey had spent the night of Feb. 17 not on the warm bank, comparatively bare of snow, but on the level above the bank, where they had squatted on the snow under a dewberry bush among broomsedge. Their feet and droppings had melted the snow, and subsequent freezing had formed an icy ring. The birds had not flown thither, but had walked from the swamp up the steep bank and through the broomsedge level. The next morning they had flown from the roost to the steep slope, had run along the edge of the swamp to a bushy, tree-bordered stream, then up its north bank for 300 yards and back on the south bank, and thence to the steep, sunny slope again. On their journey they had gone under every matted tangle of cat-brier vines—possibly for berries, but more probably for protection. At one point they had fed freely on sumac berries. The tracks of a fox were found with those of the birds for about 100 yards. On the morning of the 19th they traveled not more than 200 yards, this chiefly among outstanding willows and alders of the swamp and along the belt of land five to twenty yards wide between the boundary fence and the reeds of the swamp. In one place two pairs of birds had walked so near together as to cross one another's tracks; two single birds had made clear lines of tracks on one side of them, and a single bird had walked alone on the other side from one to four feet from his nearest companion. All had evidently eaten rose hips, mutilated remains of which still clung to the bushes. The covey might have been expected to range far and wide in the open fields for seeds and even to straw ricks for grain, but except when traveling to their roost they had never gone more than a rod from cover. Apparently fear of enemies restrained them.

An article in the American Field, Feb. 25, 1899, by the well known sportsman John Bolus, of Wooster, O., illustrates the hardiness of the bobwhite. When several inches of snow were on the ground and the thermometer registered from 15 to 27 degrees below zero every night for a week, Mr. Bolus took a tramp to see how the birds had fared. He found no dead birds, but saw six thrifty coveys—eighty-one birds in all. They were feeding on ragweed projecting from the snow, and were jumping up to reach seeds on sprays above their heads. Some coveys remained under shelter of little weed patches, but others ranged over the more open fields.

In Maryland and Virginia large land owners often feed their birds in severe weather. Wheat and corn are the best food, and should be scattered, if possible, among the briers where the birds are safe from hawks. Bobwhites have been known to feed with chickens in barnyards. By a little forethought landowners and sportsmen can easily make winter provision for their birds. Sumac bushes should be left along hedgerows and the edge of woodland to furnish food that is always above the snow and lasts well into spring. Twelve bobwhites collected in December in North Dakota had made nine-tenths of their food of sumac, having eaten from 50 to 300 berries each. A similar use, in coast regions, of the bayberry and wax myrtle has been noted. Their berries, as well as those of sumac, last till May, and the plants should always be spared by everyone who is interested in the welfare of the bobwhite. Smilax, affording little food but fine cover, and wild roses, giving both food and cover, are also valuable. Blackberry thickets, young pine woods, laurel, and holly furnish safe retreats from enemies.

The farmer can well afford to feed the bobwhite in winter, but he cannot afford to spend as much time and money as the owner of game preserves, and for the latter class further suggestions may be helpful. In the Eastern and Southern States land that will not grow profitable crops may be used for the game preserve, provided it has water and bushy coverts. The use of the mowing machine, so destructive to eggs and young birds, should be avoided when possible during the breeding season. Wheat for the birds should be sown in long strips not over fifty yards wide. The best of the grain may be harvested and the rest left standing. On the stubble a luxuriant growth of ragweed will generally spring up—a perfect food supply, except that it does not last till spring; hence the need of sumac or bayberry. In regions too dry for ragweed to grow in the stubble, sunflowers are an excellent substitute. Sorghum, millet and possibly panicum may be planted and left standing. Popcorn will be found particularly valuable, as large corn cannot easily be swallowed by the younger birds. Buckwheat, and in the South the nutritious cowpea, and the climbing false buckwheat, the thick tangles of which also afford good cover, bear excellent food. Other plants of the genus *Polygonum* are fond of moist land, and furnish palatable seeds for the bobwhite; for instance, black bindweed Pennsylvania persicaria and black heart. All wild leguminous plants should be left undisturbed, for the birds feed on seeds of most of our legumes. Small clumps of locusts may well be left in open fields to give both food and cover. Tick trefoil, bush clover, Japan clover, the milkpea, and the wild bean—all wild plants—are suitable for food. Of the summer fruits the dewberry is the most important, and in the absence of water furnishes a substitute; therefore these vines, nearly everywhere plentiful, should be left in places remote from water. A water supply is, of course, important. Streams with bush-grown banks through open fields are most valuable. Beside them will be found spreading panicum, which shells out its grain a kernel or two at a time until well into spring. Birds find food, shade, water, and shelter in the vegetation along small streams. Marshes also afford cover and food. If connected with estuaries they often support a rank growth of wild rice, an ideal provision for birds. Sufficient shelter to protect the birds from hawks is almost indispensable. Oak and beech woods supply mast as well as shelter, but pines afford the best cover, and some of them, notably the longleaf pine, furnish food. A comfortable retreat for the coldest weather is invaluable. In Maryland and Virginia fields of heavy broomsedge answer this purpose well, but best of all is a steep bank with southern exposure, where the sun quickly melts the snow, and gives the birds a chance to forage on bare spots for food and gravel. If such a bank is not far from cover, and has a growth of briers on it to give the birds a feeling of security, it will become a favorite winter haunt; and during severe weather is the best place to scatter grain. With a little help from man the bobwhite will be found to winter well, even in the northern part of its range.

Bobwhite is prolific. A pair of birds under favorable conditions will raise a dozen young in a season. They are, too, it is longlived, for a bird kept in captivity is known to have reached the age of nine years. The outlook for the future of the species is most satisfactory, provided it is given even a small amount of care, with proper legal protection. The Audubon societies, with a membership of 65,000 to 70,000, which cherish the bobwhite for æsthetic and humanitarian reasons, the sportsman who loves the whirr of its brown wings, and the farmer whose enemies it destroys and whose resources it increases, can do much to favor the bird in its natural environment and to protect it by adequate and effective enforced laws.

Massachusetts Game.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a source of gratification to your correspondent to receive so many letters from all parts of the State descriptive of the present game conditions and offering suggestions for their improvement. I can but regard this as indicative of a wide-spread and constantly increasing interest.

Judge Bassett, of Northampton, in a recent letter corroborates the testimony of others by saying that there are but few quail, but ruffed grouse are "quite abundant." He says while the laws are generally observed, yet "there are too many violations." If a competent paid warden were employed here, his service would make both trout and game more abundant. There would also be an improvement in river fishing. He expresses the opinion that the same would be true with reference to all sections of the State. Too many of the lawless feel that they are in no danger of "being caught." The opinion of such men as Judge Bassett are entitled to great weight.

A prominent sportsman of southern Worcester county called at our office this week and reported that with a friend he got eight birds last Monday—seven grouse and one woodcock. They could have killed several more, but concluded they had enough for one day. This gentleman said he could show any one quite a number of quail, but not, of course, to shoot before Nov. 1.

Mr. Vincent, of Cottage City, writes prospects for quail not good. Trout streams in great need of stocking.

Mr. Bamford, writing from Ipswich (Essex county), expresses the opinion that there are no quail and but few partridges in his vicinity. He believes there is much Sunday hunting, but carefully guarded against any possible discovery. Most of the people observe the laws, but there is a class of people who set at defiance all laws.

Mr. Coffin, of Gloucester, says, in his opinion, there are not two dozen quail in Essex county, but the people are very desirous of buying quail to restock the cover. He believes the sale of native game of all kinds should be stopped. He would like to have every other week close time in black ducks, so that they may have a chance to feed and not be kept "on the run" all the time.

George Emerson, of Franklin, Norfolk county, says owing to the vigilance of Warden Bent, the laws are well observed, but prospects for game birds are poor. More stocking of streams much needed, and he wants more planting of quail, "or stop shooting."

I learned from the commissioners yesterday that they do not think the decision of Judge Avery, of Quincy, in the case of Mr. Elery Clark, of Cohasset, in accordance with the law, and they have the opinion of the law department that Mr. Clark violated the law by using a power boat, and they are proposing to carry the case to a higher court. The case is attracting much attention, and the final outcome will be awaited with a good deal of interest by all the hunters of sea fowl. Mr. Clark claimed that his boat being anchored when he killed the bird he was not "pursuing" birds and had a right to shoot them from the boat at anchor. There are a good many such boats in the towns of the south shore, and, in fact, in all our shore resorts.

While on their trip to the Maritime Provinces, Commissioners Field and Delano visited several establishments for the rendering of dog-fish, and the results of their investigations will be embodied in the next report of the board.

Since their return, Deputy Burney has resumed field work, and has made several arrests for illegal hunting, and these cases will be heard the coming week. Mr. Burney informs me that the Sunday prohibition is very unpopular with members of certain clubs, that they will not make any contribution for protection or propagation while it remains on the statute books. He, however, considers the law a great factor in protecting game.

Men busily employed during the six working days claim that Sunday is the only day they can get out with dog and gun, and that the law favors the men of wealth and leisure and is a species of class legislation.

In answer to the question whether the Sunday prohibition of hunting should be surrendered to accomm

date those who make this claim, he replied emphatically in the negative. In his judgment, it would be possible for them to take now and then a day or half a day off for field sport, and the consequent loss in wages would not be seriously felt.

One day this week an electric car in Swansea (near Fall River) was held up by a big buck, which would not leave the track till driven away by the motorman, who stopped his car for that purpose.

At Mt. Sunapee, N. H., many are enjoying the hunting season, treeing coons by moonlight being one of the diversions. Mr. D. W. Chandler, of the B. & M. Railroad, has secured his quota of birds. A 200-pound buck was recently brought out from Colebrook by Arthur Gilchrist, who has been in camp with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rogers, of Boston, have been hunting in Corbin Park. Dr. Sherman, one of a party from Cambridge, occasioned a good deal of merriment this week at Bristol by shooting one of farmer Pike's rams, which he mistook for a deer. Of course the doctor settled.

The six days' deer season in Vermont closed to-day and reports are current that not less than 1,000 deer have been killed in that time. Commissioner Thomas' record is not yet at hand.

A sad shooting accident is reported from Essex Junction, it being the probably fatal wounding of Howard French, a lad of seventeen years, by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his companion.

In the action brought against H. E. Popp, of Boston, for the killing of guide Daniel Durgin, reported from the Forks of the Kennebec, after a careful investigation Mr. Popp has been found blameless. The hunter was one of a party of three artists all in the employ of the Boston Globe. Mr. Popp was walking a short distance behind the guide carrying his rifle at the half-cock through a thick growth of underbrush, when a limb swept back with such force as to throw the trigger to full cock and cause the discharge of the rifle. Everything possible was done to save the life of the wounded man but without avail.

The receipts of game at Bangor have been running large through the week, more than equalling those of the corresponding period of last year, both of deer and moose.

Hunting conditions have been excellent and can only be improved by a fall of snow, which is pretty sure to come very soon.

A few Massachusetts hunters who have been successful are G. and W. Hubnell, F. W. Lane, R. R. Smith, T. H. Wheeler and A. J. Cummings, of Boston; E. Ward, Newton; L. B. Allen and J. B. Howard, Medford; Messrs. Colburn and Elliott, Andover; F. N. Downes and H. Lovering, Somerville, and G. M. Converse, of Cambridge.

Two active members of the State Association have had a wonderfully successful trip to New Brunswick, Messrs. George B. Clark, of Boston, and F. P. Royce, of Dedham. They went about forty miles back from Boisetown into the Dungarven district. Each of them secured a magnificent moose with over fifty inches spread of antlers. They found partridges galore, and report seeing not less than 125 moose. Mr. Clark says he feels much safer in the wilderness of New Brunswick than in that of Maine, and willingly paid the license fee of $50. Many admirable trophies are to be seen in his office in the Tremont Building.

In a letter from your valued correspondent, Edward A. Samuels, he writes that moose are plentiful in Shelburne county, N. S. He was privileged to eat a portion of one killed by a friend a few days ago—the finest moose steak he ever ate.

Two other hunters in the woods from Monday to Friday returned with three. Another party, two brothers, got three good moose on a trip of a few days. He says it is a pity hunters are not restricted to a single moose in a season, which ought to be enough for anyone.

CENTRAL.

Maine License and Sunday Shooting.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your most interesting journal I notice from time to time various criticisms as to the game laws of Maine, and while on the whole these laws seem to me right and desirable and I would gladly see in addition to them a universal gun tax as in Europe, which would have the tendency to stop the destructive shooting of everything that flies by foreigners—Italians and others—and by irresponsible boys, all of whom can in these days buy a fair gun for a few dollars, still there are some points in the situation in Maine which seem to be open to question.

One is that, unlike New Hampshire, Maine requires a license from all persons who are not actual residents of the State (i. e., who do not *vote* there I suppose it means), no matter how much property they may own in the State or how large taxes they pay there. Under this law a man with a house and surrounding property taxed for, say, $25,000, which house is kept open the year round and is occupied by the owner perhaps half the year and off and on the rest, yet who *votes* in Massachusetts, is called upon for a license, even to shoot on his own property, while a man voting in Maine, paying no taxes at all perhaps, and passing the winter in Florida, for instance, is exempt.

What, in my mind, however, is more serious than this is the way the existing laws in some instances are not enforced. Notably the law prohibiting shooting on Sunday. A stream not ten miles from Augusta, which for the fifty years that I can remember such things, has given excellent duck shooting and where the wood duck have always bred, a place almost under the eyes of the game authorities at Augusta, is practically ruined for shooting, and this year for the first time not a woodduck could be found there. The Sunday shooting on it has always been openly carried on. One Sunday last year over thirty shots were counted from one standpoint, and the birds can get no rest and are abandoning the place. For at least four years the attention of the Game Commission has been called to this time and time again, and yet apparently not the slightest effort has been made by them to prevent it, although a stop could easily be put to it under the circumstances.

I think the question can be fairly put to the Maine Legislature whether it is fair to tax a man (perhaps a native of the State) for a license, no matter what amount of taxes he pays in the State, and also whether it is fair to take his money and then not use reasonable efforts to enforce the laws that make such payment of any practical value to him.

B. VAUGHAN.

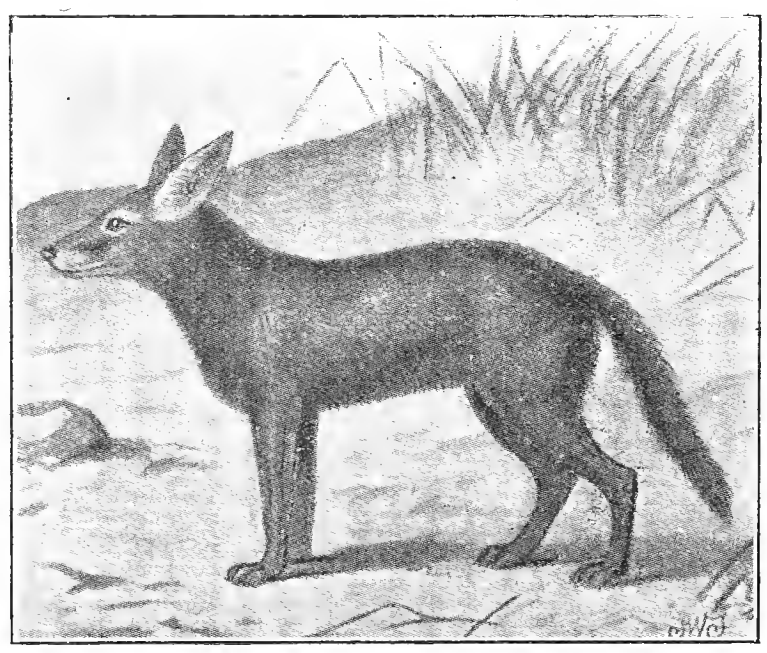
Canine Crosses.

THE notes we have printed on this before make pertinent the following correspondence and comment in the London Field on some wild dogs found in Spain. A Malaga correspondent wrote:

"During the month of June last several predatory animals were found to be playing havoc on the mountain sides around Malaga, and opinions differed as to whether they were wolves, hybrids between wolf and dog, or descendants of domestic dogs that have run wild and bred for generations in a wild state. Numbers of kids, fowls and peacocks have been killed by these brutes, and at least one dog that I know of, a medium-sized watch dog, near my house. A Spanish farmer sat up one night with a gun and killed two of the animals, a full-grown bitch and her bitch puppy. The ears do not seem to me like those of a wolf, and I have seen many in North America and elsewhere. They are more like those of a fox. In color the animal is a yellowish gray with long gray hairs interspersed, and it is very long in the leg for its size, like all the Spanish foxes."

Mr. Abel Chapman, the author of "Wild Spain," commented on this:

"On looking at the photographs we were struck with the similarity of the animal to the *podenco,* a very common breed of dog in Spain, about half-way between a



SPANISH WILD DOG.

smooth Irish terrier and a greyhound. These dogs are commonly used in Spain for hunting both large and small game, and we have known instances of their running wild, as domestic cats often do. They are generally believed in Spain to have been originally crossed with a fox, the smaller breeds—that is, those called the *paterna* breed—the larger with the wolf, as in the Sierra Morena.

"It is a curious circumstance that in 1891, when we were after ibex in the hills between Malaya and Gibraltar' there was some excitement about an irruption of 'wild dogs,' which were playing havoc with the flocks of sheep and goats. The local Spanish papers called them jackals. We did not see any ourselves, nor have I ever heard of them again until now. I should think those mentioned are *podencos* run wild, possibly having some fresh cross with the fox if they have been running wild for a few years. I do not know if there are any wolves in the Malaga hills or not."

Vermont Blackcock and Deer.

SHELDON, Vt., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Harry Noyes, of Hyde Park, Vt., shot this season a pair of birds that I think were without a doubt hybrids, a cross between ruffed grouse and blackcock. These birds were found in Cambridge, this State, not far from Middlebury, where the writer had some years ago a few pair of blackcock released. These hybrids were fully one-half larger than a large ruffed grouse, and the dark bands were a light chestnut color. As the men were short of meat in camp the birds went into the pot instead of being sent to a taxidermist.

For several years after blackcock were released we had favorable reports of their breeding, and have no doubt that they have by this time spread over a considerable extent of territory, and if they are crossing with our native grouse it will please the majority of our sportsmen, as they will make a larger mark to shoot at, and also give a little more meat in the pot.

So far there have been about twenty large buck deer shot in this section of the State, and in some cases the scenes here are much like those in Long Island on the opening day—intense excitement and abundant profanity and shooting [cuss] Bang! bang! bang! In one instance a party were heard shouting, "Shoot that doe; she'd no business to be without horns. Give it to her." When we consider that these animals are semi-domesticated and have been running among our cattle unmolested during the greater part of the season, it seems little short of murder to give them the kind of treatment that they now are receiving. There is a strong feeling expressed here among the farmers to have a close season for at least five years on deer. Then post their farms and keep the factory and village rabble off their property. Now nearly every boy that we meet has a high power rifle, and is out to kill something, and we expect that investigation will show that there has been a general massacre of both does and fawns. As there is generally sooner or later a "falling out among thieves," we may expect to at some future date receive information that will be used to make some of these fellows contribute $100 to the game protection fund.

Woodcock shooting has been fair since the migratory birds have arrived; ruffed grouse are scarce; our open season on these birds (grouse) should be shortened to Oct. 1, and close Dec. 1. Foxes and mice are numerous. Gray squirrels also scarce.

STANSTEAD.

Venison in Season.

NOW THAT many populous sections of the country, especially in New England, are likely soon to be overrun with deer (which are even now depredating on the farmers) and venison is to become a frequent, if not a staple, article of diet, the suggestion may be opportune, in view of the near convening of the legislatures, that measures be taken to make these viands as palatable and wholesome as possible so that the appetite may not sour on it. As the season stands at present, under the laws, whatever deer meat is sold in the markets or even distributed by amateur hunters who are out for pastime is hardly fit to eat. Why? Because it is allowed to be hunted and killed *only when it is strong,* and permeated with animal odors, caused by inordinate sensual excitement and stimulation of the functional glands during the season of rutting—that is, during October and November. It is indeed a remarkable fact that no State law extant permits venison to be eaten when it is healthiest and of choicest flavor, so that it may be impressed upon all that none of us taste it at its best except we eat it clandestinely.

This is certainly a grating reflection upon the astute law-makers who devise and designate the close season. It shows that the laws have not been enacted advisedly, or with regard to the natural laws which govern animal habits and pathology. They have not been wisely drawn, either in the interest of the creatures which they ostensibly are framed to protect, nor in the interest of the people who are supposed to be wards of State paternalism.

In Great Britain buck and stag venison; that is, fallow and red deer meat, is in season in August and September, and so it ought to be in this country. Some stags are shot in early October, but that date is rather late, even for Scotland, for the stags are "roaring" then, and beginning to be out of condition, while in English parks October is too late altogether. On the other hand, hind venison and doe venison are in season at Christmas and in January, as by a curious provision of nature, although the pairing season is early in autumn, the hinds and does continue to lay on fat and improve when the stags are really worthless.

No one would enjoy to eat the flesh of a billy goat whose presence to windward was detected by a whiff of rank body odor, nor even that of a sheep or cow. Even the milk of cows is often tainted by the undue secretions of the glands by hasty driving from pasture, so that it is hardly fit to use, and meat of cattle killed at the abattoirs is affected by undue excitement or over-exertion.

Obviously our laws on big game ought to be amended.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

A Special's Experience with Italians.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been reading with interest your articles on bird protection and thought perhaps you would like to hear of some of the experiences I have been through in that line myself. I have been a special State protector for three years or more and have done quite a little to help the good work along, having convicted a large number of violators of the game laws in that time. The death of Protector Bradley some time ago reminds me of a rather narrow escape from death I had about three months ago. I arrested two Italians at a place about two miles from the city for shooting robins. They had sixteen robins and other birds in their possession. One of the Italians broke away and ran. I took after him; and after a chase of about two miles was overhauling him rapidly when, without a minute's warning, he whirled and fired at me at about 60 feet range. The shot were No. 5, and about fourteen of them lodged in my head and breast. I got on my feet as soon as I could and fired at him. The blood was running down my face and I could not see very well; but think I hit him once, as he fell but regained his feet and jumped in front of a freight train, which was passing at the time, and by the time the train passed he had disappeared. We hunted for him four days, but could not find any trace of him. The other day one of his friends received a letter from him stating he had fled back to Italy. I was laid up for about two weeks, but have got all right again.

I arrested two of them last Sunday. They had eight robins and three song sparrows in their possession. One paid a fine of $50, the other is spending fifty days in the county jail. This class of people have slaughtered song birds for a long time until we got after them pretty strong, and now we have got the practice pretty well broken up, although every once in a while one will take a chance at it. I arrested two last month for killing song birds; and one of them I had stopped about two hours before and warned him and gave him a sign printed in Italian warning them about the shooting of song birds and telling them the penalty for so doing.

F. P. VIELE, Special State Warden.

Massachusetts Deer.

THE Hampshire Gazette, published in Northampton, Mass., of Oct. 24 says that deer are increasing in alarmingly large numbers in Hampshire county, and it uses the word alarmingly advisedly. There is trouble ahead for farmers and fruit growers, and they know it. C. H.

MY SIXTY YEARS ON THE PLAINS

THE volume of old-time prairie life by William T. Hamilton, reviewed last week in the FOREST AND STREAM, and advertised this week on another page, is meeting an extremely cordial reception everywhere. Out in Montana, where Mr. Hamilton still resides, and where so many of his stirring adventures took place, the book has made a real furore, and a thousand copies were sold in advance of publication. This is not strange, since the book is a Montana product, and one of which residents of Montana may be justly proud. Its author is perhaps the oldest resident of the State, while Mr. Chas. M. Russell, its illustrator, is an artist in whom the State feels a personal interest and a natural pride.

The great charm of this volume is its simplicity, its directness and its modesty. Among all the exciting and daring adventures with which the volume abounds, the author never speaks of himself as having performed any special deed of skill or bravery, but he is lavish in his praises of the courage and dexterity of his fellow trappers. The volume is one which every outdoor man, and especially every Western man, should read.



In Defense of the Carp.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest your editorial on the "Curse of the Carp," and the paper by Mr. Starbuck, which gave you your text. Neither the editorial strictures nor Mr. Starbuck's alarmist cry has persuaded me that the carp is anything to be worried about. On the other hand, it is a valuable addition to our food supply, and I am sending you an argument to this effect contained in the last report of the Fish and Game Commission of Illinois. As we all know, President S. H. Cohen, of the Commission, always has been a defender of the fish, and presumably this present exposition is from his pen:

As in former seasons, we find the carp well to the front, as an article of food and money producer, and we see no reason to find any fault with them from any standpoint.

We have given the subject serious and close attention because of the great amount of unfavorable criticism it has received all over the country, but with our knowledge of the real situation in regard to them we feel that their introduction has been of real benefit to a large majority of the public. Illinois, as has been frequently stated, is a large State, nearly 400 miles in extent from north to south. It is intersected in every direction by streams, adjacent to which are wide, rich bottoms filled with lakes, shallow for the most part, and filled only by the overflows of the rivers. With thousands of acres of such water specially adapted to the rapid growth of the carp, and used but little by the game fishes, why should it not be utilized in producing good, cheap food for the people? It cannot be done to advantage with other fishes, so that nothing is sacrificed to the carp. The Illinois River, 250 miles long, as a navigable stream, is for the greater part of it an ideal stream for such fishes. The spring lakes, adjacent, and of which there are thousands, afford ample breeding places for the bass and other gamier varieties. Fox Lake, which is a part of the head of the river, has been and always will be one of the greatest breeding grounds in the country for game fishes, which find their way into the Illinois River, and there they find plenty of food to their taste in the carp and its product of spawn and fry.

That the commercial side of the industry is a large one can be easily verified by consulting the reports from the various cities along this river. Take from the towns of the Illinois River the fishing industry and it would practically put most of them out of business, and a personal investigation of the conditions existing there will demonstrate the correctness of this assertion. We clip the following from the Bloomington Pantagraph of Sept. 11, 1904. It is a clear statement of facts, evidently taken by the writer from personal investigation:

"The Illinois River, it is claimed, furnishes more fish than any other in the United States, with the single exception of the Columbia in Oregon. The product of the latter river is largely salmon, while the Illinois furnishes in greater or less abundance fully eighty kinds. Havana, in Mason county, is the largest market for fish there is on the Illinois, and more is shipped from that town, it is claimed, than from any other place along the river.

"Up to Nov. 1 there had been shipped from Havana by freight 1,300,000 pounds of fish, while fully one-third as many more had been shipped by express and sold at home to peddlers. The peddlers' trade is very large, as scores of towns depend for their supply on local people, who ship in fish from Havana and retail them from house to house. The finer grades, too, are usually sent by express to the eastern cities, so that it will be quite within the truth to say that fully 2,000,000 pounds of fish will be shipped from Havana during the year of 1904.

"Nearly or quite half of the fish shipments consist of German carp. Next comes buffalo, then bull pouts, then dogfish, then white perch, then sunfish, then black bass, then catfish, then crappies, then striped bass, then turtles. These are the principal varieties that are shipped, but there are some eighty sorts caught in this river.

"A good many varieties of fish never attain an adult length of more than five inches. These are commonly taken for the young of other fishes, and are referred to indiscriminately as 'minnows' by the uninformed.

"Another important factor is that at least sixty fishes of the rivers of Illinois have no common names, and that such names as bass, perch, stoneroller, hornyhead, grindle, stickleback, etc., all have more than one application, the same name being applied not infrequently to very different fishes.

Up to Nov. 1 there have been shipped from Havana fifty-five carloads of fresh fish. Each car contains 26,000 pounds on an average, the carloads ranging from 20,000 to 32,000 pounds each. Fish are always packed in boxes holding just 150 pounds. From 150 to 200 of these boxes constitute a carload. These boxes are three feet and six inches long by eighteen inches wide, all being new. There is a factory at Havana where these fish boxes are made, which gives employment to some fifteen men constantly. The wholesale price of these boxes is 43 cents apiece and 25,000 are annually made. The cities of Pekin and Bath both get their supply there as well as Havana.

"Without ice there could be no shipping of fish during the greater portion of the year. Ice is a very important factor and immense quantities are used during the spring, summer and fall months. Ice is put up at Havana from nearby ponds and from Spoon River. Ice from the Illinois River is not made use of. All fish are packed in layers of broken ice, it requiring four tons just for the boxes in one car. In addition to this amount seven tons are used in each car containing fresh fish, making a total of eleven tons for every car. During the year some 100 cars are sent from Havana, so it can easily be seen that the ice trade there is a big thing. About a third as much more is used for packing the fish that go by express, and that are taken away by peddlers.

"All coarser sorts of fish are sent by freight in carload lots, while the choicer kinds are shipped by express in much smaller packages. New York city furnishes the greatest market for German carp. This fish seems to be a favorite article of diet for the poorer Jews of many Eastern cities, and large quantities are sent to Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia as well as to Chicago, St. Louis and Southern cities.

"In every Northern city carp can be found on the menus of many restaurants and good hotels. At the Waldorf-Astoria cafe carp with Rhine wine sauce is quoted at sixty-five cents per portion, just the same as fresh mackerel. Kansas City and Memphis are also large users of carp from Havana.

"Carp were introduced into the Illinois River some fifteen years ago, but are already largely in the majority and may soon claim sole occupancy of that water. They were planted by the United States Fish Commission, but have increased in numbers so rapidly as to threaten the life tenures of all other fishes there.

"Carp do not eat other fish as a rule, as is commonly supposed, but they are enormously prolific, are voracious eaters and grow very rapidly. Like the English sparrow they monopolize the territory and the other fish are starved out. They eat moss, as do other fish, but being pugnacious they keep the other fish from the feeding grounds. They also dig deeply into the mud stirring up the water and making it so muddy and thick that other varieties of fish which require clear water die off quickly.

"Carp grow twice as fast as do other fish. At eighteen months they will frequently weigh 3 pounds if they have plenty to eat.

"Buffalo are a higher-priced fish than carp, the latter retailing in the large cities as low as five cents a pound. Buffalo are a favorite fish in the South, and large quantities are sent from Havana to Memphis, St. Louis, Lexington, Atlanta and Vicksburg. Crappies, sunfish and catfish come next in point of demand.

"There are four wholesale dealers at Havana. These men own tugboats and lease extensive fishing grounds, one man, Capt. John A. Schulte, himself owning 3,000 acres and leasing as many more. Mr. Schulte has been in the business there for thirty-two years, and is reckoned to be worth fully $100,000. Each of these wholesale dealers own a large market boat, which is stationed at the foot of Main street, and here their fishermen come daily with tugboats of fish, freshly caught.

"At these market boats the fish are packed in boxes, 150 pounds of fish and 100 pounds of ice being placed in each box. Catfish are always skinned. Other fish, when shipped east or north, are sent away whole, but for the western and southern trade they are always dressed, that is, they have their heads taken off and their intestines removed. This is one of the peculiarities of the trade. The freight on a carload of fish from Havana to New York averages $235 per load.

"Dealers own many boats and employ many fishermen. Quarter boats; that is, quarters for provisions and cooking, are sent out to the grounds, which are not always in the Illinois River, some excellent grounds being located in adjacent lakes and creeks. These men are paid good wages and like the life. As in other occupations, some save money and others are always in debt, it depending on the man. It is claimed, though, that when a man once becomes a regular fisherman he seldom goes into any other occupation. There are also private fishermen who dispose of their catches to the dealers, but the latter are not numerous.

"Fish are caught in seines and set-nets, never by hook and line, except by amateurs. The State guard the fish rigidly, and inspectors watch every catch to see that all fish are of the proper length and size, others being returned unharmed to the water. No seines at all can be used during the spawning season, which is from April 15 to June 1.

"The fish heads and intestines are used for fertilizers for garden patches and as food for fowls, being much in demand. Seines are from 800 to 1,500 yards long, and eight men are required to make a haul. Usually 5,000 pounds of fish is an average haul. These seines are thrown out from boats, and are drawn in to shore by hand. Seines are from 12 to 24 feet deep, although lake seines are deeper than those used in the river. Seines cost from $500 to $750 apiece, and are made largely in Chicago, although some are manufactured in Joliet and St. Louis. Set-nets are made at home, and sell for about $7 each. Capt. Schulte has 300 nets and four seines. All seines and nets are tarred twice a year in order to preserve them. Over 250 barrels of tar are used each year for this purpose at Havana, it being shipped from Jacksonville, where it is produced by the gas company. Two hundred men are employed the year round in fishing within ten miles of Havana."

At the meetings of the American Fisheries Society, at whose annual meeting all matters of interest relating to the propagation and protection of fishes are taken up and discussed, the carp question seems to come up regularly as a question for discussion. When it is considered that for years none but adverse reports on the carp had been entertained by the members of this society and all kinds of crimes had been attributed to this fish, it is pleasant to observe what a radical change has taken place in public sentiment in regard to its merits. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission has secured legislation making it a misdemeanor to plant carp, and one of the members in discussing the carp, said: "I am stating the cold, hard fact, when I say that the Legislature of Pennsylvania has practically declared it an outlaw by prohibiting the planting of it any longer in our waters." On the other hand, a member from Michigan said: "I think the carp was sent here as a blessing to the poor. The carp is here to stay, and all the barrels of money we can open will not destroy them. I like them and am going to keep on eating them." Mr. Titcomb, of the U. S. Fish Commission, said:

"I did not intend to say anything on this carp question. It has been threshed over at every meeting, and still it comes up. I was only going to say that it seems to resolve itself into a sectional question; it is a sectional issue. For instance, with our present knowledge of the carp, we would not ship them to the waters of Maine, or the waters of Pennsylvania, but there are a great many States in the Union where the carp to-day is a very valuable food fish, and where the people enjoy it on the table; there are places even where they enjoy it as a game fish to catch with hook and line. The United States Bureau of Fisheries continues to receive applications for carp, which, owing to this feeling in certain sections of the country and among the influential classes of sportsmen, perhaps, are not distributed any longer; the people who have asked for them then refuse to take any other fish in many instances, and are often quite indignant because they cannot have the carp. Some of them persist until they find out where they can secure the carp and take them to their own private ponds. But all through the West there are waters that can be made very useful by the introduction of the carp, and which otherwise are practically unproductive. I think I have told this story once before the society, but I will tell it again. When I was president of a fish and game association, all of the members sportsmen, some of them commissioners from the New England States, others commissioners of fisheries from Canada, 224 in number, we sat down to a table on one occasion and ate carp under the name of baked red snapper. Most of them knew they were not eating baked red snapper; some of the old lake fishermen told me they thought they were eating whitefish; another one said pike-perch; all declared them delicious. 'As you know, a rose would smell as sweet by any other name.'"

It is true carp are vegetable feeders, and in small, clear lakes are destructive to vegetation, and for such places or for small rivers may be, in some sense, objectionable; but the question with us is and has been, Are not the benefits derived greater than the damages? In the natural adjustment of the fishes of our waters the percentage of coarse fishes to the game varieties is largely in excess, but from various causes this balance has been largely decreased, and to replace this deficit is undoubtedly the proper work of the Commission, and the carp has been the means by which we have done it.

For many years the buffalo fish was the principal coarse fish of our markets, and the most common one produced by Illinois waters. The time was when every blade of grass in the overflows from the river was covered with their spawn, and the fish themselves were seen in these shallow waters in thousands during the spawning or "rolling" season. Then the people took them in thousands and with almost every device available, and they were shipped to markets mostly outside of the State, on commission, and as a rule, only a small proportion were realized on, the rest, owing to glutted markets, were thrown away, an immense quantity of good food being thus lost to the people of the State. This practice continued for years, until the waters of the State were nearly depleted of this variety of fish, and even after protective laws, preventing such wholesale destruction, were obtained, the increase was so slow that the output showed but little gain. This loss to the market was made good by the introduction of the carp, which grows and increases rapidly, hardy, tenacious of life, and defying unfavorable seasons, it has retored to the waters the natural balance of the proportions of coarse fish to fine, so rigidly held as a prime necessity to successful fishculture by the scientific fishculturists. Now we have them in large quantities. They are good food, good producers. They have some faults, but more good qualities, and as a money producer they are unequalled by any or all of the other fishes of the Illinois inland water. If we, as Commissioners, are to deal with sentiment only and consider it our duty to propagate and protect only such fishes as are of interest to the anglers, eliminating the question of food supply from our work, then perhaps the carp is a "mistake," but if the law creating a fish commission was made with a view to the interests of the people as a whole, and the duty of that commission was to endeavor to make the waters of the State produce their full share of food for the people, then one of the wisest moves of the U. S. Fish Commission was in introducing the carp, which is here to stay, and this fact will ultimately be appreciated by the whole people.

Now, we do not wish to be understood as in any way antagonistic to the angler element, or as dealing with their sport as a matter of sentiment only. We believe in the protection of the game fishes and in their development, but as one cannot well change nature's laws, and in the waters of Illinois it is impossible to raise game fishes exclusively or in such numbers as to make them sufficient for the necessary supply for food, why is it not economy to encourage the coarse fish, which, while producing good food and plenty of it, will fill the waters to the limit of their capacity?

With us carp are not spawn eaters, but do destroy vegetation, and, as stated, are detrimental to clear lakes and rivers; but they get into them, and we are doing the best we can to relieve the situation in that respect, as will appear by another section of this report. Immense catches of carp are reported for the season of 1904, all along the Illinois River. Bass are more plentiful than ever. This seems to speak for itself as to results.

Fish and Fishing.

A Letter and a Reply.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been reading "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," and who has lately had his first experience of ouananiche fishing, at Grand Lake Stream, Maine, writes me a long letter in anticipation of a trip to the Lake St. John country next year, and appends such a string of pointed questions, covering almost every phase of the sport, that it has occurred to me that the replies which he solicits may interest many other anglers I therefore propose to answer him through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM, and as I am unaware whether or not he is a subscriber, I shall refer him to this column for the information of which he is in search.

First of all, let me quote what my questioner says of his experience at Grand Lake Stream, and elsewhere. He writes: "My two weeks this past season in Maine was my first introduction to the ouananiche. I enjoyed them immensely. They are magnificent fighters. As such, I place them a little ahead of the small-mouthed black bass and far ahead of the square-tail trout. I think I should rank them a trifle ahead of grilse, weight for weight, though I am not able to judge well from my limited experience, as my largest ouananiche weighed only 2 pounds 5 ounces, while I have never caught a grilse under 2 pounds 12 ounces. I was a little disappointed in the average size of the fish I caught at Grand Lake Stream—1 pound 7 ounces. I found them all that could be desired as fighters, however, especially in quick water and with a 4-ounce rod. My guide was inclined to look rather disparagingly on this rod as somewhat of a toy, but I netted sixty fish out of a possible seventy-four, which he allowed to be very fair for a novice. Candidly, I would rather have landed 50 per cent. with that 4-ounce rod than ninety-five with an 8-ounce rod, which I let the guide take several times and which he greatly admired. With the heavier rod I had a quadruple multiplying reel, but with my lighter rod a simple little single-action Leonard fly reel. In the heavier waters that you describe and with larger fish, no doubt I would have to haul in my horns somewhat, and resort to a little heavier tackle, but I confess to enough conceit to long for a chance to try a 5-ounce rod and double multiplier on the ouananiche of Lake St. John. I have hanging over my library mantel shelf a 22-pound salmon caught in the Grand Codroy in Newfoundland two years ago with an 8-ounce rod, after a fight of over two hours, and I suppose too much contemplation of that beauty has made me vain and left me just the sort of pride that those ouananiche of your north rivers are just waiting to take a fall out of."

I know enough of the pleasure of killing a salmon upon a trout rod, to fully appreciate the delightful memories retained by my correspondent of his interesting struggle with the Codroy fish, which was quite a large one for that river, even though some have been taken out of it still larger. There are, of course, a hundred and one accidents, any one of which might have occurred to prevent him killing the fish, but conditions being favorable, and barring accidents, there is no reason at all why an angler of such experience and skill should not succeed in killing a number of Lake St John ouananiche upon a 5-ounce rod. I have been lucky enough to kill several upon a tool weighing but 3¾ ounces, and on one occasion successfully landed with it a fine double, weighing respectively 3½ and 2½ pounds. I had a good guide with me at the time—John Morel—so often referred to by Dr. Henry Van Dyke in his books—and as I was fishing from a canoe, Johnny landed me on an island in the Discharge, in order to facilitate the successful netting of the fish.

The following quotation from his letter shows what my correspondent wants to know about the fishing at Lake St. John, and there are doubtless many more readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the same boat with him:

"I hope that I shall not be imposing upon the masonry of anglers, if I ask you to give me some information and advice. In the first place, I shall probably not be able to spare more than two weeks for the trip, and I should prefer to make it toward the close of the season rather than in the early part.

"Secondly, I have in view one and only one fish for this trip, the Ouananiche (and spelled with a capital), and one and only one method of taking him—with a fly.

Thirdly, I would like very much to take my wife. She has never had an outing of that kind in the woods, but is exceedingly fond of nature and the country. She would be able to stand a fair chance of roughing it, I am sure.

"Now, sir, the proposition is before you. Can you suggest a particular spot, where I could probably have fair sport and my wife could enjoy an experience in the north woods, not too 'strenuous' for a woman? And let me post you as to the particular definition of 'fair sport' in this case. It would be an average of from four to six fish per day of an average weight of two pounds, with a good chance in ten days' fishing of a 4-pounder, and a possibility of even a 5-pound fish. Perhaps I am asking too much in my definition, but let me add, that I am too good a sportsman to 'kick,' however small the returns, and I have also had enough experience to appreciate how much the most sage advice is dependent on conditions of weather and water and season for the fulfillment of the expectations it leads to. The fisherman and his flies are also, of course, most important factors, and the selection of flies is another point upon which I should crave your advice. As to the fisherman, I am far more enthusiastic than skillful, though fortune helps out my deficiencies.

"In your book, if I remember correctly, you mentioned two places in particular as being good fishing spots for the last week of August and first of September.

"These places were the pool below the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini and the pool below the Falls of the Metabetchouan, about five miles up that river. I remember specially a reference to a marvelous catch made at the latter place by Dr. Van Dyke in the first week of September.

"I should add that I would prefer a place, if the choice were open, where I would hook fewer fish but of a larger size. I think you mentioned the Metabetchouan pool as containing fish of a larger relative average at the end of the season; fish on their way up to spawn. And here I have another question to ask: Do you consider that the fish about Sept. 1 are inferior in fighting qualities (more particularly the females carrying spawn) to those caught in the early fly-fishing of June?"

There is no reason in the world that I know of why my correspondent should not be able to gratify every desire expressed in his letter, except in the matter of fishing in the ouananiche pools of the Metabetchouan River. These pools are the favorite spawning beds of the ouananiche, and while it is always quite easy for anybody who may drop a fly over them in the latter part of the season to kill many and big fish there, there is certainly not the sport in the killing that there is in the early fishing in the month of June. Any angler who has killed brook trout full of spawn in the last few weeks of the season will quite understand the force of this reply to my friend's last question. The Metabetchouan is therefore now closed to anglers, so far as ouananiche are concerned, and its pools carefully preserved as a nursery for the spawning fish. Here, too, are sometimes taken the parent fish for the supply of spawn for the Roberval hatchery.

It is quite a pleasure to give advice concerning places and seasons for fishing to an angler who so fully appreciates, as my correspondent does, the difficulties surrounding such a case, and the many underlying conditions to success.

In the first place, let him by all means take his wife to Lake St. John. There are few trips in that country which cannot be taken by a woman who is prepared to camp out under canvas, while at the Grand Discharge nearly everybody sleeps at night at the Island House. As a rule, the fishing at the Discharge cannot be depended upon late in the season, because of the danger of low water there, such as we had in September last.

Because of the great difference in the level of the water at different seasons it is not quite easy to say, a year in advance, what might be the best fishing ground to try, nor is there any necessity to fully decide that point before reaching Lake St. John, where guides and others are always familiar with existing conditions. I usually endeavor, too, in this column to keep the readers of FOREST AND STREAM posted as to the condition of water, movements of fish, etc., in these northern waters. As a general thing, I would say that good fishing is to be had about the end of August or beginning of September at either Lac a Jim or Lac Tschotagama, each of which is only a few days' trip from Roberval. One of these lakes is reached by the Ashuapmouchouan River, the return being by the Mistassini, while the other is reached by the Peribonca. Both of them are described fully in the book to which my correspondent refers, but which, unfortunately, is now out of print. In either of these localities the average of the take suggested by him has often been surpassed, as well as the weight mentioned in the letter from which I have quoted. Earlier in the season, when the fish afford the strongest fight, I prefer the struggle in the more active waters of the Grand Discharge.

The choice of flies is another point upon which I am asked for advice. This, too, will depend largely upon the choice of time and place, but as a general rule, I have found a good selection of small salmon flies, Jock Scots, Silver Doctors, etc., together with brown hackles, professors, grizzly kings, General Hookers and B. A. Scotts to contain all the killing patterns necessary for a successful campaign against the ouananiche.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Frog Fishing.

IN my youthful days, an indulgent father furnished me with an old-fashioned rifle, made at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, for the purpose of slaughtering wild turkeys and squirrels, and when I made further use of it—for killing bullfrogs—he taught me how to secure my game without going to the expense of purchasing ammunition. Taking an old fishing line, he fastened a large hook to one end, and some ten or twelve inches above attached a single buckshot. The line was knotted to the end of a small pine pole, some twelve feet in length, which completed the entire apparatus. I was then taken to the head of a mill pond, some half or three-quarters of a mile away, and quietly passing along its margin, soon spied a number of frogs, squatted on the lilypads, which covered a large portion of the water. Selecting what seemed to be the mammoth of the throng, he gently lowered the hook alongside his body, just aft of the foreleg, and a sudden twitch to the left given, which caused the hook to fasten just underneath the breast, and the game was switched on shore in a twinkling. After capturing several others, I was permitted to take the rod and endeavor to whip up the game. My eagerness and excitement were so intense, that I was completely oblivious to the direction of my parent; consequently made a miserable failure in my first attempt. On my second, heeding his constant warnings, delivered in a low tone, I managed to firmly hook and land a fine fellow, which was followed by several other captures to my intense delight and gratification, and from that date forward I supplied our family table with dishes of bullfrogs whenever desired.

Years afterward, when I reached maturity, I experienced several extraordinary encounters with this batrachian, some of which I will endeavor to describe. I once happened to spend Sunday at a small station on the Rome and Watertown Railroad, and while lazily enjoying a cigar on the front of the hotel, my attention was attracted by the bellowing of the bullfrogs in a mill pond in the immediate vicinity. Hastening into my room, I picked up my fishing rod, which, with the frog-catching line, was always my companion in my wanderings; and while passing out of the door, in the direction from which the sounds emanated, I was stopped and questioned by the clerk as to the cause of my hasty movements. On receiving my answer to his inquiry, he requested the privilege of accompanying me, which was cheerfully given, and we started post-haste down toward the margin of a mill pond which lay but a short distance in rear of the hostelry. On arriving at the water's edge, I found it tenanted by a host of bullfrogs, and immediately rigging my rod, I soon had one dangling in mid-air, whereupon my companion burst into a roar of laughter, which was quickly silenced by my irritable gestures. On hooking a second prize, he stuffed his handkerchief into his jaws, fell upon the grass, rolled and kicked, until he was completely exhausted. By this time I had secured quite an accumulation of booty, when he regained his feet and proffered to seek help, in order to transfer my game to the hotel. On my acceptance of his kind offer, he immediately started for the hotel, while I redoubled my efforts. On his return, in company with a waiter and hostler, they were staggered by the pile of frogs which met their view. The difficulty was how to transfer the catch to the hotel, as they had come totally unprepared for any such difficulty. Suddenly the clerk darted off, after requesting us to exercise a little patience until his return. While he was absent, I added a good many others to the huge heap, much to the surprise of his companions, and was still busily engaged in enlarging the mass, when he put in an appearance, dangling a bunch of strings and carrying a fence rail on his shoulder. Thereupon there was a cessation of angling, and we turned our attention to stringing and binding the game to the fence rail. When this was finished, it required all the strength of the waiter and hostler to stagger along with the load, after the clerk and myself had assisted in placing it on their shoulders. On our arrival at the hotel I selected six dozen, to be shipped to a friend in New York, while the residue was turned over to the cook, for the delectation of the guests of the hotel.

Some years subsequent to the above, business called me to Machias, Maine, in order to deliver some pythons to the proprietors of a traveling show. Ellsworth was as far as I could travel by rail, and from thence I proceeded by an open spring wagon, hired for the purpose. I arrived at my destination on Saturday afternoon, and after delivering the reptiles, concluded to make an early start the next morning on my return. While conversing with my landlord, I learned that a short time previous, a young Canadian lynx had been captured by a party near Calais, who was anxious to part with it. As Calais was to be the next stand of the show, it was necessary for them to make a Sunday drive, in order to reach there in time for Monday's performance. So I concluded to accompany them, and endeavor to secure the lynx. The next morning the show folks made an early start for their long drive, while I waited for the regular breakfast hour before moving, and jogged along quite comfortably, until arriving at a place where the road crossed a stream by using the dam of a sawmill in lieu of the bridge. The surface of the pond was a mass of lilypads, nearly every one of which was occupied by a bullfrog. Of course I couldn't resist the temptation, consequently rigged my rod for frog fishing, and in making a circuit of the pond, filled the wagon about one-third full of game. How to get at those on the pads further out in the pond than I could reach with my rod bothered me, until I determined to rip up the floor of the short bridge, used for crossing the forebay, and construct a rough raft of it. With the assistance of my driver, we soon fabricated an affair which served our purpose. The driver acted as poleman, while I hauled in game enough in a very short time to nearly submerge us. My poleman carefully pushed the affair ashore, where it was unloaded, and we again made for the center of the pond, where it soon again freighted and returned to the shore. Some three or four trips gave us a sufficiency of booty to fill the wagon, when the bridge timbers were replaced and we resumed our journey at an abated pace, in consequence of the ponderous load. On our arrival at Calais, we were received by the slow folks with expressions of joy, and looks of surprise by the townsfolk. In unloading our wagon, I noticed that the frogs were larger than any that I had ever captured, which surprised me, as I very naturally supposed that they would be smaller than those which I had frequently caught further south. The next morning every showman had his fill of frog meat for breakfast, and by noon I had succeeded in purchasing the young lynx. This was about my last experience in big catches in the frog line, and I am sorry to say that the general introduction of steam has nearly ousted the old-fashioned mill ponds out of existence, consequently the frogs lack one of the great essentials for their assemblage in huge numbers in comparatively small spaces.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Black Bass in the Delaware.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A singular fishing condition existed in the Delaware River during the last week or ten days of September, and extending for a like period into October. The river all at once seemed to become alive with bass, and everybody, from the farmer boy with his "pole" and red worm bait, to the city angler with his $50 outfit and minnow bait seemed to get all they wanted. It was no trick for two men in a boat to take twenty to twenty-five bass weighing 50 to 60 pounds in a few hours, and the fellow who could not get a boat cast from shore with about equal success. Any kind of bait seemed to be good enough, and the fish taken were not small ones, either, very few running below a pound, and from that to 4 pounds and over. The river men say they have never known any such fishing since the bass were introduced in the river, and they are unable to explain it, though some of your scientific correspondents may be able to give an explanation.

The fishing stopped as suddenly as it began, almost between two suns, and thereafter no delicacy was tempting enough to induce a strike. The writer has frequently gone more than a thousand miles in search of bass, and never had half the success that he met with here while it lasted.

TOHICKON.

THE MANY-USE OIL CO.,
New York City, will send Free Sample. Write now.—*Adv.*

A Big Halibut.

It was late of a July morning when we left the wharf in the little punt, but the lateness of the hour was not due to laziness, but was because there had not been a breath of wind since sunrise. My companion had been out early to his net, which lay out at mooring near the Duck Rocks, and had taken from it a bucket of squid and some hiacks, so when the breeze finally came about 8 o'clock, we were ready and quickly slipped our mooring and sailed out through the Gut, past Smutty Nose, and around the point of Manana, choosing the inner fishing grounds, as the wind served.

Our boat was an old-time sloop, 20 feet long, battered by many hard winters in the lobster business, but still staunch and able, and looking almost respectable with a new coat of paint. Having passed into the hands of a summer resident, she was familiarly known as the "rusticators'" boat, for by that name went all those who were not natives.

As we left Manana, the fog, which up to then had hung heavy upon the water, began to "burn" under the hot sun, and slowly filtered away. But with the fog went the wind, and only by resort to an "ash oar breeze" were we able to reach the grounds—a twenty-fathom ledge, easily found by getting the point of Manana in range with the Eastern Duck Rock, and the light showing out bye.

Having rounded, and finding the depth right, let our killick go, made all snug, cut the squid up on the bait board, and put our lines overboard.

In one day the preceding year two of us had caught eleven hundred pounds of fish on these same grounds, so the prospect was fair for a good day's sport. But our hopes soon vanished, an hour's fishing yielded but a few small cod. Quite discouraged, we were lolling over the wash board, idly holding our lines, when suddenly and without warning a terrific yank nearly pulled the line from my hands. I tried to pull in—no easy task—but with some difficulty about three fathoms of line was hauled aboard, when zip, out it flew, till the halibut had reached bottom. This process was repeated perhaps a dozen times, each trial bringing the fish nearer the surface. The rig—a six-pound cod line—was new luckily, and stood the strain. One hauled, carefully keeping the line clear of the gunwale, while the other coiled the line so that it would run out smoothly when the fish dove. At last we got him to the surface, just for a second; but this was time to slip the gaff in his mouth and jerk it under the hard, bony substance which formed the upper lip. Thus, pulling and hauling, we dragged him over the gunwale and in to the bottom of the boat, where he lay slapping his great tail upon the flooring, making a noise like a small battery.

A breeze having come up, we sailed in and weighed our fish before an admiring audience, the scales tipping to 150 pounds—a rather good fish.

G. P. Putnam.

Are Fishes Deaf?

Readers of Brehm's "Tierleben" (Animal Life) will recall a statement to the effect that the carp inhabiting a pond in a certain continental town are accustomed to come up to the landing steps at the sound of a bell to be fed. And from this and other circumstances it has been commonly held, at least up to the middle of last century, that fishes possess the sense of hearing. In the year of 1851 were discovered, however, the so-called organs of Corti in the internal ear of mammals, which there is good reason to believe alone receive and transmit to the brain the vibrations giving rise to the sense of hearing. Now these organs of Corti, together with the bony "labyrinth" of the internal ear in which they are contained, are absent in fishes alone among the whole group of vertebrates; and it accordingly seems highly probable that these creatures lack the power of hearing, more especially since there seems reason to believe that the aforesaid organs of Corti are absent in such few members of other classes of vertebrates as are deaf. If this be so, it follows, of course, that the so-called otoliths (the familiar solid white bones in the head of a cod, for instance) in the ears of fishes have nothing to do with the sound of hearing.

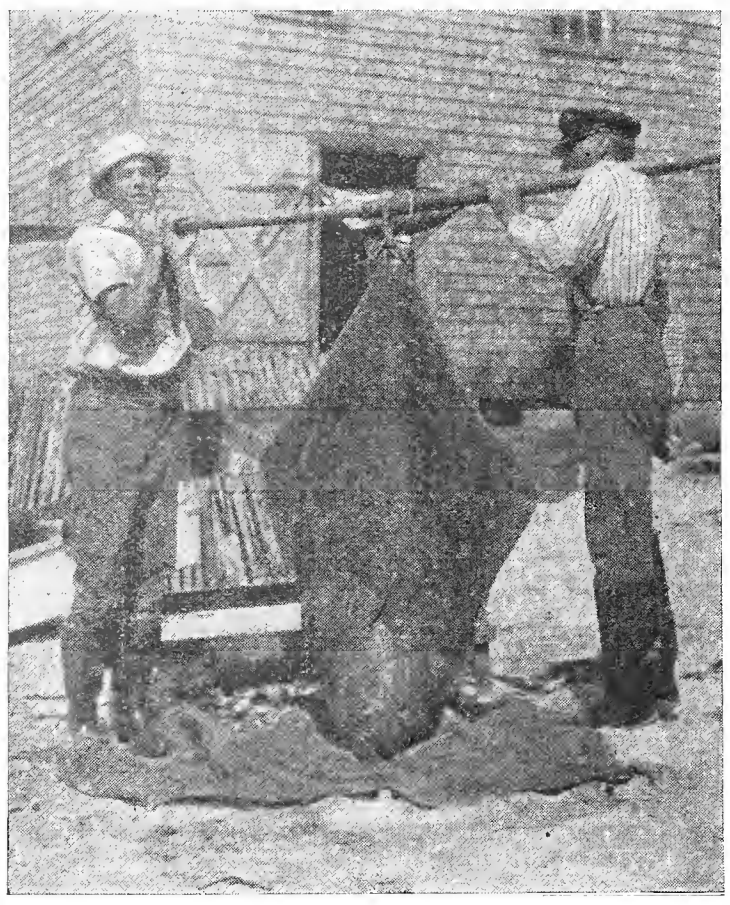
The whole question has recently been discussed in an exceedingly interesting manner by Professor O. Körner, director of the ear hospital at Rostoek, in the German Aurists' Journal, published at Berlin. The learned professor commences his essay by urging from analogy that we ought not to expect to find the power of hearing among fishes. Nature is never wasteful, and since fishes possess keen power of sight, smell and touch (in the so-called lateral line on the side of the body), it is improbable that they are also provided with the sense of hearing. He incidentally cites as a proof of this, the presence of numbers of sharks at the battle of Aboukir Bay and other naval battles, pointing out that if those fishes heard the roar of the cannon they would scarcely have swum about in their usual unconcerned manner, intent only on business. Another argument used is that the sense of hearing would be useless to fishes, since the enemies by which they are attacked rush silently upon them in the waters, or swoop down upon them from above. The vibrations caused by the breaking of the waves on the beach are probably communicated by the lateral line system, so that fishes are warned in this manner of the proximity of land.

Brehm's aneedote of the carp coming to be fed does not by any means imply that these fishes hear the sound of the bell; and it is much more likely they feel the vibrations communicated to the water by the feet of the person coming up to the landing steps.

Moreover, according to the German professor, it appears as the result of direct experiment, that while fish are able to take cognizance of numerous rapid vibrations in water, such as those communicated by an electric bell; they take no notice whatever of loud single explosions under water, such as those made by dynamite. This strongly points to the conclusion that they receive impressions of the former type of vibration by means of their sense of touch or feeling, but that they have no perception of either kind of vibration by means of hearing. When we add to this the above mentioned fact, as to the absence of the organs of Corti in the internal ears of fishes—and in no other class of vertebrates—Dr. Körner's contention that fishes are absolutely deaf becomes very difficult to discredit. Assuming this absence of the power of hearing, the function of the imperfectly developed ear of fishes has yet to be explained; but it is probable that this is merely part of the highly developed sense of touch or feeling characteristic of these ereatures. This presumed deafness in fishes seems at first somewhat difficult to realize, but a little refleetion soon leads to the belief that the possession of the power of hearing would be altogether useless and superfluous.—London Field.

Concerning Bass.

New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some friends and I were discussing the respective merits and claims to popular vote—pardon me if I speak in the prevailing phrase of the time—of the large-mouth and small-mouth varieties of black bass. Up in Lake Champlain we never notieed when a big bass came over the gunwale whether his "slit" or mouth ran away around under his eye or not. Our fish often took the trolling spoon, especially just at night, and was generally conspicuous for the way that he would run right out into the lake at right angles to the course of the skiff that we happened to be in. One of the largest bass I ever saw came to my hook one day in an estuary leading into the lake just east of old Fort Frederick's ruins. He seemed bound to take a turn about a stake standing in the elay-stained water at the bridge, and in the struggle my old store fish pole broke near the end, and I had to work the line through the second ring and the pendant tip. I presume my honest endeavors to save that noble fish and my final successful netting of it, after my little brother had grabbed at the landing net handle three or four times and could not hold it



A BIG HALIBUT.

from sheer excitement over the fight, would have caused a laugh from those masters of the rod who are represented as being so cool and deliberate—in the story books—when killing a big fish.

All this leads me to the question, will the large-mouth bass breed in the same lake and do well in water inhabited by the small-mouth variety; or does each prefer a peculiar part of the same lake? I have in mind a large mountain pond well filled with the small-mouth bass on the reefs and along the rocky shores at various points. I find, however, that few, if any, of these fish inhabit the somewhat shallow portion of the lake thickly grown up with lilies and rushes or the outlet running for half a mile or so, navigable for rowboats, and full of shiners, small perch and other kinds of bass food.

Would not the large-mouth largely congregate in the shallower and weedier portions of our water, find its food there and thus by its introduction greatly increase the chances for sport? I am very fond of fishing near lily pads and in the deep holes along the course of smoothly flowing outlets of mountain ponds. Should there be no objection, why would it not be a good plan to introduee large-mouth bass into the water now inhabited by small-mouths, there being an abundance of fish foods, and the drain upon the water by local and eity anglers being very great.

A little expert testimony on this important question will be greatly appreciated. Peter Flint.

Salt Water Fishes in Fresh Waters.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 25—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wrote you some months ago as to the fact that the salt water mullet at very high water, occurring years apart, has been thrown into Lake Surprise on the main land near Galveston Bay, and is in the lake in great numbers and apparently thriving and breeding there.

It is accepted that the landlocked salmon of the lakes, lake trout and possibly the sturgeon of the lakes, all originated from accidental salt water fish of their kind that were lost when going to fresh water to spawn. I can establish the fact that striped bass have lived and thrived in fresh water millponds in Virginia; whether they spawned I do not know.

We have data enough to justify the United States Fish Commission in trying some experiments with the redfish of the Gulf and the striped bass of the Atlantic, and the salt water mullet as food for them, and to ascertain whether they cannot be made so accustomed to fresh water as to breed there.

I suggest, these fish as the striped bass in Virginia and the red fish in Texas have been caught in fresh water ponds where they appeared to be thriving.

Our Federal Fish Commission is enterprising and in the best position to try such experiments, the only trouble is want of sufficient appropriations. The importance of such experiments will justify the expense, and I hope it is only necessary to get attention directed to this matter; push it on and keep it before the public, and let every fisherman interested in such work see that his Congressman has a marked copy of the Forest and Stream whenever you have an article on this subject.

If those interested in the work of the Fish Commission would urge at the right time their representatives to see that the commission has ample appropriation, much would be done by the commissioner that has now to be left undone. G. E. Mann.

Sunfish Destroy Carp.

National Military Home, O., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your article on "The Carp Curse" you say that in waters already infested with carp "the only thing left is to be content with the coarse fish which has taken the place of native species." We are not so helpless and much may be done to control the over-production of this friendless fish. I have seen the problem fully worked out in one of the ponds in this place during the past ten years. The carp makes no nest but emits the eggs while swimming, and they fall to the bottom and are left without any proteetion. Sunfish eat them eagerly, and I have often seen a number of these alert friends of our youth following two carp when spawning and the eggs went where they would do good, or at least were prevented from doing harm.

Further on in the breeding process, when the young carp hatch, they flock together and when attacked, instead of seattering as bass and other fish do for safety, they huddle closer and then the ever hungry little two and three-year-old bass gets his fill, going through the school of helpless carp minnows with wide open mouth, making a heroic effort to swallow them all before taking a rest.

You may bank on it in confidence that if plenty of little sunfish and young bass are put in the same waters with carp the fittest will survive, and carload lots of carp will soon be scarce in that locality. Charles Carroll.

The Kennel.

Virginia Field Trials Association.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 24.—For the Virginia Field Trials entries close Nov. 8. The trials this year will be very much bigger and better than ever before. The club has guaranteed a purse of $300 in the free-for-all stake. A good many entries have already come in. Thee secretary will be glad to hear from those handlers who have not received entry blanks. They have been mailed to the last known addresses, but probably not received by the handlers.

We are just in receipt of a letter from our first vice-president, Dr. Leigh Buckner, of Roanoke, in which he says: "I am sending you under this cover application for fifteen new members, and will send you some more as soon as you forward me application blanks. I got these in about one hour's work to-day." He also says the Fox Hunters' Club will probably take their hounds over and run them against the Martinsville dogs. It will give lots of sport and create interest in the Virginia Field Trials. He also says if the Maryland and District of Columbia people will bring a select number of their dogs to our trials and run a special stake, as they propose, he thinks we can accommodate them. I will enter one or two, but I cannot go to Maryland. See if you can't arrange this, it will add a very attractive feature to our trials."

This is the kind of men who are working for the Virginia Field Trials Association, and all those who enter dogs attend the trials personally and run them. It is our endeavor to build up a strong and attractive circuit on the east coast, and we hope that all of the sportsmen interested in field trials and hunting dogs will lend a helping hand. Every single entry counts and adds interest to the game. No one can tell how good a dog he has until he is placed in competition with the other fellow's dogs, and we hope that none of the members of the Virginia Association will hold back because they think they have not dogs good enough to win. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec.

Meadowgrass—"Si Oatcake seen a advertisement in th' Bunco Bulletin what sed ter send on er dollar an' git instructions as waz guarantced t' make enny slow hoss fast. So he took an' sent th' money."

Corntassel—"An' did he git th' instructions?"

Meadowgrass—"I 'low he did. He got a postal card on which wuz written in red ink: 'Don't feed him.'"—Chicago Daily News.

"When I die," said Cholly, "I'm going to will my brain to some medical college.

"Oh, you stingy thing." replied the girl.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Sometimes de man dat's workin' de hardest in dis world," said Uncle Eben, "is de one dat los' too much time tryin' to pick out de easies' job."—Washington Star.

Mistress—Bridget, that cigar Officer Keegan was smoking in the kitchen last night was simply awful. Bridget—Yes'm; he says he don't see how your husband can smoke thim.—Puck.

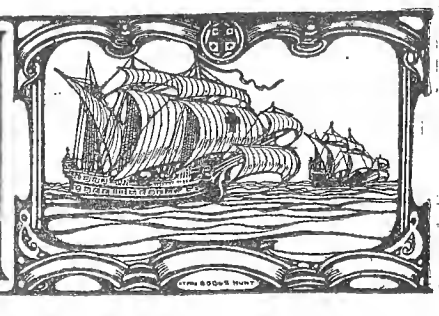
Tommy—Say, pa, why did Peary name his ship the Roosevelt? Pa—I guess he wanted to scare the bears away from the pole, my son.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Keeps boots and leather soft and waterproof; 2oz. bottle 10 cents. —*Adv.*



YACHTING



Tainui's 1903 Cruise.

BY JAMES W. COMMEFORD, JR.

(*Concluded from page 369.*)

Aug. 2, Sunday.—At 4:30 A. M., Charlie and the mate were still fast asleep. George dipped a pail of water and dumped it in through the fan light, in a minute all was confusion. Some one had to go overboard. The Skipper made for the foremast, intending to go aloft, but was too slow. In he went. George in the meantime got away in the dinghy. The Skipper evened things up by swimming to the dinghy and upsetting George and a battle royal took place, much to the enjoyment of the mate and Charlie. This over, the little schooner was soon under way, again with the wind free. Reached Massassage Park, and after one hour's ramble left for Belleville 4 miles away. At Belleville's waterfront is a park, and we tied up by the promenade and jaunted off up-town. At 11:30 left Belleville with wind aft and headed for Trenton 12 miles away, reaching there at 2:30 A. M., and turned in.

Aug. 3, Monday.—Stayed in port all day and visited the large saw mill. The mate stumped us to run the logs, he leading, Charlie, George and the Skipper close on his heels. There was a splash and a yell, George was in and each time he grabbed at the logs they would roll over and he would get another ducking. The mate and Charlie went to his assistance and soon had him out. He had enough. Tainui was log enough for him. That afternoon all went fishing except the Skipper, who met with old friends and during the afternoon was the recipient of a sailor's sheath knife. Thursday was to be fireman's day, and arches were being erected at the principal corners and the town decorated generally. We were asked to stay and join in the fun, but as our time was limited, we had to decline and left at midnight with fresh wind over the beam, and made Twelve O'clock Point at 1 A. M., after an exciting sail.

Aug. 4, Tuesday.—Rained hard all morning. Left at 9 A. M., with the wind over the quarter, for up the Murray Canal and made the run through in an hour, after which we again cut the channel buoys, and upon reaching the outer range light, anchored and close reefed the main, fore and jib, as it was blowing a gale from the S.E. Outside a large sea was running. We now headed for the open, the wind and sea dead ahead, and to beat out in that narrow channel was no easy task. The canvas had to be kept on to make her drive into it, and Tainui would rise on a sea and dive into the next and bury her horn and half the jib. It was hard work and the canvas had to be continually worked to keep her right side up. She would no sooner get steerage way when we would have to go about. As we rose on the crest of a sea the islanders could be seen grouped together watching and beckoning to us. Once outside and we would get it over the quarter, but there was a quarter mile of it yet. We were now in the breakers. "Stand by," called the Skipper. A hitch now meant the loss of a spar or to be driven on a lee shore. "Hard a-lee!" came the order. Tainui banged into a large breaker and missed stays. The next sea lifted her up and backed her down on the dinghy, which had been given a long line. The masts swayed like switches. The mate climbed forward and backed off the jib to starboard, the mainsail was eased and Tainui payed away on the starboard tack and commenced to forge ahead. The next tack was made successfully and the Skipper ordered the canvas eased off a bit until the wind was over the quarter. The little schooner would rise on the wall of a 12ft. sea and rush ahead, nestle for a moment on the crest and then drop into the hollow and seemed to wait for the next. The back stays were now set to brace the spars. The dinghy began to rush upon us on a following sea, then stop dead and come up again with a jerk. To stop this, about 20ft. of ½in. bolt rope was attached to the then long line, but still she would pull and jerk. The mate complained of a pain in his back and was soon stretched out in the cabin. Fifteen minutes later there was a heavy jerk from the dinghy, she had parted her painter. "Marsh, the dinghy's gone," called the Skipper; "get a stout rope and stand by to pick it up." The back stays were cast off, and the helm put hard down, the jib let fly and Tainui laid down cabin awash for a moment, then headed S. in the trough to wait for the dinghy to get ahead of us. At the proper moment we again went about and headed for her. As we came near the Skipper jammed his tiller down, sheeted in his main a little and the crew grabbed the dinghy, while the mate quickly tied the new line with a square knot to the broken painter. The mainsail was then eased a bit to give her steerage way, as we had to again go about, for to gybe in that gale would cause an accident. She came about without further trouble and again was set on her course. This happened twice more before we reached Cobourg. With the mate below useless and an unexperienced crew on deck, the Skipper had his troubles. At times it was hard to keep her from broaching to. George, who had been watching the shore line, saw that we were gradually leaving it, and heading for the open. He would look at the Skipper, then at the shore and at last asked why we kept so far out, and being told that an open sea is better than a lee shore, and that if the wind was to lighten it would be better to run with the sea for the harbor than by it.

When about 2 miles E. of Cobourg and 7 miles out Tainui was headed for the harbor, entering it at 6 P. M. The seas were washing over the piers. We ran up the harbor a way for shelter and were met by a crowd of people who had been watching us rise and disappear in the big sea outside.

In the harbor we found several yachts that had run for shelter, and after seeing the mate snugly in bed at a hotel, we visited the drug store and called for our mail. A telegram was waiting for George. He was wanted home at once, and he accordingly prepared to leave the next morning. A lively time was spent in the harbor that evening, a visit being paid to the different craft, and it was a tired crew that turned in that night.

Aug. 5, Wednesday.—George was up and away at 4 A. M., to catch the train for home, and Charlie and the Skipper went to the hotel to see their patient. Found him greatly improved, but far from well, and after breakfast, helped him down to our floating hotel, bundled him up in his bunk and left at noon for Port Hope, 6 miles W. The wind had fallen light and left a long roll which did not improve the mate any.

The postmaster at Cobourg had informed us that the Port Hope post office would close at 3 P. M., that they might attend the funeral of one of the officials who had been drowned in the Bay of Quinte on the day that we left Presque Isle in the gale, and at the rate we were going we would be late for our mail, so Charlie put off in the dinghy and reached the post office in time and was rewarded by getting a letter for the Skipper. Arriving back as we entered the piers he was given a line and towed us well up the harbor to escape the incoming swell.

A hot meal was in order, and the mate felt quite like himself again after a couple of cups of hot beef tea. After the meal we all strolled up-town and that is quite an undertaking. Port Hope is built on the side of a hill. The main street is quite steep, the residential part being located at the top. An excursion came in that night from Twelve O'Clock Point on the steamer Argyle, and nearly all on board were seasick.

Aug. 6, Thursday.—Up early and saw the steamer away, well loaded with passengers, some for the trip, but the majority on a shopping expedition to hunt up the bargains in Toronto's department stores.

Breakfast was hardly over when it began to rain. A heavy swell was still running. It cleared again at 11 A. M., and a little breeze sprang up from the S.W., and we got away. It was a beat, but anything is better than a calm. One mile out the wind died away and it took us two hours to make the harbor again. And for something to do we went out in a tug, which was towing sand away from a dredge that was working in the harbor, and dumping it a couple of miles out in the lake. Before the trip was over it began to blow quite fresh from the S.W. We had left Tainui tied up inside the pier with all canvas up and were anxious to get back, and on arriving found that kindly hands had lowered it. At 6 P. M., with a couple of reefs put in the foresail, one on the main and full jib, headed out once more. The wind increased steadily until we were down to the cabin, at times throwing the spray in all directions as we drove into the head seas. About 7:30 a cutter-rigged yacht hove in sight. She had a couple of reefs in her mainsail and was running before it like a race horse, heading for Port Hope. Following closely on her heels was a schooner running light and reefed. It soon became dark and the wind shifted a bit more W. and blew hard. The foresail was taken in and the backstays set up.

The boys began to get chilly and tired, and all wished they were back in the harbor. But their minds were soon set at ease when the Skipper pointed the twinkling light of New Castle over the bows, and announced his intention of making for it and laying up for the night.

About 11 P. M. the Argyle passed close to us on her return trip.

At midnight the wind lightened a bit and the foresail was again set, and at 1 A. M., entered the piers and found a couple of stone hookers inside. It did not take long to get the canvas stowed and all hands were soon in their bunks. Beat 22 miles.

Aug. 7, Friday.—Left New Castle at 6 P. M. Wind light from N.W. When 2 miles E. of Darlington Harbor and 1 mile from shore the wind came in hot puffs, followed closely by heavy squalls. The foresail was quickly taken in and we headed inshore, but before we got there had some excitement.

Luffing or paying away as the equalls hit us, we ran close in under the cliffs and dropped anchor, put in a double reef in the mainsail and foresail and one in the jib. With this scrap of canvas we clawed close along the shore. At times it blew so hard that the sand from off the shore could be felt against our faces. After passing Darlington, the shore ran more southerly, which gave us the wind over the beam. For about 3 miles we kept close in shore. Our centerboard struck a rock, after which we headed out a quarter of a mile, where we got the full force of the wind and had our hands full. Now and then would take a short tack in shore and passed Oshawa, which has no harbor. A long pier stretches out into the lake, so we kept on and in another hour had Whitby Harbor in sight, but we were well out and seemed to get a steadier breeze. At noon Whitby was passed.

As a word of warning Whitby Lighthouse stands on the west pier, other lights on north shore are on east pier. The writer made a mistake at Whitby the year before, which he will not soon forget. While making the harbor in a gale off the lake in his excitement he left the light to starboard and found himself in the breakers on a lee shore and had a rough time beating out again.

The mate suggested that we make Frenchman's Bay, which is 4 miles W. of Whitby, and 18 miles E. of Toronto. All were agreeable, but from where we were it would be a dead beat to windward. Tainui was put on the port tack and headed in shore a mile and the order had just been given to stand by to go about, when the Skipper noticed the sky had suddenly darkened and a hot gust of wind blew by. The order was countermanded, and he paid her off a bit, so that she would foot a little faster, and headed for the shore now about half a mile away. In ten minutes it was very dark and the Skipper ordered the foresail taken in, and it was no sooner done than the jib was ordered in also. The mate had just uncleated the halliard, when we were struck by a regular cyclone, which brought sand and dust off the shore with it. The mate let go the jib and it lashed about on the end of the horn. The Skipper sheeted home the mainsail which kept us up in the wind, and his orders came thick and fast, but could not be heard by the mate, who had gone out to bind down the jib. With the help of the crew the topping lifts were put up and the mainsail dropped into them. Tainui began to back down at a rapid gait and the dinghy threatened to break the rudder. The jaws of the gaff were lashed to the boom, and the peak raised about 2ft. and with about the same amount of jib to the wind. The mainsail was eased and she went down to the cabin, but would do no better than abeam and was headed for Whitby. In about another fifteen minutes it had eased up a little, and the reefed main and jib were set, and in half an hour we were close in shore and came upon a table, two chairs and a mattress. The anchor was let go, canvas taken in, and all went ashore in the dinghy, and after climbing the cliff, found the remains of a tent held by the pegs, which explained where table and chairs came from. Branches had been torn from the trees, and apples galore on the ground in an orchard a little further inland occupied us for another half hour.

When we again got back to the beach, or cliff, Charlie in his hurry lost his foothold and in falling grabbed the mate and both rolled to the bottom unhurt; but the supply of apples were strewn about the beach. Once more on board the stove was lit and a hot meal prepared, which was enjoyed, as we had not eaten since early morning.

At 3 P. M., canvas was again hoisted, and before reaching Frenchman's Bay the reefs were cast out and full sail carried, and it was decided to keep on for the city, which gave us the wind abeam, but still very squally, which kept the mate going as the foresail was taken in and reset a half a dozen times in the next two hours. About 5 P. M., we were off Kew Beach in the eastern city limits and were hailed by a man in a canoe going our way. We laid to and got him aboard, and after tying the canoe astern, he told us of the bad weather in and around Toronto in the last week, it being so rough that the Lake Yacht Racing Association meet had to be postponed, and that a good many craft had been washed up on the beach, his own included, and on nearing the eastern pier he left us to go in search of her.

We entered the pier at 6 P. M., and beat up the bay in a light breeze, and inspected the challenger, Irondequoit, and defender, Strathcona, who were getting ready for the first race for the Canada cup, on the morrow.

In the harbor were also Genesee and Wave Crest, of the Rochester Y. C.; Cadillac and Minx, of Detroit, and many others.

We made our moorings at 7 P. M. "Right side up with care," remarked the Skipper. Canvas was soon stowed, and in half an hour we were on our way to our respective homes.

Seawanhaka Cup Conditions.

THE following letter has been received from Mr. Richard deB. Boardman, Chairman of the Seawanhaka Cup Committee of the Manchester Y. C.:

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Manchester Y. C. has as yet received no challenge from any foreign club, but some little inquiry as regard to conditions has been made.

The time limit, however, for challenges for the year 1906 does not expire until Dec. 1, so there is yet ample time. We are greatly in hopes of receiving one.

The only changes in the conditions from the match sailed last summer with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Canada, are as follows:

In article 9 of the mutual agreement, the limit of sail area has been increased from 500 sq. ft. to 625 sq. ft., so that the article now reads: "Competitors must not exceed 625 sq. ft. of sail area, and must not exceed 25ft. limit of racing length under the following rule: Load waterline plus square root of sail area divided by two equals the racing length. Waterline length found with no dead weight on board."

To article 10 is to be added, "no sliding gooseneck or other device used to change the position of the mainsail on the mast shall be allowed."

The weight of the crew may be 680 lbs. instead of 665.

These changes were made by a special committee of the Manchester Y. C. after much careful thought and consideration. Some pressure was brought to bear on us to change the type to a keel boat, but although this type would, of course, have been best for us, we decided to stick to the original kind, as it seems to us the cup was given in the interest of speed.

RICHARD DEB. BOARDMAN,
Chairman Seawanhaka Cup Com., Manchester Y. C.

HOUSEBOAT FOR GEORGE INNESS, JR.—Messrs. Macconell & Cook have completed plans for a houseboat for Mr. George Inness, Jr., and the boat is now being built at Rye, N. Y. The boat is 50ft. long, 14ft. breadth and 12in. draft. She will be used in the waters near Tampa, Fla., and she will have as a tender a powerful launch.

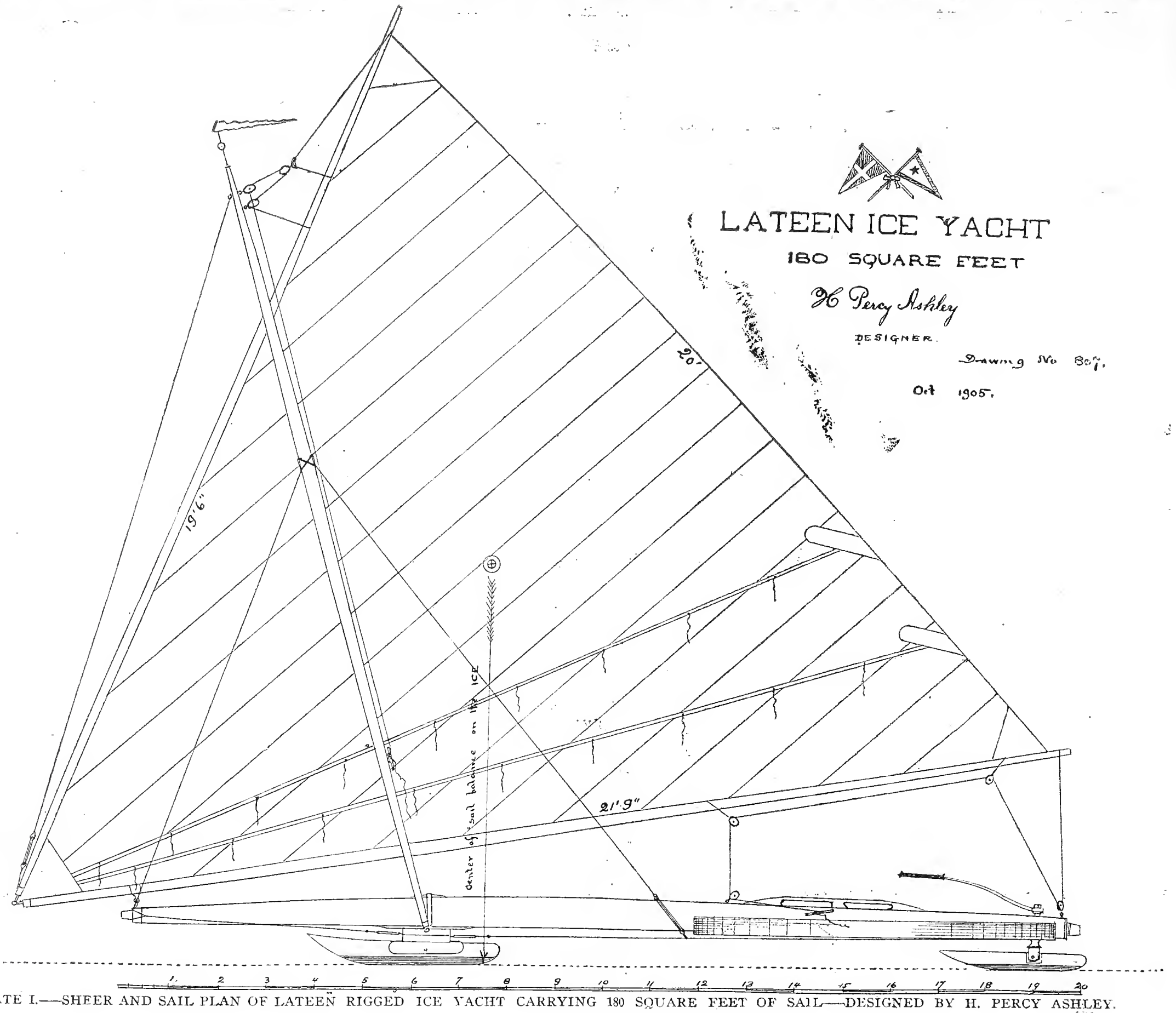


PLATE I.—SHEER AND SAIL PLAN OF LATEEN RIGGED ICE YACHT CARRYING 180 SQUARE FEET OF SAIL—DESIGNED BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

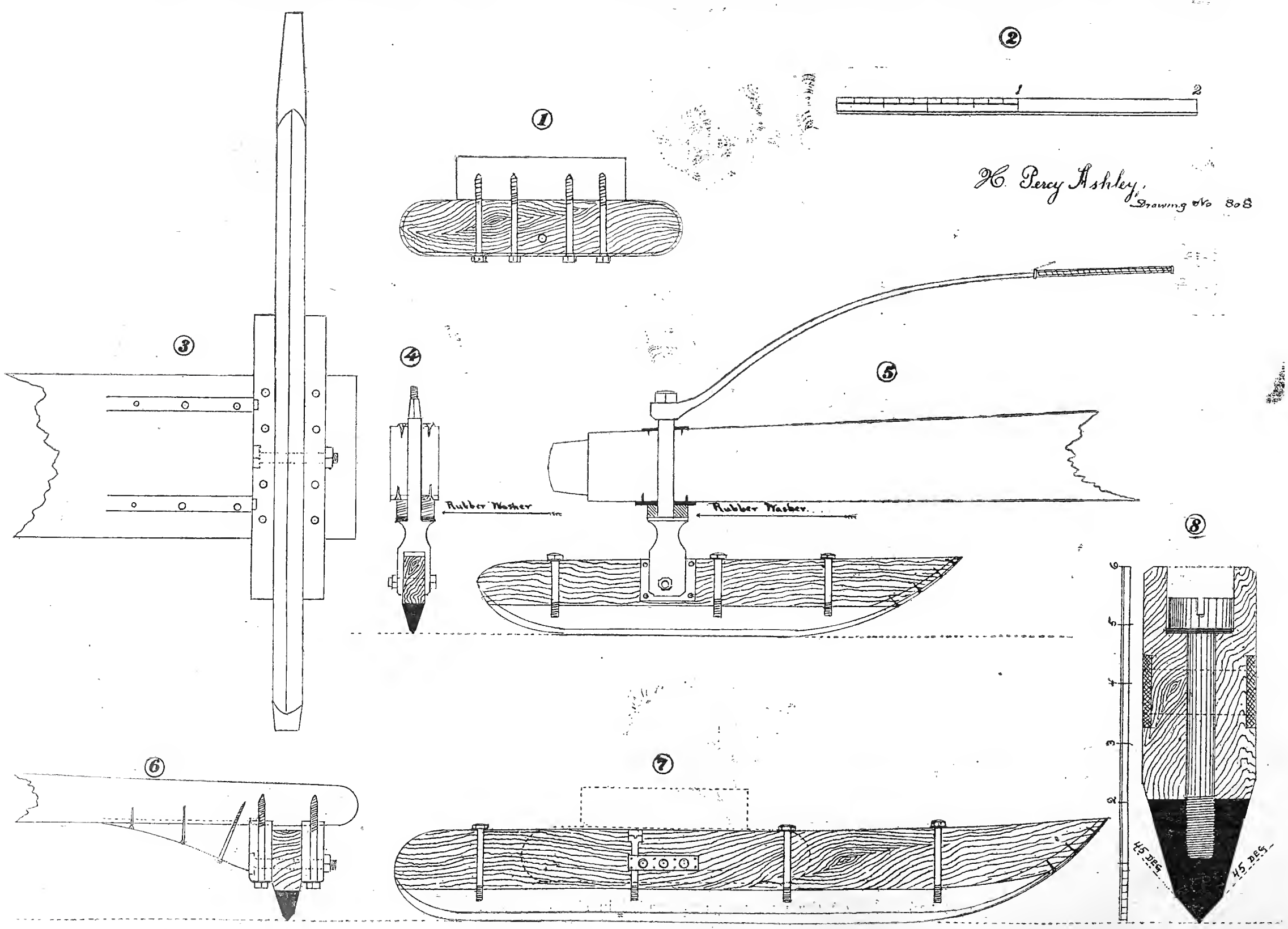
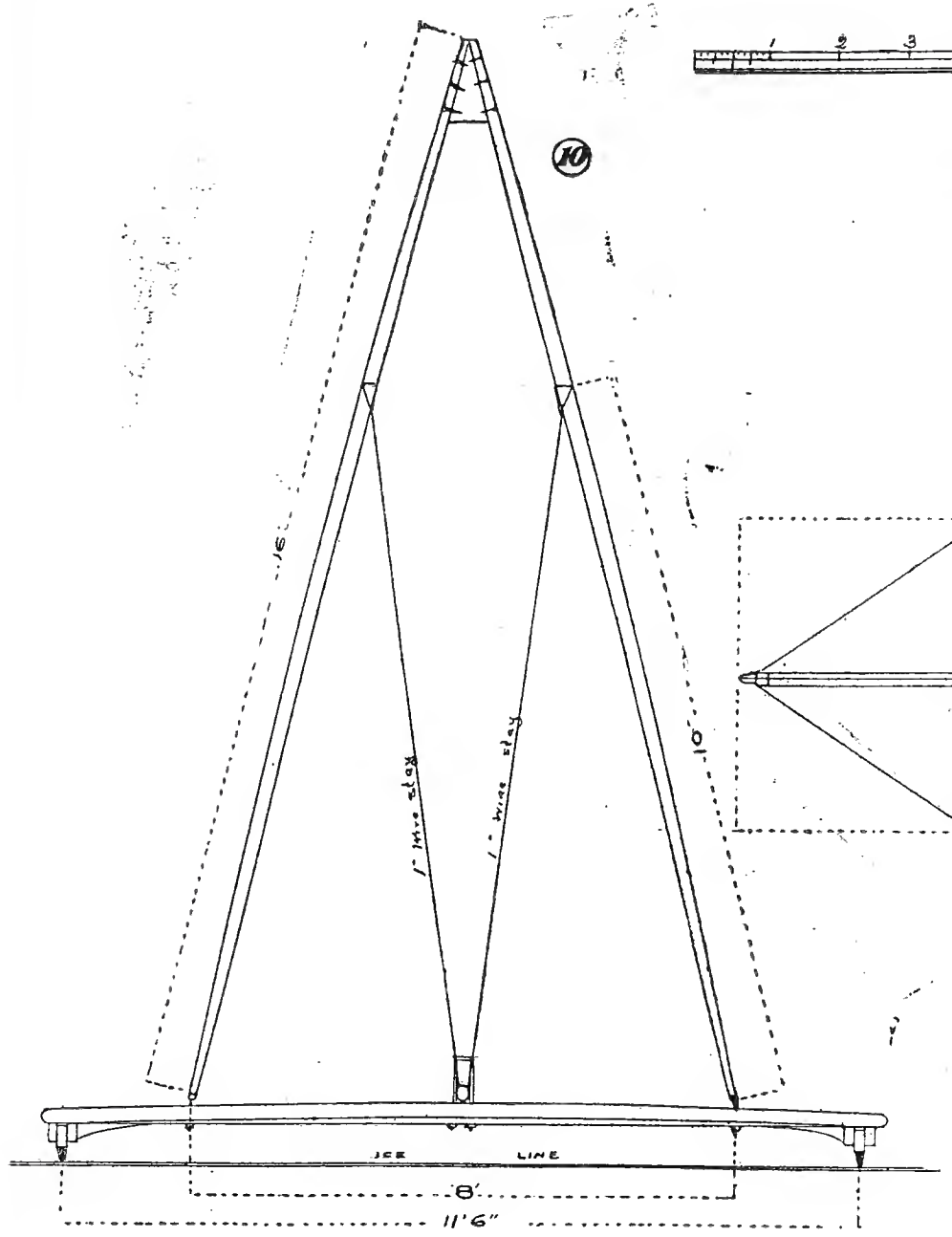
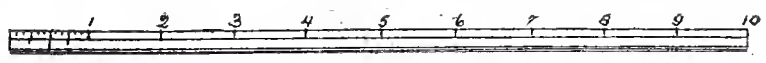
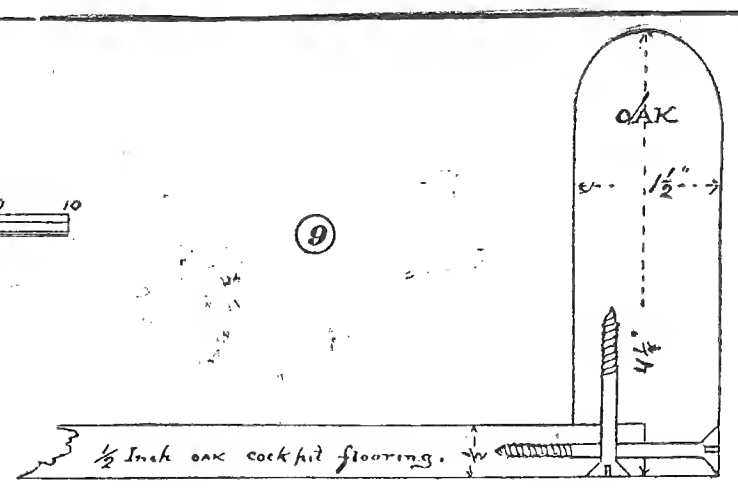


PLATE II.—RUNNERS AND STEERING GEAR.

1. Chocks and fastening to runner plank. 2. Scale for runners. 3. Under side of fore runners, showing chocks and braces. 4. Mid-section of rudder post and steering runner. 5. Side view of rudder and steering gear. 6. Fastening of fore runner at end of runner plank. 7. Side view of fore runners. 8. Enlarged mid-section of fore runner.







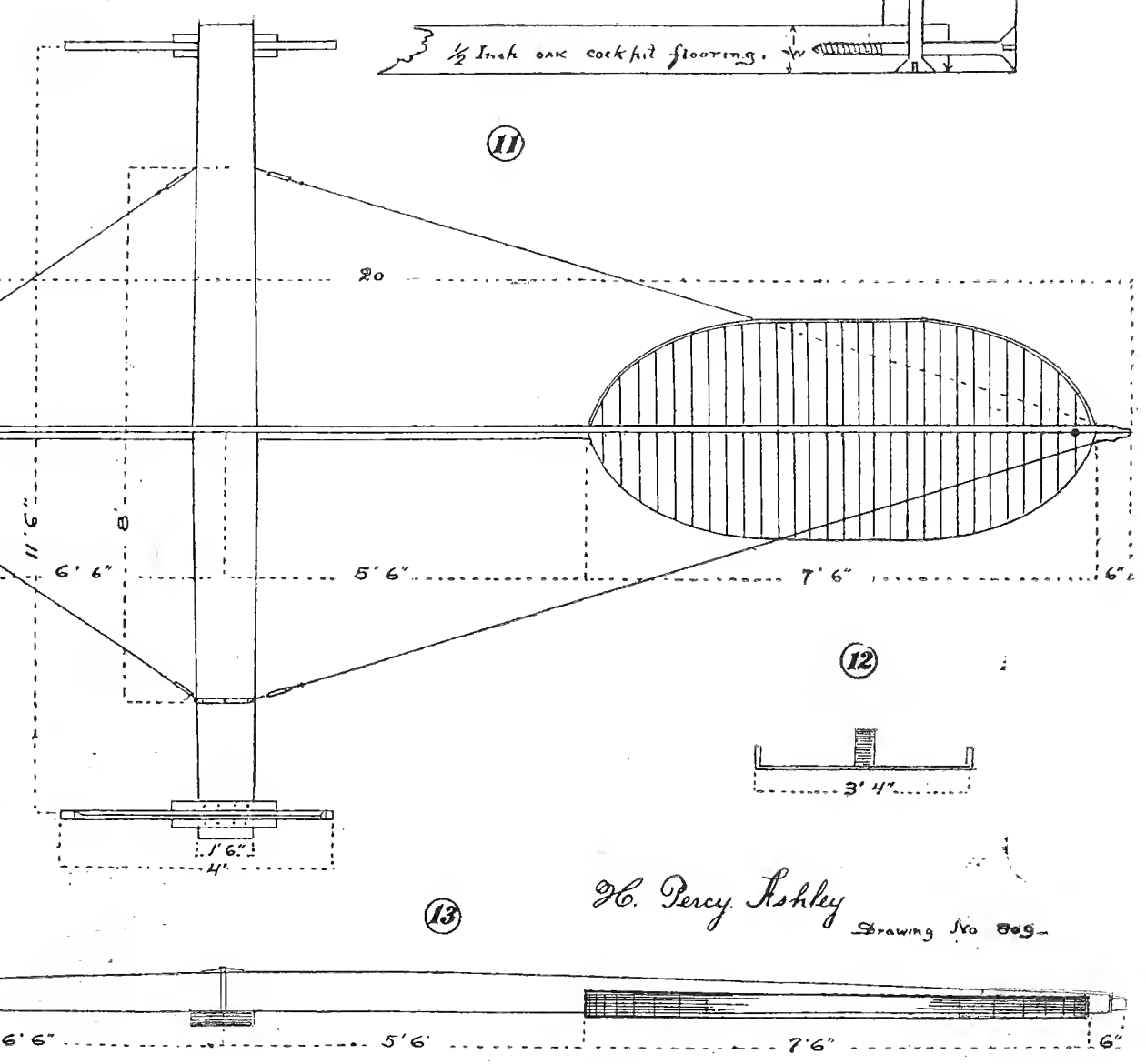
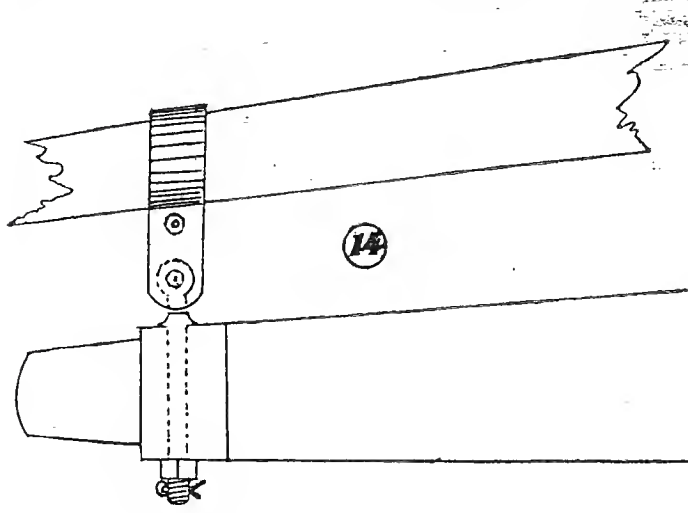
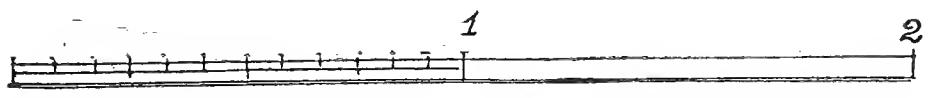
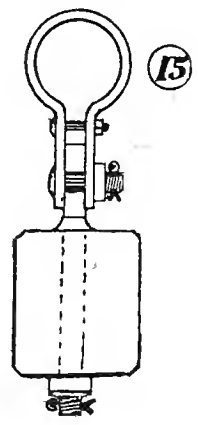


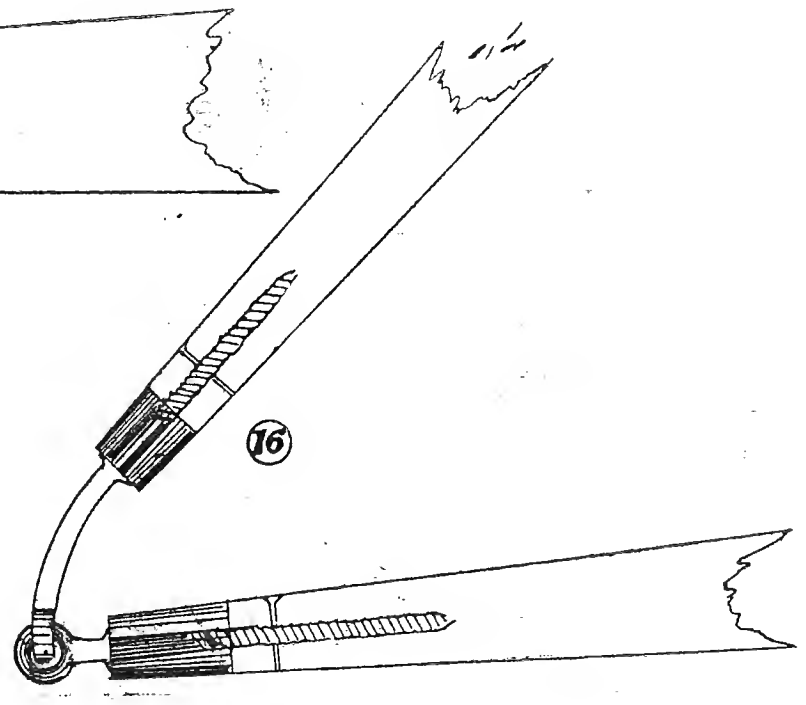
PLATE III.

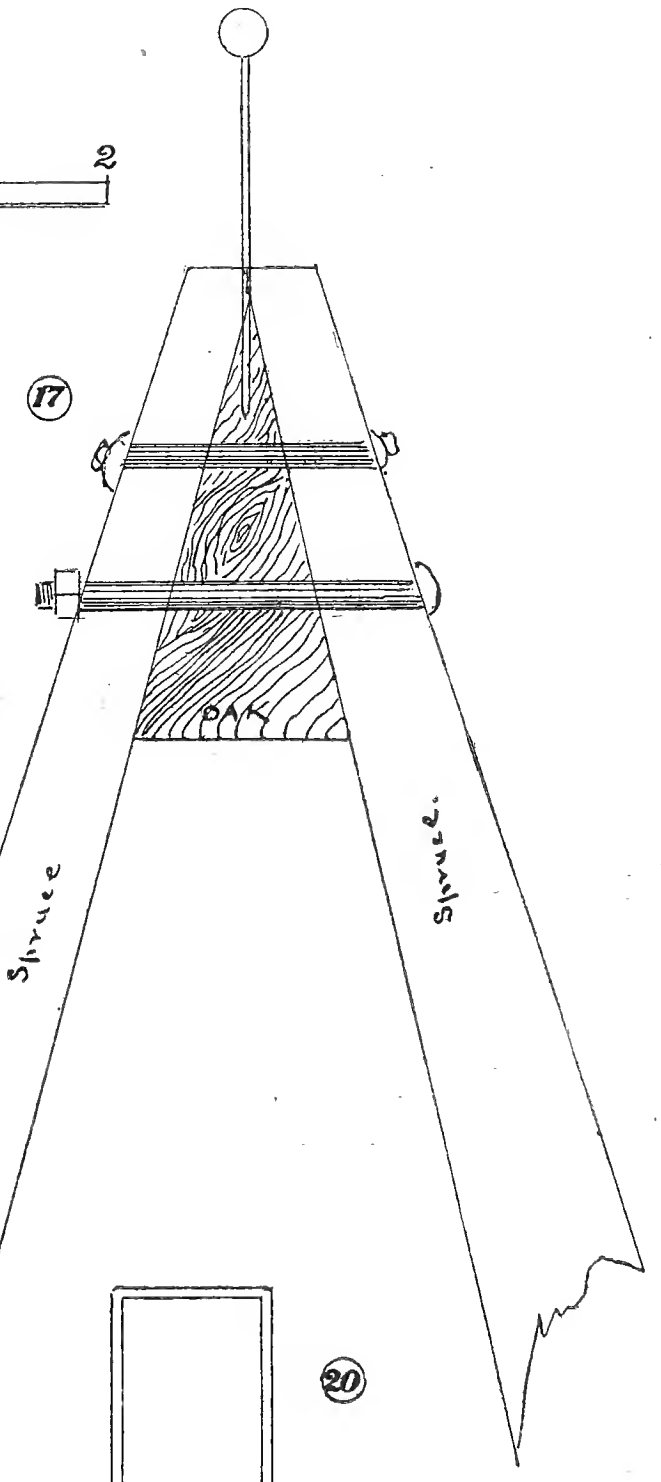
9. Enlarged section of cockpit rail and flooring. 10. Forward view of runner plank and shear poles. 11. Top and bottom view of hull. 12. Mid-section of cockpit. 13. Sheer plan of back bone.

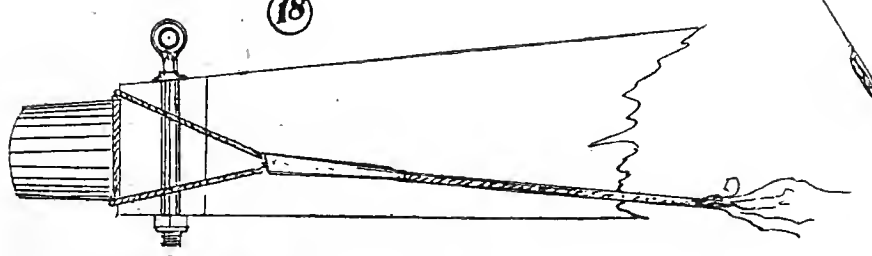


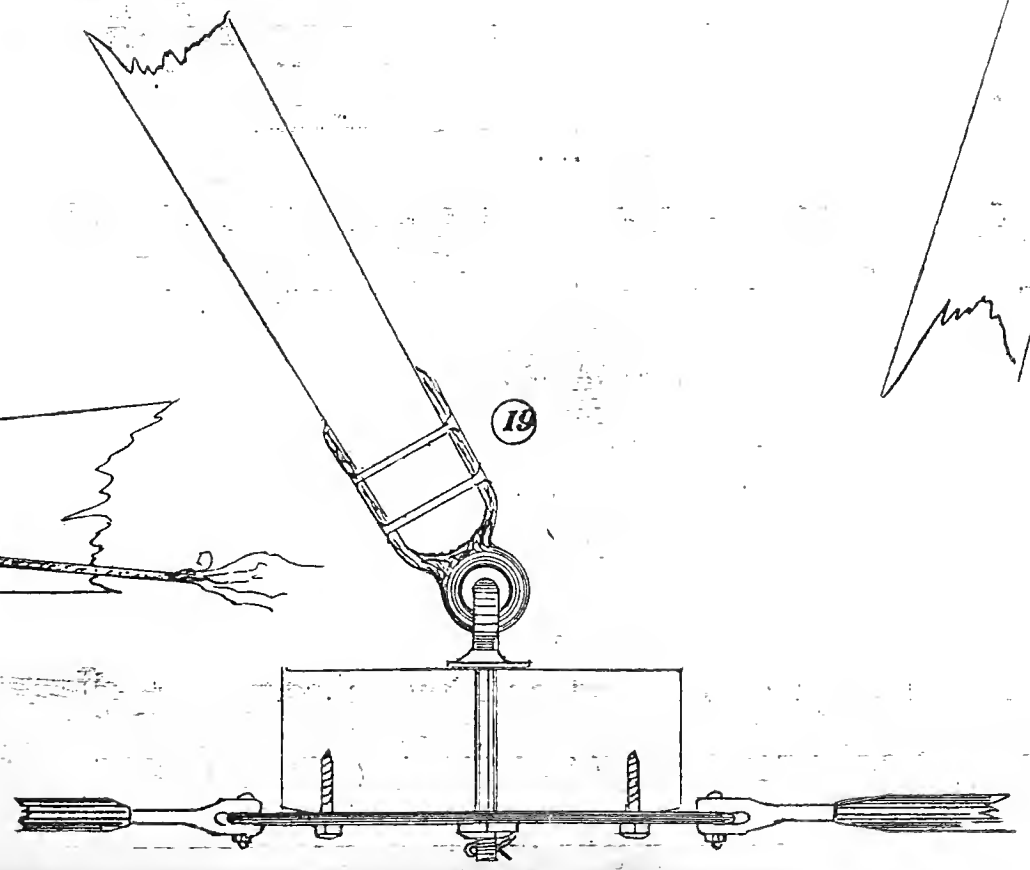


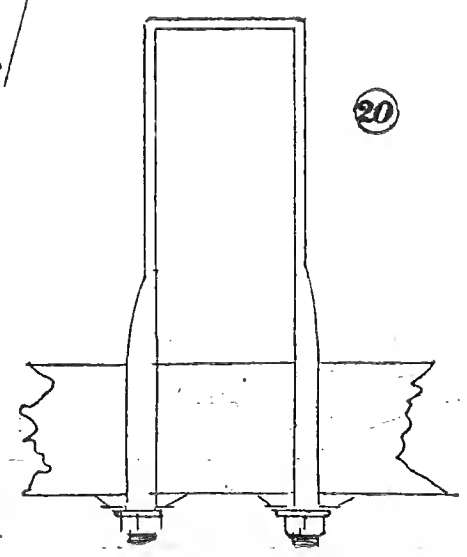












H. Percy Ashley.
Drawing No 810

PLATE IV.

14. Nose and toggle iron; side view.
15. Nose and toggle iron; front view.
16. Irons for boom and yard.
17. Masthead for struts.
18. Nose, showing bowsprit shrouds and eye-bolt for toggle iron.
19. Irons for struts and fore and aft iron for runner plank stays.

An Ice Yacht for $75.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

INTEREST in ice yachts is becoming more marked each year, but the average man wants a boat costing complete less than $100. After years of experience in the designing, building and sailing of these craft I feel that the design published herewith is the type of boat best adapted for ordinary use, and the simplicity of the craft in all particulars enables the boat to be built for $75 or less.

HOW TO BUILD.—Select your wood well seasoned with the heart on top side of the runner plank and back-bone. This is quite essential, as it gives the upward spring to the planks. The best material for runner plank and back-bone is bass wood, but a good stick of clear spruce well seasoned will do very well. The runners and steering gear are the first essentials. We will turn to Plate II., Fig 7 and Fig. 8. The fore runner is made of seasoned oak, being exactly 4ft. over all, and a depth of 6in., including shoe. The shoe is of soft cast iron, being 2in. deep. The cutting surface on the ice is 45 deg., and is held by screw bolts with octagon heads, the center one being a screw head, as is shown in Fig. 7 and Fig. 8.

BACK-BONE OR CENTER PLANK.—Should be of well selected spruce or bass wood. The back-bone should be 20ft. over all, 9½in. broad and 3¾in. wide at center when dressed, 9in. tapering at nose to 3¾in. by 3in. At heel of back-bone the measurements are 4in. by 3¾in. Details of plan will be readily seen in Plate III., Fig. 13.

RUNNER PLANK.—Of spruce or bass wood, over all 12ft., 1ft. wide at center and 10½in. at ends. Depth 3¾in. at center and 2½in. at ends.

RUNNERS AND STEERING GEAR.—All runners should be made of seasoned white oak, the bolts of the same being ½in. in diameter. Note that on the fore runner, Plate II. Fig. 7, is inserted a brass plate, details of which will be seen in Fig. 8. The rudder post is $1^{1}/_{16}$in. The tiller is of light construction, 2ft. 10in. over all, and served with cord at handle. Plate II. gives full details with two scales to their construction.

COCKPIT.—By referring to Plate III., Fig. 9, details of the steering box will be seen. It is solid oak, bent, of 1½in. by 4¼in.; in its lower side is cut a groove (before bending) of ¾in. by ½in. deep to receive the oak flooring for cockpit, which is of tongued and grooved oak ½in. thick. As this is screwed and glued it makes a very strong and substantial structure.

IRON WORK.—Clearly shown in Plate IV., Fig. 14, is the nose of the boat with formation of the iron work. Fig. 16 shows the yard and iron work of the boom. Fig. 19 shows the runner plank and end of the struts, which is practically the mast of a lateen ice yacht. By referring to Fig. 17 the heads of the two struts are seen as joined by bolts and a triangular oak piece. Fig. 18 shows the nose with eye-bolt for toggle iron and loop of ¼in. diameter steel rigging for side stays.

RIGGING, ETC.—Plate I. and Plate III. shows all the rigging required. All runner plank stays are of ¼in. steel rigging, ending up at nose and heel in a loop served and parceled in marlin. White soft twine is used in serving the splices. A stay of ¼in. steel rigging runs from the struts to end of boom ending in two thimbles with seizing of ⅜in. manilla rope. From the nose to the shear holes extends ¼in. steel standing rigging, ending in a loop, and from another loop it runs aft. This is of ¼in. steel wire and is fastened at the runner backstay just forward of the cockpit a lanyard is placed on.

Any practical man who can handle tools for ordinary work will quickly understand the accompanying plates, which speak for themselves.

Messrs. Merriman Brothers, whose advertisement will be found on another page, carry a large line of ice boat fittings.

[Mr. Ashley will be pleased to answer any questions regarding this boat.—ED.]

RACES FOR ICE YACHT CHALLENGE PENNANT.—The Orange Lake Ice Y. C. is to challenge the Hudson River Ice Y. C. for the challenge pennant of America. The first race for the pennant was sailed on March 5, 1881. The pennant is now held by Commodore Archibald Rogers' Jack Frost. The Orange Lake Club will enter Cold Wave II., sailed by Commodore Henry C. Higginson, and the Windward, sailed by Capt. James O'Brien. The Hudson River Club will probably enter Jack Frost and a smaller boat of new design. The race will be sailed above the Poughkeepsie Bridge. Windward carries 620 sq. ft. of canvas and has a solid back bone. Cold Wave II. carries 410 sq. ft. of canvas with hollow back bone. Jack Frost carries 749 sq. ft. of canvas.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON Y. C. MEETING.—The fall meeting of the Boston Y. C. was held at the Rowe's Wharf club house on Wednesday evening, Oct. 25. Some important amendments were acted upon, principally with regard to the dues of the Dorchester and the Marblehead divisions. It was proposed to abolish the Dorchester division, retaining the station only as one of the main club. This proposed amendment was defeated, but it was voted to raise the dues of the members of the Dorchester division from $8 to $12. The dues of the Marblehead division were raised from $10 to $15. A proposal was offered to create junior membership, admitting those less than twenty-one years of age; but this matter was laid over indefinitely. The committee on nomination, as suggested by the Executive Committee, was confirmed. In the discussion regarding the dues of the Marblehead division, it was brought out that the station at Marblehead has been growing more and more in favor by the members of the club, and it is likely that still further improvements will be made on the property for the accommodation of those members who resort to the Marblehead anchorage during the summer.

DEVELOPMENTS IN CLASS Q.—Since the adoption of the classes under the uniform rule up to 40ft. rating by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts there has been considerable speculation as to which class will be first to be favored by prospective builders. It is now said that there is a strong movement among members of the Eastern Y. C. toward developing class Q, of 22ft. rating. If a number of boats are built for the class it is expected that they will be raced on the Y. R. A. circuits and that considerable sport, as well as interesting data, may be obtained. The Eastern Y. C. does not recognize yachts of less than 30ft. waterline, in its regular races, but considerable interest has been shown by the Regatta Committee in the popular Y. R. A. classes, for which special races have been given during the past three seasons. Many members of the Eastern Y. C. are members of the Boston Y. C., which is enrolled in the Y. R. A., and it is probable that the majority of entries from class Q boats owned by Eastern Y. C. members—if the promised development should materialize—would be entered from the Boston Y. C. However, it is considered immaterial by those interested which club a boat may enter from, so long as the class is developed.

COMMITTEE ON RULES.—At the fall meeting of the Eastern Y. C., held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 24, Messrs. Louis M. Clark and Henry Howard were appointed a committee to attend any conferences that might be held during the winter for the revision of racing rules.

NEW DESIGNS.—Messrs. Small Brothers have an order for an auxiliary yawl for Mr. M. W. Torrey, of New York. She will be 44ft. over all, 29ft. 6in. waterline and 12ft. breadth. They have completed the design of an 18-rater to be used south of Cape Cod, the lines of which are said to be quite a little different from any that have yet been turned out under the new rule.

SHOAL-DRAFT YAWL.—Mr. Fred. D. Lawley has completed the lines of a shoal draft yawl for Mr. J. H. Cromwell, of New York, which will be used in southern waters. She is 80ft. over all, 57ft. waterline and 19ft. breadth.

NEW BOATS BUILDING.—At Lawley's the deck is being laid on the new 60ft. schooner for Rear Commodore Alfred Douglass, of the Boston Y. C. The schooner designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane for Vice Commodore H. A. Morss, of the Corinthian Y. C., has been laid down. The keel of a cruising power yacht, 71ft. 6in. over all for Mr. E. B. Dane has been set up. The schooner Merlin is receiving a new top from the waterline up, and the schooner Corona is receiving a new deck.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

MOTOR BOAT CLUB OF AMERICA.—There was organized, on Thursday evening, Oct. 26, at the Hotel Astor, the Motor Boat Club of America. Mr. Charles P. Tower was elected president, Mr. H. S. Gambel is the secretary and the committee on plan and scope is Messrs. Charles Francis, H. S. Bease, Dr. S. Oppenheimer, A. D. Roach and George J. Vestner. The club is already negotiating for permanent quarters on Riverside Drive, where they will have a modern club house.

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ROXANA CHARTERED.—The twin-screw houseboat Roxana, owned by Mr. J. W. Gates, has been chartered through the agency of Messrs. Cox & Stevens to a member of the New York Y. C.

British Letter.

THE DECLINE OF YACHT RACING.—A correspondence has been going on in the London Field on the above subject for some weeks past, and many ideas have been put forward by various people to account for the disappearance of the large rating classes, generally by correspondents who are merely interested in yachting as a sport but who do not own a yacht, and sometimes by those enthusiasts who wish to back up the Yacht Racing Association and cover up its faults of omission. So far only one letter has appeared which really carries any weight with it, and that is one from Mr. A. K. Stothert, the owner of the handicap class yacht Rosamond, who said that owners were not going to build to the Y. R. A. classes until the Y. R. A. protected them from flimsy bandboxes of boats by introducing an efficient system of scantling restrictions. Sir James Pender, owner of the big yawl Brynhild, wrote a letter to the same effect in the Yachtsman some time ago. The letters of these two gentlemen, who are themselves yacht owners and who race in the handicap classes which for some years have so efficiently filled up the gap produced by the disappearance of the 65-footers and the first-class raters, are deserving of every consideration, and it is something to know that the Y. R. A. have at last roused themselves up and are trying to induce Lloyds to alter their rules for yacht classification so as to make it possible to apply them to the modern racing yacht. The work appears to be going on more or less in camera, which is a pity, but any reasonably strong form of construction would be better than none at all.

The last letter on the above subject, which appeared in the Field of Oct. 14, was from Mr. W. P. Burton, owner and helmsman of the 52-footer Britomart. Mr. Burton has owned boats in this class for many years, is an ardent sportsman and an excellent man at the helm. He always steers his own boat, and no professional can afford to give anything away to him. His enthusiasm for class racing, however, appears to have clouded his judgment with regard to the reasons for the decline of yacht racing and the remedy thereof. He says the remedy is in the hands of the yacht clubs; that if the clubs give more prizes for class racers and fewer for handicap boats class racing will revive. How Mr. Burton comes to this conclusion it would be difficult to say, but he does not think that scantling restrictions and the abolition of hollow masts, or any other of the remedies proposed, such as the alteration of the rating rule, or the removal of the tax on sail area would be of any use. There is no doubt that some of the clubs give very small prizes for class raters, but the remedy is not in the readjustment of the prizes—there are other matters of far more importance which require immediate attention before any improvement in yacht racing will take place.

RACING FIXTURES FOR 1906.—Mr. Burton is much more to the point in a letter he has written to the Clyde yacht clubs containing a suggestion to the effect that the Clyde Fortnight should open the yacht racing season instead of the Thames and East Coast regattas. There is much to be said in favor of this arrangement, for racing yachts could be fitted out and sent round from the South of England in time to start racing on the Clyde at the beginning of June, and their owners could join them there and take the Irish regattas and Plymouth on the way back to the south. Mr. Burton says that if the Clyde regattas are held later the 52-footers will in all probability not attend them, as it takes the best part of a fortnight to get round there, and that is too much time to give up during he busy season. Moreover, the handicap class are not willing to sail another race from Cowes to the Clyde, but if they went to the Clyde in June, instead of July, they could get back in time for Kiel and Ostend. It is disappointing to think that there is any necessity to alter the dates of the Scottish fixtures, but if it is in the interests of the sport of course it would be well to break through precedent and fix them for the most convenient time. No doubt the matter will be thoroughly discussed at the meeting which the Y. R. A. have convened for Nov. 3, when delegates will be present from most of the principal yacht clubs.

E. H. KELLY.

"Supplement to Small Yachts" Free.

To any one sending us one new subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM before Nov. 15, 1905, we will present one copy of W. P. Stephens' book "Supplement to Small Yachts." This work contains 104 pages text and 43 plates. Size 11 by 14 inches. Cloth. Price $4. This offer does not apply to renewals.

GAS ENGINES AND LAUNCHES.

Their Principles, Types, and Management. A Complete and Practical Manual.

BY F. K. GRAIN, M. E.

Bound in cloth, with 123 pages and 20 illustrations. Sent, postpaid, for $1.25.

THIS compact and comprehensive handbook contains all the information essential to users of the marine gasolene engines, and will be welcomed by the thousands of men now owning and running power boats. Laymen and experts will alike find the book invaluable. It treats of the various types of marine gasolene engines, points out the good in each, and tells how to run them. A knowledge of the contents of this book will help to overcome difficulties and avoid accidents. The most complete book of its kind ever published.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

Yacht Racing Association of L. I. S.

THE representatives of the clubs belonging to the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound held a meeting at the Hotel Astor on Monday evening, Oct. 30. The president of the Association, Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell, presided. A number of questions were brought up and it was finally decided to leave them in the hands of the executive committee. This committee will also confer with a committee of the New York Y. C., which was appointed to accomplish very much the same ends. The meeting of these committees will be held at the New York Y. C. house on Nov. 20. At this meeting, which will be attended by committees from other clubs and associations, the question of the international rating rule will be discussed among other things, and delegates will be appointed to attend the meetings in England.

The members of the Y. R. A. of L. I. S. Executive Committee are Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, Charles P. Tower, H. Wilmer Hanan, Edward M. MacLellan, G. P. Granberry, Fred. A. Hill and H. deB. Parsons.

President Oliver E. Cromwell addressed the members, and among other things he said:

"The Yacht Racing Association has accomplished much for the benefit of yacht racing. One of the most important innovations was the introduction of permanent racing numbers for all yachts, and still more serviceable is the arranging of dates for the season's racing so there shall be no conflict of events. The uniform racing rules for all clubs in the Association are another valuable contribution to yacht racing, and the introduction of the championship series in 1900 has proved most interesting and attractive.

"Last winter, in conjunction with the New York Y. C. and other unrepresented clubs, several meetings were held at the New York Y. C. house with the object of arranging a universal measurement rule. The meetings were most successful and resulted in the general adoption of the present rule.

"The effect of this rule upon the model of the future yacht fleet bids fair to realize the yachtsman's long cherished dream of a yacht that will be something more than a mere racing machine, and to produce a vessel of roomy proportions, with small sail plan, a small crew to handle it, large displacement, abbreviated overhangs and excellent weatherly qualities, together with great speed.

"Such a combination would seem almost too good to be true, yet we must feel encouraged to hope when we consider the performance of the Doris, built to the new rule and fulfilling the qualities I have mentioned, rating 45.72ft., and the New York Y. C. one-design class, rating at 29.69ft. The Doris won handily from her competitors of about the same rating built under the old rule, and the New York A. C. one-design class and the Gravesend Bay Q class have made remarkably good records during the season.

"It has been claimed that this was in great measure due to excessive time allowance, but even if such be the case it does not remove the fact that these small yachts have frequently beaten those much larger, boat for boat, without benefit of time allowance. All this would seem to indicate that the vessels built to the new rule are faster as well as more wholesome than those produced by the old rule.

"As to the time allowance scale, it seems to be generally accepted that it favors the small yacht too much as against the larger. It must be borne in mind, however, that in the New York Y. C. cruise, in nearly every case it was the new rule yachts against the old. What the result would be if the larger yachts were built to the new rule also is as yet undemonstrated. It would seem, therefore, that changes in time allowance should be approached with caution, until we have more definite data to work upon, and the changes be made slight at first, and by degrees. It would probably be better to divide contesting yachts so as not to have any great difference in size. It is a very severe test on any time allowance system to race 30-raters against the 70-footers, and in such races as the squadron runs of the New York Y. C., where it is necessary to race the small against the large yachts, there should be a dividing line at say 50ft. rating, allotting a prize to yachts above that class and another to those below it.

"The New York Y. C. is about to call a conference of the Yacht Racing Association and all other clubs in the neighboring Atlantic seaboard, to endeavor to arrange a uniform system of racing rules to be adopted by all the clubs, in the same manner as the measurement rule was adopted. If this can be accomplished it will still show, however, that nothing will be done to change in any way the present measurement rule.

"As there appears at present an inclination to build small schooner yachts, it seems desirable to divide this rig into smaller classes. The smallest class of schooners at present is 55ft. and under. It would therefore be advisable to divide this class as follows: 55, 47 and 40. At present all yachts launched after Jan. 1, 1905, have to be rated at the highest limit of their class, therefore a schooner rating at 45 has to go up to 55, which is a grave injustice."

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—The New Rochelle Y. C. went out of commission on Saturday, Oct. 28. On that evening a club dinner was given and it was thoroughly enjoyed by the men there. The dinner brought to a close the most successful season in the club's history. Boats enrolled in the club have been particularly fortunate in the racing. In addition to holding several large regattas the New Rochelle Y. C. has been brought into unusual prominence by having three of its fleet win out in as many important events. The yawl Tamerlane, owned by Rear-Commodore F. Maier, won the handsome challenge cup offered by the Brooklyn Y. C. for the ocean race to Hampton Roads, Va. The New Rochelle Y. C. will defend the cup against all comers next year. Sloop Gauntlet won the long distance race to Block Island given by the New York A. C. Okee won the race to Stratford Shoal and return given by the Manhasset Bay Y. C. Many attractions in the way of dances, smokers, beefsteak dinners and clambakes have been enjoyed by the members during the summer. The club's finances are in excellent condition, and many improvements are contemplated for next season.

New Steam Yacht Building at Morris Heights.

A PROMINENT western yachtsman who has been identified with the sport on the Great Lakes for several years, has given a contract to the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., of Morris Heights, for a high speed cruising steam yachts, for next season's service. He intends to cruise along the coast to the eastward as far as Nova Scotia, and thence through the Gulf of St. Lowrence and to the Great Lakes. The new craft promises to be one of the finest cruising steam yachts, in the matter of speed, comfort and substantial construction. Mr. Chas. L. Seabury, the naval architect, is now at work on the vessel, and the keel is laid, and frames almost ready.

The dimensions are 140ft. over all, 118ft. on the waterline, 17ft. breadth, 6ft. 6in. draft. The keel will be of steel, with stem, frames, floors, reverse frames, keelsons, deck beams and plating of steel, well riveted and fastened. The vessel will have five steel bulkheads located two forward, two amidships, and one aft.

The plan of the yacht shows a fine looking and able craft, with pole masts and schooner rig. There is a deck house with necessary interior space for dining room, with sideboard, buffet, etc., and at the after end will be arranged a steward's pantry, etc. There will also be a commodious after deck house or social hall, the interior of which will be finished as a music room or saloon, having entrance from deck at side. A stairway will be arranged in this house for entrance to owner's quarters below.

In the after portion of the vessel the owner's quarters are located. The first room aft of the machinery space is the bath room and lavatory, with hot and cold, and fresh and salt water, and other conveniences. On the starboard side adjoining the bath, will be a dressing room, fully appointed. The finish of these rooms will be in white enamel.

The owner's staterooms, a suite of two, will be located on the starboard and port sides of the vessel. They will be fitted with brass bedsteads, wardrobes, dressing cases, etc. The woodwork is finished in white mahogany. Following the owner's quarters to starboard and port will be arranged the guests' bath rooms, fitted with all conveniences and accessories. These rooms are finished in white enamel. Directly aft of the guests' bath rooms, is to be arranged two staterooms, and aft of these is the saloon, which is to be of liberal proportions and fitted with gun and fishing rod racks at either side, book cases, etc., all finished in white mahogany. On the port side will be a storage room. Following the saloon aft and opening from the passageway will be three staterooms, fitted with berths, wardrobes, dressing cases, lavatories, etc. Two of these are quarter rooms or single size, and one stateroom aft, the full width of yacht, for the use of guests, is fitted with two berths, wardrobes and other accessories the same as the other rooms. The deck houses, skylights, hatches, companionways and deck fittings will be of mahogany. The interior finish of both deck houses will be in mahogany, the lower part paneled. The carpets, curtains and other appointments will be suitable. The galley is to be forward of the engine compartment, and in the forecastle will be found two staterooms for the officers, and berths for the crew, and all other accommodations needed. The yacht will be handled from an officer's bridge, and will have a mechanical telegraph and the usual bells and pulls to the engine room. There is ample space on top of deck house for guests' bridge forward of the officer's bridge, which is to be utilized for chairs, settees, etc.

The yacht will have a Seabury engine of the triple expansion type with 12in. stroke, and a Seabury water tube boiler. There will be a complete electric lighting plant, with dynamo and storage batteries and searchlight. Three small boats and a 21ft. naphtha launch will be carried on the davits, and in every respect the yacht's equipment will be complete. The delivery of the craft is fixed for May 1, 1906.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

WORK AT GREENPORT, L. I.—The Greenport Basin & Construction Company, of Greenport, L. I., are building a shoal-draft cruising schooner for Mr. William H. Langley. The boat was designed by Capt. Phil. Ellsworth and is built of wood. She is 60ft. waterline, 64ft. over all, 18ft. breadth and 2ft. 6in draft. Power is furnished by a gasolene engine and the stern is tunneled in order to admit of the using of a large propeller. The same firm is rebuilding the steam yacht Altair, ex Orienta. In addition to new planking other alterations are being made.

* * *

A RESCUE AT SEA.—The auxiliary steam yacht Aloha, owned by Mr. A. C. James, arrived at New York on Oct. 29. She left Southampton, England on Oct. 5, and bad weather was encountered on the passage. Strong S. and S.E. winds were met during the early part of the voyage. On Oct. 17 the vessel ran into a gale from the S.E. The weather got steadily worse and all hands were at work shortening sail. Andrew Anderson and two other members of the crew were at work on the jibboom. While these men were making things snug Aloha jumped into a big head sea and all three men were swept off the jibboom. Two of them were thrown by the sea with terrific force on the forecastle head, where they were picked up unconscious. Anderson was less fortunate than his shipmates and was carried by the sea clear off the vessel. It was about midnight, and although it was impossible to see any distance ahead, Captain Benzanson rounded his vessel up and a boat was launched. The boatswain, Clifford Benzanson, a brother of the captain, was in charge and with him were three men. For over fifteen minutes these men rowed around trying to find the missing man. Although Anderson could not be seen those in the boat halloed to him constantly to keep up courage. An occasional cry from Anderson gave the rescuers some idea where he was and he was finally picked up when his strength and courage had about given out. The men got back to Aloha after a hard pull and Anderson was soon brought around. The other two men were not seriously injured and the vessel was again kept on her course. Aloha will winter in Tebo's Basin, South Brooklyn.

* * *

AUXILIARY MOHICAN SOLD.—The auxiliary steam yacht Mohican, ex Norseman, ex Lady Godiva, has been sold by Mr. Tracy Dows to Messrs. Oliver and J. Borden Harriman. The sale was made direct but the transfer is being made through the office of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

Knew the Danger Signal.

A LITTLE West Side girl of more than four and less than five years old spent most of the summer with her parents on one of the big bays on the Massachusetts coast. Her father is an enthusiastic sailor, and frequently took her out in his sloop. Whenever in tacking or coming about the boom was about to swing around he would cry, "Hard-a-lee!" as a signal for all hands to put their heads down.

This fall the little girl was taken to visit her grandparents, who live in a Southern State. The grandfather is a devout churchman and never fails to say grace. The first meal the little girl looked on in wonder at the unusual preliminary. When they left the table she was reproved for not having bowed her head as did the others.

Imagine the consternation when all were seated at supper that night, and the old grandfather was about to begin the blessing, when she sung out in a shrill, piping voice:

"Hard-a-lee, eberybody!"—New York Tribune.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1906.

(Assumed office Oct. 1, 1905.)

Commodore—H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.
Secretary—William W. Crosby, Brighton Mills, Passaic, N. J.
Treasurer—Frederic G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Woolsey Carmalt, 82 Beaver St., New York.
Rear-Commodore—Matthias Ohlmeyer, Francis H. Leggett & Co., 128 Franklin St., New York.
Purser—George S. Morrisey, 73 Mercer St., New York.
Executive Committee—William A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Louis C. Kretzmer, Schepp Building, New York; Clifton T. Mitchell, 46 E. Sedgwick St., Germantown, Pa.
Board of Governors—Robert J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn.
Racing Board—Daniel B. Goodsell, 36 Washington Sq., New York.

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Vice-Commodore—Henry R. Ford, 45 N. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Rear-Commodore—Edward H. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Purser—B. Irving Rouse, 981 Lake Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Executive Committee—John S. Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.; Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—Charles P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., E. Rochester, N.Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Frank S. Chase, Manchester, N. H.
Purser—Edgar Ward, 112 Highland St., West Newton, Mass.
Executive Committee—Daniel S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.; Arthur G. Mather, 84 South St., Medford, Mass.; H. L. Backus, 472 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; Herman D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.
Rear-Commodore—James W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—Russell H. Britton, Gananoque, Ont., Canada.
Executive Committee—Charles E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont., Can.
Board of Governors—John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont., Canada.
Racing Board—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—John A. Berkey, St. Paul, Minn.
Rear-Commodore—Lucien Wulsin, The Baldwin Co., 142 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Wade Hampton Yardley, 49 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Executive Committee—George H. Gardner, 149 Kennard St., Cleveland, O.; Augustus W. Friese, The Journal, Chicago, Ill.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.
Racing Board—Frank B. Huntington, 90 Sheboygan St., Fond-du-Lac, Wis.

How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Nov. 7.—Greenville, N. J.—One hundred shot championship match.

Steady Holding.

CHICAGO, Ill.—In FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 21, Yellowstone wrote interestingly on "Steady Holding." He quotes from an editorial in FOREST AND STREAM as follows: "There are two essentials in rifle shooting, namely, steady holding and accurate aiming." He then asks, "Is this entirely true?" He in opposition cites the accurate shooting exhibited by big-game hunters as evidence that steady holding, in the sense of holding a rifle perfectly motionless, is not an essential. That contention is quite true, as it concerns big game shooting; but the latter is so distinct from target shooting that they become distinct specialties, each having methods and principles foreign to the other.

In big-game shooting the measure of success is the kill, and to kill does not necesarily impose that the shooter shall hit precisely where he aimed. If he hits within two or three inches of where he intended, the result may be a kill just the same. Indeed, the shooter at big game might hit a vital part without aiming at any definitely defined spot on the animal shot at. Also, a miss now and then is not counted.

However, be that as it may, holding a rifle steadily at a target and swinging it while shooting at game, introduce a special distinction by itself.

In swinging the rifle, the tremors, always present as a result of the heart's pulsation, are largely eliminated by the momentum of the heavy barrel, acting much after the manner of the heavy flywheel on a steam engine in so far as it regulates the uneven, throbbing forces which are a part of its dynamics. In like manner the weight of the hand in motion may act as a regulator of motion, as may be observed in freehand drawing. Conversely, let any one attempt to draw a straight or curved line very slowly, so slowly that no momentum is imparted to the hand, and the re-

sult will be apparent at once. Or let any one, who, having steady nerves, refuses to believe that the body is in a state of constant tremor, take a pin between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, hold his hands out before him and extending his arms about as they would be in rifle shooting, holding the two points of the pins within a hundredth part of an inch without moving, and note the results. The steadiest hand cannot hold the points immovable. Such disturbance profoundly affects the flight of a bullet.

Let us now consider shooting at a modern target in a gallery, at 25yds. The target registers mathematically any variation from a point about one-quarter inch in diameter.

There are target shooters who cannot hold steadily, so they utilize the momentum of the rifle, holding as steadily as they posibly can, but pulling the trigger on a swing that will cross the bullseye. It is impossible to time this style of shooting to the precise nicety for steady scoring. A marksman may succeed in making a bullseye, shot after shot, and then, through an error of the thousandth part of a second in timing the swing, drift off the bullseye, and lose a contest by one wild shot. In target shooting one bad shot in 100 spoils the other 99 good ones in a competitive sense. In big game shooting, one bad shot in 100 would be entirely negligible.

To eliminate as much as possible, by mechanical aids, the dynamical movements of the body, caused by the heart pulsations, uneven muscular tensions, and changes from the accustomed poise, the new poise forcing the shooter to adjust himself to a new center of gravity in rifle shooting, gallery rifle shooters use the Schuetzen butt plate, the spur finger lever, the palm rest, the check piece, thus obtaining as many firmly and advantageously fixed points of contact with the body, to promote steady holding. All these would be an obstruction in big game shooting, though so essential for steady holding where results are measured by small fractions of an inch as against the method of measuring results in big game shooting, where mathematical accuracy is not considered.

Any one who has observed the crack gallery riflemen in action will have noted that they endeavor to hold the rifle perfectly motionless. Sometimes one will take five minutes to make a single shot while endeavoring to tighten his muscles evenly, to inflate or deflate his lungs to the right degree of fullness, and to school his nerves to the right steadiness. If he fails to reach the point of physical and mental co-ordination, which he judges necessary, he will place his rifle on the rest, relax, and after a few moments begin the shot all over again. Even those best equipped by nature and by training cannot entirely eliminate the dynamic disturbances, for, while they can almost reach perfection in scoring, they cannot quite do so. If they were to use hunting rifles, with shotgun butts, and otherwise devoid of all the mechanical aids of the Schuetzen rifle, their target scores would make merry the spirit of the novice. I may not have succeeded in making my distinctions clear, in a full and complete manner, but in a general way, I think, Yellowstone will concede that the subject is at least debatable.

GALLERY.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

THE Dayton Sharpshooters held their forty-second annual king shoot and the monthly cup contest on Oct. 26. Owing to the rain of the previous day and the threatening cold weather, the attendance was not what had been expected, still there was a good representation of the clubs of Montgomery, Darke, Preble, Shelby, and Warren counties. The day was dark and hazy, making a very poor light, and a light wind across the range affected the scores. The club celebrated to-day the seventy-ninth anniversary of John F. Beaver, one of the charter members of the club, which was organized in 1803. Mr. Beaver was presented with two large bouquets of "mums" and pinks from friends, and with a handsome chair from the club. He is as young as the youngest member, apparently, and his score indicates that he still retains his skill. The shooting was all at 200yds., the free-for-all contests being at muzzle rest and offhand, on targets with 12in. bull, 1½in. center, ¾in. rings; center value 25; three shots in each, possible 75; re-entries allowed. Ten money prizes in each. The winners in the muzzle rest match in order as given, were: Adolph Schwind 68, J. Boehner 67, C. W. Sander 66, G. R. Decker 66, C. Whealen 65, M. J. Schwind 65, W. H. Sander 65, D. D. Bergk 62, A. N. Clemmer 61, C. Lang 61. The ties were shot off. Prizes ranged from $6.20 to $1.20. There were over eighty entries. In the offhand match there were forty-two entries. The winners in order were: A. N. Clemmer 62, J. Johnson 61, T. N. Parks 61, M. J. Schwind 55, C. W. Sander 46, C. W. Matthews 43, F. H. Duke 41, G. R. Laudenback 41, J. Brandenberg 37, J. Boehner 35. Prizes ranged from $3.30 to 65 cents. The King shoot was at 200yds., muzzle rest, 5 shots, possible 120. The target used in this and the cup shoot was the sharpshooters', ½in. rings, center at 24. H. K. Schwind won the honor with 100. He takes the var[illegible] and wears the regalia as king for the coming year. The med[illegible] was presented to him by Col. Ashley Brown, a duty regalia [illegible] has ably performed for a number of years. This is which [illegible] members only, and each received a merchandise prize in open to [illegible] J. Boehner 105, J. F. Beaver 104, A. Schwind 102, order give[illegible] 97, G. H. Sander 96, M. J. Schwind 96, W. J. G. R. Dec[illegible] D. Bergk 95, C. W. Sander 94, C. Lang 94, G. W. Kernan 90, D. Rappold 85, E. J. Bundenthal 82, Wm. Isenberg Sander 88, J. [illegible]der 79, C. Whealen 78, B. Mescher 76, Wm. 79, Wm. H. Sa[illegible] cup shoot was won by John F. Beaver with Schwind 69. The [illegible] H. K. Schwind 101, A. Schwind 100, G. H. 108, John Rappold [illegible] 100, D. D. Bergk 95, J. Boehner 94, Sander 100, C. Whe[illegible] Budenthal 8[illegible] W. Sander 85, M. J. W. J. Kernan 91, E. [illegible] 81, G. H. Sander 80, G. R. Decker Schwind 84, W. H. Sander 81, G. H. Sander 80, G. R. Decker 95, B. Mescher 63. The prizes ranged from $3.00 to $1.20, and were five in number. The cup has been shot for six times this season, the winners being: May, June, and September, Adolph Schwind, 108, 104 and 104; July, W. Sander, 107; August and October, John F. Beaver, 120 and 108. Mr. Beaver has won the cup nine times since it was put up and leads Adolph Schwind, who has won it eight times, by 44 points in aggregate scores. Dinner was served by Adolph Sander, as usual, and lunch was to be had all day. A big log fire in the open grate of the club house made comfortable conditions for the shooters and scorers.

At Shell Mound--Steady Holding.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 23.—Some good scores were made at Shell Mound Park yesterday. F. A. Kington in the re-entry pistol shoot of the Golden Gate Club, made 90, 95, 95, 96, 96—50yds., Standard American target.

In the three-shot re-entry contest of the Schuetzen Verein, 200yds., good scores were made, as follows: Louis Bendel 67, 72, 66; D. Salfield 66; F. P. Schuster 68, 68, 68, 71; C. Doel 70; D. B. Faktor Herman Huber 72, 71; O. A. Bremer 70, 71, 70; Fred Brandt 67, 65; 67, 69, 67, 70; H. Bornholdt 73, 66, 68, 73, Otto Lemcke 67, 72, Adam Schaefer 65. George H. Bahrs 66, 67; F. Koch 67, Charles Peach 66.

I am somewhat astonished at the argument of Yellowstone in your last issue in the matter of steady holding for successful target work. His lack of target experience explains, if it does not excuse, his attitude. Every target shot knows the fatal consequences of trying to "snap them in." A few good shots may in this way be made in succession; but, alas, a "flyer" presently is flagged, and the maledictions of the shooter are fearful to hear. The writer has had many years' experience in both field and target shooting with the rifle, and he has found field shooting only kindergarten work as compared with the finest target work, and to accomplish the latter a sine qua non is steady holding.

ROEEL.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE regular weekly shoot was held at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York city, the night of Oct. 24, with a fair attendance for the season. High score was made by the club's secretary, Wm. A. Tewes, who scored 1224 out of the possible 1250 points at 75ft. offhand, using a telescope sighted rifle. The results follow:

*W A Tewes	238	247	248	245	246—1224
*Louis C Buss	243	244	249	248	242—1220
H C Zettler	244	242	241	243	235—1205
Charles Zettler, Jr.	237	238	242	246	241—1204
Louis P. Hansen	231	240	245	245	240—1201
T H Keller	238	235	237	236	238—1184
*H D Muller	236	232	232	241	239—1180
Barney Zettler	239	229	232	235	235—1180
C G Zettler	242	235	230	237	235—1178
	244	240	238	228	234—1176
A P Fegert	221	225	228	238	230—1142
	226	231	227	236	229—1141
G J Bernius	226	222	227	228	229—1132

*Telescope sights.

THE MANY-USE OIL.
Six-ounce can, 25 cents. Safe and Handy for Shooters' use.—Adv.

Schuetzen Park Fire.

THE famous Schuetzen Park, at North Bergen, N. J., owned by the Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein, of New York and vicinity, suffered great loss by fire on Monday afternoon of this week. Two men at work in the park discovered the fire about 2:30 o'clock and hastily notified the lessee, Mr. John Moje, who forthwith, by the aid of the Central Telephone office at Union Hill, alarmed the volunteer fire department of North Bergen, West Hoboken and Union Hill. In the meantime, Mr. Moje fought the flames with a fire extinguisher, but the flames spread so rapidly through the large buildings that his efforts were unavailing. He was soon surrounded by fire and was forced to rush through it to escape. He was burned slightly. When the fire companies arrived, the shooting house, well equipped with rifle ranges, and in size 150 by 100 feet, and the one-story dancing pavilion, 100 by 50 feet, and the new dancing pavilion, 100 by 100 feet, were all in flames and were destroyed quickly. This is a great loss financially, and a great loss to the thousands of the park's patrons, who found in it so much wholesome pleasure.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C. shoot, and Fleming-Bissett contest for the individual championship of New Jersey.
Nov. 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C., all-day shoot. F. K. Stelle, Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Nov. 28-29.—Marsailles, Ill., G. C. R. E. Lering, Sec'y.

NORTH NEW JERSEY SHOOTING LEAGUE.
Nov. 2.—Montclair at Morristown.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Chicago, Ill., Gun Club closed their season on Saturday, Oct. 28.

Mr. Frank Lawrence, of New York, left for the West last week on a business trip for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of which he is a representative. He will be absent several weeks.

The little birds twitter that Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, of New York, renowned as a skillful trapshooter, has been punctured by Cupid's arrow, and will join the ranks of the Benedicts about this season of this year. "Leaf by leaf the roses fall."

In the third contest for the live-bird championship of Indiana Mr. Hugh M. Clark, of Wabash, defeated Mr. Max Witzigreuter, on the grounds of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, at Fort Wayne, by a score of 89 to 88. Thus Clark scored two wins out of the three contests.

The Hell Gate Gun Club of New York held their regular 10-bird club shoots for August, September and October. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, of the fourteen contestants, was high man. He scored 29 out of the total of 30, and the one lost bird was "dead out." He shot from the 30yd. mark.

The nineteenth contest of the North New Jersey League series was fixed to take place between Dover and Montclair, on the grounds of the latter club on Saturday of last week. Dover was absent. Montclair won by default. He who fights and runs away obtains vigorous exercise; but he who does not fight doesn't need to run.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, during many years conspicuously identified with the highest grade of sporting goods at 318 Broadway, will remove on Dec. 1 to 349 Fifth avenue, New York, and will there resume their present business on an enlarged scope. Their new location is situated opposite the Waldorf-Astoria.

A correspondent informs us that the Corner Rod and Gun Club, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., proposes to open in the spring the most active season in target and trapshooting ever known in Indiana. The ball will be started rolling on April 24, when a three days' tournament will be held at the club's range. Two days will be devoted to targets and one day to sparrow shooting.

The amateur sparrow championship of the United States was won by Mr. Ed. Voris, of Crawfordsville, Ind., at Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 24, on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club. He also therewith won the amateur live-bird championship of Indiana and the Lieber trophy. He scored 86. Messrs. Hugh M. Clark and E. H. Tripp scored 85. The weather conditions were rainy.

The Carteret Gun Club, of Garden City, L. I., opened their fall season on Saturday of last week. The Chapin cup was the main event at 25 targets, and for it Messrs. H. F. Whitney and John Caswell tied on 21 for high score. In the shoot-off Whitney won. As Mr. Whitney had won the cup twice before, respectively in 1903 and 1904, it is now his property. In a special cup event, Dr. J. C. Ayres was winner, and he also was high average for the day.

On the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., Oct. 26, there was positive action in trapshooting matters. Mr. Wm. M. Foord, champion of Delaware, defeated the renowned Mr. Lester A. German, champion of Maryland, in an interstate champion match by a score of 89 to 79. This was followed by a four-man race, $10 a corner, winner take all. The contestants were Messrs. J. T. Skelly, W. M. Foord, L. A. German and Edward Banks, scoring respectively 91, 88, 87 and 82. Thus Mr. Skelly calmly merged the $40 with his personal belongings; while showing at the same time that all champions look alike to him.

The Eastern amateur championship will be held at Travers Island, by the New York Athletic Club, some time in December. Competition open to all amateurs. Those who are not amateurs may shoot for targets.

In the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League series, Oct. 28, at Wissinoming, the Florists defeated the Merchantville ten-man team by a score of 208 to 173. On the grounds of the Meadow Springs Gun Club, the Meadow Springs team defeated Clearview team by a score of 225 to 203. The Highland team, on its own grounds, defeated Media, score 199 to 193. Lansdale defeated Narberth by a score of 207 to 171. The North Camden, N. J., Gun Club team defeated the S. S. White team by 208 to 200.

BERNARD WATERS.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, Oct. 28.—The New York Athletic Club weekly shoot to-day was well attended. The October cup will be shot off on next Saturday. Messrs. S. Scott, Grieff and Dr. Brown have each one win on it. The targets were thrown 50yds., from a set of new expert traps. A big crowd is expected for the Election Day shoot for trophies. Shooters of the club seem to take a greater active interest this season than ever before. All seem to be satisfied with their handicaps.

Hearn won events 6 and 7. Dr. Brown did not shoot for trophy in No. 7.

Practice event, 25 targets:

Dr De Wolf	19	G E Grieff	21
W Hearn	20		

Trophy event, 25 targets, handicap:

	Yards.	Score.		Yards.	Score.
W Hearn	1	23	W A Hibbard	5	25
Dr De Wolf	4	24	F Vilmar	7	13
G Grieff	0	21			

Event 3, 10 targets:

De Wolf	9	P R Robinson	0
Grieff	8	H Keller	7
Hubbard	7	J Tanty	3
Vilmar	5	F Ehlers	3

Event 4, 15 targets:

De Wolf	8	Dr Brown	10
Grieff	14	Marshall	7
Hearn	14	Tanty	1
Hubbard	8	Kuchler	4
Keller	10	Vilmar	10
Robinson	6		

October cup, 25 targets, handicap:

	Yards.	Score.		Yards.	Score.
De Wolf	4	14	Markell	7	19
Grieff	0	23	Vilmar	7	15
Hearn	1	22	Kuchler	7	15
Hubbard	5	17	Tanty	7	16
Keller	2	17	Ehlers	4	20
Robinson	7	17	Whitney	3	21
Rainey	4	21	F Burns	5	21
Dr Brown	6	19			

Event 6, 25 targets, handicap:

Dr Brown	6	23	Markell	7	23
Rainey	4	25	Tanty	7	14
Grieff	0	23	Vilmar	7	19
Hibbard	5	24	Ehlers	4	22
Keller	2	21	Burns	5	17
De Wolf	4	25	Hearn	1	25
Robinson	7	22	Ehlers	4	22

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

	Yards.	Score.		Yards.	Score.
Dr Brown	6	25	De Wolf	4	21
Rainey	4	23	Markell	7	19
Grieff	6	21	Hearn	1	24
Hibbard	5	21	Ehlers	4	22

Clark—Witzigreuter.

FT. WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 23.—A large crowd was present to witness the third sparrow contest between Messrs. Hugh M. Clark, of Wabash, and Max Witzigreuter, of Fort Wayne, for the championship of Indiana, on the grounds of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. The contest was at 100 sparrows. Clark won on the narrow margin of one bird, but that was sufficient to capture the live-bird championship of the State, the Freese & Gale medal and the purse of $100 hung up for the occasion. The Wabash man scored 89 to his opponent's 88.

The skies were cloudy, making difficult for the men to see the small birds; the air was cold and a brisk wind blew, and the birds were lively. Considering these conditions the score was remarkably good, even if below the records established by the men in the two previous races this season.

The race yesterday was the third shot by Witz and Clark within the past few weeks. One was won by Witz, two by Clark. Including the preliminary events, shot along with the three 100-bird events, Clark and Witz have each made a score of 335 birds in the series.

The preliminary events scheduled for yesterday were called off because of the inability of the managers of the shoot to procure enough live sparrows. The shooting yesterday will be the last of the season at the Corner Rod and Gun Club's grounds, and the handsome club house will be given over during the winter for social events.

The scores in the big race were as follows:

Witz	01110111111121111111112111—23	
	11111020122101121111111211—22	
	21111102130111112221110101—21	
	11112112020111121111221201—22—88	
Clark	10011221021111121121102121—21	
	11122111011121211011121111—23	
	10111121111221112101211111—23	
	10121111101122012112121211—22—89	

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 24.—Mr. Ed. Voris, of Crawfordsville, Ind., with a score of 86 out of a possible 100, won the sparrow championship of the United States for amateurs, and also the amateur championship of Indiana, and the Lieber live bird trophy.

Mr. Hugh M. Clark, of Wabash, and Mr. E. H. Tripp (E. Z. Pash), of Indianapolis, were only one bird behind Voris, and tied for second place on scores of 88 each. The weather conditions were bad all day—rain.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Killed.
Sparrows:	25	25	25	25		
H M Clark	22	20	20	23	100	85
E Z Pash	22	23	17	23	100	85
Voris	21	20	22	23	100	86
Howard	19	16	17	17	100	69
Moore	16	16	16	20	100	68
Smoke	13	13	16	..	75	42
Parry	18	18	16	20	100	72
Hillis	22	21	19	14	100	76
McIntosh	14	18	22	19	100	73
Moller	..	..	17	23	50	40
Johnson	..	..	..	18	25	18

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

New England Kennel Club.

BRAINTREE, Mass., Oct. 28.—Close competition was in evidence at the shoot of the New England Kennel Club to-day. W. F. Beal and Harry N. Richards were tied on 24 at the end of the regular contest, and in the shoot-off Mr. Beal won out. The weekly club cup was won by Col. R. H. Morgan. The scores:

Club cup:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
R H Morgan	21	1	22	W F Beal	16	1	17
Dr C G Weld	21	0	21	H N Richards	12	4	16
R O Harding	17	3	20				

Double-barrel cup:

W F Beal	23	1	24	R H Morgan	19	0	19
H N Richards	20	4	24	R O Harding	14	3	17
Dr C B Weld	21	0	21				



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WESTERN TRAP.

At Lilly Lake.

LILLY LAKE, Ill., Oct. 23.—There are many shooters along the kes that are connected by the Fox River. Where you find nters there you generally find trapshooters. So it came in the tural order of things that, with the opening of the fall duck ooting that a tournament and a game dinner should be held. lly Lake was the place selected, and John Boulett was the host. he dinner was a great success, and those present enjoyed the ck and "fixings" immensely.

Only part of the shooters reported before dinner, and after din- r most of those who made away each with a whole duck, could t shoot well.

The regular programme was not followed by the management; d most of the events were 10 targets. There were some events en only to green shooters, and these proved popular.

Billings was the only man to shoot in all the events; he made 129 t of 145. Mr. Stodfield made a good score for the number of ents, getting 53 out of 60 shots.

The Graham that you see as present is a brother of J. R and d., and the Dunnell is a cousin of Bert and Harry Dunnell, the ted Fox Lake shooters. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		
eCoy	3	3	8	..	4	..	9	..	3	8	8	..	..	..	80	46
pkem	6	7	7	12	..	6	7	4	6	5	..	..	..	..	75	60
llings	6	9	9	14	8	9	8	9	10	9	9	10	9	10	145	129
Howell	7	8	9	9	..	7	7	4	..	8	9	5	8	..	110	81
udke	4	8	6	10	2	5	9	6	..	8	7	6	..	..	115	71
aham	6	8	15	7	8	9	10	6	6	8	7	..	..		115	80
iller	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	30	26
unnell	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	4	..	..	..	6	..	..	40	28
ift	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	6	7	..	..	..	8	9	60	36
odfield	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	10	7	..	..	..	8	8	60	53
cKinney	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	7	..	..	..	5	8	60	41
iff	..	..	..	..	..	z8	9	8	5	..	..	..	8	7	60	45
eimer	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
ote	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	7

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Saturday, Oct. 28, was a good shooting day, and the boys took dvantage of one of the old-time crowds taking part in the cond shoot for the Ackley trophy. In addition to the practice ents, a couple of exciting team matches were shot. A good owd will be present on Oct. 29, and a number will shoot their ores in the trophy event on that day.

On Oct. 22 the following shot their scores in the first contest r the Cements trophy, as they could not visit the grounds on the st: Bleh (18yds.) 46, Tuttle (16) 44, Gambell (16) 39, Zimmerman 6) 41, Peters (16) 37, Lockwood (16) 37, J. T. Williams (16) 39, on Minto (18) 42, H. Sunderbruch (16) 38, Myers (16) 32, Sohn- r (16) 40, Willie (16) 40, Tennett (16) 40, J. Zimmerman (16) 42, oherty (16) 36.

In the practice shooting, Keplinger shot at 205 and scored 160. illiams is doing fine work, and Maynard is also going a lot. cKeown, of Portsmouth, O., was a visitor and smashed a few. ckley returns from Duck Island on the 30th in time to celebrate allowe'en. A team match with Chicago would be an interesting ent, and if any of the clubs want some good sport, the secre- ry should correspond with Supt. Arthur Gambell, St. Bernard, ., and terms can easily be arranged for a twenty-five-man team atch at 100 targets per man.

Ackley trophy, 50 targets. Scores:

	Yards.	Total.		Yards.	Total.
oll	17	48	Holmes	16	37
eever	16	47	Keplinger	17	36
ohlar	18	46	Miller	16	37
onser	17	45	Tuttle	17	33
hlers	18	45	Harig	19	40
illiams	17	45	Goetz	16	31
aynard	18	43	Herman	18	30
ullerdick	17	43	French	16	29
andall	17	41	Myers	16	29
sterfeld	17	40	Roanoke	16	27
cKeown	16	38	Z August	16	23
feiffer	16	38	Faran	17	42

Team match, 50 targets:

ambell	45	Pohlar	38
mmerman	28—73	Goetz	34—72

Team race, 50 targets:

hlers	40	Gambell	44
aynard	46	Bullerdick	42
arig	45	Williams	44
aran	44—175	Herman	40—170

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

The club closed the series of thirty-two weekly handicaps for e medal and cash prizes on their grounds, on the Mad River, ct. 27. The event is at 25 targets, with handicap of extra targets, e one winning the most times to receive a cash prize of $15; cond, $10; third, $5, and fourth, a leather medal suitably en- aved. The first of the series was shot on March 22, and four stponed events were shot to-day. The first was won by Phil anauer, Gus A. Hodapp the second, M. J. Schwind the third, d Ed. Cain the fourth.

Hodapp has won the medal four times during the season; Cain, e; Miller, four; Miller and P. Hanauer, three each; Rike and swald, two each; Heikes, Whitacre, Lockwood, Kuntz, Carr, rl Hanauer, J. Schaerf, and M. J. Schwind, one each.

First prize was won by Ed. Cain, after a shoot-off. Wm. Oldt cond; Miller third. Oswald was awarded the leather medal, Rike was not on hand to receive it. Several sweeps ended a y of good sport, as well as a successful season. The scores:

Medal match No. 1, 25 targets, handicap:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
P Hanauer	30	25	E Cain	28	21
H Oswald	30	24	W Oldt	29	21
G Hodapp	32	24	C Miller	29	21
L Whitacre	32	24	J Schaerf	30	19
M Schwind	26	23			

Hanauer won, being the only one to score 25 or better.

Medal match No. 2:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
E Cain	29	26	Miller	29	24
Hodapp	32	26	Whitacre	32	24
J Schaerf	35	26	Oswald	30	23
Oldt	29	25	Schwind	28	21
Hanauer	30	25			

Shoot-offs of ties:

	No. 1.		No. 2.		No. 3.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Schaerf	14	10	6	5	7	5
Hodapp	13	10	6	5	5	5
Cain	10	10	5	5	5	3
Oldt	11	9	..	..	..	..
Hanauer	12	9	..	..	..	..

	No. 4.		No. 5.		No. 6.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Hodapp	6	5	5	5	6	5
Schaerf	5	5	6	5	6	1

Medal Match No. 3:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Schwind	30	29	Cain	27	23
Whitacre	33	25	Schaerf	29	22
Miller	28	24	Hanauer	28	22
Oldt	29	24	Hodapp	30	21
Oswald	30	24			

Shoot-offs:

	No. 1.		No. 2.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Schwind	10	10	5	5
Whitacre	10	10	5	3

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Oswald	29	26	Whitacre	31	23
Cain	29	25	Schaerf	32	20
Hanauer	30	25	Hodapp	32	19
Oldt	29	24	Mack	25	19
Miller	28	23	Schwind	25	19

Shoot-offs:

	No. 1.		No. 2.		No. 3.	
Cain	10	10	5	5	5	5
Oswald	11	10	5	5	5	5
Hanauer	11	10	6	5	5	5

	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Broke.	Broke.
Cain	5	5	5	5	5	5
Oswald	5	5	5	5	5	4
Hanauer	6	5	5	3	..	..

Sweeps, 50 cents entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. in each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15		
Oldt	9	9	13	11	9	70	51
Oswald	8	13	11	11	11	70	52
Hodapp	8	12	11	9	10	70	50
Schaerf	6	12	12	11	8	70	49
Schwind	..	13	11	14	10	60	48
Mack	..	13	15	9	10	60	47
Whitacre	..	9	14	13	10	60	46
Cain	6	14	14	11	..	55	45
Sam	..	14	12	12	..	45	38
Smyth	5	..	12	11	6	55	34
J W	..	10	11	7	..	45	28
Wentz	..	..	12	11	..	30	23
Miller	9	12	..	..	..	25	21
Hanauer	8	10	13	..	..	40	31
Clark	..	..	..	9	7	30	16
Scgrist	..	9	..	..	7	30	16

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the fourth series.

In the club trophy event, Dr. Meek and George tied in Class A on 22, Stone won in Class B on 21, and John Wolff won in Class C on 11.

In the Dupont cup event, Dr. Reynolds won Class A on 20 straight; Stone won Class B on 17, Mrs. Wolff won Class C on 9.

In the Hunter Arms Co. event, 10 singles and 5 pairs, John Wolff and George tied in Class A on 18, Stone won Class B on 15. No Class C shooter in contest.

The day was not a good one for target shooting, as a Lake breeze from the rear chilled the shooters, and caused the targets to beat down very quickly, and as a consequence few good scores were made. This closes the season on our grounds.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	20	20	10	10	Targets:	25	20	20	10	10
Dr Reynolds	19	20	14	9	10	T Smedes	21	17	16	9	6
Thomas	20	13	16	7	9	George	22	18	18	6	7
Dr Meek	22	19	17	8	10	Hibbard	17	10	11	7	9
McDonald	21	19	14	8	10	J Wolff	19	13	18	..	..
Stone	21	17	15	7	6	Mrs Wolff	11	9	15	..	..
Eaton	19	14	17	4	7						

No. 1 was the trophy contest. No. 2 was the Dupont cup. No. 3 was the Hunter trophy. DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

The Columbus Gun Club held a most successful tournament on Oct. 26 and 27, although the attendance was not quite up to anticipations, owing to the heavy rains the first of the week and threatening prospects on Thursday. The occasion was the dedication of the club's new grounds and house, and the members are to be congratulated on their elegant home. Every one present praised the fine equipment and also the manner in which the managers handled things. Not a bit of friction during the two days.

The trade was represented by C. A. Young, C. W. Phellis, R. L. Trimble, R. O. Heikes, C. O. Le Compte, T. A. Marshall, D. D. Gross and L. H. Reid.

On the first day forty-two took part, twenty-six shooting the entire programme of 200 targets. R. S. Rhoads was high gun with 194, leading professionals and amateurs. Tryon and Hulshizer, amateurs, tied for second with the expert C. A. Young, on 191. C. W. Phellis and Ralph Trimble third with 190 each.

On the second day forty-three were on hand, and thirty-one shot through. Tryon was high with 190, Rhoads a close second with 189, Fisher and Phellis third with 188 each.

Rhoads was high amateur for the two days with 383. Tryon second with 381. Phellis was high professional with 378. Young second with 377. The scores:

First Day.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Tryon	200	191	T Davenport	200	178
R S Rhoads	200	194	F Ketler	200	176
C Young	200	191	J L Schiltz	200	175
F Hulshizer	200	191	Wells	200	169
C W Phellis	200	190	Pickaway	200	159
R L Trimble	200	190	Romerick	180	137
R O Heikes	200	188	W H Batdorf	145	127
W R Clark	200	188	J B Cromley	145	124
W F Losh	200	188	C R Ben	145	124
F D Alkire	200	187	H F Fender	145	124
J O Frick	200	187	W W Weinmar	110	74
C O Le Compte	200	187	C A North	100	76
T A Marshall	200	186	H Heikes	75	83
L H Reid	200	187	L Fisher	90	86
E D Rike	200	184	W Webster	75	60
L W Chamberlain	200	182	S Wilcox	70	60
D D Gross	200	181	J W Smith	55	33
W O Fishinger	200	181	E P Webster	50	38
L M Battenfield	200	181	W Slyh	20	13
W R Chamberlain	200	179	H N Darby	15	13
H E Smith	200	179			

Second Day.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Tryon	200	190	Pickaway	200	169
Rhoads	200	189	Maynard	200	168
Fisher	200	188	Gross	200	167
Phellis	200	188	Chamberlain	200	167
Carr	200	187	Wilcox	200	165
Reid	200	187	Bassell	200	165
Young	200	186	Williams	200	164
Raven	200	185	Fishinger	200	153
Le Compte	200	184	Welles	200	153
Alkire	200	181	Batdorf	180	144
Clark	200	181	Webster	130	112
Trimble	200	181	Valentine	110	88
Heikes	200	180	Ketler	110	82
King	200	180	H Heikes	90	71
Marshall	200	179	Schatler	70	54
Davenport	200	178	Condit	75	52
Hulshizer	200	176	Burrell	35	33
Rike	200	176	Orr	35	29
H E Smith	200	174	Weyman	35	28
J H Smith	200	171	Allen	35	28
Ike	200	171	Jesse Orr	20	18
Bottenfield	200	169			

The Columbus Gun Club's new grounds are located at the end of the Arlington car line, about twenty minutes' ride from the city, and comprise ten acres, with a frontage of 450 feet and a depth of 968 feet. The surroundings are very attractive. The club house is a two-story structure, of old English architecture, a large covered porch, and grand stand above being the prominent external features. From the latter a perfect view of all contests may be had. On the ground floor are the office, gun and locker room, lavatory, closets, etc., and a large assembly room. The living rooms of the superintendent and the club dining room are on the second floor. Automobile and carriage sheds have also been built on the grounds. The trap pits, three in number, are built of concrete, and are said to be the most perfect in the country. The targets are thrown against a clear sky background, a fact which shooters will appreciate. The new club house and grounds were dedicated in a proper manner on Oct. 26-27. On Oct. 21, at the regular shoot of the club fifteen members took part in a programme consisting of nine events at 10, one at 15 and two at 25 targets. Togo was high man with 121 out of 145. H. E. Smith 115 out of 155. Wolf 77 out of 105. Bassell 73 out of 100. Williams 67 out of 95. The others shot at 60 targets or less.

Capt. Tom Marshall was the guest of Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, for a day or two, en route to the tournament at Columbus. He was to have visited the Rohrer's Island Gun Club on Oct. 25, but the rain prevented. Mr. Marshall spoke favorably of the sport this season, and seemed sanguine of even more improvement next year, as he thinks indications point to an increased interest in all parts of the country. He also had words of praise for the efforts made by the Welfare Gun Club (N. C. R.) to get the next G. A. H. for this place, and stated that it would undoubtedly prove even larger than the one held at Indianapolis this year.

Frank H. Snow, of Parma, a well-known expert trapshooter of Ohio, committed suicide on Oct. 23, by shooting himself, using the same gun with which he had won many trophies. The dispatch states that in doing this he carried into effect his creed that "life is given to man and he may take it when he chooses." The act was committed in the lane near the barn on his farm. He removed the shoe and stocking from his left foot, placed the muzzle of the gun at his head and pulled the trigger with his big toe, blowing off the right side of his head. No cause for the

deed wais assigned. He was forty-nine years of age, quiet and unassuming in his demeanor, and apparently had no reason, if there can ever be a reason, for such an act. He will be missed at future tournaments by a host of friends.

A 100-target match between McConnell, of Osborn, and Carr, of Dayton, was shot on the Dayton Gun Club's grounds on Oct. 20, the regular meeting day of the club. The match was a close one, the former winning, 75 to 73. A couple of 25-target sweeps ended the day's sport. McConnell was high in the first with 21, Carr 12, R. O. Bauman 9, C. W. Sander 9. In the second, Sander was high with 21, Carr 20, Bauman 11.

Raleigh Tournament.

THE fifth annual tournament of the Raleigh, N. C., Gun Club, held Oct. 17 and 18, had a very fair attendance, and every one was pleased with his visit to our vity, although we were taxed for accommodations on account of our State fair being held at the eame time. Of course the accommodations could not be as good as under ordinary circumstances, and I believe we will hold our next tournament earlier in the summer to avoid the crowd attending the fair.

Several familiar faces were absent, and we were sorry that it was so they could not be with us. Walter Huff, the popular representative, was in the far West, out of his usual stamping grounds, but no doubt he is winning averages and friends there, as he does with us. We received a letter from him expressing his regrets in not being able to attend our tournament, this being the first onc he has missed. We were not the only ones that missed him. One of the prettiest young ladies in our State called and asked for him, but seemed very much disappointed when told he was not here.

George Lyon, of Durham, N. C., the best amateur in the State, has been in the Northwest with Mr. Huff, and he cut his trip short just to get back for our shoot, mueh to the pleasure of all.

An extra event was shot on the first day for a $50 grade Parker trap gun, and was won by R. T. Gowan, of the Raleigh Gun Club. score 48 out of 50. The following seores were made, shooting at 25: Lyon (20) 24, Walls (18) 24, Gowan (17) 24, McLelland (18) 23, Killett (17) 23, Ellington (18) 23, Todd (19) 22, Collins (19) 22, Johnson (18) 22, Crayton (18) 20, Anthony (18) 20, Fultz (17) 19, Barrett (18) 19, Simms (19) 18, Webb (18) 16.

The tie between Lyon, Walls and Gowan resulted as follows: Gowan 24, Walls 23, Lyon 20.

The scheduled event of 100 targets for the beautiful loving cup donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., was won by G. M. Collins, of Due West, S. C., score 90. It was very dark before the last event was shot, and some of the boys fell down owing to darkness, which was very much against them. Lyon was 4 targets ahead until the last event, and every one was sure he would win the cup, but Collins proved a better night shooter than any of the rest, and won over Lyon by one target. Lyon has to use glasses, and of course was out of the race when it began to grow dark.

The following scores were made in the cup race:

Collins, 18	24 23 21 22—90	Walls, 18	21 21 23 16—81
Lyon, 19	25 24 23 17—89	Johnson, 18	22 24 21 13—80
Todd, 18	21 24 23 20—88	Ellington, 17	21 24 20 15—80
Crayton, 18	20 24 22 19—85	Killett, 16	22 20 23 13—78
McLelland, 13	23 20 22 19—84	Goode, 16	21 21 18 18—78

Several more started in the race, but dropped out when they found they could not win out.

Mr. Jas. I. Johnson, the president of our club, could not finish out the programme on the seeond day on account of offieial business connected with the reception of President Roosevelt. He is the honored mayor of our city, and takes great interest in trapshooting, being the best shot in our club. It was a great disappointment to him not to be able to finish the programme.

We were all pleased to have Mrs. J. Mowell Hawkins as an interested visitor to our tournament, and we hope she will continue to visit our shoots with her husband, who is the best shot in this territory, sent out by the trade, and a decidedly clever gentleman. We are always glad to welcome him to our city and tournaments.

The other trade representatives present were Col. J. T. Anthony and Emory H. Storr. They have friends by the scorc, and are always expected to attend our tournaments.

Every one in the trapshooting fraternity knows Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins by his many good records and averages won. He made the longest run during our shoot.

We were very fortunate in securing Mr. John W. Todd, of Charlotte, to manage the finances, and every one knows that he is an expert when you put him in this position or any other where calculations are to be made. He is also a fine shot, making five straights in the first day's shoot.

J. Mowell Hawkins won high average on both days, while Geo. Lyon was second, and Emory H. Storr was third.

Scores, fifth annual tournament Raleigh Gun Club:

	First Day.		Seeond Day.		Total.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Hawkins	200	192	200	192	400	384
G Lyon	200	190	200	187	400	377
Storr	200	182	200	185	400	367
McLelland	200	179	200	187	400	366
Todd	200	189	200	179	400	366
Walls	200	175	200	186	400	361
Collins	200	181	200	178	400	359
Crayton	200	179	200	180	400	359
Simms	200	183	200	169	400	352
Anthony	200	171	200	174	400	345
Ellington	200	174	200	169	400	343
Fultz	200	164	200	177	400	341
Killett	200	160	200	156	400	316
Harris	200	167	200	146	400	313
Johnson	200	179	160	141	360	320
Gowan	200	163	140	109	340	272
Daughtreige	200	144	140	104	340	248
Barrett	200	174	...	...	200	174
Webb	200	166	...	...	200	166
Goode	...	...	200	164	200	164
Watson	180	149	...	...	180	149
Simmons	...	...	180	132	180	132
Pierce	...	...	180	143	180	142
Guildford	...	...	200	169	200	169
Slater	...	...	80	62	80	62
Pearce	...	...	40	29	40	29
Whitaker	40	28	40	26	80	54
Jenks	40	27	...	...	40	27
Gibson	20	15	...	...	20	15
Bobbitt	20	14	...	...	20	14

R. T. GOWAN.

Wawaset Gun Club.

WILMIGTON, Del., Oct. 26.—There were events of importance on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club to-day. An interstate amateur championship match between Mr. Wm. M. Foord, of Wilmington, champion of Delaware, and Mr. Lester A. German, of Aberdeen, champion of Maryland, was an important feature. Mr. Foord won by a score of 89 to 79. A stiff wind affected good shooting.

The championship scores at 100 targets, were as follows:

Wm M Foord	22 23 22 22—89
L A German	20 18 20 21—79

This was followed by a four-man eontest at 100 targets, $10 entrance, thus making a purse of $40. Winner to take all. Mr. J. T. Skelly won with a score of 91 out of 100, an excellent performance, unfavorable weather conditions considered; or, indeed, if the weather was favorable, it was a good score.

Mr. Foord was second high man, and Mr. German was third. At the close of the third string of 25 Mr. Skelly was ahead of Mr. German by 2 targets. In the last round Mr. Skelly missed one target, while the Maryland champion dropped 3.

The other contestant in this race was Mr. Ed. Banks, while J. B. McHugh shot to complete the squad. Both races were shot from the 16yd. mark. The scores follow:

J T Skelly	22 24 21 24—91	L S German	19 23 23 22—87
W M Foord	22 21 22 23—88	Edward Banks	24 17 20 21—82

In addition to the championship and four-man races, there was sweepstake shooting, and the full scores for the day follow:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
German	225	186	82	McKelvey	100	86	86
Foord	200	177	88	P Dupont	100	70	70
McHugh	200	153	76	McCardle	65	39	60
Skelly	150	133	88	Melchoir	50	40	80
Banks	140	116	82	Huber	25	19	76
Armstrong	115	86	75				

THE MANY-USE OIL

Polishes and preserves stock, barrel and case; 6oz. can 25c.—*Adv.*

Jackonsville Gun Club.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Oct. 25.—At the shooting grounds used by the Jacksonville Gun Club during the past two days a lively tournament has been in progress. While the contestants were limited to twenty, there was much enthusiasm, and many big scores were made.

The big scores were made possible by good weather conditions, assisted by good trapping and perfect flights. The two Scotts and Jim Groves are a great combination, whether they are managing a shoot or pointing a scatter gun. They attend many shoots throughout the State and are deservingly popular.

The traveling men turned out well, as there were present Messrs. Vietmeyer, Spencer, Lord, Fitzsimmons, Stannard and Steensburg.

Speneer was high man with 383 out of 400, having made 194 on the second day. Lou Fisher was second with 378. Ed. Scott, the home boy, third, 375. Bart Lewis made 191 first day, but lost so many the seeond day that he came in third. Scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Vietmeyer	12	12	17	14	12	13	10	11	17	15	14	17	200	164
Ed Scott	13	14	18	14	13	18	15	15	19	13	15	18	200	185
Thos Hall	13	12	17	13	13	18	13	15	17	13	15	18	200	177
Lou Fisher	14	15	20	14	14	19	13	13	20	14	14	18	200	188
C Speneer	15	11	18	15	14	18	15	15	20	14	15	19	200	189
Lord	10	11	12	9	13	13	10	14	14	14	11	17	200	153
Hablit	14	11	20	13	11	19	9	9	17	13	13	20	200	169
Groves	14	14	20	15	15	18	13	11	19	14	14	20	200	187
B Scott	13	13	19	14	15	18	13	14	18	14	13	18	200	182
B Lewis	14	14	19	15	15	19	14	15	19	13	14	20	200	191
W B Stannard	14	15	17	15	14	19	13	13	17	15	15	19	200	186
Gilbert	11	8	16	10	12	18	15	12	15	13	13	16	200	159
Fitzsimmons	15	10	18	15	15	17	10	11	14	11	11	19	200	164
Steensberg	13	15	14	13	13	16	15	12	16	14	13	14	200	168
Morris	12	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Perrine	14	12	17	12	15	17	12	14	19	13	15	17	200	177
Geobel	13	13	19	13	12	19	14	14	19	15	15	15	200	181
Moshier	10	11	17	10	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
Magill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	15	11	11	17	100	74
Kiley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	18	50	43

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Vietmeyer	13	12	16	15	10	16	14	9	14	14	14	16	200	163
Groves	13	14	18	13	15	17	13	15	17	13	13	20	200	181
Z Scott	13	10	17	12	15	17	14	13	12	14	10	19	200	164
Lou Fisher	14	13	19	14	14	20	14	14	20	14	14	20	200	190
Fitzsimmons	11	13	14	12	13	18	15	11	17	15	14	15	200	168
Ed Scott	13	15	19	15	13	19	13	15	19	15	14	20	200	190
Morris	11	10	16	12	13	17	13	10	19	13	14	16	200	164
Magill	12	10	17	15	11	18	13	14	18	13	10	16	200	167
Hablit	11	12	19	14	12	16	12	15	16	11	13	18	200	169
Englebrecht	9	9	13	8	14	18	9	10	15	9	12	19	200	145
C Spencer	15	14	20	15	15	19	15	15	19	13	15	19	200	194
T Hall	12	12	19	14	14	19	13	12	19	15	15	19	200	184
Steenberg	12	13	20	15	15	19	13	12	18	12	14	13	200	176
Stannard	14	15	19	13	13	17	14	15	20	12	13	17	200	182
Lewis	10	13	18	14	15	18	14	15	16	14	14	18	200	179

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Oct. 28.—Good competition and pleasant weather marked the last of the October shoots of the Creseent Athletic Club. The Snyder trophy was won by Dr. J. J. Keyes. The Lott trophy was won by Mr. W. W. Marshall. The Mullerite trophy was won by Mr. O. C. Grinnell, Jr. All the events were handicaps. The seores follow:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: W. W. Marshall 12, D. C. Bennett 12, J. N. Teeter 12, A. G. Southworth 7, W. C. Damron, 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: D. C. Bennett 13, W. W. Marshall 9, J. N. Teeter 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: A. G. Southworth 15, D. C. Bennett 11, L. C. Hopkins 11, W. W. Marshall 10, W. C. Damron 10, G. L. Blake 10, E. W. Snyder 9, J. N. Teeter 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: E. W. Snyder 14, A. G. Southworth 13, D. C. Bennett 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 13, L. C. Hopkins 12, J. N. Teeter 12, W. C. Damron 10.

Snyder trophy, 25 targets: O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 22, A. G. Southworth 21, Dr. J. J. Keyes 21, W. C. Damron 15, W. W. Marshall 14.

Mullerite trophy, 25 targets: A. G. Southworth 23, W. C. Damron 23, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 21, Dr. J. J. Keyes 19, W. W. Marshall 17.

Lott trophy, 50 targets: W. W. Marshall 48, A. G. Southworth 42, Dr. J. J. Keyes 41, W. C. Damron 36.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. A. Lockwood 15, W. C. Damron 13, H. W. Bissing 12, D. C. Bennett 12, E. W. Snyder 11, J. N. Teeter 10, Dr. Keyes 10, W. W. Marshall 9, A. G. Southworth 9, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 9, L. C. Hopkins 6.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: A. G. Southworth 14, H. M. Brigham 13, C. A. Lockwood 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 12, E. W. Snyder 10, W. W. Marshall 10, Dr. Keyes 10, W. C. Damron 10, H. W. Bissing 9, J. N. Teeter 9, L. C. Hopkins 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. A. Lockwood 15, Dr. J. J. Keyes 15, H. W. Bissing 13, W. W. Marshall 13, A. G. Southworth 13, E. W. Snyder 12, W. C. Damron 12, H. M. Brigham 12, J. N. Teeter 11, L. C. Hopkins 5.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. A. Lockwood 15, A. G. Southworth 14, L. C. Hopkins 13, W. W. Marshall 11, W. C. Damron 10, Dr. J. J. Keyes 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. A. Lockwood 15, A. G. Southworth 14, W. C. Damron 13, L. C. Hopkins 8, H. M. Brigham 6.

The regular monthly cup season begins on Saturday of this week. In the three shoots held in October, about 4,300 targets were trapped. The totals of the scores made for the three trophies, Snyder, Mullerite, and Lott, follow:

Snyder trophy:

	Oct. 14.	Oct. 21.	Oct. 28.	Total.
Dr J J Keyes	25	21	21	67
O C Grinnell, Jr	22	22	22	66
A G Southworth	24	21	21	66
W W Marshall	25	16	14	55
W C Damron	18	21	15	54
Dr F C Raynor	22	19	..	41
T W Stake	24	..	..	24
E H Lott	23	..	..	23
H M Brigham	23	..	..	23
L C Hopkins	..	21	..	21
C E T Foster	..	21	..	21
Dr H L O'Brien	17	..	..	17
H B Vanderveer	13	..	..	13
J N Teeter	..	11	..	11

Mullerite trophy:

O C Grinnell, Jr	25	23	21	69
A G Southworth	20	23	23	66
Dr Keyes	22	24	19	65
W C Damron	20	20	23	63
W W Marshall	21	18	17	56
Dr Raynor	19	23	..	42
H M Brigham	22	..	..	22
C E T Foster	..	20	..	20
Dr O'Brien	19	..	..	19
E H Lott	16	..	..	16
H B Vanderveer	9	..	..	9

Lott trophy:

W W Marshall	47	36	48	131
A G Southworth	36	44	42	122
Dr Keyes	43	37	41	121
W C Damron	43	33	36	112
O C Grinnell, Jr	42	36	..	78
H M Brigham	47	..	..	47
H B Vanderveer	21	..	..	21

Club cups and trophies:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
C A Lockwood	75	73	.973	A Southworth	255	197	.772
H M Brigham	30	25	.833	C E Foster	90	69	.766
T W Stake	45	37	.822	W W Marshall	255	193	.756
Dr Keyes	285	232	.814	H S Bissing	45	34	.755
Dr Raynor	90	73	.811	E W Snyder	135	100	.748
Dr O'Brien	15	12	.800	W C Damron	255	189	.741
L C Hopkins	180	143	.794	G L Blake	15	10	.666
D C Bennett	90	71	.788	H Vanderveer	30	18	.600
O Grinnell, Jr	225	177	.786	J N Teeter	135	80	.592
E H Lott	45	35	.777				

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Oct. 28.—Some twenty-eight men were present at the regular weekly shoot of the club. The day was also the day set apart for the nineteenth team race among the clubs of the North New Jersey League, and it was Dover's turn to visit Montclair.

Dover did not arrive for some unexplained reason, and the match went to Montclair by default. Scores made by the Montclair team were: Perley 19, Howard 19, Moffett 18, Bush 16, Allan 17; total 89 out of a possible 125.

Besides the team race, some eight other events were run off for silver prizes. Among the winners were Messrs. Moffett, Bush, Babcock, Soverel, Clickner, Perley and Crane. The trade was represented by Messrs. Glover and Elliott.

The final team race of the present series will take place at Morristown, on Nov. 2, Montclair shooting against the Morris Club.

The Montclair Club will hold a silver shoot on the afternoon of Election Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	15	15	10	15	10	10	25
Elliott	..	..	..	..	15	9	9	24
Glover	..	..	..	..	14	10	9	18
Moffett	18	13	12	..	13	10	8	15
Gardiner	..	..	15	9	15	9	7	20
Perley	..	..	15	9	13	8	7	22
Bush	..	..	13	6	..	9	8	18
Wallace	..	..	..	..	13	7	7	17
Woodward	15	14	14	..	..	8	8	..
Crane	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	5 20
Nott	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	7 16
Talbot	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	7 18
Babcock	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	8 19
Milliken	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	5 13
Hartshorne	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	2 12
Allan	21	13	14	8	..	7	8	17
S R Soverel	..	..	..	7	9	7	8	17
W I Soverel	21	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Holloway	..	..	..	..	11	5	4	11
Holmes	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..
Cockefair	..	11	8	8	..	8	5	16
Batten	14	10	14	10	..	6	7	11
McDonough	..	..	..	..	4	4	2	15
Doremus	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	13
Winslow	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Connett	..	..	..	..	13	..	8	17
Howard	..	..	..	..	13	..	8	17
Count	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	18
Clickner	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	20

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Oct. 23.—The Hell Gate Gun Club to-day held three monthly shoots in one, for August, September and October, each at 10 birds.

The weather was partly cloudy, with a wind blowing strongly across the traps from left to right. Most of the members made some excellent second-barrel kills. Some strong incomers escaped. Schortemeier was favored somewhat by the birds flying into the shot charge—so the other contestants claim. A good dinner and a fine time made a pleasant day.

Contest for August had scores as follows:

	Points.	Rise.	
C Lange	6	28	1*112*1211— 8
J Klenk	6	28	1222022201— 8
P Garms	6	28	0110111210— 7
L H Schorty	7	30	2221121221—10
J H Voss	7	30	1101211222— 9
J Schlieht	6	28	2012010201— 6
Baudendistel	6	28	1212220010— 7
Albert	7	28	21*1210212— 8
Mueneh	6½	28	2221211212—10
Weber	6	28	2222101002— 7
Belden	6	28	1121012210— 8
Selg	4½	26	0222112001— 7
Kreeb		26	2212010210— 7
Woelfel	6	28	1021101212— 8

September shoot, 10 birds, follows:

C Lange	6	28	2200012211— 7
J Klensk	6	28	1101020020— 5
P Garms	6	28	121*112200— 7
L H Sehortemeier	7	30	222122*222— 9
J H Voss	7	30	1*1112112*— 8
J Schlicht	6	28	1221121222—10
Baudendistel	6	28	*122111010— 7
Albert	7	28	0221122211— 9
Muench	6½	28	1122222111—10
Weber	6	28	2*11011002— 6
Belden	6	28	2*11222022— 8
Selg	4½	26	2000022002— 4
Kreeb		26	2211112210— 9
Woelfel	6	28	2100121*12— 7

October shoot, 10 birds, follows:

C Lange	6	28	2220111012— 8
J Klensk	6	28	1121012211— 9
P Garms	6	28	0120111110— 7
L H Schortemeier	7	30	1111221112—10
J H Voss	7	30	1221111102— 9
J Schlieht	6	28	1202220111— 8
Baudendistel	6	28	1101120121— 8
Albert	7	28	2211211121—10
Muench	6½	28	0010112122— 7
Weber	6	28	01211*1211— 8
Belden	6	28	2222220222— 9
Selg	4½	26	1022120102— 7
Kreeb		26	0222120011— 7
Woelfel	6	28	220*112122— 8

Total for the three contests: Lange 23, Klensk 22, Garms 21, Schortemeier 29, Voss 26, Schlicht 24, Baudendistel 22, Albert 27, Mueneh 27, Weber 27, Belden 25, Selg 18, Kreeb 23, Woelfel 23.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 25.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club held their regular shoot to-day. A number of members made up back scores and re-entry strings were shot. The contest will end with the next shoot, and interest is keen. The results:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Stoddard	18	4	22	Borst	17	6	23
Sterling	14	8	22	Backus	14	8	22
Weller	18	4	22	Stevens	22	2	24
Rickman	17	7	24	Newton	23	2	25
Kershner	20	2	22				

Back scores:

Newton	19	2	21	Kershner	20	2	22
Newton	19	2	21	Sterling	19	8	27
Sterling	19	8	27	Sterling	15	8	23
Kershner	17	2	19	Sterling	14	8	22
Kershner	19	2	21				

Allen withdrew on six strings.

Re-entry seores:

Sterling	20	8	28	Rickman	14	7	21
Sterling	16	8	24	Rickman	15	7	22
Stoddard	22	4	26	Weller	21	4	25
Rickman	11	7	18				

Stoddard withdrew on seven strings. Rickman withdrew on three strings. Weller withdrew on three strings.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

After Nov 1, "Charities," of New York, and "The Commons," of Chicago, will be merged. The combined weekly journal is a distinctly Ameriean idea—more or less of a co-operative undertaking among those who know conditions first hand, and are shouldering such movements as housing and child labor reform, the prevention of tuberculosis, and the social utilization of public schools. The editorship will be in the hands of Edward T. Devine, of New York, and Graham Taylor, of Chicago.

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VOL. LXV.—No. 20 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE ANGLER AND THE BOY.

WHY is it that in this country—and this country only, far as we know—the practice of fly-fishing and the use fine tackle should be rated a sort of huge joke by those ho cannot appreciate them? Is it not because the masses e not educated to that point where they may compre- nd these refinements of the art?

It is not so in Great Britain. There the common peo- e along the streams are anxious to secure fine tackle, ell aware that it is the most killing of all tackle. But some of the rural parts of America a fine fishing tackle pears to be held as synonymous with the outfit of a fluffer"; and the use of such implements by an angler accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he must be a reenhorn, unskillful and unsuccessful in his sport. On e other hand, the employment of primitive tackle is sociated in the minds of your rural reasoner with a big ring of fish at the close of the day—the length of the ring and the size of the fish being in inverse proportion the diminutiveness and raggedness of the small boy ho wields the pole.

We venture to assert our belief that these common nets of the rural angler's belief arise from a total mis- nception of the facts and principles involved, and from wrong association of ideas in the mind of the rustic easoner. We will try to explain what we mean.

A certain country angler has a large local reputation. He uses tackle of the coarsest description. He cuts his pole" in the woods. He is a successful fisherman; that s, he captures many fish. But his success is most cer- ainly not due to his primitive tackle. He catches lots f fish because he knows every foot of the stream and ust where the fish are to be caught. He loses no time n trying stretches of water where there are no fish. As matter of course he comes home with a good "mess of rout." And, by the way, it may be that this man has not he first conception of what sport is. His only thought s fish. If he has taken twenty trout in a day more than nother man he deludes himself with the belief that he as had more sport, and that it is something to brag of. t matters not how the fish are taken. If another man ame up with a net and 40 pounds of fish more than he as, our genius of the pole would "knock under" to him s the superior fisherman.

The bait-fisher, with his coarse tackle, may, at times, ay in the middle of the day, take more fish than his com- anion with the fly, but in the long run, day in and day ut, granting to each man an equal knowledge of the waters fished, the angler with fly and delicate tackle will xcel the other both in amount of sport had and in weight f creel.

The ragged country boy with a bean pole cannot begin to compete with the man who has light tackle, if the latter be an angler and know how to use his tools. And et a fiction to the contrary has been going the rounds of the press for the past century, its corrupt doctrines per- verting the minds of our angling youth. Stories without end of the urchin's string of fish bought by the "dandy" are rife in the rural press, but are not true in one case in ten. There may have been duffers who have thought that all that was necessary to make them anglers was to buy a great assortment of fancy tackle; but such men do not fish often. A trial once or twice convinces them of their error, and they lay their rods aside for the last novel, or for some other plaything. As for the bare-footed boy, we don't believe in him.

The fly-fisher can fish over more water than the bait-fisher, and can thereby take more fish; and he has a higher kind of sport that the latter knows nothing of. The fly-fisher can take more either of trout or salmon, in a day than the bait-fisher if he knows the ground equally well; and assertions to the contrary would not be listened to by the most ignorant poacher in England, Ireland or Scotland, for he knows that the fly and fine tackle are the best equipment for taking fish.

Does any man mean to say that the boy with the disreputable trousers and the bean-pole would not take as many fish if he had finer tackle, say a fine hook on a fine gut leader and a fine line nearly invisible to the fish? If so, he is severely mistaken. No, the boy with the letter in the post office would be a better angler for a little familiarity with fine tackle. He would take more fish and would learn to enjoy their capture as an evidence of his skill, for this constitutes the chief pleasure of angling. So much for the tackle; and as for the fragmentary habiliments—there is no connection between the trout and the trousers. Clothes do not make the man, nor the lack of them the fisherman.

GAME REFUGES.

AMONG the subjects which should come up at the next session of Congress is a bill authorizing the President to set aside within forest reservations, existing or which may be established, game refuges where hunting shall be forbidden.

The notion of such game refuges, first suggested by the FOREST AND STREAM, followed naturally on the establishment of the forest reserves. The Boone and Crockett Club was quick to see the importance of the measure and championed it with ardor. A few other people advocated the action that we urged and it has been more or less written and talked of ever since. A year or two since a bill was introduced in Congress giving such power to the President, but it was opposed by the Speaker and by one or two Congressmen from States in which forest reserves are situated, and failed to be acted on. All the time, however, public opinion in its favor has been growing stronger. The State of Wyoming recently established, adjacent to the Yellowstone National Park, a great State Park, where the killing of game is forbidden. A game refuge has been set aside in the Wichita Mountains, and the people of Los Angeles are preparing to petition Congress for the establishment of a refuge in the forest reserve near to that city.

It is high time that this action should be taken. Big game is growing scarcer. A number of species are approaching perilously near the point of extinction. Except in half a dozen restricted localities in the West, there are no longer any places where a man can go with reasonable certainty of killing the meat that he needs for camp use, to say nothing of getting a good head. One of the most recent books on big game shooting, speaking of the wapiti, or elk, declares that a good head bears six points to the antler; yet, it seems but a short time since a man who wished to carry home with him an elk head would not shoot at anything with less than seven points to the antler, and was always hoping for a head with eight or nine points. The elk are now so constantly hunted that they have no time to grow good heads, and the older and better animals are killed off as soon as they show themselves. The same thing is true of mountain sheep, and in a less degree of deer.

It is difficult to conceive of any valid objection that can be urged against a law authorizing the President in his judgment to set aside such game refuges. No appropriation will be required for their care; no additional force of men need be hired to guard or protect them. They are already in charge of forest wardens, whose pay is provided for under another bill, and would be also in charge of State game wardens to be paid by the various States. The Federal Government would not be called upon at present to expend a single penny for their maintenance. This should be a strong argument in their favor in these days when economy is a favorite Congressional slogan.

Moreover, we have to-day in the Presidential chair a man completely equipped by experience and training to select such refuges. Over considerable portions of some of the forest reserves the President himself has hunted and he is familiar with their adaptability to such a purpose. Moreover, he is in intimate touch with the best sportsmen and the best naturalists of this country, and it need hardly be said, has the entire confidence of the whole people. Mr. Roosevelt himself is in hearty sympathy with this idea, and has frequently advocated it in his written and spoken words.

Since the plan is wholly unobjectionable, since it will cost nothing, and since the Executive favors it, it would seem that Congress should be ready to act favorably on any bill that may be introduced to carry this proposition into effect. But, as has so frequently been said, Congressmen take but slight interest in matters non-political which do not interest their constituents, and unless the residents of States and Territories in which these forest reserves are situated—the people who would be most benefited by the setting aside of these refuges—unless these residents, we say, bestir themselves and urge the matter on the attention of their Representatives in Congress, the matter is likely to be overlooked.

ADIRONDACK LAND SALES.

THERE was printed in our issue of Oct. 14 a communication from Mr. Raymond S. Spears concerning the sale of Adirondack public forest lands. It was charged that in a long list of transactions, which were specified in detail, the law prohibiting the sale of State land had been violated, because these plots had been sold. We give to-day from a special correspondent in Albany the results of an examination of the record on the books concerning every item in the list cited by Mr. Spears. The result of the examination is to show that the several transfers were made in accordance with law. Very many of the transfers, indeed most of them, were redemptions by the owners of lands which had been held temporarily by the State for payment of taxes. The same law holds as to Adirondack lands that prevails elsewhere, namely, the delinquent taxpayer is given by the terms of the statute a certain time in which to pay back taxes and redeem his property. Commissioner Whipple has already explained that when taxes were unpaid on land, the plot was listed as State land and was so marked in red on the official map, but the actual title of the State to such land was only tentative. It might become valid, if in accordance with the legal procedure the land should eventually be forfeited to the State by reason of non-payment of taxes, or the State title might lapse at any time upon payment of the taxes. When the State's tentative title thus lapsed, the indication of the lands as State lands, shown in red on the official map, would be discontinued and the new map would show the plot again in white as private property.

In many other cases cited by Mr. Spears the State's assumed title was vacated by cancellation as the result of suits brought by the owners to test the right of the State and to establish their own titles.

An examination of the list as presented by our correspondent will show that these two factors of redemption and cancellation account for the vast majority of the changes on the official map from the red color, signifying State lands, to the white marking, signifying private holdings.

It is further shown by the record that the remaining transactions, in which parcels of wild land were sold by the State, were within the warrant of the law prior to the adoption of the constitutional provision of 1895 prohibiting the sale of wild lands within the forest preserve.

As to the legality of the Adirondack land sales, then, the examination of the record, as reported by our correspondent, appears to demonstrate that they were within the sanction of the law.

The transactions under review were of the past. Even had they shown irregularity or corruption on the part of former Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners, they would not have reflected on the present incumbent. Commissioner Whipple has held office for a short time only; but his attitude toward Adirondack timber stealing and his prompt and vigorous prosecution of trespassers and timber thieves have gladly been accepted by the public as an earnest of an honest and independent administration. He should have, and will have, the heartiest support and co-operation.

WE are rapidly coming in the United States to the conditions prevailing in foreign lands as to licenses for hunting. But in a country where the possession and use of firearms by the citizen are so untrammeled, it is almost impossible to realize that in many other countries the enjoyment of these privileges is closely restricted. In our sister republic of Peru, where the frequent revolutions of the past have made every sportsman's gun a potential implement of war, laws have prevailed forbidding the importation of firearms, except under certain rigid conditions, requiring a special license from the ministry of war. The stability of the government of recent years has now prompted a relaxation of the old order, and the instituting of larger liberty. Consul-General Gottschalk reports that a decree has been promulgated at Lima permitting the importation into the republic of arms, powder and shot for hunting purposes, of parlor rifles and their charges, and of revolvers of a caliber not to exceed .32, without the formality of obtaining special license from the ministry of war. The decree will prove a boon to immigrant miners, rubber hunters, etc., whose hunting weapons are often really a part of their business equipment.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Bogus Indians.

I WAS engaged as escort for a mail line in 1879, having charge of two men in each of three stations, the stations being about thirty miles apart. One of the men would accompany each mail wagon on a round trip, while I was supposed to boss the job and see that they did it.

One of my men at the station at which I made my headquarters, Mountain Pass, was taken sick, I sent him in to the post; then took his place myself.

The mail route ran from Fort Sill up in the Indian Territory to Fort Concho, Texas, and the mail was carried on buckboard wagons drawn by two half-broken bronco mules. Only the driver and his escort rode on the wagon. Some of these mules had not been broken at all. When a team of this kind had been hitched to a wagon and the ropes that held them to a post while they were being harnessed were taken off, the mules would start on the dead run and never stop short of the next station. The only way they could be stopped would be to knock them down with an ax.

We had three drivers on this end of the route, two of whom should have been somewhere else. They were deathly afraid of Indians. Why they ever stayed here at all puzzled me. Pay of $35 or $40 a month and three meals a day, when they were where they could get it, of saleratus bread, fried bacon and black coffee, would be no inducement for me to do this work, whether I was afraid of Indians or not. I never wanted to go with these men if I could help it.

There were Indians in this country at times. When they came in here they generally came from the north or west, and after making a raid through here, went back there again. I did not expect the driver to fight Indians; that was what I had been sent here to do. Still I did not want him to get rattled, then let his team run into the Indians, or wherever it might take a notion to go, when I began firing.

The third driver, Charley Parton, or as he was called Dutch Charley, was all right; he had served in our cavalry and was not afraid of Indians.

The man I had with me at Mountain Pass was a new recruit that we had lately got from the East, and he also had no use for Indians then; he got over his fear of them later on. Dutch Charley would not let this recruit go with him. On some former trip, when he had the man with him, they had an Indian scare—there were no Indians at the end of it though—and the man had got rattled. Charley said the man had come near shooting him; that he was a coward.

I told Charley what was wrong. These "smart Alecs" we had, had been stuffing the man with hair-raising stories of how the Indians would first burn him to death at the stake, then to make sure of it kill him some more, then scalp him.

"You know the stuff we keep on hand to amuse a Rookie," I told him, "you have been there yourself. That man is all right. Let a real Indian open on him and he will fight right enough."

Well, he would rather go alone than take him.

I had just made a round trip with one of these tenderfoot drivers who could see an Indian behind every rock and bush, and we had got into the station just as Charley was starting to go alone. That round trip had taken me two days and over 140 miles in a rough buckboard, and I did not much fancy jumping into another wagon nor to go over it again; but I would not let the man go alone.

I could order the man that the driver did not want into his wagon, then tell the driver to pull out. I was in command here, and had it been one of the other drivers, that is what I should have done; but I did not want to do this with Charley.

I swallowed my dinner, then started with Charley. We made the Concho, seventy miles, that day, and the next came as far as Old Fort Chatbourne on our way back. Here we were given a pair of these unbroken mules, about the meanest pair on the line. Charley always got them; the other fellows were afraid of them.

The road out of Chatbourne for a mile or two ran through a grove of post oaks and was partly down-hill. Here our team began to jump and plunge, and the off mule got his left hind leg over the trace and tongue. He managed to get it back off the tongue, but still had it over the trace. He might keep it there now for the next thirty miles. If we tried to free him our heads would get kicked off. So we let the trace stay sawing there under his belly and against his leg; if it suited him, it ought to suit us.

The road ahead of us for the next twenty-five miles ran through a prairie thickly covered with bushes or chaparral. We had gone several miles over this road when I noticed two men off to the left and a mile or two ahead of us. They sat on their horses behind a bush that just showed their heads and shoulders above it, and were 200 yards from the road. When we had got closer I saw that both of them had blankets pulled up around their shoulders.

"Yonder are our Indians," I told the driver. "But there is only one apiece for us."

We got our carbines up from where they lay under our feet, Charley standing his up between his legs while I held mine. We were two miles away yet, but the mules were going over these two miles very fast. I kept my eye on the men and also on the road in front of us. If they were Indians the two were not the only ones here.

We were nearly opposite to them now, and, jumping up, I braced my left leg against the seat to steady me, then sprung my lever. I had a Spencer and the driver had another one.

"Don't fire," the driver told me, "if they let us go, let them go. I am afraid of this team."

I sat down again. I knew that the driver was right. If this team began to plunge again—and they would—they might get tangled up worse than they were now or break the tongue. We had another team do that later on; they broke the tongue short off at the neck yoke. If that should happen then we might stop here and fight Indians all day, and we would stand a poor show with them among these bushes.

The men sat there looking at us but never moved, and in a minute or two they were far in our rear.

"I hate to leave those fellows without letting them know we are alive, Charley."

"So do I; but it is best. We may get plenty more of them yet. Those are not the only ones here. I can't exactly understand their game, though."

I had on two pistols, the driver had none.

"If we get into a hot place, Charley, take my left pistol. I leave it for you," I told him.

"I hardly think those were Indians," I told the driver.

"Of course they were. Have we not both of us seen enough Indians to be able to tell one at 200 yards? White men would not be fools enough to try to play off Indian on us. Every man in this country knows that we carry arms, and knows that you can shoot him on sight if he tries any funny business. That mail is your warrant."

We kept a good lookout ahead, but saw no more Indians. We got in sight of Mountain Pass at last, and about two miles south of it a wide creek crossed the road. The banks had been cut down at the ford, and we could not see the creek until nearly on top of it.

"If we don't see Indians down there," Charley said, "we won't see any more this trip."

"I am not sure we have seen any yet. I think we saw two white men back yonder. If those were Indians and did not want us—and it seems they did not—why did they let us see them at all? They had only to dismount there to be out of sight."

"Oh, they were Indians." He knew that.

We were close to the creek now and a band of coyotes came charging up from it; they had just heard us coming. Charley gave a whoop. "Put your gun up," he told me, "no more Indians to-day or them fellows would not be here."

The Pass ran between two mountains here, the one on the left was not quite as high as its neighbor on the right, and the stage ranch was built at the northern end of it. Just as we had got to the ford I happened to look across the left mountain, and saw a column of smoke rising behind it. There was nothing to burn over there except the station.

"That's what it is," Charley said. "Now what will we do? We can't pass them if they are there yet. I'll do as you say."

We could not pass there if they did not want us to pass. The station stood on the left of the road; the ground between it on that side was covered with bushes; the ground on the right of the road clear to the mountain half a mile away was cut up into deep gullies.

"Go right ahead," I told him. "We can't turn back. If they are there yet and have not got the road closed dash right on. You do the driving. I'll do the shooting. Then keep on to Phantom Hill; that team can stand it. If we see we can't get through I'll shoot your mules; they shan't get them. Then you and I each take a mail pouch and get up among the rocks there. We can stand them off until help comes."

We were in the Pass now. It ran from north to south and was nearly straight, but the cañon here was full of bushes and trees and the road made several turns here to get past trees.

When half way through it, just before coming to one of these turns, an Indian rode around the curve. I jumped up and had my gun up and my finger on the trigger. The Indian was only thirty yards away; in another moment he would be a dead Indian.

"Don't shoot!" the Indian sung out, calling me by name, then yelled "Tonkaway."

I dropped back in my seat. He was a Tonkaway Indian, one of the scouts from Fort Griffin, and my favorite hunting companion. He and I had slept together many a night on the prairie when out looking for trails or turkeys. These Indians all went under English names, and this young fellow had taken my middle name, Anderson. I ought to be able to recognize him a mile away. I must be as badly rattled now as that man of mine would be. We swept past him just as he called out, "Some more Tonkaway back there."

"All right, Anderson, I won't shoot them now."

In a minute we met half a dozen more of them under the first lieutenant of our troop. He wanted me to stop.

"We can't, sir. You will have to come to the station," I told him. Or where the station had been. I was sure now it had been burned; else what was he doing out here? The troop was probably miles in the rear of him; he commanded the scouts.

We were out of the Pass now, and the station stood here with nothing wrong about it. The prairie behind it was on fire, though. Charley and I shook hands.

"I won't have to shoot your mules after all," I told him, "though that is about all they are fit for."

The lieutenant came after us. We could stop now and talk to him. He wanted to know if we had met any men. I told him about the two "Indians."

"Did you not recognize those Indians?" he asked me.

"No, sir; they were too far away. Who are they?"

"Graham and Finney. They have deserted. Do you think they will go through Chadbourne?"

"No, sir, they won't. Graham is not fool enough to do it. I know I would not. He knows the country. He will go around Chadbourne."

"Well, I'll get him, if I have to follow him to the Gulf of Mexico," he said, and left.

He would have followed them there, too, but he did not have to do it; he caught them in a cornfield below Fort Mason and brought them back.

Graham did go through Chadbourne, though. The post had been abandoned, but a sergeant of the Ninth Cavalry (colored) and a party of men were here. Graham told him that a lot of Indians were after him, then kept on. He took care not to tell the sergeant that the Indians were Tonkaways; and when the Indians got up here the sergeant had his men out in this post oak grove deployed as skirmishers, and he sent the Tonkaways back in a hurry. It took the lieutenant half an hour to hammer into the sergeant's head that these Indians did not want him or the post.

This Graham was a friend of mine. I had known him for years; and had he come down to the road to-day where I could have seen who he was I should have thrown the lieutenant off his trail and let him go; he was one of but very few men that I would do it for though. He belonged to my troop, and had been a sergeant in it, but had been broken for selling some old carbines, then thrown into the guard house. He escaped from there. The other man, Finney, I knew little about and cared less; but I should have helped Graham off. He told me after he was brought back that this was the only wrong move he had made. He knew who I was and knew I would not give him away.

But I have begun this tale at the wrong end and will have to begin again.

Several months before this a large emigrant train going to California pulled into our post, Fort Griffin, and went into camp on the North Fork of the Brazos, below the post, stopping here for several days to rest their teams. They had over twenty wagons, part of them ox wagons and a good bunch of loose horses along. They were from Arkansas, and most of the older men had been Confederate soldiers. These men were then generally only rebels up at the North, but I had long ago found out that it did not take me much longer to call a man a Confederate and his army the Confederate Army than it did to call him a rebel; and it did not hurt his feelings quite so much. When these men had quit fighting so had I, and had not kept it up since in the papers and with my mouth. I always got along with them without having to tell them that they were right and we were wrong. I did not have to take anything back, we had whipped them, but it was not necessary to tell them all about it once a day. I put in some time in their camp and got quite well acquainted with them.

Their leader had been a Confederate captain. He had lost his left arm. He had brought it home from the army with him, but had since blown it off with a shotgun; it can be done that way easy enough if you only know how to do it. That shotgun had to stand the blame for the loss of several arms belonging to men I know. One in particular had served with me in the Army of the Potomac three years, had been shot at times without number, and not hit; then had come home and in less than a month had lost his arm by the shotgun route.

Two or three days after this train had pulled out again our quartermaster found out that he was short about a dozen old Spencer carbines that he had to arm his citizen teamsters with. A wagon never left here without the driver being armed, he carried his carbine in the front box. These guns had about outlived their usefulness, but would cost that quartermaster $22 a piece if he did not find them or have a board of survey sit on them. He most likely would get that board of survey. If we had lost them we would find them on the pay roll; and he could swear them off. He was doing some swearing now, but it did not get him his guns. I got them afterward, though, without doing any swearing.

The only Government property that I ever lost was an old condemned horse, saddle and bridle, that a Mexican stole. The whole affair was worth $50, but I expected to have to pay $200. I had no more right to take this outfit than I would have had to take the captain's horse. I was riding the plug to save a race horse I had. When I had about made up my mind to serve a year and pay for it, the commanding officer sent for me, wrote out an affidavit and told me to swear to it, then let the condemned horses alone after this and ride my own. Not every commander would do that, though. This is called "swearing the horse off the papers." Nobody has to pay for him now. The taxpayer paid for him when he was bought. We let it go at that.

Two or three days after the emigrant train had left us a big detail under the same officer who was after Graham now, had been sent after it to find those guns.

As soon as we were clear of the post the lieutenant told me to start off, keep up a slow gallop and go on until I overtook the train. If I did not get up to it before sunset, then rest a while, then keep on. When I found the train I was to hold it until he came up. It would

not be over thirty miles away yet; the wagons had to travel slowly on account of the ox teams.

I went out at a gallop. I thought I had a rather large contract on hand to try and arrest twenty or more men all by myself; but I could make a bluff at it anyhow. These frontier citizens are never in a hurry about disobeying any order we give them. A soldier could arrest a party of them after they had run a sheriff and his posse clear out of the county.

At the end of about twenty-eight miles I saw the train just ahead of me. They had camped on Dead Man's Creek last night and were just now pulling out—a rather late start; it was 10 o'clock now. As I rode past each wagon I told its driver to pull out and stop; then kept on until I came to the head of the train. The wagon in advance was an ox team—three yoke of them—driven by a colored boy.

"Pull to the right, Sam, and stop," I told him.

"Yes, sah."

Just ahead of this wagon and leading the procession was an old-fashioned country carryall with a fine span of iron-gray horses. The driver was a woman, thirty-five years old, as she afterward told me when she offered herself and a 400-acre farm to me. She was pulling away at a corncob pipe. Lifting my hat to her I said:

"Madam, I have your train under arrest. Drive to the right of the road and stop, please."

"What fur?"

I told her what "fur."

"I hain't got ary one of your blame guns. I don't need 'em. I got plenty guns of my own."

"I am glad to hear it; but you must stop here. I can't let you go on."

She stuck her head past the side of her carryall and yelled: "Alf, git that thar team back in the road! You hear me? An' come on."

Alf was the negro ox driver.

"Keep your team where it is, Alf," I told him. "I am in command here now. You obey me."

"Yes, sah, I does."

"That thar team is mine, an' I want it. I am going right on."

"You can't, Madam. There may be Indians not ten miles away. There often are."

"I don't keer fur no Indians. I can help myself. I got a gun." And she reached behind her and hauled out a Winchester rifle.

"Can you use that?" I asked.

"You find me a deer an' see if I can't use it."

Had this been a man I should have helped him over on the grass long since, but you can't drive a woman.

"Madam," I told her, "my orders were to stop every one, but I will make an exception in your case. Drive on."

"I reckon I had better stop," she said, after studying the question a moment.

"Yes, I think so; but I won't try to stop a lady. You can go on if you want to do so."

I knew she would not go, else I should not have given her permission to go. She drove off on the grass and jumping down out of her carryall yelled: "Alf, git them thar oxen out now an' let 'em git a bite. You hear me?"

Alf heard her. So did every one else within half a mile. She began to unharness her team, and while she got the harness off one horse I took it off the other, then put drag ropes on both of them. She was going to let them run. Next I hung the harness up on the front wheels. She was watching me and now said: "You seem to know how to do things."

"We have to know how to do many things in our business, Madam. We never know when we may be called on to do them."

"Are you a sargint?"

"That is what they call me."

I was only a corporal, but the civilians here did not know the difference, and called us all sergeants. I never took the trouble to explain the difference, either; I would almost as soon be called a sergeant. I was waiting patiently until the Captain would call me one—if he did not break me before that. He did not, but gave me the third stripe when it came my turn to get it.

As soon as the men had got their teams on the grass they had gathered in a knot, and were now holding a council. A half-grown boy came to me and throwing up his hand to his hat, as he had seen us salute our officers, said: "Mister, my father wants to see you." Returning his salute I said: "I'll see him now," and was about to start when the woman was heard from again.

"See here, Bill," addressing the boy, "you call that man 'sargint' after this. Don't forgit it now. He ain't none of your 'misters,' he is a 'sargint.'"

I walked over to the group of men and said: "I ought to have told you sooner, gentlemen, why I stopped you here, but the lady detained me. I have been ordered to place you under arrest for having Government arms in your possession. I will have to hold you here until the captain comes up. You had better camp. He may not be here for hours yet. You can't go on to-day; the next water is too far ahead."

"I have all those guns, Sergeant," one of the men said. "Those other men know nothing about them. I'll give them up now; you can let these other men go."

"I am sorry, but I can't. I have my orders and must obey them. You will all have to stop here. The Captain, when he comes, may let you go. I can't."

"Where have you those guns?" I asked. He took me to a wagon, and, taking out the tail gate, pointed to them. They lay on the bottom of the wagon under the whole load. The rest of the men had followed us.

"Gentlemen," I told them, "this is no way to keep your arms. You should have them where you can get them at a moment's notice. There are Indians in this country. We should know it, I think; we are often called on to drive them out of it.

"You have your families here. Keep your arms where you can get them in a hurry. You may need them in a hurry."

"We have some Winchesters where we can get them," the one-armed captain told me.

"Can you park your train, captain?"

"Yes; I have showed them how to do it."

"If I were you I would always from this out camp in a park, and go in to park at a gallop every evening. Then it will come easier if you have to do it in a hurry some day."

"I'll do it," he said. "That is a grand idea."

The man had his guns out now, all laid side by side on the grass. "I did not steal these guns, Sergeant; I paid for them."

"Whom did you buy them from?"

"The men called him Sergeant Graham."

I gave a low whistle. I was one point nearer a sergeant than I was five minutes ago; Graham was a sergeant in my troop; he would be a general prisoner now, but I would not succeed him; there were several ahead of me yet.

"Sergeant Graham told me that he had bought the guns, but for me not to let them be seen until after we had got past Fort Concho. He said he dare not sell them to a citizen, and the soldiers might take them from me."

"No; the guns belong to the quartermaster. He had no right to sell them to anyone."

Graham had been acting post quartermaster-sergeant. He is a fool, I thought, his time would expire in a month or two now and instead of getting an honorable discharge he will now get about three years in the penitentiary, and all for $50; he had sold ten guns at $5 apiece.

In about two hours the Captain came up. He was a brevet captain; we always addressed him as Captain. I told him that I had the guns, and that these men had given me no trouble. I wanted to see them released.

The Captain got the man's story, then released all hands; but they could not go on to-day, it was a long drive for them to good water from here. They had taken my advice and were in camp now half a mile away from last night's camp. We went into camp at the creek, and as soon as our horses were staked out, I asked to be let go hunting. The Captain told me to go and take my horse if I wanted him. I had ridden him hard to-day, and wanted him to rest, so I went off on foot.

I kept out on the prairie for two miles, then struck off toward the creek. I wanted an antelope. but could not find even a rabbit. When I had got to the creek I wanted water, so I got under a tree to lie down and drink out of the creek; but before doing so, took a look up into the tree. It pays to do it. I have looked up in a tree I had meant to lie down under and found a snake in it. He was harmless, and had he kept down here where he belonged I would not have hurt him; but he was up there after young birds, and I brought him down. I would only shoot a black snake on the ground when I found him prowling in among briars and weeds, hunting for Miss Bob White's eggs or young; then I let him have a dose of bird shot.

This tree had no snake in it, but a large limb ran out straight from the trunk partly over the water, and lying along it up there looking down at me was a wildcat, *Felis catus* is the only college name I know for him; he may have another; the *Felis* seems to be Latin all right, but the *Catus* bears the ear-marks of hog Latin; however, it may be good Latin also. My college education I got in a public school, and it did not embrace Latin. He has several common names. Down here, where I found him now he is the catamount. When he gets to the Rio Grande or across it he is the Mexican lion. I have shot him under all three of his names, and always found him to be the same old wildcat. If there was any difference in him, I was not naturalist enough to discover it.

But I did not want him on my back under any of his names, and got out from under that tree.

Going about thirty paces down the creek below the tree I aimed at where I thought the cat was—I could not see him now—and fired three shots. No cat came down, but my balls were going where I aimed for; the leaves they cut told me so. I fired the next shot nearer the creek, and was just springing another load in when the cat came down with a thud. He landed on the bank half in and half out of the water, then drew himself out and lay there. I went to him and sent several pistol balls into him, then kicked him into the creek and left him there.

Just after stables to-night the boy who drove my "lady friend's" team came down and said that Miss ——— wanted me to come up to supper. Every woman is a "Miss" with these southern darkies; so I took this opportunity to question him and find out if this one was a widow. I did not want to have much to do with widows; they know too much.

No, the boy said, she had never been married. Her father had died a few years ago, leaving her a big farm and a lot of money in the bank. "She is awful rich, I tell you," the boy said, "she has the big house where she lives and a lot of small ones that colored people live in. They work her farm." She was only coming out here to see the country. She meant to go back again.

"All right, Alf," I told him. "You need not tell Miss ——— I asked about her." And I handed Alf a half dollar.

She had a good supper for me. If I had sent up my order this was what I would want, and I told her so. She had baked fresh corn bread, fried bacon and a beefsteak, and boiled sweet potatoes and good coffee. She could cook as well as shoot, I thought.

After supper she began to cross-question me.

"How old are you, Sergeant?"

"Thirty-two years old now."

"Why, I thought you might be about twenty-six, I am thirty-five. I don't look old, do I?"

What church did I belong to? "None," I told her. "I call myself a Methodist, I was raised one."

She was a Baptist; but liked the Methodists; there were lots of them where she lived.

Did I like critters? Critters are horses in English.

"Yes, I like critters and dogs. That is why I am in a critter company."

What kind of dogs did I like? "Oh! any kind; I like hounds and setters and pointers best. I can use them."

She had houn's, rabbit houn's and greyhoun's, and she could get me sitters and pinters; there were lots of them out there.

"I'll get you and that 400-acre farm next," I thought.

She told me all about her farm now and about the country she lived in. I had been pretty well over it and knew it. Next we exhausted Fort Smith. It was her ideal of a city; she had never seen a larger one. I had been in it and knew how large it was.

She kept me talking until 9 o'clock, then made me promise to come to breakfast next morning. I did and got a good one. Then bade her good-bye and the train got under way, while we pulled out for home.

I heard months after this that the train had been jumped by Indians west of the Pecos River and that half of the party were killed. I think that had I been there and had plenty of arms for these men and large boys, about forty in all, and had been given a few minutes to park that train, or I could have parked it under fire if I had to do it, then we would have turned in and made any party of Indians that would be likely to attack a train in New Mexico "look like thirty cents," in about thirty minutes.

When we got home Graham had his stripes cut off and was put in the guard house to be tried by a general court-martial. There was no general court in session there then, it had to be appointed by the department commander, and while they were waiting on him Graham's time expired and he was given a bob-tail, a discharge with no character on it; the Captain signs this with a penknife instead of a pen, and cuts the character off. It is locally and generally known as a bob-tail; if it has ever been catalogued and given a scientific name, I do not know it. I never had one given me. Mine were all good.

I had a lot of legal opinions always on hand to give to any one who wanted them. I never charged anything for them. What I charged was probably what most of them were worth, but the advice I gave Graham would probably be pronounced good law. He sent for me to advise him what he should do.

"When they call on you to plead, refuse to be tried by their court, and demand a civil trial. You are a citizen now. They should either have tried you before your time expired or else not have given you that discharge until they had tried you. Thell them that you insist on your rights as a citizen and this State is not under martial law. Then if they still persist in trying you, all this will go before the reviewing authority and he will no doubt disapprove the finding, then let you go. They may give you a civil trial, but I hardly think so.

"That man you sold the guns to is half way to California now (I did not know at that time that the Indians had got him), and he can't be got as a witness. What he told us won't go in a civil court. It will in the military court though. When you are being tried before a civil court, if I were to start to tell what that man told me your lawyer would shut me up very quick. He won't have to do it. I know as well as he does that what some one else told me is not evidence."

When he was called for trial the officers scared him into taking the military trial, telling him that a civil court would give him five years. So it might if he were convicted, but he would not be. The officers knew that they had no evidence a civil court would take and most likely had he insisted on being tried by a civil court, they would not have tried him at all. He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary; but escaped from the guard house after night. The man he took with him was on guard over the stables; they broke in and took two of the fastest horses we had then. I had a middling fast one in there, but they left him.

Graham knew the country, and keeping away from the road and taking care not to make any trail when leaving the post. He started for the lower country; but took a round about way to reach it.

When I passed him he had been out two days and had only come near the road now because he wanted to pass through Chadbourne and get something to eat.

He got to the road just in time to see us coming; and his companion proposed that they pass off as Indians. Graham knew that I was in this stage line, and seeing a corporal on the wagon, wanted to stay on the road and speak to me; but his companion was afraid I would try to arrest them or give them away.

The man who deserted with him was given five years, he had deserted his guard. Graham got off with the two he had been given for stealing the guns.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Vision of October Days.

OSSINING, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a little poem which I clipped from the Star of Hope, a paper published bi-monthly in Sing Sing prison and made up of articles written by prisoners in Auburn, Clinton, Naponock and Sing Sing prisons. It is a pretty little thing, and worth copying.

C. G. BLANDFORD.

OCTOBER DAYS.

Sing Sing, 52,430.

October days! October days!
A turquoise sky o'er hills ablaze.
Dun-colored grass in the marshes, where
The red-heads wheel in the frosty air.
Down in the swamp in the heart of the woods
Sumac bushes raise scarlet hoods;
And my weary eyes, with restful gaze,
Find relief on October days.

October days! October days!
Over the river a pearly haze.
In upland meadows the golden-rod
Nods to the dried-up milkweed pod.
Dandelion- and thistle-down blows
Over the country-side. Where? Who knows?
The south wind whispers, "It pays! It pays!
To be alive on October days!"

October days! October days!
Summer heat gone I may not laze.
From the stubblefield, in the bright sunlight,
The quail are calling, "Bob White! Bob White!"
The hoar-frost frescoes in bold relief
On a background blue, each twig, each leaf.
The paths though the fields are a silv'ry maze
In the early morn of October days.

October days! October days!
Each deserving of infinite praise.
The air I breathe is strong, like wine,
And I am a drunkard—I, and mine.
The dying year from its garnered store
Gives a little to some—to others more.
Though the gods are many, and strange their ways,
I render them thanks for October days.

The Old Kitchen Fireplace.

A Reminiscence.

In these days of ranges, furnaces and steam-heated apartments, how many persons, especially the younger ones, have ever seen a fireplace, or more especially enjoyed seeing an open fire in one? Not any of those diminutive 2½ x 2½ feet fireplaces that one so often sees in modern up-to-date houses, with the pair of little highly polished brass andirons about the size suitable for a doll's playhouse, and on the andirons a pile of gaslogs emitting pale, sickly and lifeless jets of flame; or perhaps in place of gaslogs a short-lived fire made of broken-up boxes or barrel staves; but a real old-fashioned fireplace of ample proportions and capable of taking in a big pile of wood; say, one of four feet by five, and some three feet in depth with a flue large enough for a person to crawl through.

Just such an ample fireplace was in the kitchen at my boyhood's home.

Although the house was a very large two-story one, the kitchen was often used, and especially during the winter, as the family sitting room. The fireplace was not only the place for the family to gather about, but was made for utility also, for all of the cooking for our large family, with the exception of that done in the great old-fashioned brick oven on each Saturday, was done by its fire as well.

It had a long, stout crane hinged to one side, with some half a dozen pot hooks—we called them crane hooks—of different lengths strung along for the purpose of hanging pots and kettles over the fire. The two andirons were not pretty little brass affairs, but were heavy and made for business out of wrought iron by some village blacksmith. A large, flat, wrought-iron shovel and a stout pair of tongs—also made by some blacksmith—always stood near.

At the close of a winter's day, when the farm work was over and supper disposed of, the fire was fixed for the evening thus: A large log, some three and a half feet in length, called the backlog, was first placed upon the andirons and pushed against the back of the fireplace, then another, a trifle smaller, called the forestick, was placed in front of the backlog, then other still smaller logs and wood were piled up on the top of the other two. Chips or brush were put under the heap of wood to start it going and the evening fire was ready. So one can see that it took no small quantity of wood to keep the big fire going.

Chopping the trees and getting the wood from the forest, cutting it into suitable lengths, and bringing it into the house altogether made quite an item of labor; and had we had that wood to buy the expense would have been considerable, but on the home farm was a big acreage and an almost unlimited supply of oak, shellbark hickory, sweet birch and other kinds of hard wood, so there was no need of our being at all economical in the use of even the best of it.

Early in the evening our large family, with friends and callers, gathered around the fire; the adult members in a semi-circle and the girls and boys—"youngsters," as we were called—between them and the fire, either seated on stools or on the big hearth or the floor, or else reclining in easy positions before the blaze.

At the left of the family half-circle sat old "Jim Injun" as he was always called—an old Narragansett Indian who made his home with us. While sitting there he was very taciturn, seldom speaking unless spoken to.

At the proper time some couple with a lighted candle (let me here remark, that home-made tallow candles were the only lights we then used) would take the great pitcher and a pan or a basket and repair to the cellar after the evening's supply of cider and apples. There was no stinting in the quantity of either. Then shellbark hickory nuts, butternuts and chestnuts in ample quantities were brought forth, and the evening's enjoyment commenced.

There was always in evidence a thick white mug of coarse ware with a handle on one side, and holding perhaps a quart. This mug was specially for the old Indian's use, and it was called "Jim's mug." It was filled with cider as his allowance for the evening.

How well do I remember the way he would carefully set that mug of cider near the fire, reach for the tongs and take one of the hooks from the crane and place it among the live coals. When it was suitably heated he would again take the tongs, lift the hook and carefully drop it endwise into the mug. Then how the cider would bubble and foam, and how old Jim's eyes would sparkle with delight as he took long draughts of the foaming liquid. It seemed to be just the right article going to just the right place.

In due time nuts were cracked, then they, with the cider and apples, were disposed of in the jolliest possible ways; and chestnuts and apples were roasted and tin cups of cider were heated before the blazing fire by us youngsters, while the freezing and pitiless blasts of a New England winter whistled mournfully about the corners of the house and piling the snow in huge drifts around it.

One who has never experienced any such pleasures as we had during those winter evenings can scarcely have an idea of the enjoyment we had. Then when the evening's jollity was over, when the friends and neighbors had left, and the rest of the family had retired, some one of the older ones would "bank" the fire for the night. It was done in this way: All of the ashes were scraped with the shovel from a space between the andirons, then the firebrands and large live coals were taken with the tongs and carefully placed together and the ashes piled thickly over them with the shovel.

Next morning the ashes were taken off and there was a splendid bed of live coals to start a fire for cooking breakfast.

In these later years, when in a reminiscent mood, my thoughts often wander with pleasure to these scenes, and to the happy times we had by the great roaring fire in that big kitchen fireplace on those cold winter evenings away back in the long ago.

A. L. L.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Adirondack State Land Sales.

Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 3.—A recent number of FOREST AND STREAM contains an article by Raymond S. Spears, in which it is asserted that 117,000 acres of land belonging to the Forest Preserve "have been lost to the people of the State." His assertion that these lands were conveyed "contrary to law," and his use of the word "connivance" constitutes a serious charge against former officials connected with the Comptroller's Office and the Forest Commission. While the transactions referred to occurred before the appointment of Commissioner James S. Whipple, and therefore do not affect him personally, nevertheless the influence of Mr. Spears' article cannot but cause popular misapprehension as to the conduct of the State's forestry affairs by those now in control. Acting on the request of the FOREST AND STREAM, your correspondent has undertaken to learn the facts in the several cases cited by Mr. Spears, and the result is herewith presented.

The land records in the office of the State Comptroller and in the office of the Forest Commission are open to the inspection of the public at all times. Any citizen is at liberty to call any day, at any hour, and ask for the records concerning any particular piece of land that belongs to the Forest Preserve, or that at any previous time was a part of it. If I may judge from my own experience, the information will be furnished such an inquirer cheerfully and every opportunity will be afforded to examine every detail.

To go through the records and ascertain the facts in the cases cited by Mr. Spears has been a task of some magnitude, but the results may compensate for it, if the showing thus made shall serve to quiet any apprehension on the part of the people arising from the publication of the charges of illegitimate dealings.

It is a fact that in 1881 117,000 acres of land or more were borne upon the land list in the Comptroller's office which are not now in the possession of the State; but that these lands were conveyed "contrary to law" and through the "connivance" of any officials is not true, as Mr. Spears could easily have ascertained if he had taken the trouble to make proper inquiries at the office of the State Comptroller. He lays great stress upon the fact that a law was passed in 1883 prohibiting the further sale of State lands in the Adirondack counties, but neglects to state that this law was modified at various times by acts of Legislature.

For instance: In this same year of 1883, and subsequent to the act referred to, the Legislature passed another act, chapter 470, entitled "An Act in relation to State lands," providing for sale in tracts where the State held an undivided interest. A portion of the Tupper Lake lands mentioned by Mr. Spears in his charges was sold pursuant to this act. Again, in 1887 the Legislature enacted, chapter 475, "that whenever any of the lands now constituting the Forest Preserve shall consist of separate small parcels or tracts wholly detached from the main portions of the Forest Preserve and bounded on every side by lands not owned by the State, then it shall be lawful and the Comptroller shall have power to sell and convey such separate tracts or parcels to such person or persons as shall have offered the highest price therefor. Such separate tracts or parcels of land may be exchanged by the Comptroller for lands that lie adjoining the main tracts of the Forest Preserve; but the values of said lands so exchanged must be first appraised by three disinterested appraisers sworn to faithfully and fairly appraise the value of said land, and report to the Comptroller." And further, "The proceeds of lands so sold, or the receipts from all exchanges so made, shall be invested by the Comptroller, with the approval of the Forest Commission, in the purchase of forest land adjoining great blocks of the Forest Preserve now owned by the State." Pursuant to this act some isolated lots were exchanged for other lands, the acquisition of which tended to the consolidation of the Preserve. While Mr. Spears takes pains to point out the lands that were thus conveyed by the State, he conceals the fact that other and better lands were acquired in their place. No lands were sold under this act, but some exchanges were made.

Again, the Legislature enacted, chapter 332, laws of 1893, "An Act to establish an Adirondack Park," that, "The Forest Commission shall have power to sell and convey any part of the Forest Preserve, the ownership of which is not, in the opinion of the Commission, needed to promote the purposes of this or the preceding article. All such sales shall be made on sealed bids and to the highest bidder. The proceeds of land sold under this article shall be paid to the State Treasurer, and held by him as a separate fund and special deposit at all times available for the purchase of other lands under this article.

Acting under the provisions of this act the Commission sold some of the scattered parcels of lands which were situated outside of the Adirondack Park, and with the proceeds bought lands within the Park, obtaining thereby lands that were equally well timbered, better located and of much greater area.

It must be borne in mind that at that time the State had not made and was not making any appropriations for the purchase of forest lands, and the only way at that time by which the badly scattered tracts in the Adirondack Park could be consolidated was by purchases made possible by the sale of the outlying lands. These sales and purchases were all published at the time in the annual reports of the Comptroller's office, and the lands offered for sale were duly advertised in all the county papers in which the tracts were situated, and there is no excuse for the concealment by Mr. Spears of this part of the transactions. If, as he may claim, he is ignorant of these facts, then he should not attempt to discuss these transactions in the newspapers.

With the liberal appropriations for purchasing lands made in subsequent years the consolidation of the interior tracts of the Adirondack Park can be accomplished without resorting to the sale of the outside lands. Furthermore, in 1895, the adoption of the new constitution prohibited the sale of any lands either within or without the Park. Since 1895 no land whatever has been sold by the Forest Commission, and no lands have been conveyed except through the compromise of some lawsuit in which the conveyance is made pursuant to proceedings in some court of record.

But the greater part of the lands mentioned in Mr. Spears' schedule were held temporarily by the State under a tax sale. The State did not own these lands; it never bought them; it was merely holding them as a security for the amount due for taxes. The owners, acting under the law which gives every citizen the right to recover his property under such circumstances, paid the back taxes, interest and penalty, after which the lands were redeemed. All these lands were redeemed from ten to twenty-three years ago, at which time a greater latitude was allowed by law for redemptions than is accorded under the present act governing such transactions. For instance, the time for redemption may have expired, but if there was an occupant on the tract who had not been officially notified by the Comptroller's agent of the sale, the redemption could be made at any time, no matter how long it might be after the sale. To allege that these redemptions were made "contrary to law" may answer as a roorback, but is not creditable to the intelligence of the person who makes the charge. Another thing: In many cases lands were recovered by the owners through an application for a cancellation of the tax title, in which application certain irregularities on the part of the assessors and supervisors were alleged, and which, under the law of the State at that time, rendered the tax sale invalid. These applications for redemption set forth various alleged errors; land assessed in the wrong town; lack of jurisdiction on the part of the assesors; that the lots had been doubly assessed as resident and non-resident; that the assessors had failed to make affidavit to their roll; that they had not handed in the roll before the second Tuesday in August; that the board of supervisors had adjourned without extending the amount of the tax on the assessment rolls, etc. Under the law, any failure in these respects made it the duty of the Comptroller to cancel the tax sale upon application of the owner. To understand this thoroughly, it seems well to mention here that at the present time these laws are still in effect, and that within the past year the State has granted cancellations and redemptions for hundreds of acres, properly and legally, which it had acquired at tax sales. But for any newspaper writer to wait twenty years and then assert in a reputable journal that the lands thus lost in 1905 were conveyed "contrary to law," and in addition to talk about "connivance," would be a reprehensible act to say the least.

While the motive which has prompted Mr. Spears to write the articles under consideration may have been most praiseworthy, the following detailed explanation of the specific cases cited by him would seem to indicate that he has shown himself to be lacking in that judicial poise, unrestrained by which one should not publicly charge State officials with dereliction of duty.

State Lands Acquired Prior to 1881, But Not on Land List of 1905.

ESSEX COUNTY.

Essex Tract, Henry's Survey: Lot 128—The State owned only one acre in this lot in 1886, and owns the same acre now. This area is too small to show on the map. Lot 142—Redeemed April 18, 1885. Lots 168, 181—Error. Was not acquired by State. Lot 228—Sold to David Hinds, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, April 16, 1894.

Jay Tract: Lot 5—Redeemed June 2, 1885. Lots 6, 51—Cancelled Jan. 21, 1889.

North River Head Tract: Lots 13, 14, 22—Sold Jan. 5, 1894, to Geo. F. Underwood, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 23—Redeemed Nov. 28, 1892. Lot 83—Sold Dec. 31, 1894, to Geo. F. Underwood, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 84—Cancelled. Lot 104—Sold April 17, 1894, to Edward F. Stokes pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Old Military Tract, Township 1, Thorn's Survey: Lot 115—Cancelled March 5, 1883. Richard's Survey: Lot 13—Cancelled Nov. 20, 1904. Lot 51—Was not acquired by State. Township 11 Lot 117—Patented to Byron Pond, July 6, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 291—Cancelled Jan. 31, 1885. Lot 317—Redeemed Dec. 1, 1892. Township 12, Richard's Survey Lot 35—Cancelled April 11, 1893. Thorn's Survey: Lot 57—Patented to Byron Pond, July 6, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332 Laws of 1893. Lot 101—The State owned 2,400 square feet in 1886 and owns the same small piece now. Lot 120—Redeemed Dec. 1 1892.

Paradox Tract: Lot 24—Cancelled Dec. 28, 1888.

Roaring Brook Tract: Lot 14—Sold pursuant to Chapter 332 Laws of 1893, to Geo. F. Underwood, Jan. 5, 1894. Lot 15—Sold pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, to Geo. F. Underwood April 11, 1894. Lots 48, 50—Cancelled Jan. 31, 1885. Lot 51—Sold pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, to Geo. F. Underwood Dec. 31, 1894. Lot 52—Cancelled Jan. 31, 1885. Lot 59—Sold to Geo. F. Underwood, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, Dec 31, 1894.

Totten & Crossfield Purchase, Township 14, N. ½ and S.W. ¼ Lot 32—Cancelled Jan. 19, 1884. Lot 62—Redeemed Dec. 9, 1885. Lot 102—Redeemed June 30, 1890. Lot 103—Cancelled Jan. 19 1884.

Township 27: Lot 35—Redeemed June 26, 1888.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Core, East of Township 9, O. M. T.: Lot 9—Redeemed May 10 1884.

Old Military Tract, Township 8: Lots 65, 66, 85, 87—Sold pursuant to Chapter 209, Laws of 1894, to W. W. Wheeler, June 21 1894.

Township 9—Lots 28, 127, 147, 228, 241, 242, 263, 264, 274, 279, 305 316, 339, 342, 346, 350, 355, 356, 357—Cancelled April 12, 1887. Lot 30, 102, 173, 176, 182, 184, 249—Cancelled June 14, 1887. Lots 9 150, 152, 174, 177, 186, 206, 283—Cancelled March 17, 1887. Lot 191—Cancelled Jan 4, 1887. Lot 213—Cancelled May 30, 1887. Lot 214—Cancelled April 30, 1887. Lots 278, 329, 331—Cancelled April 1 1887. Lots 97, 171, 246—Cancelled Jan. 11, 1887. Lot 225—Cancelled Jan. 12, 1887. Lot 255—Redeemed Jan. 12, 1886. Lot 295—Cancelled June 19, 1887.

Township 10: Lot 22—Redeemed April 2, 1891. Lot 185—Sold pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, to M. V. B. Turner, Jan 9, 1884. Lot 186—Sold pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, to M. V. B. Turner, Feb. 10, 1894. Lot 187—Sold pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, to M. V. B. Turner, April 11, 1894. Lot 213, 214, 215, 223, 224, 227, 228, 252, 253, 331, 332, 350, 351—Sold pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887, to Luther C. Warner, Dec. 1891. Lot 218—Sold pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893, to Chas. P. Stevens, April 12, 1894. Lot 219—Sold to Ferd W. Chase Feb. 18, 1893, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. Lots 221, 22—Redeemed June 25, 1885. Lot 255—Sold pursuant to Chapter 47 Laws of 1887, to M. V. B. Turner, Feb. 10, 1893. Lots 254, 349 Sold to Leonard & Smith, Nov. 14, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 33 Laws of 1893. Lots 266, 268—Sold to Leonard & Smith, Feb. 1 1893, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. Lots 269, 292, 29 296, 307, 308, 309—Sold to Luther C. Warner, Dec. 28, 1891, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. Lot 310—Redeemed Marc 26, 1889. Lot 311—Redeemed Dec. 26, 1888. Lot 335—Sold to J. C Merrill, April 24, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Macomb's Purchase, Great Tract 1, Township 12: Lots 9, 10, 1 25, 26, 33, 34, 35, 42, 43, 50—Conveyed to Everton Lumber Co., in exchange for lands within the Adirondack Park, Dec. 19, 1891, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. Lot 12—Sold to Henry Kerr April 7, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 48—Redeemed June 15, 1887. Lots 46, 47, 54, 55, 56—Sold to J. C. Shaw Dec. 20, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Township 14, S. ½ and N.E. ¼: Lot 6—Never acquired by State.

Great Tract 1, Township 14, S ½ and N.E. ¼: Lots 11, 12, 1 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 34, 35, 36, 38, 4 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 51, 52, 54, 55, 58, 59, 61, 62, 64, 66, 6 70, 71, 72, 74, 81, 82, 84, 90, 92, 96, 99, 101, 103, 104, 108

Conveyed to Everton Lumber Co., in exchange for lands in the Adirondack Park, Dec. 19, 1891, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. Lots 19, 57—Cancelled Jan. 27, 1890.

Township 15, N.E. ¼: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16—Sold to J. C. Shaw, Dec. 20, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Township 15, S.W. ¼: Lots 4, 56—Sold to A. R. Fuller, Dec. 20, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 33—Redeemed Aug. 28, 1888. Lots 51, 52, 61, 62, 71, 72—Conveyed to Everton Lumber Co., Dec. 19, 1891, in exchange for lands in the Adirondack Park, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. Lots 53, 63—Sold to J. C. Shaw, Dec. 20, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

N.W. ¼: Lots 4, 7, 16—Conveyed to Everton Lumber Co., Dec. 19, 1891, in exchange for lands in the Adirondack Park, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. Lot 14—Sold to J. C. Shaw, Dec. 20, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Township 18: Lots 2, 12—Sold to C. A. McArthur, Jan. 9, 1884, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lots 49, 78, 97—Sold to Luther C. Warner, Dec. 2, 1891, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. Lots 56, 66—Conveyed to Henry Patton, Dec. 19, 1891, in exchange for lands in the Adirondack Park, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887.

Macomb's Purchase, Great Tract 1, Township 20: Thirty thousand, six hundred and fifty acres is not the size of this township. It was all sold for taxes in 1881, excepting one-half of two lots, which, figured in, make the acreage 27,140 acres. The State owns at present 25,018 acres, thus leaving in other hands 2,122 acres. The entire township was sold for taxes in 1877, and the sale was subsequently cancelled. Later cancellations of later sales were: Lots 1, 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 24—8,960 acres, July 16, 1888. Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18, 19, 20, 25 to 42—18,330 acres.

Township 25, 2,399 2-3 acres—Sold to Weston, Dean & Aldrich at partition sale, Jan. 24, 1884, pursuant to Chapter 470, Laws of 1883.

FULTON COUNTY.

Chase's Patent: Lot 37—Sold to Robert E. Bowler, Jan. 27, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lots 41, 42, 53, 56, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 81, 83, 101, 115, 116—Sold to John M. Peters, Jr., April 30, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 48—Sold to Robert E. Bowler, May 9, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 103—State land now.

Glen, Bleecker & Lansing Patent: Lot 25—Sold to John M. Peters, Jr., April 30, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 35—Sold to H. J. Carpenter, April 2, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 45—Sold to Fred Servis, April 12, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 59, Sub. 1—Cancelled May 14, 1888.

HERKIMER COUNTY.

Jerseyfield Patent: Lot 61—Cancelled May 3, 1884.

HAMILTON COUNTY.

Arthurboro Patent: Lots 88, 89—Cancelled Nov. 20, 1888. Lot 93—Cancelled Jan. 5, 1889.

Morehouse, 8,000 acre tract: Lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26—Cancelled Aug. 16, 1888.

Bergen's Purchase, Tract 6.—West side of Sacandaga River, 250 acres—State land now.

Benson Township: Lot 64—Redeemed April 16, 1886. Lot 117—Cancelled May 11, 1885. Lot 226—Cancelled July 20, 1898. Lot 227—Cancelled July 3, 1888. Lot 381—Redeemed Sept. 20, 1873.

Lewis (Morgan), Small tract, 100 acres—State land now.

Moose River Tract, Township 9: Lots 214, 280—No such lots.

Jones Gore: Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, 15—These lots stricken from land list per resolution of State Board of Land Commissioners.

Totten & Crossfield Purchase, Township 1, N. ½: Speir & Brown Lot—Cancelled on application of Silas Call. Lots 10, 12—Cancelled March 15, 1893.

Township 2: Lot 10—Cancelled April 18, 1892. Lot 11—Redeemed Aug. 4, 1885.

Township 3: Lots 49, 50—Cancelled Dec. 22, 1887. Lot 75—State land now.

Township 6: Lot 37—Cancelled Sept. 24, 1884.

Township 7: Lots 8, 9, 10—Cancelled May 29, 1885.

Township 9, Elm Lake Road Tract: Lots 1, 2—Not acquired by State. Lots 16, 17, 18, 19, 20—Cancelled Jan. 29, 1892. River Lot, 704 acres—Cancelled Feb. 4, 1891.

Totten & Crossfield Purchase, Township 19: 1021 Acres—Exchanged with Everton Lumber Co. for other land in the Adirondack Park, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887. N.W. ¼, 5,660 acres—Cancelled July 6, 1886.

Township 22: Lots 26, 27, 28, 47—Cancelled Sept. 24, 1884. Lots 39, 50—Cancelled Feb. 22, 1892.

Township 23: Lot 105—Cancelled July 28, 1898.

Township 33: Lots 5, 19, 29, 30, 43, 44, 45, 48, 49, 52, 53, 54—Conveyed to Finch, Pruyn & Co., June 11, 1900, in making a partition, pursuant to Chapter 20, Laws of 1900.

Township 34, 13,575 acres—Cancelled Aug. 4, 1884.

Township 35, N.E. ¼, 2,915 acres—Cancelled May 4, 1894.

Township 37: Lots 38, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 100—Conveyed to Amos C. Hall in exchange for other lands in the Adirondack Park, April 14, 1892, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887.

Township 38: Lots 6, 7, 26, 38, 43, 49, 55, 56—Redeemed June 24, 1890.

Township 40.—The State has not parted with any land in this township. The parcels about Raquette Lake, colored white on the map, were not acquired by the State.

Township 50: Lot 30—Cancelled Sept. 21, 1892. Lot 47—Cancelled Jan. 9, 1887.

HERKIMER COUNTY.

Jerseyfield Patent: Lot 40—Redeemed May 29, 1890. Lot 49—Not acquired by the State. Lot 79—One hundred acres, owned by State now. Lot 57—Not acquired by State.

Moose River Tract, Township 3: Lots 76, 77, 88, 89, 90, 100, 101, 102, 112, 113, 114, 124, 125, 126, 136, 137—Cancelled April 20, 1885.

Nobleboro Patent, O. S.: Lot 97—Cancelled July 20, 1898. Lot 99—Redeemed April 2, 1890. N.S., Lot 20—Redeemed March 19, 1896.

Remsenburgh Patent: Lot 12, N. ½—Redeemed April 2, 1890.

LEWIS COUNTY.

Brantingham Tract: Lot 6—Sold to Matthias Gavan, Jan. 6, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lots 73, 75 acres—Cancelled Jan. 30, 1886. Lot 118—Sold to Wm. H. Greeley, Jan. 3, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 178—Not acquired by State. Lot 208—Sold to Scudder Todd, April 16, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 312—Sold to E. W. Hubbard, March 19, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Macomb's Purchase, Great Tract 4: Lots 337, 338—Redeemed April 11, 1892. Lot 906—The State owned only 50 acres in this lot in 1886, and owns the same parcel now. Lots 988, 992—Redeemed Dec. 12, 1885. Lot 991—Sold to George Meade, May 14, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

SARATOGA COUNTY.

Glen (John) and 44 Others' Patent: Lot 6—Not acquired by the State. Lots 59, 60—Sold to Geo. West, Jr., May 14, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 65—Sold to J. W. Olmstead Dec. 14, 1891, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887.

Kayaderosseras Patent, 24th allotment, Great Lot 3: Lot 2, Sub. 2—State land now.

Sander's Patent: Lot 12—Cancelled June 12, 1883. Lot 16—Sold to D. A. Towey, April 17, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lots 38, 39—Sold to H. J. Carpenter, April 2, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Small lots: Lots 1, 2—Not acquired by State. Lot 3—State land now. Lot 48—Can't locate; tract not stated.

ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY.

Macomb's Purchase, Great Tract 2, Township 2, S.W. ¼: 1,885 acres—Conveyed to James Spears at partition sale, Aug. 10, 1889, pursuant to Chapter 475, Laws of 1887.

Township 4, 1,115 acres—State land now. Acreage reduced since 1886 by correction of description.

Township 7, 9,092 acres, in southern part—Cancelled Sept. 24, 1889; 1,572 acre parcel is included in the 2,100 acres. Lot owned by State now.

Great Tract 3, Township 3: Lot 8, Sub. 8—Redeemed Sept. 8, 1885. Lot 14, Sub. 6—Redeemed Aug. 18, 1885. Lot 14, Sub. 8—State land now.

Township 11: Lot 123—Sold to Martin Luther, April 17, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 139—Redeemed Nov. 20, 1891. Lot 178—Redeemed Nov. 20, 1884.

WARREN COUNTY.

Brant Lake Tract: Lot 107—Sold to C. C. Lester, April 17, 1884, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 141—Sold to E. H. McConliffe, Dec. 20, 1884, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Dartmouth Patent, Range 4: Lot 8—Sold to Lewis Thompson, Dec. 31, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Range 5, Lot 9—Not acquired by State. Small Tract—Lot 3—Cancelled Feb. 20, 1886.

Gores.—Gore between Dartmouth Patent and Township 11, T. & C. P.: Lot 5—Cancelled June 12, 1890.

Gore between Townships 29 and 31, T. & C. P.: Lot 11—Cancelled Dec. 15, 1893.

Hyde Township: Lots 73, 74—Sold to P. Moynehan, Nov. 14, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

Totten & Crossfield Purchase, Township 14: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12—Sold to P. Moynchan, March 27, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893. Lot 16, Redeemed Dec. 7, 1889. Lots 18, 19, 26, 27—Sold to P. Moynehan, Dec. 31, 1894, pursuant to Chapter 332, Laws of 1893.

State Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner Whipple yesterday gave for publication a detailed answer to an article written by Raymond S. Spears and published in Brooklyn recently asserting that the State had been mulcted of much valuable land in the Adirondacks several years ago. Commissioner Whipple says that the official records in the comptroller's office and in the forest department refute Spears' assertions. In his answer to the published article, the Commissioner says:

"Taking the transactions in their order as mentioned in the article, we find first the paragraphs raising a question as to the title of Dr. Webb's preserve. The land records show that Dr. Webb had a good title to all of the lands which he sold to the State in 1896. At one time, however, years previous to this sale, there were a few lots included in this territory which then belonged to the State of New York; pursuant to the provisions of chapter 475, laws of 1887, these lots were exchanged for other lands which were equally well located and of larger acreage. Although the State paid Dr. Webb $600,000 for 75,000 acres, these lands are worth to-day, in the opinion of experts, more than double the amount the State paid for them nine years ago.

"The Saranac Inn Township No. 20, Franklin county, was acquired by the State in 1881 through a comptroller's tax sale. In 1891, Comptroller Wemple granted a cancellation of the State's ttitle to this property in response to an application in which it was claimed that the assessment and valuation in 1872 of this land was erroneous and illegal; that the assessment roll of the town of Brandon for 1879 was not verified, and that the board of supervisors of Franklin county in 1877, 1878 and 1879 failed to extend the taxes on the assessment roll of said town. Under this cancellation the State lost title to 18,330 acres, in addition to 8,170 acres, the title to which was cancelled by the comptroller in 1887. These cancellations undoubtedly should not have been made.

"The Forest Preserve after its organization in 1897, commenced legal proceedings to have this action of the comptroller annulled by the courts to regain possession of the property of the State. As the attorney of the board, Judge Edwin Countryman submitted a written opinion that the State had little or no chance to win the suit, the board offered by way of compromise, to pay the Saranac Inn Association a small price per acre for the land, and in addition to refund the amount paid by the Association in taxes and interest to the State. The Association, when it obtained the cancellation, had to pay back taxes on the land to the State amounting to $34,000, or thereabouts, and had paid a large additional sum in taxes during the time in which they held nominal possession of the property. The total sum paid to the Saranac Inn Association as a compromise in order to regain the disputed title, together with the refunding of the taxes and interest, amounted to $6.02 per acre. The lands thus recovered are undoubtedly worth over $30 per acre at the present time.

"TheDeBar Mountain lands referred to by Spears were sold in accordance with the provisions of chapter 707, laws of 1892, establishing the Adirondack Park. These lands, although situated within one of the Rockefeller preserves, are outside the Adirondack Park, and in accordance with the provisions of the act the proceeds of the sales were used for the purchase of land within the park. The land records in the comptroller's office show that the lands thus purchased were well forested and had an area of nearly three times that of the outside lands which were sold, which was a great advantage to the State.

"The article refers also to certain lands near Tupper Lake, in Township 25, and to lands around Blue Mountain Lake, in Township 34. These lands were redeemed from tax sale or otherwise disposed of prior to 1885, the year in which the forest commission was established. It does not seem necessary here to review the acts of the comptroller's office over twenty years ago, or to furnish an explanation for transactions that took place before the forestry department of this State was called into existence. Still, as the matter has been mentioned, I might add by the way of information, that the land near Tupper Lake, in which the State had an undivided interest, was sold at a partition sale Jan. 24, 1884, in accordance with the provisions of chapter 470, laws of 1883, entitled, 'An act in relation to State lands.'

"As regards the land in Township 34, on which Blue Mountain Lake is situated, the State acquired title to these lands at the tax sale of 1881, but the title was cancelled by Comptroller Chapin in 1884 on an application that set forth certain irregularities in the assessment which invalidated the title thus acquired.

"It seems proper to say here that while various lots have been dropped from the State land list, and are no longer included in the red area of the Adirondack map, other and larger tracts have taken their place—a fact which should always be considered in connection with these particular lands.

"The forest preserve board immediately after its organization in 1897 made a systematic attempt to recover the lands which were lost through cancellation, their efforts being confined to these as the redemptions in each case were final and irrevocable under the State tax law. The forest preserve board, through the legal measure adopted, recovered over 100,000 acres of land in the Adirondacks that had been lost through cancellations; but there still remained large tracts to which the State's title was so defective through irregularities in the tax sales that it is doubtful whether the State could ever regain those properties. It must be remembered that if the State acquires a tract of land by tax sale, and it is on the map for a time, and then is legally redeemed or tax sale cancelled that the State loses nothing. It acquired the land because of the neglect of the owner to pay taxes. It gets its tax with interest and costs when the land is redeemed, the same as an individual. Most all of the changes in the map are caused in this way.

"Any one who will carefully examine into the facts will be convinced that there is little chance to find fault for loss of land. The State on the whole has got the best of individuals on tax sales. The thing to do is to center all our efforts to prevent the stealing of timber. As commissioner, I desire every citizen to help in that direction. The thieves are numerous and bold. We want quick, sure information of trespasses. To preserve is more important than to collect money for trespass. Public opinion must be aroused until no man will dare defend or intercede for a timber thief be he high or low."

Stories of the Day.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hunting stories in the newspapers are full of unconscious humor and have long been a joy to me, and no doubt to many another of your readers. Two quotations that have appeared within the last week or two are especially interesting. The New York Sun of Oct. 27 quoted Game Warden Rose, of Maine, as follows:

"Two and a half weeks of open season on Maine game have brought out several surprising results. There are more than 10,000 men in the woods hunting for large animals, and since open season there have been eleven men and boys killed or wounded and only six bears have been brought out.

"Professor Knowlton, of the Presque Isle Normal School, has fired at what he took to be a wild goose and shot the biggest bald eagle ever seen in Maine, the bird measuring eight feet from tip to tip of its wings and weighing forty-two pounds. Dr. Martin, of Boston, has shot a white moose, the only one ever seen in Maine. George Archer, of Clifton, has captured and killed a genuine North American panther that measured eight feet one inch from end of nose to tip of tail, and weighed 123 pounds. It is the first panther that has been slain in Maine since 1875, when Henry Snow, of Lincolnville, shot a small one, which was supposed to be the last of its race in New England.

"Wild geese have come down from the north and are feeding among the inland lakes a month earlier than usual, indicating that the weather is very cold under the Arctic circle. More wood ducks and partridges have been shot this season than for the past five years. Nobody has seen any evidence to indicate that there is a caribou in Maine, and the chances are that these animals have gone for all time. The most exciting and least expensive sport in the State is that of shooting men for deer, a form of outdoor amusement which is becoming very popular among the visitors."

Maine is certainly a marvellous State, where they grow bald eagles weighing forty-two pounds, white moose and panthers. The ordinary bald eagle weighs, I believe, only seven or eight pounds; white moose must be a good deal scarcer than white crows; and there are many of us who have been looking all our lives for evidence that a panther was ever killed in Maine. It is true, that your old correspondent, Mr. Libbey (Penobscot), a good hunter, once thought he saw one, but he did not kill it. On the other hand, such veterans as Mr. George A. Boardman and Mr. Manly Hardy believe that the animal was never found in Maine.

A new enemy has risen up to destroy our wild fowl, and well-to-do sportsmen are offered a new method of hunting which make that sport easier than ever. It seems—according to the newspapers—that wild geese rush joyfully to meet the swiftly advancing automobile, being deceived by the tooting of the horn in the belief that it is a wild goose or a flock of them. Here is what the Sun said a day or two ago:

"Dr. Walter O. Gayler crossed the Pennsylvania ferry last night with two wild geese in his automobile, conscious that he had run a risk of being held up by rapacious game wardens in Jersey City for hunting on Sunday, but feeling secure in the knowledge that he could put up a good defense, as it was not himself but his automobile that killed the geese.

"He was speeding at the top of the hill at Hilton just after dark, tooting the horn, when he heard an answering honk and saw something rushing toward him through the air. 'Ducks!' he shouted to his companions, and they ducked as a flock of Canada geese swept over the machine. Jeder Goldmann, who was in the front seat, had his hat swept from his head by a wing and one of the women in the rear seat fainted. One of the four headlights of the machine was smashed.

"When Mr. Goldmann went back to look for his hat he found two geese in the road. One was dead and the other dying. They were genuine wild geese, with black heads and white throats, and weighed about 12 pounds each.

"A similar accident was narrowly avoided on Tuesday night by a flock of geese which were attracted by Aaron Whiteley's automobile near Caldwell. In that case the geese got away after giving the colored driver a bad scare."

There are automobile accidents enough as it is, but if this sort of thing is to continue, persons who travel in the country during the wildfowls' season of migration will be obliged to protect themselves by the erection of heavy wire netting over their automobiles. Thus, day by day, life becomes more and more strenuous for man and beast.

READER.

President Roosevelt's "Wilderness Reserves."

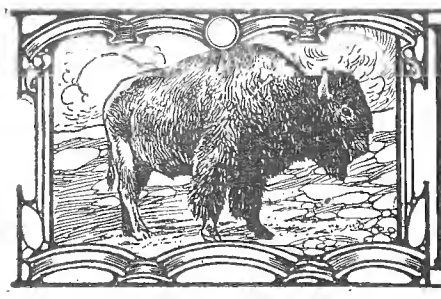
Editor Forest and Stream:

Of a verity our sportsman President in his virile essay, "Wilderness Reserves," in the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club, has shown by precept and example that the truest, keenest and most wholesome pleasure to nature lovers, and especially sportsmen, comes in forming the acquaintance of and carefully conserving the lives and environment of the wild creatures yet remaining with us. It is a voice crying out to us from the wilderness. Let us give thanks that it is destined to be heard and heeded to the uttermost parts of the earth.

DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

THE WORLD RENOWNED MANY-USE OIL.

The *best* gun oil made. It never gums, nor separates in cold weather. —*Adv.*



NATURAL HISTORY



The Biography of a Bear.—VIII.

One of the spurs to our ambition was a legend which told of big trout, that were to be found somewhere at the source of one of the Cow creeks. Few things live longer in the memories of men than anecdotes or data concerning big fish or big deer. About any lake, river or shore where fishers go, there are legends of big fish. There is always an old resident or an old explorer to keep these legends forever burning like the temple fires of the Montezumas. In any region where there are or have been deer there is some patriarch to tell about the big ones of former times—or perhaps of a big one of the present that haunts some inaccessible mountain or difficult wilderness. Births, deaths, plagues, floods, fires and national calamities may be forgotten, but the annals of the big fish and the mighty buck live forever.

The propensity of people to fatten on legendary diet can be traced throughout other perspectives, and it may be not altogether pernicious. While the rumor of a big deer or the whispers about the big fish will inspire the laziest and most conservative inhabitant, or migrant, to get up in the night and steal away (as well as anything else he needs) for the purpose of acquiring the big one, his impulses are not always universally beneficent. Sometimes the legends are lies, without vestige of foundation. Some of them are such wholesome, fascinating, absolutely pure and and unadulterated lies that they stand out as singularly honest and genuine among the many bogus products of human genius or conception—they are irresistible. We believe in them and worship them even when they cost us money.

There are lies about fish and game, and about a few other things—so profoundly insincere and deceptive that they elevate men to entrancing levels, and open to them infinite vistas of hope, promise and personal advantage. Some of the lies of remote ages, of inconceivable antiquity, have outlived all other artificial fabrics, and stand to-day to be gaped at and gorged by successive generations of men. It is no wonder we have trouble with aborigines, and that we find civilization and art somewhat incompatible with orginal natural conditions. It is true that even savages and barbarians lie, and that they will bow down and reverence some of our exports; but their achievments are so crude and so primitive, and they use such bad judgment in their selections of foreign goods, they melt like butter in contact with the intense enlightenment that is cooking the world.

Fish stories will coax a man into the wilderness about as far as anything, and get him full of briars, splinters and other uncomfortable things—but as empty in other respects as anything he can tamper with. It may be that they are providential precautions devised by the Creator to relieve and disintegrate constipation. When Christopher Columbus discovered America—that is to say, when that gentleman did not discover America, and when he did not know what America was when he reached it, he nevertheless exemplified the infinity of possibility, and the wonders and bewilderments that may spring from fish stories and legendary theorems. As one result, however, the Old World was perceptibly relieved by an exodus with which the new one has been having a hot time ever since. When George Washington chopped the cherry tree with his hatchet * * *. Although this topic is a good one, I feel that I am in a measure obliged to leave some of it here. I have been dragging it along, hoping that I might attach it to this history, but I am unable to use any more of it to advantage. I merely intended to illustrate with it that men will go out into the woods and out upon the waters, and thereby put city money into circulation. At first I believed this to be a good thing, and it is, for those who do it. They get their blood into circulation, get full of health and energy, such as it is—but heaven help the rest of us when they resume financial activities! I now heave this ballast out, like a sandbag from a balloon—if it falls upon any one's house it is a pity; but aerial navigation is not impeded.

The fish story that impelled us, in effect was that there is a mountain meadow somewhere at the head of one of the Crow creeks, which is really a lake overgrown with rushes or tules, and that one might chop a hole in the sod anywhere, let down a hook baited with grasshoppers and haul in all the trout he wanted, as long as he could stand work. People who told us of it said they had seen fish up there somewhere that were large, very large—huge; in fact, they were given proportion in rather monotonous accord with the abilities of our several informants. None of them knew the exact location of that meadow, or if they did, they reserved that part of their knowledge for home consumption or a rising market. We proposed to go there, wherever it was, and lift a few of those fish from their obscure residence. The meadow was said to be some miles from the road and surrounded by heavy timber, with mountains upon three sides of it—one of the mountains we believed to be Magee's Peak (I will offer my readers a peek at Magee himself, after awhile), about the next highest mountain to Mt. Lassen, in that region. Learning of McMullen's ranch, situated to the southwest of the peak, and that there was a meadow there, we decided to follow the road—such as it was—that branches in that direction.

Accordingly, after unreefing our harness and regearing it in several ways, so that it would encompass our horses and the hay they had collected by this time, we attached them to the wagon and started for McMullen's. We could not help but remark that our horses were now considerably wider than the road and our wagon. Enochs wanted to hitch them on tandem, but our wagon was only equipped for doubletrees. When we came to narrow places between banks or trees some of us had to go forward and either dig out the road some, bend the trees back or cinch in the horses. Once or twice we stuck—the horses looked like they were skewered, with trees for pins, and we had to chop them out. Jack was usually first to get into the wagon when we broke camp, and he took his favorite position, standing on the wagon bottom, with his hands on the seat. In this posture he could see forward between Dick and Enochs, while nothing obscured his view at either side. He was greatly interested with new scenery, and if he had been adorned with goggles and a few other accoutrements, he would have looked as wise, sedate and perhaps almost as intelligent as the average tourist. He seemed by this time to accept the whole routine of camping and traveling by wagon as commonplace and now and then tiresome. Sometimes he looked to be as much bored as the tourist from Punktown who sees something else for the first time. But this would only be when he was getting very hungry.

The road to McMullen's was through forest all the way, and part of the way over some of it—such as fallen trees and all sorts of shrubbery and smaller timber. Where there were no logs to separate us from the alleged road, we had trouble in crossing gullies and cañons, while nature had also contributed fragmentary slices off the mountains here and there to test our fortitude and, as it seemed, our vocabulary.

We eventually reached a pole fence and some log huts that we conceded to be McMullen's ranch, but it was little more than a camp or temporary rounding-up place for cattle. The meadow was not much, being like the Indian's description of the telegraph wire, all long and not any wide. In truth it was little more than an alley in the forest caused by standing water in the winter seasons. The huts were empty and showed no evidence of recent occupation except by chipmunks and squirrels. The timber was full of chipmunks and squirrels, all the way from the size of a peanut up to that of a woodchuck. The forest about us had been little disturbed, and we were welcome to all we wanted of it, and before daybreak next morning we expected to need the most of it for fuel to keep us from freezing; but as it had to be chopped up some for that purpose, we left a great deal of it where it was. As for one or two of us it was about as easy to freeze as to cut and carry logs. We were not lazy—not at all lazy; but energy is somewhat like a college education, it is not adapted to practical matters exclusively.

We tethered our horses as best we could, and spread out blankets in one of the huts. About midnight we got so cold in the hut, which had no fire-place, that we all moved outside, built a fire near a large log and tried to keep warm by rolling in our blankets between the fire and the log. We put on fuel and extended the fire parallel with the log, and we nearly broiled ourselves on one side; but this was not wholly satisfying. While we were freezing one side, and cooking the other, even the delights of comparison and variety were insufficient to gratify us excessively. About the time we had begun to wrangle as to who should sleep next to Jack, there was commotion among the horses, and I got up and took the lantern to investigate. The horses were pitching wildly about, being either frightened or suffering from the cold. My saddle-horse, Billy, a clean-limbed gray, with good blood and plenty of fire and speed in his veins, had broken loose and was now tearing away through the forest in the direction whence we had come. I feared he would go through to Shasta without a stop, as he had done upon a former occasion, but I followed in his wake for about a mile with the aid of the lantern. The forest was black as ink. Apart from the little halo of light from the lantern, I could see nothing, and I was on the point of abandoning the pursuit, when I heard brush cracking at a distance, then sounds growing louder and coming nearer until with lunges and snorts here came Billy back again. Whatever had sent him away something else had certainly frightened him back again, and he now stood snorting and trembling at the sight of the lantern. It was some time before I could get near enough to him to catch his halter and lead him back to the camp. We had to take the horses all into an old shed that we were afraid might collapse before we got them quieted.

When we got back to the fire and our blankets we found it impossible to keep warm, as we had but light blankets, and we had reached the place too late to fix properly for the night. Besides, we had not anticipated freezing to death when we left the Sacramento Valley shimmering like a furnace. We were glad enough to get out with the first signs of dawn, reconstruct our fire and prepare hot coffee and breakfast. Jack for the first time failed to show up for breakfast and remained out upon an excursion of his own until late in the morning. After our breakfast we explored the little meadow without finding signs of sufficient water to contain fish. We next got our rifles and hunted around an isolated peak, where we saw plenty of timber grouse and found considerable deer sign, but we saw no deer. In returning to camp. I did find two deer on the way, but it was one of the saddest things I ever saw in the woods—an old doe lying shot through, while her fawn, evidently but a few days old, lay at her side curled up as if it had died there in the little glade waiting for its silent mother to awaken. Both of them had been dead for some days, and I was at a loss to account for so young a fawn at that season of the year.

We decided to go back to the main road and then take another branch road which led to the north of Magee's Peak. We got all ready to move before Jack returned, and we had begun to fear he was not coming back. Here he had a splendid opportunity to take to his natural element, where he could soon find companions of his own family. Sometimes I half hoped that he would do it, for I could not conceive of an untroubled future for him in his contact with humanity. Enochs insisted that he was a gone bear, but I believe we would all have waited for the chance of his return until our provisions gave out. As it was he came lumbering in and insisted upon breakfast without delay. After getting his ration he was prompt to clamber aboard and abide further developments.

After regaining the main road, we followed it for some miles without finding the turn out we wanted to take. We passed out of the main forest and got into the "tamaracks," after which this road was called. The tamaracks are a wilderness comprising millions of telegraph poles—slim, symmetrical stems that need only barking and the trimming off of a few twigs to finish them for wires and insulators. The sun began to get to us again, the hot dust and the drowsy weariness that made us moody. Jack had subsided to his nest in the wagon bed, and as he was unusually quiet, I looked in to see the cause for it.

I saw that he was sitting but half erect and ready, as it would seem, to collapse altogether. His face wore a look of utter despondency and despair. He dropped all over and finally began to retch violently. We at once stopped the wagon and helped him out to the ground at the roadside, where he continued to droop and then to choke. We jumped to the conclusion that he was poisoned. We thought of mustard as an emetic, and of whisky as a bracer, but before we could get them Jack began to go into active upheavel without assistance. He began to yield up everything he had taken unto himself—just as people pay tribute to the ocean from the decks of boats, the smaller the boat the more generous the contribution.

It was astonishing to see how liberally Jack gave all he had with him. He gave up everything, and it was so formidable in its proportions that he was a little frightened at his own generosity and backed away from it with a good deal of solicitude. About that time I began to feel as though I suspected something, and I got into the wagon, opened our duffle box and inspected the supply of tobacco. The smoking tobacco was all right, but when I asked Dick about the chewing tobacco it figured out one plug short. These plugs weighed about a pound each, and were a combination of vegetation and nicotine with more or less molasses in them to flavor them. I think they were Lorillard's best. It would not appear that a single pound plug of this tobacco could develop into the formidable mass that Jack so freely relinquished, but we determined that as nothing else could swell that way, it was, it must have been, the plug. Jack felt ill for an hour or more, and then we had to feed him something all over again before he seemed repaid for the heroic liberality he had displayed.

Jack was not entitled to very much credit in this matter, for he had taken the tobacco from our box of supplies in an arbitrary and tricky spirit. Yet even here we do not have to scan as far as the horizon to find a parallel for his generosity. Some of our most conspicuous public benefactors, who yield up unexpectedly, do so after having accumulated substances in about the same way. No creature, not even the ostrich, the goat, the whale—not even the ocean or a man—can swallow everything and retain it eternally. But men will keep on trying it, I expect. However this may be, thercafter we kept our jewelry out of Jack's reach, together with the tobacco. Even if he did give it up after he was tired of it, we objected to the process.

After Jack had recovered his self-respect and assurance to some extent, we again went forward, and after going through the tamaracks for two or three miles, we came to an open, swampy flat, a mile or two wide and perhaps three or more miles long. It had all the appearance of being a dry lake, or a big meadow, from which the water had receded at some time. The tamaracks were growing around it and gradually encroaching upon the open ground. Ahead of us we saw two or three log houses, or rather these were pole houses, being constructed of timber too small to make logs. I then realized, from what I had been told of the road, that we had passed the branch road we had intended to take, and that this place was "Old Kentuck's" ranch.

Old Kentuck was one of the original settlers of this region, and he had been identified with the Tamarack Road as long as any one could remember. In bygone years he had been an industrious man, and he had done a great deal of very hard work upon the road, and upon this dry lake which he called his ranch, and from which he collected more or less wild hay which he disposed of to travelers. At the time of which I write it appeared that Kentuck exchanged most of his hay for whisky, and under its influence he developed into a sort of narrow-gauge desperado and a local terror. We had been told of his goings on with unsophisticated travelers, to whom he would give false information about the road, intimidate into stopping at his place, and then supply them with hay for which he would demand all he thought they had. When he was drinking he was considered an ugly customer. The place was many miles from any other habitation, and Kentuck was often in position to practice his imperial methods.

As we approached his emporium, we had agreed upon certain matters, and I did not think Kentuck was going to have much fun at our expense. We were in no mood to be joshed or imposed upon, for we had missed our road and come some miles out of our way, while we were tired and, as usual, very hungry.

As we reached his long, low shack two dogs jumped into the road with a great show of ferocity, mixed with joy at seeing us. While they pranced about the wagon Kentuck himself appeared, evidently with a good deal

(*Concluded on page 392.*)



THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

From Audubon and Bachman's "Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America."

The Serpent's Fascination.

THE illustration is a reproduction of Plate VII. of "The Quadrupeds of North America," by Audubon and Bachman. Audubon's account of the species, together with that of the northern form, which he calls the migratory squirrel, and Dr. C. Hart Merriam's interesting story of the gray squirrel in the North Woods, in his "Mammals of the Adirondacks," give an admirable idea of the squirrel's habits.

The supposed power of fascination or "charming" which snakes are supposed to possess over birds and small animals has been thought by some persons to be exercised on squirrels among others; and from time to time we have published notes from readers who believed that they had observed cases of this power of fascination or "charming" of which squirrels were the victims.

Of this Audubon says: "As long as we are able to explain by natural deduction the very similar maneuvers of birds and squirrels when 'fascinated' by a snake, it would be absurd to imagine that anything mysterious or supernatural is connected with the subject; and we consider that there are many ways of accounting for all the appearances described on the occasions. Fear and surprise cause an instinctive horror when we find ourselves unexpectedly within a foot or two of a rattlesnake; the shrill, startling noise proceeding from the rattles of its tail as it vibrates rapidly, and its hideous aspect, no doubt produce a much greater effect on birds and small quadrupeds. It is said that the distant roar of the African lion causes the oxen to tremble and stand paralyzed in the fields; and Humboldt relates that in the forest of South America the mingled cries of monkeys and other animals resound through the whole night, but as soon as the roar of the jaguar, the American tiger, is heard, terror seizes on all the other animals and their voices are suddenly hushed. Birds and quadrupeds are very curious, also, and this feeling prompts them to draw near to strange objects. 'Tolling' wild ducks and loons, as it is called, by waving a red handkerchief or a small flag, or by causing a little dog to bound backward and forward on a beach, has long been successfully practiced by sportsmen on the Chesapeake Bay and elsewhere.

"The Indians attract the reindeer, the antelope and other animals until they are within bowshot, by waving a stick to which a piece of red cloth is attached, or by throwing themselves on their backs and kicking their heels up in the air. If any strange object is thrown into the poultry yard, such as a stuffed specimen of a quadruped, or a bird, etc., all the fowls will crowd near it and scrutinize it for a long time. Everybody almost may have observed at some time or other dozens of birds collected around a common cat in the shrubbery, or a tortoise or particularly a snake. The squirrel is remarkable for its fondness for 'sights,' and will sometimes come down from the highest branch of a tree to within three feet of the ground, to take a view of a small scarlet snake (*Rhinostoma coccinea*) not much larger than a pipe-stem, and which, having no poisonous fangs, could scarcely master a grasshopper. This might be regarded by believers in the fascinating powers of snakes as a decided case in favor of their theories, but they would find it somewhat difficult to explain the following circumstances which happened to ourselves. After observing a squirrel come down to inspect one of the beautiful little snakes we have just been speaking of, the reptile, being a rare species, was captured and secured in our carriage box. After we had driven off, we recollected that in our anxiety to secure the snake we had left our box of botanical specimens at the place where we had first seen the latter, and on returning for it, we once more saw the squirrel darting backward and forward and skipping round the root of the tree, eyeing with equal curiosity the article we had left behind; and we could not help making the reflection that if the little snake had 'charmed' the squirrel, the same 'fascinating' influence was exercised by our tin box!"

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BEAR—VIII.

(*Concluded from page* 890.)

of hilarity on hand. He was a man of fifty or sixty, tall, gaunt, tanned like an Indian and looking as tough as a sundried rawhide.

"Hooray fer old Kaintucky!" he exclaimed as he came out.

We sat quietly and looked at him, Enochs and Dick from the wagon seat and I from the saddle. We said nothing.

"Hello, fellers; hooray fer Old Kain——; whar'd yer git the b'ar, fellers?"

We maintained our silence, meeting his eyes as he glanced from one to another of us, with expressionless gravity. His glances fell and he began to look a little uncertain; then he assumed some more hilarity and exclaimed:

"Hooray fer Old Kaintucky! I've got a dog hyar thet ken lick ary b'ar in these mountains. Turn yer b'ar loose. Hooray fer——"

I had estimated the capacity of his dogs and had quietly signaled Dick to unfasten Jack's collar, which he had done without hesitation. None of us had said anything.

"Ef thet dog kain't lick thet cub, we'll hev raw dog fer supper. Ef he do lick him, we'll hev b'ar. Turn 'im loose, fellers—hooray fer Old Kaintucky!"

As I observed Jack clambering out of the wagon, I rode up between him and the dogs, and Jack slid down and passed under the wagon to Kentuck's side. The old dog immediately attacked and nipped Jack smartly in the flank and then sprang away. He was doubtless a b'ar dog, for he repeated his maneuver several times before Jack got his bearings.

Jack was a little out of humor, and while the attack of the dog was sudden and in earnest, he did not get excited, but his lip curled and he snarled savagely. He was insulted. The dog was now full of assurance and enterprise, and he made a savage lunge that carried him about a yard too near the danger line, and he collided with a slap from the shoulder that sent him into the wagon wheels; as he caromed from them, and tried to present his front to the enemy, he received a right and left that knocked him fully ten feet, in which performance he nearly knocked his master down. The dog was game, and would have come again to center, but for the interference of our own dogs. Kentuck's other dog was a mere pup, and a gentle cuff from Jack had sent him off ki-yi-ing frantically.

We separated the dogs, Kentuck trying without success to kick our dogs with his iron-shod heels. Jack had meandered off to some water, with an indifference that implied his contempt for trifling annoyances. The dogs having quieted, Kentuck's b'ar dog went away and laid down by the house. He was not entirely satisfied, but he was not nearly as enthusiastic as he had been.

Kentuck was grieved that his dog had undertaken more than he could carry out, but he maintained his aggressive demeanor.

"He don't wanter fight yer pet b'ar, fellers. Git out and climb down and make yerselves easy. Hev yer got any whisky? Hooray fer Old Kaintucky!"

"Hang you and old Kentucky! What do you mean by stopping us on this road? Isn't this a public road? What do you mean by holding us up in this way? Do you want to rob us? What kind of a spindle-legged gorilla do you think you are, anyhow?"

I had assumed this tone with full assurance that I was backed up by moral right, as well as by Enochs and Dick, and I now proposed to outdo Kentuck at his own game. We all looked it, whether we were tough or not.

"Hold on, pardner, go slow. I hevn't held ye up; but I'm likely ter do it!" he replied, adding some profanity.

"If you are going to do that or anything else, it's your move. Come, play up, boys, this old scarecrow is the man who says he can scare the livers out of a wagon load of emigrants, any time. We're emigrants!"

"What do you want to do with him!" exclaimed Enochs, as he got out of the wagon with a little more indifference than I expected. "He wants raw dog—an' I'm blessed if we don't feed him some!" Dick was also getting down, while three or four magazine guns of the latest models had somehow got around to the side of the wagon within reach. Kentuck had a belt on with a long knife in it, while at the side of his doorway stood his long muzzle-loading rifle, that was doubtless very certain for a single shot. With just a little hesitation he weakened ingloriously, however.

"I never said it, boys—er, if I did, I was drinkin'; yer welcome to this ranch. Do yer want hay? Hoor——"

"Come here, Kentuck, an' take a drink," replied Enochs. "Confound it, man, we're tenderfeet and you had us skeered. But it's all right. These boys are a little careless. Come and take a drink."

The second invitation was superfluous. At the first appearance of a bottle Kentuck got under way to it, and I do not think I ever saw a man show as much unmistakable satisfaction as he did as he grasped it, laid his head back and drank from the gurgling contents. After having taken about a pint he let go to observe, "Hooray fer Old Kaintucky!" and added: "Here's tu, agin, fellers," and he repeated the operation with more satisfaction than ever. If our whisky was not first-class, it was certainly high-proof, and Kentuck praised it effusively. It tasted of old Kentucky.

He was now hospitality personified, and he urged us to camp, make his house our quarters and help ourselves. We liked the open air too well, however, and told him how we had missed our road. He gave s explicit directions, which afterward proved correct, for we found our turning off place without trouble. It was up the course of a little creek, where all signs of the road were covered with gravel and sand, which accounted for our failure to see it in the first place.

As we were about to set out, Kentuck brought out a venison ham, from some cranny about his house, and firmly insisted upon our taking it along. It was as fat as mutton, but we did not want to take it from the old chap.

"Yer got ter take it," he insisted. "Ef yer don't wanter eat it yourselves, giv' it ter the b'ar. When thet b'ar gits growth he's gwine ter be considerable."

We finally accepted the venison after he told us it "warn't enny tr'uble fer him ter git all ther meat he wanted." We left him in exchange a bottle that had a nectar in it which, to his notion, was richer than gold, for it reminded him of old Kentucky.

The old man was not such a wicked customer after all—not when he perceived that it wouldn't pay.

RANSACKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Quails of the United States.

BY SYLVESTER D. JUDD, ASSISTANT, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

(*Continued from page* 872.)

Food Habits of Bobwhite.

BOTH field and laboratory investigations of the food habits of the bobwhite have been conducted by the Biological Survey. The field work was confined chiefly to Maryland and Virginia, and, although it represents in some degree every month in the year, has been limited mainly to the breeding and the hunting seasons. The laboratory work to determine the different kinds of food and their proportions has included examination of the contents of crops and gizzards from 918 birds. This material was collected from twenty-one States, Canada, the District of Columbia, and Mexico, but chiefly from New York, Maryland, Virginia, Florida, Illinois, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas. Stomachs were obtained each month of the year, but unfortunately few were collected in the breeding season. Laboratory work included also feeding experiments with three pairs of captive bobwhites obtained from Kansas.

The bird's digestive organs are well adapted to the character of its diet. The stomach, or gizzard, as it is commonly called, is provided with powerful muscles for grinding seeds on which the bird largely subsists. The crop, a sac-like enlargement of the œsophagus, is a mere membranous receptacle for first receiving the food, and is without muscles. Its capacity is usually from four to six times that of the stomach.

The bobwhite is insectivorous as well as graminivorous. It is, in fact, one of our most nearly omnivorous species. In addition to seeds, fruit, leaves, buds, tubers, and insects, it has been known to eat spiders, myriapods, crustaceans, mollusks, and even batrachians. The food for the year as a whole, calculated by volume and determined by analysis of the contents of 918 stomachs, consisted of vegetable matter, 83.59 per cent., and animal matter, 16.41 per cent. In addition, there was mineral matter varying in amount from 1 to 5 per cent. of the gross contents of the stomachs, and in exceptional cases rising to 3 per cent. This usually consisted of sand, with coarser bits of quartz 2 to 7 mm. in diameter, which were taken to pulverize the food and thus render it easier of assimilation.

The vegetable part of the food consisted of grain, 17.38 per cent.; various seeds, chiefly weeds, 52.83 per cent., and miscellaneous vegetable matter, 3.18 per cent. The animal matter in the food was distributed as follows: beetles, 6.92 per cent.; grasshoppers, 3.17 per cent.; bugs, 2.77 per cent.; caterpillars, 0.95 per cent.; miscellaneous insects, 0.70 per cent,; and other invertebrates, largely spiders, 1.36 per cent.

The insect food of bobwhite, in comparison with that of other birds, is interesting. It includes fewer caterpillars, ants and other hymenoptera, but more bugs; and, singularly enough in a terrestrial feeder, nearly twice as large a proportion of beetles as of grasshoppers. The meadow lark, per contra, another terrestrial feeder, takes 29 per cent. of grasshoppers and only 18 per cent. of beetles.

The food of the bobwhite for the year is noteworthy in several respects. Its character varies with the season. From October to March it consists almost exclusively of vegetable matter—for February and March 99.8 per cent. of vegetable food appearing in analysis—while in late spring and in summer it is made up largely of insects, August showing 44.1 per cent. of insect food. The grain taken, as a rule, is derived neither from newly sown fields nor from standing crops, but is gleaned from stubble fields after harvest. Grain forms a less prominent part of the food than the seeds of weeds, which are the most important element of all and make up one-half of the food for the year. The most distinctive feature of this, as a whole, is the large proportion—15.52 per cent.—of leguminous seeds, a food seldom eaten by the various species of sparrows or other terrestrial feeders. A small fraction of this seed comes from cultivated plants, especially the cowpea; the rest is derived from wild plants, most of them classed as weeds. Leguminous seeds appear to be most largely consumed during December, when they form 25 per cent. of the food. The 15.05 per cent. of insect food, although a comparatively small part of the total, is of extreme importance, since it contains many pests that are generally avoided by non-gallinaceous birds. Noteworthy among these are the potato beetle, twelve-spotted cucumber beetle, striped cucumber beetle, squash ladybird beetle, various cut-worms, the tobacco worm, cotton worm, cotton bollworm, the clover weevil, imbricated snout beetle, May beetle, click beetle, the red-legged grasshopper, Rocky Mountain locust, and cinch bug.

It should be observed that in the search for these pests and for weed seeds the bobwhite, unlike many birds of the woodland, hedgerow, and orchard, extends its foraging to the center of the largest fields, thus protecting the growing crops.

Grain as Food.

Vegetable matter has long been known to be an important element of the food of the bobwhite; indeed, many people suppose that it constitutes the entire food of the bird. The impression that the bobwhite eats little else than grain has prevailed even among many sportsmen who have bagged most of their game in the stubble field. The present analysis, however, discloses that grain forms scarcely more than one-sixth of the food. Laboratory study shows that it is eaten in every month of the year, the maximum, 46 per cent. of the food for the month, having been taken in March. In the specimens examined corn amounts to 11.96 per cent. of the total food for the year, while all other kinds collectively amount to only 5.42 per cent. Wheat (4.17 per cent.) is next to corn in importance. As experiments with captive birds failed to show marked preferenee for either corn or wheat, the disproportion between the two above noted is probably due to the faet that more corn than wheat is grown in the country where our birds were obtained. The remaining cereal food (1.25 per cent. of the total) is miscellaneous grain, including Kafir eorn, sorghum, millet, buckwheat, barley, oats, and rye.

Grain-eating birds are likely to do much harm to crops. They may pull up sprouting grain, plunder the standing crop when it is in the milk, or forage among the sheaves at harvest time. The bobwhite, however, is a notable exception. The period of germination is the time when grain is liable to serious injury by birds. But not a single sprouting kernel was found in the crops and stomachs of quail examined. Field observations, during the years 1899 and 1900, at Marshall Hall gave similar evidence. While crows injured sprouting corn so seriously during May that several extensive replantings were necessary, bobwhites, unusually abundant in the vicinity at the same time, were never seen to disturb the germinating grain. During November, 1899, sprouting wheat was saved from crow blackbirds only by diligent use of the shotgun; but both then and in other seasons the bobwhite was rarely observed in winter-wheat fields and never was seen to molest the crop. Sprouting oats apparently were not molested, though extended observations were not made. No data are available for rye and millet, but in newly sown buckwheat fields in Essex county, N. J., which the writer saw ravaged by doves, there was no sign of injury by the bobwhites. Publications on economic ornithology and reports received by the Biological Survey add testimony of like character. It may safely be stated, therefore, that so far as at present known the bobwhite does no appreciable harm to sprouting grain.

In order to learn to what extent the species injures ripening grain, observations were made for several years at Marshall Hall. Unlike the crow and several kinds of blackbirds, the bobwhite did no damage there to corn in the milk, nor did it injure ripening wheat and oats. Flocks of English sparrows, however, might be seen feeding on wheat in the milk, and not uncommonly a score of goldfinches swayed on the panicles of ripening oats. A hen bobwhite shot in a field of ripe wheat, June 18, 1903, had much of the grain in its crop, though whether obtained from standing heads or from fallen kernels did not appear. As the bobwhite usually feeds on the ground, and as it was never seen feeding from the stalk at Marshall Hall, it appears probable that it seeks only the fallen grain. At wheat harvest it follows the binder, and at Marshall Hall was often seen in the harvest field picking up scattered wheat. It was not observed there on the shocks, appearing to find an abundance of waste kernels. At corn harvest also bobwhite takes its share from exposed ears; but the bird is not able to shuck corn, as do the crow and wild goose. Several crops of ripe oats at Marshall Hall were watched during harvest time and furnished no evidence against the bobwhite. No report of injury by it elsewhere at harvest time has come to the Biological Survey, though damage may be done where peculiar local conditions conjoin with an overabundance of birds.

The bobwhite, however, is a persistent stubble feeder. As Mr. Sandys puts it, "He is the gleaner who never reaps, who guards the growing crops, who glories over a bounteous yield, yet is content to watch and wait for those lost grains which fall to him by right." Where fields of wheat stubble support a rank growth of ragweed the sportsman is most likely to find a feeding covey. At Marshall Hall, during September, October and November, such fields are the favorite haunts of the birds. On this farm corn has a greater acreage than wheat, but the birds are much less often found in corn stubble; and, as stomach examinations show, they eat much less corn than wheat. Since experiments with captive birds showed no preference for wheat, food other than grain may have kept them on the wheat stubble. Along the Roanoke in Virginia, where wheat is not grown, bobwhites feed in corn fields.

On the Western prairies, where cornstalks left standing in the fields afford good cover, the birds are more often found in cornfields. Six birds collected from such fields in November, 1891, at Badger, Neb., contained 181 whole kernels of corn; the smallest number in a crop was 20 and the largest 48.

It is not unusual to find from 100 to 200 grains of wheat in a crop. A bobwhite shot at West Appomattox, Va., in December, 1902, had its crop distended almost to bursting with 508 grains of wheat. This habit of gleaning waste grain after harvest is beneficial to the farm, for volunteer grain is not desirable, especially where certain insect pests or parasitic fungi are to be combated. As the scattered kernels are often too far afield to be gathered by domestic poultry, the services of the bobwhite in this respect are especially useful.

The bobwhite sometimes eats the seeds of certain cultivated leguminous plants. Both the black-eye and the clay cowpeas (*Vigna sinensis*) have been found in stomachs, and one contained thirty-five peas of the latter variety. In Westmoreland and Mecklenburg counties, Va., cowpea patches are favorite resorts for the birds in November and December. Garden peas were found in crops collected by Mr. Walter Hoxie at Frogmore, S. C. In rare instances the bobwhite picks up clover seeds, and it has been known to eat a lima bean. It may take also Kafir corn and sorghum, and it has a decided liking for millet (*Chætochloa italica*), a taste particularly noticeable in birds of Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota. A crop from Onaga, Kans., contained 1,000 millet seeds. No significant damage to millet has been reported and the birds may secure most of this food from stubble fields.

Weed Seeds as Food.

Weeds appropriate the space, light, water, and food of plants that direetly or indireetly support man. A million weeds may spring up on a single acre, and a

single plant of one of these species may mature 100,000 seeds in a season. This process, if unchecked, may produce in the spring of the third year 10,000,000,000 weeds. The problem of weed destruction is perennial in every land; indeed, soil culture may be called a never ceasing war against weeds. Of the birds that aid the farmer in this struggle the bobwhite, the native sparrows, and the mourning dove are the most efficient. They attack weeds at that vital stage—the seed period—hence their work, especially against the annuals which depend on seeds for perpetuation, is of enormous practical value.

The bobwhite is pre-eminently a seed eater, 52.83 per cent. of its food for the year consisting of seeds. The bulk of these are the seeds of plants belonging to the general category of weeds. Many of them are injurious plants with which the farmer is constantly at strife; others are less noxious and some are seldom, if ever, troublesome. Sixty-odd species are known to be eaten, and thorough observations would probably raise the number to a hundred or more. The food of no other bird with which the writer is acquainted is so varied. At Marshall Hall and in Mecklenburg and Westmoreland counties, Va., a somewhat detailed study was made of the weed seed eaten by the bird. At Marshall Hall fields of wheat stubble grown up to ragweed were favorite feeding grounds. Among others found there were buttonweed seeds, each like a miniature horsehoof, complete even to the frog; twenty or thirty of these were sometimes contained in a single stomach. A number of birds shot on wheat stubble had eaten largely of bastard pennyroyal seeds, which are rough and resemble blackberry seeds. Goldfinches and other seed eaters also find these palatable. Along ditches the abundant grasses—witch grass and spreading panicum—provide the birds with shade in summer and a continuous harvest through the winter. The grain, inclosed in a cylindrical sheath which opens at the top, is rattled out, a few kernels at a time, by the strong fall and winter winds. Along the same ditches, especially in damper places among trees and bushes, another plant, the jewel weed, flourishes. Its ripened seeds, hurled from the opening pods by elastic coiled spring-like valves, are eaten in large numbers by the bobwhite. The jewel-weed cotyledons are inclosed in a plain seed coat; but the cotyledons themselves are of a delicate robin's-egg blue, rounded and colored like tiny turquoises.

Several weeds injurious to truck crops are useful to the bobwhite. In a field where crab grass as a thick mat had overrun a patch of yams a covey spent much time gathering the seeds. In another place where lamb's-quarters was six feet high and pigweed still higher, a flock of busy weeders could almost always be flushed at certain hours. Patches of green foxtail grass often attracted a covey for an evening feed. In the northern part of the United States this plant grows rank, and in many sections furnishes the bird its main food for September and October. Near a stream in a truck flat was a forest of giant ragweed from 8 to 10 feet high and here bobwhites were frequently seen picking up scattered seeds. Their favorite weed seed, however, is the common, or smaller, ragweed. At Marshall Hall this weed springs up, not only on truck land, but most luxuriantly in wheat stubble after harvest, covering the field with a rank growth 3 feet high. When abundant, its seeds are eaten in the fall more than those of any other plant, supplying a little over 16 per cent of the total food during October, November, and January. The fruits beset with a crowning circle of spines are taken into the crop whole. In the stomach the brown oval seeds are freed from the spiny outer coat, crushed by the powerful muscular action, and made to yield their rich meat to the digestive juices.

In Mecklenburg county, Va., during the last week of December, 1902, a covey of a dozen bobwhites resorted to a cornfield to feed on the shining black seeds of smartweed, often a troublesome plant on low ground. In Westmoreland county, November, 1901, bobwhites fed freely on seeds of climbing false buckwheat, which festooned all the shrubbery along streams and afforded the birds admirable cover as well as food. The seeds of knot grass, a species related to the smartweeds and false buckwheat, also contribute to the food of the bobwhite.

The fondness of bobwhites for leguminous seeds has already been mentioned. On the edge of woodlands, along hedgerows, and to some extent in open ground, they consume large quantities of seeds of tick-trefoil, Japan clover, and bush clover, and their crops have been found distended with these seeds. They also find the partridge pea massed in great patches at Marshall Hall and in some places in Virginia, but it appears to be of less importance to them. A few stomachs contained as many as 100 of these seeds. In several sections the butterfly pea was eaten in about the same proportion as the partridge pea. The hog peanut, like the butterfly pea, a trailing plant bearing a small grayish-brown bean, furnished several times as much food as the partridge pea and butterfly pea combined. Of these seeds 600 are sometimes eaten at a meal. Southern birds relish the Florida coffee seeds and lupine seeds. Seeds from locust pods are also frequently eaten by the bobwhite.

In the northern part of its range the bobwhite has been reported as feeding on seeds of the ill-scented skunk cabbage. Four of eight birds shot in October, 1902, at Wilmington, Mass., by Edward A. Preble, of the Biological Survey, had eaten them. These seeds are somewhat flattened and subspherical, and average about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Two crops were filled with them, one containing ten of these great seeds. This plant, abundant in northern swamps, may furnish food for birds in game preserves.

Seeds of different species of violets are often eaten. In some cases the three-valved seed pods, each valve containing a dozen or more seeds, had been swallowed entire. Seeds make up 50.36 per cent. of the bobwhite's food, and a quantitative study of it shows that the grass family contributes 9.46 per cent.; leguminous plants, 15.52 per cent.; smartweed and other polygonums, 4.41 per cent.; ragweed, 7.28 per cent.; and miscellaneous weeds, 13.69 per cent. The number of seeds eaten at a meal may suggest the value of the bird as a weed destroyer. As many as 200 to 300 smartweed seeds, 500 seeds of red sorrel, and 700 seeds of three-seeded mercury have been taken at a meal. Crops and stomachs crammed with nothing but ragweed seeds are often found. A bird shot Nov. 6, 1902, at Marshall Hall, had eaten 1,000 ragweed akenes; another killed there the previous November had eaten as many seeds of crab grass. Birds shot in Mecklenburg county, Va., contained about 2,000 leguminous seeds, mainly tick-trefoil, and various kinds of bush clover. A bird shot in October, 1902, at Pine Brook, N. J., had eaten 5,000 seeds of green foxtail grass, and one killed on Christmas day, 1901, at Kinsale, Va., had taken about 10,000 pigweed seeds.

Mast, including acorns of the swamp oak (*Quercus palustris*), the white oak. (*Q. alba*), beechnuts, the blue beech (*Carpinus caroliniana*), and the chestnut, amounts to 2.47 per cent. of the food of the year.

In the pine lands of Florida the bobwhite freely eats the seeds of the long-leaf pine (*Pinus palustris*). Of the thirty-nine birds from Walton county (November, December, and January, 1902 and 1903), twenty-one had their crops and stomachs mainly filled with this nutritious food. They had usually clipped off the wings of the samaras close to the large seeds. Several crops were full of germinating pine seeds, some of the embryos having cotyledons two inches long. In the region about Washington the seeds of the scrub pine (*Pinus virginiana*) also are eaten to a small extent. The fact that these seeds are a good winter food should be remembered by holders of game preserves. Observations show that the key seeds of the maple also are eaten, though much less extensively.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wild Pigeons.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The query of Guatemala in your issue of Oct. 21 regarding the disappearance of the pigeons and the statement that "when a boy I lived in North Carolina, and in the year 1869-70 millions of these birds used to pass south; and I cannot remember ever seeing these birds on return north; did they take another route?" is of interest in that it confirms a dim recollection of my own, and one I have tried to verify lately, and with some success, viz., that we, whose point of view was in the Mississippi valley, saw these birds invariably in the spring and passing from south to north (I refer to the general flight), and I do not recall ever having seen them south-bound.

In my opinion, they did take widely different routes and made an oblong or triangular flight, passing due north to their breeding grounds in the spring, then by easy stages, as the young became stronger, to the east; and with the approach of fall made one grand flight back to the Gulf States for the winter.

That these birds were pilated, as are wild geese and many other migratory birds, I am convinced; and if ever the leaders were blown out of their course and into the Gulf or the Atlantic, there they surely perished, for where they were led there went the flight.

Granting that every published authority is to the contrary, also conceding that, say, 500 millions or more, were netted and shot up to the time of the disappearance of the birds, I venture to say that seventy-five per cent. of the vast flock of these beautiful birds perished in some way other than by man's slaughter, and suddenly.

Had disease killed them at their breeding grounds, or where they passed the winter, we would have known it long ago.

Blown into the sea they would have been devoured by fish in schools as vast in number as the birds themselves, every trace of them extinguished.

Personally, I would like to see this subject threshed out in a discussion similar to the Kipling "Red Gods" and "raw right-angled log jams," etc.

Perhaps some of us may end up with the "rare left-handed jim jams," but what's the odds; therefore, I affirm "the pigeon died a-tryin' to swim."

W. D. KENYON.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 28, at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. William Lovell Finley, of Portland, Oreg., will lecture before the Society on "Western Bird Life," illustrated with stereopticon views. Special postal card notice later.

C. G. ABBOTT.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Criticises Minnesota.

BALTIMORE, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This season I became interested in the Minnesota game laws, as a foreigner to Minnesota, but as a shooter who wished to shoot within the borders of that sovereignty, and who was ready to pay the full admission fee—called game license—for the misdemeanor of being a non-resident, although the non-residents, citizens of the United States, enjoy the beatitudes flowing from Article IV., Section 2, of the Constitution of the United States, which squints one eye wisely and declares: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

"But what is the Constitution among friends?" a great man once upon a time asked. He hadn't read the game laws.

But the foregoing is not the real issue, therefore the gentle reader will please see that it is stricken from his mind, for we have matters of importance to tackle. i. e., the game laws of the foreign and sovereign State of Minnesota. Section 28, of the Minnesota Act of 1905, according to the *Game Laws in Brief,* reads as follows concerning dogs: "Shooting with Dogs.—* * * The use or running of either pointer or setter dogs in fields or upon lands frequented by or in which game birds may be found during the month of August, or at any time during the open season for killing game birds, and the keeping or maintaining of any dog at or about any hunting camp or lumber camp used by hunters, situated in any locality frequented by deer, moose or caribou is hereby prohibited and made unlawful."

The sub-head of this section is to be viewed amiably, because of its sociability. "Shooting with dogs" signifies that the dog was shooting, too. The sportsman-like phrase is shooting over dogs, a sportsman shoots *with* his companions, but *over* his dogs. Nevertheless, when a foreigner from Baltimore shoots in the sovereign State of Minnesota, having paid his license to shoot according to law, he *must* shoot *with* his dogs. If he shoots over them he violates the majesty of the sovereignty.

But note that the law, wise reader, specifies "pointer or setter dogs" in respect to the use or running of them, as quoted above.

Now, my dogs were droppers, therefore did not come under the law, in section 28, which reads: "Any dog or dogs used in violation of any of the provisions of this section is hereby declared to be and is a public nuisance, and it shall be lawful for any person to kill any dog or dogs so being used."

My dogs, being droppers, that is to say, a cross breed between a setter and a pointer, were neither the one nor the other, therefore they did not come under the provisions of the act. Notwithstanding all that, a grass-fed native of Minnesota assured me that under the law, as administered in his State, the judge would consider that I had violated the law twice in the body of each dog, and that I would be fined twice accordingly, once for the pointer half, once for the setter half. I called his attention to the law which carefully states "pointer or setter," therefore if I had both pointer and setter I was not violating the alternative law at all. If the legal Solons had contemplated both, the law would have read, but does not read, "pointer or setter, or both." He then unfolded a pastoral grin, and declared that the judges read the law and interpreted it according to time-honored custom in Minnesota. Now, I contend that a judge has no right to read into the law such personal vagaries as may please him, and which may force a conviction. I maintain that my dogs, being cross-bred, are exempt from the statute. If the sovereign people of Minnesota could determine which half of my dog was pointer and which half setter, they might kill one half, but not the other; for the law is alternative, because of the "or," i. e., pointer or setter.

The wise legal lights of the Minnesota Legislature are respectfully referred to the Scotch precedent in a similar case. Two Scotch boys were presented with a collie puppy, each owning half of it. Said young Sandy to his partner, "Which half will you take?"

"I'll take the head half," was the reply.

"Well," said Sandy, "you'll have to feed your own half."

With this legal wisdom for guidance, I maintain that, unless the bench of Minnesota could have differentiated the setter from the pointer in my droppers, my dogs were entirely outside the pale of the law.

Again, on a point of grammar, I quote the following from section 28: "Any dog or dogs * * * is hereby declared to be," etc. Mr. Editor, please explain the "is" in its grammatical relations. I am sure that the Legislature of Minnesota would do well to consult with Game Commissioner Fullerton before it again sets out to tinker at law-making, for I am sure he will advise them wisely concerning droppers, setter or pointer (or both) dogs, and is as a singular verb referring to a plural subject, and also that hounds and cur dogs of all degrees are quite as destructive if permitted to self-hunt as "is" dogs shooting with any person. Also he should advise them that anyone, taking dogs into the garden or the orchard in the close season is liable to the penalty, because they are "upon lands frequented by or in which game birds may be found during the month of August." As a native free citizen of the foreign State of Maryland, I may sign myself,

NATIVE FOREIGNER.

Trapper Killed in His Bear Trap.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Nov. 1.—A trapper named Lacocque, of Wolfestown, was accidentally caught and killed in one of his own traps, a deadfall for bears. It is supposed that in changing the bait he set off the trap, which fell on him with such force as to break his neck. He had been away from home several days before his body was found.

Waterloo Camp.

"You asked me how this place came to be called Waterloo Camp," said the game warden, when we had eaten our supper and lighted our pipes. "You must have heard of Tommy Keen, he was the best moose hunter in the five counties, and I honestly believe that he never set a snare or dogged a moose for twenty years before he died. How many snares he destroyed, and how many moose-dogs he poisoned none but himself knew. He used to look on the moose as his own property, and a nice thing he made out of them from one year's end to another. If you wanted a trip in the woods with Tommy Keen, you had to book it in April at the latest. He was always engaged from the first of the season until the end of November, or the middle of December. After that he used to go in and kill his winter's meat, and if any one wanted meat after he had filled his own house up, he would go along and help get it for them. I don't say he never outshot his limit, but when he did so, it was always for some one else; the meat was never peddled around, nor did it go to his house. His son, Malcolm, over to Keensville, about six miles from where we are now, has his 'death register,' as the old man called it. It's got the measurements of over sixty bull moose, and the photographs of twenty-five or thirty, with the certificates of the men who shot them to Tommy's calling. The rifles and guns that man had given him would stock a small-sized armory, and the house is almost furnished with the presents the army officers and rich Americans gave Mrs. Keen. They used to get all the best sporting papers free gratis for nothing, and every dog he had round the place was a thoroughbred, and a free present to boot. He had a pretty decent education, and before he'd take a stranger into the woods, he would have an understanding in writing as to the smallest time he was engaged for, and how the stranger was to obey orders.

"Tommy used to start 'work' in April, taking trouting parties out. When trouting was over, he would go cook and guide for Americans, who just wanted to go to the woods and 'laze around.' Then he went in calling and still-hunting, got his own meat in December, and from that out, he hunted foxes and cats. He never set traps, except dead-falls for bears, and he never used poison; he used to say the game and fur was worth more to him alive than any other way, and he was right there. Why, I've known a rich American go in with him, and pay $20 for a flashlight shot at a beaver at work, and he got a splendid photograph, it came out in one of the magazines. There was one thing none of us could understand. Tommy always seemed to get his moose just at the last minute—that is, if the weather was at all decent. Several times he kept strangers over for two or three days when they got nothing in the time they had hired him for, and then he almost always got them some sort of game—moose, bear or caribou. Every now and then he'd run foul of some crowd he couldn't pull with, and he made short work of them. I remember him telling a rich Englishman that he hired to go into the woods with a man, and not with a jackass, and he wanted neither his money nor his company. The fellow would have lost himself in a good-sized orchard, and he presumed to try to teach Tommy Keen how to hunt moose.

"There was an old Judge Richardson, from Philadelphia, who used to come here year after year and pay his license to hunt. He wasn't at all particular as to how much game he got, but Tommy always saw that he got something. He just loved the woods, and took his three weeks with Tommy every year. Last time he was down here, he got a fine bear, and when he went home, he sent Tommy's boy, Malcolm, a book called 'Tracks and Traces.' It is about the best thing of its kind I ever read. Tommy took charge of the book, and he used to carry it into the woods with him and read it in his spare time. The author's name wasn't signed to it, he wrote under the name of 'Cinchona.' I fear the author didn't make much out of his book, for we people can't afford to pay $3 for such a book, and city men don't understand that kind of thing.

"Next year the Judge couldn't come down—his wife died, and he wrote to Tommy and asked him to take a friend of his instead. The friend was to bring down a couple of young fellows the Judge had invited to join him. One of them had just graduated from Harvard, the other was just through at West Point. Tommy wired back for him to send them along, and in the course of a week, they turned up at my place to buy their licenses. The boys were gentlemanly young fellows. The man who came with them was about thirty-five of forty, I should judge. He was a quiet sort of chap, just medium size, and he looked as if he could take his share in a portage or a tramp with any man. The shoulders of his hunting coat were worn, and so was the inside of his right sleeve, where the gun had rubbed the corduroy, and he carried a rifle that looked as if it had seen service, though it was as clean as a new one. They wanted me to drive them over to Keensville, and I did so. We had supper at Tommy's, and he showed them the 'death register,' with the names and addresses of all the different people signed on it. While we were looking over the book, we heard oxbells, and Tommy's boy came up to the house with a bark canoe on a wooden-shod sled, drawn by a single ox—the kind of rig we call a 'dagon.'

"'If you gentlemen had the moose meat that ox has hauled out of the woods,' said Tommy, 'you could keep the Philadelphia market going for a week at least. I've been working him for five years, and between the game visitors have killed, and what I've killed myself, he's averaged six carcases a year, besides bear meat and caribou.'

"After supper Tommy asked the men how many days they could stay in the woods, and the elder one said that they would like to leave for home in a fortnight's time. After some talk, he said that they could stay for three weeks, if it was necessary. The next morning was a fine one. I helped them over to the First Lake, and wished them good luck. Tommy never carried a rifle with him on one of these trips, only a .22 target pistol in a holster—and a dandy little weapon she was. They made their camp about four in the afternoon. It came on to rain next morning, and it rained and blew for three solid days. Of course all the crowd could do was to stay in camp and cuss the weather. The morning of the fourth day it was fine; but the wind was still high. Tommy said it was no use to call, but as the rain had washed out all the old tracks, he would circle round until noon and see if he could find any fresh sign. About two in the afternoon he came back with some partridges he had shot with his pistol, and he told the crowd that there were two bulls not more than a mile away, but they were both mated, and that a little further on he saw the track of a small bull, not more than two years old. Had it been later in the season he might have tried to call one of the mated bulls up, but everyone knows that it is almost impossible to call a newly mated bull away from his cow. They left the camp and went to a small shack about four miles off, crossing two tracks on the way, both of them of big lone bulls. In the morning they called and got an answer, but the bull wouldn't come up. They moved over to another camp, and tried in the evening. The bull was coming through the bushes to beat four of a kind, but by the time he came within shot, it was too dark to see him. They called again next morning, but they got no answer, he had worked round to leeward of them, and got their scent. Early in the day it began to blow like fury, and Tommy went off to look for fresh signs. He came back about sundown with another man, a Dutchman called Lutz. He told the party that he had hired him for a dollar a day as cookee, so that he could put in more time hunting round for signs instead of chopping wood and cooking.

"They had very bad weather for the next four days, and Willis the elder man used to go rock-breaking—so he said—while Tommy cruised around after fresh signs. The young fellows just lazed around the camp. Lutz was afraid Willis would get lost at first, but he soon found that he could steer himself round all right. One thing Tommy was particular to bargain for when he took a crowd in, was that no one should fire a shot unless it was at the game they were after. Of course if the party were after moose, and happened on a bear or wildcat, it was all right to shoot; but there was no cracking off round after round at rocks in the lake, or wasting cartridges on loons and cranes. Of course, there was no objection to a .22 rifle for small game, but Tommy's pistol was enough to supply the camp with partridges and rabbits, and they caught quite a few trout in the streams.

"The evening of the fifteenth day they were out, Tommy came back to camp just at dark. Willis had been away all day, breaking rocks, and hadn't come back. The young fellows were pretty sick of the trip. It had been nothing but wind and rain for a week; the leaves were too thick for still-hunting, and they had only heard two moose in the distance. Tommy had been going since six that morning, and he was pretty tired. He had a drink, and told Lutz to put up a day's grub for the party as soon as he got the supper dishes washed. Just as supper was ready Willis came in. His rifle was as clean as it was the day he came in, he had never fired her once. They had supper and after it was over and the things washed up, Tommy told them that he had found two more bulls, a big one and a small one, and neither of them mated, not four miles from where they were. 'Now,' says he, 'these bulls may take to traveling this evening, and be in the next county to-night, or by to-morrow morning, but the chances are they won't. We can run over to Sickle Lake in good time to-morrow, camp in the old shanty there, and call until an hour after sundown. The moon goes down at ten to-night, tomorrow she sets at eleven, and we have the advantage of an hour more light, and a day's fulling. If we get an answer, we can call again in the morning, and if you can stay a day or two longer, I can come back here, and Lutz and I can run up enough grub in two or three hours, to last us our stay at Sickle Lake. Lutz will stay here, while we go over, and see that no one steals anything.'

"The boys were beginning to get tired of lying in camp and shooting nothing. Willis said he was game for the tramp, and the boys said they would come too. Early in the morning they took their packs and rifles, and hit the trail. It wasn't the best of walking, and the four miles was an uncommon long bit of road. After going for some time, they came on a logging road, leading to the camp, and in a miry place they found the fresh tracks of the big bull. Tracks, browsing, and dung were all as fresh as they could be. They gathered enough pine knots and dead wood to keep on a fire when they came in from calling, and just at sundown they went down to Sickle Bog, about a mile from the shanty. Tommy posted them, and then he got up on a rock and began to call. He was a 'slow' caller; that is to say, he called about once, where most men call three times. Just as the moonlight was getting stronger than the daylight, they heard an answer. Tommy quit calling, and the moose kept coming in good shape. Sickle Bog is all covered with little spruce and hackmatack trees, and it's a bad place to shoot by moonlight. The answers came louder and louder; then another answer only much deeper came, then the boughs began to crack and snap, then all was still, except for one or two grunts the bigger moose let out of him. They lay there half the night, every now and then they could hear the old fellow give 'wough—wough' in the distance.

"They went back to camp, and early next morning tried it again. They got no reply, however, and about 8 o'clock, they went down to the place where they had heard the little bull last, and found his fresh tracks in the soft bog. Further on they came on the tracks of the old bull. He had come out on the edge of the bog and gone back into the woods; the little fellow had gone to the eastward. 'Now,' says Tommy, 'the little fellow and the big one have rowed before, and the little one is scared to death of him. He's put for the eastward and the big one is round these parts still; he's the one we want. I told Lutz to start for here at 8 o'clock, with some more grub, unless he heard a lot of shots fired one after another. That would mean that we had killed, and that he was to take the canoe and put for my place after the ox-sled and steer. He will happen along in about two hours' time, and you men can stay here, while I take a circle around and see what I can of the night's work.'

"Off he went, and about an hour later Lutz came into camp. Willis had gone down to the bog, and just as Lutz came in, he returned. He and the young fellows talked for a while, then he turns to Lutz and says, 'Leave that stuff and come along with us for a while; we want you down on the bog.' First of all Lutz didn't want to come, but Willis had a way with him he couldn't get over, and he promised to make it all right with Tommy if he found fault with him.

"Lutz told me afteward that he never saw a hound on the trail like that man Willis. He went right to the tracks of the little moose and began to follow them. It was easy going on the bog, but when the track came on to hard ground it was different. Hard or soft, the ground didn't bother Willis very much. At last Lutz says to him, 'The big bull must have scared this little fellow mighty bad, for he's had an attack of diarrhœa'—pointing to the 'sign' on the ground. They went about half a mile further—Willis keeping the track like a weasel after a rabbit—when he stoops down and picks up something off the ground. 'Your moose get their clothes made in New York, I conclude,' says he, and the two boys commenced to laugh.

"They followed the tracks into a little bunch of fir trees, and white birches, some of the fir trees had been stripped of their rinds, and most of the birches had been barked. 'This is the smartest little bull I ever came across,' says Willis, 'he wears pants made in New York; he has a boy to tend him, and he sleeps in a shack roofed with fir rinds—or else the boy does.'

"Another hundred yards took them into the road we came up this afternoon; it was just about as muddy then as it is now. The moose tracks ran right down it, and on the nigh side were the tracks of a small foot, and a little further on Willis picked up the yellow wrapper of a stick of candy.

"'This moose wears trousers, gathers rinds, and birch bark, eats candy, smokes cigarettes'—picking up an old cigarette butt as he said so. 'I wonder if he drinks whisky?'

"They came round the turn by the big hemlock tree and saw the camp, or rather the old one that stood here at that time, right in front of them. Tommy Keen's sled was in the door-yard, and they could hear the 'ting, ting, ting, of an ox-bell from the little hovel we put the dunnage into to-night. 'There's your moose,' says Willis. The boy and the explanation of this is inside the camp. The big moose track we saw on the edge of the bog was a genuine one, but it was two days old, and the moose who made it browsed down a dogwood just before we came out. No one ever knew a bull to browse when he was answering a call, and there was another bull ahead of him. This has been a put-up game, and a clever one, too, but I'm on to it. Let's circle round and see if there is any more devilment to be unravelled.'

"Lutz and the boys were some tired, they sat down. Willis forbid them going into the camp, and after an hour, he came back to them and said it was all right, they could go in. The first thing they saw was Malcolm Keen, dead done out, asleep in one of the bunks. There was a birch-bark call, and a wooden rattle on the table. The kid had undressed himself and his pants were hanging on a nail. Willis took them down, and compared the button he had picked up, with those remaining on them. 'An old pair some visitor has left with Tommy, and his wife has cut them over for the boy,' says Willis. 'Wake up you young scamp,' says he, shaking the kid. The boy sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"'Father told me you were going to be at the camp at Sickle Lake all day,' says Malcolm. 'Have you killed the big bull?'

"'We have been hunting *you* all the morning,' says Willis. 'Do you know that last night you were within two hundred yards of our rifles, playing that fool game with that ox, and the call and rattle?'

"Crack went a pistol outside the camp, and in a minute or two Tommy walked in with a partridge still fluttering in his hand. No owl ever had rounder eyes than he had when he saw Willis, Lutz and the two young men there. Willis didn't wait for him to open his mouth.

"'Mr. Keen,' says he, 'you lit on the wrong crowd this time, I began to suspect you the night you called up the first bull, and changed your call just as he was coming up. I followed you twice when you were cruising round after sign, and I know where you have the bottle of rye whisky hidden under the maple stump, and if you deny it, I can take you there. Several days when you pretended to be cruising for us, you went home and worked on your place, and the furthest we have been from your door-yard is a short four miles, though you led us round the woods and over lakes and streams until any one who wasn't an old hand would have believed himself twenty miles back. You take that boy and send him up to the muzzles of three rifles, so you can swindle the party you're guiding out of a few extra dollars, and then I suppose you intended to let us kill at the last moment, when you'd sucked the very last dollar out of us. You're an infernal scamp, and if you weren't an old man, I'd take a stick and give you a thrashing you'd remember as long as you lived.'

"Tommy's face grew whiter and whiter while he was talking, then he sat down on the deacon seat and commenced to cry. It wasn't sham crying either, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he sobbed like a woman.

"'Thirty years I've been a guide in these woods,' says he, 'and never anything like this happened. Are you the devil himself, or are you only a witch, that you can track me, or my boy over open barrens, and through bushes for miles? I saw those young fellows were getting tired of bad weather, and I wanted to encourage them along, so I told Malcolm to go to Sickle Bog and work the moose racket last night. I've met my Waterloo here, and I can't but own up to it. Come back to Sickle Lake camp with me to-night, and if we don't get a good head before the moon goes down, I'll give you men back the money you paid out

for licenses, and pay your traveling expenses as well. I'm able to do it; I've got the money right here.'

"Willis kind of wilted when he saw the old fellow crying. 'You asked me if I was the devil or a witch,' says he. 'I'm neither, but they used to say that I was the best tracker in New Mexico and Texas, and the Northwest mounted police must have thought the same thing, for when I was in the Northwest they never sent for an Indian if they could get me. By the same token I wrote the book I saw in your house called "Tracks and Traces," you've spoken about it several times. I'm thirty-seven years old, and twenty years of my life has been spent in that sort of work.'

"Well, to cut a long story short, the crowd weakened when they saw the old fellow felt so awful bad. They went back to the camp at Sickle Lake, taking the ox and sled with them, and before 10 that night Tommy called up a noble bull, and they 'downed' him. Next morning they happened on a cow and bull together; they killed the bull and let the cow go. They were a pleased crowd when they came out of the woods. Tommy wanted to charge them nothing for the trip, but Willis said he insisted on paying, and they parted friends."

"Did Willis give the old man away after making friends with him?" I asked.

"No, sir; he never opened his mouth. The way the story came out was this: Two years after this the Dutchman, Lutz, who went cookee for Willis and his crowd, foregathered with another Dutchman, and they set up a line of moose-snares between Pot Lake and Kettle Lake. I was taking my walks abroad and I came on the line, the poles were all hung up, the pits dug, pans made and laid ready, and the fences set up. I waited until the season was nearly on, took Teddy Knight, the constable, with me and we 'pinched' Mr. Lutz and his friend the day we went in. They were trapped so badly that they concluded it would be best to pay their fines and not let the case come to trial. It cost them over $100, and they were mad as hornets about it. I told them that Tommy Keen wasn't concerned in the matter, but they wouldn't believe me. Two days after Lutz paid his fine he met Tommy in Peter Sinclair's store, when there was a crowd in there. He started to tell the story on him, but Tommy cut in and said he could tell it far better himself. The boys told him to go ahead, and some of them told Lutz to shut his mouth until Tommy had told things his own way—he was always a popular character. Then Tommy told the story himself, and he told it so well that he had the whole crowd laughing, and by the time he was through the wind was all out of Lutz's sails. I call that camp Waterloo Camp," said he, when he finished the yarn.

"Tommy died two years ago last March, he took pneumonia in the woods when he was out sugaring. His son, Malcom, does considerable guiding, and he's a fair caller, but he isn't a patch on his old father. Say, if we are to be on Sickle Bog to-morrow morning at daylight we'd best turn in." EDMUND F. L. JENNER.

North Carolina Fields.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 1.—The hunting season in nearly all of North Carolina opened to-day with extremely fine weather and a very good prospect for birds, by this, meaning partridges. These wintered well, and good broods were raised this year. There are some small birds, but most are very well grown indeed. Very large areas of land are planted in peas, the best food for the birds, and there is plenty of feeding for the winter. It seems from what can be gathered that there will be more sportsmen from the north in the State than usual. Most of these have been in the habit of going west of Raleigh after birds, while east of here there are really quite as many. Chatham county is an excellent locality for partridges.

Game warden John W. Upchurch, whose headquarters have been at Raleigh for the past two years has been assigned to special duty on Currituck Sound, where the most important work is to be done. He has a swift gasoline boat at his disposal for patrol purposes, and will no doubt do thorough work. His work heretofore has covered some forty or fifty counties. He tells me that the Audubon law has been very well observed and that it has steadily grown in popularity, this being, of course, a very strong point.

The Sapphire Inn, up at Toxoway is to be open all the winter and I hear that some large hunting parties will be there mainly out for big game, particularly bear and deer. The shooting seasons for both bear and deer has opened very well in the eastern part of the State, and there have been a number killed. Some very large bear have been shot there during the last part of October. In the canebrake and thick swamps known as pocosins, these bear are very numerous. The weather has been so warm until the past ten days that hunting was hot work, but now there have been good frosts and the weather is very agreeable for the purpose, in that rather heavy country, where, of course, there have to be guides for outsiders.

Of other game than that referred to there seems to be a lot. The Audubon law has certainly multiplied the game of various kinds. The season for squirrels did not open until to-day and these are becoming very numerous in some localities. There are very few deer in the thickly settled parts of the State. Hyde county is an excellent place for deer, and perhaps Craven and Jones counties come next. There will be two or three new hunting clubs in operation during the season along North Carolina Sounds. Of nearly all these, New Yorkers are apt to be members or guests. The clubs now run down the coast to within a few miles of Morehead City, and some are built directly on the ocean beach.

The best shooting so far as partridges are concerned, will not really begin until the first of December, after more rains and frost have taken the edge off the weeds, which are now pretty stiff, as the autumn has up to the past few days been phenomenally dry.

There is nothing after all that North Carolinians enjoy more than hunting, and at night, since the first of October, much of this has been done for 'possums. Some of the darkies have made statements to the effect that the 'possums are getting scarce; but there really seems to be about as many as usual, and around the towns they are about as thick as they are in the wilder country, as they can find food they like.

Maine Big Game.

BANGOR, Me., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To-day marks the close of the fifth week of the open season on deer and the third in the moose season, and under the conditions the results are certainly surprising. Those who have maintained that the deer and moose of this State are not on the decrease, as some pessimists have claimed, have been more than vindicated in the large increase in the number of both that have been shipped over the railroads of eastern Maine thus far, an increase of about 100 deer, and a material increase in moose over the corresponding period of 1904. To be sure, the high water mark of 1902, the last season before the introduction of the hunters' license, has not yet been reached, nor will it be until the falling off in numbers due to that innovation and other causes is made up for by an increase in sportsmen visitors during the hunting months. But the extreme dryness of the woods, a condition not known in the last thirty years, has made hunting so exceedingly difficult that it would have been surprising if the number of deer brought out equalled the same period of 1904. While certain sections report that the deer seem to have completely left them, there is reported a generous increase in most portions of game land, and the proportion of bucks has been very large for the first month of the season, a month which usually sees more does by a large majority than bucks, shipped out of the game section by the hunters. This year there has been a decided increase in the number of sportsmen going into the woods, as well as increase, in spite of the untoward conditions, in the number of shipments, both deer and moose.

The moose have been well distributed over the game region, although Patten, which once held the banner for moose shipments, is doing splendidly this season, and has sent out a large number of those recorded, besides having several remain in the care of local taxidermists. Other shipping points are doing their share, and when the season is over it looks now as if the record would surpass any year since 1902.

The conditions for hunting have, in the main, been reported as very poor, some hunters contending that not for thirty years have they seen it so noisy in late October, while a very few with whom your correspondent has talked have suggested that there were a few days when, for a day at a time, the conditions were not nearly as bad as they might have been.

Birds, which in mid-summer were reported as very plentiful throughout the State, and in large broods, seem to have utterly disappeared, although every hunter who can possibly find some is taking home a string of the delicious biddies, a privilege permitted the non-resident for the first time in many years. What has caused the birds to so thoroughly scatter or disappear hasn't yet been satisfactorily explained, but certain it is that with the right to take them home, the visiting sportsman is shooting all that he can find, although it is doubtful if the wardens at the Bangor station have had occasion to count many strings to see if they exceeded the legal limit. Were the birds plenty this year a blunder of the printers (or of some one in the fish and game department) would give the non-residents claim to more even than the newly enacted law does, since the licenses of this year bear a partridge coupon, permitting the holder thereof to take or ship home twelve ruffed grouse instead of ten, as permitted by the statutes. If the scarcity of birds is real instead of only apparent, the number to wear the red tags across the border line into other States will be even smaller in 1906 than has been the case this season. For the sake of the sport, the State and of the sportsmen, we shall live in hopes that adverse conditions, and not a shortage of birds, has made it difficult for any man to get his limit.

Since the seizing of the big bull moose by Chairman Carleton, who was on an investigating trip, with sport as an incidental feature, and who caught a sportsman and his guide red-handed dressing the moose on Sunday, the first day of open season, a bulletin has been issued to all the wardens calling for a rigid enforcement of the law which gives the game one day in seven for a breathing space. This law, which Mr. Carleton has himself said he did not favor, and to repeal which efforts have in the past been made, that were not entirely unknown to him, has been observed more in the breach than in the enforcement, except possibly in the neighborhood of the settlements, where public opinion has demanded that disturbances arising from making the day one of hunting should be prevented in the interests of Sabbath observance. It has surprised not a few to read in the public press his instructions to the wardens "to as thoroughly enforce the law against shooting on Sunday as on any other close time on game and birds." Letters of inquiry directed to the fish and game commissioners, and seeking to learn if this law is to be enforced in the remote hunting sections as well as in the neighborhood of tht settlements, fail to receive any reply, or rather such a letter on the part of the writer met with such silence, so that this must be accepted as the State's policy for the remainder of this season at least. If any modification of this bulletin has since been sent to the wardens, who have arrested several for Sunday violation and secured their conviction, it has not been made public. It is a fact that those roads which lead through wood lots outside of Bangor and probably in many other sections of the State where there are partridge and woodcock covers, have hardly been safe on Sunday since partridge hunting began, the midde of September. Persons driving along or walking were kept in continual state of alarm because of the frequent reports with the occasional whistle of shot or bullet that came too close for comfort.

At last the accident list appears to have reached its highest point, and for the last two weeks the number of casualties has been on the decrease, so that now one doesn't read every morning of some unfortunate whose weapon, or whose friend's weapon has gone off unexpectedly. It is yet too early to congratulate ourselves that the awful record is over, but it is devoutly to be hoped that the number of fatalities, and of serious injury to humanity, shall grow no longer in the more than a month left for hunting big game. The majority of the casualties have been among residents, it is true, and with one or two exceptions non-residents have seemed to be better able to handle their firearms with care than the "natives," but there will be plenty of men in the Maine woods who vote and pay their taxes in other States, who are just as careless by nature with their rifles as any resident of Maine—may their opportunities, and those of all who shoot, be cut off when human life shall be endangered. The tendency now is to investigate such events thoroughly, both through the services of coroner and in the courts, which is well. One non-resident only has been arrested for negligently shooting a man, and he was acquitted of any guilt under the law, his rifle having been discharged purely by accident, when the two were traveling through the woods. In some other cases, the men who did the shooting are being held for the thorough investigation of the courts.

At last it is raining, and all day to-day the rain has fallen upon the thirsty earth in a steady downpour, that is as much greater than the little showers of the past month, as the winter winds are stronger than the gentle zephyrs that make a summer in Maine so delightful to the over-heated city residents. At the present writing it shows no sign of abating, and a few days of this, which is snow in the big woods to the north. In fact, sportsmen who passed through the city to-day reported that it was snowing hard up the B. & A. R. R., when they got aboard the morning train. If this doesn't change to rain, which is unlikely, there will be some great hunting days next week, and the big moose whose tracks have been so eagerly followed without success, as well as the monster buck that glides in safety just out of range, will have to look out for themselves.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Every year this colony is visited by an increasing number of sportsmen. Foremost among the English celebrities are F. C. Selous, the world-renowned African explorer; H. Hesketh Prichard, the well-known novelist and famous cricketer, and J. G. Millais, son of the great Sir John Everett Millais, president of the Royal Academy and the greatest painter of the Victorian age. It is hard to say in which branch the son is most distinguished. In the home country he is well known as a marvelous shot. In the world of literature he is distinguished as the best natural history writer of our day. His great work on the mammalia is destined to become an English classic. Its size and immense cost (£18 18s.) will keep it from the general public. It is specially a work for the learned and the rich. Mr. Millais is very much taken with Newfoundland and comes here every year.

Mr. Selous is also on the warpath, and I will give you an account of his expedition in my next letter.

Mr. J. G. Millais, like his friend Mr. Selous, shows his appreciation of Newfoundland as a sporting country, by paying frequent visits to our island. This year, with his companion and neighbor, Mr. McGaw, he went to the head of Bay D'Espoir. With the help of a number of Mic-Macs from Conne River he portaged all his belongings over to Long Pond. Through a chain of lakes and rivers the party worked their way up to N. E. Dog Pond. They intended working out west either to Red Indian Lake or to St. George's Bay, but they found the portage too long and with the assistance of some Indians that they met in the country they finally portaged over to the headwaters of the Gander and finally down to Glenwood. The march over the hills to the river was a very heavy job that took them more than a week. Mr. Millais speaks in very high terms of the Mic-Mac that Mr. Leslie, of Conne River, selected for him, also of his two men, Fred Wells and Robert Saunders, of Alexander Bay. Mr. Millais, who is a geographer, mapped out the country, and will lecture on the subject before the Royal Geographical Society in London. They saw over 3,000 caribou and got some very good heads. The season for sporting has not been very favorable. Owing to the mild weather, the big stags did not show themselves in the open as they always do on the first coming of snow and first touch of frost. Just at present Mr. Mallais' chief literary work is the completion of the third volume of his great work on the mammalia. For this purpose he had fine opportunities at St. Lawrence, Newfoundland, of seeing a big whale captured, and he was enabled to make sketches and photographs for his new volume. He feels very much indebted to Dr. Rismuller, both for his valuable information about these great mammals and for assistance in painting the animals, both alive and dead. The distinguished visitor is going to write a book on Newfoundland with special reference to the caribou. It will take him a couple of years to complete the work, and he expects to visit Newfoundland again in 1908 to put the finishing touches on his book and obtain more sketches of our animals. Every one who has read his splendid paper on the natural history of the caribou in my Guide Book will understand what the complete and elaborated work will be like.

D. W. PROWSE.

Moose Hunting in Nova Scotia.

SOUTH BROOKFIELD, Queens Co., Nova Scotia, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once more I will call your attention to our success in moose hunting in this section. The month of October has been an ideal month for hunting and the sportsmen have had a good time and good luck in getting game. Dr. C. E. Lane, of Lititz, Pa., has been here and got his two bulls, and goes home a happy man, pleased in every way with his trip. He was only sorry that he could not take another, as the chance offered but the law would not allow him. A gentleman from Grand Rapids, Mich., got one bull, and just then had to leave the woods, as his guide was called home by the death of his father. Two others got two fine bulls and a bear. Some of my neighbors were out only forty-eight hours, others only twenty-four, and got their game. There have been a great many moose killed this season, and all report them very plentiful. As we still have two months for still-hunting I expect to hear of a great many being killed yet this season. Bears have put in their appearance again, and are quite plentiful; wildcats plenty.

I am sorry to have to report the death of our old friend, guide and hunter, Mr. W. S. Crooker, who passed away on the 4th inst. in his seventy-fifth year. G. S.

Maine Deer Not Being Protected.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In making this statement, I cast no reflection on the State Commissioners or their wardens. I believe they are fully alive to the importance of Maine's protecting its large game, and doing the very best they can under their limited conditions. Careful observation on my trips to the Maine woods has convinced me that more deer are killed by campers and lumbermen during the close season, than are killed by licensed sportsmen during the open season.

I am sure I voice the sentiment of the licensed sportsmen when I say we have a claim on the State of Maine for allowing this to be done. What Maine wants, and will have to have, in order to better protect its large game, is a law to prohibit campers and natives alike from taking firearms into the woods with them during the close season. I am fully convinced such a law would be worth as much as twenty-five paid wardens, and would not cost the State a cent. Such a law would have the hearty support of all true sportsmen, and would not be objected to by any other than those who take the rifle into the woods to supply meat.

Visits to the Maine woods for the last thirty years have convinced me long ago that there is no game or animal there that is dangerous to campers. To-day, there is no State in the Union, nor in North America, where, in the same length of time, and for the same amount of money, a man can get as good fishing and large game shooting as he can in the State of Maine. The State has an abundance of large game, which, if properly protected, will furnish legitimate sport for a long time to come. And it is the duty of the lawmakers to see that they have laws to protect it; and when they have a law to prohibit campers and natives alike from taking firearms larger than a .22 rifle, or a .32 revolver into the woods, without written permission from the State Game Commissioner, Maine will have a law easy to enforce and a great game protector.

A. B. F. KINNEY.

Venison in Season.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication of Mr. Charles Hallock, on the unfitness of venison for food during the months of October and November, deserves the respectful consideration and action of all true sportsmen, of whom I am which. The deer meat in those months, being strong as the fragrance of a billy goat to windward—as graphically described by Mr. Hallock—should not tickle any palate which is pitched in the proper key of gustatory appreciation and discrimination.

But the phase of this mephitic subject of the open game season which is difficult to comprehend, is, how the public has been consuming this billy-goat venison all these years without any consciousness of its spice island fragrance.

If the American gourmet has no discrimination of nose or palate—and that is the only conclusion we can draw from his consumption of venison all these years without detecting the wrong of it—I am constrained to believe that he is past reformation, if indeed he be worthy of any trouble to reform him at all.

What is the use in bothering with a gentleman who is eating offensive dainties and does not know the difference? If educated to the higher criticism of venison, as enjoyed by Mr. Hallock and myself, he might even then prefer his venison in the same old startling manner to which he was long habituated. There are men who would break away from a dish of canvasback duck, and the things thereunto appertaining, to revel in the delights of Limburger cheese and chitlings—and they may be right at that. Who knows?

Therefore, Mr. Hallock and I may be wrong about the deer meat, because our palates may be out of focus, our noses discredited and our notions oblique.

But, nevertheless, we can continue to take our deer when they are sweet of body and pure of mind. Eheu!

SQUARE HEAD.

Wildfowl in Maryland.

STOCKTON, Md., Oct. 30.—Once more the wildfowl are moving south, and goodly numbers of black ducks and mallards are stopping on our marshes; in fact, there are more here now than I have seen at any one time for years. The marshes are in fine condition, every pond on them being fairly choked with rich duck grass. Out on the shoals the same conditions prevail, a rank growth of grass making the wide stretches of shallow water look like meadows. There are some geese here, and more are coming every day, but the large open-water fowl have not arrived yet in any considerable numbers; brant and redheads should be well represented about the first week in November.

We have a way of guessing the weather, that I find from years of experience about the safest guess work of any of the many ways. That is, the direction the wind is blowing when the sun crosses the line in September will be the prevailing wind for the next six months. This fall it crossed with easterly winds, which are fine ducking winds, sometimes they are a little boisterous, but down here they never freeze or get very cold; then fowl are always restless, fly low, and make good decoying.

We will use a power launch this season, the first and only one in Chincoteague Bay in use for that purpose. With it we can get on the ground in half an hour, shoot until dark, and back again in same time wind or calm. This will be far better than living on the boat, as it puts you home to a fine, hot, 6 o'clock dinner and comfortable rooms and beds. O. D. FOULKS.

Adirondack Moose and Elk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following extract from a letter received by me to-day from D. Frank Sperry, Esq., an old-time "guide, philosopher and friend" of Old Forge, on the Fulton Chain Lakes, in the Adirondacks, may possibly interest some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Sperry is a staunch advocate for the protection of the Adirondacks and the game therein, and when, some three years ago, just after his return from a trip to Alaska, the bill to restore moose to the Adirondacks was before the Legislature, he proved a most valuable assistant in procuring signatures to a petition in favor of the bill, traveling to Adirondack settlements far and near on snow shoes in the dead of winter. He is a sportsman in the highest sense of the word.

"The moose (i. e., liberated by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission) are thriving where they can dodge greenhorns. They have wandered some thirty miles or more from the locality where they were liberated (i. e., not far from Old Forge), and there are none now near our locality. There is no disposition to drive them off or kill them, as every one, campers, residents and guides, are very anxious to have them and the beaver back in the Adirondacks once more. I have never known of a case of a moose being killed that I think was an intentional killing. But we had one case of four elk shot by a miserable hound simply because they had been given to the Brown's Tract Guides' Association, and this 'cuss' was down on the association and there is no doubt that he killed them. We offered $500 to get proof of who killed them, but there were no witnesses. The sentiment has changed in regard to the protection of game in the last five years wonderfully. I would like to tell you about the beaver we placed in the woods last spring, three on the headwaters of South Branch of Moose River and four on the South Fork of the main inlet to Big Moose Lake. They are all doing well and laying in supplies for winter."

JOHN N. DRAKE.

Duck Shooting in Illinois.

WE are enthusiastic over shooting as are the many other hunters throughout America, and so we listen with interest to many stories told us by the older hunters who hunted here thirty years ago with muzzle-loaders. The great thing was to shoot them when there was a big flight. I was told once about a man who was near-sighted and could see the large ducks, such as canvasbacks, mallards, etc. He would tell the boys to "Let go at 'em," but when smaller ducks would come along he would say, "Don't shoot; them's too small."

It is somewhat different now, as the hunter is very glad to take any kind that choose to come his way. My father, who has done a great deal of shooting in his time, and has shot along the Atlantic coast and bays, moved to the northern part of Illinois on the Fox River, where he could settle down somewhere near good shooting grounds, where the boys could always have some shooting and bring the ducks and game home where all could enjoy the game, and also where he can watch the flight of ducks from the window. W. C. H.

Birds Taken by Rod and Line.

WHILE trolling for bass outside the mouth of Waterville River Mr. Connell captured a puffin, which took the bait (a spoon) under water, got hooked, and was safely brought to boat. On the same day Denis Currane, Mr. Connell's fisherman, who was with him in the boat, was fly-fishing for bass, when a puffin took the fly and was hauled in. Shortly after Currane took another in the same way. It appears that there was a big shoal of sprat at the spot, on which many puffins were feeding. Currane cast his fly, which was an ordinary white one, over the shoal of sprat, hoping to get bass, when instead he caught those puffins. This made three puffins, all captured by rod and line from one boat in a comparatively short time—a strange, if indeed not unparalleled occurrence.—London Field.

A Chance for a Wild Hog.

HOUSTON, Tex., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual hunting and fishing excursion, now being organized by the general passenger department of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, will leave Houston, Tex., Nov. 15, remaining in camp and on trail in southwest Texas until Jan. 1. The party will be composed of thirty prominent northern and eastern capitalists, bankers, business and professional men, aside from guides and camp servants. Col. T. J. Anderson holds out as an inducement to take the trip the fine chance the hunters will have to run into a drove of the wild hogs, which add zest to the game in Matagorda county.

Adirondack Deer.

KEESEVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 27.—From all sections of the Adirondacks come reports of successful deer hunting. The popular resorts are well filled with hunters and a number of deer have been killed daily. The average kill of deer in the entire Adirondack region has averaged about 1,200 to 1,500 carcasses for several years past, and the score this year is likely to be up to the average.

While hunting in the vicinity of Ampersand Pond, near Saranac Lake, Saturday, John Moody, of Saranac Lake, shot a ten-pronged buck, weighing more than 200 pounds.

Stray Carrier Pigeon.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Oct. 30.—I have had reported to me by Mr. Philo Avery, of Esperance, Schenectady county, N. Y., that a couple of weeks previous to Oct. 9 a homing pigeon with a metal tag marked "P. F. 7240" came to his place, and now has a nest with two eggs. He would like to be put in communication with the owner.

EVERETT SMITH.

Sale of Partridges in Quebec.

AYLMER, Que., Sept 28.—According to an order in council passed dated at Quebec, Aug. 29, the law for the buying of, the sale of, or having in possession for the sale of partridges, has been extended to Oct. 1, 1908.

N. E. CORMIER.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Prevents rust on hot, cold, wet or dry guns. Thin oils *will* not. —*Adv.*

Game in New Jersey.

THE Newark Call thus sums up the shooting resources of New Jersey:

The greatest drawback to gunning in New Jersey is the increased acreage of "posted" property. In Passaic, Bergen, Morris and Sussex counties a large majority of the acreage is advertised against gunning or trespassing. Large areas are leased by clubs, or preserved by individual owners, and in these counties there is little free shooting ground. Warren and Hunterdon are said to be over 70 per cent. free, and there is little land posted in Monmouth county, except along the shore. Ocean county is almost entirely free shooting ground. Essex and Union are almost out of the question, except for popping over rabbits in open lots. Hudson does not count either, and Mercer county is pretty well staked off by private owners, while Burlington county presents a great expanse of free shooting, with little game to the square mile. It was said by an old gunner last year that a man would have to travel forty miles up the Lackawanna Railroad to find anything better than a "no trespass" sign to fire a load of shot at.

South Jersey will afford some fine shooting this year it is said, but few Newarkers think of going there for quails or rabbits. It seems like foreign country to people from this end of the State, and they have long become reconciled to giving it up to Philadelphians, who formerly made laws for the regulation of shooting in Salem, Gloucester, Cumberland and Cape May counties.

It is possible to get some excellent quail shooting along the line of the Camden and Amboy division of the Pennsylvania Railroad this year, and along the Freehold and Jamesburg and New Jersey Southern road in Monmouth and Ocean counties. The High Bridge branch of the Central offers attractions also.

No matter where you go it is always good to be polite to landowners, obey orders and avoid destroying property.

The Flavor of Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Charles Christadoro wrote not long ago of the advantages of hanging up game until it had the right flavor. I sent the note to a friend, and append his letter. He certainly knows, and can give most people points on cooking game. J. P. B.

The letter follows:

To add to the tone and flavor of moose and deer meat, it should be hung in a cooler, such as beer and fresh meat is kept in for cooling purposes, until a coat of greenish-blue wool covers it. Take care that it is kept cool enough so that the meat does not become tainted. Two or three weeks' time is necessary to bring it to the proper tone. Be careful to keep it from freezing, as this will ruin the flavor.

Moose meat when cured in this manner is the gamiest of all large game, and a steak from it cannot be surpassed. An open pie made from this meat is most delicious of all. Try one.

It matters not where the custom originated; this way of ripening game is the best and, I think, could only have come to perfection here in Minnesota, where ample moose furnish plenty of meat for experimenting.

A friend of mine, Capt. Wm. White, of mining fame in this country, who is a connoisseur along these lines, together with myself, has experimented until he claims the method perfect.

The principle is that the juices are all retained within the meat. The longer it can be kept without tainting, the better the flavor will be. H. H. S.

Currituck Conditions.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Oct. 31.—Since writing you a few days ago the game conditions have wonderfully improved. A sharp northwester came down from the lakes and with it every variety of duck, goose and swan known at Currituck yesterday. I crossed the feeding grounds of the canvasback, redhead, ruddy duck and blackhead and it seemed to me there were at least a million, at any rate there were as many as at any time during the past few years. For three days there has been a great flight of black ducks and mallards coming from the northwest and southwest, as it was three years ago when we had the best mallard shooting we have had in twenty years, if ever. Canada geese also came with the ducks until the Sound seems filled with them. A few swans have also arrived. On the whole, the prospects for the opening day, Nov. 2, are very bright. MORE ANON.

Song of the Mountain.

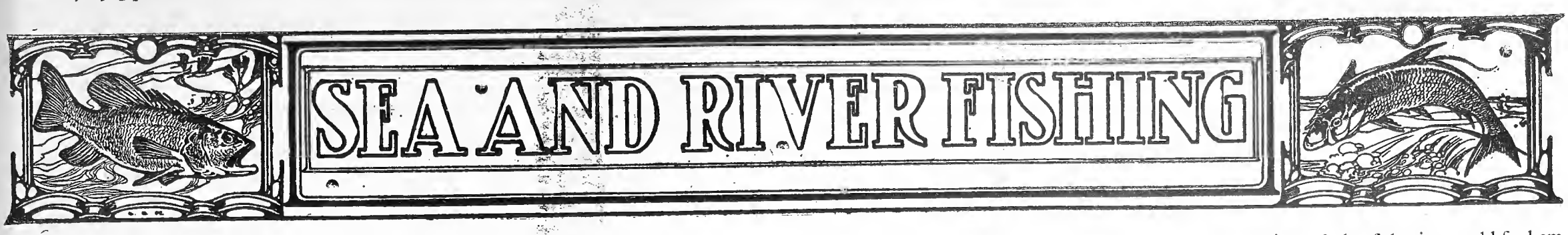
Son of all the cities,
With their culture and their code,
What brings you to my doorway
By the lone and starry road?
You may come with seven pack-mules,
You may walk or steam or ride,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you come without a guide.

You may come with rod and level,
With compass and with chain,
To parcel me for profit
And barter me for gain;
You may tell my age in æons
By the scars on drift and slide;
But you'll never, never know me
Till you learn how I abide.

You may range my slopes for silver;
You may wash my sands for gold;
You may tally every jewel,
Till my gems have all been told;
You may cross my wildest cañon,
You may top my last divide,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you watch me, wonder-eyed.

You must sleep for nights together,
With your head upon my breast,
The companion of my silence,
The receiver of my rest.
You may come with all your wisdom,
To subdue me in your pride,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you love me like a bride.

—Bliss Carman in the Reader's Magazine.



The Dominating Carp.

Second Paper.

EVANSTON, Ill., Nov. 2.—Blessed with a country so prospersous that neither Aladdin's lamp nor the dreams of Midas could ever conjure up its wealth, it certainly should not stand idly by with its untold millions and see the finest body of pure water which is combined in our Great Northwestern Lakes turned into a pasture for the propagation of an alien fish so coarse that even a coal-heaver would reject it.

If the magnitude of the prescnt increase of the offensive carp now naturally progressing in these waters could only be realized, as well as its great danger to the extinction of all our fishes, there would not be a single sane person who would not desire the destruction of this foreign outlaw who is the very curse of our waters. Comprehend, if you can, that he has now allotted to him as one specialty wherein to roam and propagate at his pleasure, an area of 100,000 square miles of an unbroken reservoir of pure water as well as an addition of 1,500 rivers which are tributary to this vast basin, the pride of America. No wonder that a distinguished member of the American Fisheries Society proudly exclaimed, "That all the barrels of money we can open will not destroy them"; and therein lies the great danger to our game and edible fishes. Just so sure as the sun shines and the stars twinkle it will eventually be the dominating fish of this country. Men may come and men may go, but this coarse carp will go on forever, this with an apology to Tennyson. The annual increase of this scavenger will progress in the same ratio as compound interest, and that is a startling fact.

This is no Chinese puzzle, for the most simple mathematics will solve the problem to a nicety. He, however, who comes to seek knowledge in this matter with a mind to scorn and censure will find nothing for his instruction, for a palpable error to him is more acceptable than an unquestioned fact. His idol is the unregenerated carp, and to this he bends with the most submissive humility. To quote we will state "that ignorance, which is the wet nurse of prejudice, never yet won a case on its merits."

There is little or no use talking about the carp's edibility, for it is generally recognized as a coarse fish of low degree, and to substitute it for our magnificent fishes, which are highly appreciated the world over, is enough to make the very angels weep. I am not aspiring to be a dictator when the enjoyment of the salivaries is to be considered, for I believe in an open door in this commerce and therefore think it best to emulate the old woman of pastures green, when, after kissing the cow, she fervently proclaimed "Everybody to their own liking." That is my platform, and therefore it would not be felicitous for anyone to strive to drive an ignoble carp down the turnpike of my throat for my gastrics to disdainfully reject.

It has culminated as a sad mistake of our Bureau of Fisheries, and I deeply regret that it has, for the grand work that able and efficient corps of officials has consummated is to be highly commended. They have built up the fading cod fisheries to a great extent, established subaqueous farms for the rearing of sponges in Florida, and on the Potomac they are fattening oysters by a new process, and have also built up the shad fisheries; in fact, saved them from total destruction, and in addition placed this year some 250,000,000 whitefish in the Great Lakes, as well as accomplishing other great scientific works which have proved of incalculable benefit to the entire country.

If they can only rid our Great Lakes of this cursed carp no honors will be too great to bestow upon them. I am fearful, as others are, that it is a task like cleansing the Augean stables. They are here, I think, to stay, and grow and multiply till they become one vast army of untold millions. This fish is a marvel of longevity and growth and endurance. He will live in all waters—cold, warm, clear, dirty, stagnant and salt. He is hardy and pugnacious, and was never yet driven out of any water, no matter how many game and savage fighting fish therein. With such a fish, so wonderfully constructed and conditioned, what chance has any other fish in the same waters? Place brook trout in a grayling stream and see how quick the grayling will disappear. That fact has been exemplified in the Michigan grayling streams, which were at one time quite generously populated with them; now you can hardly find a grayling in the entire State. Not so with carp. He remains to the crack of doom and soon rules the waters with proud imperialism.

It took 100 years to prove that fossils are organic, and 150 years, according to Thorcau, to prove that they are not to be referred to the Noachian deluge. Let us have no such lapses of time to ascertain that the carp is wholly unfit for the culinary, and that it would be more duly honored in its complete absence from our lakes and rivers of pure water. I have never yet heard a single person with whom I have conversed on this subject declare in favor of the carp. This alien is not in our line of progress as respects quality, and it simply stands for the entire depletion of our American fresh water fishes and sports therewith. To one who has learned the alphabet of the waters, the science of propagation and preservation, the mysteries of life and death under the seas, he will coincide with me when I state that a great mistake has been made in introducing this finny harpy into our waters. The very devil, who stands for destruction of all good, lurks behind the deleterious carp. He is a veritable outcast in American waters; and yet there are some men, and intelligent ones, too, who stand shoulder to shoulder with the carp and strive to choke him down the throats of all our people—*sans cérémonie*. It is far cheaper and better to protect the noble heritage that came to us in such rich harvests from watery realms than to experiment with a foreign product that comes to us with such significant distrust. We have had some costly lessons of this kind taught us before, and the pestiferous sparrow is one of them, to say nothing of the wild pigeon whose flocks darkened the very heavens, and the magnificent bisons, which were numbered by the millions as they roamed over our trackless prairies years ago and gave the red man of the forest his sustenance; and now we are to be red-ribboned with the anarchistic carp.

There are zealots who, in the ardor of their pursuit, forget the goal from which they started and claim everything in sight. They will find if they keep up the pursuit with such vehemence that the miraculous draught of fishes by our Saviour were all carp, and that it now has a divine flavor. They are invariably drunk with their certain belief and with that absorption their faculties are so enthused with loftiness and pride in their cause that they really opine that feathers are sprouting from their shoulder blades. This is no frenzy finance à la Lawson, but a multitude of facts that will not be obliterated as long as the carp is plowing the soil of our waters with its leathery nose and turning up and tearing up the spawning beds of our choice game and edible fishes, as well as creating a turbid condition of the water as the vast armies advance on their vandal warfare of extermination.

The introduction of the carp to our waters, which has been planted by the United State Fish Commission in some fifteen hundred or more localities throughout the country, are now coming to the fore with startling rapidity and therefore attracting universal attention, not only by the sportsmen but by others who have at heart the preservation of our lakes and rivers of pure water from the bold encroachments of this finny pariah. The cry as a defense or an apology for its incursion is that it will prove a great blessing to our indigent and improvident, as if they were the sole beneficiaries and that alone was sufficient compensation for the loss of our cherished game fishes as well as many of our choice edible fishes. Think of the delicious whitefish stepping down and out with a farewell to his imperial carpship, and so of the gamy black bass, the toothsome brook and lake trout, the savage maskinongé, the pike, the perch, and so on through the entire list of our lake fishes.

What becomes of the other classes of our citizens? Are they not worthy of some consideration as to legislation relative to the transplanting and protection of our fishes, or are they to take pot luck and forever after hold their peace? There are not enough insurance companies to go around, and so, perforce, they will be left to take the topography of the heavens or go to some isolated waters where Naiads come to comb and curl their golden locks and there angle for some overlooked sunfish.

Of course, with the disappearance of our cherished fishes the devotees of the gentle art may as well hang their pliant rods upon the willows, the tackle shops close their front door, the work shops allied thereto also go into retirement and all because the carp has become the monarch of the waters and pulled in the latch-string. Woe is me, Alhama! Oh, ye gods! what thick encircling darkness blinds the minds of men. There are truths which some despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise. There is one person, and that is our worthy President, who will, we are positive, protest against the turning of our Great Lakes into pastures for the rearing of the ignoble carp. This will be fully realized on reading the dedication of his new book to John Burroughs. In it he distinctly emphasizes his appreciation of the rich heritage which is left us. He very forcibly and feelingly says:

"Every believer in manliness and therefore in manly sport, and every lover of nature, every man who appreciates the majesty and beauty of the wilderness and of wild life, should strike hands with the far-sighted men who wish to preserve our material resources in the effort to keep our forests and our game beasts, game birds and game fish—indeed, all the living creatures of prairie and woodland and seashore—from wanton destruction."

If the persistent advocates for transplanting and propagating carp in our Great Lakes can find a shred of consolation in the above dedication they must possess an empire in their brains and a vanity like an insatiate cormorant that soon preys upon itself.

I am not alone in confronting this problem, for it has interested every one who is heart and soul in the saving of our fresh water fishes, so dear to all. Public opinion is now becoming so strong in this matter that Congress will doubtless have to recognize it and strive to correct the evil before it is too late. It looks to me as if this scavenger has now such an overpowering hold on our great reservoirs that the work of reducing them to any material extent will prove such a gigantic undertaking as to fairly daze our officials. The State of Illinois, realizing a similar condition in Fox Lake, one of her great nurseries of game and food fishes, made an attempt last year to have the undesirable fish eliminated therefrom. They took out about 40,000 pounds of them and then retired in dismay from the hopeless task. This will undoubtedly be the fate of our Great Lakes unless some great genius discovers a method to achieve the desired triumph.

The only way, I think, to operate with hopes of success is to meet force with force. Let the Government increase its number of hatcheries, and do it generously, and so plant in the Great Lakes such a multiplicity of fry (young fish) of all species, or, specially the best. If three or four hundred millions of fry are now annually put in, run it up to the billions, and if there is anything in propagation, which I am confident there is, the increase would soon show itself. In addition to this let there be a rest of the lake fisheries for at least three years, and to make this effective, let there be an international harmony with Canada, for it is equally interested in our lake fisheries and has been loudly complaining of the evils the carp has wrought. A large number of men thus thrown out of employment by the closing of the fisheries could find employment in the new hatcheries. If all the men could not thus secure work they could very readliy find it elsewhere and at wages more remunerative than now and employment much easier than the hard work they now have. This I think feasible, and the cost of the experiment would return fourfold to our Federal uncle.

The State of Michigan will suffer more than any other State from the depletion of our Great Lakes. It is a perfect paradise for anglers, and I have not the least doubt that eight or ten thousand sportsmen visit it every year for the thrilling delights of rod and gun. Trout streams radiate it in every direction, inland lakes alive with fish dot it in every quarter, and then the lakes on its northern boundary present the best trout and bass fishing extant. Its railroad—the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railway—is called the "Fishing Line," and it is no misnomer. I have for the past twenty years or more angled in the generous waters of that State and have had more thrilling delights in there taking trout, black bass and maskinongé than any other place. Again, *en passant*, it is the great deer State of the country, while its fields and forests abound with partridge and the wild ducks are cut down by the hundreds where the wild rice grows in expansive waters and lagoons.

Let the carp once get a strong foothold in these inland streams and lakes and make a clean sweep of the lakes on the north, the loss alone of the sporting element would aggregate a most surprising sum. Railroad passenger traffic would decline, hotels and boarding houses suffer, the many summer resorts on the waters languish, and, in fact, it would throw many out of employment.

Now Michigan has a silver-tongued orator in the person of the Hon. William Alden Smith and an otherwise active, enterprising and intelligent gentleman who would be the very person to bring this matter before Congress. In his early days he was associated with the Fish and Game Commission of that State and has a complete knowledge of the fisheries, both commercially and sportively, and is thus eminently qualified to take up this gage of battle. We have known him for many years, have watched his course in Congress, which has been a very honorable and remarkable one, and we know he could do more to rectify this depletion of the Great Lakes than anyone. Let his constituents request his support in this matter and we are confident he will take up the battle and win it if any one can, for it is a most honorable and meritorious cause.

If the public really knew all the facts about the introduction of this coarse and ungodly fish whose reproductivity is perfectly marvellous, and whose tenacity to exist under the most unfavorable conditions, and whose astonishing growth and longevity are the wonder of all scientists and naturalists, it would rise up in its wrath and demand its immediate removal from our waters. Think of a country—and it is a possibility—with any one absolutely dominating species of fish. Again imagine, by way of comparison, of our forests with but one species of bird and that a crow or buzzard. This gives you some idea as to how we are drifting in our natural history. If we are to continue our transplanting of the finny tribe let it be of a superior quality and not of a species with a cloven foot. The carp is really the serpent in paradise.

I have presented this additional letter on the "dominating carp," as there was much I desired to state that was not given in my first. ALEX. STARBUCK.

The Angler of the Quais.

IT is said that the French touch no form of pleasure which they do not adorn and refine. In Paris they have adorned the pleasure of angling with a pole unique for size among the fishing rods of this earth, and they have refined it to the point of infinity by eliminating from it all expectation of catching fish. I mean that in Paris there is no worry or excitement about angling. It is all pure pleasure. The panoply of sport always appeals strongly to the French heart. No one is more carefully be-gaitered, be-gunned, be-dogged, and be-bandoliered than the shooter whom one meets in the heart of Paris on the eve of the ouverture; no one wears baggier knickerbockers than the French cyclist, or a more pronounced badge in his cap; no one glares through bigger goggles when he rides in a motor car. So no one has a longer rod than the French angler. "But," you object, "the quais at Paris are high and steep, and he must have a long rod to reach the water at all." That is very plausible, but I fear that it is not quite a fair statement of the case. It would be more true to say that, in order to have a long rod, he must fish off the quais. Anywhere else his weapon must excite ridicule. On an ordinary bank of three to five feet height what should a man be doing with about twenty-five feet of bamboo in his hands? But I may be doing him an injustice. There is a possible alternative explanation of this prodigality of rod. Perhaps it is the complete absence of sport which brings the contemplative Parisian to the riverside; but whether it be his passion for a striking equipment or the impossibility of catching fish which is responsible for his presence on the quais he is equally worthy of study, for, vainglorious or avid of tranquility, he is surely the happiest of all fishermen.

During the past month of August I had many opportunities of observing him. I have done so with amusement when I was merry, with contempt when I was out of temper, with exasperation when I looked for sport, and with despair at all times. But I have had to spend a week on a Derbyshire trout stream since in order to think of him with envy. You must know that I am one of those unfortunate anglers whom the dry fly has robbed of all pleasure in other forms of

fishing. The wet fly wearies me; the worm I loath; the minnow has nothing to offer me; I cannot guddle; to snatch I am afraid. Yet, for lack of rising fish, I tried every lawful method during three days, in vain. I came in each night chilled and sodden with rain, and swore as often to go home in the morning. And when each morning broke with a promise of sun I put off my going for another twenty-four hours, hoping, like any angler, for a soft wind and fly on the morrow. On the fourth day the sun came out, but the fly did not, and I had but one new burden laid upon me for the rest of the week. I can say nothing of my sport more forcible than that it was of a badness sufficiently consistent to bring me to a resolution (since cancelled) to spend next summer with a big bamboo on the Quai d'Orsay.

For to the Parisian angler such an experience would have been impossible. What does he know of the hopeless glance up wind for a break in the gray? If the day is unpleasant he stays at home like a sensible man, and so he always has fine weather for his angling. What does he know of the dodges and miseries of the dry-fly angler, the crawlings and the cramps, the cross wind and the drag, the branches and the barbed-wire, and the filled waders? He is not, let me tell you, the sort of fool to creep about among nettles or kneel on jagged stones—when camp stools are so cheap. He looks for no fish, so he is never disappointed. Six whole days without a kill? Flute! This is a bagatelle to a man who only begins to think sport dull when two whole summers have gone by without his float sinking. If he has not the fierce joy of the strike home he never suffers the wretchedness of the subsequent break. Though his heart never beats as the fish which has refused a dozen patterns at last opens his mouth, his soul is never rent to pieces as the fly comes back. For him there is no futile comparing of patterns, no anxious scrutiny of the insects which float on the water, no doubts about the size of the hook, the material of the body, the tint of the wing. A lump of dough is all his bait. It requires little attention. Every now and then when the action of the water has taken away so much as was on the hook he renews it patiently. Thus he is free to concentrate his attention on the things that really matter. The steamboats which pass eternally, crowded with gay and interesting people, the digestion of his lunch, the conversation of his friends, the protecting presence of his wife who sits beside him with her crochet, the prattle of his children, who scratch in the sand not far away; these are but a few of the thousand and one delights which serve to make the happy hours glide more happily by. He is as contented as a cow in a fat pasture.—W. Quilliam, in the London Field.

Salmon Fishing in Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the season of 1905 a number of gentlemen in Scotland met to discuss the causes of the great decrease of salmon in their rivers. An old Highlander was asked to give his opinion. He declared, "If there's nae watter there'll be nae fush"—"watter" is an essential element we all know, but there may be too much "watter." It is from excessive floods, and a cold, damp spring that we have suffered this season. The fish were late in ascending the rivers, and the wet weather produced a regular plague of flies.

Several of our southern rivers, such as the Grand and Little River Codroy, Harry's Brook, and other streams, in St. George's Bay, have now been most carefully protected from nets, poachers and all other obstructions for the past few years. I predicted that in consequence not only would there be a great increase of fish but also that very large salmon would eventually be caught by anglers. The well known sportsman, Sir Bryan Leighton, Bart., and Lady Leighton were out in Newfoundland this season. Sir Bryan rather ridiculed my prediction until in the Grand River Codroy he hooked and held a 40-pounder. He held the fish for about half an hour, saw him jump quite close to him, but as he was badly hooked he eventually lost him. As Sir Bryan says, he has seen plenty of monster salmon in British Columbia, so he could not be mistaken about the size, which, he states, was between 35 and 40 pounds. The warden before that informed me that late last season they saw numbers of very big fish in the pools.

A large number of anglers went this year to the Upper Humber and all caught a great many fish, but I have not heard of any specially large salmon being taken; plenty of 20-pounders, but no record fish. It was the same at Little River Codroy. The biggest take was a 26-pounder by Dr. W. C. Woodward, of Middleboro, Mass., U. S. The veteran angler, F. I. Daggett, of Boston, Mass., who is generally high line on this river (last year he took a 36-pounder), had nothing heavier than a 14-pounder this year. Everyone is agreed about the immense numbers of fish in the rivers, but they were extraordinarily capricious, often sulky and would not look at a fly.

Sea trout were, as usual, plentiful, and Colonel Nicholson caught one 6½-pounder. The highest average, so far, in our southern rivers had been 5 pounds, but on the west coast there are several streams where the fish run to 7 and 8 pounds, and on the Labrador sea trout of 10 and even 12 pounds are quite common.

I send you the returns of the fish caught at Little River Codroy, the reports from the other rivers have not yet been sent in. Great Codroy River shows well.

D. W. PROWSE.

A Large Sturgeon.

CANSO, Nova Scotia.—A local merchant bought a sturgeon caught in a trap near this town a few days ago. The fish weighed 290 pounds entire, length nine feet two inches, girth nine feet ten inches. He thinks it is a record size for these waters. I maintain no. My natural history mentions the sturgeon attaining the length of twelve feet. Kindly verify. FOREST AND STREAM is my sporting sheet anchor. The man who lives up to the teachings of *our* paper cannot go far wrong in outdoor life.

In re sea trout I remember very distinctly a mackerel drifter taking over a thousand fine sea trout twenty odd miles west of Valencia Island, Ireland. That means, of course, over twenty miles off shore. Salmon begin to ascend Waterville River, County Kerry, on Jan. 1, so you see there are other early rivers.

Swordfish have afforded very good sport in our bay, some weighing 500 odd pounds have been landed; pollock are numerous along shore, and no better sport can man desire than a 15 to 20-pound pollock on a good rod. May I mention that this method of fishing pollock is as "old as the hills" in Ireland. We used to fish with flies, artificial sand eels, rubber baits of all shapes and sizes.

I have interviewed numerous old and young skippers that were or are still in the habit of voyaging to the Labrador coast, and they all agree that there is no duck egg traffic carried on now, but in years gone by quite a few hookers used to bring back a load, as one old salt remarked. During the American Civil War a large traffic was done in this business, the eggs were disposed of to hotel keepers, restaurants, etc. Even in those days the eggers had to be very careful, as the Government cruisers of Canada watched them pretty closely. One captain told me that some of his men (they were fishing down there some twenty-five years ago) landed to pick berries, he seeing a mossy spot below a bank with good berries growing near by, jumped off the bank and sank to his armpits in eggs that were cached there. But for one duck that flies past here now there were a hundred then, and in the fall they come down this bay in thousands. There is no egging now, but every boy able to carry a gun goes after them in and out of season. It is no uncommon thing for one gunner to bag fifty or sixty ducks in a spring morning when the birds are flying north to their breeding grounds.

C. K. O'D.

Concerning Bass.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 4 I noticed a very interesting item entitled "Concerning Bass," by Peter Flinn. In the item he says: "All this leads me to the question, whether the large-mouth bass breed in the same lake and do better in water inhabited by the small-mouth bass variety. Or do each prefer a peculiar part of the same lake?"

From something I noticed in a pond in one of the State hatcheries last year I should say that the large-mouth bass most emphatically prefer a part of a body of water as far away from the small-mouth bass as it can get. And it is its personal safety which provokes this desire. Last year a large number of large and small-mouth bass were planted in the ponds at the hatchery mentioned for use for the Pennsylvania exhibit at the World's Fair. Within forty-eight hours after being placed therein there was a complete separation of the species, the large-mouth bass occupying the shallower and muddiest part of the pond, while the small-mouth bass occupied the other. The separation was not voluntary. If a large-mouth bass ventured anywhere near the precints of the small-mouth there was trouble, and the large-mouth bass found some difficulty in getting back to his own corner without damage. On the other hand, a small-mouth bass could venture with some impunity among the large-mouth species. On one occasion, while at the hatchery, just to see what would happen, I threw some feed in the pond midway between the upper and lower end, and the large-mouth bass were not permitted to secure their regular share, hence my opinion, that the large-mouth bass and the small-mouth for that matter prefer to herd by themselves.

W. E. MEEHAN,
Commissioner of Fisheries.

In the Delaware.

FROM Washington's Crossing, on the Delaware, comes the story of a curious freak of the finny tribe, which we give as it comes, leaving it to the experts to offer an explanation.

In October, 1903, after a four days' rain, occurred the greatest flood ever known in the Delaware. Not only was the river 'bank full," but it swept over the farm lands adjacent, flooding houses and cellars, carrying away bridges, scooping out chasms in smiling meadows, and leaving huge piles of logs, bridge timbers and driftwood in fruitful cornfields.

Before this flood fishing had been good; black bass, perch, eels and catfish could be had in abundance, and in the season shad. Since the flood there have been practically no fish in the river, and anglers have almost ceased to try for them. Even the shad fishing is not half what it once was. The fishermen do not offer an explanation but are disposed to blame the flood for their ill-luck. Either, they argue, it washed all the fish out of the river or else it washed so much blamed stuff in that they left in disgust and have never come back.

Perhaps some piscatorial expert will arise and express an opinion.

L.

Propagation of Lobsters.

CONSUL-GENERAL HALLOWAY, of Halifax, reports that an Ottawa special says that one of the experts of the Canadian fisheries department has returned from British Columbia, after successfully planting, at different points in the waters of that Province, a large number of good-sized lobsters. Attempts have been made by the fisheries department in other years to transfer lobsters from the waters of the Atlantic to the Pacific, but without success, the long railway journey being too much for the crustaceans. Profiting by the experience gained in the past, extra precautions were taken this year, with the results that of the original consignment of several thousand lobsters shipped from the maritime provinces, forty per cent. reached Vancouver in good condition, and were speedily transferred to the sea at various points, both on the mainland coast and Vancouver Island, upon which a strict closed season will be observed for two or three years.

The Hay Bay fishing lodge advertised on another page will interest visitors to that angling resort.

THE MANY-USE OIL
This famous reel oil never gums. Substitutes will fail you.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

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(Assumed office Oct. 1, 1905.)

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Executive Committee—John S. Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.; Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—Charles P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., E. Rochester, N.Y.

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Rear-Commodore—Frank S. Chase, Manchester, N. H.
Purser—Edgar Ward, 112 Highland St., West Newton, Mass.
Executive Committee—Daniel S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.; Arthur G. Mather, 84 South St., Medford, Mass.; H. L. Backus, 472 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.
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Rear-Commodore—James W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—Russell H. Britton, Gananoque, Ont., Canada.
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Board of Governors—John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont., Canada.
Racing Board—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

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Rear-Commodore—Lucien Wulsin, The Baldwin Co., 142 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Wade Hampton Yardley, 49 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
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How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Canoeing in the State of Washington

BY D. C. CONOVER.

THERE is probably no aquatic sport so enjoyable and at the same time so healthful as canoeing. This form of pleasure is increasing each year, and particularly so in the Far West, where streams and lakes as well as ocean waters abound. It would be difficult to find in any section of the United States a section so well adapted to canoeing as that part of the State of Washington known as the Puget Sound country, and more particularly as applied to the immediate vicinity of that great metropolis of the Northwest, the city of Seattle.

Seattle, by virtue of its many natural advantages, has grown in the past five years from a town of 80,000 people to a city of 160,000, and its population is increasing at the rate of between 15,000 and 20,000 each year. One reason for its remarkable growth, and probably the greatest, is its situation on Elliot Bay, which is a part of the inland sea—Puget Sound. This fact, together with its comparative proximity to Alaska and the Orient, has been the means of the wonderful strides in its development.

On the west side of Seattle, in fact its western boundary, is Puget Sound; its eastern boundary, four miles from the Sound, is Lake Washington, one of the most beautiful lakes imaginable, with its numerous little bays and islands, and having visible, apparently rising from the edges of the shore, although many miles away, the mysterious Cascade Range of mountains, and surmounting all the perpetually snow-capped peak, Mt. Rainier, rising nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Lake Washington is nearly twenty-five miles in length and from one to three miles in width. Its outlet is the scenic Black River, a stream twenty-five miles, which runs to the Sound. The lake's inlet is the Sammamish River, or, as it is more commonly called, "Squak Slough." This river or slough is very sinuous, having more than 275 sharp turns in a distance of less than ten miles. These turns, however, make the distance from Lake Sammamish, from which the slough originates, to Lake Washington, thirty miles. Lake Sammamish is a splendid sheet of water, ten miles long and one mile wide, with wild and rugged shores and here and there a human habitation. Thus it will be seen that from the head of Lake Sammamish to the waters of Puget Sound is a distance of about ninety miles. This stretch of water is a veritable canoeists' paradise, and is a trip which, in its entirety, has been taken by very few canoeists.

During the latter part of the month of July, of the present year, a party of canoeists consisting of Bertrand Johnson, Walter S. Osborn, C. M. Leedham, E. P. Moran and D. C. Conover, made the trip up Squak Slough against a three-mile current to Lake Sammamish, where, after a day's outing, they returned down the slough to the canoe headquarters on Lake Washington, at Seattle, and after a few days' rest the party, with the exception of Mr. Moran, who was prevented by business engagements from leaving the city, in two canoes, fully equipped with camping outfit, blankets, sails, etc., again embarked and cruising south along the shores of the lake entered the Black River and paddled down to the Sound, where the canoes and outfits were placed on the steamer Perdita and the next morning proceeded to Port Gamble, a lumber mill town just inside the entrance to Hood Canal, a branch of Puget Sound, which, although not

quite so large, is about 100 miles in length and averages fully three miles in width. The use of the word canal, as applied to this body of water, is very misleading, as it is really included in the common designation Puget Sound.

There is no finer body of salt water in the world than Hood Canal and its scenery is unsurpassed. Majestic mountain ranges, some heavily timbered with spruce and fir, others snow-capped, rise from the water and give the traveler a true insight into the ruggedness of nature and inspire him with a profound admiration for the mystery of creation. Here and there, flowing into the canal, having their origin in some ancient glacier in the mountain fastnesses, are turbulent streams where speckled trout abound, affording splendid sport to the angler at certain seasons of the year.

Disembarking at Port Gamble from the steamer Perdita we paddled away in our canoes about 11 o'clock in the morning, and after covering a mile's distance, were agreeably surpside to find a breeze springing up and blowing in a southerly direction which gave us a fair wind toward our destination of the day, Seabeck, twenty-one miles away. Gradually the wind increased in velocity until the whitecaps were visible in all directions and the waves were running several feet high. To anyone who enjoys sailing let him ride the storm-swept waters of this inland sea, in a basswood canoe, sixteen feet long and only thirty-one inches wide, open the entire length, except for a covered space fourteen inches at each end, with only a low rail to prevent the water splashing over the ends into the canoe, and the canoe loaded down with 150 pounds of camp equipage and two men, weighing together 400 pounds, the sensation is one he will never forget. Carried along by the force of the gale, the bow of the canoe plunging into the waves one moment and then suddenly sinking beneath them at the stern, the waves breaking against one's back, holding the canoe on its course with a paddle in order that it may not expose its open sides in the trough of the sea to the breaking waves, and withal shipping very little water, was our experience, and when we had traveled this twenty-one miles in three hours, arrived at our destination safely, and, pitching our tent, prepared for the morrow's pleasures.

Seabeck is one of those old deserted mill towns, which were in the height of their boom days some fifteen or twenty years ago, and although the houses and stores are there, only a handful of people are left to tell of their former prosperity. Seabeck's mill had burned many years before, and near its site we camped for two days, enjoying the splendid fishing in its harbor, and disporting ourselves in the salt water, warmed by the hot sun beating down on its long stretches of sand and warming the water as the tide came in.

From this point to Pleasant Harbor, one of the most magnificent land-locked basins, half a mile long, 200 yards wide and 200 feet deep, was our next stopping place. Here we remained two days and enjoyed the trout fishing in the Dosewallips River and Duckabush River, two mountain streams on either side of us. These streams, cold and clear, are the angler's delight, and from their numerous deep pools have been taken many Dolly Varden trout, weighing as high as 14 and 15 pounds in some instances. The best fishing, however, is had some six or seven miles back in the mountains, although excellent fishing can be had at the mouths of these rivers.

Leaving Pleasant Harbor we set out for Lilliwaup, some twenty miles further up the canal, but encountering heavy south winds, were compelled to put into shore and spend the day and night at Quatsap Point. Here we obtained a fresh supply of provisions from a neighboring farmer, and were ready to proceed as soon as the wind subsided. Sleeping out that night on the beach with only our blankets and the starry heavens above us, we enjoyed one of the most peaceful and refreshing slumbers of the journey.

Early next morning we resumed our course, and, passing numerous small streams, arrived at Lilliwaup River, where we remained two days. The scenery of Lilliwaup is remarkable in its graudeur. The river runs a mile back from salt water to the falls, and paddling up to these we left our canoes on the shore and climbed the foothills to a height of more than a thousand feet, where we saw the river falling over the rocks in another beautiful fall. There are six of these falls in this thousand feet, and it would be impossible to say which is the prettiest, so beautiful are they all. Besides this river with its falling waters, a small and beautiful lake, said to contain myriads of trout, lies only a short distance from the town. The Olympic Mountains peep out from the clouds and give an air of sublimity to the scene.

Leaving Lilliwaup we paddled on our way to a point some two miles from Union City, which is located practically at the head of the canal, and from this point we cruised the upper end of the canal and made one day a journey up the Skokomish River, some three miles from Union City, up to and beyond the Indian village of the Skokomish Indian reservation. Here we purchased some Indian paddles from an old squaw, through the good offices of the Rev. Edwin Eells, Indian agent in charge, who acted as our interpreter.

Union City (a city in name only) is so located that in time it will become one of the greatest summer resorts of the Puget Sound country. It enjoys hot weather in summer to a far greater extent than any other city on salt water in the State of Washington. In fact, it is so hot that one old man remarked, as he shook the perspiration from his head, that Yuma, Ariz., was cool in comparison. Nevertheless, the heat there makes it a splendid place to enjoy the bathing, as the water becomes warm and delightful.

After an absence of two weeks' time, and covering a distance in our canoes of more than 250 miles, bronzed and hardened, we left Union City for home on the steamer Inland Flyer, thankful for our health, and duly grateful to that wise and all-seeing Providence which has so lavishly bestowed upon the State of Washington so many natural advantages for the enjoyment of the enthusiastic canoeist.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—William A Coley, New York city, by F. C. Hoyt; Edgar C. Beecroft, New York city, by H. C. Ward.

FREDERIC G. MATHER, Treas.



New Boats From Gielow's Designs.

MR. HENRY J. GIELOW now has on his boards or building from his designs twenty-nine new boats. Of these the largest is a 100ft. waterline steam yacht and the smallest is an 18ft. waterline power boat. The tendency of the day is certainly toward vessels equipped with either steam or combustion engines. This is evidenced by the fact that twenty-four of the twenty-nine vessels Mr. Gielow now has in hand are fitted with either steam or gas engines. Another interesting feature is that of the fifteen power boats designed by Mr. Gielow only one is intended solely for high speed. The racing of high speed launches has not, up to this time, been either satisfying or conclusive, and owners now demand something besides speed alone in their new boats. Besides the fifteen power boats Mr. Gielow's designs include five racing sail yachts, two auxiliary yawls, three steamers, one steam launch and three houseboats.

Of these numerous designs the most interesting and most important is a 63ft. waterline racing sloop. This vessel is for one of Mr. Gielow's oldest clients and she will undoubtedly be the feature in next season's racing. She will be built entirely of Tobin bronze, by Mr. Robert Jacob, at his City Island yard. Mr. Gielow was given a carte blanche order when commissioned to design this boat, and he will not be hampered in any way by any restrictions or requirements on the part of the owner. She is 92ft. over all, 63ft. waterline, 17ft. breadth and 11ft. draft.

Of the other racing boats three are designed for racing in class P on Gravesend Bay and on Long Island Sound. The owners of these three boats are all Atlantic Y. C. members and they have all had experience in either the smaller or larger classes. The dimensions of these boats are 42ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 9ft. breadth and 6ft. 3in. draft. These figures are only approximate, and the dimensions of all the boats will be slightly different. No contracts for the building of these three boats have been let and the owners do not wish their names to be given out at present.

The fifth boat will be raced abroad. She is for Mr. A. Brunila, of Kotka, Finland. The design shows a keel boat 42ft. 9in. over all, 27ft. 6in. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 6ft. 3in, draft with very comfortable cruising accommodations, although she is to be used mainly for racing.

The larger of the two auxiliary yawls is 65ft. waterline. She will make a fine cruising vessel and she will be used mostly along the Maine coast. The name of the owner is not available, but she will be built by Mr. Robert Jacob at City Island. Her construction will be of wood and she is 95ft. over all, 65ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 9ft. 6in. draft. She will be fitted with a 40 horsepower engine. The boat's lines have been completed and she will be laid down in a few days.

The smaller auxiliary yawl is for Mr. Julien T. Davies, Jr., of New York city. This boat is nearing completion, and it is quite possible that she may be used in Southern waters this winter. In the summer she will be seen on Great South Bay. Her dimensions are 55ft. over all, 38ft. waterline, 14ft. breadth and 2ft. 8in. draft. Her motive power consists of a 10 horsepower Smalley engine. The boat is being built by Mr. Willard F. Downs, of Bay Shore, L. I.

The largest of the three steam yachts is for a Californian and she will hail from San Diego. This vessel will be built on the Pacific coast. She is 110ft. over all, 100ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 7ft. draft. Her engines will be of 100 horsepower and she will have a liberal sail spread, which will be used when cruising.

Next in point of size is a 20-mile steamer for a member of the New York Y. C. She is 97ft. over all, 90ft. waterline, 11ft. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft. She will have engines of 250 horsepower.

The third steamer is for the Santee Club. She is a shallow draft vessel with a wheel tunnel aft. She is 70ft. over all, 65ft. waterline, 17ft. 9in. breadth and 2ft. 2in. draft. This steamer is building at Osborne's yard at Yonkers. She will have two 30 horse-power engines and twin screws.

The only steam launch among Mr. Gielow's new orders will be built abroad. She is for Mr. A. Ahlstrom, of Bjorneborg, Finland. She will be built of steel and her dimensions are 54ft. over all, 50ft. waterline, 11ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 10in. draft. Her 50 horsepower engines will be built by Sullivan, and she will have a Roberts boiler. A speed of 14 miles is expected.

The contract for the largest of the three houseboats has not as yet been let, and the name of the owner is withheld. This vessel is 85ft. over all, 80ft. waterline, 19ft. breadth and 2ft. 3in. draft. In addition to a snug sail plan, she will have a 50 horsepower gasolene engine.

The houseboat for Mr. Wilbur C. Fisk, New York Y. C., is almost as large as the vessel just mentioned. Mr. Fisk's boat is 84ft. 6in. over all, 76ft. waterline, 23ft. 6in. over all and 4ft. draft. She is equipped with two 4-cylinder Twentieth Century gasolene engines of 70 horsepower each, and it is expected that these engines will drive the boat at a speed of 10 knots. Her tank capacity is sufficient to give the vessel a cruising radius of 1,000 miles. The owner's quarters are on the starboard side forward. This cabin is 9x16ft. Connecting with this room is a bath 5x7ft. On the port side forward is another stateroom 9x10ft. A bath also connects with this room. On the same side of the boat but further aft is another stateroom 10ft. square. A companion ladder is on the starboard side and the boat is reached by passing through a large vestibule. The dining room is 12x23ft. Next comes the engine room, which is 9ft. square. By passing through the roomy pantry the galley, 9x10ft. is reached. Aft of the galley on the port side are the crew's quarters. The officers' quarters are on the starboard side of the engine room. There are bath and toilet rooms for the officers and crew. Stairs to the upper deck are provided both fore and aft. On the upper deck is a lounging room 16x18ft. The exterior finish and trim is of mahogany and various hard woods are used on the interior.

The houseboat for Mr. E. E. Roberts is about 9ft. shorter on the waterline than the Fisk boat. She is 69ft. 4in. over all, 66ft. 8in. waterline, 19ft. 6in. breadth and 2ft. 3in. draft. A 60 horsepower steam engine, which will furnish the power, has been sent to the builder's yard in Florida, where it will be installed in the hull. The vessel will be completed and ready for delivery to the owner about Jan. 1, 1906. In order to reduce the draft there is a tunnel aft for the wheel. The boat is of wood and yellow pine, and cypress enters into the construction of the hull, which is divided into 12 water-tight compartments. Each of these compartments is connected with a powerful bilge ejector, which would keep them free in case the bottom was stove in. That part of the hull below the main deck will be used for machinery, tanks, stores, spare gear and supplies. From the stem aft, for a distance of 24ft., the deck is clear, then comes the boiler and machinery space. Next aft is the galley, crew's quarters and cabins for the officers. Further aft, extending the width of the vessel, is an unobstructed deck space 14ft. long. This deck is for the officers and crew. On the upper deck are found the owner's and guests' quarters. A deck house 42ft. long and running the width of the boat contains a dining and living room four sleeping cabins and two baths. Forward of these quarters there is a deck space of 19ft. long and aft there is a deck 11ft. in length. All windows and doors are protected by copper screens. The interior of the owner's and guests' quarters are finished in white enamel.

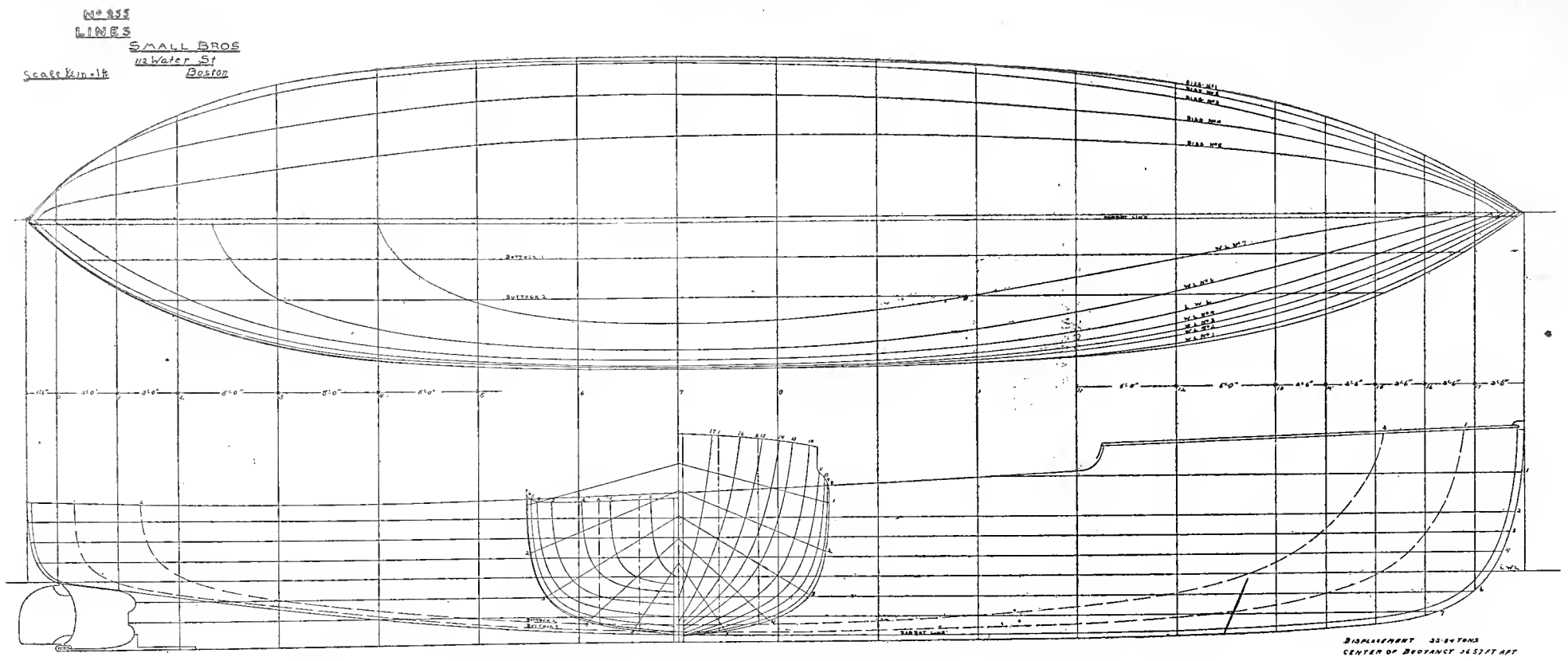
Two of the fifteen power boats designed this fall by Mr. Gielow are nearing completion at the Jacob yard at City Island. Dreamer, the boat building for Vice-Commodore Charles W. Lee, Manhasset Bay Y. C., is slightly larger than the one he had built at the same yard last winter. She is 61ft. over all, 54ft. 8in. waterline, 10ft. 9in. breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft. She will have the first of the new 30 horsepower Standard engines which develop 40 horsepower. The hull of the new Dreamer is a little cleaner and finer than that of the old boat, and when finished she will be a smarter looking craft. Her frames are of oak and she is planked with 1in. cedar. She has two mahogany houses. The after house contains the main saloon, owner's cabin and toilet room. The engine is located under the flush deck, which divides the two deck houses. The forward part of the engine room and the galley are in the forward house. Under the forward deck is a very roomy forecastle. The boat is steered from the space between the two deck houses. A deck seat extends the width of the forward end of the after deck house. Aft there is a sizable cockpit. The finish below in the owner's quarters is mahogany and the joiner and cabinet work is of a most superior order. There is a waterway around both deck houses.

The other cruising launch building at the Jacob yard will be known as Fern. She is a little shorter than Dreamer but she is a more powerful boat. Her topsides are carried up to form the side of her cabin and forward she has a turtleback deck. This boat is 59ft. 3in. over all, 52ft. 10in. waterline, 10ft. 9in. breadth and 3ft. 7in. draft. She will be equipped with one of the new model 50 horsepower Standard engines and a speed of about 14 miles is expected. The materials used in her construction are very much the same as those that entered into the building of Dreamer. Fern has more room below than Dreamer but it is secured by sacrificing a little in appearance. She is laid out very much the same as the Lee boat below. On deck she has a large cockpit over the engine and this stretch of flush deck practically divides what would otherwise have been a continuous cabin house in two parts. There is full head room in the forecastle. Mahogany is used on deck and below for trim and joiner work.

Only the finest of selected materials have been used in the construction of these boats, and this coupled with splendid workmanship, give a most satisfying result. When completed they will be the finest launches of their size and type in this country.

The high speed launch mentioned previously is for Mr. A. F. Jay, of New Orleans, La., and she will be constructed by some Southern builder. The boat is 60ft. over all, 58ft. waterline, 7ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. A 100 horsepower engine will drive her at a high rate of speed.

One of the smaller launches is for Mr. J. F. Revilliod, Astana, Nyon, Switzerland. She will be used on Lake Geneva. She is 29ft. 6in. over all, 28ft. 9in. waterline, 5ft. 6in. breadth and 2ft. draft. A French engine of



LINES OF 70 FOOT STEAM YACHT—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR HARRY M. RUBEY, 1905.

20-25 horsepower will be installed, and she is expected to develop a speed of over 16 miles.

Among the smaller craft is one for Mr. J. B. Palmer. This boat, which is being constructed in New Jersey, is 21ft. over all and the same on the waterline, 5ft. 3in. breadth and 3ft. draft.

Another boat of the same type is 18ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 4ft. 6in. breadth and 2ft. draft. She has a 5 horsepower engine.

The names of the owners of the following boats have been withheld and as yet no contracts for their construction have been let, although bids are now being taken:

The longest is 77ft. over all, 77ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, and 3ft. 3in. draft. She will be fitted with an engine of 175 horsepower.

Next in size is a boat 84ft. over all, 75ft. 6in. waterline, 13ft. breadth, 3ft. 6in. draft and an engine of 150 horsepower.

Then comes a craft 77ft. over all, 70ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. The engine has not been settled upon as yet.

Another cruising boat is 69ft. over all, 65ft. 3in. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 3ft. 9in. draft. Her engine will be of 60 horsepower.

The dimensions of a little smaller boat are 67ft. 3in. over all, 59ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 3ft. 3in. draft. This boat will also have a 60 horsepower engine.

The next boat is but 1ft. shorter on the waterline. She is 60ft. over all, 58ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, 3ft. 6in. draft. A 50 horsepower engine will furnish the power.

The largest of the remaining three is of the following dimensions: 51ft. over all, 45ft. waterline, 11ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. Considerable speed is wanted by the owner and an engine of 130 horsepower will be installed.

A boat measuring 38ft. on deck and the same on the waterline comes next. She is 8ft. 6in. wide and her draft is 2ft. 6in. She will have an engine of 15 horsepower.

Last, but not least, comes a boat 25ft. long on deck. She measures the same on the waterline. The breadth is 5ft. and the draft is 2ft. 6in. With a 25 horsepower engine a fair amount of speed is expected.

RECENT SALES.—Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following sales: The sloop Mildred sold by Mr. George E. Edwards, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Mr. John R. Chamberlin, New York city; the catboat Adelaide sold by the Huntington Mfg. Co. to Mrs. E. M. Scott and the launch Gertrude II. for Mr. C. W. Butts, Hoboken, N. J., to Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, New York city. Gertrude II. was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow and built last winter by Mr. Robert Jacob, at City Island. Gertrude II. is 37ft. long and 6ft. breadth. Mr. Gilbreth will have a 30 horsepower DeDietrich engine installed in the boat and a speed of 14 miles is expected. Mr. Gilbreth is a member of the Marblehead-Corinthian and Manhasset Bay Y. C.'s and the New York A. C.

THE MANY-USE OIL CO.,
New York City, will send Free Sample. Write now.—*Adv.*

A Cruising Steam Launch.

WE present in this issue the complete plans of the cruising steam launch designed by Messrs. Small Bros. for Mr. Harry M. Rubey, of Macon, Mo.

In these days it is rather unusual to see a boat 75ft. long driven by steam engines, but Mr. Rubey's requirements were such that steam answered his purpose rather better than any other power.

The design shows a powerful boat with a pointel stern of the canoe type. The draft was restricted to 3ft. 4in., and she has liberal breadth and a flat floor. The freeboard is ample, and there is a slight break in the sheer line just at the after end of the pilot house.

The cabin house extends well fore and aft, and there is little deck space available. The boat is steered from the top of the cabin house just aft of the pilot house. The portion of the cabin house forward of the funnel is covered with an awning, and this space will be used as a lounging place for the owner and his guests.

The companionway ladder is placed just aft of the cabin house, and anyone coming on board lands on the after deck. From this deck, which is covered with an awning, one enters the main saloon, which is 11ft. 6in. long. On either side of the companionway stairs are transoms. In the forward corner on the starboard side is the sideboard. There is a steam radiator in the center of the forward bulkhead. On the port side are two doors, one leads to the galley and the other to the passageway, which leads forward. Three sliding windows on each side give ample light and ventilation to the main cabin.

The galley is 4ft. long and it is fitted with a large icebox, coal stove, sink, hot water boiler and folding table. Under the deck are the dish lockers. Another door from the galley leads to the passageway. The engine room is 9ft. long and the coal bunkers are located on either side. The motive power consists of a compound engine 6¼ x 13 x 8in., which will give the boat a speed of 7 or 8 miles an hour.

At the forward end of the passageway is a stateroom 8ft. 6in. long and extending the width of the vessel. It is fitted with a brass bed, lounge and bureau. There is a radiator at the after end. Separating this room from another forward is the bathroom, which is 5ft. long. Here there is a porcelain tub, set basin and patent closet. The after stateroom has three windows on each side, while the forward one has but two on either side. Each of these rooms has a large clothes press. The forward room is 8ft. long and fitted very much the same as the other one.

The pilot house, which is 9ft. long, is reached from either the deck or the forward sleeping cabin. Here there is a bookcase, desk, radiator and auxiliary steering gear.

On the forward deck is the capstan and a small companionway which leads to the forecastle.

The vessel is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. In the bathroom and galley there is running hot and cold water.

One boat is carried on davits.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	75ft. 1in.
L.W.L.	72ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	1ft. 8in.
Aft	1ft. 5in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	15ft. 2in.
L.W.L.	14ft. 2in.
Draft—	
Extreme	3ft. 3½in.
To rabbet	3ft.
Freeboard—	
Forward	7ft. 2in.
Aft	4ft.
Least	3ft. 9in.
Displacement	35.84 tons
C. of B. aft of L.W.L.	36.57ft.

Boston Letter.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIPS.—One of the most active racing clubs along the coast at the present time is the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, which annually offers championship prizes in several classes in which its enrolled yachts are entitled to enter. It does not make a practice of giving open races, but during the early part of each August there is a series of invitation races, known as the "midsummer" series, winding up with an annual invitation race. While these are not technically open races and are not Y. R. A. races, the Corinthian Y. C. not being a member of that organization, they are for practical purposes open races, and all of the classes of the Y. R. A. of Mass. are generally provided for. It may be said that the attendance at these races is far greater than at the regular club races.

During the season that has just passed the Corinthian Y. C. races, both club and invitation, have been productive of 449 entries, which may be said to be an exceedingly large number for any one club during a season. During the four days of the midsummer series and the annual invitation race the aggregate of entries was 275, or over 60 per cent. of the total number of entries of the club for the whole season. On Aug. 10 the attendance was 79, the largest at any race in Massachusetts Bay during the season. Club championships were offered in seven classes, including four rating classes under the new uniform rule.

Most active of these classes, as in the Y. R. A. circuits, was that of the 22-footers, in which Tyro, owned by Mr. W. H. Joyce, appeared to have little difficulty in capturing the championship. Her record of five firsts and one second in six starts is an enviable one, and is in keeping with her work in other races during the season.

In the 18ft. class Boo Hoo, owned by Mr. Reginald Boardman, took five firsts and one second in nine starts and is winner of the championship. Only four boats

GAS ENGINES AND LAUNCHES.

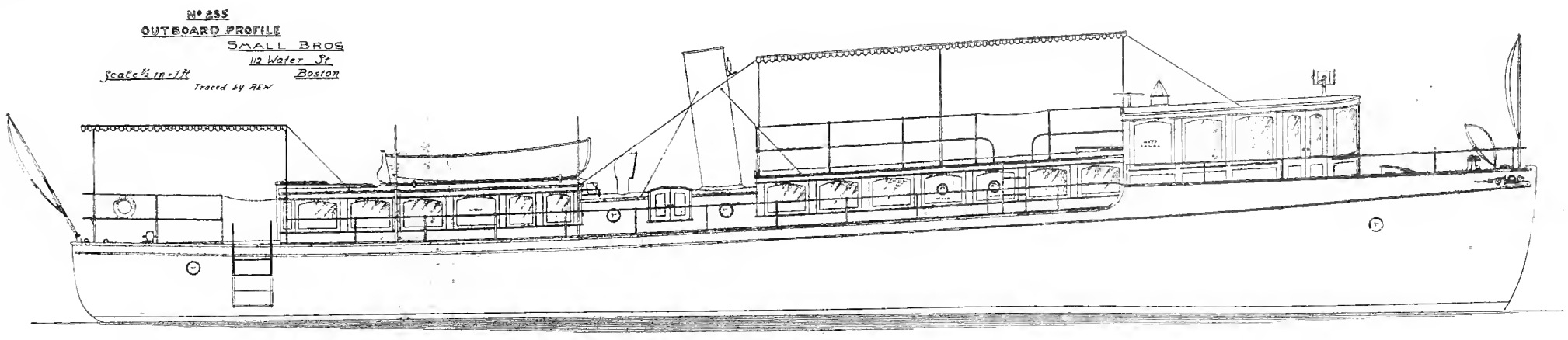
Their Principles, Types, and Management. A Complete and Practical Manual.

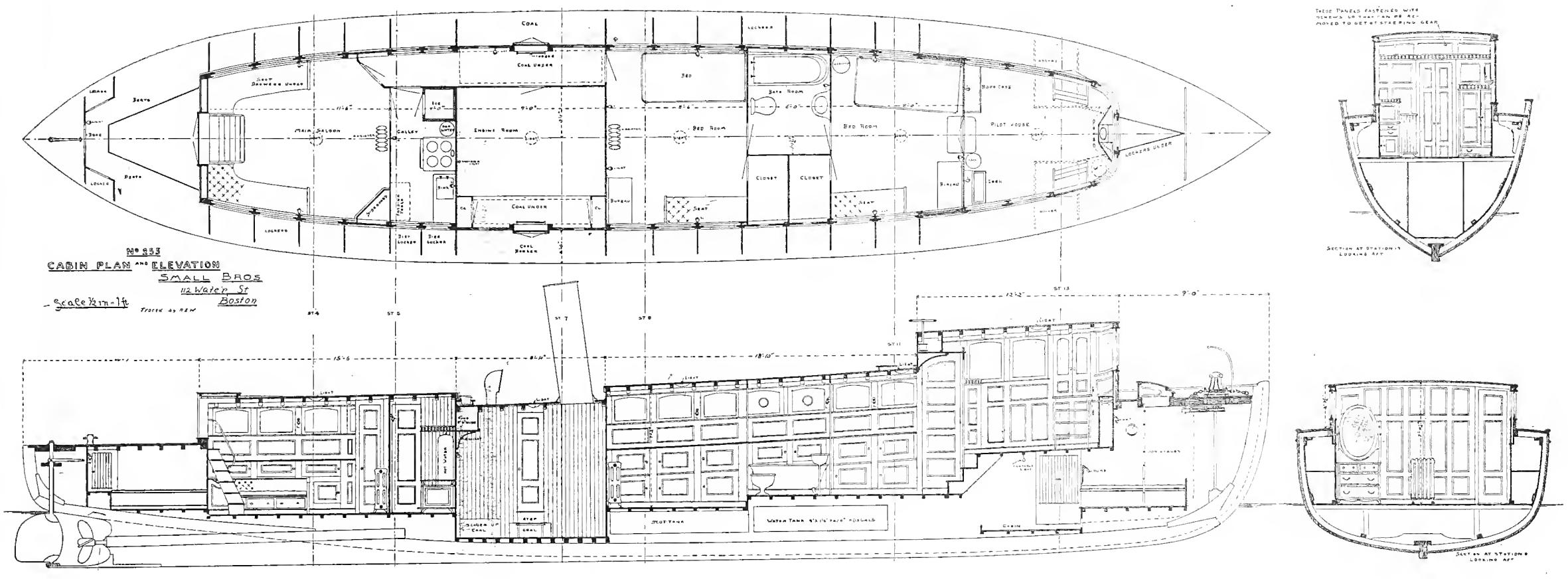
BY F. K. GRAIN, M. E.

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THIS compact and comprehensive handbook contains all the information essential to users of the marine gasolene engines, and will be welcomed by the thousands of men now owning and running power boats. Laymen and experts will alike find the book invaluable. It treats of the various types of marine gasolene engines, points out the good in each, and tells how to run them. A knowledge of the contents of this book will help to overcome difficulties and avoid accidents. The most complete book of its kind ever published.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.





INBOARD AND OUTBOARD PROFILES, SECTIONS AND CONSTRUCTION PLANS OF 75 FOOT STEAM LAUNCH DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR H. M. RUBEY, 1905.

qualified for the championship in this class out of eleven which competed at some time or other. The reason for not qualifying and also why the average percentage of the second boat in the class and of other boats in this class and other classes appears inconsistent with the total percentage and the number of starts, will be explained further on.

In the 15ft. class Cigarette, owned by Dr. Morton Prince, was the only boat to qualify. She sailed in six races, taking three firsts and one second.

There was greater opportunity for observing the effect of the new rating rule in class M than in any other. In this class five boats competed and in the accompanying table the rating of these boats are given, as they also are in the other rating classes. The boats of longest waterline in class M were Cossack and Louise, nominally 35-footers. Chewink IV. and Sauquoit were 30-footers of the class which was organized in 1904. Seboomook is one of the former Y. R. A. 25-footers. It will be noticed that both of the 30-footers rate higher than the 35-footers, and that there is very little difference between the rating of the 25-footer Seboomook and the 35-footer Louise. Chewink IV. took three firsts and five seconds out of eight starts and got the championship. Cossack's record of three firsts out of three starts may look a little better for averaging up, but it does not go far enough on account of her not sailing the required number of races. Chewink IV. is owned by Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr.

In class N were two of the original 22-footers, Setsu and Opitsah V., each rating at 32.36. Neither qualified for a championship and there was hardly enough racing between them to show what might have been done.

In class P there were the 25-footer Carina II., rating at very nearly her waterline length, two 21-footers and an old-timer, the yawl Sea Fox. Carina II. did about all of the going in this class, taking six firsts and three seconds out of nine starts.

In class Q were two knockabouts, whose rating is given as the limit of the class. Soubrette, owned by Mr. W. B. Moot, is about 19ft. on the waterline, carrying 450 sq. ft. of sail. Carmen is a 21ft. knockabout carrying 500 sq. ft. of sail. Soubrette got four firsts out of four starts.

A number of races were given for the championships, I believe nine. The positions were figured on a percentage basis, the total percentage being divided by the number of starts. It is specified, however, that a yacht must have started in at least six races to qualify for the championship, and consequently the work of those yachts sailing less than the required number goes for nothing, so far as official record or championship is concerned. This applies to Nibelung, in the 15ft. class, whose average percentage is greater than that of the only boat in the class to qualify. In the accompanying table, however, a record is given of all boats competing, for the purpose of reference, it being assumed in dividing the total percentages that a yacht has started at least six times. The table, for which I am indebted to Mr. H. S. Goodwin, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Corinthian Y. C., follows:

22-footers.

	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Total Per Cent.	Average Per Cent.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	6	5	1	0	5857	.976
Medric II., H. H. White	9	2	2	3	6094	.677
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	8	1	2	2	5271	.659
Rube, H. L. Bowden	7	0	2	2	4315	.616
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	6	0	0	1	2828	.471
Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince	8	1	0	1	3457	.432
Medric, George Lee	8	0	2	1	2667	.333
*Clorinda, Cheney & Lanning	2	0	0	0	400	.067
18-footers.						
Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman	9	5	1	0	7150	.795
*Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d	5	2	3	0	4571	.762
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	6	2	1	1	3971	.662
*Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	5	0	0	3	2308	.468
*Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	3	1	1	1	2500	.417
*Fritter, Caleb Loring	5	0	1	0	2462	.410
*Otter, A. D. Irving	3	0	1	2	2134	.356
Moslem, John Tyler	8	1	1	2	2815	.352
Cuyamel, R. L. Pond	6	0	0	0	1475	.246
*Hugi, A. E. Chase	1	0	0	0	571	.092
*Privateer II., C. E. Adams	1	0	0	0	400	.067
15-footers.						
Cigarette, Dr. Morton Prince	6	3	1	0	3500	.583
*Nibelung, A. P. Loring	5	2	3	0	4001	.667
*Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	4	2	2	0	3000	.500
*Little Misery, A. P. Loring	3	0	1	1	1000	.167
Class M—33 to 40 feet Rating.						
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber 35.48	8	3	5	0	6167	.771
*Seboomook, B. A. Smith..34.16	4	2	1	1	3250	.542
*Cossack, H. A. Morss....35.26	3	3	0	0	3000	.500
*Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr. 35.73	4	1	0	1	2083	.347
*Louise, E. McWilliams....34.65	4	0	1	1	1500	.250
Class N—27 to 33 feet Rating.						
*Setsu, Lewis & Talbot...32.36	2	2	0	0	2000	.333
*Opitsah V., S. H. Foster..32.36	1	0	1	0	500	.083
Class P—22 to 27 feet Rating.						
Carina II., H. S. Wheelock.24.79	9	6	3	0	7500	.833
*Margaret, S. C. Vaughan.22.80	3	1	1	1	1833	.305
*Bagarah, R. C. Robbins...23.70	3	1	1	0	1667	.278
*Sea Fox, J. G. Alder.....16.11	2	1	1	0	1500	.250
Class Q—18 to 22 feet Rating.						
*Soubrette, W. B. Moot...22.00	4	4	0	0	4000	.667
*Carmen, C. H. Johnson...22.00	4	1	3	0	2500	.417

*Sailed less than the required six races.

Besides the championship races, there were several of much importance, a brief record being given as follows:

Ocean Race, June 17-18—Class A, Cossack; class B, Seboomook; class C, Medric II.; class D, Carina II., winners of first prizes.

Midsummer Series, Aug. 9, 10, 11, 12—Class M, Meemer; class N, Myrtle; class P, Carina II.; 22-footers, Tyro; 18-footers, Boohoo; 15-footers, Vera II.; Cape cats, Marvel; dories, Barbara; handicap class, Avanti.

Grand Handicap, Labor Day—Commodore's prizes: First Prize, Moslem; second prize, Peri II.

NEW BOAT FOR CLASS Q.—Messrs. Burgess & Packard are building at their Marblehead shops, a 22-rater for Mr. Burgess' younger brother. This boat will be used at Marblehead.

NEW LIPTON CUP DEFENDER.—Messrs. Small Brothers have received an order for a 21-footer to be used as a challenger for the Lipton Cup by a syndicate of Toledo yachtsmen. The Lipton Cup is now held by the Country Club, of Detroit. The contract for Mr. A. L. Lincoln's new Cape cat, designed by Messrs. Small Brothers, has been let to Messrs. Barrows & Sprague, of Quincy, a new firm of builders. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

NEW STEAM YACHT DESIGNED BY WM. GARDNER.—The contract for the steam yacht designed by Mr. William Gardner for Mr. Andrew W. Rose, New York Y. C., has been let to the Pusey & Jones Co., Wilmington, Del. The new vessel will be built of steel. She is 160ft. over all, 130ft. waterline, 21ft. breadth and 9ft. draft. An Almy boiler will be installed and she will have engines of 700 horsepower. The yacht will be lighted by electricity, and when completed she will be one of the finest vessels of her size in the world.

JAMAICA BAY Y. C. OFFICERS.—The annual meeting of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. was held at the club house near Holland's Station on Oct. 29 and the following officers were elected: Com., Benjamin F. Daly; Vice-Com., Henry Lange; Rear Com., William Bjur; Fleet Capt., C. A. Metzger; Treas., James E. Lent; Recording Sec., S. W. Fernald; Fin. Sec., E. B. Palmer; Directors, William E. Stillings, S. Copleston, P. M. Oldner; chairman of House Committee, John Williamson; chairman of Regatta Committee, Walter Reynolds; chairman of Entertainment Committee, E. J. O'Connor; chairman of Membership Committee, C. V. Dykeman. The club now has a membership of 176.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly indoor shoot, held Oct. 31, was attended by a dozen regulars and improvement in scores was noticed, William A. Tewes being high man with a total of 1,233 out of the possible 1,250 points in fifty shots at 75ft. offhand, while Charles Zettler, Jr., won the bullseye prize with 16 degrees. The scores follow:

*William A Tewes	248	246	246	247	246—1233
*Louis C Buss	244	245	246	247	243—1225
Charles Zettler, Jr.	242	243	244	247	243—1219
Barney Zettler	233	244	240	239	234—1190
H C Zettler	234	239	234	240	242—1189
Louis Maurer	242	237	241	232	233—1187
C. G. Zettler	236	233	236	240	239—1184
*Henry D Muller	230	232	238	239	242—1181
Louis P. Hansen	237	236	233	240	233—1179
G Bernius	237	236	234	231	232—1171
A P Fegert	227	226	235	236	229—1153
T H Keller	234	229	228	227	226—1144

*Telescope sights.

Bullseye target, degrees:

C Zettler, Jr.	16	H D Muller	67
B Zettler	19	H C Zettler	69
L P Hansen	49	Louis Maurer	72
L C Buss	63	W A Tewes	75
G Bernius	64½	C G Zettler	100
T H Keller	64½	A P Fegert	102

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE first indoor shoot of the season was held at 159 West Twenty-ninth street, Nov. 3. Each member fired two scores of 10 shots each, at 75ft. offhand. Regular shoots will hereafter be held every fortnight, the dates being Nov. 15, Dec. 1 and 15, Jan. 5 and 19, Feb. 2 and 16, and March 2 and 30. The scores follow:

Gus Zimmermann	486	William Soell	449
Richard Gute	483	Jacob Bittschier	446
August Begerow	481	Jacob Schmid	440
John Facklamn	481	Henry J. Behrens	439
F Liegebel	473	Bruno Susner	438
L. C. Hauenstein, Jr.	470	A Rodler	424
Frank A Young	467	Henry Zimmermann	414
Henry Koch	465	F C Halbe	401
George T. Zimmermann	459		

Ohio Rifle Notes.

A FEW members of the Twin Valley Rifle Club, of West Alexander, enjoyed themselves on the range Oct. 28. The programme consisted of the regular monthly medal shoot, 4 shots, possible 48; the 20-shot match in five events of 4 shots each, possible aggregate 240, two money prizes, and two 4-shot matches with a pair of live pigeons as first prize and a single pigeon as second. In the medal match Jesse Johnson won with a score of 11, 12, 11, 12—46; J. W. Lesher, 11, 11, 12, 10—44; A. N. Clemmer, 11, 7, 12, 12—42. In the 20-shot match Johnson was also a winner, his score being 43, 45, 46, 43, 44—221; Lesher, 45, 44, 41, 44, 45—219; Clemmer, 43, 44, 46, 39, 42—214. In the first pigeon match Johnson won first with 46; Clemmer and Lesher tied on 45, and the latter won second in the shoot-off. In the second match Johnson and Clemmer tied for first on 46, the former winning in the shoot-off and Clemmer taking second, Lesher 42. All shooting was offhand at 100yds.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

THE first business meeting and practice shoot for the winter indoor season was held the evening of Oct. 28 at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York city. Miss Fannie Muller was elected treasurer to succeed Miss Scheu, resigned, but no secretary was elected to succeed Miss Katie Zimmermann, whose resignation was tendered but not accepted. The scores shot at 75ft. offhand follow:

Miss A Ludwig	243 247—490	Miss Eusner	237 235—472
Mrs Fenworth	242 440—482	Miss Hart	230 241—471
Miss Fannie Muller	241 238—479	Miss A Scheu	232 234—466
Mrs Liegebel	237 238—475	Mrs Bernius	236 220—456

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Nov. 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C. shoot, and Fleming-Bissett contest for the individual championship of New Jersey.
Nov. 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C., all-day shoot. F. K. Stelle, Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Nov. 23-24.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' fifth tournament. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Nov. 28-29.—Marsailles, Ill., G. C. R. E. Loring, Sec'y.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The East Suffolk, Pa., Gun Club began their season on Thursday of this week. Sparrow, pigeon and target shooting will be furnished to the club patrons. The competition is open to all.

FOREST AND STREAM went to press on Monday of this week, Tuesday, Election Day, being a holiday. As a consequence, several communications are necessarily held over till next week.

Dr. C. B. Clapp, Secretary and Treasurer, Moberly, Mo., writes us as follows: "The fifth and last tournament for the year of the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters will be held at Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 23 and 24."

At Tamaqua, Pa., Nov. 4, Mr. Edward O'Donnell, of Lansford, and Thomas Fredericks, of Tamaqua, shot a match at 13 birds, a very unlucky number for one of the contestants. O'Donnell won with a score of 12 to Frederick's 9. It was a definition for $200 a side and the gate receipts.

The Laflin & Rand cup, which has been in competition through a long series of contests held by the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, was won at the closing shoot last week by Mr. A. Sterling, of Canandaigua. He scored ten points. His nearest competitor, Mr. J. M. Stoddard, scored 8.

The live-bird season of the Point Breeze Trap Club, Philadelphia, Pa., opened on Saturday of last week. Two men tied in the event at 10 birds, $2 entrance, optional sweep, $3; two high guns, handicap. Messrs. Churchill and Felix, Jr., scored 10 each. Messrs. Muller and Martin scored straight in the 5-bird event, high guns, ten entries.

In the first five-man team contest of the Trapshooters' League of Passaic and Bergen Counties, N. J., the Jackson Park Gun Club defeated the Mount Pleasant and North Side gun clubs by a score of 80 to 68 and 66. The event was held on the North Side's grounds, Paterson. Several more clubs are expected to join. The next shoot will be on Nov. 11, at Jackson Park. This activity in club competition is the result of the energetic work, devoted to the formation of a league, by Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of Paterson, N. J.

The programme in connection with the State championship contest under the auspices of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club, Nov. 16, has eight events, at 20 and 25 targets. No. 8, 25 targets, is for an Ithaca hammerless, handicap, $2.50 entrance. Competiton will begin at 11 o'clock. The professional average prize is a loving cup. Amateur high averages: First, gold medal; second, silver medal; third, 200 trap shells. Percentage system will govern purses. Ship shells to J. B. Pardoe, General Manager. Lunch served on grounds. BERNARD WATERS.

New York State Sportsman's Association.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream*! We would like again, through the columns of your valued paper, to call the attention of the gun clubs of New York State to the reorganized New York State Sportsman's Association. Some time ago a notice was sent to the secretary of every gun club in New York State, asking them to bring before a meeting of their clubs the proposition of joining the N. Y. S. Association. While some clubs have responded, the majority are still to be heard from.

A permanent set of officers have been elected: M. R. Bingham, President, Rome, N. Y.; F. D. Kelsey, Vice-President, East Aurora, N. Y.; C. G. Blandford, Secretary and Treasurer, Ossining, N. Y.; Hon. H. L. Gates, Utica, N. Y., and Harvey McMurchy, Fulton, N. Y., Directors. These men are devoted to the sport of trapshooting, and their endeavors to revive the old interest that was taken in the Dean Richmond cup competition and accompanying week's tournament once each year, should meet with the unanimous indorsement and support of N. Y. S. A. clubs.

Dr. McLeod, secretary of the Infallible Gun Club, Buffalo, N. Y., writes me that his club will offer a programme at the forty-eighth annual tournament, to be held in June, 1906, under the auspices of that club, that will set the boys studying railroad maps and time-tables when they receive one. All clubs are required to pay $5 initiation fee and $2 yearly dues. If your club has not already joined, please send in the required amount for enrollment, so that your club will do its share in supporting a live association.

M. R. Bingham, Pres. N. Y. ASSOCIATION, Chas. G. Blandford, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 1.—The Laflin & Rand cup was won by Mr. A. Sterling, of Canandaigua, N. Y., with two points above his nearest competitor.

New scores:

	Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Sterling	13	8	21	*Stoddard	21	4	25
Rickman	12	7	19	Miller	16	8	24
Newton	17	2	19	*Donovan	18	7	25

Hinkson and Weller withdrew, one string each.

Back scores:

Sterling	14	8	22	Newton	14	2	16
*Sterling	21	8	29	Newton	19	2	21
Rickman	12	7	19	*Miller	18	8	26
*Donovan	19	7	26				

Stoddard withdrew two strings, Hinkson withdrew five strings, Weller withdrew two strings, Donovan withdrew three strings, Miller and Borst each withdrew one string.

Re-entry scores:

Rickman	12	7	19	Sterling	15	8	23
Sterling	16	8	24	*Sterling	17	8	25
*Sterling	17	8	25	Stoddard	18	4	22

Rickman withdrew six strings, Weller withdrew four strings, Hinkson withdrew three strings.

*Point for cup.

Total points won: A. Sterling 10, J. M. Stoddard 8, J. L. Weller 7, Donovan 6, Rickman, Kershner, Hinkson, Clark and Byer 5, Adkin 4, Bonbright, Borst and Stewart 3.

Palisade Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J.—The scores made at the shoot of the Palisade Gun Club, Oct. 26, are appended. Mr. W. Hopkins made the only straight in the seventh event. Mr. C. Floyd made high average. All events were at 20 targets, a total of 160.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
S MacDonald	11	17	16	11	10	15	15	15	110
John Martin	16	16	17	16	19	14	17	18	133
Geo Piercy	19	17	15	19	15	18	18	18	139
Chas Floyd	19	17	17	19	15	18	18	17	140
A D Tunis	12	15	16	16	17	14	18	16	114
Wm Hopkins	17	17	19	11	17	14	20	14	119
Dr Carl Richter	13	17	14	12	17	13	15	16	119
Frank Butler	13	16	13	15	15	13	17	14	116
The Secretary	15	14	19	10	12	11	14	16	111
W G Hearne	17	17	15	16	18	18	13	18	132
H S Welles	18	15	18	14	15	19	15	16	130
Jack Fanning	19	18	14	19	16	18	15	18	137
Dr Shaw	12	15	17	13	..	..	..	..	...
Gus Grieff	15	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
A G Southworth	15	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
G H Manchester	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 28.—Moller won the Peters badge. Attendance light:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Moller	17	20	20	22	20	23	..
Parry	20	20	23	23	22	23	..
Armstrong	17	19	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	23	23	22	20	21	20	18
Southern	9	16	17	16	18	20	..
Finley	..	..	22	18	22	19	..
Harvey	19	15	18	15	22	..	..
Robinson	16	7	12	11	..	..	..
Nelson	9	12	6	13	..	..	..
Hose	13	13	18	12	..	..	..
Leib	..	20	16	21	..	..	..

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

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WESTERN TRAP.

North Aurora Gun Club.

NORTH AURORA, Ill., Oct. 30.—The members of the North Aurora Gun Club with Mr. Stillson as manager and chief high all-round man were assisted by several shooters from Chicago, Morris and Lockport, together with a bunch of good ones from various towns in Indiana in holding a tournament on an island above the town on Oct. 29.

The location was selected on account of the Sunday shoot. The weather was fine. The traps worked well, and all passed off pleasantly after the boys got going. There was a delay in reaching the ground, as after landing from the street cars there was a delay of about an hour awaiting the launch, which was to convey the shooters up the Fox River to the park—said launch went ashore and there remained, owing to the failure of the gasolene engine to give power.

Mr. Stillson got the boys out of the predicament by getting a team and hauling the guns and shells to the grounds and soon all were going nicely. Mr. Stillson again redeemed himself by having a fine lunch served, of which some of the shooters partook to the extent that their scores fell away quite noticeably. The hot coffee, sandwiches and fat doughnuts were a life-saver to many, and therefore much enjoyed. The crowd was so large that after shooting at 175 targets, the pick-ups and all were exhausted and visitors went cross lots to the cars and were off for home.

Now there was an absence of shooters from all the surrounding towns which is hard to explain. Aurora is one of the best towns in the State to reach by either steam or electric cars. Should the Aurora Gun Club awaken from their slumbers and announce a shoot, this item will serve to you individually due notice that all of your friends will be there. The secretary, Mr. Ruse, is a railroad man and busy much of his time, but Mr. Linn, the president, and Mr. Percy Lincoln, the sporting goods dealer, will do the programme work. They are authority for the statement that "Tramp" Irwin will manage the shoot, and that is "nuff said."

As to the shooting, the scores look to you out of order. It is very easy to see that conditions were good. W. D. Stannard, the only professional shooter present, only lost 5 out of 175, then J. S. Young, the good shot from Chicago, made 165; Kinney, also from Chicago, 160; Martin and Henderson, 159. Shepardson, Flynn and Burnham, the noted Indian shooters, were a bit off. Some one said they were shy on sleep.

"Tramp" Irwin was busy every minute, as he was assisting in the cashier's office. Ward Burton was on the ground early. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	10	15	15	15		
Shepardson	8	13	12	8	10	9	14	14	14	10	19	11	13	175	149
Flynn	8	12	14	10	14	10	10	10	12	8	13	11	13	175	145
Burnham	8	13	13	10	13	9	11	13	15	10	12	13	12	175	150
Henderson	7	15	13	10	13	10	14	13	14	9	14	13	12	175	159
Young	10	13	15	10	13	10	15	14	14	10	15	13	13	175	165
Enfield	8	13	14	9	13	10	13	13	14	10	11	10	13	175	149
Hoge	9	13	13	6	10	5	9	13	8	6	8	10	10	175	122
Kinney	9	13	15	10	14	9	14	12	13	10	13	15	13	175	160
Stannard	8	15	14	10	15	9	15	15	15	10	14	15	15	175	170
Martin	10	15	15	8	14	8	13	13	15	9	15	13	11	175	159
Stillson	9	14	15	9	10	9	12	14	13	10	13	14	14	175	156
Gerhart	7	10	10	5	10	6	11	12	12	8	11	12	11	175	125
Anderson	7	11	13	9	10	8	11	12	12	9	..	..	..	130	102
Dockerdorf	8	14	14	9	13	7	14	12	13	9	..	..	..	130	112
Ford	..	..	12	10	10	9	12	11	10	..	..	..	..	...	...

In Other Places.

There is considerable enthusiasm among those who handle the shotgun at Bloomington, Ill. Part of this comes through the chosing of Bloomington for the next place of the State shoot for 1906. The gun club is a "buster," and Dr. McDermand is a pusher; he pushes the shooting so faithfully that the colored people have caught on and have organized a gun club.

There are other shooters in Colorado who like long races as well as John Garrett. W. S. Green, of Central City, challenged A. W. Peterson for the Post trophy, and the match was on at 500 targets. Green won with 407 to 399. There was a high wind and that caused the scores to fall so low.

The Valley Falls, Kan., Gun Club sent out many invitations to the "grasshopper" shooters for their tournament held Nov. 9. D. M. Reese is President and J. L. Renfro is Secretary. Valley Falls has sported a gun club for the past thirty years, even so long ago that the name of the town was that of Grasshopper Falls.

Vietmeyer and Fitzsimmons did not shoot off their much advertised race at the Progressive Gun Club, East St. Louis, Ill. There was such a large crowd present, that it was dark when the regular programme was finished.

H. W. Clay, the runner up in the preliminary at the 1904 G. A. H., won the highest honors at the season shoot given by the Progressive Gun Club, East St. Louis, Ill.

Notice has been received of a shoot at El Paso, Texas, on Nov. 16.

Eastern Illinois trapshooters are invited by the Hoopston Gun Club to join with them in a tournament Nov. 14.

Northern Illinois shooters will do well to remember the shoot to be held at Marseilles, Ill., Nov. 28, 29. The managers and active men in pushing this shoot are "Tramp" Irwin, H. W. Vietmeyer, Fred Lord, Fitzsimmons et al.

"Where there is a will there is a way," then the Will County Gun Club should be a success. This is one of the late clubs and must be a success. The Will County Gun Club, Joliet, Ill., will start in with a shoot Thanksgiving Day. The club have fine grounds, readily reached from Chicago by electric line.

The Twin City Gun Club, which is at the half-way place between Peoria and Pekin, held a shoot last Sunday, Nov. 5. Same was not well attended, and yet there is a fine country surrounding to draw from. Some energetic shooter in that club could get up a tournament that would set the home boys to thinking.

All the Northern, Ill., trapshooters who can forsake the turkey dinner with homefolks would do well to bear in mind the Joliet shoot Nov. 23. For programme and full particulars write to T. F. Pell, Secretary.

One of the newest of gun clubs has lately been organized at Hartford City, Indiana. It is to be known as the Renner Gun Club. The charter members are J. E. Green, Byron Snell, C. H. Townsend, Sheriff Hudson, Fred Townsend, Wm. Hess, Clifford Townsend, Henry Feaster.

And now comes the secretary of the Missouri State League with the announcement that the last shoot for this year will be held at Kansas City, at Bob Elliott's shooting park, on Nov. 23 and 24.

Rolla Heikes was at Marietta, O., on last Friday and was there billed for a fancy shooting exhibition. He was prevented from giving same, owing to the high winds. He shot with the club and made high score.

Capt. O. H. Hardy, the celebrated rifle and pistol shot, was present at the last meeting of the Lead, S. D., Gun Club. He entertained all present with some sensational shooting.

The management of the Baton Range, La., Gun Club has decided to offer the sum of $10 as a prize for the best score made by any member.

At Coal City, Ill., the new gun club will "sport" the name Dewey Gun Club. The new organization will be officered as follows: President, J. B. Ryan; Secretary, D. Scott; Treasurer, Wm. Greenhan.

Mr. Rolla O. Heikes is now touring Ohio, demonstrating what kind of fancy shooting may be accomplished with the use of the new repeating guns.

The closing shoot of the gun club at Owensburg, Ky., was a fitting climax for the season. The club will find it necessary to put up a new club cup next season, as Mr. Ab. Newman won the same at this shooting, it being his third win. At 50 targets for the cup, scores: Ab. Newman 45, N. Duncan 43, U. Alsop 41, Weir Griffith 41, D. Boon 38, John Smith 40, James Lewis 37.

Last week Captain Thomas Marshall was in Dayton, O., as the guest of Rolla Heikes. He was scheduled to take in some of the Ohio shoots.

One of the most unique and enjoyable Hallowe'en parties was given Monday night, Nov. 1, by the Ladies' Shrine Club, the scene of the festivities being the house of the Ogden-Homer, Ill., Gun Club.

Shooting at 200 targets at Great Bend, Kansas, O'Brien 194, Huff 190, Heer 189, Arnold 186, Gano 184, Wilson 181, Gottlieb 180, Hugg 177, Wolf 176, Horton 172, Prose 172, Mahno 171, Logan 168.

The name of the club at Denison, Texas., will hereafter be the Denison Rod and Gun Club. The following officers were elected: G. D. Kingston, President; W. H. Walton, Secretary; L. B. Moone, Treasurer; J. W. Madden, E. E. Davis, E. H. Lingo, B. J. Lindsey, Jesse Whitehurst, C. M. Bryant, H. Tone, H. Brooks, A. H. L. Decker, D. W. Rutlege, E. W. Stewart, Flem Coleman, Directors.

Scatter gun artists will meet at El Paso, Texas, during the American Mining Congress and contest for the cash prizes which will be offered. Sometime a very fine silver trophy will be up for competition.

Last Thursday at Woodstock, Ont., there was the usual shooting tournament. It proved to be attractive and both live and clay birds were used in the various events. Shooting at 7 live birds: Thompson 7, Wright 5, Brind 6, Maynard 7, Barnett 6, Hopkins 7, and Dawson 7.

The cold wintry weather does not stop the enthusiasm of the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club members. A schedule for the winter has been prepared. At each meeting there will be a champion shoot at 15 targets. The one winning the greater number of times will be club champion. There is already a cup contest going on that will close Jan. 1.

C. P. Kinney, D. H. West and R. L. Hibbs were the members of the Wheeling, West Va., Gun Club who went to Martin's Ferry to attend the shoot held there.

A. J. Woosthill, a traveling cartridge expert, gave a shoot at Henderson, Ky., last Thursday. Many local shooters took part, viz., W. S. Alens, J. E. Rankin, Barr, Dade, R. A. Powell, W. W. Howard, J. T. Hopkins, Jr., E. B. Crocket and R. E. Clay.

The Austin, Texas, Gun Club is composed of members having "the sand." It has lately hung up a reward of $25 for the apprehension of those who shoot quail before November.

The Marietta, Ark., Gun Club has been organized with $5,000 capital. The club's grounds are two and a half miles north of town.

Chris. Van Der Ahe, the once famous base ball magnate, is now president of the gun club connected with the North St. Louis, Mo., Democratic Association. It is reported that the club lately held a fish-fry at which 700 pounds of fish caught by the members was consumed.

In Hennepin County Minn., there were up to the last day of October, 1,938 big game licenses issued by the auditor. The deer will be kept on the jump during the open season.

At the Marshalltown, Ia., shoot, Oct. 27 and 28, Gilbert was high professional with 388, Budd 381. This calls to mind how well Budd has been shooting of late. H. G. Taylor was the high amateur with 379, Hoon 373, Wallace 365, Cook 363, Russell 362, Burmeister 351, Steege 348, Linell 345.

While the Grayville, Ill., Gun Club is small, yet it gets up and manages a tournament well. At their last tournament Al. Willerding, of Evansville, was high amateur with 179 out of 200; Huddy, of same town, 172; J. L. Scott, of Jacksonville, 169; D. P. Moore, Alney, fourth, 164; LeCompte, 178; Chas. F. Dreihs, 168; Fred Lord, 155. L. A. Cummings and Leslie Standish, besides representing their companies, run the office, and they came in for their share of the congratulations.

One of the gun companies who make only double guns report that it turns out 3,600 guns a month. As this is only one of some dozen in the United States, it is cause for wonder as to what becomes of all the guns.

There is a programme issued now and then for a tournament where the 90 per cent. shooter is barred. Thus the amateur surely has a golden opportunity.

Shooting at 100 targets at Dayton, O., McConnell, of Osborn, beat Mr. Carr, 75 to 73. In the sweep at 25 targets McConnell 21, Carr 13, R. O. Baughman 9, C. W. Sanders 8.

A. A. Parker, Secretary of the Cañon City, Colo., Gun Club is now ready to take the applications for new members in the gun club. The buildings and traps and all the belongings of a first-class gun are now completed. Representative business men to the extent of forty are now members, and others should join, as there is no healthier nor manlier sport than shooting at "clay saucers," and where the means of recreation are limited, it should be encouraged among all classes of men as well as women.

Ducks are so plentiful in California that many hunters shot the limit by 8 A. M.

The Freeport, Ill., Gun Club held a shoot at Taylor Park last Saturday, in which the prizes were chickens.

At the weekly shoot of the Calcasieu Gun Club, Lake Charles, La., Williamson and Gardner were high with 73 per cent. Gum made 41, Gauthier 60, Merrimee 47, Pearce 48, Barber 36.

Thursday, Nov. 16, is the date of the shoot to be held at El Paso, Texas, by the gun club. A programme has been issued, and there will be twelve events with added money. Shoot open to amateurs from all parts of the southwest. The American Mining Congress being in session, will be the drawing card.

Snow is reported a foot deep in part of the northern peninsula of Michigan, and if that continues, there will be some fine deer shooting. Game is reported plentiful; but in some localities the wolves have got the best of the fleet-footed deer.

Mr. French, with 45 out of 50, won the trophy at the shoot held last Saturday at Des Moines, Ia. The best scores were: French 86, Ungles 83, Patterson 76.

The Conrad, Ind., Gun Club has been organized, the incorporators being Ben Fogli, Howard Doty and Charles Chipman.

Once more our old friend Ed. Voris has come to the front. Again has he won the sparrow championship of the United States. He had a close call, however, as his 86 out of 100 was closely followed by Hugh Clark and E. Pash with 85. If all the shooters the United States over could attend a shoot given at Indianapolis, where the sparrows are trapped, we predict that the sparrow traps would be popular everywhere.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

The attendance on Nov. 4 was not up to the mark, only fifteen shooting their scores for the Clements trophy. The day was quite pleasant, but a light haze hanging over the traps made somewhat difficult shooting. Maynard has been doing fine work lately, and to-day tied for first with Charles Dreihs on 48. He seems to have found a gun which is just a fit, and he surely can find no excuse to change it.

J. J. Faran will be away a few days, as he goes some time next week to Flora, Ill., on a quail hunt. Williams will attend the tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club next week.

Ackley has returned from Duck Island, and after a short while spent at home, will start for the South to pass the winter. We shall all miss him at the club, and wish him good luck and lots of sport. Gambell has been doing fine shooting since his trigger finger got well. Scores of 49 and 46 out of 50 are not bad. Faran is getting back into shape once more, and will soon be in his usual form. In the practice events, Gambell accounted for 175 out of 205. Maynard broke 169 out of 195, and this included two straight scores of 25 each. Several of the members will attend a shoot at Rylands, Ky., on Nov. 9 as guests of the Kentucky Hunting and Fishing Club on their beautiful preserve.

Several members shot their scores in the second contest of the Ackley trophy series, with the following results: C. O. Le Compte (16yds.) 48, Bleh (19) 48, Gambell (16) 47, Harry (16) 43, Dick (17) 42, Willie (16) 42, B. B. Holliday (16) 42, Durdley (16) 41, Sweeney (16) 40, Jeffries (16) 37, H. Sunderbruch (16) 33, Miles (16) 31. A three-cornered team match was also shot, two men on a team, 50 targets per man: Williams 42, Le Compte 47—89. Gambell 43, Faran 43—86. Ahlers 42, Bleh 39—81. The scores:

Clements trophy, 50 targets, distance handicap: Maynard (17) 48, Dreihs (16) 48, Williams (17) 46, Faran (16) 45, Randall (16) 45, Tuttle (16) 42, Roll (16) 41, Bullerdick (16) 41, Ahlers (18) 40, Pohlar (18) 40, Herman (18) 39, Hosea (16) 36, Uhl (16) 33, F. Altherr (16) 32, Andrew (16) 31.

Match, 50 targets, two high men out, handicap, Gambell 49, Maynard 46, Bullerdick 46, Uhl 45, Roll 41, Pohlar 40.

Team race, 50 targets:

Faran	46	Ahlers	44
Gambell	46	Dreihs	46
Tuttle	31	Herman	42
Bullerdick	43—166	Williams	43—175

Madisonville vs. Superior.

On Nov. 1 the Madisonville Gun Club had another try to whip the Superior team, on their grounds at Madisonville, O. The weather was all that could have been asked for, but the home club was defeated after a close fight, 341 to 339. The match was at 100 targets per man, shot in strings of 20. The Superior boys led in each round until the fourth, when the Madisonville got to work and beat them by 11 targets, 70 to 59. In the last round the visitors lost by 9 targets, 70 to 61, and their lead was cut down to 2. Gambell was high man for the match with 80. Pohlar, of the Superiors, and Settle, of Madisonville, tied for second on 75. The sport lasted until dark, when all started for home, having had a very enjoyable time. The scores:

Superior Team.		Madisonville Team.	
Gambell	80	Settle	75
Pohlar	75	Stirnkorb	73
Pfeiffer	66	Henninger	70
Uhl	63	Stevens	62
Deiters	57—341	Patton	59—339

Ohio Notes.

The Cleveland Gun Club held their souvenir shoot on Oct. 28 with twelve members present. The small attendance was due to the dark, cold day. A strong wind was blowing and made the shooting conditions very hard. Tryon was high gun in the souvenir event at 50 targets with 46. Pocock 43, Hogen and Bingham 42 each, Wallace 37, Rowley and Hopkins 34 each, Ong 32, Thie and Hodell 30 each. Scores in this event did not cut much figure, as every one got a prize. For the day, at 90 targets, Pocock was high with 76. Mack a close second with 75. Bingham 72, Hopkins 69, Rowley 67, Hodell 59. The others shot at less than 90.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, closed a very successful season with their shoot on Oct. 27. The contests for the club's handicap medal started on March 22 and numbered thirty-two. The winners during the season were: March 22, C. Miller; March 29, R. O. Heikes; April 5, Lee Whitacre; April 12, Gus A. Hodapp; April 19, Ed. Rike; April 26, Ed. Cain; May 3 and 10, Chas. Miller; May 17, Lock; May 24, Wm. Kuntz; May 31, Ed. Cain; June 7, Wm. Oldt; June 14, Buck; June 21, Wm. Oldt; June 28, postponed on account of rain; July 5, Carl Hanauer; July 12, Phil Hanauer; July 19, Wm. Oldt; July 26, H. Oswald; Aug. 2, W. Oldt, Aug. 9, Ed. Cain; Aug. 16, P. Hanauer, Aug. 23, and 30, Gus. A. Hodapp; Sept. 6, Ed. Cain; Sept. 13, Ed. Rike; Sept. 20, H. Oswald; Sept. 27, Gus A. Hodapp; Oct. 11, John Schaerf; Oct. 27, four postponed contests were held, P. Hanauer, G. A. Hodapp, M. J. Schwind and Ed. Cain being the winners. contests were at 25 targets, with handicap of extra targets to shoot at. Scores of 25 or better to shoot off for possession of the medal, the winner holding same until defeated.

The Welfare Gun Club (N. C. R.), of Dayton, entertained a delegation from the Cedar Springs Gun Club at their grounds on Oct 28. The most interesting part of the day's sport was a team match, fifteen men on a side, 75 targets per man, between the clubs, the visitors losing by a score of 876 to 849. At the close of the first round the Welfares had a lead of 26, with 305 to 279. They gained 10 more in the second round, with 298 to 288, the total score being 693 to 567. In the last round the Cedar Spring boys outshot their opponents, winning by 9 targets, with 282 to 273; but their spurt came too late in the game. For the Welfare club, Rike and Carr scored 70 each. R. Heikes and Cain 67 each, H. Heikes 63, Neff and Watkins 62 each, McConnell 61, Oswald 60, Gross 56, Poole and Foley 63 each, Rayburn 51, Roeman 47, Rayburn 34; total 876. Cedar Springs—Young 73 (high score in the match), Reid 69, Clark 68, McCrary 65, Noggle 63, McGriff 60, Rayl 59, Dugan 57, D. Reid and Kirk 53 each, Freeman 52, Wilkins and Murray 49 each, Porter 47, Wilt 32; total 849. Before the match three events at 15 and two at 10 targets were shot as practice, Noggle being high with 28 out of 30, Le Compte second with 27 out of 30. The shooting lasted until dark, when the visitors were taken to the Phillips House for dinner, as guests of the Welfare club. During the after-dinner discussion, it was decided to make an effort to start a series of team contests between the clubs of the various cities and towns in this part of Ohio and adjoining territory in Indiana, including Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus, Springfield, Cedar Springs, Indianapolis and other towns, and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to push the matter: Rolla O. Heikes and Ed. Cain, of Dayton; Less Reid, of New Paris; Wm. Poole, of Springfield, and M. Murray, of Dublin, Ind.

A new gun club is to be organized at West Alexandria, Dr. Hill, Orion Bear and John Motler being the chief promoters. There was a club here some years ago, but it was disbanded, and its members scattered. During the last year of its existence, Joe Achey won the club medal eleven times, and it is still in his possession. He will offer the medal as a trophy at the first shoot of the new club.

John Stoecklein and Joe Larkin, of Dayton, spent a few days with a friend about three miles from Lake View, Lewistown Reservoir, and had some good shooting and fishing, bringing home fourteen ducks and a nice lot of catfish, croppies, perch and sunfish.

A new gun club was organized at Bellevue, Ky., on Nov. 2. The club has leased the Newport Ball Park, and will hold their opening shoot soon. The following are the charter members: Geo. Demaron, Dr. J. P. Gould, Geo. Keefer, Martin Boch, Barney Forstner, Geo. Frost, Martin Rees, Albert Gowling, Chas. Cunningham, Robert Fee, L. Taliaferro, Russell Walker, McKenzie Williams, Geo. Emig, Dr. H. Kattenhorn, H. Riley, Mott Herold, H. B. Beck, Dr. W. D. Richards, Dr. W. L. Young, Dr. Hill, Dr. C. W. Dorsey, John Lehman, Geo. Klein, Albert Carr.

Claude Weaver, of Arcanum, who is hunting with a party of friends in the Maine forests, writes that prospects are good. They had been hunting but a few days, and had killed one deer. He says, however, that moose seem to be scarce, as they had seen but one cow, and that other hunters report no better luck.

Louis Gronewag, of Dayton, who is in Maine with a party of hunters, reports great sport. During the first few days in camp two deer were shot. They have also had good luck with the smaller game.

Dr. N. B. Hartwell and W. D. Linder, of Dayton, left on Nov. 2 for a several weeks' hunting trip in northern Michigan. Dr. O. McCray, William Gamble and T. V. Lyons start on the 6th to join them, and they will bring back a good stock of thrilling stories, as well as a fair amount of game.

David Ankey and Frank Izor, of Germantown, are in camp near Ox Bow, Maine, with a party of hunters. Each of the two named has killed a big buck so far, and other members of the party have killed smaller deer.

The Advance Gun Club, of Dayton, held their final shoot of the season on their grounds east of the city, Nov. 2. A lunch was served all the afternoon and a good time was enjoyed by all. The members will have a two weeks' rest before the quail season opens. Several practice events were shot, and a 25-target match finished the programme, as follows: Schaerf 17, Middleton 9, H. Engle 8, E. Engle 8, Stackler 7, King 0, Kelly 0. Just as this match was finished Carl Hanauer arrived on the grounds from a snipe hunt, showing a good bag of birds, and a team match between Rohrer's Island and the Advance clubs, at 10 targets per man was proposed. Hanauer and Schaerf represented Rohrer's Island and scored 6 and 3 respectively; total 9. For the Advance club, Stackler scored 4, Engle 3; total 7. In a second match Schaerf scored 8, Hanauer 4; total 12. Advance—Stackler 4, Engle 3; total 7. The Rohrer's Island team won both matches with a total of 21 to 14. This ended the afternoon and season's sport.

William A. Weaver, of New Lebanon, arrived home from his hunting trip in the Canada woods, north of Lake Superior, on Oct. 31. The balance of his party, Mesrs. Orth, Brown and Leatherman, got home with their game on Nov. 1. The party had fine sport, Orth killing a big bear and fine moose, and Jonas Leatherman a moose with antlers measuring five feet across. The heads will be mounted and added to the large collection of trophies already owned by Mr. Orth.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 27.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club of this city held its thirtieth regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park, this afternoon, with eleven guns out. This shoot closed the third successful season of the club since its organization, and we finish the season with thirty-nine members, of whom about one-half are devotees of the trapshooting game.

One of the objects of this club has been rifle shooting, and our management is now negotiating for a suitable room, to be fitted up as an indoor range, for the winter months, and we expect to open up next April with a 200yd. out-door range in connection with our trapshooting grounds at Recreation Park, and to run regular programmes weekly throughout the season of thirty weeks, which will be covered by our trapshooting season.

The winners of the various prizes and trophies offered by the club and various members, for the club's season shooting have been determined from the score books, and are as follows:

1. Club championship solid gold medal: Highest average for entire season's shooting awarded to club champion John M. Cobun, average 81.19 per cent.

2. Handicap event, officers' goblet, silver loving cup, donated by the officers of 1904: Awarded to Bennett S. White, with five wins during season.

3. Class shooting, Stevens target rifle, Class A, greatest gain in this event for season over classification: Awarded to Elmer F. Jacobs, with a gain of 7.43 per cent.

4. New members' prize, sole leather gun case, greatest gain over classification: Awarded to Jas. A. Barthlow, with a gain of 4.37 per cent.

5. Attendance prize, water color floral piece, donated by Elmer F. Jacobs: Awarded to Dr. W. N. Sivey, who attended all of the thirty regular weekly shoots held by the club during the season.

6. Consolation prize, handsome gas-eleetric drop light, donated by H. L. Moreland, and eligibility limited to members who have not won any of the foregoing prizes: Awarded to Capt. W. Evans Price.

7. Prize for greatest average gain, Savage .22 repeating rifle, donated by John M. Cobun: Awarded to Elmer F. Jacobs, with an average gain for entire season's shooting of 6.29 per cent.

8. Two members only, John M. Cobun and W. N. Dawson, have qualified for this trophy, and the shoot-off of the 100-target race for it has been postponed on account of the recent illness of Mr. Dawson.

This event will probably be shot off during the Christmas holidays.

In addition to the regular programme of 75 targets to-day, the club ran off three extra events, which were won by the following members.

Challenge cup, last qualifying event: Won for the month by John M. Cobun with the clever score of 48 out of 50.

The White prize, a handsome sterling smoking set, donated by Bennett S. White, added target handicap, 20 target base: Tied for by Cobun with 21 out of 24 and Barthlow with 21 out of 33, and in the shoot-off at the same handicap, was won by Barthlow with 25 to Cobun's 22.

The L. C. Smith trophy, a handsome gold medal, donated by the Hunter Arms Company, 20 targets, use of both barrels, and 10 pairs doubles, was tied for by Price and Jacobs with 32 each, and in the shoot-off at 10 singles and 5 pairs double targets, was won by Jacobs with 16 to Price's 12.

In to-day's shoot the club championship gold medal for the week was won by John M. Cobun with an average of 88.31 per cent. for entire programme. The scores:

Regular programme for the day:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	15	25	Targets:	15	25
Cobun	12	21	Dawson	12	21
S E Taylor	8	10	Miller	10	18
Sivey	7	7	Deusen	11	20
Price	12	18	Christy	11	19
Barthlow	10	20	Kennedy	10	16
Jacobs	10	18			

Event No. 3, handicap:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Cobun	22	21	Dawson	20	18
S E Taylor	20	9	Miller	20	14
Sivey	22	13	Deusen	18	15
Price	20	13	Christy	20	15
Barthlow	20	15	Kennedy	20	12
Jacobs	21	13			

Event No. 4, club team race, three men, 15 targets each man:

Barthlow, captain	13	Cobun, captain	14
Sivey	12	Price	10
Jacobs	9—34	Taylor	8—32

Extra events for the day:

Event No. 5, challenge, cup, 50 targets:

Cobun	46	Barthlow	35
Sivey	25	Jacobs	36
Price	40		

Event No. 6, White trophy, handicap:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Cobun	24	21	Barthlow	33	21
Sivey	29	19	Jacobs	25	19
Price	25	18	Dawson	26	17

Tie shot off between Cobun and Barthlow, same handicap:

Cobun	24	22	Barthlow	33	25

Event No. 7, L. C. Smith trophy, 20 targets, use both barrels, 10 pairs:

	Singles.	Dbles.	Total.		Singles.	Dbles.	Total.
Cobun	17	14	31	Sivey	14	13	27
Price	18	14	32	Jacobs	17	15	32

Tie shot off between Price and Jacobs, 10 targets, use both barrels, 5 pairs:

Price	7	5	12	Jacobs	9	7	16

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 4.—The first win in the contest for the November cup, the first of the fall and winter series, was scored by Mr. O. C. Grinnell, Jr., with 23. There were eleven contestants for this much-coveted trophy. Mr. A. G. Southworth, the scratch man of this contest, scored 22.

The Stake trophy had eleven contestants, and the win was scored by Dr. Keyes, with 24 out of 25. Other trophy contests and scores are as follows:

Trophy, 15 targets:

	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
A G Southworth	0	12	12	C E T Foster	0	11	11
H W Bissing	1	11	12	F C Raynor	2	10	12
W W Marshall	2	12	14	J N Teeter	3	4	7
C A Lockwood	0	12	12	L C Hopkins	1	10	11
S P Hopkins	2	10	12	Dr Keyes	0	10	10

Monthly cup, 25 targets:

A G Southworth	0	22	22	F C Raynor	3	16	19
H W Bissing	2	18	20	J N Teeter	6	15	21
W W Marshall	3	17	20	L C Hopkins	3	19	22
C A Lockwood	1	17	18	O C Grinnell	1	22	23
S P Hopkins	4	14	18	Dr Keyes	1	16	17
C E T Foster	1	19	20				

Trophy, 15 targets:

A G Southworth	0	11	11	C E T Foster	0	6	6
H W Bissing	1	5	6	F C Raynor	2	11	13
W W Marshall	2	8	10	J N Teeter	4	6	10
C A Lockwood	0	9	9	L C Hopkins	1	13	14
S P Hopkins	2	10	12	Dr J J Keyes	0	14	14

Shoot-off:

Dr Keyes	0	15	15	L C Hopkins	1	8	9

Stake trophy, 25 targets:

A G Southworth	0	22	22	F C Raynor	4	17	21
H W Bissing	2	16	18	J N Teeter	6	14	20
W W Marshall	3	13	16	L C Hopkins	3	17	20
C A Lockwood	1	22	23	O C Grinnell	1	17	18
S P Hopkins	4	18	22	Dr Keyes	1	23	24
C E T Foster	1	15	16				

Trophy, 15 targets:

A G Southworth	0	14	14	C E T Foster	0	11	11
H W Bissing	1	9	10	F C Raynor	2	3	5
W W Marshall	2	6	8	O C Grinnell	1	8	9
C A Lockwood	0	13	13	Dr Keyes	0	13	13
S P Hopkins	2	8	10				

Trophy, 15 targets:

A G Southworth	0	14	14	S P Hopkins	2	12	14
H W Bissing	1	11	12	C E T Foster	0	13	13
C A Lockwood	0	12	12	L C Hopkins	1	12	13
Marshall	2	10	12	O C Grinnell	0	13	13

Shoot-off:

A G Southworth	0	14	14	S P Hopkins	2	12	14

Shoot-off:

A G Southworth	0	15	15	S P Hopkins	2	9	11

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

A G Southworth	0	14	14	C E T Foster	0	10	10
H W Bissing	1	11	12	L C Hopkins	1	9	10
C A Lockwood	0	10	10				

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

THE remaining schedule of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League is as follows:

No. 11—S. S. White at Florists, Lansdale at North Camden, Highland at Clearview, Narberth at Merchantville, Meadow Springs at Media.

Nov. 25—Media at Narberth, North Camden at Highland, Clearview at S. S. White, Merchantville at Lansdale, Florists at Meadow Springs.

Dec. 9—North Camden at Merchantville, Lansdale at Clearview, Highland at Meadow Springs, Narberth at Florists, S. S. White at Media.

Dec. 23—Media at Lansdale. S. S. White at Meadow Springs, Merchantville at Highland, Florists at Clearview, Narberth at North Camden.

Jan. 6—Lansdale at Florists, North Camden at Media, Highland at S. S. White, Clearview at Merchantville, Meadow Springs at Narberth.

Jan. 20,—Florists at North Camden, Narberth at Highland, S. S. White at Merchantville, Media at Clearview, Lansdale at Meadow Springs.

Feb. 3—Narberth at S. S. White, Merchantville at Meadow Springs, North Camden at Clearview, Lansdale at Highland, Media at Florists.

Feb. 17—Florists at Highland, Media at Merchantville, S. S. White at Lansdale, Meadow Springs at North Camden, Narberth at Clearview.

March 3—Highland at Media, Florists at Merchantville, North Camden at S. S. White, Clearview at Meadow Springs, Lansdale at Narberth.

March 17.—Florists at S. S. White, North Camden at Lansdale, Media at Meadow Springs, Clearview at Highland, Merchantville at Narberth.

March 31—Narberth at Media, Highland at North Camden, Lansdale at Merchantville, Meadow Springs at Florists, S. S. White at Clearview.

April 14—Merchantville at North Camden, Clearview at Lansdale, Meadow Springs at Highland, Florists at Narberth, Media at S. S. White.

April 28—Lansdale at Media, Highland at Merchantville, Clearview at Florists, Meadow Springs at S. S. White, North Camden at Narberth.

May 12—Florists at Lansdale, Media at North Camden, S. S. White at Highland, Merchantville at Clearview, Narberth at Meadow Springs.

May 26.—North Camden at Florists, Highland at Narberth, Clearview at Media, Merchantville at S. S. White, Meadow Springs at Lansdale.

H. B. Fisher, 7125 Woodland avenue, West Philadelphia, Pa., is the secretary.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Nov. 4.—Several of the regular shooters did not attend, the great football game being a great attraction. However, twelve shooters faced the traps, and competition was good and lively all the afternoon.

The ties for the October cup were shot off, although Mr. Stuart Scott was absent. Dr. Brown broke 12 out of 25 targets, and with a handicap of 8, he scored 20 to the 23 of Mr. Gus Grieff from scratch, the latter winning.

In the regular club shoot for the November cup a new winner, Dr. Held, made high score. Target shooting is a new sport to him, but in years past he had much success on live birds. Mr. E. Huggins also did some very fine shooting, winning a handsome trophy in event 5. Scores:

Event 1, 25 targets:

G E Grieff	23	E Higgins	16
J W Hibbard	16	Dr Held	11

No. 2, 10 targets, walking match:

Grieff	7	Huggins	4
Hibbard	3	Dr Held	1

No. 3, trophy, 15 targets:

	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Hdp.	Tot'l.
Grieff	0	11	F Vilmar	4	12
Hibbard	3	15	Zettel	4	11
Dr Held	4	11	Ehlers	3	13

No. 4, 15 targets:

Grieff	0	14	Zettel	4	10
Hibbard	3	12	Ehlers	3	13
Huggins	4	10	N Jones	4	12
Dr Held	4	13	F Graham	3	13
Vilmar	4	13			

No. 5, November cup, 25 targets:

Huggins	7	22	Kuechler	7	17
Dr Held	7	24	Vilmar	7	14
Grieff	0	23	Zittel	7	11
Hibbard	5	22	Ehlers	5	23
Dr Brown	6	19	Jones	7	21
Dr Williams	0	16	Graham	5	18

No. 6, 25 targets, trophy:

Huggins	7	20	Kuechler	7	12
Held	7	21	Vilmar	7	19
Grieff	0	21	Zittel	7	18
Hibbard	5	18	Ehlers	5	21
Dr Brown	6	18	Jones	7	19
Dr Williams	0	19	Graham	5	21

No. 7, trophy, 25 targets:

Grieff	0	22	Huggins	7	25
Williams	0	19	Vilmar	7	16
Brown	7	19	Jones	7	16
Held	7	23	Huggins	7	22
Hibbard	5	22			

No. 8, trophy, 25 targets:

Huggins	7	22	Vilmar	7	21
Held	7	24	Hibbard	5	17
Grieff	0	21			

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y., will be pleased to send to applicants their handsome illustrated catalogue containing photographic illustrations of the different grades of their guns. For postage, eight cents, they will send one of their handsome hangers in ten colors.

The Hunter Arms Co. writes us that "We have just been awarded the gold medal at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and would consider it a favor if you would give us a notice in connection with same. Will you kindly note: 1. That this medal is the highest award that the Exposition has given. 2. That it was given to us in the face of the keenest kind of competition. 3. That it was given to us on both our hammerless gun, and the Hunter one-trigger. 4. All of the judges were gun experts, so that we consider the medal to be of special value."

The calendar for 1906 issued by the Peters Cartridge Company is fully up to the high standard set by this company in past years. It is of the usual size, and depicts that proud moment in the experience of a big game hunter when he emerges from the forest depths bringing the much-prized moose head, borne on the back of his guide. The calendar is handsomely lithographed in twelve colors and embossed, and will doubtless be much sought for by dealers and sportsmen generally. It will be sent to any address upon application to the Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O., with enclosure of 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover the cost of mailing.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Insufficient Postage.

CARELESSNESS of correspondents in attaching the required postage stamps to foreign letters cause annoyance and expense to the parties addressed. Consul Brittain directs attention to this in the following:

"There seems to be a greater number of letters coming from America with insufficient postage than at any previous time. Numerous persons have recently called at the consulate showing letters on which they have been obliged to pay 5, 10, 15, and in some instances 20 cents postage. These matters appear small, but there are few things which so irritate a business man as being obliged to pay penalty postage on letters and printed circulars. Many of the business houses in America forward packages of circulars in sealed envelopes requiring letter postage which could be sent as printed matter."

That is a rather startling advertisement printed in another column by the Reliable Smokeless Powder Co., of Newark, N. J., and one about which the shooter, whether in the field or at the traps, will want to know more. What is this new smokeless powder, and above all, by what method is the electric gun operated? These are questions which we can hardly answer, although we believe that we know a few things about guns ourselves, but we imagine that application to the Reliable Smokeless Powder Co., of 24 Scott street, Newark, N. J., will draw forth answers that should be of great interest to gunners.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1905.

VOL. LXV.—No. 21. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

"IN THE LODGES OF THE BLACKFEET."

WE have in hand a series of chapters entitled "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet," in which is told the life story of a squawman who has lived for many years with the Blackfoot Indians of Montana. The story is autobiographic in form, is related without reserve, and is a most intimate and graphic picturing of wild Indian life on the plains, and—after the wild life was over—of Indian ways on the reservation. The chapters are of sustained interest; the publication will be begun in our next issue.

BIRDS, CATS AND POISON.

THE destruction of Dr. Hodge's domesticated ruffed grouse by poisoning is a most regrettable incident. While the miscreant who did the deed has not been detected, it is assumed that the act was prompted by revenge; and it may have been done by some one whose cat had been killed by Dr. Hodge. As has been told, trespassing and marauding cats have been the most serious factor Dr. Hodge has had to contend with. Such cats as had owners known to him he captured and returned to their homes; vagrants and strays he trapped and chloroformed. By this course—human nature being what it is—he incurred the enmity of the owners of the destroyed cats; and—human nature being what it is—one may readily conceive that some master of a roving feline, which had been done to death by Dr. Hodge, might regard the doing to death of the birds as a feasible mode of squaring the account.

The detestable deed of the bird poisoner may rightly be denounced in no measured terms; but the denunciation is not likely to affect the bird poisoner. The average owner of a cat or a dog is impervious to protests against the tramp proclivities of his semi-feral animal; he hears of neighbors' chickens destroyed and garden plants devastated without a qualm. Tell him that his cat has killed your canary and he receives the intelligence with a superior sort of commiserative smile. Warn him that you have tame game birds and that he must keep his cats at home, his answer is a sneer. Protect your own birds on your own grounds by killing the trespassing vermin, his recourse is to the arsenic bottle—if his cat may not live to prey on your birds, your birds shall not be left alive. This is the line of reasoning to which the events at Worcester point.

Dr. Hodge's loss of tamed partridges first by cats and then by cats' owners is unusual, extraordinary and noteworthy, only because it is unusual, extraordinary and noteworthy to have live wild game birds in one's possession and as the fruits of successful rearing and keeping. But only in this nature of the bird victims is the case out of the common. The domestic cat belongs in the class of wild animals denominated vermin. It is vermin artificially maintained by mankind. That it is a species of vermin purposely and artificially perpetuated by human society, diminishes in no respect its predatory attributes. So long as there are cats in the community, the creature will prey on the community. Experimenters with game birds must always reckon with the cat. And with the cat owner, which is to say, with poison.

LOOKING AHEAD.

WE all know something of the difficulties of Christmas shopping and are all subject to the universal strong tendency to put off the purchasing of Christmas gifts until the last moment; when something that might have been done deliberately and comfortably a few days or weeks earlier is done at last—if accomplished at all—in a hurry, among a crowd, and often in a very unsatisfactory way.

In this matter we are speaking two words for ourselves to one for anyone who may wish to purchase any of the FOREST AND STREAM books as Christmas gifts. The last few days before the holidays are commonly crowded with book orders to such an extent that it is difficult to fill them on time. Besides that, the Christmas mails are so crowded, and the post office officials so overworked that everything going through the mails is delayed and packages which, under ordinary conditions, would have had plenty of time for transit, are now thrust aside, delayed and received late.

We can assure those who will number books among the gifts they are to select, that it will be better for them and better for us, if they will send us their orders for Christmas books now instead of one, two or three weeks later.

BUFFALO FOR THE WICHITA RESERVE.

IT is recognized that efforts to perpetuate the buffalo by maintaining small herds in captivity even in the larger zoological parks and on cattle ranges is doomed to failure by reason of the deterioration due to inbreeding and the stagnation of life in confinement. The only practicable way in which the species may be preserved, if at all, is to restore primitive conditions. This means giving wide ranges in natural wilderness. The adaptability of some of the Forest Preserves to such use has been noted in these columns, and it has been urged that small herds of buffalo should be put on the reserves and there be maintained and protected by the Government. A very practical step in this direction has just been taken by the New York Zoological Society, which has offered to supply to the Government a herd of buffalo gathered together from widely different sources to be liberated on the Wichita Reserve. The offer has been formally made to the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Society has declared its readiness to provide the buffalo whenever the Government shall have fenced a suitable area for them on the Reserve. The action of the Society is generous and patriotic. We trust that we may have the satisfaction of recording the establisment of the Wichita herd.

BEAVER IN TOWN.

NEW YORK is a wonderful city. Its wonders may be enumerated in millions, if one wish—the population exceeds 4,000,000; the budget for 1906 is nearly $117,000,000; the Subway carried 106,000,000 passengers in the first year, and there are a thousand or more millionaires living in the city and paying or not paying taxes here. But the wonderful thing to be noted just now is that New York city has a beaver colony "in its midst," a band of live, working, dam-building beavers. The morning papers of Monday related that several hundred visitors in the Bronx Zoological Park last Sunday witnessed a sight altogether novel and marvellous when the place is considered. It was the felling of a large oak tree by the beavers of Beaver Lake, in the course of operations for the provision of winter quarters. The spectators saw the final cuttings by the beavers, the swaying and falling of the tree across the stream, and then the work of the beavers which followed immediately toward the completion of the dam. It was an object lesson one would go far into the woods to see, and it is only one of a multitude of pictures of wild life provided for New Yorkers in the Bronx.

The establishment of the Bronx beaver colony is a restoration of one of original wild species which have been closely identified with New York. If we may trust the history which is told in street names, there must have been beaver in the streams of Manhattan Island in the old days, for Beaver street, a cañon which winds its way amid the towering skyscrapers of the lower part of the city, is reputed to have taken its name from the beaver which frequented the locality; and nearby, on the front of a building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, a cartouche bears the figure of a beaver in commemoration of the ancient denizens of the precincts now populated by bulls and bears. The builders of the Subway have decorated several of the stations with distinctive and appropriate designs for which they have found the motives in the historic associations. In the frieze of the Bowling Green station is shown a game of bowls as played on the green of colonial days, from which the present little park takes its name; at Fulton street, named for Robert Fulton, the motive is the inventor's first steamboat, the Clermont; and in the station at Astor Place, taking its name from Astor, the fur trader, is shown the beaver, significant of the beaver trapping, in which the Astor wealth had its origin.

IN the late New York election a State Island candidate announced as his platform plank a proposition that mosquitoes ought to be exterminated from the island, and declared that, if elected, he would drive the insects over into New Jersey. He was not elected, the inference being that the Staten Islanders preferred the rival candidate and mosquitoes to the insect exterminator without them. The opposition press was inclined to make light of the mosquito as a campaign issue, but there is nothing ridiculous about it. We are gradually acquiring a knowledge of the mosquito in its relation to public health which, when the facts shall be fully and popularly appreciated, will give it dignity for campaign platforms. In New Orleans and Havana and other Southern localities to-day no one would dream of making light of the mosquito as a subject of party principle. Only in less degree is it bound to take rank in public administration in all sections cursed by the malaria mosquito. The mosquito is a removable and preventable plague. It is now tolerated and endured only because of popular ignorance, apathy and shiftlessness, all of which attributes of the community are characteristic in a degree possibly criminal, certainly harmful and productive of increased death rates. The candidate for office who proclaims mosquito extermination deserves at least respectful consideration, and the candidate who shall fulfill his mosquito exterminating campaign pledges will deserve gratitude if not a monument.

CAPTAIN EDWARD HERENDEEN, who died at Little Compton, R. I., on Nov. 2, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, was a stalwart figure in that class of American masters of whaling ships who have been ranked among the finest practical navigators of the American mercantile marine. He was for many years engaged in whaling on the North Pacific; and was an officer of one of the first ships to winter at the mouth of the Mackenzie. The heroic fiber of the man was shown when he was found among the few who made that perilous expedition into the ice after the great disaster to the whaling fleet in the '80s, and with his small party rescued one of the two vessels which had survived the crush of the floe ice. In 1872-4 Captain Herendeen was sailing master of the United States revenue cutter Yukon, and was later a member of the international polar expedition to Point Barrow, and after the return of the expedition spent three years at that isolated outpost. It was Captain Herendeen's misfortune, after having acquired a competence, to make losing investments which swept away his modest fortune; and following this he became captain of the watch at the Smithsonian Institution. His personal qualities endeared him to his associates, and his rich store of information on Arctic subjects was freely drawn on. Captain Herendeen was a valued contributor to the natural history columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, his communications carrying always the conviction that comes of full knowledge.

OWING to the mistake of his assistant, a conjurer at a Berlin music hall was killed by catching on his forehead a heavy metal ball instead of a light-weight globe which the assistant forgot to substitute. This was clearly a case of didn't-know-it-was-loaded, though the comment may seem flippant and heartless.

MR. RAYMOND S. SPEARS has a reply to our Albany correspondent respecting the disputed Adirondack land sales. The subject is attracting much attention, and one result of the discussion will be to insure a more careful scrutiny of future land transactions in the North Woods.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

On Not Getting Lost in the Woods.

We often see articles in the sporting papers giving people who are lost in the woods instruction as to how to find their way. It is very doubtful whether any of those who are so ready to tell others what to do, ever traveled much in the woods, and it is certain that, if lost there, they could never find their way by any of the so-called helps they offer to others. I have never known of any one writing an article showing insane people how to become sane; but it is just as reasonable as telling those who are lost in the woods how to find their way out, for when a man is really lost he is practically insane and incapable of reasoning as he would at other times, and even when he gets to well-known roads and clearings he does not recognize them. Men will often turn nearly, or quite, squarely around and either go in a circle or sometimes turn back in the opposite direction, all the time thinking they are keeping a straight course. It is as hard to tell why they do this as why life insurance officials can do such crooked things and still think that they are honest.

Sebattis Dana, of the Penobscot Indians, once told me that when he was moose hunting with two other Indians, it came on to snow hard and they started for their camp. All thought that they knew the way and they had traveled some time when they came upon the fresh tracks of three men who were traveling in the same direction as themselves. After following for some time, they came to a place where someone had pulled a piece off a rotten stub in passing. Sebattis recognized it as a place where he had slipped and had broken off the stub in recovering himself. A closer inspection showed that they were following their own tracks. They then started again but soon came round to their tracks the second time. Sebattis felt sure that he could go straight, and took the lead, but shortly they were back again to their own tracks. Finally one of them climbed a tree and could see the lake, near which they camped, close by them; but even then he had to throw a branch toward it to get a right start. Soon after they reached camp it stopped snowing, and they went back to examine their tracks. Sebattis told me that at the time when he was in the lead he had gone straight toward the lake till within plain sight of it and then all three had turned squarely about and gone back in the direction whence they had come.

I have known of a man coming out close to the edge of a good road and then turning and going back. He did not see the road at all but happened to look up and caught sight of a telegraph wire over his head.

An uncle of mine told me that he had lived at a farmhouse in northern New York all summer. Occasionally he had gone through a piece of woods to visit at another farmhouse. One bright day in the fall he started to go there. The way seemed longer than usual, but he had no doubt but that he was going in the right direction until he came out of the woods and found that he had come out at a place which was strange to him. Seeing a house nearby, he went up to it to inquire the way. It was not until he was in the act of knocking on the door that he realized that he had returned to the same house where he had lived all summer. He had got turned around and this caused familiar things to look strange to him. When a man is in such a state of mind that he cannot tell a main road or a clearing when he sees it, it is useless to talk of his being able to follow any of the many ways which some of these Sherlock Holmeses have written of.

Some of these would-be instructors tell us that there are more branches on the south side of trees, while others tell us that there is more moss on the north side of trees and rocks. Trees branch most toward the open spaces, where there is room to spread their branches, whether it is north or south. Firs and spruces branch very nearly symmetrically, no matter what the situation. As to moss, sometimes trees moss more on one side and sometimes on the other. I have carefully tested the matter with a compass in various locations and find that there is no possible way to get any help as to direction by looking at either limbs or moss, though it is a favorite idea of writers to tell of people finding their way by looking at branches and moss; I have never known of any woodsman being guided in that way. Another tells us that the tips of hemlock and cedar point north, while very recently one claims that the tips of hemlock point toward the east. Now the actual fact is, that no one in the woods can see the tops of trees, even in bright days, unless he is upon a hill above them or in some road or open space. In most cases when men are lost it is in dark, rainy, snowy or cloudy days, when there would be no chance to see the treetops; but if they could see them, and it was calm, so that the tops were not bent by the wind, they would find that they bend in all directions. I have walked along in open places and roads testing this by compass, and one might as well rely on which way the leaves fall as on being guided by the treetops.

Another tells us that the gum is softer on the south side. Now, one may travel miles without seeing any gum at all, and to find it upon both sides of a tree, except upon a spotted line, would be a very unusual thing. In our woods I hardly think that a man could average finding one such tree in a day, and even if he did by chance find one, in cold weather the gum on both sides would be hard. In point of fact, the gum which has recently exuded is soft no matter which side of the tree it is, while the old gum is always hard. Then again, the gum on trees is not confined to the north and south sides of the trees, but is as likely to be found upon the east and west sides if the trees have been wounded on those sides.

Another tells us that by cutting down a tree the rings will be found wider upon the south side. The majority of those out hunting do not carry axes, but if one did, he would find very few cases where the grain of the wood would show any difference. In some cases where a tree stands so its side is fully exposed to the sun there may be a slight difference; but a man might starve to death cutting down trees before he could tell the north from the south. I have traveled the Maine woods in company with as good men as ever traveled these woods, and I never knew any man to be in any way helped by any of these things which so many write of, and those who write so only show their own ignorance of the woods. Some men I have traveled with never used a compass; some always carried one, but very seldom set it, except in stormy weather; while occasionally a woodsman relies entirely on a plan and compass. Some men seem to be born with a compass in their heads, while some can never learn to travel even with a compass in their hands. A good woodsman finds his way just as an animal does, by a certain kind of instinct. He cannot tell you how he does it or teach you how, but he can do it himself, and knowing that he will hunt all day without troubling his head as to where the camp is. Of course, he is guided some by sun and wind and lay of the land; but it is perfectly surprising what some men can do in finding their way in stormy or cloudy days.

I once separated from an Indian on the top of Bald Mountain near Nictor Lake on the Little Tobique in New Brunswick. He belonged north of the St. Lawrence and was an entire stranger in that part of the country. He was going to look for moose, while I was to take the canoe back after I was done hunting, he coming to the camp at the outlet on foot. The day was fine, but at night grew cloudy and threatened rain. As he failed to come in, I grew anxious and at intervals during the evening fired my rifle with heavy charges to try to guide him in. In the morning it was raining hard. At 9 o'clock in the forenoon I heard some one calling, and on going across the stream, found Peol. After he had eaten, he told me that he had followed the track of a moose till 5 P. M., then he had started for camp. He traveled till 9. Then he had spotted three trees in line so as to keep the direction, if the wind should change, had built a fire and stood by it all night until at 5 A. M., when it got light enough for him to see to travel; then he walked until 9 and had struck the stream only a mile below our camp and followed it up. He estimated that he was sixteen miles from camp when he started back, as he had traveled eight hours to get in. He had no compass, in fact, never carried one, although he always carried a watch. He had eaten nothing except a piece of hard bread since the morning before, and had been out all night with no clothing but pants and a red flannel shirt; yet he did not speak of having had a hard time. He remarked that two owls slept at the same house where he did, and that he traveled by the wind. I have hunted with a number of men who, I think, could have done as well.

I once heard Paul B. Du Chaillu, the noted traveler, say: "On the west coast of Africa, if you fall into the water the sharks shall get you sure; consequently you had better never fall in!" And so I would say to those going into the woods, "You had better never get lost."

Manly Hardy.

Adirondack Conditions.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your valued paper is fulfilling part of its high calling in giving space to State land affairs in the Adirondacks.

Permit me to add a little testimony as to some other conditions: First—As to the deer supply: I know something about Hamilton county, for I have hunted there for about twenty years, and I know from personal observation that in some sections where lumbering has been going on for three years or so, the deer are perceptibly diminished in number. The old deer trails remain, but the fresh tracks, formerly to be counted by the dozen, are now single or at most two or three. And I do not believe it is a case of the lumbermen driving out the deer, for there has not been a corresponding increase in other sections. The inference is plain.

Second—Many of the residents of the Adirondacks need educating up to a clear and practical recognition of the fact that the preservation of the Adirondack forests, fish and game, is imperatively necessary to their own prosperity.

This should be apparent without argument. But it is not. This is proved by a widespread hostility to the elk and moose liberated in the Adirondack woods in the effort to restock them with this noble game. Many residents argue against the effort, claim the large animals will drive out the deer, and speak complacently of the killing of elk or moose by others.

Again, it is undoubtedly true that the old spirit of setting forest fires in order to create work in fighting them, still lives and, like a fire smouldering underground, only awaits the opportunity to break out. The past season was so incomparably wet that little opportunity was afforded, but enough was done to show the existence of the spirit. Such work is like a man high up a tree, cutting off the limb on which he sits. Present wages come, but the end is disaster. A campaign of education is needed on both these points. Of course, among the residents are many exceptions, but the need on both points is too prevalent.

Mr. Spears notes the proposed dam at Piseco Lake, and the danger of flooding adjacent lands. In other places also the same danger is at hand. Existing dams are raised to facilitate transportation, and the timber and shrubbery along miles and miles of shore are liable to be killed by the high water.

What that means to the scenery, the beautiful Marion River, made famous by Adirondack Murray, but since flooded and bordered on both sides almost its entire length with dead cedars piercing the air in their unsightliness, illustrates. Some portions of Raquette River and of others, illustrate the same operation of cause and effect. A shame on the mercenary spirit which, to save the work and expense of a little dredging, is willing thus to profane the face of nature! As a health and pleasure resort, the Adirondacks have no equal this side of Colorado—even if there. With their life-giving tonic of the air, with no venomous reptiles nor insects, their unsurpassed opportunities for healthful recreation, their accessibility, and their almost unrivalled beauty, they constitute one of the Creator's choicest gifts—one of the most invaluable possessions of the people. The powers of enlightened and appreciative public sentiment, and of the State should be exerted to prevent the alienation of those lands from the State and of their utility and beauty from the people.

Juvenal.

Stories of Some Sea Dogs.

IV.—Shakins and the Tough Four.

Perhaps there are persons who have read some of my previous stories of sea dogs who may think that I never bought a dog but was always picking up homeless ones, but they wrong me, for I have bought several in my life; but after varied experiences with both boughten ones and pick-ups, the latter classes have almost invariably proven to have been the most precious ones, and then again I rather think my fad was for canine waifs and strays.

It was in Liverpool that I picked up Shakins. He looked friendless and as if searching for some one to be good to him, and I called him to me, and patting his head and talking to him, said, "Come along, old fellow," and he was nothing loth to accept my invitation. When we arrived at the dock gate, the policeman on duty said to me, "Are you going to take that dog aboard your ship, Captain? I hope you are, for he deserves a good home. His former master was the mate of a ship that left here a few days ago. The poor mate died and his dog has been watching for his return ever since. He is half starved, but we feed him at times."

That settled it with me, and again patting the poor fellow on the head, I determined that he should have as good a home as he had lost. The dog evidently knew that I was to be his new master, and having been indorsed by the policeman, a future home was as good as assured. He was a collie, and a bright, clean one at that; with a clear, loving eye, and as gentle as a little girl. As soon as we got on deck, the dog was wild with joy. He frisked about the decks and barked and frolicked around as if to say, "Home at last!" When we entered the cabin, he went around peering into every stateroom, perhaps in quest of some trace of his late master, but quite as likely to familiarize himself with his new surroundings; at any rate, he soon made himself quite at home. I told the story of the dog to the two mates, and they at once took kindly to the fellow, and before the day was over he was on excellent terms with all hands fore and aft. The second mate christened him "Shakings," why that name I do not now remember, but it suited me and the dog, and hence that was his name, and one never to be forgotten by anyone who sailed in that ship on that memorable voyage.

Some of my crew that came from New York in the ship got the gold fever and ran away, and I was obliged to ship some new men. Several of these were not to my liking, but they were the best to be had under the circumstances. Four of them the mate christened the "Tough Four," before they had been on board as many days. However, the marked quartette obeyed all orders promptly and gave us no trouble; but they were a forbiding looking lot of chaps, to say the least. Shakins did not like them at all, and while he was fairly familiar with the rest of the crew, he would have nothing to do with these fellows. Several times I was on the point of telling them to come aft and get their wages and go on shore, but I was confronted with the great difficulty of getting men to fill their places, and finally dismissed the matter from my mind.

The afternoon before we sailed several boxes of specie were delivered alongside the ship, to be put on

board. In those days there were no steam lines to Brazil—we were bound to Rio Janeiro—so that speeie shipments were of eommon occurrence on sailing vessels. It so chanced that the four toughs had a hand in putting the boxes on board and, of course, knew from their weight and markings that they contained money. They were put in my stateroom temporarily. Nothing unusual transpired on our outward passage, until we had been out from Liverpool about three weeks, when one night as I was looking into the binnacle to see if the man at the wheel was keeping on his eourse, he said to me, "Say, Captain, you'll have to excuse me, but most of us fellows forward don't like the four fellows we shipped in Liverpool. They's bad ones, they is. I think they are hatching up some plot to make mischief on board this ship."

I questioned him closely; but he could not make himself quite clear as to what kind of a plot the fellows were hatching, and after eautioning him to be careful, I asked him to ingratiate himself with the suspects, and gather all he eould about the supposed plot and let me know.

All the while Shakins was my constant companion; and his marked intelligence bordered on the miraculous at times. Some of the superstitious old sailors said he was possessed of an evil spirit, and was an uncanny dog that was to be respected if not feared. He knew several colors by name, that is so far as the ship's flags were concerned, and if told to bring the ensign, the jack, or the house flag, he would do it every time without making a single mistake. Tell him to bring the quarantine flag—"Q" of the International Code of Signals—and he would piek it out of the nineteen flags of the code. If sent for a ball of eotton sewing twine, he would not bring the hemp twine, although they were in the same locker; in fact, he knew the names of the common things of everyday use on board the ship. He could scent land when we eould not see it, and his varying bark—his language—soon became to be as well understood as if he had spoken, as we did, a common language. To the men he was a eanine wonder.

We were out just thirty-one days from Liverpool, when Shakins demonstrated his prowess as a life-saver and made himself the hero of the ship. After dinner the passengers, of whom we had several on board, including a family with two little girls, went to their rooms for the customary afternoon nap. I had also lain down for the same bit of comfort, when I was awakened by the cry of "Man overboard!"

Rushing on deck I ordered the main topsail laid to the mast, and a boat lowered, sending a man aloft to keep the man in sight that was overboard. Judge of our suprise when the man aloft sung out:

"It's Shakins that is overboard, sir, and he has got something in his mouth, but I can't just make out what it is yet."

Just at this time little Minnie Foster's mother was hunting for the child, a beautiful flaxen-haired girl of about seven years of age. Several joined in the hunt for Minnie, but she was nowhere to be found. Poor Mrs. Foster was running about crying, "Oh, my poor Minnie, it is she that has fallen overboard! She will be drowned!" And then falling into her husband's arms, went into a faint.

It was not long before the boat was up to where Shakins was calmly holding Minnie by the back of her dress, waiting for the boat's crew to receive them into their keeping. It seemed to me that the men pulled baek to the ship even faster than they pulled away from her, for it was but a very short time from the announeement that Shakins had something in his mouth until Minnie and her rescuer were again in safety on our decks. Minnie told her story before her mother recovered from her swoon. She was playing on the transom loeker aft and erawled up to one of the stern ports, lost her balanee and fell through into the sea. Shakins saw her go and leaped in after her. I have told the rest. When Minnie's mother came to, there was a rejoicing, and Shakins eame in for a goodly share of that mother's blessings. The dog was the hero of that ship from that hour until the voyage ended some months later. But before we shall have ended this story, it will be secn he was eapable of still greater achievements.

The man at the wheel eonfessed that the tough four were too deep for him. He was unable to worm himself into their confidence, and must give up the task I had assigned him, and trust to luck to find out what they were up to; for he felt eertain that mischief was brewing. I resolved to confide in no one but the mate, whom I could rely upon implicitly, and to him told what the man at the wheel had told me; but we eould not between ourselves eonjure up just what these four fellows were planning. We watched them elosely, but they did their duty well and gave us aft no eause for eomplaint.

One night the thought came to me that they might be in a conspiraey to seize the ship and attempt to get away with the specie. I acted upon this stray thought, and eaeh hour it weighed heavier on my mind. I loaded the firearms, placed them in a seeure place, gave the mate a brace of pistols—there were no revolvers in those days—and began a most careful vigil, especially at night. Shakins now, as I remember, never permitted me to be out of his sight, and he beeame more adverse to the now to me suspicious four. Most of my sleep I took in the daytime, so that I might be better able to watch by night. I would go to my room as if to take my regular rest, and then when unobserved, come out and sit on the transom, behind the eabin staircase, which led from the quarter deck to the main cabin. After 10 o'eloek at night the light was put out in the saloon. Shakins used to lie on the locker by my side or on the floor at my feet.

I had been on deck one night, when the port watch was relieved at 8-bells, midnight, and after passing the time of day with the officers, and eautioning the helmsman to steer a straight course, went below, and, going to my room, struek a match as if going to turn in as usual in my own berth; then silently taking my place on the transom, began my lonely watch. Shakins was by my side. I must have dozed off and been oblivious for some time, when suddenly Shakins rubbed his paw two or three times quickly over my face. I was up in an instant. There in his bare feet, with a big oaken heaver behind his back, one of the tough four was softly coming down the cabin stairs. Shakins was sitting on his haunches, but never a growl came from him. The fellow made for the door of my room. I permitted him to enter, then before he could do a thing, I whispered to him, "Move, speak, and you die, you villain," at the same time wiping a brass pistol barrel across his faee. "Drop that stick, put out your hands." And quick as a flash I had the fellow handcuffed. "Now if you stir or make the least noise so as to alarm your confederates, I will blow your brains out certain. I know your whole plot."

Shutting the door, I turned the key and was just going to call the mate, who was asleep in his room on the opposite side of the cabin, when I saw a shadow in the companionway, gliding along the side of the cabin, was hailed from the deek in a whisper, "Is it all right, shall I come down?" I whispered back, "Yes, come gently." Down he came. As he passed me—for it was so dark that he eould not see me—I grabbed him by the arm, and sticking the cold, brass muzzle of the pistol in his face—I should say on his face—said, "Open your mouth, and you are a dead man, or stir, except as I order, and I will kill you." Leading him to the door of my room, I pushed him in, saying to the pair, "If you fellows stir, I will send you to hell in a second, and don't you dare give any alarm."

Then shutting the door, I ran to the mate's room and, rousing him out, sent him with his pistol to my room door to keep guard over my two eaptives, and to look out for any more of the gang that might come down into the cabin by the companionway. I then went out the forward eabin door, which was always kept locked after 10 o'clock at night; and to my surprise found the second mate bound and gagged at the main fife-rail. It took but an instant to cut his bonds, and telling him to go aft with the capstan bar—he going to the lee side of the house on deck, while I went up on the weather side—I met the third man of the quartette crouched down near the end of the house waiting for the signal to assist his shipmates. I kieked him and ordered him to go aft, and by the time the second mate had reached the wheel, where the fourth man of the gang was, the tough four were all prisoners. The fellow I had seeured I marched down the cabin stairs, leaving the second mate to look out for the man at the wheel. All this time Shakins was a silent but much interested spectator, but never opened his mouth. He seemed to know that this was the time for whispering, and he had not learned how to do that as yet.

After sending the seeond mate down to my room to change places with the chief mate, I told the mate to go forward and summon all hands aft. Not getting any response to his repeated calls, he went forward eautiously and found the watch on deck stupid, and very difficult to awaken; but the watch below were speedily aroused and came aft. My story was quickly told, and in a few minutes the wheel had been relieved and the four mutineers, or rather pirates, were in double irons and seeurely stowed away in the carpenter's shop. The scoundrels had drugged their watch mates and the four thought it was going to be an easy matter to kill the mate and me; and it would have been, but for Shakins' waking me up at the right moment.

After breakfast I sent for the prisoners one by one and questioned them. Two refused to talk, but one confessed the whole plot, and the other eonfirmed what the confessing man had told me. They had planned to murder us all, save the second mate, whom they were to compel to navigate the ship near to the land; then put the specie in the boat, kill him, set fire to the ship and make their escape inland and divide the money. It was Shakins that brought their plans to grief. We carried the tough four into Rio, and delivered them to the Ameriean Consul. He jailed them until an opportunity presented itself and then shipped them in double irons for trial before a United States Commissioner at New York. Off Hatteras a vessel eollided with the ship in a fog, sinking her. The crew were all saved, but the four that were not to be saved from death by law perished as they deserved to perish.

We finished our loading at Rio and went to Cronstadt, thenee to London, and back home to New York. Shakins was made an idol of. In every port his deeds were told, both by the men forward and by us in the after part of the ship. Men petted him and women kissed the dear old fellow; but they never took away one whit of his love for me. He made several more voyages with me, but at last his strength began to fail, his eyesight dimmed, and I did not want to see him suffer on shipboard, so I left him on shore with a friend who I knew would care for him tenderly. When I returned some months afterward poor Shakins had gone to the Heaven prepared for dogs. He sleeps now on the banks of the Hudson in a quiet spot where I know he will not be disturbed. I would dearly love to mark his last resting place with a stone on which would be engraved a fitting tribute to his memory, a token of my love and affection for a friend whose equal I have never met. But, alas! I dare not do this, lest some dog-hater would disturb even the dust of dear old Shakins. Can you wonder I love dogs, and that tears will eome when I tell of their goodness to me.

B. S. OSBON.

A pleasant little story is told by the Geneva correspondent of the Daily Chronicle about the swallows which have been eaught in Switzerland by the cold snap on their way to Italy, and probably en route for Africa. Thousands of the migrants have fallen exhausted and paralyzed by the cold at Lucerne and Zurich, and the kindly folk have been colleeting and caring for the little waifs and sending them on by train, when they had recovered, to Chiasso, where they have been set free to continue their flight. We congratulate the swallows, and we also eongratulate the good Samaritans who have given such practical assistance to the little ereatures.—Westminster Gazette.

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A Day in Massachusetts Covers.

RESPONDING to a growing healthy sentiment, the Solons of the old Bay State have, from time to time, shortened the open season when the game birds may legally be reduced to possession. The older generation of sportsmen can well remember when the shooting of woodcock and upland plover was permitted during the sweltering weather of July, and of ruffed grouse and quail soon after.

The army of sportsmen has been so rapidly recruited in recent times, firearms perfected and rendered more destructive, and the number of bird dogs multiplied and more highly developed, that the more conservative and thoughtful welcome every measure that limits the wholesale destruction and extermination of our game birds and insures their conservation to coming generations.

The heats of summer time have passed; the half-fledged birds that were sought and cruelly slaughtered in former times have now reached maturity, and are strong of wing; the crisp frosts of autumn stimulate renewed energy and impart such a glorious coloring to hillside and landseape as the famed pencil of Rembrandt never equalled; and the sportsmen of the oldest settled State in New England rejoice and are glad that October now marks the opening of the gunning season for upland game birds.

Although this State has been settled nearly three hundred years, and despite the fact that its population to the square mile is greater than that of any other State in the Union, its wooded hillsides and valleys, its sprout lands and white birch and alder runs with overhanging grape vines, the abundance of mast—berries, grapes, nuts, seeds and buds—all combine to make such an ideal home for our native birds that an abundance still remain to generously reward the ambition and skill of the sportsman who is familiar with the haunts and habits of the game.

While upland plover, quail and woodcock are in evidence, the ruffed grouse, here called partridge, are more eagerly sought, and the sportsman who can outwit an old cock partridge, who can follow him through dense shrubbery, spoonwood, blackberry bushes, tangling grape vines and other swampy and woodsy growths, and finally draw a bead upon him and pull the trigger successfully, when he suddenly breaks eover with a noise like thunder, and with seeming lightning speed, can well feel a pardonable pride in his achievement, and challenge eomparison for enduranee and skill with the most successful wing shot of other species of feathered game; and in all that goes to stir the blood and send a thrill of triumph throughout the system, the aehievement will not suffer by comparison with the deeds of him who suecessfully stalks big game in gloomy forest and mountain fastness far from the abodes of men.

But, again, the lengthened days of the summer solstice have eome and gone, and with them the light and warmth and flowers of summer time. The days of autumn are at hand, and a tempered sun and gentle breezes, mellow and bracing, energize and exhilarate like wine of rarest vintage. In the early morning hours with an old eompanion, tried and true, and our stauneh setter in his aeeustomed place in the vehicle, and all well bundled up and tucked in to resist the biting air, we are again on our way to old and familiar haunts a dozen miles away.

Emerging from the smoke of the city, the country looks drowsy at first, but soon the early risers are in evidence, when we encounter teams laden with milk, fruit and vegetables on their way to market.

The eye falls restfully on the dim outline of the hills, and the lifting elouds of mist in the valleys seem like nature's effort to lift the curtains of night and arouse herself from sleep. The deep embrasures of the hills are still hidden in the gloom of morning, and the meadows lie in placid repose. Soon a purple arch is thrown aeross the sky, which a little later is transfixed and rent asunder by pencillings of gold. Wisps of clouds sail leisurely across the turquoise sky, when the sun soon after rolls above the horizon and dispels the remnant of night and ushers in the new day. Our surroundings were too interesting and impressive for the common-places of conversation, and a eommunity of tastes prompted the tribute of silenee.

Arriving at the extensive farm of an old friend, whose covers always abound in game birds, and to which we had always heretofore been welcomed, repulsive signs, "No Trespassing Under Penalty of the Law," greeted our vision and aroused us from our reveries—the first foul blot of the day upon the fairest of pictures—the overthrowing of the ideal and the enthronement of the real.

Arriving at the home of our farmer friend, we found him employed husking corn in his barn. Answering his cheery "good morning" in kind as best we could, we expressed our regret that he had found it neeessary to post his farm so as to exelude Italians and other foreigners from the city and the Metropolitan water works, where many hundreds of them were employed.

Mueh to our surprise, he told us that the Italians and other foreigners had given him no trouble, but that degraded and worthless speeimens of humanity from the city, some of whom traeed their ancestry way baek to the Mayflower, had run over his place Sundays as well as Mondays, cut his barbed-wire feneing, threw down his stone walls, besides doing other damage; that when he remonstrated with them they were saucy, vulgar, profane, and treated him with abuse and contumely. They finally became so obnoxious and unbearable that he threatened them with arrest for violating the Sunday laws of the State, when they departed down through some sprout and pasture land where he heard the discharge of firearms. Missing one of his cows from the herd that night, he sought and found her the next day, in the direction whence the degenerates had taken their departure and from whence eame the sound of firearms, shot to death.

Offering the expression of our regrets for such gross improprieties as were dealt out to him, and regrets for his loss, he very warmly, with old-time eordiality, bade us welcome and wished us every pleasure and success. Caring for our team, we decided to try the two-acre

swale, so-called, over the knoll back of the barn. This patch of ground, more marsh than solid earth, lay in a sunshiny hollow between the hills, and was overgrown with a riotous profusion of shrubbery and grape vines. On the further side was arable land flanked with a sugar-loaf knoll rising a few hundred feet in the air, around the base of which, to the woods beyond, flew any birds that were flushed and which were fortunate enough to escape.

My companion took his accustomed position on the outside, when I essayed to work my way through the dense undergrowth. I made but little progress when the tinkling of the bell of Rex ceased and told the story that he was on a point. Being situated where it was impossible for me to shoot, I called out "point"—when, with the noise of muffled thunder, out went a covey of five birds, giving my companion an opportunity to make an easy double, the remainder seeking safety in the woods beyond the hill.

"This is almost too much like butchery," said he, "but being so early in the day, and not knowing what our chances may be later, I was tempted to do it. Now, let me follow the dog and you take the outside."

Thanking him for his courtesy, and assuring him that few places in the State were so sure to hold birds, and that none could be more favorable for their capture, and that we should have to work hard for any more than we might get, I insisted on working the cover and giving him the benefit of the success that was already ours, I ordered Rex on. Faithfully and thoroughly he covered the ground, challenging all likely places, but without avail. Slowly and carefully we worked our way through the dense and tangled undergrowth out toward the further end where it narrowed to a point. Clambering over a lot of small stones at the edge of the cover, that had been gathered in from the adjoining field, I was on their summit when the bell again ceased to tinkle. This my companion announced, when two more partridge broke cover near me with all their startling abruptness, and in a curving flight started like a flash for the woods beyond the hill. Hastily drawing bead upon the foremost, I pulled trigger at the moment a rolling stone gave way beneath my foot, and I scored a clean miss, but the last fell at a very considerable distance to a more careful aim. Crossing over to the woods beyond the hill, the careful and thorough working of the dog not only gave us pleasure, but also numerous shots without adding to the number of birds in our game pockets. For this we found many reasons besides the true one, doubtless—indifferent marksmanship—and consoled ourselves that we did not want all the birds; that we already had a brace, and that

> The partridge shot at that flies away
> Lives to be shot at another day.

Returning to the farmhouse at noon to care for our horse and to eat our lunch, we found the animal cared for and a dinner already prepared for us in the house. Accepting the hospitality of our host, two hungry sportsmen did full justice to the ample New England dinner so generously provided.

The shortened autumn day prevented any lengthened interchange of courtesies, and we soon turned our steps toward the birch and alder run beside a well-known trout brook, where woodcock make their home. In less time than it takes to write it, after arriving on the grounds, Rex at command flushed a plump bird that fell an easy shot to my gun. Working carefully down the run some distance, my companion heard an unusual noise and asked me if I did not hear it. Being answered in the negative, we continued our quest a little longer, when, sobbing, intermingled with comforting words, was heard as a note of discord and sadness where all else was harmony and joy.

Following the direction whence came the sound, we were soon near two little girls, one of whom was crying and sobbing as if her heart would break, and her companion vainly endeavoring to assuage her grief and comfort her in her sorrow. This picture of sadness in the early spring time of life touched a responsive chord and emphasized the story of the good Samaritan. We soon learned the story that Mamie's little sister was dead and that they had come to the brookside from neighboring farmhouses to get some wild flowers to put on her coffin.

Just then, woodcock and partridge had little attraction for us, and, touched by the pathos of the scene, we also offered such words of sympathy and comfort as we could command to the afflicted one, coupled with the assurance of co-operation and aid in procuring the floral tribute which was to attest a sister's loss and sorrow.

For a time the tears were dried, but choking sobs too plainly told that the aching heart refused to be comforted. Laying our guns aside, the sportsmen essayed the role of the florist. Making a light framework of the dark twigs of the black alder, we filled the interstices with moss from the brookside, and around the edge, nicely lapped the one over the other, we worked in a row of dark copper-colored leaves from a neighboring beech tree. Upon this, for a foundation, we fashioned a wreath of wild clematis and maidenhair fern, surmounted by a cross—the emblem of man's salvation—composed of cardinal flowers flanked with blue-fringed gentian.

The children watched the progress of our work with growing interest, and the product they gladly accepted as a burden lifted.

But our shooting for the day was over. Our game bag was not plethoric, to be sure, but sufficient for those who realize that a day spent under autumn skies, along the hillsides clothed in surging billows of color, or beside the purling brook, where the woodsy odors of lowland growth perfume the air, are not to be measured by the destruction wrought.

When we reached home in the evening the same old stars shone in the firmament, but they seemed brighter.

GEO. MCALEER.

"HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE SOUTH," the pamphlet of information issued by the Southern Railway and advertised on another page, should be in the hands of every person who is looking to an excursion to the South this season.

Adirondack State Lands.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would be unnecessary to make a reply to the article written by your special correspondent about "Adirondack State Land Sales," published in your issue of Nov. 11, if the general public was fully acquainted with the question under discussion. The article, as I shall show clearly, carries in it full, exact and perfect substantiation of my contention that "Adirondack land matters ought to be examined by honest, competent and thorough authority"; which means, of course, an investigation by the Legislature.

Your correspondent's itemized reply shows that the titles to 152 parcels, lots or tracts of land were "cancelled." Nowhere in his article does your correspondent explain this save by saying "in many cases the lands were recovered by the owners through an application for a cancellation in the tax title, in which application *certain irregularities* on the part of the assessors and supervisors *were alleged*, and which, under the law of the State at that time, rendered the tax sale invalid."

Against this place Commissioner Whipple's statement, quoted in the same article:

"The forest preserve board, immediately after its organization in 1897, made a systematic attempt to recover the lands which were lost through cancellations, their efforts being confined to these, as the redemptions in each case were final and irrevocable under the State tax law. The forest preserve board, through the legal measures adopted, recovered over 100,000 acres of land in the Adirondacks that had been lost through cancellations, but there still remained large tracts to which the State's title was so defective through irregularities [mere technicalities] in the tax sales that it is doubtful whether the State could ever regain those properties."

I showed 117,000 acres the State had lost, and hasn't got now. Mr. Whipple says besides this, 100,000 acres have already been recovered—more than 217,000 acres were taken.

In view of that statement, can anybody deny that there were irregularities in cancellations? That the State ought to get more of that vast acreage it lost?

Of course there was a lawyer behind each cancellation; of course the gloss of "perfectly legal" would be flashed before the public. How many of those 152 tracts of land—say 60,000 acres—were taken from the State illegally? How many of the redemptions were legal and above board?

Chapter 332, laws of 1893, is mentioned by your correspondent. This law excepted all Hamilton county, and numerous towns in Franklin, Lewis, Herkimer and other counties from its provisions. Because the law excepted those towns and Hamilton county, other measures than "sale" were adopted. I quote your correspondent as follows to indicate one instance:

"Joncs' Gore: Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, 15.—These lots were stricken from land list per resolution of State Board of Land Commissioners."

In the heart of the Adirondacks, in Hamilton county, in Totten & Crossfield's purchase, where the sale of State lands was forbidden, the State's title to 1,617.9 acres of land was thrown out of the people's domain by a mere "resolution" of the State Land Commissioners. Was it thrown out by the "connivance" of State officials or not? Was it legal? That resolution was worth $150,000 to the ones who got the land.

"Redemptions" are said to be perfectly legal, irrevocable, etc. Here is your correspondent's statement about the Dr. Webb preserve Lost State lots:

"Township 78 (Totten & Crossfield's purchase), lots 6, 7, 26, 38, 43, 49, 55, 56—redeemed June 24, 1890."

This was nine years after the State first acquired title to them. It also acquired title to them at a subsequent tax sale, but then allowed somebody else to get title at the 1888 tax sale. Mr. Whipple says of these lands:

"At one time, however, years previous to this sale, there were a few lots [three square miles] included in this territory which then belonged to the State of New York; pursuant to the provisions of chapter 475, laws of 1887, these lots were exchanged for other lands which were equally well located and of greater acreage."

Then, to get another statement as to these lands, refer to the Forest Commission's report of 1890:

"June 24, 1890: Hamilton county, Town of Long Lake, Township 38, Northeast corner Sargeant's tract, lots 6, 7, 26, 43, 49, 55 and 56, 2,160 acres.—Redeemed from the tax sale of 1885, under notice, by P. Moynahan, North Creek, N. Y. (The State still holds title to these lands under the sale of 1881)."

Commissioner Whipple says the land was exchanged, the Forest Commission report says "redeemed," and nowhere is lot 23 mentioned, save as having been purchased by the State at a tax sale in a Colvin report. A sop was thrown to the public: "The State still holds title to this land under the sale of 1881." This was wiped out later by "exchange" apparently.

Then as to the deal by which the State lost township 20, on Upper Saranac Lake. On lots 4, 5 and 6 were located the ponds and buildings of the Saranac Inn Fish Hatchery, owned, maintained and utilized by the State for the distribution of the fish fry and yearlings. It has been there more than eighteen years, and has been in constant use all that time. In the interval title to this land was "cancelled," squabbled over, and then bought back at the rate of $6.02 per acre. The State paid $11,000 in "recovering" those cancelled titles to its fish hatchery and didn't get all of lot 4 at that. The State lost 2,000 acres of choice camp sites around Upper Saranac Lake and paid $150,088 to get back what it had lost. Moreover, the land-buying commission said the Saranac people paid "about $50,000" back taxes which the State would have been "obliged to refund." Commissioner Whipple says the Saranac Association had paid "back taxes on the land amounting to $34,000 or thereabouts." The Association therefore received either $100,000 and 2,000 acres of State land, or $116,000 and 2,000 acres of land by reason of this shrewd deal, and the $50,000 was a lie by $16,000.

In view of the conflicting statements and in view of the facts that I have pointed out, can there be any doubt that the public has been repeatedly swindled and bamboozled in this matter of Adirondack lands?

Now, then, as to the accusation that I waited twenty years after the transactions to make these facts public. Most of the redemptions and cancellations about which I complain were made from 1888 to 1893. But how does it happen that a law made in 1900 could give Finch, Pruyn & Co. the State's share in lots 5, 19, 29, 30, 43, 44, 45, 48, 49, 52, 53 and 54, township 33, Totten & Crossfield's purchase? I believe that the State constitution says State land shall not be sold, or conveyed, and yet here, under a law of 1900, a logging company can get the State's share in nearly a thousand acres—960 acres, if one can believe a public document, and your correspondent.

That is conclusive evidence that the old-time land deals are being carried on, "by partitioning." All the pulp companies have got to do is get any old title, claim a "share" in State land, and then by a partition suit, nail a few hundred acres of State land.

That the Adirondack lands are in present danger is also shown by the fact that the State River Commission is going to listen to the cunning arguments of the attorneys and politicians who favor the "power dam" projects in the Adirondacks. The Sacandaga Dam proposition is to erect a dam 1,000 feet long and forty feet high below Lake Piseco. This will overflow nearly fifty square miles (more than is covered by Lake George). Of the 35,000 acres to be covered, upwards of 25,000 acres are State forest preserve land. The timber on that land, which, under provision of the law as regards dams, must be "cleared away," would more than pay for the dam, which is the only expense incurred by the power companies, save the purchase of the private lands that would be overflowed. The State wouldn't get a dollar for its thirty-nine square miles of land.

That dam is going to be built next spring, unless the public stops this power company scheme.

The Adirondack land scandal is not a thing of the past, it is a thing of the present and future, if the land sharks are allowed to have their way.

Your correspondent says that lot 79, Remsenburgh Patent, "100 acres" is "owned by the State now." The secretary of the Forest Commission wrote to me last summer that this land had been sold to the Finch Chemical Company. The State owned 170 acres in that lot in 1901. It was in two patches of 100 acres and 70 acres each. The 70 acres is apparently wiped off the State's list, the 100 acres being the usual sop thrown to the public in such matters as this.

Consider this statement by Commissioner Whipple:

"It seems proper to say here that while various lots have been dropped from the State land list, and are no longer included in the red area of the Adirondack map, other and larger tracts have taken their place—a fact which should always be considered in connection with these particular lands."

Permit me to make this comparison. Suppose that a man is successful in business. He is making $10,000 a year. A thief picks his pocketbook containing $100 and an invaluable tress of his dead baby's hair. Because he is making $10,000 a year should he let the thief escape, when a little run and considerable of a whoop would compel the thief to at least drop the pocketbook? I cannot see any difference between the case cited by Mr. Whipple and the one I cite for comparison.

Your correspondent amply portrays the shameful fact that laws have repeatedly been passed which gave the land sharks repeated opportunities to get at the heart of the wilderness under guise of the law. This, he says, cost the public upwards of 20,000 acres of land in the DeBar and Everton parks (Rockefeller's) alone. The land, "in the judgment of the forest commissioners," wasn't good enough for the public, but it was good enough for William Rockefeller to make into private preserves, to the exclusion of thousands of hunters in that region—some of whom I have heard cursing the land grabbers, and expressing the hope and belief that they would be killed by assassins' bullets. The acts of old-time forest commissions brought Adirondack woodsmen to a frame of mind where they contemplate murder with pleasure. That is the effect of the land swapping proclivities of old-time land dealing forest commissioners—the woodsmen and sportsmen, unjustly treated by their law-makers and having no legal redress, in certain cases, now want to see murder done. The laws cited left matters to the judgment of the forest commission.

The present scheme of Colonel Fox, of the Forest Commission staff, is to have the State constitution amended so that the 125,000 acres and more of State land outside the forest preserve can be swapped for other lands within the preserve. This 125,000 acres is used by the public ten times as much, acre for acre, as any State lands within the forest preserve. It is the best partridge and fox and trout and 'coon cover in the State, taken by the large, but it is proposed to sell it and thus open the way to further encroachments on the forest domain of the people by private preserves—precisely the same plan as that which cost the public the DeBar Mountain and Everton Park forests and streams.

And because I protest against these legal and illegal land bickerings, these betrayals of the public by its "expert advisers in office," my motives are questioned and my judgment sneered at.

It is a common trick of political gangs to endeavor to put their accusers in as bad a light as possible. I don't know who your special correspondent at Albany is, but I will say this: There isn't a paragraph in his article which does not contain conclusive evidence—as I have shown—that he has accepted without question, the statements of men whose interest it is to hide from the public the exact status of affairs in the Adirondacks as regards State lands, past and present.

I will also say that a comparison of the list of lands which are to be sold for taxes by the State Comptroller with the Adirondack preserve land list of 1901 shows that hundreds of acres of land bought in 1900 and 1901 by the State were encumbered by back taxes. And also that the State did not receive all the acres it was buying—by some hundreds of acres. I cite the State land purchases in township 2, Totten & Crossfield's purchase, in Hamilton county, as specific instances. Here is a feature of the Adirondack State land scandal which is alone sufficient cause for an investigation by honest and competent authority. This feature is simply this: The State bought 200 acres of water when it got lot 15—for how much I don't know. Possibly the seventeen acres of land was all that was paid for, but in other lots in that vicinity, the Comptroller's tax list and the list of preserv-

lands show that upward of twenty more acres were paid for in some of the lots than the lots are said to eontain in the tax list. The State paid for 269 acres and got 240 acres, for instance.

It is alleged there is "nothing doing" around Raquette Lake, and yet not ten weeks ago it was discovered by the State Attorney-General that private individuals were paying taxes on more than 8,000 acres of State land around Raquette Lake, thereby getting a chance to "partition" some more State lands, perhaps.

There isn't a report of the Adirondack Forest Commission that hasn't got a statement of questionable procedure in it, and Mr. Whipple's last statement shows that instead of the State losing a mere 117,000 acres, over 217,000 acres were taken.

This "100,000 acres" mentioned by Mr. Whipple was "recovered" by the State. How much did the State pay to "recover it"? One hundred and sixteen thousand dollars net in the Saranac Association deal. Let us now have a statement giving exactly how much the State has paid to "recover" these lands which had admittedly gone out of the State's possession in a questionable manner.

Let us have the truth about State lands in the Adirondacks.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

HUNTINGTON, Long Island, N. Y.

Raymond S. Spears and Adirondack Lands.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Accept thanks and congratulations for your efforts to get at "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" in the above matter, but nevertheless I feel indebted to Mr. Spears for his note of alarm, better a false alarm now than no alarm at all, and anyone familiar with the theft of the people's lands by the land barons in this and older countries must have felt thankful for the alarm sounded by Mr. Spears. Do your readers know how the English people were robbed of much of their "commons" by the land hog who, having enough, stole more? Those beautiful common lands of Britain, common to all men and priceless to the poor, where those who were landless and could barely pay the rent of the poorest cottage, could browse a cow and so make both ends meet; also the playground of all the people. When a small boy a good mother sent me, a city child, to the country for a few weeks' summering. One of my chief delights was to drive home at night poor Betsy Sharp's black cow from Sheen common not many miles from London town. What are the values to-day to the poor of London of Clapham and Wandsworth commons, Highgate Heather and Epping forests with their springy turf, yellow flowering gorse and rolling surface; not to mention the noble trees, acres of ferns and deer of the last mentioned? Only a few years ago, sir, these were constantly being encroached upon under clever pretexts by the lords of the manor; thanks be that is all stopped now, and warned thereby we should be alert "to hold fast that which is good"; and what is better than the people's playgrounds. We are delighted to hear that Mr. Whipple is so good a commissioner for forest, fish and game, but since he is good, watch the politicians and see them try and turn him out, for we know that Albany crew who, with a few noble exceptions, have ever been willing to help the land hogs, and incidentally themselves to acres and shekels.

It is noteworthy that Commissioner Whipple himself says of the Saranac Inn Assoeiation case, "These cancellations undoubtedly should not have been made." * * * "The Forest Preserve Board immediately after its organization in 1897, made a systematie attempt to recover the lands which were lost through cancellations," and seem to have largely succeeded. But it is admitted that what Mr. Spears charged had really happened under previous officials, so there was fire with the smoke after all. Do not be discouraged, Brother Spears, sound your note whenever you think there is cause for alarm. Rogues need watching, and honest men do not mind it.

Yours for the common,

THE DECKHAND.



Dr. Hodge's Partridges Poisoned.

From the Worcester, Mass., Telegram, Nov. 9.

THE work of Dr. Clifton F. Hodge, head of the biological department of Clark University, in trying to raise partridges in captivity, was brought to a sudden and tragic end Oct. 1 by the dirty act of a coward, actuated, no doubt, by malice, throwing poisoned acorns into the birds' inclosurc. The birds ate them and died.

This statement was given out officially by Dr. Hodge yesterday to a Telegram reporter. He made the statement when it was called to his attention there were those in Worcester who have been painstaking in circulating the news that the partridges were no longer in the pen where they had been kept.

But Mr. Hodge would make no statement as to whether he had suspicions or whether there was being anything done to apprehend the person or persons who did the cowardly act.

The birds were poisoned with white arsenic. The arsenic was fed them in acorns. The perpetrator of the crime had taken great pains that his work might not fail of his purpose.

The acorns, a handful of which are now sealed in a bottle at the university, had evidently been carefully prepared for the use. They had been shelled, and then many of them had been split and holes bored in the side and arsenic paste inserted.

Arsenic was used in plentiful quantity, and it is not surprising not one of the four birds that had so long fed on food handed them by their friends in Dr. Hodge's family died in a few hours after they swallowed the poisoned morsels.

Dr. Hodge went to look after the birds about 7 o'clock Sunday, Oct. 1, and found the cock bird, which had been the special pride of Dr. Hodge and the children of the neighborhood, and had been named Ruffer, dead. Shocked at the discovery, Dr. Hodge looked quickly for the other birds, the three females.

He found them all drooping, apparently almost dead. Then he suspected that something had happened to affect them all similarly, and he looked about to see if they had been given anything to eat which had not been in keeping with the customary diet.

He saw several bits of broken acorn, and he knew that it had not been put in the pen by any of his family. He suspected then that possibly the death of Ruffer and the ailment of the other birds was due to poison, and he first gathered all the bits of acorn he could find and arranged to preserve them. Then he went to work to save the life of the rest if possible. But the influence of the drug had too stiff a hold for any hope, and in a few hours all three were dead. The last to die was the hen bird which hatched the young ones in captivity.

The birds were taken to the chemical laboratory and the stomachs removed, and an analysis had to see if there could be arsenic discovered. The task was an easy one. The examination was made by Dr. Benjamin F. Mergold and Dr. C. A. Lyford, and every stomach was found to contain large quantities of white arsenic, exactly like that found in the acorns found in the pen. The conclusion that the death of the birds was due to premeditated and intentional poisoning, the work of a person who wanted to do the man interested in the work a personal spite, is the opinion of all who know the circumstances of the case.

A WORCESTER correspondent sends us these details of events preceding the poisoning of the birds:

The crime was committed on the Sunday morning after Judge Samuel Utley's decision in his court—cited below—that the cat is a wild animal and that a man is justified in protecting his property from wild animals in any way he may see fit. This defeat aroused some venomous fiend to the low-lived trick of poisoning the birds out of revenge, thus setting back the experiment three years. Acorns—about the only food with which the birds could have been caught—were cracked and arsenic pasted over and cut into pieces of the kernels. These were thrown into the partridge cage. A handful of the uneaten fragments was gathered and chemical tests leave no doubt as to the poison used. All the birds, which were in prime feather and health, died with the same symptoms of arsenic poisoning, and in all were found fragments of the fatal acorns.

The chief difficulty in rearing the ruffed grouse Dr. Hodge found to be the cats which infested the neighborhood. After two of the birds had been caught through the inch-mesh netting of the inclosure, he gave fair warning and began catching the cats in box traps placed near the partridges, chloroforming those that appeared to be strays. Some were sent home, in case the owners happened to be known; and sometimes a neighbor called and got a cat that had been caught. Everything was done in an above-board manner and with entire publicity, with the express purpose of enabling those who valued their cats to keep them at home. Under these conditions it was considered safe to assume that chiefly strays would be caught, and many expressions of encouragement and good will were made to Dr. Hodge for ridding the neighborhood of the pests.

Early in July Dr. Hodge went away for the summer, leaving the care of his grouse to students who occupied his house. Along in September, before his return, a certain yellow cat became very troublesome, haunting the partridge inclosure, climbing about on the wires and even over the top in its attempts to get at the birds. One of the hens died about this time from having burst its crop, probably by flying against the cage when frightened by this cat. The cat had to be chased away, often several times a day; and finally the student in charge threw the usual something in its direction as it was making for the partridge pens, but this time it happened to be a good sized stone and knocked the cat senseless. Supposing he had killed or maimed the animal, he crushed the head with a larger stone and left it for dead.

Some of the neighbors who saw part of the proceeding came over and got the cat; and, claiming that it had not been properly killed, instigated the agent of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. to bring suit for "cruelty." Judge Utley's decision in discharging the defendant is as follows (Worcester Evening Gazette, Sept. 27, 1905):

"Here is a case where a man found a cat on his premises and was perfectly justified in doing what he did. Whether he meant to strike the cat or not is immaterial. Some time ago in this court I discharged a man for shooting a cat that was stealing his chickens. I see no reason in this case why I should change my opinion. A cat is the most untamed animal in Christendom. You cannot control it. A dog will mind you but a cat is beyond control. A man has a perfect right to protect his property from a person or animal preying upon it."

The merits of the case were thus summed up in the Worcester Telegram the following Sunday morning (Oct. 1, 1905): "The witness for the Government in the Dellinger cat case admitted the only cruelty done the cat was by them in keeping it alive" (for purpose of evidence).

Compare the two pictures. On the one side is a man protecting innocent creatures from beasts of prey; on the other, a cat-like coward throwing poison to innocent birds for revenge. The principle of trespass is fundamental to common law. A man has no right to trespass on the property of his neighbor or the State. Do we live in ancient Egypt or in America? Is the cat the only animal that has the right to live? Who is the merciful man—one who keeps a cat and permits it to kill fifty birds a year (Forbush's estimate); wounding and mangling, killing parents and leaving the young to starve in the nests; or the man who puts an end to this hideous business? By a recent estimate of the U. S. Department of Agriculture we are losing $795,100,000 worth of property destroyed annually by insects. Which is of more value to the community, a carnivorous cat, or, say, five hundred insectivorous birds? Where is the common sense in fining a man for killing a single bird and at the same time allowing him to keep an inconsequent and uncontrolled cat that kills fifty a year? What is the reason or sense in licensing wild beasts to ravage and kill the property of the State, when the law denies this license to men?

Dr. Hodge's, and with him our own irreparable loss, is but a crisis, an index, a pointer to a large problem which involves the life or miserable death of millions of game and song birds the country over. There are several million good guns among us. We have every sanction of law, justice, mercy and common sense on our side. Let it be understood that one keeping a cat must keep it on his own premises. We can see to it that this rule is enforced.

And finally, wherever the question is brought up, as it has been and surely will be in the near future, fight the licensing of cats to the last ditch. This would give the animal a properly status and legal protection which it clearly does not deserve.

CHARLES I. RICE.

The Great State of Texas.

TEXAS, the largest and perhaps the most fertile State in the Union, is also to-day, to a majority of our people, the least known. This condition of things cannot last. For two or three years now population has been pouring into Texas at an extraordinarily rapid rate, and portions of that State which used to be regarded as desert are proving to be wonderfully fertile agricultural land. It seems but a little while since this State was regarded as a vast cattle range which produced only the light-bodied, long-horned steer; but to-day the cattle of Texas equal in quality those of any portion of the West, and the days of the range and of the long trail have passed forever.

A volume which will tend to open the eyes of many people about Texas is No. 25 of North American Fauna, which records the observations of Mr. Vernon Bailey, Chief Field Naturalist of the Biological Survey, and was prepared under the direction of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, its Chief. Naturalists and economists alike will be interested in the volume of 222 pages, with its abundant illustrations and its many maps of great interest. The work describes the various life zones of the State, giving the species of mammals, birds, reptiles and plants which characterize each; enumerates the reptiles of Texas, with notes on their distribution; and the mammals, with notes on their distribution, habits and economic importance. It had been intended to give a list of Texas birds, by Harry C. Oberholser, but the present work proved to be so large that this list has been omitted.

The climate of Texas is wonderfully varied, ranging from abundant humidity to the aridity of the desert; there are low coast swamps and high, rough mountains, dense forests and vast treeless plains. In an enormous territory so diversified we should expect to find a rich and varied fauna and flora, and lying as it does on the borders of the tropics, the State receives many tropical species, while on the tops of its mountains are found other species which belong to the zone of northern climes, known as the Canadian fauna.

The agricultural and commercial interests of the State vary with the climatic conditions on which they depend. In one place the chief industry is stock raising; in another, lumbering; again, cotton, or wheat, or rice, or sugar cane. It is the purpose of the Biological Survey to so study the climate of the State as shown by the plants and animals that are found in its different sections, that it may be able to learn for the agriculturalist where he can and where he cannot raise a certain crop, and what area is best adapted to that crop. This work has been carried on by Dr. Merriam for many years, and his publications on it, especially his "Life Zones and Crop Zones of the United States" have been and are of the greatest value to the farmers of the country.

The country along the Rio Grande is tropical, or almost tropical, in character. Here are found such animals of the South as the armadillo, ocelot, jaguar and red and gray cats, though, to be sure, these animals range beyond this tropical region, and are often found in the next cooler life zone. More than forty species of birds, chiefly confined to the tropics, extend their range into southern Texas. The plants do not appear to show the same tropical character as the birds and mammals, yet a palm is found near Brownsville. The fact that frosts occur from time to time along the Rio Grande is perhaps reason enough for the failure of tropical plants to firmly establish themselves there, since, even if they should spread a little out of their range, they would be killed off at intervals by these brief periods of cold. Thus, while bananas and oranges

thrive near Brownsville during a term of warm years, yet any winter they may be killed by the cold, and must always have artificial protection to insure their living through the winter.

The eastern part of Texas, as far west as the 98th meridian, is similar in climate and in most of its plants and animals to the Mississippi valley; but as we move west the rainfall grows less and less, decreasing from about fifty inches in the eastern part of the State to about ten inches in the west. Near the 98th meridian this rainfall diminishes to about thirty inches, and the country gradually becomes semi-arid. This is the region of the mesquite, and approaches the desert, harsh and forbidding, during the long droughts, but after a heavy rain bursting into verdure, bloom and beauty. The mesquite is one of the most important plants of the region, for it furnishes the wood for fuel, fence posts and building material, while its fruit provides food for man and beast. If the rains come at proper intervals, two crops a year are grown of the beans of the mesquite and screw bean. The gum of the mesquite, now unknown, is probably of commercial value, and will ultimately be gathered and find a market.

In the higher section to the west, and in the Panhandle and on the Staked Plains, is a country characterized by plants and birds and mammals which can endure a greater degree of cold. Here are found some birds of the northern plains, and even of the Rocky Mountains, the southern form of the mountain sheep, the kit fox and the black-footed ferret. In the mountains again occur more and more hardy species, until in the Davis Mountains was found a thicket of quaking aspens, and crossbills, blue snow birds and other northern birds were taken, indicating that here was a little area which belonged to the Canadian fauna.

Mr. Bailey's volume is one of fascinating interest, from the economic as well as from the natural history standpoint, and this is so true that we shall reproduce from time to time in future issues of the FOREST AND STREAM extracts from those papers on the reptiles and on the mammals, which form the remainder of his report. The report on the birds of Texas, by H. C. Oberholser, which is not published here, will no doubt appear later.

The Biography of a Bear.—IX.

WHILE we were at Summit Spring the fall hegira or exodus of Oregon emigrants was taking place—or rather, going on—for these people do not take any place, but they are mostly going on all the time. They are more inconstant than the cashiers of savings banks. In Oregon they are doubtless called California emigrants, while in California all the responsibility is awarded to Oregon. They spend most of the year on the way to Oregon, or from Oregon to California, just accordingly as they happen to be sidetracked the preceding winter. Of course, they never go clear through to any special destination—whenever they think there is any danger of getting anywhere they turn around and go back. During seven to eight months of the year they can live anywhere along or in the road, and they do that until the rainy season or snows on the mountains make it necessary for them to hole up for the four or five winter months. They are not now as numerous as they were, for many of them have branched off to other roads; but, to use one of their own phrases, "There are quite a few of them yit."

The ordinary outfit of an Oregon emigrant comprises a two or four-horse canvas-covered wagon, with one or two women and all the way from six to thirty-four children in it. Enochs said thirty-three were all the progeny he could count in the longest wagon we saw; but we did not see all of the wagons on the road, and so I say thirty-four. I do not want to swindle them out of any of them. Whenever the national fecundity estimates begin to wane or dwindle, it may be well to look up these Orecalifornigons, for a few families of them will turn the scale—that is, if they can be persuaded to stop in one place long enough to be counted or estimated by the census, which, by the way, is not as active as the centipede, even though it employs more legs. They should be counted if it has to be done by contract.

In the enumeration of Oregon emigrants the length of their wagons is of consequence. As the families increase they lengthen their wagons. The children are stowed mostly crosswise in them, each one being allowed a compartment a foot wide; if the child is wider, or if he grows wider, he has to get in edgewise. Hence, a wagon sixteen feet long implies fourteen children, allowing two feet off for the seat, usually occupied by the parents; if the wagon is twenty feet long, say eighteen children; but after a wagon is extended to twenty-eight or thirty feet, it is as long as can be used on mountain roads, where there are many crooks and turns—so after that length has been reached they add another wagon, which is called a trailer, or back-action.

Of course, the children do not stay in the wagon all the time, so in counting them it would be easier to measure the wagon or wagons. It would be useless to try to count them while they are swarming, and they always swarm when the wagon stops. Besides, there are dogs, horses, mules, cows and goats with the outfit, and they get in the way.

One pleasant evening, when we were eating supper again, a long wagon stopped near us and the couple on the seat climbed down and proceeded to unhook their horses, preparatory to camping. They had four horses in the team, several loose animals and three or four dogs. The wagon was covered with the usual canvas arch, and tow-headed children peered from every loop-hole and aperture. They were in the act of swarming, when the man closed the wagon at the rear and the woman barricaded the front. She shouted in a treble voice to some of them and seemed to be dividing them into squads. It afterward developed that they could not all be permitted to come out at one time as there was only clothing enough—even such as it was—for a dozen or so of them, consequently several squads had to remain in ambush and only the dress corps might deploy. While the woman was in command, the man took the horses away to water them.

It appears that something excited Jack's curiosity, and being fond of children—even dirty ones—he went over to the wagon and climbed into it from the back, just as the strange dogs discovered him and assailed him from the rear. He was somewhat alarmed, and, as we noticed, he shot into the wagon in a hasty, precipitant manner. He only stayed in the wagon a moment, for the spaces were all occupied and one of the fiercest of the dogs followed after him. In fact, the bear almost immediately emerged from the forward end of the wagon very impulsively, sprang down without hesitation and then went up a tree with what alacrity he needed, the dog being a little too late to connect. Incidentally and all about the same time (for I remember looking at my watch) the woman screeched and that wagon went into active eruption like a volcano, or as much like one as anything I can recall at this time. Aside from the distressing nature of the disturbance, it was really wondrous the way young Oregonians of all degrees of size, shape, gender and nudity seemed to shoot out of there. It would seem that they all knew a bear when they saw one in the wagon with them, and, in the absence of any further particulars, they vacated their quarters with spontaneous unanimity.

Meanwhile the emigrant's dogs were after Jack, our own dogs were after the other dogs, the woman ran after the man, the man ran for the wagon, the children were scooting in all directions, some of the horses had broken away, and we thought we had better run for the man to keep him from getting into action with his gun. Taken altogether, there was a great deal going on in that echoing arena in the forest. Enochs often asserted that, considering the suddenness of the insurrection at a calm and peaceful hour, it was an event of historical importance and ought to be chronicled. The only way it was used, however, was by that emigrant who talked about it all the way to Sacramento and baek again to Oregon. In fact, he made it pay, for he exaggerated the account in his travels, summing up to the effect that they had been raided by a grizzly and had lost almost all their clothing and provisions in the stampede, thus working upon the sympathy and generosity of every one he could reach—the old scheme of making misfortune or disease a commodity. His story as he told it was doubtless worth a donation.

The truth is, no one was hurt and nothing was lost but a little equanimity, or possibly a few of the children who went into the woods and kept going. We gave the man a quarter of fine venison as some little return for the entertainment he and his outfit had furnished, even if it was not altogether premeditated and voluntary. The venison served to diversify their bill of fare for one meal.

Jack was somewhat disappointed in this adventure, for he began to lose faith in the cordiality of people. He had intended merely to look in upon the children, and would have enjoyed a visit with them, but the attack of the dogs and the resulting hullaballoo he failed to appreciate or comprehend. When he felt like it, he came down from the tree, slapped one or two dogs about as far as they cared to go for awhile, and got around for his supper with his usual infallibility and devotion. I chained him up for the night to prevent possible disturbance, for I was inclined to think that the Oregonian would enjoy getting even with Jack by any good, safe method.

We had decided to move along upon the day following, for we had remained in one place about as long as we could, not because it was cheaper to move than pay rent, but because we were full of ambition and energy.

RANSACKER.

The Quails of the United States.

BY SYLVESTER D. JUDD, ASSISTANT, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

(*Continued from page 393.*)

Fruit as Food.

Unlike the catbird and the cedarbird, whose food consists, respectively of 50 to 87 per cent. of fruit, the food of bobwhite for the year includes only 9.57 per cent. of fruit. It is least frugivorous in spring and most so in June and in December and January, taking 20.1 per cent in the summer month and a little over 18 per cent. during the two winter months. If more birds collected in June had been available for examination, probably the percentage of fruit would have been lower. The December percentage is evidently characteristic, for it was based on the examination of about 200 stomachs.

In early spring wild winter-cured berries, in May strawberries, later the *Rubus* fruits—thimbleberry, dewberry, and highbush blackberry—and in late summer and autumn an endless profusion of the year's harvest yield the bobwhite an accessible and abundant food supply. In late fall and winter, when snow covers the seeds, fruit doubtless keeps it from starving. In December it forms nearly one-fifth of the food for the month. Sumac, wax-myrtle, rose, and bayberry are the main winter supply. Poison-ivy berries are eaten occasionally. Rose hips often project from the snow and furnish timely food. At Falls Church, Va., and at Cabin John Bridge and Marshall Hall, Md., tracks of coveys in deep snow led up to rose shoots to which partly eaten hips were clinging. Sumac and other plants of the genus *Rhus* form 1.60 per cent. of the annual food, and during December the proportion of *Rhus* alone is 10.50 per cent. Of twelve birds shot during December at Porters Landing, S. Dak., near the bobwhite's northern limit, by W. C. Colt, each had eaten from 100 to 300 of the carmine sumac berries, and altogether the sumac had furnished 90 per cent. of the food they contained. Bayberry and wax-myrtle are as important along the coast as sumacs are inland. Berries of wax-myrtle were found in the stomachs of fifteen out of thirty-nine birds collected during November, December and January, 1902 and 1903, in Walton county, Fla. One hundred and twenty bayberries had been eaten by one bird taken in July, 1901, at Shelter Island, N. Y. Both these fruits last through the winter and well into May, affording excellent provision just when it is most needed.

In spite of its frugivorous tastes and constant association with orchard crops, the bobwhite is not often known to injure cultivated fruits. M. B. Waite reports that near Odenton, Md., it sometimes picks ripening berries. Yet birds that were kept in captivity several months refused strawberries when they were hungry. Cultivated cherries were found in a few stomachs, but the bobwhite is not an arboreal feeder and does not damage this crop. During June at Marshall Hall it was repeatedly observed feeding greedily upon the fruit of running dewberry vines. It probably does no serious harm, however, to cultivated bush varieties of *Rubus*, such as the thimbleberry, the raspberry, and the blackberry. It is fond of wild grapes, and a number of crops contained as many as twenty-five frost grapes (*Vitis cordifolia*). Hence it might be expected to injure cultivated varieties, for its relative, the California quail, sometimes plunders vineyards; but, so far as the writer knows, vineyards in the east have sustained no appreciable damage from the bobwhite.

In summing up the frugivorous habits of the bobwhite, it may be said that the present investigation shows no appreciable injury to cultivated fruit, but a marked liking for wild fruit. It may be interesting to note, also, that the bobwhite is not nearly so frugivorous as the ruffed grouse.

List of Fruits Eaten.

Although the percentage of wild fruits yearly consumed is comparatively small, the variety is great, as shown by the appended list, which includes only those actually ascertained to have been eaten. A few careful observers could easily double the number: Cabbage palmetto, saw palmetto, Solomon's seal, greenbrier, wax myrtle, bayberry, mulberry, sassafras, thimbleberry, high bush blackberry, dewberry, strawberry, rose, haw, apple, cultivated cherry, wild cherry, poison ivy, dwarf sumac, staghorn sumac, smooth scarlet sumac, holly, black alder, climbing bittersweet, frost grape, flowering dogwood, sour gum, wintergreen, huckleberry, blueberry, ground-cherry, nightshade, elder, black haw, honeysuckle, partridge berry, sarsaparilla, woodbine.

Leaves and Buds as Food.

The bobwhite does not approach the ruffed grouse in destructiveness to leaves, buds and tender shoots, though occasionally it samples them. It eats the leaves of sorrel sometimes, both yellow sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*) and red sorrel (*Rumex acetosella*). It has been known to take the leaves of cinquefoil (*Potentilla*), and is extremely fond of both red and white clover. Captive birds ate grass, lettuce and chickweed.

Insects as Food.

Notwithstanding statements to the contrary, published and unpublished, the bobwhite eats insects in every month of the year. They form 15.05 per cent. of its entire food for the year. From June to August, inclusive, when insects are most numerous, their proportion in the food is 35.97 per cent. The variety of insect food is large. In the present investigation 116 species have been noted, and further study will doubtless greatly increase the number. Moreover, the large proportion of injurious insects habitually eaten renders the services of this bird more valuable than those of many birds whose percentage of insect food, though greater, includes a smaller proportion of injurious species. Conspicuous among the pests destroyed are the Colorado potato beetle, twelve-spotted cucumber beetle, bean leaf-beetle, squash ladybird, wireworms and their beetle, and May beetles. Its food also includes such weevils as corn billbugs, imbricated snout beetle, cloverleaf weevil, cottonboll weevil; also the striped garden caterpillar, army worm, cottonboll worm, and various species of cutworms; also the corn-louse ants, red-legged grasshopper, Rocky Mountain locust, and chinch bug. The bobwhite does not merely sample these species, as do many other birds; it eats some of them in considerable numbers, for crops examined have contained, respectively, a dozen cutworms, an equal number of army worms, thirty Rocky Mountain locusts and forty-seven cottonboll weevils. This bird also destroys striped cucumber beetles by the score, potato beetles by the hundred and chinch bugs in great numbers. From June to August, inclusive, insects and their allies form, as previously mentioned, about a third of the food. Of this beetles make up nearly half, or 15.37 per cent.; bugs, 8.54 per cent.; caterpillars, 1.37 per cent.; grasshoppers, 6.93 per cent.; miscellaneous insects, 1.33 per cent., and spiders, with other invertebrates, 2.43 per cent.

Beetles Eaten.

The beetles most largely destroyed are ground beetles, leaf-eating beetles and weevils. Naturally, because of the terrestrial habits of the bobwhite, ground beetles, in spite of their vile odor and irritating secretions, are picked up oftener than the other kinds. Experiments with caged birds prove that even the most pungent forms are relished. Ground beetles are numerous in species and superabundant in individuals. One can form no adequate idea of their numbers except at night. Arc lights kill them by thousands. The writer has known one species (*Harpalus pennsylvanicus*) to enter open windows in the evening in swarms. They have an irritating secretion, which if applied to the skin soon raises a blister. Ground beetles are more or less predaceous, hence the whole family was formerly considered beneficial. Later study has resulted in their division into three classes: The most carnivorous species, possessing sharp, curved jaws for capturing and killing other insects; the least predaceous forms, having blunt jaws and eating considerable vegetable matter; and a class intermediate between these two. The first class contains highly beneficial beetles which destroy great numbers of insect pests, while the blunt-jawed class includes some injurious species that feed on crops. Only a few of the bobwhite stomachs examined contained the useful sharp-jawed beetles, but many contained the blunt-jawed species, especially such forms as *Amara* sp., *Agonoderus pallipes, Anisodactylus baltimorensis, Anisodactylus rusticus, Harpalus pennsylvanicus* and *Harpalus caliginosus*. At Marshall Hall, in August, 1902, a covey of bobwhites was seen greedily eating beetles of the two species of *Harpalus* named above, which were numerous in wheat stubble overgrown by ragweed. The meadow lark, also, was feeding on them. The liking of the bobwhite for *Harpalus pennsylvanicus* was further proved by experiments with caged birds. It eats

also the larvæ of these beetles, as do the robin and several other birds. Though the genus *Harpalus* as a whole is useful, destruction of these two species is not amiss, for they injure ripening strawberries by eating out the seeds. Through their depredations on a quarter-acre patch a grower at Leesburg, Va., in three nights lost $350 worth of fruit. The nature of the injury by the beetle has so far made remedial measures impracticable; therefore, the work of the bobwhite and other birds should be estimated at its full value.

Leaf-eating beetles, next in importance after ground beetles in the diet of the bobwhite, include many of the worst beetle pests, and members of the family not already actively injurious are potentially so. These beetles also are provided with protective secretions, more effectively repellant in the larger species, at least, than those of ground beetles, but luckily ineffectual against bobwhite. He eats the most injurious of these insects, such as the potato beetle (*Leptinotarsa decemlineata*), the striped cucumber beetle (*Diabrotica vittata*), the twelve-spotted cucumber beetle (*Diabrotica 12-punctata*), and the squash ladybird (*Epilachna borealis*). The first named is perhaps more correctly termed the Colorado potato beetle. It was a native of the Rocky Mountains originally, feeding on the horse-nettle (*Solanum rostratum*), a plant related to the potato. It began to migrate eastward a year or two before the Civil War, and fifteen or sixteen years later reached the Atlantic coast. Since then, as every one knows, this beetle has threatened the potato crop of the country. Birds, as a rule, avoid it because of its secretions. Therefore the bobwhite's services in destroying it should be highly valued, the more so because the bird's habit of eating the potato bug is not merely occasional nor limited to special localities. Records have come to the Biological Survey from New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas and Ontario; and it is believed that more extended observations will show that the habit is general wherever the birds and the beetles inhabit the same district. During the last week of June at Marshall Hall, a pair of birds was observed patroling rows of badly infested potato vines and diligently picking off the beetles. Writing of the bird's relation to this insect, C. E. Romaine, of Crockett, Tex., says: "Quail have built their nests around my fence and even in my garden, within fifty feet of my house. They have kept my potato patch entirely free from the Colorado potato bug." Three captive bobwhites dispatched fifty potato beetles in five minutes, swallowing them whole, apparently with great zest. No food offered them was eaten with more avidity. Thomas McIlwraith says a recent writer mentions that he examined the crop of one which was killed as it rose from a potato patch and found that it contained seventy-five potato bugs. Lawrence Bruner reports 101 of these beetles found in a single crop. Such wholesale destruction of these pests throughout a large territory is an invaluable aid to agriculture.

The two species of cucumber beetles (*Diabrotica vittata* and *D. 12-punctata*) are highly injurious to cucumbers, squashes, melons and corn, much of the harm being caused by their larvæ, which feed on the roots of infested crops and are difficult to combat successfully with insecticides. The bobwhite eats them freely without ill effect, though examination seldom reveals them in the stomachs of other birds. Indeed, captive birds of all the other species experimented with have refused them, probably because of their offensive secretions.

To some extent the bobwhite feeds also on certain leaf beetles, known, from their jumping powers, as flea beetles. Its favorites appear to be the three-lined potato beetle (*Lema trilineata*), sometimes an ally of the potato beetle in the potato patch, *Œdionychus fimbriata*, and several members of the genus *Disonycha*. The golden tortoise beetle (*Coptocycla bivolor*), an insect that looks like a drop of molten gold and is an enemy of the sweet potato, is also eaten. The locust leaf-mining beetle (*Odontota dorsalis*) is another victim of the bird. Its larvæ tunnel between the surfaces of locust leaves and kill the foliage. In 1895 the ravages of this pest turned the locust-fringed bluffs on the Potomac below Washington as brown as if touched by fire.

The agriculturist finds weevils hard to cope with, on account of their small size, protective coloration, and retiring mode of life. Birds, however, destroy them in large numbers, often a score or two at a meal, and bobwhite does his share of the work. He often eats two common species that feed on clover leaves (*Sitones hispidulus* and *Phytonomus punctatus*), and preys also on the two billbugs (*Sphenophorus parvulus* and *Sphenophorus zeæ*), the latter injurious to corn. He relishes also that notorious garden pest, the imbricated snout beetle. His most important weevil prey is the Mexican cottonboll weevil (*Anthonomus grandis*). In 1894 this insect first crossed the Mexican border into Texas. During 1903 it caused a loss of $15,000,000. Though still chiefly confined to Texas, in time it will undoubtedly occupy the whole cotton belt and do a tremendous amount of harm. The bobwhite is fond of this pest. F. M. Howard, of Beeville, Tex., in writing to the Bureau of Entomology, says that the crops of bobwhites shot at Beeville, Tex., were filled with these weevils. H. G. Wood, of Cuero, Tex., in a letter dated Sept. 21, 1901, relating to the weevil scourge, says:

"Several of our business men and farmers are of the opinion that the quail can be made a vehicle for the destruction of the cottonboll weevil. One farmer reports his cotton fields full of quail, and the entire absence of weevils. He found forty-seven weevils in the craw of one bird. * * * I claim quail are the greatest insect destroyers of all birds. * * * We propose to prohibit the killing of quail in this county this season, hoping thereby to save a great portion of the cotton crop next season."

The click beetles, the larvæ of which are the wireworms so inimical to corn and other plants of the grass family; *scarabæid* beetles, though in smaller numbers; dung beetles, when numerous, and May beetles, parents of the injurious white grub, are eaten by the bobwhite. The May beetle (*Lachnosterna* sp.) and its near relative, *Ligyrus gibbosus*, were eagerly eaten by captive birds. The useful ladybirds (*Coccinellidæ*) are sometimes found in the bird's crop, but, judging from experiments with caged birds, do not appear to be highly relished. *Adalia bipunctata* was several times offered and refused, but was finally eaten. The one harmful beetle of the family, the squash ladybird (*Epilachna borealis*), has been found in stomachs and was relished by captive birds. Certain miscellaneous beetles belonging to different families are occasionally picked up, such as rove beetles, soldier beetles, darkling beetles, histerid beetles, and longicorn beetles.

Bugs Eaten.

The bobwhite eats comparatively more bugs than most birds, including both *Heteroptera*, or true bugs, and *Homoptera*, which form 2.77 per cent. of its food. The maximum number of bugs was taken in August and amounted to 21.1 per cent. of the food for that month.

The chinch bug, which in this country has destroyed over $100,000,000 worth of wheat and other cereals in a season, is preyed upon by the bobwhite throughout the year. C. V. Riley says: "In the winter time, when hard pushed for food, this bird must devour immense numbers of the little pests, which winter in just such situations as are frequented by the quail; and this bird should be protected from the gun of the sportsman in every State where the chinch bug is known to run riot." The data possessed by the Biological Survey concerning this species are scanty, but they show that the quail destroys the pest in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. The number of chinch bugs eaten varies, but usually appears to be large. Thus a bird shot Oct. 12, 1901, at Badger, Neb., by W. C. Colt, had picked up 100, and the American Field for Feb. 21, 1903, reports that an observer at Seymour, Ind., found a teaspoonful in a crop. In a letter to the Department of Agriculture, M. A. Page, of Garnett, Kan., says of a bobwhite: "On opening the crop we found about two tablespoonfuls of chinch bugs."

The bobwhite also destroys the false chinch bug (*Nysius angustatus*), which attacks grapes, strawberries, apples, potatoes, turnips, radishes, beets and cabbages. It eats the tarnished plant bug (*Lygus pratensis*), injurious to fruit and truck crops, and stink bugs of more than a dozen species, one (*Euschistus variolarius*) being a pest on many garden vegetables. The noninjurious species, particularly *Thyanta custator*, are often eaten, one bird containing thirty of them. More *Homoptera* (leaf hoppers and other forms) are eaten by bobwhite than by most other birds. The little leaf hopper (*Oncometopia lateralis*) is especially relished.

Grasshoppers and Allied Insects Eaten.

Grasshoppers with a few crickets make 3.71 per cent. of the yearly food. In September they contribute 11.9 per cent. The walking stick, singularly like a twig and at times very numerous and injurious to foliage of shade and forest trees, has been found in the stomach of the bobwhite. Locusts and meadow grasshoppers, both highly destructive to vegetation, are favorite articles of diet. The bird grasshopper, so called from its size, is occasionally eaten. The destructive grasshoppers or locusts of the genus *Melanoplus*, such as *M. atlanis, M. femur-rubrum*, or the red-legged grasshopper, and the Rocky Mountain locust, form the bulk of the orthopterous food of the species. The Rocky Mountain locust is one of the worst of insect pests, and its appearance in large numbers is a calamity. It appears in swarms, clouding the sun and covering the earth, sweeping every green thing before it, and often driving the farmer from home and threatening him with starvation. During a single season it has caused a loss of $100,000,000.

In 1874-75 Samuel Aughey made a special study of a Nebraska invasion and found that the bobwhites were an active enemy of the locusts. Of twenty-one birds shot between May and October, inclusive, all but five had fed on locusts. The smallest number taken by any bird was twenty and the largest thirty-nine; in all, 539—an average of twenty-five apiece. C. V. Riley ascertained that the bird feeds also on the eggs of the locust, particularly in winter, when they are exposed by the freezing and thawing of the ground. If every covey destroyed as many locusts in a day as the one just referred to, it is hard to overestimate the usefulness of the bobwhite where abundant in infested regions.

Caterpillars Eaten.

The bobwhite seems to eat fewer caterpillars than would be expected from its terrestrial habits. The yearly proportion only formed 0.95 per cent., and the maximum quantity eaten in a month was four per cent. in May. This apparent neglect of caterpillars as food is perhaps due to their scarcity where the birds for the present study were shot. Pupæ and adult moths occasionally serve as food. Whatever the list of species of caterpillars eaten by bobwhite lacks in length it makes up in importance, for so great a proportion of serious lepidopterous pests is seldom found in the fare of any bird. As is true of some other birds, the bobwhite includes the army worm in its bill of fare. This pest sometimes exists in legions and moves steadily forward from field to field, devouring corn, oats, forage and other crops. Fortunately it is not often active, and the years of its occurrence are frequently separated by long intervals. Every year, however, the different species of cutworms do serious damage. They cut down germinating grain, often before the plants have fairly sprung above ground. Owing to their mode of feeding, a few worms may lop off many plants in a night. It seems strange that the bobwhites find as many of these nocturnal larvæ as they do. The cotton worm, a pest so destructive that in one year it has caused a loss of $30.000,000 to the cotton fields, is preyed upon by the bobwhite. Tobacco worms were sparingly eaten by bobwhites at Marshall Hall, but experiments indicated that they may eat them in greater numbers when opportunity offers. Five tobacco worms (*Phlegethontius sexta*), two-thirds grown, placed in a cage with three captive bobwhites, July 8, 1903, were devoured in less than two minutes. Cabbage worms (*Pontia rapæ*) and cutworms also were offered and greedily eaten.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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American Ornithologists' Union.

THE twenty-third annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union was held this week at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York city. A very large attendance of ornithologists was present, and many papers of great interest were read.

The meeting of the fellows of the Union was held at the American Museum on the evening of Nov. 13, this being the chief business meeting of the session. There were present, among others, C. F. Bachelder, J. H. Sage, Dr. J. H. Allen, William Brewster, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., H. C. Oberholser, W. W. Cook, William Dutcher, Dr. Louis B. Bishop, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Dr. T. S. Palmer, F. A. Lucas, F. M. Chapman, George Bird Grinnell, Dr. T. S. Roberts, Mr. Witmer Stone.

The meeting was called to order shortly after 8 o'clock, and after the presentation of reports by the Secretary, the Treasurer and the Council, the election of officers took place. The choice was as follows: President, C. F. Bachelder; Vice-Presidents, E. W. Nelson and F. M. Chapman; Secretary J. H. Sage; Treasurer, Jonathan Dwight, Jr.; Council. Ruthven Deane, W. Dutcher, A. K. Fisher, C. W. Richmond, T. S. Roberts, W. Stone, F. A. Lucas. It was determined that three fellows should be elected at the meeting; those chosen were Walter K. Fisher, of Palo Alto, Cal.; Prof. Lynds Jones, of Oberlin, O., and Wilfred H. Osgood, of Washington, D. C. Five members were elected and a large number of associate members.

An active discussion took place looking toward the revision of some of the canons of the A. O. U., and it was decided to appoint a committee to consider the subject and advise about it, the members to be named later.

The Committee on Nomenclature was authorized to prepare for publication a revised check list of N. A. birds.

Mr. William Dutcher, chairman of the Bird Protection Committee of the Union, reported that for a year past the committee had not been active, its work having been passed over to the National Association of Audubon Societies, which was carrying it on with much energy.

The public sessions of the Union, held at the American Museum, began Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The papers read were as follows, beginning on Tuesday morning, Nov. 14, at 10 o'clock:

Some Unpublished Letters of Wilson and some Unstudied Works of Audubon. Witmer Stone, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Evolution of Species through Climatic Conditions. J. A. Allen, New York city.

Summer Birds of the Mt. Marcy Region in the Adirondacks. Elon H. Eaton, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Pelican Island Revisited. Illustrated by lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman. New York city.

After a recess the session reconvened on Tuedsay afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Some Breeding Warblers of Demarest, N. J. Illustrated by lantern slides. B. S. Bowdish, Demarest, N. J.

Notes on Wing Movements in Bird Flight. Illustrated by lantern slides. William L. Finley, Portland, Oregon.

The Status of Certain Species and Sub-species of North American Birds. J. Dwight, Jr., New York city.

Wildfowl Nurseries of Northwest Canada. Illustrated by lantern slides. Herbert K. Job, Kent, Conn.

On Tuesday evening at 6 a dinner at the Hotel Endicott was attended by members and their friends, and after the dinner there was an informal reception at the American Museum, at which a new projection apparatus was exhibited.

Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to the reading of papers, those of Thursday afternoon being read at the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wednesday morning, Nov. 15, 10 o'clock:

Andreæ Hesselius, a Pioneer Delaware Ornithologist. C. J. Pennock, Kennett Square, Pa.

The Probability of Error in Bird Migration Records. Witmer Stone, Philadelphia, Pa.

Some Observations on the Applicability of the Mutation Theory to Birds. Witmer Stone, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Song of the Hermit Thrush. Henry Oldys, Washington, D. C.

Impressions of English Bird-Life. Illustrated by lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman, New York city.

Wednesday afternoon, 2 o'clock:

Exhibition of Lantern Slides. William L. Baily, Ardmore, Pa.

A Lapland Longspur Tragedy. Illustrated by lantern slides. Thomas S. Roberts, Minneapolis, Minn.

Similarity of the Birds of the Maine Woods and the Pocono Mountains, Pa. William L. Baily, Ardmore, Pa.

Discontinuous Breeding Ranges. Illustrated by lantern slides. Wells W. Cooke, Washington, D. C.

The Principles of the Disguising Coloration of Animals. Illustrated with experiments and slides. Abbott H. Thayer, Dublin, N. H.

The session of Thursday morning, Nov. 16, began at 10 o'clock.

The Collection of Birds in the New York Zoological Park. C. W. Beebe, New York city.

A Contribution to the Natural History of the English Cuckoo, with a Review of the Literature on the Subject. Dr. Montague R. Leverson, New York city.

Plumages and Status of the White-winged Gulls of the genus *Larus*. Dr. J. Dwight, Jr., New York city.

A Contribution to the Ornithology of South Carolina, pertaining chiefly to the Coast Region. Arthur T. Wayne, Mount Pleasant, S. C.

Should Bird Protection Laws and their Enforcement be in the hands of the National Government? O. Widman, St. Louis, Mo.

Thursday afternoon, 3 o'clock:

The Hoatzin and other South American Birds. With Exhibition of Specimens. George K. Cherrie, New York city.

Among the Water Birds of Southern Oregon. Illustrated by lantern slides. William L. Finley, Portland, Oreg.

The Congress adjourned on Thursday afternoon, but on Friday morning, Nov. 17, a number of the members visited the New York Zoological Park, where there was much to interest them.

GAME BAG AND GUN

Feeding Box for Quail.

WHITINSVILLE, Mass., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send two photos of the winter feeding box for quail which we have used in this section for two winters past with considerable success. One is shown bare so the construction can be readily seen, and the other is shown with the covering of pine boughs as it is set up for the use of the birds. This particular one carried through a covey of seven quail last winter.

I also give herewith the details of our "planting" of quail a year ago, believing that many of your readers will be interested and that a recital of our experience will be helpful to anyone who may want to make a similar try toward restocking depleted covers.

We elected to liberate the birds in the fall, directly after the shooting season closed, and then feed them in the special feeding boxes through the winter.

The year before we tried keeping them in confinement until the weather would allow us to turn them out in the spring, but with the best care we were able to give, more than three-quarters of them died, and those we did finally turn out were in such poor condition that we think some of them died.

The reason we bought the birds in the late fall or early winter rather than in the spring is that it is much easier to get them at that time than later.

The quail, which are the particular subject of this article, were liberated Dec. 17, 1904, twelve dozen of them. There was nearly six inches of snow on the ground at the time. We put them out in bunches of one dozen each generally, but we did make some of the lots eight birds and one or two six birds each. Twelve quail in a lot is small enough, and this number did best. Some are going to die anyway, because they are weak, and some will get caught by foxes, cats and hawks. We found it therefore necessary to start with a good number to each covey so there would be enough left to "make a ring" after losing the inevitable percentage. The most we brought through in any one lot was eight out of twelve. The usual number was five to six. One lot came out with seven, and one lot of twelve only resulted in three birds in the spring. This particular lot we thought had been shot into, as the diminution occurred all at once. Usually they would disappear one at a time.

We liberated each lot directly beside a feeding box. The feeding box illustrated shows a covering of pine boughs, but we used the limbs of shrub oak at times when pine was not easy to get, and they seemed to do very well.

In covering the boxes with boughs they should be placed so that the butts are on the ground, and these butts should be trimmed free of small branches so that the birds can have easy and free access in and out at all times. In case a foe should come up on one side it is quite essential there be a free run left for quick egress on the other.

We had fourteen of these feeding boxes for the twelve dozen birds. We did all the liberating in one day, and as we had a large extent of country to go over, it made a long job. I want to acknowledge here the very efficient help and advice of Mr. A. F. Wood, of this place, in connection with the putting out of these quail and in getting those that scattered back to the feed; also for his persistent and methodical care of the various coveys during the rest of the winter.

This methodical attendance is absolutely necessary, we believe, to get the best results. We found that in the middle of the winter it was necessary that the feed be replenished once a week at least. Everything feeds then, bluejays, sparrows, kinglets, chickadees, squirrels and mice. Crows take some feed, but they are rather shy of the closed-up appearance of things. Bluejays are a pest, as they carry off more grain than they eat. We could find no way, however, to stop their thieving and we had to make good the loss.

The feed we used is what is sold at the poultry stores as "scratching food." It is composed of a number of grains and seeds of small size and seemed to fill the needs of the case very nicely.

The second day after liberating we visited every feeding box and found that one-half of the coveys were using the shelter and food provided, the rest were scattered. We found them, however, close by in every instance and we toled them all back to the feed by laying a line of hay chaff on top of the snow from the feed to the place where we found them. We also sprinkled a little grain in the chaff. This plan worked splendidly, and when we again visited the birds we found that they had all followed the line of chaff and were all using the feed. We had no more trouble on this account, as when the quail once got the grain fairly located they visited it regularly thereafter.

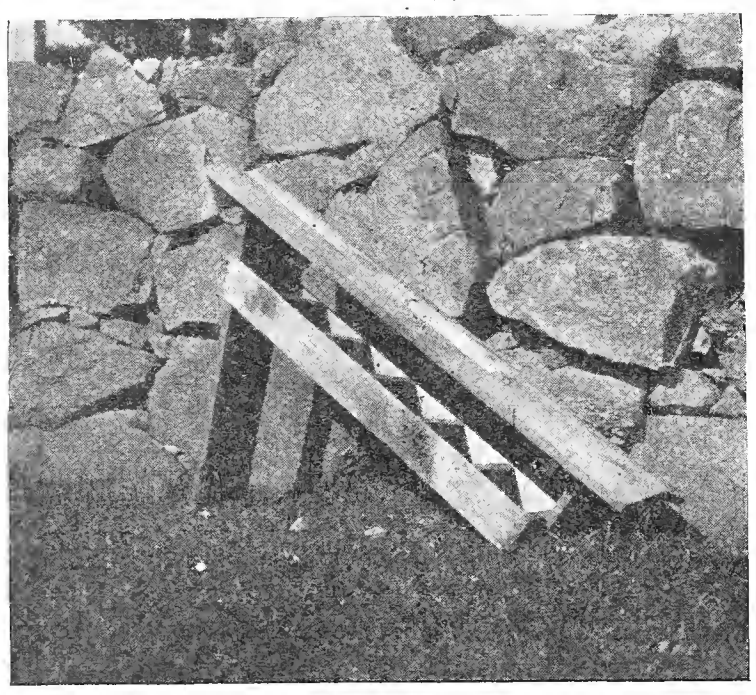
We found it of advantage to clear away the snow after a heavy fall so the sun would melt a bare place. The birds seemed to like to get on this little bare ground and sun themselves. We often saw them so.

We placed all the boxes so that they would have a sunny exposure, and we looked for spots where the snow did not naturally lie as deep as it did in others. The south side of a thick pine tree was as good as any, particularly if the tree grew on the south bank of a hill. We also tried to get the feeding boxes near "quick cover," like a thick swamp or a brushy hillside, so the birds could come and go without exposing themselves very much, and a cover they could drop into quickly in case an enemy got after them at the feed.

We liked to have the box near water also, but this we do not think is so essential as some of the other things.

Of the twelve dozen that we liberated and cared for in this manner we were able to count sixty birds in March after the snows were gone—about forty per cent.—and these birds were all strong, vigorous individuals, practically acclimated, and we believe they bred early and raised good-sized broods. We think that we lost more hens than cocks, so we did not get the number of broods we would have if the sixty had been exactly mated. We are well satisfied, however, and intend to try the same thing again this coming winter and we think we can save a larger percentage this time.

We think the best way to liberate is to provide as many boxes with cloth top and drop trap door as there



QUAIL FEEDING TROUGH.

are to be coveys. Transfer the birds from the shipping crate according to number wanted. Place the liberating box on the ground with the trap door under the edge of the roof of the feeding box; put a few branches over the whole so the quail will not fly as soon as they leave the box; quietly drop the trap door and step quickly away. It is better if the birds come out when no one is in sight; they are more quiet then and will notice the feed, which is what is wanted. If the liberating box is wanted for use again it can be secured the following day. There is no harm then if the covey is flushed, they have had a chance to locate the feed and will return to it again.

In attending to the birds we bought we also fed a number of native coveys. The native quail did the best. They were stronger and also more wary. Practically all the natives lived after they found the feed. We used lines of chaff to tole these to the feed the same as for the others. I have in mind one covey of eleven quail that



THE TROUGH COVERED.

we got to feeding the middle of January, 1905, that apparently came through intact.

We began to look for the native coveys with a view of feeding them on the first light snows, and we found three coveys. Two other native coveys we found after the snows got deep and forced them into the highway. They were then seen and reported and we easily got them to feed; they were so hungry they met our efforts more than half way.

Our experience, so far, leads us to believe that quail will stand any amount of cold if they can get something to eat, as pointed out in a former sketch which was published in your issue of Oct. 15, 1904; also, that they can successfully be led to feeding places by a little study and perseverance.

The food should be placed in a sheltered location where it will not be covered up with snow or washed away by rains; it needs to be replenished at times. When the snow is deep all over the country more grain is required than at any other time.

We have this fall a good many quail in our section, as many or more than there were two years ago, when the birds were most plentiful. This condition is due, without the shadow of a doubt, to the work we have done in restocking and winter feeding. CYRUS A. TAFT.

Telescope Sights for the Squirrel Hunter.

TELESCOPE sights have been employed on rifles for a great many years, but their use in target shooting and in hunting was not at all general prior to five years ago. Since then they have been adopted by rifle shooters in all parts of the country, and the demand for them is increasing steadily. Whatever may be in their favor, one thing alone shows that their use is no mere fad. It is this: That few men who adopt telescope sights discard them for those that do not magnify. Instead, they purchase better glasses until they find the one that seems best adapted to their needs, then stick to that one and learn all its peculiarities, so that they can use it with the utmost precision.

The telescope sight is well adapted to use on all game wearing fur, and on some varieties that fly, though not all. And as sportsmen quite generally concede that squirrels should be shot with rifles instead of shotguns, the telescope is at its best for squirrel hunting, to which these remarks will be confined.

If the average squirrel shooter failed to observe the many interesting traits of these little animals closely while hunting them in the old way, he cannot fail to give them the closest attention while using the telescope as a spy-glass. I hold that he will in time come to shoot less frequently and to devote more of his time to using the glass as he would a field glass, the pastime taking stronger and stronger hold on him. The logical result will be greater endeavor to kill cleanly or to miss entirely. Here is an advantage the advocates of rifle telescopes do not always use in their arguments. "To miss is mystery," so 'tis said; but in squirrel shooting with telescope sighted rifles a miss can generally be accounted for, since rifles and ammunition are so perfect that the personal error can be found without difficulty. In other words, the location of the cross-hairs at the moment the trigger is touched will show the error plainly if it exists, and a miss is explained as plainly as though it were pointed out by means of a diagram.

It is aggravating to miss an easy shot through shooting too high or too low, but one who uses the glass will soon come to be glad when the miss is entirely clean, just as he will take pride in placing his shot in an instantly vital spot, with the satisfying result of seeing the game drop to the ground and lie there without a quiver. There is little mystery, since he can see just where his error lay and rate himself soundly for his carelessness or haste, resolving to be more careful in future. There is no dead reckoning with him. He knows just where he is at fault and makes every effort to improve and does improve if his heart is in the thing.

To me there is nothing connected with my favorite sport of squirrel shooting so completely satisfying as to return to camp, after an hour spent in the woods between daybreak and breakfast time on an autumn morning, with three or four squirrels, each one of which was shot cleanly in the head. Perhaps one may be justified in detailing to his companion how the shots were made, for the satisfaction begins when the first squirrel drops, increases as each one is added to the string carried on a bit of latigo leather at the belt, and culminates with the arrival at camp with a squirrel for each empty shell. There is no haunting belief or certainty that any squirrel shot at may be crawling about to die miserably in its high nest or hollow limb. The use of the telescope is worth while.

If one happens to miss through some unavoidable agency, as he may often do, the glass aids him in the search he immediately takes up for the crippled squirrel, which may be hiding on some high limb or lying among wild grape vines or dead leaves perfectly concealed from the unaided eye. One using plain sights must either conceal himself and watch for a long time for some movement that will show him the location of the cripple, or go away and leave it in its misery—both unsatisfactory in the extreme; but with the glass every limb and hole is brought under close inspection, and if the least part of the squirrel's head is visible it may be put out of misery by a carefully aimed shot.

With those benighted old ladies of both sexes who work themselves up into a frenzy over "the cruelty of shooting squirrels," I have nothing to do. If they would take the trouble to write to some farmer in the West or South, whose lands are bordered with forests alive with squirrels, they would obtain some information that would compel them to agree with him that but for the moderate shooting permitted in the autumn months he would find it merely a waste of time to plant corn for the squirrels to destroy, leaving nothing of any value whatever save the stalks. They multiply too rapidly whenever given the free opportunity; and protection all of the time can never be thought of for a moment. There is no other way, and the person who would attempt to stop the sportsman from enjoying the sport of shooting them with the rifle needs enlightenment and needs it very badly. Take the squirrels of Central Park, for example. If they were permitted to multiply freely they would overrun the park in a very short time, despite the prowling cats and the vicious boys who maim or kill them at every opportunity with slingshots and stones. Even these squirrels have to be thinned out frequently.

If any cruelty is practiced in the woods it consists in shooting at squirrels with shotguns. Evidences of this may be obtained by any person who shoots squirrels in woods frequented by men with guns. I have dressed scores of squirrels whose skins and hams contained from one to a half dozen shot that must have caused painful

wounds. On the other hand, I have never found a bullet in any squirrel, nor any wounds showing conclusively that bullets had caused them.

Opinions as to the style of glass to use for squirrel shooting are almost as numerous as the men who use the teleseope. It is often argued that the full length glass is best for hunting. Theoretieally it may be, just as the best rod in theory should be one piece; but we have our fishing rods made in several pieces, for eonvenienee in carrying, and while we must admit they may be somewhat inferior to one-piece rods, we find them quite satisfactory in fishing as well as in dodging erowds at the ferries and railway stations. So it is with the short teleseope; it is not mueh in the way after its owner has become accustomed to the different balanee it imparts to the rifle, and while he must take better care of it than open sights, in time he does not notiee the ehange, and handles his rifle somewhat roughly, after all, being eareful not to drop it or lean it against any smooth surfaee, so that it might fall to the ground and possibly disarrange the alignment. But whether the long glass is better or not, the manufaeturers are turning out thousands of short teleseopes to-day, and these give the best of satisfaetion.

The diameter of the telescope tube is mueh discussed, it being generally eonceded that a large tube is better than a small one; but here, again, the eonvenienee and compactness of a small, short tube offsets, to a limited extent, the advantages of a wider field of view and better definition in dark places. I will not attempt to say the glass I prefer is even as good as larger and longer ones for the average squirrel shooter, for it is only fourteen ineches long and five-eighths-inch in diameter, its power being six. It has given complete satisfaction, however, but it should be explained that it is placed on the left-hand side of the rifle, as near as possible level with the open sights on top the barrel, so that if there is not light enough for the teleseope, the merest shifting of the eye brings the open sights into correct alignment. It is true that the placing of the tube on the side of the barrel is objected to by some, but my experience proves that if only one set of sights is to be placed on the squirrel rifle, that set should not be in a tube; in other words, there are always times when the telescope is useless and at others almost so. In my own experience I could contradict myself on this point, for I have hunted in tall timber for ten days or more at a time without firing a single shot aimed through the open sights. Still, I would not be without them. With a rifle equipped thus one will often find himself trying the telescope, and thinking he can do better with the open sights, shift to them, only to return to the glass before firing. This if the shot is deliberate. Mine generally are.

Growing tired of teleseopes with fancy adjustable mountings that were so easily changed that anyone who happened to examine the rifle could shift the tube equal to a foot or more at 100 yards; and proceeding on the fact that exceedingly few shots are fired at squirrels distant more than forty yards, I obtained a set of mountings which, when fixed on the rifle and the tube aligned to center a tiny spot at thirty to fifty yards, could only be shifted with a screwdriver or a hammer. The focus, when adjusted for one person's use, is absolutely fixed, and can only be altered with a screw driver. The crosswires are also fixed. Windage ean only be obtained by raising a set-screw in the forward mounting and hammering the latter to right or left. Elevation can be changed by turning the thumbscrew of the rear mounting, but as this is set with a steel pin—and the pin lost—there is no fear in that respect. To make assuranee double sure, there is a white mark on both mountings to show that the latter have not shifted by aecident. As a general proposition, if the cross-hairs are held on a squirrel's eye at the moment the trigger is touehed the bullet mark will be found pretty close to the eye; but if elevation or windage is needed, holding the merest distance away from the eye will insure a head shot, provided always one does not wobble. Should one get a shot at a fox or crow, even at 200 yards, holding the cross-hairs for either wind or elevation is as exact as guessing how mueh to turn an adjusting screw—and one never suffers through forgetting to restore the sight to its proper place after firing a shot. On such a tube there are no knobs, hooks, points or other protuberances to eateh on limbs or in one's clothing, and altogether it gives good satisfaction.

There is something altogether fascinating about squirrel shooting with a telescope-sighted rifle of small caliber. This is particularly true of the present time, for ammunition has been improved greatly of late, and it is now possible to purehase a .22 caliber rifle taking one of the more powerful rim-fire eartridges loaded with smokeless powder, which will give good satisfaetion on squirrels, while one has no bother over reloading ammunition. In this way he can purehase a box or two of fresh ammunition before going away for a few days in the woods, and the better cartridges are clean to carry and handle, all of their lubrieation being within the finished eartridge, so that they ean be carried in the pocket until needed. These little cartridges shoot very flat at all squirrel-shooting distanees, so that a slight error in holding will not always result in a miss; and make so little noise that the game is not frightened clean out of the woods when one fires a few shots.

While the big game must be followed further and further away from civilization, there are squirrels to be found in almost every patch of woods within a few miles of one's home; permission to shoot on private land is not difficult to obtain if one is known to be eareful, and the sport is one that may be enjoyed during a single afternoon as well as when one can command several days of leisure.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Third Rail Kills Rabbits.

THE third rail, reeently introduced by the Long Island Railroad as a transmitter of motive power for its trains to the new Jamaica raee track, kills more small game than all the sportsmen. Rabbits and squirrels suffer in greatest numbers, and quail and other game are occasionally found. The rabbits are found along the track every morning, having been shocked to death by the rail —New York Times.

Concerning Bears.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editor of Our Dumb Animals, George T. Angell, and a eorrespondent of the Springfield Republiean, are responsible for a controversy "in the matter of shooting bears." At least, I judge so from the annotations made by Mr. Angell to the reprint of an article from the Springfield Republiean in Our Dumb Animals. Mr. Angell is engaged in a laudable enterprise, that of engaging humane sympathy for the brute animal, but to a "man up a tree" it would appear that neither Angell nor the correspondent know very mueh about bears. The correspondent says "the bear is a specially inappropriate animal to seleet for killing in mere sport. He is largely a vegetarian, is timid and clumsy, and rarely attacks man exeept in self-defense." I wonder where that correspondent took his lessons in zoology, espeeially as it relates to "b'ar"? Certainly not in the native habitat of bruin. From what I have seen and heard the bear is peeuliarly the animal above all other quadrupeds to test the courage of man, in a hunt, even when man is well armed.

Not long ago I was reading of an Englishman who had hunted in all parts of the world, saying that, on the whole, the bear was a gamier animal to hunt than either the lion or tiger of Asia or Afriea; that he would rather faee any lion or tiger than the average grizzly bear; that the latter was the fiercest and most indomitable of all quadrupeds in battle, whether it be with brute or human animal.

In my intercourse with Western men I have met many who had killed their "b'ar" in their day, and none but attested to its bravery and ferocity. The man who has fought his bear is a hero. Before me lies a work by Franeis Fuller Victor, telling of the "Wild West" as it was fifty to seventy-five years ago. He relates some of the experiences of the famous Joe Meek as a bear-killer, bearing testimony as to the aggressiveness of the bear. Indeed, in this country—in northeastern California—it is generally deemed foolhardy for a person to attack a bear single-handed, or unassisted by dogs, no matter how well armed. A bear will stand a great deal of punishment, and a large amount of lead before he will succumb, unless struek in the beginning of the attack in a vital spot. Bruin has been known to eontinue a fight for some considerable time after his heart had been shot to pieces. As a rule, he is of wonderful vitality, strength, aetivity and quiekness. Some species of bears are less aggressive than others, and there are those who will run to hiding at the sight of man, but even these when brought to bay are dangerous game to the hunter. Hunting bear with firearms is at all times precarious adventure.

It is said in California that even the grizzly is changing his charaeter; that he has lost his aggressiveness, and will seek covert on the approach of man, whereas formerly he would voluntarily give battle, and at times had been known to charge a company of men when he had not been even provoked to battle.

Grizzlies are not as plentiful as they once were in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. What few that are met with nowadays are shy of man. Instinet has taught them that man with a modern rifle is an invincible foe. Nevertheless, hunters are very ehary of the grizzly and will seldom attaek him unless with the aid of good dogs, or with a companion who also has courage and is endowed with coolness.

Bear are yet very abundant in this region of California —embracing the mountainous portion of Sierra, Plumas, Butte, Yuba and Nevada counties. I hear they are plentiful also in other portions of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but I speak now of the region in the five counties of whieh I have personal knowledge, and which I have traversed in the past eighteen months to more or less of an extent as a prospector hunting for gold ledges, or deposits of auriferous gravel. My trips have led me among the high lava-eapped ridges and to the volcanic peaks which attain altitudes of 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and whose slopes are covered with a dense growth of pine, fir and spruee. The deep ravines between the ridges make suitable haunts for bruin, and I have ample evidence that the latter exists in great numbers. The bears of hereabouts are mostly black and brown. They make great havoc with the young stock of the isolated mountain ranehes, and some of the farmers have to wage constant warfare against bears.

The ereatures seem to have an unappeasable appetite for pork on the hoof, and hang about the ranches at all times of the year, except when they are in hibernation, ready to pounce upon and earry off any pig that is not too heavy and bulky. They will also go so far as to enter a sty when pressed by hunger, and select any choice little porker that they may fancy.

A boar or full-grown sow will not hesitate to fight a bear, but the bear will avoid encounters with such, and resort to cunning to gain his prey. The depredations of bear upon some of the ranches are a constant loss to the ranehmen. There is but little or no corn raised, and it is too expensive to haul in for feed, so the swine are turned into a meadow to feed on grass, and later into the woods to fatten on acorns. It is then that bruin gets after piggy with suceess.

In this region the ridges and ravines are so thickly covered with manzanita, chaparral and a variety of other brush that it is almost a physical impossibility for man to go through the same, it being necessary even constantly to keep pruning shears at work to keep trails and wagon roads open, brush growing almost spontaneously. This brush makes perfect eover for bear and other like "varmint." It gives immunity to bruin from the two-legged hunter with a gun. The ranchmen have recourse mostly to the Newhouse steel trap. Bruin, when eaught, is ignominiously knoeked in the head with an ax, and his earcass thrown to the very hogs he himself would have devoured. I know many ranchmen who number their bear killings by the score.

Nor does bruin stop in his raids on domestic stock at pigs, calves and colts often fall prey to him. And he just dotes on sheep. Flock masters find it necessary every year, in some of the summer mountain ranges, to hire professional bear hunters to clean out the varmint. The grizzly is especially fond of mutton and will in a fortnight do much havoc to a flock. Furthermore, he will, for a change of diet, help himself to a full-grown cow or steer when he can't get a pig, calf or colt. The lonely prospector has diffieulty, too, in keeping his pack and riding animals with him in the mountain solitudes, when bear are around. As soon as burro, mule or horse get sight or seent of bruin they will start for the valleys unless kept tethered close to prospector's eamp, and even that is no safeguard, as the bear will frequently raid the prospector's camp and loot his eaehe, larder, meat safe, or smokehouse, whichever it may be that he has his provisions stored in. Bear are really so numerous and troublesome in this part of California that they are a nuisanee.

That "the bear is largely a vegetarian," as asserted by the eorrespondent of the Springfield Republiean, is an assertion of no material importance in this discussion, but the statement might be qualified by saying that the bear is preferably a flesh-eater if he ean get it. He will eat anything and everything that a man will eat, exeept a few speeialties to whieh he singularly objeets, but it is not flesh. As to his liking for variety, the bears in the national parks that frequent the garbage cans of the hotels do not show any partiality to vegetable matter over flesh, as the offals of the table and kitehen. And when it eomes to fish, bear of all kinds seem inordinately fond of them, and it is a eommon sight, in the headwaters of the streams in the Northwest, that are tributary to the Pacific Ocean, to see bruin industriously fishing for salmon.

As a matter of faet, the bear family is omnivorous. In eaptivity, I know, though, bears have been exclusively fed upon vegetable matter, and they thrived upon it. There is a man in Pennsylvania who raises bears as an industry, and I believe he feeds them nearly altogether, if not quite, upon vegetable stuff, the two principal items being sweet corn and watermelon. The polar bear, perforce, must, because of his habitat, subsist upon fish, etc., exclusively the greater portion of the year.

But take the dog. Most dogs are fed or like meat of any and all kinds. Yet, the dog can be trained, after he is weaned from his mother milk, to subsist entirely upon vegetable matter. Shepherd dogs and collies, very often never get any other food than oatmeal mush. These dogs are brainy, industrious and at once both gentle and brave. I have also seen an ugly pet pug fed upon delicatessen ranging from sauerkraut to ice cream and angel's food. Excuse me, however, and I will give an essay on dogs some other day. I just wanted to show that animals, notorious flesh-eaters, may become, by necessity or training, habitual vegetarians, and to demonstrate by these facts that the correspondent of the Springfield Republiean don't know so much about bears after all.

I could, furthermore, go on and tell a whole lot of things about bear that he and Mr. Angell seem never to have heard or read, but just at present I simply want to resent the imputation that our worthy President was engaged in child's play when he went hunting bear in Colorado.

I agree, however, with the statement that there is "danger of having whole species exterminated, which, to the zoologist, the evolutionist and the lover of nature, as well as sometimes to the agriculturist, are of the utmost 'sympathetic interest.'" No true sportsman will deny this, and FOREST AND STREAM and other journals published in the interest of venatic sports, are as zealous in their advoeacy in the preserving and perpetuation of species of animals, wild, rare or otherwise, as is Our Dumb Animals and its humanitarian publisher, George T. Angell and his contributing correspondents. The hunter, trapper and fisherman may be no less humane than the farmer.

There is another thought in connection with this matter of shooting bears. In an annotation to the article "No Sympathy with Bear Killing," Mr. Angell says: "We have read, first and last, a good deal advocating the belief that the smaller animals suffer very little when attacked and destroyed by the larger." Mr. Angell inferentially making this a plea for the salvation of bruin from an untimely death by gunshot at the hands of man. This on the proposition that the bear or any of the other large carnivori might be intended as the instrument, provided by a Divine Providence, to mereifully destroy the smaller wild animals when they beeome old and sick and liable to die of starvation.

I rather think, apropos to the paragraph immediately foregoing, that Mr. Angell's early education in natural history has been sadly neglected. There is no library available to me at this moment—I am writing in a cabin in the wilderness—or, I think, I could give the names of books and authors that would enlighten Mr. Angell in those matters that he seems so deficient in. To the best of my knowledge and belief the smaller wild animals are usually eaten literally alive by those carnivori of which they are the "legitimate" or "natural" prey. If they suffer at all, they certainly must suffer then. Carnivori seldom select "sick" animals for their prey, but will, of course, quickly pounce upon a wounded animal. Some species of animals will promptly kill their own kind when the latter take sick; they will also kill those born deformed, but the reason is only surmise to me. Again, weasels and wolves will often kill out of pure wantonness, purely for the sake of killing, and not beeause of neeessity. A weasel will often kill more poultry in one night than he could eonsume in a month. Coyotes and wolves frequently hold high carnival in attacking a band of sheep and wantonly destroy large numbers in excess of their needs for the present or immediate future.

"The poor creatures out in Colorado preying on berries, and at the worst only now and then on some other wild beast!" Forsooth! The bears and other "poor creatures" may be of that kind "out in Colorado," but they are of a different kind here in California. At least the bear are. They eat berries in season, also roots, large fruits and any and all kinds of garden produce, when the ranchman and his dogs are away to town, but just the same his ursine majesty does not disdain a hog or two now and then by way of variety. The bear is no epicure, but he is a gourmand, and were it not for his valor, strength and feroeity, would be held in contempt, even as is the coyote by the cowboy of the plains.

California has, however, placed the bear upon a high pedestal of respect by making the animal the chief figure in its coat of arms and seal. Bruin also had a place on the flag once. Notwithstanding all this, the bear is

no more of a saint or innocent than is the wolverine, which has been honored by Michigan as the symbol of the Peninsular State. And what is the wolverine? The glutton; the mysterious corcajoa.

But I will have to cut this short. Editor Angell is doing good work in promulgating consideration and kindly treatment for the dumb brutes, but I think he should go easy on nimrod—the nimrod is not so "fierce" as Mr. Angell in his innocence would unjustly paint him.

If any Bible authority is needed as to the ferocity of bruin in olden times, I would refer to Kings II., chapter 2. The children of Beth-el for no more of an offense than mocking the prophet Elisha and calling him a "baldhead," were set upon by two she bears out of the wood, which tore forty and two children of them.

WM. FITZMUGGINS.

SIERRA CITY, Cal.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Thursday afternoon the executive committee of the Massachusetts Central Committee for the Protection of Fish and Game met at the Copley Square Hotel to consider legislation for the coming winter. The question whether it would be wise to make an effort to secure the repeal of the law which allows the farmer to snare on his own premises was discussed, and the subject of seeking to secure a law imposing a license on non-resident hunters was briefly considered. No definite decision on either proposition was reached, but the committee voted to hold another meeting about the middle of next month, and to invite the newly-formed clubs to be represented at that meeting.

The board of government held a meeting at 5:30 and voted that a committee he appointed to arrange for a proper participation in the meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, to be held in Boston early in January, 1906. Ex-presidents G. W. Wiggin and B. C. Clark, Dr. Payne and A. D. Thayer were appointed, and the name of the president was added, he being also president of the North American Association.

At the Association dinner Prof. William Brewster, of Cambridge, said, in watching the destruction of birds by foxes on his 300-acre place in Concord, Mass., for several years, only two cases had come under his observation in which foxes had killed ruffed grouse. In his opinion, the fox is more blamed than he deserves.

Prof. Edwin De Merritte, of the De Merritte School, another of our members, related experiences of his boyhood and later days with rod and gun, and, although a man somewhat beyond the middle period of life, declared his ability to make long tramps and his fondness for field sports not in the least upon the wane. Many topics suggested by the members present were elucidated by these gentlemen, the meeting becoming a sort of round-table conference, and every one pronounced it one of the most profitable ever held by the Association.

The president announced the required committee of seven to nominate officers for the ensuing year, Dr. B. V. Howe being first named and consequently chairman. The next meeting will occur about the middle of December, at least three weeks prior to the annual, which is the second Wednesday of January.

Your correspondent had the pleasure one evening of witnessing an exhibition of motion pictures of hunting and fishing scenes that are to be one of the features of the coming sportsman's show, to be given at Christmas time in Mechanics' Building. They are sure to please, and will be a great addition to the other exhibits. All those now engaged in preliminary preparations for the show are making their headquarters at the Copley Square Hotel.

The Pine Tree State is making a great game record this year if all reports are true. Considering the long spell of dry weather last month, the receipts at Bangor have been surprising.

The long-looked-for snow, however, has succeeded copious rains, and recently hunting conditions have been prime. For every returning hunter more than one goes into the woods. In a couple of weeks the season will have reached the zenith. Shipments from Bangor the past week were 524 deer and 21 moose, as against 496 deer and 19 moose in the corresponding week of last year. Shipments for the season thus far up to last Friday were 2,327 deer, as against 2,229 last year.

On Monday last, the biggest day of the year, there were shipped 167 deer and 5 moose.

Two large bucks were secured by W. L. Bonney, of Waterville, weighing 215 and 196 pounds, and each had exceptionally fine antlers. These were obtained in the Patten region, where the snow is now 6 inches in depth.

It is reported that deer are being hunted with dogs in the vicinity of Pushaw Lake.

Fifty Ohioans are in the Oxbow country and will return about Nov. 20.

A few of the Boston hunters returning with deer are J. S. Wilcox, W. R. Woodward, E. S. Farnsworth, Fred L. Taft, W. H. Moody, E. S. Gifford, H. C. Pickering and B. W. and A. S. Stark. Messrs. Pickering and A. S. Stark secured moose, as also did A. H. Locke, of Salem.

Two Newtonville men, C. M. Howell and Henry B. Morse, brought out a remarkable kill—a 700-pound moose, two bears weighing 200 pounds each, four deer, a fox and twelve partridges. Most of these were found in the Roach River country.

Dr. G. G. Furnell, of Waverly, Mass., has secured a large buck in the Dead River country.

Another hunter who had remarkable success is H. E. Newell, of Haverhill, who has brought back a moose, two buck deer and a bear.

A 14-point buck was shipped at Bigelow station by C. C. Fisher, of Union City, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Halson and son, of Boston, secured a moose, two deer and a fox.

Sixty deer and five moose were shipped from Patten the past week.

It is reported that in the herd of caribou at the foot of Katahdin are a young bull, two cows and a calf.

A. O. Claflin, of Newton Center, and twelve other Bay State sportsmen are at Patten.

A. H. Shumway, of Taunton, while making a stay at Billy Hobb's camps, secured a moose.

B. R., E. T. and H. R. Symonds, of Reading, got two deer each. There is luck for hunters in New Hampshire these days.

J. T. Hall, of Boston, got a deer in Holderness and Amos Merrill, of Warren, shot his third bear for the season the past week.

Bert Cook, of Tilton, has captured his tenth fox for the season. Selectman E. J. Young of the same town has captured four mink this fall, and at Thornton H. E. Colby secured two deer.

I should have mentioned that in Massachusetts several sportsmen have had good days on woodcock. A hunter from Hopkinton told me he got sixteen one day, and Prof. Brewster expressed the opinion at the meeting, that native woodcock have been on the increase for a few years. The anti-sale law is bearing fruit apparently. In Massachusetts, it is no longer one of the two "vanishing game birds" in the Professor's opinion.

H. H. KIMBALL.

Woodcock in China.

IN certain parts of central and southern China, the woodcock is a constant and frequent visitor and is found occasionally in sufficient numbers to repay one for a day spent in quest of this greatly prized spoil of the gunner's sport. In the districts more remote from habitations there still remain occasional woods of fair-sized pine trees that have been allowed to come to maturity without interference. These exist chiefly in ravines and near the summits of the hills, in places more inaccessible to the wandering wood cutter, to which fact they owe their safety. It is in such spots that the woodcock are most numerous, being found, however, invariably close to water, either stream or pool. At the same time in some of the higher valleys or nullahs where no pine are found, but only low bushes and heather, cock may be occasionally flushed; and indeed it is in such places where they are most likely to be seen and brought to bag, as the thickly wooded nullahs are difficult for dogs to work and not less difficult for the sportsman to get a shot in, or to retrieve his bird if dropped. In fact, in spite of its name the woodcock is by no means so partial to forest or heavy woodland, although no doubt he seeks shade during the daytime. In China, at least, this appears to be sufficiently afforded by a few low shrubs or even by patches of high grass.

A curious trait may be mentioned, moreover, namely, that woodcock are not averse to the near neighborhood of human habitation, for on more than one occasion they have been flushed just outside the inclosing wall of the small walled hamlets that dot the plains of China. This wall is nearly always supplemented by a broad moat, which together form a means of resistance to robbers and pirates. Along the edges of these moats where the people of the hamlet are constantly passing and where children and cattle are often straying about, woodcock may constantly be found in the low bushes that usually fringe the margin; but without dogs it is often impossible to find them, so close will they lie. Once flushed, however, they go right away to the nearest woods unless shot, which they usually are, as they offer an easy chance in these circumstances. The vicinity of these moats is generally then a sure draw for a cock, and even a couple may sometimes be found in the same place or near to each other.

In the neighborhood of the coast ports, where there is a sprinkling of foreign residents, the woodcock is found in the local markets, being trapped or shot in fair numbers by the Chinese, as they fetch a good price when they can be disposed of to Europeans. But further inland the wandering Chinese gunner would probably not waste a charge of powder on one, his mode of procedure being in general to "brown" a flock of anything (magpies as often as not, which are sometimes seen forty and fifty together). The bird, then, is in such districts very seldom molested and possibly returns from year to year to the same districts if not to the same spot. While on the subject of Chinese shootists, however, it is not to be supposed that they are indifferent shots. Far from it, as anyone who has seen them shooting snipe in southern China or pheasants in the north can testify. The Chinaman for the most part fires only from the hip too, not from the shoulder, when shooting game; and in spite of this fact and also that the best of their arms are old rusty, converted matchlocks, they make marvellously good shooting at times.

The writer has seen them more than once, out after snipe, when these birds were wild, as they indeed can be in the bitter north winds of mid-China in winter, following the flight of the bird while the complicated arrangement that ignites the charge was in process of combustion, a second or two only perhaps, but sufficient in the way of a "hang-fire" to considerably nonplus a foreign sportsman. The barrel is a very long one which possibly accounts for these old weapons making at times the most astounding long shots, and the kick is such as to inflict a severe blow, which is primarily the reason that the hip-shot is so universal.

B. O. BAY.

Pennsylvania's Army.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 10.—There never before has been so many hunters in this State as this fall, and the number of serious accidents is appalling. The opening of the rabbit season last week was the cause of so much travel that on some of the railroads special cars carried men with dogs and guns notwithstanding the short season and heavy dog tax in this State. The interest in outdoor sport and recreation is increasing rather than decreasing. I hope to send you a more complete report soon.

H. A. SURFACE.
Economic Zoologist.

THE MANY-USE OIL

Cleans out powder residue. Lubricates, never-gums; 2oz. bottle 10c. —*Adv.*

Munchausen Only.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will not the readers of your candid and always trustworthy journal sympathize with me in a protest against the degradation of our sporting literature in the following fashion:

"BEST GAME SHOT IN THE WORLD.

"LONDON, Oct. 31.—Though fifty-three years old, Earl de Grey, upon whose estate at Dagowill the Prince of Wales has recently been shooting, still ranks as the finest game shot in England. Indeed, it is the general opinion here that he is the best in the world.

"Anyhow, he has killed more game than any other living sportsman. Ten years ago it had amounted to 316,699 head. Comprised in this list were 111,900 pheasants, 84,400 partridges, 45,500 grouse, 26,500 hares and about as many rabbits. In one year alone his 'bag' amounted to over 19,000 head.

"In Yorkshire he once shot 500 grouse in a single day and on another occasion brought down 750 pheasants. In Wales, between sunrise and sunset, he once disposed of 950 rabbits.

"In America many people would regard feats of this kind as mere slaughter rather than sport, but English folk do not so consider them, and Earl de Grey is English in everything. His wonderful knack of bringing down birds completely dazes strangers who go away and explain to their friends their firm belief that he 'simply can't miss.'"

Now, what is the use of publishing such impossible rot as this? Is anybody expected to believe it? One moment of mental arithmetic will suffice to show that all statements made are inordinately outside of the limit of credence or physical accomplishment. Beginning at the age of ten years only the sum total of 316,699 head of game would require an average of 736 units for every day of the Earl's life, while the phenomenal bag of 19,000 head for one single year would require the killing of fifty per day for the year round, close seasons and all; and any man who would attempt to kill 950 rabbits in a day, one at a time, no matter how, would drop from exhaustion. The exertion would require the slaughter of two rabbits per minute for eight consecutive hours—a test of physical endurance seldom paralleled in glass-ball shooting thirty years ago.

Does the concoctor of this "astonisher" fancy that he is doing a smart thing? And why will editors persistently decline good matter as "not available" and print such stuff as this? for certain it is that it is almost impossible to market anything but sensational, abstruse or hyper scientific stuff in any magazine to-day, no matter how reputable its past record.

The hardship of it all is that such literature finds a ready market in reputable newspapers and magazines, and most of it is concocted by young people who have never had any field experience, but merely read up enough to post themselves on sporting events and sporting vernacular, so as to give an air of plausibility to what they write.

I have seen them in the libraries myself, cramming. Such impostors are driving honest and experienced raconteurs out of the magazine field. Even the most careful of them continually make blunders which anyone who knows the ground can readily detect. For example, I recently read a very well put up sketch of a Kiowa home, but the baby cradle was Ojibwa! Of course the ordinary reader would not detect the misfit; yet, he would be apt to prefer a correct statement to a substitute for truth.

Isn't it time that the press took up this matter for the sake of purity in sporting literature, as well prevent our gentlemen from being made fools of?

CHARLES HALLOCK.

How to Cook Coots.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To sportsmen who at the end of a day's duck shooting find themselves proud possessors of a pair of coots, sheldrake or old squaw in place of the black ducks they had hoped to bring home, I send this word of hope. The fishy taste of any of those birds may be removed, but the game flavor retained, by following these directions, which I have recently obtained from the well known game cook, Mary Walsh:

"Pluck and draw the birds immediately; don't allow them to hang with the entrails in. Wash thoroughly with cold water, both outside and in. Cut off the tail for about one inch with the fatty tissue at the base. Sprinkle with pungent white pepper both inside and out, using two teaspoonfuls to each bird. Place in the ice-box but not touching the ice, and keep for at least one week, better ten days. Then wash with salt water (handful to the pint), dry and roast for twenty minutes with an apple placed in each bird. Then serve, removing the apple before placing on the table."

I would add that a friend and myself have just had the pleasure of eating a pair of white-winged coots cooked in this manner, and not only was there no taste of fish, but the game flavor of the birds was preserved, which is not so when the old method of par-boiling is used.

HENRY H. THORP.

Cleaning Rifles.

OPELOUSAS, La., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the FOREST AND STREAM I would like to hear from some of the readers on the following subject, how to keep clean and bright the barrels of rifles using the very highest power smokeless powder? I use the .30-40 U. S. box magazine carbine, the .303 Savage and the Luger automatic pistol. Even though I keep my firearms in good shape, always clean, I can never keep the barrels of these rifles free or clean. The powder seems to leave a residue, a kind of gum, that I find impossible to remove. In using the black and the low-pressure powder it is always a simple matter to clean the barrel of a rifle, but using the kind that is used in the .30-40 and the .30 U. S. G. rimless or the .303 I have never been able to keep my rifle barrel shining, even though I have used this kind of arm for a number of years and have tried every means that I could think of.

JOHN P. BOAGNI.



Black Bass Fishing in Pennsylvania.

If ever the fishermen in Pennsylvania had a problem to match the famous 15 puzzle, it is to be found in the small-mouth black bass. An introduced fish, it has made itself at home in the waters of the Keystone State, and keeps the angler and the Department of Fisheries guessing what it will do next. About the time either or both imagine they have solved the problem of its habits, movements and general behavior, it starts off on some new vagary, and human wits have to be set to work again.

There is probably no fish living in the waters of Pennsylvania which has had such a varied standing with the fishermen of the State. When first introduced through the medium of a locomotive water tank in 1870, it was welcomed warmly, and when the members of the family could be fished for legally, they were sought with eagerness by anglers, but to their disgust, in vain. Prior to their advent, the principal baits for Pennsylvania river fishes were worms, dough and similar primitive lures. The fishermen became disgusted at the failure of the newcomers to bite, and as the fish multiplied and were still uncapturable, curses took the place of blessings.

It was freely declared that black bass would not bite upon a hook, and to this crime was added the greater one of devouring the valuable food and high class game chub. Like the fox in the case of the grapes, the fishermen consoled themselves by declaring the chub was a far superior fish to the black bass anyhow. Then heavier anathemas than ever were hurled at the new introduction. By and by the anglers discovered that the bass loved a minnow, a helgramite, a frog and other living creatures and abhorred dead or still bait, and immediately the stock of the bass once more went above par. Soon, in the estimation of many, it became the greatest game fish that swims. It was declared to be far superior to the brook trout both in game and food qualities, and the consensus of opinion was that no man should waste his time on such an insignificant game and poor table fish as the river chub. Some people even went so far as to compare it favorably with the lordly Atlantic salmon.

It is due to the black bass to say that it still holds a high place in the hearts of thousands of Pennsylvania anglers, and even the devotees of trout admire its magnificent game qualities; but there are signs that it has nearly reached the zenith of its popularity, and that sentiment will veer to some native fish. Once more the chub is rising in favor.

The bass is loved perhaps because of its vagaries; because one day it will take minnows and the next day refuse anything but helgramites; the day after demand nothing but frogs, and perhaps the day after scorn everything but stone catfish. Perhaps the succeeding day rise to nothing but the artificial fly, and then again possibly make all the changes of foods in a single day. Very few men dare to say they know all about the black bass, and the few who did are often jeered at. Indeed the majority of anglers rather plume themselves of their lack of knowledge of the habits and requirements of the fish.

Everything went well with the fish and the angler until the year 1900, and then complaints were heard, first from the Delaware, then from the Susquehanna that there was a decrease in the catch of bass, and the wail—for wail it was—increased in volume and extent with each succeeding year until it spread to the fishermen in nearly all the waters in Pennsylvania. There were some streams by 1904 which previously had yielded heavy catches that gave up scarcely a fish to an angler in a week. Naturally everybody wanted to know why, and every one began to reason out a cause. At last many of them found the Jonah, as they believed, and the Jonah was the German carp. People had always hated and despised the German carp, and with reason, as an inferior and nearly worthless food fish without any game qualities.

Consequently, it is not surprising that when the German carp was suggested as the fish which was causing a rapid decrease in the number of bass, nearly everybody, including the Commissioner of Fisheries, concluded that they had the offender. It was asserted and believed that carp destroyed the spawn of the bass; that they destroyed the water plants which contained minute life necessary to the existence of the young fish, the shelter which the plants afforded the little creatures from being devoured by other fish.

But this spring the anglers and the Commissioner of Fisheries received a shock. The bass reappeared in great numbers in nearly all the waters of the Commonwealth in which they had previously been. There were little fish, medium size, and some large fish. The catches were nearly equal to those of ten years ago. A curious feature was that in many of the streams in which the catches were most abundant, the carp were still plentiful. Notably the Susquehanna River.

In some streams young bass were said to outnumber minnows. Hence it was concluded that while the German carp may have been a factor in the decrease of the number of bass in the streams, it was not the chief factor. Something else evidently caused their temporary disappearance, and with the removal of that something they have reappeared once more, and the black bass has emphasized its right to the title of "mysterious fish."

It is a well-known fact with the great majority of fishermen, the higher the character of the surrounding scenery the greater zest there is given to the general art of angling. Hence, those who fish for black bass in Pennsylvania waters are favored beyond those who angle in most of the States. The greatest rivers and their largest tributaries flow tortuously through mountain ranges. From the center to the west are the huge crests of the Alleghenies. From the northeast to the southwest in the eastern part of the Blue Ridge and South Mountains, with their royal spurs, some of which, like the Welch Hills, extend into the southeastern part of Pennsylvania.

None of these waters have great depths, excepting in occasional spots in the Susquehanna. As a rule, they rush and tumble over rocky beds, froth in shallow places over rocks and boulders, and spring into quiet, dark pools for rest, making long streaks of eddies or swifts in which the bass and wall-eyed pike congregate.

Because of the diversified character of the water in Pennsylvania rivers and large creeks, there are probably few States which can show, within a given space, so many methods of bass fishing. While thousands sit quietly on the bank or in an anchored boat waiting patiently for the bite, which comes or not, as the case may be, there are thousands who hunt for bass on their favorite stream as the hunter hunts for a rabbit or a bird. Such men will sometimes cover five or six miles of water in a day with a boat, or wade two or three. It is the hunter of the black bass who secures the greatest enjoyment from his day's outing, and who generally has the best basket when the sun has gone down.

The bass is the people's fish more than any other game fish. He stands among fish for the fishermen as baseball does among field athletic sports. As he is the people's fish, so all sorts and conditions of lines and baits are used to lure him from his watery home. There is a regular gradation, from the fine enameled or braided silk line to the common cotton cord, generally called the "clothes line." Fine drawn gut, the best silk gut, twisted double gut, all are used. Hooks, from No. 2 to 3 and 4-0, from the plebian ringed hook, three for 5 cents, to the beautifully snelled, highest grade hooks made. Cheap flies and expensive flies, cheap machine rods and the most expensive hand-made article, cane angles and a pole cut from the woods; even hand-lines are not disdained by some, and so there are artificial baits of all kinds and descriptions, deadly and otherwise.

The still-fishing, bait-casting, skittering, drifting, trolling, both with artificial, live and dead bait, float-fishing, bottom fishing, spinning the swifts, and fly-casting—all of them may be found sometimes within five or six miles on any given river.

It is noteworthy, nevertheless, that as the rivers are of different characters, so a certain form of fishing is apt to predominate in these particular streams. Float fishing is not as often met with in the Susquehanna as bottom fishing and spinning a swift, while float fishing is the method usually pursued in the Delaware. Of the methods used in the Susquehanna, spinning an eddy is the most exciting and pleasurable and more apt to give best results. It should be said here that on the Susquehanna River and its branches, there are hundreds and hundreds of men whose chief means of livelihood are to row or pole a boat for an angler and sell him bait.

The boats used on the Susquehanna for bass fishing are very long and very narrow, with square ends. They are just wide enough for one man to sit in comfortably. These boats are poled with wonderful skill among the dangerous rocks and up or down raging rifts. Seeking the head of a swift, the bow or one end of the boat is thrust upon a rock in back water, and so held steady and firm while the angler fishes.

The angler baits his hook with, we will say, a stone catfish, and the line, without any float or sinker whatever, is cast overboard into the swift flowing water. The line is then drawn from the reel, five or six inches at a time, and in that manner the bait is allowed to float down perhaps for a distance of fifty or seventy-five feet, or to the end of the swift, when, if there has been no strike, the line is slowly reeled in. Before each take, the rod is raised suddenly till in an upright position, then lowered quickly, and the slack is then quickly taken up by the reel. When the bait is drawn to the boat side, it is cast a little to the right or the left, and the paying out of the line is done over again; and this is repeated time and time again, until every foot of water embraced in the swift and for two or three feet on each side has been thoroughly fished. The angler then takes in his line, the boatman draws his craft from the rock and drops down to the next swift, and so the fishing goes on all day.

If while the line is being paid out the angler notices or feels a slight twitch, he knows a bass is at work, but he does not strike. He draws from his reel perhaps two or three feet of line, and as the bass lightly pulls, he allows the line to slip through his fingers and then gives more, and so perhaps until twenty-five or thirty feet has thus been paid out. Then comes a sudden rush, a tremendous strike on the tip of the rod, followed by a leaping bass.

It is idle to describe the contest which ensues. It is seldom that two are exactly alike. Every fisherman who has tried to catch black bass knows how it feels much better than any writer can describe it. Every angler knows that he is in an agony from the first leap until the fish is in his net lest the bass should tear himself loose, cut the line on a rock or smash his rod when the butt is given.

Drifting in the Delaware with a float line is conducted almost exactly the same as spinning the swift, excepting that, the water being deeper and the fall less, the streaks through the pools run more slowly, and there a sinker is used to keep the bait well beneath the surface.

A good catch of bass in Pennsylvania waters is twenty-five. The usual weight is from a pound to a pound and a half. When a six-pounder is landed the fact gets into the newspapers, and the lucky man hailed by his companions, the editors, as a great angler.

W. E. Meehan.

Fish at $70 a Pound.

"Yes, sir. Had a great time," said the returned fisherman, wiping his blistered brow, "and I brought back with me two of the most expensive fish I ever handled."

"Here's an honest fisherman," burst from the crowd in the office. "He acknowledges that he bought his fish."

"Well, not exactly that," the fisherman returned, "for these fish were thrust upon me. They cost me over $70 a pound, and I guess they were cheap at the price. At any rate, I felt cheap when I paid it."

"Come now, old man, don't dispel our illusion. Here we have granted that you are an honest fisherman—the first we have ever seen—and instead of telling us the old yarn you start in on a new one that is just as bad. Seventy dollars a pound for fish!" And there was no mistaking the look of disgust that accompanied the remark.

"Friends," the fisherman expostulated, "give me leave to tell my fish story. 'Tis not so long as a railroad ticket nor so deep as an editorial, but 'tis tough. A plague o' both your fish, say I." He paused in Shakesperian fashion for a reply; but there was none.

"The first thing you learn when you go fishing on the Gunnison River out in Colorado is that you must not keep any fish you catch that is under seven inches in length. The game warden will get you if you don't watch out. And as I was catching from seventy-five to a hundred fish a day of particularly enormous size, I threw back the little ones without compunction. The fights I had with some of those 40-pound trout——"

Of course he was interrupted here, but luckily was not assaulted.

"Well, any way," he continued, after taking his arm down from shielding his face against threatened blows, "I caught a lot of fish. I also made the acquaintance of two very nice young ladies who were stopping at the same so-called hotel. They fished, too, and I don't think they were as particular of the game as the rest of us were, for they seemed to slide their catch past the game warden without examination. I told them a lot of funny stories and sang some snatches from comic operas as the moon was disappearing over the mountains, and did all those agreeable little things that you can do, don't you know, and I really believe they were quite cut up when I announced I was going to leave for home.

"The last day I saved only about forty pounds of the fish I caught, and as I took the train that evening I carried the basket with me, preferring to keep my eye on it instead of checking it through. I can see those girls now waving their good-bye from the little platform of a station.

"When the train reached a small town near the boundary of the State some game wardens got on, and seeing my basket, declared their intention of looking over my catch. I willingly agreed and they lost no time in tumbling my fish about until they discovered near the bottom two tiny fish that were quite under seven inches in length and probably weighed less than a pound together.

"'Why, I wonder where those little ones came from,' said I. And I was genuinely surprised.

"'You'll have to get off here,' the game warden said. I protested that the fish were not mine, they they were perfectly welcome to them, and in the meantime I thought the whole thing over and could reach only one conclusion—those girls had played a little joke on me by putting those little fish in my basket. I told that to the wardens and they laughingly gave me the credit for having invented a new excuse for having prohibited fish in my possession.

"'You better tell that to the judge,' they suggested as we walked up the street, and I did when we reached the courtroom. But the judge only smiled and read enough of the law to fine me $50, that was $25 each for the little fish, and the costs made my bill come to $70. You see the State gives the game warden a good share of the fine for his trouble, and, so there will be a little left for the State, they hit you pretty hard. They also took my whole basket of fish, saying the law would not permit me to take them out of the State.

"'Gosh, judge,' I said, 'can't you let me have the fish? I've paid a good price for them. It seems to me you ought to let me take them along.'

"He thought for a little while and then he said: 'Well, you can have the two little ones. I guess the law will be satisfied in these larger ones here.'

"So I brought home the two little $70 fish."

"Did you ever hear anything from the young women?" asked the stenographer.

"Not directly," the fisherman returned sadly, "but after I had described them to a man on the train leaving Denver, he told me that he thought they were the daughters of a game warden he knew."—Kansas City Star.

Fishy.

Mother (reproachfully, to her small son): "Jamie, where have you been all afternoon?" Jamie uneasily—"At Sunday school, mamma." Mother—"Then how is it you are wet and smell so of fish?" Jamie (in desperation)—"Well, you see, I've been studying about Jonah, and the whale, and—well—I guess it came off on my clothes."—Harper's Weekly.

Fish and Fishing.

The Recent Dynamiting of Salmon.

DESPITE the precautions taken for the prevention of poaching in the salmon waters of the Restigouche and its tributaries, there is reason to fear that many more fish were secured this autumn out of these rivers by illicit means than were killed by the anglers who lease or own the fishing of them, during the whole of the last season. Several residents of the neighborhood are believed to have taken fish out of these waters since the end of the open season, and in some few cases evidence sufficient to convict was readily obtained. Apart altogether from the fishing during the close season, it has transpired that the diabolical practice of dynamiting the salmon pools has been resorted to in some instances, the guilty parties in this matter being men employed in erecting poles for a telegraph or telephone line in the Causapscal country. In one instance, it is said, upon good authority, that thirty-six salmon were killed at one time by an explosion of dynamite in one of the pools of either the Causapscal or the Metapedia River.

How the Poachers Evade the Law.

Not even in the entertaining pages of the recently issued "Autobiography of a Poacher," in which are related some of the most rascally offenses against the fish and game laws of half a century ago in the country of Lorna Doone, will the reader find anything to compare with the desperate strategy of the Restigouche country poachers, in their efforts to escape punishment for their recent crimes. I have the entire story from the lips of the Quebec judge who was sent by the provincial government to hear the prosecutions taken against the accused parties by the officials of the Riparian Association of the Restigouche, Causapscal and Metapedia rivers. Four criminal prosecutions had been taken in the name of the club against parties accused of using dynamite to kill fish in the said river, and two against parties accused of the illegal fishing of salmon during the close season. The six defendants appeared before the judge from Quebec, at Causapscal, and pleaded *autrefois convict* of the same offense, with evidence at the same time of having been convicted by a local magistrate or justice of the peace, who is at the same time the government fish and game warden. In support of this plea they produced receipts for the payment of different fines to which they had been condemned. It transpired from the evidence in question, that is from the receipts produced in court, that each one of the accused had been informed against by one of the others, who had received the amount of the condemnation and had given a receipt therefor; so that it is evident that none of them paid over any sum of money at all, since each was supposed to have received from another, the sum to which he himself was condemned.

The lawyer for the prosecution, Mr. Kelly, who is the representative of the county of Bonaventure in the local Legislature, applied to the court for leave to proceed without taking any consideration of any of the judgments rendered by the local magistrate, on the ground that he must have been in collusion with the accused to interfere with the proper course of the administration of justice. It was actually shown that some of the convictions had been rendered by the local magistrate during the very night of the arrival of the Quebec judge at Causapscal. After hearing argument on all these pleas. the judge took *en delibere*, the question whether he had any jurisdiction to proceed any further with the charges of offenses already adjudicated upon, even though such adjudication may have been by collusion. The further hearing of the case was postponed till Nov. 25, and in the meantime the judge declared that he would fully report all the circumstances of them to the Attorney-General, which he lost no time in doing, immediately upon his return to Quebec. What the action of the government will be in the case is not yet officially known, but in all probability there will be a careful investigation into all the charges of collusion made in connection with this shameful business.

Do Fish and Angle Worms Ever Rain Down?

This is one of the curious questions which has been submitted for me to grapple with by an angling friend who sends me a cutting on the subject from a Canadian newspaper. The editor of this paper had expressed his opinion, which was that the worms, at least, do not come down with the rain. He received, in reply, a letter from a ship captain in St. John, N. B., who insists that angleworms do rain down, since he has seen them fall on the deck of a vessel by hundreds when she was sailing. This captain wants to know whether frogs or toads ever rain down. Another correspondent asks for an explanation of where the worms come from that are sometimes found during a rain storm on roofs, and in eaves and water-barrels for catching rain water. As to how they reach the air when their home is in the ground, it is asked whether they may not be taken up in a whirlwind, water-spout or cyclone.

In this connection I have before me a letter from the town of Tyndall, South Dakota, in which the writer says: "Some twenty years ago, while living in the town of Menno, South Dakota, a very heavy shower came on suddenly one warm afternoon. In consequence, a stream of water, perhaps eighteen inches across, ran down the street. I noticed some small boys excitedly catching something in their hands, and, on going to them, found they were catching numbers of small fish, say from an inch to two inches long. There was no body of water containing fish, nearer than five miles, the town being situated on a high, dry prairie."

Though there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, it would require a considerable stretch of the imagination to believe that either the heaven above or the waters which are above the firmament are inhabited by fish and by the angleworms upon which they feed, and it is up to the students of meteorological science to explain whether whirlwinds, waterspouts or cyclones are responsible for the temporary appearance of such phenomena as the apparent raining down of little fish and worms.

A Sportsmen's Convention.

The new Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec, the Hon. Jean Prevost, has fixed upon the month of December for holding the proposed convention of sportsmen in Montreal, to discuss various matters affecting the fish and game interests of the Province of Quebec. The Minister believes that the protection of our fish and game is not what it ought to be, and that the government does not make the most of its opportunities in this direction. Both American and Canadian sportsmen are to be invited to this convention, and all who are interested in fish and game protection and in the relations between the government and sportsmen will be gladly welcomed, especially if they have suggestions to offer for the improvement of existing conditions.

Smelt Plentiful.

Smelt are particularly abundant at present in the St. Lawrence from Three Rivers to the Gulf. While these delicious little pan fish are taken in immense numbers in nets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Baie des Chaleurs, and are being shipped away in large quantities, the catching of them by rod and line angling is quite the vogue at present here. At certain phases of the tide the whole of the docks and wharves on both sides of the river are crowded with fishermen, both young and old, enjoying the sport of catching smelt. At times they take the bait very freely, and it is no uncommon occurrence to see several anglers landing from one to three of the little fish at the same time. It is cold work at this time of the year standing for hours at a time at the river front holding a rod, baiting hooks and taking off fish, but it is gladly braved by quite an army of fishermen for the sport which the catching of the little silver beauties affords.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Northern Michigan Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As usual, the first week of August found me at the Conway Inn on Crooked Lake in northern Michigan, content to rest from office duties, and to enjoy an outing of ten weeks in boating and fishing in the limpid waters of the famous "Inland Route," and exploring the woods and hills and trout streams that are contiguous. The weather proved all that could be desired, as there were but three days during my sojourn that I was not on the water with my little eleven-foot canvas boat Wanderer, rowing or paddling from five to twelve miles per day and walking more or less as a change.

The three days of rainy weather were pleasantly passed indoors with reading correspondence and games at cards or checkers with the genial little party of summer guests who make this their home. A new structure is to be erected to supersede the present Conway Inn that will accommodate about fifty people, and as the location is the most charming one on the lake, the venture will undoubtedly prove a success. Petoskey, only seven miles south, was literally overcrowded this season with summer guests, and many were turned away from its hotels. At Round Lake, one mile from Conway, a new attraction, consisting of a camp of Ojibway Indians from Canada on a pretty point, where they daily gave a representation of the principal scenes from Longfellow's Hiawatha, drew large crowds who were comfortably seated in a large pavilion with open front, and had a good view of the performance, which included aquatic sports, canoe racing, diving and swimming, and the departure of Hiawatha across the bay. The Indian dances and their weird songs gave a variety of interesting incidents, and upon the whole it was quite an unique show. I having seen the Sioux, Winnebago and Menomonie Indians in the west in an early day before they were sent to their reservations, and having visited their villages on the occasion of some of their festivals, it was not so new to me as to the great majority, nevertheless I enjoyed the spectacle very much.

From the highest of the conical sand dunes at the upper end of Round Lake a very pretty view may be obtained that well pays the labor of the ascent, for Little Traverse Bay and Lake Michigan, Round Lake, Mud Lake, Crooked Lake, Pickerel Lake and a vast scope of country are spread out to the observer.

The fishing has been fairly good, but not quite up to last season, probably on account of nets that are said to have been stretched across Crooked River in the spring when fish were on their migration from the Great Lakes, still some fairly good catches of bass, pike perch and pickerel were made, and many good strings of the smaller fish, such as perch, bluegills, rock bass and sunfish, were brought in. Many from Crooked Lake go by launches to Burt Lake for a day or so at fishing, and, as a rule, have been quite succesful.

One of my most delightful trips of the season was taken with H. Milton Foss and his son, Earl D., who have a neat lodge on a retired spot on the shore of Crooked Lake, and invited the Wanderer and crew to accompany them. We got an early start, and with the Malissa and Wanderer in tow, made a quick run to the foot of the lake, thence through the devious course of Crooked River until having passed so-called Grass Lake, we reached the Devil's Elbow, and then having an idea that we could probably pick up a few bass before the daily run of steamer and launches through the river took place, Mr. Foss and myself took to our small boats, and drifting down ahead of the launch, cast with minnow and frog in every likely spot all the way down to Burt Lake, but without much success. Mr. F. and Earl then went with the launch on up to Maple Bay and I followed in the Wanderer, trolling with spoon around the most likely places near the shore; but caught but one fair-sized pickerel. Arriving at Maple Bay, I found them anchored and picking up a fine string of perch that would run from ¾ to 1 pound in weight each.

We went ashore at a favorable spot on the old Indian Point and prepared for an al fresco dinner. While Mr. F. and I got sufficient fish in readiness, Earl had a fire in shape, coffee boiling, bacon fried, potatoes boiled, apple sauce made; and while he was frying the fish, we built an impromptu table and seats and were soon enjoying an excellent dinner with ravenous appetites. As we were about at the finish a cow approached closely and solicited a share, and we gave bread and fish bones, both of which were eaten with a relish; and finally we put down saucepan and fryingpan and tin plates, all of which she seemed to appreciate highly, as she licked them clean and wanted more. A snap-shot of the incident would have been very much prized.

After a rest we again resumed fishing, with fair success, until after sundown, and finally boarded the launch and started back. The trip by moonlight through the river and lake was not the least feature of the outing. On arriving at the lodge at 9:30 P. M., we soon were warming up by a good fire, and Earl shortly surprised us with a fine supper. We had a most enjoyable day, in which we had taken a half-dozen fair-sized pickerel and about sixty perch. While we were in Maple Bay, we noticed a number of fishing parties, one of whom had been fortunate enough to capture a maskinongé of about 16 pounds.

The largest pickerel that I saw this season was taken by Mr. James J. Faran, of the Cincinnati Point Club, who spent a day at Carp Lake, Emmett county, and besides a number of lesser size, caught one weighing about 15 pounds. While called by local fishermen a pickerel, it is really the great northern pike.

The weather continued fine until about the middle of October. Ducks were then beginning to come in, and there were many coveys of ruffed grouse in the woods, and the promise fair for a good hunting season.

E. S. WHITAKER.

Ways of the Salmon.

By Prof. C. W. Greene, "Physiological Studies of the Chinook Salmon." From Bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries.

THE salmon is an anadromous fish. Its natural spawning beds are in the cold waters of the mountain streams. When the eggs are hatched and the young are able to swim, they proceed down the streams and out into the open ocean, where they feed and grow for a period of two to four years. On the approach of maturity they re-enter the mouths of the rivers and make the long journey back to the spawning grounds in the mountain waters, a distance sometimes of hundreds of miles. The mature salmon as they approach the mouths of the rivers are strong and vigorous and in the very prime of condition. They have been feeding voraciously on the abundant ocean fauna and their tissues are loaded with the supply of fats and oils and other constituents which make the flesh so much sought after because of its delicious flavor and nutritious excellence.

The fact which presents so peculiar and interesting a problem, or series of problems, in fact, to the physiologist is this: The salmon takes no food after it leaves the ocean and enters fresh water.* The journey, it may be of hundreds of miles, is made against the swift currents, rapids and waterfalls of the mountain streams. It matters not how long the distance nor how great the exertion that is required, all the energy must be supplied from the store of material accumulated while the fish is feeding in the ocean, material present in its body when it enters the fresh water stream.

A prolonged fast is always of especial physiological interest. The winter sleep or hibernation of the bats, dormice and the bears, while it is a period of fasting, is also a period of inactivity. All the vital processes are reduced to a minimum and little energy is liberated. In the salmon, on the contrary, the fasting period is the period of the greatest activity of the fish's life. The changes and reactions within the body of an animal that is giving off daily a large amount of energy, and at the same time is taking in no food to renew its vitality, present peculiar physiological phenomena. Nature herself performs the experiment of inanition in the salmon and it remains for science to unravel the details. The main question is how long and through what stages this one-sided process can advance before disintegration reaches the point at which the organized life of the individual animal must come to an end.

The numerous investigations of the United States Bureau of Fisheries into the natural history of the salmon—especially the migration, feeding and spawning habits—have firmly established the facts upon which the general statements made above are based. Of the numerous workers we may especially mention the recent investigations of Mr. Cloudsley Rutter, late naturalist of the Bureau's steamer Albatross, who was one of the best informed men on all scientific questions that pertain to the Pacific salmon. It is to his energy and skilled insight that we are indebted for the more accurate details of the conditions under which the young make the journey from the headwaters of the rivers to the sea, also for details as to the progress of the adults to the spawning grounds, as well as for saving improvements in the methods of propagation. Mr. Rutter was at the time of his death in the midst of an exhaustive study of the embryology of the salmon.

*This statement is borne out by the researches of the Bureau of Fisheries, and investigations by Miescher-Ruesch and Noel Paton on the Atlantic salmon in Europe show the same to be true of that species also.

A Carp Story.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Norris in his American Anglers Book says: "It is an established fact that on draining carp ponds in Germany, to cultivate the soil, which had been flooded and made a fishpond of, for the purpose of enriching it, that the spawn of the carp left after drawing off the water, does not lose its vitality, though exposed for two or three years to the heat of summer and frost of winter; and that when the field is again converted into a pond there is no necessity for restocking it with carp, but the ova remaining beneath the surface of the ground produces a stock of carp, thus keeping up an alternation of crops—fish and vegetables." Verily, the carp is here to stay.

W. O. WATSON.

Ouananiche in Lake St. John.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Regarding Mr. E. T. D. Chambers and his correspondent who desires information about the ouananiche fishing in Lake St. John, I would like to add my mite for what it is worth. I believe there is no better authority on fishing than Mr. Chambers, and I have a number of times availed myself of his generous offer to furnish any information in his power.

The early part of last September, with my wife and a couple of gentlemen, I went to Lake St. John, expecting some rare sport with the landlocked, but the trip was a decided failure and disappointment, as we never saw a single fish. One reason was that they seemed very scarce, or would not bite; that the water was so low it was impossible to get to the grounds; the hotels were closed and men were unprocurable. The worst part of all this was that we did not know of these facts until on the ground, information which, I think, should have been sent us before we started, as accommodations and men were engaged ahead of time. Even at the Hudson Bay post, Pointe Bleue, we could get no guides. From these circumstances and from talking with the natives I have formed the conclusion that the ouananiche of Lake St. John are not as plentiful as supposed, or in other words, that the place is fished out. The drain has been very great in the last few years, and even the hatchery could not stand it. I understand that hatching ouananiche has been discontinued and salmon has taken its place.

I believe there are fine rivers comparatively easy of access in the Labrador peninsula, where the ouananiche can be found, and it is my desire to find some next season. Let me say, that when we found it impossible to fish the Grand Discharge or elsewhere at that time we retraced our steps somewhat and at Lake Edward, on the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad, had the best brook trout fishing that the most enthusiastic could wish for, and the camps, men and food as furnished by Mr. Rowley, who conducts them, were the best. The charges were reasonable and the fishing fine. For one wanting large trout and comfortable accommodations where a woman can enjoy it, I know of no better place. The members of our party were far from expert, but caught all we could use and more, sending the surplus to the hotel at the station. One fish weighed 4 pounds, a few at 3 and from that down, and we would have had larger fish, the guides told us, had we gone earlier or later, September being spawning time, and most of the fish consequently indisposed. This is written for no other purpose than to tell fishermen the truth and facts as we found them.

STEPHEN P. M. TASKER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa

Keeping Fish Alive.

CONSUL-GENERAL GUENTHER, of Frankfort, Germany, writes: "It is reported that the French naturalists, Billard and Bruyant, have made a discovery with reference to keeping fish alive, which may be of practical importance.

"The reported discovery concerns a tiny alga, by itself not visible to the naked eye, which posesses the remarkable property to preserve the water in which it exists in a state of great purity for an almost unlimited period. The little plant possesses also the advantage of multiplying rapidly, and thrives in almost all kinds of fresh water. To the naked eye the presence of these algæ is noticeable through the brilliantly green color of the water, provided it contains a large number of them. The two scientists have succeeded in keeping brook trout alive in a large-sized vessel for six weeks, so that their taste at the end of this period did not appear to be impaired in the least. This is all the more remarkable as it is well known that otherwsie brook trout can only be kept alive in running water. Leeches have been kept alive by the same process one and one-half years without change of the water. Experiments have already been made to make practical use of the discovery for the transportation of live fish.

"Live brook trout, for instance, were shipped by rail, the journey consuming seven hours, at a temperature of 25 degrees, in vessels filled with water to which these algæ had been added. The trout were all fresh upon arrival, while of others, shipped at the same time in pure water not containing these algæ, not a single trout arrived alive. The explanation of this phenomenon is probably that these algæ, like other green plants, decompose the carbonic acid exhaled by the fish, and so reoxidize the water. The two scientists are also of the opinion that the algæ also render the poison, which may have been secreted by the fish, harmless."

A Tame Eel.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent article on this interested me much. In the rotunda of a hospital in Cincinnati is a large granite basin supplied with clear and cold well water from a bronze figure of a boy standing on top of a large granite block and holding in an uplifted hand a leaking boot. About the base of the large block, which is supported by iron standards, so that it is about six inches above the bottom of the basin, are piled loose fragments of granite, with interstices for the passage of fish. In the basin are a number of bass, sunfish, small carp, minnows and gold fish. There were also two eels, one very large, and two turtles. I fed them two to three times a week on meat finely cut, bread crumbs, etc., and during the summer occasional grasshoppers and moths from about the arc lights. They became quite tame, and would come with a rush to take their food, and many of the bss and sunfish would take it from the hand, as would one turtle and the larger eel. This eel grew remarkable tame. It would not only take meat from the hand, but allow rubbing with a stick or the hand, and would seem to enjoy it and turn over on its side for more, and finally could be lifted out of the water and would not attempt to get away. Many of the fish seemed to have regular habitats in some nook among the rocks. It was an interesting study.

E. S. WHITAKER.

Codfish Taken with the Fly.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a long narrow inlet of the ocean running from Halifax Harbor to the northwest, called Northwest Arm, in which during May and June there is good fly-fishing for pollock. At the junction of the arm and harbor is an extensive shoal, Point Pleasant Shoal, on which at low tide there is about three to six feet of water. This is good ground for trailing. Last June I was casting for pollock and getting none, but to my great surprise I raised and killed six codfish, ranging from two to six pounds. This is the first time anything of the kind has occurred here, at least as far as I can find out.

Will your piscatorial experts kindly say if the occurrence is known to any of them.

G. I. MILLER.

International Fisheries Conference.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 11.—The International Fisheries Conference, after adopting a resolution requesting the fish commissioners of Washington and British Columbia to prepare complete data on the run and pack of sockeye salmon for a number of years past, adjourned yesterday. This was the only recommendation made by the commission, the Canadian members refusing to take up the question of a close year. Both fish commissioners were present at the conference, and stated that the work of preparing the requested data would be commenced at once.

The Kennel

Telegony.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The paper on "The Transmission of Acquirements" in your Oct. 28 issue, while strong throughout, and to a layman convincing in general, is very far wrong in dealing with telegony.

The fact seems to be that this phenomenon, while exceedingly rare, does occur but only in a very small percentage of cases of mesalliances. Some years since, I collected statistics very carefully and thoroughly, extending my inquiries for about two years, and as you, Mr. Editor are aware, I knew lots and lots of dog men in those days, and I got but one case that was thoroughly established, and one more that seemed possibly to be a case of telegony, but there were several chances of superfœtation; and, as I remember, this one case was offset by over 200 cases of mesalliances, where telegony did not show. And while the percentage of occurrences of telegony in my statistical effort was only one-half of one per cent., it must further be remembered that instances where it does show are remembered, from the very fact of their unusual nature, while where it is not shown the matter is forgotten as just the usual rule.

Mr. Reid is eminently correct in saying that the mother is not changed by a mongrel alliance; that precious bit of rot has been championed, but only by "changes in cell structure" and "all the formulas and phrases that oppress her" (Science).

It is probably twenty years since Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson (I think he was President of the British Medical Society; anyhow, he was a highly distinguished man) set forth the theory that explains telegony, and does not lug in "changes in cell structure," etc., ad nauseam. In the words of a layman, it is about this: At the time of the mongrel union, the stroma is abnormally thin, a sperm penetrates it, and reaches an ovum only developed to the extent of the outer layer, from which the skin is evolved, and fertilizes that ovum to the extent of giving life to *that layer* (I wish I could remember the name of that layer; it is a "blast" of some kind, but I forget whether it is the "epiblast" or another one); at the next union, with a sire of her own breed, or race, that partially fertilized ovum is ripe, is fertilized, and in all other "blasts" but this outer one, takes the form and type due to the last mated pair.

This fact thoroughly accounts for the fact that telegony is invariably shown *only in the skin* (or the hair, an appanage of the skin). The pug bitch who underwent a "change in cell structure" through a rough-haired terrier's assistance; at her next litter, got by a pug, had one puppy with the coat to be expected of a terrier-pug; but all *conformation* was that of the pug.

I thoroughly believe that Mr. Reid is entirely correct in scouting that moonshine nonsense of "maternal impressions" affecting the progeny. I have never seen or heard of a case where that was alleged, that it was not self-evidently the plain results of a mongrel union, if facts were at all fully given. Somebody may cite Herbert Spencer in support of telegony, and Charles Darwin as affirming "mental impressions." But Mr. Spencer stated that they accepted statements of others, whom he supposed knew what they were talking about, and when Mr. Everett Millais and some more got after those sources of "information" they shut up like clams, and "did not wish to be involved in any controversy" (wise that), and Mr. Darwin's instance of a greyhound bitch, in heat, following her master riding along the public road, teased by a mongrel on the way, and although served by a thoroughbred greyhound, threw a litter of mongrels, would cause a dog man to ask whether that bitch was ever five minutes out of her master's sight?

WM. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., Nov. 4.

The Mecklenburg Meet.

CHASE CITY, Va., Nov. 9.—The sportsmen accustomed to the finest fall fields sport of the Mecklenburg are here with the first flushes and have not missed a day's shooting since the opening of the season, Nov. 1, and are bagging daily from one to three dozen birds.

The weather, fields and roads are in perfect condition, and the sport could not be better. The hotel game preserves are 18,000 acres. The Mecklenburg hounds are famous and have had field practice all the season, for the Mecklenburg meet of the Virginia-Carolina Fox Hunters' Association, which was held at headquarters, Oct. 23 to 28, with a recorded grandest week's sport that ever took place in this State, there being some six States represented in famous sportsmen and packs, and 125 riders, with no blanks in a week's chase, but from one to three foxes caught every chase, and yet without a least serious accident to man or horse. The hotel also owns kennels of fine dogs, which are ready for the guests when needed, also guides are provided.

During the Christmas holidays there will be another rather informal fox chase meet here, owing to the popular demand generated during the October hunt, when there were some 125 hunters and other guests. The next annual meet will be Nov. 1 of next year. Col. W. T. Hughes is president of the Virginia-Carolina Fox Hunters' Association, and Mr. E. W. Overbey, of Boydton, Va., the famous fox hunter and foxhound breeder, is secretary and treasurer.

W. E. D.

Points and Flushes.

THE Imperial Bloodhound Kennels, Danbury, Conn. (Dr. Knox, proprietor), advertises puppies in our business columns, and for this stock Dr. Knox gives assurance of character and breeding, and of excellence for bench show or trailing.

"Only a Dog."

THE New York Times says: "A three-masted bark (who ever heard of a bark with only one or even two masts) believed to be the Orion," and then goes on to tell that she was passed in midocean by the White Star Liner Teutonic. "The officers leveled their glasses on the craft but not a sign of life was seen unless a black object that some thought was a dog; was, in fact, the Orion's mascot."

We should like to know, and others would like to know also, how those officers who "leveled their glasses," the steamer being "within five miles of the derelict," could have definitely settled in their minds whether that "black object" was not the colored cook, and if it was only "a dog," why they did not rescue the dog, it would not have cut down the steamer's "record" more than half an hour to have learned definitely if there was any human or animal life on board.

The Teutonic must be provided with very powerful binoculars to solve such an important problem to the satisfaction of conscience and the dictates of humanity at a distance of "five miles." Many a small boat has been sent from a ship to rescue a dog from a derelict, because the captain of the ship loved dogs and would not permit one to perish at sea, when it could be saved by a few minutes' delay in the voyage.

Many's the dog that has saved a ship, because God had given it an intelligence superior to the man who commanded the ship upon which he made his home. We have records to prove this statement. There may not have been a dog on the Orion, but it would have redounded to the credit of the captain of the Teutonic if he had been sure that there was not, when it was thought that there was one on her lonely decks and deserted, "whence all but him had fled."—American Shipbuilder.

Canoeing.

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(Assumed office Oct. 1, 1905.)

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How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

YACHTING

A Singlehand Cruising Yawl.

COMPARATIVELY few men cruise singlehanded in these days, although there are many who prefer boats that can be handled by one man if necessary. The advantages of the craft that can be handled singlehanded at all times are manifold, and anyone owning such a craft is never deprived of a sail through being short of a crew. Singlehand cruising has been on the wane for many years, and it is quite a rare thing now to encounter a man who does all his cruising alone. While many men enjoy the solitude of singlehand cruising, the dangers which sometimes arise from sudden sickness, accidents and other unexpected contingencies are so great that some do not think the game worth the candle. But the real enthusiast, however, is not deterred by any of these things and enjoys every season what some would term his lonely voyages.

The singlehander, with accommodations sufficiently roomy to make two comfortable, is the ideal vessel for the man of reasonable means, for he can then take a friend or his wife or his son with him for a cruise if he so desires, yet he need never miss an afternoon sail just because he is shorthanded, for he can manage his little ship alone, no matter what the wind and weather may be.

Such a vessel as we have described is the one illustrated in our columns this week. The plans come from the board of one of our younger designers, Mr. John G. Alden, of Boston. All of Mr. Alden's work that we have seen has been of a high order, and if he keeps up the pace he has already set he may be reckoned as one of this country's coming yacht designers. His designs all show some originality and beside being a practical boatman he has had the advantage of scientific education. He has an eye to form and beauty, and this, together with a good knowledge of practical construction, equips him well for the profession that he is to follow. Mr. Alden has been associated with Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for some time, and his drawings are all up to the high standard exacted in Mr. Crowninshield's office. The designs that come from Mr. Crowninshield's boards are invariably well executed and carefully lettered. We mention this because it is rather a remarkable thing in these days when speed is the consideration in all business and professions and many essentials are consequently slighted. With one or two exceptions the standard of the work on the drawings that come from the English designers are vastly superior to anything done here. There is little reason for this, and while drawings need not be complicated or loaded down with unnecessary lettering or data, everything that does appear should bear witness to the efficiency and accurateness of the draughtsman.

The singlehand yawl was designed for Mr. C. H. Smith, of Boston, and Mr. Alden has given much time to the working out and perfecting of the design. Mr. Smith wanted a boat that would be as comfortable as a little boat can be in rough water and one that would not pound in a chop. The body plan shows sections favored by Mr. A. Cary Smith. The boat has a flaring side and she is over a foot wider on deck than she is at the waterline at the point of greatest breadth. The under-body is not cut away much and her overhangs are sufficiently long to give her a shippy appearance and carry out the lines to good advantage.

We would criticise two things in the construction, and while they are not of great moment they would add to the strength of the boat itself and the comfort of those on board. A deck beam carried athwartship at the after end of the cabin house would stiffen the boat somewhat, and while it would make access to the cabin a little more difficult it would also prevent any water from getting below should the cockpit fill.

The floor of the cockpit should be made to drain toward the after end. As shown in the drawing, the lowest point is at the forward end, and if the scupper were stopped up the water would soon get below. Then, again, anyone passing to and from the cockpit to the cabin would have to step or stand in a puddle of water.

By having the lowest point of the cockpit floor aft, what water gets into the boat would drain aft out of the way, and if the scuppers are open she frees herself much more readily.

The cabin house is 9ft. 3in. long and 4ft. 11in. greatest width. In the forward end of the cabin house on either side are screw ports. The cabin is 6ft. 10¾in. long and on each side there are wide transoms 6ft. 2in. long. There is 1ft. 8in. floor room between the bunks. On each side at the after end are lockers. On the starboard side forward is a chest of drawers with a shelf on top. Opposite is the galley space, and there are shelves and lockers for stores, china and cooking utensils.

There is 4ft. 4½in. head room under the carlins of the cabin house. Good stowage space is found beneath the cockpit and under the forward deck.

The materials of which the boat is built are clearly shown on the construction plans.

The rig has been carefully worked out and the boat can be made to balance under almost any combination of sail.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	27ft.	10in.
L.W.L.	18ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	4ft.	7in.
Aft	5ft.	3in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	7ft.	10¼in.
L.W.L.	6ft.	10in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	2ft.	7in.
Extreme	4ft.	6in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	2ft.	6in.
Aft	1ft.	9in.
Least	1ft.	7in.
Sail area—		
Jib	104 sq. ft.	
Mainsail	283 sq. ft.	
Mizzen	85 sq. ft.	
Total	472 sq. ft.	
Displacement	5,516 lbs.	
Ballast (iron, all outside)	2,400 lbs.	
Ratio sail area to wetted surface	3.29	

Boston Letter.

PROGRESS ON SCHOONERS.—Two new 55-rating schooners are now in process of construction in the Lawley shops at South Boston. One of these is for Rear Commodore Alfred Douglas, of the Boston Y. C., and was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley. Her construction is well advanced, the cabin joiner work being now under way, and it is expected that she will be hauled out of the shop some time next month. She is a wholesome looking craft, with good cabin accommodations.

The second boat under construction is for Vice-Commodore H. A. Morss, of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, and was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. This schooner is 84ft. over all, 55 ft. 6in. waterline, 17ft. 9in. beam and 10ft. 5in. draft. Her sail plan is quite moderate. Although this boat is intended by her owner to be raced as often as circumstances will permit, nothing has been sacrificed in the cruising accommodations, as the spirit of the new uniform rule might imply. She is well divided below decks, the interior finish being in mahogany. The owner's quarters are reached by the main companionway, situated some distance forward of the cockpit. The companionway ends in a passage on the port side of the boat, which leads aft to a double stateroom extending the full beam of the boat. There is a berth on each side, with transoms. The room contains a bureau, and a toilet room leads from the after end. Forward of this stateroom is another stateroom and a chart locker on the port side. On the starboard side is the owner's stateroom, abaft which is a toilet room. The passageway leads forward to the main saloon, which takes in the full beam of the ship. Here there are generous transoms, plenty of shelf and locker room and there are two sideboards, one on each side. There is also a stove with mantle above. Forward of the main saloon is the galley, off of which is the captain's stateroom. The galley contains all the modern inventions for comfortable cruising. There is also situated here an acetylene tank, by which the yacht will be lighted. There are accommodations for seven men forward. It is expected that a third 55-rater will be built for a Boston man, but nothing definite can be announced at present.

NEW BURGESS & PACKARD BOATS.—Messrs. Burgess & Packard have orders for a 22-rater for Mr. Charles Burgess, a 30ft. cruiser for Mr. C. J. Field, of Seattle, a 32ft. sloop for Cape Cod and a 21-footer whose owner's name is withheld. They also have an order for a 100ft. passenger boat for Southern waters, the motive power for which will be two gasolene engines of 100 horsepower each. They also have orders for the following power boats: A 35ft. cabin launch, with 25 horsepower engine, for Mr. Vertress, of Nashville; 28ft. launch, with 10 horsepower, for Mr. E. L. Rose; two twin-screw 80ft. power yachts, each to have 100 horsepower, and a 55ft. launch with 50 horsepower.

NEW SKENE LAUNCH.—Mr. Norman L. Skene has an order for a 32ft. launch for Mr. R. H. Curry, of Melrose Highlands, Mass. This boat will be moored at City Point.

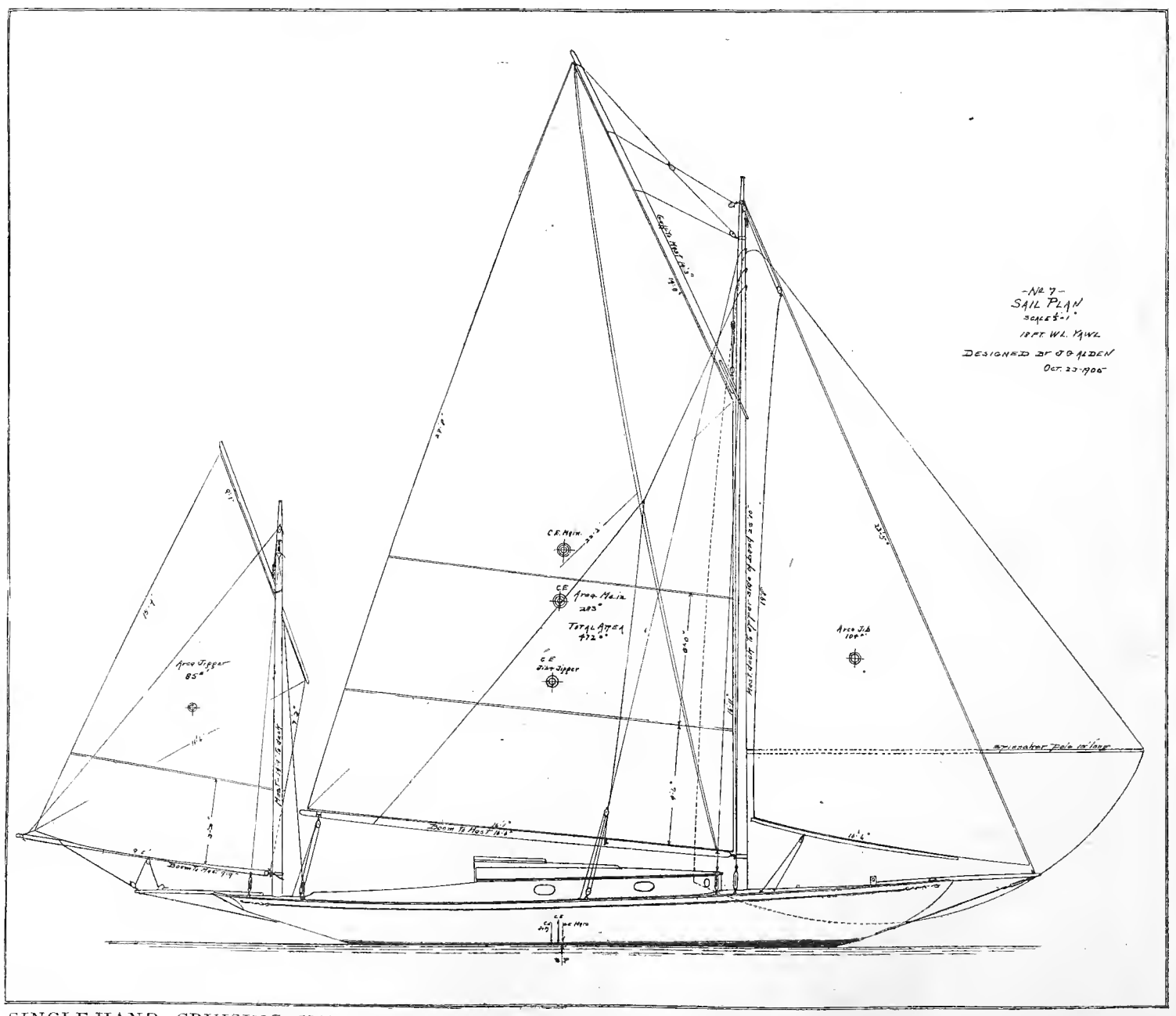
WIDOW III. SOLD.—Mr. Herman W. Friend, of the Boston Y. C., has sold his auxiliary cruiser Widow III. through the agency of Mr. Norman L. Skene to Mr. James B. Ely, of New York, who will use her at York, Me. Widow III. is 36ft. over all, 24ft. waterline, and 9ft. breadth. She is equipped with a Sagamore engine of 4 horsepower.

NEW 42FT. SCHOONER.—Mr. Isaac B. Mills has an order for a 42ft. waterline schooner to be 56ft. over all and 14ft. breadth, for a member of the Eastern Y. C.

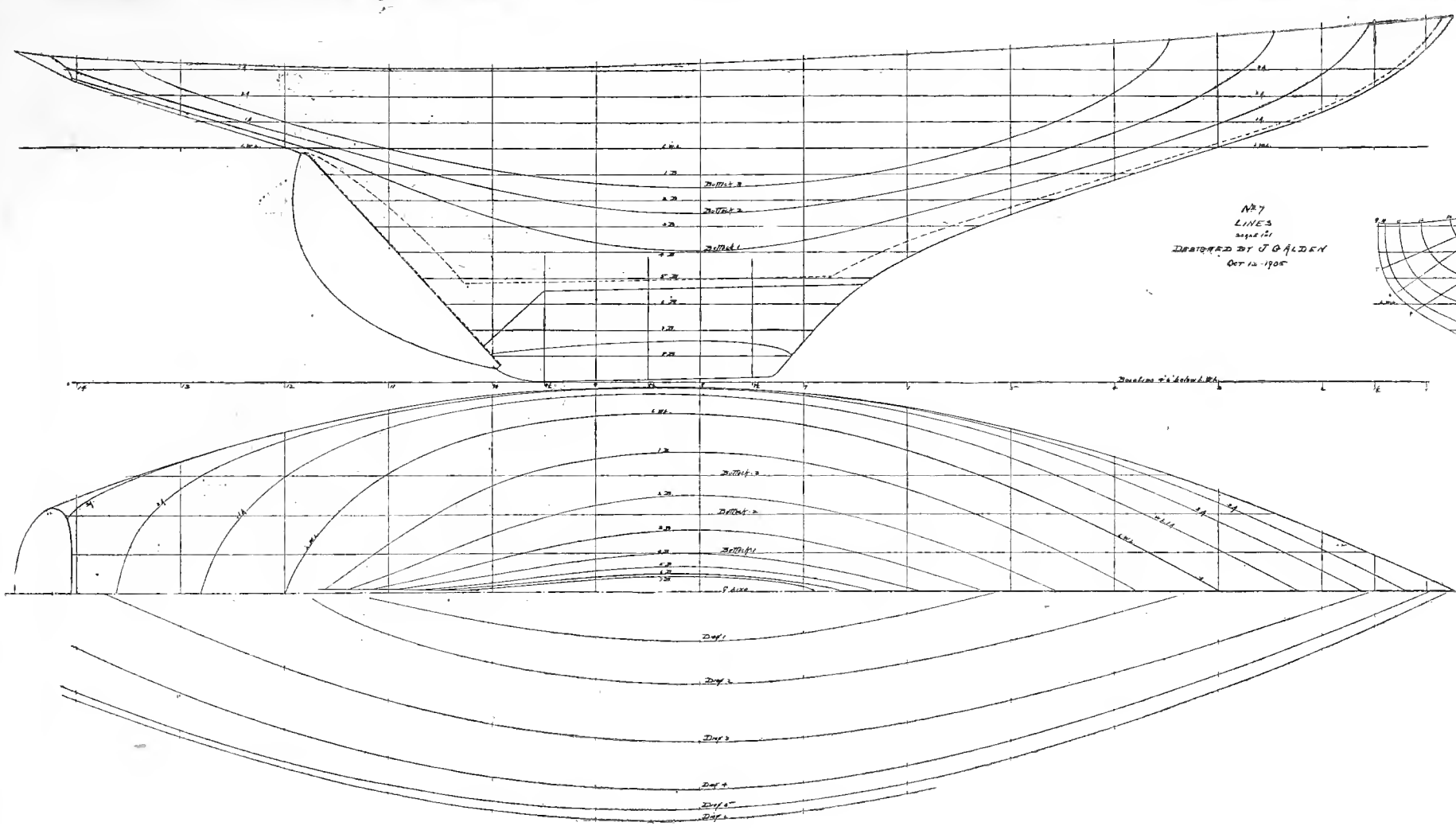
JOHN B. KILLEEN.

British Letter.

THE DECLINE OF YACHT RACING.—Following on Mr. Burton's letter on this subject, which appeared in the Field of Oct. 14, and which I commented on in my last letter, there has appeared in the same paper one from Mr. Charles MacIver, a well-known Clyde yachtsman. Mr. MacIver indorses what Mr. Burton says, but goes even further and says that "The first backward step was taken many years ago, when we accepted the principle of pandering to inefficiency by making special concessions for inferiority of rig." By this Mr. MacIver means, of course, the allowance made for schooners and yawls. With all due deference to Mr. MacIver as a practical yachtsman, I have no hesitation in saying, that the vast majority of people will entirely differ from him. It is clearly in the interests of yachting, and therefore the duty of the Yacht Racing Association and the yacht clubs to cater for the classes which exist, and if they followed the advice of these two gentlemen, there would be little or no racing at all, excepting in the 52ft. class and some of the small classes. In their partiality for class racing these gentlemen appear to forget that something must become of the outclassed rater, and they also seem unaware that there are many yachtsmen who do not care to go through the strenuous work of class racing, which means being on the go all the season, and sailing several days in each week, although they like to have an occasional race. Then there is the question of expense. Many people who like to have a race when one comes their way cannot afford the large crew and heavy expenses necessary in class racing and are perforce obliged to indulge in cruiser matches. It is quite apparent that the Y. R. A. and the leading yacht clubs should do all they possibly can to encourage class racing as being the highest form of the sport; but they can never hope to drive people into it, and they must proceed on common sense lines.



SINGLE-HAND CRUISING YAWL—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY JOHN G. ALDEN FOR C. H. SMITH, 1905.


Deck
Bottom 3
Bottom 2
Bottom 1
Bottom 2
Bottom 3
Bottom 4
Bottom 5
Bottom 6
Bottom 7
Bottom 8
Bottom 9
Bottom 10
Bottom 11
Bottom 12
Bottom 13
Bottom 14
Bottom 15
Bottom 16
Bottom 17
Bottom 18
Bottom 19
Bottom 20
Bottom

There will always be men who prefer class racing pure and simple to any other form, but there will always be others—and plenty of them—who, either from necessity or choice, will stick to handicaps, and they must not be neglected. Into their hands will come the ex-racers for which a market must be found, or else class racing could not go on, for owners would be left with their outclassed boats on their hands. So long as there is yacht racing, so long there will be handicap classes. The remedy for the revival of class racing is not in the abolition of the handicap classes, but in a proper system of construction, whereby racing yachts may be turned out strong and substantial. The Y. R. A. can do a lot to foster class racing, but they will always have to look forward to the encouragement of the handicap classes as an essential part of our sport.

A New Class-Racer.—Mr. R. Young, who last year raced the 100-ton cutter Merrymaid, has given an order to Camper & Nicholson, of Gosport, for a first-class racing cutter of 80-rating. It is stated that the new boat will be built to Lloyds highest class, so that in one respect at any rate she will not be what is commonly called a thoroughbred, for classification at Lloyds requires stout scantlings, but is unfortunately ill-adapted for racing yachts with heavy lead keels, as most of the strength is in the wrong place. The probability is that Mr. Young's new boat will be much after the style of White Heather, Valdora and the other more recent boats in the handicap class, and an attempt will be made to form a class with these vessels, including also Bona and Navahoe, and race them under Y. R. A. rules and time allowances. This is the nearest approach that one can hope to get to a bona fide rater class until the question of an international rating and scantlings are fixed on. It will be rather a mixed lot, for Navahoe will be running her fourteenth season and Bona her tenth; yet these two boats will be the pick of the class unless the new Gosport craft turns out a flier. If owners are really so tired of handicap racing, such a class as mentioned above would be a distinct novelty and an interesting experiment, and it will be one step in the right direction—namely, that of getting back to the real racing. E. H. Kelly.

Designer of the Swampscott Dory.

From the Boston Globe.

"Then if you are looking for the designer of the Swampscott dory, you are looking at him now," said Capt. Theophilus W. Brackett, who had just landed at Fishermen's Beach with a catch.

"It was in the 40s that I concluded that there could be an improvement made on the old flat-bottom, straight-side dory, and after a good deal of drawing I hit upon what I thought it ought to be, and then I carried my plans into James A. Knowlton's shop and asked him if he could build me a dory after the plans. He said he could, and he went to work on it. The old fishermen dropped in while he was building it and made all sorts of fun of it; they all declared it wouldn't be a boat when it got done, but after a while she was ready to launch and I rowed away from everything on the bay. That was the start of the Swampscott dory."

The evolution of this now famous little boat seems to have begun with the primitive forms in various quarters of the globe. Influences of climate and peculiarities of race have had much to do with deciding the type in use in each locality. But the starting point was evidently the single log of buoyant wood made pointed at both ends, and not hollowed out. These may be seen yet in places along the Australian coast.

The catamaran, which is made by lashing three logs together, the two side logs being larger than the one in the center, were used in Ceylon and India for fishing and for landing goods. These are also found on the east coast of South America and the West Indies.

Catamarans navigated by sail were found in use on the coast of Peru, but the dugout canoe is traceable to the stone age, while the American Indian is the author of the bark canoe, Napoleon caused to be constructed a flat-bottom boat for use in his proposed invasion of England, which was called Catamaran; but its precise form and outline are not given. It is believed to have been of flat-bottom, slanting up to square ends.

According to Capt. Brackett, who has spent his life in fishing boat at Swampscott and the Cape, the three boats which have been used by fishermen in American waters are the punt, the straight and sloping dory. The punt has a round bottom, with straight, broad stern. The old dory has a broad, flat bottom, straight up sides and broad V-shaped stern, while the Swampscott dory has a narrow flat bottom with sides rounding up, and a very narrow V-shaped stern. It is claimed and conceded that the Swampscott dory is safe on the water, easier of propulsion, hence speedier, and more sightly than any other boat.

"When I came here from the cape," continued Capt. Brackett, "there was no boat building at Swampscott; all our dories were built at Salisbury with straight sides and broad bottoms. But pretty soon a few small shops were in operation, and carpenters would spend their spare time building dories."

The fame of the Swampscott dories spread, and a demand for them sprang up everywhere. They are even shipped to Australia, that country in the remote parts of which is still found the single log with sharpened ends, the true primitive forebear of the craft which they are seeking in Swampscott to-day.

Capt. Brackett's idea, which amounts to a discovery of more than 60 years ago, enters into the construction of all power dories, launches and light sailing boats of the present time. But, alas! the discoverer, at 86, is forced to brave the hardships and dangers of weather and sea in order to sustain himself in his declining years.

New Orleans Notes.

Capt. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn., has sold the 85ft. auxiliary yawl Daisy, one of Gielow's last year's designs, which is enrolled in the Southern Y. C., to the Hon. Joseph Sibley, of Franklin, Pa., who will continue to use the craft in Gulf waters. Captain Galloway has placed an order for a larger yawl to take the place of Daisy, which in turn replaced the 60ft. yawl Coon, which he also brought South. Daisy made the memorable voyage from New York to the Great Lakes, via the St. Lawrence River and down through the small lakes of the State of Wisconsin to the Mississippi River and the Gulf to New Orleans.

Mr. H. U. Hayden, of the Southern Y. C., is having built by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Boston, a 200 horsepower twin-screw power boat of 103ft. length over all, 93ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth and 3ft. 9in. draft, with a guaranteed speed of over 18 miles an hour. This craft will have two 100 horsepower Standard engines. She is something of a departure in boats of this size. Her pilot house is unusually well forward. Mr. Hayden has just recently sold his 50ft. motor launch Zora to Mr. E. M. Toby, also of the Southern Y. C.

The 35ft. yawl Whim, recently purchased at Cottage City, L. I., by Drs. S. S. Grosjean and W. C. Richardson, of New Orleans, has created quite a favorable impression on Lake Pontchartrain. Since getting here Whim has been fitted with a 5 horsepower Wolverine engine. A large power yacht, purchased at New York by Dr. J. R. M. Dillon, just arrived, is a welcome addition to the fleet, as will be the 20-knot autoboat designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. A. F. Jay, of New Orleans.

The owners of the sloop Country Girl, of LaPort, Tex., are out with a challenge to race any of the New Orleans yachts for $1,000 a side. Mr. S. F. Heaslip, owner of the ex-champion of the Great Lakes, Cadillac, enrolled in the fleet of the Southern Y. C., has responded that he would accept the challenge with Cadillac and race for any sum up to $5,000, and the Southern Y. C. has notified the Texas yachtsmen that they will give them $250 toward their expenses to have the race here. L. D. Sampsell.

Bronze Sloop for F. M. Smith.—The bronze sloop designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow and mentioned in these columns last week, is for Mr. F. M. Smith, owner of the steam yacht Hanoli. Mr. Smith has owned two racing craft, namely, Effort I. and Effort II., and while these boats flew his pennant they were raced constantly. The new boat is larger than anything Mr. Smith has attempted, and she will meet Neola and Weetamoe. Mr. Smith is a member of the New York, Larchmont and Shelter Island Y. C.'s.

British Delegates at Rating Rule Conference.—On Oct. 24 a meeting of the council of the Y. R. A. of Great Britain was held and delegates were elected to represent England at the conference to consider the advisability of an international measurment rule for racing yachts. Messrs. W. P. Burton and R. E. Froude, F.R.S., were the delegates elected. It was decided that the first meeting of the conference, at which Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Italy, Portugal and Switzerland are expected to be represented, will take place at the Langham Hotel, London, on Monday, Jan. 15.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Individual Championship Match.

The twelfth annual individual rifle championship match was shot on Election Day over the 200yd. ranges in Greenville Shooting Park, New Jersey. The winner was Dr. Walter G. Hudson, president of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association of New York city, who scored 2268 points out of the possible 2500, while second man, W. H. French, of Newark, N. J., was only 3 points behind, but tied the Doctor shot after shot during the last half of the match, and evidently could not stand the strain of such a long contest, which lasted from 9 o'clock in the morning until dark. Harry M. Pope, of Springfield, Mass., won the ten-shot trophy with the great score of 237 out of the possible 250 points.

The interest displayed in this affair is ever keen, for, while it was originally intended as a sort of farewell shoot at the end of the outdoor season among the riflemen who take part in all the important matches in and about New York city, and was therefore more or less of a local character, it came to be watched with keen interest by all the riflemen of the United States, and those who could find time to come to New York on Election Day came to consider it quite an honor to take part in the match and were glad to meet the famous riflemen who always congregate to watch if they do not take part in this affair. To-day it is by no means a local match, but those who stand behind the committee of arrangements have carefully avoided calling it by any high-sounding name, yet it is considered a very high honor to win the old medal originally presented by William Hayes, the veteran rifleman of Newark, but now attached to eleven gold bars, each bearing the name of the winner and the year in which he won the trophy. And it is also an honor to capture the trophy given the contestant who has the highest 10-shot score, for when so many expert riflemen meet to fire 100 shots in competition, it is reasonable to expect that very high scores will be made, although the winner of the 100-shot match cannot take the 10-shot trophy, too. The lowest score that has ever won this 10-shot match was 229, in itself a score of no mean order. The records which follow in their proper place prove that riflemen have shown steady advancement during the past dozen years, and it is only fair to say that rifle-makers and ammunition makers are entitled to a share of the credit, since vast improvement has taken place in rifles, sights and ammunition. This affair has also brought to light the real value of telescope sights, which until a few years ago were barred from important competitions. Most of the high men in this match used telescope sights, and several of them shot smokeless powder with satisfactory results. Improvements show steadily, but surely.

Election Day was a glorious one on which to be outdoors, but from the rifleman's point of view it was not of the best for fine shooting. At one time the sun shone brightly, but at another the sky was overcast, and again light clouds hid the sun momentarily. The result was an almost constant changing of the light, with a corresponding changing of elevations. The wind was fresh, but not an important factor in this match, as the Greenville range is enclosed by high fences that prevent the wind from sweeping across with much force. The best light conditions prevailed during the early morning, and after 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The number of contestants this year was about the average, although fewer took part than last year. This time twenty-two men finished their scores, and out of this number eight had totals of 2200 points or more. There were perhaps one hundred riflemen in the shooting house during the exciting finish of the match, and almost as many sat down to the dinner which followed, when the trophies were presented, notes compared and stories handed round concerning Election Day matches in other years. Within recent years the old Zettler Rifle Club has taken charge of the affair, and its officers have done everything they could to make it a success. So smoothly did everything pass off that there was no hitch of any kind, yet there was a scarcity of rules and conditions.

Nearly one-half of the contestants used telescope sights (French, Pope, Dorrler, Hubalek, Tewes, Ross, Barker, Buss, Schlicht, Smith and Barning), and it was noticeable that those to whom the use of these sights is still somewhat new showed remarkable improvement in their holding. Dr. Hudson had a telescope with him, but did not put it on his rifle, and Mr. Barning, who used a glass, had trouble with its shifting from the recoil of the rifle, and lost his chance before he discovered what was wrong, then could not remedy the fault with the few tools available in the shooting house, and his scores suffered badly in consequence. Mr. French was the only contestant who used a full length telescope, something that is not so popular to-day as formerly. Mr. Dorrler's fine work with a telescope of only three power shows that improvement in sighting lies not so much in great magnification as in rendering the target clear enough so that it may be seen distinctly. Harry Pope used a five power glass, which he thinks is best for his eyes.

George Schlicht is another of the riflemen who have taken up the telescope recently, and while he admits that it aids him, also admits that he has not yet mastered its peculiarities, and finds it quite a different proposition to the old pinhead sight. He is a veteran target shot, who seldom misses a shoot of importance.

Louis Maurer can always be found shooting in the big matches, just as he has done for more years than most of us can remember. He is seventy-three years of age, but is full of vigor and activity, and after firing his 100 shots showed less fatigue than some of the youngsters. He has been a rifleman ever since 1844, and says he has taken a deep interest in all the improvements to firearms and shooting during those sixty-one years, both in Germany, his native land, and in the United States, where he has spent nearly all his life.

The match was scheduled to begin at 9 o'clock, but all the latitude possible was given the contestants as they arrived. Some came in as late as 11 o'clock, but each one was permitted to fire his 10 sighting shots, if he chose, and as some shot faster than others, the scores were not finished simultaneously, and it was almost dark when the last shot was fired, and the contest finished beyond all doubt.

The contest in detail follows:

At the end of the first score French and Hubalek were tied with 229 each, third and fourth being Hudson and Dorrler, tied with 225, while Pope and Ross were tied with 219.

Hubalek forged ahead in the second round and finished with a total of 458 for the 20 shots. Hudson was second with 456, and French third with 449. Pope forgot to put a bullet in his rifle on his fifth shot in this score, and this cut his total down to 424.

The third round closed with Hudson leading, with 688 for the 30

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shots; French 680, Hubalek 676, Dorrler and Ross tied with 658.

The fourth score was finished with French leading Hudson by 4 points, his total being 911; Hudson 907, Hubalek 902, and with a good chance to improve.

When 50 shots had been fired French was the favorite with a total of 1141, seven points higher than Hudson's 1134. Hubalek then had 1127 points to his credit, and Pope rolled up a score of 229, and had a total of 1102.

The fact that he was behind spurred Hudson to greater efforts, and he finished his sixth score with a total of 230, which gave him the lead by one point, or 1364 points to French's 1363. Hubalek was third.

In the seventh score Hudson had 1595 points, all told, while French had 1583; Hubalek had 1569, but Pope was gaining and but 3 points below him.

French cut down Hudson's lead materially in the eighth round, finishing with 1812 points, still 4 behind the Doctor. Pope passed Hubalek and led him by 5 points, with 1793 points.

The ninth closed with French and Hudson tied on 2044 points. The atmosphere of the old shooting house began to warm up. Pope was third, and the old war horse, Mike Dorrler, had begun to see things through his telescope, and had a total of 2005 for fourth place.

The tenth and last round was remarkable because Harry Pope scored 237 points and settled all doubts about who should take the Armbruster trophy for the best 10-shot string. Up to that time the matter was undecided, as both he and Dorrler had scored 235. His score equalled the highest one ever made in these championships—that of Dr. Hudson, who won the Armbruster trophy last year. But Pope's total for his last 50 shots was 1157 points, an average of 231.4 per score. This great work was for the moment forgotten, however, in the interest over the fight between French and Hudson for first place in the championship. They tied on the 91st shot. Hudson gained 3 points on the next shot, but French tied him on the 93d. French gained 5 points in the next round, but lost one in the 95th, his score standing 112 to 108 for the medicine man. On the 96th shot French had 134 points to Hudson's 132, but they tied again in the 97th round, while in the 98th round Hudson forged ahead with 181 to French's 179. In the 99th the latter made a 24 to the Doctor's 22, and again they tied. The excitement was intense. Fancy what these men had to face, with one shot to fire and the issue nip and tuck during its last half. But Dr. Hudson has been in many close matches and is well known for his ability to surprise his shooting friends, hence it was only what many of them looked for when the marker signaled a 24 for him. The strain was too much for Mr. French, who fell down and made an 18, losing the match by 3 points, but receiving the congratulations of all hands for the plucky fight he had put up.

This gave Dr. Hudson the famous old Hayes trophy, with its eleven bars bearing the names of its various winners. Mr. French won the Keller trophy, given for the best 100-shot score, but as the Doctor was not under the conditions of the match entitled to two prizes, it went to second man. Harry Pope had to be content with the Armbruster trophy for the best 10-shot score, and the bullet he failed to shoot. It was not much consolation when he knew that an average shot, in his case a 23, would have landed him in first place with a good margin to spare. But such things are all in the game, and he did not show his disappointment by any outward signs.

The contestants were permitted to fire 10 sighting shots before beginning the match, but after signifying their intention to begin, every shot counted, bullet or no bullet. Nothing but high power ammunition was barred, and any rifleman could enter. The 25-ring target was used. It has a 12-inch black and rings ¾-inch apart, the center, 25, being 1½ inch in diameter. The distance was 200 yards, and the firing position, offhand. The scores follow:

Dr W G Hudson (New York City)	24 22 24 23 22 21 21 24 24 20—225	
	22 21 24 23 24 25 24 24 24 20—231	
	25 25 20 24 22 25 25 21 24 21—232	
	20 21 20 25 24 24 17 22 23 23—219	
	21 23 23 23 23 25 23 22 24 20—227	
	23 21 21 23 25 23 24 21 25 24—230	
	25 25 23 21 24 23 23 22 25 20—231	
	24 19 21 19 23 20 23 24 24 24—221	
	21 22 23 23 22 24 21 25 24 23—228	
	22 23 21 20 22 24 25 24 22 21—224	2268
W H French (Newark, N. J.)	23 21 22 21 24 25 24 22 23 24—229	
	19 23 25 20 21 23 21 20 23 25—220	
	24 23 21 23 25 22 24 24 24 21—231	
	21 21 25 24 23 23 23 24 24 23—231	
	24 24 24 23 24 19 24 24 21 23—230	
	24 23 24 23 23 23 25 18 20 19—222	
	24 23 24 23 24 19 24 24 21 23—230	
	22 22 24 23 22 21 18 22 22 24—220	
	24 23 24 23 22 23 22 21 24 23—229	
	24 23 23 25 20 24 23 23 23 24—232	
	22 20 24 25 21 22 23 22 24 18—221	2265
Harry M Pope (Springfield, Mass.)	22 24 19 20 21 21 22 25 23 22—219	
	24 22 24 23 * 21 24 29 23 24—205	
	25 23 22 21 23 24 21 22 22 22—225	
	22 21 24 22 24 24 21 22 23 25—224	
	24 20 23 25 25 22 20 23 22 25—229	
	18 23 22 24 24 25 22 25 24 22—229	
	24 22 25 24 25 20 25 23 24 23—235	
	23 25 24 22 24 23 23 23 21 19—227	
	23 23 25 23 23 22 23 25 22 20—229	
	23 24 23 23 23 25 24 24 24 24—237	2259
Michael Dorrler (Greenville, N. J.)	22 23 22 21 22 22 23 23 23 24—225	
	19 22 22 22 23 21 20 19 23 23—214	
	25 23 21 24 22 19 20 24 21 20—219	
	21 18 22 20 24 21 25 22 24 24—221	
	23 18 22 25 20 24 21 24 20 22—219	
	22 23 23 24 22 20 23 22 23 24—226	
	25 23 25 22 23 22 25 20 19 22—226	
	24 24 25 25 19 25 23 25 24 21—235	
	17 22 22 25 24 24 23 17 23 23—220	
	17 18 23 23 24 24 22 24 23 22—220	2225
Arthur Hubalek (Brooklyn, N. Y.)	24 22 21 24 25 21 25 24 21 22—229	
	23 24 21 25 21 23 24 22 24 22—229	
	16 20 25 23 23 20 24 25 21 21—218	
	22 21 19 22 25 24 24 23 23 23—226	
	24 22 19 22 24 21 23 23 22 25—225	
	22 20 24 20 23 23 21 24 24 24—225	
	24 20 22 23 23 24 20 22 22 17—217	
	24 20 23 23 22 24 21 21 24 17—219	
	23 23 24 23 20 16 24 23 14 23—213	
	20 25 22 21 22 22 18 23 18 19—210	2211
William A Tewes (Jersey City, N. J.)	21 23 21 19 22 20 23 23 23 20—215	
	22 20 20 25 22 18 24 23 17 22—213	
	19 23 23 24 22 23 18 23 18 22—215	
	22 23 22 24 23 22 24 22 21 23—226	
	20 20 24 21 24 25 13 17 22 23—219	
	23 24 21 19 23 20 19 23 24 24—220	
	22 22 23 24 23 22 23 20 24 18—221	
	22 20 24 21 23 25 23 17 23 22—220	
	24 23 22 24 24 23 22 23 24 23—232	
	20 23 23 22 22 23 19 23 22 24—221	2202
Fred C Ross (Springfield, Mass.)	23 23 24 23 22 19 22 21 24 18—219	
	18 21 22 22 22 24 23 23 23 23—221	
	23 19 21 22 23 23 24 21 20 23—218	
	23 22 19 23 23 23 22 25 23 21—224	
	18 25 24 24 20 25 20 19 25 21—221	
	25 25 22 25 20 23 23 22 19 23—227	
	25 22 20 25 23 22 25 23 21 21—227	
	21 21 21 22 20 23 24 23 19 19—213	
	19 23 23 23 22 20 18 23 22 24—217	
	23 21 15 23 21 21 22 24 22 23—215	2202
W A Barker (New Jersey)	24 20 18 21 22 22 20 24 22 22—215	
	21 18 21 21 22 24 23 18 24 20—212	
	21 23 21 18 24 21 25 23 19 24—219	
	24 22 19 23 20 22 24 10 24 23—211	
	25 25 22 25 22 24 23 18 23 22—229	
	25 25 23 21 24 25 15 24 21 24—227	
	22 24 22 22 20 24 18 22 24 25—223	
	23 20 24 24 21 22 7 25 20 22—208	
	24 22 21 21 21 22 21 22 24 24—224	
	23 23 22 24 23 23 22 21 25 25—232	2200
Charles Bischoff, (Hoboken, N. J.)	211 207 207 231 216 213 227 217 216 215—2160	
L C Buss, N. Y. City	208 219 234 211 226 221 206 220 191 220—2156	
George Schlicht (Union Hill, N. J.)	224 214 216 218 203 217 224 228 204 205—2153	
J Kaufman	204 219 218 199 220 211 220 211 216 201—2121	
Louis P Hansen (Jersey City, N. J.)	192 209 199 221 226 203 207 197 220 221—2095	
O Smith, Newark, N. J.	219 214 208 178 221 201 202 213 217 210—2083	
Aug Begerow	184 204 200 206 200 193 217 214 206 188—2012	
B Zettler, N. Y. City	209 203 195 198 182 205 199 193 197 214—1995	
P Andrassy, Brooklyn	187 207 208 195 212 185 194 194 196 199—1970	
H L Seckel, Bayonne, NJ.	195 211 201 182 185 199 194 210 173 180—1930	
L Maurer, N. Y. City	160 191 205 184 200 192 199 192 183 209—1915	
G T Conti, N. Y. City	180 198 186 185 202 198 176 135 187 174—1821	
G Bernius, N. Y. City	198 185 176 181 180 172 175 173 187 177—1804	
H F Barning, N.Y. City	**164 105 198 208 185 142 123 183 132 153—1594**	

The records show that the long score of this year was lower than in 1904 and 1903, while Mr. Pope's score of 237 ties the best previous one, made by Dr. Hudson last year. These records are given below for purposes of comparison:

1893.

100-shot score: F C Ross....2194
10-shot score: L Flaeh....230
10-shot score: Chas Hutch....230
(Shoot-off won by L. Flach.)

1894.

100-shot score: F C Ross....2142
10-shot score: F C Ross....231

1895.

100-shot score: F C Ross....2222
10-shot score: G W Plaisted....233

1896.

100-shot score: F C Ross....2225
10-shot score: M Dorrler....230

1897.

100-shot score: M Dorrler....2183
10-shot score: H M Spencer....229

1898.

100-shot score: F C Ross....2219
10-shot score: H M Spencer....231

1899.

100-shot score: M Dorrler....2246
10-shot score: Geo Schlicht....231

1900.

100-shot score: M Dorrler....2257
10-shot score: F C Ross....235

1901.

100-shot score: F C Ross....2238
10-shot score: Dr W G Hudson....230

1903.

100-shot score: Dr W G Hudson....2301
10-shot score: J E Kelly....235

1904.

100-shot score: H M Pope....2270
10-shot score: Dr W G Hudson....237

United States Revolver Association.

New York, N. Y.—Inclosed herewith is matter of the official scores in the annual championship contest of the United States Revolver Association. This information will be published in a small booklet and mailed to all the members of the Association within a few days. Inclosed also is a copy of the Constitution, rules and regulations governing contests, etc., of the Association.

The success and rapid growth of this organization is without doubt a matter of much interest to every one interested in the development of skill in shooting the pistol and revolver.

From a membership of forty in 1900, the Association has grown to a total membership at the present time of about 600, scattered through thirty-eight States and Territories. From a dozen entries in the national contests in 1900, the number of contestants has increased, until this year they number thirty-four. By comparing the scores made in 1900 with those made the present year, under the same conditions, it will be noted that a marked advance has been made and that vastly greater skill has been developed by these contests.

This organization has negotiated and conducted two international matches with France, one in 1900 and the second in 1903, both of which were won by the United States.

The annual championship matches prove that no one section of the country has all the best shots. In 1903, the Any Revolver Match A was won by J. E. Gorman, of San Francisco; last year the same match was won by Dr. I. R. Calkins, of Springfield, Mass., while this year the same match was won by John A. Dietz, Jr., of New York city.

Similarly, the Any Pistol or Match B was won in 1903 by Thos. Anderton, of Boston, Mass.; last year it was won by Dr. E. H. Kessler, of St. Louis, Mo., and this year it was won by John A. Dietz, Jr., of New York city.

Valuable and appropriate trophies and medals are provided by the Association as prizes in these contests. Some of these are held by the winners from one contest until the next succeeding one, while others become the property of the winners after they have been won a limited a number of times by the same person.

The Association is more than self-supporting, and is in excellent financial condition.

One of the definite things that the Association plans to accomplish in the near future is to establish a team match and provide a suitable trophy for teams of five men.

A. L. A. Himmelwright.

Annual Outdoor Tournament of the U. S. Revolver Ass'n.

Held contemporaneously at New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Pine Bluffs, Arkansas and San Francisco.

Match A—Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody, distance 50yds., 50 shots on the Standard American target, 8in. bullseye, 10-ring, 3.36in.; arm, any revolver; ammunition, any; the score to be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot; no re-entries:

J A Dietz, Jr, New York	8 8 9 9 10 9 9 9 10 9—90	
	9 8 9 7 10 10 10 10 10 10—93	
	10 10 9 10 10 10 10 8 8 8—93	
	9 8 8 9 8 10 9 10 9 9—89	
	9 10 9 8 10 9 10 9 9 7—90	455
R H Sayre, New York	7 8 9 9 8 10 8 8 8 10—85	
	9 10 8 10 9 10 10 9 9 8—92	
	10 10 9 9 9 9 10 8 10 8—92	
	9 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 7—95	
	9 10 6 10 9 10 8 7 10 9—88	452
F V Kington, San Francisco	9 10 8 7 8 9 10 8 10 10—89	
	9 8 9 9 9 8 9 7 8 9—85	
	10 9 8 9 10 9 9 10 9 7—90	
	8 8 9 10 10 9 9 10 8 10—91	
	8 10 9 10 8 9 9 10 9 10—92	447

Wm G Kreig, Chicago	89	90	91	84	81	435
Edwin Sturtevant, Chicago	89	86	86	87	84	432
Sidney E. Sears, St. Louis	85	85	87	90	83	430
A L A Himmelwright, New York	88	85	84	82	88	427
Albert Sorenson, Chicago	77	86	87	79	90	419
T M Borcur, St. Louis	87	83	84	78	85	417
Dr M R Moore, St. Louis	87	81	85	75	89	417
John Doe, New York	86	74	77	82	87	406
William T Clark, Chicago	81	83	68	79	81	392
Mrs C C Crossman, St. Louis	74	80	74	87	75	390
Moses Summerfield, St. Louis	79	72	79	80	77	387
C C Crossman, St. Louis	64	75	58	70	71	328

Match B—Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody, distance 50yds., 50 shots on same target as Match A; arm, any pistol; ammunition, any; score to be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot; no re-entries:

The score of the winner is better by one point than has ever before been made in this contest.

J A Dietz, Jr, New York	10 8 9 10 9 9 10 9 9 10—93	
	10 9 8 10 10 9 7 8 9 9—89	
	7 10 9 10 10 9 10 9 10 10—94	
	9 9 10 9 9 10 9 8 10 8—91	
	10 10 10 9 9 10 10 10 10 10—98	465
G W Waterhouse, New Haven	10 10 9 8 10 8 9 10 10 10—94	
	9 10 10 10 8 8 9 10 10 7—91	
	10 10 9 9 10 10 10 10 8 10—96	
	10 9 8 9 10 9 10 10 9 10—94	
	8 7 8 10 9 8 8 8 10 10—86	461
R H Sayre, New York	8 9 9 9 10 9 10 10 10 8—92	
	8 10 9 8 10 10 10 8 10 10—93	
	10 8 10 10 8 9 8 9 7 10—89	
	8 10 10 10 9 9 9 9 10 10—94	
	10 8 10 10 10 9 10 10 8 7—92	460

A L A Himmelwright, New York	85	85	87	89	93	439
Frank W Berry, Pine Bluff, Ark	86	92	82	92	86	438
William G Kreig, Chicago	88	91	90	81	86	426
Edwin Sturtevant, Chicago	86	80	89	88	87	430
Thomas Le Boutillier, 2d, New York	87	84	81	86	86	424
M Eisencramer, Pine Bluff, Ark	78	88	83	78	84	411
William Scott, Chicago	71	78	82	88	76	395
A L Smith, Pine Bluff, Ark	69	69	75	70	64	347

Match C—Military Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 50yds., 75 shots, fired in strings of 5 shots each; same target as Match A; each string must be shot within the time limit of 15 seconds; arm, any military revolver or any military magazine pistol, with full charge service ammunition; no re-entries:

Thomas Le Boutillier, 2d, New York.

9 6 6 5 4—29	8 6 4 3 0—21	10 9 9 8 6—42
9 8 8 7 7—38	7 6 5 4 4—26	9 7 7 6 4—33
10 8 8 6 4—36	10 9 9 8 6—42	10 7 6 6 5—34
9 7 6 6 5—33	9 9 7 6 5—36	9 8 7 6 4—34
9 8 8 7 5—37	9 9 8 7 6—39	10 9 5 5 4—23—504

Merrit H. Smith, New York.

7 7 7 7 0—28	9 8 7 6 4—34	7 6 6 5 4—28
9 9 6 5 3—32	8 8 7 5 4—32	9 7 7 5 4—32
10 9 7 7 6—39	7 7 5 4 3—26	9 8 7 7 6—37
10 8 7 5 5—35	10 7 6 6 5—34	10 8 8 6 5—37
7 6 5 5 5—28	10 9 8 6 5—28	10 7 7 6 7—37—497

R. H. Sayre, New York.

10 7 7 6 6—36	8 8 7 5 5—33	10 9 8 6 6—39
7 7 7 4 0—25	9 8 7 5 4—33	7 6 6 5 5—29
10 8 7 7 6—38	8 7 5 4 0—24	10 8 6 5 4—33
7 7 6 6 5—31	6 5 5 4 0—29	8 6 6 5 5—30
10 9 9 6 4—38	10 8 8 5 4—35	9 7 6 6 5—33—477

C. L. Burlingham, Chicago.

23 16 30 30 37 20 24 30 21 10 20 15 26 11 23—336

Time limit exeeeded. Best shot in that string forfeited.

Match D—Military Record Match.—Open to everybody; distance 50yds., 5 consecutive strings of 5 shots under the same conditions as Match C; entries unlimited:

Thomas Le Boutillier, 2d, New York.

9 9 6 6 4—34	8 8 6 5 4—31	9 9 8 7 3—36
	9 9 7 7 4—36	10 10 10 7 4—41—178

R. H. Sayre, New York.

9 9 8 7 5—38	7 7 6 5 5—30	9 9 8 8 8—42
	9 9 6 6 0—29	10 9 5 5 4—33—172

C. L. Burlingham, Chicago.

9 8 7 7 5—36	10 10 6 5 5—36	8 8 6 4 4—30
	9 7 6 6 5—33	9 8 8 6 5—36—171

Wm G Kreig, Chicago....18 38 37 39 39—171

In order to stimulate interest in revolver and pistol shooting, and to ascertain the degree of skill of the revolver and pistol shooters of the United States, the United States Revolver Association has decided to offer an attractive series of medals. The medals will be awarded to any member of the Association making the requisite scores, as follows:

For 10 targets, counting 80 or better, a bronze medal.
For 10 targets, counting 85 or better, a bronze and silver medal.
For 10 targets, counting 90 or better, a bronze and gold medal.
For 10 targets, counting 93 or better, a silver and gold medal.
For 10 targets, counting 95 or better, a gold medal.

The rules governing the shooting for medals are as follows:

Targets.—The target is the regular Standard American, with the bullseye 8in. in diameter (containing 10, 9 and 8 rings), for 50yds., and the same target reduced so that the bullseye is 2¾in. in diameter for 20yds. These targets, numbered and signed, will be supplied by the United States Revolver Association at ten cents each; ten shots on each target constitute a score. The ten targets submitted for any medal need not be consecutive.

Position.—The shooter must stand free from any artificial support, and hold the revolver or pistol in one hand.

Arms.—Any revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight; maximum length of barrel, exclusive of cylinder, 8in.; trigger-pull, not less than 2½lbs.; sights open, in front of hammer, and not over 10in. apart; any ammunition.

Military revolvers with plain, open, fixed sights, and trigger-pull not less than 4lbs., will be allowed 5 points.

Any pistol, length of barrel and distance between sights not to exceed 10in.; trigger-pull not less than 2lbs.; open sights; any ammunition.

The shooting for medals must in all cases be done on the grounds or in a gallery of a regularly organized shooting association or club, in the presence of at least two witnesses, one of whom must be an officer of the club. After shooting, the scores and distance must be certified to by the club officer over his signature. The targets are then to be forwarded to the United States Revolver Association, addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer. If the stipulated conditions are complied with and the scoring correct, the medals will be awarded and the shooter rated accordingly in the record book of the Association.

An illustration of the medals issued by the Association will be found on the last page of this folder.

It is hoped that all the revolver and pistol shooters of the United States will avail themselves of this opportunity to secure a rating in the records of the Association. This will enable the Association to ascertain the degree of skill of the various shooters and to assemble strong teams from different parts of the country when necessary for important matches.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

The regular shoot was held Nov. 10 on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street. The attendance was large, over seventy men finishing their two 10-shot scores. C. Meyer and F. von Ronn tied for high score on the ring target, the former ranking the latter, who had the lower 10-shot score. On the bullseye target G. Ludwig was the winner. The full results at 75ft., offhand, with .22cal. rifles:

H Hoenisch	209 222—431	F Von Dusten	205 212—417
D Ficken	208 220—428	Von der Lieth	193 223—416
C Schmitz	215 212—427	C J Wahman	203 213—416
H Nordbruch	209 217—426	H Quaal	210 206—416
F Lankenau	215 210—425	D H Brinkmann	208 206—414
W J Behrens	209 215—424	Chris Quadt	213 201—414
C Brinkama	226 196—422	H Decker	204 207—411
A Beckman	210 212—422	C Konig	195 216—411
C Meyer	238 235—473	J H Meyer	215 196—411
F Von Ronn	239 234—473	C N Wehrenberg	215 196—411
G Ludwig	238 234—472	H Winter	195 215—410
J C Bonn	228 242—470	C Roffmann	196 211—407
O Schwanemann	230 237—467	F Paradies	197 210—407
B Zettler	230 234—464	M Von Dwingelo	191 200—391
Phil Heidelberger	230 230—460	H Meyn	188 203—391
J Facklamm	226 233—459	J H Doscher	178 213—391
J N F Seibs	221 236—457	C Mann	194 196—390
N C L Beversten	227 224—451	Aug Beckmann	192 197—389
J Hainhorst	217 224—450	N Jantzen	196 193—389
H C Hainhorst	222 228—450	P Prange	186 200—386
H Haase	232 218—450	F Gobber	191 192—383
G Thomas	225 224—449	A Lederhaus	195 188—383
C Plump	224 225—449	J Jantzen	187 190—377
R Ohms	229 218—447	Chris Glanderf	188 188—376
F Facompre	226 219—445	J F R Ernst	180 190—370
W Dahl	221 221—442	G H Fixsen	180 189—369
H Offerman	224 218—442	H Voight	175 187—362
J H Hainhorst	217 224—441	N W Haaren	168 192—360
D Peper	227 211—438	M L Meinschien	158 199—357
A W Lemcke	216 221—437	F Schnaue	198 156—354
J G Thoelke	216 220—436	F C Borges	141 186—337
H D Meyer	216 218—434	A P Fegert	212 220—332
H B Michaelsen	215 218—433	J Harre	166 165—331
C Sievers	213 220—433	F J Hetzel	154 177—331
H Quenten	215 218—433	Aug. Jantzen	137 187—324
J N Herrmann	215 217—432	Fred Muller	84 147—231
H W Mesloh	225 207—432		

Bullseye target, degrees:

Ludwig	17½	Von Dwingelo	65
C Brinkama	23½	H Offermann	65½
N W Haaren	43	A P Fegert	72½
Charles Meyer	45	Henry Quaal	72
H Haase	47	J H Hainhorst	73
Aug. Jantzen	48	W J Behrens	83
J Harre	50	Phil Heideberger	86
Meinschien	52	Henry Decker	88
Otto Schwanemann	52	J G Thoelke	95
F Gobber	54	Fred Muller	95½
G Fixsen	56		

Zettler Rifle Club.

The 100-shot match at Greenville cut down the attendance at the club's indoor shoot, held Nov. 7. Henry D. Muller won the honors on the bullseye target, and young Charles Zettler on the ring target. The results at 75ft., offhand, follow:

Ring target:

C Zettler, Jr	246 241 244 244 242—1217
Henry D Muller	235 237 239 242 244—1197
C G Zettler	236 242 235 232 240—1185
T H Keller	225 231 232 237 231—1156

Bullseye target: Henry D. Muller, 50 degrees.

Rifle at Walnut Hill.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Nov. 11.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association shoot to-day had a fair attendance. The weather conditions were fine, though a strong fitful wind tested the judgment of the shooters constantly.

In the annual 100-shot election week match four competitors completed their scores. R. L. Dale was high man with a total of 2155 points. Early in the shooting his rifle became badly leaded, and was given various treatments at times during the day, without wholly removing the trouble. This, with the poor conditions, very materially reduced his total, causing a loss of at least 75 points.

The effect of the wind was, as usual, most apparent at the 1000yd. range, where the experts shot until nearly dark, with only fair success. The scores:

Election week offhand match:

R L Dale	23 20 20 17 20 22 23 23 22 20	—210
	19 20 23 24 19 22 20 21 18 21	—207
	21 21 22 20 22 20 24 25 21 20	—216
	24 22 14 25 23 22 21 21 19 25	—216
	20 23 23 21 23 21 24 25 22 22	—224
	21 22 24 21 23 22 17 19 20 17	—206
	22 25 22 22 24 22 22 21 20 22	—222
	22 22 19 21 20 23 25 22 25 24	—223
	20 21 22 22 23 20 18 25 24 21	—216
	23 22 14 20 21 23 21 25 23 23	—215—2155
A Niedner	22 20 23 23 23 19 21 19 20 19	—209
	19 21 22 21 23 23 22 22 22 23	—219
	18 25 17 22 20 23 22 21 25 24	—217
	21 24 24 17 18 21 23 18 18 22	—206
	18 22 22 22 24 22 22 25 18 16	—216
	23 17 23 23 23 17 20 20 21 22	—209
	22 21 23 25 23 23 24 20 25 20	—226
	18 22 22 20 18 20 21 23 16 15	—195
	22 14 17 21 19 21 21 19 24 21	—199
	22 20 21 21 23 22 18 23 21 22	—213—2109
J E Lynch	21 18 11 18 22 17 16 20 19 10	—172
	19 13 20 22 20 20 20 18 19 18	—189
	19 25 20 17 25 21 18 21 16 20	—201
	20 22 20 22 23 25 14 24 24 18	—212
	22 21 21 20 19 18 24 22 22 25	—214
	20 16 18 19 20 20 21 25 20 24	—203
	23 22 18 19 21 21 23 18 18 23	—206
	17 25 18 23 23 19 10 19 16 19	—189
	21 21 22 23 22 22 16 23 20 14	—206
	23 20 23 22 22 20 23 19 18 22	—212—2004
F H West	21 23 17 13 0 20 18 22 23 24	—181
	22 21 15 23 22 23 21 21 17 22	—207
	24 18 21 20 22 21 21 16 19 23	—205
	25 24 18 18 22 17 24 14 20 22	—204
	17 16 23 22 22 21 16 22 15 17	—191
	13 15 17 23 19 24 12 19 22 23	—187
	21 24 16 24 18 21 20 18 22 24	—208
	20 20 20 20 13 18 16 18 18 18	—181
	25 16 22 20 16 21 22 15 17 25	—199
	24 18 18 14 23 24 21 23 23 0	—188—1951

Offhand practice match:

G H Blair	8 7 10 9 5 9 10 7 7 8	—80
M T Day	5 7 7 9 7 9 10 7 8 5	—74
A W Hill	8 6 10 4 6 8 9 8 7 4	—70

Ring target:

Louis Bell	23 18 23 24 22 21 22 21 23 13	—210
B J Smith	18 23 25 20 15 14 23 16 22 18	—194
J B Hobbs	23 22 23 19 20 16 16 17 18 20	—194

Military medal match:

H Cushing, Jr	5 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 4 3	—44
M T Day	4 5 4 3 4 3 5 4 4 4	—40

Medal rest match:

I James	11 12 12 12 11 11 12 12 12 11	—116
	12 12 12 9 11 11 12 11 11 12	—113

Long range rifle match, 1000yds.:

J S Sumner	3 4 5 4 5 3 4 4 5 3	—40
F Carter	5 3 5 5 5 3 5 4 0 4	—39
F Daniels	3 5 3 3 4 3 5 3 5 4	—38
A W Hill	5 3 0 5 5 4 3 4 3 4	—36

Pistol and revolver match:

E B Hawkes	9 7 9 10 10 10 7 7 8 10	—87
	9 7 10 9 9 6 10 10 10 7	—87
	7 7 10 7 7 9 9 10 8 8	—82
G H Blair	9 7 8 9 8 6 8 7 8 7	—77
	8 8 7 9 9 8 9 5 7 7	—77
M T Day	8 9 7 8 8 9 6 6 7 7	—74
J B Hobbs	8 10 6 8 9 8 9 8 4 9	—74

Pistol medal match:

I James	9 10 9 9 9 9 9 8 10 8	—90
	10 8 9 6 9 10 7 10 10 10	—89
	10 9 7 8 9 8 10 9 9 8	—87
	10 7 7 9 10 9 10 8 9 8	—87
W A Smith	10 8 9 9 10 9 6 8 7 9	—85
S D Martin	9 10 10 7 10 8 6 8 7 10	—85
A W Hill	9 6 10 10 8 8 10 6 8 9	—84
J B Hobbs	7 5 10 7 9 9 9 9 8 10	—83
M T Day	9 7 9 10 9 8 8 5 8 9	—82
O Howe	9 9 7 5 10 7 10 6 9 8	—80

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

THE outdoor season was practically closed at our Cranston range by a special shoot on Nov. 4, which was one of the most enjoyable events of the season. A strong wind bothered the men, but some good scores were made.

Almy was high man all around with revolver, and Luther struck a gait on the reduced ring target which made it interesting.

A. B. Coulters, our president, spent most of his time with the Krag rifle at 200yds., and several of the members had an opporaunity to try their hand with this weapon, with the result that we expect to take up military rifle shooting next spring in earnest. We had hoped to push this plan the past season, but our endeavors were sidetracked somewhere, and we have had to content ourselves with an occasional try. We are ready to take up the work when we have a show at 200, 300 and 500yds. range, and the use of the required weapon.

We are now busy pushing plans for the winter's indoor work. The following scores were recorded:

Rifle, German ring target, 200yds: A B. Coulters, .30 Krag, 165, 165; .32-40, 215. C L Beach (.32-40), 156, 170.

Rifle, Standard target, 50yds.: H. Powell (.22), 86, 83, 83, 82, 86, 84, 82; S. K. Luther (.22), 77, 80; E. A. Patterson, 89; W. C. Pixley, 80.

Rifle, German ring target, reduced, 25yds.: Sterry K. Luther (.22 Winchester, 'scope), 242, 241, 240, 244, 242, 243, 241, 244; W. Bert Gardiner (.22 Stevens), 230, 240, 234.

Revolver, Standard target, 20yds.: Wm. Almy (.38 Colt, Officer's Model), 85; Edw. C. Parkhurst (.38 Colt, Officer's Model), 79; W. B. Gardiner (.22 S. & W. pistol), 80, 84, 88.

The range will continue open for practice and an all-day shoot will be held Thanksgiving Day, to which all are invited.

Revolver, Standard target, 50yds.: Wm. Almy (.38, Officer's Model), 89, 86, 85, 83, 92, 86, 81, 84, 90, 88, 88, 89, 89 89; Maj. Wm. F. Eddy (.38 Military), 81 80, 78; Arno Argus (.45 New Service), 77, 81; A. C. Hurlburt (.38 Officer's Model), 76, 76.

Revolver, military count, 50yds.: Almy 50, 47, 47, 46, 50, 48, 47, 48, 50, 48, 47, 49, 49, 49; Eddy 45, 46, 49, 48; Argus 46, 46; Hurlburt 45, 45, 43.

Cashion Gun Club.

CASHION, Okla., Nov. 4.—The Cashion Gun Club held a very successful shoot to-day, in honor of Mr. M. J. S. Day, of Fort Worth, Texas, a trade representative of a powder company.. A large number of local men were out of town, but the club members present gave a shoot just the same.

The weather was beautiful, with no wind, so good scores were made. Henry Donnelly made the high average. The scores at 100 targets tell the story:

J H Donnelly	96	Smith	79
J S Day	95	A L Houseworth	87
K L Eagan	94	T Clark	63
Euens	81	J L Houseworth	87
Bryant	72		

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 16.—Bound Brook, N. J., G. C. shoot, and Fleming-Bissett contest for the individual championship of New Jersey.
Nov. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Nov. 23-24.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' fifth tournament. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Nov. 28-29.—Marsailles, Ill., G. C. R. E. Loring, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside G. C., all-day target tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Dec. 2.—Lowell, Mass., R. and G. C. all day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Dec. 12-13.—Omaha, Neb.—Interstate team race, between teams of Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas. W. D. Townsend, Sec'y.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., through the Secretary, E. J. Loughlin, announce an all-day target tournament for Nov. 30.

Secretary W. D. Townsend writes us that the Omaha, Neb., Gun Club shoot will be held on Dec. 12 and 13, instead of on Dec. 5 and 6, as at first announced.

A Laflin & Rand trophy to high gun, and cash prizes to second and third high guns, are features of the Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club all-day shoot, Dec. 2. Mr. E. J. Burns is the Secretary.

In the contests of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League, last Saturday, the Highlands defeated Clearview, 194 to 185; Lansdale defeated Camden, 184 to 153. Narberth defeated Merchantville, 180 to 161; Meadow Springs defeated Media, 172 to 158.

Secretary W. D. Townsend writes us that the Omaha, Neb., Gun Club will hold a tournament, and interstate team race between teams of Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, on Dec. 12 and 13. A day and a half will be devoted to trapshooting, after which, on the afternoon of the second day the team race will take place. The lowest team is to pay for the targets and for a dinner for the winners.

In the contest for the November cup, at the weekly shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 11, Mr. Frank B. Stephenson scored a win, making the excellent score of 24 out of 25 from scratch. Mr. A. G. Southworth, scratch, won in the Stake trophy contest, with a score of 22. The first contest of the team series was won by Messrs. Lewis C. Hopkins and Lowell M. Palmer, Jr., with 48 out of a possible 50.

At the shoot of the New York Athletic Club, of which he is a member, Mr. Gus Grieff scored an average of over 95 per cent. for the programme of the afternoon, Nov. 11. He won event 4, 25 targets with a full score from scratch, the trophy being awarded to him under the rule of the club, which recognizes a straight score as the winning score even if there be handicap scores of equal value to it, an excellent provision, by the way.

At the Point Breeze track, Philadelphia, Nov. 11, there were three open events and a special $10 miss-and-out contest between Messrs. Churchill and Miller, the former at 30, the latter at 28yds. Churchill won in the twelfth round The first sweepstake was at 10 birds, and Messrs. Muller and Staley made straight scores. In the second event at 5 birds, Messrs. Muller, Churchill and Wilson were high with 3 each. In the next event, same conditions, Messrs. Muller and Churchill were high with scores of 4.

The programme of the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo. On the first day, Nov. 23, twelve events are provided, of which the ninth is the L. C. Smith badge contest, 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, use of both barrels. The other events are at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1, $1.50 and $2. On the second day, there are eight 15 and four 20-target events, $1.50 and $2 entrance. Experts and paid men may shoot for targets only.

A correspondent writes us that "The shooting season of the Magic City Gun Club, of Muncie, Ind., for 1905, closed with the events of Nov. 2. The first prize, a 16-gauge Marlin repeating shotgun, was won by G. G. Williamson, who shot from the 19yd. mark. The second prize, a handsome watch charm, donated by the Hunter Arms Co., was won by J. R. Johnson, who stood at the 14yd. line. Johnson had his prize won outright, but Williamson, was tied with A. C. Spencer. In the shoot-off Williamson broke 22, and won."

The manager, Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, writes us that "The Bergen Beach Gun Club, Brooklyn, L. I., will hold their second annual merchandise prize shoot at targets on New Year's Day, Monday, Jan. 1, 1906, for from fifteen to twenty merchandise prizes; distance handicap, 16 to 21yds. rise; 50 targets, entrance $2.50, including targets. Handicaps by the President, Mr. Harry Bergen; the Treasurer, Mr. H. W. Dreyer, and the Manager, Mr. L. H. Schortemeier. The shoot of Jan. 2, 1905, was a great success. Programme of other events later."

The Palisade Gun Club, Edgewater, N. J., offers a programme of eight 20-target events for their tournament, to be held on No. 23. Entrance, $1.40. Added money total, $20. Events 3 to 7 will be a 100-target race, $5 entrance, for a $100 Ithaca hammerless; ten entries to fill. A number of merchandise prizes, medals, etc., will be given for different averages. Guns, and ammunition, prepaid, sent to Wm. Benison, Edgewater, N. J., will be delivered on the grounds free. A sliding handicap will govern. A. A. Schoverling, Secretary, 2 Murray street, New York.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., has again suffered from the malicious depredations of vandals, the last destruction being much worse than the first. Traps, targets, furniture, dishes, stove, etc., were smashed with painstaking thoroughness. Nevertheless, the club, with admirable pluck, resolved to continue, and at a meeting held in Jersey City, Nov. 6, appointed two committees, a House Committee and a Shooting Committee, each having full power to act. The Shooting Committee will arrange for the December tournament, and will provide suitable prizes, and will earnestly endeavor to complete all the details of an enjoyable competition. Such perseverance in the face of calamity should be appreciated by giving the tournament generous support. The dates, etc., will be determined in the near future, and will be then promptly announced.

BERNARD WATERS.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Lively sport was the feature of the afternoon at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club today. The weather was perfect for trapshooting, although the wind blew with sufficient force to make the flights very irregular. Nevertheless, very good scores were made by several members. Event 4 was won by Mr. Gus Grieff with a full score from scratch. The club rule gives any one breaking a straight in a handicap the trophy without a shoot-off. Event 8 was won under the same conditions by Mr. E. O. McMurtry, who broke 25 straight.

The club event for the November cup caused more of a struggle, as Dr. De Wolf, J. W. Hibbard and Dr. Brown tied on 24 out of 25 with their handicaps added. In the shoot-off, Mr. Hibbard won out.

A number of other trophies were contested for during the afternoon.

Mr. Dickerson, a new-comer in the trapshooting world, presented the club with a handsome trophy, the conditions of which in competition will be announced later.

Mr. Gus Grieff made the highest average ever made at the Travers Island trap shoots, scoring a fraction over 95 per cent. for the afternoon. Scores:

Event 1, 10 targets:

Grieff	10	Huggins	6
Hibbard	8		

Event 2, 15 targets:

Hibbard	10	Dickerson	6
Huggins	8	Wagner	4
Pearsall	8		

Event 3, 10 targets:

Hibbard	6	Wagner	3
Wright	5	Huggins	7
Dickerson	4	Grieff	10

Event 4, trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

	Handicap.	Total.		Handicap.	Total.
Dr DeWolf	3	21	Robinson	7	22
Hibbard	5	21	Thompson	7	19
Pearsall	4	24	Brandenburg	4	15
Grieff	0	25	McMurtry	1	25
Huggins	7	21			

Event 6, 25 targets, handicap; Vilmar was the winner:

Borland	4	22	McMurtry	1	21
Dickerson	7	21	Pearsall	4	24
De Wolf	3	21	Vilmar	7	25
Grieff	0	24	Hibbard	5	23
Huggins	7	21	Thompson	7	21
Brown	6	22	Brandenburg	4	24
Williams	5	17	Gaines	7	15
Held	6	14	Robinson	7	21

November cup, 25 targets, handicap:

De Wolf	3	23	McMurtry	1	21
Grieff	0	23	Pearsall	4	23
Dickerson	7	22	Wright	7	16
Robinson	7	22	Gaines	9	16
Huggins	7	23	Hibbard	5	24
Robinson	7	22	Brown	6	24
Thompson	7	18	Williams	5	20
Held	4	19	Borland	4	21
Brandenburg	4	16			

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

Hibbard	23	De Wolf	21
Brown	22		

Event 7, 25 targets, was won by Vilmar:

	Handicap.	Total.		Handicap.	Total.
Huggins	7	21	Vilmar	7	25
Vilmar	7	21	Brandenburg	6	16
Robinson	7	21	Held	6	14
Thompson	7	21	Gaines	7	15

Event 8, 25 targets, handicap:

Brown	6	22	Held	6	16
Williams	5	24	Pearsall	6	24
De Wolf	5	25	Huggins	7	21
Dickerson	7	23	Borland	4	23
Grieff	0	23	Hibbard	5	23
McMurtry	1	25	Vilmar	7	23

Event 9, trophy, 25 targets:

Borland	4	18	Pearsall	4	21
Grieff	0	23	Dickerson	7	22
McMurtry	1	24	Vilmar	7	22
De Wolf	3	22			

Ridge Gun Club.

REDDING RIDGE, Conn., Oct. 28.—No. 1 was a special event at 100 targets. Mr. H. S. Welles was high with 89. He also was professional high average for the day, and made the only straight score of the events, in event 7. Mr. J. S. Fanning was second high professional average. Mr. C. W. Stevens won the gold medal in the 100-target race and was first amateur. Mr. R. L. Hall won the field glass and wa second amateur. Mr. W. A. Gregory won the cigar box, and was third amateur. The professional average prize was $5; amateur high averages were $5 and $3.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	100	20	15	25	15	25	20	15
C W Stevens	86	15	13	22	14	22	15	8
W A Gregory	74	14	12	19	10	19	10	13
J S Fanning	85	15	12	21	13	24	17	14
H Sanford	78	13	14	20	12	19	15	13
R C Hall	78	17	11	21	12	17	16	10
E H Bailey	..	9	5	14	6	..	..	..
E Madden	56	14	11	16	8	7	6	7
H S Welles	89	17	14	23	13	22	20	13
Bigelow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

On the Bill.

A hungry-looking man hurried into a lower Grand street restaurant the other day, and climbing upon one of the high stools at the lunch counter, reached for one of the well-worn and much-thumbed bills of fare. He read it all through two or three times, called a waiter and gave his order:

"I guess I'll begin with a couple of plates of fly specks."

"Fly specks!" exclaimed the astonished waiter. "Why, we don't serve fly specks."

"Well, then, why don't you take them off the bill of fare?"

The waiter's reply is not recorded.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.
CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.
DISTANCE—1,000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.

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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Nov. 11 was a fine day for sport—not cold, and with a bright sun. Nineteen members shot their scores in the Ackley trophy contest this week. Maynard was high with 45. R. L. Trimble was on hand for the first time in many weeks, and tied with Williams for second place on 44. John Falk has been under the weather for two or three weeks; but was out to-day and landed in third place with Ahlers on 43. Barker has been rather out of the game lately, and his score shows a lack of practice. L. Ahlers, H. Jergens and Maynard are going to southern Illinois for a little quail shooting. John Falk and son, W. Smith and Frank Kenckle are going to Utopia, O., on the 14th, and will put in several days among the quail. Ackley shot in a few practice events to-day. In a match race Gambell broke a straight 50, Ahlers second with 48. The scores:

Ackley trophy, 50 targets, handicap:

Maynard, 19	45	Tuttle, 17	36
Trimble, 19	44	Roll, 18	35
Williams, 18	44	Keplinger, 17	35
Ahlers, 19	43	Myers, 16	34
Falk, 16	43	F Althers, 16	34
Pohlar, 19	39	Herman, 18	33
Barker, 19	39	Bullerdick, 17	33
Randall, 17	39	Miles, 16	30
Hosea, 16	38	Lytle, 16	13
French, 16	38		

Match, 50 targets, three low men pay for targets:

Gambell	50	Bullerdick	42
Ahlers	48	Roll	42
Pohlar	43	Barker	35

Kentucky Hunting and Fishing Club.

Rylands, Ky.—The Kentucky Hunting and Fishing Club held a live-bird shoot on their preserves at Rylands, about fifteen miles from Cincinnati, on Nov. 9. The day was dark and cold, with a stormy north wind, which aided the birds greatly. As a rule the birds were strong ones, and good fliers, only a few poor ones in the lot. In the regular contests at a total of 42 birds, Peters was high with 39, Ahlers 37, Willie 36, Gambell 35.

Refreshments were served all day and a good time was enjoyed by all. The scores:

Event No. 1, 5 birds, $2.50 entrance, 60 and 40 per cent.:

McMorris, 30	22222—5	Ahlers, 30	22022—4
Settle, 30	22212—5	Steinkorb, 30	21101—4
Gambell, 30	22211—5	*Herman, 30	11110—4
Peters, 30	22222—5	*G Osterfeld, 30	02121—4
H Osterfeld, 30	22111—5	Mingess, 30	10011—3
Willie, 30	21222—5	*Roanoke, 30	21010—3
*Boch, 30	22222—5	*Payne, 30	01011—3
*Hake, 30	22221—5		

*For birds only.

Event No. 2, 10 birds, $7 entrance, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Settle, 30	2022222211— 9	H Osterfeld, 30	*110021112— 7
Steinkorb, 30	1120121222— 9	Bullerdick, 30	22011*2021— 7
Gambell, 30	1201212122— 9	Willie, 30	2220012202— 7
Peters, 30	2202222222— 9	Herman, 30	0122221100— 7
Payne, 30	1102111222— 9	G Osterfeld, 30	2002212220— 7
Hake, 30	21111*1112— 9	Roanoke, 30	0202102121— 7
Ahlers, 30	012222*222— 8	Minges, 30	0010110022— 5
McMorris, 30	0022212220— 7	Boeh, 3	2001212122— 8

Event No. 4, 20 birds, $15 entrance, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Bullerdick, 29	22221211222221212212—20
Ahlers, 30	12222222222222222202—19
Peters, 30	22222222222220222222—19
Willie, 30	22211212222222*12211—19
G Osterfeld, 29	111222*2210112212122—18
Gambell, 30	2210212220221*112122—17
H Osterfeld, 30	*1112221112220*1111*—16
McMorris, 30	2222001*2222222222*0—15
Herman, 29	*2010121011220111111—15
Roanoke, 28	2202111101112120*2102—15
Settle, 30	02112222102212222000—14
Minges, 28	11*0100102201211211—14

Event No. 6, 7 birds, $5 entrance, money divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., 30yds.:

Ahlers	0222222—6	Willie	22*2012—5
Settle	2220221—6	H Osterfeld	0210212—5
Peters	0222222—6	Hake	1122100—5
Herman	22122*1—6	Gambell	0*22202—4
Kirschner	1011222—6	Steinkorb	2200220—4
McMorris	0210122—5	Morganthaler	0100010—2

Event 3, miss-and-out, $1 entrance, birds extra, 30yds.: H. Osterfeld 7, Herman 7, G. Osterfeld 7, Steinkorb 5, Willie 5, Hake 5, Peters 3, Minges 1, Gambell 1, Bullerdick 1, Roanoke 1, Boeh 1, McMorris, Ahlers 0, Payne 0, Settle *.

Event 5, miss-and-out, $1 entrance, 30yds.: Ahlers 13, Gambell 13, Bullerdick 12, Willie 10, Herman 5, McMorris 3, Boeh 3, H. Osterfeld 2, Peters 2, Settle 2, Payne 1, Hake 1, G. Osterfeld 1, Minges 0, Steinkorb 0, Roanoke 0.

Event 7, miss-and-out, $1 entrance, birds extra: Ahlers 6, Peters 6, H. Osterfeld 6, Payne 6, McMorris 5, Kirschner 5, Hake 2, Morganthaler 2, Settle 0, Gambell 0.

Ohio Notes.

At the regular shoot of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club on Nov. 4 nine members took part. The programme consisted of four events at 15, two at 10, one at 20 and one at 25 targets, a total of 125 targets. Events 5, 6 and 7, at a total o 50 targets, were the regular club contest. Tryon and Allen tied for first in Class A on 46. MacMeans was first in Class B with 48. MacMeans was high for the day with 107 out of 115. Tryon broke 93 out of 100. Boardman 99 out of 125 and Hopkins 98. Allen 81 out of 90. The club will hold a tournament on Thanksgiving Day, at which cash prizes will be awarded.

Farmers in the vicinity of Wopakoneta report a scarcity of game in the county, and many of them have forbidden hunting on their farms. Quail are said to be very scarce and rabbits are not as plenty as usual.

Henry Price, of Brookville, and W. Hapner, of Lewisburg, who are hunting with a party in upper Michigan, have each killed a moose. Linkhart and other hunters from Green and Clinton counties have returned from a month's hunt in Canada. Several deer were killed, and each one of the hunters got a moose. Their camp was located in the midst of a fine game country, and they found birds plenty as well as large game.

A party of hunters from Hamilton has just left for a deer hunt in Price county, Wisconsin. Deer are reported to be plentiful and the hunters will be gone a month.

The tournament of the Hamilton, O., Gun Club, announced for Nov. 9 and 10, proved to be a failure, as so few shooters were present that it was called off. Even the local shots failed to turn out. This club seems to have dropped out of sight, or to have buried itself intentionally, as for many months nothing has been heard concerning it.

Uncle Joe Wilson, of Lewisburg, has returned from his hunt with deer and moose antlers. He killed two bull moose while away.

Mason Benner, of Dayton; Alpheus Hawker, East of Dayton, together with H. H. Conklin, H. H. Hawkins, L. N. Clevenger and Otis Swigart, of Greene county, are in camp in the forests near Worthington, Can., and will stay until December. They have killed six deer and will hunt for moose still further north.

M. E. Wild, J. F. Heck, Laurence Fry, Claude Weaver and M. L. Weisenbarger, of Arcanum, are camped on the Eagle Lake road, north of Patten, Me. On the first day they killed three deer, and at the latest reports had added four more to that number. They are expected home on Nov. 23, and their friends are expecting plenty of venison.

O. N. Harshman, a farmer living north of Eaton, was brought before Squire L. T. Stephen on Nov. 7 and fined $25 and costs for hunting out of season.

William Butler, Robert Moses, B. D. Moses, Thos. Leach and Ed. Wysong, of Eaton, left on Nov. 7, for Prentis, Wis., where they will hunt for several weeks.

E. C. Dyer, George Kraft and Al Wurstner spent two days at the Lewistown reservoir last week and killed 145 ducks, the largest number killed by one party so far this season.

Rike's score of 97 out of 100 at the N. C. R. grounds on Nov. 4 shows that he is getting confirmed in the target smashing habit.

E. W. Holding, winner of the individual inter-county championship trophy, has been awarded the handsome gun offered to the Ohio trapshooter making the best score during the season. He had ten scores of 50 straight.

Less Reid is another Ohio shooter who has been making a reputation for himself, and has a record of 97 per cent. for the season.

Wm. Clark, of New Paris, is a crackerjack, and makes a good showing on any grounds he may happen to visit.

At Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6.—Yesterday at Watson's Park was inaugurated the first of a series of weekly shoots which will run throughout the winter months. These shoots are gotten up to interest the shooters of the city, and all visitors who may be in the vicinity and who desire an outing at the traps.

That all may shoot without making it very expensive the management has provided that each target broken shall pay 7 cents, and the remaining money shall be divided into three moneys on the per cent. plan, 50, 30 and 20.

This time of the year there is the attraction of duck shooting and the quail shooting to open this week, and that takes many of the shooters to the fields; hence the attendance was limited.

Barkley made high score, 97 out of 105, with Steenberg close up, with 96, while Hutchinson was third.

Shooting conditions are so good at Watson's old park that a strong bid will be made for the next G. A. H. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Lovell	15	12	14	14	12	11	11	105	89
Galusha	11	12	11	12	14	12	12	105	84
Hutchinson	14	14	14	12	13	13	13	105	93
Morehouse	13	12	12	13	11	12	12	105	85
Steenberg	15	12	15	14	13	13	14	105	96
Porter	10	10	7	..	..	..	..	45	27
Barkley	15	12	14	14	13	14	15	105	97
Shogren	10	15	11	15	13	13	12	105	89
Kinney	11	12	14	13	14	13	12	105	89
Walsh	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	30	25
Myrick	14	11	13	15	..	..	..	60	53
Barribal	..	11	12	11	12	13	..	75	59

In Other Places.

Recently there was a shoot at Carlisle, Pa. W. H. Shefler, of Steelton won first prize, William Thompson second and R. E. Shear, of Carlisle, third.

Robert Dunner won the first prize at the Whittaker, Pa., Gun Club by killing 7 live birds straight.

J. A. Lane, of Brooklyn, Ia., visited his old stamping ground, Marshalltown, Ia., during the tournament.

The Manistique, Mich., Rod and Gun Club, now has a membership of sixty-five. The members who own launches have arranged to sow wild rice throughout the swampy district adjacent to Smith Creek.

A. J. Anderson, of Chicago Heights, Ill., is doing the proper thing in publishing notices of future meetings and inviting all to participate. All traveling men are invited to meet with the club and show off their wares, and thus increase the local interest.

The Brenham, Tex., Rod and Gun Club while active in the special line of trapshooting, find time to improve the lake so that fishing may be a favorite pastime.

Occasionally, although he has all the work connected with the gun club on his hands, there is a secretary who can outshoot the "bunch." As for instance, W. W. Wohlmend, of the Akron, O., Gun Club, at the shoot held Wednesday, won the handicap cup with a score of 22 out of 25. On Thanksgiving Day there will be a good shoot held, as the prizes will include turkeys, chickens and ducks.

A meeting was held at Navasota, Texas, for the purpose of organizing a shooting and fishing club. Chas. J. Kirk was chosen chairman, and Ed. F. Blackshear secretary. Committee on constitution, Governor George D. Neal, Ewing Norwood, C. J. Kirk, P. H. Leary, R. A. Horlick and W. L. Steele. On membership, J. E. Cutherell, Ward Templeton and Edgar Jones. On grounds, J. T. Evans, Ben Ahrenbeck and O. Geisecke.

Quite a number of the Butte, Mont., Gun Club members met Sunday and tried out the new handicaps that will be used when the trophy is being shot for. Some good scores were made.

Several members of the Widgeon Gun Club, of Visalia, Cal., were out duck shooting recently. One shot fifty, the limit, and all the shooters averaged a bag of forty.

The officers of the Progressive Gun Club, East St. Louis, Ill., are: President, Eugene Delctine; Secretary, N. R. Haff; Treasurer, William L. Baggerman; and they are the proper fellows when it comes to conducting a tournament.

Ben Reismeyer, of Princeton, Ill., was lately tried and fined at Hennepin, Ill., for shooting on the Swan Lake Gun Club grounds without permission.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, makes the owners and lessees of shooting preserves secure in the premises; and all others who encroach on the grounds of same are trespassers. This makes the shooting preserves along the Illinois River very valuable and secure for all time to come.

The Mishawaka, Ind., Gun Club has held a meeting, and the members are very enthusiastic. The members will hold a shoot on Thanksgiving Day, as well as the day previous, at which time all will have an opportunity to win a bird for their dinner.

When Howard Knauff, a member of the Brighton, Pa., Gun Club, was married several of the members caught him with a rope in cowboy style and marched him about town. Just to show how very popular he was with the club members.

There were thirty-nine shooters at a tournament recently given at St. Charles, Mo. Many of the old-time shooters were present. Thence there was a pair of good ones present in Chas. Spicer and Charles Spencer. The scores were low, indicating hard conditions, as Mr. Spencer made 59 out of 65 for a sample.

Last Sunday the Chicago Heights, Ill., Gun Club made a good showing at the traps. At 75 targets, P. Castor broke 63, H. Tuets 57, E. Oglesby 56, A. Anderson 52, R. Durig 49, C. Fritz 43, H. Gehrs 34. This club will hold weekly shoots during the winter months.

The Hamilton, Ill., Gun Club held a meeting Wednesday evening last and elected the following officers: President, William Waggoner; Secretary, Joseph Lefler. Committee, Leon Sangier, Wm. Wooster. The members have decided upon a Thanksgiving shoot, and shooters from the neighboring cities will be invited to participate.

The North End Gun Club, Port Huron, Mich., held a shoot Tuesday. Scores, at 25 targets: Frank Vanderburg 20, Wm. Pilkey 14, Capt. Kimball 14, John Hazlewood 12, Heil Buckeridge 11.

At the tournament of the Baton Rogue, La., Gun Club, held Thursday last, the best score was made by Robert Reymond by getting 67 out of 75. This puts him in the lead for the monthly trophy. This is how the scores stood at the end of the day: R. Reymond 67, H. L. Fuqua 57, C. D. Reymond 56, A. Kleinpeter 55, S. J. Powell 55, F. Kleinpeter 54, Banks Powell 54, B. Hochenedel 52, W. C. Whittaker 37, B. S. Parks 26, T. P. Singleton 16.

The twentieth and final contest for the club trophy was held last week at the grounds of St. Marys, West Va., Gun Club. Two prominent citizens were out and shot for the first time this season. The day was good and scores large. At 100 targets, J. D. Dinsmoore 85, E. R. Smith 71; Cole broke 67 out of 75, C. J. Mowry 56 out of 70, O. C. Ogdin 32 out of 50, Dr. Watson 22 out of 50, and R. A. Flesher 16 out of 50.

J. A. McKee won the third shoot of the series held by the Billings, Okla., Gun Club with 23 out of 25. Other scores were: Carson 16, Huddleston 12, Neil 17, Groff 14, Carpenter 18, McClusky 8. Carson and Carpenter are now a tie with 51 points.

At the shoot of the Crescent Gun Club, Connersville, Ind., Thursday last, the scores were good. With the allowance in broken targets, Huddy, Beard, Hill and Vaughan made 50; Fuchs 49½, Ruhl 47½.

Members of the New Haven, Ind., Rod and Gun Club held a dance last Thursday evening. As their best girls were present why of course the evening was well spent. The social part should be cultivated by the members of all gun clubs if they wish to hold the club together.

The scores made at the Anna, Ill., shoot were: At 110 targets, Spencer 103, Riehl 98, Steenberg 89, L. Fisher, Middleport, O., 99; R. S. McMullan 96, W. C. Marigold 93, Lou Watson 86.

Members of the Soo Gun Club, Sioux City, Ia., after a wait of two weeks, were rewarded by a light of ducks and Canada geese that amply paid them for their patience. J. H. Gray and M. F. Duncan, prominent members, were among the successful ones.

A successful shoot was held at Woodstock, Ont., live birds being trapped. At 10 pigeons, Thompson killed 7, Wright 5, Maynard 7, Bonnett 6, Hopkins 7, Davison 7, Gurnett 9.

The Youngstown, O., Gun Club is holding regular practice events, and the interest seems never to lag.

The Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, Can., has rented land, and will soon erect a club house that will accommodate the club and its friends.

The Newport and the Knoxville, Tenn., gun clubs are having some friendly club shoots. Newport won the first shoot with 8 points.

The Trenton, O., Gun Club was out for their regular shoot Saturday last. Shooting at 50 targets, G. H. Harvey broke 42, I. Heckman 41, Chas. Kerr 41, Leslie Baker 39, J. H. Kerr 34, Dr. Schoenfeld 25. H. Richter was the official scorer.

George Premo, of Amasa, one of the famous hunters of the Northwest, and prominent member of the Menominee, Mich., Gun Club, was seen in Menominee last Thursday, and a delightful time had he while meeting and shaking hands with all the old club members.

There is a league of clubs about to be formed in the towns of Indiana and Ohio, with Centerville, Ind., as the instigator. It is thought that Denver and New Paris, O., will be selected as the prominent Ohio clubs.

The feature of the season for the Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., which came to an end Thursday, was the contest of A. C. Spencer and G. C. Williamson. For the eighth time this season these gentlemen have tied, and on the shoot-off Williamson won and was awarded the gun. J. R. Johnson won the gold badge which was donated by a manufacturer of guns. The secretary reports that his books show the shooting to have been much above the average. The season has been the most successful during the history of the club.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North New Jersey Shooting League.

THE final match of the season's team races was held Thursday afternoon Nov. 2, at Morristown, Montclair's team being pitted against Morris, and resulted in the defeat of Montclair. Scores:

Morris.		Montclair.	
Tunis	24	Moffett	21
Timmons	19	Cockefair	19
Brown	22	Perley	21
Pierson	21	Bush	19
Hoffman	20—106	Allan	21—101

This gives the Newtown club first place, she having won seven matches and lost one, while Montclair takes second place, having won six and lost two matches. Morris finished in third place, Orange in fourth, and Dover in fifth place.

In addition to the team race, some ten events were run off, some twenty-nine marksmen participating.

At the close of the shoot the contestants adjourned to Day's, where they sat down to a most enjoyable dinner. After dinner President Brickner called the members of the League to order. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved, the various prizes were distributed, and the annual election was proceeded with, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. A. B. Briekner, of Newton; Secretary, Mr. F. A. Trowbridge, of Morristown; Treasurer, Mr. Charles R. Whitehead, of Morristown. E. W.

Montclair Gun Club.

Saturday, Nov. 4.—The regular weekly shoot to-day brought out but seven shooters. The only good score was made by Babcock, in event 1, he breaking 24. This was all the more remarkable as the wind was blowing a gale at the time.

Events 4 and 5 were for the silver cup, at 50 targets, handicap. The event went to Boxall, he breaking 40; this with his handicap of 4 giving him a score of 44. All the scores recorded are net breaks, the handicaps as indicated being added targets for events 4 and 5 only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Babcock, 1	24	..	21	14	15	Cockefair, 0	16	..	18	19	19
Bush, 0	14	16	21	18	21	Boxall, 2	14	12	16	19	21
Doremus, 5	13	14	..	10	14	Winslow, 2	..	..	..	21	15
Holloway, 3	14	12	..	14	18						

Nov. 7.—Some sixteen men faced the traps at the Election Day shoot of the Montclair Gun Club to-day. Some five regular events for silver prizes were run off.

Howard and Allan tied for first prize in event 1, Howard winning first place in the shoot-off, Bush taking second prize.

In event 2, Howard and Clickner tied for first place, Howard again winning in the shoot-off. Four men tied for second prize, Allan winning out in the shoot-off.

In event 3, Bush, Allan and Hartshorn tied for first prize, Allan winning in the shoot-off.

In event 4, miss-and-out, Wallace easily won first prize.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	10		10	25	25	Targets:	25	15	10		10	25	25
Soverel	13	6	7	0	3	..	..	Batten	15	11	7	0	3	..	..
Holloway	17	11	2	1	..	..	..	Howard	21	13	8	0	..	..	..
Cockefair	17	8	4	5	..	17	22	Winslow	17	10	7	2	9	..	..
Nott	15	11	5	4	..	20	18	Wallace	17	8	5	6	..	..	17
Bush	20	10	8	0	5	21	20	McDonough	12	..	4	1	..	..	..
Allan	21	11	8	2	5	..	..	P Starrett	3	2	1	0	..	..	..
Doremus	16	9	6	1	..	..	..	W Starrett	3	2	..	0	..	..	..
Hartshorne	12	7	8	0	2	..	..	Clickner	19	13	7	0	9	..	..

Nov. 11.—But nine men faced the traps this afternoon, although it was the regular monthly shoot for the Chas. Daly Gun.

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 6 were for practice. Event No. 4, 15 targets, was won by Clickner, he taking home a box of cigars.

Event No. 5, 50 targets, handicap, added targets, for the Daly gun, was won by Boxall, he breaking 37 targets; this with 4 added, gave him a score of 41, and event for the month, the lowest winning score in the event to date.

Handicaps apply only in event 5 as added targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	15	50	25	Targets:	10	10	10	15	50	25
Winslow, 4	5	8	6	10	38	..	Cockefair, 0	..	8	7	10	40	19
Bush, 0	4	8	10	12	39	..	Howard, 2	6	5	9	7	37	..
Boxall, 4	6	7	5	11	41	18	McDonough, 14	..	..	4	..	38	8
Holloway, 6	7	..	7	6	35	..	Batten, 4	6	..	13	..	16	
Clickner, 0	..	7	9	14	37	17							

E. WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North Side Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J.—The main feature of the North Side Gun Club shoot on Nov. 4 was the team contest of the Trapshooters' League of Passaic and Bergen counties. The arrangements were that the Jackson Park Gun Club should shoot at the Oradell Gun Club's grounds. A telegram was received by Secretary G. A. Hopper on Friday, asking for a postponement, as the Oradell grounds were not in shape at present. The Oradell Club should have come to Paterson and shot at the Jackson Park Club's grounds instead of postponing their date. The Jacksons were then compelled to go to the North Side's grounds, where they were to shoot with the Mount Pleasant and North Side clubs, making a three-cornered match to start with.

Messrs. Jack Fanning and William Nichols, trade representatives, were present, and acted as referees with Mr. Dutcher. They gave every encouragement that a Dupont cup would be presented for competition in the League series.

The weather was windy, and affected the scores unfavorably.

Many who claim credit for the starting of the League, but the man who did all the work and who has been working nearly two years to get the clubs into a league is William H. Dutcher, of the Jackson Park Gun Club. He has never ceased his efforts. Now that he has succeeded, it is only right to let the trapshooters and followers of the pastime know to whom the honors belong. He also brought the professionals here on Saturday, as a step toward a trophy.

The Jackson Park Gun Club defeated both of their opponents in the team shoot. The scores were as follows:

Jackson Park Gun Club.		Mt. Pleasant Gun Club.	
Clickner	22	T Dunkerly	17
C Lenone	18	F L Van Houten	16
E Morgan	17	E Weaver	7
G Barry	11	H Van Houten	17
E Van Houten	12— 80	W Wilson	11— 68
North Side Gun Club.			
A Howard	5	C Tiddes	16
W Banta	14	M Breen	14— 66
C Lewis	17		

These matches will count in the League and make the positions of the teams to date as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.		Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Jackson Park	2	0	1.000	North Side	0	2	.000
Mount Pleasant	1	1	.500	Oradell	0	0	.000

In addition to the team matches the following events were held:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	25	25	25	25	Targets:	10	10	15	25	25	25	25
A Howard	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	C Lenone	7	9	10	..	18	19	..
W Banta	9	6	12	..	13	..	..	E Morgan	..	8	12	..	21	..	..
H Beckler	6	..	9	..	..	19	..	G Barry	..	4	10	..	15	..	..
C Lewis	4	..	9	..	..	..	..	S Doty	..	..	..	18	13	..	..
C Tiddes	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	E Van H'ten	..	9	..	11	..	..	..
B Terhune	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	I Dunkerly	..	8	11	..	..	..	..
W Wilson	6	..	..	17	..	..	..	F Van H'ten	..	4	9	..	16	..	..
M Breen	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	E Weaver	..	7	13	..	12	..	..
E Planten	..	2	6	9	..	..	..	H Van H'ten	..	7	8	..	15	..	..
H Wright	..	7	..	15	..	..	..	Walter Wilson	..	10	..	17	..	..	
Dr Atkinson	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	J Spaeth	..	..	..	19	13	18	..
A Veenstra	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	C Straight	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
J Wilkinson	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	Fanning	..	5	..	23	24	23	22
Clickner	7	8	14	..	20	15	..	Nichols	..	8	..	21	19	21	20

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Nov. 7.—Two squads of shooters attended the membership shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club on Election Day. The attractions at this meet of the club were two events of 5 targets each for loving cups, and three events for medals. These five were handicap events, and were won after several shoot-offs.

The two for cups were won by Brampton and Fisher. The three medal events were won by Dunning, Prugh and Stelle.

The last event, which proved the greatest attraction, was for free prizes and targets. The best man had first choice. Following are winners, scores and prizes: F. K. Stelle, 9, book; F. C. Bissette, 8, scarfpin; Byron Prugh, 7, stein; S. W. Dunning, 7, three pictures; A. K. Smith, 5, pipe; Martin, 4, cut-glass cruet; C. Fisher, 3, tobacco jar; Leon Da Four, 3, scarfpin; Leon Walters, 3, picture, and Stanley Brampton, picture.

Come along and help make the shoot interesting on Nov. 16 at the Bound Brook Gun Club grounds. Big time expected, fine programme. Race between Fleming, the holder of the E. C. cup and State championship, and F. C. Bissette.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	5	5	5	5	5	10	25	Targets:	5	5	5	5	5	10	25
Fisher	1	3	1	4	..	3	..	Du Four	..	..	..	..	0	0	3 ..
Dunning	3	3	3	1	..	7	..	Smith	..	..	..	..	2	2	5 ..
Stelle	2	2	3	3	4	9	..	Bissette	..	..	..	..	4	5	8 24
Brampton	2	..	3	..	1	1	..	Walters	..	..	..	..	0	1	3 ..
Martin	3	3	2	3	..	4	..	Prugh	..	..	..	..	..	4	7 ..
Pardoe	..	3	..	3	..	..	23								

F. K. STELLE.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I.—The Election Day shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club had the holiday cup as the chief object of competition. Thirteen shooters contested for it, and Mr. L. C. Hopkins, one of the most steadfast of the Crescent shooters, won it with a full score, 25. Mr. J. N. Teeter won the Stake trophy; he scored the limit, 25. There were eleven other trophy contests, so that the holiday shoot was one of keen activity. The scores follow:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: W. W. Marshall 15, Jere Scott 14, E. W. Snyder 12, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 12, F. Stephenson 11, J. Teeter 10, L. C. Hopkins 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: F. Stephenson 15, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 13, L. C. Hopkins 12, S. P. Hopkins 10, H. B. Vanderveer 6.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson 15, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 13, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 12, H. B. Vanderveer 10.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Jere Lott 25, D. C. Bennett 25, F. B. Stephenson 20, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 18.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Jere Lott 25, D. C. Bennett 22.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Jere Lott 14, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 13, F. B. Stephenson 13, D. C. Bennett 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson 15, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 12, L. C. Hopkins 11, S. P. Hopkins 7.

Holiday cup, 25 targets: L. C. Hopkins 25, F. B. Stephenson 24, W. W. Marshall 24, Jere Lott 23, C. A. Lockwood 23, D. C. Bennett 21, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 19, S. P. Hopkins 18, J. Teeter 17, C. E. Foster 16, E. A. Cruikshank 16, C. W. Hickling 16, E. W. Snyder 15.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Jere Lott 25, W. W. Marshall 23, D. C. Bennett 22, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 20, F. B. Stephenson 19.

Stake trophy, 25 targets: J. N. Teeter 25, L. C. Hopkins 24, F. B. Stephenson 22, E. W. Snyder 21, W. W. Marshall 20, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 19, C. A. Lockwood 18, C. E. Foster 18, S. P. Hopkins 18.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: W. W. Marshall 13, S. P. Hopkins 12, C. A. Lockwood 12, C. E. Foster 10, L. C. Hopkins 10, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 8, J. N. Teeter 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. A. Lockwood 15, E. W. Snyder 12, L. C. Hopkins 10, W. W. Marshall 10, C. E. Foster 8, E. A. Cruikshank 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: L. C. Hopkins 14, C. A. Lockwood 14, W. W. Marshall 14, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 13, S. P. Hopkins 13, J. N. Teeter 11, E. W. Snyder 8, C. E. Foster 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions: C. A. Lockwood 15, W. W. Marshall 10, L. C. Hopkins 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: L. C. Hopkins 14, W. W. Marshall 12, C. A. Lockwood 11, S. P. Hopkins 11, C. E. Foster 9.

Nov. 11.—The weather was of autumn's most delightful kind, with a light wind. There was a good attendance of shooters to participate in the eleven trophy contests of the afternoon.

The team series was begun, and Messrs. Lewis C. Hopkins and Lowell C. Palmer, Jr., scored the first win with a total of 48 out of 50.

In the November cup contest, Mr. Frank B. Stevenson, from scratch, scored a win with the excellent score of 24 out of 25, while two other scratch contestants, Messrs. Lowell M. Palmer, Jr., and A. G. Southworth, were close up with 23 and 22 respectively.

November cup, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
F B Stephenson	0	24	24	L C Hopkins	3	18	21
L M Palmer, Jr.	0	23	23	W W Marshall	3	16	19
A G Southworth	0	22	22	W C Damron	3	16	19
W J McConville	4	18	22	O C Grinnell, Jr.	1	14	15
Dr Keyes	1	21	22				

Stake trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

A G Southworth	0	22	22	C E T Foster	1	18	19
L M Palmer, Jr.	0	21	21	Dr Keyes	1	18	19
F B Stephenson	0	21	21	L C Hopkins	3	15	18
W W Marshall	3	18	21	W C Damron	3	7	10
O C Grinnell, Jr.	1	19	20	H B Vanderveer	3	5	8

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Stephenson 15, Hopkins 15, Palmer 14, McConville 14, Foster 13, Southworth 12, Marshall 12, Damron 11.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Hopkins 14, Stephenson 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Foster 15, Hopkins 14, Palmer 13, Southworth 13, Stephenson 13, Damron 13, Marshall 12, McConville 10, Vanderveer 9, Grinnell 7.

Team shoot, 25 targets, handicap: Southworth 22, Marshall 15; total 37. Stephenson 17, Grinnell 16; total 33. Palmer 24, Hopkins 24; total 48.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: McConville 15, Foster 13, Southworth 12, Damron 12, Keyes 10, Hopkins 9, Marshall 8, Palmer 8, Vanderveer 4.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Palmer 14, Foster 14, Grinnell 13, Southworth 12, Hopkins 12, Stephenson 11, Keyes 10, Marshall 8, McConville 7, Damron 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Foster 14, Palmer 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Palmer 13, Hopkins 13, Grinnell 13, Marshall 12, Keyes 12, Foster 12, Southworth 9, Damron 9.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer 14, Grinnell 14, Hopkins 13.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer 12, Grinnell 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Palmer 14, Southworth 14, Grinnell 14, Foster 13, Hopkins 13, Marshall 10, Damron 10, Keyes 6.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Southworth 13, Palmer 12, Grinnell 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Foster 14, Hopkins 14, Southworth 13, Grinnell 13, Palmer 11, Marshall 9, Damron 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Hopkins 13, Foster 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Foster 14, Hopkins 14, Grinnell 13, Southworth 13, Palmer 11, Marshall 10, Damron 8, Keyes 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Foster 14, Hopkins 14.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Foster 13, Hopkins 12.

Hudson Gun Club.

THE regular meeting of the Hudson Gun Club was held at the club's headquarters, 357 Newark avenue, Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 6, and called to order promptly at 8 o'clock by President Whitley.

After disposing of the minutes of the previous meeting, and "thrashing out the general affairs," New Business brought about much of interest to the large number of members present, many of whom had not attended previous meeting, at which very important matters concerning the welfare of the club had been discussed.

President Whitley and Secretary Hughes, in a most impressive manner told of "the wreck." They described in detail how some "loafers, hoodlums, thieves," or what not, had wantonly smashed everything but the house itself—traps, pulls, indicators, the stove, thousands of targets, chairs, pictures, wash-stand and all the dishes—and how these scoundrels had evidently finished up their job by planting the hammer in a cake of soap.

The place looked as though an expert wrecking crew had been paid double pay to demolish it, and had made a good job of it at that. Having recently purchased new traps and a liberal supply of targets, all of which went "under the hammer," the club and its workers, "Hughes, Kelly and Co.," were down in the mouth, to say the least; but that never-give-up spirit still prevailed, and they set to work and fixed up a trap or two, borrowed some missing parts and held a shoot on the regular shooting day following the wreck, under adverse conditions, of course; but the shoot was run off to the satisfaction of all.

The main subject before the club, however, was, "How shall we 'make good' for the coming big shoot?"

After the usual squabble so prevalent at all gun club meetings when matters of much importance is before the house, President Whitley took the bull by the horns and said, "That shoot will be held, windows or no windows, dishes or no dishes. I will appoint two special committees for this occasion; one to be known as the Shooting Committee, as follows: J. Hughes, Dr. Sergeant (Carl Von Lengerke), Joe Dohran and E. Heritage.

"The other, the House Committee: W. O'Brien, E. Brewer, Chas. Banta and J. Whitley. Both with full power to act."

The President then continued: "Now, gentlemen, we have been confronted with adverse conditions before, just prior to holding a big shoot; but our shoots and outings have always been successful, and everybody who has favored us with their presence on such occasions went home happy. I look to you to make the coming shoot and entertainment an equally successful event. Don't come back to me for advice, but go ahead and act. Call on me for assistance, if need be, and I'll help you."

After the meeting adjourned the Shooting Committee arranged to meet Monday, Nov. 13, to settle on a date for the shoot.

It goes without saying that the House Committee will have the house and grounds in order in time, and that the dinner they will serve to the club's guests on that day will be long remembered.

The Shooting Committee will buy suitable prizes to be shot for, and knowing the members of this committee, as I do, I can assure your readers that every one who attends that shoot at the Hudson Gun Club in December will not regret it, and will go home happy. The committee will leave no stone unturned to make this another of those memorial shoots and outings of that club. The date will be announced next week in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Further information may be had by addressing James H. Hughes, care the N. Y. Tribune, Park Row, New York city, or Carl Von Lengerke, 1263 Broadway, New York city.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 4.—The Peters badge was won by Parry, who was shooting in good form.

The English Hotel cup was won by Nelson Wise, of Noblesville, Ind., defeating Silas W. Trout, of Franklin, Ind., by scores as follows:

Trout ..... 23 23 21 20—87 Wise ..... 22 23 24 25—94

The visitors were J. W. Bell, St. Louis, Mo.; J. F. Trout, Franklin, Ind.; Wm. Burgett.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Hunter	18	23	23	25	22	14	Finley	..	19	23	22	24	..
Smoke	21	23	23	24	25	..	J W Bell	21	23	23	24	..	..
Parry	23	25	24	24	22	23	Daggett	12	11	16	13	..	..
Silas Trout	22	25	23	22	19	..	Scott	..	22	21	..	..	..
Harvey	17	19	19	24	21	..	D S Mith	..	18	21	..	..	..
Moore	24	24	21	24	21	..	Sam Hice	..	..	19	21	..	..
Southeren	15	21	11	18	..	..	Dickman	..	25	22	25	23	..
W Burgett	..	12	..	16	..	..	J F Trout	..	..	..	17	..	..
Moller	19	23	20	23	..	..	Armstrong	..	17	20	..	..	..

Nov. 11.—Scott won the Peters badge. The quail shooting season is on in Indiana, which accounts for the small attendance. The Indianapolis Gun Club is receiving many inquiries from shooters in different parts of the country as to whether we were an applicant for the G. A. H. for 1906. In answer we would say we are, and should we be successful in securing the honor again, we will have some surprises for the boys when they arrive.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Moller	13	18	18	17	21	..	..
Michaelis	21	18	23	22	18	..	..
Harvey	11	11	10	13	8	..	..
Habich	9	10	19	16	15	..	..
Scott	19	22	19	20	14	..	..
Beck	18	20	11	17	..	..	..
Parry	23	23	20	20	17	19	..
Silas Trout	22	22	24	22	21	22	23
Daggett	10	15	9	11	7	..	..
Armstrong	18	20	16	17	19	..	..
Finley	20	20	18	18	..	..	..
Moore	20	19	23	23	..	..	..
Hise	17	17	..	..	..	..	..

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

New England Kennel Club.

BRAINTREE, Mass., Nov. 11.—The special autumn shoot was attended by some of the most skillful shots of the New England Kennel Club to-day.

The three classes, A, B, and C, performed well in the 50-target double-barrel event. Each class was allowed a handicap. The prize for Class A was a copper and brass Russian pitcher. It was won by Mr. Wm. F. Beal, with a score of 44. The prize in Class B, an antique pewter bowl, was won by Mr. R. O. Harding, with a score of 44. The Russian copper cup, prize for Class C, was won by Mr. J. C. R. Peabody. Scores:

Class A:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
W F Beal	42	2	44	R H Morgan	39	0	39
Dr C G Weld	42	0	42	F H Stone	36	0	36
Thos Silsbee	41	0	41				

Class B:

R O Harding	37	7	44	W R Goodnow	29	4	33
Gardner Perry	39	3	42	A H White	26	4	30
H N Richards	32	4	36				

Class C:

J C R Peabody	28	12	40	W B Emery	26	9	35

In the regular double-barreled contest William F. Beal, Thos. Silsbee, Dr. C. G. Weld and J. C. R. Peabody were tied for first place with scores of 21, and in the shoot-off, which followed, Mr. Beal won the leg. The scores:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
W F Beal	20	1	21	F H Stone	19	0	19
Thos Silsbee	21	0	21	R H Morgan	19	0	19
Dr C G Weld	21	0	21	G Perry	16	3	19
J C R Peabody	13	8	21	W R Goodnow	15	3	18
R O Harding	17	3	20	W B Emery	13	5	18
H N Richards	16	4	20				

The weekly cup shoot was omitted.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Nov. 7.—There was some wind, but the weather was pleasant. On account of being short of targets, the prize events were called off.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Twenty-gauge	13	14	12	..	..	..	11	11
Frank Butler	..	10	15	13	13	11	14	13
Staples	12	15	14	12	13	9	13	10
Bergen	8	8	12	10	10	12	11	..
Capt Dreyer	8	7	13	5	8	4	2	..
Welles	14	14	15	14	13	14	15	14
Schorty	..	..	..	14	15	12	..	..
Buster Brown	..	12	13	14	13	9	13	13
Carolan	..	4	6	2	9	7	10	..
Dr Goubeaud	..	7	4	5	10	10	11	..
Creater	..	12	15	14	8	14	14	13
O N T	..	12	13	11	9	12	11	..
Fransiola	..	3	3	7	8	8	5	..
Tallman	..	10	7	..	8	..	..	..
Fimekbender	..	..	2	2	2	3	..	..
Tallman, Sr.	..	..	..	7	..	9	..	..
Craft	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Events Nos. 1 to 7 inclusive were made at the regular bi-monthly practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club Nov. 11. Nos. 8 to 10 were made Oct. 29. W. T. Clark, after a year's absence from the traps, did the best shooting by far to-day, making one run of 35 straight. We were glad to have with us two of our new members, Mr. L. G. Read, of Fishkill Landing, and Samuel McDonald, of Yonkers. Mr. Read had shot but twice at clay targets, and he made a good showing. No. 4 was from 20yds., use of two barrels allowed:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	25	25	25
C G Blandford	6	7	10	8	5	10	9	22	22	23
L G Read	3	5	3	4	2	8	5	..	..	..
S R McDonald	8	7	7	3	8	13	9	..	..	..
W A T Clark	9	7	10	9	10	15	7	..	..	..

C. G. B.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

IN THE LODGES OF THE BLACKFEET.

WE begin to-day the publication of a series of chapters descriptive of life with a wild people on the Western plains. It is a graphic and intimate picture, such as perhaps has never before been written; and its interest will prove to be well sustained to the end.

PRIZES FOR GAME HEADS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers three prizes of $20, $10 and $5 respectively for the best moose heads secured in the year 1905 in the hunting grounds of the United States and Canada.

It offers also three prizes of $15, $10 and $5 respectively for the best white-tail deer heads taken in the hunting season of 1905 in the United States or Canada.

The heads will be judged from photographs submitted to the FOREST AND STREAM. In estimating their merits the two qualities of size and symmetry will be taken into consideration. With the photograph of each head must be sent a memorandum of the place and the time of its taking and the name of the person taking it. The competition will be open to amateur hunters only; and with this single restriction it will be open to the world. There are no entrance fees. The photographs submitted will be the property of FOREST AND STREAM. Entries for the competition must be made not later than Jan. 15, 1906. The awards will be determined by a committee of representative sportsmen to be announced later.

DRUMMING OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

FEW subjects have been so much discussed by sportsmen as the whistle of the woodcock and the drumming of the ruffed grouse. To the latter sound much mystery has always attached. The dull roll of thunder comes out of the air, from a distance, in the depth of the forest, and excites the wonder of the listener, but its direction and its distance seem so uncertain that he is not likely to try to find it. Few persons have seen the bird in the act of drumming, and of those few, a still smaller number have been trained to observe the ways of nature or to draw just conclusions from what they may have seen. Nevertheless, many people—some observers and some mere theorists—have expounded their views on the subject. It has been declared that the grouse drums by beating his wings against the object on which he stands, against his own body, or against each other above the back; but none of these have satisfied all the conditions and all are to be rejected. The best descriptions of the drumming ever given is that by Mr. William Brewster, printed in the old American Sportsman, in 1874, and the still earlier one of Audubon in his "Birds of America."

In this year of 1905, however, Prof. C. F. Hodge, of Clarke University, carried on a series of observations on his domesticated ruffed grouse which point to another explanation, and which, illustrated by a multitude of photographs, appear to show that the sound is made by the rapidly repeated blows of the stiff wing quills against the erected and expanded feathers of the side, which thus form a feather cushion. Professor Hodge says: "In fact, the sound, so far as quality goes, can be best imitated by striking with a wing properly stretched or even a concave fan on an extremely light eiderdown cushion." Professor Hodge conjectures, too, that the bird while drumming fills the air sac of the breast and abdomen. "In this way the contour surfaces of the strong wing supports along the sides are made to inclose a large cavity filled with air and this acts like the resonance chamber of a drum, and yields the booming throb to the air."

Many ornithologists, judging by analogy from the habits of other grouse, have conjectured that the air sac at the sides of the neck had some—as yet entirely undetermincd—relation to the drumming of the grouse. This, of course, remains to be proved.

Certainly no one has ever had such ample opportunity for studying and recording by photography the drumming of the ruffed grouse as had Professor Hodge, who, in two days, took no less than forty photographs of the bird in action, and his account, illustrated by these pictures in the Country Calendar, must be regarded as the most important contribution ever made to the subject.

Professor Hodge believes, as has long been agreed, that the drumming of the ruffed grouse is a mating call. The fact that the bird drums in autumn is no valid objection to this conclusion, since many birds produce in autumn sounds which we are accustomed to regard as peculiar to the breeding season, though such sounds are often or usually made by young birds.

THE BOTTLE JOKE.

TO CONSTRUCT a joke which shall be piquant, pointed, pertinent and merry, is a matter of no small mental activity and endowment. Such witty brightness is far above the intellectual compass of the average jokesmith of business, who, with calm premeditation to earn his wages and support his family by the sweat of his brow, valiantly attempts to yank mental glistenings from his foggy sensorium. Thus come many pointless jokes.

The joke-maker has unlimited commercial incentive to joke to the limit of his capacity. The trade demand, even for fourth-rate wit or humor, far exceeds the supply, or the capacity to manufacture it.

The raw material, unfortunately, is long since second-handed, so far as it is available, inasmuch as it has been worked over and over from time immemorial. Even at that, it is limited in quantity, hence the trade demand, even for fourth-rate jokes, far exceeds the supply. This is an encouragement to him who produces the imitation or bogus product, and affords opportunity for malice to disport itself as humor.

Of the malicious jokes, none is more flagrant and false than the "bottle joke," that moss-grown play of the fat-witted which portrays the sportsman afield with a bottle around which man, dog and gun revolve. This has been served up from time immemorial in all its combinations, recasts, variants and attenuations, till a certain part of the non-sporting public would be justified in believing that a well-filled bottle was the essential part of a sportsman's equipment, and that sport itself was a mere pretext to betake oneself to the woods where, in seclusion, all constraint would be abolished.

No baser libel could be perpetuated on sportsmanship than that which seriously implies that the bottle is an integral part of the sportsman's outfit. The effervescent, mirthful joke, full of fun and merriment without malice, brightens the moments and benefits mankind; but the malicious joke, which leaves hurt and false opinion, is deserving of condemnation. A sportsman may be a total abstainer or he may not, precisely as other men in other vocations or avocations may be. Indeed, the sportsman of to-day is one and the same man in business and sport. In other words, the business men of America are all sportsmen, following sport in some one or all of its different forms of shooting, fishing, yachting, camping, etc.

However, in this matter, one's judgment should be fully tempered with charity, for the reason that the jokesmiths, earning their bread by a racking mental anguish, compared to which the sweat of the brow is as naught, are not unworthy of commiseration, not forgetting a kind thought for the public also. They are an ancient, venerable guild, of whom more was expected than their treasury contained. There are but few elementary jokes, the most honored of which are the mother-in-law joke and its attenuations, the doctor and his patients, etc., with the bottle joke, in all its variants of snakebites, lost key-hole, swaying lamp-posts, etc. With this dearth of rough joke material on the one hand, and the antiques of thought pervading the gray matter of the average jokesmith on the other, the true spirit is without doubt to feel thankful that the joking conditions have long since reached bed rock, and cannot become worse.

The bottle joke will probably survive, and bounce up in due season in the spring when the young man's mind or the old man's mind lightly turns to thoughts of fishing, and in the fall, when their mind turns to dog and gun, and perchance between time, when the days wax hottest, or the bleak, chilling winds sweep from the north, for a good thirst is not a matter of labor or sport, nor is the knowledge of what will best assuage it confined to guilds or classes.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.

THE recent contest between a pack of American hounds, the Grafton pack, of Massachusetts, Mr. Harry W. Smith, master, and the Middlesex pack, English hounds, of Virginia, resulted in a victory for the American hounds. With this victory there were associated the honors of which the Townsend trophy was the emblem, and the $2,000 stake. The official award, after two weeks of sport and critical observance of the packs' doings by the expert judges, was rendered as follows:

> We award the match and stake, together with the Townsend cup, to the Grafton pack, which, in our estimation, did the better work with the object of killing the fox in view.

The decision was signed by Mr. Charles McEachern, of Montreal, and Mr. James K. Maddux, of Warrenton, Va. The kill was an essential consideration in the match as contemplated, but as neither pack had killed within the official knowledge of the judges, that circumstance was necessarily omitted in consideration of the award.

There was a large gathering of fox hunters, gentlemen and ladies, who rode pluckily across country regardless of walls, ditches and rough going. Several hard falls occurred, but fortunately no one was seriously injured.

The race between the two packs, one American the other English, has much more of importance than appears on the face of it. For many years past, the American foxhound has been sneered at as a frivolity of the hunting field, by English fox hunters and by some American fox hunters who had seen the English hounds hunt in England, or who formed their opinions and derived their knowledge from hearsay. Some packs of pure English hounds were established in this country; but the rivalry between the respective supporters of the two kinds of hounds was uncompromisingly distinct. Some informal races were run in the past to determine which of the breeds was the better, but apart from establishing a general belief in the superiority of the American hounds, they were indeterminate. This race between the Grafton pack and the Middlesex pack, was run under all the formal conditions essential to an authoritative decision.

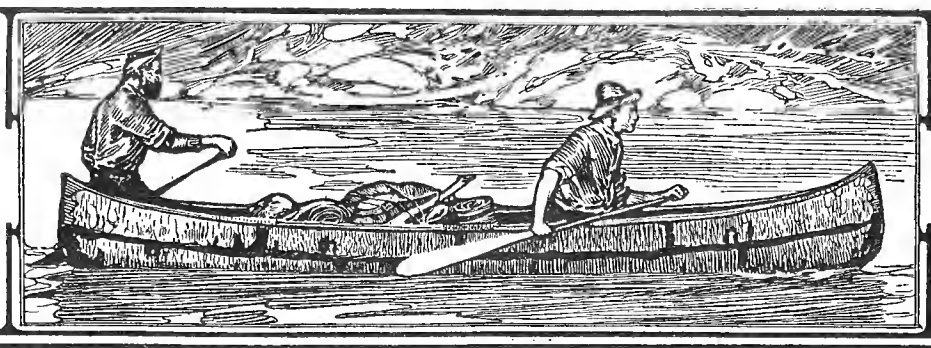
For the English hound, nearly all or quite all the attributes of excellence were claimed. In particular it was asserted that he was much faster, much more enduring and much more of a true foxhound than was his lighter-built, taller and less robust confrere of the States. On the other hand, the American fox hunter held that the heavy-boned, heavy-bodied and comparatively short-legged English hound was physically incapable of competing with the American foxhound, however much satisfaction he may give to English sportsmen on English fields.

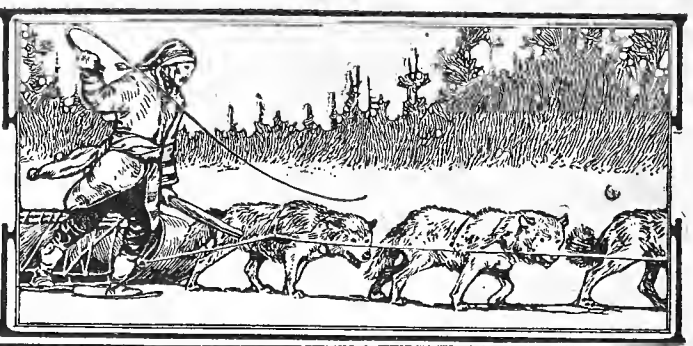
This match will accomplish much in officially establishing the long mooted question of superiority, although many more matches may be necessary before the matter is settled acceptably to all. One match can hardly be said to be absolute in its scope over all. The more matches there are the better for the sport. Nevertheless, up to the present the American foxhound has proved himself to be other than the frivolity of sport at which he was estimated by some who now know him better.

COMMISSIONER JAMES S. WHIPPLE has appointed Mr. John B. Burnham, of Essex, a district game protector. Mr. Burnham has been strongly supported as a candidate for the office of chief protector, and it is assumed that Commissioner Whipple has made him a district protector in order to qualify him for the larger office, the law requiring that the chief protector shall be named from the list of district protectors. If this assumption shall prove correct the appointment will be received with unbounded satisfaction by all the friends of the forest, game and fish who are cognizant of Mr. Burnham's qualifications for the office.

WHEN a man says that he prefers dogs to human beings it will probably be found that human beings prefer a dog to him.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

I.—Fort Benton.

WIDE brown plains, distant, slender, flat-topped buttes; still more distant giant mountains, blue-sided, sharp-peaked, snow-capped; odor of sage and smoke of camp fire; thunder of ten thousand buffalo hoofs over the hard dry ground; long-drawn, melancholy howl of wolves breaking the silence of night, how I loved you all.

I am in the sere and yellow leaf, dried and shrivelled, about to fall and become one with my millions of predecessors. Here I sit, by the fireplace in winter, and out on the veranda when the days are warm, unable to do anything except live over in memory those stirring years I passed upon the frontier. My thoughts are always of those days; days before the accursed railroads and the hordes of settlers they brought swept us all, Indians and frontiersmen and buffalo, from the face of the earth, so to speak.

The love of wild life and adventure was born in me, yet I must have inherited it from some remote ancestor, for all my near ones were staid, devout people. How I hated the amenities and conventions of society; from my earliest youth I was happy only when out in the great forest which lay to the north of my home, far beyond the sound of church and school bell, and the whistling locomotives. My visits to those grand old woods were necessarily brief, only during summer and winter vacations. But the day came when I could go where and when I chose, and one warm April morning in the long ago I left St. Louis on a Missouri River steamboat, bound for the Far West.

The Far West! Land of my dreams and aspirations! I had read and reread Lewis and Clark's "Journal," Catlin's "Eight Years," "The Oregon Trail," Fremont's expeditions; at last I was to see some of the land and the tribes of which they told. The sturdy flat-bottom, shallow-draft, stern-wheel boat was tied to the shore every evening at dusk, resuming her way at daylight in the morning, so I saw every foot of the Missouri's shores, 2,600 miles, which lay between the Mississippi and our destination, Fort Benton, at the head of navigation. I saw the beautiful groves and rolling green slopes of the lower river, the weird bad lands above them, and the picturesque cliffs and walls of sand stone, carved into all sorts of fantastic shapes and form by wind and storm, which are the feature of the upper portion of the navigable part of the river. Also I saw various tribes of Indians encamped upon the banks of the stream, and I saw more game than I had thought ever existed. Great herds of buffalo swimming the river often impeded the progress of the boat. Numberless elk and deer inhabited the groves and slopes of the valley. On the open bottoms grazed bands of antelope, and there were bighorn on nearly every butte and cliff of the upper river. We also saw a great many grizzly bears, and wolves, and coyotes; and evenings, when all was still aboard, the beavers played and splashed alongside the boat. What seemed to me most remarkable of all, was the vast numbers of buffalo we passed. All through Dacotah, and through Montana clear to Fort Benton, they were daily in evidence on the hills, in the bottoms, swimming the river. Hundreds and hundreds of them, drowned, swollen, in all stages of decomposition, lay on the shallow bars where the current had cast them, or drifted by us down the stream. I am inclined to believe that the treacherous river and its quicksands, its unevenly frozen surface in winter, played as great havoc with the herds as did the Indian tribes living along its course. Many and many a luckless animal, sometimes a dozen or more in a place, we passed, standing under some cut bluff which they had vainly endeavored to climb, and there they were, slowly but surely sinking down, down into the tenacious black mud or sands, until finally the turbid water would flow smoothly on over their lifeless forms. One would naturally think that animals crossing a stream, and finding themselves under a high cut bank would turn out again into the stream and swim down until they found a good landing place; but this is just what the buffalo, in many cases, did not do. Having once determined to go to a certain place, they made a bee-line for it; and, as in the case of those we saw dead and dying under the cut banks, it seemed as if they chose to die rather than to make a detour in order to reach their destination.

There were many places after we entered the buffalo country which I passed with regret; I wanted to stop off and explore them. But the captain of the boat would say: "Don't get impatient; you must keep on to Fort Benton; that's the place for you, for there you'll meet traders and trappers from all over the northwest, men you can rely upon and travel with, and be reasonably safe. Good God, boy, suppose I should set you ashore here? Why, you wouldn't in all likelihood keep your scalp two days. These here breaks and groves shelter many a prowlin' war party. Oh, of course, you don't see 'em, but they're here all the same."

Foolish "tenderfoot," innocent "pilgrim" that I was. I could not bring myself to believe that I, I who thought so much of the Indians, would live with them, would learn their ways, would be a friend to them, could possibly receive any harm at their hands. But one day, somewhere between the Round Butte and the mouth of the Musselshell River, we came upon a ghastly sight. On a shelving, sandy slope of shore, by a still smoldering fire of which their half-burned skiff formed a part, lay the remains of three white men. I say remains advisedly, for they had been scalped and literally cut to pieces, their heads crushed and frightfully battered, hands and feet severed and thrown promiscuously about. We stopped and buried them, and it is needless to say that I did not again ask to be set ashore.

Ours was the first boat to arrive at Fort Benton that spring. Long before we came in sight of the place the inhabitants had seen the smoke of our craft and made preparations to receive us. When we turned the bend and neared the levee, cannon boomed, flags waved, and the entire population assembled on the shore to greet us. Foremost in the throng were the two traders who had some time before bought out the American Fur Company, fort and all. They wore suits of blue broadcloth, their long-tailed, high-collared coats bright with brass buttons; they wore white shirts and stocks, and black cravats; their long hair, neatly combed, hung down to their shoulders. Beside them were their skilled employes—clerks, tailor, carpenter—and they wore suits of black fustian, also brass buttoned, and likewise their hair was long, and these latter, almost without exception, wore parfleche-soled moccasins, gay with intricate and flowery designs of cut beads. Behind these prominent personages the group was most picturesque; here were the French employes, mostly creoles from St. Louis and the lower Mississippi, men who had passed their lives in the employ of the American Fur Company, and had cordelled many a boat up the vast distances of the winding Missouri. Without exception these men wore the black fustian capotes, or hooded coats, fustian or buckskin trousers held in place by a bright-hued sash. Then there were bullwhackers, and mule-skinners, and independent traders and trappers, most of them attired in suits of plain or fringed and beaded buckskin, and nearly all of them had knives and Colt's powder and ball six-shooters stuck in their belts; and their headgear, especially that of the traders and trappers, was home-made, being generally the skin of a kit fox roughly sewn in circular form, head in front and tail hanging down behind. Back of the whites were a number of Indians, men and youths from a nearby camp, and women married to the resident and visiting whites. I had already learned from what I had seen of the various tribes on our way up the river, that the everyday Indian of the plains is not the gorgeously attired, eagle plume bedecked creature various prints and written descriptions had led me to believe he was. Of course, they had, all of them, such fancy attire, but it was worn only on state occasions. Those I now saw wore blanket or cow (buffalo) leather leggins, plain or beaded moccasins, calico shirts, and either blanket or cow leather toga. Most of them were bareheaded, their hair neatly braided, and their faces were painted with reddish brown ochre or Chinese vermilion. Some of them carried a bow and quiver of arrows; some had flint-lock fukes, a few the more modern cap-lock rifle. The women wore dresses of calico; a few "wives" of the traders and clerks and skilled laborers even wore silk, and gold chains and watches, and all had the inevitable gorgeously hued and fringed shawl thrown over their shoulders.

With one glance the eye could take in the whole town, as it was at that time. There was the great rectangular adobe fort, with bastions mounting cannon at each corner. A short distance above it were a few cabins, built of logs or adobe. Back of these, scattered out in the long, wide flat bottom, was camp after camp of trader and trapper, string after string of canvas covered freighters' wagons, and down at the lower end of the flat were several hundred lodges of Piegans. All this motley crowd had been assembling for days and weeks, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the steamboats. The supply of provisions and things brought up by the boats the previous year had fallen far short of the demand. There was no tobacco to be had at any price. Keno Bill, who ran a saloon and gambling house, was the only one who had any liquor, and that was alcohol diluted with water, four to one. He sold it for a dollar a drink. There was no flour, no sugar, no bacon in the town, but that didn't matter, for there was plenty of buffalo and antelope meat. What all craved, Indians and whites, was the fragrant weed and the flowing bowl. And here it was, a whole steamboat load, together with a certain amount of groceries; no wonder cannon boomed and flags waved, and the population cheered when the boat hove in sight.

I went ashore and put up at the Overland Hotel, which was a fair-sized log cabin with a number of log walled additions. For dinner we had boiled buffalo boss ribs, bacon and beans, "yeast powder" biscuit, coffee with sugar, molasses and stewed dried apples. The regular guests scarcely touched the meat, but the quantities of bread, syrup and dried apples they stowed away was something surprising.

That was a day to me, a pilgrim fresh from the effete East, from the "States," as these frontiersmen called it, full of interest. After dinner I went back to the boat to see about my luggage. There was a gray-bearded, long-haired old trapper standing on the shore looking absently out over the water. His buckskin trousers were so bagged at the knees that he seemed to be in the attitude of one about to jump out into the stream. To him approached a fellow passenger, a hair-brained, windy, conceited young fellow bound for the mining country, and said, looking intently at the aforesaid baggy knees: "Well, old man, if you're going to jump, why don't you jump, instead of meditating over it so long?"

He of the buckskins did not at first comprehend, but following the questioner's intent stare he quickly saw what was meant. "Why, you pilgrim," he replied, "jump yourself." And instantly grasping the youth by the legs below the knees he heaved him out into about three feet of water. What a shout of laughter and derision arose from the bystanders when the ducked one reappeared and came gasping, spluttering, dripping, ashore. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but hurried on board to the seclusion of his cabin, and we saw him no more until he pulled out on the stage the next morning.

I had letters of introduction to the firm which had bought out the American Fur Company. They received me kindly and one of them took me around introducing me to the various employes, residents of the town and to several visiting traders and trappers. Of the latter I met one, a man only a few years older than myself, whom I was told was the most successful and daring of all the traders of the plains. He spoke a number of Indian languages perfectly, and was at home in the camp of any of the surrounding tribes. We somehow took to each other at once, and I passed the balance of the afternoon in his company; we eventually became great friends. He still lives; therefore, as I may in the course of this story tell some of the things we did together, for which we are now both truly sorry, I will not give his right name. The Indians called him the Berry; and as Berry he shall be known in these chronicles of the old plains life. Tall, lean, long-armed and slightly stoop-shouldered, he was not a fine looking man, but what splendidly clear, fearless dark brown eyes he had; eyes that could beam with the kindly good nature of those of a child, or fairly flash fire when he was aroused to anger.

It was not half an hour after the arrival of the steamboat, before whisky dropped to the normal price of "two bits" per drink, and tobacco to $2 per pound. The white men, with few exceptions, hied to the saloons to drink, and smoke, and gamble. A few hurried to load their wagons with sundry kegs and make for the Indian camp at the lower end of the bottom, and another, still larger, ran out on the Teton as fast as their horses could run.

The Indians had hundreds and hundreds of prime buffalo robes, and they wanted whisky. They got it. By the time night closed in the single street was full of them charging up and down on their pinto ponies; singing, yelling, recklessly firing their guns, and vociferously calling, so I was told, for more liquor. There was a brisk trade that night at the rear doors of the saloons. An Indian would pass in a good head and tail buffalo robe and receive for it two and even three bottles of liquor. He might just as well have walked boldly in at the front door and traded for it over the bar, I thought, but I learned that there was a United States marshal somewhere in the Territory and that there was no telling when he would turn up.

In the brightly lighted saloons the tables were crowded by the resident and temporary population, playing stud and draw poker, and the more popular game of faro. I will say for the games as played in those wide open and lawless days that they were perfectly fair. Many and many a time I have seen the faro bank broken, cleaned out of its last dollar by lucky players. You never hear of that being done in the "clubs," the exclusive gambling dens of to-day. The men who ran games on the frontier were satisfied with their legitimate percentage, and they did well. The professionals of to-day, be it in any town or city where gambling is prohibited, with marked cards, false-bottom faro boxes and various other devices take the players' all.

I never gambled; not that I was too good to do so, but somehow I never could see any fun in games of chance. Fairly as they were conducted there was always more or less quarreling over them. Men a half or two-thirds full of liquor are prone to imagine things and do things they would recoil from when sober; and, if you take notice, you will find that, as a rule, those who gamble are generally pretty heavy drinkers. Somehow the two run together. The professional may drink also, but seldom when he is playing. That is why he wears broadcloth and diamonds and massive gold watch chains; he keeps cool and rakes in the drunken plunger's coin. In Keno Bill's place that evening I was looking on at a game of faro; one of those bucking it was a tall, rough, bewhiskered bullwhacker, full of whisky and quarrelsome, and he was steadily losing. He placed a blue chip, $2.50, on the nine spot, and coppered it; that is, he placed a small marker upon it to signify that it would lose; but when the card came it won, and the dealer flicked off the marker and took in the chip.

"Here, you," cried the bullwhacker. "What you doin'? Give me back that chip an' another one with it. Don't you see that the nine won?"

"Of course it won," the dealer replied, "but you had your bet coppered."

"You're a liar!" shouted the bullwhacker, reaching for his revolver and starting to rise from his seat.

I saw the dealer raising his weapon, at the same instant Berry, crying out, "Down! Down!" dragged me with him to the floor, everyone else in the room who could not immediately get out of the door also dropped prone to the floor. There were some shots, fired so quickly that one could not count them; then there was a short intense silence, broken by a gasping, gurgling groan. Men shuffled to their feet and hurried over to the smoke enveloped corner. The bullwhacker, with three bullet holes in his bosom, lay back in the chair from which he had attempted to arise, quite dead; the faro dealer, white, but apparently calm, stood on the opposite side of the table staunching with his handkerchief the blood from the nasty furrow a bullet had plowed in his right cheek.

"Close call for you, Tom," said some one.

"He sure branded me," the dealer grimly replied.

"Who was he? What outfit was he with?" was asked.

"Don't know what his name was," said Keno Bill, "but I believe he rolled in with Missouri Jeff's bull train. Let's pack him into the back room, boys, and I'll get word to his friends to come an' plant him."

This was done; the blood-stained chair was also removed, ashes were scattered on some dark spots staining the floor, and after all hands had taken a drink on the house, the games were resumed. Berry and I strolled out of the place. I felt queer; rather shaky in the legs and sick at the stomach. I had never before seen a man killed; for that matter, I had never even seen two men in a fist fight. I could not forget that terrible death gurgle, nor the sight of the dead man's distorted face and staring eyes.

"Awful, wasn't it?" I remarked.

"Oh, I don't know," Berry replied, "the fish got what he was looking for; these bad men always do, sooner or later. He started first to pull his gun, but he was a little too slow."

"And what next?" I asked. "Will not the dealer be arrested? Will we not be subpœnaed as witnesses in the case?"

"Who will arrest him?" my friend queried in turn. "There are no police, nor officers of the law here of any description."

"Why—why, how, then, with so many desperate characters as you evidently have here, how do you manage to preserve any form of law and order?"

"Seven—eleven—seventy-seven," Berry sententiously replied.

"Seven—eleven—seventy-seven," I mechanically repeated. "What is that?"

"That means the Vigilance Committee. You don't know exactly who they are, but you may be sure that they are representative men who stand for law and order; they are more feared by criminals than are the courts and prisons of the East, for they always hang a murderer or robber. Another thing, do not think that the men you saw sitting at the tables in Keno Bill's place are, as you termed them, desperate characters. True, they gamble some, and drink some, but on the whole they are honest, fearless, kind-hearted fellows, ready to stay with a friend to the end in a just cause, and to give their last dollar to one in need. But come. I see this little shooting affair has sort of unnerved you. I'll show you something a little more cheerful."

We went on up the "street" to a fair-sized adobe cabin. Through the open doors and windows came the strains of a violin and concertina, and the air was about as lively a one as I ever had heard. Many and many a time I heard it in after years, that and its companion dance pieces, music that had crossed the seas in the ships of Louis XV., and, taught by father to son for generations, by ear, had been played by the voyageurs up the immense length of the Mississippi and the Missouri, to at last become the popular music of the American in the Far Northwest.

We arrived at the open doorway and looked in. "Hello, Berry, come in, old boy," and "Bon soir, Mons. Berri, bon soir; entrez! entrez!" some of the dancers shouted; we went in and took seats on a bench against the wall. All of the females in the place were Indians, and for that matter they were the only women at that time in all Montana, barring a few white hurdy-gurdy girls in the mines of Helena and Virginia City, and of the latter the less said the better.

These Indian women, as I had remarked in the morning when I saw some of them on the levee, were very comely, of good figure and height, and neatly dressed, even if they were corsetless and wore mocassins, far different indeed from the squat, broad, dark natives of the eastern forests I had seen. And they were of much pride and dignity; that one could see at a glance. And yet they were what might be termed jolly, chattering and laughing like so many white women. That surprised me. I had read that Indians were a taciturn, a gloomy, silent people, seldom smiling, to say nothing of laughing and joking with the freedom and abandon of so many children.

"This," Berry told me, "is a traders' and trappers' dance. The owner of the house is not at home, or I would introduce you to him. As to the others"—with a sweep of his hand—"they're too busy just now for any introduction ceremony. I can't introduce you to the women, for they do not speak English. However, you must dance with some of them."

"But, if they do not speak our language how am I to ask them to dance with me?"

"You will walk up to one of them, the one you choose, and say: 'Ki-tak-stai pes-ka'—will you dance?"

I never was what you may call bashful or diffident. A quadrille had just ended. I boldly walked up to the nearest woman, repeating the words over and over that I might not forget them, bowed politely, and said "Ki-tak-stai peska?"

The woman laughed, nodded her head, replied "Ah," which I later learned was yes, and extended her hand; I took it and led her to a place for another quadrille just forming. While we were waiting she spoke to me several times, but I could only shake my head and say: "I do not understand." Whereupon she would laugh merrily and say a lot more in her language to her neighbor, another comely young woman, who would also laugh and look at me with amusement in her eyes. I began to feel embarrassed; I'm not sure that I did not blush.

The music struck up and I found that my partner was a light and graceful dancer. I forgot my embarrassment and enjoyed the quadrille, my strange partner, the strange music and strange surroundings immensely. And how those long-haired, buckskin-clad, moccasined plainsmen did caper and cut pigeon wings, and double shuffle, and leap and swing in the air! I wondered if I could ever, since that seemed to be the style, learn to do likewise. I determined to try it anyhow, but privately at first.

The quadrille ended I started to lead my partner to a seat, but instead she led me over to Berry, who had also been dancing, and spoke rapidly to him for a moment.

"This," said he to me, "is Mrs. Sorrel Horse. (Her husband's Indian name.) She invites us to accompany her and her husband home and have a little feast."

Of course we gladly accepted and after a few more dances departed. I had been introduced to Sorrel Horse. He was a very tall, slender man, sorrel haired, sorrel whiskered, blue eyed, a man as I afterward learned of extremely happy temperament under the most adverse conditions, a sincere and self-sacrificing friend to those be liked, but a terror to those who attempted to wrong him.

Sorrel Horse's home was a fine large Indian lodge of eighteen skins, set up beside his two canvas covered wagons near the river's bank. His wife built a little fire, made some tea, and presently set before us the steaming beverage with some Dutch oven baked biscuits, broiled buffalo tongue, and stewed bull berries. We heartily enjoyed the meal, and I was especially taken with the luxurious comfort of the lodge; the soft buffalo robe couch upon which we sat, the sloping willow back rests at each end of it, the cheerful little fire in the center, the oddly shaped, fringed and painted parfleches in which Madam Sorrel kept her provisions and her various belongings. It was all very new and very delightful to me, and when after a smoke and a chat, Sorrel Horse said: "You had better camp here for the night, boys," my happiness was complete. We went to sleep on the soft couch covered with soft blankets and listening to the soft murmur of the river's current. This, my first day on the plains had been, I thought, truly eventful.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

The Free Trappers.

MR. JOHN HEALEY, of early Montana and early Alaska days, writes to Mr. Tappan Adney, who had sent him a copy of Hamilton's "My Sixty Years on the Plains": "I thank you for 'Wild Cat's' book. I received it last night at 9 o'clock, and finished reading it before going to sleep. I like Bill, and he is all he claims for himself. The story of his life is good. I knew him very well, and have always admired the man. That he is still living seems wonderful, for Bill was an old man when I knew him forty years ago. I mean he was an old mountaineer.

It was give-and-take in those days, and life was cheap. A man had to take care of himself. The free trappers were all independent men, who would not work for any company. They got credit for their hunting, paid their bills and dissipated their money racing horses and outfitting their women. I have outfitted many of these men, and a better lot never lived. In the Whoop country they were known as wolfers—Belly River wolfers. They were without any doubt the bravest and best men I ever knew. I can't say enough for them. All rivalry ceased when one or more was missing, and whenever volunteers were called for to go in search of the missing ones, the trouble was to keep too many from going. Many of these men have seen the passing of the buffalo, the wolf and the Indian; and now they are riding the plains with buggies and autos just the same as you are doing in the East. I can't help taking off my hat to some of my comrades; they have developed into some of the finest specimens of the Western citizen."

Capt. Luther S. Kelly, better known as Yellowstone Kelly, and now agent of the San Carlos Apaches, writes of the author of "My Sixty Years on the Plains":

"Bill Hamilton was the best sign talker in the Northwest. He talked so fast the Indians had to pay close attention to him."

The author's observations upon the habits and customs of the Indians, the ways of wild beasts and their characteristics, and his accounts of the hardships and hazards of the trapper's life—"one day all calmn and peaceful, the next surrounded by hostile Indians"—are very interesting. They describe a phase of our development that has all but passed away. The very simplicity of the story, the absence of any endeavor after "style" or effect, make it the more entertaining.—Detroit Free Press.

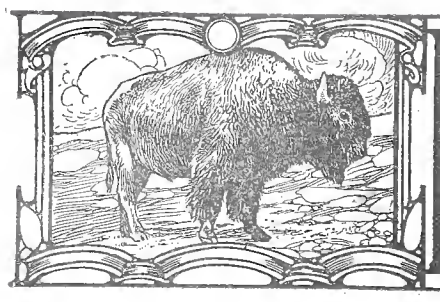
Surgery in the Camp.

NOTRE DAME BAY, Newfoundland, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read the letter in your issue of Nov. 4 from R. S. Spears on a "Bit of Camp Surgery." Something like Mr. Spears' case happened to me. In the fall of 1903 I was in camp at Patrick's Marsh, one of the best caribou haunts in Newfoundland. Before leaving home I had cut off the top of the second finger of my left hand. It was so sore that I let no one know of it, fearing that its state would prevent my going on the trip. The first day in camp I struck the sore so badly that the wound was opened and it bled. During the night it pained so much that no rest could be had. One of the party, a man from the Bay and used to nature's remedies, inquired the cause of my trouble. When he saw the finger he said he would fix it up all right. He procured some turpentine, or little lumps of the fir tree. This he burnt in an iron spoon to take off the spirits or to reduce its strength. The cut was then well covered with the salve and bound up lightly. That night sweet was the sleep, and three days after the cut was clean and the flesh filling up. Within a week the finger was sound. BEOTHICK.

Brazilian Woods.

ACCORDING to Handel and Industrie Brazilian forests are furnishing a good field for the investment of foreign capital. Cabinet woods of many kinds abound, are easy to get at and fairly easy to get out. Only small quantities have been exported. This is due to a lack of enterprise on the part of Brazilians. A German consular officer, writing to his government, points out the enormous possibilities of Brazil's forests and calls attention to the fact that an American company, with $5,000,000, is beginning to exploit some of the best regions. He assigns as a reason for the backward state of the lumber trade the fact that communication with the woods was bad, freights and wages high. The new company hopes to overcome all these by the application of modern transportation and milling methods. For example, an elevated swinging railroad will take the logs out of the woods to the mills and the mills will be near or on good roads.

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NATURAL HISTORY



Papers at the A. O. U. Congress.

THE twenty-third annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union was held at the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, with the exception of the final session, which was at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Meetings open to the public were held forenoon and afternoon, Nov. 14, 15 and 16, the programmes being made up of the reading, illustration and discussion of papers by members Luncheon was served at noon on each of the three days by the Linnæan Society of New York, and on the evening of the 18th the members met at the Hotel Endicott at an informal dinner.

At the opening session "Some Unpublished Letters of Wilson and Some Unstudied Works of Audubon," by Witmer Stone, Philadelphia, Pa., was the first paper. It was received with the interest always shown by bird students for the works of these pioneer American ornithologists. In "The Evolution of Species through Climatic Conditions," Dr. J. A. Allen, New York city, spoke of the manner in which our present geographic races illustrated the differentiation of species whose distribution covered a wide area, including very diverse climatic conditions, which in time affected the plumage and appearance of the birds. In a paper on "Summer Birds of the Mt. Marey Region in the Adirondacks," Elon H. Eaton, Canandaigua, N. Y., enumerated many birds, and recounted interesting facts regarding them in their northern forest home. The final paper of the morning was "Pelican Island Revisited." by Frank M. Chapman, New York city. Mr. Chapman illustrated his paper by a beautiful series of views of the home life of these interesting birds on their own exclusive island in the Indian River region of Florida. This island is now a Government reservation, set apart especially for these birds, and is the only place on our coasts where they breed. The slides showed old birds and young, or varying sizes, nests, eggs and method of feeding, in which the young bird puts its head well into the throat of the parent.

The first paper on the afternoon programme was "Some Breeding Warblers of Demarest, N. J.," by B. S. Bowdish, Demarest, N. J., illustrated by lantern slides. Ten species were enumerated as known to breed as follows: Black and white, blue-winged, yellow, chestnut-sided, black-throated green, oven bird, northern yellow-throat, yellow-breasted chat, hooded, redstart and the Louisiana water thrush, and several others were spoken of as probably breeding, though nests had not been found by the author. Thirty slides of birds, nests, eggs, young and nesting sites illustrated the paper. The second paper was "Notes on Wing Movements in Bird Flight," illustrated by lantern slides, by William L. Finlay, Portland, Oregon. Mr. Finlay has accomplished the most remarkable results in certain branches of bird photography, notably birds on the wing, probably, of any living photographer and nature student, and the series of slides shown on this occasion were a wonderful revelation of his success along this line. The possibilities of bringing out the principles of wing movement in flight were strongly indicated, though Mr. Finlay regards his work as only a step in this direction. In a paper on "The Status of Certain Species and Sub-species of North American Birds," J. Dwight, Jr., New York city, following a line of reasoning which he adopted several years ago, regarding the procedure of the American Ornithologists' Union in the matter of nomenclature, argued against the hair-splitting methods of differentiation that has led to such confusion in the case of certain geographical forms. The case was discussed from the opposite side by Mr. Oberholser, impartially by Dr. Allen, and very strongly in favor of a more simple and less complicated method by Mr. D. G. Elliot. The last paper of this session was "Wildfowl Nurseries of Northwest Canada," by Herbert K. Job, Kent, Conn. Mr. Job is one of the pioneer bird photographers, and his work is among the best. His slides illustrated the home life of the waterfowl, which are still to be found in great colonies in this wild northern country.

After the dinner of that evening the members returned to the Museum for an informal reception, at which there was a demonstration of a new projection apparatus. This apparatus not only projects slides, but a magnified and beautifully clear colored reflection of any small object, introduced into the objective, is thrown in color on the screen.

The first paper of the morning session of the second day, "Andreæ Hesselius, a Pioneer Delaware Ornithologist," by C. J. Pennock, Kennett Square, Pa., dealt principally with extracts from the note books of this Swedish missionary, whose observations were made some 200 years ago. At that time ornithological observations were few, and those included in these notes were extremely interesting, and couched as they were, in the quaint style of the time, often very amusing. Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia, Pa., discussed "The Probability of Error in Bird Migration Records." Mr. Stone spoke of the conditions that tend to admit error in the records as gathered by single isolated observers and recorded the methods he has adopted, of grouping observers in parties of three or four, who practically cover the same ground, thus affording the opportunity of checking and averaging the observations of each by those of the others. Mr. Stone followed this paper by one on "Some Observations on the Applicability of the Mutation Theory to Birds." The discussion which followed by Dr. Allen and others showed a disinclination to admit the applicability of this theory to birds. Henry Oldys, of Washington, D. C., followed with a discussion of "The Song of the Hermit Thrush." Mr. Oldys has for some time devoted himself to the study of bird song, and gave an interesting account of his experience in securing an opportunity to study the hermit's song, of his impressions regarding it, and its comparison to the song of the wood thrush. He gave some pleasing imitations of a variety of songs of each of these two species, and concluded by rendering a little song, the words of which he had composed, to the air he had recorded from the most accomplished of the hermit songsters to whom he had listened.

Mr. Chapman concluded the forenoon session with "Impressions of English Bird-Life," illustrated by lantern slides. Besides giving a number of views of English birds, the author gave views of the home and town surrounding of Gilbert White, as well as other characteristic English country scenes, and contrasted the conditions of bird-life in England and this country. England being described as possessed of fewer species but many more individuals.

The afternoon meeting opened with an exhibition of lantern slides and "Similarity of the Birds of the Maine Woods, and the Poeono Mountains of Pennsylvania," by William L. Bailey, Ardmore, Pa. The Pocono Mountain region has been but little worked as ornithological territory, and the author enumerated many species included as normally more northern breeding birds, some of them not having been previously recorded as breeding in Pennsylvania. Prof. Wells W. Cook, of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., followed with a paper on "Discontinuous Breeding Ranges." The author cited instances of birds found breeding in the southern extremity of the southern hemisphere, and the northern extremity of the northern hemisphere, while between the two extended a vast area over which they were not found during the breeding season. He also mentioned other instances, of species having restricted breeding ranges, separated by extensive longitudinal gaps. The final speaker of the session was Abbott H. Thayer, Dublin, N. H., who demonstrated his claims regarding protective coloration in animals, which, as he explained and abundantly convinced his audience, are not theories but facts. First regarding the views hitherto held of the efficacy of coloration harmonizing with surroundings, Mr. Thayer explained that this was dependent on the nature and effect of the light that the creature was seen in. His contention was that as the prevailing light conditions have the tendency to bring the upper parts into strongest relief, blending into least conspicuousness on the under parts. To counteract this tendency nature has colored her creatures darkest above, shading to lightest beneath. The speaker gave a demonstration of his contention by exhibiting an imitation of a leopard, ground color shaded as in nature, from darkest above to lightest beneath, also with the spots shown, and with a background painted in the same color as the animal. By alternately lighting from above and below the creature was made to disappear when seen in the normal, top light, and to stand out sharply, despite the exact similarity of color to background, when seen in a bottom light. Secondly, the speaker contended that the white upper markings on many creatures cannot be guiding signals for others of the same species, because from the pursuing creature's range of vision these markings would usually come against the skyline and therefore disappear against the sky. They are, therefore, of importance in reducing the creature's silhouette against the sky by subtracting the area of the part that thus blends into the sky. Mr. Thayer also gave a number of other demonstrations. The title of his paper was "The Principles of the Disguising Coloration of Animals."

The opening paper for the forenoon session of the final day was "The Collection of Birds in the New York Zoological Park," C. W. Beebe, New York city. Mr. Beebe gave many interesting experiences in connection with the various experiments that he has such an excellent opportunity of conducting at the Zoological Park, among others mentioning an experiment with two young white-throated sparrows hatched in the Park. These birds were fed in the same manner on the same kind of food, but one was kept in a cage out in the light and air under fairly normal conditions, while the other was kept indoors, in a rather dark place, and subjected to a moisture-laden atmosphere. At the first molt the two birds showed no perceptible change, but soon after the second molt Mr. Beebe found that the bird kept indoors had become an almost uniform dusky color, and with no trace to indicate the identity of the specimen. The skins of the two birds were exhibited. The second paper was "A Contribution to the Natural History of the English Cuckoo, with a Review of the Literature on the Subject," by Dr. Montague R. Leverson, New York city. Dr. Leverson corrected the erroneous statements that the young of the English cuckoo ejected the eggs and young of the bird in whose nest they were hatched, before the young cuckoo was twenty-four hours old, and that they had, at this period, a depression in the anterior portion of the back to enable them the more easily to effect this ejection. He illustrated his paper by drawings and photos, and apparently abundantly proved his contention. Dr. Dwight gave a paper on "Plumages and Status of the White-winged Gulls of the Genus *Larus*," illustrating his remarks with a considerable series of skins. He contended for the elimination of one recognized form, and for the recognition of another new form. A paper by Arthur T. Wayne, Mount Pleasant, S. C., on "A Contribution to the Ornithology of South Carolina, pertaining chiefly to the Coast Region," in the absence of the author, was read by Mr. Brewster. The list of species covered was a quite lengthy one, and was fully annotated. Mr. T. S. Palmer, in the absence of the author, read a paper by O. Widman, St. Louis, Mo., on "Should Bird Protection Laws be in the hands of the National Government?" The author contended that inasmuch as the birds were the guests of the nation, rather than of any one State, the National Government should have the supervision of their protection, thereby securing a uniform law, which otherwise could not be secured. Mr. Thomas S. Roberts, Minneapolis, Minn., related "A Lapland Longspur Tragedy," illustrated by lantern slides. On the night of March 13, 1904, during a heavy migration flight of these birds southern Minnesota, and northern Idaho, a severe sno storm occurred in this region during which thousands these birds struck the buildings, telegraph poles, wir and the ice on lakes, many being instantly killed ar others injured, some of the latter being revived in t houses and afterward liberated. Mr. Thomas stated th a conservative computation of the number which we killed was 750,000, but that he fully believed that 1,000,0 would be a more nearly correct estimate.

The afternoon session was held at the Brooklyn Inst tute of Arts and Sciences. Mr. F. A. Lucas, in behalf the Institute, welcomed the Union to the Institute. M Lucas was elected chairman of the meeting. Mr. Georg K. Cherrie, New York city, spoke on "The Hoatzin ar other South American Birds." The exhibition of spec mens to illustrate this paper were viewed later. M Cherrie spoke of the habits of this interesting bird, whic while young, has claws on the wings, used like the hoo on the wings of bats, to assist in climbing. They are lo before the bird reaches maturity. The species nes where the structure will be over water when the eggs a laid, and the eggs are not laid until the river rises suf ciently to inundate the lower part of the tree in whic the nest is built. The last paper of the Congress wa "Among the Water Birds of Southern Oregon," by Wil iam L. Finley, of Portland, Oregon. This paper wa illustrated by a very large series of beautiful slides, show ing the bird life in the great rookeries of this still wil region. The congress was then adjourned. The mem bers were served with refreshments by Mr. and Mr Lucas and the exhibitions of specimens in the museu were afterward viewed.

On the morning of the 17th the members visited th New York Aquarium and then went to the New Yor Zoological Park, where they were entertained by M Beebe, who served refreshments. B. S. BOWDISH.

Daring Deeds of Dogs.

Malty in the Moccasin's Den.

BLACK, heavy, boiling clouds were massing in th southwest. The soft, sweet, voluptuous breeze had bee succeeded by an ominous calm. The gay music of mos of the birds had died away; even the noisy, irrepressibl yellow chat which here renders day and night hideou with his incessant screechings (which may seem mos entrancing music to his kin) was awed into comparativ silence. It was evident that "a clash of the elements was impending; and that, in the Ozarks, means some thing dreadful; for though we seldom get a visit fro a dangerous wind, the lightning and thunder are as ter rible as any region of the earth can produce. Sometime the thunder is so loud that a timid being wonders th very globe is not split open—and the concussion cause even the firmest substances to shake and rattle; whil the power of the lightning does not need to be merel guessed at, but leaves evidences "susceptible to ocula demonstration."

I have seen a round ball of red, white or blue light ning apparently twenty inches in diameter, crush an oa of at least equal thickness into cord wood and kindlin wood, and scatter the fragments in every direction mor than 100 feet—that is, they were distributed about th site of the tree in a circle over 200 feet wide. I hav known it to break off the upper half of a tall pine—abou eighteen inches thick at that part—and hurl the great heavy top sixty feet from the stump. Last summer fiv or six trees from fifty feet to 200 yards apart, and mos of the poles of a rural telephone line parallel with then for a distance of about a furlong, between Hot Spring and the Ouachita, were struck simultaneously, it i thought, by one and the same discharge. The awfu crash was heard at my home on the west side of the Ouachita, about three miles distant—indeed, it sounde as if it had bursted a mountain at our very ears.

This much I have said about the lightning terrors o the region to impress more fully upon the reader the desperate nature of the canine adventure I desire to try to narrate; which, though it may read like a chapte from a "blood and thunder" novel, will, nevertheless, be as literally true as my memory and judgment can make it.

Malty, my faithful friend and well-nigh inseparable companion, had called me forth—perhaps the "red gods" had something to do with it, too—and I was following her anxiously, for her excited manner—bristling and growling—indicated the proximity of something more formidable than a rabbit. What it was I never found out, for soon we came to the brook, and on the shore we were distracted by a new enemy, a good-sized water moccasin.

Now, Malty was not an invincible snake dog as Coallie now is. On the contrary she had been, up to this time, always so rattled at the sight of a snake that I did not consider it safe to allow her to attack one, even of the less venomous sort. Once she had poked her nose right into the jaws of a moccasin while I was pulling at her tail trying to prevent her, and the foe fastened his rough teeth into her so firmly that she drew him backward about a yard before tearing loose from him. Her body soon swelled to nearly twice its proper size, in spite of all I could do, and she was sick with the poison for about two weeks, during which time she refused all food and drink, and kept her head covered up in a dark corner of her room. When anyone uncovered her for examination of her wound she looked and behaved like one ashamed, and immediately hid her head if permitted to do so.

So I now reminded her of her former indiscretion and checked her rashness, while I cast my eyes about for a club, clod or any sort of weapon. Although the snake was surrounded with driftwood, I could not pick up

even a rotten stick before he tried to escape. Somehow all snakes seem afraid of me, and I must look one steadily in the eyes from the first if I would strike it ere it rushes away. Malty leaped after him in a fearful rage. He fell into the swift water, now so muddy that nothing could be seen an inch below the surface, for the rain had been literally pouring down for several minutes, and the sky was aflame with blinding lightning. "Great Jove" hurled his mighty thunderbolts right and left with such apparent recklessness that we couldn't imagine whether he favored our side or the snake's, or was against us all. A great pine was so near me that I ran on to another which had fallen long before and bridged the creek (a standing pine is not a safe companion in a thunder storm). Not that I felt much safer there, the pine was still too near; but I could not desert Malty now—poor little "fuss-and-trouble," she had always heretofore been so nervous about thunder. But on this occasion she seemed to defy everything to capture that snake. Perhaps she had made solemn vows of vengeance during her long illness.

As the snake struck the water another and larger one appeared at its side with wideopen mouth. This was more than Malty could forgive. She rushed out on the log beside me and instantly hurled herself down upon them, and all disappeared in the torrent.

Now comes the wonderful, the amazing, the incredible part of the story. I can't say how it was. I can't explain it. I only know it really happened, and was no dream.

Of course I expected her to reappear in a moment, and my mind worked very rapidly. I wondered if she would be bitten under water; if, under such circumstances, the bite would be harmful, if she could find or catch a snake under water, etc. But she did not come up; neither did any snake. I searched the water from bank to bank with my eyes; down stream, up stream, carefully scrutinized the shores. No dog. No snake. No living thing. I was alone with the flood, the ear-splitting thunder, the blinding lightning, the roaring tempest. Had I lost that faithful, loving, thinking, passionate dumb brute forever? Had some large aquatic monster actually swallowed her? Or, had she caught in a network of roots. Ah! that was it! The only likely thing. I had read of such a fate overtaking land animals.

I was tempted to plunge in—I was wet as could be already. But I believed I could search the bottom more quickly with a pole, and every second was most precious now. She might be struggling in awful agony on the bottom, might be drowning, might already be past help. I am not ashamed to say that I prayed for that little dog, while mentally recalling instances wherein I had been unkind and unjust to her. Never had she seemed so precious to me.

Sentimental? Silly? Yet, I believe all true sportsmen capable of so loving any really worthy dumb companion, only some would not admit it, even to their dearest friends. I certainly would not confess this "weakness" in FOREST AND STREAM if I believed its readers, in the main, held the contempt for animals that some do. I quickly found a long pole, with which I rapidly but carefully prodded the bottom all about. It did not come in contact with anything that felt at all like any animal. I was in despair.

Suddenly I heard a sound very different from the noise of the elements. I could not decide what nor whence it came. It seemed faint and far away. I soon decided, however, that it was near, and moved about to get the direction; whereat I noticed that it became more distinct as I neared the south shore, so I crossed over. Then I noted that it came from the ground. I kept on until I stood directly over the spot. The sound now became a furious, though muffled, barking, and the ground shook like the deck of a boat in a storm.

"Is it possible? Is Malty here, under this ground? How did she get here? There must be an outlet under the water! Humph! too much like a novel!" I mentally exclaimed.

"Malty! Malty!" I called aloud, and began tearing at the sticks and roots that were in part exposed, for I discovered that this was a drift thinly and irregularly covered with earth, although a space of two or three yards between it and the creek appeared solid ground.

I soon had her uncovered, but she was so eager after the snakes that she paid no attention to me, but kept on digging, barking and growling. The passages among the sticks were so narrow and tortuous, however, that the snakes kept eluding us for a long while, and I do not now recollect whether we got any of the snakes or not. My joy at her exploit made me comparatively indifferent to all that happened afterward for the remainder of the day.

This adventure suggests several interesting questions for naturalists and sportsmen to wrestle with, and I would be much gratified to see the subject discussed in FOREST AND STREAM by its well informed readers, especially by men of such wide experience as Cabia Blanco, Hardy, Captain Kelly and Jaques. Can a dog trail anything on or under water? Does a dog open and use his eyes under water very commonly? Can a dog use his teeth effectively under water without strangling? I have myself received evidences that say "yes" to all the foregoing, but want better proof if possible. How many of you have known dogs to perform really useful or interesting feats under water? Please speak up! What more widely interesting subject could you suggest to lovers of adventure or students of natural history?

Water and dogs. The sportsman's chief delights.

Since writing the foregoing I have noticed with sincere sorrow that our beloved fellow-contributor, Cabia Blanco, has passed on to the happy hunting grounds, and even at this late date I must ask to be permitted to declare my admiration and respect for him. So much has been said in his praise that I might seem simply following popular opinion were I to indulge in an extended laudation, so I will offer but one special tribute:

He was truthful, he was true to nature. My own comparatively limited experiences convince me of that, but instead of praising his style—it was too brief, too tantalizing; I often wished for details. There was never a word too much, nothing tiresome. L. R. MORPHEW.

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The Deer Park on the Farm.

SIERRA CITY, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The literature of venatic sports and pursuits is ever most interesting to me, and I presume it is so also to the generality of disciples of St. Hubertus, as is the fish story to the worshippers at the shrine of Izaak Walton. I turn almost instinctively to any yarn spun by a hunter, when I see it in print, particularly when I need diversion from the thoughts of my regular vocation. Furthermore, I desire "to get en rapport," as the spiritualists would say, with my surroundings if in a game country, and nothing seems so effective to that result as a periodical like FOREST AND STREAM, for perusal, or any story on hunting and game no matter what its source. Sometimes the story may be found in publications not of the class. Recently I picked up a copy of the Farm and Home Sentinel, of Indianapolis, and found an article by the editor in regard to the American deer and its association with man. Thinking it might be entertaining to others, I take the liberty of submitting it. WM. FITZMUCGINS.

Less than half a century ago it was very common in some parts of this country to see a certain portion of the larger farms permanently devoted to game—especially the native white-tail deer. The "deer park" was an important part of such farms, particularly to those of the old-fashioned gentlemen who settled the "military scrip lands" of midland and southwestern Ohio. These people brought with them the customs of their fathers from Virginia and the Carolinas. It seems hardly possible now to consider the small expense attending the founding and maintaining of a deer park in the earlier days of what once was the "Northwestern Territory."

Land, of course, was much cheaper then than now and the animals themselves could almost be had for the asking. To-day the "deer park" among farmers and even among country gentlemen is almost unknown in the Central West. In the old days the deer were no more of a luxtury than are the farmers' flock of turkeys to-day. A herd of deer increases rapidly, are not costly to feed, are easily kept in flesh and furnish venison for a large family, besides leaving plenty of it for market.

One of the staff writers of the National Stockman and Farmer, of Pittsburg, while on a visit to Washingtonville, Montour county, Pa., was invited to drive out to a farm one mile away to see some deer fed. In relating the story of his trip he says:

"I was surprised to find that a plain Pennsylvania farmer was keeping more than one hundred deer in a grove by his home. I spent a night in the home of this farmer, and when I awoke in the morning three deer were at their feed troughs near the house awaiting breakfast. During the next hour I counted seventy-five more as they moved out of the dense grove, making their way toward the feeding ground. As they approached with light step and grace of motion some fawns playing and some older deer watchful, I was sure that no prettier farm scene existed in America.

"A few weeks before this time I had visited the new Zoo, up in the Bronx Park, New York city, where the deer is a specialty, and there was nothing there to compare with the sight upon which this Pennsylvania farmer feasted his eyes twice a day when his deer came out in the open for their grain." This herd belongs to the Hon. Alexander Billmeyer, of Washingtonville, Pa.

The personal experiences of the owner with deer is full of dramatic contrasts. Mr. Billmeyer's original start was five does and a buck. In six years his herd had increased to one hundred head. Every doe usually has twins each June. In order to reduce the herd and keep it "within due bounds" Mr. Billmeyer sold a large number of the animals and prepared traps for taking them. This proved unfortunate. On account of the wild and timid nature the deer became panic-stricken and in their terror only twelve were caught in the traps, while twenty-two were killed in the effort. In addition to the twenty-two mentioned, a large number of others in their frenzy dashed themselves against trees and fences, many of them were killed outright and others were so crippled as to necessitate their being shot. Those left became so restless and troubled that both appetite and digestion were impaired, and when winter came on they were low in flesh and in no condition to bear its rigors. In spite, therefore, of the greatest care, several of the remaining herd perished from the cold.

Mr. Billmeyer also has a little herd of elk. The elk are much less numerous and less liable to panic than the deer. While the latter always seek shelter from the weather in heavy forest and thickets and even in sheds and shelters of man's construction, the elk remain out in the open in the very coldest of weather. Nature, as with other animals, has provided in a wonderful manner for the care and preservation of the young deer. There is nothing in the animal kingdom so beautiful and graceful, so timid and yet so trustful as the spotted fawns. They are easily "raised on the bottle" and adapt themselves readily to any new surroundings or circumstances.

The writer went out early one summer morning some years ago to kill a "black-tail" deer or two for venison. The particular hunting ground was at the base of the Sangre-de-Cristo Mountains, in Colorado, on the San Luis Park side. A fat doe was killed. The hunter discovered when too late that she had a fawn hidden somewhere in the mountain oak thickets. When carrying the quarters to the pack-horse the feeble cry of a human infant was repeatedly heard. As there was no house or road, nor even an Indian trail, within eight or ten miles, the presence of a baby was impossible, but the writer did not think of it then as the cry of a fawn. The piteous wail ceased and as the horses hidden in the ravine were approached something touched the hunter's boot leg, and looking down he found a most beautiful fawn two or three weeks old trotting contentedly between his feet. The heart of the hunter smote him as the little creature so trustfully followed, for the cruel fate of the mother was fresh in his mind. Taking it in his arms he mounted his horse and carried it home. There the tender-hearted housekeeper fed it on rich cow's milk. It took to the food and ways of the white folks from the first and grew amazingly. How it did thrive! The kind foster mother allowed it always to eat at the "first table." In a few months it drank coffee and tea like others and soon concluded that everything tasted better if shared with the housekeeper. From that on it drank from her cup and ate from her plate. It was inordinately fond of pickles and was so impolite as to clear the pickle dish at every meal. It followed those whom it loved constantly about like a dog.

At the end of a year "Jennie," as the doe was named, had grown to be several inches higher than the dining table and so strong that soldiers and cowboys alike dared not start any "rough house" games with her as formerly. Then her troubles began.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen came from Denver on a camping expedition through the mountains. The railroads had not then climbed the Sangre-de-Cristo passes. This party, with a just regard for the convenience of having numerous saddle horses at hand, camped for a week near the place bossed by the orphaned "Jennie." The third evening of their sojourn the party were guests at a formal dinner in the ranch dining room. The splendid doe, not being in possession of any "company manners," was ignominiously locked up in the private blacksmith shop of the place.

The soup had been served and the dinner was going off with all the smoothness and precision possible to a table presided over by a tactful woman, assisted by a detail of half a dozen men as waiters, when a tremendous racket was heard in the direction of the stables, followed by a crash of breaking wood and falling glass. The dismayed housekeeper barely had time to say, "Oh! it's Jennie," when around the corner of a building she came. With a squeal of anger, the long hairs on her back standing out straight, blood streaming from cuts on her face and a piece of window sash around her neck, she came leaping high in the air and striking the ground on all four feet; her eyes blazing with anger, she looked dangerous. Bounding into the dining room at one leap, she struck the table with a crash, breaking a stack of plates and throwing soup in every direction. The gowns of several ladies were ruined and the neatly pressed scissors-tail of the male guests had a disreputable look ever after.

This settled it. Jennie was to be turned into venison, but woman's influence came to the rescue. The patient housekeeper "put her foot down," so to speak, and declared that Jennie was practically one of the family and there should be no cannibalism in that mess room while she had anything to do with it. The next winter, however, the passes were piled deep with snow and toward spring a tobacco famine raged in the valley. In the ranch store room was tobacco enough to give the fifty men on the place a quarter ration for several weeks. But the door was left open and the deer who was passionately fond of the weed, had an hour to herself in that forbidden precinct. The result was the last tobacco in San Luis Park was eaten, trampled under foot and otherwise destroyed. The next morning Jennie was treacherous beguiled into "taking a walk" with the foreman. They entered the cottonwood thicket, where the town of Villa Grove now stands, and there poor Jennie died. On the banks of Kirber Creek she was buried and there she has reposed for these many years. It was believed by some that, like the educated Indian, she tired of civilized life, put on the blanket of the barbarian and returned to her native pastures on the sides of the Sangre-de-Cristos.

In the childhood of the writer ninety-four acres of the farm on which he was born were used for a "deer park." There were many such at that time, some larger, some smaller. In this enclosure were between thirty and forty deer. These were fed as carefully as any animals on the farm and were used for food or sold as the welfare of the herd or the circumstances of their owner dictated. A few of them leaped the fence and were killed by hunters. The Civil War turned the attention of men into new channels.

A small bunch finally remained in the park, led by an enormous stag. One day a lady undertook to walk through the deer park in spite of warnings. She was attacked by the stag, knocked down and her life was only saved by laborers who fought the brute with ax and pitchfork until so crippled that he had to be shot. The owner sold the remaining deer, turned the "park" into cultivated fields and from that on no deer have been held in captivity on that land or in that township. Thus the disappearance of deer parks in the Middle West is accounted for. One by one they were abandoned for various reasons until practically none are left.

Even considered as a luxury, a deer herd is not so expensive, and except for the increased value of land could be easily made to pay expenses. In the case of the herd spoken of by The Farm and Home Sentinel, something over a hundred deer and elk altogether, there is but 2,000 bushels of corn, oats and wheat screenings fed each year.

The Goose Came Back.

THE writer was informed by Capt. Handen B. Nicholas that his father, the late Robert C. Nicholas, of Buckingham county, Va., once caught a young wild gander, which he tamed, and for a long time it remained quietly and contentedly in the yard with the other tame geese. However, it disappeared in the spring after it was a year old. The following fall Mr. Nicholas heard in the air far above him what seemed to him a familiar "honk." Taking out of his pocket a large bandana handkerchief, with which he was accustomed to call together the geese by waving it when he fed them, he held it up in the air and waved it, and to his surprise the gander came to the ground with some young geese and a mate he had taken in the Arctic regions. They never left their home again, but remained all their lives perfectly tame and contented. This is not fiction but an established fact, and will be corroborated by Captain Nicholas if anyone wishes to verify it. It appears to the writer to be strong, steady proof of the fact that wild animals reason and are far more intelligent than they are generally believed to me.

BUCKINGHAM.

Vagaries of the Ruffed Grouse.

BEAUMARIS, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest andStream:* Recent notes on the peculiar freaks of ruffed grouse at certain seasons of the year, particularly the fall, bring to my recollection several instances where these birds have flown against buildings and other obstructions. The object of this letter is to tell of something which occurred only a few moments ago.

I was walking along the shore of Lake Muskoka, and was just passing a summer residence when I heard a whirr of wings, saw a ruffed grouse fly and then heard a loud, dull thud. On going down to the boat house, which is situated about twenty yards from where the bird rose, I found a ruffed grouse lying on the ground at the side of the boat house, with one of its wings extended, as though hurt. On going toward it, and when within two yards or so, it fluttered under the boat house, and must have escaped between some of the logs of the crib-work, as I did not get another glimpse of it.

On another occasion, in the fall of the year, I was estimating some pine timber on an island, and took my gun with me; I did not see any birds, but on arriving at the hotel about dusk, as I was standing on the outer edge of the verandah, a ruffed grouse coolly walked out from under the verandah with its usual jerky strut, directly under where I was standing. Needless to say I did not shoot it, and nothing would have induced me to do so under the circumstances.

I do not think these freaks are confined to the ruffed grouse, as I remember when a boy—we lived in the suburbs of a town in England, and several miles from any place where game birds were likely to be found—I was in the garden, and an English partridge flew up from under an apple tree. A boy friend of mine also shot an English hen pheasant a few hundred yards from my home. I regret not having any means of ascertaining the season of the year of the latter occurrences, but am convinced that these birds were possessed by a craze similar to that shown by our ruffed grouse.

Can it be that these birds have received a pellet of shot, which, although not proving fatal, has been sufficient to craze them to a certain extent? This solution has occurred to me because so many of these peculiar events happen in the fall, and therefore in the open season.

I may mention that there is a scarcity of ruffed grouse in most parts of our northern country this fall. On the first and second days of the open season a friend and myself drove about sixty miles on unfrequented bush roads, and although we had good dogs, we only bagged twenty-six birds, most of these being old birds and singles; we came across very few coveys. Last year my friend bagged between sixty and seventy birds, going over the same ground. This number, I must acknowledge, I consider far too many for any single individual to shoot. If a little moderation was exercised, we would have game for all time to come, and I have no sympathy with those who do not know when they have enough.

J. H. W.

The Quails of the United States.

BY SYLVESTER D. JUDD, ASSISTANT, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

(*Continued from page* 411.)

Miscellaneous Animal Food.

INSECTS of several orders not previously mentioned make up 0.70 per cent. of the food of the bobwhite. They include hymenopterous insects, such as ants (*Lasius* sp., *Tetramorium cæspitum, Camponotus pennsylvanicus*); gall flies (*Synipidæ*), which produce bladder-like growths on plants; in rare instances parasitic wasps (*Tiphia inornata* and *Proctotrypes rufipes*); crane flies, May flies, and sometimes true flies, like the green fly (*Lucilia cæsar*) and the robber fly (*Asilidæ*). The animal food of the bird includes other orders besides insects. The greater part of this is spiders, chiefly ground spiders, with a few harvest spiders (*Phalangidæ*). The common thousand-leg (*Julus* sp.) sometimes contributes to the food, as it often does to that of many species of song birds. Snails are more often taken. Among these *Pupa armifera* and the pond snail (*Succinea avara*) have been identified. The little fresh water lobster called crayfish (*Cambarus*) had furnished the major course for four out of fifteen birds shot by collectors for S. A. Forbes in Illinois. Manipulation of these biting crustaceans would appear to be difficult for a bird no larger than bobwhite. The queerest food eaten is the toad. B. H. Warren reported Florida birds as feeding on small batrachians (probably young toads), and laboratory examination of Florida birds showed in one case a tiny toad. It is fortunate that this habit of bobwhite is not general, since the toad is useful and destroys great numbers of insects.

Food of the Young.

During the breeding season a third of the food of adult bobwhites consists of insects, while their young, like those of practically all other land birds, consume a much greater proportion of insect food than do their parents. At Marshall Hall, July 24, nineteen droppings collected from two broods of downy chicks—one but a few hours out of the shell and the other probably several days old—consisted wholly of the remains of insects. Their fragmentary condition made the species almost unrecognizable, but the following were identified: Minute green leaf-eating beetles (*Chrysomelidæ*), at least two species; leaf-eating beetle (*Colaspis brunnea*); small scarabæid beetles (*Scarabæidæ*), two species; longicorn beetle (*Cerambycidæ*), one species; ground beetles (*Carabidæ*), five species; weevils (*Rhynchophora*); grasshopper (*Acrididæ*); caterpillars (*Lepidoptera*); ants (*Formicidæ*); stink bug (*Euschistus?*); spiders (*Arachnida*); thousand-legs (*Julus* sp.).

Masked Bobwhite.

(*Colinus ridgwayi.*)

The masked bobwhite is slightly smaller than the bobwhite of the Eastern States, and the male differs strikingly, having the chin, throat, and sides of the head black, and the underside of the body usually uniform rusty reddish. Since the discovery of the bird little has been added to our knowledge of its life history beyond some notes on its distribution, and the fact of its probable extinction within our borders. It lived on grassy plains covering a limited area in southern Arizona, south and southwest of Tuscon, and ranged into northern Sonora, Mexico. In regard to the causes leading to the disappearance of the masked bobwhite, Herbert Brown writes as follows:

"The causes leading to the extermination of the Arizona masked bobwhite (*Colinus ridgwayi*) are due to the overstocking of the country with cattle, supplemented by several rainless years. This combination practically stripped the country bare of vegetation. Of their range the *Colinus* occupied only certain restricted portions, and when their food and shelter had been trodden out of existence by thousands of hunger-dying stock, there was nothing left for poor little bobwhite to do but go out with them. As the conditions in Sonora were similar to those in Arizona, birds and cattle suffered in common. The Arizona bobwhite would have thriven well in an agricultural country, in brushy fence corners, tangled thickets, and weed-covered fields, but such things were not to be had in their habitat. Unless a few can still be found on the Upper Santa Cruz we can, in truth, bid them a final good-by."*

Recent information received by the Biological Survey from Sonora is to the effect that these interesting birds still survive in parts of that region, and efforts are being made by a game association to obtain living birds from there to introduce into California. The natural home of the masked bobwhite, in the hot and arid desert of southern Arizona and northern Sonora, is sufficient guaranty that the birds would thrive in cultivated sections anywhere in southern California and the arid Southwest. It would be deplorable if so handsome and useful a bird should be allowed to become extinct, and a determined effort should be made to introduce it into suitable localities before it is too late.

Beyond what Herbert Brown has stated we have practically nothing on this bird's habits. He has told us that, like all the birds of the genus *Colinus*, the males give the well-known "bobwhite" call, and he translates their rallying note as "hoo-we." He examined the stomachs of three birds. The first contained mustard seed, chaparral berries, six or eight beetles, and other insects; the second only a single grasshopper an inch long, and the third contained twenty ants, several crescent-shaped seeds, and a large number of small, fleshy green leaves.

It is stated by Bendire that in Sonora Benson found these birds only in fields where wheat and barley had been grown. Probably then the bird's general habits may be safely assumed to be similar to those of its relative, bobwhite.

California Quail.

(*Lophortyx californicus.*)†

The California quail is generally dispersed over California below an altitude of 8,000 feet and extends into southern Oregon and western Nevada. It has been introduced into Washington and British Columbia, and efforts to introduce it into the Hawaiian Islands also have proved very successful, although of late years its numbers there have been much reduced by the mongoose, by which in time it is likely to be exterminated. Two geographic forms of the bird are recognized, a dark form and a light one, but as they do not differ in habits they are not distinguished in the following account. It is a beautiful bird with a most pleasing combination of colors and markings, its head being adorned by a glossy black crest, narrow at the base and gradually widening into gracefully recurving plumes, and the markings on the underparts resembling scales. It frequents brush-covered hillsides, cañons, thickets along water courses and the borders of roads, as well as vineyards and other cultivated fields. The nesting time of the species varies considerably according to locality and conditions. According to E. A. Mearns it nests in March and April in Ventura County, Cal. Nests containing eggs were found during the last week of May in Tulare County, Cal., by J. E. McLellan. The eggs usually number 12 to 15, and are white or buff with spots.

These birds take kindly to civilization, and flocks are not rarely seen in the suburbs of large towns, where they range through the gardens and orchards. They often nest close to farm buildings, and W. Otto Emerson states that a pair nested within a rod of his front door, though nearly every hour people and vehicles were passing within four feet of the nest.

Instead of spending the night in a circle on the ground, like the bobwhite, the California quail chooses much safer places and roosts in bushes or low thickly foliaged trees. This quail is even more confiding than the bobwhite, and frequently comes about farm buildings to eat with the chickens. It has been known to lay in confinement, and appears to yield readily to semi-domestication.

The valley quail has acquired the interesting habit of posting sentinels when feeding, which is described in detail by John J. Williams. Mr. Williams observed a flock enter a field and begin to feed, while a sentinel took his station in a peach tree and scanned the country round about for danger. Presently he was relieved by a second bird, who took up a position on a brush pile and a little later was relieved by a third, who kept guard while the other two fed with the flock.

Writing in 1891 Clark P. Streator says that about 100,000 are sold each year in the San Francisco market. It is not a perfect game bird, for it does not lie well to a dog, and when once flushed has a habit of running that is exasperating to the sportsman. The best way to hunt these quail is to keep the dog at heel and to run down the birds. This is likely to make them take wing and to break up the covey. The same result may be accomplished also by discharging the gun in the air. When a covey has been scattered in suitable cover they will lie well enough to a trained dog to give the hunter considerable sport, though it is poor in comparison with that afforded by the bobwhite. The beauty of this quail, its pleasant call notes, and its confidence in man make it a favorite, except where it damages the grape crop. In fall and winter where it is abundant hundreds of birds unite in great packs. Bendire, writing in 18 2, says that within a decade packs of 500 were often found, but that at that time coveys even of 50 were rare in most places. In the fall of 1891 they were still very abundant on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley, where E. W. Nelson, of the Biological Survey, records their slaughter by pot-hunters. The hunters stationed themselves behind a brush blind near the one spring where the birds came to drink. Thousands of them flocked thither for water during the day, and by waiting until many birds were bunched the hunters killed at least a score at each discharge of the gun. In a week of this butchery 8,400 quails were killed. A record of 525 birds to four guns in a day in February, 1903, near San Diego, Cal., shows that birds are still abundant there, though far less numerous in most places than formerly.

The California quail, though not a large consumer of insects, is a useful bird, since weed seeds constitute more than half of its food. In some regions these birds suffer from the curtailment of their food supply by droughts, and in the northern part of their range many are killed by severe winters. Bendire states that during the excessively cold winter of 1887-88, when the mercury dropped to 28 below zero in the northeastern corner of California, these quail perished in great numbers.

The California quail might be introduced successfully in many sections between California and Texas where it does not occur at present. It already has been introduced into Colorado, where it will be protected by law at all seasons until 1920. Laws to prevent trapping and to limit the day's bag, together with absolute protection in sections where necessary, should suffice to preserve this beautiful species.

Food Habits.

The general food habits of this quail have been ascertained by the examination of 601 stomachs, and it proves to be one of the most largely vegetarian of game birds. The material for investigation was collected in California, and represents every month of the year except May. Insects furnished but 2.15 per cent. of the food, and leaves, seeds, and fruit 97.85 per cent.

Insect and Other Animal Food.

The 2.15 per cent. of animal food eaten by this quail is distributed as follows: Spiders, 0.03 per cent.; beetles, 0.22 per cent.; grasshoppers and crickets, 0.24 per cent.; ants and other Hymenoptera, 0.67 per cent; miscellaneous insects, 0.99 per cent. The beetles are both adults and larvæ. Like the eastern bobwhite, the California quail feeds on ants of the families *Formicidæ* and *Myrmicidæ*. Sometimes twenty to thirty-five ants are taken at a meal. Of the other Hymenoptera, gall insects and their galls make a significant proportion. Caterpillars and their pupæ are eaten. Cutworms, measuring worms, sphinx, caterpillars, and the cotton bollworm make up the greater part of this food. Like the bobwhite again, this bird shows a relish for bugs. It eats leaf bugs, bugs of the chinch bug family, and stink bugs, assassin bugs, flat bugs, burrower bugs, leaf hoppers, tree hoppers, plant lice, and bugs of the genus *Scolops*. The miscellaneous animal matter taken includes flies, spiders and snails.

Fruit.

The vegetable food of this quail amounts to 97.85 per cent. of its diet. The bird has an unsavory reputation among fruit growers, especially the owners of vineyards. Relative to this subject, Miss Florence A. Merriam, writing from San Diego county, Cal., says:

"In fact, the quail were so abundant as to be a pest. For several years great flocks of them came down the cañons to Major Merriam's vineyard, where they destroyed annually from twenty to thirty tons of fruit. In one season—July to October, 1881—one hundred and thirty dozen (1,560) were trapped on his ranch. The result of this wholesale destruction was manifest when I returned to the valley in 1894. The birds were then rarely seen on the roads and seldom flushed in riding about the valley."

When this species becomes superabundant and plays havoc with crops it is well to remember that it can be so easily checked. W. H. Osgood, of the Biological Survey, has furnished the writer data on the frugivorous habits of the quail in central California. In one vineyard he saw a flock of about a thousand eating zinfandel grapes. The birds do much damage in September, when the young are molting and they have collected in packs, as before described.

Walter E. Bryant, writing of the damage to fruit, offers testimony on the other side:

"In some parts of California there is a strong prejudice against the quail, owing to alleged damage to the grape. The evidence which I have thus far gathered shows that the quail do pick at the bunches of grapes, and not alone those bunches which are near or on the ground; but the damage which they cause seems overestimated. Too often mutilated bunches are supposed to be due to the presence of quail in the vineyard; but there are other birds and mammals, also which vary their diet with grapes. I have examined a number of quail's crops and gizzards without finding the presence of grapes, although the birds had been shot near and in vineyards. A quail's crop sent to me from Los Gatos, by Mr. A. H. Hawley, contained twenty-five small grapes; others had a few grapes, seeds and poison-oak berries."

In the 601 stomachs of the valley quail examined by the Biological Survey grapes formed only 0.01 per cent. of the annual food. This small quantity is due, no doubt, to the fact that many of the birds were shot in regions remote from vineyards and many of them during the time when grapes were not in fruit. The total proportion of all kinds of fruit was only 7.60 per cent., an amount so insignificant as to preclude the idea of serious damage. Where the birds are over-abundant

*Auk., XXI., p. 213, April, 1904.

†This name is used here to cover both the typical California quail (*Lophortyx californicus*), and the paler, more southerly form, called the valley quail (*L. c. vallicola*).

and the consequent damage, great, trapping or advertising the conditions in sporting papers will probably result in reducing the numbers to normal. Of the 7.60 per cent. of fruit, grapes, as before stated, contribute 0.01 per cent.; plants of the genus *Rhus,* mainly *Rhus diversiloba,* 4.74 per cent., and miscellaneous fruit, prunes and vaccinium, 2.85 per cent. The maximum quantity of fruit, amounting to 32.40 per cent. for the month, was taken in December, after the grapes had been picked.

Grain.

The relations of the California quail to grain are of considerable economic importance. W. T. Craig, of San Francisco, writes to the Department of Agriculture: "I have observed the quail enter a field of wheat to the number of thousands, and had they not been driven away they would have destroyed the whole crop." No other reports to the Biological Survey show the danger to grain from this quail to be so serious, but data at hand show that it does more or less damage to germinating grain. Two quail shot by Walter E. Bryant on a newly-sown grain field had eaten, respectively, 185 kernels and 210 kernels of barley. Barley is important in California, where it is grown for hay, for grain feed, and for beer making. There is, however, much volunteer barley, which many species of birds feed on and thus do good rather than harm. It is probable that quail do little or no harm to barley at harvest time, and the waste grain that they subsequently gather in stubble fields has no positive value. Of the yearly food of the 601 quail examined 6.18 per cent. was grain, divided as follows: Barley, 4.58 per cent.; wheat, 0.44 per cent.; corn and oats, 1.16 per cent.

Leaves.

In its habit of feeding on foliage the California quail differs from the bobwhite and resembles the ruffed grouse. Such food forms 22.73 per cent. of the vegetable matter eaten. In February, when the bobwhite is weathering blizzards, the California quail is enjoying balmy weather and feeding on browse to the extent of eighty per cent. of its food. Most of this browse consists of leaves of leguminous plants, principally clovers. Bur clover (*Medicago denticulata*), a weed that grows in cultivated land and along irrigation ditches, appears to supply most of the forage. Alfalfa and clovers of the genus alfalfa form most of the remaining leguminous green food. Next to legumes the finely divided leaves of alfilaria, or "filaree" (*Erodium*), are important. Grass, chickweed (*Alsine media*), the leaves of fern, geranium, oxalis, and groundsel-bush (*Baccharis*) also furnish forage for the quail. W. W. Cooke reports that near Grand Junction, Colo., where the California coast quail has been introduced and thrives wonderfully, market gardeners regard it as a nuisance.

Weed Seeds.

Different seeds, largely of weeds, furnish the California quail 59.77 per cent. of its year's diet. Legumes contribute 17.87 per cent.; alfilaria, 13.38 per cent.; compositæ, 5.55 per cent.; the spurge family, 5.85 per cent., and miscellaneous plants 17.12 per cent. Leguminous seeds are liked best by the bird, and make up 17.87 per cent. of the seed diet for the year and 46.1 per cent. of its food for June. Bur clover yields abundance of seeds as well as forage. Its seed pod is peculiar, much elongated, beset with long, sharp spines, and spirally coiled into a roundish bur. The quail swallows it whole, regardless of spines. This food is highly nutritious and is relished by stock as well as by birds and wild mammals. Seeds of closely allied plants, such as alfalfa, vetch, cassias, cultivated beans and peas, and clovers of the genera *Trifolium, Lespedeza* and *Melilotus* also are in the quail's list, as well as of locust and lupines, the latter taken in large quantities. They include the seeds of *Lupinus nanus, L. micranthus* and *L. sparsiflorus.* Other leguminous seeds are eaten in great numbers, including a small bean-like seed, *Lotus glaber,* which looks much like a miniature Frankfort sausage, and an unidentified, almost microscopic square seed, with a notch in its edge, possibly some species of birdsfoot trefoil. Nearly all of the leguminous plants that furnish the quail with seeds belong in the category of weeds.

Seeds of weeds from other families of plants make up no less than 41.89 per cent. of the annual food. Seeds of compositæ yield 5.55 per cent., such injurious weeds as thistles making up the largest part of this percentage. *M. mariniana* has the largest seeds. Ninety of these had been eaten by a quail shot by F. E. L. Beal at Haywards, Cal., Aug. 15, 1903. The seeds of the bur thistle are smaller and have a hook at one end and a set of spines like a paint brush at the other. They are, perhaps, most liked of all composite seeds. From 500 to 800 are often eaten at a meal. The destruction of this seed is highly beneficial, for the bur thistle is troublesome to farmers. Wild carrot, tar weed, wild lettuce, mayweed and marsh elder furnish most of the remaining seeds of composite plants. Tar weed is a favorite source of food, and one stomach, collected at Watsonville, Cal., by J. S. Hunter, contained 700 of these seeds. Another stomach, from the same place, held 2,000 tiny seeds of dog fennel, or mayweed.

From seeds of plants belonging to the spurge family come 5.85 per cent. of the annual food. Spurges, particularly *Croton setigerus,* commonly known as turkey mullein, are a staple with the California quail as with most other seed-eating birds. So fond are the quail of turkey mullein that their crops are often completely distended with the seeds, sometimes from 500 to 900 to a bird. Turkey mullein is a prostrate plant covered with a whitish, woolly pubescence, and often used by the Indians to poison fish. Seeds of alfilaria, which is both a weed and a forage plant, are eagerly sought. They are lance-shaped, furnished with a long, elaborate, corkscrew awn ending in a thin spine. They burrow into sheep's wool and even pierce the skin. The alfilaria is one of the few seeds of the West that all seed-eating birds consume. The plant is very abundant in California, and the quail often eats from 1,000 to 1,600 of the little corkscrew seeds at a meal. It affords 13.38 per cent. of the year's food, and 26.70 per cent. of the June diet.

Seeds of miscellaneous weeds comprise 17.11 per cent. of the annual food. Among the species included are pigweed, rough pigweed and black mustard—especially obnoxious in grain fields—and the closely related weed, wild radish. Seeds of shepherd's purse and of other cruciferous plants are included in common with *silene* and the chickweeds. Geranium seeds are so much relished that often 300 to 400 are eaten at a time. Two closely related plants, miner's lettuce (*Montia perfoliata*) and red maids (*Calandrinia menziesii*), bear minute shiny black seeds that often are eaten by the thousand. The little seeds of red sorrel and curled dock are occasionally taken in almost as large numbers. Seeds of chess, a serious grain pest, are relished, and hundreds of the grain-like seeds of the grass known as "poison darnel" appear in crops examined. Macoun, quoting Spreadborough, states that in British Columbia, where it winters successfully, the quail finds shelter in severe weather under the broom, which in places grows abundantly and yields seed for subsistence.

The quail feeds also at times on mast. A. K. Fisher, in the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada, the last of July, found both young and adult quail eating young acorns. Small quantities of sedge seeds and of dodder are eaten, the latter plant being a destructive parasite on leguminous forage crops. The miscellaneous seed list includes also stick seeds, buttercup, bind weed, plantain, ribgrass, painted cup, mountain lilac and black wattle. In the mountains of Lower California the food supply determines the breeding time of birds. If there is not enough rain for a good supply of seeds the coveys of quail do not break up into nesting pairs but remain in coveys throughout the summer. If the season is wet and the winter rains promise abundant food the birds mate in March and begin nesting immediately.

Food of the Young.

The food of young birds differs from that of the parents, as has already been remarked of the bobwhite, but the difference is less marked with the California quail. Stomachs of thirty-two young of the western birds, from one-fourth to one-half grown, have been examined. They were collected from the middle of July to the middle of September. The food was composed of 3.4 per cent. of animal matter and 96.6 per cent. of vegetable matter. Thirty-nine adult birds shot in the same period had eaten almost entirely vegetable food, since only 0.6 per cent. of animal food appeared in analysis. Had the young birds been collected when newly hatched, undoubtedly a larger proportion of insect food would have been found. The 3.4 per cent. of insect food mentioned consisted of beetles, 0.1 per cent.; bugs, 0.2 per cent.; grasshoppers, 1.3 per cent., and ants, 1.8 per cent.

The vegetable food of the young is much like that of the adult. In this case it consisted of leguminous seeds, 18.1 per cent.; alfilaria seeds, 18.5 per cent.; miscellaneous seeds, 54.4 per cent.; browse, 6.6 per cent.; grain, 0.6 per cent.; and miscellaneous vegetable matter, 0.4 per cent.

The Biography of a Bear.—X.

LATE in the evening we reached an ideal camping ground, one of the most attractive nooks in the mountains that I have ever seen. This was the eastern boundary of the tamarack wilderness and the furthest extremity of the "dry lake." Almost encircling us was a series of high peaks, their northern and western slopes covered with dense and tall forests. Between the summits, the main forest and the open, level land there was a belt of tamarack about half a mile wide in its narrowest place, while a wandering, sluggish little stream, as clear as crystal, and ice cold, drained the meadows and swales, upon which waved grass waist high. Here would be another chance for our horses.

To make the place superlatively fascinating to us, we saw no evidences of its having been recently explored. There were deer tracks everywhere in the soft, wet ground; and they were the tracks of very large deer. We were in the range of the western species, known as the mule deer, which sometimes approaches the elk in size. Later, we found some bear tracks that were so large that we were not altogether certain that we cared for them particularly. We were of the opinion that some of these tracks, which looked to be about fourteen inches in length, had been made too recently to be things for unrestrained delight, for the animals making them had evidently become too old and too tough for any peaceable use. We weren't out after bears especially, having one with us that kept us very well supplied in a way. As for the meat of these old fellows, a carcass would have been too much of a supply; besides, at this season the fur would be of little value; even if we had been after bears, I do not think either of us wanted them in such an out-of-the-way place and with such unreasonably large feet. Why, some of the fore-feet tracks were about the size of a plate, and the claws that impressed patterns in the mud must have been as long as our fingers and too sharp for any conceivable use we had for them. There were some other vital reasons for considering them unavailable. It is true Enochs frequently announced his intention to go out and bring one of these large bears into camp, but we had learned to make allowances for his proclamations. Enochs was too deferential to Jack at certain times to impress us with anxiety as to his voluntarily disturbing any of the wild ones. There were some rocky gorges in our vicinity, where we satisfied ourselves that these ponderous animals had private apartments, and though Enochs was always upon the eve of calling in upon them, several years elapsed, and he omitted doing it until the incident was apparently closed. It is really astonishing how some of the opportunities we long for lose their fascination when they do present themselves. Later along we even moved camp to restrain ourselves from disturbing a bear that came to us in the night time.

At the head of the little stream, where the water oozed from springs that were almost geysers, we found an abandoned dairy. There were two or three log houses tumbling to decay, with racks and tables in some of them that had apparently been used as milk shelves, while several parts of a cheese-making contrivance were falling to pieces in a corner. As the place was fifty miles or so from more than four or five people, this location could never have been a good one from which to peddle milk—not even over such roads as we traveled. The milk would have churned itself to butter and the butter would have melted into oil, and even if the oil could have been saved, the scheme would have failed. Evidently butter and cheese had been made here as the staple product.

At this time there was not the tinkling of a cowbell, the 'lowing of steer, nor the tracks of man or domestic animal in the region about us. All the signs of the wilderness indicated that the intrusion of man hereabouts was a rare event. Such birds, squirrels and wild creatures as we saw were at first overpowered with astonishment and curiosity, and then they scurried away panic-stricken, to remain hidden and silent for a long time. The behavior of these wild creatures is a fairly accurate declaration of the status of a wilderness, but it requires no little experience and observation to interpret them correctly, for there are many stages of fright and alarm, and they manifest these in a variety of ways. The bird that makes the greatest outcry, or the animal that hurries out of sight with the greatest signs of panic are not those least familiar with the sight of man. In fact, the lizards of the rocks, the watersnakes, and fish themselves, all testify to the extent with which they have been favored with human interference.

One of the log huts mentioned was comparatively intact, and in it there was a rough stone fireplace; but the hut was so small that a table, a bench and a rough pole bunk about filled it. Moreover, it was too much occupied by chipmunks, mice and possibly by snakes, to be inviting. We utilized it, however, for a cook house, and stored our provisions in it, after carefully boxing them up. A few rods away we selected a little knoll of dry ground and set up our tent there for our sleeping quarters. We found plenty of dry swamp grass to make splendid mattresses, and carpeted the ground in and about the tent. Arranging a camp implies a great deal of fussy work, and by the time we had ours done to our fancy, we were a little beyond comfortable exhaustion, but felt better after supper.

From our tent we had an entrancing view of the mountains and forest, as well as of the upper end of the dry lake, which in reality was more or less wet and swampy, enough so to remain green and fresh throughout summer. As we sprawled about upon our well upholstered bedding, watching the last gilding of the purple summits, the sky colors, the shadows of approaching night settling lower and deeper and darker in the cañons and hollows, and when we could faintly see distant things in the tall grass at the edge of the meadow which we believed to be deer—possibly bear here and there—we smoked our pipes and felt about as well pleased and optimistic as people ever feel. Here was a field for sport, adventure, and for all the spice we were likely to need in the way of danger, if we sought it sincerely. Suddenly it occurred to me that this must be the floating meadow; that this was not a dry lake, but a lake blanketed over with prostrate forest and swamp growth, the accumulation of centuries. As I gazed at it, I saw, or imagined I saw, that it undulated with long, almost imperceptible, swells and subsidences! This was surely a lake.

With the first rays of the sun the next morning, I found myself exploring that part of the meadow which seemed most accessible. I had provided myself with a tamarack pole twenty feet in length and sharpened at one end. I went out upon the layers of matted swamp grass and sounded about until I found a yielding spot, and I sank the pole, point first, by continued prodding. After getting it down through the matted growth of reeds and grass several feet, the pole suddenly slipped through my hands and sank to its full length without further resistance; it was in water, and there was no bottom within its reach! I barely succeeded in recovering the pole, and when withdrawn, it was as cold as a huge icicle; but I was too much excited to notice that. I ran for the camp, and after a hasty breakfast, during which I aroused Enochs and Dick to enthusiasm, we all set out with an ax and a shovel for my discovery.

We set to work immediately, chopped the sod away and dug a hole with the shovel about four feet square. After getting through the sod, we found a tangle of water-soaked poles and logs, which we had considerable difficulty in getting through. At last we uncovered a patch of water which proved as clear as glass, but to look down into it it had the bluish tinge that indicated great depth. We sank the pole down, down as far as we could reach by lying down and reaching to our shoulders in the water—there was no bottom! As we lifted the pole out again we laid it crosswise over the hole, and bending down close to the water, I tried to see to the bottom. I could see downward many feet, but no bottom was visible—nothing but the reflection of our own faces and forms, of which our wide hats were the main feature.

We next walked about, and jumping up and down, we could feel the yielding and heaving undulation distinctly. We realized that here, sure enough, was a covered lake, perhaps miles in extent and of unknown depth. We had begun to get excited, and when we returned to the hole we had made and saw the swirl of a big fish break the surface of the water, we set off at a run for tackle and bait. We could find no grasshoppers, so we hastily sliced some small strips of venison, got our tackle and hurried back to the skylight we had cut in the roof of our lake. Our continued trampling about the edge of the hole had caused the sod to sink into the water, and it was now submerged, so that to get near enough for satisfactory operations we had to collect more poles and make a crib platform over the hole.

We worked like beavers, and it was wonderful how much we accomplished and the size of the poles that we managed in our enthusiasm and excitement to get into that crib, carrying many of them a considerable distance. When all was ready, we dropped in our baited trout lines, with great expectations. For a moment or two there was no response from the depths below; then, almost at the same instant, each of us received the thrilling shock of a strong strike. I twitched my line sharply and felt the unmistakable sensation of being fast to a big one. It sulked an instant, and then shot away and downward, and the snell snapped from the

shank of the hook at the first strain. Enochs and Dick each drew up his line, to find the hooks had been nipped from them as cleanly as mine had been.

We were now all trembling with excitement and anticipation, while we got out our largest ringed hooks, of which we happened to have four, and hastily attaching these to our lines, we baited and lowered them, this time putting on bait proportioned to the size of the hooks. Our lines had scarcely sunk ten feet when we were all very busy, and our lines were hissing through the water and sawing into the edge of the turf and sod. "Easy, boys! Easy! Tire 'em out. We can't raise them with these lines; the lines 'll snap sure!" I exclaimed. Enochs said "d—n," and drew up his line minus hook and sinker. Dick, more patient, was still playing his fish, and at last I could feel that mine was yielding stubbornly, but surely, little by little. When I had worked him almost to the surface, I got down flat and reached for him under the water. I was fortunate enough to get my fingers into his gills and lift him out just as he was about to lunge away in a final effort. Dick followed my methods, and lifted his fish out also. Big trout? Why, these fish were patriarchs—six, possibly eight-pounders, and looking more like salmon than trout.

Certainly we were baited and in after them again with more speed and celerity than is common to probate courts; but in our excitement we got our lines almost as much tangled as legal phraseology, and in our struggles with the tackle, one of us—I think it was me—got into the water. I was wet to the middle, but was too game a fisherman to admit that I nearly froze to death. But I wonder to this moment how it is that such icy water remains liquid. However, we got our tackle straight and were at once busy with fish again, for a few instants, and then each of us swore a word or two as we pulled up our limp lines all minus bait, hooks and sinkers. This was serious, as we had no more hooks, other than brook trout fly-hooks, which were utterly useless here.

Remembering a collection of pothooks made from heavy wire that were in the old stone chimney, we hurried away to the hut and spent the balance of a valuable forenoon fashioning them into fish hooks. While Enochs and I were engaged fixing hooks and tackle, I told Dick to dig another hole down to water at a distance of about a hundred feet from the one we had made. I figured that this would enable us to see down into the water.

In making the hooks we got the most of them ranging in size from a large trout hook to some large enough for sturgeon; but I determined to have at least one that would stand the strain that anything likely to be lurking in our subterranean lake would put it to; so I made a hook about the size and form of a shark hook. I then got the stay chains from the wagon and linked them together, making a chain about ten feet long, to which I attached the shark hook with a sort of swivel coupling. I next got the lash ropes and our picket ropes of three-quarter inch manila, and after getting these all spliced together, I had a line a hundred yards long. It looked like mighty stiff tackle for trout fishing, but I like to be prepared for emergencies.

After bolting a lunch, no incident of which I can now remember, we again hurried to our promising fishing ground and went into the business for all there was in it. Dick had not completed his hole, but he could not resist the temptation to take part in the fishing, and so we postponed that project.

We baited the smaller of our improvised hooks first and lowered these attached to our heaviest trout lines and such pack thread and cordage as we found about our blankets, the tent and various parcels in our outfit. We had no sooner lowered these lines below the surface then we had begun to participate in some of the liveliest fishing I ever heard of. It would seem that our experiments of a few hours had aroused the fish in that underground realm until they were ravenous, if not crazy. We began to pull them up—trout, salmon-trout, fish that seemed to be salmon, and others that belonged to no fish family with which we were familiar. About every third fish we hooked, however, either straightened out our hooks, which were not stiffly enough tempered, or our lines parted, and we lost most of our improvised tackle. Every little while we hooked fast to something that carried away bait, hook and sinker without seeming to notice any impediment in the process whatever.

In the meantime we had hoisted out a collection of big fish that were now floundering about us in the water holes and upon the grass, and several had been carried away by Jack. Most of the fish seemed to be of the salmon family, while others looked like mackerel, cod-fish, pickerel, and one had a mouth like he might belong to the sturgeon or shark division. When the smaller tackle was exhausted, I resolved to put the shark tackle into commission. As I arranged the pile of chain and rope I was joshed by Enochs and Dick, but neither of them could do it with much sincerity. I simply asserted that if there was anything too large in that hole for the outfit I now had, some one had to go for more rope and competent tackle. Telling Dick to finish the second hole, so that it would give us some chance to see in the depths below, I put on about two pounds of meat and let down the line yard by yard, until I had paid out at least a hundred feet of it, and no bottom sounded. I let down more and more, until I thought it wise to reserve enough to make fast to something, and to allow a little to play out with.

Some time passed without anything more than nibbles at the big bait. Once in a while there was a jerk that pulled out a foot or more of the rope, but I judged from the feel of it that it was fish of not more than twenty or forty pounds—possibly salmon. Enochs had been examining the fish we had landed, and he was about half persuaded of the correctness of my theory, that this buried lake of ours might be connected with the sea by some subterranean river or channel. It is true we were about two hundred miles from the coast; but not many miles north of us there was at least one river that had no known outlet, but sank and lost itself in the earth. These fish were certainly different from any known inland fish and—

About that time there was a tug at the rope that nearly took my breath, and I barely escaped getting a leg fouled in the coils of rope that now rapidly ran out. Enochs and I both grasped it, gave it the strongest jerk we were capable of, and then we immediately had our hands blistered for our pains. The rope ran out like it was either foul of a whale or a freight train. I got a half-hitch around the end of the largest pole, and as the rope ran out, it fairly burned a collar on the pole. It smoked and sparks flew, so that I cast the coil loose in the water, while Enochs made the extreme end fast to a cross-pole.

As soon as the slack rope had paid out a little it stopped, and as far as we could see our fish—or whatever we had hooked—had apparently pulled loose or got off the hook. We began to take in rope, and kept coiling it on the pole platform until we had it about two-thirds in; then we felt something to which we were fast. It felt like a log or fouled line, and we gave it a good jerk, for which we were immediately paid by more blisters upon our hands. I again hastily dumped the coils of slack rope into the water, while it kept us busy to keep from going along with it, as it now fairly whizzed and sizzled as it cut down into the water.

"We've got to make fast to something with spring to it," I said. "If it rushes the rope all out like that, something has to give way. Carry the end out as far as it will go. There's a small tree over there near our wagon. If it will reach the tree, tie it as high up as you can, so the tree will answer for a springpole. Be lively!"

Enochs ran with the rope out to the edge of the wet ground, while the slack was coming in nicely. Dick ran to his assistance, while I steadily reefed in. They had almost reached the tree, when I felt the old dead weight, there was a sudden strain on the rope below, and away she started. The boys reached for the tree, failed, felt the rope slipping from them, and in desperation they ran the end around the wagon tongue, and made it fast. They had barely accomplished this, when the line went taught and the wagon started forward with the ready speed of an automobile. The wagon was empty, and ran comparatively easy, so I shouted to Dick and Enochs to get in, while I ran for it myself. We all clambered in, for a novel ride indeed. As the speed increased I put on the brake, but as the wheels had reached wet ground the wagon slid along like a sled.

We went right along, notwithstanding the brake, and we could see the rope smoke where it paid over a pole at the brink of the hole. As we approached the opening in the sod Enochs and Dick began to climb back out of the seat and crowd me further toward the rear end of the wagon. It looked as though we might develop into a submarine affair, and we had begun to mutiny and desert the ship, when the rope again slackened, just in time to save us from thinking we were scared.

We all got out of the wagon with a great deal of anxiety that had been steadily accumulating. This kind of fishing was getting laborious. The rope was slacking again, and I reefed it in, while I urged the boys to run the wagon back. This they did until they had the wagon back to the old stand. They were trying to get it to a position opposite the tree, when I again felt the old ominous strain. I was going to be more cautious now, so I signalled the boys to hold fast, and let a little slack.

I hurried to the wagon and explained that we were at the danger point, and we would now let the fish take the initiative a little. We all got into the wagon again, and Jack's attention having been attracted, he, too, came and clambered in. He seemed to have about all the fish he could hoist on board. We had just fairly got comfortably settled, when there was a tightening of the line, and then we started forward, but with very respectable moderation. I again manned the brake, which answered very well as a sort of drag, while our wagon wasn't such a bad substitute for a reel, or, at least, for a sort of capstan in effect—that is, in its effect upon the rope.

We started forward, as I say, with respectable moderation, but we presently began to scorch a little. I applied the brake until it locked the wheels, and then we struck the wet ground and went forward as though we had lost respect for ourselves entirely. The next thing I remember we had collided with the crib about the hole, and as the wagon pole went down the momentum we had attained flipped us over endwise into the surrounding swamp without any remorse whatsoever.

RANSACKER.

Squirrels and Glass.

IN a shop window were confined two full-grown gray squirrels. A section of tree-trunk perhaps five feet in height, had been placed upright in this window, and the gray squirrels would playfully skip up and down its surface, and would occasionally jump from it on to the smooth polished and perpendicular glass, perhaps a foot or a foot and a half distant, and glide rapidly, and sometimes slowly, over it. Again they would stop and remain stationary on the glass for a short time. This was a common feat performed by these little animals and many onlookers observed it.

These squirrels seemed to glide over the smooth surface and apparently did not lift their feet. All my life I have known and studied the habits of the gray and other species of squirrels in various portions of the United States, but never, except in the two cases mentioned, have I observed or known of these little animals possessing such a power.

How Do Hares Act When Attacked?

MONADNOCK, N. H., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I advertise through your paper for information as to how hares behave when attacked by birds of prey? Whether they commonly squat, on the appearance of such an enemy and generally continue to do so to the last, rather than betray motion, even when already seen by the hawk or owl; or, in short, under what circumstances do they resort to running to save themselves from birds of prey?

ABBOTT H. THAYER.



Field Notes from Old Sullivan.

HAVING passed several months in Sullivan and Ulster counties this season I should say that game is as abundant as any time within the last ten or fifteen years. The stock of ruffed grouse is large and the birds usually wild and well able to take care of themselves. The man who wishes to succeed with these grouse must use straight powder and not allow himself to be easily discouraged. Long tramps over a very rough country are the rule, and none but the most thoroughly broken dogs are of much service. A wild, heedless pointer or setter is a nuisance, as nine times out of ten the birds are flushed far out of shot. An experienced animal who knows his game and works carefully will establish his point in many cases, and is simply invaluable. In the absence of such a dog two or three men will do better and get closer shots by themselves.

The flight of woodcock began in the first moon in October and the last birds passed through on the 31st of the month. In many of the covers the soil is too sandy for these birds, as there is very little feeding ground. In a few places, where the ground was really suitable, fair bags were made. Personally, I was quite satisfied to pick up a couple of woodcock when grouse shooting, and only accounted for about a dozen, all told. I found good covers but poor feed.

Quail have been practically exterminated by the extremely severe weather of the last two winters. I have heard of a few birds but have seen none. Without restocking it will require several years to re-establish quail in this part of the State, and conditions are much the same further south.

The deer season opened Nov. 1 for fifteen days in Sullivan county, but I can hear of very few of these animals in this section. In the southern part of the county they are said to be quite plentiful. They are abundant in Ulster county, where, as yet, there has been no open season. A very large bear was shot near Willowemock on the 2d of the month. She had two cubs with her, one of which was killed at the same time. The men had only two bullets, I am told, when they came upon this family of bears, or they would have bagged both cubs.

A kingfisher has been hard at work upon the spawning beds of the trout for some time, and it was only on Election Day, Nov. 7, that I was able to bring him to book. This is the latest date known, I believe, for this bird to be found on the Neversink, but he had too good a thing to leave, i. e., great numbers of small trout in the shallow tributaries of the main stream. On several occasions I had seen this kingfisher with trout six or seven inches long in his bill, but he was too smart for me until this particular afternoon. He was intent upon selecting a victim, and I crept up within thirty yards. Even then I was ashamed to pot him as he sat, and he was making his escape when the shot overtook him. Such scruples are foolish when one remembers the enormous damage done by this one bird during the past month. All his companions migrated southward long ago. These birds were unusually numerous on the trout streams of Ulster and Sullivan counties this summer. Probably the low water, caused by the long drouth, was quite to their taste. At one large trout hatchery I was told that nearly fifty had been killed. They are handsome birds, and I would no care to have them exterminated; yet, their numbers should be kept within bounds.

A few of those beautiful birds, the osprey, or fishing eagle, are seen every summer on the Neversink. This river is still at its old tricks, and frequently does great damage when on the rampage. Meadows and banks are washed away and many of the pools are far shallower than a few years ago; indeed, some of the smaller ones had disappeared altogether, and the stream has changed its course entirely.

As far as I can learn only two deer were killed in the first week of the season in the northern part of Sullivan county, one near Mongaup Pond and one in the neighborhood of Sundown. What has become of the many deer known to inhabit this section it is hard to say, unless they were killed in the deep snow of last winter.

Many complaints were made of the damage done by these animals to crops and garden patches. As long ago as seven years last June I remember seeing the high wide inclosures placed around vegetable gardens to protect them from the deer at night. This was far up in the West Branch in Ulster county. If a tracking snow should fall before the expiration of the fifteen days open season

more deer would be shot. No dogs are allowed and still-hunting on a carpet of dry leaves is an unprofitable pursuit.

The ruffed grouse is certainly a hard bird to bring to bag at this season of the year. It can fly at top speed through the thickest covers and in more open woods rises at long range or entirely out of shot. One sees only a brown streak against a brown background and is apt to toss up the gun and fire without proper aim or allowance for speed on cross, quartering or rapidly rising shots. The difference between a good and a bad shot is something less than one second, but that makes all the difference between a kill and a clean miss. Deliberate promptness is the word.

Woodcock seem an easy mark when found in grouse shooting unless you compare them with the occasional bird, which rises close at hand and crosses an open space. In dense thickets the woodcock prefers to climb like a skyrocket to get above the alders and small timber, and on the first flight seldom does his level best. He has been enjoying a siesta and probably feels tired and lazy. If he has been shot at and badgered before he will show you what he can do. Then, indeed, he whistles through the air as if on a special mission, and if missed on the first rise may never be seen again. Woodcock have a large brain which they use to good effect if wide awake. I have marked woodcock down to a yard and waited with my eyes upon the spot until the dogs could be brought up. The dogs made game and trailed but could not find the birds. The reason being that the woodcock had run at once on striking ground and then had quietly taken wing again when at a safe distance. I have proved this to my own satisfaction. The strange part of it is that these birds are never found again on the same day.

What a charm there is about this bird and how hard we work to find it if we only hear that well known whistle. Do you know how this sound is made? I do not know that I ever heard it mentioned. Examine the next woodcock you kill; turn up the wings and note the primary feathers. The first in the end of the wing (I forget how many) are not like feathers at all. They resemble long, narrow little sabres, and these are the whistlers. When flying out to feed in the evening the woodcock moves quite rapidly, and in making a quick turn you will note that the whistle rings out clearly. The greater the speed the louder the whistle. This bird makes some odd sounds at the breeding season, but is usually mute at other times. He has also the strange habit of dropping straight down after rising to a considerable height. I never saw this done during the day, but think the sound then made is due to the rapid passage of the air between the quill feathers, and that they are turned more or less on edge to allow the bird to drop. Woodcock are queer customers, and when thoroughly aroused are surely wiser than Mr. Owl, for all the latter's big eyes and boasted wisdom. Both are night feeders.

THEODORE GORDON.

A Beefsteak Memory.

IN the course of my duties as a salesman for a large manufacturing company I struck a small town on Long Island noted as a resort in summer and a great place to shoot ducks in the fall; and as has been my custom when visiting places that have a reputation for good shooting, I made inquiry as to the condition at that time, and found I was late for the best of it. One merchant, however, who had at one time been a bayman and guide, told me that he had been so busy at his store he had not been out after duck once that season, and that he had the duck fever so bad that if he only had some one to go with him he would go, and was not afraid but that he would get his share, as he had the use of the best ducking rig on the bay. All this sounded good to me, and we arranged to go the following Monday, rain or shine. One Sunday I left New York with my outfit, which was no small affair, and consisted of an old but warm light-colored suit, a suit of extra warm underwear, a heavy tan sweater, a knitted hood and hip boots, all packed in a telescope. I also had with me a 12-gauge Winchester shotgun, one hundred shells loaded with 3½ drams of good smokeless powder, 1¼ ounces of No. 4 chilled shot, and wadded with white felt wads one size larger than the shells. This is not a crank load, but a good load, the best I know for duck in a 12-gauge gun.

I arrived at the town after dark, and my good friend the storekeeper met me at the depot and surprised me by asking if I was ready to start. I said I was, but I certainly stretched the truth, as I had not had anything to eat since dinner, and was expecting to get supper before starting. But he said, "Get in. We're off!" and we were on our way before the train had left the station. I did not know where we were going, but it did not take long to find out that we were bound for the beach, where he had a relative who was going to let us have his boat and decoys. We arrived there at about 10 P. M., and put the horse in the stable and got the guns and traps on the boat, which was a sloop-rigged affair about thirty feet long and twelve feet beam, and supposed to draw about two feet of water. Aft, it had a small cabin eight feet long with a bunk on each side and a small stove in the center up against the centerboard trunk. On the floor was a box of provisions, such as buckwheat flour, maple syrup, canned peaches, bread, butter, pepper, salt, and a nice large steak. My friend explained that he had sent them down during the day, and that they were for supper and breakfast. At the sound of the word supper a strange feeling came over me, and from that minute I was "on the job" and commenced to take some interest in the trip.

After changing clothes he said, "We will now get the decoys." I asked him if we would have to carry them far. "No, we don't carry them at all. We will float them around." he said. That seemed rather strange to me, but I felt sure he knew what he was about, so I said nothing, but followed him to the barnyard, where I found there was a pen that went down the hill to a small creek, and was fenced with wire netting. We had only one lantern to see by, but the sight I saw made me forget supper for a minute. There were ten live wild geese and over twenty black ducks, the most of which, I afterward found, were trained decoys. Some of these we caught and put in a long box built like a flat boat with a slat top. We only took four of the geese. He opened a gate at the creek and floated the box out to a small skiff; and while I sat in the stern and held the short rope that was attached to the duck box, he poled the skiff out of the creek around to the big boat, and we pulled the box with the ducks and geese on to the deck. Everything being on board, we pulled up the anchor and poled the boat out in the bay. So far so good. By this time my new friend and myself were calling each other by our first names—I called him Henry and he called me Ed. Away we went. Looking at my watch I found it was 11:30. There was quite a breeze blowing, and the night was dark and cold; I could not understand how he could tell where he was going, and I think yet that he did some guessing.

Soon after we started, he suggested that I take the lantern in the cabin, and I would find some kindling wood and coal and a small lamp, which I had better light, then build a fire and cook some supper. It did not take me long to get in action, and how good that steak looked, and how good it did smell when I put butter, pepper and salt on it, and turned it over in the pan. I had cut some bread, and was about to call to Henry to stop the boat for supper, when the boat suddenly stopped itself, so suddenly that the lamp fell off the box, the centerboard flew up and knocked all the dishes I had put on top of the trunk to the floor, spilled the coffee all over one of the bunks, and made a great mess of everything but the steak. I held on to that, and started on deck with the pan, when I heard Henry say, "We must have struck a sandbar." "Yes," said I, "I reckon we did, but I saved the steak." I heard him say something that sounded like "chuck the steak," then he said, "We have got to get this boat off right away; the tide is running out fast, and if we don't get her off now we may have to stay until 8 o'clock to-morrow morning."

I looked at the steak, then at Henry, and carefully put the pan under the stove and went on deck for instructions.

We poled and pushed and gybed her, but finally gave it up. All this time Henry was saying things not fit to print. Then we held a meeting, as it were, and decided that we would move all the ballast aft; and Henry said he would go overboard and pry her nose around. It was then my conscience smote me, to think I was the cause of the trip and had not volunteered to do the overboard stunt. Still, it was December, and it was a dark and cold night; and I thought that as long as he was captain, it was not my place to interfere, so I let him have his own way. And, sure enough, over he went. There was only two feet of water, but the wind was kicking up a sea that soon had him wet through. After a lot of hard work, we got her off, and when we found the channel again, we dropped the anchor. I looked at my watch and found it was 2:10 A. M. So far we had had a strenuous time.

Henry came down in the cabin and changed his clothes. I put the steak, which was now cold, back on the stove, but he said, "There ain't any use of your bothering with that steak. We have got to get out of here at once. We must be fixed by 4 o'clock, so as to be settled before daybreak, and we have two miles to go yet. I want you to stand up near the bow and sound for bottom, and when you get four feet or less let me know."

I gave one more look at that steak, and under the stove it went again, and I on deck with a long pole wet with icy water sounding for bottom. Then again did I muse with myself and say, "Why did I come duck shooting, anyway? I ought to have better sense. I could be at home now in my good warm bed and not be freezing out there on the bay." Then, too, I was hungry; I was really getting sick; and how glad I was when he said, "Throw over the big anchor. We will leave her here." And we did.

The first I said after we got the sail in was, "How about supper?" And what do you think he said? "What kind of a duck shooter are you, anyhow? It seems to me you don't want to do anything but eat."

That remark was the unkindest cut of all. I was too far from home to talk back. And I had formed such a good opinion of Henry. It did not seem possible he could say anything like that and mean it. But I thought it would be best to talk gently to him, so I said, "Now, see here, old pal, I have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon, and I have just got to eat."

"Well, go and eat that steak and be quick about it. We must get fixed out, and there is no time to lose."

It was then I went at that steak. It was cold, for the fire had gone out while I was on deck looking for bottom; but it was good. He said he would not eat until we were all fixed; then, if we had time we would have some breakfast; if not, we would wait until about 8 o'clock, or when the morning flight would be over.

So we started to fix. First we pushed overboard the box with the decoys, and fastened the rope to the stern of the skiff, and started to pole for a dark streak which I afterward discovered was the shore of an island. When we got near enough to wade we got out. I pulled the skiff up in the grass, then went back to hold the lantern while Henry put out the decoys. It was a very interesting sight, as I had never seen live decoys put out in a scientific manner before. Every bird had a leather band sewed around the leg just above the foot, and each band had a small iron ring attached. The hobble consisted of a piece of codfish line about six feet long, with a snap tied to one end and a sharp stick about twelve inches long tied to the other. He would catch the snap in the ring, and with his foot push the stake in the sandy bottom; then let the duck or goose swim around. This was done until all were put out. The geese were in a bunch by themselves on the left. After putting out a few wooden decoys with the live ones, we pulled the empty box to the edge of the grass at the point, banked it up with weeds, grass and anything handy; then taking the bottom board out of the skiff, put it in the box, where it seemed to fit nicely; and then with a few more finishing touches to the blind, we were ready. Henry said we would have a half hour to eat breakfast; so we got in the skiff and poled to the sloop, started a wood fire and mixed some buckwheat; and in that half-hour my appetite was gone, so were half a package of buckwheat and a bottle of maple syrup.

Now for the ducks. We got back into the skiff and poled it away around the point some two hundred yards from the blind and covered it up with grass, which we cut with the butcher knife. Then we waded to our sink-box, got in and lay down on our backs and waited for the ducks to come. We had not long to wait, as we had hardly got comfortably fixed, when we heard the swish of wings and the deep, long-drawn quack of a drake mallard. We could not see them, although they seemed to be within fifty yards of where we lay. It was then our decoys began to do business. It seemed as if each one got up and flapped its wings, and all quacked at once; even the geese honked. But the spasm did not last long, and things quieted down to a quack now and then. It was long before I felt Henry nudge me, and heard him whisper, "Just look at that!" I looked, but could see nothing, and told him so, when he said, "Look off to the left, the other side of the geese." And sure enough, there was a big bunch of ducks swimming up to our decoys. He whispered not to shoot until he gave the word, and "don't shoot anything in the water; remember those decoys don't belong to me." So I waited, hardly daring to breathe, first looking at the ducks then at the boss—I had come to look on him as such by that time—but he said not a word. I could stand it no longer, and whispered to him, "Let's get up and give it to them." But he said, "No," in a way I knew he meant it. Then I took another look and lay back and shut my eyes. I was mad; good and mad. I could not understand why we should not take advantage of the opportunity. The clouds had now gone by, and the sun just commenced to show, when my dear Henry said, "Now get ready, and take those on your side. Don't pay any attention to those on my side of the box." We rose up, and it seemed as if there were ducks all around us, some even in the grass as close as thirty feet from the box. And what a fuss they did make when they saw us. They must have been swimming in from all directions; but the reason he would not shoot sooner was because it was illegal to shoot before sunrise, so he said; but I thought that was drawing it mighty fine. Well, I got three and he got two dead and two cripples, which I wanted to finish then and there; but he said we must drive them out of the decoys first, which he did, and I shot them. It was a good start—seven black ducks to our credit.

We had pretty good shooting for about one hour, then they commenced to quit flying. There were only a few in sight, and they would not stool, no matter how much our decoys would call. I was just about to get up and stretch, when Henry took me by the arm and said, "Get down, down close! Don't move! Here comes a bunch of geese." And sure enough there they were, about twelve of them, coming up against the wind straight for the decoys and just above the water, 500, 400, now 300 yards away. It looked as if nothing could happen to keep us from getting a good shot. In fact, I had begun to pick the ones I was going to shoot at. They now seemed to be about 75 yards away, and I turned over on my side so I could raise quickly; but they saw me move, and that was enough. Up they went over backward, and off to the side in all directions but ours. We shot six loads after them, and only tipped the wing of one, and by the time it struck the water, it was a quarter of a mile away. I did not dare look the boss in the eyes. I don't know if he looked at me or not; but I felt guilty of a great crime. He did not have to tell me it was my fault, I knew it. All he said was, "Come on, get in the boat, let's go and get him." And away we went. The faster we went the faster the goose went. It was then I realized what a wild goose chase meant. But we finally got around him and drove him in a cove, and he was ours. When we got back we found that two of our duck decoys had pulled up their stakes and had swum around the point of the island. So we had to go after them; and it took such a long time to catch them, the boss said we might as well quit and go home, as it was so late there would be but little shooting during the day—the wind was wrong, or something. He knew I didn't. I was satisfied anyway. So we started to pull up.

First we took the bottom board out of the box and put it in the skiff where it belonged. Then we pulled the box out in the water and commenced to put the decoys back in it. Henry would go up to some of them and pull up the stake, then let them go, and they would swim for the box and try to get on top, anxious to get inside. But there were others that made a great fuss if we went near them. These, he said, were young ducks that had not been handled much, and he said that if the two that had got loose had been old ducks they would not have left the rest. He said they need lots of experience to make good decoys of them, and some never get good. Often a young inexperienced duck will be drowned the first time it is out when there is much of a sea on; but the old-timers can stand most any kind of a sea if the line is not too short. If a duck gets scared and turns tail to the wind, it is all over with it if the water is rough, for when their feathers get wet they can't keep on top of the water, and are soon down and drowned. The geese are always more or less nervous when any one goes near them, and pull hard at the stake, trying to get away. I asked him why he only brought four geese, when he had so many; and he said he could get much better work out of them when he took one of a pair, for the old geese were nearly all mated, and when separated they would call better. I found it so, for I noticed one old gander we had out would call every time a gull or any bird would come in sight.

At last we got them all in the box, and fastened down the top, pulled it to the sloop and got it on deck. Then Henry went into the cabin and came up with a tomato can full of corn, which he threw into the box for the decoys. We picked up the anchor and started for home. While Henry was steering the boat I counted the ducks we had killed, and found we had nineteen ducks and one goose.

It did not take long when we arrived at the mouth of the creek, to get the decoys back in the pen. I had changed my clothes as we sailed along, and we soon

had the horse hitched up and were on our way to the depot, where Henry divided the game, giving me the goose and taking ten ducks. I certainly felt proud of that bunch. Seven big black ducks, two mallards and a goose made a good pile; and it was all I could do to carry them with my gun and things; but I could not think of shipping them. I might check my telescope, but the birds had to go with me.

As we had to wait a few minutes for a train, Henry and I had a heart to heart talk. He said he allowed he had spoken harshly on one or two occasions, and hoped I took no offense. Then I said I guessed it was my fault that we had not killed all that flock of geese. So we shook hands and called it all off, and began to talk of another trip the next season. I was stiff and sore and sleepy for a week afterward, still I would go again. Why do we? TRAVELER.

The President's New Book.

IT is often said that President Roosevelt has a genius for doing things, and it might be truly enough added for doing unexpected things. Such a thing has just been done in the publication by Chas. Scribner's Sons of a volume on sport and adventure written by the President and issued almost from the White House. Nothing like this has ever happened before in the history of this country, and the sportsmen and the nature lovers of the United States may congratulate themselves that the President of this country is a man who believes that nature and the things pertaining to nature are worthy of serious consideration.

The volume opens with a dedication—in the form of a letter—to that veteran naturalist and writer, John Burroughs, who has done so much to show the American public the joy and sweetness that there is in a life out of doors. It is a feeling and charming tribute, and calls particular attention to one of John Burroughs' many services, his war on the sham nature writers.

The book is made up of eleven chapters and an appendix, a total of 361 pages. It contains about fifty illustrations, many of them of great beauty. The frontispiece is a capital picture of Mr. Roosevelt in riding costume.

President Roosevelt's chapters With the Cougar Hounds, A Colorado Bear Hunt and Wolf Coursing have been printed within a year or two in Scribner's Magazine. Those on Hunting in the Cattle Country and A Shot at a Mountain Sheep, together with Wilderness Reserves and Books on Big Game have been revised and added to from various publications of the Boone and Crockett Club, while the chapters on the White-Tail Deer, Mule Deer and the Wapiti appeared in Mr. Caspar Whitney's Deer Family.

Every one of these chapters is full of interest and many original observations are recorded. The paper on cougars is a very valuable contribution to the natural history of this beast, and the skins and skeletons collected by the President on that hunt, together with the careful measurements taken, were most useful from a scientific point of view, and have been most helpful in settling certain vexed questions about the cougars. The book is written in a style which is simple, clear and direct. It abounds in touches which show careful observation and close reasoning, and in others which testify strongly to the author's enjoyment of outdoor life.

"All life in the wilderness is so pleasant that the temptation is to consider each particular variety, while one is enjoying it, as better than any other. A canoe trip through the great forests, a trip with a pack train among the mountains, a trip on snowshoes through the silent mysterious fairy land of the woods in winter—each has its peculiar charm. To some men the sunny monotony of the great plains is wearisome; personally there are few things I have enjoyed more than journeying over them where the game was at all plentiful."

Here is another bit of description which will appeal to every man who has enjoyed life in the mountains in winter: "The midwinter mountain landscape was very beautiful whether under the brilliant blue sky of the day, or the starlight or glorious moonlight of the night, or when under the dying sun the snowy peaks, and the light above kindled into flame, and sank again to gold and amber and sombre purple. After the snow storms the trees, almost hidden beneath the light feathery masses, gave a new and strange look to the mountains, as if they were giant masses of frosted silver. Even the storms had a beauty of their own. The keen cold air, the wonderful scenery, and the interest and excitement of the sport, made our veins thrill and beat with buoyant life."

On his wolf coursing trip Mr. Roosevelt met with a wolfer—not in the old sense—but a man who chases wolves with dogs, who captured coyotes alive in a manner so extraordinary that it is worth telling of.

"We had been shogging along for an hour or more when we put up a coyote and started after it. I was riding the big D pony I had ridden the afternoon before. It was a good and stout horse, but one which my weight was certain to distress if I tried to go too fast for too long a ride. Moreover, the coyote had a long start, and I made up my mind that he would get away or give us a hard run. Accordingly, as the cowboys started off at their usual headlong pace, I rode behind at a gallop, husbanding my horse. For a mile or so the going was very rough up over and down hills and among washouts. Then we went over gently rolling country for another mile or two, and then came to a long broken incline which swept up to a divide some four miles ahead of us. Lambert had been riding alongside of Abernethy, at the front, but his horse began to play out, and needed to be nursed along, so that he dropped back level with me. By the time I had reached the foot of this incline the punchers, riding at full speed, and had shot their bolts, and one by one I passed them, as well as most of the greyhounds. But Abernethy was far ahead, his white horse loping along without showing any signs of distress. Up the long slope I did not dare press my animal, and Abernethy must have been a mile ahead of me when he struck the divide, while where the others were I had no idea, except that they were behind me. When I reached the divide I was afraid I might have missed Abernethy, but to my delight he was still in sight, far ahead. As we began to go down hill I let the horse fairly race; for by Abernethy's motions I could tell that he was close to the wolf and that it was no longer running in a straight line, so that there was a chance of my overtaking them. In a couple of miles I was close enough to see what was going on. But one greyhound was left with Abernethy. The coyote was obviously tired, and Abernethy, with the aid of his perfectly trained horse, was helping the greyhound catch it. Twice he headed it, and this enabled me to gain rapidly. They had reached a small unwooded creek by the time I was within fifty yards; the little wolf tried to break back to the left; Abernethy headed it and rode almost over it, and it gave a wicked snap at his foot, cutting the boot. Then he wheeled and came toward it; again it galloped back, and just as it crossed the creek the greyhound made a rush, pinned it by the hind leg and threw it. There was a scuffle, then a yell from the greyhound as the wolf bit it. At the bite the hound let go and jumped back a few feet, and at the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leaped off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of the horse with one hand and thrust with the other, with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so that the wolf could not bite him. He had a stout glove on his hand, but this would have been of no avail whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did; that is, behind the canines, while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth; with his knees he kept the wolf from using its forepaws to break the hold, until it gave up struggling. When he thus leaped on and captured this coyote it was entirely free, the dog having let go of it; and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of his horse with one hand. I was not twenty yards distant at the time, and as I leaped off the horse he was sitting placidly on the live wolf, his hand between its jaws, the greyhounds standing beside him, and his horse standing by as placid as he was. In a couple of minutes Fortescue and Lambert came up. It was as remarkable a feat of the kind as I have ever seen.

"Through some oversight we had no straps with us, and Abernethy had lost the wire which he usually carried in order to tie up the wolves' muzzles—for he habitually captured his wolves in this fashion. However, Abernethy regarded the lack of straps as nothing more than a slight bother. Asking one of us to hold his horse, he threw the wolf across in front of the saddle, still keeping his grip on the lower jaw, then mounted and rode off with us on the back track. The wolf was not tied in any way. It was unhurt, and the hold he had was on its lower jaw. I was surprised that it did not strive to fight with its legs, but after becoming satisfied that it could not bite, it seemed to resign itself to its fate, was fairly quiet, and looked about with its ears pricked forward. The wolves which I subsequently saw him capture, and having tied up their muzzles, hold before him on the saddle, acted in precisely the same manner."

The concluding chapter At Home furnishes a fitting close to a volume that contains much that is good and much that is interesting; for this last chapter At Home, while it deals largely with those smaller things in nature to which many sportsmen pay no attention, is nevertheless full of that spirit of the naturalist which, to us, appears to account for all the many things which President Roosevelt has done in behalf of sport and in behalf of the preservation of natural things. No one can read over this chapter without seeing very clearly how good a thing it is for growing child, whether boy or girl, to be out of doors and to know something of nature in all her various aspects; to be interested in the common things which constantly cross the path, to be taught how to use eyes and ears in order to know what is going on in the woods and fields, and so to wish to know why it is going on. It is a good thing for the President's children that he and they go abroad together on equal terms to see and hear things in nature, and to learn about what they see and hear, that the children have pets in whose well being they are deeply interested; and it is not less a good thing for the President that he and his children possess this common interest in natural history work.

This chapter has in it a deep meaning for all the parents in this land, and if these parents have intelligence enough to read from this short essay of twenty pages the lesson that it contains, such reading cannot fail to be of great benefit to the generation of children that is now growing up.

Of the illustrations in the book we have already spoken. They are commonly of homely subjects, the camp, a mount, or the pack of hounds, but in pictures such as that of the bobcat in the pinyon, or the bear well up toward the top of a slender quaking aspen, we see things that are curious and unusual. Then, too, such illustrations as the pack train on the march, the ranch house and the loaded wagon all call back pleasant memories of a time that is gone.

Virginia Shooting.

CHASE CITY, Va., Nov. 14.—Having had a temporary surfeit of quail shooting the past week some of the shooters have been successful in bringing down wild turkeys. First among them was Mr. W. I. Gordon, of New York, then Capt. O. J. Hayes, of Chase City. Every day the legal limit of birds are expressed to friends of hunting parties north. Dr. A. H. Boyd, of Charleston, W. Va., is among successful hunters. Mr. W. A. Faunce, of Atlantic City, and Mr. J. F. Wood, of Philadelphia, have been having every day fine sport with their dogs, brought with them, hunting quail. Yesterday Mr. W. J. Gordon, of New York, having a day or two before gotten the range of wild turkeys, killing one, brought in four fine bronze birds that would delight the heart of any sportsman, one gobbler and three hens. B.

THE MANY-USE OIL

cleans out powder residue. Lubricates, never gums; 2oz. bottle, 10c. —*Adv.*

Kings Afield.

From the Washington Evening Star.

WHEN a common person is honored by being an invited guest at a king's hunting party—even one of the little kings—the compliment is immense and the pleasure is correspondingly small. Even the princes, dukes, counts and peers who meet royalty every day and are more or less at ease in the exalted presence are not permitted to do much except to breathe in any manner or time not prescribed by a solemn ceremonial code; and as to the common person, the awful surroundings generally tend to make even that natural function of breathing anything but easy.

There was an American business man once—one of our merchant princes, you know—who worked it so that he was actually invited to Sandringham to hunt when King Edward was only the Prince of Wales and known as "Tummy" by his peculiar set of aristocratic Bohemians. The American was really after a chance to do that low and vulgar thing—sell goods to the prince.

He was a good shot and a keen sportsman in his own country, where he was and is very haughty and dignified, not to say pompous. But the splendor of royal majesty so overawed him that to this day he is unable to say what was shot, who shot it or even if he fired his own gun at all.

The only clear recollection that he has of those wonderful two days of royal hunting is: First, that on the second night the prince did him the incredible honor of appearing in his room in his shirt sleeves, and, secondly, that he sold a "bill of goods" before he left the sacred place.

And yet the Prince of Wales is not an overpowering sample of royalty. He has a ponderous, permeating dignity that is waterproof, but he is nothing like his nephew, Wilhelm of Hohenzollern, or even like that much more sociable old gentleman, Franz Joseph.

Their hunting parties rarely include ordinary persons who are not "born." The persons who are privileged to carry guns when these two king-emperors hunt have family trees with more branches than any of the trees in the forest where they shoot.

There are no Jacks or Bills, or even Johns or Williams among them. Every one has a handle, as long as a frypan whereby to be addressed, and if a stranger listened to the conversation all day he would never be able to tell a single name of a single guest, for all he would hear would be "Highness," "Durchlaucht," "Excellency," "Herr Graf," "Herr Prinz," "General" and other impressive titles like them.

A poor creature who is not even a "Herr von," but simply a plain mister, would find it impossible to do more than just survive in that rarified and high-class atmosphere. Enjoying the hunt would be out of the question.

Even the drivers (the peasants who beat the cover and chase the game toward the shooters) spot a commoner immediately and address him a little less respectfully than they would dare to do if he were alone and in his proper surroundings. The keepers and foresters look at him condescendingly and give him infuriatingly friendly advice as to his shooting.

Of course he gets the poorest place in the line, if it is a deer drive, as far away from any danger of shooting either the Kaiser's deer or the Kaiser himself as is possible without posting him outside of the woods altogether. And after the ordeal is ended and the royal party assembles for a jolly, unceremonious luncheon under the greenwood tree, he is saluted with a crushingly democratic "Well, Mister ——, what luck?" from the very lips of royalty itself, and he may even be invited to take a very personal and intimate drink with such an absolutely terrifying air of cameraderic that the poor, unborn mister generally swallows it the wrong way and retires in confusion, not to recover for days and days till the splendid honor that was shown to him has become a less poignant memory.

For generations it has been an understood thing that when a king hunts the occasion shall be one for carefree merriment, without fetters of ceremony or rank; and in accordance with this tradition, it is always accepted that serene majesty shall pretend to be amazingly democratic and "equal." But it is also understood solemnly that none of the rest of the party shall dream of being the same.

So when the Kaiser appears on the terrace of one of his several score of hunting lodges with a delightfully familiar "Morning, gentlemen," there is little danger that any one will answer back, "Morning, Bill," or even plain "Good morning," without the "Bill." It is "Good morning, majesty," and a mighty devoted salute, too.

Nor is there danger that any of the many guests will have a cigar in his mouth when the Kaiser appears. Not till he lights cigar or pipe do the rest of the jolly, free and equal party light up.

Of course, the Kaiser gets the best stand. Equally, of course, only those who are extremely high born have the privilege of being posted near him. And unless he has informed all and sundry through his aid that they are to shoot when they are ready, it is manners to fire no shot till the royal gun has opened the ball.

If a fine boar, with extra big tushes, breaks out of the thicket and runs along the line, or if the head of a stag, crowned with thirty or more points, appears among the trees, it is manners to reserve fire and let the prize beast reach the royal stand.

Things are not quite as bad with the European princes and kings as they are in Persia, where it is court etiquette to pretend that the shah-in-shah has killed all the game that falls during a hunt, and where sharpshooters are posted all around him to fire at all animals at which he fires, so that game at which he aims never escapes. But though the two kaisers are really good sportsmen, willing to play the game pretty fairly, they are far too much imbued with the creed of royal prerogative to be willing to see their guests kill all the game in a drive before they get a shot at it, or to find, after the hunt, when the kill is laid out in a long line, that the biggest stags or the heaviest boars have all been killed by somebody else.

Kaiser William, especially, feels that any really big stag has been predestined by an all-wise and properly respectful Providence to be the billet for his bullet. He wants

to get one that shall be the equal of the grand head of sixty-six points that was gathered in by Frederick of Prussia in 1696, and which was considered such a wonder that it was exchanged for a regiment of soldiers. The present Kaiser's best head of antlers is one of forty-four points, which is a trophy that can be shown by hardly another hunter in the world.

The Kaiser's preserves dot Germany east, west, south and north. In the east are great domains, kept wild as forests primeval by cunning forestry, where the true elk still live in herds, a far more royal game than our American wapiti. In still other forests are the great deer known as Edelhirsch. It is from these herds that the wonderful antlers come, for among these animals are deer mightier than any that the hunters of free Asia, Africa or America ever may hope to see.

There are boar preserves and pheasantries. Quail and grouse are bred by the thousands every year. In the south of the empire are chamois preserves, hanging to the sides of white mountains. In Lithuania there are even remnants of the wonderful prehistoric bison of Europe, the wisent, half again as big as our American bison.

Everybody knows that the emperor's left arm is withered. Few who see him swing his gun on game and shoot steadily all day long would suspect it. So well does he shoot that his score since 1872 amounts to 50,798 pieces of game. This includes all sorts of animals, from wisents and bear to rabbits and foxes, and all sorts of birds, from quail to ptarmigans and cranes.

His record of pheasants alone is enormous, for he is accounted one of the best pheasant shots of Europe, excelled only by Prince August of Coburg-Cohary, who once killed 997 pheasants out of a thousand shots in the preserves of Ferrieres.

Of course, these enormous scores could never be made by still-hunting, or even hounding, as we understand hunting here. The royal hunters don't incline much to the delights of the trail and the spoor. They don't waste any precious time in looking for their game. Long before they get out of bed on the morning of the hunt scores of beaters have begun to close in on the preserves from all directions, and the animals are beginning to bunch in the woods near the stands. Then all is in readiness for the final concentric closing in of the ring of beaters and drivers, to force the animals along the line of fire or past the stands.

These stands are made like little forts when royalty hunts, especially when the game is such vicious game as wild boars. There is little danger that even a desperate stag or a ravening mother sow will be able to charge the station of the hunter with any chance of hurting the sportsman.

Past these stands the game flees in steady procession, driven out by the hidden men. The hunter has nothing to do except to shoot. To a real wilderness hunter, with whom the kill is only the final act, and not the most thrilling of the hunt, royal hunting would be like fishing. But poor old royalty does not know any better, and, if it did, could rarely get anything better, for royalty may not permit itself to go off alone into the wilderness and be a real dead game sport.

Within their limits, however, there are many degrees of sporting blood. Kaiser Wilhelm and Franz Joseph, for instance, though they are willing to shoot at driven deer, would disdain to shoot like the Czar and the grand dukes and grand duchesses of Russia, who shoot pheasants that have been carefully carried to the designated spot in the baskets just before they arrive.

People wonder at the energy of Emperor Wilhelm. He is a young man. Franz Joseph is seventy-five years old, and still climbs sturdily around his Austrian Alps to hunt chamois and eagles. Wilhelm's grandfather, Wilhelm I., hunted till his ninetieth year. The Grand Duke Adolf of Luxemburg was so enthusiastic a hunter until nearly into the nineties that it became a regular practice with his huntsmen to weigh all his game before it was drawn, while that of the guests was weighed in regular fashion after it had been cleaned. Then the old gentleman would smile all over and chuckle at the ever-recurring discovery that he still was able to beat all the young men.

There is one royal hunter who was almost democratic, and who really did play earnestly at being just plain human when he went a-hunting. That was Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria.

A few years ago, when he was eighty-two years old, he went into one of the deer preserves to hunt. The inhabitants had prepared a reception for him. Among other things they had selected the most skillful driver for the honorable post of driving the royal guest to the shooting grounds.

When everything was in readiness word was received that the prince regent did not wish to have any formality, and that he would arrive incognito as Mr. Somebody-or-Other. The committee told the driver immediately that he would not drive the prince, but would have a plain mister as passenger.

The disappointed man, who did not understand the subtle principles of traveling incognito, indignantly tore the decorations from the carriage and began to swear with the fluency of Bavarian swearers, which is pretty good.

The prince regent climbed into the carriage, and the driver whipped up his horses and continued to swear. The passenger tried to engage him in simpler conversation, without success. At last he fell back on cigars. He handed out a handful to the driver, and passed a gold piece to him at the same time.

The driver looked at the generous gifts for a moment. Then he whistled and turned around.

"Say," he said, "you, there! I was plenty good and mad when they told me that I wasn't going to drive his royal highness. But now I feel better. That miserable old prince regent can go and drive wherever he darned well pleases for all of me. I guess you're as good as any old relic of a royal highness, and me and you will just have a corking good time, hey?"

And the prince regent laughed, and said: "Yes, old boy; me and you will."

And they did.

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My First Camp Hunt.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 11.—On Monday, Nov. 6, I landed in Cheraw, S. C., bound for W. H. Powell's camp, five miles away. I was met by a young man who said, "I've come to meet the best looking man who gets off the train, and you must be the man." Lifting my baggage into the buggy, I was soon speeding away to the hunting camp, which was reached in an hour. I found a row of tents pitched, and every convenience for the comfort of a man who wanted to live out of doors and still be as comfortable as if he was at home. There were dogs galore, and good ones, too. I had my own dogs, but soon saw that I could make a better bag with those provided by Mr. Powell for his guests, and left mine in the camp. My guide knew every hog path in twenty miles of the place, and as he was able to get about, while I was inclined toward corpulency, I allowed him to do the walking, until birds were found. He carried a horn, and I responded to his calls.

It was rather early for good shooting, as the frosts had not killed the vines and grass, and many of the coveys found were too small to shoot. Besides, the weather was hot and dry, making it hard on both man and dog. Had I not been handicapped by my two hundred pounds of flesh and old age, many a bird now roaming the field would have fallen a victim to my old reliable Parker. At the age of sixty-one, I find myself about as good a shot as I ever was, but I can't get at 'em as I did when I was younger. As it was, I was satisfied with 141 quail in four days, the majority of them falling to my gun. My fifth day, and in a section where I was assured of a big find of birds, the rain poured down upon us, and we sought shelter under the hospitable roof of a farmer, who had 5,600 acres of land, and who insisted upon our staying with him until the weather cleared up. The horse show in New York, to which I had promised to go, forced me to leave on a beautiful day and at a time when the changed conditions in the weather had made it an ideal day for sport. My advice to those who come to the Powell camp is to live in tents, which are as comfortable and clean as any private house could be, and with a kitchen presided over by Green, a typical Southern darky of the olden time. He is not only a good cook, but possesses a rich fund of anecdotes about coons, possums and ghosts which makes a tired sportsman hate to go to bed. A man can get any kind of sport he wants now, for in addition to bird dogs, there are also some trained fox, coon and possum dogs.

I never stopped among a more hospitable people than those in and around Cheraw. I spent two nights in the old colonial home of Mr. J. H. Hartzell, whose charming lady knows how to take care of sportsmen, and in whose home ladies, as well as gentlemen, will be entertained delightfully while hunting with Mr. Powell. Mrs. Hartzell possesses a grace of manner and an air of culture and refinement which captivate and make a stranger feel at once that he is in the home of a friend, while her husband finds time to mingle with his guests and assist the hostess in preparing for the comfort of everybody. I have often thought it strange that visitors coming from the North seeking a milder climate, should put up at hotels, when they could be so much better off in every way in the homes of these cultured people, who appreciate the fact that some other things beside climate are necessary to the happiness of those who have to live away from home.

My possum hunt was a success, but its laughable and most enjoyable features must be left for another time, as this is already too long. POLK MILLER.

In the Maine Game Belt.

BANGOR, Me., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The big game shipments continue to hold up, and from the present indications not only will last year's record be surpassed but very probably the record of 1902, when the greatest shipments of deer and moose ever known in Maine were made. The pessimists were fearful for the supply of game in the face of such killing, but the fact that the deer have increased faster than the food in many localities has shown the need of killing off at least a large proportion of the normal increase, if this winter starvation would be avoided. October saw more deer shipped over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad than in 1902, and during this month there have been many days when the deer shipments were very close to the hundred mark. Moose, too, are coming in good numbers, and some very nice antlers are awaiting the final touches at the hands of the taxidermists.

A story published by a Maine newspaper this week created quite a sensation, to the effect that the International Paper Company was about to enter upon a policy of driving off all camps from the vast tracts of timberland under its control. A camp owner in this office and talking with your correspondent about the matter said that if the rumor were true it meant enormous tracts of burnt land another season, for the enraged camp owners wouldn't hesitate to destroy all the timber they could in retaliation for such exclusion. This is but one phase of the question raised by the rumored action, but alone offers a mighty reason why the public camp owners, who are really the finest fire warden service possible and at the same time the cheapest, should be permitted to remain where they have established a business that hurts none, and benefits the land owner, as well as all who receive a part of the wealth distributed by the sportsmen visitors. It is gratifying to learn through the officers of the American Realty Company in this city, which is the Maine corporation looking after the International Paper Company's realty in this State, that no such action is contemplated, and that the camp owners are regarded as the best of protection against fire by the company, which courts more camps rather than desires to exclude those already built. Squatters and other irresponsible campers will, however, meet with small favor and be obliged to throw up their shacks elsewhere, as only reputable camp owners are wanted.

It was thought when Messrs. Howell and Morse, of Newton, Mass., went through here on their way home with a moose, four deer, a bear, fox and the limit of birds that this bag could safely be counted on to head the list for the season. Three young men, however, passed through Bangor to-day with a bunch of game that certainly equals the above, and perhaps exceeds it by a bit. They are E. L. Howard, of Taunton, Conn.; W. G. Howard, of Boucksville, N. Y., and Marvin J. Howard, of South Londonderry, Vt., and they have been in camp with Abner McPheters and Byron Edgerly, of Penobscot county for guides. Their total bag included two moose, two bears, five deer and a magnificent lot of partridges, at least one of them having twelve. And for fear that they might have left some game in the valley of Scott Brook, where they hunted, they brought along a fox.

This is rather an unusual year for albinos, among the rare specimens taken being an albino grouse, shot by Roswell L. Crane, of Whiting, and two albino otter, one of which was shot by James Hall, of Milo. Hon. Edward W. Hyde, of Bath, while at his camp at Doughnut Cove, Moosehead Lake, took an unusually handsome buck, almost pure white, with ten point horns. The buck was a large specimen for an albino, weighing about 150 pounds, and Mr. Hyde will have it mounted whole.

Sudden changes have marked the weather of the last week, and while for a few days it was sharp and clear, following a considerable snowfall of last week, this week has seen a change to warm, wet weather, which in most of the State has been rain, although coming down in snow in the higher portions. At the present writing the snow ranges from an inch or so to two feet in the game belt, and as it is rapidly growing colder, the hunting is sure to be very noisy until a snowfall occurs to cover the crust. At Norcross yesterday morning the ice was so firm in the cove of North Twin Lake that a hunting party was able to walk across the cove on the ice. Ice has formed in the coves of Moosehead, but thawed out or broke up so that up to date the big lake is still clear, as it probably will be for at least three weeks longer, and possibly a month.

Snow, a good fall of dry, light snow that will permit tracking without crusting, is what the hunters are looking eagerly forward to now, and if that comes within the week there will be some lively hustling among the sportsmen now in camp, many of whom are just staying day after day hoping each morning as they awake that the longed for blanket of white has come while they slept. HERBERT W. ROWE.

Massachusetts Game.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several reports on game conditions have come in this week from Massachusetts towns. One from Templeton, Worcester county, says that quail and grouse are scarce; one from Rutland, reports no quail seen and partridges "not very plenty." This writer says that sportsmen coming into the town and not satisfied with hunting, day after day themselves hire other men who are crack shots and carry home all the game they can get. In his opinion, this is overshadowing the thing, and ought to be stopped. There are no quail, some partridges in Granby, and the writer would have a law regulating the number of birds killed in a day, also in a season.

Your readers are aware that several States have such a law, but from its very nature it is difficult to enforce. To make it effective wardens should have a right to demand that the hunter show the contents of his game bag (and pockets) and, in case he refuses, to arrest him at once without the delay of securing a warrant. In our State legislators have not yet been convinced that it is safe to clothe wardens with that power. While the late Captain Collins was able to get almost everything he asked for from the Legislature, he was not successful in this particular, although he declared he would keep trying for it as long as he held his position as chairman of the commission.

Former Representative Butterfield, of Dunstable, Middlesex county, writes, that prospects for game birds are about as usual, but, though owners have been notified, dogs continue to run deer and he is at a loss to know how it can be stopped. He also wishes the violation of the Sunday law might be stopped, and adds that in his vicinity the game laws are not well observed.

Poor conditions are reported in Wayland, while Hopkinton, one of the towns benefited by quail planting two years ago, reports prospects good for birds this fall.

The town of Adams has a trapper named "Bill Nye," who has recently shot the largest wildcat seen in Western Massachusetts for a long time. It weighed twenty-nine pounds and was shot on Savoy Mountain.

A veteran hunter of Middleboro, P. W. Bump, celebrated his 88th birthday last week and is as fond of hunting as ever. He is the nestor of the Assawampsett Fox Club and is reputed to have killed more than a hundred foxes.

The accidental discharge of his gun while crawling through a barbed-wire fence in Needham, was responsible for the death of Mr. Joseph Nickerson, a well-known produce dealer in Quincy market, a man about 60 years old.

At Gt. Barrington yesterday P. Mougen, an unnaturalized Frenchman, was in court for hunting without a license and for snaring. His fines were $10 and $20 respectively. When Judge Sanford asked him if he was ignorant of the law, he replied: "Yes; if I had known the law, I would have done it in the night time, then I would not have been caught."

Our State commissioners have received a few pairs of capercailzie and black cock from Sweden. They reached Winchester on Thursday and, although when first liberated they were unable to walk; they soon recovered the use of their legs and appeared to have recovered from the effects of their confinement for sixteen days on their journey from Copenhagen. The birds were obtained by Mr. Josef Sanburg, of Winchester, a native of Sweden.

It will be remembered that in 1894 Mr. E. G. Gay, now of Clearwater, Me., made an effort to rear some of these species in captivity at Auburn, and about that time some of the black cock were liberated in the town of New Sweden, Me. It is said that last fall some of the species were seen in that neighborhood.

If any of your readers know the results of experiments with these birds elsewhere, I hope we may hear from them through your columns. CENTRAL.

Canadian Camp Dinner.

THE third semi-annual dinner of the Canadian Camp, held at the Hotel Astor, New York, on Tuesday, Nov. 14, was an occasion of much joy. There was a large attendance, a liberal feast of reason and many other things, and at the end of the dinner a most enjoyable flow of soul. The menu announced such unusual dishes as puree of Pennsylvania squirrel, à la Colonel Brainard—the eminent Arctic explorer; minced spiral-eared Polar mice (*sic*), and curry of the common or cow pasture variety of the New England woodchuck trapped by the sage of Cos Cob, no doubt Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. There were many other good things to eat which are not so much out of the range of the average man's experience.

There were about 160 persons present, and the dinner, under the management of the dinner committee, Mr. Harry V. Radford and Dr. H. T. Galpin, went off very happily. At the guests' table were seated Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, president of the club; Rev. Dr. Wilton Mearle Smith, who acted as toastmaster; Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.; Surgeon-General S. Suzuki, of the Imperial Japanese Navy; Dr. Howard Kelly, Dr. Robert T. Morris, Mr. Caspar Whitney, Harry V. Radford, ex-Governor Chamberlain, of Connecticut; John Taylor Humphrey, Henry Wellington Wack and Mr. L. F. Brown.

General Miles spoke interestingly of hunting in the West, his experience going back many years to the days of actual game plenty. Dr. Robert T. Morris gave a fascinating account of his exploring trip with Mr. Wako to Hudson's Bay last summer, and his story was illustrated by sixty lantern slides. There are few people who can talk more interestingly than Dr. Morris, or whose range of outdoor subjects is wider; and his talk gave very great pleasure to his audience.

Surgeon-General Suzuki spoke on Japanese interest in field sports, and Dr. Howard Kelly told of canoeing on the Mississaugua. The occasion was one of great pleasure.

The fourth annual dinner was set for February next.

Quail in Missouri.

LINCOLN, Mo., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting that your Missouri notes are few and since we are as desirous of representation in the shooting world as our neighbors, let me give you some notes on our to-day's shooting. My wife and myself drove out some four and one-half miles to the south of Lincoln, arriving about 7 A. M. at my brother's house. He accompanied us, and with our two pointers and setter we set out toward the cornfield in pursuit of Bob White. After walking perhaps 150 yards, coming to the margin of the field, in a little meadow our over anxious dogs came only fairly to a point when whirr was heard the wing note of a large covey (or rather two coveys in one), for about one-half the number were only half-grown birds. This caused us to reserve our fire; and luckily the birds divided nicely. We then went in pursuit of the grown birds and two minutes later were rewarded by three pretty points, each dog north of a high hedge fence with a space of about twenty yards between each, and all standing as rigid as if statues. On pushing them in we had nice targets, and, despite the high hedge, managed to bag four plump birds.

We then abandoned the covey and struck to the south down a ravine through the cornfield. On walking about 200 yards my pointer began to draw and forty yards in advance came to a rigid point, backed staunchly by the other pointer. A deep and wide ditch was ample cause for my being the only person in range; so I pushed the dogs in and successfully brought down two birds, a third one flying in range of my wife's gun, caused it to drop to a double. On account of the wind blowing a considerable gale and the birds backtracking, we again abandoned the bulk of the covey and pushed on to the south, bagging occasionally a lone bird.

In this manner we spent the forenoon reaching the house at 12 o'clock sharp with a bag of twenty-one birds—seven birds each. We had raised some five large coveys, but owing to the high wind the birds would run after lighting, giving us and our dogs plenty of hard work to locate them again. We expect a more liberal bag of birds next time out, when we will be more conservative about the weather before starting.

We have a great many prairie chickens on the prairie north of town, but our game law makes them practically safe. After Nov. 15 he who bags one will have to use a cannon. Our shotguns won't kill chickens 100 to 150 yards, and that is as close as they will allow you after this season of the year, as they are now congregating into large packs and positively won't lie to the dog.

We also have a goodly number of turkeys in the timbered regions, and if successful we will probably furnish you some chat on this subject later. F. F. L.

Wild Domestic Turkeys as Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have long since thought that it would be most desirable if our game preserves and breeding parks, especially in the midland and South, would take up the matter of savaging domestic turkeys for use as game birds. In a forested country, where they can subsist by scratching, especially where there are gums, beech nuts, acorns, turkey berries and the like, they can easily be made wild, especially if turned loose with their broods as soon as the chicks are strong enough to run.

The best shooting on turkey I ever knew of was on the mountain side near Blackwell's Springs, Buncombe, N. C. The fowls were just tame enough to show themselves freely at the edge of the woods and then shy into the undergrowth, or run half a mile when approached. Occasionally bands would come to the barn premises in rough weather for a handout, but I think the better plan would be to put out brush piles and corn, feed systematically near runs (streams) and the upland vicinity of laurel and reed slashes. Wherever there are cultivated intervals of maize and pea vines the birds do best of all, especially if the patches are as near as half a mile apart between wooded areas.

On Dr. William R. Capehart's 5,000-acre estate at Avoca, Bertie, N. C., there are many bronze and gray turkeys in the woods, which are undoubtedly the progeny of reverted birds. Experiments in this direction seem to me to be more worthy of consideration than the importation of capercailzie and black cock at great expense. Who will take up the suggestion? The cost is a bagatelle and cuts no figure. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Cleaning Rifles.

DEEP RIVER, Conn., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM I wrote that John P. Boagni asks for information about cleaning the high-power smokeless rifle barrel. The problem of keeping the barrel bright when using smokeless loads is a very troublesome one and a continual bother to a rifleman who takes pride in the condition of his gun. Strange to say, I have never met anyone who had a perfect method for cleaning out smokeless powder residue, although I have sent many queries to riflemen of my acquaintance. I have tried everything ever heard or thought of, but nothing seems to exactly fill the bill. Undoubtedly Mr. Boagni has discovered that ordinary oil is woefully inefficient for this purpose, and in spite of its liberal use rust still appears.

The first step is to swab out the barrel as clean as possible with kerosene. Now, take a brass wire brush and carefully worm out the stubborn caked powder deposit. A few turns won't do it, use the brush freely but carefully. With ordinary careful use the brass wire cannot possibly scratch. Finish up with a liberal coating of sperm oil or vaseline to which is added a pinch of washing soda, and you have the best thing I have ever found. RANCHER.

Currituck Shooting.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received the following letter from John R. Upchurch, the chief State game warden, who Nov. 1 was sent to Currituck Sound for the season to prevent the infractions of the laws. The letter is dated at Poplar Branch, Currituck county, and says: "I have been here one week to-night, and have information against six persons for violating the laws; will get warrants to-morrow morning and start after them. Some live on Killie Haw Island and two in Camden county. I have just got my yacht (gasolene) and she runs like a top. She will easily make eight miles an hour. There are a large number of swan, geese and ducks already here, but gunners say they are very hard to kill and will be until the weather gets cold. There are no non-resident hunters here as yet, but we are looking for some to-morrow. I find the citizens very clever to me and I feel quite sure they will help me to enforce the law. The people here are very glad to have the wardens here to keep down fire lighting."

Upchurch is a nervy and capable man, and I expect him to make a good record in looking after the most important ducking territory in all the world. FRED. A. OLDS.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Dominating Carp.

Third Paper.

EVANSTON, Ill., Nov. 9.—So much comment pro and con has been made in regard to the edible quality of the outlawed carp that I concluded that the culinary experience of others in this matter was not at all satisfying to me, as I desired practical evidence with my own salivaries. There are so many grades of gastrics that what would be a delight to some would be displeasing to others. Our waxen wings frequently melt under the cruel fire of reality while the white frost of experience discovers the spider's web. A Digger Indian, who rejoices in a grasshopper pie, would not be a fit subject with whom to discuss the toothsomeness of the carp, nor would an almond-eyed Celestial, who frequently eats his fish raw, be a desirable juryman. Nothing would satisfy me but the straight goods, and I therefore determined to masticate a few morsels of the transplanted carp, even if the coroner was to be called in after the banquet. In order to facilitate matters for bringing this culinary tableau of the kitchen into the lime light I gave a close tip to my agreeable and companionable host to bring on his return from Chicago a goodly carp for the evening dinner and criticism.

This was to be a state secret between us, as to the species of fish to be served at the forthcoming feast to the household which comprised, in addition to ourselves, the *maîtresse* and her three lovely little daughters, ranging from six to ten years, and each of whom had a highly cultured palate, who could almost by intuition tell a coarse-grained fish from one of a more delicate fiber.

I met him at the station that evening and sure enough he had that particular fish upon which we were to sit in judgment and satisfy ourselves whether it was a thoroughbred and worthy to be classed with the imperial family of fishes or be declared of ignoble birth and consequently receive the frozen hand and icy heart.

We plotted as we tramped along the boulevard and drew many amusing pictures under roses and violets that we opined would take place around the banqueting board, for we were confident that the entire family would spurn the finny alien, as they had been generously luxuriating on whitefish the past day or two, and hence the decision would, under these circumstances, be of exceeding interest. The change would doubtless be too radical and really looked like packing the jury. If agreeable to the madame, it was determined to have it served as a boil, as the carp is at its very best so dished. It being desirous to have immediate decision, the presiding deity of the culinary at once took charge of his carpship, and on ascertaining that the hostess was heart and hand with us in the manner of serving it, it was soon in a bath of steam, sending its unquestionable fragrance throughout the circumscribed domain of the kitchen.

In about an hour after we had clicked the ivories over the green baize in the billiard room we were requested to prepare for the feast, which we did with military promptness.

"Suppose," I whispered to the host as we brought up the rear of the grand march to the dining room, "that the carp is pronounced all O. K., what then?"

"Why," he responded, "we will have to bow in humility and wear sack cloth for thirty days; but really I don't anticipate such a failure, for their palates are yet in evidence with the whitefish of yesterday, and no such fiasco is to be considered at all."

Thus reassured I walked on with an air of triumph possessing me as if I had already the prize in hand. It was really a momentous period after the empty soup dishes had been removed and the carp, all gracefully and daintily garnished and jellied, was brought in in his sepulchered tomb of china and placed at the head of the table. It made, amid the glitter of cut-glass and gleaming silverware and flashing lights, a brilliant picture, where a served-up crow might pass at a premium. It was really a skillfully executed piece of artistic work on the part of the *cuisinière*. This was our great danger, and we now felt as if the executioner would soon have our heads on the block. We began to pale and grew quite nervous and felt as if a bucket of ice water was trickling down our backs. The fish was soon in sections and the platters sufficiently hot, and the fragrance of the flowers that generously decorated the table all aided in giving a decided keenness to our gastrics. The madame was the first to roll a morsel under her tongue, and as she did so a troubled shade overspread her expressive face, and then she asked for the tabasco sauce, and at that my confidence as to success rose. The sauce was liberally sprinkled on the fish, as if we thought to make it palatable, and then another choice piece with additional sauce was taken for mastication. She worried with it quite awhile, as if in epicurean distress, and managed at last to let the salivaries take it in charge, and seemed pleased that she had parted with it.

Neither she nor her three handsome girls at this time seemed to be wallowing in epicurean voluptuousness, nor poised as if they were sybarites at a feast of Lucullus, they acted more like Pythagorean disciples striving for self-restraint.

She now nervously but gracefully turned to her devoted husband and interrogated as to the nomenclature of the fish under culinary treatment. He, fortunately, being noted for expedients when danger threatened, very promptly gave the oriental name of the fish, "Sassan." That is a very unique name, and thinking it a pleasantry in which he frequently indulged, responded in a slightly cynical manner: "That, I presume, is Sanscrit, and its interpretation signifies Sally Ann." At this the children seemed greatly amused and sent a rimple of melody rippling through the spacious room. The merriment subsiding, the madame very emphatically stated that "while the delicious and rose-like fragrance as well as toothsomeness of the whitefish we had yesterday lingers with me as a poetic reminiscence, I will not sigh for this fish of the wave."

At this juncture the oldest girl, a handsome little princess, who had laid aside her plate of "Sassan" almost untouched, said in tones of supreme disgust: "I really think the fish the most tasteless we have ever had." And then the platter, with contents, went into serving hands and out of sight.

Now, the sandwiched girl, the betwixt and between of the trinity, rose to the importance of the occasion and declared in a plaintive way that "The only thing worth considering was the egg sauce, and that was perfectly lovely." The kindergarten girl, who had long been waiting her opportunity for an opening, could not, now that she had the floor, let the discussion close without expressing an opinion as to the demerits of the fish, and therefore announced in a somewhat disappointing manner that "It was good enough for Joe," the handsome house dog, who would assuredly take the first prize for beauty at any bench show; and then the little fairy subsided, thinking, doubtless, that children who chase butterflies and catch grasshoppers should be seen and not heard.

The host and I did not go to such extremes as the epicurean critics, for we believed in that eternal justice which tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which would never permit them to accept a $150,000 annual salary as a presiding official of an insurance corporation. We parenthetically mention this as an indicative of always presenting facts wherein the alien carp is under consideration. Having thus, we hope, established confidence with all we will take up the tangled thread of the discourse by stating that we could only endure the carp, not love it, for we looked upon it as ranking seventy-five per cent. below the whitefish, and a very slight shade, indeed, above the buffalo, another coarse fish, which has been consigned time and again to charm the lone ferry-

man of the Styx with anything but melodious accompaniment.

Here the governor, as the host is frequently called, explained to his wife that the term "Sassan" was applied to the carp in the regions of the Caspian Sea, where it was found in great numbers. At this explanation the madame smiled and responding, said:

"I really was under the impression that you were giving me a sprinkling of Attic salt, and I thought it would simply be a Roland for an Oliver by giving you a little pepper."

And with a liberal indulgence in some more substantials and delicacies, with coffee and choice wine, our carp dinner ended, not only delightfully but instructively, with its total abolishment from my host's larder. He was a *bon vivant* and believed in an enjoyable menu.

In connection with the above I will present a few figures for consideration and analysis in regard to the reproductivity of this fish, which exceeds by seventy-five per cent. that of any other fish. To illustrate, a carp weighing 4 or 5 pounds contains on an average 400,000 to 500,000 eggs, and some statements go much higher. Say, for instance, that from one carp at least two fish will survive. Now, take 1,000,000 carp, half of them being females, and the increase the first year would be 1,000,000.

Now, on the compound interest system the figures would stand for first five years at 64,000,000, for ten years the number would be 2,048,000,000. Again at fifteen years it would reach the enormous amount of 18,384,000,000. We now close the statement for twenty years, as the amount seems to grow so rapidly as to almost carry it beyond calculation. The figures are startling and amount to 1,181,276,000,000. With our Great Lakes of the Northwest containing, as a starter, 1,000,000 carp, of which there is evidently a much greater number in them now, you can probably, if the numbers are not confusing, realize what they will contain twenty years hence if the lakes will only hold them, and on that we have not figured. This is simply mathematics that establishes the facts and figures beyond dispute.

Having taken up mathematics to prove the dangerous results of carp propagation to our Great Lakes we will solve another problem as to its dire effects commercially, and this came authoritatively in conversing with an official of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railway at Grand Rapids, Mich., previous to my departure for the fishing banks and streams of the Northwest. I questioned him as to the number of anglers that annually took the train over his railway. He stated that 10,000 would be near the figure. Now, each one of these would, on an average, spend $40 for their rail fare, which would make a total of $400,000. Exclusive of this amount their expenditures for the trip averaging a stay of a month, would be for each about $150, aggregating a total of $1,500,000. The sum total of the two would make an aggregate of $1,900,000. Fully three-fourths of this would be lost to the railways, hotels, boarding houses, guides, boatmen, etc., if the carp reaches its culmination as foreshadowed by the figures above and rules supreme, which it assuredly would over the lakes and the rivers tributary thereto. This is only the loss that would be entailed through one railway, and now we leave it to you to figure on the other railways which radiate through other parts of the territory occupied by these lakes and rivers. When you come to fully realize on this enormous loss I don't think you will find any profits to realize on by the introduction of the carp to this country. It is a base alien that has nothing to recommend it, not even its edibility. Are we therefore to tamely submit to this outrage which bids fair to destroy our magnificent game and toothsome fishes?

Some men are apt to prefer error to fact. Their prejudice is like the spider that makes everywhere its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same. Prejudice, therefore, may be denominated the spider of the mind. Whatever excites the spirit of contradiction is capable of producing the last effects of heroism, which is only the highest pitch of obstinacy in a good or bad cause, in wisdom or folly.

One of the greatest losses we deplore—and it will occur with the increase of carp—is the delights of the angle, the contemplative man's recreation. Many thousands of our citizens will lament with us this prospective calamity.

No sport embraces so extensive a literature nor has been so enthusiastically considered as that which descants upon the

"Dancing cork and bending reed,"

or which treats of the fascinations accompanying the poetic pastime of the ardent angler. Beyond all other recreations it is the most idyllic and most satisfying. It brings the angler into close and intimate communion with nature. It takes him into flowery meadows and shady woods; by the side of murmuring brooks, silver cascades and crystal rivers; through deep ravines and into valleys clothed in vernal beauty and made vocal with rippling waters and the warbling of feathered songsters. It is a fragrance of tenderness and of mild, soothing peace. "It has been so for us since Izaak Walton sang its beatific praises, and made its home classical for all ears and hearts. He has made fishing the type of the gentle mind that finds, even in the midst of hot and angry tumults, a refuge for quiet homes and a haunt of peace by happy river sides."

The very memory of it will ever keep me from despair, and all my life I shall thank God that I have often known its gentle touch to lead me to the heights I never could reach without it, and to replace my doubt and unbelief with a simple reverent trust. And now to think that this delicious pastime is in jeopardy is enough to make the very angels weep. ALEX. STARBUCK.

Old Man Bassford and the Shark.

It was at one of the swell Florida hotels, where the bell boys hand back, with a lofty air of disdain, any tip under a dollar. How old man Bassford blew into such an atmosphere I don't know, but he got there some way. Some one had caught an 18-foot man-eating shark and it had been hauled upon the dock in front of the hotel. The hotel guests were grouped around it as thick as bees. The great fish was resting upon its belly, its great mouth hidden from view.

Mr. Bassford approached the guide, who had the fish in charge, and insisted that the shark be turned over. The guide hesitated to go to the trouble and wanted to know why Mr. Bassford wanted to see the face of the shark.

"Why," replied Bassford, "I want to see if he looks like our hotel manager."

That settled it, and the assembled guests seconded Mr. Bassford's request. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Carp Question—A Suggestion.

THE controversy "fur and agin the carp" may be expected to last for some years, and to furnish satisfaction for advocates of either side. Meanwhile, those of us who really know about the carp will keep in mind two salient points, irrespective of the controversy.

(1) The carp is an excellent food fish.

(2) The carp in some waters disturbs the balance of nature in such a way as to make him a nuisance in those particular waters.

I have a suggestion to make in reference to the second point. The jackfish (*Esox lucius*) is common in Canadian waters, and can be introduced much farther south without trouble. The jackfish frequently attains a size of more than 20 pounds—sometimes nearly double that. It is a very fine fish for the table, and individuals above 10 pounds weight require skill in the capture. The jackfish lives harmoniously enough with trout and bass in many waters to-day. Its favorite food consists of members of the carp family, and in trout and salmon waters I have usually found suckers in the stomachs of jackfish caught there. Sometimes a jackfish will pick up a game fish, but like most race horses, he is naturally lazy, and would rather walk than run. His favorite lurking place is among the weeds in shallow water, and let a carp beware if he seeks to eat up the house of the proprietor of any given weed patch. My belief is that the jackfish introduced into waters disturbed by an overplus of carp would restore the balance of nature in those waters, without at the same time becoming a nuisance himself. The reason for this belief is founded upon the facts of the known relation between jackfish and other game fish in waters in which they exist together naturally in Canada at present, and also upon the fact that the European jackfish keeps in proper balance in waters where he and game fish and carp have lived together for centuries. I would experiment with the jackfish not only in "carp infested" waters, but also in waters where the common pickerels (*Esox reticulatus* and *fasciatus*) have been introduced to the detriment of game fish. In the Adirondacks and in Maine the jackfish might be expected to eat up pickerel and suckers, and to allow the return of trout to waters where the pickerels have played havoc. Even where the jackfish did destroy some game fish, he would give the fisherman a quid pro quo in his great size, fine table qualities and character as a fish fairly belonging in the game fish list. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.

The New York Chief Protector.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York Evening Post says this evening (Nov. 20) that John B. Burnham, of Essex county, is in line for appointment to the office of Chief Game Protector, and that he will be appointed as ordinary protector in order to familiarize himself with the duties of the head office and prepare for the necessary civil service examination.

If Mr. Burnham is appointed to the office by Commissioner Whipple we can rest assured that everything possible will be done to stop the disregard of the State game and fish laws which has prevailed in the Adirondacks for time out of mind. Mr. Burnham is better fitted for that office than anyone I know of. His journey into and out of Alaska on skis, in a paper canoe and with dogs shows the kind of physique which will make him the leader in expeditions after crusters, and his woodcraft knowledge is such that he will be able to hunt out the miserable crew that jack and hound deer contrary to law, and, worse yet, contrary to the best interests of Adirondack game protection.

Anyone who has followed Mr. Burnham's articles in your paper knows that he is a woodsman, able with his rifle, ax and snow shoes—and that kind of a man is needed to direct and lead the movements of the game protectors of the State.

Mr. Whipple's choice of Mr. Burnham for Chief Game Protector is the best indication we have that the Adirondack region is in the hands of a man who intends to protect it from the men who have for years back spoiled the State's fairy land of nature.

I don't agree with Mr. Whipple in his belief that there is nothing to worry about in regard to lost State lands, but I do heartily agree with him if he puts the protection of the State's game up to Mr. Burnham. I hope and believe that this will remove one cause of anxiety which has festered the hearts of the nature lovers of the State.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Kingfish at Miami.

THE Miami Metropolis of Nov. 13 reports: The scarcity of kingfish is proving an unsolvable enigma to the local fishermen, who state that never before have they been known to be so late in making their appearance in these waters. On one or two occasions small schools of them have been seen and a few captured, but in the last week they have been totally absent. Last night Capt. Albert Hienkle went to sea in the Seminole and this morning made several trips over the fishing ground, but failed to get a strike or even see one of the game monsters. He was successful, however, in capturing several mackerel, and a number of amberjacks and barracudas.

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New Publications.

The Houseboat and its Uses.

IN England the term houseboat is familiar enough, for houseboats have been in use there for about fifty years; but in this country comparatively few people know what a houseboat is. Not because houseboats have not long existed here, however, for a hundred years ago our forefathers used to journey down the Ohio and again down the Mississippi in arks or flatboats, which differed in no essential particular from the simpler houseboats of to-day. The addition of power to the houseboat and its use as a pleasure craft, are modern developments.

Under the title "Houseboats and Houseboating," Mr. Albert Bradlee Hunt has brought together a great amount of interesting and useful information concerning houseboats and the manner of living on them. The purpose of the volume is three-fold; he wishes to make known the opportunities that American waters afford for the enjoyment of life on the houseboat; to set forth the developments which houseboating has attained in this country, and most of all, to so picture the advantages of the houseboat and the attractions of life on it that larger numbers of people may be led to prove for themselves its comforts and its pleasures. "The houseboat already has a place on many waters of the United States from Casco Bay to the Golden Gate; from the St. Lawrence to Lake Worth; and with every season the boats are increasing in numbers and growing in favor. Permanent popularity is assured, for the houseboat possesses qualities which are lasting in their appeal. Houseboating is simple and domestic. In it are combined life on the water, and that home life which we care the most for."

It seems an odd thing that this is the first volume ever written about houseboats, and it would seem as if it were so complete as to leave no room for any future volume unless unexpected improvements and discoveries shall be made in this connection. The book is a compendium of the architecture of the houseboat, giving beautiful pictures of different types of these vessels in different situations, and giving as well, by means of plans and diagrams, such full information as to their lines, interior divisions and general arrangements, that any builder—one might even say, any carpenter—could construct one from these plans. The illustrations include houseboats in England and in America, power houseboats and immobile houseboats. There is a chapter on gasolene power for houseboats.

To the women attracted to the subject and to many of the men, the most attractive chapters in this interesting volume will be the ones which deal with life on the houseboat. The pictures of the interiors show all descriptions of rooms, from the plainest bunk room to the most luxurious fittings with open fireplaces. In many houseboats there are on the lower deck kitchens, boiler rooms, laundries and bath rooms; above are the bedrooms and living rooms, which may be as attractive as the means of the owner can make them. Mr. Hunt's chapter on Interior Fittings and Furnishing is very suggestive.

Each houseboater has his own ideas of the joys of houseboat life, but interesting at this season of the year, when the winds blow chill and the dried leaves are chasing one another in a whirl across the fields and heaping themselves up in the fence corners, is this picture of houseboating in Florida: "During the season, beautiful Lake Worth at any moment during the day presents a pretty sight, with the many electric launches swiftly sailing in all directions, and with a half-dozen houseboats moored along the channel of the lake. At night these boats, with their electric lights and the distant lights of West Palm Beach, add greatly to the charms of the walk along the lake or front avenue. It is all very well to drift lazily in one's own boat and moor where one will; but it is an uncommonly pleasant thing to moor among other houseboats, to exchange social amenities, to meet other idlers informally under the gay awnings on summer afternoons, or in the moonlight to listen to the twang of guitars, the lilt of a girl's voice, the shiver of cracked ice against the glasses, to watch the expert handling of a chafing dish, to dance cakewalks down between the palms and flowers under the swaying Japanese lanterns; to be highly gregarious for a time, and then to go idling on, leaving conventions and social obligations behind. They do that sort of thing down on the Indian River; and since the time when the late Pierre Lorillard towed the first houseboat into those waters, a whole fleet of craft has sprung up, ranging in importance from boats little more pretentious than the shanty boats of the Ohio to floating homes, equipped with every convenience and luxury. Many of them represent an outlay of about $500, while others will run up into the thousands, and are as spacious and luxurious in appointment as money can make them."

Compare with that picture one of the sportsman, who has his inexpensive houseboat on western lake or river, a craft which serves as a place for eating and sleeping, and is sternly practical and free from luxury; for one great beauty of the houseboat is that it may be made to fit the purse of the poor man or of the very rich; the cost may be trifling or it may be great.

A very interesting subject to Southern travelers is a description of the inside route to Florida by Capt. Thomas I. Smith, giving distances, charts with details as to canals, buoys and various matters of expense, which will be a positive help to any man who wishes to go to Florida by water.

To the man already possessing a houseboat, the present volume is not less interesting than to him who contemplates building one. No two of these crafts are alike, and each one has some wrinkle or peculiarity of its own which is worth adapting on some other craft.

Life on the houseboat seems to give that independence for which we are all working and slaving, for after all, a great fortune, the goal of the average American's ambition, is desired merely because the man wishes to feel that he can do just what he pleases. The man with a small income, obliged annually to face the summer

problem, may by the expenditure of a comparatively small sum on a houseboat, have a home which will last him year after year, where he has no taxes to pay, no lawns to mow, no establishment to keep up. He can move from point to point, though his moving may be very deliberate. Best of all, he has pure air and healthy surroundings, and he and his family may be by themselves or may mingle with others as they please.

There are many men who are debarred from enjoying a life on the water by the very reasonable objections of their wives and families to the cramped quarters of all except the largest yachts. Such objections, however, do not apply to the houseboat, where at a cost which is trifling compared with the cost of a yacht, one may have as much room as could be had in an ordinary summer cottage, together with a multitude of conveniences and a multitude of attractions that the summer cottage would never yield.

While we are disposed to think of the houseboat as being especially for the sportsman, it is a fact that the women and children of the family take more pleasure in this life than do the men. They throw themselves into the delights of life on the ocean wave; they fish and travel about on the water; they have their beds of flowers, and the time never seems to hang heavy on their hands.

"Houseboats and Houseboating" is full of novel and interesting matters, and may frankly be recommended. (Price $3 net; postage 34 cents.)

A Wholesome Boys' Book.

THE "Scientific American Boy" is a capital book of somewhat unusual type, but one that is extremely likely to have a wide popularity at first with parents, but afterward with the boys, who, in perusing it, will become, if not scientific, at least well informed on a number of extremely useful subjects.

All boys are fond of nature, though probably most of them who have not had some special training or association would vehemently deny this. Nothing appeals to them more strongly than a life out of doors, and the study of wild things, whether they be quadrupeds, birds, plants or stones. They only insist that the things told them about these natural objects shall be interesting; and certainly this does not seem to be asking very much.

The author of the present volume, Mr. A. Russell Bond, takes his boys into a camp at Willow Clump Island and keeps them there for the better part of the year. Incidentally they do some shooting and fishing, but most of the time is spent in manufacturing tools or implements, or more pretentious constructions, which shall be useful to them, either by making them more comfortable, or by serving them in their various pursuits.

A perusal of the headings of some of the chapters suggests what they did when they were preparing to go to the Island. They learned how to make and use skates, sails, snow-shoes, skis and swamp shoes; they made their tents and then prepared for the expedition. Arrived at the Island they made surveying instruments, and mapped it. They made a bridge, canvas canoes, houses; they had trouble with tramps, during which their boat was stolen, and they invented a tramp proof mooring. They learned signalling by wigwagging and heliographing; made ice-boats, sledges, toboggans and scooters, and later took a long winter tramp. When spring came again, they put up some waterworks, built a log cabin and finally a gravity railway and a cantilever bridge. Every thing described in the book is most fully illustrated by diagrams, so that the dullest boy should not find it difficult to work out any construction that is shown. Besides these very numerous drawings, there are many capital halftone pictures.

There is quite enough of story in the first part of the book to carry along very easily the instructive part, and toward the end, after the boys are thoroughly interested in their various constructions, there is less of the story and more of the building, an entirely natural and proper arrangement.

For any boy or for any group of boys that have the slightest mechanical bent, this is a book of the greatest value. The outdoor pastimes of shooting and fishing and most active sports, athletic or otherwise, have been very fully treated in many books, but it is a long time since we have seen a volume so practical, so useful and withal so interesting as the one in hand. It can be commended to all readers. Munn & Co., Price $2.

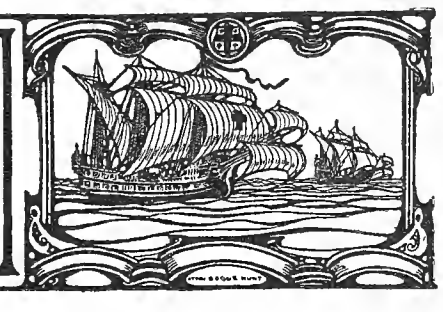
For Maine Campers.

"WHERE the Sportsman Loves to Linger" is a descriptive narrative of the most popular canoe trips in Maine, by G. Smith Stanton, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It is a pleasant exposition of the routes, the happenings and the needs of the camper who intends to journey on the Allagash and the east and west branches of the Penobscot.

Mr. Stanton has made many canoe and hunting trips through the woods of Maine, and is thoroughly familiar with the incidents and the needs of such excursions. He writes in a pleasant light vein, with much humor, and the book is well worth reading. It is noteworthy for the multitude of illustrations which it contains, most of them, we may presume, from the author's camera, and many of them of much interest. There are several pictures of wild moose and wild deer, besides other photographs of camps, picturesque spots and others. Price, $1.



YACHTING



How a 90-Footer Behaves in an Ocean Race.

Being a Short Account of the Performance of the Yawl Ailsa in the Race for the Kaiser's Cup Across the Atlantic in 1905.

BY PAUL EVE STEVENSON.

A paper read at the thirteenth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, held in New York city on Nov. 16 and 17, 1905.

THE British-built yawl Ailsa was, with one exception, the smallest vessel that took part in this great race, her dimensions being 89ft. load waterline, 131ft. over all, 26ft. beam and 17ft. draft, her gross tonnage amounting to 116. She was designed by William Fife and built in Scotland in 1895. When she was first spoken of as a possible entrant for the race, there were many who considered it a preposterous conception and one that was worth hardly more than a passing thought.

"What, enter this 'crazy-eyed racing machine,' this 'composite basket' in a race across the North Atlantic! Even if she was a Scotch-built boat, she came over originally in a slow canter; not under skittering racing sticks that she'll have to carry now to make any showing at all."

In this manner these maritime Solons expelled their weighty views and shook their salty locks. Gradually, though, interest in the undertaking gathered energy, and when the fine performances were recalled of the Vigilant and Navahoe in their ocean passages in fast time and without mishap, popular opinion among yachtsmen experienced a change of sentiment to a great degree; and a lively interest was kindled among them when Ailsa was definitely entered in the great contest.

This interest continued to grow when the insignificant size of the boat, compared with some of her big competitors was appreciated; and the experts reached the same conclusion, namely, that her only chance of winning lay under but one condition of weather, to wit, smooth seas and a head wind, or at least a close reach. Ailsa had left a very creditable record behind her after a long series of races with the Prince of Wales' Britannia; and if it should happen that we could find for her conditions favorable to her type, she stood a very good chance of finishing among the first three. No one thought of her as a possible winner in any other sort of weather, for in strong, fair winds her large anagonists would overpower her and in the event of heavy weather they would simply drown her out.

Immediately prior to the start, Ailsa was overhauled as completely as possible alow and aloft; she was entirely replanked in many places, and generally strengthened so as to withstand the severe tests of a deep-water race. Among other preparations, 5ft. were clipped from her bowsprit, short as it was, till it seemed no more than the pointed end of a cigar jutting out of the stem, while the mizzen or jigger had been cut down to nothing but the pockethandkerchief of ancient tradition. She carried, however, her racing mainmast and the mainsail itself was of the exact size for smooth-water racing. She also carried an extra stout triangular storm trysail—the riding sail of the Grand Bankers—made of Irish flax which was bent to the mast with toggles when required. A hooded slide was built over the forecastle hatchway and another one over the skipper's hatch immediately forward of the wheel; while wooden battens and strong canvas covers were fitted for the skylights fore and aft.

The small boats carried in case of accident were fishermen's dories, lashed three in a nest just aft of amidships, the most wretched type of small boat imaginable in case of a quick exit, except in the hands of fishermen born and bred in them and who know every detestable humor of these craft. The writer's opinion on this subject may not be of monumental worth, but he has had a good deal of experience in them with the fishermen out of Marblehead and the Kennebec; and while it is true that on the Banks a dory carries a ton of fish and two men in a heavy jumble of sea, these men know what they are about and are not asked to jump unaccustomed into them, three or four men to a dory, in a heavy, breaking sea. If it should come to abandoning the ship, this purpose being the only excuse for their presence on board, the result would be much too painful to contemplate. It is true that two large, strong boats secured amidships would have occupied more deck space than the nests of dories; but they would have possessed the incalculable advantage of usefulness in a disaster. That the Yankee dory, strictly indigenous to New England, is the finest sea boat of its size known to sailors when properly handled, is a fact beyond dispute; but one has to know them from the cradle upward to understand all their madness in a seaway. Several of the other racers also carried dories as well as Ailsa; and only a providential immunity from an occasion to utilize them in heavy weather prevented what must have been a miserable loss of life. The notion of five or six men living in one of these little 14ft. boats in a breaking sea until picked up is unthinkable.

Because of our handiness as a racing "machine" we were enabled to get away first across the line at the start, followed immediately by Hildegarde, Atlantic, Endymion and Hamburg, the latter being the only other pure racer in the fleet besides ourselves, though much larger and more powerful. On board of us there were 28 persons all told, three of us aft in the cabin, while the ship's company included a skipper, two mates, steward, mess boy, two cooks, and 18 men before the mast—precisely the complement that handles a modern 2,000-ton sailing ship with 3,500 tons of cargo aboard. Our cabin had been cleared of all unnecessary furniture and decorations and a large ice-box had been built into the floor; and as a vasty hummock of storm canvas occupied the rest of it, locomotion below was not accomplished by the customary methods. No carpets were down to hold any water that might be shipped, though this was a vain precaution, for the only salt water that found its way below in the whole fortnight was a bucketful through the inadvertently opened companionway. From the beginning of the passage till we let go in Southampton Water, Ailsa leaked no more than could be pumped out in five minutes each watch, even in heavy weather that we ran into in mid-Atlantic—a very different fulfilment of the dark prophecies that sprang from certain quarters before the start, when a basket was too sound an article for comparison with Ailsa's hull. It is also not unworthy of comment that only during the first six hours of the voyage did we have a head wind; after dusk fell that first night at sea we held the Jersey coast aboard, while most of the others split tacks and went away along the Fire Island beach. About 10 P. M. the wind shifted into the southward from E.N.E., and never again headed us during the 3,000 miles—a first hand illustration of the "brave west winds" of the Atlantic.

For two or three days afterward, the breeze held true and fresh from the southwest, and because it was fair we were able to carry all our kites, including the spinnaker until it split one afternoon, after the spinnaker boom had soared up to the spreaders in a heavy roll and broke into three pieces. We fished this boom, however, but lost a 20ft. section out of the middle of it, and during the rest of the passage we utilized the balloon jibtopsail as a spinnaker, as the original one would have been too large for the shortened boom. The sea had increased somewhat by this time and was running under us in swift, white ridges; and Ailsa here first indicated how abominably this type of vessel steers running before a fresh wind and sea. With no forefoot to hold her steady, she yawed to every sea at least five or six points in spite of the most skillful steering. Nearly half the time the spinnaker was abaek and was hindered from swinging inboard only by heavy preventers. Indeed one of the most disagreeable nights of the passage occurred in this part of the ocean, when on one occasion the wind had let go to a great degree; Ailsa minded her helm no more than if she had been rudderless, and teetered about on the crests with the big mainboom in charge of the deck, hesitating whether to gybe over or not. Later on this same night heavy rain squalls came on from the southward, and though there was not much wind in them we lowered down the mainsail and set the trysail for the first time. Having to depend on one mast entirely (for the absurd little sapling in the stern was a negligible quantity nearly all the passage) we had to take great care of the big boom, not having the advantage of the two and three-masted schooners that can afford to take some risks on their several spars. As for the trysail, it proved to be of almost incredible utility; many times afterward in the race, when running before it, with the 80ft. boom flinging around and nearly ripping things asunder when brought up short by the traveler, we would put the gaskets on the mainsail, get the little trysail bent and fill away again in perfect comfort; indeed, quite half the race was run under this sturdy little sail. With more placid conditions, however, Ailsa sailed a splendid race, and when laid close to the wind in a fresh breeze with no sea running, she steered like a knockabout, her wheel like the balance of a watch; and at times she sailed along for several minutes without a hand on the spokes. But as soon as we ran into a seaway, Ailsa went to pieces, as it were. If the sea was ahead she stopped almost dead short at every rise; if astern, she showed an unconquerable desire to look at her own wake.

Our best day's run was 268 miles, a trifle over 11 knots an hour, while in a single watch we did 50 miles and in one hour covered 13 knots; and our best day's work was followed at once by the only heavy weather we found during the voyage. This was in 45 deg. N., 34 deg. W., or about 1,400 miles E.N.E. from Sandy Hook; in short, mid-ocean. The gale took an entire 24 hours to make up from the southward, with violent squalls and then, shifting into the northwest in a succession of furious gusts lasting four or five hours, it settled down at that point to what sailors call a heavy gale, the wind rising to force 9 or 10 in the Beaufort scale, or from 50 to 60 miles an hour. At the end of a day and a half or so, a very high and dangerous sea had made, before which we ran the yacht up to the last moment of safety, and then hove her to on the port tack under the trysail only, with five oil bags over the weather rail. We had run her battened down for 30 hours and with four oil bags out; but at noon she broached heavily twice, the second time under the crest of a high sea; so, bailing oil out of a bucket to windward to make a "smooth," we put the wheel down, got the trysail sheet aft and stood by. Instead of lurching ponderously up to the wind like a square rigger would do under such conditions, Ailsa came to so swiftly as to almost throw us off our feet, and in less than a minute she lay hove to in perfect ease.

As long as we ran her before it, we had two men lashed to the wheel—merely a precaution—as not a semblance of heavy water boarded the boat, although we naturally had no assurance as to how long this would last; but of solid seas there actually came none on board; no sea broke on deck that a man could not stand up against unaided, and we had to lay her to simply because she would not steer. Of course, this broaching is a very dangerous business, and justified the second mate's pronouncement:

"You can call dese sea boats if you like, but de're tam bad ones." Nevertheless, as shown above, we shipped no solid water, and we were doubtless the only racer that could boast thus, with the probable exception of Valhalla, more than ten times our tonnage.

Through the bad weather, whether running or lying to, the easy motion of Ailsa was the most astonishing attribute of the boat; instead of knocking us about with battered shins and mangled joints, we found the rolling and pitching so pliant and comfortable as to astound us who were prepared for the worst moments in our experience. As a matter of fact the rolling and angle of heel, at their utmost, could not approach that of a large sailing ship either running her easting down or hove to in the Southern Ocean. The height of the largest seas was probably from 40 to 45ft. from crest to trough, about 30ft. shorter than the Cape Horn seas in which the writer was once hove to in a windjammer for a considerable period; but every one of these Atlantic seas broke heavily, with a curved edge, from which it was very difficult to get away, and their sides or flanks were almost vertical. The longer the sea, the easier to ride, of course, even though prodigious the height; the big regular Cape Horners by very reason of their size run but five to the mile, and the back or ridge of each individual sea often exceeds a mile in length. These break also, but without the hollow arch of a steep sea; they seem rather to roll along with a tumbling, thick crest. Indeed, had it not been for the "wave" oil, a compound of heavy oils, black and glutinous, which proved almost miraculous in its ability to smooth the crests, we would have had many disagreeable visitors. When we had arrived at Southampton, Lord Brassey, who had finished just ahead of us in Sunbeam, came aboard and declared that it was the worst sea that he had seen in twenty years. He also discharged the opinion that crossing in Ailsa was but little short of suicide; but had the Baron seen twenty-nine summers instead of sixty-nine, it is probable that our passage would have appeared to him in more brilliant hues.

"You'll have to drive her hard, win or lose," was a frequent counsel that we heard many times before the start. But as a matter of fact, driving a 90ft., modern, racing single-sticker with an emasculated forebody in such weather as we had for three days, before a strong gale and ugly sea, is an impossible theory begot in the minds of those who have perhaps never been out of sight of the land in a bulb-fin racer. In short, it is an anomaly. When a yacht or sailing vessel of any sort, large or small, has a hull under her fit to run with—that is, to drive—she can be driven to the ultimate moment, when she is often pooped and destroyed by the combers astern. But you cannot drive a vessel that has no forebody, practically no keel, whose mast is stepped so nearly in the middle of her that she cannot carry sail far enough forward to keep her ahead of the seas, and whose every inclination is to turn around against her rudder and look at you. She cannot be driven for the reason that she is out of control, and broaches in the crests and loses way, refuses to go ahead, and at any time is liable to lose boats, gear and men in a single sea through broaching. The build of every other vessel in the race enabled her to run out this gale, including Fleur-de-Lys, a smaller boat than Ailsa. Fleur-de-Lys' decks were full of heavy water for long periods; yet she was driven through it because she was capable of being driven—was built to buck against or to run before a North Atlantic gale. Uncouth as Ailsa was when running, when hove to she rode as high and dry as a swan, shipping hardly a mist of spray. Not a little further misapprehension exists in the minds of many yachtsmen concerning the position of a sailing vessel when laid to. The notion is abroad that they "breast" the combers; while the truth is that they lie very nearly broadside to the sea, forging ahead about a couple of knots an hour; and this is as true of the sailing ship as of the yacht, except that the former, loaded almost to the deck, is swept by every heavy sea, which the yacht's buoyancy keeps her clear of. Only steamers head the gale when lying to.

One of the greatest misfortunes in the whole matter of this ocean race was that not a single naval architect of recognized ability crossed in one of the contestants. The excuse that they were too busy ought not to have prevailed in the face of the enormous amount of information they would have acquired on the passage, and in no other way. Watching the performance of one of his creations in a breeze of wind on the quiet sound, or even along shore, gives a designer no idea of how she behaves in a heavy sea more than a thousand miles from land, particularly in the matter of running and standing gear. No sailing yacht ever goes to sea in an easterly gale, which is the only possible condition under which, near land, the strains of a vigorous sea on hull and spars could be observed by the designer or naval architect; if he could but have been persuaded to cross in this race, he would have observed the countless points, great and small, that otherwise he would never see. No designer who had been there before would have sent Ailsa to sea with so preposterous a square foresail and yard. The trysail was the perfection of what such a piece of canvas should be—heavy boltrope, massive cringles and gear in general able to withstand the wear of the sea. But the square foresail was hardly fit for a joke. The quality was all there, but the size and shape of it would have been laughable if the conditions had not been serious. The business of such a foresail is to enable a vessel to keep ahead of a heavy, breaking sea when running, and ought to be nearly if not quite as long on the foot as on the head, to lift her over the seas and prevent burying when hustled on by the crest; instead of which we tottered along beneath a squaresail cut so nearly to a point on the foot that it looked like an inverted isosceles triangle. Had we possessed a squaresail commensurate with the size of the boat we might have even made a show of running out the breeze of wind and finishing fourth or fifth instead of eighth. As for the yard on which this fragment was stretched, it must have been conceived for a 70-footer to use off the Hook in August.

Concerning the yawl rig, it is our opinion that it is the most overestimated one that appears in all the seven seas for any purpose except that of the British fishermen, and even they have rejected it almost entirely for the lugger and ketch. Many yachtsmen speak of the yawl rig as the very essence of everything desirable for a sea-going vessel; in their eyes it seems to have almost preternatural gifts in heavy weather; when herculean tasks abound there is nothing to compare with it. "John is going up to Nova Scotia this fall," they say, "but then he's got a yawl rig, you know." The naked truth about the yawl is that the rig in the first place breaks up the sail area and reduces it for racing purposes; and in the second place it does not seem to be of any use at sea. When running, the little fright in the stern is out of commission entirely, and when hove to it is a positive danger when set, for well-designed boats crave the wind anyhow, and if the jigger were carried when laid to the boat would come all the way around on the other tack and create incredible confusion; and in moderate weather, close-hauled, a cutter will outpoint and outfoot any yawl of her size ever built. The proposition that a yawl heaves to at sea under head sails and jigger is a mere myth. As for the jigger's shortening up the main boom so that it is lifted well clear of the seas, it is equally untrue, for the jigger mast's presence does not in our case take more than 8ft. from the main boom, provided the latter were cut off level with taffrail, as of course it generally is for sea work. The Alice and Minerva are perfect illustrations of the fact that yachts as small as 40ft. on the waterline can cross the Western Ocean under sloop and cutter rig, without converting them into the ugly, useless and sluggish rig of the yawl.

The rest of our voyage lay in moderate weather with a long, rolling southwest swell, however, that kept us under the trysail much of the time, though we did 10 knots right along with almost the steamer's regularity; and it was in this vicinity that we exhibited the peculiar spectacle of a yawl churning along under six canvas triangles; three head sails, trysail, jigger staysail and jigger. We made our best hourly run about this time too, 13 knots in 60m., and passed the Lizard at about 4:30 in the morning of June 1, 14 days and 11 hours from Sandy Hook, beating the time made by other yawls, Vigilant and Navahoe, establishing a new transatlantic record for this rig, and also beating the passages of Yampa, Coronet, Dauntless, and Ingomar. Although we arrived eighth out of eleven starters, we made an excellent showing for a smooth-water racing machine even in heavy seas, and our passage across ought to illustrate the fact that a racing "ninety" can be handled and sailed even in wild Atlantic weather. With this as an established fact it seems more lamentable than ever that the hulls of our crack racing craft should be so over-pressed with canvas that even the larger ones dare not face a 20-mile easterly breeze and sea in our summer racing, lest they stretch their sails out of shape for the next race. That is, the very surface to which the motive power is applied must not be exposed to any but certain benign breezes, and that in smooth waters. A pity it certainly seems that we cannot arrive at a more moderate and reasonable sail plan, so that our racing yachts could exhibit their ability in strong winds and chop of a sea without the probability of maiming some feeble bit of timber. Perhaps, though, on the other hand, by virtue of their almost limitless experience in handling vessels in strong winds and freshening seas, the deep sagacity of our regatta committees is after all justified in calling off a race when some of the boats, having made an offing, are perceived to be in a state of unusual agitation. How can we maintain a defense in the presence of such godlike wisdom?

JUST PUBLISHED.

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BY ALBERT BRADLEE HUNT,
Yachting Editor of Forest and Stream.

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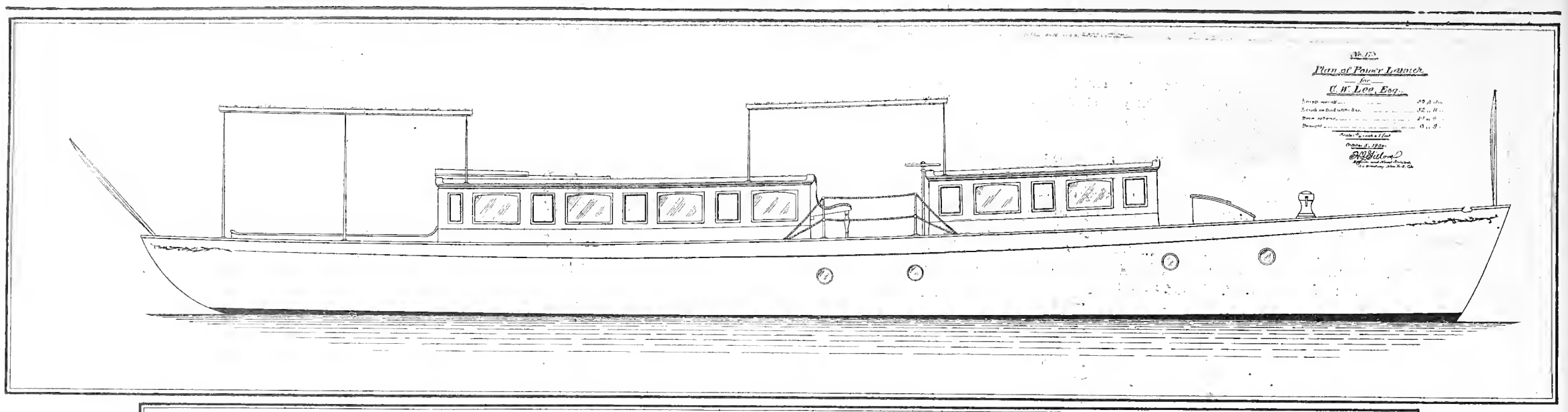
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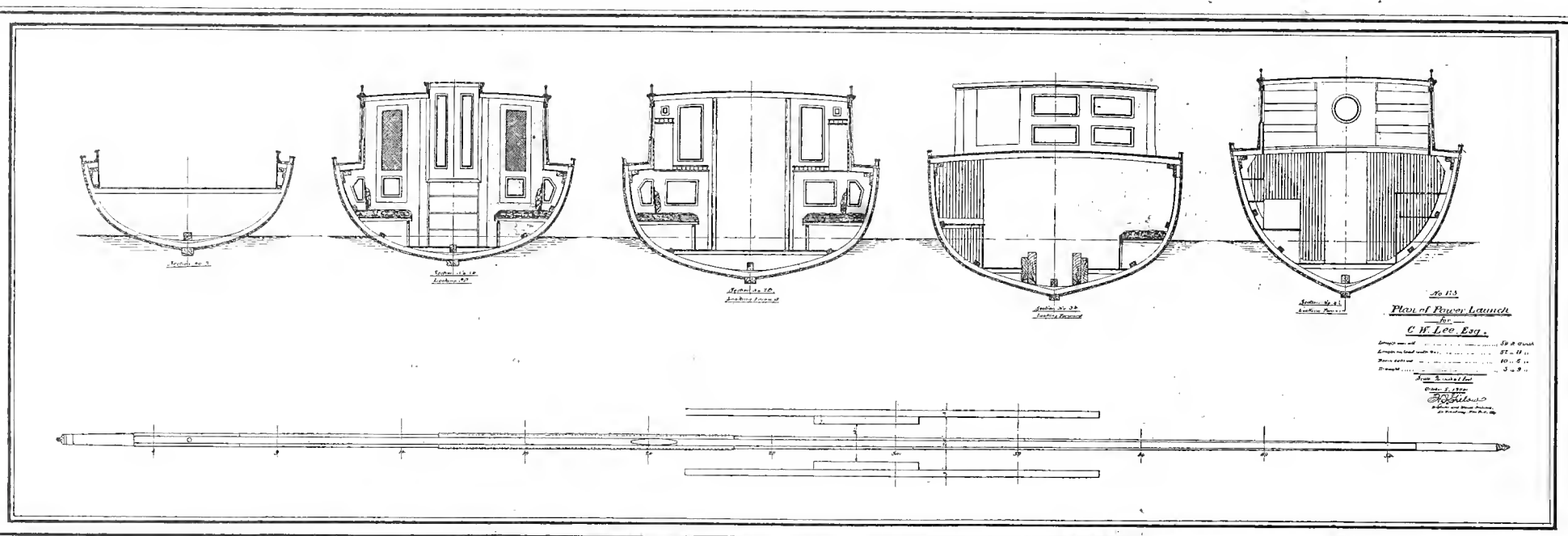
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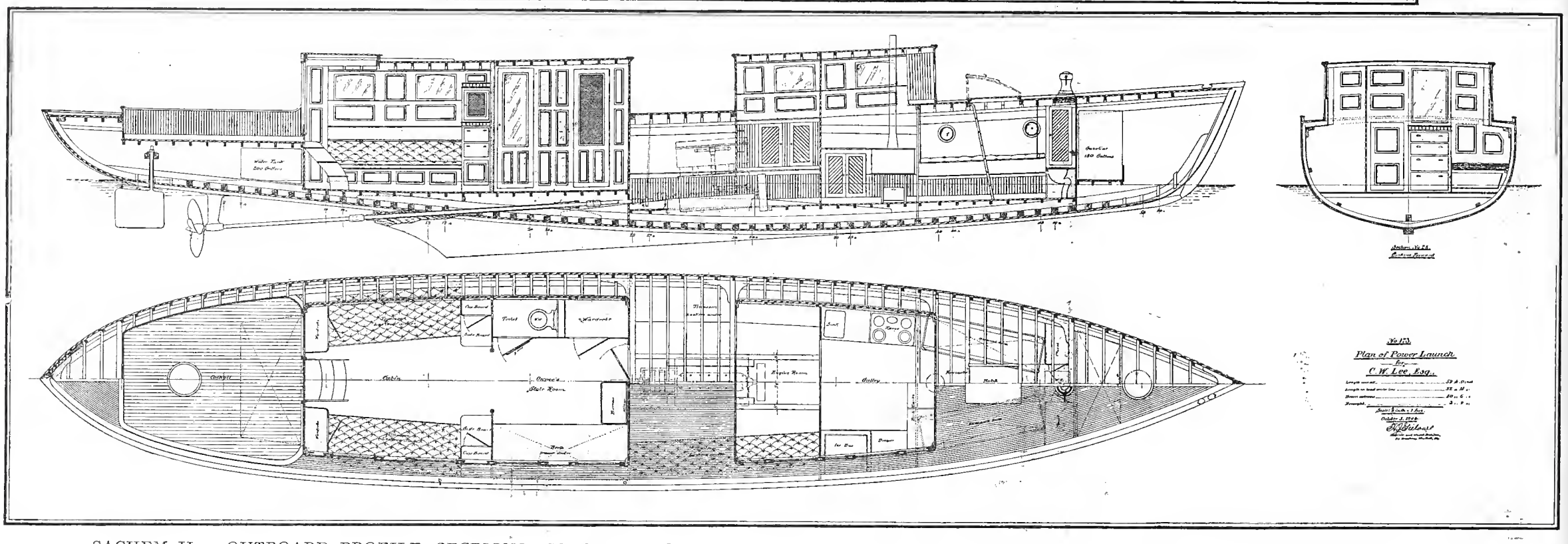
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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 346 Broadway, New York.







SACHEM II.—OUTBOARD PROFILE, SECTIONS, CONSTRUCTION AND CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY HENRY J. GIELOW FOR CHARLES W. LEE, 1904.

Sachem II.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Henry J. Gielow we are able to publish this week the plans of the cruising launch Sachem II., ex Dreamer II. The boat was designed and built for Rear Commodore Charles W. Lee, Manhasset Bay Y. C., and she was put together in Mr. Robert Jacob's yard at City Island.

The boat answered Mr. Lee's requirements so well that he is now building another boat of the same type, only a little larger, at the Jacob yard. The new boat was also designed by Mr. Gielow. Sachem II. is now the property of Mr. Frederick T. Adams, and with a 25 horsepower Standard engine she does better than 11 miles.

Aft there is a large water-tight cockpit 18in. deep. It is 8ft. 9in. long and 8ft. wide. There is an 8in. waterway all around. Under the cockpit there is a 200-gallon water tank.

The companionway, which is amidships, leads directly to the main cabin, which is 9ft. long. There is 4ft. 4in. floor room between the transoms at the forward end of the cabin and 3ft. 3in. at the after end. The transoms are 2ft. 6in. wide and 6ft. 6in. long. On either side of the companionway are hanging lockers 12in. deep, while forward, on each side, are 18in. sideboards with lockers above.

Forward of the main cabin is the owner's room 6ft. 8in. long. On the starboard side is a berth 2ft. 9in wide, and the full length of the cabin. Beside the berth on the forward bulkhead is a bureau 16in. by 24in. with a mirror above. On the port side is the toilet room, which is 2ft. wide and 3ft. 6in. long, and the wardrobe, which is 3ft. long.

A door opens into the engine room and this enables the steward to pass from the galley through to the main saloon.

The after part of the engine room has not full head room as the deck is flush for a length of 5ft. Under the flush deck there is 4ft. 5in. head room. The forward part of the engine room is under the after end of the forward house. In this part of the engine room and in the galley there is 7ft. 4in. head room.

The galley occupies a space of 5ft. 7in. in the forward house, thus giving a roomy, light and well ventilated place for the steward to work in.

The forecastle is under the forward deck, On either side are transoms with pipe berths above. Forward, on either side, are clothes lockers for the men and between is a patent water closet. In the next compartment is a 180-gallon gasolene tank.

The after house is 16ft. long and the forward house is 10ft. long. Both are 2ft. 8in. high. There is 6ft. 2in. head room under carlins in the after house. There is 15ft. of deck space forward.

Sachem II. was beautifully built and Mr. Jacob is doing another fine piece of work on Mr. Lee's new boat. Sachem II. has oak frames and 1in. cedar planking. The arrangement below has been well worked out and she is a very practical and livable boat.

The dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	59ft.	
L.W.L.	52ft.	11in.
Overhang—		
Forward	2ft.	4in.
Aft	3ft.	9in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	10ft.	7½in.
L.W.L.	9ft.	10½in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	2ft.	4in.
Extreme	3ft.	9in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	5ft.	
Least	3ft.	2in.
Aft	3ft.	5in.

RECENT SALES.—Mr. H. G. Tobey, New York Y. C., has sold his sloop Lyda Louise to Mr. John W. Bird through the office of Mr. Stanley Seaman. She is a keel boat designed by Crowninshield, built by Lawley in 1902, 57ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 14ft. 7in. breadth and 7ft. 8in. draft. Mr. Bird, who lately moved to New York, is an old Boston yachtsman, and will use her for cruising on Long Island Sound. The same agency has sold a naphtha launch for Mr. W. H. S. Wood, president of the Bowery Savings Bank, to Mr. R. E. Henry, New York.

* * *

LIGHTHOUSE AT PORT JEFFERSON BURNS.—The lighthouse, which is located on the breakwater that protects Port Jefferson harbor, was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of Nov. 16. The keeper, Herman Burke, jumped overboard to save himself from being burned. The local firemen went to the scene of the fire in an oyster boat, but they were too late to render any assistance.

A Designer's Views of the Universal Measurement Rule.

THE subjoined interview with Mr. A. Cary Smith appeared in the New York Herald of Nov. 19:

"I have known the New York Y. C. since the days when races were started from Hoboken and sailed to and around the Southwest Spit, and have seen all the changes in measurement since that time.

"First, area of sail was used, then length multiplied by breadth. This measurement was changed to displacement on the advent of the Cambria and her owner of many letters and protests. Displacement was found to be too variable and vexatious, and was changed to cubic contents, measured to the lowest place in the deck above the waterline at side of boat.

"At last the fallacy of this measurement was shown—it favored shoal and low boats—and sail area and waterline was adopted, with the waterline as the basis of classification. Some years after, corrected length was adopted as a basis instead of the waterline. This called forth very severe criticism from prominent designers and yachtsmen. The contention was made that this modification would produce a canoe-shaped vessel with small sail area.

"The soundness of their judgment may be known, when the Reliance is the outcome of this rule. After the reign of the fin keel, the joy of the repair shop and a constant bill of expense to the owner, the present measurment was evolved by the 'Wizard' of Bristol, and while he was at work Mephistopheles sat at his elbow and prompted him.

"The quarter beam length, as it is now called, is a line parallel to the center line at a quarter of the beam from that line, extended fore and aft to a point one-tenth of the beam above the waterline. This takes in about as much of the overhang as the boat uses, and is really the true length.

"We now have a choice of dimensions. The only restriction is that the quarter beam, or L measurement, is the basis of draft. And this is the place where the fine hand of Mephistopheles came in. As this line determines the draft, there is a temptation to make this line as long as possible, and if made shorter a centerboard will be needed to give the required lateral resistance.

"When too late, it is found a deep boat does not like a centerboard; in fact, but a few feet can be used to advantage. The knowledge of the proper location of the centerboard is esoteric, and will remain so for some time.

"The profile of the modern boat does not leave much room to place a centerboard. Again the shape of the

cross section has a great deal to do with the weatherliness of the boat. The schooner Elmina only draws 8in. more than the schooner Corona without her centerboard, and yet the Corona is no match for the other to windward, even when her centerboard is down. The Lasca, drawing less than 11ft., would not bear more than 4ft. 6in. of centerboard; if more was used she would not forereach as fast.

"This makes it appear as if the day for the centerboard has passed. If the modern profile is used there is no place to locate it, and if not properly located the centerboard is of little use. The long overhang, small cross section fin, the joy of the repair yard and the vexation of the owner, is legislated out of existence, and no tears will be shed at the passing of this species of naval architectural graft. And the fact that the cube root of the displacement expressed in cubic feet is used as a divisor puts a premium on large displacement and really makes a full boat measure less.

"And the old bugbear of a boat going below her waterline is a thing of the past, and the real speed that is in a boat can now be got out of her by more or less ballast, as the case may call for. One of the great factors of speed is the proper amount of weight, and this is known only to the inner circle. This perception must be born, and cannot be learned.

"The large displacement does away to a certain extent with the need of light construction in order to make the boat float at a certain line or be outclassed.

"The designer now has a free hand to select what dimensions he deems the best for his purpose. And, what will be good news to the owner, the best racer with a small rig will be the best cruiser and a cruiser that will sail fast and have more than the virtue of a can buoy.

"Finally, it is the opinion of those who are qualified to judge that the new measurement will produce an honest boat, and if continued long enough will produce the best boats we have ever had—boats that will give good service."

Boston Letter.

BOSTON Y. C. CHAMPIONS.—The Regatta Committee of the Boston Y. C. has announced the following percentages for championships for the season of 1905:

	Average.
Class E—22-footers.	
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	.917
Medric II., H. H. White	.717
Peri II., Morton Prince	.645
Rube, H. L. Bowden	.623
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	.462
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	.421
Medric, George Lee	.307
Clorinda, Cheney & Lanning	.125
Class I—18-footers.	
Bat, C F Adams 2d	.868
Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman	.784
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	.611
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	.591
Aladdin, Keith Bros	.381
Fritter, A. P. Loring	.370
Nicknack, F. B. Holmes	.348
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	.282
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden	.194
Otter, A. F. Irving	.167
Gertrude II., H. E. Lynch	.092
Cuyamel, A. W. Godfrey	.087
Little Miss, B. S. Permar	.018
Class T—15-footers.	
Vera II., H. Lundberg	.928
Cigarette, M. F. Prince	.333
Nibelung, E. G. Loring	.277
Princess, J. P. Prince	.167
Little Misery, A. P. Loring	.055

In addition to the foregoing the following championships are announced: First rating class, Mecmer, Mr. R. C. Nickerson; second rating class, Opitsah III., Mr. W. F. Whitney; cabin power boats over 40ft. waterline, Right o' Way, Mr. L. R. Speare; cabin power boats under 40ft. waterline, Blink, Mr. C. W. Estabrook; open and hunting launches under 40ft. waterline, Tama, Mr. F. L. Dunne.

KETCH FOR NEW ORLEANS.—Messrs. Small Brothers have an order for a shoal draft auxiliary ketch for Mr. J. G. Martin, of New Orleans. She will have a 20 horsepower engine. Her breadth will be generous and there will be considerable room below decks.

TWO LOCAL CLUBS AT NEW YORK CONFERENCE.—The Eastern Y. C. and the Boston Y. C. were represented at the conference to revise racing rules, which was held in New York on Nov. 20.

MR. W. H. JOYCE ENTERTAINS YACHTSMEN.—Last week Mr. W. H. Joyce, of Philadelphia, owner of the champion 22-footer Tyro, entertained over 100 Boston men at a week-end stay at Philadelphia. There were several yachtsmen who have raced in the 22ft. class in the party. The Harvard-Pennsylvania football game was taken in on Saturday, and the party was tendered a dinner by Mr. Joyce. On Sunday autos were taken for a 100-mile trip through New Jersey, ending at Lakewood, where the train was taken for Boston.

CRUISER FOR SOUTHERN WATERS.—Messrs. Stearns & McKay, at the Marblehead Yacht Yards, have designed a novel power boat for a Southern yachtsman, to be used for offshore and river cruising. This boat will be 41ft. over all, 10ft. breadth and of quite light draft. She will be equipped with two 12 horsepower engines estimated to give her a speed of about 11 miles an hour. The design shows a boat of generous freeboard, the sides from about amidships forward being carried up to nearly the height of the cabin trunk. There is a small raised pilot house, which really takes more of the form of a conning tower. This house is built very strongly to withstand the onslaughts of heavy seas. There are good accommodations below decks, and sufficient gasolene may be carried for a cruise of 1,000 miles.

PASSENGER BOAT FOR MR. H. U. HAYDEN.—The passenger boat which Messrs. Burgess & Packard are designing for Southern waters is for Mr. H. U. Hayden, a member of the Southern Y. C. She is to be 103ft. long and will have two Standard engines of 100 horsepower each, with which a speed of 18 miles an hour is guaranteed.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

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YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

PRINCE LOUIS GUEST OF NEW YORK Y. C.—A reception was given by the New York Y. C. on Friday evening, Nov. 17, to Prince Louis of Battenberg and to the officers of the vessels of the British fleet. The club house was decorated with flags, palms and American Beauty roses. The Seventh Regiment Band played the British national anthem when Prince Louis reached the club house about midnight. Mr. George A. Cormack met Prince Louis on his arrival, and, after introducing him to Commodore F. G. Bourne, all passed into the model room, where there were some 500 members and guests. It was a most representative gathering and the affair was by far the most successful ever given by the club. The America's Cup was displayed on the big center table, as were the cups won by Mr. Wilson Marshall's Atlantic in the ocean race and the Dover-Heligoland race last summer.

NEW YORK Y. C. NOMINATIONS.—The following officers and committees have been nominated to serve the New York Y. C. for the year 1906:

Commodore—Cornelius Vanderbilt; steam yachts North Star and Mirage and sloop yacht Rainbow.

Vice-Commodore—Henry Walters; steam yacht Narada.

Rear Commodore—Seymour L. Husted, Jr.; schooner yacht Crusader II.

Secretary—George A. Cormack.

Treasurer—Tarrant Putnam.

Regatta Committee—Oliver E. Cromwell, chairman; H. De Berkeley Parsons and Ernest E. Lorillard, secretary.

Measurer—Francis W. Belknap.

House Committee—Thomas A. Bronson, chairman; Hunter Wykes and George A. Freeman.

Committee on Admission—Henry C. Ward, Tracy Dows, Edward F. Whitney, George A. Adee and Alexander S. Cochran.

Library Committee—T. O'Connor-Sloane, John H. Cole and George A. Armour.

Model Committee—Paul Eve Stevenson, James D. Sparkman and Albert Bradlee Hunt.

Committee on Club Stations and Anchorages—No. 1, William H. Thomas; No. 2, Henry H. Rogers; No. 3, Cord Meyer; No. 4, Augustus C. Tyler; No. 5, Charles Lane Poor; No. 6, Maximilian Agassiz; No. 7, Alfred C. Harrison; No. 8, Henry C. Ward; No. 9, William Lanman Bull; No. 10, J. Harvey Ladew; No. 11, P. G. Thebaud.

The Nominating Committee is composed of the following members: Lewis Cass Ledyard, chairman; J. Pierpont Morgan, Philip Schuyler, Seymour L. Husted, Jr.; Robert P. Doremus, George C. Clark, E. D. Morgan, F. L. Rodewald, F. H. von Stade and W. Butler Duncan, Jr., secretary.

The Grosse Point Ice Yacht Club, situated near Detroit, Mich., will hold a regatta on Lake St. Clair on Jan. 8 to 12, 1906. These races will be open to every organized ice yacht club in the world. Cups and $500 in money prizes will be distributed. The club has forty-eight ice yachts in their fleet, measuring from 700 to 300sq.ft. of sail. Forty races were held last winter. Most of the yachts are of the lateen rig. The officers are: Com., Archie D. Michicli; Vice-Com., Edward C. Vernier; Rear-Com., Alex I. McLeod; Sec'y and Treas., Miner A. Gregg; Meas., U. G. Huff; Fleet Capt., John Kies; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Muentz; Chairman of Race Committee, Gilbert Moran; Judges, Walter H. Oades, John H. Pringle and Herman Dietz. Eight new boats are now building, and a new $2,000 club house is being built.

CLUB DELEGATES DISCUSS RACING RULES.—On the evening of Nov. 20 there met at the New York Y. C., 37 West Forty-fourth street, New York city, representatives of the Atlantic, Eastern, Larchmont, Corinthian, of Marblehead; Corinthian, of Philadelphia; Seawanhaka-Corinthian, Beverly, Boston Y. C.'s and Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. The object of the meeting was to bring about uniform racing rules among clubs. Now that nearly all American organizations are racing under a uniform measurement rule it was thought advisable to amend the various racing rules in order to make them all alike. A sub-committee was appointed to make such changes as might be thought necessary and advisable. The following delegates were present:

Eastern Y. C.—Henry Howard and Louis M. Clark.

Atlantic Y. C.—T. D. Wells, Hendon Chubb, John B. O'Donohue and Henry J. Gielow.

Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead.—Henry A. Morss and Herbert S. Goodwin.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia.—Addison F. Bancroft.

Seawanhaka-Corinhtian Y. C.—Clinton H. Crane and Victor I. Cumnock.

Boston Y. C.—Alfred Douglass and Winfield M. Thompson.

Beverly Y. C.—R. W. Emmons, 2d, and F. A. Eustis.

Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.—Oliver E. Cromwell, Edward M. McLellan, H. W. Hanan, Colonel F. A. Hill, G. P. Granbery, H. de B. Parsons and C. P. Tower.

MOTOR BOAT CLUB OF AMERICA.—The Motor Boat Club of America has received its certificate of incorporation. An election of officers took place at the Hotel Manhattan on Nov. 15 and with the following result: Com., A. D. Proctor Smith; Vice-Com., Frederick Sterry; Rear-Com., George Gillig; Sec., Hugh S. Gamble; Treas., Charles Francis; Board of Governors, for three years, Edward R. Thomas, Howard Gould; for two years, William B. Hayden, H. H. Behse; for one year, John J. Amory, George J. Vestner. The directors for the first year are E. R. Thomas, Proctor A. Smith, Charles P. Tower, Hugh S. Gamble, Charles S. Francis, H. H. Behse, John D. Roach, George J. Vestner and Seymour Oppenheimer.

The Kennel.

The Problem of Scent.

WE all know by experience that under certain conditions of weather there will probably be a scent, and on a hunting morning we all like to air our views and to make forecasts as to the scenting qualities of the day; but, as a rule, we are only able to give vague guesses, and, having no basis to go upon except similar instances which may occur to our mind, our prophesies are frequently unfulfilled. There can be no doubt, however, that there must be working rules for scent, as there are for all other natural phenomena. Many scientific facts have been known for centuries, but modern progress only dates from the time when, by presuming a rule from certain known facts, scientists were able to forecast other results, and so have a guide to their experiments. It would be far beyond my power to attempt to deduce any working formula for scent, but I shall endeavor to show that the problems which present themselves on all sides when we consider them are not so abstruse as they are commonly supposed. I shall first state certain facts which have been established by scientists, and then we shall see how far these facts help us to account for some of the vagaries of our subject.

Scent itself consists of extremely minute particles given off from the whole of the body, which, although much too small to be perceived by either the organs of taste or touch, are readily appreciated by the organ of smell. It has not yet been decided whether the sense of smell depends in the first instance on a chemical or on a physical process. Ramsay has a theory that the sense of smell is excited by vibrations of a lower period than those which give rise to the sense of light and heat. It is, however, necessary that the air containing the odor be forcibly driven against the membrane, and that the membrane itself be moist; if it is dry, or too wet, or covered with too thick a layer of mucus the sense is much weakened. The latter fact we have all experienced when we have had colds in the head. Any irritation, such as is produced by dust or severe cold, will cause excess of mucus.

We will now consider the conditions which affect the amount of scent or particles given off by a hunted animal. This amount depends on the size, nature and bodily condition of the animal, and is an important consideration, as the greater the number of particles, the more powerful is their effect on the nose of the hound. It is obvious that the larger the animal the greater will be the number of particles given off; thus a deer has a stronger scent than a fox. On the other hand, the scent of certain smaller animals appears to be more powerful, though no doubt less in quantity. A careful observer of nature has placed these animals in order of strength of scent as follows: 1, otter; 2, martin; 3, polecat; 4, deer; 5, fox; 6, hare. The constitutional condition of the animal also affects its scent-giving capabilities, but we have little knowledge on the subject, beyond that the temperature of the body appears to exercise some influence. Thus a sitting bird, which is more or less in a state of fever, has very little scent, except immediately before hatching, when the fever subsides; similarly with a beaten fox, which is also in a feverish condition, the scent fails. The pace at which an animal is going probably influences the scent. Apparently when in a state of repose or in very slow motion there is but little discharge of effluvia from the body; but with increase of action there is also an increase of scent. This is exemplified in the case of a squatting hare, which has practically no scent, and how often have foxes been drawn over and viewed after hounds have left the covert? There are probably many other factors which affect the discharge of scent, and if we knew the reasons for some of the complicated maneuvers which hunted animals, guided by their instinct, execute, we should learn some curious facts in physiology.

We now come to the forces which act on the particles after they have left the hunted animal. In order that there should be a scent it is necessary that they should not be scattered before the pursuer arrives, and also that there should be moisture to damp his olfactory nerves Here we have conflicting conditions, and are confronted by the main difficulty which prevents us from correctly estimating the scenting qualities of a particular day. Unless the particles are held down by a heavy atmosphere they have a tendency to rise above the level of a hound's nose; as how often one can smell a fox oneself when hounds are not able to make anything of it. Now a heavy atmosphere means a dry one, i. e., a high barometer, but at the same time moisture is essential, and so to have a good scent these two conditions must be reconciled. Perhaps the best example of a favorable condition is when the glass jumps up suddenly after wet weather, which in winter usually results in a sharp frost. This is well borne out by the fact that many of the best runs on record have been immediately followed by a long frost. While on the subject of the weather, we must remember that a strong wind is a deterrent to scent, as it scatters the particles, the exception being when hounds run up wind, the particles in this case being forcibly driven against the membrane, which increases the power of the scent. At the same time, on a perfectly still day there is generally a bad scent, one with a gentle breeze being more favorable. The temperature of the atmosphere and ground must also be taken into account; it is probably the best when they are much the same and not too cold. It is extremely difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions when dealing with so variable a subject as the weather, and, as will be seen from the above statements, we have several necessary conditions which are directly opposed to each other; it is, therefore, very hard to say when the perfect state is arrived at. It is quite certain that everyone is able to cite instances which appear to be in direct contradiction to what I have written. Sometimes with a low barometer and drenching rain we have excellent sport, though in this sort of weather there is seldom a scent in covert; again, in September and March hounds often run hard when the ground is as dry as a bone; but so many things come in that in these cases probably the other conditions are favorable. Finally, there is the state and quality of the ground. A wet, heavy country usually holds a scent, and this is but natural; on the other hand, when the ground is over saturated the scent seems to

improve when hounds get on to lighter soil, which bears out the fact that too much moisture is undesirable. To sum up, for a probability of sport we should look for a high barometer, a fair amount of moisture, and a gentle breeze.—E. L., in London Field.

Points and Flushes.

"RULES, STANDARDS AND STAINS" is the title of the booklet issued by the Irish Terrier Club of America, for 1905-1906. It also contains a list of officers, the official list of judges, list of members, list of winners of the different trophies. O. W. Donner, 117 Wall street, New York, is the secretary.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Nov. 23-24.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' fifth tournament. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Nov. 28-29.—Marsailles, Ill., G. C. R. E. Loring, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside G. C., all-day target tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Dec. 2.—Lowell, Mass., R. and G. C. all day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Dec. 12-13.—Omaha, Neb.—Interstate team race, between teams of Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas. W. D. Townsend, Sec'y.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. first annual holiday shoot.
Dec. 14.—Travers Island, N. Y.—Amateur championship of America, under auspices of New York Athletic Club. Gus E. Grieff, Chairman, 302 Broadway, New York.

1906.

Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Auburn, N. Y., tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Cumberland Gun Club, of Bridgeton, N. J., is preparing for a good tournament on Dec. 7. The programme will total 150 targets, $10 entrance.

Messrs. Knox & Knapp, Managers, inform us that there will be a tournament at Auburn, N. Y., on May 16-17, with added money and 1½ cent targets.

Mr. H. S. Welles, of Schoverling & Welles, New York, made the record of the grounds at the shoot of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club, on Nov. 16. He broke over 100 straight, besides being high average for the day.

In a five-man team contest between Yale and Princeton, on the grounds of the former, Nov. 18, Yale was victor by a score of 202 to 168. Morrison, of Yale, was high man of the contest. He scored 44. A high wind was unfavorable to high scores.

In the contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the individual championship of the State of New Jersey, between Messrs. F. C. Bissett, of South River, N. J., and J. J. Fleming, of Newark, on the grounds of the Bound Brook Gun Club, Nov. 16, Mr. Bissett won by a score of 46 to 27.

Mr. Justus Von Lengerke made the excellent average of 89 per cent. in the series of Northern New Jersey League contests, and was high individual average thereby. He shot in the series in all the contests and under all conditions. The Newton team was first, the Montclair was second, and the Morristown was third.

The Shooting Committee of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., has not determined upon the day for the shoot, but they have definitely decided that it would be held about the middle of December. All the members are energetic and enthusiastic in making the shoot a success, and there is now no doubt but that it will have a scope which will make it interesting to all visitors, both concerning targets and dinner.

In the contest for the November cup, at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, at Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 18, Dr. Raynor scored a leg on that cup, with a full score of 25. In the Stake trophy contest, Mr. F. B. Stephenson broke 25 straight in the shoot-off with Dr. Keyes, Dr. Raynor and Mr. L. C. Hopkins on a tie of 24. The two-man team contest was won by Mr. A. G. Southworth and W. W. Marshall with a total of 45 out of 50.

Mr. Irby Bennett, an important official of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and President of the Interstate Association, is in the Post-Graduate Hospital, New York, convalescing from a surgical operation for appendicitis. His friends, of whom he has hosts, will heartily rejoice on learning that he came through the ordeal without any serious consequences as to shock, complications, etc. He expects to be up and about in less than two weeks. It is hard to down a good man.

The card issued by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold announcing their change of business from 318 Broadway to 349 Fifth avenue, Dec. 1, has on it a beautiful portrayal of holly leaves, suggestive of the happy holiday season, and the many beautiful articles they have in stock for the holiday trade. Their new place of business is opposite the Waldorf-Astoria.

The November cup of the New York Athletic Club was keenly contested, at the club shoot on Saturday of last week. Dr. Held proved to be the winner, thereby scoring his second win on that beautiful trophy. Good sport and good companionship are salient features of the shooting contingent of the club, at their Saturday shooting gatherings on the beautiful grounds at Travers Island.

The Jackson Gun Club was victorious in the second contest of the Passaic and Bergen County League, on Saturday of last week on their grounds at Paterson, N. J. The five men of the Jackson team scored a total of 100 to 90 for the Northsides and 76 for the Mount Pleasants. Two or three more clubs are expected to join this League, which will add both to the interest and to the competition.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, notwithstanding his change from guns and powder to dog medicines as a business—he is now the New York agent of the Polk Miller Drug Co., proprietor of the Sergeant Dog Remedies—has not forgotten his old fondness for the dog and gun. He contemplated a whirl at the ruffed grouse this week. He is succeeding admirably in placing the Sergeant remedies.

Capt. C. G. Blandford writes us that "On Thanksgiving Day, from 1:30 P. M. till 5, the Ossining Gun Club will have an old-fashioned poultry shoot. Turkeys, ducks and chickens will be the prizes, and the entrance fees to events will be just enough to clear expenses. All events will be handicaps, 14 to 22yds. Any friends who are not members are invited to come up and shoot. We expect to have a good time, and the more there are there the merrier the time. Come up and win the turkey you didn't buy for your Thanksgiving dinner."

The New York Athletic Club Shooting Committee is working industriously in furtherance of the amateur championship of America, to be held on the club's grounds at Travers Island, New York, on Dec. 14. The conditions are 100 targets, entrance, price of targets. A handsome sterling silver trophy will be the prize bestowed on the winner. All amateurs of the United States are eligible to the competition. Those who intend to participate in this event will greatly aid the committee by sending their names to the Chairman of the committee, Gus E. Grieff, 302 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Geo. Stubblebine writes us as follows: "The Alert Gun Club, of Phillipsburg, N. J., will hold their first annual holiday tournament, Dec. 20. The programme will consist of twelve events of 180 targets, and entrance to amateurs, $9.50. Targets will be thrown from a Leggett trap at 1½ cent each. Professionals shoot for targets only, and all shooters will have lunch served to them on the grounds free of charge. Past tournaments held by this club have proved successes, and the management will see that all shooters will leave the grounds well satisfied with their day's sport. Further information will be given on request by George Stubblebine, Chairman, Phillipsburg, N. J."

The trophy and laurels which appertain to the championship of Delaware, are worn with uncertain constancy; for strong hands are frequently stretched forth to seize them. The last attempt was made by Mr. James T. Skelly, Mr. Wm. M. Foord defending the championship successfully. At the end of the 100 targets, they had tied on 89. In the shoot-off at 25, Mr. Foord won by a score of 22 to 20. Mr. Alden B. Richardson, of Dover, ex-champion but a short time, will be Mr. Foord's next opponent, and the contest for the championship will be either on the grounds of the Wawaset or Wilmington club. No moss grows on the trophy emblematic of the championship of Delaware.

BERNARD WATERS.

Penetration and Velocity.

FROM time to time we are vigorously called over the coals for our allegiance to the test of velocity as a means of judging the penetration of a charge of shot. The differences of opinion between the old and the new schools may, perhaps, be diminished reviewing the developments which have occurred. Black powder was so stable an explosive, and its action so little open to variations of one kind and another, that a rough and ready test of penetration by way of shooting at a gunpowder tin was sufficient to judge the strength of the charge, provided the pattern was already known to be satisfactory. Close observation of results and ingenious theorizing to elucidate hidden truths provided the nearest approach that was then possible to scientific gun experiments. At such a time the sportsman occupied as favorable a position as the trade expert for making the kind of test which was then regarded as determining the behavior of the gun or cartridge. The very enthusiasm with which these researches were conducted necessarily paved the way for the series of developments which have carried experimental gun work beyond the reach of the ordinary shooter equipped with a whitewashed plate and a supply of Pettitt's pads. The scientist has now carried things so far that our own mission in instructing sportsmen is almost entirely confined to explaining in the language of the elementary textbook the experiments which are now conducted to determine the behavior of guns and nitro powder.

The stumbling block in all modern experiments is to demonstrate to the sportsman that the measurement of velocity over 20yds. provides an efficient index to the penetration of a charge of shot. Mr. Griffith, in his historical experiments to determine the stringing out of a charge of shot, fired at a circular plate of 12ft. diameter, which made about five and a half revolutions per second. It was shown that at 20yds. the charge of shot had strung out over a distance of about 40in., whereas at 40yds., nearly 9ft. separated the front from the back pellets of the charge. These figures are constantly brought up against us as evidence of the fact that our chronographic measurements take account only of the behavior of the front pellets of the charge. A careful examination of the diagrams reproduced on page 52 of Part I., of "Sporting Guns and Gunpowders," shows that 90 per cent., at least of the total number of pellets which struck the target at 40yds. range are concentrated into a little over 20in. Considering that at the usual sporting distances the shot is traveling with more than ten times the velocity of the bird, it would seem as though for all practical purposes the 20yds. velocity test might be regarded as fully covering the behavior of the entire charge. Mr. Borland spent a considerable amount of time, and his company no doubt contributed a proportional amount of money, to analyze still further the measurement of velocity. The arrangement used registered alternatively the arrival of the first pellets and the whole charge. The fact that Mr. Borland employs the ordinary method of testing velocity over 20yds. for the routine work incidental to the manufacture of E. C. powder seems to suggest that he, at any rate, after trying both methods, is satisfied that the simple arrangement is also the best.

If a cartridge gives a suitable velocity over 20yds., as judged by present-day standards, it seems impossible to understand how it can give abnormal results at other distances. In the course of a year hundreds of tons of powder are graded and regulated on the 20 yards test, and no one appears yet to have discovered a single instance in which a correctly regulated powder gives indifferent results when properly loaded and fired in an ordinary gun. Experience again confirms the obvious conclusion that a powder with a weak velocity proves deficient in penetration when tried on game. In a similar manner an excess of velocity, however it may be produced, is at all times liable to produce such a scattering effect of the pellets as will diminish the effectiveness of the shooting. We thus have overwhelming evidence that the velocity test of penetration is completely satisfactory from whatever point of view it may be regarded. Notwithstanding this weight of evidence, we are still told that every gun must be considered as a thing apart, and that the velocity test of a cartridge affords no index of how it will behave in a given gun. It is just the particle of truth underlying this statement which makes it difficult to provide a comprehensive answer. If the generality of guns in use are regarded as complying within approximate limits to a pre-determined standard, it is clear enough that a million of cartridges containing powder which has passed the velocity and other tests, will give better results in the aggregate than a similar number of cartridges complying with a different specification. If every gun in which these cartridges are used could be subjected to a special test for velocity, there is no doubt that a definite proportion of them would be found to give abnormal behavior. The proper remedy to adopt would be to alter those guns which are susceptible to alteration, and to throw out of use the others, which, by reason of excessively large chambers, badly shaped cones, or unduly wide barrels, are found to be deficient in necessary material. Failing the mechanical remedy, some improvement might be made by modifying the charge of powder so as to correct in some measure the bad behavior of the gun. Such a course is bad, because it admits the principle of correcting a fault in the gun by introducing another in the cartridge.

The above observations seem to imply the need for every gunmaker to test the velocity of every gun before sale with properly loaded cartridges. Such a suggestion is, however, impracticable, but it nevertheless carries with it a useful indication of the means which should be adopted to make the generality of guns so that they may produce the results anticipated by the powder maker when he regulates his product. At the time when we were engaged in supervising the manufacture of our experimental barrels for testing sporting cartridges, it became necessary to work out a specification for the chamber, cone, and bore which would give a proper standard of velocity. The early barrels were found to give an extraordinary excess above the expected amount of velocity. This abnormality was traced to the dimensions of the chamber and the shape of the cone. When the barrel had been adjusted to a new set of dimensions a specification was arrived at, which proved to give satisfactory results in all barrels subsequently manufactured. The gunmaker who carried out this work on our behalf at once appreciated the importance of this discovery, and he instantly put in hand a set of gauges and cutting tools to control his own output on the lines approved by our tests.

We have been instrumental in other directions in privately initiating the same useful reform, and it has been interesting to find, whenever the opportunity has arisen for testing subsequent output, that all the guns controlled by the gauges so determined have given the correct amount of velocity. Such an experience seems to demonstrate the utility of the 20yds. velocity test as a means of regulating the behavior not only of the cartridge but of the gun as well. To insure a repetition of the proof barrel results in the sportsman's own weapon, it is clear that the guns should be chambered and bored truly to gauge. If the gun is incorrect in these respects the sportsman will suffer more or less, according to the amount of error existing. He cannot gain any useful information from penetration tests; and without a large amount of experience, which in the nature of things he cannot possess, it is impossible for him to learn much from examining patterns on the whitewashed plate. The regulation of the gun is purely and simply a question for the gunmaker, and it is in the selection of a man who knows his business that the sportsman stands his best and only chance of getting a gun which will include, among the many attributes of successful use in the field, a form of chamber and bore capable of showing the cartridge on its best behavior.

From what has been said, it will be apparent that the sportsman's own tests of thirty years ago must now be dismissed as embodying superstitions of the middle ages. To attempt to prove that the stringing effect of the shot is a factor which the practical sportsman must bear in mind is on a par with the assumption that penetration can be judged by examining the characteristics of the splash the pellet makes on the target. The only test which comes to us from the days preceding modern electrical developments is that of the whitewashed plate. Even this is of secondary importance to the proper gauging of the interior of the barrel. To correct the shooting of a gun without regard to the shape of the chamber and cone is blind groping in the dark.

Pattern tests are certainly of very great use in determining the selection of charges and the choice of a suitable size of shot. At a time when the gunmaker controls his output with standard gauges, and the powder maker is clear as to the characteristics that must be imparted to the explosive, and finally, when sportsmen appreciate the importance of a sound system of loading, of which the Field system may be regarded as the parent type, the most satisfactory test of the joint behavior of a gun and cartridge is on game. A distinct impression remains after each day's sport as to whether or not one's individual contribution to the bag has been in proportion to the skill exercised, and it is by the guidance so derived that the sportsman will be able to select from the recognized charges available the particular combination of powder and shot that best suits his own particular gun and style of shooting.—London Field.

At Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 18.—The two events at live birds, shot on the Point Breeze track to-day, were notable for good scores. Eight men tied on straight kills in the 5-bird event.

Ten birds, $5 entrance, Rose system:

Churchill, 27	2222122222—10	Shew, 26	12211202*1— 8
See, 26	2*22222222— 9	Bailey, 28	1220222020— 7
Stauffer, 26	12221222*2— 9	Edwards, 28	2002202210— 6
Muller, 30	22222*2022— 8	Martin, 26	111**12001— 6
McDonald, 28	*021212111— 8	Paulson, 28	2221200*20— 6
C Brown, 28	2222202022— 8		

Five birds, $3 entrance, high gun. Same handicaps as the former shoot:

Muller	22222—5	Shaw	22222—5
Churchill	22222—5	Stoll	22222—5
See	22222—5	Martin	01121—4
McDonald	22222—5	Paulson	220*2—3
Bailey	22222—5	Edwards	02202—3
Stauffer	22222—5		

Five Hundred Air Gun Clubs.

THE Air-Gun Association, which sprang into existence in 1902 and has its headquarters in Birmingham, has now 500 clubs affiliated, with a membership of 40,000 in all parts of the kingdom.

Beautifully accurate British-made guns have been placed on the market at a figure well below that of the foreign article, and one manufacturer has just turned out a powerful rifle which promises good results at 40 to 50yds. The production of air-rifles has practically established a new and most valuable industry in Birmingham.

An ordinary gun and equipment cost at least £3. But with an air-rifle a shooter may equip himself with a first-class weapon for a couple of pounds, and his pellets will only cost him 1s. 2d. per 1,000.—London Mail.

The Yale-Princeton Match.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 9.—A dual shoot between Princeton and Yale gun teams was held at New Haven, on Saturday morning, Nov. 18, and resulted as follows:

Yale.		Princeton.	
Morrison	44	Sands	37
Thompson	43	C Munn	36
Borden	42	McIlvaine	35
Pugsley	37	Throckmorton	34
King	36—202	Morton	26—168

The match was at 50 targets, and Yale won by 34. A high wind prevented good scores.

JOHN BORDEN, Pres.

Boston Athletic Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 18.—In the contest for a silver cup presented by a member of the Boston Athletic Association, Mr. D. E. Hallet won.

In the 100-target contest, Mr. O. R. Dickey was high with 87, while D. E. Hallett was close up with 86. Scores:

Dickey	87	Blinn	86
Hallett	86	Adams	85
Owen	80	Daggett	79
Gould	66	Hutchinson	56

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.
CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.
DISTANCE—1,000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: **U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.**

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UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

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Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Nov. 18 was cloudy and dark, the air was smoky, and it was difficult to see the targets, so that shooting was stopped by 4 o'clock. Most of the regulars are away in different parts of this or other States after Bob White, and the attendance to-day was small, only ten men shooting in the Clements trophy contest. Harig was high with 45 from 19yds. Keplinger, from 16yds., was second with 44, and Herman third with 43. Randall talked less and shot more to-day, and got into the four-hole with 42. Not much practice shooting was done. Hardy shot at 5 pairs and broke 4. Supt. Gambell says there will be something doing on Thanksgiving Day, and the boys better be on hand. Randall says there is the best of quail hunting around Mason, O., where he resides when not breaking targets at the club grounds, but unfortunately few birds are found. The world's "champeen," Fred Gilbert, will be at the grounds on Nov. 26, and members are urged to come out and bring their friends to welcome him. It is probable that a team match will be shot between the Goshen Gun Club and Cincy on that day.

On Nov. 12 the following scores were made in the Ackley trophy contest:

Bleh, 20	14 14 16—44	Miles, 16	8 8 14—30
Bonser, 17	14 12 16—42	H Sunderbruch, 16	10 9 11—30
Dick, 16	10 12 14—36	Harig, 19	11 11 16—38
Gross, 17	14 9 12—35	Howe, 16	8 8 15—31
Davies, 16	11 6 14—31	Colonel, 16	4 2 2— 8
Baldwin, 16	11 8 12—32		

An effort is being made by Supt. Arthur Gambell to form a league of clubs in Ohio cities for the purpose of engaging in a series of team contests. The following conditions to govern these matches, give a clear idea of his scheme, and he invites correspondence on the subject from all interested. Some such thing is necessary to keep the interest in the sport alive, and to promote more fraternal relations between the trapshooters of the State. An addition to the plan, as outlined, which would be of value, would be to provide a medal for each member of the winning team. A portion of the money set aside for refreshments might well be used for this purpose:

Teams shall be composed of ten men, either expert or amateur, who are in good standing with their club, and who reside within fifteen miles of the club with which they enter.

Under no circumstances can a contestant compete with two clubs.

Each team entering shall post $50 at the first contest, and $10 per team at every other contest.

Nine contests will be held alternately with each club. The team having the highest average to take the entire purse.

Names of probable contestants must be furnished each club thirty days before the first shoot. Should any club desire to challenge a contestant they must do so ten days before a contest takes place.

A committee of five, appointed by the competing clubs shall make rules, conditions and decide all disputes, etc.

A tournament is to be given at each contest, the number of targets, division of money, etc., to be decided by the committee.

Two cents will be charged for targets, one cent of which is to be used for the proper entertainment of all competitors at these shoots. The races will be at 100 targets per man.

To-day's scores:

Clements trophy, 50 targets, handicap:

Harig, 19	45	Tuttle, 16	37
Keplinger, 16	44	Miles, 16	36
Herman, 18	43	Jones, 16	33
Randall, 16	42	Du Bray, 16	31
Williams, 17	40	Mieninger, 16	26

Match, 100 targets:

Crippen	79	Brier	73

Ohio Notes.

The principal event at the shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club on Nov. 11 was the fifth contest for the Bowler and Burdick cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of northern Ohio, at 100 targets. The conditions were not favorable to high scores, a strong wind affecting the flight of the targets. Tryon won the cup with 88. The cash prizes were won by Doolittle and Mack with 86 and 81 respectively. Spencer and Wallace 74 each, Hopkins 66, Kople 65, Freeman 63, Board 61, Williams 53.

The Indianapolis Gun Club proposes to make a strong effort to land the next G. A. H. There may be other clubs which could handle this big event, but there is certainly no club in the country which could do it any better or which has better grounds and club house facilities.

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club, of Bellevue, Ky., has elected the following officers: Geo. Dameron, President; Barney Forstner, Vice-President; George Frost, Secretary; Chas. Cunningham, Treasurer; Alfred Gowling, Captain. The club has well equipped grounds at the East Newport Ball Park.

Wilson Howard, Chas. Dingler, Irvin Terwillinger, James Harrod and Beech Graham, of Wapokoneta, started for Maine on Nov. 12 on a hunt for big game. At Detroit a number of sportsmen from Ada, joined them, and they continued their journey in a special car. They will be gone several weeks.

The attendance at the fall tournament of the Youngstown Gun Club on Nov. 9 was smaller than expected, owing to bad weather, wind and snow. The Youngstown team—Ewalt 23, Atkinson 22, Shaner 22, Seaborn 22, Tully 5—104—won a silver cup offered as a trophy, defeating a team from Cleveland—Rice 22, Allen 21, James 20, Wallace 20, Cramer 17—100. H. P. Shaner was high gun with 157 out of 170; Rice second, 152; Ewalt third, 149; Atkinson fourth, 146; Seaborn, 143. Thirteen men shot the entire programme.

At the annual shoot of the Fourtownships Gun Club, held at New Lebanon, Nov. 15, Charles W. Piatt won the cup with a score of 25 out of 34. The members of the club represent the townships of Jackson, Perry, Jefferson and Madison. The match is at 25 targets, with a handicap of extra targets to shoot at, and the winner holds the trophy until the next annual contest. B. W. Troutman was second with 19 out of 32; A. Wooden, 16 out of 34; O. F. Ermel, 13 out of 32; C. Poffenberger, 5 out of 37. Sam Arnold, of Farmersville, held the trophy the past year. After the trophy shoot eight sweeps at 10 targets each, were shot; 50 cents entrance, three moneys in each. Brandy was high with 55 out of 70; Piatt, 52 out of 80; Troutman, 49 out of 70; Wooden, 29 out of 60; Rike and Heikes, 19 and 16 out of 20 respectively; Ermel, Ganvey and Weaver shot at 10 each and broke 5, 4 and 2. In a match at 25 targets Heikes defeated Carr, 18 to 15. In a second match Carr turned the tables on Heikes and won, 24 to 23. Shooting at 12 pairs, Heikes broke 23, Rike 20, and Brandy 19. Troutmann broke 12 out or 8 pairs. As a closing event, Rike and Heikes shot at 15 pairs each, the latter winning, 22 to 21.

A few facts about the Indianapolis Gun Club may be pretty good reasons why Indianapolis would be a nice place for the next G. A. H., the banner trap event of the year, and which Dayton, O., Chicago, Ill., and Nashville, Tenn., would like to get. The facts are from a reliable source, and are susceptible of proof: The club has a membership equal to that of the allied clubs of Chicago; more members than Dayton, Columbus and Nashville combined, with Colorado Springs added. Hotel accommodations ample and all located within three blocks of the Traction Terminal station, and none more than five blocks from the Union Station. The street car company will give a written guarantee that the time-table submitted and asked for by the club will be granted, and adhered to. The club invites sportsmen to let their wants be known through the papers, and if they can "deliver the goods" they will retire from the firing line and support the city and club that can.

In Other Places.

We note that when the Canadian gun clubs desire to hold a tournament, they announce that the American Association rules will govern.

The Baton Rouge, La., Gun Club has announced through its secretary, that, though the club has had a prosperous season, the weekly shoots will be abandoned until next spring. Many of the members are so much engaged with business that they cannot shoot on week days, and on Sundays they will find the recreation of watching the flight of the mallard or following the setter as he scents the Bob White in the cover. The tabulated scores made for the past summer will soon be ready for publication.

Jacob Breitenstein, who for many years conducted a sporting goods store at Warsaw, Ill., dropped dead from heart disease on Friday last while in the act of sweeping out his store.

The clubs known as the Neighbors, of Aldan, Pa., will hold a carnival in the shooting line on Thursday, Nov. 30. The leading attraction will be big, fat turkeys.

The Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club has about perfected arrangements for the middle of January tournament. There will be a $500 and a $200 guarantee, and all are invited to shoot at live birds. Commencing Nov. 25, there will be live-bird shoots held every other Saturday.

The last heard of E. Arnold and Ed. O'Brien they were busy holding a shooting tournament at Larned, Kans.

Since a visit by a "Tramp" to the town of Lacon, Ill., there has been a gun club with twenty-five members organized. Lacon is situated on the Illinois River, where the ducks do congregate, and as the town is full of hunters and all have guns the members will meet and try their skill at lively flying clay targets on Thanksgiving Day.

Much interest has been awakened through the advent of team shooting in the districts of New Merico and Southwest Texas.

Manchester, Ia., Gun Club reports a successful shoot as being held last Wednesday at their club grounds. Mr. Morrell Hamblin won first honors, missing but 8 out of 150 targets.

The Kendrick, Idaho, Gun Club is raising a purse of $150 with which it is intended that they should purchase pheasants for stocking purposes.

The Greenville, O., Gun Club is keeping up the regular weekly shoots.

Much interest is being taken by the members of the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club in their weekly events. Likewise there are many spectators who are interested in the success of their friends. Last week the wind was strong, facing shooters, yet scores were fairly good. J. H. Fice won the cup event, with J. J. Lealand a tie. F. 1. Cairns won the handicap match.

Fred Gilbert was reported as doing the oil fields of Philadelphia with a shotgun.

Shooting for a cup by the members of the Montana gun clubs has been started, and the first shoot, held last Sunday, at Butte, brought together the very best shots of the big cities. The arrangement centered into being that each straight score of 25 targets counts a point. Four strings of 25 were shot. Mr. Cowan made three straights, while Coyne, Confarr, Nickey and Walker made two. Then Matthewson, Loody, Nell, Borg and Coyne made one. The next shot will be held Dec. 3.

There was plenty of sport at the gun club grounds, Tucson, Ariz., Thursday last, and a large crowd was in attendance. Henry Steinfeld was head man, as he made 17 out of 20 on doubles. The Thanksgiving shoot will be the largest ever held in the Territory.

It was stated in a programme issued by the Hamilton Gun Club that "The referee would tell you just what had happened."

A gun club at Chihuahua, N. M., has for its first officers: Edward Cuilty, President; Gen. J. M. De la Vergne, Vice-President; Lieut. Rafael I. Alvarez, Secretary, and Francisco C. Terrazas, Treasurer.

There will be a big turkey shoot on "turkey" day at Salt Lake City, Utah.

M. D. Wehorrie won the first shoot of the Will County Gun Club shoot on Sunday last. Scores: John Fenolio 76 per cent., H. Peel 88, M. D. W. Larrie 93, J. Liess 64, Dr. McGarm 68, P. C. Pell 86, Dr. Kingston 71, H. Clark 70, J. Startz 68, R. Bruce 85, Dr. McGuinnis 66, Tim Pell 87.

A new gun club is to be organized at West Alexander, O.

All the gun clubs centering in the territory adjacent to Dayton, Ohio, are about to be organized into a league. The members met at the N. C. R. headquarters and were much encouraged with their success.

The Mishawoka Gun Club, South Bend, Ind., will hold a shoot Nov. 28.

Last Sunday there was an interesting shoot held by the local shooters at Ladd, Ill.

Lexington, Mo., is reported to have such a splendid park for shooting purposes that there is a prospect of the State shoot being held there next year.

The officers of the Canon City, Colo., Gun Club are: N. F. Carrier, President; T. M. Harding, Jr., Vice-President, and A. A. Parker, Secretary.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., Nov. 16.—The State championship shoot to-day was a success. Mr. Bissett, of South River, N. J., defeated Mr. Fleming, of Newark, by a score of 46 to 27 out of 50 blue-rocks. Mr. Welles won high professional average, breaking over 100 straight, which is the record for the grounds. Messrs. Bissett and Markley, of Easton, Pa., tied for high amateur average, breaking 140 each out of 150. Mr. Markley won the gold badge in the shoot-off. Mr. Pleiss, of Easton, won the silver medal for second high average. Messrs. Evans and Truax tied for third. Mr. Heath, a trade representative, deserves credit for his assistance in the office. Mr. Frank Butler made a presentation speech. Mr. Crow, of Newton, won the Ithaca hammerless gun.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	Broke.
Elliott	18	19	18	17	19	22	25	138
Fanning	18	18	19	19	20	23	24	141
Welles	18	19	20	20	20	25	24	146
Butler	13	16	11	16	18	22	23	119
Apgar	18	17	19	19	19	23	24	139
J Pleiss	17	16	19	19	19	21	24	135
Markley	17	19	17	19	21	24	24	140
Truax	18	14	18	18	18	25	23	134
Richter	19	18	13	17	16	22	21	126
Dr. Matthews	17	13	16	15	16	21	22	120
Dr Lucky	11	19	18	16	14	23	20	121
Glover	19	18	17	20	19	25	24	142
Grieff	19	18	18	19	20	23	20	141
Evans	19	18	16	19	19	23	20	134
Woodward	17	15	15	17	17	24	..	...
Crow	14	14	14	15	18	17	22	114
Bissett	18	17	19	16	20	25	25	140
Fleming	13	12	14	15	17	19	14	104
Glaister	17	14	10	15	10	19	17	102
M H R	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	19 ...
Dr Pardoe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21 ...
Stelle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20 ...
Du Four	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18 ...
Gillespie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15 ...

Event 6 was the championship contest between Messrs. F. C. Bissett, of South River, N. J., and John J. Fleming, of Newark, N. J., for the E. C. trophy, emblematic of the individual championship of the State of New Jersey. Scores, 50 targets, follow:

J J Fleming.....27 F C Bissett 46

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Nov. 14.—There was a good attendance of visitors, the trade being well represented by Messrs. Butler, Welles, Glover and Schneider. The scoring was irregular, even among the known experts. Schortemeier scored 15 twice, and Sim did so once. These three straight scores were the only ones made during the shoot. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Crater	12	12	11	11	11	8	11	14	..
Welles	14	14	14	14	14	6	14	12	12
Schurtell	11	5	9	..	..	10	..	..	..
Suydam	7	10	12	8	15	11	13	13	..
Glover	14	12	13	14	13	14	11	..	..
Schorty	14	13	15	13	15	10	11	13	..
Creamer	8	13	8	14	13	11	10	10	..
Bergen	9	..	10	9	14	10	7	9	..
Dreyer	11	9	9	12	11	5	10	8	..
Crater	10	..	..	11	..	..	12	..	..
Bissing	..	8	12	11	12	15	12	11	..
Butler	..	9	10	13	14	11	14	..	12
Klenk	..	..	11	6	9	9	10	..	..
Schneider	..	..	13	13	13	10	12	14	11
Slim	..	..	10	11	15	10	6	..	9
Voorhies	..	..	..	11	13	13	13	11	..
Tallman	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Blane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Nov. 16.—The attendance was small in number. "Twenty-Bore" (Schortemeier) did not compete for the medal. Carolan was the winner of it. Handicap applies to the first event only. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Ep Carolan, 13	25	17	13	Twenty-Bore, 0	20	21	22

Championship of Delaware.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 14.—On the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club to-day, in a contest for the championship of Delaware, Mr. Wm. M. Foord successfully defended his title to the championship of Delaware against the onslaught of Mr. James T. Skelly, who has been shooting in championship form during some months past. The contest was at 100 targets, and each of the renowned contestants scored 85 and tied, hence at this stage each was equal to the other. In the shoot-off at 25 targets, Mr. Foord broke 22 to Mr. Skelly's 20, and won. The targets had swift flights, which accounts for the low scores.

It is credibly stated that Mr. A. B. Richardson, of Dover, ex-champion of Delaware, will challenge Mr. Foord to defend his title, and that the contest will be held either on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, or on the grounds of the Wilmington Gun Club.

Mr. Skelly steadied down and shot better as the match progressed in the 100-target part, as the scores herewith will show:

Foord .....23 21 21 20—85 Skelly .....21 20 22 22—85

In the shoot-off at 25 targets, Mr. Foord dropped but 3, while Mr. Skelly dropped 5.

The race was close, as was expected, in view of the small difference in scores of Messrs. Foord and Skelly in recent shoots. In the first 100-bird race, at Dover, they tied on 80, Mr. Foord winning in the shoot-off. In a race held at the Aurora Gun Club some time later, Mr. Skelly made a score of 97 against 89 for Mr. Foord, the race being at 100 targets. At the previous championship race at the Wawaset grounds, Mr. Skelly broke 89, Mr. Foord 90. At a later shoot on the same grounds, for a purse, Mr. Skelly broke 91, while Mr. Foord broke 88. In the past five shoots at a total of 500 targets, Mr. Skelly has broken 451, while Mr. Foord has broken 441.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 18.—The weekly shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club had eight trophy contests, besides the three main events—the November cup, the Stake trophy, and the two-man team match. Good scores were a pleasing feature of the competition. Mr. Frank B. Stevenson broke 25 straight in the shoot-off for the State trophy, after a tie on 24 with Dr. Keyes, Dr. Raynor and Mr. L. C. Hopkins. Dr. Raynor scored a leg on that cup with 25 straight. The scores follow:

Trophy, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson 14, D. C. Bennett 13, E. W. Snyder 12, A. E. Hendrickson 12, C. W. Browne 11, C. A. Lockwood 10, A. G. Southworth 10, W. C. Damron 7, W. W. Marshall 5.

Trophy, 15 targets: A. G. Southworth 14, D. C. Bennett 14, W. C. Damron 13, F. B. Stephenson 10, A. E. Hendrickson 10, C. A. Lockwood 9, C. W. Browne 8, W. W. Marshall 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: A. G. Southworth 14, D. C. Bennett 12.

Trophy, 15 targets: A. G. Southworth 14, F. B. Stephenson 13, W. W. Marshall 12, D. C. Bennett 12, A. E. Hendrickson 11, C. A. Lockwood 10, E. W. Snyder 10, C. E. Browne 8, W. C. Damron 8.

Trophy, 15 targets: D. C. Bennett 15, F. B. Stephenson 14, A. G. Southworth 14, Dr. J. J. Keyes 14, A. E. Hendrickson 14, Dr. Raynor 14, J. H. Ernst 14, L. C. Hopkins 13, E. W. Snyder 13, W. W. Marshall 13, C. A. Lockwood 12, W. C. Damron 11, C. W. Browne 9.

November cup, 25 targets: Dr. Raynor 25, Dr. Keyes 24, L. C. Hopkins 23, F. B. Stephenson 22, A. G. Southworth 22, W. C. Damron 20, J. H. Ernst 20, W. W. Marshall 19, C. A. Lockwood 19, A. E. Hendrickson 18, C. W. Browne 15, J. P. Fairchild 13.

Team event, 25 targets: A. G. Southworth and W. W. Marshall 45; Dr. Keyes and D. C. Bennett 41; Dr. Raynor and E. W. Snyder 41, C. A. Lockwood and A. E. Hendrickson 34.

Stake trophy, 25 targets: F. B. Stephenson 24, Dr. Keyes 24, Dr. Raynor 24, L. C. Hopkins 24, A. G. Southworth 23, D. C. Bennett 23, W. W. Marshall 19, W. C. Damron 21, A. E. Hendrickson 16.

Shoot-off, same conditions: F. B. Stephenson 25, L. C. Hopkins 24, Dr. Keyes 23, Dr. Raynor 21.

Trophy, 15 targets: A. E. Hendrickson 15, A. G. Southworth 14, C. A. Lockwood 14, J. P. Fairchild 14, W. W. Marshall 13, D. C. Bennett 13, J. H. Ernst 12, W. C. Damron 11.

Trophy, 15 targets: D. C. Bennett 14, A. E. Hendrickson 14, F. B. Stephenson 14, L. C. Hopkins 14, W. W. Marshall 13, E. W. Snyder 13, J. P. Fairchild 13, Dr. Keyes 12, A. G. Southworth 11, C. A. Lockwood 11, W. C. Damron 9, J. H. Ernst 6.

Shoot-off, same conditions: L. C. Hopkins 14, F. B. Stephenson 13, A. E. Hendrickson 9.

Trophy, 15 targets: W. W. Marshall 15, L. C. Hopkins 14, A. G. Southworth 14, C. A. Lockwood 14, F. B. Stephenson 13, W. C. Damron 13, A. E. Hendrickson 9, J. P. Fairchild 8.

Trophy, 15 targets: A. E. Hendrickson 13, C. A. Lockwood 11, A. G. Southworth 9, W. W. Marshall 7.

Hoopston Gun Club.

HOOPSTON, Ill., Nov. 15.—Yesterday the energetic members of the Hoopston Gun Club had everything arranged to hold a successful tournament on their fine grounds at the raee track, known as the McPherren Park. The weather was fine, the targets were going well, and there was a plentiful supply of the best shells on hand. Yet the club men had not ealculated on this being one of the first days of the open season on quail, and that many of the trapshooters would be following the pointer in the fields where the feathered game abounds.

Only two traveling men put in their appearance, viz., W. Tramp Irwin and W. D. Stannard. Others from outside of town were A. P. Smith, Goodwin, Ill., who was breaking in his new trap gun; C. A. Lee, East Lynn, with a gun stock too crooked for him; A. Ferris, of Crescent City; J. G. Miller and W. P. Phares, of Oxford, Ind. These parties, together with four of the Hoopston boys, shot through a 100-target programme and then wound up with doubles, team race, and the home boys enjoyed these features.

Mr. Stannard was high with 93 out of 100. Mr. Smith high amateur, 87. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	at.	Broke.
A P Smith	8	12	9	13	9	14	8	14	100	87
J A Seekatz	8	10	9	14	8	10	7	12	100	78
C A Lee	8	11	15	7	6	..	..	..	60	47
J Hanger	7	10	7	..	6	..	..	..	45	30
Willis Bell	8	12	10	11	8	8	4	10	100	71
W D Stannard	10	13	10	13	9	14	9	15	100	93
A Ferris	8	12	7	13	8	12	7	12	100	79
Ed Erickson	10	10	7	13	6	10	..	..	75	56
J G Miller	5	8	6	9	7	11	9	8	100	63
M Phares	6	12	7	9	7	12	7	11	100	71

Trap Around Reading.

LEBANON, Pa., Nov. 18.—Freeman Rump and Francis Reinohl, two of the best shots of the Keystone Gun Club, this city, were matched to shoot at 25 live birds each for a purse of $50. The match will take place on Thanksgiving Day, at East Lebanon.

Tamaqua, Pa., Nov. 13.—Sportsmen from all parts of the coal region watched a live-bird match between Edward O'Donnell, of Lansford, and Thomas Fredericks, of town, for $200 a side and the gate receipts. O'Donnell won, killing 12 out of 13 birds, while Fredericks killed but 9. Several thousand dollars changed hands on the result.

Ashland, Pa., Nov. 15.—William Lavelle and Wm. Sweeney shot a live-bird match near Centralia, the former killing 4 to his opponent's 3 out of 11 birds. The purse was $100.

Shenandoah, Pa., Nov. 13.—A large crowd of sportsmen saw James Parry, of Girardville, defeat James Downey, of this city, in a live-bird match for $300 a side, at 21yds. rise, by killing 11 out of 14 to his opponent's 7 out of 13. Parry shot at the fourteenth bird to decide a $50 side bet, which caused great enthusiasm among his backers when he killed it.

Reading, Pa., Nov. 15.—The shooting match held at O. C. Miller's Hotel was largely attended. The contest was for a bull weighing 1,900 pounds. Tobias H. Moyer, Jacob Gable, Ambrose Moyer and Alvin Rohrbach, each broke 23 out of 25 targets and tied for the bull, Moyer buying the others' interest in the bull instead of shooting off the tie. DUSTER.

New England Kennel Club.

BRAINTREE, Mass., Nov. 18.—In the two cup contests at the weekly shoot of the New England Kennel Club to-day, there were respectively six entries. Dr. C. Z. Weld and Mr. R. O. Harding tied on 22 in the weekly cup event. Dr. Weld won in the shoot-off.

In the contest for the season cup, Messrs. Henry N. Richards and R. O. Harding tied on 24 out of 25, Richards winning in the shoot-off.

The shoot-off for the best average of actual breaks, held over from the shoot of the preceding Saturday, in connection with the annual autumn shoot, was won by Dr. Weld. Scores:

Weekly club cup:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Dr C G Weld	22	0	22	W F Beal	21	0	21
R O Harding	18	4	22	A Blanchard	13	4	17
H N Richards	15	6	21	W O Gay	5	0	5

N. E. K. C. 1905-6 cup:

H N Richards	19	5	24	W F Beal	20	0	20
R O Harding	21	3	24	W O Gay	9	0	9
Dr C G Weld	21	0	21	A Blanchard	2	3	5

North Side Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., Nov. 11.—The scores made at our shoot today follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	10			25
Tower	3	4	5	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A R M	5	5	5	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Truax	..	..	9	10	10	14	11	11	11	..	7	..	..	..
McClarc	..	4	4	3	5	11	6	10	10	6	8	..	..	..
Mester	8	2	2	3	1	6	7	5	9	10	4	..	..	..
Cauchon	..	3	7	2	5	4	..	9	8	10	6	..	..	..
Brugman	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	13	14	11	10	12	..
McCormack	..	..	..	..	5	3	3	5	8	9	..	..	..	..
Hans	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
Richter	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	9	13	..	6	10	..	..
Schramm	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	8	11	..	7	..	..
Miss Horneck	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	8	12	9	7	14	..
Perkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	17

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Passaic-Bergen League.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 18.—The second contest of the Passaic and Bergen County League resulted in a victory for the team of the Jackson Park Gun Club.

A large gathering witnessed the contests, and there also was a large number of professionals in attendance who added materially to the interest of the shooting.

Mr. John Y. Doty, of the Jackson team, distinguished himself admirably. He broke 24 out of 25 in the team event, and shot well in the sweepstakes also.

The popular captain of the Jackson Park Club, "Count" Charles F. Lenone, shot in rare form throughout the match, finishing with the good score of 22 out of 25, evoking general applause. Van Horn and Sindle finished strong, getting 19 and 17 respectively.

The Northsides shot a good average score.

The Mount Pleasants did not shoot up to expectations. They were compelled at the last moment to dispatch a messenger for one of their youngest members to fill out the team, as their regular man did not put in an appearance.

The shooting in this contest will become more interesting later. The men will get more accustomed to the conditions which confront them at the beginning of any match shooting which is new to them.

An effort will be made to secure at least three more clubs to enter the League, so that two clubs can shoot on three different grounds every week instead of the three clubs shooting on one ground every week, as at the prcsent time. The schedule committee will meet at Garry Hopper's store, 40 Main street, to draw up the new schedule. It is expeeted that two clubs will enter. The scores:

Jackson Park.		Northside.	
E Morgan	18	C Lewis	20
E Van Horn	19	H Beckler	17
C Lenone	22	W Banta	18
H Sindle	17	N McGuirk	18
J V Doty	24—100	A Veenstra	17— 90
Mount Pleasant.			
T Dunkerley	17	H Van Houten	15
J I Van Houten	16	H Van Houten, Jr.	13— 76
J Bredder	15		

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Jackson Park	4	0	1.000
Northside	1	4	.250
Mount Pleasant	1	3	.205

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	Targets:	10	15	10	15	25
J Elliott	10	14	10	14	24	Teddis	..	..	4	5	17
F Butler	5	13	8	14	20	C Lewis	..	..	6	12	..
S Glover	10	15	9	14	25	W Wilson	..	..	6	10	19
Morgan	9	14	7	14	20	N McGurk	..	..	6	11	17
Barry	5	11	6	12	..	W H Clark	..	..	2	6	15
Veenstra	7	7	6	14	..	Dunkerley	..	..	8	11	23
Beckler	8	12	9	13	19	F E Van Houten.	..	..	7	10	..
E Van Horn	9	11	8	..	..	H Van Houten, Jr	..	..	3	6	11
Lenone	..	12	8	12	..	F Bredder	9	..	8	12	..
H Sindle	7	11	6	..	15	E Planten	9	12	7	11	22
J Doty	..	12	10	10	22	W S Wilson	..	..	..	..	19
Banta	..	..	9	12	20	Hopper	..	..	&	12	..

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Nov. 18.—Shooting members of the New York Athletic Club are having good sport every Saturday afternoon. All feel very much interested in the coming amateur championship of America, which will take place on their grounds Dec. 14, on arrival of the 9:45 train from 129th street and Third avenue, New York city. A large crowd of visitors is expected from Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

The November cup was won for the second time by Dr. Held. Event 1, scratch, was won by Mr. Grieff; No. 2 by Mr. T. H. Keller after a shoot-off with Mr. Chas. Billings. Event 4 was won by Gus E. Grieff with a full score of 25 straight. Event 5 was captured by Mr. J. Dickerson.

Event 1, 25 targets:

G E Grieff	22	Chas Billings	20
J Hibbard	15		

Event 2, handicap, 25 targets:

	Handicap.	Total.		Handicap.	Total.
Grieff	0	23	Billings	4	25
De Wolf	3	9	Wagner	7	8
Hibbard	5	20	Keller	4	25
Dickerson	7	17	Apgar	0	21
Dr Held	7	15	Thompson	7	18
Kuchler	7	20	Dr Stell	7	17

Event 3, November cup, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff	0	23	Dr Brown	6	25
De Wolf	3	19	Kuchler	7	19
Hibbard	5	22	Billings	4	22
Dickerson	7	14	Apgar	0	23
Dr Held	7	25	Thompson	7	16
Robinson	7	22			

Event 4, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff	0	25	Apgar	0	22
De Wolf	3	21	Hibbard	5	22
Dickerson	7	20	Billings	4	20
Dr Brown	6	23	Dr Stell	7	14
Dr Held	6	24	Robinson	7	25
Keller	4	24	C Jacobs	7	23

Event 5, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff	0	24	De Wolf	3	21
Billings	4	24	Jacobs	7	16
Dickerson	7	25	Robinson	7	22
Dr Brown	7	23	Dr Held	7	24
Apgar	0	24	Dr Stell	7	18

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 18.—A very jolly crowd faced the traps to-day, there being nothing special on the programme. Neville made his first essay at the traps, and did very well for a beginner. McDonough, another new hand at the traps, showed considerable improvement. An impromptu team race for a box of cigars was run off, and this was won by team No. 2, composed of Cockefair, Batten, Crane and Winslow, after shooting some four or five times for the prize and tying each time.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	15
Boxall	6	7	10	9	9	8	7	10	11
Wallace	3	5	10	7	9	10	9	7	11
Winslow	8	..	8	7	5	5	7	8	9
Neville	3	4	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Cockefair	8	..	8	6	7	5	8	5	14
Crane	6	..	10	9	8	8	8	9	12
Soverel	6	..	..	4	6	7	8	3	5
McDonough	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	6	10
Batten	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	9	11

E. WINSLOW, Sec'y.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., have recently gotten out a new catalogue, which will be sent free to applicants. The different grades, from that costing $740, to the one costing $20, are fully described and illustrated. Excellent portraits of the Hunter Brothers adorn the frontispiece. On the first page is an excellent reproduction of gold medals won at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, showing obverse and reverse sides. The catalogue is a beautiful exemplar of the up-to-date art of the printer and illustrator.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

IN the shoot held at the Zettler Bros.' range in West Twenty-third street, Nov. 17, August Begerow and George W. Ludwig tied for the best two targets, with totals of 481 out of the possible 500 points at 75ft., offhand. The scores follow:

August Begerow	481	B Eusner	458
George W Ludwig	481	John Facklamm	450
Lambert Schmidt	479	George T Zimmermann	444
Frank A Young	477	Arthur Namak	427
F Liegibel	469	F C Hallie	407
William Soell	461	Henry Koch	398

At Walnut Hill.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Nov. 18.—A strong gusty, variable wind was a formidable weather condition against good scores.

Mr. W. Charles was highest with 44 at long range. He used a Krag.

A. Niedner was high at 200yds., with the good score of 222.

In the pistol match, I. James was high man with 94, which raised his record several points. He also won the silver medal.

The Wednesday afternoon shoot will be discontinued until further notice. The scores:

Silver pistol medal—Won on ten scores of 86 or better by

I James	86	87	86	89	86	90	87	86	90	88

Members' offhand match:

A Niedner	18	20	22	25	24	20	25	23	23	22—222
	23	20	19	19	24	19	20	23	23	24—211
R L Dale	22	20	25	21	22	19	24	23	24	12—213
	20	23	20	23	23	19	20	21	18	23—210

Military practice match:

G P Dickson	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	4—46
	4	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	5—44
Capt G H Dickson	5	5	5	3	5	5	4	4	5	4—45
M T Day	4	3	4	5	3	4	4	4	4	4—39

Long range rifle match, 1,000yds.:

W Charles	4	5	4	3	5	4	5	5	4	5—44
	2	4	5	5	2	3	4	5	5	3—38
F Daniels	4	0	4	5	4	4	5	3	5	0—34
J B Hobbs	2	2	3	5	5	5	5	0	5	0—32
A W Hill	4	3	4	0	3	0	3	5	5	4—31

Pistol medal match:

I James	9	10	10	10	7	8	10	10	10	10—94
	9	8	9	10	9	10	10	7	8	9—89
	10	9	9	7	10	9	10	9	10	7—90
	10	9	7	10	10	10	10	7	8	6—87
W A Smith	10	7	10	6	10	10	7	9	9	8—86
	9	7	10	8	7	9	8	8	9	9—84
M T Day	8	7	9	10	7	7	9	10	8	9—84
J B Hobbs	7	7	9	9	9	8	10	7	6	9—83
S D Martin	6	9	9	7	8	7	8	8	9	9—80

Pistol practice match:

T Carlson	10	10	9	7	7	10	10	9	9	10—91
	9	9	10	7	9	10	9	7	9	10—89
	10	10	10	10	8	8	7	6	9	9—87
C F Lamb	8	8	6	7	8	10	10	9	9	10—85
W A Smith	5	5	8	10	10	8	10	8	9	7—80
M T Day	6	6	10	8	8	6	10	10	7	7—78
C Moore	7	7	10	7	9	7	10	6	7	7—77

Rifle Notes.

The West Elkton, O., Rifle Club held their regular monthly medal contest on Nov. 9, five members taking part. The shooting was offhand, 100yds., on Creedmoor target, four shots, possible 48. For the second time in succession C. T. Talbert won the medal, his score being 12, 12, 12, 11—47, only one less than perfect. His nearest competitor was C. E. Kenworthy with a score of 7, 11, 11, 12—41. Lee Conarroe 10, 12, 10, 8—40. Herb. Holaday 8, 12, 9, 11—40. Ed. W. Davies 5, 12, 11, 10—38. The members will do their best at the December shoot to prevent Talbert from making his third consecutive win, and it is hoped that Tony Price may come to the front again, as he did in July.

In the competition for the Milliken medal on Nov. 16, at the revolver range in City Hall building, Patrolman Allen Moore won for the second time. He made the very fine score of 195 out of a possible 200. His nearest competitor was Patrolman Curlis, who scored 191. There were thirty-four contestants. Chief Milliken and Inspectors Carroll and Casey also shot with the men, but not for the medal. The scores made to-day were unusually high, and the interest in the contest is increasing. The officer winning three times becomes owner of the medal, and in case Moore should win at the next shoot Chief Milliken will offer another medal.

The members of the Jackson Township Rifle Club had fine weather on Nov. 11 for their monthly medal shoot, and good scores were the rule. In the shoot for the medal, 100yds., offhand, four shots, possible 48, G. W. Izor scored 12, 12, 10, 12—46, and tied with A. U. Clemmer, 11, 11, 12, 12—46. In the first shoot-off, one shot each, they tied with a center; in the second shoot-off Izor scored 12 and Clemmer 11. This makes the second win for Izor this year. Other high scores were: J. Johnson 9, 11, 11, 12—43; C. Busche 12, 10, 9, 11—42; J. W. Lesher 12, 9, 12, 8—41. The 20-shot match was also a close one. This is shot in five events of four shots each, possible total 240. Johnson, 45, 45, 46, 41, 46—223, tied with Clemmer, 47, 44, 44, 43, 45—223. One shot each was fired to settle it, and Johnson won, 11 to 10, Clemmer taking second prize. Other scores were: Izor 44, 44, 42, 46, 43—219; Lesher 40, 41, 43, 41, 43—208; C. Busche, 46, 29, 41, 42, 45—203. A.N. Clemmer made best score of the day, lacking but one of a perfect score in the first round of the 20-shot match.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

HENRY D. MULLER was high man on the ring target, and D. Scharninghaus on the bullseye target, at the weekly shoot, held Nov. 15. Other scores follow:

Ring target, 20 shots:

H D Muller	470	J Von der Lieth	448
F Schroeder	467	Herman Brummer	443
B Eusner	464	F W Wessel, Jr.	439
Chris Gerken	466	H Roffmann	437
C Oltmann	461	M Leonard	420
D Scharninghaus	460	H A Ficke, Jr.	420
J N F Siebs	459	George Detloff	414
D Meerse	456	H A Ficke, Sr.	408
F Rolfe	456	H D Schmidt	396
W J Daniel	454	H Von der Lieth	393
F Brodt	452	C F Tietjen	391

Bullseye target, degrees:

D Scharninghaus	31½	F Schroeder	128
M Leonard	46	H Roffmann	136
H D Muller	49	H D Schmidt	136
F Rolfes	59	B Eusner	139½
J Von der Lieth	80	F Wessel, Jr.	148½
C Oltmann	82	H Von der Lieth	174
H A Ficke, Jr.	87	C F Tietjen	184
Chris Gerken	119	G Detloff	188½
J N F Siebs	121½	Herman Brummer	224
F Brodt	126		

Zettler Rifle Club.

LOUIS C. BUSS was high man in the weekly shoot held Nov. 14 on the indoor range, 75ft., offhand, and George Bernius won the prize on the bullseye target. The scores follow:

L C Buss	239	244	247	246	246	246	246	244	247	242	—2447
B Zettler	222	234	234	242	236	228	233	237	240	237	—2353
A Begerow	226	230	235	239	231	240	227	234	236	236	—2334
A P Fegert	222	230	228	233	236	235	236	236	234	237	—2327
W A Tewes	246	246	245	248	247						—1232
C Zettler, Jr.	242	239	244	242	240						—1207
Dr C F C Mehlig	235	238	238	241	243						—1195
H C Zettler	237	240	234	243	237						—1191
C G Zettler	228	235	243	239	237						—1182
H D Muller	232	245	234	237	234						—1182
Louis Maurer	224	229	238	239	234						—1164
G Bernius	227	227	235	231	226						—1146

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

IN the weekly shoot held at 159 West Twenty-third street, Nov. 16, at 75ft., offhand, with .22cal. rifles, A. P. Fegert was high man with a total of 477 out of the 500 points possible. Each man fired 20 shots, with the following results:

A P Fegert	241 236—477	G Hanisch	212 199—411
R Busse	236 236—472	L Schulze	219 199—408
R Schwanemann	238 230—468	E Stein	203 202—405
R Bendler	231 233—464	J Wagner	183 208—391
B Eusner	230 232—462	H Kuhlmann	199 210—379
J Facklamm	236 231—457	G Schmitz	194 184—378
C Wagner	227 222—449	A Wiltz	173 204—374
G Schroeder	214 225—439	E Held	171 177—348
L Bentz	209 211—420	A Reilstein	139 204—343
L Gleiehmann	210 210—420	C Stover	158 106—264

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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he FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertain-t, instruction and information between American sportsmen. editors invite communications on the subjects to which its es are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be re-led. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion urrent topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of espondents.

ubscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single es, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full iculars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The object of this journal will be to studiously omote a healthful interest in outdoor recre-on, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural ects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

PRIZES FOR GAME HEADS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers three prizes of $20, $10 $5 respectively for the best moose heads secured in year 1905 in the hunting grounds of the United States Canada.

t offers also three prizes of $15, $10 and $5 respectively the best white-tail deer heads taken in the hunting son of 1905 in the United States or Canada.

he heads will be judged from photographs submitted the FOREST AND STREAM. In estimating their merits two qualities of size and symmetry will be taken into sideration. With the photograph of each head must sent a memorandum of the place and the time of its ing and the name of the person taking it. The compe-on will be open to amateur hunters only; and with this gle restriction it will be open to the world. There are entrance fees. The photographs submitted will be the perty of FOREST AND STREAM. Entries for the compe-on must be made not later than Jan. 15, 1906. The ards will be determined by a committee of representa-e sportsmen to be announced later.

THE NEW YORK GAME PROTECTOR.

THE New York Evening Post of Nov. 22 printed an ticle commenting on the proposed appointment of Mr. hn B. Burnham as Chief Game Protector of New York, d cited reasons why it thought the appointment should t be made. The reasons given were that among Mr. urnham's indorsers were certain pulp-mill concerns, hich had been stealing Adirondack timber; that Mr. urnham "has been a champion of pulp-mill pollution of ake Champlain," and that "he is a large owner in a wer and light plant." These two interests, the Post inks, "are believed to have imbued him with industrial mpathies, which, at a moment when power, electric, lp and paper companies are making a general assault the resources of the public forest reserves, would not in harmony with public interest."

As to the first of these reasons, the simple fact is that r. Burnham has not had the indorsement of the firm of lp mill operators named by the Post, nor of any other lp mill owners.

As to the second charge that Mr. Burnham "has been champion of pulp mill pollution of Lake Champlain in tagonism to a subsequent State Board of Health report d the action of the State of Vermont," it may be said at the participation he had in the discussion of the ake Champlain pollution question consisted in communi-tions he sent to this journal, and an examination of hat he wrote will disclose the fact that he did not cham-on the pulp mill pollution of Lake Champlain, but he d question that any such pollution existed in the places nd to the extent that it had been alleged to exist. To uestion the existence of pollution is a different thing om championing pollution. Nor has it ever been shown, ther in health board reports or otherwise, that Mr. urnham was in error in his statement respecting that art of Lake Champlain of which he wrote.

It is true, we believe, that Mr. Burnham has an interest n an electric light plant which lights the town of Essex, nd that the power for it is obtained by damming a tream in the hills; but it is as fanciful and as far-fetched o assume that this interest "has imbued him with indus-rial sympathies not in harmony with public interests," s it would be to reason that the Evening Post, because t consumes tons of paper made from wood pulp, must therefore be in industrial sympathy with the wood pulp despoilers of the Adirondacks, and that for that reason we should not accept in good faith its exposures of the Adirondack raiders.

If John B. Burnham shall be appointed Chief Game Protector of New York, the friends of the forests, the fish and the game need not in the slightest degree be disquieted by this newspaper attack on him. Mr. Burnham will not be prompted by industrial sympathies not in harmony with public interests, nor by any other sympathies except those which are in full accord with the protection of the State's forests, fish and game. The FOREST AND STREAM has supported Mr. Burnham for this place because we believe that an indispensable qualification of the man who is to be the Chief Game Protector of New York must be an absolute and unswervable honesty, and that he must have a singleness of purpose to do his duty and to serve only the interests of the State. Mr. Burnham, whom we know with the knowledge that comes of daily association extending over the six years during which he was on the staff of FOREST AND STREAM, we know to be such a man; and it will not take very long after his assumption of office for the timber thieves, the trespassers and the poachers to discover it for themselves.

FATE OF THE EUROPEAN BISON.

AN interesting side effect of the rebellion and perhaps revolution of which we read in Russia is the possible speedy extinction of a species of animal which for many years has been jealously protected by the Czar. In times of national peace and contentment the European bison lives in the imperial forests of Lithuania, presumably unmolested; but whenever there is a rising in Poland and the rebels take to the woods they use this herd of bison as a part of their commissary, and kill them for beef. For many years there has been a gradual lessening in numbers of this herd, which by many zoologists is thought to be due to inbreeding; yet, there are others who believe that the decrease in this protected herd, which fifty years ago numbered nearly 2,000 and which lives wild in its native habitat, is too rapid to be accounted for solely by inbreeding, and must be due to destruction by man, notwithstanding the efforts made by the authorities to protect them. Statistics of the Bielowitza herd in Grodno show that between 1833 and 1857 these bison increased from 768 to 1,898, but from this time on the decrease has been constant until, in 1892, the herd numbered less than 500.

The butchery of human beings in Russia, which is reported to be taking place on a scale quite unparalleled in times of peace for the last hundred years, stirs the emotions of the world, yet zoologists will view with keen regret the diminution of the European bison, which for hundreds of years has been preserved from extinction only by the very hand that brought its numbers so low.

Of the herd of these bison which inhabits the mountains of the Caucasus in the province of Kuban, we know little or nothing, but the same causes which seem likely to bring about the absolute extermination of the herd in Grodno will be operative in the Caucasus, and the race seems likely now to receive a blow from which it can never recover.

On one or two estates in Europe and in a few zoological gardens, there are living specimens of these bison, but their numbers are very few. Perhaps the little herd belonging to the Prince of Pless is the most numerous. There is a pair in the park of the New York Zoological Society in the Borough of the Bronx.

THE work of the California Outdoor Art League, one of the affiliated societies of the American Civic Association, has become of international interest in its efforts to preserve the Calaveras groves of big trees. About thirty women, headed by Mrs. Lovell White, a member of the Association, have been able to arouse the whole country to a sense of the awful mistake it would be not to preserve these trees for all time against the greed of man's ax. When the pyramids of Egypt were being built by man's ingenuity, some of these trees, the only survivors of their kind of the glacial period, were standing in calm majesty on the Pacific coast of this country, in the prime and vigor of seeming youth. It would be no more vandalism to use the stones of the pyramids for paving blocks than to cut down these trees, as is being done, to make toothpicks and cigar boxes. Woman's clubs, federations and societies and branches of the Woman's Outdoor Art League all worked in unison with women and men's organizations for the passage of a bill through Congress in the last session for the purchase by the Government of the Calaveras groves. President Roosevelt did what a President of the United States has never done before—sent a special message to Congress recommending the passage of a bill which had its initiative with women. A petition of over a million and a half of names was presented in favor of the bill. In spite of all this the measure failed of enactment. This year a new bill will be introduced, and the Calaveras Big Tree Committee of the League, of which Mrs. White is chairman, will renew its efforts. A strong backing for the movement should be formed in every State in the Union. The big trees belong not to California but to the nation.

THE Eastport, Long Island, Gun Club members are grappling with a mystery. Last March they put out on the preserve a hundred northern hares imported from Maine, with the expectation of having an abundant stock for the present shooting season. The game was distributed in the fields, the woods and the swamps; and that was the last ever seen of them. During the month of November the club members have been on the field almost every day, three or four of them out, and have made a thorough search for the hares, but have seen none. Beagles have failed to raise them. What has become of them is a mystery.

THAT is an extremely interesting resumé of the work of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for the year, and it is a stimulating and instructive showing, because it demonstrates the value and accomplishment of united and well-planned effort. The Massachusetts Association is one which is in service all the year through; the results of its efforts are cumulative and lasting. Its appeal for a large support throughout the commonwealth is based on a substantial claim to public confidence and co-operation, and should meet generous response.

THE exposition to be given by the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association in Boston from Dec. 25 to Jan. 6, promises to be unusually complete in the scope of its exhibits. The groups will comprise forestry, food and game fishes, animals, game, song and insectivorous birds; trade exhibits, art associated with forestry, fish and game, and loan exhibits. The previous sportsmen's exhibitions given in Boston have been of high character, and the coming one is planned on the same generous and comprehensive scale.

THE annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League will be held in Syracuse on Dec. 7. One of the most useful activities of the League is the effort it is annually called on to make to choke off bad legislation. Individual sportsmen and organized clubs owe it to themselves to give the League active support, and all clubs throughout the State are invited to ally themselves with the organization and send representatives to the annual meeting.

WE have already referred to the suit brought against a Rome, N. Y., angler for having fished in a small brook which had been stocked with trout from the State hatcheries, and which the Fish and Game Commission had sought to close to fishing as a public inland waters. It was claimed for the defendant that this small stream, flowing through farm lands, could not properly be closed as public waters; and this contention has now been sustained by the court.

NINETEEN football players have been killed in the games of this year, the causes of death comprising concussion of the brain, internal injuries, fracture of the skull, blood poisoning, and peritonitis, spinal meningitis and heart puncture. There have been in addition one hundred serious injuries, and unnumbered cases of minor injury. It is high time that there should be revision of the rules and a change of methods.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

II.—The Ruse of a Savage Lover.

It was agreed that I should join Berry in the autumn, when he would begin the season's trade with the Indians. He owned a large bull train, with which he hauled freight from Fort Benton to the mining camps in summer, finding in that much more profit than in trading for the deer, elk and antelope skins, which were about the only things of value that the Indians had to barter at that season. Buffalo robes were valuable only from animals killed from November to February inclusive. I did not wish to remain in Fort Benton; I wanted to hunt and travel about in this land of glorious sunshine and dry, clear air; so I bought a roll of bedding, large quantities of tobacco, and .44 rim-fire cartridges for my Henry rifle, a trained buffalo horse and saddle, and pulled out of the town with Sorrel Horse and his outfit. Perhaps if I had gone to the mines instead I would have done better in a financial way. More steamboats had arrived, the place was full of people bound for the gold fields, and there were many just from there with heavy sacks of gold dust in their battered grips and greasy bags. They had made their stake, they were bound for the States; for "God's country," they said. God's country! If there was a more beautiful land than that of the great sunlit plains and mountains, grand and soul-inspiring in their immensity, I never saw it. And I'm glad I did not get the mining fever, for then I would probably never have learned to know them intimately. There are some things of far more value than gold. For instance, a life free from cares or duties of any kind; a life in which every day and every hour brings its share of pleasure and satisfaction, of excitement, of happily earned and well enjoyed fatigue. Had I, too, gone to the placer fields I might have made a fortune, and returned to the States, and settled down in some deadly monotonous village, where the most exciting things that ever happened was church festivals and funerals!

Sorrel Horse's wagons, a lead and a trail, drawn by an eight-horse team, were heavily loaded with provisions and trade goods, for he was going with a band of the Piegans, the Small Robes, on their summer hunt. And this was what had made me at once accept his invitation to accompany him; I would have an opportunity to study the people. Much has been written in these columns about the Piegan Blackfeet, and those who have not read the various articles and are interested in the subject should read Mr. Grinnell's books, "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" and "The Story of the Indian." I must necessarily confine myself in these articles to a few incidents in my long life on the plains which seem to me worth relating.

Sorrel Horse's brother-in-law, L-is'-sis-tsi, Wolverine, and I became great friends. I soon learned to use the sign language, and he helped me in my studies of the Blackfoot language, so difficult that few white men ever did become proficient in it. I may say that by diligently committing my studies of it to writing and by paying especial attention to pronunciation and accent, I learned to speak it as well as any white man ever did, with perhaps one or two exceptions.

How I enjoyed that summer, part of which we passed at the foot of the Belt Mountains and part on Warm Spring Creek and the Judith River. I joined in the frequent buffalo runs, and on my swift and well trained horse managed to kill my share of the great animals. I hunted antelope, elk, deer, bighorn and bear with Wolverine. I would sit for hours on a mountain slope or the summit of some lone butte, and watch the herds and bands of game about me, gaze at the grand mountains and the vast and silent plain, and pinch myself to realize that I was really I, and that it was all real and not a dream. Wolverine apparently never tired of all this any more than I; he would sit by my side, a dreamy look in his eyes as he gazed about him, and frequently exclaim "i-tam'ap-i," which is the word for happiness or perfect content.

Yet, Wolverine was not always happy; there were days when he went about with a long face and a preoccupied air, never speaking except to answer some question. One day in August when he was in this mood I asked what was troubling him.

"There is nothing troubling me," he replied. Then, after a long silence: "I lied, I am in great trouble. I love Piks-ah'-ki and she loves me, but I cannot have her; her father will not give her to me."

Another long silence: "Yes, well?" I urged, since he had forgotten or did not feel inclined to enlighten me further.

"Yes," he went on, "her father is a Gros Ventre, but her mother is Piegan. Long ago my people protected the Gros Ventres, fought their battles, helped them to hold their country against all enemies. And then the two tribes quarreled, and for many years were at war with each other. This last winter they made peace. It was then I first saw Piks-ah'-ki. She is very beautiful; tall, long hair, eyes like an antelope, small hands and feet. I went much to her father's lodge, and we would look at each other when the others there were not noticing. One night I was standing by the doorway of the lodge when she came out for an armful of wood from the big pile lying there. I took hold of her and kissed her, and she put her arms around my neck and kissed me back. That is how I know she loves me. Do you think"—anxiously—"that she would have done that if she did not love me?"

"No, I do not think she would."

His face brightened and he continued: "At that time I had only twelve horses, but I sent them to her father with a message that I would marry his daughter. He sent the horses back and these words: 'My daughter shall not marry a poor man!'

"I went with a war party against the Crows and drove home myself eight head of their best horses. I traded for others until I had thirty-two in all. Not long ago I sent a friend with them to the Gros Ventre camp to ask once more for this girl I love; he soon returned, driving back the horses and this is what her father said: 'My daughter shall never marry Wolverine, for the Piegans killed my son and my brother.'"

I had no comment to make. He looked at me hesitatingly two or three times and finally said: "The Gros Ventres are encamped on the Missouri, at the mouth of this little (Judith) river. I am going to steal the girl from her people; will you go with me?"

"Yes," I quickly replied. "I'll go with you, but why me? Why don't you ask some of the Raven Carriers to go with you, as you belong to that society?"

"Because," he replied, laughing a little constrainedly, "because I might fail to get the girl; she might even refuse to go with me, and then my good friends would tell about it, and people would always be joking me. But you, if I fail, I know you will never tell about it."

One evening about dusk we quietly left the camp. No one except Sorrel Horse—not even his wife—knew of our departure. Naturally, she would be alarmed about her brother's absence, and he was to tell her that the youth had gone in to Fort Benton with me for a day or two. But how genial old Sorrel Horse did laugh when I told him where we were going and for what purpose.

"Haw, haw, haw! That's pretty good! A pilgrim, only three months in the country and going to help an Indian steal a girl!"

"When does one cease to be a pilgrim?" I asked.

"When he has learned all about things and ceases to ask fool questions. I should say, in your case, that people will quit calling you 'pilgrim' in about five years. It takes most of 'em about fifteen to become acclimated, as you may say. But joking aside, young man, this is a pretty serious thing you are going in for; don't get into any trouble; always keep close to your horse and remember that it is better to run than to fight; you can live longer by doing so as a general rule."

We left the camp at dusk, for in those days it was not safe for a couple of men to ride over the great plains in the daytime, too many war parties of various tribes were abroad, seeking glory and wealth in the scalps and chattels of unwary travelers. We rode out of the Judith valley eastward on to the plain, and when we were far enough out to avoid the deep coulies running into it, turned and paralleled the course of the river. Wolverine led a lively but gentle pinto pony on which we had packed in a manner some bedding, and a large bundle of his done up in a fine buffalo robe and bound with many a thong. These things he had taken out of camp the night before and hidden in the brush. There was a glorious full moon, and we were able to trot and lope along at a good pace. We had not traveled many miles from camp before we began to hear the bellowing of the buffalo; it was their mating season and the bulls kept up a continuous deep, monotoned bellow or roar as they charged and fought about from band to band of the great herds. Several times during the night we rode close to a band and startled them, and they ran off thundering over the hard ground and rattling their hoofs, away, away in the soft moonlight; we could hear them still running long after they had disappeared from view. It seemed as if all the wolves in the country were abroad that night, for they could be heard in all directions, near and far, mournfully howling. What a sad, solemn cry theirs was; so different from the falsetto, impish yelping of the coyotes.

On, on Wolverine went, urging his horse and never looking back, and I kept close up and said nothing, although I thought the pace too fast on a plain honeycombed with badger and prairie dog holes. When at last day began to break we found ourselves in the country of high pine clad buttes and ridges, and two or three miles from the Judith valley. Wolverine stopped and looked all around, trying to pierce the distance still shrouded in the dusk of early morning.

"So far as I can see," he said, "everything looks well. The buffalo and the prairie runners (antelope) feed quietly. But that is not a sure sign that an enemy is not near; even now some of them may be sitting in the pines of those buttes looking down upon us. Let us hurry to the river—we must have water—and hide in the timber in the valley."

We unsaddled in a grove of cottonwoods and willows and led our horses to water. On a wet sand bar where we came to the stream there were a number of human footprints so recently made that they seemed to be as fresh as our own tracks. The sight startled us and we looked about anxiously, holding our rifles in readiness for a quick aim. There was no timber on the opposite side of the stream at that point, and we had just come through the grove above us, so we realized that the makers of the tracks were not in our immediate vicinity.

"Crees or men from across the mountains," said Wolverine, again examining the tracks. "No matter which; they are all our enemies. We must be careful and keep a good watch, as they may be nearby."

We drank our fill and went back into the grove, tying our horses so that they could eat a little of the grass and wild pea growing luxiantly between the trees.

"How could you know," I asked, "that those whose tracks we saw are not Crows, or Sioux, or other people of the plains?"

"You noticed," Wolverine replied, "that the footprints were wide, rounding, that even the prints of their toes could be seen; that was because they wore soft bottom moccasins, the sole, as well as the upper part, of tanned deer or buffalo skin. Only those people use such footwear; all those of the plains here wearing moccasins with hard parflechc soles."

I had been very hungry until I saw the footprints in the sand, after that I was too busy watching, listening for a possible enemy to think of anything else; and I fervently wished that I had remained in camp and left the young Indian to do his own girl-stealing.

"I will go around the inner edge of the grove and have a look at the country and then we will eat," said Wolverine.

I wondered what we would eat, well knowing that we dared not kill anything, nor build a fire, even if we had meat. But I said nothing, and while he was gone I resaddled my horse, remembering my friend's advice to stay close to it. Presently Wolverine returned.

"The war party passed through the grove," he said, "and went on down the valley. About two nights from now they will be trying to steal the Gros Ventre horses. Well, we will eat."

He undid the buffalo robe bundle and spread out a number of articles; heavy red and blue cloth, enough for two dresses. The stuff was made in England and the traders sold it for about $10 a yard. Then there were strings of beads, brass rings, silk handkerchiefs, Chinese vermillion, needles, thread, earrings—an assortment of things dear to the Indian women.

"For her," he said, laying them carefully aside and producing some eatables; dry stale bread, sugar, dried meat and a string of dried apples.

"I stole them from my sister," he said. "I thought

hat we might not be able to shoot any game or build a re."

That was a long day. By turns we slept a little, that s, Wolverine slept. I'm sure I scarcely dozed, for I was lways expecting the war party to jump us. Yes, I was retty young at the business then, and so was the Indian. What we ought to have done, after getting water, was o have ridden to the top of some butte and remained here during the day. From such a point we could have een the opproach of an enemy a long way off, and our wift horses could have easily taken us beyond their each. It was mere luck that we were not seen to enter he valley and the cottonwood grove, for there a war arty could have surrounded us and rendered our es- ape difficult, if not impossible.

Up to this time Wolverine had made no definite plan o get the girl away. Sometimes he would say that he would steal into the camp and to her lodge at night, but hat was certainly risky, for if he did succeed in getting o the lodge without being taken for an enemy come to steal horses he might awaken the wrong woman and hen there would be a terrible outcry. On the other hand, if he boldly went into the camp on a friendly visit, no doubt old Bull's Head, the girl's father, would suspect his purpose and closely watch her. But this discovery of a war party moving down the river toward the Gros Ventre camp gave him a plain opening.

"I knew that my medicine would not desert me," he said suddenly that afternoon, laughing happily; "and see, the way is clear before us. We will ride boldly into camp, to the lodge of the great chief Three Bears. I will say that our chief sent me to warn him of a war party working this way. I will say that we ourselves have seen their tracks along the bars of the river. Then the Gros Ventres will guard their horses; they will ambush the enemy; there will be a big fight, big excitement. All the men will rush to the fight, and that will be my time. I will call Piks-ah'-ki, we will mount our horses and fly."

Again we rode hard all night, and at daylight came in sight of the wide dark gash in the great plain which marked the course of the Missouri. We had crossed the Judith the evening before, and were now on a broad trail worn in deep furrows by the travois and lodge poles of many a camp of Piegans and Gros Ventres, traveling between the great river and the mountains to the south. The sun was not high when we at last came to the pine-clad rim of the valley and looked down into the wide, long bottom at the mouth of the Judith; there, whitely gleaming against the dark foliage of a cottonwood grove, were the lodges of the Gros Ventres, some 300 and more. Hundreds and hundreds of horses were feeding on the sage brush flat; riders were galloping here and there, driving their several bands to water, or catching up fresh animals for the daily hunt. Although still a couple of miles away we could hear the confused noise of the camp, shouts, childish laughter, singing, the beating of drums.

"Ah!" Wolverine exclaimed. "There is the camp. Now for the big lie." Then, more seriously, "Pity me, great sun! pity me, you under-water creature of my dream! Help me to obtain that which I seek here."

Oh, yes, the youth was in love. Cupid plays havoc with the hearts of red as well as white people. And—dare I say it?—the love of the red, as a rule, is more lasting, more faithful than the love of the superior race.

We rode into the camp stared at by all as we passed along. The chief's lodge was pointed out to us. We dismounted at the doorway, a youth took charge of our horses and we entered. There were three or four guests present enjoying an early feast and smoke. The chief motioned us to the seat of honor on his own couch at the back of the lodge. He was a heavy, corpulent man, a typical Gros Ventre, Big Belly.

The pipe was being passed and we smoked a few whiffs from it in our turn. A guest was telling a story, when he finished it the chief turned to us, and asked, in good Blackfoot, whence we had come. Nearly all the older Gos Ventres at that time spoke Blackfoot fluently, but the Blackfoot never could speak Gros Ventre; it was too difficult for anyone not born and reared with them to learn.

"We come," Wolverine replied, "from up the yellow (Judith) river, above the mouth of the Warm Spring. My chief, the Big Lake, gives you this—producing and handing him a long coil of rope tobacco—and asks you to smoke with him in friendship."

"Ah!" said Three Bears, smiling, and laying the tobacco at one side. "Big Lake is my good friend. We will smoke with him."

"My chief also sends word with me that you are to keep close watch of your horses, for some of our hunters have found signs of a war party traveling this way. We ourselves, this white man here, who is my friend, and I, we also have come across their trail. We saw it yesterday morning up the river. There are twenty, maybe thirty of them, and they are on foot. Perhaps to-night, surely by to-morrow night, they will raid your herd."

The old chief asked many questions as to what tribe the war party might be, just where we had seen their tracks, and so on, which Wolverine answered as best he could. Then some boiled meat, some dried buffalo back fat and some pemmican were set before us, and we had our breakfast. While we were eating the chief conferred with his other guests, and they soon went away, as I presumed, to tell the news and prepare to surprise the expected raiders. Three Bears informed us that his lodge was ours; that our horses would be cared for; our saddles and bridles were brought in and piled near the doorway. I forgot to mention that Wolverine had cached his precious bundle away back on the trail soon after daylight.

After our breakfast and another smoke, during which the chief asked all manner of questions about the Piegans, Wolverine and I strolled through the camp and down to the banks of the river. On the way he pointed out the lodge of his prospective father-in-law. Old Bull's Head was a medicine man, and the outside of his abode was painted with the symbols of his particular dream-given power, two huge grizzly bears in black, below which were circles of moons in red. We sat by the river a while, watching a lot of boys and young men swim; I noticed, however, that my companion kept an eye on the women continually coming for water. Evidently the particular one he longed to see did not appear, and we turned back toward the chief's lodge, after a time. A couple of women were killing a fat pup of three or four months just back of it by strangulation.

"Why are they killing that dog?" I asked.

"Ugh," Wolverine replied, making a wry face, "it is for a feast for us."

"A feast for us!" I repeated in astonishment. "Do you mean that they will cook the dog, will expect us to eat it?"

"Yes, these Gros Ventres eat dog; they think it better than buffalo meat, or other meat of any kind. Yes, they will stew it and set it before us, great bowls of it, and we must eat of it or they will be displeased."

"I will not touch it," I cried. "No, I will never touch it."

"But you will, you must, else you wish to make enemies of our friends; and"—despondently—"perhaps spoil my chance of getting that which I have come for."

Well, in due time the meat of the dog was set before us; very white it looked, and certainly the odor of it was far from disagreeable. But—it was dog. Never in all my life had I dreaded to do anything more than to taste of it, yet I felt that I must. I grasped a rib, set my muscles determinedly, and bolted the meat upon it, blinking and swallowing and swallowing to keep it down. And it stayed down; I made it stay, although for a moment it was a toss-up which would win—the nausea or my will. In this manner I managed to eat a small part of that set before me, partaking liberally of some berry pemmican, which was a sort of side dish. I was glad when the meal was over. Oh, yes, I was very glad; and it was many an hour after before my stomach became normal.

It was thought that the expected enemy would possibly arrive that night; so as soon as it was dark nearly all the men of the camp picked up their weapons and crept out through the sage brush to the foot of the hills, stringing out far above and below and back of their feeding herds. Wolverine and I had our horses up and saddled, he telling the chief that in case a fight began we would ride out and join his men. My comrade went out early in the evening, I sat up for an hour or more, and as he did not return, I lay down on the couch, covered myself with a blanket and was soon sound asleep, not waking until morning. Wolverine was just getting up. After breakfast we went out and walked around and he told me that he had found a chance to whisper to Piks-ah'-ki the night before, when she had come outside for wood, and that she had agreed to go with him whenever the time came. He was in great spirits, and as we strolled along the shore of the river could not help breaking out in the war songs which the Blackfeet always sing when they are happy.

Along near noon, after we had returned to the lodge, among other visitors at tall, heavy, evil-featured man came in; by the nudge Wolverine gave me as he sat down opposite and scowled at us I knew that he was Bull's Head. He had a heavy growth of hair which he wore coiled on his head like a pyramid. He talked for some time with Three Bears and the other guests, and then, to my surprise, began to address them in Blackfoot, talking at us, and there was real and undisguised hatred in his tone.

"This story of an approaching war party," he said, "is all a lie. Look at it; the Big Lake sends word that his people have seen their trail; now, I know that the Piegans are cowards; still, where there are so many of them they woulud be sure to follow such a trail and attack the enemy. No, they never saw any such trail, never sent any such word; but I believe an enemy has come, and is in our camp now not after our herds but our women. Last night I was a fool. I went out and watched for horse-stealers; I watched all night, but none came. To-night I shall stay in my lodge and watch for women-stealers, and my gun will be loaded. I advise you all to do the same."

And having had his say he got up and flounced out of the lodge, muttering to himself, undoubtedly cursing all the Piegans, and one in particular. Old Three Bears watched him depart with a grim smile, and said to Wolverine:

"Do not remember his words; he is old, and cannot forget that your people killed his son and his brother. Others of us"—with a deep sigh—"others of us also lost brothers and sons in the war with your people, yet, we made the great peace. What is past is past; the dead eannot be brought to life, but the living will live longer and be happier now that we have ceased to fight and rob one another."

"You speak the truth," said Wolverine. "Peace between we two people is good. I forget the old man's words. Do you also forget them and guard your horses, for this night surely the enemy will come."

Again at dusk we saddled our horses and picketed them close to the lodge. Wolverine putting his saddle on the pinto pony and shortening the stirrups. He intended to ride his own animal bareback. He told me that Piks-ah'-ki had been under guard of her father's Gros Ventre wives all day. The old man not trusting her Pigan mother to accompany her after wood and water for the lodge. I again went to sleep early, my eompanion going out as usual. But this time I did not rest until morning, for I was awakened by the firing of guns out on the flat, and a great commotion in camp, men shouting and running toward the scene of the fight, women calling and talking excitedly, children crying and shrieking. I hurried out to where our horses were picketed, carrying my own rifle and Wolverine's. He owned a fine Hawkins, 32 balls to the pound, which Sorrel Horse had given him. I learned afterward that old Bull's Head was one of the first to rush to the rescue of his horses when the firing began. As soon as he had left the lodge Wolverine, who was lying nearby in the sage brush, ran to it and called his sweetheart's name. Out she came, followed by her mother, carrying several little bags. A minute later they came to where I stood, both women crying. Wolverine and I unfastened the horses.

"Hurry," he cried, "hurry."

He gently took the girl from where she was crying in the embrace of her mother and lifted her into the saddle, handing her the bridle reins.

"Listen," cried the mother, "you will be good to her. I call the sun to treat you as you do her."

"I love her, and I will be good to her," Wolverine answered, and then to us: "Follow me, hurry."

Away we went over the flat, straight for the trail upon which we had entered the valley, and straight toward the fight raging at the foot of the hill. We could hear the shots and shouts, see the flash of the guns. This was more than I had bargained for; again I was sorry I had started out on this girl-stealing trip; I didn't want to charge in where the bullets of a fight that didn't interest me were flying. But Wolverine was leading, his sweetheart riding close behind him, and there was nothing for me to do but follow them. As we neared the seene my comrade began to shout:

"Where is the enemy? Let us kill all of them. Where are they? Where do they hide?"

I saw his point. He didn't intend that the Gros Ventres should mistake us for some of the raiders. But the latter, suppose we ran on to any of them?

The firing had ceased and the shouting; all was quiet ahead of us, but we knew that there in the moonlit sage brush both parties were lying, the one trying to sneak away, the other trying, without too much risk, to get sight of them. We had but a hundred yards or more now between us and the foot of the hill, and I was thinking that we were past the danger points when, with a sputter of fire from the pan and a burst of flame from the muzzle, a flint-lock gun was discharged right in front of Wolverine, and down went his horse and he with it. Our own animals suddenly stopped. The girl shrieked and cried out:

"They have killed him! Help, white man, they have killed him!"

But before we could dismount we saw Wolverine extricate himself from the fallen animal, spring to his feet and shoot at something concealed from us by the sage brush. We heard a deep groan, a rustling of the brush and then Wolverine bounded to the place and struck something three or four hard blows with the barrel of his rifle. Stooping over he picked up the gun which had been fired at him.

"I count a coup," he laughed, and running over to me and fastening the old fuke in the gun sling on the horn of my saddle, "carry it a ways until we get out of the valley."

I was about to tell him that I thought he was foolish to delay us for an old fuke, when right beside of us, old Bull's Head appeared, seeming to have sprung all at once out of the brush, and with a torrent of angry

words he grasped the girl's horse by the bridle and attempted to drag her from the saddle. She shrieked and held on firmly, and then Wolverine sprang upon the old man, hurled him to the ground, wrenched his gun from him and flung it far; then he sprang lightly up behind Piks-ah'-ki, dug his heels into the pony's flanks and we were off once more, the irate father running after us and shouting, no doubt for assistance to stop the runaways. We saw other Gros Ventres approaching, but they did not seem to be hurrying, nor did they attempt in any way to stop us. No doubt the angry old man's words had given them the key to the situation, and, of course, it was beneath their dignity to mix up in a quarrel about a woman. We went on as fast as we could up the steep, long hill, and soon ceased to hear the old man's complainings.

We were four nights getting back to the Piegan camp, Wolverine riding part of the time behind me and part of the time behind the girl, when we were on the trail. We picked up, en route, the precious bundle which Wolverine had cached, and it was good, the next morning, to see the girl's delight when she opened it and saw what it contained. That very day while we rested she made herself a dress from the red cloth, and I can truthfully say that when she had arrayed herself in it, and put on her beads, and rings, and earrings, and a lot of other pretty things, she certainly looked fine. She was a very comely young woman anyway, and as I afterward learned, as good as she was handsome. She made Wolverine a faithful and loving wife.

Fearing that we would be followed we had taken a circuitous route homeward, and made as blind a trail as possible, and upon our arrival at camp learned that old Bull's Head had got in there two days ahead of us. He was very different now from the haughty and malevolent man he had been at home. He fairly cringed before Wolverine, descanted upon his daughter's beauty and virtues, and said that he was very poor. Wolverine gave him ten horses and the fuke he had taken from the Indian he killed the night of our flight from the Gros Ventre camp. Old Bull's Head informed us that the war party were Crees, and that his people had killed seven of them, and that they had not succeeded in stealing a single horse, so completely were they surprised and attacked.

Well, I went on no more girl-stealing raids, but I believe I did other things just as foolish on the plains in my youthful days.

Love of Nature and Character.

As Illustrated in Hon. J. Sterling Morton.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The recent article about a monument to the "Father of Arbor Day" brings freshly to mind some incidents of travel with Mr. Morton, which may interest your readers. In the '80's we were both abroad, and meeting near London, agreed to travel together for a while. Matters of social and political economy interested both, and he was a most congenial and profitable companion. His intelligent alertness was remarkable—his purity and simplicity of character not less so.

On a bank holiday in London he arose early and went to Haymarket to study conditions of life as there manifested. He said he saw more drunken women that morning than in all his previous life; also, that the "billingsgate" was the worst he ever heard. The shock to his moral nature was evident.

At Antwerp the guide employed asked that we go out with him at night and "see the sights," at the same time intimating quite plainly their nature. He seemed surprised at our refusal. In referring to the incident afterward, Senator Morton said: "What a commentary it affords on the average American traveler! It makes me ashamed that because he found we were Americans he should have felt at liberty to make such proposals." Mr. Morton's interest in the art galleries at Antwerp was keen, and his criticisms intelligent and appreciative.

The one hour's ride from Antwerp gave some charming scenes of country life—all the ground was cultivated and the whole appearance was fine. Mr. Morton was enthusiastic. At Brussels another side of his character was manifested. Visiting the Palais de Justice we admired its exterior appearance very much. It was lofty, massive and impressive—a combination of Corinthian, Doric and Ionic styles in Belgian limestone. But the interior was disappointing, saddening. Massive columns, well-proportioned to the building, were of crude material covered with mortar in imitation of the exterior limestone. The sham was apparent to a little scrutiny, and Mr. Morton's remarks about all shams showed the through and through fineness of his grain.

After a hurried lunch we rushed for the 5 o'clock train, and missed it. But we soon learned that it was better so, as the Cologne train did not leave till 5:50. Senator Morton then said, "This illustrates that many of the ills of life are but imaginary."

Regretfully we bade him good-by at Mayence, once the home of John Guttenberg, of printing fame. The impression made by Mr. Morton during those self-revealing days of travel was indelible and treasured. And that there was an intimate relation between his love of nature and his sterling worth of character is the firm belief of

JUVENAL.

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The Sang Digger.

THE Parson, the Professor and the Superintendent waited until the Sang Digger's wife and the older children had gone off in the dark to the little village church when they slipped across the street to sit by his warm, bright kitchen stove. His youngest girl had remained at home and she was sitting at the table near the lamp working out her problems in multiplication for the next day of school. The Sang Digger, a small wiry man, browned by the weather to the color of a late autumn leaf, was pottering around the stove and the table looking over some fishing tackle preparatory to a trip for bass the next day. He seemed very glad to have the visitors call on him and did his best to make them feel at home.

The Parson was tired. He is a heavy man, and the day's pheasant hunting over the mountains had pretty nearly played him out, and after he had lighted his Pittsburg stogie, he sagged down into his chair like a lump of dough. The Professor had not slept well the previous night. He is a small man, and as his bed fellow weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and in addition to occupying the middle of the bed had snored terrifically whenever he lay on his back, the Professor had put in the night between cat naps and spells of kicking the big man awake and over into his own side of the bed. So the task of interviewing the Sang Digger and making him talk about his experiences in the woods and along the streams fell to the Superintendent.

The Sang Digger was given to much circumlocution in his conversation. He would back and fill, start over again, get ahead of his story, and tell the same thing again with slight variations, so that it was somewhat difficult to get him to make progress in his story. One favorite theory of his—that if you found that the bass would not bite in one pool, and you would go down to the next pool where they would bite, and then return to the first pool you would find them ready to bite there—he told over so many times and with such slight changes that the Superintendent was compelled finally to switch him off to keep the Parson from falling out of his chair with inward laughter.

But finally he was headed in the direction of his experiences in the digging of ginseng, which he followed from the middle of August until the heavy frosts so broke down to the tops of the plants that he could not find them in the woods, and when well started he proved an entertaining talker.

He had a theory that ginseng plants and butternut trees are always associated in the woods and that the presence of red oaks always indicated the absence of ginseng. But his one example seemed to prove only the one section of his rule. He and his partner had climbed to the top of a high knob and were debating which direction to take next. Just below them was a small flat covered with little red oak saplings, and the Sang Digger said that there was no use to hunt down there. But after some further argument his partner plunged down over the bank into the red oaks and the Sang Digger followed. Near the edge of the red oak tract the Sang Digger discovered a few scattering plants which he stopped to dig. In the meantime the partner wandered away some little distance and soon found a large patch of plants from which he finally dug several dollars' worth of roots. And, to cap the climax, the Sang Digger found in the same locality a still larger patch. From the two patches they dug in all some seven or eight dollars' worth. All of these plants were among the red oaks, but when he came to examine more closely he found that near each patch was a small butternut tree.

His adventures had been mostly with rattlesnakes. In his hunt for ginseng he was compelled to travel the mountains for fifty and sixty miles around, and his trips sometimes lasted for weeks, at which times he would live in the woods like an Indian. One evening he had come down a small mountain stream until he reached a fall, and near this fall he found a little lean-to camp made by a fisherman. It was nearly dark and a light rain was falling. He threw his coat and bag of ginseng in on the dead boughs that had made the bed of the former occupant of the shelter and hurriedly prepared and ate his supper. He then built up a good fire for the night and went to get his coat to dry it. As he picked up his coat he heard a rattlesnake "sing out," as he expressed it, and on making light enough to see inside, he found that a large yellow rattlesnake had rounded out among the boughs a depression that looked not unlike the nest of a hen and was lying coiled up in this nest, with head and tail both up. But a snake that he could see he had no fear of, and he soon killed it, and after determining that there were no others in the neighborhood, he calmly lay down and slept until morning.

At another time he and a companion had made camp at the foot of a mountain after a long and hard day's tramp. After eating supper and getting ready for the night both had pulled off their boots to rest their feet. Just before lying down to sleep the companion stepped outside the light of the fire in order that he might see if he could tell what the weather would be on the morrow. In a minute the Sang Digger heard him call in an alarmed way for a light. The Sang Digger snatched a burning stick from the fire and hurried out when he found his companion standing with his feet wide apart and a coiled and rattling snake exactly between them. He had known from the sound that it was very near and had not dared to move for fear of stepping on it. And from between his legs the Sang Digger had killed it with neatness and dispatch before the man had dared move an inch.

Once in daylight he was coming down a mountain side that was bare of anything but scattered vegetation and covered with thin, flat rocks. He had cut a long, stout pole to assist him in the descent, and when near the middle of a patch of stones he heard a snake rattle. Standing still he managed to turn over with his pole many of the flat stones nearest to him, and under nearly every one he found a snake. After killing ten or twelve he made a more violent movement than usual and heard a snake rattle under the large stone on which he was standing. Moving back a little he pried up this stone and found under it three rattlers, all of which he killed. The odor given off by these snakes nearly made him sick.

He was once bitten by a rattlesnake, and his behavior on this occasion shows how little he could be stampeded in an emergency. He was hunting ginseng on the side of a mountain thickly covered with big timber and the moss-covered trunks of fallen trees. In getting over one of these trunks his foot broke through, and, to catch himself, he put a hand behind him, when a rattlesnake bit him between the thumb and forefinger. After killing the snake and cutting open and sucking the wound in his hand, he went down to the road at the foot of the mountain for mud to plaster over the cut. At this point he missed the little pick he used in his work and went back up the mountain and got it. At the first house he came to he procured indigo and whisky, and his description of the pain when the indigo was applied was very graphic. A physician did not see him until the next day, but the effects of the bite were gone in a few days. He only remembered that there was a peculiar constriction of the chest that was very painful while it lasted. He is a very vigorous man whose heart and circulation are probably perfect, and this may account for the slight effects of the poison. Or is it possible that he was bitten in a spot where there are few blood vessels, or that the snake did not get a fair whack at his hand?

He was lying one night beside and partly under a large fallen tree, near which he had built his fire, when he was aroused by something touching his cheek. He brushed it away with his hand and dozed off again only to be partly aroused by the same thing again. After this had occured several times he was so wide awake that he got up and proceeded to investigate, when he found that a big porcupine had been rubbing its nose across his cheek. He seemed to think that it would have been very funny if the porcupine had used its tail instead of its nose, or if, when he was brushing it away, he had struck its quills with his hand.

But the Parson's stogie was smoked to the smallest point, the Professor, who is a great botanist, had extracted all the information, scientific and otherwise, that he could get from the Sang Digger, the Superintendent had learned as much as possible about the mountains and streams that he hunts and fishes, the little girl, with her head pillowed on her curls on the table, was sound asleep, and the lanterns were coming down the road showing that church was over; so the three tired and sleepy hunters stumbled back through the dark to their own lodgings to sleep and perhaps to dream of a better day with the pheasants to-morrow.

CHAS. LOSE.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Biography of a Bear.—XI.

WHEN we awoke next morning I felt that our first night's sleep in the tent had not been as refreshing to me as it might have been. For some reason the fishing I had dreamed about, while it had seemed full of excitement, had made me tired. I have only given a synopsis of it in the foregoing chapter, to establish beyond question my veracity as a historian. I submit to my readers that there are many temptations attached to any account in which fish cut a figure, and I point with emotion to the evidences of integrity with which I have chronicled this nocturnal attack of delirium with which I contended. Had I not been scrupulously conscientious in regard to details, I would scarcely have refrained from some little license with which to make the account thrilling. I would not have been content with landing plain salmon, mackerel and a few codfish, where I had an inland ocean of unknown resource from which to produce sea serpents, crocodiles or whales. It is true we hooked fast to something that threatened to be extraordinary, but plain print bears me out in the assertion that I refrained at a critical moment.

Nevertheless, as I saw the sun peep fiery red above the blue summits to the eastward, and as I scanned the waving grass and rushes of the dry lake, I felt regret that it could offer no such possibilities as I had vividly experienced in my dream. The very notion of fishing for smaller fry now palled upon my—my—"piscatorial propensities." Neither of those words were premeditated. I use them only in emergencies. What I am getting at is the fact that I had lost interest in fishing for a while. I coaxed Dick and Enochs to try the little stream, which they finally did, and reported that there were only a few fingerling trout dodging about among alders, willows and other impediments to any efforts to catch fish there. The swamp, as far as we explored it, offered no sufficient inducements to cause us to attempt excavating a lake big enough to make it attractive as a fishing place. It was attractive enough in other ways, and we gave our time to other pursuits.

The first day we did little more than pike around camp, or collected a little wood, added to the comfort of our tent furniture, and the cooking equipment. We overhauled our supply of provisions, which embraced considerable stuff in cans, that we had learned to look upon with suspicion and sorrow. Our coffee, teas, spices, sardines; in fact, about everything we had in tins or packages put up by American firms, were either adulterated or they were so inferior as to have made adulteration too expensive. It may be we had gotten a bad lot, but as most of them were put up in San Francisco and marked absolutely pure, "So and So's best," "positively warranted," with many other trite maxims, we wondered what something different could possibly be like.

American ingenuity and inventive talent has not wholly exhausted itself upon mechanical devices. It is true, however, that the Patent Office has a bewildering collection of hardware on hand, fashioned after the fancies of a very versatile population. I believe that, properly speaking, it is the world's museum for misfit machinery, both mechanical and administerial, and I had a little to do with that confederation of the sciences a few years ago. I had invented, or I had become entangled with the fancy that I had evolved, a new thing in clocks. I wanted to run them all by electricity, upon a similar system to the telegraph. My plan and its mechanical method was to have all the clocks of San Francisco, New York and the less important centers of the world strung upon a wire. I wanted a central clock, which would open and close the electric circuit as its pendulum swung to and fro, thus furnishing motive power for the thousands of secondary dials. By this system all the clocks would just have to be correct to

an instant, while the people of the world would not have to devote so much of their time to winding and repairing clocks, pawning and redeeming watches, and such like frivolities, while no two time pieces in any one region ever agreed as to the real time.

My scheme was a good one, and some time in the course of events, some trust will use it to monopolize and dispense time to the confiding, time-serving serfs of civilization; and it will pay the shareholders. Well, I sent my data to Messrs. John Wedderburn & Company, patent attorneys, Washington, D. C., U. S. A. These attorneys had their patent emporium in close proximity to the Federal patent warehouse. Wedderburn & Company accepted some of my money as a preliminary overture, and then they sent me assurances in print that my invention was unique and patentable. They also sent me copies of all such patents on file as might in any way have anticipated my contrivance; and they also sent me a solid silver medal, worth 40 cents, upon which is stamped:

REWARD OF GENIUS
Presented by
JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO.,
PATENT ATTORNEYS,
Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

After receiving this evidence of their sincerity and integrity, I reluctantly sent them more money. Well, at intervals that seemed to be rather frequent if they were spasmodic, they beguiled me of funds necessary to the presumable prosecution of my affairs, about which detail I have no further assurance. Wedderburn's catalogue of "How to Get a Patent," or similar title, was a thing of genius itself. It was full of fine illustrations of Wedderburn in his office surrounded with luxurious furnishings and female secretaries and operatives. It was full of testimonials and descriptions of his invincible methods of squeezing even doubtful cases through the Patent Office. To clinch his hold upon public confidence, he printed in this catalogue the *verbatim ad literatim et scriblerendum* testimonials and recommendations of living United States Congressmen and Senators.

All this tangible evidence had assured me, at my own expense, and some thousands' of other residents of the United States, that Wedderburn & Company might be intrusted to handle funds necessary to get things into and out of the Patent Office. About the time I had begun to think Wedderburn had eloped with my clock, I was advised by a circular, issued by the Commissioner of Patents, that John Wedderburn had been debarred from practicing in (or perhaps upon) the Patent Department, with the further intimation that I might prosecute my own case, or monkey with another attorney. Shortly after, I was the recipient of an elaborate manifesto from another patent confederation, which in effect stated that they had taken up Wedderburn's business, and for money they would do more things. If they have done more things I am not among them, nor upon the new schedule. I hope the Government at Washington got some of my money away from Wedderburn, and that it has, or will some time apply it to providing a home for veteran Washington attorneys, many of whom deserve the snuggest kind of an asylum. I did not dream this story, for I can show two or three pounds of documents and the medal. I have never worn the latter upon my manly brisket, and will not, unless I get my money back.

But what I was trying to get at is a declaration of my belief that we need a national exposition of American inventive faculties and products devoted to foods, clothing, cutlery, cross-cut saws, tinware and patent medicines, including whisky. Few people will fully realize that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in my philosophy, unless such an exposition is established and thrown wide open to the public—that is to say, transportation and admittance free. The United States has been so prosperous in its manufactures and bottled products, in its canned matters, its pig iron scissors and cutlery, its frescoed furniture, its varnished tinware, its veneered wearing apparel, its rawhide leather with the hair on it, its bogus milk, butter and honey, its tadpole sardines embalmed in petroleum, its coal oil enriched with swamp water, while its river water is so full of contagion it is no wonder that we are the epitome and synopsis of intellectual supremacy. We can point to a thousand millionaires, and laugh at the efforts of those foreign nations who are trying to exalt our burglars, our train robbers, our pirates, our highwaymen and members of Congress, as the only Americans whose social position is unassailable, and whose money is clean. It is no wonder the Chinese are boycotting American products, when they are debarred from getting into business here, and when we are trying to confine them to the use and consumption of our products. A San Francisco Chinaman once told me confidentially that he "sabied Melican man," adding very cautiously that in his own country they decapitated men when they got that way. He admitted, inadvertently, that he had no notion of going back to China—not as long as the city policemen gave him lottery privileges at regular rates, and kept hoodlums from raiding his joint.

These reflections may not be entertaining, but they are not altogether irrelevant to this history. They allude to things that have made men take to the woods, thereby affecting the supply of fish and game. Gambling and speculative people are at times full of desperation that looks like real energy. We have at this period in California a class known as prospectors who hunt for gold in the mountains. They are "grubstaked" by more or less opulent townspeople, clapped upon the back as good, honest fellows, and encouraged to go into rocky places and dig. Many of them live for a while upon grubstakes, then they take to grubworms, fish, frogs and whatever they can find to masticate. Their raiment consists of one suit and a half of denim, with shoes fashioned from rawhide and hobnails. They sometimes have a blanket or two, and one or two guns, with a supply of cartridges limited to their physical powers of endurance in carrying their burden from one cave, shack or improvised brush heap to another. They shoot game and other creatures as long as their vitality endures.

Sometimes these men find a mine, or a ledge of rock that will sell—that is, when it is salted a little. In such cases the prospector, if he gets money enough out of it, makes a bee-line for town, where he can always get a few drinks of a kind of whisky that is put up for transient passengers. Unless he is kidnapped before his money is, he drinks more of the whisky, and after a while we all lose interest in him, except the undertaker. If the mines can be "developed" it is usually through a promoter, who gives way to the stock-jobber. If the latter can reach enough opulent imbeciles east of the Mississippi, or abroad, a smelting plant is the process by which they are at this time induced to pay a superintendent and his lieutenants fat salaries, while a few laborers do more or less work that might be productive if they were occupied anywhere else. This system of industrial procedure scatters some money, but no one can detect that it is of any advantage to California; that is, no one can do it with a placid face and without undue excitement. These are passing notes, and I do not recommend them to the reader for other than true, prosaic and uninteresting items.

From our camp in the mountain wilderness, when we were not overcome with indignation and other ills connected with our supply of groceries, we sallied out daily into the forest in quest of deer and to such points of interest as were least likely to tempt us into disturbing the resident bears which wore such cumbersome feet and paws. We came upon their tracks often enough to keep us from forgetting the propriety of avoiding complications that might prove disconcerting. Sometimes, when we strayed into a rocky ravine, or a jungle, where we discerned bear tracks, and where there was no more room than those animals might want at any time, we strayed out of them again with notable diplomacy. I had a good gun and I had no doubt of my ability to make it go; but I really had no desire to shoot any of Jack's relations, even though they might be distant ones. As for Jack himself he wandered everywhere, but rarely missed being on hand at meal time, and he was always in camp at night.

So far, we had only succeeded in killing two small deer, one upon the road before we had reached the summit, and the other near our present camp. These had kept us supplied with sufficient meat, such as it was, but we all wanted a big one with something upon his ribs worth while, and as we smoked and talked at our evening camp-fires, we dwelt oftener and longer upon the big bucks that we proposed to bring in. At such times, while he had enlarged from time to time upon the buck that he had in view—in his mind's eye—Enochs freely explained that the buck part of his programme was a mere incident; the bear that he proposed "bringing in" was the main feature. Dick and I both yawned when he lingered too long upon the theme, and Jack frequently interrupted him by various social liberties that made Enochs edge away.

The amount of it was that, although there were many large tracks to be found of big bucks, and although we knew the animals at this time were in prime condition, we could not get more than an occasional glimpse of one as he ducked into the jungle or thick timber. Dick and myself were both experienced deer hunters, and either of us was good for a deer at anywhere from 100 to 500 yards; but day by day we failed to get a shot at any kind of a buck. Smaller deer and does we ignored.

One day each of us hunted independently, each having selected a course from camp, and we were not to meet until evening, or until we met at camp. We got all in readiness the night before, and at dawn we each set out variously and independently. This order of departure from camp was a new one, and as afterward developed, it had queered Jack.

The course I had selected was toward Magee's Mountain, and took me in the direction of the tamarack road. I had been out most of the forenoon without success, and I was climbing one of the sloping spurs of the main peak, when it began to get very warm, and I was suffering some for water. I had gone into a mass of buckbrush, silver leaf and chinquapin, which had been laid all one way by snows of winter, and which was matted and tangled to a degree that made it almost impenetrable.

I had brought one of the dogs with me, and as I was clambering and crawling to get through a particularly dense thicket, the dog sniffed and growled. Listening intently, I presently heard the breaking and snapping of brush a few rods below, in the direction of a ravine to which I was trying to make my way for water. The sounds became louder, and were steadily approaching me, while the dog was bristling and growling more earnestly. I decided that my time for a more or less unpleasant adventure with a bear in a bad place was at hand. The dog was excited, and I knew that it would be almost impossible to restrain him or keep him quiet under the circumstances. He would, without doubt, attract the attention of the bear, precipitate an attack upon himself, and in that event he would bring the animal to me in this tangle of brush and rocks from which there was no escape with any satisfactory degree of speed.

The brush continued to crash, and the steady heavy tread of the animal continued in my direction with a persistence that implied that its curiosity was aroused. To my right, in a tangle of undergrowth, law a prostrate tree, an immense log with the top part extending down the hill, but the entire trunk was overgrown with a tangle of vines, briars and brush. After several attempts, during which I lost and recovered my hat and my hunting knife, and scratched my flesh and tore my clothes, I at last got upon the log. The brush was thrashing and snapping just below me, and my dog was on the point of breaking forward. I got my rifle ready, laid down my hat, and slowly rose upright on the log and peered over the brush.

At that juncture, I perceived the ugliest gun that I ever saw pointed directly at my eye, and only about ten yards distant. I next realized that there was a man behind this gun, and he was about the hardest looking case, as he cocked an eye over the gun sight that I ever want to collide with.

"Don't!" I gasped. "Not now; please don't, mister!"

As the gun failed to lower perceptibly, I threw up my hands and said, "Oh, don't, I thought it was a bear."

As my hands went up the long gun sank slowly, about as reluctantly as anything I can think of, and the man finally ejaculated, "Ho, pardner!" It developed a little later that he was somewhat deaf, and had not heard my heartfelt petition. This consoled me a little. I signaled to him now that I wouldn't do anything to him, and I clambered down to where he was. After a good deal of shouting on my part, I learned that he had hunted out from the road, and was making a side tour to connect with his party and his wagon further along. He was a little longer and almost as gaunt as his gun—an old muzzle-loading yager, with an iron ramrod. He looked like Daniel Boone might have looked, had he lived until now, without a shave or a change of clothing.

After he had eyed me furtively, he examined my gun—the latest Winchester model—and said it was too ding-fangled for him. "This hyar ole shootin' iron's good fur ennything I kin git a bead on at a hunder' yards. But I heven't seed a thing ter shute sence I sot out. Hev yer got a chew of terbaker?"

I had nothing but some smoking tobacco; but he made that answer, and there was half enough of it to fill half of one side of the cavern that yawned to receive it.

We went together down into the ravine, where we found some water, and we went around the thicket until we reached some open ground that sloped in the general direction I had decided to take toward camp.

We had separated but a short distance, when my dog started a small deer, a yearling, from somewhere in the thicket. The deer passed between Mr. Boone and myself, and after a few jumps it stopped a moment; then it went forward broadside to him, but away from me. I might easily have shot it, but I watched the man's proceedings with interest. I wanted to see if this antiquated combination of man and gun could get into action.

The old chap put his gun to his shoulder a dozen times, but failed to get the bead and risk his single shot. Seeing that the deer was about to escape, I unlimbered and opened fire. My chief object was to shoot clear of the man and make as much noise as possible. I wanted him to see a Winchester rifle in active operation.

About the fourth or fifth shot, I saw the old fellow strike for a tree and disappear, all excepting a yard or two of his gun, which four or five feet of the tree failed to cover. When I had about emptied my gun I saw the deer drop, some one or more of the shots having taken effect. I went to the dead deer and shouted in vain for the long man with his long gun, but he had vanished. I wanted him to come and help dress and share the deer. I never saw him again, but my grandfather told me afterward that he had stopped at the summit. He told him that he had "Seed a young feller over on the mount'in yonder doin' some of the gol darndest shootin' he ever heerd; thet the bullets was whistlin' thro' the trees in han'fuls, an' thet when he sorter lef' thar he c'd see nothin' but smoke." He had concluded this tale by saying, "I'll bet a mule thet feller didn't git the deer. Hit may be easy ter shute them ding-fangled masheens, but thay ain't never goin' to hit nothin'."

He had left me with a deer on my hands that I had no urgent use for. I was several miles from camp, with a rough and densely wooded country intervening. I shouldered the deer with regret that I had shot it, and after a weary tramp reached camp about sundown. Neither Enochs, Dick nor Jack was there, and the outdoor part of the camp appeared to have been struck by a cyclone. The tent was flat on the ground, and its furniture, bedding and contents scattered about everywhere. But all about me was silence, with no evidence to show for the disaster.

RANSACKER.

Sportsmen and Forestry.

THE game law chart and pamphlet issued by the Government at Washington show that the sentiment in favor of the protection of fish and game in the United States has at last become pretty well voiced and given effect in and by the laws in relation thereto. Year by year the respective States of the Union are swinging into line for the preservation of game and fish. It is a striking illustration of the power of public sentiment. It is fair to suppose that the lovers of forest and stream have had much to do with the growth of this sentiment. Why not now do something for the forest and stream. Suppose all of the lovers of out of doors should send to the United States Department of Agriculture a request for Farmers' Bulletin No. 173, "A Primer of Forestry," by Gifford Pinchot, forester. It will be sent for the asking. Gifford Pinchot, forester, is modest and calls it a primer; but it is an evangel. It will make a forester of every good man who reads it. A public sentiment as powerful as the combined power of the American sportsmen would result very soon in a statutory crusade in all of the States looking to the preservation of the forests and woodlands throughout the land. It's a good world. So far as I know, it's the best one I've ever been to; and, if I only knew how, I'd like nothing better than to try to preserve its beauty and grandeur, its motherliness and fatherliness, for those who come after me, for those who stay here after me. Wouldn't you?

GEORGE KENNEDY.

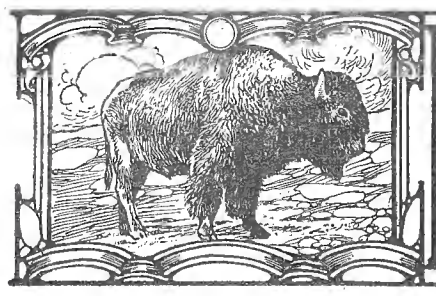
How to Start a Balky Horse.

SOME years ago in Cincinnati, during the noon hour, in one of the busiest streets, a horse attached to an express wagon became balky. Many remedies were tried without effect. Presently one of Cincinnati's best-known horsemen came along. When he saw the trouble he smilingly asked for a stone, which was given to him. Then he asked the driver to lift up one foot of the horse, and with the stone he struck the shoe a number of times.

"Now," he said to the driver, "get up on your seat and drive off."

This the driver did, amid the cheers of the bystanders. The horseman said he had no idea why this made a balky horse go, but he had found it an unfailing remedy. —New York Times.

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NATURAL HISTORY



The Crow in Winter.

While other birds migrate from necessity, the crow, I think, does so from choice. He either goes or stays as he thinks fit.

Among the intelligences of the feathered tribe, there are but few that can compare with that of *Corvus americanus*. Chapman says he can talk. But if he cannot talk, he can certainly think, and to some purpose. Were it not so, he would have been exterminated long ago, for every man's hand has been against him. To a sombre, bodeful appearance he adds the character of a thief, and then his voice!

But really, after all, he is not as bad or undesirable as he is supposed to be, and, thanks to unprejudiced men of inquiring, scientific minds, his good or useful qualities are now coming to be known. But it is doubtful if the popular mind will ever completely overload the aversions and superstitions which the ages have piled up in regard to him and his family.

However, *C. americanus* doesn't care. He will go on living and being tolerably happy, despite our enmity, and there are certainly no grounds for believing that he is becoming scarcer in the land.

I think I never saw so many crows around New York as I did last spring in Flatlands during the preparations for sowing. The fields were literally half black with them. As long as the plowing merely was being done the attitude of the farmers toward them was one of friendly indifference; but the moment the seed was in the ground war was declared. But I would bet a dollar that not half a dozen crows were shot during the season. It must be terribly exasperating to a farmer to find that when he goes out unarmed he can approach the marauders within a few yards before they will stir; but no sooner does he appear with a gun than they are up and away. Or, if he should try to steal on them along a fence, an alarmed "ker-aw, caw!" from a well posted sentinel will sound long before he gets within a shot, and effectually frustrate his design.

From the spring until the fall our sable friend has an easy life of it, food being abundant. And I do not think that he considers the question of migration till the very last moment. Then he may decide to go or stay, as the signs which he knows so well appear to indicate a mild or hard winter.

I have seen it stated that all our crows (*i. e.*, the crows of this latitude) migrate in the fall, and that those we see in the depth of winter come from further north. This may be generally true, but it is not absolutely so, for a friend of mine who lives in Pennsylvania, tells me that a crow with a white feather in his tail, which was familiar to him during the summer, made his appearance several times during the winter. (It would seem by the way, that the white feather in this instance belied its proverbial significance.)

Whether, however, the crows we see in the depth of winter are our old familiars of the spring and summer, or strangers from the north, their work is cut out for them to keep the wolf from the door. For even in mild winters there are certain to be more or less prolonged periods of frost and snow. This is not so bad for little birds like the chickadees, who are satisfied with a few grubs or larvæ, but for big voracious birds like the crows it is a very serious matter indeed. Fortunately for them, however, they have an omnivorous appetite. A chance potato, or apple, a dead bird, or rodent, a fish cast up by the sea, or anything edible whatever—all is welcome. Then as foragers they are unsurpassed. With the first light of dawn they leave their roost, with a clamorous cawing, and scatter over the country. All day they ply their industrious search. You will see them in ones, or twos, or threes, never in a hurry, but always vigilant, with one eye open, as it were, for chance provender, and the other for some lurking enemy. In very severe weather they will venture into farmyards to forage. But warily do they move about, avoiding especially anything that looks like a trap. Apropos, your correspondent, Mr. Charles A. Taft, notes that they would not go near the troughs which he erected for the feeding of quail.

Only rarely do we come across a dead crow, and then he is pretty sure to be the victim of old age or disease. (His normal age, by the way, is supposed to be near a hundred.) Tough, tough he is, in sooth, and the popular saying, "To eat crow," has a most pointed significance.

When day begins to decline, the various members of the roost or rookery start for home. Not as in the spring, referred to so felicitously by Tennyson in his line,

"The many wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home,"

do they fly now, but silently, and, as a rule, singly—or one behind another, at a long distance. The sight of the dark solitary bird winging its flight over the desolate landscape has an effect which must have been dear to the superstitious imagination.

The wayfarer does not fly directly to his accustomed place of rest, but alights on some point of vantage, to reconnoitre presumably. Others do likewise, and when all are assembled (if, perchance, all have escaped the hazards of the day), at a given signal from some recognized leader, they will arise, circle noisily over the roost and gradually drop down upon it. For a while the cawing is kept up, and then funereal silence succeeds. Every bird has found his perch, and ruffling his feathers, settles down to pass the winter night.

There let us leave them; but as we sit in our comfortable rooms, or lie in our warm beds, let us waste no sympathy on them, for, though a crow may feel hungry, I doubt if he ever feels cold.

Frank Moonan.

The Quails of the United States.

By Sylvester D. Judd, Assistant, Biological Survey.

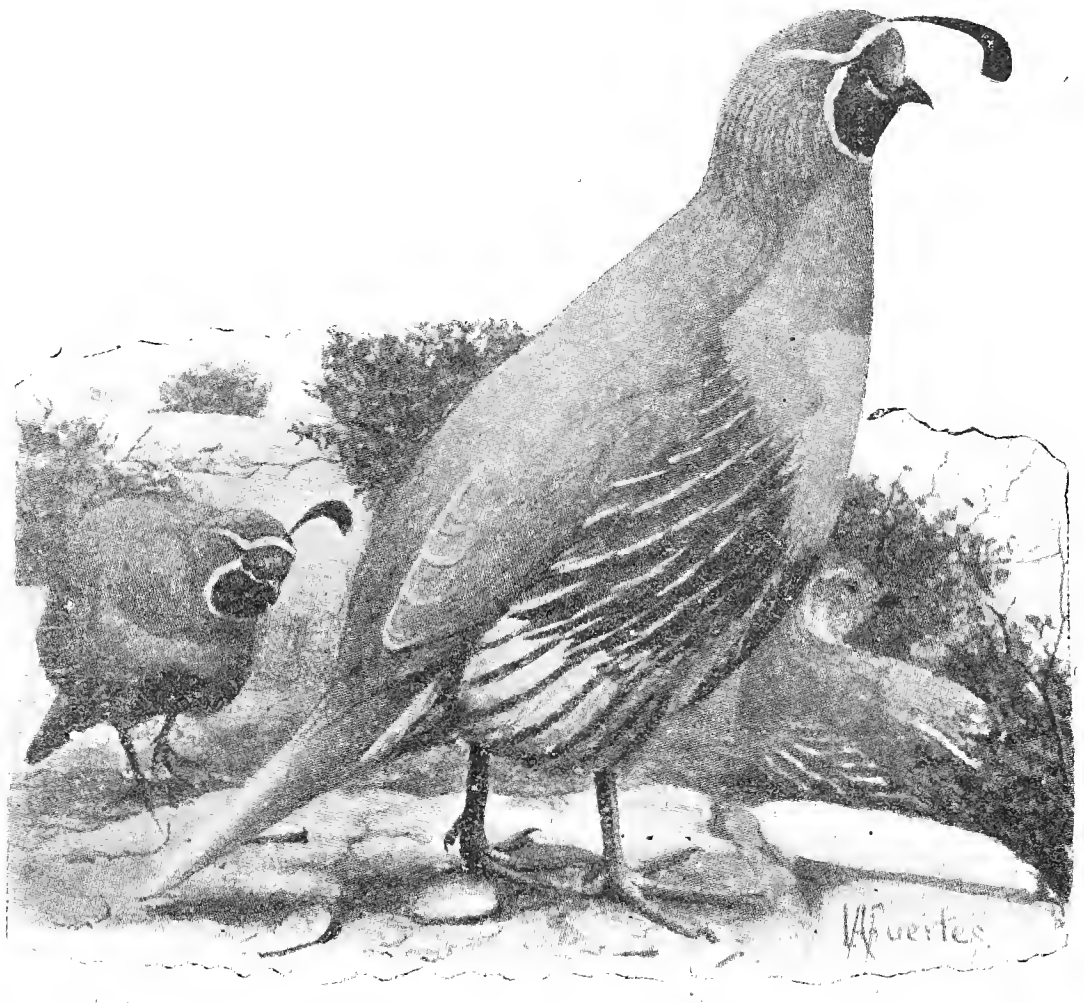
(*Continued from page 411.*)

Gambel Quail (*Lophortyx gambeli.*)

The Gambel quail in general appearance is much like the valley quail, but, among other differences, lacks the scale-like feathers of the lower parts and has considerable chestnut along the flanks. It lives in the Lower Sonoran zone, from western Texas to southeastern California and from southern Utah and Nevada south through central Sonora, Mexico. The desert is its home, but it is rarely found far from water. Its favorite haunts are patches of bushy vegetation, such as mesquite, mimosa, creosote and patches of prickly pear. It frequently takes up its abode about cultivated land, living in alfalfa fields or nesting in vineyards.

An interesting account of the habits of the Gambel quail in the Pahrump Valley, Nevada, is given by E. W. Nelson:

"I noticed that when a flock of quail came to feed on grain left by the horses an old male usually mounted the top of a tall bush close by and remained on guard for ten or fifteen minutes; then, if everything was quiet, he would fly down among his companions. At the first alarm the flock would take to the bushes, running swiftly, or flying when hard pressed. They roosted in the dense bunches of willows and cottonwoods growing along the ditches. * * * When feeding they have a series of low clucking and cooing notes which are kept up almost continually."



Gambel Quail (*Lophortyx gambeli*).

The love note, according to Coues, may be represented in words as "killink, killink." Nesting takes place in April, sometimes not till May. About a dozen eggs usually constitute a clutch. In sections where this quail is still numerous the birds *pack* in bands of from 100 to 500 after the breeding season.

From the sportsman's point of view the Gambel quail as a game bird does not approach the bobwhite. It will sometimes lie to a dog fairly well, but as a rule it takes to its legs with all haste and leaves the dog on point, to the vexation of the hunter. It is, however, a useful species, which brightens the desert with its presence and contributes a welcome addition to the fare of the traveler. While less valuable than the bobwhite as a destroyer of noxious insects and as an object of sport, this bird well deserves protection for its food value and its beauty. It thrives under desert conditions and might be successfully introduced in the arid regions of Colorado, New Mexico and Texas.

FOOD HABITS.

Stomachs of twenty-eight birds collected mainly in Arizona and Utah, from January to June, have been examined. Only 0.48 per cent. of the food consisted of insects; the remaining 99.52 per cent. was vegetable matter. Like the valley quail, this is one of our least insectivorous birds. Its insect diet includes ants, beetles, grasshoppers, leaf hoppers and stink bugs. Among the beetles are the western twelve-spotted cucumber beetle. The young chicks, however, will doubtless be found highly insectivorous and therefore useful.

The vegetable food of Gambel quail was made up as follows: Grain, 3.89 per cent.; miscellaneous seeds, 31.89 per cent., and leaves and plant shoots, 63.74 per cent. From the present investigation the bird appears less frugivorous than any of the other American quail, for not one of the twenty-eight stomachs contained fruit. Observers, however, say that the bird is somewhat frugivorous, and no doubt in a country well stocked with berries and fruit it would rapidly develop a frugivorous taste. Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, for instance, state that during summer it makes its home in patches of *Salanum* and feeds on the tolerably palatable fruit, and also that it is known to eat gooseberries. Coues says: "In the fall it gathers cherries and grapes. * * * It visits patches of prickly pear to feed upon the soft juicy 'Tunas' that are eaten by everything in Arizona, from men and bears to beetles."

The grain eaten by the Gambel quail was corn, wheat and oats. In flocks numbering from 50 to 100, it feeds about grain stacks with domestic poultry. It is even more industrious as a browser on foliage than the valley quail. Succulent foliage and shoots form 63.74 per cent. of its food. Much of this comes from alfalfa, bur clover and the foliage of other legumes. Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey, says that at St. Thomas, Ariz., in January, 1889, this quail fairly swarmed on alfalfa fields, feeding on the green leaves and pods. He found flocks of from twenty-five to fifty in such situations, and during a five minutes' walk often saw a hundred birds. The same observer, when in Mohave county, Ariz., found that the bird fed principally on juicy plants when it could not procure water. At times it eats grass and its inflorescence, and it has been known to devour showy flowers. In spring it shows a fondness for buds. Baird, Brewer and Ridgway note that then it feeds largely on the willow buds, which import to its flesh a distinctly bitter taste.

The seed-eating habits of Gambel quail closely resemble those of the valley quail. Leguminous plants furnish the largest part of the seed food—21.17 per cent. of the annual diet—alfalfa, bur clover and kindred plants appearing to be preferred, but cassias, acacias and lupines also are taken, as well as the beans of the mesquite, which in many places are a staple with birds and mammals. The seeds of alfilaria, another bird staple, furnish 2.28 per cent. of the year's food. Miscellaneous seeds form 8.44 per cent. They are obtained from grasses, mallows and such cruciferous plants as mustard and peppergrass, also from chickweed and *Atriplex*.

Mountain Quail (*Oreortyx pictus.**)

The mountain quail occurs in the forested mountains of the humid Transition Zone of the Pacific coast, from Santa Barbara, Cal., to Washington, and in the mountains of the more arid Transition Zone on the west side of the Cascades in northern Oregon and south over the Sierra Nevada to northern Lower California. The birds of the Sierra Nevada winter at lower altitudes than they nest, but those of the coast mountains do not make this vertical migration. This species is the largest and among the handsomest of American quail, with two long jet black crest plumes and rich chestnut throat and flanks, the latter broadly banded transversely with spotless white.

The nests of the mountain quail are placed on the ground and usually contain ten to twelve eggs, which vary from pale cream color to a much darker hue. At Tillamook, Oreg., June 30 and July 4, 1897, A. K. Fisher found newly-hatched chicks; and at Donner, Cal., July 11 and 19, at an altitude ranging from 6,100 to 8,000 feet, Vernon Bailey found nine broods, varying in age from newly-hatched chicks to half-grown birds. Bendire, quoting L. W. Green, of the United States Fish Commission, says that the earliest date of the nesting of the plumed mountain quail (*Oreortyx p. plumiferus*) known to him was April 15, and the latest, Aug. 15. He states also that the cock bird takes care of the young. Chester Barlow, in writing of the habits of the mountain quail, says that at Fyffe, Cal., it begins to nest the last of May or early in June. All nests that he found were built in a

*The name is used here to cover both the typical dark birds of the humid coast forests (*Oreortyx pictus*) and the paler one (*O. p. plumiferus*) of the more arid Transition Zone in the Sierras and Cascades.

growth of "mountain misery" eight to ten inches high. On Mount Tallac and the higher slopes of Pyramid Peak W. W. Price found newly-hatched young as late as Aug. 15. He noted that by Sept. 1 the quail became restless and soon began their peculiar migration from the east slope to the west slope of the Sierras. From four to six adults with their young form a small band of from ten to thirty individuals, and pursue their way almost wholly on foot to a more congenial winter climate; and by Oct. 1 all had abandoned elevations above 5,000 feet. In spring they migrate back singly or in pairs.

There are many admirers of this bird because of its exquisite plumage, but most sportsmen prefer a game bird that lies better to the dog. Its flesh is excellent, and the bird sells well in the market. H. W. Henshaw reports that in the late fall of 1880 he found the markets of Portland, Oreg., well supplied with live mountain quails which had been trapped in the neighboring mountains, cooped, and sent to the city for sale. Nowhere is it so numerous as the California quail, or the bobwhite in the Southern States, and it is more of a forest-loving species than any other American quail. The mountain quail sometimes enters cleared fields, but so far as the records of the Biological Survey show it does no appreciable damage to cultivated fruits or other crops and it is a useful destroyer of weed seeds.

FOOD HABITS.

No stomachs of the mountain quail of the humid regions were available for examination, but Sandys writes that the bird feeds on insects and various seeds, including grain, and Elliot says it sometimes approaches farm buildings in search of scattered kernels of grain.

The food of the mountain quail of the arid regions has been studied in the laboratory of the Biological Survey. The stomachs examined, twenty-three in number, were collected in California. Five were collected in January, two in May, six in June, three in July, three in August, and six in November. The food consisted of animal matter, three per cent., and vegetable matter, 97 per cent. The animal food was made up of grasshoppers, 0.05 per cent.; beetles, 0.23 per cent.; miscellaneous insects, including ants and lepidopterous pupæ, 1.90 per cent.; and centipedes and harvest spiders, 0.82 per cent. Among the beetles was a species of the firefly family, a ground beetle and a leaf beetle. Vernon Bailey informs the writer that the young eat many ants. The vegetable food consisted of grain, 18.20 per cent.; seeds, practically all of weeds or other worthless plants, 46.61 per cent.; fruit, 8.11 per cent.; and miscellaneous vegetable matter, 24.08 per cent. The grain included wheat, corn, barley and oats. Of the seed element the seeds of grasses formed 7.78 per cent.; of legumes, 10.41 per cent.; of weeds of the family *Euphorbiaceæ*, 3.16 per cent.; of alfilaria (*Erodium cicutarium*), 2.76 per cent., and of miscellaneous weeds, 22.50 per cent. The legume seeds include seeds of alfalfa, cassia, bush clover, vetch and lupine. The miscellaneous seeds come from wild carrot, tar weed, labiate plants, dwarf oak, snowbush and thistle.

Concerning the feeding habits of mountain quail of the dry country J. E. McClellan says: "Their feeding hours are early in the morning and just before sundown in the evening, when they go to roost in the thick tops of the scrub live oaks. Their feeding habits are similar to those of the domestic hen. They are vigorous scratchers, and will jump a foot or more from the ground to nip off leaves." This bird is especially fond of the leaves of clover and other leguminous plants. It feeds also on flowers, being known to select those of compositæ and blue-eyed grass. Flowers, leaves, buds and other kinds of vegetable matter form the 24.08 per cent. marked miscellaneous. The birds probably eat more fruit than these stomach examinations indicate. Lyman Belding says that this quail feeds on service berries, and that during certain seasons it lives almost entirely on grass bulbs, which it gets by scratching, for which its large, powerful feet are well adapted. The fruit in its bill of fare includes gooseberries, service berries and grapes. The bird is probably fond also of manzanita berries, for it is often seen among these shrubs.

Scaled Quail (*Callipepla squamata.*)†

The "cotton top," or scaled quail, as it is commonly known, is bluish-gray on the back, with black-edged feathers on the under parts, which appear like large scales. Its conspicuous white-tipped crest has given it the local name of cotton top. It is found in southern Colorado and in the Upper and Lower Sonoran zones from Arizona to western and southern Texas and south to the Valley of Mexico. The birds of the lower Rio Grande region are darker than those farther west. According to Bendire, this quail lives on open arid plains overgrown with yucca, cactus and sagebrush, and often gathers in coveys numbering twenty-five to eighty. It lays about a dozen eggs, and he believes that two or three broods are reared in a season. The cock assists in the care of the young, but not in incubation.

FOOD HABITS.

The food habits of this game bird are of especial interest. Stomachs and crops of forty-seven specimens have been examined, most of which came from New Mexico, the others from Arizona and Texas. They were collected as follows: January, seven; May, one; June, two; July, three; September, thirteen; October, nineteen, and November, two. As with all other gallinaceous birds, more or less mineral matter is swallowed, usually small pieces of quartz. The food consisted of animal matter, 29.6 per cent., and vegetable matter, 70.4 per cent.

The food of the cotton top differs from that of all other American quails in that it contains a large proportion of insects. These comprise no less than 29.03 per cent. of its food, a percentage almost twice as great as that of the bobwhite, although if more stomachs of the present species had been available for examination the ratio might have been different. However, the important fact is established that this bird is a large consumer of insects, instead of being, like most other western quail, practically graminivorous. Of the insect food, grasshoppers comprise 15.86 per cent.; beetles, 10.43 per cent., and miscellaneous insects, largely ants, 3.27 per cent. A few spiders also are taken, but they constitute only 0.03 per cent. of the food for the year. The beetles are in the larval as well as the adult forms. The family of ground beetles, a favorite one with terrestrial birds, is well represented. A single beetle with a feather-lik antenna, of the family *Pyrochroidæ*, had been eaten. Some longicorn beetles and plant-eating scarabæid beetles also were eaten. A bird collected in June had consumed forty-four of the latter beetles, which were leaf-chafers, apparently closely related to the genus *Serica*. The scaled quail destroys also weevils, such as the clover weevil, *Sitones*, and certain species of the family *Otiorhynchidæ*, or scarred snout beetles. It takes also leaf beetles, the very injurious twelve-spotted cucumber beetle. Further studies of the beetle food undoubtedly will disclose a large number of pests. The bird will probably be found to be a useful consumer also of grasshoppers, since a third of its September food consisted of them. Their remains were so fragmentary, however, that identification of species was unsatisfactory. In one case a member of the genus *Trimerotropis* was recognized. Ants had been eaten by fifteen of the forty-seven birds examined. The other miscellaneous insects included small bugs and the chrysalis of a fly. One of the queerest objects found by the writer in birds' stomachs is the "ground pearl," several hundred of which were contained in the stomach of a cotton top shot at Roswell, N. Mex., June 17, 1899. They are lustrous and look like pearls, but are merely scale insects that feed on the roots of plants.

Vegetable matter furnished seventy per cent. of the food of the scaled quail. Grain contributed 0.57 per cent.; seeds, mostly weed seeds, 52.85 per cent.; fruit, 12.65 per cent., and leaves and other green tissue 4.33 per cent. The species resembles the ruffed grouse in its habit of feeding on green leaves and tender shoots. It feeds upon budded twigs, but more often limits its choice to chlorophyll-bearing tissue, often picking green seed pods of various plants. Like domestic fowls, it eats grass blades. Fruit was eaten by only six of the forty-seven birds, and none was taken from cultivated varieties. As might be expected from inhabitants of arid plains, these birds like the fruit of cacti, and have been found feeding on the prickly pear. The blue berries of *Adelia angustifolia*, which furnish many desert birds and mammals with food, are often eaten by the scaled quail. Different kinds of *Rubus* fruits are relished, and the berries of *Koeberlinia spinosa* and *Momisia pallida* also are eaten. The fruit and succulent parts of plants no doubt serve in part in the parched desert as a substitute for water.

Seeds of various plants form a little more than half of the food. Legumes furnish 21.84 per cent., the mesquite, a staple with both man and beast, being utilized, as are the seeds of mimosa, besides various cassias and lupines. Seeds of vetch are a favorite food. The bird at times will eat clover seeds. Miscellaneous weed seeds yield 31.01 per cent. of the annual food. Nearly half of these are seeds of bindweed, an abundant and troublesome weed in the South, where it often throttles other plants. The following miscellaneous seeds were found among their food: Thistle, wild sunflower, coreopsis, aster, chamomile, pigweed, gromwell, borage, mallow, turkey mullein, croton, alfilaria and spurge. Grass seeds have not yet been found in quantity in the crop of the species, but panicum seeds have been recognized.

In summing up the economic status of the scaled quail it should be noted that although the bird is a desert species, it comes into more or less direct relation with agriculture, sometimes feeding upon cultivated land and about farm buildings. Moreover, half of its food consists of the seeds of weeds. Lastly, it is highly insectivorous, fully one-fourth of its food consisting of insects.

Mearns Quail (*Cyrtonyx montezumæ mearnsi.*)‡

The pervading colors of the male Mearns quail are black, white and chestnut. Its thick speckles of white and its peculiar shape suggest a miniature guinea hen. The species is found on the table-lands of Mexico from the City of Mexico north to western Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, but the bird considered here is limited to the northern part of this range.

It is a confiding bird, and either from excess of curiosity or from stupidity has been known to remain on the ground to be killed by a stick. From this lack of suspicion it has received the name "fool quail." It affords the sportsman with a dog much better shooting than its more erratic crested relatives. Grassy or bushy cover is more necessary to this bird than to the scaled quail or Gambel quail. Unlike the latter species, it does not pack, though it is more or less migratory. Its nesting habits are not well known. Bendire describes a nest found in Kinney county, Texas, June 22, 1890. It was placed in a depression of the ground and contained ten eggs.

FOOD HABITS.

The food habits of the Mearns quail are not well known. The Biological Survey has examined the contents of nine crops and stomachs, secured in Texas and New Mexico during August and November. Two of the birds were killed in a patch of cactus. They contained seeds and spines from the prickly pear, acacia, and other seeds, grass blades and a trace of insects—weevils and other beetles—besides a large quantity of coarse sand and iron ore. The other seven birds were shot in August. Two had their crops filled with the bulbs of a lily. The others also had eaten lily bulbs, which in the five birds made three-fourths of the food. The other food was prickly pear fruit, seeds of legumes and spurges, and such insects as weevils, smooth caterpillars, hairy caterpillars, bugs, crickets and grasshoppers. Cassin states that the contents of the crop of a specimen sent him from Texas by Captain French "consisted exclusively of fragments of insects, pronounced by Dr. Leconte to be principally grasshoppers and a specimen of *Spectrum.*" According to Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, the Mearns quail appeared quite at home in cultivated fields and stubble of the ranches. Away from civilization it prefers districts covered with open forest, with alternate areas of grass and scattered bushy undergrowth, or hillsides covered with grass and bushes. Its habits vary considerably with the locality. Bendire records that the species lives in rocky ravines and arroyos, but quickly adapts itself to ranch conditions and may be seen running about to gather kernels of scattered grain. He says also that it is fond of acorns, mountain laurel, arbutus, cedar and other berries, and notes that its large, strong feet are well suited to unearthing the bulbs on which it feeds. He found holes two inches deep which it had dug for this purpose. These quail often come out into mountain roads to search for scattered grain and to dust themselves. As they are readily tamed, they could doubtless be successfully introduced into other regions.

†The name of the species is used here to include both the typical scaled quail (*Callipepla squamata*) and the more restricted chestnut-bellied quail of southern Texas (*C. s. castanogastris*).

‡The typical Massena quail (*Cyrtonyx montezumæ*) is a bird of the mountains about the Mexican tableland, and gives way to the paler Mearns quail (*C. m. mearnsi*) in northern Mexico and the southwestern United States.

Another Snake Story.

THIS story should by rights be told either by Coahoma or Horace Kephart. For, I freely admit, it is the kind of story which requires a more authoritative name than mine for its sponsor; which requires a boldness in the telling possessed only by those who have seen snakes climb trees without wriggling, and stand on the tips of their tails on the picture moulding.

The other night I was going down in the country to kill thirty-three quail, and a man in the smoking compartment of the car told me the story exactly as I relate it, and gave me his name and address, and said that I might print the latter as proof, at least, of my own sincerity in repeating it. He said:

"When I was a young man, living on a farm in the mountain region of Pennsylvania, one of the women folks came to call me, stating that there was a large rattlesnake in the barn. I ran up there, and in the manger part of the ground floor of the barn, found a rattler about four feet and a half long and as thick as my wrist. I got a hay fork and got over the feed rack and stuck one of the tines of the fork through his body. He thrashed around at a terrible rate, and I was somewhat at a loss to know how to kill him, so I called to the girl to come over and hold the fork, which I had then shoved up tight against the wall, until I could get a stick and kill the snake. The snake was still thrashing around when she took hold of the fork, the handle of which was five or six feet in length, but almost immediately thereafter the snake ceased its struggles, raised its head, opened its jaws wide and shot out at that girl two streams of liquid, which fell on her dress about six inches apart and actually trickled down the dress. It was a pink calico dress, and the poison took the color out of the dress and left it with the two streaks showing white."

Now, the man who told the story was the kind of a man that—well, you know there are two kinds of men; one kind that cannot be believed, either because they are not close observers or because they are not conscientious; and the other kind, that somehow carry conviction to you; and this man was of the last-named kind. I felt that he was truthful. If the story is true, it means that a rattlesnake when it strikes is able to exercise control over his "hypodermic" and to regulate the dose. That here was a very mad snake who could not get at the person it wanted to poison and so undertook to administer it at long range.

And if this is true, it is possible to adduce the proof. For if a poisonous snake can control the ejection of its venom there is a sort of constrictive muscle attached to or about the poison sac, and the muscle is supplied with a motor nerve with which to set it in operation.

It seems to me I never go hunting that I do not see and hear something. The next day, while walking through the woods, my companion said, as a chicken hawk flew by overhead, "What kind of a bird is that?"

"That," said I, as my Parker barked and the bird tumbled far down the hillside, "is the kind of creature you read about now and then in the papers, that eats a quail a day for thirty days."

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Work of the Biological Survey.

Economic Ornithology.

From advance sheets of the Report of the Secretary of Agriculture.

THIS section of the Biological Survey is engaged in the study of birds in their various relations to man. Two principal lines of investigation are followed. In the first, the habits of birds are studied in the field, especially with reference to their food. Orchards, gardens, and grain fields are visited in order to determine whether birds damage crops, attack insects, both injurious and beneficial species, and to what extent they feed upon wild fruits and weed seeds. In this field study it is desired to enlist the co-operation of every cultivator of the soil. In the second, stomachs of birds are examined in the laboratory and their contents tabulated. In addition to the stomachs collected by our own assistants, many are obtained from ornithologists throughout the country. From 1885 to 1897, 24,000 stomachs had been collected, and of these about 12,000 had been examined. Since then stomachs have been received at an average rate of more than 4,000 annually, and the number is constantly increasing from year to year. The total number now on hand is about 66,000.

Economic Mammalogy.

In connection with the study of the geographical distribution of mammals, field naturalists are instructed to observe particularly the food habits of each species, to secure data concerning their relation to the farmer, whether beneficial or injurious. Many stomachs have been examined and others are now on hand awaiting examination.

During the past eight years experiments in the use of poisons and other means for destroying noxious mammals have been made, both in the laboratory and in the field. Rats, prairie dogs, ground squirrels, rabbits, field mice, and pocket gophers have been the subjects of these experiments.

Special reports on prairie dogs, ground squirrels, pocket gophers, jack rabbits, and coyotes have been published, and investigations concerning these and other mammal pests are being continued. A great mass of notes on the habits of mammals has been accumulated, and reports on the economic relations of field mice, beavers, wolves and skunks are now in course of preparation.

Experiments with fences to protect sheep and other domestic animals from the depredations of coyotes, dogs, and other predatory animals are in progress in co-operation with farmers in Oklahoma and Kansas.

Game Protection and Introduction.

The duties of the section of the Biological Survey devoted to supervision of game protection and introduction grow out of three acts of Congress: Act of May 25, 1900, commonly known as the Lacey Act, requiring supervision of importations of wild birds and animals from foreign countries and of the preservation of the birds and game of the United States; act of June 3, 1902, requiring supervision of the importation of eggs of game birds; and act of June 7, 1902, requiring supervision of the preservation of the game of Alaska.

Entry of Foreign Birds and Animals.

Since the passage of the Lacey Act, May 25, 1900, constant vigilance has been exercised to prevent the entry of injurious species of birds and mammals. The annual importations of birds and animals are large, and include canaries and miscellaneous cage birds, shipped mainly from Germany, Australia, China and Japan; a few pheasants and other game birds, for liberation or confinement in aviaries, and rare birds and animals for the various zoological parks of the country, brought in chiefly at New York and San Francisco; pheasants for aviaries imported from Canada at ports along the northern border, and parrots and monkeys from Mexico and Central America, entered at southern ports. Inspectors have been appointed at seven of the principal ports to examine all large shipments or such as may possibly contain injurious species.

During the five years ending June 30, 1905, 1,591 permits have been issued for the entry of 1,006,964 birds (principally canaries), 2,846 mammals, and 38 reptiles and 13 for the entry of 6,500 eggs of game birds. Of the consignments entered 402 have been inspected. To prevent inconvenience in cases where no danger exists, the requirement of permits for reptiles and a number of species of well-known mammals was removed at the end of the first quarter of the operation of the law. So far as is known, no injurious species have been entered. Seven mongooses, 54 flying foxes or fruit-eating bats, 1 kohlmeise, 15 blaumeisen and 2 starlings have been refused entry, and either killed or reshipped to the original port of shipment. Six keas were refused entry at Honolulu.

Interstate Commerce in Game.

Through co-operation with the Department of Justice and game officials throughout the United States 166 violations of the Lacey Act, involving the shipment of 24,424 head of game and 2,608 plume birds, have been investigated, and forty-nine convictions have resulted. Of the convictions thirty were secured in Federal and nineteen in State courts. In addition to securing convictions for violations of law, great effort has been made to secure observance of both the Federal and State laws. Summaries of the principal provisions of the game laws of the United States and Canada have been issued annually and widely distributed, and several publications on special subjects have been prepared.

Aid in framing satisfactory laws has been extended to State officials and legislators; the conditions of illegal traffic in game have been carefully studied and in special cases have received personal investigation, and copious correspondence and many personal interviews have been had with State game officials with a view to securing better legislation and more rigid observance of the laws. To this phase of the Department's duties railroad and express companies have lent cordial and valuable co-operation.

Protection of Game in Alaska.

Thorough supervision of game protection in Alaska has not been possible because of the limited means available for this purpose. With the cordial co-operation, however, of the Treasury Department, through its customs officials at Port Townsend, Seattle, San Francisco, and various points in Alaska, a rigid surveillance has been maintained of all exports of game trophies and specimens from the Territory. During the three years the law has been in operation 155 permits for such exports have been issued, under which 93 trophies were shipped, including heads of 29 moose, 38 sheep, and 3 caribou, as well as several consignments of specimens for scientific purposes. Owing to expressed local dissatisfaction with the law, a bill materially modifying it was introduced into Congress in the session of 1904-5. For this reason it was deemed desirable to further restrict the issue of permits, and very few have been granted during the present year.

Bird Reservations.

It is well known that certain favorable localities form breeding places for large colonies of birds. Such localities offer tempting marks to those who gather eggs or plumage for commercial purposes, and if these depredations are unchecked complete extermination of certain species is sure to result. Within the past three years three such breeding grounds have been converted by the President into bird reservations. Pelican Island, a breeding resort for pelicans, off the coast of Florida, was so set apart on March 14, 1903; Breton Island and two smaller islands off the coast of Louisiana, a breeding ground for gulls and terns and a wintering resort for hundreds of thousands of ducks, were reserved on Oct. 4, 1904, and four small islands in Stump Lake, North Dakota, which form a breeding colony for many ducks and other water birds, on March 9, 1905. The department co-operates in the establishment and regulation of these reservations.

Cuvier's Annual.

THE thirty-second annual dinner of the Cuvier Club was held on Thursday of this week. The guests were received and welcomed by Col. Robert J. Morgan and Capt. Luther Parker. Ex-President Alex. Starbuck, now a resident of Chicago, was the guest of honor, and was heartily greeted by his old friends. The feast was served from 5 to 11 P. M., and during that time nearly 400 members and their friends were entertained.

Fauna and Flora of Kiska Island.

DURING the summer of 1904 the following zoological and botanical specimens were collected, or observed and identified, by the writer at Kiska, one of the western islands of the Aleutian chain.* Incomplete—almost fragmentary—as we know the list to be, it is hoped that it may prove of value as a contribution to the classification of the fauna and flora of this region.

Specimens of species marked with an asterisk (*) were collected for the United State National Museum. Only the flowering plants of the island were collected, and of these, two species (*Trollius patulus* Salisb. and *Veronica grandiflora* Gaertn.) have been added to the National Herbarium. Mr. F. V. Coville, Botanist to the United States Department of Agriculture and Curator of the National Herbarium, informs us that the specimen of *Trollius patulus* presented the national collection is the first specimen of this species known to have been collected on American territory, the plant being an Asiatic immigrant.

Acknowledgment is here made of the kindness of Mr. Coville and the officials of the Smithsonian Institution for assistance in the identification of species.

I.—MAMMALS.

Eumetopias stelleri (Lesson) Peters.
Phoca vitulini Linné. [Kiska Harbor.]
Orca atra Cope. [Between Kiska and Chugal Islands.]
Phocaena communis Lesson.? [Kiska Harbor.]

II.—BIRDS.

Urinator lumme (Gunn.)
**Lunda cirrhata* Pall.
Fratercula corniculata (Naum.)
**Synthliboramphus antiquus* (Gmel.)
**Stercorarius parasiticus* (Linn.)
Larus barrovianus Ridgw.
Larus brachyrhynchus Rich.
**Oceanodroma furcata* (Gmel.)
Oceanodroma leucorhoa (Vieill.)
Palacrocorax pelagicus Pall.
**Nettion carolinensis* Ridgw.
Aythya marila nearctica Stejn.
Histrionicus histrionicus (Linn.).
**Somateria v-nigra* Gray.
**Oidemia deglandi* Bonap.
Branta canadensis hutchinsii (Sw. and Rich.)
Branta canadensis minima Ridgw.
**Phalaropus lobatus* Linn.
**Arquatella couesi* Ridgw.
**Hæmatopus bachmani* Aud.
**Lagopus rupestris townsendi* Ridgw.
**Haliæetus leucocephalus* (Linn.).
**Falco peregrinus pealei* Ridgw.
Corvus corax sinuatus (Wagl.).
**Passerina nivalis townsendi* Ridgw.
**Calcarius lapponicus alascensis* (Linn.) Ridgw.
**Melospiza cinerea* (Gmel.).
Troglodytes alascensis Baird.

III.—FISHES.

**Salvelinus malma* (Walb.) Jordan and Gilbert.
Oncorhynchus keta (Walb.) Jordan and Gilbert.
Oncorhynchus gorbuscha (Walb.) Gill and Jordan.
Oncorhynchus kisutch (Walb.) Gill and Jordan.
Oncorhynchus nerka (Walb.) Gill and Jordan.
**Gasterosteus cataphractes* (Pall.) Tilesius.
Hippoglossus vulgaris Fleming.
Pleuronectes stellatus Pallas.
Pleuronectes glacialis Pallas.
Gadus macrocephalus Tilesius.
Hexagrammus asper Stellar.
Hexagrammus superciliosus (Pall.) Jordan and Gilbert.
**Trichodon trichodon.*
**Ammodytes personatus.*
**Eumictrotremus orbis.*
**Liparis cyclopus* Günther.

IV.—MARINE INVERTEBRATES.

**Dermaturus mandtii* Brandt.
**Rocinela belliceps* Stimpson.
**Esperiopsis quatsinoensis* Lambe.
Echinidæ, Patellidæ, Mytilidæ, Medusæ, Holothuriæ—unidentified species.

V.—INSECTS.

**Cychrus marginatus* Fisch.
**Nebria mannerheimi* Fisch.
**Cryptophagus bidentatus* Makc.
**Lophalophus inquinatus* Mann.

VI.—PLANTS.

Ranunculaceæ.
Trollius patulus Salisb.
Anomone narcissiflora L.
Caltha palustris asarifolia (L.) Rothrock.
Ranunculus sp.
Papaveraceæ.
Papaver nudicale L.
Violaceæ.
Viola langsdorfii Fisch.
Caryophyllaceæ.
Stellaria sp.
Geraniaceæ.
Geranium erianthum D. C.
Leguminosæ.
Lupinus nootkatensis Donn.
Lathyrus maritimus (L.) Bigel.
Rosaceæ.
Sieversia calthiflora (Smith) D. Don.
Sieversia rossii R. Br.
Rubus stellatus Smith.
Rubus chamæmorus L.
Portulacaceæ.
Claytonia sibirica L.
Saxifragaceæ.
Saxifraga bracteata D. Don.
Saxifraga davurica Pall.
Umbelliferæ.
Archangelica officinalis Hoffm.
Cornaceæ.
Cornus suecica L.
Compositæ.
Arnica chamissonis Less.
Senecio pseudo-arnica Less.
Erigeron peregrinus (Pursh) Greene.
Chrysanthemum arcticum L.
Taraxicum ceratophorum Desf.
Achillea borealis Bong.
Hieraceum triste Willd.
Antennaria margaritacea R. Br.
Antennaria sp.
Campanulaceæ.
Campanula lasiocarpa Cham.
Ericaceæ.
Rhododendron kamtschaticum Pall.
Cassiope lycopodioides D. Don.
Loiseleuria procumbens (L.) Desv.
Lentibulaceæ.
Pinguicula vulgaris L.
Primulaceæ.
Primula cuneifolia Ledeb.
Trientalis europæa arctica (Fisch.) Ledeb.
Scrophulariaceæ.
Mimulus langsdorfii Don.
Veronica grandiflora Gaertn.
Veronica stelleri Link.
Pedicularis chamissonis Stev.
Salicaceæ.
Salix arctica Pall.
Orchidaceæ.
Habenaria hyperborea Gray.
Orchis aristata Fisch.
Iridaceæ.
Iris setosa Pall.
Smilaceæ.
Streptopus amplexifolius D. C.
Liliaceæ.
Fritillaria camtschatcensis (L.) Gaul.
Equisetaceæ.
Equisetum arvense L.

ANNOTATIONS.

No terrestrial mammal was discovered on Kiska; neither batrachian nor reptile. Early in September a monster dolphin grounded on the beach in Kiska Harbor and was killed. Specific identification has not yet been made. The general color was bluish-gray; length 18½ feet; estimated weight, 3,600 pounds; sex, male. Body was quite regular in shape and rather rotund, the greatest circumference being about midway between dorsal fin and tip of the rather short snout. This dolphin was hauled alongside the ship, stripped of its blubber and the oil extracted. Some of the flesh was eaten. The oil obtained was of excellent quality. It was particularly desired for use on the wire of the deep-sea sounding machine used aboard the Patterson.

The salmon were first observed in the fresh-water streams of the island Aug. 11.

Eggs or young of the following species of birds were found on Kiska—proving it to be a breeding haunt: Red-throated loon, cackling goose, Pacific eider, forked-tail petrel, Townsend's ptarmigan, tufted puffin, green-wing teal and Aleutian song sparrow.

The lupine (*Lupinus nootkatensis* Donn.) is perhaps the most conspicuous and widely distributed plant on the island, the "wind flower" (*Anemone narcissiflora* L.) being also very abundant. The roots of both these plants are edible, and in former times were much used as food by the natives of the Aleutian Islands. The starchy bulbs of the *Fritillaria* furnish, however, a better article of diet and one that has long been a staple among the Aleuts. Boiled alone or with meat they furnish an excellent substitute for potatoes. They are, however, also eaten raw.

The procumbent arctic osier is the sturdiest shrub found on Kiska Island. There are no trees.

DR. J. HOBART EGBERT.
U. S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY, Washington, D. C.

*A general report on the natural history of Kiska Island by the writer, was published in FOREST AND STREAM, April 29 and May 20, 1905.

Mammals of North America.

THE Field Columbian Museum has just published "A Check List of Mammals of the North American Continent, the West Indies, and the Neighboring Seas." By Dr. D. G. Elliott, Curator of Mammals in the museum. It is a ponderous volume, in which are enumerated not less than 1,308 species of mammals. As a check list, it is strictly technical, and yet it is a volume that should be in the possession of every American who is at all interested in the fauna of his country, and above all, in mammals. The genera are numbered, there being 222 in all. The species are also numbered, as already indicated. Following the number of each species comes its Latin name, with that of the describer, and two or three synonyms, just enough to identify the species beyond a peradventure. The English name, the type locality and the geographical distribution follow in order. In cases where there are subspecies, these are enumerated under letters of the alphabet. The preparation of such a check list represents an enormous amount of labor. The whole volume includes 761 pages, of which the index comprises no less than 216 pages.

New York Zoological Park.

THE New York Zoological Society has just issued a second series of its views of the Zoological Park. These are albertypes from photographs taken by Mr. Elwin R. Sanborn, the official photographer, and form a very beautiful set of views. Very naturally most of the pictures represent animals, but some show buildings, and a number of pages contain several pictures of different scenes in the Park. Very striking are the pictures of the Barbary lion and the Malay tiger. The flying cage, the Alaska totem pole and chief's house are also interesting, and the series is one which ought to be in every house, especially in every house in which there are children.

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GAME BAG AND GUN



stern Hunting.

Observations and Reflections of a Sportsman.

WE read of the big game which once frequented the Western part of the United States in such large numbers, traveling over that section in a Pullman it is surprising to remark that we seldom see any evidence of it. Leave the line of the railway and settlement, the monotony of the sterile plain covered with sagebrush is unrelieved by any signs of animal life, except horses and cattle and occasionally herds of sheep. The old life has passed and the new has hardly developed sufficiently to supply its place.

Here and there may be found spots which excite the ardor of sportsmen, but they are generally inaccessible except through the agency of a competent guide. The great herds of buffalo which once swept over the plains in such vast numbers as to endanger the life of the pioneer, have disappeared entirely; the elk have almost vanished and their annual migrations have ceased to be a terror to the ranch man, who fenced in his hay to protect it from the famished herds. Even the smaller game has greatly diminished. There are still some localities where primeval conditions still continue to a great extent; about the most noted is the country south of the Yellowstone National Park. To the providential care of the National Government, in laying out this great preserve, is due the preservation of the principal sport which now remains. Large bands of elk frequent this preserve during the greater part of the year, until the heavy snows drive them down from the higher elevations to obtain pasturage. Other game beside elk may be hunted in the country adjacent to the Park, such as sheep, goats, antelope and black-tail deer, besides smaller animals. With a pack of well trained dogs it is also possible to hunt with success cougars, bobcats, lynx and sometimes bear. Elk and deer do not, as a rule, frequent the same locality to any extent. If one desires to hunt sheep and goats a still different plan of operation must be adopted, while antelope inhabit a country where neither elk, deer, sheep, nor goats are likely to be found, except by merest accident. The time when a sportsman could pitch his tent most anywhere and expect the wild animal life of forest and plain to come to him like they came to Adam when he first named them, has long since vanished. To hunt with success one must be thoroughly versed in woodcraft, be possessed of a good knowledge of the habits of game and the localities where they are to be found different seasons of the year—a good eye to pick out a desirable head—must be a reasonably good judge of distance, to gauge the proper elevation of a rifle. The happy combination of these qualities make the skilled hunter; marksmanship, provided it be fair, is the least of all. There are a great many men who are good shots at a stationary target who are bad shots at game, there are men who are good shots at game, who are by no means experts in shooting at a mark. This statement may seem paradoxical but readily admits of explanation. The marksman has his range given him, he takes his time, and is not betrayed into sudden action. Change these conditions and he is out of his element. If his eye is not trained to judge distance in timber or on the plain, he can easily misgauge it, and shooting at a moving object he cannot take his time; the absence of any spot on the animal near the point he is aiming at is another disadvantage to the man of the target. The practiced hunter knows his distance; his quick eye readily distinguishes his quarry, although it may blend with the landscape, so that the unpracticed eye might easily overlook it; he is accustomed to taking a quick sight and shoot, making proper allowances for the moving object; if a quick advance is possible and necessary to cut off the game before it can pass a given point for which it is heading, the huntsman chooses his course, as if by intuition, and often has a chance to get several more shots where another would fail of his opportunity. The skill of a hunter generally brings him within such proximity of game, as to relieve him of the neccssity of making an extra difficult shot. It is surprising how seldom the huntsman discharges his rifle, compared to one who practices at a target. The man who is fond of target practice will probably use up as many rounds of ammunition in one afternoon shooting at a mark as the average huntsman will consume in an entire year.

A sportsman who is a fair shot and who goes in a locality where game is fairly plentiful, has every reason in the world to expect success, provided he is accompanied by a real hunter, such an one as I have above described. It is very important to employ a competent guide if one expects a successful hunt. When I speak of a competent guide I mean a man who is a good hunter and also capable of managing a hunting outfit.

Guides may be divided into three classes:

(1.) Ordinary frauds who are watching an opportunity to "work" some "dude", by which name sportsmen are sometimes designated in the slang of the country.

(2.) Backwoodsmen who are good hunters and tireless and will supply a sportsman with the best they know how to provide, but being ignorant of the ordinary comforts of civilized life, treat their sportsmen with the same cruel neglect to which they have accustomed themselves.

(3.) The man who makes a regular business of acting as a guide, who is both a good hunter and who knows how to provide a first-class outfit. Game having greatly decreased before the advance of civilization and the wanton slaughter which took no thought of the future, the wild life which survives owes its preservation to the almost inaccessible character of the country in which it has taken refuge and animal cunning, which of necessity has become very acute.

To know the habitat of game and outwit its wariness requires the skill of the practiced hunter.

We have heard a great deal about roughing it. That phrase as formerly understood must be greatly qualified if the modern sportsman patronizes an up-to-date outfit.

Going to a wild and rather inaccessible country has a certain charm of novelty about it, and part of that charm grows out of the idea of roughing it. Some people have a tendency to greatly exaggerate the ordeals through which they pass, in order that they may enhance the interest of their experience. This goes with the same weakness for overstating the distance and increasing the apparent difficulty of the shots, which they make in securing their trophies, in which error they are too frequently sustained by the somewhat elastic conscience of the guide. This is an age of progress, and that phrase applies to methods of enjoying sport quite as well as it does to anything else. Having good sport with comfort in camp life is simply a question of dollars and cents. The mind of the average person is behind the times in understanding the present conditions of sporting life in a wild country. It must be borne in mind that hunting in the rough sections of the West, where the big game still abounds, although in much smaller numbers than formerly, everything has to be carried on pack horses. What you are to take is limited simply by the supply of pack horses you care to engage. In an up-to-date outfit the open camp-fire, such a picturesque feature in an illustration, has been supplanted by a plain sheet-iron stove, which is placed in the tent, with a few feet of pipe attached, to carry off the smoke. If one wants the open fire, it of course can be easily supplied, and at first a good many sportsmen desire it on account of the romance and novelty of the experience, but the same pampered tastes which have forced man from a savage life to adopt the comforts which civilization supplies, will invariably lead to the open camp fire being abandoned for the commonplace sheet-iron stove—very unromantic but thoroughly practical and useful. The open camp-fire, with the smoke blowing in your eyes from every direction, which gives you the sensation of being scorched on one side and frozen on the other, does not appeal to the modern sportsman, who disassociates sport from martyrdom.

Folding tables and chairs can be "packed" quite easily, and it is much pleasanter to sit in a chair and eat off of a table than to sit on a log trying to make a table of your knees, and occasionally converting your lap into a plate for your spilled victuals. A portable rubber bathtub, if one objects to jumping into cold water, satisfies the desire for cleanliness. With a fire in the stove one can take a bath as easily and comfortably in camp as at home. For thorough cleansing it is best for one to take a bath in a tent in warm water, but I strongly recommend for those who can stand it a plunge in cold water or having a bucket or two thrown over one every morning before dressing for the day. This stimulates the body and gets the system in fine condition.

For those who find it uncomfortable to sleep on the hard surface of the ground I would recommend a pneumatic mattress. An ample supply of canned stuff insures against the chance of bad cooking, because it requires little or no skill to prepare canned provisions, if the other food in camp is not particularly appetizing.

This article is not intended for the experienced huntsman who has had plenty of experience of Western hunting; nor is it intended for the man who has his heart set upon roughing it in the sense that he desires to see how much he can go through and survive. A great deal of the advice given to people has been in the opposite direction, namely, to cut out as much as possible from their hunting outfit. I claim that the average person who desires sport with as little hardship as possible, except what is unavoidable, should be very careful about reducing his outfit too much. Most sportsmen live most of the time surrounded by the ordinary comforts and conveniences of life. It is perfect folly for such people to attempt in a short time to harden themselves to the frontier life, so that they may endure its hardships with the same indifference as the hunter or trapper who lives that life all the time. I have run across sportsmen who have had their hunting trips spoiled by attempting "to rough it" too much. If you are accustomed to living well and in comfort it would be wise to recognize the fact that you are a "tenderfoot" and act accordingly. The object of a hunting trip in the West for the average sportsman is to obtain diversion and acquire health. All the roughing it one requires is the vigorous exercise, the fresh air, with an occasional dip in ice cold water, which is conducive to health; the rest of the hardship it is well to leave out as far as possible.

My experience has led me to add to a hunting outfit the oftener I go out, rather than depleting it. The first time I really saw an up-to-date outfit was in 1902, when I engaged as my guide Edward Sheffield, of Idaho. I joked him about all the things he was taking along and called him a "tenderfoot." He replied that "he had had all the roughing it he wanted in his time, and those who really knew what it was generally wanted a camp as comfortable as possible." I experienced during that trip and a subsequent one I took this fall such comfort, combined with good sport as I never had before.

In conclusion, I would advise taking an emergency case supplied with all the ordinary remedies. I have known the time when such a thing has proved extremely useful, and I have also known of sportsmen who have had their sport ruined because of the want of some simple remedy.

E. F. RANDOLPH.

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North Carolina People are Happy.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The partridge shooting season has now been on almost a month. I predicted weeks before it opened that plenty of birds would be found, and the result proves this was an accurate statement. Some of the birds are not fully grown, and the other day some of my farmer friends declared they thought it would be a capital idea to have the close season extended to Dec. 1. In fact, they asked me if I would not try to get this matter attended to by the Legislature, through the Audubon Society, which is now so powerful in North Carolina. The fact is, that the good shooting really does not begin until December, the weeds now being very rank and stiff, making it hard on dogs. This year a heavy freeze came much earlier than usual, and the woods are more open than is common at this time of year, but in the blackjack and post-oak scrub the leaves hang on until the spring. The fall has been very dry and the birds are quite largely along the streams. Where there are rivers the partridges are remarkably smart, taking care as soon as flushed to fly across the stream. This is the case around Moncure, where the Deep and Haw rivers unite and form the Cape Fear. A friend tells me that the birds anywhere near these streams make a practice of going directly across as soon as flushed, so there is only one crack at a covey. I have known birds to do this near Raleigh also.

A gentleman who was out last week a few miles north of Raleigh tells me he found eighteen coveys during the day, which is a very good number. He found some birds not grown, as I have already stated. Mr. Robert Baldwin and Mr. Charles Hervey, of Raleigh, went down on the Carolina Central Railway, between Hamlet and Wilmington, near the South Carolina line, and found good sport, getting ninety-six birds in two days, besides other kinds of game. I want to recommend that section to sportsmen. It is on the Seaboard Air Line, and Hamlet is a good point to start from, as one can go out on the road toward Maxton or Gibson or up a little ways toward Charlotte, and get back in the evening, though a better way still is to get acquainted with people out in the country, go to their homes and rough it. This is the best way not only to get acquainted with the people but to get the best results as to game. Of course, hunters from the cities will miss some comforts, but what do they care for that, so long as the sport is good and the people clever? I had a talk with Mr. Charles H. Gattis at Raleigh, the district passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line, about this matter, and he said that if people would write to him he would be glad to show them where they could get good shooting. A number of letters from people up north have already come to me about these matters.

Mr. Neill Spence, of Raleigh, tells me that during his life, which has not been a long one, he has killed 700 wild turkeys. He usually hunts along the Cape Fear River, south of Raleigh, now reached by a new railroad, and last week out of eight shots he killed seven turkeys. He goes out with a dog, any time in the day, finds the turkeys, scatters them, then waits about two hours and "yelps them up," as the hunters say in this country, using a "yelper" for this purpose. By the way, an old man named Draughan, who lives at Fayetteville, makes the best turkey yelper I ever heard, and also makes calls for other kinds of game very cleverly indeed.

T. K. Bruner, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and Herbert Brimley, the curator of the State Museum, left a day or so ago for Newberne and vicinity, to get some shooting at ducks and geese at Lake Ellis ond the other lakes to which reference was made in FOREST AND STREAM some months ago. It was in one of these lakes that Mr. Brimley had some exciting adventures with big alligators. In one of them is a colony of cormorants, of which mention has also been made. Near this point is a stream known as Slocum's Creek, much affected by hunters. A devoted sportsman who came up from there to-day, declared that yesterday there were fourteen gasolene boats in the creek (by count) and that the gunners were so excited that they would shoot if they even heard the "honk" of a wild goose; as a result having scared all the game away. The lakes are on land which is private and very closely preserved, and so the pot-hunter cuts no figure there, only invited persons getting a chance at the fine sport to be had. Governor Glenn and the writer will get there later in the winter, having been specially invited some months ago.

There has only been one cold spell this season so far, during which the temperature fell as low as twenty degrees here. It lasted only a day, but many ducks and geese came into the sounds near the coast. There was a little flurry of snow at the same time. In several of the sounds wild celery has been set and wild rice planted, but Currituck Sound, the headquarters of the ducks and geese, is the one where the bottom for miles is covered with celery, which these birds love so well. In some of the inland lakes rice has been planted, and this attracts ducks very freely.

For some reason or other an unusually large number of bear are being killed this season, particularly in the eastern counties, the dense swamps, which are a tangle of bay bushes and all sorts of semi-tropical growths being the lurking places of these beasts. I have heard of more than 200 being killed in eight or ten counties already. Many deer are being killed also, mainly in that section, but some in the mountains.

Speaking about partridges, I want to say that very good shooting will be found in Johnston county, around Smithfield, where the people are very sociable and live in good style, as they have always been used to doing. That county has always been a good point for partridge

shooting, though relatively few people go there, simply because they do not know about it. It can be reached by the Atlantic Coast Line and the Southern Railway. I have always thought there were as many partridges east of Raleigh as there are west of it. For one reason the winters are not so hard and there is much more natural food for them, in addition to this being the fact that there are great areas planted in cornfield peas, this being the best of all food for partridges. And right here let me say to sportsmen who come here from the north, for heaven's sake, never use the word "quail" while in North Carolina, for not one countryman out of a hundred (no not one perhaps out of a thousand) will know what you mean. Everybody here says "partridges." That always has been the word, and it always will be. It was suggested early in this article that people who come to North Carolina to hunt ought to go out and take pot-luck with the farmers. They can get accommodations at very reasonable rates, and the companionship will do them good and will also be of benefit to the people with whom they stop, for the average sportsman is not only a clever fellow but a well informed one also, and his visit does no harm to any community. By being on the spot he can get more hunting and more kinds of hunting. For example, he can get some fox hunting, as there is a pack of hounds in range in many sections of the State; he is sure to get good rabbit hunting with hounds, and there certainly isn't any jollier sport than this, and no such chance to get all the fun there is out of a nigger, who would rather hunt rabbits than do anything in the world, unless it may be to capture a 'possum. By being out in the country a northern sportsman can also get the benefit of 'possum hunting, and this is good fun and plenty of it. A little "dram" of North Carolina corn whisky, just a nip, taken immediately after each 'possum is caught, is considered the correct thing, besides which some fried chicken and biscuit, an apple or two, or maybe a piece of home-cured ham or bacon and some North Carolina sweet potatoes make up a midnight lunch for which John D. Rockefeller would be willing to give $500, no doubt. North Carolinians who live in the country enjoy these things as they do the very air the good God gives them, and as they talk about the time they have had in the woods there is never a shade of envy of the poor wretch, their brother man, who toils and moils in some city. Are there a happier people on earth than these Tar Heels? No. President Roosevelt, when he was here in October, declared that in all his life he had not seen a happier lot of folks, and he was right. This much is to be said of these clear-eyed, clear-headed, nature-loving and hunting people here, and this is that they are the very essence of the straight Anglo-Saxon strain in this country. If anybody wants to mingle with Americans, right here is the place to find them. One piece of advice to strangers coming here is to be sociable and fall right into line with the people, no matter whether it be in city, in town or in country. Nothing pleases the people here so well as this and nothing will be of so much benefit to a visitor. But the true sportsman generally knows exactly how to do these things, and this is one of the secrets of his popularity anywhere.

It must be remembered that the North Carolina annual tax on non-resident gunners is $10. The money which has been derived from this source has certainly been well expended by the Audubon Society, which receives it, and a world of good work has been done since that Society was put on its feet by the North Carolina Legislature. The fact is, that the Society, and the State as well, has been wonderfully well served by the secretary, Mr. Gilbert Pearson, whose reputation as a worker, writer and speaker is not confined to North Carolina. Last week he was over in South Carolina and is setting things going there. The example of what North Carolina has done is a happy one. A number of plans for the further extension and improvement of the work are now on the way.

F. A. Olds.

Adirondack Deer Hunting.

In the northern part of the Adirondacks hunters have met with excellent success this fall, while in the southern portion they have, as a rule, been but poorly rewarded for their time and labor. From Lake Placid, Tupper Lake, Chateaugay Lake, Wolf Pond, Plumadore Pond, McCullom's and other points in the upper section of the wilderness it is reported that more deer have been killed than ever before in one season, and it is said that in the Cranberry Lake region there have been more deer this fall than for some years past. In the southern and southwestern portions of the Adirondacks, however, the number has been small in comparison with other recent years. This is true of the Moose River, Beaver River, Black River and West Canada Creek regions, Piseco Lake, Honnedaga Lake, the Bisby Lakes, Fulton Chain, Racquette Lake and Big Moose Lake, according to the best information now obtainable, although why such should be the case is not easy to explain.

It seems strangely contradictory and almost inexplicable that on the northern slope of the Adirondacks the best deer hunting ever known should be enjoyed, while in the southern portion of the wilderness sportsmen should meet with comparatively poor success. The fact that few if any complaints as to the scarcity of deer in the southern Adirondacks have been heard this year tends to increase the mystery and render the situation still more puzzling. So far as can be learned, deer are quite plentiful all through the lower portion of the wilderness, as well as farther north, but hunters have found it an extremely difficult matter to obtain a shot. The most common explanation that is given for their lack of success is that the undergrowth was exceedingly dense this year and the leaves remained on the trees and bushes until very late, thus rendering it difficult for a person to see a deer, and that an additional drawback was encountered after the leaves had fallen, owing to the fact that they were very dry and crisp, and it was impossible for a hunter to move about in the woods without making sufficient noise to alarm any game that might be in the vicinity.

With November snow came, and thereafter the hunting materially improved. A good many deer were killed during the closing days of the season in all parts of the woods, but the fact remains that the aggregate number taken this fall was probably considerably smaller than last year or the year before.

W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y.

Massachusetts Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We desire to ask your attention to the work done by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association during the present year.

We have attended all hearings given by the legislative Committee on Fish and Game upon bills relating to the protection of either fish or game, opposing such as we deemed objectionable, and favoring those we considered wise.

We strongly urged the passage of the bill requiring unnaturalized foreign-born residents to procure a license for hunting ($15), believing its enactment and enforcement would keep out of the fields and woods a class of hunters accustomed to kill everything from a chicadee to a ruffed grouse, and who have destroyed many of our song and insectivorous birds. The Association proposes to see that it is strictly enforced.

Hunters' License.

The bill requiring every hunter to procure a license, paying therefor the sum of $1, was not favored by the Association for the following reasons:

First.—We were of the opinion that the section exempting the farmer and members of his family on his own premises would lead to complications in attempts to enforce the law.

Secondly.—It having come to our knowledge that many agriculturalists of the State were opposed to the bill, it did not seem to us wise to antagonize them at a time when there was ample evidence of rapidly increasing interest among them in the preservation of our game and fish. It was our belief, that, without the approval and moral support of those on whose lands the game is to be found, the law would be difficult of enforcement and therefore fail to accomplish the purpose of its advocates.

The House chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means offered objections before the committee at the hearing of the bill, to the manner provided in it for the expenditure of the amount to be derived from the sale of licenses, as being wholly at variance with the established policy of the commonwealth, which, he claimed, has been to make direct appropriations to meet the wants of the various departments for definite and specific objects. The plan of the bill to apply one-half the proceeds from sale of licenses to the payment of wardens, and the balance to the purchase of live quail for stocking he pronounced to be a new departure and wrong in principle.

While we were aware that some of the farmers were in favor of a license law we believed the majority of them were opposed, and at the hearing before the committee they made a strong showing in remonstrance, as we had anticipated.

The witness above referred to, and others, declared that if the bill were enacted it would lead to the posting of their lands by holders generally throughout the State. We were of the opinion that if that were to be the result of the law it wouuld be a great detriment to the public—that it would lead to the condition which now prevails in the British Isles, where there is absolutely no opportunity for hunting except for the landed proprietor and his guests—a condition wholly un-American and which we should greatly deplore.

While prevented by what seemed to us reasons of great weight, from giving our support to the bill, we were and are in full accord with the purposes of those who presented it and urged its enactment.

We are aware that some thirty-five States of the Union have non-resident license laws, eight of them have resident licenses, which, in the case of five of them, apply to the shooting of small game.

We have believed that in proper form a license law would contribute to the protection of our game and that when public sentiment shall have become such that it will not produce the result above mentioned, when the people in the rural districts shall become sufficiently impressed with the importance of game preservation, the time will be ripe for the enactment of a law for the licensing of hunters.

Lobster Bills.

When the hearing was given on the bill to legalize the sale of lobsters of nine inches imported from Nova Scotia or elsewhere, the Association went on record as a remonstrant.

In addition to providing the opponents of the pending bills with extraordinary expert testimony, a petition in favor of holding the present law signed by hundreds of prominent bankers and business men of Boston, and another by all the leading hotel proprietors of the city, with letters of remonstrance from prominent members of the Association, were placed in Senator Harding's hands. The result was the defeat of the proposed bills—a decided victory for the Association.

Twice before has the Association saved the present law, each time by the interposition of the Governor's veto of bills reducing the legal limit to nine inches.

Bill for Bounty on Foxes.

Early in the year, we made a careful investigation of the injury done to game by foxes, and have now on file a large number of letters received in answer to inquiries bearing on that subject. In many of these the testimony weighs heavily against the fox, while a few are of a different tenor. But in view of the declaration of the Biological Division of the Agricultural Department of the United States Government, that the States which have tried bounty laws have found them very unsatisfactory, and have caused their repeal, the officers of the Association did not take a stand in favor of the bounty bill. The committee reported against it.

December Shooting of Quail.

A bill was presented in the Legislature to change the shooting season on quail, making it November and December instead of October and November. At the hearing before the committee the author of the bill appeared alone in favor of the proposed change, while several members of the legislative committee of the Association and of the central committee, together with officers of several prominent clubs, and some individuals, not less than twenty in all, spoke strongly against the bill. But in spite of the overwhelming mass of testimony in opposition, the committee, much to the surprise of everyone cognizant of the facts, reported in favor of the bill. A circular stating the facts and giving the views of the sportsmen, was distributed among members of the Legislature, and sufficient time elapsed before final action for the Solons to learn the opinions of their constituents, and the committee, seeing the mistake they had made, reported a modified bill, closing October against quail shooting without opening December, leaving the law as it now stands, the month of November only being open to the shooting of quail.

Quail Cards and Food.

Early in the year we caused to be printed cards with an appropriate illustrated heading, adapted for display in public places, urging people to feed the quail. These cards were sent to postmasters all over the State, as well as to associations and individuals known to be interested in birds, and at the same time the announcement was made through the press that all applicants would be supplied with quail food free of charge.

A mixture of various grains and bird seeds was purchased and bags, containing either twenty-five or fifty pounds each, were sent out to some 150 different towns in the State, amounting in the aggregate to several tons.

Instructions in methods of feeding were also sent to those who applied for grain, and to many persons who fed the brids with grain purchased by themselves. In this way many birds were carried through the winter that otherwise would have perished from starvation.

Birds for Stocking.

During the year 1904 our committee was successful in obtaining about 2,000 live quail in Kansas. They were strong, hardy birds, and were liberated here in excellent condition; but our efforts in 1905 to obtain birds from the same source were entirely unsuccessful, although throughout the season we were led to believe by letters and telegrams that birds were liable to be shipped any day. Our efforts in North Carolina, while unsuccessful in 1905, will undoubtedly be rewarded this year, as we have obtained the proper permits to take quail from that State, and are at present arranging to have the birds trapped and are perfecting suitable shipping crates, and the committee is satisfied that a large number of quail will be obtained this year for restocking purposes.

We are glad to acknowledge the valuable assistance and co-operation of numerous societies and clubs in every branch of our work and especially in matters of legislation and of restocking the covers with game.

H. H. Kimball, Secretary.

Trappers and Indian Fighters.

C. W. Mason writes in the Brooklyn Eagle of "Bill" Hamilton's book in this appreciative strain:

"I recommend the book most cordially as a man's book. Mr. Hamilton is the real thing—simple, reticent and unadorned, and the conviction that his Indian fights are unexaggerated realities, instead of romance, makes them keen reading. It is outdoor stuff and frontier history, told by a man who is old enough to desire no longer to pose as a hero. I do not mean to imply that when he was younger Mr. Hamilton desired to pose for a hero, because he is Scotch by birth. But heroes—real heroes, like the old trappers—were not without a big-lunged boastfulness. It is the author-kind that has built up the impression that a braggart is a coward. I, personally, from a rather cosmopolitan experience, am prepared to take a good many braggarts at their word. When a man steers into camp, flourishing revolvers and announcing himself as the holy terror of Kansas, I am sitting quiet and leaving it to some other literary person to see his flush. But there is no conscious braggadocio about Mr. Hamilton.

"So to the man on the boundary there is always one who has gone beyond in comparison to whom the pioneer recognizes himself a novice. The original pioneers long recognized the superiority of the Indian. Mr. Hamilton proves most conclusively that the Indian was no match for the pale face in the supreme business of fighting, either at long range or hand to hand, but I find him always writing of the Indians as men to be respected. Indian fighting has figured so much in romance that we hardly realize that it was the normal condition of pioneering, and that is what makes the American pioneer and his descendants a human item as reliable an evolution as steel wire is in mechanics. Few conquered nations that I recall have put up as prolonged a fight as the Indian. They resisted invasion inch by inch so long that a whole generation was trained in hardihood. I like to hear that the trappers scalped the Indians as a matter of course. I like to hear that when they overtook a marauding tribe they showed it no mercy. Indian warfare did not encourage sentimentalism, although it was just as rampant in the East then as to-day. The one sure cure for sentimentalism is the sight of the mutilated corpse and burned homestead of your brother. It releases the healthiest of all passions—unrelenting revenge. We don't call revenge a healthy passion in our stuffy civilization because it disturbs things. But at the distance of fifty years and the Rocky Mountains it looks very healthy. The men who lived, not spasmodically, in the stress of the magnificent human passions were as men purged of the unhealthy, the sentimental, the morbid. The passions of war are not morbid passions. These trappers took battle as a matter of course. They were not excited about it, as our young volunteers and the young volunteers of England get excited when they go to war and are called heroes. When the rifle practice was over and it came to "toothpicks" and tomahawks these big pale faces in their woolly buckskins were fighting devils. But before and after they had a grim, good natured sangfroid about it. We haven't room for them in cities now, but we must recognize that the American nation would not be what it is without the hardy strain they planted."

Work of the Ohio Commission.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to inclose herewith clipping from the New Albany Daily Tribune giving a sample of the work we are doing in Indiana at present. Since the adjournment of the Legislature last March we have made over 300 convictions, and there never was a time when the fish and game laws were better respected than at present.

Z. T. SWEENEY, Commissioner.

"William Rowley, Jacob Schuman, Peter Knabel and Fred Petri, residents of Lafayette township, were arrested yesterday afternoon by Deputy Game Wardens John W. Newhouse and W. L. Martin, of Indianapolis, on charges of violating the provisions of the State game laws prohibiting the hunting or shooting of game with shotguns or other weapons on Sunday.

"This is the first time that efforts have been made to enforce the law, although there have been many complaints of violation, and there was consternation among the hunters when the deputies made their descent. The deputies arrived in the city Saturday night but kept their identity a secret. Yesterday morning they engaged a livery rig and drove to the country and bagged their game.

"The hunters were notified to appear before Justice Fogle this morning, and their weapons, a wagon and game, were taken from them as evidence. They were permitted to return to their homes until to-day. One of the four men attempted to escape but was overtaken by Deputy Newhouse, and when caught protested that he was only trying to catch a rooster that had escaped from a hennery.

"The deputy had some difficulty in convincing the men that they were authorized to take their shotguns, as the farmers thought they might be swindlers who were trying to work some new game on the unsophisticated ruralite, but a display of their credentials by the deputies soon convinced them that they had the authority.

"The four men appeared to-day before Justice Fogle and were fined $1 and costs, amounting to $30.80 each. Knabel at first thought he would lay it out in jail, but he changed his mind. All either paid or arranged for friends to "stay" the fines and costs. Deputy Newhouse stated last night that the arrests yesterday would probably save the lives of thousands of quail."

Cleaning Rifles.

BOISE BARRACKS, Idaho, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 18 John P. Boagni asks how to keep the barrels of high pressure rifles clean and bright. Having used the .30-40-200 U. S. Government, known as the Krag, for the past eight years, I have found the following a good method to pursue and one which will work well with any of the high powers. Upon returning from the hunt or the target range, make a saturated solution of sal soda in hot water, the hotter the water the better, then dipping a soft cleaning cloth in this wipe thoroughly. The rag should not be tight, as it is better and safer to draw through an extra time or two rather than have a rag jammed in the rifling. This will remove all residue. Then with clean, dry rags wipe thoroughly, or if one prefer, the first rag after the solution is used may be wet with clean hot water; this will eliminate the sal soda. After thoroughly drying—and the fact that the barrel is hot from the use of the hot water will help to get it dry—oil lightly by drawing through a rag lightly oiled with any good gun oil. We use the pure sperm, as that answers the purpose and is furnished by the Ordnance Department. If the gun has been used in military firing and has been heated to such a degree that it is uncomfortable to hold in the bare hand, it is well to examine the rifling on the day following the shoot, when, if any discoloration shows, a dry rag will take all out; and then the weapon will remain bright until used again.

We of the army are compelled to keep our carbines clean, in fact to keep everything that way; and I have always found the above method to give me a barrel shining like glass. Of course this method will not do for a hunting trip; then, after shooting for the day, a clean, dry rag, to take out the loose powder grains, followed by an oiled rag will keep the gun serviceable until one can get a chance to get at it properly. I used this method in the fall of 1899 from Oct. 1 until Dec. 9, and used a good bit of ammunition also, being in Lawton's northern expedition when we were chasing Aguinaldo's column to the north through Luzon, P. I. In all that time we were never really in camp for more than a day or so at a time, and then all we had was a leather thong, a bit of rag torn off of our clothes, with a little oil; yet, when I came to thoroughly clean up my carbine in December and went at it as above, I found that in fifteen minutes I had as bright a barrel as could be wished for.

In case the gun has been allowed to stand for several days after shooting and before cleaning, it is well to place an empty shell in the breech and fill the barrel with hot water, or the hot sal soda and allow to stand until the barrel feels hot to the hand. This will open the pores of the steel and allow the solution to get to work on the residue from the burnt powder, and also on the coating of cupro nickel, which is on all of our barrels, caused from the extreme velocity of the bullet passing through the barrel wearing off portions of the cupronickel with which the bullet is jacketed. This proceeding will answer for any of the high powers. I have used it on the .30-30, .25-35, .303, and the Luger automatic.

EDWARD O. LYMAN,
First Sergeant Troop E, Third Cavalry.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 18 Mr. John P. Boagni asks for information regarding the cleaning of the high power smokeless rifle barrel, in which connection will say that if he will get a small box of Tripolene, a soft paste, manufactured by the Matchless Metal Polish Co., Chicago, Ill., and use it in this manner I think he will have no further difficulties in that direction. First take some good oil, three-in-one is the best I ever used, and soak up whatever you may wish to remove from the barrel, then take a clean rag, well oiled, and covered with a little of the Tripolene, and pass it back and forth through the barrel several times, the more the better of course, as elbow grease is very necessary in these cases, and he will be surprised at what he will get. After taking out all the powder residue and lead, should there be any, wipe perfectly clean and oil with the three-in-one and your gun will be as bright and clean as the day it came from the factory. This will apply to shotgun barrels as well as to rifles. I have found this much better than any metal cleaner in the shape of brass or wire, as it will reach every part of the barrel, clean and polish it nicely, leaving a soft oily finish, and cannot possibly scratch or injure the barrel, as well as being very quickly and easily done.

TRIPOLENE.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I reckoned the question asked recently by John P. Boagni concerning the cleaning of smokeless powder rifle barrels would be fully answered by some one in this week's issue, but I see it is still open. I have never used the high power powders myself, but please allow me to say that I have never yet found any substance adhering to the inside of a rifle barrel which could not be readily removed by applying wood alcohol to the swab used for cleaning. I have used it with success where everything else failed, and never think of using anything else.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Long Island Duck Netters.

THE East Moriches, L. I., correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle says:

"When the guides of this place, with one of their number, a special game protector, as leader, raided the gillnets containing many redheads and other wild ducks, as told in the Eagle a week ago, it was thought that no further action would be taken than the destruction of the nets, as it was believed that the raid would be a lesson for the netters, although the guides in this section were determined to break up the illegal, indiscriminate slaughter of the birds, by law, if practicable, but otherwise, if necessary.

"Justice Howell did not decide to proceed without notifying State Game Protector Overton, who, under instructions from the Fish and Game Commissioners, decided to prosecute the alleged violators of the law. Steps are being taken for a vigorous prosecution of the netters, and it is probable that within the next two or three days a Westhampton fisherman will be called to appear and defend himself upon the charge of illegally taking wildfowl, and that two of the man's sons will be jointly charged with netting ducks. There is declared to be sufficient evidence to justify beginning proceedings against the parties.

"Numerous affidavits are being taken on which to commence action. There will be quite an array of witnesses, as most of the local guides have at one time or another watched the netters. The guides are supported in their effort to stop the practice by the city sportsmen.

"One of the latter told Game Protector Smith on the morning of the raid to take the nets ashore burn them, and send his, the sportsman's, card to the owners of the nets, and he would assume all responsibility. The guides making the raid asked the Eagle reporter, at the time, not to use their names, but now that legal proceedings against the alleged violators of the law are sure to follow, there is no reason why the guides should longer hesitate to have their names appear, especially as they all, and many others, are to be called as witnesses for the prosecution.

"The guides making the raid were Howell C. Smith, who is also a special game protector; Capt. Elbert Brown, Russell G. Smith, Edgar Benjamin, Frank Albin and George W. Palmer. They are the leading guides for wildfowl shooting in this section.

"The number of the birds alleged to have been illegally taken is so large that with the penalty of $25 for each bird, the gross amount of the penalties will be a big sum for men in such circumstances as the accused parties to pay. Herein lies the best chance for the accused to escape conviction, according to the theory of the prosecution, whose only misgiving as to the result is that some 'tender-hearted' juryman may stand out against a conviction for the sole reason of the excessive amount of the combined penalties."

Mr. Burnham's Appointment.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I saw the article printed in the Evening Post of the 22d inst. attacking the appointment of John B. Burnham, of Essex, N. Y., to the game wardenship it was my intention to contradict it at length, but to those who know Mr. Burnham it is so patently a perversion of the truth that I shall devote only a short time to its denial.

The article contains an inuendo, the fabric of which is libel, whose warp is lies and whose woof is malice.

For six years I have had the honor of calling John Burnham friend, and during that time I have been associated with him closely and intimately, and I have known his personal and business affairs almost as thoroughly as he himself. I know him to be the soul of honor and integrity; a man of high ideas and ideals; a man who cannot, be the consideration what it may, be swerved from the path of duty and uprightness.

In the community where he lives Mr. Burnham has been upheld and vindicated in the position which he took in regard to the charges made as to the pollution of Lake Champlain.

H. B. WALMSLEY.

Prince Louis Joins the Canadian Camp.

HARRY V. RADFORD, secretary of the Canadian Camp, announces that Rear Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg has accepted membership in that organization. Prince Louis' acceptance was received through Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, president of the Camp, on the morning of the former's departure for Gibraltar. The Prince is an ardent sportsman. Admiral Evans, who represented the United States Government during the recent entertainment of the Prince and the officers and men of his fleet during their stay in American waters, is a member of the advisory board of the Canadian Camp.

Indian Wild Beasts.

THE number of people killed last year, in British India, native States excluded, by elephants, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, snakes and other wild animals, was, according to an official return, 24,037. Snakebites accounted for 21,880 of the deaths, the total under this head being larger than in 1903. Anti-venene, prepared at the Pasteur Institute, Kasauli, is reported to have been used with success in a couple of cases of snakebite; and since the return was compiled—within the last few weeks, in fact—further proof of the efficacy of the remedy has been afforded. A sepoy was bitten by a cobra last month, at Trichinopoly, and his life is said to have been saved by the administration of anti-venene two hours afterward. Treatment by permanganate of potassium is also found beneficial; and in the central provinces, where 1,550 deaths from snakebite were reported during the year, steps are being taken to make this remedy better known. But the best way of reducing the mortality from snakebite is to give rewards for the destruction of the venomous kinds, or, still better, to buy snakes' eggs at so much a thousand. During the twelve months, between Rs. 2,000 and Rs. 3,000 was spent by the authorities on the destruction of snakes, and the amount would probably be increased were it not that the practice of breeding snakes for the sake of the Government reward is not unknown to the astute Indian. Twenty people were killed in Bengal during the year by elephants, and eighteen in Assam. Fewer people were killed by tigers than during the previous year, though there were 342 deaths from this cause in Bengal alone. In one district of Burma twenty-one persons were killed by tigers; three man-eaters, of whom two have since been shot, being held answerable for the majority of these casualties. On the Upper Chindwin, a single man-eater, who has since been poisoned, is said to have killed fifteen persons during the year. The Government paid over Rs. 35,500 in rewards for the destruction of tigers in 1904, at an average rate of about Rs. 26 a head.—London Standard.

Betting on Quail Pools.

CHASE CITY, Va., Nov. 23.—Wednesday last a Mecklenburg quail shooting pool match was made up, the participants paying $1 each for the privilege of guessing the nearest to the number of birds that would be killed on Nov. 22 by the three couples of contesting sportsmen. The result was declared in the evening by posting the contesting pairs as follows: Dr. A. H. Boyd, Charleston, W. Va., and Col. W. T. Hughes, 44; Mr. W. A. Faunce, Atlantic City, N. J., and Mr. Arthur L. J. Smith, New York city, 36; Messrs. R. B. Clark and W. J. Gordon, New York city, 39, making a total of 119 birds. Mr. J. E. Wood, a crack Philadelphia shot, was the successful gunner and took the pool money.

Fox Trapping in Vermont.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just returned from my vacation spent in Walden, Vt., I should like to add to the columns of your paper my experience with sly reynard for the month of October. It was my first vacation from business in the city for eight years, so I was somewhat out of practice. I commenced Oct. 1 to get things into shape and look the ground over, but did not put out any traps until the middle of the month, and took them all in Nov. 2; in the meantime I took fifty foxes into my traps and saved forty-three, seven succeeded in getting away. Game birds are also plentiful in that section and afford excellent shooting.

O. E. KITTREDGE.

"In the Lodges of the Blackfeet."

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If the subsequent chapters on "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet" are as interesting and instructive as the first one, your paper is extremely reasonable with everything else left out.

STEPHEN P. M. TASKER.

THE VAGABOND BOOK, by Frank Farrington, comes to us from the Oquaga Press, of Deposit, N. Y. It is an attractive little volume, consisting of short essays and poems on outdoor life, much of the matter having already appeared in various periodicals. Many of the essays have in them much real feeling. They cover hours out of doors at all seasons of the year, and deal with the fields, the woods, the rivers and the springs, and with walking, camping, trapping and fishing, and generally with judicious and timely loafing and rest. Mr. Farrington preaches well the out-door gospel to which so many people are nowadays being converted, and much that he says will appeal to all of those who have a love for out of doors. Price $1.00.

ADIRONDACK MURRAY—A biographical appreciation by Harry G. Radford.

The Broadway Publishing Co. has just brought out in a tiny illustrated volume, Mr. Radford's sketch of William H. H. Murray, better known as Adirondack Murray, published in 1904. Many of us remember Mr. Murray in the zenith of his fame as a man brilliant to the verge of eccentricity, and a talker and writer of pure and beautiful English. He was a keen sportsman, and his most famous book, "Adventures in the Wilderness," did much to bring the Adirondacks to popular notice. Price, 50 cents.

Over 100 Ways to Work One's Way Through College.

THIS book, by Selby A. Moran, printed at Ann Arbor, Mich., gives more than a hundred different suggestions as to how money to pay his way may be earned by the student. The author started out to work his way through college, the possessor merely of the clothes he wore and $9.27 in cash. He earned his entire college expenses and graduated a few years later. Since then, residing in a university community, he has been in close touch with students, many of whom have earned a large part or all of their expenses. He is thus peculiarly qualified by experience to write on this subject.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

An Angler in Newfoundland.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having spent a most delightful summer in Newfoundland, that Mecca of fishermen, I though it might interest some of my brother anglers to give them a few of my experiences in that almost unknown region.

The climate of this beautiful country to the parched and sun-cured denizen of New York and to the tired and used-up sportsman is like a bracing tonic. Think of the thermometer ranging from 58 to 68 degrees during the torrid months of July and August! While your friends in the States are sweltering under the heat, you are tucked under two blankets, dreaming that the summer is ended and wondering perhaps if there will be frost in the morning. In July there were still large amounts of snow lying in the valleys.

Newfoundland can also boast of mountains, those of the Southwest Range varying from 1500 to 1800 feet in height. They are covered to the top with a species of fir whose branches spread over the ground and make a capital bed for the sportsman to sleep on. They are so used by the caribou hunter in the fall on his way to the barrens—large, flat plains, miles in extent, covered with short, wild grass and crisp, white, curly moss, the main food for big game during the winter months. As for the wildflowers, they are of every conceivable hue and shade, forming combinations of color that Turner would delight in.

Many people living in the States have the impression that Newfoundland is a low, flat, rocky and unattractive country. The truth is quite the reverse. It is a land of mountains, glorious, rushing rivers, fertile plains and well-cultivated valleys. As for the natives, though primitive in their living and views, they extend a warm welcome to the stranger and do all in their power to make him comfortable. I wish I could remember all their little acts of kindness during my recent trip. To give an example: On Sunday, which is a day of rest from fishing, the farm horses were hitched up to the Sunday-go-to-meeting wagon and I was invited to take a drive to a point of interest some twelve miles away. This was a free ride and never charged in the $7 weekly bill. I thought of those drives, extras put up for my lunch, mending and drying my clothes, and felt mean when I made a little present to the family and help. On leaving, the kind shake of the hand, the pat on the shoulder, and the voices which said: "We hope you will come again, when you will find things more comfortable," make one feel that life is worth living surrounded by such sympathetic, loving folk. I met a man, while staying at the Bay of Islands, who intended visiting some copper mines, miles up the coast. I asked him where he stayed, as his journey led through a very sparsely settled country. His reply was simple and to the point, "At night, you make a bee-line for the first house you come across. Walk in and you will be given the best the house affords, not always a bed, but plenty of blankets, a good breakfast and started on your way the next morning with the good wishes of your host, and no money asked. If you should happen to be a native you could travel from one end of the country to the other without costing you a single cent for board and lodging." He added that he had a house of his own at York Harbor, which was generally full during the winter with strangers passing through, and of these he would take money only from those who were able to afford it.

On arriving at Port au Basque, Newfoundland, after a six-hour night trip on a most up-to-date little channel steamer, The Bruce, having left North Sydney, Cape Breton Island, the night previous, you are summoned to appear before the Customs and declare what you have dutiable in the shape of sporting implements. There is a duty of 20 per cent. on all rods, rifles, shotguns, covers, etc. The money, however, will be refunded if you produce the articles on your return home. The custom house officers I found most obliging and welcomed the old guard, who come year after year, calling them by their first names.

I left a deposit on my rods, and as my small bills were about used up, I offered a $50 bank note. I received a lot of paper certificates, printed on a form similar to a receipt book, engraved with these mystic words: "The Commissioners of Charities will pay to James Smith, pauper, three dollars." I had some of the Smith, Brown, Jones family with varying amounts, and one old "Brown, pauper," for eleven dollars. I rebelled at first, but was pacified when told that they were taken at all places at a premium over notes, even guides preferring them to silver dollars. As things are not very expensive in this land of simplicity, it took me nearly a month to work off this valuable amount of script.

While at the Customs, I noticed a party of young men under the care of a fishing tutor (most probably sent by their father) to be crammed up for their next fall exams, and also to get health and muscle in the woods. They were told they must first pay the duty or leave their effects behind. They all had new outfits. This unexpected demand on their purse cast a gloom over the whole party, the sporting tutor, no doubt, expecting to get his charges into camp and then get his remittances later.

My first experience of Newfoundland fishing was at Doyles, on the Grand Codroy, but as it was late for that river (I found most of the salmon had been taken early in June and most of the attractive pools occupied), I contented myself with catching some sea trout and grilse, but no salmon. To fish this river we had to row three miles up in a light-built dory to the tide-water pool, the time spent in making this morning journey was one of the pleasantest of the day. The river is wide, rather sluggish, with few large boulders to hit upon, high, densely-wooded hills, dropping gently down to walls of rock which descend to the river's edge. In places I noticed trees which had fallen or rather seemed to have been wrenched from their roots fully fifty fet above the river's bed. I was told that this was caused by the ice coming down in the spring freshets. The lights and shadows falling on the water from trees and rocks, painting its surface with varying tints of green and purple rising into harmonies of brown and red, made a picture never to be forgotten.

It was on one of these forest excursions to unknown pleasures awaiting me in casting a fly, that I found, on arriving at the pool, I had lost my fly-book, containing leaders, etc. I told my guide to row back and see if we could find it. I remembered putting it in an outside pocket of my fishing jacket, on starting, but as the after part of a dory is rather limited, it must have worked itself out as I turned from side to side to take in the beauty of the scenery. After paddling slowly for about a mile, Tom remarked: "I thought I saw something floating like a chip about here. It might have been that book," but we reached home without it.

I got some more tackle from Halifax, after three days, in the meantime using a trout rod and small flies I had in a pocketbook. I told the youth of the place to search the edge of the river and offered a reward to the finder, but without results. Nine days after, without a particle of wind or ripple on the water, we started for the pool. After rowing about two miles, not thinking of the lost book, it suddenly came to my mind that we must be in the vicinity of the floating chip. I called Tom's attention to the fact. He said: Too bad, that book must have cost $25; but you won't find it, as it must be soaked and gone to the bottom. The boys have hunted and have not overlooked a stone, hoping to get that 'fiver'." In meditating upon my loss, I looked to the bottom of the river and spied my book. At first I thought it a red stone, but this stone had a stripe about in the middle, which I at once recognized as the elastic band.

"Back water, Tom," I cried. "There's the book." His answer was: "Well, gosh!" With the aid of a gaff we pulled it to the surface, out of five feet of water. But, alas! what a sad shame-faced book! On opening it and letting it shed a few tears of joy at getting back in my possession, the duplicity of the fly-makers was clearly exposed. Here were my beautiful silver-doctors mingling the blue of their hackles with the gaudy yellow of the Durham-rangers, and over both, like a pall, were cast the black and brown of the Dose and brown-fairies. I remembered the tackle dealer saying: "These are all made from the natural feathers and none dyed."

While fishing on this river at the Over Fall pool, with little success, the fish not rising to any of my flies, I saw on the opposite bank a boy of about fifteen years of age, doing good work; he took three grilse to my none. He was fishing with a birch rod cut out of the woods and I saw him put on a new tip which he cut from a tree behind him with a jack-knife, tying it on the rod with a piece of string. Meeting him on my way home and knowing him to be the son of a guide, who guided for a friend of mine, I asked him to show me the fly he was using in the morning. He laughed and said, "Certainly, Mr. W., I will give you the one I was using and you will kill some salmon. I lost two about 8 pounds each this morning, as these hooks are no good." He took out of his jacket pocket a cheap penny memorandum book, in which were placed between the leaves the feathers of the Newfoundland jay and the small screech owl. Both were of a mixed color, from gray to black, producing a pepper and salt effect. From his trousers' pocket he brought out a thin match box containing about a dozen small iron trout hooks with an eye in the shank, and sold in country stores at a cent apiece. Seating himself on the shingle, he selected a few feathers, which he tied to the hook with a piece of black thread—no body, nor gimp, nor feathers of the jungle cock for him. It took him about five minutes to make a fly, using more of the jay for the salmon fly, while the owl feathers were "killers" for grilse. Total cost for two flies, five cents! He had in his canoe nine grilse and one salmon, about 9 pounds, which he had taken the day previous, having camped at the pool over night. He had a companion, a younger brother about ten, who assisted when the fish were brought to land, by wading in and flopping them ashore by a dextrous upward fling. He used no gaff, perhaps not having the price of one. He sold this outfit, a second-hand trout reel, with a linen line, for $2 to some Baltimorean fishermen, for their collection after landing an 18-pound salmon! I gave him some good hooks and he went on his way rejoicing. I looked at my 75-cent flies, imported from the best makers in England, and felt something was wrong.

On going further up the country to Bay St. George, I entered the smoker of a Newfoundland passenger train. This train allows the fishermen to get on or off at any point on the line he desires, for a day's sport at a pool; and stops for him at night on the return trip. If it is too dark, the fisherman has only to light a pine bough to have his whereabouts known.

Speaking of gnats and the various varieties of insect life in the Newfoundland woods, I can only say, "they are fierce." The black flies commence in the morning at 5 o'clock and keep it up till sundown, when they disappear and the mosquitoes arrive and stay with the sportsman till sunrise. At dawn the sand-flies, not to be outdone, join in the chorus to show their sympathy with their brethren. I have heard persons give this conundrum: "What do you suppose mosquitoes were ever made for?" In Newfoundland they ask the same question as to sand-flies. The answer is: "I give it up."

The solution of the mosquito riddle applies to the fisherman's train. It is usually an hour or more late. On one occasion I wanted to fish a pool and started for the station to be on time—the train had not been on time for two months—but that morning it left five minutes ahead of schedule. I noticed some fishermen gotten up with great care in the smoker, one especially, his legs encased in wading stockings, over which were buckled canvas shoes, with hobnails, a heavy, woolen fishing jacket, a cloth cap, covered with flies of all colors of the rainbow, a large fishing creel, two salmon rods, and a gaff large enough to gaff a tarpon. I wondered whether the salmon would take the fly to show their appreciation of the get up! The thermometer in car registered 75 degrees.

I reached Stephensville Crossing—on the Bay St. George—on a perfect afternoon in July, and put up at the Bay St. George Hotel. The weather remained one of early September in the States, so cool, crisp and pure, that the mountains to the east in the far distance, tinted with blue and purple, looked as though they had been cut out of carboard and pasted against the sky. The Bay St. George in the middle distance emptying itself into the sea, its tiny billows crested with white and gently lapping the shore of a sandy beach, along which, on the rising ground, grew pine, birch and fir trees. To the northwest was a high, rocky headland jutting out into the Atlantic.

The Bay St. George Hotel, or log cabin, I found most comfortable, all the furniture in the house being of natural wood (no paint or polish), cosey lounging rooms, plenty of books and attractive engravings on the walls. After my farmhouse and camping experiences I could hardly realize that I was still in the wilds of the north!

While conversing with some gentlemen at the hotel, interested in the fisheries, from St. Johns, I was told that the laws relating to the taking of salmon were sound in principle, but not carried into effect, as no poacher or illegal netter had been brought to trial in the capital, St. Johns. This gentleman stated that while fishing one of the rivers this season he had found a net extending out beyond the law limit. He told the owner he must take it up and place it where it belonged. The man seemed surprised and said no one had asked him to remove it before. When asked if the river warden had not noticed it, he replied: "He might have, but as his grandfather had always had nets there he supposed it was all right." "How many quintals of salmon did he take?" "About a hundred and twenty." "How many did your father take in his time?" "About sixty." "How many have you taken this season?" "About twenty." "How many do you expect your son to take?" When I returned, I found the net taken up and placed where it belonged. I advised the Fish Commissioners to give that man $100 to stop netting and make him the river warden. If this scheme was carried out at the mouth of all the rivers, the salmon would become plentiful again in rivers that are now almost depleted by such means.

While fishing a pool on Harry's Brook I saw a large number of eels near the bank. The guide said they followed the salmon up the river and ate the spawn, and seemed pleased to see them. With a smile of satisfaction he said: "We will have eels for supper." They caught all they wanted, using an old tin cracker box and the roe of a salmon tied to a string. They laughed when I offered them hooks, their process was a simple one. It consisted only of placing the cracker box under the water, tilting the edge to the level of the stream, throwing in the roe tied with a string. Soon they had the eels tugging at it, slowly drawing them to the edge of the can, they flopped them in. We had eels for breakfast but I found them tough and stringy. They however would not touch smoked or broiled salmon till all the eels were eaten.

To broil a salmon in the woods, cut a stick about five feet long, split the stick three feet down from the end, whittle out the center, take a salmon that has been hanging over the camp fire for two or three days, place it tail downward in the split stick, tie the upper end of the fish to the stick above the fish, jab the end in the ground in front of the fire and incline toward it; when done you have a dish fit for an epicure.

The woods are certainly the place intended by the Creator for man to live in. All the old fellows know it, and as the air softens the cool blasts of spring, they long to kick off the shackles of being tied to a desk and flee to the woods, with its wonderful changes during twenty-four hours. The early morning, the sun just topping the trees, the rushing river and woods of ever-changing beauty, the hot noon time, the buzzing of insects, the gos-hawk chasing the kingfisher, the splash of leaping fish, then evening twilight, the darkening of the forest, the cry of the lynx, the hooting of the great-horned owl, the exquisite night, with its invigorating air, the twinkling stars, shining above you, while you lie with your feet stretched out to the camp fire, listening to the tales spun by your men of the glories of the past. Take a trip next summer to this land of delight and you will experience all the moods of nature and see the glories of God. If all the old men and middle-aged club men, the dyspeptic bankers or brokers who make an annual trip to some German watering place, would turn their faces toward Newfoundland and try a cure in the wilderness for the same period spent abroad, swing a salmon rod a few hours a day or cast a fly-rod, eat good salmon steak or trout just taken

and cooked over the camp fire, breathe in the invigorating air of the pine woods and live simply as men usually do in camp, I imagine most ailments would flee before such treatment, to be had at a third of the expense and the saving of all-cure doctor's fees. On leaving the woods you can take the after-cure, as they insist upon abroad, by stopping a week or more at the Bay of Islands to rest under the big trees surrounding the most comfortable hotel, a mile from the station. As a part of the cure system is a walk before lunch, you can go to the station for the daily paper brought by the only train of the day. After lunch you can rest by feasting your eyes upon the most intensely interesting scenery in Newfoundland. The Humber Basin, whose gigantic hills run precipitously down to the deep fiord, the dark green waters lit up by rippling ripples of sunshine dancing on its surface, the freshness of the air, the valleys running between high mountains in the distance, with their purple crowned tops make a wonderful picture of beauty and sublimity.

Into one of these valleys to the north empties the king of all Newfoundland rivers, the Humber, with its ever-rushing and swirling current running between rocky and wooded banks, and its wonderful waterfall with salmon leaping on its surface. On your homeward journey stop at the Spruce Brook log cabin on Harry's Brook. Here we have another log cabin hotel similar to the one on the Bay of St. George. This was the first one started in Newfoundland and was looked upon by the inhabitants as an innovation, as it was the first attempt at a sportsman's home on the island. It is about two hours by rail from the Bay of Islands, facing a great inland lake, from which runs Harry's Brook. As the train hauls up at the Spruce Brook Station, after passing through a wilderness of beech, pine and fir, suddenly the eye is treated to a blaze of color by the flower gardens surrounding the hotel. I have seldom experienced such a thrill of delight as passed over me on beholding this garden, dropped, as it were, from heaven, to give glory to the center of what otherwise might be called a howling wilderness.

C. D. B. W.

BABYLON, L. I.

The Golly Brook Case.

From the Utica, N. Y., Press, Nov. 14.

COUNTY JUDGE PRITCHARD yesterday afternoon handed down his decision in the case of the people against Elliott O. Worden, the Rome attorney, who was convicted of violation of section 156 of the New York State forest, fish and game laws July 18 last, and was later convicted in the Rome City Court on complaint of M. R. Brigham, secretary of the Rome Forest, Fish and Game Association. Mr. Worden was determined to fight the proceedings against him, and after being convicted in the Rome court, he appealed his case to the County Court, and has been rewarded with a decision in his favor. The case created considerable attention in Rome, because it was at first supposed to be a joke on Mr. Worden, but it proved to be more serious when taken up by the Game Association, and a number of attorneys and sportsmen interested themselves in it. Mr. Worden claimed he had permission to fish where he did and that the stream, Golly Brook, in the town of Lee, was not affected by section 156, and as proof he presented sections governing the size of the streams. Judge Pritchard's decision is as follows:

Oneida County Court.—The People of the State of New York, respondent, vs. Elliott O. Worden, appellant. Elliott O. Worden in person and M. H. Powers of counsel for the appellant. E. M. Willis, district attorney, and H. C. Wiggins of counsel for the respondent. Pritchard, County Judge.

On the 22d day of August, 1905, the defendant was convicted by the City Court of Rome of a misdemeanor. The offense charged is a violation of section 156 of the Forest, Fish and Game law in that the defendant on or about the 18th day of July, 1905, fished in Golly Brook, in the town of Lee. There is an appeal from such conviction. The law claimed to have been violated is as follows:

Section 156—Closed Season Established in Towns. "The Commission may, upon the request of a majority of the Town Board of any town in which fish have been or shall be placed at the expense of the State, prohibit or regulate the taking of fish from public inland waters therein for not exceeding five years from the first day of May next after such fish have been furnished. At least thirty days before such prohibition or regulation shall take effect a copy of the same shall be filed in the office of the clerk of the town to which such prohibition or regulation applies, and printed copies thereof, at least one foot square, shall be posted along the shores of the waters affected, not more than fifty rods apart. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate any such prohibition or regulation is guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $60 for each violation, and an additional penalty of $5 for each fish taken or possessed in violation of this section."

It appears from the evidence that Golly Brook is a small stream, ranging from three to ten feet wide, and varies from four to twenty inches in depth. It rises in the town of Lee and flows through part of the town of Rome into Canada Creek, and is about two miles long.

The appellant sets forth several grounds for the reversal of the judgment of conviction, among them that the information and the proof upon the trial did not show that a crime had been committeed, and claims that Golly Brook is not public inland waters within the meaning of section 156.

Under no definition of any lexicographer, text-writer, statute or case does Golly Brook come within the definition of "public water," but the respondent claims that it comes within that meaning by virtue of the construction that should be placed upon the Forest, Fish and Game law, and further that it has become public waters within the meaning of the section by virtue of a dedication by John Golly some time between 1883 and 1888. Then the decision of this appeal involves a construction of the Forest, Fish and Game law as to the words "public inland waters," and as to whether the words and acts of John Golly are sufficient to dedicate it to public use.

Under the definitions found in the cases the term "public waters" is quite well defined, and the words as used in this statute are so plain that they hardly need a construction. The rule as to the construction of the penal statutes is that they shall be strictly construed.

There is no doubt about the power of the Legislature to regulate and prohibit fishing, even in private streams.

People v. Doxtater, 75 Hun, 472.

The question in this case is, did it do so?

It is argued on the part of the respondent that it was the intention of the Legislature to place a meaning upon the term "public inland waters" that would include all streams which had been stocked by the State or at its expense, and that without including within that term such streams as Golly Brook the statute would be nugatory, and that it is necessary to include such streams as Golly Brook under the term "public inland waters" for the purpose of carrying into effect the Forest, Fish and Game law. I do not think that such contention is well founded. If such were the case, then the State might stock any stream within the State of New York with trout fry, and that act would make that stream public water as far as the provisions of that act are concerned, because there is nothing in the section which provides for any consent by the owner of the private waters.

The contention of the respondent that the provision of the law would be null and void and ineffective if such a construction were not put upon section 156, is not well founded, because there are many streams within the State which come under the head of public inland waters, either by reason of their natural capacity or by statute.

The rule of statutory construction of penal statutes is well set forth by Justice Greene in People v. Hall, 8 App. Div. 15, as follows:

"The purpose of this statute is to make it a criminal offense, and therefore an offense against the people at large, for one to enter upon the lands of another, who has complied with the conditions prescribed, for the purpose of shooting wild birds or animals, or of fishing in the pond, lake or streams thereon. Evidently, the provisions referred to are of a highly penal character, and by all canons of construction, they must be strictly construed, and not be extended by implication."

My attention has not been called to a single case which so construes a penal statute so as to make an act which is innocent at common law a crime, unless the language of the statute justified such construction.

It is further contended on the part of the respondent that the fact that John Golly at some time prior to 1888 permitted some one who was acting for the State to put fry in Golly Brook on his premises made it "public waters" by virtue of the Forest, Fish and Game laws.

Section 212 of the Forest, Fish and Game law, which is a part of the Private Park article thereof, at that time did not contain the proviso which it now contains, and which reads as follows:

"Provided, however, that all waters heretofore stocked by the State, or which may hereafter be stocked by the State from any of the hatcheries, hatching stations, or by fish furnished at the expense of the State, shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein the same as though the private park law had never existed. But nothing herein contained shall be construed as affecting any rights now existing of persons owning lands or holding leases of private grounds, waters or parks prior to the passage of this act."

That proviso was added by chapter 319 of the laws of 1896. Prior to this amendment there was nothing in the Forest, Fish and Game laws, nor in any other statute which provided that waters stocked by the State would be created public waters, and at the time that John Golly permitted this trout fry to be put into Golly Brook the common law was in effect.

Section 156 of the Forest, Fish and Game law has been three times under legislative consideration, and if the Legislature intended that "public inland waters" should mean all inland waters it had ample opportunity to express itself in the statute. Having deliberately failed to express itself, I do not think that it is the duty of a court in a criminal action to place that meaning upon it.

In the case of Rockefeller v. Lamora, 85 App. Div., 262, which was an action under the "private park" article of the Forest, Fish and Game law, the court says:

"The Legislature could not authorize the State Fish Commissioners to enter upon a man's private fishery, without his knowledge and consent, and deposit therein fish hatched by the State and thus convert his property to public use and destroy his private rights. This would be taking private property for public use without just compensation. * * * The owner of a stream could doubtless dedicate it to public use, as he could his lands for a public highway, but this imports consent on his part and a bargain entered into between him and the public authorities. * * * Our interpretation of the statute is that the stocking of streams and waters, the beds and adjacent lands of which are owned by an individual or corporation, in order to give the right to the public to fish therein, must be with the consent of the owner or of one having a right of fishery therein, and that only the particular stream, lake or pond thus stocked is so made publicly, and that such stocked does not open to the public streams to which they may be tributary, and that this stocking of such a stream by the State and the owners above or below does not have the effect of opening to the public that part of the stream situated on lands of an owner who has not consented to such dedication, and that the public is not permitted to follow migrations of the fish and take them in that part of the stream on private lands without the owner's consent."

That opinion was by Justice Houghton.

In the same case, 96 App. Div., 91, Justice Chase reiterates the same language. It will be seen from that language that in order to dedicate this stream to public use by John Golly, there must be the same formality as in dedicating lands for public highways. Two things are necessary for the dedication of private property to public use.

First—The intention or acts, which amount to the same thing, of the true owner to give the use of his real estate to the public.

Second—Acceptance of such gift by the public.

At the time the fish fry were put in Golly Brook, which is claimed to create a dedication in this case, there was no law which implied that the putting in of such fry, supplied at the expense of the State, would convert the stream to public use.

The section of the Private Park act, as above stated, was not then a law, and the dedication must have been a common law one. There is no evidence in this case sufficient to show an intention on the part of John Golly to open up the stream over his lands to public use, and there is no evidence that the public accepted it, or that it was ever used by the public under such act. The following is the testimony on the subject:

"I am familiar with Golly Brook. I knew John Golly in his lifetime. He was my uncle. I know where he lived and where his farm was. Golly Brook runs through it. I went there to his farm several times. I went there at some time and took fish there. I can't remember when it was, but it was some time between 1883 and 1888. They were trout—some rainbow and brown fingerlings. I got them from the State. I had some talk with John Golly. I bade good morning and I said that I had some fish. He came and peeked into the can, and said it was a shame they could not get to some size before they caught them out. We took them down to the brook and put them in. It was Golly Brook. He was there when I put them in."

There is no other evidence of dedication or consent. Fish were put in Golly Brook several times after, but there is no evidence of any knowledge or consent on the part of the then owners.

In order to sustain a criminal prosecution I think the evidence on this point should be clear and specific. To hold that such an act, as testified to, was a dedication of private property for public use, upon the evidence in this case, would be to jeopardize title to private property. Further, a dedication must be by the true owner. John Golly, at the time of the claimed consent, held the title to the land in question, but it was subject to mortgage which had been given by him, and which was afterward foreclosed, cutting off all such rights in the premises as he might have had.

I think the term "public inland waters," as used in section 156, is not broad enough to include streams like Golly Brook, and that the evidence in this case does not show the commission of the offense charged in that section by this defendant.

The judgment of conviction is, therefore, reversed.

Do Fishes Shed Their Scales?

THIS question is asked by Dr. Marett Tims in the course of a paper on the development of fish-scales, published in the latest issue of the Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science. The author leads up to this question by referring to the theory that the age of fishes can be determined by counting the number of lines of growth in their scales. This theory he is disinclined to support, one of his reasons being that scales first develop at different periods in different parts of a fish's body, so that if any comparison be made of their lines of growth the scales should be taken from the same region. This, however, is a minor objection, and of but little importance in comparison to the question as to whether the scales are periodically shed and renewed. The author states that experienced fishermen on the east coast of Scotland are fully convinced that such "moulting" does take place, more especially among fishes that have recently spawned. It is said to be specially noticeable in the herring; and the author remarks that, in view of the ease with which the scales of that fish become detached, such a replacement would, *prima facie,* seem to be highly probable. Even if such shedding and replacement does take place, it might be urged that it need not necessarily invalidate the value of the rings of growth as an age test, as the scales might be reproduced with the same number of growth lines as those they replaced. This Dr. Tims is disposed to regard as an improbable supposition; but it may be pointed out that, so far as we are aware, the scales on any region of an individual fish's body always have the same number of rings, thus suggesting that if they are shed they are renewed in the exact likeness of their predecessors. Information from anglers who may be able to throw any definite light on this subject from direct personal observation would be of interest.—London Field.

Are Fishes Deaf?

TRAVELING through South Malabar I reached the village of Kundotti, which is one of the centers of the Moplah community in that district. Close to the Moplah mosque there is a tank used for bathing and washing. The public road adjoins the tank, which has a parapet wall on all its four sides, and rough stone steps lead down on all sides to the water, some ten feet or twelve feet below the level of the ground. When some Moplahs asked me if I would like to see the fish in the tank I went and looked over the parapet wall, but nothing was to be seen except the water. Then some of the Moplahs clapped their hands, and almost immediately afterward a number of large murrel rose to the surface. A fowl was thereupon thrown into the tank, and was torn to pieces by the fish. In this case vibrations may have been communicated to the water by the feet approaching it, but, if so, similar vibrations must have been communicated all day and every day by the feet of persons using, or passing by, the tank. Even if vibrations were communicated, there was certainly no sign of the fish until they were invited by the clapping of hands to their gruesome dinner, and the fowl was not thrown into the tank until after the fish appeared. It seems impossible that the clapping of hands communicated any vibrations to the water, or, if it did, that vibrations would have differed from other vibrations so as to be interpreted by the fish as a signal. If, then, fishes are deaf, how came these murrel to understand the invitation given them?—Wontiga in London Field.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

THE first reunion and banquet of the Club was held on Monday evening of this week at the Sherman House.

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Co-Operation on the Delaware.

The upper Delaware River is an ideal stream for the fishermen. Having its source in pure mountain streams, its waters flow clear and undefiled, here and there dashing over rapids and anon forming into pools where the sunlight glistens or where the waters lie dark under the shadows of the overhanging trees. Realizing the capabilities of the Delaware, the Legislatures of the three States bordering on its shores have passed legislation forbiding the use of all destructive appliances for fishing in so much of the river as lies above Trenton Falls, leaving the rod and line of the angler as the only legal method by which fish can be taken.

Under the proteeting ægis of the law, the fish should multiply wonderfully and the river afford as fine sport as any stream in the eastern section of the country; but there is no Eden without a serpent, and in spite of the protective laws the fish pirates have done much destruetive work in depleting the waters of the Delaware of fish. With the organization of the Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania two years ago, more energetic measures were taken in the line of protection and for breaking up the evil practices of the violators of the fish laws. Correspondence was entered into with the Fish Commission of New York and New Jersey and those officials promptly signified their assent to co-operate with the Pennsylvania authorities in breaking up the piracy on the boundary river.

The first case to come up was that of a sturgeon fisher in the lower Delaware. Caught red-handed in the act of taking immature sturgeon, he eseaped from a Pennsylvania warden, who was in a rowboat, by the superior speed of his naphtha launch. A telegram to a New Jersey warden was swifter than a naphtha launch engine, and on landing in New Jersey the pirate found himself in the hands of a New Jersey warden. From the insecure lockup in which he was placed the man escaped during the night and hurried to his home in Pennsylvania only to find a Pennsylvania warden close upon his heels. Panic striken, he went to Delaware where a letter from his wife informed him that a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania would be sent to the Governor of Delaware asking for his return. With such a prospect before him, the man eoncluded, like Davie Crocket's coon, to come down, so he surrendered to the Pennsylvania warden and paid his fine.

Last fall Mr. J. S. Whipple, Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner of New York, notified the Department of Pennsylvania that eel baskets were being plaeed in the Delaware River in the waters lying between New York and Pennsylvania. The officials of the Erie Railroad also sent word that an eel weir was reported in the Delaware River near one of their stations. Both the New York officials and the railroad authorities offered to eo-operate in clearing the river and the Department of Pennsylvania promptly sent two wardens to the spot. On reaching the river at Matamoras, the wardens discovered several eel baskets in the river with stone dams almost entirely closing the stream so that nothing could descend while the eel baskets were of a type that would permit little or nothing in the way of fish life to get through. Ostensibly built for the taking of eels, which fish, the builders said, are so very destructive to fish life, there was little that went into the baskets that was not kept by the operators.

From one basket, it was currently reported, five hundred pounds of rock bass had been taken in a night, while upon the slats of all of them were stranded numbers of young shad, caught in their efforts to descend the stream. The Pennsylvania wardens one night watched the baskets near the Pennsylvania shore and when they had sufficient evidence to convict the fishers, started to arrest the violators who turned out to be R. R. Bowley and W. A. Bond, of Port Jervis, New York.

Not a boat could the wardens secure to take them out to the basket as every boat owner seemed to be in sympathy with the operators of the fish basket. Finding that they were detected the two men fled to the New York shore, where they were arrested by the New York wardens, who turned them over to the Pennsylvania officials who had hurried over after them over the bridge.

Unfortunately, the two men could not be held under Pennsylvania warrants as they were in the jurisdiction of New York, and their attorneys advised them not to return to Pennsylvania for trial. The wardens telegraphed their find and a special deputy was sent from the Department to the spot. A warrant was sworn out for the two men and to this was attached the testimony of the wardens as to the guilt of the men who fished the basket and a requisition was asked for by the District Attorney of Pike county.

The deputy brought this request to Harrisburg when it was taken in charge by Mr. William E. Meehan, the Commissioner of Fisheries, who presented it to Governor Pennypaeker, who promptly granted it. Armed with this requisition the sheriff of Pike county went to Albany, where New York Commissioner Whipple took him to Governor Higgins who promptly signed the requisition. When the two men learned that the wardens were backed up by the authorities of the two greatest States in the Union, they concluded that the easiest and best way out of it was to go before the Justice of the Peace, in Matamoras in Pennsylvania, plead guilty and pay their fine of $50 each.

This was the first move in the decided steps that the joint authorities of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey intend to take in clearing the Delaware River of the violators of the fish laws. In the recent cases the Pennsylvania authorities are loud in their praise of the support that was accorded them by the New York authorities and the officials of the railroads. It is hoped that this severe lesson will do much to abolish the eel baskets in the upper Delaware, thus giving the young shad a chance to return to the sea, making clear stream for the lordly salmon with which it is hoped to stock the stream, and leave for the angler the gamy bass or its not less gamy companion, the pike perch.

An Angler's Golden Wedding.

The St. Louis Republican of Nov. 22 contains a note which we are sure will be interesting to the many angling friends of the author of "When, Where and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida":

"Yesterday was the fiftieth wedding anniversary, the 'golden wedding,' of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gregg, No. 3013 Pine street. While scores of friends remembered the occasion and the house was flooded with flowers, many gifts in the precious metal, and telegrams and notes of congratulation, the day was most informally observed by Mr. and Mrs. Gregg, a family dinner at 6 in the evening being the only festivity. Mrs. Gregg is not in the best of health, which precluded a larger and more general function, which they had expected might include all their many St. Louis friends.

"Mrs. Gregg was Miss Orian Thompson fifty years ago, and belonged to one of the best known and most representative families of the city. On Oct. 22 she was sixty-nine years old. Mr. Gregg is five years older.

"This interesting couple, who have been identified with the best social and business interests of St. Louis for half a century, travel a great deal. They go each winter to Florida, where Mr. Gregg has long owned a fine steam yacht, the Orian, and on board of which he spends many happy hours. He has explored the Florida waters from one end to the other, and has written several treatises on the fish of Florida, which have given to him a prominent place among writers of Waltonian lore. His book on the tarpon and some of its kindred is authority. Mr. and Mrs. Gregg spend their summers about as far north as they go south in the winter. They own a commodious cottage in Canada, in the Province of Ontario, at the picturesque little point Pennatanguishene, where the hospitality of "Cedar Knoll," as it is called is far famed.

The dinner party guests last evening consisted only of members of the Gregg family. They are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hayes, of Canada, who arrived this week for the celebration; Mr. and Mrs. Norris B. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hunt Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Will Gregg, Miss Orian Gregg and the couple's seven grandchildren."

More Light on the Carp Controversy.

Dr. Robert T. Morris, of this city, informed us that he had had a discussion on the carp question with the Prince of Colloredo-Mannsfield while the latter was in this city on a visit, and that the Prince had informed him that on his estates the balanee of nature in earp waters is managed very well by the pike.

The Prince subsequently informed a Forest and Stream representative that while he would be very glad to give some expression of his opinion on the question, he wished first to read in Forest and Stream the discussion that has been running through several issues, and this he would not have time to do until his return to Austria, when he promised to give facts and figures from the statisties in his library at home for the information of our readers. He sailed for home on the 28th inst. Among other things he said:

"Not having with me some statistical notes about carp breeding and their relation, as in number, etc., to the pike when stocked as in our country, I could only give very short and valueless information on this subject. After reviewing the discussion relating to the earp and the nature of the complaints and their causes, it will then give me great pleasure to write a few detailed notes, which would, perhaps, be of some interest, and this I will do as soon as I arrive home in Austria.

"It is quite true that we succeed in preventing the earp from multiplying through the pike (*Esox lucius*), and the Hungarian pike or fogos; and that the places where we keep the carp for breeding purposes must be kept entirely free from the pike, but this is only the case in lakes or artificial ponds, and I doubt very much if it would have any considerable effect in running waters."

The Carp to Stay.

Prince's Bay, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the issue of Forest and Stream of Nov. 18 I read the earp story. I do not believe it is a story; I put it down as an actual fact. Here in our little village a man has on his estate a small pond, and he has in every way tried to rid it of carp; he has even, after leaving the pond drained for some time, covered the bottom with lime and then let the water in slowly; but the quick-lime process did not kill the germs; they are in the pond yet, and I agree with W. O. Watson "the earp is here to stay." At this time, when some people are praising the qualities of carp, I wish Forest and Stream would republish the fact about the man that was black bass fishing and caught a carp, put a willow twig through his gills and stuck the twig in the mud beside the river. Four years afterward, going by the same spot, he noticed the willow had taken root and the carp was in the top of the tree alive and well. Of course, there are more details to this fact, and if you cannot recall the circumstances I think I can rewrite it word for word. ***

New York League.

Seneca Falls, N. Y.—We want you one and all, and if you have at heart the objects for which the League was formed, a hearty welcome awaits you. Our next annual meeting will be held at Syracuse on Dec. 7, 1905, and we hope for a full representation from all parts of the State. Won't you see that your particular section is represented at that meeting, either by an organized club, or by individual sportsmen? Full information and application blanks will be sent you by either our secretary or the undersigned. We want every county in the State represented. Do not delay action but let us hear from you at once. If unable to perfect organization so soon, come to the meeting and thus lend strength to the cause.

Ernest G. Gould, Seretary.



THE KING'S CUP.

King Edward VII. of Great Britain has become a patron of American sport. The presenting of the cup, of which he has made the New York Y. C. eustodian, to be raced for annually off Newport, is a very gracious act, and it has immediately given him a place in the hearts of all American yachtsmen.

From the remarks made by Commodore Bourne at the special meeting of the New York Y. C. on last Monday evening, it is easy to trace the course of events which led up to the presentation of the trophy by His Majesty.

When the foreign entries in the trans-Atlantic race for the German Emperor's Ocean Cup arrived at New York, their owners received cards and invitations for all the good clubs in town extending the courtesies to them. Among the visitors was Lord Crawford, owner of the fine British auxiliary Valhalla. Lord Crawford spent the larger part of his time at the New York Y. C. He was interested in the fine library and the magnificent collection of models; and then again he found there many men with whom he had much in common. In a word, the club house and its atmosphere proved to be most congenial. Many of the club members got to know him well and all were attracted by his charm of manner, his unassuming ways and his wide knowledge of the sea. Lord Crawford's contact with the members enabled him to learn their desires, ambitions and hopes in so far as the club and its future was concerned, and he perhaps was better able to advise King Edward regarding the trophy, which he has just presented, than any other Englishman that has ever visited here.

The conditions governing the trophy are sufficiently clear to avoid complications, yet explicit enough to insure good clean racing.

As the annual contests will take place off Newport during the cruise, this will make the cruise a more popular one than ever, and intrenches Newport more firmly as a great yachting center.

Schooners and sloops of about 60ft. waterline are now finding favor in the eyes of those building new vessels, and the conditions permit such craft to compete.

The whole idea was a very happy one and we hope the consummation of the project will be as satisfactory as was its conception by King Edward and Lord Crawford.

It is pertinent to recall that King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was at the head of the Royal Yacht Squadron when the Dunraven episode occurred; and his attitude in presenting this cup is a complete vindication of the New York Y. C. in connection with that unfortunate affair, if, indeed, any was necessary so far as he was concerned.

AN OCEAN RACE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU.

Interest in ocean racing has extended to the Pacific coast and on June next a fleet of yachts hailing from the Hawaiian Islands and California ports will start on the 2,100-mile race from San Francisco to Honolulu.

While there are many enthusiasts who indulge in yachting on the Pacific, the sport has hardly made the progress there that it has in the East, and the fleet will not rival the one which sailed from Sandy Hook last May in the race across the Atlantic for the Kaiser's Ocean Cup. However, it is just such races as this that will lay the foundation for a large fleet of off-shore cruisers, and the more men that support it and do their part as individuals the greater the success the first race will be.

In this race there are no restrictions as to size or type, for the list of possible contestants is so small that restrictions could hardly be drawn that would not bar some boats.

Size is not so important a factor if the boats are sound and well equipped. It will be a less hazardous trip than the one across the Atlantic, and at the time the race takes place there is little or no danger of the starters encountering boisterous or dangerous weather, and the unfailing trade winds assure a quick passage.

This race should greatly promote interest in yachting on the Pacific, and it is quite probable that a match from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands will become an annual event.

King Edward VII. Presents New York Y. C. with a Cup.

AT a special meeting of the New York Y. C., held on Monday evening, Nov. 27, Commodore F. G. Bourne, who presided, announced that King Edward VII. had presented the organization with a cup, which will be raced for annually off Newport.

There were over 100 members present, and the announcement was a great surprise, and all were most enthusiastic regarding the King's very courteous act, and the sentiment marking the acceptance was of the proper sort.

In addressing the members present Commodore Bourne said:

"Some time ago I received an informal and confidential letter from Lord Crawford informing me that it was His Majesty's desire to present a cup to the New York Y. C., to be sailed for annually under terms and conditions to be formulated, and asking my co-operation in order to arrive at a set of rules, or regulations, which would at the same time carry out His Majesty's object and be agreeable to the New York Y. C.

"Thereupon some exchange of communications took place between us and rules and regulations of the character I have mentioned were formulated, and I have received from Lord Crawford a letter in which he says: 'It is, therefore, my pleasing duty on behalf of His Majesty to inform you formally that it is his desire to present a cup to the New York Y. C., which shall be competed for annually by yachts belonging to any American yacht club of good standing, subject to the rules and regulations sent.'

"The rules and regulations referred to by Lord Crawford as being desired by the King and as constituting the terms and conditions of the gift will be laid before you.

"It is proper for me to say to the club that I have examined them with very great care and that, while they embrace everything which His Majesty desired in order to carry out the real intention of his gift, yet nothing can exceed the courtesy and liberality of spirit with which His Majesty has received such suggestions as I thought it wise to make concerning the form of the rules. I wish to say to the members of the club that the rules and regulations are such as to receive my very hearty approval, and that I do not doubt they will commend themselves to the club as being wise and eminently fitted to secure a permanent and lasting success for a racing event which we all cannot but regard as one of very great importance."

The conditions governing the races, which amounts to a deed of gift, are as follows:

1. This cup is to be known as "The King's Cup."

2. The cup shall be forever held by the New York Y. C., to be sailed for annually. The name of each yacht winning it and the name of her owner shall be suitably inscribed thereon, and each winning yacht shall receive from the New York Y. C. a suitable medal or other trophy to commemorate her victory.

3. Races for this cup shall be sailed under the racing rules of the New York Y. C. as the same shall be from time to time in force, including the rules for measurement and time allowance, except as otherwise provided in these terms and conditions.

4. Any yacht belonging to any yacht club in the United States in good standing shall be eligible to enter in these races, provided, that, in the case of a single-masted vessel, she shall be of a waterline length of not less than 50ft., and that, in the case of a vessel of more than one mast, she shall be of a waterline length of not less than 60ft., but these limitations of dimensions may be from time to time altered by the unanimous action of the flag officers of the New York Y. C. taken not less than ten months prior to the race to which such alterations shall be applicable.

5. The courses and dates and any other conditions of the races not inconsistent with these conditions or with the racing rules of the New York Y. C. shall be determined from time to time by the flag officers of that club, but, unless circumstances shall arise which in the judgment of the flag officers make it inexpedient to do so, the races shall preferably take place over one of the courses off Newport during the annual squadron cruise of the club.

6. All races for this cup shall be sailed without time limit.

7. Entries for these races must be in writing, and must be lodged with the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. not later than forty-eight hours before the time of starting.

Ex-Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard moved that the following vote of thanks be offered. This was seconded by ex-Commodore J. P. Morgan and it was unanimously adopted:

"The New York Y. C. desires to express its very deep appreciation of the gift of His Majesty, King Edward VII., of the cup to be known as 'The King's Cup,' and accepts the terms and conditions of the gift.

"The club recognizes with sincere gratitude the honor thus bestowed upon it.

"His Majesty's keen interest in the sport has ever been regarded with admiration by American yachtsmen; and his powerful influence in maintaining its best standards and highest traditions has been as effective in American as in English waters.

"The club will always cherish with pride the trophy thus committed to its trust."

Mr. George A. Cormack, secretary, cabled this resolution to King Edward after the meeting had adjourned.

JUST PUBLISHED.

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Yachting Editor of Forest and Stream.

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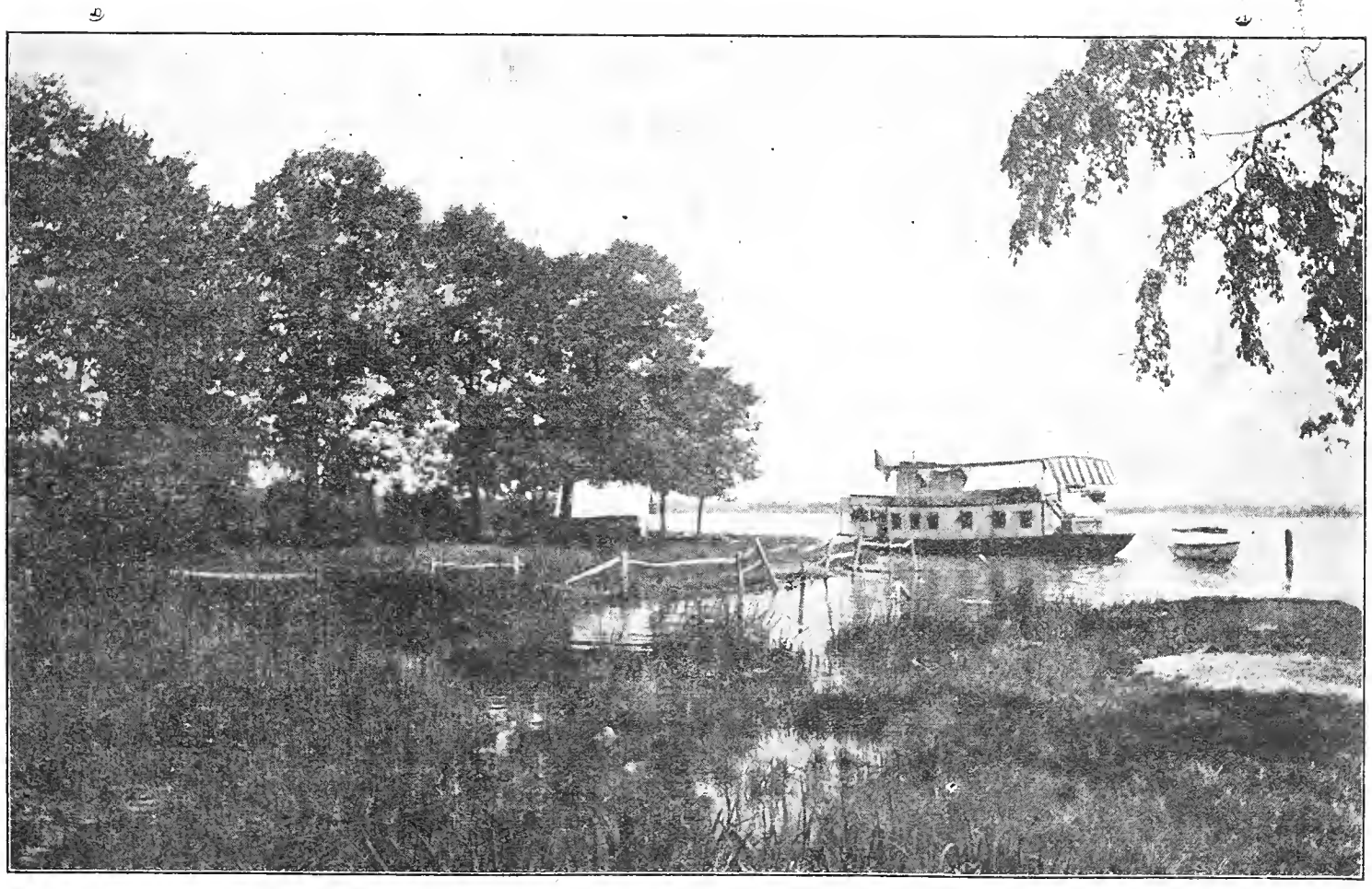


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An Auxiliary Cruising Yawl.

The most popular of the moderate sized cruisers to-day are the auxiliary sloops and yawls of about 35ft. waterline. We present this week the plans of a cruising yawl 37ft. waterline. She was designed by Mr. Morgan Barney and will be built in one of the big yards near New York this winter.

The boat has a very fairly sharp section, is of moderate draft and has a small sail plan. It is the intention of the owner, who will use the boat for cruising Long Island and the Maine coast, to carry but two paid hands. While the boat was not designed for racing, should her owner care to participate in any matches or squadron runs, she would measure in the 33ft. class.

The cockpit is 10ft. long and the cabin house is 20ft. 6in long. On the port side of the cabin house is a companionway which gives access to the compartment in which is located the boat's power equipment, which consists of a 12 horsepower gasolene motor. The gasolene tanks are under the cockpit. A water-tight bulkhead separates the space given over to the engine, etc., from the living quarters of the boat.

On the starboard side of the cockpit is another companionway which leads to the main cabin 9ft. long. On either side are wide berths, and in front are transoms. On the port side is a sideboard with a locker above. Opposite, on the port side, is a toilet room 2ft. 6in. wide with patent closet and folding wash basin.

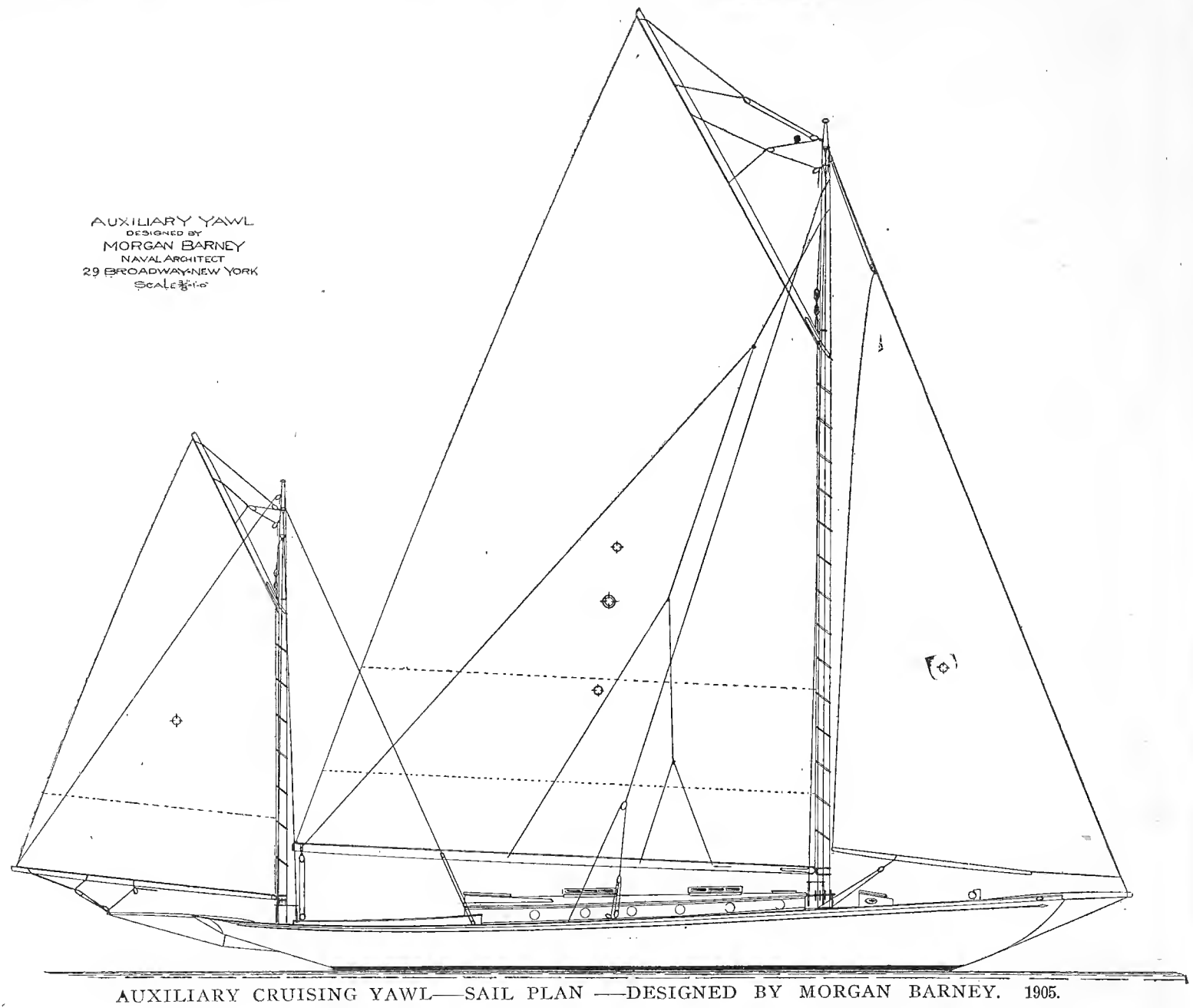
The owner's room on the starboard side is 7ft. long. Beside the berth there is a bureau and a folding basin. On the port side is another smaller sleeping cabin which must also be used as a passageway for anyone passing from the main saloon to the galley. The galley is 4ft. long and extends the width of the boat. The forecastle has accommodations for two men.

In the cabins the interior finish is butternut with mahogany trim. The underside of the cabin top is of white enamel.

The boat is planked with yellow pine 1¼in. thick and the frames, keel, stem, etc., are of oak. Every third frame is sawed and doubled, and intermediate frames are steam bent. The cabin house, plank sheer, covering board, skylight, hatches, cockpit trim, etc., are of mahogany.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	52ft.	6in.
L.W.L.	37ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	7ft.	
Aft	8ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	12ft.	9in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	3ft.	10in.
Extreme	5ft.	6in.
Board, down	9ft.	
Sail area—		
Jib	306 sq. ft.	
Mainsail	960 sq. ft.	
Mizzen	254 sq. ft.	
Total	1,500 sq. ft.	
Ballast—		
Lead, all outside	10,000 lbs.	



AUXILIARY CRUISING YAWL—SAIL PLAN —DESIGNED BY MORGAN BARNEY. 1905.

Yawl Daisy Sold.—Congressman Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, has purchased the auxiliary yawl Daisy from Mr. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn., through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman. Daisy was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. She is a shoal draft centerboard boat and was built at Tom's River, N. J., in 1904. She is 80ft. over all, 65ft. waterline, 18ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. Her power consists of a 40 horsepower Craig engine.

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Boston Letter.

American-German Series.—The Eastern Y. C. has received a cable dispatch from the Kaiserlicher Y. C., of Kiel, stating that the German Emperor has formally approved the plan to establish an international trophy for small yachts, to be competed for by boats representing Germany and the United States. Information is also given that a letter from the Kaiserlicher Y. C. is on its way to this country, relating, it is believed, to a challenge for the first series of races for the trophy, which, according to previous arrangement, must be sailed off Marblehead. This measure is the result of a proposal made to the Kaiserlicher Y. C. in September by Mr. Henry Howard, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C.

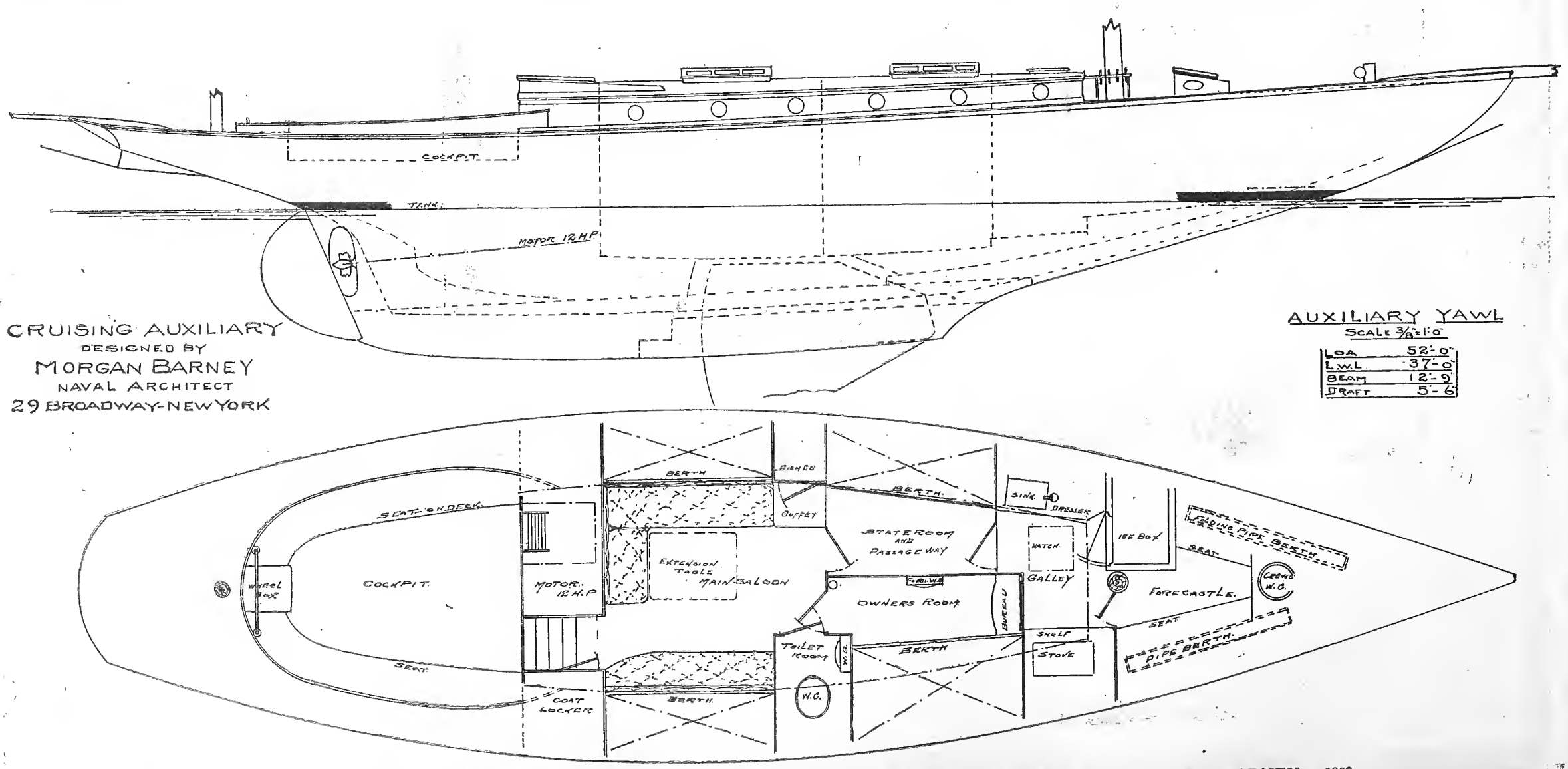
Under the conditions proposed at that time the races shall be sailed under the classification of the challenging club, and it is also provided that the competing yachts shall be designed and built in every particular in the respective countries which they represent. It is believed that if a challenge is received from Germany the yacht specified will be one of the class in which Uncle Sam, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, was so successful in German waters. The rules for this class provide for a boat quite similar to our raceabouts. At the time of the discussion in Germany there was considerable talk of having the competition between boats of about 30ft. waterline, but intimation has since been received of the change of intentions as noted in the foregoing.

In order that races may be sailed in September of 1906 it is necessary under the agreement that a challenge must be received by Dec. 1 of the present year. It is not actually known that a challenge is contained in the mailed message from the German yachtsmen, but the members of the Eastern Y. C. evidently have some reason to believe that the challenge is on the way, for a committee consisting of Messrs. Charles Francis Adams 2d, Louis M. Clark and Henry Howard has been appointed by the club to arrange details of the match. In the event of a challenge being received this committee will have charge of building the defending yacht and of sailing her. The series will consist of the best three out of five races.

No trophy has yet been offered for such races, but it is understood that the Emperor William has intimated his willingness to offer one.

Corinthian Y. C.—A meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was held at the Boston Athletic Association on Thursday evening, Nov. 26, at which the following committee was appointed to nominate officers for 1906: William S. Warren, Frank E. Clark, Henry A. Hildreth, Frits E. Talbot and Arthur Binney. A committee consisting of Herbert S. Goodwin and Vice-Commodore Henry A. Morss, was also appointed to revise the club routine and signal code. Commodore John O. Shaw retires from office this year and it is understood that Vice-Commodore H. A. Morss will be senior flag officer.

Atlantic Coast Conference.—Movements like the recent conference in New York to establish uniform racing rules for Atlantic coast yacht clubs is one that finds favor in almost every quarter throughout Massachusetts Bay. The fact that about every recognized yacht club in this section was represented is considered likely to go a long way toward general satisfaction with the results. Special representatives were sent by the Boston, Eastern Y. C.'s and twenty-six other yacht clubs in Massachusetts Bay were represented by delegates of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.



AUXILIARY CRUISING YAWL—OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY MORGAN BARNEY. 1905.

Davy Jones for Long Race.—Mr. Richard Hutchinson's new cruising power boat, designed by Messrs. Small Brothers, is to be built by George B. Loring, of East Braintree, who also built Mr. Hutchinson's Highball. Davy Jones is already entered for next season's long-distance race of the Knickerbocker Y. C., from Marblehead to New York for the Rudder Cup. She will rate 33ft. 5in. with twin Jager engines of 12 horsepower each.

New Schooner for Mr. C. H. Clark, Jr.—Mr. Arthur Binney has received an order for an 80ft. waterline auxiliary schooner for Mr. C. H. Clark, Jr., of Philadelphia, for whom Mr. Binney designed the 60ft. auxiliary schooner Savarona a few years ago and also the 60ft. speed launch Hupa last year. The new boat will be something of a large edition of Savarona, which is one of the most beautifully turned schooners on the Atlantic coast. She will be 113ft. over all, 23ft. beam and 10ft. draft. She will have a Standard engine of 100 horsepower with six cylinders. The boat is laid out below decks with every accommodation for cruising. The owner's quarters consist of a large main saloon, four staterooms and bathroom. Off the engine room there are four staterooms for the sailing master, the engineer, cook and mess man and the stewards. There is a very roomy galley, forward of which are quarters for the crew. The finish in the owner's quarters will be in mahogany, white enamel and woven panellings.

John B. Killeen.

British Letter.

Y. R. A. Decisions.—At a recent meeting of the council of the Yacht Racing Association some cases which had arisen during the racing season were brought up for adjudication. The most interesting of these was one which involved the explanation of the term "weighing the anchor" as applied to cases when an anchor or kedge has been let go during a race to prevent a yacht drifting, or for any other reason. In the race for the ex 52ft. class, from the Nore to Dover, sailed on June 17, under the burgee of the Royal Thames Y. C., the cutter Viera, when close to the finishing line, had to let go her kedge to avoid being swept back by the strong tide—there being little or no wind at the time. Soon after, a breeze sprang up, and the yacht gathered way. In trying to get the kedge, the eight men who were hauling in the rope felt it leave the ground, but immediately after, it caught in a cable or some other obstruction, and in spite of all their efforts, the rope was wrenched out of their hands, and kedge and rope were lost. The yacht crossed the line, receiving the winning gun, and her owner, Mr. F. Last, signed the usual declaration that he had complied with the Y. R. A. rules, at the same time accompanying the declaration with a letter in which he gave a full explanation of the loss of his kedge, but stated that he considered the kedge was "weighed and not slipped," in accordance with Rule 36, inasmuch as the anchor had left the ground. The committee of the Royal Thames Y. C., however, while accepting Mr. Last's statements as contained in his letter, disqualified Viera for a breach of Rule 36, and the council of the Y. R. A. upheld their decision. Mr. Last is a well-known and thoroughly sporting yachtsman, and his appeal to the Y. R. A. will clear up a vexed question, as the reading of the rule is not altogether as explicit as it might be. It is, however, only one of those cases where the spirit of the rule is to be obeyed rather than its letter, and this decision will prove of the utmost use in future races. It is clear that if an owner lets go his kedge during a race he does so at his own risk, and if from any cause the kedge is not recovered and got on board again, the penalty is disqualification. It is quite conceivable that another yacht might have been abreast of Viera and have had her kedge caught in the same obstruction, but not have been able to free it. Then, if Mr. Last's contention were to hold good he would have been entitled to the prize because he had unwittingly slipped his kedge while the other boat was still left hung up. This would be obviously unfair, and as the principle of the thing is what has to be enforced, the fact that the loss of Viera's kedge on the day in question could not have made any difference to her winning position need not be entertained.

A somewhat similar case occurred with the 52-footers Magdalen and Gauntlet in 1901, except that in this instance the kedges were used to haul off the mud. The two yachts in hunting each other too closely after the start went ashore on the mud. Both got their kedges out, and after a time Gauntlet got off. Ten minutes later Magdalen was hauled off, but the kedge rope parted, and although she caught Gauntlet and beat her badly, she was disqualified because, under Rule 35, she did not get her anchor on board again. The wording of this rule is quite clear, but it is obvious that Rule 36 is intended to read the same way.

Clyde Fixtures.—A meeting of delegates from the leading British clubs took place at the instigation of the council of the Y. R. A. at the Langham Hotel, London, on Nov. 3, the chief object being to see whether some more satisfactory arrangement of the dates of the chief regattas could not be made, so as to let yachts take part in all the British fixtures and the Belgian and German ones as well. Mr. Burton's proposal that the season should commence with the Clyde Fortnight—a most sensible suggestion—met with some opposition, the delegates from the Royal Harwich and New Thames clubs saying that they were instructed to inform the meeting that their dates were fixed for the second week in June and would not be altered. The representatives of the leading Clyde clubs were at first antagonistic to the scheme, but upon receiving promises from owners in the big class and of the 52-footers to be present if the Clyde opened the season, they agreed to report to their clubs, in the hope that they might be induced to change their minds. If the season does commence on the Clyde, all the fixtures can be worked in, and if the Royal Harwich and New Thames stick to their original fixtures, their regattas will be failures, and they will be brought to their senses for next season. It is absolutely necessary that some radical alteration should be made, and the convenience of yacht owners is the first consideration.

The clubs must work in harmony, not in opposition, if they wish for success. Nothing definite was decided, but it is hoped that the Clyde clubs will see the advisability of falling in line with the general scheme. The meeting was adjourned to a future date, to learn the feeling of the Scottish clubs.

E. H. Kelly.

A Ship's Cordage.

While the three-masted schooner John H. May was aground near the lumber district the other day a large crowd stood on the dock watching the crew attempting to free the boat. Of course advice was handed out right and left, and many thought that they could easily get the boat free if they were on board. One young man in particular who was nicely dressed seemed to know it all, and he was telling the crowd just what should be done. An old riverman stepped up to him and asked:

"Young man, can you tell me how many ropes there are on that schooner?"

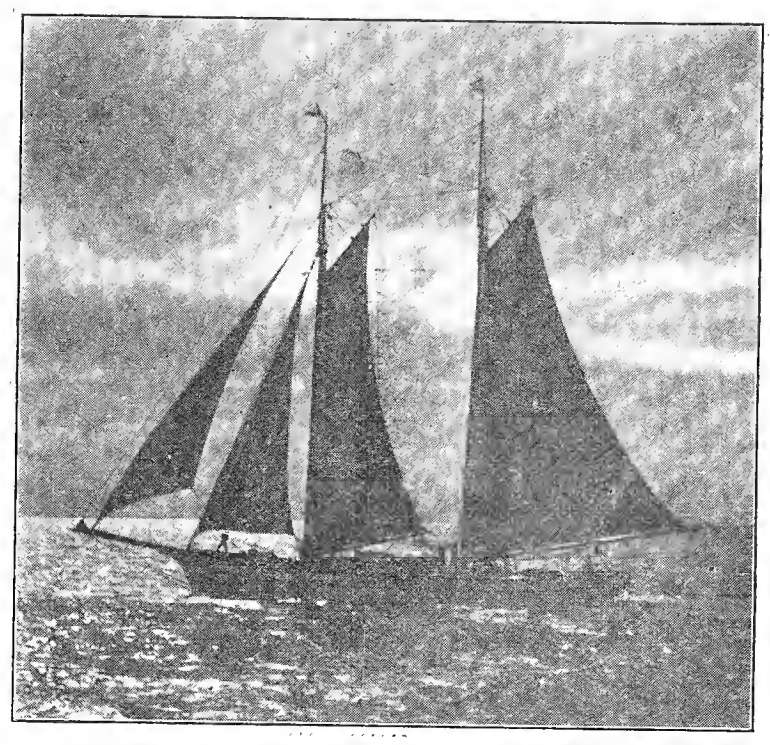
The young fellow glanced up at the maze of ropes and said that he thought there must be at least a hundred. Others gave various guesses, and the riverman turned away with a smile, as he said:

"There is only one rope on that boat and every other boat, my friend, and that is the bucket rope. All the others have names."—Albany Journal.

An Ocean Race.

From San Francisco to Honolulu.

Long-distance racing has now reached the Pacific side of the continent, and a race from San Francisco to Honolulu next summer is an assured fact. The Hawaii promotion committee have offered a valuable trophy for a yacht race across the 2,100 miles of ocean to Honolulu. The yachtsmen of the Pacific Coast, from San Diego to Seattle, are hailing the event with genuine delight, and there will be many entries for the race. Nothing of the kind has ever been held on the Pacific before, and it will bring out the sea-going boats that have not been in the habit of venturing far off shore. This event will create a new interest in the sport, and open the wide cruising ground that the great Pacific Ocean offers. Hawaii is the



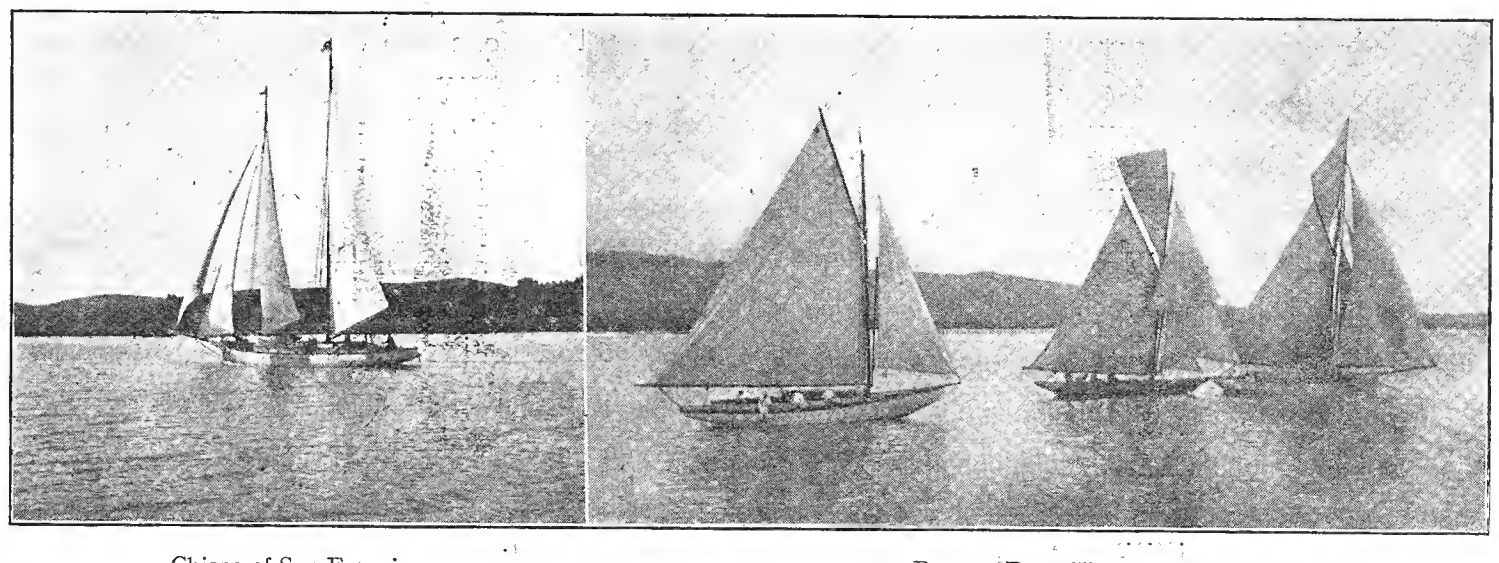
LURLINE.

nearest group of islands which offer much that a cruising yachtsman seeks—ideal weather conditions, good harbors, grand scenery, active volcano, and hospitality, for which the island people are famous. And to the south and southwest are hundreds of islands, some of which are seldom visited by white men, which make them attractive to the investigator and traveler.

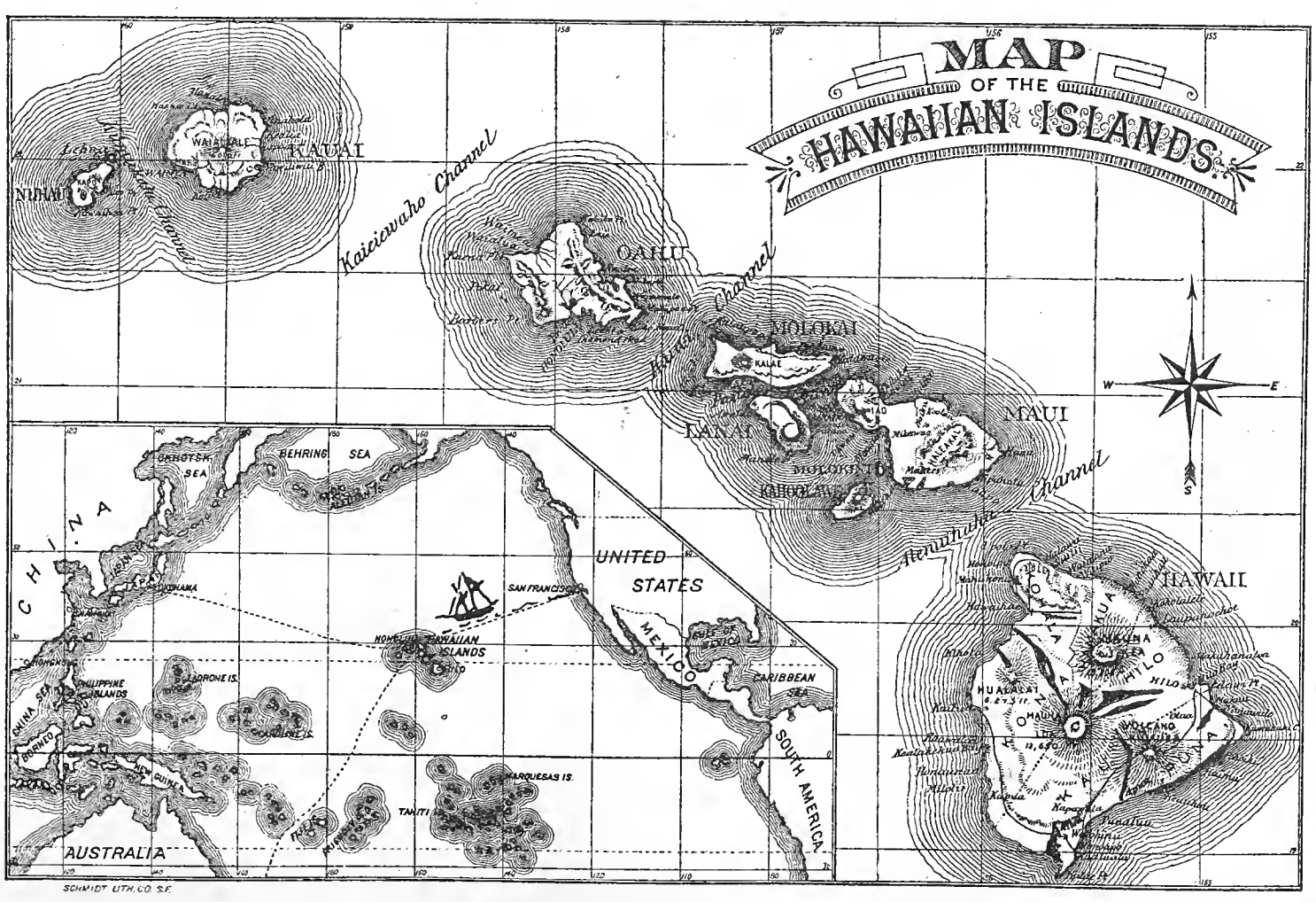
Last year Com. Sinclair, of the South Coast Y. C., California, cruised in his schooner yacht Lurline to Hawaii, and then to Tahiti, Samoa and Fiji, making an eight months' voyage. He enjoyed the trip immensely and experienced excellent weather conditions. This was rather unusual, for he left southern California in the month of February, which is a season when storms are likely to worry the mariner; but he made his entire trip without parting a rope's yarn. He has entered his schooner for the event next summer. One of the largest yachts in the islands is the schooner La Paloma, owned by Com. C. W. Macfarlane. She was sailed down from San Francisco a few years ago, and made the trip without mishap, although coming across the Pacific during the boisterous season. She is 48ft. over all. La Paloma may be sailed to San Francisco and enter the race and be a representative yacht from Hawaii.

It is proposed to make the conditions of the race broad and liberal, and adopt a system of handicapping that will give all contestants an equal opportunity of winning. The boats will vary considerably in size. Some of them will be as small as 40ft. over all, and the largest 90ft. Most of the yachts of the Pacific Coast are built heavily and capable of standing such a trip with safety.

The event will take place some time next June, the start being made from San Francisco. The trade winds blow strong and true during the summer months, with very small chance of calms, and the trip should be easily made in twelve to fifteen days. The time of the finish will be taken off Honolulu Harbor. After the arrival of all the yachts, the owners and guests will be taken in charge by the Hawaii Y. C. and entertained. They will be given a typical Hawaiian luau (native feast), which is always an attractive feature with visitors to Hawaii. They will visit the different points of interest about the island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, and local races will be planned in which the Honolulu yachts can participate. A cup will be offered for a race around the island of Oahu, a distance of 120 miles, which course offers running, beating and reaching, and will bring out the points of sailing under these varying conditions. Another favorite course which the island yachts race over is to Lahaina, on the island of Maui. This is a beat up channel for 75 knots, and tests the craft on windward work. At Lahaina another luau will be given the visitors, and they will be shown about this picturesque seaport village,



Chispa of San Francisco. Regatta Day—Honolulu.



Map of the Hawaiian Islands and Chart of course to be taken by the competing yachts in race from San Francisco to the Islands.

which was once the scene of much activity during the palmy whaling days. As many as 150 whalers have been anchored off this port at one time. From Lahaina there will be a race to Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, which is the largest in the group, and the town second in size. This is the route to the famous volcano of Kilauea, and the visitors will be taken up to "the burning mountain," which is the largest active volcano in the world, but withal very harmless, although showing great masses of burning lava, explosions of gases in the fire pit, all of which can be safely viewed from the edge of the crater.

The yachts will leave Hilo for home, as this is some 150 miles nearer California than Honolulu. The yachtsmen participating in the race will have one round of pleasure from the time they reach Honolulu until Hilo is sailed from view. The voyage home should be made in from fifteen to twenty days. It is slightly longer, as sailing craft have to sail north until near the latitude of San Francisco, when they meet the westerly winds, which carry them to their destination. At this time of the year they will encounter only delightful weather, and the entire experience will long be pleasantly remembered.

ALBERT DELMAR.

Winners in N. Y. Y. C. Races.

Season 1905.

SPRING CUPS—May 30, 1905.

Class H	1st	Mineola
Class Special	1st	Mira
Class Special	1st	Mimosa III.
Class N. Y. 30ft	1st	Dahinda
	2d	Atair
	3d	Carlita

ANNUAL REGATTA—June 15, 1905.

Class B	1st	Elmina
Class H	1st	Yankee
Class N	1st	Mimosa III.
Class N Y 30ft	1st	Maid of Meudon
	2d	Banzai
	3d	Alera
Class M	1st	Mira (sailover)

BENNETT CUPS—June 15, 1905.

Schooners	1st	Katrina
Sloops	1st	Yankee

GLEN COVE CUPS—July 8, 1905.

Class C & D	1st	Katrina
Class H	1st	Mineola
Class N	1st	Mimosa III.
Class N. Y. 30ft.	1st	Phryne
	2d	Oriole
	3d	Banzai
	4th	Neola II.
Class T	1st	Circe
	2d	Busy Bee

RENDEZVOUS CUPS—Aug. 10, 1905.

Class H & J	1st	Mineola
Class N	1st	Mimosa III.
Class N. Y. 30ft	1st	Phryne
	2d	Nautilus
	3d	Cara Mia
Class T	1st	Circe
	2d	Rana

GLEN COVE TO MORRIS COVE—Aug. 11, 1905.

Class N. Y. 30ft	1st	Dahinda
	2d	Linnet
	3d	Minx
Class M	1st	Mira
Class K	1st	Doris
	2d	Irolita
Class H & J	1st	Yankee
Class B Special	1st	Lasca
Class C Special	1st	Katrina
Class E	1st	Agatha
Class Auxiliaries under 70ft	1st	Vencedor
Class Auxiliaries over 70ft	1st	Idler
	2d	Vergemere

COMMODORE'S CUPS—Aug. 11, 1905.

Class sloops	1st	Mira
	1st	Dahinda
Class Schooners	1st	Venona

MORRIS COVE TO NEW LONDON—Aug. 12, 1905.

Class N. Y. 30ft	1st	Minx
	2d	Nautilus
	3d	Oriole
Class M	1st	Mira
Class K	1st	Doris
	2d	Irolita
Class H Special	1st	Sybarita
Class H	1st	Mineola
Class B	1st	Corona
Class B Special	1st	Lasca
Class C	1st	Muriel
Class E	1st	Agatha
Class Auxiliaries under 70ft	1st	Cachalot
	2d	Vencedor
Class Auxiliaries over 70ft	1st	Idler
	2d	Ariadne

REAR-COMMODORE'S CUPS—Aug. 12, 1905.

Class sloops	1st	Mira
	1st	Nautilus
Class schooners	1st	Venona

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT—Aug. 14, 1905.

Class N. Y. 30ft.	1st	Cara Mia
	2d	Ibis
	3d	Dahinda
Class M	1st	Mira
Class K	1st	Doris
	2d	Humma
Class H	1st	Mincola
Class B	1st	Corona
Class C	1st	Muriel
Class D	1st	Valmore
Class E	1st	Kiwassa
	2d	Agatha
Class Auxiliaries under 70ft	1st	Cachalot
	2d	Vencedor
Class Auxiliaries over 70ft	1st	Intrepid
	2d	Idler

COMMODORE'S CUPS—Aug. 14, 1905.

Class sloops	1st	Mineola
	1st	Cara Mia
Class schooners	2d	Muriel

NAVY CHALLENGE CUPS—Aug. 11, 12 and 14, 1905.

Class schooners	1st	Venona
Class sloops	1st	Cara Mia

AUTUMN CUP—Sept. 9.

Race declared off.

ASTOR CUPS—Sept. 13, 1905.

Class sloops	1st	Yankee
Class schooners	1st	Elmina

WALTERS CUPS—Sept. 14, 1905.

Class sloops	No starts.	
Class schooners	1st	Katrina

NIAGARA IV. CUP—Sept. 15, 1905.

Class steam yachts	1st	Tarantula

Special Races for N. Y. One-Design Class.

COMMODORE'S CUP—SEPT. 20, 1905.

1st Neola

VICE-COMMODORE'S CUP—Sept. 21, 1905.

1st Alera

REAR-COMMODORE'S CUP—Sept. 22, 1905.

1st Nautilus

ROBINSON CUPS—Sept. 28, 1905.

1st Cara Mia
2d Adelaide II.

VICE-COMMODORE'S CUP—Sept. 29, 1905.

1st Dahinda

Several protests were filed during the season. All were acted upon by the Regatta Committee, and decisions have been rendered and cups awarded in each instance.

At the start of the run from New London to Newport, Humma and Shark came together. Shark's owner protested, but the decision was given to Humma.

The owner of the schooner Agatha protested Venona at New London, contending that Venona should rate at the top of the 55ft. class. The Regatta Committee upheld the protest filed by Agatha's owner.

Mira's owner protested all the New York Y. C. one-design 30-footers on the ground that they were not in cruising trim, as defined by Rule IV. of the Racing Rules.

Before the start of the annual cruise, the Regatta Committee had given permission to some of the owners of the special one-design 30ft. class, at their request, to race in the runs and for special cups on the cruise without carrying a boat, as the rules specified. No notices to this effect was given, however, to other owners of sloops that were racing, and all other competitors complied strictly with the rules.

After receiving Mr. C. L. Poor's protest at Newport, the Regatta Committee notified him that they deemed the boats of the one-design class to be in cruising trim, and did not require them to carry boats.

Mr. Poor, claiming that the Regatta Committee had exceeded their authority in suspending or altering the racing rules of the club, appealed to the flag officers of the organization, with the result as announced in the above summary, a copy of the one officially issued by the Regatta Committee—i. e., that the New York Y. C. 30-footers sailed in a class by themselves, and that all the other sloops were pitted against one another when competing for the Commodore's cup.

No other construction could be put on the matter according to these facts, as two first prizes were awarded: one for the New York one-design class and another to the other sloop entries.

As Mira received a first prize, she must have been sailing against the other sloop entries and not against the one-design boats, as a first prize was awarded to these latter craft and it is not possible to give two first prizes in one class.

If Mira was not racing against the New York Y. C. one-design boats—and the way the prizes were awarded plainly shows she was not—it is evident that Mr. Poor has no ground for a protest against any boat in that class, and accordingly his position has been upheld; yet the Regatta Committee has been able to let themselves down easily through the kindness of the Commodore, who offered two cups instead of one, without actually reversing their decision.

This affair has settled a most important question—i. e., the owner's right of appeal to the club over a decision by the Regatta Committee in any case where there is involved a question of the interpretation of a racing rule or in anything other than a question of fact.

Houseboats and Houseboating.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just received my copy of "Houseboats and Houseboating," and have had a feast, for like a child I have turned first to the pictures, and I can already (in cool November) see myself afloat next summer in my houseboat No. 3, into which will be worked many of the ideas and devices portrayed in the book you have just issued.

Now to my story or rather the resurrection of some other fellow's story.

In a biography of Robert Fulton, I recently blundered across the following account of a good American houseboat of almost one hundred years ago. Was the Nicholas J. Roosevelt therein mentioned one of the progenitors of our worthy President? They seem made of much the same stuff.

"After demonstrating the feasibility of navigating the Hudson with steamboats, Fulton and Livingston turned their attention to the Mississippi. There was some doubt about the possibility of stemming the powerful current of the great river, and before investing heavily in the enterprise those gentlemen determined to investigate the matter. For this purpose they engaged Nicholas J. Roosevelt, with the understanding that, if his report was favorable, the three men—Livingston, Fulton and Roosevelt—would be jointly interested. In 1809, Roosevelt (who had been recently married) went to Pittsburgh, accompanied by his wife, where he built a flat-boat on which they descended the river. With the exception of about three weeks passed on shore at Louisville, and eight or ten days in a rowboat between Natchez and New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt lived for six months on this flat-boat. On this voyage the lady wrote as follows:

"'The journey in the flat-boat commenced at Pittsburgh, where Mr. Roosevelt had it built. There was a huge box containing a comfortable bed-room, dining-room, pantry, and a room in front for the crew, with a fire-place where the cooking was done. The top of the boat was flat, with seats and an awning. We had on board a pilot, three hands, and a man cook. The rowboat was a large one, in which Mr. Roosevelt went out constantly with two or three of the men to ascertain the rapidity of the ripples or current. It was in this rowboat we went from Natchez to New Orleans with the same crew. We reached New Orleans about the first of December, 1809.'

"Once while in the flat-boat on the Mississippi we were aroused in the night by seeing two Indians in our sleeping room, calling for whiskey. Mr. Roosevelt had to get up and give it to them before we could induce them to leave the boat." THE DECKHAND.

TOMPKINSVILLE, Staten Island, Nov. 15.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—William H. Gleaves, Trenton, N. J., by C. L. Hancock; Thomas L. Pryor, New York city, by C. Sparks.

Western Division.—A. E. McKinnon, Detroit, Mich., by W. C. Jupp; Martin Lundgren, Hebron, Ky., by C. F. Wolters.

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Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

THE feature of the shoot held Nov. 24 on the Zettler ranges was the score of D. H. Brinkmann, who won a fine cut-glass punch bowl with a shot that measured 3½ degrees on the bullseye target. The black is 4in. in diameter, one shot is allowed each member, and all targets are measured with a device which records the distance from the center of the black to the center of the bullet hole in 64ths of an inch. Very likely this is the record for 75ft. George Ludwig was high on the ring target. The full scores follow:

Ring target, best two targets:

G Ludwig	239	241—480	H Leopold	211	213—424
J N F Siebs	236	238—474	C Quadt	211	212—423
C Meyer	232	239—471	H Winter	212	210—422
A P Fegert	231	239—470	H Kahrs	216	206—422
B Zettler	233	233—466	H Meyn	202	220—422
F Von Ronn	233	233—466	J N Herrmann	221	199—420
O Schwanemann	228	237—465	S Paradies	209	211—420
J C Bonn	231	233—464	H Decker	207	212—219
J Facklamm	224	237—461	C Mann	200	215—415
C Siegers	223	232—455	M Von Dwingelo	207	207—414
H D Meyer	225	228—453	F Gobber	198	216—414
F Facompre	222	231—453	J Philippi	211	202—413
Phil Heidelberger	223	228—451	W Ullrich	196	217—413
G Offermann	224	225—449	M L Meischien	200	212—412
J H Hainhorst	215	232—447	C Roffmann	205	206—411
C Schmitz	215	231—446	D H Brinkmann	209	199—408
C Grosch	228	217—445	N W Haaren	198	209—407
C Brinkama	215	230—445	L L Goldstein	200	207—407
H Von de Lieth	214	230—444	H Offermann	203	203—406
H B Michaelsen	226	217—443	H Quaal	196	206—402
J G Thoelke	214	227—441	D Ficken	197	203—400
G H Fixsen	211	228—439	Chas Bosch		396
H Haase	207	229—436	G H Wehrenberg		395
O Thomas	218	216—434	Schulz		391
F Feldhusen	227	206—433	C Konig		392
J H Meyer	214	218—432	H Hesse		387
R Ohms	216	216—432	Aug Beckmann		384
D Peper	215	216—431	N Jantzer		374
W Dahl	203	227—430	F C Borjes		372
H Hoenisch	216	213—429	J F R Ernst		366
H C Hainhorst	213	215—428	F G Hetzel		358
J Jantzer	204	233—427	Aug Jantzer		352
A W Lemcke	216	211—427	B Kumm		340
H Nordbusch	217	210—427	H W Kohring		339
J H Doscher	207	220—427	J Herre		328
N C L Bevcrsten	212	214—426	H J Behrens		302
H C Quentin	210	214—424	Fred Muller		265

Bullseye target, degrees:

D H Brinkmann	3½	G Thomas	73½
H B Michaelsen	44½	H Decker	80
C Sievers	45	L W Goldstein	85
W Dahl	47	H Quaal	86
Phil Heidelberger	47½	A P Fegert	87
F Von Ronn	50	H Leopold	90
M Von Dwingelo	56	Robert Ohms	101
O Schwanemann	60½	F Muller	108
B Kumm	72		

At Walnut Hill.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Nov. 25.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association's weekly competition had windy weather conditions at the start, which modified to good conditions later. Daniel's score of 47 at 1,000yds. captured first place for the day.

T. Carlson and W. S. Ripley, Jr., tied on 88 for first place at 200yds. A. Niedner was first with 215 on the ring target. E. E. Patridge, among other high scores made four 95s.

The range will be open for an all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day, with special matches in the various classes, open to all-comers. The scores:

Members' offhand match:

A Niedner	23	23	20	22	21	24	22	22	19	19—215
	20	23	22	19	21	23	20	19	25	20—212
	25	22	25	20	24	18	17	19	18	23—211
T Carlson	18	23	17	24	21	21	22	17	23	24—210
M Alden	22	22	22	16	19	21	19	22	23	24—210
F C Fitz	20	23	24	21	22	15	20	23	16	24—208
	24	19	19	19	20	23	20	23	22	18—207
M T Day	23	19	17	19	21	20	21	21	22	19—202

Standard American target:

T Carlson	9	10	9	7	9	9	9	9	8	9— 88
R L Dale	8	8	8	10	8	8	8	7	9	9— 83
M T Day	9	10	8	7	7	7	8	10	7	9— 82
S D Martin	7	8	10	4	8	9	8	7	10	8— 79

Offhand medal match:

W S Ripley, Jr.	10	8	10	10	7	7	8	10	8	10— 88
W A Minard	9	7	9	10	9	7	6	6	8	8— 79
M T Day	9	8	7	8	5	10	9	6	6	9— 77

Long-range rifle match, 1,000yds.:

F Daniels	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5— 47
	3	3	5	5	3	5	5	5	4	3— 41
F Carter	3	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	5— 45
W Charles	5	4	5	3	4	5	5	4	5	4— 44
	5	5	5	5	3	5	3	5	4	4— 44
R L Dale	4	5	4	4	3	5	4	4	5	5— 43

Pistol medal match:

I James	8	10	8	10	8	7	10	8	8	10— 87
	10	10	8	9	10	10	7	7	9	7— 87
	9	10	8	8	10	7	7	8	8	9— 84
W A Smith	10	10	8	8	8	7	5	9	10	9— 84
S D Martin	9	9	10	9	6	6	8	9	7	9— 82

All-comers' pistol match:

E E Patridge	9	10	10	9	9	9	9	10	10	10— 95
	10	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	9	9— 95
	10	8	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	10— 95
	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	8	10— 95
	10	10	9	9	8	10	10	9	9	10— 94
	9	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	10	9— 92
W Newton	9	10	10	8	8	9	8	10	9	10— 91
M Hillside	10	10	9	7	10	10	10	8	10	7— 91
W A Smith	10	8	9	9	9	8	8	7	9	10— 88
M T Day	10	9	7	8	9	9	8	8	8	6— 82
C F Lamb	9	8	6	9	6	9	10	9	8	6— 80
J B Hobbs	5	9	5	8	10	8	7	7	8	7— 78

Zettler Rifle Club.

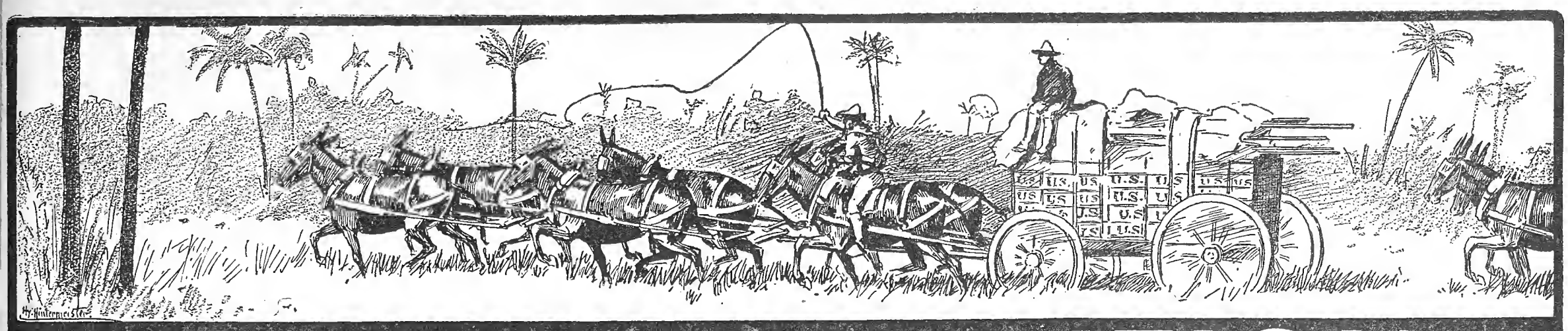
THE weekly shoot was held Nov. 21. W. A. Tewes was high on the ring target with a total of 2457, while Charles Zettler, Jr., won the bullseye prize with a score of 37½ degrees. The scores at 75ft., offhand, follow:

W A Tewes	243	245	248	246	248	246	248	245	245	243—2457
T H Keller, Jr.	237	244	236	236	243	236	238	235	239	238—2382
Aug Begerow	234	232	238	242	232	225	236	233	230	236—2338
Chas Zetttler, Jr.	244	245	245	241	242					—1217
O Smith	239	244	247	243	238					—1211
Dr Mehling	240	239	242	240	244					—1205
A P Fegert	238	241	240	237	241					—1197
H D Muller	237	239	234	245	240					—1195
Barney Zettler	238	233	242	232	241					—1186
Louis Maurer	239	231	237	244	234					—1185
C G Zettler	240	237	237	232	235					—1181
H C Zettler	230	229	233	232	240					—1164
G Bernius	233	228	220	234	229					—1144
T H Keller	225	227	232	230	223					—1137

Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps.

IN the regular shoot, held Nov. 22, A. P. Fegert was high man with a total of 474 for 20 shots, at 75ft. offhand. Other scores follow:

A P Fegert	241	233—474	Chas Siebury	204	208—412	
A Muller	231	223—449	H Krauss	200	210—410	
H Blumenberg	221	218—439	Chris Hopf	201	209—410	
Chas Threbauth	211	223—434	Chris Flerssner	196	213—409	
J Martin	225	208—433	F Horn	200	208—408	
H Blumenberg	221	218—439	F Wexler	180	158—338	
C Threbauth	211	223—434	H Merkel	160	177—337	
J Martin	225	208—433	L Rokohl	160	172—332	
G Thomas	224	207—431	Phil Ziegner	160	170—330	
J Mauch	202	224—426				



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A New Springfield Club.

THE enthusiasts in Springfield, Mass., have put their heads together and organized the Springfield Rifle Club, which will shoot during the winter months on a range that is now being built and equipped according to the latest designs. There are to be five ranges, all 75ft. in length, with the so-called trolleys for moving the paper targets to and from the butts and firing points. There are a number of good shots in and about Springfield, some of whom shoot at 200yds. on the ranges of the Springfield Rod and Gun Club, and these gentlemen feel the need of an indoor range.

Rifle Notes.

The Preble County Rifle Club, of Eaton, will hold its regular quarterly contest for the club medal and merchandise prizes on Dec. 1. The club event is open to members only, but there will be contests open to all for cash prizes. The shooting will be at 100yds., offhand, two shots each, on the animal and Creedmoor targets.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Nov. 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside G. C., all-day target tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Nov. 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Oneida County Shooting Association G. C. Thanksgiving shoot. James W. Brown, Sec'y.
Dec. 2.—Lowell, Mass., R. and G. C. all day shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Dec. 5-7.—St. Thomas, Ont.—McCall & Emslie's live-bird tournament.
Dec. 8.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen G. C. all-day shoot. W. R. Ficles, Sec'y.
Dec. 12-13.—Omaha, Neb.—Interstate team race, between teams of Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas. W. D. Townsend, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Travers Island, N. Y.—Amateur championship of America, under auspices of New York Athletic Club. Gus E. Grieff, Chairman, 302 Broadway, New York.
Dec. 17.—Jersey City, N. J.—Hudson G. C. tournament and outing. J. Hughes, Sec'y.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. first annual holiday shoot.
Dec. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Northside Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., will hold their Thanksgiving shoot on Saturday of this week.

Secretary A. A. Schoverling, 2 Murray street, New York, informs us that the Palisade Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on Dec. 28.

The Montclair, N. J., Gun Club announce a silver shoot, to be held on Thanksgiving Day, commencing at 9:30, and closing at 12:30 in the afternoon.

The Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club will hold a shoot for turkeys and special prizes on Nov. 30, commencing at 1:30 o'clock. Every one is welcome.

The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., will hold their Thanksgiving shoot on Thursday of this week, commencing at 1:30. Every one welcome

In the third contest of the Passaic-Bergen County League series, the five-man team of the Jackson Park Gun Club won with a score of 107 to 78, for Mount Pleasant and 77 for the Northsides.

Secretary C. W. Budd writes us that the annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Des Moines, on March 14-16, and that $300 will be added to the programme.

Last Saturday's contests in the series of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League resulted as follows: The Florists defeated Meadow Springs, 207 to 197. Highland defeated Camden, 200 to 177. Media defeated Narberth, 202 to 181.

The Shooting Committee of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., Messrs. Carl Von Lengerke (Dr. Sergeant), and James Hughes, writes us that "At a special meeting held on Nov. 27, Dec. 17 was selected for the Hudson Gun Club's shoot and outing. Nothing other than bad weather will prevent a real good time."

Mr. Alf. Gardiner, of Brenham, Tex., writes us that "The next Sunny South Handicap will be held here, Jan. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27. We will have $1,500 in cash added for the amateurs, and are going to try to make this the largest shoot ever held in the South. Programmes will be ready some time in December, and can be had by addressing me, Alf. Gardiner, Mgr."

The Queens County Gun Club, of Long Island City, N. Y., is out of the sport of trapshooting, for the present at least, perhaps permanently. This is consequent to public improvements and the invasion of its grounds for those purposes. This is a regrettable happening, as the club had recently expended an important sum of money for a club house and trap equipments, besides being actively earnest in promoting the sport.

The intercollegiate championship team contest, held at Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 25, was won by Pennsylvania, with a score of 197. Yale was second with 196. Harvard was third with 190. Princeton was fourth with 166. Each team had five men. Mr. C. H. King, of Yale, won the individual collegiate championship with a score of 47 out of 50, a 94 per cent. performance. Yale defeated Harvard in a five-man team contest by a score of 209 to 184.

For their all-day shoot on Dec. 8, at Atglen, Pa., the Christiana-Atglen Gun Club offers a programme of targets and live birds, ten events of the former, at 15 and 20 targets, and three of the latter at 5, 7 and 10 birds respectively, entrance $2.50, $3.50 and $5. Free dinner to shooters. The popular expert manager, Mr. Luther Squier, will assist in the management. Rose system. Mr. Fred Gilbert, who can break targets till the cows come home, will be an honored visitor.

The indefatigable Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association, Elmer E. Shaner, is taking a much-needed rest in Rainmakers' Camp, with his family. He will remain there through the Thanksgiving season, to enjoy the fresh air, sunshine and sky line free from bricks and mortar. His annual report is completed. By way of further benefits, he took a strenuous journey across the hot sands of the desert, where the Arab patrol was busiest, and is entitled to a good rest.

The new schedule of the Passaic-Bergen County League will take effect on Saturday of this week. "The Jackson Park Club will meet the Mount Pleasants on the Mount Pleasant's grounds, the Northsides laying off on Dec. 9. The Mount Pleasants will go to the Northside's grounds and there meet the Northsides. The Jacksons laying off on Dec. 16, the Northsides will go to the Jackson Park grounds and meet the home club, the Mount Pleasants laying off."

The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the O. C. S. A. Gun Club, at Utica, N. Y., Nov. 30, has a programme of ten target events, of which three, at 20 targets, are merchandise, one of which is a handicap for a Baker Leader hammerless. The totals are 150 targets, $8.80 entrance and an additional total of $1.50 for chickens. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock. Targets one cent. Refreshments on grounds. Guns and ammunition forwarded to the Secretary, James W. Brown, 65 Taylor Ave., Utica, will be delivered on the grounds free.

The Avalon Gun Club, of Catalina Island, California, will hold several live-bird championship and handicap live-bird events. The premiss of the championship is as follows: "With the idea of deciding the question of supremacy among the amateur trapshooters of the United States, the Avalon Gun Club, of Catalina Island, California, will hold several important live-bird shoots at Catalina Island during February and March." In our view, somewhat obscured by distance and provincialism, the idea of holding a championship of the United States is good, but the fact of holding the championship of Catalina Island, extending to its full maritime jurisdiction, is better.

The following is an excerpt from the Shooting Times: "German scientists announce that everything needed to make a man weigh 150lbs. can be found in the whites and yolks of 1,200 hen's eggs. Reduced to a fluid, the average man would yield 98 cubic meters of illuminating gas, and hydrogen enough to fill a balloon capable of lifting 155lbs. The normal human body has in it the iron needed to make seven large nails, the fat for 14lbs. of candles, the carbon for 64 gross of crayons, and phosphorus enough for 820,000 matches. Out of it can be obtained, besides 20 coffee-spoons of salt, 50 lumps of sugar and 42 litres of water." If the learned gentlemen had examined some of the American sportsmen who had the temerity to hunt deer, moose, etc., he would have found a sufficient quantity of lead to make a lump or two.

BERNARD WATERS.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Nov. 23.—The weather was delightfully pleasant. The shooters, however, were few in number. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Grieff	24	23	25	23	..
Jomes	16	20	..	..	..
Williamson	21	21	22	24	23

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Fransiola	13	13	18	13	..
Gerwert	18	22	14	19	18

Palisade Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., Nov. 23.—The programme consisted of eight 20-target events, with a total of $11.20 entrance, a total of $20 added. A sliding handicap, 16 to 20yds., governed. Several extra events were shot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
J A R Ellictt	16	16	17	18	16	18	16	17	134
R Hendricks	17	16	19	14	18	15	18	17	134
F Truax	19	17	16	17	15	17	14	18	133
Carl Richter	16	18	17	17	16	16	20	16	136
Geo Piercy	19	16	18	16	18	17	18	19	141
Wm Hopkins	19	19	18	17	13	20	19	16	131
L B Huntington	19	17	18	13	18	17	17	18	137
Dr Luckey	13	11	16	18	17	12	15	10	108
Neaf Apgar	19	14	19	16	19	13	18	17	135
D D Stever	19	18	18	17	17	15	13	10	127
G W Crater	14	13	18	17	18	13	16	14	123
F A Stone	17	18	17	13	16	17	16	18	132
Secretary	19	15	16	19	15	15	14	16	129
Hans	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	19	9	...
S I. Van Tassle	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	11	...
A Molitor	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	6	...

Targets:	25	25	Targets:	25	25
Eickhoff	12	16	Dunkel	13	..
Vosselman	13	19	Piercy	21	..
Morrison	24	19	Stever	23	..
Metz	7	..	Huntington	24	..
Molitor	9	..	Truax	21	..
Patterson	20	..	Hendricks	24	..

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 11.—Moller won the Peters badge. The scores were good, considering the conditions of the weather, which was cold and windy. Our visitors were J. T. Skelly, Col. Ewing and Lieut. Casey.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Parry	19	23	21	22	16	23	22
Moller	19	22	19	22	21	20	22
Moore	21	22	19	18	17	18	18
Daggett	12	13	12	16	..	..	..
Dixon	..	18	21	18	15	..	..
Michaelis	..	21	22	20	20	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Skelly	21	20	22	24	20	21	20
Ewing	20	17	19	19	..	..	..
General	...	11	15	10	10	..	..
Casey	..	..	..	12	15	18	..
Tripp	..	..	..	..	13	19	20
Armstrong	..	..	..	..	..	10	19

Nov. 24.—Moller won the Peters badge. Our visitors were Messrs. W. D. Stannard, Chas. Dreihs and C. O. Le Compte. Weather fine.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Le Compte	..	22	24	23	18	21	20
Stannard	....	24	25	25	22	23	24
Parry	23	24	24	23	24	23	24
Dreihs	20	22	23	19	20	..	..
Harvey	13	10	13	9	..	..	..
Daggett	16	12	12	12	..	..	..
Williams	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	22	22	21	24	..	..	..
Holmes, 14	...	..	6	38	..	..	

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Michaelis	....	22	22	22	24	..	..
Smoke	.....	19	16	17	..	..	..
Flinn	.....	23	20	24	24	..	..
Stuard	.....	23	24	24	24	..	..
Moller	.....	21	23	24	24	..	..
Taylor	.....	7	5	8	..	..	..
Frazer	.....	10	14	..	..	..	..
Dr Foster, 14	.....	..	..	..	47	20	..
Boxall, 4	.....	..	..	..	41	13	..

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

Yale vs. Harvard.

YALE defeated Harvard at Cambridge, Nov. 24 by 209 to 184. Five men on each team shot at 50 targets. Scores follow:

Yale.	
J Borden	47
C H King	44
A W Morrison	42
R S Thompson	40
E Pugsley	36—209

Harvard.	
Webster	39
Kissell	39
Sloan	37
Wickersham	35
Smith	34—184

Intercollegiate shoot, held at Cambridge, 10 A. M., Saturday Nov. 25. Won by Pennsylvania with 197; second, Yale, 196; third, Harvard, 190; fourth, Princeton, 166.

C. H. King, of Yale, intercollegiate champion, with 47 out of 50.

Pennsylvania.	
Proves	44
Koons	41
Worden	39
Longnecker	38
Smith	35—197

Yale.	
King	47
Borden	43
Pugsley	38
Morrison	34
Thompson	34—196

Harvard.	
Webster	41
Wickersham	40
Kissell	39
Smith	36
Sloan	34—190

Princeton.	
McIlvaine	46
Sands	34
Morton	33
Munn	31
Throckmorton	22—166

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 25.—Some fourteen men were present to-day at the monthly shoot for the silver cup, at 50 targets, handicap. Messrs. Bush and Foster tied at 47. Bush broke 22 out of 25 in the first string and 25 straight in the second, making a net score of 47. Dr. Foster, with a handicap of 14, scored the same. In the shoot-off at 25 targets, both men tied again, Bush breaking 20 and Foster 13 + 7 handicap, giving him an even score. On account of darkness the shoot-off had to be postponed to another day. Events 1, 2 and 5 were for practice. Handicaps apply in event 3 as added targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	50	25	10
Wallace, 2	7	7	36	13	7
Moffett, 4	9	8	44	22	7
Dr Ayres	2	4	..	..	..
Winslow, 4	6	8	45	..	..
Parke	6	5	29	16	..
Holloway, 6	8	6	26	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	50	25	10
Cockefair, 0	7	6	39	19	7
Bush, 0	7	7	47	20	6
Doremus, 10	4	5	42	..	..
Batten, 2	9	7	42	..	..
McDonough, 14	..	7	38	..	..

E. WINSLOW, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Things have been dull at the club this week, not a shooter faced the traps on Nov. 24, and on Saturday, the 25th, only ten men shot their scores in the Ackley trophy contest. Ahlers led them all with the good score of 46 from 19yds. Trimble followed close, shooting from 20yds., and breaking 45. Maynard was placed at the limit. 20yds., and getting only 9; but then he braced up and finished with 41. Falk was an absentee to-day. He either got his fill of shooting while on his quail hunt, or didn't want to stand any "kidding" for his lack of success. For the first time in many weeks Block was at the firing line. At practiee he broke 23 out of 25, better than he did in the trophy event. Gambell showed up well in practiee. Jones showed that he ean hit 'em when he puts his mind to it. He was one of three to make 41 in the trophy event. Every one was glad to see Captain on hand once more.

Several of the boys have not yet returned from their hunting trips, and this fact may affect the attendance on Thanksgiving.

Supt. Gambell would be glad to hear from clubs desirous of arranging for a team match. His idea of a series of team matches, if it can be brought about, would certainly inerease the interest in trapshooting, which seems to be on the wane in this loeality.

A few members shot their scores in the Clements trophy contest on Nov. 19, with the following results, Gambell heading the list with 24, 22—46, shooting from 17yds.; Bonser (16) 22, 21—43; F. Altherr (16) 18, 13—31; Colonel (16) 8, 4—12.

To-day's scores:

Ackley trophy, 50 targets, handicap:

Ahlers, 19	46	Williams, 19	39
Trimble, 20	45	Block, 17	36
Maynard, 20	41	Herman, 18	31
Joncs, 16	41	Captain, 16	31
Keplinger, 17	41	Miles, 16	26

Ohio Notes.

The Northern Kentueky Gun Club, of Bellevue, held their regular weekly shoot at the East Newport Ball Park, on Nov. 19, thirty sportsmen being present. George Kline, of Dayton, Ky., was high gun with 47 out of 50. Dr. J. P. Guild broke 18 out of 25.

The talk of organizing a gun club at West Alexandria seems to have amounted to nothing. Dr. Hill, one of the promoters, states that he does not think it possible to carry out the projeet successfully, as there are not enough trapshooters in that vicinity.

Charles F. Miller, of Dayton, one of the cracks of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, has had poor luck in hunting since the season opened, and has made up his mind to lay the gun away and quit shooting until he can find sure sport on the Rohrer's Island grounds in March. However, there will be numerous turkey shoots to be held in this vieinity during the next few weeks.

The Kuntz brothers, of Dayton, East End, went to Fayette county after quail, but had no success, birds being searce. Not to come home empty-handed, they bought sixteen fine turkeys. Looks like some sport for the boys a little later.

Ed. Stuck and Charles Selby, of Dayton, put in a day rabbit hunting in the fields just below Browntown, and had fair luck, the former getting sixteen and the latter two.

John J. Stoecklein, Dayton, has been hunting in the Millidgeville region, and got a fine bag of birds and rabbits. He reports plenty of ducks and rabbits from that point to Chillicothe.

James A. Achey, Dayton, has found sport enough in Ross county to keep him in practice.

Witt Martin spent three days hunting on his father's farm in Jackson, and returned home with five dozen quail and thirty-seven rabbits, killed by himself and two friends.

The New Lebanon Gun Club has a turkey shoot arranged. The shoot is open to every one, and the prizes are turkeys, ducks and chickens.

Turkey shoots are being arranged to be held at Phillipsburg and on the old Troy pike, a short distanee north of Dayton.

The Dayton and Welfare (N. C. R.) gun clubs will probably hold shoots a little later, giving turkeys, ducks and chickens as prizes.

The Greenville Gun Club will have their usual holiday turkey shoot about Christmas time. The event will probably be held on the rifle range, as last year.

The big game hunters are beginning to return. Uncle Joe Wilson's party brought six bull moose heads as trophies of their month's hunt. Frank L. Canby has just received a large and finely mounted moose head from Fredericton, N. B.

The old veteran John F. Beaver, Dayton, who celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday a few weeks ago, has just returned from a hunt of several weeks in northern Wisconsin, with Daniel Franeis and a party of Arcanum hunters. The party had excellent sport, and Beaver was again champion, killing the biggest buck of all.

Dr. N. B. Hartwell, Tom Lyons and W. D. Linder, Dayton, have just returned from a hunting trip in northern Michigan. They report that game was very scarce. They got several shots at deer, but did not succeed in seeuring one.

J. R. Stocker, Daniel Snyder and Chris. Appenzeller, have just returned to their home in Greenwich, eaeh of them having killed a buck, which they brought home, besides having supplied the camp with plenty of venison. They were hunting in northern Michigan.

Frank Izor, John Crander, Charles Koch, Amos Zehring, Geo. Crander, V. S. Foutz, Frank Van Dever, David Ankeny and Theo. Crander, of Germantown, were camped near Ox Bow, Me., and killed eighteen deer during their hunt.

Henry C. and Chas. E. Hossafous and L. Groneweg, of Dayton, were camped at Mattawamkeag, Maine. Each of the party killed two bucks and smaller game, and brought home a dozen ruffed grouse to help out their Thanksgiving dinner.

A carload of deer and moose arrived in Dayton on Nov. 24, and attracted much attention. The game was killed in Maine by the hunters of Dayton and vicinity. The car was unloaded, and its contents sent to various places. A bull moose and ten deer belonged to M. E. Wild, M. L. Weisenberger, J. F. Heck, Claude L. Weaver and L. E. Fry, of Arcanum. Dan Loubrake, of Lakeview, also killed a moose.

Claude Weaver and party were located at the J. C. Mitchell camp on the Eagle River road, forty miles northwest of Patten, Me. One morning Weaver, standing in his tent door, saw a fawn, and hastily getting his rifle, killed it for camp supply. He had good sport with ducks and grouse.

Ed. G. Sander and Wm. T. Brown, Dayton sportsmen, have returned from a few days' rabbit hunt around Bellbrook and Spring Valley and had good success. Rabbits have been unusually plenty this season in this vicinity.

In Other Places.

The Bluerock Gun Club, of Ingersoll, Ont., indulged in a little diversion at Irclandsport, Tuesday last.

Members to the number of thirty-six of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, Fort Wayne, Ind., met at their club and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell served an oyster supper. I have heretofore called attention to the benefits that club members could derive from indulging in social functions.

The Indiana Stock Powder Company has been organized at Huntington, Ind., with Dr. M. W. Strauss as president.

Prizes awarded to the high guns at the Fort Garry Gun Club's traps, Winnipeg, Can., for 1905, are as follows: F. G. Simpson, first trophy, with average of 90 2-9 per cent.; Mr. Thos. Brodie, 87 3-19; third, Mr. P. Johnson, 86 3-4. The scores for the club were: Fred Scott 84, D. H. Bain 82, G. A. Britton 79, I. H. Burgain 76, G. A. Carruthers 74, J. McLeod Holliday 73, J. P. Turner 72, G. W. Baldwin 72, R. Girdlestone 69, J. Brydges 68, Dr. McKenzie 68, R. M. Watson 68, H. B. Totten 67, H. Belinean 67, J. A. Hartman 64, S. Griffin 62, I. Pitblodo 62, C. M. Scott 62, M. Putman 61, J. A. Lindsay 60, Capt. J. A. McDonald 60, I. Potter 58, F. H. Telfer 56, L. Harry 56, W. McMillan 53, T. Call 44.

At Titanka, Iowa, a shooting match was to be held on the day preceding Thanksgiving. All shooters were invited, and as a happy wind-up the gun club members had arranged for a dance at the local hall.

A town not much heard from as a shooting **center is** Royal, Ill.; but the secretary informs the scribe that a shoot for poultry was to be held there on Thanksgiving Day, and all were to enjoy a royal time.

The Media, Pa., Gun Club was on Saturday defeated in a team match by the Meadow Springs Club, 172 to 158. Something went wrong, as this is the very poorest showing made by the club this year.

Gordon McDonald, member of the Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester, Pa., is spending his vacation at Harper's Ferry, in quest of rabbits, quail, etc.

Members of the Rod and Gun Club, Middlesburg, Pa., returned from Juniata and report catching—cold.

On Thanksgiving Day there is to be held a shoot at Boon, Ia., Gun Club grounds. Turkeys, geese, ducks are the attraction.

A new gun club has been organized at Denison, Texas, with eapital stock $12,500. The incorporators are H. Tone, Jr., E. W. Stuart, W. H. Lingo, H. Brcoks, N. L. Decker, J. W. Madden and J. Whitehurst.

It is reported that a number of shooting galleries will be started in various parts of the country for the winter months. This will furnish amusement for the .22 experts, and in the meantime give the young men and boys an opportunity to learn to shoot the small-bore rifle.

Frank Forster, R. T. Bradley, R. S. Griffith, Roy Collins, A. H. Thompson, A. E. Hurley and Clyde Koch, members of the Sugar Run Rod and Gun Club, Braddock, Pa., have returned home after a hunt in the wilds of the Pennsylvania mountains.

Though the game season is on, the members of the gun club at Freeport, Ill., are still holding weekly shoots at Taylor Park.

The weekly shoot on Wednesday of the Rainmakers' Gun Club, Ottawa, Ill., resulted in some very good scores. Kneussel won the Class A medal; Scherzer took the Class B.

The Youngstown, O., Gun Club has chosen the following dates for the contests for their trophy, donated by the powder company: Nov. 25, Dec. 14 and 30.

The Maroa, Ill., Gun Club held a spirited contest at the racetrack, Nov. 28.

The Horicon Marsh, near Fond du Lae, Wis., has been leased for another ten years. This will dispose of the project to drain same.

Drumgoole, of Anaconda, Mont., won the Twohy medal, and C. H. Smith, of Butte, and McGroom, of same city, won three points on the Noshos Club's trophy.

The Mission Gun Club, of Yankton, S. D., after a hunt for turkeys for their shoot, gave it up and sent to Minnesota for a hundred of the best birds that could be selected.

The Greenville, O., Gun Club will hold a holiday shoot just after Christmas.

An automatic trap will be installed at the Joliet, Ill., Gun Club grounds, and the club surely starts out promising. There was some fine shooting by the members last Sunday, Whorrie and Dockendorff getting 90 per cent.

An assessment of $10 per share was made on the stock of the members of the State Gun Club at Salt Lake for the purpose of making improvements, etc.

Members of the Haveloek Gun Club, of Lincoln, Neb., held their regular shoot last Saturday, as the bad weather had prevented holding the regular shoot the week previous.

Mr. Harold Money was last heard from at Colorado Springs, where he won a private match with 47 out of 50.

Robert Ewalt was high gun in the team shoot when the Youngstown, O., Club shot against Cleveland, getting 23 out of 25.

There was fixed to be held a shoot at San Jose, Ill., on Nov. 28. There were sweepstakes, turkeys, geese and ducks.

Conductor Waddington won the shoot given by the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club by a score of 61 out of 70. He captured all five of the chickens put up as special prizes.

Mr. W. H. Heer has done some good shooting this year, and won a fine meerschaum pipe for high average at the Larned, Kans. tournament.

If the wishes of the shooters of Southwest Kansas come to realism, there will be another tournament held at Larned, Kans., during the year 1906.

Members of the Laramie, Wyo., Gun Club held a shoot last Thursday and made some good records.

It is reported that members of the gun club did not do much shooting at Connersville, Ind., on the opening day, but they were going after game with a vengeance on the last day of the month.

The Sac City, Ia., Gun Club held a shoot last Tuesday. There were eighteen events of 10 and 15 targets. The following gentlemen were in the game: Dr. G. T. Cress, Ed. Welch, Jr., Pat Volkerts, F. C. Hoyt, Floyd Weary, J. B. Paxton, H. S. Parker, Adam Teeple, Frank Healey, Bert Staley and William Hennings, of Sac City: R. M. McTigue and William Rahm, of Nemaha, and Mr. Baughman, of Brida. Another shoot was held Thanksgiving Day.

Members of the Smelter Gun Club, of Great Falls, Mont., went to Stockett last Sunday to engage in a turkey shoot.

Members of the Spokane, Wash., Country Club are now contemplating the organization of a gun club. It not only means sport for those of the club who shoot, but it will stimulate the game. There will then be rivalry between the members of the two clubs.

The Corner Rod and Gun Club, Fort Wayne, Ind., at a meeting held Nov. 13, elected officers for the coming year, as follows: President, E. M. Evans; Vice-President, A. H. Witte; Secretary, J. V. Linker; Treasurer, P. I. Stohl; Trustees, A. H. Fenuse and C. W. Meyer. Next year there will be no one admitted to the grounds save members and their families. There will be a large tournament held next April in connection with the State league. This is the largest club in point of members of any in the State. Henry Struble will manage a turkey shoot at Caldwell, Kans., at which he will dispose of fifty turkeys, on Nov. 29. A rule was made that only machine loaded shells should be used, and no shot finer than 8 allowed.

One-hundred live-bird raees are starting up in Pennsylvania. The George Hansel and J. B. Morrison race will long be remembered with their seores of 97 and 93.

The Clive, Ia., Gun Club is making preparations for a tournament, to be held Thanksgiving Day.

The River Forest Gun Club has been organized at Oak Park, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Traps and fixtures have arrived. Henry Matthews and Col. W. H. Speer are the prime movers.

There is to be a turkey shoot Thanksgiving Day at Carlisle, Pa.

The shooters of Dayton, O., assembled on the gun club grounds Tuesday last and engaged in memorial tree planting, which is intended to perpetuate the names of the members. Each one planted a tree, and the club set out one in deference to the deceased members. Speeches were made suitable to the occasion, and each year the above ceremony will be repeated.

Some very fine scores were made at the special invitation shoot given by C. L. Tutt, at the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club grounds, Saturday last. A pleasant feature was the team shoot, a lady being a contestant upon each team. There were five on a side, each shooting at 25 targets. Result: Mrs. Wm. Cook Daniels 17, C. L. Tutt 19, Butler Williamson 22, C. M. Schley 20, H. N. Todd 9; total 87. Mrs. L. M. Cuthbert 12, H. Money 21, D. Drummond 12, D. Chisholm 17, A. Brabazon 20; total 82. Mrs. Daniels was presented with a handsome trophy by Mr. Tutt. The attendance of guests was appreciated.

Chas. F. Boehmer, the young crack shot, of York Farm, Pa., has arranged a live-bird match at Bull's Head with Mr. Flarety, to shoot at 13 live birds each. The contest will take place Dec. 8, and the purse will be $300.

Passaic-Bergen Co. League.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 25.—This shoot, held to-day on the grounds of the Mount Pleasant Gun Club, was the third of the series of the Passaic-Bergen County League. A large crowd was in attendance. It was the largest gathering ever present on the grounds. The Mount Pleasant Club will make many new improvements in the ground equipment before many days.

Jackson Park.

Clickner	11101101111110011111110111—20
Van Horn	11101101111111111111110111—22
G A Hopper	11111111111111011111111011—23
E Morgan	11111111111111111011111111—24
C Lenone	11110011111101101001100000—15—104

Mount Pleasant.

F L Van Houten	10111101001111110011111110—18
E Weaver	01101110011011001001101l—14
T Dunkerly	10001111111101111001101O1—17
W Wilson	10001000011111101010000001—11
H Van Houten	00111101101101111111110011—18— 78

Northside.

Wm Wilson	11101100101100011000011l1—14
H Beckler	00111101111101110011001O—16
A Howard	11110111111111111110000101—19
C Lewis	01010100111011011100100l1—14
M Breen	10110111110010110010100O1—14— 77

In the preliminary shooting the scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15
McGurk	4	6	6	7	H Van Houten	8	9	7	..
W H Clark	6	8	6	5	E Planten	4	7	5	6
F Allen	5	4	4	2	H Beckler	6	13	5	11
G Hopper	5	11	6	..	A Veenstra	3	8	4	..
E Weaver	6	4	6	6	R Wilson	4	6	7	6
W H Wilson	4	3	6	2	F L Van Houten	6	7	5	8
W Wilson	2	12	8	..	E Van Horn	6	4	..	..
E Morgan	9	9	7	..	M Breen	..	..	..	11
A Howard	6	10	6	..	Count Lenone	..	..	..	11
F Sindle	5	8	3	..	Clickner	..	..	..	12
C Lewis	8	8	..	..	Allen	..	..	..	8
T Dunkerly	6	9	5	..	J H Van Houten	..	..	3	6
Walter Wilson	5	3	1	..					

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 25.—The weather was clear, cool and pleasant, an ideal day for outdoor life and for shooting.

A live pig was the first prize in an event which was well contested. Mr. C. E. T. Foster captured the porcine trophy with a full score, after which he collogated a pair of ducks, having, however, to shoot out five others in the tie for them.

Dr. J. J. Keyes, with a score of 22, had legs enough to reduce the November cup to his personal possession.

In the shoot for the Stake trophy, Dr. Frank C. Raynor scored the limit and a win.

Shoot for November cup, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Dr Keyes	1	21	22	Dr Raynor	3	16	19
A G Southworth	0	21	21	L C Hopkins	3	16	19
F B Stephenson	0	21	21				

Shoot for Stake trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

Dr Raynor	4	23	25	O C Grinnell, Jr.	1	22	23
A G Southworth	0	24	24	D C Bennett	2	21	23
J H Ernst	7	17	24	E W Snyder	3	17	20
W C Damron	4	20	24	A E Hendrickson	4	16	20
J N Teeter	5	19	24	Dr Keyes	1	17	18
F B Stephenson	0	23	23				

Team shoot, 25 targets, handieap:

Dr Raynor	4	16	20	Dr Keyes	1	22	23
E W Snyder	3	21	24—44	J N Teeter	5	12	17—40
Grinnell, Jr.	1	19	20	Hendrickson	4	18	22
Stephenson	0	22	22—42	Lockwood	1	16	17—39

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handieap: A. G. Southworth 15, J. N. Teeter 14, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 13, J. H. Ernst 12, W. C. Damron 11, C. E. Lockwood 11, C. E. T. Foster 10, L. C. Hopkins 10, F. B. Stephenson 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: L. C. Hopkins 15, A. G. Southworth 14, J. N. Teeter 13, C. E. Lockwood 13, E. W. Snyder 12, W. C. Damron 11, J. H. Ernst 11, C. E. T. Foster 10, D. C. Bennett 10, A. E. Hendrickson 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handieap: J. N. Teeter 15, W. C. Damron 14, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 13, A. G. Southworth 12, C. E. Lockwood 12, A. E. Hendrickson 12, J. H. Ernst 11, L. C. Hopkins 11, C. E. T. Foster 10, F. B. Stephenson 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: D. C. Bennett 15, A. G. Southworth 14, F. B. Stephenson 14, C. E. Lockwood 14, W. C. Damron 13, E. W. Snyder 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 12, C. E. T. Foster 12, J. N. Teeter 10, C. W. Browne 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handieap: F. B. Stephenson 14, D. C. Bennett 14, A. G. Southworth 13, J. N. Teeter 13, C. E. Lockwood 13, E. W. Snyder 12, W. C. Damron 11, C. E. T. Foster 11, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 8, C. W. Browne 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: F. B. Stephenson 12, D. C. Bennett 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: J. N. Teeter 15, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 14, C. E. T. Foster 14, C. W. Browne 14, A. G. Southworth 13, E. W. Snyder 13, C. E. Lockwood 13, F. B. Stephenson 12, W. C. Damron 12, F. C. Raynor 11, D. C. Bennett 9, J. H. Ernst 8.

Pigeon shoot, 25 targets, handicap: C. E. T. Foster 25, E. W. Snyder 23, A. E. Hendrickson 23, A. G. Southworth 22, F. B. Stephenson 22, C. E. Lockwood 21, L. C. Hopkins 21, W. C. Damron 20, J. N. Teeter 19, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 18, Dr. Keyes 17, C. W. Browne 14.

Shoot for a pair of ducks, 25 targets: A. G. Southworth 23, F. B. Stephenson 23, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 23, C. E. T. Foster 23, J. N. Teeter 23, J. H. Ernst 23, Dr. Raynor 22, L. C. Hopkins 22, E. W. Snyder 20, A. E. Hendrickson 19, W. C. Damron 15, Dr. Keyes 15, W. N. Holden 9.

Shoot-off, same conditions: C. E. T. Foster 25, J. H. Ernst 24, J. N. Teeter 24, A. G. Southworth 21, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 19, F. B. Stephenson 18.

November cup contests:

	Nov. 4.	Nov. 11.	Nov. 18.	Nov. 25.	Total.
A G Southworth	22	22	22	21	87
Dr J J Keyes	17	22	24	22	85
L C Hopkins	22	21	23	19	85
F B Stephenson	..	24	22	21	67
Dr Raynor	19	..	25	21	65
W W Marshall	20	19	19	..	58
W C Damron	..	19	20	..	39
O C Grinnell, Jr	23	15	..	..	38
C E Lockwood	18	..	19	..	37
L M Palmer, Jr	..	23	..	..	23
W J McConville	..	22	..	..	22
J N Teeter	21	..	..	..	21
H S Bissing	20	..	..	..	20
C E T Foster	20	..	..	..	20
J H Ernst	..	..	20	..	20
S P Hopkins	18	..	..	..	18
A E Hendrickson	..	..	18	..	18
C W Hiekling	..	..	15	..	15
J P Fairchild	..	..	13	..	13

New York Athletic Club.

Travers Island, N. Y., Nov. 25.—The scores made at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club to-day are appended. The contest for the monthly club cup resulted in a tie. Dr. De Wolf won to-day's contest, and he and Dr. Held, each having an equal number of wins on it in the total of the monthly shoots, are tied, and are to shoot off the tie on Thursday of this week.

Event 1, 25 targets, scratch:

Grieff	25	Elias	17
Crowe	13	Calhoun	17

Event 2, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff, 0	22	Held, 5	21
Elias, 4	25	Keller, 4	24
Billings, 4	25	Hibbard, 6	19
Barnes, 4	23	Calhoun, 5	19
De Wolf, 4	25	Vilmar, 7	18
Dickerson, 7	23	Robinson, 7	21
Crowe, 7	22	Brown, 6	22

Event 3, 50 targets, handicap:

Grieff, 0	43	Calhoun, 10	37
Elias, 8	43	Keller, 0	46
Barnes, 8	39	Brown, 12	38
Billings, 8	45	Williams, 12	40
De Wolf, 8	48	Held, 10	42
Dickerson, 14	44	Vilmar, 14	41
Hibbard, 12	41	Robinson, 14	35

Event 4, November cup, 25 targets:

Grieff, 3	24	Keller, 0	18
Elias, 4	20	Brown, 6	20
Barnes, 4	18	Robinson, 7	23
Billings, 4	24	Vilmar, 7	23
De Wolf, 4	25	Held, 5	18
Dickerson, 7	24	Williams, 6	19
Hibbard, 6	22	Jacob, 7	13
Calhoun, 6	24		

Event 5, handicap, 25 targets:

Grieff, 0	22	Dickerson, 7	17
Elias, 4	18	Hibbard, 6	24
Billings, 4	25	Held, 5	22
Barnes, 4	20	Jacob, 7	13
De Wolf, 4	22		

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The G. W. Cole Co., 121 Washington Life Building, New York, inform us that, on Oct. 31, they shipped an entire carload of "3 in One" oil in one consignment, and that it was the biggest single shipment of "3 in One" or any gun or household oil that ever was made. It numbered 66,240 bottles. Circulars, descriptive of its usefulness, will be sent on application to the above-mentioned company.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The gunner who is getting ready for a fall shooting trip, or who contemplates going south, where he will have much tramping after quail over sandy and briery old fields, needs shoes of the best quality. Such footwear is offered by A. J. Cammeyer, whose advertisement is found in another column, and the product of whose factory is stamped with the concern's name, which in itself is a guarantee of excellence. Cammeyer's hunting shoes have been known for a generation of sportsmen, and have satisfied that generation.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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DUCK SHOOTING, 1905-1906.

UP to the very last days of November, the weather all along the Atlantic seaboard had been so mild and pleasant that there has been little or no wildfowl shooting. Moreover, the unseasonable warmth had detained the fowl far in the north so that the shooting on Southern grounds at the opening of the season in November was somewhat disappointing, though bags of from thirty to fifty birds have been made on the Virginia and North Carolina coast. It is reported that in the Sound country of North and South Carolina the feed this year is not so good as usual; a condition of things likely to result in poor shooting later in the season, when the fowl, having consumed the water plants on which they subsist during the winter, will be obliged to seek other feeding grounds, presumably to the south. This year—as often in recent years—gunners on the coast of North and South Carolina complain greatly of the abundance of the Canada geese, which destroy the food that would otherwise support the ducks.

On the great northern Atlantic coast resting place for good ducks, that is to say, on the Great South Bay and adjacent bodies of water, there is an abundance of birds such as has not been known there for many years. Broadbills and redheads are reported as unusually numerous. Flocks of canvasbacks have been seen, birds which are unusual in any numbers on the waters of Great South Bay, though, of course, scattering birds or even small flocks of them occasionally drop in. Black ducks are reported much more numerous than usual, and as a result of the abundance of the fowl and of the mild weather, point shooting in this vicinity has been very much better than for years past. In fact, except for the illegal night duck shooting, point shooting up to a very few years ago had become almost a forgotten sport on the Great South Bay.

By many gunners the greatly increased quantity of fowl loitering on Great South Bay is believed to be due to the abolition of spring shooting in New York. No doubt this has something to do with the abundance of these fowl, which, on their passage northward last spring, learned that they were comparatively undisturbed on the Great South Bay, and have thus returned there in great numbers and now loiter there in great hordes since the mild, fair weather prevents their being greatly disturbed, and they remain in great beds which give little opportunity for the battery men.

From points about the Great Lakes and in the vast Mississippi drainage, which are in the line of the wildfowls' southward migratory flight, come reports of abundance of birds; and while in many localities, owing to the lack of suitable ducking weather, the shooting has been poor and bags small, nevertheless the birds seem everywhere in great abundance.

It is many years since the FOREST AND STREAM began to agitate the question of the abolition of spring shooting and to point out the necessity for a change in shooting methods. Our forefathers and the older men of this generation shot without thought of the future, and it is only within the last twenty years that people have begun to see to what spring shooting and unlimited bags must ultimately bring us. Within the last few years the change in sentiment has been great. In many of the Northern States and over much of Canada spring shooting has been abolished. In many sections the birds are allowed to rear their young unmolested on their ancient breeding grounds, and this freedom from disturbance shows itself in the increasing numbers which are beginning to return to us in the autumn. It is possible that we have passed the turning point in the dimunition of our wildfowl, and that from now on they may increase. To aid in their increase there should be a multitude of reservations—both State and Federal—set aside along the Atlantic coast, in the Mississippi Valley and about the Great Lakes, where the birds may be always free from molestation. The sportsmen themselves should have enough intelligence to do what the Audubon Societies are now doing; that is, to lease tracts of ground where the wildfowl shall be protected, preserved and propagated and never disturbed. It does not speak well for the lovers of the gun that they must wait to have an example shown them by the Audubon Societies.

The prospects seem favorable for a good duck shooting season this winter. There will be plenty of birds, and if there are plenty of birds, the only things needed to insure good shooting are feed enough to hold the fowl to their feeding grounds and such weather as will break them up into small bunches and make them fly. Predictions about sport are notoriously untrustworthy, yet, it would seem that in the next two months a great many wildfowl should be killed.

POSSESSION OF FOREIGN GAME.

THE Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has handed down an opinion in the Silz case, in which the point at issue was the right to possess in close season game imported into the State. The prevailing opinion is favorable to Mr. Silz, because it sustains his defense, which was that the State could not constitutionally forbid his possession of property which had been passed through the custom house. The Buffalo fish case was followed as a precedent; the opinion, written by Justice Woodward, adopting its conclusion that "fish imported under the tariff laws and regulations of the United States were not subject to State control." It is worth while noting in this connection the fact brought out by Justice Miller in a dissenting opinion that as to the bearing of the Buffalo fish case on the proposition that the statute offends both the State and Federal Constitutions, "the answer is that it never was authority for any such proposition, and this without regard to the effect of the 'Lacey Act'; three judges only assented to that proposition, three united in a vigorous and logical defense of the constitutionality of the act, and the concurrence of the seventh with the opinion of the majority was expressly limited to the point that the act was not applicable, thereby by implication at least, agreeing with the minority on the constitutional question." And Justice Miller further declares that the statute in question does not in terms or effect prohibit inter-State or foreign commerce.

The full text of the prevailing and dissenting opinions is given in our game columns. We assume that the case will be carried to the higher courts.

THE NEW ENGLAND SHOOTING.

WITH Thanksgiving Day the shooting season for southern New England came to an end, and we may now look back and consider what it brought us. On the whole, the shooting has been much better than was anticipated.

The past two severe winters and the reports received of quail destruction had taught us that these birds, which in Connecticut and portions of Massachusetts we commonly find our most reliable game bird, had all been winterkilled, and could not be looked for. If by chance a few were left over in any locality, it would be most unwise to kill them off; much better to leave them unmolested this autumn in the hope that a mild winter and a good breeding season next summer might restock our coverts with native birds. For, after all, if they can be had, these New England quail are better for New England than those imported from the South, because they are larger, hardier and far better able to take care of themselves. We know of some places where the best shots of town or village agreed not to kill quail this autumn, and lived up to their agreement.

If few or no quail were killed, the case was quite different with the ruffed grouse—New England's standby among the game birds, and about the best bird that can be shot. The opening of the season—in Connecticut and Massachusetts—on Oct. 1 gives the grouse a little preliminary training, which tends to protect it. Often the weather then is warm and dry, so that the dogs have hard work to find the birds; always the leaves hang heavy on the trees and furnish an effective shield for the swift flying bird, who practices his old game of getting out of sight as soon as possible. At all events, while there was good shooting through November, there were plenty of partridges left over to breed next year, and in very many sections of New England, at the close of the season, these birds were still plenty.

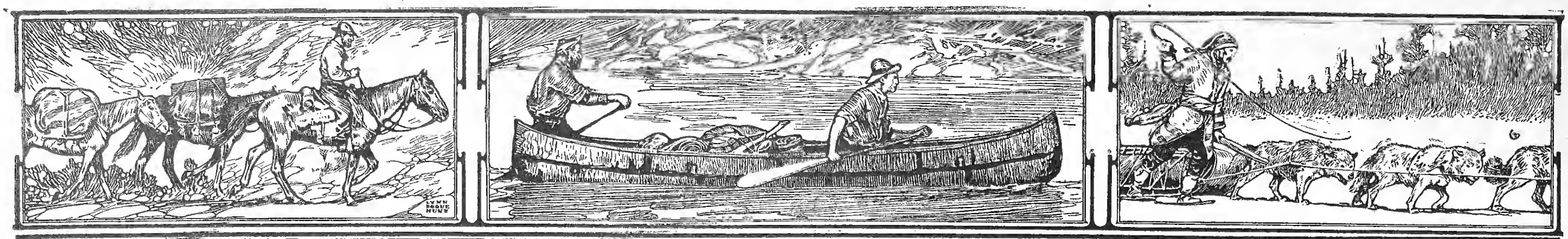
This fall the woodcock was somewhat more abundant than usual. The native birds were killed off almost at once, and owing to the warm weather the flight birds came on rather late. Such birds as were killed were in good condition and gave excellent sport to the gunner. As the years go by and the woodcock grow fewer, one tries to think of some method by which these splendid and delicate birds may be protected. There are yet in New England and far to the north vast tracts where the woodcock may breed, but further to the south there are still some States that permit the shooting of the birds in summer. The practice ought now to be stopped; the woodcock are growing too few. There are elderly men who still go out shooting three or four times a year who have not seen a live woodcock for ten or fifteen years. Their recent knowledge of the bird has come either from eating woodcock that they buy in the market or looking at stuffed specimens killed many years ago.

WE admire the systematic and business-like methods of the Audubon Society in its work of protecting and preserving the birds. Nothing could be more effective than the plan it has put into operation in different parts of the country of getting control of the breeding grounds, placing them under strict guard, and so assuring permanent immunity. Some of these wild preserves have already been noted in these columns. A recent Audubon transaction was the leasing on Nov. 24 of several islands in the Lake Borgne Levee district, in Louisiana, for a period of ten years. The islands acquired comprise an area of nearly 25,000 acres; and are the natural breeding grounds of many species of wildfowl. A transaction of the same character has just been consummated at Augusta, Me. Old Man's Island, near Machias Bay, has been leased to the National Audubon Society, which has undertaken to police and protect it as a breeding place for gulls and for the eider duck, of which species there is now a colony on the island.

These bird preserving expedients are very practical and efficient. In them we have an illustration of one method of wildfowl protection which should be taken up in a larger way than now by sportsmen's associations and by the States and the Federal Government. The creation of game refuges in the Forest Reserves is rapidly winning popular approval. A conference of the game wardens of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming will be held at Butte on Friday of next week to discuss plans for the setting apart of some 4,000,000 acres in the Bitter Root Mountains as a vast game refuge, to be taken charge of by the National Government. This is one of those projects for which the sentiment of the times is ripe; and the scheme is likely to receive cordial support.

ON two or three occasions we have made a well-intended effort to take from Davy Crockett the coon which does not belong to him, and to restore it to Capt. Martin Scott, to whom it does belong. We now renounce the purpose and abandon the effort, henceforth to content ourselves with a simple recording of the perpetuation and currency of the popular error, as illustrated in the newspapers, that it was Davy Crockett to whom the coon came down. In a report by the New York Times of the mine workers' demonstration in Pennsylvania last week, it is told that one of the banners carried in the procession pictured President George F. Baer, of the Reading Company, as a bear up a tree calling out to John Mitchell, "who was pictured as Davy Crockett, 'Don't shoot. I'll come down.'" And in the very same issue of the Times is printed a letter written by a New York magistrate to an agent in Florida, in which was written: "All of them will be like David Crockett's coon—all you need to do is to point your gun and every high-toned, desirable citizen at Palm Beach may tumble instantly into your basket."

OLDER readers will recall with pleasure the pseudonym Pious Jeems as a familiar signature to sketches of sport in the South; and will be glad to know that we have in hand from that writer for our Christmas week issue a capital story of war times, which is characteristically well told.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

The Tragedy of the Marias.

According to arrangement, I joined Berry at the end of August, and prepared to accompany him on his winter's trading expedition. He offered me a share in the venture, but I was not yet ready to accept it; I wanted to be absolutely free and independent for a few months more, to go and come as I chose, to hunt, to roam about with the Indians and study their ways. We left Fort Benton early in September with the bull train, creeping slowly up the hill out of the bottom, and scarcely any faster over the level of the now brown and dry plains. Bulls are slow travelers, and these had a heavy load to haul. The quantity and weight of merchandise that could be stowed away in those old-time "prairie schooners" was astonishing. Berry's train now consisted of four eight-yoke teams, drawing twelve wagons in all, loaded with fifty thousand pounds of provisions, alcohol, whiskey, and trade goods. There were four bullwhackers, a night herder who drove the "cavayand"—extra bulls and some saddle horses—a cook, three men who were to build the cabins and help with the trade, with Berry and his wife, and I. Not a very strong party to venture out on the plains in those times, but we were well armed, and, hitched to one of the trail wagons, was a six-pounder cannon, the mere sight or sound of which was calculated to strike terror to any hostiles.

Our destination was a point on the Marias River, some forty-five miles north of Fort Benton. Between that stream and the Missouri, and north of the Marias to the Sweetgrass Hills and beyond, the country was simply dark with buffalo, and moreover, the Marias was a favorite stream with the Blackfeet for their winter encampments, for its wide and by no means deep valley was well timbered. In the shelter of the cottonwood groves their lodges were protected from the occasional north blizzards, there was an ample supply of fuel, and fine grass for the horses. There were also great numbers of deer, elk and mountain sheep in the valley and its breaks, and the skins of these animals were in constant demand; buckskin was largely used for the summer clothing and the footwear of the people.

September on the plains! It was the most perfect month of all the year in that region. The nights were cool, often frosty; but the days were warm, and the clear air was so sweet and bracing that one seemed never to get enough of it. Nor could one tire of the grand, the wondrous extent of plain and mountains, stretching out, looming up in every direction. To the west were the dark Rockies, their sharp peaks standing out sharply against the pale blue sky; northward were the three buttes of the Sweetgrass Hills; eastward dimly loomed the Bear Paws; south, away across the Missouri, the pine-clad Highwood Mountains were in plain sight; and between all these, around, beyond them, was the brown and silent plain, dotted with peculiar flat-topped buttes, deeply seamed with stream valleys and their numerous coulées. Some men love the forest; the deep woods where lone lakes sparkle and dark streams flow slow and silent; and it is true that they have a charm of their own. But not for me, not for me. My choice is the illimitable plain with its distant mountains, its lone buttes, its cañons fantastically rock-walled, its lovely valleys beckoning one to the shelter of shady groves by the side of limpid streams. In the forest one is ever confined to a view of a few yards or rods round about; but on the plains —often I used to climb to the top of a butte, or ridge, and sit by the hour gazing at the immense scope of country extending far, far to the level horizon in all directions except the west, where the Rockies rise so abruptly from the general level of the prairie. And how good one felt to see the buffalo, and the antelope, and the wolves, scattered everywhere about, feeding, resting, playing, roaming about, apparently in as great numbers as they had been centuries before. Little did any of us dream that they were all so soon to disappear.

We were nearly three days traveling the forty-five miles to our destination. We saw no Indians en route, nor any signs of them. On all sides the buffalo and antelope grazed quietly, and those in our path did not run far to one side before they stopped, and began to crop the short but nutritious grasses. We encamped the second night by a spring at the foot of the Goose Bill, a peculiarly shaped butte not far from the Marias. The wagons were drawn up in the form of a corral, as usual, and in the center of it our lodge was put up, a fine new one of sixteen skins. Berry and his wife, a couple of the men and I slept in it, the others making their beds in the wagons, on the merchandise. We had a good supper, cooked over a fire of buffalo chips, and retired early. The night was very dark. Sometime after midnight we were awakened by a heavy tramping in the corral; something crashed against a wagon on one side of us, and then against another one on the other side. The men in the wagons began to call out, asking one another what was up; Berry told us in the lodge to take our rifles and pile out. But before we could get out of bed something struck our lodge and over it went, the poles snapping and breaking, the lodge skin going on and undulatingly careening about the corral as if it were endowed with life; in the intense darkness we could just see it, dancing round and round, a fiendish dance to a step of its own. At once all was excitement. Mrs. Berry shrieked; we men shouted to one another, and with one accord we all fled to the shelter of the wagons and hurriedly crept under them. Some one fired a shot at the gyrating lodge skin; Berry, who was beside me, followed suit, and then we all began to shoot, rifles cracking on all sides of the corral. For a minute, perhaps, the lodge skin whirled about, and dashed from one end of the corral to the other more madly than ever; and then it stopped and settled down upon the ground in a shapeless heap; from under it we heard several deep, rasping gasps, and then all was still. Berry and I crawled out, walked cautiously over to the dim, white heap and struck a match; and what did we see but the body of a huge buffalo bull, still almost completely enveloped in the now tattered and torn lodge covering. We could never understand how and why the old fellow wandered into the corral, nor why, when he charged the lodge, some of us were not trampled upon. Berry and his wife occupied the back side of the lodge, and he went right over them in his mad career, apparently without even putting a hoof on their bed.

We arrived at the Marias about noon the next day, and went into camp on a fine timbered point. After dinner the men began to cut logs for the cabins, and Berry and I, mounting our horses, rode up the river in quest of meat. We had plenty of fat buffalo cow ribs on hand, but thought that a deer or elk would be good for a change. On our hunt that day we rode up to a point where the "Baker battle" afterward occurred. That is what it is called, "Baker's battle," and the place, Baker's battlefield." But that was no battle; 'twas a dreadful massacre. The way of it was this: The Piegan Blackfeet had been waylaying miners on the trail between Fort Benton and the mines, and they had also killed a man named Malcolm Clark, an old employe of the American Fur Co., who was living with his Indian family near the Bird Tail divide. This man Clark, by the way, was a man of fierce and ungovernable temper, and in a fit of anger had severely beaten a young Piegan who was living with him and herding his horses. Now if you have anything against an Indian, never try to obtain satisfaction by beating him; either get your gun and kill him, or leave him alone, for if you strike him, blood alone will wipe out the disgrace, and sometime or other, when you are least expecting it, he will surely kill you. This is what happened to Clark. The young man got a passing war party to back him, and he murdered Clark. The War Department then concluded that it was time to put a stop to the Piegan depredations, and Col. Baker, stationed at Fort Shaw, was ordered to seek Black Weasel's band and give them a lesson. It was January 23, 1870, at daylight that the command arrived at the bluff overlooking a wooded bottom of the Marias, and there among the trees were pitched eighty lodges of the Piegans, not, however, Black Weasel's band; these were under Chief Bear's Head; but Col. Baker did not know that. Bear's Head's people were, in the main, friendly to the whites.

In a low tone Col. Baker spoke a few words to his men, telling them to keep cool, aim to kill, to spare none of the enemy, and then he gave the command to fire. A terrible scene ensued. On the day previous many of the men of the camp had gone out toward the Sweet Grass Hills on a grand buffalo hunt, so, save for Chief Bear's Head and a few old men, none were there to return the soldiers' fire. Their first volley was aimed low down into the lodges, and many of the sleeping people were killed or wounded in their beds. The rest rushed out, men, children, women, many of the latter with babes in their arms, only to be shot down at the doorways of their lodges. Bear's Head, frantically waving a paper which bore testimony to his good character and friendliness to the white men, ran toward the command on the bluff, shouting to them to cease firing, entreating them to save the women and children; down he also went, with several bullet holes in his body. Of the more than four hundred souls in camp at the time, very few escaped. And when it was all over, when the last wounded woman and child had been put out of misery, the soldiers piled the corpses on overturned lodges, firewood and household property, and set fire to it all.

Several years afterward I was on the ground. Everywhere scattered about in the long grass and brush, just where the wolves and foxes had left them, gleamed the skulls and bones of those who had been so ruthlessly slaughtered. "How could they have done it?" I asked myself, time and time again. "What manner of men were those soldiers who deliberately shot down defenseless women and innocent children?" They had not even the excuse of being drunk; nor was their commanding officer intoxicated; nor were they excited, or in any danger whatever. Deliberately, coolly, with steady and deadly aim, they shot them down, bayonetted the wounded, and then tried to burn the bodies of their victims. But I will say no more about it; think it over yourself and try to find a fit name for men who did this.*

On our way up the river we saw many doe and fawn deer, a bunch of cow and calf elk, but not a buck nor bull of either species. On our way homeward, however, along toward sunset, the male deer were coming in from the breaks and coulées to water, and we got a large, fat buck mule deer. Madame Berry hung a whole forequarter of it over the lodge fire, and there it turned and slowly roasted for hours; about 11 o'clock she pronounced it done, and although we had eaten heartily at dusk, we could not resist cutting into it, and it was so good that in a short time nothing was left of the feast but the bones. I know of no way of roasting meat equal to this. You must have a lodge, to prevent draughts, a small fire; suspend the roast from a tripod above the blaze, and as it cooks give it an occasional whirl; hours are required to thoroughly roast it, but the result more than repays the labor involved.

The men soon cut and dragged out the required logs, put up the walls of our "fort," and laid on the roof of poles, which was covered with a thick layer of earth. When finished, it formed three sides of a square and contained eight rooms, each about sixteen feet square. There was a trade room, two living rooms, each of which had a rude but servicable fire-place and chimney, built of mud-mortared stones. The other rooms were for storing merchandise and furs and robes. In the partitions of the trade room were numerous small holes, through which rifles could be thrust; at the back end of the square stood the six-pounder. With all these precautions for defense and offense, it was thought that even the most reckless party of braves would think twice before making an attack upon the traders. But, of course, liquor was to be the staple

*The Baker massacre, which took place Jan. 23, 1870, on the Marias River, was in its day a well-known event. The official reports declare that 173 Indians were killed and 100 women and children captured. Later and more accurate reports led to the belief that 176 people were killed. Of the killed fifteen men were reported as fighting men between the ages of fifteen and thirty-seven, eighteen were middle-aged and old men between thirty-seven and seventy. The women killed numbered ninety, and the children under twelve years of age—many of them infants in arms—fifty-five. When the news of the massacre reached the East, the newspapers took it up, and there was much excitement about it. Gen. Sheridan was bitterly assailed for his action. There never was any question but that the camp which Major Baker attacked was one of friendly Indians; people who had committed no depredations. The village to which the murderers belonged was that of Mountain Chief, which at the time was camped on Belly River in British America. Details of this destruction of life will be found in Manypenny's "Our Indian Wards."

article of trade, and even the most experienced man could never foretell what a crowd of drink-crazed Indians would do.

The fort was barely completed when the Piegan Blackfeet arrived, and pitched their lodges in a long, wide bottom about a mile below us. I passed the greater part of my time down in their camp with a young married man named Weasel Tail, and another who bore a singular name: Talks-with-the-buffalo. These two were inseparable companions, and somehow they took a great liking to me, and I to them. Each one had a fine new lodge, and a pretty young wife. I said to them once: "Since you think so much of each other, I do not understand why you do not live together in one lodge. It would save much packing, much wear of horses when traveling, much labor of gathering fire-wood, of setting up and breaking camp."

Talk-with-the-buffalo laughed heartily. "It is easy to see," he replied, "that you have never been married. Know this, my good friend: Two men will live together in quiet and lasting friendship, but two women never; they will be quarreling about nothing in less than three nights, and will even try to drag their husbands into the row. That is the reason we live separately; to be at peace with our wives. As it is, they love each other even as my friend here and I love each other, and thus, for the good of us all we have two lodges, two fires, two pack outfits, and enduring peace."

Thinking the matter over, I realized that they were right. I knew two sisters once, white women—but that is another story. And after I married, and my wife and I took up our home with a friend and his wife for a time—but that is still another story. Oh, yes, the Indian knew whereof he spoke; neither white nor Indian married women can manage a common household in peace and friendship.

I enjoyed myself hugely in that great camp of seven hundred lodges—some thirty-five hundred people. I learned to gamble with the wheel and arrows, and with the bit of bone concealed in one or the other of the player's hands, and I even mastered the gambling song, which is sung when the latter game is being played around the evening lodge fire. Also, I attended the dances, and even participated in the one that was called "As-sin-ah' pes-ka"—Assinaboine dance. Remember that I was less than twenty years of age, just a boy, but perhaps more foolish—more reckless than most youths.

In this Assinaboine dance, only young unmarried men and women participate. Their elders, their parents and relatives, beat the drums and sing the dance song, which is certainly a lively one, and of rather an abandoned nature. The women sit on one side of the lodge, the men on the other. The song begins, every one joining in. The dancers arise, facing each other, on their tip toes, and then sinking so as to bend the knees. Thus they advance and meet, then retreat, again advance and retreat a number of times, all singing, all smiling and looking coquettishly into each others' eyes. Thus the dance continues, perhaps for several hours, with frequent pauses for rest, or maybe to feast and smoke. But all the fun comes in toward the close of the festivities; the lines of men and women have advanced; suddenly a girl raises her robe or toga, casts it over her own and the head of the youth of her choice, and gives him a hearty kiss. The spectators shout with laughter, the drums are beaten louder than ever, the song increases in intensity. The lines retreat, the favored youth looking very much embarrassed, and all take their seats. For this kiss payment must be made on the morrow. If the young man thinks a great deal of the girl, he may present her with one or two horses; he must give her something, if only a copper bracelet or string of beads. I believe that I was an "easy mark" for those lively and, I fear, mercenary maidens, for I was captured with the toga, and kissed more often than any one else. And the next morning there would be three or four of them at the trading post with their mothers; and one must have numerous yards of bright prints; another some red trade cloth and beads; still another a blanket. They nearly broke me, but still I would join in when another dance was given.

But if I danced, and gambled, and raced horses, my life in the camp was by no means a continual round of foolishness. I spent hours and hours with the medicine men and old warriors, learning their beliefs and traditions, listening to their stories of the gods, their tales of war and the hunt. Also I attended the various religious ceremonies; listened to the pathetic appeals of the medicine men to the Sun as they prayed for health, long life and happiness for the people. It was all exceedingly interesting.

Alas! Alas! why could not this simple life have continued? Why must the railroads, and the swarms of settlers have invaded that wonderful land, and robbed its lords of all that made life worth living. They knew not care, nor hunger, nor want of any kind. From my window here I hear the roar of the great city, and see the crowds hurrying by. The day is bitterly cold, yet the majority of the passersby, women as well as men, are thinly clad, and their faces are thin, and their eyes express sad thoughts. Many of them have no warm shelter from the storm, know not when they can get a little food, although they would gladly work for it with all their strength. They are "bound to the wheel," and there is no escape from it except by death. And this is civilization! I, for one, maintain that there is no satisfaction, no happiness in it. The Indians of the plains back in those days of which I write, alone knew what was perfect content and happiness, and that, we are told, is the chief end and aim of men, to be free from want, and worry, and care. Civilization will never furnish it, except to the very, very few.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Growth of Forestry in Seven Years.

THE annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture, just published, presents a striking resumé of the growth of forestry in the past seven years, and of the part in this growth which has been taken by the Forest Service.

"During the past year," writes the Secretary, "the Government work in forestry entered upon a new phase. Practical work in the actual introduction of forestry began in 1898. But it was not until Feb. 1, 1905, when the care of the National forest reserves was transferred to the Department of Agriculture, that the Forest Service became an administrative organization.

"This transfer was a logical outcome of the recent work of the Service. During the last six or seven years it has passed through a remarkable development, which has followed but not kept pace with its demonstration of capacity for public usefulness. On July 1, 1898, the Division of Forestry employed eleven persons, of whom six filled clerical or other subordinate positions and five belonged to the scientific staff. Of the latter, two were professional foresters.

"At the opening of the present fiscal year the employees of the Forest Service numbered 821, of whom 153 were professional trained foresters. Field work was going on in twenty-seven States and Territories, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico. Over 900,000 acres of private forests were under management recommended by the Service, and applications on file for advice from owners contemplating management covered 2,000,000 acres more. During the year nearly 62,000 letters were sent out from the offices at Washington, the majority of them in reply to requests for information and advice from the public, of a kind which could not be met by printed information.

"This contrast imperfectly indicates the full extent of the change which has taken place and the progress which has been made. Seven years ago there were in the whole United States less than ten professional foresters. Neither a science nor a literature of American forestry was in existence, nor could an education in the subject be obtained in this country. Systematic forestry was in operation on the estate of a single owner, honorably desirous of furnishing an object lesson in an unknown field. Lumbermen and forest owners were skeptical of the success of forest management, and largely hostile to its introduction. Among the public at large a feeling in favor of forest preservation, largely on sentimental grounds, was fairly widespread, but almost wholly misinformed. It confounded use with destruction, shade-tree planting with forestry.

"The real need of forestry was urgent. A time had come which presented at once great opportunity and a dangerous crisis. Forest destruction had reached a point where sagacious men—most of all, sagacious lumbermen—could plainly discern the not distant end. The lumber industry, vital to the nation at large, was rushing to its own extinction, yet with no avenue of escape apparent, until forest management for future crops should be forced by famine prices. Meanwhile, however, the ruin would have been wrought already.

"Timberland owners were selling their holdings or their stumpage with little evidence of an understanding of their future value, and lumbermen were compelled by business competition to keep down the cost of operation to the lowest terms, or market their product at a loss.

"Forestry was both an evident economic need and an apparent economic impossibility. Few well-informed persons believed that the obstacles to its introduction could be overcome sufficiently to bring it into common practice among private owners during the lives of the present generation.

"That the whole situation is profoundly altered is directly and chiefly due to the work of the Forest Service. With its offer of practical assistance to forest owners made in the fall of 1898, its field of action shifted from the desk to the woods. The lumberman was met on his own ground. Uncertain speculations were converted into business propositions, and untried theories into practical rules. Actual management for purely commercial ends has been taken up and applied on their own holdings by some of the best-known lumbermen in the country. What lumbermen as a body now think of forestry is illustrated by the recent effective movement in their national association to endow a chair of lumbering at one of the forest schools.

"Public opinion generally has experienced an equal change, and a sound national sentiment has been created. The great and varied interests dependent upon the forest have been awakened to the urgent need of making provision for the future. States have been led to enact wise laws and enter upon a well-considered forest policy.

"Forestry is a matter of immediate interest to every household in the land. Forest destruction is no imaginary danger of a distant future. If it is not speedily checked its effects will sooner or later be left in every industry and every home. To make these facts known is a national duty. The work of education must continue until public opinion will not tolerate heedless waste or injudicious laws."

When the Sharptail Grouse Were Plentiful.

THE days of the sharptailed grouse and prairie chicken in Minnesota and the Dakotas are drawing to a close. The bags grow smaller year after year, and in fact, some sections, heretofore the best of chicken and grouse ground, yield no returns at all. No more do the wild chickens of the prairie appear among the domestic fowl at feeding time in the barnyard. The day has gone when the farmer can shoot prairie chickens from his front porch. The prairie chicken and grouse are going the way of their former horned and woolly friend of the plains, and in a very short time specimens can be seen only in the museums.

No bird has given the huntsman such royal sport as the prairie chicken and the sharp-tailed grouse. What days those must have been when in August the prairie grass sheltered covey after covey, so close together that the marking down of a flushed or scattered covey was unthought of! These birds in their plentitude impressed one as did the millions of buffalo—extermination was impossible.

Fifteen years ago early in September I went north from St. Paul and crossed over into Canada at Pembina after sharptail grouse. We put up at a wheat farmer's and lived for a few days within a sea of golden stubble.

Great was the shooting. A stroll before breakfast around the confines of the farm fences on the edge of the wheat fields, without even a dog, would yield half a dozen fine birds. Up from the stubble the great birds would flush with a coo-coo-coo, as they sailed away like overgrown quail.

Our banner day came during one afternoon. Ahead of us was a long, narrow patch of stubble perhaps half a mile in length. We could see the birds scattered through this field feeding upon the scattered grain.

Calling the dogs to heel, we spread out across the field, and began to walk them up. The old birds generally flushed before we got within gunshot, but the younger ones remained, flushing perhaps twenty-five to forty yards ahead of us, giving us ideal shooting.

We noticed that the birds which flushed out of gunshot and those that escaped our aim flew straight down the field and pitched into what looked like a brush lot as we neared it. Really it was a patch of wheat, uncut because the weeds and sumach bushes had made too much headway. Affording magnificent cover and feeding opportunities as well, the birds selected this spot as their harbor of refuge. And when we had cleaned up the stubble field, and approaching the cover, hied our dogs in, the fun commenced.

The dogs stood on the edge of the cover and pointed. As a bird flushed and was killed, it flushed others as it hit the ground. And we shot until we felt we had enough, and quit. With the aid of the dogs we found our dead birds and secured the crippled ones.

The nights were cold, and our birds, hung on the north side of the house, were in fine shape when we started for the train. Every bird was fresh and sweet when we arrived at home, and with them we made our friends and neighbors happy.

We did well to wait until September and cooler weather. The opening day of the season, Aug. 15, had been hot and sultry. It was told us that some officers at Fort Pembina had shot over the Ridge, a famous sharptail grouse range, on the opening day. It is said that they killed 900 sharptail grouse. By the time they were ready to send the birds to their friends, only 300 were fit to start for the depot, and when these reached their destination they were too far gone for any use. This story was told in a commonplace way as an ordinary piece of news, and the truth of it I cannot vouch for.

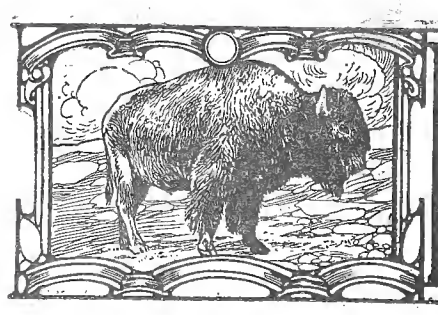
During the night previous to the morning of our departure two or three inches of snow had fallen, and during our early morning long ride over the prairies and across the stubble fields toward the depot, I can remember how much in evidence the birds were. Every grain stack had its quota of birds perched on top, picking away at the grain in the ear. The wheat in the shock, but not yet stacked, was liberally patronized, one or two great plump birds feeding on the top of every shock. Only those quite close to the road would fly away with a coo-coo-coo, as we got close by. But we were through with our shooting. Our shells and guns were stowed away, and we were bent on making time over the sticky, snowy prairie roads, intent on catching our train. So with contented and placid minds we jogged along, enjoying the sight of the feeding grouse at every wheat field we passed, until well within sight of our destination. And nowadays, when one reads of the smallness of the kill and the complaints about the scarcity of the birds, it is a pleasure to look back to the ride across the prairies when each snow-capped stack and shock harbored the hungry birds in plain sight, and many of them, within easy shot from our wagon seat.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

"Solid Comfort."

I PRESUME you have little idea how much solid comfort I have got from FOREST AND STREAM during the years I have not been permitted to enjoy field sports. Long acquaintance with it has got me to looking for its arrival as I would for the coming of a most valued friend. While it has from the first number been always a good paper, the last six months have been superb. I note with sorrow the dropping off of the old and valued contributors, but there have new ones come on, all of whose articles are very good and some of them are intensely interesting. "The Log of a Sea Angler" is an account of a trip that has been one of the dreams of my life, and is written in such graphic style that I feel that I have had the trip, and had it without any of the annoyances in the way of mosquitoes and other pests that would be a part of the real trip. I mourn the loss of Cabia Blanco as a friend whom I had never seen but hoped some day to take by the hand and tell him how much pleasure he had given.

O. H. HAMPTON.



NATURAL HISTORY



Frightened Animals.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not know that I can shed any light on the question propounded by Mr. Thayer as to how hares act when attacked, but the question recalls three incidents which may or may not assist Mr. Thayer and others in arriving at a conclusion. I was gunning in a marsh through thick brush. I heard a rustling in the brush near me, and looking in that direction, saw a hare. I do not believe the hare saw me first, for he seemed in no hurry to get away; then he caught sight of me, and instead of scudding away, stretched himself out on the ground. I did not know what to make of this action, and before I had time to determine what to do a pheasant flushed and I fired at the bird. It fell dead only a short distance from where the hare was. The hare had given no signs of life, and I determined to investigate. I approached the hare, and was almost near enough to seize him, when suddenly he seemed to remember that he had urgent business elsewhere, and he scudded away in an orthodox manner.

On another occasion two friends and myself were walking along a road leading through a field of stubble and high grass; our dogs were working through the field to the right, and we were walking along, with no attempt to concealing our presence. Suddenly we came upon a flock of quail gathered in a fence corner; there were probably twenty-five birds in the flock, and about twenty of them had formed a ring; the others were apparently not interested in the ring; they were just "moseying." We were within ten feet of the birds before we saw them. They saw us too, for they looked at us; but they evinced neither curiosity at our presence nor fear of us, for they remained for fully five minutes just as unconcerned as they were when we first perceived them. Finally some of them flew away; but we left the rest just where we had discovered them, keeping our dogs away. We did not fire at the birds that had flushed, as the law was not off quail, although it was off partridge.

Some years ago, when I was connected with fish and game protection in an official capacity, two boys came to my house, bringing with them a hen ruffed grouse. I examined the bird and failed to find any wound; its bright eyes and general appearance indicated that it was in good health. The boys told me that they had seen the bird on the branch of a tree some twenty feet or so from the ground. One of the boys climbed the tree and the bird made no attempt to evade capture. So they brought the bird to me. I was puzzled, but presumed that the bird must have been injured in some way, of which no outward evidence was apparent. I put the bird in a large cardboard box and tried to feed it, but it would not eat. It did not show the least indication of fear and made no objection to being handled. It was as pretty a partridge as I have ever seen. On the following day I took the bird in the box to a clump of woods some distance from my house. I opened the box, but the bird acted very much like Poe's raven. I then took it out of the box and placed it on the ground. I walked some distance away, keeping my eyes on the bird. When I retraced my steps the bird suddenly flushed and never stopped in its flight until it was out of sight, plainly indicating to me that it had not been injured and that it was enjoying ordinary health.

Fear evidently actuated the hare—fear such as would follow from the approach of a predatory animal. The ruffed grouse also may have been affected from a similar cause, and I regretted that I could not learn anything about the bird before it was seen in the tree. But in the case of the quail, there was not the slightest trace of fear. Bunny undoubtedly was stunned with fear, and perhaps so too was the ruffed grouse; it took both some time to get over it, the hare a few minutes, the grouse over a day; but when they had recovered from their first paroxysm of fear, they sought safety in flight. My reasoning may be at fault, but does it not seem probable that hare and other animals act differently when pursued by birds or beast of prey, that some simply cower down and permit themselves to be captured, and that others promptly resort to flight, for I do not presume that there is a sportsman of any experience at all who has not seen hare and smaller birds endeavoring to get away from their pursuers. C. A. S.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am unable to contribute anything in answer to Mr. Abbott H. Thayer's recent inquiry as to how hares act when threatened by hawks, but I have made some observations as to how they act when suspicious or slightly alarmed.

One often sees a cottontail rabbit concealing itself, just as a game bird conceals itself when sought for by the dog. The rabbit appears to be watching the individual who alarms it, and to take to its heels so soon as it has reason to think it is seen. Game birds do the same thing, remaining immovable, even when one is very close to them, but taking to flight so soon as they catch the eye of the person who looks directly at them.

During many years of riding in the west, I have seen many thousands of jack rabbits and have observed how they act. If one is riding along and comes unexpectedly on one of these hares, feeding or sitting, it is almost sure to gather itself together, lower its ears, flatten itself to the ground and remain motionless. Very frequently, however, a hare which saw me at a little distance would sit up on its haunches with ears held straight up in the air, watch my approach for a moment or two and then dropping its ears would sink to the ground, disappearing so completely that it was difficult to discover it again when one had closely approached. When really frightened this hare runs off at a famous rate, but if only a little alarmed it may lope away to a distance of fifty or sixty yards and there stop on top of some little knoll, examine the alarming object and then disappear by squatting.

In old times this habit was taken advantage of by the bow and arrow-armed boy hunters among the Indians. Little parties of boys would traverse the prairie, four or five marching abreast at a little distance each from the other, and beating a strip 75 or 100 yards in width. The hares started by the boys would lope off to a little distance, sit up and look at them, and then sink down and disappear. If the hare was near enough, the boys, as soon as it started, shot their arrows at it; but if it was not within bowshot, they stopped until it had looked at them and sunk down. Then, having carefully marked the spot where it was last seen they approached very carefully, and were able to discover the animal on the ground and to shoot it as it crouched there.

On a number of occasions I have seen large buteonine hawks sweep down and pick up young hares from the prairie, but I have never seen a case where I believed that the mammal was caught in flight.

You will thus see that I know nothing whatever about the subject in hand, for which ignorance I offer apologies to you and to Mr. Thayer. RANGE RIDER.

Leased for Bird Preserves.

THE Louisiana Audubon Society has given a fine exhibition of public spirit by its recent leasing of several islands belonging to the State, which it purposes to use as bird preserves. The final action took place on the afternoon of Nov. 24, when the Lake Borgne Levee District Board met to take action on the proposition. Hon. John Dymond presided and Commissioners Harry McCall, Jr., John Dymond, Jr., and Secretary Fernando Estopinal were present.

At an earlier meeting a resolution had already been passed by the board agreeing to this lease, which is for a period of ten years and involves Brush Island, comprising about 1,000 acres; Martin Island Key, about 20 acres; Sam Holmes Island, about 1,700 acres; six unnamed islands in Morgan's Harbor, about 100 acres; eight unnamed islands in Eloi Bay, about 180 acres.

The consideration expressed is $45 a year. The right is reserved to both parties to terminate the lease on six months' notice. The lands will be held by the Audubon Society as bird breeding reservations and the lessee agrees not to make such use of the land as will be detrimental to the interests of the Lake Borgne Levee Board or the neighboring oyster interests.

Old Man's Island, on the coast of Maine, has long been known as a great breeding place for gulls. It has often been visited by naturalists and described in various ornithological publications. It is about ten miles long, lies east of Cross Island Life Saving Station, near Machias Bay, and is partially covered with a growth of black spruce trees.

The State Land Agent of the State of Maine, by order of the Governor and Council, has leased Old Man's Island to the National Association of Audubon Societies. The island is to be used as a bird reserve where seafowl and other birds shall be protected, preserved and propagated. The Audubon Societies will police the island, and protect the birds at their own expense. It is reported that there is hope that a colony of eider ducks will be maintained on the island.

It has always seemed a more or less astonishing matter that no effort has been made in America to domesticate the eider duck, as has partially been done on the coast of Europe. Here are wild birds, which, with little trouble, might be made to produce annually thousands of dollars' worth of down and eggs and furnish support to a considerable population here, as they do on the coast of far northern Europe; but now this product goes wholly to waste. One would have imagined that the thrifty Canadians would already have taken up a trade such as this, but it has not been done.

The State and National Audubon Societies are to be congratulated on the good work they are doing.

Snowy Owls and the Winter.

BANGOR, Me., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seldom, if ever, has this State seen such long continued adverse conditions for hunting as during these fall months. The leaves held on unusually long, then they remained dry and deep after falling, so that the slightest movement on the part of the hunter was carried to the listening game. An occasional rainstorm proved insufficient to wet the leaves down effectively, and it was only when snow finally fell that still-hunting became at all feasible, and even then the quick change to colder weather resulted in crusts that have continued since. Thursday of this week the weather moderated so much as to soften the crust, and in those sections where snow still remained, it has been fine tracking for the past two days. As a consequence, the next few days will see some good lots of deer and moose pass through the city.

This week has seen some unusual sights among the game specimens received in this city. One firm of taxidermists received, in a night and morning, eight snowy owls, all in splendid condition, and all but one from the same locality, the exception coming from a point not far from that where the other seven were secured. Those who are looking for signs are certain that the presence of so many of these birds presages a hard winter for New England, but it certainly has held off well thus far, as Maine is enjoying mild, pleasant weather thus far, with the possible exception of a few days when the mercury got away and crept down toward the zero mark for awhile. Yet, it has been cold enough in the woods to make ice, the nights being quite cool, and a party coming out from the head of Pamedumcook Lake Friday, walked down on the ice the day before, hauling their outfit and the game belonging to a party that preceded them, and was obliged to abandon the trophies temporarily a few days before. In the region tributary to the Vanceboro Division of the Maine Central Railroad, the snow is reported as all gone, but the two or three feet on Mt. Katahdin won't give way to dust for a few months yet.

A singular bear's head was received in Bangor from Millinocket this week with a skin sent down for the attention of the taxidermists. The bear was old enough to be a many times removed grandfather, and the peculiar feature of its head was in the lower jaw, the outer point of which had been almost separated from the rest of the jaw. One of the long fangs was bent down until it stuck straight out, instead of standing upright, and the part was so loose, containing as it did most of the lower teeth, that it was wonderful that the animal could chew anything. No bullet caused the injury, nor could the naturalists in the taxidermy establishment offer any cause for such a strange condition. HERBERT W. ROWE.

The Linnaean Society Meeting.

A VERY interesting meeting of the Linnæan Society was held at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, on the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8:15. The speaker for the evening was Mr. William L. Finley, of Portland, Oregon, who is especially well known as a student and photographer of Western bird life, and who read several beautifully illustrated papers on this subject before the recent Congress of the American Ornithologists' Union.

After the customary routine business had been transacted, the President, Dr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., before introducing the principal speaker, called for brief communications from any member.

Mr. William Dutcher, President of the National Audubon Associations, spoke briefly concerning a trip made in the early part of the month by Dr. T. S. Palmer, of Washington, and himself to the Great South Bay of Long Island, the purpose of the visit being to estimate the wildfowl found on these waters and to get some notion as to whether the anti-spring shooting law has or has not increased the number of the fowl. Two days were spent in a naphtha launch on Great South Bay and Moriches Bay going over the ground. Immense beds of broadbills were seen, flocks so large that it would be hard to say how many they contained. Great beds of redheads were observed, estimated to number several thousand birds. Especially interesting was a flock of about 2,000 American coots—the "blue peter" of the South—feeding among the ducks, and two considerable flocks of canvasbacks, birds which commonly occur only singly or in very small numbers on these waters, and which the speaker had never before seen there in life. Mr. Dutcher said that the warm, still weather of the autumn had made the duck shooting very poor, for the birds remained collected in vast flocks and did not break up into small bunches which would come to the gunners. He said that in all his experience in shooting on the waters of Long Island Sound—and this experience went back over a good many years—he had never seen so many ducks, and he believed that this was due largely to the anti-shooting law.

Mr. Wetherill stated very briefly that he had recently taken on Long Island a bird which he believed to be Townsend's solitaire, a Rocky Mountain species. It was suggested that this might be a caged bird, but it appears not to be known that this bird is ever kept in captivity. The specimen will, no doubt, be identified by Mr. Frank M. Chapman.

Mr. Finley, now introduced, gave a most interesting talk on some Oregon birds, illustrated by a great number of marvellous photographs. These wonderful pictures were supplemented by most attractive accounts of the lives of certain birds. Those taken up were the flicker, the redtail hawk, the barn owl, the bushtit, the titmouse, the black-throated gray warbler, and the humming bird. The charming story told about each had to do largely with the nesting of the bird, the hatching of the young and their growth to maturity. Each auditor thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Finley's talk, and the members who were not present missed something very interesting.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Dec. 12 and 26, at 8:15 o'clock.

Dec. 12, C. G. Abbott. "The Snipe's Love-Song." Illustrated by sketches and experiments.

Dec. 26, Jonathan Dwight, Jr. "Some interesting plumages of North American Birds." Illustrated with specimens.

Members are especially requested to contribute to the interest of both the above meetings with notes and observations.

"Sixty Years on the Plains."

Mr. Luther S. Kelly, "Yellowstone Kelly," writes of "Sixty Years on the Plains": "I have just finished reading old Bill's book. Fine, is it not? My regret is that, while near him several times, I never had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He must have been with Crook at Powder River in 1876, when I first met Miles."

The Cleveland Leader says of the book: "Here's a simple little book; interesting because of its very boldness. It is the story of William T. Hamilton, trapper, scout, Indian fighter and the greatest sign-talker on the plains, whether red man or white. When he dies, the art will probably die, too, for the present-day Indians take no pains to hand their knowledge down to their children. 'My Sixty Years on the Plains' is an unvarnished tale that, to the man who can read between its lines and see its courage, resourcefulness and knowledge of man and beast and nature, makes Mayne Reid look even less than the traditional 'thirty cents.' The progress of 'Uncle Bill' as an Indian fighter is only hinted at in his modest narrative. Those who know what he has done call him one of the greatest of his time."

GAME BAG AND GUN

An Official Rabbit Hunt.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This month of November, like the October which preceded it, has been a splendid stretch of weather, with barely a break in its beauty. One of the features of each November for years past has been what has come to be termed the "official rabbit hunt," which the writer gives to the Governor and the other heads of the State departments. The hunting is always done with beagles, and these dogs are found to be very reliable and steady at their work. There are two packs in this immediate vicinity, one of eighteen dogs, owned by Mr. William Robbins, and the other of fourteen, owned by Mr. Charles Crawford. This year the hunt was had at the old estate of Mr. Samuel Wilder, known as "Trinity," the building upon which was erected exactly 104 years ago, as the date set in the chimney shows. In those days people built their homes on commanding hills and amid great groves, usually of white oaks, and the house at Trinity commands a view in three directions to a great distance; in fact, as much as twenty miles one way, across a valley which gives an almost mountain air to the landscape, which, on the 23d inst., the date of the hunt, was a beautiful mixture of the deep green of the pines and the glorious autumn tints of the frost-kissed deciduous trees. The morning was marked by a snowy frost, which rested everywhere like a light snow, but, as is the case in this southern Indian summer, the day softened quickly, and by 10 o'clock everything was gentle and warm and really with quite the air of early autumn. This year, by reason of a fire which destroyed a lot of the cotton stored on his premises, Mr. Robbins was unable to bring his fine pack of beagles to the meet and so there were only the beagles owned by Mr. Crawford, that gentleman and his master of hounds, Mr. Sidney Cooper, being present.

The start from Raleigh was made in an ambulance from Capitol square, and in this vehicle there were snugly tucked away Governor Glenn, Secretary of State Grimes, Treasurer Lacy, Auditor Dixon, Secretary Bruner, of the Board of Agriculture; Attorney-General Gilmer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction Joyner, Curator Brimley, of the State Museum; Secretary Brown, of the State Corporation Commission, and the writer. The ride through the city and along the fine road through the charming country was full of interest and zest, Governor Glenn, who was boyish in his high spirits, leading the fun not only then but all day. The Treasurer presented a rather rakish aspect, topped as his head was by a cowboy hat, which he brought from Arizona last spring. The Governor, who weighs 238 pounds, later showed that he had not forgotten how to walk. As he remarked with a smile, he was always a big man; at sixteen years old, when he went to college, having weighed 178 pounds. The Governor showed further that he was a clever shot as well as a good pedestrian, and the country people who later joined in the hunt expressed their very great pleasure at seeing him get across country as he did and use a gun so well. Our route to the place of the meet lay past the grounds of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, and the big new agricultural building there was greatly admired by the party, as was also the far-stretching farm of the college, which now embraces 670 acres. The beautiful colors of the autumn foliage came in for much remark. For some distance the roadway runs alongside railway tracks, and as a train



SOME OF THE BEAGLES IN THE HUNT.
Governor Glenn is leaning against the Ambulance.

flashed by Treasurer Lacy, who for many years was a locomotive engineer, said he would like to be in the cab again and show what he could do therein.

When we reached Trinity we found the dogs very near the house, being gotten in shape for the day's work. They made a very good appearance indeed, all being pure beagles without any cross; lithe little fellows, their long and pendulous ears and short legs making them look quite different from the ordinary fox and rabbit hounds of this State. Beagles have come into favor here because they are such persevering little dogs. As our darky "beater," whose name, by the way, is "Bob Rabbit," said: "Dese beagles always gits what dey goes atter. Dat's de good pint 'bout dem." It is a fact, and no brier patch or thorn-fringed swamp has any terrors for these little dogs, who in truth are not much bigger than Miss Molly Cottontail herself, and can go wherever that young lady can creep or sneak. It was not long before there was music in a swamp and the dogs broke out with a fine burst of speed as well as noise, Bob Rabbit using his two legs with a vengeance, and all the party, officials and otherwise, testing their lungs to the utmost. Up hill and down the chase went until presently there was a crack of one of the two guns carried and then there was a very dead rabbit. After this we made quite a swing through the very finest kind of cover, but not a rabbit could be developed. I had a talk with Bob Rabbit about this and he was very sententious, remarking: "Some days dis is de way. De rabbits all 'pears to have gone off somewhar. I don't rightly know whar dey have gone, but it must be some distance." Sidney Cooper laughed and said he thought the rabbits must be attending a convention somewhere. Presently, however, we came near a very nice place indeed, which looked so promising that we decided



THE HOPE OF THE COUNTRY.
A four-year-old cotton-picker. Seen by the official hunting party. Photographed by H. H. Brimley.

to have our pictures taken, and this was done, the dogs in front, in a peafield with a background of sassafras bushes and other small growth.

After Curator Brimley had taken this picture we went into the promising place mentioned and Governor Glenn was so very sure that a rabbit was therein that he took position at the head of the run and said: "I am going to get him just as soon as he comes out," the Governor having one of the two guns, Mr. Cooper carrying the other. The dogs worked with a vengeance and pretty soon little cries broke out which grew louder and louder as they bustled about in the dense tangle of green brier and blackberries. In a minute or so there was a sharp crack from the Governor's gun and into the edge of the thicket ran Treasurer Lacy, who said that the Governor had not really hit the rabbit, but that the rabbit had died of pure fright. The Governor was not to be bluffed and said he had killed a great many rabbits in his time. To this Treasurer Lacy replied that he did not believe the Governor could hit a barn. He walked away some thirty or forty yards and the Governor said: "I'll show you what I can do. If you will throw up that cowboy hat of yours I'll fill it full of holes." Treasurer Lacy replied: "I know you can't hit it and am perfectly willing to pay you 25 cents for every hole you make in it." At these words up went the hat, bang went the gun, and as the hat dropped to the ground the Treasurer picked it up and with a rueful face turned to the Governor and to the others of the laughing party and said: "I'll be dogged if he hasn't filled it full of holes." Not Don Quixote himself ever wore a longer or a more lugubrious visage than did poor Lacy as he twirled his hat in his hands and looked at the holes. Then he began to say that he must have a new hat, and to quiet him the Governor told him he would give him a $5 Stetson, but that $1.25 must be deducted from that figure, Lacy having announced that he had found five big shot holes in the crown of the hat alone, and that it was unfit for use. After this arrangement had been made he faced about and informed the outfit that his wife would be very glad the hat was riddled, as for many months she had tried to get him to quit wearing it. The Governor said this story would not hold water.

We made our way toward the house, the stomach of every one in the party being equal to a clock in announcing that dinner time was at hand, and on the way beat some of the sweet locust pods from a tree and ate a few persimmons on the side. The writer and Attorney-General Gilmer set the table for the dinner, and ah, that dinner! A North Carolina ham, several years old, boiled exactly right and then baked; some home-made sausage with plenty of sage in it; a big tin basin filled with North Carolina potatoes, rich with sugar, not the miserable white and woody things which the unfortunates eat up north; home-made butter of the finest type, and such buttermilk as one never gets except at the best country houses, with plenty of sweet milk to be had for the asking and good bread galore. Twelve of us sat down to the table, and it was fine to see the butter fly and in fact everything else fly that was eatable. The Governor said grace and everybody fell to with a vim, the Treasurer, who labors under the delusion that he is a dyspeptic, eating so much that he declared it would last him two days, and being assured by the Secretary of State that he must have two stomaehs just like a cow. The Treasurer, on his part, was unceasing in his comments on the shooting rig of State Superintendent Joyner. The latter has been quite lately in France, and one of the leading French tailors made up for him a coat which is an exact copy of one which he saw worn by one of the hunting staff of President Loubet, of France. It is safe to say that no other such coat is in the United States. It has the real French cut, and one cannot tell very well whether the wearer of it is going away from you or coming toward you. Mr. Brown, of the Corporation Commission, announced, between drinks of buttermilk, that it was his first holiday since he took office, fourteen years ago. Some of the party were unable to say a word during the meal except to declare that the ham was even better than the sausage and then that the buttermilk was better than either and call for a new deal. After dinner, and after the absence of the owner of Trinity, Mr. Samuel Wilder, had been deplored by all (he and his family having been that very morning called away by the sudden sickness of a relative) we went out in the yard, where the dogs were given a bite and where Bob Rabbit, sitting on a pile of wood, showed that he could eat as fast as he could run rabbits. Curator Brimley took some pictures of us all, but missed one glorious opportunity, that of a view of the genial Governor and the Attorney-General "cutting the pigeon wing," and showing such fancy steps that Bob Rabbit got up, dinner in hand, and stared with eyes as big as those of any rabbit in the world. The Governor showed that he had not forgotten how to dance. Meanwhile your correspondent was furnishing the music for this impromptu dance by doing what the darkies call "patting" with his hands upon his brown canvas trousers. He was patting the good old negro tune of

"Juba dis an' Juba dat,
Juba roun' de kittle o' fat,"

while the dancers' feet flew in yet more rapid measure as the swift hands beat the correct time. Everybody laughed at this and there was deep regret that Mr. Brimley had been just a moment too late in getting a snap, as both the Governor and Attorney-General refused to repeat the performance for the benefit of the camera.

There were some more jokes, to be added to the fast growing collection of the day, and we started off for the afternoon round. Through the pine woods, with sweetgums here and there and a fragrance which marks the Southern autumn, we went, along the hillsides and down in the valleys, with partridges whirring like big brown bullets here and there ahead of the dogs and of us, and the Governor cracking away at them when opportunity offered. Presently he got a fine chance at a brace of birds which were flushed beside a stream, and brought one down, while he hit the other hard, both with the one barrel. The dogs seemed to appreciate the shooting, for they began a mighty chase after a rabbit which was "jumped" on a hillside in the edge of a cotton patch. This chase must have covered between two and three miles, but Bob Rabbit, the trusty darkey, never broke his gait, keeping just behind the dogs, and by and by he dashed in among them and lifted up the rabbit, which, as he declared, had "Jus' run hisself ter death." When I asked Bob how that happened he replied: "De dogs wuz too much fer him and he jus' nacherly run all his wind



THE N. C. STATE OFFICERS IN THEIR ANNUAL RABBIT HUNT.
From left to right: Mr. Charles Crawford, Bob Rabbit (with rabbits), Gov. Glenn, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Joyner, Fred A. Olds, H. C. Brown, Auditor Dixon, Treasurer Lacy, Secretary of State Grimes, T. K. Bruner, Attorney-General Gilmer.

out. He died fore de dogs toch him. He wasn't scairt ter deth, neither; he was jus' run out. His time had come an' he knowed it."

About this time some of the ordinary type of hounds joined the beagles and one of these had a whimper which was very like the cry of a scared rabbit. There were some lively runs after this, but it seemed that the dogs must have eaten the rabbits or else left them somewhere in the swamps, dead. The hunters of rabbits when they hear that sudden stillness of the dogs are quick to say that the catastrophe has happened; namely, that the dogs have killed the game and are either eating it or have dragged it aside and left it. Not infrequently the mouth of a hound is examined to see if there is any hair on it, this sign always making suspicion a certainty.

There really was not a dull moment during the day and there was a steady flow of wit. To this the Attorney-General contributed considerably, telling a very good story how his power as an orator had conferred upon him an Indian name, which was given some years ago by the "head man" of the Eastern Band of Cherokees in North Carolina, his home being very near their reservation. This name, quite a melodious one by the way, is "I-sa-toos-ki."

The hunt was voted by all the participants to be a success in every way, even if we didn't catch as many rabbits as we usually do, but there really could not have been any more fun if we had planned it all beforehand.

FRED. A. OLDS.

Gen. Joseph F. Armfield, a very ardent sportsman, whose home is at Statesville, in the Piedmont section, tells me he and his friends there are having particularly good sport after red foxes. Last year they got 100 of these and turned them loose in that vicinity. When he was asked where they were obtained he said from some point near Hamlet, in this State. He says that about a dozen runs have been made and some foxes killed, while others were not injured by the dogs and saved for future sport. Red foxes are scarce in almost every part of North Carolina, and in fact the grays have become scarce in a number of sections. In the Statesville region it seems there have never been any red. These run straighter and at the same time further than the gray fox, which seems to be a more artful dodger.

Ex-Congressman Romulus Z. Linney of Wilkes county, tells a good story about a recent fox hunt there in which he took part. The fox seemed to have mysteriously disappeared, and the dogs "treed" at the foot of a scraggy tree of some height and with a good many limbs, half way up which was an old crow's nest. Mr. Linney has a sharp pair of eyes and as he looked up and was about to go away he saw what he felt pretty sure was a tip of the tail of a fox projecting over the edge of the nest. Climbing part way up the tree, with a pole in hand, one of the young men in the party jabbed at the nest and stirred up the fox, who was there, sure enough. The fox did not offer to jump out or climb high, but cried, Mr. Linney says, just like a child; so pitifully, in fact, that the hunters went away and left him where he was, to have another chance for his life. The discovery of his trick must have unnerved the poor beast and made him lose his courage.

F. A. O.

The Renewing of Youth.

"CHAINED TO BUSINESS" for five years; more years than five since old "Joe," after thirteen years of faithful service and companionship, had gone hunting by himself one snowy day and never come back, and all the years since then the old gun has been standing in the corner. My old limbs felt unequal to tramping through the stubbles and the brush; the neat, up-to-date farming had left little cover to protect the birds; and the winters had been hard ones; quail were reported as practically extinct. No time to spare for shooting, no dog to shoot over, no legs left to tramp with and no birds to shoot. Truly it was a dismal prospect, but in spite of it all the annual attack of "the shooting fever" came on at the usual time of year with such violence that something had to be done. For two or three weeks an effort was made to cure it by remembering and trying to live over again the former days afield, but the fever increased from day to day. Then it was thought that a change of climate might be the thing, and a trip was planned and arranged to a section of country where the quail did not freeze to death in the winter; but the rest of the party could not be ready when the season opened and the fever was raging still higher every day and it was plain that the malady must have immediate treatment, so Henry was consulted.

Now to know who Henry is, the reader should have a description of him. He is a little fellow, an old bachelor, with gray hair and wrinkled face, so quiet in manner and speech that you have to use your eyes to learn whether he is there or not, of an affectionate disposition, and ready always to let a friend have anything he has. In the field he is one of the few men who really delight more over a good shot made by his partner than if he had made the shot himself. He spends most of his days in the hard work of driving iron pipe into the ground for wells, and does but little shooting; but in his younger days he did little else, and he knows every square foot of ground for miles about here. He has a quiet way of talking to the farmer boys about quail, so he knows before the season opens just about where every covey of quail "uses" for miles around.

Henry was consulted about the matter, and said he had a bad attack of "the fever," but as everybody said there were no quail, and he had no dog, all he expected to do was to get out and tramp himself dead tired to get the wire edge worn off a little. He said he had five or six bunches of quail spotted, and knew exactly where they "used," and about how many birds there were in each bunch, and that they were on ground where we would be allowed to shoot them; and if we only had a dog, we could have some sport after a week or two, when he got ahead a little with his well-driving.

Now it began to look as if our "medicine" was going to be good, for on the first two days of the open season a friend of mine, who has a fairly good dog, went with one of his friends for two days and bagged but three birds. They are good shots, but just could not find them. So they quit in disgust, and the dog was put at the writer's disposal. After Henry had showed his quail prospects, he was told about the dog, and in two minutes had grown ten years younger. It is doubtful if he ever hammered pipe so lively as he did for the next week. I, however, could not stand it to see so much fine weather and dog going to waste, and one glorious Indian summer afternoon found me in Will Dormer's stubble field, the dog wild with delight and running at such a rate that he was not doing much hunting. Running and lots of it was good enough for him. A rabbit was walked up and bowled over, and presently another one, a great, big old fellow, that was certainly the fastest runner ever; but a few minutes later the "for sure" fastest rabbit in the world was up and going. He actually went four jumps after the gun was fired before the shot reached him, and his speed was so nearly as fast as the shot that, although he got the center of the charge, it barely scraped some of the fur off him and didn't hurt him at all. Coming back to town, the dog found a covey of quail in a little cornfield, and after following them up seven shots were had and four of the birds went to bag. It wasn't many birds for the number of shots fired, but when it is considered that the "man behind the gun" was using a full choke L. C. Smith gun and had not shot at a half-dozen quail in the last five years, he felt that he had done well. The old legs had stood the four hours' tramp all right, and things began to look as if the fever might not be a hopeless case.

A few days later Henry got his pipes into the ground, and after dinner we started out as gleeful as two sixteen-year-old boys, and the dog fairly wild with delight. We fully expected to "do business" from the start, but a long and careful exploration of the ground where the first two coveys were reported to live, did not show a feather. The third covey were found in the middle of a big cornfield. The dog trailed them so slowly and so far that Henry said the birds had plenty of time to do their afternoon feeding and get to roost before the dog would come up with them; but at last he did get them, and with the old roar that always does startle the oldest shooter, they boiled up out of the corn and most of them flew straight toward the sun. There was some shooting, but nothing to put in the bag. A part of them were marked at the edge of the corn, and we followed them and sure hit them just right, for in less than seven minutes seven single birds were flushed and all of them killed. We patted ourselves on the back and Henry said that he was glad we came and that we had had sport enough to pay for a whole afternoon of tramping, and the other fellow said he had forgotten all his troubles. Just think of it! A couple of old fellows, more than sixty years old, getting as crazy over it as a boy over the first rabbit his pup caught. They did not find any more birds that day, but they came home in mighty high spirits, and planning for another round with the birds.

Henry said the section boss had several times seen a nice bunch along the track about two miles south of town, so next day these two old boys went after them and found them without trouble. They didn't loosen a feather when the birds flushed, but they were marked down in the woods and along the railroad track. At the end of half an hour's search they had flushed eight of them, killing five, each man missing one bird and one getting away without being shot at. These went back near where they were flushed but were a good deal scattered, but persistent hunting by men and dog finally flushed them all, and all of them were killed, making a total bag of nine. There were not more than three or four of them left, and Henry said that was close enough to kill them off. So the shooters struck out a mile or so to the west where there was some good looking ground. Over there they found a covey of rather small ones and got one when they flushed, but had bad luck with the rest of them, as they only flushed two, missing one and failing to get a shot at the other one. Henry says he has spotted three more bunches and it won't be long before these two old boys will be after them. They go rather sly about it; don't go parading along the street and stopping to tell everybody how many they killed. Henry says everybody says there are no quail, and it won't hurt them to keep on thinking so.

If it had been thirty years ago, these fellows would have been out again early the next morning; but as it was, they didn't go again for three days, and meanwhile somebody had sneaked the dog out and must have had a time with him. He came home so lame and tired that he could scarcely get along. He had got pretty well rested when the two old boys went out with him two days later, but didn't seem to have anything on his mind but to run, and he did for two hours; but at last happened to find a covey of quail in time to point them before they flushed. One bird fell when the covey got up, but the dog seemed to prefer live ones. At any rate he chased them when they flew, and it was almost impossible to get him to hunt the dead one. In fact, he didn't seem to think killing quail was the business in hand; and hunting singles was entirely too slow for him. He seemed to think he was under contract to cover forty acres in forty minutes. Four of the flushed birds were marked down in a clover field and the rest of them, about half a dozen, came down along a bushy old fence row. Four of these were flushed by tramping almost every square foot of the cover along the fence, but persistent tramping failed to get the rest of them. Those that were flushed had to be almost stepped on before they would fly. The four that got up were safely bagged.

Meanwhile the dog was doing his utmost to win his stunt of forty acres in forty minutes and happened to get within eighteen inches of one of the birds in the clover, and held his point till the men got there. It was Henry's turn for a shot, and he doubtless would have killed if his first barrel had not snapped, which rattled him so he missed with the second. The bird went out of sight over the hill with the dog a close second. Then the men made some remarks that were rather derogatory to guns that snapped, and dogs that chased quail clear out of sight. As he was a borrowed dog, they did not feel at liberty to take severe measures to correct him, both of them expressed a desire to own him for just fifteen minutes. Twenty minutes were put in trying to tramp up the other three quail which were known to be in the clover, but could not raise a feather till the dog came back and ran over one about thirty feet behind Henry, who failed to get a shot at it. The finding of any more of these birds seeming hopeless, they went half a mile to a patch of brushy woods which was reported to be the home of two coveys. The dog found a rabbit in a corn shock, rousted it and ran a mile, here, there and everywhere. He seemed to think now, that he had finished his forty minutes stunt, and settled down to try to find some birds. He soon found a hot trail and followed it carefully and slowly for more than a hundred yards, then lost it and began circling about in anxious haste, trying to pick up the trail again, but it was no good. It was plain that the birds had taken wing. At the end of half an hour, the dog pointed in a fallen treetop, lying in a thicket. Henry got two when they came out, but the rest got safely away, scattering badly. There was a large amount of leg energy expended in trying to tramp the scattered ones out of the brush heaps and five were rousted, but only three of them were bagged. The cover was too thick for good shooting. It was now nearly sundown and two miles lay between the shooters and home. An effort was made to find something to shoot as they walked for home, but not even a rabbit was seen. On the whole, though, these two old fellows unanimously vot that they had had a great time and decided that abou day after to-morrow afternoon they would be at it again.

The bags made have been small, but when it is remembered that they were made in a section where quail are supposed to be practically extinct, and are, in fact, so few that a person not acquainted with the country would hardly find a covey once in two days, they think they did well, and feel that the recreation has been profitable to them. Some others have been benefited, too, for more than half the quail bagged have been given to sick people, and the heartfelt thanks which have been given the donors, leave no doubt about the birds having done the sick ones some good. These two old fellows find that their views on shooting matters have changed considerably since they were real boys. At that period of their lives, the sole thought was to kill, kill; and if there wasn't a lot of killing there wasn't much sport in it. In those days, going shooting was not a release from the cares that burden older people, for there were no cares loading down the boyish mind, but to the man of mature years there is always a load of care and responsibility, which make a burden that must at times be laid off for a rest, or the man finally becomes a mere beast of burden, and for the man who loves the sports of the field, there is nothing that will so completely make him forget his troubles as a tramp afield where there is reasonable expectation of at least some game.

O. H. HAMPTON.

INDIANA.

Minnesota Moose Woods.

NILWOOD, Ill., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* November 19 I returned from a two weeks' visit with old hunting companions in Minnesota. The non-resident license law made it impracticable for me to do any hunting, and I would have returned home after a week's visit, but those companions of numerous hunting trips pleaded with me to stay and go with them on the trip they were going to take and act as guide for them in the new country they would hunt in. This I agreed to do, providing they would let me choose the place. This being satisfactory to them, I at once made a prospecting trip and the first day located an abandoned lumber camp, the office building of which was still standing and in good repair, about two miles from Skibo Station on the D. & I. R. R. R.

I did not take long to satisfy myself that there was game in the immediate vicinity—both moose and deer. Accordingly, on the 7th, S. and myself took the train at Bewabik for Skibo, leaving M. to follow on the 8th. We spent the days until the 10th packing in our stuff, arranging things about the camp and getting plenty of wood for the time we would be there. The evening of the 9th found us all ready to take to the hunting the next morning.

According to orders, I was up and had breakfast for them at 6 A. M., and at 6:30 we left camp. Giving M. general instructions as to direction and the most likely place to find game, I took S. under my wing and, for the first time in my experience as a hunter, hunted without a gun.

We had worked nearly all our territory and were on the way across a rocky ridge to a large spruce swamp, where we intended to try and locate a moose; when about half way up the ridge, we came across the tracks of a moose. They appeared to be fresh, and we concluded to do our best to follow them. This was slow work, as the ground was frozen; but after going about a hundred yards they led into a swampy place, where the tracks showed up plain. We had not gone far in the swamp when we found that there were three moose, and from indications they had gone into the swamp to spend the day. Our progress was necessarily slow, and we were very cautious in our movements, taking great care to make no noise and fully expecting to jump them at any moment. The wind was in our favor, and unless they turned to our right, they would not get scent.

Contrary to our expectations they were not in the swamp, but had gone on through and into a place where the spring fires had deadened a lot of small popples. After they quit the swamp, we abandoned the trail and worked straight up through the popple thicket. When we got to the edge of the thicket we saw a nice young bull moose standing on the top of a little knoll about sixty yards distant. He had no horns to speak of, but as S. afterward remarked, "We wanted meat, not horns," and he immediately fired and got the first moose of the season. The moose did not fall dead, but gave a great bound and stopped, standing with his feet wide apart and breathing with such a great effort that we could plainly hear him. S. prepared to give him another shot, but I advised waiting, as the poor fellow was about "all in" anyway.

While we waited, a full-grown cow and her calf walked out of the brush and stood within fifty yards of us, looking at the dying bull. It was about three minutes before he fell, and when he did the cow and calf walked up to him and stood quite still. We then went straight toward them and were not particular as to the amount of noise we made. They did not seem to notice us until we were within about twenty yards of them, and not then until I spoke and admonished them to leave there before we were tempted beyond our strength. Of course I could do them no damage, but S. said it was all he could do to let that calf go. When I spoke, the cow looked around and saw us coming and trotted away over the knoll into another swamp.

We first measured the great beast and found that he was six feet from the bottom of the hoof to the top of the shoulder, and eight feet from the back of his

head to the root of his tail. The antlers were small, having but two points each. While we were dressing him M. and his little boy came up. They had been unsuccessful and were rejoiced at the good start S. had made. We did not hunt more that day, for, as M. said, "There was no one to go out and kill it all in one day."

The afternoon we spent in camp, shooting at target and resting up. During the target practice I got the surprise of my life in regard to the penetrating power of full-jacketed and soft-nosed bullets.

M., like myself, uses a .30 Government Winchester box magazine rifle. While we were practicing, I noticed the top bunk of an old logging sleigh lying in the grass. There was a plate of ⅜ iron on it where the king bolt went through. I told S. that M.'s gun would shoot through that piece of iron if he used a full jacketed bullet. S. said it could not be done. Thereupon we made a trial and found that the bullet drilled a nice hole through the iron. While discussing the wonderful power of such a small charge, the thought came to me to try a soft-nosed bullet and see what it would do. I took the rifle and fired from about thirty yards distance, and was surprised to see a hole just as neat but a little larger than the full-jacketed bullet had made. Thinking I might have been mistaken and put in a full-jacketed bullet, I tried again with a soft-nose, and the result was the same. Knowing, as I did, that the soft-nose would only penetrate about 1/3 what the full jacket would in wood, I was surprised at its penetrating the iron at all, as I fully expected to see it sticking fast in the dent it would make.

The morning of the 11th we all hunted together, I "playing dog," as M. called it. While working over a range of hills next to a spruce swamp, I saw a moose browsing about 300 yards from me, in the edge of the swamp; and I started to get the boys, when the moose saw me and started up the hill away from me, but in the direction the boys had taken when I left them. Following down the ridge, I soon came to S. and told him to get on the next ridge north and keep a good lookout for the moose. He immediately did so, and while making his way along fell in with M. Shortly after this, the moose came in sight, going northeast on the ridge that I was still on. S. had killed his moose the day before and could only stand and watch M. as he fired six shots in quick succession; he afterward told me that it nearly broke his heart to see that moose duck into a little hollow and disappear.

During the firing I kept on in the direction the moose had taken, expecting every minute to come on to him dead, for M. is a good shot. When near where I supposed the moose would be, S. came upon the run and said M. had wounded a fine bull, and that it had kept going, but he was sure that it was hard hit. We at once started for the place where the moose had been when fired on. This was not hard to find as he was on a runway and we soon discovered blood in plenty and followed the trail about a quarter of a mile. M. joined us with the boy, and I took the lead, the boy next behind me learning to trail a moose by the blood he spilled. M. was following close behind the boy, and S. circled around to the right. After going about a hundred yards I saw the big fellow lying down facing us and about twenty yards away. I stopped and, getting the boy in front of me, pointed the moose out to him, then taking M.'s gun, I gave it to the boy and told him to shoot it and to aim at the eye. The little fellow had never fired so heavy a gun and was scared and excited. The gun was too heavy for him, and instead of shooting the game in the eye, he hit the jaw and tore it completely away. M. then took the gun and finished the job. M. now had two nice young moose, with a lot of fine meat but no head fit to preserve. This one had two points on one antler, but the other was a spike.

After dressing the fine fellow, we headed for camp, and after dinner made a trip out to the station for supplies that were to have been shipped to us, returning about 5 o'clock. Thus ended the second day of what promised to be a very successful hunt.

No snow having yet fallen, we had a hard time of it, and do the best we could, we could not sight a deer. I did the "dog" act in every likely place, but could not start a deer. Everything was so dry that the noise made by us when going through the brush was "fierce," and no deer would wait to see what was making it. Finally I concluded to take them into the big swamp and jackpine country north of the Partridge River. There we found fresh moose signs were plentiful, and had they not already killed their moose, we would have done some hunting right there; but finding the jackpine thickets were worse than the country south of the river, we gave up hunting there and returned home. This kind of luck was ours right along. We would get out early and hunt faithfully until about 9 o'clock; then go to where the two moose were dressed and piled up and pack to our cache near the station until dinner time; then get dinner and pack some more. Finally on the 17th we broke camp and finished the hunt for 1905. Although we had been unsuccessful in getting deer, my friends were perfectly satisfied with what they had. We had enjoyed ourselves to the extent and call it a most successful hunt. Although I did no shooting, I enjoyed the hunt as much as any I ever made, and unless the present law is changed to permit a non-resident to take his moose home, I will spend the time next season in the same way, except that I will have my camera with me and take some photographs. What a fine thing a photo of that cow and calf watching the dying bull would have been! I missed my camera then, but will never go without it again. J. P. B.

Twelve Years a Reader.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading FOREST AND STREAM for twelve years and in all of these years have never missed a dozen copies. I have it sent to me from a local book concern, and my Sunday morning at home would be dull indeed without my FOREST AND STREAM. I have gained some useful knowledge from reading it, and consider it the best paper in this country or any other.

R. S. STREHL.

Massachusetts Game Conditions.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although reports of game conditions are not all in, a partial summing up of those on file will no doubt be interesting to your Massachusetts readers. But one town in Barnstable county (a quail region) reports good conditions as to quail. Four reports from Worcester county are good, none from Bristol county, two from Middlesex with eleven reporting fair conditions. Not one report from Plymouth or Norfolk is good. Essex county none good, eight report fair. Of 281 reports covering every county, only eleven are good, fifty fair, sixty-two report no quail, 158 report conditions poor.

So far as the southern counties are concerned, including the Cape, Barnstable, Bristol and Plymouth, the reports are surprisingly bad. From conversation with some of the gunners from different sections I believe many have refrained entirely, or nearly so, from shooting quail, although there have been some cases reported of the clearing up of entire coveys. Several have expressed a regret that November was not made a close time, as well as October, for this year, so that all might have been spared as breeders for next season. By stocking the covers with a few hundred dozen birds, judiciously distributed, and systematic feeding the coming winter, we may reasonably hope for somewhat improved conditions next fall. At the present time, chiefly due to the severity of the last two winters, a large section of the State, which on the Government map is included in the quail zone, is practically destitute of that species. In most of the towns where quail were plentiful two years ago there now remain only a few small coveys and a few stray birds.

In regard to ruffed grouse the reports are more cheering. Whole number received, 272. Of these 102 are good, ninety fair, seventy-five poor and five report none. In Worcester county twenty-three report conditions good, twenty-one report fair, only seven poor. Generally the northern section and the western counties return favorable reports. Poor reports predominate from Barnstable, Plymouth and Essex counties. On the whole, this seems to have been better than an average season for partridges, and it is thought there were a fairly good number of that species left in the covers at the end of the shooting season, which closed Nov. 30, except in Bristol county, where the season ends Dec. 15.

Several suggestions for improving present conditions relate especially to quail. One writer says, provide winter covers for them. Another recommends that towns plant quail, another says "kill all pheasants." Several urge more stocking of the covers, and one says let the State breed quail instead of pheasants. Other remedies for scarcity of birds are named, as a hunters' license, bounties on foxes, hawks, owls and stray cats, restrain bird dogs in summer, put an age limit on boys who shoot, prohibit the use of dogs in hunting, put a tax on worthless dogs "so high as to drive them out of the country." The writer expresses no opinion as to the wisdom of these various suggestions but mentions them simply to show the great variety of views prevailing. Among those who have never given much attention to the subject of game protection, and who are not aware what a small proportion of bird destruction arises from their shooting, it is the most natural thing in the world for them to favor a close time of several years. Such persons do not consider the vast destruction of bird life caused by their natural enemies and by unfavorable weather conditions. That all students of birds and the community generally are giving more and more thought to these subjects year by year is one of the encouraging signs of the times and augurs well for sportsmen's interests in the future.

H. H. KIMBALL.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Lewis Mitchell, a Passamaquoddy Indian, head of the tribe at Oldtown, Me., has recently been before the Municipal Court of Boston on the charge of having in possession 128 breasts of gulls which he brought from Maine to sell. Counsel for Mitchell contends that under the old treaty between Massachusetts and Maine, giving Indians the right to shoot and fish, his client had the right to kill the birds. Bail was furnished and the case put over.

Among women hunters who have recently secured deer in Maine are Mrs. A. E. Spaulding, of Bar Harbor; Mrs. F. A. Johnson and Miss R. L. Tozier, of Bangor. Mr. Clayton Coffin, of Haverhill, Mass., secured a moose and a deer in Washington county.

In Oxford, Me., Game Warden D. W. Stanley recently arrested three Boston hunters for violation of the game laws. They had been hunting several days without having secured the necessary non-resident license. They were fined $25 and costs each. In Oxford and Paris it is reported that quite a number of New York and Boston gunners have been beating the game laws, and the warden determined to make an example of them.

Shipments of game from Bangor for the week ending Nov. 25 were 724 deer and twenty-three moose. For the corresponding week of 1904 they were 648 deer and forty moose. The shipping laws have been well observed and very few seizures have been made. A party of forty hunters from Ohio took home with them from the Oxbow country some seventy-five deer after a stay of two weeks.

The moose hunting season closed Nov. 30 and only two more weeks remain to the deer hunters. There was a large exodus of hunters returning for Thanksgiving, and the shipments for the past week were 457 deer and twenty-seven moose, as against 287 deer and twenty-seven moose in the corresponding week last year. Shipments for the season to Friday last were 4,134 deer, 206 moose; last year the same number of moose (206), and 3,776 deer. While there will be no more killing of moose legally this season there will be quite a number more brought out that were shot last month in the back woods, whence it is no easy task to bring them out. It is estimated that the revenue to the State from licenses will exceed that of last year by not less than $5,000, which will enable the commissioners to improve the warden service. It is expected the total of Bangor shipments of deer will be about 4,500 for the season. The largest record ever made was that of 1902, when 5,300 deer were sent out.

Commissioner Carleton is reported as favoring some shortening of the shooting season, giving only one month for moose and two months for deer shooting. Doubtless native hunters kill much big game in December to keep for the winter or sell in the markets.

William T. Farley, of Boston, takes home two deer and a moose. Mr. E. W. Lovejoy, of Lowell, is equally fortunate, while C. H. Randall, of Boston, brings one deer and a moose. Mr. W. H. Billings, of Boston, has secured a moose.

In the Rangeley region B. E. Lambert, C. F. Jones, A. L. Kimball and H. J. Noble, of Boston, have secured their full quota of deer. E. C. Rodgers, of Putnam, and Mr. Spearin, of Boston, each secured an albino deer. Miss Alice R. Platt, of Boston, has been fortunate in getting a fine buck.

Few places of any considerable size in this State that have not had one or more representatives in Maine at some time during November in pursuit of big game, but I doubt if Massachusetts sportsmen have killed more than have the residents of the Pine Tree State. CENTRAL.

An Oklahoma Wolf Drive.

Lawton, Okla., Correspondence New York Herald.

EIGHT thousand men, women and children and 500 dogs participated in the greatest wolf drive in the history of the Southwest. The scene was the Kiowa-Comanche pasture. About twenty-five wolves were victims of the day's sport. After the hunt a basket dinner was served at the rendezvous in Chattanooga. Then there were racing and athletics, followed by a dance at night. It was a red-letter day in the history of southwest Oklahoma. The era of the cattleman and his vast herds in the pasture is passing. This is their last year. They will give way next month to the farmer, who will plant fields of wheat and corn where herds have been wont to roam. This celebration was held to welcome the coming and to speed the parting guest.

Preparations were in progress for this event for two months. Headed by Col. "Jim" Williams and Capt. J. A. Mangan, of Chattanooga, the farmers living around the borders of the reservation marshaled as great an army of hunters as was ever congregated in the Southwest country. These hosts were augmented by visitors from all parts of Indian Territory, Texas and other States. A special train was run out of Lawton to Chattanooga to carry the throngs that came to join the hunt.

Chattanooga is the gateway to the "big pasture." It is on a high stretch of tableland abutting the north line of the reservation, twenty-five miles southwest of Lawton and ten miles northeast of the spot where President Roosevelt camped during his wolf hunt last spring. The town has a population of about 500, principally cowboys and wolf hunters. The latter are skilled in training dogs for chasing and bagging wolves, and no better dogs at these feats are to be found in the West. The most interesting dog in this hunt was a hound of small proportions, which its master named Carrie Nation. This dog last year outstripped all her fellows in the Thanksgiving hunt, capturing five of the twelve wolves taken. This placed her at the head of the wolf dogs in the country. During her life of four years she has captured more than sixty wolves, and never has been injured. She has a knack of capturing the fierce little coyotes in a manner that puts them out of action immediately and protects herself. But there are other fine dogs. Greyhounds are the best runners and have the longest "winds," but many of them are lacking in the technique of capture. Fox hounds are plentiful and good racers; so are some curs and common stags. More than half a thousand wolfhounds and dogs belong to men of this section, and nearly every one of them was in the race.

The race course was a broad expanse of prairie, unbroken by creeks, deep ravines or timber. Prairie dog holes abound in some parts of the reservation, but few are found here. This was fine for the hunters, for many persons attend these chases who are untutored in horseback riding. To the southward one views the Deep Red River, with its fringes of oak, pecan and hackberry. A little beyond is Red River, with its flat bed, red water and crumbled banks; westward is the town of Frederick, made notable by the President's entrance to the reservation through its main street; to the northward are the Wichita peaks, to the eastward Indian Territory, and northeast is the city of Lawton.

The chase began soon after noon and lasted three hours. The commander and his aids formed the hunters in an immense square, seven miles each way. The square contained nine sections. Cowboys, dog trainers and professional riders were stationed on the east, south and west sides, while those who participated in wagons, buggies and other vehicles formed the north line. After the lines were formed the commander gave the signal at the southeast corner, his aids passed it along and the lines began closing in. This drove the wolves toward the center, and so close were the men to one another that few could escape.

The exciting moment came when the lines had closed sufficiently near one another to give the charging signal. This signal permitted every member of the party to participate in the chase. The wolves by this time were frantically running hither and thither to escape, but were in a pen so closely fenced by humanity that death or capture was inevitable for eight out of ten of them. Men, women and children, shouting and excited to the highest pitch, riding in wagons, buggies, hacks, on horses, bicycles, automobiles and some on foot, combined to make a thrilling scene peculiar to the wolf country.

Guns and pistols were barred, and the kills and captives must be made with clubs, lariats and dogs. Some of the little coyotes were torn to pieces by dogs, others roped by cowboys, trampled under foot by horses, run over by vehicles or died of exhaustion. After it was over came the march back to Chattanooga and a public exhibition of the fruits of the sport. Here cowboys, dog men and others disputed over the credit for the capture of certain coyotes—and some fought—but, at length, a distribution was made, photographs were taken and the day's sport was ended.

Col. "Jim" Williams, who organized the hunt, is a typical frontiersman who knows the entire alphabet of cow-punching and wolf chasing. He was reared on a cow ranch and for four years was a lessee of part of the

reservation. One of the most interesting of the participants in the hunt was Miss Clara Sharp, sixteen years old, one of the most beautiful girls in Oklahoma. Born in the East, she has become a devotee of the sports of the West. There are few better riders than Miss Sharp and none who find more real enjoyment in the chase. She was a star attraction of the chase and took as many wolves with her lariat as any man. John Abernethy, a young cowboy, who was with the President during his hunt in April, was commander of the hunt. Nearly all the Indians of the Comanche and Kiowa tribes were at the scene. Quanah Parker, the Comanche chief, took a prominent part in the chase. A few Apaches were on hand, among them Geronimo, who attends the chase every year. Several officers of the Thirteenth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Sill, also took part in the sports.

The Silz Game Case.

Full Text of the Opinion.

SUPREME COURT, APPELLATE DIVISION—SECOND JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.

Hirschberg, P. J.; Woodward, Jenks, Rich and Miller, JJ.

The People of the State of New York, on the relation of August Silz, Appellant, against Henry Hesterberg, Sheriff of the County of Kings, Respondent.

Appeal by the relator from an order of the Supreme Court, entered in the office of the Clerk of the County of Kings on the 16th day of June, 1905, quashing a writ of habeas corpus.

Edward Lauterbach (Edward R. Finch and John Burlinson Coleman with him on the brief), for the appellant.

Julius M. Mayer, Attorney-General (Alexander T. Mason, Deputy Attorney-General, with him on the brief), for the respondent.

WOODWARD, J.

There is no dispute about the facts in this case. One August Silz, on the 30th day of March, 1905, had in his possession in the County of Kings one imported golden plover which was lawfully taken, killed and captured in England during the open season for such game there, and thereafter sold and consigned to Silz in New York city by a dealer in game in London, England, and at the same time he had in his possession one imported blackcock, a bird lawfully taken and killed in Russia and consigned to the said Silz by the same London dealer. These birds it is conceded were duly imported by Silz in accordance with the provisions of the tariff laws and regulations in force, through the Custom House in New York city, during the open season for plover and grouse in the State of New York. It is admitted that these particular birds are entirely different varieties of game birds from the game birds known as plover and grouse in the State of New York, and from any bird native to the State of New York, or America; that they are different in form, size, color and markings from the game birds known as plover and grouse in the State of New York and from any American bird, and can be easily and readily distinguished from such plover and grouse found in New York State and from any bird native to America, both with their feathers on and after they are plucked.

It is likewise conceded that such birds were and are staple, sound, wholesome and valuable articles of food, and are in constant use as such, and that they are recognized and staple articles of commerce between the different countries of Europe and the United States of America, and were of the fair market value of one dollar and a half. The only question presented upon this appeal is whether the possession of these birds, under these circumstances, constituted a crime under the provisions of Sections 106, 108, 119 and 141 of the Forest, Fish and Game Laws, as amended by Chapter 588 of the laws of 1904.

In principle, the exact question here presented was before the court in People vs Buffalo Fish Co. (39 Misc. 130), and Mr. Justice Lambert, after reviewing the authorities, said: "The principle laid down by the case referred to clearly establishes the right of the defendant to import the fish in question into the State of New York as a purchaser and importer, and in the exercise of such right conferred by the Federal Government, it was not within the power of the Legislature to make the possession of the property thus imported unlawful. Possession is a necessary incident to the right of importation, and to the right of property imported. Possession and the right of sale is the intended consequence of the right of importation. It would as effectually destroy the privilege of importation to make the intended consequence thereof unlawful, as to prohibit importation itself. Applying the rules laid down in the case discussed to the admitted facts, that the fish in question were imported from the Dominion of Canada, and a duty had been paid for such privilege under the Dingley act, some of which were in the hands of the importer for shipment and the remainder in its possession for the purpose of sale, it is clear that the statute of this State making such possession unlawful is in conflict with the general power of Congress to regulate commerce between foreign nations and the several States, and to the extent that it attempts to levy tribute upon the custodians of these fish, whether by means of taxation or a penalty for having them in possession, it is null and void." Continuing a review of authorities, the same learned jurist sums up as follows: "This being the law of the land, that the importer acquires a right, not only to bring the articles into the country, but to mix them with the common mass of property, the fish imported by this defendant, became, by reason of such importation, absolute property in the hands of the importer, as well as all who might take title under them, and it is an abuse of the police power which cannot be justified by any sound process of reasoning to say that the Legislature may make it a crime, and subject the owner of this lawfully acquired property to penalties for merely having the property in his possession. It is conceded, of course, that if these fish were diseased, or had remained exposed to the elements until they were unfit for food, and constituted a menace to the public health, the State would have the right to interpose its police powers, and prevent the sale."

This case was considered by the Appellate Division in the Fourth Department, where it was affirmed on the opinion of the court below (45 App. Div. 631), and was then taken to the Court of Appeals, where it was affirmed by a divided court, O'Brien, J., writing. After a careful review of the questions submitted, the learned court said: "Admitting, for the purposes of the argument, that the statute in question means just what the plaintiff's counsel claims for it, the important fact still remains that Congress has permitted the defendant to import fresh fish upon payment of certain duties. It has paid the duties and complied with the Federal regulations, but when the article is brought here the State steps in and forbids the defendant to have it in his possession, and, of course, forbids the sale. This creates a direct conflict between the regulations of Congress and those of the State, and, consequently, the latter must yield to the former. The State had no power to extend its police legislation to such a transaction, and, of course, had no power to forbid what Congress had expressly permitted."

It appears to be conceded upon this appeal that the People vs. Buffalo Fish Co. (supra) would be controlling, were it not for certain statutory provisions which have been enacted since the decision in that case, and it is contended that the Court of Appeals in People vs. Bootman (130 N. Y. 1) has finally determined the question here presented in favor of the respondent. As we read that case, however, it does not appear to question the law of the Buffalo Fish Company case, in so far as it decided that fish brought into this country from foreign lands under the provisions of the custom laws could be possessed and sold without regard to State statutes. In fact, the decision follows the Buffalo Fish Company case, and holds that game birds, grouse, quail, etc., which were not killed in the State of New York, but which were killed in sister States and transported into this State in November, 1900, and which were in the possession of the defendants in June, 1901, were not unlawfully possessed, and that the owners were not, therefore, subject to the penalties attempted to be imposed. After determining the only question then before the court, the learned jurist writing went into a discussion of what the law might be under certain statutory provisions since enacted, and it was pointed out that "It was held by a majority of the learned justices of the Appellate Division that the Legislature has no power to make the possession of imported game unlawful, as it would violate the provisions of our State Constitution relating to the protection of property," and it was this determination of the Appellate Division in the First Department (95 App. Div. 469) which the court disapproved, and not the decision of Mr. Justice Lambert and the Appellate Division in the Fourth Department, that the act was unconstitutional and void as interfering with the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, in so far as it attempted to deal with articles imported under the provisions of the customs laws of the nation. "While it is our duty," says the court in the Bootman case (supra), "to affirm the judgment of the Appellate Division, we have felt constrained to consider the constitutional question discussed by that learned court, lest the conclusion announced should be regarded as a precedent and result in evil."

The legislation under which it is claimed the police powers of the State have been enlarged so as to make it a crime for a man who has lawfully possessed himself of property, having all of the attributes of property outside of this State, and in no wise a menace to the morals or health of the community, to bring it into his possession within this jurisdiction, is found in 31 United States Statutes at Large, Chapter 553, and in Section 141 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law, as amended by Chapter 588 of the laws of 1904. The Federal statute provides in Section 5 that, "all dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any wild game animals, or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale or storage therein, shall upon arrival in such State or Territory be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals or birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise." The State statute appears to have been designed to be in harmony with this provision of the Federal statute, for it is provided that, "Whenever in this act the possession of fish or game, or the flesh of any animal, bird or fish, is prohibited, reference is had equally to such fish, game or flesh coming from without the State as to that taken within the State."

But what has either of these provisions to do with the conceded facts in the case now before us? Without going into an analysis of the statutes, it is plain that in so far as the Federal statute has any bearing whatever, it must relate to inter-State and not to foreign commerce, and we are dealing with a conceded article of foreign commerce—with an article the importation of which is not prohibited. Articles which may be imported under the customs laws and regulations of the United States are within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress, and it has not attempted, in the so-called Lacey act, to place them under the police regulations of the States. All game animals or birds, "the importation of which is prohibited" by the customs laws or regulations of the United States, are placed upon the same footing as "the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals, or game or song birds, transported into any State or Territory," the word "transported" being used in the sense of shipped from one State to another, but this by necessary implication excludes from State control those game birds, etc., the importation of which is not prohibited. As to these, Congress has provided for their importation, and, as O'Brien, J., so well said in People vs Buffalo Fish Co. (supra): "The State had no power to extend its police legislation to such a transaction, and, of course, had no power to forbid what Congress had expressly permitted."

Whatever may be our opinion as to the question discussed outside of the scope of the decision made in the Bootman case (supra), it certainly does not overrule the Buffalo Fish Company case (supra) in so far as that case held that fish imported under the tariff laws and regulations of the United States were not subject to State control, except as they might become so by reason of some inherent vice in the fish themselves; and as the case now before us cannot be distinguished in principle from the latter, it follows that there should be a reversal of the order appealed from.

Order appealed from reversed and petitioner discharged.

SUPREME COURT, APPELLATE DIVISION—SECOND JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.

Hirschberg, P.J.; Woodward, Jenks, Rich and Miller, JJ.

The People of the State of New York, on the relation of August Silz, Appellant, against Henry Hesterberg, Sheriff of the County of Kings, Respondent.

Appeal by the relator from an order of the Supreme Court, entered in the office of the Clerk of the county of Kings, on the 16th day of June, 1905, quashing a writ of habeas corpus.

Edward Lauterbach (Edward R. Finch and John Burlinson Coleman with him on the brief), for the appellant.

Julius M. Mayer, Attorney-General (Alexander T. Mason, Deputy Attorney-General, with him on the brief), for the respondent.

MILLER, J. I dissent.

Evidently the imprisonment which is the subject of inquiry in this proceeding was procured for the purpose of enabling the petitioner to present the legal questions involved upon his own statement of facts, and it is urged that the allegation in the complaint that the plover and grouse in question "can be easily and readily distinguished from such plover and grouse found in the State of New York, and from any American bird, both with their feathers on and after they are plucked and after they are cooked and ready for the table," prevents the application of section 141 of the Forest, Fish and Game law, added by chapter 194 of the laws of 1902, which, so far as material, provides, "Whenever in this act the possession of fish, or game, or the flesh of any animal, bird or fish, is prohibited, reference is had equally to such fish, game or flesh coming from without the State as to that taken within the State," and the contention is that said section applies only to fish and game identical in form, shape, size, color and markings to the fish and game found in this State. By section 28 of the Forest, Fish and Game law (chapter 20, laws of 1900, as amended by chapter 317, laws of 1902) the sale or possession of "grouse" during the close season is prohibited; by section 30 of said law, as amended by chapter 588, laws of 1904, the possession of plover from Jan. 1 to Aug. 15 is prohibited; and by section 140 of said law "grouse" is defined as including "ruffed grouse, partridge and every member of the grouse family"; in effect, therefore, and practically in express terms, the Legislature has prohibited during the times stated the possession of plover and of every member of the grouse family, whether taken within the State or coming from without the State. It is difficult to see how the legislative intent could have been more clearly expressed, for surely it is not necessary for the Legislature to say expressly that it intends to mean just what it says. But the argument is made that, because said section 141 was added after the decision in People vs. Buffalo Fish Co. (164 N. Y. 93), which construed the act of 1900 as applying only to fish and game taken within the State, the word "such" in said section 141 should be construed as referring only to fish and game identical in size, etc., to that found in the State. The argument is ingenious rather than convincing. It is perfectly apparent that the amendment of 1902 was declaratory of its previous intention, which the Legislature thought the Court of Appeals had misconceived, and in expressing that intention it must be supposed as intending to mean just what it said. It is matter of common knowledge that it is well nigh impossible to secure even a practical enforcement of laws like the one in question; and although it is said that the closing of our markets to game that can be distinguished from our own does not aid in the protection of our game, I can conceive, even assuming that "black cock" and "golden plover" can be distinguished from our own birds "when cooked," that a very small number of "black cock" and "golden plover" might suffice to supply a very large demand for game in the New York markets. It is not our province to determine what measures should be adopted to secure an enforcement of the law, and the fact that we might regard the measures adopted by the Legislature as unnecessary or as too harsh furnishes no reason for construing the statute, that does not admit of construction, as we think the Legislature ought to have enacted it; it is our duty rather to give effect to the expressed intention of the Legislature unless it contravenes some organic law. The constitutional questions presented were fully considered by the Court of Appeals in People v. Bootman (180 N. Y. 1). Judge Vann, speaking for every member of the court, said: "That act" (referring to the so-called Lacey Act, 31 U. S. Statutes at Large, chapter 553) "provides in substance that foreign game when transported into any State shall be subject to the laws of that State, enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent as if such game had been produced in such State, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of importation in original packages. * * * That amendment" (referring to laws of 1902, chapter 194) "when read in connection with the Lacey Act and the decisions of the Federal courts, removes from the region of discussion the questions considered in the Buffalo Fish Company case in relation to the application of the Forest, Fish and Game law to imported game, which was decided, *and the effect of the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, which, although discussed, was not decided.*" (Italics are my own.) * * * "The action of Congress has taken away all questions of interstate commerce, so that the State can act with entire freedom and can prevent the shipment of game into or out of its territory; *and if game is imported it can regulate or prohibit the sale thereof.*" (Italics are my own.) "Such provisions are warranted by the police power, and are not in conflict with either the State or Federal Constitution." True, this discussion was not necessary to the decision, as the court stated, but grave doubts on the constitutional questions had been created by the discussion in the Buffalo Fish Company case and by the decision of the Appellate Division in the Bootman case. To set these doubts at rest and because of the public importance of the question, the Court of Appeals stated its views, and it cannot be assumed that this was done without a full and careful consideration of the subject. It seems to me, therefore, that further discussion in this court is purely academic, and I should

rest my vote on the authority of the Bootman case without further discussion, were it not for the earnestness and ability with which counsel attempted to distinguish that case, and for the fact that we are not agreed on the question.

In the first place it is said that the Buffalo Fish Company case was not overruled by the Bootman case, but that it is still authority for the proposition that the statute offends both the State and Federal Consitutions. The answer is that it never was authority for any such proposition, and this without regard to the effect of the "Lacey Act"; three judges only assented to that proposition, three united in a vigorous and logical defense of the constitutionality of the act, and the concurrence of the seventh with the opinion of the majority was expressly limited to the point that the act was not applicable, thereby, by implication at least, agreeing with the minority on the constitutional question; and while the decision in the Bootman case upon the meaning of the act was controlled by the Buffalo Fish Company case, the court expressly stated that its decision was governed by the rule of *stare decisis*.

Next it is claimed that the peculiar wording of section 5 of the Lacey Act presents a question not considered in the Bootman case, and that, therefore, the admitted facts of this case present a new question for consideration. Said section 5 is as follows: "Section 5.—That all dead bodies or parts thereof, of any foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any wild game animals, or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale or storage therein, shall, upon arrival in such State or Territory, be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals and birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise. This act shall not prevent the importation, transportation or sale of birds or bird plumage manufactured from the feathers of barnyard fowl."

The argument is that the express reference to "foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited," by necessary implication excludes from the effect of the statute all foreign game animals or birds the importation of which is not prohibited, and that although the words "any wild game animals, or game or song birds," subsequently used in the section, are comprehensive enough to include foreign game animals or birds, the meaning of these words is restricted by the word "transported," which means "shipped," from one State to another, and does not include an import. Reading the section without reference to its context, there seems to be much force in the first of this argument, for it would seem that the foreign game animals or birds referred to were those the importation of which was prohibited by the act, and that, by expressly including them, all others were excluded. The importation of certain living animals and birds is prohibited by section 2 of the act, as follows: "The importation of the mongoose, the so-called 'flying foxes' or friar bats, the English sparrow, the starling, or such other birds or animals as the Secretary of Agriculture may from time to time declare injurious to the interest of agriculture or horticulture, is hereby prohibited." It may be that the words "the importation of which is prohibited," in section 5, should be interpreted as though the phrase read "the importation of which, if living, is prohibited by section 2," and assuming this to be the correct construction of this phrase, the question is presented whether it limits the subsequent general expression so as to exclude therefrom all foreign wild game animals and birds the importation of which is not thus prohibited. Certainly the expression "*any* wild game animals, or game or song birds," includes foreign animals and birds, and there is no force in the argument based on the use of the word "transported," because that is not a correlative of the word "importation," it relates alike to the phrase "all dead bodies or parts thereof, of any foreign game animals," etc., and to the phrase "all dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any wild game animals," etc., and obviously means "carried," which is comprehensive enough to include both an import and a shipment from one State to another. The office of construction is to determine the legislative intent, and when such intent is apparent, canons of construction, adopted solely to determine what it is, must yield to it. Congress declared in the first section of the act that its purpose was to aid in the preservation, distribution, introduction and restoration of game and other wild birds, and the manner in which it effected this purpose was by supplementing State laws to the extent of removing any question as to their conflict with the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution. It evidently deemed the act an appropriate one by which to prohibit the importation of animals and birds deemed to be injurious to agriculture and horticulture. Our attention is not called to any other Federal statute prohibiting the importation of game animals or birds, and if the application of section 5 is to be limited to the foreign animals and birds the importation of which is prohibited by the act, we shall have difficulty in determining what harm the Congress thought dead mongoose, bats, sparrows and starling might inflict upon agriculture or horticulture, or exactly what aid in the enforcement of local laws would result from making their "dead bodies or parts thereof" subject to the operation and effect of said laws. The construction contended for would entirely defeat the declared purpose of the act. Obviously the sole purpose of making game taken without the State subject to the laws of the State is to prevent the sale of game taken within the State under the guise of game taken from without, and if foreign game can be utilized for the purpose, it would be senseless as well as useless to prohibit game from other States. As the expression "any wild game animals, or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory," includes foreign game, and as that construction gives effect to the declared purpose of the act, while any other defeats such purpose, such construction should be adopted, whatever other parts of the act may be thought to mean.

But even if this statute, passed to accomplish a very beneficial purpose, can be so emasculated as to defeat such purpose, I should still vote to affirm this order upon the reasoning of Judge Gray in the Buffalo Fish Company case, and of Judge Vann in the Bootman case. One question must certainly be deemed removed from the realm of controversy, viz., that the enactment of laws for the preservation of game is a legitimate exercise of the police power of the States. (Geer v. State of Connecticut, 161 U. S. 519; Phelps v. Racey, 60 N. Y. 10; Lawton v. Steele, 119 N. Y. 226; 152 U. S. 133; Commonwealth v. Savage, 155 Mass. 278; Roth v. State, 51 Ohio, 210; Magner v. People, 97 Ill. 320; Merritt v. People, 48 N. E. 325; Stevens v. People, 89 Md. 669; State v. Randolph, 1 Mo. 15; State v. Judy, 7 Mo. 524; State v. Farrell, 23 Mo. 176; ex parte Maier, 103 Cal. 476; State v. Schuman, 58 Pac. Rep. 661.) All of the cases cited supra except Geer v. State of Connecticut and Lawton v. Steele, upheld the validity of statutes whose prohibition extended alike to game taken without as well as within the State in which the statute was enacted. Having settled the question that the subject is a proper one for the exercise of the police power, the conclusion would seem to be inevitable that the necessity for the exercise of such power and the means of making such exercise effective are solely for the Legislature, and that in selecting means legitimately tending to accomplish its purpose the Legislature does not offend either the State or Federal Constitution. No one disputes the right of the State to legislate respecting purely internal affairs, and so far as the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution is concerned, this right does not rest upon the police power; it is only when the legislation affects interstate or foreign commerce that it must be sustained if at all by resort to the police power reserved to the States. No one disputes that the individual holds his property subject to the legitimate exercise of the police power, and in this case it may be added that the petitioner acquired the property with the knowledge, with which he was at least chargeable, of the circumstances under which he could possess it. Concededly the subject of this legislation was a proper one for the exercise of the police power, the means adopted certainly tend to accomplish the object in view, and we cannot say that the object of the statute has been lost sight of or that the act in its essentials is anything but an act passed in the exercise of the police power to preserve the game of the State; and the fact that commerce may be remotely affected or that the dominion of an individual over his property may be controlled does not bring the act within the prohibition of either the State or Federal Constitution, unless while asserting the power we are to deny the right to exercise it effectively. As I understand the decisions respecting the commerce clause of the Constitution, the inquiry in each case is whether the particular act is essentially a regulation of commerce, or a legitimate exercise of the police power; if the former, merely calling it an act passed in the exercise of the police power does not save it from the prohitition of the Constitution; if the latter, the mere fact that commerce may be affected does not make the act a regulation of commerce within the meaning of the Constitution. The line of demarkation between the power of the State and the prohibition of the Constitution is of necessity so indefinite that the court must determine in respect to each case as it arises on which side of the line it falls, and there certainly is no case in the Supreme Court of the United States so nearly in point as Geer v. State of Connecticut (supra). The statute there passed upon prohibited the possession for the purpose of transportation beyond the State of Connecticut of birds lawfully killed within the State. The plaintiff in error had become the possessor of the birds in question after they had become an article of commerce. It is true, as pointed out by Judge O'Brien in the Buffalo Fish Company case, that one of the grounds of the decision of the Supreme Court was that wild game belonged to the people in common and that, therefore, the State could qualify the ownership by any person reducing such game to possession, but it is equally true that the court placed its decision upon the distinct ground of the undoubted right of the State in the exercise of its police power to pass laws for the preservation of game even though inter-State commerce was remotely affected, and Mr. Justice White, speaking for a majority of the court, prefaced the discussion of this question with the following statement: "Aside from the authority of the State, derived from the common ownership of game and the trust for the benefit of its people which the State exercises in relation thereto, there is another view of the power of the State in regard to the property in game, which is qually conclusive," and in discussing the question, he said: "The exercise by the State of such power therefore comes directly within the principle of Plumley vs. Massachusetts, 155 U. S. 461, 473," which was a case involving a sale in the original package of oleomargine colored in imitation of butter, in violation of a statute of the State of Massachusetts. In the Geer case the statute in terms prohibited inter-State commerce in game lawfully reduced to possession in the State of Connecticut. The statute in question does not in terms or effect prohibit inter-State or foreign commerce. So far as the facts in the case at bar are concerned, the importation of birds by the petitioner was perfectly lawful and his possession of them would have continued lawful had he observed the statute by giving the bond required. It is claimed that this case is controlled by Leisy vs. Hardin (135 U. S. 100) and that Plumley vs. Massachusetts (155 U. S. 461) is not applicable; even then the facts of this case do not bring it within the prohibition of the commerce clause for the reason that there is no question here of possession in the original package; on the contrary, it must be assumed that these birds had become part of the mass of the property of the State subject to the laws passed by the State in the conduct of its purely internal affairs, because if the petitioner relies upon any exception to save him from the operation of the statute, even assuming that there be such an exception, that is a matter of defense which need not have been negatived in the complaint, and Leisy vs. Hardin (supra) goes no further than to hold that it was not competent in that particular case for the State to prohibit the sale in the original package, and such was the case of Schollenberger vs. Pennsylvania (171 U. S. 4), construing an act which was essentially a regulation of commerce. It is said the right to import carries with it the right to sell, and the right to purchase of the importer must carry a like right to sell, and so on *ad infinitum*, whatever form the property may assume and by whomsoever it may become possessed. Obviously there must come a time when the property introduced into the State becomes so mingled with the mass of property of the State as to be subject to laws passed either for taxation or in the regulation of its purely internal affairs. The line must be drawn somewhere and somewhat arbitrarily, and as drawn by the Supreme Court of the United States it is where the article loses its distinctive character as an import or as an article of inter-State commerce, to wit, when it ceases to retain the form in which it was transported into the State, when the original package is broken. (Brown vs. State of Maryland, 12 Wheaton, 419, and cases cited supra.) I vote to affirm the order.

Strenuous Game Wardenship.

I READ a dispatch in the morning paper to the effect that J. B. Burnham, game protector, had gone into the Adirondacks with fifteen men bent on razing camps illegally built on State land. That the camp owners were prepared to fire upon the game protector and his henchmen, etc.

When a man puts money into city property he employs counsel to search the records and very frequently uses title insurance in addition, having great regard for the principle as old as the Romans, let the buyer beware.

And now we witness an officer of the State by force and presumably with axes and arms about to remove and destroy buildings on State land that have cost in the aggregate a hundred thousand dollars, conservatively estimated. Some one of these camps has cost perhaps twenty thousand dollars. Now, this being so I am curious, in the light of present facts, as to how far the campers went in finding out whether they were building on their own land or not.

Did these men who put their money into this threatened property, acquire the right to build and occupy through "pull" or by official juggling of any kind? If in acquiring the disputed property, and other than means above board and legitimate were employed, such means as they would take in acquiring a piece of New York city real estate, then certainly they assumed a risk which, at the time remote, has developed into a real and present one, if Mr. Burnham carries out his instructions.

If the lands are State lands and the campers can show no legal authority for the occupation thereof, they certainly become trespassers and their camps, luxurious or humble, as the case may be, are forfeited to the State and are at the mercy of the game protector.

The situation is certainly an interesting one because the dispatch reads that several of the finest camps have been erected by prominent men. If the campers can by armed force hold off the game protector from carrying out his razing plans until with and by injunctions they can throw the matter into the courts, it may turn out eventually that the State may never succeed in ousting the campers. The defect in the title may be cured by legislative process, for such things have been done before.

But on the other hand, if the law is plain and all questions set previously at rest, and if the campers are, in the eye of the law, just plain, everyday squatters, and have been served with notice to that effect, it is then certainly up to Mr. Burnham to remove the camps, even if he has to use a regiment of soldiers in doing so.

I have nothing to go by and from which to make my deductions other than the press dispatch, but to me the situation is an intensely interesting one. All the legal questions may have been threshed out heretofore, and again the fact that these campers are trespassers and subject to ejectment may be so plain to the powers that be as to admit of no parley or argument of any kind other than summary ejectment by the State.

Provided the State is in the right, what stirs me is how men of the caliber of those who have invested in these expensive camps could fall into the error of building on another man's land without finding it out beforehand?

No doubt we will see the whole situation well ventilated in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Personally, I have great sympathy for a man who, having built himself a camp by his favorite lake, sees the same razed by the strong arm of the law. Undoubtedly there are those who have bought from previous owners in absolute good faith; on these ejectment will come with a strong sense of injustice. There may be those who by political pull have had granted leases and who have taken the chance and, looking upon disturbance in the future as a thing of the utmost remoteness, have gone ahead and invested. Should the razing programme be carried out so that not even one log remains upon another, these men will have no one to blame but themselves.

But in either case it is not pleasant to think of such camps, as many of these must be, being turned into wood heaps. But the law is the law and all good citizens must submit to it or induce the Legislature to make other laws that will afford relief, which, I imagine, some of these alleged squatters will attempt to do before they stand aside and see the work of destruction carried into effect.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Game Warden Hill.

EDWARD HILL, for fifteen years fish and game warden of Warren county, N. J., committed suicide at Roxbury, N. J., on Saturday night. Three months ago he had a severe attack of pneumonia. For the past week he had been acting queerly and was closely watched.

Retrieving.

RETRIEVERS AND RETRIEVING, by Major W. G. Eley, is an illustrated work of 145 pages, devoted to the special breed of retrievers, of which there are but a few specimens in America. The dominating system is what is frequently termed the natural method in the United States. Work in the field, and in water in all their minute particulars, is skillfully treated, and a chapter on kennel management abounds with information valuable to owners of all kinds of dogs. Price, $1.25.

Connecticut Fall Shooting.

Milford, Conn., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems only a few days since we were looking forward to the opening of the shooting season, and now it has closed. In some respects it has been a good one, in others bad.

The past two hard winters almost exterminated the quail in this part of the State, and when the season opened the persons best informed as to shooting prospects knew of only four or five flocks hereabouts. An agreement was entered into by half a dozen of the best shots in the town by which they pledged themselves not to kill any quail. The few flocks seen have been watched by these good shots, and it is not thought that any considerable number have been killed. Certainly, the men who promised to abstain from shooting them have done so, though they have frequently found them while out shooting.

There was a good flight of woodcock about the middle of the month and quite a number were killed.

There was a fair crop of partridges, and of these a number have been killed, but on the other hand there is an abundance left over for seed for the coming year.

Unless the winter now opening should be a very hard one, next year's shooting will be much better than this one has been. Ramon.

Robin Shooting by Wholesale.

Staten Island, Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While this correspondence may not be very interesting to some it may be of interest to others. We have had fine robin shooting on the island this fall, on the south side as well as on the north shore some fine bags have been made. It is not altogether the persistency of the Dago that, the results show the score, but almost anybody could have gone out and killed what they desired. During the second week in October I stopped at a Dago's retreat one morning and was admiring the goats, chickens, geese, and other animals that made up the group, and asked the women of the house if the old man did much shooting this fall.

"No," she said, "my husband he no shootet his gun. My boy he good shoot; he bring me home twenty-one robin fore he eat to-day."

That was good for a boy fifteen years old to do before breakfast, so I reported the fact to those who should get acquainted with him, but I suppose he is shooting yet. Staten Island is a queer place. We have any quantity of special game protectors watched over by one State protector. We have magistrates' court and the Court of Special Sessions. But somehow or other the courts and game protectors do not seem to agree or else agree to disagree. There is more shooting of song birds on Staten Island than in any other one county in the State. If the Audubon Society would put a man here there would be something doing, I think. Every fall I have made it my business to be in the woods and save the lives of as many birds as I could. I have no official standing, but I threaten arrest, and do a little good, but this fall I have been a cripple and am hardly able to write this, but I hope it will reach the eyes of the powers above (say up Albany way, for instance). I am glad to think there is a movement to put J. B. Burnham in a place where he can use his brains to protect nature. To thoughtful people and readers it seems to be a correct move. ***

Prizes for Game Heads.

The Forest and Stream offers three prizes of $20, $10 and $5 respectively for the best moose heads secured in the year 1905 in the hunting grounds of the United States and Canada.

It offers also three prizes of $15, $10 and $5 respectively for the best white-tail deer heads taken in the hunting season of 1905 in the United States or Canada.

The heads will be judged from photographs submitted to the Forest and Stream. In estimating their merits the two qualities of size and symmetry will be taken into consideration. With the photograph of each head must be sent a memorandum of the place and the time of its taking and the name of the person taking it. The competition will be open to amateur hunters only; and with this single restriction it will be open to the world. There are no entrance fees. The photographs submitted will be the property of Forest and Stream. Entries for the competition must be made not later than Jan. 15, 1906.

Hunters' Lodge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just concluded a visit of several weeks' duration to this delightful resort, I am disposed to mention to brother sportsmen the pleasures I have enjoyed. Hunters' Lodge is in eastern North Carolina, a few miles from Lumberton, the county seat of Robeson county. It is easily reached by the Seaboard Air Line to Moss Neck or by the Atlantic Coast Line to Pembroke. It is an old and true proverb that "a man must enjoy and appreciate good things himself before he can provide them for others." Mine host of Hunters' Lodge is an old Confederate soldier, who has held many positions of trust and honor in his native State of Maryland. Fond of hunting and of the comforts of life, for many years he has spent considerable time in different parts of the South seeking the quail, and occasionally enjoying the music of the beagles in pursuit of the cottontails. Five years ago it was my good fortune in his company to stumble upon the section now graced by Hunters' Lodge. We found level lands, with a sandy soil, rather open country, delightful climate and abundance of quail. It was to the sportsman a virgin country, with freedom to roam where you chose and shoot anything you found in the fields, except a "man or a mule." My friend—and I will give his name, Gen. Frank A. Bond—decided he would buy a plantation, build a house, bring servants and furniture from Maryland, and spend his winters right there. And, my brother, if you are properly recommended and will communicate with him at Lumberton, you may share his pleasures. He is ably seconded by his good lady, and all the comforts and luxuries of home are yours if you are domiciled beneath their hospitable roof. You will find comfortable kennels for your dogs and good and accommodating guides to show you over the country. I have spent the greater part of the four past winters there, and look forward with great pleasure to spending many more in the same place.

J. H. Hunter.

Washington, D. C.

Ye Huntsmen.

Now doth ye citie huntsman
Take "hunting license" oute,
And with a brand-new "outfitte"
He goeth forth to scoute
And seeke ye beastes ferocious
That haunt ye woodes aboute.

He seeks with zest ye rabbit,
And eke ye doe and bucke,
But presently he shooteth
Ye farmer's gentle ducke.
And as he payeth for itte,
He darneth of hys lucke!

Anon he tries another,
Yclept ye "stille-hunting" plan,
And sneaketh through ye forest
As softly as he can,
And suddenly he baggeth
A costly hired man.

Mary well ye citie huntsman!
Hys gunne he keeps atte cocke,
But when a hare he seeth
Hys knees together knocke—
And finally his guide doth kille
Ye rabbit with a rocke!

Beware of ye same huntsman,
And walk behind hym notte,
The which of his vicinage
Is ye moste fearsome spotte—
For there is where hys comrade
Most frequently gets shotte!

Meanwhile, observe ye Nymrod—
He stoppeth for to buy
A goodly bag of beasties,
And personally doth lie
Unto hys trusting wyfe, who
Just winketh of her eye.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



The Anglers' Club of New York.

Although anglers are almost as thick in New York city as flies or Jersey mosquitoes, for some reason not easily explained, the only representative organization that gentlemen of the present generation can remember was the National Rod and Reel Association, which at one time held casting tournaments at Madison Square Garden, but which finally died of old age or lack of support—it is not clear which.

Shortly after the Sportsmen's Show last spring a number of enthusiasts met together and took the preliminary steps toward the organization of a fly and bait-casting club, but nothing came of it, although numerous anglers who were anxious to see a club of this sort in existence in this city were willing to give such a club their support.

Recently a few of these gentlemen met together and discussed the subject of the formation of a club, and the first meeting was held the night of Nov. 21. Mr. Robert B. Lawrence was unanimously chosen temporary chairman and Perry D. Frazer temporary secretary. Plans were discussed and a date set for a more representative meeting, and notices were sent out to some twenty-five well-known amateurs. This second meeting was held at the Hotel St. Denis on Tuesday night, Nov. 28. The weather conditions were very unfavorable, the strong wind and rain keeping a number at home who would otherwise have been on hand, but still there were enough anglers present to transact business and discuss ways and means necessary before definite steps were taken.

In calling the meeting to order Mr. Lawrence said, among other things, that there had long existed among anglers of this city a desire for just such an organization as it was proposed to form, and that he believed when other anglers, who were not present, or could not be notified in the usual way, principally because their addresses were not known, should hear of the efforts to organize a club, they would give their support. It seemed to be the desire of all concerned to organize a club on the broadest possible lines, and while all would like to see casting contests held, and these would be held, he believed there was a need for a club whose members could in time secure a comfortable meeting place where they and their friends could gather at stated times to discuss fishing, casting, relate stories, become better acquainted, exchange ideas, exhibit the trophies of their skill (or luck), and, in fact, enjoy themselves as anglers can and do when brought together.

The question of a name being brought up, it was decided to call the new club the Anglers' Club of New York.

Pursuant to a motion, the chair appointed Messrs. Chancellor G. Levison, Edward Cave and G. M. L. LaBranche a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws. On motion, Mr. Lawrence's name was added, making a committee of four.

It was then decided to limit the charter membership to twenty-five. There were fifteen present, and these nominated ten others to fill out the desired number.

The next meeting will be held on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 12, at the home of Mr. James D. Smith, 51 West Eighty-sixth street, when officers will be elected, committees named, and the constitution and by-laws adopted.

Applications for membership may, before that time, be sent to the temporary secretary, Perry D. Frazer, 501 West 164th street, New York city, who will hand them to the membership committee as soon as it is named. No limit has as yet been decided on, but it is probable that the membership list will be limited to a reasonable number, and there are now nearly fifty names of anglers who can reasonably be counted on to become members, in the hands of the acting secretary. Early application is, therefore, desirable.

So much interest has been taken in bait-casting during the present year by New Yorkers that the first contest of the Anglers' Club will be looked forward to with impatience, and it is probable that bait-casting will attract a great deal of the attention of members, although many of them will stick to their old favorite, the fly-rod.

Eating Habits of Fishes.

For some years I have followed certain fishes with a kodak endeavoring to photograph them out of their native element. I have a set of views which the critical observer might say have pre-Raphaelite tendencies, as apparently they were taken without regard to the selection of conditions or scenic effect. Some show vessels sliding down hill at frightful angles at full speed; others show parts of the bowsprits of yachts or the cutwaters of steamers. Some show nothing but a waste of waters, and the collection might well challenge attention, so interesting is it. Yet, these remarkable pictures possess a certain value, representing as they do the efforts to photograph at many and varied times the California flying-fish. The fish had always moved on, at least the sharpest eye fails to find it.

My usual point of vantage when photographing, or attempting to photograph the flying-fish, was the fore port of the steamer which plies between San Pedro and the island of Santa Catalina. The channel of this name is a famous locality for these fishes, and by standing in the bow, where they were frequently darting up, one could snap the camera with apparently a fair chance of success. I have had the flying-fish come directly toward me, and have dodged them successfully, a fish on one occasion passing within a foot of my face. They have repeatedly struck on the outside and inside of my boat when fishing. I can fairly claim to have met the flying-fish under favorable conditions, but the close contacts were generally unexpected or so exciting that the wrong end of the camera was presented, or the instrument had to be dropped to save it.

Besides making these attempts I provided the agent of the steamer with a kodak and encouraged the boatmen to take a camera with them when fishing, and finally an interesting photograph was secured which shows the king of oceanic fishes high in air in its act of feeding upon the illusive flying-fish. The fish, *Thunnus thynnus,* is seen on the return of the leap, which possibly is the most sensational performance enacted by fishes of any waters. This fish in the Atlantic apparently is not at all particular as to its diet—sharks, dogfish and fishes of many kinds having been taken from its stomach, while it is well known as a scavenger, following the boatmen or fishermen, eating dead dogfish, which are thrown over after being despoiled of their liver. On the Pacific coast the fish is more fastidious, and I have never found them to contain anything but squids, flying-fish, sardines and mackerel. The fish appears off the southern California coast the latter part of May or the first of June, coming, apparently, to feed and driving in the schools of flying-fish, which also appear at this time. The tuna is rarely if ever seen within fifteen miles of the mainland, its exploits being at the island mentioned, and, so far as can be learned, only on the northeast coast of that region. The tunas undoubtedly retire to the deep sea or go out into the channel at certain times of the day, but between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning they begin to feed, coming shoreward in a widely distributed school. Their motion is always rapid; they charge a school and keep it in motion until the victims are exhausted. I have seen flying-fish almost unable to swim, readily crowding under my boat for protection from the insatiable creatures. The tuna habitually swims three or four feet below the surface and comes up under the flying-fish like an animated rocket. Often it misses and rises ten or twelve feet into the air, turning gracefully and coming down head first. It was in this position, fortunately, that the fish was photographed. The tuna was on the return, about entering the water, and the foam masses of many others could be counted in the picture. The latter are what the fishermen term rushes. The tuna has come upon a flying-fish from behind; suddenly, and before it takes to the air, it plunges at its victim for eight or ten feet along the surface, plowing the water into foam and showing the dorsal fin and part of the blue back. I have frequently observed this rush when fishing for tuna. The latter often sees the bait twenty or thirty feet away

and comes along the surface in a magnificent burst of speed, throwing the white foam high in the air.

All the movements of this fish in feeding are remarkable. The flying-fish, to escape, will fly or soar an eighth of a mile, in some instances, in three or four distinct attempts, never sinking into the water, merely lowering its tail to obtain the necessary impetus. Sometimes the tuna leaps and seizes its prey in the air, sending it whirling upward like a pinwheel; but more often it follows within two feet of the flyer directly beneath it, like a hawk or an eagle following every motion. At such times I have seen the flying-fish pass over my boat, and so for a few seconds disappear from the tuna's sight; but the latter was not to be thrown off the track; it kept on like a bloodhound; the fly-fish eventually fell into its mouth.

In striking the flying-fish the tuna undoubtedly aims for the black staring eyes, on the principle that a hunter in shooting on the wing fires in front. I am confident tof this for the reason that in numbers of flying-fishes struck by the tuna, and missed, all were damaged in the eye, the tail, which, of course, presented a promising object, being entirely uninjured. The philosophy of this is apparent. The tuna is chasing a rapidly-moving fish and dashes at it from a distance of perhaps ten or twenty feet; if the tail was the objective from the side the fish would be missed, whereas, by aiming at the eye it reaches the entire body.

The appearance of a school of tunas feeding is an exhilarating sight. The ocean, otherwise calm, is lashed into foam as by a storm sweeping over it. Fying-fishes are darting into the air, moving in every direction, and the tunas are bounding like an avenging nemesis, high out of the water or perhaps along the surface, a shower of silvery scales sinking into the blue ocean, marking the tragedy.

An ally of the tuna, the albacore, feeds by making a low jump, barely clearing the water, though the larger individuals, from sixty to 100 pounds, often make tremendous leaps in the pursuit of their prey. The bonito moves along the surface in schools carrying a pronounced ripple before it in diverging lines; darting here and there with almost inconceivable velocity, snapping up small fry of all kinds. The small mackerel found on the Californian coast feed in an exultant fashion on roe, and the newly-hatched smelt and sardines or any young pelagic fish are to their taste. The school seems directed by a leader as they rise to the surface, creating a sound as of falling rain as they snap at their victims, and every few seconds, as though the leader had given a signal, they sound, making a crashing sound, as though a large amount of water had been poured upon the surface.

The great black sea bass of southern Californian waters ranging up to 700 or 800 pounds,feed in shore during the summer months, its principal food being the red or whitefish. In feeding on the bottom I have seen this huge creature standing in a perpendicular position with its tail upward, apparently standing on its head, in its attempts to take its food. Swallowing food alive sometimes has its drawbacks. Darwin relates that a small shark having swallowed a diodon, the latter made its escape by eating through the wall of the stomach. An old resident of the Sound country near Port Royal told me that the piers of the planters along the Sound were often destroyed in a mysterious manner by the giant ray-manta. The food of this fish, at least the major part of it, is clams, shells, oyster and other mollusks and crustaceans when it can obtain them. That they certainly damage the piers and throw down piles is a fact beyond question, singular as it may seem, and it is done, I should judge, in the efforts to detach mussels or oysters from them. Some of these rays weighed several tons and were sixteen or eighteen feet across. It was the theory of the planters that the animals threw their claspers—the two singular organs on either side of the mouth—about the piles and so overturned them.

The yellow-tail—*Seriola dorsalis*—a common fish in southern California, ranging up to 80 pounds, is at times a voracious feeder. It then swims at full speed in schools of from thirty to five hundred or more, sweeps into bays along shore driving everything else before it, feeding on flying-fish, smelt, sardines or squids. But these rushes are the exception, the yellow-tail preferring to take its position beneath a school of small fry and pick off certain ones at leisure. Such fishes appear to be too indolent to fish for themselves, and will take dead sardines when thrown at them, or seize a wounded fish with the greatest avidity, yet refusing to charge the almost solid mass above them.

The southern California barracuda differs from its ally in the Gulf of Mexico by schooling, the waters in June and July often being tinted with their forms, which seem to fill it. When feeding they apparently seek rough water and dart about like a bonito—the antipodes of the Gulf of Mexico form. The latter fish, often six feet in length, is a solitary creature, lying in the deep channels like a tiger waiting for its prey, and springing upon it with a ferocity that brings to mind that animal. Even the small ones in Californian waters take their prey in what might be termed a dignified manner, approaching it very slowly, touching it sometimes to back off or retreat, then lunging at and seizing it between the sharp teeth, gradually taking it in.

The voracity of the shark is an old story. Everything is game to it. I have made many attempts to observe these creatures turn on their backs to eat, after the popular version, and one day towed a dead cow to a famous spot for sharks, presently attracting a swarm of large ones. I drifted near the floating animal and watched the attack, but not a shark turned upon its back; they all ran at the animal and pushed their snouts out of the water, seizing it in this way; then by a violent wriggling motion of the tail, while holding on with their vise-like teeth, tore off great pieces. Sometimes three or four sharks had the creature at the same time and appeared to be shaking the carcass, at times carrying it out of sight.

The most remarkable glutton among the fishes is the black swallower—a deep-sea form, which captures its prey in total darkness or by the aid of the dim phosphorescent light in the abysmal depths of the sea, and swallows fishes three times its own size. The gape of the fish is enormous, while its pouch-like abdomen expands to such dimensions that the swallower appears to draw itself over its prey as a glove is drawn on the hand.

CHARLES F. HOLDER.

The Leap of the Silver King.

Tarpon Fishing in Mexico.

FOR many years it has been the annual custom of the piscatorial enthusiast, who is averse to the idea of relinquishing the enjoyment of the pastime during the cold months of the winter to seek his sport on the west coast of Florida in the vicinity of Charlotte Harbor and the Caloosahatchie River, or, perchance, he goes to southern California. At the present time, however, another winter resort for fishermen is open, and rapidly gaining in fame as the true mecca toward which the lover of the magnificent sport of fishing for the gamy tarpon finds his way. This practically new region is situated in the great Panuco River, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico at the port of Tampico, Mexico, and there is more than twenty miles of fishing ground where countless numbers of tarpon and other varieties can be found from December until May. This new fishing ground can be readily reached via the Mexican Central Railroad, which makes connections at El Paso with all southern and western railroads, and from either Monterey or San Luis Potosi it is but a short day's run to reach Tampico. If one has a preference for an ocean trip it is only to step on board one of the comfortable steamboats of the Ward Line at the pier in New York city and enjoy a most delightful journey via Havana over tropic seas, direct to Tampico. The Mexican Steamship Line from either New Orleans or Galveston will also make a change of travel agreeable for the fisherman or tourist from the Middle or Northwestern States. Until last winter but an occasional sportsman had come for the game fish in the Panuco or fished scientifically with rod and reel. Dr. H. W. Howe, of Mexico City, the noted J. A. L. Waddell, Mr. Ross, chief engineer of the famous Custom House Dock at Tampico; O. L. Smith, of Denver, Colo., and E. H. Browne, of Chicago, were those who comprised the first, and their really phenomenal scores made the Panuco River famous.

At the celebrated summer tarpon fishing ground of Corpus Christi Bay and the Aransas Pass, on the Gulf coast of Texas, the fishing season closes at about the time that the sport of this new fishing resort begins, i. e., Dec. 1, proving beyond doubt that the tarpon prefers a warmer temperature for his winter's meanderings, and as the fish are found to be spawning during the last of May, when the Mexico season closes, and are encountered many leagues toward the source of the Panuco at that time, it would appear almost conclusively that this is their natural spawning ground. The captains of river steamboats plying between Tampico and the great sugar plantations of El Higo and the Huasteca, frequently report the tarpon, or, as it is called in Spanish, the savolo, as far as a hundred miles or beyond up the Panuco, and the numberless small branching rivers and connecting lagoons form an immense feeding area which it would hardly strike one could be soon if ever depopulated.

The attention of sportsmen having been directed toward this new field for the angler by articles contributed to FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, it became a necessity to provide for the needs of those who came on a tour of inspection, and who did not bring the expensive tackle and outfit required in order to capture this gamy fish. This was done by the proprietor of the only American hotel in Tampico—the Hidalgo—and many stirring scenes occurred in the height of the season at this hostelry.

Mr. Waddell caught as many as fourteen tarpon in one day, the largest being considerably over six feet in length, and Mr. C. R. Howe captured twelve also in the same time. Sir Frederic Johnstone, who fished here for nearly three weeks, made some remarkable scores, his largest tarpon being seven feet in length, with a weight of 180 pounds, and having a girth of 44½ inches. The record fish of the season was caught by Mr. H. W. Wilson, acting British Vice-Consul at Tampico. This tarpon measured 7ft. 2½in. and turned the scales at 200 pounds, with a girth of 46in. There is no doubt that much larger fish than this are in the river, and this season will demonstrate the fact, as there promises to be considerable rivalry. The tarpon fishing headquarters at the Hidalgo shows on its records that the largest number of fish caught the past season was by Dr. Louis Hough, a local physician and surgeon. His score was 147. Mr. O. R. Loomis, of Fort Dodge, Ia., caught thirty-one; Mr. C. R. Hoag, of Newark, N. J., sixty-five; Mr. W. B. Jordan, president of the Miles City National Bank of Montana, thirty-five; Mr. O. L. Smith, of Denver, Colo., thirty-six; Messrs. W. H. Dilg and E. H. Browne, of Chicago, twenty-five each; Mr. U. F. Bender, of New York, twenty-three, etc., making the season's catch in all over a thousand fish; but a small proportion of those were killed, however, the great majority being turned loose to reproduce their species.

Nor was the scaly tribute derived from the Panuco confined to the silver king alone. Mr. Macleod, of New York, captured an enormous jewfish; Mr. O. C. Bond, of London, England, and a number of others brought in jewfish ranging from 150 to 400 pounds, but the climax came when Mr. J. E. Johnson excitedly walked into the hotel office one evening in April saying: "They are bringing up my fish from the dock, and he is a daisy. I want you to weigh him for me, landlord." And presently a large dray was backed up against the sidewalk with a full load consisting of one fish. It took eight stout Mexican peons with gaff-hooks and ropes to get the fish on to the hotel scales, where, in the midst of a chorus of wagers and guesses as to its weight, the fish showed a total of 473 pounds. But in order to make positive assurance doubly sure and settle all wagers satisfactorily, the jewfish was taken to the depot scales of the Mexican Central and found to touch the notch at 465 pounds. Besides jewfish there is the jurel, a fish almost similar to the yellow-tail of California, in countless numbers, that have fighting qualities far out of proportion to their size, averaging three to four feet in length. We have also a fine table fish, the rovallo. Dr. Howe one day in March, while fishing with heavy hand lines, captured three large sawfish, one of 14½ feet in length, and the others respectively 13 and 13½ feet. Sharks are, as in other tropical waters, sometimes in evidence, but on only two occasions last season did they interfere with sportsmen in handling their tarpon. One case was that of Mr. W. B. Jordan having two-thirds of a six-foot fish cut off and only bringing in the head and a small portion of the body. Another fisherman while playing a large tarpon that had carried him out into the Gulf, beyond the mouth of the river, had his entire fish cut into pieces on the surface by two large sharks, and beat a hasty retreat back to the shelter of the jetties.

The record 7-foot 2½-inch tarpon captured by the British Consul passed through the hands of a taxidermist and was shipped to the office of the Leyland Steamship Company in Liverpool by their agent in Tampico, and as many as twenty-five or more large tarpon were also sent to different points in the United States and England by their successful captors. The tackle used with the best results in the Panuco is as follows: A seven-foot lancewood, niobe, or greenheart rod, with a heavy reel carrying 600 feet of No. 21 to No. 30 line. Many sportsmen like as small as No. 21, others No. 24, while still some prefer a No. 30. A regular Van Vleck hook attached to four feet or more of piano wire and to this added two brass swivels complete an outfit which cannot by any possibility be excelled. Outfits such as this should be brought by visiting fishermen. The boatmen employed are nearly all native Mexicans, who are excellent oarsmen. The bait used consists of a small mullet about four to six inches in length, and is used either fresh or salted, the tarpon, when striking well, seeming to make no discrimination, and the color of the bait remaining the same. All fishing is done by trolling from the stern of a small boat of from fourteen to sixteen feet in length. The length of time used in playing the fish depends on the strength and skill of the angler and the size of his fish, a five-foot tarpon making a much harder fight than the extremely large ones, as the latter, after three or four leaps out of water, settle down to a steady fight, while as many as twelve or fifteen leaps will often be made by a lively 5 or 5½-footer.

There is over twenty miles of fishing ground which has already been proven, and as these giant fish frequently run in schools, they are found at different points, seeming to change their feeding grounds. At one time they may be striking well at La Barra, near the mouth of the Panuco, or later at a famous location known as the Boca de Lagoona Pueblo Viejo, where as many as twenty to thirty tarpon have been seen rolling or sporting on the surface of the river at once. Very often the passengers and crews of the many ocean-going steamers that come and go at the immense Custom House dock, will be in full view of an exciting combat directly off the dock; and a full-sized fish going six or eight feet into the air, shaking his head like an angry dog, and throwing hook and bait a dozen feet away, is not a sight to be quickly forgotten. One hour and seven minutes was the time consumed in landing the six-foot and ten-inch tarpon now in the office of the Hidalgo. This fish was caught on a No. 21 linen line with a lancewood rod, and Mr. Charles P. Shillaber, of South Framingham, Mass., was "the man behind the gun." The weight of this fish was 158 pounds.

It is now proposed to build a club house for tarpon fishermen at La Barra, by the Tarpon Club already formed, and the list is open for subscribing members. For a winter resort, with a tropical climate and fishing unexcelled combined, it bids fair to prove a success. The most important fishing scores of this season, which is just beginning, will be forwarded to the FOREST AND STREAM.

P.

The Tuna Club.

MR. L. G. MURPHY, of Converse, Ind., has been awarded the first prize that is given annually by the Tuna Club, of Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., for the fisherman who catches the biggest fish during the season ending on Nov. 1 each year. Mr. Murphy's catch was an enormous sea bass weighing 436 pounds.

As there were no tunas caught that weighed more than 100 pounds during the season, no prizes in that class were awarded. The second prize in the sea bass class was taken by John J. Perkins, of Los Angeles, Cal., his catch weighing 428 pounds.

The prize for the best yellowtail caught went to J. E. Pflueger, of Akron, O., while the prize in the same class for catches made by women was won by Mrs. Harry Knowles, of San Francisco, Cal. Special prizes in the yellow-tail class were won as follows: Eddy Cup, J. Sullivan Cochrane, Boston, 41 pounds; Hunt Cup, J. Arthur Eddy, of Chicago, weight 55 pounds; Albacore Cup, J. C. Pillster, Denver, Colo.; Rock Bass Cup, Ernest Fallon, Los Angeles, Cal., weight 10½ pounds; Sheepshead Cup, Dr. D. E. Brown, Larimee, Wyo., weight 22 pounds; Whitefish Cup, Mrs. A. A. Ritter, Denver, Colo., weight 10 pounds.

The prize for the largest tuna ever caught is held by Mrs. E. N. Dickerson, of 64 East Thirty-fourth street, New York city. The fish weighed 216 pounds.

A Larvated Fish Story.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very good fish story is hidden in "Love of Life," by Jack London, in McClure's for December, and I hope that it will not be lost to the honest fishermen who read FOREST AND STREAM. The hero of the story, being almost starved, observes a small fish in a pool of water, and in his haste to effect its capture, falls into the pool and is wet to the waist, but gets out again and bails the pool dry with his (dinner) bucket. "Not a cupful of water remained. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool. * * * Had he known of the crevice he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his."

Query.—Which end of the fisherman was immersed? How large was the bucket if it took a half hour to empty the pool? Do the laws of gravitation apply above the Arctic Circle? Did the fish, after swimming through the crevice to the larger pool, make itself secure by pulling the crevice in after it?

RELTSIK.

THE MANY-USE OIL
prevents rust. Lubricates perfectly; 6oz. can, 25c.—*Adv.*

Fish and Fishing.

Mr. Tasker's Experience at Lake St. John.

It is a matter of much regret to me that I was not fortunate enough to have seen Mr. Stephen P. M. Tasker and his friends when they were in Quebec last September, on their way to Lake St. John. I knew at that time of the disorganized condition of affairs in connection with the hotels, steamers and ouananiche fishing generally, partially due to the remarkable want of water, and might have saved them the disappointment they experienced at the lake. I can imagine of no excuse for failure to notify them that the accommodation and the men, which were engaged beforehand, could not be forthcoming, though a poor reason may be found for it in the fact that the entire management were just then finally vacating their charge. I understand that a southern hotel man of considerable experience has been engaged as manager for next year, and that the superintendence of guides, camps, canoes, routes, and of the outfitting of camping parties is to be placed in the hands of Mr. Marcoux, for some time past in charge of the Island House and the Roberval hatchery, who will have his headquarters at the Hotel Roberval, to meet and look after the interests of anglers arriving there. This change should fill a long-needed want.

When I wrote for Forest and Stream of Nov. 4 that, "as a rule the fishing at the Discharge cannot be depended upon late in the season, because of the danger of low water there, such as we had in September last," I had not heard of the unfortunate experience of Mr. Tasker and his friends, related by him two weeks later in this paper, and so fully bearing out my statement quoted above. That experience in no manner surprises me, though candor compels me to say that in the matter of low water and the consequent early closing of the ouananiche season, the recent fall was a very exceptional one.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Tasker will make another attempt to reach the ouananiche fishing grounds, and that next time it will be in the height of the season instead of after its close. If he visits the Grand Discharge in the month of June or even in July, or if he tempt the ouananiche later in July and in the month of August in the Ashuapmouchouan River, the Mistassini or Lac a Jim, I am pretty sure that he will revise the statement, "that the place is fished out." No attention is merited by the stories told by certain of the loafing residents of the place, who view with considerable jealousy the taking of fish by non-resident anglers, anxious, as they are, to have them all to themselves. They have so far succeeded, it is true, with the use of nets, in considerably reducing the supply of the fish in the lake itself, opposite to Roberval and Pointe Bleue, that it is scarcely worth while to try the bait-fishing that alone produced any result there. But in the preserved waters of the Grand Discharge and in the rivers already referred to, where alone there is any of the fly-fishing that proves attractive to anglers, it is by no means correct to say that the waters are fished out, as I am quite convinced that Mr. Tasker will be the first to admit, if he succeeds in reaching any of the localities where the ouananiche are successfully sought by the angling community. To attempt to take them with rod and line in the vicinity of Roberval or Pointe Bleue, is something like angling for salmon in the sea.

The Abolition of Netting.

Perhaps the most promising feature about the outlook for ouananiche in Lake St. John is the promised abolition of the netting privileges. It would scarcely appear possible to some people that those in authority should have become so blind to the future as to deliberately permit the use of nets for the purpose of taking, for commercial purposes, the magnificent game fish which were being propagated and planted at such considerable expense, in the same waters from which they were being taken. Yet this is what has been done at Lake St. John for some time past, with the connivance and at the very request of the member of parliament for the county in which Lake St. John is situated. A short time ago, the Quebec Fish and Game Protective Association attempted to make a test case as to the right of the netters to use seines in Lake St. John for the taking of ouananiche. An officer seized several boxes and barrels of fish which had been shipped from Lake St. John to Quebec, and when they were opened, a large number of very beautiful ouananiche were found, some of which weighed from six to seven pounds each. The court ordered the fish to be returned to the dealer to whom they were addressed, because it was admitted by the government officials that licenses to net the fish had been issued to the man who had taken them as well as to others. There was not even a pretence that the license limited the rights of the netters to the taking of coarse fish. How long this condition of affairs might have continued if a change of government had not occurred this year it is impossible to say, for the member of parliament already referred to publicly proclaimed that the game and fish of the Lake St. John district belonged exclusively to the people of the district, with whose right to take and kill and use them in the manner in which they thought best, it was nobody's business to interfere. It is needless to say that this opinion was not shared by a very large element of the community, including those who profit so largely as guides, etc., by the money expended in the country by visiting anglers. The netters were influential politicians, however, and having the support and backing of the parliamentary representatives for the constituency, must, in a few years have ruined the ouananiche fishing entirely, had they not been stopped in their nefarious work. The end of the netting was reached, however, when the new Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries—the Hon. Mr. Prevost—visited Lake St. John last September. Mr. Prevost has been an enthusiastic angler from his youth, but had never fished for ouananiche before this year. Last September he had all the sport of ouananiche fishing that anybody could desire. He could not reach the fishing grounds of the Grand Discharge, for the same reasons that prevented Mr. Tasker from going there about the same time. But he spent about a fortnight in visiting some of the best of the rivers flowing into Lake St. John, in which the fish are found at that period of the year, and he and his party took ouananiche on the fly until they were surfeited with the sport, and landed fish after fish, only to replace them in the water. During his stay in the Lake St. John country, Mr. Prevost had splendid sport with the large ouananiche found in Lac a Jim, which is reached by the ascent of the Ashuapmouchouan River; the return being most easily made by way of the Mistassini. This trip, allowing two or three days for fishing en route, takes about ten days to make. Mr. Prevost also inspected the working of the Roberval hatchery, and saw for himself what heavy expenditure had been made for the accommodation of visiting anglers and what large sums of money were annually expended for their sport by these latter, among the people of the country. The iniquity of the netting licenses immediately appealed to the Minister, who despite the protests of the Member of Parliament, promptly notified the netters that their licenses would not be renewed. Several attempts have since been made to create sympathy for the netters, and only a few days ago I was shown a letter from a supposed fishery expert in the United States, who declaimed against the cancellation of the netting licenses, on the ground that it was unfair to prevent the people of the district from taking the coarse fish for food, and also because he thought it was in the interest of the fishing that the netting should be allowed, since with the advance of civilization and the pollution of the streams with mill refuse, etc., the fate of the ouananiche was virtually sealed. There might have been something in these arguments providing none but coarse fish were taken in nets, but unfortunately, as shown when a number of cases containing the netted fish were seized and opened, it is largely the ouananiche that are sought and taken by the netters. Then again the bulk of the settlers never profited by the nets, which belonged to less than a dozen individuals. Nor is there any intention of attempting to prevent the residents from taking what coarse fish they wish for their own use, though they must take them legally, as the visitors do, with rod and line; and there is scarcely any limit to the number of fish that may be so taken, especially with the aid of a troll.

The Netters at Work.

The netters have too much at stake to sit down quietly at once and submit to Mr. Prevost's decision. A few days ago, the minister presided at a Colonization Congress, to which all those interested in the cause of the settlers in the newer districts of the Province were invited. The netters from Lake St. John were there, and so was their member of parliament. It was the cause of the poorer settlers in the country that was at stake, and not that of sportsmen. But Mr. Prevost, who is Minister of Colonization as well as of Fisheries, knows very well that the causes of the sportsmen and of the colonists, if well understood, are perfectly identical. He invited the undersigned to read a paper before the Congress to illustrate this fact and the invitation was accepted. Mr. Prevost stood to his guns, and by what was practically a unanimous vote, the congress of settlers and colonists and their friends, including a large sprinkling of their parish priests, approved the policy of the Minister in suppressing netting in the inland lakes of the Province.

The Missisquoi Bay Affair.

Mr. Prevost's policy in this respect naturally includes the termination of the Canadian seining licenses in Missisquoi Bay. The results, in this particular case is a very great and very gratifying victory for our principal international association of sportsmen—the North American Fish and Game Protective Association. For years past this seining has been a burning question for the States of Vermont and New York, and those Canadian sportsmen who have stood loyally by them in this connection. Year after year the leading members of the North American Association worked with a determination that seemed as if it could not fail, to induce the Canadian authorities to render the common justice of refusing to license the netting of the pike-perch of Lake Champlain upon their spawning beds in the Canadian water of Missisquoi Bay. Deputation after deputation came from New York and Vermont to Ottawa and Quebec and Montreal to interview the various Canadian governmental authorities on the subject, and time after time it seemed as if victory was just about to perch upon their banners, when some new device of the netters and their attorneys and political wire-pullers succeeded in preventing the fruition of their good work. It was not very surprising that about a year ago discouragement was so general among the New York and Vermont members of the Association that some of them felt like giving up the fight and ceasing their interest in the international association and its work, fearing that it was unequal to the task which it had undertaken. The Canadian workers in the Association knew that it was up to them to leave nothing undone to evidence their good faith in the movement, and their ability to rightly influence their own government, and though undoubtedly very much discouraged in the matter, they bent themselves, at the last annual meeting in St. John, N. B., to a supreme effort to overcome the baneful political influences opposed to them in this matter. The unanswerably strong petition drawn up by them for presentation to the Minister of Fisheries at Ottawa, which was published at the time in Forest and Stream, asking him to prohibit the issue of licenses by the Province of Quebec for netting in Missisquoi Bay, was willingly signed by the Prime Minister of New Brunswich, Hon. Mr. Tweedie, as President of the Association, although a very warm political supporter of the Minister at Ottawa, and when presented, a little later, to the latter, in Montreal, by a deputation of members of the Association, it was evident that Mr. Prefontaine was struck by the justice of the plea, but that political considerations were pulling extremely hard the other way. As Mr. Prefontaine did not act, it was up to Mr. Parent, the head of the department at Quebec to refuse the licenses if he chose to. He did not, however, and they issued as usual. Yet I may say for myself, and I believe, also, for the other Canadian members of the Association, that we never, amid all our disappointments in this matter, felt otherwise than that we must eventually succeed. It was still more discouraging to find that President Roosevelt's correspondence with the Governor-General of Canada through the British Minister at Washington and the Imperial government produced no effect. The hope that I expressed at the last annual banquet of the Massachusetts State Fish and Game Association, that steps would be taken to close the American market against the fish so netted in Missisquoi Bay, was indeed fulfilled, but still the netting was continued.

However, "all's well that ends well," and I am perfectly sure that none of those who have labored so long and so faithfully for the accomplishment of this object, regret the time and the trouble that they have given to the subject. Not only have they assisted in the righting of a grievous wrong, but they have been instrumental in removing what threatened to become a cause of international dissatisfaction and discord. Mr. Prevost's action in agreeing to issue no more of these licenses will doubtless be always remembered to his credit by American sportsmen and fishery officials, and it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the utility and the raison d'etre of the North American Association have been established beyond any question of doubt. Its members will be interested in knowing that a copy of the report of its transactions at its last annual convention, containing a full record of its action in this Missisquoi Bay affair was placed in Mr. Prevost's hands as soon as issued, which was even before he assumed office as Minister of Fisheries for the Province of Quebec.

It would be ungenerous not to recall some of those to whose efforts in the past is largely due the happy result now achieved in the affair of Missisquoi Bay. In years gone by, no members of the North American Association labored more assiduously for the cause than ex-President John W. Titcomb, now of Washington and the late Mr. L. Z. Joncas, of Quebec. Premier Tweedie, of New Brunswick; Dr. Finnie, of Montreal; Messrs C. E. E. Ussher and L. O. Armstrong, of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Messrs. H. G. Elliott and H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk Railway System; Mr. D. G. Smith, of New Brunswick; Governor Nelson O. Fisk, H. G. Thomas, F. L. Fish and General Butterfield, of Vermont, and J. Warren Pond, C. H. Wilson, and others, of New York State, have done yeoman's service in the matter.

Annual Meeting.

I have just received a telegram from Mr. W. S. Hinman, president of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, informing me that he has selected the 24th and 25th days of January next as the dates for the annual meeting of the Association, which is to be held in the city of Boston. This ought, for various reasons, to be the most successful meeting in the history of the Association.

Fish and Game Congress.

The new Minister of Fisheries has various other reforms in view, besides the abolition of netting in inland waters, and has issued a number of invitations to Canadian and American sportsmen to meet him in consultation at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal on Dec. 13 and 14. A large gathering is expected, and all interested in the cause will be made welcome, without any further invitation. Suggestions in writing may also be sent to Hon. Mr. Prevost at Quebec, or to the undersigned, who will act as Secretary of the Congress.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Fish and Game Convention.

Quebec, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed letter of invitation, which has been sent out to a number of those interested in the hunting and fishing of the Province of Quebec, and in the preservation of our fish and game life, speaks for itself. In preparing the list of those to whom invitations have been addressed, it is quite possible that some of those who take an interest in fishing and hunting matters may have been overlooked. You are therefore at liberty to announce that the Minister will gladly welcome all such to the coming congress, whether they have received a formal invitation or not.

Jean Prevost,
Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries.

Minister's Office, Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec, Nov. 27.—*Dear Sir:* The more extensive knowledge of the value of our wild game and inland fisheries which has come to me during my brief charge—as Minister—of the Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, has confirmed the impression which I had previously formed in regard to the necessity of our fur, fin and feather fauna. My earnest desire is to so improve existing conditions in this respect that sportsmen may always find here the success which is dependent upon an abundant supply of fish and game.

I am more than ever convinced, too, that there is room for quite a large increase in the revenue to be derived by the Province from those who come here to enjoy the sport afforded by the pursuit of the inhabitants of its woods and waters.

Before enacting the reforms which I believe to be desirable, I am anxious to meet and to confer with a number of those who are most interested and most experienced in the angling and the hunting of the Province of Quebec, and with this end in view have resolved to invite them to join me in a fish and game congress, to be held at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on the 13th and 14th of December next.

You are therefore cordially invited to attend this convention, and to send to me at my department in Quebec, not later than the 1st of December next, any suggestions that you may propose to offer thereat, in order that the propriety of their consideration may be carefully studied before the preparation of a programme of proceedings.

It is clearly understood, of course, that time will not permit of any important deviation from the programme

of business that will be placed before the congress.

If any of your acquaintances, interested in fish and game matters, wish to attend the convention, I shall be glad to have their names and addresses in order that they may be notified how to take advantage of the specially reduced rates that the railway companies are offering for this occasion.

Awaiting the pleasure of your reply, I have the honor to subscribe myself, Yours very truly,

JEAN PREVOST,

Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Charles Stewart Davison, of this city, who is familiar with the salmon situation, has sent to the Minister the following communication:

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Hon. Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec: Sir—I acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the Congress of Fish and Game at Montreal on Dec. 13 and 14, and will endeavor to be present.

Answering your request for suggestions to be made to the Congress and appreciating the necessity for brevity and clearness and of the elimination of immaterial matters, I urge upon your attention the primary importance of an increase by one-half inch in length when pulled out of the mesh of salmon nets; with the result of allowing the passage of females large enough to spawn. All females should be allowed a free entrance to the rivers on their first return as salmon from the sea. A female that has reached the spawning age is too large to get through the nets of the present size of mesh. An extra half inch would allow the passage of many females who have that year reached sexual maturity. Not to allow the females to spawn once freely is the most serious detriment to the increase of the salmon. To allow it on the other hand will result in the steady increase of the fish taken in the nets, both in number and in average size.

Those who oppose are the selfish ones, who for a present small gain exhaust the available supply of a natural commodity; who willfully strip a locality of its natural resources and then bemoaning their hard lot seek government aid. You will find the short-sighted "netters" demanding an even smaller mesh on the ground that the supply is diminished and they must have a smaller mesh or else make less from their nets; when it is their own rapacity which has produced the conditions of which they complain, Respectfully,

CHARLES STEWART DAVISON.

The Experiences of a Psychological Professor at a Maine Coast Resort.

Written by T. H. Tibbles for the Springfield Republican.

PROF. HATFIELD taught psychology in the university. He had had a long year of it, and the last week before leaving the city had been very hot and depressing. He was determined to get as nearly as possible away from all mankind and recuperate. He found a fishing village on the coast of Maine, and secured board in the family of a well-to-do fisherman. The next day after his arrival he started out to take a walk. He climbed the hill through the spruce trees for a time, but finding the foliage so dense that he could see nothing two rods distant, he turned his steps toward the sea. There was a long point of land covered with grass. Behind were the spruce trees and the shore—a mass of jagged rocks.

He stood for a long time looking out on the water, and then turned around, intending to go back to his lodging place. At his right and half way to the spruce trees there was a little girl picking strawberries. The professor had just stepped off the rocks on the soft green turf when he saw a herd of cows coming out of the woods. At the head of the herd was a black bull. The professor hastened back upon the jagged rocks. The bull came on, holding his head high, followed closely by the cows. The professor got further out on the rocks and the bull stopped and gazed at him with flaming eyes. Once in a while the bull would advance a little, still keeping his "flaming eyes" fixed on the professor. Half an hour passed and the bull still stood there gazing at him, while the cows were grazing around to the rear. The situation was getting painful. Dusk was approaching and the professor looked in vain for a way of escape. All of his attention was placed upon that bull, and he did not see the little girl who had been picking strawberries approaching, until she was at the side of the bull. He thought of risking all and rushing to the deliverance of the child, when the little girl put her arm over the bull's neck and pushed him around. Then she picked up a little stick and drove the bull before her toward a house at the other end of the little pasture. When she saw the professor come off the rocks and start toward home, she stopped driving the cattle and began picking strawberries again, and one of the great tragedies of vacation time ended.

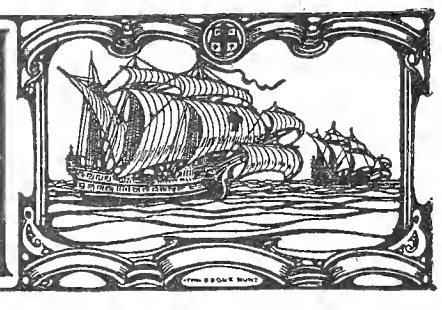
Food for Squirrels.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Evening Post writes of the Central Park squirrels: An examination of several of them recently has convinced me that an appeal is necessary to those who feed them, to choose rather hickory, pecan and hazelnuts than the chestnuts and peanuts upon which they are usually fed. The teeth of the squirrel grow very rapidly and they need hard nuts upon which to exercise their gifts. In some cases the teeth have grown so that the little fellows are likely to actually die of starvation, unless they are promptly helped.

Moreover, the fur of many of them shows that they are not getting sufficient salt—a little meat, a chicken bone, or a little salt with the nuts will save many of them from the loss of fur, which is all too apparent in a good many cases, and will furthermore protect the birds' eggs, to which otherwise, in their hunger for salt, they will instinctively turn.



YACHTING



The Tale of the Tub.

BY THE DECKHAND.

Captain, son of the Old Man; Cook, the Captain's aunt; Mate, the Captain's mother; Deckhand, the Old Man. Guests, etc., etc.

She is 48 x 11 x 7 x 1, which, being interpreted, means length, 48ft.; breadth, 11ft.; height, 7ft., and draft 1ft.; and we call her the Tub, for she is much the same shape as a bath tub, with about the same means of propulsion—goes where she is towed and stays put. The house is 40ft. long, and gives as much cabin space as a schooner yacht 100ft. over all. She is not a beauty, but very safe, and we had lots of fun. The picture shows the tub moored in a sheltered cove and everything lovely; the Cook was then lying off in an easy chair on the upper deck; the First Mate was just going marketing (you can see her head above deck on the far side); the Deckhand was lying around loose, and the Captain was off in the small boat taking the picture. We started in August from Canajoharie, on the Erie Canal, some sixty miles west of Albany. Our crew then was the Captain and his chum Sam, the boat builder from whom we bought the Tub, who volunteered to see us fairly started, and yours obediently. The interior fittings of the boat were barely finished, and there was much to be done; but that was part of the pastime and fun of the trip. We hired Abe and his horse and open express wagon to tow us to Albany. The reader may think the wagon was a useless addition to the outfit; but it proved to be an excellent device to relieve the horse of the direct pull of the tow line, and being of good height, served also to keep the rope off the tow path most of the time.

Our first day's trip was delightful, but uneventful. We halted for the night in the roomy barge basin at the canal bridge at Amsterdam, and there the boat builder left us, and the Mate and Cook joined us, both in petticoats and fresh from Gotham. The next morning we bought an ice box, a blue flame oil stove, such kitchen utensils, etc., as we had failed to bring from home, and a plentiful supply of grub and started at midday on the second day of our cruise, which was showery, but otherwise enjoyable, for we could always hunt cover from the wet, and the women soon made themselves felt, putting things to rights and tittivating the interior generally with window curtains, Chinese fans and all the fakements women so well handle; and then a kitchen is hardly a kitchen till you get a woman into it. We moored for the night in the outskirts of Schenectady, foolishly rejecting the advice of a friendly fisherman, who urged us to go a mile or two further, where we would find an excellent inn right alongside the canal, where we could get ice and other supplies, and meals if we wanted any. A fisherman myself, I ought to have trusted that man. We found the haven the next day, and had a good breakfast there. It is two or three miles east of Schenectady and just at the bend where the canal turns sharp to the left to cross on a bridge or aqueduct to the north side of the Mohawk River. All that forenoon was delightful. The river on our right and below our level, brawling along over its shallow bed, with here and there a fishy looking pool and an occasional island. Now and then parties of children, playing on the far shore, returned our hail, and above and beyond rose the steep wooded banks from which cottage or camp peeped out. On our left the rocky bluff was cut away to make our artificial waterway, and showing plainly the strangest and most interesting geologic formations.

Occasionally, when passing through a lock, one of us would jump ashore and keep Abe and his horse company, for our driver was a veteran of the Rebellion and a fisherman; so we never lacked yarns when in his company. Late that Saturday evening we reached Albany and moored in the canal well in the outskirts to have a quiet Sunday.

Monday morning early Sam and the narrator hitched on to the tow line, mule-fashion, and towed that boat right into the town, and there we tied up in the canal basin to fit out. We bought anchors, boat-hooks, ropes and such hardware and lumber as we saw we would need. We already had a full kit of tools on board, and mosquito screens or netting for the ten windows and two doors to protect us again flies by day rather than the pestilence which flyeth by night. Work on the boat and outdoor life gave us splendid twists. Don't know what a twist is? Never read the inscription over the entrance to the old Bull and Mouth Hotel in London?

> "Milo of Cretonia an ox slew with his fist,
> Then ate him up at one meal—
> Ye Gods, what a glorious twist."

Tuesday morning we started early in tow of the good boat Pioneer, a small steam canal boat, just suited to our purpose and destination, Catskill; but it was a mean trip—a stiff wind and a cold, driving rain right in our teeth and the tide against us. Our towing boat and our boat had light draft, high freeboard—bad for such weather—and we were all glad enough to drop anchor in the quiet waters of Catskill Creek. There we lay for a week, fitting out and enjoying ourselves generally, working a little and loafing a little, and then repeat; shut up house one day and took the steam cars to the mountains, which all enjoyed immensely. At a boat house we found an old catboat mast about 20ft. long, which we bought and stepped forward quite skillfully, as shown in the picture, and in such a manner that it can be unstepped and stowed flat in a few minutes; but we had no sail, and had still to trust to towing. Our living was of the simplest kind, vegetables and fruit being the chief items. Ice we often got free from the refuse of the ice houses, and close by was a splendid orchard; but the owner was away and we therefore could not pay him for his fruit, and so—well we got the apples, but we only took the windfalls.

At Catskill we lost the Captain and Sam, both being compelled to return to New York for business.

Telephoning to Albany, to the office of the towboat line, they promised that the next tow going down should pick us up. We dropped down to the mouth of the creek and lay there all night, hourly expecting the tow; but it did not come till daylight, and then the helper, or smaller tug of the tow, picked us up and hitched us alongside the big tow, and we had a great day's experience. We hobnobbed with the bargees (Thames parlance for barge men) and replenished our larder from a bumboat, which, seemingly coming from nowhere, attached itself to the fleet, beginning with the three towboats at the head and gradually dropping back, boat by boat (they were four abreast), till she had actually compassed about the sixty barges or more which formed the tow. She was a squatty little propeller, loaded to the gunwales with supplies, peddling for cash such delicacies as milk and newspapers, tomatoes and ice cream, potatoes and cabbages, pies and cookies, eggs, etc., etc. The pilot of the bumboat declared that everything came fresh from Larry's farm on Hudson's banks thereabouts, and that he was Larry. I think he spoke the truth—he looked it, and was a bright, enterprising fellow. I forget the name of his boat, but it ought to be Multum in Parvo.

And so we were towed all the lazy summer day, seeing the Hudson as one ought to see it, the ladies knitting or reading or feeding the animals, and all hands delighting in the beautiful wooded shores and noting for future use the pretty coves and sheltered nooks in which we hope to drop our mudhook in times to come when we make another trip and the Tub is equipped to propel herself from place to place.

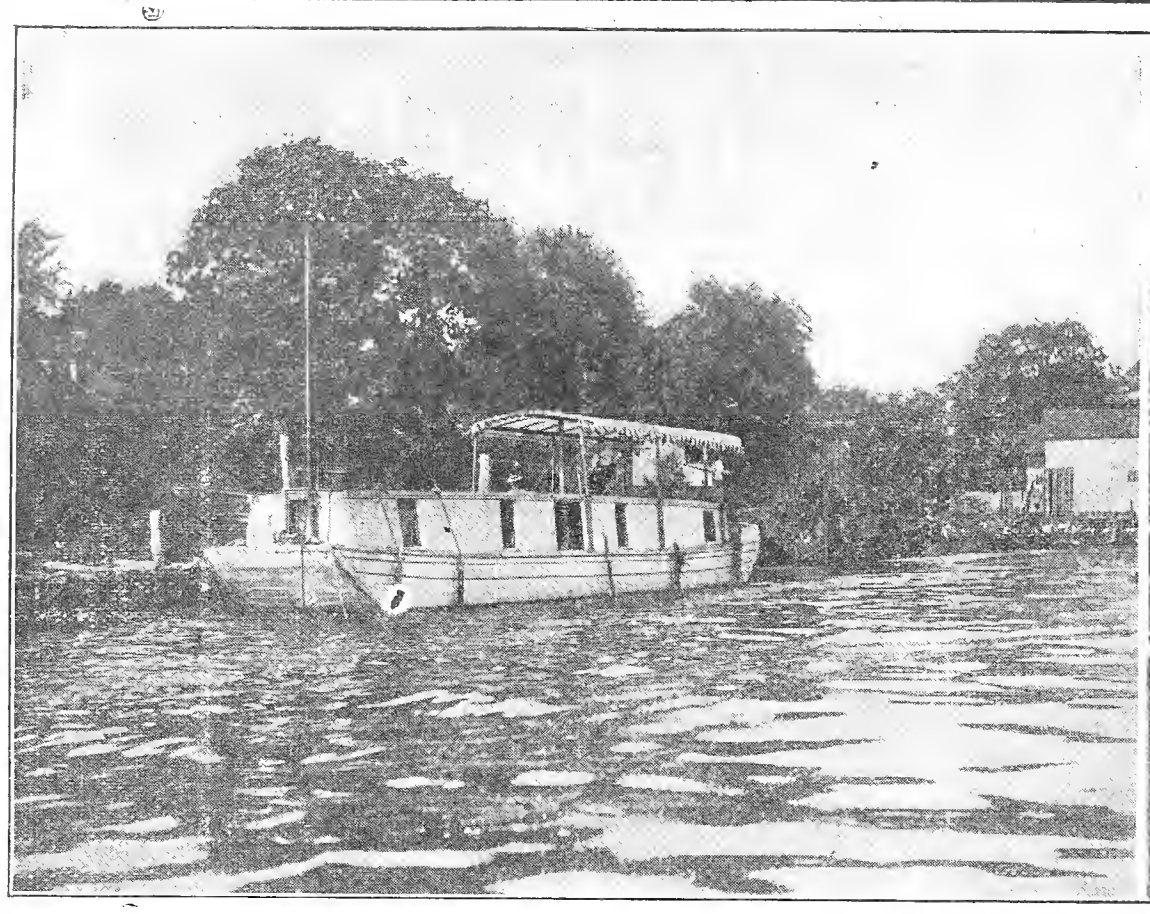
And so past Saugerties and Tivoli, Kingston and Rhinecliff, Hyde Park and Poughkeepsie, till, after towing for fourteen hours we reached New Hamburg in the dark and a typical Hudson River squall with driving rain. The tug dropped us at the dock, and we made fast for the night. In the morning we pulled the boat around into the cove, which, being open only to the south, is well sheltered from storm or passing steamers; and there we lay as happy as clams for a fortnight. Here we rigged up our awning, mended and amended and painted the tender, and fitted up the Tub generally, lumber, hardware and a good blacksmith being all handy. Having friends in New Hamburg was the reason of our long stay there, and the "boys and the gurls" made the visit very entertaining to us. Sometimes when the Deckhand, the only male member left on board, was called to town (you know, N. Y. city has got a way of calling people), one or other of the boys slept on board, the ladies needed the protection, or thought they did; the lads thought it as good as Robinson Crusoe. Side trips to Wappinger's Falls brought back the women folks loaded with goodies and ferns from the woods. These they deftly planted in strawberry baskets filled with leaf and mold and smothered with moss, and the same thrived exceedingly for the balance of the trip.

The Captain visited us here, bringing his friend Harry, alias Legs. At their advent our girl friends of the village suddenly evinced a liking to take tea under our awning or in the cabin, or escorted the boys to the ball game on Saturday afternoon, where we all rooted vigorously for the village team, which walloped the boys from a neighboring town properly.

But September was at hand and our trip must end soon. An all-night tow took us to Peekskill, where we arrived at sunup, and the helper tug from the tow could not put us within a mile of where we wanted to go because of the shallow water in the big elbow, and so the Deckhand had to take the oars in the small boat and tow the houseboat a mile to the railroad drawbridge, which was duly opened for us, and we were safely moored in Peekskill Creek, a delightful spot for a week's loafing. The women paddled around in the small boat to their hearts' content, gathered arms full of wild flowers and decked our dining table with all. The marshmallows were just in perfection, while branches of bittersweet, with its cheery yellow-red berry, kept company with the Jap fans on the walls.

A week later, having brought a square sail from New York and duly mounted the same on yards, we hoisted it on our stumpy mast and set sail on our own hook and saved our towage. We had only five miles to go to Tompkin's Cove, and we just made it, tying up inside the breakwater and intending to winter at the shipyard there. The walk over the hills back of the Cove is a delight, the views up and down the river are perfect pictures, and the village itself a pleasure because of its picturesqueness and cleanliness. It is one of the dozens of obscure and little known places on the river which need hunting for and are not appreciated till found. But then the Hudson must be seen in detail before you know and feel its real beauties.

In a few days we packed up our duds in sundry boxes



The Tub in the Cove at New Hamburgh.



A stretch of the Erie Canal. Narrow portion ahead, aqueduct over a large creek. To the left Abe and his wagon, towing The Tub.

and bundles and came to town; but I changed plans for wintering the Tub. Going up to Tompkin's Cove the last of September, I hired a lad to help me, and after whistling for the wind for a day, we set out to drift or sail or get to New York somehow, but the wind fell off, and after hard towing by the rowboat, we anchored at nightfall in a cove at Haverstraw. Next morning the wind was dead ahead, and we could not move, and after drumming our heels till we chafed at the delay, we rowed off to a goodly schooner, which had just come over Haverstraw Bay and anchored in the offing, and she proved to be the E. H. Taylor, of Chincoteague, Va.

"Ship ahoy!" says I.

"Hello," says he.

"Aren't you a long way from home?" says I.

"Right you are," says he.

"Where bound for?"

"Down the river empty; brought timber to Croton and hoped to get a return load of brick from Haverstraw, but failing, must go to New York empty and get a cargo of coal there."

"Will you tow my houseboat?"

"With pleasure," says he.

"Amen," says I.

So the boy and I towed the Tub out and hitched her on behind the schooner, while the skipper and his crew of two darkies went ashore for grub, leaving the vessel in charge of the captain's boy and girl. Soon we set out. And what a trip! It was the best item of the entire voyage. The light wind soon fell to a dead calm, while the schooners over on the east shore were moving seemingly with a fair wind, but with never a breath stirring in our neighborhood the strong tide threatened to drive us square on to Rockland lighthouse, which is perched on a rock a quarter-mile out in the river; but in the nick of time a light wind came out of the east and the schooner started on a long straight reach, which ended only at Yonkers at sundown; and how the Tub did travel! The wind steadily and quickly freshened till it blew half a gale. The Taylor had doffed her topsails and fairly flew through the whitecaps which now raced and leaped high over the broad bay. I had two towlines out, one on each quarter, but they stretched and shrunk so under the strain that I had to shout for another line. A darky passed out a rope to us as thick as a man's arm, and with this securely fastened, we felt safe. The old Tub surely never moved so fast before, and could not have stood the racket but that we were traveling in the smooth wake of the schooner about sixty feet astern. Occasionally a stray sea would give her a lick in the chops, smothering the forward deck with spray; but the boy and I were covered in oil skins and fairly crowed with delight at the exhilaration of the trip.

Next day things went all wrong—wind dead ahead, tide against us, and a great tow in the way, made Spuyten Duyvil hard to reach; but reach it we did, then good-by to our kind Virginia friends, and we floated in smooth water in the creek which the Dutch trumpeter essayed to swim in spite of the Devil, and there the Tub lies in winter quarters, being the end of her cruise and of my tale.

If readers are interested in the interior fittings of the Tub, I may say that the cabin or house is built down into the hull, which is much better, according to my notion, than to build it on deck; a sliding hatch on each end and steps give access from the deck to the interior. The galley is aft, rather small, with shelves arrayed all about the wall, a table consisting of a long wide shelf hinged to a bulkhead, so it can be dropped and everything within reach. Rain water was drained off the roof into an old cylindrical kitchen boiler, which we stowed, upright, in the corner. Next comes a stateroom containing two cots, with a gangway to one side. The balance of the cabin—that is, about two-thirds—forms the living and dining room, with three windows on each side and divided off at night by curtains when privacy is desired. We had three cots in this large room, but it would easily accommodate six, and the cots can readily be laid aside at daytime if they are in the way.

FORTY-FOOTER BABOON SOLD.—Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold the famous 40-footer Baboon, owned by Mr. Augustus P. Loring, of Boston, to Mr. Willard Welsh, also of Boston. Baboon is an auxiliary schooner designed by Mr. Edward Burgess and built by Lawley.

One Sunday.

TEN years ago I was "in the half-deck" of a four-masted bark. We were lying in Cardiff, loading patent fuel for the West coast. There were six of us "in the half-deck." Saving the cook, the steward, the mate, and the old man, we were the only folk aboard. In the daytime on weekdays we bent sails, or hoisted stores aboard, of shifted topsail sheets. In the evenings we went ashore to flaunt our brass buttons in St. Mary street and to eat sweetstuff in the bunshops. Two of us used to drink "rum hot" in a little public house near the docks. One of us made love to a waitress. We all smoked pipes and cocked our caps at an angle. One of us came aboard drunk one night, in a pretty pickle, having fallen into the dock. Another of our number got kicked out of a music hall. Youth has strange ways and strange pleasures.

On Sundays we did no work after we had hoisted the house flag and the red ensign. We were free to go ashore for the day, leaving one of our number aboard to act as boatman. The "old man" always told us to go to church. Sometimes he asked us for the parson's text, when we came aboard again. One of the six, who had been carefully brought up, used to answer for the rest. I think he made up the texts on the spur of the moment. He is dead now, poor fellow. He was a good shipmate.

One Sunday I went ashore with the rest to spend the day in the park playing cricket with a stick and a tennis ball. In the afternoon we went to a little teashop not far from sailor town, a place we patronized. It was up a flight of stairs. It was a long room, with oilcloth on the floor and marble-top tables and wicker chairs and a piano. There was a framed text on the piano top. It was all scrawled over on the unprinted part with messages to Kitty, a tall Welshwoman with but one eye, who acted as waitress. The wall was all scrawled over, too, with pencilled texts, proverbs, maxims, scraps of verses.

On this particular Sunday, when I entered, there were half a dozen other apprentices already seated at their teas, They were all West Coast apprentices—that is, they had been one or two voyages to Chili and Peru in West Coast barks engaged in the carriage of nitrates. They were not a very choice lot, as apprentices go, but they knew the West Coast, which we did not, and one of them, a lad named Parsons, was popular among us. He had a singularly sweet tenor voice. He is dead now, too, His ship was burned off Antofagasta. The boat he was in never came to port.

After we had finished our teas, we sat about in the teaship smoking. One of the third voyagers—he belonged to a little bark called the Cowley—was chaffing Kitty, and, asking her to marry him. The others were yawning, and holding a Dover court. One of them was reciting the story of William and Mabel. Another was singing a song popular at sea. Its chorus ends, "Love is a charming young boy." It is a very pretty song, with a jolly tune. Another was singing "The Sailor's Wives," a very terrible ballad, with a tune which is like a gale of wind. It was regular Reefer's Delight, Dover Court and Seaman's Fancy. That is, there were "all talkers and no hearers," "all singers and no listeners," "all friends and no favor."

Presently, a wild-looking lad, whom his mates called Jimmy, got up from his chair and went to the piano. He began to play a dance tune to which I had often danced in the days long before. He played it with a deal of spirit, partly because he was a good player, partly because the tune moved him, for the same reason that it moved myself. Coming, as it did (on the top of all that silly chatter), with its memories of dead nights, and lit rooms, and pretty women, it fairly ripped the heart out of me. You could see them stirred by it, though one or two of them laughed, and swore at the player for a dancing master. After he had finished his tune, Jimmy came over to me. I thanked him for his music, and complimented him upon his playing.

"Ah," he said, "you're a first-voyager?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then you're like a young bear," he said, "with all your sorrows to come."

I replied with the sea proverb about going to sea for pleasure.

"Where are you bound?" he asked.

"Junin, for orders," I answered.

"I was in Junin my first voyage," he said. "My hat! I was in Junin. I was very near being there still."

"Were you sick?" I asked.

"I was," he said shortly. "I was that. Ah," he went on bitterly, "you're going to sea your first voyage. You don't know what it is. I tell you, I was sick in Junin. I lay in my bunk, with the curtain drawn, and the surf roaring all the time. It never let up, that surf. All the time I was ill it was going on. One long, long roar. I used to lie and pinch myself. I could have screamed out to hear that surf always going. And then there was a patch of sunlight on the deck. It almost drove me mad. She rolled, of course, for she was pretty near light. And that patch kept sliding back and to, back and to, back and to. I would see nothing but that patch all day. It was always yellow, and sliding, and full of dust. You don't know what it is to be sick at sea.

"Shall I tell you what it was made me well? I was lying there in my bunk, and there was a crack ship, one of Farley Brothers'—Ramadan, her name was. She was homeward bound. She was next but one to us in the tier. You don't know about the West Coast? No? Well, when a ship's homeward bound the crowd cheer—cheer every ship in the port; three cheers for the Hardy-Nute, three cheers for the Cornwallis, and the ship cheered answers back one cheer. And when a ship sails all the ships in port cheer her—three cheers for the Ramadan—and she answers back one cheer. One ship at a time, of course. And every ship in port sends a boat aboard her with a couple of hands to help her get her anchor. Well, the Ramadan was sailing, and I was lying in my bunk as sick as a cat. And there they were cheering 'Three cheers for the Ramadan.' And then the one cheer back, 'Hip, hip, hip, hooray.' I tell you it did me good.

"And there I was listening to them, and I thought of how prime they must be feeling to be going home, out of that God-forgotten sandhill. And I thought of how good the cheers must have felt coming across the water. And I thought of them being sleepy in the night watch, the first night out, after having 'all-night-in' so long. And then I thought of how they would be loosing sail soon. You don't know what it was to me.

"And then I heard them at the capstan, heaving in. You know how it is at the capstan? The bass voices seem to get all on one bar, and the tenor voices all on another, and the other voices each to a bar. You hear them one by one as they heave round. Did you never notice it? They were singing 'Amsterdam.' It's the only chanty worth a twopenny. It broke me up not to be heaving round, too.

"And when they come to get under sail, setting the foretopsail and I heard them beginning 'There's a dandy clipper coming down the river,' I lit out a scritch, and I out of my bunk to bear a hand on the rope. I was as weak as water, and I lay where I fell. I was near hand being a goner. The first words I said was 'Blow, bullies, blow.' It was that chanty cured me. I got well after that."

He turned again to the piano and thumped out a thundering sea chorus. The assembled reefers paid their shot and sallied out singing into the windy streets, where the lamps were being lit. As we went we shouted the song of the sea:

A-roving,
A-roving,
Since roving's has been my ru-i-n,
I'll go no more a-ro-oving,
With you, fair maid.

—Manchester Guardian.

Seafaring Blood.

THE nautical authority of the New York Times recently presented the proposition that in order to develop into a good sailor a man must necessarily have inherited some seafaring blood. This proposition was resented in these columns, and there were had in mind such men as Admiral Dewey, the latest, and Admiral Farragut, the first admiral of the United States Navy. We take it all back now, however, and beg the Times' pardon. An authoritative volume has appeared in regard to the life of Admiral Farragut, and it says that although "he was born in a log cabin on the American frontier, during a period when the frontiersmen depended upon game for their meat," nevertheless "Major George Farragut, the Admiral's father, had a license to operate a ferry at this point"—near Knoxville, Tenn. What a blessed inspiration, that ferry!—Shipping Illustrated.

Houseboats and Houseboating.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years I have been devoted to houseboating and have read with great interest the few articles that have appeared in two or three journals on the subject. Residing, as I do, in a part of the country where this delightful means of outdoor life has hardly gained a foothold, Mr. Albert B. Hunt's book on "Houseboats and Houseboating" was a revelation to me, for I little realized to what extent houseboat life was enjoyed in this country.

The book is really superb, and no work that has come into my home circle in many years has afforded us so much real enjoyment. As my means are limited, I have only been able to build houseboats of moderate size, but I find so many suggestions in the houseboat book that I will be able to get far more comfort and pleasure out of my future productions on the same expenditure of money than I did with my old ones.

In my early days I was an enthusiastic yachtsman, but when I found that my wife was not a good sailor and did not care for the excitement of boat sailing, I decided upon the houseboat as the one solution for our problem. By this means we are able to live in our little floating cottage with nearly all the comforts to be had in a residence ashore, and we get all the benefits to be derived from life afloat.

In addition to a launch, which serves as a ferry to bring our guests and ourselves to and from the shore, I have a broad sailing tender which enables me to go for a sail when I am so disposed. Our launch is powerful enough to tow the houseboat from place to place when the water is smooth.

My children are splendid swimmers and they can row and sail a boat as well as I can, so I have no misgivings when I leave them during the day or when I am called away on a business trip.

Our houseboat is a square-ended scow, 42ft. long, and we are all anxious to take up our abode on board of her when the first days of summer come, and we stay till well into the fall.

The book, "Houseboats and Houseboating," will be found not only most satisfying to the old houseboater, but it will enlist thousands of recruits into the sport.

C. D. B.

New Books.

ON MODERN SCREW PROPELLERS.—It is seldom one sees so much information combined in a small book as is found in A. E. Potter's new work "On Modern Screw Propellers." Our readers are all familiar with Mr. Potter's writings on the marine gasolene engine, which have appeared in these columns in the past. When the Power Boat News was started Mr. Potter accepted the editorship, and he still holds that position. "Modern Screw Propellers" is the result of Mr. Potter's own wide personal experience in this line, and this, together with much research on the subject, has enabled him to put out a book which is authoritative This book contains 140 pages and over 100 line diagrams, and is uniform in size and binding with the other "Rudder On Series." Mr. Potter has treated the subject in a broad and comprehensive manner, and the book contains chapters on the measuring of propellers, review of patents since 1890, and excessive slip—its cause and remedy. The price of the book is $1.00. Rudder Publishing Company, 9 Murray street, New York.

THE LOG OF THE YACHT DAISY.—In the winter of 1904 there was built at W. P. Kirk's yard, Tom's River, N. J., the yawl-rigged auxiliary Daisy. The boat was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn. She is 80ft. over all, 60ft. waterline, 18ft. breadth and 3ft. draft, and is fitted with a 40 horsepower Craig engine. Daisy is unique as a sailing craft, and the owner's quarters are forward, this arrangement being found more desirable in a hot climate, the yacht having been designed for use in Southern waters. The owner, together with a crew of three men and several guests, cruised on Daisy from Tom's River to New Orleans via New England, Bay of Fundy, Northumberland strait, Gulf of St. Lawrence, St. Lawrence River, Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Lake Huron, Lake Michigen, Green Bay, Fox River, Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin River and Mississippi River. The distance covered was over 5,500 miles, and all told 161 days were consumed less 50 days spent at Memphis, leaving 111 days for actual cruising. The engine consumed 3,195 gallons of gasolene. A brief account of the trip appears in a little book called the "Log of the Yacht Daisy," which has been published by the boat's owner. The book contains about 50 pages, and in addition to the letter press matter there are several half-tones of Daisy, together with a plan of the cabin arrangement. The log is altogether too brief, and had the owner rounded the log out a most valuable and interesting book would have resulted. However, the log contains many incidents including an account of the bad weather encountered off the Nova Scotia coast and the passage through the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, locations which had been considered unnavigable for years past. It was found necessary in some places to build a coffer dam in order to float her. In another instance, a railroad draw bridge, built over a creek, could only be opened after having the running parts soaked in kerosene for hours, the attendant saying it had not been used for over six years.

CHICAGO Y. C. ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Chicago Y. C. was held at the Victoria Hotel on Nov. 28. The following officers were elected: Com., W. L. Baum; Vice-Com., W. F. Cameron; Rear-Com., G. S. Steere; Sec., Robert G. Gould; Treas., L. C. Woodworth; Judge Advocate, George B. Shattuck; Fleet Surg., George W. Webster; Trustees, Charles E. Fox and Charles E. Kremer. James B. Keogh was elected trustee to succeed C. H. Thorne, resigned. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in an excellent condition financially, there being a floating indebtedness of only $367.19 and a bonded indebtedness of $12,375.

STEAM YACHT FOR E. L. FORD.—The 140ft. steam yacht building at the yards of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., Morris Heights, is for Mr. E. L. Ford, of Detroit, Mich. The boat was fully described in our issue of Nov. 4, 1905.

JUST PUBLISHED.

HOUSEBOATS AND HOUSEBOATING

BY ALBERT BRADLEE HUNT,

Yachting Editor of Forest and Stream.

A volume devoted to a new outdoor field, which has for its purpose three objects:

First—To make known the opportunities American waters afford for enjoyment of houseboating life.
Second—To properly present the development which houseboating has attained in this country.
Third—To set forth the advantages and pleasures of houseboating in so truthful a manner that others may become interested in the pastime.

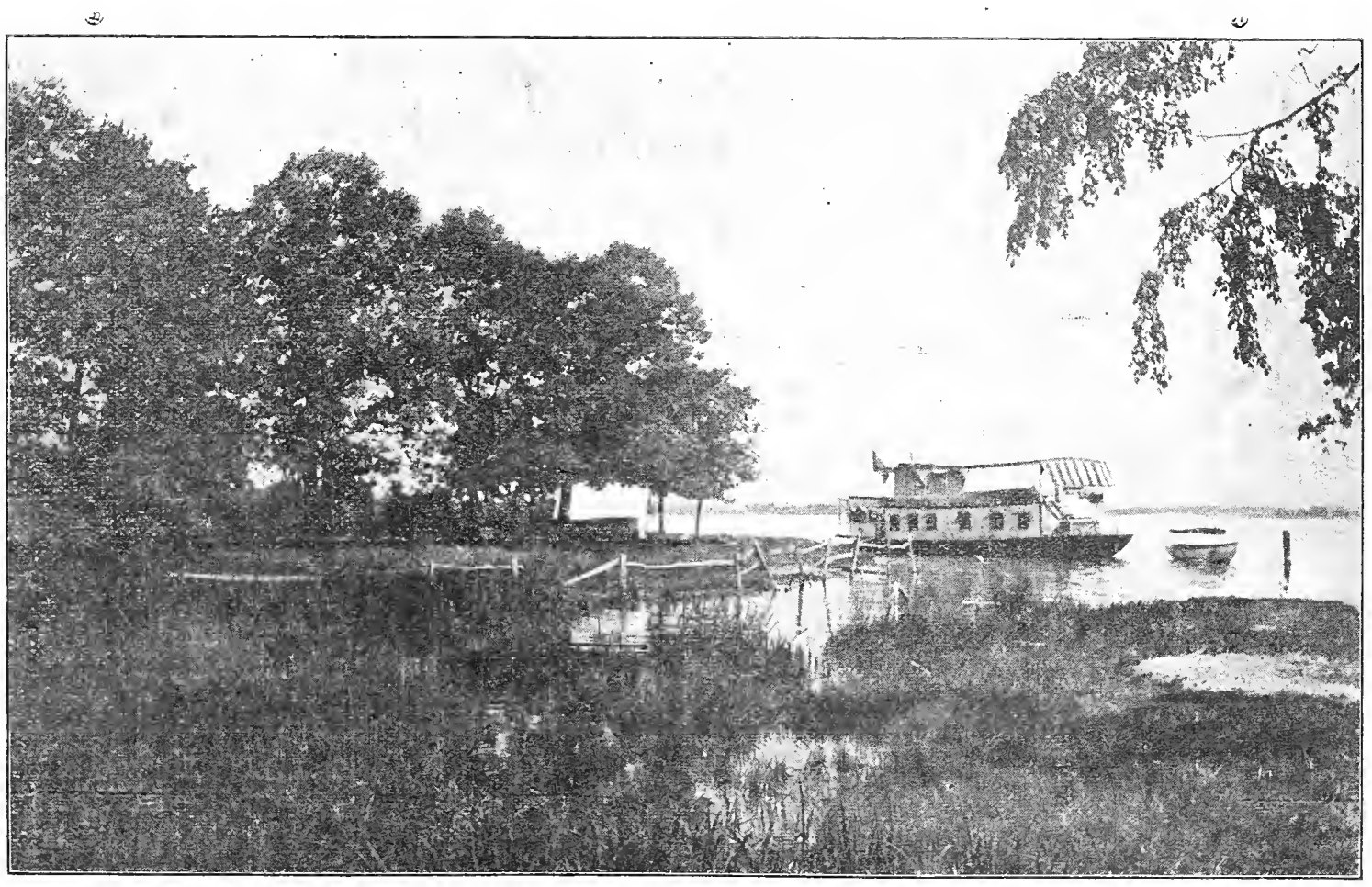


Illustration from "Houseboats and Houseboating."

The book contains forty specially prepared articles by owners and designers of well-known houseboats, and is beautifully illustrated with nearly 200 line and halftone reproductions of plans and exteriors and interiors. A most interesting chapter is devoted to houseboating in England, where the sport is one of the most delightful features of outdoor life.

The book has been carefully prepared by Mr. ALBERT BRADLEE HUNT, a well known authority on the subject.

The work is printed on extra heavy coated paper, and is bound in olive green buckram. The price is **$3.00** net.

(Postage 34 cents.)

The book will make a unique and most attractive holiday gift.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., - 346 Broadway, New York.

A 56-Foot Cruising Schooner.

During the winter of 1902-3 there was built, from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, at the yards of the George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, Mass., a 35ft. waterline cruising sloop. This boat was known as Cossack and her owner was Mr. Henry A. Morss, of Boston. Mr. Morss makes his headquarters at Marblehead, and for three years he has used her constantly. Cossack was not only a very handsome vessel, but she was a fine, comfortable cruiser as well, and she afforded her owner so much comfort and satisfaction that he has had the same designers turn out a new and larger boat for him.

Mr. Morss' new vessel is over 20ft. longer than Cossack and she is to be rigged as a schooner. Mr. Morss knew pretty well what to expect in the way of a schooner from his designers, as the schooner Cygnet, a boat of 46ft. waterline, has laid not far from Cossack in Marblehead Harbor for several years past, and he has had an opportunity to study this vessel carefully.

The schooner designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. Morss is, to our minds, one of the finest vessels ever turned out by this firm. That our views regarding this boat coincide with those of a number of practical yachtsmen is shown by the fact that several letters have been received by us from well known men suggesting that we use the plans in Forest and Stream. These gentlemen had seen the boat at Lawley's, where she is being built, and were so impressed with her that they wanted an opportunity of examining her plans at their leisure. We mention this, as it is rather an unusual thing to have so much interest displayed in a boat that has only recently been started, and it shows that Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have hit the popular fancy in the new Morss schooner.

The boat has a sharp floor, a flaring side and moderately long and well modeled overhangs. With a black side, gold stripe, white boot top over a green bottom and a teak rail she will be one of the handsomest vessels in the country.

The deck is flush and her breadth of 18ft. gives fine room on which to handle sails and move about on. The deck is of white pine and the waterways, rail, cockpit, trim companionways are of teak. The cockpit is 8ft. long and the cockpit coaming is planted on the deck, which is carried in to form the seats. The well is 4ft. 8in. long and 15in. deep. Two fixed rectangular plate glass lights in each side of the cockpit staving allows light to get into the lazarette at all times, a capital arrangement which will help keep this place, that usually is hardly more than a stuffy hole, sweet and light. The wheel and binnacle are located at the forward end of the cockpit. Connecting with the cockpit is a flat topped house 9ft. long. Forward of this house, with about 3ft. of deck space separating them, is the companionway.

The companionway leads to a 12ft. passage from which all the owner's quarters can be reached. At the after end of the passage is a door leading to the ladies' cabin or after stateroom. Aft of this cabin is a toilet room 2ft. 5in. wide by 5ft. 3in. long, and both are under the flat-topped house. There is nearly 7ft. of head room in the after cabin and 6ft. head room in the connecting toilet, which is fitted with a set marble basin and a patent closet. The after cabin is 6ft. 3in. long and extends the full width of the boat. On either side are berths 2ft. 6in. wide with transoms in front. On the starboard side of the forward bulkhead is a bureau 33in. long and 15in. wide. On the port side double doors give access to a roomy hanging closet.

On the port side of the passage leading forward to the main cabin is a single stateroom 7ft. 8in. long which is fitted with a berth 2ft. 6in. wide, a bureau, transom, folding basin and hanging closet. In the side over the berth is a large port hole. Forward of this stateroom is the chart room, 4ft. long. Here there is a chart table with shallow drawers underneath so that the charts can be kept flat, and in front is a seat with a locker below.

On the starboard side of the passage is a toilet room and owner's cabin. The toilet is aft of the companionway and is 3ft. wide. It is equipped with a folding basin and closet back of which is the linen locker. The owner's room is 8ft. 9in. long. The companionway is extended sufficiently far forward to give light and air into this cabin. At the after end of the owner's room is a wardrobe 2ft. 3in. long and a seat. The berth, like all those in the staterooms, is 2ft. 6in. wide. There is also a bureau 16 by 42in. and a folding wash basin. In the side there is a port hole.

Next forward is the main cabin 9ft. 7in. long and running the full width of the boat. On both sides are wide lounges, the one to starboard returning around the after bulkhead forming a good corner in which to place the swinging table. Back of these transoms are lockers and shelves. On either side of the cabin at the forward end are sideboards 2ft. 6in. long, and in the center of the forward partition is a fireplace. A large square skylight overhead makes this cabin very light and attractive.

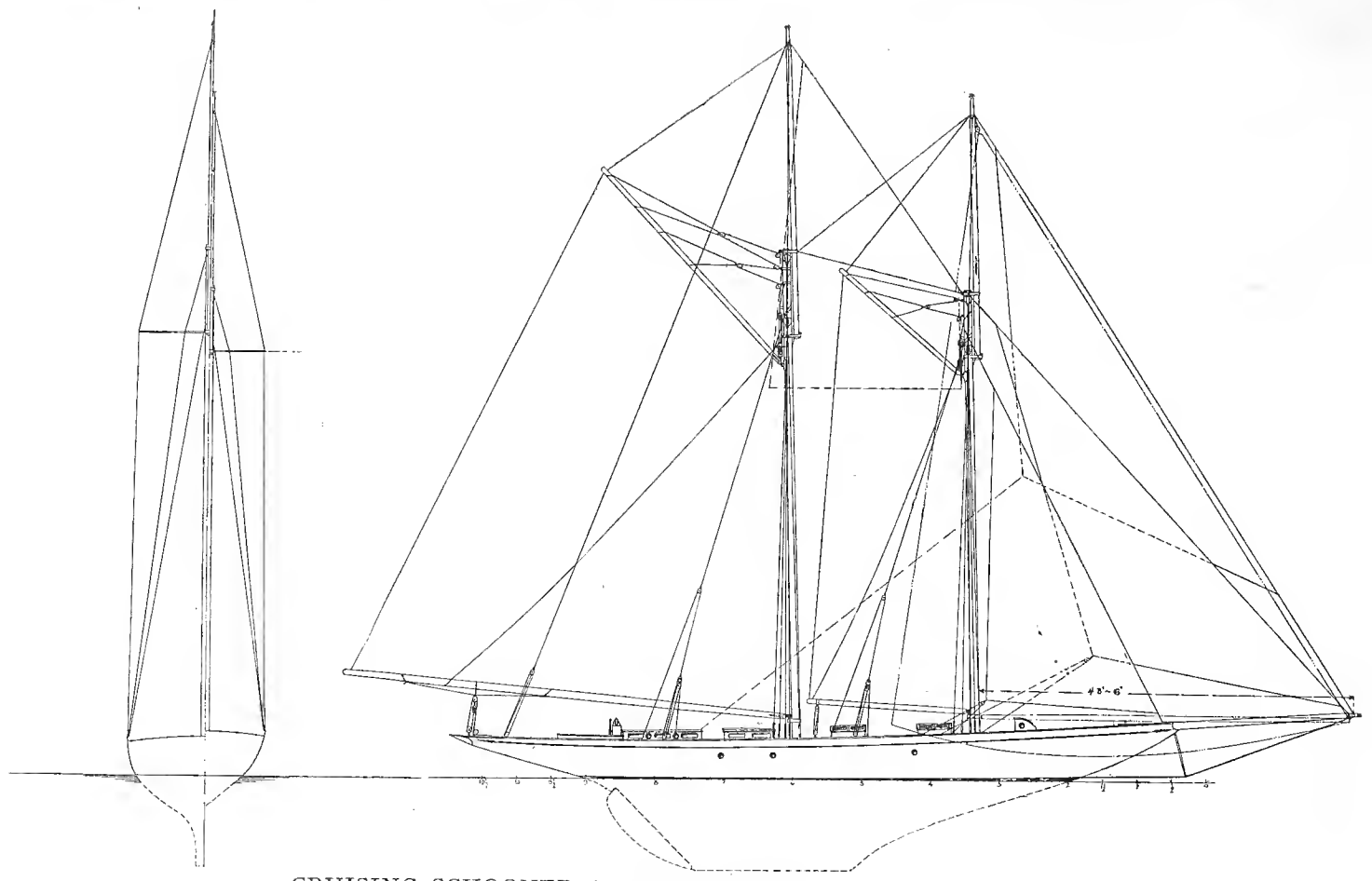
A door from the main cabin opens into the galley, which is 8ft. 8in. long. Great care has been used in laying out this most important feature of the boat's accommodations with the result that it is well arranged and conveniently laid out. On the starboard side of the galley is the captain's cabin and a large ice-box. The captain's room is 6ft. 3in. long and it is lighted and ventilated by a round port hole in the side.

The forecastle is 13ft. 8in. long and there are comfortable accommodations for six men. The comfort of the men has been considered and they have a water closet, folding wash basin and ample locker and hanging space for their clothes.

Two boats will be carried on davits. The boat will measure to the top of the 55ft. class and her sail area, under the new rule, is 4,800 square feet.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	95ft.	3in.
L.W.L.	56ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	13ft.	10in.
Aft	15ft.	5in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	18ft.	
L. W. L.	16ft.	
At stern	7ft.	10in.
Draft—		
Extreme	10ft.	6in.
Freeboard, top of rail—		
Forward	6ft.	10in.
Least	4ft.	6in.
Aft	4ft.	11in.



CRUISING SCHOONER, 56 FEET WATER LINE—SAIL PLAN.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Henry A. Morss. 1905.

Chicago Y. C. Institutes Medal of Honor.

At the annual meeting of the Chicago Y. C., held Nov. 28, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, in the pursuit of the sport of yachting occasions arise where lives can be saved from drowning by the courageous acts of yachtsmen and others, and in order that such acts can be duly recognized and suitably rewarded, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the Chicago Y. C. does hereby institute and establish for all time, a medal of honor, which shall consist of a suitably designed bronze medal, pendant to a strip of club ribbon and bronze clasp, which shall be awarded to any person who shall in a courageous manner save from drowning any one engaged in the sport of yachting on the Great Lakes, and which action shall be duly authenticated and brought to the attention of the Chicago Y. C. and voted on by the members of the club at any regular meeting; be it further

"Resolved, That the Board of Directors be and they are hereby instructed to cause such medals to be designed and made."

The first of these medals was awarded to Lawrence W. McMasters, the skipper and owner of the yawl Delight, who, during the race to Michigan City on Sept. 2, saved six men who were clinging to the keel of the capsized sloop Yo San in mid lake. They were rescued with extreme difficulty, owing to the heavy wind and sea.

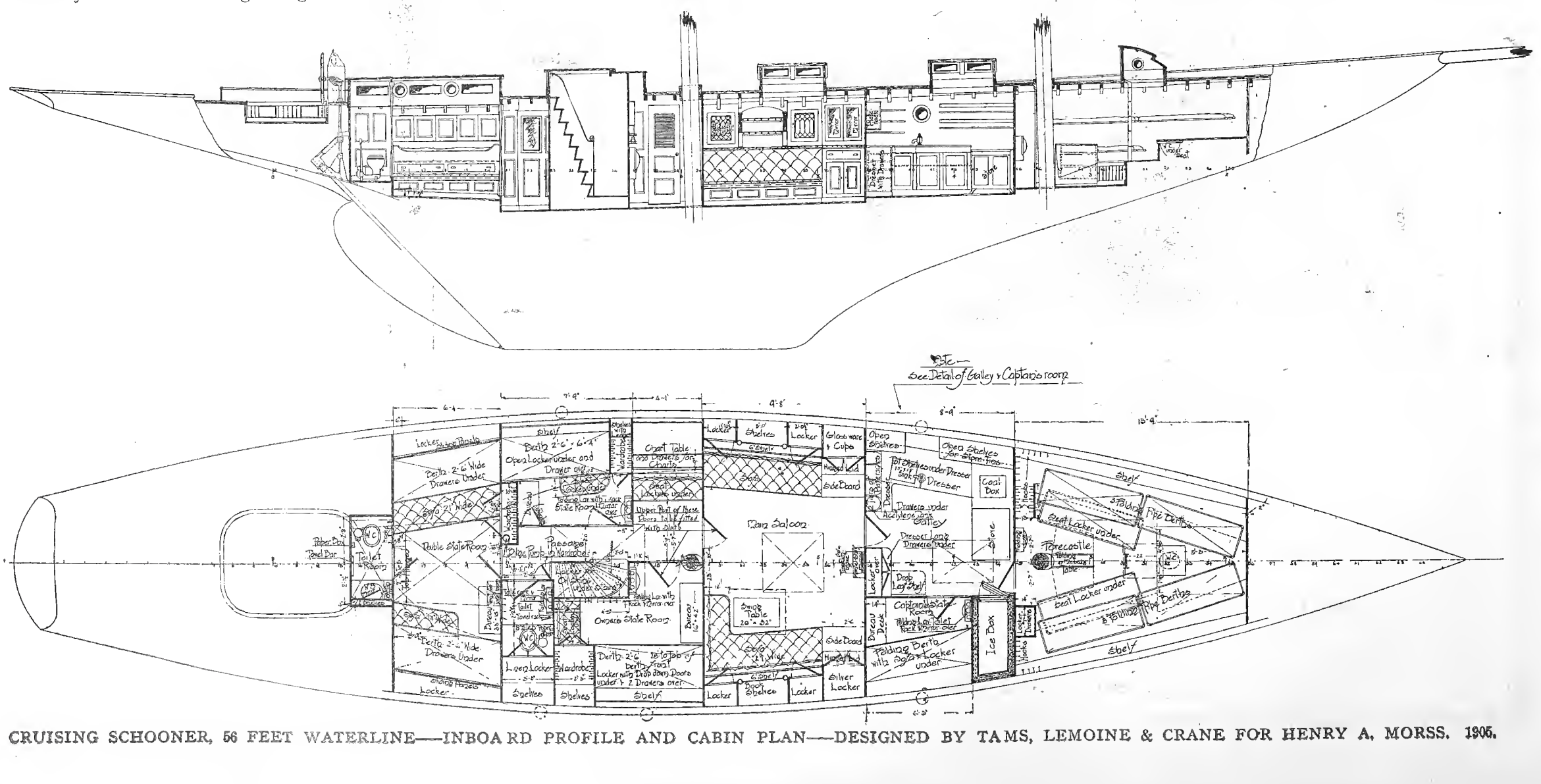
YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Irondequoit to Race on Long Island Sound.—Mr. F. Mason Raborg has purchased the Canada Cup challenger Irondequoit for the Rochester Y. C. syndicate through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones. Irondequoit is one of the best yachts Mr. William Gardner ever designed, being fast, roomy and able, and she should do well in the Sound racing. She is 65ft. over all, 40ft. waterline, 12ft. 6in. breadth and 9ft. draft. Mr. Frank B. Wood built the boat in his yard at City Island in 1903.

* * *

Steam Launch for Use in South America.—The Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., have recently completed a shoal-draft steam launch that



CRUISING SCHOONER, 56 FEET WATERLINE—INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR HENRY A. MORSS. 1905.

will be used along the coast and inland waters of Brazil. She is 40ft. over all, 39ft. 9in. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 1ft. draft. The frames, stem, keel, etc., are of white oak and the planking is of yellow pine. The fastenings are of copper throughout. The boat's deck is flush and she is fitted with a standing roof top and canvas side curtains. Aft there is a small house which contains a toilet and a galley. The boat is steered from the forward deck. She has a very flat floor and aft the stern is tunneled out. This keeps the draft down yet permits a fairly large wheel to be used. The boat is fitted with a Seabury fore and aft compound engine and a Seabury safety water-tube boiler. A speed of 10 miles is looked for. The boat will be sent to South America on the deck of a steamer.

SCHOONER EMERALD SOLD TO F. L. CLARK.—The schooner Emerald has been sold by Mr. William E. Iselin to Mr. F. Lewis Clark, Eastern Y. C., through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones. Emerald was designed by Mr. Henry C. Winteringham for Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell and built in 1893 by Messrs. S. L. Moore & Sons, at Elizabeth, N. J. She originally had a clipper bow, but in 1894 she was lengthened and a spoon bow replaced the old one. These changes improved the boat, and in 1903 her centerboard was removed and she was made a keel boat. Emerald has been used entirly for cruising, and she will replace Mr. Clark's old schooner Undercliff. Emerald is 117ft. over all, 85ft. waterline, 21ft. 7in. breadth and 14ft. draft. Mr. Clark is considering the advisability of converting Emerald into an auxiliary.

WOODBURY KANE, a prominent member of the New York Y. C., and one of the best known and most popular of New York sportsmen, died at his home in this city Dec. 5, after an illness of only three days. Mr. Kane was in his forty-sixth year.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

March 12-17.—New York.—One hundred shot indoor championship.

At Providence.

THE Cranston range, near Providence, R. I., will be a rallying point for riflemen. The programme provides events at 25 and 50yds. for .22 rifles, and events at 20 and 50yds. for revolvers. The matter of building an indoor range for the club will be settled at a meeting in the near future. A committee will be appointed to arrange for the annual meeting in February. From the Journal we take the following:

Action will be taken on the By-Laws presented by the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, and membership secured in the National Rifle Association, so that the club members may have an opportunity to take up the interesting work of shooting the military Krag at 200, 300 and 500yds. The National Board stands back of the club movement, and also some of the prominent Brigade officers. It is probable that many of the military shooters will enter the club under this division to secure the benefits of annual membership in the National Rifle Association at the minimum expense. Since the abolition of annual individual membership by the National, many of the military shooters are barred from its privileges, which the club's affiliation will restore. Applications should be made early to the secretary, in order that the club list may go to Washington at an early date.

The membership of the club has increased by three recently, H. Powell, William H. Tibbetts and Dr. James H. Lorah having been elected by the executive committee, and several applications now on file for action.

It is probable that one of the interesting features of the Thanksgiving Day shoot will be a combination team match, sides being chosen from among the members present for both teams, and the shooting to be done with both rifle and revolver, ten shots with each by each man. As many of the revolver shooters have not done any rifle shooting in some time, and several of the expert riflemen are equally unfamiliar with the revolver, the results will be interesting.

The following scores have been recorded:

German ring target, 200yds.:

Coulters .....162 181 186—529 Beach .....154 164 178—496

Revolver, 50yds., Standard target:

Wm. Almy, .38 officer's model, *87, 83, 82, *86, 86, 93, *82, 86, *84, *84; A. C. Hurlburt, .38 officer's model, 77; Lieut. H. C. Miller, .38 officer's model, 75.

*Medal scores.

Revolver, 50yds., military count: Almy 49, 46, 46; Hurlburt 46, 45, 44.

Rifle, 50yds., Standard target: H. Powell, 89, 84, 83, 83; B. Norman 79.

Revolver, 20yds., Standard reduced: A. C. Hurlburt 75; Maj. William F. Eddy, 73, 79.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

THE informal Thanksgiving Day shoot was well attended both by members and their friends.

The 200yd. rifle match was withdrawn because of the gale of wind which swept over the range, the men preferring the shelter of the well-warmed shooting house, and devoting their attention to the miniature rifles at short range. The revolver shooters were badly handicapped, the sudden and strong gusts of wind blowing the sights in every direction but the bullseye, and as a consequence very few scores were turned in, and those were exceedingly low. The riflemen fared better, being enabled to steady their guns more against the wind, and standing further back from the windows, some very fine shooting was done.

The most interesting event of the day was the "surprise match," sprung at the opening of the range. One of the enthusiasts appeared with a bundle, which he explained was to be the center of attraction, and consisted of prizes worth the skill of the best men. The plan was soon arranged to shoot rifles at 25yds. on the reduced German ring target and revolvers at 20yds. on reduced Standard, three shots per string, with a posible of 75 points for rifles, and 30 points for revolvers, best three scores to count; prizes to remain unknown until close of shoot.

The members entered the contest with much enthusiasm, and the three short ranges were kept busy. The competitors gradually narrowed down to half a dozen, and late in the afternoon was nip-and-tuck between four of the men as to who would take highest honors for the day. Luther had three scores of 74 with a total of 222, Beach a three-string total of 221, Coulters following close with 17, when Gardiner picked up, shooting one "possible" and a 74, tying with 222 for first place, with Luther, and winning out by his next best score, a 73 to Luther's 72.

The following were the only scores turned in for recording:

Rifle, 25yds., German ring target, 3 shots, possible 75:

		Prize Match.
W B Gardiner, .22 Stevens.....	72 73 73 69 72	75 74 73—222
S K Luther, .22 Winchester.....	72 71 71	74 74 74—222
C L Beach, .32 Winchester.....	67 64 69 66 64 71 72	75 73 73—221
A B Coulters, .22 Winchester....	68 70 71 72	72 72 73—217
H Edmundson, .22 Winchester.	68 64	68 70 68—206

Revolver, 20yds., Standard target, 3 shots, possible 30: Wm. F. Eddy, .38 Colt, 25, 26; A. C. Hurlburt, .38 O. M. Colt, 21, 19, 23.

Revolver, 50yds., Standard target: Wm. Almy 84, 79, 75, 87, 82; Major Wm. F. Eddy, 77; A. C. Hurlburt, 73; Lieut. Herbert C. Miller 70.

Revolver, 50yds., State range count: Almy 47, 47, 46, 49, 48; Eddy 46, Hurlburt, 46.

Rifle, 50yds., Standard target: C. L. Beach, 69, 74, 68.

Revolver, 20yds., 50yd. target: Dr. Howard 89, 58; H. Lawton 83, 79; Wm. Tibbetts 81.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 27.—Yesterday was turkey day at Shell Mound range, and a large delegation of shooters was present. The weather conditions were good, and in the Schuetzen Verein re-entry contest some good scoring was done. One rifleman made 74 and 73 out of 75 possible in three shots.

After twenty-six years' most successful management of the park and shooting range, Capt. Louis Siebe has pased the keys to his son William, who will continue the efficient methods of his father.

Some scores of the day:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein competition shoot: J. D. Heise 74, 70, 71, 70, 70, 73; F. P. Schuster 70, 66, 68, 71; L. Bendel 69, 68, 71, 71, 70; H. Bornholdt 70, 69; O. A. Bremer 71, 70, 70, 70; Herman Huber 70, Otto Lemcke 72, Adam Schaefer 70.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club monthly competition, gold medal, H. Wobber, 198, 185; silver medal, M. J. White, 200; F. J. Klatzl 185, 174; medal bars, J. F. Bridges 191. Re-entry match: W. F. Blasse 221; A. C. Gehret 221; E. Hammond 220, 218, 216, 206, 204; M. F. Blasse 218, 208, 205; L. Durham 214, 211; Max Kolander 202; H. O. Nelson 195, 194.

Annual turkey shoot: A. C. Gehret 71, Adolph Strecker 68, D. W. McLaughlin 66, W. F. Blasse 64, Otto A. Bremer 64, M. F. Blasse 63, J. F. Bridges 63, A. J. Brannagan 63, Max Kolander 61, E. Hammond 60.

Flags: M. F. Blasse 5, E. Hammond 4, A. C. Gehret 3, L. Durham 4, Max Kolander 1, W. F. Blasse 1. Pistol scores: Bronze medal, T. Lewis 67, 65; re-entry match, F. V. Kington 88, 87, 84; Capt. Ord 88, 80; T. Lewis 61, 60, 67, 54; revolver re-entry match, A. J. Brannagan 92, 88, 83, 81.

The following competitors won from one to three birds each in the Capt. Siebe annual turkey contest: C. M. Henderson, Louis Bendel, A. C. Gehret, William F. Garms, William C. Morken, W. Schulz, D. W. McLaughlin, K. Wertheimer, M. F. Hartter, A. L. Ott, A. Nichol, Max Kolander, L. Wille, Adolph Strecker, J. Westphal, J. Dorrall, W. F. Blasse, Fred Brandt, John Gefken, H. Bornholdt, C. F. Thierbach, Fritz Koch, D. A. Huntemann, C. Peach, G. W. Bridges, M. F. Blasse, John Peters, C. Schilling, O. A. Bremer. Best bullseye, Louis Bendel; last bullseye, Fritz Koch.

ROEEL.

Zettler Rifle Club.

DESPITE the heavy rain and wind, thirteen members took part in the weekly shoot held the night of Nov. 28. Arthur Hubalek, of Brooklyn, was high with a total of 2440 points in 100 shots at 75ft., offhand, and he had the highest 50-shot score, 1231 points, while Charles Zettler, Jr., won the prize on the bullseye target. The scores:

Ring target:

Arthur Hubalek	246 245 246 247 244 247 238 237 244 246	—2440
Louis C Buss	238 244 245 245 241 245 243 243 247 247	—2438
T H Keller, Jr.	235 243 239 242 237 237 235 245 241 240	—2394
Owen Smith	236 236 232 233 244 238 236 243 238 240	—2376
Arthur Hubalek	246 250 243 247 245	—1231
W A Tewes	244 246 244 243 243	—1220
A Moser	242 245 243 241 240	—1211
C Zettler, Jr.	239 243 245 240 244	—1211
H D Muller	235 237 236 237 246	—1191
Louis Maurer	234 237 237 237 238	—1179
C G Zettler	228 234 230 238 235	—1165
Barney Zettler	226 231 234 232 236	—1159
T H Keller	230 236 231 232 227	—1156
G Bernius	223 235 230 225 236	—1148

Bullseye target, degrees: Charles Zettler, Jr., 28.

Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular shoot was held Nov. 29, at 75ft., offhand. A. P. Fegert was high man with 477 for his best two scores. The totals follow:

A P Fegert	238 239—477	Bruno Eusner	216 220—436
H Koch	229 228—457	C Thibauth	212 222—434
G Thomas	230 224—454	F Horn	212 198—410
J H Blumenberg	223 221—444	Jacob Martin	199 205—404
Dr A Muller	218 219—437	Phil Zuegner	203 172—375
E Nadersohn	215 221—436		

Richard Gute, who came so near winning the 100-shot indoor championship match last March, has temporarily retired from business and is living on his farm in Sullivan county, New York. Last week Barney Zettler shipped a complete target outfit to Mr. Gute, who intends to equip a private rifle range he has fitted up on his farm with target trolleys. It is 75ft. long and Mr. Gute intends to practice diligently during the winter and get into the best possible form for the next indoor championship match, which will be held March 12-17, inclusive, 1906.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The regular medal shoot of the Lewisburg Rifle Club was held on Nov. 25, 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, possible 48. T. H. Parks won the medal with 44, Gerreth 42, Matthews 42, Hoffman 34, Trissell 34, Keserling 23, Bruner 21. In the 10-shot match, same conditions, possible 120, Garreth won first money with 118, Parks second, 108, Matthews third, 105, Hoffman 97, Bruner 65, Trissel 64. The 20-shot match, 100yds., offhand, possible 240, was won by Parks with 208. Matthews was second with 207.

The Twin Valley Rifle Club held its November medal contest at W. Alexander, on Nov. 25. In addition to the medal, prizes of cash and poultry were given. The medal shoot was at 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, possible 48. A. N. Clemmer won the medal and money prize with 11, 12, 11, 10—44; J. Johnson 12, 11, 9, 11—43; Lee Conarroe 9, 11, 12, 11—43. Five events of 4 shots each were then shot; total of 20 shots, possible 240. Johnson won with 43, 43, 47, 43, 46—222; Clemmer 44, 39, 45, 40, 46—214; Conarroe 43, 40, 44, 38, 47—212. Johnson won four chickens, Clemmer two and Conarroe two.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

MISS FANNIE EUSNER made the best bullseye at the shoot held the night of Nov. 25, while Mrs. Fenwirth was high with a total of 486 out of the possible 500 points on the ring target. Among the men who shot along with the members, V. Muller had the best bullseye and C. Folcke was high on the ring target. The scores at 75ft., with .22cal. rifles:

Mrs Fenwirth	486	Miss Fannie Muller	479
Miss Ludwig	486	Miss Anna Scheu	469
Miss B Ludwig	485	Miss Fannie Eusner	467
Mrs Nosch	456		

Best bullseye, Miss Eusner.

C Folcke	488	G Ludwig	468
J G Hart	472	V Muller	446

Best bullseye, V. Muller.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular practice shoot was held on the Zettler ranges Dec. 1, at 75ft. off-hand. Gus Zimmermann was high with 487 out of the possible 500 points on his best two targets. The totals follow:

Gus Zimmermann	487	Jacob Billocher	456
August Begerow	480	Bruno Eusner	451
G W Ludwig	478	John Facklamm	440
Frank A Young	476	Arthur Namak	433
F Liegibel	472	Henry J Behrens	425
William Soell	471	F C Halbe	413
George T Zimmermann	457		

A Duel Avoided.

The elder Dumas, the eminent French novelist, was not spared the severe criticisms which attack a famous name, but, like all wise men, he was content to treat these attacks with dignified silence. Not so his son. Exasperated by the particularly severe criticisms of a noted journalist, the young man—then in his college days—took upon himself to right the wrongs of his father, and sent two chums to arrange for a duel with the offender.

Calmly the journalist listened to what they had to say. When they had concluded he called a servant, directing him to tell his son to come to the study.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as this appears to be an affair of sons, and not of fathers, etiquitte would seem to demand that you should arrange your matter with my son. He will be here directly, and no doubt will give you all the satisfaction you wish."

So saying, he left the room, and a moment later the journalist's son entered—a child of three years, in the arms of his nurse.—Harper's Round Table.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 5-7.—St. Thomas, Ont.—McCall & Emslie's live-bird tournament.
Dec. 8.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen G. C. all-day shoot. W. R. Fieles, Sec'y.
Dec. 12-13.—Omaha, Neb.—Interstate team race, between teams of Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas. W. D. Townsend, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Travers Island, N. Y.—Amateur championship of America, under auspices of New York Athletic Club. Gus E. Grieff, Chairman, 302 Broadway, New York.
Dec. 17.—Jersey City, N. J.—Hudson G. C. tournament and outing. J. Hughes, Sec'y.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. first annual holiday shoot.
Dec. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

1906.

Jan. 1.—Mount Kisco, N. Y., G. C., all-day shoot. A. Betti, Capt.
Jan. 1.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Bergen Beach G. C.
Jan. 2.—Killarney, Man.—Live-bird championship of Canada.
Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Brooklyn, N. Y., G. C. all-day tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Jan. 22-27.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap; $1,500 added for amateurs. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
Mareh 14-16.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. C. W. Budd, Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Auburn, N. Y., tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.
Dec. 25.—Brooklyn, N. Y., G. C. all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club will hold a holiday shoot on Christmas Day.

Thanksgiving Day in the East was a day of blustering, high winds, bad for high guns at the traps, but excellent for high knives and divides indoors.

The Mount Kisco, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament on Jan. 1. The programmes will be ready for distribution early next week. For further particulars, address Capt. A. Betti, Mount Kisco.

The holiday cup, at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, held on Thanksgiving Day, at Bay Ridge, L. I., was won by Mr. A. E. Hendrickson, with a score of 22. A cold, blustering wind, almost a gale in force, was a detriment to good scores.

Mr. Irby Bennett moved from the Post-Graduate Hospital to the Grand Hotel, New York, on Friday of last week, and is convalescing with gratifying rapidity. He will soon be up and about again, and his legion of friends will heartily rejoice thereat.

Twelve events are provided by the programme of the Alert Gun Club, of Phillipsburg, N. J., Dec. 20. Totals, 180 targets, $9.50 entrance. Targets, 1½ cent. High amateur averages, $6, $3, $2 and $1. Programme will begin at 10 o'clock. Class shooting. The Secretary is George Stubblebine.

An unusually large number of trapshoots throughout the States on Thanksgiving Day had programmes which talked turkey in a most liberal and beneficent manner. Of still greater beneficence was the pocketbook which enabled a shooter to pay for targets and talk personal turkey independently of goose eggs.

An all-day shoot of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club will be held on their grounds at Crescent street, Brooklyn, on Christmas Day, Dec. 25, and one on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. Shooting of each begins at 11 A.M. Added money, etc., and sliding handicap on Feb. 22. A. A. Schoverling, Manager, 2 Murray street, New York.

At the shoot of the Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club, held on Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Fred Gilbert was high average with 190 out of 200, and Mr. H. H. Stevens was second with 163 in the professional class. Mr. W. A. Wiedebush was high amateur with 171. Stormy weather, high winds and flurries of snow, added to the thankfulness of the day.

Mr. A. F. Richardson, challenger, of Dover, Del., and Mr. Wm. M. Foord, holder, of Wilmington, Del., contested for the championship of Delaware, on Dec. 2. The contest took place on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club. Each shot at 100 targets, and tied on 91. The shoot-off, at 25, resulted in another tie on 20. The final shoot-off resulted in a victory for Richardson by a score of 24 to 20.

The manager, Mr. A. A. Schoverling, writes us that "Owing to the success of the many tournaments held by the Palisade Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., and feeling that there is a field for further tournaments of like character, we have made arrangements with the Brooklyn Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to hold regular bi-weekly shoots on the first day of the week, and tournaments on all holidays and on dates not conflicting with other gun clubs. These shoots will be announced in the columns of your paper and to the shooters."

The championship contest of the New York Athletic Club, to be held at Travers Island, Dec. 14, has every prospect of a perfect success. All amateurs of the United States are eligible. The conditions are: 100 targets, entrance, price of targets. A sterling silver trophy goes to the winner. Mr. Gus E. Grieff, Chairman of the Committee, 302 Broadway, New York, will furnish all information.

Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, under date of Dec. 2, from Pittsburg, writes us that "The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Assoeiation will be held Thursday, Dec. 14, at 10 A. M., at Oakland, Bergen county, N. J. The meeting will be held in proper form and adjourned to the afternoon of the same day, when the adjourned annual meeting will be held at the Grand Hotel, Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York city, at 1:30 P.M."

At the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association, Mr. Hood Waters captured two turkey gobblers with the ease and grace which mark ever his worthy skill. Some of the other experts were victors also, but to the extent of a single fowl only, while others again, of the class who are always with us, hied home turkeyless, so far as the externals of the shoot were concerned. But, then, there are a lot more Thanksgivings coming, and everything comes to him who waits—perhaps.

Mr. C. L. Burtch, Winnipeg, Man., informs us that "On Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1906, there will be held in Killarney, Man., a live-bird tournament, when the ehampionship of Canada will be contested for. This tournament promises to be the best live-bird shoot ever held in western Canada, and representatives are looked for from all parts of the west, and are cordially invited to participate. The tournament will be under the efficient management of the two well-known Killarney trapshots, Mr. Jack Saunders, of individual international championship fame (1905), and Mr. O. G. Rutledge. Already over a thousand birds have been eollected, with a bright prospect for several hundred more. This will prove to be somewhat of a ehange to many, who are lovers of the seatter bore, as heretofore it has been almost impossible to find suffieient birds to hold a sueeessful tournament of any size, and no doubt this event will be looked forward to by many and a good erowd is antieipated."

BERNARD WATERS.

Shooting Form.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just passed through an ordeal, the outcome of which may be of interest to other trapshooters who are having, or have had, similar experienee. Some doubtless have become disgusted with themselves and have quit the game altogether. I must confess that after discouraging days of experimenting and practice, I have resolved a dozen times to put up my trap gun for good, satisfied that I would never get baek to any kind of form; but I stuek it out. During 1902 and 1903 I maintained an average of 89 per cent. and had no unaccountable bad days. Early in 1904, I eommenced to go bad. From almost 90 per eent. I dropped to 80 per eent, then 75 per eent., and finally got down to about 65 per eent., being able to do as well with my gun to the left shoulder as with the right. I attributed my poor form to changing guns, having sold my pet gun to take up a fine little gun of another make I had won at the New York State shoot of 1903. Often I would get as low as 12 and 13 and 14 out of 25, and would go home from the traps so ugly and discouraged that I wondered my family did not run me out. Finally I got down to the experimental stage, and made up my mind that I would find out what I was doing. From January, 1905, to July, I shot away 6,000 shells trying all sorts of ways to remedy the fault. Finally a plan was suggested by a friend, which gave me an inkling as to the reason of my bad stump. I got a lot of big sheets of paper, tacked them upon a fence at different distances, and snapped some loads at them. After fifty trials, I was satisfied that I was shooting low to the left. A gun expert told me to get a gun with a stock cast off ¼ to ⅜in. and ½in. straighter at the heel, which I did. I am now gradually getting baek in shape, have shot better than 90 per cent. on several occasions lately, and think that I will soon get my speed back.

Speed and confidenee mean about the same thing in trapshooting. Now and then I "stop in the swing," which will doubtless be remedied by the return of speed.

If you get one of these "off" streaks, don't give in to it—fight it out, and you will find that by an unconscious change of attitude you have changed your point of sight, and must start and learn all over again, so as to conform with the new order of things. Be it known, I have never been any more than a fair shot, so can therefore imagine how harrowing it must be to an expert when he gets an "off" period. Upon his skill hangs his bread and butter, besides the humiliation of being beaten by a lot of "dubs." They are good sports, these paid experts, and only by their scores can you find that they are shooting poorly. A GUN BUG.

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 27.—In response to a very unique notice sent out by Secretary James Hughes for a special meeting of the house committee and special shooting committee of the Hudson Gun Club, espeeially appointed to take charge of the coming big shoot, a full quorum responded. It being a joint meeting, President Whitley in the chair, by request opened up proceedings with, "What have you done?"

Mr. J. Hughes, of the shooting committee, who with Mr. C. Von Lengerke (Dr. Sargeant), reported that the coming shoot had been liberally advertised, and that they had received inquiries which asured him of a successful shoot.

Dec. 17 was decided on as the date. The elub shoots will be held as usual on Dec. 10 and 24, and it is expected that on the 10th we will have a good attendance to "try-out" the new (and old) traps, etc., and get ready for what we expect to be the biggest shoot we have ever held.

Nine prizes were decided on, and the shooting committee, in reply to Chairman Whitley's inquiry as to how much money these were to cost, answered him like a unit, "We'll do the buying, and you ean rest assured that those who win one of the prizes will not be ashamed to take it home."

Several members then expressed themselves as being able, they thought, to secure a few merchandise prizes from the trade. While it was not the sense of the meeting to "sponge" on the trade—in fact, the idea was at onee "jumped on"—but when the circumstances were explained, it was agreed that it would not be good policy to insult a cheerful giver by refusing a present from him to be shot for. It is therefore safe to say that, besides the nine handsome prizes (the nature of which will be announeed in these columns later), that there will be other prizes to be shot for.

The house committee reported that they attended the last shoot (yesterday) in a body, and arranged to repair the damage in time for the big shoot on Dee. 17. Like the shooting committee, they have among them "loyal stock," who cheerfully volunteered to advanee all neeessary expenses.

The chairman expressed himself well satisfied with the work so far done by both committees, and gave them kind words of encouragement.

The meeting adjourned at 11:30, to meet again on Dee. 4 at the regular monthly meeting of the club, when we hope for a good attendanee.

Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Banta	25	20	19	18	20	19
Staples	20	22	24	19	20	19
Haddon	17	16	14	18	16	17
Headden	19	19	17	16	15	19
Malcomb	15	13	12	16	14	16
Kurzell	18	16	15	15	17	17

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Pape	20	19	18	19	19	18
Pape, Jr.	19	20	17	17	20	19
O'Brein	19	18	17	18	20	17
Shields	18	16	17	19	18	16
Whitley	17	20	16	18	19	18
Kelley	18	19	18	16	19	17

Narberth Gun Club.

DEC. 2.—On the Narberth, Pa., Gun Club grounds a nine-man team race resulted as follows:

Sharp	22	Torpey	24
Alker	21	T Emerson	22
Barnis	20	Hamil	22
Garnett	20	Duffield	21
Gill	19	Titlow	18
Mills	18	Moore	16
Simons	16	Datt	14
Schmidt	16	Woods	8
Brown	11—163	Klett	8—158

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Nov. 29.—The Reereation Rod and Gnn Club, of this eity, held a shoot to-day in honor of Messrs. Fred Gilbert and Luther J. Squier, and despite the very inelement weather, a most enjoyable day was passed and a programme of 200 targets completed.

Most of the shooting was done during a pretty stiff rain storm with oeeasional snow flurries, and as a result long runs were very searce, Mr. Gilbert getting one of 52 targets.

Mr. Gilbert shot out the programme of 200 targets with the very ereditable score of 185 breaks, with Mr. H. H. Stevens, of the U. M. C. Co., seeond, with 180 to his eredit. Mr. Miller following closely as high amateur with 177 breaks, shooting throughout the day very evenly, although he was unlucky in not being able to land a straight in any one event.

The club entertained all the shooters and their visitors at the Hotel Madera at a 7 o'clock wild turkey dinner, where thirty-five covers were laid, with President Sivey presiding at the head of the table in his usual graceful and dignified manner.

Over the coffee and cigars, several of the guests and members responded to toasts, Messrs. Gilbert, Squier, Stevens, Taylor and Loyd making notably happy hits.

That we may have the pleasure of entertaining this buneh of good fellows again in the near future, is the unanimous sentiment of the club. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20		
Fred Gilbert	14	14	15	12	15	15	14	15	13	14	13	12	19	200	185
L J Squier	15	5	9	9	9	11	10	5	12	13	8	12	13	200	131
H H Stevens	11	10	14	14	14	12	15	14	15	14	15	13	19	200	180
E H Taylor	11	10	12	14	12	11	12	8	13	9	10	8	14	200	144
E F Jaeobs	9	11	13	11	11	11	13	8	13	14	14	9	16	200	153
John M Cobun.	12	11	12	12	10	12	11	11	9	13	11	14	17	200	155
W M Sivey	8	8	12	11	8	12	10	12	9	8	9	14	15	200	136
W T Niehols	15	12	10	12	8	12	11	11	10	11	12	12	17	200	153
J R Miller	11	13	13	13	14	14	14	13	14	14	14	13	17	200	177
W E Price	12	10	10	10	10	13	11	11	12	13	11	16		185	139
Jas H. Smith				10	7	10	7	12	9	12				105	67
S. G. O'Kelley				10	11	7	8							60	36
W N Dawson												13	14	35	27

Extra, 2 man team race, 25 targets per man:

E H Taylor	18	F M Cobun	22
E F Jacobs	20—38	W M Sivey	21—43

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y.

Fairmont Gun Club.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., Nov. 30.—The Fairmont Gun Club's Thanksgiving Day shoot just closed was a success, despite the eold weather and snow flurries, which interfered greatly with the shooting and made good scores impossible, the half snow-covered hill background making extremely difficult shooting for all except the experts. The elub entertained Mr. Fred Gilbert, Mr. Luther J. Squier and Mr. H. H. Stevens, Mr. Gilbert getting high average with 190 out of 200, and Mr. Stevens second with 163 out of 200.

Mr. W. A. Wiedebuseh was high amateur with 174 breaks out of 200 to his credit.

Following the shoot and the traditional Thanksgiving "Tom and Jerry" in the evening, the club entertained all shooters at the Hotel Jaekson at a course turkey dinner, where forty covers were laid and all spent a very enjoyable two hours. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Fred Gilbert	20	20	18	19	20	18	20	19	18	18	200	190
L J Squier	12	18	16	16	17	16	16	17	17	12	200	157
H H Stevens	15	17	19	18	16	14	14	18	18	14	200	163
E H Taylor	15	16	15	13	11	13	12	12	15	15	200	137
Elmber F Jaeobs	11	10	12	11	11	12	12	19	16	10	200	124
W A Wiedebusch	13	16	19	20	17	18	18	19	19	15	200	174
Geo Lilly	14	13	12	16	15	13	12	9	12	9	200	125
John Merrifield	15	17	16	13	17	16	16	14	14	17	200	155
John Phillips	9	16	11	15	16	14	14	16	18	15	200	144
Frank Amos	17	21	14	11	16	9	11	13	10	11	200	124
J C Long	10	13	15	10	6	10	14	11	15		200	118
L D Phillips	13	13	14	14	13	13	9	14	13	12	200	128
D P Fitch	12	10	16	14	17	11	17	13	16	12	200	138
J R Miller	9	13	16	13	15	16	16	9	5	14	200	126
W T Niehols	12	13	14	16	14	10	17	12	10	11	200	129
T A Neill	13	12	16	15	9	14	15	11	14	10	200	129
G A Long	18	14	15	13	15	17	16	14	14	14	200	150
G E Miller	9	13									40	22
L C Jones		11	14	16	9	11					100	61
A H Donally			14	13	18	14	17	14	11	9	160	110
A R Badgley			15	12	12.	13.	14				100	66
W C Mawhinney			12	11	9	8	8	7	11	9	160	75
C G Badglev			6	3	8	6					80	23
Frank Coogle					12					7	40	19
E Duncan						9	14	8	14	6	100	51
John McCool						5	4	4			60	13
John J McCool						9	7	11	7		80	34
H D Heckman									6	6	40	12
Fleming										10	20	10
Jaek Fleming										11	20	11

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Shooting was very hard on aeeount of a strong wind, which made the targets jump a great deal. Grieff won the first leg on the December cup. Two other trophies were shot for during the afternoon, and won by Mr. Billings and Robinson.

Event 1, December cup, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff, 0	21	Banerd, 5	15
Hibbard, 5	17	H McMurchy, 0	18
Billings, 4	20	Borchelle, 7	20
Robinson, 7	19	Kuchler, 7	20
Keller, 2	16	Dr Hamlin, 7	18

No. 2, handicap, 25 targets:

Grieff, 0	22	Keller, 2	20
McMurchy, 0	23	Robinson, 7	18
Hibbard, 5	23	Banerd, 5	20
Billings, 4	23	Borchelle, 7	20

Event 3, handicap, 25 targets:

McMurehy, 0	20	Grieff, 0	21
Hibbard, 0	19	Barnard, 5	20
Billings, 4	18	Borehelle, 7	20
Keller, 2	17	Hamlin, 7	19
Robinson, 7	23	Kuchler, 7	22

Team shoot:

Grieff	21	McMurehy	18
Billings	19	Keller	17
Robinson	16	Hibbard	14
Banerd	14	Borchelle	14
Brand	15—85	Kuchler	15—78

Team shoot:

Hibbard	19	Grieff	19
Billings	19	Robinson	10
Borchelle	9	McMurehy	17
Banerd	15	Keller	13
Kuchler	16—88	Brand	10—69

Entries for the amateur championship event are coming in. This event seems to be a popular one.

Highland Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 2.—Turkeys, geese and chickens were the satisfying prizes at the shoot of the Highland Gun Club, at Edge Kill, to-day. A goose supper and bright speeches closed the day's activities very pleasantly. The speeches were made by D. Meyers, J. Franklin and Mr. Bisbing. Vocal music was rendered by the Highland Male Quartet. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
Targets:	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Johnson	3	5	8	9	9	7	10	51
Douglas	3	9	6	10	9	6	7	50
Dalton	4	10	10	7	8	..	4	43
A Ballantine	3	7	9	8	8	..	8	43
Green	3	6	7	7	7	..	8	38
Franklin	3	5	4	8	6	2	6	34
Myers	..	28	8	8	..	..	9	33
A Bisbing	..	..	..	6	7	7	10	30
Wentz	3	8	7	8	4	..	..	30
Pinkerton	..	..	..	..	9	10	10	29
Everett	..	..	6	7	7	..	8	28
Lodge	2	2	6	6	4	2	4	26
M Bisbing	..	..	..	8	5	..	2	15

Lowell Rod and Gun Club.

LOWELL, Mass., Dec. 2.—The Lowell Rod and Gun Club's Laflin & Rand trophy shoot was held to-day with a fair attendance. Poor light and hard-breaking targets kept the scores far below the average.

The cup was won by Edwards, with 78 breaks, Roy being closc up with 76. Dickey, of Boston, seored 79, but being a professional, shot for targets only from the 18yd. line. Climax, also a professional, voluntarily shot from the 21yd. mark.

High general average for the day went to Dickey with 145 to his credit. Edwards, second, with 131.

Events 5 to 9 inclusive, eup race, handicaps 16 to 21yds.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	15	15		
Mayer, 18	5	4	10	12	14	9	13	18	15	12	11	180	123
Rule, 18	5	6	11	11	11	12	11	12	8	13	12	180	112
Hebbard, 18	2	5	12	10	13	15	15	13	14	11	12	180	122
Goss, 18	6	8	11	14	13	14	15	17	15	9	..	165	122
Dickey, 18	9	6	13	12	16	14	17	17	15	13	13	180	145
Kirkwood, 20	8	4	11	11	13	11	16	17	12	14	14	180	130
Ballou, 16	6	8	7	10	15	14	13	15	14	11	13	180	126
Fletcher, 16	5	4	10	9	12	15	12	11	15	8	9	180	110
Roy, 19	7	3	9	12	11	14	17	18	16	12	11	180	130
Dean, 17	6	7	13	14	10	11	17	14	12	10	11	180	125
Edwards, 17	6	8	10	7	17	17	15	16	13	11	11	180	131
Parkhurst, 16	2	5	9	7	6	8	6	7	12	4	7	180	73
Irish, 16	2	2	3	9	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	80	28
Climax, 21	8	4	9	12	16	9	14	16	12	12	8	180	120
E E Reed, 19	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	14	16	12	11	12	130	90
Dr Gleason, 21	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	15	14	..	..	100	64
Blinn, 16	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	17	15	13	..	..	100	71

Speeial extras, 25 targets, 16yds.:

Blinn	17	Ballou	18 .. ..
Mayor	19 20 22	Climax	22 23 24
Dean	18	Gleason	22 24 23
E E Reed	19	Kirkwood	20 .. ..

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 30.—The conditions were not favorable for the silver shoot, Thanksgiving Day. With the thermometer below the freezing point, and the wind blowing a gale from the northwest, high seores were the exception. Many of the targets described a half-eircle, traveling fast and far.

In event 1, Moffett won first prize, with Holloway second, while in event 2, Moffett was again suecessful, with Wallace second

In event 3 Moffett was again the fortunate one, with Wallaee second.

In event 4 the winners were Moffett, Winslow and Cockefair.

At the annual meeting of the club, officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, Geo. Batten; Secretary, Edward Winslow; Treasurer. E. H. Holmes; Field Captains, C. L. Bush and P. H. Coekefair.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Crane	6	5	5	3	2
Batten	6	4	6	6	3
Moffett	10	7	8	8	3
Cockefair	3	6	3	6	8
Stevens	0	0	0	..	..
Winslow	3	6	5	7	5

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Dr Ayres	1	2	..	..	..
Hartshorne	4	3	5	2	..
Holloway	6	7	8	5	..
S R Soveral	2	4	..	6	4
Wallace	5	6	7	6	4
W T Soverel	3	3	2	4	..

E. WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., Nov. 30.—Twenty free prizes brought out ten members to-day in the wind and cold to take part in our Thanksgiving shoot. Every one won a prize.

The wind took the targets so high that some of the missed ones were carried baek to the shooter's feet.

Rev. Roberson was trying his new L. C. Smith for the first time.

The trapper would come in from the trap house to get warm every other event. One said, "You oughter have a stove in that ere thing out there." In one event all prizes were scarfpins. Every one got stuck on one.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	5
Byron Prugh	3	..	7	..	2	3	3	5
Stelle	4	4	10	..	4	4	..	1
Dunning	2	5	7	..	4	..	..	4
W Slater	5	4	9	..	4	3	..	5
Ben Prugh	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
Fisher	1	..	9	..	3	..	..	5
Dr Pardoe	4	5	7	..	5	..	3	5
Mrs B Prugh	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..
Miss Jones	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..
Rev Roberson	..	..	..	..	3	4	2	..

J. B. PARDOE, Sec'y.

Duquesne Gun Club.

DUQUESNE, Pa., Nov. 30.—The Duquesne Gun Club held its first Thanksgiving Day shoot on Nov. 30, at whieh time there was a fair attendance considering the inclement weather. The Handicap Committee introduced a modern improved handicap which worked very satisfactorily, as almost every shooter went away with a broad smile and a nice turkey. The best shooting was done by Mr. Westley Hale. Following are the scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
John Hale	170	136	Straub	105	78
Harry Hale	155	114	Garland	100	83
Heilman	155	126	Schore	65	54
Jennings	155	108	Barnes	50	27
Westley Hale	140	122	Everett	50	28
Irwin	130	107	Steuner	30	15
Pire	105	69			

At Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 2.—The live-bird shoot, at the Point Breeze Race Track to-day, had a programme of two events, one at 10 birds, $5 entrance, two moneys, and one at 5 birds, $3 entranee, two moneys. The scores follow:

Ten live birds, $5 entrance, two moneys, handicap:

See, 30	2222222222*— 9	Garrigues, 26	2222221022— 9
Fisher, 30	2222222222—10	Parker, 30	2212222212—10
Staley, 28	2222100222— 8	Rowan, 26	*001222022— 6
Stauffer, 26	2102102220— 7	Poulson, 28	2100222*11— 7
Bivans	2112222222—10		

Five live birds, $3 entrance, two moneys, handicap:

See, 30	222*2—4	Poulson, 28	102*1—3
Fisher, 30	22222—5	Silver, 28	11220—4
Staley, 28	20220—3	French, 27	02121—4
Garrigues, 26	22210—4		

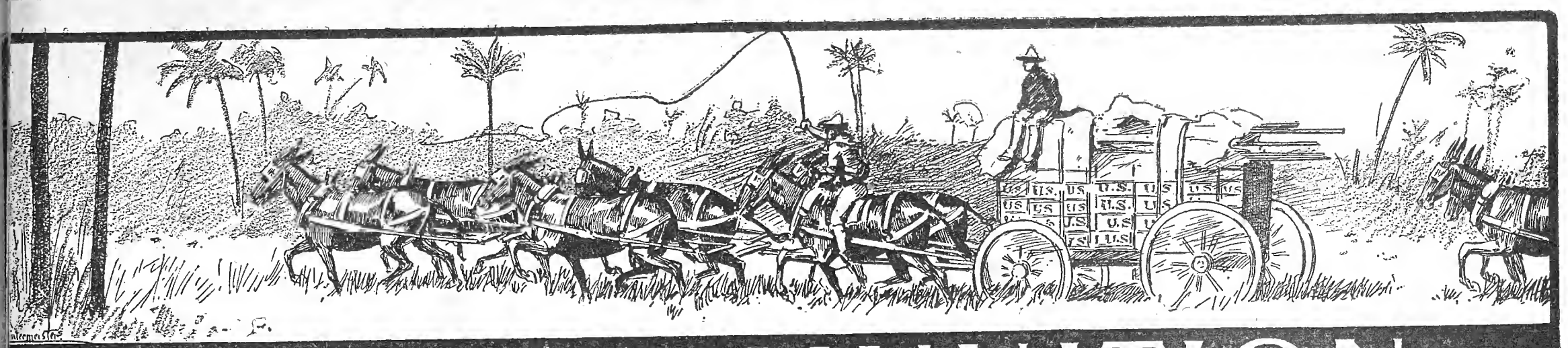
What Happened to the Jackie.

Former Secretary of the Navy Moody tells of the account of an explosion of one of the big guns on the Massachusetts a year ago, which was given by a sailor injured by the explosion.

"Well, sir," replied the jackie, to his questioner, "I reely can't say that I knows very much about it. I was standin', you see, with me back to the gun, a-facin' the port side. All of a sudden I hears a —— of a noise: then, sir, the ship physician he says, 'Set up and take this.' "—Boston Herald.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out." And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste-basket, did so.—Washington Life.

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WESTERN TRAP.

LACON, Ill., Nov. 30.—About six weeks ago there was a "Tramp" in town. He was walking along the branch line of the Alton Railroad, and being footsore, he tarried at this town, as it was the end of the "tie path." He lingered thereabouts, and by the time of his departure, had got the "ball to rolling" in the minds of the mighty duck hunters of the town, with the result that some twenty-five of them put their names down as prospective members of a gun club.

With a view of getting the enthusiasm aroused, a shoot was planned for the day we set apart to devour all the turkeys that the United States can produce.

There were those who could not omit their morning rabbit, quail and duck hunt, and many others who would not miss their turkey and cranberry sauce at the noon hour, hence the shoot was not started until about 2 P.M. From that time until dark there was such a banging of guns as never before was heard in the town of Lacon. Ye old gray-headed shooters should have been there, and you would have been reminded of thirty years ago. Never were there such an array of old-time shooting irons brought together.

There were a few good hammerless guns and a pump or two, and then came the cheapest of hammer guns—all grades and sizes. One gun had shot through at least forty years, having lost one hammer, and belched a load of four drams of old FFG; and such a noise and such a smoke—oh, my!

But a good time was had, and there was a shoot seldom chronicled wherein the misses equalled the hits.

Your attention was called to guns, and now the shells come in next. Only one man had a regular trap load; most of the others used about a three-dram load and one ounce of soft shot, ranging from 8's to 4's. One man used 3½ drams smokeless and No. 6 shot.

There was a good opening here for a traveling shooter, but none were present. The next thing to it was a missionary for one of the shell companies, and he was showing a first-class cheap trap gun and explained to them that what they wanted was a 3-dram load of smokeless with 1⅛ ounces of 7½ chilled shot. There will be a decided improvement in the next shoot held by these enthusiastic game shooters.

Lacon would be a good point to hold a tournament, as there are other towns close by having some old shooters who can assist in making the attendance such as is needed for a success.

Possibly the readers will wonder why the scores are so very low. Well, besides the quality of the guns and the shells, you can imagine what effect a turkey dinner would have on a shooter. Eating and shooting do not go together, and the wonder is that managers of tournaments do not cut out dinners. Most all traveling men eat a late breakfast, and they do not want a dinner at noon, and yet when served on the ground, they are compelled to eat just for the sake of being a good fellow. Nothing more than a cup of coffee should be served, together with a sandwich. And besides all strong drinks should be banished from all shooting parks. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	at.	Broke.
Newell	8	5	8	7	8	9	60	45
Wescott	8	8	6	7	8	7	60	44
Waught	6	7	8	..	7	6	50	34
Strumpfer	4	7	2	5	8	6	60	32
Wonder	6	7	7	4	5	7	60	36
Barr	4	7	5	5	6	7	60	34
Rickey	3	2	4	..	..	..	30	9
Tapen	5	6	5	1	..	..	40	17
Magi	4	3	5	..	..	..	30	12
F Rickey	4	4	6	..	..	..	30	14
Speck	3	4	6	1	2	6	60	22
Remley	6	4	5	3	6	4	60	28
Sellars	6	6	6	8	7	5	60	38
Dunbar	1	2	4	..	..	..	30	7
Mirtz	5	6	7	..	..	..	30	18
Docker	5	..	..	7	3	4	40	19
Osborn	8	6	4	4	7	8	60	37
Dalrymple	1	4	6	5	7	5	60	28
Liett	1	..	4	..	3	2	40	10
Thaw	6	..	7	5	4	6	50	28
Masault	5	4	3	2	..	..	40	14
Gidey	..	..	4	4	5	..	30	13
Dunbar	..	3	..	2	..	5	30	10
Rose	..	5	..	3	..	..	20	8
Maxwell	3	..	..	3	..	4	30	10
Hacker	..	6	7	5	..	..	30	18
Lock	..	..	2	4	5	6	40	17
Newhaven	5	..	8	..	2	5	40	19
Migins	..	5	..	7	..	8	40	20

At Joliet.

Joliet, Ill., Turkey Day.—This town has had its "ups and downs" like most all other Illinois towns, when it comes to the art of trapshooting. The various shooting organizations have come and gone, and yet there remains that feeling that never dies, that longing to hear the "boom" of the scatter gun, within the many breasts of the enthusiasts.

W. D. Whorric, the old trapshooting promoter, who was the mainstay in one of the old Chicago clubs, now a resident of this city, has again come forth as the president of the new gun club with a title so big as to include not only the Joliet shooters, but those of all the surrounding towns, viz.: the Will County Gun Club.

The other officers are workers, and the crowd of shooters on this day assembled shows that T. F. Pell, secretary, and Robert Bruce, treasurer, and C. M. Stoll financial secretary, were well selected men for the promoters of such enterprises.

This was the first effort of this new club, and with forty shooters present, it shows that the location is O.K., and that with the proper encouragement from the Joliet and Chicago street railway, a prominent shooting organization will be the result.

Shooting has been at a standstill throughout northern Illinois for some time, and it is now the opportune time for a revival all along the line.

Many of the cities are now connected with the interurban lines, and these furnish the facilities for having a shooting park outside of the corporate limits where shooting can be carried on any day in the year without in any way encroaching on the rights of other people. Joliet has two such lines, one connecting the Windy City; the other Aurora, Elgin and many other Fox River cities.

It is not a hard matter to convince the management of these lines that it pays them to establish parks and fit up buildings for the use of the gun clubs, and the nickels they will gather in during the year will fully repay the outlay with big interest on the investment.

While the writer is pleased to note the prospects of a permanent home being fitted up for the Will County Club, he is not to omit the fact that there is another and a rival club, which will locate on the Aurora line, with permanent improvements at Electric Park. When both clubs are fully organized and the "robins nest again," then there will be some team shooting that will be stimulating to both clubs, and some time they will draw the attention of the shooters from all parts of the State.

There is much uncertainty connected with promoting a shoot at this time of the year, as the storms of winter are now seasonable. Tuesday was like unto a May day. Wednesday was a corker, in so far as opposite weather could be, as the tail-end of the great storm that visited the Northern lakes struck here, and as the snowflakes fell and the wind howled, the thermometer fell at least forty-five degrees, and that was enough to cause the "oldest shooting crank" to warm his shins by his red-hot stove rather than freeze his fingers pulling the trigger. When the "thankful" morning arrived, and being a holiday, those bent on going to the shoot were thankful that during the night the clouds had drifted away and the wind had died down until the day was pleasant, and this accounted for the large number of shooters present on this occasion. There were many who took in the shoot also as spectators, and they were well repaid, as the exhibition of shooting was first class. True, Riehl and Stannard did not start off with the right foot in front, but Riehl made good, as from the sixth to the eleventh event he made a score of 83 straight, which shows that the days are not too cold nor to hot for this sturdy son of the West. Thus Riehl was high professional; Stannard second and Fitzsimmons third.

Now, sir, there was something doing along the amateur line. Many of those competing were among the best who follow the great art of busting mud pies.

Fox Lake sent her quota in the Dunnell and Graham brothers. Bert was going some; for one who shoots as little as he does, he must be ranked among the best. Only in 25-target event did he fall below second money, and he finished strong with 161 out of 175. Chicago sent down that good quartet, Young, Barto, Winesberg and Deal. Mr. Young came second with 158. Harry Dunnell third, 154. Barto fourth, 148. In the first four events Barto and Young broke an equal number, and to show how good they are in a long race, in the 25-target event Young broke 25, Barto 24. When you put Barto into a long, hard race, handicap or whatever there be, that calls for the test of nerve, just you watch him "smoke 'em out." Harry Dunnell was in good form also. And then Ed. Graham and Tom Graham were there for that family of shooters. Mr. Knussell represented Ottawa, as did Jim Groves, Jacksonville. "Happy Hooligan" was there with his "smile that won't come off." There were so many Joliet men present that they must excuse us for omitting their names, but the scores will show them. So here they are:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	20	10	20	10	15	10	25	15	10	15	at.	Broke.
Riehl	9	12	18	10	19	9	15	10	25	15	9	13	175	164
Young	10	13	17	9	16	10	12	9	25	15	8	9	175	158
Barto	10	13	17	9	15	8	14	8	24	13	6	11	175	148
Stannard	7	9	17	10	18	10	14	8	22	15	8	10	175	153
Knuessell	7	12	12	8	14	7	14	7	20	14	9	11	175	131
Groves	8	15	17	10	14	8	14	9	19	12	9	12	175	145
N Ford	5	9	13	6	15	8	9	9	22	..	..	..	135	96
E Graham	9	12	15	7	16	8	15	6	20	12	9	13	175	142
B Dunnell	10	14	18	9	18	10	14	9	21	14	9	15	175	161
Gerhart	6	9	11	7	10	6	7	8	20	12	5	11	175	112
Fitzsimmons	7	11	14	16	11	7	11	9	22	11	7	13	175	129
H Dunnell	9	12	16	10	19	8	13	9	21	14	9	14	175	154
Flynn	7	6	11	9	14	8	9	8	20	13	6	11	175	122
Whorrie	6	11	14	10	14	9	8	9	19	10	6	12	175	128
Stillson	8	12	16	7	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	60
Winesberg	9	11	14	7	17	9	12	8	22	13	9	12	175	144
Deal	4	9	17	6	18	8	14	10	20	14	8	13	175	141
T Graham	8	12	17	9	17	8	14	9	21	14	8	9	175	145
Dockersdorf	4	9	17	10	15	7	14	2	17	10	7	10	175	122
Yorkellar	..	..	..	..	6	13	6	..	..	11	..	..	65	36
Gamis	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	14	..	..	9	60	31
Bruce	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	10	11	35	28
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	25	12
C Hoffman	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	7	..	20	11
Startz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	10	4
C Ford	5	11	10	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	39
Felonio	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	4
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5
McCardy	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4
Beck	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	2

In Other Places.

On Thanksgiving Day the members of the old Elmwood, Ind., Gun Club met at their former grounds and enjoyed the good appointments there, which are said to be second to none in the State. An interesting feature was that of the Jack Rabbit system of money divisions, that of giving each shooter 5 cents for each target broken.

Sixty Pekin ducks and twenty-five Talu geese were the attraction at the Tremont, Ill., Gun Club grounds Nov. 29.

The ladies were invited to take part in the rifle shoot at the Canon City, Colo., Gun Club grounds, Thanksgiving Day. The prizes were the most liberal ever offered for a similar occasion. A full history of the contest will be furnished in the next issue.

A farmers' gun club is about to be organized at Carlisle, Pa. Among other things that are proposed is to get together a team to contest for the State. There will be clay target contests every Saturday, and then a business meeting will be held at which the bettering of the game laws will be the subject. A. J. Rudd is being urged to accept the presidency.

Any one bringing ten birds and $5 could get into the big shoot at the Bunker Hill shooting grounds, Shamokin, Pa., on Nov. 30. The 25-bird county championship race was declared off.

The Larned, Kans., Gun Club held their shoot last Monday. Roy Ainsworth was high with 169 out of 200. Walter Hugg was second, 163. Elton Gregory and Paul Gano, third, 157. There were eleven events, and about thirty men were on the grounds. Those from abroad were: Henry Webster, Rozel, Kans.; Paul Gano, Pawnee Rock; Everet Taylor, P. H. Moliter, Henry Draut and Sherman Leonard, Kinsley. The club came out ahead on the shoot, as did the ladies, who served the lunch.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

There was a large gathering at the grounds on Nov. 26, over one hundred spectators being present. The cause of this crowd was the announcement in the daily papers that the famous Fred Gilbert would be present. A number of the members shot their weekly score in the Ackley contest. The day was a delightful one for out-door sport, and good scores were the rule. In the Ackley contest, Gilbert headed the list with 48. Maynard second with 47. Bonser and Dick third with 46 each. Lutie Gambell, young son of Supt. Gambell, did fine work in a team match, breaking 44, which was only 5 less than his partner, Gilbert, accounted for. They defeated their opponents, Gambell and Squier, 93 to 87. Williams made good in the practice events, breaking 91 out of his first 100.

Ackley trophy, 50 targets, handicap:

Gilbert, 16	48	Gambell, 16	43
Maynard, 18	47	Ahlers, 20	41
Bonser, 18	46	Barker, 16	41
Dick, 16	46	Bullerdick, 18	39
Bleh, 20	45	Miss F Altherr, 16	38
Randall, 16	45	Squier, 16	35
Williams, 16	45	Miles, 16	29

Messrs. Gilbert, Maynard, Williams, Ahlers and Miles did not compete.

Team match, 50 targets:

Gambell	22	25	47	Gilbert	24	25	49
Squier	21	19	40	L Gambell	21	23	44
	43	44	87		46	47	93

Team match, 50 targets:

Gilbert	15	15	18	48	Gambell	14	11	18	43
Miss F Altherr	11	11	16	38	Squier	12	12	11	35
	26	26	34	86		26	23	29	78

The club held its usual shoot on Thanksgiving Day, but there was a poor attendance, many of the members taking advantage of the holiday for a day's hunt in nearby localities. Some very good scores were made.

There were six events at 25 targets, one at 15, and one at 10 on the day's programme. Keplinger broke 82 out of his first 100, finishing high man with 119 out of 150. Williams was second with 111. Gambell 82 and Bonser 81 out of 100. The day was cold, with quite a flurry of snow in the morning, but clear in the afternoon, with a strong wind.

Holiday shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	15	10	at.	Broke.
Keplinger	21	19	23	19	21	16	..	..	150	119
Williams	20	16	23	19	17	16	..	..	150	111
Gambell	20	23	19	20	..	..	..	..	100	82
Bonser	20	20	21	20	..	..	..	..	100	81
Andrews	15	18	14	..	..	..	9	7	100	73
Ahlers	24	24	20	..	..	..	..	..	75	68
Meininger	15	19	15	12	..	..	..	..	100	61
Hulverhorn	6	7	9	7	10	..	..	..	125	39
Roberts	..	..	18	17	..	..	..	..	50	35
Sullivan	20	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	50	32
Colonel	6	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	40	12

The rain fell all day Dec. 2, and only a few ventured out to the grounds. Only three shot their scores in the Clements trophy contest this week, Pohlar being high with 41. In a two-man team race, 100 targets per man, 18yds. rise, Ahlers and Pohlar defeated Gambell and Pfieffer with a score of 173 to 167. The Gambell-Pfieffer score includes their handicap of 12. The scores:

Clements trophy, 50 targets:

Pohlar, 18	19	21	41	Bullerdick, 16	16	22	38
Daires, 16	15	16	31				

Team match, 100 targets:

Gambell	16	16	18	19	15	84	Ahlers	18	18	18	17	17	88
Pfieffer	13	14	15	14	15	71	Pohlar	17	19	17	15	17	85
	29	30	33	33	30	155		35	37	35	32	34	173

The De Graff Gun Club held a shoot on Nov. 28 which occasioned more fun and laughter than any event this year. If the misses had been counted the boys' scores would have been much nearer their average. A gale of wind was blowing directly in the shooters' faces, making it very difficult to stand steady, and the targets did all sorts of stunts in ducking and soaring, so that it is really strange that any of them were broken. Rairdon was high with 46 out of 70; Sheets, 40 out of 60; Runyon 37; Cook, 30 out of 50; Long, 25 out of 30; Dilsam, 23 out of 40; Huff, 22 out of 60; Lockhart, 20 out of 30; Notestine, 13 out of 30; Maynard, 11 out of 30; Barnbart, 6; Saylor, 2; Shott, 1 out of 20; Harlan, 4 out of 30. There were ten 10-target events, with turkeys for prizes.

The Cleveland, O., Gun Club held the first contest in the series for the three handsome watch fobs offered by the Du Pont Powder Co., on Nov. 25. Only eight members took part. Some were off hunting, and others tending strictly to business to make up for the time lost when they were away on their hunt; but they will be back again soon. R. A. Pocock was high man today with 95 out of 100; MacMeans, second, 89; Hopkins, 87; Tamblyn and Tae shot at 75 each, scoring 54 and 49 respectively;

Hogen, 50; Rattle, 40 out of 60; Wallace, 43 out of 50. These watch fobs will be shot for in ten contests. All members are handicapped, their handicap being determined by the club record. Shooters not participating in the past year's shoots and new members will be handicapped by the committee. Each contest at 50 targets, entrance, including targets, 65 cents. The three contestants getting the greatest number of points will receive the prizes. In order to gain a point, the contestant must break a specified number. If he breaks this number or more, he scores a point; if less than the number he receives nothing. Ties will be shot off under same conditions as the regular events. The rules or handicaps may be changed by the committee at any time.

The Columbus, O., Gun Club held a turkey shoot on Nov. 27. There was a big crowd present, and twenty-four shooters took part in one or more of the events. The programme called for a total of 200 targets, with turkeys as prizes for the successful ones. The weather man handed out about as poor a brand of his stock as he had, and when it was raining it looked so threatening that the boys were kept busy wondering if there was anything worse coming. The sport began at 9:30, and was kept up until 1 o'clock, when a recess was taken and a turkey dinner served. Not one of the shooters missed this event, and they all made clean scores. After dinner Nichols brought out his rifle, and a match for a turkey was shot. The entries were: Rhoads, Gross, Shattuck, Nichols, Fink, Fosh, Darby, Holman, Lacey and Fisinger. Fink and Shattuck tied, and Fink won the shoot-off. Turkeys were won by Rhoads, Fisher, Cumberland, Gross, J. H. Smith, Fosh, Jennings, Bassell, G. M. Smith, Darby, Lacey, Hinkle and Fink. Eleven men shot through the programme. R. S. Rhoads headed the list, as usual, scoring 177, Lou Fisher 169, Cumberland 163, Jennings 160, Fishinger 155, Gross 149, Shattuck 145, J. H. Smith 145, Bassell 141, Wells 139, Fosh 136, G. M. Smith 31 out of 60; Lacey, 51 out of 110; Hinkle, 34 out of 40; Fink, 19 out of 30.

Abner Rhoades, Dayton, is back from a hunt in upper Michigan. He was gone about three weeks, and killed a big buck.

Sheriff Frank Smith, Dr. Hostetter and party, of Greenville, have returned from a month's hunt in Maine, where they killed five deer, Sheriff Smith getting two of them.

Adolph Sander and William Sonders, of Dayton, will spend this month hunting quail about ten miles from Huntsville, Ala., where they will be the guests of Lou Miller, who formerly lived on a farm on the Xenia pike, east of Dayton. Mr. Miller invited them to spend the month with him and enjoy all the quail shooting they wanted on "the best quail grounds in the world. Sander will have his prize-winning pointer, Topsy S., and Sonders will have an imported German dog.

E. A. Pieree and Harry George were hunting near Lancaster, and relate a curious incident. George was new at hunting and was therefore allowed to carry the game, which Pierce should. After some time spent in hunting without getting any birds, George vaulted over a fence, and landed in the midst of a bevy, killing four of them. This was the only game killed on the day.

Here's another yarn most as good. Engineer Collins, of the Big Four, states that on his trip when between Tiffin and Watson, he ran into a bevy of quail on the wing. The birds struck the headlight with sufficient force to break the glass, and when repairs were made, two dead quail were found within the headlight.

Representative Earle Stewart, of Clark county, proposes to introduce a bill in the next Legislature providing that no quail shall be killed for a period of three years. He believes that the bill will receive a large support, and feels that this is the only way to prevent the extermination of quail in the State. Hunters in different parts of the State report quail unusually scarce this season, and such a bill would probably receive the support of very many sportsmen.

The Cleveland, O., Gun Club held a shoot on Thanksgiving Day, fifteen members being present. The day was cold, snowy and blustery, not at all ideal for trapshooting. The programme called for ten 15-target events, and eleven men went through in spite of the weather. Geo. Burns and Sheldon tied for high gun on 133. J. S. 125, Doolittle 121, Allyn 120, Hogen 119, Ledgett 116, Hopkins 111, Tamblyn 109, Kramer 106, Ricc 104. The club will hold a tournament on New Year's Day.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

THE Baltimore, Md., Shooting Assoeiation gave its first Thanksgiving shoot at the club grounds on Thursday. The prizes were turkeys.

A very high wind made shooting difficult, and in the events many of the targets were not broken until they "hit" the ground. The turkey events were 15 targets each. Mr. Hood Waters won high honors and fowls. He secured two fine gobblers, and there were no other experts who won more than a single bird.

Scores made in the five events by those winning turkeys were as follows:

Waters	13	13	14	10	14	
German	13	13	13	14	12	
Chelf	..	8	15	8	6	
Moxley	14	6	11	12	10	

Others who shot were:

J R Malone	13	12	10	12	12	
Thompson	10	10	9	..	12	
King	..	11	8	8	..	
France	11	13	..	8		
Backerville	6	6	..	..	..	
Mears	4	..	..	..	..	
Watkins	..	..	..	..	12	
Thurman	..	8	9	..	..	

In the shoot at "white flyers," sweeps of 8 birds, $3 entrance each, results were as follows:

J. R. Malone 8, Franee 7, German 6, Waters 6, Moxley 7, Baskerville 7, Biddle 7, Mears 6.

Mr. Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., a member of the Baltimore Shooting Associtaion, is to captain a team of trapshooters from Perryman, Md., in a team match of ten men each, against a team from the B. S. A., captained by Mr. J. R. Malone. The match will be shot at Perryman, and each man is to shoot 50 targets. The New Perryman Club has well appointed grounds, and much interest will be taken in the shoot.

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Nov. 30.—A good crowd filling the club house to the limit was present to enjoy the competition either as contestants or spectators. It was a good shoot. There was a plenty of wind to help the targets in the way of accelerated and erratic flights. Mr. Every Wingate, son of Mr. Chas Wingate, of Dean Richmond Cup fame, was present and shot along.

Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and H. S. Wellcs represented the trade.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Schorty	12	11	11	11	..	12	..
Staples	12	10	10	15	..	12	..
Wingate	2	11	5	..	..	..	..
Schutte	10	8	10	5	..	10	..
Thier, Jr.	6	6	9	11	..	9	..
Williamson	11	6	11	12	..	9	..
McKane	10	11	3	..	..	..	..
E Voorhies	7	11	12	11	..	12	..
Hunter	6	9	10	..	..	..	..
Fussell	2	7	2	4	..	5	..
Bergen	5	11	10	10	..	..	..
Wells	13	15	14	12	..	12	13
Craft	10	7	11	8	..	2	11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
McGlin	11	12	10	6	8	..	..
Boots	3	2	4	7	..	8	..
Dreyer	..	9	11	10	10	..	..
Pillion	8	12	10	5	..	..	..
Montanus	..	8	12	10	5	..	..
Cooper	11	9	13	8	8	..	..
Twenty Bore	8	6	9	9	..	7	..
E Staples	13	..	..	12	10	13	..
Elliott	..	11	14	..	..	..	..
Carolan	..	6	6	5	5	..	..
S Voorhies	..	4	3	1	..	..	..
Weispotten	..	8	9	5	..	4	..
Gerwert	..	5	6	9	..	..	..

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

BELLEVUE, Ky., Nov. 26.—The doings of the Northern Kentucky Gun Club comprised that Henry Riley was appointed deputy sheriff to insure order at the grounds. This club contemplates a live-bird shoot in the near future. Announcement of it will be made later. We are rapidly getting the grounds in first-class order.

Many members being out hunting accounts for the small attendance. The election of offieers at our last meeting was as follows: President, Geo. Dameron; Vice-President, Barney Forstner; Secretary, Geo. W. Frost; Treasurer, C. E. Cunningham; Alfred Gowling, Captain at Grounds. Committee: Alfred Gowling, Chas. Cunningham and Dr. J. P. Gould.

Our endeavor shall be to make this club second to none in this vicinity. Scores, 50 targets:

R Trimble	48	Walker	36
E Trimble	46	Back	36
Gosters	45	Steinfeld	35
Kline	42	Dr Hill	34
Forstner	42	Williams	29
Frost	42	Myers	26
Gould	41	Cunningham	23
Dameron	39		

GEO. W. FROST, Sec'y.

THE MANY-USE OIL

cleans out powder residue. Lubricates, never gums; 2oz. bottle, 10c. —*Adv.*

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 30.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Crescent Athletie Club was well attended, notwithstanding that the weather was cold and that a raw, blustering wind, almost a gale at times, prevailed throughout the day. Fourteen events were contested, and about 2,500 targets were thrown. The main contest was for the holiday cup, and eighteen shooters participated. The victor was Mr. A. E. Hendrickson, who scored 22, his four handieap allowance being of winning value. Mr. A. G. Southworth, a seratch man, seored 20, and with him three others, Messrs. H. B. Vanderveer, W. C. Damron and C. E. T. Foster tied for second.

Mr. O. C. Grinnell, Jr., was first in the Stake trophy contest with a seore of 22.

In a team raee, Messrs. A. G. Southworth and Frank Stephenson were captains, and Southworth's team won by a total of 78 to 70. The scores follow:

Holiday cup, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
A E Hendricks	4	18	22	F B Stephenson	0	17	17
A G Southworth	0	20	20	J H Ernst	7	9	16
H B Vanderveer	3	17	20	D C Bennett	2	14	16
W C Damron	4	16	20	C E Lockwood	1	14	15
C E T Foster	1	19	20	C W Browne	6	9	15
L C Hopkins	3	16	19	H S Bissing	3	11	14
O C Grinnell, Jr.	1	17	18	G Brower	5	7	12
W W Marshall	3	15	18	E C Brower	7	4	11
Dr Keyes	1	17	18	J P Fairchild	5	3	8

Turkey shoot, 25 targets, handicap: Jere Lott 23, A. G. Southworth 22, F. B. Stephenson 20, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 20, J. H. Ernst 20, A. E. Hendrickson 19, J. P. Fairehild 16, H. B. Vanderveer 15, George Brewer 14, L. C. Hopkins 12.

Stake trophy, 25 targets, handieap:

	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
O C Grinnell, Jr.	1	21	22	H B Vanderveer	3	15	18
Dr Keyes	1	20	21	A G Southworth	0	17	17
W C Damron	4	17	21	A E Hendrickson	4	13	17
D C Bennett	2	17	19	H S Bissing	3	13	16
L C Hopkins	3	15	18	W W Marshall	3	11	14

Team shoot, 15 targets, scratch:

Stephenson (captain) 8, Grinnell 12, Hopkins 9, Vanderveer 7, George Brower 10, Fairchild 7, Brown 7, E. C. Brower 1; total, 70.

Southworth (captain) 12, Hendrickson 7, Lockwood 10, Bissing 11, Ernst 5, Damron 11, Marshall 12, Bennett 10; total, 78.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicaps in parentheses: Stephenson (0) 13, Hendrickson (2) 12, Ernst (4) 12, Vanderveer (1) 10, Fairchild (3) 10, G. Brower (3) 8, Grinnell (0) 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Grinnell (0) 14, G. Brower (3) 14, Fairchild (3) 11, Ernst (4) 10, Stephenson (0) 10, Vanderveer (1) 10, J. Lott (0) 9, Southworth (0) 9, Hendrickson (2) 8.

Shoot off, same conditions: G. Brower (3) 12, Grinnell (0) 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Marshall (2) 12, Bissing (1) 12, Southworth (0) 11, Lockwood (1) 11, Foster (0) 10, Vanderveer (1) 10, Hopkins (1) 9, Ernst (4) 9, Keyes (0) 9, Hendrickson (2) 8, Burnett (1) 8. Grinnell (0) 7, Stephenson (0) 6, Damron (2) 6.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Bissing (1) 10, Marshall (2) 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: G. Brower (3) 13, Hopkins (1) 13, Stephenson (0) 12, Vanderveer (1) 11, Bennett (1) 11, Browne (4) 10, Damron (2) 9, Hendrickson (2) 9, Lockwood (0) 9, Grinnell (0) 8, Bissing (1) 8, E. Brower (4) 8, Marshall (2) 7, Ernst (4) 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Hopkins (1) 11, G. Brower (3) 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Damron (2) 15, Marshall (2) 15, Southworth (0) 13, Foster (1) 13, Stephenson (0) 12, Grinnell (0) 10, Lockwood (0) 10, Bissing (1) 9, Fairchild (3) 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Damron (2) 13, Marshall (2) 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Southworth (0) 14, Grinnell (0) 13, G. Brower (3) 13, Damron (2) 13, Stephenson (0) 12, Bennett (1) 12, Marshall (2) 11, Foster (0) 11, Hopkins (1) 11, Hendrickson (2) 10, Lockwood (0) 9, Bissing (1) 9, Keyes (0) 9, Ernst (4) 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Southworth (0) 14, Hopkins (1) 12, Hendrickson (2) 11, Grinnell (0) 10, Marshall (2) 10, Lockwood (0) 10, Foster (0) 9, Keyes (0) 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handieap: Southworth (0) 12, Grinnell (0) 11, E. Brower (4) 11, Stephenson (0) 10, Fairchild (3) 10, Ernst (4) 9, Vanderveer (1) 9, Hendrickson (2) 8, Palmer (0) 8.

The first of the December contests of the Crescent Athletie Club took place Dec. 2. Mr. D. C. Bennett seored a win on the December cup, with a full score of 25, handicap allowance included. A murky sky caused a dull light. Mr. Lowell M. Palmer won a number of prizes. Scores:

Stake trophy, 25 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth (0) 22, F. B. Stephenson (0) 22, L. M. Palmer (0) 23, W. W. Marshall (3) 16, W. C. Damron (4) 19, J. N. Teeter (4) 19, L. C. Hopkins (3) 25, D. C. Bennett (2) 23, S. P. Hopkins (4) 24, J. J. Keyes (1) 21, J. H. Ernst (7) 25, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 17, F. C. Raynor (4) 23.

Shoot-off: L. C. Hopkins 25, Ernst 21.

December cup, 25 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth (0) 21, F. B. Stephenson (0) 19, W. C. McConville (2) 16, L. M. Palmer (0) 22, W. W. Marshall (3) 15, W. C. Damron (4) 17, J. N. Teeter (4) 17, L. C. Hopkins (3) 21, D. C. Bennett (2) 25, S. P. Hopkins (4) 19. C. A. Lockwood (1) 22, J. H. Ernst (7) 16, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 12, F. C. Raynor (4) 20.

Two-man team shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

L. M. Palmer (0) 20, L. C. Hopkins (3) 24; total 44.

A. G. Southworth (0) 21, W. W. Marshall (3) 16; total 37.

J. J. Keyes (1) 20, J. N. Teeter (4) 17; total 37.

A. E. Hendrickson (4) 14, C. A. Lockwood (1) 20; total 34.

Team shoot, 15 targets, scratch:

A. G. Southworth (eaptain) 15, J. J. Keyes 12, C. A. Lockwood 11, W. W. Marshall 10, W. C. Damron 9, H. B. Vanderveer 10, A. E. Hendriekson 12; total 79.

L. M. Palmer (captain) 15, D. C. Bennett 14, L. C. Hopkins 8, F. C. Raynor 13, S. P. Hopkins 10, J. N. Teeter 11, J. H. Ernst 8; total 79.

Shoot-off: Captain Palmer 14, Captain Southworth 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth (0) 11, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, W. J. McConville (2) 12, W. C. Damron (2) 10, J. N. Teeter (2) 9, L. C. Hopkins (1) 4, D. C. Bennett (1) 13, W. W. Marshall (2) 13, S. P. Hopkins (2) 13, C. A. Lockwood (0) 13, J. H. Ernst (4) 15. Won by Ernst.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth (0) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 10, W. J. McConville (2) 11, L. M. Palmer (0) 14, W. C. Damron (2) 10, J. N. Teeter (2) 11, L. C. Hopkins (1) 11, D. C. Bennett (1) 10, S. P. Hopkins (2) 9, C. A. Lockwood (0) 10, J. H. Ernst (4) 10. Won by Palmer.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth (0) 13, F. B. Stephenson (0) 14, W. J. McConville (2) 8, L. M. Palmer (0) 15, W. W. Marshall (2) 15, W. C. Damron (2) 10, J. N. Teeter (2) 8, F. C. Raynor (2) 14, S. P. Hopkins (2) 10, C. A. Lockwood (0) 12, J. H. Ernst (4) 14.

Shoot-off: Palmer 14, Marshall 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handieap: A. G. Southworth (0) 14, L. M. Palmer (0) 13, C. A. Lockwood (0) 11, W. W. Marshall (2) 12, W. C. Damron (2) 11, S. P. Hopkins (2) 9.

Shoot-off: Southworth 11, Bennett 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth (0) 11, L. M. Palmer (0) 14, W. W. Marshall (2) 9, W. C. Damron (2) 8, A. E. Hendrickson, (2) 10, C. A. Lockwood (0) 10, L. C. Hopkins (1) 8, D. C. Bennett (1) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth (0) 11, L. M. Palmer (0) 14, W. W. Marshall (2) 9, D. C. Bennett (1) 10, A. G. Hendrickson (2) 10, C. A. Lockwood (0) 10, L. C. Hopkins (1) 8. Won by Palmer.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth (0) 14, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, W. J. McConville (2) 10, J. N. Teeter (2) 10, W. C. Damron (2) 8, D. C. Bennett (1) 11. Won by Southworth.

The Deeember handieaps of the Creseent Athletic Club shooters were materially ehanged from those of November. The list of shooters is strong in number and skill, and is increasing at a pleasing rate, seventy-nine being on the list at present. The first row contains the handicaps in 25-target events; the seeond row, 15 target events, and the third row, in doubles:

H M Brigham	0	0	0	W H Holden	6	4	5
D C Bennett	2	1	2	Henry Kryn	3	1	1
H S Bissing	2	1	2	C Kenyon, Jr.	4	2	2
F T Bedford, Jr.	2	1	1	Dr J J Keyes	1	0	3
J B Barnes	8	5	5	E B Knowlton	4	2	2
G L Blake	7	4	5	E H Lott	1	0	1
H A Bourne	6	4	3	Jere Lott	1	0	4
E G Babcock	7	4	5	C E Lockwood	1	0	1
G E Brower	5	3	4	H H Morton	6	4	5
E C Brower	7	4	5	W W Marshall	3	2	3
S B Camp	5	3	4	C J McDermott	6	4	3
L A Consmiller	7	4	4	W J McConville	4	2	2
G W Cropsey	3	1	1	F E Mendes	8	4	4
C H Chapman	7	4	4	G W Meeker	4	2	2
E A Corlies	5	3	2	Grant Notman	2	1	2
W H Cornell	8	5	5	Dr H L O'Brien	2	1	2
E A Cruikshank	7	4	4	J C Oswald	8	5	5
E F Driggs	6	3	4	S E Pedlo	6	4	5
W C Damron	4	2	2	L M Palmer, Jr.	0	0	1
W H Deeghan	7	4	3	Dr G E Pool	4	2	2
J H Ernst	7	4	4	Dr F C Raynor	4	2	3
J P Fairchild	5	3	4	J S S Remsen	0	0	0
W H Fowler	5	3	4	C G Rasmus	5	3	3
A R Fish	2	1	1	E W Snyder	3	1	2
C E T Foster	1	0	3	T W Stake	5	3	2
J C Faulkner	4	2	3	A G Southworth	0	0	2
O C Grinnell, Jr.	1	0	2	Wm Sherer, Jr.	6	4	2
G W Gair	5	5	5	F B Stephenson	0	0	0
Paul Grout	5	5	5	G Stephenson, Jr.	2	1	0
R W Haff	5	3	4	G Stephenson, Sr.	5	5	5
J H Hallock	4	2	2	C A Sykes	4	2	2
G W Hagedorn	3	1	2	Dr S A Sherwill	7	4	4
C C Henry	6	4	5	Dr W H Shepard	7	4	4
D Hegeman	2	1	2	J N Teeter	4	2	5
A Hendrickson	4	2	4	H B Vanderveer	3	1	2
C W Hickling	6	4	4	S E Vernon	8	5	5
A A Hegeman	5	3	2	H C Werkman	6	4	4
A W Higgins	8	5	5	E G Warfield	7	4	4
L C Hopkins	3	1	5	J S Woods	3	1	2
Dr S Hopkins	4	2	5				

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 25.—At the annual meeting of the Ossining Gun Club, at the Weskora Hotel, 22d inst., the following officers were elected for 1906: Franklin Brandreth, President; Edw. McDonald, Vice-President; Gaylord B. Hubbell, Secretary; Amos Bedell, Treasurer; Chas. G. Blandford, Financial Secretary and Captain; John T. Hyland, Compiler of Scores and Game Warden.

There was a slim attendance at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. Those who came out had a good time, and the weather conditions were all that could be desired. Mr. Harry Persons Taber, the well-known author, was with us as a spectator, and as he wouldn't shoot, he had to seore, which he did willingly.

Events 4 and 6 were from 20yds., use of both barrels allowed. Events 7 and 8 were "sniping" events, shooters walking diagonally from the field toward the traps, gun below elbow; one barrel; targets thrown by puller any time, between 25 and 16yds. This was heaps of fun. Messrs. Mead and Hyland were shooting strange guns.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	25
J T Hyland	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Edw McDonald	5	5	4	4	5	5	2	2	..
A Bedell	7	8	..	8	8	7	3	3	..
C G Blandford	5	7	..	8	8	8	3	4	22
G Mead	..	..	2	4	..	..	..	..	..
N Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
A Aitchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..

Nov. 31.—There was plenty of sport at the Thanksgiving Day poultry shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. The shooting did not start till 2 P.M., and as it was quite dark at 5, things had to be hustled considerably. Mr. B. S. White, who hails all the way from West Va., but who is at present situated in New York city, came up to look on, and was beguiled into trying one event, in which he did well with a strange gun. We will be glad to see him up this way at any time.

We used a sort of sliding distance handicap to-day. The main object was to give every one a chance at a fowl, and if the handicaps proved a little severe for some, they did not bother Ray Hendricks, who got two dueks and two turkeys to lug home.

There was a strong, cutting wind blowing across the traps, which caused the bunches of "goose eggs" recorded. J. T. Hyland got a 19 out of 20, whieh was the nearest to a straight made in the 20-target events, though Hendricks and Clark both knocked out a straight in the preliminary (10) target events. Targets were thrown at one cent each, and the poultry went at cost, so that no profits aecrued to the club.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	20	20	20	20
J C Barlow	7	6	..	6	13	11	12	11	4
Ray Hendricks	6	..	..	10	18	17	15	10	15
A L Burns	7	8	..	..	17	15	13	14	12
J Hyland	..	4	10	..	19	12	13	8	9
W A Clark	..	..	9	..	14	15	16	17	12
W Sutton	..	..	2	3	..	5	4	..	..
C G Blandford	..	..	..	9	11	13	16	13	12
A Bedell	..	..	..	9	14	18	14	16	..
W Fisher	..	..	..	5	12	9	..	12	..
A Rohr	..	..	..	5	5	10	7	..	..
W H Coleman	..	..	..	2	11	11	16	12	11
D Connor	..	..	..	..	17	..	14	14	13
B S White	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
W S Smith	..	..	..	..	13	16	10	14	9
A. Aitchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
G B Hubbell	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	11

The sixth prize event was drawn for, as it was too dark to see the targets. A. Aitchison won the turkey; Tillitson won the duck and D. Connors got the chicken.

The winners of the poultry were as follows:

	Turkeys.	Dueks.	Chi'k'ns.		Turkeys.	Ducks.	Chi'k'ns.
Hendrieks	.. 2	2	..	Bedell	1	..	1
Hyland	1	..	..	Connor	..	1	2
Clark	1	2	..	Smith	..	..	1
Blandford	.. ..	..	1	Hubbell	..	..	1

C. G. B.

Ft. Garry Gun Club.

FT. GARRY, Man.—The prizes won by the high guns in the competition of the Ft. Garry Gun Club for the season of 1905 were: First, Mr. F. G. Simpson, won trophy donated by Lieut.-Gov. Sir D. H. McMillan, with the high aggregate of 90 2-9 per cent.; second, Mr. Thos. Brodie, with 87 3-19 per cent., wins trophy donated by the J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co.; third, Mr. P. Johnston, with 86 3-4 per cent. The averages for the season were:

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
F G Simpson	90 2-9	H Beliveau	67 5-11
Thos Brodie	87 3-19	J A Hartman	64
Paul Johnston	86 3-4	S Griffin	62 14-23
Fred Scott	84	I Pitblado	62 2-5
D H Bain	82	C M Seott	62 2-9
G A Britton	79 3-4	M Putnam	61 3-5
J H Bourgouin	76 16-25	J A Lindsay	60
G A Carruthers	74	Capt J A MacDonald	68
J McLeod Holiday	73 1-3	I Potter	58 1-2
J P Turner	72	F H Telfer	56 4-11
G W Baldwin	72	L Hurry	56
R Girdlestone	69 3-5	Belcher	54 22-29
J Brydges	68 4-7	W McMillan	53 17-19
Dr. McKenzie	68 2-9	T Cull	44 1-3
R M Watson	68	C H Oughtred	44 2-9
H B Totten	67 1-2		

A trophy awarded by Mr. J. McLeod Holiday to the man making the highest score in any eight shoots of 25 targets each, was won by Mr. Paul Johnston, he breaking 185 targets out of 200.

A prize presented by Mr. J. A. Lindsay to the man in Class B scoring the nearest and under 50 per cent., whieh was won by Mr. Thos. Cull with 44 1-3 per cent.

Class B: First, Mr. Scott Griffin won trophy donated by the president of the club, Mr. I. Pitblado, with 62 14-23; second, T. Potter, 58½ per cent.; third, F. H. Telfer, 56 4-11 per cent.

New England Kennel Club.

BRAINTREE, Mass., Nov. 25.—The great football game between Yale and Harvard was an attraetion whieh lessened the attendance of the shoot. The only eontest held was that for the club cup, a leg on which was won by Mr. A. Hollis White, who broke 20, whieh, with his allowanee of 4, made a total of 24.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

"Rifle Practice, Arranged for the Beginner" is a work for gallery and range, specially adapted for schools and colleges, by James E. Bell, Major and Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, District of Columbia Militia. It contains 100 pages of instructive matter, with illustrations of targets, loading implements, positions for different ranges, marking and signalling, sub-skirmish loads, etc. For copy send three cents postage to the publishers, E. I. du Pont Co., Wilmington, Del. Rarely indeed is such a valuable work free to applicants.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE SMALL BOY'S WEST.

THE frequent accounts in the daily press of small boys who desert their homes in various sections of the country indifferently, to trudge to the Far West for the slaughter of Indians and buffalos, are a true index of the pernicious effects of the "blood and thunder" fiction on the juvenile mind. This class of literature is so prevalent and abundant that it is available for perusal everywhere. It does much to establish false standards of boyish ethics, ambitions and actions. It fosters discontent with home life and its surroundings. It incites to mimetic attempts, with the supernatural boy hero as a model. Frequently it incites to running away from home, and is the genesis of the boy wonder of real life.

The average boy is romantic and visionary. The marvels of adventure appeal strongly to his imagination. The world of fiction is so different from the hum-drum affairs of home life that the latter in time are viewed as being the wasted life for a lad of wit and spirit, who aspires to great deeds of valor, to high place in the affairs of Government, or to position of great wealth and trust in the world of finance. For his success he needs no assurance. His fitness for greatness is vouched for by his own knowledge of his own genius, an attribute so potent that none but that dull creature, a father, could be insensible to its existence.

Under the best of home conditions the average lad at some stage of his boyhood is prone to believe that he is unappreciated and oppressed, that his parents undervalue his high intrinsic worth, and that he is much more capable of managing the family affairs in their social and business aspects than is the old fogy redundancy whom he addresses as father to his face, but flippantly as "the old man" at other times. Indeed, one of his greatest misfortunes is that the accident of life endowed him with such a slow lay figure for a father.

Yet, the office of sonhood is not entirely devoid of compensations. There is always the saving grace that the mother appreciates the son at his true worth. To her he is ever beautiful, witty, noble and destined for great glory and high trusts in the affairs of mankind. Though all others may look upon him as an intolerable cub, composed chiefly of appetite, legs and stomach, to her he is a prince. But over this beneficence there is ever the shadow of the truculent father, the chief enemy to the recognition of the boy wonder. Were there not such a hindrance as a father, to what great heights might he not attain forthwith? Has he not the pertinent authority in his trashy novels for every impossibility?

The marvelous of literature profoundly impress the beliefs of the callow boy, and incites him to seek wealth and glory in the fields depicted in his novels, where boys are appreciated. In his mind, such fields are not within the bounds of home life. He therefore resolves to run away.

The mind of small boys under like conditions seems to work much alike everywhere. In a note to his mother he sets forth the lack of appreciation by those who should take the lead in making much of him, he sheds a tear of sympathy for himself, he adds to his non-ledger account such portion of the family cash as is available, takes the family pistol for armament, sneaks forth in the darkness, and trudges toward the West where Indians and buffalos abound, and where he, mounted on a wild horse, without saddle or bridle, will in due time gallop through the Indian camp, a pistol in each hand, firing right and left, dealing out death with each shot while you wait. As a side line to the slaughter of the noble red man, he will discover a cave of gold. He tacks on a climax to his career composed of benevolence and self-vindication. He, in his mind's picture, sees himself grown to be an Apollo, rich and famous, arriving at the *porte cochère* of the old farmhouse, with a wheelbarrow loaded with scalps and golden nuggets, attesting to his valor and success. Thus will be brought home to the father full proof of his parental obtuseness, and rich rewards to the mother, whose acumen enabled her to perceive the rare worth of so good a son. Such is the day dream.

The inglorious ending, the fact, takes place soon in some nearby city, where son, pistol and what is left of the non-ledger account, are taken into custody by some obese officer. In due time, son is returned to the parental roof, to be again subjected to the tyranny of frequent gourmandizing, sleeping, frolicking and idling.

Most boys who are habitually bad, or who are disposed to run away from home, have had their minds perverted by the cheap "blood and thunder" literature which is so prevalent. If parents would realize its harm, and interdict the reading of it, the boy's mind would be kept free from a mass of pernicious rubbish, his sentiments would be kept at a wholesome and normal stage, and the Indians and buffalos, though few and far away, would be freed from the dangers which have their origin and ending in the small boy's mind.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

IN the pages of his annual report which treat of the Yellowstone Park, Secretary Hitchcock renewed his recommendation that this reservation shall be so enlarged as to include the Yellowstone Timber Land Reserve, a portion of the Teton Forest Reserve, and one or two other small bodies of land; a total aggregating about 2,200 square miles. The recommendation is not new, for Mr. Hitchcock long ago recognized the importance of the matter and has urged it upon Congress in each of his annual reports for several years past. It has been recommended by many superintendents, and everyone familiar with the situation in the Park—including President Roosevelt—agrees that it ought to be done.

Sportsmen and nature lovers feel that this action is necessary in order to protect from destruction the large wild animals which in summer range in the Yellowstone Park, but in autumn migrate from the high mountains within the Park to lower ground without its borders in search of a winter range where food is not buried beneath the snow. While they are in the lower country great numbers of these animals perish; many being killed for their heads, hides, teeth or meat; or, if they are not slaughtered for such purposes, the country to which they migrate in certain directions is now so full of settlement and so barred by fences, that the game cannot travel about, and in many cases either starves to death or is forced by hunger to break down the settlers' fences and plunder his haystacks.

The practical economist offers other reasons why the Park area should be increased. Within the two forest reserves that ought to be added to it are great bodies of timber, valuable in themselves, but still more valuable in the services which they perform as protections to the water supply of the heads of streams now used, or likely soon to be used, for irrigating the dry plains country below. The addition of these reserves to the Yellowstone Park would place them under the charge of the Superintendent of the Park, whose regular cavalry is far more efficient as a patrol and far swifter to move about than are civil forest officers or State game wardens.

It is essential that as soon as possible all reasonable steps should be taken to protect the Park from danger and to increase its usefulness and beauty. Of the dangers that threaten it one of the greatest is that from forest fires; but the system of fire patrol in the Park is so perfectly organized that while small fires occasionally occur through the carelessness of campers, it is years since any fire has gained sufficient headway to work any great damage to the Park.

Year by year, as the Yellowstone Park becomes better known, its value to the country at large, and especially to visitors from afar and to persons residing near it, becomes more highly appreciated. There is a steady increase in the number of persons who visit it, so that during the last season this number was more than six times greater than when Fort Yellowstone was established in 1892. The Park is at last coming to be valued at its true worth, and for the sake of the general public and of the resident population about the Park, legislation recommended providing for the increased area should be enacted.

THE ALASKAN REINDEER.

PRIMITIVE man is a hunter and fisherman. He subsists on the game and the fish. His occupation is to hunt game and to catch fish. When these two sources of supply are taken away from him he is confronted with the problem of finding other means of subsistence. For most races of men the change from the hunting and fishing life to that of pastoral and agricultural is very gradual, the slow change of generations to which the race adapts itself without difficulty. To some people, on the contrary, as to certain tribes of American Indians, the transition comes with cruel suddenness and leaves no interval for preparation and adaptation to the new conditions.

This is precisely the situation of the natives of Alaska. They subsisted by hunting and fishing. The white man came, and, as always where the white man comes, the game was destroyed and the fish were taken in vast quantities by netting; and the result has been that the old tribal life of the Alaskan is no longer possible. To provide a new means of subsistence, the Government has introduced the reindeer into the peninsula, and has undertaken the task of teaching the natives how to use it. The reindeer answers three purposes, transportation, food and clothing. It is the horse of the arctic, its flesh supplies meat, and the hide gives the best of clothing. A reindeer can travel from fifty to one hundred miles in a day, drawing a man on a sledge; eight or ten tandem will draw a ton of freight twenty or thirty miles a day. In herding the reindeer for food and clothing and in employing it for freighting, the Alaskan native has found a means of livelihood. For him the problem of subsistence under the new conditions thrust upon him has, in a large measure, at last been solved.

WHAT may be done for the big game of this continent when its protection is undertaken on a large scale by the Government is admirably illustrated in the report of the Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park on the game conditions in that reservation.

It is a record of increasing game in this preserve, which has been provided in the midst of a country where the story is all of diminution. We shall not rightly appreciate the report and what it means, unless we shall reflect upon what the conditions would have been respecting these elk and deer and antelope and mountain sheep, had there not been for them through the last ten years this harbor of refuge. What has been done in the Yellowstone for the preservation of American big game species may be done in the Government reservations. Make game preserves in the forest reserves suited to the purpose. Utilize the opportunities ready to hand to perpetuate for the generations which are to follow some [illegible] of the primitive plentitude of wild life which our [illegible]rs found here and which we have enjoyed.

IT was not so long ago that we printed a reminiscent paper written by one of the older generation of sportsmen, who made their favorite headquarters at Barnegat, in which the writer deplored the passing of the ancient order and the glorious opportunities of the past. And now comes another correspondent, who writes with the most genuine satisfaction of the sport to be had on the Barnegat of to-day, and reciting that he has found the fowl there in goodly supply for himself and for all who will follow his example.

THE organization of the American Bison Society, which has been formed for the purpose of devising ways and means to perpetuate the buffalo, is a most gratifying and encouraging event. The Society is an outgrowth of the agitation of the subject by Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, who is to be congratulated on having drawn to the cause such a substantial support as is indicated in the list of those who have associated themselves with him. The purpose is one which should appeal, and we believe does appeal to this whole country; and the American Bison Society will have cordial support.







THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

for Horses.

(*Continued from page 467.*)

The young and middle-aged men of the tribe were constantly setting out for, or returning from war, in parties of from a dozen to fifty or more. That was their recreation, to raid the surrounding tribes who preyed upon their vast hunting ground, drive off their horses, and take scalps if they could. It was an inspiring sight to witness the return of a party which had been successful. A few miles back from camp they would don their picturesque war clothes, paint their faces, decorate their horses with eagle plumes and paint, and then ride quietly to the brow of the valley overlooking the village. There they would begin the war song, whip their horses into a mad run, and, firing guns and driving the animals they had taken before them, charge swiftly down the hill into the bottom. Long before they arrived, the camp would be in an uproar of excitement, and the women, dropping whatever work they had in hand, would rush to meet them, followed more slowly and sedately by the men. How the women would embrace and hang on to their loved ones safely returned; and presently they could be heard chanting the praises of husband, or son, or brother. "Fox Head has returned!" one would cry. "Oh, Ai! Fox Head, the brave one, has returned, driving before him ten of the enemies' herd. Also, he brings the scalp of an enemy whom he killed in battle. Oh, the brave one! He brings the weapons of this enemy he killed; brave Fox Head!"

And so it would go on, each woman praising the valor of her particular relative; and then the returned warriors, tired, hungry, thirsty, but proud of their success and glad to be once more at home, would retire to their lodges, and their faithful women folk, mother and wife, and sister, would hasten to prepare for them a soft couch, and bring cool water, and set out a feast of the choicest meat and pemmican and dried berries. They were so happy and so proud, that they could not sit still; and every now and then one of them would go out and walk about among the lodges, again chanting praise of the loved one.

No sooner did one of these parties return than others, incited by their success and anxious to emulate it, would form a party and start out against the Crows, or the Assinaboines, or perhaps the Crees, or some of the tribes on the far side of the Back-bone-of-the-world, as the Rockies were called. Therefore, I was not surprised one morning to be told that they were about to start on a raid against the Assinaboines. "And you can go with us if you wish to," Talks-with-the-buffalo concluded. "You helped your friend to steal a girl, and you might as well try your hand at stealing horses."

"I will," I replied. "I'll go with you; it is just what I have been longing to do."

When I told Berry of my intention, both he and his wife protested strongly against it. "You have no right to risk your life," he said, "for a few cayuses." "Think how your people would mourn," said his wife, "if anything should happen to you."

But my mind was made up; I was determined to go, and I did; but not for the intrinsic value of any horses or other plunder that I might obtain; it was the excitement and the novelty of the thing which attracted me. There were to be thirty of us, and Heavy Breast, a grim and experienced warrior of some forty years, was to be our partisan or leader. He himself was the owner of a medicine pipe, which was considered to have great power. He had carried it on many an expedition, and it had always brought him and his parties good luck, taken them through various conflicts unharmed. But for all this, we had to get an old medicine man to pray with us in the sacred sweat lodge before we started, and to pray for us daily during our absence. Old Lone Elk was chosen for this responsible position; his medicine was of great power and had found favor with the Sun these many years. The sweat lodge was not large enough to accommodate us all, so half of the party went in at a time, I remaining with my two friends and going in with the last division. At the entrance of the sweat lodge we dropped our robes or blankets, our only covering, and creeping in at the low doorway, sat around the interior in silence while the red hot stones were passed in and dropped in a hole in the center. Lone Elk began to sprinkle them with a buffalo tail dipped in water, and as the stifling hot steam enveloped us, he started a song of supplication to the Sun, in which all joined. After that the old man prayed long and earnestly, beseeching the Sun to pity us; to carry us safely through the dangers which would beset our way, and to give us success in our undertaking. Then the medicine pipe was filled, lighted with a coal which was passed in, and as it was passed around, each one, after blowing a whiff of smoke toward the heavens and the earth, made a short prayer to the Sun, to Old Man and mother earth. And when my turn came, I also made the prayer, audibly like the rest, and to the best of my ability. No one smiled; my companions believed that I was sincere in my avowal to be one of them in word, thought and deed. I wanted to know these people; to know them thoroughly; and I considered that the only way to do so was for a time to live their life in every particular in order to win their entire confidence. And so I made an earnest prayer to the Sun, and I thought of something I had learned in other days in a far-away country: "Thou shalt have none other gods before Me," etc. I believed all that once, and listened to a blue Presbyterian preacher of a Sunday threatening us with hell's fire and brimstone, and the terrible anger of a vengeful God. Why, after hearing one of those sermons I was afraid to go to bed, lest in my sleep I should be snatched into purgatory. But all that was now past; I had no more faith, nor fear, nor hope, having concluded that one can only say, "I do not know." So I prayed to the Sun with right good will in the furtherance of my plan.

It was getting late in the season, and the Assinaboines were thought to be a long way from us, somewhere near the mouth of the Little River, as the Blackfeet named the stream we call Milk River. So it was decided that we should set out on horseback instead of afoot. The latter was the favorite way of making a raid, for a party traveling in that manner left no trail, and could effectually conceal themselves during the daytime.

So one evening, led by our partisan, we set forth and traveled southeastward over the dark plain, paralleling the river. My companions were not the befringed and beaded and painted and eagle plume decked warriors one reads about and sees pictured. They wore their plain, every-day leggings and shirt and moccasins and either the blanket or the cowskin toga. But tied to their saddles were their beautiful war clothes, and in a small parfleche cylinder their eagle plume or horn and weasel skin head dresses. When going into battle, if there was time, these would be donned; if not, they would be carried into the fray, for they were considered to be great medicine, the shirt especially, upon which was painted its owner's dream, some animal or star or bird, which had appeared to him during the long fast he made ere he changed from careless youth to responsible warrior.

We rode hard that night, and morning found us within a short distance of the mouth of Marias River. In all directions buffalo and antelope were to be seen quietly resting or grazing; evidently there were no other persons than us anywhere in the vicinity. "It will not be necessary to hide ourselves this day," said Heavy Breast, and detailing one of the party to remain on the edge of the bluff for a lookout, he led us down into the valley, where we unsaddled and turned our horses out by the stream—all but Weasel Tail and I; we were told to get some meat. A charge of powder and a ball meant much to an Indian, and as I had plenty of cartridges for my Henry rifle, and could get plenty more, it fell to me to furnish the meat—a pleasant task. We had not far to go to find it. Less than half a mile away we saw a fine band of antelope coming into the valley for water, and by keeping behind various clumps of sarvis and cherry brush, I managed to get within a hundred yards of them, and shot two, both bucks, in good order. We took the meat, the tongues, liver and tripe and returned to camp, and every one was soon busily roasting his favorite portion over the fire, every one except Heavy Breast. To him fell always the best meat, or a tongue if he wanted it, and a youth who was taking his first lesson on the war trail cooked it for him, brought him water, cared for his horse, was, in fact, his servant. A partisan was a man of dignity, and about as unapproachable as an army general. While the rest chatted and joked, and told yarns around the camp-fire, he sat apart by himself, and by a separate fire if he wished it. He passed much time in prayer, and in speculating regarding the portent of his dreams. It often happened that when far from home and almost upon the point of entering an enemy's village, a partisan's dream would turn the party back without their making any attempt to accomplish this object. The Blackfeet were very superstitious.

After leaving the Marias, we were careful to conceal ourselves and our horses as well as possible during the daytime. We skirted the eastern slope of the Bear's Paw Mountains, the eastern edge of the Little Rockies—in Blackfoot, Mah-kwi' is-stuk-iz: Wolf Mountains. We expected to find the Gros Ventres encamped somewhere along here—it will be remembered that they were at this time at peace with the Blackfeet—but we saw no signs of them less than four or five months old, and we concluded that they were still down on the Missouri River. Wherever we camped, one or more sentinels were kept posted in a position overlooking the plains and mountains roundabout, and every evening they would report that the game was quiet, and that there was no sign of any persons except ourselves in all that vast region.

One morning at daylight we found ourselves at the foot of a very high butte just east of the Little Rockies, which I was told was the Hairy Cap, and well was it named, for its entire upper portion was covered with a dense growth of pine. We went into camp at the foot of it, close to a spring and in a fine grassy glade entirely surrounded by brush. Talks-with-the-buffalo and I were told to ascend to the summit of the butte and remain there until the middle of the day, when others would take our place. We had both saved a large piece of roast buffalo ribs from the meal of the previous evening, so, drinking all the water we could hold and lugging our roast, we climbed upward on a broad game trail running through the pines, and finally reached the summit. We found several war houses here, lodges made of poles, brush, pieces of rotten logs so closely laid that not a glimmer of a fire could shine through them. It was the way war parties of all tribes had of building a fire for cooking or to warm themselves without betraying their presence to any passing enemy. We saw six of these shelters, some of them quite recently built, and there were probably more in the vicinity. My companion pointed out one which he had helped build two summers before, and he said that the butte was frequented by war parties from all the tribes of the plains, because it commanded such an extended view of the country. Indeed it did. Northward we could see the course of Milk River and the plains beyond it. To the south was visible all the plain lying between us and the Missouri, and beyond the river there was still more plain, the distant Snowy and Moccasin mountains and the dark breaks of the Musselshell. Eastward was a succession of rolling hills and ridges clear to the horizon.

We sat down and ate our roast meat, and then Talks-with-the-buffalo filled and lighted his black stone pipe and we smoked. After a little I became very drowsy. "You sleep," said Talks-with-the-buffalo," and I will keep watch." So I lay down under a tree and was soon in dreamland.

It was about 10 o'clock when he awoke me. "Look! Look!" he cried excitedly, pointing toward the Missouri. "A war party coming this way."

Rubbing my eyes, I gazed in the direction indicated, and saw bands of buffalo skurrying to the east, the west and northward toward us, and then I saw a compact herd of horses coming swiftly toward the butte, driven by a number of riders. "They are either Crees or Assinaboines," said my companion; "they have raided the Crows or the Gros Ventres, and fearing pursuit, are hurrying homeward as fast as they can ride."

Running, leaping, how we did speed down the side of that butte. It seemed but a moment ere we were among our companions, giving our news. Then what a rush there was to saddle horses, don war clothes and head dresses and strip off shield coverings. And now Heavy Breast himself ascended the side of the butte

until he could get a view of the oncoming party, while e waited for him at its base. He stood there, perhaps a hundred yards from us, looking, looking out over he plain, and we began to get nervous; at least I did. thought that he never would come down and give s his plan. I must confess that, now the time was at and when I was to engage in an assault, I dreaded it, nd would have been mightily glad at that moment to e safely with Berry away up on the Marias. But there ould be no retreat; I must go with the rest and do ny share, and I longed to have it all over with.

After a wait of five or ten minutes, Heavy Breast oined us. "They will pass some distance east of here." ie said. "We will ride down this coulée and meet hem." It wasn't much of a coulée, just a low, wide epression in the plain, but deep enough to conceal us. Every little way our leader would cautiously ride up to he edge of it and look out southward, and finally he alled a halt. "We are now right in their path," he aid. "As soon as we can hear the beat of their horses' oofs we will dash up out of here at them."

How my heart did thump, my throat felt dry; I was ertainly scared. Like one in a daze, I heard Heavy Breast give the command, and up we went out of the oulée, our leader shouting. "Take courage; take courge! Let us wipe them out!"

The enemy and the herd they were driving were not nore than a hundred yards distant when we got up on a evel with them, and our appearance was so sudden that heir horses were stampeded, some running off to the ast and some to the west. For a moment they tried o round them in again, and then we were among them, nd they did their best to check our advance, firing heir guns and arrows. Some were armed only with he bow. One after another I saw four of them tumble rom their horses to the ground, and the rest turned and led in all directions, our party close after them. They outnumbered us, but they seemed to have little courage. Perhaps our sudden and unexpected onslaught had demoralized them at the start. Somehow, the moment I rode out of the coulée and saw them, I felt no more fear, but instead became excited and anxious to be right at the front. I fired at several of them, but of course could not tell if they fell to my shots or those of our party. When they turned and fled I singled out one of them, a fellow riding a big strawberry pinto, and took after him. He made straight for Hairy Cap and its sheltering pines, and I saw at once that he had the better horse and would get away unless I could stop him with a bullet; and how I did try to do so, firing shot after shot, each time thinking "This time I must certainly hit him." But I didn't. Three times he loaded his flint lock and shot back at me. His aim must have been as bad as mine, for I never even heard the whiz of the bullets, nor saw them strike. On, on he went, putting more distance between us all the time. He had now reached the foot of the butte, and urged the horse up its steep side, soon reaching a point where it was so nearly perpendicular that the animal could carry him no further. He jumped off and scrambled on up, leaving the horse. I also dismounted, kneeled down, and taking deliberate aim, fired three shots before he reached the pines. I saw the bullets strike, and not one of them was within ten feet of the fleeing mark. It was about the worst shooting I ever did.

Of course, I was not foolish enough to try to hunt the Indian in those thick pines, where he would have every advantage of me. His horse had run down the hill and out on the plain. I took after it, and soon captured it. Riding back to the place where we had charged out of the coulée, I could see members of our party coming in from all directions, driving more or less horses before them, and soon we were all together again. We had not lost a man, and only one was wounded, a youth named Tail-feathers; an arrow had fearfully lacerated his right cheek, and he was puffed up with pride. Nine of the enemy had fallen, and sixty-three of their horses had been taken. Every one was jubilant over the result. Every one was talking at once, telling in detail what he had done. I managed to attract Heavy Breast's attention. "Who were they?" I asked.

"They were Crees."

"How could you tell that they were?"

"Why, I understood some of the words they shouted," he replied. "But even if they had not uttered a sound, I would still have recognized them by their mean faces any by their dress."

I rode over to one of them lying on the ground nearby. He had been scalped, but I could see that his countenance was quite different from a Blackfoot's face. Besides, there were three blue tattoed marks on his chin, and his moccasins and garments were unlike anything I had seen before.

We changed horses and turned homeward, plodding along steadily all that afternoon. The excitement was over, and the more I thought of it, the more pleased I was that I had not killed the Cree I chased into the pines. But the others; those I had fired at and seen drop; I succeeded in convincing myself that they were not my bullets that had caused them to fall. Had I not fired as many as twenty shots at the man I chased and each one had sped wide of the mark? Of course, it was not I who laid them low. I had captured a fine horse, one stronger and more swift than my own good mount, and I was satisfied.

We got home in the course of four or five days, and you may well believe that there was great excitement over our arrival, and many a dance with the scalps by those who had at one time or another lost dear ones at the hands of the Crees. Hands and faces and moccasins painted black, bearing the scalps on a willow stick, little parties would go from one part of the village to another, sing the sad song of the dead, and dance in step to its slow time. I thought it a very impressive ceremony, and wish I could remember the song, just for the sake of old times.

Dear old Berry and his wife killed the fatted calf over my safe return; at least we had, besides choice meats and bread and beans, three dried apple pies and a plum (raisin)) duff for dinner. And I will remark that the two latter courses were a rare treat in those days in that country. I was glad, glad to get back to the fort. How cheerful was the blaze in the wide fireplace of my sleeping room; how soft my couch of buffalo robes and blankets! I stayed pretty close to them for a time, and did nothing but sleep and eat and smoke; it seemed as if I would never get enough sleep.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

On Getting Lost.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his article, "On Not Getting Lost in the Woods," Mr. Manly Hardy is rather severe on those "would-be instructors" who assume to teach how to keep from getting lost in the woods. He lumps all such together as novices who could not themselves practice the expedients that they recommend. A sorry bunch of humbugs, truly!

I think that the trouble with some of those writers is in making sweeping generalizations from facts observed in limited areas. For example, in a certain region, perhaps not five miles square, the moss grows thickest on the north or northwest side of the trunks of straight trees, in a majority of instances. From this a hasty observer deduces the rule: "Moss always grows thickest on the north side of a tree." Of course, this is not true. Moss favors that side of a tree which catches and holds the most moisture and at the same time receives plenty of air. Consequently it is thickest on the top of a prostrate log, on the upper side of a leaning trunk, and, usually, but not always, on the most shaded side of a straight trunk, where the woods are thin enough to admit light freely. Where there is a heavy stand of timber the moss grows pretty evenly all around, or its growth may be erratic. If the man who believes unreservedly in the moss theory should rely upon it in the big woods of the Mississippi bottoms, he would find the south looking down upon him from the mid-day sun, for the moss grows evenly up to the level of last spring's overflow.

However, there is such a thing as making too sweeping generalizations in a negative way, and I fear that Mr. Hardy himself has fallen into this error. If I understand him correctly—and his words seem plain enough—he contends that there is no use at all in looking for natural signs of direction in any forest; that experienced men never place any reliance on them; that "a good woodsman finds his way, just as an animal does, by a certain kind of instinct"; that it is useless to offer novices any counsel as to how to find their way out of the woods, because a lost man is an insane man anyway; and that the only advice worth giving is that "you had better never get lost." To each and to all of these conclusions I respectfully demur. They may hold good in some cases; but not, by any means, in a majority of cases.

Mr. Hardy's article seems to have been called out by Mr. E. A. Spears' note on the prevailing easterly inclination of the feathery tip of the hemlock, as observed in the Adirondacks, and by my own corroboration of this habit among the hemlocks of the southern Appalachian forest. Now, Mr. Spears and I were simply reporting facts observed in given localities. Neither of us assumed to base upon them a general law. The hemlocks of Maine may point toward the zenith or the nadir without impugning the reliability of our individual observations.

To make my own position in this matter clear, permit me to quote from an article that I published elsewhere: "No general rule can be established from such signs as the growth of moss on trees, the preponderance of branches on the south side of a tree, or the prevailing direction in which the tips of tall saplings point; although in a given locality such signs may be fairly constant." I then went on to mention a few natural signs of direction that I believed to be fairly constant, such as the thickness of bark and width of annual rings of wood growth in old trees (usually greatest on the north and northeast sides*), the building habits of certain animals, and especially the habit of the compass-plant and the prairie dock, which, in a majority of cases present the edges of their leaves north and south. My recent note on the hemlock's feather pointing toward the rising sun was by way of illustration of the fact that, in one locality known to me, this is a reasonably true sign of direction. I do not believe that there is any one sign which, taken by itself and observed in only a few isolated trees or plants, is worthy of a traveler's confidence; but I do know that many expert woodsmen often steer their course, when the sky is obscured, by observing a great number of the signs which nature places in the forest, and by averaging the results.

To be explicit: Here, where I live now, in the Great Smoky Mountains, is the finest forest of mixed hardwoods and softwoods that remains untouched in America. It contains a greater variety of trees and shrubs than can be found in any one forest outside of these southern Appalachians. The stand, as a rule, is heavy. The country is very rough, the mountains being steep, and rising from three to four thousand feet above their valleys. Some of the summits are higher than Mt. Washington; but there is no tree-limit, save as the beech and birch and buckeye peter out where the balsam begins. Naked rocks of any considerable size are seldom seen. The soil is good to the tops of the highest peaks. A few mountains, known as "balds," are crowned with natural meadows of blue grass, where stock ranges wild through nine months of the year; but everywhere else there is dense forest, matted by luxuriant undergrowth. Greenbriar, dog-hobble, blackberry vines, and other thorny or trippy shrubs, and fallen timber, make travel laborious where there is no trail; but these are nothing compared to the "slicks" of rhododendron which appear in patches of hundreds of acres on many of the abutting ridges and along the headwaters of nearly all of the mountain streams. (Rhododendron is called "laurel" by the natives; we also have plenty of the real mountain laurel, here called "ivy," which grows to a trunk diameter of a foot or more, but it is not so hard to traverse as the other, being larger and growing further apart.) These "slicks" are so called because little if any timber grows in them, and they have a sleek appearance when seen from a distance. Small patches are variously called "woolyheads," "lettuce beds," "yaller patches," and large ones, especially where they cover cliffs and other impediments, are known as "hells"—well deserving the epithet. The upper mountain region is quite uninhabited.

Now our hunting trips, which are mostly for bears, are in the high mountains. We rendezvous at some hut that herdsmen use in summer, perched on the summit of the main divide (the Hall Cabin, for example, straddles the State line, half in North Carolina and half in Tennessee). Our "standers" are picketed for several miles along the divide, at 4,000 to 6,000 feet, and along its abutting ridges, on the various crossings; for the bears mostly den on the bleak and abrupt Tennessee slope and come over to feed on the abundant mast of the gentler and sunnier Carolina slope. The drivers start with the dogs from the creek valleys below.

We are out in all sorts of weather, in rain and snow as well as on clear days, and the chase may continue from dawn until long after dark, the bear perhaps running for ten or fifteen miles through the roughest of all this rough country. When the drivers get into a "slick" so low and dense that they cannot crawl through it nor force a passage, they flounder somehow over the top. It is worse than any canebrake.

Well, the point that I am coming to (although now tempted to run off into a bear story) is this: Of all our difficulties, fog is the worst. Our mountains are called the Great Smoky Range because of the dreamy haze of impalpable mist in which they are always wrapped excepting when hidden in clouds. The latter is often the case. When we are in the clouds we call them "fog." The clouds may descend upon us, or ascend from below, at any time, suddenly, and the fog is sometimes so thick that a man cannot see thirty feet in any direction. It is a very common experience for us to be caught in the fog. It may lift within five minutes, or it may continue for a day, two days, three days—there is no foretelling. It may be accompanied by drenching rain, or by a keen wind, so that we cannot sit around waiting on the chance of its rising. Below the balsam zone, the leaves in autumn lie very thinly upon the ground, so that a scurry of wind may at any moment obliterate the trail for some distance. When the fog settles upon the mountain, a man hurrying along to get into the valley before nightfall, and overconfident, perhaps, of his bearings, may easily miss the trail and find himself on the wrong ridge—where? Once off the trail, there are no blazes to guide him, and the going, at best, is damnable. If one could only see out, he would not hesitate; but he cannot see a tree two rods away. The devil himself might get tangled up here if he ever came so high up in the mountains. (Walt Proctor, who used to live in the "last house," says that he does not—says that Old Nick is "kept too busy down in the settlements.")

It is of serious import for a man, in such case, to decide, rather promptly, on what particular ridge he may have straggled; for many of these ridges are very thickety, some of them lead into "hells," and on others one's progress is impeded by cliffs. To descend immediately into a creek valley would be the worst thing he could do, for the headwaters generally rise in almost impenetrable laurel and their beds are rough and steep.

Now, what does a mountaineer do in such dilemma? Trust to instinct? Not a bit of it. There is not a man in these mountains (nor elsewhere, according to my belief) who is endowed with the homing instinct. Our lost man might not be able to explain his process, he would probably not even be conscious of the infinitude of details involved, but this is what he would do: First, he would scan the trees and shrubs, closely observing their prevailing habit of growth; then he would examine the ground itself; he would move about like a dog scenting for a trail; presently he would find evidence, not single, but collective—gathered from many sources—which his memory and reasoning powers would combine into a theory of locality, and, four times out of five, his theory would prove correct. I have known mountaineers, on a pitch-dark night, to identify the ridge they were on by feeling the trees; and there were no blazes on those trees, either. They did not

*This matter was carefully tested some years ago by the New York State Forestry Commission, and the result published in one of their annual reports. I cannot cite volume and page, as my library here in the wilderness is not what you would call extensive.

learn their woodcraft in the pages of St. Nicholas, nor did their humble pupil, the writer. We depend more often upon natural signs of direction here than we do upon the compass—in fact, I never knew a native mountaineer who had a compass.

It is a common, and perhaps pardonable, weakness of sportsmen to claim great things for their favorite guides. "Incomparable trailers! The best woodsmen I have ever known!" and so forth. Why should they not be, on their own home hunting-grounds? I claim nothing superhuman for my companions in the Smokies; but I do claim that they know the pecularities of their own grounds most thoroughly, so far as they relate to the hunter's and herdsman's crafts, and that from this intimate local knowledge they have gained certain general signs of direction that are fairly reliable throughout all these mountains, so that they have not the least hesitation about traveling into unknown parts without a compass, even though they may get into fog so thick that, as they quaintly say, "You could stick your butcher-knife into it and hang up your shot-pouch."

But there is no dog-like or pigeon-like instinct about this. I can take one of these same men to the city of Boston and get him thoroughly lost within half a mile of his hotel. If he had the homing instinct he could find his own way back on the city streets; but he has not the ghost of such endowment. He is bewildered by the maze of things new to him, as a city man is in the forest. His attention is attracted by other things than signs of direction. So he goes astray like a child.

Mr. Hardy's advice to "never get lost" is equivalent to saying, "Never let go of your guide's coat-tail." There are men who need it. Most of us prefer to be more independent. We would rather risk getting lost once in a while than miss those joys of real wilderness faring that are only felt when one is alone in the woods with his life in his own keeping. My advice is, "Learn how to bivouac, how to rustle; then, if you do get lost, keep your shirt on." I know all about the panic fear that seizes a man when, for the first time in his life, there comes to him the thudding consciousness that he is alone and lost in the great forest. But I have been in much worse fixes than that, and I say that sensible instruction about what to do when you are lost can arm a novice pretty well against horror and stampede. There are just two situations in which an able-bodied man's case, from losing his direction, is really desperate, namely, to be lost in a blizzard on a treeless plain, or to be lost in a cavern and without a light. Otherwise, if one will keep his wits about him, he always has a good fighting chance. HORACE KEPHART.

MEDLIN, N. C.

A Fourth of July on the Plains.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We had been out across the staked plains all summer in 1872, going first as far west as old Fort Sumner, then up and down the Pecos River, looking for a band of Indians that we could not find just then. We found them later in the season, though, in a different part of the country. Then, after we had visited Fort Bascom for supplies, we headed east again, and the 3d of July found us in camp on a small pond of good water, something that is not found every day in that country.

Here the commanding officer, General Makenzie, turned the command over to the senior captain, and taking one troop as an escort, went off somewhere. This old captain, who was now in command, was Gen. Napoleon B. McLaughlin. He was quite a character in his way. He had entered the army as a private just before the Mexican War, and had been in it ever since. He was at this time over sixty years of age, and was retired a few years after this; he died only a year or two ago. He was generally called "Maginniss" by the men, not when he was close enough to hear them, though. He dressed in a uniform that looked as if he had first put it on about the close of the war and was trying to see how long he could keep it on. When out on the field he lived on just what we did—coffee, bread and bacon, with generally buffalo roasted, three times a day, if we eat that often; he said that the officer who could not eat what his men did ought to go home and stay there; "they never found him hunting Indians with a pack mule loaded with canned goods." Then he would give one of his peculiar laughs.

When the War of the Rebellion began his regiment was in Texas, and his officers went over to the Confederacy and gave the men who wanted to follow them permission to do so. Those who refused were to be sent north, but they would have to turn in their arms first. McLaughlin was his company's first sergeant then, and when the company was paraded one morning to turn in their arms, he stepped out and taking his musket by the barrel, smashed the stock of it, then throwing it at his captain's feet said, saluting him, "I turn in my gun, sir."

He was sent north and in a short time was given a commission, and at the close of the war commanded a brigade of infantry. He was now only captain in Troop I, the white horse troop of our regiment.

While at breakfast this morning, the Fourth of July, several of our men announced their intention of going hunting to-day, "that is, if Maginness would let them, but he probably would not."

I wanted to go myself, and thought he would let me; he had never refused me any request I made; but I knew how to go about asking for it.

The old fellow was a brevet brigadier general, and if a man addressed him as general he got what he wanted. If he called him captain he got his head snapped off, and was a marked man. After that he need not ask for anything; he would not get it.

One of the men who wanted to do this hunting to-day had been a school teacher in civil life; he called himself Professor Smith; I had given him his title, and it had stuck to him. He spelled his name Smythe, but much to his disgust could not get the company clerk to spell it that way; he made it Smith. This troop of ours seemed to get about all the representatives of the learned professions, who found their field of active service restricted—by the police in most cases—in the East and had come out here to hunt Indians. We had several lawyers, or rather young men who had begun the study of law, but had dropped it on the advice of the last old police judge they had been given an interview with, I always thought, and had gone West to fight Indians.

We had doctors; several of them were doctors in fact as well as in name, but we never had a minister; we had his son, though, his father was a noted minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in London, the son was so worthless that he left us after five years, carrying a bob-tail discharge, one with the character cut off.

Another man that we had was both a chemist and a civil engineer; he had made a fortune out of a stomach bitters that he invented; it was one of the best known of any thirty years ago; he had lost all his money now. Another young fellow, the son of a railroad president, had entered college and had graduated in three months without a diploma; then had run away from home to prevent being again graduated by his father with a cane. He kept on fighting Indians up to the beginning of the Spanish War, then got a commission: he has it yet out in the Philippines, if the Moros have not killed him. If he should see this, he may remember the time that he and I went into a civilized Indian's big cornfield down near Caddo, and started to draw an extra feed of corn for our horses that they did not need very bad, but just missed drawing a load of buckshot that the Indian sent after us.

I told Smith after breakfast to go up and see if the general wanted any hunting done to-day; and taking his carbine he went; but came back in a few minutes wearing a face a yard long and said: "He don't need any hunting from us; we don't belong to Troop I, you know."

"What did he say to you?"

"He told me to go back to where I came from and stay there."

I thought I knew what was wrong. Smith had either called him captain, or what was nearly but not quite as bad, had not called him anything. I took my rifle now and went next, taking care to address him as general. He told me to go, but to keep a good lookout for Indians while out. "It is true, we can't find any here," he said, "but it has been my experience that just when we don't want to find them they find us." And he gave one of his peculiar laughs.

There was a small cañon off to the left of camp, about a mile south of it, that I wanted to explore. It was a box cañon, as I found out next day when I went clear to the head of it. We were still in New Mexico, I knew; but I thought we must be close to the Texas line now, and if so, then there should be a monument, a round pile of loose stone, built somewhere on the edge of this cañon to mark the boundary line. I found it next day at the head of the cañon. The cañon was less than one hundred yards wide here, and a small stream of water stood in pools—there was not enough of it now to run—right in the middle of the cañon.

I followed up close to the edge of the stream. I knew that there were both deer and antelope in the country, and I might meet a bear; we had seen one yestrday when coming in here, but had not been given a chance to go after him. The Indians I did not keep any lookout for. The ones we were after would be sure to get as far from us as possible now, and keep just that far off until we had left the country. We had been after them for years now; and they knew by this time about how long we would keep hunting them here; then when we quit, they would come in here again. I expected that if we found them at all, it would be up in the Texas Panhandle; and that was where we did find them two months after this.

I had gone about two miles up the cañon, when I saw where some animals had come to drink lately; the stones were still wet where they had splashed the water on them; and as soon as I found their trail I saw that they were either deer or antelope. The trail led up the right wall of the cañon, that was here overgrown with bushes, or I hardly could have climbed it and carried a gun.

When I had got to the top, I raised my head slowly above the edge of the bank and now saw the antelope. There was a large bunch of them, but they were half a mile away.

There was not a breath of air stirring; but I did not want to walk across the prairie in plain sight of the antelope, and it was too hot to crawl over it. When coming up the cañon I had noticed another small one coming into it from the right, and thought that it might head close to where the antelope were. Getting down to the floor of the cañon again, I went down to the small one, and started up it; this one was only a ravine. When I thought I had gone far enough up, I climbed up again and found the antelope still about where I had left them and not over two hundred yards away.

Still keeping below the bank, I rested the gun on top of it and had two shots fired before the antelope had begun to move. Then standing up, I kept on shooting until they had got out of range; then going over I began to count the ones that had stopped here. I had four; two of them had been hit before they had begun to run, another had fallen one hundred yards away, and the last one lay about that much further off, or four hundred yards from where I stood to shoot; but I had a .45-90 Marlin rifle, and when one of these big balls did hit an antelope he quit right there.

I had next to drag them to the bank, one at a time, still holding on to my gun; there might be no Indians about, but if any were in the country this shooting would bring them. After getting all the antelope down into the ravine, I next had to get them up into trees to keep them out of reach of the wolves, which were about; and now it was near dinner time and I did not want to miss mine to-day. It would be a little better than usual to-day; this would be the only difference here between this and any other day. Had we been at home we could have celebrated it with a horse race in the forenoon (I had one I could enter), then divide the afternoon between a ball game and a target match.

After dinner I got my horse and a good pack mule, and going out again found my antelope just where I had left them. The wolves out here had not learned to climb trees yet, though when I came in sight I saw several of them, waiting for the trees to fall down on them, I suppose.

I left one of the antelope with the General's cook, he had a mess here composed of officers, who, like the General, did not "hunt Indians with a pack mule loaded with canned stuff." CABIA BLANCO.

Future of the Mississippi River.

The Effect that Destruction of Forests will have upon its Headwaters.

CHARLES CRISTADORO, IN "FORESTRY AND IRRIGATION."

THE forests have been looked upon by the settler both as an enemy and a friend. Unless the land was cleared of trees, no crops could be raised, and so with ax and saw he felled them. Yet, they gave him the lumber for his house and kept his fireside alight and warm during the long winter days and nights. So fared the giant black walnuts of Indiana in the early days when the massive logs were split and hewed into fence rails, those remaining in excess of the winter's need for fuel piled high afield and burned, as one would to-day in clearing a field of so much brush.

The great Michigan forests of white pine, that nodded to the summer's breeze and swayed before the winter's blasts, appeared not many years ago as inexhaustible and limitless, yet they in time disappeared and vanished as snow upon the yet warm earth, before the ax and saw of the settler and lumberman would make the lumber operators of the present day bankrupt were they to follow them.

As the millions of buffalo disappeared from the face of the earth so have gone the forests of white pine that stood in a continuous, unbroken chain for hundreds of miles.

The forests were made for man to use, says the practical lumberman. 'Tis true, but only in a measure. They were made for man to use and for the use of man. So were the rivers. The water sources, trace them as you may, will be found in the forest. There the spring gives forth its swelling flow that makes the brook, that makes the stream and finally the river as it flows toward and empties itself into the ocean.

Remove the water protecting trees and you interfere with the supply that the springs give forth. In other words, history the world around reveals the fact that with the timber removed from a river's headwaters, so has the death knell of the river been sounded. Examples of this kind can be shown in all countries.

We must have water, whether it comes from subterranean or surface rivers or flowing springs and rippling brooks; it matters not, water we must have, without it we cannot live. To secure this commodity of nature, the great cities spend millions of dollars to follow it to its source, store and lead it to the cites for consumption. The ancient Romans left us a lesson in aqueduets that has been a speaking example.

With the destruction of the timber along the water courses, floods and drouths have followed. Many localities once blessed with abundant flowing water are to-day, at times, through drouth, absolutely deprived of it, because of the denudation of the timber on the sources of the river. Each State has suffered from the encroachment upon its lumber forests and, in some cases, before it was too late, the Legislature has stepped in to save the timber.

When Michigan was being rapidly divested of her great white pine forests, Wisconsin was being entered by the lumberman as a fresh field for lumber exploitation. Minnesota's pine giants were yet untouched. But the day came when the lumbermen cleared Michigan and were swarming like bees into the pine of Wiseonsin and then Minnesota's turn came. And now the end of Minnesota's timber is in sight, so much so, that those who have made millions through and by means of her pine forests are to-day investing them in the great fir, spruce and redwood lands on the Pacific coast. The days of the white pine trees are numbered in Minnesota. And during these years one spot in the State of Minnesota has been kept sacred from the ax. It was the Chippewa Reservation covering 800,000 acres, 200,000 of which is water. From this spot the strong arm of the Government held back the lumberman. The pines were sacred and under their branches the Indians lived undisturbed.

Many were the covetous eyes east upon this reservation as the pines beyond its borders became fewer and fewer. Many were the efforts to secure this land from the control of the Indians. Treaties were made, and, as has been the case with all Indian treaties from the days of Columbus to date, broken.

Then an argument was put forth that the timber in many cases was dead and that windfalls were frequent and that such could be saved and the money given to the Indians, could the trees be cut and removed from the reservation. It was called "dead and down timber," the very name of which is so tainted with fraud, perjury and downright theft that it stinks in the nostrils of every man acquainted with its significance. But a law permitting the removal of the "dead and down timber" went through Congress, and it is stated for every actually "dead and down" tree a thousand thrifty, growing white pine giants were laid low and removed. It grew into such a nauseating, scandalous steal that the very man who fathered the "dead and down" bill, although I will say his intentions were good, was ashamed of its workings.

An effort was successfully made through the Secretary of the Interior to stop this outrage. Then an attempt was made to have the Government protect and shield for the people, this beautiful sylvan paradise, for all time, like the Yellowstone Park, for never did a person visit this region, but that he returned with but one wish and one sentiment, can it not be preserved for all time for the people?

Here is practically the headwaters of the Mississippi, although the river actually springs from Lake Itasca. But these are its headwaters, for here are the three great lakes of Leech, Cass and Winnebigosh, with seventy smaller lakes, the infant Mississippi connecting them all and meandering among them, making one great checkerboard of stream and lake.

The picture of the giant pines growing even to the water's edge, the wild rice mantling the crystal stream and the phantom-like passing of an Indian-laden birch bark canoe made a picture that took one back to the days

of Fenimore Cooper and made one glad that such a primitive spot yet rested upon God's footstool. With the growth of pine properly cared for under forestry rules this great watershed gave promise of feeding the Father of Waters for all time.

But two billion feet of standing timber was a great temptation to the lumberman and town-site operators, anxious to "skim the cream," and therefore the Morris bill was passed and this great woodland paradise was thrown open to settlement, and the will and wishes of the lumberman and the land speculator.

And now what has happened? The Panama Canal is to be. The whole Mississippi Valley wakes up and looks at the map and cries, "We must now see that our river is deepened. We must profit by the Panama Canal, and we must have a navigable highway, and Congress must help us." Suppose it does take $50,000,000 to deepen the channels of this great river, they say it's worth it, and they want it done. And while the knocking for this $50,000,000 appropriation is heard upon the doors of Congress, so too is heard at the same time at this river's headwaters the chug, chug, chug of the keen ax, the rasping of the saw and the crash of the falling giants as they topple daily to the earth in thousands.

The headwaters are being cut out, the very headwaters whence this mighty river is draining her supplies, and the people of the Mississippi Valley, oblivious to what is going on, are beseeching Congress to deepen the river. Cut out and dry up the river's headwaters first and then spend $50,000,000, yes, $100,000,000 fruitlessly, to deepen the channel.

A Kaleidoscopic Sea.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of your contributors, Mr. Charles Cristadoro, has recently called attention to a marvellous marine phenomenon which I have not seen before alluded to by any writer, and which he portrays in the following beautifully descriptive language. The passage appears in the body of an article on "Southern California," as I quote it:

"Gazing out upon the surface of the Pacific when but a slight breeze stirred its surface I there saw reflected in brilliant patches, every color of the rainbow. Upon its gorgeous surface was here a patch of velvety green, there royal purple, pink some other place, deep red, yellow and delicate grays, the changing breeze shifting and graduating these colors until the surface of the ocean at times seemed to be one great rainbowed sheet of color. We now and then hear that color photography is an accomplished fact, and after gazing upon the kaleidoscopic-hued surface of the ocean I wondered whether the water, acting as a lens, was not in some way responsible for the fixing of the colors on its surface in the shells of the abalone. The coloring of the abalone shells is one of nature's mysteries, explainable of course, but yet unexplained."

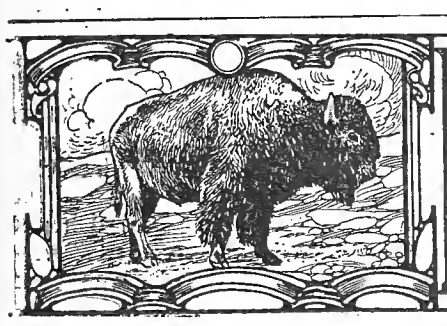
I have myself often noticed these prismatic "abalone colors" along the southern Pacific coast from the heights of Avalon and Point Loma, and wondered at their variety and combination, as well as at the play of light upon their graduated and changing hues; and my observation has discovered that they are imparted to some extent by the floating beds of amber-hued kelp which reflect the chromatic rays of the sunlit atmosphere, as is seen in a mirage, or even in the dancing heat waves on the surface of a furnace. These show the rainbow colors to a perceptible degree. Plausibility is given to this theory by the fact that these results obtain only in a still, warm, sunny atmosphere. There may be other causes such as those which give color to the blue waters of Geneva Lake and the Mediterranean, the greens of Niagara and Lake Michigan, the blacks of Lake Superior and the Saguenay, and the whitish greens of coastwise shoals. Changes of temperature have to do with changes of coloration. The phenomenon of shadows falling on a lake from an overhanging mountain or cliff increasing the transparency of the water by cooling the surface is familiar; but these illustrations do not fully explain the "abalone colors," the patches of "velvety green, the royal purple, the pink, deep red, yellow and delicate grays," and their changing features. The whole subject is not only intensely interesting but highly poetical, as well as scientific. It presents an ideal theme and an opportunity for poetasters seldom offered or even dreamed of. Will some ambitious muse make an attempt to dye the abalone by lights reflected from the rainbow sheet of colors? CHARLES HALLOCK.

Cabio Blanco's Writings.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is certain that in recent times you have had no writer whose articles appealed to your public so strongly as those written by Cabia Blaneo, a name which—to most of us, I think—seems to fit our friend much better than that which was given him in baptism. You have published many enthusiastic letters about his writings, and of these letters not a few have suggested that you should publish a book containing the more important sketches from his pen. No special notice, however, seems to have been taken of these suggestions, and it may be that such a volume would not be commercially profitable. About that you can probably judge better than I.

Might it not be practicable, however, for you to print this book by subscription; that is to say, that you would print it provided a sufficient number of readers agreed to take copies of the book, at whatever price you might see fit to establish. For my part, I should be very glad, indeed, to take five copies at $2 each, for I am sure that I could dispose of four to the great profit and pleasure of the men I might send them to, while one I should wish to keep for myself.

As has often been said, there was a singular quality about Cabia Blanco's writings and this was their apparent verity. No one ever suggested, in my hearing, that any story told by this man had been in any degree exaggerated. He told his tale and told it with so much force that it was believed. If he did not write what in Boston would be called "literature," he at least told stories so that people were interested in them, believed them and wanted more of them. It seems melancholy that he should have left us. ADMIRER.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Crow in Winter.

CHERRYVALE, Kan., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The column given to the crow in last week's paper carried me back to the "days befoh de wah," before I made my entrance into Uncle Sam's ranks, to the fall and winter of 1861, when the crows came from some place and gathered in untold hosts, on the farmers' fields along Cayuga Lake, in Tompkins county, N. Y. Where they came from no one knew, but they selected for a roost a body of young second growth oak and hickory timber on the west side of the lake, four miles north from the head of the lake, and about one mile from my father's farmhouse.

In the mornings and evenings they would settle upon the corn shocks in such numbers as to hide the color of the shock, and for the protection of the corn all of the farmer's boys were sent to the fields to drive the crows away and keep them from destroying the corn. It was great joy to the boy who had one of those old-style single barrel shotguns, to hide in a corn shock and shoot the hungry crows in the mornings and evenings, and we used to have much pride as we carried our trophies home. After two weeks of this work, ad after a heavy frost had caused the leaves to fall, the fathers took up the warfare on moonlight nights, shooting at the crows upon their roost, and a weeks' shooting broke up the roost. But while the crows made a migration elsewhere, all the barns in our section had one side embellished with dead crows fastened on the side with a nail driven through the head, keeping them to scatter on the cornfields the next spring to keep the crows from pulling up the corn.

In this southern section of Kansas the farmer never speaks of him in terms of respect, but generally as "the cussed thieving crows." While the crow may go hungry in the Eastern States in the winter season, he always is sure of a good square meal in this country. As the most of the farmers of this section are cattle feeders they raise immense fields of Kaffir corn, Milo maize, or Jerusalem corn, and the common field corn, which is cut and shocked in the fields, and left standing, until fed out to the stock in wagon loads, and all fed unhusked or unthreshed.

While the Eastern crow may not be an epicure, the Western one is, and scorns the common field corn and acts as if the Kaffir corn and Milo maize, with their round white juicy seeds were as pleasing to his palate as terrapin and canvasbacks are to the Eastern gourmands. So in the fall they gather in this section by thousands and feed in the middle of the day for four or five hours, and then leave for their roosting place, which is unknown to their farmer enemies here.

Two weeks ago, while upon a railway train winding its way through the Flint Hills, which may be termed the rock backbone of the State of Kansas, as they extend from the northern line of the State clear across, rising higher as they extend south, until they unite with the Kiomeche and other mountains of the Indian Territory, as the train was passing up a ravine leading toward the crest of the hills, I noticed in a sheltered nook of the ravine about sixty acres covered with a growth of jack oak timber, that the trees were covered with crows. Look as I might in any direction the air was darkened by the flying crows, slowly winging their way, just at nightfall, to this roost, which they settled upon, to my surprise, without any circling in the air, which may have been caused by their location, so far from any house, that they have not been molested, and so have changed their usual manner of alighting upon the roost.

As this is the only roost known in this part of the State, the crows that feed upon the grain in the fields of this section have to make a daily flight of over sixty miles coming from and the same distance returning to the roost, and the selection of their roosting place so far from the field of their depredations is only an instance of their sagacity, equalled by the selection of the roost away from all settlement, and in a nook sheltered from the winds from the north and west, as well as the south. W. F. R.

Rattlesnakes and Crows.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent who tells "another snake story" in this issue (Dec. 2), only tells what is commonly known in Florida, viz., the spitting, as it is called, of the venom of the rattlesnake when he is aroused to anger and yet is too far away to make the fatal strike. Rattlesnakes confined in boxes with a wire netting have been known to do it. Of course, usually no harm results, as the venom does not reach the object or is caught upon the clothing or upon unbroken skin. The hog, usually considered almost immune and making a meal of every rattler he meets, sometimes seems to have a mistaken confidence, as a short time since a hog in New Augustine (a suburb of our city), jumping on a rattler was bitten and died in a few minutes. The following, coming with the authority of the "Journal of the American Medical Association," will, I am sure, be of interest as showing such accidents are not always fatal. Dr. W. A. Gresham, of Russellville, Ala., records in the Journal:

"A man was bitten Aug. 14 by a very large rattlesnake. For about thirty hours it seemed that he was about to succumb at any time, but he suddenly began to improve. He suffered intensely for twenty-four hours. There was only a little sloughing at the point of injection of the poison, but the man was incapacitated for work about thirty days. As to treatment, the arm was corded tightly, an abundance of whisky was given, and hypodermic injections of strychnin 1-40 grain every forty-five minutes. He has gone to work and has a good arm."

As to the "Crow in Winter," in same issue, it is a wonder to me that all intelligent crows don't emigrate to Florida, where persecution on account of previous reputation is unknown, and where all little peccadillos are freely forgiven. The Florida crow in either winter or summer has rather an enviable existence, for no man's hand is raised against him. Even as I write a hundred or so are just across the street in the tops of the tall cabbage palmettos that adorn the lawn of the Ponce de Leon. When I opened the door on the porch just now, rather suddenly, a group of them, numbering at least twenty-five who were holding a close conference in the top of a palmetto, were rather surprised and flew away to join their comrades in another part of the lawn. In the fig season about a dozen of them think they are entitled to an early breakfast on their way from their roosting place on Anastasia Island to the country, and announcing their presence by the occasional "caw" of the watchman who sits on the top of a nearby China berry tree. As this is usually about 4 o'clock of a late June morning, they are not often disturbed, and as only figs are taken from the top limbs of the trees, no one begrudges them their early meal. While his wary nature clings to him in Florida yet, as he is never disturbed any more than the buzzard, he is usually quite approachable.

The following from to-day's Record, our local paper, while having nothing to do with snakes or crows, I am sure will be of interest. It comes with the authority of our genial and fearless sheriff:

"Not long ago a Record representative overheard Sheriff Perry relate an experience in turkey hunting in the southwestern part of the State. He and a friend, tempted by the high prices offered for alligator hides, went prepared to clean out the saurians where they were thickest, and they established camp in a spot where hunting promised to be profitable. 'In those days,' said the sheriff, 'turkeys were plentiful and we feasted on them during our stay in camp. One morning, as usual, I went out to get a gobbler for breakfast and saw a flock on a small plain not far from camp. Crawling behind a clump of bushes I resorted to the old trick of calling by imitating the challenge of a gobbler. I saw the leader of the flock throw his head up and I repeated the call. This time the turkey strutted forward a few feet and answered the challenge. He approached a few feet closer when I again repeated the call, and eventually I worked him until he was near enough for a sure shot. I raised the gun to take aim when, without the slightest warning, a huge catamount dashed through the bushes and his head and mine came together in a terrific collision. The beast evidently thought a turkey dinner was waiting for him in the bushes, and approached so stealthily that I had not the slightest idea of his presence. When he made the rush to secure what he supposed was a turkey he struck me with such force that I went over backwards, and he must have bounced a few feet. As to which sustained the greater scare it is impossible to say. The varmint, however, lost no time in apologies, and his retreat was as rapid, if not more rapid, than his rush. Did I get the turkey? No. I think I forgot what I came after. I don't remember what we had for breakfast that morning.'" DEWITT WEBB.

The Killing of Bird Warden Bradley.

THE Key West, Fla., Grand Jury, which investigated the killing of the Audubon Society's warden, Guy Bradley, by Walter Smith at Flamingo several months ago, deemed the evidence of the State insufficient to bring the accused to trial. The killing of young Bradley was made an event of general importance, so much so that the National Audubon Society, of which he was a representative as game warden of Monroe county, and while in the discharge of which duty he was killed, took the matter up and employed Col. J. T. Sanders, of Miami, to go to Key West and assist in the prosecution of his slayer.

The Miami Metropolis of Dec. 6 reports: Colonel Sanders, in conversation with a Metropolis reporter, stated that the State made out a very weak case. He found but little interest manifested in the trial when he arrived in Key West, and had to send to the Keys for witnesses. They were secured with much difficulty, and after being gotten could give testimony of no importance to the State in making a case against Walter Smith, the accused, and the grand jury, after thoroughly probing the matter, found no true bill, and Smith was released from prison, where he had been since arrested.

The killing of Bradley occurred on Smith's boat at Flamingo, where Bradley had gone to remonstrate with him about a son killing birds at one of the rookeries in the keys. Bad blood existed between Bradley and Smith, and, after a heated passage of words, both men shot and Bradley was killed, Smith remaining unharmed. Smith, Colonel Sanders says, presented a strong defense in that all his witnesses, those who were on the boat with him at the time Bradley was shot, swearing that Bradley shot first, Smith shooting in self-defense. No others saw the tragedy and consequently the State failed in the prosecution.

Treatment of Snake Bite.

Hoquiam, Wash., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some more snake talk. Having just read "The Sang Digger" in the Dec. 2 issue of Forest and Stream, the incident of the rattlesnake that bit him, and the reference to his cutting open and sucking the wound. If he had cut the wound deep enough and then had sucked the wound long enough he would have felt no ill-effects from the snake bite. To have such treatment effective it should be done immediately, and the cutting must go deeper than the snake's fangs had penetrated. After cutting the wound open insert the point of the knife to the bottom of the wound and twist it around several times to cause as great a flow of blood as possible, and be sure and cut across each fang mark; and, if they are cross-cut, it is much better, as that will cause it to gape open more; and, if a mud application is used (which, by the way, is very good), it will have a chance to do more good.

I am not writing from hearsay, for I have treated rattlesnake bite in this manner. I was not the person bitten, but twice I have treated other people that were, and they were both struek in the leg below the knee and well down on the calf of the leg, where it would have been well-night impossible for them to have got at the wound to suck it. But I, knowing that such poison is not stomach poison, did not hesitate a moment to apply the treatment, and after the wound was cut (and I cross-cut each of them) I grabbed the leg with both hands around the thigh, and, keeping a strong grip on the leg, pressed them downward to the wound, thus causing a greater flow of blood through the wound, which would wash out much of the poison, and then I sucked the wound for ten or fifteen minutes and then applied a handful of mud and bound it on with a handkerchief. One of the men had to walk two miles to a house, and there I washed the mud out of the wound with hot water and then I tamped it full of powdered alum and then sewed it up. It healed in a short time and he felt no ill-effects from it at any time. The other case was treated in the same way, only the treatment stopped with the application of the mud, which was left on until it was as dry as a brick, it being three days before it was removed. Then the wound was washed with warm water, and, after being dried, a plaster was applied (Brant's plaster) and the leg was bandaged to keep the plaster in place and it healed with no difficulty.

The other person's leg was handaged after it was sewed up, but merely to keep it from being chafed and irritated by his clothing. The alum treatment is not supposed to have any effect on the snake poison, but was applied to insure its healing readily. W. A. Linkletter.

A Rantankerous Buck.

Barre, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading the article in Forest and Stream of Nov. 25, under the heading, "The Deer Park on the Farm," I believe the inclosed clipping just published in a local paper might be interesting, as well as a warning, to some of your readers who now have deer, or may be contemplating establishing a deer park.

I knew old "Ben" and had watched the development of his antlers during the past summer. I drove past the park the day before he met his untimely death. I saw him proudly standing on a little elevation overlooking the highway and he watched me out of sight.

B. A. E.

The report sent by our correspondent follows:

Attacked by an infuriated buck deer, Fred O'Brien, of South Barre, narrowly escaped being stamped and gored to death yesterday, and Charles Marr, owner of the animal, was also knocked down and trampled on, while the animal, in his struggle with seven men, was killed. Either his neck was broken or he was strangled to death. The buck was a beautiful creature, weighing 225 pounds and having a fine pair of antlers. He was one of a herd of six deer, which have been kept by Mr. Marr in a large enclosure at South Barre. The old ones of the herd were caught several years ago while young. The State Commissioner gave Mr. Marr permission to keep them. The family has grown since then until there are now four young deer. The animals have been very tame, but this fall "Ben," the old buck, developed a bad case of temper. Still it was not thought that he would attack their keeper, Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. O'Brien went to the inclosure yesterday with a bushel of beets and potatoes, the usual meal of the animals, and opened the gate. "Faun," the mother of the herd, is always the first one to eat. She took one nibble out of the basket, and "Ben" charged her and Mr. O'Brien in the open gate. The attack was so unexpected that both the doe and Mr. O'Brien were unable to get out of the way. The collision sent the doe floundering against the keeper and knocked him down. The buck then rushed out of the pen and charged the prostrate man, goring him repeatedly. Mrs. O'Brien, who lives close by, was attracted by the noise, and she hastily summoned a neighbor, Mr. Owen. It was none too soon, for Mr. O'Brien would have been killed in a short time. He was finally pulled away from the infuriated animal.

With the aid of several others, "Ben" was forced into the pen. Mr. Marr was called up from this city, and the doe was captured and put back. Thinking that the buck might have gotten over his anger, Mr. Marr stepped inside the gate and walked in for a short distance. As soon as the buck saw him he charged and bowled Mr. Marr over like a nine-pin. But there was plenty of help present then. In fact, almost the entire village of South Barre had been attracted to the place. Mr. Marr was pulled out from under the animal. Thus robbed of his victim, "Ben" made a mad rush against the gate, which gave way before him, allowing him his liberty once more.

Ropes were brought and by the combined strength of seven men "Ben" was finally secured. But he struggled so hard that it broke his neck or strangled him. The animal was five years old, and weighed, dressed, 160 pounds.

Mr. O'Brien's injuries were attended to by a physician. He was not hurt bad enough to confine him to bed, but his escape was remarkable.

Wild Pigeon Redivivus.

Our morning paper gives the menus served at the principal hotels in town on Thanksgiving Day. One most prominent hotel, not to be outdone by the lesser important hostelries, includes in its bill of fare "wild pigeon à la Julienne." This is put into the menu as a sort of pièce de résistance.

What first-class hotel thirty of forty years ago would have even made a note on Thanksgiving Day of wild pigeon upon its menu? Wild pigeon that could be bought in the open market for a few shillings per dozen!

But what a change has come about! To-day wild pigeon leads all the rest. But then hotel menus, like other things, must be taken with salt. After having carp served to you under the guise and sauce of "bluefish à la maitre d'hotel," you can look for anything from a hotel kitchen. But where did the wild pigeon on that bill of fare come from? Thousands of people have asked where did the wild pigeons go to—now with me it is, "Where did those wild pigeons come from?" If any pigeon roosts near town had been invaded and the slaughter of old with pole and fusee repeated, certainly we would have heard of it.

I rang up Sam Fullerton, our game commissioner, thinking he might know, but he said he hadn't seen a wild pigeon on his rounds for many, many moons and, like myself, he's wondering, too, where the wild pigeons came from. We are all wishing for a return of the swift flying plenteous birds, and there isn't a right-feeling one of us but who would do his utmost to see them legislated into security until they got a real good start and then be willing to have the bag (it used to be the wagonload) limited to so many and a prohibitive fine imposed for disturbing the roosts.

It's a good sign when wild pigeons, à la any old way, once more appear on the bills of fare—even if they were reared in some hayloft. There may be a few of the original birds left in the country in some out of the way nook, and who knows but some of us may live to see them in their migratory flight again darken the heavens and eclipse the sun. The hide hunter may be held responsible for the disappearance of the buffalo, but he had nothing to do with the vanishing of the wild pigeons.

The buffalos grew less and less year after year, but the wild pigeon vanished in a body off the face of the earth. Until a more plausible explanation of the disappearance of the wild pigeon is given, I am afraid we will have to accept the one of their being caught in an equinoctial storm and carried into the sea and were drowned by the millions. It is the most plausible theory of any that has been advanced as yet.

However, the same master hand that turned bluefish into carp has again put wild pigeons on our bill of fare. So let us treat this as a harbinger of hope and look once more for the coming of the wild pigeon, and if he does come we'll do our best to keep him with us this time and treat him as kindly as the game laws will permit. Charles Cristadoro.

Seashore Life.

Seashore Life: The Invertebrates of the New York Coast, by Alfred G. Mayer, Director of the Maine Biological Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution at Tortugas, Florida.

This is a book of 181 pages about the size of the Century Magazine, with 119 illustrations, almost faultlessly printed on excellent paper. It forms number one of the New York Aquarium Nature Series, and in the advertisement signed by Mr. C. H. Townsend, the Director of the Aquarium, it is stated that the book is a gift of the author to the New York Zoological Society, and that the proceeds from its sale are devoted to the increase of the collections of the Aquarium.

The title tells but part of the truth, for while Dr. Mayer keeps the invertebrates of the New York coast always before him, he has supplemented them by other invertebrates from all over the seas, so that in truth he has given us a very full list of typical seashore forms. The result is excellent, for instead of leading a novice to suppose or infer that the invertebrates of the New York coast are the only ones to be found, he leads him to a well rounded idea of the marine invertebrates as a whole.

The most striking feature of the work noticed at the first glance is the fidelity and novelty of the illustrations. Of the 119 figures, 111 are derived from photographs by the author, of living or dead specimens, and eight from hitherto unpublished paintings and drawings. This is an almost unprecedented showing in these days of "borrowing" from other books. Moreover, all the pictures are clear and characteristic, and this is sufficient comment for any one who is familiar with the time, skill and patience necessary to make good photographs in this field. Many of them excel the best possible drawnings in the wealth of detail and lifelike appearance. Take, for example the picture of the milky-disk jelly fish; or the star coral, showing living polyps.

Dr. Mayer brings to the work a long and varied training. He is no closet naturalist, but has traveled widely on zoological expeditions, and the text reflects this first-hand knowledge of the animals in their homes. Throughout the book we discern the enthusiasm of the old-time naturalists and never lose sight of the careful student.

The book is essentially a book of the "Nature Study" sort and is in no sense a text book of Zoology. Says the preface: "The work is intended for readers who may be unfamiliar with the technical terms in use among specialists, and consequently such terms have been avoided whenever a simple English equivalent could be substituted." Dr. Mayer has succeeded admirably in carrying out this idea and the book will offer no difficulties of this sort to the reader. In doing this, the author has avoided the opposite difficulty of "writing down." The book appeals equally to adults and to children of the upper grammar grades. It is equally interesting to read, on the beach with specimens at hand, or in the home of a winter night.

The introduction (10 pages) presents a summary of many of the broad principles that underlie the study of animal life, e. g., evolution, distribution, embryology, etc., and concludes with a short list of books on the subject.

In the ten chapters following, the animals are brought together in their natural groups as follows: Sponges, Jellyfishes and Hydroids, Sea Anemones and Corals, Starfishes, Worms, Brachiopods, Moss Animals and Corallines, Crustaceans, Mollusks, Tunicates. Each chapter opens with a general description of the group, after which come the detailed descriptions. In these the common name of the animal takes precedence; its economic value to man is always stated, interesting peculiarities are described, the life history and habits are fully presented, and the localities in which it occurs are named. Following the body of the book are five pages of references to books descriptive of the species mentioned in the text, and a good index.

The great merit of the book lies in the skillful selection from the great mass of facts and theories such as will give the reader clear ideas without taxing his patience. Between the text and the photographs the novice may not only idntify nearly all the specimens he may find at the seashore, but gain a good notion of the place they occupy in the animal kingdom, as well as a fair understanding of the general principles of zoology. The book is for sale at the New York Aquarium and by A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers. The price is $1.20. Charles L. Bristol,

New York University.

The Rattlesnake's Reproduction.

Tacoma, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As such an event as seeing a snake born is a rare one, and as I have never heard of anyone assisting at such an affair in a rattler's family, I will relate the matter for the benefit of your readers.

During last September I was camped with my family on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains, near Ellensburg, Wash. As is my usual custom, I amused myself by gathering in a few rattlers to nail their hides up on my barn door.

One of them, which was killed late one afternoon (too late to skin that day), was hung on a tree near camp until I could find time to do the work properly. The next morning there was a protuberance sticking out of a wound in the snake's belly, about the size of a small hen's egg. We thought it was only the snake's "innards" exposed, and even when I ripped her open this was cast aside with the entrails. One of my boys is a born surgeon, and critically examines every bug, insect or animal, to find out "why." So he was critically inspecting the off-cast to see just what this snake had eaten last, when he came across the sac and shouted, "Why, that is something the snake has just swallowed, and it is still alive!" I then looked at it more carefully and decided it must be a small rattler which the old snake had swallowed to protect it from harm. I got out my better tools and separated the sac from the other matter and discovered it was a true placenta and concealed therein was a young rattler. I ripped the sac open without extra care and placed the body on a piece of absorbent cloth, without any thought of his being alive, because the mother had been dead over sixteen hours. To our amazement the youngster began to quiver, and in a few moments expanded his lungs and tried to coil. But he, too, had been bruised in the killing of his mother; and after a few drops of blood flowed out on to the cloth he succumbed. By dint of great care I managed to skin him, and now have his hide as one of my trophies.

It had always been my idea, heretofore, that rattlers were hatched from eggs. But this was proof positive to the contrary, which I have added to by investigating many other females. Also, I have been repeatedly told that young ones appear only in June. From what I saw I am led to believe that they come at almost any time (except perhaps when the females are hibernating). The measurements of this young snake were: Length, over all, 8½ inches; circumference, 1½ inches; head, from tip of nose to back of jawbone, ½ inch; width at back of jawbone, ⅜ inch; button (which was fairly hard, even at birth), a triangular arch, which was ⅛ inch wide and ⅛ inch long. A. McL. Hawks.

The American Bison Society.

As an outgrowth of the activity of Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, who for two years has been advocating the formation of a society to provide for the preservation of the buffalo, the American Bison Society was organized on Friday of last week in the office of William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Gardens in Bronx Park. Among those who have expressed a warm interest in the movement is President Roosevelt, who was named as honorary president of the Society, and a message was received by him from the White House accepting the office. The officers elected were: President, William T. Hornaday; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Chas. S. Minot, of Harvard University, and A. A. Anderson, president of the Camp Fire Club of America; Treasurer, Edmond Seymour, of New York; Secretary, Ernest Harold Baynes, of Meriden, N. H. An Advisory Board was chosen, including the following: Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; Prof. David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University; Prof. Morton J. Elrod, of the University of Montana; Prof. L. L. Dyche, of the University of Kansas; Prof. John J. Gerould, of Dartmouth College; William Lyman Underwood, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Ernest Thompson-Seton.

The Society will distribute literature on the subject and in every way strive to awaken public interest and support, to the end that concerted action may be had to insure the preservation of the bison. At the convenience of President Roosevelt, an early meeting of the Society will be held at the White House.

One specific purpose will be to induce the Government to acquire the several small herds of bison now owned in different parts of the country and to provide for their transfer to such national preserves as may be provided for them.

The Yellowstone Park in 1870.

MR. NATHANIEL P. LANGFORD, of St. Paul, sometimes known as the Father of the Yellowstone Park, has just given to the public an extremely interesting original document, pertaining to the history of that national playground.

It is remembered that Mr. Langford was one of the first party entering the mysterious region, afterward the National Park, that had a due appreciation of its wonders and that took steps to impress upon the people of the United States a knowledge of these wonders. During the whole trip Mr. Langford kept a full diary of the happenings of each day, and it was on this diary that he relied for the articles that he wrote, the lectures that he delivered, and the information that he conveyed to Congress and to various officials at Washington, the whole finally leading up to legislation which, in March, 1872, set aside the National Park as we know it to-day. After thirty-five years Mr. Langford has at last published this diary just as it was written, and it forms a document of extreme interest not only to all who have visited the Yellowstone Park, but to every student of Western history. Here are set forth the varying points of view taken by these early travelers in that wonderland, and is traced the growth of their astonishment and enthusiasm for the marvellous country through which they were passing, and here we note that at last they return to the towns from which they started, to be laughed at and disbelieved when they told their tales of wonder, just as old Jim Bridges, and before h'm old John Colter, used to be laughed at for the stories they told of the wilderness.

The diary is prefaced by a very interesting historical introduction which brings the Park down from 1870, through the strenuous twenty years that followed, to the present time. While saying comparatively little about his own share in setting aside and preserving for the nation the Yellowstone Park, Mr. Langford is careful to give due credit to many other men, each of whom had some part in the good work. Among these may be especially mentioned in early days Assistant Secretary of the Interior R. B. Cowen, and, far better known, Senator George G. Vest and William Hallett Phillips, and in later times Major H. M. Chittenden, long the engineer of the Park, and the author of most interesting volumes on the West.

The book is illustrated by a number of portraits of men connected with the work and with a number of antique sketches, which are interesting. It will be for sale. Price, $1.

Frightened Animals.

CHERRYVALE, Kan.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two weeks ago a correspondent asked for reports on the action of small game in dodging the assault of hawks and other birds of prey.

Some years ago two of us were hunting quail and rabbits in the northern part of Kansas, and were walking along the railroad track when we came to a section gang, and inquiring of the foreman if he could direct us where the other party could get a jack rabbit to take to his home in Chicago, he pointed to an adjoining field, and stated "there was a large one that lived in the field, if a hawk, that had been after him for two weeks, had not got him." While talking he pointed to a large hawk in the distance and said: "If he comes this way we can soon tell if he has yet caught the jack." The hawk came sailing on and when over the field made a swoop down upon the ground, and as he rose in the air a jack rabbit darted out of the stubble and ran in our direction and the hawk made two darts at the jack in plain sight of us. As it would near the jack he would flatten himself out upon the ground, and as the hawk passed over him he would spring up and run toward us. Thus eluding the hawk he came quite near us, trying to get into some very tall rank grass and weeds by the side of the railroad. As the hawk was making his fourth dive a load of No. 4 shot from my 12-gauge Parker ended the destruction of game by that field robber, and before I could object my friend had killed the jack.

We noticed that the jack would squeal whenever the hawk darted at him, but a close examination of the back and ears of the jack showed that he had not been touched by the talons of the hawk.

This being the only time that I was ever close enough to carefully note the action of the hunted, I look forward with anticipation to the reports of other brothers of the field, who have had more and better opportunities to note the acts of self-defense on the part of the hunted.

W. F. R.

Food of the Ruffed Grouse.

A FEW days ago Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, the New York agent for the Polk Miller Drug Company, gave us a quantity of leaves and acorns taken from the craw of a ruffed grouse, which he had recently killed in Sullivan county, N. Y., asking that they might be identified. The specimens being sent to the New York Botanical Garden, in Bronx Park, New York city, were there determined to represent five species as follows: Some hair moss (*Catharinea augustata* Brid.), leaf buds of the black birch (*Betula lenta* L.), leaves of the hemlock (*Tsuga canadensis* Carr.), leaves of the false mitrewort (*Tiarella cordifolia* L.) and fruit of the black oak (*Quercus velutina* Lam.).

While acorns seem to be rather large for a ruffed grouse to swallow, yet we know very well that these are a favorite food for many gallinaceous birds, as turkeys, grouse and quail. We have all frequently seen the craw of the ruffed grouse stuffed with beech nuts or with chestnuts, and know that nuts or mast form a large part of the autumn food of these birds, just as in old times similar mast used to nourish the vast hordes of passenger pigeons whose wonderful flights over the country are now but a memory.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Game in the Yellowstone.

REGARDING the game in the park, their habits, condition, variety, number, their treatment and the results thereof, the acting superintendent gives the following interesting account:

"The proper time to see and study the wild animals of the park is during the winter, or after the snow has fallen on the mountains to such a depth as to drive them down into the lower country. Up to the present time there have been no proper accommodations in the park during the winter for taking care of those who would like to come in at that season, but in the near future it is probable that this trouble will be remedied by the building of a suitable hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs, within five miles of the main entrance of the park. After the snow has fallen it is not necessary to go any further into the park than this point in order to see all of the wild animals that are to be found within its limits at any season, with the exception of the bear. It has been only within the last two or three years that these animals could be seen in such close proximity to the Mammoth Hot Springs, and the reasons for this fact are due to a few simple changes in the park management, as follows:

"First. No dogs are allowed to run at large in the park, and when they are brought in by campers or others passing through they must be carried in wagons and kept tied up when in camp. It is a fact that any kind of a dog running at large, while he will probably do no harm to the game, will run it all out the section where it is ranging.

"Second. A fence about four miles long has been built along the northern line of the park, which excludes all stock that for a number of years has grazed within the limits of the park and completely used up the grass, which is now preserved for the wild animals. No stock of any kind is now permitted to run at large in the vicinity of the Mammoth Hot Springs, and where they formerly grazed during the summer elk and deer can now be seen feeding during the winter.

"In order to be successful in keeping wild game on any reserve, it is absolutely necessary either to preserve their natural feed for them or to supply them with hay, and even where the natural supply of feed is preserved, it is well to have a supply of hay on hand, in order to help out the weaker animals each spring, for there is always a period when the old grass is nearly all gone and before the new grass is ready for use which is very trying for all wild animals. It is for this reason that an effort has been made to a limited extent in the park to feed certain kinds of game each spring. The animals so fed are the sheep, the deer, and the antelope, and the results have been remarkable in at least two ways—it has rendered them exceedingly tame and caused them to recognize man as their friend instead of an enemy; and while they will not permit one to touch them, they can be approached within a reasonable distance at any time without their showing the least sign of fear. It has also resulted in a great improvement in their physical condition, and starts them off in the spring, when the females are about to have their young, in such good shape that few are lost from any cause.

"Three years ago a deer was seldom seen anywhere about the Mammoth Hot Springs, and only occasionally a few tracks could be seen in the snow, showing where they had crossed over the parade ground of Fort Yellowstone during the night. As a matter of experiment, and with a hope that some of these animals which passed through the post might be induced to come around where they could be seen, a few bales of alfalfa hay were scattered about the parade ground. The result was remarkable, for on the second day after the hay had been put out about a dozen blacktail deer appeared. The next day this number was doubled, and from day to day the number increased, until finally they numbered considerably over 100. It was extremely interesting to see how quickly these animals lost all fear of human beings, and even when the evening gun is fired within 100 yards of them they pay little or no attention to it, but show much interest in the lowering of the flag from the staff, which is located in the center of the feeding ground.

"The mountain sheep, which are supposed to be the wildest of all of our western animals, have also shown the same friendly disposition under the same conditions and have become even tamer and more fearless than the deer. These animals are becoming very rare and are difficult to find in any section of the country. It is therefore desirable that the few in the park should be carefully preserved, and their number increased as rapidly as possible. There are now about 100 of these animals that make their home at all times entirely within the limits of the park.

"Next to the mountain sheep the antelope are probably the most interesting and attractive animels that we have in the park, and, like the sheep, they are rapidly disappearing throughout the West. The park herd consists of about 1,500 animals, and seems to be increasing in numbers quite rapidly. This increase is due to the fact that they are protected not only in the park, but throughout the State of Montana. The summer range for the antelope is well up on the Yellowstone River and entirely within the park, and in old days their winter range extended far down the Yellowstone, and they seldom remained in this section after the first heavy fall of snow. The valley of the Yellowstone north of the park is now completely taken up by ranchers, and their wire fences running in every direction have completely shut off the old winter range of the antelope, and they are now compelled to remain at all times entirely within the limits of the park or very close to its borders. Last fall 800 antelope were counted upon the alfalfa field near Gardiner, and at the same time a number of smaller bands could be seen in the foothills above the field and on the slopes of Mount Everts, on the opposite side of the Gardiner River.

"The elk are by far the most numerous of all the large game and it is a very difficult matter to determine exactly, or even approximately, how many there are. During the summer nearly all of the elk pertaining to the neighboring sections of Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, range entirely within the limits of the park; but during the winter it is probable that at least one-half of this number goes out into the neighboring States, but, owing to the rapid settlement of the country and the consequent decrease in the amount of feed, their outside or winter range is decreasing from year to year, and each year they show a greater inclination to remain within or near the borders of the park.

"Few people know or realize that each year the bull elk shed their wonderful antlers. Many of these shed antlers have been collected from time to time and are used as fences for protecting the lawns about the Mammoth Hot Springs, but their use for such purposes has been discouraged for the reason that the average tourist, seeing them lying about in such numbers, imagines that there has been a terrible slaughter of elk in the park. The bull elk begin shedding their horns usually about the first of March, but sometimes they lose them much earlier, and others carry them until sometime in May. During the period when they are shedding and while the new horns are growing, the bulls are usually found in bands of various sizes, separated entirely from the cows and living peaceably among themselves. Later on, when their horns become fully developed, which is about the last of September, a change comes over their peaceful natures; they separate and are ready for a fight at any time. This is the beginning of the rutting season, and each bull makes an effort to gather into a herd all of the cows that he can persuade to stay with him, and it is the most interesting period during which to study the habits of the elk. The bulls are easily located at this season by their whistling. This is a peculiarly weird sound, which commences with a high, shrill whistle and ends with a roar. It is apparently used as a call for his band of cows or a challenge to other bulls. It is frequently answered by the younger bulls, which roam about some distance away from the herd of cows, but the challenge to fight is seldom accepted.

"A large band of elk, some 400 or 500 in number, makes its winter home close to the Mammoth Hot Springs. As long as the condition of the snow will permit, they remain on the south side of the ridge just back of the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, but occasionally they can be seen trooping down from this ridge, passing within a few hundred yards of the hotel, on their way to a lower feeding ground, and whenever this happens, it is said, you can look out for a big snowstorm. In passing from one feeding ground to another the elk encounter very deep snow, and this they pass through in single file, the strongest of the bulls taking the lead so as to break the trail, the leaders falling out one after another as they become exhausted.

"There are a number of moose in the park, but they are seldom seen, as they range chiefly along the upper Yellowstone River and in the southeastern corner of the park, which is a very inaccessible country at present, owing to the lack of roads or trails. The killing of these animals is now prohibited in the State of Wyoming, and it is hoped that they will rapidly increase in numbers and also move further up into the park.

"When the park was first set aside as a Government reserve there was quite a large herd of buffalo within its limits, but as there was no law or regulation prohibiting hunting for a number of years after its establishment, this herd was soon reduced to a very small one, and what was left of it was driven back into the most inaccessible part of the park and into an exceedingly unfavorable country for buffalo to winter in. There are now about thirty of these animals left, and they have been located for a number of years on the head of Pelican Creek. The only way that they can keep alive during the winter is by grazing on the few places kept open by the hot springs, for their range is very high and snow falls there very deep and remains until late in the spring. They could be driven out of that locality and possibly a few of them caught up, but it is more than likely that a greater part of them would be killed in the attempt. Instead of attempting to catch up the old ones, men are sent out early in the spring for the purpose of capturing the young calves, which are brought into Mammoth Hot Springs, raised by a domestic cow, and then turned out in an inclosure with the tame herd. With a view to preventing the buffalo from becoming extinct, in the year 1902 Congress appropriated $15,000 for the purpose of starting a new herd in the park. With this fund a herd of twenty-one animals was purchased and the necessary inclosures in which to keep them were constructed. The herd pur-

chased consisted of three bulls from the Goodnight herd of Texas and eighteen cows from the Allard herd of Montana. One of the bulls was turned out with the wild herd on Pelican Creek with a view to introducing new blood in that herd, but he wandered away from them last winter and died on the edge of Yellowstone Lake near the Thumb Station. The increase in this new herd has been exceedingly encouraging, and, including the three calves which have been caught up from the wild herd, it now consists of forty-four animals, which is more than double the number with which we started.

"The beavers are certainly increasing rapidly throughout the park, and to-day the signs of their work can be seen along every stream. These exceedingly interesting and valuable little fur-bearing animals have become almost extinct in the greater part of the United States, and should it ever become desirable to restock any section a sufficient number of these animals can, with the permission of the Interior Department, be provided for the purpose.

"The bears are about the only animals that the summer tourist cannot fail to see, and they are always a great souce of amusement and interest to them. It is a difficult matter to make some of the tourists realize that the bears in the park are wild, and that it is a dangerous matter to trifle with them. The black and the brown bear are exceedingly afraid of the grizzly, and with good cause, for they will kill and eat the young of the black and the brown whenever they can get hold of them. It is said the grizzly will also eat its own cubs, and for this reason the females always desert the males when they have their young and keep away until the cubs are large enough to take care of themselves."

New York League.

Annual Meeting of State Organization of Sportsmen and Incorporated Clubs.

One hundred and twenty-nine delegates, chiefly representing clubs incorporated for the protection of fish and game, attended the annual convention at Syracuse on Dec. 7. Most of the delegates gathered the night before, and much of the preliminary work was done at that time. Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner James S. Whipple attended the business session and was warmly welcomed. This is the first time in years that the Commission has been represented by anybody but the secretary, Mr. Whish, who is an individual member of the League, and the event was highly gratifying to the men who are honestly trying to preserve the fish and game of the State from destruction. A number of well known scientific men and sportsmen from various parts of the State joined the League at this meeting and took part in the proceedings. New York city was represented by Professor Hornaday, the Curator of Bronx Park, President Anderson, of the Camp-Fire Club; Robert B. Lawrence and John Christopher O'Conor, each of whom took an active part.

The keynote of the meeting was struck by President Hiram K. Wicker in his opening address to the delegates. "We are assembled," he said, "to consider what is best for the sportsmen of the State and for the people." He asserted that the game law, although now in the best shape it has been in years, has nevertheless too many exceptions and should be made a general law. He advocated fast steam launches for the protection of the upper Niagara and the St. Lawrence rivers, and more protectors to look after the enforcement of the laws.

Commissioner Whipple, whose method of speech is straight from the shoulder and much resembles President Roosevelt in this respect, gave an off-hand ten-minute address that fairly electrified the convention. He was not only given an unanimous vote of thanks for his address but was also made an honorary member of the League and received a pledge of the hearty support of the members in his efforts to remedy existing evils. The motion to make him an honorary member was made by Mr. Mowry, of Syracuse, who said that the sportsmen of the State are to be congratulated in at last having a Commissioner who is in accord with their purposes.

The address of Commissioner Whipple was certainly strong enough to warrant all that was said and done by the delegates after hearing it. He declared it most important that the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner should make the personal acquaintance of every man who is interested in the preservation of the forests and the protection of fish and game. He asserted that no Commissioner could hope to be successful in the administration of his office unless the hearty support of organizations such as those making up the League is given him. He urged the organization of protective clubs wherever any now are lacking, and the incorporation of such clubs and their final affiliation with the League, to the end that concerted action may be had on legislation. "Intelligent newspaper support," he said, "is most necessary in order that the people may be rightly advised and that public opinion may back up such efforts." He expressed the earnest belief that the majority of our people are deeply interested in such work as the incorporated fish and game clubs are doing. Speaking on this line he said: "I intend to act on this belief that the people want forest, fish and game preservation, and to follow it all through my official life. I mean to give the people a square deal." He concluded by pointing out the evils arising from squatters on State land and from trespasses, and pledged himself to get rid of the one and put a stop to the other. His remarks were very frequently interrupted by applause.

An important feature of the meeting was the report of the Committee on Law and Legislation, which was made by the chairman, Mr. C. H. Mowry, of Syracuse. He said the committee had been very successful in preventing the passage of bad legislation but had not been able to get as much good legislation as was desired. He advised concerted action to get proper men on the fish and game committees in the coming Legislature. In conclusion he roundly denounced Maj. J. W. Pond, the former Chief Game Protector, for playing double with the League and secretly opposing bills which he had voted to support in the meeting previous to the session. The bill for additional protectors and the bill to give certain special protectors the right of search were beaten through Maj. Pond's connivance, Mr. Mowry asserted, and he offered written and other evidence in proof of it. Former Assemblyman F. C. Wood, of Fulton and Hamilton county, was classed as Major Pond's associate in defeating legislation favored by the sportsmen of the State.

Considerable time was devoted to threshing out the bills which the League is to urge in the coming session of the Legislature. The Law Committee reported again those of last session calling for ten additional protectors; for fast power boats for the protection of the St. Lawrence and the upper Niagara rivers; for the right of search to be given to special protectors employed by incorporated clubs or by boards of supervisors; for prohibiting the possession or sale of grouse and woodcock during the close season, except for the first ten days of December in order to let dealers dispose of their stock. There was no debate over these measures, and they will be again urged. Other legislation favored by the League was as follows:

Providing that wildfowl shall not be sold or offered for sale during the close season: This was offered by Mr. J. C. O'Conor, of New York city, who asserted that the law is openly violated on Long Island where ducks are shot and hawked about the streets without regard to the statute. Mr. R. B. Lawrence, of New York city, opposed the proposition on the ground that the law is a dead letter and that it would be better to extend the open season to March 1 for ducks. In his remarks Mr. O'Conor charged Senator Allds with having held up his anti-cold storage bill, after it passed the Assembly, and thus preventing action on it in the Senate.

Prohibiting the use of repeating shotguns. This was repudiated by the League last year and its reintroduction stirred up the sportsmen. The measure was vigorously assailed by Mr. Mowry, of Syracuse, who urged the League not to go on record as opposing improvements in firearms. He favored limiting the shooting season and the number of birds to be taken, but said, "Don't let us try to limit the efficiency of the guns we use." Mr. W. T. Hornaday said that Mr. R. B. Lawrence, of New York city, who proposed the bill, had anticipated him, as he was about to offer something of the kind himself. He defended Mr. G. O. Shields, who had been attacked as the father of the measure, which it was said he used to get even with certain manufacturers who refused him advertising. Mr. Hornaday said the friends of bird life believe the time has come to limit the effectiveness of guns used in its destruction. Mr. J. H. Foray, of Syracuse, said he believed the Legislature can provide how game shall be taken, but he questioned the wisdom of such action as the League was being urged to take. Personally, he favored setting a limit to the bore of the guns to be used. President C. R. Skinner, of the St. Lawrence River Anglers' Association, feared the League would lose the respect of very many sportsmen if it took such action as was proposed. In spite of all the opposition the majority in favor of the law was large.

Repealing the law permitting netting in Cayuga Lake. The reason is that the fishermen take all the fish they catch, without regard to the law. There was considerable discussion of the netting evil and Mr. Foray, of Syracuse, wanted legislation to make the possession of a net on or near the shores of waters where netting is prohibited presumptive evidence of intention to violate the law. His idea was to have the net thus found destroyed at once. Acting Chief Protector Worts warned the members that such legislation would meet hot opposition in the Legislature and said that when Monroe county got such a law the lawyers held it was unconstitutional. Mr. R. P. Grant, of Clayton, said the United States Supreme Court has decided that a protector may seize and destroy such a net, and the matter was then dropped.

Game preserves were briefly discussed and the League adopted a resolution offered by Professor Hornaday, requesting the representatives in Congress to favor the appropriation needed to fence in the Wichita Reservation so that it may be safe for the herd of buffalo which the New York Zoological Garden has offered to the Government in the hope of preventing the extinction of the animal. It was asserted that President Roosevelt favors the proposition. Another resolution adopted was offered by Mr. A. A. Anderson, who was for five years superintendent of Yellowstone Park. It favors in the same way the creation by the President of game refuges in all the preserves owned by the Government.

The League finally took up the suggestion as to enlarging its membership and usefulness. An aggressive committee on organization was finally appointed and instructed to hustle. It was also decided to have the next convention end with a banquet. Proposed improvements in the fish and game laws were discussed informally with Commissioner Whipple, who pledged his support to the League and received its pledge of support in return. It was agreed that there are too many special laws and that a uniform law would be better if it could be had. It was recognized, however, that the law, as it stands, has grown up gradually and that many decisions have been rendered by the courts affecting it. For these reasons any general revision will have to be undertaken carefully.

The officers elected and committees appointed at the close of the session were as follows:

President—Hiram K. Wicker, of Lockport.
Vice-President—J. H. Considine, of Elmira.
Secretary—Ernest G. Gould, of Seneca Falls.
Treasurer—A. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay.

Legislative and Law Committee—C. H. Mowry, of Syracuse; W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons; R. P. Grant, of Clayton; J. R. Fanning, of Rochester; J. P. Rapalje, of Buffalo.

Organization Committee—R. B. Lawrence, of New York city; J. H. Forey, of Syracuse; E. A. Bowman, of Medina; W. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay; Llewellyn Legge, of Binghamton; John D. Whish, of Albany; J. P. Rapalje, of Buffalo.

Mr. Aaron Mather, of Bridgewater, was retained as head of the Auditing Committee, and Mr. James Annin, Jr., as head of the Committee on Biology. Watcher.

In introducing Commissioner Whipple, President Wicker said that the presence of such an official was not only a most unusual but a most welcome innovation. Commissioner Whipple replied:

"If my presence is an innovation at this convention, I am glad of it, because in the business in which I am now engaged unusual things must be done if we want to succeed in the work. (Applause.)

"I am glad to be here. It was difficult to get away from Albany at this time because of a highly important meeting of the River Improvement Commission, but an adjournment was secured and I came. I deem it very important for the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner to make the personal acquaintance of as many men in the State as he can who are interested in the protection of our forests, our fish and our game. It is much better to know who you are working with than to work without such an acquaintance, and no Commissioner can be successful, in my judgment, unless he has the hearty support of such men as you who make up this convention. (Applause.) It seems to me that there are two elements which alone will make my department the success I wish it to be. These are the backing of the honest sportsmen of the State, men like the delegates here from the incorporated clubs to protect fish and game throughout the State, and the intelligent support of the newspapers. The newspapers, if they act intelligently, can render very great service, but it is a terribly bad thing to have them spread a false impression abroad. Public sentiment is everything, and no matter how good a law is, if public sentiment is against it, then it is a nullity. That is why newspaper reports should be accurate. Take a case in hand, the Raquette Lake matter, where one squatter is to be ejected from State land. Through erroneous reports of the situation the public mind has been entirely misled as to the true facts. In a paper to-day I have just read a communication from a citizen who asserts that I ought to do exactly what the Constitution of the State says I can't do, and nobody must do—that is, grant leases. The papers say we are removing twenty-five squatters when the fact is we are ejecting but one, and his case is so flagrant that a Commissioner would not be fit to hold office unless he took cognizance of it." (Applause.)

Commissioner Whipple then gave a running sketch of the trespass cases and of the suits brought under former commissions, and said that the case of Carlin was so aggravated that but one thing could be done. "Carlin built his largest building in defiance of an injunction forbidding it," he continued, "and his contempt of court encouraged every squatter in the woods. It was my plain duty to tell him to get off, and I did it. The sheriff of Hamilton county was called upon to eject the man, and that is all there is to the case, yet erroneous newspaper reports have created a sentiment among the people that is decidedly harmful to their best interests. I believe that the people of the State to-day are deeply interested in the preservation of our forests, our fish and our game, and I intend to act on this belief all through my official career. (Applause.) The Governor wanted me to hold this place under his administration and appointed me to it. Once in the business I mean to do a good job. (Applause.) I may make mistakes, my ideas may not agree with those of other people, but I mean to do the best I can. (Applause.) I know the value of the work of such a body as this League. Stop such work for ten years, and strike our protective laws from the statute books, and you would not have a deer, a food fish or a game fish left. There would not be a single animal or bird to hunt either for food or pleasure. There would not be a fish left worth mentioning. From a commercial standpoint, it would be disastrous.

"But even such a disaster would be insignificant in comparison with the destruction of the forests of the State. Destroy plant life and animal life will have to go, water courses will dry up and great hardships will prevail. People do not yet realize the immense value of our forests. But when you consider that 800,000,000 feet of timber was legitimately cut in our State forests last year—more than all that was imported from all of Canada—you can see what is coming and how necessary it is to stop all illegal cutting. It stands the people in hand to buy every acre of forest land they can get (applause) and it is an imperative necessity to keep what we have left. The man who wilfully cuts a tree belonging to the State is as great a criminal as the man who holds you up on the highway with a revolver. (Applause.) You may think this is a strong statement, but if you do you will change your minds in years to come. (Applause.)

"If trespassers have not stopped cutting timber yet, they must stop it. You will hear it said that a trespass was caused by mistaking the line and cutting just over it. In my administration cutting over the line will mean getting into State's prison. I honestly believe we have stopped this illegal cutting down of our forests, and I mean to keep it stopped. (Applause.) I mean to see that the people get a square deal. (Applause.) At the same time individuals must have fair treatment. Understand me, we are not after the poor man who chops up a dead tree to get wood to warm his cabin, even if that tree is on State land. I have every sympathy for such a man, and we are not after him. The fellow we want is the rich man who violates the law, cuts the State timber for commercial purposes and then defends his trespass with a lawsuit. In all these cases we try not to be technical. We try to use common horse sense, just as we would in matters concerning our own property. I don't pretend to be an expert on all the matters connected with my department, but I do pretend to be a reasonable man with a disposition to do right. (Applause.) All we want is an application of plain common sense to the administration of public office. (Applause.)

"I know the value of the woods, for I have lived in them and my good health, at my age, is due to that fact. My advice to men who would live long is to get into the forest, go hunting and fishing. It will not only make them physically well but it will make them better citizens. As I said before, I come here to get acquainted. I believe in organizations such as this. I wish every county had its incorporated club to protect fish and game and the forests, and that all such clubs could meet in convention like this. Then the legitimate demands of the true sportsmen would meet with the attention they deserve, and all the people would be better for it."

At the conclusion of his address Commissioner Whipple was given an unanimous vote of thanks by the League and made an honorary member as an evidence of the appreciation of the delegates.

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prevents rust. Lubricates perfectly; 6oz. can, 25c.—*Adv.*

North Carolina Shooting.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 11.—Mention has been made of the fact that the deer hunting in eastern Carolina is especially good this season. This news is confirmed by that which comes from a hunting party in Jones county last week, which in two days got twenty-nine deer. Unquestionably, game of all kinds is now increasing in North Carolina. Protection is doing a great deal for it and the general symyathy shown by the public, particularly people in the country, in the work of the Audubon Society, is a sign that even better things are to be in the future.

There will probably be more sportsmen in the State this winter than there were last. In certain counties last season there were many, but they have a habit of going in a sort of beaten track, thinking that most of the birds are west of Greensboro, while there are probably as many, if not more, east of it. Very good bags are being made and the best hunting is coming on now, rains and frosts having taken the edge off the weeds and also made the cover less thick. There is a world of bird-food everywhere, and a great many peas are left ungleaned.

There are many birds at Pinehurst, not only in the preserves, but in the outlying fields which come under the jurisdiction of the estate by lease of hunting privileges, etc. North of Raleigh there is good shooting all the way to the Virginia line.

The winter has been open so far, with only one or two cold snaps and a few morning freezes, and the fishing has been quite good, particularly in the ponds. A car of fish arrived here last week, for use in stocking ponds in this vicinity. The black bass is the favorite fish, nothing being considered to equal it. Here it is always called by the local people, "chub."

News from the club-houses on the North Carolina sounds is that they will be well filled during the season. As yet the duck shooting in that section has not amounted to much, because of the fact that the weather has been too open and fine, and several parties of hunters who went there have been disappointed. The very strictest efforts are to be made to keep down fire-lighting, and orders have been given to make arrests of every offender. The swift patrol boats will be able to do good work, though there are some men in that part of the State who have long defied the law in regard to this matter and who will have to be sternly repressed. The game warden on Currituck Sound is one of the most determined men in the State, with twenty-five years' experience as a deputy sheriff, and never loses his nerve or fails to do his duty.

John P. Sousa, the great band leader, has been hunting in Vance county, about forty miles north of Raleigh, several members of his family being with him, and has had fine sport among the partridges. Both Vance and Cranville counties are excellent shooting places, as some northern men have already discovered. William H. Vanderbilt and Mr. Mackay have been for some days on their preserves near High Point, and have had very good shooting indeed. All the partridges are now grown. Not many woodcock have been killed this season. They are not shot in this State in the summer at all. There was a small fall flight of snipe, and a few yet linger here and there in the marshes, but none were killed.

Fred. A. Olds.

The Massachusetts Association.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the meeting of the board of management of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association on Nov. 9 it was voted that a committee of five be appointed with full powers to arrange to meet the delegates to the convention of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, to be held in Boston in January, 1906. Ex-President George W. Wiggin, ex-President B. C. Clark, Dr. George H. Payne and Mr. A. D. Thayer were appointed as the committee, to which the name of President Hinman was added. At the meeting of the board on Dec. 8 Chairman Wiggin submitted a report of his committee setting forth that inasmuch as it appears that the North American Association is one having aims and purposes similar to our own, and that during its sessions in January addresses are to be made and members of our Association and other similar organizations are to be admitted to the meetings, the committee is of the opinion that at some time during their stay in Boston it would be an act of courtesy on the part of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association to invite the members of the North American Association to a banquet to be given by our Association, and the committee therefore recommends that the State Association extend to members of the North American Association a cordial invitation to dine with us while in Boston. The committee also recommend that a similar invitation be extended to the presidents of the various kindred associations in Massachusetts to be present on the above named occasion. The committee further recommended that measures be taken at once to raise the necessary funds to defray the expenses of the banquet.

It having been announced that the time for the meeting of the North American Association had been fixed for Jan. 24 and 25, on motion of Dr. George H. Payne it was voted that the date of the annual dinner of the State Association be Jan. 25, so that the banquet to be given the North American shall also be the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

It was also voted that the president be authorized to increase the existing committee to a limit of eleven members and that the committee itself have power to add to its membership, and that it have full powers to arrange all the details in preparation for the banquet. Later in the evening it was voted that Col. C. W. Dimick, as chairman of the bird committee, be authorized to make necessary arrangements for the purchase, shipment and distribution of live quail. The success which has attended the December planting of quail by Mr. Taft in southern Worcester county, and the fact that the Association was unable to secure birds in the latter part of winter last year has induced many clubs to resort to December planting this year. The further fact that of 281 reports from Massachusetts towns, as stated in my letter of last week, only eleven pronounce the conditions good, has stimulated many individuals and clubs to put out birds as soon as they can be obtained, and to arrange for providing them with food during the winter.

Calls for birds are already in from Gloucester, Sutton, Rockland, Reading, Whitman, Middleton, Brockton, Bridgewater and several other localities, although no general announcement has been made of the fact that the Association has perfected its plans for securing the birds. We have come to the conclusion that the only way to make sure of birds is to get them when they are to be had, and are governing ourselves accordingly.

H. H. Kimball.

New England Deer.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Commissioner Wentworth writes that hunters of deer in New Hampshire have had a remarkable season. He says he was informed by a railroad official that on one train forty-two deer were brought down from Colebrook. The official report of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway shows the shipment for November of 2,187 deer, eighty-six moose and fifteen bear. For October and November, 3,728 deer as against 2,904 last year, 167 moose as against 163 last year, and twenty-nine bear, as compared with twenty last year.

The receipts of deer at Bangor on Wednesday, Dec. 6, were light, only numbering forty-five. Among Boston hunters with deer were Messrs. F. Crockett, R. K. Pratt, H. L. Cates and G. L. Hamilton.

Shipments for the week at Bangor were 229 deer and eight moose. For the season, up to Friday, 3,363 deer and 214 moose. To the same dates in 1904 shipments were 4,014 deer and 213 moose. For the entire season of 1904, 4,271 deer and 220 moose. So it will be seen that this year's record to the present time is in excess of the entire shipments of last year. The few days remaining to the 15th will make further additions to the deer record for the present season. It is said to be the opinion of not a few of those interested in the protection of big game that the season should be shortened, or the taking out of more than one deer should be prohibited.

Mr. Edward Lawrence, of Boston, has just returned with a fine buck and a moose. In the vicinity of Franklin five big bull moose were killed the last week of the moose season.

Dr. Styles, of New Britain, Conn., recently returned from the Rangeley region with a large moose, a fine buck and a doe. His companion, Dr. Johnston, of the same place, secured two deer. George E. Howe, Esq., of Boston, brought out two deer. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pierce, of Boston, got two deer each. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Robinson, of Boston, who have a camp at Chain of Ponds on the Megantic Preserve, have just returned from their annual trip. Mrs. Robinson shot two bucks and a cub bear, a record no other lady has made this year.

A sad shooting accident occurred Dec. 6 at Jerry Pond, sixteen miles from Patten, Mr. Sylvanus Hussey, of that town, being mistaken for a deer and shot by his brother-in-law, Frank Leavitt, of Sherman.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., had the good fortune to bring down a large elk in Corbin Park to-day. He was accompanied by a classmate, Harold Edgell, and the famous guide of the Park, Mr. George Brown.

Central.

The Maine Season.

Bangor, Me., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The big game season in Maine is not yet ended, but it is so nearly at its final day that one may determine the practical results from the figures now at hand. There remain but five days during which one may legally knock over a deer, and the season for moose hunting closed with the last day of November, after one of the most extensive list of results ever known in Maine's history.

During the month of November there were handled, on the trains centering in Bangor, 2,519 deer, ninety-five moose and fourteen bears, which, together with the 1,663 deer, 106 moose and twenty bears handled by the same express messengers in October, and a further list of 256 deer, eight moose and three bears in the first eight days of this month, makes the great total of 4,684 pieces of game handled on the trains of the eastern and northern Maine railroads. This is increased by a large number of partridges, which were not included in the records, the privilege of taking home a string of ten birds being appreciated by the visiting sportsmen, who, by a peculiar mistake in the office of the State Fish and Game Commission, were granted an increase in this privilege to twelve birds, although so scarce were the biddies that but few passed through the city with the full allowance of twelve grouse. One man only was seen at the Bangor station during the season with a considerable string of woodcock, and he had all the law allowed, which was his chief incentive for coming here to hunt. It seems he got the idea somewhere that he could ship ten or twelve of the birds for each of the bird coupons on his license, and was joyfully sending home the first installment of the newly-granted privilege. It was one of the finest strings of woodcock seen in the hands of an individual hunter around Bangor in a long time, and it fairly made the mouths of other sportsmen who were present water for a few samples of the birds.

There are various explanations put forth as to the great record of game killed in a season when conditions have, almost throughout the season, been untoward. Some claim that it is due to an increase of at least twenty-five per cent. in the number of visiting sportsmen, others say it is due to a great increase in the number of deer, others yet say that the long drought has driven the game to the water, where the hunter could sit in his canoe and shoot at his leisure. Whatever may have been the causes, it is certain that the months of October and November have exceeded in deer shipments any two months ever known since a record was kept of the game shipments through this city.

After the awful list of casualties with which the hunting season was ushered in it was sincerely hoped that no further accidents might occur to mar the rest of the season, but this was evidently too much to hope. During the past week another fatality has been added to the dreadful list which blots the game season of 1905, and S. P. Hussey, a business man of Patten, was shot and instantly killed by his hunting companion. From reports it appears that Mr. Hussey saw and shot, from a kneeling position, at a deer. His companion was only a short distance to his rear, and after he had fired the latter fired right over his head at the same deer, just as Mr. Hussey arose to his feet, and the ball struck him in the back of the head. It was an awful thing, and reopens the entire question of what can be done to reduce this horror list, which is added to with each succeeding season, instead of decreasing as the years go by.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association is to be held at the Penobscot Exchange Hotel, in this city, on Jan. 2. The meeting will be called to order at 4 o'clock in the afternoon for routine business, and after a supper adjournment will be had to a convenient room where discussion of various important questions will be held. Among the questions to be discussed, according to the announcement just issued by Secretary E. S. Farrington, of Augusta, are the following: "Are any regulations needed regarding the carrying of firearms into the hunting sections of the State, during close time?" "Ought non-residents be allowed to carry firearms into the woods in open season without having first procured a permit, or a license to hunt birds or other game?" "What, if any, changes are necessary in the close time for fish and game?" Every one interested is invited to attend the meeting, whether members of the Association or not.

Herbert W. Rowe.

Good Times at Barnegat.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Barnegat Bay is at present alive with brant and ducks; geese just arriving. There seems to be any amount of young brant that stool very well, although the black duck and broadbill in flocks are shy. There are enough of stray ones that will come to make a fair bag. A good caller seems more important in getting geese than the decoys, although, of course, they are necessary. Remarkably good bags are being secured by sportsmen from Barnegat—just plain Barnegat, sometimes called Old Barnegat or Barnegat Village, where there are several small but comfortable hotels, among them the Mullen House. Good accommodations can be had there for $2 per day, and meals are furnished at all hours; also a bus to take you to and from the water front without cost. A few guides, among many others that I can recommend, are W. H. and Charles Ridgway. A line written to the above house or else to the men will engage them. Their charges are very reasonable, being $2.50 per day, for which they furnish decoys and two first-class sneak boxes. They will also do shooting for you, charging only for the ammunition used. I believe better bags are being made from their vicinity than elsewhere in the bay at present, there being numerous good points, islands and seaweed that is almost covered by water at high tide.

Anyone wanting a few days' shooting for brant at a minimum of expense cannot do much better than by going there. No license is required, and all the wildfowl can be taken out of the State. The Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia at 4 P. M. and a train from New York arrive in the early evening. Leaving in the afternoon or early morning give one little if any wasted time on the outing. Would advise novices to take plenty of warm clothing and some wind-proof overalls, either of canvas or leather, and be sure the color is buff, likewise that of the hat. Invariably men I have met have suffered on such trips with cold feet, even when perfectly warm otherwise, and it seems to be one of the most difficult things to keep the feet warm if you are not walking. Leather or rubber shoes with any amount of socks will contract cold, and the most satisfactory furnishing I have found is the regular soft moccasin with four to six pairs of socks. But you must keep them dry.

Besides the good shooting one is likely to find, the sail to and from the ground is a great part of the fun. Large guns are the favorite with the natives, almost all using eight bores with corresponding large sized shot, but a good shot with a twelve gauge, using No. 5 or 6, seem to get almost if not just as many.

Stephen P. M. Tasker.

What is a Minnow?

Jackson, Tenn., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With several of my associates I have had a very heated discussion as to what constitutes a minnow. We have decided to ask you to kindly answer the question. I will be pleased to have you explain whether or not the young of larger fish are correctly called minnows, and also what the United States fisheries term a minnow?

Y. M. R.

[Minnow—sometimes spelled minow—is a general term meaning a small fish; and while sometimes applied to any small fish, even the young of larger species, the best usage does not sanction this. The word is allied to the word minute, small.

Strictly the term minnow is applied to a small European cyprinoid fish of the genus *Phoxinus*. In this country there are a multitude of small fish known as minnows, chubs, shiners and dace, most of which never attain a greater length than six inches; and most of them have no value as food. On the other hand, they furnish the greater part of the food of our carnivorous fishes, such as bass, perch, trout and pike. There are a few species which reach a considerable size, and so may become food fish, but in all cases the flesh lacks flavor and is full of small bones.

The carp, which is a cyprinoid, of course, grows to a large size and has a certain value as a food fish.]

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A Morning's Bluefishing.

BY WILLIS BRUCE DOWD.

THE season of 1905 was a very poor one for bluefish in the vicinity of New York. Old fishermen said they had not known anything like it in twenty years. At last, however, in the early days of October, word got around that the blues were running off Sandy Hook, and fishermen flocked in that direction day after day. One boat that put out from Sheepshead Bay came back with eighty blues, and although they were small, 2 and 3-pounders, this was enough to tempt other persons to try their luck at the royal sport of the sea.

One party consisted of four—Yentzen, who owned the Perry Belmont, an old but sturdy single-master that was doubtless christened when the young man of that name represented a Long Island district in Congress back in the eighties; Fred Bundy, a youth of eighteen, whose life had been spent around his father's fish and oyster dock, and who was an able seaman; Joe Black, a sleepy individual, with three days' growth of light hair on his dirty face, and one other, who shall be nameless. They were at Yantzen's restaurant, having breakfast of bread, raspberry jam, butter and coffee, at 3:30 in the morning, and they enjoyed that meal. Yentzen said they would get no more to eat until their return. The weather was cool but clear, and there was only a fairish breeze blowing. Never did the stars shine so brightly; Venus, Jupiter and other planets shone like lustrous diamonds among the myriad of smaller lights which dotted the firmament.

At 3:45 the party were aboard the Perry Belmont, which lay in the channel of Sheepshead Bay, and the small boat in which they had rowed out from the dock was moored to a floating buoy. They did not take a trailer that day. A few seconds later Yentzen got his naphtha engine going, and the boat pointed toward the inlet, for the open sea and the fish.

To the astonishment of at least one of the party Yentzen expressed considerable anxiety as to his ability to get out without running aground. The tide was going out, but it seemed to the "other one" that there was ample water for the craft, which did not draw over three feet. So he expressed surprise, but Yentzen came back at him with the remark that it was hard to steer in the dark, and that there were some shallow places ahead which were dangerous.

"Pshaw!" said the "nameless one," "I know this channel so well I could steer it blindfolded."

"Maybe," replied Yentzen, "but you and Fred look sharp and pass the word back to me every second or so, or we'll be aground."

Now, Fred and the "other one" were standing forward at the foot of the mast, and they were saying to each other what an easy thing it was to follow that channel; so they smiled when they heard Yentzen's outcry against a possible mishap. Every few minutes they agreed as to the next course and one of the other sang out, "Keep her off!" or "A little inshore!" as the case required.

At length they came to the inlet, and the narrowest part of the channel, where the outlook saw that Yentzen was steering too close inshore. Then both simultaneously cried out "Keep her off!" but it was too late; the boat's bottom scraped something; her bow mounted up, and she was fast on the bar.

"There!" shouted Yentzen, shutting off his power, "I told you we might have trouble. Now we've got it. Be quick with the poles for a shove off, for the tide is fast going out, and she'll be harder to move every minute."

There were a few minutes of intense action, poles shoved into the sand, grunts, pushes, positions changed, but all to no purpose.

"We are stuck," Yentzen said in despair. "It's no use, we are stuck."

"O, I don't know," said the "other one," "I am no sailor, but I'll bet we'll get off."

His courage seemed to stimulate the brains of the boys, who pulled off their shoes and stockings and were over the boat's bow into the water in less than a minute. There was not over a foot and a half of water where they stood, but five feet away, and under the boat's middle and stern, there were fathoms. All knew that, and "Nameless" reasoned that the pressure of the tide at the rear was equal to a lot of horsepower. So at his suggestion Yentzen and he put the poles over the port side and pushed with all their might, while the boys gave a lift with their brawny arms, and the Belmont was off.

"Lookout, there, boys," Yentzen said, "get aboard quick. You'll be in three fathoms of water in another second."

So they clambered aboard with the agility of monkeys, and after a few more soundings with the poles they helped Yentzen get the boat into the ocean water, and the party were at last fairly started on their journey to the Jersey coast. The wind freshened from the west after they arrived outside, so that they made poor headway with the naphtha engine alone. The mainsail was run up when they reached a point opposite the Manhattan Hotel, and, looking at his watch at that moment "Nameless" noticed that it was 5 o'clock.

He was surprised to find that at this hour the sun was not up. Day was breaking, however, and soon a bright orange color illumined the east, foretelling the rising of the sun, and a golden sheen glimmered on the rolling ocean. It was a beautiful sight. And when at length a big blood red globe seemed to emerge from the waters in the far horizon "Nameless" remarked to Yentzen, "That looks more like a balloon than the sun." So it did, but not for long. The bright rays soon came flashing toward the boat, the stars all disappeared, and the miracle of the creation of another day had been wrought before their eyes.

They headed for the Atlantic Highlands, across Gedney's Channel, but the wind from the west had grown so strong and the sea so rough by this time that the craft began to roll uncomfortably and progress was not good. Besides, the outrunning tide was so swift that it made the steering difficult. At length Yentzen determined to set a bobjib to steady the boat and send her forward. He did so, and then she sped on her way delightfully.

Soon they caught sight of two schooners far to windward, but heading across the Belmont's bow. Their sails looked charming in the early morning light.

"What are they, Yent?" asked Fred Bundy, who was at the helm.

"Fire Island boats," said Yentzen, who did not seem to notice the familiar abbreviation of his name by the boy. "Nameless" noticed it, however, and Yentzen saw that he did.

"I've known that boy since the day he was born," Yentzen said in explanation. "In fact, I won a cigar on him when he was born—by his coming a boy—and I brought him up. You're one of my boys, ain't you, Fred?"

"Guess I am, Yent," said Fred, rather dryly. He was a solemn chap.

They kept a straight course, almost directly south, across the channel where they saw three Government dredging vessels at work, making a deeper passageway for the ocean liners, and they saw also many vessels, steamers, schooners and one full-rigged ship going to or coming from the great harbor of New York. Then they ran afoul of a line of tugs towing scows, going seaward, and they had to change their course, and run westward close to a towline, until they found a chance to go between a scow and the next approaching tug. This accomplished, they headed again south, and by 7 o'clock they had traversed eighteen miles and arrived at the appointed place. They were now in the shelter of the Highlands of New Jersey, and the water was quieter but still there was enough chop to make the men aboard realize that they were not on a pond.

"Is this a good sea for the fish?" "Nameless" asked Yentzen.

"Fine," he said, "we'll get 'em, sure."

To the surprise of the other men, Yentzen "fished" out some bottles, one of which contained about a gill of whiskey, and the others sarsaparilla.

"Better take a little," he said, "to keep the chill off."

The boys took only sarsaparilla, but the captain and the "other one" took a little rye with sarsaparilla for a "chaser," and the "medicine" was good.

Yentzen now fixed a trolling pole on each side of the boat, and attached lines and squids, and ran two other lines over the stern, and so the party were ready for their sport.

"Look sharp for gulls, now," said Yentzen; "we likely won't get any fish till we find the gulls."

"What have gulls to do with bluefish?" asked "Nameless" of him.

"A whole lot," he answered, "Nature is a wonderful system of things going together. The big fish chase the little ones, and these go to the surface trying to escape, and then the gulls get them."

"It sounds reasonable," Black said. It was the only time he spoke during the trip. His unshaven face made him shy.

"It is a fact," Yentzen added; "of course, you can sometimes make a catch without the gulls, but the best sport is where the birds are."

They spied a considerable number of gulls hovering over the water two miles north of the Highlands light and about two miles north of the Highlands lighthouse; so they headed for them.

"No good," said Yentzen, when they approached them; "they don't act right."

"How should they act?" Fred Bundy asked.

"Go up and down, feeding," he said. "They are simply loafing, waiting for something to turn up."

This was discouraging, but they sailed up and down the coast for several miles without any better encouragement. They saw two rowboats come up the coast, from the direction of Seabright, and cast anchor not far from where the gulls were hovering when they first discovered them.

"Those fellows are going to net for the fish," said Yentzen. "They are regular fishermen, and they know the fish are here." Still, Yentzen's party caught nothing, and they saw only a few gulls every now and then which were as often sitting idly on the water as otherwise, waiting for something to turn up. The monotony of sailing up and down was broken by the appearance of more boats on the horizon. Yentzen soon recognized the first one that appeared, although she was a full mile away.

"That's Ike Willard," he cried; "he's after the blues, too; heard about 'em yesterday."

Sure enough, it was Ike Willard. He hove down upon the Belmont and inquired what luck, as others did by and by, and when Yentzen replied "none," he began tacking in and out, up and down, as others were doing, in quest of the fish.

The eyesight of "Nameless" had always been particularly good, and he got a glimpse, as they sailed northward, of a vast number of gulls far ahead of the Belmont. He told Yentzen about it, and although neither he nor the boys could see the birds at first, he held on in the direction of them, and soon saw them.

"There are the fish," he said. Indeed, if his sign meant anything the fish were certainly there, for the number of gulls was legion, and they were acting "right" into the bargain. Anybody could tell that they were feeding.

"Sport ahead, boys," said Yentzen. But somehow, he seemed disappointed, he kept looking and looking, first on one side, and then the other, then ahead, for some sign or token which did not appear. At length, however, he shoved the helm hard aport, and said in bated breath, "Gee whiz! Look at them fish!"

Close on the starboard side was a sight to baffle descripion, somethings the like of which "Nameless" never saw or heard of before. For as much space as a hundred yards square the surface of the water seemed to be converted into a fountain. The fish were so numerous, and were splashing so furiously that they gave the water that appearance. The men were amazed and greatly wrought up by the spectacle.

In another moment, they were among them, and Ike Willard not far off; there was quick tugging at the squids, and when the four hauled in their lines, they had one blue and two bonitos. One blue escaped.

"Now jig," said Yentzen. So they stood on deck, jerking the lines and the bright squids at the end of them, through the water, and in a moment more they were hauling up weakfish, weighing from six to eight pounds each. The water was alive with them; one could see them plainly, and they were as hungry and as daring as wolves. It was afterward discovered that those caught had not fed that morning. In five minutes enough fish were caught to satisfy the most ambitious amateurs, and a variety very unusual in one school. Even Yentzen said he had never known bluefish, bonitos and weaks to be traveling together in that fashion. That five minutes was the limit of their catching except that they picked up two more small blues half an hour later, while trolling. But they had, all told, a fine catch; and, by a strange coincidence, as they learned afterward, Ike Willard and his men got the same number as themselves.

After the time of excitement and catching, Yentzen surprised his fellow sportsmen by producing some ham and cheese sandwiches and more liquids. When reminded that he had said in the early morning that there would be no more to eat till the party's return, he grinned and said that a fisherman could fib, fish and have fun all in one day.

It being now about noon, and no more fish appearing, the Belmont was headed toward Sandy Hook, where more gulls seemed to be hovering. The party aboard then got a fine illustration of the skill of the gunners of our army. They were target practicing at the Sandy Hook barracks. Every few minutes a shell went shrieking through the air—an explosion was heard, and almost simultaneously a spout of water shot up from the ocean showing where the missile had struck. Each shell was fired close inshore, safely out of reach of any boat, but the distance was several miles, and Fred Bundy said that as the Belmont was not armored, and as there was no guarantee the gunners might not shoot wild, he thought the path of prudence lay toward home. "All right," said Yentzen, "as there ain't any more fish, we might's well have no trouble."

So he headed for home, arriving at 2 P. M.

The Dominating Carp.

Fourth Paper.

EVANSTON, Ill., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Subjoined I present an excerpt taken from the Chicago Daily News of the 6th inst., which I am positive will prove an item of interest to those interested in preventing the entire destruction of our magnificent game and edible fishes in the great lakes of the Northwest. The article, which was a special telegram, says:

"Two fleets of fishing boats, carryiny between 85,000 pounds of fresh-water fish, nearly all carp, markcted their catch in Tazewell county this week. The big increase in the fisherics industry of Illinois is demonstrated by the enormous catches recorded weekly.

"A Bloomington firm of professional fishermen who make a comfortable living from the waters of the Illinois River, brought in 45,000 pounds of the catch, getting this immense weight in a single haul. They received $600 from a wholesale dealer for the entire catch, a profitable return for three days' work for six men. The catch was made near Henry, Ill. One shipment of six carloads left Tazewell county for the east this week, the bulk of the fish going to the New York market. The fish were packed in ice alive and sent out in freight cars.

"Veteran fishermen say that the carp can not be exterminated, and despite the enormous amount taken out of the Illinois river each year they are said to be increasing in numbers. The people of central Illinois are too fastidious to enjoy carp and not many of the fish are eaten here. Bass and croppy are the favorites in this section, but in the east the demand for carp appears to outweigh that of the salt-water fish.

"The catch of carp in 1905 promises to break all previous records. In a few weeks the principal dealers will prepare an estimate for the information of the Illinois fish commission, giving the amount they paid out to the fishermen along the Illinois River. In 1904 the amount was slightly in excess of $1,000,000. It is believed that the figure for this year will be fully one-third greater at least. Two thousand five hundred persons make their living by fishing along the Illinois River and their catch will aggregate about 4,000,000 pounds for the year, of which seven-eighths is carp."

The above is emphatic evidence which way the carp is singing its lullabies on the fluvial highway of the Illinois. They are so multitudinous that they crowd that river like the salmon did the Columbia a decade or two ago. Its banks at that time during the spawning season were crowded with the dying, and the dead

being those which had spawned. The carp is so remarkably reproductive that despite the immense number already taken out they are largely on the increase each year. It simply proves my table of mathematics presented in my last paper on the carp, viz., that from 1,000,000 carp as the original figure that in twenty years in compounding that sum the amount will reach the grand total of 1,181,276,000—carp enough to feed the entire world, with sufficient remaining to accommodate the inhabitants of other planets. But as plentiful and as cheap as they are, the dwellers on the Illinois and nearby carc not a fig for the carp which is sometimes called "The poor man's fish."

They know a "hawk from a hernshaw," or handsaw, for that matter, as some commentators of Shakespeare have it. They can realize on the fragrance of a rose the same as on the fragrance of a superior fish. Brillat Savarin, the famous epicure, says, "The destiny of nations depends upon the manner in which they feed themselves." Now if that doctrine prevails and we think it sound, I say, God help this country if it turns out to be a nation of carp eaters, and to that end the degenerate carp are being propagated everywhere.

We do not wish to be a Caligula or a Marcus Aurelius on this subject, as despotism in any form is not to be encouraged; but we do say that society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere. Because a few fishermen are coining money in dealing in carp, are we to give way to this greed? Let us do that which will bring most good to the largest number. The introduction of carp, aye! the cursed carp has only the most infinitesimal minority for its advocacy. However, if we must have carp eaters, let us present a recipe of "How to cook a carp," which we take from a pamphlet by Mr. Edward Harris, of Toronto, entitled, "Our Great Lake Fisheries a Vanishing Heritage." He says: "When fishing, if you catch a German carp, clean it and hang it out in the sun six weeks to dry. Then nail it to a pine board and cover it thoroughly with salt and mud. Let it stand two months longer, and then bake it two days. Remove the nails, throw the carp over the back fence and eat the board."

"Notwithstanding the above recipe, a baked carp heavily stuffed with onions and garlic, and eaten with sauerkraut, makes a good meal. This is the substitute the 'foreign element wise in their generation' have given to the people who have destroyed and are still destroying what once were the finest fresh-water fisheries in the world." ALEX. STARBUCK.

Pennsylvania's Good Showing.

AT the quarterly meeting of the Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania a report was read by the Commissioner of Fisheries, W. E. Meehan, showing the fish-cultural and fish protective work for the calendar year. The following is an abstract:

Total number of fish hatched and distributed, 141,527,128, of which 16,873,771 were game fish; 124,653,357 were food fish. Among the game fish were: Brook trout, 7,420,805; cut-throat trout, 70,000; lake trout, 1,000,000; black bass, 24,486; other game fish, 8,358,480, including 8,350,600 pickerel. Among the food fish are included 90,900 frogs. The principal food fish hatched were: Whitefish, 34,489,999; lake herring, 22,840,000; wall-eyed pike, 51,300,000; blue pike, 9,450,000; shad, 3,790,000; white perch, 2,125,000; yellow perch, 174,750.

The appropriation available for the year was $20,000. The number of hatcheries in full or in partial operation on Dec. 1, six. The number turning out the fish enumerated above, five. Number of hatcheries located but not built, two. Total, eight. Total number authorized by the Legislature, nine. Number of acres actually acquired for hatchery purposes, 133, including the two sites not yet occupied. Number of hatching houses, eight. Number of batteries, five. Number of jars available, 1,224—760 McDonald, 252 Downing, 212 Meehan. Total number of hatchery troughs for eggs and fry, 540—414 inside and 126 outside. Also eleven nursery ponds each with a capacity of four times a single outside trough. Total capacity of hatchery troughs for brook trout from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000. Number of breeding ponds in the hatcheries, 117.

On Dec. 1, for the first time in the history of fishculture in Pennsylvania, all the hatching houses contained eggs. The total number is 67,101,000, or beyond 7,000,000 in excess of the same time last year. Of the eggs in the hatcheries, 11,545,000 are brook trout.

During the year the fish wardens made 530 arrests for violation of the fish laws. They secured 430 convictions before the Justices of the Peace and the imposition of $11,992.50 in fines. Of the 430 convictions, 89 defendants took appeals, and of the 100 cases discharged by the Justices of the Peace, the Department took five appeals. The wardens making the above arrests numbered 59 regular and specials.

Warden J. Criswell leads with 82 arrests and 67 convictions; C. H. Nesley with 56 arrests and 49 convictions; C. S. Lowery, who ranks ninth on the list in the number of arrests, ranks first in the amount of fines imposed, the same being $1,490. He made 22 arrests and secured 19 convictions. Warden Criswell secured the imposition of fines to the amount of $1,395. C. H. Nesley was third with $1,110. M. F. Albert, fourth, $1,090. W. E. Shoemaker, sixth, with $1,080. Mr. Shoemaker made 48 arrests and 43 convictions.

During the year three cases relating to illegal fishing were decided by the Supreme Court, the Department of Fisheries winning two and losing one, the last being purely on a technical point.,

The Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania has just constructed a fishway in a dam on Pine Creek, Potter county. It is of the Cail pattern, thirty-nine feet long and five fet wide, inside measurement, with five compartments. The contract price was $1,750, and this amount was paid for out of the unexpended balances of the State treasury. This fishway makes the fifth built at the expense of the State since the summer of 1904. The other being one in the Venango River at Franklin, Pa., and the other three in Clark's Ferry dam on the Susquehanna, just above the mouth of the Juniata.

Fish Warden Criswell, of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, Nov. 28, arrested Captain Maher, of the tug boat Hingston, and four members of the crew on a charge of fishing in Lake Erie within the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania since the beginning of the close season. The boat contained four tons of fish, these together with the boat, which is worth at least $3,000, was taken possession of by the warden, pending a settlement of the case before Alderman Cole.

The Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania has added another hatchery site to those which have already been located or in operation, making eight now in possession of the Department of Fisheries.

The new hatchery contains at least thirty acres and is on Spruce Creek, in Huntingdon county. Besides a trout stream of about 10,000 gallons of water a minute which flows through the property, there is a spring which flows about 1,000 gallons of water. The hatchery will be devoted principally to the propagation of black bass and kindred fishes with a few million brook trout on the side. Mr. William Haas, at present first assistant at the Corry hatchery, has been appointed superintendent of the new hatchery. Work will not begin until next spring.

Freshwater Fishing in Japan.

CONSIDERING the geographical position it occupies, and its natural features, Japan ought to be an ideal fishing country from a fly-fisher's point of view, but unfortunately this is not the case, and the reason is not far to seek, for, except in certain remote districts, so excessively netted are her rivers and lakes that fish which might otherwise grow to a decent size and breed decent sized fish in their turn seldom get the chance of doing either. The consequence is that what fly-fishing and spinning is procurable in Japan is only so in places far removed from her centers of civilization, or, in other words, of her population, and as accommodation is generally sadly lacking in such places, the game, so far as an ordinary mortal is concerned, is scarce worth the candle. But on the other hand, no one need experience any great difficulty in getting first-class sea-fishing there, and very often, too, with quite superior native accommodation lying close at hand.

If bent upon enjoying fly-fishing in Japan a fisherman must hie himself away to Yezo, the most northerly of the four great islands that go to make up Japan proper, and though he will find the means of communication and accommodation there by no means entrancing, he will, on the other hand, find plenty of streams and lakes abounding in salmon and trout. The Yurap and Shiribetsu are generally considered the best salmon rivers in the island, and while the first flows eastward into the Pacific, the other flows westward into the Sea of Japan. In the lakes of Yezo, too, of which there are quite a number, *ao-masu* and *ami-masu* may be caught. The first is a pink-fleshed lake trout, and the second a white-fleshed one. Both take the fly readily, and are caught up to 3 and more pounds in weight. The best time of the year for a fly-fisher to visit Yezo is during the months of June, July and August. Unfortunately, however, those are the very months when mosquitoes and horse-flies, the pest of the island, are in full vigor and activity.

The two species of salmon found in the River Yezo are the *shake,* much like the ordinary salmon of Scotland in general appearance, and the *masu,* or *Salmo japonicus.* The first, though growing to a good size, up to 30 pounds in weight and more, will seldom look at a fly or spinning bait of any kind whatsoever, but the second is a decidedly sporting fish, and though never weighing much more than 10 or 12 pounds, yet it always is a game and hard fighter. The *masu* having only to be considered the fisherman need never take other than medium-sized flies with him, but what he does take should have plenty of color about them, orange and yellow, and be of a stiffer and more brittle make than the salmon-flies he would use in the home waters. And then he must not forget to drown his flies well, for a *masu* rarely looks at a fly on the surface, by which it may very rightly be inferred that spinning or trolling with live and artificial baits are most useful and killing baits with him.

Coming south of Yezo, to Nippon, the main island, a keen fly-fisher can get very fair trout fishing in its extreme northerly provinces, and though it is not quite so good as that obtainable in Yezo, it is, on the other hand, much more get-at-able. This is a very important point, indeed, and perhaps more especially so in Japan than in any other country, for camp life there is not to be hankered after for many and very obvious reasons. The Japanese are great and most painstaking cultivators, and wherever there exists a few quare yards of fairly level country it is either highly cultivated, and it may here be added—as highly manured, or reserved for some purpose sufficiently preventive of its being turned into a camping ground. And even supposing one did get permission to pitch a tent anywhere, in the courtyard of a temple, for instance, the chances are the whole countryside would immediately take a holiday for the purpose of viewing that tent, and what that would mean for its occupant may be easily imagined, for though our Far Eastern allies are most ceremonious in their manner, yet they are far too often considerably lacking in thoughtfulness for others when their curiosity is aroused.

Some hundreds of miles south of the northerly provinces of Nippon comes Lake Chuzenji, and though the intervening country teems with brooks and streams that ought to shelter trout, yet they do not. Chunzenji and another lake, Biwa, were some few years back stocked with lake trout from Yezo, but only those in the former will rise to a fly. This is curious, for both lakes were stocked from the same source and with the same species of trout, and so it must be that the warm waters of Biwa have destroyed the sporting instincts of the trout turned into it, for while it lies almost on a level with the sea, Chuzenji shelters enormous quantities of *iwana,* a small species of white trout, delicious from a gourmet's point of view, but utterly worthless from that of a fly-fisher's. The accommodation at Chuzenji is first-class, the village there being a great summer resort for members of the diplomatic corps at Tokio.

Though there is such an extrarodinary absence of sporting fishes from the rivers of Japan, yet it must not be supposed there are not other fishes in them. The *ai* and *yamame* are both small species of trout, and are found in all the rivers running through the warmer parts of the empire. The *haya* is a sort of carp, found mostly in mountain streams, and can be caught with a rod and line, though never with a fly. All these three fishes, as well as the koi (*Cyprinus hæmotopterus*) and the funa (*Carassius langardorffii*), and others of lesser note, afford the Japanese no end of fine fun and sport, from their point of view. The *ai* and *yamame,* if taken by the rod, are generally foul hooked, and the manner in which it is done is as follows: Armed with a long bamboo rod and a silken line, with about six feet of stout and stiffened and weighted cord fastened to the end of it, and with six or eight hooks attached to this at intervals of a foot or so, the fisher casts his line up stream. The line is then allowed to be carried down by the current, and when this has been done sufficiently far, the fisher draws it up stream and across such places he thinks the *ai* and *yamame* are swimming about in shoals. An expert at this poaching-like method of fishing will often, if he knows his waters well, hook two or three fishes at each cast. The *haya* are angled for in the usual way, the hook being baited with boiled sweet potato. The *koi* and *funa* are also caught in very much the same way, though some Japanese anglers bait for the first with worms, grasshoppers, cockchafers, etc. The warm months of the year are the best for *ai, yamame* and *haya* fishing, and the cold for *koi* and *funa,* which, it may here be added, are fonder of sluggish and still waters than brawling streams. The native rods and tackle are often exceedingly well got up; the hooks being the weakest part among them. The rods are invariably of bamboo, their socket ends are bound with silk, and are as often as not lacquered. The lines are generally made of the best silk procurable, and are dyed a rich red brown with *kaki shibu,* or persimmon juice. The floats are of all shapes and sizes, and not unlike those in use in English waters. The Japanese reels were, until the last eight or ten years, the most primitive affairs imaginable, but the native makers are now fast copying Occidental methods in this, as they are in so many other matters.

Among younger and robuster men the casting net is generally in more favor among the Japanese than the rod and line, and it must be admitted they stand unrivalled in the use of it. The net is very often made of silk, and a really first-class one costs a lot of money. When opened out it may measure anything from ten to twenty feet in diameter, and around its circumference are attached pieces of lead to make it spread out flat when cast and sink rapidly. To the center of the net is fastened a thin cord, some three to five yards in length, one end of which, when the net is in use, is looped round the left wrist of the fisherman. Upon the net being arranged in order it is hung over the fisherman's left forearm, and a part of its outer edge being opened out, he takes it lightly in his right hand. Before casting he will make sure that his feet are firmly planted, and then, turning his body from the hips upward, so as to face the left rear of his position, he will, when ready, swing round sharply and strongly to his front, and, with a heaving sort of motion, send the net over his right shoulder on to the spot aimed at. If properly cast the net opens out to its fullest extent, and, falling upon the water, sinks rapidly, imprisoning at the same time any fish that may happen to be beneath it. The fisherman then proceeds to carefully draw the net toward himself until the further part of the circumference has met the nearer part, and then carefully lifting the net out of the water he will remove all the fishes that may be entangled in its meshes. Ground baiting is sometimes used for attracting fishes to certain advantageous spots, and quite big hauls are often made under such circumstances.

The poorer class of Japanese, those who fish for a livelihood, employ all sorts of cunning and extraordinary artifices and traps to catch trout, *ai, yamame,* etc. They will sometimes build a rough dam or weir across a mountain stream, and erect upon this a bamboo platform pointing down stream and inclined upward at an angle of about fifteen degrees. The current in forcing the water up this platform carries the fish trying to go down stream with it, and any fish caught are left stranded at the top. A man on the lookout then catches them before they can flap their way over or back again into the stream, and, imprisoning them in specially made baskets for the purpose, keeps them alive and wholesome for days or weeks at a stretch. The *yotsu-de ami,* or four-armed net, is in constant use in the lakes, creeks and more sluggish streams of Japan. It is a square net, and may be of any size, from what a child can handle to a huge affair requiring pulleys and two or three men to manage it. It is stretched square by the help of two bamboos bent in the form of a cross at right angles, and fastened together at their center. This cross of four arms, or *yatsute,* is then attached by its center to the end of a strong bamboo or pole, which is itself again pivoted upon a short post fixed upright, either upon the side of a boat or driven into the ground on the bank. The net is lowered into the water until it nearly touches the bottom, and after remaining immersed for some time it is raised as quietly and quickly as possible, and whatever fish may have been passing over it are taken. Large nets of this sort are much used at night, torches being lit and held over them when immersed in order to attract the fish. The *yeri* is a kind of maze made of small bamboos driven into the ground at the bottom of shallow lakes and slow-running streams. The fish enter, pass on, and eventually lose themselves in the intricacies of the maze, and remain swimming around until removed by hand nets. The *koi do* is a bamboo cage, or basket, with a semi-circular opening at one end by which the fish enter. This opening is furnished with a hinged door made of bamboo spikes and hung in the same slanting manner as is that of the common wire mouse-trap so much in use all over the world. The trap is baited, and a fish desirous of entering, gropes his way in under the slanting door, and once in the trap must stop until the fisherman removes it. Such traps are weighted and sunk to the bottom of lakes, ponds and sluggish streams, and seldom other than mud-groping fish are caught through their instrumentality. The *nama-dzu do* is a long cone-shaped basket, about ten feet in length and about two feet in diameter at its larger end. After being crammed with straw and brushwood, it is weighted, sunk, and left at the bottom of rivers and ponds for days at a stretch, during the spawn-

ing season. It is most destructive to fish life, great quantities of spawn being destroyed each time it is taken out of the water, and the fish that are caught by its means are generally worthless as food for man. Beside the nets and fish traps here described there are many others in use among the Japanese, some being modifications of them and others not unlike those in use with our own fishermen and poaching fraternity.

The *unagi,* or Japanese eel, is quite one of the most important fishes in Japan, as well from a culinary point of view as from the fact that its capture and sale gives constant employment to, perhaps, hundreds of thousands of Japanese. Besides being largely taken in traps and nets, it is groped for in the mud of rivers and lakes by the aid of various spears and hooks. The highest priced *unagi* are mostly caught at the mouth of tidal rivers, and the instrument most commonly used for its capture is a sort of hook-spear, called *unagi kaki.* The spear end of this is shaped somewhat on the same lines as is a pastoral staff, though in miniature, and without its too decided curves. The hook is tipped with steel, and is flattened and sharpened to admit of an easy and quick passage through the mud. To the inner side of the hook are welded a number of small steel spikes about an inch in length. Having a long wooden handle, or haft, the *unagi kaki* can be used either from a boat or by a man wading. If used from the former then the gunwale of a boat forms a fulcrum, and if by the latter then the fisherman's foot or knee serves for the same purpose. The hook is plunged deep into the mud and carried forward and upward, and should an eel have the bad luck to get in its way the chances are it will quickly find itself transfixed on one of the spikes mentioned. Lifting the hook out of the mud, the fisherman frees it of all matter adhering to it by a sharp tap or two on the edge of a basket or tub carried for the purpose, and into which will necessarily drop any eel that may have been captured. The eels caught are then alive and hearty, and are sometimes so kept for weeks at a stretch by proprietors of native restaurants specially devoted to the preparation of *unagi meshi,* or broiled eels upon rice. A particularly rich, though withal a remarkably toothsome and satisfying dish, and the wonder is it is not introduced into England, for it would be a perfect godsend to our poorer classes there can be no doubt, as both rice and eels are cheap.

On some of the rivers of Japan the *ai* is taken with the aid of cormorants, and though many people declare this is a sport peculiar to Japan, I beg to differ from them, for the Chinese have used cormorants for fishing purposes for centuries, and what is more, their birds are far better trained than are those of their island neighbors. Both people put rings round the necks of their cormorants to prevent them from swallowing any marketable fish, but, unlike the Japanese, the Chinese do not harness their birds. The Chinaman's bird swims and dives unfettered excepting for the ring round his neck, and when he has caught a fish he cannot possibly swallow, he at once makes for his master's boat of his own free will, and after being lifted in is relieved of his catch. The Chinese and Japanese, however, act alike in rewarding their birds after a successful dive. But to return to the subject. The cormorants are caught young, and when trained and accustomed to their master's voice and presence, the Japanese rig them out with a sort of harness. From the center of this, and over the middle of their backs, projects a short piece of extra pliable cane, to which they fasten a restraining line twenty to thirty feet in length. A first-class fisherman handles no less than a dozen birds, and considering they are all diving and swimming about at the same time, it will be realized how very careful and smart he must be to prevent a general entanglement of the lines holding them. Unlike the Chinese, who make their birds work whenever a chance offers of making a good catch of fish, the Japanese work their birds only during summer nights, and then with lighted torches in attendance, in order to attract the *ai.* Having copied the system from the Chinese, the Japanese have added to it all sorts of curious ceremonies, and which, I think, points to the likelihood of its having been introduced into Japan for the delectation of some mighty potentate. At any rate, they are so Japanesey, that little wonder people have jumped to the conclusion the whole system is of purely Japanese origin. Under favorable circumstances the cormorants will work until they are twenty years of age, but by far the greater number of them suffer severely from rheumatism and vermin, and die long before that.—F. J. Norman, in London Field.

Fish and Fishing.

Fish and Game Preserves in Canada.

The Minister at the head of the Fish and Game Department of the Province of Quebec has plenty of difficulties looming up before him, not the least of which is the movement now taking shape against the perpetuation of leases of public lands for fish and game purposes, and, as a matter of course, against the issue of any more of such leases in the future. There are, of course, two sides to this question, and the rival and contending interests in the matter are pretty much in evidence at the present time. So many of the existing leases are held by American sportsmen and so many more of these latter are members of Canadian fish and game clubs holding similar leases that the present crusade against the continuance of these private preserves on public property is of serious import to many of the readers of Forest and Stream. Among those who take the strongest ground against the perpetuation of the present system are some of the railways. Not all of them take this view of the matter, and the general manager of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, Mr. J. G. Scott, for instance, alongside of whose line of railway there are so many clubs holding leases from the Government, is strongly opposed to any interference with them. The railways which are unfavorable to the leasing system are actuated by the fact that private ownership of the fish and game upon public lands shuts the door of large tracts of the best hunting and fishing territory in the Province to railway, sporting and tourist traffic. Of course this objection vanishes except where the leasing system has been overdone. That there are localities in which nearly all the available territory in which fish or game are to be found has been locked up by lease in private lands cannot be denied. At the recent colonization congress in St. Jerome, Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, produced a map showing where the entire country containing game, adjacent to the line of his railway in one part of the Ottawa district, was closed to the public. This operates quite naturally against the bringing of sportsmen to those sections of the Province, and when this particular case was pointed out to him the Minister at the head of the Fish and Game Department at once declared that he would do whatever lay in his power to put an end to such conditions. It is very wrong, however, to suppose that they are at all general. Hundreds of square miles of territory, it is quite true, are controlled by fish and game clubs or private individuals, but at the same time, the whole of such territory forms but an insignificant proportion of those sections of the Province containing abundance of both fish and game, which are open to lovers of fishing and hunting. One disadvantage of the leasing policy is undoubtedly the fact that it furnishes rival Provinces and States with an excuse for advertising that all their public lands are open to hunters and fishermen, while many of the best of those in the Province of Quebec are in private hands. Yet, the fact remains that even in this Province there are so many wild lands open to sportsmen that there is no possible chance for overcrowding in them, for many years to come.

To the credit of the private fish and game preserves of the Province must be largely attributed the gratifying increase in the game fish and big game in many parts of the country. But for their existence and work during the last few years many of the best fish and game districts of the Province would now be practically denuded of their fish and game. Especially is this true of the country traversed by the Quebec & Lake St. John country. Experience has proved over and over again in Canada that nothing cleans the fish and game out of a given district in shorter time than the operations of a gang of men engaged in building a line of railway through it, or the Sunday fishing and hunting of the members of lumbering camps which so quickly follow the construction of railways. In the country through which the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway runs, much of this work of destruction was prevented by the lease of a number of sections of territory as soon as the railway reached them, and in some cases even before they were reached by the construction gangs, to fish and game clubs, which both from interested motives and also because they were constituted as protective associations by the terms of their incorporation, were strictly required to enforce the provisions of the fish and game laws in the territory leased to them. Many of these club limits, which contained scarcely any big game at all ten or fifteen years ago, are now fairly swarming with moose and caribou. It stands to reason that the protection of the fish and game within such circumscribed areas protects also, by means of its overflow of big game, and the alertness of the clubs and their officials, the game of the entire surrounding country. It is a notorious fact that Government protection of fish and game has been nothing but a huge farce in the Province of Quebec. Such protection as has been worthy of the name has only been accomplished by the Government, by proxy, so to say. The Fish and Game Department has subsidized the fish and game protective associations of Montreal and Quebec, whose good work is well done and worthy of all commendation, and it has also constituted into protective associations all the members of the clubs to which leases of fishing or hunting territories have been accorded. Apart from the amounts collected as rentals for salmon rivers the sums received by the Government from fishing and hunting leases are comparatively small, and while the amounts paid by American lessees are about the same as Canadians pay for similar privileges—many clubs containing Americans and Canadians—the fact of belonging to such a club relieves American members from the payment of the ordinary license fee exacted from non-residents of the Province. As the Government is casting about at present for means to pay for a better system of fish and game protection, it is by no means improbable that instead of increasing the rental of fish and game rights it may exact license fees from all American, Ontario or New Brunswick residents alike, irrespective of whether or not they may be lessees of Government hunting or fishing rights, on the ground that they already receive value for their money, just as residents of the Province do when they pay rental for such rights.

It will be found that quite a number of important reforms will be urged upon the Government at the Fish and Game Congress, which is being held in Montreal as this number of Forest and Stream goes to press. The present bounty of $5 per head upon wolves is practically useless, and is scarcely ever claimed, though the number of wolves is so much on the increase in the northern parts of the Province as to be driving the red deer out into the settlements in many instances. It is claimed that this bounty should be increased to at least $15.

There is also an agitation for a complete change in the system of Government fish and game protection. At present small salaries of from $50 to $150 are paid to a hundred or more so-called fish and game wardens, who never think of doing anything in return for the money so received, regarding it for the most part as a pleasant little piece of Government patronage, for which it is their duty to be good party men and duly thankful to the men in power. The new Minister is to be urged to do away with the services of these men and to appoint eight or ten good guardians with decent salaries and place each of them in charge of a district of country comprising a group of contiguous counties. The Government undoubtedly requires more money to properly protect its fish and game, and is now casting about for the means of obtaining it. The railways say that the revenue of the Government would be larger if it leased no territories at all for fishing and hunting, but left the country open to everybody, simply charging a license fee to all non-residents of the Province whether Americans or people from the other Candian Provinces.

It is only fair to say that no proposal to make any large increase in the rentals paid by the fish and game clubs, will find favor with the people living in the neighborhood of these clubs' territories. To these the expenditure of the clubs means much. A large number of families are [illegible] more than half supported by one of these clubs. The clubs in the St. Maurice district spent over $15,000 this year for guides alone. One of these clubs has constructed no less than twenty miles of carriage roads, 150 miles of portages and thirty-five buildings, two of which cost $5,000 each. Many such instances might be given. One thing is quite certain. The agitation on the part of the railway companies to do away with all these clubs finds but scant favor with their poorer neighbors.

E. T. D. Chambers.

New York Commission Fish Distribution.

These figures represent the work of the Commission for the year ending on Sept. 30, 1905. In addition the Commission distributed for the United States Commission a total of 4,787,965 fry, chiefly of the pike-perch variety, and gave away fish at the State Fair to the number of ninety-six, making a total for the year of 171,759,998, as compared with a total of 111,667,830 for the previous year.

Brook trout	966,364
Brown trout	1,862,693
Lake trout	3,350,976
Rainbow trout	316,407
Other trout	45,010
Total trout	6,541,450
Total trout distributed in 1904	5,044,914
Increase in 1905	1,496,536
Frostfish	1,100,000
Maskinongé	2,025,000
Pike-perch	68,510,525
Yellow perch	31,011
Shad	2,361,900
Smelt	25,300,000
Tomcod	30,600,000
Whitefish	30,500,000
Miscellaneous	2,051
	166,971,937
Total in 1904	108,663,329
Increase	58,308,608

Prospecting for Black Bass.

Cherryvale, Kan., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some weeks ago I promised that I would soon go and take a day with the bronzebacks and make report of my success, but the season has passed and all of our ponds and lakes are covered with ice, none of them containing more than a half hundred acres of surface, and none over ten to twenty feet in depth, so that the bass are safe until another season, unless we have a warm spell, which we usually have, until about the holidays, and those who know where the bass have congregated in the deepest holes in the rivers and ponds, on bright sunshiny days can have fair sport with minnows. I had a boat ride of two hours on the Walnut River at Winfield last week with the Santa Fe agent there, Mr. Samuel Miller. We were without bait of any kind and just went prospecting over two miles of the stream near the city; and it was a delightful trip, even if we did not wet a line. Along the south bank of the river a land slide occurred during high water two years ago, and when the river was frozen over all of the trees were cut off at the top of the ice, and there were the stumps along a half-mile of bank just rising above the surface of the water, furnishing such lurking places as the bass love, in a pool where the water averaged about twenty feet in depth. As we passed one big stump after another and, by the eye of faith, could see the 4 and 5-pounders waiting for the minnow or crawfish, and in fancy had them hooked to a suitable split bamboo, and waging a battle for self-preservation, we derived as much if not more pleasure than we could possibly have had if at the end of our two hours' ride we had had a dozen or more captives astern of the boat fastened with bait chains.

Truly an experience of this kind proves the wisdom of shrewd Izaak Walton's maxim, "It is not all of fishing to catch fish."

W. F. Rightmire.

Fishing at Lake Erie.

Consul Harvey, of Fort Erie, Ont., furnishes the following on fishing in Lake Erie:

"The Canadian government issues fish licenses to parties all along the north shore of Lake Erie. I recently visited a Fort Erie man who has a lease of six miles of the shore between Port Colborne and Dunnville, for which he pays $600. He has six nets extending from the shore one and one-half miles out into the lake. The nets are deep enough to allow the lead line to rest on the bottom and the cork on the surface of the water, the outer end being forty-feet in depth. Each net has two or more cribs. The fish follow along the net until they come to the crib, which is about thirty feet square, the bottom and sides composed of small meshed netting that holds a fish of one-fourth pound weight.

"When the nets are lifted they contain from 500 to 2,000 pounds of fish which are dipped out with a scoop net, except the sturgeon, which are lifted with a gaff hook. The law requires the black bass to be returned to the water, but as there is seldom any inspector present the law is not enforced. The 100 or more black bass I saw taken would not average more than a pound in weight, while a few years ago the average run was three pounds.

"If the two governments would join and prohibit net fishing in Lake Erie for four years fish would become plentiful and of good size. Net fishing is not allowed in Niagara River, but the net fishing on both sides of the lake prevents fish from getting down the river, and Buffalo anglers have to go to Canadian lakes for their sport. The fish caught in the lake are sorted, packed in 100-pound boxes, and expressed to Buffalo or New York, where they are sold to the consumer for 10 cents per pound."

All communications for Forest and Stream *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

YACHTING

A Very Ancient Egyptian Boat.

ABOUT twenty-five years since there was disinterred and brought to light on the coast of Norway a vessel which excited much interest at that time and ever since, and on it and the things found in and about it much study and erudition have been bestowed. The Antiquarian Society of Norway took the investigation in hand, and a book published with the title "The Viking Ship," beautifully and very fully illustrated, gives a very minute account of every article included in the find. These illustrations include a well executed drawing of the vessel herself, showing the lines and details of construction. The vessel is supposed to have been built somewhere between nine and eleven hundred years since, and considering this, was in a remarkably well preserved state. The vessel is of surprisingly good and symmetrical form, and it will be remembered that a fac-simile of her was in 1893 sailed across the Atlantic and exhibited at the Chicago fair. Some years since, the sailing master of a schooner yacht told me that one of the small boats with which the yacht was equipped had been built from the lines of the Viking Ship, and was the fastest rowing boat belonging to her.

The writer was in Egypt last March and saw in the museum at Cairo two boats prominent among the exhibits. These were ascribed to a period 2,300 years B.C. They were therefore four times or more older than the Viking craft, more interesting consequently in this one matter of age, and not less so in some other features. The ends of the stem and stern were jagged and broken off, and in the one of which I took measurements the keel was partly gone, six or seven feet of the upper strake on the port side was broken away, but the form was otherwise well preserved. In an interview with the courteous curator, I was shown a book, printed in German, which gave an account of these boats, with an illustration (a perspective view), but was told that nothing had appeared which would accurately give the form of the boat. I noticed at once that the underwater bodies of these two boats had, in conspicuous degree, the essential features which have been commonly introduced into modern yachts only within the last fifteen years; and with the cordial assent of the gentleman in charge of the exhibits (Emile Brugsch, Bey), I engaged to take off the lines, which are herewith exhibited. The boat was, I was told, originally employed to convey to its destination a mummified body, and was then treated as a sacred vessel, and buried beneath the sands of the desert, from which it was disinterred about eleven years ago. I was informed that Mr. Carnegie had purchased one of these boats, and had it sent to this country, and that it was on exhibition somewhere—Chicago, I think.

The construction is peculiar; there are no frames, the planks are about 8in. at greatest width, of sycamore, 2½in. thick, fastened together by flat dowels driven edgeways through one plank into another, and again by flat dovetail pieces of the form illustrated let into the inner side of the planking. There are eleven thwarts (5 x 2in.) in the boat, each one let into the top of the second strake.

The boat, it will be seen, has a form very easy for propulsion, and a very small wetted surface. The curve of areas shows a nicely graduated under-water body, somewhat fuller in the forebody than accords with modern practice, but scarcely admitting of amendment in the after end. Given a different sheer, and a finish to the stern somewhat conventionalized, you have an up-to-date looking boat, and with or without these changes, if you put on a boat of this form a bulbed fin, such as came into use in 1891, you have at once a promising racer for this date, in a form conceived and built to over four thousand years ago. With the bulbed fin admitted, few men of competent judgment will, I think, be found to question that we have here for racing purposes a form superior to anything existing in modern times previous to 1890.

In this connection it may be stated incidentally, that by the recently adopted racing rules, the little vessel would have a permitted draft of 5ft. 5⅝in.

To further carry out the idea of adaptation to racing, it may be stated that such a boat would, by the rule, be allowed to carry 408 sq. ft. of sail in the 18ft. class, or 555ft. if sailed in the 21ft. class.

Her dimensions are:

Length—	
Extreme, to the broken ends	32ft. 2in.
L.W.L., as drawn	21ft. 2in.
"L" as per racing rule	20ft. 4in.
Breadth—	
extreme	7ft.
L.W.L.	6ft. 4in.
Draft as shown	1ft. 3½in.
Displacement	71½ cu. ft.

JOHN HYSLOP.

Boston Letter.

GERMAN-AMERICAN RACE.—The communication of the Kaiserlicher Y. C. has been received by the Eastern Y. C. and, as had been expected, it had to do with a challenge for the first series of races to be held at Marblehead. In greater part, however it treated of conditions to govern the holding of the trophy, and to the several clauses in the agreement between the clubs of both countries. The conditions were first proposed by the Eastern Y. C., some of which were accepted by the Kaiserlicher Y. C. and suggestions were made in regard to others by the German club. In the main the two clubs agree, although there are some other points which will receive further consideration. It is thought that by the first of the year all conditions will be settled upon, when a deed of gift for the cup may be drawn up, under which a challenge may be accepted.

DOUGLAS SCHOONER TO BE LAUNCHED.—The 50ft. waterline schooner, which has been built at Lawley's for Rear Commodore Alfred Douglas, of the Boston Y. C., was launched from the east shop last Tuesday morning. The new schooner is a well-turned, wholesome looking craft, and has good accommodations for cruising.

KIOWA SOLD.—Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has sold the 35-footer Kiowa for Mr. Charles L. Eaton, of the Boston Y. C., to Mr. W. H. Bradbury, of the same club.

KATHERINE II. SOLD.—Former Governor Frank W. Rollins, of New Hampshire, has sold his 46ft. waterline auxiliary yawl Katherine II. to Mr. Joseph J. Tootle, of St. Joseph, Mo. Katherine II. was formerly Alborak, one of the 46-footers brought out in 1891. She was designed by the late Dr. John B. Paine for Gen. Charles J. Paine.

NEW BOATS.—There is building at Lawley's, from designs of Mr. Fred. D. Lawley, a 102ft. cruising power yacht for Mr. H. F. Hanson, for whom the cruising power yacht Elkhorn was built a year ago. The new boat will be 102ft. over all, 94ft. waterline, 13ft. 6in. breadth and 5ft. draft. She will be propelled by a six-cylinder Standard engine of 300 horsepower, and her gasolene tank will have a capacity for thirty-four barrels, which will give her a cruising radius of about 1,000 miles at full speed. It is expected that she will show 16 miles an hour. This boat in outline is much like Elkhorn, except that there is more sweep to the bow. There is a deck house forward, which is used for a dining room and the crew's quarters run underneath this. The galley is next aft, and then comes the engine room. The tank is placed in a compartment formed by two water-tight steel bulkheads. Aft is the main saloon, forward of which is the owner's room. There is a double stateroom in the after part of the boat, below the after deck, in which the head room is 4ft. 9in.

There is also building at the same yard a fast cruising launch for Mr. Ernest B. Dane. This boat will be named Needle. She is of the Scout and Mirage type, having a low trunk, which is broken forward, the helmsman standing in the deck. She will be equipped with a Standard engine of 100 horsepower, which will give her a speed of 15 miles an hour.

In the same shop the keel is set up for an auxiliary yawl for Mr. J. H. Cromwell, of New York. This boat will be 84ft. over all, 57ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 4ft. draft. She will be equipped with a 30 horsepower engine.

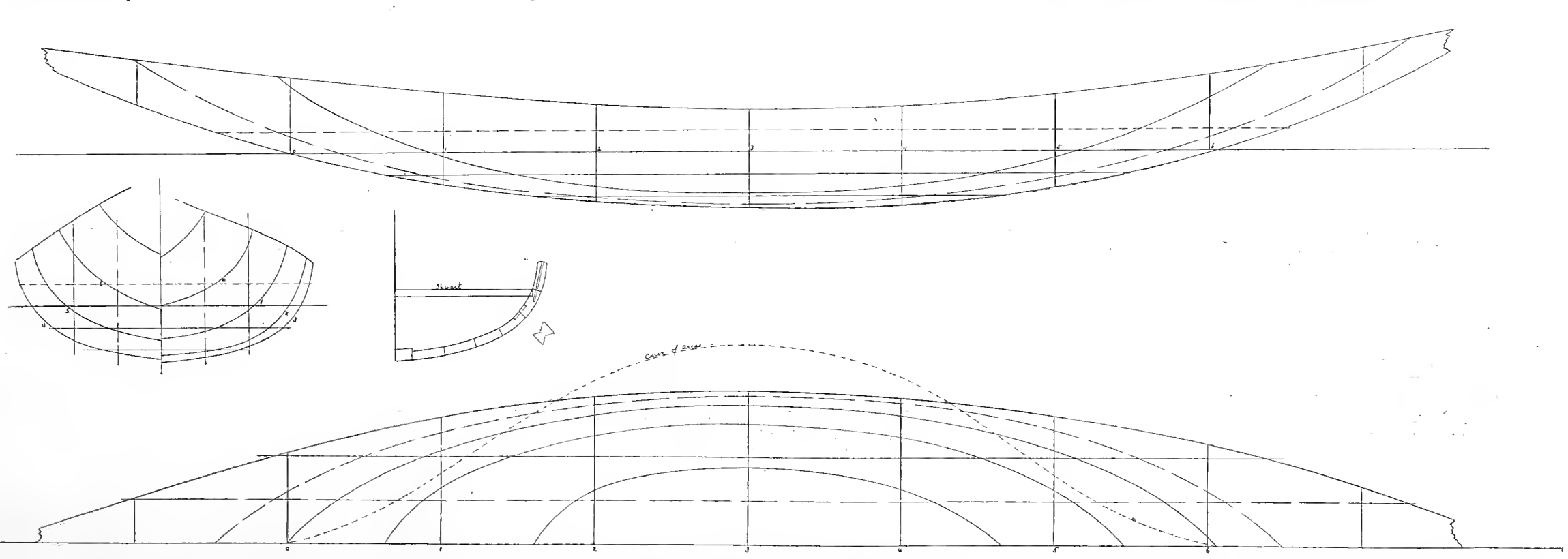
British Letter.

FIXTURES FOR 1906.—It is satisfactory to know that the fixture list for British regattas will be on a more satisfactory basis next year. The proposal of Mr. W. P. Burton, owner of the 52-footer Britomart, that the season should open with the Clyde Fortnight instead of with the Thames and East Coast races has been agreed to by the Clyde clubs, and a list has been drawn up which should prove far more satisfactory than any we have had of recent years. To commence with the Clyde means the saving of a fortnight, and this just makes all the difference in relieving the strain which has been put upon owners and crews by jamming up the fixtures so close as they were before and yet having idle time in June and part of July for those yachts which did not go to Kiel or the Clyde. In the present fixture list Kiel regatta is ignored—and rightly so, as the Germans have quite enough boats to run their own races now, independent of outside help. Ostend and Antwerp are included, but they are really British fixtures, as they are almost entirely run by British yachts. The chief thing about the new list of fixtures is that it permits of the yachts working the coast in a much more systematic method than hitherto. Starting with the Clyde on June 2, they then go on to Belfast, Kingstown and Plymouth; thence on to Dover, the Thames and Harwich. On July 14 the Royal Thames has its annual races from the Nore to Dover, after which follow Ostend and Antwerp. The rest of the season follows the ordinary routine, Ramsgate, the Solent and the West of England regattas. The new arrangement should prove a great success.

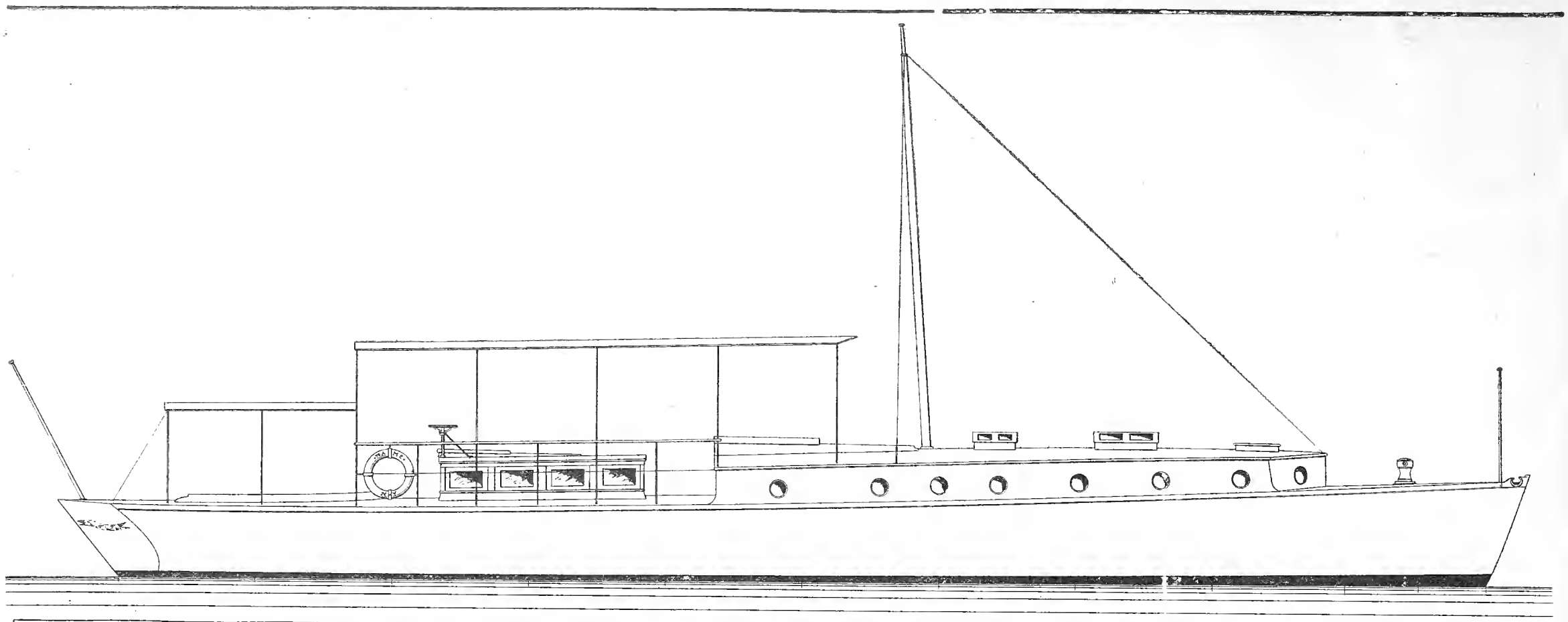
FIRST-CLASS RACING.—There is but little doubt that an attempt will be made next season to form a big class to sail under Y. R. A. rules and time allowances out of such boats as we have already, together with the cutter building at Gosport. It will certainly be a mixed class, as it will be chiefly composed of yachts which have been sailing under handicap conditions, and many of them are widely separated in years and tonnage. The following have been mentioned as the most suitable vessels: Kariad, Navahoe, Bona and Susanne, all bona fide racers when they were built; the Nicholson cutter and the fast cruisers Cicely and White Heather. Whether such a class would prove a success on Y. R. A. time instead of handicap remains to be proved. Bona and White Heather would sail on level terms, but nobody who knows the boats could doubt that Bona, although ten years old, is more than a match for the Fife yawl. Kariad is an unknown quantity, and the new cutter can hardly be called a first-class yacht as she is building to Lloyd's requirements. However, owners seem to be tired of handicap racing, and anything in the direction of a return to class racing would be more than welcome. The schooners would not have much of a look in except on odd days and the bulk of the prizes would probably go to Kariad, Navahoe and Bona. There is some talk of converting White Heather from a yawl to a cutter, but nothing is yet settled, neither is it known whether Bona, Kariad or Cicely will be in commission. It is a pity such fine vessels are kept hauled up when they would be such valuable additions to the racing fleet. The last news of Bona was that her owner was trying to sell her, and that people had been to inspect her with a view to purchase. It is to be hoped that Mr. Donaldson may change his mind when he finds there is a prospect of class racing and fit out once more the boat he has raced so many seasons with such conspicuous success. The experiment of forming a class under Y. R. A. allowance is certainly well worth trying, and will be almost sure to lead to others building to the class when it becomes more stable, although nothing much will be done that way until the new rating rule is finally decided upon.

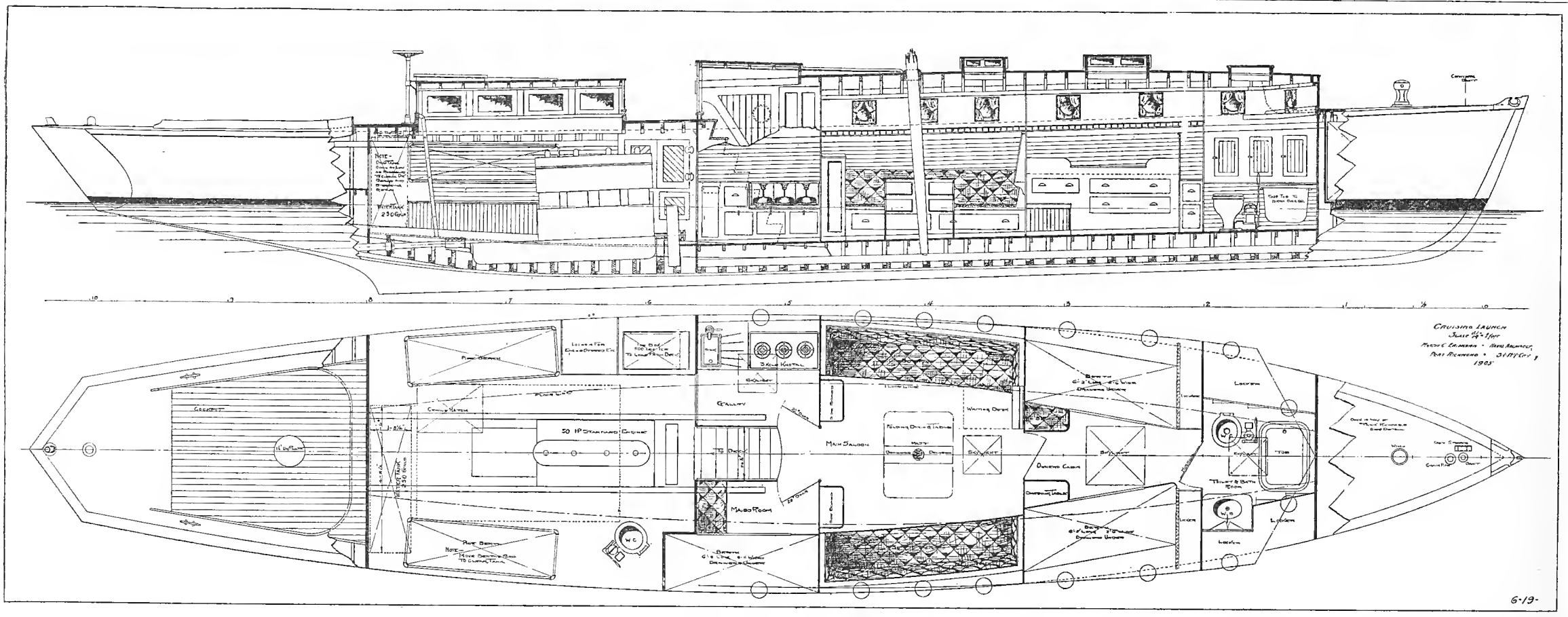
E. H. KELLY.

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LINES AND BODY PLANS OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BOAT ON EXHIBITION IN THE MUSEUM AT CAIRO, EGYPT. LINES TAKEN OFF BY JOHN HYSLOP.





CRUISING LAUNCH—OUTBOARD PROFILE, INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY MARTIN C. ERISMANN FOR SEYMOUR OPPENHEIMER, 1905.

Design for a Cruising Launch.

During this last fall Dr. Seymour Oppenheimer, of New York, commissioned Mr. Martin C. Erismann, naval architect, of Port Richmond, New York city, to design for him a cruising launch, whose plans we are pleased to publish herewith. The instructions conveyed were for a boat similar in some respects to a smaller boat designed by Mr. Erismann last spring. The length and other proportions were to be increased, and the accommodations provided for four berths, a maid's room and two men in the engine room. The minimum speed was placed at 11½ miles per hour, so as to give the owner opportunity to get as far away from the city in a limited time as possible. The interior to be arranged as simply as was consistent with a comfortable home during the summer months, and, above all, the hull was to be designed, constructed and described in such a way as would, within narrow limits, insure a strong, able and staunch boat with ample stability and seaworthiness. It is a fact, however, in the above respects that accommodations are often made most of, and a result very frequently met with is a hull unsuitable for the work, for, admittedly, a houseboat is not and can never be a racer and seek in those fields for such honors. It must be added, however, that some startling results and combinations have been obtained by men who were conscientiously devoting their lives to the developments of the yacht for all the varied services that the present enlightened and commercial generation requires.

As the drawings show, the boat possesses an ample freeboard forward and aft, and, for this type of boat, the most effective sheer is a flat one; but well marked by a heavy fender, thus carrying the lines as long and low as possible and producing an effect of trimness. The sides of the hull, in way of owner's quarters, are carried up flush to the raised deck, increasing the strength of the boat over what it would be in a cabin trunk, where the ties or beams are cut in three places, also adding greatly to the apparent inside room. About the engine hatch the deck is roomy and makes an easy and safe place to move about on; the cockpit aft is large and comfortable, and is really the outside living room of the boat.

Forward, under the deck, is located a gasolene tank for 250 gallons of fuel, giving the boat a large cruising radius. This tank, being entirely isolated from the ship in this wise, it is ventilated and drained to the sea, insuring absolute safety.

Immediately aft of the tank compartment is located a toilet and bathroom. The tub is raised to give sufficient head room to sit in the bath, and it also adds somewhat to space and locker room; the plumbing is to be of the best open type. Aft of bathroom is located the owner's or ladies' cabin, fitted with berths on each side, with drawers under and hanging lockers at forward end. Still aft of the owner's cabin is situated the main saloon, which is about 8ft. long; on each side are placed large comfortable sofas which at night will make up into berths, and there are provided a writing desk, book rack, dining table and dresser, spaces for napery and silver. Aft of the saloon on starboard side is located a stateroom for either a guest or maid, and on the port side a galley of good proportions, allowing the cook a needed amount of comfort to do his work, which, in all yachts, is rather arduous from the cramped quarters.

The galley is equipped in the best manner with oil-burning stove, porcelain-lined, ice-box, etc. The engine room is large and well ventilated, and, besides containing an engine of 50 horsepower, will have a small electric lighting plant, and there will be two pipe berths for the crew and a toilet. The after end of the forecastle will be taken up with the ship's water tank. The joiner work will be simple. The fronts of berths and furniture of mahogany to above a line about 3ft. from the floor; the woodwork will be enameled white, giving the owner's quarters a very pleasing and light appearance. The upholstery will be done in either yellow or the conventional green. The panels of doors, etc., will be of pine, but left bright and varnished, giving relief to the eye and breaking the white paneled surfaces.

The hull is to be painted white, the sides of the raised deck of mahogany, as will be also the rest of the deckwork, but the top of cabin house will be painted a suitable green, as in the bright sunshine of the summers in this vicinity white is often very trying to the eyes. Awnings of the double type are to be fitted.

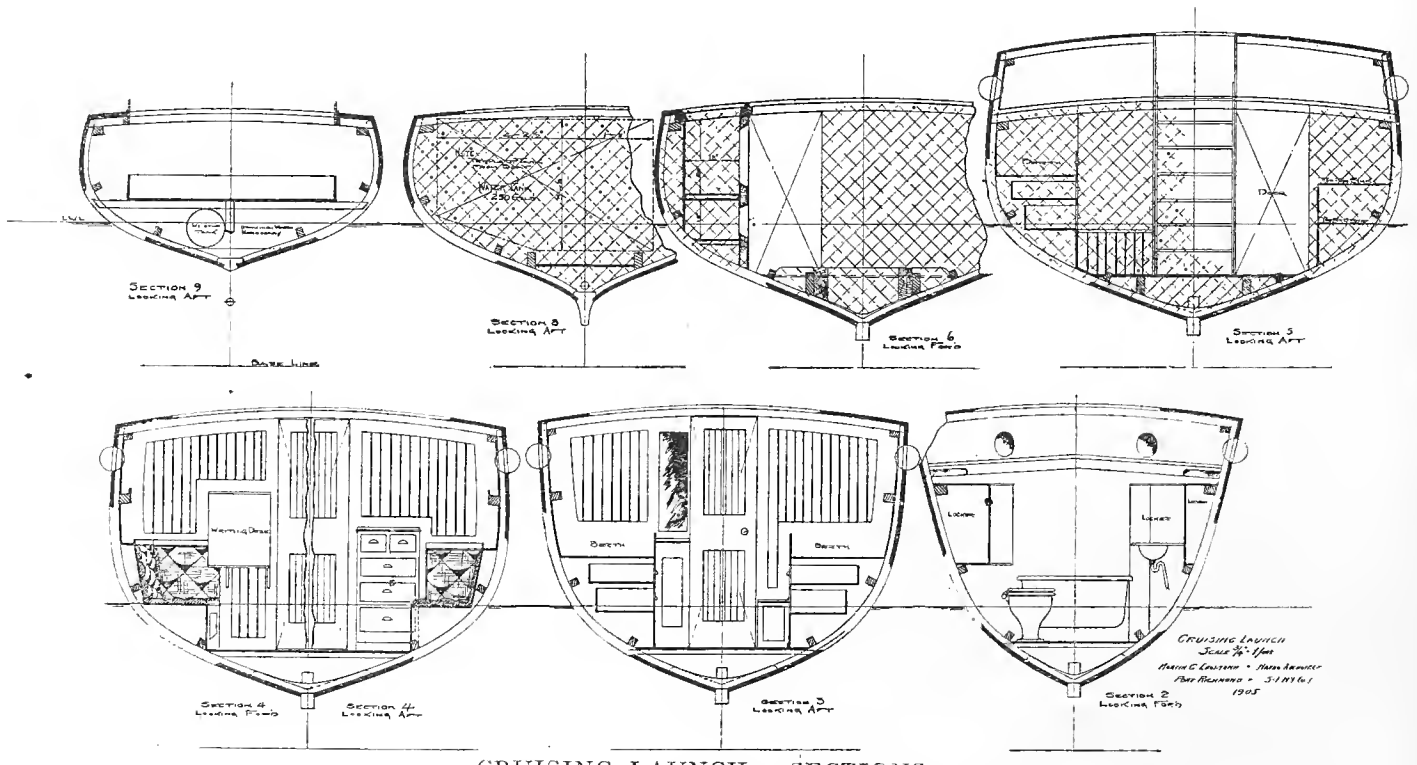
A signal mast is fitted to have a small square sail and in runs where favorable winds may be taken advantage of the sail will be set. This will add greatly to the comfort of those aboard and reduce the rolling.

The construction will consist of oak frames and yellow pine longitudinals and cedar planking, and will be copper fastened throughout. The deadwoods also to be of oak, and all the work will be of the best class of yacht work.

The boat will be in commission, it is expected, early in the season of 1906 and will prove a very handsome addition to the already large fleet of launches in these waters.

The dimensions of the boat follow:

Length—		
Over all	61ft.	3in.
L.W.L.	57ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	1ft.	9in.
Aft	2ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	11ft.	7in.
L.W.L.	10ft.	11in.
At deck	11ft.	2in.



CRUISING LAUNCH—SECTIONS.

Designed by Martin C. Erismann for Seymour Oppenheimer, 1905.

Draft—		
Extreme	3ft.	8in.
To rabbet	2ft.	10½in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	4ft.	4in.
Least	3ft.	
Aft	3ft.	1½in.

Mr. Erismann is one of the younger naval architects to begin business on his own account. He has completed for the Model Committee of the New York Y. C. drawings of such famous old schooners as Vesta, Henrietta and Fleetwing, who in 1866 raced in mid-winter across the Atlantic. These drawings were made from all the available data obtainable and have required a year to finish, and now they are to go to the model makers and full-rigged models will be made. It will be remembered that this is a gift of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who owned Henrietta, and was one of the principals in the famous race.

Mr. Erismann has designed a number of boats which are now under construction, among which is a boat for a speed of 23 miles an hour to be fitted with a steam turbine. This boat is the smallest of this remarkable type so fast displacing, for certain purposes, where speed is required, the reciprocating engine.

Mr. Erismann's experience has been, for so young a man, long and varied, and includes all kinds of work in the drawing office and yards in this country and study abroad. We would say in conclusion, and we have had occasion to speak of it before, that all the work we had the pleasure of seeing from Mr. Erismann's office has been far in advance of that generally seen, and at no very distant time it will compare very favorably with the work of the naval architects of Europe.

BRIGAND AND HARELDA SOLD.—Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold the cruising sloop Brigand, owned by N. C. Nash, of Cambridge, Mass., to Dr. F. I. Proctor, of Boston; also, the knockabout Harelda, owned by James Weld Carrot, of Cambridge, Mass., to Joseph A. Will, of Dorchester, Mass.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

THE "LONE MARINER" TO ROUND CAPE HORN.—Capt. Adolph L. Frietsch, the "Lone Mariner," who has sailed alone to almost every port in the world in a little open boat, covering nearly 50,000 miles on the high seas during the past few years, left Jackson this morning for Gulfport, Miss., where he will make an effort to repair his boat, the Ada S., and start on a long cruise in Southern waters, says the Jackson, Miss., correspondent in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Captain Frietsch spent the past week in Jackson taking in the exposition. His stay in this city was the longest period he has spent away from the ocean for many years, and he is anxious to ascertain the exact amount of damage sustained by his little boat, which was beached near Gulfport during the recent storm along the Mississippi coast.

During his Southern voyage, Captain Frietsch will touch at Central and South American points and, as usual, he will make the trip alone. He expects to round Cape Horn within three months after setting sail from Gulfport.

* * *

NEW AUXILIARY BUGEYE.—Mr. A. A. Blow, of North River, Chesapeake Bay, has commissioned the Williams-Whittelsey Co., Steinway, Long Island City, to build for him an auxiliary bugeye. It is a rather unusual thing for a boat of this type to be constructed in a Northern yard, and for that reason she will attract more than ordinary attention. The boat will be 70ft. long, 14ft. breadth and 4ft. draft. The frames are of oak and the planking is of yellow pine. All the finish on deck is of mahogany. The motive power consists of a 50 horsepower Standard engine and a speed of over 11 miles is expected. This new boat, which will replace Mr. Blow's Kosagaas, will be used for cruising on the Chesapeake. She will be completed and ready for delivery by May 1, 1906.

A CORRECTION.—In our description of the new schooner building for Mr. Henry A. Morss, Vice-Commodore of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, that appeared in our issue of Dec. 9, we stated that the boat's over all length was 95ft. 3in. This was an error, as the boat is 85ft. 3in. on deck. We are glad of an opportunity of correcting this mistake.

* * *

PAVONIA Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Pavonia Y. C., of Bayonne, N. J., held recently, the following officers were elected: Com., William E. Thorpe; Vice-Com., Frank Mullins; Rear-Com., D. C. N. Collins; Cor. Sec., Henry Smith; Fin. Sec., John Wilson; Treas., Claudius Harz; Meas., R. W. Baughn. The club will hold its annual dinner on Jan. 7.

* * *

ANEMONE'S LONG VOYAGE.—Mr. Charles L. Tutt, a member of the South Coast Y. C., of San Diego, Cal., has purchased through Manning's Yacht Agency the fine British-built auxiliary ketch Anemone from the estate of the late John Murray Mitchell. Anemone left Erie Basin on Dec. 12, and, after adjusting compasses, started on her long voyage around Cape Horn to San Diego. She is in charge of Capt. H. Lindeberg, and it is expected that about four months will be consumed in making the voyage. The start is being made at the best possible time, as she will reach southern latitudes when the days are longest. Anemone is one of the finest cruising yachts afloat and she is just the vessel to make this trip. She was designed by Mr. A. H. Brown and built by Messrs. Camper & Nicholson, at Gosport, England, in 1899. Her construction is of wood and she is 112ft. over all, 91ft. waterline, 19ft. 5in. breadth and 11ft. 6in. draft. She is a flush deck vessel with a clipper bow and a graceful overhang aft. She has 15 tons of lead on her keel and inside there is more lead and iron ballast. Ratsey & Lapthorn made her sails and she carries on davits a launch, a cutter, a gig and a dinghy. Messrs. Simpson & Strickland & Co. built her engines, which are of the quadruple surface-condensing type with cylinders 6in.,

JUST PUBLISHED.

HOUSEBOATS AND HOUSEBOATING

BY ALBERT BRADLEE HUNT,

Yachting Editor of Forest and Stream.

A volume devoted to a new outdoor field, which has for its purpose three objects:

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Second—To properly present the development which houseboating has attained in this country.
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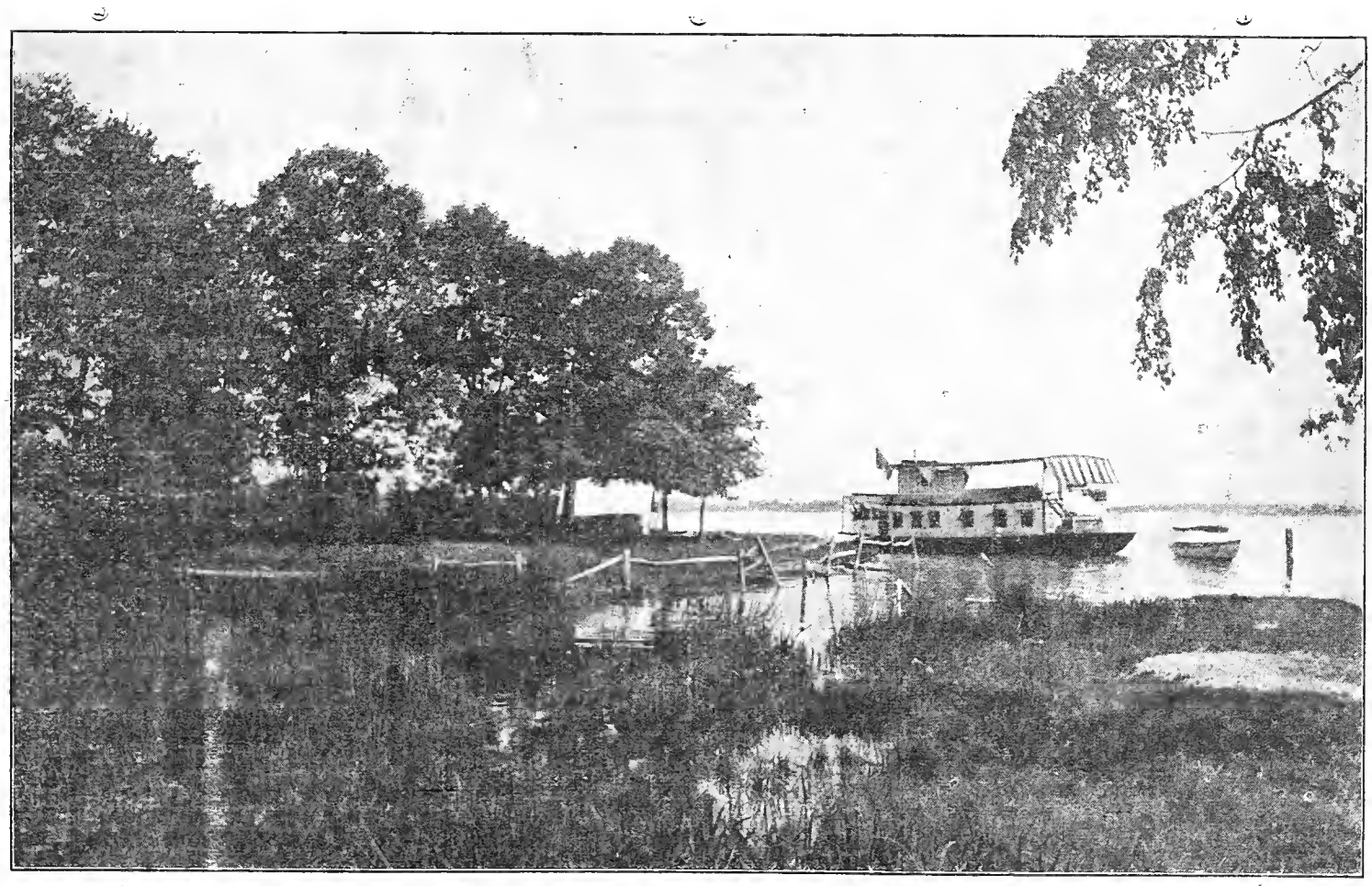


Illustration from "Houseboats and Houseboating."

The book contains forty specially prepared articles by owners and designers of well-known houseboats, and is beautifully illustrated with nearly 200 line and halftone reproductions of plans and exteriors and interiors. A most interesting chapter is devoted to houseboating in England, where the sport is one of the most delightful features of outdoor life.

The book has been carefully prepared by Mr. ALBERT BRADLEE HUNT, a well known authority on the subject.

The work is printed on extra heavy coated paper, and is bound in olive green buckram The price is **$3.00** net.

(Postage 34 cents.)

The book will make a unique and most attractive holiday gift.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., - 346 Broadway, New York.

8in., 10½in. and 14in., with a stroke 8½in. She has a single screw and a donkey engine. The Scotch boiler has a working pressure of 175 lbs. Her bunkers have a capacity of 10 tons, and her water tanks hold 8 tons. Under natural draft Anemone consumes in 24 hours 18 cwt. of coal. Her speed under steam is about 7 miles an hour. Below there are three double staterooms and one single one, besides the large main cabin. Forward there is a captain's room, a galley, pantry and a large forecastle. The engine room is aft. The staterooms are finished in birdseye maple and satinwood with silk panels. The main saloon is of mahogany and oak. Anemone was brought out from England in 1902 and she has just passed Lloyd's survey and reclassed 18 A1, which is the highest classification for a yacht of her type. Anemone will probably be the flag ship of the South Coast Y. C., and very properly so, as she will be the finest yacht owned on the Pacific coast.

HUNTING LAUNCH FOR S. T. SHAW.—Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, New York Y. C., is having a cruising launch built at Morris Heights by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury Co., Cons. The boat is of the type known as a hunting launch, i. e., with the low cabin trunk forward. She is 42ft. over all, 9ft. breadth and 2ft. draft. A four-cylinder Speedway engine of 28 horsepower will give the boat a speed of about 12 miles.

LAUNCH LUCY A. SOLD.—The 40ft. cruising launch Lucy A. has been sold by Mr. George Focht, of Hoboken, N. J., to Mr. J. R. M. Dillon, of New Orleans, La., through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman. She has been shipped South by rail, and will be enrolled in the fleet of the Southern Y. C.

A FLEET OF HOUSEBOATS.—The floating hotel Jacob A. Stamler, which was anchored off the Statue of Liberty, or more correctly speaking, Liberty Island, last summer, demonstrated the possibilities of a fleet of houseboats to be moored at about the same place, say from May 15 to Sept. 15.

That there would be money in such an enterprise we are firmly convinced, and we are pleased to learn that a practical shipwright like Ira S. Bushey, the proprietor of the dry dock at foot of Twentieth street, South Brooklyn, N. Y., has long held the same views.

Mr. Bushey thinks that a company ought to be organized to give the new project a trial next summer, and suggests the building of a number of wooden houseboats of about the following dimensions, etc.: Scow, 60ft. long, 20ft. wide and 3ft. deep, the house to be 50ft. long and be the full width of the deck, and to have 5ft. clear at the forward and after ends. Dining room, 20x10ft. Four bedrooms, 10x7ft. The kitchen, bathroom and toilet each to be in one room. The top of the house would be used as a "sitting room" and would be covered with an awning, or a double awning with an air space of a foot between the two.

Mr. Bushey further suggests a smaller houseboat of, say, 30ft. in length and 15ft. width, the hull of which would cost about $1,800 and the house $600, or $2,500 for the complete houseboat. The latter would either be sold outright or leased by the month or for the whole season.—American Shipbuilder.

KETCH SITARAH SOLD.—Mr. Russell A. Alger, Jr., of Detroit, Mich., has sold his auxiliary ketch Sitarah to Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, the well-known Canadian amateur yachtsman, through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman. Sitarah is a cruising yacht, designed and built by George Lawley & Sons Corp., 1903. Dimensions: 85ft. over all, 52ft. waterline, 17ft. beam, 5ft. 6in. draft. She was built for Mr. J. H. Cromwell, of New York city, who sold her to Mr. Alger last spring; the latter fitted her with a gasolene motor. She has been delivered to Mr. Jarvis in Toronto, who will use her for cruising on the Great Lakes.

Canoeing.

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(Assumed office Oct. 1, 1905.)

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How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Arrangements.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Knowing that the cold weather does not affect the enthusiasm of our "tried friends and true" in the American Canoe Association, I want to make an announcement of a few of the arrangements which are being made for pleasure and comfort of the 1906 meet at Sugar Island.

Mr. Louis Reichert, who so ably filled the position last year, will act again as chairman of the Transportation Committee, and with the efficient assistance of Mr. Frank C. Moore, of the Atlantic, and Mr. Daniel S. Pratt, Jr., of the Eastern Division, will see that the very best rates and facilities for shipping canoes are secured for the members.

The Camp Site Committee is not yet fully organized, but I can safely say that it will follow the model example set by last year's management and improve upon Mr. Andreas' arrangements, if it be possible to do so.

The veteran canoeist, Mr. George P. Douglass, has consented to act as chairman of the Regatta Committee, and to all those who are familiar with his racing record, no further promise is necessary. He is carefully selecting the other members of the committee and has declared that the racing at next summer's meet will be more like the good old times of 1890.

The administration is this year undertaking something that has never been attempted before. There has always seemed to be so much dissatisfaction with the meals at camp that it has been suggested that the Association run its own mess. Mr. Lyman T. Coppins, who so successfully managed the affairs of the Buffalos last year, has consented to take the chairmanship of this committee, and as he has secured the masterly assistance of Mr. Harry R. Ford as his co-worker, there is no doubt but that the members in making preparations for the meet may dismiss all thought of the inner man. The proposed schedule of prices for meals is as follows: Breakfast, 40 cents; lunch, 40 cents; dinner, 50 cents, and for all three meals the usual price of $1.25.

In separating the prices in this way it is my earnest hope that all the campers, including those who have messed for themselves in the past few years, will meet at dinner and enjoy a jolly time together at the end of the day and thus be saved the annoyance of themselves preparing and clearing away a dinner which cuts short the afternoon and makes them late at camp-fires. I have received a number of suggestions concerning the arrangements for camp and the chairmen of the different committees and myself will gladly welcome any new ideas which may be advanced by any of the men in the A. C. A. The chairmen of these committees have been requested to report progress to the canoeing papers from time to time so that the members may be in touch with the plans for next year and begin to get enthusiasm in bunches.

H. LANSING QUICK, Commodore.

YONKERS, N. Y., Dec. 11.

The Kennel.

Parasitic Skin Disease in Dogs.

IN all cases the prominent feature of the diseases is an eruption, vesicular in the early stage, pustular and scabby in the more advanced forms. It is generally believed that the itching and inflammation which are observed in all forms of parasitic disorders of the skin are due to movements of different species of acari or mange mites, some of which bury themselves in the skin, forming galleries. But a more potent influence than the mere movement of the parasite's legs or the action of the mouth is at work in the form of an acrid secretion which is poured forth on the skin, or, in the case of the sarcoptic mites, into the structures through which the mite burrows by the aid of its strong cutting jaws. It is stated by Newmann in his work on parasites and parasitic diseases that Gerlach, by a simple experiment, proved the local effects of the fluid secreted by the mange mite. He, by means of a fine needle, made a groove in the epidermis or cuticle, and then moistened the point of the instrument with fluid obtained by crushing some of the mites, and applied it to the groove which he had made. No pain was felt, but only a vague sensation. When, however, the point of the needle was pushed into the dermis or true skin, well supplied with nerves and bloodvessels, pain was caused instantaneously, and was succeeded by a papule and a vesicle. Continuing these experiments. Gerlach found that the psorptes secrete the most acrid fluid, and after them in order are the sarcoptes and the chorioptes. The last named attacks the ear of the dog and other animals. Psoroptes have only a single species, Psoroptes commum; they secrete, as before stated, an acrid fluid, which causes intense itching in horses, oxen, sheep, goats and rabbits; but the dog appears to be exempt from their ravages. Sarcoptes, or burrowing mites, are popularly supposed to be the common cause of mange in the dog, but it is a fact of some importance that expert investigators have failed to find the parasite in cases of mangy dogs which presented the ordinary symptoms of the disease, affecting particularly the head, the skin round the eyes and the ears, extending from these centres to the root of the tail, the chest and abdomen. Of course, the failure to discover the parasite in any form of skin disease does not by any means prove that it does not exist, and with regard to burrowing mites it is perfectly obvious that there are special difficulties in the way of detection. The mites, for example, when they are not in their burrow, are concealed in masses of scabs, which are always found in advanced cases of mange, and to distinguish them in the collection of debris in which they are concealed requires not only a great deal of patience, but a keen eyesight or the use of a magnifying glass, and occupies more time than a busy practitioner could afford to devote to it, and there is always to be considered that the detection of the parasite would not in any material degree alter the treatment which would be pursued under any circumstances. That the parasite really does exist in nearly all the cases in which the symptoms of mange are apparent is hardly a matter of doubt. The disease is readily communicated from one dog to another, presumably by the passage of the insect from the diseased animal to the healthy; and it has also been transferred to the human being, and specially to children who have been nursing mangy dogs.

Chorioptes contain two species, both of which affect the domestic animals. The Chorioptes symbiotes causes a localized form of mange in the horse and ox, but does not appear to attack the dog. The other species, the Chorioptes auricularum, lives in the ear of dogs, cats, and ferrets. The disease which it causes has been often observed in packs of hounds. It produces deep-seated inflammation in the ear, which may remain for some time undetected, so far as the microbe is concerned, and some authorities contend that it is at least a probable cause of catarrh of the ear, which often attacks sporting dogs. The catarrh of the ear would ordinarily be described as canker; certainly the symptoms very closely resembled those of what is known as that disease in this country. The animals attacked constantly flap their ears and give other indications of itching from which they suffer, but there is an added symptom to which we referred in a previous article, namely, the occurrence of an epileptic fit. This happens after a walk, or, according to Nocard, among hounds after hunting. The animal attacked, he says, starts with as much vigor as usual, but in about half an hour, or sometimes less, it will utter a violent cry, and then bound away as if it were mad, howling every time it comes against an obstacle, and, after turning round several times, will fall down in the climax of the fit. These fits are frequently repeated, but rarely while the animals are at rest. It may be some considerable time before any suspicion is excited of the existence of disease in the animal's ears, but when the auditory canal is examined it is found to contain an abundant quantity of dark-colored secretion, in which, by the use of the microscope, a number of parasites may be discovered. Mr. Sewell has stated in a number of cases there is very little to be seen in the ear, which merely looks as if it were slightly dirty; but he adds that if, instead of giving a hurried look into the ear in these cases, the parts are carefully examined, and the canal leading into the ear is watched, tiny white specks oval in shape and about the size of an ordinary small sewing needle will be observed. These, he says, are the parasites which he considers to be the cause of the disease called canker of the ear. And there are a good many reasons for believing that this view is correct, at any rate in any case where dogs are constantly shaking their heads, and especially if there is any discharge from the canal, or even if it only looks slightly dirty, search should at once be made for the purpose of detecting the parasites, if they are present. The occurrence of an epileptic fit is referred by some authorities to the plug of waxy material pressing upon the cartilage of the ear when the dog is at rest, and by the violent movements of the waxy mass when the animal is running about. The stimulation which would be caused by the movements of the acari on the nerves of the external auditory canal have also to be taken into account as a further cause of the occurrence of a fit. Under ordinary circumstances there is no doubt that the epileptic fit would in the mind of the owner mask all other symptoms, and the attention would be entirely directed to the treatment and cure of epilepsy, without any reference to the condition of the ear which causes it. It may be some help to know that the epileptic fits of parasitic origin are chiefly confined to young dogs. It is fortunately the case that the affection yields very readily to proper treatment. It was stated in a previous article that various authorities give remedies for the cure of the disease. The most simple of the mixtures employed is the one recommended by Nocard, consisting of olive oil 100 parts, napthol 10 parts, and ether 30 parts, to be kept in a well-stoppered bottle. A small quantity of this liniment is to be injected every day into the external auditory canal, which is then to be closed by a plug of cotton wool for ten to fifteen minutes to prevent the evaporation of the ether. Mr. Sewell's remedy, which he has found to answer admirably both in dogs and cats, consists of ointment of nitrate of mercury 1dr., well mixed with 1oz. of olive oil. This liniment is to be applied all over the internal surface of the ear daily with a camel hair brush, or a few drops may be poured into the ear. After a week the ear should be syringed with methylated spirit 1 part to 10 parts of tepid water.—London Field.

Possum Time.

From the Charlotte Daily Observer.

Oh, dip some 'taters down in grease
En fling de dogs a 'tater apiece.
Ram yo' brogans clean er tacks,
Split de splinters en fetch de axe.
Hit's possum time again!

Catfish tender, catfish tough,
We's done et catfish long enough.
We's tar'd er peas en white side meat,
En we's gwine have supp'n' 'at's good to eat.
Hit's possum time again!

De pot's gwine simmer en blubber en bile
'Till hit gits scummed over wid possum ile.
Hit'll look jis' 's juicy as tar soapsuds,
Whoop! Come along, coons! We's off to de woods.
Hit's possum time again!

—John Charles McNeill.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 12-17.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Indoor Twenty-two Caliber Rifle League of the United States tournament. Chas. J. Otis, Cor. Sec'y.
March 12-17.—New York.—One hundred shot indoor championship.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The West Sonora Rifle Club started its series of winter medal shoots on Dec. 2, ten members taking part. The wind was blowing strong across the range, making accurate work difficult. All shooting was at 100yds., offhand, any rifle, open sights, 4 shots, possible 48. In the medal match Chalmer Tice and Lon Hinea tied on 44, and in the shoot-off, one shot each, Tice won, 10 to 6. Pearl Tice made 42, Carl Tice 41, C. C. Pitman 38, Grant Colville 37, M. Housman 36, Clarence Tice 35, J. McGriff 33, J. Pyles 29. Then came a 20-shot match for money prizes, five events of 4 shots each, possible 48 in each event, possible total of 240.; same conditions. In the first match Chalmer Tice and L. Hinea tied on 44. C. W. Matthews 43, G. Colville 37, M. Housman 36, Clarence Tice 35, J. McGriff 33, T. Parks 32. In the second event C. W. Matthews made three perfect centers, getting an 11 on his second shot, and finishing first with 47, Chalmer Tice 43, Clarence Tice 41, G. Colville 40, J. McGriff 39, L. Hinea 39, T. Parks 33, M. Housman 30. In the third event, Chalmer Tice was first with 44, L. Hinea and G. Colville 42 each, J. McGriff 40, C. W. Matthews, Clarence Tice and T. Parks, 39 each. In the fourth event Chalmer Tice was again first with 44, Clarence Tice 43, T. Parks 41, C. W. Matthews and L. Hinea 39 each, G. Colville and J. McGriff 34 each, M. Housman 23. In the fifth event Matthews and L. Hinea were first with 46 each, T. Parks 41, Clarence Tice, G. Colville and J. McGriff 37 each. Chalmer Tice 36, M. Housman 35. In the aggregate for the five events, 240 possible, C. W. Matthews was first with 214, Chalmer Tice 211, L. Hinca 210, Clarence Tice 195, G. Colville 190, T. Parks 186, J. McGriff 183, M. Housman 163. Following is the record for the year of the winners of this event: Jan 28—C. W. Matthews 37, 44, 42, 46, 47—216; Feb. 11—Matthews 38, 45, 46, 46, 45—220; Feb. 18, Thos 43, 47, 43, 42, 42—217; Feb. 25—Matthews 39, 44, 43, 44—213; March 11—Matthews 48, 44, 45, 47, 44—228; Mareh 18—L. Hinea 42, 46, 45, 46, 45—224; Dec. 2—Matthews 43, 47, 39, 39, 46—214. In the 100 shots Matthews scored 1091 points out of a possible 1200. On March 11 he made a perfect score of 8, and on that day made the highest total score of the year, 228. Hinea nearly tied him the following week, being only 4 points behind.

There was a hot contest between Chas. Glaze, Geo. W. Izor and Mose Pence for the medal of the Gratis Rifle Club, on Dec. 2. The conditions are 10yds., offhand, 4 shots, possible 48. Charles Glaze won, his score being 11, 10, 8, 9—38; Izor 11, 8, 8, 10—37; M. Pence 9, 8, 7, 11—35. A sharp wind, blowing across the range, made low scores. Glaze won the medal at the first shoot of the year, and also in August, the scores being 11, 12, 12, 10—45 and 11, 11, 12, 12—46. Moses Pence won in February, June, September and October, his scores being, in order: 12, 11, 12, 11—46; 10, 12, 11, 12—45; 10, 12, 11, 9—42; 12, 12, 9 12—45. March—J. W. Lesher, 11, 12, 11, 12—46; April—G. O. Chrismer 12, 10, 12, 11,—45; May—J. M. Stiver, 11, 12, 12, 12—47, the highest score of the year; July—Jesse Johnson 12 10, 9, 11—42; November—G. W. Izor, 11, 9, 12, 11—42. On March 4, a special 20-shot match at 100yds., offhand, was shot, Moses Pence winning with 230 out of a possible 240. Another special match on July 1, same conditions, was won by Jesse Johnson with 217. On Aug. 5, Johnson won another special match, same conditions, with 215.

The records show that the attendance at the quarterly shoot of the Preble County Rifle Club, held on Dec. 1, at Eaton, was about the smallest in the history of the club. Nevertheless, there was a sharp contest for the championship medal, and eight cash prizes in the main event. Thomas E. Garreth, of Euphemia, won the medal and first money, the conditions being 4 shots, at 100yds., offhand, possible 48. His score follows: 12, 9, 12, 12—45. The other prize winners in order were: M. Pence 12, 8, 11, 11—42; Jesse Johnson 11, 10, 9, 12—42; A. N. Clemmer 11, 12, 10, 9—42; G. W. Izor 9, 12, 11, 9—41; G. O. Chrismer 11, 11, 10, 9—41; Chalmer Tice 10, 10, 8, 11—39; Lon Hinea 10, 7, 10, 12—39. Others who shot in the medal match were J. W. Longman 39, J. W. Lesher 38, Joseph Poos 37, C. C. Pitman 37, C. W. Matthews 34, Lon Eikenberg 34, D. M. Swihart 28, Clarence Tice 27, L. Ehrhardt 19, Geo. Williams 13. The medal winners at the other quarterly shoots this year were: March, Jesse Johnson 45; June, J. W. Lesher 47; September, G. W. Izor 48. Three special 2-shot matches followed. In the first there were seven moneys, the winners being, in order given: Garreth 12, 12—24; C. Tice 12, 11—23; Clemmer 12, 10—22, C. W. Tice 9, 12—21; Izor 11, 10—21; Pitman 12, 9—21; Johnson 9, 12—21. Other contestants were: Lesher 19, Chrismer 19, Pence 19, Matthews 18, Longman 18, Pursell 16, Hinea 20. In the second match for six money prizes, the winning men were: Chrismer 12, 12—24; Pitman 12, 11—23; Clemmer 11, 12—23; Lesher 12, 11—23; Johnson 12, 10—22; Pence 10, 12—22. Other scores: Matthews 12, 10—22, C. Tice 9, 12—21; Garreth 9, 10—19; Izor 11, 6—17; C. W. Tice 9, 8—17. The third match had three prizes, and Clemmer and Hinea tied on 24, perfect scores. In the shoot-off, Clemmer won. Matthews and C. Tice tied for third on 22, and the former won the shoot-off. Pitman scored 20 and C. W. Tice 20.

Patrolman Brady, of Covington, Ky., made a score in revolver practice of 57 out of a possible 60. Lieut. Mosbacher was second with 54.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

HENRY D. MULLER, fondly called "Bullseye" Muller by his best friends, was high man on the ring target at the shoot held Dec. 6, and third on the bullseye target. The scores, at 75ft., offhand:

Ring target:

H D Muller	236	234—470	J Von de Lieth	225	223—448
F Schroeder	238	229—467	H Brummer	214	229—443
C Gerken	232	234—466	F W Wessel, Jr.	225	214—439
B Eusner	231	233—464	H Roffmann	220	217—437
C Ottmann	230	231—461	H A Ficker, Jr.	211	209—420
D Scharninghaus	226	234—460	J M Leonard	208	212—420
J N F Siebs	228	231—459	G Dettloff	197	217—414
F Rolfes	231	225—456	H A Ficksen	191	217—408
D Meersse	228	228—456	H D Schmidt	192	204—396
W J Daniel	221	233—454	H Von de Lieth	196	197—393
F Bradt	226	226—452	C F Tietjen	182	199—381

Bullseye target:

D Scharninghaus	31½	Schroeder	128
Leonard	46	Roffmann	136
Muller	49	Schmidt	136
Rolfes	59	Eusner	139½
J Von de Lieth	80	Wessel, Jr.	148½
Ottmann	82	H Von de Lieth	174
Ficken, Jr	87	Tietjen	184
Gerken	119	Dettloff	188½
Siebs	121½	Brummer	224
Bradt	126		

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE attendance of members shows an increase as the winter advances, and the scores are higher as a result of the practice. At the shoot held Dec. 5, Arthur Hubalek was high with 2437 points for 100 consecutive shots, and W. A. Tewes had the highest 50-shot total, 1225. A. P. Fegert won the bullseye prize. The scores at 75ft., offhand:

Arthur Hubalek	244	243	246	241	243	246	246	245	242	241	—2437
Owen Smith	240	237	240	241	232	237	243	241	241	242	—2394
A P Fegert	229	234	232	245	235	234	241	237	237	239	—2353
W A Tewes	241	241	245	245	247						—1225
L C Buss	243	242	246	242	245						—1218
A Moser	242	244	238	245	242						—1211
Dr T F C Mehlig	241	236	239	241	242						—1199
Charles Zettler, Jr.	237	238	241	242	241						—1199
Louis Maurer	237	237	241	237	242						—1194
August Begerow	238	237	236	240	241						—1192
H C Zettler	234	233	242	238	243						—1190
C G Zettler	238	239	236	235	240						—1188
T H Keller, Jr.	237	231	238	238	242						—1186
H Fenwirth	230	235	238	234	235						—1172
Barney Zettler	230	237	238	239	225						—1169
G Bernius	234	232	240	228	222						—1156

Bullseye target: A. P. Fegert, 13 degrees.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE attendance at the indoor shoots is increasing steadily, there being nearly one hundred present at the shoot held Dec. 8, while seventy-six members shot two targets each in the club match. J. N. F. Siebs was high man on the ring target with a total of 480 points in 20 shots, and H. J. Behrens won the trophy on the bullseye target, with one shot counting 8 degrees. The scores, shot at 75ft., offhand, follow:

Ring target:

J N F Siebs	239	241—480	A W Lemcke	208	218—426
G Ludwig	239	240—479	A Beckmann	211	214—425
C Meyer	237	241—478	J Jantzen	210	214—424
J C Bonn	237	233—470	H Decker	217	205—422
F Von Ronn	234	235—469	H Offermann	211	211—422
John Facklamm	233	236—469	F Feldhusen	206	216—422
O Schwanemann	230	236—466	H Hoenisch	208	212—420
P Heidelberger	236	230—466	Adolf Beckmann	206	213—419
B Zettler	228	238—466	H Leopold	203	216—419
G Offermann	234	231—465	R Ohms	206	212—418
C Grosch	225	235—460	W Ullrich	213	204—417
J H Hainhorst	222	234—456	C Quaadt	202	215—417
H Haase	215	240—456	J Philippi	201	216—417
F Facompre	220	231—451	C Schmitz	193	222—415
D Pieper	226	224—450	M L Meinschien	198	217—415
H D Meyer	223	226—449	H Quaal	200	213—413
H Voight	133	154—287	F Gobber	214	199—413
F Muller	153	126—279	C Roffmann	205	207—412
H C Quentin	227	219—446	Max Von Dwingelo	203	206—409
H Lohden	224	219—443	H Meyn	208	199—407
J G Thoelke	223	219—442	G H Wehrenberg	204	202—406
H B Michaelsen	220	221—441	H J Behrens	224	180—404
H C Gobber	227	213—440	C Mann	201	202—403
H Winter	228	212—440	J H Doscher	195	208—403
C Seyers	229	211—440	H Hesse	212	188—400
N C L Beversten	216	224—440	W Schieffer	195	204—399
W Dahl	215	224—439	C Boesch	197	201—398
J Von de Lieth	215	221—436	C Koenig	196	194—390
J H Meyers	218	217—435	J N Herrmann	186	203—389
H Nordbruch	211	233—434	F Schulz	194	191—385
G Thomas	226	208—434	C Heinecke	175	209—384
C Plump	223	210—433	N W Haaren	182	197—379
G H Fixsen	216	225—431	N Jantzen	192	183—375
C Brinkama	213	216—429	D H Brinkmann	171	191—362
H Kars	213	215—428	J Herre	173	168—351
H C Hainhorst	212	216—428	F G Hetzel	189	160—349
J Paradies	220	207—427	L L Goldstein	181	166—347
B Kumm	150	160—310	A Jantzen	167	176—343

Bullseye target, degrees:

Bchrens	8	Brinkama	62½
Meinschien	25	Bonn	68
Ludwig	28	Beversten	79
Groesch	37	Wchrenberg	84
J H Hainhorst	43	J Jantzen	87
Facklamm	44½	Chris Meyer	89
Fixsen	47½	H C Hainhorst	98
Siebs	48	Von Ronn	106½
H Offermann	52	Sievers	110
Schwanemann	62		

Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle League.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 8.—The annual tournament of the Indoor Twenty-two Caliber Rifle League of the United States will be held in this city Feb. 12 to 17, 1906, under the auspices of the Rifle Club of Grand Rapids.

By courtesy of Grand Rapids Battalion M. N. G., the armory has been placed at the disposal of the League, and present indications are that the coming event will surpass all former affairs of this nature.

The programme as proposed will be made specially attractive by a very liberal prize list. The championship match will have twenty prizes ranging from $100 down. Several other series will have from thirty-five to fifty prizes from $75 down, with unlimited re-entries.

Contests will be open to all, regardless of League membership, and special railroad rates will be provided.

CHAS. J. OTIS, Cor. Sec'y.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

THE attendance at the shoot held Dec. 7 was good. August Kronsberg was high man with the best two scores and a total of 482 for the 20 shots. The totals follow:

A Kronsberg	241	241—482	L Bentz	220	216—436
R Busse	233	243—476	E Stein	221	209—430
A P Fegert	235	235—470	H W Leonard	206	215—421
R Schwanemann	230	237—467	H Kuhlmann	211	207—418
J Facklamm	229	233—462	L Schulze	207	210—417
R Bendler	226	229—455	L Gleichmann	199	197—396
C Wagner	232	221—453	A Wiltz	202	163—365
B Eusner	223	224—447	G Bach	145	183—328
C Schroder	225	220—445	G Hanisch	143	161—304
J Fuger	227	215—442	C Stover	123	114—237
J Keller	222	216—438			

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Dec. 3. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the Standard American target. Payne was champion for the day with a score of 90. Dr. Thompson was duly elected to active membership to-day, and we wish him success and trust ere long that his scores will equal those of the famous Dr. Hudson, of New York. The scores:

Payne	90	89 88 85 85	Hofer	84	81 74 70 68
Hasenzahl	84	83 79 78 77	Freitag	81	77 73 73 72
Bruns	84	80 78 75 75	Drube	76	75 71 .. ..

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 14.—Travers Island, N. Y.—Amateur championship of America, under auspices of New York Athletic Club. Gus E. Grieff, Chairman, 302 Broadway, New York.
Dec. 17.—Jersey City, N. J.—Hudson G. C. tournament and outing. J. Hughes, Sec'y.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. first annual holiday shoot.
Dec. 25.—Utica, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Riverside G. C. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Dec. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

1906.

Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., G. C. all-day shoot. Wm. J. Perkins, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Bergen Beach G. C. tournament. H. W. Dreyer, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Mount Kisco, N. Y., G. C., all-day shoot. A. Betti, Capt.
Jan. 1.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Bergen Beach G. C.
Jan. 2.—Killarney, Man.—Live-bird championship of Canada.
Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Brooklyn, N. Y., G. C. all-day tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Jan. 22-27.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap; $1,500 added for amateurs. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
March 14-16.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. C. W. Budd, Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Auburn, N. Y., tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.
Dec. 25.—Brooklyn, N. Y., G. C. all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Bergen Beach Gun Club, of Brooklyn, will hold a tournament on Jan. 1.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., have fixed upon Dec. 25 for an all-day tournament. E. J. Loughlin is the Secretary.

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club announces Jan. 1 as the date for an all-day shoot. Competition will begin at 11 o'clock. Wm. J. Perkins is the Secretary; A. J. Traver, the Captain.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, one of the shooting committee of the Hudson Gun Club, sets forth in our columns elsewhere the good work done in rehabilitating the club's grounds, after their recent visitation of vandalism. Targets, one cent. All shooters welcome. Nutriment in plenty at their tournament, Dec. 17.

An advertisement in the Miami, Fla., Metropolis, reads as follows: "To the person making the highest score this week there will be given a goose at Martin's Shooting Gallery, on Avenue D. Take a shot." And thus even the geese enter into the spirit of the holiday season and fill a long-felt want.

In the series of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League, last Saturday, the Florists defeated Narberth by a score of 166 to 140. Lansdale defeated Clearview, 195 to 186. S. S. Whites defeated Media, 178 to 174. Meadow Springs defeated Highland, 183 to 169. N. Camden defeated Merchantville, 170 to 151.

A five-man team of the Boston Athletic Association defeated a five-man team of Harvard at Riverside, Dec. 9, by a score of 213 to 201. E. F. Gleason broke 46 out of 50, the latter number being that which each contestant shot at. This was the first half of the match. The other half will be shot on Saturday of this week at Soldiers' Field.

The cup shoot of the New England Kennel Club, at Braintree, Mass., on Dec. 9, resulted in a tie on 23 for the 1905-6 cup, between Messrs. William F. Beal and Henry N. Richards. In the shoot-off Mr. Beal won. On Saturday of this week at the club house the members will regale themselves with a roast pig supper, while on Dec. 23 there will be a Santa Claus celebration.

Owing to delays in preparing for occupancy their new place of business, at 349 Fifth avenue, Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold did not begin moving from their present place of business, at 318 Broadway, on Dec. 1, as contemplated. However, they expect to make the change soon, but will be able to attend to the wants of their patrons in the meantime as if no change was happening.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, whose fame as a shooter reverberates, demonstrated at the Christiana-Atglen shoot last week that he has not forgotten how to shoot pigeons. In three events of 5, 7 and 10 birds respectively, he shot without scoring a miss. In the target events the programme total being 140, Messrs. W. Heer and N. Apgar tied on 131 for high average. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was second with 130. Messrs. Gilbert and Squier tied on 129 for third.

There is a rumor that Mr. Edward Banks, assistant manager of the Shotgun Smokeless Bureau of the Dupont Powder Co., Wilmington, will be the next challenger of Mr. A. B. Richardson, of Dover, to contest for the championship of Delaware. That trophy has no dormant moments. With such gladiators as Messrs. Skelly, Richardson, Banks and Foord gunning for it, there is no repose for it other than for short breathing spells.

The amateur championship of America at clay birds, open to all amateurs of the United States, to be held under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island, N. Y., on Dec. 14, has all the ear marks of success. Shooters from distant cities have signified their intention to participate. From 50 to 75 participants are possible. To reach the grounds, take Third Avenue Elevated R. R. to 129th street, thence via connecting train of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. to Pelham Manor. First train 9:45 A.M.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association, fixed for Thursday of this week, is a matter of paramount interest to a number of clubs which are candidates for recognition in connection with the holding of the Grand American Handicap next year. Indianapolis, Nashville, Denver and Chicago are represented by delegates who are instructed to present their club's advantages in this respect. However, the club which can offer advantages which appeal best to the direct interests of the Interstate Association is more likely to gain the sympathetic official ear than is the club which asks for the G. A. H. for other reasons.

The second December shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club was specially well attended by club shooters. Fourteen participated in the December cup contest, the result being a tie on 24 between Messrs. C. A. Lockwood, of Jamaica, and O. C. Grinnell, Jr. Mr. Frank B. Stephenson tied them on actual breaks, 22, but, as he has no target allowance, his score necessarily stood as actually made. However, in the Stake trophy contest, he scored 25 straight and a win. In the two-man team contest, Messrs. Lockwood and Hendrickson, of Jamaica, won with a score of 40. Two handsome cups are the prizes in this event for the team scoring the greatest number of wins during the season.

There are so many important matters for the consideration of the Interstate Association at its annual meeting this week it is quite probable that the meeting will last two days. Mr. E. H. Tripp will appear, in behalf of the Indianapolis Gun Club to present the advantages that club can offer in respect to holding the G. A. H. Messrs. Garrett and McKenzie will appear in a like office for the Denver, Colo., Gun Club. Mr. J. T. Skelly will present the advantages and wishes of the Nashville, Tenn., Gun Club. Chicago, by written application or by delegate, will make a strong plea for the holding of the G. A. H. on Watson's grounds at Chicago. All of which is material evidence that 1906 will be a lively year in trapshooting acticity.

A correspondent writes us: "A. B. Richardson, of Dover, Del., successfully defended his title to the championship of the State of Delaware, Dec. 9, by defeating W. M. Foord, of Wilmington, by a score of 96 out of 100, to Foord's 90. Three expert traps were used. Weather conditions were favorable. The race was shot in strings of 25 targets. Richardson's strings were 23, 24, 24 and 25. Foord's 21, 24, 23 and 22. A good crowd was present, among them Fred Gilbert, who broke 146 out of 150 shot at, including 5 pairs. A six-man team race was shot between members of the Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington and the Dover Gun Club, each man shooting at 50 targets. The Wawasets won by 263 to 250. J. T. Skelly was high for the Wawaset team with 46, and Richardson with 48 and Reed with 47 for Dover."

James A. Ogden died at his home in Warwick, N. Y., on Dec. 5. This is sad news to his many friends, but particularly sad to the many shooters of the Hudson River Valley, who knew him well and loved him. He was in the prime of life, was of a noble, manly personality, and was a prominent business man of Warwick. A correspondent writes us as follows: "He was in his forty-fifth year, and a prominent member of the town in which he lived, a shooter of renown, the Vice-President of the Warwick Gun Club, and member of the Orange County Gun Club of Middletown. He was a member of the hardware firm of Ogden & Patton. A widow and daughter survive him. 'Jim was never known to say an unkind thing about any one.' "

The team match between Perryman and the Baltimore Shooting Association, on Friday of last week, resulted in a victory for Perryman, on the grounds of the latter. The Perryman novices did remarkably well, considering their inexperience at the traps and the few times that they have ever been out of sight of home. As showing some of their restrained performances, out of 120 Mr. Lester German, of Aberdeen, broke 116, Mr. A. B. Richardson, of Dover, Del., broke 114; Mr. Ed. Banks, of Wilmington, Del., broke 115, it peculiarly happening that of the 5 lost 2 were out of the first 5, and three out of 115. Mr. Foord shot over a 90 per cent. gait. However, of the individual scores in the team match, Mr. J. R. Malone's 49 was highest.

BERNARD WATERS.

Lively Local Limericks.

An attractive "Benedict," named "Jim,"
With "smokeless powder" is quite "in the swim;"
He talks it all day,
For which his friends have to pay—
And by night they are "full to the brim."

The good-looking Edward Banks,
Can keep up with "Nancy Hanks"—
Until he shoots for the championship cup,
Which "Billy" didn't give up—
But his friends thought it one of his pranks.

An "Infallible" shooter, called "Hood,"
Stood "single blessedness" long as he could—
He married a girl,
Who had been 'round the world,
And now he stays home and plays "good."

The "Peters" representative. Storr,
Fills all his competitors with awe—
He's a "bully good man,"
For the treats he will stand—
And the boys eagerly shake his "paw."

That good-natured, jolly "Mal" Hawkins,
Can "do" all the boys with his "talkins";
He never lets anything run
That gets in front of his gun,
Or says a bad score is due to his "balkins."

A merry, fat shooter named German,
Can preach to the boys quite a "sermon,"
For he hits in the eye
All birds "on the fly,"
With a magic quite equal to "Herman."

There is good Capt. James R. Malone,
The boys never leave him alone;
He can hit "on the wing,"
Most "any old thing;"
And that the "B. S. A." is his "hobby," is known.

To that worthy young "Secretary Chew"
Many bows from Baltimore sportsmen are due;
We feel grateful indeed,
For his skill and his speed,
And the rapid way the "Association" grew.

And here's to the "croaker," named "Ed,"
Who's not afraid the boys will get ahead;
He dislikes the cold,
And won't give up his "gold,"
That in the papers a "good score" may be read.

Good luck to "young Billy Foord,"
A wonderful amateur record has he scored;
He handles a gun with ease,
That is sure to please,
And to mountain heights he has soared.

A society favorite, called "Huff,"
To the fair sex never is "gruff";
He breaks many hearts
By his fascinating arts—
But no girl has yet called his "bluff."

Try the J. A. R. Elliott "invention,"
I am sure it was his intention,
To protect the ear drum
From a noise and a "hum,"
And it should be used at the next G. A. H. Convention.

There's the very well-known Jack Fanning,
Who revenge on his friends is planning,
For buying a "rope" cigar
From the Indianapolis bar,
And the distance between— they are not spanning.

The gay, debonair Tom Marshall,
To the "fair sex" is most partial;
He comes from the West,
And wears fancy vests,
And laughs at anything "farcial."

To Fred Gilbert, the wonderful "wizard,"
Who can hit targets in a "blizzard";
He breaks a hundred straight,
And the boys mourn their fate,
And crawl "out of sight" like a "lizard."

Then there is "Tobacco Bill,"
Who makes Gilbert feel quite ill,
When he foots up his score
And finds "Crosby just one more,"
Because there was a "pigun" he didn't kill.

"Last, but not least," is Luther Squier,
Who is always ready to "fire."
No matter what is the score,
He is sure to go
Over the other fellows, one or two higher.

Other shooters the sporting papers show,
Whom I have not the pleasure to know;
But they will get in this rhyme,
At some future time,
If introductions are not very slow.

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

Perryman, Md., and B. S. A. Team Shoot.

"Less" German's "collection" were in cahoot
At the much-talked-of Perryman shoot,
But Malone was high gun,
And his team had such fun,
For Jim went home with money "to boot."

A shoot was held at the club grounds, Perryman, Md., Friday afternoon, Dec. 8. The gun club is still in its infancy; but the grounds are prettily located, and are about three minutes' walk from the station. They have a blackbird trap which works perfectly, being on an elevation with a sky background, and throws targets forty and fifty yards. The club house is small, but comfortable. It was built by big and liberal hearts, but would not accommodate many men the size of its genial host, German.

A picked team from the Baltimore Shooting Association, captained by Malone, consisting of fourteen shooters, shot a team race with German's carefully selected amateurs (?) from New York, Wilmington, Delaware and Dover. The Baltimore team was ignominously defeated by a score of 586 to 532.

No race of men, scarcely an individual, is so void of intelligenec as not to recognize power, and before a gun was fired, all felt convinced the Perryman boys would be victorious. The contest was at 50 birds a man. There was an optional sweep of $1 on each 25 birds, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and one of $3 on the total two high guns. Captain Malone was high gun, his score being 49. The score is as follows:

Baltimore.		Perryman.	
Malone	49	Edward Banks	48
"Du Pont"	45	William Foord	45
Lupus	43	Lester S German	48
Waters	42	Richardson	48
Moxley	42	McElvey	43
Bowen	42	Baldwin	44
France	42	Sutton	32
Kessler	26	Morgan	37
Silver King	37	Turner	29
Reinhardt	24	McCummons	45
Roberts	35	Towner	45
Baskerville	36	Mitchell	39
Leland	37	De Haven	45
Mordecai	32—532	Cord	38—586
Three extra events, at $1 each:			
No. 1, 20 targets:			
Malone	19	Foord	18
Banks	20	Moxley	17
Richardson	20	McKelvey	16
German	19	Bowen	14
Lupus	19	Franee	15
No. 2, 25 targets:			
Banks	24	Richardson	22
German	24		
No. 3, 10 targets:			
France	8	Leland	4
Moxley	8	Mordecai	5

German and his collection of crack shots will be entertained by the Baltimore Shooting Association Wednesday, Dec. 20, at a return match. We predict that Jim Skelly and Luther Squier will own Colonial residences in Perryman by that time.

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Dec. 11.—The combination of puzzling background and overcast sky were not an obstacle to good scores. There was not sufficient wind to be an interference. There was a good attendance, and the participants stayed well to the end of the programme. For the December cup, Messrs. C. A. Lockwood, of Jamaica, and O. C. Grinnell, Jr., tied on 24, each breaking 22 and each having an allowance of 2. Mr. F. B. Stevenson broke 22 also, but being a scratch man, he scored only what he broke.

In the contest for the State trophy, Mr. F. B. Stevenson scored a leg with a straight score of 25, thus establishing a record of two wins on the gun which is the prize in this event. Several others have one win to their credit in the competition for it.

Messrs. Lockwood and Hendrickson, in the two-man team contest, scored a leg on the two cups which are the trophies of that contest. Other winners in the programme events were Messrs. L. C. Hopkins, C. A. Lockwood, O. C. Grinnell. Scores:

December cup, 25 targets:

	Hdp.	Brk.	T't'l.		Hdp.	Brk.	T't'l.
C A Lockwood	2	22	24	W C Damron	4	14	18
O C Grinnell, Jr.	2	22	24	A G Southworth	0	17	17
F B Stephenson	0	22	22	W W Marshall	4	13	17
Dr Keyes	2	19	21	L C Hopkins	2	12	14
D C Bennett	2	17	19	E W Snyder	4	9	13
J N Teeter	4	15	19	F C Raynor	3	10	13
J H Ernst	7	12	19	A E Hendrickson	4	9	13

Stake trophy, 25 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	25	25	A G Southworth	0	21	21
O C Grinnell, Jr.	2	22	24	D C Bennett	2	20	22
A E Hendrickson	4	20	24	W W Marshall	4	15	19
W C Damron	4	19	23	L C Hopkins	2	16	18
Dr Keyes	2	20	22	J N Teeter	4	14	18
J H Ernst	7	15	22	F C Raynor	3	13	16
E W Snyder	4	18	22				

Team shoot, 25 targets:

Lockwood	2	19	21	Marshall	4	8	12
Hendrickson	4	15	19	Southworth	0	20	20
			40				32
Stephenson	0	22	22	Snyder	4	7	11
Grinnell	2	14	16	Raynor	3	9	12
			38				23

Dr Keyes	2	20	22
Teeter	4	11	15
			27

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap in parentheses— Hopkins (1) 13, Southworth, 12; Stephenson 12, Bennett (1) 12, Lockwood (1) 12, Foster 12, Raynor (1) 12, Ernst (4) 11, Marshall (2) 9, Teeter (2) 8, Grinnell (1) 6, Snyder (2) 5.

Trophy shoot, same conditions—Lockwood (1) 15, Stephenson 14, Ernst 10, Keyes (1) 13, Grinnell (1) 12, Marshall (2) 12, Foster 12, Hopkins (1) 11, Damron (2) 9, Hendrickson (2) 9, Southworth 10, Teeter (2) 8.

Trophy shoot, same conditions—Grinnell (1) 14, Lockwood (1) 14, Raynor (2) 14, Synder (2) 14, Stephenson 13, Keyes (1) 13, Bennett (1) 13, Ernst (4) 13, Foster 13, Southworth 11, Teeter (2) 10, Marshall (2) 11.

Shoot-off, same conditions—Grinnell (1) 15, Lockwood (1) 15, Snyder (2) 14, Raynor (2) 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions—Lockwood (1) 12, Grinnell (1) 13.

Team shoot, 15 targets, all scratch—Team No. 1: Southworth 5, Foster 11, Ernst 5 Snyder 7, Damron 8, Lockwood 8, Hendrickson 9; total, 53. Team No. 2: Stephenson 14, Grinnell 8, Keyes 8, Hopkins 12, Teeter 6, Welles 12, Marshall 8; total, 68.

Pigeon Speed.

THE following, taken from London Tit-Bits, shows that the speed of a flying pigeon is not so marvelous as commonly supposed, as a matter of fancy, though very swift as a matter of fact:

"So many wild statements are made as to the speed of a carrier pigeon that it is interesting to learn how fast it can actually travel under the most favorable conditions.

"On a recent Saturday between two hundred and three hundred thousand birds were tossed in competitions in various parts of the country, and some thousands of these feathered athletes raced to London from Retford and Branston, journeys of 127 and 115 miles respectively. The conditions were ideal. The weather was beautifully clear, and a fresh wind was blowing to help the birds on their way; and yet under such favorable circumstances few of the birds attained a speed of a mile a minute, which in these days of swift locomotion is beginning to be considered comparatively slow.

"Better times were made not long ago, when a thousand pigeons were tossed at Templecombe to race to London. Assisted by a southwest wind, they traveled so rapidly that many of them had reached their cotes some time before their owners even thought of looking for them. One bird actually covered 108 miles in ninety-four minutes, maintaining throughout the long journey a speed of nearly sixty-nine miles an hour; another did equally well by traveling to Chelsea at the average rate of 2,018 yards a minute, while one bird out of every ten exceeded sixty miles an hour."

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Dec. 9.—A gale of wind seriously affected the flights of the targets, and the scores suffered in consequence. There was a good attendance of shooters. Hibbard and Crowe tied on a score of 23, and were high in the contest for the December cup. Scores:

Event 1, 25 targets, handicap:

	Handicap.	Score.		Handicap.	Score.
Grieff	0	22	Calhoun	4	25
Lamer	2	16	Hibbard	5	20
Briggs	2	23	Gales	7	16
Fanning	0	19	Piercy	1	16

Event 2, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff	0	21	Gales	7	22
Lamer	2	18	Calhoun	4	18
Briggs	2	24	Debacher	7	15
Piercy	1	21	Fanning	0	21
Billings	3	19	Higgins	7	11
Hibbard	5	22			

December cup, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff	0	22	Borland	4	21
Lamer	3	17	McMurtry	2	14
Briggs	1	20	De Wolf	3	22
Piercy	1	20	Vilmar	6	16
Billings	3	16	Leeper	7	16
Gales	7	19	Dr Held	5	15
Hibbard	5	23	Kuchler	7	19
Calhoun	4	18	Dickerson	7	16
Debacher	7	21	Mistre	7	17
Fanning	0	20	Crowe	7	23
Higgins	7	15			

Event 4, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff	0	18	Borland	4	17
Lamer	3	19	McMurtry	2	18
Briggs	1	20	Held	5	18
Piercy	1	19	De Wolf	3	17
Billings	3	18	Leeper	7	16
Calhoun	4	15	Mistre	7	22
Hibbard	5	21	Kuchler	7	16
Gales	7	19	Dickerson	7	15
Higgins	7	19	Crowe	7	16
Fanning	0	21	Vilmar	6	19
Debacher	7	13			

Event 5, 25 targets, handicap:

Grieff	0	22	Hibbard	5	16
Lamer	2	19	Gales	7	17
Briggs	1	22	Calhoun	4	14
Piercy	1	17	Mistre	7	18
Billings	3	20			

Christiana-Atglen Gun Club.

ATGLEN, Pa., Dec. 8.—The scores of the Christiana-Atglen Gun Club are appended. Messrs. Herr and Apgar tied on 131 out of 140 targets in the target programme. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was second with 130. Messrs. Gilbert and Squier were third with 129.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	20	20	20	15	15		
Elliott	15	14	18	19	20	15	15	14	140	130
Herr	13	15	19	19	18	20	13	14	140	131
Apgar	14	13	18	20	20	17	14	15	140	131
Gilbert	15	14	19	18	20	18	11	14	140	129
Squier	15	14	18	18	19	19	14	12	140	129
Ressler	12	13	14	19	18	18	13	15	140	120
Ludwig	14	15	19	18	14	16	12	12	140	122
Butler	12	12	17	17	18	19	14	12	140	121
Andrews	10	13	16	19	20	18	11	15	140	122
Leamon	6	14	12	14	17	16	11	11	140	101
Krick	13	14	16	13	13	20	11	13	140	113
Fielis	11	14	12	12	16	17	8	13	140	102
Lewis	12	13	15	16	17	14	10	9	140	106
Bermer	14	11	15	15	17	19	12	14	140	117
Jebb	13	13	20	14	17	17	12	12	140	118
Mattson	11	13	15	17	19	14	15	14	140	118
Wilson	..	12	10	18	16	13	13	13	125	101
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	10

	5 birds.	7 birds.	10 birds.
Anderson	10011—3	2220002—4	1220222211—9
Jebb	22222—5	2221112—7	.....
Martin	12001—3	2212012—6	2111110011—8
Wilson	02111—4	2211120—6	1221112122—10
Mattson	22222—5	1120121—6	2221112102—9
Heer	22202—4	2111101—6	.....
Gilbert	11211—5	2111111—7	1111211211—10
Apgar	22222—5	.....	.....
Krick	11201—4	0120022—4	.....
Johnson	11111—5	2122110—6	1111122100—8
Ludwig	02020—2	.....	.....
Fielis	01120—3	2211210—6	1111111112—10
Miss Reiker	00022—2	.....	.....
Elliott	21222—5	.....	.....
Butler	22012—4	.....	.....

Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md.—A shoot at "white flyers" was held at the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 20 birds, $5 entrance. Birds extra 20 cents. Three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The shoot was advertised for 2 P. M., but it was 4 before some of the shooters arrived, making the last event very unsatisfactory, as the birds could not be seen, and hitting them was pure guess work. If these tardy shooters (who could just as well get out on time) would be punctual, it would be much more satisfactory for all men interested.

High score was made by young Clarence Malone, son of Captain J. R. Malone. He killed 19 out of 20 from the 27yds. mark. Hood Waters was a close second with 18 from 30yds. Three—J. R. Malone (31), Dunn (29), Moxley (27)—scored 17.

The scores:

Clarence Malone, 27	19	Moxley, 27	17
Hood Waters, 30	18	Robinson, 26	16
J. R. Malone, 31	17	France, 27	16
J Dunn, 29	17		

Bowen, DuPont and Franklin withdrew on their seventeenth bird. While waiting for the late shooters, there was a $1 miss and out: Bowen 7, Malone 7, DuPont 7, C. Malone 7, Franklin 1, Waters 2, France 6, Robinson 4, Dunn 6.

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

B A. A.—Harvard.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 9.—The first half of a five-man team match, 50 targets per man, between the Boston Athletic Association and Harvard, was won by the former, as per the scores following:

B. A. A. Team.					Harvard Team.				
E F Gleason	10	14	7	15—46	C W Wickersham	9	15	9	12—45
T C Adams	9	13	10	11—43	L B Webster	8	9	8	12—37
C Howell	9	11	7	12—39	T D Sloan	7	12	8	11—38
S A Ellis	8	14	6	13—41	J A Remich	7	13	8	10—38
D E Hallett	8	14	10	12—44	T L Smith	8	12	9	14—43
				213					201

Trap at Tuscaloosa.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala., Dec. 2.—Our gun club has just closed a successful trap season. The loving cup given by the Dupont Powder Co. was won by Mr. Hawkins Williamson.

Our gun club is twenty-nine years old, was organized in 1876, probably the oldest in Alabama.

The officers elected for the following year are: F. R. Maxwell, President; S. F. Alston, Vice-President; E. Bingham, Secretary; Wm. Palmer, Manager.

We enjoy reading your most excellent paper, the FOREST AND STREAM. Its weekly visits are appreciated.

F. R. MAXWELL, Pres.



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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE attendance on Dec. 9 was a little more like old times, fifteen members shooting in the Oakley trophy. Williams finished high with 45. The day was a mixture of fog and smoke until about noon, when it cleared off nicely, but with a strong wind which kept the boys guessing about the targets. Galt, of Barberton, O., was a visitor, and landed in second place with several. Little practice shooting was done. Halvershom is a new man at this game, and when he learns to shoot at close range instead of letting the targets get out to the fence, his scores will look better.

In a team match Gambell and Harig did good work for their teams, breaking 47 each. There will be nothing special for Christmas Day, but Gambell promises something about New Years.

The weather was fine on Dec. 3, and several of the members visited the grounds, the following shooting their scores in the Clement's trophy contest: Harig (19yds.), 25, 21—46; Bonser (17), 23, 22—45; Gambell (16), 22, 20—42; Dick (16), 22, 17—39; Miles (16), 17, 14—31.

Just to keep the boys going, and give them a chance for some easy money, Gambell offers another of his "sure things," as follows: He says, that from now on (Dec. 9) he will give $5 to any member breaking 25 straight targets under the following easy conditions. All stand at 16yds.; entrance $1, which includes targets, and must be paid in advance. No less than four entries received at one time. Squads must have not less than four, nor more than five shooters. Squads must continue shooting until all competitors have missed. Re-entries will be allowed, and money refunded for targets not shot at, for a miss up to and including the fifth target. Entries in this case may be made when the event is finished. No more than one re-entry will be allowed a contestant in the same event. No allowance made for targets not shot after the fifth target. Competitors must see that their squads are thoroughly familiar with the rules before going to the firing line.

A. E. Donally, "Captain," will become a benedict on Dec. 12. His friends—and he has a host of them—will all wish him and his bride many years of happiness. The couple will start for Florida after the ceremony, where they will stay a month.

Following are to-day's scores:

Ackley trophy, handicap, 50 targets:

Williams, 19	45	Bullerdick, 18	38
Maynard, 20	44	Jones, 17	38
Harig, 18	44	Mieninger, 16	37
Galt, 16	44	Herman, 17	36
Leever, 16	44	Pfieffer, 16	34
Black, 16	43	Holzhofer, 16	28
Ahlers, 20	39	Ackley, 16	28
Roll, 18	39		

Team race, 50 targets:

Gambell	24 23—47	Bullerdick	21 17—38
Galt	23 21—44	Harig	24 23—47
Williams	23 21—44	Maynard	20 19—39
Roll	22 18—40	Herman	21 21—42
Totals	92 83—175	Totals	86 80—166

Ohio Notes.

Several members of the "Millionaire" Hunting Club, an organization across the river from Cincinnati, left the other day in their launch, the Leo J., for Green River. They are all good wing shots, and should return with plenty of game. In the party are Messrs. Wm. Telford, Wm. Thomann, Ben Vastine, Charles Hickey, Chas. Schlehorst and Wm. Hanlon.

New records are being made every day, and the following is at the head of all hunting records without question. Dick Hart, a local sportsman of Petersburg, Ind., established a new record for wing shooting on Dec. 6. He saw a flock of wild mallards flying over the western part of town. He ran into the house, got his gun and brought down twenty-two ducks at one shot.

J. E. Clark, superintendent of the Indianapolis Gun Club, and Jack Abrams, of Indianapolis, were quail hunting in Brown county this season, when they ran across three big timber wolves, and after a hard fight captured one alive, which they brought home with them on Dec. 7, in order to prove their yarn. The wolf is as large as a setter dog and put up a hard fight.

C. H. Cord, of Dayton, has just returned from his annual hunting trip, and reports a fine time. While he was away, a party took a fancy to his pointer, Navahoe Chief, and and carried him off from the kennel; but he was recovered in a few days.

The Greenville Gun Club is doing nothing in the shooting line at present. The annual meeting will be held after Christmas, and plans laid for the next season.

Charley Matthews, of Euphemia, one of the best-known trap and rifle shots in southern Ohio, was out quail hunting with his young Irish setter Duke. The dog located a number of quail and Charley killed the limit, and made a number of his Dayton friends happy when he divided.

M. J. Schwind and James McConnell, popular trapshooters, of Dayton, have been taking in the turkey shoots at Union, Phillipsburg and the Stock Yards, and incidentally they gathered in fourteen of the gobblers. They are talking of going into the poultry business, and will shoot a match at 100 targets to see which one has the buneh. In one of the contests Schwind and McConnell each broke 40 straight, the former finishing with 94 per cent. and the latter with 92 per cent. They are sure enough shooters.

W. T. Wellman, president of the Mt. Washington Gun Club, Cincinnati, presided at the club's annual dinner on Dec. 7, which was held in the Colter Cannery, the large canning vats serving as tables. Sixty-five members were present. The dinner favors were clay pigeons, with fanciful drawings of the club's latest shooting match, and were prepared by Geo. H. Hartford.

The New Lebanon and Dayton gun clubs are preparing for Christmas shoots, with turkeys, geese, ducks, beef and pork as prizes. Other clubs in the valley will also be in line.

It is said that the Greenville Gun Club will hold a Christmas shoot, but nothing authoritative has been given out.

Capt. Ben Downs, of the Springfield Gun Club, enjoyed hunting on every day of the open season, and had fine sport. He bagged sixty-three quail, an average of four and a half per day, and had quail for his 6 o'clock dinner every day of the season.

Arthur Humble, of Dayton, made the record for that city during the hunting season. He killed sixty-eight quail and 148 rabbits. It is sure that good sport may be had in that locality if the sportsman has good dogs and knows where to go.

Harry Engle, a member of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, met with the loss of his pointer dog Sport while on a hunt in Kentucky. The dog became entangled in a barb-wire fence, and while attempting to free himself, worked against a barb which entered his breast and pierced his heart. He was one of the best field dogs in Dayton.

Hunters report that they found quail more plentiful during the last part of the season in the vicinity of Dayton. This is accounted for by some on the theory that the hunters erred in working the cover during the pleasant days, when the birds remained in the open feeding grounds. The latter part of the season was stormy, with rain and snow, and the birds then sought the thicker cover and were found in large bevies. This insures plenty of birds for breeding next spring.

From the nature of the discussions in the Farmers' Institutes last winter, it is believed that a well organized effort will be made early in the session of the next Legislature looking to the enactment of a law forbidding the killing of quail for five years. This will be fought not only by those favoring a shorter period of prohibition, but by many sportsmen who wish an open season every fall, as now provided.

The Montgomery County Fish and Game Protective Club held a meeting in Dayton on Dec. 6 and elected the following officers for the coming year: Edwin Bert, President; Chas. E. Pease, Vice-President; J. F. Campbell, Secretary; W. N. Kuhns, Treasurer; Executive Committee: B. F. Seitner, Hon. O. B. Brown, H. G. Protsman, E. T. Hardy, B. F. Hershey, H. M. Altick, Dr. D. W. Greene. After the transaction of a large amount of routine business, a committee was appointed to look after fish and game legislation at the next meeting of the Legislature. This committee was instructed to co-operate with the Fish and Game Commission in the matter of a revision of the laws now governing these matters. Another committee was appointed to make arrangements for a smoker to be given the members of the club some time in January. Several new members were admitted.

In Other Places.

S. G. Leonard and wife, H. J. Drout, F. E. Taylor, Phillip Moletor and Wilber Oliphant, of Kinsley, Kansas, were in attendance at the shoot at Larned last Monday.

With a high wind blowing directly in their faces, the members of the Will County Gun Club, Joliet, Ill., participated in their weekly shoot last Sunday.

George Russell won the handicap race at Bradford, Pa., last Saturday with 21 out of 25 from the 18yd. limit.

The Kinsman Gun Club, Ashtabula, Ohio, held their Indian summer shoot on last Thursday.

The Central and the Highland gun clubs, of Duluth, Minn., will be merged into one club. W. J. Webb, of the Highland Club, has been the moving spirit, and he is quite elated, as the new membership will be not less than 215.

T. S. May has won the medal at the last shoot of the Great Bend, Kansas, Gun Club, and now will wear it for keeps.

The annual pigeon pie supper, given by the Lexington, Mo., Gun Club, was enjoyed by the members of the club and a large number of their friends Thursday last. There were one hundred birds in the pie and the members numbered sixty. And thus the season and the birds were brought to an end.

The Greely, Colorado, Gun Club held a team shoot on Thursday, Nov. 30, and the losing side was taxed for an oyster supper.

The New Lancaster, Kan., Club held a shoot last Thursday. It was their initial effort.

Mullens was the only member of the Lead, S. D., Gun Club to attend the shoot last Sunday, but he did not send in his scores to the secretary and it did not count on the trophy.

The report comes from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, that shooters get much pleasure out of their meets at the traps.

Mr. Hern, of the Penn Gun Club, Norristown, Pa., made a straight score of 25 at their last meeting, Plover 23, N. F. G. 20, Shambough 19, Drake 16, Matcher 16, Eusinberg 13, Steiner 9.

A gun club with five members has been organized at Burr Oak, Kansas. Joe King is the captain.

At the county shoot held at Exira, Ia., last Thursday, Dr. Brooks, of Audubon, won the medal, while Kirk Knox won the first money. Scores, 24 out of 25.

The Benton Ridge, Ohio, Gun Club spent a few days at the Lewiston reservoir last week.

D. O. Heathman won the trophy put up by the Lexington, Mo., Gun Club for the past season. At their last shoot, K. R. Hammer, William Shacklett and Dr. T. B. Ramsey tied with 9 out of 10 birds.

Ben. T. Williams, William Newkirk and Tobe Reeves, of Murphysboro, Ill., won the beef at the shooting match held there Saturday last.

The regular shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club, Toronto, Canada, was held Saturday with a fair turn out of members and visitors.

The Spokane, Wash., Rod and Gun Club is getting ready for the winter schedule of shoots. It is customary for the club to hold tournaments for the championship during the winter, and the first shoot will be held first of the month.

The contestants who were present at the Highland Gun Club were compelled to shoot on a sliding scale. Those who won a turkey were set back two yards, and that gave the others a chance to win.

Harvey S. Reen, Henry Miller and C. F. Jenkins, of Las Animas, Col., escorted members of the Pueblo Gun Club to the Blue Lakes, where they bagged 82 ducks and 50 rabbits.

A. Topperwein while at El Paso, Texas, visited local gun club grounds and gave a fancy exhibition with the rifle. The shotgun men were blazing away at live birds, Bulwer and Rand each getting 24, and Shelton 23. Stevenson and Vilas were the others who participated in the shoot.

The Rantoul, Ill., Gun Club sports the name of Royal, and in order to entertain Mr. A. A. Funk, an old member, a shoot was held there on the day preceding Thanksgiving.

Those of the DuPont Powder Company engaged as salesmen lately met at Indianapolis, where they were given a sort of post-graduate course in the handling and selling of explosives.

The Kendallville, Ind., Limited Gun Club held a shoot at their grounds Thursday last. Many of the Goshen shooters were present, and a good time was reported.

President Schruman, of the Cornell Military School, Terre Haute, Ind., has made a strong plea as an encouragement for minor sports in favor of a gun club. It is hoped that it will be as sport as lacrosse and cricket. If there is anything that a student in a military academy needs to become proficient in, it is the use of firearms.

The gun club at York Haven, Pa., has gone into winter quarters. Many of the members were factory men, part working in the day time and others at night, so that it was difficult to get enough together at one time to make the shoot interesting.

The Fort Side Gun Club, Norristown, Pa., held the opening shoot for the fall season on their new grounds, and it provided an interesting event, as the targets used were live birds. It is reported that everything points to a very successful season, and the new club will hold live-bird shoots frequently.

The Batavia, Ill., Gun Club have finally awakened from their slumbers of the past summer and held a meeting. It is to be hoped that there will be some matches held there during the winter months. Shall be pleased to chronicle same at any time.

At the weekly shoot of the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club, held last Sunday, the attendance was limited, owing to the many members who were out deer hunting. J. H. Rice and J. J. Lealand won the handicap match, and the cup was won by R. M. Edwards.

Another new shooting club has sprung up. This time it is Mediapolis, Ia., that claims the honor. The new club made a beginning by starting out last Thursday, with a shoot for a beef, four shoats and some ducks and geese, and so the club hopes to interest most of the scatter-gun artists living in its vicinity.

Dr. Carl Hogen, of Silver City, N. M., has completed arrangements whereby he will become European representative of the DuPont Powder Company.

All the Iowa shooters were invited to participate in their annual Thanksgiving shoot by the Parkersburg, Iowa, Gun Club. At least, that would be indicated by the programme issued, which invited everybody to come who was large enough to shoulder a gun.

At Moorehead, Iowa, where there were apportunities for winning fowl as prizes, all were invited to bring their best gun.

The South End Gun Club, Reading, Pa., held an interesting all-day match on last Friday. All the events were ten targets. Some of the best scores were made by Messrs. Licker, Herbein, Gerhart and Yost.

A local Missouri paper comments thus: "Much fault is found with the new game laws of Missouri, which discriminates against the people at large and is in favor of gun clubs." This is misleading, as anything that is good for members of gun clubs is also good for all the hunters who live in the State. If reference is made to taxing those who live in another State, why then that is in favor of those who live in the State.

'Way out in Mayor Hodge's town, Olathe, Kansas, there has been an uprising of the trapshooters. After several years of lay-off, a number of the "old boys" betook themselves to the south side of the city, and there proceeded to shoot at 14 pigeons. Blackburn, Thiel and Dent got 11, Hollenback 10 and McIntyre 8.

The North Side Gun Club, New Allbany, Ind., will give a shoot next Thursday at Schonhof's place on the Paoli Pike.

A shooting match is announced for Thursday next at Solon, Iowa. There will be lunch served on the grounds.

The West Point, Iowa, Gun Club will hold a shoot at the fair grounds, Thursday of the coming week. Shooting will start at 9 o'clock and continue throughout the day.

All amateurs were invited to take part in Thursday of this week shoot at Grinnell, Iowa, when the Grinnell and Brooklyn clubs were to hold a team shoot.

Elmer Deisene, L. C. Rairdon, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, attended a shoot at DeGraff last Thursday and came home proudly bearing three turkeys.

After many moons, the Castle Gun Club, Belvidere, Ill., has come forth and held a shoot on their grounds near the corset factory. We shall be pleased to hear more from Belevidere in the future.

Hargemeiser Park, Green Bay, Wis., was the scene of a team match on Thursday last between the members of the Bay Gun Club. Some time in the near future the winners will feast at the expense of the losing side.

Miss Grace Butler, Ralph O'Neil and Glenn Baird, of Urbana, Ill., were present at a ball given by the Homer, Ogden, Ill., Gun Club.

H. W. Cadwallader is traveling through Iowa and giving some interesting rifle and shotgun exhibitions. Last week, at Tama, he shot a tie with A. W. Mounsdon, 32 out of 35.

It is to be regretted that the hunters at Forest City, Iowa, held a hunt on Thanksgiving day, and with 30 to 40 men scoured the country for game. These side hunts deserve to be abolished unless crows only are killed.

Last Thursday at South English, Iowa, a large gathering of local sports saw Chas. L. Holden win the match of 100 targets for $50 a side from Will Ridley. The score was very close, 91 to 90. There will probably be another match soon.

Among the many "turkey" day shoots, we mention that of San Jose, Ill.

Brenham, Texas, is alive to the interests of the shooters of the southwest; $1,500 will be given. Professionals will be barred from all save one or two events. Nervy Alf. Gardner is the "king bee" tournament manager of the great southwest.

The Acme Gun Club, Beaver, Pa., are not unmindful of the social side of life, and with their wives and sweethearts, held a dance last Thursday night.

The scores made Wednesday by the members of the Tipton, Iowa, Gun Club were low, owing to the trap being out of order, and are not published through courtesy. A shoot is being arranged wherein the Red Oak boys will participate.

A meeting of the Youngstown, Ohio, Club was held Saturday to decide the handicap trophy. Black, with 45 out of 50 proved the winner; Seaborn, second, with 44.

Allowance in Aiming at Moving Objects.

Interesting as were the figures of striking velocities we published last week, the deductions we may now draw from them are of far greater application to the problems of every-day shooting. Unless he can see a tangible result from experimental researches, the sportsman is never quite satisfied. Hence our desire to give him an opportunity of applying the information now available to the wise selection of his ammunition and the improvement of his shooting. The ultimate test of abstract research is that it shall be capable of application, and in the present instance we can fully satisfy this somewhat difficult requirement. On the basis of the figures which were published last week we can inform the sportsman the exact allowance he must give to a crossing bird according to the range at which the shot is taken.

To analyze the values of striking velocity at every distance, as published in our last issue, we first of all converted them into the following table of mean velocities between the muzzle of the gun and the various distances into which the range was divided:

Size of shot.	Distances over which the mean velocities are specified. 0—20yds.	0—25yds.	0—30yds.	0—35yds.	0—40yds.
3	1050	1009	971	944	903
4	1050	1005	962	929	888
5	1050	1003	959	923	882
5½	1050	1001	955	917	876
6	1059	1000	952	912	871
6½	1050	998	949	906	865
7	1050	996	946	901	860

All velocities are stated in feet per second.

From this table we gather that a charge of No. 6 shot fired from a standard cartridge having a velocity of 1050ft. per second over 20yds. has a mean velocity of 952ft. over 30yds., and 871ft. over 40yds. The corresponding values for the other sizes of shot are similarly set forth in the above table, and we see from it that there is a difference in the mean velocity over 40yds. of 43ft. between shot sizes 3 and 7. This means that, although the 29yds. mean velocity is equal in all cases, the greater ranging power of the larger sizes of shot gives them a distinct advantage in mean velocity at all sporting ranges beyond that of 20yds., which infers that the large sizes of shot reach the bird quicker than the smaller sizes, and, in the absences of definite quantities, it would appear as though a distinctly greater allowance must be given, say, in the case of No. 4 shot as compared with No. 7. Having a really authoritative set of relations to work upon, it is obviously the best plan to reduce these differences to actual quantities in inches of allowance.

The time occupied between the fall of the hammer and the arrival of the shot at a given distance is naturally not included in the time value derived from the mean velocity from the muzzle to the object struck, and we must accordingly add the amount of time occupied from the fall of the hammer to the arrival of the charge of shot at the muzzle. Persons of an over-refining turn of mind might be inclined to argue that an extra time allowance should be made in respect to the interval between the brain signal that the gun is properly aligned and the response of the finger by way of pulling the trigger. This may, however, be dismissed, for the reason that, if the swing of the gun is continuously maintained, the processess of the shooter's mind may for all practical purposes be ignored. In this way the distance of the bird's flight while the shot is reaching it must date, so to speak, from the fall of the hammer to the impact of the shot.

We have accordingly reduced the mean velocity shown in the first table to a series of time values, which are represented in the form of decimal fractions of a second. To each of the values so obtained we added an allowance of .0040 of a second for the delay in the gun above referred to. The following table of values accordingly represents the time which elapses with each size of shot from the fall of the hammer to the arrival of the charge at the various distances named:

Size of shot.	Points on range for which time delays are specified. 20yds.	25yds.	30yds.	35yds.	40yds.
3	.0611	.0783	.0967	.1162	.1369
4	.0611	.0786	.0975	.1177	.1391
5	.0611	.0788	.0979	.1184	.1401
5½	.0611	.0789	.0982	.1189	.1411
6	.0611	.0790	.0985	.1194	.1418
6½	.0611	.0792	.0988	.1200	.1427
7	.0611	.0793	.0991	.1205	.1435

All times are stated in decimals of a second.

As figures are never very interesting unless the mind can grasp their actual meaning, our comments upon this table shall be very brief. All we wish to point out is that when the differences in the times of arrival are represented to the nearest ten-thousandth part of a second, they appear quite considerable. For instance, at 40yds. there is a time interval of .0066 of a second between the arrival of a charge of No. 3 shot and a charge of No. 7 shot. The question to be settled is how far the bird will travel during this interval of time, the value shown by such a calculation being the amount of extra allowance that must be accorded to No. 7 shot as compared with No. 3.

Now, in order to produce a table of allowances for aiming at moving objects, it is necessary to adopt a characteristic rate of flight as a basis for comparison. We accordingly adopted the value of 60ft. per second, which corresponds with forty miles an hour, and is the average rate of flight which we have ourselves fixed by chronograph measurements for a clay bird sprung from a powerful trap and throwing at an angle with the ground more or less horizontal. It is similarly the recognized speed of a fast-flying pheasant or a driven grouse or partridge. Almost needless to say, many birds fly much slower than this, whereas others move along at a greater rate when the wind is in their favor and when the rate of flight is aided by gravity, as is the case when a bird is flushed on a hill and is inclining its course towards a lower elevation. To obtain the distance covered in a given time by a bird traveling at 60ft. per second is a very simple matter. The values in the above table of time allowances must be multiplied by 60, the number of feet covered in a second. The result is the number of feet the bird will cover in the fraction of time used in the sum. Without further preface, we will introduce our third table, which shows the exact distance a bird will travel during the time that elapses from the fall of the hammer to the arrival of the various sizes of shot at the distances named:

Table of allowances for aiming at a crossing bird:

Size of shot.	Distance of bird when the hammer falls— 20yds.	25yds.	30yds.	35yds.	40yds.
3	3ft. 8.0in.	4ft. 7.4in.	5ft. 9.6in.	6ft. 11.7in.	8ft. 2.6in.
4	3ft. 8.0in.	4ft. 8.6in.	5ft. 10.2in.	7ft. 0.7in.	8ft. 4.1in.
5	3ft. 8.0in.	4ft. 8.7in.	5ft. 10.5in.	7ft. 1.2in.	8ft. 4.9in.
5½	3ft. 8.0in.	4ft. 8.8in.	5ft. 10.7in.	7ft. 1.6in.	8ft. 5.6in.
6	3ft. 8.0in.	4ft. 8.9in.	5ft. 10.9in.	7ft. 2.0in.	8ft. 6.1in.
6½	3ft. 8.0in.	4ft. 9.0in.	5ft. 11.1in.	7ft. 2.4in.	8ft. 6.7in.
7	3ft. 8.0in.	4ft. 9.1in.	5ft. 11.4in.	7ft. 2.8in.	8ft. 7.3in.

Here we have in an absolutely tangible form an important portion of the lesson that is to be learnt from the series of investigations which culminated in the table published in our last issue. We find that in shooting at 20yds. the same allowance is required for all sizes of shot, the amount being 3ft. 8in., which is thus far greater than many would suppose. At 25yds. the required allowance is increased by practically another foot. At 30yds. there is a rather greater proportional increase, while at 35yds. the allowance becomes the very substantial one of 7ft. or more. At 40yds. the shooter who desires to center his charge of shot on a fast-flying bird traveling at right angles to the line of flight must aim rather more than 8ft. in front of it.

Turning now to the differences in the specified allowances for the extreme sizes of shot shown in the table, it will be seen that up to 30yds. they are less than 2in. At 35yds. the separation of values becomes more pronounced, and the difference is, practically speaking, 3in., while at 40yds. it attains a maximum just under 5in. These figures entirely disprove the assumption that the shooter requires to alter his allowances when aiming at moving objects according to the size of shot in his gun. Adopting No. 6 shot as a standard size, we find that there is a difference of only 2in. in the allowance for a 40yd. shot when a change is made to size No. 4. In view of the impossibility of knowing the precise velocity of the cartridge, the true range of the bird, and its correct rate of flight, it is obvious that such fractional differences as are created by a change in the size of shot are too infinitesimal for serious consideration. We accordingly adopt the allowance shown for size No. 6, and draw up the following exceedingly simple code of instructions to the shooter who desires to have a tangible idea of the allowance that he must give to a fast-flying bird:

When the bird is at 20yds., the shooter must allow 3ft. 8in.; at 25yds., 4ft. 9in.; at 30yds., 5ft. 11in.; at 35yds., 7ft. 2in.; at 40yds., 8ft. 6in.

As already stated, the above allowances only represent the daylight between the bird and the point at which aim should be taken in the case of crossing shots. When a bird's flight is inclined so as to produce a foreshortening effect of its line of travel, the distance it covers is still the same, but the amount of daylight between the bird and the point at which aim is taken is a reducing quantity, which culminates at the zero mark when the bird is flying either directly toward or directly away from the shooter. This question of angle is, however, one which the shooter must instinctively settle for himself. If he knows approximately that the bird will move, say, 7ft. while the shot is reaching it, he must decide in his own mind, according to the angle at which the bird is flying, whether this must represent 1ft., 2ft., or 3ft., as the case may be, of daylight between the bird and the point aimed at.

There is, however, another aspect of the question, which raises an apparent difficulty in the application of the above figures. Supposing that the bird is directly going away, and that its distance is 35yds. at the moment when the hammer falls, the bird will naturally have moved 7ft. 2in., not by the time that it is struck, but by the time the shot has reached the distance of the bird when the hammer fell. During the time that the shot is covering the 35yds., already mentioned, the bird still continues its flight. Consequently, some further time must elapse while the shot is covering the extra 7ft. 2in. Referring to our curve of values, we find that the average velocity of a No. 6 pellet between 35 and 38yds. may be taken at 680ft. per second. Under such circumstances, the bird will move a further 7.67in. while the shot is traveling the extra 7ft. 2in. It thus happens that the total flight of a going-away bird at 30yds. between the fall of the hammer and the impact of the shot on the feathers is as nearly as possible 7ft. 10in., instead of the 7ft. 2in. for a crossing bird. As, however, no allowance is necessary in the case of an approaching or a going-away bird, this difference is absolutely immaterial, except in so far that the shot does not strike the bird with the velocity it possesses when at the 35yds. mark.

Referring again to our curve, we find that the striking velocity of the shot at the moment when it reaches a bird at 35yds. is 695ft. per second. This velocity is reduced to 670ft. per second when the bird has traveled a further 7ft. 9in., and if we deduct 60ft. from the striking velocity by reason of the fact that the shot is not colliding with a stationary object, but one moving away at about one-tenth of its own velocity, then we find that the actual velocity of impact of a going-away bird shot at when 25yds. away, becomes 610ft. per second. This enables us to lay down that the velocity with which the shot strikes a going-away bird, shot at when 35yds. distant, is the same as that of shooting at a crossing bird 44yds. away.

From the point of view of the actual flight of the bird during the travel of the shot it will be found that the perspective foreshortening of the line of flight for semi-crossing birds makes it entirely unnecessary to increase the allowance by reason of the fact that the bird is increasing its distance from the shooter while the shot is traveling up the range. The resolving of our calculations into the very simple series of figures which are given above may thus be considered all sufficient for practical purposes. We have laid down the necessary allowances that must be made in the case of cartridges having a standard velocity. In the future we shall be able to examine cartridges which depart from this standard, either by showing an excess or a decrease on the standard velocity laid down, and we shall be able to show in inches the differences of allowance which arise from abnormal cartridges, whether they be on the strong or on the weak side. A careful examination of our tabulated results enables us to say that we shall be able to ascertain the striking velocity at all distances of any cartridge by making the very simple time measurement involved in ascertaining the mean velocity between 15 and 25yds. We have shown that from the muzzle to 20yds. velocity test affords a splendid insight into the general characteristics of a cartridge. We shall, in the future, be able to show that its effectiveness from the sportsman's standpoint may best be tested between 15 and 25yds. It would be unfair to anticipate the teachings of experiments yet to be made. We can therefore dismiss the subject for the moment, now that we have stated the exact allowances that must be made at all sporting distances for cartridges giving a standard velocity.—London Field.

Gun Accidents.

As often related in these columns, every shooting season that comes to us brings with it two or three accidents, always melancholy, and ofttimes fatal. It seems in the natural order of things that this should be so, though, to look at the matter from a common-sense point of view, one would imagine that in these days of breechloaders a serious accident ought to be a rarity. It is nothing of the sort, however, and the present season, so far from being any exception, furnishes three fatalities in the British Isles alone, to say nothing of what may have occurred abroad. Mishaps in the shooting field are always sad to contemplate, because, no matter how they may have come about, the supposition underlying them is that some one or other has been culpably negligent, or that the victim—apart from suicide—was unfit to be trusted with a loaded gun. Anyway you look at it, a sort of stigma attaches to the occurrence, and seems to fasten itself on some one or something; and, sad to relate, when the matter is inquired into, the circumstances, if elucidated at all, are elucidated only at the expense of somebody's character and reputation, or to the detriment of the sufferer's own position. Let us glance briefly, then, at one or two mishaps which have come about since the present season opened, and see if there is or is not a lesson to be learned from the circumstances surrounding them, so far as we know them.

In the English Midlands, a few weeks ago, two men were out rabbit shooting. In getting through a hedge, one of the guns went off, and shot the carrier dead. The entire charge seems to have gone through the unfortunate gunner's neck. Surely our sympathies go out to the poor fellow in the most whole-hearted manner; but, again, surely such an accident could have been prevented by simply taking the cartridges out of the gun before negotiating the hedge. There are not wanting those who exclaim "Serves him right." But death robs all right-minded men of malice or vituperative sarcasm, and therefore, all there is to do is to express one's sorrow for a brother gunner. In doing so, however, this moral may be pointed out to others, namely, to unload their guns before climbing gates or hedges, or doing anything of a similar nature in the shooting field.

It happens, all the same, that this very identical piece of advice has been preached from time immemorial; but no diminution has come about in the annual death roll. Men seem bent on going on their own way, and in their own fashion, and the more the pity, considering the results. In fact, it seems impossible to impress on some shooters the necesity of unloading their guns as often as possible. A shot may be lost now and again, certainly, just as a shooter has removed the cartridges from his gun; but what about it? Surely a chance may be lost or sacrificed occasionally to a natural desire for safety? Yet—it is a curious fact—I have known men persist in getting through a hedge with their guns loaded, just because they have lost a chance on the other side on previous occasions by not doing so. For remonstrating with them, too, I have been called an old woman; but that is a mere detail.

By improperly loading a gun, a less serious accident happened only last week. A shooter opened his gun, put in two cartridges, and closed it. But he closed it by bringing the barrels up to the breech, and in some unexplained manner the caps of the cartridges struck against the strikers, and one of the cartridges exploded. The result was that another gunner, standing some thirty yards or so off, got the best part of a charge of No. 5 in his side, his thick clothes, fortunately, saving him from serious injury. Now, if the loader of the gun had opened the breech with the barrels pointing to the ground, and then, after inserting the cartridges, had closed it by bringing the stock up to the barrels (while the latter were still pointing downward) the accident could not have possibly happened. Any one can satisfy himself on this point by trying the methods of loading implied by my remarks. Yet here, again, I have been snubbed by speaking to shooters about carelessness in loading (but live to tell the tale all the same).

If there were the same laws written or unwritten regarding shooting as there are governing hunting, coursing, yachting, and, indeed, nearly all other sports, we should not have so many accidents. But, as things are at present, any one who can buy a gun, get a license and leave to shoot somewhere or other, is full-fledged, as it were, and, if he gets into a party, becomes at once a nuisance and a danger. He does not take advice readily, and is deaf to remonstrance. There are no laws to which he can be held amenable, and so accidents happen, sooner or later. The master of a hunt soon clears the ground of undesirables, and the judge at a coursing meeting generally does the same. Cricket and football have to be learned before they can be indulged in, and so have most other pastimes. It appears to be very different with shooting, and so we have a dangerous sport participated in by those without the necessary training, with the result that lives are lost. Well, it is a curious state of things at this period of the world's history, and I submit, with all respect, that it is high time something was done to insure a knowledge of guns and how to use them on the part of every one, and no one should be granted a license until he had at least reached the standard of ordinary "safety."—Shooting Times.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Dec. 9.—The regular monthly shoot for the Daly gun was run off to-day, with Moffett the winner for the month, with a score of 41 to his credit. Moffett broke 20 targets in the first string (event 3) for the gun and 17 in the second string, this with his handicap of 4 giving him a score of 41. Bush came in a good second with 40 net to his credit.

Event 5, for a silver ladle, was won by Boxall, with a score of 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	10	25	25	10	25	25
Moffett	22	5	20	17	8	18	11
Bush	18	9	20	20	8	22	20
Boxall	17	6	18	15	9	20	..
Thomas	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Neville	9	..	..	..	5	13	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	10	25	25	10	25	25
Crane	..	2	18	18	8	19	..
Holloway	..	7	11	14	3	..	..
Cockefair	..	..	16	18	3	18	14
Winslow	..	..	22	10	4	..	..
Benson	..	..	..	..	..	13	..

E. Winslow, Sec'y.

Pleasure Gun Club.

Englewood, N. J., Dec. 11.—Inclosed find scores of our Thanksgiving Day shoot, which was well attended. Owing to the very disagreeable weather, the scores were not what they should have been. Mr. Geo. Piercy won first amateur high average, and Mr. Carl Richter second. In events 3, 6 and 1, first prize was a large fat live gobbler. Extra events were shot for turkeys after the regular programme had been finished, and many of the shooters carried a good dinner home. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Richter	7	9	10	9	8	10	10	11	9	6
Truax	9	8	11	7	11	6	8	8	9	7
Schoverling	4	7	10	9	11	6	5	9	5	5
Mackay	7	4	7	7	2	3	..	..	..	..
Raynor	8	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	4	..
F Westervelt	5	6	4	..	2	..	5	..	6	..
C Ruch	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vreeland	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Townsend	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
C Westervelt	5	..	6	..	5	..	..	..	8	5
Piercy	10	10	12	11	10	11	6	10	12	11
Miloy	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Park	6	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Gladwin	7	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Foerser	8	10	11	10	7	..	..	..	..	..
H Demarest	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brugmann	..	..	11	10	9	8	11	10	13	10
J West	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W West	..	..	..	8	..	4	..	..	6	..
C H Sedore	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	3	4	3
Con Sedore	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	3	4	4
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	4	..
Eickhoff	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	8	9
Vosselman	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	6	10
Van Buskirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	8
Hasbrouck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	3
Sauer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7
Uteriener	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7
Cottrell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5

J. Westervelt, Sec'y.

At Point Breeze.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 9.—On the grounds at the Point Breeze track to-day, the competition was remarkably close. In the event at 10 live birds five tied on 8, and the remaining three contestants tied on 7. In the 5-bird event, J. Morris was alone with a straight score. In the second match at 10 birds, he was high with 9. Scores:

Ten live birds, $5 entrance, two moneys, Rose system:

Felix, 30	2002221222—8	Cobb, 28	1112220110—7
Killion, 28	0122021221—8	Morris, 28	*002211221—7
McDonald, 27	2212101011—8	Bodd, 26	0011221202—7
Clegg, 28	2120202122—8	Toughhill, 27	2002021212—7

Second shoot, 5 live birds, $3 entrance, two high guns:

Morris, 28	21221—5	McDonald, 28	0*211—3
Felix, 30	11101—4	Clegg, 28	22100—3
Killion, 28	02102—3		

Three-cornered match, $5 entrance, high gun taking all, 28yds. rise, 5 birds:

McDonald	222*1—4	Felix	02210—3
Morris	00110—2		

Three-cornered match, $5 entrance, one money, 28yds. rise, 10 birds:

Morris	1111201212—9	McDonald	2210012022—7
Felix	2211012022—8		

Hudson Gun Club.

New York.—The regular monthly meeting of the Hudson Gun Club was held at headquarters, Five Corners, Jersey City, Dec. 4, President Joe Whitley in the chair. Regular business attended to, reports of committees and special committees. The special house committee reported having bought glass, lumber, dishes, kitchen utensils and other necessary articles to put the house in readiness for the reception on Dec. 17, and otherwise also reported progress.

The special shoot committee reported through Carl Von Lengerke ("Dr. Sergeant") that he had bought three silver cups, three gold pins and three sets of gold buttons, which he produced, and which were very much admired by the members present. Besides these handsome and valuable prizes, he reported having received a voluntary donation of three very handsome silver watch fobs.

Mr. J. Doran reported that he had a gold-mounted fountain pen for the club for this occasion, which had also been presented voluntarily. Thus you see we have received liberal support without "sponging."

There will be at least fifteen to twenty prizes to shoot for.

Take Newark, N. J., Turnpike car at Jersey City or Hoboken or Newark, Trenton, etc., and get off at the west side of Hackensack River Bridge, walk north to D., L. & W. R. R. Bridge, thence to the grounds. Carl Von Lengerke.

Another "Nature" Book.

"Wild Brutes I Have Saw," by Bridget Seton-Clancy. This charming group of essays has about it the odor of the backwoods to a remarkable degree, says the Milwaukee Sentinel.

The authoress explains in the preface that her early life was spent in the wilds of northern Minnesota, where she associated almost entirely with wild animals. She says:

"Many times I used to set under a tree for hours at a time, watching for to get a shot at a rabbit. I could shoot good with a rifle, and have often saw men who were worse shots than I be. When the other girls were wasting their time going to district school, I would be walking through the woods, watching the wild beasts playing in the trees and on the grass, and learning something every minute. I seen lots of funny incidents, which I will try to mention in this here book."

Miss Seton-Clancy is one of those free, untamed souls who occasionally startle the literary world by their supreme disregard for the statute in such case made and provided. If she is ever worried by the rules of grammar, it does not appear in her work. She has something to say, and says it straight from the shoulder.

This is one of the best books of the year, and it should enjoy a large sale.—Big Falls Times,

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

In our advertising columns, the A. H. Fox Gun Co., Philadelphia, Pa., announce that "The finest gun in the world" is now ready for delivery. Send for catalogue and for list of testimonials from experts.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

FOR CHRISTMAS READING.

A FOX HUNT ON THE PICKET LINE.....Pious Jeems
SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW.....Charles Cristadoro
IN THE LODGES OF THE BLACKFEET..Walter B. Anderson
MY LAST BUFFALO HUNT.....Cabia Blanco
ON GETTING FOUND.....Edward French
THE GENTLEMAN IN THE WOODS.....R. B. Buckham
THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BEAR.....Ransacker
DO ANIMALS FEAR DEATH?.....Shaganoss
THE AMERICAN BISON SOCIETY...Ernest Harold Baynes
INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN AMONG ANIMALS..C. F. Holder
WARNING TO THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.Charles Cristadoro

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH the issue of January 6, which will be the first number of the sixty-sixth volume, several important changes will be introduced in the style of FOREST AND STREAM. In keeping with the pronounced tendency of the day we shall adopt a page of reduced size and one which has been determined upon not only because of its much greater convenience in the reading, but because it is more adapted than the present one to purposes of illustration. Of illustrations there will be largely increased use. That, too, is in line with the progressive journalism of the hour. The subjects to which the FOREST AND STREAM is devoted offer abundant scope for illustrating, and with the new departure it will be our ambition to make the pictorial features a fitting complement of the reading columns, and thus to give the paper a new and added interest.

In its changed form the FOREST AND STREAM will be a regular weekly issue of forty pages, with the issue of the first week of each month increased to fifty-two pages. This will give two volumes per year of 1,112 pages each, or 2,224 pages for the year.

Beginning with January 1 the subscription price will be $3.00 per year.

These changes are all in the way of a better, brighter, handsomer paper. The new FOREST AND STREAM will be received as an acceptable and appreciated advance over the old.

The quality which has always marked the reading matter will be preserved, and the standard will be sustained. The paper will continue to chronicle the experiences of the man, who, in the unhampered world of the open air and the outdoor life does things worth the telling, of nature's ways notes things worth recording, and in the getting back to nature finds his spirit stirred with thoughts worth the expression. As for thirty years past, these pages will be a medium for such interchange among those who do, and see, and feel.

The field of the FOREST AND STREAM is of boundless interest. The theme of the outdoor world and its rational enjoyment is inexhaustible, and one that is always new and fresh, and ever attractive and stimulating. To present weekly pictures from this great playground of nature, which is the heritage of the American sportsman, and to relate his activities therein—this will be the chosen office of the FOREST AND STREAM in 1906, in the furthering of which it invites and anticipates the support and co-operation of its hosts of friends, old and new.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

BEGINNING with Jan. 1, 1906, the subscription price of FOREST AND STREAM will be $3.00 per year; or $1.50 for six months.

All subscriptions now on our books which have been paid at the $4.00 rate, and which run for any period into 1906, will be extended pro rata to conform to the changed price.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION.

AT the meeting of the Interstate Association, held in the Grand Hotel, New York city, last week, the action in respect to the holding of provincial handicaps, subsidiary to the Grand American Handicap, is deserving of more than a passing notice. At one bound it places the Association in a position of full national importance as a matter of fact instead of the heretofore national importance accorded it as a matter of assumption in respect to its material interests.

The Grand American Handicap, great and dignified shoot that it is, draws the main part of its support from a radius of 300 or 400 miles about the city at which it happens to be held. Therefore, while it unquestionably has been national in its moral influences and wholesome stimulus in respect to the sport of trapshooting in its material aspects, it has been provincial in its material scope.

The four subsidiary handicaps, established by the action aforementioned, are designed to supply the needs of general competition in territory not fully covered by the Grand American Handicap. One was assigned to the section of the United States east of Buffalo and Pittsburg; one to the section south of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi; one to the section west of the Mississippi and east of Salt Lake and Oregon; and the fourth was assigned to the section west of Salt Lake and Ogden, to be known as the Pacific Coast Handicap. By thus allotting the great tournaments to the great natural divisions of the country, a general and beneficial impetus will be given to the sport of trapshooting. No more efficacious means for its betterment could be devised. No other body possesses the influence, dignity, stability and confidence of the public, qualities so essential to the success of such a great work.

It should be borne in mind that the scope of the Interstate Association includes the educational as well as the competitive. Under the supervision of the famous Interstate Association Secretary-Manager, Elmer E. Shaner, the Interstate tournaments are an object lesson in all the details of perfect tournament management. They are models for local clubs to copy. Cashiers, clerks, scorers, squad shooters, etc., are perfectly organized to work toward the perfection of a perfect whole. An atmosphere of perfect respectability pervades. A visitor need not hesitate to take with him "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts." It is inherently a clean and healthful sport, one whose place is in the open air, where there are sunshine and green fields.

The allotment of great handicaps to the four great natural divisions of the United States will appeal to sectional pride and activity. While, as a people, we are all citizens of the United States, the spirit of sectional pride is ever alive and active. It is a commendable pride, too, for it incites to beneficent emulation and rivalry. Indeed, its spirit is as great in small places as elsewhere. Where is the city so humble as to hide its glories? Where is the cross-roads which has not some greatness to flaunt where all men can behold and admire? States trumpet their greatness to the world, some modestly and mildly, as Kansas, others according to their excellence and humor.

The local spirit will go far toward insuring a strong support. Shooters of rare skill and courage will be graduated. Local pride will require that the best the world can produce shall be met in friendly competition, with the result that the best of the East, South and West will rally to the greatest contest of all, the Grand American Handicap.

IT is a satisfaction to record the formation of the Anglers' Club of New York. There is abundant material for such an organization here, and its desirability has long been recognized. We bespeak for the movement a cordial support.

SPORT AND HISTORY.

OF the stories we print in this Christmas number there are three which are deserving of special note because of their value as documents of history and because of the human interest in them.

Colonel Gordon has drawn from his recollections of the stirring events in which he had part a little story of war and sport and brotherhood, which is an altogether felicitous contribution to the literature of Christmas. His description of the prompt cessation of hostilities by opposing forces of the Blue and the Gray, that they might join together in the friendly emulation of a fox hunt, well illustrates that feature of the American Civil War which amazed the world at the time and will long compel attention—that the great armies which those momentous years saw arrayed against each other were made up of men of the same race of friends and kindred, bone of bone and flesh of flesh. And while on either side, each individual soldier was loyal to his own cause, it was no unusual thing, when opportunity offered, for the man of the North and his brother of the South to come together and fraternize as was done here on the occasion that Pious Jeems so well describes. It was this circumstance of brotherhood, which, while it made the actual strife all the more bitter and desperate, yet when the conflict was over and the weapons of war had been put away, led to the early and lasting reconciliation of the combatants as brothers again. This, too, is a feature of the Civil War which we may be sure will engage the attention and compel the admiration of the world for so long as the story of the conflict shall be told.

The many stories which we have published from the pen of Cabia Blanco, of hunting adventure in the Southwest among the Indians and the buffalo, are supplemented to-day by his account of the killing of his last buffalo. As for the particular tribe of Indians with whom he was hunting, and for the other tribes, who, as he tells us, sought the game there, this hunt meant the extinction from the face of the earth of a species which for countless generations had afforded them a food supply. For them the killing of this last buffalo was the final act of a change of conditions which meant for them an entire alteration in their mode of life and in the relationship between the white man and the red. It is not fanciful then to say that Cabia Blanco's buffalo story is a bit of the history of the Southwest, and of the events which transformed that region from a wilderness filled with game and sparsely peopled by savage tribes into a civilized community.

A like interest attaches to the chapter printed this week of the account of life among the Blackfeet as participated in by a white man who had the eye to see it and the hand to write it. We have expressed an opinion that this is one of the most intimate, and for that reason one of the most valuable, stories of Indian life ever put into print. It depicts the actual home life of the Rocky Mountain people in the old days. It gives us the Indian as he was, the Indian of fact, not the creation of romance nor yet the creature pictured by dread and hate; but the real Indian man and woman and child as they lived their lives.

It is a suggestive coincidence that in conjunction with this account of buffalo extirpation in the Southwest we should publish the communication from Mr. Baynes recording the movement to establish refuges for the buffalo remnants now left to us, and promoting the activity of a society organized for the express purpose of buffalo preservation.

MR. CHARLES CRISTADORO, of St. Paul, has given long, careful and intelligent study to the forestry conditions prevailing at the headwaters of the Mississippi, and whatever he writes on the subject is deserving of careful heed and special consideration. As Mr. Cristadoro well says, the matter of reforestation and drainage as applied to this district concerns not Minnesota alone but the nation. To permit what is urged by the selfish and traitorous schemers who would for their own individual aggrandizement procure the abandonment of the present system would be an act of national folly.

THE exposition given by the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association in Boston, beginning Dec. 25, promises to be one of the most interesting of the exhibitions in this line, for which Boston has won preeminent credit.

FOR CHRISTMAS READING.

A Fox Hunt on the Picket Line.

It was Christmas Eve of the year 1869 when a number of guests were gathered at Lochinvar, the home of the writer, as was the custom in Southern plantation homes in the olden time when guests were assembled to spend the merry Christmas Day. On this occasion Col. Harry Rodman, of New York, was visiting his old friends of the South, when one of the ladies of the party remarked: "We must not depart from that good old custom of having Christmas stories to-night. Colonel Rodman, can't you tell us a legend or a war romance?" she added, turning to him.

"I know very few legends," replied the Colonel, "but since you request it, I can tell you a little episode of the Civil War, and how we spent a Christmas Day in the army. It is a story of a fox hunt on the picket line.

"We were stationed in winter quarters around the village of C., and the Confederate forces were also in winter quarters a few miles below us. It was Christmas morning in the year 1863 that I was on picket with my regiment between the two armies. It was a beautiful morning, and as I stood by the bivouac fire I could hear the distant cry of hounds slowly trailing a fox, and the occasional cheer of hunters. I stood listening until I heard the hounds break forth in full cry. On they came nearer and nearer, until they passed through our lines. I was so excited that I shouted with delight, and all along the line of our pickets a cheer went up that extended back to the main army, where a rousing cheer from the soldiers in camp turned the fox back until it passed through our lines toward the Confederate, when the yells of the soldiers turned it back again.

"It had been running back and forth when the relief picket came and I sent my command into quarters while I went out beyond our lines with a squad of men to enjoy the sport.

"We had not gone far when a jolly Rebel boy ran into our squad and was captured before he was aware of our presence. I learned from him that his regimen had just been relieved from picket and his colonel with a squad of soldiers was, like myself, enjoying the chase, which had been gotten up for his benefit by a gentleman in the neighborhood who owned a pack of hounds. He was a bright little fellow, with merry blue eyes; but I could see his lips quiver and his eyes fill with tears when I remarked: 'I am sorry, my little man, to have to spoil your Christmas frolic by sending you to prison.'

"'It is a hard core,' he replied, 'and we were going to have a hop to-night in the village, and my girl will be so disappointed when her escort fails to put in an appearance. Say, Colonel,' he added, brightening up, 'can't you give me a chance to escape? Give me a little start, and let me make a break, and I'll take the chances of your shooting me.'

"I felt really sorry for the young fellow, and wishing to test him, said: 'Young man, if I let you go will you promise to return to our pickets to-morrow and surrender yourself?'

"'No,' he answered promptly, 'that would be like desertion, and there is no two to one bet that I won't escape yet before I see inside of a prison.'

"'I cannot trust you out of sight then?' I remarked.

"'Not one inch,' was the honest reply.

"'I like your pluck, my little fellow,' said I. 'How old are you?'

"'Sixteen next June,' he answered.

"'What are you doing in the army then?'

"'Fighting for Dixie land; and I intend to fight as long as there is one of us left,' said he defiantly.

"'What is the number of forces in your camps?' I asked.

"'Something less than a million,' he replied.

"'That's not answering my question,' I added, sternly.

"'Neither do I intend to answer it,' he replied fiercely.

"'You forget that you are in my power,' said I.

"'I don't forget it, neither do I fear it,' said the plucky little fellow. 'Pshaw!' he added contemptuously, 'you can kill me, but you can't scare me. I'm a Southern soldier, and I'll die ten thousand deaths before you extort one word from me regarding the strength of our forces or anything else I don't wish to tell.'

"'To what regiment do you belong?' I asked.

"'To the Second Mississippi Cavalry,' he announced proudly.

"'Will you tell me your colonel's name?'

"'Yes; he is Colonel ——.'

"Imagine my surprise when he mentioned my old friend Pious Jeems here.

"'He is one of my best friends,' I said.

"'You might not think so if you met him in that blue coat,' said he with a sneer.

"'When you see him again tell him you met Col. Henry Rodman, of New York, and that I wished to be kindly remembered and would like to meet him some day under flag of truce.'

"'I will deliver your message very soon,' he muttered.

"I did not notice the covert remark, for just then the hounds again came in our direction and attracted our undivided attention for a moment, when the young Rebel bolted. I knocked up the gun of a trooper as he turned to fire on him. 'Hold,' said I, 'don't shoot. He is a brave boy and deserves his liberty. Let him go. He asked for a chance and he shall have it.'

"The pack now came rushing past us, and filled with the excitement of the chase, I dashed after them, and passing through a thicket got separated from my men. As I emerged into an opening I saw some forty paces distant coming out of the thicket on the opposite side a Confederate officer riding a handsome black charger. I halted and placed my hand on my holster. The officer grasped his pistol at the same moment.

"'Well, Yank,' said he, 'I suppose we will have to fight it out by ourselves; but I wish you had waited until this fox chase was over.'

"I recognized the voice and familiar form of my friend here.

"'If that's Pious Jeems, he and Harry Rodman can manage some better way than killing each other,' I replied, advancing slowly.

"'Harry Rodman by all that's holy!" he exclaimed, dropping the pistol into its holster and grasping my hand.

"We exchanged a few friendly greetings when I asked: 'Have you any of your men with you?'

"'Yes, I have a squad of about a dozen men with me.'

"'So have I, and lest they meet and come to blows, which they will be sure to do, let's ride forward and get the two squads together and finish the hunt as friends.'

"The proposal was heartily agreed to and we were not a moment too soon, for our little escaped prisoner had fallen in with his comrades and notified them of our proximity, and they were collecting to make a charge on my squad, who had discovered them and were drawn up in line of battle ready to meet the charge.

"Pious and I rode forward together and each took our position in front of our commands; and as the situation was explained, a rousing cheer went up from both sides.

"It was a touching scene to see those bronzed veterans who a moment before were ready to rush together in mortal combat, shaking hands and expressing the warmest admiration for each other.

"We agreed to finish the chase together, and if the fox chanced to pass the line of either army the party into whose lines they passed should protect the other from harm. Pious and I dashed off, and the boys in blue and the boys in gray with a wild cheer entered with a new zest into the spirit of the chase. Over hill and dale we went, shouting and yelling with joy, until the fox was run into and caught, the brush being won by our little Rebel prisoner of an hour before.

"After the chase was over I sent one of my men to headquarters for a supply of liquors, eggs and sugar, which, fortunately, I had on hand, to make a Christmas egg nog; and there under the trees by a bivouac fire we awaited their return. Pious had sent off for his box of good things that had been sent to him from Lochinvar for his Christmas dinner; and a jollier Christmas Day was never passed by soldiers fighting under different flags. After enjoying our dinner to the utmost, the men divided into small groups and amused themselves in card playing and telling stories of adventures, each party vieing in courtesies and in compliments to the prowess of the other.

"Pious and I conversed long on the pleasures of the past and the prospects of the future. We agreed that our regimental battle flags should be distinguished by a streamer of white bunting so we might know each other and avoid any effusion of blood unless when duty compelled us to ignore all ties, except loyalty to the cause each had espoused; and we further agreed that if any member of our commands should be captured, a letter addressed to the commanding officer on the side of the captor, making known the fact, should be promptly attended to, and his wants supplied by the side into whose hands he might fall, and the money advanced by one regiment for a member of the other, should stand as a debt of honor to be paid on presentation of the amount furnished under a flag of truce or otherwise, as the emergency of the situation might permit. This agreement made comfortable members of each regiment whom the fate of war consigned to a prison life during the years of strife that followed; and I do not believe there was a soldier in either command who would not have sacrificed his wearing apparel and gone bareheaded and barefooted before one of those obligations should have gone unpaid. Ever after this, when our men faced each other on the picket lines, it was their delight to exchange friendly greetings instead of firing at each other, as had been their custom before. If the soldiers of the two armies could have been permitted to meet and settle their difficulty in a friendly social way the politicians would have been compelled to change their tactics, or they would have lost their occupation; for whenever the soldiers met in friendly converse under flags of truce or along the picket lines, there was a mutual admiration for each other's prowess that readily ripened into friendship; and it continues the same to this day.

"At the North the most inveterate haters of the South are the home guard heroes who never slept by a bivouac fire on the frozen earth, under the cold stars on a wintry night, or lived on hard tack and jerked beef, or went hungry on long and weary marches; and vice versa—the Southern home general is more vindictive against the North than the soldier who bared his breast to the storm of battle and fought until 'Dixie's hopes and his were o'er.'"

The ladies clapped their hands with delight when the gallant Colonel finished his story of "A Fox Hunt on the Picket Lines."

Pious Jeems.

Seeing Things Through the Window

It's a blustery, blizzard-like afternoon. The snow has been drifting badly, piling up in convenient places, and, after every gust of wind, leaving the air filled with grating particles.

The thought of woods and fields being mantled under one great snowy blanket was not a pleasant thing to contemplate, and as evening came on we still looked out the window. Visions of other days came back to us. A southerly-exposed side hill, grass-grown and sparsely covered with lady-like white birches, with a small hemlock of the Christmas-tree variety, interspersed here and there. It is well on in the fall; the grass has been browned and cured by the sun, and above it is spread a carpet of leaves freshly fallen from the trees above.

The flight of woodcock is on, great, brown, plump birds, who, as they flush, stand not on the order of their going but cork-screw with incredible speed in and out and between the trees. No more the lazy summer gait as the bird leaves one spring hole to leisurely seek another. Quick the eye and rapid the action of the trigger finger to down one of these knightly birds. What ideal cover and how glorious the afternoon October sun shines down upon us!

We look again through the window and see a swale well timbered and brush-grown, with a brook flowing peacefully at its bottom. There are partridges here. One man takes the bottom of the swale, the other two taking positions well in advance upon the top of the swale to right and left. What thunder the birds make as they flush from beneath a hemlock and curve to the right or left toward the woods on each side of the swale. Mark! mark! And so it goes until the swale has been well hunted to where it comes to level ground where wheat stubble and brier fence corners fairly scents the air with quail. They have been feeding and have laid up in the fence corner. How the dog holds them, or, being comfortable, how they hate to leave their sunning quarters. But with a roar away they go to pitch and scatter in a nearby woods. Before we can get within gun shot of them they already have begun to call co-ee, co-ee, co-ee. The dog finds them and those that get away seek refuge along a hedge where the dogs pick them up one by one and stand them staunchly. And beyond the fence is a spring hole with much wet ground around it. Why not an English snipe? Will try. And before a depression in the grass the dog draws up and presently a pair of long-billed birds dart out with an erratic flight and a scape! scape! that tells the story only too plainly—a brother and fit companion piece to the woodcock. Great is the sportsman who can make continuous doubles on these erratic birds. They have a way of "flying out of it," exasperating in the extreme. We look westward and find the lakes mantled with wild rice with a ridge and cover between, over which the birds must pass from one feeding ground to another. If the day is clear and calm the great fat mallards and lightning-like teal fly high and warily avoid the concealed sportsman, but if the wind blows, and especially if there is sleet or rain in the air, how they come! Flying low and in a continuous line, paying attention to nothing and seeing nothing. The winds cut you to the bone and the rain seeps down your back, but as long as the ducks are flying and you have shells left to shoot the weather does not count. Honk! honk! honk! How they come flying low and circling the lake before they alight. And as some of their number drop from their ranks they again circle and present themselves most favorably to the concealed hunters. A second fusilade warns them away, and with parting honks they leave for pastures anew.

The September sun has already dried the dew from the prairie grass. The dogs are ranging nicely as we trot the horses along through the long grass. Steady! The birds are here! How well the dogs stand and back! Away

they go with a roar as they flush ahead of the dogs, and, spreading out fan-like, each one again seeks individual cover to burrow down deeply amid the grass roots, there to defy the nose of the dog and remain quiet even with the breath of the dog upon them. They know where they are safe, and save for being actually kicked out would no doubt defy the dog and remain in cover. Was there ever such hunting as that, where the dogs are well broken and the birds lie snug and close? And when the birds flush, an open space and view unobstructed above the line of the prairie grass for miles between you and the horizon. Under such conditions one marvels that a prairie chicken can be missed—but missed they are, sometimes more frequently than at others.

How fresh the prairie breezes and how exhilarating the sport. How welcome is the dinner hour when beside the spring the hamper is opened up and its substantials spread out. How good to light one's pipe and spread out upon the fragrant prairie grass and gaze upon the fleeing clouds overhead and think of the afternoon yet to come. The dogs lie dreaming by our sides and under the balmy influence of the sun's rays we too drop asleep and walk the dreamland prairies.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

Days With the Game.

WHO should roll in one day but Sorrel Horse and his wife, with whom I had passed the summer, and with them came young Bear Head, and his Gros Ventre wife, whom I had helped him steal from her people. That is, I went with him on that expedition to the Gros Ventre camp, and gave him very good will in his undertaking if nothing more. Berry and his wife were as glad to meet them all again as I was, and gave them one of the rooms in the fort until such time as Sorrel Horse should have a cabin of his own. He had decided to winter with us. trap beaver and poison wolves, and perhaps do a little trading with the Indians. With Bear Head to help him, he soon built a comfortable two-room cabin just back of our place, and put in two good fire-places like ours. I was glad of the fire-places, for I counted on spending some little time by them in the long winter evenings to come. Nothing on earth gives one such a sense of rest and abiding peace as a cheerful blaze in a wide fire-place when cold weather comes, and blizzards from the north sweep down over the land.

Among other things, I had brought west with me a shotgun, and, now that the geese and ducks were moving south, I had some very good shooting. Whenever I went out for a few birds a number of Indians always followed me to see the sport; they took as much delight in seeing a bird fall at the crack of the gun as I did in making the shot. Once I dropped eleven widgeons from a flock passing by, and the onlookers went wild with enthusiasm over it. But I could never induce them to accept any of the fowl I killed; birds and fish they would not eat, regarding the latter especially as unclean. All they cared for was ni-tap'-i wak-sin: real food, by which was meant the meat of buffalo and the various other ruminants.

In November many of the Blackfeet proper came down from the north, where they had been summering along the Saskatchewan and its tributaries, and following them came the Kai'-na, or Bloods, another tribe of the Blackfeet. The latter went into camp a mile below the Piegans, and the former pitched their lodges about half a mile above our fort. We now had, including women and children, something like 9,000 or 10,000 Indians about us, and the traders were kept busy all day long. Buffalo robes were not yet prime—the fur did not get its full growth until about the first of November—but a fair trade was done in beaver, elk, deer and antelope skins. About the only groceries the Indians bought were tea, sugar and coffee, and they cost them, on an average, $1 per pint cupful. Blankets—three-point—were $20, or four prime head-and-tail buffalo robes, each; a rifle, costing $15, sold for $100; whisky—very weak, was $5 per quart, and even a package of Chinese vermillion sold of $2. There was certainly profit in the trade. As a matter of fact, there was not a single thing in the trader's stock that was not an unnecessary article of luxury to the Indian. The trader's argument was something like this: The Indians don't need these things, but if they will have them, they must pay my price for them. I'm not risking my life in this business for anything but big profits.

Of course Berry did not expect to get all the trade of the three great camps. Parties were continually going into Fort Benton with robes and furs, indeed, the larger part of the trade went there; nevertheless, the little fort on the Marias did a fine business.

Winter came early that year, in the fore part of November. The lakes and streams froze over, there were several falls of snow, which the northwest winds gathered up and piled in coulées and on the lee side of the hills. It was not long before the buffalo began to keep away from the river, where the big camps were. A few, of course, were always straggling in, but the great herds stayed out on the plains to the north and south of us. After the snow fell they went no more to water anyhow, as they got enough of it in the form of snow, eaten with the grass. So long as they took water in this way they remained fat, no matter how long and severe the winter was; but as soon as the snow began to melt and water stood everywhere on the plains in little pools, they drank it and lost flesh and fat rapidly. Since the buffalo came no more near the stream the Indians were obliged to go out on a two or three days' camping trip, in order to get what meat and skins they needed, and several times during the season I went with them, accompanying my friends, Weasel Tail and Talks-with-the-buffalo. On these short hunts few lodges were taken, fifteen or twenty people arranging to camp together, so we were somewhat crowded for room. Only enough women to do the cooking accompanied the outfit. As a rule, the hunters started out together every morning, and sighting a large herd of buffalo, approached them as cautiously as possible, until finally the animals became alarmed and started to run, and then a grand chase took place, and if everything was favorable a great many fat cows were killed. Nearly all the Piegans had guns of one kind or another; either a flint-lock or percussion-cap, smooth-bore or rifle; but in the chase many of them, especially if riding swift, trained horses, preferred to use the bow and arrow, as two or three arrows could be discharged at as many different animals while one was reloading a gun. And yet those old smooth-bores were quickly loaded. The hunter carried a number of balls in his mouth; as soon as his piece was discharged he poured a quantity of powder from the horn or flask into his hand and thence down the barrel; then taking a ball from his mouth he dropped it down on top of the powder, gave the stock a couple of sharp blows to settle the charge, and primed the pan or put on the cap, as the case might be. When loaded in this manner the piece had to be held muzzle up else the ball would roll out; and when ready to shoot the hunter fired the instant he brought the gun down to the level of the mark. Some of the hunters—fine shots and astride exceptionally swift and long-winded horses—often killed twenty, and even more, buffalo on a single run, but I think the average number to the man was not more than three. After one of these hunts the return to the main camp was a sanguinary sight. There were string after string of pack horses loaded down with meat and hides, and some hunters even slung a hide or two or a lot of meat across their saddles and perched themselves on top of that. There was blood everywhere; on the horses, along the trail, on the clothing, and even on the faces of the hunters.

I went on several of these hunts when the weather was so cold that a buffalo hide froze stiff as it dropped away from the cut of the knife; yet, the Indians skinned their quarry bare-handed. I wore the heaviest of underclothing, a thick flannel shirt, a buckskin shirt, coat and waistcoat, a short buffalo robe overcoat, and buffalo robe "shaps," and even then there were times when I was uncomfortably cold, and my cheeks and nose became sore from frequent nippings of frost. The Indians wore only a couple of shirts, a pair of blanket or cowskin leggins, fur cap, buffalo robe gloves and moccasins—no socks. Yet, they never froze, nor even shivered from the cold. They attributed their indifference to exposure to the beneficial effect of their daily baths, which were always taken, even if a hole had to be cut in the ice for the purpose. And they forced their children to accompany them, little fellows from three years of age up, dragging the unwilling ones from their beds and carrying them under their arms to the icy plunge.

When on these short hunts there was no gambling nor dancing. Some medicine man always accompanied a party, and the evenings were passed in praying to the sun for success in the hunt, and in singing what I may term songs of the hunt, especially the song of the wolf, the most successful of hunters. Everyone retired early, for there was little cheer in a fire of buffalo chips.

You have perhaps noticed on the northwestern plains, circles of stones or small boulders, varying in size from twelve to twenty and more feet in diameter. They were used to weight the lower edge of lodge skins, to prevent the structure being blown over by a hard wind, and when camp was moved they were simply rolled off of the leather. Many of these circles are found miles and miles from any water, and you may have wondered how the people there encamped managed to assuage their thirst; they melted snow; their horses ate snow with the grass; buffalo chips were used for fuel. The stone circles mark the place of an encampment of winter hunters in the long ago. Some of them are so ancient that the tops of the stones are barely visible above the turf, having gradually sunk into the ground of their own weight during successive wet seasons.

By the latter end of November the trade for robes was in full swing, thousands of buffalo had been killed, and the women were busily engaged in tanning the hides, a task of no little labor. I have often heard and read that Indian women received no consideration from their husbands, and led a life of exceedingly hard and thankless work. That is very wide of the truth so far as the natives of the northern plains were concerned. It is true, that the women gathered fuel for the lodge, bundles of dry willow, or limbs from a fallen cottonwood. They also did the cooking, and besides tanning robes, converted the skins of deer, elk, antelope and mountain sheep into soft buckskin for family use. But never a one of them suffered from overwork; when they felt like it they rested, they realized that there were other days coming, and they took their time about anything they had to do. Their husbands never interfered with them, any more than they did with him in his task of providing the hides and skins, and meat, the staff of life. The majority—nearly all of them—were naturally industrious and took pride in their work; they joyed in putting away parfleche after parfleche of choice dried meats and pemmican, in tanning soft robes and buckskins for home use or sale, in embroidering wonderful patterns of beads or colored porcupine quills upon moccasin tops, dresses, leggins and saddle trappings. When robes were to be traded they got their share of the proceeds; if the husband chose to buy liquor, well and good; they bought blankets and red and blue trade cloth, vermillion, beads, bright prints and various other articles of use and adornment.

Berry and some of his men made several flying trips to Fort Benton during the winter, and on one of them brought out his mother, who had been living there with her companion, the Crow Woman. Mrs. Berry, Sr., was a full-blooded Mandan, but very light colored, and brown-haired. She was tall and slender, good looking, very proud and dignified, but of great kindness of heart. She was very good to me, nursing me when ill and giving me strange and bitter medicines, always picking up and putting away with care the things I scattered about, washing and mending my clothes, making for me beautiful moccasins and warm gloves. She could not have done more had she been my own mother; I was under obligations to her which nothing could ever repay. When I contracted mountain fever, and one evening became delirious, it was she who tended me, and brought me safely out of it. Her companion, the Crow Woman, was equally kind to me. She was a woman with a romance, and one evening, after I became well acquainted with her, she told me the story of her life as we sat before the fire.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Last Buffalo Hunt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a part of the summer and all of the fall of 1879 I was engaged in helping our post carpenter, being carried on "daily duty." This sort of work should have been "extra duty," for which I would get extra pay, but it was not, in my case, and I need not have continued at it more than ten days unless I wanted to do it. I did want it. That was why I was not put on the extra pay roll I suppose. The quartermaster knew he could get me without extra pay, then save my pay for some one else.

After we had built an addition to the hospital and had done all other repairs in our line, I next went to painting. I was no more a painter than I was a carpenter, but could do a little at both these trades and several others besides. The new hospital and a row of officers' quarters needed painting and I proceeded to paint them. My term of service would be up here about the middle of next December, and I lay awake nights now studying how I could string out this job of painting so as to get it and my term done about the same day. The captain put in his time growling to himself and me about my continued stay with the quartermaster. He knew better than to do any of his growling when it might have some effect with the post commander. These captains try every way to keep their men out of the quartermaster's employment; they need the men themselves, but some one has got to do this work.

At last a happy thought struck me. I would get through with that painting job a few weeks before I would be through with all jobs here, then strike the captain for a two weeks' hunting pass; and I would not get it from him; but I thought I knew whom I would get it from—the post commander. I'll get that pass from the colonel's wife, I told myself. She had the reputation among the men of being the real commanding officer. If she was, we might easily have a worse one, but, in fact, she seldom meddled with any affairs but her own.

When I had got to her quarters I painted them from top to bottom, doing everything just to suit her; and while doing it told her of my anxiety to go hunting next, but that I was afraid I could not, and told her why.

"When you get through here," she told me, "go to the Colonel for that pass. I will see him myself about it."

The colonel was only one by brevet, but we always addressed him as colonel, an act of Congress had told us at one time to stop the use of the brevet when addressing these officers, but we were not supposed to know how to read at that time, and the officers forgot to tell us, so we kept up the old custom, all of us except a few smart Alecs did, at least, and the smart men would stand a good chance to be called down when they addressed a brevet-colonel or general as captain. I applied to the captain for that pass as soon as I was ready for it. It would be only a matter of form to ask him for it; I would not get it.

"Are you going to re-enlist with me?" he wanted to know.

"No, sir; I am going to St. Louis to enlist."

He was short a sergeant; he had been short of one for some time now and had not promoted a corporal.

"I will appoint you sergeant the day you re-enlist," he told me. "I can keep you out of the quartermaster's then, I think."

"I am afraid not, sir; he wants me for a wagon master, he told me; that sergeant's appointment would just suit him."

"Well, then, I am afraid I can never let you do any more hunting here, you have done the last of it."

I went straight to the colonel now and told my story. It was no doubt an old story with him now; he had heard all about it from his wife.

"How long a pass did I want?"

"About fifteen days, sir. I want to go up the Canadian again." I had been up it less than a year ago. Then this captain of mine was anxious for me to hunt; I was hunting up stray Indians then to send them in home for him.

The colonel started to write my pass, then handing it to me said: "Now, if you can't get back in fifteen days, think up an excuse for not doing it, and I won't mark you a deserter when you do get back."

Going back to the captain I handed him my pass and said: "I would like to start early in the morning, sir. Will you please give me an order for my horse?" I could not take him out of the stable without an order.

I got the order and for a wonder did not get a calling down for going to the colonel. You have not quite given up the hope of getting me for another five years, I thought. That is why I don't hear from you in this connection.

Starting early next morning I rode clear through to the Wachita Agency, getting in there in the middle of the afternoon. But I had a good horse, the one that the loco weed had failed to kill, as I told about some time ago. And the horse would have ten days to rest up in now. I would turn him into the chief's herd and ride a pony. The horse would be at home here, I had had him running with these ponies two winters already while I rode ponies.

I needed another pass now, one for my Indians, from the agent and asked for it, telling the agent that we would need no rations from him. I would buy them at the store here. This was another stroke of policy, for this store belonged to the agent, but was in another man's name to keep the agent out of hot water with the Indian Bureau.

I got the pass with less trouble than it had taken me to get the first one; then keeping on up to camp I told the chief to get ready for a hunt right away. I wanted to take about a dozen of his men and boys, and he told me to detail those I wanted myself. I did so, then added three squaws to the detail. I wanted the squaws to pack, drive and cook for us. I would make the boys do part of this, they would do it if I told them to, but would not do it for their sisters if I were not present to make them do it. Next morning the chief and I, taking three of his mules went down to the store, and here I loaded up the mules with about all they could carry of coarse supplies—flour, coffee and sugar, baking powder and salt, adding to this a good supply of smoking tobacco; the Indians did not get much of that now, nor much of anything else either, since there were no more buffalo robes to pay for it; part of these supplies I meant to give out in camp. This would be the last time I would get a chance to feed these Indians for a long time now; they had often fed me. The supplies would cost me about half what they would have cost an Indian, had I been a stranger here; but I was not a stranger, so they cost me still less. I concluded from my bill that agent had seen the storekeeper since I had seen the agent yesterday, and had "put him wise" (that seems to be the popular way of expressing this now). I might report any excess in these charges to Washington, or I might "put the agent in the papers." I had threatened to do both in his case a few years ago. I had no notion then of doing either, but he did not know that. I had put another agent in the papers, and I might put him in. That was what he did not want. "These agents out here were spending the best part of their lives in trying to benefit the Indian, while we spent our time in finding fault with them."

We pulled out from camp early next morning to go on the hunt. I had already used up two of the fifteen days now, and did not want to waste any more time if I could help it; and so we struck out straight for the Canadian River by the shortest route to it, not stopping to do any hunting on the way there, and got into the valley of the Canadian after two days' hard riding, striking it just west of Fort Elliott; and now we could move slower and do a little hunting as we kept on up the river.

This Canadian River Valley is a fine one. It had been less than a year since I had seen it last, then I had ridden down the whole length of it alone. There were but two ranches in the whole valley then, several more had been built in it since then; but the most part of it was out of doors yet. Still keeping up the valley we made our last camp at White Deer Creek. Deer were what we were looking for, and we found plenty of them the whole length of the valley. There were large herds of cattle in here and the deer could often be found right among the cattle.

On the afternoon of the day that we went into camp, some of the Indian boys went off on a hunt still further up the river, and that evening one of the boys, coming into the chief's lodge, reported that he had seen a buffalo in the afternoon out on the prairie to the left of the river. The buffalo was a mile away from him, he said, and he had not tried to run it, his pony would not be fast enough and he did not want to scare the buffalo off, we could get it to-morrow.

"No," the chief told him, "you saw no buffalo. There is none here now to see. The white man has killed them all."

"Well, it seems that there is still one that the white man has not yet killed," I told him, "but if he keeps himself in this country until to-morrow you or a white man will kill him. Which of us does it will depend on which of us has the fastest pony. Don't you suppose that this boy knows a buffalo when he sees him? This boy and I have killed enough of them for you while we still had them here to know them again when we see them."

Next morning, leaving only one man and the squaws in camp, we started to get that buffalo. We kept on up the river for nearly fifteen miles, all of us keeping a good lookout for the buffalo's trail, for he would have to come in here after water. At last we found it; he had been in here to-day. We followed the trail up on the prairie, and, stopping here, I took the chief's field-glass and swept the country with it, and soon saw the buffalo. It hardly needed a glass to see him; he was only about two miles away and was grazing.

We started in slowly and had got at least a mile nearer him without his seeing us, when the chief gave the signal to go for him, and we went at a gallop. I was riding a pony that the chief had given me four years before. I have never seen another Indian pony and but few cavalry horses that could outrun him, and I had made a good buffalo pony out of him. The chief had one of his fast ponies but I left him behind now, and the other ponies were never in it after we had once started.

I got to within 600 yards of the buffalo before he saw me and started to run; but he might as well have stopped where he was. My pony placed me alongside of him in the next quarter of a mile, and a ball out of my Colt's pistol put in just behind his shoulder did the rest.

The pony ran on a few hundred yards, then pulling him up I rode back, and by that time the chief had reached the fallen buffalo and had dismounted there.

"I think this is your last buffalo and mine," the chief said. "If there are any more in this country I don't know it. There may be some up in the north; I have heard that there are."

"There are none up there now. The white men have killed them off," I told him, "this one is our last one, I think."

The buffalo was a young bull, three years old, we thought, and was in first-rate condition, he had all this country to graze in, he ought to be in pretty good order.

It was right up here where the Indians had got their last of the buffalo before they finally all disappeared. The last winter that any were got at all the Pawnees hunted them here and got a few. The other Indians who hunted south and east of this did not get any. Some of them came near starving. Our troop patrolled the country that winter to watch the Indians, and we had to give these Indians our horses' corn to keep them alive; the horses lived on grass. This old captain of mine had kept me going alone all over the country that winter hunting up Indians because I "knew the country," he said, "and would not get lost; and I seemed to be able to get along with these Indians somehow." It was then that I found the whole Pawnee tribe, over 1,000 of them, up where my camp now was on White Deer Creek, but this is another story and I have nearly forgotten the buffalo.

We got the hide off; then took nealy all of the meat. The chief meant to bring it in to the camp on the Wachita. He dismounted several of the boys to use their ponies to pack meat on, telling the boys to strike out on foot for camp.

They were about to start, and as the crow flies, make a straight line of it from where we were now to camp.

"Wait, my brothers," I told them, "you go back now to the river; then go across that smooth grass there to camp. It is a long way to it I know, but the way you were going is a longer one. You will find many sand hills hat way; you won't want to climb them on foot. I know that country out there, I have been all over it; you have not. Don't go over it to-day."

They started off the way I had sent them, and were in camp away ahead of us and the ponies.

The next day was put in hunting deer. We did not expect to find any more buffalo, and found none. Our squaws were kept busy drying meat on small platforms which they built over stone fires. Had we had the time to spare to it all this meat would have been dried in the sun. The chief wanted to have the robe tanned, then send it up to me.

"No," I told him, "I won't be there then. I am going home to Washington now (every place outside of the Indian Territory was Washington with him). You tan the robe and sell it to buy rations. This is the last one you may ever have to sell."

On the second day after killing the buffalo we started on the return march, and got into the chief's camp a day before my pass would be up. Then on the following morning I started for home and got into the post before night.

Cabia Blanco.

On Getting Found.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Apropos of Mr. Hardy's and Mr. Kephart's articles on getting lost, permit me to give evidence from an incident which I know of personally. Some time I intend to write an article on "the vanity of the outer," for being one of those devotees myself, I have been much interested in the psychology of other outers. That is my excuse for "butting in" and presuming to place myself on the same level as two such experts.

Now, the personal experience of this young man which I am about to relate, was contrary to the opinion of these gentlemen, largely modified by his remembrance of the directions given by our great leader, Nessmuk.

He left a camp at 8 o'clock in the morning of a gray day that threatened snow. He was warmly clad, with the felt boots and rubber shoes of a lumberman, and heavy reefer, but light gloves and hat. He had his Winchester and eight cartridges. He walked until about 12 o'clock, in a direction which he afterward found to be north, swinging around to the west, and entered a big cedar swamp. He ran across several signs of deer where they had knocked the moss from the top of fallen decayed logs and saw their tracks in the mud. It is probable that he lost his memory of direction in his interest in these tracks.

About 2 o'clock the thought came to him that he did not know in which direction the camp lav. Now, having only been twice before in woods of any great extent, he had little experience, and what knowledge of woodcraft he had he had obtained from reading articles in papers and magazines and from Nessmuk's book. He says that at once he thought of Nessmuk's description of getting lost in November and the details were fairly clear in his mind. He made his first mistake right here by not bending over trees in quite a large circle and tying a white handkerchief on one of them and then blazing his way in whatever direction he took for camp. The philosophy of this course is as follows. By blazing his way he could always come back to his starting point, and the handkerchief on the bush would at once engage his attention, even if he should walk in a circle and come back to the same spot on another side.

Now, I claim that this remembrance of Nessmuk's directions was of great advantage to him if they did not result in saving his life. One must remember that the day was gray, that he was in the midst of a cedar swamp, and that there were no streams or water courses in his vicinity and that he came across none until quite a time afterward. He says one sentence in Nessmuk's book was of great comfort to him, which he remembered something as follows: "That there was no need of getting excited and panicky and that getting lost ought to prove only another experience."

He traveled until it began to snow, which by his watch proved to be about 3:30. He then found a large windfall about a foot from the ground. He filled the space under the trunk of the tree with moss, leaves, etc., which, being very moist in the course of the night, froze into a solid mass. He then cut brush and made a lean-to from the top of the trunk to the ground, leaving him a space inside long enough and wide enough for him to recline. This he carpeted with brush, filling in the opening at the head with more duff. He built his fire against the upturned roots of the tree about two feet from the opening and near his feet. He had nothing to eat, but between rustling for wood and the covering of his lean-to by six or eight inches of moist snow during the night he was fairly warm and comfortable. He found plenty of water by stamping in the swamp. The water would then rise in his heel marks.

In the morning he was more uncomfortable from hunger than anything else. The snow was still falling. He started again and probably made about one mile an hour for the rest of the day. In the middle of the forenoon he shot a rabbit and says that he remembers that it was great satisfaction to him that he killed the rabbit with one shot, as he realized that he had seven cartridges left. At 1 o'clock he made a fire against a tree and cooked the hindquarters of the rabbit. It was a distinct disappointment, as he had no salt and he said it did not allay his hunger. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the snow was still falling, but had not fallen enough so as to impede his progress much. He built another lean-to, but used a rock instead of a tree for one side of it. He cooked the remainder of the rabbit. He says he was not the least bit frightened, but he speculated considerably upon what his companions were doing in camp, and what a good story he would have to tell them when he returned. He ate the remainder of the rabbit and had a better night than the previous night. He was still very hungry and he derived the most comfort from drinking water of any-

thing he did. The next morning he started early under the belief that he must put in a longer day.

Some time in the morning, he is uncertain as to the time, he struck a brook that was six or eight feet across. He said he knew that if he followed down this brook he would get "somewhere." At 1 o'clock he came to a deserted lumber camp, where there were four or five cabins in various states of subsidence and decay. He picked out a small one, made a hole through the roof, and gathered wood. He did not feel as hungry as the day before, but felt very sleepy and a little weak. While gathering wood he saw two red squirrels and wasted three of his cartridges without killing either one, but he was not the least bit frightened, and, in fact, was rather enjoying his experience, especially since he found the brook and the cabins. In searching through the cabins he found a large lump of rock salt, very brown and dirty, in one of the buildings which had probably been a stable for oxen. This he brought into the cabin he intended to occupy and amused himself by crushing it up fine with a club to use if he succeeded in getting any more meat.

While he was quite warm during that night, he was still more uncomfortable than either of the previous nights, and said that he was nervous and that his feet twitched so that he did not get much sleep. Very early the next morning he started down the road and walked constantly until about 11 in the forenoon, when he saw another man coming up the road. During the storm there had been about eight inches of snow, but no more after the morning of the second day.

Now, the proof that he was not frightened and not insane and that his mind worked normally is shown by the story afterward told by this man he met. This man said that he saw my friend walking leisurely toward him. His clothing was not disarranged and there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he was lost, hungry, and in a desperate condition. The stranger saluted him with "Good morning, have you seen any traces?" My friend replied, "No." The other man said: "When did you come in?" My friend replied: "A while ago." He said: "Where did you come from?" My friend said, "Vanceboro." The stranger then remarked: "I think the camp must be in this direction," indicating a point at his right hand. The lost man said, "Yes," and without further talk they started in that direction. They walked about four miles, and during the last half-mile my friend was very weak, so much so that it was noticed by the stranger. Upon reaching the camp he was surrounded by all his companions, who shook his hand violently and addressed most of their questions to the stranger, asking him where did he find him? How did he find him? etc. Not until then did the stranger suspect that my young friend had been lost or that he was the very man he had been hunting for. For the members of the party had sent back to Vanceboro a guide and obtained other men to come from the town and hunt the woods.

In speaking of his experience afterward he always maintained that his recollection of the directions given by Nessmuk, the light way in which Nessmuk regarded being lost, and the definite instructions to build camps in case of being lost, saved him from becoming panic-stricken, and that his experience was rather pleasant than otherwise.

EDWARD FRENCH.

The Gentleman in the Woods.

THE perfect gentleman is always welcome in society, wherever he goes. The homes of the cultured and refined and well to do, as well as of the humble and lowly, are constantly open to him, and there is ever a place for him at their firesides. From time out of mind it has been so, and always will. Say what you may, humanity is ever quick to recognize and appreciate courtesy, and gentleness and amiability, and such never goes without its reward. These qualities are always at a premium, and he who possesses them ranks with the nobility. The gentleman is always in demand. He is wanted, everywhere. He wins attention wherever he goes. The heart opens to him like the rose to the sun, and the open hand of friendship is continually outstretched to him.

Even when he turns his back upon society and plunges into the solitude of the woods, the result is precisely the same. Nature receives him with open arms, too, and all that she has is his. She loves to commune with him, conforming herself to his mood, no matter what it may be. She tells him all her secrets, many of them precious and long withheld, and seeks by many wiles to keep him in her company. He comes and goes in her domain as he pleases, and she is always at his beck and call.

But the case is much different with the rough and boisterous, the boor and the thoughtless. She flees at their first approach, and little indeed do they have in common. She will have nothing to do with such, and would have them well out of the way. If they are not wanted in society, neither are they here. If you would be heartily received into the inner circles of the woods, you must enter them precisely as you would a drawing room; as a perfect gentleman.

Have you never stood upon some high hill and listened and watched while some chance party of visitors to the woods made their way through them? Often they can be heard for miles, their shouts and gruff voices ringing through the woods, and echoing far and near. You will see the birds leaving and flying away in flocks in alarm before them. Now and then an unusually saucy specimen, like a crow or jay, will stop to scold at them a bit, but takes good care, nevertheless, to be well out of the way before they are within half a mile or so. Frightened animals can be heard scurrying away to safety through the woods, from their intended path, long before their arrival; and should you fall in and follow in their course, you would find the vicinity devastated of life of every kind, as though swept by fire, or invaded by a terrible ogre, for such the noisy man seems invariably to be, to the wood dwellers. They cannot conceive of him as anything else.

But if you go into the woods as a perfect gentleman, then the case becomes quite different, and all the wood folk are anxious to meet you and make your acquaintance. They cannot see enough of you, and are ready to devote unlimited time to your company. Go quietly into the woods, sometime, and sit down under the nut trees, and soon the squirrels will gather around, and begin to hail you and exchange greetings with you. If they find you sufficiently gentlemanly, they will actually come down out of the trees and shake hands with you, not exactly after the formal, pump-handle fashion of society, but more literally shake hands at you, as well as heads and tails, to attract your attention, and make their way into your good graces. Always provided that they find you a perfect gentleman, but not otherwise.

One motion of hand or head, or intimation of any kind that you are not perfectly trustworthy, and they are away in an instant, and will not have anything more to do with you, under any circumstances. They have then made up their mind about you, and it is not easily to be changed.

Once while I was walking in the woods with a celebrated naturalist, we fell in with a sportsman out after birds. We could hear him coming some distance away, shouting at his dogs, and whistling and scolding. "Had any luck?" my friend asked, as he came up. "No!" was the indignant reply, "I never saw such a place, anyway! There aren't any birds around here! Might as well look for 'em on top of a flagstaff as here!" and on he went, muttering and cursing over his ill luck.

"Just for the fun of it, let's see whether there are any birds here or not!" continued my companion, after the gunner was out of sight and hearing, and turning into the bush, we sat down for a time on a fallen log, and waited and listened. It was not long before we could hear the well-known drumming of a grouse, doubtless a young bird, trying his hand at this fascinating occupation with him.

Have you never sat down for a brief rest in the woods, and upon rising been startled by the roaring wings of a flushing grouse? And have you not thought it a bit strange that you should have happened to sit down so near to one of these birds, and that, too, without having frightened him away? Ah, but you had but little inkling into the true meaning of the affair! He was not there at all, when you sat down, but having heard or seen you, he crept up to have a look at you, mayhap in the hope of making your acquaintance, if you appeared to be of the right sort, and in the closeness of his proximity to you, you may read his candid opinion of you, see yourself reflected in the eye of a grouse, as you would in a glass!

Birds of all kinds love the company of the gentleman after their own heart. Instances of this fact are to be seen daily. I once visited a hermit living in a lonely cabin on the side of a mountain. After showing me about the place, he stepped inside for a moment and brought out a dish of corn meal porridge. Then he began calling at the top of his voice, "Charley!" "John!" "Jerry!"

Almost immediately the air seemed to be filled with crows. Black forms came flitting down from the tree-tops, far and near, lighting on the arms and shoulders of my host, and standing by twos and threes on his head. It was dinner time for them, and they ate the contents of the dish with a relish.

After they had finished, the hermit invited me to come in and sit down awhile, which we accordingly did. But it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could keep the crows from entering also. Gladly would they have been counted as guests also on that occasion, if opportunity had offered. "Sometimes on rainy days I let them come in to keep out of the wet," was the explanation offered of their eagerness to follow, but a second might be found also in the fact that birds, as well as men, love good company.

Thoreau, the eccentric hermit of Walden Pond, relates that while floating in his boat on the pond, if he only went about it in gentle enough fashion, the fishes would allow him to place his hand cautiously under them, and lift them out of the water.

It is a familiar legend, how Saint Francis of Assizi is said to have gone to the woods on one occasion to preach to the birds; and came away uplifted in soul and elated in spirit, not through the success of his mission, which had proved a failure, but because instead the birds had preached to him! What an opportunity it was for all the songsters of the woods! Not often did they have the chance of falling in with such a real gentleman as he! No wonder that they sang to him their sweetest and best, and that his soul was raised to loftiest heights! Well may we imagine that not a moment of his stay was lost! He came with the best intentions, and deserved none but the best. He was repaid an hundred fold in his own sterling coin.

Similarly, anyone who goes to the woods with all the qualifications of the perfect gentle-man, will be received by nature with outstretched hand, and will depart with the happiest of recollections ringing in his heart.

R. B. BUCKHAM.

The Biography of a Bear.—XII.

AFTER hanging up the deer that I had carried until I figured that it ought to be worth a dollar a pound, I proceeded to investigate the apparent ruin of the tent and the general chaos surrounding it. I found that the upright poles had been thrown over sidewise and the pegs, to which the side ropes were made fast, had been pulled out of the ground. The whole tent had been dragged along the ground from one corner, leaving it fast to one or two stakes only. All of our blankets had been dragged about and distributed generally and indiscriminately over about four acres of ground. Our pillows, coats, in fact, everything that was in the tent when we left it in the morning was strewn about as though each separate article had received special attention, and had then been deposited off by itself. Our improvised wash stand, our water pail, our combs and brushes and our mirror were all upon the ground and more or less covered with grass from the tent.

I next went with a great deal of solicitude to examine the hut in which our provisions were stored. I found the door ajar, for its fastenings, consisting of a strap hooked over a nail, offered little resistance to anything or any person bent upon raiding it. I was greatly relieved to find that nothing within the hut had been disturbed. Even our tin plates and the remnants from our breakfast, that we had not taken time to clear away in the morning, were undisturbed. I returned to the wreckage about the tent, and upon investigation I could not see that anything had been damaged but the mirror—a small affair—and it was cracked as though it had been trodden upon. As I was very tired I thought the easiest thing to do would be to lie down in some tall grass nearby, and while watching for the possible return of the raider try and conjecture what manner of man or beast it might have been. Before I did so I noticed that the few books, and a few numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM that we had in the tent, were now not only scattered but they were mostly torn and separated leaf from leaf. Upon one of the pages of FOREST AND STREAM—which very page contained an account of a bear hunt—I found the muddy footprint of a bear.

This footprint rather confirmed my suspicion that Jack had been doing the mischief, but the footprint was not complete, and what there was of it seemed larger than that of one of Jack's feet. Furthermore, as evidence in his favor, he had never been known to do anything of this kind. It is true, he sometimes carried about one of our boots, but he had never taken them far nor damaged them. He had once chewed up a straw hat for me, but it was one that I had endeavored to teach him to wear. From time to time I had tried it upon his head, and I believe he destroyed the hat because it was not a good one, and was out of date and style. He had never been destructive.

A little before dusk Enochs came in and Dick followed shortly after. I had left things as I found them, and they were as much puzzled as I until they saw the track upon the paper. Enochs insisted that it was Jack's track, but Dick agreed with me in the opinion that it was too large to be one of Jack's footprints. None of us was sure of his opinion, and we never did fully satisfy ourselves about the matter, but I later formed the theory that Jack had been visited by one of his own tribe and that his visitor, or both of them together, had decided to upset things. None of us had seen Jack since daybreak. Enochs and Dick had tramped many miles, each of them upon a different mountain. Both had seen deer, but Dick had failed to get a shot, while Enochs protested that he was too far from camp to bother with them—he was out after bear, he claimed. We made the usual allowances.

We set up the tent and restored its contents, glad to find that this was not as great a task as it seemed at first glance. We had our supper, made our evening campfire, and recounted the day's doings while we smoked. Although we called and whistled for him at intervals, Jack did not show up. As this was the first time we had all left camp at one time we now conjectured that Jack had followed upon the track of one or the other of us. If so, he would be in for a long tramp, and as he always had so

many things to look into when he was out, and as he was so deliberate in his travels, we thought he would be late getting back. When morning came and he did not get in to breakfast Enochs asserted confidently that Jack had gone home to his folks, that he had either gone back to the bosom of his family, or that he had been gathered in even closer than that by some of the old folks in that vicinity. We had intended to break camp that morning, but by popular vote we decided to put off moving until the next day. We would give Jack twenty-four hours grace. The day passed, and, as we sat down to supper in the evening, we had about given over ever seeing him again.

While I greatly regretted losing him in one way, I was not so sorry in another. I believed he could take care of himself in the woods unless he was discovered by some hunter, but if he came across a man or a house, he would show no fear and would doubtless be shot on sight. On the other hand, if I took him back with me to town I had my fears for his future. I was occupied with these thoughts when we sat down to our little table in the hut, with the lantern hung above it to illuminate our spread of venison steaks, potatoes, hot biscuits and sundries. We were all very hungry, and on the point of attack, when the dogs gave a short alarm, the door was pushed in with a slam, and here was our bear. As he entered and saw us he favored us with the loudest bawl I ever heard him make, his eyes shone with green fire, and he arose on his hind feet as he made a rush for the table. I filled a plate with whatever was nearest, and some of it was hot. I had to push him from the table with my feet until I got him to see the plate full upon the floor.

Wherever Jack had spent the thirty-six hours—the two full days and night of his wanderings he had apparently had nothing of material consequence to eat. He was now ravenous to the superlative degree. He ignored all other matters, while he concentrated his soul upon whatever I could get upon his plate or within his reach. My prompt catering was all that saved him from charging upon the table. I had never known him to exhibit so much ferocity. He would have fought anyone or anything that stood between him and food. He had grown so gaunt that he seemed about as long again as he should be in his normal condition. He snapped at and bolted his food, such of it as was very hot he slapped angrily to one side. When he looked up, to see if more was forthcoming, his eyes flashed green in the lantern light.

After a little, however, he began to eat more deliberately, his voracity moderated, and in a few moments he was comparatively satisfied and we put him out while we finished our own supper, minus the portion contributed to Jack. All things considered, it had not taken a prodigious quantity to satisfy him, but what he required he demanded in a hurry. When we got to the tent for the evening we found Jack there with the dogs in a very peaceful and playful mood, although he was too tired to hold out very long at a romp. He soon lay asleep by the fire, although we noticed that he would, at times, jerk his feet and start, while he would breathe quicker and snort, as dogs will when they dream. He had evidently had his troubles in his long ramble in the mountains. It would have been worth something to hear about his adventures if he could have told about them.

In the evening we talked about bears, the subject having come up when I reminded Enochs that possibly the big one he was after had lost his patience and had been to camp the day before looking for him, his blankets having been shaken out and more widely distributed than other things from the tent. He replied by saying he thought his bear record would tally up with mine.

"Not quite," I replied. "I have a record; yours is to get."

"Have you killed a bear?" he inquired.

"Killed a bear! I killed my first bear twelve years ago, when I was fourteen, and the bear was about the same age, or a few years older."

"When did you kill your last one?"

"Same time. Same bear."

"Well, then, if it isn't another echo story. Let it go, if it isn't too long-winded. If you get to guessing at things, though, I'll go to bed."

"I've heard of that bear; story's all right," said Dick.

Since I had told Enochs about the echoes in the Santa Cruz Mountains Enochs demanded vouchers for most of my statements. He had very little discrimination, and this fault of his made him suspicious. I had to assure him that this story was absolutely pure.

"If necessary, this story can be proved by the annals of a Methodist church. The entire congregation at a Methodist revival camp then at Bell's ranch on Clear Creek, Shasta county, State of California, SS.—Bell, J. J. Bell was proprietor, and personally conducted a roadside hotel, a toll-bridge, a stage station and a large ranch of 2,700 acres. I helped Bell run these things for two years. We had half a dozen men, but he and I had most of the trouble and responsibility. I had most of the trouble and he made most of the fuss.

"Bell had so much live stock on the ranch that it took all the money he made with his hotel and toll-bridge to feed the stock, and he made about $50 a day. He had horses—several hundred of them—mules, cattle, goats, sheep, hogs, a pack of variegated dogs, and every kind of domestic fowl known. None of these things paid for their food; he only kept them because he couldn't sell them, lose them, nor kill them off as fast as they increased. Whenever any of his stock matured and reached market value, some one else drove it off, it died, or something happened to prevent his getting any profit from it.

"The men on the place had to get up in the night to feed and care for the animals, and at daybreak that ranch roared like the crowd at a college football massacre—only it lasted all the time. As soon as Bell got out after breakfast trouble of all kinds thickened. Horses kicked the hostlers through the side of the barn, cows kicked the milk pails over the fence, the calves got out, the hogs got into the garden, the dogs got after the sheep, the goats butted in everywhere, while Bell yelled about everything like a steam calliope. Nothing on the ranch would either stand up, lie down or stay put. When the live stock quieted down a little sometimes, Bell was sure to get into a riot with travelers who objected to paying toll.

It was so busy at this ranch that I only saved my life by sneaking off at every opportunity with an old target rifle and going hunting. This rifle weighed about thirty pounds, owing to the weight of the barrel, which was very long, two inches in diameter, and was only bored for a round ball the size of a buckshot. When I fired it I had to sit down and rest it upon my knee or find a log or stump. It would shoot to the dot wherever it was held; the hard part of it was to carry it, or hold it.

"After carrying that gun perhaps a thousand miles I had killed two or three deer. Deer were not very scarce at that time, and I saw plenty of them in my trips, but by the time I could find a place to rest the gun, or sit down and get the muzzle of it sufficiently elevated, the deer would suspect something and trot away into the woods. The deer I managed to kill I got by lying in wait for them at a salt-lick. About four miles from the ranch was a spring known as the Spanish Spring. It was the only water, late in summer, for a large area of dry hills which were densely covered with oak, chaparral and manzanita thickets. It was in the valley foothills and a few deer watered there.

"One morning I got up about two hours before daybreak and set off for the spring, which I reached by the time it was light enough to see to shoot. On the way I had come upon two or three deer, but it was too dark to see to shoot them, or shoot at them. Finding a thicket of low bushes on the hillside about fifty yards from the spring I hid myself and patiently watched and waited.

"The sun came up, it began to get hot, and nothing had come to the water but some quail and a lot of half-wild hogs. I grew drowsy and tired of watching while sitting quietly in one position, and I lay back and before I realized it was fast asleep. I slept perhaps an hour when I was roused by the flying and chattering of the quail, and as I looked toward the spring I saw the hogs scooting down the gulch from the water.

"On the opposite hill a deer trail came down to the spring from the dense chaparral, and now, as I glanced in that direction, I saw a sight that caused me to rub my eyes and stare stupidly. I felt chilly there on the hot hillside as I saw a bear, and a very large one, coming leisurely down the trail. No mistake; it was a bear sure enough; and the way he slouched along with ponderous indifference, swinging his great head from side to side, made me feel very bashful and reticent. There was not supposed to be a bear within fifty miles of this place—none had been heard of for twenty years or more.

"My first impulse was to go away from there with the least flourish possible. Then I reflected that I had the 'wind' of him, had a rest for my ponderous rifle, and that now or never was my opportunity to kill a bear. I hesitated, and then I decided that I would not sneak for it. As I got into position to shoot I had a vague notion that if he came for me I would leave there without ceremony and go up the first tree that I could reach without any foolishness.

"As he approached the spring I saw that beyond question he was a genuine bear, larger than I wanted, very tough and mighty serious in the expression of his countenance. He glanced to neither side nor in my direction but lumbered down the hill steadily until he reached the gully, and then he commenced to lap the water. Slowly and cautiously I raised the heavy rifle up, up a little more until I had the bead in line with his ear, then I let it settle a trifle and touched the trigger. The rifle cracked but little louder than a firecracker, but it was a spiteful little report. The great creature sank into the gully and was hidden by a clump of willows that shook a little; there was not a sound nor a sign of a disturbance. What was he doing?

"Fearing my shot had been a miss I now began to get excited as I reloaded. It was not a case of throwing in a fresh cartridge—the work of an instant with a modern arm—but I had to draw the plug from my powder horn, pour the powder in a buckhorn charger, empty this in the small bore of the gun, reach in my pouch for a ball and a patch, fit these in the muzzle, draw out the ramrod and drive the bullet down. The bullet often stuck in the muzzle when the patch was a trifle thick or dry, and in this instance I had to use the 'starter'—a short stick the size of the bore with which to get the bullet well started into the barrel. The bullet rammed home, until the ramrod would rebound from the bore. I next had to get a percussion cap from a metal box—Eley's waterproof caps—fit this to the nipple by pressing it in place with the hammer, and then set the trigger and pull back the hammer, and I was ready to fire. Sixteen shots can easily be fired from a Winchester rifle while a muzzle-loader can be made ready for a single shot.

"Meantime I had kept an eye in the direction of the spring, whence neither sound nor sign had come. I was now so intensely interested as to be almost excited"——

"Well, there wasn't very much at stake," put in Enochs, "if the bear had got you it wasn't so very much; and I see he didn't even do that."

"No," I had to admit, "it wasn't so much, but it was a personal matter with me. Probably it *wasn't* so much, but what there *was* I had other use for. Of course there wasn't *so much* of me *then* as there is of you *now*, but as to what there *was*——"

"O, go on with the story."

"Well, it was the uncertainty of the situation that interested me mostly. You see, I didn't know whether that bear was waiting to charge as soon as he located his enemy, whether my shot had dazed him, made him temporarily irritable, or only a little crazy, maybe. My heart pounded against my ribs until——"

"Until you heard it echo from the hills, I reckon. But go on."

"That heavy rifle shook in my grasp as each step took me down to the clump of willows that screened the gully where the bear was. Each step took me into a more difficult position from which to retreat in case I had wanted to get out of there rapidly."

"Well, why didn't you go back before you had a fit?" said Enochs.

"I did, if that's a matter of consequence. I've a notion to let you tell the rest of the story. *You* know all about bears, *you* do."

"O, go on with it. When you get through I want your witnesses or the hide."

"Well, I'll refer you to some of the people who ate some of that bear. There was R. M. Saeltzer, now of Redding; Judge Bush, Bill Hopping, Mrs. Patterson——"

"Tell the story. Tell the rest of it. Don't, don't bring in any more things to talk about. Get to the bear."

"I'm going to. It'll be a long time before you get to one. Step by step I got down into the willows until I could peer into the gully, a few feet below where the bear went down. The spring seemed to be running blood instead of water. The bottom of the gully was red with it, while a few feet from me lay a brown mass that I saw was the bear, motionless and still.

"As I approached him I could see the blood yet spurting from the little puncture made by the ball beneath his ear. It had evidently cut the jugular, while the twisted and upturned nose and head implied that his neck was broken. I sat down upon the bank trembling and completely unnerved. At that time I could not have raised a hand to save my life."

"Thought you'd have a fit," said Enochs.

"Well, you would have had a dozen. You'd have had some of 'em before you fired a shot—

> He jests at scars who never had a wound—
> You jest at bears you never yet have found!

"Wait until you bring in a bear skin. If it's as large as that of a rabbit I'll have to revise my present opinion. Dick, there, knows you couldn't kill a bear with a Gatling gun."

"Did you eat him raw?"

"After a few moments I realized that the bear was stone dead, and I got out my sheath knife with the intention of cutting his throat so he would bleed properly. My knife had a thin blade—doubtless made from the same quality of hoop iron that many cutlers yet use in their wares. I got down into the gully and tried to cut the skin on that bear's neck, and I might as well have tried to cut sole leather with a butter paddle. In desperation I found a stone and drove the knife point into the bullet hole sufficiently to let the blood out more freely.

"I next examined my bear as well as I could. He was lying in mud and water, had shed much of his hair—which left him bare and shiny in places—while the hair that remained upon him was a rusty brown. He was not pretty. I tried to turn him over to get him out of the mud, but as he weighed about 500 pounds, and was limp and flabby, and as I only weighed about eighty, I had to abandon the enterprise after one or two efforts.

"A man by the name of Wade, old Jim Wade, lived in a cabin about two miles from this spring, and I decided to go to him for help. Leaving my heavy gun with the bear I set off through the woods and was fortunate enough to find Jim at home. Jim Wade might have been as illustrious as George Washington if he had had the right opportunities, but in a different way. If Jim had cut the cherry tree, history would now glow with some of the most elaborate statements conceivable. He was in his time one of the most noted and distinguished liars in northern California, and heaven knows, he had plenty of opposition. That he had not a national or universal

reputation can only be accounted for upon the theory that local zealots suppressed the returns. He was a Democrat, pent within a Republican district, or he might have entered Congress. He was illiterate enough but lacked political diplomacy. As a liar——"

"Did he invent that echo story of yours?" demanded Enochs. The echo story seemed to have infected Enochs with incredulity. He was one of those tenderfeet who cannot appreciate Western possibilities.

"Oh, no, he never heard of that. I will give you a story or two of his, one of these times, so that you will be able to distinguish truth by comparison; somehow you seem unfamiliar with it. As I was saying, I found Jim Wade in his cabin in the hills, and I told him as calmly as I could about having killed the bear."

"Thar hain't been a b'ar in these hills sence I kill'd ole Ephe in Willer Gulch nine years ago," said Jim.

"Well," I replied, "I've killed a sure enough bear. See the blood on my knife? Look at it on my shoes."

"I reckon you've kill'd something. I'll go with you. But thar hain't no b'ar in these hills."

Jim got his rifle, knife and a hatchet and we started for the spring. On the way he questioned me closely.

"Ar you shore you hain't kill'd one o' my hogs?" said Jim. "I've got a ole sandy shote thet's nigh big enough for a b'ar."

"No," I protested. "I know a shote from a bear."

"If you've killed ole Sandy you'll have to help me pack 300 pounds o' hog meat down to the road," he insisted, "thar hain't no b'ar, an' you've sartinly kill'd something, I reckon."

When we reached the spring we found the bear had waited for us without a protest. Jim was speechless with astonishment for five minutes, while he examined the bear from all points of view. He then began to murmur:

"He's shore the same ole' he one; his teeth is wore down; he must be twenty year ole. He's full o' somethin' an' I'll jes' bet he's been after my hogs. I miss'd pigs last week, an' I found this feller's track an' I been a huntin' him ever since. I follered him up Willer Gulch for four mile las' Sunday; he cross'd by the sheep ranch and went down, an' I knode he was gwine fer the big chaparral thicket. I've tracked him 'bout a hundred mile. I'd a shore got him to-morrer. I saw him yisterday evening about dark, an' I was comin' hyar to lay fer him."

"With this much to start with Jim went into a long and bewildering account of the adventures he had (never) gone through with this particular bear. He reckon'd it was the last b'ar in the Sacramento foothills, and he finally acquired sufficient momentum to allege that he had been after this bear for seven years, averring that we'd surely find him full of lead and splinters of bone.

"It was late in the afternoon when we had the bear dressed and hung up. The hanging we had only accomplished by quartering him, and then swinging the quarters upon a pole, with leverage in the fork of a tree. He was not fat or he would have weighed 600 pounds or more. Beyond question he had been after hogs, for in his post-mortem explorations Jim found great balls of hair and hoofs of pigs."

"Look thar!" he exclaimed. "An' look thar! Thet's ole Nancy's litter o' pigs shore; he must a' got the whole lot of 'em!"

"I don't see any lead in him, Jim."

"No, well thar's a lot of it in the meat somewhar. I've been a shootin' bullets into this b'ar for nine or ten year. Never got jes' the right bead on him. I'll bet——"

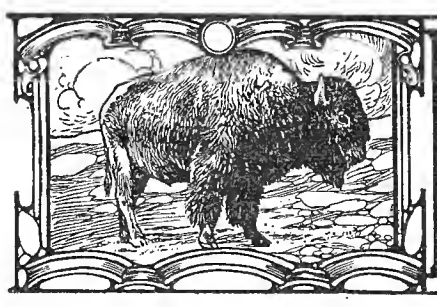
"But he went on and on, growing more and more fluent and utterly reckless in his statements, until in the end he claimed to have killed the animal the day before and was unlucky enough to lose track of it. When he began to express gratitude to me, for finding it for him, I was mad, fighting mad, but I set out for Bell's, intent on getting a wagon there. I intended to carry the bear's skin with me, but when it was removed I found that it was all that I could lift, and the old target rifle was all that I could manage to carry the four miles, after that tiresome and exciting day. And so we hung the skin up with the meat."

"That was a long yarn," yawned Enochs.

"That's not all of it. Most of the danger and excitement came later. I came nearer being killed after that bear was hauled in than ever before. Bell——"

"Let that go. I'm—I'm——" asleep he might have said, for the unmistakable snores of Enochs, Dick and Jack pervaded the tent. To these and all other matters I, too, was soon oblivious.

RANSACKER.



NATURAL HISTORY



Do Animals Fear Death?

A FEW days ago, having nothing to do except think about my sins, and not finding this a pleasant subject for prolonged contemplation, I took occasion to recall some reminiscences which, under the above heading, may be worth noting. That wild animals fear and avoid capture and fight restraint is undoubtedly true, whether or not they fear death is another question. But I am not going to theorize, only to state three or four facts which those who indulge in theorizing on subjects they know little or nothing about, may add to their stock of knowledge.

1. When shooting from a blind out on the open water down on the Atlantic coast, I have frequently noticed that with some varieties of wildfowl (notably *Branta bernicla*) when one of a flock on the wing is shot and killed, the rest of the flock will return, apparently to recover its lost mate, and if the shooter remains so completely hidden as not to be seen he may shoot the entire flock, one or two at a time, as the survivors continue to return. But if the shooter is seen they will seldom return. Evidently in such cases the only fear which governs them is the fear of man, and not of his gun. Nor does it seem reasonable to suppose that they have any idea of death as a result of the shooting, even though one or more dead members of the flock lie motionless on the water. The sight of the shooter will keep them away, but the sound of the gun which drops one bird will not. Hence, in that particular class of cases it would look much as if man and not death was the occasion of the fear.

2. Once when out in a sailboat, going to my blind, with gun unloaded, a small duck (*Charitonetta albeola*) flew past unusually near, and near enough for its every movement to be distinctly seen. Just as it was passing an eagle, which I had not previously noticed, swooped down and grasped the duck fairly between the claws of both feet. After being thus caught the duck made no resistance or effort to escape, but crouched or drew itself together much as if paralyzed, and so continued as long as it remained in sight—which, however, was not long. Doubtless this crouching was an indication of probable fear, or even terror; but whether of anticipated death or not I do not know. Of course I can guess, as everybody else can, but I do not see that guesses under such conditions amount to much.

It is also well known that there are many wild animals, some of ferocious instincts and habits, which, when thoroughly cowed or overcome, make no further resistance to any treatment. Grasping a live wolf by its lower jaw well back of its front teeth, as recently narrated by President Roosevelt, and then, but while still so holding it, handling it as freely and harmlessly as one would a kitten, is a case in point. If, under such conditions, the wolf had any fear or apprehension, or even conception of death, it is very singular that it made no effort whatever to avoid it.

On the other hand, there are many wild animals that, even after being overpowered, will fight savagely as long as strength remains to use tooth or claw, but what particular motive or feeling so prompts is another matter for guess-work.

3. There is another phase of animal life which, though it doubtless is well known to stock raisers, I have never seen described in print.

In early life (and a long time ago) as the son of a country farmer, I had much to do with domestic animals. Nearly every spring some one calf was selected for slaughter, and allowed to run with its mother until properly fatted and sufficiently matured for table supply. Ordinarily the mother cow, on suddenly losing her offspring, would low almost incessantly for an hour or more at a time, and keep it up day after day sometimes for a week or more, apparently calling for her calf. At times her lowing would become almost pitiful. My father was rather more than ordinarily humane, and he discovered that if, after killing the calf, he took off the skin carefully, say on a clean barn floor, or on a bed of straw, avoided "mussing up" its hair, and kept it free from taint of blood, and then hung it, stretched out, on a low gate or fence, hair side outside, and allowed the mother cow to smell of it and stay with it for a half hour or so, that the usual lowing was rarely heard, or at most, lasted only for the residue of that day.

Now (unless it were well authenticated) I would not believe this story myself if I had not witnessed such an occurrence time after time. I do not know any reasonable or probable theory of animal physchology which can account for or explain it. Evidently in each such case the mother cow perceived that her calf—which she could of course identify by the natural odor of its hide—that something had happened to it, that it was not a calf any longer. The old and familiar calf odor was there; the hide was there; but the calf wasn't. How it was that such perception so acquired could end or terminate the natural and usual expression of her motherly instincts is something I cannot explain. But did this experience convey to the cow an idea or conception of what we call death; and that this death was something to which she and all other cows, and their calves as well, were subject; and that it was a calamity to be fought off, shunned and avoided at all hazards? Possibly so, but the observed facts, whatever else they may indicate, do not prove quite that much.

4. Another fact bearing on the animal consciousness of serious danger may be worth reporting.

At the end of the Civil War of 1861-5 the corps to which I belonged was sent to the Mexican frontier, supposedly as a notice to Napoleon III. to withdraw from Mexico the French army which he had sent there to support the pretensions of the ill-fated Maximilian. Our regiment was landed on a barren sand beach a few miles east of the mouth of the Rio Grande. Several regiments were already encamped there and their requirements exhausted the fresh water supply. We could get no water for man or horse. Our horses, sent in another boat, had been landed the previous day. To relieve our distress, we were ordered to march that night to the Rio Grande, where, of course, fresh water was abundant. We arrived at the river about 11 P. M. of a clear, starlit night in June; no moon, but it was light enough for us to distinguish water from land, but that was all. To the eye as I sat on my horse, the water of the river was breaking in ripples on what seemed to be a shelving beach. As my horse had had no water for fully twenty-four hours, I decided, without even waiting to dismount, to let him drink at once. He put his head down, smelt of the shore, and stepped back. I drew up his head, gave him a dig with the spur, and the performance was repeated. I was too tired to quarrel with him, so, mentally cussing him for a dashed fool, I dismounted and turned him over to the care of an orderly. When daylight came I found that the river was on a freshet and was running bank full, with, just at that place, an abrupt shore of loose alluvial sand, and that the water, nearly flush with the surface like the soil, and probably twenty feet deep, was running like the tail race of a mill. If the horse had taken another step forward, as I urged him to do, neither his life nor mine would have been worth the value of a one cent canceled postage stamp of the most common vintage. As it was, one or two of our men fell in as the treacherous bank crumbled beneath them when lying down to drink, and were never seen again.

Now, that horse, half-famished though he was with thirst, perceived in some way that that place was dangerous for him. Now, was he a timid horse? He had become well inured to pretty much all the dangers incident to active war. Artillery and musketry firing and steam whistles he cared nothing for. He would walk without hesitation up the narrow and steep gang-plank of a transport even while steam was noisily blowing off close beside him. He would pick his way over the broken corduroys in front of Richmond, and flounder through the mud of the James River flats, just as if he enjoyed it. On no other occasion, either before or afterward, in daylight or darkness, did he hesitate to go anywhere I wished. But on that occasion he evidently perceived danger. And what was the danger as it existed in his perception? Did he perceive a danger of death, or was it only of some danger recognizable by his horse sense as a thing to be avoided—somewhat as the brant (*Branta bernicla*) avoids flying over land; or as some of us elderly men with a touch of gout avoid icy pavements? I don't know. Anybody that does can have the floor.

SHAGANOSS.

The American Bison Society.

THE movement for the preservation of the last few hundred buffalo, which was started nearly two years ago, and which has been growing steadily ever since, will hereafter be conducted by the American Bison Society, a national organization, of which President Roosevelt is the chief officer and leading spirit.

This Society was organized last week at the New York Zoological Park, at a meeting attended by many prominent naturalists and sportsmen, chiefly of New York and Boston.

The meeting was called to order at 10:30 A. M., and Mr. William T. Hornaday was made chairman pro tem. A nominating committee was appointed, and this committee shortly presented the following list of officers: Honorary President, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States; President, William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Charles S. Minot, Harvard University, and A. A. Anderson, president of the Camp-Fire Club of America; Secretary, Ernest Harold Baynes, Meriden, N. H.; Treasurer, Edmund Seymour, banker, 45 Wall street, New York; Advisory Board—Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; Madison Grant, of New York; Prof. David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford University, Cal.; Prof. Morton J. Elrod, University of Montana; Prof. L. L. Dyche, University of Kansas; Prof. John J. Gerould, Dartmouth College; William Lyman Underwood, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Ernest Thompson-Seton, Coscob, Conn. The secretary pro tem. was instructed to cast one ballot. All the officers elected had previously expressed their willingness to serve.

Then followed a discussion on the advisability of seeking the co-operation of the Canadian Government, which not only possesses a large and thriving herd of buffalos in the National Park at Banff, but has under its protection the only wild herd of any importance now in existence.

It was the opinion of all present that the Canadians would be deeply interested in the movement, and a motion by Professor Hooper that the Governor-General and Premier of Canada, respectively, be asked to accept honorary offices in the newly-formed Society, was carried unanimously.

On being requested by the Society to appoint an Executive Committee of seven, the President named Madison Grant, secretary of the Boone and Crockett Club; Frederick H. Kennard, Boston Society of Natural History; William Lyman Underwood, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Ernest Harold Baynes. Three other members are still to be appointed. At the suggestion of G. O. Shields the Executive Committee was instructed to draft a permanent form of organization.

It was decided that there should be three forms of membership, for one of which the annual dues should be $1, for another $5, the third form to be obtained on the payment of $100 or more at one time. The names of the several forms of membership were left to the Executive Committee. This committee was also instructed to ap-

point delegates to confer with President Roosevelt.

The American Bison Sciety desires to begin at once a vigorous campaign in the interest of the noble animal which even now is on the verge of extinction, and which must surely pass unless the American people will raise their hands to save him. The Society was organized in the strong belief that the people desired to have the buffalo preserved, and that they would give their support to a body of men able and willing to work indefatigably for its preservation.

The 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 buffalo which less than thirty-five years ago caused the Western plains to tremble beneath their hoofs, and which constituted one of the wonders of the world, have vanished, and there remain to represent them some 600 or 700 head, exclusive of those in the zoological gardens, which do not count when we come to the question of the preservation of the species. Most of these are in a few widely scattered bunches, only two of which, the Corbin herd at Newport, N. H., and the Pablo herd on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Mont., contain over 100 head. Of this little remnant of the once mighty hosts not a single animal is safe; every owner in the country is willing and some very anxious to sell, and I doubt if there is a herd in the country which would not be sold to-morrow morning if a customer appeared with the money. In the large herds there is another menace to the raee—contagious disease, to several forms of which the buffalo is subject, though less so than domestic cattle. If tuberculosis or the hoof-and-mouth disease should attack one of the three or four comparatively large bunches, the fate of the buffalo might be sealed then and there, as even now the number of herds is so small that it will probably require careful management to prevent excessive inbreeding.

The American Bison Society believes that these dangers can be avoided in just one way, and that is by Governmental ownership of all available pure-blooded buffalos. The Government alone can resist the temptaiton to sell the heads and hides of these wonderful creatures; the Government alone can keep them with the least possible risk of loss by disease, and with the greatest opportunity to increase to the point where there will be no longer any immediate danger of their extinction. It was through the shortsightedness and indifference of the United States Government thiry odd years ago that the American people lost the grandest and most valuable animal native to their soil, and it surely is the right of the people to demand such reparation, late and insufficient though it may be, as may be had through the preservation by the Government of the last remnant of what but lately was the most numerous large mammal of recent times.

Personally, I believe that the strong sentiment in favor of our greatest American animal is sufficient to save him, if those who feel it will only speak. I believe there are tens of thousands of people who can appreciate the buffalo as a great character in American history, in whose living presence only can we really understand the Indian and the life he led in the early days; I believe that these same people and many more, will admit the debt we owe the buffalo for the great part he played in "the winning of the West." Of Americans born there must be many, many thousands whose relatives or friends would have suffered hunger, if not starvation, but for the presence of the vast herds of buffalo beyond the Mississippi, and no doubt there are many who from personal experience can testify to the great value of the animal to those obliged to traverse the wilderness in times gone by. I do not believe that these people will allow the bison to pass without making an effort in his behalf.

But there are good economic reasons why this animal should be saved and allowed to increase in numbers. Shorn of all sentiment, and as he stands on his hoofs he is the most valuable native animal in the country; kill him, and there is no domestic animal in America whose carcass will bring as much in dollars and cents. The meat is as good as domestic beef, and some parts of it rather better, while the hide alone will sell for money enough to purchase three or four good cows. A fine head is worth much more, and although the valuc of heads would probably decrease as buffalos became morc numerous, there would always be a good market for the skins, as for many purposes we have nothing quite so good. I know a man who is wearing a buffalo ulster which has been in usc for twenty winters, and it is not by any means worn out. As a winter carriage robe it is generally conceded that a buffalo skin has never had an equal, and for this use alone the article would probably command a high price indefinitely. Then the buffalo has wool almost as thick as that of the sheep. Naturally, there is much more of it, and while it is coarser than sheep's wool, it can be woven into very warm and useful garments. There was a factory devoted to this industry in operation in Winnipeg, and I am informed that the enterprise was very successful until the cxtermination of the buffalo put an end to the supply of raw material. It would be a fairly simple matter to shear thc animals in the spring as sheep are sheared, but this might not be necessary, as the buffalo sheds its wool annually, in patches resembling felt, and this might be gathered from the ground.

As a beast of burden the bison is almost unknown, yet I suspect that if properly broken when young he would prove superior to the domestic ox for speed, strength and endurance. My own experiencc with the team of buffalo calves which I borrowed and broke to the yokc and to harness last summer, tends to confirm this suspicion; at any rate, I do not belicve that any pair of domestic calves of the same age in New England can either travel so fast or handle so heavy a load as those eight-months-old buffalos. They have already shown what they are made of at the Sullivan county, N. H., fair, and they will be tested again at the coming Sportsmen's Show in Boston.

Of buffalo-domestic cattle hybrids I will say nothing at this time, beyond stating that in all probability the rearing of them will be profitable. The American Bison Society will interest itself in the preservation of the full-blooded buffalo. When this is assured it will be time enough to think about cross-breeding. If we don't save the fullbloods we can't even have hybrids.

It is so well known that, under proper management, buffalos multiply rapidly and that they are both easy and inexpensive to rear, it is hardly necessary to repeat it; the point now is to have the Government undertake this work until the herds are sufficiently large to warrant their distribution to stock raisers, farmers and others who may desire to handle them. In order that Congress may feel justified in appropriating the money necessary to do this, it is necessary that a great number of Americans shall show their interest in the matter. There are many ways in which they can do this, but the most direct way just now is to support the American Bison Society by becoming a member of it. The annual dues have purposely been made very low, in order that no one interested in the preservation of animals may be prevented from sharing in the good work. It is hoped that sportsmen's clubs will be among the first to come to the front, and that wherever possible the members of such organizations will join the American Bison Society in a body. The assistance of women's clubs is also greatly desired, and women members will be heartily welcomed to the ranks of the new organization. Girls and boys, too, should be urged to join it, partly for the immediate benefit to the cause of the buffalo, and partly because an early appreciation on their part of what is due to so noble an animal, will tend to make them better citizens. In short, let every man, woman and child who has love or sympathy for American animals, join hands in saving for the country the grandest of them all. Although on the brink of extermination this rugged and typically American character must be saved; it can be saved, and, with the support of the people, the American Bison Society is prepared to do the work which will be necessary to save it.

Ernest Harold Baynes.

The Oregon Beaver.

This animal is nearly extinct. It is nearly as rare now in nature as it is on the Oregon coins—called beaver money—of the early time. All early explorers and settlers of the Oregon country were familiar with the beaver. The Oregonian is not sure that any members of the species now remain. It was said a while ago that L. L. Hawkins, of Portland, who, as a naturalist, takes interest in all the fauna and flora of the country, knows where there is now a colony or family of beavers, not thirty miles from Portland; but he wouldn't tell, lest betrayal of their retreat might lead to their destruction.

There was scarcely a more favorite haunt of the beaver than the streams of the Oregon country. It was the beaver, chiefly, that led the explorers and trappers hither. Following the expedition of Lewis and Clark, the American Fur Company pushed into the vast western territory. Furs and peltries were the main objects of their enterprise. Chief of the valuable fur-bearing animals was the beaver. His haunts were the rivers and lakes bordered by woodland. A large part of North America was his habitat. Canada, the upper Mississippi and Missouri regions, the territory of the Columbia and Fraser rivers, and especially the whole of western Oregon and of British Columbia were his favorite grounds. The animal was always very shy, not prolific, and therefore easily exterminated. In many particulars the beaver of the Western Hemisphere was different from the beaver of the Eastern, yet of the same general family. But since the historic period began it never was so numerous in the Eastern Hemisphere as it was in the Western, at the time of the discovery and till long afterward.

The demand for the fur of the beaver—strange as it may seem—was one of the factors that combined to break the way into the great wilderness of the West; and in its result of primary exploration that led up to settlement, it was the most important one. It led the trapper and trader from the Great Lakes and the Mississippi to the Western ocean.

Swift streams, flowing through rocky cañons, the beaver avoided—unless here and there such streams opened out into valleys where there were lakes or marshes that could be controlled and where there was timber or brushwood in some abundance. Where the stream was large and deep and swift the beaver could not build a dam, nor was it necessary, since the animal could not burrow into the banks and establish his chamber at a steady water level. Where waters were continually swift and uncontrollable, willow, yellow birch and other favorite wood food of the beaver was absent. Where brooks and creeks were small, with proper wood growths, the beavers were abundant, as well as in the natural lakes and quiet reaches of the larger streams.

The purpose of the beaver in building his dams was to maintain a steady water level. That is, the object of the dam was the formation of an artificial pond, the principal uses of which were the refuge to them when assailed, and the water connection it gave to their lodges and to their burrows in the banks. Hence, as the level of the pond must in all cases have risen from one to two feet above these entrances for the protection of the animal from pursuit and capture, the surface level of the pond must have been subject to their immediate control. With this in view their dams were always constructed. The animal lived wholly on bark and twigs; its food for winter, where the climate was severe, was prepared by cutting poles and branches which it dragged into place within or beside the lodge, and the bark was stripped off as wanted. The cutting was done mainly with the inferior or lower teeth—the upper teeth, though formidable in appearance, being used mainly for holding.

All early settlers of Oregon were familiar with the habits of the beaver. So common was the animal, indeed, that it was not possible to miss notice of him. Throughout the entire Oregon country, west of the Cascade Mountains, there was scarcely a creek or swamp which the beaver did not inhabit. Strange to say, the Indians lacked the ingenuity to capture them, which the whites so quickly developed. One reason was, doubtless, that the Indians lacked the incentive of profit, for till the whites came the furs had little or no value.

But the beaver now is almost unknown. In the Oregon country he is practically extinct. He can live no life but that of nature, undisturbed by man. For man's desire to kill, and his eagerness for profit, exerted upon a timid and not very prolific race of animals, has virtually destroyed it. Yet there are persons still living in Portland who have seen dwellings of the beaver within short distances all around the present city, if not within or upon the very site of it.—Portland Oregonian.

THE MANY-USE OIL

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Wild Pigeon Speculation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There have been several inquiries and several explanations of late as to the final taking off of the wild pigeon. Very little information, however, has been brought out by either. That there is no one competent to give any accurate details seems certain. That they were drowned in the Gulf of Mexico during a storm is a tradition that has made its appearance in print now and then for the last twenty years. I think it orginated with Joe Mulhattan and first appeared in the daily papers about 1883. As the story first appeared, the waters were completely covered for miles with dead birds. In fact, the ship that reported them was several days late from plowing its way through the mass. There are several authorities, however, that are well up in bird lore who still cling to the theory of drowning. My own opinion on the subject has a slightly different trend, though, of course, it is based on nothing more substantial than any other man's guess might be. The nesting and breeding habits of the pigeon was the cause of their undoing. Nesting and roosting as they did in some particular piece of woods in such great numbers made them an easy prey for the netters. The squabs were knocked from the nests and sent to market and the old birds netted and sold to trap-shooters or slaughtered for market.

For years this was a feature in Wisconsin and Michigan, and earlier in Ohio. At last there came a year, 1881, when no birds appeared in their usual haunts. The pace had got too hot for them; they deserted their old stamping ground. Later, word came that they were nesting in Indian Territory. The Territory was not settled at that time, but netters were sent from Chicago in special cars and later the cars returned laden with squabs and live old birds. The Illinois State Sportsman's Association used them at their first annual tournament that year, and many thousand were used right there, for there were 175 entries in the principal event and each shot at ten birds, beside twice as many in minor events. That was the last time wild pigeons were used in any great quantities for trap-shooting. That was the last great roosting and nesting ground known to history. Minor roosts of course there were, but not of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the squab hunters. There is a great deal of guess work in this statement. I never shot a wild pigeon at the trap. Never saw a pigeon net, nest or roosting ground. The facts, if they are facts, are taken from the history of events as recorded by current news and as memory recorded them.

One can readily imagine how the pigeons might have been destroyed by a great storm while crossing the Gulf, though I have noted that the line of flight of birds, especially ducks, migrating before cold weather, was along the coast to the westward and around the Gulf, not across it. This might be changed by varying winds, but I doubt if any birds voluntarily cross the water.

Nearly every season up to 1895 I have seen more or less wild pigeons in Illinois, Minnesota and Manitoba. As late as 1889 I saw a flock of at least a hundred in Illinois. In 1891 I saw several small flocks in this (Aitkin) county. In 1895 I saw the last one; it was alone and bobtailed, which might be regarded as being close to the finish, though I learn from the prints that they are appearing in the East at different points in increasing numbers.

E. P. Jaques.

Aitkin, Minn.

Insensibility to Pain Among Animals

Probably no question has excited more interest, among humanitarians especially, than that pertaining to the degree of pain suffered by animals when attacked, injured, operated upon by the vivisectionist or killed. Extreme humanitarians especially than that pertaining to the dethe lower animals. They protest against fishing and hunting almost to the extent of some semi-barbaric tribes who refuse to kill any animal. Others object to vivisection, thereby depriving science, and especially surgery, of one of its chief sources of information. Others again believe that animals do not suffer pain and condemn the humanitarians as extremists. There is, doubtless, a happy medium which all can be governed by.

That animals suffer pain cannot be denied, at least by anyone who has had opportunities to observe them. All animals doubtless suffer from injuries and attacks, but in some it is reduced to a minimum, which can be easily illustrated. In other words, many animals arc so constituted that what are apparently serious injuries to the humane and human observer arc hardly felt by the animal. This is well illustrated among the fishes. Few anglers but have hooked the same fish twice in thc same day; and many fishes have been caught with a hook in their mouth. I have hooked a large seriola twice in a forenoon, and when ultimately caught it was found to have four hooks in its jaws, one very badly rusted. This fish would seize the hook, make a gallant rush 100 or more feet away, struggle wildly a few moments, as though stricken with fear or mad with pain, then finding itself trapped and unable to break the line, would rush at the wharf upon which the observers stood, wind the line in and out around thc piers and break it, to presently appear on the surface so near that the dangling line and the bloodshot mark in its jaw could be seen; yet, this fish, which weighed about 35 pounds, took another hook fifteen minutes later and repeated the act. For several minutes after escape it appeared "worried." I could see it repeatedly "shake its head," opening the mouth and gill covers convulsively, but soon it was swimming up and down in full view taking whatever bait was tossed at it. I have noticed this in trout, rock bass, the Gulf of Mexico barracuda, and especially in sharks, and assume that in fishes at least a large number are, if not impervious to pain, suffer very little when caught or played. How much they suffer after being caught and allowed to die slowly is another question. A fish should be killed immediately when taken from the water.

If we were inclined to take a snap judgment many fishes appear to suffer from the fact that they utter remarkable sounds when taken from their native element. One of the most interesting is thc Southern grunt—a delicious pan fish—but I must confess that I disliked to take this fish, as its extraordinary "grunts" appeared like protests and ran such a gamut of tones that it was dis-

tressing, particularly as the yellow grunt has a most liquid and expressive eye that seems to follow one around. I was often subject to the ridicule of an old boatman because I chose to interpret these sounds as expressions of pain and tossed the fish back. If the shark has any feeling it conceals it eleverly. I have seen several large sharks attack a dead and floating animal, and in the confusion a shark at least ten feet in length bit a large piece out of the belly of one about five feet long. For a few moments the latter continued to pull at the meat, tearing it like a bull dog, and only ceased when it in turn was attacked and devoured by its companions. Whalers have observed sharks feeding about a dead whale, which could not be driven away though repeatedly pierced by lances.

There is, however, the greatest difference among fishes. Sardines and their allies are possibly the most sensitive among the well known fishes. Any slight injury is liable to be fatal, and they sometimes die when exposed to the air and display evidence, so far as motion is concerned, that they suffer. On the other hand, eels, sharks and many fishes live a long time out of water and soon reeover. The squid is very sensitive to injury, while the octopus will withstand almost any wound that does not affect its vital organs. One after the other its tentacles may be cut away without apparently injuring it. I have fed a large octopus with one hand while severing a tentacle with the other, the only evidence of pain it displayed being to pounce upon my hand in a savage manner; but it did not relinquish its food and continued to eat.

Mollusks are doubtless to a great extent insensible to pain. The eye of a large strombus can be stripped off quickly without seriously discommoding the animal, the wound rapidly healing. It is possible that the insensibility to pain in animals is to some extent proportionate to their faculty of reproducing lost organs. In a collection of lizards which I had at one time they displayed the greatest facility in tossing off their tails. I could make a lizard jerk its tail off by striking the earth violently by its side, the shock causing the little creature to give its tail so violent a lateral jerk that an inch, more or less, flew off at the vertebral joint. Little or no blood was lost, the wound healing immediately or drying. The portion thrown off went through the most extraordinary girations, leaping and coiling for some time, due to muscular contraction; and if it had been considered a distinet animal it certainly displayed evidence of pain. But the living portion would feed immediately and was, so far as could be observed, in no way annoyed by the loss, and in time a new tail began to grow. I had lizards with stumps or new tails in various stages, and undoubtedly this tail-casting is often repeated.

Frogs and toads doubtless suffer but little from injuries. I have frequently watched the operation of a snake swallowing a toad, the latter giving no evidence of suffering, not even struggling. Turtles may fall into this class. I have seen a large loggerhead turtle attaeked by sharks, its flippers being bitten to shreds, yet the animal apparently did not lose its appetite. While a turtle may not be susceptible to acute pain or be very sensitive, it is easily frightened. I have dived down in eight or ten feet of water in a large water corral and suddenly grasped a large loggerhead by the shell just hack of the head, arousing it from sleep, when its actions were suggestive, and very naturally, of great fear and surprise. The first movement would be to strike the front flippers violently against the bottom, and in a few movements the turtle reaehed the surface, there breathing quickly, then plunging downward endeavoring to shake me off by the violence of the rush; but this was rarely suceessful. Some very large turtles would attempt to "drown" me off by remaining under water, but I could always bring them to the surface by hauling my knees up on the shell, presenting my chest as a water brake. I have caught many large turtles in this way in the inclosure and never had one attempt to bite me, though many were loggerheads, whieh would snap at an oar and bite through a heavy piece of wood.

That certain animals are overpowered by animals that affect man is shown in the following: I once swam across the trailing tentacles of a physalia, or Portuguese man-of-war, with an almost fatal result, and bore the marks of the fire-like stings and poison for a year, the poison eating into the skin. Later I found a hawksbill turtle floating on the surface, its head completely enveloped in the purple mass and apparently dead or paralyzed, as it made no movement when I picked it up and placed it in my boat; but after treating it, rubbing off the tentaeles and applying oil, it fully recovered and in an hour was swimming about as well apparently as ever.

It can hardly be proven, at least in my opinion, that the lower we go in life the less pain is felt. Thus a crab can be dismembered without displaying pain, but wound a common angleworm, the bait of anglers, and note the convulsive struggles it makes, writhing and winding itself in knots, showing, so far as appearances go, it to be one of the most sensitive of animals.

Experiments with crabs and crawfish (the spiny variety) have shown that they appear to care little for mutilation and very soon reproduce lost members. I have detached a claw from a crab, amputating it by a quick turn, not lacerating the joint, then offered it to the crab, which ate it with avidity and complacency.

That birds suffer far more than reptiles or fishes there is no question. The domestic fowl will "groan" and scream violently after its fashion when injured, and is very sensitive. A tame hawk which I once had, broke its wing and underwent great agony doubtless before it was discovered, then sitting quietly while it was treated. In rage this bird would scream like a fiend incarnate, but it never displayed pain in this manner. Those who have heard the cry of pain of the common hare of the West, the jack rabbit of the lowlands, can never forget it. In a section of the San Gabriel Valley some years ago these animals were a pest, girdling trees and and doing great damage to crops, hence they were hunted by packs of greyhounds. One day my dogs ran down a "jack," and the leading dog came around behind me on the opposite side of a hedge where I suddenly heard agonizing screams, which I thought were those of a child. I started through the hedge, falling several feet into a lane to find my dog wagging his tail and standing over a dead jack rabbit, whose cries of agony I had heard. Whether foxes suffer much is a question; if they do, they conceal it. I refer to the small Californian variety. I have seen one with its leg broken and claw crushed, that paid little attention to it, nor did it resent handling. But the fox and many animals, doubtless have a certain stoicism not possessed by dogs whieh will whimper, groan and cry out and become perfectly miserable, even when slightly injured.

I am inclined to be belief that some insects are extremely sensitive, and some are not. My own experience with ants have been such that, as a rule, I try to avoid stepping on them. Examine a wounded ant beneath a glass; it displays evidence of great pain. If impaled or bitten by another animal it struggles convulsively, rolling over and over. This is well displayed when watching an ant topple over into the trap of the ant lion. The moment the average ant falls into this pitfall it displays anxiety, and when seized it is thrown into a paroxysm of struggles by its brutal and murderous foe. Spiders are doubtless very sensitive to pain, while the scorpion is so sensitive that it often convulsively stabs itself, giving rise to the fable that it commits suicide where the movement of stabbing can well be compared to a human being tearing his or her hair or striking himself in rage.

Of all the animals I have observed the mantis is the most stoical. I once kept a number in confinement, and here we certainly have an insect that, if not impervious to pain, makes a remarkable pretense. It is possible that the mantis, like the shark, has an innate ferocity that makes it insensible to sensation. Thus a mantis will seize and devour another while the second mantis is eating a third, and the cannibalistic operation will continue until one or the other dies. I have seen a mantis decapitate another mantis, the victim standing rigid, apparently unmoved. In another instance a mantis held up its hand-like claws, which were cut off, bit by bit, yet there was not the slightest withdrawing or tremor. I cannot conceive, however, that the animal did not suffer. In all probability its power of suffering or its sensitiveness was reduced to the minimum. Dr. Riley gives some remarkable observations on the mantis. He says, "They are blood thirsty creatures, and are forever quarreling and at enmity among themselves, as well as with other insects. Many a fierce battle is fought by the males, in which neither eye nor limb is spared, and in which the winner ends by making a repast off the body of the vanquished. They are so void of feeling that the male (the female being the strongest and most voracious) risks his life in courting and usually succeeds only by slyly and suddenly surprising his mate, who often coolly seizes and devours him. So tenaciously do these insects fight that they will often continue without cessation or inconvenience for some minutes after the loss of their heads. We have seen a female, decapitated and with her body partly eaten, slip away from another that was devouring her, and for over an hour afterward fight as tenaciously and with as much nonchalance as though nothing had happened."

CHARLES F. HOLDER.

Warning to the Mississippi Valley.

THERE is perhaps no question of greater importance in connection with the future prosperity of this country, than that of reforestation, coupled with drainage and irrigation.

The controlling of the waterflow of the Mississippi River is one that is causing more concern every year and growing more serious each year.

Every inhabitant of the entire Mississippi Valley is more or less interested in the flowage and navigability of this great river. At its headwaters in Northern Minnesota are 800,000 acres of timber land, lake, river and swamp, making a great storehouse or natural reservoir for the river. This 800,000 acres for many years remained an Indian reservation. There were those who looked far enough ahead, who were in favor of the retention of this land intact as a Government reserve for all time, and the turning over to the Bureau of Forestry the administration of the lumbering interests on the reservation. Everything pointed to the propriety and wisdom of such action. There was offered no argument against such a course, demonstrating that the reservists were in the right.

Yet opposition to the reserve sprang up from two sourees, the lumberman who wanted the timber, and the town-site speculator, anxious to have access to the land itself.

The effects of the reservists to save the reservation intact resulted in a compromise bill passed by Congress, known as the Morris Bill. This opened up the reservation to the lumberman and the town-site speculator, the reservists being conceded 20,000 acres of timber land and 200,000 acres of cut over lands for reforestation purposes, on which 5 per cent. of timber was to be left standing. And, unable to do any better, the reservists accepted the situation and made the best of it. The Bureau of Forestry stepped in, and the first great movement to perpetuate the pine forests in Northern Minnesota by reforestation was taken.

The Morris Bill, be it remembered, was a compromise bill, an agreement between two bodies of men, one who wanted to see the forests preserved and the headwaters of the Mississippi conserved and a body of men, "skinners," I think Mr. Roosevelt calls them, whose policy was to take everything in sight and after us the deluge.

The "skinners" having gained so much through and by the Morris Bill, one would have thought that they would have been satisfied The lumbermen are satisfied, they securing the timber, but the town-site contingent of the "skinners" are far from being satisfied. The 200,000 acres of cut-over lands mean more to them as town-site possibilities than to the future welfare of the river. So they scheme and plan to repudiate the compromise agreement entered into. Before the Minnesota Legislature adjourned last winter, during the last few days of the session, when all was turmoil and confusion, these "skinners," by some means or other, got a resolution passed whereby our Legislature put itself on record by a majority vote of a want of confidence in the reforestation of Northern Minnesota under the Morris Bill, and a recommendation to Congress to abolish the same. The vote was a hurried and meaningless one, for on approaching a number of legislators after the vote was cast it was learned that they were totally unaware of the subject matter for which they had cast their vote.

This little clique of land and town-site speculators and "skinners" were actually deft and tricky enough to get the Minnesota Legislature to play into their hands and vote against one of the most important steps that could be taken, not only for the benefit of Minnesota, but the whole Mississippi River Valley.

They forgot that reforestation, irrigation and drainage went hand in hand, and that these three problems successfully worked out meant untold benefits to Northern Minnesota, the Mississippi River and the entire Mississippi Valley. Now let us go a step further. This reservation at the headwaters of the Mississippi River has within its area certain reservoirs for the control of the water-flowage. Years of trial have demonstrated the usefulness and necessity for these great reservoir dams. Yet, this little clique of "skinners," with townsites and other land speculations in their eye, actually made a determined effort to have these very dams condemned. The opposition to the move, however, was so strong and emphatic, and their scheme of self-aggrandizement was so quickly shown up that they crawled into their hole and pulled the hole in after them. Nothing more was heard from them.

These same "skinners" would now drain the northern section of our State as dry as a bone under some drainage plan, presumably to get rid of the water at all times as speedily as possible and discharge it into the river under no control whatsoever, doing something in fact entirely contrary to what the dams and reservoirs have been doing for years, viz., letting free the stored-up waters when they were most needed. The reforestation of the river's headwaters and the ditching and controlling of the swamp land waters for irrigation is what is needed. The denudation of the forests, the abolishment of the reservoir system and the drainage of the swamp lands would bring about a condition of affairs at the headwaters of the Mississippi that no man can adequately describe, and that would mean disaster as far as the river is concerned from St. Paul to New Orleans.

And understand, incredible as it may appear, this little clique of "skinners" have organized a campaign in Washington this winter, that, if carried out successfully, will mean a cessation of reforestation of the Mississippi River's headwaters, an abandonment of the dam system and complete drainage system of the land surrounding the river's headwaters.

This matter of reforestation and drainage as applied to the headwaters of the Mississippi River is not a mere local Minnesota State proposition. Far from it. It is of national importance, and it affects the whole Mississippi River Valley with its millions of inhabitants.

These people, residing upon the banks of this river, are hoping for the completion of the Panama Canal. They hope for the deepening of the river that it may prove a navigable highway for the eommerce of the valley toward the Panama Canal. Bodies of merchants in the valley are already preparing to secure from Congress appropriations for deepening the river. The question of the future of this great river is one receiving now the greatest interest and attention. And as preposterous and incredible as it may read, this little clique of speculating "skinners" in the northern part of Minnesota have actually induced the Minnesota Legislature to repudiate the plan of reforestation of the river's headwaters, would do away with the great reservation and would, if they could raise the money out of Congress, ditch and drain the great sponge near the source of the Mississippi's headwaters.

It is time that the people from St. Paul to New Orleans understand the situation and become interested and alert to any and every move made affecting the headwaters of the Mississippi. It is no more a local Minnesota proposition. If the people of the Mississippi Valley, a few years ago, understood the situation at the river's headwaters, the Morris Bill would never have been allowed to pass, and instead the 800,000 acres of timber land, lake, river and swamp would have been reserved and turned over to the Bureau of Forestry. Already those who have only recently given the matter some study say this should have been done. But the Morris Bill passed. The timber is being cut, and the damage is in a measure being remedied by reforestation—a sure, but slow process. It is a fact that wires are being pulled and plans laid at Washington to destroyed this attempt at reforestation by repealing the reforestration clause in the Morris Bill.

Those interested in the welfare and future of the Mississippi River need be vigilant. Once the river's headwaters are denuded of its timber, the reservoir system abandoned and the land ditched and drained, there will come many changes in the river, among others higher water than ever before experienced at flood times, and the lowest water at times of drouth.

What the latter will mean in the way of a problem to the men who are planning to deepen the river's channel need not be gone into. It is patent on its surface.

Remember that just now eternal vigilance will be the price of the future of the Mississippi, and that those interested should watch what goes on in Congress, affecting the river, for mischief and the "skinners" are abroad in the land haunting the halls of Congress and, like a certain expatriated political chieftain, "working for their pockets all the time."

CHARLES CHRISTADORO.

Death of John Morris.

THERE died recently in this city at the age of seventy John Morris, who for very many years had a flower store in Jefferson Market, and who, if not a sportsman, was a good deal of a naturalist. He was absolutely devoted to his flowers and to the improvement of the flower trade in New York, and made many efforts to have a permanent flower market established in Union Square.

One summer many years ago a woodcock came into his possession, and for a long time he had it in a cage in his store, where it was visited by many sportsmen who loved to see it bore for worms. Mr. Morris always kept a quantity of angleworms on hand, and it was a great delight to him to show off his pet. Mr. Morris was a good citizen and a faithful public official, having served for a time as a member of the Board of Aldermen.

Some Commentaries.

In the comments upon the wild pigeon in recent numbers of Forest and Stream I have seen no allusion to the wild pigeon we have in California, and I do not know our bird is classified. While they are not plentiful as compared with the accounts of the birds east of the Rockies in former times, it is not unusual to see them in flocks of one or two hundred in this region. They nest in the mountains of Shasta county in certain localities, and seem to congregate in flocks in the late fall, at which time their flights may be commonly observed. They are wary and difficult to approach, as they seem to have a systematic way of keeping sentinel birds constantly on duty while the flock feeds. Upon shooting several of them last year, I was surprised to find their craws each contained from two to four whole acorns from the black oak. These acorns are larger in diameter than the normal necks of the birds, and it would appear to be an impossibility for a whole acorn to get through their heads, although it is true they open sufficiently in the emergency. The birds are about the size of the domestic blue rock pigeon, but in color they are slatish blue, yellow crescent over the eyes and red feet. [The bird is the band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata,* Say.)]

About the scale carp: The Sacramento River was stocked with them and small yellow catfish, and ten or twelve years ago the lower reaches of the stream and its tributaries and sloughs teemed with these pests. I presume they have not decreased in numbers. There were formerly plenty of native fish in the Sacramento, no one of which was not superior in every way to either carp or dwarf catfish. I believe the fish commissioners deny having introduced the carp, but it and the catfish seem to comprise the chief addition to California waters—whoever is guilty of it.

The article upon the quail of the United States by Sylvester D. Judd, of the Biological Survey, duly enrolls the California mountain quail, and I would like to see more space in the article given to the bird. He is, in my opinion, the finest, as well as the most beautiful game bird of the West, if not of the continent. His call notes, too, deserve full praise. These notes are many; the bird an accomplished ventriloquist. His clear, full whistle echoing from the mountainsides is one of the most cheerful and inspiring sounds imaginable.

A San Francisco paper gives a portrait of the English peer Earl de Grey, together with what purports to be a lengthy cable dispatch eulogizing the nobleman as the finest shot in England, if not in the world. He knocks over 500 grouse in a day's shoot, and again 750 pheasants—and when he goes out for rabbits he bags 950 as a matter of keeping his trigger-finger in training.

The article blandly states that in America (can it be?) many people would regard these facts as mere slaughter, but English folks do not so consider them, and "Earl de Grey is English in everything." Up to ten years ago he had killed 316,699 "head" of game.

These statements read smoothly enough in a modern daily paper, but what an arduous time the nible Earl must have when he goes out for 750 pheasants or 950 rabbits! Even if he misses no shot, he must take along about 1000 cartridges weighing about 125 pounds, not to mention a lunch. When he comes in with 950 rabbits or 750 pheasants—either approximately weighing a ton—he must be tired.

Such an account as this must make our market hunters think life in this country is a failure, while the rising generation of American sportsmen will have to abolish the game laws in order to emulate English nobility. In order to count 316,699 head of game our ambitious representatives of the quadrupeds that the devil was conjured into will have to hustle for sufficient ammunition.

It appears that there are no real sportsmen among the cablegram editors of the atrociated* press, while they are rare enough among editors throughout the country. When are we to hear from the Kaiser's annual roundup, with accompanying photographs of his trophies?

N. B.—To kill 950 rabbits in a day the peer, shooting steadily for ten hours, would have to kill something over a rabbit and a half per minute. No charge against the press for these deductions.

Charles L. Paige.

California, October.

*Made the word myself; it means "fierce."

Antlers in the Velvet.

Leominster, Mass., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I killed a moose on Sept. 23 which had not shed his velvet a particle; in fact, had not begun to rub his horns at all. The veins in the velvet were still full of blood, and this velvet in all probability would not have come off for ten days or two weeks. W. F. W.

Lockport, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of six Lockportonians returned from a week's hunting in St. Lawrence county Nov. 15 and brought home six deer, five of which were bucks, a queer head among them, of which I send you a photograph. The antlers, besides being deformed, were also in the velvet, and so soft that blood showed where they were broken during transportation. The deer was in as good condition as any of the other five. Is it not rare for antlers to be in the velvet so late in the year? The head was presented to me by Mr. Huber.

I have a pair of antlers in the velvet that are larger than any antlers of the Virginia deer I ever saw. The deer was killed several years ago by a boy thirteen years of age, while watching for woodchuck in a field of oats. The deer came in and was feeding on the early-growing grain, same as the woodchucks, and the boy slaughtered it. The antlers were not full-grown, but at the fourth prong they measured 23½ inches in width from inside of one antler to the outside of the other. Before I got these I had a pair of antlers that I thought were very large, but they measured only eighteen inches in the widest place. I doubt that you will get a larger pair of antlers among your coming prize heads than the pair of antlers in the velvet would have been. J. L. Davison.

Explorers' Club.

The annual meeting of the Explorers' Club was held on Wednesday, Dec. 6, at the rooms of the Club, 23 West Sixty-seventh street. Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn occupied the chair, and the business meeting was largely devoted to a review of the events connected with the Club's recent incorporation. The officers elected for the following year were: President, Gen. A. W. Greeley; Vice-Presidents, Col. D. L. Brainerd, Carl Lumholtz and Dr. William H. Furness; Secretary, Henry Collins Walsh; Treasurer, Tappan Adney; Board of Governors, Dr. F. A. Cook, Prof. Herschel C. Parker, Henry Collins Walsh, Frank M. Chapman, F. S. Dellenbaugh, Prof. Marshall H. Saville, George Bird Grinnell, Tappan Adney, Herbert L. Bridgeman.

The business meeting was followed by two talks of unusual interest. One, by Dr. W. H. Furness, on his travels in Borneo, dealt especially with the wild and unknown natives of that country. It was illustrated by a multitude of colored slides of great beauty, and the descriptions of the habits of life, the customs and the beliefs of these people was of the greatest interest. Following this came a talk by Dr. D. G. Elliott on his travels in Somali Land, whither he had gone to secure natural history specimens for the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago. Dr. Elliott's slides showed many species of African mammals and his descriptions of the country and its fauna and of the methods of travel through it, were very entertaining.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Boston and Maine.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Nominating Committee of the State Association, of which Dr. Benjamin Varnum Howe is chairman, at the December meeting, on Wednesday next, will present the name of Prof. William Brewster, the well known ornithologist of Cambridge, as their candidate for the presidency of the Association for 1906. Professor Brewster is widely known among bird lovers as a practical sportsman, in full sympathy with sportsmen's interests as well as an eminent authority in scientific knowledge of natural history subjects, and the members of the committee are highly gratified by their success in securing his acceptance of the nomination to the presidency. The election will be held at the annual meeting, the second Wednesday in January.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Forestry Association was held in Boston on Thursday last. The ballot for officers resulted in the choice of Henry P. Walcott, of Cambridge, as president; Edwin A. Start, of Billerica, secretary-treasurer, and among other officers chosen appear the names of Messrs. William P. Gale, of Springfield; James S. Russell, of Milton; Richard A. Hale, of Lawrence; Charles Francis Adams, of Lincoln; George M. Weed, of Newton; Fred. L. Olmstead, Jr., of Brookline, and George N. Whipple, of Boston, and several others, besides a number of prominent ladies. Mr. Frederick Cunningham, of Brookline, presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"That the Association wishes to place on record its great appreciation of the services of Mr. James N. Bowditch to the cause of forestry, both as one of its officers and as an individual; its regret that he can no longer serve on its Executive Committee, and its hope that he may be able to do so again at some time in the future."

Mr. Bowditch has held that position by annual election ever since the Society was organized in 1898. This is one of the associations which joined hands with the sportsmen's clubs in the celebrated convention of 1899, when the first steps were taken in forming the Massachusetts Central Committee for protection of fish and game, and which resulted in the passage of the anti-sale law of 1900, prohibiting the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse. It needs no argument to show the close relations that the advancement of systematic forestry bears to the interests of the sportsmen.

The Maine deer hunting season closed at midnight the 14th. The receipts at Bangor for Friday were 145 deer, one moose and one bear. Among Boston hunters bringing out deer that day were A. R. Rogers, N. Dorr, Levi Davis, J. O. Richards, J. W. Small, H. W. Davis and several others. There were also representatives from Worcester, Gloucester, Medford and other towns of the State, and quite as many from Maine towns as all the others combined. The records for the year exceed those of 1904 by about 400 deer; total to Friday being 4,646 deer, 215 moose and 40 bears.

The annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association will occur on Jan. 2, at Bangor, when one of the questions that will be discussed is "What, if any, changes are necessary in the close time for fish and game?" This will bring out the opinions of Maine sportsmen on further protection of big game by shortening the hunting season. Other topics for discussion are to be the prohibition of the carrying of firearms into the woods during the close time; whether non-residents should be allowed to carry firearms into the woods in the open season without a license to hunt birds or other game.

This year has witnessed less shooting accidents than occurred last year, when there were eleven that resulted fatally. This year seven such have occurred, but all that proved fatal this year have been caused by residents of the State.

The friends of "Bill" Sewall, of Island Falls, the President's old guide, are much pleased by his recent nomination as collector of customs for the Aroostook district. He is reported to have made a personal canvass of the entire county for the position. H. H. Kimball.

The Boston Herald gives this description of the biograph pictures, which are to be among the attractions of the Boston Exposition:

"It looks very much as if the biograph pictures of a real moose hunt will prove the big sensation of the sportsmen's show at the Mechanics' Building, the exhibit by the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association, which will open on Christmas Day. Next to the interest of seeing the pictures themselves it is a very interesting story that is told as to how a party of sportsmen started out from Boston for the avowed purpose of hunting and shooting moose in order that it all might be caught by the biograph machine and thrown on the canvas at the coming sportsmen's show.

"The party was composed of Dr. Heber Bishop, Boston's well known sportsman; R. E. Follett, the second vice-president of the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association and manager of the sportsmen's show; C. Everett Johnson, an artist of this city; F. J. Marion, manager of the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company; G. W. Bitzer, chief operator of the Biograph Company, and Harry B. Coe, of Portland, representing the Maine Central Railroad.

"The moose hunt pictures start with a view of the party boarding the train at the Union Station, Portland, and on the platform as the train pulls out are Dr. Bishop, Mr. Coe, Mr. Follett and other passengers.

"After arriving at St. John, N. B., the journey was made on the Intercolonial Railway to Peticodiac, a couple of hours' run from St. John, and there a special train was taken on the Elgin & Havelock Railroad. This train consists of the entire equipment of the railroad, including one locomotive, one flat car, one passenger car and one box car, the latter used for baggage. The uniqueness of the road is well depicted in the moving pictures, and the tall grass growing between the rails of the rough-and-tumble roadbed makes the journey over it one that will not be forgotten. On this special trip the moving pictures were taken from the baggage car, looking toward the engine, showing the party in all their hunting clothes on the way to the moose hunting grounds.

"The biograph machine now follows the party very closely, showing their arrival at Havelock, where they were met by guides with teams. Then follows a drive of eighteen miles to the forks of the Canaan River, with pictures showing the general character of the country through which they pass. Then come the scenes showing the party taking to the bed of the Canaan River, which stream in their trip up its course for seven miles to the next stage of their journey, had to be forded fifty-two times. Incidentally, one sees Mr. Follett fording the stream and catching trout as he goes along. His record is just sixty on the trip. At times the horses are seen up to their bodies and the wagons up to their hubs in the river.

"At the end of the seven-mile trip the so-called Bad Lands were reached, a great stretch of country which has been burned over and is now a mass of charred stumps of trees. The arrival at Jim Ryder's head camp is interestingly shown, located on the ridge which forms the watershed between the Canaan and Salmon rivers, both of which streams finally find their way into the St. John River. Jim Ryder, probably the best known guide in New Brunswick, is shown calling the moose, and then there is the camp scene, with the supper being cooked and the return of Dr. Bishop from a hunting trip.

"One of the best series in the biograph is that showing Mr. Follett shooting the moose. He and Mr. Johnson went out to the Crow's Nest and stayed all night until the following morning at daybreak Mr. Follett, who had never called a moose before but knew what kind of a sound they made, succeeded in getting an answer to the calls he sent out over the barren waste. Soon the moose, an immense bull, came out of the brush and met his doom for the benefit of the biograph pictures. The moose was an immense one, its antlers having a spread of fifty-four inches, and it weighed 1,200 pounds. It was mounted and will be on exhibition at the sportsmen's show.

"Another section of the series of the biograph pictures shows Dr. Bishop and his guide paddling across the lake in a canoe, then the sighting of the moose and coming around the point and shooting it, and finally coming ashore. This particular moose is the twenty-eighth that Dr. Bishop has shot.

"In all, over one mile of film was exposed, or a total of 45,000 pictures taken at the rate of six a second. It requires a little over half an hour to show them on the biograph.

"The biograph people say that the pictures are far better than they had any reason to expect, being taken under such unusual conditions, and those of the camp fire and calling the moose are two of the best they have ever made."

Is He a Backslider?

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 16, under the caption, "Good Times at Barnegat," Mr. Stephen P. M. Tasker enlarges upon the pleasures of duck and brant shooting at Barnegat Bay, having evidently just returned from a shooting trip in that region. Upon reading this article it occurred to me that Mr. Tasker had last summer proclaimed a new creed in FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of hunting, and looking over my priceless file of your paper I find him on record in the issue of June 17, under the title of "The Heroic Pose," in which he states, among other things:

"I am filled with remorse every time I look upon my walls and into the wild glass eyes and think of the murder I have done—for murder it surely is, to wantonly slaughter the poor defenseless creatures that people the wilderness of our country.

"I am far from setting myself up as an example, or to say that a certain amount of shooting of birds and beasts is not necessary to ourselves and them, but I do want to entreat my fellow sportsmen to quell the insane desire to kill, and to be content as I intend to be hereafter, with photographs and memories of noble game crashing through brush unhurt by any bullet from my firearm.

"Killing game—and I will except no animal on the face of the earth—is not dangerous work when the hunter carries in his hand the latest and most approved weapon. No, but it is cowardly.

"And so I ask you, gentlemen, to try it for this year at least. Let us go to the woods and lakes with a firm determination to let live what animals we hunt, and come home with beautiful pictures of life and not with a feeling of defeat, but of victory over the spirit of the hunt to kill."

Here's a how-de-do! But upon reading Mr. Tasker's Barnegat article over four times I cannot find that he admits murdering any wild creatures. No, but he says you can hire your guide to do it for you—and it won't cost you anything but the price of the ammunition! How are the mighty fallen! Can it be that an erstwhile slayer of moose and caribou seeks to "quell his insane desire to kill" by putting on six pairs of socks and employing his guides to slaughter wildfowl for him at the cost of the ammunition? I hope that Mr. Tasker won't have any guide-butchered waterfowl adorning the walls of his home—if so, their wild glass eyes ought to haunt him far worse than do those of his hard earned moose and caribou.

And how about the "Heroic Pose" anyway? Wouldn't Mr. Tasker do well to drop it and get fairly back into the ranks of honest sportsmen? Those of us who hunt and kill mostly as a means to an end—as an incentive to seek out nature's rough spots and to court health-giving discomforts that we would never care to endure were we to leave behind the gun and carry only the camera, or perchance, a volume of poetry. Above all things, Mr. Tasker, if we know of any guides who are willing to slaughter game for the cost of the ammunition, let us hold them up to the obloquy they deserve rather than commend them to the good offices of our brother sportsmen.

W. A. BRADSHAW.

The Vermont Season.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now, that the mercury up here in northern Vermont is skirmishing down around 20 below zero, we may say that the shooting season is fairly over. Even the hardy fox and hare hunters prefer to stay in doors and hug the stove rather than to tramp around over the hills and swamps, though there is a good tracking snow of some six inches in the valleys and a plump foot on the uplands.

Taking the grouse season on the whole, it has been a poor one, as the wet weather in the early part of the summer drowned out the early broods and the great overflow that occurred in July must have submerged all the nests tthat were on the alder bottoms. We trust that our next Legislature will shorten the grouse season, making the open season from Oct. 1 to Nov. 30, and also continue the limit in number to be killed.

In some localities woodcock shooting has been fairly good, though in the northern part of the State the native bred birds migrated before Sept. 1. The open season on woodcock in this part of the State should be from Aug. 15 to Aug. 31, and from Oct. 1 to Nov. 10. This would give us a chance at the native-bred birds that we have protected during the summer, and would also give us over a month at the migraters.

Though there was in some localities plenty of mast, butternuts, beechnuts and acorns, there were but very few gray squirrels seen. We looked for a migration but it did not come, because of the fact that the mast crop was good in other localities.

More deer were killed this season than last year, and they were much larger, as the abundant rains made the feed good in all of the back pastures. There were, we believe, more does and fawns shot this season than during any of the past years. There were at least 1,500 new rifles sold in the State this year, and many of these guns were high power rifles, and went into the hands of boys and young men, who went out to "kill something"; and it is a mystery to us that a single deer of either sex escaped. It is a pleasing thought to us that we have in the person of Mr. Thomas an energetic Fish and Game Commissioner, for he is making it hot for some of these pothunters. He is in his office early and late, keeping in constant touch with his wardens and trying to get them to imbibe some of his enthusiasm and energy. He is certainly the right man in the right place, and we hope that our next Legislature will give him an appropriation of at least $20,000 to carry on his work instead of a beggarly $5,000. Give him $20,000 a year for five years and the State would get a big revenue from summer visitors, for to couple good shooting and fishing with our beautiful scenery and pure air would make this little State of Vermont the peer of all places as a summer resort.

We believe that one of the dreams of our life is about to be realized, which is that net-fishing of all kinds is to be stopped in the waters of Missisquoi Bay. This means good hook-and-line fishing for all our taxpayers, and for thousands of summer residents. Brother Chambers will, of course, give in your columns a full account of the work done at a recent meeting in Montreal. Now, let the net-fisher who owns property along the lake shores burn his nets and build cottages and boats for summer boarders, and he will have far more money at the end of the season than he has now. The world moves, and in the right direction, but sometimes for us old fellows it seems to move slowly.

STANSTEAD.

STOWE, Vt., Dec. 15.

Parks, Preserves and Public.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his views upon the case of Rockefeller vs. LaMora, Mr. Raymond S. Spears reiterates the principle alleged to be sustained by courts and legislation, that the wild game, wild fish and wild birds belong to the public. This particular prineiple or allegation appears to be the cause of a great deal of contention and misunderstanding. It is the same doctrine that the Italian shooter of song birds adopts when he invades private grounds, and when he threatens or shoots the owner who protests.

I cannot agree with Mr. Spears that "the robin which sings in the maples of a private lawn is owned as much by the laborer digging a drainage diteh as by the man he works for," nor with the sentences that follow in the paragraph quoted from.

I believe that the rational and proper principle is generally understoood to be that the "wild fish and game belong to the public when they are upon the public lands." The fish and game should be properly the property of the State when upon State lands, and not otherwise.

Will any individual or court undertake to maintain that any State, or our Federal Government can establish ownership of the wild things that pass over into Canada or Mexico, or even from one State to another? Is the State or Federal Government or the public to take a right from its citizens arbitrarily, after having granted the right? In deeding to a settler upon Government land his 160 aeres, does the Government or the State reserve the fish and game upon the land deeded? I am a settler upon wild land, claim 160 acres as a homestead, and it is not my understanding that the Government retains any lien of this nature upon the land. If the State can throw open my gates to the public hunters and fishers against my protest I will abandon the land.

Personally, after a rather extended observation of the widespread vandalism upon public lands—and private lands, too—I favor every sort of preserve, park and refuge that can be maintained to protect some regions from the general public. I would rather see some square miles of our wilderness owned and posted by millionaires for parks than to see all of it utterly devastated by the public or by commercial organizations. The material possessions which belong to everybody do not flourish—in proof of which we can point with sorrow to thousands of square miles of our public lands. The period when most of the public wilderness and its fish and game might rationally have been maintained open to public depredation has passed, leaving unimpeachable evidence of the abuse and destruetion of them.

I believe individual and corporation acquisition of land (and money) should be restricted, but if we deed land let us not try to treat deeds to settlers or others as we have treated the concessions aceorded to American Indians. Real property is the foundation of social polity everywhere, and in no country more than in this. Molest that and disintegration will swiftly follow. Public rights and privileges in material property cannot rightfully be projected upon private premises under the Constitution of the United States (without a great deal of trouble to somebody) by any sort of litigation.

If there are flaws in Mr. Rockefeller's title to the lands or waters in question that is another subjeet.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA.

Luck in the Moose Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notiee at the top of your paper, "Report your luck," and as the result of my reeent hunt in Maine was largely luek I must tell you about it. It also savored considerably of what A. J. Stone would eall a parlor moose hunt.

I left Oxbow with a guide on a Thursday morning, and after footing it for two days and a half, sleeping the first night at a eamp near the headwaters of the Aroostook River and the second at Munsungan Lake, we arrived at Bluffer Pond Camp. whieh was to be our home for a few days. And, by the way, this tramp in was the most strenuous work I did the whole trip, for I foolishly wore an old pair of low shoe packs, and the long walk part way over an old rough and frozen State road so bruised my feet that they pained throughout the time I was in the woods. George, the guide, may have wondered why I hopped along so fast the sccond day, but my object was to keep my feet in the air as much as possible.

On arriving at eamp we started right in hunting, but the eonditions were against us, and what with missing one good and one poor chanee on deer we did nothing until Nov. 1. The night of the last of Oetober it started to rain and kept it up all night, and the following morning found us out early on good tracking ground and in high anticipation.

The luek eommenced at once. It was our intention of crossing the pond at the foot of the hill on whieh our camp was situated, and hunting the ridges on that side, but we found the pond frozen over, and so being unable to eross in the canoe we decided to hunt the ridges on our own side.

An old road runs along the side of the pond and up this we had gone but very few yards when we saw a fox at the side of the road feeding at an old deeayed careass of a buck: my first shot missed him and he ran back in the woods, but on our keeping very quiet and still for a few minutes he returned and my seeond shot got him.

George laid him on a stump close to where he dropped, and we turned off the road to the left up the ridge and had gone but very few yards when we struck the very fresh tracks of two moose, one considerably larger than the other. George said they were a bull and cow. The tracks wandered in an aimless manner as though they were looking for good day beds, and this proved to be true, for in a few minutes we came upon the bull lying down and chewing his cud not sixty feet ahead of us. We finished him in short order, and the fusillade started off the cow that was with him, but I never saw her, as I had but eyes for the bull.

He was a good-sized moose and had as fair head as Maine heads average, spread about forty inches, and seventeen points. The luck in this instance consists of the small amount of easy tracking we had, the fact of his not being startled by my shots at the fox, and also finding him in what might be called the camp yard, as we were less than 1,000 yards from the cabin. We were gone perhaps one hour from camp. To finish a successful day we got a doe in the afternoon.

This was my red-letter day, and the game, with two more foxes, completed my bag, which added what might be called the climax to a very beneficial and pleasant trip to the Maine woods.

CHARLES A. GIANINI.

Adirondack Deer Hunting.

THE following resolutions and petition were adopted by the Essex County Board of Supervisors last week:

"Whereas, it is the sense of this Board that a deer hounding law would work for the benefit of the county as a whole; and

"Whereas, we already have a precedent in the exception of Essex county from the provisions of the so-called bear law and in the laws now on the statute books allowing hounding on Long Island; and

"Whereas, the county of Essex is the roughest and most mountainous county in the State, its physical features putting it in a class by itself; and

"Whereas, we consider that a law giving us a certain hounding season would be observed and lived up to, working to an actual increase in the number of deer and the better observance of the game laws as a whole; be it

"Resolved, That we ask our Senator and Member of Assembly to do all in their power to secure the passage of an act securing to Essex county a deer law allowing hounding of deer from the 10th to the 31st of October, both days inclusive.

"2d. Fixing a license fee for non-residents of the county of $10 for the season, the money to be paid to the county treasurer and considered as a part of the contingent fund of said county.

"3d. The repeal of that section of the present law that provides for the killing of dogs used to hunt deer, and any other provisions of the game law inconsistent with this act.

"4th. That the chairman of this Board appoint a committee of three members to lay our wishes before the Forest, Fish and Game Commission and to co-operate with our Senator and Member in every possible way, and that this committee be allowed their necessary expenses.

"5th. That each supervisor circulate the petition, a part of this resolution, and attached hereto, securing all the signatures possible thereto, and transmit the same to the committee, which is going before the Legislature.

"6th. That the clerk of this Board be instructed to send a copy of this resolution to Hon. Frank C. Hooper and Hon. Senator S. G. Prime.

"PETITION.—We, the undersigned residents of the county of Essex, hereby petition the Legislature of the State of New York that the recommendations embodied in the above resolutions be carried out."

Eaeh supervisor in Essex county has a petition in circulation. The committee appointed to present the matter to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission consists of Messers. Robert W. Motisher, of Keene; J. D. Riehards, of Lewis, and John R. Carson, of North Hudson.

An earnest effort will be made to change the deer law. One thing is reasonably certain, if the law is not changed there will in the future be more rigid enforcement than there has been in the past.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

The Oppression of the Poor.

MR. CHARLES A. SHRINER, whose name used to be very familiar in these columns when he was doing things worthy of note as the New Jersey State Game Warden, tells in his paper, the Paterson Chronicle, this moving story of an English pheasant operation in that region:

"A number of residents of this city will bear witness to the fact that this year has been an exeeedingly poor one for English pheasants. In former years considerable numbers of these birds found their ways to the tables of people in this city, but this year there have been hardly any. The reason may be of interest to readers of The Chroniele, especially such as have had pheasants for dinner in previous years. It is a tale of the oppression of the poor by the diabolical machinations of the wealthy.

"The Stuyvesant-Rutherford-Vanderbilt preserves are located at Allamuehy, in Warren county, about six miles from Hackettstown. The owners of this property annually import a number of birds from Europe, and they also breed birds from the stock left over every year. A Paterson man one day discovered Allamuchy; also the fact that the farmers there did not permit shooting on their farms excepting at so much per. Being of a practical turn of mind, the Paterson man took a lease on the farms adjoining the preserves and for some years there was better shooting there than anywhere in New Jersey. A club was formed of a few friends of the discoverer and the members always rubbed their hands in glee at the approach of cold weather in anticipation of the fun they knew they would have. It was discovered that the pheasants were fond of raisins, and so raisins were sent to Allamuehy from Paterson, in order that birds whieh strayed from the preserves might remain strayed. This was playing it rather low down on the birds and the owners of the preserves, but then the Paterson men were poor and they needed the birds.

"Everything went along nicely for a number of years and bags of from ten to thirty, and even more birds a day for two gunners were not at all uncommon. Then the natural greed of the rich took possession of the owners of the preserves. They went to the Legislature and

secured the passage of a law which permitted them to shoot birds a month ahead of the regular open season. The poor Patersonians had to put up with this display of favoritism to capitalistic greed, and the only thing done was to double the importation of raisins to Allamuchy.

"But now a new clement has entered into this struggle between the rich and the poor. The pheasants up there arc either imported or bred. No matter how they get there, they are fond of something to eat. So a bird-trainer has got his work in and as soon as the birds arrive or are hatched and big enough to fly he feeds them, always first sounding a whistle with a peculiar note. This whistle may be heard for a distance of over a mile, and no sooner does it sound than every pesky pheasant starts for home and grub. In this way the birds are trained to keep off the property of the poor men from Paterson. Then the bloated bondholders begin their shooting in the early part of October, and by the time the law permits the common mortals to shoot, all the birds have either been shot or cooped up for the winter. Pheasants have been so scarce up Allamuchy way this year that some of the poor men from Paterson have been actually compelled to pay $3 and $4 apiece for birds in order to make something like a decent showing on their return to their families and friends."

Hunters of France.

Paris, Nov. 10.—President Loubet is a mighty hunter, yet he was recently unable to invite Alfonso to a deer hunt on his own state forest grounds of Rambouillet—a duchess stopped him. It is a curious story, and has to do with what remains to-day the most typical as well as the most aristocratic of French sports.

It is the "chasse a courre," in which the stag is not shot, but just "run" with horses, hounds and horns for half a day or more until he drops. The young King of Spain, knowing that in France to-day there flourish some 380 highly-equipped hunts of this character, and having vague ideas about the French state forests, hinted that the ancient "sport of kings" would be acceptable in his sight, as well as suitable to his age, tastes and traditions.

Yet it could not be done, the republic possessing neither the equipment nor the present use of its own game forests. Compiegne and Fontainebleau are leased outright; Marly, the only one reserved completely to the president, is almost devoid of big game; while Rambouillet, beside the president's own favorite hunting chateau of that name, is in this strange situation. Suppose the president had invited young Alfonso to shoot rabbits with him in the fields of Rambouillet. They might have heard approaching the melancholy notes of the horn and the musical baying of the hounds. Then there would have dashed past them a hunt gay in red and blue, with gold and silver braid—a vision of the old regimé. And had Alfonso asked "What, on your presidential grounds?" M. Loubet would have been constrained to answer: "Yes, the right to chase deer is leased to the duchess."

It is the Dowager Duchess d'Uzes, and her rights go back to the time of Louis Philippe. After the revolution of 1848 the crown forests—of which Louis Philippe acknowledged himself only the life tenant—returned to the state and were put up in "Adjudication" as a measure of republican simplicity.

The first lessees of the crown forests considered themselves lucky, for prices in those unsettled days were low. Their joy was short-lived, however, for after Louis Napoleon's coup d'etat in 1851 there seemed nothing left but to kill as much as possible before the inevitable confiscations should fall upon them. As a fact those who had not been courtiers enough to "cede" their right to the emperor were despoiled in the calmest manner, and the lessees of Rambouillet, among whom were the Duc d'Uzes, the Duc de Luynes, the Duc de Noailles, made one great final hunt on March 15, 1852, which remains celebrated in the annals of Frenh venery.

The confiscation profited Napoleon III. but little. After the proclamation of the empire, the Prince de Wagram, on account of his aptitudes, was named grand veneur of France, but he was shortly after replaced by Marshal Magnan, who knew little of the subject, while the emperor soon lost all interest. It thus came to pass that in 1868 the Duc de Luynes and the Duc d'Uzes were hunting again at Rambouillet, firmly established in the new leases. On the death of the Duc de Luynes, killed at Patay in 1870, the duchess, his widow, no longer cared to keep up her end of the pack. The Duc d'Uzes took it over, and when the Duchess d'Uzes became a widow, in her turn, she continued to maintain it alone, her passion for the chase, like that of the late Empress of Austria, never failing—even in these days of automobilism, when she holds the first "watman's" certificate issued to a woman by the French authorities.

The noble Dowager of Uzes, of Crussol, of Boursault, of Bonnelles and other places, called "The First Huntress of France," made no move to help the president out of his difficulty, nor could she, indeed, given the political situation. The president retains the right to shoot rabbits and partridges at Rambouillet, but should he wish to chase the deer, the duchess must invite him from her nearby chateau of Bonnelles.

She does not invite him often In return, perhaps, he has forbidden the military uniform to appear at the meets of the duchess—a thing all the more annoying to her, as the burden of it falls, not on the great lady, but on the aristocratic but not always well-to-do young officers of the neighboring garrison, thereby forced to go to the considerable expense of keeping up slightly modified eighteenth century hunt costumes.

It is, perhaps, the most aristocratic hunt in France, yet President Loubet, as it dashes past him, can reflect that if its middle-class blood and money of even recent times were taken from it, the purely aristocratic residue would be very much less brilliant and numerous.

It is the same with the dogs. The French revolution, which dispersed and financially crippled so many aristocratic families, also dispersed the aristocratic packs of deer hounds whose ancestry often went back in an unbroken line much further than that of their masters —to St. Louis and old Charlemagne himself. In some cases the race was preserved pure through a small pack or pair of dogs. Such was the famous race of Saintonge, which in 1789 was on the point of disappearing. If it exists to-day it is thanks to a Dr. Clemot of Saintes, to whom the Marquis de la Porteaux-Loups intrusted two males and a female. On the return of the marquis from the emigration Dr. Clemot gave him back the increased family, who became the ancestors of all the pure Saintonge and Saintonge-batards of to-day, and they are notoriously delicate.

Thus it happened that when the restoration came scarcely a single great family could reassemble a pack of pure descendants of the famous old races whose qualities resulted from more than one thousand years of selection. To individual dogs of pure race were therefore "misallied" English sires and dams, mostly foxhounds. They called the progeny "batards," but in spite of the name, the new blood did no harm, because toward 1840 the invigorated races began showing themselves so much superior to the all-pure blood products that they now compose the vast majority of all the packs of France.

The Uzes dogs are technically Vendeau batards, but if we trace their ancient blood line we find it springing from two historic animals who, in their time, came to court as "outsiders"—like the three brothers d'Albert when they came up to the court of Louis XIII. with one new suit among the three of them, and were reproached with being of "little birth." That did not prevent the founder of the family of d'Albert de Luynes winning the young king's favor by his skill in training butcher birds to kill sparrows, and so becoming grand falconer and duke and constable of France.

It happened thus—in the time of Louis XI—that a poor Vendeau gentleman presented to that monarch a white dog marked with dark orange. The animal's name was Greffier, and he is supposed to have been a white bloodhound, called in England to-day a Talbot dog, with a dash of mastiff. Greffier was mated to a female of his color and marking, no less celebrated in her day, being Baude, the favorite dog of Anne of France, daughter of Louis XI. Baude seems to have been a braque, or English poacher's dog, having a resemblance to our pointer.

From this union descended "the white dogs of the king," a race that enjoyed two centuries of royal favor. Then, being supplanted by the Norman race, they remained chiefly in favor in the Vendeau district, and the pure Vendeau race is nothing but their continuation. M. Baudry d'Asson, the present day patron of the pure Vendeau stock, hunts with them, but not a member of the Uzes hunt would be willing to trade packs.

Why? Because in the "batards" of the Uzes the delicacy and crankiness of the pure old race have been corrected by new blood. An American in Paris.

The Greatest Duck Shooting Place on Earth.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 14.—A letter from Bird and Game Warden John B. Upchurch, who is on duty this season on Currituck Sound, the greatest duck shooting place on earth, says that he thinks everything has been gotten into good shape. He has been there now forty days, and says the night shooting, known as "fire lighting," in Currituck Sound is a thing of the past. There is a little shooting between sunset and dark, which the law seems to allow, as it says that no one in Currituck Sound shall leave his landing before sunrise for the purpose of hunting or shall continue to hunt or fish after dark. He has only heard two guns fired after dark this season, and he says he thinks the people are becoming more reconciled to the law. Regarding game, he says there are great quantities of swan and wild geese, and that he has seen more than 200,000 of these in the past fortnight, together with at least a million coots and a great many canvas and red-head ducks.

Samuel A. Cooper, who is the game warden on Knott's Island, says there are more canvasbacks and red-heads than in any other season past, but that they are very wild and stay out in the surf on the seaside most of the day, and only come into the sounds to feed at night, this being very probably because of the warm weather which has prevailed. When the weather gets colder they will be plentiful in the Sound and not so wild.

Warden Upchurch has visited the club houses on Currituck Sound and says he finds the clubmen extremely well pleased with the work of the game wardens who are under the Audubon Society. The clubs are as follows: Narrows Island, Palmer Island, Monkey Island, Swan Island, Deal's Island, Morse's Island and the Currituck Shooting Club, all owned by non-residents and employing at least 150 men as marsh guards and guides, etc., all employes being natives of that county and receiving $50 a month on an average, this bringing in quite a revenue to the people. The clubmen say they hear no more night shooting this season.

Quantities of bass and rock fish are being taken in those waters, which bring the fishermen an average of nine cents a pound. Warden Upchurch finds that last season's shipments of fish in those waters brought in about $100,000, and the shipments of duck, geese, swan, etc., about $150,000. Good fishermen, two in a boat, make $10 to $12 a day with a small net. He says there are from 300 to 500 gunners on Currituck Sound every good shooting day at an average cost of about $5 to every good shooting man He remarked that this will show that wardens in that section have heavy work in looking after so many people daily, they having to see that the gunners leave at night. Very few of the fishermen or gunners are stubborn or make any trouble about the rule as to night work, and most of them like the new law and express themselves as glad that it is being thoroughly enforced. The news of the good protection of game in those waters will interest fishermen all over the country. Fred. A. Olds.

All the mountains in Switzerland have suddenly been reduced in height by about ten feet. In 1820 the tip of a certain rock in the Lake of Geneva was calculated to be 376.86 metres above ocean level, and on this basis all the summits in the country were calculated. Recently, the discovery was made that an error had been made in fixing the height of that rock, and that it is 3.26 metres lower than it was marked.

Towering Birds.

Why is it that a mallard, a grouse, a quail, and, for the matter of that perhaps any bird when wounded in the head during flight will frequently tower or mount upward at an acute angle, oftentimes to die in midair and drop dead to the earth like a plummet or setting its wings, come to earth at a long, sloping angle?

I remember a curious case of this kind in connection with a sharp-tail grouse. We were walking through prairie grass well above our knees when a long distance ahead upon a knoll on the prairie we espied a sharp-tail grouse, an old cock bird, standing erect in a sort of oasis of short, velvety grass not more than a couple of yards in diameter.

We walked quietly along taking care not to stamp our feet upon the ground any more than necessary. The bird seemingly was engrossed with something, for with its back to us it paid no attention to us whatsoever until we had advanced within about eighty yards of it. Turning its head it sized us up and then began to show symptoms of restlessness, first standing on one leg and then upon the other. The early afternoon sun was shining brightly and the beautiful bird with neck and head erect and body distended upon its restless feet made an attractive and unique picture.

The wary bird evidently thought we were close enough when, with a spring and a coo coo, he darted up in the air. My friend slightly in advance of me took the shot. The bird did not seem to change its course or alter its flight in any way. Up, up, up almost in a straight line, the bird towered, its wings beating the air and propelling it skyward. We watched the towering bird until we thought it would go out of sight, when its wings ceased to beat and became set, as when alighting upon the ground.

Down, down it came, slowly at first and then more rapidly at an angle directly toward us, finally falling stone dead at our feet. Picking the bird up and carefully examining it we found that a single shot had penetrated its head. Presumably the nerves of direction in the brain were paralyzed and the bird, yet full of life and vigor, beat the air and ascended upward. I have seen a mallard do this same thing in the towering line, likewise a quail. What is the explanation? Charles Cristadoro.

Ran into a Flock of Geese on the Potomac.

Capt. Baily Reed, master of the river steamer Harry Randall, reports a singular occurrence that happened on the trip of his steamer up the river Thursday night. Captain Reed says that the attention of the men in the pilot house was attracted to a singular noise in the air over the steamer, like she was passing through a flock of big birds. Turning on the searchlight, it was discovered that a large flock of wild geese, flying low, had run afoul of the steamer, and, blinded by the rays of the searchlight, were flying wildly about the smokestack. Several of the big birds struck the stack, but fell into the water, where they could not be recovered in the darkness. The men on the steamer fired on the geese, but failed to bring any home, though they claim they shot several.—Washington Star, Nov. 25.

That is What We All Want to Know.

Port Richmond, N. Y., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A week or two ago your columns contained a reference to the liberation of hares on a Long Island preserve. Your item said that when the hunting season came there was none of the hares to be found. Why?

This matter is of interest to a good many sportsmen here. Can you or your readers give us any light?

Sidney Edwards.

From a Nebraska Epicure.

The bosom of a mallard duck, stewed down until there are no juices going to waste, a baked potato about the size of a goose egg, two slices of Boston brown bread right out of the oven and spread with butter that has no athletic reputation, a spoonful of raspberry jelly, a cup of Young Hyson of moderate strength, a piece of pumpkin pie, man's size, and you have a dinner that ought to keep you in a good humor until curfew rings.—Nebraska State Journal.

From Morristown, N. J., to Minneapolis, Minn.

Morristown, N. J., Dec. 13.—Forest and Stream is a welcome visitor each week. Wish you a Merry Christmas and many of them. C. M. Phillips.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received the copy of Hamilton's "Sixty Years on the Plains" some days ago and finished it at one sitting. I should not have done such a thing, but read a chapter at a time, but the book was so fascinating that I could not drop it.

I inclose my check for $1.50, and would request that you send a copy to my nephew —— —— ——, California, and put the inclosed card in.

I could write many good things about your paper but am quite averse to publicity, and do not like to do it for that reason; but will say that I have noticed that a great many subscribers have talked about reading it for a dozen or fifteen years. It seems to me that I have read it ever since I quit the "primer," and I have now passed the half-century mark Nothing comes into my house that I look forward to so eagerly as the advent of Forest and Stream each week.

I think that "Old Bill's" book is the best thing ever turned out. My copy is already done up and ready for mailing to a nephew in Illinois, for I do not see how a boy can get a better or *truer* idea of the early West.

The following account of how punctiliously sport is conducted in Germany is amusing. After the Kaiser had conferred on the King of Spain the right to wear the Royal Prussian hunting uniform, the two monarchs engaged in the shooting of wild pigs near Hanover. The beaters drove 240 pigs in front of the guns. The Kaiser shot 22, the King 29, and the Crown Prince 18. These nice gradations in the number of pigs slaughtered is supposed to be significant. It is stated quite openly that the Kaiser could have shot more, only he wished his Royal guest to come out first. As a matter of fact, the King was greatly pleased with himself. He told the Kaiser that he thought the scenery around Hanover just like Spain.—Shooting Times. [In such manner are game hogs disposed of abroad.]

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Fish and Fishing.

A Tarpon in Quebec.

THE Garrison Club, of Quebec, has recently been the recipient of a magnificent specimen of the tarpon, to be added to its fine collection of trophies of rod and rifle. Its carcajou and beaver, and the beautiful specimens of heads which adorn its walls have long been famous, the latter including buffalo, moose and caribou, having been added to not long ago by the loan of a grand collection of South African horns, belonging to Captain Swift, who saw service during the late Boer War. A handsomely preserved salmon is one of the mural ornaments of the club, and it was here, too, that the lately-created Lord Harmsworth, some few years ago, when simply Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, was shown the 8 and 9-pound specimens of American brook trout from Lake Batiscan, of which he wrote so enthusiastically to the late Mr. A. N. Cheney. The tarpon, which has just reached the club, is the first and only specimen of the silver king in Quebec. It was caught at Aransas Pass, Texas, and presented to the club in appreciation of courtesies received by Drs. Civilion Fones and George L. Porter, of Bridgeport, Conn., who are among the many American anglers to enjoy the hospitality of the club when passing through the old French capital of Canada on their way to their northern preserves of fish and game.

President Roosevelt Honored at a Canadian Banquet.

Dr. George L. Porter, of Bridgeport, Conn., was in Montreal last week in attendance at the Fish and Game Convention called by the Hon. Mr. Prevost, the new Minister of Fisheries of the Province of Quebec, and while there made what was perhaps the most eloquent speech of the occasion, in response to the toast of "Roosevelt, the Sportsman." The reputation for eloquence enjoyed by Dr. Porter throughout New England had preceded him to Montreal, and while he had been marked in advance for a speech at the banquet which terminated the Congress, the toast in reply to which it was made, was suggested by the references to the President made by the Hon. Mr. Prevost, who was the guest of the evening. It was in replying to the toast of his own health that the Minister asked where better or more thorough-going sportsmen were to be found than His Majesty, King Edward or than President Roosevelt, "who is honored and beloved as much, perhaps, in this Canada of ours as in the neighboring republic across the lines, because of his sterling qualities as a ruler and as a man, who has achieved the signal honor of initiating the honorable peace which closed the greatest war of modern times, and who, in spite of his love of peace is one of the most fearless and most successful hunters of modern times."

When Mr. Prevost resumed his seat, Dr. Finnie, the chairman of the banquet, immediately rose to propose the health of the President, the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner," and Dr. Porter was called upon to reply. In the course of his remarks the Doctor referred to President Roosevelt as one who believed not only in a square deal between man and man, but also in a fair deal between man and beast. The speaker's eloquent references to the beauties of the north Canadian country, and especially to that part of it in which is situated his own beloved Bostonnais Association's preserve were loudly applauded, and nothing more charmingly vivid than his description of a fire in the forest could well be imagined. The newspapers made it the feature of their reports, and their sketch artists reproduced the Doctor's figure addressing the dinner company in the following issue of the papers. If Dr. Porter could be induced to dictate his speech to a stenographer, the reproduction of it in FOREST AND STREAM would afford much pleasure to the readers of it.

The Change of Sentiment in One Year.

Referring to the banquet and the speeches made at it, one of the Montreal newspapers had this to say: "In direct contrast to last year's affair, when the principal speech of the evening had been directed in criticism of the Provincial Government, the forty-seventh annual dinner of the Province of Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was devoted to eulogy of the present administration, and particularly of the efforts being made by Hon. Mr. Prevost to reform the evils which for so many years the Association had striven to remove."

This pretty well sums up the popular appreciation among local sportsmen of the policy outlined at the recent convention by the new Minister in regard to his administration of the fish and game affairs of the Province.

Americans at the Convention.

American sportsmen were well represented at the convention, and took quite an important part in the proceedings. Among many others present were Messrs. Robert E. Plumb, Detroit; Frank S. Hodges, Boston; Mr Chamberlain, president of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club; Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, president of the Bostonnais Association; Andrew Irving, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; ex-Governor Nelson W. Fisk, and Commissioner Thomas, of Vermont; George A. Stevens, Lake Placid, N. Y.; Paul Smith, Adirondacks; R. H. Brown, New Haven, Conn.; State Senator Aulls, New York; Assemblyman Knapp and C. H. Wilson, Glens Falls, N. Y.

The New York and Vermont delegations had an interview with the Minister concerning the suppression of the netting in Missisquoi Bay, and left Mr. Prevost satisfied that he will leave nothing undone that is within his power to terminate the pernicious practice which has for so long prevailed on the Canadian side of the bay.

Much of what was said, both by the Minister during the sitting of the conference and also by the delegates from the United States was of considerable interest to anglers, and I shall have occasion to refer to some of the discussion in a future article, when I have had time to expand my notes of the proceedings. Some of the net results of the convention may be hastily summed up as follows:

The Minister declares his general policy to be a change in the present system of protecting fish and game, which he hopes will assure better sport to all visiting anglers. As the system will be a more costly one for the Government he will require to either increase, in future, the prices paid for leases of fishing and hunting rights, or to exact that these lessees, like other non-resident sportsmen, shall pay license fees, in addition to the price of their leases; their licenses, however, to give them the right, which they do not now possess, as mere lessees, to fish or hunt, or both, as the case may be, on any open Government territory in the Province.

Mr. Prevost also promises a definite suppression of all netting in the inland lakes of the Province and the reduction of it as far as possible in the St. Lawrence and its lake expansions, and the estuaries of other large streams. He has agreed to the increase of the bounty on wolves from $5 to $10 per head, has promised the adoption of the tag and coupon system for the shipment of game, and undertaken to ameliorate the entire system of fish and game protection throughout the Province.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Anglers' Club of New York.

PREVIOUS announcement has been made in these columns of the preliminary meetings held by a number of anglers of this city for the purpose of forming an anglers' club, but it was not until the night of Dec. 12 that a club now known as the Anglers' Club of New York was formally organized and officers elected. This meeting was held at the home of Mr. James D. Smith in West Eighty-sixth street, and was presided over by Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, who had previously been chosen to act as temporary chairman. Messrs. Lawrence, C. G. Levison, Edward Cave and G. M. L. La Branche, who had been appointed to draw up a constitution, reported the results of their labors, and were discharged. The proposed constitution was then taken up, section by section, and adopted with a few minor changes. Among its provisions the following may be of interest to our readers:

Among the club's objects are these "* * * to acquire by lease or purchase a club house or houses, grounds and waters adjacent thereto or convenient for use in connection therewith, as a resort or resorts for fishing or shooting; and to promote social intercourse among its members; to cultivate and practice the art of scientific angling; to encourage contests of skill in fly and bait-casting; the protection and propagation of fish and game."

No person who has taught for pay the art of casting, who fishes for the market, acts as a guide for pay, or is engaged in the manufacture or sale of tackle or sporting goods can become an active, voting member, but may become an associate member. Associate members cannot hold office, form a part of a quorum or vote at meetings.

The charter membership, limited to twenty-five, is as follows: Robert B. Lawrence, Milton H. and James D. Smith, Edward Cave, Gonzalo Poey, John F. Bullwinkle, Perry D. Frazer, Chancellor G. Levison, Charles Stepath, Joseph and John Zdankiewicz, Dr. R. J. Held, G. M. L. LaBranche, Edward B. Rice, William J. Flynn, R. H. Klotz, Dr. George W. Blakeslee, E. T. Keyser, F. W. Sumner, W. G. Geety, R. H. Chambers, Lody Smith, T. E. Batten, Charles A. Bryan and W. A. Babson. The names of a large number of applicants are now in the hands of the committee on admissions.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Robert B. Lawrence; Vice-President, Milton H. Smith; Treasurer, Gonzalo Poey, 116 Broad street; Secretary, Perry D. Frazer, 501 West 164th street. Executive Committee, Messrs. Lawrence, M. H. Smith, Poey, Frazer, Edward Cave, C. G. Levison and John E. Bullwinkle. Committee on Admissions, G. M. L. LaBranche, 30 Broad street, Chairman; Edward B. Rice, Dr. R. J. Held, James D. Smith and Charles Stepath.

The club's fiscal year will commence on the second Tuesday in January, at which time the annual meeting and election of officers for the ensuing year will be held. Applications for membership can be sent to the chairman of the committee on admissions, whose address is given above, or to the secretary. Applicants must be proposed by a member and seconded by another member, both of whom know him; applications to be made in writing, giving the name, residence and occupation of the applicant. Applications passed on by the committee on admissions will be voted on by the executive committee. Members-elect must sign the constitution and pay their initiation fees and dues to the treasurer within thirty days after notice of his election.

The secretary of the new club requests secretaries of the various fly and bait-casting clubs throughout the United States to send him the record scores of their members, stating briefly the conditions under which they were made; weight of rod in fly contests, and weight and kind of bait in bait-casting contests; also whether club or open, and whether into or with the wind. If this is done he agrees to compile all obtainable records, wherever made, and publish them in all of the sportsmen's papers in this country, for the benefit of anglers and clubs generally. This seems to be the only method by which the confusion existing at present can be untangled. Mr. Gonzalo Poey, the treasurer of the Anglers' Club, was the secretary of the old National Rod and Reel Association, and as he has all of the records, these will be recorded by the secretary of the new club. All of the records made in the tournaments held in Madison Square Garden will also be recorded in the club books, and if the secretaries of the Chicago, San Francisco, Kalamazoo and other clubs are sent to Mr. Frazer, in due time these will all be published in concise form, and the fly and bait-casters of the country, whether club members or not, can see what has been done in the past and what is to be accomplished by diligent practice with rod and reel.

Fish Eggs Come in Free.

RECENTLY the Pennsylvania Department of Fisheries learned that there was a possibility of securing some lake herring eggs on the Canadian side of Lake Erie and sent cases over for them. A day or two later the superintendent of the Erie hatchery reported that the custom officials at Erie stated there would be a duty of 20 per cent. to pay thereon. The Commissioner of Fisheries immediately wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury asking if that were the case to have the duties removed on the grounds that the eggs were for public use entirely and neither for barter nor sale, and that the fish hatched therefrom would be returned to the waters from which the eggs were taken. A few days later, Commissioner Meehan received a letter from the Treasury Department to the effect that any collection of duty on fish eggs would be a mistake since, under the law, fish eggs are entered duty free.

Under an act passed by the last Legislature, seines are allowed for the capture of carp, suckers and mullets under certain restrictions, provided the owners and operators of such nets gave a bond in the sum of $200, to be approved by the county court, that all fish other than carp, suckers and mullets be returned to the water, etc. Recently, a court in Warren county approved a bond giving authority to a club to fish a seine, and the bond was signed by two individuals. This not appearing to the Department of Fisheries to be in regular form, notwithstanding its approval by the county court, it was submitted to the Attorney-General's Department and that deparment has made a ruling that such a bond is not proper, under the law, and directed the Department of Fisheries not to issue a permit under the bond notwithstanding it has been approved by the county court.

On Dec. 12 there were in the six hatcheries in Pennsylvania 105 228 500 fish eggs, or 37,064,100 more than on Dec. 31 of last year. It is also only about 37,000,000 less than the total output of fish by the department this year. The prospects are therefore that in 1906 the output of fish will break all records ever made by Pennsylvania or any other State.

Mr. Forey's Proposed Net Bill.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in your report of the proceedings of the annual convention of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, held in this city on the 7th inst., that the measure introduced by J. A. Forey relating to the seizure and destruction of nets, seines and other illegal devices for the capture of fish when found on or near the shores of lakes or streams in which the use of such devices are forbidden by law, was, after some discussion, "dropped."

By some hocus-pocus, perhaps unintentional, it was so reported to one of our daily newspapers and was copied by other newspapers from that one.

The truth of the matter is, that the measure was adopted by an *unanimous* vote of all the delegates, and the Law and Legislative Committee were instructed to prepare and endeavor to have introduced and passed by the Legislature a bill practically along these lines.

In my opinion such a law as this is necessary to stop the wholesale piracy that is being practiced in all of our inland waters, as our State game protectors and our special protectors find it next to impossible to find the nets, seines, etc., in the waters, but they, and thousands of genuine sportsmen, do see them hanging on fences, trees, bushes and buildings drying out, after having been hauled and emptied of their illegal catch, preparatory to being again used in the waters.

The measure introduced makes it a misdemeanor to have such illegal devices in one's possession, in such localities, and punishable by same fine as though the owner was caught in the act of using such devices in the waters.

J. H. FOREY.

[We share Mr. Forey's view as to the value of such a law, and we regret that the action of the League respecting it was incorrectly reported.]

Canon City, Colo.

WE have received the supplement to the Cañon City Record, issued Nov. 23, 1905, a beautifully illustrated paper devoted to Cañon City and its various industries. Among its articles are two or three on shooting, fishing and natural history, and among the illustrations two of Dall Deweese, famous as a reclaimer of desert lands, fruit grower, Alaska traveler and hunter and founder of the Pike and Carson Club, dedicated to the protection and preservation of the game animals of North America and to scientific exploration. The club is modeled on the Boone and Crockett Club.

"Cañon City Illustrated" is a beautiful publication.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM *must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.*

Tampico Tarpon Fishing.

Tampico, Mexico, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The tarpon season in Mexieo was inaugurated yesterday by Mr. St. Clair Boyd, of San Franeisco, Cal. After two hours of exciting contest, using a seven-foot lancewood rod, he succeeded in landing a magnificent tarpon measuring in length exactly seven feet and one inch, with weight of 190 pounds. Thc record fish of the season of 1904-'05 was seven feet and two inches, and it is remarkable that a tarpon so nearly approaching in size the largest of the past year should be caught at the very beginning of this year's sport. Mr. Boyd's tarpon is being prepared by a Tampico taxidermist, and will be shortly shipped to his home in San Francisco for exhibition among the California sportsmen. A few days previous Mr. A. M. Poindexter, proprietor of the Hidalgo Hotel, while fishing for tarpon, hooked and landed with identically the same tackle, a jewfish or black bass, weighing 400 pounds. The River Panuco, at this point, is as yet a trifle too muddy from the fall rains for the best of fishing, but a couple of more wceks will find the water clear, and all indications point to a very large catch of tarpon before spring. P.

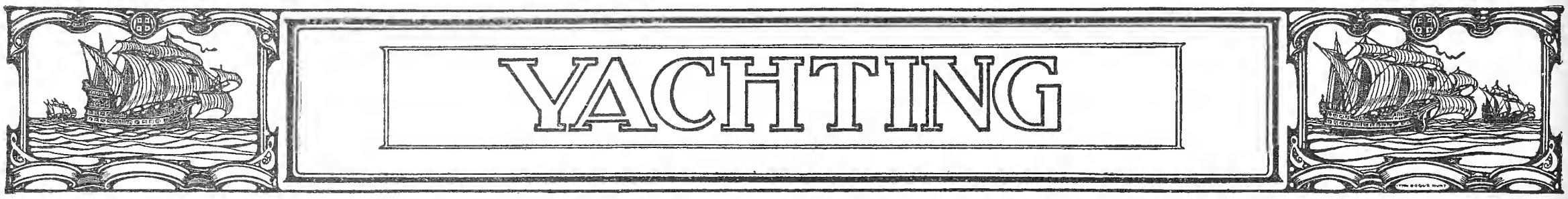
Henry Van Dyke on "Adirondack Murray."

In a personal letter written by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke to Harry V. Radford, whose biography of "Adirondack Murray" has recently appeared, the author of "Little Rivers," "Fisherman's Luck" and "The Ruling Passion," makes the interesting disclosure that it was in the Adirondack region that the distinguished preacher-author-sportsman first learned the use of rod and gun. Dr. Van Dyke's letter is as follows:

"Avalon," Princeton, N. J.—My Dear Mr. Radford: Let me thank you very cordially for sending me your little book about 'Adirondack Murray.' Your writing takes me back in imagination to that beautiful country of mountains, and rivers, and lakes, where so many of the happiest months of my early life were spent, and where I learned to cast the fly and shoot a rifle. It is pleasant to feel the sincere and cordial enthusiasm with which you writc of the fine traits of Mr. Murray's character, and the big out-of-door side of his life in which the best of his nature found expression. I congratulate you on the success with which you have performed your task of gratitude and friendship, and hope that your book will find its way into the hands of thousands of those who love the woods and the waters.

"With best regards, Faithfully yours,

"Henry Van Dyke."



And the Lost Shall be Found.

BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

"No hand was there to guide her,
No eye to see the sight,
Destruction ran beside her
As she battled through the night."
—The Wreck of the Royal George.

One crisp, clear morning in late November I found Captain Nate perched on the rail of Oliver's Wharf, contemplatively regarding the single line of catboats spreading out along the beach on each side of the bath houses. Stripped of all gear and rigging they were, and innocent of canvas covers and such swaddling clothes with which their yachting sisters are tucked in for the winter. Their gaunt masts, erect but seemingly woe-begone, gave the last dreary touch to what is always a desolate scene.

"You can talk 'til you're blue," asserted Captain Nate, quite as though we had been having a long argument. "but I can't help feelin' that a boat's a good deal like a woman. They need a good man to run 'em. Then, again, there's some what can go it alone in a way to 'sprisc you. Just look at 'em! There's the Marie, an' the Prudie, an' the Rachael—good, steady-goin' old packcts, never done nothin' outer the way nor come to any harm. But turn 'em adrift an' Lord bless you! they'd go all to pieces. On the other hand, look at that round-bellied slab there that 'Lonzo built for Cap'n George years ago—called her thc Uneedher, after some new brand of can milk, cr some such truck. One day she has a lce helm, next day she wants to stick her nose right up in the eye of the wind an' keep it there. If you don't want to reef she needs it, an' if you did she'd stand up like a church an' hardly get out of her own way. She ccrtainly is the cussedest, cantankerous old wagon I ever did see. By rights she'd orter been on the rocks long ago. But no, sir! durned if she don't go an' do what I'd never believcd the best boat, an' with Cy in her at that, could do.

"You remember the storm we had two years ago—two years ago to-day now I think of it. The time Pollock Rip and the South Shoals wcnt adrift. We had a late season that year an' no one hauled out as early 's this. I'd been down to thc west'ard scollopin' an' I seed it was makin' up for bad weather—almighty bad. So I pulled up stakes an' druv' the Caroline for home. Didn't much morc'n make it, either.

"Cap'n Georgc had hired out the Uneedhcr to one of those hair-leggers down Harwich way for the scollopin' season. George allowed thet 's long 's thc folks down there was so sot agin our scollopin' on their grounds he might 's well do thc next best thing an' make her get some of the moncy, seein' 's he couldn't. Didn't I ever tell you 'bout the rinktums they raised down there over our scollopin' on their grounds? Got so hot they hed a special town meetin' to stop it. All their fishin' men went to the meetin' to hev a say, an' while they was resolutin' an' regulatin' we cleaned up purty nigh the last scollop that was left. Howsumever, that was three years ago.

"The man that hired the Uneedher of Cap'n George was named Bassett, I think—yes 'twas Lem Bassett. He had her moored off the beach, purty well out, 'count o' the flats that run out from the beach, an' he bein' too lazy to take her round into the river every night. An' so when the wind's off shore it gets quite a sweep before it strikes Lem's moorin'.

"Well, sir, whcn thc bad weather struck in from the noth'east it struck hard. There warn't no preliminaries with that breeze. It jest arrived. An' it blew. My eye! but it blew. Seemed if it jest picked my house up an' shook it. It blew the surface right off the harbor, so what with thet an' the flyin' sand you could scarcely tell where the beach ended an' the water began. Everything was white.

"The Uneedher caught it heavy but she stood up to it purty well. Course she reared an' plunged something awful an' skated around like all possessed. There ain't anything cruises round her moorin' worse than a catboat, 'ceptin' one of these gasolene launches—an' they ain't really boats. But Lem's moorin' was a big stone, 'most as big as a millwheel, an' a new warp of three-inch manila with plenty of scope. Seems 's if she orter held on, an' I say she would if that durned Lem Bassett hadn't been so slack. He'd made that warp fast with a bit of inch'n a half rope—an' old rope at that. Said afterward that his warp had an eye-splice instead of a hook, an' as she didn't have no bitts he didn't have no other way to make her fast. Now, what'd folks say if I left the Caroline any such way? He might have bought new rope, but you know how 'tis—'when they buy rope in Harwich it's time to pray.' Lem Bassett had been a purty good boatman, but he'd been skipperin' a Boston man's little yacht for three summers 'n I 'spose that associatin' with you amachoors had kinder spoiled him."

Captain Nate paused for a quiet laugh at my expense.

"Wal, it parted, an' she just shecred off and sailed away to loo'ard," he continued. "The spring tides was runnin' that week an' she must have just fetched the first of the west'ly current. That would give her a purty good cant to the west, an' I reckon she went inside the Bishops an' then struck across purty straight for the East Chop. How she ever made out to get by everything is too much for me. I'll bet there ain't a man on the Cape that would 'a gone out there thet night to save his soul. No, sir, not for $50, either!

"Everybody here figures it out different. Some say she must have fetched down by the Squash Meadow, an' others think she was more to the noth'ard, but she must 'a been pretty far down the Sound before the tide turned to the east'ard.

"'Bout that time, blest if the breeze didn't back to the nothewest, without losin' a stroke, a clean eight points, an' keep right on blowin' a gale. Jest think of the cross sea it must have kicked up out therc!"

And he slowly waved his hand from east to west to include all the shoals from the Handkerchief to Succonnesset.

"My eye! but it must have been fierce," he continued. "Thinkin' 'bout it's bad enough, an' I don't never want to see if it's 's bad 's I think.

"Wal, off she goes agin. An' she must have kept edgin' out more or less—don't seem as if the tide could have give her all the castin' she made. Lord knows how she ever got by the Cross Rip an' the Horseshoe without swampin'. I tell you, Charlic, there eouldn't have been no waves on those shoals that night, nothin' but a jumble of holes with straight sides runnin' in every d'rection. But she got through it somehow an' out across the Point Rip—an' that's the wickedest place of all. The light keeper there at Great Point made her out in thc mornin', joggin' along to the south'ard on the outside. Said he never saw a funnier sight. There she was, sail furled, riggin' taut an' ship-shape, ridin' high an' takin' it easy with nary a soul on board, as far as he could see.

"There's quite a back eddy makes in along that shore, makes right in to the beach, an' he suspicioned what might possibly happen. So he telephoned up the beach to the life savin' station an' then started up the beach after that old Uneedher. The wind was still blowin' a gale, an' of course it was off shore there. Well, sir, he followed that old hooker as far as the station an' then the whole caboodle of 'em follered her, takin' some rollers an' tackle an' a horse along with 'em. She'd edge in, an' edgc in, an' tease 'em along, keepin' that up 'til they was nearly up to the Haulover Bar, an' then, durn me, if she didn't stick her tail between her legs an' scoot for shore, landin' on the beach right at their very feet. All they had to do was hitch on, put a roller under her, an' give the horse a slap an' there she was, high an' dry an' safe 's n' old maid under the misseltoe."

"She hadn't parted nothin' or started nothin', an' there warn't more'n a barrel of water in her, either. Could any man livin' have took her through the Sound that night without sinkin' her? Wal, I guess not! An' that's why I say a boat's like a woman. You never can tell what she will do 'til she's done it. An' then, most likely you won't believe it."

Boston Letter.

Long Distance Races.—Two of the Massachusetts Bay clubs are planning long distance races for the coming season, the Corinthian Y. C. and the Eastern Y. C., both of Marblehead. Both clubs have been interested in long distance racing, the Corinthian in an annual event, which is sailed from Marblehead to the Isles of Shoals and return, and the Eastern Y. C. in somewhat longer races, one from New York to Boston and the other, last season, from Marblehead to Halifax.

It is quite possible that the Corinthian Y. C. will again hold its race to the Isles of Shoals and return, as this event has created much interest, and in the two years that the races have been sailed, good attendances have been secured. While nothing definite has been announced, it is now considercd likely that the Corinthian Y. C. will provide for larger classes than have yet sailed in its long distance races, and that the larger yachts will be given a course probably from Marblehead to thc Isles of Shoals, thence to some point off Cape Cod and return, a distance of about 130 miles.

The Eastern Y. C. is not likely to repeat its long distance race from Marblehead to Halifax next year, as its Regatta Committee does not believe in too much sameness in such big events, and also because it is felt that such a race would be putting the Halifax yachtsmen to too much constant expense in entertaining visiting yachtsmen. One course that is now under consideration by the Regatta Committee is from Bar Harbor to Cape Cod and thence to Marblehead, a distance of something over 200 miles. In the event of this course being given, the race would be sailed at the end of the annual cruise, which, in this case, would be in July.

In the light of former long distance races, it seems that such courses as suggested in the foregoing would be far better than courses of equal length, where only the starting and finishing points give an idea of the positions of the yachts. In such cases there is a lively interest at the start, and then as thc yachts arc not seen or heard from, the event is nearly forgotten until the first yacht finishes; and that ends it. Where the yachts approach different points near enough to have their relative positions made out, it is likely that more interest would be shown among those who are left on shore, and at the same time there would be plenty of opportunity of showing skill in navigation.

There should be a good fleet of entries for both of these proposed races. The three big racing schooners, Corona, Elmina and Emerald are now enrolled in the Eastern Y. C., and their owners are generally quite willing to race. There are two new 55ft. schooners, one that is now building at Lawley's for Vice-Commodore H. A. Morss, of thc Corinthian Y. C., and the new Shiyessa, owned by Rear-Commodore Alfred Douglas, of the Boston Y. C., recently completed at the same yard. Shiyessa was successfully launched last Tuesday, and was christened by Commodore Douglas' son Charles, in the presence of a large gathering of yachtsmen friends of the owner. In addition to these there are many yachts of more than 40ft waterline whose owners might be willing to contest.

Schooner for Biological Work.—Mr. B. B. Crowninshield is at work on the plans of an auxiliary schooner to be used in connection with the work of the United States Biological Station at Woods Hole in gathering specimens of marine life along the New England coast. The schooner will be a centerboard, of good body and not too hard bilges for working in a seaway. She will be 51ft. over all, 38ft. waterline, 14ft. breadth and 5ft. draft. Her engine will be of low power, sufficient to take her to port in calm weather; but it will be used principally for working he dredging apparatus with which the specimens are gathered.

Jubilee Y. C. Officers.—At a meeting of the Jubilee Y. C., of Beverly, last Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Com., Daniel W. Hardy; Vice-Com., Daniel W. Taylor; Rear-Com., William Pickett; Regatta Committee, John H. Claflin, T. O. Gilliatt and J. A. McLarren.

New Launch Orders.—Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page have received the following orders for launches: 60ft. cruising launch for Rochester, N. Y., 70ft. trunk

cabin launch to be used on Lake Michigan by a Chicago yachtsman, 60ft. cruiser for use on the St. Lawrence River, and a 65ft. launch for a Boston yachtsman for use on the south side of Cape Cod.

Launch for Dr. Eames.—The Murray & Tregurtha Company is building a cruising launch for Dr. George F. Eames, of the Boston Y. C. This boat will be 45ft. long and 10ft. breadth. She will have a 25 horsepower four-cylinder engine. The 58ft. cruiser building at the same yard for Mr. C. A. Welch, Jr., of the Boston Y. C., is all planked and her engine has been installed.

Blink Sold.—The 40ft. hunting cabin launch Blink, owned by Mr. C. W. Estabrook, a competitor in the long distance race for the Rudder Cup last season, has been sold to Buenos Ayres parties. She has been shipped to New York by rail, whence she will be taken on the deck of a steamer to her destination.

Tuna in Southern Waters.—The 86ft. cruising gasolene yacht Tuna, owned by Mr. John I. Inglis, sailed for Florida on Nov. 26. She is in charge of Captain Lawson.

John B. Killeen.

Facts About Circular Lighthouses.

The Minot Ledge Light is famed for the number of men who have gone crazy in it, and for that reason it is an object of interest to students of mental diseases. It is, as everybody knows, a piece of engineering of the highest order, being in that respect only second to the famous Eddystone Light. More than a year was consumed in getting a foundation for it, and so high are the tides and so terrific the storms that the entrance to the light is more than forty feet above the water.

Then, one above he other, come the five rooms occupied by the keepers and used for storage purposes, and then the watch room, and finally the lantern. The tower being circular and space greatly in demand, naturally everything is made to conform, so that no room shall be lost. Even the beds on which the men sleep are curved, the tables against the walls are circular and the benches are half moons. Everything is round.

In this lighthouse there have been at least five well marked cases of insanity, and others in which madness has been suspected and the men relieved from duty. Experts in mental diseases who have made a study of conditions at the Minot Ledge Light attribute the unusual prevalence of insanity there to its peculiar form of structure. There is no point, they say, on which the eye may rest, so it travels round and round in a maddening whirl.

They therefore suggest that some means be devised for filling the curves and producing corners and angles. In support of this theory they cite instances of men who have lost their mental balance during long confinement in circular prisons, but have quickly regained it on being transferred to an ordinary room of corners and angles.

Baron Trenck spent much of his time in prison making marks and corners to break the circularity of his surroundings and keep his reason from slipping away on the mad whirl of encircling walls. Casanova, an Italian engineer, who was imprisoned in a round tower, gives much the same testimony. He says he felt great mental relief on being moved to an ordinary square room.

As it is well-nigh impossible to make much change in the form of the structure of the Minot Ledge lighthouse, the number of men in charge of it has been increased to five, in order that they may have frequent leaves from duty and take turns in going ashore for a visit to family and friends. This system has resulted in a decrease in the number of cases of melancholia and more serious mental disorders.

In fact, but for the frequent changes made in the service by shifting men from one station to another, the number of cases of this sort everywhere would be much greater than it is. In some cases a man is kept in a place for only a few months, and then sent to some less isolated station for a while.

To give the men something to think of other than their loneliness, and to occupy the long hours during which they have nothing to do, circulating libraries of fifty books each are provided. The books are carefully selected and changed every three months, when the inspector makes his visit. In the collection are biography, history, travel, fiction, poetry, illustrated magazines, and, in some cases, newspapers. Also medicine chests are provided for relief in cases of sickness and careful directions given for the use of their contents.

Despite the dangers and hardships of lighthouse life, there are many applicants for positions in them. Whenever a vacancy occurs in the service there is always a number of men to select from. And yet the pay is small. In fact, the law provides that the average compensation given keepers shall not exceed $600 a year. Probably the best paid keeper in the service is the man at Hell Gate, who gets $1,200 a year.—Chicago Chronicle.

Hildegarde and Margaret Sold.—Manning's Yacht Agency have sold the auxiliary schooner Hildegarde to Messrs. Frank R. Long and Jacob L. Swayze, of Hackensack, N. J., and the steam yacht Margaret for Messrs. William Gokey & Son to Mr. Charles F. Carbonell, of Havana, Cuba. Margaret will make Havana her hailing port in the future and she will be used by her new owner in Cuban waters. Hildegarde is now at Morris Heights. She was built by Messrs. Camper & Nicholson, Gosport, England, in 1874 for the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. Mr. George Gould purchased her in 1887, and after a few years disposed of her to Gen. B. M. Whitlock, who sent her to the Herreshoffs in 1897, where she was overhauled and fitted with compound engines. General Whitlock afterward sold her to Mr. Blakely Hall.

Niagara Leaves for Southern Cruise.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gould and a number of friends sailed from New York on the steam yacht Niagara on Dec. 16 for an extended cruise in the Caribbean Sea. Niagara has recently been overhauled by Messrs. Tietjen & Lang, and was in that firm's dry dock in Hoboken. Nassau is to be the yacht's first stop, and then she will proceed to Jamaica. On the return voyage she will put in at Havana.

Diana Chartered.—Mr. Percy Chubb has chartered his steam yacht Diana, ex Delaware, to Mr. H. H. Rogers, through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Mr. Rogers and his friends will join the yacht at Savannah, and she will make an extended cruise in the Caribbean Sea.

JUST PUBLISHED.

HOUSEBOATS AND HOUSEBOATING

BY ALBERT BRADLEE HUNT,

Yachting Editor of Forest and Stream.

A volume devoted to a new outdoor field, which has for its purpose three objects:

First—To make known the opportunities American waters afford for enjoyment of houseboating life.
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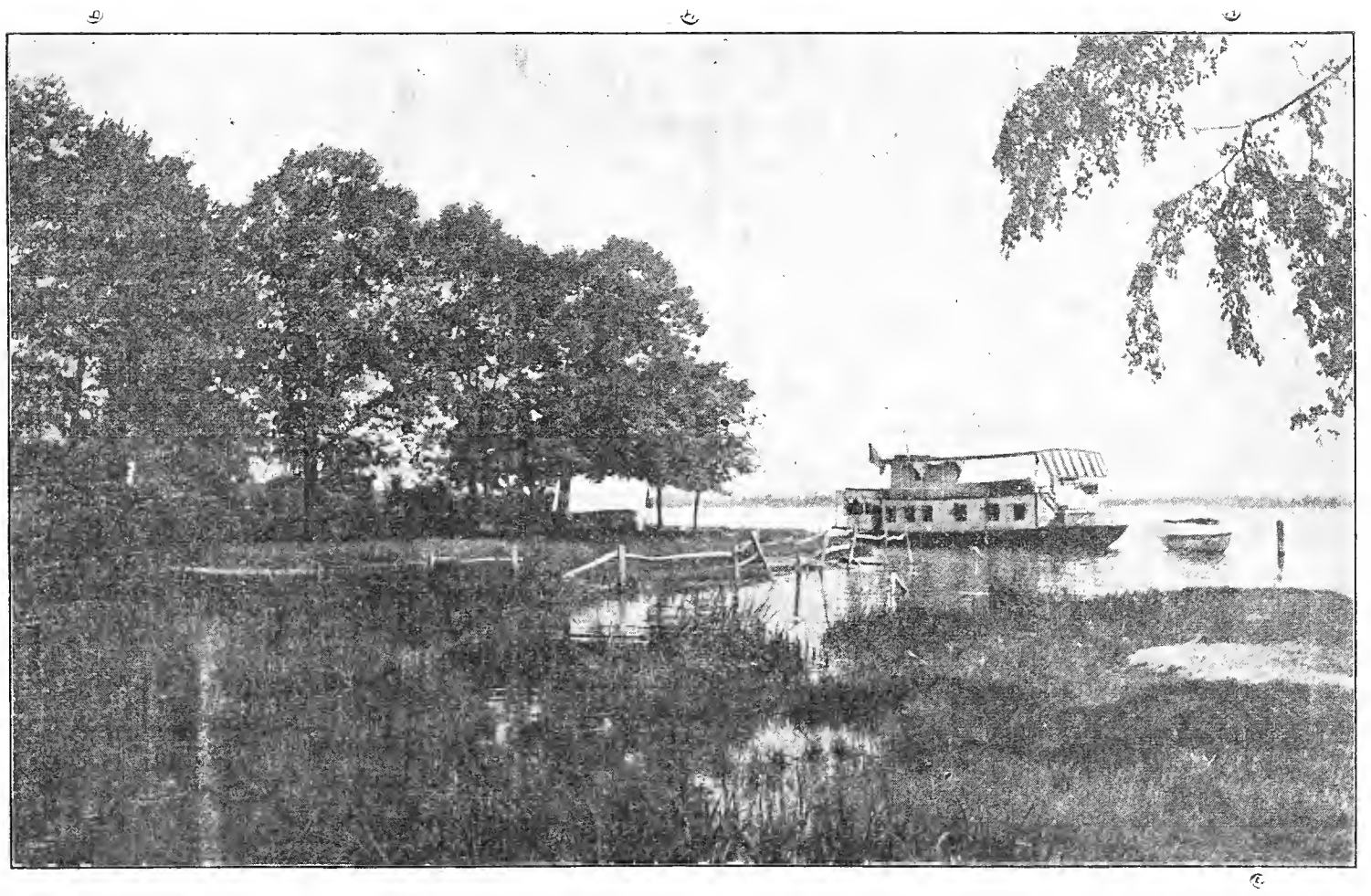


Illustration from "Houseboats and Houseboating."

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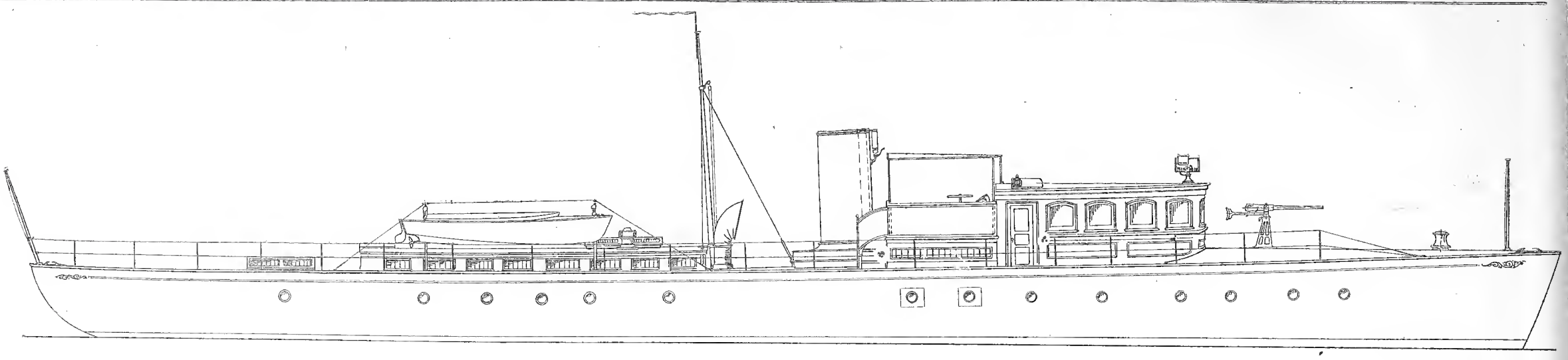
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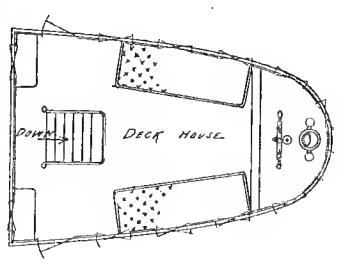
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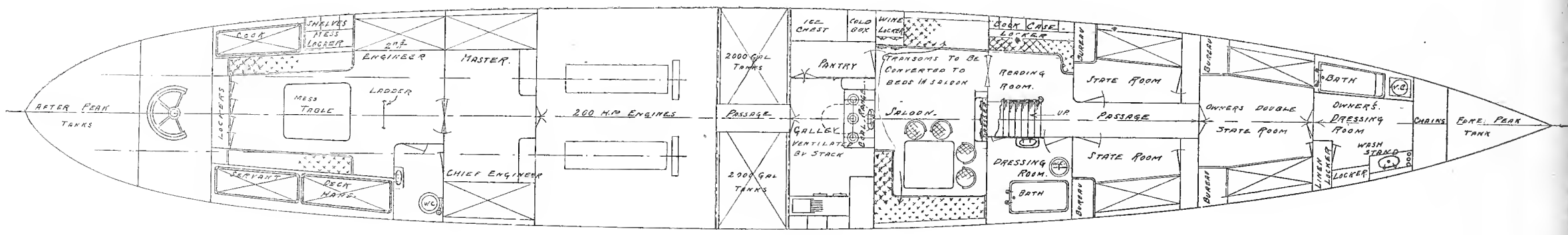
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HIGH SPEED CRUISING LAUNCH—OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY SWASEY, RAYMOND & PAGE, 1905.

High Speed Cruising Launch.

We depict in our columns this week the plans of a 103ft. cruising launch designed by Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page. The boat will be built this winter but the name of the owner is withheld for the present.

The plans show a thoroughly modern cruising yacht intended for long distance coast line work. The owner specified a cruising radius of 1,200 miles at a speed of 18 miles an hour. To make this rather unusual requirement possible a space of 6ft. in length has been bulkheaded off almost amidships, and in these compartments are gasolene tanks of 4,000 gallons capacity. These tanks are installed on water-tight steel floors with scuppers draining outboard.

The arrangement plan provides for the owner's and guests' quarters forward. The pantry and galley amidships and quarters for the crew aft.

The boat is designed to accommodate eight guests besides the crew. Ample room has been set aside for machinery, which, together with the crew's quarters, is entirely isolated. A low pilot house is shown, which is provided with an auxiliary steering wheel, this being quite a necessary feature on a boat designed for long distance cruising. A spacious bridge is provided where nautical instruments are arranged and protected from bad weather.

Much care has been taken in the design of the heating and ventilating features, as the boat will be used for cruising purposes both north and south. There is a large galley in which there is built an ice-chest capable of holding a ton of ice and a large size steamer's cooking range designed to burn either coal or wood.

The ventilation of the galley is through the stack, which in turn keeps the engine room sweet and cool. There is 7ft. head room nearly all through the boat.

The motive power consists of two 200 horsepower gasolene motors. Two boats are carried on the davits, a launch and a dinghy.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	103ft.
L.W.L.	96ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	2ft. 6in.
Aft	4ft. 6in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	15ft. 9in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft.
Freeboard—	
Forward	7ft.
Aft	5ft. 2in.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Alterations on Sloop Oseetah.—Mr. Martin C. Erismann, naval architect, has been commissioned by Mr. Frank C. Wild to carry out certain alterations on his sloop Oseetah. The work will be done at once at some yard on Great South Bay.

New Spars for Schooner Katrina.—Mr. James B. Ford, New York Y. C., is having his schooner Katrina overhauled at the yard of the Greenport Basin & Construction Company, Greenport, L. I., under the direction of Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris. Katrina will have new masts and topmasts, and a new bowsprit will also be fitted. Other minor changes and improvements will be made on the boat.

A. M. P. B. Associarion Meeting.—A general meeting of the American Power Boat Association was held at the Arena, West Thirty-first street, on Dec. 15. The following delegates were present: J. Howard Wainwright, American Y. C., the president; H. J. Gielow, Atlantic Y. C.; Ernest W. Graef, Brooklyn Y. C.; J. H. McIntosh and W. H. Ketcham, Columbia Y. C.; S. J. Averill, Chippewa Y. C.; Anson B. Cole, Manhasset Bay Y. C., the secretary; George P. Granberry, New Rochelle Y. C.; Charles P. Tower, Riverside Y. C.; H. J. Mitchell, Riverton Y. C.; Dr. E. B. Sherwood, Shattemuc Y. and C. C.; T. V. Roe, Sr., and W. A. Gill, Tarrytown Y. C.; C. E. Van Auken, Yonkers Corinthian Y. C., and Thos. Fearon, Yonkers Y. C. The object of the meeting was to hear the reports of the committees appointed to inquire into the following subjects:

Amending the deed of trust governing the Association's challenge cup by raising the minimum rating, etc., and changing the present formula for the calculation of horsepower, so as to avoid revolutions.

The following changes were recommended by Mr. J. H. McIntosh, chairman of the committee, on the proposed change in the deed of gift:

"Amend article 2, in the declaration of trust, to read as follows: Matches for the cup shall be limited to boats propelled by power only, which, according to the rules, are in the automobile racing class and whose waterline shall not be less than 30ft."

This amendment was adopted, but the Chippewa Y. C., of Chippewa Bay, N. Y., the present holders of the trophy, must give their consent to the change before the next race for the cup can be held.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow had been appointed to draw up an amendment to cover the matter of calculation of horsepower, and he recommended the following, which was adopted:

"That in four-cycle automobile engines the area of the piston in square inches be multiplied by the number of cylinders and divided by two; that in the two-cycle automobile engines the area of piston multiplied by the number of cylinders be divided by 1.5; that in cruising engines the area of piston be multiplied by the cylinders in four-cycle engines and divided by three, and in the two-cycle engines by 2.25."

This system does away with the counting of revolutions, and it assumes the piston speed at 1,000ft. a minute for automobile engines and 666ft. for all others; and the mean effective pressure at 66 pounds per square inch in four-cycle engines and 49.5 pounds for two-cycle engines.

It was decided that a cruise should be made annually by the Association after hearing Mr. J. H. McIntosh's report on that subject, and a committee will be appointed to arrange a cruise for the coming summer.

New Schooner for W. E. Iselin.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has prepared plans of a 103ft. schooner for Mr. William E. Iselin, former owner of the schooner Emerald. Mr. Iselin has been unable to find a boat in the market that just suited his requirements, and it is quite possible that he will build a new boat.

High Speed Yacht for A. C. Bostwick.—Com. Albert C. Bostwick has just ordered a high speed steam yacht to be built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. She will be known as The Limited, and she will be built of wood. The motive power consists of a Seabury triple-expansion engine and a Seabury water-tube boiler. A speed of 20 knots an hour is expected. She is 98ft. over all, 87ft. 8in. waterline, 11ft. 6in. breadth, and 4ft. 5in. draft. The yacht will be lighted by electricity, and two boats will be carried on the davits.

A Floating Motor Villa.—According to La Figaro of Paris the Marquis de Dion's floating villa will be 30ft. in breadth and 100ft. long, of very shallow draft, and driven by motor power at about 6 knots an hour. There will be a salon, a dining room, and several bedrooms. The Marquis hopes to have the villa, which is what would be called a houseboat in America, so low, above and below the waterline, that he can bring it up the Seine to Paris and depart in it when his day's business is over. Next summer he will "coast" the Mediterranean shores in the vicinity of Monte Carlo. The motor villa will also have a place on board for an automobile, on which the guests may make excursions into the surrounding country.—New York Times.

Yachting

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBER PROPOSED.

Central Division—Walter E. Ahlers, Allegheny, Pa., by F. C. Demmler.

New York C. C. Officers.—The annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held at the Hotel Astor on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, and the following were elected: Pres., Louis S. Tremann; Sec., C. Fred Speidel; Purser, George S. Morrissey; Com., D. D. Allerton; Capt., William Yelland, Jr.; Trustees, R. S. Hawthorne and G. A. Bennett; Auditing Committee, C. A. Robinson, Harry McCaughley and I. M. Dean.

Rifle Range and Gallery

Fixtures.

Feb. 12-17.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Indoor Twenty-two Caliber Rifle League of the United States tournament. Chas. J. Otis, Cor. Sec'y.

March 12-17.—New York.—One hundred shot indoor championship.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The Somers Township Rifle Club held their closing shoot of the year at Camden, on Dec. 8. The attendance was much smaller than usual. In the medal event, four shots, offhand, at 100yds., possible 48, Albert Campbell won with 11, 12, 12, 12—47; Ohmer Parker 8, 12, 10, 11—41; H. Boomershine 12, 5, 10, 6—33; Campbell has won the medal nine times this year, in May and June with 47 and in July with a perfect score of 48. He won a match for money prizes in November with a perfect 48. Ohmer Parker has won the medal twice and Lerton Platt once. Following is the record: January, February, April, May, June, July, August, September and December, Albert Campbell with these scores respectively: 12, 12, 11, 11—46; 9, 11, 12, 12—44, 12, 10, 12, 12,—46; 12, 12, 12, 11—47; 12, 12, 12, 11—47; 12, 12, 12, 12—48; 12, 11, 12, 9—44; 11, 11, 10, 12—44; 11, 12, 12, 12—47. March and November, Ohmer Parker 12, 11, 11, 11—45; 12, 10, 10, 11—43. October, Lerton Platt, 12, 12, 11, 12—47. In the September shoot Campbell and Platt tied on 44, and in the shoot-off the former won, 12 to 10, one shot. Parker and Campbell tied in November on 43, and the former won the shoot-off. The club will hold their first medal shoot of 1906 on Friday, Jan. 12.

The Englewood Rifle Club will hold an all-day shoot at their new range, at Englewood, eight miles north of Dayton, on the D. C. & P. traction line, on Dec. 19. The new club house, which has just been completed, is to be dedicated, and all riflemen are invited.

C. W. Matthews, of Euphemia, has a record, made on the indoor range at Eaton, which has not been approached as yet. The conditions were 20 cards, 4 shots each, possible 20, center counted 5, possible total 400. Offhand, open sights, 50ft. Shoots were held each week and at the close of the winter contest. Mr. Matthews had a perfect score of 400. There were over 300 entries, and the contest lasted eleven weeks.

The regular shoot of the West Sonora Rifle Club was held on Dec. 9. There were five events of 4 shots each, possible 48, offhand, 100yds., 3¼in. center; possible total for 20 shots, 240. In the first event, C. W. Matthews was first with 12, 11, 11, 10—44; L. Hinea 9, 11, 12, 11—43; Clarence Tice 42, P. Tice 41, Chalmer Tice 39, T. Parks 36, T. E. Garreth 38, B. Leas 27. In the second event L. Hinea 12, 10, 12, 11—45; P. Tice 12, 10, 11, 10—43; Matthews and Garreth, 42 each, T. Parks 39, Clarence Tice 36, Chalmer Tice and B. Leas 35 each. Third event, Hinea 11, 11, 10, 12—44; P. Tice 9, 11, 12, 11—43; Matthews and Garreth 42 each, Chalmer Tice 40, T. Parks 38, B. Leas 36, Clarence Tice 32. Fourth event, Hinea 12, 11, 11, 12—46; Garreth 11, 12, 12, 11—46; P. Tice 45, T. Parks 43, Matthews 39, Clarence Tice 38, Chalmer Tice 39, B. Leas 39. Fifth event, Matthews 11, 12, 11, 12—46; T. Parks 12, 12, 10, 10—55; Garreth 43, Hinea 42, P. Tice 36, Charles Thal 42, Clarence Tice 33, B. Leas 40. In the aggregate score, Hinea led with 220, Matthews 213, Garreth 211, P. Tice 208, T. Parks 200, Chalmer Tice 195, Clarence Tice 181, B. Leas 177.

Rolla Heikes, Ed. Rike and Charlie Matthews went out to the Dayton Sharpshooters' range on Dec. 12 to try a new Winchester rifle of Heikes' and to have a little practice. Matthews is well-known as a crack rifle shot, but the others have made their

records, good ones, too, with the scatter gun. After testing sights, three matches were shot, 200yds., muzzle rest, 3 shots. possible 72. Each won an event, and agreed to settle the tie later. Darkness stopped the shooting, but the scores made were such as to induce Heikes and Rike to challenge any team of the Dayton Sharpshooters' or any other Dayton riflemen to shoot a match with hunting rifles, not weighing over 8lbs., open sights. Shoot any afternoon. To-day, in the first match Rike led with 19, 20, 17—56; Heikes 20, 18, 17—55; Matthews 19, 14, 20—53. Second match, Heikes 20, 22, 24—66; Matthews 20, 19, 23—62; Rike 16, 20, 17—53. Third match, Matthews 20, 19, 23—62; Rike 19, 20, 17—56; Heikes 20, 18, 17—55; aggregate: Heikes 176, Mattthews 177, Rike 165.

At the monthly contest for the Miliken medal, which took place in the range at City Hall, Cincinnati, Sergt. O. O. Williams of the Police force won, and will hold the trophy for thirty days. Maj. Carroll, not a contestant, made the best score, 196 out of a possible 200.

The Jackson Township Rifle Club held their last shoot of this year on Dec. 12. The weather was fine, with a strong breeze across the range, but good shooting was done just the same, and the contest was a hot one. C. W. Izor won the medal with 47, almost a perfect score. He won it last month, and if he turns the trick in January, he can add it to the collection he already owns. His score of 47 to-day is only the third time that mark has been reached this year. The others who made it were J. W. Lesher on Feb. 11 and Isaac M. Stiver on May 6. The regular contest for September was omitted, but the special of May 6 made up the usual twelve shoots for the year. G. W. Izor 11, 12, 12, 12—47; I. M. Stiver 11, 12, 11, 10—44; J. W. Lesher 11, 11, 11, 11—44; A. N. Clemmer 10, 12, 11, 10—43; J. Johnson, 12, 11, 10, 10—43; Chas. Busche 10, 10, 9, 12—41. All shooting is offhand, at 100yds., 4 shots in the medal match, possible 48. The record of the year's medal winners is as follows: January, April and August, M. Pence 45, 47 and 46; February, J. W. Lesher 47; March, November and December, G. W. Izor, 46, 46, 47; May (special), I. M. Stiver, 47; May (regular), June and October, J. Johnson 45, 44, 44 and 45. J. Johnson won three times in succession, and the medal became his. A new one was offered for the August shoot, M. Pence winning. Johnson won in October and Izor the last two shoots. If he wins in January, it becomes his. The 20-shot match followed, five events of 4 shots each, possible aggregate 240. Money prizes. Johnson first with 223, Lesher 217, G. W. Izor 213, Clemmer 211, Stiver 204, Busche 188. Izor won first money in first and third events on 46 in each; Lesher first in second and fifth on 46 and 47, and second in the third on 45; Clemmer 44, first in the fourth; Johnson second in first, second and fifth events with 46, 46, 46; Stiver second in the fourth event with 42. The 20-shot matches were not started until April, and the winners in the nine contests to date are: April, May, June, October, November and December, J. Johnson, 236, 221, 219, 228, 223, 223; May (special), Pence, 222; July, G. O. Chrismer, 225; Johnson's first score in the series, 236, was the highest of the year, and consisted of 47, 48, 46, 47, 48, and lacked only 4 points of the possible, 240. His six winning scores aggregate 1,350, out of a possible 1,440. The next shoot will be held on Jan. 13, 1906.

Ed. Rike, Rolla Heikes, Horace Heikes and Ike were at the Dayton Sharpshooters' range on Dec. 13 for another afternoon of rifle practice. Rike did not do quite so well as on the previous occasion. Three 6-shot matches were shot at 200yds., muzzle rest, possible 144. First match, R. Heikes 0, 19, 14, 19, 13, 18—83; H. Heikes 0, 16, 9, 15, 8, 7—55; Ike 0, 14, 6 0 14 16—50; Rike 22, 0, 0, 0, 13, 9—44. Second match, Heikes 19, 18, 9, 15, 13, 12—86; H. Heikes 11, 11, 16, 17. 8, 20—83; Rike 8, 20, 17, 13, 0, 14—72; Ike 15, 13, 0, 7, 0, 0—35. Third match Heikes 20, 0, 14, 14, 21, 19—88. Ike 22. 0, 19, 0, 22, 0—63. Rike 14, 0, 15, 11, 0, 14—54; H. Heikes 9, 12, 9, 0, 8, 9—47; R. Heikes was high in the aggregate with 257 in the three matches; H. Heikes 185, Rike 170, Ike 148. Two matches, same conditions, 3 shots, possible 72, wound up the sport: First, Ike 14, 6, 13—33; Heikes 0, 8, 19—27; Rike 5, 16, 0—21. Second, Ike 12, 14, 0—26; Rike 9, 6, 9—24; H. Heikes 7, 7, 0—14; R. Heikes 0, 0, 8—8. The challenge given out by Messrs. Heikes and Rike will probably be accepted by M. J. Schwind and Geo. R. Decker.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

A VERY enthusiastic special meeting was held on the 14th for the purpose of taking action on several matters of importance. The subject of affiliation with the National Rifle Association was generally discussed, and decided favorably, so that for 1906 we expect to have our name added to the list and do a little Krag shooting on the State range. We understand the backstop has been raised 20ft. Whether this is necessitated by the militiamen or in anticipation of our civilian shooters sending a few jacketed bullets over into Massachusetts, we are not quite clear; but we are going to get the hang of the military arm eventually.

Since the closing of our Saturday afternoon shoots, the wind-up of half-holidays and bad weather, we have spent considerable time looking for suitable indoor facilities. A place downtown would be handy, but the best we could find was the basement of the battery armory, which, owing to its short length, would give us but 62ft., and thus bar the .22 men. We could, of course, use the hall of last winter, but memory of the icicles which formed even during shooting nights, took the edge from that proposition, and it was unanimously voted to push through the proposed plans for building an inclosed range at Cranston. The plans submitted were adopted, and the addition is to be started at once.

This will be a good ways out for some, but will give us a place in which to shoot evenings, summer and winter, and we believe the boys will become used to the travel and enjoy their own quarters better than being handicapped by limited facilities and some annoyances incidental to using the cramped quarters of our battery friends.

Our annual meeting, Jan. 25, promises to be of more interest than usual, for most of the year's red tape was settled at the special meeting, and will give us plenty of opportunity to indulge in smoke talk.

Saturday, the 16th, we shot a revolver match with the Cavalry team. We have been trying to bring about a match with them for a year, and had given it up. At short notice, and when we were rather unprepared, we received word they would be present. A team was scraped together hastily, and the general results very satisfactory.

We allowed the militiamen all the advantage possible, it being at their option whether to shoot on Standard target or Creedmoor, with four points added to military weapon scores, either count. They chose the Creedmoor count.

Argus was high man in the match, he shooting his big new Service in fine shape. Following are the scores:

Troop B led by 19 points.

Troop B, 1st Bat. Cavalry.		P. R. C.	
Lieut Crowshaw	22 23—45	Argus	23 23—46
Gifford	22 21—43	Hurlburt	20 23—43
McKenna	20 20—40	Eddy	22 21—43
Flynn	22 17—39	Coulters	16 21—37
Richards	17 21—38—205	Jefferds	13 12—25—194
Allowance	8		
	213		

The following scores were shot in practice:

Revolver, Standard target, 50yds.:

Wm Almy, .38 Officer's model	8	9	10	9	9	10	6	6	8	8—83
	10	10	9	10	10	6	8	9	8	10—90
	6	6	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	8—88
	8	8	9	10	9	10	8	7	7	9—85
	9	6	7	10	10	9	8	10	8	10—87
	7	10	10	10	9	7	9	8	8	7—85

Arno Argus, (.45) 77, 81, Maj. Eddy (.38), 74.

Revolver, Standard target, 20yds.: Edw. C. Parkhurst (.38 officers' model), 76.

Rifle, Standard target, 50yds.: H. Powell (.22 Ballard-Stevens), 90, 83, 82, 78, 82, 78, 77, 77.

Rifle, German ring target, 25yds.: Sterry K. Luther (.22 Winchester), 241, 244, 241, 243.

Mr. A. C. Wright, of the Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club was a visitor at our range a week ago, when there was a small attendance and no scores to report. Several of the "regulars" were absent, and we hope the next time our Norwich friend visits us, we may not be taking a rest.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

GUS ZIMMERMANN had the best score at the shoot held in the Zettler gallery the night of Dec. 15, when the following scores were made at 75ft., offhand, best two 10-shot tickets to go on record:

Gus Zimmermann	489	George T Zimmermann	461
August Begerow	485	Bruno Eusner	460
F Liegibel	481	Jacob Bittschier	456
Henry Koch	476	A Mamok	428
Frank A Young	470	Henry J Behrens	411
John Facklamm	461	Albert Rodler	392

Zettler Rifle Club.

IN the club shoot held Dec. 12, Arthur Hubalek was high man on the ring target with 51 points, under the possible, W. A. Tewes had the best 50-shot score, and Barney Zettler won the bullseye prize. The scores:

A Hubalek	244	242	245	245	246	245	240	247	247	248—2449
O Smith	241	245	243	241	241	239	241	241	247	239—2418
T H Keller, Jr.	233	241	238	237	245	220	241	235	237	245—2372
August Begerow	243	240	235	240	230	241	236	235	232	236—2368
H Fenwirth	230	235	217	223	226	230	236	234	233	234—2298

Fifty-shot scores:

W A Tewes	248	246	249	244	246—1233
Louis Buss	247	243	242	246	245—1223
A Moser	238	242	242	240	243—1205
Charles Zettler, Jr.	244	243	238	243	235—1203
Louis Maurer	237	240	240	242	233—1192
Charles Zettler	225	242	240	239	237—1183
Barney Zettler	238	241	231	236	236—1182
A P Fegert	238	233	241	234	232—1178
G Bernius	236	226	234	236	229—1161
H C Zettler	232	229	235	231	226—1153
T H Keller	229	217	232	235	229—1142

Back score:

Arthur Hubalek	244	247	242	243	238—1214

Bullseye target, degrees:

Barney Zettler	30½	A P Fegert	40½
W A Tewes	32½	August Begerow	51
H Fenwirth	34	T H Keller	65
Louis Maurer	35½		

Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular shoot was held the night of Dec. 13, at headquarters, in New York city. Bruno Eusner was high on the ring target with the best two scores, and W. Koch captured the bullseye prize. Scores at 75ft. offhand:

Ring target, 20 shots:

B Eusner	228	236—464	H Kraus	219	209—428
A P Fegert	231	232—463	L Rokohl	211	214—425
G Thomas	238	225—463	Dr Muller	212	209—421
H Goerke	231	232—463	E Modersohn	212	201—413
H Koch	229	228—459	F Werler	207	195—402
A Muller	221	228—459	M Ott	195	205—400
J H Blumenberg	227	214—441	F Monatsberger	205	192—397
Chas Thielbauth	213	221—434	E Mechleng	208	178—386
Jacob Martin	216	215—431	Phil Zuegner	204	183—387
F Horn	203	225—428	Jacob Wiechmann	154	147—301

Bullseye target, degrees:

W Koch	24	Jacob Wiechmann	136
Phil Zuegner	35½	M Ott	180
Chas Thiebauth	47	E Michleng	190
F Werler	49	Dr Muller	209
H Goerke	55	Jacob Martin	216
Bruno Eusner	94	F Horn	219
G Thomas	96	H Kraus	219
A P Fegert	98	A Muller	228
E Modersohn	126	L Rokohl	240

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

MRS. FENWIRTH, president of this club, made the highest score in the shoot held on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street, New York city, Dec. 9, and her total for two scores was a point higher than that of Mr. Folcke, who was high on the men's list. All shooting was at 75ft., the ladies using a muzzle rest, the men offhand, two best scores to count:

Mrs H Fenwirth	246	248—494	Miss A Ludwig	245	226—471
Mrs Liegibel	243	248—491	Mrs Nosch	236	235—471
Miss B Ludwig	241	235—476	Miss A Kraus	232	238—470
Miss Scheu	237	236—473	Miss T Eusner	225	242—467

The men's scores.

C Folcke	249	244—493	G Hart	230	235—465
G Ludwig	236	243—479	H Fenwirth	235	238—463
F Liegibel	238	238—476	A Mamok	236	219—455
V Muller	230	239—469			

Tirs a Segno Nazionale.

THE first shoot of this Italian society was held a fortnight ago on the Zettler ranges, in New York city, but the attendance was slim, and adjournment was taken until Dec. 11, when these scores were made at 75ft. offhand:

Mandell	235	Castolemi	205
Conti	235	Paglinghi	187
Reali	234	Mandell	232
Mastropaolo	219	Mastropalo	214
Migliore	205		

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. first annual holiday shoot.
Dec. 25.—Utica, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Riverside G. C. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Dec. 25.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club turkey shoot. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Dec. 26.—Maidencreek, Pa., G. C., tournament. L. B. Stoudt, Sec'y.
Dec. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

1906.

Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., G. C. all-day shoot. Wm. J. Perkins, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Bergen Beach G. C. tournament. H. W. Dreyer, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Mount Kisco, N. Y., G. C., all-day shoot. A. Betti, Capt.
Jan. 1.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Bergen Beach G. C.
Jan. 2.—Killarney, Man.—Live-bird championship of Canada.
Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Brooklyn, N. Y., G. C. all-day tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Jan. 22-27.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap; $1,500 added for amateurs. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
March 14-16.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. C. W. Budd, Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Auburn, N. Y., tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.
Dec. 25.—Brooklyn, N. Y., G. C. all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club will shoot for medals, cups, etc., on the afternoon of Christmas Day. All shooters are invited.

Messrs. F. E. Butler, of Nutley, N. J., and W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., have announced that they will attend the mid-winter shoot of the Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club on Jan. 1.

The Newton, N. J., Gun Club gave its team members a banquet on a delightful evening of last week, in recognition of their valor in winning the team series of the North New Jersey League.

Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., is convalescing slowly after his severe ordeal in the hospital in New York. He contemplated returning to his home in Nashville, Tenn., after the Interstate Association meeting last week. He retired from the presidency of that body after two years of distinguished and successful service, during which it grew to great importance in national affairs. He refused to be a candidate for the office of president of the Association this year.

Beginning with the first shoot in January next, the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, will add to the programme two prizes in each regular contest. Also a trophy will go to the best score from scratch, and to the best score with handicap. The prizes are won outright at each contest.

Mr. A. E. McKenzie made an eloquent plea in behalf of the Denver Gun Club, before the members of the Interstate Association at their annual meeting last week, and the financial inducements were not short of princely in their worth. The geographical situation of Denver, being somewhat out of the greatest shooting center of population, was the main objection against it in relation to the big shoot.

At the regular monthly shoot of the New Haven, Conn., Gun Club, Dec. 13, good weather and a good attendance contributed to a successful shoot. Mr. C. B. Bristol, famous as a shooter of rare skill, won first prize, a carving set, with a score of 24. Mr. Bristol is seventy-nine years young, therefore has the advantage of greater experience than some of his competitors. Mr. C. H. Stevenson was second with 23, and Mr. H. O. Whitney, also 23, but with a bigger handicap, was third.

Distinguished trapshooters who were visitors at the Grand Hotel, New York, during the meeting of the Interstate Association last week were Messrs. J. E. Avery, Atlanta, Ga.; W. Fred Quimby, New York; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; Tom A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; J. S. Fanning, New York; Geo. A. MeAlpin, New York; E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis; J. W. Garrett, Colorado Springs, Colo., A. G. McKenzie, Denver; Lou Parker, New York; Capt. A. W. Money, Oakland, N. J.; W. M. Foord, Wilmington, Del., and Ed. Taylor, of Jersey City.

Elsewhere in our columns this week, we taken pleasure in presenting the portrait of Mr. J. A. Haskell, the President of the Interstate Association. He was elected at the annual meeting held last week, a report of which is elsewhere in our trap columns. Mr. Haskell is an able business man, long identified with the manufacture of powder. For a long while he held the eminent and responsible position of President to the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., of which company he is still an important officer. He is an enthusiast on rifle competition, and is and has been a member of the Executive Committee of the National Rifle Association of America. He is a gentleman of high integrity, rare business ability and broad views.

C. L. Kites, Springfield, Mass., writes us that "The Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold their annual turkey shoot on Christmas Day, Dec. 25. The programme calls for 150 targets, divided into ten events. Grounds will be ready for shooting at 10 o'clock. Principal event of the day will be the sixth, commencing as nearly 1 o'clock as possible. This will be a 25 target event, $1 entrance, including price of targets. There will be three turkeys to shoot for. Whether they will be put up for three high scores in one event, or for highest score in three separate events will be decided by the number of entries. Targets one cent each. Distance handicap. Handicaps arranged by committee chosen from among the shooters present. Hot lunch served at noon. Loaded shells for sale. Don't stay away on account of the cold. We have a nice warm club house, and will give you a good time. Programmes are now ready, and may be secured of the secretary. No sweeps. Everyone welcome.

A standing Handicap Committee for all of the five tournaments of the Interstate Association next year would either kill the tournaments or be killed by the contestants, in a Pickwickian sense. After a tournament, there is no body of men who are gazed at so furtively as the handicappers. Many shooters, making poor scores, blame the bad handicaps assigned them, and this regardless of whether they have a yellow streak when in competition, or whether they sat up too late the night before, or what not. Some who have a brain pan of circumscribed area, look upon the handicapper as a blend of donkey and wolf. In our opinion, the appointment of a committee at the annual meeting for the G. A. H. is all right, but each provincial handicap should have a distinct committee, drawn entirely from the respective sections in which they "subsidiary" handicaps are held, thus the onus bestowed on any one committee ends with its handicaps. Furthermore, handicappers who reside within the respective geographical limitations of the sections to which "subsidiary" handicaps are assigned, would likely be much more acceptable to such sections.

The new ruling of the Interstate Association, which requires that all Grand American Handicap contestants, who have not shot in Grand American Handicaps prior to 1906, shall send in with their applications a specific statement of their general averages through the six months prior to their application, will eliminate that unpleasant feature colloquially referred to as "a dark horse." Heretofore the handicappers have had to rely on their own knowledge of the contestants, or upon such imperfect data as could be gathered hurriedly from rumor or hearsay. Where there were so many hundreds contesting, there were some of them whose ability with the shotgun was entirely unknown to the handicappers and the management. These were handicapped on the theory that if they were unknown they were likely to be ordinary performers. So many winners of past G. A. H.'s, men of seasoned skill, have won from the 16yd. mark, that the need of definite information was urgently needed. The new ruling will meet the need fully. If it should happen that any applicant should falsify his average, there is no doubt but what the Interstate Association would make "the punishment fit the crime."

The Bergen Beach Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., offer a programme of practice events at 15 targets, and a main event at 50 targets, distance handicap, 16 to 21yds., for twenty or more merchandise prizes. Entrance, $2.50, including targets. High guns. Handicappers, Mr. Harry D. Bergen, Capt. H. W. Dreyer and the manager. The following is further presented in the programme: "Practice events at a charge of 25 cents for 15 targets. One re-entry may be made in main event up to 1 P. M. sharp, at a cost of $1.50 extra. The shooter making re-entry may shoot one yard in, provided his original score is 30 out of the 50 or less; but he is entitled to one prize only, his highest of the two scores to count. In main event, at 50 targets, all targets at 2 cents each to those shooting for targets only. Shells for sale at grounds. Manufacturers' experts may shoot for targets only. Lunch and refreshments for shooters and their friends by courtesy of the club. Flatbush avenue Bergen Beach trolley from New York City Hall, Brooklyn Bridge entrance, direct to the grounds for 5 cents. Go to the grounds early, as the sun sets before 5 P. M. L. H. Schortemeier is the Manager, 201 Pearl street, New York." The date is Jan. 1.

BERNARD WATERS.

Eastern Championship.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—The championship contest, known officially as the amateur championship of America at clay birds, was a distinct success. There were forty-eight participants in its amateur features, and eight professionals who shot along. Of the latter, Mr. W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., was high with 96.

The championship was won by the Long Island City crackerjack, Mr. J. H. Hendrickson, of the Queens County Gun Club, with a score of 94. His closest competitor is a famous trapshooter of Colorado, Mr. John W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs. The latter scored 93.

Representatives were present from Massachusetts, New Jersey, Delaware, Kentucky, Florida, Connecticut, Missouri, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Mr. Gus Grieff is entitled to much credit for bringing together the large number of shooters who contested in this event.

Three traps were used. The targets were thrown out over the water, which without doubt was a difficult condition for those unaccustomed to it.

The conditions were 100 targets, entrance, price of targets. Scores:

W D Rose (New York), N. Y. A. C.	15	18	22	13—68
D Rait (Larchmont), L. Y. C.	15	11	16	17—59
G Piercy (Jersey City), Bergen G. C.	21	24	23	20—88
C W Westley (New Smyrna, Fla.), N. Y. A. C.	16	19	16	20—71
W J Lawler (New York), Sugar Hill G. C.	15	19	17	15—66
W M Foord (Wilmington, Del.), Wawaset G. C.	21	22	20	22—85
Jack Martin (Brooklyn), Brooklyn G. C.	22	18	24	22—86
J A McKelvey (Hockeson, Del), H. G. C.	22	20	20	24—86
J B McHugh (Wilmington, Del.), H. G. C.	18	11	16	17—62
F Truax (Fort Lee, N. J.), North River G. C.	21	21	22	23—87
A G Southworth (Brooklyn), Crescent A. C.	20	21	23	19—83
F B Stephenson (Brooklyn), Crescent A. C.	20	24	22	21—87
L M Palmer, Jr. (Brooklyn), Crescent A. C.	21	22	22	18—83
C A Lockwood (Jamaica), Crescent A. C.	19	20	21	18—78
R J Hendricks (Rye, N. Y.), Portchester G. C.	24	22	20	21—87
Dr Gleason (Boston), B. A. A.	19	23	22	24—88
O W Vanderbosch (Peekskill), Transit G. C.	12	20	14	17—63
Dr J M Teeter (Brooklyn), Crescent A. C.	11	18	20	15—64
H R Edgerton (Willimantic, Conn.), W. G. C.	18	20	21	23—82
A E Barry(New York), Franklin G. C.	9	8	17	17—51
J W Akard (Fair Play, Mo.), F. P. G. C.	16	17	22	22—77
B H Glickner (Passaic, N. J.), P. G. C.	18	18	20	22—78
Ed Morgan (Paterson, N. J.), Jackson G. C.	15	15	16	19—65
G Hopper (Paterson, N. J.), Jackson G. C.	6	4	18	15—43
J Doty (Paterson, N. J.), Jackson G. C.	13	17	16	15—61
G K Kelly (Brooklyn), Bergen B. G. C.	24	20	23	23—90
F Creamer (Brooklyn), Bergen B. G. C.	16	19	22	17—74
E P McMurtry (New York), N. Y. A. C.	19	20	23	w
H Gleffer (Pittsburg, Pa.), Herron Hill G. C.	20	20	22	20—82
W J Elias (New York), N. Y. A. C.)	18	15	18	16—67
O C Grinnell (Brooklyn), Crescent A. C.	19	17	19	16—71
L C Hopkins (Brooklyn), Crescent A. C.	17	22	20	17—76
W T Alsop (Louisville, Ky.), Jefferson Co. G. C.	15	21	21	19—76
J Morrison (New York), North River G. C.	19	18	21	20—78
A E Hendrickson (Brooklyn), Crescent A. C.	13	20	16	12—61
J W Garrett (Colorado Springs, Colo.), C. S. G. C.	22	22	24	25—93
H B Tuthill, (Chester N. Y.)	17	15	22	w
D D Stever (Middletown, N. Y.), Orange Co. G. C.	28	16	25	19—80
F Mayser (New York),	9	12	16	10—47
R Merten (New York), Fulton G. C.	18	13	17	17—65
H M Brigham (Brooklyn), Crescent A. C.	25	21	19	25—90
J H Hendrickson (L. I. City), Queens Co. G. C.	24	21	25	24—94
S L Adams (Plainfield), Independent G. C.	17	16	19	18—70
M P Mackay (Englewood, N. J. (Englewood G. C.),	15	15	14	14—58
G W Kuchler (New Rochelle), N. Y. A. C.	6	6	2	11—25
E J Spahr (Gettysburg, Va.),	18	17	20	20—75
P Robinson (New York). N. Y. A. C.	7	14	17	12—50
H T Wentz (Philadelphia)	10	17	19	16—62
PROFESSIONALS.				
J A R Elliott (New York)	25	18	23	22—88
W Heer (Concordia, Kans.)	24	25	25	22—96
Sim Glover (New York)	19	22	22	19—82
H Welles (New York)	20	23	24	22—89
F Butler (Nutley, N. J.)	18	19	20	17—74
R H Marshall (Newark, N. J.)	11	13	9	13—46
J S Fanning (Hoboken, N. J.)	22	19	21	22—46
T H Keller (New York)	17	18	20	16—71

Florists' Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 12.—Delightful weather favored the mid-winter shoot of the Florists' Gun Club, held to-day. Renowned professionals were present as follows: Messrs. Fred Gilbert, Luther Squier and Neaf Apgar, and they excellently sustained their reputations as sportsmen of skill and worth. Gilbert was high with the excellent average of 124 out of a total of 125. Luther Squier, who has been showing great improvement since associating with the "Demon of Spirit Lake," stood second with 117, having two runs of 25 straight to his credit. Apgar had a clean score in the first event, and then gradually lessened. E. C. Coleman, one of the steadiest shots of the Florists' Club, put up a uniform race, and completed 108. Shew had 105, and Ford 103. In the club event, two classes, Ed. Coleman was high in Class A with 44 out of 50. Shew broke 43, Tansey 42. In Class B, Luther Parsons tried his gun after an absence of several months, and led with 30 breaks. Haywood was second with 29.

Beginning with the first shoot in January, the Florists' members will compete for two prizes in each regular contest. A trophy will be given to the best scratch score with handicap added. This trophy becomes the property of the winner at each shoot. The scores of the last regular shoot follow:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25		Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	
Gilbert	24	24	24	25	24	—121	Bell	21	16	21	16	..	— 74
Squier	23	20	25	24	25	—117	Stevens	13	14	9	9	19	— 64
Apgar	25	24	23	22	22	—116	Parsons	16	13	14	16	..	— 69
E C Coleman	21	22	22	22	21	—108	Mrs Park	19	13	22	..	..	— 54
Shew	20	21	21	22	21	—105	Park	16	15	20	..	..	— 51
Ford	18	20	22	21	22	—103	White	18	14	..	16	..	— 48
Pratt	23	16	21	22	17	— 99	Haywood	..	..	..	15	14	.. — 29
Tansey	..	21	21	21	19	— 82	Peterson	..	..	..	13	15	.. — 28

Club shoot, 50 targets, two classes:

Class A.

Coleman	22 22—44	Tansey	21 21—42
Shew	21 22—43	Bell	21 16—37

Class B.

Parsons	14 16—30	Stevens	9 9—18
Haywood	15 14—29	Park	20 ..—20
Peterson	13 15—28	White	16—16

Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Through six inches (or more) of "beautiful snow" fourteen enthusiastic shooters went to the club grounds Saturday, Dec. 16, to a target shoot, for practice and turkeys. There was one practice event at 25 targets and four events at 15 targets each, for turkeys.

High score was made by Clarence Malone, who broke 65 out of a possible 85 targets. This was especially creditable, as the targets were thrown 70 to 75yds.. First turkey was won by Lester German, who scored 14. Second turkey by Clarence Malone, with 13. Third turkey, Moxley and Waters tied with 13, and in the shoot-off, Moxley won; score 10 to 8. Fourth turkey, Moxley and France tied on 10 each, Moxley winning in the shoot-off, 9 to 8.

There is not the interest taken in a team race I expected to find from the club with a membership of eighty-five. There were less than fifteen shooters out for practice. With such "lukewarm" members, I predict the Perryman boys will again be victorious. Too bad! Some of the best shooters hug the fireside when they could be out helping to win laurels for "home."

Programme, one 25 and four 15-target events. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	15	15	15	15	10	Targets:	25	15	15	15	15	10
Waters	22	10	4	13	8	..	Meares	12	6	8	6	..	..
Moxley	17	12	11	13	10	9	Bowen	7	..	..	..	..	..
Elderkin	12	10	12	9	7	..	C Malone	18	12	13	13	9	..
German	20	14	8	12	9	..	Verdine	15	11	11	7	9	..
Padgett	13	5	7	..	..	..	France	22	9	6	11	10	8
Malone	21	8	8	12	9	..	Cook	..	3	5	10	..	..
Walker	17	9	10	9	9	..	Chelf	..	..	..	8	7	..

The return race with Mr. German's carefully selected professionals and amateurs from Perryman, Md. (?) will be shot Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 2 P. M. If Malone will give us blue skies and a balmy day perhaps as many as ten men could be induced to help make a better score for the B. R. A. team.

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Dec. 16.—A sky, darkly overcast and a storm of snow and sleet which prevailed for a time in the afternoon, were unfavorable conditions for trapshooting.

Eight events were completed, of which one was the December cup, one the team contest, and the remaining one the Stake trophy.

Mr. A. G. Southworth scored a leg in the December cup event with a score of 23. The successful team had Messrs. F. B. Stephenson and O. G. Grinnell, Jr., as members. The leg in the Stake trophy event was won by Mr. H. B. Vanderveer after a shoot-off with Mr. W. C. Damron, after a tie on 25. Scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: D. C. Bennett 15, A. G. Southworth 14, F. B. Stephenson 14, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 14, W. C. Damron 14, L. C. Hopkins 14, O. C. Grinnell 14, C. A. Lockwood 14, Dr. Teeter 12, W. W. Marshall 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: L. M. Palmer 14, W. W. Marshall 12, D. C. Bennett 12, A. G. Southworth 11, F. B. Stephenson 11, W. C. Damron 11, L. C. Hopkins 11, Dr. Teeter 11, O. C. Grinnell 10, C. A. Lockwood 10.

December cup, 25 targets, handicap: A. G. Southworth 23, F. B. Stephenson 22, H. B. Vanderveer 22, W. C. Damron 21, L. M. Palmer 19, W. W. Marshall 19, Dr. Teeter 19, C. A. Lockwood 18, D. C. Bennett 16, L. C. Hopkins 16, Dr. Keyes 16, O. C. Grinnell 15.

Team contest, 25 targets: F. B. Stephenson 22, O. C. Grinnell 24; total 46. A. G. Southworth 20, W. W. Marshall 18; total 38. L. M. Palmer 23, L. C. Hopkins 14; total 37.

Stake trophy, 25 targets: H. B. Vanderveer 25, W. C. Damron 25, D. C. Bennett 23, F. B. Stephenson 23, Dr. Teeter 23, O. C. Grinnell 23, Dr. Keyes 22, A. G. Southworth 18, W. W. Marshall 18, L. C. Hopkins 18, C. A. Lockwood 18.

Shoot-off, 25 targets: Vanderveer 21, Damron 20.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: L. M. Palmer 12, C. A. Lockwood 11, O. C. Grinnell 9, W. C. Damron 8, J. N. Teeter 8, L. C. Hopkins 8.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: J. N. Teeter 24, L. C. Hopkins 22, F. B. Stephenson 21, L. M. Palmer 21, H. B. Vanderveer 21, W. C. Damron 20, O. C. Grinnell 20, A. G. Southworth 19, D. C. Bennett 19, C. A. Lockwood 19, Dr. Keyes 18, W. W. Marshall 14.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Dr. Keyes 25, H. B. Vanderveer 25, J. N. Teeter 25, O. C. Grinnell 24, L. M. Palmer 24, W. C. Damron 24, A. G. Southworth 22, D. C. Bennett 22, C. A. Lockwood 22, W. W. Marshall 21, F. B. Stephenson 21.

Shoot-off, same conditions: J. N. Teeter 24, H. B. Vanderveer 19, Dr. J. J. Keyes 18.

Cumberland Gun Club.

BRIDGETON, N. J.—Herewith please find scores made at the fourth amateur tournament of the Cumberland Gun Club of this city. The shoot was well attended, especially by the professional shooters, among whom were the following: Mr. Fred Gilbert, the "Western star," Luther Squier, William Heer, Frank Butler, J. F. Heath, J. A. R. Elliott, Neaf Apgar, and Sim Glover. Mr. Gilbert was high professional, with score of 148 out of possible 150, having run off with 144 straight. Mr. Harry Fisher, of Philadelphia, was high amateur, with score of 141. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	20	20	15	20	20	20		
Gilbert	14	19	20	20	15	20	20	20	150	148
Elliott	15	19	19	20	13	18	18	20	150	142
Heer	14	20	17	19	15	18	19	19	150	141
Fisher	15	17	16	19	15	20	19	20	150	141
Apgar	15	16	19	19	14	19	18	20	150	140
Hackett	14	18	20	17	15	20	17	18	150	139
Glover	14	19	18	19	13	19	18	15	150	135
Pratt	12	17	18	20	13	18	17	19	150	134
Squier	14	18	20	15	11	18	20	17	150	133
Newcomb	12	17	16	17	15	17	16	19	150	129
Armstrong	13	18	15	18	13	19	14	14	150	124
Aumack	11	18	16	18	11	17	17	16	150	124
Platts	11	18	18	12	9	16	16	16	150	116
Butler	12	13	16	15	10	14	12	16	150	108
Munyan	15	18	15	15	13	15	..	..	110	91
Hurff	11	17	16	16	11	16	..	..	110	87
Adams	..	14	15	15	12	13	..	..	95	69
Compton	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	40	33
Hettinger	11	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	35	28
Skull	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15
Cooney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	15
Sheppard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14
L. Hurff	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	20	13
Fox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	11
Esibell	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	20	8
Gage	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8

A. H. SOOY, Sec'y.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I., Dec. 12.—There were twenty-four contestants at the shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club to-day. A high wind prevailed. Several renowned experts were present. Each event was at 15 targets. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Welles	8	15	14	14	14	13	10	12	14
Heer	15	14	14	13	15	15	15	..	..
Kelly	13	13	14	13	13	13	15	14	12
Metz	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
F Butler	10	14	13	12	9	10	9	..	..
Dreyer	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Metz	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hopkins	..	10	11	12	13	11	10	10	..
Bob Schneider	..	12	13	13	..	9	13	7	..
Hitchcock	..	6	12	8	7	10	..	..	..
Dr Griffith	8	11	9	8	10	9	11	..	..
Schorty	13	12	12	10	12	11	13	14	12
Kroeger	..	10	11	12	7	11	9	..	..
Geideman	..	8	8	10	12	9	11	..	..
Messloh	..	5	4	9	8	11	4	..	..
Van Valer	..	7	10	7	10	6	..	..	..
Cramer	..	..	12	13	12	12	12	10	..
Franklin	..	..	8	10	8	9	..	..	..
Voorhis	..	..	12	8	7	7	8	12	9
Gehring	..	..	10	11	10	12	11	9	..
Wellbrock	..	..	9	10	12	11	10	..	..
Doughty	..	..	3	?	8	7	8	3	..
Suydam	..	..	14	10	12	14	14	12	13
Herman	..	..	..	..	2	..	3	..	..

Last two events shot in twilight. SCHORTY.

Ossining Gun Club.

DOUBTLESS the holidays and their attendant troubles for those interested in trade had something to do with the small attendance to-day. At any rate, the Scribe is always ready with the mantle of excuse, hoping for greater general interest to be manifested.

Samuel R. MacDonald naturally was disappointed in the turnout.

The traps will be open Christmas Day for any who may wish to shoot. On New Year's Day the Ossining Gun Club will send a team to Mt. Kisco. As many members as can are asked to attend this shoot. Team will leave Ossining on the 8:30 A. M. train to Tarrytown. Take trolley to White Plains and Harlem Division train to Mt. Kisco.

Scores of to-day follow:

Targets:	25	25	20	10		Targets:	25	25	20	10
Events:	1	2	3	4		Events:	1	2	3	4
C G Blandford	23	18	18	..		M Tuttle	..	..	..	6
S R McDonald	19	19	17	..						

C. G. B.

Mount Kisco Gun Club.

MT. KISCO, N. Y., Dec. 18.—The Mt. Kisco Gun Club mid-winter tournament has a programme of nine events, eight at 20 targets, entrance, $1.40 each, and one at 25, which includes a five-man team race between Ossining and Mt. Kisco. This tournament will be supported by the Ossining Gun Club and Remington Gun Club, of Portchester. The trade will be well represented at this tournament. Our club will not spare time to make this shoot a success.

Mt. Kisco is thirty-seven miles from New York, via N. Y. Central, Harlem Division. For further particulars write to A. Betti, Manager.

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Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 17.—The weather was clear, cool and pleasant, with a little wind blowing betimes. The two special committees were on hand and worked hard in perfecting all details. No less than fifteen extra men were engaged to assist. The second set of traps worked badly, somewhat on account of their patched-up condition. Mr. Tom Kelly, the cashier, deserves special praise for his efforts. Mr. J. Hughes acted as compiler of scores, took entries, etc., while Mr. Carl Von Lengerke (Dr. Sergeant) was in evidence everywhere, and worked all day, from pumping out the trap house to assisting the cooks and keeping squads moving, etc.; so busy was he that he did not have time to fire a shot, much as he likes the sport nevertheless. Mr. J. Whitley, chef, did his work in the same excellent manner for which he is famous.

On account of running short of targets and darkness supervening, all the prizes were not shot off, but will be shot for the next time we hold an open shoot.

All events were announced to number 20 targets, one cent to all contestants; entrance for prize, 50 cents extra; three prizes in each event; handicap allowance. The last three events were shot off at 10 targets, because of the short supply.

First prize shoot had winners as follows: First, H. Pape, cup; second, H. W. Bissing, gold pin; third, gold button.

Second event: First, E. L. Akers, cup; second, J. Murphy, pin; third, A. Evans, gold button.

Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Scofield	15	13	20	Cocklin	18	15	14
Staples	13	18	19	Craft	12	..	..
Piercy	16	18	17	Ranken	14	12	15
Schorty	14	19	18	Malcolm	7	8	..
Bissing	15	15	16	Stroebel	15	12	10
A E Barry	12	13	10	Seeley	8	13	..
Betts	13	14	15	Perkins	12	9	11
Castle	15	17	14	Chadburge	16	15	20
Glaster	15	14	13	Foster	18	17	19
Akers	14	14	17	F Short	13	11	15
Putney	17	11	14	Pape, Sr.	12	12	15
Lindley	6	14	14	Pape, Jr.	11	14	15
Elter	13	13	12	A Tis	5	5	14
Murphy	11	14	13	Allen	4	6	..
McMahon	12	9	13	Richard	10	12	..
Fanning	15	20	18	Snipe	13	14	13
Heer	15	20	20	Pauls	0	..	..
Butler	16	10	15	Gallup	6	11	..
Akard	15	18	13	Haddaw	..	8	12
Nicol	5	11	11	Brewer	..	12	11
Headen	10	12	15	J Murphy	..	13	15
Evans	16	17	12	Dugan	..	4	..
Hallinger	14	12	13	Colton	..	4	..
Wright	10	14	11	Swan	..	2	..
Gille	12	16	13	Brugman	..	14	16
Burns	5	10	14	Davis	..	16	16
Reynolds	17	18	..	Bird	..	10	..
Schoverling	11	16	12	Brown	..	..	12
Cass	16	7	..	B S White	..	..	15
Wynne	16	16	16				

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Dec. 16.—Mr. C. A. Billings won the leg on the December cup, at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club to-day. Mr. Gus Grieff won in several of the events. Scores:

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

G E Grieff, 0	24	G Kuchler, 7	20
J W Hibbard, 5	24	W Brown, 4	18
C A Billings, 4	23	C Hunt, 7	19
Dr Hamlin, 7	21		

Shoot-off, same conditions: Grieff 23, J. W. Hibbard 24.

December cup, 25 targets, handicap:

C A Billings, 5	22	G E Grieff, 0	20
J W Hibbard, 5	22	W Brown, 4	20
R Kuchler, 7	22	Dr Hamlin, 7	19
H Enrall, 5	21	C A Billings, 4	18

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

J W Hibbard, 5	23	R Kuchler, 7	20
G E Grieff, 0	22	G Everall, 5	19
Dr Hamlin, 7	20	C Hunt, 7	20
C Hunt, 7	20		

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

G E Grieff, 0	23	R Kuchler, 7	19
J W Hibbard, 5	21	Dr Hamlin, 7	18
W Brown, 4	21	C A Billings, 4	17
C Hunt, 5	20		

Trophy shoot, 10 targets, scratch: G. E. Grieff 10, J. W. Hibbard 8, W. Brown 6, C. A. Billings 6, Dr. Hamlin 6, G. Kuchler 6, C. Hunt 5.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, scratch: G. E. Grieff 15, C. A. Billings 12, J. W. Hibbard 12, G. Kuchler 10, C. Hunt 10, Dr. Hamlin 9, W. Brown 8.

Maiden Creek Tournament.

SECRETARY L. B. STOUDT, of the Maidencreek Gun Club, of Maidencreek, Berks county, Pa., announces Tuesday, Dec. 26, as the date for the club's fifth annual target tournament, to be held, rain or shine, on the Half Way House shooting grounds, located one mile west of Blandon. The latter place is only eight miles from Reading, and easily reached by either the Allentown & Reading trolley line or by the East Penn Division of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway. Carriages will meet all trolley cars and trains, and convey the shooters direct to the grounds. A fine programme of sweepstake events have been arranged, with a special 15-target event, $1 entrance, as the main event of this shoot, for which the tournament committee will offer a fine thoroughbred Holstein bull weighing 3,000lbs., as first prize. The conditions of this event allow re-entry, but one man only to shoot five tickets, no more. This event will be started promptly at 10 A. M., and will continue until 4 P. M., when the winner will be announced. Two sets of traps will be used to throw the targets, and the official score will be kept on a large board in sight of all.

These annual shoots of the Maidencreek Gun Club attract large crowds of the lovers of trapshooting, and last year sixty-three sportsmen faced the traps in the events of the day, and from the present outlook this year's tournament will eclipse any ever held by this well-known organization. A fine dinner will be served after the shoot, and the tournament committee desires to extend an invitation to all to attend and enjoy a good day's outing. The events are open to all amateurs. The trade representatives, several of whom have notified the committee that they will be present, will shoot for the price of the targets.

Any information desired will be cheerfully furnished by addressing L. B. Stoudt, Half Way House, Maidencreek, Berks county, Pa.

At Newark.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 16.—The noted experts, Messrs. W. H. Heer, Frank E. Butler and Sim Glover, were visitors at the shoot held on Smith Bros. grounds to-day. The wintry conditions, a mixture of sleet, wind, dark light, were deterrents that even the wonderful skill of the seasoned experts could not overcome; therefore their scores were not up to their usual standards. Nevertheless Heer broke 132 out of a possible 140, which would pass as a very good fairweather score for many other shooters. Butler scored 117 out of 140, and Glover 105 out of 120. Quite a number of local trapshooters participated., including Police Commissioner Fred Castle. The scores made in one of the 25-bird matches were as follows: Heer 22, Butler 19, Glover 21, Betts 15, Nichol 19, S. Castle 10, Wilkins 8, Moffett 14, Glaister 16, Putney 19, Eckard 19, Gaynor 7, James Murphy 14, F. Castle 14, McMahon 21, Riley 17, Drum 13, Thornton 8, Joseph Murphy 12, Day 15.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 16.—Habich won the Peters badge. The attendance has been so small for the past month on account of the boys trying conclusions with the quail, that we could not get a quorum.

The third contest for the English Hotel cup will take place on Saturday, Dec. 23, between Nelson W. Wise and Alonzo Harcourt. Both gentlemen are members of the Indianapolis Gun Club.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Moore	23	20	18	22	..	..	Clark	19	18	18	..	..	..
Smoke	19	24	24	22	..	..	Daggett	12	18	11	13	..	..
Habich	21	22	21	21	21	..	Williams	..	..	..	..	20	..
Armstrong	22	22	21	18	19	..	Beck	20	17	13	19	16	18
Dark	19	11	13	..	..	..	Burford	15	16	15	12	18	13



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Interstate Association's Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held at Oakland, Bergen county, N. J., Dec. 14, 1905, at 10 A. M. The meeting was duly adjourned to meet the same date at 1:30 P. M., at the Grand Hotel, New York city.

The adjourned annual meeting was called to order at 2 P. M., with President Irby Bennett in the chair.

The roll call showed the following members present: Tatham & Bros., by Charles Tatham; Union Metallic Cartridge Company, by A. C. Barrell; Winchester Repeating Arms Company, by Irby Bennett; Parker Bros., by W. F. Parker; E. I. DuPont Company, by J. T. Skelly; Laflin & Rand Powder Company, by A. W. Higgins; the Marlin Fire Arms Company, by J. Howard Marlin; Hunter Arms Company, by John Hunter; the Peters Cartridge Company, by T. H. Keller; Hoyt Metal Company, by W. P. Markle; Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Company, by Paul North, and the Lefever Arms Company, by A. H. Durston. The Remington Arms Company was represented by A. C. Barrell, by proxy. B. Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM; W. K. Park, of Sporting Life; John Taylor Humphrey, of Shooting and Fishing, and Capt. A. W. Money, honorary members of the Association, were also present, as was Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager of the Association. J. A. Haskell, President of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company; L. C. Parker, of Parker Bros., and W. Fred Quimby, of the E. I. DuPont Company, were present by invitation.

The minutes of the meeting held Feb. 10, 1905, were read and approved. Mr. A. W. Higgins, treasurer, presented his report for the year ending this date. The report showed that the Association was in good financial standing. The report was received, approved and filed, and a vote of thanks tendered Mr. Higgins. The Secretary-Manager's report was read, and upon motion was received and filed, and a vote of thanks tendered Mr. Shaner for his careful review of the year's work. The report follows:

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 4, 1905.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Ass'n:

Gentlemen:

There is a strong temptation while writing these annual reports to begin with the salutatory of the old-time clown in a circus: "Here we are again, master," and let it go at that. The task is very monotonous. An unbroken record of success, cumulative, while eminently gratifying to the writer, is not stimulative to the imagination.

Another unfading season of success suggests again the reflection that trapshooting is one of the few eminently clean sports left to the true sportsman. Here the degeneracy caused by gambling never disgusts nor demoralizes the real sportsman. Pride in skill and the ambition of fresh blood deprive the gambler of a chance for manipulation, and the history of the Interstate Association is a guarantee of a fair field and no favor.

While trapshooting is dormant in a few particular localities, the records of this office, and the best information obtainable from the manufacturers of sportsmen's supplies, show there is more trapshooting now than ever before, and interest will continue to accumulate just so long as the sport is controlled on the present equitable lines. The guidance and influence of such an organization as the Interstate Association is imperatively, not to say absolutely, necessary to keep the sport at its present high standard.

The success of the tournaments held in Colorado and California abundantly justifies the wisdom and foresight of those who favored broadening the propaganda.

Tournaments.

The opening tournament for 1905 was held in Augusta, Ga., April 5 and 6, under the fostering care of the Augusta Gun Club. Notwithstanding the latitude, the weather was decidedly unpropitious, and the contrast of flowers of April with overcoats, suggestive of Alaska, was one of the prominent features. In spite of fierce, northwest gales, cold rain, hail and general discomfort, the attendance of both contestants and spectators was good. No foresight could flank Old Prob., and though the Association's outfit was demoralized, stoicism not only overcame circumstances, but there was a cheerful acquiescence in the inevitable.

At Hopkinsville.

The second tournament of the series was held in Hopkinsville, Ky., April 26 and 27. A high wind left over from the Augusta tournament, had moved north; but, though it hurt the scores, it was more endurable than the Georgia variety. Attendance was not up to expectations, and no one was able to give a reason, as the Hopkinsville Gun Club, though but three years old, is up-to-date, its membership large and enthusiastic, and it enjoys a full measure of popularity.

At Owensboro.

"And it was windy weather" at Owensboro, Ky., on May 17 and 18, but the Daviess County Gun Cluub's arrangements made the meet interesting nevertheless. Though the attendance was but medium, interest was well sustained, and the best of humor prevailed.

Grand American Handicap.

The sixth Grand American Handicap, at Indianapolis, under the auspices of the Indianapolis Gun Club, June 27 to 30, showed conclusively what the Interstate Association has accomplished in teaching not only the young, but also the adult idea "how to shoot," the entries having grown almost 400 per cent. since the year 1900, when the event was inaugurated. This year's event was signalized by an extraordinary number of entries, showing not only a local, but also a national interest; by the large number of averages exceeding the 90 per cent. mark; the large and fashionable attendance of spectators; the unprecedented number of targets thrown, and the smoothness that characterized the work from beginning to end, as well as the good humor which prevailed. All in all, it was a record-breaking event, and the hearty co-operation of the Indianapolis Gun Club was not the least meritorious adjunct. Strenuous work was, of course, necessary to get the thing through successfully, but all arrangements dove-tailed so perfectly that there was no perceptible jar in the machinery. The work of the Interstate Assoeiation is stimulating, and training shooters was exemplified by the fact that the scores made make the winning scores of previous years look rather small. The total number of targets trapped in four and one-half days was 184,500. This would have been impossible had not the system of squadding and manner of handling the contestants devised in 1904 been enforced. On the first day 284 contestants faced the traps, and high averages were made. On the second day the State team event varied proceedings. This contest was keenly interesting and will doubtless evoke a large entry next year. The principal event of the tournament was, of course, the Grand American Handicap, and it was also the great event of the Western Continent as to trapshooting. The winner scored 99 out of 100, being but one ahead of four contestants who tied on 98. The result has prompted a number of suggestions which the Association can digest at leisure. The 1905 Grand American Handicap tournament may in future be equalled, but strenuous work will be required to eclipse it. There is no lack of inducements held out by various cities as places for holding the next G. A. H., so we have a large margin for choice.

At Menominee.

The Menominee, Mich., meet on July 12 and 13, was a success from every point of view, though a heavy shower of rain somewhat delayed the wind-up. The contestants numbered sixty-five the first day and sixty-one the second, fifty-four of whom shot in all events. Two sets of traps were used, and 23,050 targets



J. A. HASKELL,
President of the Interstate Association.

were trapped during the two days. The local club handled visitors in a manner which left nothing to be desired. The attendance of spectators was encouraging. The Menominee Gun Club's shooting grounds on Green Bay are unsurpassable as to scenery and convenience of location.

At Albert Lea.

The sixth tournament of the season was held at Albert Lea, Minn., Aug. 2, 3 and 4. With the exception of the second day, which was too damp for comfort, the most pessimistic had no complaint coming. The shoot was under the fostering care of the Albert Lea Gun Club. The affair ran like clock-work, and general satisfaetion was expressed. A feature of each day was event No. 7, which called for 10 pairs, something unusual of late. Hon. Henry A. Morgan, president of the local club, and Secretary N. E. Petersen and other officers exerted themselves to make visitors and contestants comfortable.

At Kansas City.

Though "sizzling" heat, rain and high winds held sway, the tournament Aug. 16, 17 and 18, at Kansas City, Mo., was pulled off quite satisfactorily. It was under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club, and a crowd was drawn to the Schmelzer Shooting Park. Many names of contestants present are familiar to the trapshooting fraternity. Considerable Mark Tapleyism was necessary to assure comfort on the third day, but despite rain, high wind and clouds, the shooting was, on the whole, good. The club management was commendable from A to Izzard.

At Colorado Springs.

The eighth meet, at Colorado Springs, Colo., amid the wonders of the Celestial Architect, was especially notable for the work of the Colorado Springs Gun Club, which, not satisfied with the adage, "enough is as good as a feast," left no stone unturned which might possibly afford visitors pleasure. The most exacting could find no fault with the appointments. The local tournament committee, Messrs. John W. Garrett, A. J. Lawton and D. C. Sanderson, mutually surpassed each other in their efforts to have everything in apple-pie order. This tournament was held on Aug. 29, 30 and 31, and 119 contestants were in evidence. The contest was close and exciting, and the third day closed with every event on the programme rounded out. There was never before such a notable gathering of trapshooters in Colorado. The appointments generally were such as to suggest that no better place could be found for the holding of the Grand American Handicap, putting all competing cities on their mettle.

At San Francisco.

The initial Pacific Coast Handicap was held in San Francisco, Sept. 15, 16 and 17, and the enthusiastic Slopers confidently believe that it, with all its splendor, will prove but an infant, compared with future similar events, and pray for many happy returns. The San Francisco Trapshooting Association, our members and a large section of the populace vied with each other to make it an epoch, giving the sport a longitude from which future events will be measured. President Ed. Donohue, Secretary A. M. Shields and Treasurer C. A. Haight made everybody feel at home. As the contestants were of the cream of the profession, East, West and South, of course, the event was educating in the highest degree, each securing and giving points which will bear fruit in future. Ne plus ultra to date was the universay verdict, with loud response from the Amen corner. The Interstate Association's system evoked unstinted praise, and was pronounced the model for the future. "Praise for Sir Hubert is praise indeed," for the Slopers themselves are not beginners. The purses were unanimously pronounced the most liberal ever tendered Pacific Coast shooters. On the closing day the attendance of spectators was more than 1,500. That seed was sown in good ground was apparent to pessimists, if any were present.

The Future.

During the past thirteen years we have confined our work almost entirely to territory east of the Mississippi River, and now it would seem to be wise to work the field west of that river. Our experience this season in Colorado Springs and San Francisco indicates that the territory is already "white unto the harvest," and we have but to shake the plum tree to realize. Our initial tournament on the Pacific Coast accomplished too much of mutual benefit to be allowed to lie fallow, and should be followed by one or more tournaments there next year. I would strongly advocate the making of the Pacific Coast Handicap an annual affair, and I have a sanguine belief that the time will not long until it will be only second to our other great event—the Grand American Handicap.

In Conclusion.

I again tender our members my hearty thanks for their unflagging support, and though virtue may be its own reward, I fervently wish them something more tangible. In this I include the sportsmen's journals for their unremitting courtesy and encouragement.

Very respectfully submitted,

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

Applications for the Grand American Handicap of 1906 were read, the applicants being Denver, Indianapolis, Chicago, and Columbus. Each application was accompanied by recommendations, and set forth the advantages of their respective claims. By invitation, Messrs. A. E. McKenzie and E. H. Tripp addressed the meeting in behalf of Denver and Indianapolis respectively. A petition with over 500 signers was presented in behalf of Chicago. The matter was discussed at great length, but no action was taken at this time.

By invitation, Mr. J. A. Haskell delivered a very interesting address, which was well received and approved. President Bennett, in a few well-chosen words, thanked Mr. Haskell for giving the Association the benefit of his views.

Letters advocating class shooting at the Grand American Handicap tournament were read, as were several communications touching on other subjects, all of which were received and ordered filed.

By resolution it was decided that hereafter the club or association on whose grounds the Grand American Handicap is held must use an equal number of sets of traps made by the different members of the Interstate Association, automatic or expert, at the makers' option, and to throw the targets made by said members, in their respective traps.

The next business taken up was applications for membership, and the Austin Cartridge Company, of Cleveland, O., was duly elected a member.

A recess of five minutes was then taken, after which the meeting was again called to order by President Bennett, to consider the election of a board of seven directors, Messrs. Waters and Park being appointed tellers. Messrs. Haskell, Barrell, Keller, Bennett, Durston, Tatham and Parker were declared elected.

Upon motion the meeting adjourned at 6 P. M., to meet at 10 A. M. the following day.

The adjourned meeting was called to order at 10:40 A.M. Dec. 15, with President Bennett in the chair. The roll call showed the following members present: Union Metallic Cartridge Company, by A. C. Barrell; Winchester Repeating Arms Company, by Irby Bennett; Parker Bros., by W. F. Parker; E. I. DuPont Company by J. T. Skelly; the Marlin Fire Arms Company, by J. Howard Marlin; the Peters Cartridge Company, by T. H. Keller; Hoyt Metal Company, by W. P. Markle; Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Company, by Paul North, and the Lefever Arms Company, by A. H. Durston. The following were represented by proxy: Tatham Bros., by W. P. Markle; Laflin & Rand Powder Company, by J. T. Skelly; Remington Arms Company, by A. C. Barrell, and the Hunter Arms Company, by T. H. Keller.

New business was at once taken up where left off. It was decided to change the policy of the Association, and to hold four tournaments, on lines similar to the Grand American Handicap, which were by the Tournament Committee decided as follows: One in the East, one in the South, on in the West (between the Mississippi River and Salt Lake), and one on the Pacific Coast.

These sections were defined by geographical limitations. Eastern section to be east of Buffalo and Pittsburg; southern section to be south of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi River; western section to be west of the Misissippi River and east of Salt Lake and Ogden; Pacific Coast to be west of Salt Lake and Ogden.

It was resolved that each and all contestants of future Grand American Handicaps, who have not shot in that event prior to 1906 shall be required to send in with their respective applications a specific statement of their respective general averages through the six months prior to said application. In case said contestant is a club member, his statement of said general average is to be certified as correct by his club secretary. Any other contestant shall be required to divulge his general average as above set forth, if required so to do by the Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association.

A committee by resolution was appointed to investigate the situation as it relates to rifle and revolver shooting, and report to the Interstate Association the feasibility of the adding that kind of competition to Interstate Association interests. The members of this committee are as follows: Col. J. G. Ewing, Wilfrid Hartley and W. R. Clark.

Grand American Handicap matters were then taken up, and it was decided by the stockholders' meeting that the Grand American Handicap of 1906 would be held in Indianapolis.

It was decided to hold two championship events, one for amateurs, the other for professionals, in connection with the Grand American Handicap, the conditions in a general way to be as follows: 150 targets, 18yds. rise, use of one barrel, entrance $5, and open to the world.

Mr. A. W. Higgins, in view of his long and efficient connection with the Assoeiation, was unanimously elected an honorary member.

It was resolved that the Tournament Committee be authorized to provide for State Association tournaments, on application, a trophy to be contested for in team contests of four men to the team, and four individual trophies for the members of the winning team. The team trophy to become the permanent property of the club, and the individual trophies to become the permanent property of the individuals winning same. The condition of giving the trophies is that each member of the Interstate Association be given an advertisement in the programme of the tournament.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the sportsmen's journals, honorary members, for the assistance they have given the Association in keeping its work prominently before the general public.

The Board of Directors elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. A. Haskell; Vice-President, W. F. Parker; Treasurer, A. C. Barrell; Secretary-Manager, Elmer E. Shaner.

The directors appointed the following committees:

Tournament Committee—Paul North (Chairman), Irby Bennett, A. C. Barrell, T. H. Keller, W. P. Markle, J. T. Skelly and A. H. Dyrston.

Handicap Committee—Elmer E. Shaner (Chairman), W. K. Park, B. Waters, C. M. Powers and W. D. Townsend.

Trophy Committee—A. W. Higgins and Edw. S. Lentilhon.

The Tournament Committee decided to hold a tournament respectively in May, June, July, August and September, and to add moneys to the programme of the different handicaps scheduled.

The meeting adjourned sine die, at 5 P. M., with all business fully covered.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Dec. 16 was cloudy and dark, and the poor light caused some of the crackerjacks to drop a little. The weather on Dec. 15 was stormy, rain, sleet and snow falling all day, so that no shooter had courage enough to visit the grounds to shoot in the Clements trophy contest. To-day fifteen members were present, and Leever finished high gun, 47. A good programme of probably 100 targets will be offered as an attraction on New Year's Day, at which time it is likely the ownership of the cup offered some time ago by Arthur Gambell, will be decided. Faran and Harig are in the lead, being tied on a straight score of 25. No one has tackled Gambell's latest "sure thing." Seems funny, too, when it is the same as finding money. Stanley Rhoads has promised to stir the Columbus boys up to accepting the team match proposition made by Gambell. Dayton shooters have not yet responded, though one would think they would be the first to take favorable action, as they have such a bunch of good ones to select from. Wm. Randall and J. E. De Wire will hold a turkey shoot at Mason, O., Dec. 20, at which some of the crack shooters of the State will be present. There will be 15-target events with two fine, dressed "turks" as prizes in each event. The shoot will take place, rain or shine, snow or blow, as there will be ample shelter. The supply of turkeys will hold out, and they are all good ones.

On Dec. 10 the following scores were made in the Ackley trophy contest, in addition to those shot on the 9th: Bleh (20) 14, 13, 17—44; Gambell (18) 15, 11, 17—43; Randall (18) 13, 13, 17—43; Miles (16) 13, 13, 16—42; A. Sunderbruch (16) 9, 12, 16—37; Littleton (16) 7, 8, 12—27; Ben Rhoads (16) 1, 7, 8—16; Tuttle (16) 4, 4, 4—12.

To-day's scores:

Clement trophy, 50 targets, handicap:

Leever, 16	47	Miles, 16	37
Swede, 16	45	Dull, 16	36
Black, 16	44	Herman, 18	34
Harig, 19	44	Falk, 16	33
Williams, 17	42	Mieninger, 16	31
Bullerdick, 16	39	Offner, 16	18
Maynard, 17	38	Hulvershorn, 16	17

Team match, 25 targets:

Gambell	21	Harig	22
Williams	20	Maynard	17
Herman	20—61	Bullerdick	18—57

Ohio Notes.

Ed. Rike issued the following challenge: "I will shoot any man in the city (Dayton), nobody barred, 100 targets, on the N. C. R. grounds, $10 entrance. Will shoot Rolla Heikes, with the condition that he allows me a handicap of 10 extra targets to shoot at.

Seventeen shooters took part in the contests of the Cleveland Gun Club on Dec. 9. The weather was very foggy, and not favorable for big scores. Doolittle was high man in the fob contest at 50 targets, with 49. Floro second with 47. McVeigh and Stanley third with 42 each. Sanford 41, Spencer 38, Ong 28, Tobey 40, Wallace 33, Rattle 39, Tamblyn 37, Andrews 26, Jackson 36. In the cup contest Doolittle was also high man with 93 out of 100. This is the fifth time he has won the cup. Spencer was second with 87. Hopkins 77, and Freeman 70. This cup is emblematic of the championship of northern Ohio, and is open to any shooter in northern Ohio. The contest is at 100 targets, and is held on the second Saturday of each month; entrance $2. Out of 175 targets shot, Doolittle missed but 10. Spencer broke 146, Freeman 90 and Hopkins 101 out of 130. Tobey and Rattle shot at 95 each and broke 86 and 76 respectively.

The Moire Antique Fishing and Gun Club, of Cincinnati, held their annual game dinner at the club house on the White Water River on Dec. 10. Many kinds of game were served, including choice bear steaks from the Rockies. I. N. Price was chef, W. A. Mitchell toastmaster. Among those present were Joe Wyss, who celebrated his birthday; Steve Bender, A. P. Lawhead, H. Ransick, Joseph Murdock, Charles E. Fish, M. Streibig, G. D. Price, Doc Wilder, Chas. Utricht, Cal Crim, Gus Hildebrandt, Luther Parker and George Rogers.

The sport enjoyed at the Dayton Gun Club's grounds on Dec. 14 will not soon be forgotten by either shooters or spectators. The shoot was under the management of Zenas Craig, which is the same as saying that things went along smoothly, and this was the case. The weather was fine, the sun a little too bright in the morning, perhaps. The traps worked perfectly, and no hitch occurred in any of the contests, the shooting off of ties lasted until approaching darkness forced the boys to stop. Twenty-four shooters took part in one or more of the nine 10-target events, all shooting from 16yds., 50 cents entrance in each event. Twenty-seven turkeys were offered as prizes. First prize in each event, a 15 or 16-pounder; second prize, a 13 or 14-pounder; third prize, a 12 or 12-pounder, and fourth prize, a 12-pounder. Two prizes were offered in the first event, four in the second, and three in each of the other seven events. The winners were as follows, in order named. First event, James McConnell and Cain; second event, Cord, Ike, Mille; third, Smyth, Craig, Rike; fourth, Craig, Hanauer, Heikes; fifth, Craig, Lindemuth, Oldt; sixth, Lindemuth, Heikes, Oldt; seventh, Heikes, Lindemuth, Whitacre, Oswald; eighth, Cain, Lindemuth, Rike; ninth, Craig, Lindemuth, Whitacre. Smyth won first in the third event on a straight score of 10. In the last event Craig and Rike tied for first on 10 straight, and the former won the shoot-off. The shoot-off for second was miss-and-out, Lindemuth winning with 4 straight. Heikes 3, Hanauer 1, Cain 1, Schwind 1, Oswald 0. For third, miss-and-out, Whitacre 5, McConnell 5, Ike 3, Cord 1, Lewis 0. Whitacre and McConnell tied, and in the shoot-off, the former won, 5 to 4. Cain was high gun for the day with 79 out of 90. McConnell 74, Rike, Oldt and Hanauer 72 each, Schwind 70, Smyth 67, Oswald 67, Hodapp 63, Schaerf 56. The following shot at 80 targets: R. Heikes 70, Ike 67, Cord 57, Craig 70, Keller broke 40 out of 70. Out of 60 targets each, Lindemuth broke 52, Watkins 50, Curphey 45, Lewis 39, Whitacre, Miller and Ruff broke 34, 33 and 20 respectively out of 40. H. Heikes and Darst each broke 14 out of 20.

Michael J. Schwind has accepted Ed. Rike's challenge to any Dayton trapshot, for a 100-target match, $10 a side. The match will probably take place early in January, when Rike returns from a business trip to New York. The race will be a hot one, and the winner can bank on having some one of the following bunch after him for a similar match: Miller, Oswald, Craig, Lindemuth, Watkins, Cord, Kette, McConnell, Smyth, Hanauer, Kempert, R. Heikes, all of Dayton, or, if he will take an outsider, he may have to reckon with Ben Downs, Wm. Poole, Charley Young, A. W. Ryan, W. H. Batdorf, Ed. Holding, Harry, Wils Kirby, or H. A. McCaughey, of Springfield, New Paris, Troy and other nearby places.

The Pillars Gun Club, which recently lost their club house by fire, will be located on Tusculum Heights, occupying what is known as the Harcourt residence, final arrangements having been made on Dec. 14. Tusculum Heights is a suburb of Cincinnati, and the property acquired consists of twenty-two acres, with buildings which are in fine condition. Their old club house was on Madison road, and the change is a good one in many respects. The club has a number of good shots on its membership roll, but confines its shooting to its own grounds, seldom sending a team to compete with others, except annually to Dayton.

Stan. Rhoads, of Columbus, O., has made his mark as a trapshooter, and it is a high one, and this year he made a try for top score as a hunter of big game. In a letter to Arthur Gambell he says: "Had a great trip up North. Left here the 9th of Nov. and returned on the 22d. Went sixty miles north of Sault Ste. Marie. Killed a moose as big as an elephant, 8ft. 4in. high at the shoulder, and horns spreading 59in., with a web 15½in. across. I had to pack the head a little way on our way out, so I know exactly what it weighs, about 150lbs. the first 100ft., and two tons thereafter and gaining. Up a hill it weighed 4,627lbs. exactly. Had 8in. of snow and 4in. of ice over everything. Slept out in a small tent and cut down 5 acres of hard wood to burn in five days—then got cold. Got six deer, about fifty partridges and a few big, pure white rabbits; one wolf and a big lynx. If there had been anything else in the woods would have got it, but guess that's all there was in the five days we were out."

In Other Places.

The Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club held a shoot Friday, and it was such a happy affair that the members spent the evening at the Jackson Hotel, where they feasted, played social games, and altogether had a most enjoyable time.

When the annual banquet of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids is held, which will be in the latter part of December, or the first of January, there will be a proposition submitted to move the shooting park to the Fifth Avenue Golf grounds. Mr. W. B. Jarvis, together with Charles Greenway, will investigate the grounds, and submit his report at the meeting. High waters have greatly interfered with the shooting at the old grounds, to say nothing of the mosquitoes that get you going through the timber thitherward.

In the gun club shoot held at Canon City, Colo., first of the month, Thomas Blunt, of Florence, was high with 70 out of 75. A. W. Peterson, of Denver, and J. J. Armstrong, of Buena Vista, tied on 69. Mr. Frank Dixon was next. George Rohrer, the well-known shot, formerly of Oklahoma, now of Colorado Springs, rather cleaned up the boys with his 15 straight. Mr. J. M. Killen, of Pueblo, was a good second. Messrs. R. F. Knight, Will Waldo and A. A. Parker were the best of the home club members. Altogether the shoot was a success, and much enjoyed by all present. It is reported that at least 300 spectators were out during the day, many of whom remained all day. Many of the citizens took occasion to compliment the members on the success of the shoot.

Friday and Saturday were the days set apart by the members of the High School Gun Club, at Kalamazoo, Mich., for their annual hunt. Cloverdale was the place chosen to drive the game from its quarry.

J. H. Rice, of the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club, was a three-time winner at the last shoot, having annexed the 10-target event, the handicap and the club's cup. There was a small attendance, but the shooting was lively.

Wilson W. Bell, one of the steady shots of the Hoopston, Ill., Gun Club, won the medal at the last shoot held by the club for this season.

It is pleasing to note that the holiday shoot of the Canton, Ill., Gun Club proved that many of the members were able to visit the traps that day as well as to eat their turkey dinner. The members claim that as the day was raw and cold, it was an ideal day for the game of target shooting.

Last Friday, when the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club met, there were not enough members present to make the scores interesting, so no scores that were made will count on the medal.

A raw, bleak wind prevailed when the members of the Elwood, Ind., Club, met Thursday for their shoot, yet some fine scores were made. Mr. Curtis, one of the enthusiasts, made best score, 44 out of 50; Mr. Lansberry, who is a new shot, made 42.. Mr. McClure tried 100, and rounded up 82.

The shoot at Fred Wilson's, Newark, O., Thursday last, was largely attended, and the contest was interesting. Those who shot best carried off the fowls. The others carried away regrets with their poor scores.

At Princeton, Ill., there was a great race for turkeys and fowl on Thursday last. Jake Wagner was leading, as he carried away eight of the fat birds.

Shooting at Akron, O., Thursday last, Scott and Dunn were high guns. Shooting at 100 targets, W. W. Wohlmend broke 85, I. Kepler 86, Dunn 87.

D. E. Helton, Thomas Douglas, W. J. Hiller and Wm. McKinley were the winners at the Ogden, Ill., shoot. Together they got a dozen species of game.

There was a large attendance at the La Junta, Colo., Gun Club Thursday last. Scores showed offishness. H. M. Wasser won the medal on 18 out of 25.

'Way up in the fairly cold region of Minnesota, the national holiday found a large delegation of shooters out to bust the targets and win prizes. Shooting in a chilling southwest wind, all went through with 50 targets. Scores: E. W. Bird 37, O. Welles 32, Ben Bird 32, Altenberg 31, Church 30, Hicks 30, Powers 30, Donothy 28, J. L. Palmer 28, E. Christianson 27, Neben 26, Brant 25, Joe Buchanan 23, Ganshirt 24, Evert 19, S. M. Camright 19, Beard 18, Henry 18, Tonner 14, H. Camright 14, R. C. Christianson 13, C. W. Moore 13, Boyer 9, Goetz 6.

You know that things grow big in Kansas. Well, members of the Forest Park Club attended a shoot at Atchinson, and they brought home a wagonload of turkeys, some of which were said to weigh as much as 30lbs. each.

Ben Cramer held a shoot in the northeastern part of the town of Gilman, Ill., at which George Biehler, the champion of the county, was best man. Christ. Krub came next, and then Herman Rosalius came next. John Humphrey, one of the old school, was present, together with Ebert Saathoff, Ben Cramer, George Reitz. The participants had plenty of fun, and the manager made money. There will most likely be a shoot held about Christmas. Jack Carley, Ed. Bushman, Ed. Wilson were others from Gilman who were among those who shot also.

The following gentlemen took part in a shoot held at Fort Worth, Tex., last Thursday: A. B. Moore, Bob Durrett, J. M. Ellis, Ed. Towns, Hugh King, G. H. Berge, James S. Day, F. M. Lawson, Ben Lawson, Dan Lawson, G. M. James, P. B. James, Walter James, J. R. High, R. M. Dean, W. G. Newby, J. W. Childress, Dr. W. R. Howard, Dr. S. J. Lawrence, J. C. Vigal, George W. Carlton, G. K. Bradburn, J. A. Kee, P. L. Stephenson, W. L. Coleman, G. W. Lague, Bod Durrett and W. C. Cantrell. All were so delighted that arrangements were made to shoot at same place on Christmas Day.

The Corro Gordo, Ill., Gun Club has not been heard from for some time, but it came forth during the holiday awakening, and opened up with both shotguns and rifles. It is hoped that Mr. Smith will keep the club going in the future.

The Brayton, Ia., Gun Club, while holding a shoot last week, found out that Dr. W. R. Kaob was "Heap Big Indian." Never having shot at a target, he was sure he would not "bust" a single one. Neither he did, at the start, but he caught on, and at the end won out over all with 10 straight. Jens Christorferson won the first event, 4 out of 5. Then the Doctor, Ingroord Birk, George Frederickson, John Larsen, Chris. Hoegh, Peter Hoegh and Peter Beck, all tied, and on the shoot-off the above-mentioned Doctor shot them all out on a miss-and-out.

Many years ago there was often shooting matches held at McPherson, Kans. There is where J. A. R. Elliott first smashed the mud pies with his 10-gauge. Last week there was a fowl shoot in the vicinity of McPherson.

The shoot held by the Cripple Creek, Colo., Gun Club, at the Mineral Hills ground, Sunday last, was noted for the high class marksmanship. The honors for best average went to Tom Daly, who defeated Beryl Tolman in the tie shoot off, averaging over 90 per cent. This club proposes to put the grounds and traps into good condition and then hopes to hold a team race with Colorado Springs Gun Club.

The shoot last Sunday, held by the Penn Square Gun Club, Norristown, Pa., attracted many of the Pennsylvania wing shots. The birds were a lively lot, and being aided by a high wind, made straight scores impossible. At 15 birds, Henry scored 13, Hall 13, Jackson 9, Rieff 8, Harner 8, White 7. Miss-and-out: Jackson 6, Henry 5, Hall 5, Rieff 4, Warner 3, Gellar 2.

Thanks were extended by the officers to those who braved the elements at the last shoot held by the Carroll, Ia., Gun Club last Tuesday.

Quail shooting in the vicinity of Union, W. Va., is reported to be n. g. this fall. The birds appear to be all last year's breeding. Rabbits are plentiful and are said to increase five pounds in weight for each mile they are carried; so that bird hunters generally taboo his Bunnyship.

Lockport, Ill., gunners usually get together during the annual holidays and enjoy themselves contesting for prizes. This year will not be an exception, and some of their friends will surely be on hand.

Carlinville shooters are not unmindful of the opportunities for shooting during the holiday season, and all who are in practice for same join for the occasion.

During the practice shoot held at Tacoma, Wash., the shooters keep huddled about two huge log fires when not shooting, to keep warm, as there was snow on the ground. The sun made a bad light, and yet some good scores were made. Many of the shooters had not shot since the August tournament.

At Houston, Tex., the Palestine Gun Club gave a shoot at which Capt. G. E. Bartlett, the crack rifle shot, gave an exhibition.

Shooting at clay targets recently at Leiperville, Pa., Edward McLoughlin, Michael McLoughlin, James F. Dougherty and Jas. McCloskey each shot at 12 targets, with the result that not a single target was broken.

The Downs, Ia., shoot was well patronized, even if the prizes were no larger than turkeys and geese.

The shoot at Moosehead, Ia., held Wednesday last, was not well attended, owing to the bad weather.

Jake Schuchert held a shoot Saturday at the ball park in Belle Plains, Ia., which was reported a big success, and records were good.

At Connersville, Ind., the members of the club met Monday evening and made preparations for a pigeon shoot to be held during the holidays.

F. E. Wright, W. H. Sherman, William Kennedy, John Norton, Justice J. C. Morch, George B. Stack, J. H. Donnelly, E. H. McKie and Fred Peck, members of the Canvasback Gun Club, of Saeramento, Cal., broke the record by returning with the limit bag of ducks, 450, as a result of a day's shoot.

Peter Risser is the crack shot of Panola, Ill., as he won the biggest prizes at a recent shoot held there.

Bert Wagoner, of Lenox, Ill., reported that he attended the Lonetree shooting match and came off victor.

Though far away from the oyster beds, the Greeley, Colo., trap shots lately had a contest for a supper. The shoot was such a pleasant affair that another will be held Christmas.

Report comes in that Marquette, Kans., has organized a gun club, with C. O. Baird, President, and J. F. Royston, Secretary.

The Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., together with members of other organizations, propose to hold a parade on New Year's Day. There will be prizes offered by the merchants for the most unique dress, etc. If it proves a success, then it is destined to be an annual affair.

Members of the Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club propose to hold a shoot and invite any and all to meet with them on the holiday shooting day.

The Cherokee, Kans., Gun Club hold a business and social meeting the first Wednesday night of each month. E. A. Perry is President, and J. M. Davey, Secretary.

When that new gun club gets on to its legs in Wichita, Kans., it is proposed to call it the Big Three. Of course, it will be pretty big if W. C. Williams and Ed. O'Brien hang about it much.

Pop Heikes lately visited the Toledo, O., Gun Club, and the boys entertained him at the traps.

A team hunt was successfully carried out at Forest City, Ia., lately, the chosen sides slaying rabbits as their objective sport. M. J. Johnson and L. Pearce were the captains. Two hundred and fifty-four rabbits were brought in. Mr. Johnson fell into the river, and came near drowning, and when he was loading the bag into the wagon, became so excited that he forgot his gun.

Chas Tourtillott was presented the trophy given by the Rich Hill, Mo., Gun Club for the highest average during this season.

Members of the Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Gun Club have started their contests for the Dr. Cook trophy. Fred Fairchild was the winner at the last shoot, with 21 out of 25 targets.

The Boydston, Pa., Gun Club will hold a shoot Dec. 23. Only 12-gauge guns and No. 8 shot will be allowed.

John F. Weiber and Howard Schlichter, of Allentown, Pa., last Tuesday shot at 20 live birds, and the latter won, 19 to 18.

The McHenry, Ill., Gun Club is fast coming to the front, as another shoot was held there Dec. 14 and 15.

There were fifteen shooters at the Butte, Mont., Rod and Gun Club grounds Sunday last. Nickey made 4 clean scores, and thus he won points in the cup contest. He is now one point ahead, having 6. Confarr, of Livingston, is next with 5.

The last shoot held by the Elwood, Ind., Gun Club was of such interest that another will be held on Christmas Day. The club members are endeavoring to purchase their old grounds, which they claim to be the best in the State.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Dec. 16.—Events 1, 2, and 3 were for a box of shells, gun to be held below the elbow. Event 4 was for a silver meat fork; event 5 was for a box of cigars,, ties to be shot off in the following event. Messrs. Batten, Holloway and Boxall were the winners.

On the 30th the club will hold a silver shoot. Frank Butler and Billy Heer will be present. There will be shooting on the morning of Christmas Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10
Boxall	7	10	6	10	9	8
Crane	8	3	6	12	5	7
Bush	9	9	7	10	8	7
Winslow	3	2	4	12	7	7

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10
Holloway	7	7	4	14	9	6
Batten	4	10	8	12	7	6
Robinson	3	4	4	14	5	5

E. Winslow, Sec'y.

New Haven Gun Club.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 13.—Good weather favored a good attendance at the regular monthly shoot held at Schuetzen Park. Mr. C. B. Bristol, famous as a shooter of rare skill, won the carving set, the first prize, with a score of 24.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Proctor's.

Seats are reserved at all the Proctor theatres, both afternoon and evening. Patrons may have these tickets mailed to them upon sending check or money order, or they will be held in reserve at the box office until the performance required. Telephone communication will receive prompt and courteous attention. Seats for the four New York houses are on sale at all principal hotels and newsstands.

There is now on exhibition at the establishment of E. Vom Hofe, the dealer in fishing tackle at 95 and 97 Fulton street, New York, a superb fish, which will interest all anglers. This is an Amber Jack, taken with rod and reel, which weighs 92 pounds, and is thus the record fish of this species. The specimen has been mounted and colored to the life, so that it appears as if just taken from the water. It has thus an especial interest for angler and naturalist alike, and is well worth seeing. Mr. Vom Hofe extends an invitation to all anglers to inspect the fish.

"What did old Gruff say when you told him you would like him to find you an opening in his office?" "He showed me the door."—Baltimore American.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

VOL. LXV.—No. 27. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Beginning with Jan. 1, 1906, the subscription price of "Forest and Stream" will be $3.00 per year; or $1.50 for six months.

All subscriptions now on our books which have been paid at the $4.00 rate, and which run for any period into 1906, will be extended pro rata to conform to the changed price.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH the issue of January 6, which will be the first number of the sixty-sixth volume, several important changes will be introduced in the style of FOREST AND STREAM. In keeping with the pronounced tendency of the day we shall adopt a page of reduced size and one which has been determined upon not only because of its much greater convenience in the reading, but because it is more adapted than the present one to purposes of illustration. Of illustrations there will be largely increased use. That, too, is in line with the progressive journalism of the hour. The subjects to which the FOREST AND STREAM is devoted offer abundant scope for illustrating, and with the new departure it will be our ambition to make the pictorial features a fitting complement of the reading columns, and thus to give the paper a new and added interest.

In its changed form the FOREST AND STREAM will be a regular weekly issue of forty pages, with the issue of the first week of each month increased to fifty-two pages. This will give two volumes per year of 1,112 pages each, or 2,224 pages for the year.

Beginning with January 1 the subscription price will be $3.00 per year.

These changes are all in the way of a better, brighter, handsomer paper. The new FOREST AND STREAM will be received as an acceptable and appreciated advance over the old.

Among the illustrated papers which will appear in early issues will be:

AN ELK HUNT IN WYOMING.
A TRIP WITH REINDEER IN LAPLAND.
RATTLESNAKE LODGE—A North Carolina Mountain Home.
SPORTING IN CHINA.
TREES IN WINTER—A Series of Simple Studies of our Familiar Trees.
INDIAN SNOWSHOE MAKING.
THE LOG OF A SEA ANGLER.
THE BIRDS OF DEATH VALLEY.
A DANCE AT SAN JUAN.
SKI RUNNING.
A WINTER IN FLORIDA. (In the issue of Feb. 3, which will be a Florida number.)
CLIMBING MOUNT POPOCATEPETL.
PICTURES OF CHEYENNE LIFE.

PRIZES FOR GAME HEADS.

THE FOREST AND STRAM offers three prizes of $20, $10 and $5 respectively for the best moose heads secured in the year 1905 in the hunting grounds of the United States and Canada.

It offers also three prizes of $15, $10 and $5 respectively for the best white-tail deer heads taken in the hunting season of 1905 in the United States or Canada.

The heads will be judged from photographs submitted to the FOREST AND STREAM. In estimating their merits the two qualities of size and symmetry will be taken into consideration. With the photograph of each head must be sent a memorandum of the place and the time of its taking and the name of the person taking it. The competition will be open to amateur hunters only; and with this single restriction it will be open to the world. There are no entrance fees. The photographs submitted will be the property of FOREST AND STREAM. Entries for the competition must be made not later than Jan. 15, 1906.

THE FINE ART OF FLINCHING.

FLINCHING is a common affliction among shooters, field and trap. It is a very serious handicap to the afflicted one who is performing at the traps. When he flinches he commonly scores a miss, although there are some men who, from long experience in flinching and quick recovery of position, instantly readjust themselves for another attempt, then not infrequently succeeding in scoring a hit. However, the odds against a successful shot are many in the greater number of cases. By it much important time is lost. Not the least circumstance of the ensuing delay is the much greater distance gained by the target and the increasing change of flight when it is in the last part of its parabolic curve. The long shot, if successfully made after a flinch, is quite likely to be spectacular and to win the applause of the onlookers, but, nevertheless, it is not good nor winning trapshooting.

Good form at the traps consists in breaking the targets at the earliest moment possible after they take flight at the call of "pull." By practice, the shooter acquires a habit of firing when the targets are at a certain uniform distance from the traps, and also with a certain uniform degree of quickness, which is called his "time." Some shooters, the experts in particular, may have the same quick time for any flight, right, left, straightaway, high or low. Some fairly good performers have a kind of mixed time, dwelling a trifle longer on some one particular flight than on others, generally the right quarterer, if the shooter be right handed, the left quarterer, if the shooter be left handed.

The "time" of a shooter as a whole is referred to as slow or quick, accordingly as he breaks the targets far from or near to the traps. Owing to differences in nerve force, physical power, and keenness of vision, some shooters can aim and fire much more quickly than others. Nearly every shooter is sharply distinct from every other in his shooting mannerisms such as position, holding, "time," etc. Now, let the shooter acquire the pernicious habit of flinching and his organized methods are disrupted. His "time," so essential to good performance, is shattered; his position is modified or changed, which introduces another element hostile to success; his temper, however, equable under ordinary conditions, is likely to rise to the torrid point, and his vocabulary is likely to be enriched by strange words of marvelous emphasis.

Many causes are attributed to the instantaneous shrinking called flinching, which occurs at the moment when the shooter pulls the trigger, or at the moment when he attempts to pull it. Although the shooter may be strong as a Hercules, his trigger finger may absolutely refuse to respond to his will if he flinches. Communication then between brain and finger are the same as if severed. The shooter himself is frequently not aware of the trigger finger's disobedience till the attempt to fire is completed, as shown by his leaning forward smartly to take the expected recoil, and the loss of balance forward when there is no explosion and therefore no recoil. Sometimes, quickly recovering, the shooter will make a second attempt, resulting, perhaps, in a second flinching. If the trigger finger obeys the dictates of the will, coincidentally with the pull of the trigger, the whole body may flinch, and the shot, though well aimed up to the moment of firing, may fly wild of the mark. In bad cases, the shooter almost buckles up, and then the load may go into the ground a few feet ahead of him, or wide of the mark at all events. Thus there are various degrees, from mild to severe.

The causes of it have many times been the subject of earnest discussion by trapshooters. Inasmuch as the trigger finger refuses to act at the moment it should do so, in response to the command of the will, it is a direct and plausible inference that the trigger is not properly adapted to the peculiarities of the finger, hence the abundance of advice enjoining that the trigger be straightened or crooked. Or it may be that the diagnostician locates the trouble in the gun stock, which then needs to be made longer or shorter, or the comb needs building up or cutting down. Nevertheless, the flincher continues to flinch.

The true cause of flinching is the punishment inflicted on the shooter by a gun which is ill-fitting; or by a load which is too powerful, and the recoil consequently too punishing for the shooter to withstand without severe and harmful shock. Men whose physique is powerful and whose nervous system is vigorous and steady, can withstand much more punishment or shock than others not so endowed; but, in any case, the amount of punishment they can endure is relative. There is no shooter who will not flinch if hurt enough or shocked enough to make an impress on his nervous system.

The remedy lies in removing the cause. If the gun is ill-fitting and pounds the face or finger of the shooter, the stock should be changed till the evil is eliminated. If the load is so great that the shooter cannot withstand the recoil without flinching, then it is obvious that he should use a lighter load. In short, if the cause of punishment is removed, the cause of flinching goes therewith.

PROTECTING THE FOREST RESERVES.

THE River Improvement Commission of the State of New York has lately been holding hearings in relation to the attempts to dam certain Adirondack rivers, and so to overflow parts of the State Forest Reserve for the purpose of supplying power to private parties. Such overflowing would result in the destruction of the forests on the lands so overflowed. Two members of the State Legislature, Senator Malby and Assembly-Merritt, both of St. Lawrence county, have appeared before the Commission as attorneys for the power interests. A number of individuals and representatives of corporations have appeared before the Commission, urging the view that it has no authority to grant privileges of this nature. The case appears to be clear.

When the people of New York, by their delegates assembled, revised the Constitution of the State in 1894, they prohibited, by Article VII. of the Seventh Section, any use of State lands for such purposes. The language of the provision referring to this particular matter is as follows: "The lands of the State * * * constituting the Forest Preserve, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands, * * * nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed." This language would seem to be unmistakable, and insusceptible of more than one interpretation; and it may be assumed that if the matter goes so far the courts will hold to the plain common sense interpretation of the constitutional provision.

The Hon. Joseph H. Choate has submitted an opinion on behalf of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, which is exactly on these lines. He says:

"Nothing could be more plain, explicit and conclusive than the language used in this constitutional provision. Upon its face and in actual substance it was plainly designed as a restraint upon the power which had previously existed in the Legislature and was carefully contrived for the effectual protection of the Forest Preserve and the timber thereon from just such inroads as are indicated in the question submitted, under legislative authority, whether direct or indirect.

"It is not possible to mistake the meaning of the language used, nor is it capable of more than one interpretation. Any improvement attempted [under the law creating the River Commission] which prevents the lands of the State from being kept forever as wild forest lands and necessarily causes the destruction of timber thereon is absolutely prohibited, and under no plea of necessity or change of policy or public welfare can the effect of the constitutional provision be evaded. The people assembled in convention in their fundamental capacity in framing the amendment and in its subsequent adoption must be deemed to have taken all those things into consideration and to have determined that, so long as the constitutional provision lasted, its terms should be obeyed and the policy embodied followed."

This opinion is of the greatest interest to all the friends of the Adirondack region. It was generally believed that the measures taken at the time of the constitutional convention in 1894 had resulted in safe-guarding the Forest Preserves to the State of New York, but while it is now evident that only eternal vigilance will protect them, it is also evident that the persons interested in their preservation are growing more numerous day by day.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

The Story of a Crow Woman.

Is-säp-ah'-ki—Crow Woman—as the Blackfeet named her, was an Arickaree, of a tribe which, in the days of Catlin, who visited the tribes in 1832, lived some distance below the Mandans, on the banks of the Missouri. Like the Mandans, they lived in a village of mound-like earth-covered lodges, surrounded by a strong and high palisade of cottonwood logs stuck endwise into the ground. They were members of the widely scattered Pawnee, or Caddoan family, but they had been long separated from the parent stock. They could converse with the Crows, who are related to the Gros Ventres of the village. Their own language—like the Mandan—was an extremely difficult one for an outlander to learn. The Crows and Arickarees were at times on terms of friendship, and again there were long periods when they were at war with each other.

The Crow Woman married early. She must have been a very handsome girl, for even in her old age, when I knew her, although wrinkled and gray-haired, she was still good looking. She had lovely eyes, sparkling and mischievous, and her temperament was a most happy one. After many and bitter experiences she had at last found, with her good friend Mrs. Berry, a haven of peace and plenty which was assured to her so long as she lived. This is the story she told me as we sat before the fire-place, that winter night so many years ago:

"We were very happy, my young husband and I, for we truly loved each other. He was a good hunter, always keeping our lodge well supplied with meat and skins, and I, too, worked hard in the summer planting, and watering as they grew, a nice patch of beans, and corn, and pumpkins; in the winter I tanned many robes and many buckskins for our use. We had been married two winters, summer came, and for some reason the buffalo left the river, all except a few old bulls, and remained away out on the plains. My people did not like to hunt out there, for we were only a small tribe; our men were brave, but what could a few of them do against a great band of our many enemies? So some were content to remain safely at home and eat the tough meat of the straggling bulls; but others, more brave, made up a party to go out where the great herds were. My husband and I went with them; he did not want me to go, but I insisted upon it. Since we had been married we had not been separated even for one night; where he went I had sworn to go also. Our party traveled southward all day over the green grassed plain; along toward evening we saw many bands of buffalo, so many that the country was dark with them; we rode down into a little valley, and made camp by a stream bordered by cottonwoods and willows.

"Our horses were not very strong, for always at night they were driven inside the stockade of our village, and, feeding daily over the same ground outside, they soon tramped and ate off the grass; they had no chance to become fat. Some enemy or other was always prowling around our village at night, and we could not let them remain outside and wander to where the feed was good. From our camp by the creek we started out every morning, the women following the men, who carefully looked over the country and then went after that band of buffalo which could be most surely approached. Then, when they had made the run, we rode out to where the great animals lay and helped skin and cut up the meat. When we got back to camp we were busy until evening cutting the meat into thin sheets and hanging it up to dry in the wind and the sun. Thus for three mornings we went out, and our camp began to look red; you could see the red from afar, the red meat drying. We were very happy.

"I was proud of my husband. He was always in the lead, the first to reach the buffalo, the last one to quit the chase and he killed more of them—always fine fat animals—than any other one of the party. And he was so generous; did anyone fail to make a kill he would call to him and give him one, sometimes two, of his own kill.

"On the fourth morning we went out soon after sunrise, and only a little way from camp the men made a run and killed many buffalo. My husband shot down nine. We were all hard at work skinning them and getting the meat in shape to pack home, when we saw those who were at the far end of the running ground hurriedly mount their horses and ride swiftly toward us with cries of 'The enemy! the enemy!' Then we also saw them, man men on swift horses riding down upon us, their long war bonnets fluttering in the wind; and they were singing the war song; it sounded terrible in our ears. They were so many, our men so few, there was no use in trying to make a stand against them. We all mounted our horses, our leader shouting: 'Ride for the timber at the camp; it is our only chance. Take courage; ride, ride fast.'

"I whipped my horse as hard as I could and pounded his sides with my heels; my husband rode close beside me also whipping him, but the poor thing could go only so fast, the enemy were getting nearer and nearer all the time. And then, suddenly, my husband gave a little cry of pain, threw up his hands, and tumbled off on to the ground. When I saw that I stopped my horse, got down and ran to him and lifted his head and shoulders into my lap. He was dying; blood was running from his mouth in a stream; yet, he made out to say: 'Take my horse; go quick; you can outride them.'

"I would not do that. If he died I wanted to die also; the enemy could kill me there beside him. I heard the thunder of their horses' feet as they came on, and covering my head with my robe I bent over my husband, who was now dead. I expected to be shot or struck with a war club, and I was glad for whither my dear one's shadow went there I would follow. But no; they passed swiftly by us and I could hear shots and cries and the singing of the war song as they rode on into the distance. Then in a little while I heard again the trampling of a horse, and looking up I saw a tall man, a man full of years, looking down at me. 'Ah,' he said, 'I made a good shot; it was a long ways, but my gun held straight.'

"He was a Crow, and I could talk with him. 'Yes, you have killed my poor husband; now have pity and kill me, too.'

"He laughed. 'What?' he said, 'kill such a pretty young woman as you? Oh, no. I will take you home with me and you shall be my wife.'

"'I will not be your wife. I will kill myself,' I began, but he stopped me. 'You will go with me and do as I say,' he continued, 'but first I must take the scalp of this, my enemy.'

"'Oh, no,' I cried, springing up as he dismounted. 'Oh do not scalp him. Let me bury him, and I will do anything you say. I will work for you, I will be your slave, only let me bury this poor body where the wolves and the birds cannot touch it.'

"He laughed again, and got up into the saddle. 'I take your word,' he said. 'I go to catch a horse for you, and then you can take the body down to the timber by your camp.'

"And so it was done. I wrapped my dear one in robes and lashed the body on a platform which I built in a tree by the little stream, and I was very sad. It was a long, long time, many winters, before I took courage and found life worth living.

"The man who had captured me was a chief, owning a great herd of horses, a fine lodge, many rich things; and he had six wives. These women stared very hard at me when we came to the camp, and the head wife pointed to a place beside the doorway and said: 'Put your robe and things there.' She did not smile, nor did any of the others; they all looked very cross, and they never became friendly to me. I was given all of the hardest work; worst of all, they made me chip hides for them, and they would tan them into robes; every day this was my work when I was not gathering wood or bringing water to the lodge. One day the chief asked me whose robe it was I was chipping, and I told him. The next day, and the next, he asked me the same question, and I told him that this hide belonged to one of his wives, that to another, and so on. Then he became very angry, and scolded his wives. 'You will give her no more of your work to do,' he said. 'Chip your own hides, gather your share of wood; mind what I say, for I shall not tell you this again.'

"This Crow chief was a kind man, and very good to me; but I could not like him. I turned cold at his touch. How could I like him when I was always mourning so for the one who was gone?

"We traveled about a great deal. The Crows owned so many horses that after camp was all packed and lodge poles trailed, hundreds and hundreds of fat, strong animals were left without a burden of any kind. Once there was talk of making peace with my people, and I was very glad, for I longed to be with them again. A council was held, and it was decided to send two young men with tobacco to the chief of the Arickaree and ask that peace be declared. The messengers went, but they never returned. After waiting three moons (months) for them, it was thought that they had been killed by those whom they went to visit. Then we left the Elk River (Yellowstone) and moved to the upper part of Dried Meat River (Musselshell). This was the fifth summer after my capture. It was berry time and the bushes were loaded with ripe fruit, which we women gathered in large quantities and dried for winter use. We went out one day to some thickets on the north slope of the valley, some distance from camp, where there were more berries than at any other place we had found. There had been trouble in our lodge that morning; while my captor—I never could call him my husband—was eating, he asked to see the amount of berries we had gathered; his wives brought out their stores, the head woman five sacks of them, the others two and three each. I had but one sack, and another partly full, to show. 'How is this?' the chief asked. 'Has my little Arickaree wife become lazy?'

"'I am not lazy,' I answered, angrily. 'I have picked a great quantity of berries; and every evening I have spread them out to dry, covering them well after sunset so that the night dew would not injure them; but in the morning, when I have removed the covers and exposed them to the sun's heat, I have found many, very many less than I had placed there. This has happened every night since we came to camp here.'

"'That is strange,' he said. 'Who could have taken them? Do you women know anything about it?' he asked his wives.

"They said that they did not.

"'You lie,' he cried, angrily, rising from his seat and pushing his head wife back out of his way. 'Here, little woman, are your berries; I saw them stealing them'; and from the head wife he took two sacks, from the others one each, and threw them over to me.

"Oh, those women were angry. They did not speak to me all that morning, but if looks could have killed me, then I would have died, for they scowled at me all the time. When the chief drove in the horses each caught the one she wanted and rode out to the berry patch.

"The five kept close together that day, leaving me to go by myself; and if I went near them they would move away to some distant bushes. Some time after middle day they began to move toward me, and in a little time they were at work all around close by. Still they did not speak, nor did I. My little sack was again full; I stooped over to empty the berries into a larger sack; something struck me a terrible blow on the head; I fell over and knew no more.

"When I came back to life the sun was setting. I was alone, my horse was gone, and my large berry sack was missing; the small one, empty, lay by my side. I was very dizzy, very sick. I felt of my head; there was a great swelling on it, and much dried blood in my hair. I sat up to better look around and heard some one calling me, the tramp of a horse, and then the chief rode up beside me and dismounted. He didn't say anything at first, just felt of my head carefully, and of my arms, and then: 'They said that they could not find you when they were ready to return to camp; that you had run away. I knew better. I knew that I would find you here, but I thought to find you dead.'

"'I wish I were,' I said, and then for the first time I cried. Oh, how lonely I felt. The chief lifted me up into his saddle and got on the horse behind me, and we rode home to the lodge. When we went inside the wives just glanced at me quickly, and then looked away. I was about to lie down on my couch by the doorway when the chief said: 'Come here, here by my side is now your place. And you,' to his head wife, giving her a hard push, 'you will take her couch by the doorway.'

"That was all. He never accused his wives of attempting to kill me but from that time he treated them coldly, never jesting nor laughing with them as he had been used to doing. And whenever he left camp to hunt, or to look for stray horses from his herd, I had to accompany him. He would never leave me alone for a day with the others. Thus it came about that when he prepared to go with some of his friends on a raid against the northern tribes I was told to get ready also. It did not take me long; I packed my awl, needles and sinew thread in a little pouch, made some pemmican and was ready.

"We were a small party, fifteen men, and one other woman, newly married to a great war leader. It was not proposed to make any attack upon our enemy, but to

travel cautiously through the country and raid the herds of the first camp we found. We went on foot, traveling by night and sleeping during a part of the long, hot days. After many nights we arrived at the Big River (Missouri) above the falls, right opposite where the Point-of-Rocks River (Sun River) joins it. Daylight had come; looking up the valley of the little river we could see the lodges of a great camp, and band after band of horses striking out into the hills to graze. Near us was a coulée where grew thick clumps of willows, we hurried to hide in them before we would be seen by any early risers of the strange camp.

"The men held a long talk, planning just what to do. They finally decided that it would be best for us to all cross the river and then, after taking some of the best horses in the camp, strike out eastward instead of recrossing right there. By going east for some distance before crossing back, it was thought that the enemy, should they follow us, would think us Crees or Assiniboines. On some high, dry, well-grassed place we were to turn and head for home. There the enemy would lose our trail, and keep on in the direction we had been traveling, while we could go homeward by easy rides, without fear of being overtaken.

"Soon after nightfall we crossed the river, going up the shore until we found a couple of big logs left by the high water. The men rolled them into the stream, lashed them together, placed their weapons and clothes and us two women on the raft and then, hanging on with one hand, and paddling with the other and kicking hard, they soon got it safely across. As soon as we were landed they took off the lashings, pushed the logs out into the current, and carefully washed out our foot prints on the muddy shore. We had landed just below the mouth of Point-of-Rocks River, at the edge of a choke cherry thicket, and there we two women were told to remain until the men returned. Each of them was to enter the camp for himself, cut loose such horses as he could, and all were to meet as soon as possible at the thicket there. They started off right away, and we two sat down to await their return. We talked a little while and then fell asleep, for we were both very tired from our long journey, and at no time had we slept as long as we wished to. After a time I was awakened by the howling of some wolves nearby; I looked up at the Seven Persons (the Great Dipper) and saw by their position that it was past the middle of the night. I aroused my companion and we talked again for a time, wondering why none of the men had returned, saying that perhaps there was some late dancing, or gambling, or feasting in the strange camp, and that they were waiting until all would be quiet before entering it. Then we slept again.

"The sun was shining when we awoke, and we sprang up and looked about us; none of our party had returned; we became frightened. We went to the edge of the brush and looked out; away up the valley we could see the horse herds again, and riders here and there traveling on the hills. I felt certain that the men had been discovered and killed, or had been chased so hard that they could not return to us. So, also, thought my companion. We believed that as soon as night fell again some of them would come for us. There was nothing for us to do but remain where we were. It was a long, long day. We had no food, but that did not matter. My companion was terribly worried. 'Perhaps my husband has been killed,' she kept saying. 'Oh, if he has what shall I do?'

"'I know how you feel,' I said, 'I, too, once had a dear husband and I lost him.'

"'But don't you love your Crow husband?' she asked.

"'He is not my husband,' I replied. 'I am his slave.'

"We went to the river, washed ourselves and then returned to the edge of the brush where we could look out and sat down. My companion began to cry. 'Oh,' she said, 'if they do not return here, if they have been killed, what shall we do?'

"I had already thought of that, and I told her that far to the east on the banks of the Big River my people lived, and I would follow it until I found them. There were plenty of berries; I could snare the brush rabbits; I had flint and steel and could make a fire. I was sure I could make the long journey unless some accident happened. But I was not to attempt it. Some time after middle day we saw two riders coming along down the edge of Point-of-Rocks River, stopping here and there to get off their horses and look at the shore, they were trapping beaver. We crawled back into the center of the brush and lay down, terribly scared, scarcely daring to breathe. The thicket was all criss-crossed by wide buffalo trails, there was no good place to hide; if the trappers should enter it? They did, and they found us; and one seized me and the other took my companion. They made us get up on their horses and brought us to their lodges. All the people crowded around to look at us. This was not new to me, and I just looked back at them, but my friend covered her head with her robe and wept loudly.

"This was the Blood tribe of the Blackfeet. I could not understand their language, but I could hand talk (the sign language). The man who had captured me began to ask questions. Who was I, where was I from, what was I doing down there in the brush? I told him. Then he told me that his people had surprised a war party sneaking into camp in the night, had killed four of them, and pursued the others to the breaks of the river below, where they managed to get away in the deep, dark cut coulées.

"'Was one of those you killed,' I asked, 'a tall man who wore a real bear's (grizzly) claw necklace?'

"He made the sign for yes.

"Then my Crow chief was dead! I cannot tell you just how I felt. He had been good to me, very kind. But he, or those with him, had killed my young husband; that I could not forget. I thought of his five wives; they would not miss him, all the great horse herd would be theirs; they would be glad when I, too, did not return.

"You have seen Deaf Man, the Blood who was here talking with me to-day. I lived in his lodge many years, and he and his wives were very kind to me. After a time I could think of my own people without crying, and made up my mind that I would never see them again. I was no longer called a slave, and made to do the work of others. Deaf Man would say that I was his youngest wife, and we would joke about the time he captured me. I was his wife and happy.

"So the winters went and we grew old, and then one summer when we were trading in Fort Benton, whom should I meet but my good friend here, who had come up on a fire boat (steamer) to join her son. That was a happy day, for we had played together when we were children. She went at once to Deaf Man and pleaded with him to let me live with her, and he consented. And here I am, happy and contented in my old age. Deaf Man comes often to talk with us and smoke his pipe. We were glad of his visit to-day, and when he went home he carried much tobacco, and a new blanket for his old wife.

"There, I have told you a long story, my son, and night fell long, long since. Go to bed, for you must be up early for your hunt to-morrow. The Crow Woman will awake you. Yes, these Blackfeet gave me that name. I hated it once, but have got used to it. We get used to anything in time."

"But wait," I said. "You did not tell me all. What became of the others of your party when you were attacked by the Crows?"

"I did not mention that," she replied, "for even to this day I do not like to think nor speak about it. There were many, many bodies scattered along the way of flight, scalped, naked, bloody, and dreadfully hacked up. Few escaped."

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reeser.

My first acquaintance with Reeser was brought about through a trip for trout when a friend and I stopped with him over night at his little cabin near the mouth of a mountain trout stream. After this I stayed with him frequently and learned to know him well. His house was very small, but kept scrupulously clean by his big, good-natured wife, who was also an excellent cook. To see her climb the ladder to the loft at night always reminded me of a bear climbing a tree. I reached Reeser's cabin late one evening in the spring, and after supper my companion called me to one side and insisted that we must hitch up at once and drive seven miles to a village, where there was a little country hotel. On inquiry, I found that he believed that the dish of meat that we had eaten for supper had been the family cat. He argued that meat in such queer little chunks could come off no other animal. But he finally quieted down and we had a pleasant evening, and he ate many a meal afterward of Mrs. Reeser's cooking.

Reeser's spare room was so nearly the exact size of the bed, which was a tight fit for two fishermen, that his guests usually undressed and dressed in bed. This room was on the first floor, and I was much disturbed one night by a fierce squeaking that went on all night under different parts of the house. My curiosity was satisfied in the morning, however, when I learned that Reeser was taming a mink that spent most of its time under the floor. He also kept for several years a large, white duck that fished for trout and that was very skillful at catching under the stones the smaller trout that passed up the stream beside the house. Reeser's standing joke was to offer to lend this duck to the unsuccessful fisherman of the party.

Reeser himself was a small, gray-whiskered man, whose well-worn clothing so harmonized with the woods that I am sure that the trout always mistook him for a stump when he stood still. His movements were never violent, and his severe exertions were confined to his trips up the mountain brooks after trout. He seldom fished in the main creek, and I am of the opinion that he did not know how to fish where the water was big. But he was a passed-master of the art of fishing a brook with bait. He was never in a hurry, had infinite patience in maneuvering to get to the right place without being seen, and knew in just what part of the pool a trout would be. I stood behind a bush one day and watched him, and I could not help thinking that he must be in some way related to the water animals. He was so quiet and stealthy in his movements, his colors blended into his surroundings so perfectly, he looked so cunning and so capable of beating the trout at its own game, that I wondered how any fish could escape him. He had great contempt for the town fisherman who arrayed himself in brilliant attire and then went plunging along the stream like a colt. He fished with a comparatively stiff rod and always jerked toward the bank, so that the little trout fell into the bushes when not well hooked.

Reeser used some stock phrases, and had a few superstitions that were amusing to the stranger. A man who worked systematically and got along well always "done things in rotation" for him. If asked what luck on a trout stream, he usually said that he caught "risin' of seventy," and then quit because "enough's enough." He usually prefaced his strongest statements with the clause, "I ask you good morning." He believed that there was a silver mine back in the mountains that was occasionally revealed in the night by a floating light in the vicinity, and he told of a ball of silver that had been found lying on top of a rock up one of the mountain streams. He thought that the Indians had worked the mines and that their ghosts still guarded it. He also knew of a bed of loose rocks on a mountain side under which ice lay all summer long within a few feet of the surface.

There were many rattlesnakes in the mountains around his cabin, and while not much afraid of them, he still had a wholesome respect for them. He believed that they had regular crossings from one mountain to another, and he would frequently show me in the morning in the dust of the road a track where one had crossed. Once he put his little dog on such a track and soon brought to bay in the bushes a large, yellow rattlesnake. I began to think after this that he knew snakes. This dog was once bitten in the lip by a large rattlesnake that he was watching to grab and shake, and he cured himself by burying in the moist earth under the house. When a heifer on the mountain side would bawl out suddenly, Reeser would say that a rattlesnake had struck at her and would hurry away to see what damage had been done.

He did not hunt much, but occasionally in squirrel season he would visit what he called a "chestnut orchard" on a bench near the top of the mountain, and from which he would return with great stories of the black and gray squirrels to be seen there. He was always fond of impressing a strange fisherman with the number and ferocity of the bears in the neighborhood, and near nightfall, in the presence of the fishermen, would order Tommy to see to it that the sheep were well penned up, so that the bears would not carry them off. He was continually telling of some one who had seen "signs of a bear;" but I never knew him to kill anything larger than a catamount, numbers of which infested the mountains surrounding his little valley.

Time has dealt leniently with him, and I suspect that in season he is still stealing along the mountain runs, dropping his book loaded with angleworms into the little pool under a log or the root of a tree and snatching out of its home the unwary little trout, and that when the cold winter shuts him up in the house with nothing to see out doors but the black hemlocks against the white mountain sides and the blue sky, he snuggles close to the old wood stove and waits impatiently for spring while he dreams his fishing pleasures over again; or, like the ancient mariner, lures the chance visitor into listening to his long-winded accounts of his adventures on the waters, or how they did things "up in Culley," where his boyhood days were spent.

CHAS. LOSE.

The Biography of a Bear.—XIII.

We broke camp the following morning at an early hour, caught up our horses and were soon on our way back to Summit Spring. Our bear, Jack, seemed delighted to be rolling away in the wagon again. We took care to have our tobacco and other groceries out of his reach, as since his prolonged excursion of two days before he was unusually voracious. Bread, with the short allowance of meat we could spare him, did not wholly satisfy his increased appetite, and we had observed him supplementing his rations with frogs, and now and then a water-snake from the swamp.

There were plenty of deer and not a few bear in the vicinity of our last camp, but the jungles, forest, and the rocky gorges and cañons, together with some steep mountain sides, made the region a difficult hunting ground. But it was mainly the spirit of unrest, a resistless energy that prompted us to keep going, together with the fascination of continued surprises in the way of mountain and forest scenery. Enochs in particular was never content to remain in one place longer than twenty-four hours, or such a matter. We had killed little game, none of us having secured even a fair sized buck, although we had seen the tracks of many large ones. We did not remain in one camp long enough to hunt successfully. It has been my experience that it is a difficult thing to establish a camp in a real wilderness without alarming most of the game. It will disappear and remain hidden for some time, and it is necessary for the successful hunter, as a rule, to learn the range and runways.

We had learned of a lake known as Manzenita Lake, lying at the base of Mt. Lassen, about fifteen miles south of us, and we decided to go to it. We still yearned for some big trout, and we had been told that this lake was so full of them that they had difficulty in getting water enough to keep them from being thirsty. To reach it with our wagon we had to return to a point on the main road, below Summit Spring, where we camped that night and the day following. We caught some more small trout in the headwaters of Cow Creek, and in the evening Dick and I watched a "salt log" a few rods from our camp and the road. This log had been salted two years before—several auger holes having been bored into it and filled with salt. The holes had been nearly gnawed out by deer and no salt was now visible, yet deer and many of them still gnawed and licked there, as was evidenced by the ground having been cut into dust by their hoofs. We watched the log from a scaffold in a tree, but no deer came until it was too dark for us to see them. We only heard them snapping brush, now and then snorting as though they suspected our presence. The mosquitoes tried to carry us away after sucking most of our blood, to which Dick at last objected and we got down out of that and went to camp.

Jack had repeated his bath in the tank and had another wild run in the timber, but he did not again climb the big pine as we feared he might. During the remainder of our trip he took the alternate camping and traveling as a matter of course, and did not again stray far from camp. We tried to keep a red flannel collar upon his neck so that if he was seen at large by any hunter he would—or he might—be recognized as a tame bear. But he did not like decorations and persistently pulled them off and lost them until our supply of flannel ran out. After that we chained him to a tree or the wagon when he was likely to stray, or when we all left camp at one time. He followed us well enough when we allowed him to go along, except that he could not be indueed to hurry any. He was not sufficiently civilized to hurry unless he found it important to do so from his own point of view. He persisted in lingering wherever he found nooks and crannies that he wanted to explore—and these he found nearly everywhere. His elegant leisure was too slow for us. He was inclined to please himself here and now, while we were more or less, according to our training, addicted to rainbow chasing.

To reach Manzenita Lake we left the Tamarack road and followed an ancient and dim wagon track through forest and over very rough ground for eight or ten miles. In plaees we had to use ropes to keep our wagon from overturning, like a turtle, and we had to use the ax to cut our way through dense undergrowth in others. When we reached the Shingletown region we again found traveled roads going to various mills and "Shake camps." Shingletown is a lumbering camp—but at that time it had its name from the shingle or shake-making industry. Shakes are clapboards, generally split or riven, and their manufacture has been the eause for the destruction of many of California's noblest trees. None but the very finest and largest sugar pines were used in this region for shakes. Trees of the thriftiest growth, often six to eight feet in diameter are felled by the shake maker, and from these he uses but a small portion of the butt of the tree that is free from knots, pitch or curls; the balance of the tree is left where it falls, to eventually burn, and destroy perhaps a hundred other trees. Often trees are cut to make two or three thousand shakes, worth to the maker $5 to $10, while if sawn into lumber it would be worth in market as many hundreds of dollars. Often these great pines are cut down and they are found to not "split well," and in this case they are left and others selected. The timber of California and the Pacific Coast, worth billions of dollars to commerce, is not, or has not been of sufficient consequence to the States or to the Government to warrant them or it in having a single competent commissioner to supervise its protection or conservation to any noticeable degree. Enough of it has been needlessly destroyed by incompetence (incompetent lumbering methods), and by forest fires that are generally preventable at comparatively little outlay, to have paid the national debt. It has sometimes been pointed out that the tendency of Sate and Federal government has been to appoint commissioners who are notably conspicuous in political sciences. For forest conservation a single backwoodsman in a flannel shirt, and any kind of pants—even bloomers—would be worth a thousand politicians, and he would do his duty for less money.

We tried several old roads before we found the right one leading to the lake. We passed several clearings where ranches of one kind or another had been undertaken—perhaps not noticeably overtaken—and we saw several very beautiful natural meadows. At one of these upon a small stream we eamped for the night. There was a dairy here, with the milkhouse built over the little stream, and we were supplied with all the ice-cold milk, cream and butter that we could use. Some children had lots of fun feeding Jack milk. They gave it to him in small installments in a pan, and when he lapped the pan dry and held it while he bleated for more the children yelled with amusement. They filled him so full of milk he slopped over, like a tank.

We camped at the roadside and in the morning we found the tracks of a very large bear in the dust within fifty feet of our beds. A native examined the tracks and told us they were "old Clubfoot's tracks," giving us the further information that Clubfoot was a grizzly, and that he prowled about that vicinity sometimes for "quite a spell." None of the local hunters had up to that time been able to kill him, although there was a standing reward of $10 on his head. He had killed some hogs and a ealf or two. He was big game, but he had a wide range of forest, mountain and jungle in whieh to hide by day, and from which to pay his visits by night. We did not return his call, notwithstanding the pending reward. None of us, except Enochs, wanted him—and Enochs did not want him eagerly enough to manifest dangerous symptoms. We were not afraid of bear—it was not that—but we could not afford to sit up nights to protect our bacon, so we moved on and reached the lake that afternoon.

We found Manzenita Lake to be a beautiful body of water about a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, its waters being crystal clear and very cold, but the surroundings were rocky and barren. One or two clumps of trees near its shores offered shade from the burning rays of the sun. Under one of these groups of pines, where the ground was carpeted with the resinous needles, we again set up out tent, at the upper end of the lake. A stream of icy water from the snows upon Mt. Lassen—a stream that we could jump across at any place, emptied into the lake near us, and a stream of the same apparent volume emptied out of it at the further end.

A few rods to the west was a smaller lake—little more than a pond—which, I beliece, had been made by the diversion of a portion of the stream into a natural depression by an old settler, Dr. Stockton. This old pioneer had a cabin near it, and with him was a still older man whose name was Cap.—that was all we knew or learned of it. Stockton was over seventy, while Cap. was older—somewhat under a hundred and seventy, I hope. They were a wonderful old pair, living here with this wonderful and mysterious lake all to themselves, save for the rare intrusion of some hunting or camping party. We had dealings with them which will crop out hereinafter.

After we had arranged our camp and provided for the horses, I explored the lake shore a little way and found an old flat wreck of a rowboat. After bailing it out, I estimated that it would float about half an hour, and then dive unless it was again bailed out. That is, it would float if skillfully handled. When it was not bailed out promptly it would go under, and when it was bailed out it wanted to go over. When it floated, it wanted to do that bottom up. It was a boat that was hopelessly discouraged or dissatisfied with its lot, and it tried to evolve into an umbrella or a balloon. When I manned it personally, and shoved off a little, it did unexpeeted things suddenly, about which I endeavored to express my indignation, with considerable emphasis—but I could only do so at a disadvantage.

A man cannot deliver finished orations when his legs are shooting about at vascillating angles, and when he is likely to dive, with impartial celerity, either forward or backward into iee water. That boat would shoot my legs one way, and then when I got them back with commendable agility, it would shoot them in two or three other directions, without any appreciable notice, constancy or method. When I tried to say things, my mouth would slam to and chop my phrases into miserable fragments, signifying nothing. I was so disappointed with myself that I at length sat down in the thing, when fully aware that in place of a seat it had nothing in it but four inches of ice water and sand. Thereupon I got out of it and hunted up Enochs and told him I had found a boat. I urged him to go and try it and see how—how exhilarating it was to float upon the limpid placidity of the bosom of the lake, where he might see himself outlined clearly in the crystal tide. But Enochs was too soggy, and he would not. Perhaps I appeared a little to agitated and wet. At any rate, he said that when he went in to swim he took off his clothes, or words to that effect. In my disappointment I told him that was all right, and that he could take his clothes off or keep them on, for all I cared. And I believe I added that nothing he could do improved him any, in appearance or otherwise.

We were about to get up a two-handed riot when old Cap. came along, and his formidable personality diverted our attention. Cap. looked like the Old Man of the Sea, and we found that he really was one of them—a genuine old salt cast up by the sea, high and dry enough. When he hailed us, he did it before he landed in haven, and as if he were hailing a ship in a fog. His old legs lurched about as though he was on the deck of a small ship in a very heavy gale. Everything he said savored of salt water, and he had not forgotten to wear a loose belt and hitch up his trousers at about the regulation interval. I am not fluent in nautical terms and I neither comprehended nor can I now reeall those used by Cap. with precision. He hailed us as mates, wanted to know where we were bound and whether Jaek manned the mizzen top-gallant, the jibboom, the fo'castle or the spanker. His wide old face wrinkled all over with benevolent furrows, and he knew well the inimitable art of making himself interesting and welcome against all the disadvantages of his personal appearance and his uncouth voice and gruff manners. He was deaf, quite so—in one ear he said—but we could never distinguish that one was more so than the other. Later we found that the Commodore, as he designated Dr. Stockton, was very deaf in both ears, and that the old fellows had long since given over conversing with each other freely. They saved their energies to devote themselves to others.

We tried to answer some of old Cap's questions, and he would nod with satisfaction now and then; but when we asked questions, his replies were so irrelevant we wondered whether he heard anything or not. In my opinion, he heard very little we said. He guessed at it by watching our lips or our gestures and attitude. When we asked where he lived, he replied:

"O, I blew in here tryin' for another port. Sailed 'round the Horn in '48; never signed to cast anchor in a pile o' mount'ins two hunder' miles from deep water. This pond's deep enuff for a ship, but it's nothing but a rocky cove without a chance to git to open water."

We asked several times about the fishing in the lake, but it was only after we had made a good many gestures that he seemed to comprehend, and when he did, he left us abruptly and rolled away in the direction of his cabin. We did not understand this until he returned in a few moments with two fine trout, weighing four or five pounds. They were magnificent fish and nieely dressed. We tendered him a dollar for them and he hesitated and then firmly refused to accept more than fifty cents.

"Commodore an' me have plenty of fish. Our pond is full of them. There's plenty of 'em in the lake, an' you might get 'em with a gig. They don't bite any tackle that we know of."

The old man insisted that many kinds of bait and flies had been tried, but not half a dozen fish had been taken, as long as he had lived there, with hook and line. He said we were welcome to the use of the boat, and that we could get a gig by calling at the eabin. This gig we got in the evening, and it proved to be a spear with a long pole handle, a very crude three-tined spear, dull, and with a barb or two broken.

Enochs surprised us by showing some knowledge of boats. He directed the overhauling of the old flat-bottom, calked it up somewhat, put in a seat, and got a pair of paddles at the cabin that served to propel it some. We found that the boat was adapted to two persons—two only. Three were too many, and one was only half enough. With two in her, one had to lean to starboard and the other to larboard, or port. At first this was a difficult exercise, but after we got the hang of it, and knew just how far to lurch, we could keep her from going bottom up by strict attention to the matter. The proper handling of the paddles was also an art peculiar to the outfit, for they did not fit the boat in any particular. Nevertheless, Enochs and I rowed twice across the lake, and Dick and I rowed half way around it, and crossed it after dark. These adventures were reckless affairs, and that we were not drowned is no fault of ours.

Many parts of the lake were dotted with what seemed to be stumps or mere snags, and we judged the water to be shallow in these places. We found, as we rowed out on our first voyage, that these were stumps—but they were some of the tallest we had ever found. I think we could see the bottom clearly at a depth of a hundred feet, and in the places where the stumps broke the surface we could, in rowing by them, look down the trunks of immense trees and see that they were still rooted to the bottom. There were hundreds of these trees about the shallower portions of the lake, standing upright as they had stood when alive and growing. Now they had rotted and broken off at the surface, while the trunks had stood submerged for an unknown period. Most of these trees were as white as stone, and appeared to be somewhat petrified.

As we floated over the deeper parts of the lake the white forest below us in the clear water receded, pitching deeper and deeper, until the white trunks blended in the blue unfathomed depths. We saw many fish, none other than trout, and some of them very large ones. The water was so clear, and all our movements so visible, the first we saw were all deep down and quite shy. It was intensely fascinating to gaze down into this submerged forest, and when we failed to see bottom there was something sufficiently appalling about the prospect. At one time we found that our dangerous craft was not progressing. We did not realize this for some time, and we pulled away at the paddles with a funny, crawling sensation. When we did realize it we forgot all about the funny part of it. We now ascertained that we were hung up on a submerged treetop where we could see no bottom, and we were about midway in the lake. In our efforts we were at all times in danger of staving the bottom out of our rotten boat, in which ease we could imagine nothing to prevent our going to the bottom of the lake, frozen first, and then drowned. The freezing would not take long, and the drowning would not matter so much—but the thought of the combination was disheartening. About the time we began to feel somewhat religiously inclined we got off, for a wonder, and we rowed ashore with as much judgment and skill as we had left. We had been so much absorbed in this adventure that we really felt relieved to get out upon a big rock, and from that we had some notion of climbing into a tree. Water as deep as this lake, and as cold, looks well at and from the surfaee. As for us we could see no personal advantage in the point of view in the bottom of it. At that time, if I had been assured, or even told, that I would float across this laks in about the same place and in the same boat, in absolute darkness, about midnight, I should have set out for home if I had to walk. If I gave the matter second thought, I believe I would run most of the way.

We wanted some of those fish, and after supper that night Dick and I prepared to spear some of them. We fixed a basket out of wire to attach to the prow of the boat, while we collected some splintered pitch-pine for torch material. We took what appeared to be a good supply of the pitch, and Enochs having agreed to remain in camp and keep the fire going so that we would know our location from time to time, we got our spear and cast off in the boat. We proposed keeping in shallow water, as there only could fish be speared.

We fixed our pitch-pine in the prow, set fire to it, and found that it worked nicely, ligthing up the clear water for yards about the boat. We could see every object and pebble to considerable depth, and in the shallow water we could scarcely tell that there was water between us and the bottom. Dick, by careful manipulation of the oars, could keep the boat steady now and then, while I stood at the bow with ready spear. We could soon see trout darting about and frequently one would lie still as if dazed by the light, but between the task of keeping the torch burning, dodging the almost stifling smoke, and maintaining an upright position, I found this project also required tact, mixed up with a good deal of labor. Finally, directly ahead, I saw a fine fish holding still, the fire blazed up nicely, the water was very shallow, and I shot the spear at him with such success that I brought him into the boat very gracefully, and even Dick grunted that it was well done.

As for me, I now saw how easy and nice this thing of gigging them was. Soon we saw several fine ones in a little deeper water apparently, and I began to get interested very much. The fish—the largest of three or four—looked like he might weigh five or six pounds, and I could almost feel him on the spear, in the anticipation.

"Slow up, Dick, pull in a triffle—now—no, pull out a little—a little more—now, steady!" And at that instant, with deadly aim, I shot the spear well abaft of where the fish appeared to be, as the tendency is always to overshoot. The spear cut through the water like a knife, but neither the fish nor the bottom was where I expected them to be. In fact, neither spear nor pole came in contact with anything, but I would really like to see some one else go into the water like I went into it. The boat tipped at the right instant the wrong way, and then it tipped back at the wrong instant the righ way, and, as I failed to reach the bottom with the spear, I dived for bottom without it. Cold? Words, mere words are very insipid! Yet I could stand the cold for a moment, and even the wet, but the undignified part of it, the humiliating impetuosity with which I scrambled out of that, merely to keep myself from drowning, was horrible! I shiver as I set down the fact in this history. I would have omitted it—I should have done it—I even wish I had!

The only thing that kept Dick from laughing himself into a spasm, was the way in which I clutched that boat and got back into it. He had all he could do to hold her from going over. After I had been in the boat awhile, here came the spear. It bobbed up more serenely than I did, after failing to find bottom. There was no fish on it, and I am satisfied that, if he was not scared to death, the fish escaped. I put on my coat, and wished I had half a dozen more of them. Then I rowed the boat in an effort to keep warm, while Dick wanted to try his hand at the spear. I wanted very much to see him do it, and I was almost interested enough in a little scheme I had with regard to tipping

the boat at the proper time, to keep me warm, wet as I was. But at this juncture we found we had lost and burned all the pitch and our torch was going out.

This discovery became more and more disconcerting as we looked in vain for the light of the camp-fire, which we could not see. We had been so occupied with watching for fish, trying to spear them, and with the general results, we had failed to take any notice whatever as to our course. We relied upon the camp-fire to give us our bearings at any time, and now it failed us just as our pitch had given out. To make our position more hazardous the boat was leaking badly, while the shore, as far as we could see, was so lined with stumps and snags we could not approach it anywhere that we could land. Before our light failed us entirely, I told Dick to row into open water as much as possible. I raked together a few splinters of the pitch and blew these into as much of a flame as I could.

Finally, the last of the pitch flickered out, the night closed down in utter darkness, for clouds hid even the stars. I commenced striking matches while I directed Dick to row as steadily and slowly as he could. Neither of us had ever been in a similar predicament. Whenever I struck a match, the dark water now showed no bottom, and we both felt that we were somewhere about the center of the lake.

Suddenly, in the very direction we were moving, I saw a little bunch of sparks float upward as if a stick had fallen in a fire, and I urged Dick to pull as evenly as possible straight ahead. After some time I saw a few more sparks float upward, still at considerable distance, and we kept the boat moving as directly as we could.

After what seemed a long time, and we could see no more sparks, we shouted repeatedly but got no response. We were about worn out with our work and anxiety, while I was chilled to the center—when the boat struck against something head on. I lighted about the last match and came near overturning the boat in my emotion at seeing a bunch of reeds that I recognized as being within a hundred feet of our proper landing.

We sent her ashore in a hurry, took our single fish with us, and in five minutes we were stirring up the last embers of our fire at the camp. Enochs was snoring placidly in his blankets, with Jack and the dogs sprawled about promiscuously. When we got the fire going, Enochs roused a little and said:

"Yew get a-n-y foosh, a-n-y frish?"

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS.

Lost in the Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The very entertaining contribution your friend Horace Kephart, in reply to Mr. Manly Hardy, "On Not Getting Lost in the Woods," inspires me to inject a few observations into the discussion.

The expression "lost in the woods" is susceptible of different interpretations. Mr. Hardy evidently refers to the "tenderfoot" in a state of panic and such mental perturbation that he could not utilize woods signs if he knew them, and probably would be incapable of using a compass if he had one. It is quite vain to offer instructions or advice to such a man, who is liable to lose the use of his rational faculties, other than the advice offered by Mr. Hardy, to remain in reach of his moorings. On the other hand, experienced woodsmen when roaming through unfamiliar forests, must frequently, if not usually, lose all idea of direction on cloudy days, being without a compass, except by the adventitious aid of woodcraft lore. But such men under such circumstances do not lose their heads, but go about in a rational way to utilize all available sources of information to determine the cardinal points.

In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM it was related by a contributor that an Indian guide in New Brunswick had journeyed some thirty miles through the wilderness and found his way to camp, using the direction of the wind as his only guide.

Mr. Kephart, in his condemnation of "sweeping generalizations," falls into somewhat of the same error himself in his allusion to the moss on the trees in the Mississippi River bottoms. He says that in these great forest tracts of the overflowed country the trunks of the trees are clothed uniformly all round with moss as high as the last spring overflow reached. I cannot speak by the card about the more northerly portions of these bottom lands, with which Mr. Kephart is perhaps more familiar; but as applicable to the overflow regions of Mississippi, Louisiana and lower Arkansas, his statement is wholly in error.

There is one variety of tree in these swamps that presents exactly the contrary conditions, this is the honey locust. The trunks of these trees are perfectly clean up to the "high-water mark," above which they are usually clothed with a fine white moss, or bark growth of some kind, the lower margin of which makes a sharply defined water mark.

My own observation is, that on the ridges and higher portions of the overflowed lands, where cane or dense undergrowth prevails, there is no distinction as to the growth of moss on one side or the other, because the protection afforded by the undergrowth prevents a differentiation of the drying effects from the sun's heat. But in the low, open swamps, where the trees stand out clean without such protection, the differentiation of the moss growth is very pronounced, so that looking northward the tree trunks in moss have a light color, which, viewed in the opposite direction, they present a decidedly dark appearance. I have on more than one occasion used this guide when the marks were so plain that "he who ran might read."

My own experience teaches that even when in a perfectly cool mental state and in full control of the reasoning faculties, the mind is liable to strong delusions when in strange woods, in the impressions formed as to directions. This is manifested in the proneness to doubt the correctness of the compass when the direction indicated is diametrically opposite to the impression which has possession of the mind, requiring a considerable mental effort to persuade oneself to turn about and take the "back track."

I remember that on one occasion, when a party of us were embarking on a steamboat for a camp hunt, an old and experienced woodsman gave us the parting injunction, "Boys, don't accuse your compass of lying."

Skipping to another subject, I wish to refer to a dog recently encountered which presented a well defined case of "bilateral" color markings, the only case that I remember to have seen. This was a young dog of uncertain breed, of a generally tawny color, and on each side, both before and behind the shoulders, were very dark curved bands, perfectly symmetrical in size, shape and position, on the opposing sides. Is this phenomenon very unusual or not?

COAHOMA.

Three Mice in a Bottle.

EX-SHERIFF DELL LEWIS came to the city last evening from his San Pedro Valley ranch on a business mission. They have lately been tearing down some old buildings on the ranch and putting up new ones. In the course of a part of this work a nest of mice was dug up under a stable and killed. A little later a beer bottle was encountered in which were three mice so large that they could not get out of the neck of the bottle. The theory advanced by the ex-sheriff is that the mice were put in the bottle when young by the mother and that they grew to proportions that would not allow their departure before attempting to get outside. Pursuing the subject further the ex-sheriff tells that since the bottle has been dug up it has been visited daily by mice with food for the prisoners.—Bisbee (Ariz.) Record.



Woodlot Forestry.

Simple Directions for Caring for the Wood Supply on the Farm.

THROUGHOUT a large part of the Eastern States nearly every farm has its woodlot. From that woodlot, which is often all that remains of the vast forests which originally clothed the region, the farmer supplies his own needs. It furnishes him with fuel, fence posts, rails, poles, and even with timber, boards and shingles to keep the farm buildings in repair. A well-managed woodlot is therefore a very valuable part of the farm, and the sum total of all farm woodlots represents a very large national asset.

The U. S. Forest Service has for some years devoted special attention to the needs of woodlot owners. Its co-operation is offered to all who would have advice on the management of woodlots, and many thousands of acres of farm forests are now actually cared for under practical systems of forestry which it has recommended.

As a general rule, but little care is devoted to the woodlot. It is left to shift for itself, is often used too freely for the pasturage of live stock, and is rarely guarded from fire or forest enemies. When wood is needed but little discretion is exercised in the choice of trees, and no need is felt of providing for the renewal or improvement of the stand.

Yet it is decidedly a simple matter to care for the woodlot. The owner need not burden himself with any very elaborate system. Nor need he, in most cases, reduce the amount of timber which he cuts. Eventually, of course, he can cut more, for more will be grown. The first requirement of the ordinary woodlot is protection, and the second, selection in cutting.

Fire is the chief enemy of the woodlot. Fires damage the larger trees, starting hollows in the butts or weakening them until they begin to die in the tops, reducing their value when cut; but the greatest harm is done to reproduction and the growth of young trees. Running over the forest soil, they consume the litter and kill the seedlings. The forest soil becomes too dry to encourage the germination of tree seeds. Even if seedlings succeed in finding root and begin to flourish, the next fire destroys them.

Fires may easily be kept out of the woodlot with a little care. They are often started to improve the grazing and pasture. This is certainly poor policy. While the grazing may be improved for a few years, the woodlot is often permanently injured. It is generally a poor plan to expect land to produce grass and wood at the same time. Neither will do well, and the owner will be paying taxes on land which he only half uses. Grazing animals often do much injury to the woodlot. They browse upon young growth and trample it down. They also pack the soil with their hoofs, destroying its power to retain moisture and encouraging the entrance of grass. Grazing should be watched, and should be permitted in the woodlot only when such harm will not result.

In cutting, the first thing to look out for is the young growth. The whole point of forest management is to have new trees of the most useful kind take the place of the old, just as soon as possible after they are cut. One thoughtless stroke of the ax will get rid of a fine sapling half the size of a man's wrist, if it is a little in the way, and a dozen years of growth is lost. On the other hand, the cutting of a good tree may simply open room for worthless trees to take its place.

In some regions care must be taken not to permit the crown cover to become too open. In a good forest the soil will be soft and moist, and this soil condition is essential if the trees are to thrive and make good growth. Opening the ground to the sun dries out the moisture, and often burns out the young growth as though by fire, while the trees tend to become branchy if they stand too far apart.

Past neglect has produced many woodlots in which the healthy trees of the best kinds are choked with unsound and dead trees and trees of inferior kinds. For such cases improvement cuttings are needed. It will pay to spend the time and labor necessary to remove the dead, crooked and diseased trees, together with the weed trees, so that the remaining stand may be composed of good timber trees in sufficient number, under conditions favorable for their best development. This can be done gradually, as the material can be utilized.

When once the improvement cutting has brought the woodlot into businesslike shape, further operations should be made with a view to reproduction and a lasting supply. Care should be taken in felling, working up, and hauling out wood to do as little damage as possible to young growth. If reproduction is to take place from seed, the proper location of seed trees must be considered.

Where the forest is composed mainly of such trees as oak and chestnut, which sprout well from the stump, it may be advisable to cut most of the good-sized trees, over a part of the woodlot, for the purpose of raising a crop of sprouts. Such sprouts grow rapidly and produce good poles, posts, and ties at a comparatively early age. But the stumps should be cut low and slanting, so as to prevent rotting and secure strong and numerous shoots.

There are a number of thinning systems, some of which may suit the requirements of one woodlot but not those of another. By a careful reading of Bulletin No. 42 of the Forest Service, entitled "The Woodlot," the owner can familiarize himself with these and choose which ever one his own woodlore and observation suggest as the best. Or, should the owner desire a special plan for the management of his wood lot, he should make application to the Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, for the co-operation of the Forest Service.

Ringnecked Pheasant and Carp.

IN a conversation with Mr. Fullerton upon the subject of game refuges and closed seasons, etc., he spoke of the experience with the importation of pheasants a few years ago into Oregon. He tells me that Mr. Denny either brought or sent eighteen pheasants from China and turned them loose in Oregon. How many years the season was close on them I do not know, but Mr. Fullerton informs me that during the past open season 50,000 of these gamy birds were brought to bag.

It is only a question of a few years when they will begin to work their way East and fill the coverts to repletion, making an agreeable addition to our pheasant or partridge, as it is known in the Eastern States.

An influx of these birds will go far toward making up for mistaken importations of the English sparrow and buffalo moth, but were they to become as numerous as the wild pigeons once were they could never counterbalance what is in store for us because of the importation of the German carp.

Between the English sparrow and the German carp, the latter is the greater calamity. As the carp spread over the lakes, rivers and brooks the trout, bass, etc., must necessarily begin to disappear.

The carp is here to stay. Legislation, seines and even a bounty of $1 per carp will not free our waters from their presence. They are a fixture. They cannot be driven from our waters any more than can the sparrow be exterminated. I do not think that the voracious pickerel, if placed in carp waters, would hold their own against them, or even keep the balance. It may be a matter of years, but the home of the trout, bass, whitefish, lake trout, wall-eyed pike, etc., will feel the influx of the carp and the carp will prevail. Our streams and lakes in time are bound to be infested with carp, just as the remote prairie villages have their hordes of sparrows that not many years ago were tried as caterpillar exterminators in a small experimental way in New York city. The sparrows got there and everywhere else, and so will the German carp. Like the poor, they will be always with us, only more so to the extent of many millions increase each year. Mary Ann, showing a disposition toward a change of diet as she sat at the table, was tersely informed by her father to "sit down and eat beans like the rest." So its only a question of time, if we must have fresh-water fish, when we must forego whitefish and sit down and eat carp "like the rest."

There may be carp centers where by a vigorous campaign of incessant seining they might be exterminated, but I doubt it. They are as sparrows of the waters and will multiply as the sands of the sea. You can never hatch enough pickerel to down the carp. I agree with all Mr. Starbuck says, but how the remedy of extermination can be practically applied I cannot see. In a fresh-water fish food sense I think the carp is nothing less than a calamity, and every straw floating in the wind goes to so indicate.

When it does come to the time that carp stuffed with garlic and onions and garnished with sauerkraut becomes our standard fresh-water fish, then we must cast our lines seaward and thank the Lord that carp cannot thrive in the sea.

It is true that a few men are making a living from handling carp, and the poor immigrant of New York and Boston is getting cheap fish. There is no question about this, but is it not making the public at large pay a heavy penalty for the present benefit of the few?

If the carp does not belie his reputation for multiplication, he in time will bodily supplant our present fresh-water fishes. And when carp become so numerous, as they will certainly become, that it will not pay to catch them, then what?

In the East when salmon were plenty and inhabitants comparatively few, it was expressed in the indentures of apprentices that they should not be fed salmon more than so many times a week. Salmon were cheap and plentiful in those days.

I never think of carp but the incident of the choking of Harvey's Canal near New Orleans comes back to me. The brackish water drove the buffalos into this canal in such numbers as to make it possible to throw them upon the banks by means of a pitchfork. They were packed so thickly into the canal that the fish suffocated. And when the wind blew toward the city it smelled as if the Barren Island Company had started rendering menhaden in the suburbs.

The Board of Health was at its wits' ends and I believe that they only succeeded in getting relief when they cut the levee and allowed the Mississippi to flush the canal and carry the millions of stinking buffalos into the Gulf to feed the sharks. And for opposition to race suicide the buffalo is not to be compared to the carp.

There are great days ahead for the fresh water streams and lakes—and some of us may live to see carp crowded over Niagara Falls because the lakes won't hold them. A little far fetched, perhaps, but not without some foundation.

One thing is certain, the men who introduced the English sparrow and the German carp never by popular vote will be awarded a niche in the Hall of Fame or receive a Nobel prize.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Minnesota Season.

AITKEN, Minn., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open season on deer for 1905 is about closed; will close, in fact, without further event in the hunting line for a great snow storm is on. Eighteen inches has fallen and the storm still continues with two days of open season left. This ends all shooting on game until Sept. 1, 1906.

By the way, there is one game bird that nests all about us yet we get no chance at it. There must have been at least a dozen pairs of woodcock nesting on our place, yet by Sept. 1 they have gone. Thus through July and a part of August we can flush a woodcock in almost any old place; when the time comes that the gun is free from thrall there is not one to be found. Woodcock and jack snipe were the only kinds of game plentiful this year. We had some very pretty snipe shooting and there was no limit to the field, but a couple of afternoon shoots satisfied the demand. An all-summer flood drove all other kinds of game completely out. Prairie chickens disappeared almost entirely. Ducks were in fair quantities but hard of access on account of the impassable condition of the country. Our greatest excitement came in the deer season, though for hunting weather it was a complete failure. A few days before the opening there was a good tracking snow and soft weather, which makes a perfect condition. By the 10th, opening day, it was all gone, then came heavy rains, filling all the low places with water. Over this a thin shell of ice formed and that condition held until the last few days, when there came heavy rains again, filling everything with water. Into this came nearly two feet of snow, so that one traveling the woods sinks through the snow and on into the water beneath. So ends the season of 1905.

E. P. JAQUES.

Translation.

MR. HALLOCK'S reference to southern California in the current issue set me to looking out the window, and instead of seeing the great white sheet of snow that covers everything, I saw waving palms amid bowers of roses. I saw orange trees heavily laden with the golden orbs in company with groves of lemons. There were trees in bearing and trees in blossom, and the air was heavy with the odor of the blossoms.

How ruddy and golden are the oranges peeping out from beneath the rich green foliage! How easy almost to reach out and pick one from the tree!

The larks in the adjoining meadow have been chorusing joyously, and now a pair of mockingbirds have perched amid the orange trees and are fairly making the welkin ring with their melody. We hear the robin note, the catbird, the canary, the bluebird, and now and then imagine a faint attempt at a mallard in a quack that finishes the melody. The very larks are outdone at their own music by the mockingbird and become quiet listeners like ourselves. How the music rolls from tree to tree! There is no cessation, for as one bird stops another begins where he left off.

We sit within the bower and find every sense of our body gratified. The eye is charmed by the clustering roses, the palms and the golden orange-laden trees. The sense of smell is gratified by the combined odor of the rose mingled with the blossoms of the orange and lemon. The ear is drinking in sweet music such as no orchestra can produce. The warm and balmy sun comforts every nerve in the body and the sense of taste is met with the ripe and luscious orange, which we have just picked in the fullness and richness of its maturity from the tree above us. And the mockingbirds sing on—and then there is silence. Once more and we see nothing but one great sheet of snow that mantles the earth as we gaze out the window. The view of fairyland had vanished. But in southern California the mighty Pacific still rolls in upon the sands singing night and day its dirge-like music. The brilliant sun, tempering the ozone-laden breezes from the ocean, instils life into the earth and the things upon and inhabitants thereof. This is all going on as it has gone on for years and will go on for years to come, only we are not there at the present writing to enjoy it.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Drumming of the Grouse.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Evening Star, of Washington, D. C., of Dec. 5 I see taken from your paper an article which emphatically decides the manner of the drumming of the ruffed grouse. Now, I am not an authority on birds, know but little of them, but when a lad I watched every live thing on the mountains near where I lived, and it so happened that I found the nest of a ruffed grouse, and the drumming log of the male, some four or five rods distant. Nearby was an old hemlock with bark hanging about it, and of this, one morning early, I made a hiding place within eight or ten feet of the drumming place, which was always between two knots.

I crept into this and lay in it sometimes five hours before the old fellow joined the hen and went off for food. He drummed only when she was laying, never while sitting, that is, so far as I could see. His manner was this. He straightened up very tall, threw his head and neck back, brought his wings in front of the body, and struck the hard, thick muscles of the heavy part of the wings together, at the same time pouting somewhat like a pouter pigeon. He always began—bum—bum—bum—bum, and then on. The first three strokes were deliberate, quite a fraction of time between them, pausing at the third stroke long enough for another stroke, and seemed to listen attentively. Sometimes during this interval I heard a faint cry, as if from the hen, then he began in earnest, going faster and faster, until the eye could see nothing but a streak, making as many as a hundred strokes, and stopping so suddenly as to almost throw him from the log.

I saw this several mornings, until one day I happened to hit a piece of my shelter in my eagerness to see him plainer, when he stopped, stretched out his neck, looked at me an instant, and then he flew far out into the forest and never drummed on that log again.

I only tell you what I saw; it is many years ago, but I was a close student of birds and animals, having no other books to study until war time. If this helps out any problem, I am glad.

H. A. DODSON, M.D.



Camp Life in Georgia.

THE boats were ready, two of them, one a long, roomy batteau, which carried the mess chest containing coffee, sugar, a pound or so of best tea, self-rising flour, pilot bread, smoked bacon, mess pork, a couple of hams, cans of fruit, bag of dried peaches, potatoes, a goodly showing of onions, for what would the duck shooter do without this aromatic vegetable, salt and pepper, also a bucket of lard and one of butter, enough of all these to supply four hungry men for two or three weeks. Then came the camp kit bag of heavy canvas, which could boast of a big camp kettle, a couple of mess pans, Dutch oven, frying pan, waffle irons, pot hooks, tin dishes, plates and cups, knives, forks and spoons; next a couple of axes lashed together, blades protected in leather caps, a camp hatchet, some nails, ball of strong twine. There are lots of things handy in camp, and when all the walking is to be done in a boat they may as well be carried. There was a tent large enough to accommodate the party, the box containing the extra ammunition found place, plenty of blankets, two rubber overcoats and two rubber blankets, in fact, everything to insure comfort in all kinds of weather. My friend and I had a kit bag between us containing extra clothing, for the duck shooter must not only go warmly clad. but be prepared to change his clothing, as he is often exposed to a drenching rainstorm, or an involuntary bath in the river. The batteau carried all this plunder neatly stowed and was captained by the irrepressible Joe, our cook.

The second craft was built with a sharp bow, plenty of room amidships, flat-bottomed and arranged for two shooters to sit "for'ard" in the cockpit, one behind the other; the shooter aft to rise and shoot, the one for'ard to keep his seat and shoot. A second fifteenth-amendment paddled this boat sitting in the stern; a big-headed, thick-lipped negro, with an enormous mouth and overrunning with good nature, his name was Alex. The stars were beginning to pale in the east, when with boats and plunder loaded on two wagons, we left the old town fast asleep, directing our course south for Horse Creek, five miles distant, a small, rapid stream, on which we would launch our boats and be carried to the Savannah River three miles below the city of Augusta, Ga., and 175 miles by river above the city of Savannah.

"Dick, it will be 11 o'clock before we can get ready for the start. What say you if we have dinner on the bank right under those trees, and while Joe is getting it ready we will launch the boats and have all in ship-shape ready for the start," said Mr. Mac.

This arrangement was carried out. Joe soon had hot coffee and flapjacks, and shortly after 11 o'clock we were prepared to run the rapid and dangerous Horse Creek. My friend, with Joe in the shooting boat well loaded, started a hundred yards in advance. A few moments later Alex and I, in the heavily ladened batteau, swirled away from the bank, waving a good-by to the teamsters, and instantly found ourselves doing battle with a narrow stream and powerful current of water, sharp points of land armed with fallen tree tops, snags and partially submerged stumps and logs. It was very exciting, and the pace was tremendous; each man armed with a strong paddle; place one at bow and one at the stern. As the craft would sweep around one point, the next on the opposite side would appear. Great skill and coolness were necessary to successfully run these points, to say nothing of the hidden dangers in the way of stumps and snags a few inches under water. The banks on either side were very high, offering few if any places to land and rest.

The distance had been two-thirds run and I began to congratulate myself that we would get through safely; when rushing round a particularly dangerous point we saw a fallen tree projecting nearly half way across the stream and only about three feet above the surface; I struck my paddle in the water to go round the tree, and Alex at the stern paddled to go under it. In an instant we found our mutual mistake; I had only time to dodge the branches as the batteau swung by and under the tree top expecting the next moment to go over or at least have all duds swept overboard within reach of the terrible trunk. At this instant my paddle broke short off. I looked back; the batteau had swung under the tree and its motion was for a moment arrested; Alex had risen superior to the situation and grasped the tree trunk in his powerful arms, vainly endeavoring to stop the batteau and force its bow into slack water to the right bank near the roots of the tree. It was of no use, the powerful current carried the heavily loaded boat against Alex's feet and legs with such force as to literally boost him up and over the tree trunk and drop him in the water head first. The whole thing was so quickly and completely done, and the situation of the darky so supremely ridiculous, I simply rolled off my seat in a paroxysm of laughter. I sat up and laughed, stood up and laughed, laid down and laughed. If one weak effort on my part would have saved the boat from total wreck I would have been utterly unable to have made that effort. I imagine that to my last hour I will not forget the expression on that darkey's face as he paused for one brief moment over that tree trunk, head down, eyes protruding, and as large as doorknobs with fright, his enormous feet, encased in No. 12 shoes, high in the air gyrating in a vain and frantic endeavor to save himself, his big hands stretched out within a few inches of the water and his fingers working with the energy of despair. He took the plunge in fifteen feet of icy water with a yell of anguish. Coming to the surface near the batteau, fortunately, he grasped the side and clambered in—a soaked, frightened nigger. Seeing my face and quickly realizing the situation, the air was at once filled anew with vocal explosions that might have been heard a mile.

"Well, Alex, get in the bow of the batteau and I'll go aft, and we will soon reach the river. You must do something to get warm. We will make camp at 4 o'clock or so somewhere below Sandbar Ferry."

The exciting journey was recommenced, and in a short time the broad waters of the Savannah were reached where the leading boat was found awaiting us. The cause of delay was explained, and provoked mirth from the whole party. Joe had no time or opportunity to moralize then.

The river current was not fast; we floated and paddled until nearly 4 o'clock, then camped on the sandy beach fifty yards from the river. Stakes were driven and boats securely fastened, the tent put up in a trice, gun cases and camp plunder housed, the fire was soon glowing and dinner well on the way, and presently Mr. Mac and I were seated for Joe's camp dinner. Before the meal was finished rain began to fall, and drove us inside the tent. Soon the short winter day ended and night shut down like the lid on a pot, amid a dismal pouring rain. The camp-fire was kept up and the end flaps of the tent partially opened. We sat on our blankets, smoked and talked of to-morrow's work and about where we would begin to find the ducks. Nine o'clock found us sound asleep, thoroughly tired out, sleeping a sleep known only to those who court the open air, the woods, the fields and the streams.

The camp on the river beach was comfortable. I awoke once during the night and heard the rain pouring on our canvas roof. The thought of the dismal and wet condition of things outside made me more appreciative of the warmth and snugness of things inside..

Six o'clock I immediately arose and indulged in the usual "matinal walk over" the darks, which, in due time and in the usual course of affairs, turned them out. Hastily dressing and going out I looked upon a dull leaden sky and dismal rain. The wind blew the mists and rain in from the river with bone chilling force. Pools of water here and there surrounded the tent, the trees were dripping and the cornstacks in a neighboring cornfield looked woebegone and despairing in their wet and stripped condition. A crow sitting in the branches of a persimmon tree gave a despairing croak and shook his sable plumage in disgust. The camp-fire refused to burn, and only spluttered after Joe's patient and vigorous efforts to start it.

A dismal camp, a dismal scene and a dismal company.

"What are you going to have for breakfast, Joe?" asked Mr. Mac from in the tent.

"Dunno, Marsa Mac, I spex——"

"Scaip, scaip, scaip."

"Snipe by all that's good, over there in the old cornfield. Snipe for breakfast."

I rushed in the tent and uncased my 12-gauge. Alex. opened the ammunition chest and supplied us with cartridges loaded with No. 10 shot. All three of us tumbled up the bank and over the fence, Alex. to assist working the birds down.

Twenty steps from the fence three birds flushed. Mac made a fine double shot, and I missed with my right barrel, but knocked the bird over with a second shot. We separated 150 yards, the birds rose within fair range, and by the time the field was crossed we had bagged eight and a half brace of fine fat birds. Had our dogs been with us we could have worked the ground thoroughly and added more to our score. Returning to the camp we found breakfast about ready.

Assisted by Mac and myself, Joe presently had half a dozen birds spitted before the glowing coals, and not many minutes elapsed before they assumed that tender and beautiful brown color which pronounced them cooked.

Although the rain still came down, the camp presented a cheerful appearance. A roaring fire in front of the tent gave a genial warmth. Our wet canvas coats had been exchanged for dry cord jackets. The mess chest, converted into a table, was placed just inside the tent opening. Mac and I seated ourselves to discuss broiled snipe, fried potatoes, breakfast bacon, hot coffee and waffles. Then we smoked, watched the fire, the rain and the dull sky, wishing most heartily the rain would cease, for the situation was such as to make it of no use to go further down the river until the wind changed and the weather cleared up a little.

The manner of shooting ducks on the Savannah is different from any method practiced in other parts of the country; the weather should be cold and clear. The waterfowl will be found feeding and preening themselves under the bending willows and bushes close to the edge of the water, or, as the boat rounds one of the points of this notoriously crooked river, flocks of mallard, teal, broadbills, widgeons and occasional black ducks will suddenly be met with swimming in the open water, or close to the bank, and often twenty to thirty-five yards from the boat, thus offering fine shots and good sport as they take wing.

All day long the rain continued to pour, and when night closed in there appeared to be no signs of a clear-up. Flocks of ducks and occasional bunches of geese were observed from time to time during the day, high in air, flying southward, following the course of the river, causing anticipation of sport ahead.

Snug in our blankets that night we were lulled to sleep by the incessant drumming of the rain on the canvas, little thinking that before cock crowing our camp would witness the greatest stampede and fleeing before a rush of water within our memory and experience as duck shooters. It does not take one of those narrow Southern rivers long to get well on the rise, and those unfortunate enough to be in its path have little time to save life and property.

We slept on, all unconscious that the river was rising, stretching out its long, watery arms nearer and nearer, hungry to engulf and exterminate us.

It was about 2 A. M. when Mac awoke and was instantly electrified by the sound of rushing water, known only too well by him. Springing from the tent and toward the river a glance at the nearness of the water, imperfectly seen through the rain and darkness, showed the peril of camp and inmates.

My first intimation of danger was being seized by the feet and dragged from the blankets.

"Dick, Dick, for heaven's sake get up; get on some clothes."

"Alex, Joe! Alex, Joe! Alex, Joe! Alex—confound those niggers; can't they awake? Get a club and pound them!" I was by this time thoroughly aroused and frightened; jumping on the poor darks with pile-driving force I called: "Get up, get up, tumble out, the river, men! the river! Secure the boats if not too late! Ah, the boats! what will we do if they are gone?" The darkeys realized the situation, and, terror-struck, sprang toward the river in the direction of the boats. Mac lit the lantern; it gave but a faint light in that great darkness; the confusion and excitement was tremendous. A minute of breathless suspense as Alex and Joe disappeared in the gloom.

"Are the boats safe?"

No answer. A moment more and our worst fears almost realized.

"Can you reach the boats?"

Then through the night and storm came the cry: "We's got 'em bof, an' we's wase deep in de wata, mighty good dem stakes wuz druve so good or we'd nebba seen des erc boats no mo, we's comin', we's a-comin'."

Presently the brave fellows came towing the little ships. I had started a fire and kept adding fuel, the blaze leaped up lighting the scene and showing us a maddened, seething torrent advancing quickly on us.

The tent was struck and two men working to each boat piled camp plunder and duds generally into them. It was quick work necessarily, the water was already up to the camp fire, I jumped into the shooting boat and seized a paddle, Joe followed suit. At this instant the bulky form of my friend, armed with the frying-pan and a pair of boots (the last load) waded toward the batteau and stepped in. We were comparatively safe now. As the water rose we pushed the boats toward the bank of the cornfield as near as we could calculate until they grounded. This operation was repeated until morning. Daylight found us a short distance from the bank and 150 feet from the site of our camp.

Safe in the boats, when the paddling and pushing toward the cornfield began. We were not long in discovering the ridiculous position in which we found ourselves.

Here we were, pursued by a dangerous flood, in the middle of the night in open boats, in a torrent of rain, in pitch darkness, soaked to the skin, waiting anxiously for the dawn. Who would not give up all he hath and go a duck shooting? Rugged men, frail men, weak men and strong men face dangers by sea and river in open boats, in all kinds of weather, day and night, under the most trying circumstances, and all for the pleasure and excitement of duck shooting; go year after year and grow more rugged as they are exposed to the weather and breathe the pure, life-giving air. On the bosom of the river, on the heaving sea, in the grand old forests and the fields, bathed in the sunlight, fanned by the breezes, blown and tossed hither and yon by the gale. In all this is found the elixir of life—the true fountain that old Peter Parly looked for in vain, in which he might bathe and renew his youth.

Yes, here we were awaiting the dawn, and the morning that would bring a cup of hot coffee, and, we hoped, clear or clearing weather. The boats were a few yards apart; steadily the water rose, and steadily pushed toward the high bank of the cornfield. The rain had almost ceased; at 4 o'clock the wind had changed around to nor'west by nor'. Soon a star appeared; presently a number of them. We filled our pipes with renewed hopes, smoked and chatted. The muse of music moved Alex, and he began one of his unrivalled plantation melodies, keeping time with his hands and feet. We all joined the chorus, and the dark Southern forest away across the waste of waters caught up and re-echoed the sound in a multitude of reverberations.

By dozens the stars came out, the clouds drove on and away until at last the blue firmament of heaven reigned supreme over the storm king. As the millions of lights began to pale in the heaven we turned our eyes toward the east and beheld the first faint streaks of dawn. Pushing the boats to a landing, a fire was started. Joe, assisted by Alex, proceeded to get breakfast, Mr. Mac and I the while getting things in the boats in some sort of order. Soon Joe served us with coffee, hot biscuits and broiled ham. After the "darks" had eaten and all camp plunder made ship-shape, guns were limbered up, ammunition bags filled, the boats pushed off on the hurrying waters, and in an instant we were whirling southward on the bosom of the flood.

My friend and Joe in one boat taking the lead, Alex and myself in the other 300 yards to the rear. Perched on the mess-chest with my 12-gauge comfortably and handy across my knee I watched the heavily-wooded shores as we hurried on and on; it was grand, the speed, the situation, and the spice of danger exhilarating. At times our craft would pass near the shore; the great swamp oaks loomed up, stretching out their long arms, covered with funereal moss hanging from every stem and branch in long, mournful festoons swaying to and fro with the wind.

Hundreds of cypress knees could be seen, many cane brakes, and deep, dismal swamps, places that suggested reptiles of every description in the hot days of summer.

Again the river broadens, and we would be floating on a lake; looking at the extent of land under water, told how many acres of rich bottom land were available to the cotton planter, land dear to his heart and eyes—land that no white man can work—or even stay over night on in the summer—without contracting a fatal fever. So interested was I in this boat ride I had almost forgotten about shooting until Alex's sharp, quick cry of "Mark um dey iz comin' down the ribber." One, two, three, four—nine mallards. Alex's strong arm guided the boat inshore; on they came, evidently looking for a place to rest. Now their green heads can be seen glistening in the sunlight. Aiming well forward of the leader I pulled, killed the duck next to him and missed completely with my second. Away down the river came the muffled boom of a gun. "There, Alex, Mr. Mac has an unlooked-for shot, and I reckon he has a bird or so. Seldom he misses a fair shot." "Ship ahoy! Where away?" "How many ducks did you kill?" "One," said I. "How many have you?" "Three." "Good enough. A bird apiece for dinner."

"I reckon, Dick, we had better go into camp now, there is no use to try for even decent shooting at this stage of the water, the ducks are away back in the woods and will not appear until they are obliged to follow the receding water. If we go further good ground will be passed over."

We camped at once on a high bank, a pleasant spot, with plenty of firewood handy. An hour or so later we were discussing toothsome mallard and eating only as hungry shooters can eat.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday found us in camp waiting for the river to go down. Sunday evening there was a very perceptible diminution in the water. Monday morning showed us we must make ready for an early start on Tuesday. Tuesday morning, shortly after daybreak found us under way; Mr. Mac, Alex and myself in the shooting boat and Joe in the batteau loaded with the camp plunder, half a mile back.

Mr. Mac took his seat forward with his 12-gauge lying in his lap; Alex seated in the stern, paddle in hand, ready. I stepped in and seated myself behind Mac and gave Alex the word. Smoothly and silently the craft fell down with the easy current skirting the willows close to the bank. Everything was propitious for a good day's sport, water and weather. Silently for half a mile we floated when Mac's sharp eyes detected a bunch of mallards forty yards away under the willows, an instant after I saw them. Alex's strong arm kept the boat on her course with scarcely a ripple, like a phantom we glided on toward the birds; twenty-five yards was reached and the ducks, alarmed, sprang from under the willows presenting their sides, a fatal position. Quickly selecting a bird I fired, and instanly covering another to my left, towering up among the water oaks. As I glanced along the rib of my gun there were two ducks in line, as the trigger was pressed two fine mallards pitched forward and down (takes a long time to describe a few seconds' work). In the same glance around I saw Mac make a beautiful shot with his second barrel. The duck, a fine mallard drake, flew straight away forty yards perhaps, and curved into the left. At the report the bird fell, killed dead in the air, and lay motionless on the water, showing perfect aim of the shooter. Scores of ducks were now flying, mallard, teal, spoonbills, wood ducks and an occasional black duck.

We hugged the point we had now reached and well screened took the wing shots as they were presented. A bunch of teal flying low and thirty yards away left seven of their number behind; next a flock of mallards boldly charged our position, and in the confusion of the retreat forgot to carry off the field three dead and two wounded. An old mallard drake flying down stream fifty miles an hour bowed an humble obeisance to Mac's left barrel, and was retrieved by Alex—a splendid shot. A very large flock of mallards, twenty or so, next made an attempt to dislodge us by a flank movement from the shore side; we saw them just in time. For an instant the situation looked serious for us, but, alarmed at the close proximity of the enemy, our fire was delivered with such effect as to destroy their line and place six of their number *hors de combat*. Mac and I both made fine double shots on this flock. It was magnificent sport, and continued for half an hour or so.

A lull now occurred in the firing, and as we had almost made up our minds to drop down the river to the next point opposite—"Mark! Mark! fo' de lan' sake flatten out; Mark, down de ribber," came in a nervous whisper from Alex.

We looked and counted seven Canada geese coming straight up the river, twenty feet or so above the water, and by all indications looking for a good spot to alight.

We had all crouched low, and with suppressed excitement watched the great birds fly up within a hundred yards of us and strike the water with loud honks of satisfaction. That they had not seen us was evident.

Now commenced a season of patient waiting and watching on our part for the geese to swim within range, and a tantalizing indifference on their part as to how long we should wait. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed; still they swam, dove, fussed and washed themselves. At last the leader gave the signal, "Shoreward," then, with heads erect and stately motion, they made for a point not forty yards below.

The old gander was leading.

> Suddenly, as if overcome
> With a feeling of fear or wonder,
> Like as if the dread presence of death
> Hovered in the air,
> He paused,

and gave a brief and penetrating glance over our way; the wary birds had discovered us—discovered something that bid him stretch his pinions and at the same instant give the alarm note that sent the whole flock into the air.

Something impelled me to look back at the instant the birds left the water, and there was Alex, partially elevated on one of the boat seats, in the excitement, to observe the movements of the geese he had allowed himself to be seen.

Slowly we drifted, and some distance further on we crossed to the opposite side; rounding the point further down we came on a flock of greenwing teal and bagged five. Keeping to this shore for half a mile further we boated eleven ducks, six mallards, two woodducks and three black ducks, and had a number of shots that we failed to score. Drifting, looking for a good camping place, we rounded a sharp turn and came upon a flock of broad bills, swimming at the mouth of a small creek. They rose from the water only twenty yards distant. Mac killed two in beautiful style, right and left barrels, as they flew straight away right and left quartering. I missed an easy single bird with my first and killed two with my left. At this instant turning to give Alex some instructions, he was staring at the sky, mouth open, eyes glistening. I turned and in time to see Mac make a magnificent shot and bring down a Canada goose. Retrieving our game, we landed and prepared for camp. Nine o'clock found us in our blankets sleeping a sleep not enjoyed under a roof.

I now can hear the soughing of the wind in the pine tops and the rippling of the river that lulled me to sleep that night.

The next morning, invigorated by such perfect rest, walking to the margin of the water, bathed head and neck and watched the sun rise gloriously, giving tokens of another fair day.

Dropping further down the river, we had some good point shooting, after which a landing was made on the Esty plantation, Georgia side. While Joe was getting dinner the rest of us selected and prepared the ducks we wished to send up the river by the next boat. The little steamer was expected at the landing below us by 6 or 7 o'clock.

We had just finished dinner when she rounded the point in a cloud of resinous smoke. Alex and Joe put off and delivered the ducks, the steamer moving up for the purpose of receiving them.

Quiet once more reigned in camp; pipes were filled, the right kind of a camp-fire made up that would last until bedtime; lounging on our blankets we gave up to the solid enjoyment of the hour, recounting the exploits of the day.

A week or so longer we had fine sport, and when a few miles above the city of Savanah we disembarked at one of the steamboat landings and with the next steamer north loaded boats, camp equipage homeward bound.

Brown as berrics, strong and hearty, we returned to the prose of life.

DICK SWIVELLER.

Prince Louis in the Canadian Camp.

THE following is the text of the letter received by Harry V. Radford, secretary of the Canadian Camp, from H. S. H. Rear Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, written from Gibraltar, announcing the latter's acceptance of active membership in the Camp:

REAR ADMIRAL'S OFFICE,
Second Cruiser Squadron,
H. M. S. "Drake."
Gibraltar, 4th December, 1905.

SIR:

I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your communication of 20th ultimo, informing me that I had been elected a member of the Canadian Camp.

I request that you will be good enough to express to the Advisory Board the pleasure I feel in accepting the honor thus conferred upon me. I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,
LOUIS BATTENBERG.

Harry V. Radford, Esq.,
212 E. 105th Street,
New York, U. S. A.

Prince Louis, who is an ardent sportsman, has camped, fished and hunted big game in Canada. He was invited to join the Camp during his recent visit to this country, and his informal acceptance was received at that time through President G. Lenox Curtis.

Deer Hunting in Wisconsin.

The last twenty days of November is a very busy time for deer in the northern half of Wisconsin. I have given account of my hunting trips the past four seasons, except the last one, and with your kind permission will here recite how we went and did it during the season just closed.

Our party was made up, as last year, and we camped on Lost Creek, some three miles out from Sayner, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, near the camp of last year. The station of Sayner is building up, and now boasts a lodging house and a grocery store, though the deer seem to be annoyed very little by this intrusion, and the territory adjacent to this branch of the C., M. & St. P. Railway will furnish sport for hunters for years to come. My friends had preceded me by four days, and when Mr. John Surges, who is this year caretaker at the summer house of Mr. Backus, of Chicago, and who chanced to be at the station with his team, landed me and my duffle at our tent door about 3 P. M., I found my friend, Dr. Mackey, keeping house. The boys had selected a sheltered spot in a pine grove, where were dead stubs and stumps for fuel for our two sheet-iron stoves. Headrick, prior to my arrival, had investigated the wood question, and laid stress on the virtue of pine stumps. A couple of days later, when I turned my attention in that direction and found how easily they were lifted from their sandy beds, how readily they yielded to the ax and were divided into all sorts of shapes and sizes suitable for both kindling and keeping fire, and the amount of virtue they possessed owing to the resin they contained, I went after them root and branch, so to speak, and I vowed a vow, to-wit: If in the wisdom of Providence, my lot should again be cast in a pine country, for long or short, I should ask nothing better for fuel than pitch-pine stumps from an old chopping. Why settlers haul them into large heaps and fire them I don't know, unless that it is easier to buy coal than split stumps.

The boys had found something beside stumps, for they had two fine bucks, a duck and some rabbits hanging on a pole, and were out looking for more. It is a habit our boys have that of looking for things when they get up there in the woods, and one can't blame them when one stops to think what the privilege costs in coin of the realm. We look for a desirable place to camp, where game can be found, as well as wood and water. Finding these, we are content; and to see us eat, oh, my! If a man don't eat while camping out in that northern pine country, it's because—well, there is no negative side to the question. There is meat in abundance—porcupines when nothing else—and some people contend that hedgehog is as good eating as other porkers.

Tuesday morning about 2 A. M., Hedrick got up and struck a match, but slipped back to bed. It seemed to me only a few minutes until he was up again, and this time stayed up, the hour being 5 o'clock. Bender was the second man up, and soon thereafter both stoves were roaring and mush was sizzling in the frying pans. The Doctor was always the last to throw off the night robes, and he not infrequently accompanied it with some mild reflections on the fast life certain people seemed disposed to lead. Breakfast over, we were soon hitching on our hunting outfits, and after learning in what direction others were going, I planned a circle, crossed the creek and followed the wagon road down to Big St. Germain Lake, then turned up the Lost Lake road to the chopping south of the lake, then skirted the woods to the northwest, coming back to camp on the old timber railroad, which the boys dubbed Peggy. Peggy was an abandoned road, the bed of which was full of ties from which a good many spikes protruded, hence the name.

On the circle I saw some tracks, but no deer. The earth was dry, the weather fine and the walk a pleasant one of about four miles. After dinner we all went west and then north in something of skirmish line order. I was at the east end of the line in the Glen Brook wagon road, and Spahr was in the woods a half mile to the west. He shot a rabbit and scared a deer, which came by Journay, who got a couple of running shots. I ran down the road and clambered on to an uprooted tree, thinking the deer might run off across my front if the boys did not get him, but instead I got a glimpse of him back south of me in the timber filled with hazel brush, but got no shot. After we went to camp, a dog belonging in the neighborhood took the trail, ran the deer around our camp and on east. The dog came to our camp after dark, and I clubbed him until he left.

The weather was warmer now, and in the night a light rain began to fall, changing to snow, and Wednesday we had about one-half inch of snow, which served for tracking. Hedrick and Spahr went west, Bender and Mackey remaining in camp, while Journay and I went north up the Sayner wagon road. Before we reached the green woods, Journay turned out to the left, the understanding being that we would swing around to the west and south to meet Hedrick and Spahr, who were to go west, then north. Just as I got where I could see into a small ravine, which the road crossed, where there was a deer crossing in the thick woods, I saw a spike buck going west. He had crossed the road and was walking leisurely along a deer trail. I waited until he came into a small open space, then whistled. He stopped, partly facing me, and the next instant tumbled over backward with a ball that hit the left jugular near the shoulder and lodged against the skin of the right shoulder. It was the most killing shot I ever made at a deer. Journay came, and we dragged the deer down the road to camp. We had been out less than an hour, but saw where two deer had crossed the road about 400yds. from camp since we passed along, one having walked quite a distance in the wagon road. I remained in camp, boiled beans and bacon and stewed peas for dinner. The afternoon tramp brought only tired legs.

The boys skinned out the shot shoulder from the deer I had killed, and we had fried venison for supper.

Thursday we hunted west. Journay getting a chance shot at a small deer, which we followed to Plum Creek, where it took water, fooled us for a time, and then slipped off for the heavy timber westward, Journay and Spahr following for about a mile.

Friday, the 17th, we got a fine doe near camp. In the afternoon four of the boys hunted a mile east of camp, Spahr getting a shot and wounding a doe, which they followed until dark. We put in all of Saturday looking for that wounded doe. For a while the brush-covered hills looked like clusters of diamonds, every twig being covered fully its own thickness with frost. Then the sun shone in over old St. Germain, and the picture became a memory. In the afternoon, after the Doctor had had a shot at a deer slipping through a thicket, and Spahr had worn himself and the trail both about threadbare, I called to him, and proceeded down between two ridges on one of which I saw the Doctor some 500yds. west of us. Spahr didn't hear me, or didn't heed, and I went on until I got tangled up in a boggy place covered with shrubbery and logs. I stopped to decide whether I should back out or go on at the risk of wading through knee-deep muck. I thought I might run a rabbit out, so took a step over a log, when rip-tear! went two deer; and by the time I squared around, I could see only a streak going north, which was off to my right, the most inconvenient direction, of course, for me to shoot. I took two snaps at the deer; then the Doctor opened up and threw four balls at them in rapid confusion. The Doctor was shooting with a peep sight, and the boys contended that evening that he was liable to shoot anywhere within twenty feet of the deer. If Spahr had come at my call he would have been in line, and those deer would, without doubt, have suffered another broken leg or two, if nothing worse, for Spahr is a rapid and fairly accurate shot, though it does seem from the number of broken legs charged up to him that his .40-75 has a penchant for shooting low.

Sunday, the 19th, was an Indian summer day. I made a rabbit and squirrel stew for dinner, and we enjoyed the camp and rested mostly.

Monday, the 20th, I stayed in camp during the forenoon, got up wood and prepared dinner. Then, in the afternoon took a turn around the big swamp east of us, but saw nothing. The other boys met like success. The ground was dry, the sun shone, the air was warm, but the deer were non-est.

Tuesday, the 21st, Spahr, Journay, Mackey and I all went down the Eagle River road, scattered and hunted east, between the swamp and Big St. Germain. Spahr and Mackey were in the Lost Lake road, between me and the lake, while I was on a log on a ridge, and Journay was north of me. I saw two deer coming from the west, through the brush. They ran across the grass plot back of the old brown cabin and down toward the lake beyond the cabin. They were some 400 or more yards from me, and thinking we might corner them in the brush near the lake, I called to the boys; but they could not understand, and Spahr ran back west right to the spot the deer crossed, looking toward me all the time, while the deer were beyond him. The upshot of it was the deer ran off east along the shore of the lake. Then I wished I had got in some shots while they were in sight, though clearly out of reach of my .38-40. We continued our hunt on east, then north by west, and when approaching Lost Creek, where we had a foot-log, we got our fifth deer, which we took on to camp.

In the afternoon we all went back across the foot-log, drove south, scared up the three-legged doe again very near where I had disturbed her and another one, ran her into the lake, then let her get away into the hills.

Wednesday, the 22d, we all started down Lost Creek, Spahr and I on the right, the others on the left. In a tamarack swamp filled with brush of every description a small deer jumped, went behind an upturned root, and on like a gray streak. I jerked my gun up and took a snapshot, then yanked another cartridge into the chamber, but I saw no more of the deer.

We twisted about the swamp and thickets, but saw no more, and went to camp for dinner. After dinner Hedrick started out, carrying a ladder about ten feet long, which he said he meant to climb when he got it in position. I think he did stay out there most of that afternoon, but I recall that he was generally in the push afterward. I often think of the fine places one finds from which to shoot, but I note that they are have-beens. They may be on well-used deer trails, but watch them and you get tired and sleepy, for the deer don't use them in the daytime, and in the hunting season especially. I took a long walk among the burned-over hills east of Big St. Germain, then back north by west to camp, through hardwood timber and via Peggy. All I shot was a big white rabbit.

Thursday, the 23d, we all lined up on the Sayner road some 200 yards apart, and made a half circle west, south and east to camp. We found nothing but a grouse, from which Bender clipped the head with his .38 Winchester, and a rabbit I shot with my revolver. The weather theatenend rain, there was no sign of deer, and we wished for snow that we might locate them. Nothing daunted, all but Bender, who had a headache, and I, who had taken the outside of the circle in the forenoon, went over east into the timber for an afternoon hunt. They got some shooting at a doe and fawn and brought the fawn to camp. A light rain set in and continued all night, with much wind.

All day Friday the wind howled and shook mist from the clouds, and toward night the temperature dropped. The boys made an evening hunt in the woods east, but got nothing. Rain turned to snow.

Saturday, the 25th, we hunted east of the big swamp and did some tracking in the light snow. At one place Hedrick and I saw where a wolf had been chasing a rabbit, and in the end the small deer we were following fooled Hedrick completely. He tracked it down to Lost Creek, where it landed out in the water on the jump, and he concluded it had crossed the creek, so whistled us all in to the foot-log, where we crossed. Spahr and I went up the creek to pick up the deer trail, but could not find it, though we searched the bank for several hundred yards. The deer must have gone up the creek some distance and returned to the swamp on the same side it left.

The next day I made a long jaunt east some three miles through hardwood and came back on a road running east to Found Lake. Two young men who are spending the winter at Found Lake came up with me. They were going out to the little store at Sayner station for supplies, and one was pulling a hand sled. I got back to camp for dinner and rested during the remainder of the day.

The following day we scoured the woods east of the big swamp thoroughly, followed some deer trails in the light snow, but got nothing save a couple of rabbits. While I was standing on a stump a mink came racing by. Just as it was opposite me I jerked my gun to my face, hoping it would see the movement and stop long enough for me to shoot its head off, for it was a large black one and its pelt worth some $4. It saw the movement, but instead of hesitating, it turned like a streak of lightning and simply flew back to an old root and was out of sight.

In the evening rain began to fall, turning to fine snow, and in the night I told the boys we were likely to be buried before morning. At 4 A. M. I was awakened by a yell from Bender. We all got out and shoveled the snow off the tents, which were giving way under the heavy load. The earth is yellow sand, and the rope stakes will not hold as they do in clay soil. The snow in the open choppings was about ten inches; in the green woods, where much of it lodged on the branches, it was not more than five inches; but down in the swamps, where the creepers, moss and brush held it up, it was knee-deep. About 8 A. M. Journay and Spahr started down the west side of Lost Lake, while Bender, Hedrick and I crossed the creek and took the road along the east side of the creek, our intention being to disturb any game that might be sheltered in the swamp thickets along either side of the creek. While we were on the ridge between the crek and the big swamp basin on the east three shots were fired by one of the boys on the west side. Hedrick and I stopped and waited, looked and listened, but could come to no conclusion as to what was happening or where Spahr and Journay had gone. So I went back up the road, recrossed the creek and followed Jonrnay's tracks down along the creek until I came to where he had turned suddenly and gone westward across a chopping. I followed his trail until I came on to Spahr's tracks and the trail of a deer that had jumped from its bed and gone off southwest through the thicket on the southeast of Bass Lake. Then I tried to let Hedrick and Bender, who were yet over east of the creek, know what was taking place, but could not locate them. So I went on down the creek and soon met Journay, who with Spahr had turned back after following the deer over south of Bass Lake, and finding that Spahr had missed. The boys turned back toward camp for the walking was very exhausting, and I, too, turned and crossed a windfall of small uprooted trees at the outlet of Bass Lake, shaping my course for the hill where Spahr jumped the deer, beyond which the old Peggy road led to camp. While divided over some logs that lay crosswise, with both feet buried in the snow and bog, a rabbit scooted out from under me and lay sprawled under a log about eight feet distant. I took the rabbit along with me, and when I came to the hill back-trailed Spahr's deer, for it seemed to me a peculiar circumstance that a deer should be lying up on that shelterless, chopped-over hillside in deep snow, when 200 yards further on there was a comparatively safe retreat and good shelter. Yes, even at the foot of the hill there was a fringe of brush and vines bordering Bass Lake. But here that deer had made a second bed within 100 yards.

Now, I have followed deer some, and I stopped and asked myself, "Where is the other deer?" Some one might ask, what other deer? You have only mentioned one. Do deer always go in pairs?" No, not always. But something influenced that deer to lie down up there on the bleak hillside in eight inches of snow. She didn't like it so got up and pottered on to the farther point of the hill. The something would not come, so she lay down again. I went on the back trail some further and here it was made plain. A second deer had come up the hill from down by the lake jumping on three legs, the fourth leg uselessly swinging from side to side, the sharp toes cutting circles in the snow. Spahr didn't see this deer for she went off northwest, while the one he shot at was farther east and he was shooting and looking southward. I followed her trail across Peggy and on west of the old lumber camp wagon road, then turned off to camp. This was the evening of our hunt, and we had to leave the three-legged deer to the mercy of the wolves.

I was in camp sixteen days, all of which were filled with rollicking boyish pleasure. Among the shots I got were one at a rabbit's head twenty-seven steps, and another at a partridge walking. In the first instance the ball from my gun cut the throat of the rabbit, and in the second the partridge's head had just disappeared behind a tree and I caught a quick bead and lifted the back off the bird without mussing up the meaty part. One of the quickest and most accurate shots I ever made.

We took in all seven deer, one duck, three partridge, a dozen rabbits and some pine squirrels. The latter we shot with a target gun among the pine shrubs around camp. Game wardens must have taken it for granted that we were on our good behavior, for none made themselves known to us. Neither were we annoyed by other hunters, and if settlers' dogs had stayed out of our hunting grounds everything would have been ideal and we would have taken more deer. G. W. Cunningham.

Guide and Kaiser.

Hamar, Norway, Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article, "Kings Afield," in the Forest and Stream of Nov. 25, reminds me of an amusing incident happening to Kaiser Wilhelm on one of his trips to Norway.

He had decided that he wanted to shoot a reindeer, but as they won't consent to being "driven," like the German stags, he had to stalk them like any other common human being, and had secured the services of an old hunter and mountaineer as guide.

They had found a bunch of deer and were stalking them, the guide ahead and the Kaiser a little distance behind, when the old fellow thought the Emperor was making too much noise and angrily turning around shook his fist at him. At this the Emperor was rather surprised, and his attending officer was about paralyzed. It was taken all in good nature, however, and within a short time he had his reindeer. Chr. G.

Through the escape recently of a large number of jack rabbits from a preserve on the Country Club's grounds, Eastport, L. I., the adjacent covers are now filled with game. The rabbits belonged to Dr. Parker a member of the club, who was fond of hunting them with hounds.

THE MANY-USE OIL
prevents rust. Lubricates perfectly: 6 oz. can, 25c.—*Adv.*

Adirondack Deer Hunting.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am astonished to read that the New York Legislature is in favor of a return to the barbarous and unsportsmanlike custom of hounding deer in Essex county. This is a matter that should interest every resident, past and present, of our grand, historic, old county, and your paper should publish some letters showing both sides of this subject.

This question came up in a similar way last year and aroused such a torrent of indignant protest from sportmen all over the State that it was quickly laid aside. Now its hydra head appears again and its sponsors, hanging on by their eyebrows, as it were, in their attempt to scale the battlements of intelligent public opinion, seek as an excuse that Essex county is now exempt from the State bear law, and that hounding of deer is allowed on Long Island.

We all know that Essex was excepted after a long and bitter fight because bears were quite numerous there and protection to the sheep industry was urged. It forms no precedent for hounding deer at all.

The slaughter and maiming of men and animals on Long Island under the name of sport, during the few days of hunting there is referred to in terms of horror by all good citizens, and the cellar is about the only safe place for non-combatants and their families while the insane orgy rages to the merry sound of horn and hound.

Our local Chapter of the K. W. Y. A. A. (Kno-what-u-aim-at), composed mostly of natives of Essex county or summer residents owning lodges there who hunt deer and are bound by a solemn pledge never to shoot a human being in the woods, at a meeting yesterday unanimously decided that each member should do all in his power to prevent a return to hounding deer. The advocates of this proposed change and the Fish and Game Commissioners will hear from our members.

I believe that this is merely an expedient to determine the will of the people in advance of legislation upon the subject, and that it has the support of a few local hunters or indifferent men who have not the skill or patience to hunt deer like sportsmen, but who prefer to shoot or club the unfortunate creatures in the water when in an exhausted condition, and afterward eat their flesh when unfit for human food.

Not a single reason set forth for the proposed return to hounding will stand calm investigation by people acquainted with the facts. Nothing can be adduced to show that the county as a whole would be benefitted. One result would be the driving of many deer into adjoining counties, and the moose and elk, not to mention brother Rodney West's caribou, upon which so much money has been expended, would be scattered and lost. The former would keep right on to Canada as they did years ago.

The fact that Essex county is rough and mountainous is one of the strongest reasons for maintaining it as a natural game refuge. There is much hounding done in certain remote but well-known sections of the county at present, in defiance of the law. Does any sane man believe that a future licensing of this butchery of deer would decrease the amount of hounding done? The deer would simply have to stand a double drain.

Still-hunting and hounding do not work together well. After about a month of the former such deer as have eluded the sportsmen who can shoot are then to be harried from their late reterats by dogs, driven to the ponds to be shot or clubbed to death and, in the event of escape, often to perish miserably from the effects of chilling after the run.

Remember that consideration for the greatest good of the greatest number of the entire citizenship of our State should govern legislative deliberation in this matter.

Our good friends and relations of the north must not think that they alone are interested in the preservation and increase of the deer supply. No warmer champions of Essex county exist than those of us exiled here in the great city who are chained by the cares of business life for a large portion of the year.

Surely, we can look upon the subject of deer hounding with as clear a vision as our brethren of the farms and villages in that favored section of the world. I am certain that the present law will be continued in force and, I expect, will rigidly punish all future violations. PETER FLINT.

North Carolina Game Conditions.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bear hunters in Western North Carolina in the high mountain region are now having a great amount of sport, and from Jackson county comes the news of the killing of twelve bears in a few days, some being very large specimens. Some fine ones have been secured and mounted at the State museum here, where the exhibit of the fauna of the State has been made remarkably complete by Curator Brimley. This feature of the museum is found to be very instructive and attractive and the curator has promised the writer to deliver a lecture there in January in the great hall in which the specimens are so admirably shown.

News comes from Greensboro, which is in the center of the district which is so much visited by northern sportsmen who for years have been leasing lands for hunting privileges, that prices of leases are to be advanced. The old price has been the payment of taxes, amounting to about three cents an acre annually, but last year some of the wealthy men themselves offered an advance figure, this being ten cents an acre, and of course they obtain leases. This news of course got abroad among the landowners. Many of the old leases expire this year, several of the lessees having lodges on their preserves. One man has 30,000 acres, and he will now have to pay $300, while formerly he paid only $90. One of the large holders is Samuel Spencer, and his lease is expiring. He does not have a hunting lodge, but uses his private car, as the Southern Railway traverses his large hunting preserve. W. G. Brokaw, of New York, two years ago bought outright 3,000 acres of land and besides this leased about 15,000, in addition of which he has invested over $10,000 in a lodge, barns, stables, kennels, etc. Thre are over twenty hunting lodges in that section of the State and the owners spend a great deal of money. In fact, it is said that every partridge they kill costs them $10, but, of course, they do not mind this, money being no object to such sportsmen.

The writer is making arrangements for an illustrated lecture by Secretary Gilbert Pearson of the State Audubon Society at Pinehurst sometime in January or February, before the great number of wealthy northern people who will be at that noted resort. Pearson is one of the most delightful lecturers in that country, and has the soul of the true artist as well.

There are some complaints by sportsmen that partridges are very hard to find. The birds are all fully grown now, and they stay pretty close to the densest cover in their vicinity, along branches, particularly where there is a good supply of bamboos and blackberry bushes. There are a great many hunters this year, and a lot of the country people shoot extremely well. They buy good guns and know how to use them, too. Birds are sold here by the killers at from 10 to 12½ cents, though in some cases they bring as much as 15 cents, and the farmers have in a good many cases caught on to the fact that the woodcock is an extra fine bird, and want 20 cents for him. This is a big change from a few years ago, when they used to throw off the head of a woodcock in order to pass him off as a partridge. I can remember the time when birds used to sell from 5 to 7½ cents. I do not hear of much trapping this year, though a report comes from Lillington that live birds have come from there for sale, and I have notified Secretary Pearson about this. The weather has been very rough on the coast to the great delight of duck hunters. FRED. A. OLDS.

A Trip to North Carolina.

ALONG in the late summer I was talking with one of my law partners about a trip to North Carolina for quail. As he was a North Carolinian, he at once wrote to Mr. Isaac Tull, of Kinston, N. C., a friend, to ask if he could accommodate a small party. The response was prompt; that the season opened Nov. 1, and he would taks us. The party of five was soon made up, and on Oct. 30, we left Newark at 10 o'clock at night with dogs and guns, and left business behind.

Next afternoon at 3:50 we were at Goldsboro, and at 4:10 were on a branch railroad for Kinston. When we arrived at Kinston, we were met by Isaac and Edward Tull, both college graduates and two of the best fellows in this world. The first thing was a trip to the County Clerk, who had kept his office open for us and gave us each a license for $50 of money of the realm. This officer had none of the acidity of northern office-holders, but was as courteous as he could be. Then we climbed into a large three-seated wagon and went out to the Tull homestead, some three miles distant. Mrs. Tull met us at the door and gave us a hearty welcome.

Next morning the hunting began. Twenty-seven coveys of quail were raised the first day, and it was great shooting. There were so many birds we were all careless, and only thirty-one birds were brought in that night. Each day of shooting brought its own special pleasures and delights. I can see it yet, the pleasant days, the eager dogs, the joyous call, "Did you get him," and I long to drop legal papers and go back and stay. Several coveys of young birds were found, but not shot at.

On Saturday we had dinner at Kinston with Mr. Sugg, who is the Register of Deeds. We met his wife and son, and a delightful family they proved to be. Every one we met had the time for inquiries as to our visit and well wishes for our success. I cannot stop until I mention a barbecue, a pig roasted over hot coals from 6 A. M. until 4 P. M.; but when that barbecued pig was in one's mouth, the wait was forgotten. I can't forget Mr. Sessons, with his kindly help, and "Hism," with his unending good humor. KING.

Boston Notes.

BOSTON, Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sportsmen's show, which will open next Monday, promises to be excellent. One of the sights everybody will wish to see is the yoke of buffalo from Corbin's Park to be driven by Ernest Harold Baynes.

Several Boston gunners are reported to be securing immense bags of ducks at Currituck and other southern resorts, in some instances several hundred birds to a gun having been killed in a week's shooting. If permitted to live till next season some of those birds would fall to New England shooters.

In Bristol county our partridges may be hunted until Dec. 15, and the number left at the end of the season in that county is bound to be very small. So far as the shooting season for upland birds is concerned, our North Attleboro friends would be glad to have the season the same as in the other counties.

The Eastern Massachusetts Association is to have another fox hunt on Dec. 30, when the members are notified to meet for that purpose at Wilmington.

CENTRAL.

National Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The National Motor Boat and Sportsman's Show will open at Madison Square Garden Feb. 20, and continue up to and including March 8. This promises to be the greatest show of this kind ever held in this country, judging from the unusual number of applicants for space, which applications include nearly all the old exhibitors and many new ones.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, Manager.



Dan Claussen—Sealer.

And never a law of God nor man
Runs north of Fifty-three.

"THAT'S right, except always as to citizens of the United States," said Dan Claussen as I finished the quotation. "There is no law up there for anybody, except Uncle Sam's boys. We are obliged to rest on our oars and lose money while subjects of other countries go home with the goods all the way from Thirty-five, North."

We were talking seals and sea otter. That is Dan's business: a seal and otter hunter, one of the best in the North Pacific and Behring Sea, having been at it for over twenty years. His blue eyes are yet steady and keen and can distinguish a seal or otter on the water while his mates are uncertain and waiting for the report of the man with the glass. Then, too, he has the trick of the double shot and is a thorough sailor also. That is why he can get a lay at any time for from $4.50 to $5 for each seal, and from $25 to $30 for each otter he kills. The schooner in which Dan had sailed for the Far North had been turned back by a revenue cutter, and I was up in his cosy little flat in Center Place, San Francisco, to welcome him home. We were in the sitting room; his wife was in the kitchen sousing the supper dishes in the hot suds in the sink, while she sang to the little ones playing on the floor. She was content, for Dan was at home; but, for that matter, she always knew he would return, and that confidence had brought Dan home more than once when his mates gave up and dropped into the sea—but that comes later in the story. Now, it was after a good supper. Dan was in a comfy chair, his slippered feet in another. He had just finished relating an incident of his last voyage in the now famous Carmencita, the crew of which had attempted to raid the seal rookeries on the Kormandorski, or Copper, Islands and had been repulsed, the Russians killing one man, Walter York, of Missouri, and wounding boat-puller Friedlander. It was then I quoted the couplet and he continued:

"The wisdom and far-sightedness of the founders of this Government was not all the spellbinders would have us believe. If John Quincy Adams had been put wise and not got off on the wrong foot and butted into the argument between Russia and England back in 1822, it is more than likely that now there wouldn't be any modus vivendi, Paris Tribunal, Joint High Commission, Pelagic Sealing—tommyrot and Americans might be permitted to take fur seals in our own seas without having the humiliation of seeing Canucks, Kanakas, Japanese, Russians and Britishers come in and kill them and get away with the pelts while we are not even allowed to hunt. That's right. Every captain of a sealing schooner has in his cabin books on the sealing industry and keeps posted right up to date on all that is going on in his line. Sealers are never in a hurry unless chased by a revenue cutter with a six-pounder mounted forward, and in the long days and nights up there in the heave and settle of the sea I have read and studied the question pretty thoroughly, and this is the way it figures out.

"In 1821 Czar Paul issued a proclamation declaring the Behring a closed sea, a Russian sea. To this England objected in a way, not seriously, however, Lord Londonderry, the premier, sending a polite little note to the Czar, saying that England would rather he wouldn't, or something equally as emphatic. There the matter rested until our John Quincy Adams learned what the Czar was up to, and then there was something doing right away. John Quincy took a hand and sent word to the Czar that America would not stand for his proposition for a minute, that the Behring was an open sea and free water. The Duke of Wellington succeeded Lord Londonderry and backed up John Quincy and between them they jammed the Czar into admitting that his jurisdiction over the Behring Sea extended no further than the range of his shore cannon.

"We bought Alaska from Russia in 1867, and in a year or two after we farmed out the sealing privileges in the Behring Sea to the Alaska Commercial Company for $50,000 per year and a royalty of $2 for every seal killed. The rookeries were then on islands off the Alaskan Coast and the Prybiloff, or Seal Islands, north of the Aleutian chain of islands. Sealers from all over the Pacific flocked there and to the Russian rookeries

on the Kormandorski Islands and along Saghalien, the Kuriles, Kamchatka and the Japanese coast. In one year, I have forgotten the exact date, they took 142,000 skins while the Alaska Company took less than half that number. This led to rapid decrease in the herds and a great howl from the company paying for the exclusive privilege of seal fishing in the Behring Sea. The United States sent revenue cutters up there and seized a lot of sealing schooners, among them being a number of Canadian vessels. This raised a howl from Canada and England and led to the meeting of the Paris Tribunal in 1893 to settle the question. In the meantime the Alaska Company's lease had expired, in 1890, and we re-leased to the North American Commercial Company for another twenty years at $60,000 per year and a royalty of $2.62½ for each skin.

"They did not do a thing to us in that Paris Tribunal of 1893. We laid claim to all of Behring Sea as part of Russia's possessions transferred to us by our purchase of Alaska; that the Czar had claimed the Behring as a closed sea; we had bought it from him and were entitled to its complete control. Those Britishers didn't do a thing but take down some musty old papers, brush off the dust and show us that seventy years before that, America had denied Russia's claim to a closed sea; that, on the contrary, we had declared for and maintained an open sea and free water, limiting Russia's jurisdiction to a cannon shot from shore. Now, what could we do in the face of that? Nothing but sit down and be quiet. All we got out of that was a closed season from May 1 to July 31, and a sixty-mile zone around the Prybiloffs for five years; later we had to pay Canada nearly $500,000 for her vessels seized by our cutters.

"Pelagic sealing, you know, is hunting seals in the open sea while they are on their way to and from their rookeries. We wanted England to aid us in stopping that, but she would not do it; then we wanted the use of firearms prohibited; England halfway agreed to that, but never enforced it. Now, here is the situation. America forbids its citizens to engage in pelagic sealing, other nations do not. America forbids its citizens to use firearms in hunting seals; other nations do not, although England partly agreed to the proposition, but never seals the arms of an offending schooner like America does. America forbids the killing of female seal; other nations do not. America has forbidden the importation of seal skins; other nations have not. America is the only nation policing the sealing waters; England sends a small man-of-war up there once in awhile that steams around and then goes into some port and lays up. We are driven out of our seas by our own revenue cutters, while subjects of other nations are permitted to come in and kill and send away the pelts. This is the fifth time now I have been turned back by the cutters. We take out sealing papers for the north and sail away. Up there we are met and turned back by the cutters. For this I now have five claims against the Government for the loss of as many season's product. America is sitting meekly and quietly with folded hands, while other nations are robbing her of untold millions. A few of us are striving to get our share, sometimes we escape the sea police that America keeps up there to protect the seals for other nations, and sometimes we do not.

"Up on the Pribyloffs the seals calve about the first of July and it is a month or more before the young are able to care for themselves. During that time the female seals range far our after fish; that is why the sixty-mile zone was established for five years. Along in August and the first of September the herd begins to take to the water and start south through the passes of the Aleutian Islands. No one knows how far they go, but I have often picked up some of the herd on the way north in the spring as far south as 43°. That will be along early in March, and by May they are nearing their rookeries again. It is peculiar, but a fact, that the Russian seals do not come east of the 180th meridian, nor do the seals of the Pribyloffs and Alaska go west of it.

"In going on a sealing cruise we generally start along the latter part of January or early in February and expect to pick the herd on the way north along the coast about 43° or 45°. In the fall coming down they keep to the deep water, but returning they circle in to the coast. The ordinary schooner of to-day is 90 or 100 feet long, about 25 feet beam and 8 feet depth of hold. Some are, however, much smaller, and I have cruised in 20 and 40-ton boats. In otter hunting, we use even smaller craft in order to slip into inlets in the coast.

"The rig of a sealer like I have described will be two masts with main and fore courses, gaff topsails, jibs and staysails. The time was when we did not have to carry so much canvas, but nowadays it takes a big spread of cloth to catch enough wind to leave a cutter. Generally such a craft would carry a crew of thirty men, all told, three men for each of the eight boats, the captain, two mates, cook and helper and cabin boy. The boats are clinker-built double-enders, 20 feet long and about 4½ feet beam, in which a small mast can be stepped and a jib set on the stay. These boats are manned by three men each, the hunter, the boat-puller and boat steerer; the two latter are allowed fifty cents each for every seal killed by their hunter. For the past few years I have had the same boat-puller and steerer. When I get my lay, I hunt them up and they ship with me. They know my ways and I know theirs, and I do not even have to speak when caution is necessary; if we have a successful season, I also pay them something from my earnings in addition to that received from the owners.

"Say the lookout picks up the herd some morning along about 45° north, the word is passed and the eight boats go over the side. In each boat there are two shotguns with cartridges carrying buckshot, 21 pellets to the load; a five or ten-gallon keg of water and a box of provisions and a compass. The location of the herd is given, the captain lays a general course, and the boats give way. We often range from 15 to 25 and 30 miles from the schooner, sometimes a fog comes down and then—

"Seals go in bands of from three or four to thirty or forty, but a herd may consist of tens of thousands. In the old days I have seen the sea fairly alive with them for miles. They can sleep right on the water, while an otter does not. If a seal is asleep a first-class boat-steerer can run within six or eight yards without waking it. When the old bulls give the alarm the herd in hearing goes under water. The double shot is a trick and requires quick action on the part of the hunter. If two seals are close together the boat-steerer brings them in line for the hunter who fires at the one ahead or furthest away and instantly depresses the muzzle of the gun and plugs the nearest one. At the first shot he fires directly over the nearest one which always throws up its head at the whistle of the shot, and then dives; that is the second which the hunter must utilize. When the herd goes down, we go on in the same general direction to pick up others or to meet the first when it comes up, if it does. If I see I am going to have a busy day I set my two men to skinning when I have six seals in the boat; an ordinary fur seal will weigh about 125 pounds. A good skinner will strip the pelt from one and have the carcass overboard in five minutes. He runs the knife around the tail flipper, then rips the pelt up the belly to the jaw, passes the knife around each of the forward flippers and then begins skinning much as one does the carcass of a steer. The pelt comes away easily, and after reaching the flippers, they are poked through the holes and the skin is taken from the head. When we return at night the skins are counted and the captain and mates salt and put them away.

"Of course, I am speaking of pelagic sealing, hunting in the open sea, and it is against the law for Americans to do that, but not for other nations. We follow the herd up the coast until we sight a cutter and then—Killing seals at the rookeries is easier than knocking a pig in the head at the slaughter houses and is sheer butchery. You can read all about it in books, what I am telling now is known only to the men engaged in it.

"Sea otter hunting is more dangerous than seal hunting, and of late has become a losing proposition. Sea otter are almost extinct along the Pacific Coast from Mexico to Alaska. I saw an otter skin once that sold for $1,000 in London, the raw pelt, too; it was a beauty though, fur unusually thick and the color lighter than the blue of a maltese kitten. The best skin I ever killed sold for $500. I remember the time when sea otter were plenty. Off the Cherikoffs in '87 we run on to a herd of about 400. It was late in the afternoon, and the captain, who happened to be with one of the boats, signalled to return quietly to the schooner. He said we would not scatter the herd that night, it was so late that we could hope to get only a few, but we would be out bright and early in the morning. Well, sir, do you know that the blasted Indians from Cherikoff got on to the herd some way and went into it with their lances. The next morning we could not find a single otter.

"Otter range differently on different coasts. Off Japan and Kamchatka we find them well off shore in deep water, but on the American coast they are found close in shore in and on the kelp. Some carry six to eight boats on an otter hunting cruise, but in my experience four boats are enough. In hunting otter we use the ordinary, high-power repeating rifles, one never gets near enough to use a shotgun. The four boats leave the schooner abreast and about 400 yards apart, which formation they keep for miles. If an outside boat sights an otter it pulls or sails within shooting distance and the hunter fires; if he misses and the otter dives, the boat is driven rapidly ahead 200 yards or more beyond where the otter went down. The next boat pulls to where the otter was last seen; the third boat pulls straight ahead even with the first boat and the fourth pulls even with the one behind, thus forming a square in which the otter is sure to come up, as they never stay down over five minutes. The signal, when an otter is sighted, is the raising of on oar perpendicularly.

"I have been lost on the sea nine times. Were you ever adrift in an open boat in a fog on the Aretic? Well—all right, say when—here's hoping you may never be. The wife out there always expects me to come home, and, knowing that she has that confidence, it has strengthened me when other men stronger than I have dropped off. It is lonely, that North Pacific and the Behring; you are away out of the trade routes and know that if you are picked up it will be an accident or a direct act of Providence.

"I was one of the crew of the C. G. White that sailed from San Francisco in '90 for the Kormandorski group, the Behring and Copper islands, probably the first schooner to fit out here for sealing on the Siberian coast. We reached the vicinity of the islands all right, twenty men, all told. As I said the seals of the Siberian coast seldom if ever cross the 180th meridian, but range south from their rookeries and return in the spring. The herd was pretty well north when we picked it up one fine morning. We were then about forty-five miles off Copper Island. Six boats put out, three men to the boat, leaving Captain Hagman and the cabin boy in charge of the schooner. We caught up with the herd all right, but about 10 o'clock in the morning a strong southeast wind came up, kicking up a nasty sea. We saw we could not return to the schooner and thought to ride out the blow until she could come along and pick us up. A little after noon a thick fog settled down, and we could see scarcely a boat length ahead. A few minutes before it shut down, I had signalled the others to turn and run for the lee of the islands, then about twenty-five miles away. My boat made the lee all right, and we laid there in the dense fog all that night, all the next day and the greater part of the next night. We had become separated from the other boats and I had heard nothing of them. Late the second night the fog lifted and away off to south'ard I saw a riding light. Our provisions were all gone, and we were down to our last pint of water. We pulled for the light and found it to be on the schooner J. Hamilton Lewis, Captain Alexander McLean—yes, this same captain of the Carmencita who has been causing all the row lately. I told him there were five other boats with three men each lost somewhere in the vicinity, and we cruised about for three days before we picked them up, four of them. Poor fellows, they were about all in. Their water was gone and they had had nothing to eat but raw seal meat for three days. One was dead and two wounded, shot by Russians. They told us that the five boats had approached the islands, seeking shelter, but the Russian guards, thinking it another raid, opened fire without warning. One man dropped in a boat shot through the head, another was shot in the breast and another through the leg. Four boats immediately put about for sea, they contained the dead and wounded; the fifth boat signalled its distress and was permitted to land. I heard afterward that they were fairly well-treated until they could be sent to the mainland. We kept a sharp lookout for our schooner, but failed to raise her and Capt. McLean abandoned his summer's cruise and stood away for San Francisco. He said the men he had picked up were in sore straits and there would be mourning in eighteen families if he did not make port before the C. G. White. You see, we had cruised about and, failing to see any sign of wreckage, concluded that the captain and cabin boy had abandoned the search. McLean is a driver and, Lord, how he did send the Lewis down from 55° north. The little White beat us in three days, Captain Hagman and the boy bringing her all the way alone, watch and watch. There was weeping and wailing among the families supposed to be lost, but when I walked into my house the wife looked up, gave a little sob, and said: 'Oh, Danny, I knew you would come, and told others so.' Hagman had poked about in the fog for the two days and when it lifted and he failed to see us he thought we had gone down. He never had any idea that we would make the lee of the islands in that strong southeaster.

"Some owners would send the sealers out in any kind of an old tub. Nowadays I take a look over the vessel before I ship, but in 1889 I was not so cautious. That was the season I sailed in the Mary Deleo. The first little blow started her seams. We had patent pumps that were geared to from 1,400 to 1,600 strokes every four hours; we kept that up for the seven months we were out in that old hulk. When we came back and she went on the ways, I heard that it was found her seams had been caulked with half-inch rope and pitched over. I never investigated the truth of the report; I feared it might be true, and I did not want to meet the owners.

"In the nineties I was in a schooner that was driven head on by a gale into the rocks south of Drake's Bay. Some of the crew launched a boat. It was swamped before it got a length from the vessel, and a few of those aboard reached the rocks. I with others went to the rigging, for the sea was breaking over the deck. She began breaking up and heeled over until the high seas reached us. Now and then a man would go. You could see his white face and clenched jaws through the black of the night, a sea would strike us and when it passed he would be gone. Do you want to know what held me to that rigging all that night? It was the thought of my wife knowing I would come home. When morning dawned I was alone in the rigging.

"Two years later I was lost in the fog in my otter boat south of the same spot. I was picked up by a schooner bound north, and the next day, opposite Drake's Bay, I had the captain put me off in my boat, as I was confident that I could make the bay. The bar was breaking, my boat was capsized, and I was dashed up on the rocks. I stretched and climbed, slipped back into the water, climbed again and was drawn back by the waves and climbed again, until I reached the highest part of the rocks, and even there the waves would sometimes break over me. I held on, and in the morning was taken off. Not many yards below I could see the rotting hulk of the schooner in which I was wrecked two years before.

"Another season I was hunting otter off Gray's Harbor. I was in one boat alone, and we had two other boats out with two men each. There was a gale come on, and our little schooner was driven into the breakers on the bar before the two men on board knew what was coming. They managed to drive her through, however, and made the harbor. I was driven inside the breakers and into the surf, but could not make the entrance to the harbor. The shore, a few yards away, was a precipitous rock, and to be dashed against that meant death, so I had to hold my boat between the breakers and the surf, for to have been hit by a breaker would have been as equally fatal. By yells and signs I directed the other men where to come and how to hold their boats. On the approach of a breaker, they were to do as I did; pull away toward shore as far as they dared and when the wave broke, row toward it with all their might to keep from being carried ashore. They did it as long as their strength held, but after four hours they, one by one, failed to get far enough away from the breakers and were swamped within plain view. For five hours I held my boat there. All the time I kept saying over and over to myself, 'The wife will be waiting for me to come,' and by God I held.

"During the sealing season we figure that a hundred men are lost from all the boats. That is what My-ladies' sealskins cost—the lives of 100 men each year. Things happen in the north and along the Japanese and Siberian coasts that never get into the papers.

"Were you ever caught in the Black Current off the Japanese coast, a high see running from the northwest, typhoon coming from the southeast and black night coming down? No; then may God keep you out of it. I was once, in the taut little schooner Kate and Ann. That was April 24, 1894; the glass dropped to 28.20, and if you don't know what that means, ask any old sea captain. A terrible northwest gale raged until 10 in the morning, then shifted and a typhoon came up from the southeast right against a sea that a landsman would say was mountain high. The typhoon broke at 6 P. M., and all that time we were riding with only a goose-wing mainsail and everything lashed down, preventer sheets on the boom and the wheel lashed and the men slipping about the wallowing deck with bights of rope around their waists. Time and again we were buried under the smother, but we always come up; but once we caught and hung and thought we were gone. We would have been if it had not been for the captain. We had two boats on the poop, and a heavy sea breaking over the stern filled the boats as the schooner heeled; the weight of the water in the boats held the

little craft down and the next sea would turn her turtle.

"'Smash those boats!' yelled the captain, and we tumbled and rolled to the poop, caved in the boats and smashed the bulwarks to let out the water and righted just as the next wave slipped under us. In our company that morning were five big, new 100-ton schooners; when the typhoon broke they were nowhere to be seen. and were never heard of again. Each vessel with its crew of thirty men had gone down. Off Vancouver, 1887, I rode out a hurricane in a little 40-ton schooner when two big 3000-ton square-riggers went down, the St. Stephens and the Harvey Mills.

"There is another thing up there that puts the fear of God into the soul of a sealer, and that is the Killer or Sea Wolf. Some say it is a species of grampus, others a species of whale; but we call it the 'Killer.' They are about half the length of a whale, from twenty to thirty feet, have teeth about three or four inches long and an inch through and a fin eight or ten feet long on the back. I have seen them swallow whole sea lion calves, weighing from 75 to 100 pounds. Two or three of them can get away with a big whale. If a seal boat gets in the vicinity of those killers, or even one of them, it gets away as quickly as possible. Many men and boats have disappeared in fair weather and have never been heard of again. A killer does not hesitate to attack a small boat and, striking it amidships, will hurl it ten feet or more in air. The blood of the seals bailed out of the boats attracts the killers, they come for the boat with a rush, and it's 'lost at sea' for that boat's crew. Frequently a ship or steamer comes to port, the passengers of which will have a thrilling story about witnessing an encounter between a thresher or killer and a whale; that they had seen and heard the resounding whacks of the attacking party's flukes against the back and sides of a whale. To scalers and whalers this is amusing. In the first place, the tongue of a whale is the point of attack, and in the second place, when a whale is attacked, he goes down deep, and he goes fast and stays down until he is away from the scene of danger. What they saw was a cow whale lobtailing with her calf. The calf stands on its head and swats the old cow across the back with its tail. They will play on the surface of the water in this manner for an hour at a time, swimming around in a kind of a circle.

"I have been sealing and otter hunting since early in the eighties, but there is nothing in it any more. The otters are disappearing, and Americans have no rights in the North Pacific and the Behring Sea. An American goes up there and is chased out by the revenue cutters of his own country, while sealers of other nations give him the laugh and keep right on killing. It looks like a land job for me from now on, though I may make a last try for otter down the south coast."

Dan was in that raid of the Carmencita on the Russian rookeries on Copper Island last season, but he will not talk about it for publication. The man that headed that raid was Captain Alexander McLean, who, six years before, had picked up him and his mates after they had been adrift in the Behring Sea in open boats for two days and nights and then abandoned his cruise and brought them home. Hence Dan does not care to say anything that might cause his rescuer and former captain any inconvenience, inasmuch as his alleged backers are under indictment from the Federal grand jury in San Francisco for illegal sealing, and there are two similar indictments against McLean, who is still at sea. There is one man, however, who will talk, and that is Oscar Wazschoff, mate of the Carmencita, whom McLean marooned on Clayoquot last April:

"McLean has a grudge against the Russians," says Wazschoff, "and, mark you, he will play even. I don't know where his grudge began, but I think, maybe, it was what he saw in the boats when he picked up Dan Claussen and his mates fifteen years ago off Copper Islands.

"When we cleared from San Francisco we had a provisional register from Mexico to take a cargo from Victoria to Acapulco, but even a plow-tail sailor coming aboard would have known that that was a bluff. Thirty good men forward, Big Alec McLean aft, and a rack full of repeating rifles in the captain's cabin didn't look like we were going after a load of pine lumber. We stood away for Attu, the most westerly of the Aleutian group and cruised about until along the latter part of August, until the killin' season was well over on Copper Island. I can't say the trip was uneventful, for events were happening every little bit in the fo'c'sle and on deck. Nearly all the thirty men were discharged soldiers from the Philippines; there was not over half a dozen men in the lot that knew how to hand, reef and steer, but they knew the smell of burnt powder and could handle a .30-30 smokeless. There was more liquor aboard than we could have drunk in a year if we laid off and let the Carmencita work her own way about; there was something for Big Alec and the sober ones to do, quellin' events as they happened, freequent, too.

"It was a thick, murky morning along the last of August when we laid to about fifteen miles off the Coppers. The eight boats went over the side, three men in a boat, each boat with three pairs of oars, compass, provisions, water and three repeating rifles. You see, Alec had figured that there wouldn't be anybody on the island but the agent and a few Indian sealers, Russia being some busy on the mainland and having need of men who could handle a rifle. We run through the murk to within 300 yards of the island before the fog thinned, and we could see all the boats pretty well bunched with two in the lead. We could hear thousands of seals barking and the roar of the surf, but could see no signs of human life on the island. All at once a fellow by the name of de Smidt, in the lead boat, threw up an oar with his coat on it and begun to signalize us. We could not make it out, but we saw his boat put about and then the boat-puller in Dan Claussen's boat tumbled to the bottom. The next minute the 'put-put-put' of bullets through our clinker-built boats and little thin curls of smoke from behind the rocks put us wise as to what was doin'. I ain't a sayin' just what went on next, all I know is that I didn't fire no shots; I heard afterward that some of the devils in the boats wanted to make a spurt and charge the island, but it would have been suicide, as not a man could have reached the island alive. We didn't see a man on the island and put back to the schooner with Walter York, of Missouri, shot through the mouth and a boat-puller by the name of Friedlander, shot in the calf of the leg. Poor York lived until we reached Seattle, where he died in a hospital.

"I was mate of the craft, and on the way back Alec and I had some differences and arguments, and he put me ashore at Cloyoquot with two others. He come ashore in an hour or so with three pairs of irons to take us back to the schooner; he was pleasant about it, but we wouldn't go back. He tried to get the provincial constable to go away to some quiet place for half an hour and give him a chance to take us back, but we had put the constable wise to the fact that the Carmencita was a sailin' without papers, and he would not stand for Alec's work, though I will admit there was somethin' doin' in Clayoquot before he give us up. The Dora Siewerd took us off and brought us to Vancouver."

As a result of that trip, four well-known San Francisco men are under indictment for conspiracy to defraud the Government, and in addition to conspiracy, Alexander McLean is charged with seal poaching. His alleged backers have been arrested and released on $3,000 bail.

McLean is the original of Wolf Larsen in the "Sea Wolf"; a typical rover, 45 years old and of Scotch parentage. He was born on Cape Breton, and was mate of the clipper ship Santa Clara when 21. For nearly a quarter of a century he has roamed the ocean and knows the currents of the North Pacific and the Behring Sea better than the seals he tracks across the waters. He was cruising off the shores of Alaska with his brother in a little seven-ton sloop twenty-two years ago, and since that time has been a seeker for pirate's treasure in the islands off Central and South America; has run contrabrand cargoes for rebellious States and into belligerent ports, and has followed the seal and otter. When he put to sea from San Francisco a year or more ago under a temporary Mexican register to carry a cargo from Acapulco, he did not go there but headed into the north, a staunch craft under him, a rack of repeating rifles in the cabin and thirty good men forward. Recently he was obliged to put into Victoria for supplies and to dispose of his seal skins. His crew libeled his catch for their wages, and he is held for extradition on the part of the American authorities.

Hiawatha's Fishing.

(Borrowed from Longfellow).

By "The Amateur Angler" in the London Fishing Gazette.

"THE Song of Hiawatha" is probably known to most of your readers, but it struck me that as a Christmas yarn a short epitome of the story and a few extracts from the chapter on fishing may serve to refresh the memory of those who have read it in bygone days, and be of passing interest to those who have not.

Hiawatha was a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among the North American Indians to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. As the story is easily convertible into prose, I shall string my extracts together by prose mostly in the words of the poem.

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple, who have faith in God and nature, listen to this simple story; ye who sometimes in your rambles, through the green lanes of the country, read this song of Hiawatha." Wenonah the beautiful was the daughter of Nokomis. Her mother had warned her not "to stoop down among the lilies, lest the West Wind. Mudjekeewis, should come and harm her." But she heeded not the warning, and the West Wind came at evening and found the beautiful Wenonah; he wooed her with his words of sweetness, till she bore a son in Sorrow—

Thus was born the child of wonder, Hiawatha, but his mother died, deserted by the false and faithless West Wind, and the wrinkled old Nokomis nursed the little Hiawatha, and brought him up. Once the little boy saw the moon rise from the water, and whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?" and she answered:

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her,
Up into the sky at midnight;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Time passed, Hiawatha became a man, and he determined to build himself a light canoe that should float upon the river like a yellow leaf in autumn. So he went to the Birch-tree, and said, "Give me of your bark, O, Birch-tree," and the tree with all its branches, rustled in the breeze of morning, saying, "Take my cloak, O, Hiawatha!" Then he called upon the Cedar, "Give me of your boughs, O Cedar! my canoe to make more steady," and the terrified cedar whispered, bending downward, "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!" Then he went to the Larch-tree, and the Fir-tree, and last of all to the Hedgehog for quills to make a girdle for his beautiful boat, and so the birch canoe was builded in the valley by the river, and it floated like a yellow water-lily, and Hiawatha sailed down the rushing Taquamenah, and cleared its bed of root and sandbar.

And now we come to the time when Hiawatha went a-fishing. He went

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining big sea water,
With his fishing line of cedar
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Down in the depths he could see the fishes swimming; the yellow perch, the sahwa, the shawgashee, the crawfish; on the bows of the canoe, with tail erected, sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo, and on the white sand of the bottom

Lay the monster, Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the Sturgeon, King of Fishes,
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand floor.

There he lay in all his armor, plates of bone upon his forehead, with spines projecting. Above him came Hiawatha sailing in his birch canoe, with his fishing line of cedar.

"Take my bait!" said Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!"
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear transparent water.
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating, loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"

The sturgeon, Nahma, lay quietly fanning the water, till wearied of the call and clamor, he said to the pike, the Maskenozah, "Take the bait of this rude fellow, break the line of Hiawatha!" Hiawatha felt the loose line jerk and tighten, and it tugged so that the birch canoe stood endwise, like a birch log in the water; but Hiawatha was full of scorn when he saw the pike coming nearer and nearer to him, and he shouted through the water, "Shame upon you! You are but the pike; you are not the fish I wanted, you are not the King of Fishes!" Then the sunfish seized the line of Hiawatha, swung with all his weight upon it, made a whirlpool in the water, till the water flags and rushes nodded in the distant marshes. "Esa! Esa! shame upon you! you are Ugudwash, the sunfish, you are not the fish I wanted."

At last Nahma heard the shout, and challenge of defiance, and

Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plate of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his warpaint;
In his wrath he darted upward.
Flashing, leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha!

Naturally, you would think, this is the end of Hiawatha! but not a bit of it. Here is another Jonah, in the sturgeon's belly; how he fared, he and his faithful little squirrel and his canoe, and how he got out, must be told in his own words:

"Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness,
And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre.
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leapt and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary."

Then Hiawatha drew his canoe crosswise, fearing that in the turmoil and confusion he might be hurled forth from the jaws of Nahma and perish. The squirrel, Adjidaumo, frisked and chattered gaily and toiled and tugged with Hiawatha, till the labor was completed, and Hiawatha thanked his little friend, and then it was that he christened him, and said the boys should henceforth call him Adjidaumo, Tail-in-air.

And again the Sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landwards
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Hiawatha heard a clang and flapping, a screaming and confusion as of birds of prey contending; he saw a gleam of light above him, shining through Nahma's ribs, and the glittering eyes of seagulls gazing at him through the opening, and he heard them saying to each other, "'Tis our brother Hiawatha."

And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns:
"O ye seagulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the Sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the opening widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achiev'ments,
Calling you Kayoshk, the seagulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the noble scratchers!

Then the wild and clamorous seagulls toiled with beak and claws, and made the rifts and openings wider in the mighty ribs of Nahma, and thus they released Hiawatha.

Hiawatha called his grandmother, old Nokomis, and pointing to the sturgeon, Nahma, lying lifeless on the pebbles, to hold her that he had slain "The King of Fishes."

"Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon;
Wait until their meal is ended;
Till their craws are full with feasting—
Then bring all your pots and kettles
And make oil for us in winter."

Three whole days and nights did it take Nokomis and the gulls to strip the oily flesh of Nahma—

"Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,
Till the seagulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma."

The Charms of Brook Fishing.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

While to the ordinary mind fishing for trout has but one meaning, to the experienced angler it has a great multiplicity of conditions which are so varied that the recreation is as full of changes as are the waters in which it is pursued. So great is the variety one hardly realizes all the different phases that exist in this most enjoyable sport.

He who follows the mountain brook to its very source in pursuit of the beautiful fish which inhabit its waters, finds altogether different conditions from those which offer to the angler who casts his fly upon the pools of the larger streams, and both differ as greatly as does their environment from those of him who follows the fascinating sport that is to be found on the bosom of the placid lake, in whose depths lurk the gorgeous-hued leviathans whose capture is to him the acme of piscatorial enjoyment.

Broadly speaking, the various phases of trout fishing are almost limitless, but technically, they may all be included in brook, river and lake angling, each of which possesses peculiar charms quite separate and distinct from those of the others.

Among my angling friends are some who find their greatest enjoyment in following the meanderings of the crystal water brook down mountain sides, through forests in which their noisy prattle finds many an echo from trees and ledges and wild, rocky shores, and thence to the flower-covered meadows in which the stream flows more quietly but always with an abundance of delightful nooks and ever-changing beauties. In such brooks the trout that are obtained are not of large size, but their coloration is always beautiful, and though comparatively small they may be, they possess the gamy qualities which the larger fish exhibit, and the angler who returns at night with well-filled creel feels a degree of satisfaction, such as is not always enjoyed by many of his brothers of the angle who obtain their sport in different waters.

I have other friends, also, who care but little for brook fishing, but find their keenest enjoyment upon the pools of larger streams and rivers upon which the fly may be cast or the minnow deftly thrown and played in the deeper recesses of the dark and foam-flecked water. One gentleman of my acquaintance, in fact, declaring that in his opinion it requires as much sportsmanlike skill to cast the minnow successfully as it does to employ the feathered lure. There are still others who are not satisfied with either brook or river fishing and are content only to rise and conquer the larger fish which are found in the deep water.

I have for many years partaken of the pleasures that are found in all these methods, and it seems to me as I bring back to memory all the enjoyment that has fallen to my lot that if I were asked which is the most delightful of them all, which affords the keenest pleasure and arouses all the love for nature which in me lies, I should say they are found in the greatest intensity in that which is ordinarily classed as brook fishing. And I have been devoted to the use of the fly for nearly a half century at that. Brook fishing is not scientific angling in the ordinary acceptance of the term; it does not tax the skill and patience of him who casts the fly, nor does it mean a prolonged and stubborn battling, such as is to be had with the denizens of the lake, but it has a singular charm that is quite indescribable.

The delights of brook fishing have been well portrayed by some of the master minds of the world, and one could easily fill a volume with selections from those eloquent and poetic writings; I shall not, therefore, attempt here to add to what has already been penned, but I cannot refrain from offering one brief extract from a charming description that I find in one of my most cherished books, "Salmonia, or Days of Fly-Fishing," printed in London in 1828. The author's name is not given, he subscribing himself simply as "An Angler." In treating of the charms of brook fishing, he says:

"How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and the waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odor of the banks perfumed by the violet and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the water to view the gaudy flies, sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, while the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the leaves of the water lily, and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May fly, and till in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine."

Brook fishing possesses one peculiar quality in that it may be enjoyed by every one; it requires no elaborate and expensive outfit of flies and all the other paraphernalia which are deemed necessary by the scientific angler, for the country lad, equipped with alder pole and tackle of the simplest kind, may equal the success obtained by the most experienced angler; the æsthetic part of his nature may not be awakened like that of the older and more thoughtful fisherman, but the enjoyment that falls to him is as keen as is that of the other. In brook fishing I always enjoy the companionship of one of these lads, and I have found in his free and artless chatter an endless fund of information concerning the denizens of the woods and fields and waters, information such as is acquired only by the keen-eyed observer whose young life has been spent among them.

One of the many varied experiences which have fallen to me in this line comes back to memory with all the freshness of a recent happening, although it occurred nearly a half century ago. I was spending a short vacation in the little town of Gilead, Maine, to which retired spot I had penetrated while engaged in my favorite study of ornithology. The farmhouse in which I made my headquarters was located quite near the Androscoggin River, which, at that point, flowed in a stately movement through most picturesque surroundings. The farmer's son, Eugene, a bright lad of about sixteen years of age, often accompanied me in my rambles in search of rare birds and their nests and eggs, and I am free to confess that a large share of my success on those outings was owing to his quickness of vision and knowledge of the habits of the feathered songsters of that neighborhood. One day as we were rambling through the woods in which a noisy brook was making its course in the direction of the river, I noticed as I stooped to obtain a drink, a trout darting from the shadow of the bank on which I rested and disappearing in a shaded nook further down the stream.

"That was a nice trout, Eugene!" I exclaimed. "Are there many in this brook?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; " and if you would like to give them a day, I will go with you and show you where they may be found."

Of course, I replied I would be glad to accept his offer, for fishing was then, as it is now, almost a passion with me. Among my belongings was a lancewood bait-rod which almost always accompanied me in my ornithological outings, and I had a small kit of fishing tackle which usually found a place in my traveling bag.

On returning to the house, I set up my rod and arranged my line, etc., and early on the following morning we started for the headwaters of a brook which flowed down the side of a spur of the White Mountains and emptied finally into the Wild River, which debouches into the Androscoggin near Gilead. What a glorious June morning that was! I shall never forget it; my young guide was familiar with all the paths and good roads which traversed that portion of the forest through which our route lay, and he was ever on the alert to point out to me some rare and beautiful forest flower or woodland bird or adroitly hidden nest.

At length we reached the place which he deemed best for the beginning of our sport, and in a short time our hooks were baited and dropped into the water.

Eugene's rig was a peeled alder sapling, line and hook ganged on silk-worm gut, which I had furnished him from my abundant stock, such hooks not having before come into the possession of the country lad. A landing net was not needed, and as for a creel, the young man had a covered wicker basket slung by a strap from his shoulders, and he carried our luncheon in a haversack which hung by his side.

At the point where we began fishing the brook was hardly more than a tinkling rill which musically flowed among the rocks on the mountain side; that trout should ascend through the many shallow places and rapids to this secluded spot seemed almost incredible, but that they had done so I soon proved, for in the first little pool in which I dropped my lure the bait was quickly seized by a fish, which, when landed, seemed disproportionately large for such a diminutive stream; it was but little more than six inches in length, but it was as gorgeously attired as are any of the famous guadily hued denizens of the Laurentian lakes.

During the entire length the brook consisted of sharp pitches, sometimes several rods in length, at the bottom of which were quiet little nooks and pools which were often a foot or more in depth, but which were generally so shallow it would seem almost impossible that trout should inhabit them.

The shoalness of the water, however, was sometimes more apparent than real, for the reason that it was as clear as that which flows from a spring and was almost as bright and sparkling; it was, in fact, an ideal mountain trout brook, such as one finds in the greatest perfection in New England and the Middle States. When we began fishing, Eugene proposed that we should alternate in taking the lead, each falling to the rear on landing a fish; this arrangement met my approval, for "share and share alike" is a fair proposition, in brook fishing at any rate, and I have known of more than one good day's sport being spoiled by the greediness of an angler who was never satisfied unless he was in the lead.

An so down the varied reaches of that beautiful stream we followed, each succeeding the other as he added to the common stock another of the gamy little denizens of the brook. At many points it was a hard brook to fish, for to reach the pools one had to perform no little amount of rock climbing, but fortunately, these rough places were followed by considerable intervals of smooth water which often flowed among shrubbery and even through a young forest growth which afforded an agreeable shade and protection from the rays of the sun, which, on the mountain side, often seemed more fervid than we could have wished.

The whole forenoon was spent in fishing the upper two miles of the brook, for we did not hurry nor neglect any promising spot. Half the success in brook fishing lies in the thoroughness with which it is done, and oftentimes more fish are passed by careless haste than are taken; this I have proved on more than one occasion, when with a companion I have been out upon a brook, for, seeing his eagerness to get ahead, I have voluntarily fallen to the rear and, fishing carefully the pools which he passed by, I succeeded in creeling more and better fish than fell to his rod. At noon we halted in a little grove of hardwood trees for lunch, and after that was eaten, we stretched ourselves upon the bed of soft and springy moss to enjoy a little siesta and listen to the songs of the birds who had found an abiding place in that little grove.

Among them was a vireo, my favorite among all the feathered inhabitants of the woods; tame and unsuspicious was the little fellow, and hovering about us sometimes but a few yards away, he permitted us to examine him in his neat attire of cap of ashy blue, coat of bright olive green, and waist-coat of unsullied white.

I love the song of this beautiful bird, for it always seems to me to be the expression of calmest, quietest content, and all his movements are marked by grace and elegance.

One of my greatest pleasures when rambling in the woods is to recline on a grassy knoll and watch this little songster, and as I watch I wonder whose pardoned spirit lives within his little body, and wish that if there is any truth in the doctrine of transmigration of souls I might be good and favored enough to some time hence become a vireo. All the summer long, in sunshine and in storm, from early morn to dewy eve, his sweet soliloquy, his beautiful warble is heard—soliloquies of peace and good will for all the world.

Ah, the vireo is almost an angel among the birds, and all should do him reverence. See the little one how busily he keeps employed, searching each leaf, each bud and twig for dainty morsels of insect food, and as he moves among the foliage, now leisurely poising on some waving branch, now fluttering at the end of some leaf-capped twig, how like a little elf does he appear.

Before resuming our fishing my young guide removed the trout from his basket, and, after washing them in the cold water of a nearby spring, he replaced them in the hamper, putting beneath and laying upon them some moss which he moistened in the spring; forty-seven there were in all, and so nearly of a size were they it would have been difficult to select one from the others.

As we descended the brook it gradually increased in volume, being fed by a number of springs along its course; the pools became larger and deeper also, and the trout seemed to be more numerous, but their size did not differ from that of the fish we had taken in the pools above; whether or not they were all of one season's growth could only be conjectured. Possibly the fish of that brook never attained a larger size, and we did not succeed in landing a half-pound trout until we reached the lower pools near the point at which the brook emptied into the wild river.

Our catch that day numbered eighty odd fish, and I do not remember of ever having seen a more beautiful collection of the typical brook trout.

The same species when taken in the deep water of the lakes loses much of the symmetry and grace and exquisite markings of the little brook inhabiter; the trout we capture in the rivers and larger streams also lose much of the elegance of form and beauty of coloration. It is in the pure water of the brook only that the ideal spotted trout is found.

Our fourscore fish, small though they were, filled Eugene's hamper to overflowing and they made a load of no trifling weight, as I discovered, when, to relieve the lad of his burden, I threw the strap over my shoulder and carried the basket a part of the way home.

Poor Eugene! He was a good boy, a brave and manly lad such as we find on the farms all over New England; he was studious withal, and his ambition was to acquire an education which would enable him to embark in one of the learned professions. But the great Civil War came, that awful struggle which cost the country so much of blood and treasure they never could be reckoned, and Eugene's life, like that of many thousands of other young men who were as bright and manly and as full of ambitious dreams of the future as he, was freely given in response to what he considered to be the demands of patriotism and duty.

A Venture in Eels.

Early in September nearly all the eels in the central water shed of Pennsylvania turned their noses away from the ponds and streams in which they had been spending the summer and began wriggling down the Susquehanna River toward the sea, filled with an irresistible instinct to seek salt water for the purpose of spawning. It mattered nothing that before them in the long reaches of the Susquehanna there lurked dread danger of capture; that cunning devices by the thousands were set along the route for their ensnaring to gratify a wondrous human passion for their flesh, or that the vast majority in yielding to the compelling impulse were going to their death from exhaustion consequent upon the act of reproduction.

By thousands and by millions they sinuously swam their way down the Susquehanna. Tons upon tons were entrapped in fish baskets and entangled in nets; but thousands of tons escaped to fulfil their destiny in the salt water of the Atlantic. On one cloudy night soon after the run began a boat might have been seen in the shallows on the Susquehanna. It was being poled silently and skilfully among the deep shadows of overhanging trees near the shore. The man who did the poling stood in the stern and kept a sharp lookout ahead. He seemed to have an air of expecting to see every moment something he did not want to meet, for his face was livid with fear and anxiety.

In the bow crouched another man who grasped in his right hand a pole about six or seven feet long, at one end of which was fastened an iron contrivance closely resembling a small, straight, tined dung fork. There was no look of apprehension on his face, only eager expectancy as he peered alertly into the water illuminated by the flare of a light fastened on an iron rod set in the bow of the boat. The boat itself was long, narrow and punt shaped at both ends, a boat of a type common on the Susquehanna.

The boat was poled silently and without a word being spoken by either men for perhaps ten minutes, when the man who was propelling the craft spoke.

"It's a bully night fur eels, Jake, 'n ef we're let alone we'll make a haul." "An why shouldn't we be let alone?" retorted Jake, testily, "we ain't doin' nothin' but spearin' a few eels, an here's a peach," making a swift dart with the implement in his hand. The next instant he swung aboard a large wriggling eel impaled on the prongs.

For the next half hour the two men were too busy to talk or whisper. Every few minutes the man in the bow would lean quickly forward, make a swift thruct with his spear, and almost as regularly toss a bleeding eel aboard the long, narrow craft. He had no time for conversation, and the other man was too much occupied in properly poling the boat and keeping it well within the shadows of the bank. Curiously enough also, he kept the bow of the boat as much as possible toward the short, as though anxious that

the light of the big lamp should not shine out full on the broad waters of the river.

When for any reason it became necessary to point the nose of the craft toward mid-stream, it was invariably for the smallest possible space of time and in such a manner apparently as to attract the least attention. This fact, coupled with the evident anxiety of the pole man whenever the maneuver was necessary, might have led even a casual observer to believe the men were anxious to conceal their doings from the world.

But two or three hours passed without any craft or person, save their own and themselves making an appearance, so the lines of anxiety on the face of the poleman slowly disappeared and smiles of satisfaction took their place. He even occasionally ventured on a rough pleasantry when his partner missed a good plump eel.

Indeed, he not only made no protest, but promptly obeyed a signal given him when they rounded a sudden bend to sheer off into the deeper water and nodded his head in agreement to the muttered words:

"There'll be no one about this time o' the night, so we'll have a shy at somethin' better."

"Somethin' better" was soon impaled on the pitchfork-like prongs. It was a queer looking eel. Not so long, and in shape quite different.

The poleman gave a low, hoarse chuckle. "That there's a scaly kind o' eel, Jack."

"Wot," said the other in a tone of surprise, but with the lowering of an eyelid, "isn't it an eel?"

"You know durn well it ain't," responded the other, "you know durn well it's a six-pound salmon."

"Well," answered his companion, "here's another to keep him company, an' fur luck."

This quick accession to the supply already in the boat nearly made the poleman forget himself, for he made the preliminary motion for the utterance of a howl of joy, but restrained himself in time, and he spoke instead, "I tell you, Jake, there's nothin' like giggin' to get fish."

"You bet," answered Jake, emphatically. "Beats nets all to bits. Gigger kin git more fish in one night than a netter in two. Say, what do you say to workin' a little more into the channel? Safe enough, I reckon."

Jake was about to respond affirmatively, but just then there came floating out across the water the sound of a couple of loose stones rolling down the embankment of the river. Two or three more followed immediately. Both men gave a lively start of affright. All thought of the channel and gigging was abandoned. Like a flash the gig light was extinguished, and with one or two sturdy silent thrusts with the pole, the boat was pushed under a thick mass of underbrush which leaned far over the water's edge. Breathing quickly in evident fear, the two men held the boat still and waited for what might happen next, and every minute or two their hearts jumped at the sound of more stones rattling down the side of the bank.

At length Jake whispered, "I can't stand this no longer. I'm going to see wot's up."

So saying he stealthily crept ashore and wormed himself silently away through the underbrush. To his companion it seemed an hour before he came back, and when he did there was a broad grin on his face.

"We're a couple of chumps, Bill," he said. "It was nothin' but a mus' rat tryin' to climb the bank."

"Jus' the same, Jake, I'm jus' skeered plumb stiff, an' I have enough giggin' for one night. Let's light out an' go home?"

"Don't make a monkey of yourself," said the other, gruffly; "there's another hour's good fishin' yet to be done before we gets the load we promised 'Monk' Maguire, down at the hotel. There ain't no call to be skeered this time o' night of anybody."

Unwilling Bill listened to the words of Jake, and he resumed his poling. After this the eels came rapidly until even Jake declared himself satisfied, and putting out the light had the boat run into the shadowy shore, where the two began straightening things preliminary to going home.

No fear seemed to affect either at this time, and they became so busily engaged, that when their boat was lightly touched by some solid substance, they failed to notice it; but something an instant after did bring them to a sense of their surroundings. It was the quick incisive voice of a man.

"Well, boys, been fishin'?"

With a yell of fright, both men sprang to their feet nearly overturning the boat as they did so. With bulging eyes they stared into the smiling faces of two men standing in a boat alongside.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Bill and Jake simultaneously, "fish wardens!"

"Just so," nodded one of the strangers, pleasantly, "an' we're glad to meet you at this solem hour o' the night. It was lonely for Charlie an' me here on the river all alone by ourselves, an' seein' that as we've fallen in with such pleasant company, we'll go together all the way down to Wellston, an' in consequence, we'll be easy on you before the Squire to-morrow mornin'. We'll say nothing about the mess of eels you've got, an' only call it twenty-five for giggin' an' ten apiece for them eight salmon an' three bass. That-'ll make a hundred and thirty-five an' costs. Of course, all this is providin' you make no fuss, an' pay up at the Squire's desk without kickin' in the mornin', otherwise, we will have to put the tenners on each eel, an' that'll be no joke, I'm thinkin', when I survey the number you've got."

"Good Lord!" groaned Bill, "why didn't we light out after them mus' rats got to stirrin'; mus' rats always brings bad luck. Where'n blazes are we goin' to raise one hundred an' thirty-five plunks to pay our fine with? That's what I'd like to know? I guess it's me for a hundred an' thirty-five days in quod, les' the old woman has 'em in her stockin'. Damn giggin' anyhow, an' fish wardens, too."

W. E. MEEHAN.

Dipping Herring Galore.

NORFOLK, Va.—Uncle Sam's "jackies" have a way of their own to catch fish for keeps. They don't always use nets, nor haul seines. Indeed, they scorn appliances of all sorts! They only just hang on by the rail and let the bounding billows do the rest.

A case in point was when the United States steam collier Lebanon came into the Capes at Norfolk one day last week, when it was blowing so hard. She ran into a school of herring, which rather enjoyed the churning sea, and dipped so heavily into one wave that she shipped eight barrels.

W. H. SEABURY.

The Angler's Inn Song.

Bright be the board, by Friendship crown'd,
The hearth love-lights burn warm and clear;
Enough for me if there be found
The hostel's very ready cheer.
Next to that humble home endear'd
By all the toil it cost to win,
What shall we place beside or near't?—
Trust me—on second thoughts—an Inn.

I've dwelt a day in grandeur's halls,
And nights of pleasure have been mine
Within the cot's o'er-ivyed walls,
As 'mid the city's gaudy shine;
But there's a charm, with home but shared,
To pride and freedom both akin—
Lord of yourself, that coin's well spared
That buys and keeps it at an Inn?

—Sir Walter Scott.

YACHTING

Lavinia's 1903 Cruise.

THE following is an account of a cruise made in the sloop Lavinia from Essington, Pa., to Plymouth, Mass., and return:

Lavinia is a centerboard sloop of 10 tons register, 36ft. over all, 13ft. breadth, 3ft. 6in. draft, with board up. The cabin is large and commodious, with double transoms on either side 12ft. long and the usual centerboard trunk and table arrangement. Forward, on the starboard hand, is a toilet room and the same space to port is occupied by an ice-box, dish lockers and sideboard. At the after end are the clothes and provision lockers. Forward, under the deck, is the galley and accommodations for one man. The extreme peak is taken up by the oil tank and chain locker. The cockpit is circular, seating eight comfortably. Aft of the cockpit, under the deck, are the water tanks, holding 80 gallons. She carries mainsail, single jib, gaff and jib topsails.

She is enrolled in the fleet of the Philadelphia Y. C., whose anchorage is at Essington. By looking at a map you would hardly think Essington much of a yachting center, but the Philadelphia Y. C. can compare very favorably with any in the East, even if it has not their natural advantages. The club is located some 20 miles from the head of Delaware Bay and the same distance from salt water. The river is only one to two miles in width, with a fair depth of water in the vicinity of the ship channel, but owing to the shallow water near the shores and in the small creeks, which are the only refuge in case of storms, a shallow centerboard boat is preferable and consequently that type prevails. The tide runs at the rate of three to four miles per hour, but this cannot be considered a disadvantage, as it often does the work of an engine in bringing one home, provided the proper calculations are made on the changes of the tide.

Long before I became the proud owner of Lavinia, a cruise had been considered from Philadelphia to Plymouth, Mass., my home, and return. During the winter months I would visit the yard where Lavinia was hauled out for the winter and gaze with jealous eye on her powerful form, at the same time picturing myself aboard of her in a strong breeze with lee-rail awash.

After final negotiations had been made and the boat was turned over, no time was lost in getting her in commission, for it was then the latter part of April and we had planned to take our cruise on July Fourth, a date which had been particularly selected on account of the moon, which proved of valuable assistance. My chum, Bo, had already signed as first mate, and each Saturday and Sunday found us busily at work burning off paint, varnishing and making general preparations. By May 30 she was ready for the first trial spin. Our spare time during the week was spent in discussing what we would need to take for the trip.

We were determined to be prepared for any emergency, as the trip around Cape May and Cape Cod could not be considered lightly, especially in a boat of that size. In addition to the regular anchor with chain operated by a windlass, a spare anchor was carried on the port bow, for which we had 30 fathoms of 3in. cable. We were also provided with fog horns, rockets, complete set of charts, on which we had marked the course carefully, barometer, etc., and a generous supply of provisions.

The party consisted of Bo, first mate and cook, and his wife; Schmaltz, brother of the captain, second mate, and his wife, and the captain. Schmaltz, who resided in Boston, was to join us at Atlantic City, it being our intention to sail to Atlantic City the Saturday before the Fourth of July in order to save time. None of us had any experience in sailing in the open, but had followed small boat racing for some years on the Massachusetts Bay and Delaware River.

It was 2:20 P. M. on June 27 that we dropped our mooring off the club house, our objective point being Atlantic City, a distance of about 115 miles. We had hopes of reaching our destinatoon by Sunday night, that is, if we sailed day and night and had any luck with the winds. The wind was light S.W., giving us a dead beat down the river, but the tide was with us and Chester and Wilmington were soon passed. At 6 P. M. we reached Delaware City, which marks the head of Delaware Bay. Here the wind died out and the tide having turned, we were forced to anchor and wait for a breeze, or the tide to turn in our favor. At 1 A. M. a light S.W. breeze sprang up and we were soon under way again.

Delaware River is not difficult to navigate at night, a most complete system of range lights making it impossible to deviate from the course. It is well, however, to sail a course parallel to the ship channel in order to avoid the traffic. We took this opportunity to test our compass, which we had adjusted as accurately as we could, by comparison with the course of the various range lights and found it to be very nearly correct.

All night we beat to windward and by morning Reedy Island was astern and we were fairly well out in the bay. At 10 o'clock Sunday morning the wind again petered out and, the tide being against us, we dropped our hook just south of Bombay Hook light. It was not until 2 P. M. that we again got under way. The wind still held to the S. and with the aid of the tide we made good time. Up to this time we had paid little attention to our chart, as one of our crew had some experience sailing in the bay, but owing to a miscalculation on his part, we touched with our board. After this incident we referred to our charts at frequent intervals.

At 6 P. M. we were off Egg Island Point, 57 miles from Essington and 18 miles from Cape May. We decided to stand over for the Cape, but after covering 4 or 5 miles, the weather began to thicken and it was thought best to run into Maurice River Cove and anchor for the night.

The wind had now freshened considerably, and we had all the canvas we could swing to, but we did not care to reef so near our anchorage. At this juncture we ran into the oyster beds, the cove being a noted oyster ground and were constantly bearing away, or luffing up to avoid the stakes, which marked the beds at intervals of a few feet. We anchored astern of an oyster schooner about 2 miles off shore and soon had things made snug for the night.

Bo had whetted our appetites with descriptions of a juicy steak, which he was to prepare for dinner, but upon opening our ice-box found to his disgust that it was dog meat, the office boy having evidently exchanged packages with another purchaser. After letting out an extra 5 fathoms of chain to make Lavinia ride easier, all hands turned in, resolving to make another trial in the morning, although we were all due at our various places of business.

Monday morning we turned out early and found it raining hard, and the prospects for clearing looked poor, indeed. Various oyster boats were making out into the bay, so we decided to make a start, anyway. As usual, the wind was dead ahead and light at that, so little progress was made. At noon we ran into a severe thunder squall, forcing us to anchor and drop everything. This killed what little wind we had, and it being 3 P. M., which made it impossible to reach Atlantic City before dark, we turned about and ran for Maurice River, where the boat was left in charge of an old sea captain.

The following Friday the entire party previously mentioned, left Philadelphia at 5 P. M., arriving at Maurice River two hours late in a driving rainstorm. The captain was waiting for us, and after paying him for his trouble, we rowed out to the boat and obtained oilskins and sails to keep the ladies dry. Finally all hands, including our various bundles, were safely aboard, and after hasty luncheon we turned in for the night. Sleep was out of the question, for we were located in a particularly favorite haunt of Jersey's renowned and far-famed mosquitoes.

At 1 o'clock the first mate hauled us out and we started down the river for the bay, which we did not reach until 6 P. M., owing to the lack of wind. At 10 o'clock we got a favorable slant and soon had the Cape in sight. Just before reaching this point an ugly squall was encountered. We luffed up and anchored and lowered our sails, but not until the captain ascended the mast in record time to clear the peak haillards, which had gotten fouled. After the squall was over we made sail and ran down to the Point, where we anchored for lunch. There being an ugly chop on, the ladies did not partake of this meal. Lunch was soon over and we again got under way.

The wind had hauled to the N.E., making it a beat up the coast, but was strong and fresh. By dusk we had passed Wildwood and were abreast of Anglesea. Sailing lights were soon in position and we started on our first night's sail in the open. The course was chosen about 4 miles from shore to avoid the numerous fish pounds with which the Jersey shore is adorned. Bo prepared one of his famous dinners, but he was the only one who enjoyed it.

All night we beat up the coast and morning found us off Atlantic City, 40 miles from Cape May. The wind had hauled again to the S.W., giving us a free sheet and topsails were soon bent and drawing. From Atlantic City north the Jersey coast is very barren and dismal, the monotony of the sand hills being only occasionally broken by a life-saving station or a summer resort. Numerous wrecks were passed, bringing vividly to mind the dangers of this coast during the winter months.

Off Asbury Park our tender broke away, the painter having chafed through on the taffrail. We at once hauled on the wind and by making a couple of short tacks soon had our boat again in tow. By this time the wind had materially freshened and the sea was making, giving us quite a little trouble with our tender. At 6 P. M. we rounded Sandy Hook, having run 80 miles from Atlantic City since morning. The wind being favorable it was decided to run up New York Bay, although we were somewhat doubtful about doing so, owing to the traffic in the Narrows. Coney Island looked like a Fairyland, as we passed, gorgeously illuminated with electric lights. At 10:20 we dropped anchor off Staten Island Y. C., which ended a remarkable day's run. The entire party was pretty well tired out, and all hands were soon asleep, assisted, no doubt, by the patter of the raindrops on the cabin top.

Monday morning dawned cold and dreary. After breakfast Schmaltz and the captain went ashore for a fresh supply of provisions. At 9 o'clock it cleared and we started across the bay for East River, which was not reached until noon, the wind having again failed us. Numerous snapshots were taken of the various boats that we passed. A tug towing a small schooner hailed us, a line was passed and we were soon going up the river at a lively rate, making our way in and out in a skillful manner among the traffic, which was particularly congested at this time. Off Riker's Island our tow dropped us and a light S. breeze carried us around Throg's Neck into Long Island Sound. We had been prepared for a glorious surprise upon entering the Sound, but the beauty of the surroundings surpassed our wildest imagination. Dotted with numerous sailing and steam craft of the most modern type, it looked indeed like a yachtsman's paradise, especially in comparison with the muddy Delaware.

As we passed New Rochelle we saw Reliance at anchor, but we did not run in close to her, as we had little time to complete our long journey. Upon sighting later some large sloops in the distance, the temptation proved too strong for us and we deviated from our course in order to get a better view and possibly some photographs. They proved to be sloops of the 51ft. class, and we again stood up the Sound.

The wind continued from the S.W. and we laid our course E. ½ N. for Faulkner's Island. At dusk we came dangerously near being run down by the steamer Dimock. This course was held all night, each man taking a trick at the wheel, and by Tuesday morning we had Faulkner's Island astern. The wind held to the S.W. all day, and at 3 P. M. we ran through the Race. Passing to E. of Fisher's Island, we stood by Watch Hill and sailed our course due E. for Point Judith.

Bo thought it best to put in at Newport for the night, but the wind still held true and it was decided to try and reach Vineyard Haven by morning, a distance of 61 miles.

Off Point Judith we encountered heavy seas and were forced to lower our peak to ease Lavinia up a bit. At midnight the wind dropped again, but the sea continued lumpy, proving too much for Schmaltz, who lay in the scuppers, wishing he was ashore. Bo took the wheel and the captain spent the remainder of the night fending off the tender, which threatened to come aboard with every following sea. Schmaltz being incapacitated, we were shorthanded and neither of us got any sleep all night. By morning we were well up Vineyard Sound and the sea had subsided.

For the past three nights we had had little or no sleep, and it was with difficulty that we kept awake, but the excitement and our realization of the importance of absolute vigilance when in strange waters at night, no doubt prevented our dozing. At daybreak we were off Tarpaulin Cove and stood for West Chop, which we could make out in the distance. Schmaltz had recovered by this time, the ladies, tried to cheer us up by a hot and dainty breakfast.

Vineyard Haven is a quaint little town, having an ideal harbor with deep water. The shores are dotted with cottages aiming more to comfort than expense. Altogether it seemed an ideal home for the yachtsman of modest tastes.

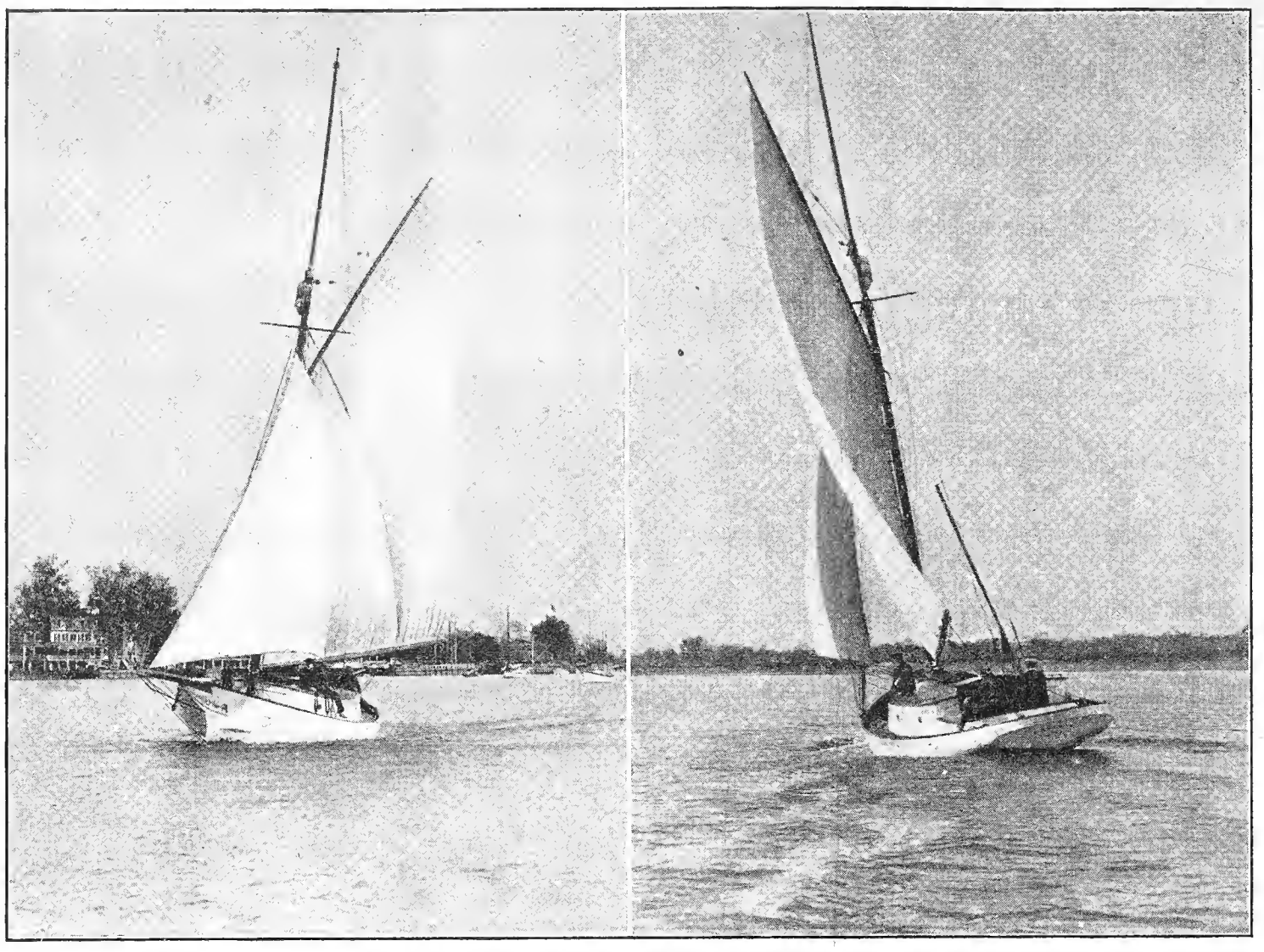
After putting some provisions aboard we again got under way and at 9 o'clock rounded East Chop and headed E. by S. from across Rip Shoal Lightship. Quite a number of schooners kept us company as well as numerous tugs with barges in tow. We were becalmed after passing Cross Rip for several hours, and Bo and the captain took this time to make up for lost sleep. A breeze from the S.E. reached us at 2 P. M. and we stood over for Handkerchief Shoal.

Those on board the fleet of big schooners, which must at least have numbered fifty boats, often hailed us and asked where we were bound. Among the schooners was an old, dilapidated looking hulk with the distinguished name of Thomas B. Reed. Heretofore we had passed every schooner with ease, but this hooker went by us as if we were anchored.

We soon passed Handkerchief Shoal Lightship and altered our course for the Lightship off Monomoy Point. Instead of going to the E. of the southerly lightship off Pollock Rip, we headed for Pollock Rip Shoals Lightship, the chart giving us plenty of water for our boat. Schmaltz swore he saw bottom on several different occasions, but it must have been imagination on his part. Although the wind became somewhat lighter we still made good time, and by dark were well off Chatham. All were now in good spirits and our trials of the previous night were wholly forgotten. The moon showed clear and bright, and it was an ideal evening at sea. We had expected a rough trip around the Cape, but it proved the most pleasant of our journey north.

By midnight Nausett Beacons were passed, and at 2 P. M. we were abeam of Cape Cod Light. Here the wind flattened much to our disgust, for we had pictured ourselves by early morning anchored in Plymouth Harbor. Little or no progress was made during the remainder of the night. In the morning we were still off Cape Cod Light and there was no prospect of any wind. Thursday morning was spent in cleaning up and polishing brass in order to create as favorable an impression as possible when we reached port. A supply of fish lines would have helped us pass the time. By noon we had nursed our boat in the catspaws, passed Race Point Light and steered our course W. ½ S. for Gurnet Light, which marks the entrance to Plymouth Harbor.

At 2 P. M. a light E. breeze sprang up, sheets were



LAVINIA.

started and we set our topsail. A haze had settled on the bay, making it difficult to see more than a mile ahead. At 4 o'clock the captain sighted land from the spreaders and the haze lifting with the increasing wind we could make out the Gurnet over our port bow. It was dead low water when at 5 P. M. we passed the red light and started to beat up the 50ft. channel to the town. There was hardly room to get headway on before we had to come about to avoid running aground, but by careful navigation and quick handling of the sails we reached the Plymouth Y. C. The harbor master directed us to an anchorage and we dropped our mainsail for the first time since leaving New York.

The trip from Maurice River to Plymouth, a distance of 424 miles, had been made in six days, with practically a day lost off Cape Cod. No time was lost in getting out to the house, where we were welcomed with open arms. We were royally entertained Friday and Saturday, at the same time making up for lost time on mother's cooking.

Friday was spent in a pleasant sail about the Gurnet and later in the harbor, which proved equally unpleasant, owing to the shallow water and numerous bars on which we grounded many times but always managed to get off.

Realizing that our return trip would consume more time, as the chances were we would have head winds all the way (the prevailing winds at this time of the year being southerly), it was decided to start back Saturday afternoon, when the tide would be favorable. Saturday morning was spent in getting our supplies and filling the water tanks. In warping up to the dock Schmaltz fell overboard while trying to fend off and promptly hugged a pile to avoid getting wet. It would have been better had he got a ducking, for the pile was covered with barnacles, which badly lacerated his arms. The captain of a tug bandaged them in cylinder oil. In renewing our ice supply we noticed that a portion of the ice still remained which we had put aboard in New York. We had a most generous supply of mother's cookies, doughnuts and jam.

To prevent the tender from giving trouble on the return trip an outrigger was constructed similar to a yawl's bumpkin, by fastening a pole 6ft. long to the taffrail and securing the inboard end to the deck. It was kept in position by lines fastened to either side of the stern, enough play being given so as not to allow the boat to bring up too abruptly. The painter of the tender was passed through a ring at the end of the pole and led inboard to a cleat on the deck, which allowed the boat to run up within a foot of the stern. This scheme proved very satisfactory, in spite of the fact that it was criticised by the crew, as it did not present a very ornamental appearance.

Our glowing accounts proved too much for the Little Man, who packed his grip and came aboard to sail with us as far as Newport. At 2 P. M. Saturday we bade our friends good-by and started on our long return journey. The wind was S.W., giving us a reach to the Cape, which we rounded at 5 P. M., a marked contrast to the time consumed in previously crossing the bay. Little Man lost no time in learning the mysteries of the wheel and compass and enjoyed himself to such an extent as to refuse to turn in for the night. It was a glorious evening and by morning we were off Pollock Rip Lightship, the breeze having held true all night. During the night we passed very close to several schooners, which were indiscreet enough not to carry riding lights. Off Pollock Rip the wind again failed us and we bobbed around in the sea watching the various lobster men haul their pots. At 11 P. M. a S.W. breeze sprang up and we made Vineyard Haven by 4 in the afternoon. Some of the party donned their shore clothes and visited Cottage City, which proved most interesting. Upon our return we found the cook had really outdone himself in preparing dinner.

Monday at 4 P. M. the captain and Little Man got under way and started for Gay Head, which was reached at 10 o'clock, beating all the way. Up to this time we had a most interesting race with a cruising schooner about 60ft. on the waterline and proved more than a match for her until the breeze flattened and we encountered the heavy seas off Gay Head. Here we met with our first disappointement of the return trip, which, however, proved not to be the last. Off Cuttyhunk we were again becalmed, the sea continuing to run very high, and, to cap the climax, it started to pour. Schmaltz and the captain remained on deck and tried to make headway in the falling wind without success, the rest of the crew huddling below pretending to enjoy it.

The spirits of the party were now at a very low ebb, for there was no hope of reaching Newport that night. The much-tabooed subject of gasolene engines in connection with sail yachts was again brought up. It had been touched upon and not lightly when off Cape Cod, but the gasolene engine was destined this day to be discussed in such a manner that any manufacturer would gladly have paid a round sum for the conversation in detail merely for advertising purposes. Under the present circumstances and the fact that none of us had any actual experience with auxiliaries, you can imagine the argument was somewhat one sided and wholly in the engine's favor. Such glowing descriptions of the ease of operation combined with remarkable speed were presented, and there being no decisive opposition argument, one was led to believe that the running of an engine consisted in simply pressing a button and the engine doing the rest. The subject was dropped by the announcement that there was a breeze evidently coming our way. This was proved to be the case and the wind was of sufficient force to require a reef, which was promptly put in. Good headway was made for a time, but when we reached Sakonnet Point at dusk, the wind again died out. In vain we tried to make headway in the gentle zephyrs, which occasionally renewed our hopes, but it was not until after midnight that we got a good breeze from the N.W., and at 4 A. M. we entered Newport Harbor, a tired and disgusted lot. The Little Man stood in the hatchway all night ready to lend a hand, although we had pleaded with him to go below and rest.

We remained at Newport all day to recuperate and spent most of the time lolling around on deck and taking snapshots of the beautiful yachts in the harbor. The race between the Newport 30-footers proved very interesting. All hands turned in after dinner, as we wished to make an early start in the morning. We might as well have slept late, for owing to lack of wind, we were until 8 o'clock trying to work our way out of the harbor. It was a grand morning and several snapshots were taken of the beautiful residences which are located on the cliffs on either side of the harbor entrance. Later we ran into a breeze and beat up the Narragansett shore, admiring the beautiful summer homes with their green lawns. Porpoises played about the boat in numbers and several attempts were made to get a photograph of one in the air.

Point Judith was rounded at 11 o'clock in company with a 30-footer, and from here on we had an interesting race, which terminated in that boat luffing up and putting in a reef. Although it was blowing pretty stiff from the S.W., we held on for a time, when we, too, luffed up and put in one reef. The tide turning made the sea very rough, and at times Lavinia jumped her 13ft. bowsprit under water, materially stopping her headway. No solid water was shipped on deck, however, the flaring topsides forward throwing the spray in sheets to either hand. The conditions growing worse instead of better, and seeing no possibility of reaching calm water to leeward of Fisher's Island before darkness set in, we turned about and ran for Newport Harbor. The sea was so rough that even by jacking our boom up as high as practicable it was difficult to keep it out of the water. Although all hands were kept busy handling the boat, we took time to watch a whale playing and spouting about a quarter of a mile on our starboard hand.

It was at this time that our towing device gave out and we were afraid that the tender would fill. The boat fairly flew through the water, touching only the high places, as the second mate remarked. Not seeing any boats in the breakwater at Point Judith we decided to run on to Newport. After passing Point Judith, to alter our course it was necessary to gybe, which we feared to do in the heavy gale, so came about. At this moment an enormous wave came down on us and we thought surely would break over the deck. The order was given to "Hold on

everybody," but to our surprise it simply lifted us high above the surrounding seas and we filled away on our course without accident.

Not a word was said after we dropped anchor in Newport Harbor, for we felt that our entire day had been spent for naught, and we had little enough time in which to reach our destination. Bo's call for supper cheered us up a bit. Although our turning back had been criticised by some of the crew, we were glad later in the night, when a fierce storm came up in which many of the yachts about us dragged anchor.

Four o'clock Thursday morning we started again, hoping for better luck, but were forced to put in two reefs just to the north of Point Judith. After getting under way, when catting the anchor Schmaltz lost his new hat, which he had previously told us cost $3.50, but now that it was lost, the amount quickly swelled to $6. Off Point Judith we found the conditions even worse than the previous day, and although Lavinia made good weather of it with two reefs, we put in back of the Breakwater, together with several other yachts and coasting schooners. We spent the rest of the day in tidying up ship and overhauling the rigging. We also rowed over to the stone wall which forms the Breakwater, to watch the heavy seas dash against the rocks. A dozen lobsters were procured from the nearby fishermen and consigned to the cook's pot. We were sure that we counted these carefully, when we put them alive in the ice-box, but were one short when we again looked, and could never account for its disappearance.

The tide turned in our favor at 2 P. M. and we decided to leave the Breakwater. The wind had then blown itself out and the sea was now like a mill pond. By morning the tide had carried us about 5 miles, but it was not until 10 o'clock that we got a S.E. wind and New London was reached about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Here we got supplies and again started on our way. The arrival of the advance guard of the New York Y. C. fleet, which were to rendezvous here the following day, made a most interesting picture as we left the harbor. No sooner had we got fairly well out into the Sound when we had bad luck again. This time the wind died out and the tide took us down fast toward Race Point Light, the water being too deep to anchor. Bottom was found, however, as we neared the shore and we did not get away again until midnight. We had a close fetch down the Sound for a start, but later the wind hauled more to the E., giving us a close reach. Topsails were immediately set, but a strong puff parted the seizing at the foot of the topmast stay and we had to take in the jib topsail. The seizing was replaced with a light manila line, and we had our sail drawing again without losing much time. Later, the wind increased and we were obliged to take in our topsail again.

At noon of the 16th we could make out the towering canvas of the 90-footers, leading the New York Y. C. fleet and they were soon upon us. The yachtsman who has never witnessed the New York Y. C. fleet under way has yet to have his fondest hopes realized. Imagine, if you can, the finest fleet of steam and sailing yachts in the world of all types and dimensions headed by the giant 90-footers and ending in the less conspicuous 30-footers in a strong breeze, each yacht with all canvas set and lee-rail awash, flanked on one hand by a procession of steam yachts, running almost at full speed to keep up with the leaders. Such is a beggarly description of a panorama, which in passing is only met with silence and amazement, at the same time deeply imprinting on the mind a picture never to be forgotten. The fleet was soon well astern and reluctantly we continued on our way, every now and then casting a last look at the disappearing yachts.

The wind now hauled more to the E. and with started sheet and the increasing wind we went along at a lively clip. The weather now looked threatening and gave promise of a storm. Faulkner's Island was reached and we decided to run for Bridgeport, 29 miles distant, and put in for the night. New Haven had been considered but it was somewhat out of our course. A haze settled down on the Sound, hiding the land, and it began to rain heavily. We took our last bearing from Faulkner's Island and steered our course due W. for Bridgeport. This course was held until 4:30, when the storm broke. The sea was as rough as we had encountered off Point Judith, and although we had already dropped our peak, it was necessary to drop our mainsail and run under the jib alone. Three reefs were immediately put in in case it was necessary to claw off a lee shore. The wind now came in gusts, taking the tops off each wave. A steam yacht could be made out to port, making bad weather of it. With difficulty the crew kept their feet, so badly were we tossed and pitched about in the trough of the sea. It was impossible to tell where we were in the thick fog. We had held a true course from Faulkner's Island, and, judged from the speed we made, that we must be near Bridgeport.

A point of land could be made out in the haze ahead, and it was a question if we could weather it, having only the jib set. The jib sheet was eased off as much as possible and still keep the sail full. The point was finally rounded, but with little room to spare. A small steamer appeared in sight and was soon lost in the fog. We could now make out the shore with the chart and felt sure it must be Stratford Point. After following the shore for some time a tall chimney of Bridgeport could be made out and a heavy load was lifted from our minds. We managed to work our way into Bridgeport Harbor, following closely the buoys, and anchored back of the Breakwater for the night, when we rode out one of the worst storms of the season. After numerous visits to the sideboard our circulation was restored, and with our wet clothing exchanged for dry, we felt most comfortable in our little cabin that night. The storm continued all night, and we felt thankful indeed that we were safe in harbor.

Sunday morning, July 19, dawned bright and clear and no time was lost in getting under way, for we intended to make New York by night. Good time was made until noon, when we were becalmed off Lloyd Neck for several hours. At dusk we reached Riker's Island, having had a good breeze during the afternoon. Bo had to be in Philadelphia Monday morning, and as the little wind we had was fair and the tide was with us, we decided to try and run down through Hell Gate, it being impossible to get a tow. Our mistake was soon realized, for the wind died out and we were soon at the mercy of the tide, which runs in all directions through Hell Gate, and, furthermore, we were in danger of being run down by passing vessels. At the head of Governor's Island the cap-

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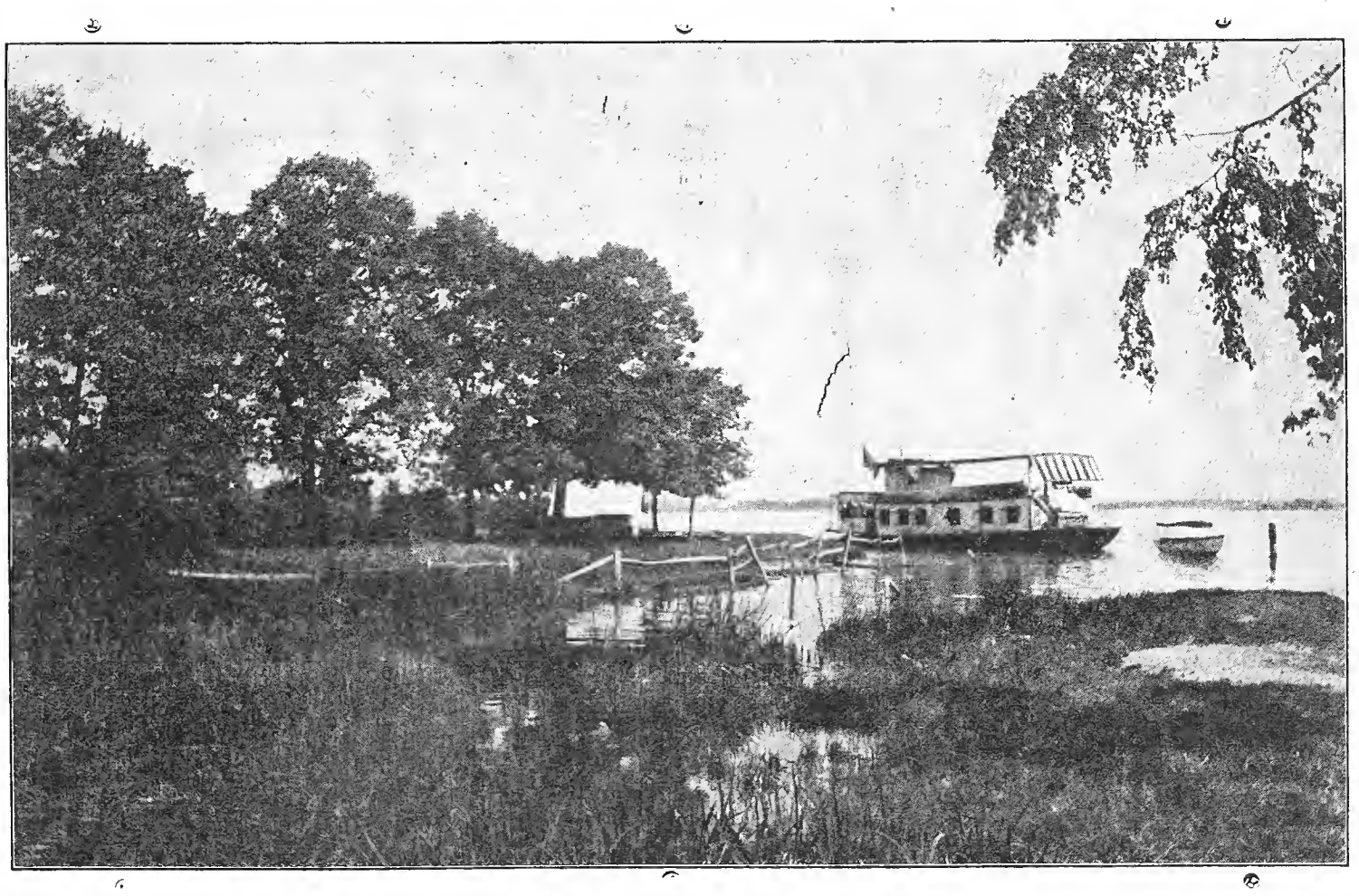


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tain got into the skiff and towed the boat into the East Channel, where we anchored for the night. Here Bo and his wife left us to take the train for Philadelphia, and, after trying in vain to obtain a tow, we turned in.

At 5 A. M., Monday morning, we again tried to get a tow, but seeing no ehanee, we decided to drop down the river with the tide. There was no wind, and slow progress was made. After passing Governor's Island, we became badly tangled up with the numerous ferry-boats. but got elear of them, with no more than a severe shaking up. Upon reaching the bay, a fine S.E. breeze sprang up, and in short time we were again anchored off the Staten Island Y. C. Here Schmaltz and his wife bade us good-bye and the Little Man and Captain spent the remainder of the day in cleaning up ship. This may be ealled really the end of the cruise, but as the trip to Philadelphia from this point is somewhat interesting, I will give that to you also.

Little Man agreed to remain with the boat, while the Captain went to Philadelphia to adjust some business matters and obtain a crew to take the boat back to Atlantie City. Owing to business complieations, Bo could not get away, and being an exeeptional hand, his loss was greatly felt on this trip. After no little trouble Burt and Mr. A. agreed to go the Friday following, and Little Man was relieved from his duties and returned to Boston.

Burt and Mr. A. had never been aboard this craft before, whieh naturally threw more work on the Captain, as it takes a eertain length of time for even a good hand to learn the ropes, as all yachts have their own peeuliarities. At 9 o'cloek we dropped down through the narrows with the tide, there being but little air stirring. We rounded Sandy Hook about 11:30 and steered our course down the Jersey shore. Toward morning a breeze sprang up from the N.W., making it a close reaeh, but we made exeellent time. The crew were divided into watehes, but owing to their unfamiliarity with the boat and sailing at night, the Captain remained on deck until morning.

Saturday morning the sunrise gave promise of a beautiful day, but the wind dropped fast, and at 9. A. M. we were becalmed off Sea Girt.

No breeze put in an appearance until nearly noon, this time from the S.E., making it a beat down the eoast. At 3 P. M. we sighted Barnegat, which is about fifty miles from Sandy Hook. By this time the wind had inereased in foree, and it looked a bad night ahead. We had not intended to put in at Barnegat, for various yaehtsmen of experience had advised us that it was unnavigable, even for boats of shallow draft. As we neared the entranee to Barnegat, small yaehts could be seen making their way in and out the bay, and we elosely observed their eourse. By the time we reaehed the light all the yachts had gone inside, and we steered our course as near as we eould judge to the point where they headed in and found the buoy which marks the entrance. We eased our sheets and ran into the bay, pieking up eaeh buoy in turn, and had no difficulty in seleeting our course. In beating back of the light in the very shallow water, we stood over a little too far and touehed bottom, but by getting out the spare anehor, we warped her off and anchored for the night. After Burt and Captain paid a short visit to shore, which was swarming with mosquitoes, we turned in for the night, expeeting to reach Atlantic City the following day without difficulty.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, but the wind was blowing with great force from the S.W. We put in two reefs before starting. No sooner had we left the bay, than the wind flattened and the reefs were shaken out. We carried this sail for a couple of hours, when a bad squall from the N.W. forced us to anchor and put in two reefs. We were then off Beach Haven, and the wind being light for the remainder of the afternoon, Atlantie City was not reaehed until 7:30. The inlet is very difficult to make unless one is familiar with the water, especially in the dark, when the buoys whieh mark the channel eould not be seen. Off Heinz Pier we anchored and we swung our light to attract attention, which was answered by a small launch, which kindly showed us the channel into the inlet, where we anehored for the night. Burt had very foolishly left his arms exposed the entire trip, and they were now in such condition that he suffered severe pain. We put him ashore immediately, that he eould eonsult a physieian and it was weeks before he fully recovered.

Monday morning Mr. A. and the Captain, after some difficulty, warped Lavinia up to the anehorage of Atlantic City Y. C., who courteously cared for the boat until our return.

Owing to the light airs on the following Saturdays and Sundays, which were the only time we had to bring the boat around to Philadelphia, we did not leave Atlantie City for several weeks and then our destination was Ocean City, about ten miles south of Atlantic City. Our boat was left in charge of Burt, who was spending his summer's outing at Oeean City, it being deeided to make the trip around Cape May on the following Saturday. It was with diffieulty that a crew was obtained, and the Captain was finally obliged to depend on George and Harold, two office assistants, to bring the boat around to Philadelphia. George had had some experience, having been one of the party in sailing to Maurice River from Philadelphia, but Harold had never been aboard a sailing craft before.

On reaehing Ocean City the wind was blowing with so much weight from the S.W., that it was deemed advisable not to make a start until Sunday morning early. Consequently, Sunday at 4 o'elock we weighed anchor and in the light S. breeze run out to the bar, where our course shifted so that we had to beat to windward. The wind was so paltry that we made practically no headway, but at 10 o'cloek we had succeeded in crossing the bar and were becalmed in a heavy sea off Oeean City. The rough water, together with the extreme heat proved too mueh for the crew, who were sick for most of the day. At 1 o'elock the Captain got under way and beat down the Jersey coast toward Cape May Point against a very light S. air. By dark we had reached Anglesea, and the crew being tired, turned in for the night, leaving the Captain the only one on deck. Off Wildwood we ran into a fish pound and after getting the boys out of their bunks, we got clear, but with a badly torn mainsail.

These fish pounds are a menace to yachtsmen at night, inasmueh as they are not lighted and are impossible to make out in the darkness until you run directly on them.

Off Cape May Light we were again becalmed until 4 o'clock in the morning, when a S.E. breeze took us around the Cape. To make time, we set our light sails; but off Cross Ledge Light we were again becalmed. Here we anehored and spent the entire afternoon in playing cards on th eabin top in the shade.

At 6 P. M. we got a strong S.E., which carried us at a fast clip up the river, and by 1 o'eloek we had passed Reedy Island and were off Delaware City. It looked now as if we would reaeh our mooring off the club house by morning, but luck was against us, and at Wilmington we were again becalmed. This time we anehored, and all hands turned in for a much needed sleep. At 6 o'clock in the morning there was no sign of wind and George was rowed ashore to make a train for Philadelphia. At 10 o'clock, on the change of the tide, we got a fair wind, and at noon we picked up our mooring off the Philadelphia Y. C.

The trip around Cape May had been most diseouraging, owing to the lack of wind, and we were very glad to reach Philadelphia.

Men Who Live on Lightships.

Men who live in a gale of wind all their lives, yet suffer one of the most uneventful existences in the list of human occupations; who weleome the sight of a passing sail, yet are bored at each other's presence; who toss at anchor almost within sight of land, yet seldom know what their fellow-beings are about; whose stout craft, in stormy weather, held nose down to the waves by fathoms of heavy anchor ehain, toss and roll and suddenly burrow through the eenter of mountainous waves—these are the men who kindle their warning lights in lightships over the danger spots along Uncle Sam's coast.

Once the Diamond Shoals vessel, off Hatteras, was compelled to stay out five months before its relief came. The crew of tough sailors almost went crazy. Three months of this sort of imprisonment is all that any sane person can stand. So the erew mutinied.

It was a trivial matter, springing from the nervous irritation of all hands. The captain reproved the mate for playing eards with the sailors, and declared that it was a saerifice of dignity and discipline. The mate brooded over the matter, and told his troubles to the engineer, who immediately joined him in a committee of two to tell the eaptain that he was putting on airs. Out jumped the captain's revolver. Up jumped the engineer and mate in time to grab the weapon before it went off. The crew sympathized with the mate; and the eaptain was a prisoner aboard his own vessel until the relief ship came.

The mutinous crew sailed their craft back to Norfolk in a forgiving mood, and all hands save the mate relieved the strain on their nerves by going ashore and getting uproariously drunk. When the inspector visited the ship he found it deserted by every one except James Adams, the mate, who was reasonably sober, considering. James, therefore, was forgiven for his mutiny and promoted to be eaptain of the ship. The eaptain was discharged, in spite of the fact that he had been at sea two months longer than usual in one of the heaviest seas known off the Capes. The Government will not tolerate a captain who gets intoxieated under any circumstances.

The men on the ships will tell you that before they have been on the vessel ten days they will have become so bored with each other's company that they actually feel murderous. For a few days at the start they play checkers and chess, with an oecasional game of cards. Soon they tire of that. They try smoking and reading. But the Government changes their libraries only once a year, and so the supply of unread books is soon exhausted. In winter, espeeially, the visits of the lighthouse tenders are often a month apart. The sailor who gets a copy of the latest newspaper is the most popular man on the ship for the time being. When it is time for shore leave, the men are scarcely on speaking terms.

"Lookee here," says one sailor to another, after they are ashore, "I see quite enough of you on the ship. If you eome near me now I'll knock your block off!"

Ten days, later, however, when these men meet for another shift of duty, they are as glad to see each other as though they had not met for years. And they are loaded down with an assortment of pareels which would make the most hardened commuter blush.

Nantucket Shoals Light Vessel No. 58, which went down in the big blow last Monday while being towed to port, has had as stormy a history as any vessel in the service, and Capt. James Jorgensen, her commander, has cheated the sea of its human prey on numberless occasions. The Nantucket station is one of the most dangerous, as well as the most important in the service. Examine the Government map and you find a dozen or more lightships—Hen and Chickens, Sow and Pigs, Pollock Rip, and others—near shore or under the lee of islands; but the Nantucket Shoals, which Nantucket Lightship guards, are fifty miles out into the open ocean, just where the nor'easters, rounding New England's elbow, pound the waters into perpetual furies. Even in fine weather, the cross-currents keep the anchored vessel tossing. In stormy weather—well, No. 58 has often shipped her anchor and been driven miles away from her station by a killing gale. Five years ago, this very day, she was taken in tow 200 miles off the Capes of Delaware by the steamship Luciline, after fighting a nor'easter for six days with leaking boilers. Nine years ago Capt. Jorgensen was blown into Block Island, and the Evening Post printed an exclusive interview with him, which, no doubt, with a few details altered, would fit perfectly the recent (and final) storm experience of his sea-worn craft. Here is part of it:

"The sea began to roll down upon us in mountainous waves, and the wind whistled through our rigging with fearful velocity. The men on watch found it difficult to remain on deck. The spray which drenched the deck nearly blinded them. The snow fell in such thick clouds that we eould not see the length of the ship. The barometer began to fall steadily about 8 o'clock in the morning, and reached the lowest point I have ever seen—28.95-100. The wind certainly blew more than eighty miles an hour all day and long into the night. The tide was running at a ten-knot clip, and between the force of the tide and the fury of the storm the ship was almost continually on her beams ends.

"We were all obliged to remain below, except the watch, who lashed himself to the mast. The ship was rolling and pitching so furiously that we should have been pitched into the sea if we had ventured from below.

"We had 180 fathoms of ehain attached to a 7,000-pound mushroom anehor. The water was about 30 fathoms deep. The weight of the chain eable would pull the high bow of the boat into the mountainous waves as they broke, and, when the waves sank again, into the trough of the boiling sea the boat would follow, until it seemed that we were bound not to stop until the bottom was reached.

"A few minutes after 10 o'elock, the ship descended into the trough of the sea until the water seemed to rise in a wall nearly 50ft. high on either side of us. Down went our staunch ship until suddenly she was thrown high in the air by the combined pressure of wind and water, and, when she fell again into the trough of the sea, we had slipped the mushroom anehor and were adrift at the mercy of the elements.

"Steam was got up as soon as we could manage to walk around, and the crew got sail enough on her to keep her head up to the wind. But soon the canvas was torn to shreds, and away we went before the fury of the gale.

"At daybreak next day nothing could be seen around us exeept water, which swept by in huge waves. All day we drifted before the gale, but toward evening sighted land, which we made out to be Block Island. It was slow work getting into port, but we succeeded in doing it."

No. 66 is the regular ship on the Nantucket Shoals station, and No. 58 was only the substitute which went on relief when No. 66 steamed up to New Bedford to coal. Both were steel vessels, but No. 58 was smaller and older. To have her blown off her station was so eommon an oecurrenee that the New Bedford folk never feared for the safety of their lads at sea under ordinary eireumstanees. But when that pathetic, half-finished wireless message came out of the darkness and the storm on Monday last, "Send help from anywhere——" the old salts predieted rightly that this would be the last voyage of old No. 58 with a eommander who never called for help until he was eonvinced he must.

The wireless was once an agent in a tragedy for Captain Jorgensen. In January, 1902, there had been a period of storm, and communication had been interrupted for a number of days. When it was re-established, the first message which came out of the mist was from the captain's home in Braintree, Mass. It read:

"Christine is dying; come home."

Then immediately eame a second message:

"Christine is dead."

There were other messages explaining that Christine, the captain's daughter, had died of lockjaw as the result of vaccination. The hardy old captain was frantic, and would have set out for the shore at once, but the storm was too heavy. All next day and the next he paeed the deek, realizing the impossibility of reaehing land, yet hoping against hope that somehow the elements would grant him that one boon, to reach Braintree in time to bury his child. Still another day passed, and it was not until the following morning that a liner bound inward to New York hove to in the distance and managed to take the grief-stricken father off. Two days more and he had reached home—in time. As the crow flies it is more than 100 miles from Nantucket Shoals to Braintree. It took Captain Jorgensen a full week to go from one to the other. * * *

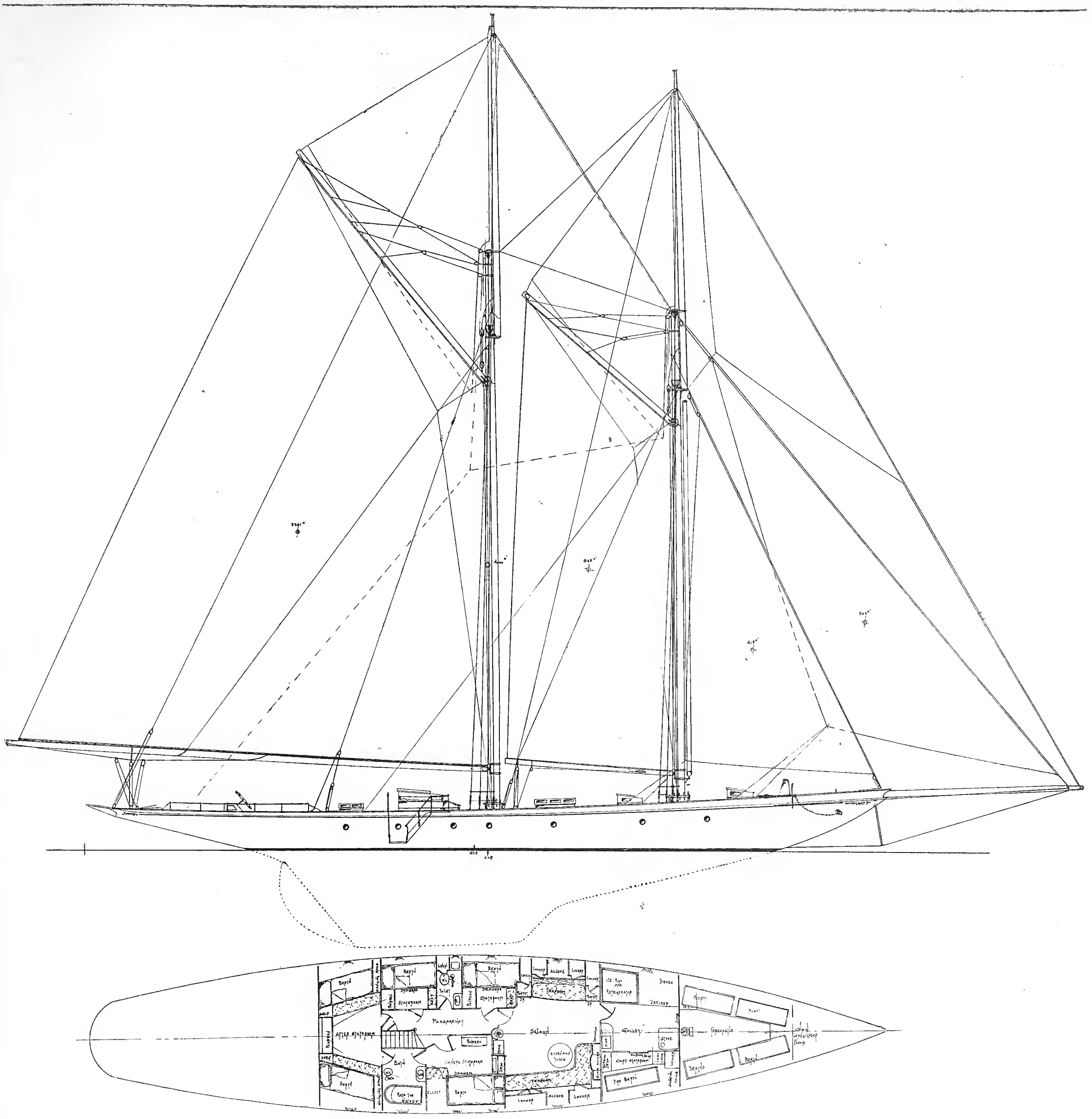
Most of the men on the lightships are married men; and, strange as it may seem, the demand for this sort of service is unusually good. The outside ships, such as Diamond Shoals, Sandy Hook, Scotland, Fire Island and Nantucket, have fourteen men besides from one to three wireless operators, where wireless is used. The captain reeeives $1,000 a year for his services, and the sailors $30 a month.

While the Nantucket ship has the interesting task of sighting incoming European steamships and lighting them on to Fire Island, the Diamond Shoals ship has attraeted more attention than any other because it has a uniquc Ameriean feature, namely, a powerful electric searchlight which shoots a geyser of flame straight up into the heaven as far as the eye can reach. Kipling, in his recent story of an eight-hour airship flight from London to Quebee, has the location of the cities marked by vertical pillars of light which shoot their rays even up to the mail-packet "lanes," one and two miles above the surface of the earth.—New York Evening Post.

Power Boat for Robert Galloway.—Mr. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn., has commissioned the Huntington Mfg. Co., of New Rochelle, to build for him a cruising power boat 97ft. over all, 17ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. The boat will take the place of Daisy, the boat Mr. Galloway had built at Tom's River, N. J., in 1904. The new boat will be fitted with two 50 horsepower gasolene motors and she will have a small schooner rig. Mr. Galloway will use the boat north during the summer and go south in her in the winter. Her gasolene tanks have a capacity of 600 gallons, and the same amount of water can be carried. Two boats will be swung on davits.

* * *

The houseboat designed by Messrs. MacConnell & Cook for Mr. George Inness has been launehed at Milton Point shipyard and will shortly leave for Tarpon Springs, Fla. The auxiliary twin-serew cruiser building at the Robertson yard, City Island, is having engines installed and will shortly leave for the South. The deep-sea cruising yawl which Messrs. Higgins & Gifford are building in Gloucester from Messrs. MacConnell & Cook's design, is now in frame. The yacht is building under Lloyd's survey for the 13A1 class and is the first sailing yaeht of the class to be built under their registry in this country. The firm is designing a 50ft. auxiliary yawl for Mr. C. K. Wooster, of Chicago, and a steam auxiliary schooner for the Commercial Cable Company for its Pacific service.



DESIGN FOR A 59-FOOT WATERLINE SCHOONER—SAIL AND CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY FRED D. LAWLEY, 1905.

A 59-Foot Cruising Schooner.

THERE is now building at the yard of the George Lawley & Son Corp., the 59ft. waterline cruising schooner, the sail and cabin plans of which we publish in this issue. The design is from the board of Mr. Fred D. Lawley whose work has attracted so much attention during recent years.

The boat was designed for cruising primarily, but it is expected that she will have a good turn of speed, and her owner, whose name has not been given out, expects to get his share of the prizes in the class racing.

The plans show a particularly handsome craft, and in appearance she is the smartest looking boat of this type Mr. Lawley has yet turned out. For a vessel of 59ft. waterline she has unusual accommodations; in fact, she has more room below under a flush deck than any sailing yacht of her inches we have seen. Not only has the boat an unusual number of cabins, but they are all of good size.

The companion stairs lead to a good-sized steerage or passageway, which gives access to all the owner's and guests' quarters.

The after cabin is 7ft. long, and it extends the width of the vessel. On each side are wide berths with transoms in front. A bureau is placed against the after bulkhead, and at the foot of each of the berths are hanging closets. Overhead is a skylight, and over each berth in the side is a port hole.

A bathroom 5ft. long separates the after cabin from the owner's room, which is on the starboard side. The bath is fitted up with the most modern open plumbing. The owner's room is 9ft. long, and it is fitted with a double berth, a desk, a bureau, a transom and a large hanging closet. Two port holes are placed over the owner's berth, and there is a skylight overhead.

On the port side of the passage are two single cabins and a toilet. Both rooms are 6ft. 3in. long, and each has a berth, a transom and a bureau. Port holes light and ventilate both these cabins, and the toilet room.

The main saloon is nearly 11ft. long, and it is most attractively and completely fitted up. Besides the transoms, there is a fireplace, lockers, buffets, etc. In either side there is a port hole, and overhead a skylight.

Next forward is the galley. It is 9ft. long and is unusually roomy. Here are to be found all modern appliances and fittings. On the starboard side of the galley is the captain's room. The forecastle is 12ft. 6in. long with accommodations for eight men.

The boat's rig is a liberal one. Two boats will be carried on the davits. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	92ft.	
L. W. L.	59ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	20ft. 6in.	
Aft	12ft. 6in.	
Breadth—		
Extreme	20ft.	
Draft—		
Extreme	11ft.	
Freeboard (top of rail)—		
Forward	7ft.	
Least	4ft. 3in.	
Aft	5ft.	
Sail Area—		
Jib	522	sq. ft.
Staysail	412	sq. ft.
Foresail	825	sq. ft.
Mainsail	2241	sq. ft.
	4000	sq. ft.

Boston Letter.

WITH THE NEW CLASSES.—Although there has been considerable agitation over the building of new boats to rate under the new uniform rule of measurement, the amount of practical development has been exceedingly small, so far. There is one 22-rater building at the yard of Messrs. Burgess & Packard, at Marblehead, but so far as is known, the only other development of the class in Massachusetts waters has been on paper. Two 55ft. schooners are sure, one having been finished and the other now building, and there is some prospect of another for the same class. These boats should make fine racing and considerable valuable data should be obtained from their season's work. It is not any too soon to start in on the smaller classes, if boats are to be built for them, for the sooner one or two boats are under construction, the sooner will others be forthcoming; and there is plenty of room in the shops now for the building of new boats. If classes under the new rule are not favored by new boats for the coming season, we shall have to fall back on the data to be obtained from the older boats. There seems to be a general tendency to waiting until somebody else has built and the work of the boats noted; but it is strange that there has been no hesitancy in building boats of freak dimensions and form, likely to be a drug on the market, when in the case of a boat built under the new rule, the worst that the owner could get would be a substantial cruising craft that could always demand a reasonable percentage of the original cost.

IN THE OLDER CLASSES.—It has been decided by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts to retain the three popular classes, and the Cape cats and sailing dories, although adopting the new uniform rule for yachts up to 40ft. rating. In none of the older classes is there any marked

aetivity in the building of new boats. There are building two new 22-footers, and it is expected that nearly all of the older boats in the class will be raeing throughout the season. With these the class will make a very respectable showing and of the three popular classes of prescribed waterline length will be the most active. It is not known that any new boats are building for the 18ft. and 15ft. classes. There will not be nearly as many boats in the general racing in the 18ft. class as in past seasons, the deeline in this class pointing more or less directly to eomplete extinction. The 15ft. class seems likely to drift along and out in the same manner as the 18ft. class. Two new Cape cats are forthcoming, and there is every likelihood of good sport in this class. The fever of renewed life is on and the owners of boats in the class, and their friends who race with them, are very enthusiastie. It is likely that some new sailing dories will be built. The field in this class is very large, and even when boats are sold, they continue to race in Massachusetts waters, so that the class is not likely to lose in interest. The boats are economical in first cost and in maintainance and the racing of their forms a most exeellent school for the generations of yachtsmen just starting out.

Mr. Edward Stanwood, of Boston, is having a launch built at the yard of Hodgdon Bros., East Boothbay, Me. She will be used in the vicinity of Squirrel Island, Me., where Mr. Stanwood has a summer home.

A 55ft. cruising launch is being built for Mr. Harry Friend of the Boston Y. C. She will be used at Marblehead.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

British Letter.

THE BIG CLASS.—In my last letter I stated that efforts would be made to form a class from among the present handieap boats to sail under Y. R. A. rules and time allowances, instead of being handieapped as hitherto. The idea has emanated ehiefly from the minds of the owners, many of whom are dissatisfied with handieap racing, and is therefore likely to be carried out. The new cutter building at Camper & Nieholson's, Gosport, for Mr. Young will have a keen opponent in Mr. Kennedy's Fife-designed White Heather, which is to be turned into a cutter so as to meet the new boat on equal terms. As these two vessels are of much the same size, and White Heather is only two years old, some pretty racing should result between them. It would be interesting to have Bona back in her original cutter rig, but, as far as one ean tell, there is little likelihood of her being out at all next season unless she finds a new owner. One thing seems pretty clear, and that is, that the day of first-class out-and-out racers has gone by, that is to say, in future owners will insist on having vessels built with a due regard to strength of construetion, and the fever of exeessive overhangs seems to have considerably abated. All the most recent eruiser-raeers have been vessels with quite moderate overhangs. They are fine, able ships, dry and seaworthy, sound and strong, and have given every satisfaction to their owners. Now, that the present rating rule has only two more years to run it is improbable that any pure class racer will be built over 52ft. rating, for there is sure to be some change or modifieation in the rule in the near future, and a proper rule of scantling restrietions will be brought in at the same time. The bandbox system of eonstruction is fortunately doomed, but not until it has well-nigh brought about the destruction of elass raeing. It is pleasant to note, moreover, that the Yacht Raeing Association is waking up to a sense of the damage it has done to the sport by its persistent apathy and neglect of its obvious duties for many years past, and that it now seems inclined to make up in some measure for its delinquencies. The future success of yacht racing will, however, depend quite as much upon the efforts of the owners as upon the Y. R. A. Owners have realized this to some extent already and will realize it still more when they discover how much their words will weigh with the governing body. It is chiefly if not wholly due to the efforts of yacht racing owners that the racing fixtures have been plaeed upon such a satisfactory basis for next season; it will be due entirely to the owners if a Y. R. A. class is formed from the piek of the fine fleet of handicap yaehts, and it is direetly due to the refusal of owners to build flimsy vessels that scantling restrictions are being framed at Lloyds in conjunction with some of our leading designers. All these are moves in the right direction and tend toward the revival of class racing, which should never have been allowed to die out.

THE SMALLER CLASSES.—Mr. Burton, the most energetic owner in the 52ft. class, has brought forward a scheme for consideration by the Y. R. A. whereby it is proposed to allow a certain margin on either side of the rating of a class rater, so that a eertain elasticity may be allowed to owners and designers for subsequent alterations to a boat in case she does not turn out as successful as eould be wished. As matters stand at present, boats are built right up to the rating, since no time allowance may be given to boats which are below, and those above cannot eompete at all until they are reduced. The consequence is that boats are calculated so near the elass rating that there is practically no margin to play with, and a boat which is the least bit slower than the others is a failure. It is hoped that if a small pereentage were allowed, either in exeess of or short of the class rating, it might be possible to alter such a boat as to bring her up to the level of the others. Of course, a boat so altered would either receive or give time aecording as she was made smaller or larger, according to Y. R. A. scale. The older hands, of course, ery out against such a drastie alteration, but the owners themselves are generally in favor of the change, which, after all, is only going baek to the old rule of a few years back, as far as the boats below the rating are concerned, and is merely spreading the allowance in the opposite direction for boats in exeess of the class measurement. Mr. Burton clearly points out that the present system of building right up to the rating and making the first boat past the post a winner is not satisfactory, for, as he says, he is the only owner in the 52ft. class who has built more than one boat during the last four years. It is almost certain that Mr. Burton's idea will be put into practice. There are rumors of two new 52-footers, one from Fife, of Fairlie, and another from designs by Mr. Charles P. Herreshoff. Both reports, however, require confirmation. The Solent elasses will probably turn out in much the same strength as last year.

E. H. KELLY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

DEATH OF FREDERICK P. SANDS.—After an illness of about ten days Frederiek P. Sands died at his homc in Newport, R. I., on the afternoon of Dec. 22. Mr. Sands had been in failing health for some time, and although his death was hardly looked for, it was doubted if he would ever fully regain health again. Mr. Sands was one of the best known yachtsmen and trapshooters in the country. Yachting loses one of its staunchest supporters through the death of Mr. Sands. He was a member of the New York Y. C. and for several years he was in charge of that organization's station at Newport. As Vic-Commodore of the Rhode Island Y. C. he made one of the best flag officers that club ever had. Mr. Sands was also a member of the Warwick and Newport Y. C.'s and the Narragansett Bay Racing Association. He was one of the founders of the Newport Yacht Raeing Association. During his life he owned the sloops Peri, Waif, Daffodil, Lizzie L. and Evelyn, and the Fife eutter Uvira. Mr. Sands was fifty-two years of age.

* * *

SPEED LAUNCH FOR J. C. KING.—The Electric Launch Co., of Bayonne City, N. J., is building a high speed launch for Mr. John C. King, of New York city. The boat, which will be used at Palm Beach this winter, is 35ft. over all and 5ft. 6in. breadth. She will be fitted with a 50 horsepower, four-cylinder gasolene motor, and the builders guarantee a speed of 20 miles an hour. The boat will be known as Topsy.

* * *

C. VANDERBILT, N. Y. Y. C.'s NEW COMMODORE.—The New York Y. C. held its sixth general meeting at the club house in West Forty-fourth street on Thursday evening, Dec. 21. Commodore Bourne presided, and after hearing the reports of the various officers and committees, the election of officers took place. Mr. John B. Buchan read the report of the Model Committee. It was most interesting and was well received. Commodore Bourne, after serving three years, declined renomination and his term of office expires with the year 1905. Commodore Bourne has proven himself to be one of the best flag offieers the elub has ever had, and under his guidanee the club has forged rapidly ahead. Before turning the chair over to Rear Commodore Vanderbilt, Commodore Bourne made a short speeeh in which he thanked those members who had accorded their hearty support and said he would support the club quite as enthusiastically now that he had returned to the forecastle as he ever had while in command. Mr. Vanderbilt thanked the members for electing him their commodore, and said that while his predecessors had established a very high standard he hoped with their support to make his administration a most successful one. No new members were elected. The officers elected are as follows:

Commodore—Cornelius Vanderbilt, steamers North Star and Mirage and sloop Rainbow.

Vice-Commodore—Henry Walters, steamer Narada.

Rear Commodore—Seymour L. Husted, Jr., schooner Crusader.

Secretary—George A. Cormack.

Treasurer—Tarrant Putnam.

Regatta Committee—Oliver E. Cromwell, H. de B. Parsons and Ernest E. Lorillard.

House Committee—Thomas A. Bronson, Hunter Wykes and George A. Freeman.

Committee on Admissions—Henry C. Ward, Tracy Dows, Edward F. Whitney, George A. Adee and Alexander S. Cochran.

Library Committee—T. O'Conor Sloane, John H. Cole and George A. Armour.

Model Committee—James Douglas Sparkman, Paul Eve Stevenson and Abert Bradlee Hunt.

Committee on Club Stations and Anchorages—William H. Thomas, Henry H. Rogers, Cord Meyer, Augustus C. Tyler, Charles Lane Poor, Maximilian Agassiz, Alfred C. Harrison, Henry C. Ward, William Lanman Bull, J. Harvey Ladew and Paul G. Thebaud.

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SALES AND NEW ORDERS.—Messrs. MacConnell & Cook have made the following transfers: The launch Queen Bess has been sold to Mr. W. C. Perkins, of Providence, R. I. Queen Bess is in Florida, and the new owner will take possession there for the Florida season, after which he will bring the yacht north. The gasolene launch Osprey, owned by the commodore of the Harlem Y. C., has been sold to Mr. Jacob Smith, of New Roehelle. The auxiliary Cape Cod eatboat Lorraine, owned by Mr. E. V. Rosemond, of New York city, has been sold to F. T. Brenzle, of the United States Navy; also Onaway sold to Mr. William Roth, of New York city.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1906.

(Assumed office Oct. 1, 1905.)

Commodore—H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.
Secretary—William W. Crosby, Brighton Mills, Passaic, N. J.
Treasurer—Frederic G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Woolsey Carmalt, 82 Beaver St., New York.
Rear-Commodore—Matthias Ohlmeyer, Francis H. Leggett & Co., 128 Franklin St., New York.
Purser—George S. Morrisey, 73 Mercer St., New York.
Executive Committee—William A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Louis C. Kretzmer, Schepp Building, New York; Clifton T. Mitchell, 46 E. Sedgwick St., Germantown, Pa.
Board of Governors—Robert J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn.
Racing Board—Daniel B. Goodsell, 36 Washington Sq., New York.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henry R. Ford, 45 N. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Rear-Commodore—Edward H. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Purser—B. Irving Rouse, 981 Lake Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Executive Committee—John S. Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.; Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—Charles P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., E. Rochester, N.Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Frank S. Chase, Manchester, N. H.
Purser—Edgar Ward, 112 Highland St., West Newton, Mass.
Executive Committee—Daniel S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.; Arthur G. Mather, 84 South St., Medford, Mass.; H. L. Backus, 472 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; Herman D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.
Rear-Commodore—James W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—Russell H. Britton, Gananoque, Ont., Canada.
Executive Committee—Charles E. Britton Gananoque, Ont., Can.
Board of Governors—John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont., Canada.
Racing Board—J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—John A. Berkey, St. Paul, Minn.
Rear-Commodore—Lucien Wulsin, The Baldwin Co., 142 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Wade Hampton Yardley, 49 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Executive Committee—George H. Gardner, 149 Kennard St., Cleveland, O.; Augustus W. Friese, The Journal, Chicago, Ill.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.
Racing Board—Frank B. Huntington, 90 Sheboygan St., Fond-du-Lac, Wis.

How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Central Division—C. T. Johnston, Oakmont, Pa., by Frank C. Demmler.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 12-17.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Indoor Twenty-two Caliber Rifle League of the United States tournament. Chas. J. Otis, Cor. Sec'y.
March 12-17.—New York.—One hundred shot indoor championship.

Zettler Rifle Club.

GEORGE SCHLICHT, the veteran marksman, was high man in the 100-shot match, held on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street, New York city, Dec. 19, and W. A. Tewes made the best 50-shot score, while the bullseye prize also went to Tewes. The result at 75ft., offhand:

One-hundred-shot match:

George Schlicht	240	243	243	245	242	245	246	243	238	244—2429
Owen Smith	235	243	245	242	238	243	247	242	247	243—2425
Dr T F C Mehlig	228	237	244	239	238	243	240	241	233	242—2385
H D Muller	239	243	235	237	234	235	235	239	239	240—2366

Fifty-shot match:

W A Tewes	249	245	246	247	249—1236
Louis Buss	239	243	245	244	246—1217
C G Zettler	244	241	238	238	238—1199
C Zettler, Jr.	243	238	232	241	239—1193
H D Muller	245	243	234	234	234—1190
Louis Maurer	235	239	232	234	245—1185
A P Fegert	233	240	241	237	232—1183
Barney Zettler	230	240	225	235	233—1163
G Bernius	230	230	232	226	231—1149
H C Zettler	231	231	240	236	236—1134

Bullseye target, degrees:

W A Tewes	25½	L C Buss	38
Dr Mehlig	28	H D Muller	48
Barney Zettler	33½	C G Zettler	53½
A P Fegert	36	G Bernius	50½
H C Zettler	37½		

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

D. SCHARNINGHAUS made the best score on the ring target in the shoot held Dec. 20, at 75ft., offhand, while A. P. Fegert was high on the bullseye target, which calls for one shot only. The scores in full follow:

Ring target, 20 shots:

D Scharninghaus	480	Pruno Eusner	450
H D Muller	479	F Schroeder	431
A P Fegert	478	H A Ficke, Sr.	423
Felix Kost	477	G Dettloff	413
G A Viemeister	476	J M Leonard	408
Chris Gerken	475	H Roffmann	400
C Ottmann	474	D O Wiehrmann	398
F W Wessel, Jr.	467	H Von der Lieth	394
Jacob Hess	465	H Brummer	387
H A Ficke, Jr.	455	H D Schmidt	354
J Von de Lieth	451		

Bullseye target, degrees:

A P Fegert	33	G A Dettloff	95½
C Ottmann	44	D Scharninghaus	106
J M Leonard	46	F W Wessel, Jr.	108½
Chris Gerken	49	D O Wiehrmann	114
Felix Kost	60	H Von der Lieth	121
Jacob Hess	63	H A Ficke, Sr.	129
G A Viemeister	88½	H D Schmidt	151
H D Muller	95	F Schroeder	231

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

THE weekly shoot was held Dec. 21 on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street. The best two scores of 10 shots each at 75ft., offhand, follow:

Aug. Kronsberg	242	238—480	L Gleichmann	218	213—431
A P Fegert	238	234—472	L Bentz	215	208—423
R Busse	230	240—470	L Schultze	206	214—420
J Fuger	228	237—465	E Stein	204	216—420
R Berdler	224	239—463	H Kuhlmann	207	204—411
R Schwanemann	229	228—457	E Heldt	185	221—406
C Wagner	227	228—455	A Wiltz	197	206—403
J Facklamm	222	226—448	W Leonard	194	196—390
B Eusner	224	223—447	G Bach	177	204—381
C Schroeder	216	230—446	A Reilstein	168	196—364
H Radloff	220	220—440	C Stover	148	144—292

Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle League.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 23.—For your publication, I wish to report that the prize list for the League tournament, Feb. 12 to 17, will be made somewhat larger than first announced.

The championship match will have twenty-five prizes, from $10 to $100. The continuous match will have thirty-five prizes from two to seventy-five dollars, and the bullseye contest will have fifty cash awards from one to fifty dollars. The honorary target event, which will be open to members only, has not been determined beyond the fact that it shall be equally attractive for all prospective competitors. Programmes will be ready for distribution about Jan. 10.

CHAS. J. OTIS, Cor. Sec'y.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.
CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.
DISTANCE—1,000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: **U. S. Cartridges excelled all others**

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 28.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Dec. 29.—Lakewood, N. J., G. C. all-day shoot. H. Ely Havens, Sec'y.

1906.

Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., G. C. all-day shoot. Wm. J. Perkins, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Bergen Beach G. C. tournament. H. W. Dreyer, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Mount Kisco, N. Y., G. C., all-day shoot. A. Betti, Capt.
Jan. 2.—Killarney, Man.—Live-bird championship of Canada.
Jan. 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., G. C. annual winter tournament. Ralph C. Ripley, Sec'y.
Jan. 17.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., G. C. annual tournament. A. L. Traver, Capt.
Jan. 22-27.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap; $1,500 added for amateurs. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
Jan. 25.—Edgewater, N. J.—All-day tournament of the Palisade G. C.; $50 added. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr., 2 Murray street, New York City.
Feb. 22.—Brooklyn, N. Y., G. C. all-day tournament. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
March 14-16.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. C. W. Budd, Sec'y.
May 16-17.—Auburn, N. Y., tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 24-25.—Montreal, Can.—Canadian Indians' first annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe.
June 12-14.—Fairmont, W. Va.—Tenth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Fairmont Gun Club; $1,000 added to purses. E. H. Taylor, Mgr.; Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y-Treas.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Palisade Gun Club announce a shoot to be held on their grounds at Edgewater, N. J., Jan. 25.

The club house of the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club, was robbed of many articles of value last week.

The Secretary, H. Ely Havens, informs us that the Lakewood, N. J., Gun Club has fixed on Dec. 29 as the date for an all-day shoot.

The Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Dec. 30, at which the Western artists, Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. H. Heer are announced to appear.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Foord spent last week in Brooklyn, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. R. Elliott. So we are informed by our esteemed correspondent "A Social Tramp."

In the Philadelphia Shooters' League series, Dec. 23, Meadow Springs defeated S. S. Whites, 214 to 207; Clearview defeated Florists, 209 to 183; Highland defeated Merchantville, 197 to 149; Lansdale defeated Media, 213 to 187.

There is brewing a State contest between teams of Maryland and Delaware. If Perryman can suffocate all attempts at desertion in this contest, if happily it is arranged, Delaware will have the struggle of its life, in a trapshooting sense.

In the second contest between teams of Perryman and Baltimore Shooting Association, the former won by a score of 669 to 590. There were seventeen men to each team. Each man shot at 50 targets. Messrs. Banks and Richardson, of Perryman, scored 48 each and were high.

In the weekly shoot, at the Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia, Pa., last Saturday, there were ten contestants in the event at 10 birds, $5, handicap, of whom three, McDonald, Churchill and Aiman, scored 9 and were high. Two 5-bird sweepstakes were also shot.

The Poughkeepsie Gun Club has arranged a programme of ten events for their tournament to be held on Jan. 1. The totals are 180 targets, entrance $13.60. Shooting will commence at 11 o'clock.

The next contest for the championship of Delaware is set for New Year's Day. Mr. A. B. Richardson, of Dover, is the holder. Mr. Edward Banks, of Wilmington, Del., is the challenger. It is difficult to wear a championship halo in Delaware without soon having it jammed or smashed.

Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., was high average at the third weekly shoot of the season, at Wellington, Mass., on Wednesday of last week. Mrs. W. K. Park, wife of Mr. Will K. Park, the able editor of Sporting Life, was a visitor, and displayed her usual ability by breaking over 40 straight and scoring over 95 out of 100. Dr. Gleason scored 99 out of his first 100 shot at, but in the sweepstakes averaged 96 per cent. Mr. Griffith scored 97 out of his 100. In the 100-target match the scores were: Griffith 97, Gleason 96, Roy 93, Smith 88, Wheeler 84, Rule 92, Temby 79, Kirkwood 96, Mrs. Park 93, Frank 94, Jordan 89, Burns 82, Craighton 55, Webster 25. Capt. O. R. Dickey's winter shoots, held on Wednesdays, are popular and well patronized. The next regular shoot will be held on Jan. 3.

At a shoot held in honor of the distinguished visitor, Mr. Fred Gilbert, who is famous as an orator with shotgun skill as a mere incident, some high scores were recorded. Nothing otherwise was to be expected, for, besides the famous Mr. Gilbert, there were the famous Messrs. Squier, Banks, Skelly, Foord, Richardson, DuPont, German, McKelvey, and others. Messrs. Gilbert and Squier tied for high average on 95. Messrs. Banks and Richardson were second with 92. Mr. Skelly was third with 91. A notable feature of the shoot was a squad performance. The members were Messrs. Gilbert, Squier, Richardson, Banks and German. They broke 74 out of 75. The goose-egg being the personal belonging of Mr. Gilbert, concerning which there were many solicitous inquiries as to the manner in which he did it. These happenings were at Wilmington, Del.

BERNARD WATERS.

Hood Waters Wins Turkeys.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The West Arlington Gun Club held a handicap shoot for turkeys at its new grounds, Hayward avenue, near the Reistertown road, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 23. There were eleven shooters, and five events; four at 15 targets and one at 10. Hood Waters won high honors, and three turkeys, running 30 straight in the first two events.

The first event was at 16yds., the winner being handicapped 2yds. for each victory. The second event Waters shot from 18yds. and won. The third from 20yds. and was high with 13. The fourth and fifth events he shot from 22yds.

Capt. Malone had evidently not recovered from the "licking" the Perryman boys gave his "team," as his feet seemed glued to the 16yd. mark.

The West Arlington Gun Club is a new organization, and for young shooters made a good showing. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	10
Waters	15	15	13	10	6
France	13	11	12	11	8
Chelf	13	12	13	10	7
Moxley	11	12	10	10	7
Jas Malone	14	11	..	11	8
C Malone	11	11	7	12	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	10
Sampson	11	11	12	10	10
Watkins	11	8	12	14	7
Waldes	..	0	5	5	3
Eyler	..	..	9	7	..
Biddle	..	..	..	..	7

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Dec. 21.—A few shooters participated in the different events.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	15	15
Montanus	7	14	13	14
Williamson	8	14	..	10

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	15	15
Dreyer	..	11	12	..

Club shoot; all withdrew in favor of Montanus.

Montanus, 5	23	Cooper, 9	17
Williamson, 8	20	Sweeney	13
Dreyer, 13	16	Lafayette	1
E Voorhies, 5	19		

Prize events, 15 targets, handicap:

Montanus	22	21	..		
Williamson	23	24	15		
Dreyer	23	23	14		
Voorhies	24	23	12		
Cooper	21	25	14		
Sweeney	17	14	..		
Lafayette	1	..	..		

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Dec. 17. Conditions, 200yds., offhand; at the Standard American target. Roberts was champion for the day with a score of 84. The day was ill-fitted for the making of good scores, it being murky and dark the whole day. The scores:

Roberts	84	84	82	80	80
Payne	84	83	83	82	82
Hasenzahl	84	82	82	82	82
Bruns	83	83	82	81	78
Hofer	81	78	75	75	73
Freitag	76	74	70	69	68
Drube	78	..	..	..	..

A turkey shoot will be given on Dec. 31, to which all are invited. Pool shooting for amateurs and experts separately. Rest and offhand.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 23.—The handicaps apply only in event 2. Owing probably to bad weather to-day, only eight men were in attendance at the monthly shoot for the silver cup. The best scores were made in event 1, which was for practice. Bush and Boxall each broke 24 out of a possible 25.

In event 2, the cup event, 50 targets, handicap, Bush made the best net score, breaking 40 out of 50, but Boxall, with his handicap of 4 added birds, made a score of 43, and was declared the winner for the month.

Event 3 was won by Cockefair with 22 net to his credit.

The club hold a silver shoot on the afternon of the 30th, at which time Mr. Wm. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., will shoot with the club.

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	50	25
Batten, 2	17	35	12
Bush, 0	24	40	19
Allan, 2	23	38	..
Cockefair, 0	18	39	22

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	50	25
Boxall, 4	24	43	19
Winslow, 4	16	42	18
Moffett, 4	18	40	16
Holloway, 6	11	32	..

Dec. 25.—Some seventeen men were present to-day at the silver shoot of the club, seven events being run off. Events 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were for silver prizes, there being three prizes each in events 1 to 4, and two prizes in event 5. Winners of prizes in events 1 to 4 were penalized in event 5, the winner of a first prize losing 2 points and the winner of a second prize losing one point in the fifth event. Ties to be shot off in following event.

Messrs. Boxall, Beck, and Cockefair won first prizes; Messrs. Moffett, Bush, Force, and Boxall second prizes, and Messrs. Bush, Batten, Soverel and Moffett third prizes. Boxall was also winner of the prize for general high average, a box of cigars. Events 6 and 7 were for practice only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	15
Moffett	8	4	5	7	7	19	3
Allan	7	8	7	6	7	18	11
Boxall	9	9	5	8	9	15	9
Winslow	6	9	4	7	6	18	..
Holloway	6	6	8	6	2	9	..
Batten	3	7	8	5	5	13	9
Bush	7	8	8	6	8	17	..
Soverel	5	4	6	5	5	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	15
Force	6	6	7	6	8	12	..
P Cockefair	6	5	8	5	8	18	12
Davenport	6	5	3	..	..	15	..
Canneld	2	9	2	..	..	21	..
McDonough	7	5	6	7	..	..	..
Beck	..	..	..	8	9	6	..
S Cockefair	..	..	..	..	..	16	8
J Campbell	..	..	..	..	..	13	6

E. WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Wawaset Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 18.—The shoot was held in honor of the renowned champion, Mr. Fred Gilbert. The programme had a total of 100 targets for the six events, divided into four 15s and two 20s. Mr. Luther J. Squier and F. Gilbert tied on 95 for high average, a feat of which Mr. Squier may justly feel proud. Mr. A. B. Richardson, of Dover, champion of Delaware, and Mr. Ed. Banks, ex-champion of that State, tied on 92 for second high average. Mr. James T. Skelly was third with 91. Mr. Wm. M. Foord was not in his usual good form. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Gilbert	14	14	20	14	15	18	100	95
Squier	15	15	18	15	14	18	100	95
Richardson	10	14	20	15	13	20	100	92
Banks	13	13	17	15	14	20	100	92
German	14	14	18	15	12	16	100	89
Skelly	14	14	19	11	14	19	100	91
Terry	13	15	17	14	13	16	100	88
Springer	13	10	16	14	14	15	100	82
Roser	12	13	17	11	12	17	100	82
McHugh	12	12	16	13	14	14	100	81
McKelvey	10	13	19	14	11	16	100	83
Armstrong	10	11	14	10	9	11	100	65
Baldwin	11	12	14	11	9	14	100	71
Lobb	13	11	14	15	13	14	100	80
E E DuPont	12	13	15	15	12	15	100	77
McDowell	..	6	11	6	..	..	50	23
Ball	..	..	15	8	10	13	70	46
Evans	..	..	6	6	8	12	70	32
Foord	12	14	18	14	11	20	100	89
Grubb	..	..	..	11	9	..	30	20
Raven	..	..	..	14	10	19	50	43
Simon	..	..	..	10	11	15	50	37
Robinson	..	..	..	9	10	..	30	19

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

BELLEVUE, Ky., Dec. 17.—The shoot of Dec. 17 was attended only by Alfred Gowling and a few others, as the snow and slush made it so disagreeable under foot. Their scores have not been reported to the secretary.

Since the organizing of this club by some of the leading citizens of this vicinity, it has at this date become very popular in this vicinity. A great number have already joined. Others have given their signatures, to join at a date later on. This club has been very prosperous for this time of the year. But it accounts for itself, as we know this club has got the proper pushers behind it.

On Dec. 9 there was an average attendance, with some new faces present at the club grounds, Newport, Ky., known as the East Newport Ball Park, on St. Thomas Car Line, twenty minutes' ride from Fountain Square, Cincinnati, O. The participants had to be content with 5 degrees below freezing weather, which made matters uncomfortable. Capt. Gowling carried off high honors. Those at the shoot were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.
A Gowling	50	48
Cunningham	50	35
Kiefer	50	30
Dameron	50	38
Meyers	50	33
Young	50	37
Riley	50	38
Fostner	50	32
Back	50	30
Hill	50	36
Furhman	50	39
Walker	50	29
Kosters	50	43
Emig	50	27
Gould	50	40

GEO. W. FROST, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

At Butte.

Butte, Mont., Dec. 14.—Some of the finest shooting ever witnessed in this Western mountainous country was that of the members of the gun club when they met yesterday to contest for the powder trophy and the Confarr medal.

The best shooting was done by Nickey, who made the record by the remarkable score of 100 straight. This was made in four events of 25 each, and gives him just that many points to his credit on the cup.

Besides this, some quite phenomenal shooting was done during the afternoon by others. Mr. Confarr was on his mettle, getting in on the medal and other trophies with top-notch scores. He made 25 straight three times, but fell away to 22 the last time up. This man Smith, who is the secretary, and mainstay in holding the club up to its present standard, made 24 three times and 25 once. Now where can you find three men, East or West, who will excel these scores?

Besides the above, Confarr won both the Twohy and the medal that he himself gave to the club. The Twohy medal contest is at 25 singles, and the Confarr medal at 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was perfect for the sport, there being no wind and the sky was overcast. This accounts for the high scores in part, yet it is time that the shooting world should awaken to the facts regarding perfect shooting. The men were at their best. Shooting men are apt to forget the men and give all the credit to the gun, shell and powder, when in fact, it is the "man behind the gun" that does the scoring; proper gun pointing beats all other theories. Hence it was the combination of eye, nerve and trigger finger that caused these most excellent scores to be recorded.

Medal shoot:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Mathewson	21	21	23	23	Nickey	25	25	25	25
Nell	20	24	18	23	Burnett	20	17	22	24
Drumgoole	19	20	21	19	Morley	24	24	21	25
Jud	23	18	25	23	Goddard	23	23	19	25
Confarr	25	22	25	25	McGivern	24	25	24	24
Smith	24	24	25	24	Hasley	23	25	25	24
Bell	22	25	20	25	Willoughby	23	25	22	20
Cowan	22	24	23	25					

Now, honestly, did you ever read of such scores by club members at a home shoot? There were eighteen straight 25s, twelve 24s and many 23s. Suppose, for instance, that some other club shoot the same scores and see how they will compare.

For the Twohy medal: Confarr 25, Nell 19, Matthewson 19, Drumgoole 17, Carson 24, Nickey 22, Smith 21, McGivern 22, Morley 23, Goddard 23.

For the Confarr medal: Confarr 23, Drumgoole 20, Matthewson 19, McGivern 21, Carson 21, Morley 19.

Massillon Gun Club.

Mr. F. A. Brown won the Massillon, O., Gun Club trophy, a fine silver cup, which was decided at the shoot held here Dec. 15. This shoot has been running two years, and has been conducted under the handicap system. Mr. Brown, the winner was allowed 50 per cent., and when the final score was made, his shooting average was 59 2-3. Roger Taylor was second with 67 per cent. In the last shoot, Dr. Carr made 64, Murrells 59, Koontz 67, Jones 71, Cabbutt 84, D. Reed 70.5, Taylor 67, Smith 83, Becker 72, Portmann 46, Waters 58, McLain 65, Merrill 69.

At 25 targets, D. Reed, Sr., 18, Brown 18, McLain 14, Carr 20, Murrells 18, Beek 11.

Ohio Notes.

A number of Dayton sportsmen visited Lewisburg on Dec. 18 to witness an elk hunt in Uncle Joe Wilson's park, and the victim was a big buck elk of his herd. Greenville epicures are to enjoy a feast on elk steaks on Christmas.

Wm. Orth, of Dayton, received a black bear weighing 300lbs. on Dec. 18, and displayed it, with the carcases of twenty deer, at his place on West Third street. The bear was a present from James McGrainor, of Fort Williams, Temagami, Ontario.

A. F. Kempert, a Dayton sportsman, is in the South with a party of friends. He wrote that he killed two deer which were running side by side.

M. J. Schwind has accepted Ed. Rike's defi, and the 100-target match will be shot on the N. C. R. grounds at Dayton. The lists are open to any Dayton shooter who has $10 worth of confidence in his ability to defeat the two named. Rolla Heikes will not enter.

The Goshen Gun Club proposes to send a team to do up the Cincinnati boys on New Year's Day. Some of the Goshenites are good shots and they may be able to do the trick.

The turkey shoot held at Mason under the management of W. Randall and De Wise on Dec. 21 was an enjoyable affair, though not so well attended as had been expected. Several of the Cincinnati shooters were on hand and helped Gambell carry home the 24lb. turkey he won.

The officers of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, held a meeting on Dec. 21, and it was decided to give an elaborate banquet in connection with the annual meeting, which will be held the latter part of January for the election of officers. The club has just closed a very prosperous year, and will soon be making plans for the coming season, which opens in March.

Alert Gun Club.

The Alert Gun Club, of Phillipsburg, N. J., held Dec. 20, the largest tournament ever held in this section, and was attended by not only two squads of the best professionals in the world, but by the best amateurs from different clubs in this State as well as New York and Pennsylvania.

At the Alert Gun Club first holiday tournament, Messrs. Gilbert and Heer tie for high professional average; Schlicher for high amateur average.

The weather man was good to us, and gave us one of the finest days that could be manufactured by him for this season of the year.

The management used every means in their power to make this tournament one that would be remembered by all shooters who attended, and believe that every shooter left the grounds with the feeling that they were well taken care of.

As can be noted from the scores below, forty-two shooters participated in the shoot. Six thousand targets were thrown during the day, and everybody was off the grounds before 5 o'clock, showing that with one Leggett trap in use, the management had everything in good working order to complete the events, which were twelve in number and amounted to 180 targets in all.

The Dutch lunch which was served to the shooters seemed to be very much appreciated by all.

Messrs. Gilbert and Heer gave one of the finest exhibitions of target smashing ever seen in this section, and at the end of the twelfth event it was seen that each man had lost only 8 targets. Closely following up these two men came J. A. R. Elliott with 11 misses, and next to him came Luther Squier with 17 misses. Messrs. Apgar, Glover, Welles, Butler, T. H. Keller, Jr. (the balance of the professionals with us), while they did not shoot up to their standard, still with their many pranks and talks to the shooters, made themselves not only agreeable, but made friends who will remember them and their goods for many days to come.

As to amateurs, we had them of the right sort, and from many different places, such as Alleutown, Bethlehem, Bangor, Pen Argyl and Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania; Pattenburg, Plainfield, Round Brook, Newark, Trenton, Riegelsville and Jersey City, in New Jersey; and also Brooklyn and New York City.

Mr. Howard Schlicher, of Allentown, Pa., took with him the honor of first amateur average. Mr. Kelly, of New York, took the second amateur average, and Mr. J. F. Pleiss and E. F. Markley, of Easton, Pa., divided for third amateur average.

Mr. Hamlin, manager E. I. DuPont Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., arrived on the grounds too late to do much shooting. He complimented the club not only on the beautiful shooting grounds, but on the way in which this shoot was conducted, and the large number of participants in same.

The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets.	10	15	20	15	10	25	15	20	10	15	10	15	Broke.
Elliott	10	15	18	12	8	23	15	20	10	15	9	14	169
Heer	10	15	19	15	10	25	15	19	8	14	10	12	172
Apgar	9	15	14	11	10	21	12	12	8	12	10	11	145
Gilbert	9	15	19	15	10	24	12	20	10	15	9	14	172
Squier	9	11	19	14	9	22	14	19	10	13	10	13	163
Welles	6	13	19	12	8	21	11	12	7	13	7	10	139
T H Keller, Jr.	7	10	16	14	8	20	12	15	7	11	8	9	137
Glover	7	10	14	15	10	22	12	19	9	15	9	13	155
Butler	8	11	13	14	7	18	9	13	9	10	6	10	128
Piercy	9	12	17	14	8	20	13	16	8	11	10	12	150
Gano	8	13	18	11	9	23	14	19	8	13	9	14	159
E F Markley	10	14	19	14	8	22	13	17	9	13	10	14	164
Kelly	10	12	19	14	8	24	15	18	10	14	8	13	165
Stubblebine	8	11	13	8	6	21	12	19	7	10	9	10	134
Pleiss	10	13	20	14	9	22	14	17	8	14	9	14	164
H Schlicher	9	13	17	15	9	24	15	19	10	14	10	14	169
A Hile	9	15	18	14	8	20	15	18	9	12	7	15	160
H E Snyder	9	14	16	12	8	20	12	17	7	12	6	13	146
Dr Matthews	5	9	12	10	7	14	12	14	6	9	8	13	120
C N Miller	8	12	14	14	9	21	11	15	9	10	7	10	140
A D Tunis	8	14	18	13	8	21	11	17	7	13	5	12	147
I Hahn	5	9	17	12	6	16	11	14	10	12	4	7	123
O Skeds	6	9	17	13	8	23	11	15	6	10	8	13	138
H Anders	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Dr Lucky	8	12	17	11	9	17	10	10	6	12	..	..	112
N L Clark	10	14	16	13	8	20	12	16	9	12	7	13	150
J Young	..	8	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	4	10	40
F Henry	9	12	17	8	7	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	72
H J Woodward	..	..	15	12	9	25	12	18	8	13	..	..	112
J Cron	..	..	16	7	8	21	9	14	6	11	..	..	92
E Sitgreaves	..	..	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23
W R Frome	..	..	..	8	7	16	12	12	4	10	..	..	69
Alert	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	..	..	17
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	3	..	..	14
Somers	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	25
W H Maurer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	10	..	..	30
Franeotte	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	13	..	..	34
Housman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	..	..	22
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	7	10	33
Hellyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	7	11	41
Hamlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	6	8	33
Kendig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	15

You should see the Jerseyites eat sauerkraut and pork.

We had doctors on hand in case of accidents—Dr. Lucky, Plainfield, N. J., and Dr. Matthews, of Trenton, N. J.—both shot through programme.

The motto of our club is, "If we treat you right, tell others; if we don't, tell us."

Mr. Geo. Piercy seemed to be at home with Pleiss—both German. They seemed to have the floor most of the time when speaking in their favorite tongue. E. F. Markley, Chairman.

Perryman Outshoots B. S. A.

Baltimore, Md.—Perryman also won the high gun honor through Banks and Richardson.

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience, we may live without heart,"
We may live without banquets, clubs and such fun,
But no civilized man can live minus a gun."

The theory that "home ground" has its advantages, was set aside Wednesday, when the Perryman (Md.) Gun Club defeated the Baltimore Shooting Association for a second time in a team match at the B. S. A. traps.

There were seventeen men on each side. The score was 669 to 590. Perryman, in addition to carrying off the match, also took individual honor of high gun, Banks and Richardson each scoring 48; while Chew was high for the Baltimore team with 45. The race was at 50 targets a man. Promptly at the appointed time (2 P.M.) Malone called squad 1, and there was a buzz of excitement as the men took their places. The scores:

B. S. A.		P. G. C.	
Waters	44	Banks	48
Chew	45	Foord	45
Moxley	42	McKelvey	39
J R Malone	36	Richardson	48
Dixon	31	German	46
Sampson	36	McHugh	42
Sparks	42	Cord	37
DuPont	41	R F Mitchell	30
Bowen	35	Morgan	31
C Malone	36	P Mitchell	37
Philbrook	38	De Haven	39
France	38	McCommons	40
Silver King	30	L Towner	37
Chelf	21	Baldwin	41
Cottman	24	Turner	36
Gilford	37	Sutton	34
Baskerville	15—590	Chapman	39—669

There were two extra events, 25 targets each; first extra before the team match; second extra after. The scores:

First extra: Banks 21, German 22, McKelvey 17, Cord 19, Morgan 17, Mitchell 15, Waters 22, Turner 17, P. Mitchell 20, De Haven 20, Sutton 15, Dixon 16, Cottman 16, Bowen 22, Moxley 19, Sparks 19, Malone 22, Sampson 17, France 19, Foord 22, McHugh 17.

Second extra: Foord 17, German 23, Banks 21, McHugh 16, France 15, Sampson 15, Waters 20, Mordecai 19, Moxley 19, C. Malone 21.

Malone's team was handicapped in several ways. The day was "cold and dark and dreary," and some of Baltimore's best shooters, who promised to join the team, failed at the last minute to materialize. Substitutes were taken from the men at the club, they admitting that they could not make a creditable score; but "the spirit was willing," their hearts in the right place, and for their effort the seal of approval was placed on their brows for life.

The prettiest shooting was done by Mr. Edward Banks. Although the targets were not rotating well, he centered every bird.

One of the visiting sportsmen suggested having a shoot in front of the doors of some of the "stay at homes," to see if they would have energy and interest enough to watch the event from their windows, where the temperature was 72 and it would not be necessary to leave the depths of a Morris chair.

The little village of Perryman seems to be able to supply more shooters from "long range" than Baltimore can, with a population of over half a million, and the club grounds only thirty minutes' ride from the center of the city.

A State shoot, ten-man teams, Maryland vs. Delaware, is contemplated. Date not yet arranged.

A Social Tramp.

The Sunny South Handicap.

Brenham, Texas, Dec. 18.—The Sunny South Handicap, to be held here Jan. 22 to 27, promises to be a great success, and the largest attended shoot ever held in the South. Since the dates were announced, many shooterss have been heard from, asking for programmes, and advising that they would be present. Shooters are expected from every State and Territory in the Union, also a number have written from Canada, stating that it is their intentions to be present. The large amount of cash that we are adding to this shoot is enough to justify shooters to attend from a long distance. We fully expect to have 200 entries, and will be fully prepared to handle them, and shoot off the programme in rapid order. We will have five automatic traps in use, and squad hustlers that will keep things moving in the proper shape. There will be $1,500 in cash added for the amateurs, besides high average moneys for the professionals. All shooting willl be from the 16yd. mark, with the exeeption of one open event, the Sunny South Handicap, at 100 targets, which will be a handicap and the only open event, the balance of shoot the professionals will shoot for the price of targets only. We are enlarging our club house, and everything will be in shape to keep the boys dry and warm in case of bad weather, nothing will be left undone that will add to the pleasure and comfort of the attendance. The office will be in charge of our expert cashier, Mr. Fred W. Martin, who is well-known to the shooters over the country, and is truly an expert in this line. Everybody knows when they see Fred in the office that things will go all right there, and that they can get what is coming to them promptly at the close of a day's programme.

On Jan. 29, 30, 31, there will be a three-day shoot at Bay City, with $300 cash added, at the close of which a big duck hunt is the programme, and there are plenty of ducks there, and the boys can shoot until their guns are hot.

Following this, on Feb. 6, 7, 8, will be the Grand Southern shoot at Houston, with $500 cash added, making a complete circuit.

A special train will leave Brenham Sunday morning after the close of the Sunny South Handicap, and take the boys over to Bay City, and the railroad fare will not be over $2 for the occasion.

There will be something doing in the Lone Star State, and everybody who attends these shoots will be given a good time.

Programmes of the three shoots will be ready in a few days, and can be had by addressing Alf. Gardiner, Brenham, Texas.

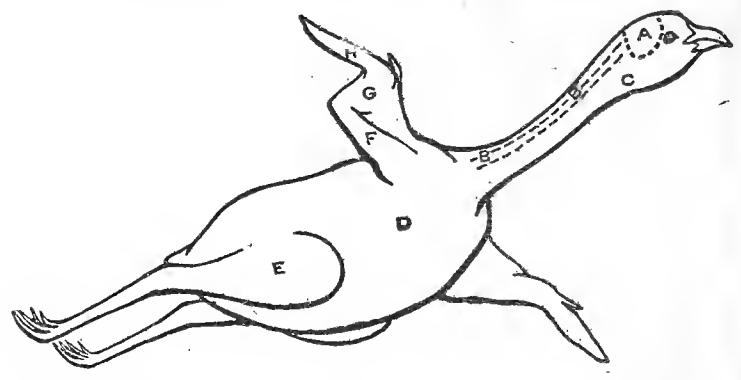
Sunny South.

The noble art of flinching is discussed on our editorial page to-day.

THE MANY-USE OIL
cleans out powder residue. Lubricates, never gums; 2oz. bottle, 10c. —Adv.

The Effect of Shot Striking Game.

In connection with the experiments which are being recorded in the Field on the patterns resulting from the employment of different charges, I have been requested to state from anatomical considerations the effects of shot striking game in different parts. Taking the diagram of the pheasant, in which the left side is shown, effective shots may be indicated as occurring in the brain (A), or upper part of the back of the head, a shot in the brain necessarily acting instantaneously. The same would occur from a shot which injured the spinal column in the neck (B). A single shot in the under part of the neck (C), especially when near the



head, may wound one of the large blood vessels, either artery or vein, and the blood may be poured into the windpipe, which may be wounded at the same time by the same shot. In this case suffocation ensues, and the result is a towering bird, a phenomenon which never occurs after a shot in the brain, as is often erroneously imagined. Coming to the anterior part of the body (D), a shot can be effective or not, according to its force and position. If it is sufficiently powerful and in the right direction to wound the heart or any of the very large blood vessels, it may be effective, but a shot in the side of the body, passing into the large pectoral muscles which move the wings, would, unless it had power to pass into the interior of the body, be quite ineffective in stopping the bird. The upper part of the body, region D, is less effectively protected than the lower, and consequently a shot may pass into the body when the wing is raised and wound the larger blood vessels, arteries or veins, and thus cause a rapidly fatal injury. A shot striking the hinder part of the body would probably penetrate into the leg (E)—that is to say, the part from the knee to the hock—or into the still more fleshy thigh, between the knee and the body. In either case the flight of the bird would not be impeded, nor would the bird be stopped by a single shot passing into the intestines from the side. So far as regards stopping the flight of the bird, wounds in the wings are of great importance. There are three sections of the wing, each with their appropriate bones. That nearest the body (F) contains the humerus (F), corresponding to the upper arm bone in man, and a single shot striking it and breaking the bone would instantly arrest the power of flight, although the tertiary feathers arising from that part of the wing are not of great importance, but the whole structure of the wing would be put out of action by the breaking of the upper bone. The second joint of the wing from what may be termed the elbow to the pinion (G) is the part that carries what are termed by ornithologists the secondary flight feathers, those which are visible when the wing is closed. If the bones (the ulna and radius) be broken the wing is also incapable of use, and the bird must fall. The extreme bones of the wing from the pinion to its extremity (H) carry the large primary feathers, which are most important in flight, so that the fracture of the bones in that portion by a single pellet, would cause inequality in the wings, and the bird necessarily falls.

In ground game the vital parts are similarly located. A shot in the brain is instantaneously fatal, and as a quadruped proceeds by the action of the hindlegs, any injury to the nervous system in the spinal cord must necessarily destroy its power of motion. The organs in the chest are much less protected than they are in the bird, inasmuch as the pectoral muscles are of much smaller size, and the heart, lungs, and large blood vessels are necessarily more exposed to injury. The digestive organs, the liver, stomach and intestines, fill by far the larger portion of the cavity of the body. These may be severely injured by shot, but without the effect of being immediately fatal, so that the rabbit may pursue its course with many shots in the abdomen. Any fracture of either of the bones of the four limbs is necessarily destructive to its power of rapid motion, and it is evident that the vital parts are those situated in the head and anterior portion of the body. As these animals are frequently shot at when running away from sportsmen, a shot or two going into the large muscles of the hinder limbs would not stop the progress of the animal unless the bones were broken, whereas a single shot going into the head, the spinal cord, or the anterior portion of the body, so as to wound the heart, or large blood vessels, would be effective. It often happens with all kinds of game birds, and more particularly with rabbits, that a shot which will eventually produce fatal results is not immediately effective. A rabbit will drag itself along the ground for many yards when severely wounded, and will escape into its hole. A pheasant in the same way will frequently fall to the ground and yet resume its flight and get away. Instantly disabling shots are those which affect the brain, spinal cord, the heart and larger arteries, or fracture the bones of the wings, or cause towering by suffocation from the blood flowing into the lungs. It is probable that in the majority of instances the employment of large shot, which penetrates deeper and with greater force, would be more effective in producing rapidly fatal effects than a larger number of smaller pellets.

It must, of course, be understood that the shooter is not in a position to exercise any discretion as to the particular part of a bird or animal's body which his pellets will strike. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the facts here given may assist in showing the approximate number of pellets with which game should be struck in order that one of them at least shall reach a spot where it may be effective.—W. B. Tegetmeier in Field (London).

At Wellington.

Wellington, Mass., Dec. 20.—The third of the regular Wednesday afternoon shoots on grounds of the Boston Shooting Association was held on above date, the weather being fine. There was a good attendance and some fine scores were made in the 100-bird match. Griffith was high with 97; Gleason, second, 96; Roy, third, 93; Rule, fourth, 92. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	10	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Griffith	9	19	20	20	20	18	106
Gleason	10	20	19	20	20	17	106
Roy	9	18	19	17	20	19	102
Smith	9	20	17	19	18	15	98
Wheeler	9	16	18	17	18	15	92
Rule	10	17	17	20	19	19	102
Tamby	7	17	15	15	16	16	86
Kirkwood	10	20	19	18	20	19	105
Mrs Park	10	20	19	19	17	18	103
Frank	10	19	19	19	19	18	104
Freeman	6	15	16	16	13	..	66
Bartlett	5	10	9	12	12	..	48
Jordan	8	19	18	17	18	15	95
Woodruff	7	18	19	17	12	..	74
Burns	7	17	17	15	17	16	89
Craighton	4	10	10	12	11	8	55
Webster	5	4	7	2	6	..	24

West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association.

Sistersville, W. Va., Dec. 19.—Will you kindly announce to the shooting world that what promises to be the greatest shooting event ever held in this section of the country will be the tenth annual tournament and meeting of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, which will be held on the grounds of the Fairmont Gun Club, Fairmont, W. Va., June 12, 13, and 14, 1906.

The affair will be under the personal direction of Mr. Ed. H. Taylor, of the DuPont Powder Co., which is sufficient guarantee that everything possible will be done for the comfort and convenience of all visitors.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes by like a song,
But the man worth while is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
—Country Life in America.

JUN 1958

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